

THE FALL

by

Aaron Ridenour

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3135 Timpview Dr.  
Provo, UT 84604  
801/373-0375  
cicafiu@hotmail.com

BLACK SCREEN

A scratchy song from a cheap TOY MUSIC BOX begins to play multiple times.

TOY MUSIC BOX (V.O.)  
Ring around a rosy, a pocket full  
of posies. Ashes, ashes, we all  
fall down.

FADE IN:

EXT. CROWE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A white, two-story house sits on a quiet street, a soft wind moving through the surrounding trees.

SUPER: "OCTOBER 8, 1993."

TOY MUSIC BOX (V.O.)  
Ring around a rosy, a pocket full  
of posies. Ashes, ashes, we all  
fall...

INT. CROWE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A dish crashes to the floor.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)  
...down.

SUSAN CROWE stares at the broken dish on the kitchen floor.

She shakes her head as she bends down and picks up the broken pieces. The song continues to play from the cheap toy music box somewhere close by.

SUSAN  
Danny, would you please turn that  
thing off and get upstairs and  
brush your teeth.

DANIEL CROWE, a 6-year-old boy, sits cross-legged on the living room floor, happily listening to the scratchy song as it emanates from the cheap toy music box.

He turns in response to his mother's command.

DANIEL  
(frustrated)  
Can't I stay up and watch TV with  
Daddy?

Susan stops collecting the broken dish pieces as she stares curiously at Daniel from the kitchen.

SUSAN  
What is he watching?

DANIEL  
"X-Folders."

SUSAN  
You mean "X-Files?"

DANIEL  
Yeah!

SUSAN  
Absolutely not! That's too scary for you. Besides, it's time for you to go to bed.

DANIEL  
It's not too scary, Mommy! I've watched it before!

SUSAN  
And you had nightmares for a week. We're not doing that again.

DANIEL  
But I want to watch it!

Susan sighs as she stomps into the living room and glares at her husband.

WALTER CROWE sits lazily in his recliner, his eyes fixed on the television.

SUSAN  
Walter!

Walter jolts as he turns to face Susan.

WALTER  
Hm?

SUSAN  
Please be a father and do something.

Walter glances at Daniel briefly before turning back to the television.

WALTER  
Danny, listen to your mother.

Susan, who was returning to the kitchen, jerks around suddenly.

SUSAN  
Walter!

Walter turns to give his full attention to Daniel.

WALTER  
(frustrated)  
Danny, get upstairs and get ready  
for bed!

Daniel stands up from the living room floor.

DANIEL  
(angrily)  
I never get to stay up late!

WALTER  
I'm not going to ask you again!

Daniel clenches his fists and begins stomping across the living room toward the staircase.

DANIEL  
I'm going.

WALTER  
3...2...

DANIEL  
I'm going!

INT. CROWE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Several minutes later, Susan walks up the stairs and down the hallway.

She passes her daughter's bedroom where 16-year-old BRIDGETTE CROWE lays peacefully on her bed studying a textbook. Music plays softly from a nearby radio.

Susan gently knocks on the bedroom door.

SUSAN  
Bridgette?

Bridgette looks over her shoulder to speak to her mother.

BRIDGETTE

Yeah?

SUSAN

How long are you planning on staying up, honey?

Bridgette glances through the pages of her textbook as she contemplates her answer.

BRIDGETTE

I need to finish reading this last chapter for history and then I need to study for my biology test. I'll probably be done in an hour.

SUSAN

Okay. Let me know if you need anything.

BRIDGETTE

Alright, thanks Mom.

Susan continues walking down the hallway.

She hesitates slightly as she approaches Daniel's room and then moves quietly to position her head close to his door. Daniel's voice can be heard coming through the door.

DANIEL (O.S.)

I spoke with her during reading time today, but Mrs. Nolan caught me.

Susan listens through the door.

DANIEL (O.S.)

I'm going to try to sit next to her tomorrow, but I don't know if my teacher will let me. Last week when Mrs. Nolan caught me, I had to...

Susan knocks on the door.

SUSAN

Daniel?

Daniel stops speaking, but does not respond.

Susan opens the door. Daniel sits on his bed next to his bedroom window, the rain gently hitting the glass.

They stare at each other briefly before Daniel responds.

DANIEL  
What?

SUSAN  
Who were you talking to, sweetie?

DANIEL  
No one, Mom.

Susan stares curiously at Daniel for several seconds in silence.

SUSAN  
It's time for bed. Lights out.

DANIEL  
Just 10 more minutes?

SUSAN  
Five more minutes.

DANIEL  
Alright.

Susan begins to close Daniel's bedroom door.

SUSAN  
And I mean five more minutes  
tonight.

DANIEL  
Alright!

Susan turns to walk down the hallway, but stops and looks back over her shoulder at Daniel's bedroom door.

DANIEL (O.S.)  
I wish I never had to go to sleep.  
Do you ever go to sleep?

Daniel pauses briefly.

DANIEL (O.S.)  
My parents hardly ever let me stay  
up...and my mom doesn't let me  
watch scary movies. Do you have  
parents?

Susan slowly turns and continues walking down the hallway and down the staircase as Daniel continues to speak.

She enters the living room where Walter sits on the edge of his seat as he watches television.

Susan plants herself on the nearby couch.

SUSAN  
We need to talk.

Walter's eyes never leave the television.

WALTER  
About?

SUSAN  
Danny.

WALTER  
Is he asleep?

SUSAN  
He's talking to himself again.

WALTER  
Hold on, it's about to go to a commercial.

Susan sighs and waits impatiently for Walter's show to go to a commercial break. She quietly runs her hand across her dress draped across her knees, trying to smooth several wrinkles located on the bottom of her dress.

After about 20 seconds, Walter's show goes to commercial and he turns to face Susan as he mutes the television with his remote.

WALTER  
He's been doing that every night for about a week now, hasn't he?

SUSAN  
Two weeks. I want to call his pediatrician tomorrow and get his opinion.

WALTER  
Do you want me to call Steve tomorrow and get his opinion?

SUSAN  
Steve?

WALTER  
Steve Preston. He works over at Washington State University in the psychology department.

SUSAN  
Yeah, if you don't mind.

WALTER  
No, I don't mind. I'll call him  
tomorrow morning on my way to work.

SUSAN  
Don't get in a wreck! I hate it  
when you talk on the car phone and  
drive at the same time.

WALTER  
I'm not going to get in a wreck,  
honey.

SUSAN  
Just call him from work.

WALTER  
I won't get in a wreck if I call  
him during the drive!

SUSAN  
Please just call him from work.

WALTER  
Fine, I'll call him from work.

SUSAN  
Thanks.

Susan stands from the couch.

SUSAN  
How long are you planning on  
staying up?

Walter glances at a clock on a nearby wall before answering.

WALTER  
I'll be up in about 15 minutes  
after my show is over.

SUSAN  
Okay. Goodnight.

Susan walks across the living room toward the staircase.

WALTER  
Goodnight, honey.

Walter uses his remote to un-mute the television, a MALE  
VOICE filling the room.

MALE (O.S.)

I understand that humans are the  
top carnivore, but what if  
something entered the food chain  
above us?

INT. CROWE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Several hours later the Crowe residence is completely quiet, except for the quiet ticking of a grandfather clock. All the lights are off downstairs.

The alarm clock reads "3:07 AM." A sound downstairs startles Susan out of her sleep.

She sits upright in bed and waits for several seconds, listening intently for the sound to occur again. Just as she is about to go back to sleep, she hears another sound.

She quietly shakes Walter.

SUSAN

Walter! Walter!

Several seconds pass before Walter is coherent enough to respond.

WALTER

What?

SUSAN

Someone's moving downstairs!

Walter sighs and buries his head once again into his pillow.

WALTER

It's probably just Bridgette  
getting something out of the  
fridge.

SUSAN

At 3:00 in the morning?!

Walter moans as he pushes the comforter off his body, grabs a tattered robe from a nearby chair, and mutters something to himself as he moves toward the bedroom door.

Walter covers his mouth as he yawns and makes his way down the dark staircase.

As he turns the corner, he freezes in the living room.

Walter sees the front door gaping wide open.

He quickly looks around as he steps back and returns up the staircase.

Walter re-enters his bedroom and quickly walks to his closet where he retrieves a small handgun and begins loading the firearm. He does not look at Susan as he quietly loads the pistol.

Susan is frozen on the bed.

SUSAN

What is it?!

Walter continues to load the handgun. He does not look at Susan as he responds.

WALTER

Get Danny and Bridgette, lock yourself in the back room, and call 911.

SUSAN

Talk to me Walter, what's going on?!

Walter retrieves a small flashlight from his closet.

He then crosses the room and looks right at Susan.

WALTER

The front door is sitting wide open.

SUSAN

Oh God!

Walter places a hand on Susan's arm and looks her straight in the eye.

WALTER

Get the kids...call the police.

Susan grabs the portable phone as Walter enters the hallway and quietly makes his way down the staircase, the flashlight and handgun drawn in front of him.

He peaks around the corner of the living room at the front door still sitting wide open.

Walter moves in the opposite direction through the dark living room and into the nearby family room, checking each corner carefully as he moves through the darkness.

He freezes about halfway through the family room when he hears a faint, scratchy song playing from somewhere else in the house.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)  
 Ring around a rosy, a pocket full  
 of posies...

Susan rushes into Bridgette's room and hunches by Bridgette's bed side, shaking her frantically.

SUSAN  
 Bridgette. Bridgette, honey, I need  
 you to come with me.

Bridgette lays motionless as she responds.

BRIDGETTE  
 What?

Walter enters the dining room from the family room, the gun and flashlight still drawn in front of him.

His hands are shaking slightly. The scratchy song continues to play from somewhere in the house.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)  
 Ring around a rosy, a pocket full  
 of posies. Ashes...

Susan now shakes Bridgette more furiously than before.

SUSAN  
 I need you to get up right now.

Bridgette sits up in bed as she rubs her eyes.

BRIDGETTE  
 Mom, it's three in the morning!

Susan briefly covers Bridgette's mouth.

BRIDGETTE  
 What's going on?

SUSAN  
 Someone's in the house. We need to  
 get Daniel.

Susan takes Bridgette by the hand and heads for the bedroom door.

Walter exits the dining room and enters the hallway near the open front door.

He pauses for a brief second before the scratchy song continues to play.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)  
 Ring around a rosy, a pocket full  
 of posies. Ashes, ashes, we all  
 fall down.

He steadily makes his way down the hallway toward the garage door as the song continues to play.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)  
 Ring around a rosy, a pocket...

Susan and Bridgette enter Daniel's room.

Susan rushes over to Daniel's bed.

SUSAN  
 Daniel.

The bed is empty.

Susan frantically glances around the room.

SUSAN  
 Daniel? Where's Daniel?

Walter reaches the garage door.

The scratchy song continues to play as he gradually reaches for the door handle, his hand trembling while still keeping the gun drawn in his other hand.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)  
 ...ashes, we all fall down.

Walter pulls the garage door open and stares into the darkness of the garage.

He remains motionless for several seconds with his gun pointing into the darkness as the song continues to play, the light from his flashlight circling the garage.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)  
 Ring around a rosy, a pocket full  
 of posies...

Susan and Bridgette stand in Daniel's room as Susan anxiously dials 911. She breathes heavily as she waits for someone to pick-up the phone. 911 DISPATCH responds after a few rings.

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)  
911 dispatch. What is your  
emergency?

SUSAN  
Hello! Someone's in our home and my  
son is missing!

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Ma'am, I need you to calm down and  
give me your name and address.

SUSAN  
My name is Susan Crowe and I live  
at 1226 Springfield Drive in  
Granite Falls.

Walter fumbles with one hand for the light switch in the garage while keeping the handgun drawn. He quickly turns the light on and scans the room for any intruder.

He finds the cheap toy music box sitting on the garage floor under his car, continuously playing the scratchy song.

Susan and Bridgette still stand in Daniel's room. Susan remains on the phone with 911 dispatch.

SUSAN  
Please hurry! I don't know where my  
son is!

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Where are you currently at in the  
home, Susan?

SUSAN  
I'm standing in my son's bedroom  
with my daughter, Bridgette!

Walter slowly bends down and turns the toy music box off.

As soon as the scratchy song ceases to play, the lights in the garage turn off and the garage door is slammed shut behind Walter as he yells.

WALTER  
Hey!

Walter scrambles to the garage door and twists the door handle to discover that he has been locked in the garage.

He bangs on the door several times in frustration before attempting to turn the lights back on. The lights do not come back on.

Walter desperately switches the light switch on and off with no success.

He begins banging on the door and yelling.

WALTER

Hey! Hey!

Susan and Bridgette stand in Daniel's room where Susan continues to speak with 911 dispatch.

SUSAN

I'm locking the door right now!  
Bridgette, get in Danny's closet  
and close the door!

BRIDGETTE

No! I'm staying right here with  
you!

SUSAN

Get in the closet right now! I  
don't have time to argue!

Bridgette moves quickly across Daniel's room and climbs into the dark closet.

She carefully closes the door behind her and stares into Daniel's bedroom through the small slits in the closet door.

Susan remains on the phone, listening intently to the 911 dispatcher when she hears something walking down the hallway.

She turns and freezes when she sees a dark shadow parked in front of Daniel's bedroom door partially blocking the light radiating from the hallway.

Susan drops to the floor, fumbling with the portable phone as she crawls backwards toward the wall near the window.

The 911 dispatcher can still be heard on the phone as Susan stares at the dark figure that remains motionless on the other side of the bedroom door.

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

Susan? Susan, are you there? Susan?

As Susan sits terrified with her back against the wall, her hand runs across some scratches in the wood floor of Daniel's room.

She looks down to see that the scratches run from the window where she is sitting to the closet.

She is frozen in terror as she barely whispers.

SUSAN  
Bridgette.

Bridgette sits puzzled in the dark closet as she stares at her mother's frozen expression through the slits.

She hears a faint WHINE behind her.

She slowly turns to face the back of the closet. Six eyes can be seen staring at her as they catch the faint light coming through the slits of the closet door.

Bridgette barely has any time to scream as the dark figure lunges at her in the closet.

Susan unleashes a bloodcurdling scream as the closet door shatters into a thousand splinters.

Susan covers her face to protect herself from the air of debris and is struck by a heavy object that lands on the floor beside her.

Susan uncovers her face to find the broken body of Bridgette lying motionless next to her on the floor.

She begins to go into shock as a monstrous dark figure swiftly moves across the room from the closet. The creature overtakes Susan lying on the floor.

Walter hears the commotion upstairs and unloads three rounds of his handgun into the garage door near the door handle.

He shoulders the door, breaking the handle with his force and goes sprinting for the staircase.

As he reaches the staircase, Walter looks up to find Daniel standing at the top of the stairs.

WALTER  
Danny? Are you alright?

Six eyes suddenly appear behind Daniel standing at the top of the stairs.

Walter frantically raises his handgun toward the eyes.

WALTER  
Danny, get out of the way!

Daniel does not move as his father continues to point the gun in his direction.

Suddenly the creature moves around Daniel and quickly moves toward Walter standing at the bottom of the staircase.

Walter manages to unload a couple rounds into the dark figure before being struck and thrown across the living room, crashing into the nearby china cabinet.

Walter barely has enough time to hit the ground before the dark figure lands on top of him.

A thousand sharp objects pierce his body and the sound of several ribs breaking simultaneously echo through the living room as Walter gasps for air.

As Walter attempts to breathe, he looks over to see Daniel standing in the center of the living room.

Walter uses what is left of his strength to utter one final command.

WALTER

Danny...run.

Daniel slowly turns and quietly walks out of the living room and through the broken garage door.

Several seconds pass before Daniel returns carrying the toy music box in his hands. Without looking at the music box, he quietly turns the toy on.

TOY MUSIC BOX

Ring around a rosy, a pocket full  
of posies...

Walter looks up into the six eyes staring down at his broken body.

He gasps for air one last time before the dark figure finishes breaking the majority of the bones in his chest.

Walter's body lays motionless on the living room floor as the scratchy song finishes playing.

TOY MUSIC BOX

...ashes, ashes, we all fall down.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "THE FALL."

BLACK SCREEN

The voice of DETECTIVE RYAN CARSON, a 48-year-old police veteran, can be heard.

DETECTIVE CARSON (O.S.)  
James? James?

Detective Carson snaps his fingers as though he is attempting to get someone's attention.

DETECTIVE CARSON (O.S.)  
James?

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Carson snaps his fingers. JAMES SORENSON, an 8-year-old boy, sits motionless near the end of a long table in a dimly lit room.

James clutches a worn book to his chest, his eyes fixed on the table in front of him.

Detective Carson sits in a chair next to the long table.

SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 27, 2011."

James' eyes do not move from the table.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
James, I'm Detective Carson. Would you like me to get you anything? Maybe some food? We have a vending machine down the hall.

James continues to sit motionless, his eyes seemingly never blinking or leaving the dark surface of the table.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
When was the last time you ate anything, son?

James does not move or respond.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Can I let you in on a little secret?

Detective Carson leans in a little closer to James and speaks quietly.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Janet downstairs makes the best hot chocolate I've ever had. If you want, I'll head downstairs right now and ask her to make you some.

James continues to sit motionless.

DETECTIVE CARSON

James, I know the last several days have been...hard, but I need to know everything you remember about what happened in the forest.

James does not move.

Detective Carson sits motionless as well, his eyes fixed on James for several seconds before he slides pictures of different individuals across the table toward James.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Where is your sister, Ashley?

James continues to sit motionless.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Where is your sister's boyfriend, Adam Ducane?

James does not move, his eyes still squarely fixed on the table in front of him.

DETECTIVE CARSON

James, please. I need to know what happened to everyone.

EXT. SORENSON RESIDENCE DRIVEWAY - DAY

A Land Rover sits in front of a large home.

SUPER: "4 DAYS AGO."

James sits quietly in the backseat of the Land Rover, lazily staring through one of the side windows as 27-year-old ADAM DUCANE opens the driver-side door and slides into the seat.

Adam checks around to see if he retrieved everything he needed for the trip. Adam then turns to face James.

ADAM

Jimmy, you have everything you need?

James turns away from the window to face Adam.

JAMES

Yeah.

Adam nods briefly in approval and turns to look out the driver-side window, his fingers anxiously tapping on the steering wheel. Several seconds pass in silence.

ADAM  
What's taking your sister so long?

JAMES  
She's always late.

Adam laughs to himself briefly as he turns to face James.

ADAM  
I guess I better get used to that.  
What is that you're holding?

James glances down at the worn, black book sitting in his lap.

JAMES  
My sketchbook.

ADAM  
You like to draw?

JAMES  
Yeah.

ADAM  
What kinds of things do you like to draw?

JAMES  
I like drawing cars and things like that. I also like drawing pictures of my friends.

ADAM  
May I see?

James hands the worn, black sketchbook to Adam.

Adam spends a few seconds glancing through James' drawings before speaking.

ADAM  
Wow, Jimmy, you're really good. How old are you?

JAMES  
8...but I'll be 9 next month.

ADAM

9...that's a huge milestone. You're a lot better than I am at drawing and I'm 27.

JAMES

You're old.

Adam continues to look through James' sketches.

ADAM

Thanks. What kind of car is that?

James leans his head between the two front seats to get a better look at the drawings.

JAMES

It's a futuristic car. I drew it during math class last year.

ADAM

Math class was always kind of boring.

JAMES

I hate math. Mrs. Anderson always smells like moth balls and old medicine!

ADAM

(confused)

What does old medicine smell like?

JAMES

You don't want to know.

Adam continues to look through the sketches.

ADAM

And who's this?

JAMES

My mom and dad...at the cabin by the lake.

ADAM

And this?

JAMES

That's my friend Rory.

ADAM

He's a friend at school?

JAMES

No. I usually hang out with him  
after school.

ADAM

Does he actually look like that? I  
mean with the teeth and...

ASHLEY SORENSON, James' 25-year-old sister, opens the  
passenger-side door and slides into the front seat of the  
truck.

She is breathing heavily as she clicks her seat belt into  
place.

ADAM

There you are!

ASHLEY

I know, I know. I just didn't want  
to forget anything.

ADAM

You always forget something.

ASHLEY

I know! I hate it when I miss  
something important.

ADAM

Jimmy, is your seat belt on?

JAMES

Yes.

ADAM

Alright, let's get going. I can  
only imagine what type of mood Sam  
will be in when we show up late.

Adam turns the key and throws the truck into gear.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR THE FOREST - DAY

SAMANTHA TAYLOR and DANE EASTMAN sit quietly in the cab of  
their truck. Samantha's fingers tap obnoxiously on the  
steering wheel.

Dane is slouching in his seat, his head gently resting  
against the back of his seat.

SAMANTHA

What time is it?

Dane keeps his head motionless on the back of his seat as he raises his arm to his head to glance at his watch.

DANE

7:59.

SAMANTHA

They're going to be late.

Dane continues to rest his head on the back of his seat with his eyes closed.

DANE

Getting a little anxious?

SAMANTHA

Not as much as I am exhausted.

DANE

Late night?

SAMANTHA

Working on a project that's due early Monday morning.

Samantha glances into the nearby forest.

SAMANTHA

Although, my team didn't seem to find it important to get the project done last night.

DANE

Or they were just tired of getting bossed around.

SAMANTHA

I'm not bossy! I just like to be in charge.

DANE

That makes a lot of sense.

Several seconds pass in silence.

SAMANTHA

What's the time?

DANE

8:01.

SAMANTHA

They're late.

Dane laughs to himself briefly.

DANE

I knew they would be.

SAMANTHA

Then why'd we get here so early?

DANE

It's fun watching you get anxious.

SAMANTHA

Jerk.

Dane laughs silently as Samantha stewes in her seat. They both sit quietly for several seconds before Dane lets out a huge yawn. Samantha glances over at him, still disgusted by the situation.

SAMANTHA

Why the heck are you yawning?

DANE

I'm not much of a morning person--plus I got dragged along to some stupid horror movie late last night with some friends from work.

SAMANTHA

How was it?

Dane leans up and rubs his eyes as he speaks.

DANE

Same old story. Teenage girl gets a creepy phone call--for some reason these people never have caller ID--she runs upstairs instead of running to the neighbors...somebody dies while taking a shower...the boyfriend gets killed...the killer turns out to be somebody from the girl's past...the whole thing was pretty predictable.

Samantha shakes her head.

SAMANTHA

I probably wouldn't like it. I hate horror movies.

DANE

I don't think you'd like it either. Just once I'd like to see a horror movie that's...you know...unpredictable.

Samantha glances in the rear view mirror and notices Adam's truck approaching through the parking lot.

SAMANTHA

Here they come.

Samantha and Dane exit their vehicle and begin to approach Adam, Ashley, and James as they pull their backpacks and equipment from the back of the truck.

SAMANTHA

You guys are late!

DANE

Here we go again.

Adam continues to retrieve equipment from the back of the truck.

ADAM

(puzzled)

What time is it?

Dane briefly glances at his watch as he helps Adam retrieve equipment from the back of the truck.

DANE

8:07...and 39 seconds.

Samantha stares coldly at Dane as she awaits Adam's response.

ADAM

We were meeting at 8:00, right?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

ADAM

So...what's the issue?

SAMANTHA

Forget it.

Samantha shakes her head as she turns to head back to her vehicle to retrieve her backpack and equipment.

As she begins to retrieve her equipment, a third car arrives.

CHRIS MILLER and TRAY MAXWELL exit the vehicle.

CHRIS

Hey.

Adam and Dane acknowledge Chris and Tray as they check their equipment.

ADAM AND DANE

Hey.

ASHLEY

Hey, Chris.

CHRIS

Hey, guys, this is my friend Tray.  
He's the one who told me about the  
place that we'll be hiking to.

Adam shakes Tray's hand as he speaks.

ADAM

It's nice to finally meet you.  
Chris can't stop talking about you.  
He thinks you're the perfect  
roommate.

TRAY

Good to know.

Dane shakes Tray's hand.

DANE

I've heard it's really easy to get  
lost on the different trails going  
into the park from this direction,  
is that true?

TRAY

If you're not careful and  
unfamiliar with the territory, then  
yeah you could get lost pretty  
easily.

DANE  
Have you ever been up this trail  
before?

TRAY  
Yes.

ASHLEY  
How many times?

Tray shrugs.

TRAY  
A few times over the last several  
years.

Tray notices that Ashley is staring at him with a concerned expression on her face. He laughs to himself briefly.

TRAY  
Don't worry. There are several  
places on the different trails  
where there's almost universal cell  
phone reception. We'll be fine.

Chris rummages through a backpack on the ground.

CHRIS  
Tray, have you seen my camera lens?

TRAY  
Which one?

CHRIS  
The 300mm 2.8.

Tray stares at Chris with a puzzled look on his face as Chris changes his explanation.

CHRIS  
The big one that's about this long.

TRAY  
Check the back seat of the car. I  
think it's sitting in there.

Ashley is also rummaging through her backpack nearby.

ASHLEY  
Crap!

DANE

What?

ASHLEY

I forgot my toothbrush!

Adam, already wearing his backpack, is helping James secure his backpack nearby. He shakes his head slightly.

ADAM

We're not going back for it.

ASHLEY

What am I supposed to do? We're going to be up there for two days.

DANE

Use your finger.

ASHLEY

No, that's gross.

ADAM

It's called camping.

ASHLEY

I don't know how I let you talk me into this.

Dane moves close to Adam.

DANE

(whispering)

She's never been camping before, has she?

ADAM

No.

Ashley continues to search frantically through her backpack as Samantha, Chris, and Tray approach the group with their equipment, ready to begin the hike.

Adam rocks on his heels for a few seconds before he speaks.

ADAM

Just don't brush then. No one will care.

DANE AND JAMES

I care!

Ashley finally closes her backpack in frustration and approaches the waiting group.

As she approaches, BLAKE TANNER, a 61-year-old park ranger, exits the trail onto the parking lot.

He freezes for a brief second, a quizzical look stretched across his face. A wry smile then pulls at the corner of his mouth after analyzing the group as he quietly walks toward them.

His hand extends toward Tray.

BLAKE

How are you doing, Tray?

TRAY

It's good to see you, Blake.

Blake then turns and addresses the rest of the group.

BLAKE

Tray here knows the forest on this side of the park better than anyone else. You'll be in good hands.

ADAM

How has the weather been up here?

BLAKE

It was a bit cloudy earlier this week, but it's been sunny the last couple days.

ASHLEY

Ever had anyone get lost or stranded on this side of the park?

Adam lets out a small sigh.

ADAM

Ash...

ASHLEY

What? I'm just asking.

Blake chuckles.

BLAKE

As long as you've got Tray with you, you'll be just fine. Also, there's a ranger station just down the road here about a half mile if you need anything.

ASHLEY

Thanks.

CHRIS

Would you mind taking a picture of the group before we take off?

Blake hesitates for a brief second before he answers.

BLAKE

Certainly.

Samantha, Tray, Dane, Chris, Adam, Ashley, and James group together as Blake curiously examines the camera.

BLAKE

This is a little more high tech than my camera. Do I just press this button right here?

CHRIS

The other button...the one right next to it. There you go. The auto focus should be turned on, so you don't need to worry about it.

BLAKE

Alright, everyone smile.

Chris retrieves his camera from Blake after the picture is taken.

CHRIS

Thanks.

BLAKE

Don't mention it.

Blake turns toward Tray.

BLAKE

It was good to see you again, Tray.

TRAY

You, too, Blake.

Blake motions toward the rest of the group as he climbs into his truck.

BLAKE

Take care of them while you're out there.

TRAY

I will.

Blake smiles as he turns the key, backs his truck from the parking space, and quickly drives away from the parking lot.

The group watches as his truck rounds the corner and disappears through the trees.

SAMANTHA

Are we just going to camp here in the parking lot or are we actually going to the campsite?

ADAM

Why? Are we supposed to be there by 8:24?

DANE

Good one.

Samantha turns away from the group and begins to walk toward the trail. Chris and Tray follow behind, Chris checking his camera as he walks.

Dane walks past Adam to follow Samantha.

DANE

I guess she wasn't amused.

Ashley walks swiftly toward the departing group. James follows closely behind her as Adam briefly looks around the parking lot to see if they forgot anything and then turns toward the trail.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Carson sits quietly with James in the observation room. There is a quiet knock on the door as 32-year-old DETECTIVE NICK JONES quietly pokes his head into the room and makes eye contact with Detective Carson.

Detective Carson begins to stand from his chair.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Would you excuse me for a second, James?

Detective Carson quietly joins Detective Jones in the observation room and stands beside him, both their eyes fixed on James, still sitting motionless in his chair, through the observation window.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Has anyone reached the boy's  
parents?

DETECTIVE JONES  
Tom just spoke with them on the  
phone. They're on their way.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
What about each of the other  
families?

DETECTIVE JONES  
Tom is currently calling the other  
parents as we speak. Forensics is  
still at the park attempting to  
find any other evidence, but they  
haven't found anything else besides  
the shoe. Still no bodies. They've  
swept a half mile radius outside  
the initial campsite and still no  
new information.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Those kids are still out in those  
woods somewhere. Tell the team to  
increase the radius to two miles  
and sweep the area again.

Detective Jones turns to leave.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Also, contact Roland over in county  
and do whatever you can to get a  
chopper up there as well. What  
about that child psychologist they  
were going to send down. Dr.  
Mangum?

DETECTIVE JONES  
Dr. Mangum is currently out of  
town, so they're sending down Dr.  
Grey. She'll be here within the  
hour.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
I'm going to wait with the kid  
until she arrives.

DETECTIVE JONES  
I'm meeting with the park ranger  
who filed the missing persons  
report in a few minutes.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Please let me know if you discover anything interesting.

DETECTIVE JONES

You got it.

Detective Jones quickly exits the room as Detective Carson slowly steps back into the waiting room where James sits motionless and closes the door.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Tray, Dane, Samantha, Chris, Ashley, James, and Adam exit the forest into a small clearing that is partially shaded by the surrounding trees.

Dane retrieves his water bottle from his backpack before dropping to the ground. He then drinks from the water bottle before speaking.

DANE

That's a good workout getting up here.

Tray looks around the clearing.

TRAY

Five miles.

SAMANTHA

How long did that take us?

Dane wipes sweat from the face of his watch before he is able to see the time.

DANE

A little over five hours. It probably wouldn't have taken as long if Chris hadn't stopped every 10 seconds to take a picture of a leaf.

Chris gives Dane a sharp look as he carefully drops his backpack to the ground.

CHRIS

You'll thank me later.

DANE

You're right, because I frequently need pictures of 50 different

DANE  
leaves at my staff meeting on a  
weekly basis.

Adam, who was at the rear of the line, drops his backpack  
next to Dane as he drinks from a water bottle.

ADAM  
I know I do.

Color rushes to Chris' face.

CHRIS  
I wasn't stopping every 10 seconds.  
And besides, it was Jimmy who kept  
stopping to take breaks.

Ashley, who was ignoring the bantering altogether, gives  
Chris a cold look.

ASHLEY  
That's great, blame my younger  
brother. Blame an 8-year-old.

Chris' eyes quickly drop to the ground.

CHRIS  
(embarrassed)  
I didn't mean to...it's just that  
he was the one taking breaks and...

With a smile on his face, Dane places a hand softly on  
Chris' shoulder.

DANE  
(whispering)  
Maybe just stick to taking  
pictures.

Dane briefly gives Chris a pat on the stomach before he  
turns to walk over toward Samantha, who is now setting up  
one of the tents nearby.

CHRIS  
Thanks. Thanks for the support.

Samantha, who has not been paying attention at all to the  
conversation, now sits up from assembling one of the tents  
and brushes her hair out of her face.

SAMANTHA  
Chris, would you and Tray set-up  
the other tent?

CHRIS  
Not now, I won't.

DANE  
Oh, c'mon dude, we were just  
joking.

CHRIS  
I'll be back later.

Chris begins to retrieve additional camera equipment from his backpack as Samantha stops working on constructing her own tent.

SAMANTHA  
Chris, c'mon...grow-up, get over  
it, and help us out!

Chris does not turn his head to look at anyone as he walks into the forest; pieces of various camera equipment in his hands.

CHRIS  
Why don't you tell them to grow-up?

Adam continues to drink from his water bottle as Chris walks into the forest. He turns to look at Dane.

ADAM  
I'm an adult.

DANE  
Stuck with a 12-year-old boy's  
body.

ADAM  
Shut-up. At least I don't look like  
Tom Arnold...on a bad day.

DANE  
No, you actually look like Meryl  
Streep...when she was 10.

Ashley desperately searches through her backpack as Adam and Dane continue to converse. She shakes her head.

ASHLEY  
(frustrated)  
Did anyone happen to bring an extra  
toothbrush?

Tray walks over to where Samantha continues to construct her own tent and drops his backpack from his shoulders.

TRAY

What do you want me to do?

Samantha looks around the clearing.

SAMANTHA

(confused)

Did Chris actually leave?

TRAY

Yeah, he's gone.

Samantha lets out a brief sigh as she shakes her head.

She then looks at James sitting about 15 feet away from her. James has already retrieved his sketchbook from his backpack and is quietly drawing.

SAMANTHA

Jimmy.

James looks up from his sketchbook.

SAMANTHA

Would you please help Tray set-up the other tent?

JAMES

Okay.

As James places his sketchbook back into his backpack, Samantha looks at Ashley who is carefully shuffling through her backpack; still looking for the presence of a possible toothbrush.

SAMANTHA

Ash, would you please help me with this tent? Dane and Adam, you guys get the fire going?

Adam and Dane, who have continued to banter concerning each others' physical appearance, now begin walking passed Samantha laughing at each other as they walk into the forest.

ADAM

Fire by 2:28!

SAMANTHA

What was that?!

ADAM  
Nothing.

DANE  
Reprimanded by 2:30!

SAMANTHA  
I heard that!

ADAM  
The woman has bionic hearing.

Dane, laughing to himself, begins to speak in his best Obi-Wan Kenobi voice.

DANE  
She's more machine now than man.

ADAM  
Twisted and evil.

SAMANTHA  
Just get the fire going.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Blake sits quietly in a waiting room for several seconds before Detective Jones enters the room.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Mr. Tanner?

BLAKE  
Yes.

Detective Jones closes the door behind him before he crosses the room and sits in a chair across the table from Blake.

Detective Jones retrieves a notepad and pen from his jacket pocket as he looks at Blake.

DETECTIVE JONES  
I'm Detective Nick Jones. Is it alright if I call you Blake?

BLAKE  
Of course...and anything I can do to help with your investigation, please let me know.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Thank you.

Detective Jones carefully inspects some previous notes from his notepad.

DETECTIVE JONES

Now, I understand you were present at the parking lot on the morning when the group left, is that correct?

BLAKE

Yes. I had just finished my rounds on my designated trails when I returned to the parking lot.

Detective Jones writes notes in his notepad as they converse.

DETECTIVE JONES

And that was at what time?

Blake stares at the table for a brief second.

BLAKE

Oh, it must have been around...8:30 that morning.

DETECTIVE JONES

How many were in the group?

BLAKE

Six.

DETECTIVE JONES

And did they say where they were going?

BLAKE

No. We only spoke briefly before they left. Nice group of kids, though.

DETECTIVE JONES

Did you notice anything unusual about the group?

Several seconds pass as Blake ponders the question.

BLAKE

No, not that I can recall.

DETECTIVE JONES

And, if I'm understanding correctly, you filed the report on Monday morning around 11:00 AM?

BLAKE

Yes.

DETECTIVE JONES

Why did you wait until Monday morning to call the police?

BLAKE

I was off Sunday, so when I returned Monday morning it was unusual that their cars were still there. Most visitors that hike that side of the park are usually gone by Monday...because of work or what not. That's when I called it in.

DETECTIVE JONES

How long have you been working for the park, Blake?

BLAKE

Oh, I'd say it's been...about...20 years.

DETECTIVE JONES

That's a long time to working for the park service.

BLAKE

(jokingly)

What can I say? I'm connected to the forest.

DETECTIVE JONES

Well, thank you for your time, Blake.

BLAKE

Anytime. Please let me know if there's anything else I can do to help.

Detective Jones returns his notepad and pen to his jacket pocket.

DETECTIVE JONES

I'm sure we'll be in touch.

As Blake stands from the table, a small grimace crosses his face as he slightly grabs his thigh.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Everything alright?

Blake begins to make his way to the door.

BLAKE  
Yeah, it's just like you said.

Blake turns to face Detective Jones as he reaches the exit.  
A small smile stretches across Blake's face.

BLAKE  
20 years is a long time to be  
working for the park service.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Adam, Ashley, James, Dane, Chris, Samantha, and Tray sit  
lazily around a campfire laughing with each other.

Dane is in the middle sharing a story with the rest of the  
group as the scene opens.

DANE  
...so I've got this wet toilet  
paper mixed with fake blood  
covering my entire face and I'm  
chasing Adam clear across campus  
from the testing center and he's  
running as fast as he possibly can  
trying to get out of there...I mean  
he's already dropped his backpack  
so it wouldn't slow him down and  
he's just running for dear life...

Everyone laughs around the circle, including Adam whose face  
is noticeably bright red in the light of the fire.

ADAM  
I can't believe you did that. I'd  
just finished the worst biology  
test of my life.

SAMANTHA  
So what happened?

DANE  
So he's running as fast as he can  
across campus and finally he sees  
some campus police dude just  
strolling through one of the  
buildings close to one of the

DANE  
entrances...so Adam runs up to the  
door and starts banging on the door  
as if his life depended on it...

ADAM  
It did at the time!

DANE  
So I duck through some of the  
nearby bushes and start  
high-tailing it back to the  
apartment before the cop notices  
I'm there and...what did you say to  
him, anyway?

Adam stares at the blazing fire in front of him for a brief  
second.

ADAM  
I can't remember exactly...but I do  
remember he wanted to take me down  
to the police station and have me  
take a drug test.

DANE  
So I run clear back to the  
apartment...Chris is sitting in the  
front room playing X-Box as I come  
bursting through the front  
door...he turns and takes one look  
at me and lets out the loudest  
12-year-old girl scream I've ever  
heard in my life...

Everyone laughs except for Chris as his face turns a deep  
shade of red.

CHRIS  
Oh, I didn't scream like a girl  
when you came through the door.

DANE  
...and I'm like, "Chris, it's me,  
Dane." I swear I had to say it like  
five times before you calmed down  
enough to understand what I was  
saying.

CHRIS  
Whatever.

DANE

Anyway, so I go and hop in Adam's closet and I wait there for him to come home. I swear it was a good 30 minutes before you got home.

ADAM

After the cop decided that I wasn't worth taking down to the station, I had to go back and get my backpack. So I'm scared to death as I'm walking across campus...looking over my shoulder every 10 seconds...so I finally get home and I'm exhausted, so I go to put my jacket in my closet...

DANE

Your face was priceless.

ADAM

...and here comes Dane barreling out of the closet on top of me...so I start throwing punches as fast as I can, because I think I'm about to die!

DANE

I was trying to get off of you as fast as I could, but you got me a couple times across the chin.

ADAM

You scared the crap out of me that night! And what was it you were yelling when you were chasing me across campus?

Dane laughs for a brief second before he speaks in the deepest voice he can.

DANE

I'm gonna gut you!

Everyone around the fire starts laughing again.

ADAM

You just kept saying that over and over again.

DANE

You know, I think that's the fastest I've ever seen you run.

ADAM

Tell them the one about when Chris was coming back from Christmas vacation and you were supposed to meet him at the airport.

CHRIS

Please don't.

SAMANTHA

No, tell them the one when those two guys came into our camp outside of Graves Creek and we were all...

Ashley quickly cuts off Samantha.

ASHLEY

Is this a story Jimmy should be hearing?

Dane chuckles to himself briefly.

DANE

Is this a story Ash should be hearing?

ASHLEY

Watch it!

Adam casually looks over at Tray who quietly sips from a cup.

ADAM

Tray, you have any good prank stories?

Tray carefully analyzes the inside of his empty cup.

TRAY

No, not really.

JAMES

Any scary stories?

ASHLEY

James!

A small smile stretches across Tray's face as he looks at James.

TRAY

Just one.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Carson speaks on his cell phone outside the observation room where James continues to sit motionless. Detective Carson is visibly frustrated by the conversation.

DETECTIVE CARSON

I don't care what he says! I need a helicopter up there today!

Detective Carson stares at James as an ambiguous voice can be heard through the phone.

DETECTIVE CARSON

I don't care if he has the day off!  
Just get me that chopper!

Detective Carson pulls his phone away from his ear and glances at the phone. He then returns the phone to his ear.

DETECTIVE CARSON

I have another call coming in. I'll call you back in 15 minutes and at that point you better tell me that a helicopter is on the way!

Detective Carson quickly pulls the phone away from his ear, switches the call, and returns his cell phone back to his ear.

DETECTIVE CARSON

This is Carson.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Carson enters the dimly lit office of the records department. TOM LEWIS, an older, overweight gentleman, carefully reviews records on his computer, a distinct crease running across his forehead.

DETECTIVE CARSON

What've you got?

Tom leans back away from his computer, his chair creaking as he turns to face Detective Carson.

TOM

It doesn't make any sense.

DETECTIVE CARSON

(confused)  
What doesn't?

TOM

A group of six adults goes missing in a national park? Not likely. I mean one or two people getting lost up there is pretty common, but the odds of a group that size getting lost and we aren't able to find any of them? Something's not right.

Detective Carson leans against a nearby filing cabinet.

DETECTIVE CARSON

I'm listening.

Tom groans as he stand up from his chair and walks over to a nearby refrigerator, retrieving a can of pop.

TOM

Something about the whole situation kept bothering me, so I ran a cross-check in the database for any cases in recent history with similar circumstances.

Tom returns from the refrigerator and sits down in the creaky chair.

TOM (CONT'D)

I found several cases that occurred over the last 20 years that reported large groups going missing around the same park. Look at this one.

Detective Carson leans in to scrutinize a record displayed on Tom's computer.

DETECTIVE CARSON

(reading)

Five hikers went missing near Leavenworth...no bodies were found...police called off the search after 14 days.

TOM

And this one.

Tom taps a button on the computer. A new document is displayed on the screen.

DETECTIVE CARSON

(reading)

Martin family of six lost near Wenatchee National Forest. Police

DETECTIVE CARSON  
were unable to locate the family  
after a 10 day search.

Tom pushes away from his desk; his chair creaking loudly as he begins to stand and walk toward a nearby table.

TOM  
The list goes on and on...one  
sizable group disappearing once a  
year...so I got curious and began  
charting the dates and locations of  
each case.

Tom clears a spot on the table and begins to unroll a large piece of paper as Detective Carson walks over and stands on the other side.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
What did you find?

Tom finishes unrolling the large piece of paper, which is a demographic map of Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest in Washington. He has drawn several red markers indicating where the individuals went missing and the date the events occurred; all during the same two months of the year.

The markers form a circle spanning nearly 60 miles of forest bordering multiple towns in central Washington.

TOM  
A distinct pattern to the  
disappearances...combined with the  
fact that they always occur during  
September and October...

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Why didn't we notice this pattern  
before?

Tom scrutinizes the map briefly.

TOM  
Well look at the different  
locations of the disappearances:  
different police jurisdictions.

Both Tom and Detective Carson stare at the map in silence.

TOM  
It looks like the disappearances  
didn't occur more than twice in any  
one police jurisdiction during that

TOM  
20 years. Why would we suspect  
anything?

Detective Carson stares at the map in silence for several seconds.

TOM  
I don't know what happened to those  
kids, detective, but I'm willing to  
bet that they didn't go missing  
because they didn't have a compass.

One of the red markers has "CAMPSITE" written beside it.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The camp is quiet as a small fire continues to smolder in the middle of the small group of tents. Ashley, James, and Samantha share one tent while Chris and Tray share another. Adam and Dane share another tent closest to the forest.

The surrounding forest remains quiet as Dane sleepily stumbles out of his tent and into the nearby woods.

He walks about 20 yards and stops to relieve himself.

As he is relieving himself, he hears something moving in the forest nearby. He shrugs off the noise as he quietly finishes relieving himself and turns to head back to camp.

After a few steps, he hears an unusual sound in the forest nearby, similar to a WHINE.

He stops and squints his eyes, desperately trying to see into the darkened forest before him. Dane hears the unusual sound again as he is about to head back to camp.

DANE  
Hello?

The unusual sound occurs again, but this time much closer than before.

DANE  
Look, Adam, you're not going to  
scare me out here, dude.

The unusual sound occurs again, even closer than before.

DANE

I'm going back to bed, dude. You can spend your night running around in the forest if you want.

The unusual sound occurs again, but is now within 10 feet from Dane. Dane strains his eyes desperately trying to see into the darkness, but with no success.

Dane sprints back toward the small campfire.

As he takes off running, he only makes it about 15 feet before he runs into a tree stump mounted in the ground.

Dane stumbles into the hard dirt and clutches his ankles where he primarily collided with the tree stump and struck something sharp. He can feel warm blood barely trickling from the minor lacerations across his ankles.

DANE

Son of a...

Before Dane is able to finish his sentence, the tree stump, barely silhouetted in the soft light of the moon, rises into the midnight air right in front of Dane.

Dane stares at the monstrous shape in front of him for a half second before he lets out an audible scream. His scream only lasts for a fraction of a second as the dark figure moves in on top of him.

Adam is awakened abruptly by Dane's brief scream and groggily sits up in his tent, looking at Dane's sleeping bag as his eyes adjust to the darkness.

He fumbles for a nearby flashlight and runs the light across Dane's empty sleeping bag.

Adam then pokes his head through the small door of the tent and runs the beam from the flashlight around the entire camp.

ADAM

(whispering)

Dane?

Adam hears nothing as he waits for Dane's reply.

ADAM

Dane!

Adam continues to hear nothing from the surrounding forest as he waits for Dane's reply.

He then goes back into his tent and retrieves a 10-inch hunting knife from his backpack.

He then quickly walks over to the nearby tent where Chris and Tray are sleeping.

ADAM  
Chris. Tray.

Neither Chris nor Tray move.

ADAM  
Chris! Tray!

Adam nudges both of them.

Both begin to stir as Tray peaks out of his sleeping bag.

TRAY  
(confused)  
Yeah?

ADAM  
I can't find Dane.

Chris now sits up in his sleeping bag, rubbing his eyes.

CHRIS  
What's going on?

ADAM  
I can't find Dane.

Tray pulls his legs from his sleeping bag and places his shoes on his feet.

TRAY  
What do you mean you can't find  
Dane?

ADAM  
I thought I heard a...scream not  
too long ago coming from the woods.  
When I got up, Dane was gone.

TRAY  
He's probably just going to the  
bathroom.

ADAM  
He's been gone for a while.

CHRIS

What do you want us to do?

Adam sits in the darkened door of the tent with an annoyed expression on his face. After a few seconds, he shines the flashlight directly into Chris' face.

CHRIS

Oh, c'mon...what are you doing?

Adam continues to shine the light in Chris' face.

ADAM

Put your shoes on. We're going to look for him.

Adam, Chris, and Tray stumble through the forest, their flashlights circling in every direction.

ADAM

Dane!

CHRIS

This isn't funny, dude!

Adam stops walking as he glances around the forest, his flashlight looking in different directions.

ADAM

I thought I heard the scream come from this direction.

TRAY

Where would he go?

ADAM

I don't know. I don't think he would have gone too far from camp...but if he was injured, why would he move further away from camp?

TRAY

Or why is he still not screaming?

Adam, Tray, and Chris sit in silence for a brief second, their eyes resting on the ground in front of them as they think to themselves.

CHRIS

Look guys...have either of you considered the fact that Dane might be just playing some practical joke on us?

ADAM  
This feels different.

CHRIS  
How is this any different from any other prank he's ever played on any of us?

Adam acts as though he is about to speak, but then shakes his head and continues to shine his flashlight around the forest. Neither of them speak for several seconds.

Tray glances at his watch.

TRAY  
Well, I don't know how much we can do really at 2:23 in the morning.

ADAM  
We should probably head back to camp. If Dane still isn't back in four hours when the sun comes up, we'll head out again and look for him.

TRAY  
Alright.

Chris begins speaking as they all turn to head back to the campsite.

CHRIS  
I'm telling you guys, he's just playing a practical joke on us.

ADAM  
This isn't like Dane.

CHRIS  
What do you mean this isn't like Dane? This is just like something he would do! He's probably just sitting off in the forest right now laughing his head off as we walk circles around the camp!

ADAM  
Give it a rest, Chris.

CHRIS  
I'm not going to give it a rest! You woke us up at 2:00 in the freaking morning, so that we could...

As Chris is talking, Adam stumbles into the hard grass of the forest.

He remains motionless as he sits on one knee in the grass, his flashlight fixated on one spot in the grass.

TRAY

Hey, you alright?

Adam does not answer as he remains motionless, staring at one spot in the grass.

Tray and Chris move to Adam's side as Tray asks again.

TRAY

Hey, are you alright?

Chris and Tray look at the spot illuminated by Adam's flashlight. About three feet in front of them, the grass has been smashed into the soft dirt and is covered in blood.

One of Dane's shoes lays on the outskirts of the crimson colored pool.

Adam's flashlight follows a small stream of blood that leads from the spot to a nearby tree about five feet behind Adam, Tray, and Chris.

All three shine their flashlights into the tall tree above them, but see no signs of Dane.

ADAM

Let's get back to camp and get out of here.

Adam, Tray, and Chris take off running back to camp, Tray carrying Dane's shoe in one hand.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Detective Jones wanders through the same area where we last saw Adam, Tray, and Chris standing, only several days later. Several police officers examine the area.

He slowly walks toward a section of grass that has been smashed into the ground, his gaze carefully analyzing the surrounding area.

POLICE OFFICER #1, kneeling carefully near the questionable area, collects several samples.

DETECTIVE JONES

This is where you found the shoe?

Police Officer #1 carefully finishes placing the last sample in his case and removes the latex gloves from his hands as he stands.

POLICE OFFICER #1

The shoe was actually found near the campfire, but you can see where there was a struggle here in the grass. The one set of footprints was the only set we found.

DETECTIVE JONES

How long until the lab finishes their toxicology report?

POLICE OFFICER #1

Probably another hour or so.

Police Officer #1 does not look at Detective Jones as he walks him around the area.

POLICE OFFICER #1

The body was apparently dragged over to this area and then hoisted up the tree for some reason.

Detective Jones stares up at the tree silently for several seconds.

DETECTIVE JONES

The shoe was obviously for a male, so how big do you think this guy was?

POLICE OFFICER #1

Until we know for sure which male it belonged to, I'd guess anywhere from 180 to 200 pounds.

DETECTIVE JONES

Who could have pulled him up this tree? It would be hard enough to climb this tree on your own, let alone carrying an extra 200 pounds.

Suddenly, the radio attached to Detective Jones' belt screeches as the crackly voice of POLICE OFFICER #2 can be heard.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
Nick? Nick you there?

Detective Jones retrieves the small radio from his belt and speaks into the radio as he continues to stare up into the tree.

DETECTIVE JONES  
I'm here.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
You'll want to take a look at this.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Where are you?

POLICE OFFICER #2  
About a mile east of the camp.

DETECTIVE JONES  
I'll be right there.

Detective Jones returns the small radio to his belt and continues to stare up into the tree for a few seconds before leaving the campsite.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Adam, Tray, and Chris return to camp.

Adam immediately opens the small door of the tent where Samantha, Ashley, and James are sleeping. He nudges all of them as he speaks.

ADAM  
All of you get up.

Samantha and Ashley begin to stir.

Adam continues to nudge all of them until Samantha sits up in her sleeping bag, a frustrated look on her face.

SAMANTHA  
(coldly)  
What could you POSSIBLY want in the middle of the night!?

ADAM  
Something's happened to Dane.

Ashley now sits up in her sleeping bag.

ASHLEY  
(concerned)  
Is he alright?

ADAM  
We don't know.

Samantha now starts to climb out of her sleeping bag and place her shoes on her feet.

SAMANTHA  
What do you mean you don't know!?

ADAM  
We can't find him.

Ashley is now putting her shoes on as well.

ASHLEY  
What about Chris and Tray?

ADAM  
They're both out here already...but  
you all need to get up, so we can  
figure out what to do.

Both Adam and Samantha exit the tent as Ashley gently shakes James out of his deep sleep.

ASHLEY  
James, you need to wake up.

Adam, Tray, and Chris all stand around the barely visible campfire, Samantha rubbing her eyes as she attempts to wake-up.

She then notices the shoe in Dane's hand.

SAMANTHA  
Is that...Dane's shoe?

ADAM  
Yes.

SAMANTHA  
Where did you find it?

Tray points outside the camp.

TRAY  
About...15 yards outside of camp.

SAMANTHA

What is that all over his shoe?

No one says anything as Samantha takes the blood covered shoe from Tray and examines it for a brief second.

Samantha's eyes widen as she quickly drops the shoe into the soft dirt in front of her.

She then looks around the group as Ashley and James join next to the small campfire.

ASHLEY

What are we going to do?

ADAM

We need to go.

ASHLEY

And leave Dane wandering around in the woods?

TRAY

We don't even know if he's still alive.

ASHLEY

What do you mean?

A speechless Samantha quietly points down at the blood covered shoe at her feet.

Ashley stares at the shoe for a brief second before her eyes widen.

ASHLEY

Is that...

CHRIS

...blood.

The group remains motionless for several seconds before Adam begins to speak.

ADAM

We're leaving.

Samantha shakes her head in disapproval as she raises her hand to prevent Adam from leaving the group.

SAMANTHA

Hold on, this is just another one of Dane's practical jokes. He's

SAMANTHA  
just hiding out there right now  
laughing at us.

CHRIS  
That's what I said about 20 minutes  
ago, but...

ADAM  
If he is, I'll kill him later...but  
I'm leaving. If you want to wait  
here to see if he comes strolling  
out of the woods, you're more than  
welcome to.

SAMANTHA  
You're overreacting.

ADAM  
And you're under reacting!

As Samantha and Adam begin to argue, Ashley returns to her  
tent and begins placing her belongings outside the tent.

ADAM  
What are you doing, Ash?!

ASHLEY  
Gathering up my stuff.

ADAM  
Leave your stuff!

ASHLEY  
I'm not leaving it in the middle of  
the woods!

They hear an unusual sound as something moves through the  
forest nearby.

All of the group members turn and shine all flashlights in  
the area where the sound originated.

All they can see is a dense forest with some occasional dead  
trees here and there.

ADAM  
Dane!?

CHRIS  
If this is a joke, stop foolin'  
around, dude!

They hear the unusual sound again, but this time on the opposite side of camp.

They all turn to shine their flashlights in the new area where the sound originated.

All they can see is dense forest with occasional dead trees scattered throughout the woods.

Adam carefully retrieves his hunting knife from his side and holds the blade close to him.

ADAM

What other weapons do we have?

SAMANTHA

I'm telling you, it's just Dane out there screwing with us!

TRAY

I have a pocket knife, but it wouldn't be much in a fight.

Ashley pulls James close to her side as she looks around the camp for anything that could possibly be modified into a weapon.

ASHLEY

There's a small hatchet next to the stack of firewood over there.

ADAM

Chris, you have anything?

CHRIS

Just a basic pocket knife.

Samantha sighs and returns to her tent. After a few seconds, she steps out of her tent carrying a Glock 23, loading the pistol as she returns to the group.

She continues to load bullets into the magazine as the rest of the group stares at her. Everyone is speechless as she finishes loading the pistol and slides the magazine back.

Samantha then looks up at the rest of the group and is shocked to find everyone staring at her with gaping mouths.

SAMANTHA

What?

Adam shakes his head in disbelief.

They hear the unusual sound again coming from a different side of camp. The entire group turns to face the direction from which the sound emanated.

TRAY

How many rounds do you have for that thing?

SAMANTHA

14. I have another magazine of 13 in my pocket.

TRAY

Let's hope we don't need all of them.

The unusual sound continues to emanate from the forest around the small camp.

SAMANTHA

Dane this is your last chance!

They hear the unusual sound again. Without warning, Samantha fires a shot into the forest toward the sound.

ADAM

What the hell was that!?

SAMANTHA

Just giving them a warning.

CHRIS

You could have at least warned us before you shot a gun two feet away from us!

As the entire group continues to stare into the forest, Ashley grabs the back of Adam's arm.

ASHLEY

I just want to leave.

ADAM

We can't go anywhere now, Ash.

ASHLEY

What do you mean? You wanted to leave a few minutes ago!

TRAY

He's right. We can't leave now. Whoever they are, they have the entire camp surrounded.

ASHLEY

So what are we going to do!?

Adam begins scanning the camp for any ideas.

CHRIS

Well, they obviously don't have firearms, so that's a plus.

SAMANTHA

What makes you say that?

CHRIS

If they wanted us dead, wouldn't they have opened fire on us already? I mean, we're the ones standing next to a campfire.

Adam turns quickly immediately after Chris mentions the word "campfire" and marches to the medium-sized pile of wood sitting a few feet from the smoldering fire.

Adam speaks as he begins to gather several branches and broken pieces of wood.

ADAM

Ash...Jimmy...give me a hand with this!

Ashley and James rush to Adam's side.

ASHLEY

What do you want us to do!?

Adam continues to gather firewood.

ADAM

How long do we have before sunrise?

Tray glances down at his watch for a brief second.

TRAY

I'd say about three hours.

ADAM

We just have to last until sunrise; then we stand more of a chance when we hike back during the day.

CHRIS

What's your plan?

The unusual sound continues to originate from somewhere in the nearby forest as Adam begins making small piles of firewood in a 20 foot radius around the campfire.

ADAM

I'm not a survivalist, but we need to light this place up if we're going to make it until sunrise. If it's a bunch of guys out there...and if they really don't have any firearms...then they'll have to come in close to get any of us.

TRAY

And the fires...

ADAM

...will help us see them coming.

Adam moves methodically around the camp, building small campfires about three feet from each other.

ADAM

If it's some kind of animal, then the fire should hopefully keep it away from us...hopefully.

Samantha continues to circle with her pistol, the unusual sound moving quickly around the forest and seemingly moving closer than before.

SAMANTHA

Whatever you're going to do, make it fast!

Adam, Ashley, and James finish constructing small campfires around the camp.

Adam looks around the camp in desperation, analyzing each small campfire before looking at Ashley.

ADAM

Ash, grab the lighter fluid from the front of my tent!

Ashley quickly runs to Adam's tent and retrieves the small can of lighter fluid.

Adam then grabs the can from her and quickly sprays lighter fluid on each small campfire.

He then retrieves his lighter from his pocket and carefully lights each campfire, the small flames gently rising into the air.

As each fire continues to grow larger with each passing minute, the unusual sound and movement of the forest progressively become more faint.

Adam looks around the group, still breathing heavily.

ADAM

You think that worked!?

TRAY

I guess we have about three hours to find out.

The unusual sound continues to fade into the forest.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Carson enters the forensics lab.

Detective Jones stands with his arms folded across his chest as he speaks with JESSICA WHITE, the forensic scientist. Detective Carson quickly crosses the room toward them.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Please tell me you have something.

Jessica turns toward her examination table, gently handling a broken camera as she speaks.

JESSICA

The camera was pretty much trashed when we found it. Let's face it, it's been sitting up there in the mud and rain for the last...

DETECTIVE CARSON

(cutting her off)

Do we have anything?

Jessica sighs as she drops the camera on the examination table and turns toward her computer.

JESSICA

I managed to pull one fingerprint and match it with the one we pulled from Chris Miller's apartment, which confirms that the camera belonged to him.

Jessica continues to work at her computer.

JESSICA

We also got lucky. I was able to extract a few pictures from the SD card.

DETECTIVE CARSON

And?

Jessica cycles through several scenic pictures.

JESSICA

Most of them were scenic pictures--this guy obviously loved his trees--but this one might be helpful.

Suddenly the group picture that was taken at the parking lot before the hike began appears on the screen.

Detective Carson and Detective Jones stare at the picture for several seconds in silence.

DETECTIVE JONES

Hold on a second!

Detective Jones quickly retrieves his notepad from his jacket pocket. He flips through several pages of notes furiously.

DETECTIVE JONES

Six.

Detective Jones looks at Detective Carson, who has a perplexed look on his face.

DETECTIVE JONES

The park ranger I interviewed earlier today...the one who saw the group right before they left the parking lot...

DETECTIVE CARSON

Blake...Tanner?

DETECTIVE JONES

Yes. He said that there were six people in the group altogether.

Detective Carson thinks to himself for a moment.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Which families also filed a missing  
person's report earlier this week?

DETECTIVE JONES

Eastman...Taylor...Sorenson...Miller...Ducane...

Detective Carson shakes his head in agreement.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
(interrupting)  
And that covers the six we knew  
about, but who's this kid on the  
end?

Detective Carson reaches over Jessica's shoulder and points  
directly at Tray standing in the picture.

DETECTIVE JONES  
We don't know. No other families  
have reported a missing person in  
this area...at least not that I  
know of.

Detective Carson leans away from the computer and looks  
directly at Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Get Tanner back in here...and run  
this guy's photograph through the  
database to see if there are any  
matches.

Detective Carson turns again toward Jessica.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Were there any other pictures worth  
viewing?

JESSICA  
Not really.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
What about the toxicology report  
from the shoe?

Jessica begins to type at her computer.

JESSICA  
DNA analysis confirms that the  
blood belonged to Dane  
Eastman...but this is something you  
may find interesting.

A technical report suddenly appears on the computer screen.

JESSICA

I also found traces of saliva on the shoe.

DETECTIVE JONES

Saliva?

Detective Carson looks at Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Animal attack.

JESSICA

The analysis results signify a genetic code similar to that of a gray wolf. However, the carnassial markings on the shoe are certainly not concordant with that species.

DETECTIVE JONES

But there's quite a few...

JESSICA

(interrupting)

...but there were also DNA sequences that resemble a black widow spider.

Both Detective Carson and Detective Jones look confused.

DETECTIVE JONES

(sarcastically)

Okay, so we just have to find a spider riding a wolf. Anything else we should know? Do they sing?

Jessica lets out a brief sigh.

JESSICA

Actually there is. The saliva contained some type of venom, so I ran a toxicity analysis.

DETECTIVE CARSON

What did you find?

Jessica stands from her chair and retrieves a report from a nearby table.

JESSICA

It's an atypical neurotoxin. I can't tell you which specific toxin, because, quite frankly, I don't know.

Jessica flips through several pages of the report.

JESSICA

The analysis report was unable to classify this particular agent, but did acknowledge traces of ethanol, nitric oxide, and tetrodotoxin.

Detective Carson paces back and forth in silence as he thinks to himself.

DETECTIVE CARSON

What effect would this neurotoxin have on humans?

JESSICA

Without a more reliable toxicity analysis, the effects are unknown.

Jessica flips through more pages of the report as she continues to speak.

JESSICA

I CAN say that, because of the number of toxins involved in this one agent, exposure would definitely include widespread central nervous system damage; possibly even epilepsy and dementia.

Jessica closes the report and places it back on the table.

JESSICA

It would probably also depend on where the person is bitten.

Jessica pauses for a brief second.

JESSICA

It would also depend on the other chemicals present within the body when the subject is envenomed. Dane had traces of lysergic acid diethylamide coursing through his blood.

DETECTIVE JONES

LSD?

JESSICA

Correct. That's why I'm saying that the effects of the different chemicals combined is currently unknown.

Detective Carson turns toward Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Get Blake back in here now.

Detective Carson turns toward Jessica.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Thanks for your help, Jessica. Let us know if you find anything else.

JESSICA

Of course.

Both Detective Carson and Detective Jones walk toward the exit.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Find Blake. I want to know if he knows the seventh member of the group. And run the photo through our database to see if there's a match.

DETECTIVE JONES

What are you going to do?

DETECTIVE CARSON

I need to visit the records department.

Both Detective Carson and Detective Jones exit the forensics lab.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

Adam adjusts his backpack to fit squarely on his shoulders.

He quietly pulls the hunting knife from the sheath attached to his belt and carefully inspects the blade before quickly returning the blade.

Small strings of smoke rise into the air from the small fires carefully positioned around the camp as Adam analyzes the surrounding forest.

He then gently lifts the tent door and peers inside at Ashley and James who are quickly packing their belongings.

ADAM

You need to pack light.

ASHLEY

I'm not leaving my stuff just sitting out here in the woods!

ADAM

That's fine...but leave your sleeping bag...and pillow.

ASHLEY

What about the blankets?

Adam thinks briefly to himself.

ADAM

If you can stuff them in your backpack, bring them.

Ashley continues to quickly pack her belongings for a few seconds in silence.

ADAM

Do you have your cell phone?

ASHLEY

It should just be here in the front pocket...

Ashley opens the front pocket of her backpack. A confused look spreads across her face as she searches around the tent.

ASHLEY

Where's my cell phone? Jimmy, have you seen my cell phone?

JAMES

No.

ADAM

I can't find mine either.

ASHLEY  
What happened to them?

ADAM  
I don't know. I haven't seen mine  
since I tried using it last night.  
Just hurry and finish packing, so  
we can get off this mountain.

ASHLEY  
Jimmy, don't forget your  
sketchbook.

Adam steps away from the tent, peering around the dimly lit  
camp before he looks toward one of the other tents.

ADAM  
Chris!?

Chris emerges from the nearby tent, placing his backpack on  
his shoulders as he moves toward Adam.

CHRIS  
I'm ready to go.

ADAM  
Do you have your cell phone?

CHRIS  
I couldn't find it.

Chris motions toward the forest.

CHRIS  
I think I may have accidentally  
dropped it in the woods last night  
when we were looking for Dane.

ADAM  
I doubt it.

CHRIS  
What do you mean?

Samantha moves toward Adam and Chris.

SAMANTHA  
Hey guys, have you seen my cell  
phone?

ADAM  
Everyone's cell phones are missing.

Tray emerges from the nearby tent and moves toward Adam and Chris as Samantha continues to speak.

SAMANTHA

What? How are they all missing? We were sitting in camp all night and no one tried to come into camp!

ADAM

Tray?

TRAY

I didn't bring mine with me.

CHRIS

How did they sneak into camp and get our cell phones?

Ashley emerges from her tent and approaches the group.

ADAM

I don't know.

ASHLEY

What are we going to do?

ADAM

We just need to get to the cars as soon as we can. How fast can we get down?

TRAY

Most of the trip back is downhill. I'd say we can make it back around noon.

SAMANTHA

Are we ready?

ADAM

Just about.

Adam turns toward the nearby tent.

ADAM

James?

A couple seconds pass before Adam speaks again, this time louder.

ADAM

James!?

JAMES

I'm ready.

ASHLEY

Shouldn't we look for Dane one more time in the daylight before we go?

SAMANTHA

I'd prefer we just start making our way down right now. If Dane is still alive, he's no where near this area.

CHRIS

Don't we need to make a decision as a group?

ADAM

Do any of you really want to stay here?

Several seconds pass as the group stands in silence.

ADAM

Let's get back to the parking lot as fast as possible, and then we'll get help. Tray, you lead the way.

Adam, Tray, Samantha, Ashley, James, and Chris begin to walk away from the camp.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Carson enters the records department.

Tom turns his chair to face Detective Carson as he approaches.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Do you still have those different cases pulled up on your computer?

TOM

Yeah.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Check each one to see if forensics detected any traces of toxins during the investigation.

Tom turns back to his computer and types quickly. Several seconds pass as he carefully analyzes different documents.

TOM

There.

Tom points to a specific spot on the computer document.

TOM

(reading)

Unknown neurotoxin. Detected traces of ethanol, nitric oxide, and tetrodotoxin. Traces of lysergic acid diethylamide were also present.

DETECTIVE CARSON

And the other cases?

Tom types in silence for a few seconds.

TOM

(reading)

Unknown neurotoxin. LSD.

Tom continues to pull up different forensic reports.

TOM

(reading)

Ethanol...tetrodotoxin...the same chemicals were found at each site.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Thanks, Tom. That's all I needed to know.

Detective Carson turns to exit the room as Tom continues to look at various documents on the computer.

TOM

Detective...

Detective Carson stops before he reaches the door.

TOM

...this is something you may find interesting.

Detective Carson paces back across the room.

TOM

(reading)

Walter, Susan, and Bridgette Crowe all go missing from their home in the early morning of October 9th, 1993. The neighbors reportedly

TOM  
heard screaming and gunshots  
shortly after 3:00 AM and called  
the police, but officers had  
already been dispatched. They found  
traces of an unknown neurotoxin  
present at the scene.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Did the call come from someone in  
the home?

TOM  
(reading)  
Uh...Susan Crowe reportedly called  
911 at precisely 3:15 AM, stating  
that someone was in their home and  
her son was missing.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
What happened to the boy?

TOM  
(reading)  
Daniel Crowe was found sitting on  
the front steps when the police  
arrived around 3:30 AM. No visible  
injuries, but officers reported  
that he was displaying severe  
catatonic behaviors.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
How old was the boy at the time?

TOM  
(reading)  
Six. Why?

DETECTIVE CARSON  
I've got an 8-year-old kid upstairs  
displaying the same behavior.

Detective Carson and Tom stare at each other in silence  
briefly.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Do you happen to have the case  
file?

TOM  
Give me one second.

Tom stands up from his chair and searches through multiple filing cabinets. After several minutes, Tom turns and hands a file to Detective Carson.

TOM  
It's all there.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Thanks. Just out of curiosity, do they happen to have a photo of the family?

Tom searches through different documents on his computer.

TOM  
Here it is.

Detective Carson glances over Tom's shoulder at the computer screen. His eyes narrow as he analyzes the face of Daniel Crowe.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Where is Daniel now?

Tom quickly types on his computer. Several seconds pass before he answers.

TOM  
(reading)  
Last known residence was with a foster parent; a Mrs. Deborah Clark. 3531 South Whitmore Ave. in Monroe, Washington.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Phone number?

TOM  
(reading)  
360-384-0919.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Thanks, Tom.

Detective Carson pulls out his cell phone as he begins to walk toward the exit.

TOM  
Where are you going?

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Monroe.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Tray, Samantha, Chris, Ashley, James, and Adam hike through the forest. Beads of sweat run down each of their faces. Samantha wipes the sweat away with her forearm as Chris pulls at the front of his soaked shirt.

Adam glances down at his watch and gently brushes some dust away from the clock face, which reads "10:45."

ADAM

Tray, are you sure we're going the right way?

Tray does not turn to face the group as he continues walking.

TRAY

One year when I came up here, there was a ranger station along this trail somewhere.

The group walks along the trail.

SAMANTHA

Why are we headed to the ranger station?

TRAY

There's usually a radio we could use. Maybe even get Search and Rescue up here sooner to start looking for Dane.

ASHLEY

Shouldn't we just get off this mountain as fast as possible?

ADAM

If there isn't a radio, how much time will this add to the time it takes to get back to the parking lot?

TRAY

1-2 hours. 2 1/2 at the most.

CHRIS

As long as we get back before dark.

Tray stops walking along the trail, stopping the entire group in their tracks. He turns to face the rest of the group.

TRAY

We'll be back before dark. Trust me.

EXT. DETECTIVE CARSON'S CAR - DAY

Detective Carson is driving when his cell phone rings. He quickly puts the phone to his ear.

DETECTIVE CARSON

This is Carson.

DETECTIVE JONES (V.O.)

Blake isn't here.

DETECTIVE CARSON

What?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Detective Jones stands on one of the trails leading through the forest. POLICE OFFICER #3 stands next to him as several police officers continue walking through the thick woods.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DETECTIVE JONES

He said he wasn't feeling well, so they let him go home early today.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Did you already check his home?

DETECTIVE JONES

I sent a black-and-white over there as soon as I found out. They called about five minutes ago and said the place was empty.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Tell them to stay there until he comes home...or until they hear from you.

DETECTIVE JONES

Understood.

Detective Jones closes his phone and turns to Police Officer #3.

DETECTIVE JONES  
 Sorry...so which direction did they  
 go after they left the campsite?

POLICE OFFICER #3  
 They headed back the same direction  
 they came, but it looks like they  
 diverged onto a different trail  
 about an hour into the hike.

DETECTIVE JONES  
 (confused)  
 Which direction did they go?

POLICE OFFICER #3  
 (pointing)  
 Uh...north...northwest. The trail  
 goes everywhere at that point.

DETECTIVE JONES  
 Why would they go deeper into the  
 forest?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Tray, Samantha, Chris, Ashley, James, and Adam continue  
 walking along the trail, the sun hanging directly above  
 them.

ADAM  
 Tray, it's been an hour since we  
 started looking for this ranger  
 station.

Tray slowly stops walking as he speaks, almost to himself.

TRAY  
 We should have been there by now.

The entire group comes to a stop on the trail. Adam looks  
 around the forest, listening intently for any unusual  
 sounds.

ADAM  
 We need to get back before dark.

JAMES  
 I'm hungry.

Ashley places her hand on James' shoulder as she speaks.

ASHLEY  
I know, Jimmy.

Ashley quietly bends down as she gently removes her backpack from her shoulders and unzips her backpack. She begins to rustle through her belongings.

ASHLEY  
Let me see if I have any more  
granola bars.

As Ashley rummages through her backpack desperately searching for food, Chris carefully lets his backpack drop from his shoulders to the ground.

Chris then slumps to the ground next to his fallen backpack and rests his back against a tree.

Adam turns away from examining the nearby forest to face Chris.

ADAM  
What are you doing, Chris?

Chris rolls his eyes as he snaps at Adam.

CHRIS  
We've been hiking for three hours  
straight! I'm going to sit down for  
five minutes!

ADAM  
We don't have time to take a break!

Ashley, who is now sitting on the ground next to James as he frantically bites into a crushed granola bar, looks up at Adam.

ASHLEY  
Adam, Jimmy needs to sit down for a  
second, too.

Adam lets out a soft sigh and glances around the surrounding forest for several seconds before he speaks.

ADAM  
Two minutes...that's it!

Adam turns to walk toward Tray.

ADAM  
We need to get back to the parking  
lot.

CHRIS

Oh sure, you'll listen to her, but  
you won't listen to...

Adam quickly turns to face Chris, his jawbone clearly tense  
in the shade of the forest.

ADAM

Save it, Chris!

Chris shakes his head and mumbles "you save it" to himself.

ADAM

Tray, what's the fastest way out of  
here?

Tray sips from a water bottle as he glances around the  
forest.

TRAY

We'll take this lower path back  
along the ridge and hopefully cross  
with the path we came in on.

ADAM

Hopefully?

Tray speaks sharply, the sarcasm inherent in his voice.

TRAY

Do you want to lead the group?

ADAM

I'm just concerned about getting  
all of us out of here alive.

TRAY

So am I.

ADAM

Then do whatever it takes to get us  
back before dark.

Adam casually turns back to face the rest of the group.

ADAM

Are you all ready to go? We need to  
get moving.

Adam quietly walks over to where Ashley and James sit.

He gently reaches down and grabs James' backpack.

ADAM

Jimmy, I'll carry your backpack for you.

TRAY

Here Chris, I'll carry your backpack for a while.

Chris lets out a sigh of relief as he stands up from the ground and hands his backpack to Tray.

CHRIS

Thanks.

Chris, Samantha, Ashley, and James follow Tray along a different trail as Adam readjusts his two backpacks on his shoulders. He glances up at the noon sun as it gently shines through the thick branches of the tall trees. Adam begins to walk along the trail following the tired group.

EXT. CLARK RESIDENCE - DAY

DEBORAH CLARK, a 65-year-old woman, opens her front door where Detective Carson is waiting.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Mrs. Clark?

DEBORAH

Yes.

DETECTIVE CARSON

My name is Detective Carson. We spoke on the phone about an hour ago.

INT. CLARK RESIDENCE - DAY

Detective Carson sits patiently on the couch, casually looking around the living room, when Deborah enters the room carefully balancing a tray with two cups of coffee.

DETECTIVE CARSON

When was the last time you saw Daniel?

DEBORAH

Oh, we always called him Danny. He always preferred Danny. Would you like sugar in your coffee?

DETECTIVE CARSON

Yes, please.

Deborah places a couple sugar cubes into the coffee before handing the cup to Detective Carson.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Thank you.

DEBORAH

But I actually haven't seen Danny in about 10 years...not since he graduated from high school.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Has he contacted you at all in the last 10 years?

Deborah thinks to herself for a brief second.

DEBORAH

We spoke on the phone off and on for the first year or so, but then Danny moved and I couldn't reach him.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Did Danny ever talk about the night his parents and sister disappeared?

DEBORAH

He never mentioned anything about that night, but then again he didn't really talk a lot.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Did you ever notice anything...unusual about his behavior?

DEBORAH

There was one thing that I was always concerned about. On several different occasions, I would find him talking to himself.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Talking to himself?

DEBORAH

It wasn't a consistent problem, but every once in a while I would hear him talking to himself in his bedroom late at night.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Did Danny have a history of mental  
illness?

DEBORAH  
Aside from the...what's it  
called...PST?

DETECTIVE CARSON  
PTSD.

DEBORAH  
That's the one. Aside from that,  
the social service worker didn't  
say anything.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Do you happen to have a picture of  
Danny before he left following his  
high school graduation?

DEBORAH  
You know, I think I have one in the  
closet. Just give me a second.

Deborah stands and crosses the room to a nearby closet.

She carefully removes a shoebox from the top shelf.

Deborah returns to her chair. She begins to thumb through  
several pictures.

DEBORAH  
I'm sorry. I really should get  
these into a photo album one of  
these days.

Several seconds pass in silence as she continues to look  
through her pictures.

DEBORAH  
Ah, there it is.

Deborah hands a photograph to Detective Carson.

DEBORAH  
That was taken the day of Danny's  
graduation.

Detective Carson inspects the photograph carefully. He then  
quickly stands as he tosses the picture on the coffee table.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
 Thank you for your time, Mrs.  
 Clark, but I really need to get  
 going.

Detective Carson begins to walk toward the front door.

DEBORAH  
 (confused)  
 Wait, are you at least going to  
 tell me what this is about?

Detective Carson stops as he opens the front door.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
 I just want to find Danny. If I  
 hear anything, I promise I'll give  
 you a call. Thanks for the coffee.

DEBORAH  
 Anytime.

Deborah closes the door behind Detective Carson as he quickly makes his way to his car. Detective Carson dials into his phone as he walks. He places the phone to his ear.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
 Tom, this is Carson. I need you to  
 do me a favor.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Tray, Chris, Samantha, Ashley, James, and Adam walk along the shaded trail, each carrying their own backpack again.

Adam glances down at his dust-covered watch, which now reads "3:00 PM."

He glances back up at Tray who is looking around at the surrounding forest as he walks.

ADAM  
 How much longer until we reach the  
 parking lot?

TRAY  
 About a half hour.

SAMANTHA  
 Wait!

Samantha quickly stops on the shaded trail. Everyone else ceases to walk as they turn to face her.

SAMANTHA

Listen!

The entire group stands motionless on the trail; desperately listening for whatever Samantha heard.

ADAM

What is it, Sam?

SAMANTHA

Just shut up for a second and listen!

The entire group continues to stand motionless on the trail for several seconds. Tray slowly turns to continue walking along the trail when the faint and broken sound of a cell phone can be heard.

As the faint ring of the cell phone sounds again, Samantha slowly turns and looks directly at Chris' backpack.

Chris' eyes widen as Samantha quickly lunges for his backpack, jerking Chris in multiple directions as she fumbles for the zipper.

CHRIS

Hey!

SAMANTHA

Stop moving for one second!

Samantha successfully grabs hold of the zipper and desperately rips open Chris' backpack.

She finds a collection of broken cell phones; smashed to the point of rendering them unusable.

She quickly grabs the phone that continues to emanate the broken ring.

The smashed phone has malfunctioned and is projecting one last ring tone program before dying completely.

The entire group stares at the dead cell phone for several seconds before their eyes slowly shift to look directly at Chris.

Chris stands motionless on the shaded trail, his eyes wide with terror.

SAMANTHA

What are our cell phones doing in your backpack, Chris?

ADAM

And why are they broken?

Chris' eyes dart from one member of the group to the other as he attempts to collect his thoughts.

CHRIS

I...I...I don't know.

Suddenly, Ashley bursts past Samantha and begins punching Chris in the arm and face. Chris attempts to cover his face with both hands, but Ashley successfully lands a couple punches across his cheek.

ASHLEY

We trusted you! Dane was your friend!

Chris continues to protect his face as Adam quickly rushes into the situation, grabbing Ashley around the waist and hoisting her off the ground as he pulls her away from Chris.

Chris' eyes dart from one group member to the other, his face red with anger.

CHRIS

I didn't kill anyone! And if you think I did, then you all can go to hell!

Chris ceases speaking and freezes in his place as he hears the CLICK of a pistol behind him.

He slowly turns to face Samantha, who has retrieved her firearm from her side and is pointing the pistol directly at his head. Chris' eyes widen with fear.

SAMANTHA

You first.

Adam, who was still wrestling to control Ashley, now turns and notices the situation for the first time.

ADAM

Sam, stop fooling around!

Samantha stands motionless, the gun still pointed directly at Chris.

SAMANTHA

Do I look like I'm fooling around!?

Tray moves slowly toward Samantha.

ADAM  
(calmly)  
Samantha, look at me.

Samantha does not respond.

ADAM  
Look at me!

Samantha's head jerks in Adam's direction.

ADAM  
(clearly and slowly)  
Please put the gun down.

Samantha shakes her head in disbelief and looks back at Chris who is still standing in shock.

SAMANTHA  
Not a chance.

CHRIS  
I swear I didn't take everyone's  
phone!

Chris turns to Adam for support as Tray continues to slowly inch his way toward Samantha.

CHRIS  
Please, Adam, you have to believe  
me! Why would I smash everyone's  
phone?

Everyone stands motionless on the shaded path as Adam carefully looks at Chris.

Ashley stands breathless with James clutching her waist as Tray stands only a foot away from Samantha.

The quiet sounds of the forest are broken by Adam's controlled voice.

ADAM  
Who else used your backpack  
recently?

Chris' gaze drops to the ground as he begins to back track through recent events.

Tray continues to stand motionless only a foot away from Samantha.

CHRIS

I checked my backpack this morning  
right before we started hiking  
back.

ADAM

And who has touched your backpack  
since then?

Chris' eyes widen as his gaze darts to Tray standing next to  
Samantha.

Tray quickly disarms Samantha of the firearm and shoves her  
back toward Adam who was advancing toward Tray.

Chris stands motionless as Tray steps as far away as he can  
from the group, standing near the edge of the trail and  
pointing the pistol toward the different group members; his  
hands slightly trembling as he attempts to keep the gun  
steady.

ADAM

Tray?

TRAY

You can't stop it. No one has ever  
been able to stop it!

SAMANTHA

Who is trying to kill us!?

TRAY

You will all be dead by tomorrow  
morning!

ASHLEY

What!?

ADAM

Tray, please put the gun down.

Tray quickly points the gun at Adam.

Everyone stands motionless.

TRAY

Trust me...this will be better for  
all of you.

SAMANTHA

What are you talking about!?

Tray's entire demeanor changes from a once scared and  
trembling individual to calm and relaxed.

A small smile pulls at his face and a brief chuckle escapes his lips.

TRAY  
Ring around a rosy...

Tray begins to point the gun at each individual group member.

TRAY  
...a pocket full of posies...

Chris, Samantha, Ashley, James, and Adam all stand motionless as Tray continues to routinely point the firearm.

TRAY  
Ashes, ashes, we all fall...

Tray's methodical pointing of the pistol ends targeted at a tree. He fires one bullet at a nearby tree as he finishes chanting the lyrics.

TRAY  
...down.

Chris, Samantha, Ashley, James, and Adam continue to stand motionless.

Tray stares speechless at the tree he shot for several seconds, a small smile still stretched across his face.

He then begins to recite the lyrics again and point the pistol at each group member in the same routine manner that he did before.

TRAY  
Ring around a rosy, a pocket full  
of posies...

Tray continues to point the firearm at each group member.

TRAY  
Ashes, ashes, we all fall...

Tray points the gun at Adam.

Suddenly, Chris rushes toward Tray from the opposite side.

Tray quickly turns the gun toward Chris, but is only able to fire one shot before Chris tackles him and they both tumble off the trail and down the steep side of the mountain.

Adam quickly jumps onto the steep slope, desperately sliding behind them.

Tray and Chris, intertwined in their struggle as they both attempt to punch the other, continue their uncontrollable descent down the mountain and off a small cliff; ricocheting off a couple trees as they plummet to the shaded ground below.

Adam digs his heels into the soft dirt in front of him, attempting to stop his own descent.

He comes to a stop near the edge of the cliff, laying his head back into the soft dirt as he catches his breath. After a couple seconds, Adam carefully leans up and peers over the ledge into the shaded forest below.

ADAM

Chris!

Adam listens intently for some response from the dark forest, but hears nothing.

ADAM

Chris!

Adam peers around and begins to make the slow, steady trek back up the steep slope.

About halfway up the slope, he finds the Glock 23 lying in the soft dirt.

Adam quickly grabs the pistol and stuffs the firearm in the back of his pants.

Several minutes pass before Adam is able to reach the top of the slope again. He glances around at the remaining group members as he attempts to catch his breath.

Ashley sobs as she cradles James close to her chest.

SAMANTHA

What happened?

Adam retrieves the pistol from his back and hands the firearm to Samantha as he catches his breath before speaking.

ADAM

They rolled off the cliff and I can't see anything moving in the forest. Chris didn't respond when I called out to him.

Adam glances down the shaded trail.

ADAM

We'll have to follow this trail  
down and then backtrack to see if  
we can find them.

Adam begins to pick himself up from the ground and grab his  
backpack.

SAMANTHA

Shouldn't we just keep moving  
toward the cars and send help back  
for him?

ASHLEY

And leave Chris lying down there?

ADAM

Chris just risked his life to save  
us. I'm not going to just leave him  
down there dying in the forest...if  
he is still alive.

Adam glances down at his dirt-covered watch and recognizes  
that the small hands have stopped moving. He then turns  
toward Samantha.

ADAM

How much time do we have before  
sunset, Sam?

Samantha quickly glances down at her watch, glances toward  
the sky, and back to her watch before answering.

SAMANTHA

It's almost 4:00 right now. I'd say  
we have about three hours.

ADAM

That doesn't give us much time. We  
have to get down this cliff and get  
Chris...and hopefully have enough  
time to get back to the parking lot  
before dark.

ASHLEY

You think whoever is chasing us  
will only attack us at night?

Adam helps Ashley and James stand up.

He gently swings their backpacks over his shoulder.

ADAM

I don't know, but they didn't attack any of us yesterday until dark, so I'm willing to bet they're waiting until nightfall.

Adam glances around at the sullen faces of Samantha, Ashley, and James as a few seconds pass in silence.

ADAM

C'mon. We need to get moving.

Adam begins to make his way down the trail as Ashley and James follow close behind him.

Samantha glances around the quiet forest as she begins to walk behind the group, using the bottom of her shirt to wipe dirt from her firearm.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Detective Jones quickly crosses the parking lot near the forest to his car, his phone pressed against his ear.

DETECTIVE JONES

Hold on. You issued an APB for who?

DETECTIVE CARSON (V.O.)

Daniel Crowe.

DETECTIVE JONES

Who?

EXT. DETECTIVE CARSON'S CAR - DAY

Detective Carson drives with his cellular pressed against his cheek.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DETECTIVE CARSON

And Blake Tanner.

DETECTIVE JONES

I understand that one, but who's Daniel Crowe?

DETECTIVE CARSON

He's the seventh group member. I've asked Tom to contact every law enforcement agency west of the park

DETECTIVE CARSON  
within 100 miles to ensure they  
received the profile information.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Ask him to send the information to  
every hospital within that area as  
well. Just in case.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Good idea. How far away are you  
from the station?

DETECTIVE JONES  
About 30 minutes.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
I'll meet you there.

Detective Carson closes his phone.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Chris regains consciousness in the forest. His hand slowly  
moves toward his head.

His eyes slowly open, the forest around him gradually coming  
into focus as he blinks several times.

Chris quickly sits up, but immediately falls back into the  
dirt and thick grass around him.

He clenches his teeth together for several seconds before he  
slowly leans up again, his eyes darting to his legs.

Blood stains tattoo his jeans around his right thigh where  
the bullet hit him. He remains motionless for several  
seconds as he stares at the open wound.

His eyes widen as his gaze shifts to his left leg, which is  
twisted in an awkward position.

Chris talks to himself as he reaches for his dirt stained  
backpack lying about three feet away from him.

CHRIS  
Stupid. stupid. stupid.

Chris pulls a t-shirt from his backpack, retrieves his  
pocketknife from his pocket, and begins to cut the t-shirt  
into strips.

He retrieves another t-shirt from his backpack, places the shirt securely over the bullet wound, and uses the cloth strips to bind the dressing to his leg. Chris winces as he cinches the cloth strips tight around his thigh.

CHRIS

Ow!

Chris carefully watches the dressing as he rummages inside his backpack and quickly retrieves a bottle of ibuprofen.

He immediately unscrews the lid, shakes four tablets into his palm, and shoves them into his mouth. Chris coughs violently as he chokes down the medication.

Chris glances around the nearby forest.

CHRIS

Real smart, Chris. Rush a guy who's pointing a gun at you. Yeah, real smart. Ow!

He attempts to stand on his bandaged leg, but immediately falls to the ground, his teeth clenching tightly together.

Chris remains motionless for several seconds before army crawling to the base of the cliff.

He carefully analyzes the massive rock wall stretching into the sky above him.

CHRIS

Adam!

He pauses for a second, desperately listening for a response.

CHRIS

Sam!

Chris' shoulders drop. He quickly glances around the nearby woods, whispering to himself.

CHRIS

Where did you go, Tray?

Chris retrieves his small pocketknife again from his pocket and analyzes the short blade.

CHRIS

(shaking his head)

Great.

He carefully crawls and positions his back against the hard, rock wall. Chris glances toward the top of the cliff one last time.

CHRIS

Adam! Ashley!

Several seconds pass in silence before Chris rests his head against the rock wall.

He carefully removes the lid of the medication bottle, shaking two ibuprofen tablets into his palm. Chris chokes down the medication, a brief cough escaping his lips before he closes his eyes.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha push their way through the dense forest.

ADAM

Chris!?

SAMANTHA

Chris!?

ASHLEY

Chris!?

Adam glances into the surrounding forest as they listen for a response.

ADAM

Keep your eyes peeled for Tray.

SAMANTHA

If he's smart, he'll stay away from us.

ASHLEY

Chris!?

ADAM

Chris!?

All of them stop walking as they wait for Chris to respond. Adam glances toward the cliff high above them.

ADAM

We should have reached the spot where they fell by now.

ASHLEY

Then where are they?

All of them glance into the surrounding forest.

SAMANTHA

We're running out of daylight,  
Adam.

ADAM

I'm aware of that, Sam. Just give  
me a minute to think.

SAMANTHA

Look, we may have already passed  
the spot where they landed.

Samantha briefly analyzes the nearby forest.

SAMANTHA

If he survived the fall, maybe  
Chris thought he'd just meet us at  
the parking lot.

ASHLEY

That would be the logical place to  
head.

ADAM

And where is Tray?

SAMANTHA

Who knows. At least we know Chris  
might be alive and mobile.

ASHLEY

We just need to watch for Tray.

Adam glances up into the sky.

ADAM

How much time do we have before  
sunset?

Samantha looks at her watch.

SAMANTHA

A little over an hour.

ADAM

We need to find some kind of  
shelter for the night. The sun is  
about to set and I don't think we

ADAM

should keep wandering through the woods.

SAMANTHA

Shouldn't we just keep moving? I mean, if someone's following us, shouldn't we stay ahead of them?

ADAM

We'll be more vulnerable in the woods. They could attack us from multiple angles and we don't have enough people to cover all sides.

ASHLEY

What about Chris?

ADAM

Chris is smart. If he's alive, let's hope he can take care of himself tonight.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective Carson glances through the file on Daniel Crowe as he walks.

Detective Jones approaches Detective Carson.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Where are the boy's parents?

DETECTIVE JONES

They're meeting with the child psychologist right now. They've been in there for almost two hours.

Detective Carson closes the file as he continues walking.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Has James said anything?

DETECTIVE JONES

Not a word. He's still sitting in the observation room.

Detective Carson's cell phone rings. He quickly retrieves his phone from his jacket pocket.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
What've you got for me, Tom?

Detective Carson stops walking as he carefully listens for several seconds. He then turns and walks back the way he came.

Detective Carson motions for Detective Jones to follow him.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Send two police officers over there and tell them to plant themselves right outside that room. They don't move until we get there. We're on our way.

Detective Carson returns his phone to his pocket.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
(smiling)  
We got him.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Daniel Crowe or Blake Tanner?

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Daniel.

DETECTIVE JONES  
(smiling)  
Lucky number seven. So where are we going?

DETECTIVE CARSON  
United General Hospital.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha enter the mouth of a small cave as a light rain begins to fall through the nearby trees. Adam slips the heavy backpack from his shoulders.

ADAM  
We'll have to stay here for the night and keep going tomorrow morning.

Adam retrieves his water bottle from his backpack. He takes a drink as he glances around the cave.

ADAM

This appears to be the only entrance to the cave; meaning it will be easier for us to protect ourselves.

Ashley and James sit against the rock wall huddled close together.

ASHLEY

And Jimmy is tired. He needs to rest.

Samantha stands briefly in silence.

SAMANTHA

I understand the need to protect ourselves, but if there's more than one of them then we'll be trapped in here.

Adam nods his head in agreement as he drinks from his water bottle.

ADAM

We need to take that chance.

Samantha then glances around the cave, squinting to see the back of the dark cavern.

SAMANTHA

We should at least move to the back of the cave away from the entrance...just in case there's a chance we can avoid a confrontation altogether.

ADAM

You're right.

Adam turns and begins to gather Ashley and James' belongings.

ADAM

Ash, Jimmy...let's move to the back of the cave.

Adam begins to make his way to the back of the cavern.

ADAM

It looks like there's a better spot in the back where the two of you could lay down.

After setting the stuff down, Adam then returns to the mouth of the cave and retrieves his backpack.

He then hands his backpack to Ashley, who has already begun constructing a small bed for James.

ADAM

Here, there should be a couple army blankets in that one.

JAMES

I'm cold.

Adam pauses for a brief second before he removes his jacket and hands the jacket to James.

ADAM

Here, buddy. This won't do much, but it'll help a little bit.

JAMES

Thanks, Adam.

ASHLEY

Should we try to get a fire going?

ADAM

No. It'll give away our position. In fact, we need to limit using our flashlights.

Samantha drops her backpack near the back of the cavern.

SAMANTHA

Someone needs to stay awake just to keep an eye out.

ADAM

I'll take the first watch.

Adam stands motionless for a few seconds near the mouth of the cave.

ADAM

Ash, do you happen to have any more granola bars?

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

A few hours have passed since Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha first entered the cavern. Rain pours outside the mouth of the cave.

Adam sits with his back against the wall of the cave; one arm gently secured around Ashley who also sits with her back against the wall and his other arm quietly resting near James' head as he sleeps in a fetal position.

Samantha sleeps peacefully on the other side of James. Adam's head bobs infrequently as he desperately attempts to keep his eyes open.

Adam quietly glances down at Ashley, small tears streaming down her face.

ADAM

Hey. You alright?

Ashley shakes her head as she sobs quietly.

ADAM

What's wrong?

Ashley carefully wipes away the tears from her cheeks.

ASHLEY

I don't want to die, Adam. I don't want Jimmy to die. He's only 8!

Adam gently kisses Ashley on the forehead.

ADAM

Jimmy's not going to die. You're not going to die. I promise you that I'm going to do everything I can to get both of you off this mountain.

ASHLEY

I'm so tired, but I can't sleep.

ADAM

Close your eyes. I'll stay awake and keep watch. You need to sleep, though. We won't be able to stay here for long.

ASHLEY

What's Jimmy doing?

Adam glances to his other side to make sure that James is still asleep.

ADAM  
He's asleep.

ASHLEY  
Is he comfortable?

A small smile stretches across Adam's face as he kisses Ashley again on the forehead.

ADAM  
He'll be fine. Get some sleep.

Ashley gently buries her head into Adam's chest as Adam gently rests his head against the hard rock wall of the cavern, his eyes gazing at the mouth of the cave as the rain continues to pour.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Chris lays slumped against the rock wall, drenched by the pouring rain. He desperately attempts to cover his camera as he uses the flash from the broken camera to see the surrounding forest.

CHRIS  
Why don't we go camping next weekend. You know, so I can kidnap one of your friends, try to frame you, and then shoot you in the leg. How does that sound?

Chris places the camera in his lap as he retrieves the ibuprofen bottle from his pocket.

CHRIS  
Oh, that sounds like fun, Tray. Really? You bet.

He unscrews the lid, dumps a few ibuprofen tablets into his palm, and shoves them into his mouth. Chris coughs several times as he chokes down the medication.

CHRIS  
In fact, after you shoot me, can we tumble down a "much-steeper-than-it-looks" hill and off a cliff? Of course we can!

Chris places the ibuprofen bottle back in his pocket as he retrieves his camera from his lap.

CHRIS

And then after I regain  
consciousness with the worst  
headache of my life, can I lay  
against the "holy freakin' cold"  
rock wall with a broken leg, a  
bullet in my thigh, and most likely  
a couple bruised ribs?

Chris uses the camera flash to light the surrounding woods.

CHRIS

Yes, please do.

Chris briefly pauses as he desperately peers into the nearby forest, the flash from his camera going off periodically.

CHRIS

Tray, I have something I need to  
say to you. What is it, Chris? Go  
screw yourself.

The rain continues to pour.

CHRIS

This is the LAST time I'm going  
camping for a while.

Chris suddenly hears movement in the forest. He stops talking as he attempts to listen over the pouring rain.

CHRIS

Hello?

Something rustles in the nearby woods, followed by an unusual WHINE. He flashes his camera in all directions.

CHRIS

(scared)

Who's out there?

The unusual WHINE seems to be coming from all directions as something moves in the forest. Chris continues to flash his camera in all directions, but is unable to see anything.

He retrieves his small pocketknife from his jeans and opens the blade.

CHRIS

(panicked)

Tray, I swear if you come near me,  
I'm going to ram this knife  
straight into your throat, so

CHRIS  
you'll never be able to chant that  
stupid nursery rhyme ever again!

Suddenly the forest is quiet again, aside from the pouring rain.

CHRIS  
(confused)  
Tray!?

The forest remains silent for several seconds. Chris begins to flash his camera again into the nearby woods. He is unable to see anything move as he flashes his camera in different directions.

Chris' shoulders drop as he lays the camera in his lap, closing his eyes as he listens to the pouring rain. Suddenly, he hears the WHINE again in the forest to his left.

As he turns and flashes the camera, a monstrous figure can be seen briefly as it is in the process of attacking Chris. Chris does not even have enough time to scream.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Detective Carson and Detective Jones walk down a bright hallway at United General Hospital. DOCTOR #1 walks close beside them as they maneuver through the different hallways.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
What time did you say he came in?

DOCTOR #1  
The ambulance was called shortly after 1:00 PM yesterday by a family who found him laying next to the road near Concrete Muni. He was pretty banged up when they brought him in...broken arm...two cracked ribs...multiple bruises...

DETECTIVE JONES  
Has he said anything?

DOCTOR #1  
Nothing. He didn't have any identification with him and he's refused to answer any of our questions. That's why we had him listed as "John Doe."

DETECTIVE CARSON

Did you find anything unusual during the medical examination?

DOCTOR #1

It's funny that you should mention that. We did find high concentrations of an unknown neurotoxin in his blood as well as LSD. However, we're stumped as to how the toxin hasn't killed him at this point...based purely on the levels of ethanol and tetrodotoxin coursing through him. He should be dead by now.

Detective Carson, Detective Jones, and Doctor #1 turn onto another hallway and come to a hospital room where two police officers stand outside the door.

Detective Carson turns to Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Let me talk to him alone.

DETECTIVE JONES

(confused)

You sure?

DETECTIVE CARSON

Yeah.

DETECTIVE JONES

You're the boss.

Detective Carson enters the hospital room.

Tray lays quietly in his hospital bed, his left arm in a sling as he stares out the nearby window into the darkness. Multiple bruises cover his face.

Detective Carson quietly retrieves a chair from the corner and pulls the chair close to the foot of the bed.

Detective Carson then places pictures of Ashley, James, Adam, Chris, Samantha, and Dane on the bed.

DETECTIVE CARSON

So where are they?

Several seconds pass in silence as Tray continues to peer out the window.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Don't recognize them?

Detective Carson places additional photographs onto the bed.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Maybe you'll recognize the Martin  
family...or Larry and Paula  
Faraday...or any of these other  
innocent people you led into the  
woods.

Tray slowly turns his head from the window, his eyes resting  
on the multiple photographs spread across the bed.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
You should recognize them,  
shouldn't you? I mean you were  
there when they disappeared.

Several seconds pass in silence.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Oh wait, I apologize. I didn't lay  
these out correctly.

Detective Carson arranges the different photographs into a  
circle following the order they disappeared; matching the  
mapped diagram he had received from Tom earlier.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Is this jogging your memory yet?

Tray does not respond as he stares at the photographs.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Oh sorry, I almost forgot.

Detective Carson places photographs of Walter, Susan, and  
Bridgette Crowe on the bed.

Tray glares at Detective Carson.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
I certainly hope they look  
familiar.

Tray quickly moves to the foot of the bed and swings a punch  
with his good arm at Detective Carson.

Detective Carson blocks the punch and counter attacks with  
an elbow to Tray's nose. He shoves Tray back into the bed,  
Tray's back hitting the bed with a THUD.

Detective Jones quickly enters the room.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Everything alright?

Detective Carson glares at Tray as he responds.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
We're good. Just give us a few more  
minutes.

Detective Jones exits the room, a small grin stretched  
across his face as he closes the door behind him.

A small trail of blood trickles from Tray's nose.

Detective Carson retrieves a box of tissues from the nearby  
table and tosses the box at Tray's chest.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
It's been a long week, Danny, and  
I'm in no mood to continue wasting  
my time with you...so where are  
they?

Tray presses a tissue to his nose.

TRAY  
I didn't kill anybody.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Are they still alive?

TRAY  
(smiling)  
No one EVER survives.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Who else are you working with?

TRAY  
If I tell you anything, he'll kill  
me.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Who? Blake Tanner?

A small chuckle escapes Tray's lips.

TRAY  
You don't get it, do you. I never  
had a choice. It was always them or  
me.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
(confused)  
Please explain.

TRAY  
Once he gets you, you never have a  
choice. He keeps you alive as long  
as you continue to help him.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Help him?

TRAY  
Collect.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
(confused)  
Collect for what?

A small smile pulls at the corner of Tray's mouth.

TRAY  
Winter is coming, isn't it?

DETECTIVE CARSON  
When you say "he," are you  
referring to some kind of animal?

TRAY  
I don't know WHAT he is. I just  
know that I've spent the last 20  
years scared of him.

Several seconds pass in silence as Detective Carson thinks  
to himself.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Where can I find him?

Tray points to the center of the circle that Detective  
Carson made using the pictures.

TRAY  
(smiling)  
Don't worry. You wander into those  
woods after dark by yourself and,  
trust me...he'll find you.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Ashley awakens in the darkened cave.

Soft morning light emanates from the entrance where Adam sits close to James constructing some type of spear using one of the hunting knives he was carrying.

Samantha stands near the entrance of the cavern, anxiously gazing into the nearby forest.

Adam speaks softly to James.

ASHLEY

What are you doing?

ADAM

I was just showing Jimmy how to make a spear.

Ashley rises to her feet as she rubs her shoulder. She slowly shuffles toward the rest of the group.

ASHLEY

How long was I out?

Samantha responds as she continues to peer into the woods.

SAMANTHA

It's almost 9:00.

Samantha turns to face the rest of the group.

SAMANTHA

We need to get moving if we're going to find the parking lot.

Ashley watches James as he carefully secures a hunting knife to the end of a long stick. Adam continues to instruct James for a brief second before Ashley speaks.

ASHLEY

Jimmy, please be careful with that. I don't want you to cut yourself.

ADAM

He'll be fine.

James finishes fastening the hunting knife to the long stick and hands the finished product to Adam.

Adam carefully inspects the completed spear and nods in satisfaction as he turns and attempts to hand the completed spear to Ashley.

ADAM

Here, this one is for you.

Ashley raises her hands in defense as though someone is attempting to hand her a dangerous animal.

ASHLEY

I'm not carrying a spear!

ADAM

Ash, please. If we run into...Tray,  
I want you to be prepared.

Ashley looks directly at Adam, a disgusted look stretched across her face.

ASHLEY

Do you really think I'm capable of  
stabbing another person?

ADAM

If it comes to that, I sincerely  
hope so.

ASHLEY

Well I can't.

Adam lets out an audible sigh as he rubs his forehead.  
Samantha turns to Ashley.

SAMANTHA

Even if it means saving Jimmy?

Ashley glares at Samantha for several seconds.

ASHLEY

I'm not carrying a spear.

ADAM

Here...

Adam digs into his pocket and retrieves two small  
pocketknives.

ADAM

...at least carry a couple of the  
small pocketknives: one for each  
pocket.

Ashley stares at the pocketknives in Adam's hand for a brief  
second, picking at her lip as she considers her decision.

ADAM  
Please, Ash. Just do it for me.

ASHLEY  
Fine.

Ashley quickly grabs the two pocketknives in frustration and stuffs one into each of her pockets as a small smile pulls at the corner of Adam's mouth.

ADAM  
Thank you.

SAMANTHA  
I think the rain is about to let up. We need to get moving.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Detective Carson stands from his chair and begins to gather the photographs from Tray's bed.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
A police escorted ambulance will transport you back south tomorrow morning.

Detective Carson motions toward the door.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
There are two police officers waiting outside your room...plus one more in the lobby...that will be monitoring you throughout the night. I would recommend not trying anything.

Detective Carson begins to walk toward the door. He stops after a few steps and turns to face Tray.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
You were wrong about one thing, Tray. Someone DID survive.

TRAY  
(panicked)  
What?

DETECTIVE CARSON  
James Sorenson is on his way home with his parents as we speak.

TRAY  
(panicked)  
No. That wasn't the agreement!

Tray quickly glances at the window into the darkness before he turns back to Detective Carson, terror spread across his face.

TRAY  
You have to get me out of here!

DETECTIVE CARSON  
You're not going anywhere until tomorrow morning, Danny.

Tray shakes his head in disbelief.

TRAY  
No, you don't understand! I can't stay here tonight!

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Why not?

TRAY  
He'll kill me!

DETECTIVE CARSON  
You've got two police officers standing right outside your door. I think you'll be fine for one night.

Detective Carson moves toward the door.

Tray panics and falls from his bed in an attempt to reach the door.

TRAY  
No! Please, don't leave me here!

Detective Carson opens the door without looking back at Tray and moves past Detective Jones. They both walk down the hallway as Tray continues to scream.

TRAY  
Don't leave me here!

Both detectives continue to walk down the hallway as two doctors run past them into Tray's room.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha walk through the forest, exhaustion stretched across their faces.

SAMANTHA

Adam, we've been walking all day.  
We should have been there already.

Adam turns in frustration toward Samantha.

ADAM

(sarcastically)  
Thank you, Sam, for that AMAZING  
observation.

SAMANTHA

(agitated)  
Look, I haven't said anything this  
whole time, because YOU said you  
could get us back to the parking  
lot.

Adam shakes his head as he turns and continues walking through the forest.

ADAM

First off, I didn't say I could get  
us back to the parking lot. I just  
said that I could point us in the  
right direction.

Samantha throws her hands into the air.

SAMANTHA

(sarcastically)  
Oh, well great. I'm SO glad that  
you're clarifying that now.

Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha enter a clearing next to a steep cliff.

Adam stops walking as he carefully analyzes the clearing. Ashley, James, and Samantha also carefully look around the clearing.

SAMANTHA

(confused)  
What are we doing here, Adam?

Several seconds pass in silence.

ADAM

How much time do we have before sunset?

Samantha glances down at her watch.

SAMANTHA

About three hours, why?

Adam turns to face the rest of the group.

ADAM

We can spend the next three hours continuing to look for the parking lot or we can stay here and set a trap for this thing that's going to start hunting us in a matter of hours.

ASHLEY

I just want to get Jimmy out of this forest.

ADAM

I know, Ash, I know. I want all of us to make it off this mountain alive, too, but if we spend the next three hours looking for the parking lot and we can't find it, then we won't have much of a chance when that thing comes looking for us.

SAMANTHA

What do you mean "thing?"

ADAM

(hesitating)

We're being hunted by some kind of...animal.

SAMANTHA

Okay, so if we can't find the parking lot in two hours, then we'll spend the remaining daylight finding a suitable hiding spot. It couldn't find us last night.

ADAM

We were lucky last night.

ASHLEY  
What do you mean?

Adam stares at Samantha, Ashley, and James in silence.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Ashley, James, and Samantha lay on the hard ground near the back of the cave.

Adam sits with his back against the wall, his head bobbing as he attempts to stay awake.

Adam glances to the side for a brief second as he quietly adjusts the blanket draped across Ashley. When he glances back toward the mouth of the cave, a dark figure stands silhouetted by the light.

Adam freezes as he stares at the creature.

The creature does not move for several seconds, but then takes a couple steps into the cave.

Adam quietly grips the hilt of his hunting knife and clenches the handle in his fist as perspiration begins to trickle down his forehead.

The creature slowly crouches, remaining still for several seconds. The dark figure emanates a quiet WHINE, which reverberates off the walls of the cave.

Adam, who had quietly slipped under his own blanket, now lays with his eyes peeking from underneath the blanket. The hunting knife lays close to his face.

The creature stares into the darkness of the cave for several seconds before it emits another quiet WHINE, which reverberates off the walls of the cave again.

Adam does not move as his eyes dart from Ashley, James, and Samantha.

After several seconds sitting in silence, the creature stands and returns to the mouth of the cave.

The creature scurries quickly into the pouring rain and disappears into the nearby forest.

Adam continues to lay under his blanket, his hand visibly shaking as he puts down his hunting knife.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha stand in the clearing near the cliff. Ashley, James, and Samantha stand in silence for several seconds.

SAMANTHA

And you were planning on sharing this information with us when?

ADAM

It wasn't important until now.

SAMANTHA

What do you mean it wasn't important until now?

ADAM

Sam, look at Ash.

Ash looks visibly terrified.

ADAM

Now you tell me why I didn't say anything.

ASHLEY

Why didn't you wake any of us?

ADAM

(hesitating)

I froze. If that thing would have attacked, I wouldn't have been able to help anyone.

ASHLEY

So why didn't this thing attack us then?

ADAM

I don't think it could see us.

SAMANTHA

This thing is obviously nocturnal and it can't see in the dark?

ADAM

I don't think it sees the same way we do.

Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha stand in silence for several seconds as they process this information.

SAMANTHA

Sound?

ASHLEY

What?

SAMANTHA

Was it using the sound to find us?

ADAM

But we weren't making any noise.  
All of you were asleep and I was  
motionless.

SAMANTHA

Not "hearing" the sound, but using  
the vibration of the sound to see.

The entire group stands in silence as they reflect on  
Samantha's comments.

ASHLEY

That would make sense.

SAMANTHA

It rains up here quite frequently  
and that would definitely give this  
thing the advantage when hunting at  
night.

ADAM

I think it's also using the trees  
to move through the forest. When we  
were looking for Dane two nights  
ago, there was a blood trail  
leading to a nearby tree close to  
where we found his shoe.

SAMANTHA

So what are you proposing we do?

ADAM

I'm tired of running. I'm tired of  
waiting for this thing to finish us  
off.

Adam glances around the clearing.

ADAM

There are few trees in this area.  
If we can force it into the  
clearing, we may be able to force  
it off the cliff.

Adam walks to the edge of the cliff and peers into the sharp rocks below.

ADAM

There's a 300 foot drop off this ledge and there's no way that thing can survive the drop.

Ashley, James, and Samantha contemplate their options for several seconds.

SAMANTHA

I don't know, Adam. I mean do you really think the four of us can take this thing head on?

ADAM

We have a few knives and we still have your firearm.

SAMANTHA

I know that, but still, it doesn't seem...

ADAM

(interrupting)

Sam, please, for once in your life trust that someone else has a better plan than you do.

Samantha stares at Adam for a brief second.

ADAM

Please, Sam.

SAMANTHA

What do you need us to do?

MONTAGE - ADAM, ASHLEY, SAMANTHA, AND JAMES CONSTRUCT A TRAP

--Ashley and James retrieve several branches, twigs, and dry kindling from the forest.

--Adam uses a small hatchet to dig a small trench around a section of the clearing.

--Samantha constructs some kind of man-shaped figure using some of Adam's clothes. She then removes the broken cell phone from her pocket and carefully inspects the cracked screen.

--Adam pulls two containers of lighter fluid from his backpack. He opens the containers and pours the liquid into the newly dug trench.

--Samantha retrieves two small kerosene tanks from her backpack. She opens the tanks and begins to pour kerosene into the trench.

--Ashley and James drop several wood chips into the trench on top of the flammable fluids.

END MONTAGE

Adam glances at the sky as the sun is beginning to set over the forest.

ADAM  
Are we almost done?

SAMANTHA  
I think we got it.

Adam turns to Ashley.

ADAM  
You have both sets of car keys,  
right?

ASHLEY  
Yes.

ADAM  
Remember, don't...

ASHLEY  
...move until you signal.

ADAM  
(smiling)  
Right.

Adam and Ashley stare at each other in silence for several seconds.

ADAM  
You know I love you, right?

ASHLEY  
Yeah.

Adam kisses Ashley on the forehead.

ADAM  
Keep James close to you, but run as  
fast as you can.

ASHLEY

We will.

Adam turns to Samantha.

ADAM

Alright, Sam. Let's suit up.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The clearing next to the cliff is quiet, except for the soft sound of crickets in the nearby forest.

Ashley lays under a blanket covered with branches and twigs close to the cliff. James lays under the blanket close beside her as they both peer into the clearing lit by the moonlight.

Close to the cliff stands a motionless man-shaped figure.

Ashley peers along the tree line close to the clearing. The forest remains quiet as she pulls James close to her.

Somewhere else in the clearing, Samantha watches the nearby tree line, carefully watching for any form of movement.

Adam also lays motionless somewhere in the clearing as he prepares for the attack.

Suddenly the broken cell phone emanates a ring tone, which is attached to the man-shaped figure standing in the clearing.

As the phone rings, Adam's eyes carefully analyze the nearby tree line. The phone rings for several seconds and then ceases, but nothing moves in the forest.

Samantha lets out a quiet sigh as she waits in silence.

Suddenly, she hears soft movement in the clearing behind her.

Adam's gaze turns in Samantha's direction as a dark figure quietly emerges from the nearby forest and crouches in the tall grass.

Adam's hand quietly tightens around the spear laying by his side.

The dark figure almost disappears in the tall grass as it slowly moves into the clearing closer to the man-shaped figure.

Adam's eyes widen as he realizes the creature is moving directly in Samantha's direction.

Samantha does not move as she can hear the soft shuffle of the creature moving through the tall grass behind her. She attempts to control her breathing as the creature moves closer to her.

Samantha peers to the side to find the creature crouched right next to her in the tall grass.

Samantha covers her mouth as the creature lays still in the grass next to her for several seconds before it continues moving through the clearing.

Adam slowly retrieves a lighter from his pocket as the creature moves within 10 feet of the man made figure.

Suddenly, the creature attacks the man-shaped figure; crushing the diversion into the ground.

Adam quickly turns and lights the trail behind him of tinder, wood chips, bark, and dry kindling, which had been doused with lighter fluid, kerosene, and propane earlier that follows the previously dug trench.

The fire quickly spreads across the clearing, sealing the creature in a wall of flames against the cliff.

Adam quickly jumps from his hiding spot along the ground. He is wearing his hooded sweatshirt covered and tied in branches, twigs, and dirt as he clenches a spear in his hands.

Samantha also quickly emerges from her hiding spot in the clearing, also wearing a hooded sweatshirt and covered in branches, twigs, and dirt. Both Adam and Samantha are trapped by the wall of flames against the cliff with the creature.

ADAM

Now, Ash!

Ashley and James, who were hiding under a camouflaged blanket outside of the wall of flames, now leap from their hiding spot.

Ashley hesitates for a brief second before she grabs James' hand and runs as fast as she can into the nearby forest.

The creature quickly tears the man-shaped figure in half and turns to face Adam and Samantha.

Samantha begins to unload her pistol in the direction of the creature.

One bullet connects with the creature's shoulder as it quickly moves in Adam's direction.

Adam quickly lunges forward and drives the spear into the creature's thigh.

The creature emanates a high pitched WHINE as the spear sinks deep into its thigh.

Adam retrieves another hunting knife from his belt and swings the sharp blade toward the creature's neck.

The creature quickly turns as the blade drives deep into its back.

Adam feels several sharp objects pierce his hand as the blade buries into the creature's skin.

Adam winces in pain as the creature quickly backhands him in the chest, tossing him back several feet in the clearing; more sharp objects tearing at Adam's makeshift camouflage.

Adam hits the ground with a THUD as Samantha fires shots at the injured creature.

The creature turns its entire attention toward Samantha as the wall of flames continues to grow. The creature lunges at Samantha.

Samantha quickly dives to the side to avoid the attack.

She flips over to shoot the creature again, but the chamber is empty when she pulls the trigger.

Samantha quickly reaches into her pocket to retrieve the other magazine.

The creature suddenly jumps onto Samantha as she slaps the magazine into the pistol. Multiple sharp objects pierce Samantha's skin as the massive figure lands on her, the CRACKING of several bones echoing through the clearing in the process.

Samantha does not hesitate as she unloads the clip into the creature crouched directly above her. Multiple bullets pierce the creature's chest.

The creature leaps away from Samantha toward the cliff. Adam charges from the opposite direction with another spear in hand.

Adam yells as he drives the spear deep into the creature's neck and pushes the creature toward the cliff.

The creature desperately grabs the shaft of the spear as it attempts to pull the spear out of its neck. The creature plants its foot against the edge of the cliff, successfully stopping its movement.

Adam ditches the spear and shoves his shoulder into the creature's chest; several sharp objects piercing his shoulder and neck as he makes contact with the creature.

The creature tumbles over the edge of the cliff, a loud WHINE escaping its lips as it falls 300 feet into the rocks below.

Adam stares into the darkness below, unable to see the creature's body laying on the rocks below.

Adam clutches his neck as he drags himself over to Samantha.

Samantha lays on her back in the clearing as the wall of flames continues to burn around them. Samantha's breathing is very shallow as Adam looks up and down her body. Blood stains her entire chest area where the sharp objects pierced her skin.

Samantha's entire body suddenly convulses wildly as Adam stares in shock. Her entire body arches and eventually goes limp.

Adam sits quietly in the grass staring at Samantha's lifeless body for several seconds, blood staining his clothes in multiple areas where his skin was pierced by the sharp objects protruding from the creature's skin.

He vomits into the grass as his vision begins to blur.

Adam hunches over in the clearing as his muscles begin to contract rapidly. He grabs his abdomen as he experiences intense and painful muscle cramps.

Suddenly, his entire body straightens as intense pain continues to course through his body. After several seconds, Adam's body goes limp.

His breathing becomes more and more shallow as he lays motionless in the smoke covered clearing.

Rain begins to fall on Adam's lifeless face.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR THE FOREST - NIGHT

A police helicopter starts its engine as it sits in the middle of a parking lot near the forest.

Detective Carson and Detective Jones crouch in the middle of 10 police officers about 50 feet away, the map Detective Carson received from Tom earlier spread on the ground in front of him. Several flashlights shine over his shoulder onto the map.

DETECTIVE CARSON

We will land about 10 miles east of the campsite.

Detective Carson points to the middle of the circle indicating where every disappearance has occurred over the last several years.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Once we land, we'll have two hours to complete a thorough sweep of the area. The helicopter will return to the extraction point at exactly 4:00 AM.

Detective Carson pauses for a brief second.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Now, just so we're all clear on this, once we land we all stay together.

POLICE OFFICER #4

Wouldn't we be able to cover more...

DETECTIVE CARSON

(interrupting)

We ALL stay together. Is that understood?

POLICE OFFICER #4

Yes sir.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Alright, let's move.

Detective Carson stands as he folds the map and shoves it into his pocket. The 10 police officers gather their equipment and make their way toward the helicopter.

Detective Jones adjusts his bulletproof vest as he walks toward the helicopter.

Detective Carson suddenly places his hand on his shoulder to stop him. Detective Jones turns to face Detective Carson.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
You're not going.

DETECTIVE JONES  
(angrily)  
What!?

DETECTIVE CARSON  
I want you to go back to the police station and wait...just in case there's any word on Blake Tanner.

DETECTIVE JONES  
(angrily)  
You seriously expect me to sit this one out!?

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Yes.

Detective Jones shakes his head in disbelief as he turns to look at the waiting helicopter.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Look, Nick, you're a damn good detective. I need someone I can count on back at the station if new information comes in.

Detective Jones shakes his head as he begins to remove his bulletproof vest.

DETECTIVE JONES  
(pointing at Detective Carson)  
You owe me one.

Detective Jones walks past Detective Carson toward his car. He stops and turns back to face Detective Carson.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Just be careful out there.

Detective Jones continues toward his car. Detective Carson makes his way to the helicopter.

Detective Carson quickly climbs into the helicopter with 10 police officers and slams the door shut.

The helicopter lifts from the parking lot and begins to move over the forest.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR THE TRAIL - DAY

Ashley and James walk through the forest, fatigue apparent on their faces.

Ashley stops to catch her breath for a brief second and listen for any movement in the nearby forest. The sun begins to peak over the mountain as she continues through the forest.

Ashley suddenly stops walking as she notices the sun reflecting off of something through the trees down the mountain.

Ashley's eyes widen with excitement.

The sun is reflecting off of one of the car windshields sitting in the parking lot.

ASHLEY

Jimmy, we're almost there!

Ashley grabs James' arm as she sprints down the hill through the woods.

Ashley and James emerge from the forest onto the gravel parking lot where the cars wait.

Ashley tugs on James' arm as she sprints for her car.

ASHLEY

Hurry, Jimmy, get in!

James opens the passenger-side door as Ashley slides into the driver-side seat.

Ashley fumbles with the keys for a brief second as she slides the key into the ignition. She attempts to turn the car on several times, but the car does not start.

ASHLEY

C'mon, c'mon. C'mon start!

Ashley continues to attempt to start the car, but the car is unresponsive.

JAMES

Why won't it start?

ASHLEY

(angrily)

I don't know, Jimmy!

Ashley stops trying to get the car started. She glances over at James, who is now staring at the floor.

ASHLEY  
Sorry, I didn't mean to yell at  
you. I've just never had a problem  
with this car before.

Ashley sits silently for a brief second as she stares at the steering wheel.

ASHLEY  
Jimmy, stay in the car for a  
second. I need to check the engine.

Ashley quickly glances around into the nearby forest as she moves from the driver-side door and lifts the hood of the Land Rover.

Ashley finds several wires in the engine have been cut.

She checks the tires to find that every tire has been slashed.

Ashley glances over at Samantha's and Chris' cars to find that all tires have been slashed.

Tears begin to trail down Ashley's face.

ASHLEY  
(whispering to herself)  
Damn you, Tray.

Ashley wipes the tears away from her cheeks as she quickly moves to James' door, which she opens.

JAMES  
What's wrong, Ash?

Ashley grabs James' arm and pulls him from the car.

ASHLEY  
C'mon, Jimmy. We have to run a  
little further...just down the road  
to find help.

James attempts to fall in step with Ashley as he's dragged through the gravel parking lot.

JAMES  
I'm so tired, Ash.

ASHLEY  
I know, Jimmy, I know. Just a  
little further and I promise we'll  
find help.

Ashley and James walk down the road away from the parking lot.

INT. RANGER STATION - DAY

Ashley and James turn a corner as they come into view of a ranger station. Ashley quickly grabs James' arm and goes running for the station.

She bangs on the front door desperately.

ASHLEY  
Hello!? Hello, please help us!

Ashley continues to pound on the door and attempts to turn the door handle to get into the ranger station.

ASHLEY  
Please, we need help! Please! Is  
there anyone in there!?

Suddenly, Blake's voice can be heard from somewhere within the station.

BLAKE (O.S.)  
Hello?

Blake opens the front door. He stares at Ashley and James for a brief second before a smile stretches across his face.

BLAKE  
Hello! How was the hike?

ASHLEY  
They need help!

Ashley walks past Blake, pulling James into the ranger station in the process.

BLAKE  
Who needs help?

ASHLEY  
We need to call the police.

Ashley quickly looks around the room.

ASHLEY  
Is there a phone in here?

BLAKE  
(motioning behind him)  
I just have a radio in the back  
room. Give me a second and I'll  
grab it.

Blake turns to exit the room as James tugs at Ashley's arm, attempting to pull her toward the exit.

JAMES  
Please can we just leave?

Ashley kneels down beside James.

ASHLEY  
What's wrong, Jimmy?

Ashley suddenly feels an arm tighten around her neck as she is pulled from the floor.

Ashley quickly plants her feet on the ground and shoves her attacker into the desk behind them.

The attacker briefly loosens his grip around her neck. Ashley quickly retrieves one of the pocket knives from her pocket. She quickly flips the blade open and jabs the knife deep into her attacker's leg.

The attacker shoves her toward the floor as he grabs the area where the knife cut him.

Ashley turns around to find Blake clutching his left thigh as he winces in pain. She quickly pulls herself from the ground.

ASHLEY  
Run, James!

As Ashley attempts to run, she feels the hard hand of Blake grab her shoulder.

ASHLEY  
Run!

Ashley is thrown into the nearby wall. Picture frames shatter against the floor as Ashley bounces off the wall onto the floor with a THUD, the pocket knife falling from her hand. She lays motionless on the floor of the ranger station.

Blake turns to look at James, who has already exited the ranger station and is running across the parking lot into the nearby forest.

Blake winces in pain as he peers down at his injured leg.

He quietly removes his jacket and bandages his leg. Blake turns his attention to Ashley laying motionless on the floor.

Blake crouches down over her body.

BLAKE  
 (shaking his head)  
 I'm sorry, child. I'm so sorry that  
 it has to be this way.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Tray lays in his hospital bed, curled in a fetal position as he gazes through the window into the darkness. Tears stream down his face. The lights are off in his room.

TRAY  
 (singing)  
 Ring around the rosy...

The clock on the wall reads "2:59 AM."

TRAY  
 (singing)  
 ...a pocket full of posies...

The second hand on the clock is about to strike "3:00 AM."

TRAY  
 (singing)  
 ...ashes, ashes, we all fall...

The clock strikes "3:00 AM."

TRAY  
 (singing)  
 ...down.

Several seconds pass in silence as Tray stares into the darkness.

TRAY  
 (singing)  
 Ring around the rosy, a pocket full  
 of posies...

Tray turns his back to the window, terror stretched across his face.

TRAY  
(singing)  
...ashes, ashes. we all fall...

Tray hesitates for a brief second as he closes his eyes.

TRAY  
(singing)  
...down.

Suddenly, a dark figure crashes through the hospital room window.

Tray lays motionless in his bed, his back still turned toward the monstrous figure.

The two police officers who were stationed outside Tray's room quickly rush in.

Their eyes rest on the dark figure silhouetted by the light outside the building. They hesitate for a brief second before they both open fire on the creature.

The dark figure quickly moves around the room as it attempts to dodge the gunfire.

A stray bullet strikes a piece of hospital equipment, which starts a fire. The fire alarm sounds as the sprinklers ignite in the room.

The creature suddenly rushes the two police officers.

The dark figure deflects one police officer's gun as the police officer fires and is tossed through the door into the hallway, where several medical personnel rush through the halls desperately attempting to evacuate other patients from the building. The deflected shot strikes Tray in the chest.

The other police officer is slammed against the wall as multiple sharp objects pierce his body.

He is suspended in the air for a brief second before the monstrous figure drops his broken body to the floor.

The dark figure turns and stands at the foot of the bed where Tray lays bleeding from the bullet wound in his chest.

Tray breathes heavily as he turns to look at the creature, blood streaming between his fingers onto the bed.

TRAY  
(smiling)  
I knew you would come.

Tray attempts to sit upright in his bed, but falls back into the bed; his hand clutching his chest.

TRAY  
Please. Please don't leave me here  
alone. Who's going to help you?  
Who's going to bring them to you?

Tray stares at the creature for several seconds as though he is listening to a response.

TRAY  
You were my friend. My only friend.  
I would've done anything for you.

Tray slowly lays his head back against the wall as his eyes roll toward the ceiling.

TRAY  
Please don't let me die alone.

The monstrous figure slowly turns and grabs the fallen police officer's body from the ground. It then moves toward the window. Tray's eyes begin to gloss over.

TRAY  
Please...don't...leave...

The creature exits the window carrying the police officer's body; only visible for a brief second as it passes through the light emanating from the hospital.

TRAY  
...me.

The fire sprinklers continue to rain on Tray's lifeless body.

EXT. CAVERN - NIGHT

Ashley awakens in a dark cavern, duct tape strapped across her mouth. She is unable to see anything as she glances into the surrounding darkness. She attempts to move her arms, but her arms and legs have been bound.

Ashley spends several seconds attempting to reach her tied hand into her pocket. She finally manages to retrieve the second small pocket knife from her pocket.

Ashley attempts to see through the darkness as she quietly opens the blade and begins to saw through the duct tape binding her wrists.

After several seconds of cutting, Ashley frees her hands. She quickly cuts the duct tape binding her ankles.

Ashley continues to stare into the darkness as she frees her ankles and carefully removes the duct tape covering her mouth.

She sits quietly in the dark cavern, hearing nothing as she waits for several seconds.

Ashley begins to move quietly along the rock wall of the cavern.

She moves along the cavern wall for several steps when her foot suddenly bumps something on the ground.

Ashley crouches and quietly reaches into the surrounding darkness. She hesitates slightly as she carefully examines the object with her hands.

Ashley touches the cold, lifeless features of a human body.

She quickly stands as she cups her hand over her mouth. Tears stream down Ashley's face as she attempts to regain her composure.

She carefully steps over the dead body as she continues to walk along the cavern wall. Ashley seems to walk quietly along the rock wall for an hour before she feels some kind of small tunnel about waist high exiting the cavern.

Ashley carefully climbs into the small tunnel and crawls into the darkness. She crawls for about 20 feet until she turns a corner and notices a faint light emanating from the end of the tunnel about 100 feet in front of her.

Ashley begins to crawl faster up the tunnel. She makes it about 20 more feet when she hears quiet movement in the tunnel ahead of her.

She glances toward the end of the tunnel as something is pushed into the tunnel. In the soft glow of the night sky, Ashley also sees a dark figure pushing the object into the tunnel.

Ashley's eyes widen as she quietly moves back down the tunnel. As she quickly moves backward, she can hear the creature coming closer to her in the tunnel as it pushes the object down the shaft toward her.

As Ashley rounds the corner in the tunnel, she feels a small alcove carved in the tunnel wall. She quickly climbs into the alcove, a small rock breaking from the tunnel wall as she positions herself.

The small rock falls into the tunnel leading to the cavern.

The creature stops pushing the object down the shaft for a brief second as it listens for any further movement.

Ashley cups her hand over her mouth in an effort to control her breathing.

After a few seconds, the creature continues pushing the object down the shaft.

Ashley holds her breath as the object and creature move past her nestled in the alcove. Through the darkness, she is barely able to recognize that the object the creature is pushing is a human body; the reflective surface of the police officer's badge giving off a soft glow in the darkness.

Ashley turns away from the tunnel as the creature pushes the body forward. After several seconds, she hears the body hit the cavern floor with a THUD. She hears the creature enter the cavern as well.

She waits a couple minutes as the creature moves the police officer's body around the cavern. Ashley climbs from the alcove and quietly makes her way up the shaft. Ashley carefully rounds the corner in the tunnel, the soft light of the night sky gleaming ahead of her.

Ashley quietly ascends up the shaft, the quiet movements of the creature in the cavern behind her. She is about 30 feet away from the end of the tunnel when Ashley reaches ahead of her and grabs a stone protruding from the cave wall. As she pulls herself up the shaft, the rock suddenly pulls loose from the rock wall and rolls down the shaft. Ashley slips slightly, her feet grinding on the tunnel floor as she attempts to catch herself.

She hears the creature suddenly emanate a brief WHINE as it ceases moving in the cavern below. Ashley remains motionless in the shaft as she listens intently for any movement from the creature. Ashley is about to resume climbing when she suddenly hears the creature quickly moving through the tunnel behind her.

She quickly ascends the remaining 30 feet of the tunnel. Rocks slide behind her as she scrambles up the shaft as fast as she can.

Ashley can hear the creature moving quickly up the shaft behind her as she grasps the end of the tunnel. She quickly pulls herself into the night sky.

She rolls down a small hill before jumping to her feet and sprinting into the nearby forest. She hears the creature release a loud WHINE as it exits the tunnel about 50 feet behind her.

Ashley panics as she hears the creature quickly moving through the forest behind her.

ASHLEY

HELP!

The creature is gaining on her as she attempts to sprint through the dark forest.

ASHLEY

HELP!

Ashley suddenly hits a hill and begins to descend at an uncontrollable rate. She quickly loses her footing and begins to roll down the hill, the creature still closing in behind her.

Ashley connects with a massive rock laying at the bottom of the hill, knocking the wind out of her. She coughs as she glances up the hill to see the creature quickly moving toward her. The creature is barely visible in the soft moonlight, but is only 30 feet away from her.

Ashley freezes as the creature quickly closes the gap between them.

20 feet.

10 feet.

Ashley closes her eyes.

Suddenly, the loud sound of gunfire causes Ashley to cover her ears and bury her head against the cold rock. She can hear several people shouting as they continue to fire.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Keep firing! Don't stop until that thing drops!

The sea of gunfire seems to last for several minutes. Finally, the forest is quiet again, except for the distant echo of the gunfire.

Ashley carefully lifts her head to look at the still outline of the creature laying only five feet in front of her. The creature's chest continues to move as its breaths become more and more shallow.

Ashley lays still as Detective Carson steps between her and the creature, his gun still pointed at the dark figure laying in the grass.

Detective Carson stands motionless for a brief second before firing one last bullet into the creature's head.

He quietly turns and helps Ashley to her feet.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Ashley?

Ashley manages a nod.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Where are the others?

Ashley shakes her head as she suddenly collapses to the ground. Three police officers quickly grab her and begin to carry her through the forest.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Let's get her back to the helicopter.

POLICE OFFICER #4

(motioning toward the creature)

Sir, what do we do about...that thing?

DETECTIVE CARSON

Leave it. It's not going anywhere.

Detective Carson and the other police officers disappear into the darkness of the forest as they carry Ashley to the helicopter.

They enter a clearing as the helicopter begins its descent above them.

Suddenly, Detective Carson's radio bursts to life. He quickly retrieves the radio from his belt.

DETECTIVE CARSON

This is Carson.

Detective Carson attempts to listen to the voice on the other end, but is unable to make it out over the sound of the descending helicopter.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Say again!?

Detective Carson is only able to hear the word "Jones" over the sound of the helicopter.

DETECTIVE CARSON  
Nick, I can hardly hear you! We  
have Ashley Sorenson! We'll be at  
the police station in 30 minutes!

Detective Carson returns the radio to his belt as he quickly climbs into the helicopter and slams the door.

The helicopter quickly climbs as it moves over the forest.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective Jones stares at the police station radio in frustration.

Tom sits quietly across the table from Detective Jones.

TOM  
What did he say?

DETECTIVE JONES  
They have Ashley Sorenson. They'll  
be here in about 30 minutes.

Detective Jones sits back in his chair, a loud creak echoing through the room, as he rubs his forehead.

DETECTIVE JONES  
What did they say at the hospital?

TOM  
They checked the surveillance  
tapes. They said you'll want to  
take a look at them when you get  
there.

Detective Jones stops rubbing his forehead as he looks directly at Tom.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Anything interesting?

Tom hesitates briefly, his eyes resting on the table.

TOM  
(confused)  
They mentioned something about  
an...animal exiting the building?

Tom looks across the table at Detective Jones.

TOM  
Does that mean anything to you?

Detective Jones stands from his chair and retrieves his jacket from a nearby coat rack.

DETECTIVE JONES  
I'm going to head to the hospital  
myself and get that mess sorted  
out. Ryan isn't going to be happy  
when he hears that Daniel was  
killed by one of two dead police  
officers.

TOM  
What would you like me to tell Ryan  
when he arrives?

DETECTIVE JONES  
Just bring him up to speed and tell  
him to call me on my cell phone  
when he has a chance.

Detective Jones walks toward the exit as he throws his jacket over his shoulders.

TOM  
Oh, I almost forgot.

Detective Jones stops walking and turns to face Tom as Tom retrieves a black, worn sketchbook from within a stack of papers he was carrying.

DETECTIVE JONES  
What is that?

TOM  
James' sketchbook. I guess he left  
it in the observation room after  
meeting with the psychologist. I  
bumped into her as she was leaving  
and she requested that I turn it  
into Ryan when I see him...but I  
might as well give it you while  
you're here.

DETECTIVE JONES

Just set in on my desk on your way out. I'll make sure we get it back to James when we have a chance.

Detective Jones buttons his jacket as he thinks to himself.

DETECTIVE JONES

Speaking of which, I'll call the Sorensons on my way to the hospital and let them know they found Ashley.

TOM

Sounds good. Make sure you take an umbrella with you. It looked as though it was going to rain.

Detective Jones nods and exits the room.

Tom stands from his chair and collects the paperwork he was carrying. He pauses briefly as he stares at the worn, black sketchbook sitting on the desk.

He quietly sets the papers down and retrieves the sketchbook from the desk. Tom casually thumbs through pages of different sketches.

A small smile stretches across Tom's face as he inspects the different drawings of people and cars. He pauses as he turns to a specific page in the sketchbook. Tom's eyes narrow as he analyzes the drawing carefully.

The sketch is of a little boy, presumably James, standing next to a creature-like figure.

JAMES (V.O.)

That's my friend Rory.

ADAM (V.O.)

He's a friend at school?

JAMES (V.O.)

No. I usually hang out with him after school.

INT. SORENSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

GEORGE SORENSON stands in the dark kitchen, a cordless phone pressed tightly to his cheek as rain pounds against the kitchen window. His wife, KIMBERLY SORENSON, stands in the kitchen doorway, listening intently as she pulls the lapels of her robe together.

GEORGE

Thank you so much Detective Jones  
for letting us know. I'll be there  
as soon as I can.

George hangs up the phone as he turns to look at Kimberly.  
They briefly stare at each other in silence.

KIMBERLY

Ashley?

A small smile pulls at the corner of George's mouth as his  
eyes begin to water.

GEORGE

They found her. She's alive.

Kimberly quickly paces across the kitchen and embraces  
George, tears streaming down her face.

KIMBERLY

Thank God she's alright.

George pulls away to look directly at Kimberly, his hand  
gently caressing her cheek.

GEORGE

Tell Jimmy they found Ash. I'm  
going to throw some clothes on and  
head down there.

Kimberly nods as she turns to exit the kitchen, wiping away  
tears as she walks.

She quickly walks down the hallway to James' room and gently  
opens the door. A quizzical look crosses her face.

James stands in the middle of his room as he stares at the  
rain pouring down outside his window.

Kimberly moves to stand directly behind him.

KIMBERLY

What's wrong, Jimmy?

JAMES

He is coming.

KIMBERLY

Who is coming, Jimmy?

JAMES  
He likes the rain.

KIMBERLY  
Who likes the rain?

James quietly turns to face Kimberly.

JAMES  
It makes it easier to hunt.

Kimberly startles as a loud CRASH occurs downstairs.

EXT. SORENSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Rain pours on the Sorenson residence as George suddenly screams from somewhere in the home. Kimberly also screams after several seconds. The dark house sits quietly as the front door slowly opens.

James exits the house and casually walks to the end of the driveway, his eyes following the ground in front of him.

He stops as he reaches the street. James stands motionless staring at the road, his hair and pajamas drenched by the rain. A pair of headlights suddenly illuminate James. James slowly turns to look directly at the headlights.

An old, gray pick-up truck sits quietly along the road. James stares at the truck briefly before approaching the vehicle. He opens the passenger-side door and climbs into the cab.

James sits motionless as he peers through the windshield. Blake sits behind the steering wheel, a small smile pulling at the corner of his mouth. Blake quietly turns the truck on and shifts into gear.

Several seconds pass in silence as Blake drives down the road.

BLAKE  
You're going to like where we're going, James.

BLAKE  
(shaking his head)  
It's a shame Danny won't be able to join us, though. I guess he just couldn't cut it.

Blake drives in silence as James stares through the windshield.

BLAKE  
Do you like music?

James does not respond.

BLAKE  
Let's listen to some music.

Blake turns the radio on. He switches the channel multiple times before stopping on a station playing a childish version of RING AROUND A ROSY. Blake listens to the song as he drives. James stares through the windshield, both sitting in silence as they listen to the song.

MONTAGE - ASHLEY LEAVES THE FOREST

--Detective Carson wraps a thick blanket around Ashley riding in the helicopter. He pulls her close as she shakes uncontrollably.

--Detective Carson peers out the window of the helicopter into the forest below.

--A sliver of moonlight penetrates the rocky ceiling of the creature's cavern.

--Adam's motionless body, the body Ashley touched earlier in the darkness, is seen briefly as the moonlight passes over his face and disappears.

END MONTAGE

Blake drives as he listens to the radio, a small smile pulling at the corner of his mouth.

BLAKE  
I like this song.

Blake drives down the rain-covered road as the song continues to play.

THE END