

ROADKILL

by

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&

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FADE IN:

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Harsh sunlight stabs down through the tree canopies, shines onto the leafy underbrush covering the forest ground.

A fat ball of fur darts out of the bushes, scurries in between trees, flees as fast as its little legs will allow it to.

It's a large opossum.

The animal SQUEALS in fear as it presses forward.

Behind it, loud STOMPING. Something is chasing the scared animal. And it's gaining ground fast.

**EXT. BACK ROAD**

The opossum bursts out of the woods, runs onto the road--

And is FLATTENED by a speeding rusty pickup truck. The truck doesn't slow down even a little, just keeps speeding ahead into the distance.

SLOW ZOOM on the fresh roadkill. It twitches.

PUSH IN CLOSER until we are right up on the black eyes of the poor animal. Then--

Something O.S. drags the carcass out of view!

SMASH TO:

**BLACK**

An inhuman WAIL rings out.

TITLE CARD -- ROADKILL

FADE IN:

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

A less than luxurious Class A Motorhome sits in a small clearing off the beaten path and surrounded by woods.

Outside the camper, WESLEY "WES" FERGUSON, 25, tall and skinny with long black hair, sits in a camping chair and lights up a joint.

He blows out the smoke, suppresses a cough, while he looks into the woods and listens to nature.

A twig SNAPS.

Wes looks at the woods, around the area.

Another SNAP has him more alert.

He listens intently, looks into the woods. The deep, dark woods...

Something's in there.

A DEER RUNS OUT FROM THE TREES!

Wes JUMPS, but quickly calms down with a chuckle.

The deer calmly walks across in front of him. It's a serene sight.

The gentle animal walks away.

Wes looks back at where the deer came from, in the deep, dark woods. They look... Different... Something's missing...

Wes notices.

HANDS GRAB HIM FROM BEHIND!

TROY ADAMS, 29, athletic with movie-star good looks, YELLS in Wes' ear, scaring him and making him drop his joint.

Wes pushes Troy off.

WES  
You fucker.

He picks up his joint off the ground.

WES  
You're gonna cause a fire. Smokey the Bear would not be pleased.

Troy sits down next to Wes in a chair.

TROY  
Scared ya.

He hands Wes a beer. Wes denies, holds up his joint.

WES  
Amber still napping?

TROY  
Yeah.

WES  
She's missing out, Man. It's fuckin' amazing out here.

TROY  
She's not much of an outdoors gal.

WES  
She is, on Instagram.

Troy smirks.

Wes looks around.

WES  
This is awesome man. How'd you even find this spot?

TROY  
My ex, she and I got in a fight one time while driving through here. She kicked my ass out of the car and left me stranded. Before I made it to Ripley to call for a ride, I stumbled upon this spot. Man's gotta take a piss, right? Anyway, I decided to take Shirley out--

WES  
Shirley?

Troy points to the RV camper.

TROY  
That hunk o' junk right there. Anyway, took her out to this spot later that year, and every year since. Nobody's ever bothered me once.

WES  
Nobody else knows about this spot?

TROY  
Nope. Well, you two do. Now I'm gonna have to kill you.

WES

Don't fuck with me like that while I'm high, man.

Troy LAUGHS.

TROY

What?

WES

Out in the middle of nowhere, nobody knows about this spot, and you saying that shit. That's straight-up horror movie shit right there.

TROY

You watch too many movies.

WES

You don't watch *enough* movies.

TROY

Okay, that's enough smoking for you. Pass me the joint.

Wes smiles, passes the joint.

WES

I'm happy I came along with you guys. Seriously, Dude. It's so awesome out here.

TROY

Happy you're enjoying yourself. Thanks, by the way. It'd probably be super obvious if I brought her out here, just the two of us. Ya' know?

WES

Yeah, definitely.

Troy pulls out a small, black box, opens it. Inside, a beautiful engagement ring.

WES

It's great, man. She'd have to be crazy to say no.

TROY

Well, she's absolutely crazy. But hopefully she says yes anyway.

WES

She will.

TROY

I hope so. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't nervous.

WES

Trust me.

Troy looks back at the ring.

TROY

I spent a pretty penny on this thing.

WES

I'll bet. I got my own baby right here that I spent a pretty penny on.

Wes digs through a backpack and pulls out a massive firework attached to a short stick: THE HIROSHIMA, the label sporting a mushroom cloud.

Troy's face drops.

TROY

What the actual fuck, Wes?

WES

What?

TROY

"The Hiroshima"? You distasteful son of a bitch.

They share a LAUGH.

TROY

You remember the plan, right?

WES

Yeah, Dude. I'm not *that* burnt out. You two hike up to the spot, you get down on one knee, I light the fireworks, they go boom, she says yes.

They look out ahead. Large, dark rolling clouds spill in from the mountainous view that they have.

TROY

Though I gotta do it before this storm  
(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)  
rolls in. Looks nasty.

The camper door OPENS, and AMBER FERGUSON, 28, gorgeous  
brunette with a fantastic figure, steps out. She walks toward  
the two men.

AMBER  
Hey guys.

Troy hastily puts away his engagement ring.

AMBER  
Troy, I love the idea of you taking us  
all the way out here, but I checked  
the forecast. This storm is supposed  
to be a bad one.

Wes attempts to stuff the firework in his backpack but it's  
too late, Amber has seen it.

AMBER  
Wes? What the hell is that?

Wes looks at Troy, who looks at him with a stern look: Don't  
fuck this up.

WES  
Uh...

AMBER  
Was that a firework?

WES  
I mean--

AMBER  
Are you trying to set the whole  
Rockies on fire?

Wes looks at a nervous Troy.

WES  
It's the Fourth of July! We gotta'  
celebrate, at least a little.

AMBER  
I think it's a dumbass idea.

Troy looks away, guilty.

WES

Oh please, you know you'd love to see some fireworks.

AMBER

I'm not going to be plastered on the news as the person who burned down half of Colorado.

Wes looks at the rolling clouds quickly moving in.

WES

Okay, okay! It's about to storm anyway. I'll save it for home.

AMBER

I can't believe I'm related to you.

WES

Hey, don't make this personal.

She smiles, playfully pushes him.

Troy butts in.

TROY

Hey, Amber, you wanna go for a quick hike?

Amber looks at the incoming storm.

AMBER

Seriously?

TROY

A quick one. I know a great spot.

LIGHTNING STRIKES in the distance. Followed quickly by a THUNDEROUS BOOM.

AMBER

Nope. Hell no. I don't do storms.

TROY

Aw, Amber, come on.

AMBER

Can we just go home?

TROY

What?

Amber looks at Wes.

AMBER

What do you think, Wes?

Raindrops begin to fall already. Wes holds his hand out to catch a few.

WES

Doubt this storm's gonna last long. I  
say we get in the camper and just wait  
it out.

More THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance.

Wes stands and walks to the camper. Amber looks pleadingly at Troy before she walks to the camper too.

Troy waits for a moment, thinks, before it begins to rain heavier. He stands up and walks to the camper, gets inside.

**EXT. PINE ROAD - DAY**

A police car drives down the road. DEPUTY PETER O'CONNOR, 26, sits behind the wheel.

He passes by an area of trees and woods, looks into them.

Something catches his eye.

It's the RV camper.

He continues driving.

**EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

Rain dumps down on the area. Two cars are parked outside.

**INT. GAS STATION**

Two GIRLS browse the station, while JIMMY, 18, sits behind it, reading a gory comic.

Jimmy eyes the girls, both very pretty.

JIMMY

You gals need some help?

The girls look at him, then at each other, LAUGH.

Jimmy rolls his eyes, resumes reading his comic.

The girls walk up to the counter and put some sodas and junk food in front of them.

Jimmy scans them. He holds up a bag of generic chips.

JIMMY

I hear these are pretty good. What do you think?

The girls SNORT GIGGLES at each other.

GIRL #1

I think you need to get a life.

Jimmy smirks awkwardly, continues scanning.

JIMMY

So, what are you ladies up to tonight?

GIRL #1

Whatever it is, you're not invited.

Her friend playfully pushes her.

GIRL #2

Oh my God, shut up.

Jimmy rolls his eyes.

JIMMY

Nine sixty-three.

#### **EXT. GAS STATION**

An older, beat up pickup truck pulls into the gas station, parks. It's got cracked windshield and a spare tire on the front drivers side.

#### **INT. GAS STATION**

The two girls leave through the front door.

Jimmy sits back in his chair, continues reading his comic.

The front door swings opens and two MASKED MEN storm in.

One man, SKEET, 32, walks ahead, while the other man, BUD, 38, points a gun at Jimmy from across the counter.

Jimmy, still reading his comic, hasn't noticed yet.

Skeet walks around the counter, SLAPS the comic out of Jimmy's hands.

JIMMY  
What the--?!

Skeet grabs Jimmy by the collar of his shirt, stands him up.

Jimmy looks over at Bud, then the gun. His face drops in fear.

BUD  
Open the register.

JIMMY  
I--I--I--

BUD  
Shut the fuck up, and give us the cash.

Skeet SHOVES Jimmy over to the register. He opens the register before Skeet YANKS him away.

Skeet collects the money.

Bud continues to keep the gun aimed on Jimmy, who looks nervously at the both of them.

Skeet stuffs the cash into a pillow case.

Jimmy shoots a glance down beneath the counter, quick, but noticeable.

BUD  
Whatcha lookin' at, Princess?

Skeet takes the last of the cash out of the register.

BUD  
Don't get any bright ideas. I promise... You'll regret it.

Jimmy stares at Bud for a moment, then moves for beneath the counter, grabs a gun--

BLAM!

Bud fires a round straight through Jimmy's eye.

Blood and brains explode out the back of his head.

Skeet jumps at the gunshot, turns around. He watches as Jimmy's dead crumple to the floor, then he turns to Bud.

SKEET

Jesus Christ, what the fuck?!

BUD

He was goin' after somethin'!

SKEET

You shot him!?

BUD

Brilliant deduction.

SKEET

Christ. This wasn't part of the plan.  
Do you know what you've just done?!

BUD

Grab all you can, let's split.

SKEET

We only got what was in the register,  
Bud. What about the safe in the back?!

Bud thinks.

SKEET

You shot the only one who knew the  
combination! You gonna crack it  
yourself?

Bud looks down at Jimmy's body.

BUD

Fuck the safe, then! Let's get outta  
here before someone shows up.

SKEET

Wait! The cameras.

Bud looks over at the back room, runs inside.

Skeet looks out the windows, sees an SUV pull into the lot  
and up to one of the pumps.

SKEET

Bud, c'mon!

Bud runs out of the back room, a VHS tape marked "security

camera" gripped in his hand.

BUD  
Let's boogie.

**EXT. GAS STATION**

Skeet and Bud flee the gas station, jump into the truck. The truck kicks up gravel as it speeds out of the lot and onto the road.

Inside the SUV, an OLD COUPLE sit and watch the action. They look at each other in confusion.

The old man, ERNEST, 69, gets out of the SUV and operates the pump.

The old woman, MABEL, 66, steps out of the passenger side, slowly makes her way to the gas station and walks inside.

THUNDER CRACKLES!

**INT. SHERIFF STATION - DAY**

Thunder RUMBLES away as SHERIFF IAN REDFIELD, 53, a burly man with an impressively thick mustache, sits at his desk.

He looks at the computer, at an E-MAIL.

The subject of the email reads: STRING OF ROBBERIES IN WEST COLORADO

The entrance opens and O'Connor walks in.

O'CONNOR  
Howdy, Redfield.

Redfield doesn't even look up from his computer.

REDFIELD  
O'Connor.

O'Connor walks over to the coffee maker, pours himself a cup.

O'CONNOR  
Want a cup?

REDFIELD  
Mm-hmm.

O'Connor pours another cup.

O'CONNOR  
I saw a camper off the side of Pine  
Road on my way in.

REDFIELD  
Mm.

O'CONNOR  
Figure I'd let the Park Ranger handle  
it.

REDFIELD  
That ain't how you move up in the  
world, Son.

O'Connor sits down and hands the cup to Redfield.

O'CONNOR  
You ever take a break?

REDFIELD  
Don't need one.

O'CONNOR  
I know a place, up in Glenwood  
Springs. Nice hotel, big pool that's a  
hot spring. Town's great too, shopping  
and food. Patty and I go every summer,  
always have a great time.

Redfield takes a sip of his coffee, uninterested and focused  
on work.

O'CONNOR  
Or how about a city trip? See a show,  
or a Broncos game.

REDFIELD  
Not much of a city man. 'Sides,  
Broncos suck.

O'CONNOR  
C'mon, get outta town. Take a trip.

REDFIELD  
You tryin' to take over my position,  
Son?

O'Connor smirks, drinks more of his coffee.

REDFIELD  
Any word on what killed that bobcat  
last week?

O'CONNOR  
Mountain lion, apparently.

REDFIELD  
You think it was something else?

O'CONNOR  
It's *somethin'*, that's for sure.

REDFIELD  
Bigfoot?

Redfield CHUCKLES at his own dumb remark.

O'CONNOR  
You laugh.

REDFIELD  
You don't really think it was bigfoot,  
do ya?

O'CONNOR  
Not Bigfoot.

REDFIELD  
Go on, tell me.

O'CONNOR  
(hesitant)  
The Ripley Devil.

REDFIELD  
You don't seriously believe in that  
superstitious stuff, dio ya?

O'CONNOR  
Somethin's out there, Redfield.

REDFIELD  
Yeah, well... Don't go losin' sleep  
over it.

The phone RINGS. Redfield answers it.

REDFIELD  
Ripley Sheriff's Station...Woah, now  
hold up ma'am, you're going a hundred  
(MORE)

REDFIELD (CONT'D)  
miles per hour, slow down... What?  
Murdered...?

O'Connor looks on, suddenly interested.

REDFIELD  
Where...? Did you see who did it...?  
Okay...Well hold up, let me get over  
there first, then you can tell me,  
alright...? I'll be there in about ten  
minutes. You just stay put now...Yes,  
I'll be there as quickly as  
possible...Just stay in your vehicle  
until I arrive.

Redfield hangs up as O'Conner stands to leave.

O'CONNOR  
Where we headed?

REDFIELD  
I'm headed to Oilfield Gas Station to  
check this call out.

O'CONNOR  
At the edge of town?

REDFIELD  
You go check on that camper.

O'CONNOR  
Oh, come on, Redfield.

REDFIELD  
You'll get your moment one day, Son. I  
need ya to check on that camper, make  
sure they aren't doin' anything  
stupid.

O'CONNOR  
We don't get this much action in  
Ripley.

REDFIELD  
Where's the camper?

O'CONNOR  
(sheepishly)  
... Along the way...

Redfield studies him, then smirks.

REDFIELD

So go check on the camper, get them out of the area, and then meet up with me at the gas station. You might be able to help me out.

O'Connor smiles.

O'CONNOR

Yes sir.

REDFIELD

C'mon, let's get goin'.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

Wes stares outside the window. He watches the rain as it comes down in gallons.

WES

It just won't stop.

Troy and Amber sit up front and watch the rain wash down the windshield.

Wes sparks up a bowl.

AMBER

Not in the camper, Wes.  
(to Troy)  
Sorry.

Disappointed, Wes snuffs out the bowl.

AMBER

This is a real exciting trip.

Troy looks over at her, she glances back at him.

AMBER

That wasn't sarcasm.

Troy turns back the the windshield, unassured.

Amber frowns.

AMBER

What's wrong?

TROY

We were only here for one night.

AMBER

Troy...

TROY

I'm just disappointed the trip turned out like this.

AMBER

It's just some rain, it happens.

TROY

It's not how it was supposed to happen.

AMBER

Well, I still had fun! And I'm sure Wes did too.

(to Wes)

Didn't you, Wes?

WES

Huh?

AMBER

See?

Troy looks at her, unsure.

TROY

Maybe the storm will let up.

Lightning flashes, thunder RUMBLES.

AMBER

I don't think it's stopping.

Troy takes a deep breath, exhales.

TROY

You promise you had a good time?

AMBER

Any time with you is a good time.

He smiles. Amber smiles back.

Wes checks his weed container. It's empty.

WES  
Fuck. I'm out.

He looks through the window, spots a FIGURE walking toward the RV camper, distorted by the pouring rain on the glass.

WES  
Oh shit! This is it guys! There's a  
machete-wielding maniac coming right  
for us!

Amber jumps up.

AMBER  
What?!

She looks out the window.

Deputy O'Connor walks up to the RV camper.

AMBER  
That's an officer, Dumbass.

TROY  
Woah, what? Officer?

There's a KNOCK at the door.

TROY  
Shit!

AMBER  
What's wrong?

TROY  
Shit, shit, shit.

WES  
I thought you said nobody knew about  
this place.

TROY  
Nobody does!

WES  
How'd he find us?

AMBER  
Troy, what's going on?

Troy cringes.

TROY  
Technically, we're not supposed to be here.

AMBER  
I thought you said--

TROY  
I lied.

AMBER  
You lied?

Another KNOCK at the door.

TROY  
Okay, just keep quiet.

Troy walks to the door, opens it.

O'Connor stands outside in a rain poncho.

O'CONNOR  
Howdy.

TROY  
Hey. Hi.

O'CONNOR  
Can I ask you kids what y'all are doin' out here?

TROY  
Oh, just...parked to wait out the storm.

O'CONNOR  
Your stuff's gettin' wet.

Troy looks at the camping chairs and other camping gear, drenched in the rain, then back at O'Connor, guilty.

O'CONNOR  
You can't camp here. Designated camping spots only.

TROY  
We'll preserve the environment.

O'CONNOR  
Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to  
(MORE)

O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
leave the area. You can't camp here.

TROY  
C'mon, we're not doing anything--

O'CONNOR  
Please don't have me repeat myself,  
Sir.

Troy looks back at Amber and Wes, steps out of the camper and leans in.

TROY  
Listen, I'm doing something really  
special for my girl--

O'CONNOR  
Sir, that's none of my concern. You  
can't camp here.

(beat)  
Besides, we've been gettin' a lot of  
reports of dangerous wildlife around  
these parts. We don't want anyone  
gettin' hurt.

TROY  
We can protect ourselves.

O'Connor SIGHS, frustrated.

O'CONNOR  
We've also got a call about a robbery  
that happened just down the road.  
Someone was killed and the suspects  
are at large. To remain safe, I'm  
going to have to ask you all to leave.

Troy looks at O'Connor, defeated.

TROY  
Okay, okay. I get it. We'll pack up  
and go.

O'Connor nods, turns and walks away. Troy shuts the door.

AMBER  
What'd he say?

TROY  
We gotta leave.

AMBER

Oh bummer!

WES

Seriously?

TROY

Apparently there's "dangerous wildlife and robbers" in the area.

AMBER

Wait, what?

TROY

C'mon, let's pack everything up.

WES

It's pouring outside.

TROY

Well, time to get wet.

Wes' shoulders slump. He stands and walks to the door, opens it. He stares at the rain, SIGHS, and walks out.

Troy goes to follow when Amber stops him.

AMBER

Robbers?

TROY

Yeah. A gas station nearby was just robbed. Apparently someone was killed.

AMBER

Oh my God.

TROY

Relax', Babe. Whoever did it, they're probably near Denver by now.

Amber looks away, nervous. Troy turns her face back toward him.

TROY

Hey, you okay?

Amber shakes off her anxiety. She smiles.

AMBER

I really did have fun while this  
(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)

lasted.

TROY

Promise?

AMBER

Promise.

She leans in, kisses him.

**EXT. CAMPSITE**

The rain dumps on the area.

Troy and Amber exit the camper. The trio grab all the things they can, LAUGHING and YIPPING in the rain.

O'Connor watches from inside his vehicle.

CUT TO:

**MOMENTS LATER**

The RV camper maneuvers around to leave the campsite, exits the area.

O'Connor's vehicle leaves as well.

Thunder RUMBLES.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

The old pickup truck speeds down the road while the rain continues to pour down.

**INT. PICKUP TRUCK - TRAVELING**

Skeet drives, sweat beaded up on his pale face.

Bud rides passenger, the duffel bag of cash in his lap.

BUD

We're goin' in fuckin' circles!

SKEET

Shut up, man!

BUD

Don't tell me to shut up. Do ya even know where the fuck you're goin'?

SKEET

Hell no. I can't see a thing in this Goddamn rain!

Bud begins to count the cash.

Skeet watches while he attempts to keep his eyes on the road.

SKEET

How much is it?

BUD

Only a couple hundred. That makes three thousand.

Skeet looks around at the area they're in.

SKEET

Shit. I've got no clue where we are.

BUD

Figure it out fast, Navigator.

SKEET

We should pull over, wait out the storm--

BUD

Fuck that!

SKEET

I can't fuckin' see, Bud!

BUD

I call the shots and I say we keep moving! Stop bitching and drive.

SKEET

This was both our ideas--

BUD

Don't pull that teamwork shit on me. I don't play that game. I had the plan, I brought you on with me, I make the calls. If it weren't for me, you'd still be wastin' away at some motel blowin' truckers for the cheapest

(MORE)

BUD (CONT'D)  
stuff you could find. Look at how far  
we've come, Skeet!

SKEET  
You killed that kid for a couple  
hundred bucks.

BUD  
Will ya quit it with that?

SKEET  
We gotta stop while we're ahead. That  
wasn't supposed to happen.

BUD  
No, what we gotta do is get more cash.  
Otherwise none of this shit will be  
worth it.

SKEET  
We could'a gotten more if you didn't  
shoot that kid--

BUD  
Quit being such a bitch, or I'll shoot  
you too.

Skeet's face drops, looks at Bud with a hint of fear.

BUD  
Here, turn here.

Skeet SWERVES onto a remote road.

#### **EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING**

Redfield's Sheriff's squad car is parked outside the station  
while it continues to pour. The lights on the roof of the  
vehicle flash red and blue.

In the BG, the sun has started to set.

A coroner's van pulls out of the lot and drives away.

Redfield stands beneath the awning of the gas station, next  
to a nervous Mabel and Ernest.

MABEL  
Oh Sheriff, that poor boy...

REDFIELD

Okay, okay, calm down... I don't want y'all exhaustin' yourselves now...

MABEL

It was awful, Sheriff. We were on our way home from church. I walked in, and... I saw the blood...

REDFIELD

Don't worry about that, Ma'am. Did you see the men's faces? Either one of them?

MABEL

No Sir. We had just pulled up to the station when they jumped so fast into their truck.

ERNEST

I thought I saw one of their faces.

MABEL

No, Ernie, they were wearing masks.

ERNEST

I coulda sworn one of them had their mask off!

MABEL

He's getting old, Sheriff. He can't remember like he used to. But that boy they killed... He was so young!

REDFIELD

What did the truck look like? Did ya' get a license plate?

MABEL

Oh, no. They drove away so fast that the license plate was a blur.

ERNEST

Their truck was pretty beat up, though. Like they never took care of it.

MABEL

He means the color, Ernie.

ERNEST

Oh. It was red, Sheriff.

MABEL

Blue.

REDFIELD

I need to know which one it is, folks.

MABEL

Like I said, Sheriff, he's getting pretty old.

MABEL

It was blue, with a broken windshield. I'll never forget... Never forget a scene like this today. That poor boy's face... That truck--

ERNEST

Don't forget the spare tire.

MABEL

Oh right! Oh Ernie, you remembered!

REDFIELD

Spare tire?

MABEL

The truck had a spare tire on the...um...the front driver side! I remembered because the truck swerved and wobbled on it. And I remember that poor boy's face...his eyes...Oh God!

Mabel buries her face into Ernest's shoulder.

REDFIELD

Which way did they go?

Ernest points down the road.

ERNEST

That way, sheriff.

REDFIELD

(to Mabel)

Is that true?

Mabel nods as she continues to SOB.

The RV camper drives past the gas station.

Deputy O'Connor's squad car pulls into the gas station lot, parks beside Redfield's vehicle. O'Connor steps out.

REDFIELD

O'Connor.

O'CONNOR

Redfield.

REDFIELD

Did ya' take care of those campers?

O'CONNOR

Yes sir. What about all this?

REDFIELD

Just gettin' some information. It ain't much, but it's a start.

O'CONNOR

What'd you find out?

REDFIELD

Two men in a blue pickup truck with a broken windshield and a shoddy spare tire on the front driver side. Ya' mind patrolin' the area and keepin' an eye out for that?

O'CONNOR

Yes sir!

REDFIELD

Alright. Let me know if you find anything. They went that way.

Redfield points, O'Connor looks.

O'Connor nods.

REDFIELD

(to Ernest and Mabel)

Thank you, folks. If that's all the information you have for me, then it's a great start.

ERNEST

Ya' sure ya' don't need anything else?

MABEL

Ernie, let's just get home. It's been an awful, awful day.

REDFIELD

Get goin', you two, before this storm gets any worse.

ERNEST

Good luck, Sheriff.

Redfield watches as Mabel and Ernest walk back to their SUV, get inside, and drive away.

O'Connor steps closer to Redfield.

O'CONNOR

(sheepish)

Hey, uh, Sheriff... About patrolling those backroads. It's gonna be dark real soon... And those woods have sort of a bad reputation-

REDFIELD

Don't you start up with that Ripley Devil bullshit, O'Connor. I really don't wanna hear it.

Redfield turns and walks for the gas station entrance.

O'CONNOR

Do your research, Redfield. Why don't you check out that growin' pile of missing people you got goin' on?

Redfield stops.

O'CONNOR

How many of those people disappeared in those woods? While hunting? Hiking? Camping?

Redfield thinks for a moment, then turns around.

REDFIELD

Get patrolin', Son. I got more important things to take care of than wastin' my time worryin' about some urban legend.

He turns back, walks into the gas station.

O'Connor watches on, shakes his head. He looks out at the setting sun in the sky. An ominous sight.

**INT. SKEET'S TRUCK - TRAVELING - EVENING**

The truck reaches a three-way intersection.

SKEET  
Fuck. Which way?!

BUD  
I thought you said ya' knew where you  
were goin'!

Skeet thinks.

BUD  
Ain't this the road we were just on?

SKEET  
Fuck it!

Skeet turns.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - EVENING**

The storm dumps rain like a monsoon as the RV camper maneuvers its way down the mountain road.

The camper passes by a sign that reads: YOU ARE NOW LEAVING  
RIPLEY, COLORADO

One side of the road is a sea of tall trees. The other side--  
A steep drop off to a dark abyss.

**INT. RV CAMPER - TRAVELING**

Troy leans toward the windshield as he struggles to see  
through the pouring rain outside.

Amber sits in the passenger seat, nervous.

She looks outside the passenger window, the drop of the cliff  
below.

AMBER  
Slow down, Troy.

TROY  
I can't see shit.

AMBER

Exactly.

**INT. SKEET'S TRUCK - TRAVELING**

Bud squirms in the passenger seat, ancy. Skeet notices.

SKEET

Calm the fuck down.

BUD

We could've gotten more at that last station.

SKEET

I agree. But *someone* had to shoot a kid in the face.

Bud shoots daggers at Skeet.

BUD

We need to hit another spot.

SKEET

I told ya, not until we cross state line.

BUD

Then speed up.

SKEET

It's pissin' pussies 'n' bitches, I ain't goin' any faster.

BUD

I said speed up, Skeet.

SKEET

And I said it's pissin'--

Bud pulls out his pistol, points it at Skeet's head.

BUD

Speed. The. Fuck. Up.

**INT. RV CAMPER - TRAVELING**

In the distance in front of the RV camper, two headlights round a sharp turn.

Troy and Amber at the front of the RV camper--

AMBER  
Troy, please, slow down.

In the back of the RV camper, Wes manages to salvage a nug of weed from a crevasse.

WES  
Ha-ha! Yes! We're saved!

**INT. SKEET'S TRUCK - TRAVELING**

Skeet stares down the barrel of Bud's gun.

SKEET  
Go ahead, Dumbass. Pull the trigger.  
Send us over the cliff.

Bud pulls back the hammer on the gun.

BUD  
Shouldn't test me.

Skeet and Bud have a momentary stare-down.

A MASSIVE CREATURE DASHES IN FRONT OF THEIR TRUCK!

Skeet SWERVES, startling Bud who SHOOTS the pistol on accident. Ears RING, glass SHATTERS.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Skeet's truck SKIDS along the asphalt as it swerves toward the RV camper. The spare tire POPS off!

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Amber SCREAMS as Troy throws the steering wheel to the right.

Wes is thrown from his spot at the sudden swerve of the RV camper. His head SLAMS into the kitchen counter with a THUD.

WES  
Ah, fuck!

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Skeet's truck SMASHES into the side of the RV camper, then FLIPS over.

The RV camper CRASHES into the guardrail, throwing the campers inside forward.

Skeet's truck ROLLS several times before coming to a stop upside down. Glass and chunks of metal fly into the air.

The RV camper careens along the road before SCREECHING to a stop at a scenic pull-off. The front of the RV sits dangerously close to the edge of the cliff.

All is SILENT.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Everyone GROANS as they come to.

Amber rubs her head, which bleeds a bit from a small wound. She looks at Troy, who slowly comes to realization as to what just happened.

TROY  
Everyone okay?

Amber nods. She looks back toward Wes.

He GROANS on the floor of the RV camper, the most beat up of them all.

TROY  
(to Amber)  
You're bleeding.

AMBER  
I'm fine. I told you to slow down.

Wes stands to his feet, rubbing his head.

WES  
Ow, fuck. I lost my nug. Shit.

Troy looks past Wes, through the rear windshield, at the dark road beyond.

TROY  
What the fuck was that thing?

AMBER  
Forget the animal, what about the truck? You think they're okay?

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Rain continues to dump onto the silent road.

Skeet's flipped over truck sits about two hundred feet away from the RV camper.

Skeet and Bud hang limply upside down. Then--

Bud GROANS. He comes to, examines his current situation.

He unbuckles his seatbelt and falls. He maneuvers his way out of the truck, pistol in hand.

Bud looks around the accident scene, at the flipped over truck and the RV camper down the road. He notices the bag of cash nearby.

He limps over to the bag of cash, picks it up, along with a few bills that have fallen out.

Skeet GROANS as he begins to wake up from his concussion.

Bud notices, glances back at the RV camper. He turns and hurries into the woods, leaves Skeet's ass behind.

#### **EXT. WOODS**

Bud limps into the dark woods. The rain has lightened up with the canopy of trees.

He ventures deeper into the trees, looks back behind him. The truck can barely be seen.

He looks back in front of him, at the sound of BRANCHES SNAPPING, TREES MOVING.

Something BIG STOMPS its way toward Bud.

His eyes grow wide in FEAR, he opens his mouth to SCREAM--

But nothing comes out.

A low, animalistic GRUMBLE sends him RUNNING for his life.

#### **INT. RV CAMPER**

Amber and Troy look out one of the RV camper windows and see the flipped over truck in the middle of the road.

Wes sits at the camper table, rubbing his bruised head.

TROY

Christ.

AMBER  
We have to help them.

Troy looks at Amber, then at Wes, who continues to rub his head. He turns back at Amber, who looks at him pleadingly.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

SKEET

Slowly comes to in the truck. He groggily looks around, notices that Bud is gone.

TROY

Steps out of the RV camper and walks around the back to see the flipped over truck. He steps forward--

SCREAMS. Blood-curdling. Full of FEAR and AGONY.

Troy freezes.

SKEET

Listens in terror, then struggles to free himself. He fumbles with his seatbelt.

TROY

Notices that Skeet is trapped in the truck. He hurries toward him in the pouring rain.

The SCREAMS continue. They last for what seems like forever.

Troy runs up to the truck, looks inside.

TROY  
Hey! You okay?

Skeet fumbles with his seatbelt, unbuckles it and falls to the ground. He grunts in pain.

SKEET  
Fuck, get me the fuck outta' here!

Troy helps Skeet out of the truck. The SCREAMS continue.

TROY  
Who the Hell is that?

The SCREAMS suddenly stop. The two listen to the silence in

the woods.

SKEET

Fuck it, man!

Skeet pulls away from Troy, starts to limp toward the RV camper.

TROY

Wait--!

SKEET

Fuck you!

An INHUMAN WAIL echoes throughout the area. It comes from within the woods, from something LARGE.

The two men stare into the dark woods, horror plastered across both of their faces.

The WAILING ceases.

SILENCE.

The two continue to stare into the woods when SOMETHING is tossed out onto the road. It rolls up to Skeet and Troy's feet.

IT'S BUD'S DECAPITATED HEAD!

Troy jumps back.

TROY

Holy shit!

SKEET

Run, Man!

Troy helps Skeet limp back toward the RV camper as quickly as possible.

They near the camper, when heavy FOOTSTEPS begin to trail behind them. They grow LOUDER as they get CLOSER.

The two don't dare look behind them as they maneuver toward the RV camper.

The footsteps get even CLOSER. Whatever is behind them is chasing them! And it's gaining ground fast!

**CREATURE P.O.V.**

The creature nears the two men as they make their way toward the RV camper.

It gets CLOSER AND CLOSER!

Troy and Skeet make it to the door just as the creature reaches them. They open the door and dive inside.

The creature WAILS as it lunges after them!

Troy SLAMS the door shut!

**END P.O.V.**

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Skeet and Troy FALL to the floor of the RV camper with heavy BREATHING. Amber, who tends to Wes, jumps to her feet, alert.

AMBER  
What happened?

TROY  
What the fuck?! What the fuck?!

WES  
What's going on?

TROY  
Was that somebody's fucking head?!

AMBER  
What?

Troy stands to his feet while Skeet pushes himself up against the wall.

TROY  
(to Amber)  
Call the police. Now.

AMBER  
I--

TROY  
Something's out there. Something fuckin' big.

AMBER  
Troy, wait--

Troy turns to Skeet.

TROY  
Who the fuck was that?

Skeet looks away.

AMBER  
Who?

TROY  
(to Skeet)  
I asked you a question!

AMBER  
Troy, calm down! He's hurt!

TROY  
I don't know what's out there, but it  
threw somebody's fucking head right at  
our feet!

AMBER  
You're not making any sense!

WES  
Yeah, Dude. You're freaking us out.

TROY  
I said call the police!

Skeet eyes Troy, slowly stands to his feet. He favors his  
right leg.

AMBER  
Just breathe, Baby. What did you see?

TROY  
I saw... I saw something. I don't know  
what. Whatever it is, it threw a  
fucking decapitated head at me!

WES  
Jesus Christ.

TROY  
Call the police. Now.

Amber, seeing the fear in Troy's eyes, nods.

AMBER

Okay.

She pulls her phone out when Skeet suddenly SNATCHES it.

Before anyone can react, Skeet pulls out his PISTOL and points it at the trio. They all back away, hands up.

WES

Woah, woah...

TROY

Christ!

SKEET

Back up. I don't wanna hurt any of ya'.

TROY

What the fuck, man?

SKEET

I can't have y'all callin' the police now, ya' hear?

Skeet takes a step back, examines the three of them.

Troy takes a cautious step forward.

TROY

Look, just--

Skeet aims the gun at him.

SKEET

Back up, Man.

Troy stops in his tracks, steps back.

WES

What the Hell? We just saved your life!

Skeet sweats, nervous.

SKEET

I ain't havin' y'all call the cops...I can't have y'all call the cops.

TROY

Why not?

Skeet remains quiet, hesitant.

SKEET

There's some stuff out there that I need.

WES

Like what?

SKEET

That's not important. I can't have y'all callin' the cops on me.

Amber thinks.

TROY

On you? What the Hell are you talking about!? We all need help.

SKEET

No cops.

AMBER

It's you.

Everyone looks at Amber.

SKEET

What?

AMBER

It's you. You're the one that the officer warned us about.

Skeet stares at her, intimidated. He shifts his gaze away, then looks back at her nervously.

SKEET

I don't know what you're talkin' about.

AMBER

You robbed a place, didn't you? And murdered someone?

SKEET

I didn't shoot him.

TROY

You gonna kill us too?

SKEET  
I didn't kill him.

WES  
Oh great. We're dead. We're so dead!

SKEET  
I said I didn't murder anyone!

TROY  
Then who did?

SKEET  
Bud shot that kid, not me!

TROY  
Is that whose head we saw out there?

SKEET  
No shit, it was! Somethin's out there.  
Somethin' mean. I've never heard  
anyone scream like that before...

Amber looks at Troy, scared.

SKEET  
Now I don't want to hurt any of ya'. I  
just... I need to get that bag.

Another INHUMAN WAIL echoes from outside the RV camper.

WES  
The Hell was that?

TROY  
I say you cut your losses and we get  
the Hell outta here with our heads on  
our shoulders.

SKEET  
Fuck that, Man. I ain't runnin' empty-  
handed. I can't. I just... I can't!

TROY  
You're gonna risk your life for a bag  
of money?

SKEET  
No...

Skeet points the pistol at Troy and Wes.

SKEET

You two are.

Wes GULPS.

TROY

No way in Hell am I going back out there. You heard that thing! You saw what it can do.

SKEET

Grab the cash.

TROY

You want the money so bad, you get it.

SKEET

Look... I *need* that money, okay! Someone... Someone is counting on me... I'd do it if I could. Honest. But my leg is busted up pretty bad. I wouldn't make it ten feet. You two have to get that bag for me. I know it sucks... But that's just how it is. I'm sorry.

Wes SCOFFS.

WES

(sarcastic)

The guy with the gun is sorry.

TROY

We're not going out there.

Skeet points the gun at Amber.

WES

Woah, woah!

TROY

Okay, okay...!

(beat)

Fine. We'll do it.

WES

Wait, what?!

SKEET

Smart move, Man.

(to Wes)

(MORE)

SKEET (CONT'D)  
Kid, go with him.

WES  
But I--

Skeet pulls back the hammer on his pistol.

SKEET  
Don't make me shoot her.

Wes looks at Amber, who stares down the barrel of the gun with fear in her eyes.

He then looks at Troy, who nods pleadingly. Wes GROANS.

WES  
I'm not high enough for this shit.

Skeet then points the gun at Wes and Troy as they move to the RV camper door.

SKEET  
Now get out and get in as fast as you can. I need that cash. Split up to cover more ground if you have to.

WES  
Split up? Have you ever seen a horror movie in your life?!

AMBER  
Wes!

TROY  
Just... Do what he says, okay?

Wes looks at Skeet, then at the gun. He turns back at Troy, hesitantly nods.

TROY  
On three.

WES  
Fuck my life.

TROY  
One...

**EXT. WOODS**

**CREATURE P.O.V.**

The creature turns toward the mountain road in the distance, focuses on the RV camper.

**END P.O.V.**

**INT. RV CAMPER**

The crew inside--

TROY

Two...

Amber takes a DEEP BREATH. Nervous as shit.

**EXT. WOODS**

**CREATURE P.O.V.**

The creature suddenly RUSHES out of the woods, onto the--

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

The creature speeds toward the RV camper. Faster and faster.

**END P.O.V.**

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Troy prepares to say "Three" when he stops himself.

Everyone listens.

STOMPING. Something big is coming.

Skeet lowers the gun slightly.

The FOOTSTEPS close in. FAST.

CRASH!

The four unfortunate souls are suddenly THROWN OFF THEIR FEET and tossed around like ragdolls.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

The RV camper FLIPS ONTO ITS RIGHT SIDE with a deafeningly loud CRASH.

The vehicle slides over the edge of the cliff, but stops just in time as the front end hangs above the steep drop below.

The RV camper sits still, with no movement inside.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

O'Connor drives his police vehicle along the dark, deserted road. Rain pours down in front of him, making it nearly impossible to see.

He drives slowly through the woods.

Finally, he comes up to a three way intersection, the same one that Skeet and Bud rolled up to earlier.

He looks both ways, thinks.

Finally, he turns... In the opposite direction that Skeet and Bud went.

**INT. RV CAMPER - NIGHT**

Everyone slowly forces themselves to their feet. They GROAN in pain and confusion.

Skeet picks up his gun, then the phone, which is now busted.

TROY  
(to Amber)  
You okay?

AMBER  
Yeah. Wes?

WES  
Fuck no. What just happened?!

Skeet looks at the door of the RV camper, now located on the "floor".

SKEET  
Fuck.

He looks up at the side window, now on the "ceiling".

SKEET  
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

The other three look at Skeet, who sweats nervously.

TROY  
Hey man...

SKEET  
I gotta get out...

Troy steps forward. Skeet points the gun at him.

SKEET  
Get back!

Troy throws his hands up.

TROY  
Woah! Hey!

SKEET  
I said get back!

Skeet begins to BREATHE HEAVILY.

SKEET  
We're trapped...

WES  
(to Troy)  
He's freaking out, Dude.

TROY  
Just...calm down...

SKEET  
We're fucking trapped!

Skeet HYPERVENTILATES.

TROY  
Okay Man, just breathe.

SKEET  
Shut up!  
(to himself)  
Fuck, fuck...

He attempts to slow his BREATHING.

WES  
What are we gonna do?!

AMBER  
We need to get help!

TROY  
What about that thing out there?

WES  
Was that what pushed us over?

AMBER  
That's not possible!

TROY  
I saw it! It's big! Really big!

WES  
And it pushed us over!?

Skeet snaps!

SKEET  
Shut up!

The three spin toward him.

SKEET  
I can't fucking think with you guys  
freaking out on me! I can't fucking  
think! I can't... Breathe!

Skeet nearly collapses, but just manages to catch himself.

TROY  
You okay, Man?

Skeet points the gun back at the trio, who instinctively  
throw their hands up.

SKEET  
Just stay back! I can't... I need to  
breathe...

He INHALES through his nose, EXHALES through his mouth, but  
it doesn't seem to help.

TROY  
Okay, just keep breathing, Man. You're  
cool.

SKEET  
I'm not fucking cool!

Skeet continues to INHALE, EXHALE.

TROY  
You're okay. You're still here.

Amber watches Troy.

TROY  
Can you tell me five things you can see?

SKEET  
What?

TROY  
Just tell me five things you can see right now.

SKEET  
The fuck you talkin' about?

TROY  
C'mon. Tell me five things you can see right now.

SKEET  
I don't need this bullshit!

TROY  
Just... Listen to me...

Skeet stares at Troy, still breathing HEAVILY. He looks around, thinks.

SKEET  
Uh... A gun...

TROY  
Okay, good. Good start.

SKEET  
Shit... A broken cell phone. Um, a fucked up RV camper...

TROY  
That's three. Two more.

SKEET  
A sleeping bag? And... A sink.

TROY  
Good. Now tell me four things you can hear.

AMBER

Troy...

Troy shushes her calmly.

Skeet's breathing begins to calm down.

SKEET

Your girl...

Skeet looks up at the window above him.

SKEET

The rain... Our guys' breathing... My heartbeat...

TROY

Okay. Three things you can feel.

SKEET

My gun. Again.

Amber and Wes exchange nervous glances

SKEET

My feet on the floor. I mean, the side of the RV camper...

TROY

It doesn't matter.

SKEET

The air?

TROY

Yes. Now two things you can smell.

SKEET

Fuckin' can't smell anything, Man!

TROY

That's okay. What about taste? One thing you can taste?

Skeet moves his tongue around his mouth.

SKEET

Tastin' pretty stale in my mouth at the moment.

TROY  
Alright. Good...

Skeet lowers his gun slightly.

TROY  
You're still here, Man. Just... Ground  
yourself. Bring yourself back to the  
moment...

Skeet stares intensely at the other three. He finally lowers  
his gun to his side.

TROY  
Good. Now, we need to think about the  
situation we're in, and how to get out  
of it.

AMBER  
We need to call for help.

Skeet looks at the busted cell phone.

WES  
I've got my phone in my bag, but since  
we've been up here, I haven't had any  
signal.

TROY  
Can I see?

Wes glances around, spots his bag on the ground nearby. He  
digs through it, pulls out his cell phone.

Skeet watches nervously.

SKEET  
You ain't gonna rat me out, are ya?

Wes hands his cellphone to Troy.

TROY  
We've got other things to worry about.

Troy looks at the phone, sees no signal.

TROY  
Shit.

SKEET  
What?

Troy holds the cell phone up at the window on the "ceiling".  
No luck, no signal.

AMBER  
Anything?

Troy looks at Amber, hopeless.

Just then, headlights shine in through the rear window.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Ernest and Mabel's SUV drives slowly along the road,  
approaches Skeet's flipped over truck.

The SUV parks, puts on its hazard lights.

The rain has lightened up to a slight drizzle.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Skeet watches on as the trio bangs on the rear window, SCREAM  
to catch Ernest and Mabel's attention.

**INT. SUV**

Ernest in the driver seat, with Mabel in the passenger seat.

MABEL  
This is bad. We should go back to  
town, get help.

ERNEST  
Have you lost your marbles, Mabel? We  
gotta help them now!

MABEL  
I don't know, Ernie.

ERNEST  
We can't wait. They could be hurt.

Ernest exits the vehicle.

MABEL  
Ernie, please!

He SHUTS the door.

MABEL  
Stubborn fool...

She watches Ernest through the windshield.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Ernest walks through the rain, cautiously steps pass the flipped over truck, moves toward the RV camper. Inside, he can see the trio waving at him.

ERNEST  
Hey, you kids alright in there?

The trio wave frantically at him.

He steps closer to the rear of the RV camper. They have a look of fear on their faces as the wave and point at him.

No. Not at him. BEHIND HIM.

**INT. SUV**

Mabel watches through the windshield, which is distorted as rain runs down the glass.

She flips the windshield wiper, clearing her view--

Her eyes grow wide with fear.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Ernest stares at the trio who continue to frantically try to get his attention.

He feels the presence of something else, behind him.

HONKING comes from the SUV as Mabel desperately attempts to get Ernest's attention.

Ernest spins around.

Whatever is behind him grows taller and larger as it stands.

Ernest stares up at the creature in pure FEAR.

ERNEST  
My God!

**INT. SUV**

CLOSE ON Mabel's wide eyes, filled with TERROR.

Ernest SCREAMS O.S.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

The trio back away in complete horror as they listen to Ernest's SCREAMS.

Skeet sees the fear in them all. He thinks.

**INT. SUV**

Mabel, the old woman she is, struggles to move across the middle console and into the driver seat.

Just as she manages to get inside the driver seat--

ERNEST'S MUTILATED BODY SMASHES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD!

Mabel SCREAMS.

The driver side window SHATTERS as clawed, branched hands grab hold of Mabel and RIP her out the window.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Everyone listens to Mabel SCREAM.

Amber covers her ears.

WES

What are we going to do?

TROY

I say we run for it.

WES

What?! Are you crazy?!

Troy turns to Skeet.

TROY

You have the gun, you go out there and shoot at it while we make a run for the SUV.

SKEET

And then what? Leave my ass behind?

TROY  
I didn't say that.

Skeet thinks.

SKEET  
Okay. But I drive.

MABEL'S BLOODY FACE SMASHES UP AGAINST THE REAR WINDOW!

Amber SCREAMS, Wes and Troy jump back.

The rear window starts to crack at the edges as Mabel lets out a pitiful WHIMPER.

WES  
Fuck!

Mabel is suddenly YANKED away.

Amber begins to FREAK.

AMBER  
Oh my God... We're gonna die!? We're gonna die!

Troy grabs Amber.

TROY  
No we're not!

AMBER  
We're all gonna die!

SKEET  
Shut your girl up, Man.

TROY  
Amber, I need you to look at me--

AMBER  
Those people were just killed!

Wes grabs Amber.

WES  
Hey, hey...

Amber looks into Wes' eyes.

WES

We're going to be okay. We're going to be fine.

Amber attempts to control her breathing.

WES

Remember when we were kids, at the Rambling Creek house? Dad was working, and Mom went across the street to chat with the neighbors? We just finished swimming, and we tried getting inside, but there was a wasp nest above the door. Remember that?

AMBER

They were darting at us, and we were too afraid to do anything about it...

WES

Yeah. But you finally braved up and got the door open and we ran inside. Remember how scared we were? But you fought your fear anyway, and got us both inside safely. I need you to do that again. I know it's not fucking wasps we're fighting outside, but that fear is just the same. We need your help. I need you.

Amber looks into Wes' eyes. She nods.

AMBER

Okay.

WES

Okay. Good.

AMBER

I'm scared.

WES

Me too. I love you.

AMBER

I love you, Bub.

They hug.

**INT. SHERIFF STATION**

Redfield sits at his computer, types away at his keyboard.

Lightning flashes, thunder RUMBLES.

He takes a sip of coffee, spins around in his chair to grab a file when he stops.

The pile of missing persons folders catches his eye.

He takes one, opens it.

CLOSE ON the file:

MYERS, THOMAS; CARTER, MELISSA

DATE MISSING: 14 MAY 2018

LAST SEEN: OILFIELD GAS STATION

RELATIVE TESTIMONY: CAMPING

BACK TO SCENE

Redfield stops reading, grabs another file.

CLOSE ON the next file:

MILLER, MITCHELL; MILLER, ANDREA; MILLER, LUCAS; MILLER,  
WANDA

DATE MISSING: 31 AUGUST 2004

LAST SEEN: ARAPAHO NATIONAL FOREST RANGER STATION

RELATIVE TESTIMONY: HIKING

CLOSE ON another file:

FRANKLIN, WALTER

DATE MISSING: 20 JUNE 1993

LAST SEEN: RIPLEY MARKET

RELATIVE TESTIMONY: HUNTING

CLOSE ON another file:

ROBERTSON, BRANDON; ROBERTSON, LILIAN

DATE MISSING: 14 JUNE 1984

RELATIVE TESTIMONY: CAMPING

CLOSE ON another file:

DATE MISSING: 09 AUGUST 1980

RELATIVE TESTIMONY: HIKING

CLOSE ON another file:

DATE MISSING: 04 JULY 1978

RELATIVE TESTIMONY: BACKPACKING

BACK TO SCENE

THUNDER CRACKLES!

Redfield doesn't react. He THINKS.

**INT. RV CAMPER - NIGHT**

Troy pulls out a flashlight, turns it on, points it up at the "ceiling" window.

Skeet carefully steps closer to the front of the RV, glances down at the passenger seat window. He can see the drop below-- which is nothing but a dark abyss.

Troy cautiously steps up behind Skeet, shines the flashlight at the abyss below.

SKEET

Jesus.

TROY

Oh shit.

The light reveals the ground starting to CRUMBLE under the weight of the RV camper.

SKEET

That's not good.

TROY

We have to get out of here.

SKEET

Well think of a plan fast. We're  
(MORE)

SKEET (CONT'D)  
literally losin' ground here.

Amber looks through the rear window of the RV camper, at the flipped over truck on the road, and the SUV just beyond it.

She turns back at the rest of the crew.

AMBER  
I think it's gone.

The rest of the crew look back at her.

TROY  
Now's our chance.

Amber turns back to the rear window--

A MOOSE SNORTS against the glass.

Amber SCREAMS, alerting the guys who stand up in caution.

#### **EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

A large moose stands outside the RV camper and stares in through the window.

#### **INT. RV CAMPER**

Troy steps beneath the "ceiling" window.

TROY  
It's a Goddamn moose.

He CHUCKLES nervously.

Amber, seeing Troy chuckle, lets out a small LAUGH as well.  
So does Wes.

Even Skeet can't help but smirk.

The moose suddenly darts away, spooked.

THE "CEILING" WINDOW SHATTERS!

A branched arm crashes down through the window. Its clawed fingers stabs through Troy's chin, hooks him like a fish!

Everyone SCREAMS.

In a flash, Troy is pulled off his feet, through the window.

Skeet moves to the window, SHOOTs up at the creature through the opening. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! It WAILS.

Amber JUMPS for the window as she SCREAMS for Troy. Wes grabs her, struggles to hold her back.

FLESH RIPS O.S.

BLOOD showers onto everyone as GUTS drop into the camper.

Skeet jumps away. Wes pulls Amber back.

SILENCE, as everyone stares at the bloody pile of intestines where Troy was just standing.

Rain pours into the RV camper from the broken window, puddling up with the blood and guts. This rain waterfall separates Skeet from Amber and Wes.

Amber suddenly BURSTS INTO TEARS.

AMBER

No!!

WES

Holy shit...

AMBER

Troy!!

Skeet walks back to the window, peeks through the opening.

SKEET

It's gone.

WES

Fuck! It took him! It just took him!

SKEET

You're damn right it did! And we're next if we don't get the fuck out of here right now!

WES

Oh God...

SKEET

I say we go with your buddy's plan, take our chances and race for the SUV.

WES  
I'm not going out there, Man!

SKEET  
You got a better plan, Kid?

WES  
Fuck!

SKEET  
But first... The cash. I *need* that cash. Can't leave without it.

Skeet points the gun at Wes, whose face drops.

WES  
What are you doing, Man?! I don't have your money!

SKEET  
You *have* to get it. If you don't... Someone I care about very much is going to die...

WES  
I'm sorry, Dude. But *fuck* you.

SKEET  
Shut up.

WES  
I'm not going out there!

SKEET  
Alright...

Skeet points the gun at Amber.

SKEET  
(to Amber)  
Then you are.

Wes stands in front of Amber.

WES  
Wait!

Wes and Skeet have a staredown. Neither of them blink.

WES  
I'll go.

AMBER

Wes, no!

SKEET

Get the cash. It's in a duffel bag, probably in the woods just off the road. Grab it, then get that SUV over here and get us the fuck out of here.

AMBER

Wes, please--

WES

I'm not going without that gun.

SKEET

Like Hell you're getting this gun.

WES

What am I supposed to protect myself with?

SKEET

I hope you can run fast, Kid.

Wes twists his mouth in anger.

WES

(through gritted teeth)  
Anyone ever tell you that you're a fuckin' Asshole?

Skeet SCOFFS.

SKEET

Everyday of my life.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER**

Wes climbs out of the broken window with a flashlight gripped in his hand.

AMBER (O.S.)

Be careful, Wes...

He looks around for the creature. It's nowhere to be seen.

Cautiously, he hops down from the RV camper onto the ground. He moves slowly toward the flipped over truck, keeping an eye out for any movement.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Amber watches Wes' distorted figure hurries away in the rain through the rear window.

Skeet attempts to get a good view past her, the gun still pointed in her direction.

SKEET

You're brother's a smart kid. He'll be fine.

Amber glares at Skeet for a brief moment, then turns back to the rear window.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Wes maneuvers toward the flipped over truck. He sees a few loose bills scattered about the road.

They trail into the woods.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Amber continues to watch with bated breath.

SKEET

Any sign of that thing?

She ignores him and continues watching.

Wes disappears into the darkness of the woods.

**EXT. WOODS**

Wes slowly walks into the woods with the flashlight in hand. The rain has lightened up with the canopy of trees overhead.

Every noise he hears startles him. Twigs snapping, animal noises, everything makes him jump.

He continues further into the woods when--

THUMP. Something falls to the ground in front of him. He shines his flashlight down on the small object.

It's an engagement ring box. Wes picks it up, opens it. Inside is the engagement ring.

The rain PITTER-PATTERS loudly and thickly on Wes. Red droplets, landing on him and the engagement ring box.

WES  
What the fuck?

Wes looks up, shines his flashlight upward.

Hanging in the canopy of the trees is the CREATURE!

It lets out a GHOSTLY MOAN as it impales Troy's corpse onto its own body, which is covered in sharp, twisting branches.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Amber and Skeet sit inside. Amber looks out the rear window of the camper as she searches for Wes.

Skeet steps forward.

SKEET  
Do you see him--?

AMBER  
Get away from me.

SKEET  
Christ, relax, will ya'? I ain't gonna hurt ya'.

AMBER  
Fuck you.

In the B.G., Wes emerges from the woods and RUNS.

SKEET  
Hey, hey look!

Amber looks back out the rear window, sees Wes run out of the woods and toward the camper. She smiles, in hope.

AMBER  
He made it!

SKEET  
Does he have the bag?

Amber's smile suddenly fades.

**EXT. WOODS**

**CREATURE P.O.V.**

The creature stomps through the woods, emerges out onto the--

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Up ahead, Wes runs toward the RV camper.

The creature lets out an inhuman HOWL as it sprints for the RV camper, after Wes. It gains ground, FAST.

**END P.O.V.****INT. RV CAMPER**

Amber watches through the rear windshield, pure terror spread across her face.

AMBER

Oh my God! What the fuck is that thing!?

Skeet steps beside Amber, who doesn't notice--or care. His eyes go wide.

SKEET

Christ... Run, Kid! It's right behind you! Run!

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Wes wheezes as he runs toward the camper as fast as he can.

The HUFF of the creature behind him gets CLOSER. The STOMPING FOOTSTEPS grow louder!

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Amber and Skeet watch through the rear windshield in horror.

AMBER

Hurry! Run!

SKEET

Run, Kid!

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Wes nears the RV camper. Skeet and Amber are visible inside.

The creature gets CLOSER! STOMPING FOOTSTEPS grow louder every second!

Wes, strained, jumps onto the camper and climbs up onto the top side.

The creature reaches the camper, ROARS!

Wes JUMPS down through the open window just as the creature is about to get him!

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Wes falls HARD inside the camper just as the creature SMASHES into it.

Amber and Skeet lose their footing.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

The RV camper slides further over the cliff edge.

Dirt and rock CRUMBLE away, threatening to drop the RV camper at any moment.

The creature GRUMBLES, then STOMPS away.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

The trio stand up.

Skeet looks out the rear windshield while Amber rushes over to Wes and hugs him tight.

SKEET

It's gone... It's gone...

Wes looks at Skeet angrily.

Amber looks from Wes, to Skeet.

WES

You Asshole.

Skeet steps away from the rear windshield.

WES

You nearly got me killed.

SKEET

You're fine... Did you see the duffel bag out there?

WES

Fuck that money, Dude! And fuck you!

SKEET

I *need* that money, dammit! Did you see the bag out there?

WES

What I needed was that gun just now!

SKEET

Answer me! Did you see the bag!?

Wes steps closer to Skeet. He seethes with rage.

WES

(through gritted teeth)

Give me the gun.

SKEET

Not a chance, Kid.

WES

I said give me the fucking gun!

AMBER

Wes!

SKEET

You're not getting this gun.

Wes' face twists into anger. He lunges for Skeet, tackles him to the ground.

They struggle with each other, fight for the gun.

AMBER

Wes! Stop!

Wes grabs Skeet's hand with the gun, tries smashing it against the wall to make him drop it, but to no avail.

AMBER

Guys, stop!

The two men get tangled up with each other. Wes nearly has the gun, doubles over to snatch it from Skeet's grasp--

BLAM! The gun fires! Amber SCREAMS!

The two men cease fighting, stare at each other in shock.

Skeet backs away, gun still in hand.

Wes opens his mouth to speak, but BLOOD drips out instead. He looks down at his stomach. It bleeds from a gunshot wound.

He stumbles to his knees.

Amber rushes over to him, while Skeet maneuvers back towards the rear of the RV camper.

AMBER

Oh no. No, no, no, no, Wes!

Wes chokes on blood while Amber CRIES over him.

Skeet watches, afraid. Amber looks up at him.

AMBER

You... You shot him! You bastard!

SKEET

I didn't mean to...

Amber continues to cry over Wes.

SKEET

(to himself)

It was an accident...

Wes grabs Amber's shirt tightly, pulls her in toward him.

WES

Amber...

AMBER

You're gonna be okay.

WES

No...

Amber CRIES heavier.

AMBER

Yes you are! I'm not gonna lose you too...

WES

Here...

Wes takes Amber's hand, sets the engagement ring box in her palm. Amber takes the box, opens it.

The ring shines inside, surrounded by blood-stained cushion.

WES

From Troy...

Amber looks from the ring, to Wes. She attempts to hold back her crying.

AMBER

No...

WES

He... Loved you... So much...

AMBER

I know he did.

Amber CRIES over Wes.

WES

I'm sorry...

AMBER

We're gonna get help.

WES

Don't give up...

Amber stares into Wes' eyes.

His cold, glazed eyes. Dead. Wes has stopped breathing.

Amber slowly realizes this. She shakes him once.

AMBER

Wes?

She shakes him some more. Wes doesn't move.

Skeet watches the whole thing, silent.

AMBER

Wes...

She continues to shake him.

AMBER

Don't go... Don't... No... No, no,  
no... You can't leave me!

Skeet turns away in an attempt to give her privacy.

AMBER  
Don't leave me! Don't...!

But he's gone. Wes' open eyes stare into Amber's.

She WAILS.

Skeet closes his eyes as he can't help but listen.

Amber continues to WAIL.

Outside, the creature WAILS with her.

**INT. RV CAMPER - LATER**

Wes' body lays between Amber, at the back end of the camper, and Skeet, who sits towards the front end of the camper.

Amber has calmed down. She stares at Wes' body.

Skeet looks down through the passenger door window, at the ground crumbling away beneath the RV camper.

He turns back at Amber.

SKEET  
We gotta get outta here.

Amber ignores him, continues staring at Wes.

SKEET  
It's either die in here, or take our chances out there.

Amber remains silent.

SKEET  
The SUV can't be more than a couple hundred feet away. Now, my leg's busted, but if you run while I watch your back, I think we can make it out.

Amber still doesn't say anything.

SKEET  
Well aren't ya' gonna say somethin'?

She stares at him with nothing but anger.

Skeet stares back. Finally, he gives up, turns away.

SKEET

I can't fucking believe this.

Amber looks around, sees a sleeping bag. She grabs it, unrolls it, then unzips it.

Skeet looks back, watches her.

She moves over to Wes' body.

AMBER

(to Wes)

I'm sorry...

She stuffs the open sleeping bag beneath Wes' body, moves his legs inside of it.

SKEET

What are you doing?

AMBER

I can't keep looking at my dead brother.

Skeet notices what she's doing: using the sleeping bag as a body bag. He moves to help her.

AMBER

Stop.

SKEET

I'm just tryin' to help.

AMBER

Help? This is all your fault.

Amber continues to stuff Wes' body into the sleeping bag. She manages to fit him inside and zips the bag up.

AMBER

(to Wes)

I'm so sorry....

She leans over Wes' body and SOBS

Skeet walks up to her and kneels down at the body.

SKEET

You're right... This is all my fault.

Amber looks at Skeet, who looks back at her with compassion

in his eyes.

He SIGHS.

SKEET

When I was a kid, my Mama would put me in the closet while she'd get high off her ass. Made me scared shitless of small spaces, I'll tell ya' that. One night, she put me in there, and ended up overdosing. She fell in front of the closet door. And she was a big gal, ya' know? I was stuck in there for two days before anyone found us. Really fucks a kid up.

Amber looks at him with a hint of sympathy.

Skeet looks down at Wes' body.

SKEET

I'm a good guy. It was an accident, I swear. I never killed anyone in my life. I'm just scared, ya' know?

Amber nods.

SKEET

Bud, he was the real Asshole. He's the one who shot the kid at the gas station. He didn't care 'bout anyone but himself, and he'd kill ya' if you got in his way.

AMBER

Why were you with him then?

Twigs and branches subtly lower in between them.

SKEET

I needed cash... My Aunt... She took me in after my Mom... Well, anyways... She's real sick... Throat cancer...

Just then, Amber and Skeet notice the twigs and branches dropping in between them.

A CLAWED HAND OPENS UP FROM WITHIN THE BRANCHES!

The creature's hand snatches Wes' body and pulls it upward toward the broken window.

Amber grabs Wes' body and pulls it down as she plays tug o' war with the creature.

Skeet points his gun through the broken window and shoots at the creature.

The creature GROWLS, yanks on the body harder. Amber SCREAMS as she pulls back.

The creature pulls the body through the window, taking Amber off her feet. She reaches the window before letting go, falling back into the camper.

SOMETHING falls into the camper.

The creature rushes away with Wes' body.

Amber CRIES while Skeet aims the gun through the broken window.

Skeet looks down at--

A rotting opossum WRIGGLES on the "floor".

SKEET  
What the fuck?

The opossum GURGLES.

SKEET  
That... That thing is alive!

Amber looks on in horror.

Skeet aims his gun at the opossum, but hesitates.

The opossum GURGLES once more before becoming still.

Skeet kneels next to the opossum, pokes it with his gun. He looks at Amber, who CRIES.

SKEET  
It's wearin' their bodies! Like...  
Like it's some kind of... Warrior or  
somethin'!

AMBER  
Wes...

Skeet moves over toward Amber, looks out the rear window. He sees Mabel's mutilated body dozens of feet away.

SKEET

But why didn't it take theirs?

Skeet looks beyond Mabel's body, at the woods.

The sleeping bag with Wes' body inside is DRAGGED into the woods.

Skeet turns back to Amber.

SKEET

What's this things deal?

AMBER

Wes...

Skeet walks up to Amber.

SKEET

It didn't take those old people's bodies... But it took your man, and your brother... Maybe... Maybe it's like... Gettin' some kind of life from wearin' their bodies!

AMBER

That's not possible.

SKEET

Did ya see that thing? It ain't from here! It was like... A living tree wrapped in fuckin' roadkill!

AMBER

What are we going to do?

SKEET

This opossum, it was alive when it was hangin' from the thing, but then it died when it fell off. Maybe if we find a way to remove the skin from it, we can kill it!

AMBER

Seems like a leap...

SKEET

Throw me a bone! I'm graspin' at straws here. All I know is that I don't wanna end up as part of that things fur coat, ya' know?

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT**

The rainfall has picked back up.

All is still on the quiet road.

Thunder RUMBLES.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Amber sits at the back of the RV camper.

Skeet sits beside her. He stares at the open window on the "ceiling".

She sees Wes' lighter, takes it. She ignites the lighter over and over again.

SNORT. Amber looks at the rear window next to her.

The moose is back, and stares into the window, its features blurred by the rain running down the window pane.

Amber stares back, this time less afraid and more captivated by the animal. She inches closer.

The moose doesn't move.

Amber looks at Skeet, who is still distracted by the crumbling cliff edge. She returns her attention to the moose, who continues to stare inside.

She leans toward the window to get a closer look at the moose. It's a serene sight, and calms Amber down. She reaches for the window glass, presses her hand against it.

The moose SNORTS once more. Upon closer inspection, something about the moose seems... Off.

Amber notices. She leans in even closer.

The closer she gets, the better the moose's features are.

Silence overtakes the RV camper. Even the pitter-patter of the rain has disappeared...

Amber is inches from the window.

THE MOOSE'S HEAD SPLITS APART AS THE CREATURE EMERGES FROM BENEATH ITS SKULL.

Amber SCREAMS.

Skeet spins around to see Amber fall backward onto her ass.  
The creature RAMS into the RV camper.

The sudden shift of movement causes the RV camper to move!

**EXT. CLIFFSIDE**

Ground crumbles away, mud slides...

...and the RV camper FALLS.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

The front tips downward. Skeet loses his footing, drops the gun, which falls into a crevasse.

**EXT. CLIFFSIDE**

The front of the RV camper SMASHES into a large tree,  
preventing it from falling into the dark abyss below.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Amber TUMBLES down the RV camper toward the front end, but  
catches herself with the table.

Skeet falls toward the front of the RV camper, lands  
awkwardly on the dashboard.

SKEET

Fuck!

The RV camper remains tilted at a forty-five degree angle.

Amber composes herself, looks down and sees Skeet at the  
front of the RV camper.

Skeet attempts to stand, maneuvers away from the front end of  
the RV camper.

Amber looks from him, to the gun in the crevasse. She turns  
back at Skeet, who looks from the gun to her.

Skeet moves for the gun. Amber jumps for it, and snatches it  
just before he can.

Amber points the gun at Skeet, who holds his hands up in  
front of him.

SKEET

Woah, woah... Hold up now... Think about what you're doin'...

AMBER

Shut up! You killed my brother...

SKEET

It was a Goddamn accident!

AMBER

Bullshit!

SKEET

Look... There's only one bullet left in there... You really wanna use it on me? Or you wanna save it on that thing out there?

Amber stares at him intensely, conflicted at the proposition.

SKEET

Give me the gun.

AMBER

Yeah right.

SKEET

You even know how to use that?

AMBER

I'm a fast learner.

The RV camper SHIFTS, threatening to slide down the cliff at any moment.

SKEET

(frustrated)

This ain't the time for this shit.  
Give me the gun.

AMBER

No.

Skeet grits his teeth.

SKEET

Give me the fucking gun!

The RV camper suddenly SHIFTS harder!

Amber drops the gun.

**EXT. CLIFFSIDE**

The large tree begins to dislodge from the cliffside. Roots rip from the rock and dirt.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

The gun lands on the windshield.

Amber and Skeet look down at it. Skeet moves for the gun, which makes the RV camper shift even further.

The two see the tree ripping from the ground through the windshield.

SKEET  
(frustrated)  
Fuck!

He carefully maneuvers closer to the windshield, reaches for the gun.

The tree rips further from the cliffside.

Amber climbs toward the rear of the RV camper.

Skeet grabs the gun, points it up at Amber.

Amber looks back at Skeet, at the gun pointed at her. Her face drops in fear.

AMBER  
What are you doing?!

BLAM! Skeet shoots!

The rear windshield SHATTERS!

SKEET  
Fuck it! We'll take our chances!

Amber notices Skeet's intentions. She looks back at him, even smiles slightly.

SKEET  
The fuck you smilin' for?! Get out!

Skeet begins to climb toward the rear of the RV camper.

The tree threatens to rip out of the cliffside at any moment, the RV camper shifts down further.

Amber reaches the rear window, stops when she spots Wes' bag within arms length. The Hiroshima firework sticks out of the top of it. She lunges forward, grabs the bag.

Skeet struggles to climb up the RV camper.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Amber climbs out of the RV camper, bag in hand. She stumbles away from the edge of the cliff.

She spins around, looking every which way for the creature.

**INT. RV CAMPER**

Skeet is nearly at the shattered rear windshield. He reaches for it, grabs the window edge.

The tree BREAKS IN HALF. The roots RIP from the cliffside rock and dirt.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

The RV camper FALLS down the cliffside in a CACOPHONY of shredded metal, broken glass, tumbling rocks and snapping trees.

Amber watches, listens in horror. Then...

Silence.

Nothing but the pouring rain, which begins to lighten into a drizzle as the storm calms down.

A LOW GRUMBLE fades in.

Amber's eyes grow wide as she slowly turns around to see the creature standing on the other side of the road, at the edge of the woods. It stares right at her.

It's thin, twiggy, but large. It stands on all fours, covered in what looks to be the skin of many animals, and some of its human victims too. Twigs and branches protrude from its body, and at first glance, it almost blends in with the woods behind it. It almost looks like a living tree.

The creature takes a step forward.

Amber backs away toward the edge of the cliff.

The creature stalks closer toward her as she CRIES in fear.  
This monster TOWERS over her.

Amber looks down at the bag in her hand, at the Hiroshima sticking out of it.

Nearby, HANDS grab the cliff edge. It's Skeet!

He pulls himself up over the edge and crawls onto the ground, looks over at the creature growing closer to Amber.

Skeet looks on in horror, then over at Ernest and Mable's SUV, just past the flipped over Truck.

AMBER

Pulls out the Hiroshima, drops the bag, then points the massive firework at the creature, who is not in the least bit intimidated.

Amber pulls out Wes' lighter, ignites it. She lights The Hiroshima's long fuse, which sparks to life.

The creature steps closer, cocks its head.

#### **INT. SUV**

Skeet jumps in the driver seat, SLAMS the door shut behind him. He looks ahead, at the creature approaching Amber.

He glances back the road behind him. He could just drive away, right now...

Skeet thinks hard, looks back at Amber.

SKEET

Fuck!!

He pounds the steering wheel.

#### **EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Amber takes another step back, but her foot sinks into the mud at the very edge of the cliff.

Tires SCREECH as the SUV does a one-eighty and drives away.

Amber watches in horror.

AMBER  
No! You bastard!

The creature WAILS as it RUSHES at her, picks her up by her neck with its clawed, branchy hand.

She SCREAMS as the creature lifts her up to its face.

The creature's face, a rotting moose head, SPLITS OPEN, reveals its true face, that of a decayed human head! The eyes snap open, reveal milky white eyeballs.

Amber takes the Hiroshima and SHOVES it into the creature's mouth.

It drops Amber.

Headlights suddenly shine on the creature!

#### **INT. SUV - TRAVELING**

Skeet white knuckles the steering wheel as he stomps down on the gas pedal.

SKEET  
Come on, Mother Fucker!!

He SCREAMS a PRIMAL SCREAM as he closes in on the creature.

The speedometer reaches 80mph... 90mph...

The creature stumbles as it attempts to remove the firework from its face.

Amber rolls away just as the SUV SMASHES into the creature.

The Hiroshima EXPLODES into a dazzling lightshow of colors, sparks, and flashes.

#### **EXT. CLIFFSIDE**

The SUV flies off the cliff edge Thelma and Louise style, taking the creature with it.

A trail of sparkling fireworks rains over the side of the cliff, meshing well with the incoming sunrise. It's a spectacular sight.

The creature WAILS as it and the SUV disappear into the dark abyss below.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

Amber sits up, looks at where the creature once stood.

She breathes a SIGH of relief, stands up.

She walks toward the edge of the cliff and looks down. The SUV, nor the monster, are nowhere to be found.

Amber once again SIGHS, turns, and slowly walks away from the cliff edge.

Looking like shit, she walks along the side of the road away from the accident scene. She passes by the flipped over pickup truck, continues walking.

This lasts a moment.

A car rounds the bend behind her, slows down past the accident scene and trails behind her.

It's a police vehicle. The lights turn on, flash red and blue. The driver BLOOPS the siren.

Amber doesn't even look behind her. She's been through enough already.

Deputy O'Connor steps out of the police vehicle.

O'CONNOR

Ma'am?

Amber doesn't look back.

O'CONNOR

Ma'am!

She stops, slowly turns around.

O'Connor's face drops as he notices the blood all over Amber. He steps toward her.

O'CONNOR

Jesus Christ... What in the Hell happened to you?

Amber doesn't answer.

O'CONNOR

That your truck back there?

She shakes her head.

O'Connor examines her.

O'CONNOR  
Wait a minute... I know ya'. You and  
your friends, y'all were in a camper,  
weren't ya'?

Amber stares at him for a moment, then she begins to CRY. She  
nods.

O'Connor steps closer.

O'CONNOR  
What happened? Where are your friends?

Amber continues to SOB.

O'CONNOR  
Is that your blood on ya'?

Amber shakes her head as she continues to SOB.

O'Connor thinks, he takes a cautious step toward her with a  
hand out.

O'CONNOR  
Okay... You're okay... I'm gonna get  
you out of here. I'm gonna take you  
back to the hospital, okay?

He steps closer to her, sets his hand on her shoulder, in  
which she complies.

O'CONNOR  
Come on, now.

O'Connor leads Amber back to the police vehicle, opens the  
back door and helps her inside.

She sits inside.

O'CONNOR  
You're gonna be okay.

He shuts the door, then speaks into his shoulder walkie-  
talkie radio as he calls for backup.

O'CONNOR  
(into the radio)  
Sheriff... This is O'Connor. I've got  
a situation up here on Mountain Pass  
Road, over.

**INT. POLICE CAR**

Amber SNIFFS, composes herself. She looks up, at the rearview mirror.

Something in the reflection moves. She notices.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

As O'Connor continues his call for backup--

ANTLERS IMPALE HIM IN THE THROAT!

Inside the police car, Amber SCREAMS.

The CREATURE, its face burnt to a crisp, lifts O'Connor off the ground as it stands up on its hind legs.

O'Connor GURGLES and CHOKES as blood gushes from his mouth and throat.

The creature bends down, twists its body as it rears back, then SWINGS its head, THROWING O'Connor's body beyond the cliff edge. His body flies far into the distance and disappears into the abyss of the cliff valley below.

Amber CRIES in FEAR as she watches the creature from the backseat of the police car.

It walks on its hind legs around the front of the police vehicle. It bends down and begins walking on all four legs, looking into the vehicle at Amber.

She watches back in horror, tries to open the back door, but it can only be opened from the outside.

She BANGS on the protective glass that separates the back seats from the front seats, SCREAMS.

**INT. POLICE CAR**

Amber spots O'Connor's shotgun in the front passenger seat.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

The creature rounds to the back of the police vehicle. Then, it STEPS onto the vehicle, climbs onto the roof. The weight of the massive creature CRUSHES the roof in.

**INT. POLICE CAR**

Amber moves out of the way before being crushed. The roof caving in causes the door windows to SHATTER.

Amber looks at the broken window. Now's her chance.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD**

The creature uses its sharp antlers to dig into the roof of the vehicle, nearly impaling Amber!

She climbs through the window.

The creature peels the roof away, opening the car up like a can of sardines.

Amber falls out through the window and to the pavement.

The creature lifts its head up, the metal roof of the police vehicle stuck to its antlers.

Amber rolls underneath the vehicle.

The creature shakes its head hard enough to throw the roof off its antlers, then looks inside the vehicle.

Amber is nowhere to be seen.

The creature examines the vehicle, then moves to look underneath it.

Amber is not underneath the vehicle either. It lifts its head back up.

A shotgun COCKS.

AMBER

Hey!

The creature looks over at Amber on the opposite side of the vehicle. She points the shotgun at the creature.

AMBER

Go fuck yourself!

BLAM! She shoots, but misses!

The creature's rotten, crispy moose face SPLITS APART. It moves to pounce on her when--

BLAM! Amber shoots again.

The creature's head EXPLODES.

Blood, brain, and skull matter splatters onto Amber.

The creature's body falls to the ground with a SPLAT. Amber stares on in horror.

She BREATHES heavily, slowly rounds the front of the police vehicle.

The creature remains on the ground, still. She walks up to it, pokes it with the shotgun. Kicks it, even.

This time, it's truly dead.

Amber SIGHS in relief. She leans against the police car, drops the shotgun, rests for a moment knowing this time she can do so in peace.

She opens the driver side door to the police vehicle and gets in behind the wheel.

She drives away.

The sky is clear, the sunrise shines, and the terror is officially over.

THE END.

"WASTED AGAIN" by Turbonegro PLAYS over the END CREDITS.

FADE IN:

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

The flipped over pickup truck sits in the middle of the road.

Beyond the truck, the carcass of the creature.

Crows peck at the dead body before one of them CAWS at an oncoming vehicle.

The crows fly away as another police vehicle pulls up past the accident scene.

The vehicle rolls to a stop, and out steps Sheriff Redfield. He examines the scene around him, then walks up to the carcass of the creature.

He kneels down next to it.

REDFIELD

What in God's name...?

He looks at the antlers, reaches for them and touches a point. He presses on the tip of one of the antlers and HISSES in pain, pulling his hand away.

He looks at his finger, and a pin-drop of blood trickles down the tip.

CLOSE ON Redfield's blood on the tip of the antler. It trickles down the antler, DRIPS onto the neck stump of the creature.

BACK TO SCENE

Redfield sucks on his finger and stands. He turns away from the carcass, grabs his radio.

REDFIELD

Dispatch, this is Redfield, over.

Behind him, the massive creature slowly stands up.

Redfield notices. He spins around.

The headless monster TOWERS over Redfield, who watches in complete horror.

The creature grabs him by the head, and in one swift movement, RIPS it off.

Redfield's body SPLATS onto the ground as blood sprays from the stump.

The creature stands up on its hind legs, precariously placing Redfield's head on its own neck stump.

It turns to face us as we move in toward Redfield's face. We grow closer, and closer, up to Redfield's eye.

It snaps open.

SMASH TO BLACK.