

RELENTLESS

Written by

Libby Chambers &  
Pia Cook &  
Gary M. Howell &  
Marnie Mitchell &  
Christopher Nash

WRITERS' DRAFT - 06.03.22

FADE IN:

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Dark and dense. Moonlight filters through the leafy canopy. Sounds of nocturnal wildlife fill the woods.

Suddenly, silence.

Then...

Twigs SNAP, leaves CRUNCH, followed by LABORED BREATHING.

A woman's bare feet stumble fast down a leaf covered path.

A man's voice echoes. Coming from everywhere and nowhere.

ETHAN (O.S.)

C'mon, baby! I just wanna talk! I  
promise I won't hurt you! -- Darby!

In a sleeveless nightgown splattered with mud, DARBY (late 20s) cradles her pregnant belly as she runs.

Blood from branch scratches trickles down her arms. Blood from punches trickles from her battered nose and fat lip. One eye is bruised, swollen shut.

Then she stops. Stares straight ahead.

**EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

She faces a solitary red door, adorned with a pretty wreath. It stands alone, attached to nothing.

Behind her, FOOTSTEPS. She turns, sees the flicker of fire from a handheld torch approaching.

Panicked, Darby heaves open the door and disappears inside.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Darby closes the camper door. She's no longer pregnant, her face unmarked, her clothes and hair completely different.

She backs up, slides down the wall, sits staring at the door.

The aluminum door rattles. First gentle, then...VIOLENT.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

ETHAN (32), a faceless figure in the dark night, smashes a foot against the door. Again and again. The wreath falls.

One of his hands clutches a torch, the other a gas can.

ETHAN  
DAMNIT, DARBY! OPEN THE DOOR!

Nothing. He tilts the can, pours gas in front of the door.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Darby watches as smoke creeps under the door. She looks around the small space. Nowhere to go.

ETHAN (O.S.)  
I'm not leaving without you, Darby.  
You can be mine, or you can burn!

Sickly orange light fills the Airstream as the sounds of an ALL-ENGULFING FIRE grow outside...

**EXT. CAMPSITE - LAKE - DAY**

Darby bursts from the water into the early morning sunlight, sputtering with the cold, breaths coming fast.

She finds her footing in the shallows and stands. All is quiet around her.

Her swimsuit reveals a nasty BURN SCAR spread across her chest and some of her right arm. Years old.

Far off, back across the water, the Airstream is visible. No damage. Nothing like the horrific visions of moments ago.

Darby draws in a deep breath and starts back across the water with strong, confident strokes.

**VARIOUS SHOTS**

As Darby begins her day off-grid in the wild --

- Showers
- Wipes down the SOLAR PANELS on top of the Airstream
- Tends to a small raised-bed garden, some parts boxed in chicken wire

- Prepares a lean breakfast on the stove
- Sits and eats by the water
- Does a no-equipment workout
- Reads in the late afternoon sun
- Meditates at dusk

As Darby watches the sun disappear over the horizon, her face is suddenly anxious.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Darby tosses and turns. Insomnia.

Picks up her phone, starts to scroll through pages. Pauses.

A VIDEO -- "DR. ETHAN GILLIS, PHD - WE ARE LOSING WHAT MADE US GREAT - NEW BOOK OUT TODAY!"

Darby hesitates.

DARBY

Darby -- don't.

But she clicks it. The pale light flickering on her face as the AUDIO of the interview plays --

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

...and you've had personal experience with that as well.

ETHAN (O.S.)

That's why my book is so important. Because people need to understand what these processes are like for men like me, men caught up in legal systems, political systems around relationships and divorce that are stacked against us.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

No one hears their side.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Right. Someone needs to speak out for us. You know, my ex-wife made a vow to me. And then she tried to destroy everything. But she failed.

(MORE)

ETHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 If she was here with me, I'd say,  
 D, I'm still the same man you  
 married. If you come to your  
 senses, stop lying, stop hating me  
 when your real problem is  
 yourself... I'll be here. Always.  
 Because that's what a man should  
 do. I'd say, Darby, the fire is  
 still b-

Darby shuts the video off and throws the phone down, her face  
 a mix of hurt and panic.

She tries to control her breath. Panic rising. Flips over.

To see -- ORANGE FLAMES glowing under the door of the  
 Airstream. The sounds of FIRE rising...

ETHAN (O.S.)  
 I'm not leaving without you, Darby.

As Darby huddles into the blankets --

ETHAN (O.S.)  
 DARBY!

**INT. 4RUNNER - DAY**

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Darby!

Darby jolts awake. She blinks hard. Disoriented.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Yo, Darbs! Wake up!

Outside, hand pressed against the glass, is SHANNON, 28,  
 statuesque brunette, more handsome than pretty.

Taking deep breaths, Darby begins to calm.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

Forest surrounds the mostly vacant lot.

Darby exits the 4Runner, stretches. She adjusts her shirt to  
 cover the burn mark. Shannon pretends not to notice.

SHANNON  
 You good?

DARBY  
Just bad dreams.

Shannon pulls Darby in for a hug, then gives her a once-over.

SHANNON  
You look good. Much better than the  
last time I saw you.

DARBY  
Only uphill from there.

MEG (O.S.)  
Oh my God! My girls!

MEG, 28, fade haircut, nose-ring, in a "Girls Do It Better" T-shirt, trots across the parking lot, arms spread wide.

The three women squeal and hug.

Meg steps back, ogles Shannon with a glint in her eyes.

MEG  
Holy shit, Shan. You've turned  
into, like, a fucking Goddess.

SHANNON  
I was always a Goddess, Meg, you  
just never noticed until now.

Shannon winks at her.

MEG  
Oh, I noticed. I just used to be  
more polite about it.

She winks back. Darby chuckles as she opens the trunk.

DARBY  
Let's load up your gear.

Shannon puts her sleek hard-shell carry-on inside. A logo on the side for WAI, Women in Aviation International.

Meg tosses in her scuffed-up Jansport backpack covered in various Pride and animal rescue stickers.

ADRIENNE (O.S.)  
Hello! I could use some help here!

They turn to see, ADRIENNE, 28, perfect INSTA-FACE -- collagen-lips, augmented cheekbones, sculpted nose. One procedure short of scary, with personality to match.

She drags two giant designer suitcases across the lot.

DARBY  
(softly)  
Is that -- Adrienne? Jesus.

MEG  
What in the holiest of fucks  
happened to her?

SHANNON  
Social media.

Adrienne arrives. More hugs, but slightly stiffer.

ADRIENNE  
It's so good to see you ladies  
again. You all look stunning.

Awkward as Adrienne waits for praise about her in return.

DARBY  
...You too, Adrienne.

SHANNON  
Fab.

MEG  
Wow. I hardly recognized you.

Adrienne shoots a snobbish look at Meg, sizes her up.

ADRIENNE  
Hardly recognized you either.

She holds up her phone, takes a quick video of herself with the Airstream in the background.

ADRIENNE  
Well my darlings, I've arrived for  
our little 10 year reunion with my  
OG girls. The high school crew  
together again! It's not quite the  
Maui Hilton I voted for...

Adrienne wanders away recording, abandoning her bags. Meg huffs, grabs one, and shoves it inside, hard.

An SUV rolls to a stop at the other end of the parking lot.

They watch as TRESS, 28, black, bubbly, with a fantastic smile, exits the car, along with her HUSBAND.

Tress opens the door to the backseat, leans in and kisses her two kids, strapped in their car seats.

DARBY  
Did Tress have another kid?

SHANNON  
Two years ago.

DARBY  
What? Why didn't anyone tell me?

An answer they all know but no-one wants to say. Adrienne returns, breaking the silence.

ADRIENNE  
Babies. Geezus. Talk about ruining your career.

All eyes turn to Adrienne.

ADRIENNE  
What? You know I'm right.

Tress waves and blows kisses until the car is gone.

She dabs away tears, then turns to the girls and grins wide.

She hurries over. Hugs all around.

**EXT. 4RUNNER - DAY**

Airstream in tow, the 4Runner travels down a long, two-lane road that cuts through a dense forest.

**INT. 4RUNNER - DAY**

At the wheel, Darby laughs with Shannon in the passenger seat. Tress, in the middle back seat, leans forward to join.

On either side of Tress, Adrienne and Meg talk with a barely-contained tension.

MEG  
I'm not into social media, so...

ADRIENNE  
Just download the app then follow me. It'll be great for you, I have tons of beauty and make-up tips...

Meg's face flushes with anger, but Shannon interrupts.



SHANNON (O.C.)

Do you remember that, Adrienne?

Trying to contain her laughter, Tress plops back in her seat, cuts the line of view between Meg and Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

Remember what?

DARBY

Peeing your pants at the NSYNC concert.

Meg chuckles.

MEG

Oh my God. You refused to leave your spot in front of Justin.

Her chuckle turns into a smirk.

MEG

Too bad Instagram wasn't a thing back then...

Adrienne sniffs, as if this is all below her.

ADRIENNE

Speaking of that, are we near the resort? I have to pee.

Darby looks at Shannon who mouths to her, "resort?".

DARBY

We're about an hour away. Can you hold it?

MEG

Judging by past experience --

Tress cuts her off with a stern look. Shannon and Darby can't help it. They laugh.

**EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE - DAY**

The sun beams off the Airstream.

Next to it, a four person tent, the trusty 4Runner, and the placid lake only fifty feet away.

A high-pitched SQUEAL pierces the silence.

Panicked, Adrienne flies out of the tent.

The Airstream door slams open. Darby runs out on high alert.

But as she watches Adrienne stomp her feet and violently shake out her hair, Darby's expression changes to a smirk. She opens a drawer on the camper for a can of RAID.

DARBY

I told you the bugs would love that  
crap you spray in your hair.

Adrienne gives her the stink eye, grabs the can.

Darby grabs a kettle, brings it over to the firepit.

Meg steps out of the tent, spreads her arms.

MEG

Mother Nature, dazzle me!

No one even looks up. Un-dazzled, Meg plops into a camping chair and produces a vape from her jacket.

She takes a drag and watches with open disgust as Adrienne puckers her face and shoots selfies.

Shannon exits the tent, commences a stretching routine.

Adrienne checks her photo. Her finger moves across the phone's screen with the speed of a pro. Edit. Auto-fix.

Her attention turns to Shannon, who drops, doing military push-ups with perfect form.

ADRIENNE

Goddamn, get it girl! You should be  
posting this. You could be racking  
up followers.

Shannon pops up onto her feet. Behind, Tress covers herself in a thick cloud of bug spray as she exits the tent.

SHANNON

Followers? That word in itself is  
creepy as fuck.

TRESS

You probably could though. All the  
moms I know would totally follow a  
hot female pilot.

Meg raises her hand from the chair.

MEG

Yo, yeah, the lesbians would be here for that too.

Shannon shakes her head with a smile, finishes her last reps, jumps to her feet lightly, and strips off her clothes.

SHANNON

Who's for a swim?

Without waiting for an answer, she sprints for the lake.

Meg jumps up with a howl of delight and pulls her shirt off as she runs after Shannon.

Adrienne looks to Darby, concerned.

ADRIENNE

That water's probably full of leeches or, like, fish or something, right?

Darby's about to argue, but thinks better of it.

DARBY

Paddle boards. If you wanna keep out of the water.

Adrienne follows her eyes to the PADDLE BOARDS on the 4Runner. Her look handily conveys her complete disinterest.

ADRIENNE

You really like all this? No offense, just, ten years ago you were like the most excited of all of us to move to the big city.

Bad memories shadow Darby's face as she considers her answer.

DARBY

I feel safe here. I didn't there.

ADRIENNE

No arguments. The city's fucked. Know what makes me feel better?

Adrienne rifles around her designer handbag and pulls out a BLINGED-OUT PINK GLOCK.

ADRIENNE

You just gotta let 'em know that you're the dangerous one.

Darby shrugs.

DARBY

I don't want to be the dangerous one. I just want to live.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - LAKE - DAY**

Treading water, Meg and Shannon look to Adrienne and Darby at the campsite. Adrienne stands for yet another selfie.

MEG

I can't believe I used to have a crush on her.

SHANNON

Now she has one on herself.

Shannon leans her head back, staring at the sky.

Her eyes narrow as she sees a cloud formation overhead. It's low, disc-shaped, with undulating waves at its base.

Meg follows Shannon's gaze.

SHANNON

Alto cumulus Standing Lenticularis.  
It shouldn't be here...

MEG

That's exactly what I thought.

SHANNON

(surprised)  
Really?

MEG

No. What the fuck are you talking about, you geek?

Shannon chuckles.

SHANNON

You usually only see them above hills and mountaintops. We avoid flying into them. Always bad turbulence on the leeward side.

Suddenly, the cloud formation dissolves in front of their eyes, like a burst of smoke carried away in the wind.

Shannon watches, troubled, then starts towards shore.

After a moment, Meg notices and paddles after her.

MEG

Oh. We're going? Okay. Good talk about the, uh, clouds...

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

Meg catches up to Shannon as she reaches the tent, dripping wet. They grab towels and dry off as they survey the others.

Darby is doing maintenance on the camper.

Tress texts by the fire, a big smile on her face.

Adrienne snaps selfies, switching poses and expressions as she works to make eating a granola bar look amazing.

MEG

Hey. I thought we agreed this weekend was about disconnecting so we could reconnect?

Meg snatches Tress's cell-phone away.

TRESS

Hey! The kids need me. I get a pass.

MEG

No you don't. And hey, no they don't. They've got a father.

Tress grabs for the phone, but Meg pockets it. Tress relents.

Everyone turns to Adrienne, accusing.

ADRIENNE

What? I'm not online. I'm just using the camera.

They all glare at her. Adrienne groans, turns her phone off.

Everyone takes a seat around the fire. Darby opens a cooler and passes out sandwiches. They dig in.

SHANNON

Thanks for getting us here, Darby.

The others nod in agreement.

ADRIENNE

Yeah. Sooo great out here.

DARBY

Shan handled everything. But I'm really happy you're all here. I know it's not exactly glamorous.

Tress hesitates...

TRESS

Don't you ever get lonely?

DARBY

Nope.

SHANNON

Being alone and being lonely are two completely different things.

A knowing look passes between Meg, Adrienne, and Tress. Tress nods and steps away to the tent.

MEG

Speaking of being alone, me and Tress and Adrienne have a surprise.

Shannon watches, suddenly unsure, as Tress approaches from the tent and places an ENVELOPE in Darby's lap.

DARBY

What is this?

TRESS

Open it!

All eyes on Darby as she tears the envelope to reveal TWO PLANE TICKETS. She stares, her expression unreadable.

MEG

Since you're hosting us, and since it has been WAY too long since we were all together, we wanna host you! They're set for your birthday in five months, but they're flex, if that doesn't work for all of us.

TRESS

I'd be flying out too. It would be so good to see you there again. Get around the city, live it up a bit.

Darby stares at the tickets. A slight shake in her hands.

DARBY

I'm sorry.

She abruptly stands and disappears into the Airstream.

SHANNON  
Darby, they didn't...shit.

MEG  
What just happened?

SHANNON  
You should have asked me first.

TRESS  
Your whole thing was about  
reconnecting, we're just trying to  
make sure that happens!

SHANNON  
I know. It's not your fault. It's  
-- Darby's not out here for fun.  
She doesn't want to go back there.

ADRIENNE  
Because of a bad divorce? Goddamn,  
it's like, move on.

SHANNON  
It wasn't just a bad divorce.

Before anyone can ask what she means --

SCREECH!

Overhead, a large flock of birds takes flight.

Confused, they take in their surroundings. It's suddenly  
eerily silent.

ADRIENNE  
Why are we all --

SHANNON  
Shhh.

TRESS  
What?

SHANNON  
Woods went quiet.

Tress and Adrienne shoot each other a wary look.

TRESS  
Which means what, exactly?

A shadow casts darkness over the women. Shannon looks up.  
The lenticular cloud has reappeared, directly over them.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - DAY**

Darby takes slow, steady breaths, her face pale with tension.  
She presses her back against the wall and slumps to the floor. Staring at the door, just like her nightmare.  
Almost unconsciously, her hand goes to the burn on her chest.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

Everyone stares up at the lenticular cloud.

SHANNON

Okay, that's some weird shit. It's that same cloud, Meg. It really shouldn't be here.

MEG

So...what? Is that bad?

Shannon ponders. Her eyes on the cloud.

SHANNON

I don't know.

Suddenly, A HIGH-PITCHED SOUND. Faint at first. As if coming from far away.

TRESS

What is that??

The sound grows in intensity. Getting closer. Getting louder. Until it's painful. Earsplitting.

Everyone covers their ears, faces contorting in pain.

Shannon tries to move, realizes she's stuck. Her lips move but no one can hear her.

Around her, everyone is rooted to the ground. Helpless.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - DAY**

The SOUND fills the camper, locking Darby to the floor.



Her eyes look wildly around the room as she desperately tries to move or speak.

Her gaze takes in the tiny space that she's made her home and that has suddenly become a prison.

It seems to last an eternity.

Then it ends.

Darby gathers herself. Rushes out.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

Outside, everyone is recovered, talking over each other in a rush of nervous energy as Darby emerges, terrified.

DARBY  
What's happening?

SHANNON  
We don't know.

Then -- a THUD.

An owl crashes to the ground at Shannon's feet. Bloodied feathers, cold dead eyes.

Nervously, they all step back, look up at the treetops.

ADRIENNE  
What the hell!

MEG  
Oh my God. The poor thing.

Hand over her mouth, Tress turns away from the carnage.

Adrienne pulls out her phone and snaps a picture of the owl.

MEG  
Are you kidding me? What the hell  
is wrong with you?

Adrienne pockets her phone in embarrassment.

Darby and Shannon move closer, inspect the bird. There's a precise vertical cut down the owl's chest.

SHANNON  
It looks like something... sliced  
it. That's not an animal attack.

Meg leans in closer.

MEG

It's got an electronic tracker.  
Wildlife researchers, I guess.

ADRIENNE

Well they aren't getting any more  
research out of that thing.

They look up at the treetops.

Wary, Tress hugs herself. Stifles a nervous laugh.

TRESS

Didn't know nature could be so  
freaky.

ADRIENNE

There's a Belmont Resort and Spa  
two hours away...

Tress brightens up.

TRESS

Oh that sounds nice.

Shannon looks to Darby, concerned.

SHANNON

C'mon guys. I admit some weird  
shit's happened, but we just got  
here.

Meg follows her lead.

MEG

I want to stay. I'm not afraid of  
some weather and a dead bird.

ADRIENNE

Weather? Sweetie, that was not  
"weather."

MEG

Well I still don't want to go to  
some fucking res --

DARBY

-- It's okay. I'm sorry. I  
shouldn't have said yes to this.  
(then)  
How about everyone packs up and  
we'll figure out what to do next.

TRESS  
That's probably best.

MEG  
No! Darby...

But Adrienne and Tress are already gathering their things. Meg looks to Shannon, who for once doesn't know what to do.

SHANNON  
You sure about this?

DARBY  
Yeah. You were right. This was a bad idea.

Shannon gives her a reassuring hug.

**LATER**

The camp is disassembled, with bags piled high.

The group is quiet but urgent as they toss their belongings in the back of the 4Runner and pile in.

**INT. 4RUNNER - DAY**

Adrienne, Meg and Tress are squeezed in the backseat. Shannon in the passenger seat, Darby behind the wheel.

Darby turns the ignition. Nothing. Turns it again. CLICK.

The others watch as Darby gets out and raises the hood.

TRESS  
Something wrong with the car?

SHANNON  
Gotta be the battery.

Shannon exits as Darby heads for the Airstream.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - 4RUNNER - DAY**

Darby returns from the Airstream with a house battery.

DARBY  
One of the house batteries.

They grab the jumper cables and hook it up.

Shannon gets in, turns the ignition. Nothing.

ADRIENNE  
Maybe it's out of gas.

Darby shoots her an annoyed look.

Adrienne and Tress take out their phones, turn them on.

Darby returns, volt meter in hand, attaches it to the battery. Reads a little over 12 volts. Extra battery, same.

DARBY  
There's plenty of juice in these  
batteries. This doesn't make sense.

Shannon turns the ignition again. Volt meter reads the same.

Concern on Tress' and Adrienne's faces.

TRESS  
My phone's not working.

ADRIENNE  
Me neither.

They all look at each other. Something's going on. Darby eyes them all, anxiety growing.

DARBY  
No one told anyone where we are.  
Right?

MEG  
No...

DARBY  
I told Shannon to tell you all. No  
one can know. Did one of you  
message someone, or send a photo,  
or...

Suddenly, she rounds on Adrienne.

DARBY  
Do your posts have location info?  
Can people find you?

ADRIENNE  
Hell no. I don't want stalkers, all  
that shit's hidden. What's your  
problem, anyway? Look around. We're  
alone.

Meg angrily opens her mouth to defend Darby, but Shannon cuts her off.

SHANNON

Hey. Let's just focus on the vehicle.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER**

The area's a mess. Tools strewn about, some of the luggage out, house batteries from the Airstream.

Drag marks from the Airstream lead to a generator.

Darby pulls the rip cord. A couple tries, and the generator hums to life.

Excited, they hook it up to the 4Runner's battery.

All waiting in silent anticipation as Shannon turns the ignition.

Nothing.

TRESS

So how do we get out of here?

ADRIENNE (O.S.)

Can't call an Uber.

She holds up her phone.

ADRIENNE

Just like the car. Turns on, but nothing works.

SHANNON

You got a radio, right?

**INT. AIRSTREAM**

Darby enters, flings open a cabinet revealing a CB radio.

Behind her, Shannon props open the Airstream door, stands just outside.

Darby switches to channel 9, speaks into the mic.

DARBY

Hello? If anyone hears me, we need some help at Glacier National Park.

Nothing but static.

DARBY

Hello? We're stranded at a campsite  
on the South side of Wynn Lake.  
Please respond for coordinates...

Static.

SHANNON

Try channel nineteen. Trucker  
channel. Usually better reception.

Darby turns to channel 19.

DARBY

Hello? Can anyone hear me? Hello?

Only static from the CB. Darby looks at Shannon, real fear  
showing in her face.

SHANNON

Darby, I don't know what's going  
on...but this is nothing to do with  
him.

Darby's expression says she's not so sure.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

Meg, Tress and Adrienne sit watching as Shannon and Darby  
step out of the trailer. Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON

No luck with the radio.

MEG

So what do we do?

SHANNON

Maybe walk.

TRESS

Aren't we like, fifty miles out?

DARBY

Sixty.

SHANNON

I can go. I'll be faster if I'm by  
myself. Maybe twelve hours.

MEG

No way. If something happens to  
you, we won't know.

TRESS

And what if someone's out there?  
What if someone's doing all this?

SHANNON

I don't see other options.  
4Runner's dead. Phones are dead. No  
one on radio.

Finally, the gravity of the situation is sinking in. Upset, Tress turns away. Adrienne looks to Darby with a scowl.

ADRIENNE

You need to come up with something,  
babe. You brought us here.

DARBY

I don't know what's happening. I --

ADRIENNE

-- Seriously, this is your show.  
It's your responsibility to see to  
it that we get home safely and --

DARBY

-- I was fucking fine alone here! I  
said I'm sorry for bringing you  
here, it won't happen again. I'll  
stay on the radio.

Darby turns and walks back to the Airstream.

ADRIENNE

You're just gonna run away?

SHANNON

Adrienne! Just shut up, okay?  
(then)  
I'll work on the car. Darby's on  
the CB. You guys try to find a cell  
signal, and we're all just gonna  
stay calm. Okay?

Adrienne huffs.

ADRIENNE

Great. I'll find a signal and get  
us the fuck outta here.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - DAY**

Darby tries different channels on the CB. Nothing but static.

She glances out the window as Adrienne passes by, phone held high as she moves to the woods, on the hunt for a signal.

Beyond, Tress stands alone, down by the water.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - LAKE - DAY**

Tress holds her phone as high as she can, tries to get the phone to do something. Anything.

Nothing works. She sits down hard, stares at her phone's home screen. A photo of her kids and husband. Tears pool in her eyes. She wipes them away.

TRESS

I'll be home soon. Promise.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Adrienne wanders into the woods, stepping gingerly.

ADRIENNE

C'mon, baby. One bar. Please, just give me one bar.

She moves deeper into the trees. The campsite no longer visible behind her.

ADRIENNE

"Disconnect to reconnect." Fucking fuck me...

And as she wanders on -- suddenly, jarringly, we enter an:

**UNKNOWN POV**

The viewpoint of something robotic, alien. A digital HUD with strange, never before seen symbols scrolling past.

The HUD constantly changes as it runs through a variety of scans. Infrared to ultraviolet, the full spectrum.

The world sounds different. Less natural. RUMBLES and HUMS echo that would be inaudible to the human ear.

Because whatever is watching is not human.

For now, let's call it THE STALKER.

A ROBOT-LIKE ARM, built from a STRANGE, OTHERWORLDLY METAL reaches forward. It shoves a probe into the ground.



Different symbols. Some type of analysis. The arm retracts, then aims for a tree, extends again.

A SOUND WAVE appears on the screen, matching the voice of Adrienne. She's unseen, but close...

ADRIENNE (O.S.)  
Yes. Yes, come on...no!

But in the HUD, nothing is visible. No Adrienne.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Desperate, Adrienne stands on her toes, tries to hold the phone as high as possible. The phone's screen turns black.

ADRIENNE  
No! No no no. Don't die on me.

She taps the screen. Nothing happens. Dejected, she stares at it, pushes the power button.

Nearby -- a BRANCH SNAPS.

Adrienne whips her head in the direction of the sound.

#### **STALKER POV**

A sound wave appears on screen at the same time as Adrienne's voice, DISTORTED and DIGITIZED.

ADRIENNE (O.S.)  
Hello?  
(then)  
Is someone there?

Different scans. Infrared. Gamma ray. X-ray.

The HUD shifts again. A new scan. Suddenly, something visible. Moving closer. A glowing square --

It's ADRIENNE'S PHONE.

But she's invisible to the scans. The phone seems to float.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Nearing dusk. Hard to make out different shapes.

Adrienne takes another step forward, growing tense. She reaches into her bag, pulls out the Glock.

ADRIENNE

If you girls are messing with me,  
stop right now.

A rustle of the leaves on the forest floor twenty feet ahead.

Adrienne's eyes widen in fear, but she steels herself. She assumes the weaver stance, practiced and professional.

ADRIENNE

Whoever the fuck you are, you come  
any closer, I'm gonna blow your ass  
mile high into the sky.

Silence. Adrienne forces her breathing to slow.

Her PHONE RINGS, startles her.

She yanks it out, taps the screen. It glows a bright white, but doesn't react. Still ringing.

She taps again.

ADRIENNE

Please...

The phone flashes, scrolling a series of symbols -- the same symbols seen in the Stalker's POV.

Adrienne watches the symbols flash faster and faster.

Then the phone plays its STARTUP TONE and displays the lock screen. Adrienne swipes, bringing the EMERGENCY CALL up.

SHWOOSH.

The phone disappears. So do her fingers. Adrienne stares.

Her hand is a bloody stump. A single cut severing four of her fingers at the base. Only her thumb remains.

She looks down at the ground, at the phone, surrounded by mutilated fingers...

Reality hits. She SCREAMS and stumbles back as blood spews from her hand.

She brings the gun up and fires wild into the trees.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DUSK**

The GUNSHOTS echo across the campsite.

Tress, at the edge of the woods still looking for a signal, turns to lock eyes with Shannon and Meg at the 4Runner.

TRESS  
What the hell was that?

SHANNON  
That's gunfire.

MEG  
(hopeful)  
Or fireworks?

Darby exits the Airstream, looks at Shannon.

SHANNON  
No. That was a gun.

DARBY  
Where's Adrienne?

Tress points in the direction of the shots.

Shannon steps forward, scans the trees, then belts out --

SHANNON  
ADRIENNE!

Meg is not liking this at all.

MEG  
Hunters?

SHANNON  
Not unless they hunt with handguns.  
ADRIENNE!

DARBY  
Adrienne had a pistol.

Shannon's face falls. Before anyone can say anything else --

SHANNON  
We're losing light. Darbs, grab  
those headlamps.

Darby nods, heads into the airstream.

#### **INT. AIRSTREAM - DUSK**

Darby opens a storage case. In front is a stack of papers, one on top says, "RESTRAINING ORDER".

She reaches to the back, pulls out a couple of headlamps.  
 She heads to the door, but STOPS --  
 As the CB CRACKLES behind her. A burst of VOICE, inaudible.  
 Darby snaps up the mic.

DARBY  
 Hello? Is someone there? We're  
 having a real bad day here. If  
 you're listening, we need --

The radio CRACKLES, a burst of STATIC, and then --

RADIO/DARBY'S VOICE  
 Having a real bad day here --

The voice continues, warping, mixing in and out of static.

DARBY  
 What the hell?

RADIO/DARBY'S VOICE  
 Having a real bad day here. What  
 the hell?

Darby stares at the radio in fear and disbelief.  
 Suddenly, the voice shifts, until it's a man's voice --

RADIO/MAN'S VOICE  
 I just want to talk.

Darby throws down the mic, sprints out of the Airstream.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DUSK**

Everyone looks up as Darby explodes from the Airstream,  
 panicked and hyperventilating.

SHANNON  
 What the hell happened?

They gather around Darby as she tries to catch her breath.

DARBY  
 The radio went nuts -- and then I  
 heard it. I heard his voice.

MEG  
 Whose voice?

No need for Darby to answer. Shannon knows.

SHANNON

Are you sure? You've been out here almost a year. You ever say your name over the radio?

DARBY

No.

SHANNON

Your location?

Darby shakes her head no, but her panic's rising.

DARBY

But I've been alone. Now you're all here. Adrienne's posting shit. Tress talking to her family. He could be watching all of you. He -- we have to leave.

SHANNON

Hold on. Wait. He's on the other side of the country. And you were alone, but you're not. We're here. And I'm not gonna let anything happen to you, or anyone.

Slowly, Shannon's words are helping Darby catch her breath.

SHANNON

The voice. Could it have been someone else? Through the static?

Darby hesitates, takes a deep breath as she tries to calm.

DARBY

It could have been someone else.

Shannon considers the situation.

SHANNON

Okay. Meg and I are going to find Adrienne. Tress, you and Darby stay here. See if you can get this person on the radio again.

Tress nods.

SHANNON

If you find them, don't give our location unless Darby's sure.

Shannon takes the headlamps from Darby and gives her a last reassuring touch. "Okay?" Darby steels herself, nods.

Meg looks to Tress, face anxious.

MEG

I can stay with Darby if you want?

SHANNON

C'mon.

Meg huffs and follows.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Meg fumbles her headlamp on, mutters as she trips over a root. She speeds up to catch Shannon.

SHANNON

Adrienne!!

MEG

You think that was her shooting?

SHANNON

If not, it means we're not alone out here.

Meg shudders at the thought, then pauses by a tree.

Starting at about head height and moving up, there are perfectly round holes bored deep into the tree.

Meg peers up. Her headlamp throws long shadows into the dark snarl of branches above.

It almost looks like something is moving up there...

SHANNON (O.S.)

Meg.

Meg takes a last look at the tree, then jogs after Shannon.

MEG

What the hell could she be shooting at anyway? A bear? A --

She breaks off as Shannon's hand stops her in her tracks.

Shannon's headlamp illuminates the forest floor. A thin trail of blood leads into the bushes.

Shannon kicks at the ground. Something flashes as it skitters into the light.

A spent casing.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Darby speaks into the CB mic. Behind her, Tress watches.

DARBY  
Is anyone on this channel?  
(no response)  
We need assistance. Anyone copy?

Nothing. She meets Tress' eyes.

DARBY  
There was a voice.

TRESS  
Darby... Is this about Ethan? Is there something you didn't tell us?

Darby stares back, silent.

TRESS  
Are you hiding from him out here?

Pain in Darby's face. But before she can speak --

THUMP!

Behind Darby, something heavy slams into the wall of the trailer. They freeze.

Something's outside.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Shannon tracks splotches of blood on the forest floor.

MEG  
Shan. Look.

Meg points at several perfectly round holes in the tree.

MEG  
I saw these before, too.

Shannon studies the holes, then casts around. The trail of blood ends here.

SHANNON

Adrienne?

Something up in the tree shifts, glinting in the moonlight.

**STALKER POV**

Shannon and Meg are INVISIBLE, just like Adrienne.

But their headlamps show as bright spots, hovering like fireflies.

A MECHANICAL ARM reaches out. Climbing down.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Shannon squints, can't see what's up there. Moving closer.

Suddenly, she freezes.

SHANNON

(whisper)

Meg, back up --

MEG

(whisper)

What is it?

Before Shannon can answer, the figure emits a HIGH-PITCHED SCREECH.

Startled, Meg screams.

The TONE changes pitch. Matches Meg's scream.

Their headlamps flare and short out.

Meg pulls Shannon backwards as the figure, barely visible, scuttles out of the tree --

It dashes past them, disappearing into the night.

MEG

What the fuck was that?

Meg tries to get her headlamp back on, but it's dead. Shannon pulls a pocket light out of her pants, flicks it on.

SHANNON

I have no idea, but whatever it was, I don't like it.



MEG

Didn't sound like any animal I know  
of.

Shannon holds the tiny light up. They both see --

At the base of the tree, a cell phone.

And in a pool of blood, Adrienne's mutilated fingers.

MEG

Oh fuck. Adrienne...

Unfazed, Shannon scoops up the fingers and pockets them.

SHANNON

She's gonna want these when we find  
her. C'mon.

Meg's face sinks as Shannon continues into the woods,  
headlamp sweeping, looking for clues.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

THUMP!

Darby winces at the sound, but pushes herself to approach the  
window and look out. Tress peers out by the door.

They glance at each other. Nothing.

THUMP!

From the back this time.

Something's circling them.

Darby and Tress huddle together. Darby holds a large knife.  
Tress clutches a heavy flashlight.

TRESS

(whisper)

Is it an animal?

Darby's look says she doesn't think so.

THUMP. Then a long DRAGGING sound as something slides down  
the outside wall of the Airstream, stopping next to the door.

Darby looks toward the back door, then at Tress.

DARBY  
(whisper)  
If I yell, you better come out  
swinging.

Terrified, Tress nods.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

The back door of the Airstream inches open. Darby eases out, winces as the metal squeaks under her.

She steels herself. Peeks around the corner. Her eyes widen.

Adrienne sits slumped against the Airstream, her bloody arm clutched to her body.

Darby rushes to her, yells toward the trees.

DARBY  
Shannon! Meg!

Tress jumps out the door. Flashlight at the ready, she stops when she sees Adrienne.

ADRIENNE  
(weak)  
It took my phone.

Adrienne's eyes roll back in her head as she passes out.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

The women crowd around Adrienne. Her bloody hand is covered in gauze and wrapped in Meg's "Girls Do It Better" t-shirt.

Adrienne gasps, then wakes. She groans in pain.

TRESS  
Hey. Try not to move.

Tress brings a cup of water to Adrienne's lips.

SHANNON  
Adrienne, what happened out there?  
Who attacked you?

Groggy, Adrienne turns to Shannon, her voice muffled.

ADRIENNE  
Something. I don't know. I think I  
shot it.

Face pale, teeth chattering, Adrienne fades out.

SHANNON

Adrienne, focus for me. Was it a person?

Adrienne shakes her head no. Her eyes are hazy.

Eyelids heavy, she looks down at her bloody mess of a hand.

ADRIENNE

Meg, your favorite shirt...

She's out. The girls look at each other, all worried.

Shannon gestures for them to follow her outside.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

The four stand together, close to the camper, wary eyes on the dark woods. They keep their voices low.

SHANNON

She's in bad shape.

DARBY

The SUV's our only chance. We've got to get it working.

MEG

With that thing out there?

TRESS

We don't know what this "thing" is. What did this?

No one has a good answer.

SHANNON

We know it moves fast. Even in the dark. It can run, climb...cut.

MEG

(realizing)

That's what killed the owl.

Shannon nods. Meg's right.

TRESS

I thought you said it wasn't an animal attack.

Shannon hesitates, but there's no point in hiding the truth.

SHANNON

It wasn't. Neither is whatever happened to Adrienne. Straight cuts like that means a weapon of some kind. Something artificial.

DARBY

So someone *is* out there...

SHANNON

I don't know. Maybe. But whatever Meg and I saw -- that wasn't human.

TRESS

I don't understand. So what? The Terminator? Killer aliens?

They all glance at each other. No one has good answers.

DARBY

We shouldn't leave Adrienne alone.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Tress sits by Adrienne, who whimpers softly in her sleep. Darby and Shannon root around in Darby's equipment and tools.

Meg pulls open the fridge door, peers inside.

Adrienne's severed fingers sit in a bowl of ice. Meg grimaces, grabs a bottle of water, then quickly shuts the door.

Suddenly -- light floods into the camper.

Surprised, they move to the front window.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

The 4Runner's headlights shine bright.

Then the interior lights up. A second later the RADIO comes on at full volume.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Shannon's the first to move.

SHANNON

Tress, stay with Adrienne.

Shannon grabs a flashlight. Meg and Darby follow her out.  
Tress sits with Adrienne, clutching the knife in both hands.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Darby and Meg trail Shannon to the 4Runner and slowly surround the vehicle.

Shannon peeks inside. Everything that can be turned on is on.  
Music BLARING.

Shannon reaches for the handle.

Everything stops. Dead quiet.

The three stare at each other.

From the Airstream, Tress watches through the front window.

**STALKER POV**

The Stalker scans the Airstream.

Tress is invisible, but the Airstream's ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS of form a glowing skeleton of intersecting WHITE LINES.

The scans zoom in, dissecting, targeting.

A STRANGE, HIGH-PITCHED TONE beams out --

The Airstream's electrical systems change color in the HUD.

GREEN FOR CONNECTED. Responding to the high-pitched tone.

One more, SHORT, SHARP TONE --

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

BEEP! Tress jumps as the microwave next to her turns on.

She stares. Symbols scroll on the microwave's readout.

Then -- just like the 4Runner, everything electronic in the camper lights up. Beeping, flashing, displaying symbols.

TRESS  
What the hell!

Adrienne sits up in a hazy panic.

Her cellphone lights up next to her. On the table, the other cellphones BUZZ and CHIRP.

Then it all stops. Complete silence again.

ADRIENNE  
What's happening?

TRESS  
I don't know --

She's cut off as the door opens and Shannon and Darby enter.

SHANNON  
What happened?

TRESS  
Everything went haywire for like five seconds. Then nothing.

Meg stops at the door, looking at something on the camper.

MEG  
Guys, what's this?

**EXT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Shannon, Darby, and Tress step out to see --

Dark tendrils of electric burn marks stretch across the campers aluminum skin.

SHANNON  
Some kind of electric current.

MEG  
Lightning?

Shannon shakes her head.

SHANNON  
First the 4Runner, then the Airstream.  
(then)  
We need to get that SUV going right now.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Darby sits in the driver's seat with Meg beside her.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- Shannon works under the hood.

SHANNON

Hit it.

Darby turns the ignition. As she does, SPARKS shoot out. She yanks her hand back with a yelp. She sucks it up....

SHANNON

Again.

DARBY

C'mon, Buttercup. Come on.

Meg cocks an eyebrow as Darby turns the key. Nothing.

MEG

Buttercup?

Shannon rounds the hood, heads to the window.

SHANNON

It's shot. Whatever that thing did...

She trails off, frustrated. A thought strikes Darby.

DARBY

Whatever that thing did, it started the 4Runner. For a second.

MEG

So...

SHANNON

So we're gonna get it back here, and it's gonna give us a jump.

MEG

Okay, sure. And what about when it tries to kill us?

SHANNON

It's this, or sit and watch Adrienne die.

No one has other ideas.

DARBY

I'll hitch the camper.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Tress tends to Adrienne as Shannon enters.

SHANNON

We need to get everything secured  
in here and move to the 4Runner.

TRESS

I don't think we can move her.

They look at Adrienne, covered in sweat, vacant-eyed.

SHANNON

Then one of us will ride with her.

Tress' face falls.

TRESS

Me?

SHANNON

We're trying to draw this thing to  
the 4Runner. It'll be safer here.

Tress doesn't look reassured.

#### **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Darby, by the hitch, a small flashlight in her mouth, readies  
the tongue jack --

A RUSTLE OF LEAVES.

Darby looks around. Nothing but trees.

She looks across to the 4Runner. Shannon waves, gives her the  
thumbs up. Meg watches from the driver's seat, door open.

Somewhere, a twig SNAPS. Darby beams the flashlight out,  
sweeps it across the woods.

#### **STALKER POV**

THERMAL VISION sweeps across the area, taking everything in.

The 4Runner's steel frame glows bright white but its plastic  
panels are see-through.

Then a BRIGHT WHITE -- the thermal vision pans over to see  
Darby's flashlight -- painfully bright as it sweeps.

Closer. Multiple SCANS run on the flashlight. Safe.

The Stalker looks to the camper --



The camper's aluminum siding is a bright white shield. Tress is visible through the windows, fuzzy.

Moving closer to the rear of the camper --

An AUDIO SCAN. Multiple frequencies. Distorted. Garbled. Clear. Digitized.

TRESS (O.S.)  
(distorted)  
Ther... hospi... two hours...

Moving closer. Right up to the window.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Darby works the tongue jack. It barely moves as Shannon approaches.

DARBY  
I think the jack screw's seized.

Shannon adds her hands on top of Darby's. Together they pull it. It's hard, but it moves. Just real slow...

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Meg stares down at the key in the ignition. Focuses.

MEG  
Please just start. I don't want to see that fucking thing again.

She turns the key. The engine turns over once. Stops.

Meg hits the steering wheel in anger.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Sweat beads on Darby's forehead as she and Shannon pull at the jack crank. It inches lower. So slow.

Only half an inch above the hitch now...

**STALKER POV**

Staring at the Airstream. Focusing on the electrical again. On the HUD, the system turns from WHITE to GREEN.

Zeroes in on the RADIO.

Connected.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

A STATIC BUZZ.

Tress looks up as the lights above her flicker on, then off.

Suddenly, the CB radio CRACKLES.

RADIO/MEG'S VOICE  
What do you say?

DISTORTION and SCREECHES. Tress picks up the mic, speaks --

TRESS  
Meg?

RADIO/MEG'S VOICE  
Please just start.  
(half Meg, half Darby)  
Don't want to see that thing again.  
Real bad day.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Darby and Shannon look up as Tress pushes the door open.

TRESS  
(terrified whisper)  
It's here!

Darby looks around, trying to ignore the fear. Shannon speaks back, quiet and tense.

SHANNON  
Lock the door and be ready.

Tress nods and disappears inside.

Darby and Shannon redouble their efforts. Darby checking over her shoulder.

DARBY  
It could be anywhere.

SHANNON  
Just keep going.

Panic rising in Darby, even as she works.

DARBY

I don't wanna be here, Shan --

Shannon breaks off. Looks her in the face.

SHANNON

Listen to me Darby. This isn't gonna go away. We either get ourselves out of this, or we die.

Darby takes strength from her words.

They pull. Veins popping, faces reddening, teeth clenched.

Almost all the way down to the hitch.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Meg sits in the still-dead vehicle. Turns the key. Nothing.

She explores. Flicks switches, turns knobs, mashes buttons.

Takes a deep breath. Grabs the key.

MEG

Please start... Buttercup?

She turns the key.

The car roars to life. STEREO BLASTS. The turn signals, the windshield wipers, the A/C, everything goes.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Tress looks from the window to Adrienne.

TRESS

They got it going!

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Darby and Shannon look over to the suddenly-working SUV.

SHANNON

(tense)

Hurry.

The trailer coupler just above the ball now --

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Meg calls out the window to Shannon and Darby. Delighted.

MEG

Don't worry! It was me, I got it  
working! Just turned the key and --

Meg's grin turns to surprise as the GEAR SHIFT -- moves into  
drive by itself.

She grabs it, shoves it back.

Then the ENGINE REVS at full RPM.

Meg looks down. Her feet are off the gas pedal.

MEG

What the hell --

With a WRENCHING SHRIEK, the gearshift pops back into drive.

MEG

Oh shit.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Suddenly, the 4Runner leaps forward. Shannon and Darby fall  
back as the 4Runner tears away without the trailer --

The jack is torn sideways. The handle swings into Shannon's  
knee with violent force. She cries out in pain.

DARBY

Meg!

The 4Runner moves fast. Darby sprints after it.

She pulls at the passenger side door. Locked.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Meg stares at Darby helplessly through the window.

DARBY

The key!

Meg yanks it out, but the vehicle's still running.

They look at each other in shock.

**EXT. WOODS - 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

One of the tires sinks into a patch of soft dirt, allowing Darby to catch up on the driver's side.

She pulls at the handle. Locked.

DARBY

Unlock it!

Meg manually unlocks the door. Darby yanks it open --

The 4Runner lurches forward again, pulling Darby with it.

She holds on, feet dragging, eyes locked on Meg.

DARBY

Handbrake --

Meg looks around. Not sure what it looks like. Instead, she grabs Darby, one hand on her arm, the other on her shirt, and hauls her in.

Darby reefs on the handbrake.

The car slows to a crawl. The engine still running high.

**STALKER POV**

The electronics of the 4Runner lit up GREEN.

Then it shuts off, returning to WHITE.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

The engine dies. Everything off. No lights, no sounds.

Darby rounds on Meg.

DARBY

Meg, what the hell are you --

MEG

I didn't do anything. Something was controlling it...

DARBY

Shit.

They turn, gaze out the rear window.

Fifty yards between them and the camper now.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Adrienne painfully props herself up on the bench seat behind Tress, who's staring shell-shocked out the window.

TRESS

God, I thought they were leaving us.

Adrienne stares down at her mangled hand. Tears in her eyes.

ADRIENNE

Everyone's going to leave. All my followers.

Tress looks at her with pity.

ADRIENNE

They'll leave and I'll have nothing.

TRESS

Don't think like that. Who knows, maybe they'll like you even more now.

ADRIENNE

No, they won't. I didn't step on a landmine in Afghanistan. I just went fucking camping.

Tears rolls down her face. Tress puts a hand on her shoulder. Adrienne leans into her.

A beam of light appears through the window.

Tress jumps up to see.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

From her seat, Darby shines a flashlight out the back window of the 4Runner, toward the camper.

They see Tress at the camper window, waving excitedly.

MEG

They're okay!

Darby clicks the light on and off a few times to let Tress know they saw her, then plops back in her seat.

MEG

Wait -- is Shannon with them?

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Shannon sits up with a grunt. Regards her knee.

Blood leaking through a tear in her pants. She tries to sit up, cries out. Her face pale.

A WHISPER from the darkness. Shannon looks around.

Somewhere out there, something is MOVING, away from the 4Runner, toward Shannon.

Suddenly it stops. Then, an ELECTRONIC RED GLOW appears in the darkness, like a baleful eye.

Shannon grits her teeth and forces herself to sit up. Moving slow.

The red glow of the Stalker heads straight for her.

Shannon freezes.

SHANNON  
(whisper)  
Shit.

The thing moves closer and closer. The WHIR OF MACHINERY and the sound of quiet HYDRAULICS.

But she still can't quite see it as the light moves close --

**STALKER POV**

The Stalker studies the camper. Shannon is a blurry mass, slightly obscuring its view of the Airstream's electronics, but basically invisible.

It zeroes in on a system...right behind Shannon's head.

**INTERCUT AS NECESSARY**

Shannon holds her breath as the thing moves right up to her. Peering at her, face to face --

But it still can't see Shannon. Behind her, the electronics of the camper are visible in the HUD.

The Stalker raises the PROBE DRILL.

Shannon watches in agony as the probe extends, the drill firing up, pointed straight at her --

Suddenly, the sound of an ENGINE.

The Stalker whips around.

Far off -- the ENGINE TURNS again in the 4Runner, but it won't start. In the Stalker's HUD, an explosion of color.

Shannon slowly lets her breath out as the Stalker dashes away into the night.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Tress jumps as the door jiggles. Locked.

TRESS  
Hello?

SHANNON (O.S.)  
(urgent)  
Tress.

Tress flings the door open to find Shannon. Tress grabs her arms and pulls her inside.

SHANNON  
We're gonna need...a new plan.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Darby and Meg watch the camper door close behind Shannon.

MEG  
What now?

DARBY  
I don't know.

Silence. Meg's face crumples.

MEG  
I'm sorry.

DARBY  
It wasn't your fault.

MEG  
I could have controlled the car. I  
could have --

Darby's face is resolute as she passes on some of the same strength that Shannon gave her.



DARBY  
-- we're going to get out of this.  
Okay? Together.

Despite everything, Meg looks reassured.

Suddenly, the RADIO fires up.

Darby and Meg slowly look to the radio as it begins to SEEK through different stations, catching a country song, a weather report, an interview...

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Tress stares at Shannon in disbelief as she roots through drawers in the camper, ignoring her injured leg.

TRESS  
You think it can't see us?

SHANNON  
It was looking right at me. Either it can't see us, or it doesn't care.

TRESS  
We're not going out there. Adrienne can barely move.

SHANNON  
We know the 4Runner can start, but the camper hitch is destroyed. Our only chance is getting to them.

Tress knows she's right, but she doesn't like it.

TRESS  
What are you looking for anyway?

Shannon holds up her findings so far.

SHANNON  
Taser. Bear spray.

TRESS  
Why does Darby have a Taser?

SHANNON  
Just help me look.

Tress relents and looks through nearby drawers. As she opens one, a sheaf of documents falls to the ground.

TRESS

Shit.

She moves to gather them...then stops.

Her hand goes to her mouth. Tears in her eyes.

TRESS

Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't  
*she?*

Shannon whips around at her tone.

On the floor between them --

A sonogram.

Shannon's not surprised. Just sad.

SHANNON

We have to go.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Meg looks to Darby as the radio keeps cycling stations.

MEG

What is this?

Darby's face a tense mask.

DARBY

This is what happened before.

RADIO/WOMAN'S VOICE

Trying to communicate.

(MAN'S voice)

Just want to talk.

And then something lands on the hood --

Too dark to see more than a jumble of robotic legs and arms  
in dim outline, disappearing into deep shadow.

RADIO/WOMAN'S VOICE

Trying --

(MAN'S VOICE)

-- to talk.

The Stalker leans in. Darby watches, transfixed by fear.

The Stalker extends the probe. The drill presses against the  
windshield...

It WHIRS to life. Starts to bore through.

MEG  
(whisper)  
Darby...

Darby's hand slowly moves past Meg to the glove compartment.

The Stalker's drill penetrates, the WHINE suddenly louder in the cab.

Darby pops open the glove compartment, her eyes locked on the Stalker through the window.

RADIO/ETHAN'S VOICE  
People need to understand what  
these processes are like.

Darby freezes at his voice. The blood drains from her face.

#### **STALKER POV**

The Stalker analyzes the windshield, then leans forward and studies the inside of the cab.

The women are fuzzy masses inside, barely noticeable.

RADIO/ETHAN'S VOICE  
I'll always be here. Always.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Meg looks on in shock.

DARBY  
(whisper)  
That's Ethan's voice.

Darby's hand closes around the FLARE GUN in the glove compartment.

RADIO/ETHAN'S VOICE  
Darby.

The Stalker leans in. Watching. Studying.

MEG  
(whisper)  
It it trying to talk to us?

Darby is shaking with fear.

RADIO/WOMAN'S VOICE  
Because that's what a man should --

DARBY

Fuck you!

Darby brings the flare gun up --

MEG

Darby, wait --

-- and FIRES.

**STALKER POV**

A painful BURST of light, dizzying colors leaving slow-fading trails as the Stalker rears back.

But now, taking form for the first time --

DARBY'S FACE is visible through the windshield.

The scans take in her, the gun, Meg.

**BACK TO SCENE**

The flare burns into the Stalker, casting a sickly red glow.

But the Stalker doesn't react. Just stares at them as the flare slowly burns itself down.

Darby's breaths come fast. Barely in control of herself.

MEG

Darby don't move. Don't do anything...

RADIO/ETHAN'S VOICE

Darby, the fire is still burning.

Darby completely loses control, her fear overtaking her. She turns, kicks the door open, and flees.

MEG

Don't leave me --

But she's gone.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Darby hits the ground at a flat sprint, running as hard as she can, no direction, no reason.

Just running.

Meg's voice floats from somewhere behind her.

MEG (O.S.)

Darby!

Darby chances a look back.

A BOUNCING ORANGE FLAME follows behind her, the Stalker in hot pursuit, the flare still lodged in it, burning down.

Darby switches and runs for the water.

THWIP! Something flies past her shoulder.

Darby grabs her shoulder and her hand comes away bloody.

THWIP! THWIP! Some sort of PROJECTILES fly past her.

Darby keeps going in a staggering run.

The Stalker nearly on her.

She leaps for the water and disappears underneath.

Wrapped in the icy cold of the dark lake...

She stays under as long as she can. Painfully cold.

Through the water, distorted, the Stalker's red sensor glows.

Darby forces herself to stay under as the cold slowly saps the life from her body.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Tress stares out the window.

TRESS

They're coming to us.

Shannon joins her to see Meg sprinting toward them.

TRESS

Where's Darby?

Shannon ignores the question. She yanks the door open and pulls Meg inside, locking the door behind her.

Meg collapses in, winded.

MEG

She left me. She ran.

TRESS

What do you mean? Why?

MEG  
It talked to us.

Everyone stares at her, uncertain.

SHANNON  
Saying what?

MEG  
I don't know. Random sentences. He kept saying he wanted to talk.

SHANNON  
It *is* trying to communicate.

Tress' eyes go to Adrienne and her severed hand.

TRESS  
Well it's pretty damn bad at communicating. I think it's just trying to murder us.

SHANNON  
It was face to face with me out there. It didn't kill me.

MEG  
Same thing in the 4Runner. It was looking right at us.

TRESS  
(re: Adrienne)  
What about her?

Shannon looks from Adrienne, to the phones on the table.

SHANNON  
It cut her arm. Maybe it wasn't attacking her.

MEG  
What -- the phone?

SHANNON  
It seems to communicate with technology. Whatever it is, wherever it came from -- maybe it's not used to organic life. Maybe it's never seen something like us.

Tress throws her hands up.

TRESS

So, alien Terminator. That's pretty much what I said.

SHANNON

We've been assuming this thing is evil. But maybe it's just so different from us that we can't understand each other.

MEG

The owl. It had that electronic tag. That could have been what got it killed.

SHANNON

Maybe this whole time it's been learning. Scanning the phones, the camper, the 4Runner. Maybe it's learning about us too.

TRESS

So when Adrienne shot at it...

SHANNON

Yeah. If we make ourselves seem threatening, we're teaching it to treat us like a threat.

TRESS

If that's true, can we wave a white flag and just walk out of here?

SHANNON

First we have to find Darby.

MEG

Uh...also. If we're not supposed to be threatening, we might have a little problem...Darby just shot it in the face.

BZZZZT!!

A quarter sized hole melts open in the side of the Airstream as a PROJECTILE narrowly misses Meg's head.

It melts an equal sized hole on the camper's opposite side.

Another projectile pierces the wall. Just misses Tress.

Tress pulls Adrienne down to the floor, covers her. Shannon and Meg drop down too.

Projectiles in rapid fire shoot over them, riddling the walls, shredding everything Darby owns.

Mass hysteria as they cower on the floor.

SHANNON

Stay down!

The projectiles finally subside. The only sound remaining the quiet SIZZLE from the holes burned through the camper.

Everything quiets down, except soft whimpers from Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

We're never leaving here, are we?

Shannon sneaks over to the windows, peers out.

SHANNON

Which way did Darby go?

MEG

To the water.

Then she realizes, and groans.

MEG

Are you gonna make me go out there again?

Shannon rolls the bear spray to her and holds up the Taser.

SHANNON

Don't worry. We're armed.

#### **EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Shannon takes the lead, limping slightly as she and Meg exit the camper with flashlights, Taser, and bear spray.

Shannon scans the perimeter of the campsite. Meg follows close behind. Moving toward the water.

Both on high alert. Eyes wide. Shannon whispers...

SHANNON

If we see it -- don't move, don't make a noise, don't attack it. Maybe we can still talk to it.

Meg looks back at the camper. Riddled with holes from the attack. She quivers, stares into the dark woods.



SHANNON

There.

Meg follows Shannon's eyes.

At the edge of the water, half-in, half-out, Darby lies on the ground, shivering, a dark mass in the night.

Shannon starts toward her -- then stops.

She spins and points the Taser, face grim.

**STALKER POV**

Shannon and Meg appear through the Stalker's scope as skeletal outlines.

The metal objects they carry glow bright. A red dot appears on the can of bear spray, the flashlights, the Taser.

The Stalker zooms in on the Taser.

SHANNON

Anyone there?

A strange audio wave on the screen as Shannon speaks.

Shannon's voice -- responds.

Over and over. Tweaking, the audio moving from garbled to clear to digitally distorted.

AUDIO/SHANNON

Anyone...anyone...anyone there?

Meg startles and releases the bear spray in a cloud.

PPPPPPFFTT!

The mist barely visible on the screen.

Shannon stares at Meg, incredulous.

SHANNON

What did I just say?

Embarrassed, Meg tosses the can.

The Stalker zeroes in on it.

A high pitched BEEP, then the can explodes.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Shannon and Meg whip around to see the blown out can.

SHANNON  
Stay behind me and get to Darby.

They back up slowly, moving toward Darby, Shannon trained on the location of the sounds.

Darby weakly raises her head as they get close. Meg drops to help her up.

DARBY  
It's here...

MEG  
I know. I know. We gotta go.

#### **STALKER POV**

The circle around Shannon's Taser pulsates on the HUD.

The scan changes from x-ray to infrared. The Taser lights up.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Shannon squints. Something glints in the darkness. Her eyes grow wide.

A high pitched BEEP emits.

FZRPPP!!

The Taser sparks violently. Overloading.

Shannon SCREAMS as the charge runs through her hand into her body. She stands in place, shaking with electric current...

#### **STALKER POV**

Shannon's whole body lights up in the HUD as electric current courses through it.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

The Taser EXPLODES into a million fragments.

Taking Shannon's hand with it.

Shannon collapses to her knees, clutching a bloody stump at the end of her arm. Yells at Meg --

SHANNON  
Take her! Run!

Meg is frozen in place, barely supporting Darby.

SHANNON

Meg --

**STALKER POV**

Focusing in on Shannon. Able to see her outlined body now.

Her whole body goes GREEN, like the electric systems in the camper. Then --

Shannon explodes.

Blood splatter drizzles down the screen.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Drenched in blood and goo, Meg and Darby stand paralyzed, eyes fixed on the gory mess on the ground.

Traumatized, Meg stares at her hands, then down at the bloody ground. She turns around.

MEG

Shannon? Shan?

She zeros in on a piece of Shannon's clothes in the gore.

MEG

No. Oh fuck, no no --

With her last strength, Darby clamps a trembling hand over Meg's mouth.

DARBY

(whisper)

We. Have. To. Go.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Meg and Darby enter, ghoulishly blood-covered in the dim light. Tress gasps as Meg gently lowers Darby to the floor.

Adrienne stirs, slowly rolls her head in Meg's direction, then looks around the small space.

ADRIENNE

What happened? Where's Shannon?

She registers the look on Meg's face.

ADRIENNE

No. Don't say that. Please.

Meg breaks down into a crying mess.

MEG

It killed her.

They stare at each other. Adrienne injured. Meg in shock.

Darby still shivering from the brutal cold as she wraps herself in blankets.

MEG

(to Darby)

It's your fault.

The trailer goes quiet.

MEG

We came to get you. And now  
Shannon's dead.

TRESS

Meg -- don't.

DARBY

I'm sorry.

MEG

We could have communicated with  
this thing. But you shot it. That's  
why it wants to kill us. Then you  
ran. That's why Shannon's dead.

DARBY

Sometimes I can't control it. All I  
can think about is getting away.

(then)

That was his voice in the car.  
Ethan's voice. I think he sent this  
thing after us.

MEG

You think your ex sent a killer  
robot after us? Jesus Darby, what  
the fuck is going on with you?

TRESS

Meg --

MEG

How narcissistic do you have to be to make this about you and some guy you broke up with years ago? You think he's so obsessed with you he wants to kill you years later?

Darby's trembling as she answers.

DARBY

Yes.

Tress grabs Meg's arm to stop her from replying, but Meg shakes her off.

MEG

Why the fuck would we believe that?

Darby's face goes eerily still.

TRESS

Darby, she doesn't know...

DARBY

Because he used to hurt me.

MEG

What?

DARBY

I thought it would stop. He changed. He wanted kids. But then I got pregnant, and he didn't stop. He hurt me so bad that...  
(can't say it)  
And he blames me.

Meg sits down abruptly.

ADRIENNE

All this time, you've been out here...hiding from him?

Darby nods.

MEG

I'm so sorry. I'm just scared. I'm so sorry.

But a light goes on in Darby's eyes.

DARBY

Maybe it doesn't matter any more.  
If we're scared, if we want to  
hide. It doesn't even matter what  
this thing is or where it came  
from. It wants to kill us.

TRESS

So what do we do?

Everyone already knows what Darby's going to say. But they  
need to hear her say it.

DARBY

We fight.

ADRIENNE

Okay.

TRESS

Okay.

Meg hesitates, but:

MEG

Okay.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

The moon looms large over the area. All is still.

**STALKER POV**

Scanning the site. Nothing to see. Until...

A BURST OF LIGHT in the woods.

The Stalker runs over --

**BACK TO SCENE**

A battery-run BOOMBOX sits on the ground, blaring.

The RED GLOWING EYE of the Stalker watches it from the trees.

Then the Stalker steps forward and DRILLS through the boombox  
until the music goes quiet.

Another NOISE behind.

**STALKER POV**

Whipping around --

Other BATTERY-RUN ELECTRONICS on the ground around the campsite. Flashlights, headlamps, a travel alarm clock, a solar-powered lantern. Anything Darby had in her camper.

The Stalker approaches cautiously, checking one piece of technology, then the next.

MEG (O.S.)

Hey!

A ROCK slams into the Stalker. The HUD fritzes.

Meg comes into focus as she steps out from the front of the camper.

### **BACK TO SCENE**

Meg hefts a second rock.

MEG

Come get me.

She throws. A good arm. The rock disappears into the night and a CLANK confirms another hit on the Stalker.

The red eye glows at her from a distance, but it doesn't move.

MEG

What are you doing? C'mon, I'm here!

She throws a third rock. Misses.

The Stalker sits motionless.

### **ON TOP OF THE AIRSTREAM**

Darby, Tress, and Adrienne lie on the roof, breathing shallow, staying perfectly still.

Darby cranes her neck to get a look.

DARBY

(whisper)

Come on, come on...

### **ON THE GROUND**

Then, suddenly --

The red light bounces as it DASHES toward Meg at high speed.

MEG

Fuck!

She turns and sprints around the side of the camper.

The Stalker already on her heels as she reaches the open door of the Airstream.

She dives inside.

The Stalker leaps in after her.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Meg stops at the back of the camper as the Stalker scrabbles into the Airstream, moving unsteadily in the new environment.

The back door is open.

**STALKER POV**

Meg smiles --

And disappears out the back of the camper.

The Stalker charges, but the door slams in its face.

It turns and runs for the front door --

**EXT. CAMPSITE - AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Tress drops from the roof of the Airstream, landing next to the side door.

Just as the Stalker REARS UP inside --

Tress slams the door.

The Stalker slams against the door. Tress holds firm with GLOVED HANDS.

TRESS

NOW Darby, quick!

**BEHIND THE AIRSTREAM**

Cables lead from the generator to the camper.

Darby crouches at the generator, hand on the rip cord.

Next to her, Meg stares up at the roof.



MEG  
 You gotta do it now, Adrienne,  
 jump!

Adrienne hesitates on the roof, her face pale.

MEG  
 I'll catch you. Jump.

**AT THE SIDE DOOR**

Tress reels back as the Stalker SLAMS against the door, doing serious damage.

TRESS  
 I can't hold this door shut!

**BEHIND THE AIRSTREAM**

Darby gets into position over the generator.

MEG  
 Jump, bitch!

Adrienne jumps.

Meg half-catches her as both collapse to the ground.

**AT THE SIDE DOOR**

The Stalker slams the door again, tearing a hole in the metal. It peers out at Tress --

TRESS  
 Darby, NOW!

THWIP!

A projectile just misses Tress' face. It draws a line of blood across her temple as she whips her head around.

She ducks.

THWIP!

Another projectile hits her in the side. She CRIES OUT --

**BEHIND THE AIRSTREAM**

Darby yanks the cord. Again. Again...

DARBY  
 Come on!

She yanks it again. The generator fires up.

DARBY

Fuck you!

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

The Stalker looks down.

Below it -- metal mesh on the floor. CHICKEN WIRE from Darby's garden.

Then the current from the generator hits.

The Stalker SCREAMS as SPARKS shoot from the wire, the walls, the roof...

**EXT. CAMPSITE - AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

LIGHTS FLASH inside as the Stalker screams.

THWIP THWIP!

Projectiles spray in every direction. Shooting wild.

MEG

The generator's not strong enough...

DARBY

The governor!

Tress stumbles back to them, clutching her bloody side, as Darby hauls back and kicks against the governor.

Then again --

It comes off.

The generator pumps harder. Picking up speed. The whole thing shakes. Faster and faster...

TRESS

Fry, you son of a bitch.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

The Stalker looks up --

Sparks, then more --

Electricity ARCS off the ceiling, lashing down, tearing into the Stalker.

It SQUEALS in pain.

The arcs of electricity strike again and again. Relentless.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

The violent white flashes of electricity light up the faces of the four women.

Next to them, the generator shakes violently.

DARBY

Let's get out of here.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

The four trudge toward the 4Runner, Darby supporting Tress, Meg supporting Adrienne.

Behind them, the Airstream continues to flash, but the Stalker's screams have stopped.

TRESS

You think you can get the 4Runner started?

DARBY

I don't know. At least we have the time to try.

TRESS

You were awesome out there. You too, Meg. What an arm.

MEG

I pitched softball. Remember? District Champs, Senior year?

Adrienne smiles weakly.

ADRIENNE

I remember. Lucky forty three.

Surprised, Meg looks at Adrienne, strangely flattered.

MEG

You remember that?

ADRIENNE

Of course. I was a fan.

TRESS

I don't remember any of that. I  
guess I was too --

ZZZZAP!

A MASSIVE BOLT OF ELECTRICITY fires from the side of the  
camper, flashing across the campsite in a split second.

It passes through Tress and disappears into the night.

Darby dives away in shock. Meg and Adrienne fall to the  
ground.

A deathly silence as everyone looks to Tress.

The bolt has punched a MASSIVE HOLE through her, vaporizing  
the lower half of her left arm and a big chunk of the left  
side of her body.

Tress collapses to the ground, stone dead.

As everyone looks back to the camper in horror --

The door FLIES OPEN.

Without a word, the three of them sprint for the 4Runner.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Meg helps Adrienne into the back, then gets in the front  
passenger seat.

Darby leaps into the driver's seat, grips the steering wheel,  
looks at her friends.

Turns the key.

Nothing.

MEG

We're fucking dead.

DARBY

(to Adrienne)

Do you see it back there?

ADRIENNE

I can't see it.

Darby takes a deep breath, tries the ignition again.

Nothing. Again. Nothing.

MEG

What do we do?

Darby looks out over the lake. Calm, serene. A hint of moonlight reflects off the water.

DARBY

It didn't follow me in.

MEG

What?

DARBY

The lake. It caught me at the water. I dived in. I thought it couldn't see me. But maybe...

Darby and Meg lock eyes, share the same thought.

MEG

Water and electronics.

They both light up.

Through the window, Adrienne sees a blur in the darkness.

ADRIENNE

(whispers)

It's outside! It's coming.

They sink down in their seats.

DARBY

(whispers)

Fuck!

TICK! TICK! TICK!

The 4Runner's turn signals come on.

Everyone holds their breath. Eyes wide.

DARBY

It's gonna start the car...

Darby puts a hand on the gearshift and hovers a foot over the gas...

**EXT. WOODS - 4RUNNER - NIGHT****STALKER POV**

Studying the electronics.

Focusing in. Experimenting.

**IN THE 4RUNNER**

The turn signals stop.

It's eerily quiet.

Terrified, no one moves. No one breathes.

Then everything turns on.

Darby throws the transmission in reverse and stomps the gas.

**OUTSIDE**

The 4Runner lurches back. The Stalker jumps to one side. The rear bumper just misses it.

Near the water, the 4Runner jerks to a stop.

**IN THE 4RUNNER**

All the electronics in the 4Runner die at once.

Dead quiet.

Careful not to make any sound, Darby reaches for the ignition key, turns it. Nothing.

MEG

(whispers)

We should've driven out of here  
when we had the chance.

Darby shakes her head.

DARBY

You're right. It's playing with us.

She checks her mirrors.

MEG

Where is it?

DARBY

It doesn't matter. Let's just be  
ready when it comes.

(MORE)

DARBY (CONT'D)

(then)

Adrienne, there's a hose in the  
back, in the white box.

She ignores their confused looks.

DARBY

I need an empty bottle too. Glass.

Meg roots around on the floor, finds a swing-top bottle.  
Adrienne weakly proffers the plastic hose.

ADRIENNE

What are you going to do?

Darby checks the outside.

MEG

We've gotta get it in the water.

DARBY

Water's plan B.

TRESS

What's plan A?

Darby tears a piece of her shirt and sticks it in the top of  
the glass bottle.

DARBY

Fire.

Adrienne slumps back, her face pale.

ADRIENNE

Okay...I'm just going to nap here.

MEG

No. Adrienne, stay awake.

(to Darby)

How are you gonna get the gas?

You'll be a sitting duck out there.

Darby meets her eyes.

DARBY

If you can keep it occupied, I can  
light it up. Then we all go home.

Eyes barely open, Adrienne speaks softly...

ADRIENNE

Do it for me, forty three.

For once, Meg doesn't hesitate.

MEG  
Let's do it.

**EXT. WOODS - 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Meg glides out, quietly shuts the door.

In her hand - a SIX PACK of beer cans.

She starts out into the night, scanning left and right.

Then she stops --

Nods back to Darby.

**AT THE 4RUNNER**

Darby jumps out with the hose and bottle. She runs to the gas cap, flips it open.

She works fast. Inserts the hose into the tank, puts the other end in her mouth, then sucks.

The gas reaches her mouth. She spits, then sticks the hose into the bottle.

The gas siphons excruciatingly slow.

DARBY  
C'mon. C'mon.

**STALKER POV**

Stalking Meg.

She spins.

AUDIO WAVES as she speaks.

MEG  
Darby -- it's here!

The Stalker looks from Meg to the 4Runner.

Turns toward the 4Runner.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Meg squints, watching the Stalker move away.

She hefts a beer.



MEG  
Where the hell are you going?

She throws the beer.

CLANK!

A hit. The can bounces. The Stalker pauses.

Meg throws another can.

CLANK! PSHHHT!

The punctured can sprays beer foam on the AR.

It focuses on Meg.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Adrienne whimpers in fear as she leans against the window, watches Meg face off with the Stalker.

**EXT. WOODS - 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Behind the car, Darby holds the full jug of gas. She steps up on the rear tire, climbs up on the roof.

Quick and quiet, she unlatches the paddle boards on the roof and grabs the paddles. She flings them down to the ground.

**GROUND**

Meg winds up for another throw.

MEG  
Can't hurt me! I'm lucky forty-  
three.

Meg throws the beer. This one hits hard. Soaking the Stalker in beer.

The Stalker stumbles for a moment. Disoriented. Beer dripping down its face.

**4RUNNER**

On the roof, Darby raises a lighter to the shirt in the neck of the bottle, flicks...

POOF! The shirt catches fire.

**GROUND**

The Stalker stares up at Meg. She arches an eyebrow.

MEG  
Lucky forty-three.

Darby raises the bottle -- throws it.

It hits the Stalker square on. The bottle explodes.

WHOOSH!

The Stalker is engulfed in flames.

MEG  
That's right! Fucking BURN you  
piece of shit!

The Stalker reels back with a metallic SCREAM.

Darby grabs the paddles, tosses one to Meg.

DARBY  
Push it into the water!

Meg grabs the paddle. Swings. Pushing the Stalker back.

As Darby starts toward them --

The Stalker grabs Meg's paddle.

#### **INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Adrienne watches, gasps as the Stalker, still ablaze, regains its footing.

Snaps Meg's paddle in half.

ADRIENNE  
No no no. MEG!!

#### **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Meg's triumphant expression turns to terror --

As the BURNING STALKER leaps at her.

Meg falls to the ground, spindly metal legs slamming down on either side of her head, trapping her.

The Stalker leans down to her, engulfed in flame. Meg's skin blisters red as she starts to burn.

The burning PROBE extends from the Stalker...

Pressing against Meg's forehead.

MEG

Fuck you!

The drill WHIRS.

The probe presses forward into Meg's head. Through her skull. Her eyes go dead as her face burns.

**EXT. WOODS - 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Darby charges forward toward them.

But she stops, paddle in hand, as the Stalker turns to her.

She sees Meg. Dead.

DARBY

Oh no.

The Stalker charges.

She turns and sprints back to the 4Runner.

The Stalker lunges at Darby, but --

Adrienne kicks the door open, full force.

The door slams the Stalker sideways.

Adrienne grabs the door as the Stalker leaps for her.

The Stalker's body slams the door shut straight onto Adrienne's ankle. The SNAP of bone.

**INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Adrienne SCREAMS. Her broken leg stuck in the door.

WHIRRRR!

The Stalker's DRILL shoots through the door, plunges into her kneecap. Shatters bone as it bores deep into her thigh.

Adrienne lets loose a PRIMAL SCREAM.

Behind her, Darby yanks the other door open, grabs her by the shoulders, tries to pull her out.

Excruciatingly slow, Darby pulls Adrienne free from the drill. Blood and bits of bone fly off the rotating probe.

Darby stops pulling, eyes dart up to the roof, sees --

**EXT. WOODS - 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

The Stalker, still engulfed in flames, leaps on top of the 4Runner. Stares down at Darby.

Pumped with adrenaline, Adrienne looks up, gathers strength.

She grabs her purse, pulls out her Glock, holds it out.

ADRIENNE

Run.

DARBY

No. You're com --

ADRIENNE

I said RUN, goddammit!

Darby takes off.

The burning Stalker jumps off the roof, lands in front of Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

RUN DARBY!

The Stalker stares down at Adrienne. She's wounded. Broken.

It turns and takes off after Darby.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Gun in hand, Darby runs for her life.

The underbrush grabbing at her ankles. Branches clawing at her face.

The burning Stalker closes in.

She stumbles. Falls on her knees. Drops the gun.

Back on her feet. Searches for the Glock, finds it. Runs.

The Stalker even closer.

Darby leaps over rocks, lands hard, but keeps a tight grip around the gun.

A quick glance behind.

The Stalker on her heels.

She runs faster.

The Stalker rears up behind her. As tall as she is.

Darby empties the gun point blank at the Stalker.

The bullets knock it backwards. Sparks fly. Fragments tearing away, pieces falling.

Darby sees something exposed.

A WHITE GLOW inside. She aims --

A hit.

A SHOCK WAVE explodes outwards, sending Darby flying one way, the Stalker the other.

#### **INT. 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

Adrienne looks up as the SHOCK WAVE rips through the woods.

Suddenly --

The car lights up. Everything lights up.

Outside, the boombox, the lanterns, even a few stray electronics in the camper light up as the energy stored in the Stalker goes flying in all directions.

Adrienne lunges for the driver's seat.

#### **EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Darby pulls herself up. Spits blood.

A NOISE. Darby looks on in disbelief.

The Stalker rises again. Unsteady, burning.

Darby pulls the trigger. The gun's empty.

The Stalker approaches. Missing pieces, but still moving.

A blinking light stares out at Darby from beneath the flames.

It raises the drill. Darby steels herself. This is it.

WHAM!

With a CRUNCH, the 4Runner slams into the Stalker, sending it flying. It lands in a crumpled, smoking heap.

The 4Runner skids, slams into a tree, and flips on its side.

Totaled.

Darby looks on as the driver's door opens upward into the sky, and Adrienne's head weakly pops out.

Pale as a sheet, she manages a weak smile.

ADRIENNE

I don't think we're driving any more.

Darby shoots a look at the crumpled Stalker.

Not moving. Finally.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Darby pulls the Airstream door open, drags Adrienne inside.

She glances at the torn-apart Airstream, then at the busted generator near the back.

About to shut the door, Darby looks back, across the empty ground, toward the 4Runner.

The Stalker climbs onto the totaled car.

Darby stares in disbelief.

The Stalker looks different now.

The extensive damage has been covered in new plating and human-built electronics.

It's rebuilding itself from the car.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Shocked, Darby enters, looks at Adrienne.

DARBY

It's alive.

ADRIENNE

What?

Darby rifles through cabinets, pulls out first aid items.

DARBY

Rebuilding. Out of car parts and  
some of our shit.

Darby ties fabric tight around Adrienne's leg. She screams.

ADRIENNE

I don't know how much longer I  
can...

Too weak to even finish the sentence. Her eyelids flutter.

DARBY

Adrienne. Hey. Hey! Stay with me.

Adrienne moans.

#### **EXT. WOODS - 4RUNNER - NIGHT**

On the roof of the trashed 4Runner, the Stalker sits motionless.

No longer a sleek killing machine, it's now grotesque, disjointed, folded in on itself.

A maze of coils and wires snake around it. Broken solar panel clamped to one of its legs. A ram snorkel juts from its head.

The Stalker unfolds, powers up, shuts down, powers up.

Its robotic arm extends, retracts, extends -- sounds like a rusted hinge.

Steam and smoke.

#### **INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT**

Darby places a bottle of sulfuric acid next to items already stockpiled by the door - bleach, cooking oil, fire-bricks, spray-paint, knives, rags, matches, propane bottles.

Stretched out on the floor, Adrienne moans in pain.

ADRIENNE

What's it doing?

DARBY

Sitting on the car. I think we  
fucked it up pretty good.

ADRIENNE

Yay. Score one for us.

Adrienne expels a long breath. Grimaces in agony.

Darby looks at her, shocked at the harsh turn she's taken.

But suddenly, Adrienne snaps awake --

ADRIENNE

Something's wrong, Darby. God...

(realizing)

There's something in my leg!

Adrienne SCREAMS.

ADRIENNE

Oh my God! Get it out!!

Darby shines the flashlight over Adrienne's leg.

Something moves under the skin of her thigh, slowly tracking through shattered flesh and bone as it moves.

Darby rears back.

DARBY

Jesus!

Adrienne writhes in agony.

Inclining forward, Darby takes a closer look.

DARBY

Something's in there...

ADRIENNE

What the fuck is it?

DARBY

I don't know, I --

ADRIENNE

Please... Get it out of me!

Darby scrambles for the upturned first-aid kit, casts aside scissors, dressings, bandages - grabs tweezers.

Darby now frantic, rummages around, grabs a paring knife.

She shoots Adrienne an apologetic look, throws her an already bloodied towel.



DARBY  
Bite down on that.

ADRIENNE  
Just get it out!

Darby gingerly pierces flesh with the knife tip. Something pokes through the surface of the skin, metallic, glinting in the light. Adrienne gags.

DARBY  
Hold on now, I see it -

Darby grabs tweezers, tries to get a grip on it, but each time it bores deeper.

Blood pools. Darby throws the tweezers away, grabs long-nose pliers lying by the toolbox.

Adrienne howls as Darby jams the pliers into her leg.

She clamps, yanks hard, loses grip as it burrows back under the skin.

Adrienne's eyes roll back. About to pass out.

DARBY  
Stay with me, Adrienne. Tell me  
about your followers.

Darby positions the pliers on either side of the object one more time, and using her weight as leverage, she pulls hard.

Adrienne yells out...tries to talk...

ADRIENNE  
Fuck them! They don't really care  
about me! It took this shit for me  
to realize who my friends really  
are. Now three of them are gone!

Darby pulls. It finally releases, throwing Darby backwards, sending the object ricocheting off the wall, onto the floor.

Adrienne passes out. Darby wraps fabric around the wound but it doesn't really help.

Adrienne whimpers as she wakes. She sees Darby holding the small object from her leg.

ADRIENNE  
What the hell is it?

Darby hold up what looks like a broken piece of drill-bit.

DARBY

Part of that bastard's weapon of choice.

She stares at the drill for a long second. Thinking.

She opens a cabinet, takes out a zip-lock bag.

Adrienne peers up as Darby places items in the baggie. Her phone, Shannon's phone, her wallet.

ADRIENNE

What are you doing?

DARBY

Plan B. I'm taking this thing down.

A tear slides down Adrienne's cheek. She swipes it away.

ADRIENNE

After everything we've done...you think water's gonna kill it?

DARBY

It rebuilt itself with our technology. And I *know* that doesn't work underwater.

She pauses. The sonogram is on the floor, crumpled amongst all the other detritus of her life.

She grabs it, slips it in the baggie, and zips it shut.

ADRIENNE

Oh wow. It's beautiful.

Darby follows her eyes out the window.

The sun is rising.

#### **EXT. CAMPSITE - DAWN**

Sunrise in the east. To the north, ominous clouds.

A crackle of lightning races across the skyline, followed by a low rolling thunder.

A rabbit hops through the clearing.

#### **STALKER POV**

The rabbit is directly in the Stalker's line of sight.

Munches on a blade of grass.

A CAR ALARM bellows from within the Stalker. Loud, piercing.

The rabbit flees.

**INT. AIRSTREAM - DAWN**

The alarm jolts Darby as she pours liquids into a jug.

Next to her, Adrienne is a pale shadow of her former self, her breaths coming slow.

DARBY

What the hell...

She peeks out the window to see the Stalker whirling feverishly, stopping occasionally to shoot a projectile.

It sears a hole in a tree. Blows out a window on the 4Runner.

ADRIENNE

What's...happening?

DARBY

That thing is going haywire. And it's blaring my car alarm.

Darby thinks, then fumbles in her pocket for the key fob.

She points it through the window and clicks.

The car alarm stops. Then, a double CHIRP.

The Stalker pauses. Like it's frozen in place.

DARBY

Son of a bitch. That couldn't have worked. Could it?

**STALKER POV**

No symbols. No activity. No movement.

Then --

A mass of symbols whirring backwards, forwards and sideways at breakneck speed across the screen.

The screen STOPS and then a CIRCLE appears around a symbol that is almost car-like in its shape.

The shape GLOWS for a second, then disappears.

**BACK TO SCENE**

The Stalker shifts again. Turns and faces the Airstream.

DARBY

Shit. I knew that was too easy.

Darby clicks the fob in the Stalker's direction again.

Nothing happens this time, except --

From outside, a man's deep voice carries across the campsite.

Darby snaps to attention. Eases up to look out the window.

All she can see is the Stalker, fifty yards out.

It moves back and forth in place, like a bull debating whether to charge a matador.

Lightning and thunder, getting closer.

As the thunder subsides, another voice erupts from the Stalker as if played through a loudspeaker:

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

*You're listening to WKSC--KISS FM  
on this beautiful Summer day.*

The opening strands of U2's "It's a Beautiful Day," blares through the quiet.

Then Tress's voice cuts in.

TRESS (V.O.)

*Sweetie, Mama will be home soon .*

Shannon's terrified voice cuts across it --

SHANNON (V.O.)

*Hello! Is anyone there...?  
Stay behind me. Stay behind me.*

Darby looks at Adrienne.

DARBY

That prick tapped in to all our  
electronic devices. Recorded us.  
(long beat)  
It's mocking us.

Darby's voice cuts in through the static of the CB radio.

DARBY (V.O.)  
*Hello, can anyone hear me? ...  
 We're having a bad day...*

Laughter, crying, sobs...

ADRIENNE (V.O.)  
*Whatever the fuck you are, you come  
 any closer...*

Voices and sounds crescendo together.

ETHAN (V.O.)  
*I'll always be here. Always.*

And then a familiar voice of a different kind:

SIRI (V.O.)  
*In one-hundred fifty yards, you  
 have reached your destination.*

After that, suddenly, all is quiet.

Darby's face with the grief of a sudden realization.

DARBY  
 I thought it was him. I really did.  
 Sending something to kill me,  
 somehow. But he was just another  
 voice this fucking thing picked up.

ADRIENNE  
 Alien...Terminator.

Darby nods.

DARBY  
 It was nothing to do with him. With  
 any of us. This thing just happened  
 to land here. And we just happened  
 to pick a fight with it. Just...

ADRIENNE  
 ...bad luck.

DARBY  
 I've been hiding from him. So  
 scared of him, for so long.

Darby HOWLS in fury and slams her fist on the countertop.

She looks to Adrienne. Nearly gone. Adrienne knows it. She speaks through painful breaths.

ADRIENNE

Has to be...now. Go. I know what to do.

She holds out a hand.

Darby stares at her last living friend, tears in her eyes.

Then she places a jumper cable in Adrienne's open palm.

DARBY

I'll try to take it with me. But if it finds you...

Adrienne shakes her head. Forget about it. She knows.

ADRIENNE

Darby...nice to...reconnect.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - AIRSTREAM - DAWN**

Darby exits the Airstream.

Wind really whipping now. Lightning strikes nearby, causing a ferocious CLAP of thunder.

Like a gunfighter at high noon, Darby stands erect, facing the Stalker.

It turns toward her.

**STALKER POV**

Symbols on the screen now move slower. Almost to a stop.

A circular symbol hones in on Darby's figure. Locks on.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Darby tenses. Leans into the wind.

DARBY

What are you waiting for, you ugly piece of junk?

The Stalker stays in place. Lights flicker.

Darby ROARS at the Stalker. Loud. Primal.

The Stalker replays her roar back. It sounds even more ferocious coming through the loudspeaker.

The Stalker jumps off the 4Runner.

Darby sprints for the water.  
But the Stalker doesn't chase.  
It heads for the Airstream.  
Darby stops.

DARBY

No. Follow me. Follow me!! Come on,  
you bastard!

She looks on, helpless, as the AR continues to the Airstream.  
Pauses at the entrance. Considers.  
Not gonna fall for this again.  
The Stalker focuses. A high pitched WHINE --  
The side of the camper BLOWS OUT, leaving a smoking hole.  
With a last grim look, Darby turns and runs.  
The Stalker looks inside the Airstream --

**INT. AIRSTREAM - DAWN**

Adrienne's on the floor, propped against a wall, surrounded by a propane tank, a large jug filled with flammable liquids, and a battery.

A dual wire runs a few inches, then splits in two. One half goes into the liquid, the other to the opening of the tank.

A jumper cable is attached to the battery.

Adrienne holds the other end of the cable. Ready to clasp onto the wire.

ADRIENNE

See you in hell, motherfucker.

The Stalker powers up its weapons.

**EXT. WOODS - DAWN**

Darby grabs the paddleboard and oar from the ground as she passes the 4Runner.

As she reaches the water's edge, she turns to see --

A violent BLAST obliterate the Airstream, sending a fireball into the air, engulfing the Stalker.

Pieces of the camper shoot in all directions.

The blast force knocks Darby forward into the shallows, leaving her stunned.

Finally, she blinks. Slowly sits up, grimaces in pain.

A jagged piece of metal from the Airstream embedded just below her collarbone, in the middle of her scar.

Darby does a quick scan of the area behind her. Burning fragments everywhere. No sign of the Stalker.

She touches the fragment to see if she can pull it out. Too painful. She leaves it.

Darby grits her teeth, stands, and gets unsteadily onto the paddleboard. Sets out.

She starts to move, a struggle between the strong wind and the pain in her shoulder evident with each paddle.

She looks with concern to the skies. Lightning flashes.

Not a good time to be on the water, but she presses on.

As she paddles, she glances back at the camp, the burning Airstream and deformed 4Runner.

Nothing moving. Until --

A vicious LIGHTNING STRIKE hits the camp. So bright it's almost blinding.

The electricity stands Darby's hairs on end.

Out of reflex, she ducks at the massive BOOM from the following thunder.

Then --

A metallic leg grabs the front of the paddleboard.

Darby shrinks back.

A second leg. The Stalker pulls itself out of the water and up onto the board.

DARBY  
So much for plan B.



The Stalker stares at Darby. Dripping wet. And very functional.

Behind them, LIGHTNING STRIKES the forest. Close.

Darby meets the Stalker's gaze. Standing tall.

DARBY  
I'm not afraid of you.

#### **STALKER POV**

The image of Darby fills the screen.

But then, its view cycles quickly through videos of Shannon, Adrienne, Tress and Meg, each before they died.

Back to Darby. She's raising her paddle, ready to swing it.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

The Stalker extends its projectile weapon and fires.

PSFFZZZT.

Darby flinches. But nothing happens. The weapon's ruined.

She swings the paddle. It snaps on the Stalker's face.

DARBY  
What do you have left? What now?!

The Stalker shakes, groans.

Then a compartment opens to reveal a foot-long BLADE.

DARBY  
Oh, fuck.

Darby holds out the broken paddle in defense. The blade slices clean through.

The Stalker presses forward, full speed.

The blade swipes at Darby as she leaps backwards off the board. Catches her in the air, drawing blood.

Darby plunges into the dark waters, sinking deep below.

#### **STALKER POV**

The Stalker scans the water's surface. Symbols races along the screen.

Detectors switch from infra-red, to monochrome, to night vision. Nothing registers.

**BACK TO SCENE**

After what seems like an eternity, Darby explodes upward from beneath, shoving the paddleboard hard.

The Stalker tumbles with a SPLASH into the water.

Storm clouds gathering above...

Darby pulls herself onto the paddle board. Retrives the broken paddle and paddles furiously.

Bubbles rise to the surface.

Then a red glow, moving fast up from below...

DARBY

Come on, motherfucker. I'm still standing. Maybe I can't kill you. But I'll always fight you.

The Stalker comes into definition as it rushes up toward her...

DARBY

COME ON!

ZZAPPP!!

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING shoots past Darby and strikes the lake.

Everything goes white.

**EXT. WOODS - SHORELINE - DAY**

Silent. Calmer, now.

Until --

Darby pulls herself onto the shoreline.

She collapses in exhaustion. Allows herself to finally let out a long, heaving CRY.

The dark clouds and lightning move off to the west. A slight breeze still rustles through the camp.

Darby picks herself up and stares back across the water, just like yesterday. It feels like a lifetime ago.

The campsite is a war zone. The 4Runner flipped, the Airstream a smoking crater.

As Darby turns to leave --

The Stalker launches like a ballistic missile out of the water, lands just in front of Darby.

Darby stares at it in exhaustion. Almost too numb to react.

The Stalker takes a step forward, then --

Everything shuts down. Lights, sounds, movement.

Dead.

Wide-eyed, Darby almost laughs through the tears.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Darby emerges from the woods next to a highway.

Stands, waits, until -- she flags down a passing RED TRUCK.

The truck slows to a stop, and Darby climbs inside. The truck pulls back onto the road and moves down the highway.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

The Stalker sits motionless on the ground.

Overhead, the LENTICULAR CLOUD appears. Whirling, ominous.

The cloud spills quickly down to the ground and surrounds the Stalker. Just as quickly, it moves back up and disappears.

The Stalker is gone.

**AERIAL**

We move away from the devastation at the campsite, past the woods, and to the highway, catching up with the red truck.

Through the windshield -- Darby's head is against the passenger window. Locked in a deep, comfortable sleep.

Finally at peace.

**FADE OUT.**