

ARCTIC LODGE

EXT. MINE - SUNSET

TING!

NELSON SMITH (43, skinny white man), sweaty and slightly frostbitten from the cold, brings his pickaxe into a large rock face.

He wipes sweat from his brow.

SUPER: MONTANA TERRITORY, DECEMBER 1859

As the last light of day fades to dusk, dozens of men labor at the bottom of a claustrophobically small slope of stone, in the desperate hope to find gold.

A large sluice carries water from a river that runs through the massive pine forest looming over the mine.

Two men hold a hose that blasts water from the sluice at a rock face.

WILFRED MARSHALL (55, grey aged with wrinkles from stress) watches from atop the slope, eyeing the mine like a hawk scanning for prey.

THUNK!

Suddenly, Nelson's pick hits something hard.

He swings harder.

The head of his pickaxe breaks.

He sweeps away some rocks to reveal a small rock.

Somehow instantly drawn in to it, Nelson picks it up.

He hears whispers.

The rock suddenly glows turquoise-red, pulses, shivers, then stops.

Everything seems to go quiet.

A low rumble.

The ground cracks underneath Nelson's feet.

He screams as he falls underneath.

The rock face above him crumbles and encloses him underneath.

As the mine collapses, the other miners fall.
Two get crushed underneath rocks.
A piece of the sluice impales another.
Wilfred watches in disbelief. He runs.
Cracked and splintered parts of a large sluice.
Pickaxes and helmets strewn about.
A massive pile of rocks cover an area in front of him.
Wilfred, coughing, limps through the dissipating dust cloud.
He scans the destroyed mine.
Then, Wilfred sees it.
The glimmer of a tiny gold nugget.
He limps to it, and picks it up.
Wilfred smiles, caressing it like it's his own child.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Pitch black.
Nelson lays unconscious in the midst of a narrow tunnel.
Next to him is his pickaxe.
He *gasps* and *heaves* awake, hacking up blood and dust.
Panic taking over, he only sees darkness.
Rock dust seeps from the cracks.
He fishes in his pocket and finds a small lighter.
Flick.
Above him, he sees the massive pile of rocks.
He attempts to push the rocks, but one falls onto his leg
with a horrific *CRACK*.
Nelson screams out in pain.
Biting his shirt, he lifts the rock off.

A piece of bone sticks out.

He holds his mouth, so as not to puke.

Nelson then begins taking in his surroundings with the lighter.

The tunnel extends only out in front of him. Rocks and debris cover any form of escape.

Then, Nelson hears a strange sound.

Whispers.

He turns around to see a turquoise-blue glow.

EXT. MINE - NIGHT

Wilfred limps away from the mine, ignoring the horrific scene.

He then hears the *CLIP-CLOMP* of horse hooves.

JOHN SILVER (57, heavy-built), a well-regarded businessman, stops his black stallion in front of Wilfred.

John looks down on Wilfred.

Wilfred timidly gives him the tiny gold nugget.

John scowls.

JOHN

I give you a month. You waste men,
resources, and time. And *THIS* -

He throws the gold nugget to the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)

- is all you can find.

WILFRED

I just -

JOHN

You're out, Mr. Marshall.

John gallops away.

Wilfred digs desperately for the gold nugget amidst the tightly packed snow.

He puts it in his pocket.

Then he reaches into his waist holster and pulls out his revolver.

It's fully loaded.

He cocks the hammer.

Points the barrel at his forehead.

TING.

Wilfred stops cold.

He turns around.

Wilfred's focus turns to the rockfall.

He watches in terror as the rocks make way to the force of a pickaxe. The pickaxe breaks through the rock.

Then, *Nelson* crawls out of the rock.

In a fit of terror, Wilfred shoots at Nelson, but the complete darkness along with Wilfred's shaking hands cause every shot to miss.

Nelson's whole body contorts and twists.

He limps toward Wilfred.

The pickaxe drags behind him.

Wilfred's in shock.

Nelson's head twitches.

NELSON

They told me to do it.

He raises the pickaxe.

Swings it down.

CRUNCH.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MIDDAY

A police car drives down a small neighborhood, sirens wailing.

SUPER: PINE, MONTANA. DECEMBER 1989

It turns on "WOODVIEW DRIVE".

LISA GREEN (41, bright blonde hair, short, high-maintenance) stands outside her own red-brick house with her hands covering her mouth.

The car comes to a stop.

BILL SHAW (64, gruff with dark-grey hair) steps out of the passenger side. DAVID HART (27, built and tall) puts the car in park.

He clasps Lisa's shoulder.

BILL
You okay?

LISA
Yeah.

BILL
Where is it?

Lisa points next door: a small, basic white-brick house.

The last name "MILLS" is painted on the mailbox.

LISA
The far back bedroom - in the closet.

Bill nods and follows Lisa to the front patio.

DAVID
When did you find it?

LISA
Yesterday.

BILL
Alright. I need you to stay inside for now.

LISA
Okay.

She returns to her house.

INT. WANDA'S HOUSE - MIDDAY

Bill and David enter the house.

It's surprisingly clean.

Happy family pictures line the living room walls.

Bill carefully examines everything as they approach the back bedroom.

They enter the small bedroom in the back of the house.

Bill slowly opens the closet.

Behind a pile of clothes, they see it.

A human skull.

Bill's eyes widen.

A look on his face - one of a scarred, scared man.

Bill clicks his radio on.

BILL

I need units at 203 Woodview. We've
got possible human remains here.

David clasps his shoulders.

DAVID

You good?

BILL

Yeah, yeah.

Bill puts on a pair of gloves and takes out a gallon bag labeled "evidence".

BILL (CONT'D)

Check out the rest of the house,
and the yard. See if you can find
anything.

David nods but watches him with a perturbed look.

Bill carefully places the skull into the evidence bag and goes back outside.

He leaves the house, but not before seeing a small picture on the chest of drawers.

It's faded, but he can clearly see a young man and woman.

He flips the picture around - "STEVE AND WANDA"

A brief image flashes in his mind.

A woman.

On a gurney.

Blood.

Bodies everywhere.

The sounds around Bill fade into a cacophony of noises, buzzing, sirens.

He feels a hand on his shoulder.

DAVID

Bill?

Bill jumps and turns around.

He puts the picture into the evidence bag.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Bill exits the house and opens the trunk of his police car.

He puts the bag into a small box, hand shaking.

DAVID

Bill, what's going on?

Bill closes the trunk.

BILL

You find anything?

DAVID

Your hand's shaking.

BILL

Did you find anything or not?

DAVID

Full skeleton in the shed. Broken up, but it's there.

David then procures a small knife.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And this.

Bill looks closely at it. It's rusty, with a peculiarly delicate pattern on the handle.

David puts knife in another bag.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'll get a unit to bring these to
Billings immediately.

They cordon off the scene with police tape as more cars
arrive.

Bill knocks on Lisa's door.

Lisa comes out.

BILL
Mind if we ask you a few questions?

LISA
Sure, come right on in.

INT. PETER'S KITCHEN - DAY

They both enter the house.

MARK GREEN (8, skinny and wild-haired) sits at the kitchen
table, eating French toast.

LISA
Don't mind him.

BILL
Well, Mark, you've gone and grown
up.

Mark giggles.

BILL (CONT'D)
Where's Peter and Gregory?

LISA
At Dr. Carson's.

Bill gets a grim look on his face.

BILL
Gregory been doing better?

Lisa sighs.

LISA
Not really.

She then ruffles Mark's hair.

LISA (CONT'D)

You wanna eat in your room while me
and Mr. Shaw talk?

MARK

Really?

LISA

Yeah, why not.

MARK

Okay!

Mark speeds upstairs with his plate.

Bill chuckles.

BILL

How are you?

LISA

Could be better.

They both sit in the living room.

LISA (CONT'D)

I just don't understand it. Why
would she have... *that*?

BILL

Tell me everything about what led
up to you finding the bones.

LISA

I was just cleanin' up Wanda's
house. Y'know, she's been in the
hospital for a few weeks, she'd
been tellin' me she was feeling bad
even before her episode.

David writes in a small notepad.

DAVID

Episode?

LISA

Well, that's what caused her to go
to the hospital. I heard her
screaming. It was awful.

David writes again. Bill leans forward.

BILL

Anything else you can think of?

LISA

She's just seemed really stressed recently. Poor soul's had a tough life.

Bill nods. David looks inquisitive.

BILL

Anything else?

LISA

Not at all.

BILL

Alright. Thank you, Lisa. Let me know if you need *anything*.

Lisa nods.

Bill and David leave the house.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PINE - DAY

A small town where the saying "everyone knows your name" can be taken quite literally.

Few cars drive through, but when they do, people walking along the snow-laden sidewalk wave at them.

Small neighborhoods surround the small downtown, which hosts few but necessary amenities:

A comfort food diner.

The general store.

A family doctor.

Green's Electronics, Peter's own store, the only real sign of this old-fashioned town coming into the modern age.

Pine's police station sits at the corner of two streets.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

GREGORY GREEN (11, unhealthily skinny and small) breathes in, and out. He sits in a wheelchair.

Tubes lead from his nostrils into a metal cylinder, which rhythmically pumps out air.

RICHARD CARSON (56, bald with a kind face), kneels in front of Gregory, checking various parts of his lungs.

In the chair next to Richard is PETER GREEN ("nerd" glasses, long legs and lanky build), his father. Peter watches with a mixture of anxiety and excitement.

RICHARD
Rhythmic breathing. In, out. In,
out.

Gregory breathes slowly in.

Then out.

In, then out.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Can I talk to you outside for a
moment, Mr. Green?

PETER
Yeah, sure.

Peter pats Gregory's shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)
We'll be just a second.

Gregory nods.

Richard and Peter step outside the door.

PETER (CONT'D)
What's going on?

RICHARD
I'm not hearing good things from
his lungs.

PETER
Okay. What's that mean?

RICHARD
I can't be sure yet. I'll take some
blood tests. Has he been any worse
at home? Coughing?

PETER
He coughs a lot, yeah.

Richard looks down at his clipboard, then back to Peter.

RICHARD
I'm gonna take some blood. Let's go
back in.

Peter nods.

PETER
It's nothing bad, is it?

RICHARD
I really don't know right now.

As Richard prepares a needle to take blood, Peter sits back
down.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You ready?

Gregory nods. He squints.

The needle pokes his finger.

Gregory opens his eyes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Just like that! I'll be back
shortly.

Richard pats Gregory's shoulder and leaves the room.

INT. EXAM ROOM - LATER

A few hours pass.

Peter's asleep in the chair. Gregory just sits there, staring
at the wall.

A knock at the exam room door.

Richard comes back inside.

Peter jumps awake.

PETER
Hey, sorry.

RICHARD
No worries.

GREGORY
Am I okay?

He pulls out some paperwork and looks at both of them.

RICHARD
The bloodwork, it's... not good.

Richard's voice fades out of focus.

Peter's eyes fill with tears as the doctor talks.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PINE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter pushes Gregory out of the doctor's office.

Gregory looks completely broken.

Peter wipes tears from his eyes.

He picks Gregory up, puts him in the backseat, folds up his wheelchair, and drives off.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Peter drives home with Gregory in the backseat, just watching the houses go by.

They pull into the driveway.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Peter carries Gregory inside.

Lisa gets up from the couch.

She breaks down into tears as Peter talks to her.

Lisa hugs Peter, then kisses Gregory on the forehead.

Gregory wipes a tear from his eye.

GREGORY
Can I go to my room?

PETER
Yeah, of course.

Lisa strokes Gregory's hair.

LISA
I love you.

Gregory smiles weakly.

GREGORY
Love you too, mom.

Lisa recoils back to the couch, crying.

Peter lays Gregory on his bed.

He kisses his forehead.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
I'm scared.

Peter strokes his hair.

PETER
Yeah, me too.

They sit in quiet for a moment.

PETER (CONT'D)
Do you want anything? Ice cream?

GREGORY
Don't you always say to eat dinner
first?

Peter laughs.

PETER
Good to hear *some things* went
through that thick skull of yours.

He ruffles Gregory's hair.

Gregory laughs, then coughs.

PETER (CONT'D)
Get some rest.

Peter leaves the room and closes his door.

He sees Mark peering out from his room.

Mark quickly scampers into his bed.

Peter sighs.

He enters Mark's room.

Mark lays in bed, shielding his emotions as much as possible.

Peter sits in his bed. He can hear the soft crying muffled by
the blanket.

He pats Mark's shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)
Do you want to talk?

MARK
No.

Peter sighs.

PETER
Okay.

He rubs Mark's shoulder for a few more moments before leaving.

Peter sits next to Lisa on the couch.

They hug for a moment, sitting in complete, utter silence.

LISA
Three months?

Peter nods.

His hands shake.

Lisa lays her head into his shoulder, crying uncontrollably.

PETER
We're gonna be okay.

Lisa just keeps crying.

LISA
I don't want to lose our baby.

PETER
I don't, either.

He continues comforting her.

Peter then perks up.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hey, I have an idea.

LISA
What's that?

PETER
Flathead Lake.

LISA
What about it?

PETER
Let's take the boys there for the weekend. Forget about all this.

LISA
We can barely keep up with Gregory's bills as it is.

PETER
We'll manage. He needs it. We need it.

He leans back.

PETER (CONT'D)
I just wish he'd forget about it.

Lisa wipes her eyes and looks into Peter's.

LISA
Let's do it.

PETER
Yeah?

LISA
No doctors, no stress, just fun at the lake. For Gregory, and for all of us.

Peter smiles and kisses her on the forehead.

PETER
How did I get a woman like you?

Lisa takes off his glasses.

LISA
I think it was these.

PETER
Oh, you think so?

He starts pushing at her playfully.

They kiss.

LISA
So what, we leave tomorrow?

PETER
We leave tomorrow.

They continue kissing.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVENING

Bill pulls into the police department's parking lot.

Him and David enter.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The police admin, SARAH WESTBROOK (53, stark blonde hair) perks up.

SARAH
We got two officers on the way to Billings to get those remains analyzed, and any fingerprints on the knife.

BILL
Thanks.

Bill sits at his desk, fumbling through some old files in a filing cabinet behind him.

David sits.

DAVID
What happened back there?

Bill rubs his temple.

BILL
I didn't expect it to come back.

DAVID
What?

Bill sighs.

He pulls out a musty, old picture of the lodge, with police tape around it.

BILL
It was when I was just an officer.

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. LODGE - DAY

Heavy snow buffets the lodge.

An old-fashioned police car flies through a forest road.

BILL (V.O.)
1942. Call came in for multiple
fatalities at a getaway lodge.

Multiple police cars approach the lodge.

BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was just meant to be a wedding
reception, a *celebration*.

Bill, much younger, follows a group of veteran policemen.

BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll be damned to never forget what
I saw.

Bill walks into the lodge along with the other policemen.

Bodies, strewn about.

The wood floor, stained with blood.

The chandelier, hanging by a thread, flickering on and off.

BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ten people, dead.

Paramedics take Wanda's unconscious body into an ambulance.

BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Only Wanda Mills, the one who
called it in. A gunshot wound to
the shoulder, and no recollection
of what happened.

Bill watches as the ambulance wails away.

The scene fades as Bill's wandering mind returns to the present.

Bill reaches into his filing cabinet and pulls out a newspaper clipping.

BILL
We chased any and all leads. Tried
to find the owner of the lodge,
only to realize he'd jumped town.
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

No one ever saw or knew of him again.

Bill rubs his temples.

DAVID

What about Wanda?

BILL

We tried to get through to her. But doctors, psychologists... no one could get through to her.

An image of Wanda in a straightjacket, screaming, being wheeled into a large facility flashes in Bill's mind.

BILL (V.O.)

Eventually the chief, getting battered by the townsfolk to get someone in custody, eventually just threw Wanda into Billings Psychiatric Center.

A plain white door closes slowly in front of Wanda.

BILL

But I'll never forget what he said to me the next day. Through all the interviews, he noted one thing.

Her head twitches. Body writhes.

BILL (CONT'D)

That person... *wasn't* Wanda Mills.

David raises an eyebrow.

DAVID

Psychotic break?

BILL

Well, she eventually got clean. Returned to her normal self, came back to her own home 25 years later.

David leans forward.

DAVID

They *let her go*?

BILL

Procedure was different back then.

DAVID

So it was *procedure* to let insane people just run around free.

BILL

She was a law-abiding citizen for three decades. And, far as I know, never had another mental break.

DAVID

Well, insane people tend to be the more *normal* ones.

Bill sighs and looks back at the pictures.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There could be a *killer* out there. And you just want to wait?

BILL

We have no evidence. Not even a lead.

David stares at him in disbelief.

He picks up the newspaper clipping and reads over it.

Bill stands up and glares into David's eyes.

BILL (CONT'D)

You weren't there that night. The *fear* in her eyes. She saw her own *husband* get murdered.

Bill stares at the picture of the lodge.

BILL (CONT'D)

No one kills their husband on wedding day.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - AFTERNOON

SUPER: SATURDAY

The grey-tan sedan cruises through a mountainous road.

TRAFFIC OFFICER
Best bet would be through the
forest road.

He points to a crude dirt path that leads into the massive
pine forest.

TRAFFIC OFFICER (CONT'D)
Takes you straight to Helena, then
back to the highway.

PETER
Thanks.

The officer waves him off.

LISA
What now?

Peter looks at the clock.

He pulls out a paper map.

Lisa leans over him.

PETER
Well, this sure puts a wrench in
our plans.

MARK
I'm tired!

Peter looks back at Mark.

PETER
Then go to sleep.

MARK
I don't wanna sleep in the car!

PETER
You're gonna have to deal with it,
okay?

Mark slumps his head.

GREGORY
What are we gonna do?

Peter looks at the map again.

PETER

The forest road is long, but we can get to Helena in time to get a hotel and good night's sleep to leave early tomorrow.

Peter then looks outside.

PETER (CONT'D)

And *hopefully* this snow doesn't turn into anything.

Peter looks back to Gregory and Mark.

PETER (CONT'D)

Y'all ready for a little off-roading?

GREGORY

Yeah!

MARK

Yeah!

Lisa rolls her eyes playfully.

LISA

You boys and your "off-roading".

PETER

Oh, c'mon. It'll be something different!

Peter backs the car up and turns into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - SUNSET

A man walks deep in the forest.

Carrying a fire axe.

Watching as the car drives through the road.

INT. CAR - SUNSET

The sunset's orange-pink glow slowly fades behind the treeline.

Snow falls at a decent pace. The car shakes and rattles through the rough road.

Lisa rifles through her purse.

Gregory wakes up in the backseat.

Peter smirks.

PETER
Have a good sleep, *my liege*?

Gregory laughs.

Mark looks out the window.

MARK
Those trees are big.

PETER
Do you know what type of trees
those are?

Gregory clears his voice.

GREGORY
Pine trees, right?

PETER
Ding-ding!

MARK
Whoa.

PETER
You know, most of these trees are
older than you and me both.

Gregory watches the trees go by.

GREGORY
Am I gonna grow old?

The car goes quiet.

Peter grips the steering wheel, unsure of what to say.

BANG!

A sharp rock flattens the back right tire.

The car rocks and ricochets.

Gregory coughs violently.

Peter immediately puts the car in park and opens the driver's
side backseat.

He comforts Gregory.

PETER

Remember what Doc said. Slow,
steady.

Gregory breathes in.

Out.

In.

Out.

PETER (CONT'D)

You okay?

Gregory nods.

Peter steps outside with Lisa following.

He sees the flat.

PETER (CONT'D)

Just our luck.

LISA

What do we do?

Peter looks at his map.

PETER

We're in the middle of nowhere.

Mark looks out the right window, then perks up in his seat.

MARK

What's that?

Gregory turns to look too.

GREGORY

Is someone out there?

Peter and Lisa turn.

A dim light deep in the forest.

It moves closer until they see a man.

ALAN MARSHALL (83, hefty white beard and limp leg) steps out
from the forest.

He carries a lantern in one hand, and a fire axe in the
other.

ALAN
I never expected to see *anyone* in
these parts again.

Peter steps back.

PETER
Who are you?

Alan puts the fire axe down.

ALAN
Forgive me.
(shakes Peter's hand)
Alan Marshall.

PETER
Peter Green. My wife Lisa, and our
boys; Gregory and Mark.

ALAN
What brings you folks out here?

Peter gestures to the axe.

PETER
I would ask you the same.

ALAN
Out getting some bark and wood for
my fireplace.

LISA
You live out here?

ALAN
That's right. I own a lodge just
down that dirt path.

Alan notices the flat tire.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I should have a spare for that.

Lisa whispers to Peter.

LISA
I don't like this.

ALAN
The lodge is heated. Fresh beds.
Food. Plenty of blankets.

Lisa looks back at the car.

LISA
How far away is it?

ALAN
A mile or so.

The wind howls and blows a dusting of snow all around the forest.

ALAN (CONT'D)
There's a bad snowstorm brewing. I promise you *don't* want to be out here for that.

Alan sees Lisa's concern.

ALAN (CONT'D)
If not for you, for your son.

Lisa sighs and turns to Peter.

LISA
Are you *sure*?

PETER
We don't have much of an option. He's right, even if we stay out here, this storm's looking bad.

LISA
Alright.

Peter rubs her shoulders.

PETER
I'll keep watch of him, just in case.

Lisa nods.

Alan then takes his jacket off.

ALAN
You can cover him up with this.

This sparks a bit of trust in Lisa.

LISA
Thank you.

Mark takes Lisa's hand.

Peter picks Gregory up.

GREGORY
We're still gonna make it to the
lake, right?

PETER
Of course.

He covers Gregory with the jacket.

They follow Alan deep into the forest.

EXT. LODGE - CONTINUOUS

As the forest canopy leads to a large clearing, the Greens
see it.

A massive pine wood lodge.

The lodge looms over the massive valley of dark pine trees.

Dark wood contrasts with the white snow tinging the lodge's
exterior.

The last illumination of the sunset fades behind the
mountains.

GREGORY
Whoa.

LISA
This place is gorgeous!

Alan smiles as the shadow of night covers the land and he
turns on the amber lights of the lodge.

MARK
Wow!

ALAN
C'mon in!

INT. LODGE - CONTINUOUS

They enter the lodge.

Alan limps over to the fireplace and tosses a small piece of
firewood in.

He lays the fire axe on the mantle.

Mark immediately sprints upstairs.

MARK (O.S.)

It's huge!

Alan laughs.

Walking around, the floor creaks with age.

Each step scuffs up dust and wood particles.

Mark runs back downstairs and pulls on Lisa's hand.

MARK (CONT'D)

This is awesome!

LISA

It sure is, isn't it?

Along a wall are small black-and-white pictures.

Gregory points to a picture of some miners with pickaxes.

GREGORY

Who are they?

Alan picks up the picture.

ALAN

Gold rush prospectors, one hundred years ago.

MARK

Woah.

He points to one particular person.

ALAN

That's my great-great grandfather, Wilfred Marshall.

GREGORY

Really?

Alan smiles and reaches into a drawer.

He gives a small container to Gregory.

ALAN

Go ahead, open it!

Gregory does just that.

Inside is a small golden nugget.

Mark leans over it in awe.

ALAN (CONT'D)
The *only* authentic piece of gold
found this side of Montana.

PETER
Remarkable.

ALAN
Pine, as it is, wouldn't have
existed without it.

He leads the family around the first floor of the lodge.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Here's my office - the landline,
basement...

Then, he sternly looks at Gregory and Mark.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Backup generator is down there, in
the case of bad weather. Along with
the ventilation.

Peter and Lisa then follow him up the stairs.

He gestures to both the rows of five rooms.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Plenty of guest rooms.

Alan chuckles.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Not like anyone's really using
them.

LISA
We... really wouldn't want to
burden you.

ALAN
No burden at all! It's been ages
since I've had visitors.

PETER
Visitors?

ALAN
Oh, yes.

He gestures them back downstairs to his office.

Rummaging through a large cardboard box, he takes out a photo album.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This lodge was the talk of the town
back in the late 30's and 40's.

He shows Peter a photo of a happy family.

ALAN (CONT'D)

A family getaway - not too
different to yours. 1938.

Alan procures another picture of a group of students.

ALAN (CONT'D)

1941. School field trip.

Alan shuffles until he sees another picture.

The caption on the picture: "THE MILLS WEDDING RECEPTION -
1942"

PETER

What happened?

Alan stares at the picture, as if it haunts him.

He speaks in a hushed tone.

ALAN

1942. Wedding reception.

He pushes the picture away and stuffs the box back under the desk.

LISA

What's that?

Alan turns to smile at them.

ALAN

People do what they always do. They
forgot.

He gestures them back to the lobby.

ALAN (CONT'D)

That should be about it.

PETER

No, he should be fine through the
rest of the drive.

Alan looks at him hesitantly.

ALAN

Let's just start with getting that spare on.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - EVENING

Peter carries a spare tire out to his car.

The wind whistles along the swaying trees as the snow whips heavier and heavier.

Alan trails with him, carrying the lantern.

Peter kneels down and unscrews the flat tire.

The main tire comes off.

Peter wrenches another lug nut in.

PETER

How much longer does the forest go?

ALAN

Another two, three hours at least. Much more in the snow.

PETER

How long have you been living in the lodge?

The wind and snow continually get heavier.

ALAN

My whole life, just about. Been in the family since before the gold rush.

Peter wrenches more lug nuts on. Alan can see he's in stress.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Let me help.

PETER

I've got it.

ALAN

How long's your son been sick?

Peter sighs.

PETER

He had a birth defect. Doctors said
he'd be on oxygen his whole life.

Peter finishes wrenching the spare on.

PETER (CONT'D)

He's only got three months left.

ALAN

Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

PETER

We just wanted to do something nice
for him. A weekend to just forget
everything.

Peter throws the wrench to the ground.

PETER (CONT'D)

Even I fucked that up.

Alan clasps his shoulders.

ALAN

I'll offer you some perspective.
You're here, now. And that means,
you get to be with him.

Peter half-smiles.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I feel that oughta be enough.

PETER

Yeah. It oughta be.

Suddenly, deep in the snowy forest, he sees something.

The faint outline of...

A *person*.

It's not clear, but it looks like this person is holding
something.

PETER (CONT'D)

Who's that?

Alan turns.

Nobody's there.

ALAN

You okay?

PETER

Somebody was there.

Alan turns again. Still, nobody there.

Peter then blinks, and nothing.

Alan sports a look of concern.

ALAN

Don't let this place get to you.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Let's get your car back to the lodge.

INT. LODGE - EVENING

The walls of the lodge creak and moan as the wintry winds howl outside.

The wall clock ticks **6:30 P.M.**

Peter and Alan stomp back inside, shivering.

Alan locks the door behind him.

Lisa looks back at Peter.

Mark jumps up from the couch.

MARK

Are we gonna go now?

Peter ruffles his hair.

ALAN

I won't force you to stay - but snowstorms make the forest road *extremely* dangerous.

Peter looks to Lisa, Gregory, and Mark.

MARK

Stay?

The young boys are sad, but Lisa starts to look understanding.

LISA
He's helped us this far.

MARK
But I want to go!

Peter clasps Mark's shoulders.

PETER
We will. Just pretend like this is
our hotel!

LISA
I guess we should start bringing
our stuff in. Don't want all the
clothes getting frozen!

INT. LODGE LOBBY - NIGHT

A grandfather clock chimes **8 P.M.**

Mark and Gregory play checkers on the couch.

A massive pile of other board games sit next to the couch.

Peter shakes off excess snow and lugs in suitcases while Lisa
watches the boys play.

LISA
Did you ever have any family?

Alan takes out a small picture from his wallet - of him and
his wife.

ALAN
Just me and my wife Matilda... God
rest her soul.

He hands it to Lisa.

LISA
She's beautiful.

ALAN
Yes.

Mark takes Gregory's last piece.

MARK
I win!

GREGORY
Rats.

Alan ponders, then pipes up.

ALAN
You know what, I've just had an
idea. How about a story?

GREGORY & MARK
Yeah!

Peter sits on the recliner next to the fireplace.

Lisa sits on the couch with the two kids and Alan.

Alan thinks for a moment.

ALAN
Before the gold rush. Even before
you and me - was home to a nomadic
Indian tribe known as the
Blackfeet.

Gregory snuggles under blankets.

ALAN (CONT'D)
One day they found their way into
this very forest. By chance, the
chief's son found a rock.

Gregory giggles.

GREGORY
A rock?

Alan chuckles.

ALAN
Not just *any* rock. It glowed blue
in the chief's son's hands. He
believed he had found something
mystical, something *beyond* their
understanding.

Alan stares into the fire.

ALAN (CONT'D)
The rock brought them fortune.
Massive deer that fed the tribe for
weeks on end. Every hunt was
successful, and they had a
bountiful winter.

He leans closer to Gregory.

ALAN (CONT'D)

The chief saw his son was getting too attached to the rock. So he buried it deep in the ground.

Alan pauses.

GREGORY

What happened next?

ALAN

That might not be for young ears.

GREGORY

I wanna know!

Alan looks to Peter.

MARK

Pleeeeeeease?

PETER

Alright, but you guys better not have nightmares!

ALAN

The rock... it *affected* the chief's son. The chief's son knew... *things*. He knew what the chief was doing. So he killed his own father, then the entire tribe.

Gregory and Mark look at him in awe.

ALAN (CONT'D)

He then saw the terror in front of him. Killed himself.

Peter looks into the fire.

For a moment, he hears something.

Whispers. From the floorboards.

He sees... *a turquoise glow*.

GREGORY

Wow.

Lisa sees Peter in a daze.

LISA

Peter, are you okay?

Peter snaps out of it.

PETER
What - yeah, yeah.

He looks back down at the floorboard.

Nothing.

LISA
This happened here?

Alan pats Gregory's shoulder.

ALAN
It's just folklore. Nothing more.
You guys want some candy?

GREGORY & MARK
Yeah!

Alan procures a Tootsie roll from his pocket.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Thanks!

He burps softly, and everyone laughs.

PETER
It's about your bedtime, young man.

Gregory groans.

GREGORY
But it's only nine!

PETER
Oh, a night owl now?

Mark holds his brother's arm.

MARK
Maybe we are!

They both get very defiant-looking faces.

Peter mockingly holds his hands up.

PETER
Okay. One more hour.

They both groan.

LISA
Listen to your father, boys!

MARK
Okay.

PETER
I'm gonna check out upstairs.

ALAN
I'll be in my office, if you need
anything.

Gregory and Mark laugh as Peter goes upstairs.

A compilation of other pictures line the top floor.

The flooring splits left and right, both ways leading to an array of rooms.

Peter looks at pictures.

He takes particular note of one of them.

The same picture of the wedding reception, but with a frame.

The title on the bottom of the frame: "THE MILLS WEDDING
RECEPTION - 1942"

He hangs the picture back up and starts opening and closing random doors.

In one room is a man holding a pickaxe.

Peter passes by it.

The hairs on his neck raise.

The strange sensation of being creeps over Peter.

He turns back to the room.

Nothing.

He shakes it off and goes back downstairs.

INT. LODGE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

He picks up Mark from behind his back.

MARK
AAH! Daaaad!

PETER
WHOAAAAA!

Peter flies Mark around like an airplane.

PETER (CONT'D)
THE PLANE'S GONNA CRASH!

He throws Mark softly onto the couch.

Gregory laughs.

PETER (CONT'D)
Oh, but there's another flight
scheduled!

He picks up Gregory and the oxygen tank.

PETER (CONT'D)
This one's a bit smoother, but it's
WAY heavier!

He drops Gregory much softer onto the couch, but accidentally
drops the oxygen tank onto the wooden floor.

It cracks and splinters.

PETER (CONT'D)
Shit.

He picks the tank up and places it gently next to Gregory.

PETER (CONT'D)
You okay?

GREGORY
Yeah.

Lisa comes out from the kitchen.

LISA
What happened?

Alan limps out from the office.

ALAN
Everyone okay?

PETER
I'm sorry. I was just messing
around with him, dropped the oxygen
tank.

Alan looks at the crack.

ALAN

No problem at all. That's a simple fix.

Peter looks at the damage.

Underneath is a small foundation of rocks.

Once again, the strange blue glow.

Peter hears it.

The whispers.

Calling to him.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Peter?

Peter snaps out of it.

There's no glow, just the rocky underbelly.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're okay?

PETER

Yeah, just spaced out.

Peter ruffles the boys' heads.

PETER (CONT'D)

Alright, let's get you rascals to bed.

They both groan.

LISA

Just lay down, at least. Your father needs some sleep.

GREGORY

C'mon, Mark. We can play more charades.

PETER

Just try to be quiet about it.

MARK

Charades doesn't have any talking, dad!

PETER

Ha-ha. Upstairs.

ALAN

I'll see you bright and early
tomorrow.

The caretaker retreats to the office.

Peter picks Gregory up and Lisa takes Mark's hand. The kids
go to separate rooms next to each other.

Peter doesn't leave until Gregory falls into rhythmic
breathing.

Peter walks back to the precipice of the stairs.

Lisa kisses him on the cheek.

PETER

I just need a drink of water.

LISA

Alright, good night.

PETER

Night.

They kiss.

Peter hobbles downstairs and pours a cup of water from the
sink faucet.

The lodge is completely silent, aside from the creaking and
moaning of the wind against the walls.

Peter takes a deep breath in, and out.

He sits down in the recliner next to the fireplace.

Then looks down at the broken floorboard, and the stony
foundation underneath.

Then...

Whispers.

This time, much clearer.

He turns and looks down the hole in the floor.

He sees it again.

The turquoise glow.

The whispers escalate.

Peter reaches down into the hole and picks a glowing rock up.

It vibrates, glows brighter, then goes still.

A gaseous material pours out from cracks in the rock.

Peter inhales it.

He coughs violently.

His eyes turn a horrid turquoise-red color.

In his mind, he sees -

Violence.

Blood.

Peter twitches, spasms, and faints.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. MINE - DAY

Peter's hand twitches.

He jumps awake, laying on a bed of rocks.

CRACK.

He sees a group of miners.

The *tings* of pickaxes.

Flowing water through sluices.

He watches as the man with the pickaxe breaks into a glowing stone.

The whole mine shakes and the ground collapses.

Peter's in a tunnel.

The sounds of whispers surround Peter.

At the end of the tunnel is a glowing rock.

The sounds of whispers surround the tunnel.

Peter picks the rock up, drawn to its alluring glow.

The rock vibrates, glows brighter, then goes still.

Then, the room goes dark.

INT. MYSTERIOUS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A turquoise-red color floods over Peter's face.

Whispers surround him.

He looks around.

A distorted turquoise-red fog covers the floor and all the walls, as if Peter's woken up in an acrylic painting.

PETER

Where am I?

The man with the pickaxe appears at the far end of the room - even though the room doesn't seem to have an end.

The man approaches, and now it's clear - *it's Nelson Smith*. Helmet, pickaxe dripping with blood. Stone dust and dirt stain his clothes.

IMAGE OF NELSON

You're home.

Peter steps back.

PETER

Who are you?

IMAGE OF NELSON

We've been around for much longer than you know.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Suddenly, Peter's in the forest.

In the middle of a large clearing, he sees a small gathering of teepees.

Native American men come back from a hunt, looking thin and starved.

Then, from the starry night sky, a meteor falls to the ground.

The Native Americans gather around it.

It glows turquoise-blue.

IMAGE OF NELSON
After lying dormant for hundreds of
years, we found our home.

Peter's head twitches.

His hands writhe.

PETER
What are you doing to me?

Other men, bloody, wielding pickaxes, surround him.

Peter's eyes fill with a turquoise-red color.

Nelson smiles.

NELSON
It's time to finish it.

He lifts the pickaxe.

Brings it down.

CRUNCH.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LODGE LOBBY - NIGHT

Peter jumps awake.

Alan leans over him.

ALAN
Peter!

Peter lays in the middle of the floor.

It's only been a minute.

Peter leans up slowly.

PETER
Wha -

He hears the voices in his head again.

Peter rubs his temples and groans.

ALAN
What's going on with you?

PETER
Nothing. Just tired.

Behind Alan, he sees Nelson.
Bloody. Dark, turquoise-red eyes.
Pointing at Alan.

ALAN
I'll get you some ibuprofen.
As Alan walks up to a cupboard, Peter gets up.
Alan turns with two pills in his hand.
Peter just... *stands there*.
Staring.
Something's *very* off suddenly about Peter.

PETER
I'll be headed to bed now.
He slowly takes the two ibuprofen.

PETER (CONT'D)
Long drive tomorrow.
Alan nods.

ALAN
Right.
Peter slogs his way upstairs.
The whispers enter his brain, influencing him.

PETER
What do you... want... with me...
IMAGE OF NELSON (V.O.)
We have you.

INT. LODGE GUEST ROOM 6 - CONTINUOUS

Lisa gets ready for bed, folding clothes and fluffing up the pillow.
She smiles at Peter.

LISA
You excited for tomorrow?

Peter doesn't answer, just sits on the bed.

Lisa tilts her head at him.

She sees the complexion on his face has changed - like he's seen a ghost.

LISA (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

PETER
Am I... *okay*.

Peter sighs deeply.

He stands and paces around the room.

Lisa keeps her distance, confusion settling in.

Peter randomly opens a drawer, then another. He starts looking at random clothing items.

PETER (CONT'D)
My son's going to *die* in a few months. We're stuck in the middle of the *fucking* forest. And *you're here...* asking *how I'm feeling*.

Lisa's taken aback by his sudden tone change.

LISA
Clearly, you need some sleep.

Peter's head twitches.

Lisa steps back, her eyes widening.

LISA (CONT'D)
We need to get you to a doctor.

Peter gestures to the windows, where a thick layer of snow obscures all vision.

PETER
Can't exactly do *that*.

Lisa wipes a tear from her eye.

LISA
Well, maybe a good night's sleep by yourself will do you some good.

Peter smiles.

It's a bit creepy.

PETER

Yeah.

Peter lays down.

Lisa goes to the next room down, the last room on the row of rooms.

She lays on the bed, wiping a tear from her eyes.

What she doesn't see, is Nelson.

Standing in the corner of her room.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Bill puts away files.

David sits at his desk, writing on his notepad.

The wind whips up to fever pitch outside.

The lights inside the police office flicker.

Suddenly, the landline rings.

Bill picks it up.

BILL

Bill Shaw, Pine Police.

WYATT (V.O.)

This is Wyatt Sanders, forensic pathologist in Billings.

He forwards the call to David.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Dental analysis came back - this skeleton belonged to one Steve Mills.

BILL

Oh my God.

WYATT (V.O.)

The small perforation on his skull suggests he was stabbed with a small instrument, complicit with the knife you found. It's a perfect match.

BILL

And the fingerprints on the knife?

Over the phone, they hear Wyatt sigh.

BILL (CONT'D)

What?

WYATT (V.O.)

It doesn't make any sense... but the prints belong to *two people*.

David and Bill look at each other.

BILL

What?

WYATT (V.O.)

I don't understand it either. We re-ran and re-ran the analysis.

Bill leans over a desk.

BILL

Who?

WYATT (V.O.)

The first, one Nelson Smith.

David feverishly writes that down.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The second... Wanda Mills.

Bills eyes widen.

He sits.

David clears his throat.

DAVID

Who is Nelson Smith?

WYATT (V.O.)

That's when it gets weirder.

Bill rubs his temple.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Nelson Smith, on record, died in
1860.

BILL
You're saying this knife is over
one hundred years old?

WYATT (V.O.)
I had a weapons expert look at it.
This knife is from the 1940s.

The whole room is quiet for a moment.

WYATT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll keep analyzing the rest of the
skeleton, but my initial analysis -
this was a clean, precise kill.

BILL
Thank you, Mr. Sanders.

Click.

Bill puts the phone down, hand slightly shaking.

INT. LODGE LOBBY - NIGHT

The grandfather clock silently chimes **2 A.M.**

The Green family sleep safe and sound.

But not Peter.

He stands in front of the fireplace.

Twitching.

Spasming.

His eyes spasm.

Closed.

Open.

Closed.

Open.

Nelson stands behind him.

Peter stares at the fire axe on the mantle.

He picks it up, holding it like his own child.

Nelson points into the office, where Alan snores restfully.

Peter grips the axe firmly.

IMAGE OF NELSON

Finish it...

Peter stands over Alan, who doesn't budge.

PETER

They told me to do it.

CRACK.

Peter lodges the axe into Alan's skull.

A moment passes.

Peter's head twitches.

He just stares blankly.

Nelson appears behind him, then points to the white door leading to the basement.

Peter reaches into Alan's pockets and takes out a key.

He opens the basement door and takes Alan's body down.

The blood from his head creates a trail into the basement door.

Peter covers Alan's body with an assortment of clothes and towels.

He leaves, closes the basement door, but *doesn't lock it.*

The deranged man picks his axe up.

INT. LODGE GUEST ROOM 4 - CONTINUOUS

Mark can't sleep.

He peeks out his room.

Nelson stands just at the end of the hall, where Mark can't see him.

Watching.

Mark tiptoes to Gregory's room.

He opens the door slowly.

INT. LODGE GUEST ROOM 5 - CONTINUOUS

Mark whispers, loudly.

MARK
Gregory!

Nothing.

MARK (CONT'D)
Gregory!

GREGORY
What?

MARK
Are you asleep?

GREGORY
No.

Mark closes the door behind him and crawls onto Gregory's bed.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
What's up?

MARK
I don't know, it's scary in here!

GREGORY
Was it Mr. Alan's story?

MARK
Maybe...

GREGORY
It's just a story.

They sit in silence for a second.

MARK
You wanna play something?

GREGORY
Like what?

MARK
Charades?

GREGORY
No, that'll be too loud.

Mark thinks.

MARK
How about rock paper scissors?

GREGORY
Okay.

They both hold their hands out in fists.

MARK GREGORY (CONT'D)
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot! Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!

Mark's hand, flat.

Gregory's hand, a fist.

MARK (CONT'D)
(covering Gregory's hand)
Got you!

GREGORY
Lucky guess.

MARK
Best two of three!

They return their hands to fists.

MARK (CONT'D) GREGORY
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot! Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!

Mark's hand, in scissor shape.

Gregory's hand, a fist.

MARK (CONT'D)
Drat.

GREGORY
Next one wins.

MARK GREGORY (CONT'D)
Rock, paper, scissors, shoot! Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!

The door to their room opens.

They both turn.

Creak.

Nothing's there.

Mark and Gregory's eyes widen with fear.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Mr. Alan?

No answer.

Mark gets up and tiptoes to the door.

He looks out both sides.

To the left -

Nothing.

To the right -

Nelson.

To the left -

Mark's eyes widen.

He turns right again slowly.

Nelson watches.

His helmet drips with blood, the pickaxe caked in blood and gravel dust.

Then, his head tilts like a rusted sheet bending.

Mark sprints back to Gregory's bed.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
What?

Mark quivers and squeaks in fear.

MARK
There's someone out there.

Creak.

Gregory covers them both with the blanket.

GREGORY
Shh.

MARK
What?

GREGORY
Mr. Carson taught me to breathe
when I'm scared.

MARK
Okay.

GREGORY
In...

Creak.

Thump.

Gregory's eyes widen.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Out...

Thump.

Closer.

Creak.

CLOSER.

...

Silence.

Gregory covers his own and Mark's mouth.

The blanket yanks off!

It's Peter.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Dad?

Peter looks utterly exhausted.

He smiles, *very creepily.*

PETER
How are the two best boys in the
whole wide world doing?

GREGORY

I thought you said you were tired,
dad.

PETER

Oh, I am. I just need you two to
really be quiet, okay?

MARK

We are.

He ruffles Mark's head.

PETER

I heard you talking. I can hear
everyone talking now. They're
telling me things.

Gregory takes Mark's hand.

Peter smiles again.

PETER (CONT'D)

Try to let daddy rest, okay?

Peter drags himself out - *along with the fire axe.*

Bloody.

The boys gasp.

Peter stops.

He turns.

Next to the boys, he sees Nelson.

Pointing at them.

Peter shakes his head.

He runs his head through his hands.

PETER (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no.

Peter looks down.

He seems surprised at the sight of the axe.

PETER (CONT'D)

Huh.

Then, he just leaves.

Gregory and Mark look at each other.

MARK
Shouldn't we tell mommy?

GREGORY
I don't know.

MARK
Can I stay in here with you?

Gregory smiles and rubs Mark's shoulder.

GREGORY
Yeah.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Peter limps out of Gregory's room.

He then turns to Lisa's room.

The man with the pickaxe stands at her door.

He points at it.

Peter's head twitches.

He turns around.

No one's there, Lisa's door shut.

His vision distorts. The whispers return in his mind.

IMAGE OF NELSON (V.O.)
Why... do you resist?

PETER
Please... I don't want to...

IMAGE OF NELSON (V.O.)
Finish it.

Hairs on his neck raise.

He looks down at the axe, bloody.

Then, Peter looks menacingly to Lisa's room.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter enters Lisa's room, who's sound asleep.

He puts the axe under the bed, lays down, and closes his eyes.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - NIGHT

From the crack at the bottom of the door, an amber light suddenly glows.

Peter wakes up slowly to what *sounds* like a large gathering.

Confused, Peter slumps to the door.

A man passes by the door, but Peter instantly recognizes him - it's Alan, but much younger.

ALAN

The night is still young!

Peter steps out of the door to a bizarre sight.

The chandelier bathes the lodge with a brilliant amber light.

A dozen people, well-dressed, congregate.

Peter follows Alan downstairs.

He sees a cake - on it, written in icing: "MR. AND MRS. MILLS"

WANDA MILLS (23, curly hair and bright blue eyes) dances with STEVE MILLS (27, slick brown hair and a dazzling smile).

Peter, lost in confusion, goes to the office and sees a newspaper - a newspaper... **from 1942.**

ALAN (CONT'D)

How about a photo, friends? Wanda, Steve, come on in. You all, too.

The group cheers.

They all gather together, Wanda and Steve looking particularly happy.

Alan points a camera at the group.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Smile!

Snap!

The picture takes.

Peter's vision suddenly goes white.

The flash of white clears.

Bodies on the ground.

Blood covering the floor of the lodge.

The chandelier, once glowing, now flashing and crackling its last emissions of light.

Peter looks around in shock.

He sees the disfigured, disgruntled shape of Nelson going up the stairs.

Peter then, by instinct or by some sort of knowledge, looks to the office.

He sees Alan loading a gun, shaking.

He then watches the disfigured, disgruntled shape of Nelson going up the stairs.

The bloody pickaxe, dragging behind him.

Peter follows Nelson.

Nelson kicks down one door.

Two people are in there.

He mercilessly cuts them down.

Then, Nelson goes to the next room.

Approaches a walk-in closet.

Pulls Steve out from it.

STEVE

PLEASE! What happened to you -

Pickaxe. In his head.

Peter watches in terror as the vision in front of him changes.

The weapon in Steve's head is not a pickaxe.

It's a knife.

The person is not Nelson.

It's Wanda.

Her head twitches.

Peter sees that same turquoise-red tint to her eyes.

WANDA

They told me to do it.

She then turns around and tilts her head.

Staring.

As if she knows Peter's there.

Wanda walks past him and downstairs.

Alan jumps out of the office and shoots at Wanda.

The shot only hits her shoulder, and she barely flinches.

She brings the pickaxe into Alan's shoulder.

Alan screams and *SLAMS* the butt of the gun into her head.

Wanda crumples to the ground.

INT. LODGE GUEST ROOM 6 - DAY

The grandfather clock chimes 10 A.M.

Lisa snaps awake.

She sees the time.

LISA

Jesus! Peter -

Peter's not next to her.

LISA (CONT'D)

Peter?

She looks in Gregory's room.

Lisa sees Mark's sleeping with him.

She shakes them awake.

LISA (CONT'D)

It's late, we need to get going!

GREGORY
C'mon, Mark.

MARK
I have a headache.

LISA
I'll get you some ibuprofen, don't worry.

GREGORY
Is something wrong with dad?

Lisa stops in her tracks.

LISA
What do you mean?

MARK
He was in our room last night, with a big axe.

LISA
What?

She takes both of them by the shoulder.

LISA (CONT'D)
Did he hurt either of you?

They both shake their heads *no*.

LISA (CONT'D)
Okay, okay.

She looks off the balcony.

Peter just sits at the kitchen table, calm.

But the axe lays next to him.

Lisa kneels back in front of the boys.

LISA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go down there and talk to him, okay?

GREGORY
What if he hurts you?

LISA
I won't be long.

Lisa slowly descends the stairs.

Peter smiles at her.

PETER
Mornin', dear!

He *seems* completely normal.

But Lisa can't keep her eye off the axe.

PETER (CONT'D)
Are the boys ready to leave?

Lisa just stares at him.

Peter chuckles and takes another drink of the coffee.

PETER (CONT'D)
This coffee is pristine, I must
say.

Lisa backs off a bit.

LISA
Did you hurt Gregory and Mark last
night?

Peter puts the mug down.

Calmly.

His hand twitches.

PETER
Now, why would I do that?

Lisa looks down at the axe.

Peter does too.

Without a second thought, Peter just picks it up.

Lisa backs up further.

LISA
Just tell me what happened, Peter!

PETER
What... *happened?*

He stands up.

Lisa backs up even more, at the precipice of the staircase.

PETER (CONT'D)
They showed me everything.

LISA
What do you mean?

Peter, suddenly infuriated, SLAMS the axe into the kitchen table, which splinters in two.

PETER
WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME DO THIS?!

He then looks up.

Lisa's already up to the split of the stairs.

PETER (CONT'D)
Oh, Lisa. I'm sorry. I just... I'm really ready to leave.

LISA
You're insane.

Peter laughs raucously.

His head twitches.

PETER (O.S.)
We're all excited for our trip to the lake.

LISA
Please, just stop.

PETER
No, no, no no no no NO! FUCK YOU!
I'M NOT DOING IT!

He swings his axe wildly.

PETER (CONT'D)
I HAVE TO DO IT!

He suddenly lashes out at Lisa and bashes her in the stomach - but only with the butt of the axe.

She falls to the ground, coughing.

Inside the room, Mark and Gregory panic.

MARK
What's going on?

GREGORY
Just don't move.

He gestures to his oxygen tank.

PETER
I know you little *brats* told you
something they weren't supposed to.

MARK
What are you gonna do?

GREGORY
Just stand there. Trust me.

Mark nods.

Gregory drags himself to the corner of the door.

Peter steps over Lisa's body.

He caresses her hair.

PETER
We'll be together soon. In *their*
truth.

Lisa desperately tries to get herself up, but the injury is too strong.

Peter turns his attention to the room.

PETER (CONT'D)
Boys!!!

He slams the axe into the door.

It splinters open, revealing his pale face.

The turquoise-blue shade of his eyes now clearer than ever.

He swings the axe again.

The door breaks into pieces.

Gregory swings his oxygen tank into Peter's leg.

A deafening *CRACK!*

Peter tumbles over the siding and lands on his back, knocking him out.

Mark looks at Gregory.

GREGORY

Go get mom!

Mark runs to Lisa, who's still reeling.

MARK

Mommy, are you okay?

LISA

Yeah... yeah. C'mon.

She gathers the strength to pick Gregory up.

They all look over the ledge to see Peter's unconscious body.

She opens the door slowly and looks over the ledge, seeing Peter, completely still.

Lisa picks Gregory up and corrals Mark downstairs.

INT. LODGE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa feels for Peter's pulse.

LISA

We're gonna call the police, okay?

She sits Gregory down in the office recliner.

Dials a "9"

Then - she sees it.

A trail of blood, leading into the basement.

LISA (CONT'D)

Stay here. I'm going to be *right* back.

Gregory nods.

Mark shivers.

MARK

I'm scared.

Lisa takes both of their hands.

LISA

I need you both to be really brave.
We're gonna figure this out, okay?

They both nod.

INT. LODGE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Lisa opens the door to the basement.

A horrid smell greets her.

She approaches a pile of towels and clothes, swarming with flies.

Lifting one of the towels, she sees Alan's face.

She holds her hands to her mouth.

Lisa comes back up to the office.

INT. LODGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lisa dials 911 as Gregory continually watches Peter, still out.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY

Peter *snaps* awake!

His whole body aches.

Leg, contorted into a weird shape.

He recognizes where he is.

Home.

His family glows in the cold winter sun's light.

They all smile.

Peter notices that Gregory doesn't have the oxygen tubes in his nose, and he stands by himself.

The digital clock on his bedside has nonsensical symbols on it.

Mark holds Lisa's hand.

Nelson stands in the far corner of Peter's room. Waiting.

PETER

I was out for a while, huh?

LISA

You sure were! We thought you were dead.

Peter points at Gregory.

PETER
Where's your oxygen, son?

GREGORY
I got better! Everything's fine
now!

His two sons take either of his hands and lead him to the kitchen.

INT. PETER'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen light's amber glow illuminates a meal of eggs and bacon on the table.

The man with the pickaxe stands at the front door.

Just watching.

LISA
We made your favorite!

Gregory eats the eggs enthusiastically.

Peter sits, laughing.

PETER
You were hungry.

Gregory smiles.

Blood and maggots spill from his mouth.

Lisa consumes her food ravenously.

The eggs morph and distort into bloody human entrails.

Gregory spits them out.

Peter jumps and falls back from his chair.

Blood pours over the tables and furniture.

Whispers fill Peter's head.

INT. MYSTERIOUS ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

Peter's suddenly back in the strange turquoise-red room.

The colors fade, and he sees himself, along with Mark and Gregory, laughing at the fireplace.

A tear runs down Peter's face.

PETER

Why are you doing this?

He sees all of them, talking and laughing at the fireplace.

Peter watches himself pick up Mark.

IMAGE OF NELSON

You did this.

He drops the oxygen tank on the floor.

The floorboard breaks.

He sees himself, looking into the hole.

Picking up the glowing rock.

Breathing in the gas.

IMAGE OF NELSON (CONT'D)

You woke us up.

He's upstairs.

He hears Mark and Gregory playing rock, paper, scissors.

MARK

GREGORY

Rock, paper, scissors, shoot! Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!

Peter opens their door.

He's holding the axe.

Suddenly, he's in their room.

Mark and Gregory look at him in fear.

He looks down, sees the axe in his hand.

PETER

What did I do?

He backs off and falls to the floor.

Nelson stands over him.

IMAGE OF NELSON

We have you.

Nelson hits Peter over the head with the pickaxe's handle.

CRUNCH.

INT. LODGE LOBBY - DAY

Peter's eyes open.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bill cleans up around his office.

DAN SUTHERLAND (49, slick and portly) gives the weather forecast on the small CRT in the corner.

DAN

... and the massive snowstorm is now in full effect. We'll be in these conditions, at minimum, through the rest of the night...

The voice fades out of focus as David knocks on his door.

DAVID

I called Anaconda. They said Wanda hasn't given them any trouble.

BILL

That "episode" might have been some sort of memory. If she truly did forget everything... and that's possible... she'd be able to plea insanity.

DAVID

She was happily married, had a great party. What went wrong?

BILL

Wish I knew. But that's what we're gonna find out.

DAVID

What?

Bill picks up his coat.

BILL

We're takin' the big truck. Gotta go to the lodge, where it all began.

Then, the phone rings.

Bill picks it up.

BILL (CONT'D)
Pine Police, this is Bill Shaw.

LISA (V.O.)
Oh my God, Bill, thank God. You
need to come here right now,
there's something wrong with Peter.

BILL
Lisa. What's going on?

LISA (V.O.)
He killed Alan, then he attacked
us! Oh God, Bill, I don't know...

BILL
Who did he kill?

David perks up.

LISA
Alan Marshall.

Bill rubs his temple.

BILL
You're at the old lodge?

LISA (V.O.)
We didn't make it to the lake... we
got detoured by a wreck. Then we
got a flat tire.

INT. LODGE OFFICE - DAY

Lisa sniffles.

BILL (V.O.)
Listen to me. You need to get out
of there.

Lisa looks out to where Peter lays. He's still there.

LISA
He'll wake up soon.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bill rummages through various papers, seemingly trying to find something specific.

BILL

We're heading out to you now.

He gestures David to get ready.

BILL (CONT'D)

Find somewhere safe. Block the doors with *anything* you can. I'm staying on the line. Just *stay put*.

LISA (V.O.)

Okay.

INT. LODGE OFFICE - DAY

Lisa persistently checks where Peter's body lays while she talks on 911.

BILL

Lisa. You need to get out of there now.

She peeks out of the office.

Peter's still there.

She sneaks to the front door and pushes it.

Not even a budge, as a massive pile of snow barricades it.

LISA

The door's blocked by snow.

The man with the pickaxe is behind her.

The hairs on Lisa's neck stand up.

She turns.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

BILL

Lisa. What's going on?

He hears a blood-curdling scream from the phone.

Bill instantly puts his duty belt on and radios in.

David throws a large book onto Bill's desk.

BILL (CONT'D)
I need all units to respond. We
have a potential hostage situation.
The old Pine Road.

INT. LODGE - DAY

Lisa sprints into the office and barricades them in.

Peter bangs on the door.

PETER (O.S.)
Come on, wife, dear. They want to
talk to you, and the boys.

Lisa takes Mark and Gregory's hands.

LISA
C'mon.

She takes a deep breath and leads them into the basement.

INT. LODGE UPSTAIRS - DAY

Peter, mind completely gone, continually slams the axe into
the door.

PETER
They -

SLAM.

PETER (CONT'D)
Told -

CRACK.

PETER (CONT'D)
They... told me... to do it.

He caresses the axe.

It almost seems to *refuel* him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Nowhere to run...

Whispers fill his mind.

Head twitches. Hands spasm.

PETER (CONT'D)
Can't hide... forever.

SLAM!

CRACK.

The door breaks open.

Peter hobbles deeper into the basement.

The whispers fill his mind.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

The convoy of police arrive at the lodge.

Bill stops and gets out of his car.

Multiple police cars form a perimeter around the front of the lodge.

Bill looks at both of them.

David, who holds a rifle, posts up behind his car.

Bill shakes his head, refusing to believe what's happening.

BILL
Keep watch.

Bill steps forward a bit.

BILL (CONT'D)
Peter, are you in there?

INT. LODGE LOBBY - DAY

Peter drags the axe downstairs.

He hears the muffled voice outside.

His eye twitches.

IMAGE OF NELSON
No one can know.

BILL (O.S.)
Peter?

EXT. LODGE - DAY

PETER (O.S.)
He's not here anymore.

INT. LODGE LOBBY - DAY

Peter's head twitches.

His own memories invade his mind.

PETER
They told me to do it.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

Bill looks back to the other officers.

BILL
What did you do? What happened
here?

INT. LODGE LOBBY - DAY

Peter laughs.

PETER
They told me to do it!

BILL (O.S.)
Listen to me. I need you to come
out with your hands up.

Peter grips the axe.

Looks to the basement.

PETER
That won't happen.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

The officers, including Bill, grow uncomfortable.

DAVID
We need to do something.

BILL
Keep your guns at the door.

Bill approaches the door.

INT. LODGE BASEMENT - DAY

Lisa and the two boys hide at the furthest corner of the basement.

Gregory breathes in and out, rhythmically.

BANG!

The door splinters.

Peter, face pale and veiny, smiles maniacally.

PETER
THEY TOLD ME TO DO IT!

EXT. LODGE - DAY

Bill hears this, and steels his nerve.

BILL
I have to go in.

DAVID
We'll be at either corner.

Bill nods.

He approaches the front door.

A few officers line up on either side of the door.

Bill unlocks the safety of his gun.

Takes a deep breath.

INT. LODGE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa looks around desperately.

She sees a small vent.

She opens it quickly.

LISA
Hide in here, boys.

Mark's crying.

BANG!

The door cracks again.

PETER
You can't hide from them!

Gregory looks terrified.

GREGORY
I can't.

LISA
Just breathe.

She leans down to Mark.

LISA (CONT'D)
I need you to be brave, Mark. Keep
your brother calm, okay?

MARK
What about you, mommy?

She hugs them both.

LISA
I love you two. Stay there until
the police come, no matter what.

They hug and she kisses them both.

LISA (CONT'D)
Now, go!

Lisa closes it.

Peter finally breaks the door of the basement open.

He looks around.

LISA (CONT'D)
Peter.

His head twitches.

PETER
I know those little brats are in
here. Where are they?

LISA
Whoever you are, please, give me my
husband back.

Peter grips the axe and spasms.

He smiles.

PETER
You know, you *can* be with him.

PETER (CONT'D)
They're here with us.

He looks around like a child exploring a museum.

PETER (CONT'D)
Can't you feel them?

The hairs on Lisa's neck stand up.

She turns around.

Nobody's there.

Peter points to them.

A group of bloody, deformed miners surround Lisa.

The whispers fill the room.

PETER (CONT'D)
They showed me the truth.

He looks at the axe.

It distorts in his mind and turns to a pickaxe, bloody.

PETER (CONT'D)
You can know it too. All of you.

INT. LODGE LOBBY - DAY

Bill kicks open the front door, aiming his pistol.

PETER (O.S.)
You'd better just stop right there.

Bill watches in horror as Peter pushes Lisa up the stairs,
holding her by the throat with the handle of the axe.

BILL
Are you okay, Lisa?

LISA

Yeah-

PETER

Shut the fuck up! I have to finish it.

BILL

Finish what?

His head twitches and he grips the axe.

BILL (CONT'D)

Peter, you're clearly very sick. We need to get you to a doctor.

Peter laughs.

BILL (CONT'D)

Let her go.

His head twitches.

PETER

THEY... TOLD ME TO DO IT!

Bill quickly realizes something.

He's not talking to Peter Green.

Peter tightens the grip of the axe's handle on her throat.

BILL

Who are you?

Lisa gasps and gags for breath.

BILL (CONT'D)

Just let her go.

PETER

Put the gun down.

BILL

Listen to me -

PETER

Put the fucking gun down.

He tightens the axe into Lisa's throat.

BILL

She's your wife, for God's sake!

Peter's head twitches.

Memories flood into his mind.

Him and Lisa, laughing, hugging, kissing.

He swats the memories away like they're an annoying pest.

PETER

GUN DOWN!

Bill slowly puts his gun on the floor.

BILL

You were going on a family
vacation.

In his mind, Peter sees flashing images of his family in
front of a lake.

Fishing, smiling.

BILL (CONT'D)

Your sons Mark and Gregory.

He sees images of the two boys. Laughing.

Peter's whole body violently shakes and his eyes roll back
into his head.

He involuntarily releases Lisa from his grasp, collapsing to
the ground.

Bill reaches for Lisa and puts her behind him. He picks his
gun back up, watching helplessly as Peter seizes.

A memory flashes in Peter's mind.

The doctor's office.

Him, kissing Gregory's forehead. Playing with his son.

A tear runs down his eye.

For a moment, Bill sees his friend.

PETER

Why are you doing this to me?

The spectral Nelson puts the pickaxe up to Peter's throat.

IMAGE OF NELSON

There's only one way this ends.

Bill picks up his pistol, backing away slowly.

BILL
Peter. Listen to me.

Peter laughs.

PETER
They show a better future. One
without pain.

BILL
I don't want to do this.

Peter's head twitches.

PETER
She's mine. THEY'RE MINE.

Peter picks up the pickaxe.

Bill raises the pistol.

BILL
Please, don't make me do this.

Peter then stares into Bill's eyes.

PETER
They can show you, too.

He caresses the axe.

PETER (CONT'D)
You can be part of the truth.

BILL
I can get you a doctor. We'll step
outside, get you to safety. Talk
this out.

Peter's head twitches.

PETER
You don't know me.

He writhes.

PETER (CONT'D)
You don't know **them**.

Peter's head twitches.

BILL
Please.

PETER
I finish it... one way.

Peter breathes in heavily.

He looks down at the pickaxe.

The turquoise-red eyes in the silvery reflection of the axe blade smile at him.

Peter smiles.

BILL
Don't do this.

PETER
They're going to bring us...
back... **together**.

Peter tightens the axe even more.

PETER (CONT'D)
We showed Peter the truth.

Peter looks Bill in the eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)
We can show you, too.

He smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)
We've been here longer than you
know.

LISA
Peter -

PETER
PETER IS DEAD!

Then, he violently twitches and closes his eyes.

INT. LODGE LOBBY - DAY

Peter stares at the axe.

He picks it up.

Suddenly, Gregory and Mark are with her.

Mark hides timidly.

GREGORY
Dad, please come back.

Peter's eyes fill with tears.

Lisa sees her husband return.

One last time.

PETER
I love you.

He writhes in agony.

His head spasms.

Peter looks up.

Bill's hand shakes.

Peter laughs.

PETER (CONT'D)
Give in. We can show you a *true*
world... a better world.

His head twitches.

PETER (CONT'D)
They told me to... they told me
to... they told me to...

He screams and lunges at Bill with the axe.

BANG.

Peter looks down at his chest.

Blood pours out.

The pistol's barrel smokes.

Peter crumples to the ground.

From his radio, Bill hears David's voice.

DAVID (V.O.)
Shots fired, shots fired!

Peter flinches and spasms for a moment, then dies.

Lisa hugs Mark and Gregory.

Bill clicks his radio.

BILL
Subject down.

The police, along with paramedics, rush in and begin searching all around the lodge.

Bill drops his gun.

One paramedic takes him to the back of an EMS truck.

Another carries Gregory to another EMS truck.

GREGORY
Wait, can I say something to Mr.
Shaw?

Bill overhears this.

BILL
You okay, kid?

GREGORY
Yeah, thanks to you.

BILL
You were brave. I'd say you have
the makings of a fine officer one
day.

Gregory sighs.

GREGORY
What happened to dad?

Bill takes Gregory's hand.

BILL
I don't know. But we're gonna
figure it out.

GREGORY
Okay.

BILL
Listen to what the paramedics say.

GREGORY
Yes, Mr. Shaw.

Bill gives him a disapproving look.

Gregory half-smiles.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Bill.

Bill pats his shoulder.

BILL

Be safe. And take care of your mom.

Gregory nods.

David approaches Bill as Lisa and Mark go into the truck that Gregory's in.

David sees a certain... uncertainty in Bill's eyes.

DAVID

Are you okay?

The police cordon off the lodge with police tape.

Bill walks inside the lodge.

The images of dead bodies flash in front of him.

He sees the grouping of pictures up the staircase.

Bill's heart sinks when he sees it.

The picture: "MILLS WEDDING RECEPTION - 1942".

He turns to David.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PINE CEMETERY - MORNING

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

Dew covers the grass.

A thin layer of fog covers a small cemetery.

A crowd of people stand around a pre-dug grave including Bill, Rhonda, Lisa, and a PASTOR.

Etched in the gravestone is GREEN. Peter... and Gregory.

PASTOR

We remember Peter Green simply for
what he was - son, father, husband.
"The nicest man a person could
know".

(MORE)

PASTOR (CONT'D)

And we remember his son Gregory,
brother to Mark. The happiest
spirit, despite his condition, died
at peace three months after his
father did.

The casket lowers into the grave.

A large crowd of people take turns throwing dirt over the
casket.

Lisa.

Then Rhonda.

Then Bill.

Time passes and the crowd leaves.

Lisa walks up to Bill. They hug.

LISA

Thanks for coming.

BILL

Are you doing okay?

Lisa wipes a fountain of tears from her eyes.

Bill hugs her again, as does Rhonda.

Lisa sulks back into a small black Buick.

Rhonda rubs Bill's back.

Bill puts a single flower onto Peter's gravestone, then they
leave.

EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

The sun slowly sets below the vast mountains behind the
Community Hospital of Anaconda.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Countless nurses and doctors walk around the halls, talking
and doing desk work.

DOCTOR ALBERT MACK (72, mid-height black man) strolls down a
hall.

From a room to his left, NURSE RITA RHODES (43, skinny ginger woman) pops up next to him.

ALBERT

Mrs. Rhodes, you have a talent for scaring the daylights out of a man.

Rita chuckles.

RITA

Anything from her today?

ALBERT

Nothing.

They then hear a *ding* from the front door.

They approach a ROOM 14, with the label "MILLS, WANDA".

Two officers stand at either side of her door.

At that moment, they hear a loud scream and a CRASH from Wanda's room.

A group of nurses and doctors run to the room.

There's no one there.

Albert's eyes widen.

Suddenly, deep from the hallways, they see someone.

A horrific cacophony of screams and blood.

Turquoise-red eyes stare through the darkness.

Head twitches.

As the figure limps out of the darkness, it's WANDA MILLS (73, hunchbacked with dark grey hair). She drags a fire axe at her side, leaning to one side.

Her head twitches. Blood cakes her hair and most of her body.

Albert just stares at her, unable to believe what he's seeing.

Rita and the two officers, gurgling up blood.

Countless bodies of nurses and doctors line the hallway.

WANDA

It's not over. It can't be.

ALBERT

Mrs. Mills, I can help you.

He picks up the landline and quickly dials 911.

WANDA

They... they...

She closes her eyes and grips the axe.

WANDA (CONT'D)

They told me to do it.

Everything's suddenly quiet as the grave in the hospital.

Albert gulps nervously.

PHONE VOICE

911, what's your emergency?

Wanda limps toward him slowly.

ALBERT

Mayday at Anaconda Hospital...
Mayday -

Wanda slams the axe into Albert's chest.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

What... are you?

He falls to the ground and dies.

Wanda closes her eyes.

The whispers, once again.

The hairs on her neck stand up.

She turns around.

CUT TO BLACK.