

TRANSFERENCE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A disheveled bedroom. Nascar shirts on the floor. Confederate flag and Guns N' Roses posters line wood-paneled walls.

At the door to the bedroom stands SHANA GARDNER, a brown-haired, brown-eyed twenty-year old in a tank top and Daisy Dukes. She locks the door and nervously steps back from it.

FOOTSTEPS. Shadows fall over the light at the bottom of the door.

Shana looks at the door with frightful anticipation.

The doorknob JIGGLES.

Then POUNDING slaps on the door.

From the other side comes the drunken slur of AUSTIN.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
(angry shouting)  
Shana, open up!

Shana slides open a dresser drawer.

SHANA  
We'll finish talking 'bout it  
tomorrow. You need to sleep off  
that liquor.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
Shana, let me in there.

Shana pulls a revolver out of the drawer.

SHANA  
I'm scared, Austin. I'm gonna call  
the cops if you don't let me alone.

Shana flips out the cylinder and checks that there's bullets in the chamber and then pops the cylinder back in.

A beat.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
(soft)  
Baby, you know I love you. I ain't  
gonna do nothing to you, I swear. I  
just wanna talk this out.

SHANA  
You fed me that line before.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
(even softer)  
Baby, listen to me. I don't wanna  
hurt you.

Shana contemplates the door.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
You gonna lock yourself in there  
all night? Baby, open up so we can  
make peace and go to bed.

Shana inches toward the door, gun in hand.

One hand reaches for the doorknob.

She thinks it over once more.

Unlocks the door.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

SHANA'S POV: EMTs hover over Shana, who has an oxygen mask  
strapped to her face.

A PARAMEDIC sees that she is awake and turns to her. He has  
blood on his gloves.

PARAMEDIC  
You with us?  
(beat)  
Can you tell us what your name is?  
(beat)  
Can you tell us what year it is?  
(to other paramedic)  
She's not responding.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Shana is in soft restraints. One arm is handcuffed to her bed  
rail. The back of her head is shaved and stitched. One leg is  
immobilized in a splint.

Nurses and techs hold Shana down as she writhes in bed,  
staring wide-eyed at something in the periphery.

SHANA

Get him away from me! Get him away  
from me!

A NURSE fixes a syringe to her IV line.

NURSE

I'm giving her fifty milligrams of  
Haldol.

The nurse pushes the syringe. Within seconds Shana relaxes  
back into bed, still staring off at the side, but no longer  
terrified.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Shana is sitting up in bed with a breakfast tray in front of  
her. She is no longer in soft restraints, but is still  
handcuffed to her bed. The section of her head that was  
shaved now has a couple millimeters of peach fuzz.

A guard sits in the corner playing video games on a cell  
phone.

A SOCIAL WORKER sits across from her.

SOCIAL WORKER

Ms. Gardner, we know you didn't  
come here with all these bruises.

The social worker eyes a fist-sized bruise on Shana's thigh.

SOCIAL WORKER

How did they happen?

Shana gives her the stone wall. She stares straight ahead.

SOCIAL WORKER

Did you do this to yourself?

Still no response.

SOCIAL WORKER

Ms. Gardner, I am on your side. I  
want to make sure you get all the  
help you need, but I can't help you  
until you help me.

Still nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A policeman unlocks Shana's handcuffs while a DEPUTY DA speaks to her.

DEPUTY DA

After reviewing all the evidence, the district attorney's office has determined that your actions were a justifiable homicide, and no charges will be filed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

An attending NEUROLOGIST looks over CT scans of Shana's brain. Several young residents watch on.

NEUROLOGIST

I'll be honest with you. I've never seen a case quite like yours before, but the brain can do some strange and complex things. We're going to try to manage your hallucinations as best we can with medications, and hopefully this will go away on its own.

(beat)

Sometimes recovering from a concussion can take a couple months.

SUPER: EIGHT YEARS LATER

INT. DR. FORSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Shana sits uneasily in a chair. In another world, she would be beautiful, but in this one she is so gaunt and unadorned by makeup, her skin so leathery and uncared for, her face so fearful and desperate, that no combination of genes could make her attractive.

Across from her sits DR. FORSTER, a female psychiatrist with the cool, poker-faced demeanor of a clinician taught to reflect patients back to themselves.

DR. FORSTER

Have you had any more hallucinations since we last met?

SHANA

I only had one vision and it was  
when I forgot to take my  
medication.

DR. FORSTER

Can you describe what happens when  
you don't take it?

SHANA

When it starts wearing off, I get  
these funny feelings.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Shana carries a tray to a table and sits. She looks out the window. It's night, and the window mostly reflects the inside, but in the distance she can see a truck under a street lamp.

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

Sometimes I get visions of things  
in the distance.

In the distance two men get out of the truck.

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

Sometimes out of the corner of my  
eye. Sometimes in reflections.

As she says this last line we focus away from the men in the distance and onto the reflection of the inside of the restaurant: standing right behind her is the ghastly corpse of a man.

He grabs Shana's shoulder.

Shana jerks her head around. There's no one there.

She looks back at the window. He's gone from the reflection, too. She pulls her shirt away from her neck and sees a red indentation on her shoulder right where it was grabbed.

INT. DR. FORSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Forster shifts in her seat.

DR. FORSTER

I've noticed you always use the  
word "visions" when you see  
something other people don't see.

(MORE)

DR. FORSTER (CONT'D)  
Do you not believe these are  
hallucinations?

Shana gives her the stone wall.

DR. FORSTER  
Is that something you're not  
comfortable talking about?

Shana gives her nothing.

DR. FORSTER  
Shana, I know this has been  
difficult, and I want you to know  
that you're not responsible for  
what happened to you. You're not  
responsible for the head trauma you  
received. You're not responsible  
for the trouble it's caused you  
ever since. But you are responsible  
for managing your problems as you  
face them right now. I want to help  
you, but you have to help me first.  
You have to trust me.

Shana still won't answer.

DR. FORSTER  
Regardless of what they are, would  
you agree that you'd rather not  
have these visions?

SHANA  
I'll keep taking my meds. Don't you  
worry about that.

Dr. Forster relaxes a little.

DR. FORSTER  
When you see these um... things...  
is it like watching a movie or do  
they talk to you and interact with  
you?

Shana goes back to the stone wall.

Dr. Forster sighs. She puts up her hands.

DR. FORSTER  
Okay. Fine. We don't have to talk  
about it. How is everything else?

INT. SHANA'S TRAILER - DAY

Shana serves a TV dinner to her FATHER. He is a thin, pink man with a nasal cannula that delivers him oxygen as he sits on a couch, watching TV with a bottle of Jack Daniels in one hand and a lit cigarette in another.

The sign on the oxygen concentrator reads, "Danger. Oxygen. No Smoking. No Open Flames."

SHANA (V.O.)

I still wanna get my own trailer,  
but I can't juggle those payments  
with my medical bills. My dad's  
still being difficult, but he ain't  
got the wind to do nothing about  
it.

He looks at the dinner and chucks it across the room, cursing at Shana before he loses his breath.

Shana calmly picks up the tray and dumps it in the trash.

INT. DR. FORSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

SHANA (CONT'D)

I guess all-in-all things have  
gotten pretty normal.

DR. FORSTER

Okay. Good.

SHANA

No, it ain't. I'm wasting away. All  
this time's flying by and I ain't  
got nothing to show for it. It  
ain't good at all.

DR. FORSTER

Shana, you've been through a trauma  
and it takes a while to recover.  
Considering all you've been  
through, I think you've done pretty  
well for yourself.

SHANA

Yeah, well for me, but if you was  
in my shoes you wouldn't be happy  
with it.

(beat)

Every day, I wish I could just run  
away.

DR. FORSTER  
Run away to where?

SHANA  
I don't know. Just run away. Run  
away to some place where no one can  
find me.  
(beat)  
I ain't got no money. No friends.  
No man. No kids. And time's a  
tickin'.

DR. FORSTER  
Is that what you want right now? A  
husband and kids?

Shana nods her head.

DR. FORSTER  
Shana, have I ever talked to you  
about transference?

SHANA  
Transference?

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Shana's fingers pound numbers on a cash register as she rings  
up a twenty-two ounce beer and a bag of chips.

SHANA  
(to customer)  
Four thirty-four.

Shana bags up the items as the customer swipes his credit  
card.

She checks her watch.

She looks outside.

Shana's POV: a jeep full of college students pulls up to a  
gas pump. After they come to a stop, the guy driving pulls  
out a water gun, turns to the back seat and sprays two girls,  
who laugh and scream in response.

Shana wistfully watches the scene, until she hears a six-pack  
CLINK on the counter in front of her. She turns to face a  
TRUCKER.

TRUCKER  
Can of Skoal.

As Shana reaches for the dip the Trucker scans her body.

TRUCKER  
You from around here?

Shana turns around and eyes the trucker. He's young and decent-looking, in a gritty sort of way.

SHANA  
I been stuck here all my life.

TRUCKER  
Now see, that's a crying shame right there. A girl like you needs to travel, see the open road.

Shana rings up the Skoal.

TRUCKER  
You ever been to New York?

SHANA  
No.

TRUCKER  
(handing her money)  
I ride up there about ten times a year.

SHANA  
(interested)  
Yeah?

She counts out his change.

SHANA  
You need some company?

The trucker pauses for a moment, weighing his next line.

TRUCKER  
Yeah, I could use some female company.  
(beat)  
Why don't you come back to my cab and I'll feed your beaver some wood?

Shana slams his change down on the counter.

SHANA  
Asshole.

The trucker huffs and walks out, leaving the change on the counter.

A CO-WORKER scurries in from the back, buttoning up her uniform as she walks up to the counter.

CO-WORKER

Honey, I am so sorry I'm late.  
Jimmy done went and caught the flu  
so of course I had to be the one to  
pick up the kids from pre-school.

SHANA

It's all right.

CO-WORKER

Shana, it's not all right. I know  
you got plans.

SHANA

I'm not sure I even want to go to  
the carnival.

CO-WORKER

Well, why not?

SHANA

Debbie canceled and I ain't got no  
one to go with. It's kinda weird to  
be going to something like that  
alone.

CO-WORKER

Honey, you go there and have  
yourself a good time. And if  
someone thinks it's weird for you  
to be there alone then, well, let  
them go ahead and think that.

INT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM - DAY

A one-person unisex bathroom that hasn't been cleaned in a week.

Shana, now in a summer dress, models in front of a mirror.

There is an angry POUNDING at the door.

SHANA

Occupied.

MAN (O.S.)  
It's been occupied the last fifteen  
minutes.

Shana doesn't respond. She stares at herself in the mirror.

More POUNDING, only this time Shana doesn't react.

MAN (O.S.)  
Hurry up! I gotta take a shit!

Shana is no longer modeling, but has become transfixed before  
her own reflection.

As she stands hypnotized by the mirror, the POUNDING on the  
door slows down and echoes like gun shots in a canyon.

We CLOSE IN ON Shana's reflection as it becomes increasingly  
distorted and demonic.

We PULL AWAY from the reflection to reveal...

INT. HOUSE OF MIRRORS - DUSK

Shana alone in a house of mirrors. Creepy CALLIOPE MUSIC  
plays in the background.

She turns to a three-sided set of mirrors, each showing a  
distorted version of her. As she stands still before them,  
the reflection on the right -- did it just move?

Shana jerks toward it. The reflection shows a shortened,  
fattened version of her own frightened face.

A couple kids run past her.

Shana's getting claustrophobic. She wants out.

She turns, but it's not clear where the exit is.

She fumbles one way, then the next, each path showing her  
another distorted version of herself.

She runs into a

DARK HALLWAY

She sprints toward the end of the hallway.

Makes a turn.

EXT. CARNIVAL - HOUSE OF MIRRORS - DUSK

And makes it to the exit, struggling to catch her breath and calm her nerves.

A large crowd of people mill about. A couple glance curiously at Shana as they walk past, but mostly people pay her no mind.

EXT. CONFECTION STAND - DUSK

Shana takes a cone of cotton candy and turns back to the crowd.

She is a loner amongst families and groups of friends.

She sees a couple broad-shouldered guys in line at a ticket booth.

She positions herself beside them, putting fingers of cotton candy in her mouth.

SHANA

(to draw attention)

Mmmmm.

The two men briefly turn to her, befuddled, before turning back to the line.

A pair of attractive blonde girls walks past her laughing at their own private joke.

One of the guys gives a light backhanded slap to his buddy's shoulder and points at the girls. The other guy looks. Nods and smiles.

EXT. ROLLER COASTER - DUSK

The roller coaster pulls to a stop with Shana in a car next to a young girl.

The girl hops out and joins other kids getting off the coaster.

Shana slowly gets out and is the last towards the exit, behind kids, couples, buddies, and girlfriends.

EXT. BY THE BUMPER CARS - DUSK

Shana stands at a fence watching the bumper cars.

MAN (O.C.)

It's a lot less fun than it looks.

Shana turns to see WOODY. He's a stunningly handsome country man with a couple decades on Shana.

WOODY

Though I suppose one could say that of the fair in general.

SHANA

Umm... y... yeah.

Shana nervously struggles to come up with something to say, but comes up empty.

WOODY

Don't be so frightened. I ain't one of these creepos that tries to get into a girl's pants the first time he meets her.

(beat)

I just know something special when I see it.

SHANA

Maybe I ain't special the way you think I am.

WOODY

(regarding dress)

You made that dress yourself.

SHANA

(defensive)

What if I did?

WOODY

I can tell by the seam. And there ain't no tag in the back. My mother used to make dresses like this all the time. You don't hardly see that no more.

(beat)

Most girls these days can barely stick a meal in the microwave.

For a moment Shana lets down her defenses and soaks in the fact that yes, maybe this man actually is attracted to her.

WOODY

(looking around)

Who you here with?

SHANA  
(embarrassed)  
No... No one.

Woody offers her his hand.

WOODY  
Why don't you be here with me? Just  
for a couple rides.

Shana looks him over. Takes his hand.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

It is dark now, and Shana is more relaxed as she and Woody wait in line for the pirate ship.

WOODY  
I don't usually like these  
carnivals.

SHANA  
Why not?

WOODY  
I don't know. I guess I just don't  
like the idea of it.

A carnie opens the entrance gate and they walk up to the back row.

WOODY  
It's like all these people work  
these awful jobs so they can make  
money so they can spend it at  
things like this so they can regain  
all the sanity they lost at their  
awful jobs so they can go back to  
work and make more money.

They take a seat in the back row. Other people sit beside them as the pirate ship quickly fills up.

SHANA  
You got a job?

Woody shakes his head.

WOODY

Instead of studying how to make it worth men's while to buy my baskets, I studied rather how to avoid the necessity of selling them.

The ride is full. The carnie closes the gate and walks the length of the ship, locking in all the safety bars.

SHANA

I don't get it.

WOODY

It's a quote.

SHANA

No, I mean I don't get it. You don't work?

With a hydraulic SCHHH the ship eases forward.

WOODY

Everyone works. You worked when you made that dress. I don't have a job.

Another SCHHH and the ship eases back, with each swing going a little higher up.

SHANA

How do you get money?

WOODY

I sell some of the pigs I raise and a few other things, but by and large I have no need for money. Money is just a means to an end. I would rather have the end. Who needs to buy food when you can grow and hunt your own?

Shana stares at him with a mixture of shock and intrigue before they are thrust back up into the air.

SHANA

This looks a lot higher when you're in it.

Shana is scared now.

The ship swings back down, so that their end is all the way at the ground, staring straight up at the other end of the ship, filled with upside-down carnival-goers.

SHANA

I don't wanna go up that high.

WOODY

We ain't got no choice!

The ship rushes them backward against a hundred feet of gravity.

Shana SCREAMS as they hold for a moment at the top, hair dangling.

They fall back down to earth and for just a second, for the first time, we see Shana smile.

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Shana and Woody walk through the carnival as they share a bag of popcorn.

WOODY

You grow up with a certain way of living and you repeat it the rest of your life, because that's what you know. If you grew up living in a tribe in the rainforest, that's how you live when you grow up. You don't even think about moving into the city or if that's a better way to live. Likewise, if you grew up in the city, you don't move into the rainforest. You could. You could spend a year learning everything you need to know about living out there. You don't, though. You don't move into the rainforest. You never even think about it, but for all you know, that's the better way to live. That's how we were born to live.

INT. LATE NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

Woody and Shana have coffee in a diner.

They share a silent moment as they stare into each other's eyes.

WOODY

I like you Shana. I don't know what it is about you, but I like you.

Shana looks down and smiles coquettishly, drawing a circle on the table with her finger.

SHANA

(soft)

I like you too.

WOODY

I wish I could see you again.

Shana jerks her head up with panicky eyes.

SHANA

You can see me again.

Woody shakes his head.

WOODY

I'm just passing through. I don't live around these parts.

SHANA

Well, how far?..

WOODY

It's six hours.

SHANA

We could talk on the phone.

WOODY

Like I told you, I don't have a phone.

Woody leans forward conspiratorily on the desk.

WOODY

You could come live with me for a week. Try it on for size.

Shana brushes both hands back along the sides of her head, as if trying to contain the angst within.

SHANA

Woody... I have a job...

WOODY

I knew you were gonna say that. You got a job. You got responsibilities. You got bills to pay. You gotta stay here.

Woody KNOCKS on the wooden table.

WOODY

You gotta stay out of the rainforest. You're gonna go home, go to sleep and go back to what's safe. What you know. But before you do, I want you to imagine something for me.

Shana takes a sip of her coffee and looks at Woody attentively.

WOODY

Imagine a life of freedom. Imagine there's no phone for bill collectors to call you on. Imagine you're nowhere to be found.

As Woody continues, Shana becomes increasingly hypnotized by his words.

WOODY

Imagine you never have to worry about getting to work on time. Imagine there's no boss to get mad at you. Imagine waking up to the sun on your face instead of the buzzing of your alarm.

INT. TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shana bursts through the front door. Her father gets up from the couch. He his red-faced and wobbly on his feet. The coffee table in front of him is covered in empty beer cans.

SHANA'S FATHER

Goddamnit! What the fuck took you so long?! Where are the fucking groceries?!?

Shana strolls right past him as if he isn't there. Her father is shocked and angered by her disregard.

SHANA'S FATHER

Don't walk away you fat, ugly bitch!..

He loses his strength and falls back onto the couch, out of breath.

EXT. TRAILER - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Woody stands next to his pickup truck, an old clunker that he has kept up. The engine HUFFS in idle. Woody bottom-ups a flask and finishes it off.

He reaches beneath the driver's seat and takes out a bottle that's about twenty years older than the liquor inside it. He refills the flask.

The sound of the father's unanswered YELLING reaches him from out here.

Shana bursts out of the front door lugging an old suitcase.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

Shana snuggles up in the passenger seat.

Woody passes her the flask. Shana takes huge gulps off of it, as if suddenly possessed.

WOODY

Easy there. I thought you said you didn't drink much.

Shana takes another swig and then wipes her mouth.

She watches the road ahead and smiles for a moment, but it slowly fades to a look of regret. What did she just do?

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The pickup climbs a mountainside traveling away from the carnival. In the pitch black of night the carnival stands as a beacon of brightly-lit modernity amongst uninhabited nature.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Shana's eyes dim shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRUCK - DAY

A sleeping Shana stirs in the passenger seat, wind blowing her hair through an open window.

A rooster CROWS in the distance.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Shana pulls her suitcase out of the bed of the pickup.

The truck is parked in the shade about seventy feet from Woody's cabin.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

As Shana makes her way to the house, she soaks in the scenery.

The cabin rests in a valley between Appalachian mountains. The ground to the rear of the cabin slopes down to a pond which is just a little bit larger than a baseball diamond.

Shana passes by a large wooden shed. The left side of the shed makes one wall of a pen that contains seven scurrying, SNORTING pigs.

Beyond the pig pen is the chicken coop where several hens CACKLE around one obnoxious rooster, who CROWS every few seconds, claiming his territory.

To the side of the cabin is a huge garden which includes a potato patch, an onion patch, tomato vines, cabbage, turnips, rows of corn stalks, and a little further out, a cherry tree.

On the other side of the cabin, about thirty feet away, is a large fire pit with rocks stacked around it in a circle. A metal cooking grate stands in the center.

The front of the cabin has a porch with two rocking chairs on it.

Woody comes out of the house carrying a bulging backpack.

WOODY

You were sleeping so peaceful. I figured I'd let you be.

SHANA

It's beautiful.

WOODY

You wanna see beauty? I got something special planned for you. We're taking today off of work.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The forest rings with the rattling HUM of cicadas.

They stop by an apple tree.

Woody carefully selects a couple apples that haven't been invaded by worms and hands them to Shana.

WOODY

Normally these don't fare well  
beside the taller trees that hog  
all the sunlight, but this one's a  
fighter.

Shana hears a WHISPER from the forest that seems to come at her from all directions at once.

She whips around, looking for the source, but the empty forest offers no clues.

SHANA

You hear that?

WOODY

They're cicadas. They come up every  
thirteen years.

Woody takes a couple apples for himself and they start up the mountain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Shana sits on a large quilt while Woody lies beside her with a hat over his face. A pile of cherry pits and stems litter the ground beside the quilt.

Shana takes a swig off a big jug of hard cider. She punches the cork back in the jug, sets it aside, and soaks in the view that spreads before her.

From up here, she can see for miles and miles. Aside from Woody's small lot and the long driveway leading away from it, there is no sign of civilization, just one green mountain after another.

SHANA

How long was I asleep? Where is  
this place?

Woody sits up and tilts his hat back on his head.

WOODY

You said you were ready to leave  
your old life behind for a while.

Shana nods her head.

WOODY

Then it don't matter where you are now. All that's important is that it's not where you were.

Woody lumbers up to his feet.

WOODY

C'mon. Let's go back down and I'll show you how everything works.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Woody and Shana stand by a fifty-five gallon drum. Copper coils come out of it and lead to the cabin.

WOODY

This right here is a methane digester. You might find this hard to believe, but the manure from those little piggies can make enough methane to power a refrigerator.

SHANA

How many electrical outlets do you have?

WOODY

I ain't got any regular outlets here.

SHANA

How am I gonna charge my cell?

WOODY

Your cell won't get a signal out here anyway.

Shana looks at her cell phone. He's right. No bars. She turns it off.

Woody starts for the entrance to the cabin, with Shana following.

WOODY

For a couple days you'll worry about what you're missing. Then you will slowly feel the burden of that damn phone and all the responsibilities of it being lifted off your shoulders.

(MORE)

WOODY (CONT'D)

After a few weeks of no calls from bill collectors, of no TV telling you what to be scared and angry about, of no computer replacing actual human contact, you will wonder how you ever lived otherwise.

EXT. BY THE SHOWER - DAY

The shower is separate from the cabin and enclosed by four wooden panels. The shower head leads to a large metal bin of water that is positioned over a stove six feet above ground level.

WOODY

The shower is kind of a pain to use since you got to heat it with a stove and if it's not raining a lot you gotta fill it up by hand. I mostly just use a basin of hot water and wash up like a bed bath, but when you want a shower let me know. It's filled up right now and we're looking to get more rain next week.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

The kitchen, dining room, pantry, and bedroom are all part of one big main room.

Woody shows her a single methane burner. On one side of it is an old refrigerator. On the other side is a sink, with water coming out of a spout from a filled cistern situated above it.

WOODY

I usually just cook outside during the summer and over the wood stove in the winter. Like I told you before, I have a refrigerator, but I ain't got no lights. The light bulbs eat up too much methane and we can see fine by candle.

A shelf stands along the wall, stocked with mason jars full of all sorts of odds and ends.

## BATHROOM

The bathroom is actually fairly large, with two commodes and a bucket full of pine needles.

WOODY

(pointing)

This is toilet number one. And this over here is toilet number two. When you use number two I ask that you sprinkle those pine needles on top.

## MAIN ROOM

Shana opens a sliding closet door on one side of the bedroom. The inside is filled with hanging clothes.

She closes the door back shut.

On the wall opposite the closet is a full-length mirror.

She turns to the double bed beside them.

SHANA

This is the only bed?

WOODY

I know you're still getting comfortable with me. There'll be one bed, but no funny business. Scout's honor.

## INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Under the orange glow of candlelight, Woody is on top of Shana, thrusting into her. His back is covered in decades-old linear scars.

The expression on Shana's face is a mixture of pleasure and pain.

The outside HOWLING wind RATTLES the window next to the bed.

Shana looks to the window. It shows a half-reflection of her and Woody overlaying the darkness of the woods beyond.

The HOWLING of the wind transforms into the sounds of a SCREAMING WOMAN.

Shana's eyes grow wide, and it's unclear whether it's from the seeming SCREAMS she hears or the man pounding into her.

EXT. PIG PEN - DAY

Shana and Woody shovel manure into a bucket. Both of them have bandanas over their faces, but even with her mouth covered, Shana's eyes show that she's really not enjoying this.

Shana digs under a pile and scoops it into the bucket.

WOODY

Woah, woah. That's too much dirt.  
We want just the manure.

Woody turns the bucket upside down so that all the droppings fall out.

They start over, this time Shana is careful to get the shovel right beneath the manure.

BY THE METHANE DIGESTER

Shana opens the methane digester.

The bucket is now filled with manure, leaves, and water.

She picks up the bucket. Holds it as far away from her as possible. Dumps the contents into the digester. A bit of brown water splashes back onto her hands.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Shana sets a load of laundry down next to the clothes washer. The clothes washer is like a bingo tumbler made out of a rusty fifty gallon barrel.

Shana opens the door -- a two foot long section of the barrel that swings out -- and starts tossing clothes inside.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Shana dumps a bucket of clear water into the washer and chases it with a cup of homemade detergent poured out of a twenty-year-old jug of Tide.

B) Shana sweats and GRUNTS as she turns the tumbler.

C) Shana pulls a cork out of the bottom of the washer and the soapy mixture drains into a bucket beneath it.

D) Shana dumps a bucket of water in.

E) Shana turns the tumbler.

F) Shana drains it again.

G) Shana dumps yet another bucket of clean water in.

H) She turns the tumbler, this time stopping for a few seconds, breathing heavy, trying to regain her strength.

I) She drains it again.

J) With the laundry in a basket beside her, Shana clips a shirt on a line outside to dry.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

With the exact same shovel he used to scoop up manure, Woody digs up potatoes.

Shana is on her knees, brushing dirt off the potatoes before dropping them in a sack.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Shana washes her hands and forearms in the sink. She has dirt all over her.

She hears a light SPLASH come from beneath the sink.

Shana opens the cabinet beneath the sink and sees what the sink has been draining into: a five gallon bucket which has filled to the brim and overflowed around the sides.

Shana pulls the bucket out, struggling to not spill too much and failing at this miserably.

EXT. CABIN - FRONT PORCH - DAY

The weight of the bucket pulls Shana sideways as she brings it to the front porch. Woody is in the garden turning the soil where they had planted the potatoes.

Shana gets the bucket to the edge of the porch and leans it forward to dump it out.

WOODY

Shana!

Shana stops and looks up at Woody.

WOODY

You're gonna get that area all muddy and we'll track it into the house. What the hell is wrong with you?

SHANA

Sorry.

Shana heaves the bucket up and walks to the side of the house. She starts to pour again.

WOODY

Hey. Don't waste that grey water! Dump it over on the cherry tree.

Shana sighs. She GRUNTS as she picks the bucket up and struggles over to the cherry tree fifty feet away. A bit of water splashes over onto her pants.

BY THE CLOTHES LINE

Shana takes a towel off the line.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Shana's butt sticks out of the sink cabinet as she wipes up the water she spilled.

Shana back crawls out of the recess and stands up.

She looks down at her own dirty pants and then to the wooden floor of the cabin. She has spilled crumbs of dirt everywhere.

EXT. CABIN - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Shana comes out to the front porch. Woody is still in the garden.

SHANA

Where's your broom?

WOODY

Check the shed.

INT. SHED - DAY

Shana opens the door into a dusty shed. Daylight illuminates the room.

For the most part, the contents of the shed are dirty and covered in cobwebs, with one exception:

In complete contrast to Woody's otherwise austere and unkempt belongings, across one wall of the shed are a series of gleaming and freshly cleaned hanging blades, ice picks, butcher knives, bone saws, hacksaws, and meat cleavers, as well as goggles and a kevlar apron.

In the center of the shed is a large, sturdy six-foot long wood table. At both ends of it are a pair of leather straps. Blood stains spread across the table.

Shana finds the broom at the end of the shed and brushes the cobwebs off of it.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Shana goes back into the cabin carrying the broom and a dustpan.

Woody is still tending the garden.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Shana comes into the bedroom and freezes.

The door to the closet is open.

She stares at it for a moment. Did she leave it open?

She walks over and slides the closet door closed.

She starts sweeping.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Shana dumps the dustpan outside.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Shana starts to come back in when she sees it...

IN THE REFLECTION OF THE MIRROR,

the closet door is open again. At the bottom of the closet, extending out from the hanging clothes, are a pair of pale woman's legs. The toenails are painted green and are in a pair of red sandals.

Shana closes her eyes and takes deep breaths, trying to gather herself.

She sets the dustpan and broom against the wall and walks toward the closet.

#### AT THE CLOSET

The woman's legs are no longer there, but the closet door is still mysteriously open.

She slides the closet door back and forth, checking for any oddities, then something catches her eye.

In the back of the closet there is a square panel of wood that is separate from the rest of the back wall.

#### IN THE CLOSET

Shana digs her fingers into the edges of the panel and it pops out.

#### IN THE MAIN ROOM

Shana sets the panel against a wall in the bedroom.

She glances out the window to make sure that yes, Woody is still in the garden.

Beyond the area that was covered by the panel is a black recess.

Shana lights a candle.

#### IN THE CLOSET

She thrusts the candle into the recess.

Stacked inside the recess are three boxes.

#### INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER

Two boxes sit on the floor as Shana pulls the third one out.

She opens the first box and looks at the contents: an Easter-Sunday dress, panty hose, a white bra, and a pair of high heels. She puts the high heels on her own foot -- it's a perfect match.

She opens the second box: fishnet tights with holes in them, a short black skirt, and a red leather top. She looks at the tag on the skirt. Holds it up to her waist. Once again, it's her size.

She opens the third box: black boots, white socks, a pair of ripped jeans, and a Lynyrd Skynyrd T-shirt.

WOODY (O.C.)

I don't recall telling you we were finished.

Shana looks up to see Woody standing in the doorway.

WOODY

(nodding to boxes)

That's my mother's stuff.

SHANA

It's all in my size.

WOODY

You can have it if you want. She ain't got no use for such things where she's gone.

Shana holds up the T-shirt.

SHANA

Your mother had good taste for an old lady. Lynyrd Skynyrd is the greatest.

WOODY

She liked to keep up with music. And she had dress for every occasion.

SHANA

How did she keep up with music when you all didn't have electricity?

WOODY

She was a crazy woman. Just out of sorts. I loved her, but she didn't have no grip on reality. She used to whip me across the back to drive the demons out.

SHANA

That's terrible!

WOODY

Well, she had a terrible problem with seeing and believing things that weren't there. They found out she needed this medication called hally-something.

SHANA

Haloperidol.

WOODY

(surprised)  
Yeah. That's it.

SHANA

(covering)  
I had a friend who was on it.

WOODY

When she departed I swore I'd never be with a woman like that, someone crazy, even if it meant I'd have to be alone.

This comment strikes a disheartening chord in Shana.

SHANA

Is that what you're telling me?  
That you want to be alone?

Woody comes over to her and tenderly strokes her hair.

WOODY

Look, I'm sorry for the way I snapped at you earlier. I'm just used to doing things a certain way and I get frustrated when someone doesn't know, but you shouldn't know yet.

(beat)

No, I don't want to be alone. I like you well enough so far.

SHANA

Maybe you don't know me well enough.

WOODY

I know you're beautiful.

SHANA

You're sweet for saying that, but I know what I see when I look in the mirror.

WOODY

What you see when you look in the mirror is a bad version of yourself.

Woody gingerly pulls Shana's hair back behind her head, petting it as he does.

WOODY

Let me help you bring out your beauty.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Shana sits in the rocking chair on Woody's porch.

Her face is covered in an oatmeal mask and she has two cucumber slices on her eyes.

Her feet are resting on top of the other rocking chair, with cotton balls between each toe.

Woody has a basin of water and a washcloth. He takes the two cucumber slices off and tosses them to the pigs.

Shana keeps her eyes closed as Woody washes off the oatmeal mask.

SHANA

I'd have never pegged you as the type to know how to do facials and pedicures.

WOODY

My mother used to have me do this for her every Sunday night. Then I'd have to finish by telling her how beautiful she is.

SHANA

That seems... kinda weird.

WOODY

(angry)  
She was a...

Woody trails off, his thoughts and feelings too taboo to be expressed out loud.

WOODY

She had enough to deal with having a young hellion like me running around.

He drops the rag in the basin and picks up a dry towel. He dabs her face dry.

SHANA

Where'd you get all this stuff anyway? I thought you lived off the land.

WOODY

The mask is homemade. The cucumbers I grew as well, of course. And the nail polish was my mother's. It's old, but it's not something that goes bad.

Woody has finished drying her face. Her skin does look much more youthful and clear now.

WOODY

You'll need to wear these sandals while your toenails dry.

Shana finally opens her eyes and sees what Woody's holding: red sandals just like the ones she saw on the ghost in the closet.

She looks down at her feet -- her toenails are painted the exact same shade of green as the ghost in the closet.

SHANA

I don't wanna do this anymore. I don't like it. Take it off.

WOODY

I don't have nothing to remove it with.

(beat)

You're acting strange.

(beat)

You're acting like my mother when she didn't take her meds.

Shana's eyes grow wide. She runs into the cabin.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Shana pops open her suitcase.

WOODY

Can you tell me what's going on with you?

She grabs the pill bottle and slides it into her pocket in a way that Woody can't see.

SHANA  
(improvising)  
I'm having "woman issues".

She runs into the

BATHROOM

and shuts the door behind her.

With shaky hands she opens her medication bottle.

She starts to shake a pill out into her hand when she hears a SCRATCHING on the window.

She looks over and sees the silhouette of a woman's head with long flowing hair behind the blinds on the window.

Shana is so startled that she drops all the medication in the toilet.

And yes, it was the "number two" toilet.

The woman's head moves to the side, as if she's trying to peek in between the blinds.

Shana inches toward the window. Slowly.

The woman's head moves again and we hear more SCRATCHING.

Shana gets up to the blinds.

She pulls the blinds and they snap up.

Now she sees the source of the silhouette: nothing but a bush, swaying in the wind.

Shana looks down at her now-empty medication bottle and shoves it in her pocket.

She opens the door. Woody is standing right there in the doorway.

SHANA  
I need to tell you some things  
you're not gonna like.

WOODY  
Baby, whatever it is, I'm sure we  
can...

SHANA

The last time I had a boyfriend was  
over eight years ago.

Woody smirks.

WOODY

Well did he break up with you or  
did you br...

SHANA

I killed him.

That wipes the smirk right off of Woody's face.

EXT. THE POND - DAY

Woody skips stones into the pond while Shana tells him the  
story.

SHANA

When I unlocked the door he came in  
with a baseball bat.

FLASHBACK:

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shana backs away from the door as a red-nosed Austin bursts  
in holding a baseball bat.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. THE POND - DAY

SHANA

First swing he breaks my left leg.  
I go down to the ground. Second  
swing he hits me in the back of the  
head. I saw this bright flash of  
light and for a moment I thought I  
was dead.

(beat)

But when I rolled over I see him  
there, ready to swing again. I  
don't know how, but I had enough of  
my mind left to aim the gun and  
pull the trigger, I stuck a slug  
right in his gut. He later died in  
the ER right next to me.

Woody skips another stone into the pond.

Shana pauses, gathering her strength.

SHANA

But there's more. It's something I  
don't really like to talk about.  
You'll think I'm crazy.

WOODY

Try me. I grew up with crazy.

SHANA

When that son of a bitch hit me  
with a baseball bat it woke up  
something in me, something that  
shoulda stayed asleep.

WOODY

I don't understand.

FLASHBACK:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

We're back in the scene where Shana is in restraints and the  
nurses are trying to hold her down.

SHANA

Get him away from me! Get him away  
from me!

SHANA'S POV: A pale Austin comes up to her wearing a hospital  
gown that is soaked in blood around his abdomen. He PASSES  
STRAIGHT THROUGH one of the nurses and punches Shana in the  
thigh, leaving a red mark behind.

NURSE

I'm giving her fifty milligrams of  
Haldol.

As the bolus pushes into her system, the vision of Austin  
fades to nothing.

BACK TO PRESENT:

WOODY

What happened to you?

Shana looks at the ground, ashamed of what she's about to  
say.

SHANA

It's like I... it's like I became a  
bridge between the dead and the  
living.

She kicks the dirt beneath her feet.

SHANA

My shrink says they're  
hallucinations.

(beat)

At any rate, they give me  
medications that they give to  
people who hallucinate, and it  
keeps the... things I see... it  
keeps me from seeing them.

WOODY

Medication?

Shana nods.

SHANA

Just like your mother.

Woody skips another stone into the pond, thinking this over.

SHANA

I'm sorry I didn't tell you all  
this earlier.

(beat)

If you don't want me to stay...

Woody nods, skipping another stone into the pond.

WOODY

No, I still want you to stay.

Shana sighs. This was not the response she was hoping for.

SHANA

I just don't know if... all this  
(waiving hand over land)  
is for me.

Woody throws a stone to the ground

WOODY

Goddamnit.

SHANA

Woody, I'm so sorry. I like you as  
a person. When I came here I just  
kinda thought...

WOODY

No, I get it. You thought you'd sit  
on your ass all day while I did all  
the hard work to feed us.

Woody storms back to the cabin.

WOODY

(muttering)  
Fucking lazy bitch.  
(yelling back to Shana)  
Well go on and pack your stuff.  
I'll drive you back.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Shana tosses her suitcase in the bed of the pickup.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Shana in the passenger seat.

Woody gets in on the driver's side.

He sticks the key in the ignition. Turns it.

The engine CRANKS but doesn't turn.

WOODY

I don't believe this.

Woody tries to turn it on again. Same rhythmic COUGH from the engine.

WOODY

This old piece of junk!

He smacks the steering wheel.

He pops the hood and opens his door.

WOODY

I'll try to fix it, but I think I  
know what's wrong and I don't have  
the means to fix it right here.

He steps out.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Shana walks up to the front, where Woody is looking at the engine.

He shakes his head and lets the hood slam back shut.

SHANA

How do I get out of here? I at least need to get to a pharmacy.

WOODY

I got a guy coming here to buy eggs this Saturday, we can catch a ride into...

SHANA

I can't wait until Saturday.

WOODY

I'm sorry, but you'll have to. It's only four days.

SHANA

I'll walk to the road and hitchhike.

WOODY

The nearest public road is fifteen miles away, and only a handful of people have cause to use it.

SHANA

What about neighbors?

WOODY

The Thompson place is twelve miles away, but you gotta go over mountains.

SHANA

How long would that take?

WOODY

Shana, it's over mountains. You'll get lost.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Woody grabs two large, empty potato sacks with rope handles off the shelf.

WOODY

Now listen, we're just gonna have to make do until Saturday. You're gonna go back out to that apple tree and fill these sacks up. Don't worry if they have worms in 'em cause I'm just gonna use 'em to make hooch.

SHANA

Woody, I don't want to...

WOODY

Oh, you don't want to do any work huh? Wouldn't that be great if you could just eat up my stock and not contribute anything?

For a moment Shana stares in shock at the monster Woody has turned into. She considers it for a few seconds.

SHANA

I ain't going out there.

Woody shoves the sacks against her chest.

WOODY

If you ain't gonna work, you ain't gonna eat. You don't know how to do anything else and, frankly, I don't want to look at you right now.

Shana tosses the sacks away.

She takes a mason jar full of cherry preserves off of the shelf.

Woody points his finger at her.

WOODY

(authoritatively)  
Put that back. Right. Now.

Shana starts unscrewing the jar.

Woody grabs her hand and the two struggle. The mason jar falls to the floor and SHATTERS, spilling out red jam everywhere.

Woody has a grip on both Shana's forearms and presses her against the refrigerator until she finally relents.

He lets go and SLAPS her across the face.

Shana presses a hand against her cheek, looking up at him with hurt and fear.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Woody, holding a rifle in one hand, finishes giving directions to Shana, who is holding a compass.

WOODY

The apple tree is about three-hundred yards to the right of that ledge. Take as many as you can carry. If you get lost, you can always go up to that ledge and just look for the pond. Try to avoid that though, cause it takes a while to get up the ledge and a while to get down and you might end up having to walk home in the dark.

From the distance comes an awful-sounding SCREAM, like a person being tortured.

SHANA

Did you hear that?

WOODY

Mountain lion.

Shana looks down at Woody's rifle.

Woody hands it over.

WOODY

I got a spare. Now do you know how to...

Before he finishes, Shana has the rifle cocked and loaded.

WOODY

Guess you know a few things after all.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Shana is under the apple tree. She has finished packing the second sack.

She heaves the bags over her shoulder and picks up the rifle.

She hears something... BREATHING.

She whips around. Sees nothing.

Shana looks in every direction. The woods look identical no matter where she looks.

Then she spots something...

In the distance there is a pale woman in a GREEN DRESS, standing with her side to our view, her RED HAIR covering her face.

SHANA

Hey!

Shana starts after her.

SHANA

Hey! I need help!

The woman turns away from Shana and when she does, we see a huge bloody gash above her right shoulder blade and a cut strap of her dress.

The woman runs away.

SHANA

Hey. Are you all right?

FURTHER IN THE FOREST - LATER

Shana is out of breath trying to chase the woman.

Seventy yards ahead, the woman slips and falls.

Shana quickly snaps open the rings holding the rifle scope in place. She picks the scope up and scans in the direction of the woman.

SHANA'S POV: She scans through the cross-hairs view of the scope, seeing nothing but foliage until her view settles on

A WOMAN'S FACE. HER FACE LOOKS JUST LIKE SHANA'S, only it is gaunt and pale white with a horrified expression. Her eyes are green with green eyeliner and her hair is a fiery red. Her neck is split open with a gaping, bloody wound.

Shana sets down the scope.

Now she sees nothing there except empty forest.

She gets out her compass.

The needle on the compass spins round and round.

She looks around again. She is lost now.

She looks up to the mountain ledge, a series of rocky surfaces at sixty-degree angles rest between her and the top ledge.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LEDGE - EARLY DUSK

The sun is still beating down, but throwing long shadows.

Shana grunts up the rocks and makes it to the top, sweaty and exhausted.

She scans the horizon and makes out Woody's pond. Smoke billows out from Woody's nearby fire pit.

Shana hears a faint RUMBLING.

She looks up and spots a jet airplane overhead. The jet passes over her and goes in the direction opposite Woody's house.

As she watches the plane fade away, a thought suddenly occurs to her.

Shana puts her sacks to the ground. She gets out her cell phone. She turns it on.

In the distance, the jet passes over smoke rising up from a barely visible rooftop, miles from where Shana stands and beyond another mountain.

Shana looks down at her cell. It boots up to a "low battery warning: 4%". She exits out. The signal strength is at zero bars.

Shana moves up the ledge. For a moment, the signal strength moves to one bar.

She stops where she stands. The signal strength oscillates between zero and one bar.

She scrolls down her "Contacts" list to "Dr. Forster".

As she talks on the cell phone, the conversation regularly breaks up.

RECEPTIONIST

(filtered)

Thank you for calling \*\*\*\*\*. How  
may I \*\*\*\*\*.

SHANA

I need to talk to Dr. Forster. It's an emergency.

RECEPTIONIST

(filtered)

Maam, if \*\*\*\* having \*\*\*\*\* you need to ha\*\* up and \*\*\*\*\* one, one.

SHANA

No. I have to talk to Dr. Forster.

RECEPTIONIST

(filtered)

Ho\*\*\*\*\* moment.

A beat. Shana eyes the chimney smoke in the distance.

DR. FORSTER

(filtered)

Dr. Fo\*\*\*\*\*.

SHANA

(manically)

Dr. Forster, I lost my meds and I'm trapped at this house. I'm having visions again, but it's different this time. It's like I saw my own dead spirit.

DR. FORSTER

(filtered)

I didn't catch \*\*\*\*\* but \*\*\*\*\* taking your meds.

SHANA

No, I lost my meds.

DR. FORSTER

(filtered)

Where \*\*\* you?

SHANA

I... I don't know exactly. I don't know what county I'm in... I'm not even sure what state.

DR. FORSTER

(filtered)

I didn't \*\*\* all \*\*\*. Do \*\*\* know \*\*\*\*\* you are?

SHANA

I'm at this guy's house. This guy I met at the carnival.

DR. FORSTER

(filtered)

Shana \*\*\*\*\* but \*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\* GET OUT \*\*\*\*\* then.

SHANA

(near tears)

I don't know what to do.

We hear a series of broken BLIPS and BLURPS through the phone until one statement comes through loud and clear:

DR. FORSTER

(filtered)

Do you remember what I told you about transference?

SHANA

Transference? What about it?

But she hears nothing in response.

SHANA

Hello?

Shana looks down at her phone. The battery is dead.

She looks at the horizon again. The sun is setting. Time is limited.

She picks up the sacks and starts down the mountain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DUSK

Shana scales down the steep side of the mountain top, losing apples as she goes. There's barely enough light for her to see.

She looks back toward Woody's place. She can just barely make out the glow of Woody's fire in the fire pit.

She reaches her leg down for a hold below, but loses her grip, sliding down the rocks a few feet.

She looks down, some of the pebbles she just kicked loose tumble down sixty feet.

She takes the sacks slung over her shoulders and tosses them aside.

EXT. FOREST - LATE DUSK

Shana passes by the apple tree.

There is no longer any direct sunlight on her, just a dark blue sky.

FURTHER IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

It is dark now, with only the faint glow of the moonlight.

Shana hears a faint WHISPER.

SHANA

Hello?

The WHISPERING continues.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Who's there?

She grips the rifle. Turns off the safety.

The whispering stops.

SHANA

(calling out)

Woody!

No answer.

SHANA

Whoever's there. Announce yourself  
or I'll shoot.

Still no answer.

Shana FIRES the rifle and the muzzle FLASH lights up the forest around her with an instant of pale white light.

She walks forward into the forest. Silence now, except for the rattling HUM of the cicadas.

Another WHISPER. She stops.

She fires into the sky again. The muzzle FLASH lights up an empty forest once again.

SHANA

Is anyone there?

She walks forward a few more steps.

SHANA'S POV: The burning fire by Woody's house is now about 200 yards away.

Shana breathes a sigh of relief.

SHANA'S POV: Something passes in front of her field of vision, momentarily blocking out the sight of the fire.

SHANA

Woody?

No answer.

SHANA

I know you're there.

Still no response.

Shana aims the rifle into the air.

SHANA

Who's there?

Nothing.

She pulls the trigger. The FLASH lights up an image of the red-haired ghost in the green dress standing inches in front of her.

Shana breathes panicky breaths.

She BLASTS the rifle again. This time, the ghost is gone.

She pulls the trigger again, but gets an empty CLICK.

Shana tosses the gun aside and runs to Woody's house.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The fire in the pit has wood piled up six feet high and is unnaturally huge, like something from a frat party.

Aside from the fire, the area looks eerily empty. The windows to the cabin are dark except for the firelight dancing off them.

There is a freshly killed rabbit hanging from a hook outside the shed.

AT THE PORCH

Shana picks up a lantern hanging off a beam and lights it.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The main room is empty.

Shana walks up to the closet door. Considers it for a moment.

She yanks open the closet door. The closet, too, is empty.

She freezes when she hears a HISSING coming from somewhere.

She looks to the bathroom door. A faint light shines from beneath it.

SHANA

Woody?

She edges toward it.

She tries the door. Locked.

She turns off her lamp.

She crouches down in front of the keyhole. Puts an eye up to it.

SHANA'S POV: The room is dimly lit. A black figure passes in front of her field of vision. Then again.

The door to the bathroom opens.

Standing before her is a FIGURE covered head-to-toe in black, with a Korean War era gas mask over the face.

FIGURE

Out the house!

Shana backs away and the figure follows her.

EXT. WOODY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shana trips and falls as she exits the house.

The figure comes out after her and tears off the gas mask. It's Woody.

WOODY

Relax.

SHANA

What are you doing?

WOODY

You had bed bugs in your clothes. I had to spray down the house with some potent shit. I had to burn your belongings, too. I'm sorry.

Shana looks over to the bonfire and sees the remains of her suitcase.

WOODY (CONT'D)

The house won't be safe for you to go into for another hour or so.  
(holds up gas mask)  
At least not without this.

SHANA

Did you really have to burn it all?

WOODY

I got plenty of clothes for you to wear. Now...  
(looks at Shana)  
We have one last infected item to take care of.

Shana looks down at her own dress.

WOODY (CONT'D)

I'll hang a new dress for you outside the shower.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Shana turns the water off as she finishes up her shower.  
She grabs a towel and dries off.

EXT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Shana comes out of the shower in the red sandals Woody tried to give her earlier, a towel wrapped around her.

Shana shudders at what she sees.

Hanging outside the shower is the exact same GREEN DRESS she saw on the ghost in the woods, except the right strap is intact.

SHANA

(calling out)  
Woody?

WOODY (O.S.)

Yeah.

SHANA

Is there another dress I can wear?

WOODY (O.S.)

I got a couple laid out on my bed.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Shana makes her way through the cabin, still in the towel and sandals, only now she has the gas mask over her head.

SHANA'S POV: Shana walks over to the bed using the limited window offered by the gas mask goggles as she breathes. Darth Vader breathes through the mask.

She gets to the bed and there are indeed two dresses laid out, only they are both identical to the green dress hung by the shower.

Shana shakes her head.

She walks over to the closet door. Opens it. Comes face to face with...

A bunch of hanging clothes. She starts to sort through them, but then looks down.

Facing her own bare legs, green toenails, and red sandals is a nearly identical (except paler) set of bare legs, green toenails, and red sandals, like a mirror image.

Shana parts the clothes.

Hidden in the back of the closet is the ghost, again with red hair, green eyeliner, green eyes, and dressed in the green dress, her gaunt pale face a dead version of Shana's. She is holding a broom.

The ghost opens her mouth and SCREAMS. It swings the broom, hitting Shana directly across the head.

Shana collapses to the ground.

CUT TO:

BLACK. Then...

SHANA'S POV: One eyelid is pulled open by Woody's hand as his other hand places a contact lens over her eye. The other eye is opened and a contact lens comes over it, too.

Shana opens her eyes. Her blurry vision slowly sharpens and we see a large plastic mat spread out on the floor beneath her. The plastic mat is dotted with drops of blood.

She is sitting on a wooden chair and wearing the green dress.

She looks to Woody. He is in the kitchen area wearing plastic gloves covered in blood.

SHANA

What are you doing?

WOODY

Finishing what I started earlier.

Shana tries to move, but her wrists are tied behind her back.

SHANA

Why am I tied up?

WOODY

(non-chalant)

You wouldn't sit up otherwise.

Woody removes a glove and takes a swig off a half-empty moonshine bottle.

SHANA

What did you put in my eyes?

WOODY

Contacts. They're what they call non-corrective. They won't change the way you see. They just change the color.

Shana gets a better look at the counter by Woody. Beside his wash basin is a bottle of red hair color. The plastic mat and gloves don't have blood on them, it's dye.

Shana turns to the mirror on the wall. Her hair is now colored fiery red and her eyes are green with green eyeliner. In every way she looks like the ghost, except that she looks alive.

Shana fiddles with the rope binding her hands. It's tied in a bunny knot and she manages to get it loose.

Woody spits on a sharpening stone and sharpens a butcher knife.

He plops the de-furred carcass of the rabbit on a cutting board.

Shana shakes the rope from off her hands and slowly stands up.

WOODY

The people that surround you are what defines you. One thing I found, growing up, living out here all these years with my mom was, when you're living alone with someone, that person's opinion of you is the only one that matters. They shape every part of who you are.

Woody swings the butcher knife down and with a loud KNOCK he cuts a leg off the rabbit.

Shana backs away from him.

WOODY

They define you. And when that person leaves you, they leave a void where they were. I tried once to become a regular Joe. I got jobs, but they always said I wasn't a team player.

Woody swings the butcher knife again and with another KNOCK he removes the other leg of the rabbit.

WOODY

And I don't blame them. I don't. I am a stranger to the rest of the world.

Shana fearfully backs further from him, until she hits the wall.

WOODY

But here, over these twelve-thousand acres, I am the lord, the king. I am the judge, the jury, and the executioner.

Woody holds up his hands, like a dictator speaking to cheering masses.

WOODY

I am the gatekeeper. No one steps on these grounds except through me.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Woody freezes.

Shana's eyes grow wide. This is her chance.

Another KNOCK at the door.

SHANA

Come in!

The door swings opens and in walks JB, a stout young black man with a military physique and friendly demeanor.

After him is UNCLE BO, an older man with that husky bearing found only in men who did manual labor their whole lives.

Both men sport hunting vests and rifles.

Uncle Bo is instantly transfixed by Shana when he comes in.

WOODY

(to JB)

You two are trespassing.

JB

I don't always keep up to speed on ordinances, but last time I checked, when someone in a house says, "come in", you're allowed to come in.

UNCLE BO

(pointing to Shana)

That's the girl I saw.

JB

Uncle Bo, you didn't see anything.

WOODY

JB, I own this property and I'm telling you to get out, so get the hell out.

JB

Now Woody, I know we've had our conflicts, but we got a little lost out in those woods.

UNCLE BO

We didn't get lost.

JB

(ignoring Bo; to Woody)

And our ATVs are way too far now to try to hike back to in this darkness.

SHANA

Hey.

WOODY

Look you arrogant son of a bitch...

SHANA

HEY!

WOODY

...I don't see no badge on you and  
you ain't got no rights...

SHANA

(screaming)

HEEEY!

The argument halts and everyone turns to Shana.

SHANA

Did you guys say you got ATVs?

JB

That's right.

SHANA

If they're leaving, I'm going with  
them.

LATER

The four sit around the fire place, sipping out of coffee  
mugs.

Uncle Bo keeps looking over at Shana.

The tension between JB and Woody has eased a bit.

JB

So it cranks, but doesn't start.

WOODY

Needs a new distributor.

JB

Well, my cousin Dale could tow it  
into town and fix you up, but why  
don't you let me take a look at it  
right quick? I might be able to  
solve your problem right now.

JB takes a flashlight out of his pocket and heads for the  
door.

Woody follows him.

WOODY

I don't need none of your help, JB.  
I know about cars.

JB

I know you do, but since you've  
been so kind as to let us sleep  
here I'm gonna try and see if I  
might be able to sort you out.

The door closes and Woody continues arguing with him outside.

Alone with Uncle Bo, Shana suddenly becomes aware of him  
awkwardly staring at her.

UNCLE BO

I saw you.

SHANA

Um... okay.

UNCLE BO

When we was out in them woods just  
now, I saw you. It was how I knew  
to come here.

Shana looks at her watch.

SHANA

I was out in the woods hours ago.

Uncle Bo shakes his head.

UNCLE BO

No, I saw you out near the apple  
tree just before we came in here.

Shana jerks up straight.

UNCLE BO

Except what I saw was your spirit  
form.

Now it is Shana who is transfixed.

SHANA

How do you know it was mine?

UNCLE BO

You got a twin sister who died  
around here?

SHANA

No.

UNCLE BO

Then it was you.

(beat)

Or at least it looked like you.

(beat)

Our appearance we have when we die is the form we take with us into the spirit world. I seen many spirits in my day, but I ain't never seen the spirit of no living person.

(beat)

You seen it too, haven't you?

Shana nods her head.

UNCLE BO

You ever met someone else who can see like you?

SHANA

No.

UNCLE BO

That's a shame. The people who can't see will tell you you're crazy, and make you believe it, too. You see...

(points to head)

This ain't meant to let things in, it's meant to keep things out. Our minds have the power to lay witness to the entire universe and the many worlds and times in it, and our brains is meant to keep it limited to what little we need to make it in this world. If it let us see everything we couldn't sort through it all, but with some of us, the filter ain't working right, we see more than what we need to see, more than what others see.

(beat)

And when we see them, they see us too, and sometimes, if they wasn't ready when they left this world, they follow us back. It's a terrible skill that we have.

SHANA

Why did it hurt me?

Shana points to the knot on her skull.

UNCLE BO

Remember, you make them appear with your energy. Whatever your energy is they will be the same. If you're terrified, they'll be terrified too. If you're angry, they will be angry. The more emotion you feel, the more likely they are to appear.

SHANA

What does it want?

UNCLE BO

The spirits, they don't want the way we want. They just are.

SHANA

What is it then?

UNCLE BO

We'll have to ask.

He nods to the outside.

UNCLE BO

We need to get those boys to go to sleep first. They wouldn't understand all this madness.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The hood to Woody's truck is popped open and the engine CRANKS every few seconds, but still isn't starting.

Shana walks over to the truck and knocks on the driver's side window. The dark figure inside doesn't turn.

SHANA

Woody, why don't yall come back and we'll tackle it in the morning?

She knocks again.

SHANA

Woody?  
(beat)  
JB?

Fear grips Shana. She opens the door.

The ghost is in the driver's seat. It turns and SCREAMS at Shana.

Shana slams the door shut. She takes deep breaths.

From behind her comes the sound of the shed door being opened and closed. Woody and JB walkout.

WOODY

Shana, close that hood for me and quit trying to start it. We're giving up for the night.

JB

Now Woody, you hardly let me have a look at the durn thing.

WOODY

You couldn't fix a knot in a shoelace.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

JB and Uncle Bo are both asleep in sleeping bags on the floor.

Shana lies awake beside Woody in the bed. His arm rests over top of her.

Shana looks at the rhythmic rise and fall of Woody's chest.

She carefully lifts his arm up off of her and sets it on the bed.

Ever so slowly, she eases out of bed.

ON UNCLE BO,

as Shana gingerly wakens him.

Uncle Bo sits up and rubs his eyes.

SHANA

(whispering)

Show me how to ask.

UNCLE BO

Where did you last see it?

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Shana and Uncle Bo are by the truck.

Uncle Bo extends his hand to Shana. She holds it.

UNCLE BO

You gotta summon that energy that lets them appear. It comes from that place inside you that gives rise to fear and lust and bliss and anger. But this time you gotta summon that energy with a calm and clear head. With no fear. No anger.

Shana concentrates. Her eyes widen and her breath quickens.

UNCLE BO

Yes. That's it.

They both stare at the truck and then it happens.

The truck CRANKS.

UNCLE BO

Stay focused.

The truck CRANKS again.

Uncle Bo opens the door.

The ghost is there again. She looks anxiously down at the steering wheel, but does not scream.

UNCLE BO

Spirit, show us who you are.

The ghost doesn't react.

UNCLE BO

Show us why you are here.

Then, slowly, the ghost eases out of the truck.

She walks to the back of the

SHED

and points to a recess underneath.

She dissolves away.

Uncle Bo gets on his knees and shines a flashlight underneath the shed.

He reaches under and slides out a box. He pulls the top off it.

Inside the box is a stack of letters and old photos.

Uncle Bo sifts through them and pulls out

A PHOTO

of Woody as a child with his (then young) mother. They are standing in front of the cabin. His mother has a hateful and stern expression.

Most importantly, the mother has red hair and green eyes, wears a green dress and red sandals, and has facial features that are (almost) identical to Shana's.

SHANA

You don't think...

Uncle Bo pulls out more pictures, each one of Woody's mother shows her with that same hateful contempt. It seems to be her resting expression.

UNCLE BO

This must be the spirit we saw.

SHANA

Why did he dress me up to look like her?

Uncle Bo shakes his head.

UNCLE BO

I don't know, but child, it ain't safe for you here. She didn't die from no natural causes. I can sense it.

Uncle Bo closes his eyes meditatively. Tries to sense what happened.

UNCLE BO

Hmmm. Strange. It's like she died three different ways.

Uncle Bo shakes his head.

UNCLE BO

I ain't never seen no spirit like this before.

SHANA

What do you see?

UNCLE BO

One way, I see her in the pickup.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Woody's mother frantically tries to start the truck.

A hand with an ice pick reaches in and stabs her through the chest.

EXT. BEHIND THE SHED - NIGHT

Shana looks over at the truck parked nearby. The driver's seat has a small hole in the center of it.

UNCLE BO

Another way, I see her running in  
the woods.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Woody's mother sprints past the apple tree.

An axe comes down, right above her right shoulder blade and through her green strap.

She SCREAMS and falls to the ground, looking up at her assailant.

The axe comes back down to her neck.

EXT. BEHIND THE SHED - NIGHT

Uncle Bo still meditating with his eyes closed.

UNCLE BO

The last way, I see her in the  
closet.

INT. CABIN - CLOSET - DAY

Woody's mother stands in the closet holding a broom, trying not to make a sound.

She shifts a little and the metal hangers next to her JINGLE.

She freezes. Eyes wide.

IN FRONT OF THE CLOSET

The door opens on Woody's mother and she SCREAMS, but is quickly silenced by the BLAST of a shotgun that punches her against the closet's back wall.

EXT. BEHIND THE SHED - NIGHT

Shana watches Uncle Bo as he slowly opens his eyes.

UNCLE BO

I ain't never seen no spirit like this one.

SHANA

What does it mean?

UNCLE BO

I don't know what it means, but I know this...

Uncle Bo turns to Shana with a look of dread.

UNCLE BO

There's been murder on these grounds. There's been murder on these grounds, and there ain't but one person living on these grounds who could have done any murdering. It ain't safe for you here, and it definitely ain't safe for me and my nephew. We gotta get out.

Shana nods her head.

SHANA

I'm ready.

UNCLE BO

No, too dark out in them woods right now. I'll stay up 'til the first crack of light and then we'll make our getaway. You get some rest, because when we leave, we'll need to make haste.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Shana lies next to Woody on the bed. She looks over to Uncle Bo, who sits up straight, staring into the fire.

Shana closes her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Shana wakes up. The bright light of day illuminates the entire room.

She looks around. There's no one else here.

She comes up to the front window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

she sees a blood trail which starts right in front of the porch -- amidst a flurry of footprints -- and leads to the shed.

The door to the shed opens and Woody comes out wearing the kevlar apron and goggles, blood all over him.

He tosses a bloody hunk of flesh to the pigs and goes back into the shed.

Shana backs into the room.

She walks to the closet. Swings open the doors.

IN THE CLOSET

Shana shoves the clothes to the side and looks at the back wall of the closet.

Three small pellet holes dot the wall in the back of the closet.

CUT TO:

IN FRONT OF THE CLOSET - UNCLE BO'S VISION

The closet door is open and Woody's mother is there SCREAMING.

A shotgun BLAST peppers her with holes.

CUT TO:

IN THE CLOSET

Shana digs a fingernail into one of the holes and a small silver shotgun pellet falls out and CLINKS on the floor.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Shana comes over to the window and looks out again.

SHANA'S POV: The door to the shed opens again and Woody comes out, only this time we see what's in his hands: a heart the size of a fist. He tosses the heart to the pigs.

Shana watches as Woody goes back into the shed, closing the door behind him.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Shana comes out the front door, eyeing the shed, and runs for the woods.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Shana stops by the apple tree and looks around. She closes her eyes and focuses her energy.

When she opens them, she sees the ghost in the distance ahead of her. The ghost looks back at her.

SHANA

Spirit, show me where to go.

The ghost turns and runs.

Shana gives chase.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Shana makes it to the top of the mountain, breathing heavily.

The ghost still keeps an eighty-yard lead on her, going down the other side of the mountain.

Shana looks back to Woody's estate.

From up here she can barely make out Woody as he walks into the cabin.

Seconds later, he comes back out looking around and around, and then...

He looks straight up at Shana.

Shana looks down at her bright green dress, a glaring element against the white stone around her.

Woody runs in Shana's direction.

Shana looks in the other direction. Just as she saw before, in the distance she can barely make out the smoke rising out of the treetops.

Shana runs down the mountainside.

WIPE TO:

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Shana is calf-deep in a rushing creek and has her arms out like a tightrope walker, trying to keep her balance.

She slips and SPLASHES in the creek, almost being swept away by the current.

She slowly manages to get herself up.

WIPE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Shana running through brush that cuts her skin and tears at her dress.

WIPE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Shana struggles up yet another rocky incline at the top of a mountain.

She looks back at the mountain she had just come down, now five miles away.

WIPE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Shana runs through another set of woods.

The ghost with a bloody gash above her right shoulder blade still keeps a good lead on her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

Shana runs into a clearing.

She looks around. The ghost is nowhere to be seen, but then, she sees something even better...

Above the trees just beyond the clearing she sees smoke rising up.

EXT. THOMPSON HOUSE - DAY

BUBBA THOMPSON chops wood a few feet away from a large outdoor brick oven that pumps smoke into the air.

Shana walks up to him, her dress torn, her feet muddy, cuts on her arms and debris in her hair.

SHANA

Sir, I need your help. I need a ride.

Bubba turns to her and breaks into a wide grin.

BUBBA

Well, hello there. Haven't seen you in quite some time.

SHANA

We've never met.

BUBBA

Sure we have. You're Woody's girlfriend.

SHANA

How...

BUBBA

You don't remember? It musta been roundabout ten years ago. My god, you look like you ain't aged a day.

SHANA

What did I say?

BUBBA

I was standing in this exact spot and you came running up to me in that exact same dress, asking me for a ride.

SHANA

And what did you do?

BUBBA

I did as a gentleman should. I gave you a ride back to Woody's place.

SHANA

You sure it wasn't Woody's mother?

Bubba laughs.

BUBBA

Girl, no woman can keep herself up that well... 'cept in Hollywood.

Shana is flabbergasted trying to understand this.

SHANA

Do you ever see visions or spirits?

Bubba's grin turns sour.

BUBBA

(rapidly)

Now girl, if you wanna be asking favors of me don't go on like that talking about how I'm craazy or something. Just cause you done forgot and I remembered don't mean it didn't happen.

SHANA

I'm sorry. I do need your help, but I don't need a ride back to Woody's. I need a ride to the Sheriff's.

Bubba grins again.

BUBBA

Well, let's be on our way.

He doesn't budge, but just stands there staring at her with that stupid grin on his face.

Shana looks around.

SHANA  
Where's your car?

BUBBA  
Car?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Shana hugs Bubba's waist on the back of a four-wheel ATV.

Shana looks around Bubba's side.

Up ahead, a woman walks straight down the median, in between passing cars.

A logging truck comes around the bend, taking up more than it's fair share of the lane, it looks like it's about to hit her when...

it passes straight through her.

As they get closer, Shana gets a look at the woman -- she has the same death-pale skin as the ghost at Woody's, and tire tracks spread along her flattened belly.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FRONT DESK - DAY

Shana rushes into a rustic Sheriff's office with wood-panel walls.

Sitting at the front desk is an ingenuous young deputy named CLINT who looks like he's about seventeen years old.

CLINT  
Well, howdy there. I don't recall ever seeing you around these parts.

SHANA  
I need help. I need to report... I think there's been a murder... well, multiple murders... maybe... I don't know for sure.

CLINT  
Oooh, multiple murders. We don't see that happen too often around here, let me get some paperwork togeth...

MAN IN BACK ROOM (O.S.)  
Clint.

CLINT  
(yelling back)  
Yes, sir.

MAN IN BACK ROOM (O.S.)  
Send the young lady back to my  
office.

CLINT  
Right this way, miss.

Clint leads her into a

HALLWAY

where they pass a holding cell.

Inside the holding cell are three prisoners: two men in wife-beaters pace the length of the cell and a blonde-haired third man stands with his back to us.

The third man turns around and we get a better look at him. Like the other ghosts, his limbs are as white as Marilyn Manson's, but his face is dark purple, and red rope marks circle his neck.

Clint bounces right by the ghost, oblivious.

INT. JP'S OFFICE - DAY

Clint shows Shana into the office and shuts the door behind her.

Shana is shocked to see JP sitting at the desk. He's looking much more groomed and formal, dressed in a tan deputy's uniform with sergeant stripes on the shoulder.

JP  
Have a seat.

Shana takes a seat.

JP  
Multiple murders, huh?

SHANA  
What happened to you and your  
uncle? I was supposed to leave with  
y'all.

JP

And we were gonna take you. Problem was you went and disappeared and I had to get here to work. I wasn't supposed to be out all night, but my uncle has a way of going down the rabbit hole and taking me with him.

SHANA

I thought.

(beat)

I saw these blood trails going to the shed and...

JP

Yeah, we bagged a fourteen point buck that morning and Woody agreed to help us gut it in exchange for some of the meat.

(beat)

Wait a second. Did you think we were the murder victims?

Shana doesn't know how to respond.

JP

Ms. Gardner, Woody's a good guy at heart. He's just a little rough around the edges, doesn't know how to talk to other people sometimes, especially men, since he hardly saw any growing up out there in the middle of nowhere.

SHANA

Your uncle seemed to think otherwise.

JP nods his head. He already knows where this is going.

JP

My uncle... my uncle's got problems of his own. I mean...

JP twirls a finger by his ear.

JP

He's got some mental problems. He's been kicked out of seven group homes so far. He has this way of feeding people's delusions.

SHANA

JP...

JP

(tapping his stripes)  
Sergeant.

SHANA

Sergeant, I need to tell you something you probably ain't gonna believe. It's hard to believe, but it's true and I'm just gonna have to...

(going for broke)

We saw the ghost of Woody's mother. Both of us did. I know you might think we're both crazy, but we both saw it.

JP is taken aback, but not shocked.

JP

Of Woody's mother?

SHANA

(hesitantly)  
Ye... yeah.

JP

Ms. Gardner, my uncle is supposed to be taking medication to control the things he thinks he sees. Do you also take some sort of medication?

SHANA

I knew you would think I'm crazy, but how could we both have seen it?

JP

Do you take something or not?

SHANA

I do, and I don't expect you to believe me. I really don't. I'm just begging you to look into it... to see if maybe Woody did murder his mother.

JP

Ms. Gardner, we may not have the CSI Miami team working for us out here, but we do stay pretty well on top of things.

(MORE)

JP (CONT'D)

I assure you, Woody's mother would not get murdered without us knowing about it. Now... I know my uncle can be very persuasive.

SHANA

Please don't start talking to me like this.

JP

(ignoring her)

He can get very persuasive, and you say you have mental problems you need medication for. I'm just saying, let's go with the simplest explanation here.

SHANA

I know I saw something, just like a saw the guy who hung himself in your cell.

Shana points back in the direction of the holding cell, but the dramatic emphasis is lost on JP.

JP

Who?

SHANA

(scrambling)

Did a young blonde man hang himself in that cell?

JP

Not that I'm aware of.

SHANA

Someone got strangled?

JP

Nope.

(beat)

Ms. Gardner, have you been taking your meds the last couple days?

Shana shakes her head. She's near tears now.

SHANA

Maybe I am crazy. I'm so confused.

JP

Chin up, now. There ain't nothing wrong with needing a little help from the doctor.

(MORE)

JP (CONT'D)

I take meds to control my blood pressure and I miss my doses sometimes, too.

JP looks at her with pity, regretful that he even brought up the subject.

JP

What are your plans after you're done here with me?

SHANA

I need to get back home.

JP

You got a ride back?

SHANA

Woody was gonna take me.

JP

Tell you what, I tried to get Woody to let my cousin Dale tow him into town and fix up his truck, but Woody would refuse a life preserver if he was drowning at sea. If a young woman were to call up Dale and ask him to fix up

(adds emphasis)

"her" truck then my cousin would have rights to go out there and hitch it up while someone's liable to be in the woods hunting. And I'm sure local law enforcement would be very understanding if Woody filed any complaints. She would just have to be willing to pay for it.

He winks at her.

JP

But Dale won't charge too much. I guarantee it.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FRONT DESK - DAY

Shana is on the phone at Clint's desk. She has her credit card out.

SHANA

The number on the back is three-five-two.

INT. DALE'S AUTO REPAIR - DAY

DALE, a middle-aged mechanic, balances a phone on his ear as he types in a computer.

DALE

All right, maam. We'll try to get that taken care of but we close up at eight so we might have to hold it overnight.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FRONT DESK - DAY

SHANA

Okay. Thank you.

Shana hangs up the phone.

JP comes into the room from the hallway and dons his hat.

JP

Clint, you're gonna have to hold down the fort for a while. I'm heading down to the Carter place. Billy Ray is back on that methamphetamine and it's quite a mess.

As JP heads for the door...

SHANA

Can I ask you one more question?

JP

Sure.

SHANA

Do you know what did happen to Woody's mom?

JP

Last time I checked she was at twenty-three twenty Savannah Avenue. It's on the way where I'm going. I can drop you off if you like.

SHANA

Is that a cemetery?

JP

Almost.

EXT. PINE WOODS ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DUSK

The squad car pulls up to the building.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DUSK

JP puts the car in park.

JP  
Here we are.

Shana leans forward and looks out JP's window.

The outdoor area in front of the building has a few CNAs and dozens of elderly people. Some of them seem able to pass straight through others. It's difficult to distinguish between the living residents and the dead ghosts.

INT. PINE WOODS ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - FRONT DESK - DUSK

Shana talking to a front desk RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST  
You don't know her last name?

SHANA  
Yeah, I don't think he ever told me their last name.

RECEPTIONIST  
You don't know her first name?

SHANA  
No.

RECEPTIONIST  
But her son's first name is Woody.

SHANA  
Well that's what people call him.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry, it just seemed like everybody around here knew everybody.

As she says this a young male NURSE walks by.

NURSE  
You looking for Woody's Mom?

SHANA  
Yeah.

NURSE

That's Ms. McBryde. I'll take you  
up there.

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

Shana keeps her head down and does her best to keep her emotions calm as she follows the nurse down the hallway.

NURSE

I'm afraid the law won't allow me to tell you anything about her case. What I can tell you is that in general we are a dementia care unit, and people with dementia can get very emotional and forgetful, though they often remember the distant past real well.

A series of ghosts of elderly residents file down the hallway, some of them reach out to touch Shana, and she has to dodge them as they walk.

She looks up to a security camera aimed at them.

ON SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE

the grainy black-and-white footage shows Shana awkwardly dodging and weaving through nothing but dead air.

IN HALLWAY

The nurse notices her movement.

NURSE

You got Parkinson's?

SHANA

Tourette's.

The nurse nods understandingly as they turn into a much fresher looking wing with scantier ghosts.

The nurse comes to a stop at a half-open door. The name to the side of it reads "Flora McBryde".

NURSE

Do yourself a favor and don't try to argue with her.

INT. MS. MCBRYDE'S ROOM - DUSK

The nurse lightly RAPS on the door and lets himself in, with Shana following.

When they come in MS. MCBRYDE is sitting in a rocking chair, looking out a window. She wears a green dress and has pale green eyes.

On a shelf nearby are a series of framed pictures interspersed with whittled wooden statues.

As she walks in, Shana scans the pictures on the shelf. Just like in the photos in the box, in her younger days Ms. McBryde had an appearance almost identical to Shana's.

In each of the photos, a young Woody displays the forlorn guilt of a boy who got caught stealing candy at the corner store.

NURSE

(upbeat)

Ms. McBryde, I got some exciting news. You got a visitor.

MS. MCBRYDE

I don't want no visitors!

NURSE

Now Ms. McBryde, remember what the doctor said. You need to spend more time talking to people to keep your mind sharp.

MS. MCBRYDE

I don't want no visitors!

NURSE

(to Shana)

Be gentle, she'll come around.

The nurse walks out the door.

Shana eases down into the seat directly across from Woody's mother.

Ms. McBryde adjusts her glasses, for the first time getting a good look at Shana.

MS. MCBRYDE

Why, you're a pretty young thing.  
Are you one of those Carter girls?  
You come here to steal something  
from me?

SHANA

No, Ms. McBryde. I'm... I'm Woody's girlfriend.

Ms. McBryde nods her head. She leans back and her tension eases a little.

MS. MCBRYDE

Oh, right. He showed me a picture of you. Lisa, isn't it?

SHANA

Uh... no... it's Shana.

MS. MCBRYDE

(confused)  
Shana?!?

She looks at Shana a little more closely.

MS. MCBRYDE

You been doing the nasty with my boy?

SHANA

Ms. McBryde, I don't think that's any of your concern.

MS. MCBRYDE

Of course it's my concern. He's my boy! And he ain't the Wally Cleaver type of boy, neither. He'll stick his pickle in any strumpet that'll spread her legs and let him in.

SHANA

Ms. McBryde, I was hoping you could tell me about what went on in your cabin, way out there in the wilderness.

MS. MCBRYDE

I'll tell you what went on. I wasted two decades of my life raising that bastard.

(holds up two fingers)

Two decades. You have a kid, it's supposed to be an eighteen year sentence and then they go out into the world on their own. After two decades that good-for-nothing schmuck couldn't hack it, so he steals my land from me and kicks me to the curb.

SHANA

Did Woody get to play with other kids growing up?

MS. MCBRYDE

He wouldn't have been no good with other kids. He was hellfire that boy, liked to kill little animals.

SHANA

Did he go to school?

MS. MCBRYDE

I taught him plenty, Lisa. I taught him how to be a gentleman to ladies. He couldn't learn nothing anyway without getting whipped. We call him Woody because he's thick-headed.

SHANA

Where was Woody's father in all this?

WOODY (O.C.)

Hello Mom.

They both jerk around to see Woody standing in the doorway, head down in the same helpless pose as the boy in the picture, with none of the confidence or gusto he had before.

MS. MCBRYDE

Well, the prodigal son finally comes to visit his mother. What'd you think, you could just shovel me onto the sidewalk after stealing my estate and then never visit?

WOODY

Mom, I came to see you last week.

MS. MCBRYDE

Like hell you did. You don't ever visit, but I shouldn't expect anything more.

WOODY

(to Shana)

The truck's fixed. Let's go get your stuff and I'll drive you back to your trailer.

They head out the door, not closing it behind them as they walk into the

HALLWAY

but Woody's mother calls after them.

MS. MCBRYDE (O.S.)

You wanna know who his father is? I got raped and they never caught the bastard that did it. That's who you're fornicating with, Lisa. A rape baby, with the genes of a rapist.

SHANA

(soft)

I need to stop by the pharmacy.

WOODY

Okay.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

MUZAK plays over the speaker as Shana waits amongst other shoppers.

A PHARMACIST comes to the counter and picks up the phone.

PHARMACIST

Ms. Gardner?

SHANA

(approaching counter)

Yes?

PHARMACIST

Your prescription is about ready, but when we called it in your doctor said she wanted to speak to you.

She hands Shana the phone, but before she presses the transfer button...

PHARMACIST

This line is supposed to be for business and we normally don't let customers use it, so please keep it limited to medically necessary information. This phone is not for personal conversations.

Shana half-nods and half-rolls her eyes as she takes the phone.

SHANA

Hello?

INT. DR. FORSTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dr. Forster is in her own home.

Two kids play video games in the background.

DR. FORSTER (O.S.)

Shana, I'm so sorry I lost you before. I have a lot of concerns about you, between that broken conversation we had earlier and the fact that you're getting an early refill in another state. Is everything okay?

INTERCUT phone conversation.

SHANA

I lost my meds. It's a long story. I started having visions again.

DR. FORSTER

Do you believe these visions are real?

SHANA

I don't know.

DR. FORSTER

Shana, I'm going to ask you a question, and I really need you to answer this honestly. Are you going to act on any of the things you've seen in your visions? Are you going to hurt yourself or anyone else?

SHANA

No. No, I don't think so.

DR. FORSTER

Shana, listen to me carefully. I know you might think these things you see are real, but it's all part of your pathology.

(MORE)

DR. FORSTER (CONT'D)

You pick up things from your surroundings -- names, faces, details -- and your brain integrates it into these hallucinations that seem to tell you information, and it makes up conspiracies that seem to explain them. Do you understand?

SHANA

I understand... it's just. I really need to get back to see you.

The other line on the pharmacy phone starts RINGING. The pharmacist eyes it, and then looks up to Shana.

DR. FORSTER

How did you end up in another state?

SHANA

I met a man at the carnival.

The pharmacist frowns as she hears Shana relay this very non-medical information.

PHARMACIST

Maam, we'll need that phone back.

DR. FORSTER

Shana, I'm very worried about whether this is a safe man to be with.

The pharmacist reaches for the phone, but Shana backs away.

SHANA

You haven't even met him. How would you even know to be worried?

DR. FORSTER

Do you remember what I told you about transference?

Click. The pharmacist has ended the call.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Woody is driving the truck with a nasty scowl frozen on his face.

Shana has the white bag from the pharmacy and her cell phone, hooked up to the car charger, in her lap.

SHANA  
You wanna talk about it?

He clearly doesn't.

SHANA  
It's okay. I had a single parent  
who was a monster, too.

Shana shifts in her seat and when she does the right strap of her green dress snaps off.

She pulls on the broken strap and looks at it. The end that broke has strings coming out. It's clear someone has sewed it to repair a cut.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Shana has the sacks of apples over her shoulder when she sees the woman in the green dress.

SHANA  
Hey!

Shana starts after her.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
Hey! I need help!

The woman turns away from Shana and when she does, we see a huge bloody gash above her right shoulder blade and a cut strap of her dress.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Shana looks at her strap, then to Woody.

She hears her cell phone RING. She picks it up.

SHANA  
Hello?

INT. DALE'S AUTO REPAIR - NIGHT

Dale on the phone, getting ready to leave.

DALE  
Yeah, Ms. Gardner I was calling to  
let you know what your charges  
were.

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

It ended up just being fifty bucks for the tow, but there wasn't much of anything to fix, so I waived the labor fees.

INTERCUT phone conversation.

SHANA

I don't understand.

DALE

There wasn't really nothing wrong with it. It's just that your fuel injector was unhooked and needed to be reattached.

SHANA

You mean like it fell off?

DALE

No, it couldn't have just fell off. As best as I can figure, someone was fiddling with it and they unhooked it and forgot to reattach it.

(beat)

I don't know how they could do that, but that's what I reckon happened.

SHANA

Okay. Thank you.

Shana hangs up the phone and looks at Woody, his face still locked in the same position.

Shana struggles to process this new piece of information.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DR. FORSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

We're back in Dr. Forster's office with the original brown-haired Shana.

DR. FORSTER

Shana, have I ever talked to you about transference?

SHANA  
 Transference?  
 (beat)  
 I've never heard of it.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Shana looks suspiciously at Woody as he unscrews a flask and swigs off of it.

DR. FORSTER (V.O.)  
 Who did Austin remind you of?

FLASHBACK:

INT. DR. FORSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Shana tries to answer the question.

SHANA  
 I guess... I guess he reminded me  
 of Cody a little bit.

DR. FORSTER  
 Yes, I'm sure in some way he  
 reminded you of all the boyfriends  
 you had before him. They were are  
 all heavy drinking abusers. But who  
 do they remind you of? Who came  
 first?

CUT TO:

INT. SHANA'S TRAILER - BEDROOM - DAY

A seven-year old Shana hides under her bed.

A much younger, healthier version of her father bursts  
 through the door, belt in one hand, beer in the other.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. FORSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

SHANA  
 You one of those shrinks who thinks  
 women wanna fuck their fathers?  
 (MORE)

SHANA (CONT'D)

I didn't pick Austin. He picked me.  
He walked up to me in a bar.

DR. FORSTER

Why did he pick you? Because he saw  
someone he could victimize. He saw  
someone he wanted to victimize. Why  
did you go with him? Most women  
would have snubbed him right then  
and there. But to you he felt  
familiar.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. TRUCK - DAY

They are bumpily driving up Woody's driveway as the gravel  
RUMBLES beneath them.

The cabin is in view, a hundred yards up.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. WOODY'S CABIN - DAY

A brunette Shana getting the facial and nail treatment from  
Woody.

DR. FORSTER (V.O.)

You grew up in a single parent  
family.

INT. WOODY'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Woody dyeing Shana's hair red while she slumps unconscious in  
the chair.

DR. FORSTER (V.O.)

And you try to recreate that past  
relationship in the present. If  
that's all you knew growing up,  
that's all you want as an adult.  
Even though you hated that  
relationship, you choose to relive  
it.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

They have arrived.

Shana jumps out of the truck and sprints for the cabin.

DR. FORSTER (V.O.)

Maybe you want to find a way to win  
the love of that person this time.  
To change them.

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Shana bursts in, slams the door and latches it.

IN THE CLOSET,

Shana has the wooden panel out and yanks a box out of it.

IN THE MAIN ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Shana has four boxes spread on the floor around her.

WOODY (O.S.)

(pounding at door)

Shana! Open up!

She opens the first box and pulls out the fishnet stockings.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT STREET - NIGHT

A brunette prostitute in heavy makeup with Shana's height, build, and an almost-identical face. She walks the street looking for Johns.

Pulling up beside her is Woody's truck, the same one he has now only it looks almost brand new.

A window rolls down and we see a twenty-one year-old Woody.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Shana opens the second box. It has the Easter Sunday dress.

Woody POUNDING on the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A large crowd of people leave a church building.

A young blonde woman, again with nearly-identical facial features to Shana walks to her car in an Easter Sunday dress.

Woody, now about twenty-eight and dressed and groomed like a man of God, smiles and opens her door for her.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Shana opens the third box. Pulls out the Lynyrd Skynyrd T-shirt.

WOODY (O.S.)  
(through door)  
Shana! Let me in!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR CONCERT - DAY

Another Shana look-alike in a Lynyrd Skynrd shirt dances in the crowd.

A thirty-four year-old Woody stands beside her, offering a joint.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. FORSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. FORSTER  
Or maybe you haven't acknowledged the rage you feel toward that parent, you find it unacceptable to feel that way toward someone you also feel so close to, so you find a substitute to direct that anger at.

(MORE)

DR. FORSTER (CONT'D)  
You take your rage out on someone  
who reminds you of that parent.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The prostitute, now in the green dress and red hair, runs away as Woody chases her with an axe.

He swings and hits her right above the right shoulder blade.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

A panicky church girl (also now with red hair and green dress) struggles to start the truck. It CRANKS but won't turn.

Woody comes up with an ice pick and stabs her through the open window.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Woody holds a shotgun as he scans the main room when he hears the JINGLE of metal coat hangers.

He opens the closet door.

The concert girl SCREAMS.

He FIRES the shotgun.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Shana opens the fourth box. Folded at the top is the summer dress she wore to the carnival.

Shana pushes the box away from her as if it held a live cobra.

Woody is still behind the door.

WOODY (O.S.)

(soft)

Shana, please. You know I wouldn't  
do anything to hurt you.

Shana goes over to the wooden gun rack and takes the shotgun  
off.

WOODY (O.S.)

(even softer)

I just want to take you back to  
your home.

Shana pops open the shotgun and checks that it's loaded. It  
is.

WOODY (O.S.)

You gonna lock yourself in there  
forever? Open up so we can sort out  
whatever's bothering you.

(beat)

Why won't you tell me what's wrong?

Shana stands there gripping the shotgun.

Her face a stone wall.

FADE OUT: