

Sticks
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FADE IN:

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - RIVERSIDE -- AFTERNOON

SUPER: 20 YEARS AGO

The rolling hills of the shore leading to hills dotted with houses in the distance. Brand new development. But it seems as though the picture is "alive" somehow... it ripples... A buzzing sound approaching... the sound of a speedboat, it's effects are felt as the once peaceful surface is DISTURBED... Just a reflection in water.

The SPEEDBOAT drags a large DONUT TUBE, inside the tube a TEENAGER. Holding on for dear life. They're cutting across a large body of water set against a late afternoon, bathed in warm sunlight.

But then the speed of the ride gets too much for the youngster and he loses grip... flying off the tube and just about to hit the water...

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - HOUSE - BACKYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

...Ice splashing into a glass of water.

Belonging to CECILIA, an attractive middle aged woman, 40+. She raises the glass to her mouth, taking a sip. Just enjoying it for a second or two... reaches for her gossip magazine. Fans her self for a bit, sweet relief.

A flame approaches a cigarette... It belongs to CASSANDRA, 35, sitting on the other end of the table.

CASSANDRA

You should go for a swim.

CECILIA

(Indicating her thighs)
With these rocky roads?

CASSANDRA

Isn't that why we moved all the way out here? What we dreamed of.

CECILIA

...S'pose ...but who could bear to move in this heat?...

CASSANDRA

It'd help.

CECILIA shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just then a LITTLE CATHERINE runs past... with her doll..
Trips.. bumps her knee.

CASSANDRA jumps up. Helps her.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Baby, you've got to watch yourself.

The GIRL cries.

CASSANDRA rubs her knee. Just a bump. Kisses her fingertips.
Then presses them to the GIRLS knee, gives her a hug.

The girl finds comfort.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
What does mommy say? Big girls...

LITTLE CATHERINE
...don't cry.

That's right. CASSANDRA scoots LITTLE CATHERINE on her way...
who runs towards the grassy embankment of the river.

CASSANDRA
You can only swim if Clinton's with
you.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - SHORE/GRASS -- CONTINUOUS

LITTLE CATHERINE
Okay mom!

LITTLE CATHERINE plays with her doll on the grass.

Something whispers to her.

She looks up with a start at the large body of water.

The waves lapping at the shore.

She looks back... far away, her mom and her friend jibber
jabber. She turns back to the water. Scrutinizes. Whisper.

For a moment she considers...then LITTLE CATHERINE steps into
the water up to her knees.

Listening to the water. Looking into it.

Her reflection in the water.

POV - UNDER WATER : Something under the water is watching
her. Looking up at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stands knee deep in the water, the water still around her. Lapping. Rhythmically.

The water, out ahead of the GIRL. The DOLL in her grip.

The WHISPERING seemingly getting louder and more intense.

POV - UNDER WATER: Then it suddenly moves in for the kill...

LITTLE CATHERINE is PULLED UNDER! In the blink of an eye.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - HOUSE - BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

A Muted scream cut short with a GURGLE... catches CASSANDRA's attention, as she spins around towards the shore...

The LITTLE CATHERINE... is gone.

CASSANDRA scrambles towards the shore.. SCREAMING!

She SCREAMS more and more...

UNDER WATER:

Her doll sinks to the lake bed... stirring the sand into a puff.

SLAM TITLE:

STICKS: MUSIC a synth sting, old school horror style.

INT. CLINTON'S CAR -- MORNING

A match head meets the striking surface of a matchbox. Strikes... burns,

to CATHERINE's fascination. She watches it burn until it dies out.

Light music fills the cars otherwise silent atmosphere. CATHERINE gazes emptily at the passing landscape. She is a young woman, mid 20's. Attractive, girl next door. Comes with built-in 'wall'.

Strikes another, looks over at CLINTON. Her older brother. The affable jock. A few years her senior.

CATHERINE looks at the speedo. 82 mph.

Yawns.

She strikes another match. It grates CLINTON's last nerve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The head of the MATCH touches the sandpaper.

CLINTON glances over.

She holds it there for a moment...

Then strikes the match.

CLINTON

--Can you stop doing that?

After some deliberation...

...The matchbox slides closed--

--The SOUND of a BURSTING TYRE, the car immediately sags to the side. CATHERINE is composed, but frightened. Calling CLINTON into action, like a rodeo rider...

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The car's tail swerves into the way of an oncoming truck..

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

CLINTON jumps into action, quickly maneuvering the car...

...into safety...

The truck continues up the road hooting, the TRUCKER'S HAND throws a bird out the window.

CLINTON Brings his car to a stop up on the side of the road, in a swirl of dust. It stands still, sucking in for a moment. The dust settling. Almost as if it were in shock, then... he does the Catholic N, S, W, E... relief.

CLINTON

...Holy shit!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

A jack extending.

A bolt removed. Another. Another.

A shredded tire... swapped out for a new one.

A bolt returns. Another. Another.

The jack retracts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Strapped in.

Water bottle opened...

END MONTAGE

CATHERINE leaning on the passenger side of the car. She has a bottle of water in her hand. She drinks it. He approaches her. CLINTON emerges from around the back of the car. Wiping his hands.

CATHERINE
Getting slow in your old age.

CLINTON
Didn't catch you lifting a finger.

CATHERINE
Didn't think you'd need it.

CLINTON
I... *am* a sterling example of man.
The gods... wept when they sculpted
me from their heavenly marble. It
was their tears that bestowed upon
me humility.

CATHERINE
And they struck me with a single
bolt of lightning and by the power
of Zeus I was given life.

CLINTON/CATHERINE
...now go get me a beer you little
asshole!

CLINTON laughs. CATHERINE smiles a little. Her veneer cracking.

CATHERINE
Dad. He was an asshole.

CLINTON
Is. Is.

CLINTON shakes his head bemused, sadly. Trying to rub off some more grease from his hands.

CATHERINE offers CLINTON the water bottle.

He nods.

She pours some on his cloth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Runoff hits the dirt.

CATHERINE looks a little anxious, suppressive.

Uncomfortable silence.

CLINTON throws the scrap cloth into the trunk next to some magazines, jumper cables and a small empty jerry can.

He closes the trunk.

The wheels spin...

The car tears down the road...

INT. CLINTON'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

CATHERINE reaches down to her feet, scratching around for something... under the chair... it's a thermos. She then continues to unscrew the lid/cup off. Opens the cubby and grabs a bag of sugar.

Flips it around to take a good look at it. See's a quote on it. She focuses on it.

SUGAR PACKET

FEAR IS ONLY AS DEEP AS THE MIND ALLOWS.

CATHERINE considers it, pours it in and then crumples the wrapper and throws it out the window...

CLINTON

There's a plastic bag between your feet.

CATHERINE

It was one sugar packet.

CLINTON

One, a hundred. Doesn't matter.

CATHERINE

--Okay Captain Planet. Okay.

Uncomfortable silence.

CLINTON

Hahaha. Captain Planet.

CATHERINE

You used to love that show!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON

What you talking...? I still do.

He shifts the car into gear, racer style.

CATHERINE

Go speed racer. Go speed racer.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The crumpled paper drops and rolls on to the dusty road... the car disappearing down the deserted road further from the paper... FEAR...

The car passes a weather worn and neglected sign... declaring... STICKS RIVER ESTATE, 1.5 Mi. BLESS THEIR SOULS spray-painted over the board.

EXT. SAND ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

The car turns down a sand road, passing through over grown vegetation, bushes and trees...

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - ENTRANCE GATE -- DAY

The car slowly pulls up to the entrance. An old rickety gate.... the landscape hasn't been maintained, flora overgrown.

The car stops next to an old intercom. The arm rusty. The plastic buzzer box held together with duct tape.

CLINTON's arm reaches out, presses the button. It doesn't work.

CLINTON shakes his head slightly and presses the button again. Nothing.

CLINTON flips out his cellphone, scrolls through it. Call Logs.

Selects ASH CHARON.

He puts the phone to his ear.

Deedt-deedt-deedt.

He pulls the phone away from his ear and reads...

NOT CONNECTED.

CLINTON looks at CATHERINE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON
You got signal?

CATHERINE
I didn't bring my phone.

CLINTON shakes his head in disbelief.

CLINTON
You didn't bring your phone?...

CATHERINE
I didn't bring my phone.

He squints with a bemused glare. Turns his attention to the office window.

CATHERINE is belligerent.

The car door latch leaps up,

CLINTON opens the door and gets out. Scans the surroundings.

He turns around to see CATHERINE about to get out.

He signals for her to stop with his hand,

Her foot stopping a centimeter from the ground, it then returns and the door closes.

He leans into the window.

CLINTON
Wait here.

...and then withdraws.

CATHERINE woofs and pants dryly.

CLINTON looks around, looking for people. Continues towards the window.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
Hello?

He waits for an answer. None comes.

INT. CLINTON'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE chews on her nails. Looks out towards the surrounding greenery. There's a billboard...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's old and worn, a sign for STICKS RIVER ESTATE. Standing in the foreground is a young girl and boy, posing, smiling with the river in the background.

CATHERINE continues to stare at the picture, slowing zooming into to the details... past the children...

Into the river... the water... then the water seems to blacken...

Then from the corner of children's eyes, black thick watery ooze runs down... streaking down their faces. Pouring out their mouths...

CATHERINE closes her eyes... Takes a deep breath.

The whispered tortured sound her vision makes continues to wrap itself around her ears... until it stops. She can hear nothing.

Another breath.

Then opens her eyes again.

The picture is back to normal.

She looks away and towards CLINTON...

Who is approaching the old guardhouse...

She opens her bag. Takes out a...

BOTTLE OF PILLS...

Takes a couple. Swigs it down with some water.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - GUARDHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

...CLINTON walks with a hint of caution. Knocks on the door. No answer.

Tries the door handle, assuming it would be unlocked. To CLINTON's surprise, it's not.

Turns his attention to the window. Peers in.

There's not much light inside, making it difficult to see.

He leans closer to the glass, cupping his brow with his eyes.

He squints in... Through the dirt of the window. On the counter, an old radio and a small black and white television. Mangled rabbit ears atop the TV. The signal is snowy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's also a phone, one of those old rotary ones.

CLINTON knocks on the glass window with the bottom of his fist.

CLINTON

HELLO!

CLINTON's eyes continue to squint in, then pulls away.

Looking left and right.

Nothing. Just landscape.

He begins to make his way further around the little guard house.

He turns the corner behind the building, finding another door, the back entrance into the guardhouse. Dutch split door, the top half latched open... Garbled sound coming from inside, sounds like a TV.

CLINTON approaches it, his hand approaching the doorway when suddenly from around the bend...

AN ANGRY DOG comes scrambling! All gnashing teeth and furious spit leaps at CLINTON...

FLASH MONTAGE SEQUENCE

An arm bleeding and ripped. The attack of a dog.

BARKING!

A miscellaneous man with a scarred face, the remains of a dog attack.

DOG TEETH gnashing! Frothing. Vicious. Sharp. Rows of teeth.

A child's face, stitched up and swollen. Can't see through their eyes.

RETURN TO SCENE

CLINTON leaps back, falling to the ground scurrying...

The dog lunges and snaps at CLINTON, just missing him...

...CLINTON scrambling to his feet.

CLINTON clasps his chest, trying to catch his breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The dog is attached by a leash to an old rusted plumbing pipe next to the door...

CLINTON (CONT'D)
What the fu--

MILDRED (O.S)
--Can I help you son?

Another scare for CLINTON.

CLINTON
Christmas!

Behind the half opened door stands... MILDRED, she's no oil painting. A proudly worn mullet frames an aged yet somehow oddly friendly face. In a freaky kind of way. She's wearing an official park uniform Khaki style, very circa 1975. She's 60 years old in the shade.

Dusting his ass off, CLINTON lightly laughing at himself.

The bottom door unlocks, and MILDRED steps out... revealing a baseball bat in hand dangling at her feet.

CLINTON notices.

The presence of the master calms the dog. At least physically. Guttural growls a warning that CLINTON's not off the hook.

He stops to catch his breath. His hand up to MILDRED. Waiting for his heart to rest and for the capability of being able to say a full sentence returns. Deep breaths.

The dogs and MILDRED regard him suspiciously and questioningly.

He snaps his fingers with a smile, trying to settle his nerves.

She's not the joking kind.

She turns her attention to the still barking dog. Clapping her hand hard. And then gives them a stern eye. The dog settles down, but not agitated.

MILDRED
Not used to strangers.

The dog practically licking it's lips looking at CLINTON like a snack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She glances back to CLINTON, throwing a look of feigned disbelief as though they were naughty children embarrassing her... almost to the point of throwing her arms up...

She turns away from her board, and then looks at CLINTON. With a proud smile... then looks at him with suspicion.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Now what can I do you for?

CLINTON

We're meeting up with some friends here... can't get hold of 'em.

MILDRED

Oh there's no signal down here, nobody lives out her, 'sept me. And I sure as hell don't need no brain cancer.

CLINTON

Really?

Petronella eyes CLINTON before answering, not sure whether his comments are sarcastic or not. Defensive. Then begins to walk away from her post, digging in a pouch for her keys.

MILDRED

Nobody in their right mind would wanna live out here.

CLINTON

You don't say. Why's that?

MILDRED

There's an evil that slumbers here.

CLINTON

Like a ghost?

MILDRED

Who can say.

She looks at him, her demeanor shifting. There's something about her... something about the place has affected her in the past.

She unlocks the padlock on the gate.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

You looking at doin' some fishin'?

CLINTON mimes a cast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLINTON
Not really.

MILDRED
Good.

He laughs. She doesn't. Awkward.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
No swimming neither.

CLINTON
Cool.

He nods, agrees. She scrutinizes.

Car door closes.

CLINTON's hand locks the car subtly. Turns to CATHERINE

CATHERINE
Ooooooh, she's touched.

The old gate opens...

CLINTON watches as they pass by.

MILDRED and her dog watch back.

The car saunters down and deeper into...

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The car continues along the windy road, dense forestry on one side... large body of water on the other. The lush overgrown greenery almost suffocates.

The passing trees reflect on CATHERINE's window as they continue through a particularly grown over section.

The car pulls up to a fork, and heads right and over...

A little bridge, over the river. A wooden sign is pegged in the ground. "STICKS RIVER" It's old and rickety, but fairly stable. Maybe.

CATHERINE, arms folded, draws her breath, tensing up she squeezes her upper arm.

The water looks cold and lifeless.

But they instill fear into CATHERINE's eyes. Her breathing begins to tighten slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She watches the water, as a rat would eye a cat from afar.

The car emerges from the bridge and continues up the road, passing flora that have all but taken back the structures that were once a promise of a new life. Schools, Town Hall. Storefronts. Boarded up. Closed up. Quiet.

They continue down a road, past a collection of little old houses and cabins that all look run down... abandoned.

...Towards it's final stop, an OLD WOODEN HOUSE, near the shore of the river. The walls, white paint peeling off severely. The sun and weather has done some damage.

CLINTON pulls up over the grass patch aside the OLD WOODEN HOUSE... next to a GMC Truck. It's plate reads KICK-ASS... hanging from the tow bar a large set of plastic testicles.

CLINTON's car comes to a stop, as CATHERINE's eyes widen ever so slightly. Her voice in combination with a forced laugh hides the tremble in her voice well enough. Almost.

Leaving the view as a gloomy, and yet picturesque view of an overcast MASS BODY OF WATER otherwise known as STICKS RIVER.

CATHERINE's door opens.

her foot slides out, edging towards the ground... it lands, and suddenly a wind picks up...

CATHERINE steps out, the wind picking up around her, blowing her hair gracefully... her eyes watch... the wind dances through the trees, whistling through the air almost directing her attention...

...towards the RIVER...

...the wind blowing dust and leaves over the grass, and down the jetty over the shore and into the water and back out of...

CATHERINE's pupil, which dilates as...

CATHERINE regards the body of water carefully. The mass of water leaves her disquieted. It's "heavy" for her.

It's as if the water has an energy. A soul.

CLINTON

Stop staring. You're going to give it an ego...

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- DAY

Fish... wriggling for freedom in a net.

TYRONE

Fifteen!

TYRONE, 27 YEAR OLD, holding up the net. Knee deep in the water. Wanted to be in the NFL. Once had the build for it. He's wearing a STEELERS shirt along with a pair of WADERS.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

That's fifteen to my count.

MICHAEL

Everyone knows you can't count past nine Tee. You run out of fingers.

MICHAEL, a hip looking slender athletic MID 20's YOUNG AFRICAN MAN. Spinning a basketball on his fingers. Tricking it. He can't be more than six foot one.

In the background a grill is smoking... next to it... a canopied tent with beanbags, like mini harem.

The fish writhing for freedom, sitting in a floating net.

ASHLEY, is an awkward BRIGHT YOUNG MAN. His meakness belies hi natural strength. Almost always seen with a BOOK IN HAND. Today it's THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE. He leans forward. Eyes squinting.

ASHLEY

Their eyes look weird.

TYRONE takes a quick look at the fish and then back at ASHLEY, comically quizzical.

The eyes on the fish look a bit different, the pupil looking like a black explosion paling towards the rims... like tendrils over a blind milky eye.

TYRONE

Who gives a shit. There's fifteen of 'em. Biyatch.

The dangling net is submerged below the water once more.

TYRONE waddles back to the shore... towards his...TACKLE BOX

But not just any tackle box, the fishermen in the heavens aspire to have such a tackle box. TYRONE Closes the lid...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON, walks in... CATHERINE in tow,

CLINTON
The fun has arrived!

Spotted by MICHELLE. Face lights up suddenly.

MICHELLE
Thank Gawd!!

CLINTON
Hey Em.

CLINTON greets MICHELLE with a kiss on the cheek... there's a spark there. CATHERINE sees it immediately.

MICHELLE
It's so good so see you babe!
(To Catherine)
So much testosterone here.

She hugs CATHERINE. Personal space not a problem for MICHELLE. Going braless neither. Confidence.

CLINTON
Pro-baller, how you doing son!?

CLINTON and MICHAEL's hands clasp, they bro-hug.

MICHAEL
Not pro yet, still gotta make the trials. You know how my dad is.

TYRONE
(To himself)
He paid a lot to get you there.

MICHAEL hears him say something, can't make it out.

CLINTON
I've seen you jump. You got this.

CLINTON offers congratulatory hand shake. Accepted.

TYRONE isn't so impressed.

MICHAEL
Tracy McGrady better watch his back is all I'm saying.

TYRONE
Or his knees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Laughter, manly hugs and the conversation disappears, MICHELLE eyes CLINTON out... while he shakes hands with MICHAEL, continues to ASHLEY greets him... turns attention to CATHERINE.

MICHELLE

Thought I was gonna drown myself.
So sick to death of hearing about
dicks, bitches, cars and TYRONE's
rod...

MICHELLE opens up a COOLER. Like a pro. Passes it into CATHERINE's HAND. Opens another.

Gives it to CATHERINE... and the third for her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(Indicating her drink)

You... need to catch up.

CLINTON looks up over the water. Down to TYRONE.

CLINTON

Where the fuck did you dig up this
place?

TYRONE

It's my uncle's. Couldn't sell it.
He pegged, gave it to my moms. She
can't sell it.

CLINTON looks at the house, wooden cabin style, in bad disrepair.

CLINTON

Couldn't imagine why? I can imagine
my kids growing up here.

TYRONE

Some weird shit happened a while
ago. blah blah... Nobody comes
here. I dunno. I don't give a shit.
We got it for free.

TYRONE shrugs it off. He really doesn't give a shit. It perplexes CLINTON though, but changes his focus... peers over at his fishing setup...

CLINTON

You planning on catches whales
Ahab?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TYRONE

Beautiful isn't it. That there, is
my weapon of bass destruction, The
Anaconda!

A massive black sleek rod. Probably more for sea fishing
than lake fishing.

A pair of sexy feet, propped up on the balustrades. Around
the one ankle a black rose with thorns wrapped around once.

MICHELLE

You know what they say about men
with large tackle boxes?

MICHELLE wiggles her pinky finger, whistling, taunting.

Her massive sunglasses hide her eyes, but they don't hide her
lack of interest. She is sitting on the grass patch that
looks down on the shore from the house. She smiles.

ASHLEY smiles coyly.

TYRONE presses bait along a spiked hook.

Sprays some specialized red liquid on it.

TYRONE picks up the rod. The sun beginning to set behind him.

...he begins to rock the bait... it swings back and forth, as
he gets his rhythm working.

At just the right moment TYRONE flicks the rod, sending the
hook flying,

And plopping into the water.

INT. STICKS RIVER - UNDERWATER -- AFTERNOON

The sound travels down, deeper. Signalling it's arrival to
all fish... and anything else... thud...lands on the sand...

The dismembered faded, aged head of an old doll. A familiar
doll. From 20 years ago perhaps? One of it's eyes stares out
into the deep, the other an empty socket. Closer to the
doll... inside it's hollow eye. Something... Moving. Then a
SENTIENT BLACK SUBSTANCE oozes from the blackness of the toys
eye. LIQUID. It's movements specific and calculated. Slow and
methodical. Graceful. In and of the water at the same time.

The bait floats in the murky water. Awaiting capture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But from the murkiness comes a darkness... almost like a moving oily oozy liquid, regarding the bait...Then a fish... through the inky sentient ooze... grabs the bait.

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- CONTINUOUS

The bobber, clipped to the fishing line, dips.

Alerts TYRONE. Rips his attention. Action mode on.

TYRONE pulls back on the rod, snapping it back. Reels the fish in.

He places the fish down, then turns it on it's back. Hypnotizing it.

The fish is added to the pile in the net. They get submerged.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - FRONT LAWN

TYRONE sits down, next to the rest of the gentlemen. In the harem. Sunglasses on, a beer one hand and the late dipping of the sun has begun... Warm sunlight hitting them from over the still waters.

TYRONE
Sixteen! It's all in the wrist gentlemen.

CLINTON
(Imitating masturbating)
It's your strongest muscle.

TYRONE
Well... second strongest.

TYRONE laughs loud... overcompensating. They chuckle. Then just enjoy the moment.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

A beer can sprays open as the seal tears,
Filling the funnel with it's frothy golden liquid,
Running down the clear plastic tubing.

A silhouetted TYRONE swaying in and out of the sun stand way above holding the funnel high, he crushes the can and drops it to the ground...

CLINTON's hand turns the spigot open,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Freeing the beer as it swirls down the funnel,

Down the tube,

And into CLINTON's mouth, spilling over it.

Funnel filling up with beer again,

The spigot pulled,

Down the tube,

CLINTON's eyes widen.

Beer cans rattle to the ground, as another drops in with the pile already on the floor.

Spigot,

The beer disappears from the funnel, as below CLINTON's eyes open...

RETURN TO SCENE

Finished, he backs away standing up from the funnel. He wipes his mouth, his eyes watering. He doesn't look too well.

CLINTON

I'm cool.

CLINTON waves his hand, placing his free one on his waist. Not even he is buying his false nonchalance.

TYRONE

Haha, chunder! Chunder!

He puts his hand up, gently stop. His face looks like he's fine... recovering. But then he gives up... more accurately his stomach does...

He steps to the water. Getting ready to throw up, his back to everybody.

The reflection in the water is distorted, his face dancing back and forth.

Then something darts away. From under the water. Not a fish or anything, almost a tentacled inky shadow. Too quick to make anything of. CLINTON doesn't notice, and even if he did it wasn't going to stop the inevitable. You couldn't mistake that sound of wretching--

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

--No, not wrenching... the violent fighting scraping sound the FAUCET makes as water pours out the spout... and into a wine glass. Filling it.

The water pouring out sputters and fights, spraying brown water... it then begins to run... a little sludgy at first

CATHERINE
Delightful.

MICHELLE
Let it run for a bit...

But then slowly becoming clearer.

A lighter flicks on, and lights the tip of a cigarette.

The cigarette belongs to MICHELLE, who exhales a cloud of smoke. She rests her elbow on a half crossed arm. Next to her, a bottle of wine ready to pour. A glass of half filled wine as well.

CATHERINE joins MICHELLE at the table, who opens up a pack of cards... starts shuffling and sorting.

CATHERINE's back faces the view of the water, the river looming in the background.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Scan your room for spiders. Those
motherfuckers are everywhere.
...everywhere.

MONTAGE PHOTO SEQUENCE

Spider legs coming out a pair of lips.

Spiders pouring out the mouth of woman in bed. Night light just spraying enough light.

A spider. Venom running down it's teeth. A host to tens of pale, almost transparent little spiders on it's back. It's young.

END FLASHES

MICHELLE shakes off the shivers as it runs through her spine, and then holds out her arm for CATHERINE to scrutinize, not knowing what's she looking for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Freak me out.

MICHELLE manhandles the cards, shuffling them like a pro.

CATHERINE

Not me so much.

MICHELLE

No?

CATHERINE

No.

MICHELLE

No!?

CATHERINE

No.

MICHELLE

On your, your face? No?

CATHERINE

You know statistically you've probably eaten at least three.

MICHELLE

You serious?

CATHERINE

In your sleep. You snore?

MICHELLE

--God no!... Sometimes. Depends on how much wine I've had.

CATHERINE re-enacts the action with her fingers over her cheek and towards her mouth. CATHERINE feigns eating the spider.

CATHERINE

They crawl over your lips... and then...

MICHELLE visibly looks ill. Using her hand to promote a return of her nausea to it's source. Then indicating her throat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

If it makes you feel better you've probably eaten more cockroaches than spiders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE

I think just vomited a little. In my mouth, a little.

The girls laugh.

The cards continue dancing from hand to hand.

Laughter. CATHERINE's. Cards flop across the table, two each.

CATHERINE puts in her blind. Chips tossed onto the counter.

MICHELLE puts her blinds in. MICHELLE ashes her cigarette, exhaling smoke and holding her cigarette out in offer. Return...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You want?

CATHERINE looks at the cigarette in her hands, from the embered tip past MICHELLE's manicured nails and down to a filter... with the remains of MICHELLE's lipstick... making the shape of half an hour glass from the corners of her lips.

CATHERINE almost as though breaking away from being hypnotized by the cigarette looks up, shakes her head slightly hesitantly.

CATHERINE

I... quit.

MICHELLE

Me too.

CATHERINE

Six months, going strong.

Out of the spout... a spider crawls out.

A card is placed on the table. They're playing Texas Hold 'em.

Cigarette being put out. Pressing it down straight on the lit nip, into a glass ashtray.

The cards flop.

The cigarette smoke floats, tempting CATHERINE.

The ashtray sits on the wooden table that is made of slats of wood. The ash is knocked off, and into the ashtray...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Slats that have gaps in them,

Gaps you could squeeze through and see just how thick that wood actually is,

MICHELLE reveals the new card. CATHERINE checks.

...And eventually squeeze through and under through to the other side to see a pair of legs. MICHELLE's legs.

But under the table also resides a nest. A little spiders nest. With eggs. The game continues above, as evidenced by the continued sound of the chips hitting the table.

And a spider appears as if from nowhere,

A small innocuous looking spider... so it's probably terribly dangerous.

It walks carefully around the side of the table and towards...

A cigarette box, a mere centimeters from it.

... and comes to a halt as the box is plucked from the table.

Michell throws in her bet.

MICHELLE

Twenty. You sure you don't want one?

CATHERINE hesitates...

...MICHELLE tempts her with a questioning face, a sly naughty smile questioning CATHERINE's resolve.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(Shaking her shoulders)

What happens in Rome baby.

She looks slightly over her shoulder, "feeling" the large body of water.

CATHERINE smiles, and looks down at,

A cigarette sticking out in offer.

She gives in, and takes it.

A thumb ignites the lighter.

A flame sparks to life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The tip of the cigarette sizzles.

The lips draw on the cigarette.

Eyes dilate.

CUT TO:

LUNG, DESTROYED BY CANCER

CASSANDRA IN A HOSPITAL BED, HEAD SHAVEN... LOOKING UP
TOWARDS US.

LUNG... black OOZE pours through the holes in the lung.
Filling it...

CASSANDRA....reaching Desperately....

BACK TO SCENE:

CATHERINE enjoys it. Guilty. Relaxes her. Relief.

MICHELLE throws in her poker chips.

CATHERINE looks at the tip of the cigarette.

CATHERINE

Call.

And returns the cigarette box to it's resting position. The
spider is gone.

EXT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A small house, near the guardhouse. It's also dilapidated...
but not as much as the others. We're encroaching on it.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - LOUNGE -- AFTERNOON

Photos... of a YOUNG MILDRED. And a family. No recent ones.

An old TV blares out a horror film, a slasher in a bag
killing a teen... Spilling light around the slippered feet
of...MILDRED. At her side, next to her worn seat one of her
dogs. Asleep.

Asleep. It's ears disturbed.

It pricks it's head up. Hears something. Not a threat,
something... else. It's... curious.

The dog leaps to it's haunches, and walks out the room...
Leaving the old woman to sleep. By herself.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

...The dog walks through the kitchen... and out through the large DOG DOOR... hanging above the door... THREE RED LEASHES. Worn.

EXT. OPPOSITE SHORE LINE -- AFTERNOON

Out from between the trees... the dog approaches, trotting... whispers, almost as if they were drawing the dog... towards the lapping shore... joins the other two dogs. They're submerged up to their ankles...

The third dog enters the water. Lapping water...

From beneath the surface you can see the dogs. Closer... closer, approaching them... around the fringes, our tentacles... like ink.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - FRONT LAWN -- AFTERNOON

ASHLEY and CLINTON stare out at the surface of the water slumped on a pair of camping chairs, feet up. Their seats submerged in the water.

The sun is setting in the distance, between the two of them. They're sharing a hookah. Silhouetted. The sky above them. It's kind of... romantic.

ASHLEY passes CLINTON the inhaler for the hookah.

CLINTON takes it pulls in, enjoys warm sunlight bathing his skin.

The water in the hookah bubbles.

The water of the lake is still, as still as it can be. From out in the water you can see the cabin. Sky darkening.

Peaceful... relaxing...

They look out at the sunset. Worth a photo... that's what CLINTON thinks, admittedly in his drunken state. He zig zags up, fumbling his phone out of his pocket...it catches and it slips out, bounces on the chair and heads towards the water...

But CLINTON catches it in time, with his foot... to ASHLEY's amazement.

And CLINTON's. Big smile, and a knowing manly nod...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON
Like a fucking ninjahh.

CLINTON holds the phone up, frames his shot... swaying a bit...

He is about to take the photo... when...

TYRONE (O.S.)
Cocks!

The photo is blurred.

CLINTON looks back up at TYRONE.

SCREAM! From the house...

CLINTON gets into action mode... spins a bit... looks back towards the cabin... as does ASHLEY...

They both move towards the house... CLINTON slides his phone into his pocket...at least he tries to...

...Plop. It falls in to the water below.

CLINTON's hand submerges, grabs the phone like lightning...

Holds the soaking wet phone up... looks at it forlornly.

CLINTON
...welllll fuck.

Keeps on moving towards...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The red first aid kit is unzipped and opened on the table. The car keys placed next to it.

Red liquid pours down...

Splashing across the sides of the glass from a box wine...

CATHERINE hands the glass of wine to MICHELLE who devours it quickly along with a headache tablet. On her upper back, close to her neck. It's a slightly swollen red mark.

MICHELLE waves the tears away.

MICHAEL is wiping the spider bite with a dishcloth, applies an ointment. CATHERINE moves to the fireplace.

Two puncture marks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Well it's definitely a spider bite.

MICHELLE

No shit, really!?

CLINTON enters... Dangling his wet phone, to TYRONE's amusement.

TYRONE is leaning casually against the door frame, beer in hand. Finishes the last sip... then saunters towards a KITBAG... digs into it.

TYRONE

Just relax.

MICHELLE

Fuck you, you relax.

TYRONE

I'm relaxed.

He is.

She rubs her arms, as if she is freezing. Glares at TYRONE. ASHLEY stands near the fire... notices...

A RUSTY MACHETE. Picks it up. Starts playing with it as if it were a sword.

TYRONE pulls a GUN out of a HOLSTER.

CLINTON

Easy buddy.

MICHELLE

Put that shit away before you hurt someone you dickhead.

He does.

TYRONE

Okay. You guys deal with that shit. I. Am gonna go shoot shit.

MICHELLE

What if it's poisonous? *It burns.*

CLINTON is rummaging through the kitchen cupboards...

ASHLEY

You remember what it looked like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE

Like satan with eight legs & fangs.

CLINTON finds a bag of rice.

He dismantles his phone... and places it and the rice into a bowl.

ASHLEY

I wouldn't worry too much. All the really dangerous spiders are far more north from here.

CATHERINE stirs the fire.

TYRONE

---Thanks for the geek update knob knocker.

MICHAEL

Just keep this ice on for awhile. Maybe take a Tylenol--

MICHELLE

Or three... I'm freezing.

CLINTON puts a jacket over her shoulders, MICHELLE notices favorably.

ASHLEY notices it. CATHERINE notices ASHLEY.

CATHERINE, approaches & pokes with the poker, the fire... spurring the flames. Embers flying into the air.

TYRONE

Mich baby, you got this. It's the spider we're worried about.

MICHELLE

Fuck you Tyrone.

He flashes the bird at her, laughing as he leaves... he makes a bird sound "PUKWAHAHA"

On the way out CLINTON stops once more by MICHELLE...

CLINTON

You gonna be fine?

Again, she is taken by his gesture.

MICHELLE

I'm made of steel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He smiles, and catches up with the rest of the guys... She watches, smiling.

EXT. OPEN LAND -- AFTERNOON

A can is placed on a rock with a clang.

Bullet gets loaded into a gun.

Hands close the chamber.

TYRONE holds the gun out like a BOSS, like he was auditioning for NEW JACK CITY 2. He's gonna shoot shit alright.

The CAN awaits it's destiny, sun shining up above.

ASHLEY, MICHAEL, CLINTON and half of the WOODS wait in antici....pation....

...TYRONE fires.

It MISSES the can, just though.

TYRONE
WHOOO! Close!

CLINTON
Who in the hell thought it was okay
for you to own a gun?

TYRONE
I only buy my guns from heroine
addicts I trust.

Puffing up for the gods it seems. Takes a sip of his beer... hands the gun to CLINTON.

CLINTON aims it, by the book. Correct stance. The rest of the guys watch on. Eagerly. Their ears blocked.

Eyes focused... On the can...

Finger squeezes, not all the way.

Eyes squint.

Down the barrel the aim seems dead on.

Trigger pulls.

Narrowly misses, ricocheting... echoing.

CLINTON shrugs. Calculating. TYRONE grabs the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Wet.

Hand reaches into pocket.

Chamber flicks open.

Empty casing dances off ground.

New bullet loaded.

Chamber flicks closed.

Handle offered out. Accepted.

MICHAEL grins, gun swooping up across his face and...

Forwards to his target.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Very important not to shoot your
dick off. ASHLEY won't be having
that problem. Hey? Ash-leeeee!

MICHAEL squeezes the trigger.

The can goes flying.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

...Beginner's luck.

Can is placed.

Chamber flicks open.

Empty casing dances off ground.

New bullet loaded.

Chamber flicks closed.

Handle offered out. Accepted.

Opens it.

Empties it.

TYRONE rolls his neck. Ever putting on the show. Raising up
the gun. Aiming. One arm. He's just such a man. A grin.
He does sincerely enjoy this.

Misses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINTON and MICHAEL laugh TYRONE out.

MICHAEL

Na na naa na, na na naa na, hey ey
ho...

MICHAEL & CLINTON

...What a wanker!

TYRONE standing with the chamber open.

The last bullet in the box.

TYRONE

One more.

CLINTON

Ash hasn't had a turn.

ASHLEY

I'm good thanks.

CLINTON

You sure?

TYRONE

Leave the boy, he made up his
mind... It's a *man's* game.

ASHLEY boils.

ASHLEY

...Why don't you just give it a
break.

TYRONE

Excuse me?

ASHLEY

...You heard me.

TYRONE turns around, irked by ASHLEY's remarks.

ASHLEY turns away, TYRONE pulls ASHLEY back into his space.

TYRONE

Don't look away tough guy. You
summon the demon you gotta handle
the brimstone.

TYRONE steps in, wanting to look straight into his eyes.
Standing face to face TYRONE is definitely larger than
ASHLEY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

But ASHLEY turns his head away from TYRONE, but not wholly...eyes down. TYRONE invading his space. He lightly "jabs" ASHLEY with his forehead, a warning butt.

CLINTON

Leave him.

TYRONE

(Ignoring CLINTON)

Come on, where's your mouth now?

ASHLEY wincing, curls his fists at his sides. Raises them hesitantly to about half-mast. Not convincing.

TYRONE shoving ASHLEY with a good amount of effort, shoves him in his face, dismissively...

...ASHLEY pushes back, surprising TYRONE.

As well as everyone else. The moment of shock is fleeting... TYRONE boils...

Who returns it with a hard slap across ASHLEY's face.

...CLINTON jumps in between. He's definitely still feeling a little drunk. He uses all his strength to hold TYRONE back.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

(Smiling, taunting)

Come ON! I'll rip you to pieces
you fucking maggot! COME!

CLINTON

Hey, HEY!... This isn't necessary.
Not now...

(Looking at ASHLEY)

...Not today.

TYRONE aggressively probes CLINTON's defenses. CLINTON wins out. CLINTON looks at TYRONE.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

(To TYRONE)

Come on, we're here to have a good
weekend...

He looks over his shoulder at ASHLEY, who is pacing up and down. Nervous energy.

TYRONE

I'll kill him, man I'll kill him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLINTON holds up a beer in the direction of each of the combatants.

TYRONE looks up at ASHLEY. Raises his finger pointing at ASHLEY, a warning. CLINTON begins pushing him away from ASHLEY.

TYRONE takes the beer and then angrily throws it away...

CLINTON
(Firmer)
Come!... COME!

TYRONE holds his stare and then surrenders to CLINTON and moves out... slowly at first... then wanting to just be out of there.

ASHLEY watches. Angry, wishing death.

As TYRONE storms off, followed by CLINTON...

ASHLEY breathes out a sigh of relief. Wiping his clammy hands... the river looming in the background...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - CATHERINE'S ROOM -- LATER

The river looms... Curtains closing over it. CATHERINE the perpetrator.

A bag unzips,

CATHERINE pulls out a pill box along with her purse... It falls to the ground.

Landing, a piece of paper loosening a bit, sticking out slightly. CATHERINE picks it up...

Places the purse on the side table next to her bed.

Pulls out a bottle of...

"EEZISNOOZ".

Pops two in her hand.

She sits down on her bed, takes off her shoes. Scrunches her toes. She rolls her head back and closes her eyes. Enjoying the moment with a deep breath, then open her eyes slowly. She looks up for a moment.

Her head falls down on the bed. Her eyes locked on,

Her purse lying on the table next to her...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks closer... seeing a thickish piece of cardboard peering out slightly.

The purse opens...

The picture unfolds... glimmers of sun, sky and sea...

CATHERINE's eyes scans..

An aged photo of a family posing on the beach. MOM, DAD, CATHERINE, CLINTON.

She smiles, melancholy and nostalgia. She can almost hear the waves crashing. Puts the photo down...

From above an old dusty fan you could see CATHERINE laying down on the bed. Her hand behind her head...

Her eyes fight the battle for awakesness. They lose.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MOUND -- LATE AFTERNOON

A six pack with four beers remain. They're set next to a tree stump. A hand reaches in, makes it three. Pulls the fourth beer up past... a pick embedded deep in the stump.

TYRONE, downs the beer messily. Wipes his mouth off with his forearm, he thinks he's Steve Austin. He's angrily seesawing up and down with his eyes squarely lock on the pick.

He's in his vest. He angrily grabs the picks handle and tries to rip it out... Doesn't succeed.

He takes the beer... and launches it!

Smashes against the tree, beer and glass explode everywhere.

CLINTON (O.S)
Waste not want not..

TYRONE turns around. Sees CLINTON. Shrugs.

A pick, old... big... rusty, embedded in a large aged tree stump... the one tip protruding out from the stump broken off halfway up. The mound wrapped in foliage and vines...

TYRONE and CLINTON circle around it, the stump is in the middle of clearing of sorts. If you were to look at it from above it would almost look like an eye...

...With the stump as the pupil. TYRONE tries to remain angry, still is... but a laugh escapes. The mood lightens. Slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON regards it.

The pick plunged deep into the wood.

He looks up at TYRONE and smiles.

CLINTON ponders, smiles, then nods. A silent agreement.

CLINTON inspects the pick as he circles round to the handle.

His one hand wraps around the base.

Then places his other hand on it and tries to pull it out. It doesn't give. He tries again, with all his might. His face even going red.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
What are you telling me!?

CLINTON surprised. He looks up at, A smiling TYRONE.

TYRONE sizes up the pick.

TYRONE approaches the pick, this time from the opposite side. Using his feet to brace himself he grabs the handle of the pick as though it were a lever... and pulls with all his strength. He grunts, his biceps bristling. The wood creaks in resilience, a roar... But eventually TYRONE gives up, out of breath. The tree stump wins.

TYRONE
(Inviting CLINTON)
Come on princess...

CLINTON joins from the other side, pushing the pick handle while TYRONE pulls.

The pick wins. They give up.

TYRONE gets all agitated with himself and kicks the pick... frustrating himself. Or Psyching himself up?

He tries once more... using his whole body pushing from the bottom. His sizeable legs using the earth as leverage. His muscles straining, particularly his lats... his vest allowing you see that along with his tattoo. It reads

"WHAT I DESERVE I WILL EARN"

The pick moves. Slightly. Maybe. Not really.

TYRONE puts his hands on his hips. Out of breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINTON sits to the ground, catching his breath.

TYRONE joins him, sitting opposite him but not in front of him. Passes CLINTON a beer.

Silence. Deep breaths. Not uncomfortable though. They've done good work as men today. TYRONE exhales, hangs his head between his knees.

TYRONE looks at CLINTON earnestly.

TYRONE shakes his head. Looks back down.

TYRONE sips his beer contemplating. Looks at his knee.

A large scar runs across it.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
Still hurts like a motherfucker
sometimes. I was gonna be great. I
was gonna be something. I was gonna
be someone.

He hits his knee out of frustration.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
From star quarterback at college to
a fucking nobody... I fix toilets
for a living. Name one great
plumber. One.

CLINTON
...Mario.

TYRONE chuckles a little.

TYRONE
Fuck you man.

CLINTON
Doo-doot-doo-doot-doodoot-doot---
doot.

The Mario theme. They laugh, and then silence as they take a sip of their beer.

CLINTON gets up

CLINTON (CONT'D)
Okay. Pity party over bud.

CLINTON holds his hand out to TYRONE. Who considers it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLINTON offers it again...

This time TYRONE reaches out and grabs it.

They walk away...

Leaving the pick in the stump.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- LATER

MICHAEL holds out a quart of beer.

MICHAEL

Here's to Woodward. Double you
double oh dee you double you ay r
dee. Woodward...

MICHAEL downs the drink... Music blares...

A line of shot glasses. A tequila pours out of a bottle
filling the glasses messily one by one.

Hands slamming on tables.

They whole crowd throws back their Tequila's...

TYRONE's face contorts with disgust as the flavour drenches
his tongue and throat, he fights the liquor down. Then
smacks his lips. Ready for more. Puts his rock hand up and
whistles...

MICHELLE

Here's to Woodward. Double you,
double oh, double dee-- oh shit.

TYRONE

Double dee indeed!

She playfully hits TYRONE.

MONTAGE

Tot glass slams the table. Gets filled. Another glass.
Filled. And another. They're loving themselves. Loving
life. Party indeed. Laughing, falling. Drinking. Dancing.

END MONTAGE.

A dart slams into a dart board, clumsily and,

Collapses to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL, the man with terrible aim. TYRONE hands him his drink, and MICHAEL wholeheartedly accepts.

MICHELLE is standing by the fire, warming her hands up and then rubbing them. CLINTON approaches.

MICHELLE
Someone's walking over my grave.

CLINTON
You superstitious?

MICHELLE
When I need to be.

DEETDEETDEET... TYRONE'S cellphone alarm goes on. He turns it off. Thinks nobody notices.

TYRONE
Be right back.

TYRONE ducks. S very sexy piece of music grabs MICHELLE's attention... She bites her bottom lip...

Her lips curl into a smile... pulls away...

She gets up... CLINTON's eyes follow her.

Turns the knob on the old stereo system...

A kicking sexy beat thumps out of the old wooden speaker.

CLINTON watches from behind her...

He sees her slender figure, as she suddenly comes to fluid life, her body floating silkily with the flow and beat.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The latch closes. The door locks.

TYRONE looks at himself in the mirror, for a moment he can hear a STADIUM CHEERING for him...for a moment. Then gone.

A little TOILETRY BAG unzipped. Inside. A syringe. And a little white vial.

The injection draws 25ml of WHITE LIQUID. STEROIDS.

TYRONE, his PANTS down to reveal a bit of his right arse cheek. INJECTION in HAND... Just about to put it in his BUM when... a KNOCK at the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns... from behind the door...

TYRONE

I'm having a shit. Gimme 10
minutes.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

Tee-Em-Ai Tyrone. Courtesy flush.

He fake laughs.

He continues... puts the needle in... injects it.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- EVENING

The music blares from the cabin sitting in the darkness,
filtering down to...

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- EVENING

A hand glides over an open flame. Eyes watching it.

ASHLEY ... He hears a whispering.. As though something were
calling out to him.

He looks up... at the water. The moon dancing off the
ripples.

Then back to the fire. ASHLEY, entranced.

The bobber dangling above the water from his line. It's
still. There is nothing out there. Just the stars of the
sky, and the dark water of the lake reflecting them.

The bobber continues to dangle in the moonlight.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE walks in. Sniffs the air at the doorway... all
clear... she enters...

Closes the door behind her and then inspects the bathroom
with a quick scan. It's a medium sized bathroom, with all the
expected amenities. Bath, shower, basin and mirror.

She looks at the basin. Sighs.

Plug in basin, sealed.

Tap turns on, water spurts out irregularly and with a whine.

CATHERINE's clothes fall to the floor, she steps out of her
panties.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE turns around, sexy... She smiles.

CLINTON smiles back, taking a sip of his beer.

Then her arms cut a swath through the air, dancing and gliding... summoning... with the wriggle of a finger she calls out to him. She's alluring.

CLINTON succumbs to her whims, she sways sensually...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

In the mirror, CATHERINE's bare back, undresses.

She spins the head of the tap. The water comes to a stop.

She dips a sponge into soapy warm water.

Running it across her soft skin on her neck, her shoulders, her back, down her arm and through the armpit...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE's fingers running down CLINTON'S waste, moving well with the beat... then her hands wrap around him... provocatively.

They look at each other. Sexy. Sex. Flirting. She has him under her spell. Her arms and hips working in conjunction... moving... hypnotic. CLINTON entranced...

The smell of her neck... Her hips moving, his hands on them.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Sponge dipped in basin.

CATHERINE is standing. Just in her panties, all you can see is her naturally slender back. Washing her arms,

Her thighs, her feet.

And then lastly her face.

She pulls the towel from the rack.

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- NIGHT

The bobber moves. Dips. A fish is nibbling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The slight little ding from the bell disturbs ASHLEY slightly. But not enough.

Again it rings out, this time, grabbing ASHLEY's attention.

The line begins running... at first ASHLEY is a little dazed and confused, then excited... he leaps up...

He scrambles for the rod...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE turns around... she allows CLINTON access.

She licks her lips. He comes in close, edges towards her neck.

His hand runs down her back.

She takes a breath, close to his ear. Sensual.

He grabs her, pulls her closer to him...

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- CONTINUOUS

ASHLEY grabs the rod, it yanks him into the water sharply, he regains footing.

The line suddenly comes to life, the fish has the bait and it's running. Running quick and hard.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE wriggles herself away from CLINTON... flirtatious. He smiles. Catches her hand... pulls her closer to him...

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- CONTINUOUS

ASHLEY pulls on the rod, but it carries on fighting.

Frantically spinning the reel. Sweating, even in the cold.

He is the only thing disturbing the still lake in the moonlight.

And just like that... suddenly it stops.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE and CLINTON are getting closer to kissing...

Their lips approaching each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She bites her lips then looks up at him, naughty... She's toying with him... she saunters away... teasingly.

CLINTON waits a second, considering. Then nods. Smiles.

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- CONTINUOUS

The line goes limp.

ASHLEY looks at it in disbelief. He stands for a moment, quizzically.

Then he looks down at himself, noticing how wet he has become. Shaking himself off, drenched...

Under the water the moonlight pierces the surface... ASHLEY's legs in the dark waters.

ASHLEY is jerked under the water, by great force. There is no struggle. ASHLEY is no match for the vicious attack.

And then there is nothing. Just moonlight dancing off the surface. Still... except for a few bubbles, the last sign of ASHLEY.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

MICHELLE walks past the bathroom door. CLINTON follows, turns MICHELLE. He looks at her... hesitates...

She smiles... He kisses her, then on to her neck. She wins.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The towel is thrown to the ground.

Black, then light through a grill... we're inside the basin and the plug has just been pulled... looking at a distorted CATHERINE as she watches... the surface of the water.

The water spins away and into the drain.

Misted mirror, CATHERINE's hand wipes it... Her wet hair brushed back. She's dressed. Jeans and a T-Shirt.

She pops two tablets into her hand from their foil packaging. Throws them back with a swig of water.

She takes out a contact, Leans forward into the mirror to put it on... puts the contact in...

The contact lens *sucks* on to her eye...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at the reflection in the mirror. Looking at herself with intent.

The reflection blinks, but CATHERINE doesn't. She furrows.

CATHERINE swipes her hand through the air... the reflection repeats it... but... delayed.

Something blurred, coming up and into focus... it's the tablet bottle. Turned around to see the label.

WARNING: ONLY 1/2 TABLET DAILY OR ON INCIDENT.

CATHERINE's reflection... is watching as CATHERINE scrutinizes the label... she looks up into the mirror and...

Her reflection, dips her head menacingly...then launches from out the mirror, the reflection's arms reach out, but this time skin rotten and bloated as though it had been marinating underwater for decades. They pull CATHERINE *into the mirror*... Except the mirror isn't glass... it's water!

CATHERINE attempts to brace herself, holding around the edges of the mirror "pool"...

INT. MIRROR WATER - CONTINUOUS

...Which is suddenly another world. A world of water and only one light source coming from the bathroom fills this void.

CATHERINE screams! But it's only bubbles.

Her DOPPELGANGER continues to pull her deeper in until her top half of her body is submerged.

Drowning her. CATHERINE struggles.

And fights, but to no avail. Fear in her eyes. Eventually she manages to pull herself from the arms... and CATHERINE goes flying into the bathroom.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She lands on the floor, shellshocked. Drenched, gasping for air... she glowers at the mirror, wide-eyed... she gathers herself, then leaps up...

Unlocks the door and sprints into...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

CLINTON and MICHELLE... CATHERINE, distraught peers back into the BATHROOM... CLINTON grabs her...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE
I-I-I was d-d-drowning...

CLINTON
Wha--

CATHERINE
Something pulled me into the
mirror!

CLINTON
The what!?

CATHERINE
The MIRROR! I was drowning in the
mirror!

CLINTON
Hey, calm down.

His brow furrows. Unconvinced. But confused, her fear is real. She looks at him, fear in her eyes. He looks back at the bathroom... steps towards...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

... scans, notices the basin filled with water and in particular the DRUGS. CATHERINE refuses to enter after him...

CLINTON
You were drowning... *in the
mirror!?*

CATHERINE
Yes! But it wasn't a mirror...it
was... water. It was water!
Listen to me, please.

CLINTON, quizzical.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You're not taking me seriously,

CLINTON
Cause you sound like a lunatic.

CATHERINE
A lunatic!? I know what happened in
there CLINTON don't you dare tell
me I'm crazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON
I'm not saying you're crazy.

CATHERINE
I know what happened!

CLINTON
It's not like you haven't made this
shit up before.

CATHERINE who is clearly hurt. Almost breathless. She glares.

CLINTON, knows he's overstepped.

She storms down the stairs...

CLINTON (CONT'D)
...CATHERINE--

CLINTON looks at the mirror. Raises his hand to it. Slowly.

His fingers just seem to slow down before hitting the surface. Then finally touching it.

The surface is hard. He's a little disappointed.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - DEN -- CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE bolts out through the lounge... CLINTON follows, eventually...

CLINTON
CATHERINE--

She raises her hand, silencing him. She heads out of the house.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
That's it... runaway again... cause
it worked so well the last time.

He watches her storm off. The house awkwardly silent.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Outside of the cabin, CATHERINE runs towards...

...CLINTON's car.

INT. CLINTON'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE gets in, her legs sticking out... reaches into her bag of goodies.

Pulls out a box of candy sticks... opens it... reveals...

Real cigarettes and a small lighter.

She sticks one in her mouth. Lights up, cupping her hands around the flame... the light dancing across her face. The lake in the background, in the distance.

Flicks. Flicks. Flicks the lighter. It strikes.

The tip of the cigarette submits to the heat of the flame rapidly burning into black.

FLASH

A woman's hand, clenched fist held up to mouth... coughing.

Black cancer-ridden lungs, squeezing air out.

A woman, CATHERINE's mother in a hospital bed. Pale. Dying, sores. A breather strapped across her wide-eyed expression. She's reaching out. Desperate. Weak. Coughing.

Her mouth open. Black ooze begins to rush out, almost like a living proboscis.

END FLASH

The ember tip of the cigarette sizzles.

CATHERINE shakily drags on the end of the cigarette, not finding much comfort. Leans into the car, turning the radio on with...

...a press of the knob. The LED screen activates.

Music plays, lightly. She, crouches down leans her elbows on her knees... breathes. Fights a mild outbreak, a minor loss of control. A small burst.

She looks out at the lake accusingly... hands shaking. Watching it for something.

Another drag of the cigarette as the tip continues to burn away...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - DEN -- LATER

..no, not CATHERINE's cigarette... it's MICHELLE... puffing away.

She does a quick catholic pray of blessing, North, South East, West.

CLINTON leans on his arm against a supporting beam.

MICHELLE

You believe in ghosts?

MICHAEL

Hell yeah! I've laid eyes on those motherfuckers.

MICHELLE

You see, it *could* be haunted.

TYRONE

Ah, do me a favour...laid eyes...(grabs His dick) lay eyes on this.

MICHELLE

Always about your dick with you.

MICHAEL

Believe what you want. That shit exists.

CLINTON

Trust me, this, this is calm compared to when she was younger.

MICHELLE

What!?

CLINTON

She's hydrophobic, to the fucking marrow of her bones. Just loses her mind around water.

MICHELLE

Omigod!? Why?

CLINTON

Nearly drowned when she was nine, went out into the middle of the lake by herself. Thought she was clever.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON (CONT'D)

Underestimated the current, water got a little rough and she went flick-flakking over. Knocked her head on the way down... Out cold.

CLINTON snaps his fingers.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

Lucky for her we came past, I dove in, I pulled her out.

TYRONE

I need a hero! I'm holding out for a hero till the end of the niiiigghht!

MICHAEL

And he's gotta be strong and he's gotta be fast and gotta be fresh from the fight!

CLINTON

For a while she wasn't breathing, rushed her to the shore. My mom was a nurse, so she gave her CPR. Saved her life. But from then, water's freaked her out. But it's all here (taps his head).

MICHELLE

That's intense. I never knew.

CLINTON

I dunno. She says something. Turned the boat over, tried to pull her in.

MICHELLE

Like a giant octopus?

TYRONE

Yeah, a giant octopus. In a lake!?

MICHELLE

Why you always gotta be such a dick TYRONE!? I'm engrossed here! This is engrossing.

CLINTON

The shrinks just said it was a way of projecting her hydrophobia onto something tangible. Helping her mind cope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

...And you brought her here? To a lake. A large mass of motherfucking H2 ohhh damn that's cold.

MICHAEL laughs at the audacity. CLINTON nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You sick bra. You sick.

Doors of the cabin... Wind howls... in the distance storm clouds begin to build up over the waters.

INT. CLINTON'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The moon, rising over the lake... Smothered by black clouds... not clouds, smoke... from a

...cigarette, it's stirred about in the strong breeze. The head of a cigarette glows...

CATHERINE's back towards the lake, looking into the woods. Her mind elsewhere... Ssomething in the distance, between the trees. Something that wasn't moving... just moved. Quickly.

CATHERINE looks up through the windshield.

The lack of light not really allowing much visibility after that. She squints.

Behind her, the lake. Lurking. Watching.

Suddenly everything sounds suspicious, weird, amplified. CATHERINE slowly leans towards the drivers seat,

Her eyes constantly locked on the forest.

The radio's signal weakens, becomes white noise.

Frightens Catherine... turns it off. Continues

Her hand reaching slowly for...

The light switch. She grasps it.

Gulps.

Turns the lights on... Catching a glimpse of something moving out of the light...

CATHERINE quickly jumps into the car, closing the doors.

Locking them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leans over the drivers side... Peers out the window.

Her deep breathes misting up the windows. Back to the front window.

CATHERINE is frozen. She hears scurrying around her, around the car... the distorted low growling of an animal getting louder. Creepy. Deep then just as it reaches it's peak...

It stops. It's quiet.

CATHERINE breathes. The windows begin to mist up.

The radio turns on... It's somebody gargling, ethereal and creepy playing on it. Unintelligible. CATHERINE tries to turn it off... doesn't help. Carries on.

CATHERINE's eyes widen.

The door handle pulled. The door is locked. CATHERINE tries to pull up the lock. It resists. She panics

Then, out of the air vents... water begins to pour out. First a stream... then increasingly it grows. Pouring from the vents into the car.

Tries the door again, then jumps towards the hooter, presses it... It blares...

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

From outside the car though you can't hear it. No sound escapes the quite calm evening. The music from the house lightly thumping in the background.

Inside the car CATHERINE is freaking out. Slamming the windows, screaming, blaring the hooter... but you can't hear a thing. Just the night underlined by house music.

INT. CLINTON'S CAR -- EVENING

CATHERINE is screaming, desperate...

CATHERINE
HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!
CLIIIIINNNNTTTTOOOONNNN!!

Her hands trying the door handle again. Nothing's working when....

Suddenly the door unlocks... And CATHERINE goes flying out...

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Landing on the sand, on her back. Everything seems peaceful. Normal. Except she's on the ground, and the car door is open. Maybe she fell asleep.

...and her cigarette is nearly done. Simmering. But further than that...

The car's lights are on... shining beams of light on to the forestry.

CATHERINE scans, deep breathes... there is nothing... Lies back. Tries to catch her breath, hand to her chest... the lit up piece of trees in the distance. Her eyes open. She laughs nervously... The trees in the distance. A part of the trees... no, something, moves... CATHERINE catches it in the corner of her eye...

Leaps to her haunches.

Just the woods.

CATHERINE looks back at the house.

The noise of jubilation and merriment seeps through the cracks of the windows and doors.

She looks back at the trees. Quiet for a moment. The sound of the trunk opening. Scurrying inside it. Trunk closes. All the while just focusing on the trees... Then a spanner drops into frame, walking towards the forest. It's CATHERINE with the spanner... approaching the trees.

Getting closer to the edge...

She looks cautiously in... trying to see in between the trees, peering...

Into the darkness beyond...

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

No, not darkness... a thin blanket of still water, that rips apart as someone emerges from the water.

It's ASHLEY!

He struggles to the shore, breathless. The fight has robbed the air from him.

He stumbles to his knees, losing to gravity...collapses, coughing, sputtering, fighting for air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grabs his chest as if he were having a heart attack. His fist strikes the ground in a fight. An internal pain struggle.

His beating chest fights for air. Air that it receives as it begins to calm down. Beating slower. His eyes closed to the world.

Slower. Breathing to match.

One final deep breath.

And then his eyes open. Something is different. He wipes his mouth.

He stands up, his shoulders back. Silent deadly strength. But yet he still seems awkward, it's strange body he occupies now.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - DEN -- MOMENTS LATER

TYRONE (O.S.)
King of spades.

A card being held up, The hand belongs to CLINTON.

Everyone is seated around the table. Spread out comfortably. Except, MICHAEL who is playing darts.

MICHELLE
--You can't keep choosing the same card.

TYRONE
Says who?

MICHELLE
Says me. Pick something else for Pete's sake or can't you remember the rest of 'em--

TYRONE
--Two of clubs. Two of clubs.

A dart strikes the board, missing the target, but embedding into the cork.

TYRONE's hand twirls a shooter glass, filled with tequila.

He eagerly watches MICHELLE ruminating.

MICHELLE
Seven of hearts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sharp point of the dart strikes in the middle of the metal framed zero in the number 20.

CLINTON's eyes shoot down to the card for reaffirmation...

The dart strikes into the green boundary of the board.

CLINTON

Oooh, close... but no cigar.

MICHELLE's eyes widen in anticipation.

He reveals the card... Seven of spades.

The contestants protest, arms in the air... laughter...

...The sound of the front door opening and wind blowing detract from the game. Attracts everyone's attention to the... cabin's double door entrance...

...ASHLEY strays in, with an awkward confidence. Still dripping wet, and visibly cold.

ASHLEY smiles with the eyes of a shark. ASHLEY, with an edge. A wry arrogant confidence simmers beneath his skin.

MICHELLE

Shit ASHLEY, dry yourself up by the fire. You're making me cold just looking at you.

ASHLEY looks at the fire but with an awkward curiosity... Walks towards it, stops in front of it.

He regards it almost cautiously.

MICHAEL approaches the dart board, darts yank out, returns to his starting position and begins again.

ASHLEY watches through beams that make up the supporting structure of the cabin.

He looks at MICHELLE's back... On her shoulder, spreading from under her bandaged bite, an infection has begun to spread. Purple black lines spread across her paling skin. She is psyching up for her drink.

TYRONE & MICHELLE snap up the shooter glasses... Bang, bang, Both grimace with enjoyment. MICHELLE wipes her mouth.

Slam... glasses return empty, fighting for balance. One of the losing, falling to the table top. MICHELLE's...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

she reaches out for it... ..Knocks over the salt shaker, spilling the contents.

MICHELLE instinctively pinches up some salt and tosses it over her left shoulder. CLINTON and TYRONE look on bemused.

While CLINTON shuffles the cards,

ASHLEY's eyes watch,

The cards flipping and tearing through the air, shuffling gracefully, effortlessly...flipping across... Coming together on the other side. Flicking and flacking...

ASHLEY's awareness of it... he watches. Like he was feeling the effects of a drug. His sense of time skewed.

CLINTON winks at MICHELLE with a smile.

Places the cards face down on the table. Raps them with his fingers...

CLINTON slowly slides the top card off the pile...

ASHLEY POV: MICHAEL looks up at ASHLEY, returning from the dart board. Double vision. Blurry. Hard to focus.

MICHAEL

Man you look trashed brother...

ASHLEY waits, watching... he gives a weak smile. Sweat on his brow, it runs down the side of his cheek. He's a bit confused. Feels his chest.

ASHLEY

I don't really... feel... myself.

ASHLEY's eyes dilate.

CLINTON

You see? Karma.

ASHLEY, woozy and looking displaced, leans against the supporting post of the cabin. He sees...

The card in CLINTON's hand, curled back towards him. They're all laughing. Their laughter distorted, almost maniacal... TYRONE in particular.

TYRONE

Chunder! CHUNDER! CHUNDER!

MICHELLE tapping in time with TYRONE's chanting...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Particularly to ASHLEY. His ears picking up and focusing on different things. TYRONE's chanting.

Under the table, MICHELLE's leg feeling up CLINTON's.

MICHELLE licks her lips.

ASHLEY's eyes wince.

THUNK, One of the darts slams into the green cork of the board.

MICHELLE mouths her guess. Too distorted to hear properly.

The tequila glasses fill up messily.

ASHLEY watches.

CLINTON's eyes shifting up from the card in his hands, waiting...

ASHLEY focuses.

FLASH

A card, almost too quick to notice. Ace maybe...?

ASHLEY's eyes.

Thunk. Another green patch of cork dartboard. Dart buried, loud this time...

TYRONE shouts out his card, proudly... ASHLEY can barely hear it...

ASHLEY's mouth as he says...

ASHLEY
(to himself)
Ace...

FLASH

Ace of Spades?

ASHLEY's clarity of vision confuses him, standing watching his friends from behind a supporting pillar. The fire's light dancing across his face.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
...of...Spades.

THUNK! Dart pierces the very center of the red bulls eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Card slams on table. The ACE OF SPADES.

Shot glass slams on table and almost as if it were a grenade blast almost instantly cutting off hearing. Just a ringing.

In ASHLEY's ears as he looks out... questioning...

Everyone is still around the table as before. But it's almost as if it were a haunting ballet. CLINTON is pulling out the next card. MICHELLE has a cigarette between her pointed fingers, blowing smoke out while laughing at... TYRONE who's wiping his mouth and preparing for the next round, flexing his bicep.

MICHAEL's clean manicured fingers wrap around pulling out the darts.

Then something catches ASHLEY's attention, approaching from the right... is HIMSELF... but different. Arrogant. Direct. He turns his head around,

Acknowledging the real ASHLEY with a nod. Menacing.

The real ASHLEY just continues to watch from behind the fire, across the way still battling with the surrealism of it all.

Evil ASHLEY stops near TYRONE. Leans in,

From ASHLEY's ear a black stream of dark liquid begins to pour... down his collar and out...

...From under ASHLEY's sleeves, a trickle.

It runs out of his sleeve, and along the palm of his hand dripping off onto us... no,

On to the ground next to his feet, a little puddle of black liquid goo gathers...

The fire burns, reflected in ASHLEY's eyes.

Evil ASHLEY, leans into TYRONE's ear. Whispers.

Normal ASHLEY's lips, whispering, not at his behest.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

We both know you're nothing without
that shit running through your
veins.

...TYRONE leaps up...

POV - ASHLEY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PHWAP TYRONE punches ASHLEY square in the face... disorientation, drop to the ground. Blood pours splashing from his nose. Focus coming and going, his eyes tearing up. A RED PULSE fills the screen, as though a siren.

ASHLEY STUMBLING UP, searching, confused... he spins around... look towards the fire. He sees himself, but it's the evil doppelganger rather. They've... switched places.

The real ASHLEY suddenly... Grabs his ears... pain...

RED PULSE. A loud drone, like a siren.

ASHLEY stumbles to the ground. Disorientated.

POV - ASHLEY

He makes focus on the people now, especially...

His attacker, TYRONE who is in mid-attack lunging towards us again... he strikes ASHLEY again, the world tumbles. MICHELLE tries to hold TYRONE back..

RED FLASH, but this time it stays red as ASHLEY stands up... His hand shooting up, palm facing the group in surrender.

TYRONE throws MICHELLE off of him. She bumps herself against the wall.

RETURN TO SCENE / NORMAL COLOUR

ASHLEY stands with his hands out. Regarding the crowd. Confused...Dazed. Trying to keep the crowd away, fighting something inside of him.

His eyes something in his pupils, alive... Hehis eyes dart around. He sees,..

Panic. His friends, scared of him. Their faces. They standing guarded...

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
(His voice, creepy
inhuman)
Ruuun....Gooo....

MICHELLE
Why does he sound like that? WHY
DOES HE SOUND LIKE THAT!?

ASHLEY
GOOOOO!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ASHLEY's coughing, His blood pumping, Running through his veins, a blackness... It makes his blood black.

He looks towards the fire. His voice still inhuman.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing to me!? GET OUT
OF ME!!

His eyes... Dilating, Veins popping... but not red... it's black. His eyes... Black liquid. Oozing.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
RUUUUN!!

CLINTON looks around, confused, not sure what to do. ASHLEY looks like his eyes are locked on somebody... he's seeing something. In his mind at least.

CLINTON gathers MICHELLE, still reeling from being thrown by TYRONE.

TYRONE, embarrassed, doesn't wait for the chance to put ASHLEY down again, takes another swing...

It hits him square in the jaw... but this time ASHLEY looks back him menacingly. This time it did nothing. ASHLEY is no longer there, just a pair of intense driven eyes. Blackened. ASHLEY looks at him, regards TYRONE with a tilt of his head.

TYRONE tries again. ASHLEY catches his hand, as if he were in the MATRIX. He crushes it in his VICE like grip.

Then slams TYRONE hard with his elbow, square in the face. Vicious. Again. Unrelenting. Without pause ASHLEY slams his fist straight into TYRONE's face exploding his nose with an unsettling crunch, blood pours.

He drops to his knees, his eyes watering... murking everything up... He screams out in pain.

MICHELLE screams... ASHLEY instinctively spins and she gets a solid backhand for her efforts. It's as if his strength were twice his norm. She flies back and slams her head into the wooden beam with a spray of blood...

Dropping her to the floor immediately.

For a brief moment ASHLEY seems to return to sanity as he looks down at the injured MICHELLE. Pained by hurting her almost wanting to move closer to her, help her...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

...A hand, moving forward with purpose. It shakes loose, and then into a fist approaching ASHLEY's momentary paused state with pace and intent.

A fist tears through ASHLEY jaw's, sucker punched. His head rocked by the punch. Flying back and away.

MICHAEL, leaps into southpaw position. Ready to fight. He's boxed before. He's capable.

ASHLEY bobs back, blood pouring out of his nose. His eyes, completely changed. He looks MICHAEL in the eye. His breathing like an animal. Then raises his hand...

...to his nose. Snaps it back into place. Enjoys the pain.

MICHAEL scurries back, as CLINTON continues to branch the opposite direction attempting to flank him.

ASHLEY sees what they're doing, takes a few steps back, towards the fireplace. Pretending to surrender. Hands up, his eyes watching his friends approaching him.

ASHLEY moves closer, and closer... to the fireplace and what it is hiding... a rusty machete.

CLINTON trying to bring the boil down to a simmer, holds his hand out to MICHAEL.

CLINTON

MICHAEL! Don't you move don't you
fucking move!

ASHLEY picks up the one end of the table and flicks it over, sending it flying. Runs to the fireplace...

MICHAEL rushes ASHLEY

ASHLEY reaches the machete.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

STOP!

MICHAEL doesn't listen, ASHLEY swings the Machete at him...

But CLINTON catches ASHLEY's arm and slams it against the staircase. Pinning it.

And for a moment he looks into ASHLEY's eyes, and sees not something fearful... but for a fleeting moment something pleading.

CRACK... MICHAEL's fist rocks ASHLEY's jaw...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

ASHLEY turns his attention to MICHAEL and grabs his throat, strangling him. Crushing his throat.

CLINTON fights with all his strength to hold the Machete arm pinned. But he begins to lose the battle. Somehow ASHLEY's strength has multiplied immensely. ASHLEY looks at CLINTON sharply. Blood out of his mouth, his eyes blackened, headbutts CLINTON, who releases ASHLEY's arm.

MICHAEL struggles for his life against the iron grip of ASHLEY. He fights for air, his eyes widen...

CLINTON kicks ASHLEY's knee in, slightly buckling ASHLEY... ASHLEY's grip loosens on MICHAEL...

Who drops to the floor scurrying, his lungs desperately inhaling the air from around him.

ASHLEY grabs CLINTON, slams his head against the staircase, then with a roar throws him across the room. Like a ragdoll.

MICHAEL trying to catch his breath. His throat in pain. Above him the presence of ASHLEY with the Machete... he swings down...

Burying the rusty blade into the floor...

ASHLEY swings again, this time striking just under MICHAEL's ankle. Deep. Blood spurts. MICHAEL screams.

This time ASHLEY aims for the kill... The blade's primary target is... MICHAEL's head. But MICHAEL dodges in time...

...raising his arm, and the machete slices through three of MICHAEL's fingers and pegs into a wooden support beam. Deep. ASHLEY now has immense strength. The fingers drop to the ground and blood squirts from the stumps that remain. MICHAEL screams out in pain.

ASHLEY pulls the blade out of the beam... Rushes MICHAEL, rearing to strike...

MICHAEL scrambles back... leaving a bloody trail...

GUNK... something slams hard across the back of ASHLEY's neck. A blow that would kill any normal man. ASHLEY stumbles... then stands back up... focus returning... he looks around the room... shock, confusion... Blood everywhere.

EVIL ASHLEY POV: The red tint on the world begins to fade... things seem to return to normal...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

Colour returning to his fuzzy vision as he scans the room, then looks around to see... the fire poker strike again across his shoulder..

It makes him dizzy... His head warbles...

CLINTON is up with the fire poker... he prepares to strike again when...

ASHLEY finally gives up to the ground, collapsing to his knee. Dizzy.

He holds his head. The red/black liquid still pouring from his ears. Out of his nose. All onto the floor.. In quantity.

He looks up. The blood has stained ASHLEY's chin, darker than a glass of red wine. Blood bubbles in the corner of his mouth... His eyes, pale and dying...

The room "moves"... struggles to focus. CLINTON is circling around, fire poker in hand ready to strike again... The red vision returns...

ASHLEY's eyes dilate... and then they're gone. Lost to the black liquid. Changed.

Behind CLINTON the window is up ahead... ASHLEY shoots up and towards the doors...

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

...Slamming through them... glass shattering out...

CLINTON approaches the window. Scans the exterior.

Nothing. The dimly lit area has many shadowy spots and beyond that is just woods... and the lake. ASHLEY is gone.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

CLINTON scrutinizes. Then turns his attention to MICHAEL... Marches towards him...

Splashes whiskey all over his wound.

MICHAEL screams out in pain.

CLINTON
TYRONE... can you drive?

TYRONE nods, uncertain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON (CONT'D)
Can you drive!?

TYRONE
Yes. I can fucking drive.

CLINTON
In the meantime I need a first aid
kit. A wet cloth and pepper...
Now.

TYRONE doesn't like to be ordered around. Hands him the kit.

He spins the tap open.

The water pours out, soaking up into the cloth.

CLINTON squeezes the cloth over the wound, washing some blood
off.

Then throws pepper on the wound.

Wrapping some bandage over it.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
Get them to a hospital.

TYRONE
In case you hadn't noticed on the
drive in we're out in in the middle
of fucking NOWHERE!!

CLINTON
Well then you drive until you find
one!

TYRONE's surprised by CLINTON's firmness.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
CATHERINE's out there. I need to
find her, and you need to get them
to a hospital. Go! GO!

TYRONE nods. He understands.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

CLINTON steps out of the Cabin, fire poker in hand. A bucket
in the other. Her surveys the location. It seems empty.

He steps to the edge of the veranda... listens. Nothing.

Inside the bucket, ice and some severed fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He raises his hand towards the cabin and signals...

MICHELLE and TYRONE come out carrying MICHAEL over their shoulders. He's limping on one leg.

They step off the veranda...

...And around to the cars. They seem parked miles away.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

They reach the cars... TYRONE unlocks his truck, it responds with the flickering of it's indicators...

CLINTON opens the tailgate... And then helps MICHAEL get up onto the truck... They lie him down with a pillow from the lounge. MICHELLE gets on the back of the truck as well.

CLINTON leans into the driver side window. TYRONE behind the steering wheel. Hands him the bucket.

CLINTON

Time to get off the bench son.

Nod of understanding between them.

INT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

The bucket is placed next to TYRONE. Seat belt clips in around it, securing it to the seat.

Key into the ignition.

The headlights turn on, shining on to the...

Water. The river. It sits quiet. Still. Nothing. BANG... The sound of the door slamming shut.

EXT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

MICHAEL is lying on the back of the truck. Lying down in MICHELLE's lap. MICHAEL's hand is wrapped in the dish cloth and his foot is bandaged up. Blood seeping through.

MICHELLE looks down at MICHAEL, looking a bit feverish colour drained.

MICHELLE

You gonna be alright. Just stay awake. Please stay awake...

And the truck sprays sound and debris everywhere in the wake of it's path towards the exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bumps in the road shudder through the loading zone of the truck, sending MICHAEL reeling in pain.

MICHELLE, Discomfort, shooting through her neck..Her spider bite. The cyst has grown larger. Her skin is getting paler and she is weakening. The bite's venom is taking effect.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - ENTRANCE GATE -- MOMENTS LATER

The lights of the truck split through the gathering mist towards the old rickety gate...

INT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

TYRONE sizes up the gate. A defiant smile.

He changes gears.

His foot slams the accelerator down...

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - ENTRANCE GATE -- CONTINUOUS

The truck careens through the old gate... shattering it in it's path! It goes flying through the air.

EXT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

MICHELLE screams through the window, clearly irate at TYRONE's driving...

MICHELLE

TYRONE what the fuck is wrong with you!? People are dying here for Gawd'sakes!

TYRONE

Sorry!

Not sorry.

EXT. ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

The truck corners out on to a road...

And past a sign...

LEAVING STICKS RIVER ESTATE, WE LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR RETURN.

INT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

His head following the sign board.

He looks back out in front of him and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes widen!

TYRONE POV

Suddenly in his lights there is someone trying to flag him down...

TYRONE jerks the steering wheel...

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The tires squeal,

As the lights dance around the figure in the road...

And back into the correct lane.

MICHELLE
TYRONE!! FOR FUCKS SAKES!

INT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

TYRONE sees the lights and the guy disappear into the distance in his rear view mirror.

TYRONE angrily slams the hooter twice. Holding the last one for that extra amplification.

TYRONE
Asshole!

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The car corrects itself on the road, rocketing down towards the distance... leaving the other vehicle and person in distress behind. The hooter disappearing into the distance.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - WOODS -- NIGHT

The moon, encased in the sharp teeth of silhouetted conifers that sway in the a sudden gust of wind.

The wind shuffles leaves towards feet. CATHERINE's. She is listening, walking cautiously. A crack. She swirls around... Behind her, through the trees. In the nothing. In the dark.

Movement. Swift. Deadly.

It commands her attention, she spins her head.

The crunching of leaves. Subtly approaching, from the darkest part of the woods, as if the moonlight dare not to trespass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another glimpse of the DEAD girl, just a leg disappearing behind a tree. Up ahead.

CATHERINE follows, cautiously... up a path, a squeaking sound as CATHERINE steps closer and closer and around to...

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - PLAYGROUND -- CONTINUOUS

An old dilapidated playground. Part of the community. A swing has been disturbed but there is nobody there. The rocking horse has been overgrown, the merry go round rusted, colors faded. Neglect.

CATHERINE looks. Stares. Her ears prick up. Every noise seems to be amplified.

She waits. Her eyes squint. The slide... Under the slide... light just falling across a set of legs. They belong to a little girl. Arms crossed over her legs, seated on the floor behind the ladder.

CATHERINE walks closer... carefully. Armed with her spanner.

It's the little DEAD GIRL from the vision. The shadows mask her mostly. A shaft of moonlight reveals her eyes. They're a light pale blue, the decay can show slightly on her surrounding skin.

CATHERINE shoots some quick glances left and right. Aware, always be aware.

Then back to the girl. Eye contact.

CATHERINE
H-h-hello...

The little girl is scared. She begins to cry.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Shooshshoo baby... what's the matter?

She carries on crying.

CATHERINE puts the SPANNER down. Then edges closer to the girl.

LITTLE GIRL
I want my mommy...

The little girl she tries to wipe her tears away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
No, mommy says big girls--

CATHERINE carries the line over the little girl.

CATHERINE
--girls don't cry.

Cautious wonderment and recognition well up in CATHERINE's eyes. Then a noise...

The LITTLE GIRL looks past CATHERINE... CATHERINE follows turning her head... Nothing... then back...

...and the ghost is gone...

Then suddenly a hand grab her mouth... she tries to scream But nothing escapes...

He speaks in her ear...

CLINTON
Shhh, shhh... sorry... It's me,
it's CLINTON... shhhh. I need you
to be quiet, very quiet...

CLINTON looks around. Her eyes follow.

She begins to calm down. Turns around, CLINTON's hand still on her mouth. She pulls it off.

CATHERINE
Did you see her?

CLINTON
What?

CATHERINE
The little girl, she was just
here...

She scans again, definitely gone. Then turns and hits him on the shoudler.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing!? You
nearly gave me a heart attack!

She notices the blood and trauma in CLINTON's sincerely frightened eyes. All beneath the charming calm exterior. Her words trail off...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
What's happened? What's going
on... are you okay?

CLINTON
I need you to be quiet, and just
listen to me. Listen.

She nods. She understands the seriousness.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
ASHLEY's gone. Mad, I don't know
how to explain it.

CATHERINE
I don't know what you're saying--

CLINTON
Possessed. He's possessed or
something. This place... it's not
right.

She nods.

A noise attracts CLINTON's attention, he looks out into the
woods. Wood crunches.

CLINTON's breath quickens. His eyes shoot around, searching
for something. Getting in front of CATHERINE. Protecting
her. She notices.

Nothing. Safe to move.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
Let's go.

They move, CATHERINE looks back at the slide once more.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

They rush... towards the cabin... CLINTON's car parked...
they get closer... CLINTON slows down, feeling a little
defeated. The tire... is flat... CLINTON stands still.

Watching the trees. The wind blows and the leaves and
branches shuffle. Satisfied he...

...gets to his haunches, and looks at the tire. It's
shredded. He looks back at the boot.

...hits the tire with his palm. CLINTON rubs his eyes with
his one hand, and takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes open. He has an idea.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - CATHERINE'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The cellphone sits on the side table. A hand grabs it.

Turns it on. It starts, it almost looks like it's booting up and then...

...CLINTON looks at the phone, hoping.

CLINTON

Yes...

It carries on... The screen fizzles a bit, stays on.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

Yes.

Fizzles again. And off.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

Shit!

He discards it on to the bed, with a bit more frustrated force than expected... It slides off... and onto the ground.

CLINTON dejected.

CATHERINE

And?

CLINTON

Well it's safe to say we're all really glad you brought your phone.

CATHERINE

How was I supposed to know you were going to use yours as bait?

CLINTON

...Okay. Alright. Focus. Another phone. Do you remember one in the cabin?

CATHERINE

No.

CLINTON

You sure?

CATHERINE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON

Shit.

CATHERINE

What about the other houses?

CLINTON

Nobody's been here for decades--

CLINTON focuses, eyes closed. Thinking. They open. CLINTON snaps his fingers.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

--The gatekeeper, she had a phone.
One of those old school rotary
ones...

They jump into action...

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

The night road stretches out into the distance, a full moon battling layers of clouds cutting across it. A set of lights cut the blanket of night.

The lights belonging to a familiar 4x4 TRUCK.

EXT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

On the back MICHELLE looks at MICHAEL. She has bravely fought the tears.

She looks down at MICHAEL's leg. The once clean cloth is saturated with blood. He's losing blood at a pace.

MICHAEL's eyes begin to close...

MICHELLE

You gonna be okay. Just stay awake
MICHAEL... stay awake!

Her festering bite... touches it, it's a bit gooey. She strains... sweating. Feverish.

MICHAEL fights his eyes open. Pain shoots through his body.

MICHAEL

My leg, it feels like something's
eating through my leg, my veins
burning--

His eyes close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE

NO, Stay awake! You've got big things coming... You're gonna be a star Mikey... WAKE UP!

She shakes slightly him... snapping her fingers in front of him.

He swallows, difficulty. Eyes fight open, they're not putting in a good one.

MICHAEL

Dad...I'm try-ing...

MICHELLE

Well try harder!

Tears... She breaks down for a moment.

His eyes fight... Then his eye's close.

INT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

TYRONE's eyes. Trying to stay awake. He rubs them.

The darkness up ahead, lights only showing so much swallowing the road up...

A road sign approaches hurriedly.

TYRONE's eyes begin to open in anticipation.

Only to be met with confusion...

As they pass by the STICKS sign post.

LEAVING STICKS ESTATE, WE LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR RETURN.

He looks into his rear view mirror watches as the sign disappears into the distance. Behind him a pair of lights have appeared and it seems to be slowing down. They pull off to the side of the road and stop.

TYRONE looks ahead. Shakes his head and widening his eyes...

EXT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL, fights through his sputtering. Trying to be as calm as he can. MICHELLE rubs his face, looking down at him. Sorrow.

The moonlight dances across her tear smeared face, but she looks almost angelic. Beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes behold her moonlit form. Her eyes connect with MICHAEL's.

Her hand grabs his good one, and grabs it passionately.

Then pulls it up to her mouth where she kisses him lightly on his hand.

She looks at MICHAEL. His shattered bloodied body lies, his skin getting more pale by the minute. Life slipping away as he laughs, a little delirious.

The truck shoots through the night.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - LOUNGE -- NIGHT

On the TV, a schlock horror movie plays.

Form behind the TV, the aerial stands proud above the silhouetted TV. The light dancing across an empty lounge. There's been violent disturbance here, the place is in a mess.

The light dances over a turned over ottoman. Rips. Scratches. Blood.

An empty passageway. Eerily quiet. Blood smears across the walls. The light dances. Strobe-like.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

A cup, the teabag label limping over the lip. Inside a moth flailing in the black liquid.

Flickering light... The TV from the lounge pierces through into the open plan kitchen.

An iron cast kettle is busy over boiling on to the hot plates of an old stove. Steaming up into the air, dissipating.

The fridge door, wide open. The light spilling into the kitchen. On the floor... spilt milk. Nearby... a dog bowl, the pellets spilt out over, across the floor. We near...

The back door... a light shining from outside. Movement. Feet. A knock. Quiet. Another knock, this time harder. The door handle wriggled. The door is locked. Definitely. Quiet. Rustling. Movement.... down towards...

...the dog flap, it opens up... CLINTON SQUEEZES through the dog door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

There's never a good time to say
this. But you gotta lose some
weight.

He stands up quietly, in the house. Glares. Seeks. Sees
nothing.

CLINTON

Hello?

EXT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - LOUNGE -- NIGHT

CATHERINE is nervously waiting outside, she notices...

A pool, a rubber plastic pool. Large.

It catches her breath. The water. She looks away as if she
had seen a severed limb.

She breathes in. Trying to ignore it, she knows it's there.

The filthy water in the pool. Patches of froth, a dead bird.

She closes her eyes.

FLASH

Scared PRETTY YOUNG GIRL being pulled under water. Reaching.

WOMAN in hospital bed, reaching.

END FLASH

CATHERINE tries to control her breathing, failing miserably.

Breathing. Closer. Tighter. She's not winning. She has to
look at the... Pool.

She leans her head back. Eyes closed, trying to calm down
with a deep breath.

Then the door unlocks. Opens.

Relief, she heads into the...

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

...CATHERINE, catches her breath. Close call.

CLINTON closes the door behind them. The hard edge of the
doors shadow consuming his.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He moves quickly to the phone, light from the TV dances across his face. One of those radial kinds that seem to be extinct in this modern age.

Picks up the receiver. He begins to dial...

Nine, one, one... Through the moving spindle CLINTON holds the receiver to his ear... He looks around.

The speaker presses against his ear. Somebody answers...

CLINTON
(Whispers)
Hello.

The sound on the other end is hollow. Empty. Almost as if it were underwater. Gurgling.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
Hello? Old phones...

He depresses the plastic knobs on the phone, resetting it.

Dials again.

Spinning the jog dial.

Again nothing.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
Hello?

Again the gurgling, and then suddenly without warning dark brown/black water begins to spew out of the main faucet in the kitchen. SCREECHING OUT... CATHERINE screams, but she quickly muffles it...

CLINTON squints at the mysterious spewing of water as the sink continues to fill up.

He rushes to the sink and tries to turn it off, in vain. The water continues to spew out, then it becomes a sludge....

And stops.

Then a noise, coming from down the passage, behind a closed door. The light dancing around the edges of the door frame.

He indicates for CATHERINE to remain behind. She doesn't argue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And carefully begins to make his way to the closed door. From behind the door a light flickers. The door to the bathroom...

Slowly he encroaches upon the door. The gurgling gets louder.

The door gets closer...

His hand reaches out... For the door, pushes it open.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

As the door creeps open he begins to see flickering light dancing across the floors... The light from the door running across the floor..., the source... a fluorescent light, part of a now displaced bathroom cabinet, flickers...

A blood trail from the entrance... a struggle... dog prints smeared... in the blood...

The blood trail leads up to... The Caretaker who has been badly ravaged, not by blade but by tooth and claw. She is pressed up against the bed, her leg awkwardly positioned. She's dead...

No, Her eyes OPEN.

The Caretaker is alive, every breath she takes blood pours out from a puncture wound in her neck.

CLINTON instinctively tries to block it up with his hand, to no avail. The thick blood oozes through his fingers.

She looks at him. Deeply aggrieved.

PETRONELLA

My...my... babies...

She cries...

CLINTON

The dogs?... the dogs.

She fights it, but then she's gone. Life fading from her eyes. Blood squirting out of the puncture wound in her neck.

EXT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

The sign board comes racing by. MICHELLE watches it...

LEAVING STICKS RIVER ESTATE, WE LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR RETURN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her knuckles rap on the service window at the back of the truck, TYRONE opens it.

TYRONE's eyes squint, he also saw the sign.

MICHELLE
You driving in circles!?

TYRONE
I've been driving straight the
whole time!

MICHELLE struggles to hear.

MICHELLE
What?

TYRONE turns his head to her. The wind making him hard to decipher.

TYRONE
I've been driving straight the
whole time!

MICHELLE
What!?

EXT. ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

The wheels of the truck skid to a halt, disturbing the dirt and sand into a cloud of dust.

TYRONE storms out of the car.

The door slams shut...

INT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

...So hard that it even disturbs the bucket with MICHAEL's severed fingers. Blood and Ice.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

TYRONE approaches the loading area and looks into the truck. MICHAEL is shivering, his eyes are closed.

TYRONE
I've been driving straight the
whole time!

MICHELLE
You p-passed the sign nine times
TYRONE, what's the matter with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYRONE

It's a straight road... how did I
pass the sign NINE TIMES on a
straight road, I didn't turn once!?

Suddenly she feels a bit nauseous. Weak. TYRONE runs to
her... She takes the support but then pushes away.

MICHELLE

I'm f-fine, I'll be fuh-fine.

TYRONE begins to pace..

MICHELLE sick, solemn.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It's people like you TYRONE...
always treating him like shit, and
it's just because you're the fuck
up, and can't handle it.

TYRONE is beginning to fume. She's telling the truth.

TYRONE

--I'm not a fuck up. And it's not
like you're any better the way you
whore yourself around. Have some
motherfucking pride.

MICHELLE

Fuck you!

TYRONE

NO, FUCK YOUUUUUU!

His anger, his attitude scares her. It's aggressive. Almost
as if he were to strike her. He realizes...then turns away.

TYRONE looks around, trying to decide what to do next. But
then his frustration takes over and this frustration turns
into anger.

He kicks the tire in protest... and again. Slamming it with
his hands...

MICHELLE flinches at his outburst of rage, and reflects it
back at him... firmly.

MICHELLE

Calm down.

He breathes in deep, angry, frustrated. Incapable. He
sighs, giving up. He's weak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She approaches him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Calm down!

He continues having his way... rage spewing out in every action.

SLAP! Then gentle. Almost hypnotizing.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Please... Calm down.

She has TYRONE's attention.

He collapses to his knees, next to the truck. Into the sand.

He begins to catch his breath. Forcing slow breathing...

Lights splashing across MICHELLE's face, she squints looking...

...to the distance. Lights belonging to a vehicle... speeding towards them.

TYRONE looks up, a sliver of hope.

Then leaps into action running into the road. He begins waving his arms...

The lights encroach, strengthening the shadows cast behind him and on to the street.

The car isn't slowing down, The lights just continue to swallow him up...

Much to TYRONE's dismay. It continues to speed towards him... the beams of light like a target zooming on to it's target.

He continues to wave in vain when the vehicle forces him to jump out of the road...

But as it passes, TYRONE peers in at the driver, currently enshrouded in darkness...

His eyes squint as he looks in...

The driver is covered in shadow for a moment, but then light dances across his face...

And TYRONE's eyes widen...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TYRONE watches the vehicle pass by...and everything seems to move in slow-motion as he watches... the driver is... TYRONE!

The vehicle continues to speed into the distance...

Licence plate reading KICK-ASS

TYRONE's panicked face shoots around over his shoulder and sees...

The licence plate on his vehicle... KICK-ASS.

TYRONE's heart sinks.

INT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

The door slams shut,

The turning of the key turns the engine over, and the vehicle springs to life.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The truck sprays sand and dirt as it spins it's wheels, the car making a 180 and propelling it's way back on to the road, fighting for grip...

...heading towards STICKS RIVER ESTATE, as the sign proclaims lit by the moonlight.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

CLINTON grabs the flashlight off the top of fridge. Turns it on, shakes it a bit and turns it off.

A drawer opens. Cutlery.

Another drawer. Clothes.

Another. Candles.

CLINTON slams the drawer shut. Agitated. Continues searching...

CLINTON

I didn't think things like this happened.

CATHERINE

Weird shit happens all the time. You just have to be willing to see it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drawer opens... CLEAVER glints the moonlight.

CLINTON approves. Picks it up.

CLINTON
This... isn't willing.

CATHERINE looks up at CLINTON, not sure for what.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
I should've believed you. You're my
sister. My family.

CLINTON's earnest face and eyes lock with hers.

She looks at CLINTON. Nods.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

A quiet moment.

CATHERINE
Thank you.

CLINTON
I lied earlier. About dad. He's not
well.

The sit quietly.

CLINTON (CONT'D)
He needs to see you...

CATHERINE
He needs to see mom.

CLINTON
But we can't... All we have is each
other.

A moment silence in respect.

CATHERINE
I remember her speaking to me
trying to just connect with me.
Wanted us to connect. We had never
spoken. Like that. Her time was
running out and she just wanted to
know me.

CLINTON looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Next to her bed she had this beautiful ornate glass vase filled with water and flowers. I can remember every detail, every groove of that vase. The water it held. It was aquamarine, obviously colored... We spoke... but for the life of me I can't remember what mom and I spoke about. The water was aquamarine. I remember that. Because I was so scared of it. Water. In a vase.

CATHERINE bows her head in tears. Sorrow. Guilt. Acceptance.

CLINTON grabs CATHERINE and holds her. She whimpers in his arms...

She closes her eyes, takes in a few deep breaths. Maintains composure.

Then lights splash through the window, headlights...

CLINTON leans closer to the window, and peaks out a small opening...

Through the window he sees the truck, TYRONE's truck, careening down the dirt road... presumably back towards the cabin.

CLINTON

What the fuck is he doing back here!?

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The truck, TYRONE at the helm, comes hairing down the slope at a pace...

Sending sand flying as it comes around the bend. Sand and stone spraying everywhere.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

CLINTON watching out the window bangs the window frame, rattling the glass... then presses off with urgency..

CATHERINE follows, CLINTON blocks her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the distance, the sound of the dogs. CLINTON alerted by the truck, perhaps. He hears the dogs too well... swallows hard.

CLINTON
I ever tell you I'm shit scared of
dogs?

CATHERINE
...No.

His fear affected smile. Charming even in the face of fear.

CLINTON
...That's cause I'm not.

He slides out the door, closing it.

He hands her the torch.

Watches him disappear into the darkness, cautiously.

INT. TYRONE'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

TYRONE drives it hard, and it begins to sputter and complain...

He looks down at the...

PETROL GAUGE... Empty!!

EXT. ROAD TO OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The truck comes to a screechy halt... Five hundred meters away from the cabin.

TYRONE leaps out of the car and to the back... opens up the back.

TYRONE
We're going to have to foot it the
rest of the way.

MICHELLE is grasping at her stomach. Haunched over, she walks off the loading deck.

Convulses like she's going to throw up. Threatening. Pain. Nausea. Woozy and struggling to stand.

TYRONE rushes to her. Helps her over to the wooden balustrades. Sits her down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYRONE (CONT'D)

You okay?

She struggles to focus. Fighting vomit. Sweating and pale.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

You look like shit.

MICHELLE

Just feeling...a-little-ill.
Nothing m-m-major. Go, I'll catch
up...

He contemplates for a moment.

TYRONE

We go. Now!

TYRONE helps MICHAEL up, aides him to his shoulder and begins quickly towards the cabin... MICHELLE follows...

But she isn't quick enough to keep up to TYRONE... MICHELLE is falling behind. TYRONE's fear doesn't allow him to slow down. Forward towards...

The rubber testicles dangling. They approach the cabin.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - DEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The couch, displaced but still standing. TYRONE lowers MICHAEL carefully on it. Carefully raising his feet.

TYRONE

Clint!

MICHAEL looks pretty bad. His face looking more pale. Sweating. An inch away from dying.

TYRONE looks at MICHAEL's hand... the one with the missing fingers. It looks like a mass infection, turning the skin into a veiny black colour, has begun from the three remaining severed stumps.

TYRONE looks at the bandaged wound on MICHAEL's ankle. His breath becoming slowly more rapid and pronounced.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

CLINTON! ...HEY! YOU HERE!?

The same infection, just much worse, peering from beneath the bandage.

TYRONE looks up. He's breathing deeply. Gagging. Panicking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL
I c-c-caann....feel Something
moving....in..inside...me.

He swallows his gut reaction to vomit. Looks at MICHAEL.

MICHAEL implores him for the truth.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
NOW... I n-n-need to se-ee-it.

TYRONE nods, begrudgingly walking off.

MICHAEL looks at his foot... expecting the worst, hoping for the best.

TYRONE places a lamp, lighting the bandaged section of MICHAEL's ankle. TYRONE begins to unwrap the blood-soaked bandage. Slowly.

MICHAEL looks, his tolerance levels being tested. He scrunches his nose.

As the bandages seem to be coated with a stringy mucus along with the aforementioned blood.

TYRONE looks at MICHAEL. Worried. Pale. Under major pressure.

Finally the bandage comes off.

TYRONE gags... pulls away, fights the violent urges to vomit...

MICHAEL is unable to walk away from it, unable to look... what he sees shocks him... MICHAEL doesn't want to look, but he can't tear himself away... Then finally the horror is just too much... He looks at TYRONE.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
...W-we- n-n-ee-need to cut it...

TYRONE
Wuh-what?

MICHAEL
---offf..c-c-cut...it off.

TYRONE
What the fuck I'm not cutting your
fucking leg off man! We'll get you
to a doctor! Soon as we find
Clint. CLINTON!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

...please. I can f-f-feeel
the...infection suh-suh-
pread...ing. O-o-off..

TYRONE

Do you know what you're asking
here? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT
YOU'RE ASKING HERE?

MICHAEL

Please. It's my f-f-oot... For my
leg...

TYRONE is still in shock. Paces. His hand up to his head,
tapping it at an increasing pace.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I w-w-want my le-leg Ty. Please.

Stops. Nods.

MICHAEL nods a thank you.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

G-g-et a cloth, some whisky... And
something... *sharp*.

TYRONE looks at the wound...

...In the light the infection can be seen pretty clearly.
Black veins branch out from under the makeshift bandage.
Spreading. Rotting the skin around the wounded ankle,
infecting it, dissolving it. Inside the wound has gotten
larger and is now occupied by maggots. Tens, maybe hundreds
of them all burrowing away at MICHAEL's foot eating away at
the dead rotting flesh.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE stumbles around the outer rim of cabin....

Her vision is all over the place. She is all over the place.

She is fighting her nausea. Convulses.

The bite on her neck is looking hideous.

...and to the grassy patch when the nausea overpowers her,
almost... her hand blocking her mouth... last resort...

She makes it to the balustrades... holding with her two arms,
holding on for dear life...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE tries to catch her breathe. She's winning the battle, her eyes closed. Slowly getting her breath back.

Then a whisper dances on the wind past her. She looks down... and out over...

The water, it seems massive and domineering in comparison to her crumpled frame....

Sitting still in the darkness.

The water lapping at the shore.

She grabs at her stomach and convulses as she spews.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - PLAYGROUND -- CONTINUOUS

Out through the woods, CLINTON dashes. Swings and slides blast by.

The skies rumble, but the storm is still a way away.

CLINTON stops. His shadow stretching out across the ground... From the corner, a shadow of a dog appears.

Then a dart between the trees.

It catches his attention. He spins to find it. Behind the swings, in the distance... another shape darts quickly.

The playground spins around him as panic begins to settle in. He draws the Cleaver. It whistles in the wind as it slides out from his belt.

Then out from the shadows, a low disturbing growl. And as if the world were swirling around him he is suddenly face to face with a vicious looking DEMONIC DOG. His eyes glistening with malice in the moon lit sky, poisoned with the blackness. His teeth bared. His muzzle dirtied with the blood.

The dog launches, CLINTON stands as still as possible, watching the dog tearing towards him.

His hand squeezes the handle of the cleaver.

The dog leaps and CLINTON strikes with the cleaver, striking it in it's stomach.

The dog yelps. Collapses to the ground. Only a scrape though.

CLINTON gets in a defensive stance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dog doesn't waste time... rushes CLINTON, leaps on him quickly...

SNAPS at CLINTON's face... but CLINTON manages to cross his arms in front of him, holding the dog at bay.

He knees the dog in the gut, it yelps... the dog bites his hand... Once again CLINTON kicks the dog in the gut... The dog drops... needs air

CLINTON, taking the opportunity, sprinting as fast as he can.

The target - The Slide. The distance - at least 50m. The handicap - Not much. The dog is gaining. Rapidly.

...the dog quickly regathers tough, relentless...

CLINTON's breath is running short. He sprints!

The dogs muscles are pumping as he aims for the kill.

The distance between the two shortening every second.

It's bloody maw literally watering... Teeth glistening in the moonlight.

CLINTON gets to the super slide, at least 5 meters high. Metal stairs.

He leaps forward. His first step landing successfully, the second? Not so much, slip. He's a sack of potatoes, the dog begins to catch up remarkably quick.

CLINTON gathers his ground just as quick, desperation, and scales the stairs.

The dog launches, clamps down on his leg. Doesn't get a clean bite. Just pants.

Pulls him down a step.

But he holds on, his pants rip. The grip loosens and...

The dog falls to the ground and CLINTON scrambles all the way to the top of the stairs...

The dog attempts the rise but doesn't get to far, the steps are at too much of an incline. CLINTON has high ground advantage.

The dog leaps again, only to be introduced to CLINTON's right foot... It goes flying. Crying...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINTON rests at the top. Catching his breath. His eyes locked on the dog.

The dog looks at him for a bit... then regard each other for a moment. Then bolt off.

Leaving CLINTON breathing a sigh of relief. He breathes in deep. Catching it, he leans against the handles of the slide...

Then from a distance... Not just one dog barking... But three...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

The top of a whiskey bottle spins off.

Pours on to the wound...

Writhing maggots and bloodied alcohol falling to the wooden floor.

MICHAEL, screams! Is now propped up on the couch, his leg strapped down. He grabs the bottle. Swigs it, wipes off the spillage around his mouth. He looks at the wound again. Takes another swig.

In the kitchen TYRONE scrambles for something sharp.

A drawer filled with cutlery shoots open.

Another drawer. Salad tongs, wooden spoons, a tenderizing mallet.

A cupboard... with a toolbox...

That has a screwdriver, a monkey wrench and a small hacksaw.

TYRONE picks it up, gazes at it with a gulp.

TYRONE looks at MICHAEL who sees the hacksaw. Takes another swig. Aw hell naw...

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - CLEARING -- CONTINUOUS

Pick mound. The pick itself still stands proudly in the moonlight.

The aged wooden handle extending to the moon and stars. If there were tonight. Instead lightning rumbles up above,

A decayed hand wraps around the handle. Squeezes, the wood complains beneath the tight grip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The blade resilient.

Then pulls... the handle loosens.

The blade comes loose...

The stump, in the empty clearing from above it looks like an eye.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE doubles over in pain, strong stomach cramps.

She spins around, to brace herself for vomiting over the wooden beam. The river her audience now.

She convulses. Nothing comes out. Drops.

She tries to catch her breath, for a moment she senses relief...

She can't fight it anymore... She releases... but it's not vomit spraying everywhere, it looks like blood!

She stops... Wipes her mouth. Her pale face and teary eyes struggle. She's disorientated

Again she vomits. Blood splashing everywhere, like her insides had melted!

Weakness, disorientation. MICHELLE tries to get up... blood trickling down her mouth. She tries to wipe it... smudges it... She stumbles around the yard... not really knowing where she is...

Her bite, pulsing almost. Something moving underneath... and then it rips open... giving birth to hundreds of spiders...

They crawl all over her screaming panicked body, she gets close to the edge, the wooden beam...

Near the wooden beam... She trips, falls. Falling down the storey, landing awkwardly with a crack... her neck snapped...

Her eyes battle to stay open.

She sees the shore of the water. The waves coming in slowly towards her. Spiders, crawling over her.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

TYRONE is prepped, the blade pressing against the skin just above the main infection on MICHAEL's ankle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

O-o-nce you ss-s-start, you can't
ss-s-t-op.

He takes a deep breath.

Shows the blade.

MICHAEL nods.

TYRONE nods. Pulling himself together.

Presses the blade on the skin, firmly.

MICHAEL bites down on a thick folded cloth. Gives TYRONE the nod the moment he's ready.

TYRONE pulls back on the blade, gets it in to a starting position.

Presses the cold edge into the skin slightly.

TYRONE builds it up, then pushes hard and fast... Begins his arc, with force.

Blood sprays... across TYRONE's horrified face.

MICHAEL screams, soaking into the cloth in his mouth. Tears welling up from the pain.

More maggots and blood splash to the ground.

MICHAEL grimaces. Tears in his eyes. The pain is unbelievable.

Again TYRONE pulls back the blade. This time it's no longer clean. Meat stuck in the teeth of the hacksaw.

TYRONE goes again. This time even the cloth can't contain it. MICHAEL drops the cloth from his mouth... spit following.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The river. Ominously watches.

MICHAEL's screams travel, over the grass and away from the cabin.

The screams, are getting softer as we get further... from the cabin. Until we can see everything from the grass. Now, from the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Screams. It rains.

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- EVENING

Shore... Prompting her eyes open. The rain falls down on MICHELLE's face. Knocked out from the pain. Unable to move.

The water washes down across her lifeless hands...

Her smooth skin of her face. Her eyes closed. She's soaked. Then a hand approaches her cheek. An undead hand. The hand touches her face affectionately.

It's ASHLEY. And he looks at her, an affection to his movements. A sadness weighs on him. He looks at her, shifting his head like a predator to his prey.

He moves her hair from her face. She looks oddly beautiful in the moonlight...

He watches with remorse. Her eyes battle open...

She bursts out into a scream... but he grabs her mouth before it escapes. Screams from inside disturb the night sky.

Her eyes widen,

Her feet kick and fight... weakly.

She tries to take his hands away from her, away from the deadly grip around her maw... unsuccessfully.

Then he closes his eyes...

Her feet continue to kick in the mud. Then they eventually stop.

ASHLEY looks at her. Slowly releases his hand from her mouth. The spit stretching as he pulls away.

He grabs her hair.

Her feet slide out of the mud and rain. A scream...

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

...No not a scream, it's the faucet again... it spews out water all over us...

No, into a silver basin, empty. The bloody hacksaw drops in, the water runs over it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He washes his hands, shakily. Desperately. The blood disappearing down the drain.

TYRONE leans against the sink. He rubs his eyes in horror, shock and disbelief.

On the couch, MICHAEL lies. BARELY awake. Not asleep.

TYRONE throws some painkillers into MICHAEL's mouth and aides him in swallowing with some whiskey.

TYRONE tries to regather himself, head to sky and hands on hips stumbling towards the kitchen.

He returns to MICHAEL. Questions with a nod.

MICHAEL nods back in pain. He's as ready as he'll ever be.

He then takes the remains of the whiskey, pours it on the wound... MICHAEL reacts. It burns. He strikes a match. Seals the wound.

MICHAEL screams.

The smell hits TYRONE like a ton of bricks, he immediately reacts trying to simultaneously block his nose and stop the vomiting. His eyes wide, in shock. Disbelief. Tries to breath, controlling the urge to throw up everywhere. He almost cries. Beats the urge. The sound of MICHAEL in pain eating away at him.

Then he stops, listens to the rain hitting the roof. It's almost hypnotizing. Eyes open.

Then from outside... the car alarm sounds off..

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

TYRONE hurries out the cabin. Stops at the steps leading to the garden. The rain isn't falling heavy. But it's a little more than a drizzle. Some thunder rumbles in the distance, there's more coming.

TYRONE
...MICHELLE. MICHELLE!

He rounds the corner, looks towards his truck... It stands in the distance, some light from a nearby lamp post spills over it.

He listens. His ears pricking. It seems the whole place is spinning around from him. The crickets suddenly sound awfully loud. The sound of the night becomes overwhelming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Particularly to his ears... very softly he can hear a repetitive drone or beat coming from somewhere in the woods.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
...MICHELLE?

He rounds the truck... hears the sound again. It has melody. Repeated, almost a tune if you could make it out. Dum. Dum. Dumdumdum. Dum. Dum. Dumdumdum.

TYRONE follows, sound getting louder... He locks on.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - CLEARING -- MOMENTS LATER

TYRONE approaches up the path. The rain coming down now.

He reaches the mound... notices...

The pick is gone...

Then from behind him...Dum dum dumdumdum, Dumdumdumdum dum dum...

ASHLEY, clapping out the sound of a warcry, taunting TYRONE. Lazily raising his hands. His voice, garbled demon, ASHLEY watery grave stuff. Grim. His flesh rotting off now. As if a corpse underwater.

ASHLEY
Tyrone Tyrone, he's our man. If he
can't do it. He'll cry like a
little bitch about it and blame
everyone else for his
irreverenccccce...

ASHLEY, three-quarters back to TYRONE. In his hand the pick dangles.

He continues taunting him... hands clapping dripping with sarcasm.

TYRONE recognizes it. Looks up along the pick and up to ASHLEY, who's savouring the moment as if it were a drug.

The pick head drops to the ground.

ASHLEY leans the top of the handle against a tree.

He then looks at TYRONE. Contained hate seething across his face.

TYRONE sees it as an open invitation... dashes for ASHLEY...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Swings, swings again... and again. ASHLEY just seems to move faster than him. Until enough...

TYRONE's fist is caught in the air.

ASHLEY twists it... TYRONE responds in pain, tries to strike with his left arm.

Catches his fist. He now has both of TYRONE's hands.

ASHLEY headbutts him. Holds him. Headbutts again. Vicious.

TYRONE's shattered face. Blood everywhere, he stumbles back. ASHLEY catches him.

Pulls him in straight into his elbow. His jaw cracks.

TYRONE drops to the ground. A broken man.

ASHLEY gloats maliciously from above. A superhuman crushing a man.

TYRONE's head slumps. Blood spills out from his swollen beaten face. A mush already.

He sees ASHLEY's feet walking almost nonchalantly around him and then away towards the pick.

TYRONE struggles his way up... One shaky leg at a time.

ASHLEY reaches out for the pick handle.

TYRONE standing up, struggling to. Gets into a fighting stance, loosens up a bit... as much as his pain will allow. His old boxer instincts returning.

TYRONE
Hey--dickhe-head.

ASHLEY turns to see TYRONE.

TYRONE defiant.

ASHLEY doesn't like it. ASHLEY rushes TYRONE...

TYRONE swings, ASHLEY dodges the first punch, but not the second. Knocked... back. Surprised. Angered. TYRONE swings again... this time...

ASHLEY ducks, then strikes him straight in the wind pipe.

This would drop TYRONE to his knees instantly... But is caught by his throat. ASHLEY's gripping his throat...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ASHLEY watches on from above. Stronger. A guttural warble, ASHLEY in an almost animalistic state. His skin a rotting blue. His eyes blackened. He looks as though he were dead under water for weeks. ASHLEY watches in fascination, tilts his head curiously to the right. Then drops TYRONE to the ground.

TYRONE tries to catch his breath, then fights up on to his leg again. Trying to get up... but not strong enough. Drops in a slump.

Defeated. TYRONE begins to weep... Then looks up at him...

TYRONE (CONT'D)

P-p--puh---

He can't speak.

ASHLEY looks on curiosity. He soaks it in, breathes in the air almost as if fear rode in on it. His face like a coke addict after a snort.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Pussyyy...

ASHLEY's victory, taken from him. TYRONE's final words disappear into a humble slump. Defiant to the end.

ASHLEY reaches down, grabs TYRONE's jaw in his right hand. Lifts him up... holds him up until they're face to face...

His hand firmly clenched around TYRONE's jaw...Their eyes lock. ASHLEY begins to squeeze. Hard. He's CRUSHING TYRONE'S JAW!! Cracking... TYRONE in pain...

He reaches out, and rams his thumb into ASHLEY's eyes... He screams. He can feel pain...

ASHLEY drops him, he crumples in pain on the floor... writhing. He quickly has to get up with using his wrists...

ASHLEY is still preoccupied with his eye, TYRONE decides to go for...

...the pick...but

He struggles to get up... ASHLEY's legs and pick circle him, like a vulture. Blood dripping on the floor and on his pant...

TYRONE's focus is on the pick, then off... the pain making it hard for him to see...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He wipes his eyes, then eventually gets up... And stands with a humbled pride.

Standing... he looks around... ASHLEY's gone! No, behind him... it's ASHLEY. And he's holding the pick, eye dripping blood. Pissed off. TYRONE doesn't see this.

Then he closes his eyes, realizing that he's behind him. He makes his peace.

And then he's dropped like a sack of potatoes as the pick comes crashing down between his neck and shoulder.

He drops...

ASHLEY approaches, pick in hand... light shining up.

TYRONE, still alive. His hand limply reaching up... ASHLEY

Circles him again, looking for a better strike. Wiping blood from his mouth. He then grabs the pick with both hands and strikes....

Removes the pick again...

And strikes. Again.

And again.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Lightning flickers... across tree tops. Now the rain is pouring... Shadow of a man running... It's CLINTON sprinting through trees at breakneck pace,

Stumbles. Falls on to his knee but quickly recovers. Panic.

He tries to stay focused. The barking of dogs behind him.

His shadow dashes across the ground...

Formed behind CLINTON a dog, two... THREE VICIOUS DOGS Run out and behind him. Brutally majestic. Their blood smeared jaws cutting the air...

CLINTON running. Desperate.

The muscles of the dogs ripple. Their back. Their legs. Machines.

Spit oozing out of their mouths... through razor sharp teeth.

CLINTON's feet tear through the grass...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dog paws shoot through the trees. Shadowy forms bolting through the trees at great pace.

CLINTON runs for his life. The dogs are catching up.

They leap up. CLINTON spins around, swings around pulling the cleaver... the dog grabs his arm...

He screams out in pain. Thrashes at the dog... but the dog continues to hold. Hard. Lockjaw. This time he doesn't let go of the cleaver.

The other dog runs for his thigh. Biting hard. Blood spraying.

He collapses to his knees.

The dog holding on to his arm touches the ground with his legs. Enough to be able to pull CLINTON down.

CLINTON fights but he's not strong enough.

He squeezes his thumb into the dogs eye. It screams in pain and releases him.

It lets go of his arm while the other dog continues to tug at his leg.

He swings the cleaver, a meaty reception. It slices into the dog's shoulder with a whelp. The dog lets go.

Then from nowhere the other dog attacks... CLINTON's throat.

Bites in... Holds.

CLINTON's fight begins to dwindle. Blood spraying everywhere.

The dogs continue to attack.

Jaws gnashing. Blood and spit flowing from their mouths.

He gargles. It's over.

EXT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- EVENING

CATHERINE peels the curtains away from the window and looks out... The water. The rain.

Then the lights go off, plummeting the house in darkness.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE turns around and freezes... trying to calm her breath.

Silence. Her breathing... tick, tock, TICK, TOCK!

A clock continues it's battery-run ways. The wind howls outside. The rain slams the windows.

Scratching sounds, from the roof. She looks up... breathes in. Waits.

CATHERINE arms herself with a LARGE KNIFE.

EXT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The house, rain framing it, splashing hard against it's frame.

The back door,

Opens, a blade... then CATHERINE emerges.

She looks left and right.

Moves around the house towards, a car covered in a TARP...

The tarp pulled off by a female hand... a wet female hand. CATHERINE. It's an old beat-up Renault 5.

She looks in the driver window. Wipes away the dust.

No key in the ignition.

She squeezes the door handle, quietly. It's locked. Shit.

Pressing in on the cabin, the back door... CATHERINE marches with intent towards...

The door handle. Turns it...

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The door opens,

The beam shines on like a light saber as CATHERINE enter the kitchen. She swoops the beam around the kitchen, searching... first on the counters...

She finds a key rack... empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns her beam into the lounge. Slowly sweeps it across the room...

EXT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

From outside the light dances around the house. Like a beacon.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

It cuts a swath, revealing the lounge hauntingly,

Revealing retro furniture, overturned... a faded wallpapered wall... old furniture... photo's... old photo's of years ago... and then the GHOST GIRL... At a forty five degree angle, facing towards the passage to the bathroom. CATHERINE's beam passes the girl, then she realizes...And swoops it back to where the apparition was.

Gone.

CATHERINE breathes. heads up the passageway. The passageway... CATHERINE walking towards her target, slips into the first bedroom... The light dances from the room... heads out and into the next bedroom... the light shines...

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The door opens. The light flickering. CATHERINE shines her torch into the bathroom.

What she sees arrests her breath. Shock.

It's PETRONELLA, dead...

Her head tilted one way, looking away...

CATHERINE can't look away. She knows what she has to do...

She begins to get closer...

Closer to the corpse...

CATHERINE swallows...

The corpse lies still...

CATHERINE edges closer... close enough to dig in her pockets... searching.

Then suddenly, the head moves... shifted towards CATHERINE... almost as if it were looking at her... her dead eyes open... staring...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE scrambles. The corpse lies still. She returns cautiously to searching the dead body. CATHERINE's face, nausea. Not the first pocket... The second pocket... Bingo.

A CAR KEY.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE walks up the passageway...

Pocketing the key... Then a creak... not her.

CATHERINE stops, holds her breath. Listens... It's coming from up the passage, past the lounge and around into the kitchen... to the back... the sound is...

The back door. The door handle is opened. Controlled. The door creaks open... and the sounds travels through the kitchen, past the lounge up the passageway and to CATHERINE... at least where she should be.

The little open plan cottage is empty. Lightning dancing across it. ASHLEY's silhouette, water dripping from him... and his pick.

Which is dropped to the ground, resounding through...

The entire open plan living area. He scans. Waits.

The pick stands on the ground... then leans as he begins to walk... dragging the pick along the floor... it rumbles...

His heels clickclack across the kitchen floor... the floor that wraps around the built in table. A table that's currently hiding CATHERINE as revealed by the lightning.

She places her hand on her mouth. Fighting the fear. She doesn't want to make a sound. The pick scrapes through the kitchen, the sound hard and sharp.

ASHLEY continues around through the kitchen, and approaches the corner of the table. Stops in the passageway. The counter where CATHERINE is hiding just behind him. Hidden in shadows. Looks, behind the counter. Lightning... She's no longer there.

ASHLEY makes his move, starts up the passageway...

Hidden behind the couch is CATHERINE. Scared. Concealing her breathing. But staying focused. She listens to him move and as he goes right she moves left and around the back of the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She peers around the corner... Sees his shadow in the passageway, he's almost at the end and into the bedroom.

She glances over to the counter... and then to the kitchen door which is slightly ajar. Back up the passageway. The door creaks closed. No more shadow. He's in the bathroom, CATHERINE thinks. Now's the time.

She quickly moves from behind the couch and into the kitchen, and around the counter when her foot hits a wet patch and slips... her foot careens into the fridge... She tries her best to conceal the pain but even a stubbed toe is a killer. Her eyes water.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ASHLEY hears the sound... turns. He's on his haunches inspecting the body almost... He smells the air and squints his eyes. He gets up... the pick cutting through and out...

EXT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE runs outside, in the rain and in the mud. She makes it around the corner and past the blue plastic pool when she hear the dogs barking... from a distance, but rapidly getting closer, and they sound hungry.

She looks back at the house...

The kitchen door hangs ominously open. The wind and lightning dancing the rain off the little house.

She looks back towards the barking, they're getting closer... Panic. She looks forward...

At the pool.

INT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

ASHLEY strides into the kitchen, the pick swinging low at his feet...

He turns the bend, nothing... Just lightning and wind disturbing the door. The kitchen stands empty. The door wavers in the wind.

EXT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The surface of the water, rain disturbing it... and then a female foot...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It belongs to CATHERINE. Her breathing has become erratic and every level the water goes up on her she freaks out. Stopping when it becomes too much for her.

The rain continues to pelt down.

The dogs are getting louder. The door is still dormant.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - WOODS -- NIGHT

Dogs dart past trees.

Blood on their maws.

Feet splashing through puddles.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Mud smear on the floor... ASHLEY looks at it... and out towards the kitchen door... Approaches...

EXT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE is now up to her neck, and she is freaking out., but still submerging herself. Dogs are barking from her left. The door still hasn't moved on her right. She can't submerge. She can't.

INT. PLASTIC POOL - WATER -- NIGHT

Being pulled under...

Bubbles...

Hands reaching out to the surface as it quickly disappears into the distance.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - WOODS -- EVENING

Dogs dart. Quick, like lightning. Between the trees.

INT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

ASHLEY quickly approaches the door, angry...

Reaches for the door handle...

EXT. GATEKEEPER'S HOUSE -- EVENING

CATHERINE takes a breath and submerges... Just in time.

The door opens and ASHLEY steps out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dogs run around the pool and towards ASHLEY. Blood on their maws.

ASHLEY looks down at the dogs.

And then around the yard. Beneath the water CATHERINE holds her breath. Wanting to scream. Holding it in.

FLASH Water. Waves.

CATHERINE's face, panicked.

FLASH Girl being pulled under, reaching out.

CATHERINE struggling to keep herself together...

FLASH Her mom.

FLASH Her dad.

CATHERINE's face begins to calm down.

Suddenly ASHLEY looks as though something is gone, the scent.

His feet splash through the water, the dogs following him leaving the pool behind... it rains. Pours... Their footsteps begin to disappear into the background. And then eventually she can't hold her breath anymore and she emerges...

Gasping for air. She leaps out of the pool, trying to get out as fast as possible... collapses on the side. Trying to catch her breath. Trying to get over the feeling of being completely surrounded by water. Trying to be quiet.

Her shaky hand holds out a car key.

A key sliding into it's lock... turns and unlocks...

The door to the Renault. The door creaks open.

She slides in. Turns the car on...

The lights on the dash turn on... and then suddenly, nice and loud and old sixties number BLARING, disturbing the silence... and practically giving CATHERINE a heart attack.

She quickly reaches for the volume knob and turns it down.

She waits. Listening. Suddenly everything sounds loud. Insects. Wind. The rain. Howling. Getting louder and more intense on her ear. Nothing. She releases a breath of air that she had been instinctively building. Relaxing a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She looks at the gauge. The fuel is on empty.

She breaths out a sigh of defeat, leaning her head on the steering wheel.

Through the steering wheel spokes she opens her eyes. A small smile as she suddenly becomes more energized. An idea.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

She bounds through the woods and across the roads...

The trees have become such a blur it seems like we're lost in a maze.

CATHERINE trips, falls...

Slams into the ground, a piece of wood... rips into her, cutting her ribs... She gets up... applies pressure, carries on running.

Zig Zagging trees with pained aplomb.

Until eventually she arrives unexpectedly at a something making a noise...

In the distance.

She stops... approaches it. It's a body. Somebody struggling to move. Breathing through bubbles of blood.

To CATHERINE's dismay she sees that it's...

...CLINTON! Who's been ripped to pieces. Puncture wounds in his neck, blood pumping out.

She drops to CLINTON's side, tries to apply pressure to the wound.

CATHERINE
CLINTON!

She fights. Cries. But the blood is coming fast and it's not going to stop.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
CLINTON!!

She brings him close, into her bodice. She is crying.

CLINTON
(sputtering and coughing)
C-c-come now.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINTON (CONT'D)

You making me f-f-feel like I d-
don't have a c-c-chance here.

She laughs through her tears, his valiant charm still intact
in the face of certain death.

CLINTON (CONT'D)

...go...go--.

CATHERINE

I'm not going anywhere.

CLINTON

G-Go. Hh-ome. Don't. Be...
afraid...

Tears well up. She grabs his hand, squeezing.

They stay for the moment. CATHERINE holds him in her arms.
Rocking him, and putting his hair out of his face. She's
trying to take care of him, and trying to fight off the
tears. The rain pours down on them...

The sound of twigs snapping, leaves cracking.

She turns around.

Looks for the source of the sound. It's coming from behind
her.

CLINTON pushes her with what little strength he has.

His eyes speak volumes. The loss of both would be useless. He
is the sacrifice. His face an understanding of impending
death and the nature of sacrifice. Cries.

Pushes her away again.

The sound gets louder, it's getting closer. A figure moving
through the bush... Up ahead obscured by foliage a leg...
moving...

CLINTON pushes her away. Hard this time, with a good bit of
his remaining strength.

CATHERINE resists, and then begins to move...

The figure gets closer, a hand reaching out for the branches,

Then... just CLINTON... Struggling. Look around... getting
closer. A pair of feet step around CLINTON who tries his
best to move. Stopping behind him. An pick swings down
loosely, hanging at his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The pick head drops to the ground and ASHLEY uses it as a support prop... he squats lower to CLINTON... his hands holding on to the picks wooden handle.

ASHLEY regards him, for a moment.

From between some trees and leaves you could see ASHLEY from behind... CLINTON on the floor. He hangs his head in silence for a moment.

CATHERINE holds her breath, holds back the tears.

The moment is over, ASHLEY stands up quickly. Grabs CLINTON's leg.

The figure passes once again. Dragging a foot... a leg...a torso... CLINTON....

CATHERINE continues to watch... afraid. Her hands holding her mouth shut... And then...

CLINTON... His eyes open. He sees her... tries to say something but he just gargles.

She wants to scream, Closes her eyes, tears. A whimper.

Stop. ASHLEY stops. Closes his eyes. Listening. Smelling.

His ear, works hard...

CATHERINE waits. Trying hard not to move, fear for her life.

ASHLEY looks back. Looks into the forest. Seeking. Past the bush.

He squints, his pale dead eyes. Seeking.

Scanning the woods.

ASHLEY's black covered chin, as if black water had been pouring from his eyes and his mouth staining his pale blue-grey skin. The corner of his lip curls.

ASHLEY carries on. Pulling CLINTON in to the forest...

Leaving CATHERINE crying. Bawling. Devastated.

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

We're being dragged. Through grass, the cabin... pulling further away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Looking up, towards the feet... A hand. A figure, is grabbing it. Pulling us along. Fighting to stay awake.

Black out.

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- MOMENTS LATER

CLINTON returns to consciousness. The sound of the water lapping the shore. His body submerged.

His breathing struggling. Bubbling.

His energy gone. He's close to dying. There is no fight left.

Drag. Again. Now deeper in the water.

He looks up.

It's evil/half corpse ASHLEY. Pulling CLINTON into the water. Everything seems to blur a bit.

ASHLEY looks at him, his eyes leaving dark trails of black inky smoke. It's all an illusion... Hallucinations.

At least CLINTON seems to think so as he continues to struggle to stay awake. Pull... CLINTON's head is under water.

He tries to fight, but he's no match for ASHLEY. He limply grabs for the something. Releasing his air into bubbles.

ASHLEY continues to walk deeper into the water, dragging CLINTON's body deeper as well until he is submerged.

Into the river.

EXT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - GUARDHOUSE -- NIGHT

The rain continues to pour, the wind bullying the trees...

CATHERINE runs desperately towards the exit gate...

CATHERINE collapses... cries in the rain. Given up? No. She takes a deep breath... calm downs... Opens her eyes. Recomposes herself.

Her reflection in the water.

She reaches slowly out to the water, cautiously then stopped.... quickly looks behind her. Scanning her perimeter. Making sure there's no-one around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Returns she attention to the water. Slowly reaches her hand out towards the water.

Touches the surface.

The puddle... Her reflection, no it's CATHERINE from beneath the water... She stirs the water. Nothing.

Just her reflection, on the surface.

Then looks up... a new steely determination. Towers up.

Her reflection, remains in the water. As if watching CATHERINE go.

She walks back, past the gatehouse... she presses on... but something at the gatehouse must be interesting, because she returns... looks in the window... thinks about it... sees something scuttles off... closer to the gatehouse window... through the window...

INT. STICKS RIVER ESTATE - GUARDHOUSE -- NIGHT

...and over the counter and on to... an OLD WORN BASEBALL BAT...

A rock blasts through the window, making short work of it.

CATHERINE leans in, grabs the BAT...

EXT. ROAD TO OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

TYRONE's truck. The rain has begun to ease. The storm is passing it would seem. The truck's headlights, grill, headlight, body then from the back... from behind the car CATHERINE peers. Pulls back...to under the car... her shadow and silhouette make their way around the car... stop by the door... the sound of the car door opening... up to the car window... CATHERINE searches for keys in the ignition, behind the visor, opens up the cubby hole... She finds something... reaches in, pulls out... TYRONE's gun... opens the chambers... pours the bullets out into her hand... Takes out the one remaining live round. Holds it up, discarding the rest. Reloads the single round. Opens the car... following her... over the hood and back down to the headlights... CATHERINE peers around the corner slightly, sees...

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Quiet. Eery. CLINTON's car standing half covered in light, parked near the cabin. If you were to look over the car you'd see CATHERINE... low to the ground, moving quickly towards the car...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets there... leans against the tire on the other side of the car. Catching her breath, she quickly crawls around the back of the car... gets to the trunk. Peers around it, to a small brick wall. Hanging on it, the Funnel...

She looks over and takes her chance... quickly and stealthily getting to the funnel. Grabbing it.

She gets herself on to her haunches and,

Wraps her hand around the handle of the trunk. She glances out over the trunk, through the window.

She carefully presses on the trunk handle, She holds her breath... and it clicks. The trunk lifts slightly. She looks back towards the lake...

...Still no movement.

She quickly opens the trunk, reaches in and emerges with the jerry can.

She closes the trunk, but not so that it locks.

Fuel cap flips open.

The funnel falls to the ground, separated from the tube being inserted into...

...the open fuel cap.

She peers over the car, towards the cabin. ASHLEY's back towards her... She ducks down quickly. Controls her breathing... Calm down. She focuses...

She places one end into the gas tank, shaky. Another into her mouth, Starts to suck... gas hits her mouth, she places the end into the jerry can. Petrol runs out and into the can... then pressure gives.

She glances back over the boot... towards

ASHLEY!

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

He's still standing three-quarters away from us... glances to the left... Enough for CATHERINE to have been seen, she darts down behind the car...

Knocks over the jerry can.. .Makes a sound. She peers quickly over the boot...

EXT. OLD WOODEN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Nobody's there.

Petrol running out of the can. CATHERINE realizes... Picks it up, too late... it's poured all over the floor, around the tires...

The tube into the gas cap.

CATHERINE's lips over the pipes, desperate.

The other end into the jerry can.

She places it again in her mouth.

Sucks on the end.

Fuel races up the tube... towards her mouth...

We're approaching from behind the car... getting closer...

Her eyes shift down towards CLINTON's chrome rim... movement.

The gas continues to siphon into her mouth.

She grips on the baseball bat... watches the reflection. A tear in her eye...

Then ASHLEY strikes... CATHERINE dodges, the pick embeds itself into the car.

She lets go of the tubing and gas sprays all over ASHLEY... It burns his good eye...

He continues to try dislodge the pick... when she strikes him with the bat, hard across his kidneys. He feels that.

Bitch slaps her... she flies... He returns his attention to the pick... Pulls it out, successfully...

And turns around ready to kill CATHERINE when he...

...Sees her standing with the gun ready. It's aimed at his head.

Cocks the gun,

The chamber rolls in, the one loaded chamber...

The finger pulls the trigger... Gun fires...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Striking ASHLEY in the forehead... The back of his head blows out.

He drops to his knees, collapses to his hand. In the puddle of gas. Blood pouring out of his head. He uses his pick to stand up.

He's still alive. But hurt... to CATHERINE's dismay.

He looks up at CATHERINE, She launches and attack with the bat...

CATHERINE strikes, enraged. Fueled up. Strikes again...

And again..

He drops to his knees... splashing in the gas.

ASHLEY springs up... blocks her, bitch slaps her again and almost immediately catches her by the throat.

Squeezing her windpipe... she tries to breath, fights for air... between the blood and saliva it gurgles...

Brings her towards him. Looks at her eyes. Breathes her fear in. She's terrified. His grip tightening.

Begins to make his way to the water with CATHERINE.

She slips out the KNIFE from the old lady's place.

And then stabs it in his neck, under his jaw... going up to his head.

He drops CATHERINE to the floor... and rips it out... blood splashes all over the ground, spraying from his neck...

The knife drops from his bloody hands...

Gargles, struggles to breath... stumbles to his knees, CATHERINE watches in horror... black blood all over her...

He continues to make his way towards the water, down to the lake... he falls as he gets to the concrete ramp, blood/black liquid gushing out of his throat...

He looks at the water... strength almost gone... He drops... still gurgling. The blood pouring down the ramp...

And into the water...

CATHERINE stands up... cautiously... approaches the ramp...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Down below her hands take out her MATCHBOX.

She steps over him... looking down at him. Hatred. Pity.

He turns around, the blood pouring down his neck, he sputters... black liquid all over his face. He's in panic, in pain but trying to mask it with a laugh.

She opens her matchbox, pulls out a match. Looks down at him with hatred. Anger.

Strikes the match... it's... a dud.

CATHERINE drops it down, pulls out another.

Strikes it. Dud.

CATHERINE

Fuck!

She pulls out another match...

The sandpaper strip of a match box.

The head of the match runs along the strip, sparking... Setting alight.

The match flies through the air...

ASHLEY breathes, relief. Freedom.

Landing on ASHLEY, setting him alight.

CATHERINE looking into his eyes.

She watches him burning along the concrete lake lighting up the shore and surrounding areas. It reflects on the water.

His dead, burnt eyes... quiet...

She sits down, collapses in fact. Whips out her last cigarette...

It's crumpled and crooked, she straightens it... puts it in her mouth,

Opens the matchbox. It's empty.

She throws the matchbox away, and then laughs. Surrendering.

The water laps the shore. Quiet. Calming.

And then... a SCREAM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CATHERINE's eye darts out over the water...

EXT. STICKS RIVER -- CONTINUOUS

Out in the middle it's the little girl... drowning...
struggling... she needs to be rescued.

LITTLE GIRL
HELP ME!!! HELP!

CATHERINE steps closer... overlooking the lake.

The rain seems to be calming down, a little.

EXT. STICKS RIVER - SHORE -- MOMENTS LATER

CATHERINE approaches the shore of the water.

Looks out into the middle of the water.

Something splashing in the distance. Screams submerged.

She looks to the right, a little rowboat. Back to the water.

EXT. STICKS RIVER -- MOMENTS LATER

SURFACE OF THE WATER

Disturbed. The small boat slices through.

CATHERINE rows her boat out.

The water slapping on the side. She's terrified.

Screaming again.

She's rowing with force. Intention.

CATHERINE
Just focus... focus...

She rows with determination. Out in the middle of the waters.

Up ahead she sees the source of the screams... A girl
drowning...

She carries on getting closer...

The girl gets pulled under...

CATHERINE looks at the water momentarily... then dives in...

EXT. STICKS RIVER - UNDERWATER -- CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE swims down... reaching for the extended girls hand...

The girl seems to be being pulled down into a blackness...

CATHERINE carries on swimming as hard as she can...

She reaches out and grabs the girls hand...

Tries to swim up... Is anchored back...

CATHERINE turns in horror, looks at the Girl...

The girl looks up at her sharply, raising her head... her eyes... captured by the blackness. Evil paints her face now, she's not the sweet little girl we thought she was.

Then she opens her mouth... and pouring out a black cloud... growing... ink, tentacles... but it moves. It comes It's alive.

The back of the girl's head begins to dissipate into a black liquid... Down her neck and along her spine... Becoming a living black sentient ink.

From around the girl it looks like dark angelic wings for a moment...

The ink wraps around, begins to encompass CATHERINE...

CATHERINE screams.

The ink slithers into her nostrils. Into her ears. Into her mouth.

Towards her... into her eyes, closed and then open... Her eyes, her pupils. Blackness. All black.

BLACK.

Then hands... cutting the blackness. Disturbing it. We're still in water.

Light above. The ripples of the water obscuring the sky. Faces. Somehow recognizable faces. Focus coming and going. Water in our eyes.

Someone pulling us up. Can't make out who...

Hands reach in to the water. Pulling us out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCK, pulls CATHERINE out of the water.

Pulls her up on the shore.

CASSANDRA
CATHERINE! CATHERINE! OMIGOD
PLEASE!!

Jock lies CATHERINE down on the shore, flat on her back.

LITTLE CATHERINE is laid down on to her back. Her eyes closed. She's cold & wet. Her body lifeless.

CASSANDRA drops to her knees by her baby.

Tears pouring down her face, she grabs her daughter's face, kisses it.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Baby please, come back to mommy.

CASSANDRA begins to administer CPR.

Breathing in her mouth, then pushing down on her chest.

Breathing in her mouth. Pushing on her chest.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Breathe baby, BREATHE!!

CATHERINE's eyes still.

CASSANDRA gives up, collapses on CATHERINE's chest.

Crying. Looking out over the water. Crying

Stillness. CASSANDRA is in shock.

Then... movement. Cassandra feels movement.

She looks up, hoping...

CATHERINE sputters... water explodes from her mouth. Dark dark water... almost black. Even a little oozy.

CASSANDRA rolls CATHERINE on to her side... relief...

Relief.

Cassandra holds her to her chest, CATHERINE looks out over... the lake. The noise and commotion seems to disappear, even as Cassandra pulls CATHERINE to look at her. Rubs her head, a happy crying desperate mother. The people gather.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CATHERINE over her mother's shoulder watches...

The river.

The river.

We leave, over the river. Over the estate and out...

Past the sign: "NOW LEAVING STICKS RIVER ESTATE"...

FADE TO BLACK.