

WICKLESHICK

By

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Imagine your deepest fear, then
imagine something much, much worse

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OVER BLACK:

Fast footsteps crumple leaves.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Mist everywhere.

JASON (17) a dashing kid, hoodie, cuts and scrapes across his face, runs for his life.

Once every so often he looks over his shoulder, heads east, weaves through trees.

A distant HOWL.

Jason stops at a ravine, glances over his shoulder, raises his eyebrows and leaps.

He descends, faster, uglier, and splashes down into the shallow water.

Jason crawls onto the shoreline, hand on his busted knee. His chest heaves as he struggles for breath.

He shoots a look up at the trees atop the ravine, they sway, unnaturally.

LATER

Jason, branch as a makeshift crutch, makes his way through the dark trees toward a distant log cabin.

He gazes over his shoulder, then focuses on the path ahead.

Another distant HOWL.

He crumples leaves as he makes his way down a slight slope, stops at the bottom, looks around.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A fire crackles.

Jason, leg on the table, wraps his knee with very poorly with a bandage.

He swigs a beer, grabs an arrow and uses a lighter to burn the tip.

A few breaths later, he sticks the arrowhead to his cheek to seal the bloody wound.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Birds CAW to mask the sound of a SCREAM.

Something fierce and clawed crawls like a shadow along the tree-line.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jason drops the arrow, hisses in pain, takes a swig of beer.

He clips a pin to the back of the bandage, then rolls his pant leg down.

Branches scrape across the window as rain hammers against the roof.

Jason briskly approaches the window, peers out into the night, then closes the curtains.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A pair of cold white eyes stare at the cabin as a claw scrapes bark from the tree trunk.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jason grabs a backpack, sets it on the table and rifles through it.

He pulls out a sports bow, high-tech, and checks the tension of the wire.

His phone RINGS, he fishes through his pocket, pulls it out and answers.

JASON

Grant?

A crackle from the other end of the line.

JASON

Where are you?

A ferocious SCREECH sounds, which causes Jason to drop the phone.

He stomps on it a moment later, continuously, until it becomes a pile of broken plastic.

Sudden POUNDS on the front door alert him.

He picks up the bow, grabs the quiver and heads toward the door.

Jason looks around the cabin for an object of use, finds a table, slides it against the door.

JASON
(quietly)
Go away...

The SOUND of nails on a chalkboard sends a shiver up his spine.

JASON
Just leave me alone!

He faces the archway, there it is and his eyes widen to show the fear.

THE WICKLESHICK, a clawed, white eyed, horrific appearance with crow feathers stitched into her patchy, scaly skin.

JASON
Oh... fuck!

She SCREECHES, mouth open inhumanely wide, and lunges at him.

He fights her off, sticks an arrow in her neck, blood spurts out.

He rushes into the lounge, shatters the window and leaps out into --

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jason runs, weaves through various trees and looks over his shoulder.

She is hot on his tail, moves in an extremely quick, stop-motion style way.

He tumbles down a hill, falls into a stream, SPLASH, pushes up.

She is there, knelt in front of him, head turned to the side, eyes fixated on him.

He goes for his arrows, pulls one out and aims -- she is gone.

Jason rises, poised to release the arrow, scans for movement, eyes unfocused, stance uneven.

A fox scampers across the crispy leaves into the shadows.

Jason lowers his bow, silence sets in as he makes his way forward, one step at a time.

LATER

Clouds maneuver past the bright moon.

Jason clammers up a hill, uses a tree as leverage to pull himself up.

He pushes on, through the barren wilderness, across a small footbridge.

A camp rests up ahead, the fire gently crackles out, cinders float into the air.

Jason kneels, touches the leaves and glares into the misty woodland, a blood trail heads deep into the darkness.

He walks over to the trees, brushes aside a branch and steps on bone, CRACK.

He looks down, a severed hand with the wrist as clear as day greets his stare.

JASON
(quietly)
Lisa?!

No response.

JASON
(quietly)
Grant!

Jason pushes past the tree, down a slope into a dead land.

Dead leaves and fallen trees, the place looks like a nuclear bomb went off.

Jason stands in the center, looks up at the sky, then searches around the area.

JASON
Grant?! Lisa?!

He stops, gasps, rushes over to the side of --

EMMA (22) a gorgeous, voluptuous would-be model, covered in leaves and host to cuts and bruises all over her tanned skin.

Jason shakes Emma, tries to wake her.

JASON
Emma... Emma, wake up.

He checks her pulse.

JASON
Em?

She groans, begins to come to.

JASON
Hey, hey... you're alive, thank
God...

She pushes up, pain on her face, hand to her head.

EMMA
Where is it?

JASON
I don't know where she is.

EMMA
She?

He helps her up, as gently as he can.

EMMA
I... I saw...

JASON
Have you seen, Grant or, Lisa?

She shakes her head, looks around, fear in her eyes.

JASON
We need to find them. Before she
does.

He heads off, but she grabs his arm, reels him back in.

EMMA
Who are you on about?

JASON
The thing, that woman.

EMMA
What woman?

The two exchange looks, a sense of wonder and fear comes across them.

JASON
We need to find them, and get the hell outta these woods.

She nods.

JASON
Come on, stay close.

They head deeper into the forest.

The Wickleshick, perched upon a branch, watches their every move with her unnaturally still eyes.

LATER

Emma scratches her arm, maneuvers through the trees behind Jason.

EMMA
Jason...

He turns to her.

EMMA
We should just go.

JASON
I'm not leaving them out here to die, Emma.

EMMA
I don't wanna die out here.

JASON
Just stay close, okay? We're not gonna die here.

He heads off, she follows, closely.

JASON
Come on, Grant...

A nearby bush rustles.

Emma grabs Jason's arm in fear, gets close to him.

JASON
I need my other hand.

She lets go.

He grabs an arrow from the quiver, then strings the bow, approaches the bush.

EMMA
Be careful...

A long, hairy pair of clawed hands drop down from above and yank her up into the shadows, silently.

Jason brushes aside the bush and finds -- two RABBITS, which soon scurry off into the night.

JASON
Just rabbits.

He turns to her, notices she is gone.

JASON
Emma?

Blood, like a waterfall, cascades onto him and flows down his shirt.

He looks up and gasps in horror at the sight of --

The Wickleshick, like a spider, feasts upon the mangled, blood-ridden corpse of Emma.

JASON
No!

Jason shoots an arrow, which strikes the Wickleshick in the shoulder.

The Wickleshick SHRIEKS and rips Emma's body in-two.

Blood and organs rain down from the blackness as the body plummets to earth.

The Wickleshick lunges down at Jason, pins him to the ground and SHRIEKS in his face.

He struggles as she runs her claw down his shirt, tears fabric and skin, draws blood.

He jams his bow into her mouth, shark-teeth bite down on the bow, he shoves her off.

She lunges, he ducks, she scampers into the woodland.

Jason grips his chest, groans in pain and seeks her out with focused eyes.

Silence falls on the woodland.

Jason looks down at Emma, winces.

JASON
I'm sorry, Em...

LATER

Not a sound.

Jason walks, composure unchecked, eyes unsteady, arrow strung. He spots a cave.

Outside the cave, pikes, which play host to human skulls.

JASON
This is crazy.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Water trickles down the jagged rock walls.

Jason proceeds down somewhat of a staircase, hears the sound of water, and nothing else.

A few drawn images on the walls show various PEOPLE bow to some sort of GOD on a hillside.

Jason stops at the bottom, near two bone-made chimes that dangle from the ceiling.

He peers inside the hollow.

Cages, a cauldron on a stone perch, several shelves lined with jars, which boast various human organs and eyes.

He enters the hollow.

INT. CAVE - HOLLOW - NIGHT

Jason inspects the eyeball jars and ear necklaces. He stops at a table, finds a phone, smashed, and a wallet.

JASON

Grant...

A hand emerges from a cage and grabs his leg, he panics, steps back, knocks a pot off a pedestal, SMASH.

LISA (17) a stunner, caked in blood and cuts, reaches out from the cage of bone.

JASON

Lisa.

Jason uses the bow to pry the cage door open, he rushes in and presses his hand to her cheek.

She hugs him, cries uncontrollably.

JASON

Sshh... sshh...

He caresses her cheek, lays a kiss on her head, tears build in his eyes.

LISA

Jason. It... it...

JASON

Where's, Grant?

Lisa bawls, sinks her head into his chest.

LISA

I'm so sorry.

A tear trickles down his cheek.

JASON

How?

LISA

It tore him apart. Made me watch.

Where's, Emma?

Jason shakes his head, causes her to cry even more.

JASON

Listen to me, okay? We are gonna get outta this. You hear me?

She nods, snuffles, takes a moment.

JASON
First we have to get past her.

LISA
Her?

JASON
The woman, she's in the woods...

LISA
Jason, that thing is no woman.

He furrows his brow in wonder.

LISA
It's some sort of... I don't, a
fucking wolf or...

JASON
What do you mean, wolf?

LISA
I really don't know, I just wanna
get out of here before it comes
back for me.

He nods, grips her hand.

JASON
Then let's get outta here.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jason and Lisa make their way through the mist.

A distant wolf HOWL causes her to grip his wrist tighter.

JASON
Ow... nails.

LISA
Sorry.

Jason proceeds, Lisa right behind him, clung onto his arm like glue.

The Wickleshick drops down behind them, lands in the sprint-runner position and slowly ascends to her feet.

Lisa feels a shiver run up her spine, looks over her shoulder and SCREAMS at the sight of --

A monstrous WOLF, right where the Wickleshick was.

Jason turns around, shoots an arrow and hits the Wickleshick dead in the eye.

LISA
Is it dead?

JASON
I'm not waiting around to find out.

He turns around, there she is, the Wickleshick, right in his face.

She swats Jason into a tree, causes him to drop the bow to the ground.

Lisa backs up, intimidated, into a tree as the WOLF, once Wickleshick, stalks her.

LISA
Jason!

Jason tackles the Wickleshick to the ground, she bites into his wrist, he yells in pain.

JASON
RUN!

Lisa takes off into the bushes.

Jason and the Wickleshick struggle, she jams her claw through his chest, then expands it and rips it wide open.

Jason's eyes widen, he gasps as his heart falls out, then dies.

LISA

Runs through the woodland, nearly trips on a vine, but regains her balance.

Lisa's chest heaves, her feet crunch leaves, she runs for her life.

The Wolf chases her, growls, barks, seeths and foams at the mouth as it maneuvers through the trees with precision.

Lisa looks over her shoulder, trips on a branch and plummets down.

She lands, snaps her neck, falls into a heap in the stream, lifeless, eyes wide open.

INT. CAVE - HOLLOW - NIGHT

Jason and Lisa's dead bodies lie on slabs either side of the cauldron.

The Wickleshick rips Jason's arm off, pours his blood into the cauldron and stirs with a human backbone.

She plucks Lisa's eyes out, sticks them into the cauldron, stirs some more.

LATER

The Wickleshick chomps on eyeball ridden blood soup, blood drips from her mouth onto her chin.

She dips a finger into the blood, swirls the soup and bites the finger.

MUCH LATER

The Wickleshick gets into a coffin, blows out a candle and closes the lid, THUD.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

SUPER: 1 year later...

Two HIKERS make their way through the woodland, both with huge backpacks.

The Wickleshick sits perched on a tree, eyes focused on the Hikers.

Her body lets off a weird transformation vibe. Skin merges with hair, body turns from woman to Wickleshick to Wolf to huge spider and back.

She remains the Wickleshick, licks her lips and lunges with a SHRIEK.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END... FOR NOW