

THE EXPERIMENT

Written by

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SOMBER PIANO MUSIC ("WHERE'S MY LOVE" BY SYML) BEGINS OVER BLACK SCREEN.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - NIGHT

Pure darkness. The kind of dark that brings with it the unknown. The moon hides behind thick low hanging clouds just above the trees.

The temperature hovers just above freezing.

The cold wind whips through the canopy of leafless branches.

A faint red dot of light blinks in the near distance. As we move close an old CAMERA PHONE comes into focus. The phone, an old flip phone that stays charged for days, hangs suspended from the tree. Its red blinking light indicating it's recording.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A large, rustic room with kitchen and bedroom combined like something out of an old western.

The PIANO MUSIC plays from a OLD RECORD PLAYER. The record has slowed slightly giving the music a stretched sound.

A fire burns in a small wood-burning stove.

Thin layers of ice melt from the corners of the small windows. The darkness covers the windows like back painted on the outside.

A dim bulb dangles from the ceiling by exposed wires. Its luminal intensity waxes and wanes.

On the wall below the windows several child's drawings hang thumb-tacked to the wood.

On a queen sized bed, a BEARDED MAN (30s) sleeps. Fully dressed except for coat and boots. A bible rests open on his chest. A German Shepard, ROSIE sleeps comfortably on floor. She's on her back with all fours in the air.

A DING from an IPHONE sitting on the bedside table.

Next to it, several other older FLIP UP CELLPHONES show green charging lights. They sit aligned perfectly in a row on the table.

Without opening his eyes, The Man reaches for the IPHONE, touches the screen. He could be mistaken for a banker on an extended camping trip except his gaunt looks and chapped lips tell us he's just surviving.

ON IPHONE

The Man opens a remote camera app showing one new event. The screen opens to a list of available cameras. He opens "Camera 1". We are taken to a live shot of the camera in the tree. We can barely make out the outline of the dark forest in the background.

He checks cameras 2 and 3. We get different black and white angles and positions of the forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Quick look at cameras 2 and 3. Both are old cellphones turned security cameras positioned in trees. A red light blinks on both telling us they are recording.

In the foreground of Camera 3, we see the distant outline of the cabin windows in the woods. Smoke wofts from a metal chimney.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The overhead light dims slightly. The music slows with it. Losing power.

The Man checks his cellphone power.

The IPHONE shows the power bar in the red at 15%. Next to the power bar, "no signal"

He visually follows the cellphone power cord to the wall outlet.

The Man goes to the sink, turns the spigot only getting a few drops of water.

MAN

I guess it's me, again?

The Man looks at the sleeping dog as if it might be listening. It's not and doesn't move.

MAN (CONT'D)

Fine, but don't ask for a treat later.

Rosie perks up at the word "treat", turns a curious ear towards the Man.

The Man puts a long sleeved shirt on.

This is a cue for Rosie. She stands, shakes herself off and is immediately at the ready. He puts a hand up.

MAN (CONT'D)
Too late. I'm already getting dressed.

Rosie is now sitting at attention in front of the Man.

He plays her off. Pulls on thick socks.

MAN (CONT'D)
You see, this is what we've been trying to work through. Me resting more while you pick up some slack.

Rosie WHINES.

He continues to ignore her. She follows him to the front door. She looks like a dog ready to go outside to play.

He stops, turns. She sits obediently. He looks directly at her.

MAN (CONT'D)
Don't play me for a fool. Those sad puppy dog eyes aren't going to work forever.

She BARKS.

He relents, kneels.

MAN (CONT'D)
You know I'm a sucker for puppy dog eyes.

He gives her a treat and rubs her head.

MAN (CONT'D)
As long as we're together, right?

He stands, she's up wagging her tail ready to go.

The Man unplugs a large HALOGEN FLASHLIGHT from the wall. Clicks it on to test it.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

From the outside, it looks like the cabin is at least a century old.

A large beam of light penetrates with impenetrable darkness. Even the light seems to get swallowed up.

The Man stands on the steps. Locks the light on

AN OLD ROAD

Leading away from the cabin. Barely visible due to the darkness and the covering of leaves.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

As the Man comes around the corner, an overhead SECURITY LIGHT pops on providing illumination to the edge of the woods.

The Man checks a WATER DIVERTOR - made from plastic food wrap, duct tape and plastic tubing - connected to each window meant to catch all condensation.

Rosie sniffs around.

The Man follows the lines to two large plastic reservoirs sitting nearby. The lines are frozen solid. He follows other piping running from rain gutters to the reservoirs. He taps the side of each container getting a hollow response. Water's out.

He moves to a power box mounted on the outside wall. He switches a red lever from "Battery" to "Generator".

He visually follows external cables from the box to roof mounted SOLAR CELLS. Other cables lead to a tall, METAL WINDMILL. The type that produces electricity. The windmill blades turn briskly in the cold air.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The overhead light bulb brightens suddenly. The music catches up, now playing at the proper speed.

The cellphone DINGS indicating charging status. The outlet shows a green light. Power restored.

The Man pulls a small carpet in the middle of the room revealing the outline of a door.

The Man touches an electronic panel on the door. It lights up a 6 x 4 numbered panel - a digital combination lock.

He opens the book, runs a finger to the end of a page before making his selection. He presses 6 different numbers. The panel lights up red.

He SIGHS. Not the right one. He makes a notation in the green book.

MAN

No lottery today, Rosie. Just over one hundred thirty thousand more to go.

CLOSE ON BOOK

Shows a running list of attempted 6 digit combinations - must be hundreds on the page. He places the next 6 digit number in the list.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man carefully measures water into a 20 ml beaker. He downs the water. With a stubby pencil, he records the data into a GREEN NOTEBOOK.

Rosie lays at his feet.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man urinates into a PLASTIC KIDNEY BASIN, the kind used in hospitals. He levels it on the table, records the amount in the green notebook.

EXT/INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man leans against the door entrance, spoons SPAM from a can. He casually scans the forest. Nothing but thick, leafless trees standing like dead soldiers in the all consuming darkness.

He takes one last spoonful before setting the remaining Spam on the ground next to him. Rosie waits until the Man gives her a slight signal with his finger. In seconds Rosie laps up the rest.

We follow the Man inside to a far corner, pulls a cloth cover from a medium sized aquarium with TWO SQUIRRELS inside.

Both cower in a corner. He lowers the spoonful of spam into a feeding bowl.

He moves back outside and records the amount in the green notebook.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man prepares for a hike. Coat, gloves, wool lined hat. Military style CANTEEN clipped to his belt. Rosie stands excited next to him.

As he goes to leave, he pulls a SHOTGUN from a rest over the front door. Unfolds it making sure it's loaded - it is. Slings it over his shoulder.

He places a few of the charged cellphones in a back pack.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

On the steps, he pulls his boots on then ties two empty 5 gallon water containers together, throws the strap over one shoulder. Shoulders the shotgun on the other.

He cuts on the halogen light. Satisfied he clicks a button on his watch. It beeps - a timer.

He shines the bright light onto Rosie's cheerful face.

MAN
(to Rosie)
Forty minutes good for you?

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - NIGHT

The Man checks the integrity of the security camera on the tree.

He then changes out a charged cellphone from his pack for the one hanging.

ON IPHONE

Shows the Man's face on screen. The new camera is working.

Leaves RUSTLE nearby.

The Man freezes, whips the flashlight into the dark woods. He slowly pulls his shot gun off his shoulder and into a semi-firing position. He stalks the unseen intruder.

The RUSTLING OF LEAVES intensifies until... Rosie comes into view.

MAN
(irritated)
Rosie. Here. Now.

Rosie does as she's told.

MAN (CONT'D)
Bad girl. Stay.

The Man still doesn't like it. Something making him uneasy. He quickly shoulders his weapon, gathers his gear.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

A small pool of semi-frozen water sits on the bottom of the river bed. Looks like the left overs of some once great flowing river.

The Man shines the light from the edge of the raised bank.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Broken ice sits in a small pile next to a small puddle of dirty water. The Man submerges one of the 5 gallon containers into the dirty water. He constantly scans the area for something or someone to come at him.

Without warning, Rosie sprints into the woods and quickly disappears into the darkness. She's in hunt mode.

MAN
Rosie. No. Heel. Get Back here.
Shit.

No good. She after something. Her instincts more than his voice commands. He hustles after her leaving the water containers.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

With the halogen light leading, the Man comes to a sudden halt.

MAN
Rosie. No. Bad girl. Drop it.

Up ahead, she lays in the leaves with a small, presumably dead, animal beneath her paw.

MAN (CONT'D)
(cautious)
Ro-sie. Leave it. Ro-sie.

Rosie just stares. She's not moving.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The Man silences his watch alarm. Looks at the halogen light then back at Rosie.

MAN (CONT'D)
(firm)
Rosie. Now.

He slaps his thigh. She stays put.

MAN (CONT'D)
(louder)
Rosie! Come! Now!

Rosie finally obeys. She leaves her dead prey, comes to the Man.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The front door swings open. The Man enters in panic mode. He removes his boots before entering.

As he does, his watch BEEPS, signalling times up. On cue, the halogen light cuts off. The timing of the light matched up with the Man's watch. He tosses the dead light on the bed.

Rosie attempts to enter behind him.

MAN
(firm)
Stay.

He puts a finger up to stop her. He's pissed and she senses it.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

She obeys, lays at the foot of the steps and stares with her best puppy dog eyes.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

He finds a white plastic BLEACH CONTAINER with the label removed and "50/50 water/bleach 2 min contact time" written in marker on the side. He dumps its contents into the plastic tub.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

With elbow high rubber gloves, He soaks a rag until its dripping wet and uses it to wipe down Rosie from head to toe including her gums and around her mouth. She protests mildly.

MAN

In.

She shakes off then hurries inside.

He moves to the kitchen, finds a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE.

CLOSE ON BOTTLE

Reads: CIPROFLOXACIN

He opens a can of Spam, buries 4 tablets into a spoonful. Throws the mixture of Spam and tablets in the air toward Rosie. She catches it midair and swallows it whole.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man sits on an upturned stump. He reads the bible with one hand and sips something hot from a metal container in the other.

He lays the Bible down, stares at the night sky searching for the ever hidden moon. He holds his cellphone high to get a signal.

ON IPHONE

Continues to show "no signal"

He stares at the road, through the woods as if expecting someone to come down it any moment.

He takes a small worn photograph from the Bible.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

Shows the Man's WIFE AND DAUGHTER holding hands walking down a pathway - except it's mid-day in spring.

The Man holds the photograph at arms length. The surroundings of the photograph matches the surroundings of the cabin. In fact, when it is held at the right angle it gives the illusion that the Woman and child are walking towards the cabin coming up the dirt road. We understand that the photograph was taken from the exact spot the Man is standing now.

On the floor beside him, ROSIE PANTS heavier than usual.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A CLASSIC COUNTRY SONG plays low from the record player.

Food SIZZLES - slices of Spam - on a metal skillet on the wood burning stove.

In the background, the Man prepares three place settings on the table. Plate, fork, spoon, tin cup and napkin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man serves himself a slice of fried SPAM.

He sits, lays the napkin across his lap. Stares at the two empty place settings a moment.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man washes his dish, dries it. Replaces the other unused dishes, silverware. He inspects the inside of a clean cup in the cupboard, doesn't like what he sees, takes all the dishes out of the space and begins to wipe each one.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man carefully wipes the table and chairs down with the rag. His obsessiveness to the task causes him to go over the same spot several times.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man tightens the corners of a blanket on a small twin sized bed sitting in the corner. A small STUFFED ANIMAL stares back at him. One of its beaded eyes has fallen out.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

WHITE STUFFING FABRIC sits in a pile on the Man's bed as he sews on a new eye to the Stuffed Animal.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

In bed, the Man sleeps with the Bible across his chest. In the corner on the perfectly made twin bed, the Stuffed Animal, new button for an eye, stares lifeless at the shadows.

A WHIMPER and the SCRAP of CLAWS from the dark corner of the cabin rouses the Man from sleep.

MAN

Rosie.

From the shadows of the room, Rosie lays in her own feces and urine. She foams at the mouth obviously ill.

The Man reacts, moves to her. Though he stops himself before touching her.

MAN (CONT'D)

Goddammit, Rosie.

He stands there and stares. There's nothing more he can do. His profile merges into...

EXT. CABIN, BACKSIDE - NIGHT

His profile as he watches Rosie's body burn. The flames light up his face and the surrounding forest. A tear rolls down his cheek.

We move towards the fire until we are inside it. The bright light becomes...

INT. UNDISCLOSED ROOM - DAY

Surreal, waxing and waning of an overhead light. First person blurry point of view of MEDICAL ISOLATION WORKERS in yellow ISOLATION SUITS leaning over inspecting something or someone.

DING.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The never ending night paints the small windows. The wood stove burns the last of the previous day's wood.

The Man's Iphone DINGS on the bedside table - a message. The Man rouses, checks the phone.

ON IPHONE

Camera number three shows one alarm. He selects this camera.

The image from camera three shows barely visible outlines of the trees and ground. Not enough light to make out anything else.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man sits on the edge of the bed and stares at the blank spot that was once Rosie.

SERIES OF SCENES

1. The Man meticulously makes his bed. Gives it a final wipe with the hand as if getting rid of whatever microscopic nuisance is hiding.

2. He tightens the corners of the already tightened blanket on the twin bed. He adjusts the stuffed animal ever so slightly.

3. He wipes the invisible dust from the counter tops, table and any other standing surface.

4. He hold a glass against the light. Wipes an invisible smudge from its edge. He places the glass in with several others. Each are placed with millimeter precision.

5. The Man aligns the edges of each book on the bookshelf until they are in perfect position with one another.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

An old cell phone hangs positioned in a nearby tree overlooking the area. Nothing but dense forest surrounds the area.

The Man kneels, touches the edge of what appears to be a newly formed footprint. He visually scans the surrounding wooded area with the halogen light.

A SNAP! and CRASH! From beyond the tree line startles him, causes him to turn to look in the direction of the cabin. He hustles towards the noise.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man approaches with his shotgun at the ready. Nothing at the front of the cabin is amiss.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

He inspects a large branch that has fallen on top of his solar panels.

The Man SIGHS.

EXT. CABIN ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The Man works on the two large, now broken solar panels. By the looks of them they are in disrepair. Behind him, the windmill blades are now unmoving given the lack of wind.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man switches The electric panel from battery to generator.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man switches off all electrical devices including the stereo and light. He unplugs the charging cell phones.

He removes the watering bowl from the squirrel's cage and attempts to fill it at the sink. The water sputters from the faucet's end.

He leaves the squirrels several small pieces of granola.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

He cuts the power to the reverse osmosis filtration system.

The Man shoulders the shotgun. He prepares the two empty 5 gallon containers for travel. He clicks the halogen light on, starts the timer on his watch - BEEP.

EXT. RIVERBED - NIGHT

A trickle of water barely falls from the short ledge onto a semi-frozen pool - The last of the once great flowing river.

The Man catches the water inside one of his empty containers. He keeps an eye on the surrounding area as though someone may jump out at any moment.

BEEP.

He looks at his watch. Time to go.

EXT. RIVERBED - NIGHT

The Man lugs the heavy containers along the dry riverbed.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Man visibly sweats from the labor. He sets the containers on the ground. The cabin sits in the background.

Something gives him immediate pause. He pulls his shotgun to an offensive position.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man creeps towards The PARTIALLY OPEN FRONT DOOR. His weapon is trained at the door. Someone or something has been inside.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The barrel of the Man's shot gun pushes the front door completely open allowing sunlight to invade the room.

The Man makes a visual sweep of the room. The Cell phones and chargers are the only things missing. Everything else including the food storage seems to be intact.

He immediately checks his own cell phone. He goes through each one of the active cameras on the camera app. Nothing.

He scans the outside via the front door.

MAN'S POV

Nothing but the night and empty forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

With a sense of urgency the Man drags the water containers to the cabin.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

The Man empties the remaining water from the small 5 gallon container into the larger reservoir.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man boards the windows. He secures the front door with a large METAL LOCK. Ain't no way anyone's getting in or out.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The interior glows in the candle light.

Spam SIZZLES in a pan on the stove.

The Man finishes setting the three place settings as usual. Measures 10 milliliters of water in a tall measuring cup.

A DING from the Man's cell phone causes him to pause. Another camera alarm.

On the phone, camera three is no longer online.

He paces a moment. He sits at the table with the shotgun across his lap. He studies the door as if someone were to bust through.

Three frantic KNOCKS at the front door interrupt the silence.

The Man sits dead still, stares at the door. Without a sound he pushes his chair back and stands slowly.

Another set of frantic KNOCKS at the front door.

The Man aims his weapon at the nuisance on the other side.

 WOMAN (O.S.)
 Help me, please?

He lowers the shotgun.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I need help, please.

The Man puts an ear against the door.

Another set of forceful KNOCKS backs him away. He stays quiet.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please.

He softens his posture as though he may relent. He stares at the framed photos of his family hanging on the wall.

Another set of jarring BANGS! From the outside causes him to pause. He remains resolute, holds firm.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Crying)
I beg you. Don't leave me out here.
(beat)
Please. I'm no threat. I just need
shelter for a few nights.
(beat)
I know someone is in there. I've
seen you. Please.

A silent moment.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(begging)
Please. Please?

A longer silent moment as if the Woman has moved on.

FOOTSTEPS move away from the front door.

He eases his posture, lowering his weapon, sits at the table and continues on like this is a common occurrence.

SAME SCENE, MOMENTS LATER

The Man lays in bed, sets his bible on the side table, he checks the camera app on the phone. Satisfied, he cuts the light.

INT/EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man pulls the protective wood panel from one of the windows. The night continues outside. He peers outside.

SERIES OF SCENES

1. The Man meticulously makes his bed. Gives it a final wipe with the hand as if getting rid of whatever microscopic nuisance is hiding.

2. He tightens the corners of the already tightened blanket on the twin bed. He adjusts the stuffed animal ever so slightly.

3. He wipes the invisible dust from the counter tops, table and any other standings surface.

4. He hold a glass against the light. Wipes an invisible smudge from its edge. Carefully puts it in its place on the shelf.

5. The Man aligns the edges of each book on the bookshelf until they are in perfect position with one another.

INT/EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

He opens The front door. He steps back, startled to find a WOMAN (20s) sleeping on the front steps. She blends in nicely with the surrounding dirt. Her gaunt figure tells us she hasn't eaten for some time though something about her tells us she could survive the most bleak conditions.

He nudges her with the end of the shot gun barrel.

MAN

Get up.

She startles awake, scurries to her feet.

Realizing she's no real threat, he ignores her, closes the door and places a large padlock on the outside.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

He switches the power generator to "generator" and turns the Water filtration system off.

The windmill turns gently in the wind.

She follows him, studies his every move, the sequence of his actions.

WOMAN

Two days. I can help cook and clean. I'll do all the wood gathering. I need a couple days.

The Man ignores her. Shoulders his shotgun, gathers the empty water containers.

MAN

I want you gone before I get back.

She follows him cautiously from a distance.

WOMAN

Please. I won't survive another night out here. You know that.

MAN

Where are my cell phones?

WOMAN

(incredulous)
Cellphones? Ain't seen one a those in a year at least.

MAN

The rest of the city evacuated?

She CHUCKLES at the questions.

WOMAN

How many nights you been here? You been under a rock?

She studies the water containers.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Got any water?

MAN

What about the surrounding areas?

WOMAN

Please, just a touch of water in the mouth, yeah?

MAN

You weren't followed?

WOMAN

You know the water out there ain't no good.

MAN

What's your party affiliation?

She immediately shows her forearm like it's something she's had to do numerous times. A rough TATTOOED "1205" emblazoned across her inner arm.

She notices a rough TATTOOED 1608 on the Man's partially covered forearm.

WOMAN

Sixteen hundreds? Musta' been somebody.

MAN

How did you escape?

A long pause.

WOMAN

Swig of clean water, I'll tell you.

MAN

You're in a weak position to be bargaining.

WOMAN

Touch of water to the lips's all I need. We'll sit down for a
(British accent)
cup o' tea and story time.

He reluctantly gives her the canteen on his side.

She starts to chug as though it may be the last drink she ever gets. He quickly yanks it back.

Water runs down her face.

MAN

How'd you escape?

The Woman smiles, wipes the water from her chin.

WOMAN

Dunno. Don't remember much, really.
'Cept what they did to mine.

The Woman grins.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're the first one I seen since I left. Sine the sun left.

MAN

Well, this isn't the place for you.

WOMAN

Ain't nothing here for me anyhow. I have somebody I need to get to.

MAN

Good. Then there's no argument.

The Man turns to walk. She grabs an arm.

WOMAN

Just a few days to recoup, get my strength. Water, a coat, then I'll be on my way. I swear. Two days I'm a ghost.

The Man pulls a CAN OF SPAM from his backpack, throws it at the Woman's feet.

MAN

You're a ghost now. An extra.

The Woman moves towards the Man.

WOMAN

Two days. Please. I'm nothing to nobody.

MAN

You're an extra. I ain't got enough for extras.

She visually searches the tree canopy, the sky. She leans in close.

WOMAN

(whispering)

Extras all over the place. Watching, waiting for you to make a mistake. You'll need me.

(normal voice)

What do you say, friend?

The Man locks eyes with the Woman as if searching her soul.

MAN

Five seconds. Friend. Four...

She she stares, daring him.

He cocks the shotgun to show her he's serious.

MAN (CONT'D)

Three seconds, friend.

She takes the CAN OF SPAM from the ground.

The Man doesn't budge, holds his aim.

WOMAN

(whispers)

They'll be coming for you. Soon.
You don't want to be alone when
they do.

(loud; to the surrounding
woods)

Ain't no one else coming, I
promise. You're wasting your time.

The Woman turns, leaves.

He finally lowers his weapon.

She disappears into the dark woods.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(from the woods)

With love gone what we got?

(louder)

Ain't no one surviving this alone,
friend!

He loads the water containers over his shoulders, clicks the halogen light on, sets his watch timer and walks in the opposite direction.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

The Woman snoops around inspecting the electrical lines coming to and from the windmill and the electrical panels. She runs a finger along the reverse osmosis tank.

The security light snaps on overhead.

On the ground near the corner of the house, A WOOD SPLITTING AX leans against the cabin. She picks it up, stares at the front door like it's her target.

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Man's halogen light waves across the ground. Behind it, the Man trudges half filled water containers back towards the cabin.

A distant THWACK! echoes from up ahead.

Worried, he drops the water containers and hustles forward.

EXT. CABIN, BACKSIDE - NIGHT

The Man clears the tree line and is surprised to find the Woman splitting wood beneath the security light. What's even more surprising she's wearing only a bra and panties cool night.

THWACK!

THWACK!

Her sweat and the neatly stacked pile of logs tells us she's been working several hours. Steam hovers over her warm body.

The Man stands there a moment to watch her work. He surveys her ample bosom and exposed backside. Even he is no match for the Woman's body.

The Man snaps to. He hauls his half filled water containers to the water reservoir near the back of the house.

MAN

Put some clothes on.

The Woman stops mid swing. She brings the ax down hard.

THWACK! She splits the wood perfectly.

The Man caps off the water reservoir.

WOMAN

A thank you would suffice.

The Woman does she as she's told and puts her shirt on.

The Man unlocks The front door.

MAN

You're responsible for dinner,
cleaning and helping fetch water,
keeping the stove stoked with
firewood.

The Woman's eyes light up.

MAN (CONT'D)

You got 2 days.

WOMAN

Girl scout's honor.

She holds three fingers in the air.

He HUFFS. As he turns, she throws her middle finger up at him. He turns back around unexpectedly. She sheepishly hides her finger.

MAN

Two days. Then you're on your own.

Before disappearing into the cabin...

MAN (CONT'D)

Keep that finger in your pocket.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman stands just outside the front door watching the Man.

He lays several hanging garments (women's clothes) across the bed. He tosses a small washcloth to the Woman. Holds the white bleach container in front of him.

Behind him the open closet is filled with women's and children's clothing.

MAN

Wash and change outside. We can't afford being sick.

WOMAN

That what happened to your dog, friend?

The Man pauses. The red builds around his neck from anger. He gathers himself before continuing.

MAN

(without looking)

Like I said... extra... we can't afford being sick.

Oblivious, the Woman casually scans the interior of the cabin.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

The Woman stands stark naked on the backside of the cabin facing the woods. The overhead security light shows off every square detail of skin. A hint of steam comes from the top of the metal container.

With the bleach soaked rag, the Woman washes the week's worth of grime from her naked body.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

From within the shadows of the cabin the Man inspects the curvy outline of the Woman.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

She takes her time moving the rag around her body seductively knowing she has eyes on her.

INT/EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman, dressed in clean women's clothes, tends to slices of Spam frying in a pan. She's much more domesticated cleaned up.

She dumps a small can of green beans into the pot. She inspects the can.

WOMAN

Love green beans. How much of this stuff we got anyhow?

The Man watches the woods from the open doorway.

MAN

Enough to get me through this. Whatever *this* is.

The Woman moves toward the open kitchen cabinet.

WOMAN

Week? Two days? How much you got in that cel...

He kicks it closed with his foot. Locks it.

MAN

You ask a lot of questions for an extra.

The Woman stares at the shotgun hanging just above the door. It's as if she's making a mental calculation.

WOMAN

Wondering how long we have until we start eating each other.

She grins, lays 2 place settings.

OUTSIDE

The Man sips hot liquid from the metal cup. Again, he holds the old picture up against the backdrop giving the illusion that wife and child are walking up towards him.

The Woman notices.

MAN

Two more. Three like usual. One extra for the extra.

INSIDE

The Woman lays down two more place settings.

WOMAN

Who you ex'pecting?

The Man enters.

MAN

Where are you from again?

She finishes laying the table.

WOMAN

Just outside Orlando. You read all them books by yourself?

MAN

Only one book I need.

He takes the bible from the night stand, holds it up.

WOMAN

Best piece of fiction ever made.

MAN

Might do some good to read it.

WOMAN

You weren't local, was you?

The Man thumbs through a few pages in the bible. The PHOTO falls on the ground. He picks it up, stares at it. The images instantly turn his hardened eyes soft.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Figures.

She lays down the last place setting on the table.

He bookmarks the bible with the photo. The Woman watches him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
They been gone a while?

This line of questioning makes the Man visibly uncomfortable.

MAN
Have yours?

She reaches in her back pocket and hands the Man a crumpled, worn photo of a YOUNG GIRL. He hesitates, only reluctantly takes it when she doesn't move it.

He hastily studies then returns it. He's doing his best to not act interested.

WOMAN
Salt?

The Man unlocks the cabinet, takes out the salt, locks it. He tosses it to the Woman.

She splits the Spam and green bean portions exactly equal onto 2 plates.

MAN (O.S.)
She reminds me of my daughter.

He sits, casually takes half of the food on one plate and moves it to his plate. He now has half of everything on her plate.

The Man digs into his plate guarding it like he were in prison.

WOMAN
That ain't fair.

She slams down the salt onto the table.

MAN
Want fair? Go back into the woods.

He's right. She relents. Ravished, she barely takes a breath as she shovels the remaining food into her mouth.

MAN (CONT'D)
Where is she now?

WOMAN
Who?

MAN
Your girl.

WOMAN
Northern most camp, just before the
border.

MAN
You left her?

WOMAN
(offended)
We got separated. Nothing I could
do to a bunch of men with guns.

He smiles from the silent joke in his head. She immediately
gets it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Fuck you. Want like that.

MAN
You escaped.

WOMAN
(irritated)
Separated.

MAN
Right. Separated.

She fumes silently.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman clears The table.

The Man plugs in the remaining cell phones. He then makes a
small adjustment to the blanket on the twin bed.

The Woman studies the Man, takes mental inventory of his
habits.

He grabs his green notebook, makes several notes. He pulls
back the carpet revealing the hidden door.

The Woman's eyes light up. The Man thumbs through the list of
numbers on the page. Tries the next number in the sequence. A
RED LIGHT and a harsh BEEP signals another wrong number.

The Woman's eyes are locked on the door. One can tell she's
quickly going through her memory files for something.

MAN

Got any random numbers rolling
around in your head?

The Woman acts busy, avoiding the question.

WOMAN

Locks are meant to stay locked,
aye?

MAN

One number. Any number. Two wrong
and we're locked out for three
days.

Irritation builds on the Woman's face.

WOMAN

One, two, three, four.

MAN

Already tried.

A silent moment as the Woman ignores the Man.

She knocks a plate to the floor, breaks to pieces. The Man
replaces the carpet, goes to help.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman stokes the fire with the small log.

The Man reads the Bible in bed. He acts like the Woman isn't
even there.

WOMAN

Three generations worked the water.

MAN

(uninterested)
MmmmHmm.

WOMAN

Daddy always said you're either
pretty or smart. Well, guess who
survived? Not pretty or smart.

She prods the fire.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Drought affected everyone. Daddy left momma and me to fend for ourselves. That was the beginning of the end, I suppose.

The Man ignores her, continues reading.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Then the government shutdown came. Remember where you were when that happened?

He studies the photo.

The Woman sits cross-legged over bedding laid out on the floor.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What happened to them?

The Man squirms a bit. The topic making him uncomfortable.

He continues reading.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What if they don't come?

MAN

I'm staying put until they do.

The Woman taps the glass aquarium holding The two squirrels. The Squirrels cower in the furthest corners.

WOMAN

What's with the squirrels?

The Woman CLICKS her tongue calling the animals.

The Man peers over the edge of his book.

MAN

Boy and a girl. Thinking long-term.

The Woman chuckles.

WOMAN

Imagine how hard it would be to have sex this stressed out. Would you want to do it in this environment? Ain't going to happen.

The Woman playfully sits down on the end of the bed.

MAN

If they die, then we're next.

The Man reaches over and cuts the light out.

MAN (CONT'D)

(matter-of-fact)

Your bed's over there.

The Woman gets the hint. She reluctantly lays down on the bedding on the floor.

The wood burning stove glows red highlighting the Woman's face.

WOMAN

Sorry about your wife and kid.
Night, friend.

MAN

Nothing to feel sorry for. Extra.

INT. UNDISCLOSED ROOM - DAY

Surreal, waxing and waning of an overhead light. First person blurry point of view of MEDICAL ISOLATION WORKERS in yellow ISOLATION SUITS leaning over inspecting something or someone.

DING.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Pitch black except for a small ember of light from the wood burning stove.

A DEEP SIGH of panicked relief wakes the Man from a nightmare.

A DING from the Man's phone on the bedside table - Another camera alarm.

The Man checks his phone.

ON IPHONE

Shows cameras two and three Off-line. He checks cameras one and four. Both Images showing mostly black background.

The Man sits on the edge of the bed. Immediately notices the Woman is gone from her bed. He visually scans the cabin. Everything seems to be in place.

The Man quickly dresses and grabs the shotgun from over the door.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The forest is a dense, pitch black.

The sound of a WATER STREAM hitting the ground.

A few meters away the Woman squats, urinates. She stands, turns and immediately freezes.

WOMAN

Who's there?

A halogen light cuts on, blinding her eyes. She literally looks like a deer caught in headlights. She shields her eyes with a hand.

MAN (O.S.)

What are you doing?

The Man stands a few meters away with the light pointed at her. Shotgun dangles in the other hand.

The Woman quickly buttons her pants.

WOMAN

Jesus Christ. What's it look like I'm doing? Get yourself a good look, I hope?

Annoyed, she marches past the Man.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman covers herself with the blanket on the floor.

The Man enters, replaces the shotgun over the door. He closes and locks the door.

MAN

We can't afford any accidents or contamination.

Silent, the Woman pulls the blanket tight around her head leaving only her face exposed.

MAN (CONT'D)

Need to pee? Hold it until I'm up.
Got it?

No answer.

MAN (CONT'D)
Got it, extra?

WOMAN
(beneath the blanket)
Yes sir!

He cuts the light.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The Man places the padlock on the door.

He studies the Woman cutting wood in the background. Reconsidering, he hangs the lock unlocked, leaving the cabin unsecured.

He throws the two five gallon containers over a shoulder.

The Woman stops briefly to watch the Man struggle with the two containers. She steps over to settle the containers over the Man's shoulder.

MAN
I'm good.

He barely breaks a smile, almost annoyed that she helped him. He slings the shotgun over the other shoulder. He clicks the halogen light on, starts his watch timer - BEEP.

WOMAN
We're a team.

MAN
You're an extra with 2 days left. One that works for her food and shelter while she's here. Clean and get dinner started. After you're done with the fire wood.

He gets to the edge of the woods.

WOMAN
But we're out of fire wood.

The Man stops, swings the flashlight and does a visual 360 at all the standing pieces of wood - trees - in the area.

He turns and leaves.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Man approaches the clearing. He visually scans the area, sets the water containers on the ground. He has his shotgun in a semi-offensive position.

Nothing, not even the chirping of birds or the rustling of small animals.

The cell phone/camera is also missing. He pulls out his IPHONE. "No signal" with all cameras off-line.

He cautiously scans the area again, hi and low - nothing but the thick barren trees in all directions.

He forgets it, throws the empty water containers over his shoulder and moves on. He has other business to tend to.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman hurriedly goes to the kitchen sink to fill two canteens. She cuts the water on though gets nothing.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

She inspects the water reservoir. The top has a lock on it.

WOMAN
(to herself)
Shit.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

We follow her to the kitchen area, she pulls a knife from the cabinet.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

She cranks on the knife handle. The metal end jammed into the lock SNAPS! The metal knife blade breaks.

WOMAN
Shit.

She chucks the knife handle in the woods.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman pulls the carpet away from the cellar door. She fingers the edge in attempt to open it though the door doesn't budge. She touches the digitized lock. It comes on. She hesitates before trying a number. RED and a harsh BEEP.

WOMAN

Shit.

She grabs another knife from the kitchen.

Back at the cellar door, she wedges the knife into the door's edge. She puts all her weight on it suddenly splintering the edge of the wood frame.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Shit. Fuck.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

She chucks this knife into the nearby woods.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman attempts to cover up the obvious damage to the wood. No good. She pulls the carpet back into place.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

She throws the last two wooden logs into the metal kitchen stove. Stokes the fire.

WOMAN

(to herself)

Get your shit together.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman closes the cabin door. She throws the ax over one shoulder and takes the metal FIRE WOOD CARRIER in the other hand.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Woman lays the wood carrier on the ground just at the inside edge of the forest behind the house. The back of the house off her right shoulder.

She looks up at the top of a medium sized tree. Swings the large ax at its base. THWACK!

EXT. ROCKY PEAK - NIGHT

The DYING PLUMES of distant fires litter the horizon and blacken the sky. The smoke from the fires the thing blacking out the sky overhead. The Man inspects the sky overhead, holds an open hand out to see if anything is raining down.

After a moment, BEEP. BEEP. His watch telling him it's time to turn around. He turns to move down the steep embankment and instantly loses footing with the first step turning his leg awkwardly. He tumbles down the 20 foot of rocky embankment.

The light, water containers and shot gun tumble several meters away.

He hits the bottom and comes to an abrupt stop with a painful SCREAM.

A close look at his leg shows it twisted awkwardly. Obviously broken.

He pulls his pant leg up revealing the edge of his tibia bone poking out through the skin - a compound fracture.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

THWACK!

In the distance, just within the treeline, the Woman swings the ax overhead.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

THWACK!

With the ax, the Woman hacks through the trunk of a small fallen tree.

The security light shuts off. The Woman walks towards it to get the motion sensory to cut it back on. It does.

She pulls the piece of wood and tosses it aside. As the wood hits the ground just within the tree line, it uncovers something. The Woman freezes. Whatever it is has her attention.

She sweeps the thick layer of leaves revealing a barely buried piece of BLUE FABRIC. Curious, she continues to pull until several small BONY FINGERS are revealed. The blue fabric - a GIRL'S DRESS - clothes a partially buried skeleton.

EXT. ROCKY PEAK - NIGHT

Below, the Man ties off a rigged up leg brace made of sticks. He attempts to stand. Falls again, SCREAMS out in pain. He stands again, gathering all of his strength. On his feet, he pulls the water container close, attempts to place it over a shoulder. No way he can carry it with the broken leg. He forgets it, leaves it. Uses the shotgun as a make-shift crutch.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman frantically searches the Man's belongings. Finds the bible, pulls the picture acting as a bookmark. She studies the picture.

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - NIGHT

The Man hobbles in the direction of the cabin. The halogen light shuts off suddenly. The darkness now all consuming.

MAN

Dammit.

The Man picks up the pace.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

With purpose, the Woman hauls the loaded firewood carrier.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A fire burns in the metal stove. Four place settings sit ready on the table. The Woman tends to Spam frying in a skillet.

A BANG! from outside causes her to turn to look at the closed door. She grabs the ax as her weapon, backs against the far wall waiting for whatever is about to come busting through the door.

A silent, tense moment before the Man falls through the door to the floor exhausted, injured.

The Woman rushes to his aid, studies the grotesque, exposed bone. She assists him to the bed.

WOMAN

My God. What happened?!

MAN

(calm)

There's a first aid kit in the cupboard.

The Woman looks at the cupboard then back at the Man.

The Man pulls the key from the bedside table drawer. Hands it to the Woman.

MAN (CONT'D)

Second door. Top shelf.

She follows his direction.

INT. CUPBOARD - NIGHT

From within the cupboard, we see the Woman's face. She looks perplexed.

WOMAN'S POV

The cupboard is almost empty except for a few cans of Spam.

A MILITARY STYLE FIRST AID KIT sits in one corner.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman throws open the first aid kit on the bed next to the Man. The Man finds a bottle of HYDROGEN PEROXIDE.

MAN

Towel.

The Woman does as she's told, grabs the towel hanging on a nearby hook. She places it under his bleeding and broken leg. She can barely hide the disgust on her face.

He dumps half the bottle of hydrogen peroxide on the wound causing it to SIZZLE. He winces in pain, allows the solution to do its work on his leg.

The Woman awaits further instructions.

He then lays out some suture material, sterile dressing and an ace wrap. Finds a bottle of PAIN KILLERS, takes a handful.

MAN (CONT'D)

There's Vodka in the upper cabinet.

The Woman hurries to the cabinet, finds a half bottle of vodka.

The Man chases the pills with the swallow of vodka. He then finds a pre-filled syringe within the first-aid kit. He removes the cap with his teeth, injects the contents of the syringe in one go into the side of his hip.

MAN (CONT'D)

You need to set it. Close it.

He stares at the Woman as if to get an affirmative response. She looks terrified.

WOMAN

You want me to do what?

MAN

I need you to set the bone, suture the wound

WOMAN

How do I do that?

MAN

Push it back in. The ends back together.

By the look on her face, she's trying to understand the magnitude of what he's asking her to do.

The Man demonstrates.

MAN (CONT'D)

Pull as hard as you can from my ankle and push the bone in. Sow it up like you'd sew a hem on a dress.

He tosses her the suture material.

MAN (CONT'D)

Once it's closed, put this dressing on it and wrap it tight with the brown wrap.

The Man pulls his belt from his waist band, folds it and bites down on it. He gives the Woman a go-ahead nod.

She looks down at the exposed broken bone, back at the Man's stoic face. She knows what she has to do.

The Woman grabs the ankle with one hand, pauses a second to make sure the Man is ready. With everything she's got, she pulls with one hand and pushes the exposed bone with the other.

The Man lets out a muffled, agonizing SCREAM as the bone CRUNCHES back into place.

She surveys the damage before removing the suture line and needle. Diaphoretic and pale, the Man grunts with each insertion of the needle through the skin.

The Woman pushes forward with the next suture.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman wraps the wound tight with the ace wrap.

He lays back in bed, exhausted. He pops another pain pill.

MAN

Somebody knows we're here.

WOMAN

Who knows we're here?

MAN

I don't know. Security cameras are gone.

WOMAN

Should we leave?

The Man stares at his broken leg. No way he's going anywhere right now. He takes another swig of Vodka.

MAN

No. We're safest here.

WOMAN

What about food? What do we do?

MAN

We continue to ration everything.

WOMAN

There's hardly anything. Couple of days by the looks of it.

Guilty, the Man looks directly at the Woman.

MAN

A few days are better than none.

WOMAN

Then?

MAN

We survive.

INT. UNDISCLOSED ROOM - DAY

Surreal, waxing and waning of an overhead light. First person blurry point of view of MEDICAL ISOLATION WORKERS in yellow ISOLATION SUITS leaning over inspecting something or someone.

A DISTANT BANG! Of a gun.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Barely burning wood embers pop in the stove.

The Man GASPS for air, sits straight up in bed, sweating profusely from the nightmare. He holds his aching head. He finds the picture from the Bible, takes a moment to stare at it before crumbling it in his hand.

A BANG! From outside. He attempts to stand.

MAN'S POV

The room visually wobbles causing him to lose his balance - the lingering effects of the pain pills and alcohol.

In front of him, the front door sits half open.

He scans the room and quickly realizes the Woman and the shotgun gone.

He finds his feet, stumbles against the wall and drags himself to the open front door.

INT/EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man stands in the doorway. In the foreground, the Woman carries the halogen light and a small animal - a dead rabbit - in one hand and the shotgun in the other. She lays the dead rabbit and shotgun on the outside table.

WOMAN

May be able to sneak into the city
for supplies.

She casually moves past him. He's doing his best to hide his
annoyance.

MAN

Are you crazy? You want to kill us
both?

The Woman pauses.

WOMAN

What?

The Man hobbles over and without touching it, swipes the dead
rabbit off the table.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

What the heck!

MAN

That light has exactly 40 minutes
of juice. If it goes out while you
are out there, that's it.

The Woman checks her hands. No blood.

The Man throws her the bleach-water solution.

MAN (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this? What's your
deal?

WOMAN

I'm trying to help. Be useful. Help
you until your family comes then
I'll go. I swear.

MAN

Bullshit. What about your daughter?

The Woman angrily moves past the Man.

WOMAN

There's nothing out there. I just
know it. Something ain't right.

The words have left the Man speechless. He stands there as
the Woman disappears inside.

MAN

What do you mean, "nothing out there"? Extra?

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A JAZZ SONG plays on the record player giving the place an almost romantic mood in the candle light.

The Woman sets four table settings.

With his broken leg propped up, the Man reads the Bible, ignoring the Woman.

WOMAN

I used to get in trouble in Sunday school.

The Man's ears perk up.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Used to tell the other kids, the youth pastor that God was a Woman.

The Man cracks a smile.

She finishes setting the silverware.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Only made sense that God was the same as the ones who could create another living being, right? Men weren't having no babies. Bible says we were created in God's image, right? Made sense that God was a Woman.

She stirs something in a pot on the stove. Then pours a double shot of vodka, neat. She takes a sip then hands the rest to the Man.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

That youth pastor never liked me. I never liked him either. Asshole.

She pours herself a drink, touches her glass to the Man's glass. Shoots the vodka straight.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

He never touched another girl after me. I guarantee it.

This has the Man's attention finally, lowers the Bible.

MAN
You still believe?

The Woman pauses.

WOMAN
Why would I? Why would you? After
all this.

MAN
There is something bigger than us.
Something watching over us.

She plates cooked Spam onto two plates. Two empty place settings sit where they typically do.

The Man hobbles to the table, takes the empty place settings and returns them to the shelving. The Woman just looks on.

MAN (CONT'D)
He put us together for a reason.

WOMAN
There you go, saying "he". What do
you think *her* reason is? For
putting us together?

She looks deep into the Man's eyes, into his soul, really.

MAN
I don't know.

She serves herself.

MAN (CONT'D)
I just know there is. It's a test,
maybe.

WOMAN
I thought your type relied mostly
on measuring accidents and
coincidence. Thought you led with
your brain and not your gut.

MAN
Not this. This is different.

He stares at her. For the first time, he has a softness to his eyes. With the music in the background, it's as if they're on their first date.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman makes her bedding on the floor.

The Man unwraps the wound on his leg. He's having a difficult time with the bandage. The Woman goes to his aid. He allows it.

As she unwraps the bandage, the Man winces in pain.

ON MAN'S LEG

Reveals a festering, infected wound.

The Woman sours her face. She plays off the seriousness.

MAN

You think about the future?

The Woman pours the remaining hydrogen peroxide on the wound causing it to HISS and BUBBLE. Again, the Man remains stoic.

WOMAN

Why? The future isn't real. It doesn't exist.

She dabs the infected wound with a rag. The Man grits his teeth, squeezes a handful of mattress.

MAN

Aren't you worried?

She covers the wound with a clean dressing.

WOMAN

I've learnt a person has only so much control over this life. Worrying about things you have no control over will make you crazy, right?

She wraps the Man's leg with the elastic wrap.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's about living in the moment. Appreciating what's in front of us. All that thinking will eat you up, friend.

She looks into the Man's eyes. Searching for a non-verbal confirmation. She smiles. He returns it. The thick shield guarding him is gone for the moment. In that instance, there is a deep connection between them.

The Woman readies her bedding on the floor.

MAN
Good night.

WOMAN
Night.

A silent moment.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

MAN
For?

WOMAN
For trusting me.

MAN
We're a team, right, extra?

She smiles a great big smile.

WOMAN
Of course. Friend.

The Man looks into the Woman's eyes. His eyes are begging to tell her something.

MAN
What if we had to leave this place?

WOMAN
Why would you want to leave? This is your home. It's safe here.

MAN
I feel like we need to get as far away as we can.

A silent tense consideration from the Woman.

WOMAN
For the first time in my life, I feel safe. I don't wanna leave.

MAN
Nowhere is safe.

The Man stares off at the far wall. His silent disagreement.

WOMAN

You - we - have a promise to keep.
We stay until we can't no more.
That's the deal.

He turns his head toward the Woman.

MAN

Right.

We hold on the Man's face. Something in his eyes betray his words.

MAN (CONT'D)

There's something else. You know
it. Something missing. That door
has something to do with it.
There's a reason I can't remember
the numbers.

The Woman's moves away avoiding the Man's inquiry.

WOMAN

I have these numbers floating
around in my head. I don't know
what they mean.

The Man sits up, almost frantic.

MAN

Tell me. Maybe you know what I
don't? What are the numbers?

WOMAN

It's nothing. Stupid. It's like a
dream you try to make sense of.

MAN

Tell me, dammit!

WOMAN

(firm)

There's nothing to make sense of!

She lays on her bedding, covers her face. SOBS beneath the blanket.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman adjusts a small backpack on her back.

In the background, the Man leans on a tall branch as a crutch. The shotgun leans against the door.

MAN

Head due south. You'll pick up a trail. The water containers are at the foot of the hill. Follow the river until you find water. Stay on the trail.

The Woman looks at the shotgun leaning on the door.

WOMAN

What if I need to shoot something?

MAN

Gun stays here.

The Woman lifts the ax over her shoulder, cuts the halogen light on and touches the Man's watch, now on her wrist.

WOMAN

Thought we were over that?

MAN

Yeah, well. You got 40 minutes to get out there and back.

It's a battle she isn't winning. She marches westward without a word.

MAN (CONT'D)

Stay along the river bed so you don't get lost.

(beat)

Do not deviate from the trail.

Without turning, she shoots him the finger.

MAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Keep that finger in your pocket.

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - NIGHT

The Woman moves along the well worn trail.

RUSTLING nearby causes her to pause, visually scan the area with the light. The whole place has her freaked out.

WOMAN'S POV

Shows nothing but dark forest in all directions and as far as the eye can see.

She tightens her grip on the ax ready to swing it at whatever is lurking in the woods. Nothing but the gentle rustling of branches overhead.

She forgets about it and moves on deeper into the woods.

INT/EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man sits in a chair within the open front door. He aligns the worn photo with the forest in front of him reminding him of why he waits.

The lights dim overhead. The power waning.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

The Man hobbles towards the circuit breaker. The security light cuts on. He flips the switch from battery to generator. Behind him, the windmill turns briskly in the wind.

To his right, in the nearby wood line at the edge of the security light's beacon, something catches his attention.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Without emotion, the Man stares at the ground at the edge of the forest.

ON THE GROUND

Two shallow, partially uncovered graves sit exposed with skeletal human remains in each. One appears to be a child in a BLUE DRESS, the other an adult skeleton. By the looks of them, they've been there a while.

EXT. ROCKY PEAK, BASE - NIGHT

The Woman stands where the water containers should have been - stolen by someone or something. She follows the trail up the steep embankment.

BEEP. BEEP. The watch's alarm cues her to turn around and head back. She cuts the alarm off, ignoring it.

EXT. ROCKY PEAK - NIGHT

The Woman visibly sweating from the climb. Below her, the several hundred feet descent.

She stands there a moment to watch the black, billowing smoke consuming entire sky from horizon to horizon. By the look on her face, this is the first time she's seen it.

WOMAN

My god.

To cool off, she sits, takes off her outer jacket and lays it on the ground next to her. STEAM wofts from her warm body.

She takes the last swig of water from the canteen allowing the last drop to hit her mouth. She leans back on the soft ground of the embankment, closes her eyes for a moment, it's as if she were sunbathing in some seaside European village.

The RUSTLING of something nearby interrupts her peaceful moment.

The Woman hastily gathers her things and keeps moving eastward along the mountainous ridge.

EXT. RIVERBED - NIGHT

Bone dry from top to bottom.

The Woman moves southeast along the dry riverbed. She pauses, looks at her watch.

WOMAN

Shit.

She looks at the halogen lamp, makes a mental calculation. We can see she is considering staying on the trail or cutting through the woods. She chooses - off the trail.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Woman rubs her arms trying to generate some body heat. She scans the unfamiliar area. She's lost. She continues on in a random direction. Her labored breaths counted as puffs of steam in the air.

EXT. EASTERN EDGE OF FOREST - NIGHT

The Woman stands at the edge of the forest. She scans something unseen in front of her. Something tall by the way she leans her head back.

FROM BEHIND

We see that a 15 foot high METAL BORDER FENCE extending endlessly in a north-south direction several feet in front of the Woman. A small sign with a lightning bolt - high voltage sign - wired to the fence warns her it's electrified. RAZOR WIRE lines the top. No way around it. It's there to keep something out - or in.

Beyond the fence, cleared flat land.

The Woman picks up a small stick, tosses it at the middle wire. It sparks confirming the sign's warning.

Suddenly, the halogen light cuts off.

WOMAN

No. No. No.

She shakes the light. No good. Out of juice. She has no other option. The Woman turns back into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Woman SHIVERS at the base of a large tree. She pulls leaves and debris into a pile creating insulated bedding. She lays across the top and pulls whatever debris she can find over the top of her to keep warm though it isn't doing a very good job.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man checks his phone. All cameras are still off-line.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The glow of the stove outlines the Man standing in the doorway. He scans the darkness for any sign of the Woman.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man adds several layers of clothing on top of what he was wearing. He pops several pain pills, grabs the shot gun and hobbles out.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The CHATTERING of teeth as the Woman SHIVERS visibly beneath the thin layer of foliage at the base of a large tree.

The CRUNCHING of leaves nearby causes her to freeze. Everything stops for the moment. She squints trying to focus her eyes into the far darkness.

More CRUNCHING of leaves except closer this time. Whatever it is, it's bigger than she is.

The Woman has no choice, she bolts upright, grabs the ax and hustles away from the noise.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Woman zig zags between trees. Her heavy foot steps echo through the forest, her heavy breaths visualized by the puffs of steam from her mouth. She takes several panicked looks behind her.

Whatever it is, is right on her heels.

WOMAN'S POV

Shows nothing but dark outlines of trees standing up like ghosts in the forest.

She loses her footing, falls face-first. She attempts to stand though can only attempt to scoot away. Her eyes grow big as the thing - a bigfoot sized creature covered in foliage - is right on her.

Actually, it's a MAN IN A GHILLIE SUIT. His green camouflaged face is highlighted by the whites of his eyes. He shushes her with a finger to his mouth.

She's frozen, paralyzed with fear.

MAN IN GUILLE SUIT
(hushed)
We're here to save you.

BLAM!

Just in front of the Woman, the Man holds his aim at the Man in the Guillie suit though he's long gone.

The Woman bear hugs the Man causing him to almost lose his balance with his bad leg. She isn't going to let him go now that she has him.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Man stokes a fire giving the place a warm, red glow.

MAN

(angry)

You're lucky you were just a few
hundred yards from the cabin.

He takes it out on a slice of frying Spam, slapping it over
with a spatula.

The Woman sits at the dining room table, warms herself
beneath a blanket. She's visibly shaken.

WOMAN

It was a man in a suit. Camouflage.

He finds a near-full bottle of VODKA, pours the Woman a shot,
hands it to her.

MAN

Nobody's out there. You know it.

WOMAN

Said he was here to save me.

MAN

Must have been a bear or something.

The Woman downs it.

WOMAN

Bullshit. I know what I saw.

The Man pours another, downs it himself. It goes down easy.
Immediately pours another.

He downs the Vodka, caps the bottle. He chases it with a
couple more pain pills.

MAN

What is a guy in camouflage doing
this close to the cabin?

WOMAN

I'm scared.

The Man throws another blanket around her shoulders. She
gladly accepts. He comforts her. She allows it. In fact, she
looks at ease in his arms - a moment of change in their
relationship.

MAN

(easier)

Whatever it was is gone for good.
Gone into the woods to die after
that shot.

She looks at him. Searches his eyes for another answer.

MAN (CONT'D)
Any luck with water?

WOMAN
Ain't nothing but dirt and dried up
riverbed.

MAN
We'll have to conserve everything.
Even our own urine. Until the rain
comes.

WOMAN
Going on two years without real
rain. Sunlight.

MAN
Yeah, well, let's pray that God
answers our prayers.

The Man cuts the Spam in perfect halves. Gives half to the woman.

WOMAN
Thank you.

Even though she's starving, she doesn't touch it. As though she's consumed by some burning question.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
What do you remember about getting
here?

MAN
What do you mean?

WOMAN
I mean, tell me exactly when you
arrived? What route you took
exactly, from where? Was it day or
night?

MAN
Memory is ever changing. We fill in
the blanks every day. It's
unreliable.

WOMAN

You can't remember. Neither can I. When I look back to the moment I woke in the wilderness on the day I met you, I can't piece it together exactly. It's as if there is a hole in my memory going back months, years. My mind is jumbled together. I don't make sense.

MAN

The brain has a way of taking traumas and forgetting about them. That is all.

The Woman stands.

WOMAN

Tell me again, what happened to your wife and kid?

The Man gets visibly uncomfortable.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Where were they again? They're not coming, are they?

MAN

They'll be here. I just need to give them more time.

The Woman kneels in front of the Man, begging him.

WOMAN

Listen, whatever happened, happened. These are desperate times. I know you're not a bad person.

MAN

Shut up. You have no idea.

The Man paces, avoiding the Woman's begging eyes. He pours another shot.

WOMAN

Something's happening. Something else. This is why I can't remember how I ended up here. Why you can't remember things, either.

We can tell by the look on his face that she's right.

MAN

I remember fine.

WOMAN

I don't care what happened. It's done. In the past. There's a lot I don't know but I know we need to stick together. I do know that.

MAN

Why don't you leave tomorrow. We're better off by ourselves.

She goes to him. Stands in front of him.

WOMAN

There's something out there. Something waiting for us to make a mistake.

She searches his eyes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You know this whole thing doesn't make sense.

The Man stares deep into the Woman's eyes as if searching for the truth.

The Man turns, he stumbles on his broken leg and falls. She goes to his aid.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You're broken. You need me. I can help. Please. I don't care what happened.

The Man relents.

MAN

I want you to go. When you wake, after your rested. I can survive alone.

He hobbles over to his bed. The Woman eyes the shotgun making a mental calculation. The Man pulls the shotgun onto the bed with him out of the Woman's reach.

She sits and scarfs down the Spam.

WOMAN

You're making a mistake. We need each other.

The Man pops another pain pill.

MAN

When you wake. You're go. Leave.

One can tell he is having a difficult time saying those words. He's too stubborn to go back. The Man cuts the lamp leaving only the red glow of the fire.

WOMAN

I came here to steal what I could
and move on.

Her honesty has his attention. He watches her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Nobody mattered to me. Nobody but
my daughter. My daughter was out
there. Now I'm not so sure. I'm not
sure about anything. Except us.

A silent beat.

MAN

Maybe you will see her after all.

WOMAN

I'm not even sure about you're
family. Neither are you. They're
not coming. I'm sorry you haven't
accepted that. I'm sorry.

A wave of sadness washes over him. He cries.

She takes him in her arms, hugs him. Now she's the protector,
he the one in need of human touch.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I know you're angry. I am too.

MAN

It's not them.

She plays it off. He moves away from her. Dries his tears.

MAN (CONT'D)

I don't know who they are but it's
not my family.

WOMAN

Told you I don't care. What's done
is done.

MAN

It's not them. I swear to God and
all things Holy.

This gives the Woman pause. She stares at the Man. Her eyes
tell us she's giving in to his explanation.

MAN (CONT'D)

That's all I know. I promise. It's
not them. I don't know who it is
but it's not them.

WOMAN

Then we wait. For as long as it
takes.

The Man's posture eases.

MAN

Then we wait. Together.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The hint of red from the fire paints the cabin ceiling. The
Man stares silently from his bed. The Woman sleeps on the
floor. The look in the Man's eyes tells us he's planning
something.

INT. UNDISCLOSED ROOM - DAY

Surreal, waxing and waning of an overhead light. First person
blurry point of view of MEDICAL ISOLATION WORKERS in yellow
ISOLATION SUITS leaning over inspecting something or someone.

A DISTANT BANG! Of a gun.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The darkness outside paints the small windows.

The front door SLAMS open and the Man enters hurriedly.

MAN

Get your things. Now.

The Woman rouses from her bed.

WOMAN

(clearing her head)
What? Why? What happened?

The Man goes to the kitchen cabinets, pulls what's left of the food stores. His panicked behavior signals trouble.

MAN

We've been compromised.

The Woman attempts to physically keep up with the Man's manic behavior.

WOMAN

Who? Who is it?! Who's "they"?!

He shoves food and the first aid kit into a backpack. Throws on an extra jacket before the Woman can finish dressing.

MAN

There's one dead. They'll be more soon.

The Man dumps a box of SHOTGUN SHELLS on the table. Takes what's left - 5 or 6 shells - and shoves them in a pocket. He loads two into the shotgun.

WOMAN

What do you mean!? Another one!?
Same one!? Maybe it was an animal!?
Like you said.

MAN

If they find us here, we're dead.

The Woman scans the cabin as if to verify the absence of anyone else.

WOMAN

Who!?

MAN

Who do you think?

Her face fills with dread for a moment before she musters her courage.

WOMAN

We can't leave. You can't leave.
What if there is nowhere else? This
is it? This is everything?

The Man checks the windows ignoring her.

MAN

Impossible. There's a whole world
out there.

The Man throws an empty backpack in her lap. He takes both shoulders in his hands, looks deep into her eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)

Tell me the numbers. In your head.

WOMAN

What numbers!?

MAN

In your head!

WOMAN

They don't mean anything. I told you. Everything is jumbled!

The Man stares at her trying to gauge her sincerity.

MAN

Then we have no choice.

Slowly and with trepidation, the Woman places some food items in the backpack.

The Woman suddenly stops packing, sits on the edge of the bed, resigned.

WOMAN

We can't go. You can't go.

The Man continues packing without even a pause.

MAN

(urgent)

If they find us here, we're dead.

WOMAN

What about your promise?

The Man stops his frantic packing a moment, stares at her as if trying to communicate his deepest secret.

MAN

They're not coming.

He continues packing.

MAN (CONT'D)

You know it and I know it.

(dramatic pause)

Everyone is either dead... or worse. I've accepted that.

Watching the Woman's face is like her one hope has been stolen from her hearing this revelation.

MAN (CONT'D)

We have to go. Now. Or else we'll
be the same.

Finally the Woman gets with it. She packs with urgency.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Halogen's beam of light sways across the ground.

Following it, the Man and Woman march through the woods. Not even the injured leg is holding him back.

WOMAN

We need to head West. Big fence
this way.

MAN

What do you mean "big fence"?

WOMAN

Big and electrified.

The Man stops dead, stares at the Woman as if hearing this news for the first time.

MAN

(matter-of-fact)
Then we go around it.

The Man pushes forward.

WOMAN

Don't think we can.

MAN

A fence can't go on forever. There
has to be a way around it.

Ignoring the Woman's pleas, he pushes deeper into the eastern portion of the woods.

WOMAN

(to herself)
Not sure 'bout that.

EXT. EASTERN EDGE OF FOREST - NIGHT

Both stand with their necks cranked up gazing at the top edge of the large METAL BORDER FENCE extending in the north-south direction for as far as the eye can see - the same one the Woman ran into a few days ago.

The Man goes to put a hand on it. The Woman yanks him back, points to the electrified sign.

WOMAN

Someone doesn't want us to leave.

MAN

Maybe it's for our protection?

WOMAN

Yeah, right. I don't think so.

He looks south then north. He heads north. The Woman hesitates.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We should head south.

The Man keeps going north along the fence line.

MAN

(without looking)

We don't want what's in the city.

The Woman peers over her shoulder south, then briefly scans the thick woods - looking more dangerous than ever now.

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

From a distance, we watch the Woman visually scanning the forest. Something or someone's watching them.

Reluctantly, she follows the Man north.

EXT. NORTHEASTERN EDGE OF FOREST - DAY

Again, both have stopped at the edge of the forest. In front of them, the western border fence is connected to a northern edge going west - the northeastern edge of what's beginning to feel like some sort of wild life refuge.

The Halogen light suddenly goes out. The black of the night has taken over now.

He shakes the light vigorously like beating it will get the light to come on.

MAN

FUCK!

He throws the light at the fence. It sparks when it hits.

The Man stares westward. Determined, he blindly marches in that direction. The Woman stays a moment. She takes a long look behind her at the eastern edge of the barrier disappearing into the southern part of the forest.

She again scans the forest for predators or whatever it is that is after them. She hustles to catch up to the Man.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN EDGE OF THE FOREST - NIGHT

The Man sits with his back against a tree with his hurt leg stretched out resting. He takes a swig of water from a canteen. In front of him, the Woman inspects the northwestern edge of the barrier. It's the same - an electrified fence to keep something in... or out.

MAN

I've just never gone far enough this way. I had no idea.

WOMAN

What's going on? What does this mean?

MAN

I don't know. You tell me.

The Woman paces.

WOMAN

(frantic)

I can't tell you anything! I don't remember anything.

MAN

Tell me the numbers.

WOMAN

The numbers!?! The numbers don't mean anything!

MAN

Tell me then.

WOMAN

Tell me how you got here. Go ahead.
You don't remember, do you?

MAN

(thinking; to himself)
Born in Milwaukee. 3 brothers.
Graduated Harvard. Married...
(chokes up)
My babies.

WOMAN

And then?

MAN

Everything is jumbled in my head.

WOMAN

That's what I'm saying.

The Man squints, holds his temples trying to make sense of everything.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We don't remember because they
don't want us to remember?

Her questioning is more of an imperative statement.

MAN

There's no 'they'.

WOMAN

Somebody's doing it. Somebody's
keeping us here.

MAN

Tell me the numbers.

Something in his voice and eyes have changed. Hardened suddenly. He raises the shotgun towards her.

She hesitates.

WOMAN

Fuck you. Shoot me.

She stands there a moment. The slightest hesitation tells us that he won't do it. She knows it.

She moves past him along the fence.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

We go south. Until we find a way
out of here.

He watches her disappear in the darkness. He suddenly feels
alone.

MAN

To the city?

She keeps marching without responding.

MAN (CONT'D)

We don't want what's in the city!

He stares at the top of the fence. The razor wire an ominous
sign of what they're up against.

EXT. WESTERN EDGE OF FOREST - NIGHT

The Woman pushes her way through the forest following the
western fence border.

He barely keeps up given his injured leg. He stops, has a
change of heart.

MAN

I'm not going.

The Woman halts, turns around. She approaches him.

WOMAN

We aren't stopping now.

MAN

(softer)

Listen, we can stay. Where we were.
Together.

WOMAN

There's nothing here for us. You
said it. We keep moving.

She turns to go.

He grabs a wrist. She immediately yanks it away and takes
several cautious steps backward. The Man matches her, step
for step.

MAN

Please. We won't survive out here.
You know this.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm not going near the city.

Both stop, stare at each other as if waiting for someone to make a move. The Woman turns to leave. She's made her decision.

WOMAN

I'm going.

MAN

We need each other. We're a team, remember?

The Woman chooses her words.

WOMAN

Fuck you.

She again turns to leave.

BLAM!

She instinctively ducks, turns to see the Man aiming the shotgun in the air. He waves her over with the end of the weapon.

She makes a quick mental calculation. There's only one way out of this.

MAN

If we can't find a way around it then we go back, okay?

WOMAN

We aren't going back. We're too far.

He holds the shotgun steady.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

There's no "they" is there? It's all an excuse to leave.

The Man just stares at her neither confirming or disagreeing.

MAN

End of the fence. Nothing's there we go back.

She's mentally calculating her choices.

WOMAN

Fine.

She leaves, continues along the fence line. He follows.

EXT. WESTERN EDGE OF FOREST - NIGHT

The Woman leads with the Man following close behind.

Up ahead, the terrain steepens becoming more difficult especially for the injured Man. The Woman is creating some distance between her and the Man as she climbs the rocky slope.

EXT. ROCKY PEAK - NIGHT

The Woman scans the horizon. Gone are the fires of the once burning city in the distant horizon.

Below her, the precipitous drop-off several hundred feet down. As she nears the edge several small rocks tumble off the edge.

The Man catches up, struggles the last few yards to the top both from the altitude and the exertion. He removes his backpack, sets it on the ground.

MAN'S POV

Immediately the horizon begins to swirl in vertiginous circles - a bout of vertigo.

He grabs at the dirt to keep from falling over. As he turns to visually locate the Woman, she swings a large rock striking him in the face.

He instantly tumbles backward down the rocky slope.

With each tumble head over heels, he loses consciousness briefly as if someone were turning a light switch

Off.

On.

Off.

He comes to an abrupt stop at the bottom, unconscious and bleeding from the scalp.

EXT. ROCKY PEAK - NIGHT

The Woman scans the bottom for the Man. He's in an unconscious pile at the bottom. She leans over the edge to get a better look.

WOMAN

You okay!?

(beat)

Hey!

She looks for a way down. Removes her backpack and anything else that might weigh her down.

She attempts a few cautious slides on her butt. Rocks fall with each movement of her foot. She loses her footing, barely holds onto the root of a small tree, pulls herself to.

She cranks her neck over the edge.

WOMAN'S POV

The Man lays unmoving on the bottom. He must be dead or mortally injured.

She looks for another way down. There isn't an easy one.

WOMAN

(to herself)

Better alone than with someone you
don't love.

She scans the horizon mentally weighing her options. She takes one last peek at the unconscious man before she picks up the shotgun and backpack and heads back down, north towards the cabin. Away from the Man.

EXT. ROCKY PEAK, BASE - NIGHT

This time she knows where she is. She hustles in the direction of the cabin.

EXT. ROCKY PEAK, BASE - NIGHT

The Man rouses, pulls his wounded head out of the dirt. He's alive, barely. He gathers himself. His leg bandage is soaked with fresh blood signalling a new injury. He touches his bleeding scalp, verifies the bleeding. He's lucky to be alive.

He searches the peak several hundred feet overhead. The darkness won't allow him to see more than 10 feet. He turns his attention south towards the city.

He struggles to his feet heavily favoring the newly injured leg. It's all he can do to stay upright. He cautiously moves south toward the city.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Woman doesn't waste time. She's almost running though the thick foliage prevents her from an all out sprint.

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - NIGHT

The sun is dropping and so is the temperature.

She crosses into the familiar clearing. She pauses only briefly to glance at the OLD CELLPHONE attached to the tree. It blinks red telling us it's on and recording. Someone's watching her.

EXT. SOUTH OF THE ROCKY PEAK - NIGHT

The Man sits in low grass, unwraps his leg. With each turn around the leg, the amount of blood on the bandage grows until he reveals his severely injured leg. Broken again, bits of bone show in the festering wound. Worse than before.

He lays back as if giving into the inevitable. CRIES.

We pan out and show the Southern edge of the BORDER FENCE several feet in front of him. They are, in fact, in a large, electrified cage.

SOBS echo across the open landscape. He SCREAMS at the top of his lungs.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Woman moves silently through forest. She stops suddenly, turns an ear south. She can barely make out the distant screams from the Man.

FROM A DISTANCE

Something unseen watches the Woman. She stares right in its direction. Spooked, she moves on.

EXT. SOUTH OF THE ROCKY PEAK - NIGHT

The hint of sun cuts a line just in front of the Man. He leans over to let his face feel the sun's warmth.

A calmness has washed over the Man's face. The thick overhead haze covers the light again. He gives into the coming darkness and whatever comes with it.

Distant thunder RUMBLES in the distance.

The Man smiles at the coming rain as if it may wash away everything. He lays back giving into to whatever fate awaits him.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman approaches, enters the front door. Everything appears to be in its place.

We hold on the front door a moment. She exits and moves around the back of the cabin. After a quiet second, the WHIR of an electric generator kicks on. Interior lights cut on.

The Woman reappears from the backside of the cabin, goes inside.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman moves with purpose. She secures the windows with wood paneling and bars the door tight. She steps back and stares as if waiting for something to come busting through the front door.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

She stokes the fire in the stove with several of the books from the bookshelf.

She dumps the backpack out onto the bed taking inventory of her food stores - several cans of SPAM and green beans. She's got a few day's worth.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

She dumps a can of green beans into a small cooking pot.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

She sits at the table, scarfs down the green beans, her first meal of the day. She stares at the empty place settings. She pauses to listen to the outside.

She goes to throw another book into the fire, flips through a page, another. She grabs another off the book shelf, thumbs through it. Same thing. Flips through another, then another.

CLOSE ON BOOK

Shows that the pages are blank. All of them. Each book is the same. No writing on them as if they were props in some theatre play.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A pile of fake books litter the ground.

She slides down the wall into a sitting position hitting the wooden floor with a THUD. She pulls the shotgun onto her lap, pulls the cork top off the vodka bottle with her teeth, takes a swig as if treating some ailment.

She pulls out the worn photo of what we presume to be her daughter. A flood of emotions come pouring out in an instant. She can't hold back the sobs of emotion.

She collects herself, wipes the tears with the back of her hand. She stands, goes to the framed pictures around the room, rips the back off each one.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH

Shows that they are nothing more than stock photos that came with the frames. She compares her photo with one the young girl in one of the Man's framed photos. They are the same person - nothing more than a generic young model.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman tosses the photo of her "daughter" into the stove. She watches it shrink and crumple to ashes. She takes a swig of the vodka, stares at the photo of the Man's "wife and daughter".

In the background, the edge of the secret door catches her eye.

She moves the rug, touches the screen. It lights up green. She closes her eyes trying to remember the numbers in her mind. She selects four numbers. A metallic BEEP then the panel lights up red. Wrong combination. She does another combination. Same thing. This time, the combination screen remains red. She tries another combination. With each push of a number, it BUZZES telling her it's in lock-down mode.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

She sleeps partially slumped over in the dining room chair. She rouses, takes a moment to get her bearing. Still alone in the cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman cuts the water on at the sink. Water sputters from the end.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

She taps the side of the plastic water reservoir. It's hollowness tells her it's empty. She pulls the top, inspects the water level.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

The Woman squats over a small plastic container. She stands, pulls her pants to. She takes the container and dumps the urine into the water reservoir.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

She dumps the miniscule contents of the water container into the reservoir.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman puts a record on. Soft MUSIC plays.

INT/EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman sits exactly where the Man would watching the pathway leading to the cabin as if someone may come walking up at any moment.

She holds the crumpled picture of the Man's "wife and daughter" just at the right angle making it look as though they are walking up towards the cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Woman sets the wood shutters on the windows securing the place.

She stokes the fire, sits and prepares a slice of Spam. Something outside causes her to freeze. She takes aim with the shot gun at the front door.

A quiet, tense moment.

She finally takes a relaxed breath. Whatever it was outside is either gone or never was.

She turns back to the fire.

A THUD just outside the door turns her around again. She again has the weapon trained on the door.

She takes a couple of cautious steps back until her back is against the far wall.

MAN (O.S.)
Help me. Please.

WOMAN
Who is it?

MAN (O.S.)
The only person in this world
besides you.

She softens her stance.

WOMAN
Those pictures. Your pictures.
They're fake. All this, is fake.

A silent moment tells us the Man is contemplating that statement from the Woman.

MAN
What's real is what's in front of
us at that moment. It's the
summation of all the sensor...

WOMAN

What we thought was real isn't.
Your family, my daughter. It's all
bullshit.

Another moment of silence from the Man.

MAN (O.S.)

Just let me in so we can talk about
this. You need me like I need you.
You said we can't survive this
alone. You're right. Please. We
need each other.

(beat)

I need help. I won't survive
another night out here.

The Woman is both physically and mentally giving in. She
moves towards the door. She stops.

WOMAN

How much do you know?

MAN (O.S.)

The truth will not set you free.

WOMAN

Tell me everything.

Another long pause as the Man considers.

MAN (O.S.)

I know as much as you. I know what
I know and that's it. Please, open
the door. I can't stay out here all
night. I'll freeze. You know that.

He's right. She knows it.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Please.

She moves to the door, opens it and immediately backs away
giving herself some space.

The Man sits with his back against the door. The pallor in
his face tells her he's dying.

He attempts to get to his feet. He can't, he doesn't have the
strength.

MAN (CONT'D)

Water.

She obliges. She leans the shotgun against the cabinet. Fills a glass half full. The water SPUTTERS.

MAN (CONT'D)
Won't last long without food or
water.

WOMAN
Then we survive.

She moves within reach.

As she does, the Man suddenly grabs the Woman's wrist and pulls her close to the door.

MAN
There's no way out of here. We're
animals, you and I.

She struggles against his grip. He's too strong for her.

MAN (CONT'D)
This is it. This is how it ends.

She pulls against him, stretches out for the shotgun leaning against the far cabinet.

MAN (CONT'D)
You were right. Nobody's coming.

He stares into her soul as she panics to get away from him.

MAN (CONT'D)
For yourselves know perfectly that
the day of the Lord so comes as a
thief in the night... sudden
destruction comes on them, as
travail on a Woman with child; and
they shall not escape.

She reaches the shot gun, takes an unaimed shot towards the door.

BLAM!

Shotgun fragments splinter the edge of the door. The Man is gone.

She pushes the door shut, locks it again. Frightened, she backs against the far wall. Keeps her eyes locked onto the front door.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The darkness of the night has finally been replaced by the early morning light.

The Woman holds a hand out allowing a sliver of light to touch her skin. She stares like a new toy at Christmas. She peers through the splintered opening in the door.

WOMAN'S POV

The bright white of day.

The light is too much for her untrained eyes. She hides her eyes from the brightness of the sun, takes a moment to allow the blurriness to subside.

When it does, she locks on A TRAIL OF BLOOD leading from the door to around the side of the house.

She scans the outside. Nothing except the barren trees and the warming forest.

BACK TO SCENE

The Woman breaks the shotgun open, pulls the empty shells from the shotgun. Throws the useless gun onto the bed.

She searches the kitchen drawers and pulls out the biggest, sharpest knife.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

We track the trail of blood from the front steps and follow it to the edge of the forest where the Man has fallen limp face first.

As we approach, we notice that one of the shallow graves has been dug up, presumably by hand. The Man's limp hand covers the partially uncovered hand of the smaller skeleton as if to say one final goodbye.

She turns the Man over. His hollow eyes stare at the empty sky above her.

MAN'S POV

The bright white of light as if seeing the gates of Heaven. TWO FIGURES come into view.

As we focus, we realize that the two figures are the Man's WIFE and CHILD. The Man's wife holds out a hand.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - DAY

The Man smiles at the hallucinations, reaches out to the space behind the Woman before taking his last breath and falling dead. A smile remains on his face.

The Woman takes a moment to stare at the Man's lifeless face.

FOOTSTEPS behind her cause her to turn...

We get a blurry image of TWO WORKERS IN YELLOW ISOLATION SUITS.

THUD! She falls unconscious to the ground.

BLACK SCREEN.

WE HEAR the dragging of a body across fallen leaves and dirt.

WORKER 1 (O.S.)
Session 16 a go in 10 minutes.

CONTROLLER (V.O.)
Roger that. Woman is almost in position. Administering amnestic agent.

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - DAY

The Woman lays unconscious on her back near a tree.

Overhead, the light to the cellphone attached to the tree suddenly comes on.

WORKER 3 (O.S.)
We're live.

CONTROLLER (V.O.)
Roger that. We have live feed.

INT. CABIN - DAY

MAN 2 (30s), a heavier version of Man 1 lays unconscious on the bed.

Unidentified FINGERS punch in commands onto a laptop. From the laptop, several WIRES connect to Man 2's scalp.

WORKER 1 (O.S.)
Recycling scenario 122.
(beat)
Loaded.

The hands quickly unhook Man 2 and packs away the laptop.

WORKER 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
In position. Scenario 122 recycled.
Let's hope this is the one.

CONTROLLER (V.O.)
Roger. Cross our fingers the new
player can get the combination.
(beat)
We're live in 5... 4...

The same hands place the needle on the record player, push play.

The opening PIANO MUSIC starts again.

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - NIGHT

Just the unconscious Woman. The Woman takes in a sudden, breath as though surfacing from deep water, opens her eyes and frantically scans the foreign surroundings.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A large, rustic room with kitchen and bedroom combined like something out of a old western.

The PIANO MUSIC plays from a OLD RECORD PLAYER. The record has slowed slightly giving the music a stretched sound.

A fire burns in a small wood-burning stove.

On the bed, Man 2 sleeps. Fully dressed except for coat and boots. A bible rests open on his chest.

A DING from an IPHONE sitting on the bedside table.

Without opening his eyes, Man 2 reaches for the IPHONE, touches the screen. Like the movements and actions are programed into him.

ON IPHONE

Man 2 opens a remote camera app showing one new event.

He checks cameras 2 and 3. We get different black and white angles and positions of the forest.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Man 2 sits on an upturned stump. He reads the bible with one hand and sips hot tea from a metal container in the other.

The mid-day sun keeps everything just above freezing.

He lays the Bible down, holds his cellphone high to get a signal.

ON IPHONE

Continues to show "no signal"

He stares at the road, through the woods as if expecting someone to come down it any moment.

He takes a small worn photograph from the Bible.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

Shows the same Woman and a young girl holding hands walking down a pathway.

Man 2 holds the photograph at arms length. The surroundings of the photograph matches the surroundings of the cabin. In fact, when it is held at the right angle it gives the illusion that the Woman and child are walking towards the cabin coming up the dirt road. We understand that the photograph was taken from the exact spot the Man is standing now.

BACK TO SCENE

After a moment, Man 2 quietly goes back inside.

The door shuts and we hold on this image a moment.

The SOMBER PIANO MUSIC gets louder.

EXT. CABIN, AROUND THE BACK - NIGHT

We move close until we are eventually hovering over the camouflaged outlines of the buried bodies just at the edge of the forest.

AS we PAN OUT overhead we realize that there are the outlines of HUNDREDS OF SHALLOW GRAVES in neat rows along the back property line of the house.

We hold on this image for several seconds until...

CUT TO BLACK.

FIN.