SOLACE

by

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EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A teenage GIRL runs through leaves and fallen limbs, barefoot, in nothing but a T-shirt and panties.

A branch catches long tendrils of her blonde hair and rips it out from the roots.

Behind her, a large dark figure pursues.

She trips and falls, crawls over to hide behind a tree, out of breath and crying.

The figure draws closer.

Darkness.

A shrill scream.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rundown, windows cracked, paint peeling off the walls. Dirt and debris litter the floor.

On a tattered mattress is the same young girl, hands tied above her head to rusty bed posts. Tears stream down her battered face.

GIRL

Please... please no.

She yanks on the ties that bind her.

GIRL

(screams)

Help me!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A girl's bedroom, stuffed animals, a floral comforter and four poster bed.

ANDREA (O.S.)

Leave me alone!

The sound of a loud SLAP.

ANDREA (O.S.)

No! Don't!

A female scream, then a TUSSLE. Bodies bang against the bedroom door.

ANDREA BEANE (16), not ugly but very plain, with mousy brown hair, dressed in outdated, unflattering clothes, wrenches the door open, then slams it behind her.

Her hair is a mess. A thin trickle of blood drips down the corner of her mouth.

ADULT FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Andrea, open the damn door... now!

BANGING.

ADULT FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I've had it with you! Do you hear me! I can't take this anymore!

Another loud BANG that rattles the hinges.

Andrea steps back. Trembling, she stares at the door.

More BANGING.

She crouches, slides down a wall next to a window with open blinds, and brings her hands up to cover her ears.

ANDREA

Go away! Go away! Go away!

Suddenly there's a bright flash of white light in the room.

MONTAGE

A black van rolls down a desolate country road.

Hands claw at a cage.

The body of a girl hangs from a rustic wood rafter.

A person with a bag over their head is thrown in the van.

Water babbles through a pristine stream.

Sunlight streams through a large grouping of trees.

An old mattress with a blood stain.

Thousands of ants scurry around on a giant mound, the top of it crushed - a boot imprint in the mound.

Female hands tied to old rusty metal bedposts.

Darkness.

The sound of female crying.

A blinding white light.

END MONTAGE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The faint sound of an ENGINE. Headlights shine through the open window; the beams fall across Andrea's face.

Outside is a black van.

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - SERENITY YOUTH FACILITY - DAWN

The door swings open. A flashlight illuminates the inside.

A single room. Ratty, faded pink blankets cover three cots. An old lamp with no shade sits atop a rickety desk, and at the back of the cabin is the only window.

CLAIRE GIVENS (16), shapely, long flowing hair, wakes with a start.

HARRIS (40's), crew cut, army boots and camouflage fatigues stomps in.

Alongside him; PARKER (30), muscle bound and stocky, like a tree trunk with eyes.

They shove two hooded and bound girls inside.

HARRIS

(heavy southern accent)
Brought ya' some roommates, Givens.

He whips out a pocket knife, cuts the plastic restraints off both girls.

They immediately pull off their hoods.

The faces beneath; Andrea and JESSIE HAINES (17), dark hair and eyes, an exotic beauty.

PARKER

(to Claire)

Get dressed. PT's in fifteen.

The door slams. A lock clamps shut from the outside.

INT. BEDROOM - PREVIOUS NIGHT

High vaulted ceiling, artistic molding, but otherwise a disaster area. Clothes all over the floor and furniture, make-up and soda cans strewn across a vanity.

Jessie shoves clothes and CD's into a backpack.

She grabs a teddy bear off the bed, ponders over it for a moment, then shoves it in the backpack. In the --

LIVING ROOM

A lamp casts a dim light in the room.

Jessie spots a wallet on the fireplace mantle. From inside it she takes several bills, shoves the money in her back pocket.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Tires SPLASH through a puddle of water.

On the sidewalk, Jessie turns, brings a hand up to shield her eyes from bright headlights.

The black van doesn't stop, only slows down. An arm reaches out from the sliding door, snags her off the sidewalk.

A strangled yelp. The door slams shut and the van races away.

BACK TO:

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - DAWN

Andrea gingerly picks at the duct tape over her mouth.

Jessie rips one side of hers off, runs to the door with the tape flapping against her cheek. She yanks on the knob but it won't budge so she bangs on it with a fist.

JESSIE

Wait! Come back! What the hell is this?!

CLAIRE

(to Jessie)

Don't do that.

JESSIE

Do what?

She goes to the window, strains and struggles to open it, but in a moment she notices nails sticking up, on the outside ledge.

CLAIRE

Curse... it's against the rules.

Jessie huffs, runs her hands through her hair and just stares at the window for a second.

JESSIE

Rules? Whose fucking rules?

Andrea still struggles with the tape.

Clarie quickly rises from the cot, rips it off.

Andrea stares up at her with wide, innocent eyes, rubs her lips with the back of her hand.

CLAIRE

CLAIRE(cont'd)

(glances at Jessie)

Welcome to Serenity Camp... youth behavior modification facility.

JESSIE

What?

(mumbles to herself)

Behavior modification...

Oh no... no, no, no.

Jessie paces a small area, runs her hands though her hair.

JESSIE

Oh God, tell me this is not happening.

In the distance there's a shrill but distinctly male scream.

CLAIRE

But we just call it Hell Camp.

Jessie sighs deeply, plops down on a cot with her head in her hands.

Andrea stares at her for a second, then turns her attention back to Claire.

CLAIRE

Name's Claire. I'm a week in.

ANDREA

Andrea.

Jessie pulls her head out of her hands, looks up at Claire.

JESSIE

A week... how long do we have to stay here?

Claire pauses, as if deep in thought, reaches for her shirt.

CLAIRE

That depends on you.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - DAWN

Identical to the girls' cabin, minus the pink blankets.

A WHISTLE blows repeatedly (O.S.).

BRIAN CARTER (16), tough looking kid with a pierced brow and lip, rushes to get dressed in a gray T-shirt with a Serenity logo, matching shorts and black combat boots.

At the cot nearest the window, COLE MARTIN (17), an all American pretty boy, does the same.

The door swings open.

Harris cuts a new roommate's hands free, then shoves him inside, quickly slams and locks the door.

Just before he flails into one of the cots, Brian grabs him, takes his hood off.

DARNELL WATTS (16), a tall, skinny black kid, looks around with wide, terrified eyes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A residential area with lower-income homes, just a step above the ghetto.

A few PEOPLE walk the streets. A HOOKER stands on one corner, waves seductively at passing cars.

Darnell hangs out on another corner, iPod clipped to his belt and headphones on.

A YOUNG HISPANIC MAN approaches, hands him some money.

Darnell glances around, takes the money, then slips the man a small bag of drugs.

Before he gets two steps away, a police car careens around the corner, screeches to a halt near Darnell.

The man who just bought the drugs turns back around, pulls a badge from inside his shirt, hung from a long chain.

Darnell's eyes glaze over with fear. He takes off like a shot.

A MALE OFFICER (30) lunges from the patrol car, sets out after him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Darnell runs through yards, over fences, panting, sweating.

He catches his shirt on the top of one fence. It rips, hangs on the fence, and he quickly wiggles out of it.

Over his shoulder he sees the undercover cop, hot on his heels.

He collides with a child's swimming pool, falls face down in the water. When he looks up, the cops are right in front of him.

The uniformed officer pulls out a taser.

Out of breath, exhausted and defeated, Darnell grudgingly laces his hands behind his head.

The officers drag him to his feet, lead him away.

HISPANIC OFFICER

We got a nice place for kids like you, Watts.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Um hmmm... real nice.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - DAWN

Darnell reaches up, rips off the duct tape with a groan, and immediately runs for the door.

He yanks and bangs.

DARNELL

Cock sucker, mother fuckers! Fuckin' bitch ass pussies!

COLE

Man, shut up. You're gonna get us all in trouble.

DARNELL

What? Mother fucker... who are you?

BRIAN

Just calm down, all right?

DARNELL

Calm down?! My ass just got dragged out the jailhouse in the middle of the night; stuck a fuckin' bag over my head. And you want me to calm down?

Brian scoffs.

BRIAN

That's the easy part.

COLE

Yeah, so just keep your fucking voice down, all right?

Brian steps closer and Darnell balls up his fist, raises it to his side, ready to strike.

Brian raises both hands, stops dead in his tracks. He slowly reaches over, grabs a neatly folded uniform from the foot of a cot.

DARNELL

I don't know what this shit is supposed to be, but I know it's fucked up.

Cole scoffs.

COLE

You don't know dick.

DARNELL

What? What did you say to me, white boy?

Brain shoves the clothes at his chest and Darnell instinctively grabs them.

BRIAN

He said, you don't know dick... yet.

Darnell narrows his eyes, glances at Brian and Cole.

A WHISTLE blows, now fast and loud.

BRIAN

You want answers? Put these on.

Brian shoves the clothes at Darnell's chest.

He stares at the uniform for a second, the look on his face a mix of anger and apprehension.

EXT. CAMPSITE - EARLY MORNING

Harris stands in the center of a small cleared area, surrounded by towering pine trees, clipboard in one hand and night stick in the other.

He blows a WHISTLE in rapid bursts.

Claire runs to take her place, with Jessie not far behind.

Andrea walks slowly, head down at the ground, arms crossed as if she's cold.

Wary eyes scan the surroundings; more cabins, more small groups of TEENS, led by other adult COUNSELORS.

Some are marched around. Others do jumping jacks or push ups. All wear the same grey outfits.

Fast footsteps from behind. Andrea gasps as Cole and Brian rush past her.

Cole glances over his shoulder. Their eyes lock.

Farther behind them is Darnell. He struts, with a "bad ass" look on his face.

As they take their places in a straight line, Harris blows the WHISTLE a couple more times, paces.

He reads from the top page of his clipboard.

HARRIS

Haines, Jessica...

Jessie looks up at him.

HARRIS

Likes to be called Jessie. Also likes to steal money from her parents, take off for days... weeks at a time. Caught runnin' away five times in the last year.

Harris flips the page, and moves in front of the boys.

HARRIS

Watts, Darnell.

He flips another page, and another, then whistles.

HARRIS

Mmm mmm mmm... Mr. Watts, you're a busy man. Distribution of an illegal substance, assault.

Arrested eleven times since the age of thirteen.

Darnell stands there with a stone cold, tough as nails look on his face.

Harris pauses, grins at him. Then he moves back in front of the girls.

HARRIS

And last but certainly not least, Beane, Andrea.

Andrea timidly glances up at him.

He flips the page, studies it for a few seconds, just shakes his head.

HARRIS

Miss Beane, you're somewhat of a mystery, huh? No drugs, no alcohol, no aggressive behavior.

He stops, moves close to Andrea's face.

HARRIS

Maybe you could help me out with this. You see, I don't understand, Miss Beane, why exactly it is that you're here.

Andrea swallows hard, shrugs.

Harris leans in even closer, stares at her expectantly.

ANDREA

I don't... I don't know why.

HARRIS

When you answer me, Beane, end your answer with Sir. Is that clear?

ANDREA

Yes.

HARRIS

Excuse me!

ANDREA

Y... yes sir.

HARRIS

Good. Now, it says here you have failin' grades... a loner, no real friends, no hobbies.

The other teens turn to stare at her.

Harris pauses again, glares at Andrea.

Brows furrowed, she stares at him without blinking.

ANDREA

Yes sir.

HARRIS

Skipped school a few times. But here's the real interestin' part; your mother describes your behavior simply as 'strange'. Now... I have to wonder what that means.

The heat of the other kids' stares bear heavily on Andrea. She lowers her head.

Harris studies her for a few seconds, then paces again.

HARRIS

By now I'm sure you're askin' yourselves; what is Serenity and why am I here. We are a youth behavior modification facility. You are here because your behavior and your actions have become out of control...

He glances at Darnell and Jessie, lastly Andrea.

HARRIS

...in one fashion or another. How long you stay depends on a number of things; cooperation, followin' rules and acceptin' boundaries, can you exhibit a certain level of respect for authority, and so forth.

Darnell scoffs.

DARNELL

(under his breath)
This is some fuckin' bullshit.

Harris turns on him in a split second, hits him in the side of the knees with the night stick.

Darnell groans, then collapses and grabs his knee.

HARRIS

Rule number one; you will not speak out of turn. You will not use profanity.

As Harris moves in front of the girls again, they quickly look away from Darnell and train their eyes on Harris.

His back is turned to the boys, so Cole reaches down, helps Darnell stand.

HARRIS

You will do as I say, when I say, without hesitation and without question. You are to report for PT, (pauses, glares at the new kids)

That means physical training - every mornin' at 6:00 a.m. Sharp. If you are late, you will lose breakfast privileges that mornin'. Lights out by 9:00 p.m. every night, otherwise you will lose your shower privileges the next day.

He points his night stick to the side, at a row of dog kennels.

HARRIS

Any attempt to flee this facility will result in one full day... in the cage.

It's difficult to make out at that distance, but the shape of a person can be seen inside one of the padlocked kennels.

HARRIS

There will be no physical contact or public displays of affection between camp members.

He glances at the girls with an accusing look, then continues his pacing.

HARRIS

You will always show respect to camp counselors as well as your fellow camp-mates. Last and most important; you will follow all orders immediately as they are given.

Harris stops pacing. Hands behind his back, he rocks back on his heels, stares at Andrea, Jessie and Darnell. Then blows his WHISTLE.

HARRIS

Push-ups, twenty!

Brian, Cole and Claire hit the dirt in a split second.

Jessie, Andrea and Darnell pause, looks of disbelief on their faces.

HARRIS

(yells)

Now!

Jessie and Andrea drop to the ground, but Darnell is the slowest to submit.

Harris hovers near him, night stick in hand.

HARRIS

One... two... three.

Harris notices Andrea on her knees; girl style push-ups. He tromps over, presses his foot down in the middle of her back.

She grinds into the ground, gets a mouthful of dirt.

HARRIS

Is this how we do push-ups at Serenity?

OTHER TEENS

No sir!

HARRIS

(yells)

On your toes, Beane!

When he removes his foot, Andrea spits the dirt out of her mouth, rises to her toes.

Several feet in front of her she spots a large ant mound, crushed in the center by a boot print. Thousands of ants scurry around.

INT. MESSHALL - MORNING

Other CAMPERS rush through a long line. At tables they scarf down their food like animals.

Harris stands at the end of the buffet style food counter.

The six teens under his control shovel food onto their trays with large spoons and their hands.

HARRIS

Hustle! Hustle! You got five minutes to feed your sorry faces!

Darnell drops a spoon filled with some off-white slop, onto the floor. It splatters all over the place.

He looks down at it for a split second, then reaches for a roll.

HARRIS

We don't waste food around here, Watts.

Harris approaches. Darnell just looks at him like he's nuts.

HARRIS

Pick it up... or lick it up.

Darnell pauses, gives Harris a go to hell look.

Harris leans closer to his face.

HARRIS

(yells)

Did I stutter?

Andrea flinches nearly drops food off of her own tray.

Darnell drops to his knees and scoops up the food, plops it onto his tray. It's full of dirt and a few hairs.

Andrea rushes over to a table, sits down at the end, as far away from the other kids as possible. Nearest to her is Cole.

He eyeballs her and she quickly looks away.

All around them other teens, her own group and several more, wolf down their food like animals.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Harris' group jogs along a trail, panting, sweating. He leads the pack, followed first by Darnell and then Brian.

Andrea pulls up the rear. She looks pale, exhausted. Sweat runs down her face plastering her hair to her forehead.

Off to the side, through the trees, something catches her eye.

A young girl in a torn nightgown, with a ghost white face. She stands still as a statue - the same girl who ran from the dark figure in the woods.

Only her head moves as her eyes lock on and follow Andrea.

Andrea stares, not watching where she's going. Her foot hits a rock. She falters and trips, face down in the dirt.

Everything is blurry, out of focus. Andrea drags herself to her feet, then she bends over, hands on her knees.

She takes several deep breaths, glances up at the others, as they pull ahead quickly.

Claire looks back over her shoulder, a concerned and fearful look on her face.

Andrea heaves for breath. Everything starts to spin. The trees blend in with the sky and ground.

She rubs her eyes hard, suddenly vomits.

When she turns her head slightly to wipe her mouth, she sees the girl again. Eyes roll back in her head and she faints.

Darkness.

The sound of murmurs and then a shrill WHISTLE permeates the darkness.

Andrea tries to open her eyes, but the sun is so bright. She rolls her head from side to side.

Harris hovers over her, snaps his fingers. The only other face she can make out is Cole's, staring down at her with concern.

HARRIS

Beane? Can you hear me, Beane?
 (sighs)

Shit...

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - EARLY EVENING

Andrea lies on the cot closest to the window, with Claire at her side.

At the desk, Jessie folds a piece of paper into a fan.

Andrea's eyes open to slits. She can just begin to make out the shape of Claire's face.

Soft wind blows hair around on Andrea's forehead. Her eyes open wider.

A look of concern covers Claire's face, but Jessie seems angry, frustrated.

JESSIE

It lives.

CLARIE

Hey... you okay?

Andrea blinks hard a few times, props up on her elbows.

ANDREA

No... I feel sick. What...

JESSIE

You cost us all dinner tonight, that's what.

Claire shoots Jessie a warning look.

CLAIRE

Don't worry about it. Happened my first day too.

ANDREA

I'm sorry. I just... I couldn't run anymore. Couldn't breathe.

JESSIE

Well, tomorrow, you'd better suck it up, 'cause I'm fucking starving.

CLAIRE

Lay off, all right?

JESSIE

Or what?

Claire rolls her eyes, scoffs.

ANDREA

Are there others here?

CLAIRE

Well... sure, the other campers... counselors.

Andrea shakes her head.

ANDREA

No, I saw...

She glances down at her hands.

ANDREA

Never mind.

Jessie fans herself with the paper fan.

JESSIE

God! If they'd just let us open the fucking window.

Claire casts her a quizzical look, then goes over and easily opens the door.

CLAIRE

They only lock it when you first get here.

She stands at the door, a soft breeze blowing over her. Jessie joins her.

Andrea stands on wobbly knees and grudgingly makes her way over.

Several yards away - a soft whimpering from the kennels.

Claire stares out at them.

CLAIRE

After that, they figure we know better.

JESSIE

How long does he have to stay in there?

CLAIRE

A day for sneaking out at night, two days for disrespect.

Andrea stares at the dark figure inside the cage.

FLASH (ANDREA'S VISION)

A dark haired teenage BOY in the camp uniform runs through the woods. Jones and Parker are hot on his heels.

END VISION

ANDREA

Longer if you try to leave...

Claire's brows furrow.

CLAIRE

How did you know that?

ANDREA

What?

CLAIRE

That he ran.

Andrea slowly turns her eyes to Claire.

ANDREA

Lucky guess.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - NIGHT

Brian, Cole, and Darnell lie on their cots.

Brian tosses a ball of wadded up paper at a nearby wall, bounces it off and catches it repeatedly.

BRIAN

I'm bored outta my skull. I need a fuckin' drink.

COLE

You need more than that.

BRIAN

What'd you say, nutsack?

Cole sniggers.

DARNELL

Man, this sucks ass. Stupid bitch.

COLE

Three miles, ninety degrees, and she's a twig. Cut her some slack.

BRIAN

I bet she won't make it tomorrow either, or the next day.

Darnell rises, scratches his head on the way over to the open door.

He looks outside, eyes scan from left to right. No one there.

DARNELL

Hey, what about the messhall?

BRIAN

What about it?

DARNELL

They leave it open?

COLE

Yeah, so?

Darnell glances at them, then stares longingly through the doorway. His stomach growls and he rubs it, a pained expression on his face.

DARNELL

So... we raid it.

Brian suddenly stops tossing the paper ball. It rolls onto the floor.

BRIAN

Don't even think about it.

DARNELL

Yeah, well... it don't matter what my head says. My gut says I gotta eat.

Darnell takes another cautious look, then slips outside.

BRIAN

(loud whisper)

Wait! God dammit, Watts!

COLE

Fuck.

EXT. MESSHALL - NIGHT

Darnell slips out from behind a large tree. Wary eyes scan the area.

In the distance he sees Harris outside a much larger cabin, smoking a cigarette.

Darnell slips over to the corner of the messhall, peers around the side at the front door.

A hand reaches out from behind, grabs his shoulder.

He turns with a gasp - Cole and Brian.

DARNELL

Shit! What the fuck you doin'?

BRIAN

What's it look like? Savin' your ass.

COLE

Shhh... quiet.

Brian looks around.

BRIAN

We can't go in here. Come on.

They work their way around to another door at the back of the messhall.

INT. MESSHALL - CONTINUOUS

COLE

We're gonna get caught. You know that, right?

DARNELL

What are they gonna do? Lock us up? (scoffs)
Jail's looking like the fuckin'
Hilton right now.

All the metal food reservoirs are empty.

Cole steps to a door with a small glass window. Inside are shelves well stocked with canned goods, flour, sugar, etc.

He tries to turn the knob, but it's locked. He shakes the door back and forth.

COLE

Damn.

Darnell moves beside him, glances in at all the food.

Meanwhile, Brian goes over to a trash can, reaches in for some scraps.

DARNELL

Aw...Aw... man, that's just nasty.

Cole joins Brian, dips his hand in and pulls out a half eaten sandwich.

COLE

You hungry... or not?

DARNELL

I ain't never been that fuckin' hungry.

Muffled male voices and heavy FOOTSTEPS over leaves - O.S.

BRIAN

(whisper)

Shit, they're coming!

Cole and Brian both dig out handfuls of food scraps, then rush over to crouch behind the serving counter.

Brian reaches out, grabs Darnell's arm and pulls him down.

BRIAN

(whisper)

Get down!

The door swings open, BANGS into the wall.

A light switch FLIPS up and down. The bulb flickers, but won't come on.

The boys look up at the lights, anticipation, fear on their faces.

Two CLICKING sounds. Flashlight beams survey the room.

HARRIS

Might as well come out, maggots. We know you're in here.

Behind the counter, Darnell's breathing quickens. Cole reaches out, clamps a hand over Darnell's mouth.

He shoves the hand down, gives Cole a warning look.

JONES

I'm not in the damn mood for hide and seek.

FOOTSTEPS closer and closer to the counter.

A breeze blows through the messhall. The back door slams shut.

Behind the counter, a small gasp escapes Brian. Cole jumps.

The flashlight beam encroaches on the far end of the counter.

As Harris and Jones step to the end of it, the boys slowly and quietly ease around to the other side.

Jones shines his light on the back door. The flashlight beams scan the room once more.

The boys tuck their heads down farther, just as the beam passes above their heads.

Huddled together, they wait for the inevitable.

HARRIS

I guess they ain't in here.

JONES

I'll go check the john.

HARRIS

Nah, I'll do it. You go get Parker... tell him we might have us some runners.

Jones exits the back door.

Harris scans the room with his flashlight one last time, then steps out.

Brian inches over to the front door, while the other two boys stay crouched at the counter.

DARNELL

Fuck...

COLE

Yeah... I think I shit my pants.

Darnell teasingly shoves Cole.

DARNELL

What? Get the fuck away from me.

Brian watches Jones retreat into the darkness. Then he rushes to the back door. No sign of Harris.

BRIAN

Come on. We gotta get back.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

They run through the woods. Off to the side and about ten yards behind them, they can see Harris' flashlight beam through the trees.

Panting and sweating, they stop at the edge of the woods.

In the foreground there's a large building with lights on.

The sound of something MOVING from an adjacent clump of bushes.

Harris stops, shines his light in that direction.

BRIAN

Go! Go!

The three boys take off toward the door of the showers.

They duck inside just as Harris aims his flashlight back at the building.

INT. SHOWER/RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

They practically rip off their clothes.

A split second later Harris enters.

HARRIS

Little late for a shower ain't it?

Cole lathers up his armpits, looks down at this watch.

COLE

No sir... it's only 8:30.

Harris tilts his head, glares at the boys with animosity. He glances at his watch.

When he turns to leave, they all breathe a sigh of relief. But then Harris turns back.

HARRIS

From now on, no showers after eight. Understood?

COLE/BRIAN/DARNELL

Yes sir.

He exits.

Brian turns his face to the shower, lets the water beat down hard on him.

BRIAN

You take off like that again, I'm gonna kick your black ass.

DARNELL

Yeah? Bring it, Snow White.

Brian scoffs, shakes his head with a grin on his face.

DARNELL

I didn't ask you to come anyway.

COLE

Whatever. We saved your ass and you know it.

Darnell scoffs, rubs soap into his hair.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - LATER

Brian and Cole munch on the food from their garbage can expedition.

Darnell lays back on his bed, an arm beneath his head. He just stares at them and shakes his head in disgust.

His stomach growls and he turns over with his back to them.

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - NIGHT

Claire and Jessie sleep, partially covered with sheets. Sweat beads over their bodies.

At the cot near the window, Andrea lies flat on her back, stares up at the ceiling. She flips over a couple of times, punches the pillow, then sighs.

A sudden breeze flows across the room.

The hairs on her arms stand up. She shivers, feels along the edge of the window to check for air. Nothing. She turns over with her back to the window.

The panes quickly fog over. The sound of breath against the glass.

Andrea's brow furrows. She swallows hard and lets out a trembling breath.

Slowly she turns over, reaches out to wipe the window. A few swipes of her hand and a face suddenly appears outside--

-- A ghostly image of the girl who ran through the woods, the same who was there when Andrea fainted. The imprint of a rope circles her neck.

Her hand reaches out, touches where Andrea's rests on the other side of the pane. The ghostly pale girl screams.

Andrea gasps, falls out of the bed with a THUD, and crawls to a corner where she huddles.

Jessie and Claire spring upright, rush over to Andrea.

CLAIRE

What is it? What happened?!

Andrea shivers, stares at the window like she's in shock.

Claire strokes her hair while Jessie goes to the window.

There's no fog, no handprints, no one outside.

JESSIE

I don't see anything.

She shrugs, returns to kneel by Andrea and Claire.

CLAIRE

Andrea?

Andrea doesn't respond, just shivers and stares at the window.

CLAIRE

I think she had a nightmare. Help me get her up.

Claire and Jessie lead her back to the bed.

Andrea lies down, but on the very edge of the cot, as far away from the window as possible.

JESSIE

It's okay. It was just a bad dream.

CLAIRE

Yeah, This place'll do that to you.

ANDREA

No. I saw her.

CLAIRE

Who? Who did you see?

Andrea turns just enough to look at the window.

ANDREA

A girl, outside.

Jessie and Claire shoot each other a quizzical look.

CLAIRE

Andrea, there's no one there.

Andrea just stares straight ahead, still shivering.

Jessie rolls her eyes, rises from the cot and goes back to hers. She flops into bed roughly, brings the sheet up to cover her head.

JESSIE

Strange is right.

Claire strokes Andrea's hair, lies down beside her. She slowly looks over her shoulder to gaze out the window.

Several yards away, a small patch of fog, all by itself and oddly out of place, floats along the ground.

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - MORNING

Jessie and Claire jump to the sound of a whistle. They quickly throw on their clothes.

Over at Andrea's cot, she tosses and turns fitfully. Sweat beads on her forehead and she whimpers.

Claire puts one boot on, hops over while pulling the other one on.

She shakes Andrea's shoulder. No response.

JESSIE

What the hell's wrong with her now?

Claire tries again, but again no response. She just shakes her head.

FLASH (ANDREA'S DREAM) - SAME

Through eyes not her own, Andrea runs through the woods. Sticks poke the bottom of her feet. She looks back over her shoulder.

A large fallen limb trips her. Bloody feet fly out from beneath her. She scrambles up, runs through thick trees and brush.

The dark figure pursues. She hears him laugh.

A bit of moonlight streams in. Just as it's about to cast light on his face --

END DREAM

INT. GIRL'S CABIN - MORNING

SPLASH!

Water hits Andrea's face and chest.

She springs upright in bed, gasps and chokes on the water.

Harris stands before her, an empty glass in his hand, water dripping onto the floor.

He says nothing, just stares at her stoically, then leaves.

JESSIE

God... what a fucking prick.

Andrea slings water off of her arms, wipes her face roughly. She starts to sob.

JESSIE

Oh no... awww damn. You gonna cry now?

Andrea sobs harder.

JESSIE

Well, that's just great. (throws her hands up) Lovely.

Jessie finishes tying her boot, tromps outside.

From the rickety desk, Claire opens a drawer with dingy, stained towels in it. She plops down by Andrea, hands one to her.

CLAIRE

Don't worry about her. She just thinks she's tough.

Andrea sniffles a couple of times, wipes her nose with the back of her hand.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

Birds chirp. In the distance, the sun rises. A lone squirrel jumps from limb to limb.

All the kids except Claire and Andrea stand in formation.

They trot over to the group.

Harris glances at his watch.

HARRIS

Well, glad you two could join us.

Andrea stares down at the ground, her hair still wet, dripping onto the shoulders of her shirt.

HARRIS

The time is now 6:05. And we know what that means, don't we?

Andrea looks up at Harris, then at Claire.

HARRIS

(to Brian)

Enlighten us, Carter.

Brian sighs, glares at Andrea and Claire.

BRIAN

That means you're late. And that means there's no breakfast this morning.

Darnell shoots an "eat shit and die" look at the two girls.

DARNELL

(grumbling)

Damn... Fuckin' stupid bitches.

HARRIS

You say somethin', Watts?

Darnell squares his shoulders. The muscles along his jaw pulse.

DARNELL

Yeah. I said, they stupid bitches.

Harris steps over to him slowly, stalking like a cat. He leans in close to Darnell's face, stares deep into his eyes.

HARRIS

Are you a glutton for punishment, Watts?

Watts stares back, refusing to back down.

HARRIS

I think you are.

Harris turns away slightly, then comes back with a vengeance - a swift blow to the shoulder with his night stick.

Darnell nearly falls to the ground, wavers sideways, one hand on his hurt shoulder. Hatred covers his face like a mask.

He lets out a battle cry and rushes at Harris, fists balled. He tackles Harris, punches him in the sides.

The girls scream.

BRIAN/COLE

Get him Darnell! Beat that fucker down!

Harris and Darnell roll around on the ground. Darnell lands a solid punch on Harris' nose. Blood splatters the dirt.

Harris draws a taser and sticks it onto Darnell's chest.

He rolls over, writhing and convulsing.

Harris stands, nonchalantly dusts himself off.

The other kids step back, fear covering their faces.

HARRIS

Anybody else?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NEAR CAGES - MOMENTS LATER

Jones and Parker drag Darnell to one of the cages and lock him inside.

He twitches, eyes stare straight ahead as a stream of saliva drips down one corner of his mouth.

MOMENTS LATER

One of the camp guards makes his way back to his cabin, dressed in a hooded sweatshirt and shrouded in shadow, so his face is unseen.

A soft quick whistle catches his attention, from the edge of the woods.

Claire stands there with a come hither look. She puts a finger in her mouth, pulls it out slowly.

The guard's head turns right to left as he glances furtively around, then follows her farther into the trees.

He scans the woods, but can't find her.

Then she steps out from behind a large tree, in nothing but bra and panties. She smiles, apprehensive, lips trembling as she tries to hold the fake smile.

The guard scoops her up, presses her against the tree, and kisses her hard, almost ravenous.

EXT. CAMPSITE - BOYS' CABIN - DAY

Brian and Cole kneel in the dirt, hands clasped behind their heads like prisoners. Sun beats down on their already beet red faces.

Harris sits on a tree stump, leisurely puffs on a cigarette.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Harris leads his group, minus Darnell and Clarie, in a brisk jog.

In his hand is a large box of raisins. He tosses them onto the ground.

After no dinner and now no breakfast, the teens scramble to pick them up. Leaves, dirt and all, they scarf them down voraciously.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SAME

Quiet and desolate. No one around. Combat boots crunch over leaves, headed for Claire.

She sits at a worn out picnic table alone, a hefty bunch of grapes and a thick sandwich in front of her.

From behind, a large male hand reaches out, strokes her hair and the side of her face. The hand slides down, reaches into her shirt and grabs a handful of breast. His face remains unseen.

Claire swallows hard, stares into the woods, the look on her face is as if she's dreaming of somewhere else.

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - EARLY EVENING

Andrea writes at the desk. Claire peers over her shoulder.

CLAIRE

Careful what you say. They censor the letters, you know.

Andrea looks up at her, brows furrowed, then down at her letter. She pauses a second, eyes scanning the words, then crumples it.

Jessie sits on her cot, legs crossed Indian style, picks at her cracked and dirty fingernails. She huffs.

JESSIE

What's the point anyway? They don't give a shit about us. If our parents cared, they wouldn't have sent us to this hellhole. Now would they?

ANDREA

They don't know.

JESSIE

Yeah... right.

Andrea sets her pencil down, turns just her head to glare at Jessica. Am eerie, solemn look covers her face.

ANDREA

You think they know that we don't get to eat? That they lock us in cages, zap us with tasers?

Claire glances down at the floor.

CLAIRE

No but... there are ways to make the best of it though, if you really want to.

She sighs, fluffs her hair.

CLAIRE

You know what Harris told me when I first got here; all this is supposed to build character - like it's therapeutic to bond with nature... or some shit like that.

Jessie's thumbnail peels off at one corner.

JESSIE

Dammit.

(huffs)

Fuck nature. She's one cruel bitch, if you ask me.

Claire lets out a little giggle.

CLAIRE

(to Andrea)

My Dad's a preacher, so he's into spare the rod and all that crap, but you're right. No way he'd go for this.

JESSIE

Your old man's a preacher?

CLAIRE

'Fraid so.

JESSIE

What did you do anyway? How'd you end up stuck in here?

Claire grins, plops down next to Jessie.

CLAIRE

Sex... lots of it.

Jessie giggles, they high five.

JESSIE

Yeah, girl. That's what I'm talkin' about.

CLAIRE

Guess I missed curfew one too many times.

JESSIE

But was it worth it?

Claire ponders for a second, sighs.

CLAIRE

Nothing's worth Hell Camp.

Jessie eyeballs Andrea. She just stares down at the paper, writes a word or two then erases it.

Jessie approaches, takes Andrea's long hair in her hands and starts to braid it.

Andrea jerks her head around, stares up at her.

ANDREA'S VISION

Jessie walks down a highway. Cars pass. She holds out her thumb.

A beat up truck pulls over and stops, several yards ahead.

END VISION

BACK TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

JESSIE

Relax. You'll thank me when we have to run tomorrow. All this hair won't be flopping in your face.

Andrea turns her attention back to her paper.

JESSIE

What about you, Andrea? I mean... you don't really seem the type.

ANDREA

What type?

Jessie shrugs slightly.

CLAIRE

Well, like the rest of us; drugs, sex, jail...

(glances at Jessie)

Runaways.

ANDREA

No. It's... other things.

JESSIE

Like what?

Andrea just shakes her head.

Jessie dumps out a pencil cup from the desk, finds a single rubber band.

CLAIRE

Oh come on. You can tell us.

Jessie finishes twisting the rubber band on, pats Andrea on the shoulders.

ANDREA'S VISION

Jessie screams. A blood covered knife lunges at her over and over.

END VISION

BACK TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Andrea leans back away from Jessie, stares into her eyes, brows furrowed.

Jessie moves away, just stares at Andrea like she's weird.

ANDREA

Why? You won't understand, or you'll be scared of me, just like everybody else... even my own mother.

Jessie scoffs, goes back to sit with Claire. They both stare stoically at Andrea.

JESSIE

Scared? You know, somehow I don't think so.

Andrea tilts her head sideways, glares at Jessie and Claire. A deep sigh, then she moves to the cot.

For a moment she just stares down at them - an awkward, uncomfortable silence. Then she suddenly reaches out, grabs Claire's hand.

She tries to pull away, but Andrea holds her hand tight.

Andrea closes her eyes.

ANDREA

There's a boy...

CUT TO:

ANDREA'S VISION

INT. VINTAGE MUSCLE CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

BILLY (18) drives. Music pumps from the speakers. He looks over and grins at Claire.

ANDREA (V.O.)

He's handsome and you like him...

INT. CAR (STILL) - NIGHT

A dark desolate patch of woods. The muscle car sits parked beneath a towering oak tree.

The windows are fogged. Sounds of passion erupt from inside.

A delicate female hand presses against the window, then slides down slowly.

ANDREA (V.O.)

... a lot.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Billy's car tires skid. Dust flies everywhere. The van appears.

ANDREA (V.O.)

Gravel... dust... there's a van - the black van.

A dark figure drags Claire out of the passenger side.

Billy gets knocked over the head with the night stick by a another figure in dark clothing.

ANDREA (V.O.)

Billy. His head... it's bleeding. He calls out for you...

The men shove Claire in the van and peel away.

END VISION

BACK TO:

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Claire jerks her hand away. She and Jessie stare at Andrea like she just sprouted horns.

CLAIRE

Jesus Christ...

Andrea swallows hard.

ANDREA

It took a few stitches, but he's okay.

The look on Claire's face says that Andrea's account is dead on.

JESSIE

Oh my God.

Andrea sighs deeply, goes back to the desk and stares down at the paper, eyes not blinking.

Jessie cracks a sideways grin.

JESSIE

(mumbles to Claire)

Cool... kinda creepy, but cool.

Claire just stares at Andrea; disbelief, mixed with a touch of fear.

EXT. CAMPSITE - EARLY EVENING

Brian and Cole chat M.O.S. with a couple of other BOYS.

Brian runs a hand through his hair. There's a distressed look on his face.

One of the boys seems adamant about the story he's telling; exaggerated hand gestures and emphatically shaking his head.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DOG KENNELS - NIGHT

Harris opens the door to the cage, shoves a plate of food and a bottled water in for Darnell.

He shoots Harris a 'go to hell' look, then ravenously tears into the food.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NIGHT

The sun sets in the distance.

Campers go in and out of the showers.

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - NIGHT

Claire and Jessie sleep soundly while Andrea tosses and turns.

She moans in her sleep, hair wet with sweat. She reaches out, mumbles something incoherent.

DREAM SEQUENCE

A blood stained mattress.

The girl runs through the woods, screams and cries.

Male hands with ends of a rope wrapped around each hand.

Andrea in the woods. She follows the girl, always far ahead and almost out of sight.

The girl disappears. A rundown cabin peeks out from an overgrown area of weeds and brush.

Andrea draws closer to it.

Windows are covered with dust. She rubs the dust away and peeks inside.

The girl hangs lifeless from an overhead beam, the body swaying to and fro.

Footsteps from behind. Andrea gasps.

END DREAM

BACK TO:

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Andrea bolts upright, trembling. She sighs with relief, runs a hand roughly over her sweaty face.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Harris' group does jumping jacks. All of them pant, faces red.

Andrea notices a BOY and a GIRL, across the camp. They jog in place while another COUNSELOR sprays them full blast, with a water hose.

Harris blows the whistle.

HARRIS

All right ladies, fifteen minutes free time.

Cole moves to a worn out picnic table, lays down on the bench seat.

Andrea passes by. They glance at each other. He sits up, watches her.

COLE

Hey... what's up?

Andrea pretends she didn't hear, quickens her pace.

Cole's brows furrow. He shrugs, lies back down.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - AT A TREE - DAY

Andrea sits, picks the petals from a wildflower.

EXT. KENNELS - SAME

Darnell leans against the wire wall, watches the other kids mill around, chatting laughing.

One hand grips the wire as he stares out longingly. He's sweaty, filthy, with puffy bags under his eyes.

Jessie walks by. She casts a cautious glance around, then quickly kneels down, takes the barrette from her hair and hands it to him.

He looks up at her with disbelieving eyes.

JESSIE

After lights out, okay?

Darnell stares at the barrette for a second, then nods emphatically.

She tries to stand, but Darnell reaches through the wire, grabs her hand.

DARNELL

Hey... thanks.

Jessie smiles weakly, then rushes away.

In a moment she spots Andrea --

AT THE TREE

She sits down. Andrea glances up at her, then goes back to work on the flower.

JESSIE

So... what's the verdict?

Andrea looks at her, confused.

ANDREA

What?

JESSIE

He loves you... he loves you not?

Andrea glances down at the flower, with only one petal left.

ANDREA

Oh...

She tosses it on the ground. They sit there in total silence for a few uncomfortable moments.

JESSIE

You know, I was thinking; it's not bad, right? I mean... it's just, you see things that other people don't.

Andrea sighs, stares into the forest.

ANDREA

I know what you want.

JESSIE

(mumbles)

A real bed... a bubble bath, maybe some make-up.

Andrea shakes her head slightly. Still she stares straight ahead, with a contemplative look on her face.

ANDREA

You want me to think you're not the same... not like everybody else. But you are. You're scared. And you think I'm a freak.

Jessie looks hurt.

JESSIE

Nope. See... I guess you don't know everything, huh?

Andrea scoffs, cracks a half smile. A few moments of tense silence.

JESSIE

You know what I think, Andrea?

Andrea sighs, seems irritated like she wishes Jessie would just go away.

JESSIE

I think you push people away. Like maybe you feel safer that way.

ANDREA

Safe? I can't even remember the last time...

Jessie purses her lips, a defeated look on her face. She stands, brushes leaves and grass off her butt. She's about to turn away.

ANDREA

No... I do remember. I was happy - oblivious, just like you.

EXT. LAKE SIDE DOCK - TWO YEARS EARLIER - DAY

Old and weathered, looks rickety and unsafe. The water is placid, not even a ripple.

A chair sits off to one side, next to it a soda can.

Andrea, in a pony tail and looking a little younger, stands on the edge of a dock, fishing pole in hand.

Bored, she sighs, reels it in and casts again.

The sun beats down hard and bright. She wipes her forehead with the back of her hand, then reaches down for the soda can.

The board she stands on wobbles, then breaks loose. She plunges into the water.

She goes under immediately.

BENEATH THE WATER

Her foot is caught under a thin, vine-like branch.

She ducks down, pulls at her tennis shoe, pulls at the branch. But she's hopelessly stuck.

Her face clouds over with panic. She holds her breath as long as she can, but finally takes a deep inhale of water.

She suddenly stops struggling. Eyes stare straight ahead as one last bubble escapes her mouth.

BACK TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - AT THE TREE - DAY

Jessie now has a flower in her hand, picking the petals off.

ANDREA

After they pulled me out I spent two weeks in a coma. When I woke up...

Andrea shakes her head and sighs.

ANDREA

Everything changed.

Jessie stares at her for a moment in silence, pulls the last of the petals off the flower and drops it.

JESSIE

So... you hide it, and hope that no one finds out.

Jessie shakes her head, looks confused.

JESSIE

I don't get it, though. I just keep thinking about... well, like, I saw this TV show once, where this woman was helping the cops find missing kids and...

Andrea huffs.

ANDREA

See? I knew... I knew you wouldn't understand. You just don't get it. I don't want this. It's like a door opened, and now I can't close it.

Jessie kneels down, stares intently at Andrea.

JESSIE

But maybe it's not such a curse. I mean, most people would give their right arm to know what's coming.

Andrea shakes her head, stares down at the ground.

ANDREA

But sometimes things come in... whether you want them or not.

Andrea's voice cracks as she fights back tears.

ANDREA

You act like you think it's cool or something. I barely sleep, can't concentrate on anything, so I'm flunking in school, and everybody thinks I'm insane. Yeah... real cool, huh?

A WHISTLE blows (O.S.)

Jessie rises quickly, holds her hand out to Andrea.

She pauses for a second, just stares at Jessie's hand, and when she takes it --

ANDREA'S VISION

Jessie steals money from her father's wallet.

She stands on the side of a highway, backpack on, her thumb out.

A beat up truck pulls over.

The MAN inside, grungy, scraggly beard, tucks a bowie knife under the seat, just before Jessie opens the door.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO:

AT THE TREE

Andrea holds onto Jessie's hand when she tries to pull away.

ANDREA

Don't get in.

Jessie stares at her quizzically.

JESSIE

What?

ANDREA

The man with the beard... in a beat up truck. Don't get in.

INT. MESSHALL - NIGHT

The last few CAMPERS exit.

In aprons, Jessie and Claire clear trays from the tables, scrape the food into garbage cans.

Through the open front door, Claire spots Brian as he walks by.

CLAIRE

Hey, what do you think of Brian?

JESSIE

I don't.

CLAIRE

But he's hot, right?

Jessie shrugs.

JESSIE

He's trouble, with a capital T.

CLAIRE

Yeah, probably. He must be, if I like him.

She grins, narrow her eyes. Then she suddenly takes off her apron, tosses it onto a table.

JESSIE

Hey... where do you think you're goin'?

CLAIRE

Cover for me, okay?

JESSIE

Hell no. You're not sticking me with all this shit.

Claire winks at her, pauses at the doorway.

CLAIRE

I'll owe you.

Jessie sighs, shakes her head.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Claire peers around outside.

At first there's no sign of Brian. Then she hears voices from the nearby tree-line.

As she rounds the corner of the messhall, Brian and Cole come into view, nothing but moonlight to see by.

BRIAN

Dude, they're full of shit. There's no way. They'd be outta business.

CLAIRE

Who's full of shit?

Brian and Cole's heads snap to the sound of her voice.

Brian eyeballs Claire from head to toe, smiles at her.

LATER

Claire and Brian make out hard and heavy, behind a cabin.

FOOTSTEPS. A flashlight beam.

CLAIRE

Shit... tomorrow night?

Brian grins, gives Claire one more quick peck, then they both take off.

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - NIGHT

Andrea sits at the desk. She sketches a picture of the girl she keeps seeing.

Towels in hand, Jessie and Claire stare curiously at her, then exit together.

She never looks up at them. Instead she just stares at the sketch. To Andrea, it's as if the eyes of the sketched girl stare right through her.

INT. GIRLS' SHOWERS - NIGHT

Claire and Jessie shower.

JESSIE

So, how'd it go? You gonna hook up with him?

CLAIRE

Who?

JESSIE

You know who... Brian.

Claire shrugs.

CLAIRE

I dunno. Maybe. Or maybe I already did.

JESSIE

(mumbles)

Ummm hmmm... With a capital T.

CLAIRE

You know, he said some things... really freaky stuff he heard.

JESSIE

What do you mean, freaky?

CLAIRE

Well, like this kid, last year. One of the counselors nailed him in a headlock. They had to rush him to the hospital.

JESSIE

No way?

CLAIRE

But by the time they got there he was already dead.

JESSIE

Bullshit. I mean, think about it - how would they get away with that?

CLAIRE

Supposedly it was an accident. He already had epilepsy or something. They say he choked on his own tongue.

JESSIE

Oh... ewww.

EXT. SHOWERS - SAME

Andrea eavesdrops just outside the doorway and out of view.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

And the cherry on top... a few months ago, they say a girl committed suicide.

JESSIE (O.S.)

No shit?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Uh huh, hung herself.

Andrea stands

She leans back against the wall, squeezes her eyes closed.

When she hears the water turn off, she moves around the corner of the building, waits for Jessie and Claire to leave.

INT. GIRL'S SHOWERS - NIGHT

Andrea closes the door, but it pops back open. She slams it hard... harder and finally it closes enough to turn the makeshift lock - just a small chunk of wood on a nail.

She disrobes, turns on the water full blast. Humming a tune, she relishes the feel of the soap, the feeling of being clean.

She lathers her hair. Shampoo flows down her face. Eyes closed, she leans into the water.

WHISPERING FEMALE VOICE

Andrea...

Andrea gasps, whirls around. No one there.

Goose bumps break out on her arms. Her breath turns to fog.

She reaches a hand into the stream of water, but quickly jerks it back. Her lips quiver from its coldness.

The sound of a faucet turning. Her head whips around again. A single sink sits along one wall, with a mirror above it.

The water runs in a thin trickle. The mirror above it fogs over.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SAME

Claire and Jessica pass near Darnell, in the cage.

DARNELL

Pssst... Hey.

They squint through the darkness, then approach and kneel down in front of Darnell.

CLAIRE

You still alive in there?

DARNELL

Barely. I'm ready to get the fuck out.

CLAIRE

Well, hang in there. Harris will probably cool down soon.

He smiles at Jessie.

DARNELL

Yeah well... I'm fresh out of patience. But my girl here, she got my back.

Clarie shoots Jessie a warning look.

JESSIE

Well... they were never gonna let him out. You know that.

Darnell waves the barrette around.

CLAIRE

(scoffs)

You're gonna pick the lock with that?

DARNELL

Damn straight. You just watch me.

Claire purses her lips, sighs.

CLAIRE

You're either brave or stupid... both of you.

INT. GIRLS' SHOWERS - NIGHT

Andrea stands before the mirror, goose bumps covering her body.

She reaches out a trembling hand to touch the mirror. The light bulb overhead flickers. She pauses, glances up at it and the flickering stops.

She swipes her hand across the mirror slowly. Her reflection stares back at her. In the background, a shadow moves by.

Andrea spins around, brow furrowed.

ANDREA

Hello?

She looks at the door, still locked.

When she turns back to the mirror, something isn't quite right. There's a delay between the movement of her own body, and the reflection in the mirror.

She reaches up to run her hands over her face, then rubs it briskly. She suddenly stops, but the hands in the mirror don't.

A deep exhale escapes her, her breath foggy and thick. She steps back cautiously on wobbly knees.

The reflection begins to sob.

Andrea shakes her head, unable to drag her eyes away from the mirror. A single tear falls.

ANDREA

It's not real... not real.
 (trembling voice)
Leave me alone.

ANDREA (REFLECTION)

Help me... please.

The reflection morphs into the face of the ghostly pale girl.

GHOST

You can make them see.

Andrea squeezes her eyes closed, covers her ears with her hands.

ANDREA

No! God! What do you want! Just go away! Go away! Go Away!

EXT. CAMPSITE - DOG KENNELS - SAME

Two female screams, one Andrea's and another that screams in unison with her, emanate from the showers - (0.S.)

Claire and Jessie spring to their feet.

From the side they see Harris and Jones running toward the showers.

EXT. SHOWERS - NIGHT

Parker and Harris bang on the door.

HARRIS

What the hell's goin' on in there!

Screaming and loud CRASHING noises from inside. Glass SHATTERS.

Claire and Jessie run up to them.

Andrea screams (0.S.)

JESSIE

(to Parker and Harris)

It's Andrea!

HARRIS

Beane! Open the door, Beane!

Another scream from inside.

Harris shoves hard on the door.

CLAIRE

What are you doing?! Get her out!

JESSIE

Kick it down! Andrea!

INT. SHOWERS - SAME

Andrea struggles with the ghost. They flail from one wall into the next.

Bright flashes of light.

INT. RUNDOWN CABIN - ANDREA'S VISION

The girl hangs from a beam, a rope tied around her neck. A male hand reaches up, strokes her face as she hangs there.

INT. GIRLS' SHOWERS - CONTINUOUS

The ghost grabs Andrea by the arms. Fingernails dig into her flesh. The ghost shakes her back and forth violently.

OUTSIDE

SCREECHING and WAILING (O.S.)

Harris and Jones stare at the door for a second, expressions on their faces like - "it doesn't sound human".

Jones kicks the door a couple of times.

INT. SHOWERS - SAME

The piece of wood that holds the door closed wiggles under the pressure. The nail pulls halfway out of the facing.

Andrea slams into a wall, face first.

A flash of light.

INT. RUNDOWN CABIN - ANDREA'S VISION

Hands throw the rope over the beam. Then the girl's body is hoisted up from the floor.

EXT. SHOWERS - CONTINUOUS

Andrea screams bloody murder - (O.S.)

ANDREA (O.S.)

No! No! Somebody help me!

The door flings open.

INT. SHOWERS - NIGHT

Andrea lies naked, bloody and unconscious.

The mirror is shattered, shards of glass on the floor.

Jessie and Claire rush past the two counselors, straight over to Andrea.

HARRIS

Jesus Christ. What the hell did she do?

CLAIRE

What does it look like? She can't take this place!

JESSIE

She doesn't belong here and you know it!

Harris stares too long at Andrea's naked body.

Jessie glares at him, quickly covers Andrea with a towel. The two girls lift her up, both with one arm over their shoulders.

Her eyes flutter open and she mumbles something incoherent.

Jones steps in front of them as they lead Andrea to the doorway.

He studies a large knot on the side of her forehead, shakes his head.

JONES

Wait. We should take her over to the infirmary.

He reaches out, almost touches the lump but pulls his hand back.

JONES

I don't like the looks of that bump.

Harris scoffs, steps outside and quickly disappears across the grounds.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Harris tromps toward the large cabin, jingles keys inside his pocket.

HARRIS

(mumbles to himself)
Fuckin' nutcase. I always gotta
get the whackos.

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Jessie and Claire make their way to a tiny cabin, off to itself. No light can be seen from outside.

Jessie reaches out one hand for the doorknob, while she struggles to keep the other arm around Andrea's waist.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

A light flips on.

A tiny cabin with a few cots, a cabinet with glass doors, full of bandages, alcohol, bottles of medication, various medical utensils.

They lay Andrea down gently.

She blinks several times, but everything's a blur. She reaches up, rubs the knot on her forehead and grimaces.

When she tries to sit up, Claire gently pushes her back down.

CLAIRE

Take it easy. Parker will be here in a minute. He'll take of you.

JESSIE

Parker?

Claire nods, reaches for a tissue near the cot, and wipes blood from Andrea's nose.

CLAIRE

Yeah, he's an EMT when he's not here torturing people.

Andrea suddenly grabs Claire's hand, looks deeply into her eyes a dead serious look on her face.

ANDREA

I know... I know who she is now.

JESSIE

Who?

ANDREA

The girl - the one I saw in the woods... and in the window.

CLAIRE

(to Jessie)

I think maybe she hit her head just

a little too hard.

Claire goes to a drawer, pulls out a small plastic tray with band-aids, medical utensils, etc. She rifles through it for something useful.

Andrea swallows hard, tries to focus clearly.

ANDREA

You think I did this to myself? (sobs)

You think I'm crazy.

Jessie and Claire glance apprehensively at each other.

ANDREA

(sobbing, adamant)

A girl died here... right here, at this camp.

Claire opens her mouth to speak --

ANDREA

And don't ask me how. God... I'm so sick of it. For once I just want somebody to listen.

Jessie sighs deeply, rubs her forehead.

JESSIE

Okay, okay. So this girl... this dead girl, what does she want, revenge?

Andrea slowly raises her eyes, stares into Jessie's.

ANDREA

Solace...

CLAIRE

You seriously believe that? A ghost is trying to tell you something?

Andrea nods, swallows hard.

ANDREA

The truth... she wants me to see the truth.

JESSIE

And what is the truth, Andrea?

ANDREA

She was murdered. She didn't hang herself.

Claire drops the plastic tray and all the metal utensils CRASH against the wood floor. A look of shock and horror comes over her face. Parker steps in, sees the stuff all over the floor.

Claire quickly kneels down, picks up the spilled items.

PARKER

You two better get on back. It's almost time for lights out... and you don't wanna get on Harris' bad side.

CLATRE

You mean he has a good side?

Parker flashes a sideways grin.

Their eyes shift from Andrea to Parker and back again, concern etched on their faces.

PARKER

She'll be fine. Go on. Get outta here.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DOG KENNELS - NIGHT

Darnell grinds on the lock with the barrette. It bends, nearly breaks. He wiggles it one last time and the lock opens.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Jessie and Claire make their way to their cabin.

CLAIRE

What do think happened in there? I mean you saw her. She was scared out of her mind.

Jessie shrugs, then suddenly stops walking. Claire follows suit.

JESSIE

The other day... she was right, wasn't she?

CLAIRE

What do you mean? Right about what?

JESSIE

You. Billy.

Claire pauses, slowly looks up.

CLAIRE

Well, she was right about one thing... she scares me.

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Andrea pops a couple of pills into her mouth, downs some water. A sheet covers her naked body.

Parker shines a pen light in her eyes.

PARKER

No sign of a concussion.

Then he tapes a bandage onto a cut at Andrea's forearm.

ANDREA'S VISION

Ends of a rope, twisted around a man's hands.

END VISION

BACK TO

INFIRMARY

Andrea lets out a little gasp.

Parker stares at her curiously, then places an ice pack on her head.

PARKER

You can stay here for the night. I'll work on Harris - try to get you out of PT in the morning.

Andrea swallows hard, nods.

ANDREA

Thanks.

Parker replaces the medical supplies inside the cabinet, locks it. When he turns back around, Andrea stares at him, a stare that could burn a hole.

He sighs, leans back against a counter top, arms crossed over his chest.

PARKER

What did you think you were gonna accomplish?

Andrea shakes her head, stares out a nearby window.

PARKER

You know, you can make this easy, or you can make it hard. It's all up to you.

She closes her eyes, turns her head away from him.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - SAME

Cole's already tucked in. Brian turns off the light and lays down, but at that moment the door swings open.

The sound of heavy breathing, fast footsteps, the silhouette of a tall thin figure.

BRIAN

Watts?

He flips the light on. Darnell is sweaty, nervous. Frantic eyes dart around.

COLE

They let you out?

DARNELL

No, I... Listen, I'm gettin' the fuck outta here. Anybody wants to go, I'm leavin' now.

COLE

What? Are you crazy?

DARNELL

Not yet, but I will be if I stay here.

EXT. DOG KENNELS - NIGHT

Harris passes by, sees the door to Darnell's cage open.

HARRIS

Well I'll be God Damned...

EXT. GIRLS' CABIN - SAME

Claire and Jessie spot Harris running from the kennels. He blows his whistle.

JESSIE

Oh shit... Darnell.

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME

The sound of a rapid WHISTLE, soon joined by a second and a third (0.S.)

Andrea bolts upright, peers out the window.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - CONTINUOUS

DARNELL

Fuck... buy me a couple of minutes?

Cole shakes his head. He and Brian glance at each other.

COLE

What are you waitin' for? Go.

Darnell takes off at Mach speed. Out the door and into --

THE WOODS

His feet fly like they have wings. He pushes past branches, jumps over fallen trees and rocks.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - SAME

Brian strains, holds tight to the doorknob. The door wiggles back and forth.

One hard yank from outside and Brian's hands wrench free of the knob. He falls backwards, hard onto his butt.

COLE

Might wanna get that fixed. It's been sticking lately.

Harris grits his teeth at them, glares with a look that could start a fire.

Through the open doorway, Parker and Jones come into view.

Harris turns away quickly.

HARRIS

(yelling)

We got a runner!

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Andrea squints to see what's going on. Three flashlight beams enter the woods.

She pauses for a moment, a contemplative look on her face.

The wispy, fog-like figure of the ghost walks by the window.

Andrea presses her face against the windowpane, watches the ghost disappear into the woods.

She sighs, a deep trembling breath and then throws the sheet off.

At a drawer, she finds a couple of hospital gowns.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The sound of WHISTLES fades into the background. Lights from the camp turn to tiny specks.

Darnell stops to rest against a tree.

He heaves and pants. As he catches his breath, the faint sound of CARS on a highway rises in the distance.

Darnell looks behind him. A couple of flashlight beams sweep the forest, so he takes off running again.

CUT TO:

INT. BOYS' CABIN - NIGHT

Jessie and Claire rush in. They look at Brian and Cole expectantly.

BRIAN

Fucking Darnell.

CLAIRE

Shit.

(to Jessie)

I told you.

The boys stare at her accusingly.

COLE

Oh... oh this is bad. What... you thought you were helping him?

JESSIE

I don't know, okay? I guess I
wasn't thinking.

BRTAN

Do you have any idea what's gonna happen when they catch him?

Claire starts to pace, chews on a fingernail.

EXT. NEAR INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Andrea slips through the woods. Far ahead of her, the ghost pauses, looks back.

Andrea follows through trees and badly overgrown areas, across a babbling stream.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Darnell runs into the highway, waves his arms. Headlights flash against his face.

Car tires squeal to a halt to avoid hitting him.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Harris, Parker and Jones rush through the trees and brush. Just as they reach the --

HIGHWAY

A car speeds away.

HARRIS

Son of a bitch!

He clenches his teeth together. Fuming, his face is red, temples pulsating.

The three counselors tromp away, back toward the camp.

Several yards away, Darnell peeks out from behind a tree.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Andrea stares straight ahead. Now and again there's a glimpse of the ghost. She tromps forward, stiff, almost robotic, as if in a trance.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Darnell waves at every passing car. They zoom by like he doesn't exist.

He hangs his head, huffs and kicks at rocks.

DARNELL

No... no, no. See, one of you mother fuckers is gonna stop.

He picks up a rock, throws it at a car. It honks and swerves but doesn't stop.

He growls, throws his hands up. Then he glances down the highway - a long stretch of road with no city lights in sight.

He only takes a few steps down the highway when he spots something light moving through the woods.

He squints to make out the figure, then it dawns on him; Andrea in the white hospital gown.

She trudges along, looks like she's sleepwalking.

He glances back at the road, then through the forest. There's no longer any light from the counselors' flashlights.

He glances longingly at the road once more, then at Andrea, as if contemplating.

DARNELL

Shit.

THROUGH THE WOODS

Something on the end of a branch catches Andrea's eye. She moves closer; a long thick strand of blonde hair, bloody on the tip. She picks it up, studies it.

DARNELL'S P.O.V.

He makes his way toward her. She holds out her hands, as if touching something, but to his eyes, there's nothing there.

ANDREA'S P.O.V.

The sound of muffled sobs radiates from a small clump of bushes.

She approaches, pushes the branches away.

Leaves partially cover the frantic blonde girl. She sobs, huddled down, as she tries to hide herself beneath the leaves.

FOOTSTEPS move towards her.

Andrea closes her eyes tight. When she opens them, the girl is gone.

A hand reaches out, touches her shoulder. She gasps, spins around.

DARNELL

What the fuck you doin'?

Andrea stares at him for a second, rubs her arms as if she's caught a chill.

Gasping breaths, Andrea tries to compose herself.

ANDREA

I... sometimes I sleepwalk.

She rubs her eyes hard.

ANDREA

I thought you left.

DARNELL

Yeah, I did... I mean, I am. Can't get nobody to stop.

Andrea turns her head toward the sound of the highway. She stares for a moment.

ANDREA

When the tire blows, you can help him... then he'll give you a ride.

Darnell just looks at her like a deer caught in headlights.

At that moment, there's a loud POP, tires SQUEAL.

Brows furrowed, Darnell turns to the sound, then glares at Andrea.

ANDREA

Go... now, or you'll be too late.

DARNELL

What about you? You don't wanna get outta here?

Andrea shakes her head.

ANDREA

I have to stay.

A car door SLAMS (O.S.)

ANDREA

Now go... go!

Darnell nods apprehensively, then takes off toward the highway.

She watches after him for a few moments.

When he disappears from sight, she scans the woods for any sign of the ghost.

Overhead, an owl HOOTS in a tree.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Darnell pushes branches out of the way at the tree-line.

On the side of the highway a MAN kneels down by the shredded tire of his car.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

All is quiet and still, no lights on in the cabins.

Andrea stealthily makes her way back to the infirmary.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

Clustered in small groups, some kids exercise, while others work to maintain the camp.

One cleans cabin windows. Another piles up small fallen limbs.

INT. INFIRMARY - MORNING

Birds chirp outside the window. Andrea wakes, stretches.

She touches the knot on her head, winces. Her foot knocks a folded uniform off the end of the cot.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

Now in uniform, Andrea approaches the girls' cabin.

Claire sweeps dust out of the doorway. Jessie exits with an arm load of sheets and towels.

Not far away, Cole and Brian rake leaves. None of them have spotted Andrea yet.

Cole takes off his shirt, sweaty muscles gleaming in the sunlight.

Andrea watches, intrigued, as he wipes sweat from his face.

He turns, as if he feels her watching.

She ducks behind the tree and he only catches a glimpse of her hair and one leg.

Cole grins, stares at the tree for a moment. Brian shoots him a questioning look.

Andrea peeks out from behind the tree, just in time to see Cole tip his chin in her direction, and Brian staring that way too.

She presses her back against the tree, out of sight.

Their attention is drawn away from her as a HEAVY SET BOY lugs a big ice chest over to them. He plops it down hard. Icy water sloshes onto the ground.

Andrea steps out from behind the tree, quickly makes her way across the camp, toward her cabin.

But Cole's already headed that way, on a diagonal path to intercept her.

She glances at him, eyes hidden by her hair, and quickens her pace.

Not quick enough. Cole reaches out, touches her arm with an ice cold water bottle.

Andrea turns, gives him a "what do you want" look, brows furrowed.

His eyes fall on the lump at her forehead.

COLE

Wow... hell of a goose egg.

Andrea touches her forehead, eyes down at the ground.

ANDREA

Oh... Yeah.

She timidly reaches out, takes the water.

ANDREA

It's worse than it looks.

Cole grins. Andrea tucks the hair behind her ear, looks away shyly.

COLE

I heard what happened... sort of. I mean... what did happen anyway?

Andrea shakes her head. She opens the water, takes a slow sip.

From the doorway, she catches Claire watching them.

ANDREA

I don't know. Just... it's this place, I think. It's getting to me.

COLE

Yeah, no shit.

Andrea sips slowly on the water.

ANDREA

Do you hear them?

COLE

What?

ANDREA

The screaming... at night; does it keep you awake?

COLE

At first.

(shrugs)

For me, I guess it's kinda like the trains.

Andrea raises one eyebrow at him.

ANDREA

Trains?

COLE

Yeah, I lived next to the tracks all my life. You get used to it after a while.

ANDREA

It's not the same thing though... is it?

Andrea stares out into the trees. An uncomfortable silence.

COLE

So...

ANDREA

Look, I'm sorry but... don't you have something better to do?

COLE

Oh... sure, yeah. I thought I'd go shoot some hoops, then maybe go out for a pizza. Wanna come?

Andrea scoffs at him. She turns to leave, then turns back, flashes a shy smile.

Cole pours the rest of his bottled water over himself. Andrea has to tear her gaze from his biceps and chest.

From the doorway Claire watches, just shakes her head disapprovingly.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

CLAIRE

Are you blind?

ANDREA

What?

CLAIRE

Cole; he likes you.

ANDREA

How do you know?

Claire scoffs, shakes her head.

CLAIRE

How do you not know?

Andrea sighs, stares longingly out at Cole, raking the leaves.

Harris moves in the path of her gaze, wiggles a finger at her. She swallows hard, looks nervous and scared.

INT. COUNSELOR'S CABIN - DAY

Very clean and tidy. A TV and stereo sit inside a nice entertainment center, real beds instead of cots.

A large desk with a leather chair sits off to one side. And on the opposite wall is a gun cabinet with a couple of shotguns and rifles. A thick lock hangs from the latch.

Harris leans back in the chair, hands laced over his stomach.

Andrea stands directly in front of him, eyes down at the floor.

HARRIS

(sighs deeply)

So... you gonna tell me what happened last night, Beane?

Andrea's eyes roam over to the gun cabinet. She shakes her head and stares back down at the floor.

ANDREA

I can't... I don't know.

HARRIS

Well somethin' happened. That's for damned sure.

ANDREA

I don't think... I don't think I can stay here.

HARRIS

Why? Somebody botherin' you? Threatenin' you?

ANDREA

No. I mean...

She shakes her head, struggles for words.

ANDREA

I guess I'm not like the others. The running, and I don't sleep and...

She sniffles a little. A tear rolls down her cheek.

ANDREA

I just... I lost it.

When she glances at the gun cabinet again, Harris follows the path of her gaze.

HARRIS

It stays locked.

He wiggles a set of keys at her.

HARRIS

And I got the only key.

ANDREA

What?

HARRIS

The gun closet. That's what you keep lookin' at.

He stands, moves around the side of the desk, then stares into Andrea's eyes, with a facetious grin.

HARRIS

Look... I know it's tough here. It's supposed to be. But relax, Beane. We're not gonna kill ya'. This is the woods. Sometimes there's a bear... a mountain lion.

Andrea just stares at him with cold eyes.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - NIGHT

Cole sits on the edge of his cot, in nothing but his shorts. He gingerly touches blisters, all over his hands.

Brian lays back on the pillow, hands laced over his chest, stares up at the ceiling.

BRIAN

I'm tellin' you man, these fuckers are crampin' my style.

He holds his hands out in front of him, fingers cupped, stares down at them.

BRIAN

I had 'em - big, juicy tits, right here.

Brian sighs, drops his hands back onto his chest.

Cole sniggers.

BRIAN

Hey, I saw you talkin' to her, you know - that Beane girl.

COLE

Her name's Andrea.

BRIAN

Yeah... Andrea. So what's the deal - you like her or somethin'?

Cole shrugs.

COLE

Somethin'. What do you care?

Brian props up onto his elbow.

BRIAN

I dunno. She gives me the creeps. Just... somethin' about her. Claire says she's kinda strange too.

COLE

What do ya' mean strange?

BRIAN

(shrugs one shoulder)
Didn't really get into it.

COLE

Yeah well... we're all freaks. Why else would be in this shit hole?

Brian chuckles, punches at his pillow a few times to fluff it, then plops back down, one hand behind his head.

He stares at the ceiling again, a contemplative look on his face.

BRIAN

Hey... where do you think he is now?

COLE

Who, Watts?

BRIAN

If I'd have known he was gonna make it...

COLE

They'll probably stick his ass back in jail. Guess any-fuckin'-where's better than here though.

A few moments of silence, while Cole just picks at his blisters.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

An owl HOOTS in the distance.

A couple of faint screams, then whimpering.

INT. GIRLS' CABIN - PREDAWN

Claire and Jessie sleep.

WHISPERING FEMALE VOICE

Andrea...

Andrea closes her eyes tight, pulls the blanket over her head.

WHISPERING FEMALE VOICE

Come with me... Come with me. Andrea, help me. Please.

It's a single voice, but sounds like several. Each phrase echoes over the next.

INT. BOYS' CABIN - PREDAWN

Brian snores lightly, chuckles in his sleep.

BRIAN

(groggy, slurred)
Come on, Baby. Mmmm... yeah.

Cole huffs, stares toward Brian with an irritated look.

He glances out of the window, spots Andrea in the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - PREDAWN

Several yards away, the ghost of the murdered girl stands, waits for Andrea to catch up. The ghost waves, beckoning.

Andrea follows the same path, through the --

WOODS

Past the stream.

A sliver of light peeks out from the brush and trees. Not far ahead, the outline of a cabin.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Very run down and leaning sideways, off to itself and at the farthest edge of the camp. Well camouflaged by vines and tall weeds.

The ghost glances back at Andrea once more, then disappears inside.

A thick vine drapes across the door, holds it closed.

Andrea tugs on it, but it won't give. She moves to the dust covered front window, wipes the dirt away.

Inside, feet dangle far above the floor.

She gasps, goes back to the vine. She tugs and pulls. Tears stream down her face.

It finally breaks and the door creaks open.

INSIDE

A single lamp lays on its side, on the floor. The bulb flickers on.

The body is gone now, as if it were never there.

Against one wall is a rusty metal bed frame and atop it, a filthy mattress.

FLASHBACK

The dead girl's hands are tied above her head, to that very bed frame. She sobs and pulls against the binds.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO:

RUNDOWN CABIN - THE PRESENT

A few old magazines and beer cans lie strewn about.

Sticking out from beneath the bed is the tip of a rope.

Andrea kneels down, reaches out to touch it.

FLASHBACK

Inside the cabin, the young girl is wrenched back and forth, barely able to stay on her feet.

Behind her, someone wraps a rope around her neck, twists it tighter and tighter.

She chokes and gags, claws at the unseen attacker. Then she goes limp. Blood drips from the corner of her mouth, onto the floor.

END FLASHBACK

Andrea grabs at her throat, gasping for every breath. She falls to her knees.

Tears stream down her face. To the side, she notices blood droplets on the floor.

There's a sudden puff of air from behind, as if someone breathed against her hair.

Andrea gasps, whips around. Nothing there.

Slowly, the outline of a letter begins to form on the wall across from her.

She rises to her feet, cautiously approaches. The letter darkens, turns red. Scrawled poorly, like a young child's handwriting - the letter "C".

She watches in awe as more letters appear. "CAN YOU SEE NOW".

Her shaking hand reaches out, touches the writing. The letters are damp, written in blood.

FLASHBACK

In the cabin, the young girl lies tied to the bed, her nightgown now covered in blood, at the area between her legs.

The door creaks open. Combat boots cross the floor, toward her.

She sobs, screams as he approaches the bed. A hand reaches out to cover her mouth.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CAMPSITE - PREDAWN

Parker steps outside his cabin, goes over to a tree.

The sound of a ZIPPER. He pees, shakes it off and then lights a cigarette.

He takes a couple of long drags.

Leaves rustle. a Branch cracks (O.S.)

From his shirt pocket, Parker withdraws a small flashlight, shines it in that direction.

EXT. RUNDOWN CABIN - PREDAWN

In the Serenity uniform, Cole approaches the cabin, still several yards away.

Before he reaches it, he hears gasping and choking (0.S.).

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A hand reaches out and touches Andrea's shoulder.

She whirls around, screams, and presses herself against the wall.

Cole stands there, both hands held out in front of him.

COLE

Whoa... take it easy.

Andrea stares right past him, as if he's not even there. She shakes her head fast and frantic, eyes wide with terror.

COLE

Andrea?

She swallows hard, raises her arm slowly, as if it weighs a ton, and points at the message on the wall.

Cole turns to look, but from his P.O.V., there's nothing there.

ANDREA

Can you see? Can you see?!

He looks back to Andrea, confused.

The door suddenly flies open - Parker. He grabs Cole by the back of the neck, forces him toward the door.

COLE

Wait.. No. She took off and I was just tryin' to...

Parker drags him outside, pushes him. Both hands thrust hard into Cole's chest.

He stumbles backward, tries to turn and run, but Parker shoves him again.

He lands face first in the dirt and leaves. He barely scrambles to his feet when Parker shoves him again.

INT. RUNDOWN CABIN - SAME

Suddenly, the mattress flies off the bed and slams into the wall.

Andrea ducks, presses her back against the wall.

The underside of it, previously hidden, now shows a big blood stain in the center.

The lamp rolls around a bit on the floor. Andrea looks over, notices it's not plugged in, but still the bulb is on.

The sound of choking, at first faint and distant, then loud. It sounds like it's right next to Andrea. She slowly turns her head.

The ghost stands there, one hand on her throat and the other reaching out for Andrea. The skin on her neck moves in and out, as if hands are there, choking her.

A red rope mark appears, but there's no rope.

Andrea reaches out to the ghost, but another voice permeates the air.

PARKER

You can make this easy on yourself, or you can make it hard. It's all up to you.

A bright flash of white light. Suddenly the mattress is back on the bed.

The girl is tied to the posts.

Parker hovers over her, a night stick in his hand.

The girl screams. Parker covers her mouth with one hand. He presses her harder and harder, down into the mattress.

Still she fights him. Legs wiggling beneath him, trying to buck him off like a horse.

He wraps both hands around her neck and squeezes, face red, hands shaking.

PARKER

Shut up. Shut up!

She kicks and flails, choking under the force of his grip.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Parker shoves Cole.

COLE

God dammit, listen to me! Andrea... there's something fuckin' wrong with her, man!

Parker glances at the cabin for a split second. The light flickers and there's a moaning sound from inside. His brows furrow but he quickly turns on Cole again.

PARKER

Little prick. Think you're gonna make me chase you?

(a shove)

Huh?

(another shove)

Huh?

Cole's face slams into a tree. He stumbles sideways, spits and it's full of blood. He reaches up to wipe his mouth, sees the blood on his hand.

COLE

Hey man... What the fuck is your problem?!

He runs at Parker, lands a solid punch in the side of his head.

They struggle. Parker throws him down and Cole's head slams into a large rock.

Cole's body goes limp. A trickle of blood drips from his temple, onto the rock.

INT. RUNDOWN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Andrea kneels by the bed now, ends of the rope twisted around each hand, a crazed look in her eyes, as the murder plays out before her.

On the bed, the girl suddenly grows still. Parker releases her and her limp body flops over, half on the bed, hands brush the floor.

He stares at her, frozen, panicked, then suddenly slams his fist into the wall, making a hole.

He paces, runs his hands through his hair. Then stops, stares at the dead girl's body.

PARKER

I can't leave you... can't find you like this.

He yanks the door open, exits.

The scene fades away before Andrea's eyes. The mattress is back against the wall again, and the ghost, nowhere in sight.

Andrea sits there, legs folded beneath her, and begins to sob.

A shadow appears in the doorway. The lamp turns off.

Andrea lifts her head, but doesn't turn to look at Parker. Instead she stares blankly, straight ahead.

PARKER

What are you doing here? Nobody know... nobody comes here.

Andrea rocks back and forth. She twists the rope tighter around her hands until her knuckles turn white.

Parker just stares at her like she's nuts.

PARKER

All right... on your feet.

Andrea still doesn't look at him. Her head hangs down, chin close to her chest, face shrouded by her hair.

PARKER

Did you hear me? I said, on your feet... Now.

ANDREA

Nobody asked questions, did they?

PARKER

What? Questions... what are you talking about?

ANDREA

She died right here.

Parker shifts nervously, glances over his shoulder, through the doorway, to see that Cole is still knocked out.

ANDREA

They all thought she was depressed, suicidal - that she just couldn't hack it here.

(in the murdered girls
voice)

But it was you...

Now Andrea slowly turns to him, but it's not her face. It's the face of the dead girl.

Parker gasps, shock and horror on his face. He just shakes his head as he slowly steps backward.

PARKER

No... no. Can't be... you're dead! Dead!

He runs, stumbles --

OUTSIDE

To the nearest bush and vomits. He cries, pitiful and mournful.

When he looks up, he spots Andrea moving toward Cole.

She kneels down, drops the piece of rope on the ground near him, and reaches out to touch him. She stops just short of his shoulder, when she senses something.

Parker wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. Then a maniacal, murderous look comes over him.

Andrea takes off running through the trees. Branches smack her in the face and arms, pull out strands of hair.

Parker chases her, too close for comfort.

She looks back over her shoulder. Parker gains on her fast.

FLASHBACK

The murdered girl crawls behind a clump of bushes, pulls leaves around to cover herself.

END FLASHBACK

Andrea runs, sobbing, trips over a root. She screams, then the clump of bushes comes into view. She crawls over to it, huddles down into the leaves.

Breath coming in gasps, she hears the sound of running FOOTSTEPS. The pace slows, then stops.

Parker pants, rubs sweat from his forehead and looks around. Andrea is nowhere in sight, but by this time, he's just a few feet from where she hides.

He glances in that direction. A wicked smile plays on his lips.

He takes a couple of steps toward her, and Andrea screams, lunges from the bushes.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SAME

Andrea's scream (O.S.)

A light flips on, shines through the counselors' cabin windows.

EXT. WOODS - NEAR STREAM - DAWN

Parker catches up to Andrea, grabs her by the hair.

She screams again, falls onto her back and scurries backward like a crab.

He drags her up, lifts her off the ground by her throat.

She kicks, legs hitting nothing but air. She punches at him, but he only squeezes tighter.

Choking, gasping for breath, Andrea stretches to reach his face. She jabs a fingernail into his eye, presses hard.

Blood runs down his cheek. He groans, drops her to the ground and covers his eye.

She scrambles, crawls on her knees. A boot presses down into her back.

PARKER

Come here you little bitch!

Her hair dangles into the stream.

Parker straddles her back, presses her head down into the stream.

Arms flail out to her sides. Her face turns red, veins pop out on her neck as she strains to lift her head.

A gasping breath, then another. But he's too strong. She screams below the surface of the water.

FLASHBACK

EXT. LAKE SIDE DOCK - DAY

The board Andrea stands on wobbles and breaks loose.

She plunges --

BENEATH THE WATER

Her foot is caught. She ducks down, pulls at the branch.

Her face clouds over with panic. She struggles, tries to hold her breath.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WOODS - STREAM - DAWN

Fast FOOTSTEPS from behind.

A rope suddenly wraps around Parker's neck. He gags, reaches up and tries to wiggle his fingers under the rope.

Behind him, Cole pulls tight, both ends of the rope wrapped around his hands.

Parker tries to turn, to stand, but Cole presses a foot into his back and pulls harder.

They grunt and strain. Parker's face turns red. Eyeballs bug out.

Cole drags him off of Andrea, backward along the ground.

He grabs at leaves, roots, anything that might help stop him.

Andrea rolls over, the back of her head still in the stream. She gags. Coughs up mouthfuls of water.

Cole tugs on the rope a few more times, twists it tighter and tighter, until Parker finally goes limp.

He drops the rope, runs to Andrea. She sobs, falls against his chest.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (ANDREA'S VISION)

Cole sits behind a metal desk in a dull gray room. Across from him on the desk is a steaming cup of coffee, legal pad and pencil.

Nearby, a camera on a tripod records his every move. He stares into it, runs a hand through his hair and sighs.

A door CLOSES and FOOTSTEPS (O.S.).

MAN'S VOICE

All right... let's just take it from the top.

BACK TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

COLE

It's okay. You're okay now.

A SWOOSH of air. A thick branch hits Cole in the back of the neck.

He falls to the ground. Trees and sky blur together. He blinks fast, tries to focus.

Andrea screams, backs away, nearly tripping in the stream.

ANDREA

Cole!

A branch CRACKS loudly.

Parker's head whips around, eyes search for the noise. But it's quiet and still. He turns back to Andrea.

THROUGH THE TREES

HARRIS' P.O.V. :

He draws closer to them, and can just make out bits of Parker and Andrea's clothes, faces, between the tree branches.

PARKER

Why? Why did you have to find it? Everything was fine... it was over. Nobody even knew about that cabin.

He looks down at the branch in his hand, then back at Andrea.

PARKER

But you just had to go snooping, didn't you?

ANDREA/PARKER'S P.O.V.:

Andrea takes a couple more steps backward, then suddenly stops dead still. There's a strange look on her face - confident, almost sarcastic.

Behind them, Cole struggles to stand, but his vision is too blurry, his legs too weak. He falls against a tree and slides down.

PARKER

What the hell are you grinnin' for?

ANDREA

You're already dead. You just don't know it yet.

Parker tilts his head sideways, stares at her like a confused puppy for a second. Then he raises the branch over his head.

Andrea covers her ears.

Harris appears, gun raised and pointed right at Parker.

HARRIS

Parker, no!

Parker gasps. The branch shakes in his hands.

HARRIS

Just put it down, all right! It's over!

Branch still held above his head, he stares at Harris. His lips quiver. Sweat drips down his forehead.

He slowly begins to lower the branch.

ANDREA'S P.O.V.: Like a flash of white light, the ghost suddenly appears next to Parker. She grabs his arm, prevents him from lowering the branch.

Confusion covers his face. He drops one arm from the branch, stares at his other arm still holding it, then strains to lower it.

The ghost thrusts his arm up higher. He glances at Harris with a "help me" look.

A SHOT rings out, strikes Parker in the chest at his heart.

He stares down at the wound like he's confused, brings a hand up to cover it. Blood seeps through his fingers. He drops to his knees, coughs up a clot of blood, then falls over dead.

The ghost slowly steps back, smiles at Andrea, then disappears behind a tree.

Harris lowers the gun, stares solemnly at Parker, as blood pools around him on the ground.

MONTAGE

A body bag zips closed over Parker's face.

A bunch of teens load into several black vans.

Cole and Andrea stand near a tree, away from the others. They exchange slips of paper - phone numbers and addresses. Cole pulls her to him, kisses her.

They hug, hold onto each other. Andrea looks over his shoulder, sees the ghost watching them.

The ghost smiles, turns slowly and walks away. Andrea pulls back from Cole, stares out into the woods. He looks in the same direction, but sees nothing. The ghost slowly disappears like fog on the wind, beyond the trees.

Harris leans against the front of his cabin, a sullen look on his face.

As the van cranks up and starts to pull away, he walks over to watch them leave.

Several hands in the back windows flash him the universal 'one finger' salute.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Cars zoom past. Jessie walks along, her thumb held out.

A rust bucket, beat up old truck pulls over and stops, just ahead of her.

She smiles, leans in, forearms draped over the open passenger side window.

Then she takes a good look at the driver - grungy, with a scraggly beard. She narrows her eyes at him, steps back away from the truck.

JESSIE

I'll take the next one.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The man clenches his teeth together, an angry and disgusted look on his face. He slams his foot on the gas and peels away.

FADE OUT