

# **THE BIG BAD**

by

O'Brother Grimm

**FADE IN**

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Spanish moss hangs from the low hanging limbs. The trees are old growth with large diameter trunks. The ground is covered in a soft duff.

The night sounds of cicadas, crickets and mosquitos. Until...CRACK! And all is deathly silent.

A young girl, GRACE (15), stands motionless on a path. She looks slowly down to her foot that stepped on a twig.

GRACE

Crap.

She pans to her right and left. Nothing. She lets out a huge SIGH of relief. Moments later, the night sounds return.

As she continues down the dark path, her confidence returns.

GRACE

Hmph, scaredy cat.

The night sounds suddenly stop. Grace stops as well and stiffens in fear.

From her left, deep in the woods, comes a guttural HOWL.

Grace runs down the path as fast as she can. Her legs pump up and down and her hair blows in the wind.

As Grace runs, a low RUMBLE begins to grow in volume until it's almost deafening.

On the other side of a rise, the source of the noise.

The path ends on the edge of a deep gorge cut by a raging CREEK. It's a forty foot drop to the white water and rocks.

On the other side of the gorge is a small COTTAGE with a light on inside.

Grace looks behind her and up the path. Two RED EYES peer through the blackness.

She looks right and sees a moss covered LOG that spans the gorge. To her left, an old ROPE BRIDGE. She chooses the bridge and runs left.

Grace approaches the bridge. She realizes that it was a poor choice. Planks are rotten or missing altogether, and the rope looks ready to fail.

Another ear-splitting HOWL.

Grace looks back to the path. Just visible is the silhouette of a hunched back BEAST that sniffs the ground.

GRACE  
Here goes nothing.

She steps gingerly onto the bridge. It GROANS and CREAKS, but the bridge maintains. She continues step by step across.

When Grace gets to the middle, she stops. The bridge begins to bounce wildly up and down.

She looks behind her. The Beast, with red eyes aglow, has started across the bridge.

Grace runs and now the bridge swings to and fro. A board SNAPS and her legs break through.

Her armpits catch in the ropes and she dangles helplessly above the rapids.

Grace can't turn her head around enough to see the Beast. She can only listen to the clawed feet scrape the planks as it nears.

Her hair moves with the hot, steamy breath of the Beast. Urine trickles down her legs.

She cringes and shuts her eyes as two taloned hands clamp down on her shoulders.

Graces SCREAM pierces through the night.

BEAST  
Gotcha!

#### **INT. BOYS BEDROOM - DAY**

Sunlight beams through the window on two boys: BILLY (15) stands behind MARTY (15) with his hands on his shoulders. A large wall display shows the bridge and forest.

Marty stands with arms outstretched to his sides and a growing wet spot on his crotch. He tears VIRTUAL REALITY goggles from his face and turns to Billy.

MARTY  
You're an asshole...that was  
AWESOME!

FADE TO BLACK