

GLOW IN THE DARK

Written by

Luke Anthony Walker

luke.ewoods@googlemail.com
+44 7553 814849

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - 1986

Beneath a starry, pristine night sky, a car cruises along a dimly lit road on a chilly Autumn night.

The vehicle's headlights illuminate a signpost indicating a 'Coal Quarry' at the upcoming turn.

Without turning, the car carries onwards, crossing an aged, narrow stone bridge.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

The car ambles through the sleepy village, coming to a gentle stop outside a charming little house which sits across from sprawling open fields and a thicket of dense woodland.

CLAIRE (early 30s), a kind and caring woman, emerges from the vehicle, wearing a cosy coat and hat. Her steps are laden with weariness from a taxing day's work as she makes her way towards the house.

Upon reaching the front door, Claire comes upon a duo of intricately carved Halloween pumpkins gracing the doorstep. A swirl of moths flutter around the inviting porch light.

With a hushed demeanour, Claire inserts a key into the lock, the mechanism yielding with a subtle CLICK. She steps over the threshold, and enters the abode.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire softly closes the door behind her. She reaches out and flips on a lamp, its warm glow filling the area, and then switches off the porch light.

She removes her hat and coat, unveiling tied-back blonde hair and a nurse's uniform adorned with a 'CLAIRE' name badge.

Claire hangs the garments up beside a framed family portrait of herself, her partner, and their two young children.

Her gaze drifts up the dark staircase, where peaceful slumber reigns. Abandoned Halloween costumes are scattered on the steps, drawing a faint tut from Claire. She bends down, collecting the costumes with purpose, and arranges them neatly aside.

Plonking herself onto the stairs, Claire's fingers work through her hair, allowing it to cascade down gracefully.

She lets out a contented sigh as she unlaces her shoes, granting her aching feet respite. With a sense of comfort, she slips into plush slippers, the day's weight gradually melting away.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire flicks the light on. The sight that greets her isn't exactly orderly. Dirty dishes languish in the sink, remnants of a microwave meal scatter the counter, and a spilled bowl of trick-or-treat candy creates a chaotic collage on the table, surrounded by discarded wrappers.

With a disapproving shake of her head, Claire swiftly corrals the debris, her hands deftly clearing the remnants and casting them into the waiting bin.

Seeking solace, Claire pours herself a generous glass of wine. The bottle, now drained of its contents, is dumped into the same bin.

Methodically, she gathers the remaining candies, placing them back into their container. With the bowl in hand, she departs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire switches on the television, cycling through the meagre selection of four available channels.

With a decision made, she sinks into the sofa, making herself comfortable. She indulges in well-deserved sips of wine and occasional bites of candy while watching her chosen show.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

A dense, eerie fog emerges from the depths of the woodland. Like a phantom, it unfurls, swiftly traversing the open fields, its path set toward the village.

Unrelenting, the fog envelops Claire's car, a shroud that clings with an otherworldly touch. The fog advances, rolling silently until it reaches her front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire sleeps soundly on the sofa, the television's glow flickering against her tranquil features. The empty wine glass rests in her hand.

Faint strains of MERRY FIDDLE MUSIC drift in from afar. Stirring from her slumber, Claire blinks wearily as her surroundings gradually come into focus. The siren call of the music compels her, and with a decisive action, she turns off the television.

The music persists, its allure beckoning from the outside. Claire, now fully awake, stands and listens intently.

Driven by curiosity, Claire approaches a window, her fingers parting the curtains. A gasp escapes her lips as she's greeted by an astonishing sight – the front garden cloaked in a thick, unworldly fog, a sight both enchanting and unsettling.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The distant MERRY MUSIC persists.

Claire opens the front door, a mixture of amazement and bewilderment etched upon her face as she's greeted by the thick fog and the entrancing MUSIC.

Seeking clarity, she flicks on the porch light, illuminating the surroundings. The music abruptly ceases. A solitary moth flutters toward the radiant bulb.

From within the veil of fog emerges a plaintive, young woman's voice, a mere whisper – "DADDY."

Concern knits Claire's brows. She's on the verge of calling out in response when a fleeting FIDDLE NOTE, much nearer than before, interrupts her.

The woman's voice retreats into silence. A mysterious, orange glow materializes within the fog, hovering a few feet above the ground.

Anxiety gripping her, Claire retreats a step into the shelter of her home, ready to shut the door. Then, a HAUNTING FIDDLE MELODY begins, captivating and beautiful.

Claire hesitates. An inexplicable pull overcomes her fear. She steps out without reservation, closing her eyes, and surrenders herself to the rhythm of the MUSIC. Her body sways in synchrony, a mesmerizing dance with the unknown.

As the beguiling music recedes, so does the ghostly glow, luring Claire further into the enigmatic fog.

Guided by the ethereal radiance, Claire twirls with a rhythmic grace, her figure casting a striking silhouette against the enigmatic shroud of fog as she disappears into its misty embrace.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY - PRESENT

A lush jungle of house plants thrives within the cosy apartment, embracing every corner with vibrant greenery. Adjacent to the front door, a bicycle is suspended on a wall rack, a functional work of art.

Puncturing the tranquillity, a gentle ALARM emanates from a mobile phone stationed on a bedside table. The digits on the clock read 6:52 AM.

Easing out of bed, a figure reveals itself, pulling back the heavy curtains with a fluid motion. The sun rise, radiant and inviting, floods the apartment with it's energizing rays.

ALEX (early 20s), a grounded, pragmatic young woman with long dark hair, soaks in the warm embrace of the morning light.

Approaching a wall calendar, Alex takes up a marker pen, her eyes alight with excitement as she gleefully circles "*Camping with Peter*" on the 31st of October.

Alex readies a quick, healthful breakfast, meticulously segregating waste into an array of miniature recycling bins. Sustainability is her signature.

Seated at a small table near the window, she enjoys her meal, her gaze traversing the bustling city street below.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Alex stands at the sink, conscientiously brushing her teeth with a sparing amount of water.

Shifting her focus to the mirror, she scrutinizes her hair. Along the central parting, traces of blonde roots are becoming apparent.

Alex ties her hair back into a taut knot, effectively concealing the more noticeable roots.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Clad in camping attire, Alex lifts the bicycle from the rack and props it against the door.

From a printer tray, she retrieves a sheet of paper, methodically rolling it up before slipping it into a sizeable camping backpack.

Alex secures a cycling helmet on her head, hoists the backpack onto her shoulders, and collects her University Student ID card bearing her name, "*Alexandra Hope*".

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Alex wheels her bike out onto the busy street.

In a discourteous blur, a JOGGER dashes past, recklessly tossing an empty plastic bottle toward a public bin. The bottle misses its mark, landing on the pavement instead.

The jogger remains indifferent, continuing their sprint without a glance back. A disheartened sigh escapes Alex's lips. With her somewhat bulky backpack, she stoops down, awkwardly picks up the discarded bottle, and slips it into her pocket.

Mounted on her bicycle, Alex sets off along a dedicated cycle path.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Alex pedals onto the lively campus.

Approaching a sign post reading "*Cyclists Dismount*", Alex adheres to the instruction, stepping off her bike. However, another cyclist disregards the sign, breezing past her without a care.

Reaching a densely populated bike rack, Alex's hope for a spot dwindles as she witnesses the last slot being taken by the very same cyclist.

Although frustration brews within her, Alex simply pushes aside her annoyance, and wheels her bike towards the main entrance.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Alex guides her bike through the festively adorned foyer, an ambiance of Halloween in the air. Her gaze catches a "*Caution - Wet Floor*" sign, prompting her to cautiously ease her pace.

Approaching a line of recycling bins positioned next to a substantial bulletin board, teeming with a myriad of notices, Alex adheres to her eco-conscious principles.

She deposits the plastic bottle into its designated bin, then retrieves the printed paper from her backpack and pins it to the board.

The poster bears her campaign, *"Plant a Tree on Campus"*, alongside the timeless proverb, *"The best time to plant a tree was 20 years ago. The second best time is now."*

Having accomplished her task, Alex continues her journey with the bicycle, following a directional sign toward the *"Zoology Department"*.

In passing, a male student casts an inappropriate glance, his lustful gaze lingering on Alex's form. Oblivious to the wet floor sign, his footing gives way, leading to an unceremonious fall, landing him flat on his face with a resounding WHACK.

INT. ENTOMOLOGY LAB - DAY

PETER (late 20s), a gentle, unassuming nature lover, stands alone in the lab. His attention is absorbed by a taxidermy display case, showcasing a diverse collection of moths.

Adjacent, a small saucepan cools on a miniature gas stove. Peter meticulously gauges its temperature before transferring the viscous black contents into a plastic container. With a careful seal, he secures the lid and places the substance into a rucksack.

From a cupboard, he retrieves an empty vial and a half full bottle of rum. In the midst of his task, a contemplative pause interrupts his actions.

Ensuring the coast is clear, Peter screws the cap back onto the bottle of rum and discreetly tucks the entire bottle into the rucksack.

Abruptly, the door swings open, startling Peter. Reacting with swiftness, he hastily zips up the rucksack and pivots around, inadvertently knocking the empty saucepan and vial to the floor with a resounding CLUNK.

Alex stands in the doorway, her bicycle by her side.

ALEX

Sorry. Perhaps I should have
knocked first.

Peter quickly retrieves the fallen items and resettles them on the counter.

PETER

No need to apologize. It's all good. Just my own clumsiness. Please, come on in.

He beckons her to enter.

Alex encounters difficulty trying to navigate her bicycle through the doorway due to her cumbersome backpack.

Seeing her struggle, Peter steps in to assist. Alex assumes he's going to take the bike from her, but instead, he holds the door open with gentlemanly courtesy.

ALEX

Thank you.

With a smile, she wheels her bike inside.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Would it be possible for me to leave my bike in here overnight?

PETER

Sure thing.

With an obliging nod, he takes the bike from her and gently manoeuvres it to a corner.

PETER (CONT'D)

It'll be perfectly safe and sound here in the entomology lab.

He props it against a radiator but then seems to reconsider.

PETER (CONT'D)

Actually, on second thought, do you have a lock?

ALEX

Yeah.

PETER

I'd recommend using it. Better to err on the side of caution. You just can't trust some people.

Following Peter's advice, Alex securely locks her bike to the radiator pipework.

An awkward silence lingers, and Peter stands there with an endearing smile, clearly smitten with Alex.

She motions towards the taxidermy display case.

ALEX
So, is it one of these?

PETER
Yes.

He points out one of the moths.

PETER (CONT'D)
Jodia Croceago. AKA - The Orange
Upperwing.

ALEX
It's beautiful.

Peter subtly gazes at Alex's features.

PETER
Very.

He averts his eyes swiftly as she turns her attention to him.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm trying not to get my hopes up,
but I believe I've got a pretty
good feeling about this one.
(He hoists his rucksack)
You ready?

ALEX
Ready when you are.

PETER
Then lets get this show on the
road.

With theatrical flair, he swings the rucksack onto his
shoulders, accidentally knocking the saucepan to the floor
with a distinct CLUNK.

Peter swiftly retrieves the fallen item, placing it back onto
the counter. He then extends a courteous gesture, signalling
for Alex to go ahead.

PETER (CONT'D)
After you.

Alex takes the lead, stepping toward the exit, but Peter
unexpectedly rushes forward and holds the door open for her
with gentlemanly grace.

ALEX
Thank you.

They both proceed through the doorway, but as the door shuts behind them, Peter's rucksack strap gets snagged.

On the other side of the door, a resonant BOOMPH echoes.

The door opens slightly, allowing the trapped tassel to be liberated with a gentle tug.

INT. CAR - DAY

Peter occupies the driver's seat, engrossed in configuring the satnav on his mobile phone. Alex fastens her seatbelt in the passenger seat.

ALEX

Thanks again for letting me tag along. I truly appreciate it.

PETER

No problem. Honestly, I welcome the company. These field trips tend to get a bit monotonous by myself.

He grapples with the satnav, the new device proving to be a challenge.

PETER (CONT'D)

Bear with me. New phone.

Peter concentrates on operating the gadget.

Alex's phone RINGS, the screen showing an "UNKNOWN NUMBER". She briefly hesitates before she makes the decision to answer the call.

ALEX

(on phone)

Hello?

(listens to the caller)

Oh, hey. Are you okay? How've you been?

(listens)

No, I'm not. I'm actually going camping for the night.

(listens)

With a friend.

She glances toward Peter, who offers a subtle smile.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Yeah, it's a Uni thing.

(listens)

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
What!? You're there right now?
(disgruntled sigh)
Why didn't you let me know you were coming?
(listens)
Because I would have told you not to.

Peter completes the satnav setup.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(on phone)
But why do you need to see me so urgently?
(listens)
Can't you just tell me over the phone?

Alex rubs her forehead in exasperation.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Alright, alright. No need to remind me. Just stay put. I'm on my way.
(pause)
Yeah, love you too. Bye.

She hangs up the call.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to Peter)
Sorry, Peter. I'll have to take a rain check. My impetuous older sister has decided to pay me a surprise visit, and is currently waiting outside my apartment building because she urgently needs to see me.

PETER
Oh. Sounds serious.

ALEX
Knowing Terra, probably not. She doesn't really do '*serious*'.

PETER
Then why rush over? Just tell her you can't make it.

ALEX
Because she's all the family I've ever really had. She's my sister, and she needs me...apparently.

She unbuckles her seat belt.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Perhaps I can tag along again next time?

PETER
Yeah, of course. Anytime you like.

Alex opens the car door, ready to exit.

PETER (CONT'D)
Unless--
(Alex pauses)
--I give you a lift, and if the situation with your sister isn't anything too serious, maybe you can still come along today, if you still want to of course?

ALEX
Are you sure? I don't know how long it might take. I wouldn't want to disrupt your plans.

PETER
Honestly, I don't really need to get there until late afternoon. So we've got plenty of time. I only suggested leaving this early so we could spend more time together.

He adjusts his words.

PETER (CONT'D)
I mean, spend more time '*there*' - to enjoy the nature, which is something we both enjoy - together.

Peter offers a slightly nervous smile.

ALEX
If your certain you don't mind?

PETER
Absolutely.

Alex closes the door and buckles up again.

Peter readjusts his seat, checks his mirrors, and starts the engine.

PETER (CONT'D)
Then let's roll.

He tries to reverse out of the parking spot, but the car unexpectedly lurches forward. With a sheepish expression on his face, Peter quickly shifts the gear into reverse and cautiously backs up the vehicle.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A barefoot, bohemian busker strums an ACOUSTIC GUITAR, serenading the surroundings. A passer-by tosses a coin into a donation hat placed on the ground.

On foot, Alex and Peter make their arrival. Alex surveys the surroundings, her gaze sweeping up and down the bustling street. Alas, her sister is nowhere in sight.

ALEX
She's not here.
(sighs)
Great. Now what?

PETER
Why don't you try giving her a
call? See where she is.

ALEX
I cant. Terra doesn't have a phone.
She refuses to own one.

She points towards a payphone situated across the street.

ALEX (CONT'D)
She probably called from over there
earlier.

Alex continues to scan the area for her sister.

Unintentionally, Peter makes eye contact with the busker, who responds with a friendly smile and a encouraging nod toward his donation hat.

Caught in a moment of social pressure, Peter feels compelled to oblige. He retrieves his wallet, but he lacks small change, only having a few notes. The busker clocks the cash and breaks into an appreciative grin.

With a hint of reluctance, Peter extracts a five-pound note and places it into the donation hat. The busker bows gratefully, his guitar strings PLUCKED with renewed zeal.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about this, Peter. My sister means the world to me, she truly does, but honestly, she can be such an inconvenience at times.

Out of nowhere, TERRA (late 20s), an optimistic and uninhibited free-spirit with flowing golden hair, appears.

TERRA

Good morning!

Peter startles at her sudden appearance, causing the busker to abruptly cease playing.

ALEX

There you are. Where have you...

Terra envelops Alex in a warm embrace, showering her little sister with affection.

TERRA

I'm so happy to see you.

Alex reciprocates the hug.

ALEX

It's good to see you too, sis.

Alex tries to disengage from the embrace, but Terra holds on tightly.

TERRA

Feels like I haven't seen you in forever.

ALEX

It's only been a few weeks.

TERRA

Exactly.

The busker adorns his strapped guitar on his back, gathers the donations, and situates the hat atop his head.

Terra releases her sister.

TERRA (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

And you must be the Uni friend.

Peter extends his hand for a handshake, but Terra surprises him by wrapping her arms around him.

TERRA (CONT'D)

It's wonderful to meet you, friend.

Peter appears a bit taken aback by the warm reception.

PETER

It's nice to meet you too.

He shifts his gaze sheepishly towards Alex.

ALEX

Peter, I'd like you to meet my
older sister, Terra.

Terra releases the hug.

TERRA

You have a very old soul, Peter. I
can feel it.

She gently pats his cheek.

TERRA (CONT'D)

I can see why my sister likes you.

Peter responds with a polite smile. Alex, meanwhile, is
feeling a bit embarrassed.

ALEX

(to Terra)

I was looking for you. Where have
you been?

TERRA

Getting breakfast.

She holds up a high-street pharmacy carrier bag.

ALEX

From a pharmacy?

TERRA

Yeah. I really liked the sign above
the door, and they do tend to have
healthier foods in pharmacies...I
think. Unfortunately, I couldn't
carry everything, so I had to buy a
'bag-for-life'.

Terra gazes at the bag with concern.

TERRA (CONT'D)

It's quite a commitment, isn't it?
For life. I don't know if I'm ready
for that sort of responsibility.

Peter notices the busker is just standing there, observing them.

ALEX

(to Terra)

So, what's going on? Why do you so
urgently need to see me?

Terra hesitates to answer.

DEVON (O.S.)

Because of me.

DEVON, the busker (early 30s), a charming and self-assured
eco-warrior, steps forward.

TERRA

Alex, I'd like you to meet my
'friend', Devon.

DEVON

Greetings.

TERRA

Devon, this is my beautiful little
sister, Alex.

Devon hugs Alex.

DEVON

It's a honour to finally meet you,
Alex.

Terra motions towards Peter.

TERRA

And this is her handsome friend,
Peter.

Devon tries to embrace him, but Peter steps back, offering
his palm for a handshake instead.

DEVON

Not a hugger, huh? That's okay. I
wont hold it against you.

He firmly shakes Peter's hand.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Good to meet you, Pete.

Peter offers a polite smile.

PETER
It's Peter.

Terra and Devon wrap their arms around each other affectionately.

ALEX
Is this what was so urgent? You
just wanted me to meet your
new...boyfriend?

TERRA
Yeah...pretty much.

DEVON
Although we wouldn't use such a
conventional term to describe our
relationship. It's more than that.

Devon and Terra share a meaningful gaze.

TERRA
We're soulmates.

They passionately kiss. Alex and Peter begin to feel a bit awkward due to the intense public display of affection.

ALEX
Okay. That's enough.

Terra and Devon end their kiss.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Well, it was nice to meet you
Devon.

Alex shakes Devon's hand and then hugs Terra.

ALEX (CONT'D)
It's great to see you, sis, really.
You should visit more often - but
call ahead next time, okay?

She plants a kiss on Terra's forehead.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Now, if you don't mind, Peter and I
have plans.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to Peter)
Shall we?

Peter concurs, and they both turn to leave.

TERRA
Wait. You're not leaving are you?

ALEX
Yes.

TERRA
But I was hoping we would spend the day together. Have a catch up. Come on, since I'm already here.

ALEX
Terra, I already have plans. You can't just show up unannounced and expect me to drop everything. The whole world doesn't revolve around you, you know?

TERRA
Alright, then how about we come with you. You said you were going camping right? It'll be fun, the four of us.

DEVON
I'm down for that.

Alex and Peter exchange concerned glances, clearly not thrilled with the idea.

ALEX
But it's not that kind of trip. Peter has some important research work to do. Plus, you don't have any equipment or supplies--

She gestures toward Devon's bare feet.

ALEX (CONT'D)
--or even shoes, for that matter.

DEVON
You don't need a bunch of fancy equipment or foot-deforming shoes, made in a sweatshop by some oppressed worker, to go camping. No. Just the clothes on your back and a warm, roaring fire by your side.

TERRA

And we do have supplies.

She raises her "bag-for-life" up, extremely pleased with herself.

ALEX

But that's not enough food for the two of you.

DEVON

It's not a problem. We'll just buy some more before setting off.

TERRA

(to Devon)

But I spent most of the money we had.

DEVON

That's alright; I've just earned us more.

He gives Peter an acknowledging nod. Peter's a little aggrieved but politely nods back.

TERRA

Oh, goodie. So we can come?

(to Peter)

I swear we won't get in the way of your important research. You'll barely even know we're there, I promise.

Peter's unsure whether to agree. He looks to Alex for her opinion. She gives him a "it's up to you" look.

PETER

Um, yeah, okay. The more, the merrier, right?

TERRA

Yay!

(kisses Peter's cheek)

We're going to have so much fun.

She links arms with Peter and Alex.

TERRA (CONT'D)

Lead on.

PETER

Okay. Where are you parked?

TERRA

Nowhere. We came on the train.
Neither of us owns a car.

DEVON

There's enough of those gas
guzzling machines on the road as it
is. We choose not to contribute to
the problem.

PETER

Oh. Okay. We'll all just go in my
car then...I guess.

Alex gives Peter an apologetic smile as the group heads off.

INT. CAR - DAY

The group gathers into the parked car. Peter and Alex settle
into the front seats, while Devon and Terra squeeze into the
back.

Terra's bag-for-life is now brimming with additional
supplies. Devon struggles to find space for his guitar.
Inadvertently, he BONKS Peter on the head with the instrument
before manoeuvring it between his legs.

Once again, Peter sets up the satnav. Terra leans forward
between the front seats, intrigued.

TERRA

(to Peter)

So, where's that little gizmo of
yours taking us today, Peter?

(gestures at satnav)

And what's this important research
you're doing?

Peter continues to struggle with the new device.

PETER

Well, we're off to a woodland near
a small village about an hour's
drive south from here--

(fumbles with the satnav)

--because a member of the
lepidopterists society reported a
sighting of a rare and endangered
species of moth. It hasn't been
officially seen in these parts for
over a decade, and as part of my
Ph.D., it's my duty to investigate.

DEVON

Sounds like a worthy endeavour.

Devon also leans into the front.

DEVON (CONT'D)

So, you two must be studying
Entomology or something, right?

PETER

Lepidopterology, to be precise.
It's the specialized study of moths
and the three super families of
butterflies. Essentially, it's a
branch of entomology.

DEVON

Ah, gotcha. Thought so.

ALEX

I'm not studying in that field
though. I'm actually pursuing a
bachelor's degree in environmental
science. Peter's just letting me
tag along so I can gain some hands-
on experience in different fields
before deciding on what master's
course to take.

DEVON

Cool.

Devon leans back in his seat, and Terra wears a slightly
puzzled expression.

TERRA

(to Alex)

But I thought you'd already decided
what you were going to study for
your masters.

ALEX

No. Not definitely.

TERRA

What happened to your whole '*ten-
year plan*' thing you had? I can't
remember all the details, but it
was very precise, and I'm pretty
sure it didn't involve butterflies.

ALEX

Well, things change. People develop new interests, and I'm just exploring my options.

Alex glances at Peter still struggling with the satnav. Terra catches the glance and the realization dawns on her.

TERRA

Ah, I see. But you're not sure yet if these '*options*'--
 (points at Peter)
 --are interested in '*exploring*' you. I get it now.

She gives Alex a not-so-subtle wink and settles back into her seat. Alex is clearly irked by her sister's lack of subtlety.

Peter remains oblivious, engrossed in his phone.

PETER

Okay.

He finishes setting up the navigation, fastens his seat belt, and starts the engine.

PETER (CONT'D)

Say goodbye to civilization, and hello to nature.

Peter checks his mirrors and cautiously pulls away.

EXT. DUAL-CARRIAGEWAY - DAY

Peter's car sits in a sea of HONKING vehicles, trapped in heavy traffic on the bustling road.

INT. CAR - DAY

Peter leans over the steering wheel, his boredom and frustration evident. Alex occupies herself with her mobile phone, while Terra gazes out the window lost in her thoughts, clutching the bag-for-life on her lap.

Devon is slumped back in his seat, humming a tune to himself. He suddenly takes out a small notebook from his pocket and starts jotting something down.

DEVON

Hey, Pete. How about some music to lighten the mood?

PETER

Sure, okay - and it's Peter by the way.

Peter turns on the stereo, indifferently selecting a MODERN POP SONG from the radio. Devon's expression turns to one of shock and disgust.

DEVON

I'm sorry, but what in the world is this?

PETER

Uh - music?

Devon springs forward, almost offended.

DEVON

This tripe is not music, my friend. True music comes from the soul. It should stir something deep within yourself, influencing the very essence of one's being. The only thing this generic, corporate drivel influences is some fat cat's bank account.

PETER

Oh, alright. I can change the station if you like?

DEVON

No need.

Devon leans in and switches the stereo off.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Allow me to demonstrate.

Devon launches into an impassioned SONG accompanied by his GUITAR. Terra watches with adoration, swaying to the rhythm.

Alex offers Peter an apologetic smile.

As the traffic inches along, Peter lets out an exasperated HONK of his horn.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Peter's car glides along a serene countryside route.

It passes the now faded and weathered 'Coal Quarry' sign, half-hidden by overgrown foliage.

The vehicle crosses the narrow stone bridge, spanning a gentle babbling brook.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Peter's car cruises through the tranquil, sleepy village.

It comes to a stop down the road from a charming little house which sits across from sprawling open fields and a thicket of dense woodland.

The group disembarks, stepping out onto the idyllic scene.

Terra hops out with her trusty bag-for-life, exploring their charming surroundings.

Devon adjusts his strapped guitar onto his back. He breathes in the crisp air and indulges in some yoga stretches to loosen his muscles.

Peter fumbles and drops his phone. He hastily picks it up, visibly relieved that it's unscathed.

Alex makes a beeline for the back of the vehicle and pops the boot open.

Terra ensures none of the group is watching her before discreetly turning her back to them, retrieving something from her pocket. She gazes at the object in her hand with evident apprehension.

Meanwhile, Peter and Alex assist each other in donning their sizable backpacks.

Devon peers into the open boot, on the lookout for something.

DEVON

Where is it, then? I'll give you a hand in carrying it.

PETER

Carrying what?

DEVON

The kitchen sink. You two seem to have brought everything else.

He smirks and playfully taps their heavily loaded backpacks.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I'll carry this instead.

Devon grabs Peter's rucksack from the boot and casually slings it over his shoulder.

PETER
Be careful with that, please.

DEVON
Relax. It's in safe hands.

Devon shuts the boot with a confident SLAM. Terra discreetly stashes the item back in her pocket and playfully twirls around, attempting to mask her earlier secrecy.

Peter ensures the car is locked, testing two of the door handles to confirm.

DEVON (CONT'D)
(to Peter)
So, where we headed?

PETER
Um?

Peter consults the map on his phone.

PETER (CONT'D)
I believe I've already found a
suitable spot to set up camp.

He works to orient himself on the device.

PETER (CONT'D)
There's a clearing in the woods not
too far from here. If the orange
upperwing has indeed returned, that
will be the optimal location to
find them.

He determines the right direction and points ahead.

PETER (CONT'D)
This way.

Confidently, Peter strides forward, still focused on the map. However, he quickly halts.

PETER (CONT'D)
Wait a moment.
(dithers)
No, this way.

He points in a different direction and sets off, periodically glancing at the map for reassurance.

DEVON

(to Peter)

You'd be completely lost without
that contraption, wouldn't you?

The group follows Peter across the open fields.

DEVON (CONT'D)

It's called a con-trap-tion for a
reason, you know. Because everyone
who possesses one, has been 'con-
ned' into a 'trap' for their mind.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Devon and Peter lead the way, approaching the edge of the
woodland.

Terra reaches out and gently takes Alex's hand, leaning her
head on her sister's shoulder.

Knowing her sister well, Alex senses something might be
bothering Terra.

ALEX

You okay? Something wrong?

Terra hesitates before responding.

TERRA

Just thinking about Mum.

DEVON (O.S.)

Hey, check it out.

Devon gestures towards a row of corrugated iron gazebos,
evenly spaced along the field's edge, running parallel to the
woodland. Each shelter boasts a stack of chopped wood beneath
its weathered roof.

Terra's curiosity is piqued.

TERRA

Interesting. Lets go take a look.

Alex raises an eyebrow, about to voice her objection, but
Terra tugs her along excitedly. Devon follows behind.

PETER

Where're you all going? They're
just wood sheds or something.

DEVON
 (calls back)
 Come on, Pete.

PETER
 (grumbles to self)
 It's Peter.

He reluctantly follows the group.

EXT. SHELTER - DAY

Terra and Alex arrive at the nearest mound of chopped wood, seemingly stacked for burning.

ALEX
 Great, a pile of wood. Can we go now?

TERRA
 It's not just a pile of wood--
 (scans the row of
 shelters)
 --they're bonfires.

ALEX
 Bonfires? Why would anyone construct a line of covered bonfires out here?

Devon and Peter join them.

TERRA
 Hold on. It's Allhallows Eve. Maybe they're for Samhain.

PETER
 Sam who?

DEVON
 Samhain. The Gaelic harvest festival from which Halloween originates.

Alex and Peter appear clueless.

TERRA
 Originally, on Allhallows Eve, the ancient Celts celebrated the pagan festival of Samhain to mark the end of the harvest season, and to usher in the darker half of the year.

(MORE)

TERRA (CONT'D)
 Druid priests would light these
 huge community bonfires--

Devon inquisitively picks up a small log.

TERRA (CONT'D)
 --because they believed that on
 that night, the veil between the
 physical and the spiritual world
 was at its thinnest, and the souls
 of the dead could cross over to the
 mortal realm. The fires were lit to
 ward off any evil or malevolent
 spirits.

Terra has spooked herself. Alex rolls her eyes.

ALEX
 It's alright, sis. I doubt there
 are many ancient Celts or Druid
 priests living around here these
 days, so I wouldn't worry yourself.

Terra sarcastically smiles at her sister.

Devon sniffs the log, then nibbles the bark.

PETER
 What are you doing?

DEVON
 (to Peter)
 It's yew.

He spits out bits of bark.

PETER
 What's me?

DEVON
 Not 'you'--
 (spits)
 --'yew' wood.

Peter remains puzzled.

PETER
 I would what? You're not making any
 sense.

Devon places the log in Peter's hand.

DEVON
 It's 'yew' wood. From a 'yew' tree.

He glares at the row of sheltered bonfires.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I'd bet they're all made from it.
And this isn't just pruned or
fallen branches; it's an entire
tree.

Terra takes the log from Peter.

TERRA

(to Devon)

Are you certain it's a yew tree?

DEVON

I lived up one for a while. So
yeah, I'm pretty damn sure.

Terra looks troubled.

PETER

What's the issue if it's yew wood
or not?

ALEX

Yews are some of the most ancient
trees in all of Europe. They can
literally be thousands of years
old. Yet they receive little to no
protection from the government.

DEVON

There are listed bus stops which
have been granted greater
protection.

Peter smirks, thinking Devon's joking.

DEVON (CONT'D)

I'm not kidding.

Peter quickly drops his smile.

Alex crouches down and closely examines the earthy ground,
gently rubbing the dirt between her fingers.

ALEX

It's strange though.

She curiously looks towards the woodland.

ALEX (CONT'D)

This isn't the type of woodland where you'd typically expect to find yew trees growing. They prefer chalkier soil. In fact, I don't think I've seen a single one since we arrived.

She scans the area.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Wherever this wood came from, it doesn't seem to be native to this area.

Devon looks incensed.

DEVON

Well, someone around here knows where it came from--
(glares back at village)
--and I'd certainly like to find out who.

Peter's eager to avoid any confrontation.

PETER

Lets just carry on, shall we? We don't want any trouble.

Devon lets out an exasperated sigh. He closes his eyes and takes deep, meditative breaths, attempting to calm himself.

DEVON

Right.

He resolutely marches straight toward the woods.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Come on, Pete. Lets go find this moth of yours.

PETER

It's Pe...

Peter starts to correct Devon but then decides to let it go, realizing it's no longer worth the effort.

Alex and Peter follow Devon. Terra lingers for a moment, staring at the small yew log in her hand with a worried expression.

ALEX

Terra. Lets go.

Terra tucks the yew log into her bag and joins the others.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

A figure stands beside Peter's car, observing the group as they enter the woodland in the distance.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Peter takes the lead, guiding the group through the scenic woods, frequently glancing at the map on his phone.

Terra walks between Alex and Devon, holding hands with both.

ALEX

Sorry, but I have to ask.

(to Devon)

Did you say earlier that you once lived up a yew tree?

DEVON

Yeah, for a while - and a few other types of trees too.

Alex is intrigued, waiting for more information, but Devon isn't very forthcoming.

ALEX

Care to elaborate?

TERRA

(supportively)

Devon's a tree sitter.

ALEX

Tree sitter? As in the kind of environmental protest?

Devon modestly, yet with a hint of pride, nods.

DEVON

Someone has to try and protect our ancient woodlands from all these ruthless, greedy developers who think they can simply wipe them out, as if they have ownership over them. No, I say. Not on my watch.

ALEX

So, you're a activist?

DEVON

Among other things.

He PLUCKS one of his guitar strings.

Alex perceives Devon in a new light.

TERRA

(to Devon)

Alex has become quite the activist herself, you know.

DEVON

Oh, yeah?

ALEX

Nothing as commendable as what you do. I mainly organize litter picks and tree planting drives - little things like that. I'm just trying to contribute in my own way.

DEVON

That's more than most.

Peter calls out to them.

PETER

This way.

(points in a direction)

I think. Hang on.

He pauses, checking the map. The others halt their progress, awaiting directions.

ALEX

(to Devon)

So how long do you usually live up these trees for?

DEVON

For as long as it takes. It's essentially a stalling tactic. It simply buys time for legal action to take place in the courts. Hopefully securing the long-term protection of the tree. It could be for days or even weeks sometimes.

Terra catches sight of something beyond the trees.

TERRA

What's that over there?

She gestures towards an open area beyond the woods.

PETER

Oh, that's just an old, abandoned coal quarry. I can see it on the map.

TERRA

Why didn't you say?

Excitedly, Terra takes Alex and Devon's hands, leading them toward the quarry.

PETER

(to himself)

Because I didn't want '*this*' to happen.

Peter reluctantly follows behind.

EXT. QUARRY - DAY

Terra, Alex, and Devon arrive at the edge of the flooded quarry. Terra steps up to the brink, leaning over and peering down at the water below.

TERRA

I wonder how deep it is?

Alex reaches out and cautiously pulls her back.

ALEX

You're too close.

Devon gazes at the vast hole in the ground, visibly sickened by its sheer size.

DEVON

Yet another example of humanity's ruthless disregard for this world. We're literally tearing out the very soul of this planet and consuming it, piece by piece.

TERRA

But nature always finds its way back.

She smiles with a sense of hope, taking solace in the beautiful wildlife which has reclaimed the site.

Peter arrives, slipping his phone into his pocket. He steers well clear of the edge, cautious about getting too close.

DEVON

Anyone up for a dip?

Peter smirks, clearly amused by the idea.

PETER

Your joking, right?

DEVON

No.

Devon sets down his guitar and Peter's rucksack. He steps up to the verge and gazes down at the dark, calm water below.

PETER

But it's dangerous. Can't you see the signs?

He points to two warning signs nearby: "*Danger - Deep Cold Water*" and "*Do Not Swim*".

DEVON

Yeah, I saw the signs. I simply choose to ignore them. It's just scare tactics. It'll be fine.

ALEX

You can't just ignore the warning signs, they're there for a reason. That water's potentially freezing this time of year. If you jump in, you might fall into hypothermic shock and drown.

PETER

Or crack your head open on some rocks below the surface and drown that way instead.

DEVON

Okay, okay, relax. I was only joking. Jeez, you two need to lighten up.

Devon steps back from the edge, picking up the rucksack and guitar.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Go on then, Pete, lead on.

Peter retrieves his phone from his pocket but fumbles it. The device bounces from hand to hand as he desperately tries to regain control.

Just as it's about to plummet over the precipice, Peter manages to snatch it out of the air, relief washing over his face.

PETER

Ha! Got it.

Peter's footing becomes precarious as he finds himself teetering on the edge. The substantial weight of his backpack begins to shift his equilibrium, pulling him over.

Devon reacts swiftly, yanking Peter back to safety.

Peter stumbles and collapses into Devon's arms, holding tightly on for dear life.

DEVON

You're hugging me now, aren't you?

Peter releases his grip, slightly embarrassed.

Alex exhales in relief.

ALEX

That was close. You very nearly just went over.

Terra offers comfort, placing a reassuring hand on Peter's shoulder.

TERRA

You okay?

PETER

Yeah, yeah, I'm good.

Despite his brave front, it's evident Peter's shaken up.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to Devon)

Thank you, Devon. I believe you may have actually just saved my life.

Devon downplays it with a casual shrug.

DEVON

Don't mention it.

Terra theatrically plants a kiss on Devon's cheek.

TERRA

My hero.

Peter consults the map, indicating the direction by pointing at the treeline.

PETER

That way.

The group follows his lead, venturing back into the woods.

EXT. GLADE - DAY

The group arrives at a picturesque grassy clearing nestled within the woods.

Peter wears a satisfied grin as he takes in the location.

PETER

This is perfect.

Terra wanders away, marvelling in the glades natural beauty.

Alex and Peter swiftly get into motion, unpacking their equipment. They engage in a discussion about the ideal spots to pitch their tents.

DEVON

Leave the campfire to me, guys. I'm something of an expert.

Terra spots a cluster of beautiful wildflowers at the edge of the glade. She lowers herself into a crouch to admire them.

A twig SNAPS nearby, instantly drawing Terra's attention.

JOHN, (mid 70s), a grizzled and sullen yokel, stands before her, holding a hefty axe and exuding an aura of resentment. He locks eyes with Terra.

She rises to her feet.

TERRA

Hello.

No response from John.

TERRA (CONT'D)

I like your axe.

Devon catches sight of John.

DEVON

Hey!

He quickly moves to stand protectively in front of Terra.

Alex and Peter watch on, tense and concerned.

DEVON (CONT'D)
(to John)
Can we help you with something,
friend?

John remains unresponsive, his attention fixed on Terra.

DEVON (CONT'D)
(insistently)
Hey--

Devon snaps his fingers in front of John's face.

DEVON (CONT'D)
--Look at me.

Reluctantly, John's glare shifts to Devon.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Can we help you?

JOHN
You can't camp here. This is
private land.

DEVON
Private? Oh right, sorry, we didn't
realize this woodland's actually
someone's property. We didn't come
across any signs.

JOHN
Me telling you is sign enough,
wouldn't you say?

DEVON
Sure. But who might you be?

JOHN
John Wortman. The owner of the land
you're trespassing on.

DEVON
You're the landowner? Well, good.
In that case, I'm glad you're here.

Devon adopts a more open and friendly demeanour.

DEVON (CONT'D)
As the legal owner, you have the
authority to grant us permission to
stay here.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

(gestures toward Peter and Alex.)

My associates over there are from one of the top Universities in the country--

(Peter waves sheepishly)

--and they have some very important research they need to conduct in these woods tonight. So...

John cuts in, rudely interrupting.

JOHN

I don't give a damn who you are or why you're here. This is my land, and I want you off it. Right now. Go on. The lot of you. Sling your hook!

John makes a aggressive shooing gesture, urging them to leave.

Peter acts swiftly, re-packing his gear.

Devon maintains his composure, his body language undergoing a shift.

DEVON

Okay, if that's the way you want to be about it.

Devon faces John directly, his tone now carrying a more assertive edge.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Until you provide us with some form of documentation substantiating your claim as the so called 'owner' of these woods, we're not going anywhere.

Devon resolutely stands his ground.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Should you decide to take more forceful measures to evict us prior to that, then that my friend, would be classified as assault.

John squares up to him, intimidatingly gripping his axe.

JOHN

If that's what it takes.

An intense standoff ensues as they lock eyes in a tense stare-down.

Alex steps in, intervening to diffuse the mounting tension.

ALEX

(to John)

Look, we're sorry for trespassing on your land. But there's no need for things to escalate any further, because we're leaving.

(to Devon)

Right now.

Terra softly nudges Devon, urging him to disengage.

Peter earnestly slings on his backpack and assists Alex with hers.

DEVON

(to John)

A little piece of advice for you, friend. Next time you decide to grace others with your charming personality, you should consider popping a breath mint first--

(shoulders rucksack and guitar)

--you stinking old booze-hound.

John watches the group as they clear out of the glade, his stern expression unwavering.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The group approaches Peter's car.

DEVON

This is bullshit. We can't just bow down to intimidation like that. We should stand against it, not run away.

Peter unlocks the vehicle and opens the boot.

ALEX

What other choice do we have? He is the landowner after all.

They proceed to load the backpacks and rucksacks into the car. Terra clings onto her bag-for-life.

DEVON

Yeah, but it's only his land,
because at some point in history,
probably proceeding some war or
another, some aristocrat, blue-
blood toff probably just declared
ownership, and over the years it's
been passed down, divvied up and
sold off. Truth is, no one can
truly proclaim ownership over any
part of this planet. No one.

PETER

That might be true, but he's got a
really big axe.
(shuts boot)
So lets go.

Peter and Alex settle into the car, and buckle-up.

Terra offers comfort to Devon.

TERRA

I know it's not fair, but sometimes
it's best to just be the bigger
person, and walk away.

DEVON

Yeah, but sometimes being the
bigger person, can make you feel so
small.

She gives him a tender kiss on the cheek.

TERRA

Come on. Lets get going.

Devon reluctantly yields. Terra gets into the car. Devon is
about to follow suit when realization hits him.

DEVON

Shit.

He turns back towards the woodland.

DEVON (CONT'D)

He's probably the one responsible
for those bonfires, isn't he? Or at
least knows something about it.

Devon's aggrieved, unwilling to leave. He surveys the
surroundings, hoping to spot John.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Damn it. I've got a few questions
for that guy.

Peter starts the ENGINE, ready to leave.

PETER
(to Devon)
We're leaving.

Devon pauses for a moment, closing his eyes and taking deep breaths in an attempt to find inner calm. But he soon abandons the effort and takes out his little notebook, passionately jotting something down.

In an act of defiance, he strums his GUITAR, raising his middle finger in a rebellious gesture to the world, hoping John might catch sight of it.

Devon finally gets into the car, and the vehicle speeds away.

John observes from afar, ensuring the group departs the village.

INT. CAR - DAY

The atmosphere inside the car is sombre, silence prevailing, except for Devon, who's still seething with frustration.

The car crosses the narrow stone bridge.

DEVON
So what now? What's the plan?

PETER
I'm not sure. Head home, I guess.

Alex offers Peter a sympathetic smile.

As they approach the old quarry sign, Devon's attention sharpens.

DEVON
To hell with that. I've got a
better idea.

He points emphatically to the upcoming turn leading to the quarry.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Take the turn, Pete.

PETER

What? Why?

DEVON

Trust me. Just do it.

Peter's indecisive, almost driving past the side-road.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Now!

Peter abruptly hits the BRAKES and jerks the steering wheel, causing the car to SKID around the bend. Everyone grips their seats tightly.

The car comes to a jolting halt, aligned perfectly with the road.

Terra is elated, sporting a joyful, childlike grin.

TERRA

Weeeee.

DEVON

Geez, Pete. Maybe a tad slower next time, yeah?

Peter remains unresponsive, fixated on the road ahead, his hands clenched tightly around the steering wheel.

ALEX

Peter, are you alright?

Suddenly, he lets out a mini scream and loosens his grip.

PETER

(to Devon)

Why did you make me do that?

DEVON

Because I've got a plan. We can set up camp at the quarry. I doubt he can claim to own that land as well, and it's right next to the woods. Problem solved.

ALEX

(to Peter)

He might be onto something, actually. It's doubtful he owns that land too. Perhaps that's where the person who reported the moth sighting camped anyway.

Peter is reluctant, unsure about this new plan.

PETER

Even if it's not his land, I don't think that guy's going to be too thrilled to find us camping there. He'll likely still make us leave.

DEVON

That's only if he sees us. If we park the car further down this road, cross the stream, and stay out of sight, he won't even know we're there. And even if he does show up, leave him to me, I'll handle it.

Peter remains unconvinced.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Come on, Pete. Where's your bottle. It's the only way you're going to find this moth of yours?

Alex offers Peter an encouraging smile.

PETER

Sod it. Lets give it a shot.

DEVON

Good man. That's the spirit.

He pats Peter on the shoulder and settles back in his seat.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Drive on.

Peter starts the ENGINE and slowly pulls away.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

The group progresses along the stream's bank, each member carrying their bags. Devon leads the way.

They arrive at a point where stepping stones provide a pathway across the water.

Devon assists everyone in crossing, with Peter requiring the most support.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DUSK

The group has established their camp within view of the quarry, with their two tents situated right at the woodland's edge.

Alex finalizes the tent setup, TAPPING the last few pegs into the ground using a small rubber hammer. Devon demonstrates his expertise, crafting a notable campfire. Peter tautly fastens a white sheet between two trees.

With the tent securely pitched, Alex gets to work arranging their supplies and utensils, diligently organizing the campsite.

Terra emerges from the woods, lost in contemplation, clutching a bundle of firewood within her otherwise empty bag-for-life. As she steps into the campsite, she catches sight of Peter, who's observing Alex with an affectionate gaze. The moment Terra's eyes meet his, he quickly shifts his attention elsewhere.

Terra tips out the contents of her bag onto a pile of firewood next to Devon, intentionally leaving the yew log safely inside. She meticulously brushes away any traces of dirt from the bag before thoughtfully setting it down beside the woodpile.

With a mischievous glint in her eye, Terra steals a covert glance at Peter and Alex, a sly smile grows on her lips.

TERRA

It feels like it might get a little chilly this evening.

(to Alex)

Could me and Devon possibly borrow your tent for the night?

The query piques the interest of Devon and Peter.

ALEX

What? But I thought you said you didn't need one.

DEVON

We don't.

(to Terra)

My fire shall keep us warm.

He gestures proudly towards his yet-to-be-lit campfire.

TERRA

I know it will.

She wraps her arms around him affectionately, wearing a teasing grin.

TERRA (CONT'D)

But I was thinking, it might be nice to have a little privacy later, if you catch my drift.

She softly plants a kiss on his lips. Devon grins, getting the message.

DEVON

I'm down for that.

(to Alex)

So what do you say? Can we borrow your tent?

ALEX

And where am I suppose to sleep?

TERRA

You can share with Peter.

(to Peter)

You don't mind bunking with my sister for the night, do you?

PETER

Um, yeah. I suppose that'll be okay.

(to Alex)

That is, if you're alright with it, of course.

ALEX

Um, yeah, I guess it'll be okay.

An awkward pause hangs in the air.

TERRA

Wonderful, it's settled then.

With the matter resolved, everyone returns to their tasks. Terra secretly relishes her successful matchmaking.

Peter completes tying all four corners of the stretched sheet. He reaches into his rucksack and retrieves a paintbrush, and the container of viscous black goo.

Terra curiously approaches.

TERRA (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

What's that?

Peter opens the container.

PETER

This is for attracting moths. It's called sugaring.

Terra inspects the gooey substance.

TERRA

What do you do with it?

Peter explains enthusiastically.

PETER

Well, first I'm going to smear it all over this sheet with this paintbrush. Then, when it gets dark, I'll leave a light shining on it.

He retrieves a battery-powered lantern from his rucksack.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm using a UV lamp, which should help attract a wider variety of species. In a few hours, this whole sheet will be swarming with moths, and hopefully, the endangered orange upperwing will be among them.

Terra takes a whiff of the goo.

TERRA

Smells nice. What's it made from?

PETER

There are many sugaring recipes, but I've found this one works best. It's a boiled mix of brown ale, brown sugar, black treacle, and just before applying it, I add the secret ingredient.

He pulls out the bottle of rum from the rucksack.

PETER (CONT'D)

A few drops of rum.

Devon's ears perk up.

Peter pours a capful of rum into the container, stirs it with the paintbrush, and proceeds to smear goo across the sheet.

TERRA

May I?

She requests the brush.

PETER

Sure.

He dips the brush in the goo and hands it to her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Just smear it...

Terra suddenly tastes the sugaring.

PETER (CONT'D)

No, you're not supposed to...

She has another taste.

TERRA

Yum. I can see why they like it.

She hands the brush back to Peter, who smiles.

PETER

They love it.

DEVON (O.S.)

Yes, Pete.

Devon is holding the bottle of rum with a mischievous grin, inspecting the label.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Looks like someone was planning on
having fun tonight after all.

Peter hurriedly clarifies, a bit sheepish and stealing a glance at Alex.

PETER

No, I wasn't. It's not for
drinking. It's for the moths.
Besides, it's not even mine. I have
to return it to the entomology
department tomorrow.

He attempts to take the bottle, but Devon playfully
withdraws.

DEVON

Hold your horses. That's not fair.
Why should the moths have all the
fun? Besides, you can easily buy a
replacement. Here--

Devon digs into his pocket, retrieves his loose change, and
hands it to Peter.

DEVON (CONT'D)

--there's not much there, but I'll
give you some more next time I earn
some.

Devon gives Peter a friendly pat on the shoulder and walks
away, inspecting the bottle's label again.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Oh yes, this will do nicely.

Peter is astonished, staring at the coins in his hand. He
shakes his head in disbelief and smirks, seemingly impressed
by Devon's audacity.

Peter slips the cash into his pocket and continues to smear
the sugaring.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The group is gathered around the blazing campfire. Devon is
sat on the ground, strumming his GUITAR quietly, with the
open bottle of rum nearby.

Terra is dancing to his music, spinning around the fire,
twirling beneath the starry night sky.

Alex and Peter are seated beside each other on their
collapsible camping chairs, observing Terra with formal
expressions.

Terra grabs hold of Alex's hand, extending an invitation.

TERRA

Dance with me.

ALEX

No, thank you. I'm good right here.

TERRA

Come on, don't be such a stick in
the mud.

Terra playfully protests, but Alex withdraws her hand, shaking her head.

TERRA (CONT'D)

Boo. No fun.

(shifts attention to
Peter)

You'll dance with me, won't you,
Peter?

Peter hesitates.

PETER

Um?

Terra takes the initiative and gets him on his feet. Peter appears uneasy.

PETER (CONT'D)

Actually, it's probably about time
I check the sheet again. Excuse me.

Peter swiftly makes his exit, heading toward the ultraviolet-lit sheet adorned with numerous moths. He retrieves a small torch and examines each one carefully.

Terra feels determined to bring some fun into the night.

TERRA

You both need to loosen up a
little, let your hair down.

(looks at Alex's tightly
tied back hair)

Literally in your case.

Terra suddenly whisks Alex's hairband off, setting her wavy, dark locks free from their confinement.

ALEX

What are you doing?

She feels self-conscious.

TERRA

Helping.

Terra grins, running her fingers through her sister's sleek mane.

TERRA (CONT'D)

You have such beautiful hair; you
should let it flow free, not pulled
back all uptight.

She playfully ruffles Alex's hair, giving it volume and life.

TERRA (CONT'D)

I don't understand why you started
dying it in the first place. You
have such a glorious natural
colour.

ALEX

You mean like yours?

TERRA

Nicer. Like Mum's.

The mention of their mother evokes bittersweet memories, and
they both share a moment of quiet reflection.

ALEX

Yeah, well, I have my reasons.

Devon halts his guitar playing and takes a swig of rum.

DEVON

(to Alex)

Well, come on then, let's hear it.
I'm intrigued. Why do you?

Terra finishes styling Alex's hair and cosies up to Devon.

DEVON (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

Do pray tell.

ALEX

I started dyeing it because of the
stereotypical prejudice that still
exists toward blond women. I get
taken more seriously now. It's as
simple as that.

TERRA

And you're okay with that?

ALEX

Absolutely not. It pisses me off,
but it's a sacrifice I'm willing to
make if it enables me to make a
greater difference in this world.

Devon raises the bottle of rum.

DEVON

I'll drink to that.

He takes a hearty swig from the bottle.

DEVON (CONT'D)

But unfortunately, it's going to take much bigger sacrifices than just dying here to save this fucked-up planet.

He offers the bottle to Alex and Terra, but they both politely decline.

DEVON (CONT'D)

What's going on? Why am I the only one drinking.

Peter returns, visibly despondent as he flops into his chair.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Come on, Pete. You won't let me down, will you?

(offers the bottle to Peter)

Here. You look like you could use some.

Devon playfully jiggles the bottle, tempting Peter.

PETER

Sod it.

He snatches the bottle, takes a substantial swig, and promptly hands it back.

DEVON

Good man.

Peter grimaces and coughs as the burning alcohol slides down his oesophagus.

ALEX

(to Peter)

Still no sign of the orange upperwing?

PETER

Of course not. I don't know why I got my hopes up. These rare species sightings often turn into a wild goose chase, and increasingly so. Plus, the quantity of moths just keeps on getting lower every time. Ten years ago, there would've been double the amount.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Their numbers are declining at an alarming rate, and not enough is being done to stop it.

Devon offers him the bottle again.

DEVON

Drown those sorrows, my friend.

Peter has another swig, his discomfort evident as he grimaces and coughs.

PETER

And it's not just moths and butterflies. Practically all insect life on the planet is being driven down because of habitat destruction and modern farming. At this rate, they'll all be but extinct in a few decades - then mankind really will be in trouble, as the entire ecosystem catastrophically collapses. Discovering the return of a species like the orange upperwing would've at least given a faint glow of hope in the looming darkness ahead.

Peter takes another swig of rum, his despair evident.

PETER (CONT'D)

You'd think I would have learned by now. They're already doomed. We all are.

He hands the bottle back to Devon, his words hanging heavily in the air.

DEVON

Jeez, Pete. Talk about a buzzkill.

TERRA

(to Peter)

Don't lose hope, Peter. There's still time. It's not that late. You never know; it may still show up.

Peter smiles, feeling a little tipsy.

ALEX

And even if it doesn't, it doesn't mean they're already doomed.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

There's a lot of good work being done by governments and corporations all over the world to reverse this decline. New laws and legislation are being created to preserve biodiversity, regenerate damaged ecosystems, and implement more eco-friendly agricultural practices. Insect life won't go extinct - we simply can't allow it.

Devon laughs, the alcohol clearly affecting his sense of humour.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

DEVON

Sorry. You just remind me of myself ten years ago. So full of hope and faith in the powers-that-be to steer us in the right direction. Trusting all their promises and assurances. Believing everything's going to be alright. Blinded to the truth that's been purposely concealed, ensuring we all carry on dancing along to the merry capitalist tune - just so the one percent can continue to line their greedy little pockets, while they lure the planet deeper, and deeper into danger.

Devon springs forward, strumming his GUITAR.

DEVON (CONT'D)

But now my eyes are open, and I see through their deceptive smiles and hollow words. Now I see the true evil face that is 'corporate-government', and the system of greed that it's created. One which cares more about profit margins and economic growth than it does about life itself. While a ruinous and unsustainable institution like that remains in place, we are all doomed.

Devon takes a swig of rum and offers it to Peter, who shakes his head, already quite tipsy.

ALEX

I'm not naive, you know. My eyes are open too. I understand why enough hasn't been done over the last decade to save this planet. Promises have been broken, and environmental targets have monumentally failed to be met - but things are beginning to change. More and more people are signing petitions, organizing campaigns, and taking to the streets in protest, putting pressure on the powers-that-be to change their ways before it's too late - and it's starting to make a difference. Like you and your tree sitting.

Devon smirks.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What, you don't agree?

DEVON

Do you know what eventually happens to the majority of trees I try to protect?

(pause)

They get chopped down. I've barely saved any. Most of the time, all I'm really doing is delaying the inevitable. Which is exactly what all this so-called good work you speak of is doing. It's not enough to save the planet; it's just prolonging its demise. All the recycling, electric cars, and--

He spots Terra's bag, and grabs it.

DEVON (CONT'D)

--fucking bags-for-life ain't going to count for Jack shit, unless we force the bastards to change their destructive ways, right now.

With careless abandon, he drops the bag dangerously close to the fire. The heat quickly sears and distorts the plastic. Terra reacts swiftly, rescuing it from the flames and inspecting the damage with concern.

DEVON (CONT'D)

And it's going to take more than just petitions and protests.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

It's going to take a global revolution! But they ensure that never happens by silencing those who dare speak out against them, spreading fear and lies to keep us divided and fighting amongst ourselves - while they slyly tighten their grip on this world, like a snake, wrapping itself around the planet, slowly squeezing the very life out of it.

Devon suddenly staggers to his feet, his drunken enthusiasm undeterred, and he strums his GUITAR.

DEVON (CONT'D)

But all we need is a spark. Something to unite the people of this world!

(pulls notebook out)

That's why I'm writing a song, one that will inspire and unify the masses in the fight against those corporate bastards.

(staggers back)

For when words alone fail, the universal language of music speaks volumes.

With theatrical flair, Devon proudly holds his notebook and guitar aloft.

DEVON (CONT'D)

For this instrument, and these lyrics which I hold in the palm of my hands, shall be my weapons against those who seek to destroy...

He drunkenly loses his balance, stumbling and CRASHING to the ground. The group winces collectively at his fall.

TERRA

(to Devon)

Are you okay?

Devon dispiritedly sits up, tucking his notebook back into his pocket. He smirks at himself and shakes his head.

DEVON

Who am I kidding? Pete's right. Humanity's already a dead man walking.

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

Our generation failed to respond in time, and now our children, and our children's children will have to suffer the devastating consequences.

(picks up bottle of rum)

Why anyone would willingly bring a kid into this messed-up world is beyond me. Given the bleak future we've left behind, it's practically child cruelty.

Devon is about to take a swig.

ALEX

Don't you think you've had enough?

DEVON

Yes. I think I probably have.

He takes a long swig of rum, then quietly starts strumming his GUITAR.

Terra stands up.

TERRA

I'm going for firewood.

She walks off with her partially burnt bag in hand.

Alex, noticing their already substantial woodpile, grows concerned and watches Terra head into the dark woodland.

ALEX

Hey, Terra. Wait up.

She takes Peter's torch and follows her sister into the woods.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Alex cautiously navigates through the darkness, the dim torchlight providing little assistance in the thick woods.

ALEX

(calling out)

Terra? Where are you? Where'd you go?

There's no reply.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Terra?

There's no sign of her.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Stop playing around. This isn't
funny.

She hears RUSTLING behind her and quickly spins around,
shining the light upon a tree trunk.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Terra?

There's SNIFFLING behind the tree.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Please, say that's you.

Terra steps into the torch light.

TERRA
That's you.

Alex is visibly relieved.

ALEX
Are you purposely trying to creep
me out, or what?

She notices Terra's teary eyes, realizing she's been crying.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hey, what's wrong?

Alex gently comforts her sister.

TERRA
Oh, it's just all the talk about
the state of the world and what the
future holds. It's upsetting,
that's all.

Alex isn't entirely convinced.

ALEX
It's not just that though, is it?
Something else is troubling you. I
can tell. Come on, what is it?

Terra hesitates to answer.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's the real reason you so urgently needed to see me today?

Terra blurts it out.

TERRA

I'm pregnant.

(reaches into pocket)

Or at least I think I am.

She hands Alex an unopened pregnancy test, her eyes filled with uncertainty and anxiety.

TERRA (CONT'D)

As soon as I realized this morning that I needed to do a test, I knew I needed my sister by my side. So I told Devon I wanted him to meet you, and we hopped on the first train we could.

Alex's face lights up with joy.

ALEX

Why didn't you tell me earlier.

TERRA

I wanted to tell you straight away, but Devon was right there. Then, we unexpectedly went camping, and I didn't want to spoil your trip with Peter any more than I already had. So, I decided it could wait until we got back.

ALEX

Devon doesn't know then?

Terra shakes her head nervously.

TERRA

No. You just heard his views on having children. I don't know how he'll take the news. He might run for the hills, and I can't raise a child by myself. I just can't. I'm not ready to be a parent, let alone a single one. I mean, I can't even take care of a silly plastic bag for a day--

(holding up the scorched bag-for-life)

--let alone another human life.

(MORE)

TERRA (CONT'D)

I don't know if I can handle that sort of responsibility. What if I can't cope? Just like Mum. What if I end up like her?

Alex pulls her sister into a comforting and reassuring hug.

ALEX

You are not her, Terra. Do you hear me? You would never do what she did. Never. She gave up, on us, on herself, on everything, and chose the easy way out. But you're so much stronger than that.

She breaks the embrace, locking eyes with Terra.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And whatever happens with Devon, you won't have to do this alone, because you'll have me. We made a promise to each other, remember? To always be there for one another, no matter what.

(looking for affirmation)

Okay?

TERRA

Okay.

Terra smiles, touched by her sister's words, and plants a kiss on Alex's cheek.

Alex changes the mood, her excitement shining through.

ALEX

Now, before I start getting overly excited about the prospect of becoming an auntie - perhaps we should find out if you're actually pregnant first?

Alex opens the pregnancy test and reads the instructions.

TERRA

What, right now? Here?

ALEX

There's no time like the present. Now pull down your knickers and wee on this piece of plastic.

She hands Terra the test stick.

TERRA

Okay. It's good timing actually,
because I'm bursting.

Terra pulls her underwear down and squats while Alex shines the torch, providing the necessary lighting.

EXT. QUARRY - NIGHT

A rapidly expanding, dense fog emerges from the heart of the flooded quarry. It blankets the dark water, then ascends to the surface, creeping ominously toward the nearby woodland.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Devon tends to the CRACKLING fire, adding more fuel to the flames.

Peter sits slouched with his head in his hands, quietly groaning.

DEVON

Hit the rum a bit too hard there,
did you Pete? Been down that road,
my friend.

PETER

I'll be alright in a minute.

He lifts his dizzy head, a bit unsteady.

PETER (CONT'D)

Or not.

(drops head back into
palms)

What was I thinking? I hate rum.

Peter moans, shaking his head in remorse.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Terra finishes urinating on the test stick, gives it a gentle shake, and hands it to her sister. Alex takes it gingerly, trying to avoid any contact with the urine.

Terra springs to her feet, pulling her underwear up.

TERRA

Now what?

Alex shines the torch upon the test result window.

ALEX

Now we wait.

Out of nowhere, a blazing fire materializes in the far distance, just beyond the woodland's edge, grabbing their attention.

Trepidation grows in Terra.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What is that?

TERRA

The bonfires. They're being lit.

She clutches her bag-for-life anxiously, eager to leave.

TERRA (CONT'D)

We should go back to camp.

ALEX

Come on, Terra. It's just a bonfire. No evil ghoulies are coming to get us.

Another bonfire is set alight, intensifying Terra's unease.

TERRA

We need to go - right now.

ALEX

Just wait, we'll know the result in a minute.

Terra snatches the test, and slips it into her pocket.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Eww. What are you doing?
(wipes her hand on her
trousers)
You got wee on me.

Terra seizes her sisters arm and drags her away.

ALEX (CONT'D)

This is so unnecessary.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Devon sits by the campfire, tuning his GUITAR, while Peter is still wearily resting his head in his hands.

PETER

You know, I do believe I'm starting
to feel a little bit better.

He slowly lifts his head.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yeah. I think the worst is over.

Peter abruptly throws up.

DEVON

Purge, my friend, get it out.

Peter manages to get it under control but then spots
something over Devon's shoulder.

PETER

What the hell!

A thick wall of swirling fog suddenly enters the campsite.

Devon springs to his feet, both of them awestruck by the
sudden phenomenon.

The fog engulfs them both and rolls on into the woodland,
leaving the campsite shrouded in an eerie mist.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Terra is swiftly leading her sister through the darkness.
Alex does her best to light their path with the weak torch.

ALEX

Slow down. We can't see where we're
going.

The torchlight suddenly falls upon the approaching wall of
fog. The sisters come to a halt, both astonished.

Terra is unsure which direction to go.

TERRA

Which way's the campsite? I can't
see our fire anymore.

ALEX

I don't know.

They cautiously back away from the foreboding fog.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 Devon. Peter. Can you hear me?

DEVON (O.S.)
 (calling out)
 Over here.

They head toward Devon's voice, entering the fog with great apprehension.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The entire area is shrouded in mist, visibility reduced to a minimum.

DEVON
 This is some crazy-ass fog, man.
 You ever seen anything like this
 before, Pete?

PETER
 Nothing like this.

Suddenly, Alex and Terra emerge beside the campfire.

Terra urgently takes the yew wood log out of her bag and casts it into the flames, tossing the bag aside. The log CRACKLES and SPARKS, catching alight.

The veil of fog starts to lift, retreating from the glow of the fire. Everyone is left dumbfounded by the wall of swirling fog encircling the campsite, which warps and fluctuates in response to the movement of the flames, creating an almost invisible forcefield holding it at bay.

DEVON
 What the actual fuck? Is this
 normal?

Peter, still a bit groggy, stands and is amazed by what he's witnessing.

PETER
 No, this is most certainly not
 normal.

Alex curiously shines the torchlight upon the wispy wall, then tentatively touches it with her fingertips.

ALEX
 (to Terra)
 What did you just put in the fire?

TERRA

Yew wood.

Everyone gazes at the log burning in the fire.

TERRA (CONT'D)

The druids called it '*The tree of the dead.*' They held it in the highest regard, believing it to be a sacred tree, one which offered protection.

PETER

Protection? From what?

TERRA

From evil.

Alex scoffs and rolls her eyes.

ALEX

Give it a rest, Terra. Enough with the druid stuff.

Devon gestures toward the encompassing wall of fog.

DEVON

How else do you explain this?

ALEX

I don't know. But it's obviously just some natural phenomenon of some kind. Whatever it is, I'm sure there's a rational explanation for it. One based on science and natural laws, not folklore and fairy tales.

In the distance, faint MERRY FIDDLE MUSIC drifts on the breeze. The group instantly falls silent, their attention captured.

DEVON

Where's it coming from?

ALEX

I can't tell.

Terra pinpoints the source with a keen ear.

TERRA

It's coming from the quarry.

They all turn in the direction of the quarry and gaze at the wispy wall.

PETER

It's probably just that old guy,
right? He knows we're here and now
he's trying to creep us out, right?

ALEX

Yeah, must be.

DEVON

Whoever it is--
(listens to music)
--they're pretty damn good.

Devon enthusiastically starts to play along on his GUITAR.
Peter abruptly grabs the guitar neck, silencing it.

The fiddle music also ceases.

PETER

What are you doing?

DEVON

Jamming.

PETER

But now he definitely knows we're
here.

A single FLEETING NOTE, chillingly close to the campsite,
sends shivers through the group. Alex quickly shines the
flashlight toward the sound.

ALEX

Hello?

An unbroken silence hangs in the air.

A shrouded, orange glow, a few feet off the ground, emanates
from within the veil of fog.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Who's there?

Beautiful, HAUNTING FIDDLE MUSIC begins to play - different
from the melody heard by Claire in 1986. The group listens in
awe to this masterful composition.

Terra, captivated by the enchanting melody, closes her eyes
and sways gently to the rhythm.

The mysterious glow starts to retreat, carrying the haunting music with it. Terra follows, her movements synchronized with the mesmerizing beat. She's about to enter the wall of fog.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Terra. Stop.

Alex grabs Terra's swinging arm, causing her to snap out of her trance and open her eyes.

The music abruptly halts, and the glowing presence vanishes.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Terra, her expression a mix of fear and confusion, stammers.

TERRA

I... I couldn't stop myself. I lost control. It's like something just took over me.

An aggressive, OFF-KEY SHRIEKING-NOTE pierces the air. Alex swiftly ushers her sister away from the wall. Terra clings to Alex, petrified.

Unnerving PLUCKED STRINGS resonate within the fog.

PETER

(calling out)

Alright. We get the message. We're sorry for camping here, okay? We're going to leave, so you can stop doing this now, thank you

Alex watches with deep concern as Terra falls into a state of catatonic fear.

ALEX

I don't think it's him, Peter.

Alex pans the flashlight along the wall, tracking the continuous PLUCKING sound as it circles around the campsite.

The sound ceases right behind Peter's UV-lit sheet, adorned with moths, situated just within the fog. The ghostly glow suddenly radiates from behind it.

The group stares at the taut sheet with bated breath.

The tip of a small, sharp blade slices the bottom of the sheet, slowly making its way upward, soon to split it in two. Whatever is concealed behind is about to be revealed.

A burnt-out piece of wood on the campfire SNAPS, causing the smouldering yew log to shift and roll out of the fire.

The wall of fog advances, concealing the origin of the glow, just as the sheet drops, and a flurry of moths takes flight.

Devon springs into action, setting aside his guitar and placing the yew wood back into the centre of the fire. The fog is pushed back to where it was. The white sheet is now cut in two, but there's nothing there.

Terra is visibly terror stricken. Alex and Devon sit her down, trying to provide comfort and reassurance.

Peter quickly retrieves his phone and attempts to make a call, his face etched with concern.

DEVON

Who you calling?

PETER

The police.

He dials, but the call won't connect. Peter raises the phone higher, desperately searching for a signal.

PETER (CONT'D)

Why's there suddenly no sodding reception?

He taps the touchscreen frantically.

PETER (CONT'D)

Stupid phone. Nothing's working.

Alex attempts to use her phone, but she encounters the same issue.

ALEX

It must be the fog.

DEVON

Fat lot of good it would do us anyway. We don't need the bloody police, we need the God damn Ghostbusters.

Peter gives up on his uncooperative phone.

PETER

Right. So what are you saying? That there's some kind of evil, violin-playing ghost out there or something?

A woman's blood-curdling, FURIOUS CRY OF ANGUISH, echoes from somewhere in the distance.

DEVON
(to Peter)
Among other things, it would seem.

Peter cautiously edges closer to the fire, a greater sense of unease settling in.

PETER
Well...fuck. What the hell are we going to do? That yew wood won't last all night. What happens when it burns out? What happens then?

Peter's anxiety begins to spiral. Devon firmly grabs his shoulders.

DEVON
First of all, you need to calm the fuck down. Take some deep breaths. Getting hysterical isn't going to help.

Peter attempts to follow Devon's advice, taking quick, deep breaths.

PETER
It's not working. We need a plan.

ALEX
(to Terra)
Terra, did you take any more yew wood from the bonfire earlier?

Terra doesn't respond, her eyes fearfully staring between the split sheet.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Terra. Look at me.

Reluctantly, Terra shifts her gaze to Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Do you have any more yew wood?

Terra shakes her head regretfully.

PETER
But that's the answer, isn't it? We just need more yew wood, and we'll be safe, right?

Peter's optimism drives him to thoroughly search the campsite, seeking anything made even partially out of wood.

Suddenly, Terra snatches hold of Alex's arm, her grip tight and desperate.

TERRA

Don't let it take me, please. I'm begging you. Promise you won't let it lure me away.

Alex reassures Terra with a determined look.

ALEX

I won't let anything happened to you, okay? I promise.

Devon adds his resolve.

DEVON

Whatever's out there will have to get through me first.

Peter notices Devon's guitar beside the fire.

PETER

What about your guitar?

Peter grabs it, his eyes scrutinizing the wood it's constructed from.

PETER (CONT'D)

What's that made of?

Devon is immediately concerned for his precious instrument.

DEVON

Whoa, okay, take it easy, Pete. Don't do anything foolish now.

Peter, jittery and anxious, holds the guitar a little too close to the flames for Devon's comfort.

DEVON (CONT'D)

It's not made from yew, so just hand it over, okay?

Devon cautiously reaches for the guitar, but Peter withdraws it, edging it closer to the fire. Devon backs off, apprehension in his eyes.

PETER

What's it made from then?

DEVON

I'm not sure. Cedar, I think? Now calm down, and give me my fucking guitar, Pete.

Devon extends his hand, demanding the return of his prized possession.

PETER

Stop telling me to calm down! And for the last time - It's Peter!

Devon suddenly lunges forward, seizing the instrument, and a struggle ensues between the two men.

DEVON

Let go. You're going to break it.

PETER

You're the one who's going to break it. You let go.

Alex steps in to intervene.

ALEX

Both of you stop. This isn't solving anything.

In the heat of the moment, Devon bites Peter's hand. Peter yelps in pain, releasing his grip on the guitar. They stumble and fall, crashing on top of Alex with a resounding THUD.

The three of them lay winded in a tangled heap, Alex pinned beneath the weight of them both.

The shrouded glow reappears in the fog, now farther back from the parted sheet. Terra's gaze turns grave as she looks to Alex, her eyes wide with fear.

TERRA

Alex? Help me.

Alex spots the glow and desperately tries to scramble out from under Devon and Peter.

ALEX

Get off me! Quick!

The same HAUNTING MELODY begins to play again. Terra closes her eyes, stands, and serenely sways to the enchanting music.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Terra, no!

The glow retreats, taking the music with it. Terra follows, moving to the rhythm as she twirls, gradually disappearing into the fog.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Stop her!

Devon releases the guitar, clambers to his feet, and gives chase, grabbing the UV lamp on his way into the fog.

Peter rolls off Alex, stands, and offers his hand to help her up. Annoyed, Alex spurns his assistance and rises to her feet on her own.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Devon pursues the FADING MUSIC and the waning glow through the fog, occasionally catching glimpses of Terra dancing in the haze ahead.

DEVON
(calling out)
Terra, wait.

He loses sight of her, and both the glow and music cease to be.

DEVON (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Terra?

Devon shines the UV lamp around the murky vicinity, uncertain of her whereabouts.

DEVON (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Where are you?

A WOMAN'S WEEPING is heard nearby, prompting Devon to hasten in her direction.

The lamp illuminates a SNIVELING WOMAN with long blonde hair, standing with her back to Devon. He tentatively reaches his hand onto her shoulder and turns her around.

DEVON (CONT'D)
Terra?

It's Claire, the nurse from 1986. She's crying, but her eyes have been brutally cut out, and a sun-wheel symbol has been meticulously carved into her forehead. Tears of blood flow down her cheeks from the raw, empty sockets.

Devon is horrified, stumbling backward into a figure standing behind him. The figure wears a tilted wide-brimmed hat that obscures their face.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Alex waits anxiously as Peter paces around with his phone, growing increasingly frustrated with his uncooperative device.

PETER

Nothing works. Not even the maps.

In the distance, a far-off SHRIEKING FIDDLE NOTE permeates the night, followed by Devon's blood-curdling SCREAM.

Alex and Peter freeze, their breath caught in their throats.

Silence envelops the campsite.

ALEX

(calling out)

Terra? Devon? Can you hear me?

RAPID FOOTSTEPS draw near, causing Peter to back away from the wall, his anxiety mounting.

Devon bursts out of the fog, without the UV lamp. He crashes down beside the fire, clutching his bloody hand in sheer agony.

Alex rushes to his aid, her concern evident as she inspects his injury. The top of his index finger has been sliced clean off.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

Get the first aid kit from my backpack.

Peter promptly retrieves the med-kit and hands it to Alex, who begins to tend to the wound.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(to Devon)

What happened? Where's Terra?

DEVON

I don't know. I lost sight of her.

Devon grabs the bottle of rum, swiftly removes the cap with his teeth, and takes a large gulp.

DEVON (CONT'D)

But I saw this other woman. At first, I thought it was Terra. She was crying, but--

He envisions the disquieting image of the woman in his mind.

PETER

But what?

DEVON

--but she had no fucking eyes. They'd been cut right out of her bloody face. I'm pretty sure she was a god-damn ghost.

Devon finishes the bottle.

DEVON (CONT'D)

That's when that violinist...fucker, sneaked up behind me and sliced my fucking finger off.

He angrily lifts his hand, glaring at his severed finger in dismay.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Fucking look at it. I'll never play again because of that--
(calling out)
--fucking, evil-spirit, bastard!

Alex gently brings his hand back down.

ALEX

Keep still.

She begins to bandage the wound.

PETER

This...violinist thing. What is it? What did it look like?

DEVON

I don't know. I didn't hang around long enough to find out. I just bolted. But the fog was so thick; I got completely turned around out there. I didn't know which direction to go.

(to Alex)

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)
But then I heard your voice, and I
just ran toward it as fast as I
could.

Alex finishes tending to Devon's finger, giving him a
reassuring nod.

ALEX
Then perhaps it will guide Terra
back too.

She turns to face the swirling wall.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Terra? Can you hear me?

There's no response.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(calling out)
If you're there, follow the sound
of my voice.

Peter helps Devon up onto his feet.

DEVON
(calling out)
We're over here.

PETER
(calling out)
This way.

They stop and listen intently, but there's no sign of Terra,
only an eerie silence.

DEVON
We have to find her.

PETER
Find her? You mean go in there?
(gestures to the wall)
Weren't you listening to what you
just said? If we go blindly
venturing into that fog, we'll get
lost, and then we'll all end up
with our eyes cut out, or worse -
searching for someone, whom I'm
sorry to say, is most likely dead
already.

Devon angrily shoves Peter.

DEVON

Don't say that. You don't know.

PETER

I'm sorry, but it might be true.

Alex interjects with unwavering conviction.

ALEX

No, she's not dead. Terra's still alive. I can feel it.

She momentarily feels a profound spiritual connection to her sister.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But Peter's right. We'll just get lost if we wander out there. Even if we were to find her, then what? We wouldn't have a clue which direction to go.

Devon is growing increasingly frustrated.

DEVON

We have to do something, though. We can't just sit here. That yew wood's not going to last much longer anyway.

(gestures to campfire)

One way or another, we're going to have to face this fog and whatever's in it.

Alex suddenly has an idea.

ALEX

The yew wood bonfires. We saw them being lit earlier. We can use them to guide us out - and once we reach them, we can use the wood to come back and search for Terra.

DEVON

But what if there's not enough time for that? What if we're too late by then?

ALEX

That's why we have to hurry. It's the only way.

Devon reluctantly concedes that she's probably right.

DEVON

Okay. But which direction are the bonfires?

(motioning toward the wall)

Because I haven't the foggiest - no pun intended.

Alex gets her bearings.

ALEX

We need to head as straight and as quietly as possible in that direction--

(gestures between their two tents)

--and hope we don't lose our way before we're close enough to see the bonfires through the fog.

The encircling wall begins to slowly close around them - the yew log is burning out.

PETER

Okay, sounds like a plan.

They huddle closely together, their trepidation palpable.

DEVON

Arm yourselves.

Each of them hastily grabs a weapon. Devon seizes the empty bottle of rum. Alex collects the tent hammer, and Peter clutches his torch.

DEVON (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

What are you hoping to do with that?

PETER

I don't know. Hopefully, nothing.

Devon grabs his guitar from the ground and holds it by the neck, wielding it like a weapon.

DEVON

Here.

(hands bottle to Peter)

You have the bottle.

Alex aligns herself between the two tents.

ALEX

Get behind me, and hold onto each
other - quickly.

Devon and Peter fall inline. Devon holds onto Alex's
shoulder, and Peter clings to his.

The last embers of the burning yew wood are on the verge of
extinguishing, leaving an otherwise still roaring campfire.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Whatever happens, whatever we
encounter, don't let go. We have to
stick together, no matter what.

The fog rushes in, engulfing them all in its sinister shroud.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

The group creeps through the drifting, dense fog, moving in
single file.

In the distance, the woman's FURIOUS CRY OF ANGUISH echoes.

Peter is becoming increasingly jittery.

PETER

(whispering)

We must be close to the edge of the
woods by now, right? I thought we'd
be able to at least see a faint
glow of the bonfires by now.

ALEX

(whispering)

So did I. But this fog is
unnaturally thick. We might have to
get closer than I anticipated.

Devon suddenly halts, hearing something.

PETER

(whispering)

What is it? Why have we stopped? We
need to keep moving.

Devon shushes him and closes his eyes, intently listening.

DEVON

(whispering)

Listen. Do you hear it?

The faint sound of FLOWING WATER reaches their ears.

ALEX
(whispering)
It's the stream.

PETER
(whispering)
The stream? But we shouldn't be
anywhere near the stream. That
means we're lost.

ALEX
(whispering)
I'm sorry. I thought I'd been
walking in a straight line, but
I've obviously veered us massively
off course.

She looks disappointed in herself, but resolute.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(whispering)
But we're not lost. We can follow
the stream all the way back to the
village. It's going to take longer
to reach the bonfires that way, but
there's still hope.

PETER
(whispering)
Good, a new plan. Now lets...

Suddenly, a blond-haired woman appears out of nowhere,
staggering straight into Peter's arms.

It's another GHOSTLY WOMAN, with her eyes cut out and the
symbol carved into her forehead. She feebly pleads for
"HELP."

Peter freaks out, letting out a terrified scream. He shoves
the woman away and SHATTERS the bottle over her head,
knocking her to the ground.

PETER (CONT'D)
Go!

The group hastily flees toward the stream, helping one
another to stay on their feet as they stumble and trip along
the way.

An abrupt, bone-chilling SHRIEKING FIDDLE NOTE pierces the
air directly ahead, causing the group to come to a jarring
halt.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's found us.

Before them stands JACK, a slender man, dressed in a gypsy-style waistcoat and a wide-brimmed hat that conceals his face. He holds a fiddle tucked beneath his chin, with a bow that has a small blade protruding from its tip. A sun wheel pendant hangs around his neck, identical to the symbol carved in the ghost women's foreheads.

Devon, consumed by fear and rage, charges forward and SMASHES his guitar over Jack's head, knocking the fiddle and bow out of his hands.

DEVON

Ha! Fuck you, evil-spirit!

Devon flips him the middle finger.

Jack barely flinches. He slowly looks up from under the brim of his hat, revealing his horrifying face.

His lips and cheeks are grotesquely scorched and charred, and his eyeballs have been replaced by two glowing, hot lumps of coal.

Jack smiles, his mouth stuffed with burning coal. The radiant, orange glow shines through his partially burnt-out cheeks, giving him an extended, sinister grin.

He looks like a gruesome, human Jack-o'-lantern.

An aggressive SHRIEKING NOTE.

The fiddle and bow have magically reappeared in Jack's hands.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Fuck off.

In one fluid motion, Jack gracefully slashes Devon's throat with his bow-blade, then calmly rests it back upon his violin's strings.

Alex and Peter watch in horrifying disbelief.

Devon turns to them, clutching his throat, blood squirting between his clenched fingers. He falls to his knees, gargling, his eyes filled with despair.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Run.

He drops dead with a THUD.

Peter grabs Alex, and they run for their lives.

Hand in hand, they flee through the foggy woodland, pursued by frantic OFF-KEY NOTES. They can't see Jack, but they know he's not far behind.

Suddenly, Alex trips over something, dragging Peter down with her. He urgently attempts to help Alex get back up, but one of her boots is tightly wedged in a tangle of tree roots.

ALEX

It's stuck.

Peter quickly unlaces the boot and desperately tries to pull her foot free, but it simply won't budge.

The OFF-KEY NOTES are getting closer, Jack will be upon them any second.

Realizing there's no time, Peter reluctantly gives up. He backs away from Alex, regretfully staring into her panicked eyes.

PETER

I just want you to know that I
think you're really awesome, and
pretty, and smart - and I was
hoping to become your boyfriend.

Peter fumbles for his flashlight, clicks it on, and sprints away, frantically waving the beam through the thick haze.

PETER (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Hey, I'm over here! This way!

Peter disappears into the fog.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come and get me you ugly bastard!

The OFF-KEY NOTES shift direction, moving away from Alex. Jack is pursuing Peter.

Alex struggles to free her trapped foot, it's firmly ensnared, but she has an idea.

She grabs the tent hammer, and uses it as leverage to pry the stubborn roots apart, finally releasing her foot from the trapped boot.

Alex hurriedly removes her other boot and stands up. She's disoriented, unsure which way to go. She listens intently but can only hear faint, DISTANT OFF-KEY NOTES.

With unwavering resolve, Alex contemplates her next move before cautiously setting off in her chosen direction.

MEANWHILE.

Peter gasps for breath as he sprints for his life, pursued by the frantic, OFF-KEY NOTES.

He hurls his flashlight aside, hoping it might divert the pursuit, but it proves futile. Jack emerges into view, and the SHRIEKING NOTES grow even more intense.

Peter's terror erupts into a MINI SCREAM as he races forward, heedless of what dangers may lie ahead.

Jack abruptly stops playing, coming to a complete standstill.

Peter continues his mad dash, then suddenly drops out of sight. There's a chilling silence, then a SPLASH echoes from far below.

Peter has plummeted into the quarry.

MEANWHILE.

Alex moves cautiously from tree to tree, her sense of direction completely gone, a feeling of hopelessness washing over her.

Suddenly, a FURIOUS CRY OF ANGUISH shatters the stillness, originating directly ahead.

Alex freezes in her tracks, the chilling cry sending shivers down her spine.

Yet another blond haired GHOST WOMAN, with cut out eyes and carved forehead, crosses Alex's path. She's draped in a gypsy-style headscarf and dress, her gaze fixed on the ground. She's visibly agitated, shaking her head while GRUMBLING and MUTTERING to herself.

Alex remains utterly silent and motionless, assuming the woman won't be able to see her with her eyeless visage - but she's wrong.

The ghostly woman abruptly locks eyes with Alex, emits an ENRAGED ROAR, and charges toward her with frenzied determination.

Alex bolts, stumbling and staggering through flailing branches and dense undergrowth, desperately evading the ghost woman's relentless pursuit.

Suddenly, Alex trips over a taut guy-rope, and with a resounding BANG, she smacks her head against the woodpile beside their smouldering campfire.

Alex lies there, dazed and disoriented, back to where she started. Her eyes flicker shut, and she succumbs to unconsciousness.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The line of roaring yew wood bonfires stands tall, their flames flickering and dancing. They create an expansive, undulating barrier of light, pushing back the encroaching wall of ominous fog.

This fiery perimeter serves as the village's protective shield against the malevolent forces lurking within.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Alex gradually regains consciousness, her eyes snapping open. She sits up, her grip on the camping hammer defensive.

She anxiously scans the fog cloaked campsite, finding only silence, and no immediate threat.

Alex winces as she touches the tender wound on her head. Her fingertips come away stained with drops of blood.

Glancing at her phone, she checks the time. It's the early hours of the morning, indicating she's been unconscious for a significant duration.

ALEX
(shocked)
What?

She scrambles to her feet urgently and groggily.

Alex desperately attempts to make a call, but the phone refuses to connect.

APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS echo in the distance, accompanied by an orange glow amidst the fog. Panic grips Alex as she wrestles with uncertainty. With haste, she darts into one of the tents, zipping it up as quickly and quietly as she can.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Alex cowers in the middle of the tent, straining to hear the approaching footsteps.

The FOOTSTEPS draw nearer as they enter the campsite. Through the thin canvas of the tent, Alex can see the flickering glow moving about. She quickly covers her mouth with her hand to stifle her fearful breathing.

The sound of the other tent's zipper being rapidly UNZIPPED and opened reaches her ears.

The glow approaches her tent, right outside the entrance. Alex readies herself, her hammer raised and poised for a strike.

Her tent is UNZIPPED and thrown open.

To her surprise, it's John, holding a burning bundle of tightly woven sticks. The flickering glow of the flames forces the fog to retreat - it's made of yew wood.

John looks alarmed to see only Alex in the tent.

JOHN

Where are the others?

Alex is too frightened to respond.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where are they, I said?!

She flinches, overcome by fear.

ALEX

I don't know. We all got separated.
But one of them is dead.
This...thing with a fiddle killed
him, right in front of me.

John takes the news hard.

JOHN

God damn it! I told you all to
leave. I thought you'd gone. Why
didn't you listen to me?

Alex edges back defensively, tightening her grip on the hammer.

John realizes she's afraid of him and backs off.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's not your fault. I'm
to blame for all of this. I should
have made sure you'd all left.

He offers Alex a hand, but she's hesitant to let her guard down.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It's alright. I'm not going to hurt
you, girl.

Alex slowly lowers her weapon and accepts his hand.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

John assists Alex as she emerges from the tent.

A swirling wall of fog encircles them, shifting in response to the movements of John's burning yew wood torch. He carries another unlit torch strapped to his back.

JOHN
What happened to the other girl?
Was she lured by the music?

ALEX
Yes, like she was under its spell
or something. What the hell is
going on? What is that thing
playing the fiddle?

John avoids the question, focusing on his wristwatch.

JOHN
I can't say the same for the other
fella you were with, but I reckon
the girl's still alive, and I know
exactly where to find her. But we
must hurry. She hasn't much time
left.

John surveys the surrounding trees, orienting himself.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Follow me, and stay close.

With steely resolve, John marches into the woods, and Alex follows closely behind.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

John confidently strides through the woods, his steps unwavering on a path he knows like the back of his hand. Alex keeps pace right beside him.

The fog ahead continuously parts, yielding to the commanding presence of his burning torch.

ALEX

So, are you going to tell me what's happening or what? What is that thing? And what does it want with my sister?

John hesitates, reluctant to reveal the truth.

JOHN

That thing is the vengeful spirit of a murderous lone traveller. He was killed for his crimes right here in these woods, on this very night, thirty-nine years ago, and he has returned every Halloween ever since.

A GHOST WOMAN with a SNEERING LAUGH materializes in the mist ahead. John doesn't break his stride, and the ghost is swiftly silenced, swept aside with the receding fog.

ALEX

What about all the women? Who are they?

JOHN

They are the tormented souls of all his victims. They're bound to him, trapped in this place - forever.

Alex is bewildered.

ALEX

How do you know all this?

John takes a deep breath and finally admits the truth.

JOHN

Because I'm the one who killed him.

EXT. FARMLAND - DAY - 1985

A younger JOHN (mid-30s), donning typical farming attire, is toiling in a sun-drenched field near the village. He vigorously uproots turnips and loads them onto an '80s-style pickup truck.

JOHN (V.O.)

It was late October, 1985. The year had already been one of the toughest of my life. My dearest wife, Mary, had tragically passed earlier that spring, leaving me and our cherished daughter to manage the farm and mourn our loss.

ROSE (18), epitomizes the innocent, wholesome farm girl, her blond hair neatly tied back. She joins John in the harvest, working diligently by his side.

JOHN (V.O.)

Rose, my precious flower. She was both intelligent and stunning, in every way. Her future gleamed with promise, far from this place.

John abruptly spots something in the distance and ceases his labour, his gaze fixed across the field.

JOHN (V.O.)

Until 'he' arrived.

A horse-drawn vardo caravan appears on the horizon, traveling along the road, guided by a slender bohemian man in a wide-brimmed hat.

JOHN (V.O.)

A lone traveller--

The caravan veers into an adjacent field, heading directly toward the nearby woodland.

JOHN (V.O.)

--who decided to set-up camp in these woods.

John casually puts down his tools, removes his gloves, and strides off to have a conversation with their unexpected visitor.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY - 1985

John marches through the woods, his face marked by a stern expression. He follows the path of horse hooves and wheel tracks in the muddy ground.

JOHN (V.O.)

I immediately went to confront him, to tell him to clear off, that his sort wasn't welcome here.

(MORE)

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Folks around here didn't want the
likes of him settling in their
community.

As John moves forward, the beguiling sound of a FIDDLE
emerges in the distance. He pauses, his steps arrested, and
he listens reverently.

JOHN (V.O.)
But then I heard him playing his
fiddle. It was unlike anything I'd
ever heard before. It had this
enchanted quality. It was
so...disarming.

John's stern demeanour softens, and he becomes captivated by
the music, following it further into the woods.

EXT. GLADE - DAY - 1985

The caravan is parked, and the horse unhitched, grazing
contentedly on the lush grass.

The slender man leans against a tree, skilfully playing the
BEGUILING MUSIC on his fiddle, the wide brimmed hat still
concealing his face.

John enters the clearing, steadily approaching him. The
slender man stops playing, glancing up from beneath his hat,
revealing JACK (late 20s), a charming, clean-shaven young man
with boyishly handsome features, a warm smile, and
trustworthy eyes.

Jack courteously removes his hat and introduces himself.

JOHN (V.O.)
He said his name was Jack Smith.
That he was a traveling musician,
passing through on his way to the
next big city to earn his living.
His provisions were running low,
and he needed a few days of honest
work to replenish his supplies.

John's demeanour has undergone a complete transformation. He
welcomes Jack with a smile, warmly shaking the musician's
hand. Jack has effortlessly won him over with his dazzling
charm and enchanting music.

JOHN (V.O.)

I told him I had no use for a musician, but an extra pair of hands on the farm would surely come in handy. I had lost my usual harvest workforce the year before. After the quarry shut down, many folks in this area lost their jobs and had to up-sticks to the city in search of work.

John notices the sun-wheel pendant hanging around Jack's neck.

JOHN (V.O.)

He wasn't like the usual travellers I had encountered. He was clean, well-spoken, and educated. He seemed like a respectable, trustworthy fellow, so we struck a deal.

The two men seal their agreement with a handshake.

EXT. FARMLAND - DAY - 1985

John, Rose, and Jack work tirelessly together, harvesting turnips in unison. Jack is putting in quite the effort.

JOHN (V.O.)

We agreed he'd help out for a few days, in exchange for food to fill his pantry, hay for his horse, and coal to keep his stove burning. He was a good worker too, a real grafter. But, he wasn't really doing it for the payment.

John observes Jack and Rose subtly sharing lustful glances and flirtatious smiles. His disapproval is palpable.

JOHN (V.O.)

He was after my Rose.

Rose catches her father's scathing glare and quickly tries to act nonchalant, focusing on her work.

John sternly eyes Jack.

Jack casually picks up a crate filled with turnips and loads them onto the truck. He throws John a charming, wry smile and takes a well-deserved break, perching on the back of the truck to polish an apple for a snack.

JOHN (V.O.)

The moment I noticed his interest in her, and hers in him, I should have sent him packing, right then and there. But I didn't--

Jack retrieves his fiddle and bow from the truck. He removes a miniature sheath from the tip of the bow, revealing a concealed blade. With a deft move, he slices off a piece of apple, eats it, and casually tosses the remainder away over his shoulder.

JOHN (V.O.)

--I let him stay.

He places the fiddle beneath his chin and plays a beautiful, HAUNTING MELODY.

JOHN (V.O.)

To this day, I still don't understand why I made that choice.

John returns to work, while Rose remains beguiled with Jack, secretly exchanging smiles with him right under her father's watchful gaze.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - DAWN - 1985

A dimly lit and rustic bedroom.

JOHN (V.O.)

A couple of days later, the morning after Halloween, I went to wake Rose at dawn, as was my routine--

The bedroom door swings open, and John flips the light switch. To his surprise, Rose is absent. The bed is unslept in, and the window is wide open.

JOHN (V.O.)

--but she wasn't in her room, and her bed had remained untouched.

His expression darkens with anger.

JOHN (V.O.)

But I had no doubt about where I'd find her.

John storms out of the room, forcefully SLAMMING the door behind him.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAWN - 1985

John strides rapidly through the softly illuminated woods.

JOHN (V.O.)

I headed straight for his campsite,
determined to bring my daughter
home, and to make him pay for
taking advantage of my
impressionable daughter.

EXT. GLADE - DAWN - 1985

Smoke wafts gently from the caravan's modest chimney. Jack's horse slumbers contentedly upon a bed of hay.

The caravan door swings open, and Jack steps outside with his bow in hand. He gazes up at the sky and dangles something over his open mouth.

John arrives, his voice filled with anger as he demands to know the whereabouts of his daughter.

Jack casually drops the dangling object into his mouth, swallowing it whole. He politely removes his hat, stepping aside and pointing his bow toward the caravan's entrance. A solitary droplet of blood falls from the bow's tip.

JOHN (V.O.)

But I had misjudged the depths of
his sinister intentions towards my
daughter.

John's aggressive demeanour vanishes instantly. Fear takes hold, and he rushes straight into the caravan.

Jack retrieves his fiddle and launches into a MERRY TUNE.

INT. CARAVAN - DAWN - 1985

John bursts through the entrance.

Dozens of lit candles cast an eerie glow throughout the cluttered interior, with several arranged in a ritualistic pattern around a sun-wheel calendar. On the calendar, nine locks of blonde hair are pinned in place.

John notices a figure lying beneath a white sheet on the bed, with blood seeping through the cloth.

JOHN

By the time I got there, it was
already too late--

He hesitantly grabs the sheet and forcefully pulls it away.

The HAUNTING MELODY outside suddenly ceases.

Rose's lifeless body is sprawled on the bed. Her eyes have
been brutally gouged out, and the symbol is etched into her
forehead.

JOHN (V.O.)

--he had murdered my precious
flower. Her body mutilated, just
like all the others. I had failed
to protect that which I held most
dear.

John cradles her limp form in his arms, letting out a heart-
wrenching wail of despair.

JOHN (V.O.)

And then he tried to kill me.

Jack emerges from behind John, making a desperate move to
slit his throat. However, John manages to thwart him at the
very last moment.

JOHN (V.O.)

But he failed.

The two men engage in a fierce struggle, but John quickly
gains the upper hand. He disarms Jack, pins him down, and
brutally beats him, pummeling his fists into Jack's face
repeatedly.

John shouts furiously into Jack's bruised and bloodied
visage.

JOHN (V.O.)

I restrained him and demanded
answers - why he had done it, why
he had taken my Rose, and what he
had done with her eyes.

Jack, severely battered, weakly raises his hand and points a
trembling finger toward his hot, glowing stove.

He emits a feeble, disturbing laugh, accompanied by a fit of
coughing.

JOHN (V.O.)

And then I saw it--

John opens the stove and gazes inside.

A single eyeball SIZZLES and POPS atop the pile of burning coal.

JOHN (V.O.)
--one of her eyes, burning away in
his stove.

John plucks the steaming eyeball from the stove and gazes at it in the palm of his hand, utterly incredulous.

JOHN (V.O.)
That's when I realised I'd already
witnessed what he'd done with the
other one earlier. He had swallowed
it, right in front of me.

Jack erupts into a manic laughter. John seethes with vengeful rage.

JOHN (V.O.)
That's when I lost control--

John ruthlessly presses his knee into Jack's neck, choking him. Jack attempts to struggle, but John forcefully restrains his flailing arms.

JOHN (V.O.)
--and savagely killed him, in one
of the most inhumane ways
imaginable.

John seizes two searing lumps of coal with his bare hands and promptly sets them upon Jack's eyes.

Jack lets out a piercing squeal of unbearable agony as the scalding coal blisters and chars his flesh. He frantically attempts to shake them off, but John keeps Jack's head firmly pinned in place.

Jack desperately clutches the pendant around his neck and agonizingly recites a PHRASE in an unknown language, repeating it over and over again.

John scoops up a handful of burning coal and forcefully shoves it down Jack's throat, effectively silencing him.

Jack gargles and shrieks, still attempting to repeat the phrase, but the coal melts through sections of his cheeks and lips, creating his grotesque grin.

The smouldering coal on Jack's eyes sink into his sockets. He falls silent, and his entire body violently convulses.

John steps back, a look of horror etched onto his face.

Jack's body gradually stops twitching. He's dead, still clutching the pendant.

John stares at Jack's horrifically disfigured corpse, utterly mortified by the gruesome events that just unfolded.

EXT. GLADE - DAWN - 1985

John carries Rose out of the caravan, his face etched with sorrow. He gently lays her body upon the grass and begins to weep. Tenderly, he kisses her cheek, then removes his blood-stained jacket, using it to cover her face.

JOHN (V.O.)

What I did to him was despicable.
No matter how justified it was, I
knew I would rightfully go to jail
for such a brutal act. So, I
decided to cover up what I'd done--

John's gaze shifts to Jack's awakened horse.

JOHN (V.O.)

--and I thought of the perfect
place to dispose of his body.

EXT. QUARRY - DAWN - 1985

John guides the horse, hitched to the caravan, to the edge of the quarry.

JOHN (V.O.)

I drove his caravan back to the
main road to make it appear as if
he'd fled the scene of the crime.
Then, I took it to the newly
flooded quarry--

The horse, visibly nervous, stands at the precipice of the quarry, its hooves shifting uneasily. John settles the skittish animal, gently rubbing its neck and whispering soothing words into its ear.

He takes a few steps back from the edge, and delivers a mighty SLAP on the horse's rump.

JOHN

--and dumped it over the edge, with
his body still inside.

The horse rears up, WHINNYING in fear, losing its footing, and tumbles over the edge, taking the caravan with it. Both the horse and the caravan SPLASH into the deep, dark water below, quickly sinking into the abyss.

EXT. GLADE - DAY - 1985

Beams of sunlight stream through the thick canopy of trees, illuminating the tranquil clearing.

JOHN (V.O.)
Then, I brought my darling Rose
back home--

John tenderly picks up Rose's lifeless body and carries her into the woodland.

INT. ROSES BEDROOM - DAY - 1985

John gently places his daughter on her bed, tenderly removes his blood-stained jacket, and covers her body with a fresh, white sheet.

JOHN (V.O.)
--and rang the police.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY - 1985

John is sat at the dining table, showered, and dressed in fresh clothes, lost in a despondent reverie.

KNOCK, KNOCK at the door.

John rises and walks toward the front door.

JOHN (V.O.)
I wasn't proud of the way I killed
him; I was ashamed. But I was glad
he was dead; it's what he deserved -
not locked up in some cosy prison
cell for the rest of his life.

Outside, police lights flash through the window.

JOHN (V.O.)
At least this way, he would never
be able to hurt anyone else ever
again.

John reaches for the door handle.

JOHN (V.O.)
But I was wrong.

He opens the door.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT - 1986

John stumbles drunkenly along the dark road, taking swigs from a bottle of whisky.

JOHN (V.O.)
The following year, on the first anniversary of my daughters murder, he returned.

A dense fog emerges from the darkness, enveloping John, leaving him dumbfounded.

In the distance, MERRY FIDDLE MUSIC plays.

John freezes, his heart skipping a beat. He drops the bottle, which SHATTERS, and hurries toward the familiar music.

Navigating through the fog, he continuously stumbles and trips.

The music suddenly stops.

John halts and listens, scanning the murky haze.

He hears a fleeting FIDDLE NOTE, followed shortly by Claire's beautiful, HAUNTING MELODY.

John rushes toward the source and soon spots a faint orange glow in the fog ahead. It's moving away from the village, taking the music with it.

He follows the mysterious glow.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT - 1986

John continues to chase the glow through the shrouded woods, gradually closing in on it.

He suddenly spots Claire in the haze ahead, rhythmically twirling to the MUSIC.

JOHN (V.O.)
He lured a young mother from her home in the village with his music, and led her into these woods.

John desperately yells at Claire to stop.

The music abruptly halts, and the glow disappears. Claire freezes, her hands by her side, and her head stooped.

JOHN (V.O.)

I was there when it happened. I saw her. She was right in front of me. I could have saved her.

He reaches out to Claire.

JOHN (V.O.)

But that's when the impossible happened--

ROSE (O.S.)

(whimpering)

Daddy.

John spins around, his eyes wide with shock, and he stares into the fog with bated breath.

JOHN (V.O.)

--I heard my Rose's voice.

ROSE (O.S.)

(whimpering)

Daddy.

He catches a fleeting glimpse of Rose wandering through the haze.

JOHN (V.O.)

And then I saw her. Only for the briefest of moments, but I saw her. My precious flower had returned as well.

John hurries after Rose, leaving Claire behind. The glow reappears, and the HAUNTING MELODY plays again, enticing Claire deeper into the woods as she resumes her dance.

John stumbles through the woods, desperately calling after his daughter.

JOHN (V.O.)

I tried to follow her, but the fog was just too thick, and I lost her.

Suddenly, he trips and falls, hitting his head on a rock with a painful SMACK.

JOHN (V.O.)

Next thing I know, I trip and knock
myself out cold.

John lies on the ground, unconscious.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY - 1986

The morning is dim and dreary, and the fog has lifted. John lies still on the damp woodland floor, slowly regaining consciousness.

He groggily wakes, sits up, and massages his throbbing head, feeling both hungover and concussed.

JOHN (V.O.)

By the time I came to, it was
already morning, and the fog, and
my Rose, were gone.

John recollects the events from the previous evening. He quickly gets to his feet, orients himself, and rushes off in a particular direction.

EXT. GLADE - DAY - 1986

John's horrified to come across Claire's lifeless body, sprawled on the grass at the precise spot where the caravan once stood. Her eyes have been brutally gouged out, and the symbol etched into her forehead.

JOHN (V.O.)

I discovered the woman he'd lured
to the clearing - she was dead. Her
body mutilated, just like my Rose.
He had claimed another victim, and
it was all my fault.

John avoids touching the body and hastily departs from the scene.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT - PRESENT

John and Alex hasten through the woods together, the flickering light from his burning yew torch pushing back the encroaching fog.

JOHN

I soon became the prime suspect.
The police eventually accused me of
her murder, as well as my Rose's.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I couldn't tell them what I knew, though. They'd likely send me straight to the loony bin. But they had no concrete evidence, so the charges were dropped. Their suspicions weren't entirely baseless, mind you. Jack might have killed them, but their deaths were my fault - and I vowed that no one else would pay for my mistakes, so I went searching for answers.

Alex winces, her bare feet aching from the uneven woodland terrain.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I showed the symbol he carves on his victims' foreheads to certified members of every religious group I could find, but no one recognized it. That was until I showed it to a Druid priestess. The moment she saw it, she was filled with fear and told me to leave her presence immediately. I pleaded with her to at least tell me what it meant, but all she said was, 'Flames of a yew fire shall force evil to retire' - and I've been lighting those bonfires every Halloween ever since.

In the distance, the angry ghost woman's FURIOUS WAILS pierce through the night.

ALEX

So your daughter's one of them. You see her wandering these woods every year - mutilated.

JOHN

I've roamed this fog every Halloween ever since, but I've never seen or heard her again - only his other victims. He keeps her from me, hides her away to torment me, to make me suffer. I've begged him to let me see her, but all he does is grin and taunt me with his music.

In the distance, MERRY FIDDLE MUSIC wafts through the fog.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Already?

He stops, checking his wristwatch, a sense of urgency in his eyes.

ALEX

What does it mean? What's happening?

JOHN

He's summoning all his souls back to him at the clearing. If your sister's still alive, that's where she'll be. But I must hurry. Come sunrise, they'll all vanish, and he'll have claimed your sister's soul.

They press on through the foggy woods.

EXT. STREAM - NIGHT

A thick, swirling wall of fog remains fixed along one bank of the stream, its unearthly presence halted by the flowing water.

The distant MERRY MUSIC persists.

Suddenly, a portion of the wispy wall splits open. John and Alex burst forth from the fog, SPLASHING into the shallow water.

John tosses his nearly burnt-out yew torch into the stream, snuffing out its feeble light. The wall of fog promptly closes back together.

JOHN

You're safe now. It doesn't cross the stream.

(motions downstream)

You can follow it all the way back to the village from here. I'll meet you there.

He starts to dash off in the opposite direction, but Alex urgently grabs his arm.

ALEX

Wait. I'm coming with you.

JOHN

No, it's too dangerous. This is my responsibility. I won't risk anyone else getting hurt because of me.

ALEX

It's my responsibility too -- she's my sister, and she needs me now more than ever. I'm coming, whether you like it or not.

John glances at Alex's dark hair, then reluctantly relents.

JOHN

Alright, but you have to stay close to me and do exactly what I tell you.

Alex nods in agreement, and they hurry upstream together.

EXT. STREAM - DAWN

The first rays of morning light begin to break through the darkness.

John and Alex wade through knee-deep water, their surroundings gradually becoming visible. Alex, struggling in her bare feet, is falling behind.

The MERRY MUSIC has grown louder, indicating their proximity to their destination.

JOHN

Come on--
(gestures to bank ahead)
--it's just up this way.

Alex tries to catch up but slips, plunging headfirst into the water. John quickly moves to help her up.

She sweeps her dripping wet hair from her face, and they continue forward.

John plants a foot upon the foggy bank and extends his hand to Alex.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So I don't lose you in there.

ALEX

Why don't you just light the torch?

She points to the unlit torch strapped to his back.

JOHN

Because we don't want him to see us coming. Now, take my hand, and stay quite.

Alex takes his hand, and they disappear into the fog.

EXT. GLADE - DAWN

The fog is gradually thinning, improving visibility as morning approaches.

John and Alex sneak up to the edge of the clearing. They crouch behind a tree, and peer into the glade.

Jack stands beside his caravan, playing the MERRY MUSIC on his instrument.

Nine ghost women are holding hands in a circle, rhythmically skipping around a blue-flamed fire. Each one wears a disturbing, forced smile upon their mutilated faces.

Alex spots Terra dancing inside the circle.

ALEX

(whispering to John)

There she is.

Terra spins and twirls uncontrollably around the blazing fire, her eyes shut tight. She appears extremely flushed and drenched in sweat.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Quick, light the torch.

John doesn't respond. He's distracted, suspiciously glaring at the caravan.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(whispering)

What are you waiting for? She's right there. Let's go.

JOHN

(whispering)

The caravan. It's not usually here. This is the first time I've ever seen it again.

ALEX

(whispering)

So what? Just light the torch.

Jack stops playing. All the ghost women halt and stand motionless, still holding hands and smiling.

Terra instantly ceases to dance and collapses into an exhausted heap on the ground.

Jack plays a SINGLE NOTE, commanding two ghost women to release hands and step aside, creating an opening in the circle for him to enter.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to John)
Now.

John springs into action, attempting to light the yew torch, but his lighter won't spark.

Jack turns toward them, sensing the commotion.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Quickly.

John continues to try, but the flint is damp.

JOHN
It's wet.

He abandons the useless lighter and frantically searches his pockets for another solution.

Jack charges toward them, playing frenzied, OFF-KEY NOTES.

ALEX
Hurry, he's coming.

John eventually finds his backup lighter. With a single CLICK, it works on the first attempt. He ignites the yew wood torch, and it instantly bursts into flames.

The shrieking fiddle falls silent. Jack and the fog are pushed back by the radiant explosion of light.

Holding the blazing torch aloft, John charges into the glade, with Alex closely tailing him. He heads straight for Terra, compelling the ghost women and the caravan to retreat to the edge of the torch's glow - and the blue-flamed fire to be extinguished.

Alex rushes to her sisters aid.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Terra, it's Alex. Can you hear me?

She gently sweeps Terra's long, sweaty hair from her face, revealing her unconscious state.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Terra, wake up.

In a last-ditch effort, Alex gently slaps Terra's rosy cheeks, but she remains unresponsive.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(to John)
Help me lift her up.

Jack, filled with anger, defiantly PLUCKS his fiddle from the edge of the fog's boundary. John takes a few determined steps toward Jack with the torch, pushing him further back and silencing his intimidating plucking.

JOHN
(to Jack)
Shut up, you! I won't let you claim another!

Alex, struggling under Terra's weight, drapes her sister's arm over her own neck, attempting to lift her, but Terra's limp body proves too heavy.

ALEX
(to John)
I need your help. I can't do this alone.

John turns back to help the sisters.

Jack proceeds to play Rose's HAUNTING MELODY. John freezes in his tracks, an instant recognition dawning on him.

The caravan door swings open, revealing Rose, just as she appeared before her brutal murder - her eyes whole, and no symbol marring her forehead. She sways to the ethereal MUSIC, her eyes closed, gracefully dancing right up to the edge of the swirling wall of fog.

As the haunting melody comes to a sudden halt, Rose freezes in place, her gaze now fixed on John.

ROSE
(whimpering)
Daddy.

Rose appears frightened and disoriented.

JOHN
Rose?

Desperate to reach her, John attempts to approach, but the torch's glow pushes her away. He plants the base of the torch into the ground and steps up to the wall

JOHN (CONT'D)
My precious flower.

He wraps his arms around Rose, his body partially entering the fog. John holds her close, her head resting upon his chest.

ROSE
(whimpering)
Daddy. I don't understand. Why am I here? I don't like this place. I'm always so scared. Please help me. I want to go home.

John mournfully weeps.

JOHN
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I failed to protect you. I...

A sudden, ear-piercing SHRIEKING NOTE disrupts the tender moment. John gasps, his face contorted in bewilderment. He breaks the hug and gazes at his beloved daughter.

Rose's face is mutilated - her eyes gouged out, and the symbol carved into her forehead. A small blade protrudes from her cheek, just within the fog's boundary.

John backs away in horror. Blood gushes from a wound in his chest, directly over his heart.

Jack's sinister, glowing face emerges from behind Rose. She remains unfazed as he slowly withdraws his bow blade from her neck, playing a long, SHRIEKING NOTE.

John drops to his knees, clutching his chest, blood oozing between his trembling fingers. He casts a remorseful glance at Alex.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Forgive me.

With a final THUMP, John falls lifeless to the ground.

ALEX
No!

Jack menacingly patrols the perimeter of the torches' glow, PLUCKING STRINGS with an intimidating presence.

Alex attempts once more to lift Terra, but her strength fails her.

She retrieves the burning torch and protectively stands beside her sister.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (to Jack)
 I don't know how long this fire
 will last, but I'm betting it's
 long enough. So go to hell. You
 twisted fuck!

Jack ceases his plucking and proceeds to play Terra's HAUNTING MELODY.

Terra springs to her feet, uncontrollably swaying to the enchanting music, still unconscious. Alex grabs hold of her sister, restraining her from dancing.

The music abruptly halts, and Terra's body instantly goes limp. She crumbles to the ground, dragging Alex down with her, causing her to drop the torch.

Jack plays Terra's HAUNTING MELODY once more. Terra springs to her feet again, rhythmically twirling to the beat, trampling on the burning yew wood.

Alex swiftly snatches up the torch before it's extinguished. Scrambling to her feet, she holds it aloft and marches toward Jack.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Stop it!

The radiant glow forces Jack back, silencing his playing. Terra collapses once again.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 Leave my sister alone!

Jack registers the word "sister," and he glances at Alex from under his hat, tilting his head inquisitively.

The torchlight highlights Alex's wet hair, revealing her shimmering blonde roots. Jack grins and plays a few FLEETING NOTES, testing their effect.

Against her will, Alex's body uncontrollably responds to each note, her eyes widening with fear.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 No.

Jack then proceeds to play Alex her very own beautiful HAUNTING MELODY.

Spellbound, she drops the torch, closes her eyes, and begins to dance. Her movements are graceful, swaying and twirling to the mesmerizing beat.

Jack progressively increases the tempo, compelling Alex to dance faster and faster. She stomps wildly all over the burning torch with her bare feet, extinguishing the flames.

The music abruptly stops, leaving Alex in an exhausted, comatose heap beside her unconscious sister. The ominous fog rushes in, enveloping them both.

EXT. BONFIRE - DAWN

The yew bonfires are gradually dwindling, but they continue to hold the diminishing fog at bay.

Sunrise is on the verge of breaking.

EXT. GLADE - DAWN

Terra and Alex lie motionless beside the blue-flamed fire, the ever thinning fog gently drifting over them.

Suddenly, Alex awakens with a sharp gasp, sitting up abruptly.

All the ghost women, including Rose, form a circle around the two sisters. They still wear the same forced smiles, but their faces are no longer mutilated. Their unblinking eyes remain intact, and the carved symbols have vanished.

Alex scans the area for Jack, but there's no sign of him.

She checks on her sister. Terra is semi-conscious, emitting a feeble groan, her long, sodden hair concealing her face.

Alex hears MOVEMENT from inside the caravan, smoke billowing from its chimney.

She urgently seizes Terra's ankles and vigorously drags her out of the circle, manoeuvring beneath the tightly clasped hands of two ghost women.

Draping Terra's arm over her neck, Alex strenuously hoists her sister to her feet. Terra's head hangs forward; she's tired and weak but capable of bearing some of her own weight now.

With an almighty display of will-power and strength, Alex supports her sister, and together, they flee into the woods.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAWN

Alex puffs and pants, grappling to keep Terra propped up as they stagger through the dissipating fog.

She pauses, uncertain about the right direction to take. Closing her eyes, she listens intently, her ears catching the sound of faint FLOWING WATER.

Alex resolutely continues on, labouring on towards the stream.

EXT. GLADE - DAWN

The caravan door suddenly flings open, and Jack steps out.

He advances toward the circle of ghost women, their mutilated forms illuminated by the dying blue flames. Jack plays a SINGLE NOTE, commanding the circle to open.

Jack abruptly stops, registering the absence of Alex and Terra.

He plays a sharp, SHRIEKING NOTE. All the ghost women simultaneously point in the direction the sisters fled.

Jack briskly heads in that direction, playing a SINGLE NOTE before entering the woodland, commanding the ghost women to close the circle around the blue-flamed fire.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAWN

Alex apprehensively glances back, having just heard Jack's fiddle from the glade. She tries to quicken her pace, but exhaustion sets in. Unable to bear her sister's weight any longer, Alex falters, dropping to her knees with Terra.

ALEX

He's coming, Terra. We have to keep moving. Please, you have to stand up.

Terra moans weakly.

Alex makes another attempt to lift her sister, but they're both drained of energy, and they quickly crash back down to the ground with an awkward and resounding WALLOP.

Terra lies motionless, face down in the dirt

Alex wearily gets to her knees, her eyes falling upon something on the ground beside Terra. She picks it up, revealing the pregnancy test that had fallen from Terra's pocket. It's positive.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Terra. The pregnancy test. It's positive. Can you hear me? You're going to be a mother.

Terra mutters, showing signs of consciousness.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Now, for the sake of your unborn child - and my future niece or nephew - you must stand up.

Terra, determined, grumbles as she strenuously lifts her fatigued body off the ground. Alex lends a helping hand.

ALEX (CONT'D)
On your feet, sis. On your feet!

Together, the two sisters summon every ounce of their remaining strength, rising slowly and soldiering on, taking one gruelling step at a time. Terra persists in her efforts to lift her stooped, weary head.

Suddenly, a SHRIEKING NOTE emanates from directly ahead.

Alex freezes, terror-stricken.

Jack emerges from behind a tree, his hat concealing his face. He casually leans against the trunk, then looks up from under his wide brim.

Jack has returned to his normal, handsome self, just as he appeared when he first met John.

He throws Alex a charming smile, reaches into his pocket, and retrieves a freshly severed eyeball.

Alex looks to her sister with great trepidation, Terra's long, damp hair still concealing her face.

Jack dangles the eyeball over his gaping mouth, drops it in, and satisfyingly swallows it in a single gulp.

He places his fiddle beneath his chin and proceeds to play a MERRY TUNE.

EXT. STREAM - SUNRISE

Rays of sunlight burst through the woodland canopy. The wall of fog that stretches along the bank begins to roll away, retreating from the energizing embrace of the morning light.

EXT. WOODLAND - SUNRISE

Jack continues to play the MERRY TUNE to Alex and Terra. Alex is still supporting her sister, her gaze fixed on Jack.

Terra mumbles, summoning the strength to raise her weary head and sweep her hair from off her face. Her dry and blinking eyes remain intact.

Terra spots Jack leaning against the tree, playing his fiddle, but she sees him in his evil, glowing coal face form.

Then she looks to Alex's face.

Terra's eyes fill with absolute horror, and she lets out a harrowing scream!

In an instant, Jack and Alex both vanish along with the retreating fog. The MUSIC fades away.

Terra drops to her knees without her sister's support, the pregnancy test landing on the ground beside her. She picks up the piece of plastic and inconsolably sobs.

EXT. GLADE - SUNRISE

The fog rolls away, taking with it the circle of mutilated ghost women, the blue-flamed fire, and the caravan.

As the caravan vanishes, there's a distinct THUD on the ground. Lying on the grass is Alex's dead body, her eyes cut out, and the symbol carved into her forehead.

An orange upperwing moth flutters through the glade. It briefly lands upon Alex's hand before flying off toward the glorious sunrise.

THE END