

The Cabin on Walker Lane

written by

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EXT. CATSKILL MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

A cold September night in the Hudson Valley. Moonlight illuminates the mountains. Leaves have just begun to turn crimson, orange and gold.

A STATION WAGON cruises up the road - the only car in sight.

MAN/WOMAN (V.O.)

(singing)

*It's like they say it was their -
another era but I would say,
yesterday's been comin' for a year
and in this old town. You gotta
grow up so much -*

INT. STATION WAGON

LENNY MENDESSEN, 52, a grungy filmmaker, drives. Artist mama BEVERLY, 50, rides shotgun. They sing together, a cappella.

In the back, wedged between piles of luggage, is their son, JACK, 17. Moody. Not having it.

LENNY/BEVERLY

*Faster than you're ready to same
time next year, I won't be here but
I'll still be on my own. Have you
ever been lost in love like me...*

Lenny and Beverly kiss. Jack is grossed out. Annoyed.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Your Daddy's still got it, Jackie boy.

BEVERLY

Mommy and Daddy still got it.

LENNY

Harmony. Secret to life, son.

JACK

I'll give you the secret to life...

LENNY

What was that?

Beverly turns to Jack. He fiddles with a METAL STRIP jutting out of the door paneling.

BEVERLY
 Quit playing with that.
 (prodding him)
 Your turn to pick a song, sweetie.

Jack grimaces, looks through the luggage out the window. He notices a SHERIFF'S CAR tucked into some brush. They pass by.

LENNY
 Your Mom's talking to you, buddy.

Jack fixates on the car, staring over his shoulder. The car moves. Pulls out and starts following from a distance.

JACK
 You're going the speed limit, right
 Dad?

LENNY
 'Course I am. Maybe 5 or 10 over.

Jack finally decides to turn back. Lenny sees the car.

LENNY (CONT'D)
 Relax, bud.

BEVERLY
 Why the long face, honey?

JACK
 I just don't get why I couldn't
 stay in the city.

LENNY
 We've been over this.

BEVERLY
 It's safer up here, baby. And hey,
 now you'll get some quality time
 with your parents. I can't remember
 the last time our little family
 took a trip together.

LENNY
 I been clamorin' to chop some wood
 and build y'all a nice fire!

Lenny flexes his right bicep. We notice a LEAPING RABBIT TATTOO. Bev squeezes it playfully.

BEVERLY
 My mountain man. Ooo, and maybe we
 can take Jack to see the secret
 family hunting lodge...

LENNY

Maybe.

JACK

How is it you can trust these people?

LENNY

We're old friends. The four of us were always separate from those out-there factions.

BEVERLY

Not that we aren't weird.

LENNY

We're pretty weird. But look, Jack. If the Cramptons say it's safe, I'm inclined to believe them.

BEVERLY

They're practically family.

JACK

Family's overrated.

LENNY

Not when you got US as parents. Hey Bev, next month's October, right?

BEVERLY

I believe it is.

LENNY

Say...that means we get to have ourselves an Old-Fashioned, Upstate Halloween Hootenanny!

Jack rolls his eyes.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Come on, Jack! We do not mess around with our All-Hallows Eve up here, do we Bev?

BEVERLY

Got a feeling he had other ideas...

JACK

That's like over a month away. Won't we be back by then?

Bev and Lenny exchange sobering glances. Jack's face falls.

JACK (CONT'D)

Motherf...

LENNY

Watch the language, Son.

JACK

Watch the speed, Father.

Lenny eyes the cruiser in the rearview.

LENNY

I'm going 67...

Lenny slows down a bit. Beverly looks at him.

BEVERLY

Maybe one of your taillights?

LENNY

I gave her a tuneup before we left.
Mike said she was ship-shape.

Beverly looks at the car in her rearview.

BEVERLY

He hasn't turned on the siren yet.
How 'bout that song? Jack?

Jack is staring at the cruiser.

JACK

I fought the law and the...law won.
I fought the law and the...law won.

LENNY

Enough of that, smartass.

JACK

Maybe we should've left earlier. We
wouldn't look so suspicious.

BEVERLY

I've got one! Jack, you remember
that concert I took you to at
Webster Hall?

LENNY

We needed to stock up. Relocating's
a tricky thing...

The sirens start flashing.

JACK
We shouldn't have left at all.

LENNY
Pipe down. Shit...

Lenny eyes the car nervously. Bev rubs his shoulder, then lets her hand drift down to his. They squeeze.

Lenny nods, forces a curt smile. He pulls over and parks.

EXT. STATION WAGON

The sheriff's car pulls behind the station wagon. The WIND BLOWS through the trees. An ominous darkness...

INT. THE STATION WAGON

The family waits for the sheriff. Jack watches the woods.

JACK
I don't like this.

LENNY
Me neither. Hey Jack - scootch down, okay? I didn't register a third person. Don't wanna ruffle anyone's feathers up here.

Annoyed, Jack slides down and covers himself with a blanket.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Grab me the registration, babe?

Bev pops open the glovebox and starts rummaging.

BEVERLY
I know it's in here somewhere.

Lenny reaches over to help her look.

LENNY
Here lemme...

Inside the glovebox are various maps of hiking trails as well as a couple condoms. Lenny smiles at Bev, who blushes...

Peeking out, Jack sees someone dressed in BLACK ROBES walking down a path in the woods. He spots another. Then another.

LENNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There we are.

A WHITE VAN passes the station wagon and slows down. It backs up slowly and parks about 30 yards ahead.

JACK

Mom. Dad.

Lenny and Beverly look up and see the van. Several MEN IN COVERALLS get out and retrieve something from the side door.

They roll out a HUGE BLACK TARP onto the pavement.

BEVERLY

A little late for road repairs.

KNOCK KNOCK. Lenny rolls down his window. A BRIGHT LIGHT shoots through at him and Beverly.

LENNY

Evening, officer.

Jack nervously bends the metal strip. It SNAPS.

A DARK FIGURE walks up from behind the car on the right side.

SHERIFF

License and registration, please.
Hold up: are you the Mendessens?

LENNY

We are. Teddy? Is that...babe, it's
Teddy Sabatella.

BEVERLY

Hey Teddy.

LENNY

When did you become a cop?

SHERIFF

Long time ago. Boy is it nice to
see some old friends.

Lenny takes the papers from Beverly and hands them over.

LENNY

Is it the taillight? Sheesh. Good
mechanic is hard to come by.

Beverly notices the Figure by her door.

SHERIFF

That's my assistant. He don't bite.

LENNY

Pardon me, uh, Sheriff Teddy...
That van up there. What's...

SHERIFF

Folks, would you mind steppin' out
for a moment? Standard procedure.
Viral Protection Program.

Jack sees the Figure reach into his pocket.

BEVERLY

Is that entirely necessary, Ted?

LENNY

It's alright, honey. Let's...

SHERIFF

Sooner we get it done, sooner we
let you folks go.

Lenny and Beverly look at each other. They flash a smile at
Jack in the rearview. Jack mouths the "WHAT THE FUCK."

EXT. STATION WAGON

Lenny and Beverly get out. Sheriff escorts them to the tarp.
The men approach them. One of them takes Lenny's hand.

LENNY

What the hell?!

WHACK! One of the men BACKHANDS Lenny. Blood pours from his
mouth and nose. The man BINDS Lenny's wrists behind his back.

BEVERLY

Leave him alone!

WHACK! The other man PUNCHES Bev in the face. More blood.

STATION WAGON

Scared and powerless, Jack bends the metal strip hard. SNAP.

LENNY (O.S.)

Sheriff, what in the sam hell...

ROAD

Lenny sees CULTISTS walk out from the woods.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, just one second -

SHERIFF

Out of my hands now, I'm afraid.

The Cultists set TWO METAL BUCKETS in the center of the tarp and form a circle.

LENNY

Run, Jack, RUN!!!

The group all look towards the vehicle. The Figure goes to the vehicle and SEES JACK'S EYES under the blanket.

INT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

A HAND reaches for Jack; he JABS the Figure with the metal strip! The Figure HOWLS in pain. Jack LEAPS out the door.

BEVERLY

Keep going, Jack!

Jack takes one last look at his parents and SPRINTS into the woods as fast as he can.

SHERIFF

Bring him back here, Goddamnit!

A few Cultists go after Jack.

The Cultists pull Lenny back to his spot and give him a PUNCH in the stomach. They wrangle him and Bev toward the buckets.

Bev and Lenny are bent backward, their heads upside down. They try to smile at each other. The Sheriff gives a signal.

TWO LEAD CULTISTS pull blades and SLITS THEIR THROATS!

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs, nerve-rattled, in shock, covered in blood.

CULT MEMBER (O.S.)

You can run, but you can't hide!!!

EXT. STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Blood POURS from Lenny and Beverly's throats into the steel buckets. The Cult Members hold hands and HUM in unison.

Gaping throat slits exposed, Lenny and Beverly look into each other's eyes for the last time...

EXT. BROOKLYN CITY STREETS - DAY

DEAD LEAVES blow in the wind as we track up a sidewalk alongside brownstones. DEAD BODIES lie on the pavement.

Some brownstones boast HALLOWEEN decorations. A MAN WEARING A FACEMASK, DEVIN (DEV), 29, walks up the sidewalk.

Holding a BIG PUMPKIN, Dev buoyantly strolls through the neighborhood. NEWSPAPERS fly past him in the wind.

NEWSPAPER

1.4 BILLION; STARTUP COMPANY PROPOSES SOLUTION TO DEAD BODY CRISIS; IMMUNITY THEORIES; LOOTING SURGES IN BROOKLYN.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev crumples up the paper with a free hand and tosses it into a trash can. Next to the can, a HOMELESS MAN stares at Dev.

Dev keeps walking. The Homeless Man starts to follow him.

HOMELESS MAN

Prepare for the End, my boy!

Dev ignores the guy, moving faster up the street.

STREET CORNER

A man sells avocados. Dev approaches him.

DEV

Those fresh?

SELLER

Fresh as can be. Hudson Valley.

DEV

I'll take two.

INT. DEV & IZZY'S APT BUILDING - LOBBY

Dev sees a MISSED CALL from Mac. He ignores it. Looks through his mail as he climbs the stairs. Opens a PINK ENVELOPE.

LETTER

Dev scans through the profile of an A-frame cabin. Photos of the space and a middle-aged couple, Wayne and Christa.

BACK TO SCENE

PING! Dev checks his phone. New Message from Lenny.

LENNY

(TEXT)

Hey man - reception's shitty up here - sorry 4 delay. Here's a link to my friend's cabin profile. Wayne and Christa will take care of you!

INT. DEV & IZZY'S APT BUILDING - KITCHEN

Dev tosses his mask in the trash and rapidly washes his hands. He then proceeds to rinse the avocados.

DEV

Hey babe, I was thinking we could make some guac tonight. Ran into a street seller. Fresh avocados from the Hudson Valley. Don't remember the last time I had fresh anything.

Izzy is standing in the doorframe of the kitchen. The grave look on her face just waits for Dev to look and understand...

DEV (CONT'D)

And when we get to Ohio, first place I wanna go is that farm...

He finally notices her and looks up. At first he's confused.

IZZY

Mac said he tried calling you...

INT. DEV & IZZY'S APT BUILDING - LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER

Izzy cradles Dev. He sobs profusely. They are both dressed in black, watching a livestream wake with a priest.

Mac is onscreen in a separate square. Somber.

PRIEST
(ON COMPUTER)

And as we mourn the loss of Harold and Molly O'Rourke, we ask the Lord to bless and keep their two beloved sons, Devin and Macaulay, deep within his heart, and we hope they live long enough to someday, should the Lord allow it, raise their own children, in a world resembling the one before these dark, dark times.

INT. DEV & IZZY'S APT BUILDING - BEDROOM - ONE WEEK LATER

Izzy wakes up to her alarm, sees Dev fast asleep.

LIVING ROOM

She waits on the couch with two hot cups of coffee and two glasses of water, looking to the bedroom now and then.

LATER

Izzy works out on her yoga mat with ferocity, by herself. She pauses to catch her breath, then goes another round.

INT. DEV & IZZY'S APT BUILDING - BEDROOM - DAY

Izzy stands in the door way. Dev is on his side, eyes staring blankly, face completely numb.

IZZY
Why don't you stay here and rest.
I'll go get him, okay?

Dev blinks, nods. Izzy smiles. Blows him a kiss.

INT. DEV & IZZY'S APT BUILDING - LIVING ROOM

Dev looks out his living room window. Sirens. Screams. Fog. A news program plays on the TV.

ON TV

NEWS REPORTER
Again, the governor is urging New Yorkers to remain calm. The upward trend in infections is perfectly normal and consistent with patterns we've seen before.
(MORE)

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
That's not to say we're out of the woods yet, but it is controllable.

ON THE PC

Dev looks at the profile of the A-frame cabin.

BACK TO SCENE

He locates the phone number of Christa. He calls. Waits.

CHRISTA (V.O.)
Hello.

DEV
Uh...Christa?

CHRISTA (V.O.)
Speaking.

DEV
Hey. This is Devin O'Rourke. My friend Lenny -

CHRISTA (V.O.)
Lenny Mendessen. He said you'd call. What took you so long? Just kidding. Listen, we might be able to squeeze you in. You and your wife, Izzy, right?

DEV
...Yeah. And possibly -

CHRISTA (V.O.)
Great. Booked. Can you be here by 4 for check-in? Devin?

DEV
We'll be there.

CHRISTA (V.O.)
See you then!

BEDROOM

Dev rapidly packs bags full of clothing, toiletries, shoes...

LIVING ROOM

Dev sifts through the writing tools at his desk. He gathers his notebook, pens, books on screenwriting, headphones, etc.

REPORTER (O.S.)
 (ON TV)
 The Governor echoing our thoughts
 this morning...

GOVERNOR (O.S.)
 (ON TV)
 Rations'll be disbursed weekly, and
 you can stay in touch virtually.
 Make your apartment your personal
 oasis. We've been through worse.

ON TV

A NEWSWOMAN talks with a FULL MOON graphic in the background.

NEWSWOMAN
 Thanks Karen. In lighter news,
 let's take a look at the horoscopes
 in conjunction with the upcoming
 HARVEST MOON.

EXT. DEV & IZZY'S APT BUILDING - DAY

Dev fits the last bit of luggage and shuts the door of a
 PICK-UP TRUCK. Jenn tosses her keys to Dev. He looks touched.

JENN
 It's cool. Frank's got his SUV.

DRIVER SEAT - MOMENTS LATER

Jenn and Dev have a moment.

JENN (CONT'D)
 I'm still allowed to care about you
 even if we're not...you know.

DEV
 Just don't tell Frank.

JENN
 Finish that script.

Dev smiles. Jenn anxiously watches the pickup drive away.

EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

Izzy and Mac wait with his luggage on a street corner. The
 PICKUP TRUCK pulls up to the curb.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - I-95 - DAY

We catch up with the pickup truck speeding down the freeway.

MAC (V.O.)

Let me get this straight. Instead of staying safely inside your swanky Brooklyn abode, we're heading 3 hours Upstate to stay in a cabin whose owners we don't know, completely cut off from the rest of civilization.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Luggage everywhere. Dev glares at Mac in the rearview. Izzy reads through a printout of the cabin.

MAC

Instead of an answer, I get the stink eye. Glad you've evolved.

IZZY

A few more details would be nice.

MAC

THANK YOU.

DEV

You're siding with him now?

IZZY

No, but would it have killed us to make one last stop at home?

DEV

You didn't see what I saw.

Dev looks at Mac in the rearview mirror.

DEV (CONT'D)

We're lucky we got the chance.

IZZY

Good thing your ex still likes you.

Dev opens his mouth, quickly shuts it. Touchy subject.

IZZY (CONT'D)

At least the place looks nice.

Mac rolls his eyes. Dev smiles at Izzy.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - CATSKILL MOUNTAINS - LATER

Beautiful trees, mountains, rivers. We hone in on the PICKUP TRUCK, the only car on the road.

FURTHER UP THE ROAD

A GATED FENCE, propped open. The pickup slows as it passes through. A sign on the gate: NO ADMITTANCE AFTER NIGHTFALL.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dev, Izzy and Mac study the gate and the sign. Izzy thinks she sees someone move in the woods.

IZZY

Did you guys see that?

MAC

I don't see anything.

DEV

Probably a deer.

Dev keeps driving. Izzy watches the woods in the rearview.

DEV (CONT'D)

You okay?

IZZY

Just...PTSD or something.

MAC

Speaking of creepy things in the woods...I was watching an old movie of yours the other day.

IZZY

You're a pervert, you know that?

Dev cracks up.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Oh you think it's funny?

DEV

A little.

MAC

I wasn't referring to the exploitation stuff.

IZZY
There it is.

MAC
I thought you were very good.

DEV
She's moved on from that.

IZZY
I can speak for myself, thank you.
(to Mac)
I was young. Those movies were fun.
What I do now is more fulfilling.

MAC
How come you didn't put her in
anything?

Dev looks at Izzy. Lets her tell it.

IZZY
If I'd met your brother earlier,
when I was still acting, I might've
been his muse. That ship sailed.

DEV
You're still my muse.

Izzy blows Dev a kiss. Dev grins. Mac chuckles derisively.

DEV (CONT'D)
(turning back)
Something you wanna say to me?

MAC
Watch out!

Dev whips his head back to the front. A BLOODIED, DIRT-COVERED JACK is standing in the middle of the road!

Dev SWERVES at the last minute to avoid him. The pickup heads straight for a tree. He SLAMS on the brakes.

The pickup SCREECHES and SLIDES as they all brace for impact - and the pickup stops just before hitting the tree.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

SKIDMARKS cut across the road toward the pickup, which sits at a 45 degree angle on the grass at the edge of the woods.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

All three sit in silence as they catch their breaths.

Dev looks at Izzy. She nods. He looks back to Mac, who gives a weak thumbs-up. Dev looks at the road. Scans the area.

SIRENS flash in the distance from the hill behind them. Dev rolls down his window and waves. A SQUAD CAR approaches.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

I'm just glad you folks weren't hurt.

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Sheriff Ted stands at Dev's window. He, Mac and Izzy have their face masks pulled up.

MAC

Maybe not physically.

DEV

Shut up, Mac.

SHERIFF

I joke when I'm scared, too.

Mac tongues his cheeks, looks the other way.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

But based on your description, I think I might know who it was.

The Sheriff looks at the forest for a moment.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Department has received reports of a teenage hitchhiker roaming the woods. MO is simple enough: get nice, unsuspecting cityfolk - not unlike yourselves - to let him into their car. Few miles down the road, he turns on 'em and cuts their throats. Takes their food, some valuables, abandons the vehicle and returns to the wild where he waits patiently to do it all over again.

Sheriff studies the license/registration. Izzy looks worriedly at Dev. This could go to hell...

DEV

Friend lent it to me when she heard
we needed to leave the city.

The Sheriff looks up from the papers. Looks at their masks.

SHERIFF

Cautious bunch, aintcha?

Sheriff hands back the papers.

DEV

We just figured...

SHERIFF

Only yankin' yer chain. See this
lil' region is kind of a Safe Zone.
Not one case detected in almost a
year. We do our best to keep it
that way. Strictly patrolled
borders. Now where y'all headed?

DEV

A cabin on Walker Lane.

SHERIFF

Wayne and Christa.

IZZY

You know them?

SHERIFF

The Cramptons are good friends.
Mentioned they had some guests on
the way. Didn't say nothin' bout a
runt in the litter, though...

(looks at Mac)

The more the merrier, though!

DEV

Yes sir.

SHERIFF

How bout an escort, free of charge.

IZZY

That'd be lovely, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Great. Follow me and try to keep
up. I drive fast. Country roads.

Sheriff tips his hat, walks to his car and starts his engine.

MAC
Psycho Hitchhiker. Classic.

Dev starts the pickup. Sheriff pulls out in front of him. Dev is staring idly out into the forest.

Izzy touches Dev's arm. He nods absent-mindedly and drives.

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - DOWNTOWN PHOENICIA

They pull through town. It's barren, except for an ATTENDANT at the gas station and a few TOWNIES on the sidewalk.

MAC
What's the population here, like 8?

EXT. CRAMPTON COMPOUND - LATER

Dev pulls into a CLEARING behind the sheriff's cruiser.

On the left: a sprawling log-cabin house. Lush garden in back, open veranda out front. Cellar doors on the side.

On the right: a small A-frame cabin framed by overhanging trees with backyard FIREPIT. A TRAIL leads to the forest.

The Sheriff gets out of his car, smiles at Dev and walks over to the front door of the house on the left. He knocks. Waits.

Someone calls to the Sheriff from the side. He walks over and talks to the unseen person. Then points to the pickup.

CHRISTA, 50s, a vigorous woman with toned arms, tanned skin, jean shorts and croptop looks over at the gang in the truck.

Sheriff then follows the woman to the backyard, out of sight.

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The gang is getting restless.

MAC
What's taking so long?

DEV
They're discussing how to kill us
and where to bury the bodies.

Izzy punches Dev in the arm. Mac cracks a smile. The Sheriff and Christa reappear, smiling. The three get out.

SHERIFF

Sorry to keep you folks waitin'.
Mrs. Crampton here was showin' me
her new garden out back.

(to Christa)

How come my lettuce never looks as
good as yours?

CHRISTA

It's all in the nurturing, Teddy.

The Sheriff gets back in his car.

SHERIFF

Be seein' you. Lock them doors...

They wave as he goes. Christa turns to the gang.

CHRISTA

It's virus-free country up here.
Take those silly things off.

They pulls their masks down. It feels weird.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

That's better. Where are my
manners? I'm Christa. Welcome to
heaven on earth.

CHRISTA takes off her gardening gloves and offers Dev her
hand. He hesitates, then soldiers through and shakes.

DEV

Devin O'Rourke.

CHRISTA

The famous filmmaker!

DEV

Indie famous, maybe...

CHRISTA

Oh stop. The Mendessens have told
me all about you.

DEV

Good things, I hope. Um. This is...

CHRISTA

Izzy from WellTube.

IZZY

You watch my show?

CHRISTA

I basically copied your skincare routine. If only I could get my husband to care half as much.

IZZY

Same with him and he lives with me.

The ladies share a laugh.

CHRISTA

At any rate, you both come highly recommended!

DEV

Lenny keeps good people. Where is he, be the way?

CHRISTA

He's around. You know Lenny. Speaking of low-profilers, who's the brooding heartbreaker?

MAC

Macaulay. Mac.

Mac offers his hand. They shake. Christa eyes him a bit.

CHRISTA

I'll spare you the jokes about being left by yourself. Shit...

MAC

You tried.

CHRISTA

Shall we?

INT. A-FRAME - MOMENTS LATER

Dev and Mac drop their bags and admire the rustic cabin. Lots of intricate furniture and pagan artwork.

Christa is in the kitchen showing Izzy the view from the window about the sink.

CHRISTA

And at dusk we come back from our stroll and have a drink under the stars before we wash up for dinner. But tonight, since you're here...

MAC

Did someone say dinner?

IZZY

Seriously Mac, it's barely 2 o'clock.

CHRISTA

Nothing wrong with a hungry boy. I was just telling Izzy here that Wayne and I would love to host you three for a special Welcome-to-Town Feast this evening.

IZZY

(to Dev)

Sounds awesome. Right honey?

Dev is studying the wood-burning stove/fireplace. Piles of logs, 2x4s and an axe. A toolbox nearby. He walks over.

Christa approaches him as he scans the area.

CHRISTA

We take our wood-chopping very seriously here.

DEV

And apparently your furniture-building.

CHRISTA

Hm? Oh right, yes, we love to build our own things. Wayne's an incredible carpenter.

Dev's eyes wander to the bathroom floor. There are several scratches and indentations.

IZZY

Honey. Don't be rude.

DEV

(standing)

Sorry.

CHRISTA

It's easy to get caught up with all these weird designs. That's us, though. Classic Weirdos.

IZZY

Us too.

DEV
Dinner would be incredible, Mrs.
Crampton.

Mac walks to the bookshelf in the living room area.

MAC
Speaking of weird. Dig your
collection over here.

Christa joins Mac by the books. He's perusing a section
devoted almost entirely to the Occult.

CHRISTA
Budding warlock?

Izzy joins them in the living room. Mac is mesmerized.

IZZY
This is kind of his thing.

CHRISTA
Oh really?

BATHROOM

As the three chat, Dev takes a closer look at the marks on
the floor. He spots something shiny beneath the sink...

MAC (O.S.)
I was actually in Ireland on a
Fullbright for Magic and the Occult
in Ancient and Modern Times.

CHRISTA (O.S.)
Ooo then you'll love this one...

It's a PENTAGRAM ring. Dev studies its etchings.

CHRISTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you practice magic yourself?

MAC (O.S.)
I believe in energies. For example,
the energy one person ascribes to
an object shifts depending on the
keeper, how that object came to be
in someone's possession and whether
the keeper respects the object's
essential, intended purpose.

Dev pockets the ring and walks back into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

MAC (CONT'D)

So if you come into possession of something sacred, precious or innocent, it becomes a moral obligation for you to do right by that person, place or thing. You become its guardian. It's your blessing and your curse.

DEV

This guy boring you?

CHRISTA

On the contrary. He's rather...informed. In all seriousness though, I truly believe this was meant to be.

(to Dev)

Especially for a man with your um, morbid proclivities...

Dev puts his arm around Izzy and smiles.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mac is relaxed on the couch, reading an occult book.

2ND FLOOR

Dev is setting up his writing materials at the old wooden desk by the bed. Izzy neatly places clothes in the dresser.

IZZY

Morbid proclivities... What the heck did she mean by that?

Dev shrugs, organizes his books on MURDER and RITUAL KILLING.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Did someone die in this house? Is that why you chose it?

DEV

Izzy...

IZZY

Cuz I'd rather not know...

DEV

Nobody died here.

IZZY

You swear?

DEV
Swear to God.

Dev pops open a PLASTIC CASE. It's a SMITH-CORONA TYPEWRITER.

IZZY
Thought you left that behind.

DEV
If I'm gonna write this screenplay,
I ain't relyin' on no WiFi.

Izzy smiles, loosens up a bit.

DEV (CONT'D)
It's gonna be great here. For all
of us. You'll see.

EXT. CRAMPTON COMPOUND - NIGHT

Dev, Izzy and Mac are laughing and telling stories with Christa on her backyard patio as WAYNE, 50, mans the grill.

LATER

PLOP. A MASSIVE BLOODY STEAK falls onto Mac's plate. Wayne stares at him with a mischievous grin.

WAYNE
He's not vegan, is he?

MAC
Not if it's good meat.

They all laugh. Everybody digs in and enjoys themselves.

LATER

Mostly clean plates. They're sipping wine. Wayne is absent.

WAYNE (O.S.)
We gotta change the locks again.

Wayne comes from around the front of the house, holding a new bottle of wine. He uncorks it.

CHRISTA
Someone's been tampering with our
wine collection in the cellar.

DEV
What'd they take?

WAYNE

Nothin. Just fuckin with my setup is all. Practical joke or some shit. Who wants some more?

Wayne pours everyone a fresh glass.

IZZY

It's been a while since we had a hearty meal like this.

CHRISTA

Aren't there services that deliver to the city?

DEV

Times have been tough. Uh...Izzy here's the real bread winner.

IZZY

Honey...

DEV

It's true. I had this nice gig in PR, but that all went to hell after...anyway, things'll turn around once I make this movie.

WAYNE

Horror flick?

CHRISTA

Wayne is big on scary movies.

DEV

It happens to be in that realm.

WAYNE

Lemme guess: based on a true story.

DEV

Actually, yes...

MAC

First I'm hearing of it.

IZZY

Me too...

DEV

I've kept it under wraps. Don't wanna jinx it.

All eyes are on Dev.

DEV (CONT'D)

It's about a cult. Something that happened here about 30 years ago.

Dev gingerly looks at Wayne and Christa. No reaction.

DEV (CONT'D)

Well it's a sad story, really. People died. Anyway, I've said too much already and I'd rather not get into to it at the dinner table.

CHRISTA

I respect that.

MAC

(looking at his cell)
Weird. Can't find anything...

WAYNE

You damn millenials.

CHRISTA

Our library's a great place for some old-fashioned research.

MAC

I'll stick with the witch books.

CHRISTA

Ooo. Almost forgot. Wayne, would you get the kit?

Wayne nods and gets up. He goes into the house.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

This'll only take a second.

LATER

Christa finishes drawing blood from Mac's thumb. Izzy and Dev sit at the table holding gauze to their thumbs.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

Aaand done. Here you go, sweetie.

Christa wipes Mac's thumb and presses gauze on it. Wayne places the vial of blood in a case with the two others.

Izzy, Dev and Mac are all uncomfortable, but try to be nice.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

Strange, I know. But it's the only way to make sure you're all clean.

MAC (O.S.)
So we're living with vampires.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mac gorges on a bag of chips while Dev brushes his teeth in the bathroom. Izzy fiddles with the kitchen window.

DEV (O.S.)
Wouldn't you want to vet strangers
with a raging virus out there?

MAC
If we get cursed or some shit, I'm
putting the blame on you.

Dev steps out of the bathroom.

DEV
Maybe you should try getting to
know the townspeople.

MAC
Maybe I will.

Mac kicks back on the couch, reads a cult book. Dev spits and rinses. Goes to Izzy in the kitchen.

IZZY
Damn thing won't close.

DEV
Here, let me.

Dev tries to force the window to properly lock, but it won't click into place. He gives up. Izzy looks at the lock.

DEV (CONT'D)
I'll take another look at it
tomorrow. It's an old cabin.

She examines it worriedly. Dev holds her.

DEV (CONT'D)
It's not like we're in immediate
danger. The Sheriff's on patrol and
our neighbors have our backs.

MAC (O.S.)
As long as we give them our blood!

Izzy giggles. Dev rolls his eyes. Tries not to laugh.

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - LATER

Izzy puts lotion on her hands, braids her hair. Dev's preoccupied with his desk. He fiddles with his alarm clock.

IZZY

Don't you want to sleep in? It's our first night.

DEV

Gotta keep my schedule.

Izzy sighs. Gets into bed. Dev looks at her incredulously.

IZZY

I'm happy you have structure again. But whatever you're writing about, be careful. These people are opening their doors to us.

DEV

They clearly don't know the story.

IZZY

Their faces beg to differ.

Dev shuts off the main light and turns on a small desk lamp.

DEV

I can feel those eyes.

IZZY

I know...it's just...I know you can write. And I've been happy to support us with the vlog...

DEV

Oh man. You went there.

IZZY

HOUSE BY THE WICKED TREES was 9 years ago. I'm just worried that...

Dev sits down on his desk chair, facing Izzy.

DEV

Go on. I'm listening.

IZZY

That you're...retreating. And if we ever wanna make room for a baby...

DEV

I know what I'm doing. Promise.

Izzy touches his face gently.

IZZY

Hope so.

Dev touches her hand. Holds it.

DEV

Give me this little window. Let me prove I can get it done.

IZZY

Okay. You're on, partner.

They kiss. She turns over, closes her eyes. Dev gets busy.

LATER

Dev is poring over material he printed.

HEADLINES

"PAGAN WORSHIP VEERS TO THE EXTREME"

"SUMMER OF '83: WITCH CULT IN THE HUDSON VALLEY"

"MASS MURDER-SUICIDE"

"GLOBAL FEARS TRANSLATE TO BIZARRE RELIGIOUS RITUALS"

"CULT SURVIVOR GOES INTO HIDING"

PHOTOS

PEOPLE IN BLACK ROBES GATHERED IN CIRCLES

NAKED BODIES LYING ON AN OPEN FIELD

A WOMAN IN HER MID-TWENTIES

BACK TO SCENE

Dev studies the article about the woman. Notes the headline.

ON ARTICLE

HOW I ESCAPED - Woman details how she survived a death cult.

"Everyone there thought they had no choice."

"I fell in love with that place and its people. But then they took advantage."

"Years of therapy."

"If you get out, they'll look for you. They'll hunt you down and kill you and bury the evidence."

"It will happen again. I'm sure of it."

BACK TO SCENE

Dev reads all this with intense fascination.

DEV

Where the hell'd you run off to?

CRACK. Dev looks up. Listens. CRACK. CRACK. Seems like it's coming from outside. He stands, looks out the window.

VIEW FROM THE WINDOW

Branches sway in a light wind. No sign of anyone so far.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev notices he knocked over some papers. He bends down to gather them. Among them is a RECENT ARTICLE.

ARTICLE

DISTURBING DISAPPEARANCES IN HUDSON VALLEY

"Young couples go missing without a trace."

BACK TO SCENE

Dev glances at the article. CRACK. He looks back out the window.

VIEW FROM WINDOW

A SHADOWY FIGURE stands in the backyard!

LIVING ROOM

Dev grabs the AXE by the furnace and runs outside.

EXT. A-FRAME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dev runs around the cabin to the backyard.

BACKYARD

Dev stands there, scanning the trees, the shed, waiting for any sudden movements...

DEV

I know you're out there. So you
might as well show yourself.

Silence. The wind continues to tease, casting eerie shadows.
Then: CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH...

Dev can feel someone moving. He listens. Holds his breath.
And then he hears SOMEONE ELSE'S BREATH.

VOICE (O.S.)

Here I am...

Dev turns, raises his axe, trips and falls. Mac laughs.

DEV

I could've killed you, jackass.

Mac helps Dev to his feet. Mac picks up the axe.

MAC

You hesitated.

(re: the woods)

Get a good look at the guy?

DEV

No. But he was there.

Wind moves the trees. Shadows dance on their faces.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

BACON SIZZLES. EGGS FRY ON A PAN.

Izzy sets the small dining table. Mac places a jar of instant
coffee and hot kettle on a pad. Dev appears from upstairs.

His hair is a mess and he looks like shit.

MAC

Grab a seat, Jack Torrance.

Dev looks at Izzy, who promptly averts her eyes and garnishes
her plate with salt and pepper. Dev glares at Mac. He shrugs.

LATER

Plates are yolky and greasy.

IZZY

Next time you should let me know
before going out there by yourself.

DEV
I was trying to proactive.

MAC
Hence the axe.

DEV
That's right.

IZZY
Mac and I were thinking of going
into town to grab some essentials.
You wanna come?

Dev checks his watch.

DEV
Gotta put in some time with the
script. Can it wait till later?

IZZY
That's okay.

Izzy gets up, gathers the plates, goes to the sink. Mac gives
a disapproving look to Dev, who's completely incredulous.

KITCHEN SINK

Dev leans over the counter by Izzy's side.

DEV
Here, let me do that.

IZZY
You've got writing to do.

DEV
Babe, I -

IZZY
You do things your way, regardless
of the people around you. So go.

DEV
It's just a few hours.

Izzy turns off the sink and looks at Dev.

DEV (CONT'D)
I'll be more careful. I'm sorry.

Izzy puts a hand on Dev's cheek.

IZZY
I don't want to lose you. Be smart.
Communicate. We're a team. Okay?

DEV
Okay.

They kiss.

IZZY
Happy writing.
(turning to Mac)
Shall we?

EXT. A-FRAME - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy starts the car and backs out. Dev stands outside the cabin, mug of coffee in hand. He waves to them.

MAC
Don't chop yourself up!

Dev gives Mac the finger. The pickup drives down the hill.

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dev types away on his Smith Corona.

ON PAPER

Kyle creeps around the house with his axe. Watches the swaying trees, listening to every branch.

KYLE
Is someone out there?

BACK TO SCENE

Dev sits back, stares at the page.

DEV
A series of fucking cliches.

Dev sips his coffee. Makes a face.

KITCHEN

Dev puts a kettle on the stove and places a French Press on the countertop. He searches the cupboard for coffee.

CUPBOARD

Moldy. Dusty. Instant coffee, rock hard brown sugar, bottle of whiskey. Dev moves stuff around. Sees whole beans. Smiles.

Dev pulls the canister of whole beans out. Behind it is a STACK OF VIDEOTAPES. He studies them.

WHHEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

BACK TO SCENE

Dev BASHES his head on the top of the cupboard frame and falls back. The kettle squeals as it shoots steam out.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

A full French Press sits on the coffee table. Dev rigs up the old TV and pushes one of videotapes into the VCR.

He takes a seat on the couch. Pours a mug. Sips. Savors.

ON TV

A group of hippies in linen dresses and tunics dance around in a circle outside. At the center is a BONFIRE.

SUPER: CAMP AWAKEN

JUNE 23RD, 1983

POV approaches the circle. It's a handheld camcorder.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev takes notes in a little NOTEPAD.

DEV

What the hell are you celebrating?

Dev watches. Notices something. He leans in.

ON TV

POV moves closer to the hippies. We see something in the fire. Move through the circle, toward the flames.

In the flames is a BURNING BODY, strapped to logs, writhing in pain. The person is still alive.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev SHUTS OFF the TV. He's shaken, disgusted, horrified.

MAC (V.O.)
I get a weird vibe from this place.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DOWNTOWN PHOENICIA - CONTINUOUS

Izzy cruises onto Main Street as Mac looks at all the empty storefronts. Only a few people on the sidewalks.

IZZY
(unfazed)
You could say that about anywhere
right now.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - DOWNTOWN PHOENICIA - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy and Mac exit the vehicle. Across the street, they see some people walking toward the TOWN CHURCH.

INT. MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy and Mac fill a basket with various groceries. They come upon an ARTISANAL JEWELRY section. Izzy notices a necklace.

MAC (O.S.)
That's the Writer's Talisman.

Mac holds the medallion between his fingers.

MAC (CONT'D)
In true bardic fashion, poets were the keepers of Celtic history and culture. Traveling from city to city, the poet was most sought after entertainment; the purveyor of all the news and the most eloquent composer and reciter of epic and heroic poems.

IZZY
You think Dev would like it?

MAC
Who doesn't love a good necklace?

LATER

They place groceries and the necklace on the counter. The cashier, BERTHA, 70, rings them up. Mac notes her nametag.

MAC (CONT'D)
How's your day...Bertha?

BERTHA
Swell. And how are you two doin'?

IZZY
Adjusting.

BERTHA
Dev and...Izzy? You're in the cabin
on Walker Lane? \$55, by the way.

Izzy pulls out some cash.

IZZY
He's Mac, Dev's brother. But yes,
I'm Izzy. How does everyone...

BERTHA
Word gets around. We weren't
expecting this lad, though.

MAC
I'll earn my keep.

Bertha watches Mac looking out the window at the people
heading into church. She hands Izzy her change.

BERTHA
That's for you.
(to Mac)
Curious little feller, aintcha.

He snaps out of it, laughs, blushes. Bertha stares at him.

EXT. PICKUP - DOWNTOWN PHOENICIA - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy and Mac put the groceries in the pickup.

MAC
It's a bad habit.

IZZY
Be more subtle next time. Your
brother would've punched you.

Mac notices a PUB across the street.

MAC
Feel like a beer?

Izzy follows his gaze. A simple Irish pub called THE WEARY
TRAVELER. Further down, an apothecary: HOLISTIC & SUCH.

IZZY
I could go for some CBD.

Mac sees the apothecary. Looks at Izzy.

MAC
Meet you back here in 30?

INT. WEARY TRAVELER - MOMENTS LATER

Mac walks into the empty space. MORRIS, 73, a cheery Irishman, is setting up the bar.

MAC
You guys open?

MORRIS
Have a seat, lad. What'll it be?

MAC
Whatever's on tap.

Mac hops up on a bar stool and admires the place. Morris gets him a pint and sets it down.

Mac notices a girl, SIMONE, mid-twenties, sitting in a far corner of the bar. She sips a beer, reads a book.

MORRIS (O.S.)
You must be Devin O'Rourke.

Mac turns back to Morris.

MAC
Everybody keeps saying that. No man, I'm his brother, Mac.

MORRIS
Welcome, lad. Call me Morris.

Mac sips the beer as he studies the church from the window.

MAC
What's the deal with that church over there, Morris?

Morris hands him a pamphlet.

MORRIS
Might find some answers in there.

Morris winks, gets back to work. Mac takes a look, curious.

SIMONE (O.S.)
Or he could just talk to a local.

Mac turns. Simone is leaning back, a smug look on her face. Mac looks at Morris, who nods toward Simone.

CORNER

Mac gingerly approaches. Eyes the chair across from Simone.

MAC
Um...

She gestures. Morris sets his beer down in front of him. He realizes his mistake, tries to thank him.

MORRIS
Think nothin of it, lad. You two
enjoy your chat.

And he's off, leaving Mac seated across the woman of his dreams. She studies him.

SIMONE
You're Mac.

MAC
Uh huh.

SIMONE
Simone. Pleasure. What brings you
here, Mac?

EXT. HOLISTIC & SUCH

Izzy passes two blue collar men - ROD & DOYLE, mid-20s - lingering by the entrance, smoking cigarettes.

As she approaches the door, she notices cardboard taped to the window. CRUNCH. Below, some shattered bits of glass.

INT. HOLISTIC & SUCH

DING DING. A BELL over the door rings. Izzy looks around.

A rustic apothecary with a post-apocalyptic accent. Lights flicker. Various products are scattered across the floor.

IZZY
Hello?

No answer. She gingerly browses the aisles. Comes upon a section with CBD supplements. Takes a look. DING DING.

Rod and Doyle enter. Izzy keeps her head down.

REGISTER

Izzy places a jar of CBD chews on the counter. Notices PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES scattered on the floor in the back.

ROD (O.S.)
Looks like nobody's home, ma'am.

Izzy turns around. Rod and Doyle are standing behind her.

DOYLE
But we'd sure be glad to help you.

They move closer. Doyle in front. Rod behind. CARGILL comes out from the back, dressed in a white lab coat.

Cargill comes around the counter, a slight limp in his walk. He stands by Izzy. Stares.

ROD
Just bein' friendly is all.

CARGILL
You buyin' anything?

DOYLE
Nah, we're good. Unless she's available for purchase...

Doyle moves to touch Izzy. Cargill PUNCHES HIM IN THE NOSE.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Ow! Fuck, Cargill.

CARGILL
You best get the hell outta dodge before it gets ugly. I said get!

ROD
Meant no offense.

Cargill glowers as they march out the door and out of sight.

CARGILL
Apologies. Don't like to get rough unless I gotta.

IZZY
Chivalry isn't dead after all.

CARGILL
No ma'am, not here.

Izzy's eyes are still fixed on the bottles. Cargill notices.

CARGILL (CONT'D)
We had a break-in. Probably kids.

IZZY
What'd they take?

CARGILL
Uppers, downers, anti-freeze.

IZZY
The usual. Cargill, was it?

Cargill smiles politely, shakes her hand.

CARGILL
Yes ma'am.

IZZY
Izzy. I just moved into town with
my husband and his brother.

CARGILL
Welcome. Listen, I'm real sorry
'bout those boys. They get excited
when a pretty lady...well I ain't
gonna justify it. Anyway, those are
on the house.

IZZY
That's not necessary. Here, let me-

CARGILL
Please. Least I could do.

Izzy smiles and puts the jar in her purse.

IZZY
Very kind of you.

CARGILL
So you're over on Walker Lane, by
the Crampton place.

IZZY
That's right.

CARGILL

I'm a deputy part time. Sheriff
Teddy mentioned we had some new
neighbors. How's it been so far?

IZZY

A little strange.

CARGILL

Hence the CBDs. I eat those things
like candy.

IZZY

Anxiety?

CARGILL

Bad knees. College football.

Izzy smiles, casually checks him out. He hands her a card.

CARGILL (CONT'D)

If you ever feel unsafe, or
somethin seems off, just gimme a
holler and I'm there.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - WALKER LANE - LATER

Izzy drives, smiling. Mac reads through the pamphlet. A
HANDWRITTEN NOTE with a LIPSTICK KISS wedged inside.

Izzy sees it, pretends not to notice. Smiles to herself.

IZZY

Local souvenir?

Mac shrugs. Izzy flips on the radio. Sifts through stations.

HOST 1

(on radio)

Warning people to stay put while
authorities sanitize-

She switches to a folk rock station. Hums. Mac reads the
note, apparently smitten with that girl.

MAC

Town's not so bad.

IZZY

No, no it isn't.

EXT. A-FRAME - DAY

The pickup parks. Izzy and Mac hop out and gather the groceries. They move toward the door. Mac unlocks it.

IZZY
Forgot my purse. Be right back.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mac enters. Dev is watching footage of another ritualistic sacrifice. Mac drops the bag of groceries. Dev hits pause.

Dev scrambles to turn the TV off. He gathers the tapes.

MAC
What was that?

DEV
Don't tell her.

Izzy appears in the doorway.

IZZY
What's the matter?

Dev looks at Mac. An uncomfortable beat.

MAC
Nothing. Just woke up your hubby here from an afternoon nap.

Izzy notices the TV setup.

IZZY
That thing work?

DEV
No luck. Lemme help you with that.

He takes Izzy's grocery bag and gives her a kiss. She notes his distressed appearance. Follows him to the kitchen.

DEV (CONT'D)
How was your trip?

IZZY
Pretty good.

MAC
Yeah, met some cool people. Izzy got some guy's number.

Dev looks at Izzy as he unpacks the groceries.

DEV

Oh yeah?

IZZY

(to Dev)

It's not like that. Just some guy who works at the pharmacy and apparently also for the police scared some creepy townies away and then gave me his card in case I got into any trouble again.

DEV

Wait - what creepy townies?

IZZY

Some guys followed me, got a little too friendly. It never went further than that, thanks to Cargill.

DEV

Mac, where were you?

Mac sheepishly looks away as he unpacks his bag of groceries.

IZZY

He got a drink. Not a big deal.

Dev stops unpacking and looks at both of them.

DEV

I leave you with this douche for two hours and you almost get raped.

IZZY

I'M FINE. Seriously.

DEV

You sure?

She rubs his arms and looks at him sincerely. Nods. He gives Mac the stink eye in his periphery. Mac lowers his head.

DEV (CONT'D)

(calming down)

This Cargill guy attractive?

IZZY

Hey, you will always be my knight in shining armor. But now, just in case, we got some backup.

DEV
So he's cute.

Izzy playfully shoves Dev. He pulls her in with a mighty bear hug and swings her around. Mac looks casually at the tapes.

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Dev is typing while Izzy gets ready for bed. She comes up behind him places the talisman necklace around his neck.

IZZY
They call it the Writer's or Poet's
Talisman. Thought you could use a
boost of good energy.

He kisses her.

DEV
I love it.

She smiles, climbs into bed.

IZZY
Proud of you.

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - LATER

Izzy is fast asleep. Dev finishes a passage. Scans his notes. Reads from an article.

ON ARTICLE

"I felt like they accepted me and understood me. They told me I had been suppressed and undermined my whole life. They refused to let me continue to be subjugated..."

BACK TO SCENE

Dev reads the last part of the passage aloud.

DEV
When I was with them, I was free.

CLUNK. Dev hears a noise coming from downstairs.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dev creeps down the stairs. Mac is fast asleep on the couch. Dev looks over to the kitchen. Walks over.

KITCHEN

He scans the counter area. Looks at the window latch. He fidgets with it. Still broken. Eyes the frame. Shudders.

ON WINDOW FRAME

A dirty FOOTPRINT.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev stares at the footprint, breathing slowly. He then notices ANOTHER FOOTPRINT, this one on the floor.

Following the trajectory, he realizes there are MANY FOOTPRINTS, and they all lead to the bathroom. CLUNK.

BATHROOM POV

Dev looks toward the dark bathroom, the origin of the sound. He swallows, looks around, grabs a KITCHEN KNIFE. Proceeds...

BACK TO SCENE

Dev moves closer to the bathroom. CLUNK. He inches closer.

CREAK. Dev hears a noise somewhere else. Looks. Sees Izzy in the middle of stairway, looking at him quizzically.

Dev puts a finger to his lips.

DEV
(whispering)
Shhh.

Izzy nods. Slowly walks downstairs. Sees the footprints. Dev acknowledges her fear with a sober nod as she walks over.

MAC (O.S.)
(whispering)
What are you guys doing?

They look over to Mac, who's just barely waking up. He squints, tries to figure out what the hell's the matter.

Dev gives him the CUT THROAT sign. Izzy puts her hand out, indicating for him to stay still. He wakes up fully. Watches.

Dev and Izzy arrive at the bathroom. Dev carefully sets Izzy behind him with his free arm. She follows him into the...

BATHROOM

Dark and ominous. Faint light from the stars through the window. CLUNK. Dev reaches for the switch. Flips it.

LIGHT FILLS the bathroom. No one in sight. Dev and Izzy look toward the shower - still covered by a CURTAIN. They move in.

Dev looks at Izzy. Nods. She reaches for the curtain. He mouths to her: ONE. TWO. THREE. She pulls the curtain.

SHHHREEEKK.

Dev raises his knife. In the shower they find...nothing. Dev and Izzy study the space. Keep hearing the sound.

ON SHOWER

The showerhead drips intermittently. A CLUMP OF HAIR rests on top of the drain.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev and Izzy breathe, relieved but a little confused.

DEV

Maybe they're Mac's. Lotta dirt
from the outside.

IZZY

And I guess we need Draino?

He smiles at her half-joke. They walk out to the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Mac is sitting more upright, blanket around his knees.

DEV

Drain problem.

Mac takes a deep breath, shakes it off. Izzy has a seat on the coffee table.

IZZY

Were those your footprints?

MAC

I dunno. Maybe.

IZZY

Try to use slippers next time.

MAC

Okay. Sure. Will do.

KITCHEN

Dev sets the knife on the table, fetches a roll of paper towels and spray and starts to wipe the footprints up.

LIVING ROOM

IZZY

Was it a good shower at least?

MAC

I didn't take a shower.

KITCHEN

Dev gets closer to the fridge. There's another set of WATERY FOOTPRINTS leading toward it. It's cracked open slightly.

DEV

Fuckin Mac.

Dev tries to close the door. It won't close. He opens it.

INSIDE FRIDGE

Wet from a shower, barefoot, wearing Dev's HOUSE BY THE WICKED WOODS t-shirt and a pair of Mac's jeans is...JACK.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev SCREAMS and falls back. Jack pushes past him and reaches for the knife on the table - at the same time as Izzy.

Izzy tries to wrestle the knife from Jack.

DEV (CONT'D)

Izzy, let go, he's gonna hurt you!

Jack pries the knife from her grip and SHOVES her as he twists away. She hits her head on the wall.

MAC (O.S.)

Hey!

As Dev goes to check on Izzy, Mac CHARGES at Jack. Jack easily sidesteps his lunge and elbow-locks him at knifepoint.

Izzy shakes Dev off and stands. Dev follows suit. They engage in a standoff with Jack, who's got a firm grip on Mac.

MAC (CONT'D)

Somebody do something.

DEV
 Everyone chill, alright?
 (to Jack)
 Hey buddy. That's my brother you
 got there. Would you mind putting
 the knife down so we can talk this
 through?

Jack stays silent, wild-eyed. Dev looks at Izzy, who eyes the
 axe by the furnace. He subtly shakes his head.

DEV (CONT'D)
 How about you let him go, and keep
 the knife. How does that sound?

Jack darts his eyes back and forth. Dev nods reassuringly to
 him, then reaches very slowly over to Mac.

DEV (CONT'D)
 Mac, just take my hand. He's gonna-
 AHHH!!!

WHISH!!! Mac SLICES Dev's hand and puts the blade back to
 Mac's throat! Dev holds his hand tightly, blood oozing out.

IZZY
 Dev!

DEV
 I'm fine, I'm fine! SHIT.

Izzy glares at Jack.

JACK
 You're one of them!

Dev grabs some paper towels and presses them to his wound.

DEV
 We aren't "with" anybody. We're
 just taking shelter from the city.

JACK
 It's not your cabin!

DEV
 You're right. Belongs to Wayne and
 Christa next door. You know them?

JACK
 It's not theirs, either!

DEV
 Then whose cabin is it, buddy?

No answer. Jack studies Dev. Izzy keeps an eye on the axe.

DEV (CONT'D)
You're not from here, are ya?

Dev spots a LEAPING RABBIT TATTOO on Jack's right bicep. Jack sees him notice it. In that moment, they seem to connect...

Izzy cues Mac. He ELBOWS Jack, breaks free! Dev seizes Jack's wrist, bangs his hand against the wall. Jack drops the knife.

IZZY (O.S.)
Move!

Izzy winds up with the axe - and is blocked by Dev!

Jack HOPS on the kitchen counter and THROWS HIMSELF THROUGH THE WINDOW. CRASH!!! Glass SHATTERS EVERYWHERE.

Mac massages his throat, leaning against a wall. Izzy and Dev catch their breath as they engage in a very heated face-off.

CARGILL (V.O.)
And at that point he ran off?

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

His hand wound freshly bandaged, Dev is seated on the couch across from Cargill, who sits in a lounge chair taking notes.

Mac helps Izzy sweep up the glass in the kitchen.

DEV
Honey, I can get that as soon as-

MAC
We got it, man.

DEV
I'm sorry. Yes. As soon as we got the knife away from him, he escaped through the window.

Izzy gives Dev a mean look. He averts his eyes. Standing outside the open door, peering in, are Wayne and Christa.

Cargill sees them and goes for the door.

CARGILL
All under control, Mr. and Mrs. Crampton. God's honest truth.

CHRISTA
(calling to Dev)
Let us know if you need anything!

Cargill shuts the door, comes back to the living room. Sits.

CARGILL
They mean well. Look, I can see you've had a rough night. I assure you we're doing everything in our power to track that boy down.

DEV
That's just it. I'm not so sure he was out to hurt anybody.

CARGILL
Say what?

DEV
I gathered from what he said that he's been on the run for a while. I don't think he wanted to harm us.

CARGILL
(laughs)
Must be that writer mind of yours. I used to dabble. I was pretty good. Gave it up for the badge. Romantic notions are dangerous, Mr. O'Rourke. You start overthinkin' what's obvious. There's good folks and bad folks, and it ain't worth troublin' over the little nuances.

DEV
Isn't your job to ask questions instead of assuming the answers?

CARGILL
Tread lightly there, D-man. You're a visitor in these parts.

DEV
He said something about "them." Do you know what he meant by that?

CARGILL
Probably meant me and the Sheriff. Guess we're doin' a good job.

DEV
I think he meant something else.

CARGILL

Tell you what, you write your theories down in your little notebook and leave the the rest to me and my revolver.

(leaning in)

Shame you let him go. Cuz if it was me, I'd've killed him dead.

LATER

Cargill tips his hat to Izzy at the door.

IZZY

Thanks again, Deputy.

CARGILL

Call me Cargill.

(to Dev)

Good luck with that script...

Dev gives a curt nod. Izzy closes the door. He moves to hug her, but she walks past him to the planks by the furnace.

IZZY

(to Mac)

Gimme a hand, will ya?

Mac looks at Dev, shrugs, grabs a plank. Dev looks on.

EXT. JENN'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - NYC - CONTINUOUS

Jenn smokes a cigarette. She looks behind her: Frank is busy at his desk. She turns back, types.

ON CELL

JENN

(text)

U guys okay?

A PICTURE appears: Dev giving a thumbs up with his bandaged hand, in front of the now-boarded-up window.

BACK TO SCENE

Jenn recognizes the kitchen. Starts typing. SCREECH. She turns, looks into the apartment.

JENN'S POV

Frank fiddles with the bottom drawer of his desk. He can't seem to close it completely.

BACK TO SCENE

Jenn texts Dev.

JENN
(text)
Talk 2morrow.

She flicks her cigarette and climbs back into the apartment.

INT. JENN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NYC - MOMENTS LATER

Jenn enters the living room, laughs light-heartedly.

JENN
How's it going, handyman?

FRANK
(still struggling)
Might have to order a new track.

Frank leaves it jutting out slightly and stands.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Thought you quit.

JENN
I did.

FRANK
I don't like you going out there.
It's an old building.

Frank's CELL BUZZES. He pulls it out, raises a "wait" finger.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, how's it goin?
(to Jenn)
I gotta take this.

Jenn nods. Frank grabs a mask and his keys, then leaves. Jenn walks over to his desk.

DESK

Well-organized, like some kind of lawyer. A FRAMED PICTURE OF JENN by the desklight.

Jenn wrestles with the bottom drawer and moves some files. Underneath is a BIG RED BOOK. She pulls it out. Opens it.

ON BOOK

Jenn flips through. We catch glimpses of different YOUNG COUPLES with details about health, fitness and immunity.

We arrive at a PHOTO OF DEV AND IZZY. Notes on their stats like the others.

BACK TO SCENE

Jenn goes pale.

Hears FOOTSTEPS in the hallway. She quickly puts the book back and shuts the drawer - all the way.

INT. JENN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NYC - MOMENTS LATER

Jenn's watching TV on the couch when Frank re-enters.

JENN
Trouble at the office?

Frank hangs his mask and keys in the background.

FRANK
Very funny. No, there was just some issue with the server.

JENN
You guys need more bandwidth.

ON FRANK

He goes to his desk to make a note and notices the drawer closed. He turns to look at Jenn. Thinks to himself.

FRANK
Yeah, tell me about it.

COUCH

Frank joins Jenn on the couch. He looks at her for a while. She notices, gives him a weirded-out face.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What're we watchin'?

Jenn snaps out of it.

JENN
Obscure little indie flick. Heard it was good.

FRANK
I trust you.

They watch. Frank stares ahead, wheels turning...

DREAM SEQUENCE

POV moves into a dark room. A circle of CULTISTS in robes. We move in. At the center, Dev is STRAPPED DOWN to a table.

A WOMAN, face covered by a sack, is dragged in and strapped down to the table, head near Dev's head. The sack is removed.

Izzy cranes her neck, getting a good look at Dev. He sees the pain and fear in her eyes. He shakes his head in disbelief.

DEV

I'm sorry.

Izzy's eyes turn toward somewhere offscreen. Dev follows her gaze. The look at the POV. Whatever it is, it's horrifying...

DEV (V.O.)

I'm sorry!!!

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - MORNING

Dev wakes up in a cold sweat. He looks around, gets his bearings. He's all by himself.

INT. A-FRAME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

ON FRIDGE

A NOTE: Went to town with Mac. Be back later. Take care of that hand! - IZZY

BACK TO SCENE

In his boxers and a tank top, Dev looks at the note.

DEV

Love you too.

He pours himself some granola, examines the BOARDED WINDOW.

JENN (V.O.)

You should've stayed in New York.

EXT. A-FRAME - BACKYARD - MORNING

CLOSEUP of BOARDED WINDOW

Dev holds his cell up to the boarded kitchen window. He turns it back to see Jenn, who's in her apartment in NYC.

DEV
I'll come back once I finish.

JENN
(FaceTime)
Even I can't focus that much when
the world's ending.

DEV
I'm onto something. Have't felt
this way in years.

INT. JENN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NYC - CONTINUOUS

Jenn paces around as she talks. Frank works at his desk.

JENN
How are your near and dear taking
it? They wanna strangle you yet?

DEV
(FaceTime)
They leave me by myself a lot.

JENN
At least you got Lenny.

INT. A-FRAME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DEV
Haven't been able to reach him yet.

JENN
(FaceTime)
That's weird...

ON IPHONE

We see Frank watching from his desk. He waves.

BACK TO SCENE

DEV
Hey Frank.

Frank smiles, goes back to his work.

JENN
 (FaceTime)
 (whispering)
 Speaking of cabin fever...

Dev laughs.

INT. JENN'S APARTMENT - BACK ROOM - NYC - CONTINUOUS

Jenn moves to another corner of apartment. There are several FRAMED PHOTOS behind her, mostly of different film events.

We see Lenny, Jenn, Bev and other film people.

DEV
 (FaceTime)
 Cool gallery. Hey Jenn? When we were together, did I seem distant?

JENN
 Sometimes. Why?

Jenn lowers her phone and starts texting.

DEV (O.S.)
 (FaceTime)
 Hey, what happened? Can't see you.

ON PHONE

JENN
 (text)
 Can't say too much right now. That cabin you're staying at is Lenny's. Weird shit going on.

INT. A-FRAME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dev looks at Jenn's face again as she brings the phone back up. She's dead serious.

JENN
 (FaceTime)
 What about being distant?

DEV
 (going along with it)
 I dunno. I get in these moods lately where I think everyone's either lying or hiding something...

JENN
 (FaceTime)
 Have you talked to Izzy about it?

DEV
 Not yet.

JENN
 (FaceTime)
 You should. That's how
 relationships work.

DEV
 You're probably right.

PING. Dev looks at his phone.

ON PHONE

A MESSAGE from Lenny.

LENNY
 (text)
 Hey, we should meet up! How's later
 this afternoon?

BACK TO SCENE

DEV
 Uh...I got a message from Lenny.

JENN
 (FaceTime)
 Really? Oh...

DEV
 (whispering)
 I'll call you later, okay?

Jenn nods. She offers a hopeful smile. Dev ends the call.

DEV (CONT'D)
 (text)
 When and where, man?

INT. WEARY TRAVELER - DAY

Mac is in the corner drinking with Simone again.

MAC
 That's crazy that we were both in
 Ireland and didn't even know it.

SIMONE

We care about expanding our minds.

MAC

Wish everyone thought that way.

SIMONE

Fuck 'em if they don't.

They clink their glasses.

MORRIS (O.S.)

Another round?

Morris stands over them with a smile, his hands on his hips. Simone looks at Mac. Thinks.

EXT. CHURCH - DOWNTOWN PHOENICIA - MOMENTS LATER

Mac and Simone walk from the bar to the church together. A LINE OF YOUNG HIPPIES snakes along the side.

MAC

You sure this is a good idea?

SIMONE

It's nothing formal. Just a small social gathering. You'll see.

They get to the line. KARA, Simone's friend, greets them.

KARA

Who's this fine-looking specimen?

SIMONE

Kara, this is Mac. He wants to chill with us today.

Kara coughs, recovers, offers a hand. Mac elbow-bumps her.

KARA

Ease up, city boy. It's just a cold. Do you smoke?

MAC

Is this a trick question?

KARA

Simone and I like to get a little buzz goin' before get-togethers like this. Hardcore rebels.

SIMONE
 (to Kara)
 It starts in 5 minutes...

KARA
 We'll be quick. Come on.

Kara leads them to a tree nearby.

EXT. CHURCH - DOWNTOWN PHOENICIA - TREE - CONTINUOUS

SLO-MO:

The three smoke a bowl and laugh as rays of sunshine cut through the tree branches. Mac and Simone look at each other.

Kara smiles to herself as she watches the two lovebirds fall into a trance. Mac and Simone KISS.

INT. LIBRARY - DOWNTOWN PHOENICIA - CONTINUOUS

Izzy scans shelves in an aisle labeled CULTS & WITCHCRAFT.

MOMENTS LATER

Izzy reads a book at a table in the local library. A bunch of titles on UPSTATE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENTS are scattered about.

CHRISTA (O.S.)
 Know thy neighbor.

Izzy looks up. Christa stands there, wearing reading glasses and a nametag.

IZZY
 Christa. Gosh, I didn't know you...

CHRISTA
 Part time. May I?

Izzy nods, gestures.

MOMENTS LATER

Christa sits in a chair right next to Izzy. She's pointing something out in the book she's reading.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)
 Oh, that summer was just...well it gave this town a bad name, let's just put it that way.

IZZY

What happened with the...I mean they all went to jail, right?

CHRISTA

Some. Some took other ways out. And the rest? Scattered. The core dissolved and thankfully, that nightmare is behind us.

Izzy laughs to herself. Izzy cocks her head, curious.

IZZY

I'm ashamed to admit this, but Dev had me convinced there was some kind of thriving cult up here.

CHRISTA

Hm.

IZZY

That came out wrong.

CHRISTA

It's alright. You know, if I were in your shoes, I'd be worried about the same things. Fact is, this place DOES have a history, and you'd be foolish not to wonder. That's why I'm glad we ran into each other. We can have these uncomfortable conversations - and with any luck, move past all that.

Izzy gets a little teary-eyed.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

Oh dear. Was it something I said?

IZZY

No, it's...you remind me of my mother. She had this way about her, ya know? We used to talk every day, but when...jeez, I'm oversharing.

Christa puts an arm around her and pulls her in for a hug.

CHRISTA

You lost her.

IZZY

Uh huh.

CHRISTA

Honey, just let it out.

IZZY

My dad always pushed me to be tough, but my mom, she'd make sure to remind me that I could be more delicate, more...

Christa pulls back and looks at her.

CHRISTA

You can say it. Women are emotional creatures. You don't have to be tough all the time, sweetie. It's not good for you. How about you come over, have a glass of wine tonight? Just us girls?

IZZY

That sounds frickin great.

CHRISTA

Your husband, bless his heart - he's gonna have to take care of himself tonight.

Izzy smiles. Wipes her tears.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Curled up with the bottle of whiskey on the couch, Dev watches another videotape.

ON TV

MONTAGE:

Young cult members work on a GARDEN, turning the soil, pulling out weeds. A WOMAN passes out WATER CUPS.

Young cult members paint a SHED.

A man CHOPS WOOD.

CLOSE-UP of GARDEN SOIL. A SHOVEL moves the dirt. We see FRAGMENTS OF A HUMAN SKULL.

A young man is DISEMBOWELED. A circle of cult members watch.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev HITS PAUSE. He stands, walks away from the TV, paces.

He plops down on couch again, sits there, thinking. He glances at the TV.

ON TV

Behind the cult members is a house.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev recognizes something. He hits play again. Fast Forwards.

ON TV

POV moves around the circle. Finally, we get a fuller view: it's the same exact house next door. The Crampton House.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev stares at the image in disbelief. His eyes wander...

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dev walks over to the house, checking to make sure no one's watching. He knocks on the door.

DEV

Hello? Anybody home?

Silence. Dev looks over to the garden.

GARDEN

Neat rows of cabbage, carrots, potatoes, tomatoes, etc. Dev walks its perimeter. Notices a SHOVEL sticking out.

SHOVEL

Stuck in the a large patch of freshly-turned soil. It moves.

Dev maneuvers the shovel and starts DIGGING. He periodically checks to make sure he's still alone. CLANK.

Dev stops shoveling and stares at the dirt. He moves the shovel down once again. CLANK. He tosses the shovel.

Down on his knees, Dev moves dirt with his hands. Faster. Faster. He stops. Recoils. A few feet underground:

A HUMAN SKELETON.

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A POV watches Dev from the woods.

Dev looks around, scanning the trees. He senses someone's presence.

We hear CRUNCHING GRAVEL. Dev grabs the shovel and quickly shovels the dirt back onto the skeleton.

EXT. A-FRAME - MOMENTS LATER

THE PICK-UP TRUCK and CHRISTA'S SEDAN come creeping up the driveway and park at the clearing.

Dev comes from the back of the A-Frame, holding some logs. He waves at Christa, Izzy and Dev as they get out of their cars.

DEV

Thought we could take advantage of
that beautiful furnace in there.

(to Izzy and Mac)

You two have a good day?

IZZY

It was great.

MAC

This town ain't half bad.

CHRISTA

(to Izzy)

6 o'clock?

IZZY

(to Christa)

See you then.

Christa heads over to her house.

MAC

I'm gonna grab a sandwich.

Mac walks off.

IZZY

How's it going up there?

DEV

Coming along. Listen, there's
something I need to -

IZZY
Not today, okay? Nothing personal.

DEV
Izzy, trust me, you are gonna want-

IZZY
No.

Dev stops himself. Nods. Forces a little smile.

DEV
You got plans?

IZZY
Yeah. Girls Night.

DEV
That's nice. I was gonna go meet up
with Lenny. It's crazy how hard it-

She tosses him the keys.

IZZY
Car's all yours. I'm gonna go
freshen up.

Izzy starts toward the cabin. Dev turns.

DEV
Hey, honey?

Izzy looks at him.

DEV (CONT'D)
I love you.

She smiles, continues toward the cabin.

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - WOODS - CONTINUOUS

POV watches Dev stand there. Dev goes to the pickup. Hops in.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - A-FRAME - CONTINUOUS

Dev gives one last look at the garden. Backs out.

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

A SET OF BOOTS approaches the patch of dirt.

We pull out to reveal the owner of the boots: Wayne Crampton. Wayne looks out at the driveway.

INT. WEARY TRAVELER - AFTERNOON

Dev enters. The bar is empty, except for Morris.

MORRIS
You must be Devin.

DEV
My brother really talked this place up. Oh sorry - two fingers of Jack.

Morris pours Dev some whiskey and slides it down.

MORRIS
Name's Morris. Any friend of Mac is a friend of mine. What brings ya down here, lad?

DEV
Meeting a friend.

MORRIS
Oh? Might I ask who?

A STATION WAGON cruises past the front of the bar. Dev stops himself mid-drink. He stands. Walks toward the window.

DEV
(absent-mindedly)
Lenny. Lenny Mendessen.

The Station Wagon parks by the garage next to the gas station across the street. Lenny gets out. An ATTENDANT meets him.

We can't see Lenny's face clearly, but he's wearing his clothes, he's got his hair. Dev waves. Lenny doesn't notice.

Dev walks out the door.

EXT. WEARY TRAVELER - CONTINUOUS

Rod and Doyle come out from the garage. Dev watches the ATTENDANT direct Rod and Doyle to Lenny's trunk.

They start unloading WHITE BUCKETS. Lenny follows them into the garage as the Attendant keeps a lookout. Dev walks over.

EXT. GAS STATION - DOWNTOWN PHOENICIA - CONTINUOUS

Dev approaches the garage. The Attendant cuts him off.

ATTENDANT
Something you need, sir?

DEV
That's my friend back there. Lenny,
the guy with the long hair.

ATTENDANT
Your friend is conducting important
business with us.

DEV
We were supposed to meet at the
Weary Traveler-

ATTENDANT
Then go wait at the Weary Traveler.

DEV
Right. Good idea.

Dev turns, starts to walk back. He casually peers into the Station Wagon. Sees a variety of HUNTING WEAPONS in the back.

EXT. WEARY TRAVELER - MOMENTS LATER

Dev calls Jenn. Morris watches him from inside. Dev smiles. Across the street, the Attendant watches him too.

JENN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hey man, I was gonna call you. None
of Lenny's friends have heard from
him or his wife and son.

DEV
I saw him.

JENN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Are you sure?

DEV
I think so. I'm looking at his
station wagon right now. We're
supposed to have a drink.

INT./EXT. JENN'S APARTMENT - NYC - CONTINUOUS

Jenn is out on her fire escape.

JENN
How's he been corresponding?

DEV (V.O.)
(filtered)
Facebook Messenger.

Jenn makes a face.

JENN
How long has this been going on?

DEV (V.O.)
(filtered)
On and off the past month. Why?

JENN
Lenny doesn't have a Facebook. And
there's something else...

EXT. WEARY TRAVELER - CONTINUOUS

Dev lowers the phone and looks across at the Station Wagon.
Lenny is STARING at Dev from behind the car. Dev shudders.

JENN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Dev?

DEV
I'll call you back.

INT. WEARY TRAVELER - MOMENTS LATER

Dev goes to the counter and puts money down.

MORRIS
What happened to your friend?

DEV
I don't know.

EXT. WEARY TRAVELER - MOMENTS LATER

Dev steps out of the bar with his jacket on. The Station
Wagon has vanished. The Attendant is still watching him.

Dev gets in his pickup. As he drives away, Morris walks out.
He and the Attendant exchange looks.

INT. JENN'S APARTMENT - NYC - CONTINUOUS

Jenn steps back into her apartment. She turns to close the window. Turns back. Frank is standing there.

FRANK

You're on the phone with him a lot these days.

JENN

Yeah and you're being paranoid.
(business-like)
We're out of wine. I'll be back.

Frank doesn't move. Jenn tries to pass him.

FRANK

You shouldn't keep secrets from me.

JENN

I'm just worried about a friend.

FRANK

That's all?

JENN

Yeah. Can I please go?

Frank softens. Kisses her, holds her a moment...then lets her go. She grabs a mask, keys and jacket. Walks to the door.

FRANK (O.S.)

Aren't you forgetting something?

Frank holds out her purse. She laughs at herself. Takes it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Have good trip.

Jenn kisses him on the cheek, rubs his arms. Leaves. Frank just looks on at the hallway, thinking.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - WALKER LANE - CONTINUOUS

As Dev drives, he sends a MESSAGE to Lenny.

ON PHONE

DEV

(text)

I know this isn't Lenny.

The message is SEEN. No response.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev focuses on the road. He fidgets with the radio. David Hess' THE ROAD LEADS TO NOWHERE plays.

BACKSEAT WINDOW

The Station Wagon pulls out from a hidden driveway and follows Dev from a distance.

LATER

The pickup approaches the driveway toward the cabin. Dev makes the turn. The Station Wagon PASSES and keeps driving.

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Country-French-style, Martha Stewart sort of home with all kinds of stuffed game, from birds to cougars.

We move through the Family Room into the KITCHEN.

KITCHEN

Christa puts the finishing touches on a meal while Izzy sips from a glass of wine. Christa puts a lid on the pot.

CHRISTA

Gonna let it sit for 10 minutes and we're good to go.

IZZY

God you guys have a nice home.

CHRISTA

You want to see the rest of it?

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Brick walls. Lanterns. A Skylight with Large Hooks Hanging.

CHRISTA

It was like that when we moved in. Weird, huh?

IZZY

I like it. You could hang plants.

CHRISTA

Wayne says that would block the moonlight. Marriage is compromise.

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - CELLAR DOORS - NIGHT

Christa opens the cellar doors and leads Izzy down the steps.

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A musty cellar with two rows of shelves filled with wine bottles of varying vintage.

IZZY
This collection...

CHRISTA
I know. We like our wine. Speaking
of which, we deserve another
bottle.

Christa selects a bottle from the shelf. Izzy pulls one out from a different section. Christa goes over to her.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)
Not that one. Hasn't matured yet.

Izzy gingerly lets Christa take it, and she carefully places it back on the shelf and smiles at Izzy.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)
Shall we?

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

An ornate room painted in purple with gold trim.

A LARGE OVULAR MIRROR with an INTRICATE WOODEN FRAME faces the bed. Izzy is fascinated. Curious. Christa observes her.

CHRISTA
Go ahead.

Izzy walks over to the mirror.

REFLECTION

Izzy appears even more glowy than usual. An eerie effect.

IZZY
Isn't this bad luck?

Christa walks behind her and immediately starts glowing.

CHRISTA
It's a special kind of mirror.

The ladies admire themselves for a while.

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Remnants of a meal scattered about. Christa is showing Izzy a photo album as they drink wine.

CHRISTA

That's from our 6th anniversary hike. Wayne got poison ivy. I refused to touch him the rest of the night, even though he insisted it wasn't contagious.

IZZY

You guys seem good together.

CHRISTA

Up here, we can be whoever we want.

IZZY

I'll drink to that.

The clink their glasses. As they drink, Izzy notices a weird SCAR running across Christa's right collar bone.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Hunting accident?

Christa touches the scar, covering it up.

CHRISTA

Oh this? We were building the shed out back and I slipped off the ladder. Fell right into the trees.

IZZY

Ouch. Well it's barely noticeable.

HIGH BEAMS FLASH through the windows. They can see the pickup truck in the clearing. The beams flick off.

CHRISTA

Looks like your man's home.

IZZY

How bout more wine?

EXT. A-FRAME - CONTINUOUS

Dev walks to the cabin, briefly looks back at the Crampton House. Izzy sees him, pretends not to notice. He turns away.

He stops at the door. He can hear MUSIC and LAUGHTER.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dev walks in and sees Mac, Simone and Kara having a little party. They're smoking, drinking, discussing things.

KITCHEN

A couple other hippie types are singing and playing guitar.

LIVING ROOM

Simone nudges Mac. He sees Dev.

MAC
Hey guys. Guys?

The guests stop the chatter and music. They all turn to Dev.

MAC (CONT'D)
This is my brother Dev.

GUESTS
Sup?/Hey man./What's good?/Nice to
meet you./Grab a drink!

One of the guests, HIPPIE TOM, lights Dev a fresh joint.

HIPPIE TOM
A peace offering, Amigo.

DEV
Everybody out. Now.

MAC
Don't be a dick, dude.

SIMONE
(to Mac)
It's okay. We get it.

She walks up to Dev.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
He's not one of us.

Dev just stares her down.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Come on, people. Onto greener
pastures.

The guests gather their things and start to leave.

MAC

That was uncalled for.

DEV

Something majorly weird is going on, Mac. Where are the rest of the townspeople? Why's everyone acting like the world isn't falling the fuck apart everywhere else?

MAC

Give into the embrace and you won't ever live in fear ever again.

DEV

What?

Mac follows the group. Dev goes after him.

EXT. A-FRAME - CONTINUOUS

Dev takes Mac's arm.

DEV

You just met those people.

MAC

They're more family to me than you.

Dev lets Mac go. The group walks down the driveway.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MONTAGE: Dev cleans up the aftermath of the party.

He sweeps cigarette butts; tosses out food and rolling papers; washes dishes; mops floor; organizes Mac's stuff.

END OF MONTAGE.

Dev finally relaxes on the couch with a glass of whiskey.

When he puts his glass down, he sees the PAMPHLET Mac brought home with him. He picks it up.

ON PAMPHLET:

Photo collage of young hippie types in front of cabins. Their t-shirts all say CAMP AWAKEN.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev thinks to himself. Eyes the videotapes.

LATER

Dev watches one of the tapes again.

ON TV

A group of hippies gathers for a photo op in a field. The ones in the front hold up a sign: CAMP AWAKEN 1983.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev pulls out his cell and dials Mac. Waits.

MAC (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Hey what do you want?
 (pause)
 Hello?

DEV
 (into phone)
 Hey man - I really need to-

MAC (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Hahahah listen, leave a message and
 I'll *try* to get back to you.
 Peace and love!

BEEP. Dev shakes his head.

DEV
 (into phone)
 Mac, call me. There's something I
 think you should...

Dev sees something onscreen. He loses his train of thought.

DEV (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Call me as soon as you get this.

ON TV

A WOMAN, 28, sits by a firepit holding an acoustic guitar. POV moves in on her, interrupting her practice session.

POV VOICE (O.S.)
 And what is it you're working on
 this fine autumn evening?

The woman blushes. She clearly has feelings for him.

WOMAN

Oh, just a little folk song. Father encourages musical expression. Says it unlocks the soul.

POV VOICE (O.S.)

Funny, that's what I think about film. Maybe we could unlock our souls together.

WOMAN

Maybe.

Faint SCREAMS are heard in the background. The woman looks over her shoulder briefly, then back.

POV VOICE (O.S.)

What are you thinking now?

WOMAN

That I wish we didn't have to be involved in that.

POV VOICE (O.S.)

Maybe we don't.

(whispering)

It could be our little secret...

The woman looks at the POV. Manages a small smile. A HAND reaches over to her from behind the camera. Touches her face.

The fingers on the hand sport a variety of RINGS. We recognize one of them: the PENTAGRAM RING.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev calls Jenn.

JENN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Yeah.

DEV

(into phone)

Did you know Lenny was in a cult?

JENN (V.O.)

(filtered)

He and his wife were hired to make a documentary back in the 80s.

(MORE)

JENN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Eventually it got weird, and they
 fled. How long have you been
 looking into this?

DEV
 (into phone)
 Just a couple days. What's wrong?

JENN (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 The photos you sent are from
 Lenny's cabin. You've been set up.

Dev trembles in fear. He stands looks around the cabin.

INT. JENN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Jenn passes a sign that says PHOENICIA: 100 MILES.

JENN
 (into phone)
 I'm gonna check into a motel in the
 area and meet you in the morning.
 I'll get you guys out.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DEV
 (into phone)
 Aren't we free to leave on our own?
 What aren't you telling me?

JENN (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 The less I say the better. We'll
 meet tomorrow and go from there.

DEV
 (into phone)
 Alright. Tomorrow.

Dev hangs up. He fixates on the pamphlet.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - VERANDA - NIGHT

A white-shuttered country home on a grassy hill. Music and
 laughter inside. Morris smokes a pipe on a rocking chair.

Simone stands over him as he looks at her cell.

ON CELL

A camera feed of the A-FRAME LIVING ROOM. We see Dev watching the tapes, taking notes.

BACK TO SCENE

Morris hands the phone back to Simone. He nods.

MAC (O.S.)
They want me to sing Tiny Dancer
and I suggested a duet...

Morris and Simone turn toward Mac, who's just stumbled out of the side door, wound up and happy. He gauges the moment.

MAC (CONT'D)
Sorry - I didn't...

MORRIS
No lad, not at all. Come, come.

Simone gives Mac a knowing smile, rolls her eyes as she pockets her cell. He walks over.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
I heard your brother wasn't too
happy here.

MAC
He's just paranoid.

MORRIS
Oh?

MAC
He thinks I'm being brainwashed.

MORRIS
Do you feel that way?

MAC
No sir.

MORRIS
Simone tells me she's filled you in
on our practices. You're aware of
the ritual on Friday?

MAC
Yeah, sorta.

MORRIS
We need your brother to be here for
that. I know it can't be easy.

MAC

I don't think he'd voluntarily slice his hand open if that's what you're asking. Hah.

Simone and Morris look at him with dead seriousness.

MAC (CONT'D)

But if I twist things a little...

SIMONE

Just a little.

MORRIS

That way he won't go running off.

MAC

Right.

MORRIS

And your sister-in-law. She appears to have the right attitude. But I would refrain from letting her know too much, either.

SIMONE

It'll be like a Halloween gag.

MORRIS

Yes. A bit of morbid fun. And then you'll all be family.

Mac relaxes. Morris sees them flirting with their eyes.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

You two run along, now. I see a bright future for you both.

Simone takes his hand. Exchanges glances with Morris very subtly. She guides Mac back into the house.

HEADLIGHTS FLASH across the veranda. Morris' eyes follow them. CRUNCHING GRAVEL. DOOR SLAM. FOOTSTEPS.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

We've got a problem.

Morris looks up and sees the Sheriff standing there.

INT. PHOENICIA SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jenn sits in one of the two chairs opposite a big oak desk. A name plate reads SHERIFF SABATELLA. She studies the room.

On the walls are various animal heads and realistic wax human heads with expressions of horror and agony.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
Hate to keep a lady waitin.'

Jenn turns and sees Sheriff Teddy walk in with Morris. They shut the door and approach her. She stands.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Ms. Benjamin, this is Morris Findlay, our interim mayor, barkeep, counselor, resident 'Town Elder.' He's more or less the man in charge 'round here.

Morris extends a hand.

MORRIS
A veritable pleasure to see such beauty grace our presence.

She ignores his hand.

JENN
Hi. Sheriff, all I want is a place to stay the night. Can you please show me to your local motel?

SHERIFF
(to Morris)
Ms. Benjamin is a friend of the O'Rourke's. She's worried about them, apparently.

MORRIS
I assure you they're right as rain.

JENN
I'll see for myself in the morning. Guys, I get why you have gates, and I'm grateful you let me in, but I'm tired and it's been a long day.

SHERIFF
Have a seat, Ms. Benjamin. Please. Couple minutes and I'll escort you to the motel myself.

She shakes her head, ambivalent. Takes a seat. They do too. She notices plastic covering on the floor. Eyes the men.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You know what we could use is a good cup o' tea. Morris, you wanna fix us a batch?

MORRIS

Marvelous idea. I'll be right back...

Morris gets up. Jenn immediately stands.

JENN

Could you just take me to the motel? I'll pay whatever.

Morris and Sheriff look at each other. Sheriff clears his throat, stands.

SHERIFF

Morris, if ya would.

MORRIS

Follow me. It's just round the corner. Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Morris.
(to Jenn)
Ma'am.

Jenn lets Morris lead the way out. Sheriff forces a smile.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Lights up on a barebones motel room. Jenn gives it a good panoramic look before entering.

MORRIS (O.S.)

All the usual amenities. You know the interesting thing about this motel is it was built by-

JENN

I'm good.

Morris stifles his enthusiasm. He hands Jenn the keys.

MORRIS

Sleep well.

She slams the door in his face.

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - LATER

Sound of RUNNING WATER. STEAM fills the room. POV moves in.

ON JENN

Showering. She hears a noise. Pokes her head out. Listens. Nothing. She resumes her shower.

LATER

Jenn brushes her hair while looking in the mirror. Drops her brush. We follow her down as she bends to pick it up.

She stands back up. Still apparently safe.

INT. MOTEL - BEDROOM - LATER

ON CLOSET DOOR MIRROR

We see Jenn sitting at the edge of the bed, now in sweats and t-shirt. She checks her cell.

ON PHONE

Jenn starts typing a message to Dev.

JENN

(text)

In town. Let's -

Incoming Call: FRANK. She hits ignore.

FRANK

(text)

I'm worried about you. Where'd you go? Let me know if you're okay.

She sighs, annoyed.

JENN

(text)

I'm fine. I'll be in touch.

Ellipses, then nothing. PING. A NEW MESSAGE from LENNY.

LENNY

(text)

Getting warmer.

BACK TO SCENE

Bewildered, Jenn scans the room. She heads toward the front, leaving the reflection in the closet door mirror.

Jenn slides the chain lock, checks the bolt. She peers through the blinds. POV from further back.

WINDOW VIEW

Nothing but a couple cars in the small parking lot. RING!!!

BACK TO SCENE

Jenn whips around, sees the ROTARY PHONE on the dresser, ringing incessantly. She slowly walks over to it. Picks up.

As she listens, she keeps her eyes on the door.

JENN
(into phone)
Hello?

POV moves slowly from the CLOSET toward Jenn.

FRANK (V.O.)
(filtered)
I told you to stay away.

ON JENN

From the shadows behind her, the silhouette of Lenny emerges.

JENN
(into phone)
Frank?

Lenny's hands grab the cord and STRANGLE Jenn. She struggles mightily, knocking over the MIRROR on the closet door.

CRASH. GLASS SHARDS scatter on the musty carpet. We watch as Lenny chokes harder, and finally Jenn goes limp.

In heavily-shadowed profile, Lenny picks up the phone. Puts it to his ear. Listens. Breathes.

INT. JENN'S APARTMENT - NYC - CONTINUOUS

Frank listens to BREATHING on his cell. CLICK. He slowly puts his cell down.

EXT. A-FRAME - MORNING

Autumn leaves blow in the wind. The door opens. Mac walks out, sets a MENACING JACK-O-LANTERN on the ground.

SUPER: FRIDAY

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Izzy and Mac finish decorating the cabin with Halloween stuff. The table is set with granola, fruit, etc.

IZZY

Happy Halloween, baby.

Izzy kisses Dev. Gestures to the table. They all sit.

DEV

You guys on somethin'?

IZZY

We all got off to a rocky start here. Mac and I talked. We think the best thing for us as a family is to celebrate our new home.

MAC

Tonight's the Harvest Moon, and they have this tradition that...

IZZY

It's weird.

MAC

It is a little weird.

IZZY

But worth the trouble.

MAC

Basically, they slice your hand open -
 (he demonstrates)
 -and you squeeze some onto a rock. The moonlight blesses it, and then we become one with the community.

Dev looks at both of them. He starts to laugh. They don't...

DEV

You're serious.
 (to Izzy)
 (MORE)

DEV (CONT'D)

What did you and Christa talk about all night? Did Mac put you up to this? Izzy, tell me you don't buy into all that.

IZZY

You're overreacting. It's a harmless ritual. Not like we're selling our souls, okay?

Dev gets up.

DEV

That's it. I can't believe it's come to this.

LIVING ROOM

Dev goes to the TV and starts to arrange the VCR. He pulls out the stash of tapes from a hiding place by the bookshelf.

Izzy and Mac look at each other. They get up.

DEV (CONT'D)

You wanna know why I'm bent outta shape, don't you? Come on, have a seat. I said have a seat!

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dev, Izzy and Mac watch one of the tapes play. We hear SCREAMS. He watches their faces.

IZZY

Turn it off.

DEV

No, you need to keep watching.

IZZY

God damn it, turn it off!

She reaches for the switch on the TV. Dev takes her wrist.

DEV

Watch the rest of it -

Mac shuts it off.

MAC

We don't have to watch this shit, man! God, you're unbelievable.

DEV

Are you guys blind?

MAC

It's a fun little found footage horror film that you're using to disparage the good name of this town. Fuck, man. This is low even for you.

DEV

Are you kidding me? This is REAL. THOSE PEOPLE ARE MAMED AND BURNED ALIVE, right in front of your face!

MAC

I can make more realistic gore with pumpkin guts and ketchup. Jesus. I'm going for a walk.

DEV

No, wait - you guys need more? I'll give you more. Come on. Follow me.

Dev walks out the front door. Izzy and Mac follow.

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dev is digging in the same patch he was yesterday. Mac is standing nearby.

MAC

Dude, get a grip.

DEV

Shut up.

Izzy comes running over with Christa.

CHRISTA

What are you doing to my garden?

MAC

(to Christa)

He says there's a body in there.

CHRISTA

Excuse me?

They watch in disbelief as Dev digs and digs. He tosses the shovel. Moves dirt around. The remains are gone.

DEV

Wait - they're not here.
 (looking around)
 Someone must've seen me and moved
 the bones.

He gets up. Goes to Christa.

DEV (CONT'D)

Where's your husband?

CHRISTA

He's at work. Why...

DEV

He saw me, didn't he? He saw me and
 moved the bones. You probably
 helped him.

CHRISTA

I think I better call the Sheriff.

DEV

You do that! And while you're at
 it, tell him what you did with
 Lenny and his wife and kid.

CHRISTA

Excuse me?

DEV

That's not your cabin. That belongs
 to the Mendessens. Those were their
 bones, weren't they? You and Wayne
 killed them and that's why -

CHRISTA

We share the property. The
 Mendessens have another house up
 here. I spoke with Bev yesterday.

DEV

Yeah? Prove it. Show me phone
 records. I see right through you!

Christa laughs incredulously and walks back to her house.

CHRISTA

I give up...

IZZY

Christa -

CHRISTA
It's alright, dear.

Izzy looks at Dev, exasperated. She storms off to the cabin.
Dev follows her. Mac lingers over the mess of dirt.

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dev sees Izzy rummaging through the papers on Dev's desk.
Izzy turns around.

IZZY
When I look at this, all I see is a man avoiding the actual task of writing itself. I see conspiracy theories, I see perversion of your surroundings, the very people who show you love turned into villains-

DEV
That stuff is true!

IZZY
Oh I'm aware of the history of this region, Dev. I went to the library. Did my own research. And Christa, bless her heart, explained to me that yes, there was a cult, but you know what happened? It DISSOLVED. It no longer exists. I took the time to get the answers.

DEV
Christa. She told you - has it occurred to you that maybe she's HIDING something? That maybe they're all hiding something?

IZZY
For God's sakes, if you're that paranoid, why are we still here? Why would you take that risk?

Dev doesn't have an answer.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I don't know who you are anymore. It's no secret how much potential you had. But for whatever reason, you never made another film. All you needed was an outline and an iPhone. You could've shot something at our apartment.

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

I can't carry the torch for a man so determined to sabotage himself. If you don't want to participate in the ritual tonight, fine. In fact, maybe it's time you thought about moving back to the city. Or another town, someplace else. I don't care.

She walks downstairs. Dev turns around. Mac is at the door. He hugs Izzy as he looks at Dev, sad, disappointed.

Izzy and Mac walk outside. Dev watches from the window as Christa, Izzy and Mac talk to the Sheriff.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Dev sits by himself on the couch, drinking whiskey, staring out into space.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

If any bones were here, somebody made sure they disappeared real good. There anything else I can do for you folks?

DEV (V.O.)

The tapes.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

I'm inclined to agree with your brother and your wife that these are basically little horror films. Your buddy was a filmmaker, right?

IZZY (V.O.)

Thanks so much, Sheriff.

CHRISTA (V.O.)

Thank you, Teddy. We'll see you this evening.

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dev shuffles his papers. Stares despondently at a FILM AWARD placed at the corner of his desk. He takes it in his hands.

In the same corner is a little POLAROID of him and Mac. Happier times.

FILM JOURNALIST (V.O.)

Thank you for tuning into Indie Film Weekly.

(MORE)

FILM JOURNALIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm pleased to introduce tonight's
special guest, Devin O'Rourke.

DEV (V.O.)
It's great to be here.

MOMENTS LATER

Dev is watching a video of himself being interviewed by a
FILM JOURNALIST on his iPhone, headphones plugged in.

ON IPHONE

Young Dev sits opposite a dapper FILM JOURNALIST, all smiles.

FILM JOURNALIST
Devin, you've just made waves with
your debut film, which you wrote,
directed, edited, scored and
starred in.

DEV
Nobody else was gonna do it for me.

FILM JOURNALIST
I understand this story came from
personal experience. Could you tell
us a little about that?

DEV
Um. Well I lost my older brother a
couple years ago, and there was a
lot of emotional turmoil as a
result of that. So I thought
instead of wallowing in despair,
I'd make a movie out of it. And it
seems to have connected with
people, which is great.

FILM JOURNALIST
Powerful stuff for sure. But as I
take it, you used some of your own
family in the film, and in some
cases it seems to have an almost
documentary-like feel to it. Did
that cause any sort of tension
between you and your relatives?

Dev shifts in his seat. Thinks a moment.

DEV

All I'll say is, if you're not creating tension, as an artist, you're not doing your job. So any of that stuff I see as a positive.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev drinks from the bottle.

FILM JOURNALIST (O.S.)

(on iPhone)

Bold words from a bold filmmaker.

He shuts the video off. Propping his elbow on the desk, he sets his chin on his hand, looks at the picture.

MORRIS (V.O.)

You're sure he won't cooperate?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Morris sits across from Sheriff Teddy.

SHERIFF

The man's convinced there's a conspiracy. I worry he might disrupt our...it may get messy.

MORRIS

We'll use the brother, then. Shame. He would've been good for us.

(Sighs. Looks to his left.)

Make it clean and quick.

REVEAL Lenny in the other chair. We don't see his face.

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Dev's eyes wander to the photo from the book Izzy brought back from the library.

ON PHOTO

We're looking at Lenny and Bev. Smiling. Happy.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev takes out his phone.

ON PHONE

Dev sifts through his PHOTO GALLERY. Arrives at a series from a FILM PREMIERE.

GALLERY

Dev with Lenny. Lenny onstage with mic and MODERATOR. Lenny with Jack. Lenny with Jack and Bev. Dev with Lenny and Jack.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev freezes. Stares at the photo of him with Lenny and Jack. Zooms in. Sets the phone down. Sits there, staring ahead.

He dials JENN on his cell, waits. His cell VIBRATES.

ON IPHONE

JENN

(text)

Meet me by the falls. Sending you directions now.

BACK TO SCENE

Dev makes face at the cryptic text. Gets up.

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dev walks past the house toward the trail. WINDOW: He catches a glimpse of Izzy, Mac, Christa and others.

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mac puts his arm around Izzy. She turns away from Dev. Dev keeps walking up the trail. The group comforts Izzy.

INT. WOODS - SUNSET

Dev walks through the woods, passes a sign that reads KAATERSKILL FALLS. We follow him for a while.

WATERFALL

Dev nears the waterfall. POV from the woods moves toward Dev. Ahead, he sees Jenn sitting on a log, her back turned to him.

DEV

I never thought I'd be so glad to see you.

Jenn stands. Turns. It's someone WEARING JENN'S FACE AS A MASK. Dev stumbles back. She walks toward him.

JENNFACE

I thought you wanted to see me.

POV emerges from the brush, now just a few yards from Dev. JENNFACE looks past Dev.

JENNFACE (CONT'D)

Thought you wanted to see us.

Dev turns slowly. Behind him: someone WEARING LENNY'S FACE AS A MASK! LENNYFACE pulls out a MACHETE. Moves in.

DEV

Oh God. Oh God...

THHKK. Dev feels a prick in his back. Jenn pulls a hunting knife out. Blood leaks. He turns to her. THHKK.

He sees the MACHETE BLADE sticking out of his side.

JENNFACE (O.S.)

The only gods out here are us.

JennFace kisses Dev. JABS HIM one more time. He falls to the ground. Crawls away pathetically as he's pursued.

JennFace reaches to grab him. Gets hold of his NECKLACE. It SNAPS, and Dev falls down the waterfall, into the abyss.

JennFace and LennyFace pull up their masks: it's Simone and Wayne underneath. They look over the edge together.

SIMONE

No one could've survived that fall.

WAYNE

We should get back. Don't want 'em to start without us.

They turn and walk down the trail together.

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Mac, Izzy, Christa, Hippie Tom and friends drink wine by the fire. Hippie Tom leans over to Mac.

HIPPIE TOM

Don't worry, Amigo. Kara is outta the picture. Simone's all yours.

MAC
Where'd Simone go, anyway?

HIPPIE TOM
Official business, Amigo.

Izzy is kind of zoning out in a corner. Christa approaches.

CHRISTA
Men let us down. It's a fact of
life, dear.

IZZY
I still love him. It sucks.

CHRISTA
We have to be ready to cut people
out of our lives when they hold us
back. Just cut them right out.

Izzy nods, sips her wine, unsure of how to respond. Simone
enters through the front door, wearing different clothes.

Mac goes to her.

MAC
You look fresh.

SIMONE
Thought I'd shower. Got pretty
dirty from that hike.
(to Christa)
Wayne wanted to see you in the
basement.

Christa gets up.

CHRISTA
Time to break out our special house
wine. You'll all excuse me for a
moment.
(to Izzy)
Will you be alright?

IZZY
Yeah. Thanks for the talk.

Izzy walks over to Simone, who's flirting with Mac.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Hey, did you see Dev out there?

SIMONE
 (arm around Mac's waist)
 I got the good one right here.

MAC
 I'm not perfect.

SIMONE
 You are to me.
 (off Izzy's look)
 No, didn't see him. Sorry.

Izzy nods. Mac goes back to flirting with Simone.

IZZY
 I'm gonna run to the cabin to
 freshen up.

MAC
 Hurry back.

Izzy forces a smile.

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy sifts through Dev's papers. Locates the article labeled
 SOUL SURVIVOR speaks.

ON ARTICLE

"The woman, 23, suffered an injury to the chest as a result
 of the cult's torture practices."

FLASHBACK

Izzy notices Christa's scar while sipping her wine.

END OF FLASHBACK

Izzy searches through Dev's papers some more.

DEV'S NOTES

Cult still active?

Recent disappearances linked to ongoing sacrificial rituals?

BACK TO SCENE

Izzy finds the printout she was looking for. Holds it up.

PRINTOUT

"The leader of the cult tends to be a woman, considered to be the mother. She possesses an intricately-framed mirror, believed to preserve her youth and affirm her strength."

BACK TO SCENE

Izzy thinks back to her visit with Christa...

FLASHBACK

Izzy stands in front of the mirror with Christa.

BACK TO SCENE

Izzy calls Dev.

IZZY
Come on, come on, pick up...

DEV (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hey - not here, but please leave a
message and -

Izzy ends the call.

IZZY
Shit.

She thinks a moment, then starts typing on her cell.

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mac is chatting with a hippie while Kara and Simone whisper to each other. Simone gestures for the hippie to come over.

The hippie does so, leaving Mac by himself. He watches the three converse. Simone flashes him a brief smile.

Mac pulls out his cell.

ON CELL

IZZY
(text)
Get over here now.

BACK TO SCENE

Mac gets up. The group keeps eyes on him.

MAC
Be right back.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy and Mac argue.

MAC

You sound just like Dev, you know that?

IZZY

I need you to think clearly, Mac. What do we really know about them?

MAC

Can't this wait till after the ritual?

IZZY

That's my point. What if it's not what they say it is? What if they're planning something else?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Izzy and Mac look at each other.

WAYNE (O.S.)

Hey gang - everything okay? You got us all worried over there. We still on for the party?

IZZY

(calling out)

Hey Wayne - just needed a moment to decompress. We'll be over soon.

CHRISTA (O.S.)

We'd feel a lot better if we saw your faces.

Mac starts for the door. Izzy shakes her head. He rolls his eyes, ignores her. She steps in front of him.

SIMONE (O.S.)

Mac, don't let her poison your mind. You're one of us now, remember?

MAC

(whispering to Izzy)

I trust her. Okay?

(to Simone)

Hey Simone, could you come in here actually?

Beat.

SIMONE (O.S.)

Yeah, sure.

Mac nods to Izzy. She thinks a sec, then lets him go.

DOOR

Mac opens the door to see Wayne, Christa, Simone, Kara and the hippie friends all standing there. Simone steps forward.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

(to Christa)

It's okay, I got this. We'll be over there in two seconds.

(to Mac)

Let's talk, man.

LIVING ROOM

Mac shuts the door and locks it again as Simone enters, eyeing Izzy. She turns around, folds her arms.

MAC

Kara's gone. Izzy's worried you guys are planning something bad. You'd tell me if you were, right?

SIMONE

Kara is no longer part of the Family. That's the way it is.

Simone's eyes are still, almost soulless. Suddenly they turn warm. She approaches Mac, places her hand on his arm.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Sweet, sweet Mac. I would never do anything to harm a hair on your head. You O'Rourkes are good people. That's why we need you.

Mac sighs in relief. Shakes his head. Hugs her.

MAC

I'm sorry I doubted you.

Mac notices the NECKLACE around Simone's neck.

MAC (CONT'D)

Hey, my brother has one of these-

Izzy moves over to get a good look. Simone holds it.

SIMONE

He has good taste. Let's head back.

IZZY
Wait a minute.

Simone stops dead in her tracks.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Let me see that necklace.

Simone turns around.

SIMONE
Why?

IZZY
Curiosity. Show it to me.

Simone pulls the necklace out from under her shirt. Smiles.

SIMONE
Looks better on me, doesn't it?

Izzy sees blood specs - and PUNCHES Simone in the face!
Simone falls. Izzy pounces on her and delivers another punch.

IZZY
Where is he?

SIMONE
(laughing)
You'll have to ask the river.

WHACK! Izzy punches Simone once more and gets off her. As she calls Dev on her cell, Mac looks down at Simone, heartbroken.

FRONT WINDOW

Cultists dressed in black emerge from the woods, holding torches. They start to gather around the cabin.

BACK TO SCENE

Mac bends down and hoists Simone against the wall.

MAC
Who are those people? What are they
planning on doing tonight?

SIMONE
You'll find out soon.

MAC
You led me on.

SIMONE

Plans changed. It wasn't my fault.

MAC

What aren't you telling me? God damnit, what the fuck do you have to lose?

SIMONE

It's called Blood Charging. It's a ceremony that involves siphoning blood into a container at midnight, under the light of the full moon.

MAC

Why not tell me that?

SIMONE

Because the blood is drawn from a main artery until nothing is left. You would've run away.

MAC

You were always gonna take our blood.

SIMONE

Not yours. You were gonna be one of us. I vouched for you. Then your brother got in the way. We had to get rid of him. And you became his replacement. For that, I'm sorry.

MAC

How do we escape?

SIMONE

That's a dumb question.

MAC

Tell them our blood's no good. Tell them to use someone else's.

SIMONE

Your blood is perfect. And it's our only hope of survival. We've refined the process over the past year. It's kept us immune. We'll outlast the rest of the world. It's an honor to be a part of that.

MAC

You really bought into this.

SIMONE

I gave them my parents and they let me live. I sacrificed everything.

Mac's face falls. Simone looks like a stranger.

CHRISTA (O.S.)

Mac? Izzy? We're waiting...

SIMONE

(calling out)

Be right there!

(to Mac)

Let's get this over with.

Izzy puts her cell away.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

(to Izzy)

Told you he was unavailable.

IZZY

(to Mac)

Why don't we kill her?

SIMONE

With all of them out there? You're not that stupid.

Izzy picks up the AXE and walks over.

IZZY

Try me.

MAC

(to Simone)

There has to be a way out.

SIMONE

They've planned this for months. It's a beautifully-constructed gathering. Even if you tried to sneak away through the woods, they'd come and find you.

IZZY

She won't help us.

Izzy moves closer, prepares to swing the axe.

SIMONE

Wait! Wait a minute, okay. I'll try. But I can't promise anything.

CHRISTA (O.S.)
 Simone? What's going on in there?

Simone stares at Mac and Izzy for a moment.

MAC
 (to Simone)
 I loved you.

SIMONE
 (to Mac)
 Love me by dying for me.
 (calling out to Christa)
 Break down the door, they're trying
 to kill me!!!

Mac grabs the axe and buries it in Simone's brain.

MAC
 (to Mac)
 I can do better.

CRASH! Wayne breaks the door down. Cultists swarm in and restrain Izzy and Mac. Christa walks over. Looks at Izzy.

CHRISTA
 Such delicate skin. I look forward
 to wearing it.

Izzy SPITS in her face. Christa wipes it off. Comes close.

IZZY
 You *witch*. You could've saved so
 many women from being brainwashed.
 But instead you bought in.

CHRISTA
 I TRANSCENDED.

Christa gives a nod to the Cultists and they take Mac and Izzy over to the Crampton House.

Christa eyes the clock on the wall: 9:45pm.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Clouds slowly move away from the FULL MOON.

EXT. WOODS - RIVER - CONTINUOUS

A LARGE BRANCH kisses the water. A HAND GRABS it. ANOTHER HAND. It's Dev, bleeding, shivering. He fights the current.

Dev finally reaches the end of the branch and crawls to shore. He lies down on his back, catches his breath.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

POV moves toward Dev, hovers over him. Dev looks up at POV, slowly passes out.

FADE OUT.

INT. SHACK - WOODS - NIGHT

Dev lies on a cot, several bandages covering his torso. His breath is slow and steady. He comes to. Looks around.

It's a barebones shack with rations of canned food, hunting weapons and a small fireplace. Jack sits on a stool, staring.

JACK

Sewed 'em shut. You'll live.

Dev pulls himself up with great effort. He props his back against the headboard. Catches his breath.

DEV

You're Jack Mendessen.

Jack nods.

DEV (CONT'D)

You've survived by yourself this whole time?

JACK

You learn to be resourceful.

Jack looks out the window.

DEV

What the fuck is going on out here?

JACK

Some of those hills are manmade, ya know. It's where they buried all the bodies.

Jack turns around.

JACK (CONT'D)

The virus never went away. You either got immunity like you and me, or you don't and you pretend you're not dying. Until you do.

(turning around)

People believe the strangest things when they're afraid. Mom and Dad warned me about that stuff. We thought we were safe coming up here. They even knew the Sheriff that pulled us over...

Jack starts to get emotional.

DEV

What happened?

JACK

They cut my parents' throats and drank their blood by moonlight.

Dev and Jack stare at each other for a moment.

DEV

What time is it?

JACK

We have one hour. Can you walk?

Dev tries to get up. He's struggling. Jack pulls a little bottle out of a box on the floor. Sticks a needle in it.

Jack approaches Dev. Dev eyes the needle, worried.

JACK (CONT'D)

Broke into the pharmacy a few weeks ago. Took whatever'd fit in my backpack. This is adrenaline.

He dabs Dev's arm with rubbing alcohol. Dev pulls back.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to trust me. You can't do this alone.

Dev thinks a moment. Nods. Jack injects him. Dev feels a rush instantly. Stands. Looks at Jack.

DEV

Tell me your plan.

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shine through the skylight as we follow LARGE CHAINS attached to the hooks. On the table we find...

Izzy and Mac strapped down, their heads propped up over two metal buckets, which hang from the chains.

Two MEDIEVAL DAGGERS rest on the table near the buckets.

Cultists line the perimeter of the room, and as we PAN around them, we see that they're wearing HUMAN FACE MASKS.

CHRISTA (O.S.)

On All Hallows' Eve 37 years ago, I stood in this very room and pledged my soul to the Family Circle.

Christa stands at the head of the table. Across from her, on the other end of the table, is Wayne. Both wear black robes.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

If it weren't for the Mendessens, I would never have considered leaving. It's my one regret that I attempted to flee.

(smiling)

This man over here changed that. He hunted me down. Punished me, savagely.

She pulls back her robe to show the large scar on her collar bone. Wayne looks on with pride.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

I needed to be reminded that my place was here. Always was. Together we decided that sacrificing our own was no longer sustainable. Brother Morris kindly informed us of the practice of blood charging, and after 11 months of successfully recruiting citydwellers, it's time to seal our immunity with a special dosage. As per tradition, we shall now inherit the visages of those who gave their lives so that we might live.

Christa pulls on a mask. It's the FACE OF BEV. Wayne pulls on LENNY'S FACE. We see his MACHETE tucked into his belt.

Morris, Rod and Doyle enter, holding trays.

On the tray are small metal cups filled with DARK RED BLOOD. They go around the room and everyone takes a cup.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

Brothers and Sisters, before we carry on with our most precious new blood, I give you one last taste of our good friends, Lenny and Beverly. Remember them well.

Everyone drinks the blood. Christa smiles as they do. She takes a sip. Christa tastes something off. Spits it out.

She takes off her mask.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)

Wayne, don't!

It's too late. Wayne has already downed his cup. Christa looks around and sees that it's too late for everyone.

Wayne grabs Rod and pulls him close.

WAYNE

What kinda fuckin blood is this, you dumb little shit?

Rod pulls off his mask. It's Jack.

JACK

The blood you fucking deserve.

Before Wayne can say or do anything, Jack is STUCK THE MACHETE into his belly. He SLITS HIM OPEN. Guts SPILL OUT!

Christa runs over to help. WHAM! She's CLOTHESLINED by Doyle. Doyle pulls his mask up. It's Dev. Izzy and Mac are in shock.

Dev walks over to Wayne, easily shaking off the Cultists who are now vomiting blood everywhere. He pulls out the axe.

Jack looks up. Moves. Dev SWINGS THE AXE and CHOPS OFF Wayne's head! It ROLLS across the floor and faces Christa.

CHRISTA

AHHHH!!!!

People scream and try to escape. Jack goes to a corner, opens a DUFFLE, pulls out a SHOTGUN. He starts BLASTING Cultists.

Meanwhile, Dev CHOPS the straps that bind Izzy and Mac. He helps them both up.

DEV
You guys alright?

Morris raises a DAGGER behind Dev. Mac snatches the other dagger and STICKS IT INTO MORRIS' EYE.

DEV (CONT'D)
(to Mac)
Welcome back, brother.

They get off the table.

DEV (CONT'D)
Everybody armed?

Jack whistles. They turn. He slides a HANDGUN over to Izzy. She picks it up. Nods. He nods back. Mac chases a Cultist.

IZZY (O.S.)
Hey.

Izzy pulls Dev over to her. She KISSES HIM HARD. They start slaughtering Cultists together.

Mac PLANTS HIS DAGGER in someone's EAR. He goes up to Jack.

JACK
There's more in the bag.

Mac grins and goes to the bag.

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An unmasked Cultist runs from the house: it's HIPPIE TOM. He runs over to the SHERIFF'S CAR. Opens the door.

HIPPIE TOM
Sheriff, we need you, everyone's
dying in there, man!

Hippie Tom shakes the Sheriff. The Sheriff falls onto the horn. BEEEEEEPPPPP!!! Blood POURS from his SLIT THROAT.

Hippie Tom backtracks. Mac walks quickly behind him.

HIPPIE TOM (CONT'D)
Someone help!

MAC
I'll help you, amigo.

The Hippie turns and Mac BLOWTORCHES HIS FACE! The Hippie SHRIEKS, runs around, trips and falls into the bonfire.

Christa sneaks out of the house and heads toward the back. Izzy spots her and follows closely behind...

INT. CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lights FLICKER as Izzy descends the stairs into the cellar.

CU: CHRISTA'S EYES - watching Izzy from the shadows.

POV of Izzy through a wine bottle shelf as she walks. She moves under a HANGING LIGHTBULB.

Izzy sees a BLACK ROBE jutting out from behind the shelf. She walks towards it. Reaches for the hood. It's a SKELETON.

Christa appears Izzy and SWINGS A BOTTLE with all her might.

CHRISTA
Uhhhhagggghhh!!!

Izzy turns and ducks, but the bottle SMASHES onto her back CRASH! BLOOD SPLASHES EVERYWHERE as Izzy falls to the floor.

Christa POUNCES Izzy, grabs her wrist and BANGS HER HAND on the concrete until the dagger falls. Izzy HEADBUTTS Christa.

The women wrestle each other out onto the main aisle, both now covered in blood. Christa SLAMS Izzy's head on the floor.

Christa then grabs the dagger. Raises it.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)
So much for self-defense.

Izzy KNEES Christa in the crotch! Christa wretches in pain as Izzy gets to her feet. Christa does the same.

Izzy gets into a fighting stance. Then rushes Christa and delivers a jab/cross/hook/kick combo. Christa FLIES.

CRASH! Wine bottles fall to the floor by the dozen, a stream of blood and glass. Izzy reaches for Christa. THUNK!

Christa hits Izzy in the head with a wine bottle. Izzy falls down, dazed. Christa gets the dagger. Straddles Izzy.

CHRISTA (CONT'D)
Lie back and take it, bitch.

Christa raises the dagger, comes down hard. THHCCKK. Her eyes BULGE. She drops the knife. Touches her throat.

Arm extended, Izzy grips a BROKEN WINE BOTTLE, its jagged ends planted firmly in Christa's esophagus. Blood leaks out.

Izzy stands. On her knees, Christa grabs Izzy's arms.

IZZY
I'm done taking it.

Izzy pulls the bottle out. Blood GUSHES. Christa falls dead.

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy walks up to the clearing where she meets Dev, Mac and Jack, who finish off the remaining Cultists.

The four converge in silence. Firelight and moonlight flash across their blood-crusteD faces.

DEV
We should document this. People
will want to know what happened
here.

MONTAGE:

Now free of their robes, Dev, Izzy and Mac get footage of the grounds with their cellphones.

POV TRACKING SHOTS of the carnage throughout the compound.

- 1) The Dining Room
- 2) The Clearing
- 3) The Cellar
- 4) The Bodies
- 5) The Buckets and Bottles of Blood
- 6) Master Bedroom

END OF MONTAGE

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Izzy stands there in the room with her cell pointed at the mirror. She lowers it. Takes the hold of the frame and...

SMASHES THE MIRROR ON THE FLOOR. We see Izzy's REFLECTION on the glass shards as she gives one last look and walks out.

INT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dev examines Christa's body. He sees her CELLPHONE jutting out of her pocket. He picks it up.

ON PHONE

ONE MISSED CALL: FRANK

BACK TO SCENE

Dev puts the cell to his ear and listens.

FRANK (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hey, just checking in to see where we're at. Got some nice candidates for next month. Call me back when you get this. Oh and...don't worry about Jenn. She got what was coming to her. Happy Halloween.

Dev wipes the phone and pockets it.

EXT. A-FRAME - LATER

Dev, Izzy, Mac and Jack rapidly pack luggage into the pickup.

INT./EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - A-FRAME - NIGHT

Dev starts the car. Izzy sits next to him; Jack and Mac sit in the back. They take one last look at the A-Frame.

DEV

I don't think I'll miss this place.

JACK

It's overrated.

Dev puts the car in reverse and they pull away.

DRIVEWAY

Halfway down the driveway, the pickup stops.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dev looks behind them. Izzy looks at him with concern.

DEV

My script. The typewriter.

Jack opens his door, looks at everyone.

JACK
I need to say my goodbyes anyway.

Jack shuts the door and runs back up the driveway.

EXT. A-FRAME - NIGHT

Jack enters the dark cabin.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The three sit in silence. Then Dev opens his door.

DEV
I just wanna make sure he's okay.

Izzy nods, worried. Dev shuts the door and runs uphill.

INT. A-FRAME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dev enters the cabin. Dead silence. The only light source downstairs is a SMALL FIRE in the furnace.

DEV
(calling upstairs)
Jack?

Dev moved toward the stairs. It's dark up there. He listens. Waits. He reaches for a FIRE POKER. Moves slowly upstairs.

INT. A-FRAME - 2ND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

As Dev reaches the top of the stairs, he sees FEET DANGLING. He looks up and sees JACK HANGING FROM A RAFTER, DEAD.

DEV
Oh God, Jack - no...

Dev drops the poker and rushes over to him to try to get him down. A BEDSHEET is tied around his neck and knotted tightly.

CARGILL (O.S.)
His daddy was gonna produce my
movie.

Dev turns around. Cargill walks forward from the darkness. He holds a PISTOL in his hand. Circles Dev, stops by his desk.

CARGILL (CONT'D)

Chose to produce his kid's instead.
A fucking teenager.

Cargill glances at Dev's script, flips through the pages.

CARGILL (CONT'D)

I didn't initially buy into this
cult stuff, but when I realized
that they could sponsor me, I went
full steam ahead.

(looking out the window)

But you ruined all that. You took
my community from me. Christa and
Wayne were my producers; those
hippie fucks were my cast and crew!
What am I left with but to kill?

DEV

You don't have to. You can leave
town and start writing again. We
won't tell anybody what happened...

CARGILL

I DON'T WANNA WRITE ANOTHER GODDAMN
WORD! You think you're so
accomplished with your little 9-
year-old feature, don't ya? It was
a fluke. If you were any good,
you'd've kept going!

DEV

Life gets in the way sometimes. But
I'm going strong again, and if this
one doesn't pan out, it doesn't
matter, cuz I'll write another one,
and then another, and another,
until I get one of them made, and
you know something? I'm a failure
in many ways, but I'm not a
quitter. You stand there with your
gun and your badge and you take
your anger out on the world, but I
won't spend another second
listening to your bile. You shoulda
read the rest of that, man - you're
the main character.

Cargill looks over at the script. Dev charges him! Before
Cargill can aim, Dev grabs his gun arm. BOOM! The gun fires.

The men struggle by the desk as Dev's script pages scatter
everywhere. Dev SMASHES Cargill's hands through the window.

The gun falls to the ground outside! The men wrestle each other to the middle of the floor. Cargill strangles Dev.

Izzy appears behind Cargill and SWINGS A WOOD PLANK into his right knee! He SCREAMS and falls to the floor.

CARGILL
Ahhhhooooohh you bitch. You BITCH.

Izzy helps Dev up. Dev gets something from his desk...

CARGILL (CONT'D)
(to Dev)
I'm stronger than you, I'm tougher
than you, I'm the bigger man.

Dev raises the Smith-Corona and SMASHES CARGILL'S FACE!

DEV
Yeah? Well I'm a better writer.

Izzy and Dev embrace. Mac reaches the top of the stairs.

MAC
What - are you guys -

IZZY
We're okay.

Dev goes to Jack's body, tries to take it down. Izzy and Mac go over to him and help. A wordless, somber exchange.

EXT. CRAMPTON HOUSE - BONFIRE - LATER

Dev, Izzy and Mac watch as JACK'S BODY BURNS in the bonfire.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CATSKILL MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Dev drives. Izzy touches his hand. He squeezes. In the back, Mac reads a TATTERED SCRIPT. He and Izzy exchange glances.

Mac finishes the script, closes it. Izzy looks inquisitively at him. He nods in silent approval. She smiles a little.

DEV
Somebody tell me what's going on.

Mac casually averts his eyes. Dev looks at Izzy. She relents.

IZZY
Mac just finished your script.

DEV

How? I barely made a dent...

IZZY

The one you wrote a few years ago
when he said he'd move to New York.

DEV

Thought I threw that out...

IZZY

You did...

DEV

I can't believe you'd...Jesus, that
writing couldn't be more amateur.

MAC

It's actually pretty good. With
some minor changes, you could set
it in your apartment. Course you'd
need to find one or two people to
act, shoot, light, score, edit...

Dev gives Mac a hard look in the rearview. Mac shuts up.
Izzy's smile fades. A moment passes. Dev stares at the road.

Then, very slowly, a smile creeps across Dev's face. Izzy and
Mac smile, too. Mac laughs. Squeezes Dev's shoulder.

Izzy fiddles with the radio.

DEV

Try this.

Dev hands her a CD.

DEV (CONT'D)

Found it with Lenny's tapes. He and
his wife had a little band.

Izzy puts the CD in the reader. They wait for it to play.

Izzy squeezes Dev's hand. He squeezes back. They drive
through the night as the song plays.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - CATSKILL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

They pass under a sign that reads NEW YORK CITY: 50 MILES.

MAN/WOMAN (V.O.)

(singing)

*It's like they say it was their -
another era but I would say,
yesterday's been comin' for a year
and in this old town. You gotta
grow up so much -*

LENNY/BEVERLY

*Faster than you're ready to same
time next year, I won't be here but
I'll still be on my own. Have you
ever been lost in love like me...*

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS ROLL.

FADE IN:

INT. JENN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NYC - LATE NIGHT

Frank watches NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD while eating candy from a plastic pumpkin. He washes it down with Scotch.

A LIT JACK-O-LANTERN sits on an end table, casting shadows. A LARGE BUTCHER KNIFE rests by its side.

ON TV

The scene where Tom and Judy die in an explosion after trying to escape. Ben makes it back into the house and boards it up.

He turns to Harry and starts beating the shit out of him.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank takes a big gulp of Scotch. His cell VIBRATES.

ON CELL

CHRISTA

(text)

Another successful ritual.

Frank LIKES the text.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank gets up, goes to his desk.

AT DESK

Well-organized, like some kind of lawyer. A FRAMED PICTURE OF JENN by the desklight. She seems to be staring at Frank.

He puts the the frame facedown.

Frank opens the bottom drawer and moves some files. Underneath is a BIG RED BOOK. He pulls it out. Opens it.

ON BOOK

Frank flips through. We catch glimpses of different YOUNG COUPLES with details about health, fitness and immunity.

We arrive at a PHOTO OF DEV AND IZZY. Notes on their stats like the others. Frank ticks a box: PROCESSED.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank puts the book away. Goes to the kitchen with his glass.

KITCHEN

As Frank pours himself some more Scotch, he scans the fridge door, full of pics of him and Jenn.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

(ON TV)

We interrupt this program with reports of an apparent cult ritual gone wrong in Upstate New York.

Frank's eyes shift toward the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Frank watches the TV, a feeling of dread creeping over him.

ON TV

The footage Dev, Izzy and Mac shot with their iPhones. Dead Cultists everywhere. We see Christa's and Wayne's bodies.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

(ON TV)

Among the dead are believed to be Phoenicia residents Wayne and Christa Crampton, whose compound had apparently been used to host some sort of ceremony. Details are scant, but for now, a very real horror on this Halloween Night.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank looks at his phone. Fixates on his message from Christa. Then, a message from Jenn.

ON CELL

JENN
(text)
Did you miss me?

BACK TO SCENE

Frank DROPS HIS PHONE in horror. BUZZ! His eyes shoot over to his buzzer by the door. BUZZ. BUZZ. BUZZ!!!

He gingerly walks over to the buzzer.

FRANK
(into speaker)
Who is it?

He holds the LISTEN button. Waits.

JENN (V.O.)
(filtered)
Aren't you gonna let me in?

Frank shudders. He lifts his shaking hand to the TALK BUTTON.

FRANK
(into speaker)
You're dead.

He waits. His phone VIBRATES.

JENN
(text)
Are you sure?

Frank DEADBOLTS his door and slides the CHAIN LOCK on. He slowly backs up. BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!!!

BEHIND FRANK

We see the CURTAINS BLOWING IN THE WIND by the FIRE ESCAPE.

ON FRANK

Sweating, trembling, in mortal fear, eyes fixed on the door. He hears BREATHING behind him. Senses someone. Slowly turns.

Standing across from him is someone wearing JENN'S FACE.

JENNFACE

What's the matter, Frank? Don't you like my mask?

Frank SCREAMS.

He turns and runs for the door, tries to get it open as JennFace walks over, closing in. He unhooks the chain. Opens.

DOORWAY

Standing there is LENNYFACE. Frank recoils.

LENNYFACE

Celebrate with us, Frank. Have a drink with the dead.

LIVING ROOM

Frank moves past JennFace, snatching the KNIFE by the jack-o-lantern. JennFace and LennyFace walk towards him.

FRANK

None of this is real!

A FOOT STICKS OUT from the corner. Frank trips, falls. The knife SLIDES ACROSS THE FLOOR.

BACK ROOM

Frank stands. Mac emerges from the corner.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

JennFace and LennyFace enter. Frank moves to the window. He climbs out onto the fire escape.

ON FIRE ESCAPE

The three take hold of Frank. JennFace and LennyFace remove their masks. Frank gets a good look at Izzy and Dev.

MAC

We're family.

They THROW FRANK OFF THE FIRE ESCAPE. He SCREAMS all the way to the ground. SPLAT. Dev, Izzy and Mac look down at him.

Light from the RISING SUN touches their faces as they look out toward the beautiful NYC SKYLINE. A new day ahead...

THE END