

## MESMERISM

ON BLACK TITLE CARD:

"The human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires" - Goethe

The Pattering of a CHILD'S FOOTSTEPS on a wooden floor.

FADE IN:

INT. UPPER PENINSULA, WISCONSIN LAKE HOUSE, NIGHT, 1970

Wall to ceiling wood Paneling.

A young GIRL (4), bleached unkempt hair, face red from the summer sun, scurries down the hallway of a two story lake house like she's running to or away from something. She barely hangs on to a BLOOD SOAKED PACKAGE beneath one arm. Beneath the other a RAGGED DOLL.

She turns into the first

BEDROOM

The young Girl delivers the Package to another young girl, ALICE (13). She is a nearly identical, older version of the first girl.

AN ANIMAL GROWLS from within the closet.

Alice unwraps the raw, bloodied STEAK and tosses it into the darkness of the closet.

The gnashing of teeth and tearing of flesh begin immediately. Whatever it is, it is ferocious. And it likes raw meat.

The young Girl's eyes grow wide with a mixture of astonishment and delight. Alice looks on in disbelief.

GIRL  
(matter-of-fact)  
Pa's gone crazy. He's not happy.

Alice keeps her eye on the closet.

Sudden SCREAM followed by a CRASH of glass from downstairs causes both girls to turn to look at the door.

Heavy footsteps come up the stairs.

Alice removes a WOODEN COVER from the back of the closet.

ALICE  
Pa's coming. Take Viv with you.

Alice slides into the dark crawlspace in the wall of the closet - a secret passageway.

ALICE'S POV

Alice watches the girl stare at her from the opening. The light from the room outlines her figure.

SHAKES (O.S.)  
Al! Get your ass back here!

ALICE  
(mouths words)  
Go.

BACK TO SCENE

The bedroom door swings open. The girl turns to find SHAKES (Pa) (30s) standing angrily in the doorway. He looks like he's on his second quart of whiskey.

SHAKES' POV

The Girl stares at him, frightened. He notices the open closet door and on the back wall, the open passageway.

BACK TO SCENE

Shakes marches toward the closet, pushes the girl out of the way.

SHAKES  
No you don't.

He blindly reaches an arm in, grabs Alice's leg as she tries to scurry away.

INT. CRAWL SPACE

Alice struggles to break free from Shakes' grip. Fingernails claw the metal sides.

SHAKES  
Ungrateful little bitch.

BACK TO SCENE

Shakes yanks Alice out by the foot. Her hands barely touching the ground.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, STAIRCASE, NIGHT

Shakes drags Alice by the foot, down the wooden steps. She screams with each thump of each step down.

The Girl follows.

SHAKES

Like the rest of 'em.

GIRL

Leave her alone!

The Girl throws a book at Shakes hitting him in the head. He stumbles and falls down the stairs.

Scared, she runs to hide.

Alice gets up, runs Past Shakes who gathers himself at the bottom of the steps.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT

The Girl enters and immediately goes to the closet, and disappears into the darkness of the passageway.

INT. CRAWL SPACE

The Girl blindly pushes forward. She stops to listen.

GIRL

Vivian! Wait! Where are you!?

Scratching of an animal's nails against metal meters ahead in the darkness.

Shakes' voice echoes from downstairs.

SHAKES (O.S.)

(singing)

Ahhh-lice! Your cousin can't help  
you now.

The Girl continues on.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, NIGHT

SHAKES (O.S.)  
Ahhhh-lice!

Alice enters frantic, looks for a hiding place.

NEXT ROOM

Shakes stalks Alice into

KITCHEN

Alice is nowhere to be found.

SHAKES  
(calm)  
Al? Where's my favorite girl  
hiding?

He quietly pulls a large kitchen knife from a knife holder.

SHAKES (CONT'D)  
Alice?

He checks the first cabinet furthest from Alice. Nothing.

Then the next. Nothing.

He checks the next cabinet. As he does, Alice bursts out of her hiding place and makes a run for it.

Shakes grabs her long hair, yanking her backwards. She screams out.

INT. CRAWL SPACE

Blackness except for a sliver of light from the bedroom.

GIRL  
(quiet)  
Vivian.

Nothing but the sound of Alice's SCREAMS from downstairs.

The girl crawls another small step then suddenly disappears into a vertical portion of the crawl space as she falls to the first floor with a THUD.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

The living area is wall to wall with stuffed and mounted LOCAL ANIMALS in various positions and various levels of completion. Even the family dog, MAX is stuffed and mounted.

Shakes drags Alice by the hair through the living room towards the front door.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, NIGHT

A police car slides to a stop in front of the front door.

Shakes exits with the knife in one hand and a handful of Alice's hair in the other.

Alice struggles to get her footing.

DEPUTY WALTERS (20s) exits the cruiser, immediately draws his weapon, takes aim at Shakes. Walters looks like a shoe salesman in a cop's uniform.

WALTERS

Let 'er go, Shakes.

Shakes waves the knife at Walters, whose arm tremors uncontrollably.

SHAKES

Yer on my land, Walters. Don't waste your time on this filth.

WALTERS

Dammit, Shakes.

SHAKES

Sh' wanted me to give up ma only true friends, Walter. They's the only friends I got.

Shakes spits on the porch.

SHAKES (CONT'D)

She ain't no good no more.

Shakes motions to the nearby truck.

SHAKES' POV

A woman's limp torso hangs halfway inside the cab. Her head smashed through the broken window. Obviously dead.

BACK TO SCENE

WALTERS  
(to himself)  
My God.

From the porch, Shakes takes the knife and swipes it across Alice's neck (though we don't see it). He stares at Walters with lost eyes.

INT. CRAWL SPACE, GIRL'S POV

Her POV is through the living room, out the front door. She watches Alice struggle against Shakes' grip.

Alice drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

The girl muffles her own screams with a tight hand over her mouth.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, NIGHT

Walters' mouth drops. He instantly takes several shots at Shakes. Hits him with at least one in the torso.

Shakes drops to one knee though is still alive.

Behind him, in the living room, we see the eyes of the Girl peering through a downstairs vent.

Something goes for Walters' arm, knocking the pistol from his hand. His hand bleeds profusely. Whatever it was gets lost in the shadows. We don't see it.

Shakes staggers a couple of steps then falls face first onto the dirt.

Something HISSES from beneath the front porch steps.

Walters backs away from the house, his eyes locked onto the darkness beneath the steps, stumbles to the driver's side of the waiting police cruiser.

CREATURE'S POV

We watch Walters drag himself around the front end of the police cruiser. Deep, coarse BREATHS from whatever is beneath the porch.

INT. POLICE CRUISER, NIGHT

Walters reaches in for a SHOTGUN. As he does, a body SLAMS against the Passenger's side window.

Startled, Walters takes aim at

THE GIRL stands frantic at the window.

WALTERS

Get in!

Walters unlocks the door, opens it for the Girl. She gets in.

GIRL

Vivian.

Walters starts the cruiser.

WALTERS

Who?

GIRL

Vivian. She's still in there.

WALTERS

Ain't no one in there no more.

He slams the car in reverse and peels out of there.

We hold on the front of the house a moment then

The dark, haunting facade of the lake house transforms and ages in front of our eyes. The walls are now nearly falling apart.

POP MUSIC BEGINS

SAME SCENE, YEARS LATER, DAY

An SUV pulls around to the front and stops. It's pulling a jetski trailer with two ready-to-go jetskis.

LAYLA (20), jet black hair with eyes much older than her 20 years, visually inspects the house from the Passenger's seat.

JACK (25), Mr. Johnny-on-the-spot douchey frat boy, peers through the front windshield. He's the guy who's best years are already behind him. He cuts the engine, the music goes with it.



JACK  
This place is a crap hole.

Layla slowly gets out keeping an eye on the lake house.

LAYLA  
Shut up, Jack.

JACK  
Just saying.

Jack steps out, immediately snorts and hocks a loogie into the woods, 30 feet away.

Layla gives him a look.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(off Layla)  
What?

She continues as though they've had that conversation before. She takes a few steps towards the lake house. Stops, surveys the top window.

As she takes in the aged beauty of the place, Jack lazily throws an arm around Layla's shoulder

JACK (CONT'D)  
This really belong to us?

LAYLA  
Mother's dream of making a buck  
somehow supersedes my ownership.

Jack shoots snot out of one nostril on the dirt.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
Gross.

A CONSTRUCTION COMPANY TRUCK

Pulls in behind the SUV. MUSIC blares from the open windows.

ANT (20s), his wire-like frame hiding his toughness, drives. His name belies the fact that he can lift ten times his own weight. The daily weed smoking keeps him from killing anyone.

DEE (20s), black, more muscles than brains sits shotgun, finishes his beer, burps and crushes the can between both hands.

RILEY (20), an Asian Barbie Doll, playfully slaps Dee on the shoulder, reprimanding him for his manners.

RILEY

Really?

From the backseat, PAISLEY and SCARLETT (20s) stare at the dilapidated cabin. Scarlett looks like she's somewhere between a good looking chap stick lesbian and bull. Paisley is soft, small framed, 20 something going on 12.

SCARLETT

Saw a ditch back there that might be more comfortable.

RILEY

Dibs on the backseat.

PAISLEY

How long we staying, again?

Dee sneaks up behind Riley and sticks a leaf in her ear.

Riley SQUEALS, slaps the shit out of him. Dee loves it, plays it up. Her anger lasts for just a moment. Dee's charm too much for her.

DEE

I'll leg wrestle you for it.

RILEY

You wish.

SCARLETT

You'll break his toothpick legs, Riley.

Dee shoots her the finger. Goes back to the truck to unload.

GRAYSON (30s), a hint of grey in his hair doesn't hide the fact that he hasn't grown up yet, helps DEE carry a massive cooler. Each with a beer in their free hand.

Grayson looks like the lead singer from a defunct grunge band.

GRAYSON

I am ab-so-lute-ly PARCHED from that drive!

RILEY

Six beers in 2 hours should keep you hydrated, no?

GRAYSON

Eight beers. *Sipped* eight beers in two hours.

(MORE)

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Way below my daily allotment. I'm  
much more responsible than you  
think, Riley-bear.

Ant pokes at the rotted wood siding, pulls a loose piece off.

ANT  
(to Dee)  
Du-ude, you gonna be safe here with  
that tan?

Dee holds a cellphone high trying to get signal.

DEE  
I ain't scared o' no redneck. That  
right, Scarlett.

Scarlett shoots Dee the finger.

ANT  
Dude, least I got weed. Send me  
anywhere. Long as I got smoke.

Ant hits a one-hitter. Holds the smoke in.

Scarlett holds up Ant's medicine bottle - prescription weed.

SCARLETT  
For your epilepsy, I guess?

ANT  
Doctor prescribed.

Ant grabs the bottle from Scarlett.

Scarlett punches Ant in the shoulder. She's got a good left  
jab. Ant barely moves.

SCARLETT  
Hope it provides Pain relief.

Layla playfully spins around towards group and claps her  
hands together.

LAYLA  
Oh come on guys, we're going to  
have a great time!

SCARLETT  
(mocking)  
Oh-em-gee. We're gunna have a  
fabulous time.

Layla rolls her eyes.

Paisley searches for a cellphone signal. Waves her phone high in the air.

PAISLEY

Tell me there's Wifi, at least.

Layla lifts garden stones one by one around the porch steps looking for the hidden key.

LAYLA

We have the peace and quiet of the wilderness, a beautiful lake, jet-skis. Each other's company.

Scarlett fakes dry heaving at Layla's comment.

DEE

And beer!

GRAYSON

Here, here!

Layla holds the key high to show everyone.

JACK

So excited to see our new home!

ALL

(in unison)

Shut up, Jack.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, DAY

The front door opens flooding the cobwebbed interior with fresh sunlight. It's the first light the place has seen in decades.

Faded sheets cover the 20 or so stuffed and mounted animals - mostly local types.

Layla enters, stands around reminiscing. Jack surveys the structure, runs a hand along the wooden handrail.

Ant uncovers a stuffed RACCOON.

ANT

Trippy. Dude, look at this shit.

Dee and Grayson uncover several other animals.

GRAYSON

Dope. I want one.

ANT  
Dibs on the trippy cat.

SCARLETT  
Possum, moron.

RILEY  
Poor animals.

PAISLEY  
Disgusting.

The group surrounds the animals. It's like a human-animal stand-off.

SCARLETT  
Holy shit, Grayson, I found your cousin.

Scarlett grabs the long nose of an ant-eater.

GRAYSON  
Your humor is as polite as your face, Scarlett.

SCARLETT  
How old are you, Grayson? Fifty? Fifty five?

GRAYSON  
Younger than your last boyfriend. What was his name?

DEE  
Prostate Joe?

GRAYSON  
Yeah, that's him.

Grayson blows Scarlett a kiss. He finishes his beer.

Scarlett shoots Grayson the finger. He's gotten the better of her for now.

RILEY  
Congratulations on your new home, Lay.

Layla curtseys and gives a polite bow.

ANT  
This thing will be cool once we tear it down and build it again.

JACK

All I know is we've got some work  
to do this week, boys and girls.

DEE

All I know is, we're gunna put a  
hurtin' on those jetskis.

Dee down his beer, BURPS loud, crushes the can with his  
hands. Dee rips his shirt off and hustles outside.

GRAYSON

Yes!

EXT. LAKE, DOCK, DAY

The lake is pristine and clear. It's surrounded by dense  
forest in all directions.

Grayson and Dee stand at the dock's edge. Grayson downs a  
beer.

Dee HOWLS like a wolf. Grayson follows. Both HOWL creating  
echoes across the silent lake.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY

Riley, Scarlett and Paisley walk into the kitchen followed by  
Ant and Jack who are now lugging along the cooler. Scarlett  
scans the kitchen.

SCARLETT

Ok, yeah. This is gross.

1, 2, 3. Paisley and Scarlett play rock-paper-scissors,  
Paisley loses.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Paisley's got kitchen!

Paisley storms off.

Jack and Ant lug the cooler onto the countertop. Riley opens  
the cooler.

RILEY

I hope you boys Packed more than  
beer.

Jack looks to Ant for confirmation.

JACK  
Whiskey?

ANT  
Affirmative, dude, we've got  
whiskey.

Riley digs through the cooler.

RILEY  
Cute! Beef jerky and jalapeno  
poppers. No microwave here guys.

Jack shrugs it off.

JACK  
Plenty of chips in the car.

RILEY  
We'll survive the night, great.  
Does this fridge even work?

Riley opens the refrigerator revealing decades old filth.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Gross!

At the same time, all hold their noses from the smell.

JACK  
Ant.

ANT  
Ladies.

Without another word, both Ant and Jack get out of there.

SCARLETT  
Oh, hell no.  
(towards the next room)  
Pai-sley!

Riley waves off the instant nausea, hurries out of there. She almost runs into

PAISLEY as she returns with her arms full of cleaning supplies. Her jaw drops when she sees the refrigerator. She, too, plugs her nose because of the smell.

Scarlett Pats her on the back, leaves.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
All you, baby girl.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, STAIRWELL, DAY

Layla runs her hand along the winding stairway railing as she steps upon to the upstairs landing. The textures and the house's spirit speaks to her.

HALLWAY, AT THE TOP

The long, dusty hallway sits with its several closed doors.

She flips a light switch. POP! The overhead light blows out.

Layla slowly makes her way down the hallway as if expecting something or someone to come jumping out. She cautiously opens each door, peers in quickly and then moves on to the next.

The old doors squeak on their rusted hinges and the floor boards beneath her feet creak with each step.

A faint THUMP comes from the room at the end of the hall.

As she cautiously opens the final door something scampers into a hiding place. Layla doesn't notice.

Layla summons her courage, slowly opens the door the rest of the way to reveal...

A child's bedroom - the same bedroom from the opening scene - curtains, torn and barely hanging, blow in the wind of a half-open window. A chair faces the window.

A STUFFED BEAR sits in a chair near the window. Smaller TOYS are placed around it, as if a child was recently playing.

Layla studies the toys, goes to the window, stares out the open window down onto the front lawn and the SUV and TRUCK.

A dull THUMP from the closet causes Layla to jump and spin around.

She grabs an old broom leaned against the wall, holds it defensively. She takes a couple of steps towards the closet when a floor board lets out an awful SQUEAK. She grimaces, though moves on.

With the end of the broomstick she pushes open the closet door revealing several feet of impenetrable darkness. She illuminates the dark space with her phone.

Children's clothing and toys lay scattered about, forgotten.



Her light sweeps the closet wall until passing the small SECRET PASSAGEWAY - the same one from the first scene - then returns the light and holds on it.

A BUMP in one corner - Layla swings the light towards it.

A DOLL'S ARM drapes over a toy chest. A gust of wind blows through the closet causing the doll's arm to swing against the side of the chest, like an empty swing gone awry.

Curious, Layla peers into the opening, her head slightly inside. She slowly places her head deeper into the darkness.

The swinging of the Doll's arm begins again.

Bump. Bump.

A silent moment when...

Something grabs Layla's shirt from behind. Layla SCREAMS and thrashes her arms wildly trying to get off whatever it is attacking her.

Scarlett LAUGHS.

SCARLETT

Boo, bitch!

Layla pushes Scarlett back out of the closet half playing and half serious.

LAYLA

Scarlett! You're such a..  
(searches for the word)

SCARLETT

Bitch? Whore? Cuntgobbler? You're  
are so sweet, Layla.

Layla holds her chest to calm her racing heart.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Let's hug it out.

Scarlett tries to hug Layla.

Layla pushes her back.

LAYLA

Not funny. You scared the life out  
of me.

SCARLETT  
Bet I scared something else out  
too.

Scarlett pokes at Layla's belly.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
What you got there?

Layla secures the cover over the opening.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
Who puts an air vent in the closet?

LAYLA  
Mother said this house was used  
during the days of the Underground  
Railroad.

The cover blends into the wall hiding its presence from  
passing eyes. Layla moves the toy chest in front of it  
protecting it from Scarlett's nosey eyes.

SCARLETT  
(incredulous)  
Oooohh. Secret passage way. Like  
Jack trying to find your pu-nanie.

Scarlett mimics intercourse with her fingers though her  
finger doesn't find the hole.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
Oooops. Not there.

She does it again.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
Not there either. Gotta find the  
secret passageway, Jackster.

Layla shakes her head.

EXT. LAKE DOCK. DAY.

Dee and Grayson peruse the dock. Without warning, Grayson  
falls through a rotted board and SPLASHES the water below.

Dee gets on his belly to look for Grayson.

DEE  
Grayson!  
(to the others)  
Help!

The rest of the group run from the house towards Dee.

LAYLA  
What happened?

Dee shoots up, takes several steps back like a monster is on its way out.

DEE  
(Henry Frankenstein voice)  
It's alive! Alive!

Grayson's hand reaches up to the top of a dock ladder like the creature from the Black Lagoon. His drenched face follows.

GRAYSON  
Your fearless hero lives.

He places a wet beer can on the dock.

RILEY  
You're not...

Grayson downs the beer.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Yep. You're drinking it.

LAYLA  
Ew. Gross.

PAISLEY  
Wow, this lake is stunning.

Everyone Pauses to take in the view. It is, in fact, stunning.

JACK  
(looks at watch)  
It's noon now. With the eight of us we could have the house halfway tidied up for tonight in about two hours. That puts us down here on the lake with several hours of day light left.

GRAYSON  
A man with a plan.

Grayson pulls himself on the dock.

RILEY

If Grayson will stop playing with himself in the water.

Grayson goes after Riley.

GRAYSON

Gimme a hug, Riley-bear!

She ain't having it, gets out of there.

SERIES OF SCENES

1. Jack and Layla remove sheet covers from the bedroom furniture. Jack playfully chases Layla around the room.
2. Scarlett shakes out a carpet from the second story window onto Dee and Riley below bringing in luggage.
3. Ant turns on a faucet and water shoots everywhere.
4. Grayson Passes through the hallway from one bedroom to another draped in a sheet, scares Layla as she exits a room.
5. Ant guides Riley with a wrench tightening the faucet handle. His face gets close to hers. She turns into his face until their lips are almost touching. She giggles, plays coy.
6. Jack tries making out with Layla on an upstairs bed. She not being very receptive. Behind them, the opened closet door.

We move close to the closet until we are almost inside. We hold on this image until...

The recognizable 4/4 THUMP of HOUSE MUSIC from somewhere.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE DOCK. DAY.

HOUSE MUSIC blares from a bluetooth speaker on the dock. JET SKI engines WHINE as Jack and Layla Pass close, Jack sprays water onto

SCARLETT AND RILEY as they sunbathe on the end of the dock.

SCARLETT/RILEY

Hey!

SCARLETT

Don't make me swim out there, Jack-ass!

Further on the dock, Paisley sunbathes. Dee flirts though she ignores him.

Ant and Grayson check out a docked rowboat.

CLOSE ON

Jack and Layla as they pass one another in the water.

LAYA'S POV

From the second floor window the outline of a small HUMAN-LIKE FIGURE faces the unsuspecting group. Layla stops, stares at the figure in the window.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM, DAY

In the distance, we watch the gang hang out on the dock. Behind them, in the water, Layla stares.

The curtains move in the wind as the figure pulls away. Someone or something has been watching them.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, DINING ROOM, NIGHT

Low EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC plays in the background.

The entire group sits around the table which is covered with various bottles of alcoholic beverages and an abandoned card game.

GRAYSON

It's preemptive and entrapment.

PAISLEY

Entrapedment?

SCARLETT

Spell it.

Paisley sticks her tongue out at Scarlett.

GRAYSON

Majority of DUIs occur in the wee hours of the night, right? Maybe we should rethink the law's all I'm saying.

RILEY  
 (rolls eyes)  
 Let's hear it.

A collective GROAN from the group like they've heard what Grayson is about to say for the hundredth time.

GRAYSON  
 Follow me here. Majority rules  
 right?

Scarlett's head lurches forward, fake falls asleep on the table.

Dee sniffs her hair, frowns disgusted.

RILEY/LAYLA  
 Right.

GRAYSON  
 Intoxicated drivers are college  
 students, their professors,  
 (points to himself)  
 Professionals blowing off steam and  
 hardworking blue collar guys doing  
 the same at the end of a hard week.  
 They Pay bills, taxes and if they  
 want to pop a couple molls or have  
 a drink or two and need to get home  
 then give them the road. Every man  
 for himself from 12am to 3am.

DEE  
 Temporary anarchy.

GRAYSON  
 Right of way.

LAYLA  
 Gosh, Grayson. That's a great idea.

GRAYSON  
 Seriously, you're cruising along in  
 your minivan Packing your little  
 tots in the back and uh-oh, 12am  
 Friday night rolls around. What do  
 you do?

LAYLA  
 Tell me.

GRAYSON

You beeline it to the next gas station, grab a few gallon sized cups of Sour Patch Watermelon Slurpees and chill your bums out for the next few hours till the dust has settled. What self-respecting Parent is dragging their kids around at 12am Friday night anyway?

SCARLETT

How many DUIs do you have, Grayson?

GRAYSON

Zero. Spank you. I do follow the letter of the law, at least in spirit.

ANT

Dude, it's the spirits we follow, I say.

GRAYSON

Here. Here.

Grayson touches his glass to Ant's.

LAYLA

Today's mislead youth in Grayson's drunken hands. Frightening.

GRAYSON

Like Scarlett's personality.

SCARLETT

Like your micropenis. Getting the little teenie boppers in bed is easy. Except when they see the pumpkin seed they get all bummed out.

Scarlett mimics fellatio with a toothpick.

Collective LAUGH.

GRAYSON

Keep talking about it and I might have to show it.

ANT

Show it. Show it. Show it...

The others pick up the chanting. Scarlett sits back, waits.

RILEY

As we say a silent prayer for Grayson not showing us his micropenis, don't we have some work to do tomorrow? And by we I mean the boys?

LAYLA

Exactly!

She high-fives Riley.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Paid vacation on my mother.

DEE

On your mother? Who wants that?

Scarlett hammer fists Dee in the chest. He barely budges.

DEE (CONT'D)

Now we're getting somewhere. I like it.

LAYLA

You evaluate the house, line up contractors to do the needed repairs and...

SCARLETT

Beat the shit out of them if they overcharge.

LAYLA

...and make sure they do the work.

JACK

And do any minor repairs we could do ourselves to save on costs.

Layla pats Jack's hand. More friend than lover type of touch.

LAYLA

Exactly.

Jack moves in close to Layla. He tries kissing her. She allows a peck. Jack goes in again. She reluctantly allows a more Passionate kiss.

A collective roll of the eyes from everyone... except Grayson.

The lights flicker causing eyes to shift gaze onto the overhead light.



GRAYSON  
Electric Panel first thing.

Grayson downs his drink.

ANT  
(raising his hand)  
This dude's got plumbing.

JACK  
Dee with me on the carpentry.

DEE  
You know it.

They fist bump.

JACK  
The company work truck is fully  
geared up. Make sure the tools make  
it back. We lose anything it's  
coming out of my ass.

DEE  
We...

Dee moves a finger back and forth between himself and  
Grayson.

DEE (CONT'D)  
...all know dad's a tight ass!

Grayson touches Dee's glass to toast.

GRAYSON  
Here. Here.

JACK  
(mocking)  
I'm telling dad.

ANT  
(mimicking Layla)  
Shut-up, Jack!

ALL  
(in unison)  
Shut-up, Jack!

Grayson and Dee attack Jack. Pretty soon the entire group is  
playfully piling on Jack.

TITLE CARD: DAY 2

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 2, DAY

Layla and Jack lay naked under a thin white sheet. Jack's morning wood calls attention beneath the sheets.

Awake, Layla quietly scoots out of bed as not wake him. She throws another blanket over his excited member hiding it.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, HALLWAY, DAY

Layla puts an ear to the door, listens.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 1, DAY

Paisley sleeps with a sleeping mask covering her eyes. The bright sun fills every corner of the old room. She SNORES lightly.

From nowhere, Layla playfully jumps on the bed on top of the sleeping Paisley.

LAYLA

Wanna help me with breakfast.

PAISLEY

(unenthusiastic)

Ten more minutes.

Layla notices the covering to the crawl space loose and the closet is open again.

LAYLA

Were you in the closet?

PAISLEY

What?

Paisley pulls her eye mask down.

PAISLEY (CONT'D)

No, my luggage is beside the bed.

LAYLA

Scarlett.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, FRONT PORCH, DAY

Jack removes a piece of old siding from the house while Dee cuts boards on a pair of sawhorses. Layla and Paisley bring them each a plate for breakfast.

PAISLEY  
Breakfast?

DEE  
Ooh, I could so marry you right  
now.

JACK  
Thank you, babe.

Jack kisses Layla. She reluctantly returns it.

Dee drops what he's doing immediately, enthusiastically take  
a plate and digs in.

LAYLA  
Grayson?

DEE  
(mouth full)  
Laundry room.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LAUNDRY ROOM, DAY

Wash sink and an old washer and dryer. Grayson tinkers with a  
fuse box, wraps a frayed wire with electrical tape. Layla  
walks in with a plate of food.

LAYLA  
Morning.

GRAYSON  
Now it is.

LAYLA  
Hungry?

She sets the dish on the washing machine.

GRAYSON  
Yes I am.

LAYLA  
What's this mess about?

GRAYSON  
Antique fuse box. It'd behoove us  
to replace it.

LAYLA  
Dangerous?

GRAYSON

Like two lovers in a secret  
romance. You have fire insurance?

Layla playfully leans back on the washer and crosses her  
legs, lingering longer than she should.

LAYLA

How'd you learn to do this work?

GRAYSON

Extra cash in college. Jack got his  
dad to let me work with the  
nightshift crew.

LAYLA

We all noticed you weren't around  
campus during the weeknights back  
in those days.

Grayson takes a bite out of a piece of toast.

GRAYSON

That's what happens when daddy  
ain't around to pay for college.  
Spend much time here as a girl?

LAYLA

Mom says so but I don't remember.  
Bits and pieces is all.

GRAYSON

Compartmentalize and repress.  
That's how we manage our childhood  
traumas. How'd it end up landing in  
your lap.

LAYLA

Uncle and his family died in an  
accident. Different family members  
fought for it. Grandmother won it  
in court years ago and when she  
passed last year my name - along  
with my mother's - turned up in her  
will.

GRAYSON

You and Jack going to settle down  
here?

LAYLA

Me and Jack  
(considers)  
we're on the downswing.  
(MORE)

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
(gauges response)  
If you haven't noticed.

GRAYSON  
I may have.

Grayson puts a hand on Layla's thigh testing the waters.

Layla stares at Grayson considering her next move. She is into whatever he's offering.

Finally...

LAYLA  
Back to work, Grayson.

Layla politely moves his hand, leaves. Plays hard to get.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, DAY

Power tools WHINE outside.

Layla mops the floor while Paisley wipes down the door casings for dust. Scarlett enters holding her head.

PAISLEY  
Morning, girlfriend.

SCARLETT  
They need to cease and desist with that sawing and hammering.

LAYLA  
(to Scarlett)  
Too much tequila?

SCARLETT  
Migraine. From hell actually. Never had a headache like this.

PAISLEY  
I've had a dull headache all morning, too. Mold issue I bet.

LAYLA  
Hope not.

SCARLETT  
Fetch me some water, Paisley. I'm staying in bed for a while.

Scarlett stumbles back into her room. Layla and Paisley stare at each other.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 1, DAY

Layla cleans a window as she watches the guys work outside.

A loud THUD behind her.

She turns goes to the closet, sees the crawl space opening uncovered once more. She replaces the cover, once again placing the toy chest in front of it.

As she turns, another THUD. Then something unseen SLIDES across the ceiling.

Layla visually traces the sliding across the ceiling.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, DAY

Layla follows the sliding noise down the hall. She stops at a ladder leading up to the attic.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, ATTIC, DAY

Layla's head raises into the attic from the entrance. She scans the area with her cell phone light.

Old furniture and boxes sit stacked with only a few rays of light shining through a roof vent.

Layla lifts herself the rest of the way into the dusty attic a few steps.

LAYLA

Hello?

Nothing. She scans one half of the attic. Nothing but dust and boxes when...

Riley suddenly and without warning grabs Layla's wrist.

Layla stares at Riley.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

What the ef, Riley!?

Riley looks like a statue. She stares straight ahead without a flinch.

Layla yanks her wrist free.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

Riley suddenly comes to, grabs her head.

RILEY  
Headache. I had a headache. Needed  
a place to lay down.

LAYLA  
You have a bedroom.

RILEY  
Not quiet enough.

Layla gauges Riley's response, her demeanor.

LAYLA  
You okay? You don't look good.

RILEY  
Fine. Just a bad headache's all.

Layla scans the rest of the room.

LAYLA  
Place creeps me out.

Layla reaches for a box with "photos" written on the lid.

Before she can open it, Riley forcefully grabs her wrist.

RILEY  
Air's stale in here. Let's go prep  
dinner.

Layla stares, gauging Riley. Finally relents.

LAYLA  
Sure.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, NIGHT

The group sits around the table drunk, merry, joking and chatting. Riley clears Paper cups, plates and trash into the kitchen garbage can.

ANT  
Not even kidding.

GRAYSON  
This plastered German just kept  
spewing this minutia about his  
divorce, work, just a constant  
verbal water boarding.

ANT

Mind you we've just flown nearly 24 hours to get to Phuket and all we want is a cold drink at the bar. Never forget that dude.

GRAYSON

Which is unfortunate.

Riley reaches between them to collect a few more Paper plates. Her arm touches Ant's. Ant grins.

ANT

Dude tells us he has this girlfriend he's been writing to...

GRAYSON

Sending money no less...

ANT

...met online and now flew to Phuket to meet, can't find her and asks if we can help. Grayson gets this idea to screw with this poor bloke.

LAYLA

Course he does.

Riley ties up the trash bag and leaves out the back door.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, BACK SIDE OF HOUSE. NIGHT

Pitch black except for light coming from the kitchen window.

Riley lifts the metal garbage lid. She stops suddenly, listens through the darkness.

Small FOOTSTEPS crunch leaves in the near distance.

She forgets it, her ears betraying her. She drops the bag in the trash can. As she turns around, she catches movement of something or someone, moving on all fours. It brushes right Past her in the darkness.

The creature's FOOTSTEPS scamper up the backside of a large oak tree out of sight. Riley's eyes follow the sound up the tree in mute terror.

She stumbles backwards towards the house, staring up into the tree and surrounding darkness.

A branch CRACKS overhead. She looks skyward.



As she does, a large dead branch CRASHES onto her head. She collapses to her knees under its weight.

Riley SCREAMS as she struggles to untangle the Spanish moss covering her head and face. She freezes, her eyes widen as the creature rapidly scales back down the tree.

She visually follows the sound down to the base of the tree. Bushes at the base rustle, when...

The back door to the Lake House flies open.

The rest of the Party comes running out to join her. Layla and Paisley notice Riley, rush to free her from the branch's clutches.

LAYLA

What happened, Riley?

Riley reflexively clings to Layla, Panic stricken.

RILEY

Something... there...

Dee shines a light up into the branches to inspect. Nothing but tree branches and darkness.

Ant kneels, puts a gentle hand on her face.

ANT

Pro'bly a raccoon or something.

Jack comes from around the tree holding branches as antlers.

DEE

Jack-rabbit!

ANT

Shoot that thing!

RILEY

Not funny. Wasn't no raccoon!

Riley's terrified voice causes everyone to pause.

JACK

(suddenly and inexplicably  
hostile)

We've had it with your dreamt up  
dramas, Riley. Fucking psycho.

Everyone stares at Jack surprised at his harshness and foul language.

LAYLA

What's wrong with you, Jack? Chill out.

Jack huffs then leaves.

BLACK TITLE CARD: DAY 3

INT. LAKE HOUSE, INTERIOR KITCHEN. DAY.

The early morning sun bathes the place in pleasant sunlight.

Layla casually enters in her PJs. Takes a bite from a truck stop muffin.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE. DAY

Dee and Ant search the work truck for tools.

Layla steps out on the porch.

JACK

(loud enough for Layla to hear)

Dad just won the bid for that huge condo project down by waterfront. So I'll most likely take over at the 7th street building. At this point he's just stacking chips.

DEE

Where are *your* chips, Jack? Where's your dad hiding them?

ANT

Dude, probably hiding in a massive statue of himself in front of city hall.

Ant and Dee roar with laughter.

JACK

Forget you guys. Lucky you guys are working.

Layla goes back inside uninterested. Jack notices.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 3, DAY

Storage room with stacks of cardboard boxes, furniture. Some covered in sheets.

Layla organizes a dresser.

Grayson enters.

GRAYSON

How bout last night? Kinda weird.  
That whole thing.

Grayson lifts the edge of a sheet covering a tall cabinet.

LAYLA

Riley was kind of freaked out.

GRAYSON

I'll say. What's up with your man?

LAYLA

(off Grayson)  
My man is not my man. Psycho.

GRAYSON

Hmm-mmm.

Grayson's eyes light up.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Look at this hidden beauty.

Grayson pulls an ANTIQUE BOLT ACTION RIFLE from the cabinet. Immediately takes aim down the barrel's sight. The way he handles the rifle, we know he has some experience.

LAYLA

Careful with that thing.

Layla looks uncomfortable with the rifle in the open.

GRAYSON

Granddad was a big outdoorsman.  
Used to take me hunting.

Again, Grayson takes aim at some unseen buck.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Was a helluva shot. Could shoot a  
target 400 meters. Even as a kid.  
(off Layla's uneasiness)  
Don't worry...

(MORE)

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
(sets gun down)  
I only shoot what I eat.

Grayson moves close to Layla, puts a hand on her waist, smiles devilishly.

Layla looks right into his flirting eyes like she might give into his charm fully this time.

She pulls away playing hard to get. Goes through a box of photos.

Grayson plays it off physically, takes the rifle. Blows into the bullet well.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
When you shoot an animal you want something vital. Not, the thing will run and run until you can't get to it. I usually only need one shot. Need to work on my aim, I suppose.

LAYLA  
Must be aiming at a tough doe.  
Smart. Fast.

GRAYSON  
Guess so. Everything can be caught.

He gives Layla a look and a smile before leaving.

Layla smiles at the attention.

She pulls a photo of YOUNG SHAKES (Pa) and YOUNG OFFICER WALTERS in civilian clothes.

CLOSE ON PHOTO

She flips it over. On the back reads, *Pa and Walters, 1970.*

EXT. LAKE HOUSE. EXTERIOR YARD. DAY.

Ant and Dee stow tools in the truck, store their work belts.

Jack motions for Grayson around to the back of the truck bed.

TRUCK BED

Jack pulls back a tarp in the bed to reveal a large roll of detonation cord, blasting caps and explosives.

GRAYSON  
Holy blow-shit-up, Batman.

JACK  
Mexican demolition crew. One of  
their guys quit, walked off the  
job.

Grayson grabs a drab green stick of C-4.

GRAYSON  
Dee!

Grayson tosses a stick of C-4 to Dee as he turns. He fumbles  
with it before pulling it in like a poorly thrown football.

JACK  
What the heck, Grayson!

Dee reads the label.

Jack hustles over to Dee.

DEE  
Ant!

Dee tosses to Ant just as he turns. He misses it badly. It  
falls in the dirt in front of his feet.

Jack makes a beeline to Ant. Grabs the C-4 off the ground  
before Ant, visibly slowed by his pot high can reach it.

JACK  
You guys stupid?

ANT  
Whoa, dude. Cool it, Jack-rabbit.

Jack pushes Past Grayson, carefully replaces the C-4 in the  
box.

GRAYSON  
Chill, Jack. Don't get your clit  
all sandy. C-4 needs det cord and  
detonator. I know a little about  
explosives. You'd know this shit if  
you read.

JACK  
Screw you, Grayson.

GRAYSON  
Don't be a pussy, Jack.

Jack gets in Grayson's face, threatening.

JACK

I'm watching you, Grayson. Keep  
messing around. I'll fuck you up.

A silent, tense stand-off. By the look on their faces, some  
other conflict is driving this.

Ant and Dee gather round lightening the tension.

Grayson smiles playing it off.

GRAYSON

Chill, Jack. Just joshin' you.

Jack relents.

Ant tries grabbing another C-4 stick. Jack slaps his hand.

DEE

We should fish with these bad boys.

JACK

Not if you guys don't stop acting  
like a-holes.

GRAYSON

Something is getting blown sky  
high.

ANT

Dude, how big's the blast?

JACK

Big enough to blow the crap of a  
bunch'a fish.

Grayson puts a hand on Jack's shoulder.

GRAYSON

That's what I'm talking about.

JACK

Small issue. No detonator switch.

DEE

What the fuck, Jack. Rub my pussy  
and get me wet, then you walk off.  
Can't leave a girl all wet like  
that.

JACK

Be here in two days.

Jack smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Blow your vag up then.

Dee picks Jack off the ground in a big bear hug.

DEE  
Come back to momma.

Paisley marches towards the group from around the corner. By the look of it, she's so mad her hair is almost on fire.

PAISLEY  
Where is my cellphone!? Was on the dresser. Who the...

She gets right in Jack's face. Close enough to touch nose to nose.

PAISLEY (CONT'D)  
Who took my cellphone!?

Jack backs off.

JACK  
You lost your mind?

Paisley collects herself, eases her posture. She turns away without saying a word.

Jack looks for reassurance from Grayson, Dee and Ant who remain in stunned silence.

Without warning, Paisley turns around and violently starts hammer fisting Jack's chest.

Jack tries fighting her off without hurting her.

PAISLEY  
Give me my fucking phone you fucking cunt!

Dee bear hugs her and drags her away as she continues to flail about.

PAISLEY (CONT'D)  
I'll fucking kill you! You cunt!

Jack, Ant and Grayson just stand there in shock.

DEE  
Paisley! What the!? Take a breather.

Paisley SOBS. She falls in Dee's arms.

DEE (CONT'D)  
 Nobody took your cell. What's wrong  
 with you?

PAISLEY  
 I don't know.

Dee walks Paisley back to the house. She barely stands as her body convulses with each SOB.

BLACK TITLE CARD: DAY 4

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 2, DAY

The bed cover, linen and pillows lay strewn on the floor.

Jack tightens a fitted sheet on the bed. One corner comes loose. The frustration builds in his already red face. He pulls the loose corner taught.

Layla enters. Jack ignores her, he's too worked up over the bedding. The red in his face getting redder.

LAYLA  
 Where did you put Paisley's phone?

Jack stays focused on the bedding.

JACK  
 What are you talking about?

Jack pulls the last corner on the sheet. It finally stays.

LAYLA  
 You know what I'm talking about,  
 Jack. You guys are fooling around  
 with her.

Jack throws the cover on, adjusts it perfectly on the bed.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Jack!

Jack ignores her, scratches his head. Something about the way the bed is made he doesn't like. He fixes a pillow, readjusts another. Still not good enough.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Jack. Answer me.



Jack ignores her. In a flash of rage, rips everything off the bed. YELLS out like an animal.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Fine. Be an a-hole.

Layla storms out.

EXT. WOODS. DAY.

A well worn walking trail pushes into the woods from the back of the house. The dense treeline almost cuts the sunlight completely out. Birds CHIRP and fly unseen overhead.

Layla moves down the trail through the woods. She's so far in, not a sign of house or human.

Up ahead, a set of old broken HEADSTONES - a human grave site.

She brushes leaves and dirt away from one headstone. As she does, the RUSTLING OF LEAVES to her right gives her pause. She searches the dense foliage.

BIRDS scatter overhead as if getting away from some predator.

FROM A DISTANCE

Something nearby prowls, stalks Layla.

Layla's eyes scans past the unseen voyeur.

From nowhere, Grayson sneaks up behind her while she is distracted, gives her a wet willy. Layla jumps out of her skin. She takes a wild swing at him.

GRAYSON

Chill! It's me.

LAYLA

A-hole.

Grayson notices the gravestones.

GRAYSON

Sexiest goddammed grave robber I know.

Grayson grabs her waist. Layla playfully slaps his shoulder. Again, she pulls away, playing hard to get.

LAYLA

This place creeps me out.

GRAYSON

Good. Got something cool to show you.

FROM A DISTANCE

The Voyeur watches Grayson and Layla unnoticed.

Grayson playfully pulls Layla by the hand.

EXT. WOODS. ABANDONED MINE, DAY

The forest is now in complete control. The dense tree coverage almost too much to get through.

Layla and Grayson study a naturally hidden opening of what looks like the entrance to an abandoned mine. Grayson sticks his head in, inspects the near vertical drop just Past the entrance.

He pulls on an old rope tied to a tree that someone before him used to get in and out of the mine. The rope looks as old as the mine itself. Grayson gives Layla an eager look.

LAYLA

No way, Grayson.

GRAYSON

Oh, come on. Gotta be some cool stuff down there.

LAYLA

No way. Don't you do it either.

Grayson positions himself to make the climb down.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

(warning)

Grayson.

INT. MINE SHAFT, DAY

Near complete blackness except for light from the opening overhead. Grayson rappels down the steep tunnel into the darkness.

Layla's face peers over one edge of the opening. Her face outlined by the scant sunlight behind her.

LAYLA  
Grayson, get back here!

Grayson makes his way near the bottom. He goes too fast, loses his grip, tumbles backwards.

SPLASH as he falls into waist deep water a few feet below.

LAYLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(from overhead)  
Grayson? You okay?

Grayson pulls himself to his feet. Checks his limbs making sure everything is intact. He's uninjured.

GRAYSON  
I'm fine.

Grayson turns towards a horizontal portion of the mine behind him. A grayish light casts shadows across his face. He visually scans the unseen area in front of him eyes wide with a mixture of amazement and fear.

LAYLA (O.S.)  
(whispered yell)  
Grayson!

He ignores her. Takes a step toward the opening. As he approaches, WHISPERING from all corners of the cave consumes the place. His eyes grow wider as if experiencing something other worldly.

LAYLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Grayson! Answer me!

The WHISPERING intensifies as Grayson thousand-yard stares at something unseen.

EXT. WOODS. ABANDONED MINE, DAY

Layla leans over the mine opening.

The WHISPERING continues reaching a crescendo.

LAYLA  
Grayson! You better answer me!

The WHISPERING suddenly ceases.

At The same time, Grayson appears at the top of the mine opening. Pulls himself out of the mine using the rope. He falls on the ground exhausted.

Layla goes to him.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
Grayson, what happened!?

Grayson catches his breath, scraped and dirty. Blood oozes from his nose and ears.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
You're bleeding. What happened?

Grayson continues with the silent thousand yard stare.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, BACK SIDE OF HOUSE. NIGHT.

A fire warms the area from a concrete fire pit. The wind moves the trees overhead. The fire whips around.

The group, minus Layla and Grayson, sit around the table playing a board game. By the looks on everyone's face, they are not exactly over the moon playing it. Everyone ranges from irritable, tense to melancholy.

Layla comes down the back steps.

LAYLA  
Anyone seen my cellphone?

DEE  
Yeah, whoever the funny person is,  
give up the phones.

Ant and Jack both give a non-verbal "it wasn't me".

SCARLETT  
Paisley. Earth to Paisley. It's  
your turn.

Paisley's mind is off somewhere else.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
Hey, retard!

Paisley glares at Scarlett.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)  
Are you retarded? Go. It's your  
turn.

If looks could kill, Scarlett would be dead.

PAISLEY  
Fuck you, Scarlett.

Paisley throws her cards at Scarlett. Storms off inside.

SCARLETT

Geez. What got her Panties in a wad?

Dee casually lays out a card.

DEE

Her brother's retarded, stupid.

Without warning, Riley angrily throws her cards on the table.

RILEY

Everyone here's acting like idiots.  
You all are idiots!

As she Passes, Ant tries gently grabbing her hand. Riley throws his hand off her own.

She slams the back door as she goes inside.

ANT

Jesus. Potty mouths.

LAYLA

Guys need to take it easy on them.  
They're not feeling it.

DEE

Maybe they're out of tampons. Jack,  
can you loan them one of yours?

JACK

Where you hiding Grayson, Lay?

Uneasiness floods Layla's face.

LAYLA

How should I know? I'm not  
Grayson's baby sitter.

JACK

You were with him today. Right?

Everyone stares at Layla who's trying to play it off. She regains her composure.

LAYLA

(mocking)  
Maybe he's with my phone, Jack?

Layla rubs Jack's hair like a two year old. She leaves.

SCARLETT

Damn, Jack. Somebody's at home  
driving your Cadillac.

Jack slams his cards down, angrily follows Layla inside.

Ant takes a hit from a one-hitter. Holds it out for Dee.

DEE

Fuck it. Maybe it'll help this  
headache.

Dee takes a hit. Gives it to Scarlett.

SCARLETT

Better than dealing with those  
other assholes.

Scarlett takes a hit.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BATHROOM, NIGHT.

Paisley sits submerged in bath water. Her eyes are closed though she doesn't appear relaxed. She's either in Pain or something is bothering her mentally.

A SCRATCHING SOUND pushes on the other side of the bathroom door. Like some animal trying to get in. Paisley's eyes jut open, she stares at the door frozen. Nothing now.

She dips her head under water to rinse her hair. She surfaces to the SCRATCHING SOUND again. Quickly wiping the water from her eyes, she stares at the door. Turns an ear toward it.

Nothing now. The sound has stopped again.

She stares for a second and then leans back in the tub with her eyes closed.

A gust of wind blows through the open window just above her head. She stands, visually scans the outside darkness. A tree branch scrapes the side of the house. She closes the window, lays back down in the tub and shuts her eyes again trying to get comfortable.

The SCRATCHING SOUND again from the other side of the door. This is different than the branch scraping the side of the house.

Startled she sits up knocking a bar of soap from off the tub ledge and onto the floor. Again, she stares at the door expecting something or someone. Nothing.

The movement of the tree branch scraping the outside catches her eye. She SIGHS, her fear ridiculous.

She leans over the edge of the tub to reach the bar of soap on the floor.

CLOSE ON

Her hand as it reaches for the soap near the clawed tub foot.

Just beyond it beneath the tub, the darkness consumes the space beneath the tub. We stare past her hand and into the darkness. An evil lurking...

She reaches the soap finally and pulls her hand back.

BACK TO SCENE

As she leans up, the SCRATCHING SOUND again, the loudest yet.

PAN IN CLOSE TO HER FACE

Still bent half way over the side of the tube, she stares at the door. Nothing again.

After a tense moment, her eyes roll up as if she's having a seizure.

Something unseen grabs her hair and jerks her straight up out of the tub.

The overhead lights flicker off and on. With each 'on' we watch Paisley get flung across the room. Up, down. Side to side. Whatever it is it is tossing her like a rag doll.

Paisley's body crashes into the overhead bulb shutting the lights out.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, NIGHT

The group, minus Grayson and Paisley, eat and drink at the dinner table.

A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM and a CRASH from the upstairs bathroom causes everyone to freeze.

LAYLA

Paisley.

Layla rushes out of the room to investigate.

Dee and Ant follow leaving Riley and Scarlett sitting.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Paisley's SCREAM emanates from the open bathroom door.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BATHROOM, NIGHT.

Layla stands in the doorway, mouth agape at the bathroom scene.

LAYA'S POV

The bathroom walls speckled with blood. Paisley sits curled in a fetal position where the broken sink used to be.

The broken sink laying in pieces against the opposite wall.

LAYLA

Paisley?

Paisley looks up at Layla, her eyes filled with terror. She hold her arms out for Layla. Layla runs to her, takes her in her arms.

Dee and Ant stand at the open bathroom door. Their eyes are as wide as saucers in disbelief.

Paisley SOBS in Layla's arms.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

What happened, Pais?

Dee inspects the broken porcelain sink.

Ant goes to the open window, searches the outside for someone or something.

Paisley is absolutely frozen with fear. She can't even speak.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Animal? What kind of animal,  
Paisley.

Paisley stares directly at Layla.

Dee, Ant and Layla search one another's eyes for an explanation.

Scarlett stands in the entrance. Riley peers over Scarlett's shoulder.



CLOSE ON TUB

We see the blood tinged water with a yellow rubber duck swirling in it as it drains.

SCARLETT (O.S.)  
Something fucking crazy going on  
here.

We stay with the rubber duck as it spins faster as it reaches the drain.

BLACK TITLE CARD: DAY 5

EXT. WOODS, DAY

We scan the overhead canopy of trees. The place is awfully quiet.

A sudden GUNSHOT breaks the silence.

Birds scatter.

In the distance, Grayson lowers the rifle. A wisp of smoke from the gun's barrel.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 2, DAY

Paisley lies curled up in bed. Her eyes with the thousand yard stare. She looks beat up. Black eye, cut on her forehead.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, NIGHT

Scarlett Paces like an animal ready to attack.

Riley sits on the chair staring at nothing in Particular.

The rest of the group - minus Paisley and Grayson - contemplate their next move.

SCARLETT  
We need to find the fucker that did  
this shit. We need to find it, kick  
its ass.

LAYLA  
No one did anything.

RILEY

You're saying she did it to herself!?

LAYLA

No... I mean, I don't know.

Loud GUNSHOT just outside the back window startles Riley, causes everyone else to Pause, turn to look toward the noise.

Riley is visibly shaking.

SCARLETT

Tell Grayson to cut that shit out. I'm gonna shove that gun up his ass.

Layla leaves flustered.

DEE

No way someone could get into the second story from the outside.

JACK

It's impossible. Maybe an animal. A bobcat or something?

DEE

Maybe something in the water. Making everyone a little crazy.

Dee makes a 'crazy' circle around his head.

ANT

Your mind can do some crazy shit in the right environment, trust me.

SCARLETT

Shut up, Ant. You fucking crack head.

Ant postures up to Scarlett.

ANT

Wanna act like a dude, Scarlett?

Dee physically restrains him.

SCARLETT

(to Ant)

What you gonna do?

RILEY (O.S.)

STOP IT!

The intensity of Riley's voice causes everyone to freeze.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Please.

ANT

Dude, fuck this.

(to Scarlett)

And fuck you, bitch.

Ant storms out.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, BACK SIDE OF HOUSE, DAY

Layla stands looking towards the woods.

A distant CRACK from Grayson's rifle.

LAYLA

(into woods)

Grayson!

Another distant CRACK from the rifle is her answer.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Grayson, please.

She waits for a response. Nothing.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Shoot.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM, DAY

A soft wind blows across the old curtains highlighting the late afternoon sun.

WHACK coming from woods outside the window.

From the bedroom window, we watch a now shirtless Grayson, at the edge of the woods hacking at a large tree with an old ax.

A distant WHACK with each swing of the ax.

WE PULL BACK

To show Scarlett watching Grayson from the bedroom window. She sits on the chair, slowly peels an apple with a Paring knife.

LAYLA (O.S.)  
Scarlett?

Scarlett doesn't bother turning to look. It's as if she can't hear her. She scratches a red spot on her arm.

WE PULL BACK FURTHER

To show Layla lying in bed rousing from a nap. She sits up in bed, watches Scarlett.

Scarlett takes the knife and digs it into the red spot on her arm. Her arm immediately bleeds. Scarlett doesn't flinch.

LAYLA  
(loud)  
Scarlett.

Scarlett casually turns. Her eyes hollow. Like she hasn't slept in a week. She smiles blankly.

Blood runs down her arm, drips on the floor.

Without a word, Scarlett leaves.

Layla watches silently. She's at a loss for words.

She goes to the window watches Grayson hack away at the tree.

Layla turns, stares at the opening in the closet as if somehow it's to blame for all this.

EXT. LAKE DOCK, DAY

The sun sits low in the sky signalling the end of the day.

Riley sits at the edge of the dock watching the sun go down. Layla approaches, sits with her.

RILEY  
Think we should go, Lay?

Layla puts an arm around Riley's shoulder, hugs her. Riley lays her head on Layla's shoulder.

LAYLA  
Nothing to be scared about.

Layla's eyes betray her words.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, BACK SIDE OF HOUSE, NIGHT

The last remnants of the sun gone a few minutes ago.

A large bonfire made from old Pallets and tree logs rages in the back yard. It looks like its one log away from getting out of control.

Grayson stands precariously close. He swigs from a whiskey bottle in one hand and carelessly throws a log into the fire with the other.

Next to it the entire carcass of a SKINNED DEER hangs from a wooden contraption.

Grayson sits on an upturned log, stares into the fire. The rifle leans against his side.

Near the house, Dee, Ant, Riley and Layla sit around the table. Jack Paces near them. An invisible cloud hangs over each person's head. Something quietly percolating beneath the surface.

RILEY

I think we should Pack up and leave.

JACK

We have to finish this job. The O'Brians never leave a job unfinished.

Dee LAUGHS out loud.

JACK (CONT'D)

Shut up Dee. I'm sick of your mouth.

A loud GUNSHOT echoes from Grayson's position.

Everyone at the table startles, turns to see Grayson lower his weapon.

ANT

What's wrong with that dude?

LAYLA

I don't know.  
(to Jack)  
Maybe Riley is right...

The back door swings open wildly. Paisley comes hurdling down the back steps. She goes to the edge of the cement Patio and throws up.

Layla goes to her, rubs her back comforting her.

Grayson HOWLS obnoxiously in the background.

With that, Ant jumps up and over the metal Patio railing and makes a bee-line to Grayson.

ANT

The fuck, dude?

Grayson stands up and takes out a hunting knife and slices off a chunk of the roasting deer ignoring Ant. It drips with blood still raw.

GRAYSON

Looking to Partake in the feast?

Grayson holds the end of the knife in Ant's direction. The dripping deer chunk hangs from the end.

ANT

The fuck are you doing?

Grayson rips a piece of raw meat with his teeth.

GRAYSON

(chewing)

About what do you speak, good sir?

The frustration builds in Ant's face.

ANT

Dude, you stupid? This fire and that dead animal. Become some kind of hunting expert or something.

GRAYSON

(to himself)

I'm stupid?

Grayson sits on the log. With his teeth, he rips another piece of the raw deer meat from the end of the knife.

Grayson waves the knife at Ant. The last bit of meat wiggles on the end.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

(casual)

You've been giving me those 'Two Live Crew' eyes all night, little man. Like I stole your sister's virginity.

(MORE)

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

I thought it negative at first go,  
then optimistically I figured you  
were just craving some juicy  
venison...

Grayson stabs the knife into the log beside him, the last chunk of meat still on it. He stands, calmly walks to Ant.

They are now face to face, less than a foot from one another. Ant doesn't budge.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Now I'm swerving back to the idea  
that you're looking for trouble.  
That right?

The anger is visible on Ant's face. Grayson looks like he here for a math lesson though his eyes have the same sleep deprived, hollow look as the others.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

You looking for trouble, Ant?

Ant swings out of nowhere and hits Grayson in the jaw sending him tumbling back at the edge of the fire.

Grayson stands, his jacket sleeve now on fire. He quickly pulls himself out of the jacket.

Ant charges him.

Grayson dodges the charge and manages to wrap Ant's head with the jacket and gets him into a headlock. He elbows and punches him in the back of the head as smoke wofts off the smoldering jacket sleeve.

LAYLA (O.S.)

Grayson, stop! Guys, break them up!

Dee grabs Grayson from behind and pulls him off. Grayson allows it. Smiles devilishly.

Jack jumps in between them, tries to help Ant to his feet.

Ant rips the jacket off his head and tosses it to the side.

ANT

Fuck you, Grayson. I'm outta here.

Ant storms off.

Jack grabs Ant's arm. Ant throws it off and disappears inside.

Grayson waves goodbye. Spits out a mouthful of blood.

Dee releases Grayson.

DEE  
Keep it cool, Gray.

Grayson pulls his knife from the log and heads towards the tree line.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Gray! Grayson, where you going?

JACK  
Good, let him go. Asshole.

LAYLA  
Somebody go get him. Please.

Ant charges back out of the house with keys in hand, he stops and waits for Riley.

ANT  
You going?

RILEY  
(without looking up)  
No.

Ant throws his hands in the air.

ANT  
Fuck this.

Dee, Jack, Layla give each other a 'what-the-fuck just happened' look.

DEE  
He'll be back.

We hold on the fire and the bleeding deer carcass.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, NIGHT

The SUV speeds by recklessly.

INT. SUV, NIGHT

Ant fumes behind the wheel, drives careless.

Through the windshield we see the headlights barely penetrating the darkness. The road lined with dense forest.



Suddenly, a HUMAN FIGURE appears on the side of the road.

ANT

Shit.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, NIGHT

The SUV swerves to miss the figure, fishtails off the road and into the forest.

CRASH! The SUV strikes a tree just off the road. The red tail lights just visible off the road up ahead.

After a moment, Ant limps to the edge of the road. His head bleeds from the impact. He looks disoriented.

The tail lights provide a small amount of background illumination.

Ant heads back in the direction of the lake house. He stops. Something up ahead. He squints to get a better look.

CLOSE ON ANT'S FACE

He finally recognizes the figure.

ANT

What are you doing? I had an accident.

Ant turns, points towards the abandoned vehicle.

As he turns back, the figure (still unseen) pushes a large knife into his neck. It pierces through the back of his neck and pulls free.

Ant GURGLES. His eyes wide with fear. After a moment, he collapses to his knees.

Ant crawls back towards the vehicle. He GURGLES with every breath. Blood pours from his wound onto the dirt. He finally collapses face first.

SAME SCENE, MOMENTS LATER

Ant is dragged into the woods by his feet. The perpetrator still unseen. We don't even know if it is human.

Ant disappears into the darkness of the wilderness.

We hold on the red tail lights of the SUV a moment.

BLACK TITLE CARD: DAY 6

EXT. WOODS, DAY

An early morning fog consumes the wilderness leaving everything a shade of gray.

Grayson stalks something. He is now wearing a weathered hunting jacket. He looks untethered, his eyes wild. Like he's becoming one with the wilderness.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 1, DAY

A DISTANT GUNSHOT outside.

At the same time, Layla sits up in bed, startled.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY

Dee stands at the counter, downs a handful of aspirin, chases it with a swig of beer.

DEE

This headache won't go.

Layla and Scarlett eat eggs and bacon on Paper plates. Both look like they are on less than an hour of sleep.

Scarlett uses a fork to scratch at a poorly formed scab on her arm. She has excoriations up and down her arms.

Layla notices.

SCARLETT

Gotta be something in this house.  
Mold or something.

LAYLA

I don't know. I haven't seen any mold. How's your arm? Was bleeding pretty bad the other day when you accidently cut yourself.

SCARLETT

What are you talking about?

LAYLA

Your arm. In my bedroom yesterday.  
The knife. Remember?

Scarlett huffs.

SCARLETT

Black mold affecting your brain,  
Lay.

Dee sits, takes a piece of bacon from Layla's plate.

Scarlett takes the aspirin bottle, dumps a handful of aspirin. Swallows them chasing it with a swig of Dee's beer.

Scarlett leaves.

LAYLA

I hope he's all right.

DEE

He's fine. Probably home smoking a morning J right now.

LAYLA

You got the work truck keys?  
Thought about going into town.

DEE

Nah. Jack's got 'em. Where is he,  
by the way?

LAYLA

Sleeping. Won't get out of bed.  
Says he doesn't feel well.

DEE

Only the strong survive.

Dee fist bumps Layla.

Layla goes to leave.

DEE (CONT'D)

Truck's a stick. You know how to  
drive stick?

Layla Pauses.

LAYLA

Shoot. No.

DEE

Saw an old bike in the garage. Have  
fun.

Dee leaves.

INT. BARN, DAY

A decrepit, forgotten thing. Slivers of sunlight enters through the thousand cracks in the wood, pierces the hundreds of cobwebs.

The front door creaks open slowly. Layla enters, inspects the barn.

Against one wall, an old, single speed bike sits. Its got more rust than paint.

Layla checks the tires. Flat as pancakes.

She searches the barn, finds a manual tire pump.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, DIRT DRIVEWAY, DAY

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Layla pumps the bike's pedals. With each turn of the wheel, a loud SQUEAK. She comes to the end of the drive, goes left.

FROM AFAR

We watch Layla pedal down the dirt road.

In the foreground, the back end of the SUV barely visible off the road. Layla rides the opposite direction.

EXT. TOWN, DAY

The quintessential one road town with just a few occupied buildings. The rest of the buildings are either abandoned or closed.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Layla pedals the rickety bike down the semi-dirt road. She stops in front of a LOCAL DINER, the type where folks only order black coffee.

INT. DINER, DAY

Two CUSTOMERS, a MAN and WOMAN (70s) occupy the last plastic covered booth. They look like they were here when the town was built.

The DOOR DINGS as Layla enters. She quickly takes mental inventory of the place. She pulls a LOCAL PAPER from a stack of them at the front.

From the kitchen...

WAITRESS (O.S.)  
Sit where ya like.

Layla does, takes a seat at the closest booth. The old local couple stares. Layla politely waves causing them to get back to their own meals. The Man keeps an eye on Layla.

The YOUNG WAITRESS (18) approaches, hands Layla a plastic menu. She's the kind of girl who's only good on Sundays.

LAYLA  
Coffee, please.

The waitress, lays down a plastic coffee cup, fills it to the rim with oil colored, day's old coffee.

WAITRESS  
Don't mind 'em. They's lived here  
they whole lives 'an see the same  
people ever week. Trav'lers give  
'em pause's all.

Layla sips, puts it down immediately. Avoids making a sour face. The Waitress notices.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. Got the good stuff in  
the back.

She takes Layla's coffee cup, pours it back into the coffee pitcher. She lingers a moment.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Where you stayin? Over't the  
MacKenzie place?

LAYLA  
Johnson Lake House.

This gives the waitress Pause.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
Renting?

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
No. Owner.

WAITRESS

Shoot. Place is haunted as the old Injun graveyard. Been hearing ghost stories 'bout that place since I's a youngun. Don't know if any of 'ems true or not. Ol' Bobby Williams got caught up couple years back. Found dead in the woods. One foot missing, both eyes clawed out. Like some satanic ritual. Who knows what really happened? Shelly Ann, his ex prob'ly did it.

(Leans in close)

That girl's crazy.

The Waitress gauges Layla's physical response.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Old Injun couple 'cross the street...

She motions to the old building directly across from the diner.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE, DAY

Typical, small town antique store with repainted desks making them appear old and expensive. Other knick knacks placed in neat arrangements.

WAITRESS (V.O.)

They was talking 'bout buying the place months ago.

A DING from the door bell. Layla enters, cautiously looks around. She picks up different items, inspects them. She runs a finger along an OLD AX.

The OWNER (20's), a traditionally-dressed indigenous woman approaches.

OWNER

Looking for anything Particular?

LAYLA

Just looking?

OWNER

Staying close?

LAYLA

Johnson's Lake House.

GRANDMA (O.S.)  
 Stolen over a century ago, that  
 land.

The owner looks towards the rear of the building, hiding her embarrassment. A century's old Native American GRANDMA (90s) watches a soap opera.

GRANDMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Takes special care to manage. Our  
 people'd like to have it back.

The Owner SHUSHES Grandma.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)  
 You tell the owner they are messing  
 with the dark forces. Forces that  
 turn people into pure evil. You  
 seen evil, young lady?

OWNER  
 Sorry 'bout that. Grandma sees  
 things that aren't there.

GRANDMA (O.S.)  
 ...looks like you 'an me.

Layla shies away. Inspects an old lamp.

OWNER  
 Fifty bucks. Special price for  
 travelers.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE, CHECK OUT, DAY

The Owner rings Layla up.

GRANDMA (O.S.)  
 By now someone has fed them.  
 They'll regain their strength. Your  
 people will suffer.

She looks Layla in the eyes, into her soul.

OWNER  
 (Navajo)  
 Shicheii!

The grandmother does as she's told. Begrudgingly, goes back to her business. Mumbles something beneath her breath.

Frightened, Layla leaves in a hurry, leaving the lamp at the front desk.

EXT. DINER, DAY

Layla sits with her ear against a Pay phone headset.

ANT (V.O.)  
 (from headset)  
 Yo. Ant. Leave a message. Dig?

Layla hangs the phone up. Takes her coin, dials another number.

MOTHER (V.O.)  
 Tell me the house's in order?

LAYLA  
 You know if the house was on Native American land once?

MOTHER (V.O.)  
 That house has so many secrets. Who knows?

LAYLA  
 Everyone's feeling sick. I need to know what's going on, mother.

There's a silent uneasy pause from the other end.

MOTHER (V.O.)  
 (harsh)  
 Just get it done and get out of there. Clear?

LAYLA  
 Yeah.

MOTHER (V.O.)  
 (softer)  
 Just put the house in order and get out of there as soon as you can. Okay, baby?

LAYLA  
 Okay.

MOTHER (V.O.)  
 Mommy loves you, baby.

LAYLA  
 Yeah.

Click from the other end of the line then a dial tone.



EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Layla places a couple of plastic bags in the basket of her bike.

An old POLICE CRUISER pulls to the curb.

OFFICER WALTERS (40s) steps out.

OFFICER WALTERS

(To Layla)

You with a group staying up at the lake house?

Layla stops, notices three LINEAR SCARS on one hand.

LAYLA

Officer Walters?

This gives Officer Walters Pause.

OFFICER WALTERS

You are?

LAYLA

I saw photo of you with my uncle.

Officer Walters looks on, puzzled. He suddenly recognizes Layla.

OFFICER WALTERS

Layla? By God. Last person I expected to see here.

Nervous, Officer Walters rings his hat in his hands.

OFFICER WALTERS (CONT'D)

Sorry about what happened to your... uncle.

LAYLA

What do you mean? What happened my uncle?

OFFICER WALTERS

Don't remember, do you?

LAYLA

Nobody ever said. I guess I was too young at the time. So what's the story?

OFFICER WALTERS

(Uneasy)

Don't care much to revisit that day. Not something that should be shared in the Parking lot.

(beat)

How's the stay?

LAYLA

Animal's lurking around. Causing some trouble. Everything is okay, I guess.

Officer Walters grabs Layla's arm tight. She winces.

OFFICER WALTERS

You need to leave. Get out.

Layla pulls her arm away from Walters' grip. She mounts the bike and begins to peddle away.

Walters backs off.

OFFICER WALTERS (CONT'D)

(easier)

Got some reports of some missing livestock over your neck of the woods. See any questionable activity?

LAYLA

Don't think so.

OFFICER WALTERS

Keep an eye out. Don't hesitate to call me you have trouble. Take care, Layla.

LAYLA

(Nervous laugh)

Don't think we'll need the police anytime soon.

Layla pedals down the sidewalk.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Officer Walters stays to watch Layla a moment before going to his cruiser.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, BACKSIDE OF HOUSE, DAY

Grayson pulls the intestines out of recently killed deer hanging on the kill rack.

In the background, Scarlett watches.

SCARLETT

Killing things is not going to make  
your sexuality less ambiguous.

He ignores her, stabs the knife into a piece of wood.

Scarlett steps towards him in an aggressive manner.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

Your white male aggression may  
scare the lipstick Lesbians...

Grayson turns with the knife held at a eye-level, pointed in Scarlett's direction.

GRAYSON

(Casual)

Sends a tingle down to my bones.  
Something about killing another  
living thing. Taking its soul.

Scarlett gets it. She backs down. Points an angry finger at Grayson.

SCARLETT

The fuck, Grayson?

Grayson casually returns to gutting his deer

For the first time Scarlett looks scared. She can't believe what she's hearing.

SCARLETT (CONT'D)

(To no one in Particular)

Can anyone hear with his asshole's  
saying to me?

Layla pulls up on her squeaky bike.

LAYLA

Saying what?

SCARLETT

Keep your fucking psycho boyfriend  
number two away from me, Lay.

Scarlet marches inside.

Layla stands there a moment next her bike.

LAYLA  
What happened, Grayson?

Grayson ignores her, shoulders his rifle and walks into the woods.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 2, NIGHT

Layla stares out the bedroom window.

LAYLA'S POV

Down below, Grayson stands precariously close to the raging bonfire. Layla watches him swig from a near-empty whiskey bottle.

JACK (O.S.)  
Two more days, we'll get this  
finished can get the hell out of  
here.

Layla turns to find Jack undressing, readying himself for bed.

Something BANGS! The ceiling overhead causing Layla to freeze. She stares at the ceiling.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Jack and Layla stare at the closed and locked attic door above them.

Jack reaches up and pulls on the attic door. It doesn't budge.

LAYLA  
Someone locked the door.  
Something's up there.

JACK  
I think everyone here's losing  
their marbles.

Jack marches back into the bedroom.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Maybe something's hunting us? I'll  
check on it in the morning when we  
find out who locked it.

She stares at the closed attic door.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 2, NIGHT

Layla enters immediately stops in her tracks.

WE PAN to see Jack lying naked in bed.

Layla turns and acts like she's doing something on the dresser.

JACK

Paisley is going to need a freaking  
nut house when she leaves here.  
She's being a psycho. If I had to  
guess I would think she *was*  
retarded.

Layla suddenly turns around.

LAYLA

Jack, you're an asshole.

Jack jumps out of bed and goes to Layla.

He grabs her and attempts to pull her close. She resists.

JACK

Don't be such a prude. My penis  
goes in your vagina, we have five  
minutes of fun And we're done.

Layla visibly rolls her eyes.

Again, Jack pulls her close. He aggressively attempts to kiss her. She turns her head.

She stares at him a moment.

LAYLA

It's over, Jack.

JACK

Come on, Two minutes then. Hand job  
at least.

LAYLA

It's over, Jack.

Jack stares at Layla. The Rage slowly builds in his face.

He pushes her up against the wall forcefully with one hand on her throat, essentially trapping her.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 (constricted)  
 Jack?

Jack come to senses for a moment. He releases his grip on her. He takes a couple steps back.

Layla regains her composure.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 You stay away from me, Jack. Stay  
 away from me here on out, got it?

Layla storms out of the room.

Jack stares at his hands wide-eyed.

BLACK TITLE CARD: DAY 7

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY

Early morning.

Scarlett flips sausage Patties in the skillet. She uses the same spatula to scratch a sore spot on her side.

Layla enters. She watches Scarlett use the spatula on both her skin and the food. Her skin is tepid.

SCARLETT  
 (Without turning)  
 Breakfast?

Layla can barely hide her disgust.

LAYLA  
 Thanks.

Layla rubs her belly.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Got the same flu as everybody else.

SCARLETT  
 (Without looking)  
 Whatever.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, BACKSIDE OF HOUSE - DAY

Another dreary day. The sun hiding behind dense clouds.

Hushed SOBS from somewhere nearby.

Layla exits, immediately stops and turns an ear to find the location of the sobbing.

AROUND THE CORNER

Riley sits against the wall of the house. She sobs quietly.

Layla comes around the corner.

LAYLA  
Riley-bear?

Riley looks up to see Layla standing over her. She goes back to quietly sobbing.

Layla goes to comfort her.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, Riley?

Riley pushes her away.

RILEY  
(screams)  
Something happened to Ant, I know it.

LAYLA  
He's back home, I'm sure. He's a big boy. He can take care of himself.

Riley stands, gets in Layla's face, threatening.

RILEY  
Everyone says he's okay. He's not okay. We're not okay, Layla!

Riley storms off leaving Layla standing there looking confused.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, DAY

Layla passes the open door of bedroom #3.

Dee sits on the edge of the bed, throws up in a small trash can. He looks as bad as he feels.

LAYLA  
Dee?

Dee stands, throws the door closed in Layla's face.

DEE (O.S.)  
Get the fuck out of here.

Layla stares at the closed door.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 2, DAY

The room is in complete disarray, like a madman's taken up refuge. Blankets cover the windows allowing only a sliver of light into the room.

The door swings open slowly.

LAYLA (O.S.)  
Paisley?

Layla enters cautiously. Her eyes widen at the chaotic mess. She takes a moment to visually scan the room.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
Pais? You in here?

Layla takes a couple slow steps into the room.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
(quiet)  
Paisley?

From the shadows, Paisley lunges at Layla knocking her to the ground.

Layla screams out in pain. Pushes the smaller Paisley to the floor. Layla grabs her now bleeding leg - a stab wound.

Paisley jumps back up to an offensive position, ready to attack Layla again. Her empty eyes wide with fear. She swings the knife around the room as if something else in the room were after her.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
Paisley!

Life suddenly returns to Paisley's eyes. She notices Layla's bleeding leg, looks at the knife in her hand and realizes what she's done.

PAISLEY  
Oh, Layla.

Paisley kneels close. Layla retreats physically.



PAISLEY (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 I'm sorry, Layla. I thought you  
 were one of them. Listen...

LAYLA  
 Paisley?

Paisley puts a finger to her lips, shushing Layla. Again,  
 Paisley swings the knife around the room.

PAISLEY  
 There...  
 (motions to the bed)  
 See? They're everywhere. They're in  
 the walls, too.

Paisley looks directly at Layla. Her eyes are hollow. The  
 lights are on but no one is home.

PAISLEY (CONT'D)  
 A village of tiny people living  
 under my bed!

Paisley forcefully takes Layla by the shoulders. She turns an  
 ear, then swings the knife from one side of the room to the  
 other as if protecting herself from some ferocious animal.

LAYLA  
 What's going on with you, Pais?  
 There is nothing there.

PAISLEY  
 There! Don't you see? Their beady  
 little eyes. They reflect the  
 light.

She sticks the knife out defensively towards the center of  
 the room as if someone is going to attack.

Layla grabs Paisley, holds her tight as if to soothe her. She  
 take her hands in both hands, looks directly at Paisley.

LAYLA  
 (harsh)  
 Paisley! There is nothing there!

The fear suddenly leaves Paisley's face. She searches Layla's  
 face as if waking from a deep sleep. She hugs Layla.

PAISLEY  
 What is happening to us, Lay?

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

Jack Paces, inspects the stuffed animals. Dee, Scarlett and Riley sit around the table. Scarlett lays back in a chair with a wet cloth over her eyes.

Riley nervously chews a fingernail.

Dee lays sideways. His face tepid and ill appearing. He stares at nothing in particular.

JACK (O.S.)  
We should tear this place down and  
start over.

BEHIND THE GROUP

Jack gets nose to nose with a stuffed BOBCAT.

JACK  
Animal ghosts floating around here,  
I bet.

Jack pokes at the glass eye. As he does, the stuffed bobcat blinks. Jack takes a step back. Stares at the thing as if it might come off the stand.

CLOSE ON

The bobcat's immovable face.

We hold this a moment until...

The bobcat suddenly springs from its stand, takes Jack's throat in its sharp teeth. Blood from Jack's severed carotid pulses from around the bobcat's fangs.

Both fall to the floor with the bobcat on top.

ON THE GROUP

Jack lets out a blood curdling SCREAM.

Dee, Scarlett and Paisley jump out of their chairs.

BEHIND THEM

Jack, eyes wide open, flails on the ground clawing at his own face.

The stuffed bobcat is where it should be. There is nothing on Jack except the air around him.

Dee rushes to him despite his ill appearance.

DEE

Jack!

Jack continues to flail at the hallucination.

Dee restrains his wrists, shakes him awake.

DEE (CONT'D)

Jack! Wake up!

The life suddenly returns to Jack's eyes. He stares at Dee, looks around the room.

Scarlett and Riley stare with their mouths agape.

Layla rushes to their side, sees Jack lying on the ground.

LAYLA

My God, Jack! Are you hurt? What happened?

She limps over to him.

Jack plays it off. Pushes Layla away.

JACK

Nothing. Just fooling around. Now you're interested again? Cute.

Jack stands, leaves in a huff.

The group can only watch silently.

Dee notices Layla's bleeding knife wound.

DEE

You're bleeding, Lay.

Scarlett throws up her hands.

SCARLETT

That's it. We're getting the fuck out of here.

LAYLA

Agree.

RILEY

I'm not leaving. Not now.

Scarlett stares at Riley in disbelief.

SCARLETT

Now you've lost your mind. You stay here, then.

Layla limps over to Riley.

LAYLA

No one has heard from Ant in days, everyone is feeling sick... Paisley stabbed me in the leg today!

Layla motions to her wounded leg.

Riley isn't hearing it. She moves back to the living room, sits. She folds her arms like a defiant child.

SCARLETT

I don't give a fuck what anyone else is doing.

Scarlett gathers her things.

Layla approaches Riley.

LAYLA

Riley...

RILEY

This is the one trip I get all summer.

DEE (O.S.)

Exactly, Paisley has been off her shit since we got her.

Everyone turns to find Dee taking a seat. He suddenly has more color in his face.

DEE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to let a broad ruin my trip. Plus, I'm not leaving until I find my phone.

Layla can't believe what she's hearing.

LAYLA

Forget the phones.

RILEY

Grayson's the one. He took the phones, I bet.

SCARLETT

Someone needs to confront that prick.

Jack enters, cracks a beer, takes a swig. He sits across from Scarlett.

JACK

Shut up, Scarlett. That's all I've heard from you since we arrived.  
(mocking)  
Oh-em-gee. We have no hair dryer. The bathtubs are dirty, I have sand in my vagina...

DEE

Drop it Jackrabbit.

PAISLEY

What? You scared of Grayson, Jack?

Layla stares at each person as the arguing escalates. As she visually goes around the room, she notices everyone has a new motor tic like everyone has developed Tourette's... Dee obsessively rubs the back of his head and neck. Jack's right eye twitches, Scarlett scratches the fresh wounds in her arm, Riley wrings her hands...

JACK

(calm)  
Forget you, Scarlett, queen of sunshine. You want your phones back, go out in the woods and get them.

Jack slides the beer can back and forth, in a circle Pattern on the table.

RILEY

Jack's scared. Big, tough Jack with Daddy's money...

LAYLA

Shut up, Riley.

SCARLETT

(to Jack)  
You are a pussy, aren't you?

Without warning, Jack chucks the open beer at Scarlett barely missing her. He calmly remains sitting.

Scarlett stands, anger builds instantly in her face.

There is a moment of stunned silence from everyone in the room.

Dee breaks out in laughter.

Scarlett grabs a fork from the counter. Comes at Jack in a threatening motion.

LAYLA

No!

Dee HOWLS with LAUGHTER.

Scarlett angrily points at Jack.

SCARLETT

Real big, Jack.

LAYLA

Guys.

The front door opens, breaking the tension for the moment.

Grayson enters dripping wet and with a 5 day-old beard and the rifle slung over his shoulder.

GRAYSON

I miss something?

Riley goes at him, gets in his face.

PAISLEY

Yeah, where's our phones? And where the fuck is Ant?

Grayson puts his hands up.

GRAYSON

Hold on there, little lady...

Scarlett throws a plastic cup at Jack's head.

JACK

Real winner, like the rest of your family.

Scarlett lunges at Jack.

Jack charges her.

A GUNSHOT is fired.

Everyone freezes, even Jack and Scarlett.

Grayson lowers the rifle.

GRAYSON  
Meeting's over.

Scarlett storms off.

DEE  
I need a drink.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 1, NIGHT

Layla tucks Paisley into bed, cuts the lights.

LAYLA  
(rubs Paisley's hair)  
He's gonna be fine. Promise.

Paisley lays silent, staring at the white wall.

Layla's attention is taken by the open closet door. The cover to the small opening is missing again.

Layla leaves suddenly. After a few moments she returns with an electric drill. She marches over to the closet, slams the small door closed and drills it closed with a couple of screws.

She stands back, stares at it. She kicks at it as if telling it to stay closed. A silent moment as if waiting for a response.

A sudden THUMP from behind the small door.

Layla slams the closet door closes. She secures the edge of the closet with a screw.

BLACK TITLE CARD: DAY 8

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BATHROOM, DAY

The place has been cleaned.

Layla, through the door, kneels over the toilet and throws up.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY

Scarlett stands at the stove. Like a zombie, she flips a sausage Patty in a skillet.

Layla enters, notices Scarlett.

Scarlett doesn't acknowledge her. Stares at the skillet.

LAYLA  
You using cleaning chemicals near  
the food?

SCARLETT  
(without looking)  
It's your moldy house.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, DOCK, DAY.

Dee sits bent over the edge of the dock, hacks up yesterday's lunch.

Layla approaches from behind, sits beside him. She places a hand on his back.

LAYLA  
Bug going around. Got you too.

Dee wipes his mouth.

DEE  
Something more than that.  
(dramatic beat)  
This place takes you in with its  
beauty but there's something  
underneath.

Dee motions to the far end of the lake.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Flocks of birds swirl around the  
distant shore.

Sure enough, hundreds of birds dot the sky in the horizon across the lake.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Nothing on this side.

Just above and around them, nothing but blue sky. Not a bird in sight.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Never seen a squirrel around. Not  
one fish jumped out of the water  
over here.



LAYLA  
Leave tonight?

DEE  
Right behind you.

Dee leans over, throws up again. Dry heaving mostly now.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, BARN, DAY.

Riley sits against the barn wall with head hidden in her lap.  
Quietly SOBS.

LAYLA (O.S.)  
Riley?

Layla approaches, kneels down close, places a hand on Riley's  
shoulder.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
Been looking for you. What are you  
doing here?

Riley stares at Layla. Her eyes red from crying.

Layla taker her head in her arms.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
He's probably embarrassed for  
making an ass of himself. Just  
think how much he'll have to kiss  
your feet to make it up to you when  
you get back.

Layla looks down at Riley. She stares straight ahead.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
Dee and I are leaving tomorrow. We  
want everyone to come.

Without warning, Riley stands, disappears into the barn.

INT. BARN, DAY

The front door CREAKS open.

Layla pokes her head inside.

LAYLA  
Riley?

No answer. Layla moves all the way inside.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Riley?

RILEY

I've never ever seen either of them  
say a bad word to the other one.

Riley stands over a work bench. Layla cautiously approaches.

LAYLA

Too much alcohol.

Riley turns a GREEN BISCUIT over in her hands.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Look, tomorrow, I'm leaving. Dee's  
leaving.

Layla takes several slow steps toward Riley. Riley stares at  
the green biscuit.

RILEY

What if Ant comes back? Someone  
needs to be here.

LAYLA

That doesn't make sense, Riley.  
He'll be there when we get back.

Layla notices an empty box labelled "rat poison" sitting on  
the work bench.

Layla places a hand on Riley's shoulder. She doesn't turn,  
stares at the biscuit.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

We can even call him from the next  
town.

Riley turns, stares blankly at Layla. She smiles, a casual  
smile, like all is right with the world.

RILEY

Sure.

Layla's posture eases. She hugs Riley.

LAYLA

Thank God. Now we have to convince  
the others.

Riley stays cold, stiff.

Riley pulls away, leaves Layla standing there.

Layla studies the box of rat poison.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 2, NIGHT.

Layla Packs a bag on the empty bed. She stops in her tracks, listens. Nothing there. She continues Packing. Stops again, something is there. MOVEMENT from beneath the bed.

Layla is Paralyzed with fear for a moment. She gathers her courage, kneels down to look

BENEATH THE BED

Paisley lays in a semi-fetal position. She looks like a prisoner of war. She has Patches of hair missing, lips chapped, dark circles under her eyes. She holds an EGG BEATER close to her chest like a weapon.

LAYLA  
My God. Paisley.

Paisley is visibly shivering.

Layla crawls under the bed, comforts the shaken Paisley.

PAISLEY  
We have to stick together, or they  
win.

Layla nods, takes Paisley in her arms. Shushes her.

Both close their eyes and hold one another for a silent moment.

A sudden squeak from the bed as if someone has laid down on it causes Layla's eyes to jut open. She watches Jack's bare feet sit on the bare floor.

Layla closes her eyes again.

BLACK TITLE CARD: DAY 9

EXT. WOODS, DAY

Early morning fog sneaks its way through the dense foliage. A hand pushes a bare branch away. Layla takes a cautious step into view. She stops, listens to the distant sound of CHOPPING WOOD. She locates the sound and heads in that direction pushing the thick brush aside.

EXT. WOODS, DAY

The CHOPPING of WOOD gets closer. Layla takes a cautious step.

LAYLA

Grayson.

She waits for an answer. Nothing. She takes another step through dense bushes. As she does, she tumbles down a hill and comes to a sudden stop, face-down several feet down.

She stands up gathering herself and hits her head on a hanging DEER CARCASS. Layla SCREAMS, stumbles backward until she runs into another DEER CARCASS. This one gutted and skinned. She moves left and bumps into another, moves right into another...

As she moves deeper into the wilderness, she becomes lost in a maze of hanging ANIMAL CARCASSES, ANIMAL BODY PARTS in different stages of decay. FLIES BUZZ around.

The open air slaughter house has animal heads and blood littering the wilderness floor.

Layla dizzyingly spins around covering herself in animal blood. She finally pulls herself together, hustles out of there.

INT. WOODS, EDGE OF LAKE, DAY.

Layla emerges, Panic stricken. She reaches the edge of the still water. Takes an easy breath. She kneels to wash her hands and face in the water.

A hand touches her shoulder.

Layla SCREAMS, almost falls backward into the water.

Grayson, disheveled with unkempt beard, stands over her. A tinge of blood streaks his beard. A bloodied ax hangs loose in one hand.

Layla takes a step backward into the water. As she does, Grayson takes a step toward her. Layla takes another step back. She is now up to her shins in water.

LAYLA

What have you been up to, Grayson?

Layla continues to take single steps back. Grayson follows her with each step. Just stares, stone faced.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 We're leaving. I wanted you to  
 know.

Nothing from Grayson.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Today. Right now.

GRAYSON  
 I doubt that.

LAYLA  
 Will you come?

He stares out across the lake. Then, without a word, turns  
 around and marches back into the woods.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Grayson, please? Come with us. I'm  
 worried about you. Worried about  
 all of us!

GRAYSON  
 Don't stay. It's not safe here.

Grayson disappears into the fog.

Layla just stares.

INT. LAKE HOUSE. DAY

Jack lies sleeping beneath the white sheets.

The door CREAKS open, Layla enters quietly as if not to wake  
 Jack. Jack SNORTS. Layla freezes. She quietly takes the TRUCK  
 KEYS from the night stand.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BATHROOM, DAY

Dee brushes his teeth, watching his tired reflection in the  
 mirror.

Layla stands in the door, holds the keys in the air to show  
 him.

He studies her blood stained clothes.

DEE  
 Jesus. You okay.

She tosses him the key.

LAYLA

Get down to the truck. I'll be down  
in two minutes.

DEE

What about the others?

LAYLA

Staying. Except Paisley. Two  
minutes.

Layla leaves.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, DAY.

Dee tosses a packed duffel bag and two small suitcases into  
the bed of the truck.

Layla walks Paisley to the truck. Both get in. Paisley looks  
like she can barely stand.

Jack exits, circles the truck.

JACK

Where are you going?

LAYLA

Just going into town to get a few  
things.

Jack looks Layla up and down.

JACK

Dressed like that?

He's right.

Jack inspects the bed of the truck.

JACK (CONT'D)

With your luggage?

Jack comes back around to the Passenger's side door. Dee  
meets him, gets in his way.

DEE

(firm)

Look, man, we'll be right back.

Dee's physical presence too much for Jack. He backs down.

DEE (CONT'D)

Like she said, you need anything?

Jack moves back, throws his hands in the air showing he's no threat.

JACK  
Nah, man. I'm all good.

DEE  
Good. We'll be back.

INT. TRUCK, DAY.

Dee drives down the dirt road heading out of there. Paisley lays across the seat with her head in Layla's lap.

Dee suddenly slams on the breaks.

EXT. TRUCK, DAY.

The truck comes to a skidding halt just inches from a fallen tree across the road.

Dee and Layla get out to inspect the tree. Dee pushes on it testing its moveability. It doesn't budge.

LAYLA  
Can't we move it?

DEE  
Need a chain saw or ax.

Dee inspects the end of the tree - it's been cut. He visually scans the woods.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Somebody's messin' with us.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, DAY.

The truck pulls back in front of the house.

Jack casually sits on the porch swing. Dee gets out, marches up to Jack who barely takes notice of him.

JACK  
(without looking up)  
Back so soon?

DEE  
Somebody cut a tree down in the middle of the road. Know something about that?

Dee steps onto the porch.

Jack stands, breezes past Dee.

JACK

No. But somebody did the rest of us  
a favor seeing how you two were  
gonna leave the rest of us here  
without a ride.

Dee turns and waves his hand to blow Jack off.

DEE

Forget it. I'm the only one without  
a serious problem around here?

Dee marches towards the barn.

Layla with Paisley in tow goes after him.

INT. BARN, DAY

Dee and Layla search high and low turning the place upside  
down.

Frustrated, Dee throws a metal CROWBAR against a wooden  
table.

DEE

There was an ax in here.

Layla has a sudden realization.

LAYLA

Grayson.

Dee hustles out of there.

DEE

Son of a bitch.

OUTSIDE

Dee stands at the front of the truck, hood raised and motor  
exposed. Dee holds up empty battery wires. Dead space where  
battery used to be.

DEE

I've had it with this shit.

Dee slams the hood shut.



INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY

Jack stands with the fridge door open drinking out of a carton of milk.

Dee tackles him from behind sending the carton of milk flying everywhere. Jack slams up against the fridge, closing the door under his weight.

Dee grabs him by the back of the neck and slams his head down on the dinning table.

DEE  
The battery. Now.

Jack grins.

JACK  
Hope you like looking for work.  
You're fired when we get back.

He's not having it. Dee stands him up and slams his face back down again.

DEE  
Battery. Now. I'm done playing.

JACK  
You can walk your ass back-

Dee pulls him up, throws him across the kitchen sending him and several folding chairs crashing to the ground.

Dee raises a chair over his head ready to hit Jack.

LAYLA (O.S.)  
Dee! No!

Dee stops mid swing. Throws the chair to the side sparing Jack. Dee throws his hands in the air in defeat.

DEE  
What the fuck to we do now?

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, PORCH, DAY

Dee Paces in front of the open door. Layla sits on the swing.

LAYLA  
We walk. Hell, hitch a ride.

Dee turns just in time to see Jack swing a METAL PAN at his head. The thing hits Dee's skull with a THUD. Dee drops like a sack of potatoes, out cold.

Jack tosses the Pan onto Dee's back.

Layla stares mouth agape.

LAYLA (CONT'D)  
Have you lost your mind?

She goes to Dee's aid, checks a pulse.

Jack hacks and spits on the porch.

JACK  
That'll teach him to come at me.

LAYLA  
Proud of yourself!? You could of killed him!

JACK  
Good.

Jack walks back inside ignoring Layla.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY

Dee and Layla sit at the kitchen table. Dee holds a cold beer against his bruised forehead. He still looks a little dazed.

LAYLA  
You've got a concussion. I'll take the bike to town, rent a car. Come back for you and Paisley... and whoever else wants to leave.

DEE  
I need to lay down.

LAYLA  
Just don't go to sleep.

EXT. BARN, DAY

Layla inspects the bike. Both tire rims are warped and bent like someone took a hammer to them.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, NIGHT

Layla pounds on the bedroom door, tries the handle. It's locked. She pounds some more. Finally, Jack opens up.

JACK

What!?

LAYLA

What did you do with the bike? And the battery.

Without a word, Jack slams the door in Layla's face.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Hey! Open this door.

She bangs on the door several more times. Nothing.

BLACK TITLE CARD: DAY 10

EXT. LAKE, DAY

A blanket of thin fog hovers over the lake.

WE FOCUS on the small rowboat adrift in several meters off shore. Layla suddenly sits up. She is wearing Pajamas. She stares at nothing, in a trance.

A GUNSHOT echoes in the silent morning. Birds scatter on the distant shore.

Layla comes to mentally, looks around confused. She hangs over the edge and begins paddling with her arm. She isn't doing a very good job. She stops, grabs the Paddle in the boat, tries Paddling though you can tell she's never touched a Paddle in her life.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BATHROOM, DAY

Layla splashes water in her face. She inspects the dark circles and sagging skin beneath her sleepless eyes.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY

Layla enters, notices a plate of cooked eggs, sausage and biscuits. She takes a spoonful of eggs, makes a sour face. She spits the food into her hand to inspect.

CLOSE ON EGGS

Show us it's speckled with green.

Layla inspects the rest of the food on the table. It too is speckled with green specks. She has a sudden realization.

INT. BARN, DAY

Layla inspects the box of rat poison. It is the same green color as the green specks in the food.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY.

The back door flies open and Layla comes charging in.

Scarlett sits at the kitchen table staring blankly at nothing.

Layla gets in her face.

LAYLA

What is going on, Scarlett!? What are you putting in the food to make everyone sick!?

Scarlett doesn't budge.

Layla pushes Scarlett, barely moving her frame.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Answer me!

Scarlett calmly looks at Layla who's face is now red with anger.

SCARLETT

Who do you like fucking more, Lay? Jack-off or Looney bird? Who has the bigger dick?

LAYLA

Shut up, Scarlett.

SCARLETT

Come on, I can keep a secret. Or, wait... is it Dee you're really fucking.

Layla slaps Scarlett.

A brief moment of stunned silence.

Scarlett grins, stands and puts a finger in Layla's chest. Without much effort, she pushes Layla through the open back door.

OUTSIDE

Layla stumbles off the back steps.

Before Layla can get all the way back up on her feet Scarlett leaps down, straddles her, repeatedly slaps her face. Layla's poorly defending herself from the bigger Scarlett.

Through the barrage of slaps, Layla grabs a handful of hair and pulls Scarlett to the side giving her enough room to stand.

Before she can get far, Scarlett pulls Layla to the ground by the ankle. Instinctively, Layla kicks at Scarlett's face striking her several times bloodying her lip. Scarlett lets Layla go allowing Layla time to get to her feet.

Scarlett goes after Layla again. She locks up with Layla and both instantly grab handfuls of hair. They stumble against the work truck.

Scarlett forces Layla's head against the driver's side window.

Layla blindly claws at Scarlett's face finally digging a thumb into one of Scarlett's eyes. Scarlett falls backwards onto the ground with Layla now on top. Layla grabs a handful of dirt and smears Scarlett's face. Layla's face is now possessed with anger.

Layla easily gets to her feet (Scarlett nearly physically defeated) and grabs a 1X2 from the top of a discarded wood pile.

While Scarlett gathers her senses, Layla begins to whip her ferociously without mercy until Layla's facial expression turns from rage to concern suddenly realizing what she's doing. Layla tosses the wood, backs away. She's freaked out by what she's done to Scarlett.

Scarlett spits blood onto the dirt.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 1, DAY

The room is still a chaotic mess. Paisley is not around.

## CLOSET

The chest has been moved and the small door covering has been ripped away from the wall. It lies in a bent mess on the closet floor.

## EXT. DIRT ROAD, DAY

Layla stumbles along the dirt road away from the house. She crosses the downed tree and walks to the end of the road.

A sign at the end of the road reads: "5 miles to town"

Layla stares at the sign for what seems like forever.

## TIME LAPSE

of the sun crossing overhead until it gets lost over the tree line.

Like a zombie, Layla casually turns, walks back toward the lake house.

## DOWN THE ROAD

Layla stops at the mailbox with a Package half sticking out. She takes the box.

## INT. LAKE HOUSE, KITCHEN, NIGHT

Layla enters, lays the Package on the kitchen table.

## CLOSE ON PACKAGE

Shows it addressed to Jack from "Demolition City".

## EXT. LAKE, NIGHT

The sound of a PADDLE IN THE WATER approaches.

Layla Paddles the small row boat from the far shoreline. She Pauses, takes a photo of posing birds in the near distance.

## CLOSE ON CAMERA IMAGE

Birds feeding their young.

BACK TO SCENE

As Layla stares at nature's beauty

SERIES OF SCENES

1. FLASHES OF BLOODY ANIMAL CARCASSES interrupt her daydream.
2. CLOSE UP of the BABY BIRDS eating and tearing at regurgitated meat from the mother's mouth.
3. The YOUNG GIRL and ALICE (from the opening scene) standing in the lake house bedroom throwing a steak into the closet.
4. The baby birds tearing at flesh.
5. Hanging animal carcasses, blood dripping onto the ground.

These scenes repeat over and over, faster and faster, bloodier and more grisly until...

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT

Alice and the Girl stare at VIVIAN, a CREATURE, short, humanoid features, crouching in the closet.

WE HOLD on this a moment...

EXT. LAKE, NIGHT

From behind, we watch Layla stand upright in the center of the drifting row boat.

WE PAN AROUND

To show Layla holding a bloodied, dead BIRD. Layla stares at nothing in the distance. Her eyes are bloodshot, blood trickles from her nose.

BEHIND HER

Several DEAD BIRDS are stacked in the boat behind Layla.

Layla looks down at the bird, realizes. SCREAMS.

EXT. LAKE, NIGHT

Layla rows frantically towards the dock. As she reaches the dock, she clumsily reaches for the edge. She steps out almost falling into the water. She manages to push off of the boat onto the dock sending the boat adrift into the middle of the lake.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, NIGHT

Layla tugs at the locked attic door. No good, the thing is shut tight.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT

At the closet, Layla pulls the mangled covering from the small opening.

INT. CRAWL SPACE

Layla enters the small, passageway. Her outline obscuring the light from the room behind her.

She crawls a short way, stops, lifts the forgotten RAGGED DOLL from the initial scene, reminisces. CREAKING NOISES from the darkness ahead breaks Layla's trace on the doll. Layla pushes forward.

UP AHEAD

Layla comes to a vertical portion of the tunnel. She looks down towards an air vent below, light pushes into the darkness of the tunnel.

The RAGGED DOLL falls down and hits the bottom with a THUD.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, NIGHT

We focus on the AIR VENT from the first scene. The doll falls and hits the ground behind the air vent with a THUD.

INT. CRAWL SPACE

Layla visually inspects the vertical air duct. She finds a hand-hold, pulls herself upwards.



INT. LAKE HOUSE, ATTIC, NIGHT

A METAL AIR VENT in one corner distorts outward, bending until it comes off the wall. Layla stumbles out. She gathers herself and goes to the opened boxes on the far shelf. She frantically rummages through the boxes as if looking for something in particular.

She studies the picture of SHAKES and OFFICER WALTERS.

FLASH OF IMAGES

The Girl and Alice throw a bloodied piece of meat into the closet.

Shakes entering the bedroom enraged.

The GIRL throwing a book at Shakes, Shakes falling down the stairs.

From behind, on the front porch, Shakes slices the throat of Alice. Alice falls to the dirt.

Officer Walters shoots Shakes.

BACK TO SCENE

Layla stares at the photo. By the look on her face, she has figured something out, remembering her forgotten past. She throws the photo down and moves quickly to leave.

Just as she moves, a DROP OF BLOOD falls onto the picture.

WE FOLLOW

The drop of blood from above where we find ANT hanging upside down from one of the rafters, meat hanging from his bones. The muscles have been filleted off the bone, his body barely recognizable.

Layla doesn't realize Ant's body is hanging from the ceiling.

INT. CRAWL SPACE

Layla climbs down the passageway, almost losing her footing. She scrambles through the horizontal portion of the air duct.

EXT. WOODS. ABANDONED MINE, NIGHT

So early, the sun has yet to rise. Rain pours, obscures everything.

The CRUNCHING of leaves and RUSTLING of tree branches.

Layla, exasperated, pushes through the rain and dense forest stopping at the entrance of the mine. She pauses, cuts a flashlight on, stares at the mine's entrance.

She Leans over a short, stone wall to peer into the darkness. The walls suddenly gives way, Layla tumbles down.

INT. MINE SHAFT. NIGHT

Layla goes end over end and falls into the water below and lands with a SPLASH!

She gathers herself, finds the light of the flashlight floating in the water. As she swings the light towards the tunnel, we get a look at the entrance of a long cave. Its entrance blocked by two large MONOLITHIC STONES. There is a space between then large enough for a small child to squeeze through. Endless darkness behind the stones.

Next to them, on the wall, CAVE DRAWINGS tell the story of what has happened here. Their rudimentary nature tells us they were done hundreds of thousands of years ago.

The first drawings show LARGE CREATURES attacking mammoths and buffalo.

Further across the wall, drawings of the creatures being attacked by men with spears.

Even further, men attacking each one another.

The final drawing show the creatures being entombed in the cave with drawings of men pushing the large monoliths, blocking the entrance. She holds the light on the last drawing a moment as if trying to make sense of it all.

A NOISE from behind the monoliths causes Layla to swing her flashlight at the small opening between the large stones. Behind them, deep in the cave, the shadow of something moves... something large.

WHISPERING BEGINS from somewhere, consuming the place.

Layla turns tail and climbs the near vertical wall towards the entrance overhead. She loses her footing several times.

Rocks fall below splashing the water. She is having a tough time getting up.

The WHISPERING intensifies.

EXT. WOODS, ABANDONED MINE, NIGHT

RAIN is coming down steady now. The sun is beginning to peak through the overhead clouds.

The WHISPERING reaches a crescendo until

Layla's hand grabs a handful of earth and pulls herself to safety. She lands on the ground. When she does, the whispering suddenly ceases.

EXT. WOODS, NIGHT

Layla carelessly pushes past the trees and bushes, each scrape of a tree branch leaving a mark on her skin. She doesn't care, she wants out of there.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, NIGHT

The road is mostly mud now from the continued rain.

Layla splashes through puddles and mud. She hops over the downed tree. She gets to the end of the road, stops then turns towards town.

EXT. POLICE STATION, NIGHT

Layla breathes heavily from the half mile run, pulls on the locked door handle of the police station. She pounds on the outside door trying get someone's attention. She waits a moment. Nothing.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE, NIGHT

Layla peers through the front window. The lights are off and the 'open' sign is turned to 'closed'.

A faint light is on in the back of the store.

A RED BICYCLE sits off to one side within the store.

Layla BANGS on the outside door trying to get the owner's attention. Layla stops, someone has heard her and is coming to the door.

The Owner opens the door for her. She looks Layla up and down. Layla's covered in mud and blood. The Owner pulls her inside. She checks the surrounding area to make sure no one is following her.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE, NIGHT

Layla sips something hot. The Owner throws blanket over her shoulders to keep her warm.

LAYLA  
Something is happening to us.  
Everyone is acting strange.

The TV in the background talks about a powerful storm cell passing through the area.

OWNER  
Your friends are not likely the  
same people that you arrived with.

Layla stares at the woman, her silence says that she is right.

GRANDMA (O.S.)  
They've been working on your mind  
whether you know it or not.

In the shadows, the Grandmother sits, watches Layla.

LAYLA  
Who's 'they'?

GRANDMA  
Your companions are under some  
degree of their influence. You've  
probably noticed some mental side  
effects of their persuasions.

LAYLA  
(firmer)  
Who's 'they'?

OWNER  
It isn't perfect, but the weaker,  
more violent prone usually give in  
first.

GRANDMA  
The weak minded are made to suffer.

OWNER

(warning)

Mother.

(to Layla)

They are from an older time than even the people who imprisoned them.

LAYLA

The cave. Drawings. Monsters?

GRANDMA

They want to be fed and to be set free. Be wary of the little one. It runs free.

LAYLA

(to herself)

Vivian?

GRANDMA

Oh dear, don't be fooled. That's no little girl. It's their offspring.

OWNER

They are the incarnate of evil. Evil that never dies. Evil that needs to be kept away from man.

LAYLA

What do I do?

The Owner stares at the Grandma as if expecting this questions.

EXT. DINER, DAY

Rain continues. The early morning dawn peeking through the clouds. Must be before 6, the Diner is closed.

Layla stands in the rain at the pay phone, waits for an answer from the other side.

LAYLA

I sold the house, mother. Taking the monsters with it! You should've warned me, mother!

She waits. Nothing from the other side (answering machine). She hangs up, furious.

EXT. TOWN, DAY

The rain has finally stopped. The sun is now peaking through the clouds overhead.

Layla, on the RED BICYCLE from the store, pedals past, splashing mud puddles. The OLD AX from the store sits in the front basket.

EXT. TOWN, INTERSECTION, DAY

Layla pedals through the intersection. In the background, Deputy Walters' police cruiser sits.

INT. POLICE CRUISER, DAY

Walters watches Layla pedal through the intersection.

WALTERS

What the?

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Deputy? You there?

Annoyed, Walters picks up the radio.

WALTERS

This is Walters. Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

We have an accident at the old mill that needs assistance. You available?

Walters takes a moment to watch Layla, considers his answer.

WALTERS

Ten-four. On my way.

(to himself)

Shit.

EXT. TOWN, INTERSECTION, DAY

The Police Cruiser's lights come on, it does a U-turn in the other direction away from Layla.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, DAY

Layla cruises along the muddied road. She is oblivious to something unseen

## WITHIN THE TREE LINE

Something tracks her, moving along at the same speed. It quickly approaches the road until it intersects with Layla's bike with a CRASH.

Layla hits the ground with a THUD. She scrambles for the ax lying several feet away.

The thing is nowhere in sight.

Layla stands in a defensive posture, motioning the ax in multiple directions, not knowing where the thing is exactly.

LAYLA

Stay back!

No response.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

We're getting out of here...  
Lillian, answer me!

No response.

After a silent moment, Layla pulls the bike on its wheels. The front wheel is irreparably bent from the crash. She forgets it, leaves the bike and runs.

## EXT. DIRT ROAD, DAY

Layla comes to the downed tree. Without hesitation, she swings the ax across the middle of it. Does it again, and again.

## SAME SCENE, MOMENTS LATER

The tree is now broken in the middle. Layla HUFFS from the exertion. Exhausted, she drops the ax, looks down at her now bloodied and blistered hands.

With the last ounce of strength, She struggles to pull the cut tree off to the side. She moves it just wide enough for a car to Pass.

## EXT. LAKE HOUSE, DAY

Layla turns the corner up the drive. She notices Jack and Scarlett near the barn working on something.

Layla slips into the treeline making her way towards the barn.

EXT. BARN, DAY

Layla peers through the back window.

LAYLA'S POV

Riley stands in one corner, rocks back and forth, fiddles with her hair. She MUMBLES something incoherent to herself. Layla moves around the side of the barn and catches Jack pulling DETONATION CORD (det cord) down the drive. Jack obsesses over getting the det cord perfectly straight.

Layla takes a stick and pulls the cord toward her, making it crooked.

Jack approaches, notices the crooked det cord. He scans the area visually. No one is there. Layla is now out of sight. He squats to straighten the cord and Layla runs from the side of the barn to the house.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, DAY

The front door quietly and slowly opens. Layla enters unnoticed and hides behind a chair. In the background, Scarlett stands in the kitchen busy with something. Jack enters through the back door, approaches Scarlett.

JACK

Everything is almost ready. Keep  
and eye our for our Layla.

Jack leaves again in a hurry. Scarlett goes to the kitchen drawer, pulls a large BUTCHER KNIFE. Scarlett turns away, Layla makes a break for the stairs.

Layla takes the first step causing it to CREAK loudly. She pauses for a second waiting for Scarlett to turn the corner. Nothing, she continues upstairs.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 1, DAY

Layla sticks her head into the open door. No one is there.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, BEDROOM 3, DAY

Dee sleeps on the bed with an ice pack on his forehead.



Layla's hand touches his shoulder.

Dee nearly jumps out of bed in an attack position.

LAYLA

It's me!

Dee gathers himself.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

(hushed whispers)

We've got to go! I've got a ride coming.

DEE

What?

Layla grabs his shoulders, slaps him across the face. Dee comes to.

DEE (CONT'D)

Lay?

LAYLA

Find Paisley and meet me back at the barn. We are getting the hell out of here.

DEE

Okay.

INT. LAKE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, DAY

Dee checks each room.

INT. BARN, DAY

Layla cautiously enters, ax in one hand.

LAYLA

Riley?

Riley slowly emerges from a dark corner of the barn. She appears frail and broken. The CREATURE (Vivian) lurks in the darkness of the barn rafters overhead.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

It's time to leave, Riley.

Riley's face turns to worry and innocence.

RILEY

Jack and Scarlett won't let us,  
Lay.

Layla goes to Riley, puts an arm around her comforting her.

LAYLA

Don't worry, I got you. We're going  
out the back.

They walk a few steps when Layla lets out a SCREAM. She pulls away from Riley, touches her back - the knife hubbed into her back - showing her bloodied hand. She's been stabbed! Layla's face turns to horror.

Layla clumsily swings the ax towards Riley. She easily misses.

RILEY

Too, slow, Lay.

Now crazy and invigorated, Riley pushes Layla to the ground. Riley moves to the barn door, flings it open flooding the dark barn with early morning sunlight.

Layla, face first, struggles to reach the knife handle sticking from her back.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(outside)

Someone get in here and hog tie  
this cunt!

She turns to Layla, her eyes are filled with a killer's gaze.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You've been determined to screw up  
my plans, Lay.

Behind her, Scarlett enters. Her eyes light up seeing Layla on the ground. She grabs a spool of twine off the barn wall and marches to Layla, steps firmly on her back, pinning her to the ground. Scarlett pulls Layla's arms back, ties them with the twine.

SCARLETT

(whispering to Layla)

I told you I wasn't the one doing  
the poisoning. Think I'm a raging  
bitch? You don't know the half of  
what Riley-bear's been up to.

Scarlett finishes tying Layla's wrists.

RILEY (O.S.)  
 Hurry up. We are ready to detonate.  
 We need a lamb to offer up.

With that, Scarlett pulls Layla to her feet and drags her towards the barn door. With Scarlett's arms exposed, we see the extent of the damage done by her scratching and picking with raw and opened sores up and down her arms.

Half way to the entrance, Paisley leaps from behind and hits Scarlett with a WOODEN 2X4 knocking her to the floor. Paisley pulls the knife from Layla's back - Layla screams in pain - and plunges it repeatedly into the downed Scarlett.

Layla, getting to her feet, stumbles to the door. Without warning, Riley stands in the doorway, clotheslines Layla knocking her out.

In the background, Paisley continues to blindly stab Scarlett. Blood is now everywhere.

Jack enters, shotgun in hand, stands near Riley looking down at Layla barely coming to.

JACK  
 Look what you did to my girlfriend.  
 My lover. My best friend.

RILEY  
 Shut up. Will you handle that  
 already?

Jack shoulder the shot gun, goes to Riley who has yet to notice Jack. Without a break in her stabbing, Paisley looks up at Jack with an innocent, child-like smile covered in blood.

Jack raises the shotgun to Paisley's head. She isn't particularly bothered. In fact, she hasn't missed a beat and continues to stab at Scarlett's body.

LAYLA (O.S.)  
 Jack, no!

Jack pauses for a beat, stares at Layla attempting to get to her feet and lowers the shotgun.

Out of nowhere, Riley grabs Paisley under the chin and braces her as she drives a DRILL right through the back of her skull and out of her mouth.

RILEY  
 Enough pandemonium. People are  
 trying to work here.

Riley releases Paisley's head, drill and all. Paisley's body falls to the dirt with a THUD.

Layla is hysterical as she crawls desperately on all fours out the barn door. Riley runs towards her and soccer kicks her dead in the face, knocking her backwards.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Enough!

Riley takes a metal rake and uses it to sweep several random metal tools and parts off the end of the work table onto Layla's head as she cowers defensively next to it.

Riley kicks her one last time for good measure and turns back to Jack.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

Get your ass back to work.

Riley swats his face with the rake then throws it at him.

Jack does his best to deflect the attack but remains obedient to his alpha conspirator.

RILEY (CONT'D)

And let's get her tied up and served on a stake. They're going to want something to eat.

Riley grabs Layla by the hair and lifts her bloodied face up.

RILEY (CONT'D)

And spoiler alert. You're on the dinner menu.

Riley drags her out of the barn by her hair.

BLACK SCREEN

A HAMMER BANGS metal.

A burry image comes into focus and we realize we are seeing things from the point of view of Layla, gaining consciousness. As the image clears, we see Layla's feet dangling a feet meters from the ground below.

In the background, the entrance to the ABANDONED MINE.

Riley hammers a METAL STAKE into Layla's crossed wrists to a wooden post. She's the cheap version of Jesus.

LAYLA SCREAMS in agony with each hit of the stake.

Riley slaps Layla quiet.

RILEY  
Put a stick in it, Lay.

EXT. BARN, DAY

Jack removes a DETONATOR from the package left on the kitchen table. He immediately connects it to the detonation cord.

WE FOLLOW

The detonation cord across the drive, behind the back of the house, through the woods to

EXT. WOODS, ABANDONED MINE ENTRANCE, DAY

Where the detonation cord winds past Layla and Riley's position and down into the mine entrance.

LAYLA  
You have no idea what's down there!  
They are not your friends, Riley.

Riley leaves Layla, who is perched onto a vertical wooden post.

EXT. BARN, DAY

Jack finishes the last touches of connecting the detonator cord to the detonator as Riley approaches. Jack nods to Riley, she gives a devious smile back, confirming. Jack flips a switch...

EXT. WOODS. ABANDONED MINE ENTRANCE, DAY

A large EXPLOSION from within the mine launches debris through the entrance.

Debris flies Past Layla as she squints and turns her head.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, DAY

Walters' POLICE CAR approaches on the road to the lake house when BOOM! In the distance causes the car to come to an abrupt stop.

INT. POLICE CRUISER, DAY

Walters localizes the sound of the explosion as coming from behind the lake house. He flips the sirens on.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, DIRT DRIVEWAY, DAY

Walter's cruiser comes to a stop at the end of the drive near the barn entrance. He steps out and notices the detonator in the drive. He visually follows the detonation cord into the woods when...

A PREHISTORIC ROAR emanates from the woods.

Walters exits with pistol drawn. His eyes widen with a mix of fear and urgency. He holsters his pistol and takes the shotgun from the cruiser.

EXT. WOODS, ABANDONED MINE ENTRANCE, DAY

Layla's covered in dust, still nailed to the post. Jack runs past Layla like a kid on Christmas morning.

JACK  
(to the mine entrance)  
Welcome home!

WALTERS (O.S.)  
Hands up!

From behind, Walters approaches with his shotgun pointed at Jack. He stares in disbelief at Layla pinned to the vertical wooden beam. He moves toward Jack.

Jack stands with his back at Walters.

WALTERS (CONT'D)  
Go ahead and breathe wrong if your  
craving a lobotomy.

Jack slowly turns to face Walters, grins as he goes for a LARGE KNIFE tucked in his waistband.

As he does, Walters suddenly stops, lowers his shotgun. He has suddenly become preoccupied with

A PREHISTORIC CLAW reaches out of the entrance of the mine. Walters' mouth drops in disbelief.

Both Walters and Jack visually follow the 20 FOOT TALL CREATURE as it raises up out of the well.

It belts out a ROARING SCREECH and their eyes, ears and noses begin to cascade blood. In an instant, Jack is bitten in half by the creature as Walters has begun to fire on it.

Jack's severed lower half of hips and legs collapse as the creature's claw swats it at Walters hitting him and sending him flying across the ground.

The creature goes after Walters, and begins devouring him.

With the creature preoccupied for the moment, Layla buries her head away from the carnage as Dee emerges from behind and begins to untie her. Layla's eyes light up seeing Dee.

DEE

Brace yourself. This is going to hurt.

Dee pulls one hand loose from the metal stake, then the other. Muffled AGONIZING SCREAMS from Layla. Dee pulls her down into his arms.

DEE (CONT'D)

Run.

The Creature lets out a HOWLING SCREECH after them as they sprint through the woods. The Creature goes after them.

EXT. BACK SIDE OF HOUSE, DAY

Dee and Layla come hurtling out of the woods on the backside of the house. Grayson stands there with the rifle pointed at them. They stop in their tracks seeing Grayson.

GRAYSON

I wouldn't recommend letting me stop you from running.

The Creature SCREECHES in the woods just behind them. It's almost at their position.

Grayson motions for them to keep moving.

They do, and move around the front of the house. As Layla passes Grayson, she notices the DETONATOR in his waist band.

As Dee and Layla round the corner, the Creature emerges from the woods and moves right toward Grayson who fires a couple of irritating shots at the thing. It doesn't budge and hurtles towards Grayson at full speed. As it reaches the WORK TRUCK...

INT. TRUCK, DAY

Detonation charges, sacks of Anfro and a few cans of gasoline sit in the truck cab.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE, BACKSIDE OF HOUSE, DAY

Grayson lowers the rifle, ducks for cover and flips a switch on the detonator. The truck explodes under the belly of the Creature, engulfing it in flames before it topples over. It lets out several DYING SCREECHES before falling

Uninjured, Grayson waves his flaming arm attempting to put out the fire.

From nowhere, Riley jumps on his back and stabs him several times around the collarbone. She then goes after his throat with the knife but he pulls her off. On her way to the ground, she manages to cut a large gash on the side of his face.

Riley hits the ground with a THUD.

Hearing the commotion, Dee comes around the corner. He sees Riley pulling herself from the ground with Grayson preoccupied with getting his burning shirt off.

Dee charges Riley. Riley whips out WALTERS' PISTOL and shoots Dee hitting him in the stomach. Dee doubles over, falls to the ground. She turns to Grayson, shoots him in the leg. He collapses to one knee.

Riley raises the pistol towards Grayson's head when a pitchfork comes down hard and fast through the back of her neck. The forks exiting her face.

Layla stands over her holding the pitchfork as she jerks it back.

Out of nowhere Dee levels her with a field goal kick to the face. As she takes her last breath...

RILEY

Fucking cunts.

Riley goes lifeless.

Dee limps over to Grayson. Layla helps him lift Grayson to his feet.

The three of them help support each other as they limp along towards the still running police car.



Another PREHISTORIC SCREECH echoes in the distance.

Dee stares at Layla, then Grayson.

GRAYSON

We aren't sticking around to find  
out.

They load up into the police car. As the car peels out of there tree branches rustle in the near woods.

Riley suddenly stands, and like a zombie sprints after the car. As the car pulls away, she manages to slam her hands on the trunk.

Frothing at the mouth she continues to limp down the dirt road when...

A PREHISTORIC CLAW comes down on top of her, sending her flying several feet until she slams with deadly force into the side of a large oak tree.

THE SECOND BEAST gives chase after the police car.

INT. POLICE CRUISER, DAY

Dee and Layla celebrate by hugging one another in the front seat.

Grayson peers over the backseat to see the creature through the rear window quickly catching up with them.

GRAYSON

Game ain't over.

Grayson knocks the back window out with the butt of the rifle, fumbles for loose rounds from his jacket pocket. Reloaded he fires out the back of the car.

EXT. DIRT ROAD, DAY

The car barely flies through the opening in the fallen tree.

INT. POLICE CRUISER, DAY

The Creature doesn't flinch at Grayson's weapon. A claw clips the trunk, slicing through the metal trunk like jello.

Grayson leans his body out the window and pushes the trunk closed. He then continues to fire. The Creature is right on their tail.

The cruiser comes to the main road into town. Without slowing, Layla barrels into the intersection just missing a SEMI TRUCK as it turns onto the road.

EXT. ROAD, DAY

The Semi runs right into the Creature, drags it along the road as the truck slams on its brakes.

The police cruiser veers off the road and into the woods out of control.

We hold a moment until Dee, Layla and Grayson, all with minor injuries, limp to the side of the road.

In the foreground, the TRUCKER (50s) inspects his truck and the mangled creature beneath it. He scratches his head trying to make sense of the thing.

A VAN slows past the stalled Semi and seeing the injured trio, pulls to the side of the road. All three hustle to the van and after a brief negotiation, pile in. Layla watches from the back window as the van pulls away.

EXT. GAS STATION, DAY

The Van pulls to a pump.

INT. VAN, DAY

The DRIVER (70s), an old hippie, looks his passengers up and down worried about the trouble he's gotten himself into. Dee with his bleeding stomach, Grayson lying in the second row seat, trying to catch his breath from the puncture wound to his lung, Layla in mental shock stares at her wounded hands...

DRIVER

I need to pee.

The Driver gets the hell out of there, heads towards the store.

GRAYSON

Should be a hospital fifteen or twenty minutes from here.

Dee pulls the sliding back door open.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

(weak)

Think they have cute nurses?

DEE

Grayson is back to being Grayson.

(smiles)

I need some water.

LAYLA

I'm going with you.

Both Dee and Layla get out.

GRAYSON

Leave the door. I need the fresh  
air.

Layla touches Grayson's face. His face is tepid, lost color.

LAYLA

I'll get you some water.

She turns to leave. Grayson grabs her wrist.

GRAYSON

I'm sorry. I only fed them once.  
They were quite persuasive.  
(points to head)

Grayson forces a smile.

LAYLA

I know.

She takes Grayson's hand.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

It's okay. Really.

She gives him a reassuring smile, touch of the face.

Layla leaves Grayson, follows Dee toward the store.

Near the store entrance, the van door suddenly slams shut.  
The van jerks back and forth like some invisible force is  
moving it.

Layla and Dee stop dead, pause before cautiously walking back  
toward the van.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Grayson?

No answer.

As Layla gets closer she notices the SMALL CREATURE (VIVIAN) eating Grayson's brain out of a cracked skull. Grayson's chest sits split open wide.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

No! Vivian!

Vivian Pauses, then slowly looks up at Layla then spreads her collar and lets out a blood curling SCREECH before running out the opposite side door.

Vivian breaks for a WAREHOUSE across the street.

Dee surveys the damage done to Grayson. His face goes white as a ghost.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Vivian! You come back here!

Layla goes after her across the street.

INT. WAREHOUSE, DAY

Mostly humid darkness with a sliver of light from a row of small windows up high.

Endless ROWS OF MANNEQUINS stand lined up like terra-cotta soldiers. Some are draped in plastic, others in various levels of assemblage hung from racks on the ceiling. Piles of arms, legs, torso and heads are strewn about.

Layla slowly walks between rows of mannequins, searching, with blank lifeless faces staring back at her. We hear a commotion behind her, mannequins being bumped, and then scampering of feet.

Layla spins around but sees nothing.

Vivian slices her calf with a swipe of her sharp claws. Layla collapses to one knee

Layla limps along, dragging her slashed leg behind her.

Another COMMOTION behind her causes her to turn. She bumps into several hanging MANNEQUINS.

After a tense moment, Layla continues on down the aisle.

Another quick, lightening like slice to her arm this time.

Vivian scampers away before Layla can get a beat on her.

At the end of a row, Layla approaches several work benches with piles of mannequin Parts.

She wipes her finger across her nose. Blood now trickles down her nose.

LAYLA  
Not this time, Vivian!

Layla slaps herself in the face as if trying to rid her mind of some evil influence.

Layla surveys the rows of mannequins until one mannequin begins to take the shape of Vivian.

Vivian's hood wobbles as her body stands still. She stands on her hind legs to attempt to take human form.

Layla charges Vivian.

Vivian SCREECHES charges towards Layla. They meet and Vivian sends Layla tumbling backwards through mannequins and into a pile of body Parts.

Vivian jumps onto top of who goes for her throat.

Layla grabs her neck holding back her bite.

Vivian slashes Layla's face several times.

Vivian begins to win the tug of war until Layla gives one last thrust and holds Vivian's head up high.

A GUNSHOT RINGS out and Vivian's head bursts into a hundred pieces.

Layla pushes Vivian's decapitated body off.

Dee approaches. Layla screams in confused panic.

DEE  
It's me, Lay!

Layla stops grabs hold of Dee and holds on tight.

LAYLA  
She dead?

Dee takes one last look at Vivian's corpse.

DEE  
It's dead.

SAME SCENE, MOMENTS LATER

Dee and Layla stagger between rows of mannequins holding each other up.

POLICE LIGHTS flood in through the windows. Approaching SIRENS break the silence.

Dee tosses the rifle down.

Blue and red lights swirl on their faces.

THE END