FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A thick forest. Sunlight flickers through the dense foliage. It does not reach the ground. Frantic footsteps.

GHOSTLY VOICES (V.O.)
Have you seen the Ghost of John?

A LAND SURVEYOR bursts through the bushes. He drops his clipboard, but manages to keep his helmet.

He trips over a rock and tumbles to his knees. He looks back into the woods. Twigs SNAP and CRUNCH.

GHOSTLY VOICES (V.O.)
Long white bones with the skin all gone.

He gets up and flees.

EXT. THE CABIN - DAY

He bursts through the woods. His truck idles behind the cabin. He runs towards it.

GHOSTLY VOICES (V.O.)
Ooh, oh, oh, ooh, oh, oh, ooh.

He reaches for the handle. A hand darts out from beneath the truck.

He stumbles backwards onto the ground. A WHITE FACE disappears behind one of the tires.

GHOSTLY VOICES (V.O.)
Wouldn’t it be chilly with no skin on?

He scrambles to his feet and runs towards the cabin.

INT. THE CABIN - DAY

He bursts through the door and slams it shut. Sweat drips down his cheeks. His breath is ragged, teetering on hysteria. He peers out the broken window.

Behind him, the shadows in the room thicken. They creep towards him.
GHOSTLY VOICES (V.O.)

Wouldn’t it be chilly with no skin on?

He turns around.

He SCREAMS.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A van swerves back and forth on the winding road. Heavy-metal music SCREAMS from the open windows.

INT. VAN - DAY

KURT, at the steering wheel, brash douche-bag, voted most-likely to commit a crime against nature, turns the song up. He bangs along on the steering wheel.

ANDREA, in the passenger seat, head of the class, would make love to a book if not for the paper-cuts, turns the radio off. She shoves her face back into her textbook.

In the back seat is VANESSA, expert hottie, slutty slut slut slut. slut, slut.

VANESSA

About fucking time.

She leans her head against the window.

VANESSA

Now I can get some sleep.

Next to her is NICK, virgin till his death, which is about ten hours away. He peeks at Vanessa’s thighs. Her mini-skirt rides up, exposing her panties.

She catches him looking. She smiles and adjusts - revealing more skin. He blushes and looks away.

In the very back seat, piled in next to video equipment, is T.J. He chomps on raw hot-dogs. His face turns red, he strains.

NICK

T.J.!

VANESSA

Oh! I can taste it! Kurt, roll down the windows.
NICK
It’s so thick you could spread it on your toast!

T.J. (mock southern accent)
It won’t me.

KURT
Are you kidding? It has the T.J. brand smeared all over it.

Kurt thumbs the windows down.

ANDREA
Look, there’s a gas station. We should stop and fill up anyway.

She points to a dilapidated single-pump station.

T.J.
Good, I’m hungry again, I just cleared some more room.

Everybody in the car GROANS.

EXT. GAS STATION – DAY

An isolated pump next to a rotting shack. An abandoned car, a family sedan, sits on blocks. A white shirt hangs from the antenna.

The van skids to a stop. Everyone piles out.

Andrea spreads a map on the hood. She uses her fingers to measure the distance.

ANDREA
There’s not another town for ninety-something miles.

T.J. creeps towards the abandoned sedan.

Kurt pulls the nozzle from the gas pump. Squeezes it. It HISSES stale air.

KURT
Shit.
ABANDONED SEDAN

T.J. tries to peer in through the windows. They are coated in muck.

He opens the door.

INSIDE THE CAR

A DEAD DOG stews on the driver’s seat. Its stomach is shredded open. Rats chew on the bones of its unborn pups. Maggots spill from their mouths.

Vanessa steps up behind T.J.

VANESSA
What’re you lookin’ --

Vanessa SCREAMS and turns away.

Nick runs up to her.

NICK
Are you all right?

VANESSA
No, I think I’m gonna --

She vomits down the front of his shirt.


He opens the gas cap on the sedan. He smells.

KURT
Hey, whad’ya know?

He ambles back to the van. Pops the back. He pulls out a gas can and a garden hose. Saunters back to the sedan.

Nick still stands there, covered in yuck.

Kurt siphons gas from the car.

ANDREA
Kurt, that’s stealing.

KURT
From who, the fucking trees?

A Native American, RISING BEAR, clad in animal skin, face painted in ancient symbols, fat from the land, sits on top of the shack.
RISING BEAR
The trees do not own the bones of our ancestors.

Everybody looks up.

T.J.
Where the fuck did he come from?

ANDREA
(to Nick)
Go get the camera.

NICK
Give me a minute.

ANDREA
Hurry, hurry. Now!

He runs to the back of the van. Chunks of vomit slop to the ground.

KURT
Hey Chief, you want something for this gas?

Nick stumbles back. He points the camera at Rising Bear.

RISING BEAR
Whatever you think is fair.

KURT
Hell, fair is free.

ANDREA
We’ve spent most of our money just getting out here, can you cut us a break?

Andrea peers up at Rising Bear. The sun blots out his form.

He points down at her.

RISING BEAR
You have willingly chosen to travel out here? Out into the wastelands of the dead?

ANDREA
We are doing a documentary for our Folk Mythology class, this area --
RISING BEAR
(interrupts)
-- is corrupted by dark and ancient spirits -- to willingly enter their domain --

He spits in his palm.

ANDREA
Can you tell us the way to the cabin of the Ghost of... the late John Butcher?

RISING BEAR
You need not search for what will find you.

KURT
Okay, Crazy Horse, we owe you anything?

Rising Bear stands up.

RISING BEAR
You owe only careful consideration to my words... turn around and leave. Right now, before the spirits notice you have crossed the veil between worlds.

His eyes rage with his words.

Andrea fidgets beneath his stare.

INT. THE VAN - DAY

Kurt jams his foot on the accelerator. The tires spin gravel into the air. Nobody dares looks back, except Andrea. The gas station has been replaced with sprawling woods.

ANDREA
Strange.

NICK
What?

Nick wears the white shirt which had been tied to the abandoned sedan.

She points out the window.
ANDREA
That gas station... it’s gone.

KURT
Have you seen the Ghost of
John/Long white bones with the skin
all gone?

VANESSA
I hate that fuckin’ song, I hate
this fuckin’ trip, and I --
(points at T.J.)
-- fuckin’ hate you!

T.J.
What? What’d I do?

VANESSA
You know.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)
(whisper)
Nick?

Nick turns away from the conversation. He looks out the
window at the wild forest.

ANDREA
What do you think he meant by the
‘wastelands of the dead’?

KURT
Hey, get it, I ain’t turnin’ around
’cause some Indian, hopped up on
peyote and fire-water, tells me to,
got it?

VANESSA
 Seriously too, I can’t fuckin’ fail
this class, my dad said he would so
cut me off if I did.

T.J.
Yeah, it’d be a real shame if you
had to get a job like the rest of
us.

Nick blinks his eyes. An apparition of a LITTLE GIRL, long
white dress, bones beneath her skin, floats through the
forest.
VANESSA
(to T.J.)
I’m not anything like you.

ANDREA
(to Kurt)
I’m not saying we should turn around.

KURT
Well, we’re not.

Nick watches the Little Girl. Passing trees blot out her form, but she reappears each time – closer.

T.J.
(to Vanessa)
You’re right, you’re not.

VANESSA
I know.

T.J.
’Cause when I’m old, and my looks are faded, I’ll have friends and a family and --

VANESSA
(interrupts)
-- keep dreaming, shit-wreck.

T.J.
But you, you’ll be alone with only your own rotten-ass soul for company.

VANESSA
I could never be as ugly as you, and I am never getting old.

The Little Girl beckons to Nick. He puts his hand to the window.

T.J.
News flash, bitch, everyone gets old, even li’l spoiled Senator’s daughters.

VANESSA
The rich don’t grow old, we die beautiful.

T.J. scoffs.
KURT
Hey, you two - cram a pair of dildos in it, will ya?

The Little Girl reaches towards the window.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)
Nick? Niiii --

ANDREA
Nick?

Nick shakes his head.

NICK
Hmm?

ANDREA
What do you think?

NICK
About what?

ANDREA
Should we go home?

He turns his dazed eyes to her.

NICK
I think we already are.

The Little Girl peers in through the window. Her black eyes watch them all. Nobody, not even Nick, sees her.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Vanessa MOANS and readjusts - her shirt spills open. Kurt glances over, sees her tits. Vanessa MOANS again, she is having a hot dream. He rechecks the rear-view, everyone still sleeps.

He leans over... his fingers find the top button of her shirt.

T.J. snorts, shifts in his sleep. Kurt slaps his hands back on the wheel. T.J. resumes snoring.

Kurt leans back over. Opens the next button. Her tits are almost out.
THE VAN
drifts towards the side of the road.
Kurt licks his lips. Struggles with the last button.
ON THE ROAD
the van’s headlights illuminate a TALL MAN. Rags for
clothes, arthritic back, head twisted to his chest.
Kurt glances up at the road.
The Tall Man Throws his hands into the air as if to stop
from being hit.
Kurt yanks the wheel and stomps on the brakes.
THE TALL MAN
leaps forward. His face contorts into twisted bones,
serrated fangs, a gaping DEMONIC GRIN.
Kurt SCREAMS.
The van spins.
The Tall Man fades into the mist.
Everybody wakes up SCREAMING.
The van SCREECHES to a stop.

KURT
Shit, sorry.

VANESSA
Sorry? Fucking Sorry???

KURT
I, I saw something in the road.

ANDREA
What did you see?

Both the tires on the right side POP. Kurt YELPS.

KURT
He was, it was... nothing.
EXT. VAN - NIGHT

The group gets out of the van. The guys inspect the two blown tires.

KURT
Shit, shit, shit!

T.J.
You got a spare?

KURT
Yes, I have a spare, not two, you fuckin’ twat!

Andrea holds her cell-phone up in the air.

ANDREA
No service.

NICK
It’s fine, we’ll just hike back to the station in the morning --

VANESSA
You mean the station that disappeared into fucking nothingness?

Andrea notices a path leading into the forest.

T.J.
Places don’t just disappear, I’m sure it’s still there.

VANESSA
You can be sure and suck a dick.

Kurt kicks the back tire.

KURT
You know, Vanessa, you’re just a big cunt with an extra set of lips.

Andrea sees the path to a cabin. The cabin.

ANDREA
Guys?

T.J.
I’ve had it up to here with your tough-guy bullshit.
KURT
Yeah, tasty-cake, you gonna do something?

Kurt rolls up his sleeves.

T.J.
You want some of my something?

KURT
Yeah.

NICK
This is not helping the situation.

ANDREA
Hey, guys!

She waves to them.

T.J.
You want some, you sure?

KURT
I said, yeah.

VANESSA
Hit ’em T.J., knock his cock backwards.

KURT
Cram it, cum-hole.

ANDREA
Guys???

T.J. steps towards Kurt. They both put their fists up.

NICK
Just stop it, okay?

Nick jumps between them.

T.J.
Kurt needs to stop his fucking yammering.

KURT
I’ll yammer your goddamn jaw shut.

VANESSA
He’s asking for it, Kurt, hit him!
ANDREA
ASSHOLES!!!

EVERYONE (IN UNISON)
WHAT???

Andrea points a trembling finger towards the path.

ANDREA
(poltergeisty)
We’re here.

Fog hangs over the path, but the cabin is visible. Visibly fucking spooky.

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

The room is concealed by shadows. Outside, thunder RUMBLES. Heavy BREATHING fills the air. The door is kicked open. Kurt stands in the entrance. Out-of-breath. Breathing heavy. He drops his bags onto the ground.

KURT
Hello, soul-eating demons? We’d like a room for the night?

He cocks his head, as if listening.

KURT
What’s that, you’re hungry for pussy-starved virgins and syphilis encrusted skanks?

Kurt turns to Nick and Vanessa.

KURT
Enter at your own risk, ladies.

VANESSA
You’re a fuckin’ laugh riot.

NICK
Hey, it’s about to rain, I can’t get this camera wet.

Nick pushes past Kurt. Andrea and T.J. follow behind him.

KURT
Just like your itty-bitty dipstick.

Nick follows Andrea with the camera.
ANDREA
Stop, already.

NICK
Don’t forget.

He taps on the camera.

ANDREA
Sigh. I know. Get the room first, huh?

Nick scans the interior of the room; a fireplace, a table, chairs, a broken window, a helmet... a helmet?

NICK
What’s that?

ANDREA
What?

Nick flips on the camera lights. They illuminate the orange helmet. Andrea kneels down and inspects it.

T.J.
Looks like a construction hat.

KURT
Fucking rock scientist. It’s a Land Surveyor’s helmet.

Everybody looks at him.

KURT
What? It’s what my dad does, did, whatever – he’s a drunk.

T.J. flips on a camping lantern. A dull glow washes over the room.

ON THE GROUND
long claw marks disappear behind the helmet.

ANDREA
Shine that light over here, please?

Andrea runs her fingers over the marks.

VANESSA
What in the hell are those?
ANDREA
Something clawed the floor.

T.J.
Pro’lly just an animal.

Andrea pulls something out of the marks. She holds it up into the light.

ANDREA
An animal, huh?

Andrea holds a bloody human fingernail up.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Vanessa paints her fingernails. T.J. strolls in. He lugs a cooler. Andrea measures the claw marks on the floor. Nick fiddles with the camera.

Kurt squirts lighter fluid into the fireplace. He flips a match onto the logs. A warm glow fills the room.

KURT
Were you scared of the dark, Missus Doubtfire, huh?

Kurt pulls a 357 revolver out of his bag.

KURT
Ssh, ssh, it’s all right.

He rubs the gun with a dry rag.

T.J.
Kurt, what the fuck, why the gun?

KURT
Well, T.J., we just landed in the guts of Hicksville U. S. of pig-fuckin’ A.

VANESSA
Hey, I think I know that song.

Nick whistles the banjo tune from ‘Deliverance’.

KURT
Yeah, it goes - Bang your sister/ Finger your kid/ Tie a stranger to a tree/ Cornhole their bum until they bleeds/ Yeeeee-haaah!
ANDREA
But Kurt, I heard that’s how you like it?

Everyone in the room stops. They burst out laughing.

KURT
Look at you, miss stiff turns out to have an upper lip.

INT. CABIN - LATER

The fire casts a dim glow over the room. Nick keeps the camera on Andrea.

NICK
Andrea, tell us about the Ghost of John.

KURT
Campfire and ghost stories... all I need now are marshmallows.

T.J. opens the cooler. He pulls out a bag of marshmallows. He chucks them to Kurt.

Kurt pulls out a flask of whiskey. He chucks it to T.J., who, in turn, drops it.

ANDREA
You’ve all heard the song, right?

VANESSA
I hate that fucking song.

T.J.
’Ere, ’ere.

He tips the flask and takes a drink.

Andrea opens the ‘Folk-Legend’ book.

ANDREA
Well, according to the legend...

EXT. 17TH CENTURY COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A man, JOHN BUTCHER, clad in monastic garb, his face hooded, trudges through a lonely countryside. He marches towards a village.
... No one knows where he was born, or what land he traveled from, but in the 17th century, every American colonist knew and feared the name of John Butcher.

A group of VILLAGERS mill about in the street. They stop and smell the air.

Rumors blend with legend to obscure the truth, but one thing was certain...

The Villagers cover their noses and mouths.

You knew he was coming.

A SKINNY VILLAGER coughs blood into his hand. The other Villagers back away from him. They look at each other.

The air became vile and unbreathable.

Blood leaks from the Villagers’ eyes, ears, nose, mouth.

And the foul winds always carried some type of virulence or plague or...

The Skinny Villager pukes his organs from his mouth.

A festering illness which would rot the skin from your bones.

The Villagers drop to the ground. John Butcher strolls towards them. A wicked smile on his lips.

John Butcher stands amongst the dead and dying. Flames dance on the houses. The village burns around him.
ANDREA (V.O.)
And as you would lay there dying,
your flesh dripping from your bones...

He shouts in the street.

ANDREA (V.O.)
He would begin to speak.

The Villagers writhe in agony.

ANDREA (V.O.)
His voice would rise inside you,
like a whisper, like a demonic chant.

People tear the flesh from their bodies.

ANDREA (V.O.)
Torturing not just your body and mind, but your soul as well.

They rip their eyes from their heads.

ANDREA (V.O.)
But all we really know about John Butcher, the Ghost of John, is this...

EXT. 17TH CENTURY VILLAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

John Butcher strolls away from the burning village. Behind him, flaming bodies contort in agony.

ANDREA
When he left those towns, he left them burning.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A log in the fireplace POPS. It startles everybody. They huddle together. Vanessa glances at the claw marks in the floor.

ANDREA
And he left only bones.
KURT
Long white bones with the skin all gone.

VANESSA
Fuck.

T.J.
Is right.

ANDREA
They say this forest was once lush, full of life. That a mighty river once flowed through it, nourishing and sustaining life --

NICK
-- but, when John arrived...

Andrea shoots Nick a sharp look.

ANDREA
-- it disappeared. And the land slowly began to shrivel and die.

Vanessa WHIMPERS.

T.J.
When’d he die?

ANDREA
Who said he died?

T.J.
What’d ya mean?

ANDREA
They say he still roams the land, that he lives... in this forest.

A slow KNOCK at the door.

EXT./INT. THE PORCH/THE CABIN - NIGHT

SHERIFF BADLEY, glum and dumb, shivers at the door. He blows on his hands to warm them. He knocks again.

Kurt yanks the door open. He blindly jams the 357 in Sheriff Badley’s face.
ANDREA
Kurt, no!

Sheriff Badley reacts. He steps out of the way, grabs Kurt’s arm, twists it, and throws Kurt to the floor.

The gun CLATTERS on the ground. Sheriff Badley grinds his boot on the back of Kurt’s head.

KURT
(muffled by the floor)
Sorry, we thought you were someone else.

ANDREA
It’s not his fault, Officer. His parents were related!

Sheriff Badley picks up the gun.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Spit in vinegar, son, mine too. You calm?

KURT
(muffled by the floor)
Yes, sir.

He lets Kurt go. Kurt gets up, rubbing his arm.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Saw a light in the window... You kids out here scarin’ yourselves shiftless?

ANDREA
We’re out here for a class project.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Field trip, huh?

Kurt picks a splinter from his face.

NICK
Our van blew two tires, we didn’t mean to trespass.

He shows the gun to Kurt.

SHERIFF BADLEY
I’m keeping this.
KURT
That’s my dad’s gun, he’ll kill me.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Not with this, he won’t.

Sheriff Badley puts the 357 in his pocket.

ANDREA
We were going to hike back to the station in the morning.

SHERIFF BADLEY
That’s one hell of a hike, ain’t no station for some ninety-miles.

He notices Vanessa, licks his lips.

T.J.
Yeah, there is, there’s one ‘bout three miles back.

SHERIFF BADLEY
You tellin’ me my business?

T.J.
(mocking his accent)
No, I’m justa tellin’ ya tha truth.

The Sheriff steps towards him.

Vanessa steps forward. She puts her hands on his chest.

VANESSA
Wow, a real live Sheriff, huh?

He blushes, looks away. She runs her hands over his uniform.

VANESSA
(seductive)
Mister Sheriff, could you help some innocent little college girls out?

SHERIFF BADLEY
(flustered)
W-what’d ya have in mind?

VANESSA
Ooh, strong arms.

She rubs his biceps.
SHERIFF BADLEY
I do steroids.

VANESSA
I bet you could lift that whole van if you wanted.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Fuckin’ A, right.

Vanessa PURRS.

VANESSA
Mmm, we need that so bad, someone to jack up our van, and ram two big tires in it.
(giggles)
Oops, I mean on it.

Sheriff Badley covers his erection with his hat.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Cheese and rice.

INT. SHERIFF’S CAR - NIGHT
Sheriff Badley glances back at the Cabin. Vanessa pouts in the doorway. He thumbs the window down.

SHERIFF BADLEY
One hour, not a twat-hair more.

She blows him a kiss.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS
Vanessa watches Sheriff Badley peel out. Everyone watches her. She closes the door. Drops her act.

VANESSA
Fuckin’ hillbilly hard-on.

T.J.
Shit wouldn’t work on me.

NICK
Me neither.

They look at Kurt. He shrugs.
T.J.
Sellout.

ANDREA
You realize you are going to have
to have sex with him, right?

VANESSA
Naw, I’ll just let him eat my ass,
I’ve been constipated today,
anyway.

Looks of horror, shock, disgust, and fucking eck! on their faces.

VANESSA
Oh, that’ll be a relief.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT
Sheriff Badley speeds down the roads. He fidgets with the
CB. It CRACKLES.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Earl, you on the horn?

The CB HISSES.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Good goddamn, Earl, wake up! Call
down to the service station, tell
Sam to pull some tires for a --

The CB SHRIEKS.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Goddamn it!

He slams the mic down. He wipes his brow again.

SHERIFF BADLEY
(to himself)
Tom ‘ole boy, you ain’t doin’
nuthin’ no-how, hear me? You’re
gonna go home, fuck Doris, finger
Noreen, maybe find a stranger,
that’s that.

He slows down.
SHERIFF BADLEY
(to himself)
Mm-mm, I’ll bet she tastes like chocolate.

He pulls over.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

He slinks out of the car, glances back and forth. He scampers towards the trees. Looks around again. ZIP!

SHERIFF BADLEY
Yeah... two-inches tall... to your rim, baby!

His hand pounds at his waist.

A twig SNAPS.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Hello?

His hand slows down.

Behind him, A WHITE FACE hovers in the shadows.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Earl, that you?

His hand speeds up a little.

A large skeletal mouth opens. Sharp and ragged teeth jut from the jaw. The mouth hovers behind his head. It spreads wider and wider.

He turns around, hand still in motion. He sees the giant mouth. His eyes widen.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Wait! Wait! At least let me finish!

The mouth chomps down. It bites his head from his shoulders. Arterial blood plumes into the air.

His corpse tumbles forward. His hand keeps moving. Then slows. Twitches. Finishes.
INT. CABIN - LATER

T.J. watches Vanessa stare out the window. His hand moves at his waist. He sharpens a pencil with a pocketknife. He hands the pencil to Andrea.

She writes in her notebook.

    T.J.
    It’s been three hours...

    VANESSA
    I don’t understand.

    KURT
    He probably just didn’t want to get a touch of the HIV.
    (pronounces H.I.V. like shiv without the s)

Vanessa scowls at him.

Andrea finishes writing.

    ANDREA
    Nick?

Nick stares dreamily into the fire.

    ANDREA
    Nick?

Nick looks up.

    NICK
    Huh?

    ANDREA
    I want to finish the intro so we can all crash, huh?

    NICK
    Yeah, sure.

He picks up the camera. Aims it at Andrea. The camera WHIRLS.

    ANDREA
    (clears her throat)
    The three omens of John.

She checks her notes.
ANDREA
One... The stench...
(to herself)
Got that...

Kurt opens his mouth to say something. Andrea shoots him a sharp look.

She flips the page.

ANDREA
The Tall Man. Servant of John.

THUNDER RUMBLES.

Kurt’s eyes widen. He stares at Andrea.

ANDREA
(reading her notes)
Reported to manifest as an old man, decrepit, head bent to his chest...

Kurt steps towards her, in front of Nick’s view.

ANDREA
(reading her notes)
Meant to detour travelers into the lair of John.

NICK
Kurt, out of the way.

Nick looks back to the view-screen.

ON THE VIEW-SCREEN

The Little Girl steps out of the shadows. She stands behind Andrea. Nick blinks, lifts his head. Just Andrea.

ANDREA
(reads her notes)
Then, "The Little Girl." Ooh, truly the worst.

Nick watches the Little Girl smile behind Andrea.

ANDREA
Hope we don’t see her.

VANESSA
W-wh-why?
ANDREA
(reading notes)
She marks the blood sacrifice.

The wind HOWLS.

The Little Girl beckons to Nick.

ANDREA
(reading her notes)
She lures the innocent victim to
take their own life... enabling
John to manifest in his true form.

She holds up a depiction of John. The room GASPS.

ANDREA
(reading her notes)
He feasts on the victim’s soul,
drawing vitality from their agony,
strength from their suffering, and
life from their death.

Nick focuses more and more on the Little Girl.

ANDREA
(reading her notes)
He enters through them, like a portal...

Andrea flips a page. She does not notice Kurt, T.J. and
Vanessa huddled together. They do not notice it either.

ANDREA
(reading her notes)
... Bringing with him the twisted
wretches, unclean spirits and
foulest of foul demons from his
realm.

The Little Girl disappears.

Nick rubs his eyes - Was she ever there?

Andrea finishes reading.

THUNDER CRACKLES.

ANDREA
All right, who’s ready for bed?
INT. THE CABIN - LATER

The fire casts a dull glow over the room. The shadows spill out, flickering in a bizarre dance across the walls.

Andrea sleeps with an open book on her lap. A pencil in her hand, the sentence ended by sleep.

Vanessa languishes in a plush sleeping bag. Headphones blare gangsta-rap. A bottle of sleeping pills in her hand.

T.J. sleeps by himself in the corner. He mumbles in his sleep, scratches his balls, FARTS, smiles, and goes back to SNORING.

Kurt runs in his sleep like a dog chasing a ball. Twitches and whines like a mutt. Almost barks.

Nick sits next to Andrea. He watches them all.

The camera sits in the corner. It WHIRS to life. A pale light bleeds from its screen.

    GHOSTLY VOICES (O.S.)
    Ooh, oh, oh, ooh, oh, oh, ooh.


    GHOSTLY VOICES (O.S.)
    Have you seen the Ghost of John?

Nick tiptoes across the room.

    GHOSTLY VOICES (O.S.)
    Long white bones with the skin all gone.

He sits down in front of the camera. Leans forward. Entranced with what he sees.

    GHOSTLY VOICES (O.S.)
    Wouldn’t it be chilly with no skin on?

Andrea stirs, hears the voices.

    GHOSTLY VOICES (O.S.)
    Wouldn’t it be chilly with no skin on?

She blinks. Looks over at Nick. His face bathed in the dull hue of the view-screen.
ANDREA
Nick, were you just singing?

He smiles at her.

NICK
She just wanted out is all...

He lifts Andrea’s pencil up into the air.

ANDREA
What are you doing with my --

NICK
See?

NICK
rams the pencil into his ear. CRUNCH!

ANDREA
... pencil?

Nick flops forward onto the ground.

Andrea SCREAMS.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Everybody stands around Nick. Andrea sobs on T.J.’s chest. Kurt leans down and pulls the pencil out of Nick’s ear.

VANESSA
I was gonna fuck him, too.

KURT
You’ve been with worse.

Andrea spins on them.

ANDREA
Shut up! Shut up! You guys are sociopaths, our friend - my friend is dead!!!

Nick’s eyes blink open. He looks up at them.

T.J.
No, he’s not.

T.J. points at the ground.
ANDREA
Not you too, T.J.

Nick looks up at them.

NICK
Andrea?

She stares down at him, unable to speak.

NICK
I had this horrible dream that I --

Kurt holds up the bloody pencil.

NICK
... I died?

Kurt nods.

Demonic LAUGHTER echoes outside the cabin.

Andrea runs to the window.

EXT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

The shadows of the forest are dark and alive. A lone figure, John, hooded in monastic garb, face shrouded, steps out of the mist. He spreads his arms and strolls towards the cabin.

INT. THE CABIN - SAME

Andrea spins around from the window. Her face is pale.

ANDREA
Bar the door, bar the door!!!

T.J. runs circles around the room, trying to figure out what to do. Vanessa drops to the ground and puts her head between her legs.

Kurt runs to the table, grabs a chair, and lodges it beneath the door handle. Just in time!

BAM! The door shakes.

Vanessa SCREAMS.

BAM! The wall shakes.

T.J. SCREAMS.
BAM! The cabin shakes.

Kurt and Andrea SCREAM.

The Ghost of John ROARS!

Everybody SCREAMS.

SILENCE.

Everybody looks at each other. Around the room. To the floor.

An invisible force grabs Nick and throws him into the air. WHAM! He slams against the ceiling.

    NICK
    Help me!

He reaches out to the them. Andrea tries to jump and grab him. Misses him.

Nick ricochets off the wall. Bounces back against the ceiling. He spins, caught in an invisible tornado.

Unnatural GROANING fills the room.

    VANESSA
    What is that, what is that???

An invisible arm pries Nick’s mouth open. His jaw CRACKS! Something pours itself into Nick’s mouth, down his throat, and engorges his belly.

Nick claws at his stomach. Chunks of bloody flesh and skin shower down into the room.

    NICK
    He’s inside me!!!! He is eating something inside of me!!!!

Nick’s SCREAMS are pure agony.

The WET SNAPPING of his ribs fills the air.

    NICK
    I can’t take it, kill me, kill me!!!

Blood pours out of his Nick’s eyes, mouth, nose, ears, the broken skin on his stomach.

His SCREAMS turn wet.
Nick vomits his internal organs into the room. His heart skids across the floor... still beating. Followed by his lungs. Liver. Kidneys. Last to come out are his guts. A long wrinkled mess of intestines.

He plummets from the ceiling. He lands in a grisly pile of organs, blood, and leaky flesh.

Something pulses beneath his skin. A mass of writhing maggots. They burst out from his eyes and mouth, tear his nose from his face, take chunks of meat with them.

The maggots swell like fleshy balloons. They grow and grow until... POP! They burst. A thick cloud of black smoke escapes from their corpses. The smoke swirls around the room and out the window.

Everybody stares at Nick’s dessicated husk.

Vanessa WHIMPERS.

VANESSA
Is he... Do you think he’s gonna be all right?

EXT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

T.J. drags Nick’s festering body out into the yard. The group follows behind T.J.

Vanessa cries, laughs, then cries again.

VANESSA
(hysterical)
We’re going to prison, we’re going to hell, they’re going to take away Christmas!

Andrea slaps her across the face.

ANDREA
We have to bury Nick.

Vanessa nods. Wipes the tears away.

Kurt steps forward. He punches her in the stomach. Vanessa drops like a sack of skin.

ANDREA
Asshole, she was calm.

He shrugs.
They all stand around Nick, except for Vanessa – she kneels.

T.J.
Andrea, why don’t you say somethin’?

ANDREA
Okay.

She bows her head. They all do.

ANDREA
Nick was --

A nasty smell washes over them. They group-puke on Nick’s steaming corpse. Streams of green vomit.

ANDREA
He’s coming back!

KURT
You sure it’s not little buddy there?

Nick is a bloody pile of vomit, scraps of skin, bones, more vomit, and more than a handful of maggots.

ANDREA
I saw him before --

Andrea points to Nick.

VANESSA
Let’s get the fuck outta here then!

T.J.
Not yet... Andrea?

Andrea steels herself. She nods.

ANDREA
Nick was --

NICK
lashes out. His slimy fingers grope Andrea’s leg.

She SCREAMS and falls backwards.

T.J. lifts his boot. Ready to stomp on Nick’s face.
NICK  
(normal voice)  
T.J., no!!!

T.J.  
Nick? Is that you?

NICK  
Oh, I feel terrible. Help me up, bud.

He reaches out. Sees the glistening bone of his fingers.

Vanessa SCREAMS.

NICK  
Hey, where’d my skin go?

He looks down at his body.

NICK  
Oh, no, no, no, no, where’s my dick?

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Vanessa darts into the cabin. She bolts into the corner. She cradles herself and rocks back and forth.

VANESSA  
(mumbling)  
Long white bones with the skin all gone, long white bones --

Everybody rushes in behind her.

T.J.  
Nick’s our friend. We can’t just leave him out there!

Kurt grabs a chair. He jams it against the door.

ANDREA  
It could be a trick.

T.J.  
He’ll die!

KURT  
I’m sure four out of five doctors would agree, Nick’s already dead.

T.J. grabs Andrea by the shoulders. Spins her face-to-face.
T.J.
What the fuck just happened?

ANDREA
My book, it’ll explain.

She rifles through the blood and organs on the floor.

ANDREA
No, no, no, where is it?

T.J.
Fuck the book, what do you remember?

ANDREA
The stench, it’s him!

KURT
Great, I’m about to be suffocated by the rectum of death.

T.J.
There’s got t’be something in the legend, some way to stop him?

ANDREA
I don’t know! I don’t know! I can’t remember without the book!

Vanessa points to the fireplace. The book burns in the embers.

ANDREA
How did it --

VANESSA
(lunatic)
The book’s burnt, burnt book, time it took, goose is cooked, by the burnt book.

She rocks faster. Pulls on her ear. GIGGLES.

KURT
Someone please stuff a gag in that bitch!

The door handle RATTLES.

Everyone stops.

A KNOCK at the door. Slow and heavy.
VANESSA jumps to her feet.

VANESSA
Sheriff?

SHERIFF BADLEY (O.S.)
Yeah, it’s me! You have to unlock the door, hurry!

VANESSA
Coming!

ANDREA
It’s a trick! Don’t do it!

VANESSA
Go fuckin’ trick yourself.

ANDREA
(to Kurt)
Stop her!

Kurt jumps forward. He lashes out, misses Vanessa’s arm, grabs her by the tit instead.

VANESSA
Hey!

She spins around. Kicks him in the nuts.

He drops like rocks.

VANESSA
(points to her tits)
Never manhandle the mamas.

She yanks the chair away from the door handle.

ANDREA

T.J.

No!

No!

The door flings open.

Sheriff Badley fills the doorway. His head is twisted to the side. An unnatural impossible angle.
SHERIFF BADLEY
’Ello, Vanessa.

Vanessa stares up at him.

VANESSA
Sheriff?

SHERIFF BADLEY
Yes?

VANESSA
Your head... it’s on wrong.

SHERIFF BADLEY
Oh, is it?

He reaches up and straightens his head. The vertebrae CRACK and SNAP. His right eye hangs out of the socket.

SHERIFF BADLEY
That better?

Vanessa faints.

INT. THE CABIN - DAY (NIGHTMARE)

Vanessa opens her eyes. Daylight floods in through the windows. She blinks. Everybody is gone.

VANESSA
Hello?

She gets up.

VANESSA
Guys?

No trace of them.

Sunny and beautiful outside the window. Birds even CHIRP.

She reaches for the door.

VANESSA
Oh, thank --

She opens the door.

She stares into another room. Her childhood bedroom. Both of the worlds are connected by the door.
INT. VANESSA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT (NIGHTMARE)

A YOUNG VANESSA huddles beneath her covers. She shivers in the dark. A sliver of light falls across her face. Her MOTHER stands at the door.

    MOTHER
    Time for bed, baby stinky.

    YOUNG VANESSA
    Okay, please leave the door cracked, please?

    MOTHER
    Vanessa, you need to start acting your age.

    YOUNG VANESSA
    But, h-h-he comes for m-me at night.

    MOTHER
    None of that!

Her Mother slams the door.

Young Vanessa looks at Vanessa.

    YOUNG VANESSA
    I can see you, you can come out.

Vanessa steps through the door between their worlds.

    YOUNG VANESSA
    You’re so pretty. Are you my Angel?

    VANESSA
    This isn’t real. It can’t be.

Vanessa picks up a family portrait.

    YOUNG VANESSA
    What?

    VANESSA
    This is my mom and dad, and this is my bedroom --

Vanessa picks up a finger-painting. It says VANESSA at the bottom.
YOUNG VANESSA
Please tell me you’re my angel,
that you’re can protect me from --

VANESSA
(under her breath)
-- him.

YOUNG VANESSA
You know him?

VANESSA
Yes, I remember now. I remember --

Vanessa looks at the closet. It is cracked open.

YOUNG VANESSA
Ooh, oh, oh, ooh, oh, oh, ooh.

She turns around. Stares at Young Vanessa.

YOUNG VANESSA
There once was --

VANESSA
-- a man who lived in
the dark./I opened up the
closet and...

VANESSA
(whispers)
He got out.

The closet CREAKS open. A little wider.

Vanessa edges back. She bumps into the bed. Sits down.

VANESSA
Now I remember why I hate that fuckin’ song.

Young Vanessa trembles in fear. Silent tears roll down her cheeks.

YOUNG VANESSA
He’s coming.

The door CREAKS open a little more.

VANESSA
No, he’s not, because this time I’m gonna stop him.
Vanessa takes a deep breath. She stands up.

    YOUNG VANESSA
    You are my angel.

She creeps towards the closet.

    VANESSA
    (to John)
    You don’t scare me, anymore.

She grabs the handle.

    VANESSA
    (to John)
    You hear me?

She tenses up. Yanks the door open.

A teddy-bear, Mr. Coddlestone, falls out.

Vanessa SHRIEKS.

She bends down and picks it up. Pets it. CHUCKLES.

    VANESSA
    Mr. Coddlestone.

She turns back to Young Vanessa. Holds up Mr. Coddlestone like a prize.

    VANESSA
    See, nothing to be scared of.

    YOUNG VANESSA
    (breathless)
    You weren’t supposed to open it.

JOHN

leaps out of the closet.

VANESSA

SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

He drags her into the shadows.

END NIGHTMARE
INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sheriff Badley crouches over Vanessa. His broken body is a mess of exposed bones and leaking organs.

Vanessa SCREAMS and SCREAMS and SCREAMS. She is locked in her nightmare.

Sheriff Badley sucks the tendrils of agony from her lips. Kurt stands behind the door. He watches in horror.

Andrea and T.J. press themselves against the back wall.

KURT
What’s he doing???

ANDREA
He’s feeding on her suffering, they can do that!

KURT
You mean there really are soul-eating demons???

T.J.
Kill him, kill him, kill him!!!
Kurt, kill him now!

Kurt grabs a chair. He runs at Sheriff Bradley.

Sheriff Badley backhands him.

Kurt back-flips and lands on his face.

Sheriff Badley plants his boot on the back of Kurt’s head - again. He returns to eating Vanessa’s soul.

KURT
(muffled by the floor)
Bullshit!

T.J. spies Kurt’s pistol in the Sheriff’s pocket.

T.J.
Kurt, keep him busy.

KURT
(muffled by the floor)
Got him where I want him.
ANDREA
Where are you going?

T.J. darts behind Sheriff Badley.

Vanessa’s agonizing SCREAMS fill the air.

ANDREA
T.J., you don’t know how to kill a demon!

KABLAM!

Sheriff Badley’s head explodes. A mass of puss and maggots splatters Vanessa.

Black smoke drifts from Sheriff Badley’s neck stump. A gust of wind sucks the smoke out the window.

T.J. holds Kurt’s smoking 357 revolver.

T.J.
Blowin’ their fuckin’ heads off seems to work.

The Sheriff collapses on top of Vanessa.

She SQUEALS.

T.J. lifts the Sheriff’s smoking corpse off of Vanessa.

Vanessa COUGHS and spits. She sits up. Maggot-encrusted brain-matter drips down her face.

VANESSA
Oh, thank you, T.J., thank you!

She tries to hug T.J.

He retreats from her.

T.J.
Yeah, I heard you.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Kurt drags Sheriff Badley’s corpse towards the door.

ANDREA
Wait.
KURT
FUCK you, Sweet Pickles.

She shoves him aside.

ANDREA
Idiot.

He bawls up his fists. T.J. steps forward. Kurt steps back.

Andrea takes the Sheriff’s Desert Eagle, his extra clips, flashlight, nightstick, and handcuffs.

ANDREA
See?

She holds the Desert Eagle up. Everybody ducks.

T.J.
Don’t look like standard issue.

KURT
Goddamn hand cannon is what it is.

He reaches for it.

KURT
Come on, that’s got too much kick for a clit to grip.

She flips the safety, slides the action and chambers a round.

KURT
Well.

He steps back.

She hands him the nightstick.

KURT
(under his breath)
Fuckin’ queef.

ANDREA
What?

KURT
Sweet, fuckin’ sweet.

She turns around.

He makes a circle with his hand. He shoves the nightstick through.
Andrea chucks Vanessa the flashlight.

KURT
That’s good, now she can see what’s eating her.

Vanessa WHIMPERS.

Andrea steps forward, like a leader.

ANDREA
We know we can kill them, and that’s a start.

KURT
Bullshit! Sit down, we don’t know what the fuck they are, where they come from or --

VANESSA
(interrupts)
I do.

Everybody turns to her.

VANESSA
I know where they come from.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Everybody stands at the door. They watch Sheriff Badley’s corpse burn in the yard. Kurt slams the door. He wedges a chair under the handle.

Andrea sets the gun down. She picks up the camera. She aims it at Vanessa.

ANDREA
You ready?

Vanessa picks a maggot out of her hair. She nods.

ANDREA
Whatever you can remember.

VANESSA
I remember... everything.

Kurt glances at them. The 357 is tucked into his belt. He rifles through his bag. He pulls out a box of 357 ammo.

T.J., dejected, holds the nightstick.
VANESSA
He came for me when I was about six or seven. He... marked me.

ANDREA
Marked?

VANESSA
So much of what happened back then seemed like a nightmare.

Vanessa chuckles.

VANESSA
I told myself, it can’t be real, I must be dreaming.

Kurt fills his pockets with ammo.

ANDREA
When did you realize it was not a dream?

VANESSA
I guess I’ve always known, you know?

Kurt looks out the window.

ANDREA
Vanessa, what about the Ghost of John?

VANESSA
He lives in the air of our nightmares, in the shadows of reality.

T.J.
And we crossed over, that’s what the Indian said, isn’t it?

VANESSA
It’s not just him, he was just the first. There are more coming.

ANDREA
How can you know that?

Vanessa lifts the Desert Eagle. She points it at Andrea.
VANESSA
How can you not?

KURT
How’d she get that?

ANDREA
I, I set it down.

KURT
And you’re the smart one in the group?

Vanessa aims the gun at him.

VANESSA
Shut up.

Kurt nods, puts his hands up.

ANDREA
Vanessa, what are you doing?

VANESSA
Saving myself.

T.J.
What?

VANESSA
He chose me to live, but all of you need to get out into that forest. Now!

KURT
Suck a nut, I ain’t steppin’ one foot out that door.

VANESSA
Move!

Kurt and T.J. step back. Andrea does not.

T.J.
Andrea, what are you doing?

Andrea steps towards Vanessa. Vanessa spins the gun on her.

ANDREA
We can beat him, if we work together, we can kill him.
VANESSA
Kill him? How do you kill a shadow?
How do you kill a nightmare?

Andrea takes another step towards Vanessa.

ANDREA
We can, you have to trust me.

The gun trembles in Vanessa’s hand.

VANESSA
Back!

T.J.
Andrea?

Andrea takes another step. Vanessa is within striking distance.

VANESSA
Bitch, I told you.

Vanessa squeezes the trigger. Nothing. She squeezes the trigger over and over. Still nothing.

VANESSA
What?

Vanessa looks at the gun. She smacks it.

VANESSA
Work!

Andrea swings the camera. It connects with Vanessa’s head. Vanessa takes a couple dazed steps back.

The gun CLATTERS to the floor.

Vanessa falls next to it.

Andrea picks the gun up. She points to the safety.

ANDREA
Safety, bitch.

She kicks Vanessa in the face.
INT. CABIN - NIGHT
Vanessa snores on her face. Andrea clamps the handcuffs on her wrists.
Kurt stares out the window.

KURT
Guys?

Andrea and T.J. amble to the window.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
A wall of mist pours out of the forest. Evil LAUGHTER echoes through the dark woods.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT
They look at each other.

KURT
Fuck.

T.J.
Me.

ANDREA
Ugly.

Andrea SIGHS.
T.J. SIGHS.
Kurt SIGHS.
The cabin SIGHS.

KURT
Did the cabin just...?

The cabin GROANS.
Andrea whips out her gun.

ANDREA
Shut up, cabin?

The cabin GROWLS.
Outside, the Demonic Voices GROWL.
That sure don’t sound like Christmas.

The fire in the fireplace burns higher. DEMONIC FACES writhe in the flames. They SCREAM and WAIL. The flames turn black.

T.J. steps back.

Tendrils of black mist drift up from the bottom of the door.

T.J. watches the fire.

The mist creeps up his back.

T.J. breathes on Kurt’s shoulder.

KURT
T.J., shit, your breath smells like a rotting fish wrapped in a truncated asshole.

Andrea turns around. Her mouth drops.

KURT
T.J., you hear what I said? Your breath, it stinks.

Andrea points at T.J.

Kurt turns around.

A Possessed T.J. ROARS.

T.J. grabs Kurt by the throat. He picks him up over his head.

KURT
Not --

T.J. chucks him out the window.

KURT
-- coooooooooool.

Andrea raises her gun. T.J. bats it out of her hands. It slides across the floor.

T.J. ROARS.

Andrea runs.

T.J.’s tongue, long, serpentine, and forked, lashes out and grabs her leg.
Andrea SCREAMS and falls.

T.J. drags her towards him.

T.J.
(demon voice)
First, I’m gonna strip the skin from your pretty little body.

Andrea stomps on his tongue. No use.

T.J.
(demon voice)
Then, I’ll make a sandwich of your flesh.

Andrea claws at the floor.

T.J.
(demon voice)
Lastly, I’ll peel your soul from your bones.

She WHIMPERS.

Kurt bangs on the door from outside.

KURT (O.S.)
Let me in! I have got some serious problems out here.

ANDREA
I have got some serious problems in here!

Outside, a deafening ROAR. GUNSHOTS.

KURT (O.S.)
I’ll trade you!

T.J. ROARS and opens his mouth. His mouth is a cavern of teeth. A BULGING EYE stares out from the center of his throat.

Andrea SCREAMS.

BLAM! The eye explodes.

BLAM! His arm is blown off.

BLAM! His face disintegrates. His right eye looks around—confused.

BLAM! He falls back. Slumps against the door. Dies.
Vanessa, free from the cuffs, holds the smoking Desert Eagle.

**ANDREA**
How did you get out of the handcuffs?

**VANESSA**
Please, like that’s the first time I’ve been handcuffed.

**ANDREA**
Well, thank --

Kurt’s head is lobbed in through the window. It rolls across the floor. It comes to a rest in front of Andrea.

He looks up at her. Blinks.

**KURT**
I told you I had problems.

**ANDREA**
Kurt, w-where’s your body?

**KURT**
Just a guess, but probably still tied to a tree, being violated and defiled by the Ghost of John.

Andrea peeks out the window. She grimaces. Nods.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**
Andrea paces back and forth. Kurt’s head sits on a chair. His eyes trace Andrea’s movement around the room. Vanessa watches Kurt watch Andrea.

Andrea looks out the window.

**VANESSA**
What’s out there?

**ANDREA**
It’s like the shadows... are alive.

Andrea turns to Kurt’s head.

**ANDREA**
What did this to you?
KURT
I’d rather not talk about it.

Outside, Demons HOWL.
Andrea reaches for her gun.

ANDREA
Vanessa?
Vanessa holds the gun up.
Andrea steps towards her, ready to fight.

VANESSA
Fuck, relax.
Vanessa hands the gun over.

ANDREA
Relax? We need to be prepared for anything --

A HAND bursts out of the corner.
Andrea SCREAMS.
The Hand yanks her into the shadows.

EXT. THE SHORES OF THE DEAD - DAY (VISION)
A blood-red ocean. Andrea lands on her face. She looks up. Rising Bear stands before her. She spits out a mouthful of sand.

ANDREA
You. You brought me here?

He nods.

She stands up. Looks out at the waves of blood.

ANDREA
Where are we?

RISING BEAR
The shores of the dead.

ANDREA
The shores of the dead?

She steps away from the ocean.
A WHIRLPOOL

churns the water. Sparks of lightning shoot out of the swirling froth.

ANDREA
What is that?

A SKELETAL ARM bursts from the whirlpool.

Lightning splits the sky. Instead of thunder, demons SCREAM.

ANDREA
What in the hell is that?

The Ghost of John rises from the water. Blood drips down his mangled bones.

RISING BEAR
We are just bearing witness --

John SCREAMS. He reveals a mouthful of glistening fangs.

RISING BEAR
-- to John Butcher’s escape from the Realm of the Dead.

John crawls towards them. His bones SPLINTER and CRACK. Monstrous THUNDER rumbles with his every movement.

Lightning strikes him over and over. Still, he drags himself forward.

RISING BEAR
His escape violated the natural order of the world.

John crawls past them, beyond the beach. He throws his hands into the air. He CACKLES. He is free. He disappears into the mist.

THE WAVES

retreat from the shore. The bloody ocean evaporates.

ANDREA
The natural order?

RISING BEAR
Life to death. Order to disorder. Being to non-being. It must not be reversed.

THE OCEAN
is now a parched plain.

RISING BEAR
But now, the natural laws are corrupted. The barrier between worlds is evaporating.

Demons SCREECH in the far distance.

RISING BEAR
And foul spirits from the Realm of the Dead are following him out.

ANDREA
Out where?

Rising Bear points behind them.

THE CABIN
sits on the hill.

RISING BEAR
Into the Land of the Living --

The ground RUMBLES.

RISING BEAR
-- where they will feed on the suffering of all life.

Storm clouds spit lightning.

ANDREA
Why don’t you stop them???

RISING BEAR
No one in the Realm of the Dead can defeat him, he is too powerful.

A foul wind rushes over them. Andrea covers her nose. She gags anyway.

RISING BEAR
Only someone from the Land of the Living can send him back.

ANDREA
Who???

Demons HOWL. The world trembles.
RISING BEAR
You! You must send John Butcher back to the Realm of the Dead!

The ground splits open. It reveals a hole into a black abyss.

RISING BEAR
Or else --

Andrea stumbles. She falls into the hole.

RISING BEAR
catches her by the arm.

RISING BEAR
-- the universe will be corrupted. All boundaries between life and death will vanish.

Large SKELETAL CLAWS pierce his chest.

RISING BEAR
(choking)
You must send him back --

Blood pours from his chest. It leaks down Andrea’s face, her arms, her hands.

She begins to slip.

RISING BEAR
-- before the darkness spreads beyond this land!

Rising Bear loses his grip on her. She plummets into the black abyss.

ANDREA
How??? Tell me how???

END VISION

INT. CABIN - NIGHT
Vanessa stares at Andrea.

VANESSA
How what?
ANDREA
What?

VANESSA
You were saying?

Andrea glances into the shadows.

ANDREA
I was saying...
(lifts her gun)
How about we go outside and do a little killing of our own?

She chambers a round.

Outside, demons LAUGH.

ANDREA
(pissed)
A lot of killing!

VANESSA
No, no, I don’t think that was it at all.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
Murky shadows obscure the forest. Fog billows out of the dark woods. Ghoulish Faces float in the mist.

The cabin door CREAKS open.

Kurt’s head inches out. The nightstick props it up. His head swivels back and forth.

ANDREA
See anything?

KURT
I didn’t agree to this.

ANDREA
Kurt?

Kurt SIGHS.

KURT
No.

The door opens. Andrea holds Kurt’s head up on the nightstick.
VANESSA
Remind me, why the fuck are we doing this?

Vanessa trembles in the doorway.

ANDREA
I told you, the Ghost of John doesn’t know that I know that he can be sent back to the Realm of the Dead. But, if he does know I know, he doesn’t know that I don’t know how... yet.

VANESSA
Oh. I don’t know why I didn’t catch that the first time?

Andrea sees Kurt’s body. It is tied to a tree. He still has his gun. In his right arm. Which has been ripped off. And shoved up his ass.

VANESSA
Bet you enjoyed that.

KURT
I didn’t not like it.

ANDREA
Ssh.

Andrea looks around.

ANDREA
It looks clear.

Andrea steps out.

VANESSA
I’m the smart one in the group!

Vanessa SLAMS the door shut on them.

ANDREA
Bitch!

She SIGHS and turns around.

She tiptoes into the yard. Kurt bobs.
KURT’S BODY

Andrea inspects the headless corpse. A suspicious knotted rope tethers his carcass to the tree.

ANDREA
Are those your intestines?

KURT
I said, I don’t want to talk about it.

Andrea disentangles Kurt’s torso.

KURT
I don’t wanna argue semantics or shit, but, what’s the point?

His carcass slumps to the ground.

ANDREA
Just a hunch.

Andrea sets his body upright. She picks up a sharp branch.

KURT
What’s that for?

SQUISH! She shoves the stick into his neck hole. The branch juts upright like a pike.

CRUNCH! She impales Kurt’s head.

KURT
Ouch.

ANDREA
Give it a try.

His leg twitches, then his arm. He wobbles to his feet.

KURT
What in the hell?

ANDREA
(to herself)
No boundaries between life and death.

Kurt looks down. His arm protrudes from his shredded stomach.
KURT
Oh, come on, you couldn’t take that out first?

INT. CABIN - NIGHT
Vanessa lodges a chair beneath the door handle. She peaks one eye out the window.

Outside, Kurt wobbles to his feet. He and Andrea talk. He points to the arm in his stomach.

VANESSA
Not fuckin’ possible.

Something moves in the shadows behind her.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
Andrea and Kurt stand before a smoky path. It leads into the forest. A dark and hollow GROAN bellows from the impenetrable dark.

KURT
This is definitely one of those ‘do not go down that hallway’ type of moments.

Andrea inspects the bloody mess on the ground. She picks up a gelatinous blob.

KURT
What is it?

ANDREA
I think it used to be one of your lungs.

She follows the trail of organs. They lead down the path. Kurt points to an pulpy organ on the ground.

KURT
That’s my heart, isn’t it?

She nods.

ANDREA
The carnage leads down this path.

She steps over his heart and onto the trail.
GHOSTLY VOICES (O.S.)
Ooh, oh, oh, ooh, oh, oh, ooh.

Kurt wobbles after Andrea. He points back to his heart.

KURT
Hey, should we pick that up or something, I mean, I’ll probably need it later, right?

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Vanessa watches Andrea lead Kurt down the trail. Branches and tree limbs swallow the path behind them. Vanessa WHIMPERS.

The darkness in the cabin thickens. A DISFIGURED SHADOW rises up in the room. It is hard to imagine what twisted body the shadow reflects.

GHASTLY VOICE
Vaaaaannnnnnnneeeessssssssssssssaaaa.

Trembling, afraid to look, she turns around.

She SCREAMS.

EXT. FOREST PATH - NIGHT

Andrea and Kurt tread down the path. The darkness grows thicker with each step. Twigs CRACK beneath the feet of unknown creatures in the dark. Andrea and Kurt stick close to each other.

A distant SCREAM (Vanessa).

ANDREA
Did you hear that?

CRACK! Kurt shoves his arm back into the socket. He flexes his fingers around his gun.

KURT
Amazing, it didn’t hurt at all.

ANDREA
Yeah, amazing.

THE FULL MOON

transforms into a giant bloody eyeball. Broken veins, dilated pupil - the Eye watches them.
ANDREA
I can’t help but feel like someone, or something, is watching us.

The Eye blinks.

KURT
(serious)
Yeah, I sometimes get that feeling when I masturbate.

Andrea turns to him to say *what?* but a monstrous BELLOWS swallows her words.

A rush of foul wind knocks them to the ground.

KURT
What in the fuck is that?

A GIANT FOOTSTEP shakes the world.

Andrea struggles to her feet.

Another FOOTSTEP.

Kurt stumbles to the ground. Andrea helps him up.

ANDREA
Whatever it is --

KURT
-- don’t say anything cute like ‘it sure sounds like it’s coming this way’.

Another monstrous BELLOWS. Another rush of foul wind. Andrea and Kurt keep their feet this time.

ANDREA
I was going to say... it sounds like it is very very hungry.

Kurt WHIMPERS, he turns to her.

KURT
Now why the hell you gotta say something like that for?
EXT. FOREST PATH - NIGHT

Andrea and Kurt run for their fucking lives. The bushes around the path get thicker, the trail tighter.

Another GIGANTIC FOOTSTEP. Something big SPLINTERS.

Andrea twists her ankle on an exposed root. She YELPS and falls.

ANDREA
Kurt, wait!

He stops, turns around, sees her on the ground.

BOOM! Another FOOTSTEP.

KURT
You were never gonna fuck me anyway!

He turns and runs like a filthy coward.

ANDREA
KURT!!!

He disappears into the shadows of the forest.

Another MONSTROUS BELLOW.

Andrea rolls over onto her back.

ANDREA
What are you waiting for? Come on, do it!!!

Sudden silence.

Andrea trembles.

More sudden silence.

She peers into the darkened forest. Something runs towards her. She squints, what is that?

What is that?

NICK

jumps out of the shadows. His face is mangled mess of blood and bone and maggot-encrusted goop.

Andrea opens her mouth to scream.
Nick plasters his rotting palm over her face.

NICK
Andrea, it’s me, Nick, ssh ssh.

She looks down at his decaying hand.

NICK
Promise you won’t scream?

She nods.

He removes his hand. He leaves a slimy trail of skin, blood, and maggots on her face.

ANDREA
I thought you were dead?

He rips a piece of his shirt. Ties it around her ankle.

NICK
Ditto. I heard a girl scream in the cabin right before it was --

He stares at her.

NICK
It wasn’t you?

She shakes her head.

NICK
Good, probably just Vanessa.

He returns to splinting her foot.

ANDREA
Nick?

NICK
(work on her foot)
Hmm?

She studies his face.

Nick is now battle-hardened. His body is a roadmap of war: claw marks down his chest, legs, arms - chunks ripped from his flesh.

ANDREA
Nick?

He turns his bloody eyes to her.
ANDREA
What happened to you?

He finishes her splint.

NICK
It’s not safe here, come on, I found a place.

EXT. OLD WELL – NIGHT

A clearing in the forest. An old well sits alone in a field. The hand-crank for the bucket hangs broken. The bricks are covered in what appears to be slime, or blood, or something worse.

Andrea peers over the side.

ANDREA
Ride a pony, Nick, no way.

Nick stands next to her. He glances back and forth in the forest.

NICK
It’s safe, I made hand-holds, see?

A make-shift ladder runs down the side.

ANDREA
You first.

He SCOFFS.

NICK
You have to go down first. I’ll explain at the bottom.

ANDREA
No, explain before.

NICK
Just trust me.

He smiles. A tooth tumbles from between his rotting lips.
INT. OLD WELL - NIGHT

Andrea descends down the wall. She clings to each hand-hold. Bugs scramble over her fingers and face. She stops, tries to shake a beetle from her fingertip.

Nick steps on her face.

NICK
Sorry, hard to see.

She looks down into the well. A black abyss.

ANDREA (V.O.)
How? Tell me how???

NICK
What’s the hold up?

She shakes the memory from her head.

ANDREA
Ugh! Go sit on a fist.

Nick CHUCKLES.

NICK
You’ve been hanging around Kurt too long.

BOTTOM OF THE WELL

Andrea glares at the oil-black water. Impossible to tell what is beneath the scum and muck.

ANDREA
It smells worse than you look.

NICK
Ouch, you know, I might be dead, but I still have feelings.

Nick peels a layer of skin from his cheek.

NICK
Just not in my face.

ANDREA
Not helping your situation.
NICK
Just watch.

He drops it into the water.

A dim glow surrounds the dead skin. A whirlpool swirls around it. PHOOMP! The skin disappears.

ANDREA
What just happened?

EXT. THE CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Nick lays on the ground in a steaming heap.

NICK (V.O.)
After you guys left me...

Behind him, everybody flees towards the cabin.

NICK
Wait! It’s still me, guys! It’s still me!

He reaches out to them.

NICK
Don’t leave me --

The door SLAMS.

NICK (V.O.)
I wasn’t scared at all.

Nick CRIES like a little schoolgirl.

The Sheriff’s boot steps in front of Nick. Nick looks up, sees the uniform.

NICK
Sheriff, I’m really really scared, will you help me?

Sheriff Badley picks Nick up.

NICK
Thank you, get me out of here, I’ll do anything, I’ll suck your --

Nick is face to ear with the Sheriff’s twisted head.

Sheriff Badley CACKLES.
Nick SCREAMS and CRIES.

NICK (V.O.)
He wouldn’t fight me for some reason.

Sheriff Badley lifts Nick over his head.

NICK
Please don’t kill me or eat me --

SHERIFF BADLEY
(ghastly voice)
-- for me, you are not even an appetizer.

He aims Nick towards the dark forest.

SHERIFF BADLEY
(ghastly voice)
But, for my friends... you’re a feast.

Unseen creatures SCURRY and CHITTER in the forest.

NICK
Y-y-your f-friends?

Sheriff Badley casually chucks Nick into the woods.

INT. THE FOREST - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Nick lands in a quivering heap. He curls up into a ball. WHIMPERS. Jams his thumb into his mouth.

NICK (V.O.)
By this point, I was pissed and ready for a fight.

Things SCAMPER in the woods.

Nick SOBS.

NICK
I’m in Kentucky, I’m in China, I’m not here.

Something SCURRIES closer to him.

NICK (V.O.)
But, I never knew such evil existed.
He looks up.

A TINY CHIPMUNK

cleans its whiskers in front of him.

    NICK
    Aw, hey, little guy.

Nick reaches out to pet it.

The Tiny Chipmunk’s eyes glow red, it opens its mouth — tiny little fangs.

It latches on to Nick’s thumb.

    NICK
    Aaaaah!!! Come on, really?

He slams the Tiny Chipmunk against a tree.

WHAM! SQUEAK! WHAM! SQUEAK! WHAM! SQUEAK!

It flips into the air, over his shoulder.

    NICK
    Phew!

He turns around.

The Chipmunk corpse lays in front of hundreds of tiny red eyes. A whole demon-possessed CHIPMUNK ARMY.

    NICK
    Normally I’m a fan of woodland creatures, I am, really.

They glare at him.

He steps back.

    NICK
    I’ve seen the Alvin and the Chipmunks movie, ten times at least.

They step forward.

He steps back.

    NICK
    Okay, five times.

They step forward.
NICK
Okay, once, but I loved it.

They rush him.

NICK
Fudgesicle.

EXT. OLD WELL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Nick bursts out of the woods. Possessed Chipmunks cling to every exposed area of his flesh. He SCREAMS and runs, CRIES, stumbles, falls, CRIES, gets back up, CRIES some more.

NICK
Why?? Why is this happening to me?? I’m a member of the Junior Woodchucks!!

Chipmunks gnaw at his exposed bones.

He runs blindly through the field. Trips over a loose brick. He plummets into the well.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE WELL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Nick dangles over the water. His leg is tangled in the rope for the water-bucket.

Chipmunks tumble off his body. They plunge beneath the oil-black surface.

NICK
I hope you little bastards drown.

The hand-crank breaks. Nick drops down. His head hangs above the muck-encrusted surface.

The Possessed Chipmunks burst through the scum.

Nick SCREAMS.

Whirlpools form in the black water. Light surges in the depths. The whirlpools suck the Possessed Chipmunks down.

PHOOMP! A flash of light. They are all gone.

NICK (V.O.)
That’s when I realized...

END FLASHBACK
INT. BOTTOM OF THE WELL - NIGHT

Andrea stands in the filthy water. She avoids the beetles and bugs which clamor around her. Nick props himself up on a handhold.

   ANDREA
       ... the dead don’t abide water.

Nick spits a maggot. She stole his moment.

Andrea grabs a handhold. She pulls herself out of the water.

   NICK
       No, stay.

He grabs her hand - a moment between them.

   ANDREA
       Nick.

She touches his slimy fingers.

   ANDREA
       We can’t hide down here forever.

Nick’s eyes - yes, we can.

TOP OF THE WELL

Andrea climbs behind Nick. He sheds dead flesh and green goop. A maggot lands on Andrea’s forehead.

   ANDREA
       Maybe I should have went first?

Nick turns and smiles. A beetle squirms out of his mouth.

   NICK
       Nonsense. I’ll go first, make sure it’s safe.

He grabs the ledge and lifts himself out. He reaches down for her.

She grabs his hand.

KABLAM! Nick flips forward. He tumbles into the well.

Andrea holds him by his rotten arm. Her fingers barely clutch the handhold.
NICK
I guess it wasn’t safe.

ANDREA
Nick, hold on.

She strains to hold him.

SNAP! The tendons in his wrist tear.

Nick looks down at the water, back up at Andrea. He realizes what is about to happen.

CRACK! The bones in his arm break.

NICK
Andrea, I just want you to know...
I love you... always have.

He smiles. His face is a decaying mess of dead flesh.

ANDREA
Nick, I just like you as a friend.

NICK
Oh.

POP! His arm rips in half.

Nick plummets down the well.

SPASH!

THE WHIRLPOOL
starts churning. It spins and froths and glows. Nick struggles against the current. It pulls him under.

PHOOMP! Nick is gone.

Andrea drops his severed arm.

KURT
leans over the edge. Smoking 357 in hand.

KURT
Andrea?!

He LAUGHS.
KURT
What are you doin’ down there?

EXT. OLD WELL – NIGHT

Kurt lifts Andrea out. She glares at him. He turns around and points to the forest.

KURT
I found a truck out by the cabin, I think it belonged to that Land Surveyor.

Andrea aims the Desert Eagle at the back of Kurt’s head.

KURT
We can use it to get out of --

She COCKS the hammer.

KURT
-- here.

He turns around.

KURT
Look, I’m sorry I ran away, but I came back for you.

She stares at him.

KURT
I came back for you.

Her finger trembles on the trigger.

KURT
I came back.

She stares some more.

KURT
For you.

She lowers the gun.
EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT

Andrea and Kurt crouch at the edge of the forest. Kurt points at a huge pile of splintered wood. The remains of the cabin. The Land Surveyor’s truck can now be seen behind the debris.

KURT
It was there the whole damn time.

Andrea starts to get up. Kurt grabs her arm.

KURT
Wait, there’s one small problem.

Andrea SIGHS - of course there is.

KURT
The tank is dry.

She plops back down.

ANDREA
Kurt, you idiot, that’s a big problem.

KURT
Don’t go tying your ovaries in a noose, the van has gas we can siphon.

Andrea seethes.

ANDREA
My ovaries in a -- you think maybe you could quit it with the jack-hole remarks for maybe like, two minutes?

She trembles with rage.

ANDREA
I mean, it is taking everything I have to not run down the street screaming myself bloody.

KURT
I really wish you wouldn’t.

ANDREA
Yeah, why?

Kurt points to the road.
ENORMOUS FOOTPRINTS
lead down the driveway. They end at the road.

EXT. THE VAN - NIGHT

Kurt and Andrea creep out of the dark forest. They scamper towards the van. Glance back and forth, up and down, under the van.

Kurt POPS the trunk. Andrea grimaces. It was just a little too loud.

He pulls out the gas can and garden hose. He nods to Andrea.

She tries to open the gas cover on the van. It is locked. She stares at it.

ANDREA
(whispers)
Keys?

Kurt shakes his head.

Andrea looks around. Sees a big rock. Points to it. Kurt nods.

He picks the rock up. Raises it over his head. Looks to Andrea. She looks around. Nods.

SMASH! The lock shatters.

Kurt and Andrea grimace. Nothing.

He shoves the garden hose into the tank. Sucks on the end, gas spouts out the hose. Kurt fills the gas can.

Andrea does the pee-dance. Come on, come on, come on.

EXT./INT. SURVEYOR’S TRUCK - NIGHT

Kurt fills the tank on the truck. Andrea stands by the driver’s door. They both look around. This is too easy.

Kurt finishes filling the tank.

Andrea EXHALES, relaxes. She opens the driver’s door and climbs in.

Kurt runs around to the passenger door. He swings it open. He smiles before stepping in.
KURT
Whad’ya say? Forgive me now?

SQUISH! A giant **invisible** foot crushes Kurt.

A monstrous ROAR.

Andrea SCREAMS. Starts the engine. Stomps the accelerator.

Tires spit gravel over Kurt’s flattened corpse.

INT. SURVEYOR’S TRUCK - NIGHT

BOOM! A FOOTSTEP shakes the ground. Andrea struggles to keep the truck on the road.

BOOM! Trees topple onto the road behind the truck.

Andrea SCREAMS.

BOOM! A little farther away.

Andrea SCREAMS some more. Floors the accelerator.

BOOM! The FOOTSTEPS are distant.

Andrea WHIMPERS. A mess of shattered nerves.

A final MONSTROUS ROAR.

Andrea SCREAMS.

The Invisible Demon breaks off chase. The FOOTSTEPS fade away.

She searches for the interior light. Her trembling fingers cannot get a grip on it. She WHIMPERS. Turns the light on.

She scans the interior. Scared by every shadow. Looks over her shoulder. Empty back seat. She SOBS.

She yanks the wheel to turn a corner. The tires SQUEAL. She SCREAMS. Stays on the road. Looks back over her shoulder. Still nothing. WHINES anyway.

Something CLATTERS in the glove-box. She CRIES out. Reaches over to open it. Cannot bring herself to do it. Looks back over her shoulder. Still nothing. WHIMPERS again.

She takes a deep breath. Yanks the glove-box open. A folded map falls on the floor.

She SCREAMS. LAUGHS. SOBS.
She looks back to the road.

    RISING BEAR
    Here, I think you dropped this.

Rising Bear sits next to her. The gaping wound on his chest bleeds onto the seats. He holds out the map.

Andrea SCREAMS in his face.

INT. SURVEYOR’S TRUCK - NIGHT

Andrea swerves around a turn. She trembles, mumbles to herself. Rising Bear watches her.

    RISING BEAR
    Andrea?

Startles her.

    ANDREA
    What?

He holds out the map.

    RISING BEAR
    There’s something on this you need to see.

    ANDREA
    No.

    RISING BEAR
    No?

    ANDREA
    Yes, and by yes I mean no.

Rising Bear SCOFFS.

    RISING BEAR
    This map holds the key to --.

    ANDREA
    (interrupts him)
    -- don’t care, I’m getting the H-E double-hockey sticks out of here and never looking back.

    RISING BEAR
    And what will you do when you reach the temporary safety of your home?
ANDREA
Hmm... I think I’ll find out what alcoholism is all about.

RISING BEAR
And nothing I can say will change your mind?

Andrea LAUGHS in his face. WHIMPERS. Glances over her shoulder.
Rising Bear SIGHs.
He places his hands on the dashboard.
The car SPUTTERS. It loses power. Starts to decelerate.
Andrea bangs on the steering-wheel.

ANDREA
No no no no no no!

It rolls to a stop.

RISING BEAR
I must show you something.

Andrea glares at him. Ponders ways to dismember a ghost.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT
Andrea creeps behind Rising Bear. He leads her to the abandoned sedan. Then, past it. They stop at The Shack.

RISING BEAR
Andrea?
She CRIES. Cannot stop looking over her shoulder.

ANDREA
Wh-wh-wh --

He slaps her across the face.

ANDREA
-- what’s your problem?

RISING BEAR
Feel better?

Andrea steams.
ANDREA
No, I’m still scared, but now my face hurts too.

He presses on the Shack door. It CREAKS open.

ANDREA
And why wouldn’t you want to show me a creepy shack in the middle of a haunted forest?

INT. THE SHACK - NIGHT

Rising Bear’s radiance illuminates the interior. Andrea keeps her eyes closed. She cringes and opens them. Mining equipment lines the walls. Picks, shovels, helmets, dynamite... dynamite.

RISING BEAR
This is all that remains of the mining community which once settled this land.

Andrea picks up the dynamite.

RISING BEAR
Now look.

He hands her the map.

ON THE MAP

The words "UNDERGROUND RIVER" next to a big X.

ANDREA
There’s an underground river?

RISING BEAR
And enough dynamite here to blast it open, flood the valley --

ANDREA
(interrupts him)
-- and send all these demons crying back to their mamas.

Rising Bear spits in his fist. She stole his moment.
MONTAGE - ANDREA GETS READY FOR BATTLE

-- Andrea lifts a sheet from a table. Dust billows into the air. Leather harnesses, belts, straps, and buckles clutter the table. She reaches...

-- Tightens a belt around her waist. Ties harnesses around her chest. Affixes straps around her legs.

-- Jams her pistol and clips into the belt on her waist.

-- Hefts two short-axes from the wall. Slides them into the leg straps. Smiles.

-- Pops open a box of dynamite. A stick rolls out of the box. Andrea covers her head. It does not explode. Rising Bear picks it up. He stuffs it into his belt.

-- Grabs a box of road flares from the Surveyor’s truck. Stuffs them in the loops on her chest. Stuffs individuals sticks of dynamite into a second row of loops.

END MONTAGE

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Andrea loads the last box of dynamite into the truck bed. SLAMS the gate up. She spins around, pistol already drawn.

Rising Bear stands in front of her. He takes a road flare from her.

The leather straps fit snug to her form, a second skin—thicker, rugged. The axes sit natural below her hips. The dynamite secure on her chest. She holsters the gun on her belt.

RISING BEAR
You look like a Sioux brave, your blood burning for battle.

ANDREA
Yeah, how about a Sioux name then?

RISING BEAR
(speaks in Sioux)
She who wields sparks of the sun, strikes with thunder, and cuts with the teeth of the Earth.
ANDREA
(tries to speak in Sioux)
The dog on fire, a crow with teeth, thunder bottom.

Rising Bear smirks.

ANDREA
Pretty, what does it mean?

RISING BEAR
It means, you are ready.

EXT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

A shrill wind WHISTLES over the barren soil. Something invisible and enormous SNORES.

Down the road, a horn BLARES.

The Invisible Demon SNORTS. Wakes up. Hears the HORN.

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

The Surveyor’s truck speeds down the road. It WHIZZES past the cabin. Horn BLARING.

Thunderous FOOTSTEPS. The Invisible Demon chases the speeding truck.

Trees topple on the road. Closer and closer to the truck.

A huge GRUNT. The Invisible Demon leaps.

KAPOW! The world shakes. Broken pavement rockets into the air.

THE TRUCK

flips upwards. Lands on its side. It slides across the pavement. A shower of sparks plume out. The wheels continue to spin. It comes to a rest in the ditch.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

A pick presses the accelerator. A spike holds the horn down. The seatbelt loops around the wheel.
EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

Two footprints crumble the asphalt in front of the truck. A SNORT. The Invisible Demon leans down. Its breath wilts the bushes.

Two boxes of dynamite topple out of the truck bed.

A CLUSTER OF WICKS

sizzle and disappear into the box.

A confused HMMM?

THE TRUCK

explodes! A fireball engulfs the Invisible Demon’s face. For a split-second, its head is outlined by the flames. Large hollow eyes, rows and rows of pincers, elongated slits for nostrils.

The Invisible Demon BELLOWS! Its face burns. Liquid fire drips out of its mouth and onto the asphalt.

It collapses. A giant THUD which shakes the world.

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

Andrea watches the Invisible Demon burn. She crouches behind a bush. The fire casts a strange pallor across her face. She appears almost like a monster herself.

The Invisible Demon lets out its last GURGLE and dies.

Andrea springs to her feet.

Charges headlong into the forest.

INT. FOREST - LATER

Andrea barrels through the dark woods. Behind her, the burning demon casts a flickering hue through the forest. The fire twists the shadows, but lights the way.

RISING BEAR (V.O.)

You will come to a parched creek...

Her legs tangle. She loses balance. Spins through the air. Lands face down in a dry creek.
RISING BEAR (V.O.)
From there, you will see the
scarlet mark of the land developer.

She rolls over onto her back. Coughs out a mouthful of dust.

She sees a red arrow. Spray-painted on a tree.

ANDREA
Sweet.

She staggers to her feet. Reaches for her gun. It is not in
her belt! Sees it on the ground. She bends down to pick it
up.

RISING BEAR (V.O.)
Careful though, the way will be
guarded.

She stands up. A 17TH CENTURY VILLAGER stands in front of
her. His face is splayed rotten. He smiles. She frowns.

Andrea presses the barrel against his forehead. He looks up
at the gun. He stops smiling.

BLAM! A fist-sized hole opens in the center of his head. He
drops to his knees. Crumbles to the ground.

She blows the smoke from her gun. Proud of herself, but only
for a moment.

A horde of 17th century DEMON VILLAGERS step out of the
dark.

ANDREA
Oh, spit.

A BLOATED VILLAGER runs towards her.

Andrea aims.

A POSSESSED TREE whips the gun from her hand.

ANDREA
No fair!

The Bloated Villager tackles her. They spill backwards onto
the ground. They roll into the dry creek.

Andrea struggles. Ends up on top.

She pulls an ax from her leg strap. Rears back. The Bloated
Villager covers his eyes.
A ROTTEN HAND

grabs her arm.

Andrea turns, sees a 17th Century DEMON NUN.

She reaches down. Grabs her other ax.

    ANDREA
    Forgive me, Sister...

She slams the other ax into the Demon Nun’s chest. The Demon Nun stumbles backwards.

    ANDREA
    For I...

Andrea returns to the Bloated Villager. She raises the two axes over her head.

    ANDREA
    -- am a badass!

SLASH! The Bloated Villager’s head spins into the air. His tongue wags at her.

THE DEMON NUN

looks up. Andrea stands before her. Her two axes drip demon goop.

Andrea lets out a BATTLE CRY.

ROTTEN LIMBS

and brackish blood shower the forest floor.

ANDREA

hacks her way through the Demon Villagers.

THE DEMON HORDE

scatters. They grab their severed limbs. Limp away to safety.

AN AX

spins through the air. Embeds in a Filthy Villager’s cheek. His head bursts like an overfilled leach.

Andrea leans down. SQUELCH! Pulls the ax out.

She stands up. Someone hides in the shadows.
ANDREA
(sing-song)
I see you.

Andrea takes careful aim with the ax.

VANESSA steps out. She is still herself.

ANDREA
Vanessa? How?

VANESSA
A-Andrea, it’s really me.

Andrea does not lower the ax.

VANESSA
Please, we have to leave!

Andrea adjusts her grip.

ANDREA
Nick said...

VANESSA
Nick? Where is he? Is he around?

Vanessa glances back and forth.

ANDREA
(confused)
No... he’s dead... and you were in the cabin?
(lowers the ax)
What happened?

Andrea slides the ax into the cinch. Vanessa relaxes.

VANESSA
Andrea, haven’t you figured it out?

ANDREA
Figured what ou --

VANESSA
slugs her with a huge rock.

ANDREA
-- ouch.

Andrea stumbles back. Dazed.
Vanessa hits her again. Hard as a brick.
Andrea collapses in a heap.

BLACK

VANESSA (V.O.)
I am the smart one in the group.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ANDREA DRAGGED DOWN A TRAIL

-- Andrea struggles against DEMON HANDS. THUNK! Vanessa slugs her with another rock.
-- Blood and gunk leak down her cheeks. A clump of dirt on the path jolts her awake. Her eyes flutter open. She sees a red arrow marked on a tree. Passes back out.
-- Demons HOWL. Wake her up. She gropes the ground. Picks up a severed hand. Bloody body parts and gnawed bones line the trail. She faints.
-- MOANS awaken Andrea again. Rows and rows of pikes line the path. Each pike has a VICTIM spiked on it. The Victims still move, still suffer.
-- Andrea awakens. All of her weapons are gone. John stands before her. His face obscured by dark.

INT. JOHN’S LAIR - NIGHT

A blood-soaked field. Victims displayed on pikes MOAN and PLEAD. Andrea, on her knees, sits at the feet of John. A DEMON HORDE encircles them.

DEMON HORDE
Ooh, oh, oh, ooh, oh, oh, ooh.

Andrea looks up at him.

John’s face is a blend of smoke and bone. Razor sharp teeth protrude from a cavernous mouth. Black broken holes for eyes.

WHISPERS in Andrea’s head.

ANDREA
Stop!

She covers her ears. The WHISPERS grow louder.
DEMON HORDE

Ooh, oh, oh, ooh, oh, oh, ooh.

ANDREA

No!

She writhes on the ground.

He kneels down. Brushes her hair from her face. Softly, like a lover would.

JOHN

I would have found wherever you ran, you know that?

His voice sounds like bones grinding against rocks.

ANDREA

(pleading)

What do you want?

JOHN

To lick the suffering from those pretty little lips.

His claws trace her lips.

JOHN

To drain every ounce of agony you can endure.

Andrea WHIMPERS.

JOHN

And after an eternity of torture, when your throat is bloody from begging for death...

A THOUSAND SCREAMING VOICES rise in Andrea’s head.

JOHN

To grant your wish.

She SCREAMS.

John stands. The VOICES quiet.

JOHN

But not yet.

VANESSA

Not yet?

Vanessa stands behind Andrea and John.
John turns to her.
Vanessa trembles.

His smile turns into a snarl.
He steps towards Vanessa.

VANESSA
W—what?

John’s tongue, a grotesque black finger, licks the bones where his lips should be.

VANESSA
You said you’d let me go --

He SNARLS.

VANESSA
-- if I, if I brought you her.

He spreads his arms.

VANESSA
Not fair!

John shoves Vanessa to the ground. He stands over her. WHISPERS rise up. Vanessa SCREAMS in agony.

The Demon Horde crowds around John. They CHANT as John sucks the agony from her lips.

VANESSA
grows older by the second. The softness of her skin leaches away. Wrinkles, age spots, and dime-sized warts blossom on her body.

ANDREA

realizes the Demon Horde has its back to her. She pushes herself to her feet. She turns to run.

RISING BEAR
(weak voice)
Andrea?

Rising Bear is impaled on one of the pikes. Blood gushes from his mouth. He points.

THE WELL

sits on the edge of the field.
RISING BEAR

Ri... ver...

He GASPS. His head falls limp to his chest.

She nods. A tear slides down her cheek.

Vanessa SCREAMS.

John tosses her dessicated husk to the ground. The Demon Horde steps forward - ready to finish Vanessa.

JOHN

No.

The Demon Horde stops.

JOHN

Let her suffer.

Vanessa MOANS on the ground. She is now old. Her skin and body sags. Her face is a leather mask.

VANESSA

Kill me.

JOHN

No.

Vanessa WEEPES.

John turns back to Andrea. She is gone. He ROARS.

JOHN

Find her!!!

The Demon Horde scatters out into the forest.

John sniffs the air. He catches Andrea’s scent. He strolls over to the well. He looks down. Just the black water below.

INT. THE WELL - NIGHT

John’s face peers over the ledge. Andrea is not there. He GRUNTS. Moves on.

Bubbles break the tar-black water. Andrea surfaces. Spits out a lungful of grime.

She grabs one of the hand-holds. Pulls herself up. The brick pops out. SPLASHES into the water. She tenses.

She grabs a different hand-hold. Hefts herself up.
EXT. OLD WELL - NIGHT

Andrea pulls herself over the edge. Catches her foot. Falls to the ground in a THUNK!

She scans the field. Sees Vanessa on the ground.

VANESSA

MOANS in a heap. Andrea grabs her. Tries to help her up.

VANESSA
No, leave me alone, let me die.

Vanessa pushes Andrea away.

ANDREA
Vanessa, listen. They’ll be back, tell me, where’s my dynamite?

VANESSA
Just let me die... let me die.

Andrea grabs Vanessa’s wrinkled face.

ANDREA
Tell me, where’d you stash it?

Vanessa WEEPS.

VANESSA
In your ass, skank.

ANDREA
Where is it???

Andrea shakes her. Vanessa’s fragile bones CRACK and POP.

Vanessa LAUGHS like a maniac.

VANESSA
He’ll get you too. There’s nothing you can do.

Andrea drops her on the ground.

VANESSA
He’ll leave you as hideous and ugly as he left me.

Andrea SCOFFS.
ANDREA
Vanessa, you were ugly long before
John did this to you.

Andrea steps away from Vanessa. Spits on the ground. She
backs up. Bumps into something.

JOHN
stands behind her.

Her eyes widen. He backhands her.

JOHN
Hello!

ANDREA
soars through the air. She rolls to a stop. John is already
in front of her.

JOHN
I wanted to kill you slow, but now
I have to make an example of you.

The Demon Horde creep out of the shadows of the forest.

DEMON HORDE
Ooh, oh, oh, ooh, oh, oh, ooh.

He picks her up by her throat.

She GAGS and CHOKES. Struggles against his arm.

ANDREA
No, please...

John LAUGHS. He throws her against a tree. The bark splits
with the impact.

She hits the ground. COUGHS out a mouthful of blood and
teeth. Looks up at John’s hands.

JOHN
grabs her by her hair. He drags her through the field.

DEMON HORDE
Have you seen the Ghost of John?

He lifts her up. She wobbles on her feet. He takes a couple
steps back. Aims. He kicks her across the field.
She strikes the pike Rising Bear is impaled on. The pike SNAPS!

Rising Bear flops to the ground. Andrea lands next to him.

DEMON HORDE
Long white bones with the skin all gone?

RISING BEAR
opens his eyes. He smiles. Places something in her hand.

JOHN
stands in front of the well.

ANDREA
gets up. Faces off with him. Her face is a mask of blood and bruises.

DEMON HORDE
Wouldn’t it be chilly with no skin on?

She pops a flare.

She pulls out the stick of dynamite Rising Bear gave her.

The Demon Horde stops humming.

She presses the flare to the wick. The wick SIZZLES.

ANDREA
Come on, don’t stop singing on my account!

She runs towards John.

ANDREA
Wouldn’t it be chilly --

She leaps into the air. He covers his face.

ANDREA
With --

She hits him in the gut.

ANDREA
No --

He stumbles backwards towards the well.
ANDREA
Skin --
She jams the dynamite down his throat.

ANDREA
ON!!!
He reaches down his own throat. She kicks him again. He stumbles back.
She kicks him with all her might.
John ROARS. He falls over the edge of the well. He tumbles into the darkness.

BOTTOM OF THE WELL
John pulls the SIZZLING dynamite out of his throat. The wick finishes burning.

EXT. OLD WELL - NIGHT
KABLAM! The well explodes. The concussive blast tosses Andrea into the air. She hits the ground with a THUD.
A GEYSER
of water erupts from the well. It funnels out like a torrential downpour. A river floods out of the hole.
Andrea LAUGHS. Blood bubbles down her face.
DEMON VILLAGERS
try to run from the river. It courses over them. Whirlpools spin and suck them down. They SCREAM.
A flood of water rushes towards Andrea. She smiles and opens her arms.

EXT. THE FLOODED FOREST - DAY
Morning has finally dawned on the forest. Tree tops sway with the current of the new river.
A CHARRED HAND
bursts out of the water. Andrea emerges from the river. She pulls herself up onto a tree. COUGHS up a mouthful of water.
She SCREAMS and thrusts her arms into the air.

    ANDREA
    I won!!

She CRIES. Joyful tears flow down her face.

    ANDREA
    I beat you, you son of a --

A WHIRLPOOL
forms below her tree. Bolts of lightning shoot out.
John’s mangled face breaks the surface of the water.

    ANDREA
    Noooooo!!!!!!

He leaps out of the whirlpool.
Andrea SCREAMS. She scurries up the tree.

His burnt claws pierce her thigh. Blood gushes from her wound. She SCREAMS in pain. His talons embed deep into her shin.
The whirlpool yanks John down.
Andrea grips a branch with both hands.

    ANDREA
    It’s not fair, I beat you!

She kicks him in his face. He does not let go.
The limb CRACKS.

    ANDREA
    It’s not fair.

Both of them plummet into the whirlpool below. They twirl around in a circle. Buffeted by the current.
Andrea struggles against John.

    ANDREA
    I beat you.

They swirl further and further down.
They are sucked under.
A flash of light.
PHOOMP!
The whirlpool stops churning.
The peaceful river flows over the forest.

EXT. INTERDIMENSIONAL VORTEX - TIMELESS
A prismatic tornado of light.
Andrea SCREAMS and falls. Her body contorts. Like being sucked through a black hole. Her face stretches out. Her arms elongate. Her torso stretches like a rubber-band.
A harmony of CHIMES. The Music of the Spheres.
Andrea squashes back into normal form. She floats in the air. Peaceful. Liquid rainbows melting upwards.
The rainbows become clouds.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT
Andrea falls from a hole in the sky. The waves of a blood-red ocean break below her.
She SPLASHES into the water.

EXT. THE SHORE - NIGHT
She drags herself from the waves. COUGHS up a lungful of bloody ocean.
She stands up.

EXT. THE REALM OF THE DEAD - NIGHT
An open expanse of volcanic land. Pools of fire spit sulfur from the blackened earth. WINGED DEMONS soar through the air. CRAWLING DEMONS scour the charred ground.
Andrea stands on the beach. She stares at this nightmare.
She starts to LAUGH and LAUGH and LAUGH...

FADE OUT

ANDREA WILL RETURN

THE GHOST OF JOHN: REALM OF THE DEAD