

DON'T GO INTO THE WOODS

written by

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EXT. CORN FIELD - MORNING

Late autumn. Shriveled cornstalks scattered across a muddy patch of land.

A two-story FARMHOUSE sits a few dozen yards away. Some of the siding sun-bleached. Paint flaking off the shutters.

A thick, wooded area surrounds the place, making the farmhouse tiny by comparison.

Trudging through the cornstalks are--

CHELSEA, 12, and her little brother MATTHEW, 10. Both are dressed in their muddy, baggie play clothes.

Chelsea leads the way, dragging Matthew by the wrist.

Matthew claws at Chelsea's grip. Trying desperately to get free from her clutches.

MATTHEW

Mom said we're not supposed to go
into the woods.

CHELSEA

Don't be such a loser.

They reach the end of the cornstalks and keep moving through the tall grass and weeds, toward...

...THE WOODS.

Chelsea and Matthew come to a stop, staring apprehensively at the woods.

The crunchy, brown leaves sway in the wind.

Chelsea looks over her shoulder at her brother-- his face is frozen in terror. She smiles, adopting a confident look.

CHELSEA

You're not scared are you?

MATTHEW

A little.

CHELSEA

What do you think's in there?

MATTHEW

I don't know. A monster or witch
or something.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

It's gotta be something bad if Mom
won't let us go in there.

CHELSEA

You're such a baby.

MATTHEW

No I'm not!

CHELSEA

Then come on.

Chelsea turns away from her brother. Slowly-- with the smallest hint of trepidation-- she proceeds forward toward the woods. Pulling her brother along in her wake.

EXT. THE WOODS - MORNING

Chelsea and Matthew make their way deeper and deeper into the thick wooded area. Leaves and twigs CRUMBLE and SNAP under their feet.

Matthew's head pivots from one axis to another so quickly it looks like it may fall off. Left, then right, then left again. Over his shoulder, then forward over Chelsea's.

MATTHEW

See? There's nothing here. Can we
go now?

CHELSEA

No. I want to see what's in here.

MATTHEW

Trees and grass. Just like the
woods everywhere. Please... I just
wanna go home.

Chelsea comes to an abrupt stop. Eyes narrowing. Craning her head-- ears first-- like she's trying to hear something.

Matthew looks relieved.

MATTHEW

Thank you. Let's go.

CHELSEA

Quiet. You hear that?

Matthew sighs. He looks on the verge of tears. He looks around, eyes squinting in concentration.

Then he hears--

A LOW, ALMOST UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICE IN THE DISTANCE.

Could be lullaby, could be a Satanic chant. Who knows.

MATTHEW

What's that?

Chelsea gulps. Her confident facade slipping away.

CHELSEA

I don't know... but it sounds
creepy whatever it is.

MATTHEW

Now can we go home?

CHELSEA

That might be a good idea.

BEHIND THEM--

A TWIG SNAPS! THEN-- FOOTSTEPS. GETTING CLOSER.

Unable to fight the urge to do so, Chelsea turns to see--

NOTHING.

No sign of anything. People, animal, monster.

Nothing.

CHELSEA

You heard that too, right?

Matthew nods. Then his eyes drift to the muddy ground. He lifts
a trembling finger and points to--

FOOTPRINTS IN THE MUD.

They stop about six feet or so away from where they're
standing.

Then--

FOOTSTEPS. BRANCHES CRACKING.

Chelsea and Matthew SCREAM. They take off like bats out of
hell, RUNNING AS FAST AS THEY CAN.

Matthew in front, Chelsea behind him.

They make it a few yards, then Chelsea gets up the nerve to
look over her shoulder--

NOTHING BEHIND THEM.

As she turns her head back to the path ahead--

A WOMAN JUMPS OUT FROM BEHIND A TREE, LANDING IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN. SHE LETS OUT A GUTTURAL SCREAM.

Matthew and Chelsea SCREAM, falling onto their backs in the mud. They look up to see--

ALISON, late 30s. Your normal, every day mother. Not a monster or a demon. Just a mother.

Very anti-climactic.

Alison folds her arms, laughing to herself.

ALISON
Now, correct me if I'm wrong, but
I could've sworn I said not to go
into the woods.

Chelsea and Matthew scramble to their feet. Pissed beyond belief that this was all their mother's idea of a sick joke.

They stand there for a moment, catching their breath.

CHELSEA
So you scared the crap out of us?

MATTHEW
Was that necessary?

ALISON
I told you not to come in here
multiple times and you didn't
listen. What was I supposed to do?

MATTHEW
Not scare us!

ALISON
Will you listen to me now?

Matthew hangs his head. A little grumpy. And rightfully so.

MATTHEW
I guess...

Alison turns her parental gaze on Chelsea.

ALISON
Well, missy?

CHELSEA

Yeah, yeah. We'll listen. We'll
stay where we're supposed to.
Blah, blah, blah. Happy?

ALISON

Yep.

Alison steps to the side, extending her hand toward the path
leading out of the woods.

ALISON

After you.

Chelsea and Matthew-- seething with bitterness-- start down the
path. Not saying a word or even looking at each other.

Giving one final smug smile to herself, Alison follows her
children.

They continue to walk further and further away, until they
disappear from view behind some trees.

For a moment, everything is quiet. Everything but the gentle
breeze through the trees.

Then--

FOOTSTEPS. CRUNCHING LEAVES.

Coming from somewhere unseen.

Then-- distant-- barely audible--

THE VOICE. The sound they heard earlier.

Whether it's a lullaby or Satanic chant is still unclear.

FADE TO BLACK.