

**the farm**

An Original Screenplay

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHERN FARM COUNTRY - SUNRISE

A vast, snow-covered field. The morning sun is blinding as it glints off this stark, white ocean of fresh powder. The horizon seems miles away.

O.S. FOOTSTEPS crunch through the snow.

The only object in this otherwise barren landscape is a mammoth, alien one -- the triangular sections of a modern irrigation system spanning half the field.

At the center is a pivot, and during the summer it prowls this field on fat tires, generating huge, concentric crop circles.

But it is sleeping now, and icicles dangle from its thick piping like glistening fangs, dripping as they are warmed by the approaching day.

The footfalls belong to a young girl of about six years, still in her nightclothes, making her way across this frozen landscape.

She is wet and streaked with mud. Her naked feet bury themselves into the snow halfway to her knees with each step as she trudges forward. But she is in no apparent discomfort, and in no particular hurry.

This is ANGEL.

She is heading towards a nearby farmhouse.

INT. FARMHOUSE

Angel enters. It is cozy. Warm and well-kept.

INT. BEDROOM

A framed black-and-white photograph of Angel with her smiling parents (DAN and ERICA) sits on a bedside table.

This photo shares the table with several empty medicine containers, and pills of various colors are scattered amongst them.

Angel enters this room. There is a lump beneath the bedspread, eerily still. Angel approaches the bed and draws back the sheet.

It is the woman from the photograph, but no longer smiling. Erica is dead. Her eyes are open.

Angel registers no emotion at all. She simply replaces the sheet, then turns toward another door, partially ajar.

INT. BATHROOM

Angel enters to find Dan hanging by a noose. She pokes him curiously with her finger, watching him twirl.

DISSOLVE TO:

VIDEO GAME IMAGES

Similarly swaying bodies, also hung by the neck. Bullets tear into the carcasses. A generic soldier suddenly leaps from behind one of the bodies, firing back at us.

This carnage is taking place on a Gameboy screen, and Tyler (13, just call him TY) is intensely focused on the game.

Ty is in the back seat of an automobile.

INT. CAR - DAY

In addition to Ty, the car contains his father, GREG ERECKSON, and mother, MARY EL.

Ty is a tousle-haired kid with a disarming, wise-ass grin he inherited from his father. Mary El is a mellow beauty with intelligent features, suggesting that she can see through either grin, from the father or the son.

The car interior is a wreck with fast-food wrappers and other travel debris. It appears they have been driving for quite a while.

EXT. ROAD

The family is following a police cruiser down a deserted, snow-banked country road flanked by wide, barren fields.

INT. CAR

Greg struggles at the wheel, an unpracticed winter driver.

Mary El, in reading glasses, is studying a book about death, grief, and children.

An electronic DEATH SCREAM issues from Ty's Gameboy.

TY

Crap!

Mary El looks up from her reading, deciding whether or not to let it go. She turns around in the seat.

MARY EL

Ty, if you can't...

EXT. CAR

The car begins to slide on the slick road.

INT. CAR

Greg struggles to regain control of the car --

GREG

Crap!

-- and finally succeeds.

Another SCREAM of agony from the Gameboy. Ty is sprawled across the back seat.

TY

Thanks, Dad. That really helped.

Mary El sighs and returns to her book.

Greg wipes some condensation off the windshield with a balled fist, then peers through the hole he has made.

There is a windmill up ahead.

GREG

I think this is it.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Pulling in beside the patrol car, the family peers through the foggy car windows for their first look at the farm.

There is a large barn and several smaller sheds scattered about the property. And the windmill, of course.

And the farmhouse -- Angel's farmhouse.

Ty exits the car first, stretching and yawning. He walks over to the windmill, looking up.

THE WINDMILL

A tall, mostly wooden structure, with "Ereckson Acres" painted on the vane, white on red. The blades have been painted so that red alternates with white.

With a tired CREAK, the blades spin lazily in the slight breeze.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

SHERIFF HENRY GASKINS leads the family towards the house, following the slushy path that constitutes a walkway.

Well into his fifties, GASKINS carries himself as if he has been the sheriff around here forever.

Nearing the house, an ancient, naked oak tree comes into view. A wooden swing hangs from one gnarled limb.

Mary El watches curiously as the swing sways back and forth, as if only recently vacated.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Two aging women in home health-care uniforms, HULDAH and JUNE, are playing Yahtzee at the kitchen table. June rolls. Huldah leans over to look at the dice.

HULDAH

You lucky bitch.

Huldah lights a cigarette, but when there is a KNOCK at the kitchen door, she quickly crunches it out in an ashtray already blossoming with butts.

She spots Gaskins at the window and waves him inside.

HULDAH  
Afternoon, Sheriff.

GASKINS  
Ladies.  
(removes hat)  
We have some guests.

The Erecksons tentatively enter the farmhouse behind him. Huldah and June rise to greet these new arrivals.

HULDAH  
You must be the kin.

EXT. THE SAME FIELD WHERE WE FIRST MET ANGEL - DAY

We'll call this "Angel's Field". It is unchanged, save for Angel's tracks, which are long since snowed over.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - DAY

Angel sits in a chair facing the window, overlooking the field, gazing silently. The window is open. No screen.

The curtains flutter lightly, as does her hair.

A rap at the door. Angel does not turn around. The door soon creaks open anyway. Huldah pokes her head inside, her demeanor more business than nurturing.

HULDAH  
Angel? You've got some  
visitors, baby. This is  
important, and you really  
need to listen.

Angel gives no response. With an exasperated huff, Huldah ushers the rest of the group into the room.

Angel seems oblivious to all of them. Until Gaskins enters. Last. She immediately turns to meet him with the darkest brown eyes we have ever seen. They smolder.

She is clearly displeased by his presence.

GREG  
Why is she looking at you  
like that?

Mary El rushes to the window.

MARY EL  
Why is this window open?

Mary El slides the window closed, then turns to Angel.

MARY EL  
Hello Angel.

Angel ignores her, and continues to glower at Gaskins as if he were the only person in the room. Greg repeats his question with a notch more aggression.

GREG  
Hey, man...why does she keep  
staring at you? It's kind of  
weird.

Gaskins struggles for the correct words. Huldah goads him on with a curt nod.

GASKINS  
I know this is sudden and all.  
And believe me we appreciate you  
folks getting up here so fast.  
But a few things have happened  
since we last spoke...during the  
time you were on the road.

Gaskins rolls up his sleeve, then holds his forearm out for Greg's inspection. It is wrapped in a gauze bandage that is clean and white save for one small, pea-size bloodstain.

Gaskins flips his arm over. There is a matching, pea-size bloodstain on the opposite side.

GASKINS  
She stabbed me. She stabbed me  
with a pencil. Clean through.  
I never saw it coming.

GREG  
You can do that?

HULDAH

And not no little love-tap  
neither, Mr. Erekson. I'm the  
one put that bandage on him.

(to Ty)

You watch out for her, boy.

TY

Pencils...great...

Mary El glances down at Angel. She cannot believe the  
child before her is capable of such an act.

MARY EL

Is she dangerous right now?  
I mean...why would she do that?

GASKINS

I was going to take her to the  
hospital. Routine check. But  
it became clear that she chooses  
not to vacate these premises.

MARY EL

You mean she won't leave?

HULDAH

You didn't think it was  
strange she is still here?  
In this house?

(making a face)

Sometimes you can still smell  
them.

Mary El is shocked at her frankness in front of Angel.

MARY EL

Please...she's right here!

HULDAH

Maybe she is and maybe she  
isn't. But she was here with  
those bodies three days, so  
it ain't no secret.

Angel suddenly leaps from her chair, a jangling key ring  
clutched in her fist.

A canister of mace is attached to the keys. Angel looses  
the stream at Gaskins.



Gaskins throws up his hands and ducks away.

With surprising speed, June snatches a sheet from the bed and throws it over Angel's arm. June soon has Angel immobilized, wrapped up tight in a makeshift cocoon.

MARY EL

What are you doing!?

June reaches into the squirming, child-size burrito and extracts the keys. She jangles them at Mary El.

JUNE

These are my keys!

MARY EL

She's just a little girl!

Mary El kneels in front of Angel, grasping her shoulders and vying for her attention.

MARY EL

Angel!

Angel now whips her head to lock eyes with Mary El, who is startled to suddenly meet Angel's furious gaze head-on, so close. Mary El inhales some additional composure.

MARY EL

I am your Aunt Mary El. And that guy...that's your Uncle Greg... he's your daddy's brother. That's Ty. You don't know us, but I'll bet you've seen pictures, right? You don't need to be scared. We are here to take care of you now, Angel. We promised your mommy and daddy we would do that.

Angel continues to struggle, but appears to be listening. Mary El continues.

MARY EL

We are not going to take you anywhere, OK? We are not going to make you do anything you do not want to do. And if you stop fighting...I'll tell her to let you go.

Angel remains sullen, but after a moment, she stills.

Mary El nods to June, who slowly unwraps the sheet.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Huldah and June are tossing their bags, quite literally, into a company van.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

Greg stands with Ty at an upstairs window, watching as the women hastily pile into their van.

It fishtails on the ice as they complete their getaway.

GREG

Well, they didn't waste any  
time, did they?

TY

That should be us.

Mary El exits from Angel's room, gently closing the door behind her.

Gaskins holds out a key, motioning towards a padlock bolted to the doorframe, incongruous against the white trim. Mary El frowns.

MARY EL

We won't be needing that.  
(to Greg)  
She's sleeping.

GREG

What did you say to those nurses?

MARY EL

I relieved them of their duties.

GREG

And you don't think that's a  
little premature?

MARY EL

Then why are we here?

GREG

We came to get her. But if she doesn't want to go...

MARY EL

Then we give her some time. We were foolish to think she'd just accept this. We have to earn that kind of trust. We can't just drag her out of here... not without knowing what that might do.

(to Gaskins)

Right?

GASKINS

That was our thinking, too. But I'm no doctor, Ma'am.

GREG

So what do the doctors say?

GASKINS

Well...house calls from the type of doctor she needs...for the head, you know...they're a bit scarce round here. Especially with Christmas so close.

MARY EL

Are you telling me she hasn't even been evaluated?

GASKINS

I'm workin' on it...waiting on a few phone calls. We'll get you somebody out here soon as we can. I promise. Then we'll know what our options really are.

GREG

So what do we do right now?

GASKINS

Them two nurses know they're on-call. 'Cause I told 'em so. Now I can get them back out...

MARY EL

(interrupting)

Absolutely not! I am not going to leave her with those horrible trolls.

GASKINS

(chuckling now)

Them old birds might be a bit rough around the edges, but you can trust 'em alright. If I could call someone else for you, I would.

MARY EL

Then we'll stay. Here. With her.

TY

What?

Greg looks to Ty, then to Mary El.

GREG

Yeah...tell me about this, too.

MARY EL

So we should just leave now? Disappear? What is that going to say to her...about us?

Greg gapes at her.

GREG

Classes start in two weeks, El, and I know Christmas is heating up for you. How many catering jobs you got lined up next week alone? I don't think you've thought this through.

MARY EL

(darkens a bit)

I will delegate, Greg. I will assign tasks to my staff and they will deal with it. Because I have a family emergency.

GREG

But I'm up for tenure this year!

MARY EL

And that's what it's all about,  
isn't it...what everything is  
always about! Catch a plane,  
then...do what you need to do.

GREG

That's not fair, El.  
(sarcasm now)  
But your support is invaluable.

TY

Well, I want to go home. Does  
my vote count, like, at all?

GREG

We didn't even pack for this!

MARY EL

Dammit, Greg! We made a commitment  
to your brother! Maybe we thought  
nothing would come of it...but like  
it or not, it has come due. What  
do you think he would do for you?

Greg pauses at this last outburst, wounded.

Ty wanders over to the window, a veteran of too many family  
quarrels.

Gaskins steps up to the feuding couple.

GASKINS

Listen. This is not a rich county,  
but we are trying to do right by you  
folks. The bed and sheets upstairs...  
they're new. Donated, but not for  
keeps. The nurses wanted that. And  
we put some groceries in the icebox  
for 'em, too. I reckon those would  
be yours now, if that helps.

MARY EL

Thank you. That's very generous.  
(nods to his arm)  
I am really sorry about that.

GASKINS

Yeah...could've done without that.  
Just leave her be and you won't even  
know she's here. That's what they  
tell me, anyway.

(to Greg)

Or I can call the nurses.

Greg gives Gaskins a defeated smile and shakes his head.  
He steps over to Ty and claps him on the shoulder.

GREG

Looks like jacket weather  
for a while, partner.

EXT. FARMHOUSE WINDOW - DAY

Greg, Mary El, and Ty are all at the window now -- the same  
window through which Greg and Ty observed the abrupt  
departure of Huldah and June.

INT. FARMHOUSE - HALLWAY

They are watching Sheriff Gaskins pull away. Ty is bored  
already.

TY

Can I, like, leave now?

GREG

Yeah. Beat it.

Ty sprints off. Greg turns to Mary El.

TY (O.S.)

I hope they have a Playstation.

GREG

You know, it wasn't so long ago  
that we could just...talk. How  
long before we're back there?

Mary El turns from the window, resolute, but with a deep  
sadness just beneath the surface.

TY (O.S.)

Hey, Mom! Dad! You guys  
gotta see this!

INT. TOP OF STAIRCASE

Ty is pointing down as Greg and Mary El approach.

TY

You only see it going down.

As Greg and Mary El peer down the stairs, it is obvious what Ty is pointing out to them.

It is a very odd portrait of Angel, hung so that it overlooks the stairs, greeting anyone on their way down.

It is a fair amateur attempt, disconcerting not only in its mildly perturbed proportions, but also because the eyes have been removed. Jaggedly. With something sharp.

DISSOLVE TO:

PAINTING SUPPLIES IN A DARKENED ROOM - DAY

A sliver of light peeks through the blinds, illuminating the brushes and half-spent paint tubes that clutter a small desk. A plump spider skitters across this colorful mess.

The spider scurries from the desk to the wall, then up a bit, finally coming to rest on the light-switch.

A door CREAKS OPEN O.S.

INT. A DARKENED ROOM

Mary El enters slowly, running her hand along the wall. She is searching for the light-switch.

Her hand works its way inevitably towards the spider, nearly brushing it at one point. The spider continues its journey up the wall only moments before she successfully locates the switch.

Mary El flips the switch a few times. These lights do not work. But the window is easy to find, and she raises the blinds, lighting the room by alternate means.

It is a small office-cum-art studio. The paintings are mostly landscapes with cornfields in them. One depicts the windmill out front. Another is covered by a tarp.

Mary El moves to the hidden painting and lifts the cover.

It is an unfinished family portrait, eerily based upon the black-and-white photo seen earlier in the bedroom, a copy of which is taped to the easel.

Angel's eyes sparkle as she gazes out from happier times.

On the canvas, Dan and Erica are mostly finished. Angel's position had yet to be filled.

#### A RIFLE ON A WALL

The exquisitely carved wooden stock suggests this old varmint rifle may be a collector's item.

#### INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Greg faces the wall, admiring this weapon.

TY (O.S.)

Heads up!

Greg turns as Ty tosses a flat, black disc towards him, frisbee-style. Greg reacts, awkwardly trying to catch it by the edges when he realizes it is a record album.

GREG

Hey! These aren't toys!

Greg then gazes in horror at the green apple on the label of the LP.

GREG

You little brat! This is Abbey Road!

TY

That's a silly name for a band.

Greg tromps over and snatches the album cover away from Ty.

GREG

It's the name of the album.  
Where did you get this?

Ty points out a few nearby orange crates stuffed with albums. There is a record player there, too.

TY

There's a ton of them.



Greg rushes to the crates and starts digging, almost giddy, speaking to himself as much as Ty.

GREG

Oh, man...look at this stuff! I can't believe he hung on to these.

Ty walks over and does a little digging of his own. He extracts a cover that appeals to him and nudges Greg for attention. Ty nods towards the record player.

TY

So these can be played on that, right?

GREG

You gotta be kidding me! You don't know a record player when you see one? Have I been that careless? Abbey Road...and now this?

Ty shrugs and hands Greg the album.

TY

So play something. Show me how it works.

GREG

Yeah...absolutely.

Greg looks at Ty's selection.

GREG

Hey! Good choice!

INT. ART ROOM - DAY

Mary El is replacing the tarp when the MUSIC starts. She listens for a moment, then walks over to close the blinds.

She pauses. Strewn across the table beside the window are photographs of Angel and her family. Perhaps a few hundred. Holiday photos and the like.

But something is wrong with these pictures.

In every photo of Angel, the eyes have been sliced out.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - DAY

Angel opens her eyes, roused from her sleep by the MUSIC.

INT. ART ROOM - DAY

Mary El leans over the table and digs through the photos. They have all been similarly mutilated.

The SPIDER plops down onto the table before her. She jumps back with a start.

This is followed immediately by a LOUD O.S. KNOCK on the window beside her, and she yelps once more.

A Native American woman is at the window. She is wearing a postal uniform. ALONA gives a friendly wave and motions for Mary El to open the window, which she does.

ALONA

I frightened you. I apologize.  
There was no answer at the door.

MARY EL

It's alright. The boys probably  
couldn't hear you over their  
little dance party.

ALONA

The sheriff told me you had  
arrived. I have some old mail,  
but it didn't seem right to  
just put it in the box. I  
had to meet you. I am Alona.

Alona hands Mary El a stack of mail through the window. Mary El recognizes this name.

MARY EL

Thank you, Alona. I'm  
Mary El. You found Angel.

ALONA

I always check a house with  
three days of letters in the  
box. Two if they are ailing.  
Tell me, how is the girl?

MARY EL

Honestly, I don't know.  
She hasn't spoken since you  
found her. She seems fine  
physically, but here...

(taps her head)

...I don't know.

Alona looks up at the sound of another WINDOW OPENING.

Angel is leaning out of her window, gazing down at her.

Alona gives a small wave. Angel pulls slowly back inside  
with no response.

While speaking, Alona extracts an object from her mailbag.

ALONA

(looking up)

She still sits, I imagine.  
That is where I found her.

(now to Mary El)

Like I wasn't even there.  
She waits for something.  
Or somebody, perhaps.

She holds out a small, hand-woven dream-catcher to Mary El.

ALONA

Her spirits are struggling  
within her, the good and bad.  
Her soul is delicate now, and  
unwell. You can feel it,  
can't you? Take this to her.  
Please say that you will.

Mary El accepts the gift.

MARY EL

It's beautiful. I'll give  
it to her. Thank you.

Alona seems satisfied. She zips up her mailbag, preparing  
to leave.

ALONA

You are welcome.

Alona nods farewell. Mary El watches her leave. Before  
turning the corner of the house, Alona turns back.

ALONA  
 (calls back)  
 Tend well to your family.  
 This house will not welcome  
 you now.

Alona turns the corner. Mary El closes the window.

THE RECORD PLAYER

The MUSIC continues as the turntable spins -- until a hand roughly plucks up the needle with a grating ZZZIP.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Greg and Ty protest as Mary El shuts down the music.

MARY EL  
 You guys woke up Angel!  
 (to Greg)  
 Weren't you thinking?

GREG  
 I'm sorry.  
 (he is)  
 I was just trying to lighten  
 things up a little. I don't  
 think this is how Ty had  
 envisioned Christmas break.

TY  
 And I have to write an essay  
 about what I did, too. They  
 will probably send me to see  
 the guidance counselor when  
 they read this.

That defrosts Mary El a bit. She steps over to Ty.

MARY EL  
 I can't even imagine how all this  
 must look to you...confusing...  
 scary...it's all of those things.  
 But we have got to rise to this, Ty.  
 All of us. I know you can do it.

TY  
 But there's nothing to do here.  
 It's worse than Grandma's house.

MARY EL

That's the spirit...

TY

Can I at least go outside?  
Dad said I couldn't.

GREG

So what are you asking her for?

Mary El turns to Greg.

MARY EL

Actually, I think it's a good idea. Why don't you both have a look around? Get a sense of what's out there. Maybe take a few notes.

Greg frowns, disgusted at the thought.

GREG

An inventory. We haven't even unloaded the car yet.

MARY EL

That sounds awful, doesn't it? I'm sorry. It's an estate now, and I was just...whatever helps get us home, I guess.

Greg looks over to Ty with a sigh.

GREG

Get your boots on.

EXT. THE FARM - BIRD'S-EYE VIEW - CONTINUOUS

From above, we float from the farmhouse towards the large, red barn and the sheds that surround it -- a panoramic view of the buildings and land that will each have their own roles later.

MARY EL (V.O.)

...but I want both of you to stay away from anything that looks dangerous...

Reaching the barn, we now plummet towards it, entering its dark interior through a cracked window.

INT. BARN - DAY

Daylight enters with a RUMBLE as Greg pushes back one of the large, rattling barn doors.

There is lots of hay, in bales, stacked in tiers up to the ceiling. The floor is hard-packed dirt.

The remainder of the barn is filled with farming equipment, and this space is dominated by a large combine.

Greg approaches the combine. He runs his hand along the mammoth machine, starting from the spike-laden reel, until he reaches the ladder leading up to the cab.

Curious, he begins to climb.

INT. COMBINE CAB

Greg climbs in and sits behind the wheel. He finds a baseball cap. He is saddened as he realizes it must have belonged to Dan, but then smiles a bit as he puts it on.

Humming "Green Acres" to himself, he then pretends to drive, shifting and pushing the myriad of levers and pedals that control God-knows-what.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - DAY

Angel is in her chair at the open window. As before, she takes no notice of a KNOCK at the door.

Mary El enters wearing an apron and holding a plate of cookies.

MARY EL

It's me, Angel. Are you hungry?  
I've brought you something.

Angel takes no notice as Mary El approaches her, setting the cookies on the windowsill. Mary El speaks while closing the window.

MARY EL

You're going to catch a death  
of a...

(catching herself)

Well, the cookies will get cold  
too fast, won't they? You should  
eat them while they're warm.

Mary El takes a cookie for herself, then holds one out to  
Angel.

Angel looks to Mary El, moving only her eyes. She takes  
the cookie, but holds it in her lap. Mary El smiles.

MARY EL

(takes a bite)

I knew you were in there.

(sits on the bed)

I guess it's pretty silly to  
think cookies can make  
everything all better, huh?

Angel's eyes return to the window. Mary El looks around,  
taking in the room.

MARY EL

I like your room. There's a room  
like this in our house, too. It's  
pretty, like this one, but it's  
pink. With so many toys. It was  
supposed to be a happy room. But  
it isn't. It's a sad room because  
there isn't anybody in it.

Mary El rises from the bed. She steps over to Angel and  
smoothes her hair with gentle strokes.

MARY EL

It's sad to lose someone, isn't  
it? And it's all right if you  
want to be alone. But you don't  
have to be, Angel. Not if you  
don't want to.

(nods to the cookies)

I'll leave these here, OK?

Mary El pauses, hoping for something, but Angel's serene  
gaze will not be broken.

Mary El turns and steps to the door. She pauses.

She pulls the dream-catcher from her apron and hangs it on the doorknob.

With a final look back to Angel, she leaves, gently closing the door behind her.

With Mary El gone, Angel turns to survey this new addition to her room.

She smiles as she takes a bite of cookie.

EXT. A SHED - DAY

Ty approaches one of the sheds and opens the door. He immediately smells something horrible and raises his glove to his nose.

INT. SHED

Ty enters the shed. Dim orange light is given off by an electric heater that hums in a corner.

He finds cages filled with dead animals. A rabbit. Hamsters. A snake in an aquarium. None of the cages have any food. All the water bottles are empty.

Ty hears WEAK MEWING O.S. He turns toward the sound, and is disgusted by what he sees.

INT. FARMHOUSE ATTIC - DAY

Mary El is crouching her way through this cramped, dusty, triangle-shaped room. She is startled by a LOUD POP.

Glancing down, she discovers that she has stepped on a large, red Christmas ornament.

She examines a large box nearby. She opens it, then lifts out a faux pine branch for an artificial Christmas tree.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mary El is placing ornaments on the Christmas tree she has now erected in the living room. She turns when Ty enters the house, stomping snow from his shoes.



Ty is holding a lean, black cat. It leaps from his arms and begins to rub against Mary El's legs.

Ty smirks at her tree.

TY  
Nice try, Mom.

Mary El scoops up the cat and begins stroking its fur.

MARY EL  
Thanks alot. Who is this?

TY  
That's Lucifer.

MARY EL  
(wrinkles her nose)  
Charming. You know, he doesn't  
smell so good.

TY  
It's a she. I found her locked  
in this shed full of dead animals.  
That's why she smells so bad.  
None of them had any food.

MARY EL  
Oh, the poor thing. How do you  
know it's a she?

TY  
Do you know how she survived?  
She ate her kittens!

Mary El is repulsed and drops the cat.

MARY EL  
Jesus, Ty! That's disgusting.

TY  
I like her. She's a bad-ass.

AN ELECTRIC CAN OPENER

With a JARRING WHIRRR, a can of tuna fish rotates its circumference beneath the blade.

INT. KITCHEN

Ty scoops the fish onto a plate for the starving cat, who eagerly attacks the meal.

EXT. ANGEL'S FIELD - SUNSET

As evening falls, a red sunset tints the snow-covered landscape a color not unlike that of blood.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mary El is bathing Angel in the tub, gently rinsing the soap from her back. Angel's back is peppered with angry, red welts, each a bit larger than a dime.

With her finger, Mary El traces light connect-the-dot lines between them.

MARY EL

These must have hurt.

Angel does not turn. But now, she speaks.

ANGEL

(softly)

Are you angry?

Mary El's finger freezes in mid-stroke. She ponders the question before answering it.

MARY EL

You've done nothing wrong,  
Angel. It's important that  
you know that.

Angel turns towards her now. Sterner.

ANGEL

No. About your daughter. That  
she's dead.

Mary El pulls back, caught off her guard.

MARY EL

Well...yes. Sometimes. But  
it doesn't really help. There  
isn't anyone to be mad at when  
people die.

ANGEL

That's what you think.

Mary El struggles for an appropriate response, but is  
rescued when a CAT YOWLS behind her.

Angel suddenly brightens, as we have never seen her, and  
peers around Mary El's shoulder.

ANGEL

Fish-Head!

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mary El is sitting on the edge of Angel's bed, reading  
aloud from "How the Grinch Stole Christmas".

Angel's attention, however, is devoted to the purring cat  
curled up in her lap.

Ty enters wearing what must be dead Uncle Dan's long  
underwear. He looks quite ridiculous.

TY

You can't be serious.

MARY EL

It will keep you warm. A  
lot better than any of the  
stuff we brought ourselves.  
You'll be glad tonight.

Ty is not convinced, and then, he notices the cat in bed  
with Angel.

TY

What is Lucifer doing in here?

MARY EL

I'm afraid her name isn't Lucifer.  
Apparently, it's...Fish-Head.

Mary El makes a grimace to Ty. She hates the name, too. But she nods her head in Angel's direction, encouraging him to just go along. Ty misses the ball.

TY

You cannot call my cat Fish-Head!  
It's the most retarded thing I've  
ever heard!

MARY EL

Well, it's not your cat, Ty.  
It's our cat...

Mary El turns to Angel, tucking her in now, and speaking directly to her.

MARY EL

...the whole family's.

She folds the book onto a bedside table.

MARY EL

We'll finish this tomorrow.  
(to Ty)  
Now go get ready for bed.

Ty glowers at Angel before tromping off.

INT. TY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A guestroom, with a fishing motif. Ty is digging through his bags, still muttering, when Fish-Head enters the room and MEWS for his attention.

Ty turns to the cat and scowls.

TY

You can bite me, you lousy  
traitor.

The cat continues towards Ty, but stops short of the bed.

It reverses direction -- its eyes locked onto something beneath the bed. Its tail whips nervously to and fro.

Ty slowly follows the cat's gaze, but the heavy quilt that covers the bed reaches down to the floor.

The cat HISSES, then darts from the room.

Ty sure doesn't like this.

He stands and glances around the room, searching for something, then lifts a fishing pole from off the wall.

Ty kneels, then jams the pole beneath the bed, arms fully extended. He swishes it around. And hits something. A solid THUNK.

He freezes, but when nothing happens, he delivers a few more tentative thunks for good measure.

With a final, decisive swipe he knocks a small cardboard box out from beneath the bed. Ty drops the pole to inspect the box.

It is a shoebox, sealed sloppily but firmly with duct tape. Scrawled across the top, in a child's handwriting, are the words: "DO NOT OPUN."

Ty ponders this a moment, then, with one hand, he reaches back into his bag and extracts a butterfly knife.

He deftly flips it open, then quickly works the blade around the perimeter of the lid.

Ty lifts the lid to reveal a teddy bear ravaged by mildew, its fur charred nearly to cinders. He gingerly removes the bear from the box, then holds it up for closer inspection.

The bear's eyes are closed, which seems odd -- but they suddenly BURST OPEN to reveal jet-black orbs punctuated with fluorescent green pupils.

Pupils that focus on Ty, then narrow to vertical slits.

With a startled "WHOA!", Ty attempts to fling the bear away, but newly-formed claws are now digging into his arms. A long, forked tongue snakes from the bear's mouth.

Ty pounds the bear against the floor, and freeing one arm, he stretches for his blade.

He grasps it, and holding the squirming bear with his other hand, he NAILS the doll to the hardwood floor through its fluffy sternum.

The bear abruptly stills. Just a doll. No signs of life.

Ty extracts the knife. Nothing. He feints a few times with the blade, then uses the blade to push the doll around a bit. Nothing.

Ty has killed a teddy bear.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mary El is showering. A clear plastic curtain encircles the tub. She begins washing her hair, and closes her eyes as the lather builds.

There are now SEVERAL CHILDREN in the room, watching her. Five boys and a girl of various ages.

They all wear charred farming outfits. All of these children have been horribly and mortally burned.

The YOUNGEST SON, of about three years, is holding a TEDDY BEAR that Ty has already met. The ELDEST SON, 15 or so, is gazing at Mary El a bit differently than the rest.

The LONE DAUGHTER is about six. She watches Mary El with dark, smoldering eyes that seem very familiar.

Mary El rinses her hair. With her eyes still closed, she blindly shuts off the water, then reaches out from behind the curtain, groping for a towel.

Her arm is inches from the eldest son. His eyes wander along the length of her bare arm, taking her in completely.

Mary El scrubs her head with the towel, and when she removes it, she is once more alone in the bathroom.

INT. GREG AND MARY EL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary El, wrapped in the towel, exits the bathroom.

Greg is at a small, wall-mounted television, idly flipping channels.

Mary El flumps down onto the bed, but immediately jumps.

MARY EL

Ouch!

Greg turns from the television, startled.

Mary El rummages beneath the bedspread and comes out with Ty's knife. She then flips back the sheets to reveal Ty sleeping in their bed.

Frowning, she leans over to hand the knife to Greg.

MARY EL

You know I hate this thing.

GREG

(taking the knife)

I didn't tell him to bring this.  
And what is he doing in here  
anyway? Did you sanction this?

Mary El lightly strokes Ty's hair across his forehead, but on turning back to Greg, she changes the subject.

MARY EL

Angel spoke to me tonight.

GREG

Wow...really?

MARY EL

Just a little.

GREG

What did she say?

Mary El reflects a bit, deciding to keep a few details of that conversation to herself.

MARY EL

Well...apparently, the cat's  
name is Fish-Head, not Lucifer.

GREG

Did she say anything about...?

MARY EL

No.

Greg drops his head and clenches his fists, struggling to make sense out of these past few days.

GREG

It just doesn't make any sense, El.

(looks up)

I would have known. I would have...felt something. He can't just be gone. Not this way.

MARY EL

A big part of him is still here. They were counting on us.

GREG

But are we really what's best for her? Or maybe you think she's the best thing for you.

MARY EL

I can reach her, Greg. I know I can. She spoke to me! Let me try to bring her back from wherever it is she has run to.

(hesitant)

We've talked about adoption before.

GREG

Never like this.

MARY EL

Of course not.

Greg's demeanor softens at this new subject. He squeezes onto the other side of the donated bed, a no-frills double, shifting Ty's legs.

GREG

We also talked about trying again.

MARY EL

We used to talk about a lot of things.

GREG

And Angel is somehow going to solve that? This might not have the fairy-tale ending you seem to think it will. Are you prepared for that?



MARY EL

Prepared for what? Something worse? When all those smiling specialists talked to us about trying again...I knew...in my heart, I knew...we'd had our last chance. I never knew there could be a pain like that. Losing hope. But now...I've already lost one little girl this year. I do not intend to lose another one.

Mary El's words hang in the air, then a SHRILL BEEP breaks the silence. It is the television. A storm alert scrolls its way across the bottom of the screen.

Ty stirs at the noise. Greg jumps up and snaps off the set. Fortunately, Ty was only mildly roused.

EXT. ANGEL'S FIELD - NIGHT

Snow flurries roil across the field, driven forward by an unflinching wind, and...

THE WINDMILL

It spins as if driven by an engine, and...

THE ANCIENT OAK

Its limbs sway, and a large one SNAPS, bouncing hard off the roof of the farmhouse as it falls.

INT. TY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ty starts awake at the BANG of the limb. He looks right and left. He is in his own bed.

TY

Aww...hell, no.

His eyes shift to where he left the bear.

Although the moonlight comes and goes at the whim of restlessly shifting clouds, there is clearly no bear.

Ty pulls back the sheets, then jumps from the bed and examines the floor.

He runs his finger across the gouge left by his knife.

Ty examines the rest of the room. The closet door is slightly ajar. Fluorescent green eyes, about a foot from the floor, stare out at him from the darkness.

Ty kicks the closet closed.

INT. GREG AND MARY EL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The eldest son is watching Mary El sleep. His sad eyes burn with a soft green incandescence in this darkened room, trapped within a scarred and blackened visage.

He moves a blistered hand along the curves of her body; not quite touching, but inches away.

He turns as the door swings open.

Ty bursts in. And the eldest son is gone.

Ty approaches Greg's side of the bed and gives him a vigorous shake.

TY

Why did you put me back  
into that room?

Greg's face remains buried in his pillow.

GREG

Go back to bed, Ty.

Ty hates to say this, but musters what gravitas he can.

TY

There is something in that  
closet, OK? I can not stay  
in that room.

Greg opens one eye to examine his son.

GREG

This didn't even work when  
you were four.

TY

Look. I am not retarded!  
There is really something  
in there. Are you going  
to help me out, or what?

Greg rolls back over.

GREG

You can't sleep with us.  
You are too big now. You  
leave me, like, six inches.  
And you hog the sheets.

A slow burn from Ty.

TY

Fine. I'll handle it myself.

GREG

(fading fast)  
Atta' boy.

INT. TY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ty enters with an air of purpose, but quietly, without  
switching on the lights.

Ty is holding Dan's rifle.

The closet doorknob is rattling.

Ty hefts the rifle and approaches the closet.

With the hand not manning the trigger he reaches for the  
door. Then, with a sudden lunge, he flings the door open  
and LOOSES A ROUND from the weapon.

A miss. The recoil catches Ty off guard. He spins. The  
bear skitters past him and disappears into the shadows.

INT. GREG AND MARY EL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greg and Mary El bolt upright at the sound of a gunshot  
echoing through the house. They gape at each other.

INT. TY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ty loads a fresh cartridge, then prowls the room, drawing quick beads on miscellaneous sounds both real and imagined.

The bear suddenly appears on the windowsill, in silhouette, arms raised and prepared to pounce.

Ty heaves the gun around and fires off another SHOT, connecting this time. The bear is blasted through the window as the pane shatters.

Ty senses another presence behind him. He whips around with the gun.

Angel stares calmly down the business end of Ty's smoking rifle at very close range.

Ty relaxes and lowers the gun. Angel holds up the empty box that once contained the bear.

ANGEL

Can't you read?

Greg and Mary El burst into the room, snapping on the lights -- and boy, they are plenty awake now.

Greg snatches the rifle away from Ty.

GREG

Have you lost your mind!?

TY

I told you there was something in here! You should have believed me.

MARY EL

What was in here, Ty?

TY

It was like a teddy bear... but this was...it had teeth and claws!

(desperate)

Mom, I really hate this place. We gotta get outta here.

MARY EL

Where is it now?

TY

I blasted it out the window.

GREG

That's convenient. Now you can't sleep in here.

TY

I'm telling you there was something in this room!

(scowls at Angel)

Ask her. She knows.

(then an idea)

Wait. Look.

He holds out his arms to show them the scratches left earlier by the bear. Mary El kneels to examine the wounds.

MARY EL

Oh my God, Ty...you got these from something inside this house?

TY

I told you. It's outside now.

GREG

I'm sure they didn't come from some half-starved cat.

Mary El turns to Greg.

MARY EL

Greg, this could be serious. What if some kind of animal did get into the house?

(alarmed)

What if it had rabies? You should go see if something is out there.

Greg holds up the rifle, looking to Ty.

GREG

Should I take this in case I meet the scary bear?

Ty scowls in return.

TY

Yeah...I think you should go out and check, too.

MARY EL

Take it. If you find something you should make sure it's dead.

Greg wasn't serious.

GREG

Shoot it? Just like that?

TY

Believe me. If you find it, it won't be a problem. Here. Take these.

Ty reaches into his pocket and pulls out a few more rounds for the rifle. He hands them to Greg.

TY

It's extra ammo.

GREG

Ammo? Who are you? Ben Cartwright?

MARY EL

Just go.

A sudden gust of wind blows a large puff of snow into the room through the hole where the window had been.

GREG

Terrific.

Mary El turns back to the kids, putting on a happy face that is only mildly convincing. She claps her hands.

MARY EL

Well, now that everyone is up, I feel like building a fire and making some popcorn. Angel, do you want to help?

But Angel is at the window now, for this window overlooks Angel's field as well.

Her bedclothes billow and flap as wind rushes in through the shattered pane.

We follow her gaze through the hole in the glass and out into the winter storm...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Greg trudges through the snow along the exterior of the house -- a flashlight in one hand, the rifle in the other.

He looks up. He is beneath the shattered window.

He shines the light along the ground. Nothing but snow.

He then shines the light all around him, expanding the territory of his search. He sees nothing unusual, but cocks his head at an unusual sound.

It sounds like CHILDREN LAUGHING, but cut with the ROARING WIND, it is hard to be sure.

He leaves the house, approaching the field -- and yes, the sounds are louder in this direction.

He shines the light ahead of him, revealing a small stand of trees only a short way off, near the perimeter of the field.

EXT. CLUSTER OF TREES

As Greg draws near, the laughter abruptly stops.

INT. CLUSTER OF TREES

Greg steps between the trees to discover that, as a whole, they enclose an area that is roughly circular.

Within this space, ensconced in tangled barbed wire, there is a small, private graveyard with six weathered stones.

He steps over the wires to enter the graveyard, slowly moving his flashlight from stone to stone.

A SNOWBALL pelts him in the chest.

He shines the light in the direction from which it came. Only trees. Another snowball pelts him in the back. He whips around, again finding only trees.

The GIGGLING returns.

GREG  
Who's there?

Another snowball pelts him in the head. This one hurts.

GREG  
Ow!

Greg lifts his glove to his head. He then examines his glove to discover that he is bleeding from a gash on his forehead. He shines his light where the snowball landed.

This snowball had a large rock in it.

GREG  
Son of a...

Greg now shines his light in all directions, angrily searching for the culprits.

GREG  
Hey! This isn't funny!  
That really hurt!

The GIGGLING intensifies. He is now struck by a volley of snowballs, seemingly from every direction at once.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A fire is blazing in the fireplace. Mary El appears bored as she holds an old-style popcorn popper over the flames. But she brightens at the sound of a POP.

MARY EL  
You hear that? It won't be  
long now.

Mary El turns back to the kids. They are conked out on opposite ends of the couch.

She smiles and turns back to the fire, now cooking popcorn just for herself.

But she jumps when the lazy POP-POP of exploding kernels is suddenly juxtaposed with a RIFLE BLAST from outside.



EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Greg staggers from the cluster of trees, moving as fast as he can while struggling against the deep snow and roaring winds, which have now intensified.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Mary El peers through a window, looking for signs of trouble. From this window she can see the swing, twisting as the ancient tree writhes in the wind.

EXT. THE WINDMILL - NIGHT

It is whirling like a dervish now. The entire structure begins to shake, accompanied by the ominous GROANS AND SNAPS of twisting wood.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SWING - NIGHT

As Mary El watches through the window, the limb supporting the swing gives with a SICKENING CRACK.

She draws back with a start as the limb and the swing both collapse to the ground in front of this window.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - GREG - NIGHT

He makes his way towards the house, but stops and slowly turns at the O.S. sound of SNAPPING TIMBERS.

The windmill has finally had enough. It topples over, but its progress is halted as it strikes the power lines feeding the house.

The windmill slides along the wires, which serve to guide the huge structure, funneling it directly towards the car.

Greg drops the gun and the light. He races towards the car, frantically patting himself down for the keys.

He nearly reaches the car, keys out, but the power lines are stretched to their limit. The windmill finally rips through them with a tremendous SHOWER OF SPARKS.

The full weight of the windmill CRUNCHES down onto the roof of the car. The windows EXPLODE outward, showering Greg with glass.

Greg turns away, back towards the house.

He sees the house go black, as every window that was alight is suddenly doused. He turns back to his wounded car.

The car is completely demolished. The power lines, now trapped between the windmill and the car, continue to spit menacingly at him.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Ty and Angel are still asleep on the couch, but only firelight illuminates them now.

INT. KITCHEN

Mary El, holding a penlight and several unlit candles, is rummaging through some drawers. She finds a lighter, then uses it to spark up one of the candles.

AT THE KITCHEN TABLE

Mary El places a lit candle in the center of this table, then contemplates Huldah's bulging ashtray.

She plucks out a cigarette, barely used, and considers it for a moment before lighting it off the candle -- coughing slightly at her first drag, but not at all on her second.

Greg bursts in from outside, pretty worked up, and slamming the door behind him.

Mary El shushes him.

MARY EL  
The kids are sleeping.  
(concerned)  
What were you shooting at?

She then notices Greg's injury.

MARY EL  
You're bleeding!

She grabs a dishtowel from the counter and begins dabbing at his forehead.

Greg squints curiously at the cigarette between her lips. But then he plucks it out and takes a drag for himself.

GREG

It's not that bad.

MARY EL

What happened out there?

GREG

I lost a snowball fight.

MARY EL

That's ridiculous, Greg. With who? Raccoons?

GREG

Somebody threw a snowball at me and it had a rock in it. It was like...kids...

She abruptly stops dabbing.

MARY EL

You were shooting at children?

GREG

There wasn't anybody there, El! Not that I could see, anyway. Maybe they were hiding...I don't know. It almost seems silly now. But first with Ty, and now...do you feel like there's something strange going on here?

Mary El returns to Greg's wound.

MARY EL

Do you want to drive Ty into town? You guys can try to find a room if you want. I'm OK with you doing that... but I'm going to stay.

Greg smiles around the cigarette.

GREG

Nah. I think we'll stick around.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The dying fire gives sparse light.

Greg is asleep before the fire -- a fresh bandage around his head and a thick tome on economic theory laying open across his chest.

The flames give a POP. Greg stirs.

He sits up. Winces. Rubs his head. He grabs a log from a small stack and turns to the fading fire.

He freezes at the low sound of CHILDREN WHISPERING. In the house now.

He looks around him. Mary El is sleeping on a nearby lounge, bundled in a quilt. Ty is where we left him. Angel's spot is empty.

Greg stands. There is a door set into a nearby wall. It is closed. Greenish light streams from beneath the door and outlines its frame in bright silhouette.

The voices are coming from behind this door.

Greg considers the log, then takes it with him as he steps to this door. Closer now, the voices begin to take form.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Why do you harm this family?

The voices that reply are children's voices -- hissing whispers that answer in rapid succession.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)

The boy hates you...

VOICE 2 (O.S.)

The father intrudes...

VOICE 3 (O.S.)

He will interfere...

Angel cuts them off.

ANGEL (O.S.)  
The father knows nothing.

Greg leans in closer to the door, straining to hear.

Now another voice, this one close, from just behind the door.

VOICE 4 (O.S.)  
He listens now...

Greg's eyes grow wide. The light is extinguished. The door opens suddenly.

Greg is startled to find himself face to face with Angel, separated by mere inches.

GREG  
Who were you talking to?

They stare at each other for a moment. Then Angel begins to SCREAM. LOUDLY.

Ty is instantly awake, eyes wide. Mary El springs from the chair, frowning at what she sees.

Mary El rushes to Angel and wraps her in an embrace.

MARY EL  
(to Greg)  
What the hell were you doing?

GREG  
She was in the bathroom.  
And the light...

MARY EL  
You scared her to death!

Greg leans into the bathroom and flips the light-switch. Nothing. He turns back to look at Angel.

Angel, quieted now, looks at Greg over Mary El's shoulder. She smiles at him.

Then she wags a finger at him, slowly, back and forth, as if issuing a warning to a naughty child.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The kids are still asleep at opposite ends of the couch.

The candles are now just cold lumps of wax.

Mary El gazes out a window at the broken remains of the car and the windmill.

INT. KITCHEN

Mary El fills a coffeepot at the sink. Still in her robe, she looks tired and unkempt.

She plods over to the coffee maker, pours in the water, and flips it on. Then she flips the switch again. No power. Ugh. No coffee. She grimaces at the thought.

Greg, looking no better, comes in carrying a large, cast-iron skillet.

GREG

What about this?

Mary El sets down the useless coffeepot, then takes the skillet and examines it with a trained eye.

MARY EL

It's seasoned wonderfully.

GREG

So you can use it? I've got the fire back up.

Mary El smiles, pretty even now. She places the skillet on the counter and turns to the fridge.

MARY EL

Just you wait and see.

She begins to forage through the fridge, stacking bacon and eggs, then a tomato and peppers, on the counter.

MARY EL

(head in fridge)

Did you try the other phone?  
In my purse?

Now Greg struggles with the useless coffee maker. Same results. Similar grimace.

GREG

Nada. Not out here.

Mary El backs out of the fridge and looks at Greg as there is a KNOCK at the kitchen door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN DOOR

Greg opens the door to reveal a weathered old man with long white hair. He has a farmer's skin, baked like rawhide from long hours in the sun.

Though timeworn, he is wiry and fit. In fact, he arrived on skis.

This is Ben Yoder, but his few acquaintances simply call him YODER.

We will never see him smile.

GREG

Morning. Can I help you?

Yoder nods towards the wrecked windmill.

YODER

Looks like car trouble.

GREG

Yeah...we'd noticed that.

MARY EL (O.S.)

Who is it?

Greg waits for Yoder to answer that, but Yoder is stepping out of his skis, pretty much ignoring him.

GREG

Someone...

Greg's impatience is showing.

Yoder finishes with his skis.

YODER

Name's Yoder. Next farm east.  
(nods east)  
Only a few minutes by snowmobile,  
but I prefer this way.

He holds up his ski poles.

Mary El pops over Greg's shoulder.

MARY EL

Who is it?

GREG

(faux pleasant)  
It's our neighbor. Mr. Yoder.

MARY EL

Well don't be rude, Greg.  
Invite him in.  
(extends a hand)  
It's nice to meet you,  
Mr. Yoder.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mary El holds the skillet over the fire and begins stirring its contents with a spatula.

MARY EL

So, what brings you out this  
cold morning? Are you hungry?

YODER

I heard gunshots last night.

Not what she expected. Mary El looks to Greg for a response to that. So Yoder does, too.

GREG

There were...raccoons...  
digging through the trash.  
I scared them off.

YODER

What happened to your head?

GREG

I slipped on some ice.



YODER

So weren't nothing strange  
going on last night?

GREG

What would you consider strange?

YODER

People dyin' seems mighty  
strange.

Mary El stops stirring.

MARY EL

Why are you here, Mr. Yoder?

YODER

I know what happened in this  
house. And I know who you  
folks are. I heard gunshots  
last night.

MARY EL

We appreciate your concern...  
really...but we're all fine.

YODER

I came to see the girl.

MARY EL

See for yourself.

She nods to the couch.

Yoder turns and draws a sharp breath, startled to discover  
Angel sleeping right next to him.

He kneels tentatively to examine the girl.

Yoder moves the hair covering her face. She opens her eyes  
to look at him. Perhaps she was not even asleep.

Yoder jerks his hand away.

MARY EL

What are you doing?

YODER

It can't be...

Angel has something beneath the quilt. She pulls it out.

It is a snow-globe made of glass. She holds it out to Yoder, motioning that he should take it.

Yoder is wary, but accepts the globe.

ANGEL

(whispers)

Look.

Yoder peers into the glass, shocked to find HIS OWN FACE within the globe -- his mouth stretched wide in a silent scream of horror.

His own terrified eyes gaze out at himself as he claws furiously at the glass, leaving streaks of blood.

The globe slips from Yoder's hands and CRASHES to the floor. Glass, water, and chemical snow spray at his knees, but nothing more.

Ty springs awake, startled by the crash.

Yoder scrambles back. Away from the couch. Away from Angel. He is pale now, and breathing heavy, finally revealing the frailties of his true age.

Greg and Mary El (quickly setting the skillet on the hearth) both rush to his aid.

MARY EL

Mr. Yoder! Are you alright?

But Yoder collects himself.

He looks at Mary El, then Greg, and then springs up from the floor away from both of them.

Trembling, he turns to look at Angel.

YODER

Now I seen it. Lord help me,  
now I believe it.

He turns back to Greg and Mary El.

YODER

You folks should never have  
come here.

Yoder rushes out the door, leaving it open in his wake.

Greg and Mary El turn to Angel. Ty is already looking.

Angel has the blanket pulled up to her nose. Her mischievous dark eyes peer at them from over the edge.

EXT. ANGEL'S FIELD - DAY

Yoder, still panting, skis away from the house, across the field. He pauses, looking back to the house.

He is looking at the shattered window -- blown out by a gunshot.

YODER

Raccoons...

Yoder turns and continues to ski away.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - DAY

She is back in her chair. Back at her window.

Yoder is much farther away now, but his tracks stretch all the way back to her.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Greg rips garbage bags from a roll as Mary El washes the breakfast dishes.

MARY EL

You know, raccoons are sleeping  
when it's this cold. That  
probably wasn't the best story.

Greg stops ripping and looks up.

GREG

Raccoons hibernate?

MARY EL

Well, it's not a true hibernation.  
It's called a topor. Like bears.

GREG

So they don't hibernate?

MARY EL

No. Not exactly.

GREG

(pulling bags again)

Good...so they could have been around.

MARY EL

No. I just told you. They're asleep.

GREG

(stops again,  
annoyed now)

Well, what the hell is it?  
Unembellished, please.

Mary El is annoyed herself now -- sorry she even brought it up.

MARY EL

I'm not one of your students.  
No raccoons, OK?

GREG

Damn...do you think he knows that?

MARY EL

He lives here.

GREG

So why did you say that last night...get me all thinking about raccoons...when you knew there weren't any around?

MARY EL

Oh...so it's my fault.  
Of course.

GREG

You know what? Screw him.  
I don't even care.

He rips off another bag, then tosses the roll into a drawer and slams it shut, making his way to the kitchen door.

GREG

In fact, the only thing I care about right now is putting that nut-job -- and this farm -- about fifteen-hundred miles behind us.

(holds up bags)

That, and tending to a bunch of dead animals like some kinda' zookeeper from hell.

(winks, but cruel)

Not exactly a big selling point for the old estate, you know?

Greg storms out, slamming the door behind him.

It knocks hard against the frame, failing to latch and bouncing open. Just a crack.

Mary El returns aggressively to the dishes, raising plenty of clatter now.

Ty watches silently from the doorway.

INT. DEAD ANIMAL SHED - DAY

Greg kicks open the door and enters with a can of air freshener in each hand, spraying both, and brandishing them like six-shooters. This image is enhanced by the cloth he has tied over his nose, bandito-style.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mary El is at the kitchen table, sorting through the mail brought by Alona.

The junk mail discards accumulate rapidly, but the address on a large manila envelope catches her eye.

It is addressed to Greg and Mary El. The return address is a lawyer's office.

INT. DEAD ANIMAL SHED - DAY

Greg's mask is removed now. Without power, the electric heater in the corner is cold and dark.

At the aquarium, Greg grimaces as he dangles the dead snake using a pair of kitchen tongs. It does not wriggle, as it is frozen. He lowers the grisly animal into a garbage bag.

Moving on, he comes to a large hatbox surrounded by straw. Brushing aside some straw reveals the name "FISH-HEAD" written on the side.

Greg shudders as he looks inside the box. It is full of rotting kitten pieces and miscellaneous small bones.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mary El is reading the letter, several pages of small type. Attempting to read it, actually.

She squints, mumbles a few curses, and then extracts a pair of reading glasses she clearly detests from her pocket.

Slipping them on she continues to read the letter, clearly intrigued by its contents.

Fish-Head enters the kitchen, padding silently behind Mary El and heading quickly towards the outside door.

A small shove from its paw is adequate to push the door, and the cat slides through the opening.

Now Angel enters the kitchen, also unnoticed by Mary El.

Angel silently pursues the cat outside.

EXT. FARMHOUSE

Fish-Head bounds through the snow. Angel follows her patiently.

INT. KITCHEN

Ty interrupts Mary El's reading.

TY

I can't find my gameboy.

Mary El responds without looking up from the letter, so Ty will know he is distracting her.

MARY EL  
Where did you leave it?

TY  
It's not where I left it.

MARY EL  
Then look somewhere else.

TY  
I think Angel took it.  
And you said not to go in  
her room without you.

Mary El turns to Ty, completely distracted now.

MARY EL  
I am sure that Angel is not  
interested in that electronic  
menace.

TY  
But it's really gone. I've  
looked a lot. Really. Can  
we at least check? Please?

Mary El sighs and sets down the letter.

EXT. A WOODEN BEAM

Fish-Head crawls gingerly along this narrow trestle.

This beam is one of many comprising the windmill that now rests atop the flattened car.

Fish-Head is about halfway to the top.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Mary El enters Angel's room with Ty behind her.

Angel's chair is empty.

EXT. BASE OF WINDMILL

Angel examines the fallen windmill. Then she begins to climb, navigating towards Fish-Head.

INT. KITCHEN

Mary El's O.S. VOICE calling for Angel precedes her, and when she does enter the kitchen, she instantly notices that the door is ajar.

She races over and looks outside.

EXT. KITCHEN DOOR

Mary El is horrified by what she sees.

Angel is well on her way up the windmill, precariously hovering above the car a good 15 feet in the air.

Fish-Head remains just beyond her reach.

MARY EL

Angel! No!

She races towards Angel. Ty exits a moment later, seeing what she sees.

TY

Angel! Yes!

INT. DEAD ANIMAL SHED

Greg pauses at the sound of commotion outside.

MARY EL (O.S.)

Angel! Please come down from there, honey. That looks awfully dangerous.

EXT. DEAD ANIMAL SHED

Greg exits, then he, too, spots Angel. He races towards the windmill.

GREG

(running)

I thought you were watching her!

MARY EL

I thought she wouldn't leave the house!



GREG

(arriving)

Well, it sure looks like she does!

MARY EL

Well, can we just get her down  
and argue about it later?

Greg frowns, then steps to the windmill. He grasps one of the beams and starts a climb of his own.

Angel finally snags Fish-Head by the tail. The cat pulls itself free of her grip and jumps down onto the car.

Fish-Head lands on the hood, and immediately upon doing so, she is VIOLENTLY ELECTROCUTED -- yowling spasms and a popping eyeball.

Greg backs quickly down from the windmill, looking queasy.

Angel's eyes grow wide as she watches the writhing cat.

Ty backs away from the wreckage.

TY

Does snow conduct electricity?

Greg scowls at Ty, mostly because he has no idea.

Mary El calls to Angel with renewed urgency.

MARY EL

Angel! Don't move! I know I  
told you to climb down, but  
don't do that, OK? Don't move.  
Just stay where you are and we  
will get you down.

Angel gazes at the tufts of black fur still clutched in her fist. She lets them fall from her hand.

Then, SHE STANDS, balancing now as she straddles the beams and crossbeams that comprise the structure of the windmill.

She commences with a little balancing act. A few steps forward. Now a few steps back. She winks at Ty.

Ty turns to Mary El, genuinely impressed.

TY

She is so nuts!

Mary El turns to Greg.

MARY EL

We've got to get her down  
from there.

Greg turns to look at the barn. It's a straight shot,  
maybe twenty yards. He's got an idea.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The O.S. ROAR of a large engine, and a moment later, the  
combine lurches out of the barn.

Greg is in the cab, awkwardly working its levers and pedals  
to the accompaniment of GRINDING METAL.

Mary El and Ty exchange dubious glances.

Angel has stopped walking. Even she is watching Greg.

Greg maneuvers the big machine alongside the windmill,  
bringing it close. Within grabbing distance of Angel.

Greg exits the cab and climbs out onto the ladder.

He grabs the handrail with one hand and extends the other  
towards Angel. He shouts over the rumbling engine.

GREG

Take my hand!

Angel doesn't move. Greg stretches closer.

GREG

Take it...Please!

Angel backs away, placing a clumsy foot on one of the  
crossbeams. She begins to fall.

GREG

No!

Greg lunges, stretching now to his limit, but Angel is  
already on her way down.

With a final, desperate swipe he grasps her wrist.

Greg catches one arm, but the arc of Angel's fall carries her into the metal paneling of the combine.

She connects with a solid KLUNG that resonates.

Ty winces.

Mary El rushes up to collect the dangling girl. She begins to sob as she hugs Angel fiercely.

Ty watches this with a stony poker-face.

INT. YODER'S HOUSE - DAY

Yoder is stirring a cup of coffee. He pauses at a strange sound. A low, distant RUMBLE. He sets the cup down on a nearby table.

EXT. YODER'S FRONT DOOR

Yoder steps out. The rumbling is louder out here. He looks off into the distance. Towards Ereckson farm.

From here, the house and barn appear as tiny models that one might rearrange with fine tweezers.

Yoder is hearing the distant rumble of the combine, an unusual sound for the winter. He frowns.

But the sudden sound of CRACKING GLASS draws his attention back inside.

INT. YODER'S HOUSE

He enters and wanders slowly through the living room, searching for the source of the sound.

He spots a framed photograph hanging on the wall. The glass covering this picture has cracked.

Yoder steps over to the wall, takes down the frame, and stares at the picture it contains.

It is an old and yellowed photograph of a farming family with several children. The mother is holding an infant.

The remaining SIX CHILDREN we recognize from Mary El's shower. There is the little boy with his teddy bear. And the eldest son. And the lone, dark-eyed daughter.

Another CRACK.

Yoder looks behind him. His coffee cup has shattered where he left it. Coffee drips from the table to the floor.

And another CRACK. Yoder turns. This time it is a mirror.

Yoder shoots a worried look over to a shelf containing a bottle of bourbon.

He is crestfallen as this SHATTERS, too.

He looks back down at the photograph.

The photograph has changed. All of the children are now looking directly at Yoder.

The lone daughter slowly raises her arm, pointing with an accusatory finger.

Yoder flings the photograph away as if it were a viper.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Mary El enters the small graveyard.

By day, the six stones are unexceptional aside from the fact that they are identical.

She kneels before a stone, brushing away some snow.

The name reads SARAH YODER.

Mary El moves to the next stone, brushing and reading, then on to the next, continuing to each subsequent stone with increasing speed and disbelief.

She finally stands, facing six gravestones that all bear the name YODER.

She turns as Greg, Ty, and Angel enter the clearing.

Greg is carrying a pickaxe and a shovel. Ty carries a small, wooden cross fashioned out of sticks.

Angel is holding the hatbox that bears the name FISH-HEAD, but the box is sealed now, and decorated with paper flowers.

INT. BARN - DAY

Greg is attempting, poorly, to back the combine into its original position.

Ty laughs as Greg scrapes the doorframe, leaving a deep gouge in the wood.

Greg then backs roughly into the stacks of hay.

Ty is now in hysterics as the better half of a stack of bales 10 tiers high shudders, then slowly collapses around the machine.

INT. ART ROOM - DAY

Mary El is doing what looks like arts and crafts. She finishes cutting two paper ovals, about the size of small eggs. She sets down the scissors.

Mary El turns and hands these ovals to Angel, who stands at the table beside her.

Then Mary El begins to rummage through a box of crayons.

She extracts three brownish ones and holds them up to Angel's cheek for a moment.

Then, selecting one, she hands it to Angel with a nod.

Angel takes the crayon and begins to color the ovals.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Mary El appears a little nervous as she stands with Angel at the head of the stairs.

MARY EL  
What do you think?

The holes in Angel's portrait have been replaced with new brown eyes -- the paper ovals that Angel had been coloring.

They are not perfect, but are certainly an improvement.

ANGEL

I like it better.

Mary El exhales, relieved. Then she is startled. Then, looking down, she almost melts.

Angel is holding her hand.

EXT. YODER'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is getting low.

Yoder sits on his porch, gazing at the Ereckson farm.

Though he is rocking briskly and rubbing his hands, it is not from the cold.

This is a deeply troubled man.

There is a shotgun in his lap.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary El is cooking by candlelight, rubbing spices into a roast. Several more packages of meat are beside her.

Candles and battery-powered lamps illuminate the room.

Greg stubbornly attempts to shove more plates into the overstuffed but quite useless dishwasher.

This is slowly driving Mary El crazy.

MARY EL

It doesn't work! Will you please just put them in the sink? I'll wash them, OK?

Greg shuts the dishwasher and moves to the sink.

GREG

Fine. There's only three... four of us. Why do we have, like, 1000 dishes?

MARY EL

I have to get this stuff into  
the fire before it goes bad.

Ty is finishing dinner at the table, where several dirty  
dishes remain.

TY

You can put them in the snow.  
They'll last forever.  
(to Greg)  
Unless the raccoons get it.

Greg frowns at Ty.

GREG

Just get the plates, OK?  
Contribute.

Ty grudgingly begins to collect a few dishes, but almost  
immediately knocks into a pitcher of tea.

The pitcher spills, soaking the table, and the letter that  
Mary El left there earlier.

GREG

Atta' boy...

Mary El walks to the table with a sigh. She rights the  
pitcher, then picks up the letter, shaking it dry.

MARY EL

Did you find your gameboy?

TY

Yes.

MARY EL

Did Angel have it?

TY

No.

MARY EL

Why don't you go play that?  
That's how you can help, OK?

TY

If you don't want me to help,  
just say so! You guys act  
like I'm the one causing  
problems around here!

GREG

I don't know which of you kids  
is driving me crazier!

Ty looks to Greg, then to back to Mary El.

TY

I do!

He storms out of the kitchen.

MARY EL

That was nice.

Greg's response is to start gathering the meat.

GREG

I'm gonna put these outside.  
I know you're restless, but  
please...stop cooking.

Mary El turns to the mess left on the table.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Greg is kneeling in the snow, burying the meat. One more  
mitten-full finishes the job.

He stands. Then turns. And is startled to discover Yoder  
standing directly behind him.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary El kneels, rummaging through the cabinet beneath the  
sink. She comes out with a handful of rags.

AT TABLE

Mary El begins wiping the tea-soaked table with one of the  
rags, but the table only becomes streaked with grime.

Something is clearly wrong with this rag.



Mary El examines the rag. Then, horrified, she holds it in both hands and allows it to unfurl.

It is a young girl's nightgown. But filthy. And there is something else. The back of the gown is stiff with dried blood and...holes?

Mary El slowly puts a hand into the gown. A moment later, her finger slowly emerges through one of the many dime-size holes that pepper the back of the gown.

She starts as the DOOR SLAMS OPEN behind her.

Mary El turns to find Greg entering the kitchen, followed by Yoder.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Angel is at her window. In her chair. She is illuminated, as is the room, by soft moonlight.

She appears not to notice as the door to her room slowly inches open. Ty peers at her through the crack.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary El wads up the nightgown with the other rags. She walks to the sink, coldly acknowledging Yoder.

MARY EL

(faux pleasant,  
and as good as Greg)  
Hello again. You left before  
I could ask if your telephone  
is working. Are you able to  
call into town?

YODER

You need to collect your family.  
Leave and not look back.

Mary El sets the rags (and nightgown) aside with a small shudder, then begins vigorously washing her hands.

Looking back, she raises an eyebrow to Greg.

GREG  
(to Mary El)  
I've already had this  
conversation.

Now she narrows her eyes at Yoder.

MARY EL  
Did you tell him why?

YODER  
He knows why. You've seen  
what's happening here.

Mary El towels her hands. She retrieves the damp letter  
and continues shaking it dry.

MARY EL  
(to Greg)  
Did you ever discuss this  
farm with Dan? I mean the  
land itself?

GREG  
Once they moved up here that  
was all he talked about. You  
know that.

MARY EL  
Anything...fiscal?

Mary El hands Greg the letter.

As Greg examines the letter, Mary El resumes her cooking.

GREG  
(reading)  
What's this?

MARY EL  
(spicing)  
It's from the attorneys.  
Things we need to do...or sign.  
They talk about the assets, too.  
This is foreclosed land. Worth  
a lot more than your brother  
paid for it.

YODER  
That ain't why I'm here.

MARY EL

This used to be Mr. Yoder's land.

Greg looks up from the letter to the old farmer.

YODER

That ain't why I'm here!

MARY EL

Then why? Why are you here?

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ty peers at Angel through the crack in the door, watching as she slowly turns to face him, sensing his presence.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Yoder looks back and forth to each of them, then slowly walks towards a window.

This window also looks out into Angel's field.

He gazes out the window and draws a breath, preparing to tell them a story.

YODER

My great-grandfather was the first to seed this land. And it was good to my family for many years. But a drought...a drought is a terrible thing. Most folk don't even remember it now. The rains... they finally came. But that year... that year the lightning came first. Two strikes they tell me.

(he points one direction)

One there, in the northeast corner.

(and another)

The second, right about...

And suddenly, we are following the line of Yoder's finger through the window -- flying across the lawn and into the snowy field.

YODER (V.O.)

...there.

As we continue to soar, the barren, nighttime landscape slowly morphs into a summer cornfield, baking beneath a blazing summer sun. We are now in --

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Racing through row upon row upon row. But the stalks are a pale and unhealthy shade of brown. Unseen as of yet, CHILDREN laugh and shout to each other.

YODER (V.O.)

There were six children in the field that day, gathering what little was to be had.

The dizzying flight slows, finally coming to rest on --

THE LONE DAUGHTER

With a bushel basket under one arm, she is stripping the few ears she can find from the parched stalks.

She is startled as a teddy bear suddenly springs from between the stalks with a menacing growl.

She smiles at the youngest son; the one doing the growling, as he shakes the bear at her.

LONE DAUGHTER

Oh, I'll get you!

A giggling chase ensues as she drops the basket and dashes after the boy. They worm through row after row. The dry stalks tower over the children.

They race past two of the other sons, also collecting corn. They cheer on their youngest sibling, MICHAEL.

A SON

You best hurry, Michael!  
She's a quick one!

EXT. CORNFIELD

Looking out across the field, rustling stalks reveal the path of the laughing children.

YODER (V.O.)

They call it dry lightning.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING strikes the northeast corner of the field. This close, the THUNDERCLAP is tremendous.

INT. A NURSERY

A FARMWIFE sits in a rocking chair, nursing an INFANT. She looks up as the RUMBLING THUNDER dissipates.

EXT. CORNFIELD

Michael and the girl stop and exchange looks of wide-eyed astonishment.

EXT. A SHED

A FARMER with grease up to his elbows emerges from the shed with a concerned frown. He looks out across the field. Tongues of flame are leaping up from the far corner.

Now, A SECOND BOLT OF LIGHTNING strikes the field, this one very near. Another deafening CLAP OF THUNDER.

Flames rise up immediately from the site of this second strike.

The farmer rushes towards the field.

FARMER

Noah! Lucas! Gather the  
younguns' and come in now!

In the distance, he now hears the TERRIFIED SCREAM of a young girl -- the lone daughter -- whose name is...

FARMER

Sarah...

The farmer claws his way into the field.

EXT. CORNFIELD

Sarah has Michael by his hand. She is dragging him after her as she struggles to find her way through the smoke-filled rows of corn.

She presses through yet another row, only to be met by a wall of flames. She turns up the row and begins running parallel instead, dry leaves whipping at her face.

SARAH

Lucas! Help!

LUCAS (O.S.)

Sarah! This way!

Sarah stops and looks around. She is not sure which direction the voice is coming from.

She reverses direction and begins running the other way, praying that she has made the right decision.

EXT. PORCH

The farmwife steps out onto the porch, carrying the infant in her arms.

She almost drops the baby when she sets eyes on the field.

It is now completely in flames.

FARMWIFE

Oh my God...

EXT. CORNFIELD

Sarah faces another wall of flames. Michael is in tears, clutching his bear tightly.

FROM ABOVE

The two children are encircled by flames. There is nowhere left to run.

EXT. THE EDGE OF THE CORNFIELD

The farmer bursts from the blazing field, dusted with ash and gasping for breath between choking coughs.

He looks to his wife with utter despair as THE SCREAMING BEGINS. Only one child at first, but then another joins in, and soon there is a HELLISH CHORUS OF SCREAMING CHILDREN.

ON THE PORCH

The farmwife drops to her knees, wailing.

FARMWIFE

Nooo!! Oh, dear God, no!

THE FARMER

Thick streams of tears mix with the ash on his cheeks as the keening of his wife enjoins with the agonized shrieks of his children.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE FARMER'S FACE IN YODER'S CRACKED PHOTO

Proud and resolute when this was taken.

Moving slowly now, from face to face, finally settling on the soft features of the farmwife holding her infant child.

YODER (V.O.)

One child did survive that day.  
A babe not six months born...  
too young to work the fields.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Yoder is still facing the window, as if he could not bear to face them while telling his story. He turns now.

YODER

You see...that youngun' was me.  
And that's why I'm here tonight.

GREG

Those graves...they're buried  
here...

YODER

The better part of them was left  
in that field. What's buried  
under them stones is what they  
could find...some more'n others.

MARY EL

That's horrible.

YODER

This field lay dormant well-nigh  
60 years. Those children...they  
weren't never still if this soil  
was plowed or seeded.

Mary El, though listening, continues her compulsive cooking  
on autopilot. She uncaps another spice jar and shakes its  
contents onto the meat.

YODER

(to Greg)

But your brother...he planted  
on this land. Lord, he built  
himself a house!

GREG

You said this wasn't about  
my brother.

YODER

I said this wasn't about no  
money. That damn fool woke  
them up! I seen it! You seen  
it too. Tell me you haven't.

Greg starts to, but finds that he cannot.

MARY EL

She has noticed something odd about that last spice. She  
picks up one of the lanterns and brings it closer to  
inspect the meat.

Sitting on foil, with potatoes, carrots, and onions, it  
looks pretty good -- except that it is staring back at her  
with DOZENS OF SMALL BLUE EYES.

YODER (O.S.)

Them children do things  
when they ain't at peace.  
Terrible things.

Mary El grabs the jar and pours the contents into her hand.

Hundreds of small, blue eyes -- sliced from photographs.

And there is something else is in the jar.



YODER (O.S.)

And your kin...they done  
something awful that night...  
the worst they ever done.

Mary El plucks two paper ovals, about the size of small  
eggs, from out of the jar. She stares at them in  
disbelief.

These are the eyes from Angel's portrait.

And they are blue.

YODER (O.S.)

There's an evil here that needs  
to be put down...and that's  
why I'm here.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Discovered now, Ty steps into Angel's room.

He sizes her up, then approaches her chair. His knife  
pokes out from his back pocket.

TY

Why are you doing this?

Ty fumes as Angel ignores him while looking straight into  
his eyes.

TY

(enraged)

Why are you making us stay in  
this house?!

INT. KITCHEN

Greg notices Mary El, confused and silent.

GREG

What's wrong, El?

MARY EL

They're eyes...this jar is full  
of eyes. She hid them.

Mary El grabs a lantern and rushes from the kitchen.

Bewildered, Greg shoots a look at Yoder -- but he then follows after Mary El.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Ty trembles with rage. He makes a fist, but holds it, then turns to leave, disgusted.

The door to Angel's room slams shut.

ANGEL

Wait.

Ty turns back to Angel, wide-eyed now, and wary.

ANGEL

Look out my window.

TY

Why?

ANGEL

It's a secret.

Ty steps over to the window and peers out.

THROUGH ANGEL'S WINDOW

Inexplicably, Ty sees Angel in the distance, running through the field.

She is in a nightgown, running away from the house, stumbling through the thick snow.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Ty turns back to Angel, mystified.

ANGEL

Look.

Ty turns back to the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW ONCE MORE

Still at a distance, Ty now sees Yoder, skiing after Angel, and catching up to her easily.

ANGEL (O.S.)  
You never hear him coming.  
He likes it that way.

Angel trips and lands face-first in the snow. She looks back in terror. Yoder towers over her.

Could we hear, we imagine she would be screaming.

Yoder draws up his ski pole, then brings it down, driving the blunt tip deep between Angel's shoulder blades.

Angel writhes and kicks in agony as Yoder now strikes repeatedly, drawing new blood with each blow.

Could we hear, she would most certainly be screaming.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Ty backs away from the window, horrified. Then he turns back to Angel. Then he slaps at his back pocket.

Angel has his knife. She unfolds the blade and examines it curiously.

INT. STAIRWAY

Mary El rips Angel's portrait down from its spot above the stairs. Greg arrives at the foot of the stairs.

GREG  
What are you...hey, you fixed  
the eyes.

MARY EL  
Almost.

Mary El strips the brown paper eyes from off the portrait. She replaces them with the blue eyes she has found.

They are a perfect fit.

She looks up at Greg.

MARY EL  
Where's Ty?

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Ty regards Angel with new caution.

TY  
Give it back.

She runs her finger along the gleaming blade.

ANGEL  
It's a good one. It's sharp.  
(looks up to Ty,  
then giggles)  
Teddy is mad at you.

Ty backs away from her slowly.

The bedroom door CREAKS open. The children are illuminated now by soft lantern light.

MARY EL  
Get away from her, Ty.

Mary El and Greg enter to room.

TY  
She's got my knife.

Greg moves between Angel and Ty.

GREG  
(to Ty)  
Get out of here.

With a final glance back at Angel, Ty leaves the room.

Greg and Mary El now turn towards Angel, who continues to examine the blade.

INT. HALLWAY

Ty backs away from Angel's doorway. He is startled when he backs into something solid.

Ty turns to find he has backed into Yoder. The candle Yoder is holding gives him a waxy, menacing appearance.

Ty backpedals, alarmed as he recognizes the old man -- the one he saw stabbing Angel only moments ago.

YODER

The girl's in there, ain't she?

Ty nods mechanically.

TY

How...?

YODER

I would run, boy.

Ty hesitates.

YODER

Run!

And Ty does.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Greg and Mary El face Angel. She slowly looks up from the knife, but looks beyond them. Greg and Mary El turn.

Angel is gazing at Yoder. Holding the knife in both hands now she brings it to her nose, smiling at Yoder, with her eyes on opposite sides of the blade.

MARY EL

Angel...put it down.

Nope. Angel FLINGS IT.

Her throw is sure, and the WHISTLING BLADE spears the floor between Yoder's feet.

GREG

Damn, girl...

Yoder looks down at the blade, then back to Angel.

YODER

I ain't scared of you.

ANGEL

That's a lie.

With A ROAR, Yoder charges the girl and wraps his callused hands around her throat.

MARY EL  
Get away from her!

Mary El leaps onto Yoder's back. Yoder releases Angel, who retreats to a corner.

Yoder flings Mary El from off his back. She slams against a wall and tumbles awkwardly to the floor.

Yoder turns back towards Angel, advancing on the girl.

But he stops abruptly.

Greg has the knife, and presses it firmly into Yoder's kidney.

GREG  
I will stick you, old man.  
And I'll leave you outside  
to bleed.

Mary El rushes to Angel, crouched in a corner with her arms around her knees.

MARY EL  
Are you hurt? Did he hurt you?

YODER  
It will take more than that.

Mary El turns, enraged.

MARY EL  
Get him out of here!

Holding the knife firmly in place, Greg steers Yoder towards the door.

GREG  
Move.

Mary El kneels before Angel.

MARY EL  
Are you alright?

Angel continues to clutch her knees. No response.

MARY EL  
I found the eyes.

Another pause without a response.

MARY EL  
They're...they're wrong.

Angel turns now.

ANGEL  
I thought so, too.

MARY EL  
I don't understand, Angel.  
Help me to understand.

ANGEL  
I wish I could make things good  
for you again. I do. But that's  
not going to happen.

Angel turns away again, facing nothing in particular.

ANGEL  
I'm sorry. No fairy tales tonight.

INT. KITCHEN

Greg and Yoder enter the kitchen. They stop abruptly.

Ty has the rifle trained on the doorway.

INT. HALLWAY / DOOR TO ANGEL'S ROOM

Mary El casts one last look back at Angel, still in her corner.

Mary El slowly closes the door. She pauses as she notices the padlock. She has to now, doesn't she?

Pained to finally admit defeat, she bites her lip as she closes the latch and threads the lock through the hook.

INT. KITCHEN

Greg scowls at Ty as he lowers the rifle.

TY

I didn't know who was going  
to come downstairs.

YODER

That's a wise boy.

TY

(to Yoder)  
Maybe it's for you.

GREG

(also to Yoder)  
Shut up.

Greg shoves Yoder into a chair. Then he moves to Ty and gives him a nudge. Greg wants the gun.

GREG

How about a swap...for this?  
Turns out it's more useful  
than I thought.

Ty brightens at the sight of his beloved knife.

TY

Done.

Mary El enters as they consummate the exchange. First the gun, which Greg swings on Yoder, then the knife.

Mary El is enraged anew at the sight of Yoder. She charges towards him, shaking as she speaks.

MARY EL

How dare you! How dare you  
come into our house and do  
this...shit!

Yoder meets Mary El's gaze for a moment, then looks at the ceiling. Towards Angel's room.

Yoder had been lying to the girl upstairs. He is quite afraid, and his fear is palpable now.

He whispers as if she might hear them.

YODER

That little girl up there ain't  
what you think she is.



TY

He's gonna do something bad, Mom.

They all turn to Ty. Particularly Yoder.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Still in the corner, Angel is staring at her door.

Tendrils of smoke are rising from the dream-catcher.

INT. KITCHEN

YODER

(to Ty)

Why do you say that?

TY

Angel...showed me. She showed me what you're going to do.

YODER

That's not Angel, boy...that girl is a blasphemy.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Smoke continues to stream from the dream-catcher. Angel watches as the cloud grows.

YODER (V.O.)

Somethin' that ain't natural...  
and a liar.

With a quiet WOOMF the dream-catcher bursts into flames.

INT. KITCHEN

Yoder turns from Ty to address the adults.

YODER

That child upstairs...she's a part of this farm now. A part of them children. This land has always belonged to them. This soil will always be theirs.

He wipes a digit across the table and rubs his fingers together.

YODER  
(to himself)  
They're here in this dust.  
(to Greg)  
They took your kin...your blood.  
(to Mary El)  
And Lord knows what they done  
to that little girl.

INT. HALLWAY / DOOR TO ANGEL'S ROOM

Just the door, for now.

YODER (V.O.)  
But that ain't a child no more...  
not in the natural sense, nohow.  
You got to believe me it's  
something else.

The door suddenly EXPLODES outward, smashing into the opposite wall. The padlock and hinges fly like shrapnel.

INT. KITCHEN

All four of them turn their eyes towards the ceiling, then eye each other nervously.

GREG  
What do you think that was?

YODER  
Somethin' angry.

Mary El rushes towards the doorway, but Greg grabs her arm, holding her back.

GREG  
No. You stay here with Ty.  
I'll go check.

Greg now turns towards Yoder.

GREG

I guess you're with me.  
 (motions with  
 the rifle)  
 Grab a lamp. You lead the way.

INT. STAIRWAY

Yoder is leading the way upstairs. He pauses at the portrait of Angel, now resting on the floor.

Yoder stoops to retrieve one of the brown eyes, then he places it over one of the blue ones on the portrait.

Yoder stands and turns to Greg.

YODER

They tell me my sister Sarah  
 had eyes like that. Dark, like  
 molasses.

Greg motions for him to continue up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN

Mary El pulls out a chair and sits opposite Ty.

MARY EL

How you holding up?

TY

I knew we shouldn't have stayed.  
 I hate her. I hate him. I hate  
 this whole place!

MARY EL

You said that Angel spoke to you.  
 About Yoder. What'd she say?

TY

I think he's going to kill her, Mom.

MARY EL

We won't let that happen.

TY

Yeah? So, whose side are we on?

INT. HALLWAY

Yoder hoists the lamp, illuminating the damage.

He peers through the doorway to Angel's room, then turns back to Greg.

YODER

She's gone.

INT. STAIRWAY

As the men head back down, they both pause at the soft sound of BELLS TINKLING.

INT. LIVINGROOM

Yoder and Greg enter. The front door is wide open.

More bells. Greg looks to the Christmas tree.

Breeze from the open door rustles its branches. The bells dangling from its limbs give another soft jingle.

Yoder flings his lamp at Greg.

Greg flinches as the lamp strikes his chest. Yoder is on him in a flash. They grapple for the gun.

Yoder forces Greg back into the tree, and they collapse to the ground as a trio.

The rifle DISCHARGES.

INT. KITCHEN

Mary El and Ty leap from their seats.

INT. LIVINGROOM

Mary El and Ty enter to discover the melee. Mary El grabs a poker from beside the fireplace.

Yoder sees what's coming. He releases his hold on the gun, then jumps up and rushes outside through the open door.

Mary El kneels beside Greg.

MARY EL

Are you OK?

GREG

She's gone. I think we need  
to find her before he does.

MARY EL

I might know where to look.

EXT. A SHED - NIGHT

Yoder is leaning against one of its walls, breathing heavy.  
He looks around the corner. Nobody coming.

He turns to a row of empty, rusting oil barrels. Reaching  
into one them, he pulls out his shotgun.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A flashlight in the trees, and voices calling for Angel.

Greg, Mary El, and Ty emerge from the trees that surround  
the graveyard. They freeze at what they see.

Yoder is at one of the headstones, hacking at the frozen  
ground with a pickaxe, preparing a shallow grave.

The family steps into the graveyard, stepping high over the  
tangled barbed wire fence that surrounds it.

Yoder tosses the pickaxe aside. Then he lifts a small  
bundle and drops it into the hole.

GREG

What are you doing?

Yoder ignores them. He picks up a shovel and begins to  
fill the hole.

GREG

Hey! I'm talking to you!

Yoder continues his work.

Mary El shines her flashlight on the stone.

It reads SARAH YODER.

Mary El now illuminates the grave. She gasps.

It's Angel. Her face is all that remains to be covered.

MARY EL

Angel!

Angel moans, ever so slightly.

MARY EL

She's still alive...

Yoder saw it, too. He pauses, but then sets back into his ghoulish task with fresh resolve.

Greg takes aim with the rifle.

GREG

Hey! Put down the shovel!  
Are you deaf?

Mary El shrieks at Yoder.

MARY EL

She is still alive! Look at  
me, you monster!

Yoder keeps on shoveling.

ANGEL (O.S.)

He thinks she'll never be found.

The family turns as one to find Angel watching them.

Astonished, they all turn back to the grave.

Yoder is gone. The gravesite is undisturbed, resting beneath a blanket of snow.

A SHOTGUN COCKS O.S., and now Yoder emerges from the trees surrounding the graveyard.

YODER

I knew she'd be here...where  
she belongs. With the rest  
of them.

Yoder first aims at Greg.

YODER

Toss that aside.

Greg drops the rifle. Now Yoder turns his gun to Angel.

Mary El steps between Yoder and Angel, shielding her.

MARY EL

I won't let you do it.

YODER

You standing there don't change  
nothing. She's as dead and gone  
as the rest of them children.

Angel steps beside Mary El to address Yoder directly.

ANGEL

You're wrong. They're all around  
you. Can't you feel them?

Yoder tightens his grip on the rifle, glancing nervously  
about, but finding no one.

YODER

Then I slay the whole cursed  
brood! But I don't see nothin'...  
(raises the rifle)  
... 'cept you. I say you lie.

Angel smiles.

ANGEL

They say you die.

A moment of still. Then, a terrible, GHASTLY YOWL. They  
all turn to its source.

Nearest to Ty, FISH-HEAD claws from her resting place.

Dirt clings to her matted fur. Her one intact eye glows  
brilliant green.

She pulls free of the soil. The wooden cross topples.

She hisses at Ty -- the sound of A DOZEN ANGRY SNAKES.

Ty

Ahh!

Ty leaps over the barbed wire and sprints toward the trees.

GREG

Ty!

Greg turns to give chase, but his less agile legs become tangled in the barbed wire and he falls to the ground.

Greg lands beside Fish-Head. He flinches as the cat greets him with another HISS, face-on.

But then Fish-Head turns to Yoder. And she attacks him with a single, impossible leap of unbridled ferocity, clamping to his face.

Yoder cries out as her claws dig into his cheeks. He drops the gun and struggles with the cat.

Mary El turns to Angel.

MARY EL

Run!

Mary El then rushes to Greg. She tugs at the barbed wire.

GREG

No! Find Ty...get out of here.

Mary El hesitates.

MARY EL

You need help.

GREG

I need you and Ty away from here, El. I'll be fine...go!

Mary El surprises Greg with a kiss, quick but hard, then she rises and sprints towards the trees.

Greg turns back to Yoder, then spies his gun in the snow.

He pulls himself forward, stretching for the rifle, but CRIES OUT as the rusty barbs of the fence rip savagely into his jeans and the soft flesh beneath.

GREG

(shouts to Yoder)

That's a tetanus shot, asshole!



Greg frees himself from the wires. Then he turns back to the gun, but is startled by what he sees.

Angel is now holding the rifle. She backs away from him smoothly, as if floating, and is swallowed by shadows as she disappears into the trees.

Frustrated, Greg rises and pursues her.

Yoder finally rips the cat from his face and flings it away. He grabs his gun and swings it towards the beast.

Executing a graceful midair pirouette, Fish-Head lands on a gravestone. The stone of Sarah Yoder.

Yoder FIRES. His shot tears into the cat, taking a good chunk of the stone with it.

EXT. ANGEL'S FIELD - NIGHT

Greg emerges from the trees surrounding the graveyard. Angel is nowhere to be found.

Greg runs through the snow, away from the graveyard, and Yoder's O.S. GUNSHOT only quickens his pace.

But Greg also hears a DISTANT ENGINE. As he watches, a lone headlight bounces on the horizon.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Breathing heavy, Yoder staggers over to the cat. He prods it with the muzzle of his shotgun. Just a dead cat.

Yoder pumps a fresh round into it anyway.

INT. A DARKENED SHED - NIGHT

Black, until Mary El pushes open the door and shines her flashlight inside.

MARY EL

Ty? You in here?

She enters, playing her light around until she reveals a large control panel with multiple switches and buttons.

She investigates this unusual switchboard.

Near the top is a an irrigation company logo, and a picture of the rolling behemoth that straddles Angel's field.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Ty enters, breathless, searching for someplace to hide.

He eyes the stacks of hay, now in disarray. What is still standing is largely supported by the combine.

Ty scampers up the stair-like tiers, upsetting a few loose bales that tumble in his wake. Near the top, he settles into a dark corner.

Unnoticed by Ty, a familiar pair of GREEN EYES are staring out at him from another dark corner.

EXT. WINDMILL - NIGHT

The snowmobile arrives, pulling up to the tangled wreckage of the car and the windmill.

Sheriff Gaskins removes his helmet and surveys the damage with a frown.

This frown deepens as he spies Yoder running towards him with a shotgun.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Ty rises tentatively from behind a bale. THE BEAR suddenly leaps onto the bale directly before him.

The bear hooks with a claw. Ty scrambles backward. Some of the loose outer bales start to give way.

Ty grasps wildly, tearing free useless handfuls of hay as the bales collapse beneath him and he tumbles from view.

EXT. WINDMILL - NIGHT

Gaskins palms the butt of his pistol as Yoder approaches.

GASKINS

What are you huntin', Yoder?

YODER

What's your business here?

Gaskins' tone is casual, but wary.

GASKINS

I suppose I could ask you the same thing. I was just down at your place. Only you weren't home. Mighty strange.

(noticing the  
claw marks now)

What did you do to your face?

YODER

Ain't none of your concern.

GASKINS

You know, it would make me a whole lot more comfortable if you was to put down that gun.

Gaskins unhooks a pair of cuffs from his belt. His other hand remains poised to draw his revolver.

YODER

What are you doing?

Yoder makes no move to relinquish his weapon.

GASKINS

Drop the gun, Yoder. This is the last time I'll ask you friendly.

INT. BARN / COMBINE HOPPER - NIGHT

With a moan, Ty discovers that he has landed in the hopper of the combine -- its steep-sloped metal walls funnel anything inside towards a rotating auger at its base.

Ty tries to scramble up the slick walls, but slides back down towards the bottom.

He looks up to the spot from which he fell.

The bear is looking down at him.

With a sudden ROAR, the combine rumbles to life. Ty struggles for balance as the machine convulses beneath him.

Then the auger begins to spin -- slowly at first, but within moments it is whirring furiously beneath him.

Ty straddles the corkscrew blade.

INT. BARN / THE COMBINE ITSELF

A LOUDER ROAR, deafening now. Oily smoke belches from its guts as the machine is throttled to its maximum.

EXT. WINDMILL - NIGHT

Gaskins turns toward the nearby barn, confused by the sounds of machinery.

Yoder seizes the moment, lifting his shotgun.

But Gaskins is quick enough, and he reacts, charging Yoder.

They grapple for control of the weapon.

INT. BARN / COMBINE HOPPER - NIGHT

Ty risks another leap, his boots scrambling for purchase on the slick metal. He stretches, reaching for the edge, and he is...almost...there. He looks up.

The bear has moved to greet him -- should he make it.

The churning machine shakes loose more bales.

A tumbling bale strikes the bear, and the bear and the bale both plummet towards Ty.

The bale connects and sends Ty reeling.

Ty tumbles back down the steep sides, catching himself with his face only inches shy of the whirling auger.

The bear leaps onto Ty's back and claws at his jacket.

Ty reaches behind him and wrenches the bear from his back.

The bear writhes in Ty's hand as he stuffs it into the spinning corkscrew blades.

With a hailstorm of stuffing and an explosion of brilliant green light, Ty watches as the struggling bear is devoured by the auger.

Then, steeling himself, Ty makes another desperate leap for the rim of the hopper.

One hand catches. He dangles precariously, but holds on.

EXT. WINDMILL / BARN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Yoder and Gaskins continue to struggle with the gun between them.

Glancing at the barn, Yoder's eyes narrow with grim, new resolve. Yoder delivers a vicious head-butt. Gaskins reels -- a nostril spouts blood -- but he keeps hold.

Yoder steers Gaskins through the yawning barn door.

INT. BARN

Yoder drives Gaskins deeper into the barn, towards the rotating reel of the combine.

Gaskins realizes his peril too late, and Yoder savagely shoves him into the army of revolving tines.

Gaskins pulls away as the steel prongs rip at his jacket, but falls to the ground as his legs are hooked. Yoder backs away, his shotgun reclaimed.

Gaskins CRIES OUT as the tines slash deep into his legs, pulling him deeper into the maw of the machine -- and the oscillating blades that lurk just behind it.

Gaskins fights to claw his way forward, his nails gouging at the packed dirt of the barn floor. A few tines bend, but their sheer numbers are merciless.

His struggle is agonizing, but to give up is certain death. He reaches out for Yoder.

GASKINS

Yoder! Help me!

Blackness now, as Yoder backs out of the barn and slams the rumbling barn door closed behind him.

INT. IRRIGATION SHED - NIGHT

Mary El is startled by the sound of GASKINS SCREAMING, and quickly runs to the door.

EXT. IRRIGATION SHED

Mary El exits the shed and freezes in her tracks.

Angel is there, sitting on the thick metal pipe that feeds the massive plumbing demands of the irrigation system.

This pipe protrudes about three feet from the ground as an inverted U. Angel's arm rests on the heavy steel handwheel that controls the flow through this pipe.

Angel is swinging her feet. The rifle is in her lap.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

The combine shuts down. Gaskins collapses, exhausted.

COMBINE CAB

Ty is at the wheel, holding the key.

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Greg marches down the upstairs hallway.

GREG

Ty? Hey, it's just me, so come  
on out if you're hiding.

He enters the guestroom -- Ty's room.

INT. TY'S ROOM

Greg enters.

GREG

Ty...?

He steps over to the broken window and leans out, looking for signs of the kid.

He pulls back in, but pauses as his peripheral vision kicks in -- then he leans way back out.

In the distance, partially blocked by the barn and the barren trees -- there is Angel. With the rifle.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Ty switches on a flashlight, grimacing as he gets a load of Gaskins.

TY

That looks really painful, sir.  
You've got a radio, right?  
I can call somebody.

Gaskins is weak, but his voice is urgent.

GASKINS

Where's your daddy, boy?

TY

I don't know.

Ty's eyes grow wide as Gaskins reaches between the tines, towards his mangled legs, wincing as he pulls his revolver.

He holds the gun out to Ty.

GASKINS

You take this.

Ty gingerly accepts it. Next, Gaskins extracts a plastic evidence bag from inside his jacket.

GASKINS

You take this.

Ty takes that, too.

GASKINS

You take these to your daddy.  
Tell him what I'm fixing to  
tell you.

Ty unfurls the bag, astonished at the syringe it contains. He has never seen one like this before. It is huge.

This is a metal cattle syringe, delivering a full 50 ml. In the beam from Ty's flashlight, it gleams like some medieval instrument of torture.

GASKINS

Do you know what that is?

EXT. IRRIGATION SHED - NIGHT

Angel hops down from the pipe.

ANGEL

You tried to help me.

MARY EL

Give me the gun. I can help you.

ANGEL

You think I need help.

MARY EL

Please give me the gun, Angel.

ANGEL

(frowns)

You know who I am.

MARY EL

Don't say that, Angel...

ANGEL

Sarah!

MARY EL

(near tears)

You're Angel, dammit!

Angel now raises the gun towards Mary El.

MARY EL

Why can't you just be my  
little girl...

Unseen by either of them, Greg rounds the opposite corner of the barn. He charges Angel.



ANGEL

Duck.

Mary El is confused.

ANGEL

Now!

Mary El gets it. She ducks, revealing Yoder directly behind her, and nearly upon them.

Greg tackles Angel as she FIRES. He CRIES OUT as the wild shot intended for Yoder tears into his shoulder.

MARY EL

Greg!

Greg collapses with a moan, pinning Angel beneath him.

Mary El rushes to Greg, cradling him and freeing Angel.

MARY EL

Greg...GREG!

Greg lies limp in her arms.

Angel stands now, facing Yoder defiantly.

Yoder SHOOTS HER in the gut. No hesitation.

MARY EL

NO!

The force of the blast throws the small girl violently backwards into the snow.

With a HOWL OF RAGE Mary El leaps on Yoder, clawing and kicking. He flings her away.

She lands beside Greg -- there is an awful lot of blood in the snow now.

Yoder pumps a fresh round into the gun.

MARY EL

Murderer!

YODER

She was already dead. I just  
sent her back to hell.

Now he turns the gun on Mary El.

YODER

I hope you find someplace better  
than that.

The ROAR OF AN ENGINE breaks the stillness.

Ty rounds the corner of the barn on the snowmobile.

Steering directly towards Yoder, the MACHINE WHINES as Ty  
guns it. He raises the revolver with his free hand.

Yoder quickly turns and BLASTS the snowmobile. The front  
end EXPLODES.

Ty loses control of the machine and SMASHES FULL-THROTTLE  
into the irrigation piping.

Ty sails over the handlebars. The gun flies. Ty lands in  
the snow, rolling with his momentum.

The piping emits an OMINOUS GROAN.

INT. IRRIGATION SHED / CONTROL PANEL - NIGHT

Several lights wink on, accompanied by a LOW ELECTRONIC  
HUM. Switches are flipped by unseen hands.

EXT. IRRIGATION SHED - NIGHT

Ty rolls over, moaning but alert.

Yoder approaches Ty, keeping the gun on Mary El.

MARY EL

Get away from him!

Yoder freezes as Ty pulls the syringe from his jacket.

YODER

Where did you get that?

TY

They know what you did.

YODER

Where did you get that!?

TY

(shouts)

They know all about you and  
they're coming right now!

YODER

Give that to me!

Yoder lunges for the syringe. Ty plunges the thick needle through Yoder's hand.

Yoder CRIES OUT and drops the gun. He rips the syringe from his hand, loosing an arc of blood.

Ty goes for the gun. Yoder kicks him away.

Then Yoder stoops for the gun. A RIFLE COCKS O.S.

MARY EL (O.S.)

Touch my son again!

Yoder turns.

Mary El is holding the rifle that Angel dropped. Trained on Yoder. He straightens slowly.

Ty runs to her side. He shoots a worried glance at Greg, but turns back to Mary El.

MARY EL

Who is coming, Ty? What are you  
talking about?

TY

The cops, Mom! Angel's parents  
didn't kill themselves. Their  
blood... it was full of bug poison!

(pointing to Yoder)

Because you killed them! With that!  
A needle for cows!

Yoder stands expressionless, holding the syringe.

The white landscape around Yoder now begins to morph into the darkened upstairs hallway of the farmhouse.

Yoder does not move during this transition to...

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yoder stands expressionless, holding the syringe.

TY (V.O.)  
He was there that night...

Yoder is outside the door to Angel's room. He enters.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM

Yoder silently moves toward Angel's bed.

The glass sides of the syringe reveal that it is now filled with 50 ml of sickly green fluid.

TY (V.O.)  
...and he set it all up...to  
look like suicide. But when  
he came for Angel...

Yoder rips back the bedspread, revealing only stuffed animals.

He frowns and moves to the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Angel is in her nightgown, stumbling through the snow, across the field, away from the house --

-- a duplicate replay of the image she revealed to Ty.

TY (V.O.)  
...she must have known. She  
must have gotten away.

Yoder glowers at Angel through the window.

Behind Yoder, the bedroom walls begin to dissolve as the winter landscape returns...

EXT. IRRIGATION SHED

Yoder glowers at Ty. But Ty won't be intimidated.

TY

Did you think they would miss that?! Are you retarded?!

YODER

I think I would choose my last words with more caution, boy.

Yoder stoops to pick up his gun.

MARY EL

Don't move! I swear I'll shoot!

Yoder ignores her. There is a small, soft POP as Mary El dry fires the rifle.

Yoder calmly lifts his shotgun.

YODER

That old varmint rifle don't hold but one cartridge.

MARY EL

Oh.

He raises the barrel towards them.

YODER

I told you to take leave of this land! I gave you fair warning!

Mary El's eyes suddenly grow wide with amazement at something behind Yoder. Confused, Yoder pauses.

Now Ty sees it, too.

TY

(realizing now)

You did kill her. That night!  
I saw you! And then you  
buried her. I saw that, too.

YODER

Hush, fool boy!

TY  
(a wicked smirk)  
But she came back, didn't she?  
Now I know why you were so  
scared...because you should be.

Now Yoder senses it, too -- the presence behind him. He turns. And pales.

Angel is striding towards him, tromping through the snow with grim determination.

The damaged irrigation piping behind her gives another TORTURED GROAN.

INT. IRRIGATION SHED / CONTROL PANEL - NIGHT

Amidst the lights and switches is a large black button that is simply labeled: "START".

As this button depresses itself, we hear the ROAR OF THE MASSIVE PUMPS emerging from their long slumber.

EXT. IRRIGATION SHED - NIGHT

The damaged pipes struck by the snowmobile CREAK AND MOAN as they struggle to contain the monstrous pressure.

But they can't.

With a CLANG, the steel handwheel breaks free.

The spinning handwheel misses Angel by centimeters as it whizzes past her ear. She doesn't even flinch.

But it SLAMS Yoder in the gut like a 10-pound Frisbee.

The force doubles him over and knocks him from his feet, tossing him back into the snow.

RIPPING METAL as the main pipes give an instant later.

A thick, powerful column of water follows the handwheel's trajectory over Angel's shoulder.

The torrent hits Yoder with overwhelming force.

He struggles as the snow and soil beneath him are instantly transformed into a freezing soup of slush and mud.

Reaching Yoder now, Angel kneels before him.

Mary El and Ty stand mesmerized as the scene unfolds.

Yoder tries to crawl from the muddy pit, but is horrified to find a HAND wrapped around his leg. ANOTHER HAND shoots up from the muck, latching onto his arm.

Then, one by one, THE FIVE YODER SONS rise from the muddy soil around him, grasping at his limbs, clothes, and hair.

Yoder CRIES OUT in terror as they pull him down.

As he is finally dragged screaming beneath the surface, the pumps fall silent and the torrent of water ceases.

The spot is instantly transformed into a sheet of ice.

Angel gazes down into it.

Yoder's horrified face thumps up into the ice.

He claws furiously at the ice, leaving parallel stripes of blood. And we have seen this image before.

The snow-globe contained this very same visage.

Yoder's eyes grow wide with the shock of recognition -- before a skeletal hand wraps itself across his face and pulls him down for good.

Angel now stands to face Mary El and Ty.

ANGEL

You tried to help me.

MARY EL

You don't need any help.

ANGEL

No.

Angel walks over to Greg and kneels beside him. She places her hands on his cheeks.

Greg moans as he regains consciousness. He winces at the pain in his shoulder, then starts as he realizes who is hovering over him.

GREG

Ah!

ANGEL

You will not die...tonight.

She says this like she knows when he will.

Mary El and Ty rush to Greg, kneeling beside him.

Angel backs away from the group.

Mary El turns to Angel.

MARY EL

Where is Angel? Please...

I have to know.

Angel smiles at Mary El. Angel closes her eyes.

ANGEL'S FACE

She appears to fall backwards now, but slowly, as if through water, until she is supine.

ANGEL (V.O.)

She was not dead when he  
planted her with us.

Pulling back from Angel's face reveals that she is now back in the crude grave prepared for her by Yoder.

Only her face is exposed, but it is soon covered by a fresh shovel-full of dirt and snow.

ANGLE'S GRAVE

A cutaway view of Angel's resting place. Rivulets of blood trickle from her mangled back, soaking into the soil.

ANGEL (V.O.)

And he was wrong about many  
things. It was not the  
sowing of earth that beckoned  
us. It was not a seeding.



The streams of blood wend their way deeper and deeper into the soil, finally disappearing into utter blackness.

ANGEL (V.O.)

It was shame. And greed.  
And the blood that followed.

ANGEL'S FACE

Her eyes remain closed.

ANGEL

She will die quickly.

She opens her eyes.

And they are now a brilliant, BEAUTIFUL BLUE.

EXT. ANGEL'S FIELD

Angel stands disoriented for a moment before collapsing. Mary El rushes forward to catch her.

Angel looks up at Mary El with a smile, tired and pained.

She is shivering. Her voice a whisper.

ANGEL

She's gone now, isn't she?

Mary El smiles back gently. A sad smile.

MARY EL

Yes, Angel. I think she is.

ANGEL

Don't hate Sarah. I let her in.

MARY EL

I don't. I never did.

ANGEL

I'm cold.

Ty peels off his jacket and wraps it around her.

ANGEL

You wouldn't have been such  
a bad brother.

TY  
(smiles)  
Don't be so sure...

Greg hushes him.

GREG  
Listen!

More DISTANT MOTORS. Several headlights are now bouncing on the horizon.

MARY EL  
(to Angel)  
Do you hear that? People are coming to help us. You just hold on, Angel.

ANGEL  
You would have been a good Mommy, too.

MARY EL  
Stop talking like that. You are going to be fine.

But they all know, even Mary El, that this is not true.

ANGEL  
I have something from Sarah. For you...a secret.

MARY EL  
What is it?

ANGEL  
I'm supposed to whisper...just to you. She said it's like a Christmas present.

Mary El leans in close as Angel whispers her secret.

Mary El is speechless. Angel shudders, growing weaker.

ANGEL  
I'm sorry I can't stay with you. Don't be mad, OK?

Mary El looks up at the headlights that still seem so very distant. Tears well in her eyes as she looks back down.

MARY EL

I love you, Angel. You take  
that with you.

Angel gives her one last smile. Then she closes her eyes  
and peacefully turns out the lights.

Mary El sobs, clutching the girl tightly as she finally  
lets it out. Greg and Ty move in to comfort her.

TY

What did she say, Mom?

Mary El lifts her head and smiles at Ty through her tears.  
Then she turns to Greg.

MARY EL

We're going to have a baby...

The family embraces in the snow, melding into one as they  
are illuminated by the beams of approaching headlights.

DISSOLVE TO:

GRAVESTONES

For Dan and Erica. And Angel.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Mary El and Greg, his arm in a sling, stand before the  
small graveyard.

The three new stones share space with the original six, but  
several renovations have been made.

The brush is gone, replaced now with wreaths. The barbed  
wire has been traded for a new wrought iron fence.

Sarah's stone has been mended.

Greg nods to Ty, who is standing by the record player. An  
extension cord snakes off into the trees.

Ty drops the needle onto something appropriate.

As the MUSIC PLAYS, Greg takes Mary El's hand with his good  
arm. Together, they smile at Ty. He grins back.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Looking down. A street-side view.

The MUSIC continues.

Moving down, a Realtor's sign comes into view. Panning down a bit further reveals the addendum: "Owner Motivated."

FADE OUT.