

MONSTROSITY

Written by
Robert Nelson

1-336-686-6921
RNelson1072@yahoo.com
WGAE Registration: 1358360
Library of Congress Reg:PAu 4-158-026/Nov.06,22

SLOW FADE IN FROM BLACK:

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE - DUSK

RUSHING FORWARD at ground level, mottled shapes race past, slowly resolving into trees.

The scene begins to RISE into an ARIEL VIEW, speeding on, looking down on a forest canopy.

The PACE slows and begins to PAN UP, cresting the tree-line.

The majestic beauty of a remote wilderness area of the PACIFIC NORTHWEST appears as the...

...title artwork phases onto the screen:

MONSTROSITY.

On this, the TITLE DISSOLVES INTO:

EXT. REMOTE WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Day fades into night, as SNOW begins to fall.

Still cresting the tree-line, the view begins to slowly drop DOWNWARD, descending towards the canyons of timber.

Drawn in by strange, distant sounds, it grows ever closer to the forest.

EXT. REMOTE WILDERNESS - FOREST INTERIOR - NIGHT

Picking up speed, zooming around, between the columns of trees that line the forest, those same distorted SOUNDS growing louder.

The POV descends deeper into the woods, scanning, searching for the noise that is alien in nature.

Suddenly, coming to a halt, the POV focuses straight ahead, straining to see into the darkness.

The SOUNDS are becoming more pronounced, distinguishable.

Three faint ORBS of LIGHT dance about, coming into view, glowing brighter and brighter, growing ever closer.

EXT. REMOTE WILDERNESS - NIGHT

The lights BURST through the thick VEIL of darkness, accompanied by the SOUNDS heard earlier...

...THREE MAN MERCENARY TEAM, on a TOP SECRET mission, the exact nature of the operation not yet known.

Moving in unison, one after the other, evading stumps, fallen tree limbs, heavily armed with AUTOMATIC RIFLES and SHOTGUNS.

Spaced out in a FIVE METER spread, all keep pace with each other. They race through the forest like CRAZED MAD MEN.

The ORBS of LIGHT HEADLAMPS, bouncing with every step taken, barely pierce the darkness...

...only a few feet ahead visible with each step.

MERC ONE - CLIFF SIDE - NIGHT

Suddenly, MERC ONE drops out of view. He falls, straight off the side of a cliff, into the darkness.

SCREAMS on the way down, then a SPLASH. He hits WATER, a flowing river below breaking his fall.

MERC TWO - TOP OF CLIFF - NIGHT

MERC TWO drops into a POWER SLIDE and SKIDS towards the edge of the cliff. He claws violently at the earth, trying to maintain a hand-hold.

Suddenly he drops straight down, still clawing, now only grasping at AIR.

Screams on the way down, the sound is followed by another SPLASH, as he SMASHES into the river below.

MERC THREE - TOP OF CLIFF - NIGHT

MERC THREE manages to grab onto the jagged ROCK FACE overhanging the cliff-side, just as he is about to go over.

The ROCK FACE is slippery. Managing to hang on, he slowly tries pulling himself back up.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

MERC ONE and TWO make their way onto the riverbank, both falling to their knees as they hit the ground. They gasp for breath, soaking wet, shivering from the water and the cold night air.

Exhausted and disoriented, the two men stagger to their feet. Quickly surveying the landscape, they try to get a sense of their bearings. They take a few steps forward, shaking off the cold. Walking farther on to the riverbank, they catch a glimpse of something hidden in the darkness.

A CAVE, hollowed out into the cliff side. In the void, DARKNESS. No activity, no sound, other than the flowing of the RIVER WATER, racing downstream.

EXT. RIVERBANK - MERC ONE AND TWO POV

Looking up the cliff side, it is as DARK at the top, as it is at the bottom. They cannot see MERC THREE hanging over the edge. They YELL up to MERC THREE, at the top of their lungs, their WORDS OVERLAPPING.

MERC ONE:

"Hey up top! Are you safe?"

MERC TWO:

"We made it. Are you okay?"

MERC THREE - TOP OF CLIFF - NIGHT

MERC THREE hangs on to the cliff edge, not able to sound off, trying desperately to hold onto his grip. He tries to pull himself up, pausing momentarily between each grasp.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

At the bottom, the men realize MERC THREE cannot hear them in all the excitement. Each man survey's his person, checking their equipment for any means or items they may have to get MERC THREE'S attention.

Suddenly, a BESTIAL HOWL pierces the night. It is BONE-CHILLING, almost unearthly. STARTLED, the men turn their GAZE towards the SOUND. Out of nowhere, an UNSEEN FORCE BURSTS from the cave, rushing towards the men in an almost INHUMAN PACE, overtaking them.

(Continued)

Continued:

RAPID CUTS:

Of the MEN being ripped apart in BRUTAL FASHION. LIMBS, BLOOD, GUTS fly through the air. ENTRAILS fall into MASHED PILES, turning the snow covered ground BLOOD RED.

BLOOD CURDLING screams reverberate all the way up the cliff wall. They wash over MERC THREE, the decibel level intensified 10 FOLD, the SOUND DEAFENING.

MERC THREE - CLIFF-SIDE / RIVERBANK - NIGHT

The DEATH-CRIES of his comrades propel MERC THREE to frantically increase his rate of climb, as TERROR begins to swell in his chest.

He claws desperately at the earth and ROCK FACE, his hands slipping in the SNOW and MUD.

Suddenly, he falls straight down into the darkness. Another CRASH as MERC THREE SMASHES into the riverbank.

Seconds later, human SCREAMS pierce the silence, as another BESTIAL HOWL billows into the night sky, carried throughout the forest by the winter winds.

EXT. NATIONAL PARK SERVICE - DAY

Through over cast clouds, accentuated with splashes of ORANGE and BLUE, a BLACK SPEC of an object drops into view, the snowfall backlit by a setting wilderness SUN.

Heading towards us, it approaches with purpose, growing larger as it comes into view.

The BLACK SPEC object resolves into a TRANSPORT HELICOPTER, it's rotors glaring in the fading sunlight. The sound from the TURBINES intensify, becoming overpowering in its approach.

LANDING LIGHTS and GUIDED SMOKE direct the chopper to a CONCRETE LANDING PAD. Looming hard into view, pitching forward, the chopper settles to the ground, kicking up WHIRLWINDS of snow.

On an adjoining pad, another HELICOPTER is visible. In the b.g can be seen large ADMINISTRATIVE and OFFICE BUILDINGS, the MAIN COMMAND H.Q of the NATIONAL PARK SERVICE LAW ENFORCEMENT RANGERS.

INT. NATIONAL PARK COMMAND OFFICE - DAY

Through large office windows, an OFFICER in a NPS UNIFORM watches the helicopter as it settles onto the landing pad. As the skids touch down, he sees the side door of the chopper slide backwards, revealing the MEN inside. All are dressed in military fatigues, carrying FULL-COMBAT GEAR. They depart, silently forming in close quarter to the front of the chopper.

The officer lowers the shade, turns away from the window, and gracefully makes his exit out of the office, speaking softly as he closes the door behind.

OFFICER

Finally...

EXT. NATIONAL PARK COMMAND OFFICE - DUSK

The officer walks through the exterior headquarter doors, stepping onto the entrance stairs. He watches solemnly as the ranger crew heads towards TWO transport jeeps parked in front of the HELO PAD.

Carefully loading their weapons and gear into the rear, SIX MEN, separate THREE each into the Jeeps.

The helicopter rotors slow to a stop, as a THIRD jeep pulls up along side the chopper. The driver motions to the pilot, who turns towards the back of the chopper, flashing a signal to a lone figure still seated in the rear.

One man remains, sitting in the dark against the bulkhead. He stirs, sits forward, grabs his gear, then leans out the door. He descends onto the ground, making his way to the Jeep.

Tossing his gear into the rear, he swings gracefully into the front passenger seat, then gives the driver the go ahead to proceed. The Jeep lurches forward towards the command post.

The officer on the building steps continues watching, fatigue showing in his expressions, but also a sigh of relief. He has waited for this moment for days now.

The jeep passes through a flurry of activity. NATIONAL PARK OFFICERS shouting directions to a dozen ranger personnel, whom assist the HELO crew with loading EQUIPMENT into the two transport choppers.

(Continued)

Continued:

Reaching the command office, the man from the chopper exits the jeep. As he heads towards the steps, the officer in the entranceway signals the Jeep driver to depart.

Reaching the top of the steps, the fixture in the COMMAND OFFICE entrance way casts a light on the face of the MAN from the chopper.

He is CAPTAIN PHILLIP ROYCE, team leader of a SIX MAN COMBAT SEARCH and RESCUE UNIT.

Standing 6'2, with a muscular physique, he is both intelligent and physically imposing.

Royce welcomes a handshake from the COMMANDING OFFICER. He is a hardened, close cropped intense man, in his late-fifties. His nameplate and insignia identifies him as senior NPS COMMANDING OFFICER WILLIAM UPCHURCH.

He clasps Royce firmly on the shoulder.

UPCHURCH

Glad you made it Captain.

ROYCE

It's good to see you sir.

They turn and walk through the doorway, entering the building.

INT. NATIONAL PARK COMMAND POST - OFFICE

Two room Commanders office. In the main room, a large wooden desk with two chairs takes up the center of the floor, off to the side of the large windows. The desk is lined with TOPOGRAPHICAL MAPS, CHARTS and AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

The second room is quiet, dark. Faint light creeps through the blinds.

Upchurch and Royce enter the room. Upchurch slides into the chair behind his desk.

Royce stops in front, bending down to take a look at the paraphernalia laid out across the desktop.

He stares intently at the miscellaneous articles, then eases down into the chair. Turning his attention towards UPCHURCH, he slightly pauses, then points to the desktop.

(Continued)

Continued:

ROYCE

I suppose all that has something to do with us?

UPCHURCH

We need the best, that's why your here.

ROYCE

Go on...

UPCHURCH

We lost people. We need you and your team to find them.

ROYCE

People?

UPCHURCH

Campers...

ROYCE

That's not our style Commander. We're combat search and rescue. Why not use the civilian SAR team?

UPCHURCH

I'm well aware of your team's experience in inclement weather situations Captain, particularly in remote area rescue. And these aren't ordinary "Campers".

ROYCE

Sir?

UPCHURCH

A Congressman, along with his wife and son.

ROYCE

This Congressman, does he always get lost when he goes camping ?

UPCHURCH

Apparently they strayed off course while hiking. We lost contact after the storm hit...

(pause)

...and we don't need the news of this reaching the Media.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

We figure we have less than 24 hours to find them. After that, there's not much hope. We have to mount a rescue operation tonight. That doesn't give you much time.

ROYCE

What else is new? When do we leave?

Upchurch looks at his watch.

UPCHURCH

You lift off in three hours.

(pause)

But there's one more thing...

ROYCE

What's that sir?

UPCHURCH

Your taking someone with you...

Royce stands up, walks around the chair and heads for the door.

ROYCE

We don't work with outsiders sir.

VOICE

(o.s)

So I'm an outsider now huh?

Royce turns back around, seeing the outline of a figure, walking from the corner of the darkened, adjoining room, stopping in the doorway, holding a briefcase.

Wearing a BUSINESS SUIT, Allan Dalton, 6'2, AFRICAN AMERICAN, walks into the room.

Lean, athletic, he looks every bit as rugged as Royce, but his grooming and tailored suit indicate his current profession, ISB SPECIAL AGENT, revealing he has been away from the search and rescue business for some time.

He moves closer to the center of the room, laying his briefcase down on the corner of the desk. Royce glares at Dalton, as Upchurch nervously eyes both men.

Royce and Dalton stare into each others eyes, each man remembering something from the past, the tension stemming from events that happened a long time ago.

(Continued)

Continued: (3)

A moment's hesitation, then the silence is broken.

ROYCE

Son of a bitch.

A smirk breaks out across Dalton's face, not bothered by Royce's expression.

DALTON

Good to see you too. You that surprised?

ROYCE

Just as surprised as the day you left CSAR to become a pencil pusher. Big shot ISB agent leaves his desk in Washington to come back to the field. This must really be important.

DALTON

That's harsh old buddy, but not to worry. The operation is simple, find the family, pack em up, bring em home safe and sound. Piece of cake.

Royce turns to move away from the men, heading towards the door.

ROYCE

And nothing my team can't handle alone.

Upchurch breaks in...

UPCHURCH

Dalton has been assigned as Liaison to this operation. It's been cleared through the State Department, and we all have our orders.

Royce looks from Dalton to Upchurch. He still doesn't like it. He knows something isn't right, but can't put his finger on it.

ROYCE

Just my luck.

Upchurch looks at Royce intently, sensing his frustration.

UPCHURCH

We're losing time. Get your men ready to move.

(Continued)

Continued: (4)

(pause)
Good luck Captain.

EXT. NPS TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Bursts over the top of a ridge, it maneuvers a left bank turn, then descends rapidly into an narrow valley, racing over the wilderness at treetop level.

The helicopter performs radical, high-speed maneuvers through the narrow valley. The PILOTS can be heard, speaking to Royce, relaying the flight path coordinates.

PILOT ONE

(v.o)

Blackbird One, bearing north, three,
five, zero, 0100 hours, valley ridge.
Over.

ROYCE

(v.o)

Roger that Blackbird One. Three, five,
zero, straight ahead, over.

The helicopter rises up and over another ridge, then banks sharply right into the next valley, leveling out as it goes, still racing above the treetops.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Faint red glow of the cargo lights illuminate the CSAR TEAM, all dressed in INCLEMENT WEATHER FATIGUES, with no visible identity badges or insignias.

The chopper compartment reverberates with the Noise of the THUMPING ROTORS and the ROAR of the Turbines.

The team members are seated opposite from one another, each man checking his own WEAPON, making last minute adjustments to their GEAR and SUPPLIES.

THE TEAM

LANE WILLIAMS, WEAPONS and ORDINANCE SPECIALIST, 6'0, holding a microfiber towel, carefully and slowly polishing the barrel of his M134 Hand-held MINI-GUN...

...caressing it as if it were his baby.

(Continued)

Continued:

ROLAND GIVENS, RADIO OPERATOR and MEDIC, 6'1, Texan, reading a COWBOY LIFESTYLE magazine. He has an affinity for the GENRE, his STETSON HAT and BOOTS sticking out like a SORE THUMB.

NAKOMA MID-THUNDER, an Algonquin Native American, 6'1, quiet, intense man of strength, resident TRACKER and SCOUT, silently applies face-paint from a grease paint tin.

RICARDO CHAVEZ, Spanish American, EXPLOSIVES EXPERT, 5'11, dark skinned man, Chicano from East L.A. He loads rounds INTO HIS 37MM AN/M5 PYROTECHNIC DISCHARGE FLARE LAUNCHER.

MIKE MCGUIRE, SERGEANT AND MARTIAL ARTIST, 5'11, Royce's best friend and second in command. Average build, but street tough, checks the FIRING MECHANISM on his M60E3 MACHINE GUN, working the lever action several times.

EXT. REMOTE WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Clearing another ridge, the helicopter plunges into a steep descent, turning quickly into a low lying valley. The force of the turn changes the pitch of the turbines, while the ROTORS chop viciously at the sideways falling snow.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Royce and Dalton are seated near the cockpit, looking over a set of TOPOGRAPHICAL MAPS. They communicate through RADIO HEAD SETS, which are also linked to the pilot and co-pilot.

Dalton looks up and surveys the men seated all around the compartment, while Royce consults the MAP with a PEN FLASHLIGHT.

Everyone is going about their business, not saying a word, not even a slight glance, reserving cold suspicion for this outsider.

DALTON

Very lively bunch you have here.

Royce looks up, surveying his team, he quickly responds without missing a beat...

ROYCE

We're a rescue team Dalton, not babysitters.

(Continued)

Continued:

DALTON

Yeah, but I used to be one of the team
you know?

ROYCE

Key word old buddy, used to be.

Dalton leans back against the bulkhead, staring up at the roof of the chopper, shaking his head.

DALTON

I can see working with you guys is
gonna be a blast.

ROYCE

Just like old times.

The helicopter makes another radical turn, dropping lower to the forest floor. The men, suspended in restraining harnesses attached to the bulkhead, lean forward, then back again. All seem at ease, having done this a hundred times before.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The cockpit is dimly lit with an array of GAUGES and SWITCHES. In front of the two pilots is a RADAR SCREEN and an INFRA RED TERMINAL.

The forest displays on screen, the RUSH of falling snow grayed out as it distorts the image.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The pilot relays to Royce the current coordinates over a RADIO HEADSET. Royce turns and hands the co-pilot the first TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP. Dalton rolls up the second one, then stuffs it into his combat fatigue jacket.

PILOT

(v.o)

Blackbird One to CSAR leader, current
coordinates bearing on landing Zone
minus 05 minutes.

ROYCE

Roger that Blackbird One. We copy
minus 05 minutes to Landing Zone.

(Continued)

Continued:

Royce throws up finger signals to Dalton, indicating 05 minutes. Dalton responds with a nod.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A BLUE LIGHT appears on the forward bulkhead. Looking up, Royce gives a hand signal to McGuire, who nods and in return, passes the signal down the line to the rest of the men.

Chavez and Cowboy pull down BLACK BAGS from the bulkhead storage compartments, filled with METAL HOOKS and ROPE. The pilots VOICE breaks in over Royce's headset.

PILOT

(v.o)

Landing Zone coming up in two minutes.
Stand by rappel lines.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

From the open doors, the RAPPELLING LINES burst out into the night, dropping straight through the dense canopy of trees and onto the forest floor below.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The light on the bulkhead changes from BLUE to GREEN. The RAPPELLING LINES hook into place. Each man grabs their gear and moves into position.

Royce signals, alerting each man to grab onto rope.

DALTON

Takes me back to the good ole days!

Royce grins, then signals with a hand gesture. The men toss their gear over the side, then leap from the chopper, one after the other, until all are out the door.

EXT. REMOTE WILDERNESS - NIGHT

The men crash through the trees, descending into the darkness below. The helicopter hovers overhead, holding it's position over the forest.

(Continued)

Continued:

The men unclip from the RAPPELLING LINES, grabbing their gear and equipment. Once clear, the helicopter departs, the rotors THUMPING as the chopper flies away into the night.

The men hold their ground, watching the chopper as it slowly fades away into the darkness, illuminated by the MOONLIGHT.

EXT. FOREST VALLEY - DAWN

The sky clears, revealing a dense, wooded forest, the ground covered with the white powder. Footfalls from the men are heard, but otherwise all is SILENT.

The dense woodland seems almost impenetrable, but then the CSAR TEAM materializes, quietly, quickly, and cautiously, stopping briefly to survey the landscape. Royce gives a HAND SIGNAL, pointing in a forward motion.

The team moves forward in perfect unison, each man spaced out in a FIVE METER SPREAD, taking their cues from Chavez, the point man.

Royce follows Chavez, remaining alert and focused to every sound and movement within the forest. Behind him, Dalton falls second in line, taking stock of their surroundings.

McGuire, Nakoma, Williams, and Givens form the rear, pacing each other, making sure not to lose sight of the men ahead of them, as Dawn dissolves into Day.

EXT. FOREST HILLSIDE - DAY

Descending the steep HILLSIDE SLOPE, the team encounters an even denser growth of forest. Royce signals the team to halt. He checks his compass, then flashes more HAND SIGNALS to Chavez, indicating a new direction. Chavez advances forward, moving on ahead of the team. Royce signals to the rest of the group.

EXT. VALLEY CLEARING - DAY

Royce motions for Williams to advance to the front of the line. Williams moves up ahead of Chavez, dropping down into a squatting position. He then begins to sweep the forest with LED LONG RANGE BINOCULARS. He slightly raises up and forward, turns, checking, revealing in the distance a snow covered STRUCTURE.

(Continued)

Continued:

Williams turns, HAND SIGNALS to the team of his findings. Chavez looks back at Royce, who then gives the OK to advance. He nods, then moves forward. Williams maintains his position as Chavez passes, then Royce, then Dalton. He waits for the rest of the men to close the gap, then resumes his position in line.

The men advance forward, single file through the valley, making their way towards the wooden structure. In the f.g, the structure begins to take shape, growing larger as the men grow closer. The image becomes clearer, revealing a wooden structure, a CABIN.

EXT. ABANDONED CABIN - DAY

The team moves cautiously around the front of the cabin, towards the door. Royce steps a few feet ahead of the other men.

He studies the surroundings, turns back, looks at Dalton, then gives a quick snap of a nod, motioning for Nakoma.

Nakoma joins Royce standing in the f.g. They look at each other, puzzled. Royce signals for the other men to move into a defensive position, surrounding the front of the cabin, as Dalton moves up along side the two men.

Royce taps Nakoma on the shoulder, and he moves away towards the front door of the cabin. Royce turns to Dalton, looking at him, puzzled.

ROYCE

What is this?

DALTON

Just an old storage and supply cabin.
The park hasn't used it for years.

ROYCE

Well someone's used it recently.

DALTON

What do you mean?

Royce points to the ground in front of the cabin. Buried deep into the drifts are SETS OF TRACKS, days old, but still visible even in the freshly fallen snow.

ROYCE

Foot prints.

(Continued)

Continued:

DALTON

Doesn't make any sense.

Royce is obviously concerned about this. He senses something suspicious within Dalton's tone. He turns to Nakoma.

ROYCE

Go on in, see what you can find.
Slow and easy...

Nakoma nods, she begins to walk steadily forward towards the cabin, the door creaking in the wind. The rest of the team hold their position, spaced out in a perimeter in front of the cabin.

Royce and Dalton remain close to the door, covering Nakoma.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin door steadily opens inward, creaking as Nakoma pushes from the outside. It is PITCH BLACK on the inside, save for what little light rushes through the opening.

Nakoma pushes on through, pushing the door back as far as it will open, as a foul stench cuts through the air. He makes his way inward, reaching for his belt, unclipping a flashlight.

He clicks it on, then sweeps the cabin, side to side. Specks of swirling dust glitter in the FLASHLIGHT BEAM as Nakoma slowly surveys the interior, carefully watching his step.

Something reflects off the light beam, as he tilts and looks upward. DARK FORMS are barely visible. Nakoma pauses, then he takes a cautious step forward, extending his weapon, reaching forward with his free hand.

He can feel the DARK FORMS, moist to the touch in some areas, while other areas are coarse, jagged. Growing confused and puzzled by what he feels before him, he stops, scrutinizing the whole situation.

The STENCH is almost unbearable. Nakoma backs a few steps away, waving the FLASHLIGHT around behind him. On the side wall, far left, he faintly makes out a window, it's interior shutters closed. He opens the shutters, and as more light pours in, he spots a second window on the other far right side of the room.

(Continued)

Continued:

Making his way over, he reaches for the second window, unclasps the shutters. Daylight rushes in, as the room is finally bright enough to see in full view.

The sight hits Nakoma like a BLISTERING HEATWAVE, as the source of the STENCH becomes apparent...THREE MUTILATED BODIES, hanging from the ceiling rafters, swaying like WIND-CHIMES in the breeze.

Most of the meat has long since been gnawed off the bones, piles of BLOOD and ENTRAILS stain the wooden floor, oozing down into the floorboard cracks.

Nakoma gasps, backs away towards the entrance, turns and darts out the door, barely getting outside before the sight and smell overtakes him.

He crouches over, hands on his knees and tries to regain his breath. The men outside stand their ground, puzzled. He turns towards the others, repulsed as Chavez moves quietly INTO VIEW, Royce directly behind him.

The men can see into the cabin. All stare silently, numbed by the sight before them.

Chavez eyes the bodies, his expression solidifies into a complete state of shock. He stares transfixed, just a few feet away from the leering DEATH GRIN of a HUMAN FACE, suspended upside down.

Repulsed, Chavez stumbles backwards and stops. He trembles, crossing himself...

CHAVEZ

Holy Mother of God...

McGuire moves past Royce and Chavez, into the doorway. He notices a bloody pile of CLOTHING lying under the mutilated bodies. He moves forward, withdrawing his COMBAT KNIFE, kneeling down. Rising, he holds a piece of clothing on the tip of the knife.

Royce stands outside the door as McGuire hands off the knife.

MCGUIRE

You better take a look at this...

Royce stares down at the name patch on the clothing. His expression hardening as he stares at the piece of cloth. The insignia reads Captain L.E Gibbs.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

Royce's eyes move from the name patch to the bodies. His gaze then shifts to McGuire.

A look of disgust fills McGuire's face, as both he and Royce recognize the name.

Royce turns his attention to Dalton, his eyes flaring with bitterness.

ROYCE

McGuire and I knew these men.
What the hell were they doing here?

DALTON

I..I don't know.
I wasn't aware of another operation in
this area. Those men shouldn't be
here.

ROYCE

You damn right they shouldn't be here.
But that's not the only problem.

DALTON

What do you mean?

ROYCE

I count three bodies. This was a six
man unit, just like us.
Where the hell are the other three?

Dalton doesn't respond, the look on his face a expressionless stare. Royce starts to move past Dalton, stopping to look him in the eyes. The men stare at each other briefly, then Royce turns away.

Royce moves away from Dalton, walking past Cowboy, speaking an order to him.

ROYCE

(to Cowboy)
Burn the cabin.

Dalton, taken back by Royce's order, lashes out hastily.

DALTON

What the hell are you doing? You can't
give an order like that! We need to
get these men back home for a proper
burial.

(Continued)

Continued: (3)

ROYCE

I can do what's necessary Dalton. We can't carry these bodies out of here in these weather conditions, besides, there's nothing left to bury.

Royce nods to Cowboy the go ahead, continuing to walk away. Cowboy moves forward, withdrawing a FLARE from his equipment pack.

With a VIOLENT SWING, he tosses the flare into the doorway.

Landing against the pile of entrails, the FLARE ignites the dry clothing. The flame creeps along the floor and up the walls.

Within seconds the cabin is engulfed, burning like a giant BONFIRE.

Cowboy moves away from the fire, zipping up his equipment pack, passing between Chavez and McGuire.

Chavez turns and nervously looks at McGuire.

CHAVEZ

What the hell could have done this to a man, a bear?

McGuire pauses, looking at the giant bonfire, disbelief of what they just witnessed still in his mind.

McGUIRE

This is inhuman. But one thing's for sure, no bear did this.

EXT. NAKOMA - DAY

Kneeling down at the SET of TRACKS, examining the ground, he spins around, surveying the land around the burning cabin. Rising, he spots movement close to the TIMBERLINE, a short distance from the cabin.

EXT. TIMBERLINE - DAY

Nakoma walks up, examining the ground as he moves, growing confused and puzzled by what he sees before him...tracks. He stops, growing suspicious of the forest, probing his surroundings, his senses on HIGH ALERT.

(Continued)

Continued:

As his eyes strain to penetrate the dense columns of trees, he suddenly stops, listening intently. Something seems wrong. He quietly releases the safety switch on his AR15 M16 RIFLE. He focuses his gaze forward and stares, hard into the treeline.

HEARING a faint RUSTLING SOUND, he looks around, engulfed by crunching sounds, eerily similar to footsteps, sinking deep into the snow.

Taking a cautious step forward, he extends his weapon. He scans the trees, searching for the crunching sounds. In the corner of his eye, he catches a glimpse of movement behind a grove of trees.

He turns, pauses for a moment, looking intently. Unable to locate the source of his anxiety, Nakoma turns and continues to examine the ground around him.

EXT. TIMBERLINE - DAY

Royce approaches Nakoma, walking alongside him.

ROYCE

What have you got Nakoma?

Nakoma looks at him, puzzled, not sure of what has him on edge.

NAKOMA

I think I know what happened to the other three Rangers Captain.

ROYCE

How so?

Nakoma points to the ground a few feet away from where they are standing.

NAKOMA

More tracks.

EXT. ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Seen through an unknown entity's pov, Royce and Nakoma are monitored, their movements silently studied...

...their voices ENHANCED and ALTERED in a DISTORTED TONE.

EXT. TIMBERLINE - ROYCE/NAKOMA - DAY

The two men walk a few feet to to investigate the tracks, which lead away from the cabin, and trail away into the forest.

NAKOMA

Someone walked out of here, but there's more than three sets of tracks.

The rest of the team cluster in around Royce and Nakoma. Royce turns to look at the cabin still ablaze in the clearing.

He ponders a moment, processing what Nakoma just said, then turns to him.

ROYCE

Stick to these tracks, follow the trail.

NAKOMA

Yes sir.

Nakoma moves ahead of the team, pausing to look around at the forest before disappearing into the trees.

Royce addresses the other men.

ROYCE

Gibbs team were taken. We're gonna find em. We move, five meter spread. Double time it.

EXT. TIMBERLINE - ROYCE/MCGUIRE - DAY

McGuire, grim faced, walks over to Royce, inquiring of past events.

MCGUIRE

Do you remember our mission in Canada?

Royce clasps McGuire on the back, responding to him with a sighing smile as they turn to move out behind Nakoma.

ROYCE

I'm trying to forget it. Come on, let's go.

EXT. TIMBERLINE - TEAM - DAY

Williams, Cowboy, Dalton and Chavez all check the ammo cartridges in their weapons.

All the men's eyes are cold, their faces taut with anger.

Williams pulls back the breach bolt on his M60E3 MACHINE GUN, letting it snap.

WILLIAMS

Time to kick some ass.

The men move out, single file. Cowboy briefly looks back at the burning cabin, then begins to fall in behind the other men.

EXT. ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Watching this exchange between all the men, the UNKNOWN ENTITY silently observes them from within the forest.

He scans over the men, focusing on Royce as he momentarily stops, signaling the team to halt.

EXT. FOREST INTERIOR - DAY

Nakoma studies the area in front of him, then proceeds to steer in another direction.

EXT. UNKNOWN ENTITY P.O.V - DAY

Royce instructs the team to move, indicating course change. The ENTITY continues watching as the men turn and leaves their current position...

...cautiously moving onward through the forest.

EXT. FOREST HILLSIDE - DAY

The team materialize suddenly out of the forest, stopping in a clearing.

Before them a hillside, the tracks leading up and seemingly over the crest.

(Continued)

Continued:

Nakoma advances a few meters, then signals the team slowly.

EXT. FOREST HILLSIDE - DAY

The team moves up the hillside, clustering tight around Nakoma. They move apart from each other, slowly easing over the top of the hill.

Over the knoll, the men spot a FORTIFIED, HEAVILY ARMED COMPOUND, WOODEN WALLS, and BARRICADED DOORS.

AN ARCHED PULPIT is positioned at the back of the fortress.

A MACHINE GUN CROWS NEST guards the entrance to the camp, as two men stand watch in the snow covered emplacement.

30 to 40 men, armed with a VARIETY of AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, move about the camp.

Two ARMED SENTRIES walk the perimeter, scanning the surroundings for intruders.

A HELICOPTER and several JEEPS sit in the center of the compound courtyard.

ROYCE

With BINOCULARS, sees AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, GRENADE LAUNCHERS and RADIO HANDSETS being loaded into the helicopter.

Two men stand at the nose of the chopper, looking over TOPOGRAPHICAL MAPS, studying them intently.

The SCENE looks like a planned INVASION.

Royce continues sweeping along with the BINOCULARS. Suddenly, muffled noises are heard coming from the end of the encampment.

A guard emerges from a heavily wooded door, followed by a trio of hostages, hands zip tied behind their backs, staggering out into the courtyard.

Emerging from the door, following behind, carrying an AUTOMATIC WEAPON, is a TERRORIST LEADER.

He pushes the hostages out into the center of the courtyard, just beyond the JEEPS and HELICOPTER.

(Continued)

Continued:

Although difficult to see from Royce's vantage point, the hostages battered faces and torn clothing indicate they have been severely beaten and tortured.

The men are lined up in single file, as the terrorist leader strides in front, raising his weapon towards the men, pulling the trigger with a VIOLENT SQUEEZE.

Boom, Boom, Boom...

...the hostages fall to the ground...

...as the terrorist leader lowers his weapon, turns and strides quickly back into the entranceway, closing the door.

Royce lowers the binoculars, grim faced at having witnessed the murders.

He turns to the others, as the team gathers in close huddle formation.

ROYCE

Terrorists just killed three hostages.

We take the compound.

(derisively)

Williams, Cowboy,...perimeter walls.

McGuire, Nakoma,...crows nest. Dalton,

Chavez,...your back up.

Once your all set, I knock on the
front door.

EXT. WILLIAMS/COWBOY - DAY

Weave silently through the groves of trees down the backside of the knoll, carefully moving towards the encampment in tandem.

They split, Williams on the left, Cowboy making his way to the right side wall.

Both men steadily maneuver into position.

EXT. OBSERVER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

SEEN THROUGH ALTERED and ENHANCED VISION, focused on Williams and Cowboy, their bodies outlined in LUMINOUS AUREOLES.

(Continued)

Continued:

He watches from a distance, obscured inside the forest, then moves further towards the clearing, scanning the men as they move towards the encampment.

EXT. MCGUIRE/NAKOMA - DAY

McGuire and Nakoma sprint down the knoll towards the front of the compound, silently ducking in and out of the tree-line, using the timber as camouflage.

The terrorists in the crows nest are oblivious to the men on the ground. One attends to his equipment, the other attentively watches the approaches to the camp.

One momentarily reaches into his left breast pocket to pull out a lighter, then pulls a single cigar from his right pocket.

Raising the lighter, he lights the cig, then turns to offer a puff to his comrade.

EXT. MCGUIRE/NAKOMA - DAY

With the guards distracted, McGuire and Nakoma race from the treeline to the base of the crows nest, positioning themselves under the stand.

EXT. WILLIAMS/COWBOY - DAY

Watch silently as the sentry's patrol the outer perimeter walls, sweeping from the front of the compound, to the back, scanning the tree-line.

EXT. OBSERVER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

The observer watches the CSAR team, studying each man's movement, the curiosity of what is about to happen building.

EXT. ROYCE - DAY

Sprints silently down the embankment of the knoll, downward towards the edge of the compound, outside and centered in front of the main entrance to the camp.

(Continued)

Continued:

He looks at his watch, turns and looks up the knoll to...

DALTON/CHAVEZ

On standby, they ready their weapons. Dalton picks up his binoculars, focusing on the machine gun crows nest.

He shifts to the base, seeing McGuire and Nakoma, signaling.

He pans over to Williams, crouched behind a grove of trees. Williams raises his head, gives a thumbs up, then unsheathes his COMBAT KNIFE.

Sweeping the binoculars again, panning over on the right perimeter wall, seeing a MAN, his face and head covered by a STETSON HAT.

The man raises his head, REVEALING the face of Cowboy, then looks above the knoll and slightly nods.

Dalton puts down the binoculars, then looks over at Chavez.

DALTON

Ready Amigo?

Chavez

Ready.

Dalton hand signals the team to begin, then he and Chavez slip down the knoll, towards the edge of the camp.

EXT. WILLIAMS - LEFT PERIMETER WALL - DAY

On Dalton's signal, rises up, springs forward, grabs the SENTRY, covering his mouth with his hand, jerking him backwards.

Knocking him off his feet, he drives his combat knife down into the sentry's chest, then drags the body beyond the tree-line.

EXT. COWBOY - RIGHT PERIMETER WALL - DAY

Simultaneously, Cowboy rises up behind the other Sentry, grabs him by the HAIR, pulling him down, and on his side.

(Continued)

Continued:

He swings his COMBAT KNIFE with an upward motion, then drives the knife in the side of the sentry's head.

He grabs the body and pulls it out of sight.

EXT. DALTON/CHAVEZ - DAY

Reaching the edge of the timberline, they join Royce at the edge of the compound. Royce gives the signal to McGuire and Nakoma.

EXT. MCGUIRE/NAKOMA - CROWS NEST - DAY

Acknowledging Royce's signal, the two men ascend to the top of the crows nest, simultaneously climbing both sides.

McGuire grabs the man attending to his equipment, slaps his hand across his mouth, then sinks his combat knife into the mans chest.

Nakoma grabs the man puffing on his cigar. Snaps his head backwards violently, dragging his combat knife across the neck, slicing his throat.

EXT. ROYCE - EDGE OF CAMP - DAY

Nods to Dalton and Chavez, indicating the next move. He pulls the pin on a HAND GRENADE, then launches it into the air towards the entrance to the compound.

EXT. OBSERVER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Follows the arc of the grenade as it spirals dead center into the entranceway of the compound, bouncing twice as it rolls into the doorway.

A moment later, it EXPLODES into an incredible FIREBALL.

EXT. FORTIFIED COMPOUND - DAY

The doors are blown out of the entranceway by the explosion, launching CHUNKS of WOOD and SPLINTERED SHRAPNEL, ripping through the air, some of them roaring past Royce, Dalton and Chavez.

(Continued)

Continued:

They duck for cover, shielding themselves behind the timber.

Dalton turns to Chavez, spouting off sarcastically.

DALTON

Royce just knocked...
Time to move kid!

INT. COMPOUND - DAY

SHOCK WAVES ripple inside the compound, sending the terrorists into a FRENZY.

The terrorist leader CALLS out orders, as several insurgents leave their posts, moving out towards the camp entrance, running to investigate the blast.

EXT. EDGE OF CAMP - DAY

Royce races from the edge of the camp, straight into the destroyed entranceway, followed by Dalton, leaving Chavez to cover them.

Bullets fly past them in every conceivable direction, thudding into the ground.

EXT. OBSERVER - ALTERED P.O.V

Watching the scene unfold, the observer is momentarily disoriented by the HEAT and NOISE from the fireball.

His senses reel from the rush of sights and sounds.

EXT/INT. COMPOUND - DAY

Royce and Dalton race into the compound, firing short bursts from left to right, in a sweeping pattern.

Royce stops dead in his tracks, firing his AA-12 AUTOMATIC 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN at an oncoming rebel, sending him ripping backwards into the air.

Dalton cuts loose a barrage from his DUAL SUB-MACHINE GUNS, taking out three insurgents at one time.

(Continued)

Continued:

McGuire and Nakoma burst through the charred entranceway, firing while still running, rounds ripping through the air.

Williams, Cowboy and Chavez follow suit. Chavez cuts loose on his 6 SHOT 37MM FLARE LAUNCHER, sending SHOTS into the helicopter, as the two pilots attempt a take off.

The blast ignites the chopper into an incredible FIREBALL, knocking some rebels in the vicinity off their feet.

Williams and Cowboy target the Jeeps, laying down a sweltering curtain of LEAD, seconds later erupting into a SERIES of EXPLOSIONS, blowing insurgents into the air.

A man almost completely on fire is hit with a blast from Royce's 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN, blowing him off his feet, mid air towards the flaming Jeeps.

EXT. OBSERVER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Continues watching, as a surreal experience of SIGHT and SOUND unfolds.

Bullets sends blood spurting through the air, the impact sending men spiraling off their feet. Explosions send other men running away, engulfed in FLAMES, screaming.

The SCREAMS and CRIES of the dying men can be heard, synchronized to the sounds of EXPLOSIONS and GUN-FIRE.

The terrorist leader busts out in full run, back into the side door of the compound.

INT. COMPOUND - ROYCE - DAY

Runs towards the door, firing as he goes. As he reaches the door, Royce takes out an ATTACKING TERRORIST.

He grabs the side of the door, then yanks it open, taking a quick peek before racing inside.

INT. ROOM - DAY

At one end is a STAIRWAY, leading to an ESCAPE DOOR. At the base of the stairs is the TERRORIST LEADER, holding an AUTOMATIC WEAPON, starting to fire.

(Continued)

Continued:

Royce responds with full AUTO BURSTS, ripping into the terrorist, spinning him around, sending him flying against the ESCAPE DOOR.

The impact BUSTS a MAKESHIFT TABLE, scattering BINDERS OF PAPER, TOPOGRAPHICAL MAPS, CHARTS and busting GLASS LIQUOR BOTTLES.

The terrorist leader fires off a few more rounds as he bounces off the door, light materializing from the holes the bullets create. He drops to the ground...DEAD.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

Chavez and Williams fire AUTOMATIC and GRENADE ROUNDS at insurgents trying to escape the area. McGuire and Nakoma make their way over to the three dead hostages, the bodies slumped over onto the ground. Pausing for a moment, neither McGuire nor Nakoma say a word, then...McGuire squats down beside one of the dead hostages.

Looking down at the man, he notices a set of DOG TAGS. Puzzled, he gazes over at the other two deceased men.

Carefully looking them over, he spots 2 more sets of dog tags, one on each man.

McGuire yanks a set of tags off the first dead hostage. He looks at the tags intently, staring at them for a few seconds. With a look of regret in his eyes, he lets out a long sigh, then turns to Nakoma.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Royce slaps a full DRUM MAGAZINE into his SHOTGUN. He looks about, studying the room around him. He walks over to the binder of papers lying on the floor, swinging the Rifle over his shoulder.

He picks up the binder, maps and charts, and begins thumbing through the papers, studying over the information contained within.

INT. ROOM - DAY

McGuire steps through the door to the room, a LOOK of URGENCY on his face, his words a little shaky in tone...

(Continued)

Continued:

McGUIRE

Captain, there's something you need to see.

Royce looks up at McGuire, a look of DISGUST in his eyes. He walks across the room, throwing the paperwork on the floor.

Dalton rushes in the doorway, racing past both McGuire and Royce. He runs through the smokey, dimly lit room...

...straight for the dead terrorist leader.

Royce and Dalton pass each other, not speaking a word.

McGuire turns and exits through the doorway, back out into the courtyard.

EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD - DAY

Royce steps out in the courtyard, walking silently up alongside McGuire and Nakoma, standing clustered around the dead hostages.

McGuire hands Royce the dog tags. Royce looks at McGuire for a moment, a RUSH of ANGER beginning to show.

EXT. ROYCE/DALTON - COURTYARD - DAY

Dalton walks out into the courtyard, rambling through the charts and paperwork...speaking to himself excitedly.

DALTON

Hot damn, this is beautiful! We got those bastards!
Everything is here, just like I thought!

He continues rambling through the papers and charts as...

Royce walks over to Dalton, speaking directly to him.

ROYCE

I think you forgot something...

Dalton looks over at Royce...expecting the big man to hand over something he missed...but instead...

(Continued)

Continued:

Royce grabs Dalton by the collar, slamming him into the wall behind him.

ROYCE

You son of a bitch! Those hostages are the missing Rangers. What the hell were they doing here?

The two men stand face to face, the anger building in both.

DALTON

We just stopped a major terrorist invasion. If we had waited any longer, it would have been too late!

ROYCE

So you came up with a phony story to get us here. What kind of bullshit did you give Captain Gibbs and his team?

DALTON

Same deal, no different. We lost radio contact, after that we had no choice.

ROYCE

No choice?

DALTON

We hired Mercenaries to try and locate the Rangers after they went missing.

ROYCE

The Rangers didn't go missing...they were eaten alive!

DALTON

And we tried to find them! Only we couldn't, so we brought your unit in after the mercs were lost.

ROYCE

Why us?

DALTON

We knew your team were the only ones who could pull it off.

ROYCE

So you got us in here to do your dirty work?

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

Royce scoffs, letting go of Dalton's collar, staring him down.

ROYCE

You sent all those men in here just to cover your ass. Not only are you responsible for the death of 6 good Rangers, but you lost hired Mercs.
Hell of a job.
You really do belong in Washington.

DALTON

You were given a direct order Captain, and I used you to get the job done. We assassinated these bastards before they had a chance to pull off this operation...
...and I won't lose any sleep over it.

Royce looks at Dalton, thousand yard stare between the men.

ROYCE

We're a rescue team, not assassins. This mission is over, now I'm getting my team the hell out of here.

Cowboy, in the b.g, calls out to Royce.

COWBOY

(O.S)

Captain, we're in a hell of a mess here.

Royce turns away from Dalton and walks towards the team.

All the men are clustered around the dead rangers.

Cowboy has a FIELD WEATHER RADIO set out on a wooden crate, monitoring the forecast.

EXT. OBSERVER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Watches from a distance, analyzing the men's voices, as Royce walks away from Dalton.

With an otherworldly tone, this being eerily mimics NEARLY HUMAN VOICES...

(Continued)

Continued:

...imitating that of Royce.

OBSERVER

Rescue team, not assassins.

EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD - DAY

Royce walks up alongside the team, turning to cowboy.

ROYCE

What's the situation?

Cowboy, squatting down, looks up at Royce.

COWBOY

In deep shit now Captain. Another storm front heading our way.

ROYCE

How long?

COWBOY

Two hours, maybe less.

EXT. OBSERVER - ALTERED P.O.V

Continues watching, noticing the interaction between Royce and Cowboy.

He studies the men's voices, analyzing the tone, the sound of Cowboy's voice playing in his mind.

EXT. COMPOUND - COURTYARD - DAY

Royce turns to McGuire, issuing an order.

ROYCE

Collect the rangers dog tags, then get the men ready. We move in five.

McGUIRE

Yes sir.

EXT. COMPOUND COURTYARD - DAY

Royce turns away from McGuire, motioning for Nakoma to follow.

DALTON

(O.S)

We need to collect as much evidence as we can.

Royce is walking away, but stops, turning back, pointing a FINGER at Dalton.

ROYCE

The extraction point is 10 miles away, and there's another storm hitting us in two hours. Do what you want, but if you fall behind, your on your own.

Royce walks away. Dalton, standing speechless, rolls up all the PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE in his hands, then stuffs it into his pockets.

Williams and Cowboy turn to follow in behind Royce and Nakoma, as both sarcastically comment on Dalton's abrasiveness.

COWBOY

Dalton has his head up his ass.

WILLIAMS

Maybe he thinks that's where his next promotion is.

EXT. COMPOUND - OUTSIDE - DAY

Royce and Nakoma are kneeling on the ground near the trail head, studying a map. In the b.g, the team prep their weapons and equipment.

McGuire stands over the fallen rangers, crossing himself, uttering a prayer.

EXT. COMPOUND - OUTSIDE - DAY

The team make their way to Royce and Nakoma, covering the hillside approaches to the camp, weapons ready. Nakoma studies the contours of the terrain, pointing to the map.

(Continued)

Continued:

NAKOMA

Too far to back track the way we came
in. Closest route to the extraction
point is through this valley, past the
camp.

(pause)

But it's gonna be a real bitch with
this incoming storm.

ROYCE

Not much choice.

Royce turns to Chavez, kneeling close by.

ROYCE

Chavez, take the lead. Double time it.

Dalton is standing off by himself, as Royce turns and
addresses the team.

ROYCE

We move, stay close, watch your ass.

Royce moves out first, directly behind Chavez, followed by
Dalton. The rest of the men fall in line one after the other.
Nakoma, nervously looks around the clearing. He moves a step
forward, freezing in his tracks.

Slowly he turns back, his eyes riveted on the treeline along
the hillside. His senses tell him something is wrong,
unnatural, a fear he cannot understand...

SOMETHING is out in the forest, waiting, watching.

Nakoma turns and begins the trek down through the valley,
pausing one last time to look behind him, then disappears
from sight. Cowboy follows in behind him, bringing up the
rear.

EXT. OBSERVER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Looking down from his vantage point in the treeline, FOCUSING
HIS GAZE on the camp, still SMOLDERING from the rush of
GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS.

(Continued)

Continued:

He utters a LOW GUTTURAL GROWL, almost like a PURR of CURIOSITY, then leaps forward, hurtling downward towards the base of the camp.

The SOUNDS of the forest are again altered and enhanced with distorted, AMPLIFIED like QUALITY, as the observer fluidly advances towards the camp entrance.

He enters the camp through the charred and blackened entranceway, surveying the destruction and carnage. He sees the helicopter and jeep wreckage still smoldering from the intense heat, smoke billowing into the evening sky.

All around him he sees the dead terrorists, lying in piles, weapons by their sides, the life draining from their bodies. Blood oozes into the snow, turning the ground CRIMSON RED.

The STENCH of DEATH and AGONY hangs over the camp like a veil. He smells the burning, bullet riddled dead bodies sprawled out inside the camp. The scent evokes something primal within this being...a craving for human FLESH.

EXT. OBSERVER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Ascending to the top of the compound walls, he looks out over the clearing, turning to focus his attention on the area where the team made their way down into the valley.

He crouches and springs over the wall on the high end, landing just at the edge of the clearing.

His massive footfalls thud on the ground directly behind the men's footprints.

With a low tone, the observer mimics another HUMAN VOICE, this time Cowboys.

OBSERVER

In deep shit now Captain.

The forest grows suddenly QUIET, as if aware, sensing that the observer is now a HUNTER, stalking his prey.

EXT. FOREST VALLEY - DAY

A PREHISTORIC WILDERNESS, filled with giant limbs and towering trees.

(Continued)

Continued:

The team, with Chavez at point, wander alongside a winding RIVER BED, snow glistening in the sun, shafts of light streaming through the openings in the trees, 100 feet above.

It is just before DARK, daylight fading away. Snow begins falling, scattering through the trees, the wind blowing flakes sideways.

The team move silently and swiftly, straining to see into the dense forest, aware of every sight and sound.

EXT. GIANT HARDWOOD TREE / RIVER BANK - DAY

Lies across the winding river. The log is thick, dense, massive, stretching all the way across to the other side of the river. The men begin to climb over, carefully walking over a rotted section.

They move in single file, evenly spaced, Chavez on point, Cowboy bringing up the rear. Each man surveys the surroundings, cautiously watching, keeping eyes on the man in front.

EXT. HUNTER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

He travels, following directly behind, timing his pacing with those of the team. He moves closer, using the forest as concealment. His BODY REACTS to the environment, using the snow and trees as CAMOUFLAGE.

EXT. GIANT HARDWOOD TREE / RIVER BANK - DAY

The team moves cautiously across the giant fallen log, watching their footing, the timber becoming slippery with each dropping flake.

EXT. GIANT HARDWOOD TREE / RIVER BANK - DAY

The hunter steps up onto the giant tree log, his hairy, clawed feet digging into soggy, rotted wood. He begins to slowly, quietly maneuver the log, moving several yards behind the men.

EXT. GIANT HARDWOOD TREE - DAY

Nakoma, ahead of cowboy, makes his way along the log, his concentration rapt, unyielding. With a state of focused determination, he holds his AR-15/SP across his chest.

Cowboy follows Nakoma, expelling cold breath as he inhales and exhales deeply, exhausted. He pulls his stetson hat down closer over his eyes, keeping the snow off his face.

Williams slings his M60E3 MACHINE GUN from one shoulder to the other, pausing momentarily to adjust the loop of magazine cartridges strapped across his chest.

McGuire is a few feet ahead of Williams. He cradles his M60E3 MACHINE GUN in his arms, high on his chest. Watching the men in front, he turns and glances behind him, checking to eyeball the trio behind.

Dalton follows in behind Royce. He reaches into his jacket, pulling out the PHOTOGRAPHS and CHARTS collected from the terrorist camp, eager to study them all.

Royce, cautious in his steps, surveys the terrain, stopping briefly to pull out his compass, then puts it away. He glances around, checking the teams position and progress.

Chavez, in the lead, picks his way along the log, reaching the end, crossing onto the river bank, other side.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

The men reach a small clearing on the river bank, bordered by TOWERING TREES, canvassing the mountains. As Cowboy makes his way off the tree log, the men in front start to advance into the treeline.

Suddenly, Nakoma stops, turns around and fixes his gaze on the tree log...Cowboy takes a few steps past, the stops to stand alongside him.

Cowboy looks over his shoulder, starting to grow concerned that the team has out distanced them. He whistles, signaling the men.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

Royce throws a hand signal. The team assumes defensive mode, dropping behind some trees, freezing in position.

EXT. NAKOMA/COWBOY - RIVERBANK - DAY

Nakoma remains frozen and transfixed, scanning the tree-line, staring at the river bed and giant tree log.

He senses a presence, his eyes straining to locate the source.

He remains rooted in his tracks, lost in concentration, grasping his SILVER AMULET draped around his neck.

EXT. HUNTER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Stops dead in his tracks, crouching on the tree log, staring back at Nakoma and Cowboy. His body still blending in with the environment, absorbing the color of the snow covered landscape.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

The team watches from a short distance, nervous and wary, weapons ready. Royce, crouching just a few feet away from the men, outside the tree-line, signals for Cowboy.

EXT. NAKOMA/COWBOY - RIVERBANK - DAY

Cowboy, unsure of the situation, shrugs to Royce. He turns back to Nakoma.

COWBOY

Nakoma, whats got you so spooked?

NAKOMA

I don't know Cowboy.
I sense something...other side of the
log.

Cowboy stares ahead, hard across the river bank, focusing...

COWBOY

(Continued)

Continued:

I...I don't see anything.

The two men pause, then Nakoma sighs, shaking his head in agreement.

NAKOMA

I guess it's nothing.

Nakoma turns away, walking towards the other men. Royce approaches, puzzled by the situation.

ROYCE

What the hell's wrong with you?

Nakoma, still puzzled and frightened, looks at Royce uneasily.

NAKOMA

I felt something Captain.

Royce turns and looks towards the opposite treeline, a puzzled look in his eyes.

He shakes his head, turning back to Nakoma.

ROYCE

What do you think it was?

Nakoma, looks at Royce awkwardly, then turns away.

NAKOMA

Not sure...it's, it's nothing...

Nakoma and Royce briefly stare at each other, then Nakoma turns to move away.

Royce motions for Cowboy, then both men advance back towards the team.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

Sensing the danger has passed, releases their anxiety. As they begin to rise from crouched positions, they lower their weapons.

EXT. HUNTER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Strides across the log, his movements going unnoticed by the team, PERFECTLY BLENDING INTO the snow and FROZEN GROUNDS.

(Continued)

Continued:

He reaches the clearing, heading up and around the men, deep into the tree-line.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The team, single file, enter the forest. Royce falls back in between Dalton and Chavez.

Cowboy catches up to Nakoma, watching as he turns back over his shoulder, still uneasy about the rush of emotions he felt earlier.

Cowboy, on edge himself, nervously, repeating the same gesture...

...looks behind him periodically, watching, scanning.

Feeling the hair stand on end, he grabs his collar, folds it over the back of his neck, pulling his hat down farther on his head.

EXT. HUNTER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

He passes from behind a large tree, surrounded by dense foliage.

He watches Cowboy, moving in closer, beginning to walk parallel to him, slightly faster in stride.

EXT. HUNTER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Carefully monitors the team, all oblivious to his presence. He SEES Williams, trekking on hard behind McGuire, his M60E3 MACHINE GUN still slung over his shoulder.

EXT. COWBOY/NAKOMA - DAY

Nakoma, ten yards behind, closing the distance, his M60E3 MACHINE GUN in his right hand, slung across his chest, left hand still slowly caressing the SILVER AMULET draped around his neck.

Cowboy, twenty yards away, follows behind Nakoma, the RADIO PACK a DEMON on his back, breathing heavily from the exertion and cold.

EXT. HUNTER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

He steps out from behind a grove of trees, seeing Cowboy closing in on Nakoma.

With a combination of ANIMAL and HUMAN TONES, the hunter eerily mimics Royce's voice.

HUNTER

Rescue team, not assassins.

EXT. COWBOY - DAY

Cowboy, startled by the VOICE, stops, staring in the direction from whence it came.

His eyes strain to pierce the dense trees, snow falling blindly.

He stares, scanning the dense timber, then looks back over to the team, puzzled.

Not sure of what he is hearing, he moves towards the voice, the team still advancing forward without him, unaware that he has stopped.

NERVOUS and UNEASY, Cowboy raises his weapon, clicks the safety off, and moves into the area the voice emanated from.

EXT. HUNTER - ALTERED P.O.V - DAY

Watching Cowboy as he steps into the grove, moving slowly into view, stepping directly into the same path way.

EXT. COWBOY - DAY

He looks dead ahead, then back to the team, moving away from him. He looks back, staring hard into the grove, out of his peripheral vision...

Suddenly he sees it!

SEEING the MOTTLED OUTLINE of the hunters body hurtling towards him, as if the entire forest were ALIVE and MOVING, Cowboy spins.

EXT. HUNTER - ALTERED P.O.V - COWBOY - DAY

Racing towards Cowboy, he see the look of TERROR on his face, frozen in position.

EXT. COWBOY - DAY

A sickening thud as Cowboy is hurtled backwards, his feet coming off the ground, as the hunters CLAWED RIGHT HAND swipes through the air, carving a GIANT GASH across his stomach. Blood splatters as ENTRAILS fall to the ground, his stetson hat landing several feet away.

Cowboy screams, impulsively firing a short burst from his M60E3 MACHINE GUN.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

Hearing the SCREAMS and GUNFIRE, they all stop and turn towards the commotion. Royce WHISTLES LOW and SHARP.

EXT. NAKOMA P.O.V - COWBOY - DAY

Nakoma spins around, springs into action, moving in a defensive position towards Cowboy, catching a glimpse of the mottled body of the hunter, just as...

EXT. HUNTER - ALTERED P.O.V - COWBOY - DAY

Massive clawed hands sink deep into Cowboys flesh, lifting him up and slinging his lifeless body over his shoulders.

EXT. NAKOMA - DAY

Runs to the exact spot where Cowboy was killed, drops to a crouch, weapon raised, scanning from side to side.

In front of him, he SEES the trail of BLOOD and CRUSHED SNOW leading into the forest.

On the ground, Cowboy's mass of ENTRAILS, steaming in the cold winter air, the snow soaking up oozing blood.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

Royce immediately runs around Nakoma by 10 paces. As he passes, Nakoma turns and scans the rear and flanks.

Dalton, McGuire, Williams and Chavez repeat the maneuvers, flanking both sides of Nakoma, canvassing the forest, providing areas of intersecting cover.

EXT. ROYCE - TIMBERLINE - DAY

Entering the timberline, just past where Cowboy was killed, Royce gives a SHRILL WHISTLE, then moves on, the rest of the team assuming defensive positions around the trail head.

Royce follows the trail, coming across Cowboy's blood soaked WEAPON, then several yards away, the FIELD RADIO.

He cautiously scans the forest, sweeping the area, directional pattern. Finding no other clues, a look of PUZZLEMENT comes over his face.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

Wait at the trail head, covering Royce as he comes back through the timberline.

EXT. ROYCE - TIMBERLINE - DAY

Royce emerges from the timberline, carrying Cowboy's FIELD RADIO and M60E03 MACHINE GUN. He approaches the team, dumping the EQUIPMENT on the ground.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

The entire team is gathered, still holding defensive positions. Royce turns over to Nakoma.

ROYCE

What happened here?
Who hit us?

Nakoma looks back at Royce oddly.

NAKOMA

(Continued)

Continued:

I couldn't tell.

Royce and Dalton share a passing glance, the two veteran soldiers sharing an expression of bewilderment. Royce turns back to Nakoma.

ROYCE

What do you mean?

Nakoma struggles to find the words, pausing momentarily, then...

NAKOMA

I don't know Captain...I saw something...
Couldn't make out what it was...

ROYCE

It?

NAKOMA

I saw it, but then I couldn't see it.
It was there, but wasn't...

EXT. ROYCE/NAKOMA - DAY

Dalton in the b.g, as Nakoma finishes his sentence. They stand gathered around the mass of entrails. Dalton walks up, looks at the bloody equipment, then speaks in a condescending manner.

DALTON

(looking at Nakoma)
That doesn't make any sense.
How can you not know what you saw?

Nakoma looks at Royce and then to Dalton, still numb with shock, but becoming angry at the insinuation from Dalton.

NAKOMA

Look man, it's like the whole damn forest came at Cowboy. One minute it was there, the next it wasn't, but whatever it was killed him.

Royce and Dalton look at each other, finding no explanation in Nakoma's words.

Royce ponders this momentarily, then addresses the team...

(Continued)

Continued:

ROYCE

Spread out, sweep pattern, covering
the trail head. Move!

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

They move out, each man WEARY and ANGRY, searching, spread out 20 meters apart.

EXT. ROYCE - FOREST TRAIL - DAY

Royce moves into the trail head, retracing the blood trail. He crouches at the base of a huge mahogany tree, snow packed and covered with blood.

Standing, he moves away from the tree, continuing to follow the trail, scanning for signs on the ground.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - FOREST - DAY

Move cautiously through the forest, each man NERVOUSLY sweeping his surroundings, each in a separate search pattern, weapons ready, eyes searching for movement.

EXT. WILLIAMS - FOREST - DAY

Trekking along, alert and ready, Williams hears movement ahead in a dense column of timber. He crouches, wipes the snow from his face, and clicks off the safety on his M134 MINI-GUN.

The sound is growing louder, more intense. Williams raises the weapon, bringing it up to eye level, focusing it forward.

The movement ahead of him is growing louder even still. Williams moves his finger closer to the trigger. His breathing becomes heavier, billowing in the cold air, his adrenalin building.

The sound stops, the feeling of a false alarm, as Williams pauses for a moment, then stands and begins to lower his weapon. He begins to move forward, walking in a side-flanking position, away from the SOUNDS.

EXT. HUNTER/WILLIAMS - FOREST - DAY

Suddenly, the hunter bursts forth from the trees, startling Williams, his face frozen with surprise.

Williams sees a mottled outline of a massive figure, barreling at him full speed. The sight is nothing less than startling, as the SNOW, TREES and FOREST all BLEND around this figure, almost as if somehow absorbed by this being.

Something slices Williams neck, a stream of blood erupting. He starts to turn, once again raising his machine gun, bringing it up, ready to fire...

...the hunter races from another direction, this time from 50 feet away.

Williams screams as RAZOR SHARP TALONS dig into his back, exiting through his chest in an EXPLOSION of BLOOD.

He is hefted THREE FEET off the ground...mini-gun dropping by his side.

EXT. MCGUIRE - FOREST - DAY

Hearing the agonizing screams, he moves fast through the dense forest, a direct beeline towards Williams.

He hears a RUSTLING sound directly ahead of him, as he charges into the groves of trees.

McGuire sees Williams lying on the ground, a gaping hole in his chest, dead.

In an instant, he catches a brief vision of the hunter, leaving him with fantastical disbelief.

Blood drips from mid air, dropping onto the ground below, giving form to the hunters clawed hand, leaving the rest of his body only an outlined shape...

...still blending in with the snowy landscape.

The hunters EYES glow CRIMSON RED momentarily, then vanish.

MCGUIRE
Williams!!!

(Continued)

Continued:

McGuire opens fire with his M60E3 MACHINE GUN, empty shells dropping to the ground in rapid expenditure.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS -DAY

Begin moving through the forest, weapons ready, as they race towards McGuire's position.

EXT. MCGUIRE - FOREST - DAY

Pulls a magazine from his cartridge belt, slams it into the machine gun, continuing his assault.

The other team members race onto the scene and open fire alongside McGuire.

The forest EXPLODES from the FURY of the men's automatic weapons. They sweep the guns side to side, MOWING down the rows of timber and brush.

Chavez opens fire with his 6 SHOT 37MM FLARE LAUNCHER..... EXPLOSIONS shake the area.

EXT. HUNTER - FOREST - DAY

Bullet holes rip through the timber, as SHRAPNEL tears through his back, tearing a chunk of FLESH from his shoulder. Blood splatters the ground and a nearby tree as he runs past.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - DAY

The firing STOPS, the surrounding forest smoldering from the EXPLOSIONS and GUN FIRE, barrels smoking in the frigid, cold air.

The team reload, senses taut, tensions stretched to the limit. Scanning the forest, their eyes searching for movement, ready to fire again in a seconds notice.

EXT. ROYCE - WILLIAMS BODY - DAY

Kneels down beside Williams, shocked at the sight of the mutilated body.

(Continued)

Continued:

In the b.g. Nakoma drifts away from the team, towards the decimated forest area just destroyed.

EXT. NAKOMA - DECIMATED FOREST AREA - DAY

Nakoma scans the smoldering area, curiously searching. He reaches a tree, untouched by the EXPLOSIONS and GUN FIRE, spotting something at the base.

He unsheathes his combat knife, then stabs at the ground, pulling up a MASS of GORE COVERED WHITE FUR, studying it intently.

With his senses awry, not believing his own eyes, he lets out a sigh of great disbelief.

EXT. OTHER TEAM MEMBERS - WILLIAMS BODY - DAY

Royce, still staring at Williams, stands, then moves in front of McGuire.

ROYCE

(to McGuire)

What happened here sergeant?

McGuire is both puzzled and frustrated, not knowing any explanation.

MCGUIRE

I don't know. Something was there,
then it just disappeared.

Nakoma emerges from the forest, puzzled, shaking his head. He steps towards Royce, a shocked expression on his face.

NAKOMA

Captain, you need to see this...

Nakoma, arm stretched, holds out the combat knife, the mass of flesh stuck to the tip, dangling.

The team is now grouped around Williams body, their weapons pointing into the forest, nerves on edge, tense but ready.

Royce turns, walking past the team to face Nakoma.

ROYCE

What is it?

(Continued)

Continued:

As Nakoma hands the knife to Royce, the team begin to cluster around the two men, curiosity building in their faces.

Royce holds the knife, staring at the mass, puzzled at first, then with a look of disgust.

ROYCE

What the hell is this?

Nakoma pauses, taking back the knife from Royce, he responds...

NAKOMA

The thing that killed Cowboy and Williams.

ROYCE

Thing?

Nakoma looks into the eyes of all the team members, hesitant to explain, but he knows no other recourse.

NAKOMA

It's not human Captain.

Before Royce can respond, Dalton breaks in, dismissing Nakoma.

DALTON

Bullshit! It was just men, probably more terrorists, that's all.

Nakoma fires back at Royce, his tone serious.

NAKOMA

A man couldn't kill like this.

Royce looks at Dalton, then at Nakoma.

Although unsure of what to think, and needing answers, he trusts the trackers instinct.

ROYCE

(to Nakoma)

Go on.

NAKOMA

Native American legend known as Wendigo, but this is no legend.

ROYCE

Why did it attack Cowboy and Williams?

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

Recalling folklore myths told to him as a child, Nakoma speaks of something too FANTASTICAL to believe.

NAKOMA

It's cannibalistic. It stalks the forest searching for food.

The men look anxiously at each other. Chavez nervously speaks up, as Dalton shakes his head defiantly.

CHAVEZ

So it wanted Cowboy and Williams for dinner?
Chingao!!!

ROYCE

So how could you four not see it?

NAKOMA

It somehow blends in with it's surroundings. It uses this ability to stalk it's prey.

He pauses...

NAKOMA

In weather like this, it's practically invisible.

McGuire, still questioning himself about what he saw when Williams was killed, now begins to understand the situation.

McGUIRE

That's how it killed Cowboy and Williams. It was camouflaged.

Royce ponders this, denial and questions cloud his mind, still trying to believe it all, but somehow senses it to be true. He looks up at the darkening sky, daylight fading by the minute.

ROYCE

Put Williams in his poncho. We make camp here tonight, then move out first thing in the morning.

Nakoma immediately informs Royce and the team of one more piece of information.

NAKOMA

(Continued)

Continued: (3)

(to Royce)
One more thing captain...

ROYCE
What is it?

NAKOMA
These creatures are supposedly
Immortal. The more it eats, the
bigger, stronger it gets. No way of
knowing if it can actually die.

McGuire looks at the mass of flesh Nakoma found. Coming to a realization, he scoffs at that statement.

MCGUIRE
We hurt it, so now we know it bleeds.

As McGuire speaks, Royce begins to turn away, stops, then looks back at the team.

ROYCE
If it bleeds, then it can die.
We're gonna kill it anyway we can.

EXT. WENDIGO - FOREST - DUSK

Cowboys body impacts the ground with a THUMP. Not enough time to collect Williams body, the Wendigo begins to feed on Cowboys corpse.

EXT. TEAM - ENCAMPMENT - DUSK

Settle into foxholes dug into a dense grove of trees, a solid wall of a small hillside at their backs. With a makeshift shelter, braving the harsh night air and rapidly falling snow, the men are barely visible they blend in so well.

Williams corpse, lies in state inside a body poncho, just a few feet away from the shelter.

EXT. WENDIGO - FOREST - DUSK

Places a GIANT, FUR COVERED FOOT on Cowboys back, JAGGED CLAWS digging deep, pinning the body to the ground.

(Continued)

Continued:

His HAND extends, CLAWED FINGERS pierce the flesh on one of the legs, gripping the bone.

With SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH, he pulls upwards, the entire leg ripping free from the body, a sickly SNAPPY and POPPING as BONE separates from flesh and tissue.

Feeding on the corpse, the DARKLING curse that gave rise to this being, starts to heal his fearsome wounds. The gaping hole in his shoulder closing in, the cavity filling in with FLESH and TISSUE.

His body mass begins to increase, growing in proportion.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT (DUSK)

The snowfall has thickened, the air chillingly cold. The forest is deathly still, save for the sound of a howling wolf in the distance, accompanied by the shrieking wind.

Royce, although weary, stares hard out in the darkness, beyond the shelter, waiting, watching.

McGuire peers into the night, his grip tightening around his machine gun.

Nakoma, corner of the shelter, rubs the silver amulet around his neck.

With a trance like state, he stares out into the forest, listening to the SOUNDS of the night.

Dalton is tinkering with the FIELD RADIO, holding the handset up to his ear.

A CRACKLE of STATIC over the radio, the weather outside limiting it's CRYPTO-PHONE range.

DALTON

Shit load of good this is doing us
right now.

Chavez moves over alongside, closer to Dalton, his nerves on edge, as if ready to snap.

Both men tinker with the radio, looking over it with intense concentration.

EXT. WENDIGO - FOREST - NIGHT (LATER)

With the storm still raging, the forest grows quiet. It is a FULL MOON, the snow reflecting in the light.

The forest is a MONTAGE of SHADOWS and REFLECTIONS, as the Wendigo stares into the night, eyes GLOWING, cat-like.

Stalking the forest, he sees the makeshift shelter erected by the CSAR team.

He stops, eyes probing the darkness, remembering the second man he killed.

The smell of his blood, still fresh, flares in his nostrils.

He walks towards the encampment, searching, scanning, hungry.

He lurks around the camp, spotting Williams body poncho.

Sniffing the night air, he recognizes his kill.

Reaching the poncho, he rips the bag open, revealing Williams lifeless corpse. He hefts the body over his broad shoulders...then then silently scans the encampment for movement.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Finally giving in to exhaustion, inside the shelter, the men slumber, gathered close together, fighting off the cold and elements.

EXT. WENDIGO - FOREST - NIGHT

He lumbers off, still INVISIBLE, his mottled shape glistening in the light of the FULL MOON. Williams corpse is draped over the creatures shoulder, slightly swaying side to side as the Wendigo strides off into the night.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY (DAWN)

The wind and snow storm subsides, giving way to an eerie GROUND FOG covering the area. The team, in their shelter, begin to awaken, listening to the RISING SOUNDS of the forest.

(Continued)

Continued:

Birds fly from tree to tree, wings fluttering in the crisp morning air.

Making their way out of the tent, the men turn, begin to move, then stop. Nearby, from a few feet away, in the dim light, Nakoma's VOICE in a hoarse WHISPER.

NAKOMA

Captain, over here.

Royce turns, detecting something uneasy in Nakoma's voice.

He walks over to Nakoma, standing with a flashlight pointed to the ground. They stand, eyeing Williams body bag, still lying in the snow.

In the b.g, McGuire appears, walking behind the two men.

NAKOMA

Williams body, it's gone.

McGUIRE

Looks like our mystery guest came back.

Dalton appears alongside McGuire and Nakoma, staring down at the BLOOD-SOAKED BODY BAG. He looks up, seeking answers.

DALTON

Why the hell did it come back for Williams?

NAKOMA

We're being hunted...

Royce looks over at Nakoma intensely...

ROYCE

One by one, that's why it came back for the body...

Chavez stands off in the distance, still nervous, listening to the team's conversation. He stares into the forest, a wave of fear passing through him.

Royce turns, moving away from the body bag, to where Chavez is standing.

ROYCE

(to Chavez)

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

Set up a defensive perimeter around
the camp, flares, claymores,
everything.

CHAVEZ

Yes sir.

Royce turns and walks back over to the other three men. Still huddled together, they examine the ground and the tracks leading away into the forest.

Royce steps up to the body bag, staring down at it. Turning, he traces the massive foot prints the creature left behind, as it traveled through the camp undetected to Williams body.

He begins to formulate a plan, then turns to look at the men, his thoughts translating into words. He looks Nakoma straight in the eyes, asking for a viable confirmation.

ROYCE

This thing has been hunting us, right?

NAKOMA

It killed Cowboy and Williams,
now it wants us.

Dalton steps around the body bag, towards Royce, inquiring.

DALTON

So what do we do now?

Royce holds the dog tags taken from Gibbs Ranger team in the palm of his hand. He holds them up, dangling...

ROYCE

This time, we hunt it...

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - MORNING (LATER)

Royce examines the trail of prints left behind by the Wendigo. His eyes follow the tree line, tracing the path of the creature as it stalked through the camp.

McGuire and Chavez move past him, uncoiling spools of trip wire, carefully attaching several CLAYMORE MINES together, all hidden at various points.

(Continued)

Continued:

In a tree at the edge of the clearing, Nakoma throws a wire spool to Dalton, who runs it along the ground, just beneath the snow.

He then attaches GRENADES to the base of some trees.

Wires attached to CLAYMORE MINES and GRENADES lead off through the snow, around the camp, leaving a long unmined pathway leading from the shelter camp and into the forest.

Middle of camp, McGuire, Dalton, Nakoma and Chavez dig deep into the frozen ground, clearing away MOUNDS of SNOW and EARTH.

Royce hauls over a heavy, CRUDELY woven CANOPY, a patchwork of SPLINTERED LIMBS and FROZEN FOLIAGE. He strains with every ounce of strength, muscles bulging.

He drags the CANOPY across the camp, towards the FOXHOLE the other men are busy digging. Dalton and Nakoma climb up and over the top of the hole, leaving McGuire inside.

He rapidly jabs sticks into the ground floor, the ends chopped off into jagged points.

He throws up the HATCHET and SHOVEL. Nakoma and Dalton extend hands, pulling McGuire up, out of the hole. With one last mighty heave, Royce raises up the canopy, examining the men's work, before placing it on the ground, covering the foxhole.

Dalton drags over the slashed body bag, blood still covering the inside. He moves quickly, pulling the zipper, further opening the bag.

He then places it over the patchwork canopy, the other men shoveling snow and packing it around all sides of the body bag, concealing the foxhole below.

Royce grabs a shovel, digs around inside the body bag, and scoops out a blade full of blood. He turns, tilting the blade sideways.

The blood drips to the ground as Royce walks the pathway, leaving a crimson trail from the body bag to the treeline.

He returns, acknowledging the team.

ROYCE

A little invitation for our mystery
guest.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

Dawn passes, giving way to morning. The fog lifts, as the sun creeps into the forest.

In the clearing, the body bag and patchwork canopy lie on top of the ground, the foxhole hidden underneath.

A slight breeze blows through the camp, the smell of the blood from the body bag drifting through the air.

In the snowbank behind the shelter, the team, heavily camouflaged, sit hidden, waiting.

They stare into the forest, alert, eyes searching, each one lost in thought.

Chavez looks over at Nakoma.

CHAVEZ

I've never heard of a Wendigo. What exactly is it?

Nakoma continues to stare out into the forest, recalling the Wendigo myth to Chavez.

Nakoma

Roughly translated, the word Wendigo means "the evil spirit that devours man".

(continuing)

Legend has it, Wendigo's were once humans that resorted to cannibalism to survive harsh winters. After feasting on another humans flesh, they were cursed to transform into a crazed woods-beast, roaming the forest in search of more people to eat.

CHAVEZ

Why the hell would God create such a creature?

Nakoma turns to look at Chavez, staring him directly in the eyes.

NAKOMA

God had nothing to do with this.

Chavez is frightened by this, nervously crossing himself in silent prayer. Nakoma turns away, resumes staring into the forest, caressing the silver amulet.

(Continued)

Continued: (3)

SLOW RACK to Royce's face, HOLDING. He overhears this exchange between Nakoma and Chavez. Suddenly, an EERIE SILENCE falls over the forest.

Royce snaps back around towards the tree-line. The men raise their weapons, staring down the sight of the gun barrels, everything silent.

Then, the silence is broken by a deer running from the brush, hooves crunching on the frozen ground. Royce sits back, growing irritated as the deer runs zigzagged, towards the other side of the clearing.

The men lower their weapons, slightly relieved. Dalton looks over at Royce, a look of chagrin in his eyes.

DALTON

This is all just a waste of time.

Royce glares at him, then turns to move...

He stands and begins to move low to the ground toward the covered foxhole.

DALTON

(O.S)

What the hell do you think your doing?
We need to get the hell out of here
while we still have a chance!

Royce stops, turns to Dalton.

ROYCE

You still don't get it do you Dalton?
If we don't take up a position now,
none of us will live long enough to
make it to the chopper.

Royce turns away, resuming his trek towards the trap. Dalton begins to stand.

The team raise their weapons, scanning the forest, covering Royce as they sight straight down the gun barrels.

Royce reaches the trap, examining the ground around the body bag. He turns towards the edge of the clearing, moving closer to the treeline, further away from the others, into the forest.

(Continued)

Continued: (4)

Sweat pours down Dalton's face, his finger tightening around the trigger of his machine gun, nervously watching Royce.

Royce stands at the forest treeline, waiting, listening. He hears nor sees anything.

He moves back towards the clearing...reaching the body bag.

He waits again, still listening to the forest.

He turns and scans the camp, looking from one end to the other.

With a frustrated expression on his face, he carefully walks back to camp.

Dalton walks out of the shelter blind, stepping to meet Royce.

ROYCE

That deer didn't trip any perimeter wires, and there aren't any other tracks.

Dalton looks at Royce, a touch of FEAR in his voice.

DALTON

Now can we get the hell out of here?

Royce continues walking, Dalton turning along side him as they move together towards the shelter blind.

Suddenly, behind Royce and Dalton, with a THUNDEROUS crash, the makeshift canopy and the body bag EXPLODES off the forest floor into the air, a HAIL of LIMBS, TWIGS and VINES blowing upwards.

Royce and Dalton spin towards the commotion. The other men leap to the feet, running from the shelter towards the clearing and the trap, readying their weapons as they run.

They arrive at the foxhole, forming a perimeter around the trap, weapons pointed, ready to fire. In the foxhole, lies a dead wolf, its lifeless body IMPALED on the jagged sticks.

The team is dumbfounded, staring down into the ground trap, then looking at each other, stunned.

DALTON

What the hell...!?

EXT. WENDIGO - TREETOPS - DAY

An UNEARTHLY GROWL reverberates throughout the forest, as the Wendigo leaps from a nearby tree.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS/WENDIGO - DAY

The Wendigo crashes down from the trees. Reaching down, he picks up a fallen limb in a clinched fist.

Royce, Dalton, Nakoma and Chavez all dive for safety, but McGuire, witnessing the large, mottled outline, sees TOO LATE.

The Wendigo swings the tree limb towards McGuire. Like a GIANT BASEBALL BAT, he is struck with a SICKENING, CRUNCHING BLOW in the ribs, lifting him off his feet.

The blow hurtles him backwards towards the shelter, tearing his shirt and ripping his chest open.

The others, still stunned, spring to their feet. They look forward, frozen with shock SEEING the Wendigo, his body still cloaked, only the flash of BRIGHT CRIMSON eyes as the tree limb is tossed aside.

ROYCE

What in God's name...?

The Wendigo utters a GROWLING HOWL. An instant later he advances towards the men. Royce opens fire, the others joining in, shredding the trees behind the creature.

The Wendigo spins, then vanishes from sight, in a rapid, breakneck movement through the tree-line.

Dalton and Chavez continue firing. Royce ejects a spent clip from his AA-12 AUTOMATIC 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN, slapping in a new drum magazine.

He shouts an order to Nakoma. The men stop firing, but still look at the forest in disbelief.

ROYCE

(to Nakoma)

Get McGuire up and on his feet!

NAKOMA

Yes sir.

(Continued)

Continued:

Royce turns towards Chavez, shouting over an order.

ROYCE

You and Dalton help Nakoma with
McGuire, then the four of you get out
of here!

Dalton lowers his weapon, pondering the order Royce just gave. Without hesitation he steps in front of Chavez, stopping him.

DALTON

No way Royce. I'm going after this
thing.

ROYCE

You don't stand a chance Dalton.
Besides, I'm not letting you go alone.

DALTON

You're still under orders captain. I got
you into this, now you get your people
and get the hell out of here.

Royce stares at him, then Dalton begins to move out.

CHAVEZ

(to Dalton)

Hold up. I'm coming with you.

Dalton turns, looks at Royce, then to Chavez.

DALTON

Stay with your team kid. This one's on
me.

CHAVEZ

This one's on us. We Amigos have to
stick together.

Grinning, Dalton looks to Royce. They share a look between them. Both men know this is farewell.

DALTON

(to Royce)

Now get your asses to that chopper.

Hefting their weapons, Dalton and Chavez turn and disappear into the forest. Royce watches as the men leave.

He breaks away and sprints over to McGuire and Nakoma.

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

McGuire is gasping for breath, holding his ribs as Nakoma field dresses his wounds, blood gushing from the gaping slash across his chest and ribcage.

ROYCE

(to Nakoma)
How bad is it?

Crouching at McGuire's side, Nakoma turns, looking up at Royce.

NAKOMA

He's busted up pretty bad Captain. I
doubt he can make it.

McGuire overhears the two men. In a hoarse voice, gasping for breath, he responds...

McGUIRE

I can make it!

Royce and Nakoma lift him to his feet, McGuire groaning in agony. Royce wraps an arm around McGuire, supporting his weight.

ROYCE

(to McGuire)
Come on Mike, we're getting out of
here.

ROYCE

(to Nakoma)
Grab McGuire's weapons and the radio.

EXT. DALTON/CHAVEZ - FOREST - DAY

Creeping low to the ground, searching the trees, the men move cautiously through the forest.

Weapons raised, their fingers nervously wrapped around the triggers.

They hear a slight RUSTLING up ahead a few meters in the distance, too faint to identify.

They stop, listening, straining to locate the exact source of the rustling.

Silently, Chavez motions to Dalton, pointing in the direction of the sound. He points to an outcropping of trees.

(Continued)

Continued:

CHAVEZ

Over there, past that grove of trees.

Something seems to move in the direction Chavez is pointing.

DALTON

You take the right side. I'll take the left. Head around back of it, flush it out, then we nail this bastard.

CHAVEZ

Right.

Dalton silently moves away, as Chavez watches him go.

Chavez then makes his way towards the dense tree outcropping, working his way along the right side...

...up and around the source of the noise.

He stops, crouches in position, and scans the forest, front, left and right of him.

DALTON

Moves quietly through the forest, left side along the source of the noise.

The forest is so dense, he can no longer make out Chavez's route.

He stops and listens, his face intense, determined.

CHAVEZ/DENSE GROVE OF TREES

Listening, straining to hear FAINT NOISES coming from the forest.

He moves slowly forward, stepping in between a thick mass of trees, putting himself into a better defensive position.

BACK TO SCENE/DALTON

Still moving, searching. He continues to listen, dropping down into a crouching position.

BACK TO SCENE/CHAVEZ

(Continued)

Continued: (2)

There is movement in the thick mass of trees. Even though it is bone chilling cold, he begins to sweat, his breath billowing in the air.

His finger tightens around the trigger, slowly raising the weapon, ready to fire.

He begins to move forward but then reacts in shock.

Something grabs the weapon, then violently jerks it from his grasp. Before he can even move, the Wendigo's CLAWED HAND appears from inside the grove, grabbing Chavez by the throat, lifting him several feet off the ground.

An instant before he is killed, Chavez sees the Wendigo's GLOWING RED EYES.

A FLASH as the Wendigo's other clawed hand, moving with blinding speed, punctures Chavez's stomach, ripping out his entrails.

Chavez doesn't even have time to scream, his lifeless body falling to the ground.

DALTON

Hears the rustling noise coming from the grove of trees in the distance. He stands, pauses, turning, listening.

Hearing no more RUSTLING NOISES, he moves on.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - FOREST CANYON - DAY

Royce carries McGuire through the DEEP WINDING TRAIL through the forest, followed by Nakoma, carrying the RADIO PACK and WEAPONS.

They scurry along the rocky slope, Nakoma covering Royce and McGuire from behind.

EXT. DALTON - FOREST - DAY

He creeps through a corridor of narrow trees, through the thick tangle of overgrowth, passing a small rock outcropping, weapon ready, alert, examining the ground and surroundings around him.

EXT. NARROW CORRIDOR OF TREES - DAY

Behind the corridor, before the rock outcropping, in the thick foliage, there is movement, like a passing shadow through the brush and timber.

DALTON

Stops and stands motionless, listening. His senses alert, he stands ready, slowly turning to look behind him.

He scans the area, his eyes moving from the ground to the treetops. Hearing, seeing nothing, he moves on.

EXT. WENDIGO P.O.V - DAY

Stalking behind Dalton, through the corridor, he syncs his movements, step by step, inching closer as they move in coordination.

Dalton stops. The Wendigo freezes, still absorbing the forest properties, remaining hidden.

BACK TO SCENE/DALTON

He stops, spins around, sensing something isn't right. He raises the weapon, ready to fire. The corridor behind him is empty, no sound, no movement. He stands motionless for several seconds, studying the trail.

EXT. WENDIGO P.O.V - DAY

Peering through the tightly spaced trees, he sees Dalton staring directly into the corridor. Dalton turns, moving forward.

EXT. DALTON - FOREST - DAY

Continues his trek around the dense grove, past the corridor, heading to intercept Chavez. He moves closer to the mass of trees, coming up behind.

Something catches his attention. He stares hard at the grove at something at ground level.

(Continued)

Continued:

Moving closer, he sees Chavez lying on the ground, humped over, blood oozing along the white, frozen earth, his face frozen in a DEATH STARE, bloody entrails lay in a piled up heap.

Dalton spins around wildly, once again raising his weapon. He looks from one side to the other.

Suddenly, through the cold, misty air, in an instant the Wendigo's eyes materialize, then disappear.

Temper flaring, he brings up the machine gun, charging forward. A short BURST of gunfire erupts from the barrel.

EXT. THE WENDIGO/DALTON - DAY

With an indescribable swiftness, the Wendigo charges forward, racing towards Dalton, it's mottled shape barely discernible against the trees.

GROWLING SAVAGELY, he swings a huge arm at Dalton, claws carving the air with a swishing sound.

Dalton SCREAMS as razor sharp talons slice through his left side abdomen and along his ribcage...

...gushes of blood spurt outward from the wound five feet into the air...splattering the ground and trees.

With the weapon in his right hand, Dalton spins around, firing INSANELY at the mottled image of his attacker, hitting nothing but tree-line and brush.

The Wendigo runs counter clock-wise, circling Dalton. Another swing, the talons slicing through Dalton's neck.

Crying out, Dalton drops the machine gun, both hands covering gaping wounds.

Spinning around, the Wendigo swings at Dalton's back, his massive clawed hand bursting between shoulder blades...

...and out through his chest.

Dalton CRIES OUT, the Wendigo yanking violently backwards, pulling his arm free.

Dalton drops to the ground.

(Continued)

Continued:

Blood drips from the Wendigo's crimson coated white furred arm, the rest of his body still cloaked by the forest.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - FOREST CANYON - DAY

Descending the narrow path down into the valley, maneuvering down through steep gravel on a rocky slope.

McGuire still clings to Royce, as Nakoma covers them from behind.

They stop, hearing Dalton's DEATH SCREAMS.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - FOREST - DAY

With superhuman speed, he moves through the woods, the forest a blurred rush as he charges on.

EXT. TEAM MEMBERS - FOREST CANYON - DAY

Royce and McGuire descend to the canyon bottom, until they reach a clearing at the foot of the valley.

Nakoma, several feet behind, providing cover...stops and turns...back towards the canyon entrance.

He looks around, eyes searching the timberline. He listens, feeling the onrushing presence of the Wendigo.

He casts away the radio and weapons, letting them drop to the ground.

EXT. ROYCE AND MCGUIRE - VALLEY CLEARING - DAY

At the base of the canyon, moving into the valley clearing, Royce and McGuire labor along, Royce still supporting McGuire's weight.

Hearing the radio and weapons SMASH TO THE GROUND, they turn and see Nakoma standing on the rocky slope.

ROYCE

Nakoma, what the hell are you doing!!!

(Continued)

Continued:

Nakoma ignores the cries of his superior. He stands there, his eyes and face alert, showing no sign of fear.

ROYCE

Nakoma, move your ass!!!

Nakoma turns, staring at the two men. He reaches a hand to his SILVER AMULET, and with a quick tug, snaps the chain from his neck.

Staring down, he holds it in a fist like grip, then tosses it into the air. It lands near Royce and McGuire, only inches from their boots.

NAKOMA

Keep this safe captain. It belongs with you now.

ROYCE

Nakoma are you crazy? Come on!!!

Nakoma turns away, back towards the canyon.

Frustrated at Nakoma's decision, Royce grabs the amulet from the ground, stuffs it into his pants cargo pocket...

...then hikes McGuire higher.

With their arms hugging around each others shoulders, Royce holds his weapon in his left hand.

McGuire pressing his right arm over his ribs, crossing his chest.

They move, sprinting along the valley floor.

EXT. NAKOMA - CANYON - DAY

Looking upward towards the canyon ridge, Nakoma stares forward at the timberline along the canyon walls.

He reaches into his cargo pocket, withdrawing a small GREASE-PAINT TIN. Dabbing his index finger in BLACK PAINT, he smears DARK SLASHES under his eyes and vertically down his cheeks.

Taking another dab of paint, he smears a long broad stroke down his forehead to the ridge of his nose, then again horizontally across his brow, forming a symbol...a CROSS.

(Continued)

Continued:

He drops the tin. It clanks down the slope in a rolling tumble.

He reaches both hands along side his hips, withdrawing two HATCHETS, both with SPIKES at the back of the blades.

Crossing his arms, he holds the hatchets against his chest, and begins a low CHANT, in which he and he alone knows it's meaning.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - P.O.V - CANYON RIDGE LINE - DAY

Staring down, he SEES Nakoma standing, transfixed as he mutters the ANCESTRAL CHANT.

EXT. NAKOMA - CANYON - DAY

He crouches low, hatchets extended in a fighting position, waiting, embracing his age old destiny.

EXT. ROYCE/MCGUIRE - VALLEY CLEARING - DAY

Descending further down into the valley, they HEAR Nakoma's echoing SCREAMS.

In an instant Royce raises his weapon, cocked and ready to fire.

He releases his hold on McGuire, who props up against a small fallen tree log. With his left hand, McGuire painfully reaches for his COMBAT KNIFE, extending it outward.

Suddenly, the Wendigo bursts from the nearby tree-line. McGuire, seeing the cloaked shape of the Wendigo, agonizingly spins, raising the combat knife in one last defensive move.

The creature rushes towards McGuire, his crimson eyes flaring.

Whipping the combat knife in the direction of the creature, McGuire is hurled backwards from the IMPACT of the wendigo's clawed fist, his neck gushing blood.

His head twists sideways as a chunk of flesh is ripped away, the body rolling off to the side, lifeless.

(Continued)

Continued:

The combat knife flies through the air, landing in front of Royce.

The Wendigo, with superhuman speed, whips around, as Royce spins towards him and FIRES a barrage of lead.

Bullets THUDS into the ground and nearby trees, the gun barrel smoking in the cold forest air.

In a blur, the Wendigo spins back, swinging a giant hand through the air, talons extended, straight at Royce.

Narrowly missing the blow, Royce rolls backwards, swinging the 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN around, firing off a shot.

The rounds CUT DEEPLY into the Wendigo's shoulder, laying open the flesh. He howls, the wound pulsing blood, his eyes filled with RAGE.

Reacting instinctively, the Wendigo reaches down, grabs the fallen log, and swings with SAVAGE FURY, hurling Royce backwards, the shotgun flying out of his hands.

Blood splatters as the log opens a DEEP GASH along his arm.

The SHOTGUN smashes to the ground, the drum magazine crumpled, its stock broken, where it lies useless.

Royce rolls with the blow, tumbling along. Getting to his feet, he grabs his wounded arm, and is up and running for his life.

The Wendigo tosses the log aside like a toothpick, howls as he sees Royce running, then begins charging after him.

ROYCE

Barrels headlong through the forest, running on pure adrenalin, the wound in his upper arm gushing blood, his feet crunching on snow.

He slips, stumbling, he jumps back on his feet, climbs over a fallen log, spinning around to look behind him, a look of desperation on his face.

Behind him, he can hear the Wendigo closing, in pursuit of it's prey.

EXT. WENDIGO P.O.V - ROYCE - DAY

Closing rapidly, the Wendigo runs wildly through the forest, giant footfalls echoing behind Royce.

BACK TO SCENE/ROYCE

Running like a crazed man, Royce spins to look behind him, hearing the Wendigo's FOOTSTEPS close.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - FOREST - DAY

Running full speed, he crashes through a fallen log, splintering it in two, rage filling his RED ORB EYES.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - FOREST - DAY

Almost on Royce, closing in...another few yards.

BACK TO SCENE/ROYCE

His eye filled with terror, losing ground, he realizes he is about to die. He drops and rolls...

...sliding on the snow and ice, exactly at the moment the...

WENDIGO

...Is about to deliver the KILLING BLOW from behind.

ROYCE

Rolls over an embankment, the ground before him collapses as he disappears from sight. He blasts over the edge in a POWER SLIDE.

ROYCE

Oh Shit!!!!!!

EXT. CANYON WALL - DAY

Royce crashes over the edge, mounds of snow and ice racing after him, arms and legs flailing...

(Continued)

Continued:

...free falling into space.

He falls through the branches of the trees that line the canyon walls, grasping at limbs, desperately trying to break his fall.

He falls, 100 feet, straight down, the fall knocking the wind out of his chest, blood still gushing from his wounded arm, covered in dirt and mud.

He crashes into a swiftly moving river, sinking to the bottom.

EXT. RIVER - ROYCE - DAY

Weighted down by his inclimate weather fatigues, Royce struggles to pull himself to the surface.

Holding his breath, he strips off his jacket, leaving his shirt, pants, ammo belt and boots.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - P.O.V - CANYON - DAY

The Wendigo peers over the canyon edge. From his vantage point, looking down at the widening, rushing expanse of river, Royce is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. ROYCE - CANYON RIVER - DAY

He surfaces, but is pulled into a FAST CURRENT and is carried helplessly downstream.

Out of control he is swept through a series of RAPIDS, pulling him further and further downstream until he is finally sucked into the undertow and hurled over the top of six foot falls, driven deep underwater by the crushing force of the rushing water.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - CANYON RIDGE - DAY

A few seconds pass as he continues to scan the river for any signs of life, his glaring RED ORBS stare directly at the spot where Royce crashed into the river.

Nothing...

(Continued)

Continued:

...he turns, moving away from the canyon, moving back towards the forest interior.

EXT. ROYCE - CANYON RIVER - DAY

The rush of the river finally recedes into calm waters. Stroking with one arm, Royce begins to swim towards the riverbank...

...the calm waters becoming shallower and shallower.

A few more strokes carry him to shore, until his feet hit bottom.

Slowly, looking like a wet rat, he staggers onto the riverbank, his energy sapped, dropping down onto the ground, falling straight to his knees.

With his last ounce of strength, he crawls further onto the shore, panting and gasping.

Falling headfirst, his body is COMPLETELY COVERED in SNOW, ICE and MUD.

He raises his head and looks around, scanning the bank all around. He turns, looking behind him at the river. There is no sign of the Wendigo.

Relieved that he has escaped, he tries to push himself to stand...

...but the wound on his arm causes him to collapse, unconscious on the riverbank.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - VALLEY CLEARING - DAY

Making his way back to the valley clearing, the beast grabs McGuire, jagged talons from his right hand, digging deep into his back, bones and cartilage CRACKING and POPPING as he picks up the body by the spinal column, carrying it along by his side as if toting a piece of luggage.

Climbing back up towards the canyon precipice, the Wendigo maneuvers the loose gravel, his body still mimicking the forest environment.

(Continued)

Continued:

McGuire's body sways from side to side, arms and legs dangling as the Wendigo carries him in one hand, the other digging into the dirt, trekking up the steep grade.

He reaches Nakoma's lifeless body, hefting it up and over his left shoulder.

He continues his trek up the steep grade, clawed feet dig deep into the frozen ground, pushing him up and over the wooded overhang.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - DAY

Moves over the treetops, towards the valley clearing, its rotors echoing as it moves towards the canyon.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - FOREST - DAY

Watches the chopper as it moves away, then with a low growl, begins to tear the flesh from Nakoma's leg, ripping a whole chunk off in one hand.

As he feeds, his body begins to slowly grow, each bite increasing his mass and size, proportionate to each bite.

Bit by bit, he tears chunks away, claws rendering flesh from bone, massive jaws chomping, blood oozing from the beast's mouth.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - DAY

Breaks over the top of the ridge, diving forward, moving down into the canyon. The chopper flares up into a holding pattern.

In the open doorway, a CSAR RANGER, searches the canyon leading to the river with binoculars.

Seeing no signs of life, the chopper flies on, disappearing down into the canyon rim.

EXT. ROYCE - CANYON RIVER - DAY

Lies unconscious on the riverbank, the sound of the helicopter THUMPING in the distance.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - FOREST - DAY

He feeds, the wound in his shoulder beginning to heal. The gaping hole slowly closing over, replaced with TISSUE and MUSCLE.

Within seconds, it is completely whole.

His appetite still not satisfied, he reaches for McGuire. Hefting him up, he rips the clothes from the body, tossing them aside.

Looking at McGuire's wound, a chunk of flesh missing, he bites into the neck, completely removing the head from the body in one giant bite.

EXT. CANYON RIVERBANK - DAY (DUSK)

Royce gasps as his eyes bolt open in fear. He rolls over on his back, looks up, out into the failing light, scanning the trees above and along the riverbank.

Regaining his senses, he rolls over, stumbles to his feet as...

A sharp, jagged pain cuts through his arm. Looking down, he caresses the wound, still oozing blood.

He staggers back into the shallow portion of the river, wading waist deep.

He scoops up a handful of water, sloshing it onto his arm and shoulder, washing the blood from the wound. The cold water offers temporary relief from the throbbing pain.

Moving back onto the shore, he surveys the landscape. Recessed in side of a small hill, lies the entrance to a cave, shrouded in darkness.

Scattered along the shoreline, partially covered in the snow and ice, lie three backpacks, once used to carry supplies and equipment.

Automatic weapons, the barrels bent, stocks broken, lie a few feet from the packs.

Royce gathers the three backpacks and begins to dump the contents onto the ground. Sifting through the pile, he finds varying tools, equipment and munitions.

(Continued)

Continued:

Briefly stopping, he ponders how the equipment even got here, but deciding that is of no importance at the moment, picks through the equipment, then stuffs what's useful to him into one bag.

He looks up, out into the failing light, at the treeline of the darkening forest.

Breaking loose a bundle of flares, he decides to investigate the cave. Slung over his shoulder, he lights the flare, the red glow illuminating the shoreline as he moves towards the mouth of the cave.

INT. ROYCE - CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY (DUSK)

Moving slowly into the entrance, he treads carefully, slowly pacing his steps, the deep red glow of the flare barely piercing the veil of darkness...

...the light from the cave opening slowly fading as he descends deeper into the tunnel.

In the flickering light, indistinct shapes, of varying sizes can be seen lying along the earthen floor and cave walls.

Moving the flare closer to the ground, he sees ANIMAL CARCASSES scattered about, forming small bone piles.

Up ahead, a short distance, Royce reaches the end of the cave. He steps on something, a crunching sound under his boot.

Moving the flare downward, he makes a startling discovery... HUMAN REMAINS.

Completely void of flesh, the corpses are little more than skeletons.

Royce sifts through the remains, pushing the bones aside with his boot.

Finding a DOG TAG lying in the dirt, he reaches down and picks it up. Studying the tag, he realizes who he has found.

ROYCE
Mercenaries...

Royce ponders this for a moment, shining the flare around the cavern, another realization coming to him.

(Continued)

Continued:

ROYCE

This is it's home...

He looks out into the darkness, around the cavern, realizing that fate has given him a second chance, he knows he must fight for survival.

With that thought, a look of vengeance and hatred crosses over his face.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - FOREST - DAY (DUSK)

Holds McGuire's skull in one hand. With long, jagged talons, he caresses the brow with the other hand.

The creature stares at the skull intently, admiring it as if it were a trophy.

EXT. RIVERBANK - ROYCE - NIGHT

Using his combat knife, he pry's off the tip of a shotgun shell and sprinkles the gun powder onto a pile of kindling.

He removes the compass screw cap from the hollow handle of the Bowie knife, which contains MATCHES, NEEDLE and THREAD, TWINE, and MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

He removes a match from the handle and lights the powder over the kindling, which begins to burn with a brilliant light.

He feeds the fire with more, smaller pieces of kindling, igniting into a large, fanning flame.

ROYCE - SPEAR AND BOWIE KNIFE MONTAGE - NIGHT (LATER)

Holding a five foot section of a sapling removed from a riverbank tree, he carves the small branches off with his MACHETE, scraping along the entire surface, removing the cut burs, shaping it out into a long smooth pole.

He carves a notch into the end of the sapling pole, then removes the blade from the handle of the Bowie knife.

(Continued)

Continued:

Sliding the knife blade into the notch on the pole, he then attaches a long piece of TWINE to the notched end of the blade handle, wrapping it for strength, then overlapping back over towards the notch, tying it off on the end.

Once he finishes wrapping the twine around the blade end, Royce then carves off the other end into an edge with his machete.

He then takes the Bowie knife handle and places it down over the pole edge, slowly twisting it down onto the carved end.

Flipping the pole over, he lightly begins to tap it over a smooth stone, until the handle is seated onto the pole end.

Once finished, he has created a serrated blade spear with leather wrapped handle, which he places on the ground next to the roaring fire.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - ROYCE - NIGHT (LATER)

Working at the entrance to the cave, Royce gathers up an armful of skeletal bones, placing them into a pile on the ground just inside the cave opening.

Taking his machete, he chops off the ends of the bones, carving them into jagged, pointed tips.

Starting at one corner, he then jabs the bones into the ground, working his way over to the other corner, creating a spike barrier across the cave opening, hidden inside the darkness.

Using another skeletal bone, he wraps a narrow, tight roll of GAUZE taken from the first aid kit of the Bowie knife handle, around one end of the bone.

He then pry's off the casing of another shotgun shell and pours the powder onto the gauze wrapped end of the bone.

He twists it around in his hand, letting the explosive powder coat the fabric evenly.

Walking over to a precipice in the cave wall, he jabs the bone into the crevice.

Pulling out another match, he places it in the gauze wrap.

(Continued)

Continued:

Gathering up the rest of the skeletal bones, he throws them all into a pile, just beyond the cave opening, past the jagged ground spikes.

Prying the casing from another shotgun shell, Royce shakes the contents onto the pile of bones, pouring the powder over the entire mound.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - CANYON RIVER - NIGHT

Cresting just above the treetops, the chopper moves along the winding river, continuing its search.

Flood lights from the chopper's underbelly illuminate the shimmering waters from high above.

A CSAR RANGER, still positioned in the open doorway, continues a visual search of the canyon and river below with THERMAL BINOCULARS.

EXT. CSAR RANGER - P.O.V - THERMAL BINOCULARS - NIGHT

The canyon river and walls seen through the THERMAL BINOCULARS...

...highlighted in RED ILLUMINATION, accented with DISTANCE and POSITION.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - CANYON RIVER - NIGHT

The CSAR RANGER scans the riverbanks, searching, looking for heat sources.

Detecting none, the transport chopper moves on, sounding a THUMPING WHINE...

...then fades as it disappears from view.

EXT. ROYCE - RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Using a long section of a SAPLING BRANCH, he fashions a crude BANG STICK WEAPON, using the last remaining shotgun shell from his belt pouch as an explosive charge.

(Continued)

Continued:

Finally, using the needle and thread from the combat knife handle, Royce sews up the wound in his arm, blood still oozing from the gash.

Using the last couple feet of GAUZE ROLL, he slowly covers the stitched wound, creating a makeshift bandage, soaking up the trickling blood.

EXT. RIVERBANK - ROYCE - NIGHT

Drags a bundled section of BRANCHES INTO VIEW, adding it to the small, dying fire smoldering in the night air.

He kneels, adding the branches to the fire, putting the timber in different sections of the fire pit.

Using another of his precious matches, he sets fire to the timber, gently coaxing the tender into a slowly consuming fire.

Flames start to burn upward through the scattered branches.

He reaches into his pants pocket, pulling out a TIN of GREASE-PAINT.

Coating his index finger, he smears the BLACK PAINT all over his face, cheeks and forehead, then down along his neck, evenly along both sides.

Reaching into his other pocket, he pulls out Nakoma's SILVER AMULET. Raising the chain up, he pulls it down over his head, letting it rest at his neckline.

He stands, picking up the weapons he forged, holding them in both hands, staring at the rapidly growing blaze.

He turns, facing the canyon rim, where the river flows into a series of FALLS and POOLS, surrounded by huge boulders and cropped, jagged rocks.

The corner of the shore is jumbled up with large amounts of DRIFTWOOD, swept down the waterfall from the canyon forest above.

EXT. CANYON RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Holding his weapons in both hands, he moves towards the corner of the shore, ascending onto the massive boulders and jagged rock field.

Facing the canyon waterfall, raising the SPEAR and BANG-STICK in both hands, pointing them upwards, he throws back his head and SHOUTS.

From the pit of his stomach, a WAILING CRY emerges, visceral and commanding, as if from the depths of his soul, a sound of PAIN, ANGER and VENGEANCE.

EXT. ROYCE - BOULDER/ROCK FIELD - NIGHT

A hundred feet below the top of the waterfall, Royce stands on the massive boulders, his body bathed in the RED GLOW of the FIRELIGHT.

The long and reverberating WAR-CRY, ECHOS endlessly through the canyon and surrounding forest.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - FOREST - NIGHT

The Wendigo's head, backlit by the LIGHT of the moon, his RED ORBS gleaming, REARS INTO VIEW, looking up at the sky.

He HEARS Royce's WAR-CRY, and realizing he is being summoned, responds with an INHUMAN HOWL...

...accepting the invitation from his challenger.

The howl reverberates throughout the forest, overlapping with Royce's cry, the two drowning each other out.

The Wendigo jumps into the nearby treeline, moving to the uppermost branches.

He swings silently from tree to tree, arriving at the valley clearing.

Springing off the treeline cliff, he jumps several feet at a time, leaping down the steep grade...

...leaving impressions in the ground each time he lands.

(Continued)

Continued:

Finally he is at the valley floor, making his way towards the canyon rim.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - CANYON RIM - NIGHT

Arriving at the canyon rim, he sees far over and down into the canyon walls, staring straight down, far below where the BONFIRE flames leap and flicker in MULTI-SHADES of COLOR and LIGHT.

The collage of LIGHT and HEAT-WAVES lure him forward.

EXT. ROYCE - BOULDER FIELD - NIGHT

Hidden back within the deep notch of several LARGE LOGS and DRIFTWOOD, Royce wades in the waist deep water, his back against the massive boulders, shaded in near darkness.

On the riverbank, buried in a makeshift fire pit, is the BONFIRE, illuminating the shore in SHIFTING PATTERNS of LIGHT.

His eyes shift, trance like, moving from side to side, his senses alert, watching the canyon wall and the riverbank shoreline, scanning for movement towards the bonfire.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - CANYON WALL - NIGHT

His SHADOW-FORM, still obscured by the forest itself, a rippling movement of COLORS and VARIED HUES.

He scales the side of the canyon wall, moving closer to the growing bonfire below.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - P.O.V - CANYON RIVERBANK - NIGHT

His eyes probe the canyon, drawn by the varying patterns of HEAT and LIGHT given off by the FLICKERING COLORS of the bonfire.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - CANYON WALL - NIGHT

He continues on, moving silently down the through the night, scaling the canyon wall.

EXT. ROYCE - BOULDER FIELD - NIGHT

Sits motionless, nearly invisible nestled up against the boulders, amid the darkness of the jumbled logs and driftwood.

He listens, the RUSHING of the river WATER, the CRACKLING of the BONFIRE the only sounds present to his ears.

Suddenly the snapping of branches catch his attention.

Slowly, Royce raises his weapons to water level, just below chest height.

He stares intently, concentrating, searching for the Wendigo's form in the flickering fire on shore.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - BOULDER FIELD - NIGHT

Like a giant insect, he drops from the sky, landing directly on the boulder above Royce...

...his massive form thudding against the rocks.

EXT. ROYCE - BOULDER FIELD - NIGHT

Freezes at the sound of the Wendigo dropping onto the boulders behind him, his eyes wide with FEAR.

He knows any movement will bring an instant attack from the Wendigo behind him.

If he waits, he would be exposed and vulnerable at the bottom of the boulders.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - BOULDER FIELD - NIGHT

Jumps from the boulder behind Royce and down to a smaller rock to Royce's left...

...just mere feet from away.

Scanning the riverbank, his eyes glisten in the dim firelight...searching for movement.

A low growl emanates under his breath.

EXT. ROYCE - BOULDER FIELD - NIGHT

Reacting, Royce pushes himself off the boulder, forward out into the water.

He spins, then throws the BANG STICK at the Wendigo's movement.

EXT. BANG-STICK - NIGHT

Flies into the night, straight at the Wendigo's side. It strikes him in the abdomen, exploding in a FLASH of SMOKE and LIGHT.

The Wendigo's abdomen bursts outward, sending a shower of BLOOD and CHUNKS of FLESH SPILLING out onto the rocks.

He HOWLS in a pitch of agonized RAGE and PAIN.

EXT. ROYCE - RIVER WATER - NIGHT

Quickly, he wades back towards shore, clinching the SPEAR in one hand, stroking water with the other.

He wades forward, darting to look back before finally reaching the riverbank, stumbling onto the shore.

He drops to his knees, wheezing quietly through clenched teeth, feeling the pain of the now freely bleeding arm wound, the gauze bandage soaked with WATER and OOZING BLOOD.

Crawling forward onto the shore, Royce stops momentarily to catch his breath.

Looking around, he scans the bank. There is no sign of the Wendigo.

He rolls over on his back, then collapses in relief.

SUDDENLY, the Wendigo impacts the water, throwing up a huge SPLASH. He stands up in the waist deep water.

As the water streams off his body, he wades forward, moving towards the shoreline.

His glaring RED ORBS stare directly at Royce. He SURGES forward, relentlessly closing in on his prey.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - REAR SHOT - RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Wading forward, moving towards the shore, Royce can be seen staring at the Wendigo's mottled shape, water trickling down off the creature.

ROYCE

Is startled by the creature impacting the water...

...he freezes, paralyzed with fear, locking his eyes onto the terrible creature about to kill him.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Closing rapidly, foot after foot, he departs from the water, walking onto the shore, stopping, directly in front of Royce.

EXT. ROYCE'S P.O.V - NIGHT

Watches in terror as the Wendigo's feet CRUNCH through the mud and snow, stopping three feet away.

EXT. ROYCE - RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Lying on his back, facing the Wendigo, he realizes his life is about to end.

EXT. THE WENDIGO'S P.O.V - NIGHT

He looks directly down at Royce, STARING ANGRILY at the human, the fierce RED ORBS ablaze, GLOWING in the darkness.

EXT. ROYCE/WENDIGO - RIVERBANK - NIGHT

The Wendigo towers over Royce, his absorption of the forest colors and hues fading away.

He stands, his massive form finally revealed.

Royce looks up, staring at the fierce, primitive HUMANOID...a timeless prehistoric sight...covered in SNOW WHITE FUR.

(Continued)

Continued:

Long, JAGGED TALONS extend from his fingers and feet, the face and head a FLESH and BONE SKULL, the mouth lined with rows of RAZOR SHARP teeth.

Royce ponders this being, the sight unlike anything imaginable. He stares at this creature, this...**MONSTROSITY**.

The Wendigo stands motionless, breathing heavily, growling lowly.

Then, his head tilted, throat distended, utters another MIMIC CRY, directed towards Royce.

WENDIGO

(cowboy's voice)

In deep shit now captain.

ROYCE

(to himself)

Cowboy?

Wide-eyed, he is horrified that he is hearing the sound of the dead man's voice, coming from this horrible creature.

In that instant, he realizes how the Wendigo lured Cowboy away from the team.

The Wendigo stares at Royce, waiting for his human prey to react.

EXT. ROYCE - RIVERBANK - NIGHT

And react Royce does.

He rolls left, grabbing the SPEAR in his right hand.

He spins again, rolling to his feet, crouches, and throws the spear.

It hits the mark, stabbing deep into the Wendigo's thigh.

Royce is up and running, as the Wendigo howls once again in pain.

He darts for the cave opening, leaping over the BONE SPIKES embedded in the ground.

Rolling into a ball...then into a crouch...he lands on his feet.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Pulls the spear from his thigh, the wound spurting blood onto the ground below.

He grasps the spear in both hands, snapping it like a twig, tossing the two halves across the shore.

He breaks into a sprint, running directly into the cave opening.

INT. ROYCE - CAVERN INTERIOR - NIGHT

Stands frozen in the darkness of the cave, tucked into a precipice along the cavern walls.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - CAVERN OPENING - NIGHT

A nightmarish SILHOUETTE appearing for an instant at the mouth of the cave.

INT. THE WENDIGO - CAVERN INTERIOR - NIGHT

Revealed in flashes of STROBING LIGHT from the bonfire, pauses at the interior of the cave opening.

He stands, erect, tilting his head slowly, turning it from side to side...

...knowing that his prey is somewhere within.

RED ORBS manage to catch a glimpse of the SPIKE FIELD strung across the opening...

...he crouches, studying the trap, hands running across the spikes.

Realizing they were placed there for defense...he creeps forward...carefully placing one foot in front of the other...
...descending inside the cavern.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - VALLEY CLEARING - NIGHT

Circling back, the chopper returns to the valley clearing...
...scouring over the forest.

(Continued)

Continued:

It continues to scan, searching for any signs of movement, then continues towards the canyon river.

INT. ROYCE - CAVERN INTERIOR - NIGHT

Royce, uncertain of where to turn, waits...

...suddenly, he crouches and freezes, seeing the Wendigo looking in his direction.

INT. THE WENDIGO - CAVERN INTERIOR - NIGHT

Starts to move in Royce's direction...stops...listens...staring into the darkness, seeing the outline of Royce's darkened figure.

His heightened, supernatural senses tune in with his surroundings.

SEEING the shape now directly across from him...he moves...his vision now directed towards the precipice in which Royce is hidden.

INT. ROYCE/WENDIGO - CAVERN INTERIOR - NIGHT

Remaining crouched in the darkness, Royce reaches down into a small crevice in the rock wall...

...feeling with his hand...until he grasps the bone he placed there earlier.

Pulling the match from the gauze wrap...he strikes it against the rock face...lights the gauze...then rolls forward.

With a sudden jerk of his hand, he THROWS the bone torch at the PILE of BONES lying on the earthen floor.

The flame SPUTTERS as the torch flies through the air...an instant later a blinding WHITE FLASH of light illuminates the cavern interior...

...as the torch smashes into the pile of bones, igniting the gunpowder.

The Wendigo recoils to one side, as the powder DETONATES...sending bone fragments TEARING into his body.

(Continued)

Continued:

With a terrifying SCREAM of PAIN and ANGER, the Wendigo claws frantically at the wounds in his NECK and CHEST.

He stumbles backwards, falling onto the row of BONE SPIKES, letting out another bloodcurdling SCREAM of RAGE and PAIN.

The spikes gouge into his back, erupting through his chest and abdomen.

He lies, motionless on the ground...

EXT. ROYCE - RIVERBANK - DAY (PRE-DAWN)

Royce breaks into a full speed run out of the cave and down the riverbank towards the boulder and rock field.

He climbs onto the boulders, oblivious to the searing pain in his arm.

He breathes in short, powerful exchanges, eyes wide, scurrying up and over the rocks.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - CANYON RIVER - DAY (PRE-DAWN)

Powering forward through the canyon, racing along at treetop height...

...it heads towards the designated landing zone, in a clearing just beyond the river.

EXT. ROYCE - CANYON RIVER - DAY (DAWN)

Emerging from the boulder and rock field, Royce moves along the rim of the riverbank,

Ignoring the pain in his arm, he runs desperately, searching for the clearing.

He sprints into a grove of trees, running up an embankment that rises up and over at the bottom of the river gorge.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - FOREST - DAY (DAWN)

Closing in on the landing zone, the helicopter levels out and heads towards the designated site in the valley clearing.

EXT. ROYCE - WOODED EMBANKMENT - DAY

Runs with every bit of strength he has left...

...through the columns of trees, upwards along the wooded embankment.

He tramples over low lying branches, breaking twigs, cutting a swath through the forest.

He retreats headlong towards the clearing.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - FOREST - DAY

Breaks in low over the treetops...then flares up into position...preparing to land.

EXT. ROYCE - WOODED EMBANKMENT - DAY

Approaches the edge of the clearing, breaking over the embankment just as...

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - LZ CLEARING - DAY

...as the chopper slowly descends, the side door swings open...

...a MACHINE GUNNER is crouched in the opening...

...his eyes transfixed towards the trees around the clearing, scanning for movement.

The helicopter propellers create a raging storm...blowing up GROUND DEBRIS.

The gunner and pilots stare out...their eyes trying to penetrate the swirling debris.

EXT. ROYCE - LZ CLEARING - DAY

Royce materializes from the wooded embankment, his features taking form as he approaches...

...his beaten and battered body covered in MUD, BLOOD and SWEAT.

EXT. ROYCE'S P.O.V - TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - DAY

As the chopper settles close to the ground, the rotors FLASH overhead. THUMPING in the wind, the sound ECHOS throughout the clearing.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - LZ CLEARING - DAY

The machine gunner swings an M-60, mounted to the cargo floor, into firing position, pointing it into the clearing.

He racks the bolt, loading rounds into the chamber, his finger tightening on the trigger, providing cover for Royce.

EXT. ROYCE - LZ CLEARING - DAY

Stands in the clearing, staring at the helicopter. He looks dazed, tense, frightened.

EXT. ROYCE - TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - DAY

Staggers forward towards the chopper, the gunner hopping outside to give him a hand.

Climbing on-board, he collapses to the cargo floor, falling out beside the M-60.

The pilot and co-pilot, both VISORED and HELMETED, look behind into the cargo hold, making sure Royce is in safely.

The gunner grabs onto the door frame, grasping for support to pull himself back inside the cargo hold, when suddenly...

EXT. THE WENDIGO - TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - DAY

Grabs the gunner, pulling him backwards from the chopper.

With a BELLOW of RAGE, plunges his jagged talons into the gunners ribcage, then VIOLENTLY YANKS both hands outward.

The gunner screams, as his chest EXPLODES in a FOUNTAIN of BLOOD and BRIGHT RED TISSUE...

...his body falls lifeless to the ground. The Wendigo turns, facing the chopper, his eyes fixed on Royce.

INT. ROYCE - TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - DAY

Royce, startled by the sudden reappearance of the Wendigo, scrambles to a crouched position. He stares out at the creature, horrified that it still lives.

INT. PILOT/CO-PILOT - COCKPIT - DAY

Both pilots, seeing the gunner being DISEMBOWELED, stare in HORROR at the approaching creature, disbelieving what they are witnessing.

PILOT

What the fuck is that thing!?

CO-PILOT

Hell if I know, but it's pissed!

Even though horrified at the site of the Wendigo, the pilots keep the chopper steady, hovering only mere feet from the ground.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - HELICOPTER EXTERIOR - DAY

Swings at the M-60, breaking the weapon loose from its tripod. He grabs the gun, yanking it free, pulling the weapon out of it's floor mounted base.

He turns away, smashing the gun between two giant hands, tossing it to the ground, then turns his attention back towards the chopper.

INT. ROYCE - CHOPPER CARGO BAY - DAY

Searches frantically around the cargo hold, scanning for any means to defend himself.

He spots a ROCKET LAUNCHER mounted to the wall just behind the cockpit.

He scrambles towards the launcher, YANKING it from it's housing. He rolls sideways, back into the doorway, facing the Wendigo.

Royce raises the weapon, and with the last ounce of strength...his arm muscles bulging...in a INSTANT of RAGE.....fires the rocket.

EXT. THE WENDIGO - ROCKET EXPLOSION - DAY

The ROCKET impacts the Wendigo, his entire body EXPLODING in a GEYSER of WHITE FUR, BONE and TISSUE, scorching the ground underneath him.

INT/EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - DAY

Enveloped in the FLASH of INTENSE LIGHT and FIRE, both Royce and the pilots shout out in STARTLED GRUNTS. The SHOCK WAVE hits the chopper, keeling it hard over to one side.

Royce falls backwards, rolling against the side wall.

The helicopter suddenly regains control, levels out, and hovers mere feet from ground level.

Royce slides over to the doorway, turning his eyes out towards the charred, blackened hole in the earth left by the rocket launcher.

He stares briefly at the mangled remains of the gunner, lying on the ground.

As the pilots regain their senses, they ease the chopper upwards, slowly lifting off, rising up and over the treetops.

Royce turns to stare out towards the sky, beyond the passing forest below, out towards the heavens.

His eyes cut over towards the pilots, a look of relief crossing his face.....**They made it.**

He turns again, staring out the door and behind the chopper. The SMOKE from the rocket blast billows into the sky, slowly fading in the distance.

EXT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - DAY

Pulls away and heads towards the distant, BLUISH-ORANGE horizon.

SLOW FADE OUT TO BLACK:

THE END.