

RAINDROPS

written by

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EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The moon barely exists, obscured behind dark clouds.

A storm rages as the wind and rain batter a lonely cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rustic and bare. Clothes lay on the floor in a heap.

Water leaks through the roof. It drips incessantly.

BASEMENT

It's dark. Darker than black, except for a dim light that shines through the cracks of a wooden floorboard from above.

It shines on a blue eye. And then on a pale, sickly face of a WOMAN (early 30's).

Water leaks through the floorboards and drips onto the woman's forehead.

The woman is tied up as she bites at the cloth binding her wrists. Several feet away is a staircase leading to her freedom.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Light shimmers through the autumn leaves while birds chirp in sing song. Peaceful. It could be another lifetime.

The woman from earlier hikes hand-in-hand alongside her WIFE (early 30's). They both sport backpacks.

WIFE

So, yellow or pink?

WOMAN

For what?

WIFE

The baby's bedroom!

WOMAN

What? I thought we decided on a boy?

WIFE

So? Fuck gender roles. I'll encourage him to paint his toenails.

The woman laughs. She's always loved her wife's irreverance.
As they walk, they come across a fork in the trail.

WOMAN

Wait, that can't be right. I don't
remember seeing a fork in the
trail.

WIFE

Let's check the GPS.

The wife takes out her phone and tries to open her GPS. It's
not working.

WIFE (CONT'D)

(groans)
I'm not getting a signal.

She holds the phone above her, trying to get a signal. No
luck.

WOMAN

Let's check the map then.

The wife opens her backpack and rummages through it. Slowly
at first but then frantically.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please to God tell me you didn't
forget the map.

The wife remains silent. She forgot the map.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Are you serious? What did I tell
you? I reminded you a million
times.

WIFE

Whatever. I think I remember seeing
a fork in the map. I think we
should take the road on the right.

She takes a step forward but hesitates. The woman grabs the
wife's arm before she can take another step.

WOMAN

It's alright. We'll just head back.
Retrace our steps. Our water
bottles are full right? We'll be
good.

Uncertainly, they both head back.

THE SUN MOVES FROM EAST TO WEST

THE MOON RISES AND THEN FADES

THE SUN RISES UNTIL IT'S MIDDAY

EXT. WOODS - DAY - FLASHBACK

The sun beats down on the woman and her wife. Sweaty, dehydrated, and drained. The wife leans on the woman, a step away from collapsing.

The water bottles have long been empty, not even a drop remains.

But in the distance, clouds gather.

WIFE

(limps)

I need rest. I can't keep walking.

The two hobble to a slender tree with paltry shading.

WOMAN

We need to find water. I think we might be close to a stream or something.

WIFE

Maybe.

WOMAN

If we can just keep walking-

WIFE

I can't. I need rest.

WOMAN

No, we need water. That's the only thing that'll keep us alive.

The wife looks sincerely at the woman's face.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll carry you.

The woman tries to wrap her arms around her wife, but the wife slaps her away.

WIFE

Maybe you could go instead?

WOMAN

What about you?

WIFE

I'll rest here for awhile. We'll get nowhere with...

The wife looks down at her bruised ankle.

WIFE (CONT'D)

And we both know you can't even carry my four-year-old nephew for two minutes.

WOMAN

(distraught)

You've got to be fucking kidding me. If you actually think I'm gonna leave you.

WIFE

It'll be okay. I promise, it'll be okay. Just mark your trail. Use the sharpie we brought.

(a beat)

I can't go anywhere like this. I'll be in more danger walking with you.

(jokes)

Looks like you won't be able to just run faster than me if you come across a bear.

The woman is too worried to notice the wife's joke. She gazes at her for a beat, torn as to what to do. Finally:

WOMAN

(regretful)

Okay. But, I swear I'm gonna come back straight for you when I get help or find some water. Don't move, okay?

WIFE

I love you.

WOMAN

Me too.

They hug each other and the two share a lingering look, tender, before the woman leaves.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CABIN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Raindrops from the leaking roof fall upon the woman's forehead. Same scene as the beginning.

But the woman's eyes look different now. Feral like a cornered animal.

With her teeth, she tears at the cloth binding her wrists and slowly it comes undone. She doesn't waste a moment. In a heartbeat, she leaps to her feet and sprints up the stairs.

She swings open the door to the promised land!

EXT. WOODS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Bright white light fades to a gray sky.

Dark clouds gather up above as thunder booms in the distance. Possible rain?

The woman's spirit lifts a little. She gains more confidence and forges ahead.

Up ahead she spots a river, and just then, it starts to sprinkle, and then pour. Water drops pellet the ground.

She looks up, amazed. Eyes and mouth wide open. The drops fall upon her forehead, rhythmic like a pendulum.

In the b.g., a wiry MAN fishes on the bank of the river. He spots her, but she does not spot him.

WOMAN

(smiles)

Thank God.

She falls to the ground, her face up as the water droplets continue to pellet her forehead. She laughs uncontrollably.

In the b.g., the man starts walking towards her.

Back to the woman's face. She must have seen the face of God.

MAN (O.S.)

Are you okay?

The man comes into view.

MAN (CONT'D)

Ma'am, are you okay?

The woman looks up at him surprised and, for a moment, silent. But that only lasts for a moment. She jumps to her feet.

WOMAN

Oh my God! Thank God!

She's crying now.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please, you gotta help us.

MAN

Us?

WOMAN

My...

(hesitates)

Wife and I. We got lost.

(almost all at once)

I made a trail. I marked the trees with a sharpie so I could get back to her.

MAN

(a beat)

No problem. Where's your wife?

The woman doesn't answer immediately. There's a strange glint in the man's eyes, a disquieting eagerness.

MAN (CONT'D)

You say you made a trail? If you want, you could stay here and I could go find her for you.

WOMAN

(a beat)

No, that's fine. The ink ran out so there's not much of a trail. Let me show you instead.

MAN

Alright, show me the way.

The woman walks ahead, wary of the man behind her. But before she can take more than a couple of steps, the man is on top of her; he's got her in a chokehold.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

CABIN FIRST FLOOR

BAM!

Blinding light everywhere, almost as if the woman arrived at Heaven's gates. Slowly, the white light melts into a barren room.

A flame crackles in the fireplace.

She looks surprised, as if she thought this would be harder. She hesitates, but then inches towards the door when suddenly...

The door swings open.

The thin man steps inside, the exact same one from the river. At first he doesn't see the woman, but just as she comes into view, just as it registers that someone is not where she should be...

The woman leaps at the man, fingers stretched towards him like claws. Wild, feral, hungry. Her eyes burn like glowing coals.

She knocks him to the ground and chokes him.

The tempest from outside gusts into the room, the droplets pound upon the woman's forehead, upon her head, upon her body.

The man squirms and gurgles as the woman tightens her grip, ignoring the man's nails digging into her skin. A moment passes by before all noises cease except for the rain and thunder.

The man lays still, dead.

She stays put for a moment, gathering herself after what she just did. Thunder booms in the distance, bringing her back to her senses.

She rummages through the man's pockets until she finds a pair of car keys.

She heads outside.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The rain pours down hard as the woman runs to a car by the cabin. She starts the engine.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

It's a dump inside. Paper, trash, and random steel rods abound. The woman brushes them off the the driver's seat. She presses down hard on the gas.

It's a bumpy ride as the woman navigates the car onto the trail. But through the thundering rain and wind, she hears something pounding against the car. Perhaps from the trunk?

She stops the car and listens for a beat.

THUMP. THUMP.

A beat.

THUMP. THUMP.

Something is in the trunk and it doesn't want to be there.

Steeling herself, she grabs a rod and gets out of the car.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tentatively, the woman steps towards the trunk. She stares down at it long and hard, raising the rod above her, ready to strike.

Bated breath, she opens the trunk.

Bound in rope and duc tape. Mascara smeared and dried tears. The woman's wife curls in fetal position.

Her wide eyes dart to the woman and, though muffled, she bubbles with emotion.

It takes the woman a beat to grasp who it is in the truck. But within seconds, she's untangling ropes and tearing duc tape.

They embrace, not wanting to let go, as if they would be torn from each other if they did.

The rain pours down upon both of them. Thunder. Wind. Lightening. No matter. It can't tear them apart now.