

LEFT TO DIE...
AN EYE FOR AN EYE

by

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A modern day Hansel and Gretel.

FADE IN:

A WOODEN TABLE

Covered in potatoes, carrots, celery. But what's in the middle is not your ordinary soup ingredient.

A naked BLOND bound to the table, an apple strapped in her mouth as a gag. Her face is stained and bruised and covered in sweat. Her eyes wide with fear. She fights the restraints.

A pair of HANDS guide a boning filet knife carefully slicing back a strip of the Blond's abdomen. Muffled screams from behind the apple.

Another filet of flesh is carved out of the girl's thigh. Her eyes roll downward as she writhes beneath binds.

Several strips of human flesh on the table. The knife cuts the filets into bloody chunks the size of stew meat.

The Blond claws at her leather binds. God make it stop! And a loud, guttural groan from outside does just that.

Hands set the knife down.

FADE OUT ON THE
BLOODY FLESH
CHUNKS.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sound of twigs snapping and crackling as the solid, rubber wheels of a wheelchair cross rugged terrain.

MOTHER(28), gaunt, emotionless face, pushes the wheelchair with HENRY(11) in the seat, his sister, GRETTA(14) thrown across his lap. Both of them asleep.

The wheelchair slows to a stop.

Mother releases the handles, turns and walks away until she disappears in the woods.

A bird lands near the wheelchair. Pecks the ground. Uproots a caterpillar. With the prize in its beak, it takes flight up into the towering trees overhead.

From above we look down on the two kids alone in the forest.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Rocks fly from the tires as an SUV driven by Mother fishtails onto the road.

EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

The trees and sky swirl like cream in latte. Henry blinks his eyes bringing things into focus.

Groggy, he scans the woods, then fearfully shakes Gretta.

HENRY

Gretta. Gretta get up.

Gretta mumbles. Henry continues poking and prodding her.

She opens one eye, then the other. Henry's voice is distorted but comes clear. And louder.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Gretta. Gretta, what's wrong?

She crawls off the wheelchair nearly falling. She takes in the surroundings. Rubs her arms as if cold.

GRETTA

What's wrong is we're in the middle of the woods somewhere. Any idea

HENRY

Mom.

GRETTA

Bitch. She must'a drugged us.

HENRY

Like date rape?

GRETTA

Well not like that but yeah sort of I guess.

HENRY

It's my fault for my legs.
This...chair.

She looks around again. Shivers.

GRETTA

We need to get outta here.

She struggles pushing the wheelchair over the rough contour.

He pouts with guilt and shame.

GRETTA (CONT'D)
Gonna be a bumpy ride. This thing
got four wheel drive?

He laughs. She smiles having made the situation lighter.

A DOVE springs from brush. Gretta jumps. They watch it
flutter through the maze of trees, then they carry on when --

KABOOM! The floor of earth crashes in. They plummet...

EXT. PIT - CONTINUOUS

...down landing at the bottom. Wheelchair overturned, Henry
crumpled up a couple feet away.

GRETTA
Henry. Henry! Are you ok!?

Gretta rushes over to her brother who nods. She turns the
wheelchair back up and helps him into it. They are both
covered in scrapes and dirty bruises.

She looks up.

GRETTA (CONT'D)
Help! Somebody!!!

GRETTA/HENRY
Help!!!!

But no one answers.

Gretta puts the wheelchair next to the wall. Climbs on the
armrest and claws at roots jutting out of the chiseled earth.

She struggles. Trembles. She has to do this. Working her way
up. She makes it over the top then hollers down.

GRETTA
I'll find some vines and pull you
out.

She turns around...

EXT. WOODS/PIT - CONTINUOUS

...stops in her tracks. A BEAR stands just yards away.

It GROWLS and slings its head, a warning.

HENRY (O.S.)

Gretta?!

She does not reply, doesn't even move except her eyes search for a stick, a rock, anything to fight with.

The bear rears on its hind legs. Gretta isn't budging. It GRUNTS, then takes off at a gallop towards her.

BAM! A deafening shot rings out. The bear goes down, rolls to a stop by Gretta's feet.

BERTHA (O.S.)

Had to go and mess up my trap did ya?

BERTHA, haggard of a woman, ageless under unkempt frazzled hair, stomps over shotgun by her side.

GRETTA

Your trap nearly killed me and my brother. Just sayin'.

BERTHA

In case you didn't know, this is the woods, and bears live in the woods. See any kids around have ya?

Gretta walks over to the pit's edge.

GRETTA

My brother...

Bertha tosses a rope down into the pit.

BERTHA

Shimmy down.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - DUSK

Bertha leads the way as Gretta pushes the wheelchair carrying Henry towards a rickety shanty swallowed by vines.

The sound of chain as a COYOTE runs and falls at the end of the chain that he's bound to. His left leg is nothing but a bloody stump. Gretta gags.

GRETTA

What happened to him?

BERTHA

Had him tethered by his ankle, but
a wild animal, they're dumb enough
to chew off a perfectly good paw
for freedom. Lucky I found him
before he got loose. Can't chew off
his own neck, now can he?

With untrusting eyes, Henry looks up at Gretta.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Herbs hang from the ceiling. Gas lanterns and candles. Bertha sprinkles some powder into two bowls then delivers them to the table.

Gretta and Henry pig out on the stew.

HENRY

This is really good.

GRETTA

Yeah it is. We were starving. Thank
you.

HENRY

Yeah, thanks for saving us.

Bertha doesn't respond as she shovels her own stew in.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Bertha drags a limp Gretta across the soil, drops her by a gated entrance to a cellar.

She opens the latch, climbs in first then drags Gretta in.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - NIGHT

A dark place with only slices of light coming from above.

A shrill SCREAM breaks silence as...

An AXE goes down and four toes drop into a metal bucket.

The toes did belong to Henry who's bound on the same table the Blond was on earlier. He wiggles and fights the bonds.

He screams again. Blood oozes from where the toes were.

Gretta pulls herself up from the dirt floor, crawls on all fours towards Henry's cries, but falls when she realizes she's shackled by her ankle.

Henry cries in pain.

HENRY
Gretta! Help me!

Gretta can't.

The axe shines in the light and goes down again.

WHACK! Three and a half toes drop into the metal pail.

BERTHA
Like chicken nuggets.

Gretta gags. Jerks against her shackle, but Henry isn't fighting it anymore.

GRETТА
Stop it! Please! Stop!!

Bertha unbinds Henry and drags him across the room where she shackles him to an eye in the wall.

She grabs the bucket of toes and heads out up the stairs.

GRETТА (CONT'D)
Henry?

Gretta tries to reach her brother but the chain stops about four feet away no matter how she stretches and contorts.

She spots the AXE and other tools by the wooden table. She tries to stretch towards it. Can't reach.

She curls up into a fetal position and rocks anxiously. The only light comes from the moon somewhere above.

HOWLING alerts Gretta. She pauses in deep thought. Henry mumbles and moves in the distance.

GRETТА (CONT'D)
Henry? Are you ok?

Henry sits up.

HENRY
My feet, Gretta. She's going to kill us isn't she?

Gretta does not answer but instead backs into the shadow and lifts her ankle up. She pushes the metal shackle out of the way and begins clawing then biting at her own flesh.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bertha cooks the skewered little toes over the fire like shish kabob.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - NIGHT

Bertha climbs down the steps. Gretta stays in the shadows with her back to the woman. Henry's slumped against the wall.

Everything is quiet so Bertha heads back up the stairs.

Gretta turns back around in the light so she can see as she chews her foot flesh away spitting chunks of skin and blood.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bertha walks into a room decorated with the trophies of human skulls, animal skins, and insects pinned to the wall.

She climbs into bed.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - NIGHT

Gretta holds her breath to keep from screaming as she pries the shackle down over her mangled appendage.

She gasps for breath once free. She crawls over and pulls herself up against the table, grabbing the axe.

EXT. ROOT CELLAR - NIGHT

The cellar door opens. Henry is pushed out onto the ground as Gretta climbs out.

She props Henry up against the door frame.

She marches with a bloody limp toward the cabin. Doesn't even flinch when the coyote dodges her darting on its chain.

Gretta enters the cabin.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bertha opens her eyes to see Gretta standing over her, axe high in the air. It plunges down, chops and hacks Bertha's head to bits.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Covered in blood spatter, Gretta pushes the wheelchair towards the cellar.

She loads Henry up into the chair and puts her bloody arms around him in an embrace.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Empty liquor bottles litter the coffee table. Mother lies asleep on the couch.

The doorbell wakes her. She stumbles off the couch, tucking the liquor bottles on the floor behind the side of the couch.

She hurries to the door. Unlocks it and opens it...

EXT./INT. DOOR - CONTINUOUS

...to the surprise of her life.

HENRY

Hello Mother.

MOTHER

Oh Henry...

WHACK! An axe splits her face. She stumbles backwards and falls down dead.

Gretta bends down and jerks the axe from Mother's face.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

Fall leaves now on the trees. The cabin door opens. Gretta wheels Henry out into the yard.

The coyote that was captive before trots up to Henry like a regular yard dog. Henry scrunches his coat giving him a pat.

Fall leaves drift down from the trees.

FADE OUT.