

THE FALL

by

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BLACK SCREEN

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

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

FADE IN:

EXT. CROWE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

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

SUPER: "OCTOBER 8, 1993."

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A dish crashes to the floor.

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

SUSAN CROWE stares at the broken dish.

She shakes her head as she bends down and gathers the broken pieces. The song plays from the music box somewhere close by.

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

DANIEL CROWE, 6, sits on the floor near the entryway, happily listening to the scratchy song. He turns to his mother.

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

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

SUSAN
What is he watching?

DANIEL
"X-Files."

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

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

Susan finishes collecting the broken pieces. She stands and
carefully walks toward the wastebasket in the corner.

SUSAN
(not looking at Daniel)
And you had nightmares for a week.

DANIEL
But I want to watch it!

A small dish piece falls from Susan's hands, shattering into
fragments on the floor. She whips her head around at Daniel.

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

Daniel stands up from the kitchen floor.

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

SUSAN
I'm not going to ask you again!

Daniel clenches his fists and stomps from the kitchen.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRIDGETTE CROWE, 16, lays peacefully on her bed reading a
magazine. Music plays softly from a nearby radio as Susan
gently knocks on the door and enters.

SUSAN
Bridgette?

BRIDGETTE
(looking over her shoulder)
Yeah?

SUSAN
How long are you planning on
staying up, honey?

BRIDGETTE
I'll probably be done in an hour.

SUSAN
Have you started your research
paper?

BRIDGETTE
(shaking her head)
No. I'll start it tomorrow.

SUSAN
Okay. Let me know if you need
anything.

BRIDGETTE
Alright, thanks Mom.

Susan quietly closes the door behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Susan approaches Daniel's room, moving quietly to position
her head close to his closed door.

DANIEL (O.S.)
I spoke with her during reading
time today, but Mrs. Nolan caught
me. I'll try to sit next to her
tomorrow, but I don't know if my
teacher will...

SUSAN
(knocking on the door)
Daniel?

Daniel stops speaking, but does not respond.

Susan opens the door.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daniel sits on his bed next to his rain-covered window.

DANIEL
What?

SUSAN
Who were you talking to, sweetie?

DANIEL
No one, Mom.

Susan stares curiously at Daniel in silence.

SUSAN
It's time for bed. Lights out.

DANIEL
Just 10 more minutes?

SUSAN
Five more minutes.

DANIEL
Alright.

Susan closes Daniel's door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Susan turns to walk away, but stops and looks back over her shoulder at Daniel's bedroom.

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

Daniel pauses briefly.

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

Susan slowly turns and proceeds down the staircase.

DANIEL (O.S.)
Don't worry. I'm not scared of you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later, the house is completely quiet except for the quiet ticking of a grandfather clock. All the lights are off.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

She sits upright in bed and waits, listening intently. She hears another sound.

She quietly shakes WALTER CROWE who is laying next to her.

SUSAN
Walter! Walter!

WALTER
(groggy)
What?

SUSAN
Someone's moving downstairs!

Walter sighs and buries his head into his pillow.

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

SUSAN
At 3:00 in the morning?!

Walter moans as he pushes the comforter off, grabs a robe from a nearby chair, and moves toward the bedroom door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter yawns as he turns the corner and freezes.

The front door is gaping wide open.

He quickly looks around as he steps back out of the living room and returns up the staircase.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walter quickly walks to his closet where he retrieves a small handgun and loads the firearm.

SUSAN
(frozen on the bed)
What is it?!

WALTER
(not looking at Susan)
Get the kids, lock yourself in the
back room, and call 911.

SUSAN
What's going on?!

Walter finishes loading the handgun and retrieves a small flashlight from his closet.

He crosses the room and looks right at Susan.

WALTER
The front door is sitting wide
open.

SUSAN
What are we going to do?

Walter places a hand on Susan's arm, looking her in the eye.

WALTER
Get the kids...call the police.

Susan grabs the portable phone as Walter enters the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter peaks around the corner of the living room at the front door still sitting open, the flashlight and handgun drawn in front of him.

He moves in the opposite direction through the dark room and into the nearby family room, checking each corner carefully.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

INT. BRIDGETTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan hunches by Bridgette's bed, shaking her frantically.

SUSAN

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

Bridgette lays motionless as she responds.

BRIDGETTE

What?

Susan shakes Bridgette more furiously than before.

SUSAN

I need you to get up right now.

Bridgette sits up as she rubs her eyes.

BRIDGETTE

Mom, it's three in the morning!

Susan briefly covers Bridgette's mouth.

BRIDGETTE

What's going on?

SUSAN

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

She takes Bridgette by the hand, heading for the bedroom door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Walter enters the hallway near the open front door.

He pauses briefly as the song continues to play.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)

Ring around a rosy, a pocket full
of posies. Ashes, ashes, we all
fall down.

He steadily makes his way toward the garage door.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)

Ring around a rosy, a pocket...

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan and Bridgette rush over to Daniel's bed.

SUSAN

Daniel.

The bed is empty.

Susan frantically glances around the room.

SUSAN

Daniel? Where's Daniel?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The scratchy song plays as Walter gradually reaches for the garage door handle, his hand trembling while keeping the gun drawn in his other hand.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)

...ashes, we all fall down.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Walter pulls the door open and stares into darkness.

He remains motionless for several seconds with his gun pointed, the light from his flashlight circling the garage.

TOY MUSIC BOX (O.S.)

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

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan anxiously dials 911. She breathes heavily as she waits for someone to pick-up.

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

911 dispatch. What is your
emergency?

SUSAN

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

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

Ma'am, I need you to calm down and
give me your name and address.

SUSAN

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

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

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

Walter's hands tremble as he searches for the toy music box, inching his way closer to one of the cars as his eyes dart from one end of the garage to the other.

He slowly bends down to find the music box sitting on the floor under his car, continuously playing the scratchy song.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan remains on the phone with 911 dispatch.

SUSAN

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

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

Where are you currently at in the
home, Susan?

SUSAN

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

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

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

As soon as the song ceases, the lights in the garage turn off, the door slamming shut behind Walter.

WALTER

Hey!

He scrambles to the garage door and twists the handle, but the door is locked.

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

He desperately switches the light switch on and off with no success. He bangs on the door.

WALTER

Hey! Hey!

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan continues to speak with 911 dispatch.

SUSAN

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

BRIDGETTE

No! I'm staying right here with
you!

SUSAN

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

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

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

Susan is listening intently to the 911 dispatcher when she hears something walking down the hallway.

She turns and freezes when she sees a shadow parked in front of the bedroom door.

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

Susan stares at the dark figure that remains motionless on the other side of the bedroom door.

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

Susan? Susan, are you there?

As Susan sits terrified with her back against the wall, her hand runs across scratches in the wood floor.

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

She is frozen in terror as she barely whispers.

SUSAN

Bridgette.

INT. DANIEL'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Bridgette stares at her mother's frozen expression through the slits.

She hears a faint WHINE behind her.

She slowly turns. Six eyes stare at her, catching the faint light coming through the slits of the closet door.

The dark figure lunges at her.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

She freezes as a monstrous figure swiftly moves across the room from the closet to overtake her.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

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

He shoulders the door, sprinting for the staircase.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

WALTER

Danny? Are you alright?

Six eyes suddenly appear behind Daniel.

Walter frantically raises his handgun toward the eyes.

WALTER

Danny, get out of the way!

Daniel does not move as his father points the gun at him.

Suddenly, the creature moves around Daniel and quickly descends on Walter standing at the bottom of the staircase.

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

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

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

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

WALTER

Danny...run.

Daniel slowly turns and quietly exits the room.

Several seconds pass before Daniel returns carrying the toy music box. He quietly turns the toy on.

TOY MUSIC BOX

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

Walter looks into the six eyes staring down at him.

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

Walter lays motionless on the floor as the song finishes.

TOY MUSIC BOX

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

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "THE FALL."

DETECTIVE CARSON (O.S.)

James? James?

Detective Carson snaps his fingers.

DETECTIVE CARSON (O.S.)

James?

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

DETECTIVE RYAN CARSON, 50, snaps his fingers. His clean-shaven head catches the gleam of the overhead light, his face worn from years on the force. He has a pleasant, grandfather-like quality about him aside from his intimidating eyes.

JAMES SORENSON, 8, sits motionless near the end of a long table in a dimly lit room; his skinny, malnourished looking frame curled in the chair. His eyes always seem to be distant.

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

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

SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 27, 2011."

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

When was the last time you ate anything, son?

James does not move or respond.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Can I let you in on a little secret?

Detective Carson leans in a little closer to James.

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

James continues to sit motionless.

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

James does not move.

Detective Carson quietly slides pictures of different individuals across the table toward James.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Where is your sister, Ashley?

James continues to sit motionless.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Where is her boyfriend, Adam
Ducane?

James does not move, his eyes still squarely fixed on the table.

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

EXT. SORENSON RESIDENCE DRIVEWAY - DAY

A Land Rover sits in front of a large home.

SUPER: "4 DAYS AGO."

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

James sits quietly in the backseat of the Land Rover, lazily staring through one of the side windows as he runs his hand through his unkempt hair.

ADAM DUCANE, 27, opens the driver-side door and slides into the seat. His seemingly perpetual smile stretched across his unblemished face gives him a certain boyish charm. He checks around the interior of the car.

ADAM
(turning to James)
Jimmy, you have everything?

JAMES
(looking at Adam)
Yeah.

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

ADAM
What's taking your sister so long?

JAMES
She's always late.

Adam laughs to himself as he turns to face James.

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

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

JAMES
My sketchbook.

ADAM
You like to draw?

JAMES
Yeah.

ADAM
May I see?

James hands the black sketchbook to Adam.

Adam spends a few seconds glancing through James' drawings.

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

JAMES
8.

ADAM
You're a lot better than I am at
drawing and I'm 27.

JAMES
You're old.

ADAM
Thanks. What kind of car is that?

James leans his head between the two front seats.

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

Adam continues to look through the sketches.

ADAM
And who's this?

JAMES
My mom and dad...at the cabin.

ADAM
And this?

JAMES
That's my friend Rory.

ADAM
He's a friend at school?

JAMES
No. I usually hang out with him
after school.

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

ASHLEY SORENSON, 24, opens the passenger-side door and slides into the seat. Her long hair bounces against her shoulders, a smile that could light up a room stamped on her face.

She clicks her seat belt into place.

ADAM
There you are!

ASHLEY
I just didn't want to forget
anything.

ADAM
You always forget something.

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

ADAM
Jimmy, is your seat belt on?

JAMES
Yes.

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

Adam turns the key and throws the truck into gear.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

SAMANTHA TAYLOR, 26, sits quietly in the cab of her truck parked near the forest. Her hair is pulled back in a tight ponytail; not one hair out of place. She is beautiful, but seems incapable of smiling as her fingers tap obnoxiously on the steering wheel.

DANE EASTMAN, 27, slouches in his seat, his stomach slightly bulging under his shirt. His perpetual grin amidst a light stubble suggests he does not care a lot about anything. His head gently rests against the back of the cab.

SAMANTHA

What time is it?

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

DANE

8:01.

SAMANTHA

They're late.

Dane laughs to himself briefly.

DANE

I knew they would be.

SAMANTHA

Then why'd we get here so early?

DANE

It's fun watching you get anxious.

SAMANTHA

Jerk.

Samantha stewes in her seat as they both sit quietly for several seconds before Dane lets out a huge yawn.

SAMANTHA

(glancing at Dane)

Why the heck are you yawning?

DANE

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

SAMANTHA

How was it?

Dane leans up and rubs his eyes.

DANE

Nothing ever scares me...and the whole thing was pretty predictable.

Samantha shakes her head.

SAMANTHA

I probably wouldn't like it.

DANE

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

Samantha glances in the rear view mirror as Adam's truck approaches.

SAMANTHA

Here they come.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR THE FOREST - DAY

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

SAMANTHA

You guys are late!

DANE

Here we go again.

Adam retrieves equipment from the back of the truck.

ADAM

(puzzled)

What time is it?

Dane briefly glances at his watch as he helps Adam.

DANE

8:07...and 39 seconds.

Samantha gives Dane a sharp look.

ADAM

We were meeting at 8:00, right?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

ADAM

So...what's the issue?

SAMANTHA

Forget it.

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

A third car arrives.

CHRIS MILLER, 24, exits the vehicle. His baby face and extremely skinny frame hidden under an over-sized t-shirt makes him look a lot younger than he actually is.

TRAY MAXWELL, 24, also exits the vehicle, smiling; his bright white teeth contrasted against his sunbathed skin. He rummages his hand through his unkempt hair.

CHRIS

Hey.

ASHLEY

Hey, Chris.

CHRIS

(motioning toward Tray)

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

ADAM

(shaking Tray's hand)

It's nice to finally meet you.
Chris can't stop talking about you.

TRAY

Good to know.

Dane shakes Tray's hand.

DANE

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

TRAY

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

DANE
Have you ever been up this trail
before?

TRAY
Yes.

ASHLEY
How many times?

Tray shrugs.

TRAY
A few times over the years.

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

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

Chris rummages through a backpack on the ground.

CHRIS
Tray, have you seen my camera lens?

TRAY
Which one?

CHRIS
The 300mm 2.8.

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

CHRIS
The big one that's about this long.

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

Ashley is also rummaging through her backpack nearby.

ASHLEY
Crap!

DANE
What?

ASHLEY
I forgot my toothbrush!

Adam shakes his head slightly as he helps James secure his backpack.

ADAM
We're not going back for it.

ASHLEY
What am I supposed to do?

DANE
Use your finger.

ASHLEY
No, that's gross.

ADAM
It's called camping.

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

Dane moves close to Adam.

DANE
(whispering)
She's never been camping before?

ADAM
No.

Ashley searches frantically through her backpack as Samantha, Chris, and Tray approach with their equipment.

Adam rocks on his heels for a few seconds in silence.

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

DANE AND JAMES
I care!

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

As she approaches, BLAKE TANNER, a 61-year-old park ranger, exits the trail. His khaki shorts and knee-high socks combined with his welcoming smile and sun-kissed skin give him a scout leader appearance.

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

His hand extends toward Tray.

BLAKE

How are you doing, Tray?

TRAY

It's good to see you, Blake.

Blake turns and addresses the rest of the group.

BLAKE

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

ASHLEY

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

Adam sighs.

ADAM

Ash...

ASHLEY

What? I'm just asking.

Blake chuckles.

BLAKE

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

ASHLEY

Thanks.

CHRIS

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

Blake hesitates for a brief second.

BLAKE

Certainly.

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

BLAKE

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

CHRIS

The one right next to it. There you go. The auto focus should be on.

BLAKE

Alright, everyone smile.

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

CHRIS

Thanks.

BLAKE

Don't mention it.

Blake turns toward Tray.

BLAKE

It was good to see you again, Tray.

TRAY

You, too, Blake.

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

BLAKE

Take care of them while you're out there.

TRAY

I will.

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

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

SAMANTHA

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

ADAM

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

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

Dane walks past Adam to follow Samantha.

DANE

I guess she wasn't amused.

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

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Carson sits quietly with James in the waiting room. There is a quiet knock on the door as DETECTIVE NICK JONES, 33, quietly steps into the room. His chiseled chin and penetrating eyes make him look more like a model than a police officer.

Detective Carson stands from his chair.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Would you excuse me for a second,
James?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

Has anyone reached the boy's
parents?

DETECTIVE JONES

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

What about the other families?

DETECTIVE JONES

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

Detective Carson shakes his head.

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

DETECTIVE JONES

I'm about to meet with the park ranger who filed the missing persons report.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Please let me know if you discover anything interesting.

DETECTIVE JONES

You got it.

Detective Jones quickly exits as Detective Carson slowly steps back into the waiting room.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

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

Dane retrieves his water bottle from his backpack before dropping to the ground and taking a drink. Tray looks around the clearing.

SAMANTHA

How long did that take us?

Adam drops his backpack next to Dane as he drinks from a water bottle. Dane wipes sweat from the face of his watch.

DANE

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

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

CHRIS

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

Ashley gives Chris a cold look.

ASHLEY

That's great, blame the 8-year-old.

Chris' eyes quickly drop to the ground.

CHRIS

(embarrassed)

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

Samantha sits up from assembling one of the tents nearby and brushes her hair out of her face.

SAMANTHA

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

CHRIS

Not now, I won't.

DANE

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

CHRIS

I'll be back later.

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

SAMANTHA

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

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

CHRIS

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

Adam continues to drink from his water bottle as Chris walks into the forest.

Ashley desperately searches through her backpack.

ASHLEY

(frustrated)

Did anyone happen to bring an extra
toothbrush?

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

TRAY

What do you want me to do?

Samantha looks around the clearing.

SAMANTHA

(confused)

Did Chris actually leave?

TRAY

Yeah, he's gone.

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

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

SAMANTHA

Jimmy.

James looks up from his sketchbook.

SAMANTHA

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

JAMES

Okay.

As James places his sketchbook away, Samantha looks at Ashley who is carefully shuffling through her backpack.

SAMANTHA

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

Adam and Dane walk passed Samantha laughing at each other as they head into the forest.

ADAM

Fire by 2:28!

SAMANTHA

What was that?!

ADAM

Nothing.

DANE
Reprimanded by 2:30!

SAMANTHA
I heard that!

ADAM
The woman has bionic hearing.

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

DANE
She's more machine now than man.

ADAM
Twisted and evil.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Blake sits quietly in a waiting room as Detective Jones enters.

DETECTIVE JONES
Mr. Tanner?

BLAKE
Yes.

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

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

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

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

DETECTIVE JONES
Thank you.

Detective Jones carefully inspects notes from his notepad.

DETECTIVE JONES
Now, I understand you were present at the parking lot on the morning when the group left?

BLAKE

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

Detective Jones writes notes in his notepad.

DETECTIVE JONES

And that was at what time?

Blake stares at the table for a brief second.

BLAKE

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

DETECTIVE JONES

How many were in the group?

BLAKE

Six.

DETECTIVE JONES

Did they say where they were going?

BLAKE

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

DETECTIVE JONES

Did you notice anything unusual about the group?

Several seconds pass as Blake thinks to himself.

BLAKE

No, not that I can recall.

DETECTIVE JONES

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

BLAKE

Yes.

DETECTIVE JONES

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

BLAKE

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

DETECTIVE JONES

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

BLAKE

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

DETECTIVE JONES

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

BLAKE

(jokingly)

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

DETECTIVE JONES

Well, thank you for your time, Blake.

BLAKE

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

Detective Jones returns his notepad and pen to his jacket.

DETECTIVE JONES

I'm sure we'll be in touch.

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

DETECTIVE JONES

Everything alright?

Blake begins to make his way to the door.

BLAKE

Yeah, it's just like you said.

Blake turns to face Detective Jones as he reaches the exit.

BLAKE
(smiling)
20 years is a long time to work for
the park service.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

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

Dane stands in the middle of the group.

DANE
...so I've got this wet toilet
paper mixed with fake blood
covering my entire face and I'm
chasing Adam clear across campus
from the testing center and he's
running as fast as he possibly
can...

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

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

SAMANTHA
So what happened?

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

Everyone laughs except for Chris.

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

DANE
So I go and hop in Adam's closet
and I wait there for him to come
home.

ADAM
I finally get home and I'm
exhausted, so I go to put my jacket
in my closet...

DANE
(interrupting)
Your face was priceless.

ADAM
...and here comes Dane barreling
out of the closet on top of me. You
scared the crap out of me that
night!

Everyone around the fire starts laughing again.

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

ADAM
I'm definitely not a fighter. I'll
always run when it comes down to
it.

Ashley shakes her head.

ASHLEY
I can't imagine hurting someone to
save my life.

Tray drinks from a small cup.

TRAY
You'd be surprised by what you'd do
to survive.

DANE
(jokingly)
You're right.

Dane points at Chris.

DANE
Chris would just save his own skin
and leave the rest of us to die.

Chris gives Dane a sharp look.

CHRIS
No, Dane, I would just leave you.

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

CHRIS
Please don't.

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

ASHLEY
(interrupting)
Is this a story Jimmy should hear?

Dane chuckles to himself briefly.

DANE
Is this a story Ash should hear?

ASHLEY
Watch it!

Adam casually glances at Tray who quietly sips from his cup.

ADAM
Tray, you have any good prank
stories?

Tray carefully analyzes the inside of his empty cup.

TRAY
No, not really.

JAMES
Any scary stories?

ASHLEY
James!

A small smile stretches across Tray's face.

TRAY
Just one.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Carson listens on his cell phone outside the waiting room where James waits. An ambiguous voice can be heard through the phone.

DETECTIVE CARSON
(frustrated)
I don't care if he has the day off!
Just get me that chopper!

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

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

Detective Carson quickly switches calls.

DETECTIVE CARSON
This is Carson.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

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

DETECTIVE CARSON
What've you got?

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

TOM
It doesn't make any sense.

DETECTIVE CARSON
(confused)
What doesn't?

TOM
A group of adults goes missing in a
national park? Not likely. I mean
one or two people getting lost up
there is pretty common, but...

Detective Carson leans against a nearby filing cabinet.

DETECTIVE CARSON
(interrupting)
I'm listening.

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

TOM
I ran a cross-check in the database for any similar cases in recent history.

Tom returns and sits in the creaky chair.

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

Detective Carson leans toward Tom's computer.

DETECTIVE CARSON
(reading)
Five hikers went missing near Leavenworth...no bodies were found...police called off the search after 14 days.

TOM
And this one.

Tom taps a button on the computer, displaying a new document.

DETECTIVE CARSON
(reading)
Martin family of six lost near Wenatchee National Forest. Police were unable to locate the family after a 10 day search.

Tom pushes away from his desk; his chair creaking loudly as he stands and walks toward a nearby table.

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

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

DETECTIVE CARSON
What did you find?

Tom finishes unrolling a large demographic map of Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest in Washington. Several red markers indicate when and where the individuals went missing; all during the same two months of the year.

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

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

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

Tom scrutinizes the map briefly.

TOM
Well look at the different locations. It looks like the disappearances didn't occur more than twice in any one police jurisdiction during that 20 years.

Detective Carson stares at the map in silence.

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

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

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

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

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

He walks about 20 yards and stops to relieve himself.

He hears something moving in the forest nearby. He shrugs off the noise as he quietly finishes and turns to head back.

After a few steps, he hears an unusual WHINE.
He stops and squints into the darkened forest.

DANE
Hello?

The unusual sound occurs again, much closer than before.

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

He hears the WHINE again, even closer than before.

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

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

Dane sprints back toward the small campfire.

After about 15 feet, he runs into a tree stump.

Dane stumbles into the hard dirt and clutches at his ankles.
Warm blood trickles from the lacerations across his ankles.

DANE
Son of a...

The tree stump, barely silhouetted in the soft light of the
moon, rises into the midnight air in front of him.

Dane stares at the monstrous shape for a half second before
he screams, lasting only a fraction of a second as the dark
figure envelops him.

INT. ADAM'S TENT - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

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

ADAM
(whispering)
Dane?

Nothing.

ADAM
Dane!

He returns into his tent and retrieves a 10-inch hunting knife from his backpack before exiting the tent.

He quickly walks over to Tray's tent.

INT. TRAY'S TENT - NIGHT

ADAM
Chris. Tray.

Neither Chris nor Tray move.

ADAM
Chris! Tray!

Adam nudges both of them. They begin to stir as Tray peeks out of his sleeping bag.

TRAY
(confused)
Yeah?

ADAM
I can't find Dane.

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

CHRIS
What's going on?

ADAM
I can't find Dane.

Tray pulls his legs from his sleeping bag and puts shoes on.

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

ADAM

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

TRAY

He's probably just going to the bathroom.

ADAM

He's been gone for a while.

CHRIS

What do you want us to do?

An annoyed expression crosses Adam's face. He shines the flashlight directly into Chris' eyes.

CHRIS

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

ADAM

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

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

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

ADAM

Dane!

CHRIS

This isn't funny, dude!

Adam stops walking as he glances around the forest.

ADAM

I thought I heard the scream come from this direction.

TRAY

Where would he go?

ADAM

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

TRAY

Or why is he still not screaming?

Adam, Tray, and Chris stand in silence briefly, their eyes resting on the ground in front of them.

CHRIS

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

ADAM

This feels different.

CHRIS

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

Adam shakes his head as he shines his flashlight around the forest. Neither of them speak for several seconds.

Tray glances at his watch.

TRAY

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

ADAM

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

They all turn to head back.

CHRIS

I'm telling you guys, he's just playing a practical joke on us. He's probably just sitting off in the forest right now laughing...

Adam suddenly stumbles into the hard grass.

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

TRAY

Hey, you alright?

Adam remains motionless, staring at the grass.

Tray and Chris move to Adam's side.

TRAY
Are you alright?

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

One of Dane's shoes lays in the crimson pool.

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

All three shine their flashlights into the tall tree above, but see nothing.

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

They run back to camp, Tray carrying Dane's shoe.

INT. SAMANTHA'S TENT - NIGHT

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

ADAM
All of you get up.

Samantha and Ashley stir.

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

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

ADAM
Something's happened to Dane.

Ashley sits up in her sleeping bag.

ASHLEY
(concerned)
Is he alright?

ADAM
We don't know.

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

SAMANTHA

What do you mean you don't know?!

ADAM

We can't find him.

Ashley puts shoes on as well.

ASHLEY

What about Chris and Tray?

ADAM

They're both out here already...but
you all need to get up.

Adam and Samantha exit the tent as Ashley shakes James.

ASHLEY

James, you need to wake up.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Adam, Tray, and Chris all stand around the barely visible
campfire as Samantha rubs her eyes.

She notices the shoe in Dane's hand.

SAMANTHA

Is that...Dane's shoe?

ADAM

Yes.

SAMANTHA

Where did you find it?

Tray points outside the camp.

TRAY

About...15 yards outside of camp.

SAMANTHA

What is that all over his shoe?

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

Samantha's eyes widen as she quickly drops it into the dirt.

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

ASHLEY
What are we going to do?

ADAM
We need to go.

ASHLEY
And leave Dane wandering around in
the woods?

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

ASHLEY
What do you mean?

Samantha silently points down at the blood-covered shoe.
Ashley stares at the shoe, her eyes widening.

ASHLEY
Is that...

CHRIS
...blood.

The group remains motionless.

ADAM
We're leaving.

Samantha shakes her head as she raises her hand toward Adam.

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

CHRIS
That's what I said, but...

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

SAMANTHA
You're overreacting.

ADAM
And you're under reacting!

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

ADAM
What are you doing, Ash?!

ASHLEY
Gathering up my stuff.

ADAM
Leave your stuff!

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

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

Everyone turns, shining their flashlights in the direction where the sound originated.

They see only a dense forest with a few dead trees.

ADAM
Dane?!

CHRIS
Stop foolin' around, dude!

They hear the sound again on the opposite side of camp.

Everyone turns to shine their flashlights.

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

Adam carefully retrieves his hunting knife from his side.

ADAM
What other weapons do we have?

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

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

Ashley pulls James close as she looks around the camp.

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

ADAM
Chris, you have anything?

CHRIS
Just a basic pocket knife.

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

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

Samantha looks at the rest of the group.

SAMANTHA
What?

Adam shakes his head in disbelief.

They hear the unusual sound again coming from a different side of camp. The entire group turns.

TRAY
How many rounds do you have?

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

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

The unusual sound continuously emanates from the forest.

SAMANTHA
Dane this is your last chance!

Samantha fires a shot into the forest toward the sound.

ADAM
What the hell was that?!

SAMANTHA
Just giving them a warning.

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

Ashley grabs the back of Adam's arm.

ASHLEY
I just want to leave.

ADAM
We can't go anywhere now, Ash.

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

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

ASHLEY
So what are we going to do?!

Adam begins scanning the camp.

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

SAMANTHA
What makes you say that?

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

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

Adam begins gathering several pieces of wood.

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

Ashley and James rush to Adam's side.

ASHLEY
What do you want us to do?!

ADAM
How long do we have before sunrise?

Tray glances down at his watch.

TRAY

I'd say about three hours.

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

ADAM

We need to light this place up if we're going to make it until sunrise. If it's a bunch of guys out there, then they'll have to come in close to get any of us.

TRAY

And the fires...

ADAM

...will help us see them coming.

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

ADAM

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

Samantha circles with her pistol, the sound moving quickly around the forest, closer than before.

SAMANTHA

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

Adam, Ashley, and James finish constructing small campfires.

Adam looks around the camp, analyzing each campfire.

ADAM

(looking at Ashley)

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

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

Adam grabs the can from her and quickly sprays it on each small campfire.

He retrieves his lighter from his pocket, lighting each campfire, the small flames gently rising into the air.

As each fire grows larger with each passing minute, the unusual sound and movement of the forest become more faint.

Adam looks around the group, breathing heavily.

ADAM

You think that worked?!

TRAY

I guess we have about three hours to find out.

The unusual sound fades into the forest.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Detective Jones stands with his arms folded across his chest as he speaks with JESSICA WHITE, the forensic officer. Detective Carson enters and quickly crosses the room.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Please tell me you have something.

Jessica turns toward her examination table and analyzes a broken camera.

JESSICA

The camera was pretty much trashed when we found it...

Jessica sighs as she drops the camera on the table, turning toward her computer.

JESSICA

...but I managed to pull one fingerprint and match it with the one we pulled from Chris Miller's apartment, which confirms that the camera belonged to him. I was also able to extract a few pictures from the SD card.

DETECTIVE CARSON

And?

Jessica cycles through several scenic pictures.

JESSICA

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

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

Both detectives stare at the picture in silence.

DETECTIVE JONES
Hold on a second!

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

DETECTIVE JONES
Six.

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

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

DETECTIVE CARSON
Blake...Tanner?

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

Detective Carson thinks to himself for a moment.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Which families filed a missing person's report yesterday?

DETECTIVE JONES
Eastman...Taylor...Sorenson...
Miller...Ducane...

Detective Carson nods his head in agreement.

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

Detective Carson reaches over Jessica's shoulder, pointing directly at Tray.

DETECTIVE JONES
We don't know. No other families have reported a missing person in

DETECTIVE JONES
this area...at least not that I
know of.

Detective Carson looks directly at Detective Jones.

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

Detective Carson turns toward Jessica.

DETECTIVE CARSON
What about the toxicology report
from the shoe?

Jessica types on her computer.

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

A technical report suddenly appears on the computer screen.

JESSICA
I also found traces of saliva.

DETECTIVE JONES
Saliva?

Detective Carson looks at Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Animal attack.

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

DETECTIVE JONES
But there's quite a few...

JESSICA
(interrupting)
...but there were also DNA
sequences that resemble a black
widow spider.

Both detectives look confused.

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

Jessica sighs.

JESSICA
The saliva contained some type of
venom, so I ran a toxicity
analysis.

DETECTIVE CARSON
What did you find?

Jessica stands and retrieves a report from a nearby table.

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

Jessica flips through several pages of the report.

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

Detective Carson paces briefly in silence.

DETECTIVE CARSON
What effect would this neurotoxin
have on humans?

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

Jessica flips through more pages of the report.

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

Jessica closes the report, placing it back on the table.

JESSICA

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

Jessica pauses briefly.

JESSICA

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

DETECTIVE JONES

LSD?

JESSICA

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

Detective Carson turns toward Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Get Blake back in here now.

Detective Carson turns back to Jessica.

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

JESSICA

Of course.

Both detectives walk toward the exit.

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

DETECTIVE JONES

Where are you going?

DETECTIVE CARSON
Records department.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Adam adjusts his backpack to fit squarely on his shoulders.

He quietly pulls the hunting knife from the sheath attached to his belt, carefully inspecting the blade.

Small strings of smoke rise into the air from the small fires carefully positioned around the camp.

INT. SAMANTHA'S TENT - DAY

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

ADAM
You need to pack light.

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

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

ASHLEY
What about the blankets?

Adam thinks to himself.

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

Ashley quickly packs her belongings.

ADAM
Do you have your cell phone?

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

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

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

JAMES

No.

ADAM

I can't find mine either.

ASHLEY

What happened to them?

ADAM

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

ASHLEY

Jimmy, don't forget your sketchbook.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

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

ADAM

Chris?!

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

CHRIS

I'm ready to go.

ADAM

Do you have your cell phone?

CHRIS

I couldn't find it.

Chris motions toward the forest.

CHRIS

I think I may have accidentally dropped it in the woods last night.

ADAM

I doubt it.

CHRIS

What do you mean?

Samantha moves toward Adam and Chris.

SAMANTHA

Hey guys, have you seen my phone?

ADAM

Everyone's cell phones are missing.

Tray emerges from the nearby tent and moves toward them.

SAMANTHA

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

ADAM

Tray?

TRAY

I didn't bring mine with me.

CHRIS

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

Ashley emerges from her tent and approaches the group.

ADAM

I don't know.

ASHLEY

What are we going to do?

ADAM

We just need to get to the cars as soon as we can.

SAMANTHA

Are we ready?

ADAM

Just about.

Adam turns toward the nearby tent.

ADAM

James?

JAMES

(emerging from the tent)
I'm ready.

ASHLEY

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

SAMANTHA

If Dane is still alive, he's no
where near this area.

CHRIS

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

ADAM

Do any of you really want to stay?

Several seconds pass as the group stands in silence.

ADAM

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

The entire group walks away from the camp.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Carson enters the records department.

Tom turns his chair toward Detective Carson.

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

TOM

Yeah.

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

Tom turns back to his computer and types quickly. He
carefully analyzes different documents.

TOM

There.

Tom points to a specific spot on the computer document.

TOM

(reading)

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

DETECTIVE CARSON
And the other cases?

Tom types in silence for a few seconds.

TOM
(reading)
Unknown neurotoxin. LSD.

Tom continues to pull up different forensic reports.

TOM
(reading)
Ethanol...tetrodotoxin...the same
chemicals were found at each site.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Thanks, Tom. That's all I needed.

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

TOM
This is something you may find
interesting.

Detective Carson paces back across the room.

TOM
(reading)
Walter, Susan, and Bridgette Crowe
all go missing from their home in
the early morning of October 9th,
1993. The neighbors reportedly
heard screaming and gunshots
shortly after 3:00 AM and called
the police, but officers had
already been dispatched. They found
traces of an unknown neurotoxin
present at the scene.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Did the call come from in the home?

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

DETECTIVE CARSON
What happened to the boy?

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

Detective Carson stares at the computer in silence briefly.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Do they have a photo of the family?

Tom searches through different documents on his computer.

TOM
Here it is.

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

DETECTIVE CARSON
Where is Daniel now?

Tom quickly types on his computer.

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

DETECTIVE CARSON
Phone number?

TOM
(reading)
360-384-0919.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Thanks, Tom.

Detective Carson pulls out his cell phone as he walks toward
the exit.

TOM
Where are you going?

DETECTIVE CARSON
Monroe.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

Adam glances down at his watch and gently brushes some dust away from the clock face, which reads "1:00 PM."

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

Tray does not turn to face Adam as he walks.

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

SAMANTHA
Why are we headed to the ranger station?

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

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

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

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

CHRIS
As long as we get back before dark.

Tray stops walking, facing the rest of the group.

TRAY

We'll be back before dark. Trust me.

JAMES

I'm hungry.

Ashley places her hand on James' shoulder.

ASHLEY

I know, Jimmy.

She bends down, removing her backpack from her shoulders.

ASHLEY

Let me see if I have any more granola bars.

As she rummages through her backpack, Chris carefully lets his backpack drop from his shoulders.

He slumps to the ground, resting his back against a tree.

Adam turns to face Chris.

ADAM

What are you doing, Chris?

Chris rolls his eyes.

CHRIS

We've been hiking for hours! I'm going to sit down for a minute!

ADAM

We don't have time to take a break!

Ashley sits next to James as he frantically bites into a crushed granola bar.

ASHLEY

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

Adam sighs, glancing at Samantha and Tray.

Samantha shrugs as Tray sips from a water bottle.

ADAM

We need to get back before dark.

He quietly walks to where Ashley and James sit.

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

ADAM
(interrupting)
Jimmy, I'll carry your backpack for
you.

Adam gently reaches down and grabs James' backpack.

Tray returns his water bottle to his pocket.

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

Chris smiles as he stands, handing his backpack to Tray.

CHRIS
Thanks.

The group follows Tray along the trail, Adam readjusting the
two backpacks on his shoulders.

INT. CLARK RESIDENCE - DAY

Detective Carson sits on the couch, casually looking around
the living room when his cell phone rings. He quickly puts
the phone to his ear.

DETECTIVE CARSON
This is Carson.

DETECTIVE JONES (V.O.)
Blake isn't here.

DETECTIVE CARSON
What?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Detective Jones stands on one of the trails leading through
the forest. POLICE OFFICER #1 stands next to him as several
police officers walk through the thick woods.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

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

DETECTIVE CARSON
Did you already check his home?

DETECTIVE JONES
I sent a car over there as soon as
I found out. They called and said
the place was empty.

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

DETECTIVE JONES
Understood.

Detective Jones closes his phone.

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

POLICE OFFICER #1
They headed back the same direction
they came, but it looks like they
diverged onto a different trail
about an hour into the hike.

DETECTIVE JONES
(confused)
Which direction did they go?

POLICE OFFICER #1
(pointing)
Uh...north...northwest. The trail
goes everywhere at that point.

DETECTIVE JONES
Why would they go deeper into the
forest?

INT. CLARK RESIDENCE - DAY

Detective Carson returns his phone to his jacket as
65-year-old DEBORAH CLARK enters; carefully balancing a tray
with two cups of coffee.

DETECTIVE CARSON
So when was the last time you saw
Daniel?

DEBORAH

We always called him Danny. Would you like sugar in your coffee?

DETECTIVE CARSON

Yes, please.

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

Thank you.

DEBORAH

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

Deborah thinks to herself briefly.

DEBORAH

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

DEBORAH

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

DEBORAH

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

Talking to himself?

DEBORAH

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

Did Danny have a history of mental illness?

DEBORAH

Aside from the PTSD, the social service worker didn't say anything.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Do you happen to have a picture of Danny right before he left?

DEBORAH

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

Deborah stands and crosses the room to a nearby closet.

She carefully removes a shoebox from the top shelf and returns to her chair. She thumbs through several pictures.

DEBORAH

I'm sorry. I really should get these into a photo album.

Several seconds pass as she looks.

DEBORAH

Ah, there it is.

Deborah hands a photograph to Detective Carson.

DEBORAH

That was taken at Danny's graduation.

Detective Carson inspects the photograph briefly. He quickly stands, tossing the picture on the coffee table.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Thank you for your time, Mrs. Clark, but I really need to leave.

Detective Carson begins to walk toward the front door.

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

Detective Carson stops as he opens the front door.

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

DEBORAH
Anytime.

EXT. CLARK RESIDENCE - DAY

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

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

EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

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

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

ADAM
How much longer until we reach the
parking lot?

TRAY
About a half hour.

SAMANTHA
Wait!

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

SAMANTHA
Listen!

The entire group stands motionless.

ADAM
What is it, Sam?

SAMANTHA
Just shut up for a second!

The entire group continues to stand motionless for several seconds. Tray slowly turns to walk when the faint sound of a cell phone can be heard.

Samantha slowly turns, looking directly at Chris' backpack.

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

CHRIS
Hey!

SAMANTHA
Stop moving for one second!

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

She finds a collection of smashed and broken cell phones.

She quickly grabs the phone that continues to ring.

The smashed phone projects one last ring tone program before dying completely.

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

Chris stands motionless, his eyes wide with terror.

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

ADAM
And why are they broken?

Chris' eyes dart from one member of the group to the other.

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

Suddenly, Ashley bursts past Samantha, punching Chris in the face as he attempts to cover his head.

ASHLEY

We trusted you! Dane was your
friend!

Adam quickly rushes in, grabbing Ashley around the waist and hoisting her off the ground as he pulls her away from Chris.

Chris' eyes scan the group, his face red with anger.

CHRIS

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

Chris freezes as he hears the CLICK of a pistol behind him.

He slowly turns to face Samantha, who is pointing her firearm directly at his head. Chris' eyes widen.

SAMANTHA

You first.

Adam, still wrestling to control Ashley, turns to Samantha.

ADAM

Sam, stop fooling around!

Samantha stands motionless, the gun still pointed at Chris.

SAMANTHA

Do I look like I'm fooling around?!

Tray moves slowly toward Samantha.

ADAM

Samantha, look at me!

Samantha's head jerks in Adam's direction.

ADAM

(clearly and slowly)
Please put the gun down.

Samantha shakes her head and looks back at Chris.

SAMANTHA

Not a chance.

CHRIS

I didn't take everyone's phones!

Tray slowly inches his way toward Samantha.

CHRIS

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

Everyone stands motionless on the shaded path.

James clutches Ashley's waist as Tray stands only a foot away from Samantha.

ADAM

Who else used your backpack?

Chris' gaze drops to the ground.

Tray stands motionless next to Samantha.

CHRIS

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

ADAM

And who has touched your backpack since then?

Chris' eyes widen, his gaze darting to Tray.

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

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

ADAM

Tray?

TRAY

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

SAMANTHA

Who is trying to kill us?!

TRAY

You will all be dead by tomorrow morning!

ASHLEY

What?!

ADAM

Tray, please put the gun down.

Tray quickly points the gun at Adam.

TRAY

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

SAMANTHA

What are you talking about?!

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

A small smile pulls at the corner of his mouth.

TRAY

Ring around a rosy...

Tray points the gun at each group member.

TRAY

...a pocket full of posies...

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

TRAY

Ashes, ashes, we all fall...

Tray points the gun at Adam.

TRAY

...down.

Suddenly, Chris rushes toward Tray from the opposite side.

Tray quickly turns, firing one shot before Chris tackles
him. They both tumble off the trail, down the steep side of
the mountain.

Adam quickly jumps onto the slope, sliding behind them.

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

Adam digs his heels into the soft dirt in front of him.

He comes to a stop near the edge of the cliff, laying his
head back into the dirt as he catches his breath. He
carefully peers over the ledge into the shaded forest below.

ADAM

Chris!

Adam listens for some response, but hears nothing.

ADAM

Chris!

Adam peers around and makes the slow trek back up the slope.

About halfway up, he finds the Glock 23 laying in the dirt.

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

Adam reaches the top of the slope glancing around at the remaining group members as he attempts to catch his breath.

Ashley sobs as she cradles James close to her chest.

SAMANTHA

What happened?

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

ADAM

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

Adam glances down the shaded trail.

ADAM

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

Adam grabs his backpack from the ground.

SAMANTHA

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

ADAM

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

Adam glances down at his dirt-covered watch. The small hands have stopped moving. He turns to Samantha.

ADAM
How much time do we have before
sunset, Sam?

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

SAMANTHA
I'd say we have about four hours.

ADAM
We have to get down this cliff and
get Chris...and hopefully have
enough time to get back to the
parking lot before dark.

Adam helps Ashley and James stand.

ADAM
C'mon. We need to get moving.

He gently swings their backpacks over his shoulder as he begins to walk, Ashley and James following behind him.

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

EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

DETECTIVE JONES
You issued an APB for who?

DETECTIVE CARSON (V.O.)
Daniel Crowe.

DETECTIVE JONES
Who?

INT. DETECTIVE CARSON'S CAR - DAY

Detective Carson drives, his cellular pressed to his cheek.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DETECTIVE CARSON
And Blake Tanner.

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

He's the seventh group member. I've asked Tom to contact every law enforcement agency west of the park within 100 miles to ensure they received the profile information.

DETECTIVE JONES

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

DETECTIVE CARSON

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

DETECTIVE JONES

About 30 minutes.

DETECTIVE CARSON

I'll meet you there.

Detective Carson closes his phone.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Chris regains consciousness. His hand slowly moves toward his head.

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

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

He winces before he slowly leans up again, his eyes darting to his legs.

Blood stains his jeans around his right thigh where the bullet struck. He remains motionless as he stares at the wound.

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

Chris reaches for his dirt-stained backpack laying about three feet away.

CHRIS

Stupid. stupid. stupid.

Chris pulls a t-shirt from his backpack, retrieves his pocketknife, and cuts the shirt into strips.

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

CHRIS

Ow!

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

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

He glances around the nearby forest.

CHRIS

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

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

Chris remains motionless briefly before army crawling to the base of the cliff.

He carefully analyzes the massive rock wall rising above him.

CHRIS

Adam!

He desperately listens for a response.

CHRIS

Sam!

Chris' shoulders drop. He quickly glances around the woods.

CHRIS

Where did you go, Tray?

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

CHRIS

(shaking his head)

Great.

He carefully positions his back against the hard, rock wall. Chris glances toward the top of the cliff again.

CHRIS
Adam! Ashley!

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

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

EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

ADAM
Chris?!

SAMANTHA
Chris?!

Adam glances into the surrounding forest as they listen.

ADAM
Keep your eyes peeled for Tray.

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

ASHLEY
Chris?!

All of them stop walking as Adam glances toward the cliff above them.

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

ASHLEY
Then where are they?

All of them glance into the surrounding forest.

SAMANTHA
We're running out of daylight, Adam.

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

SAMANTHA

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

Samantha briefly analyzes the nearby forest.

SAMANTHA

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

ASHLEY

That makes sense.

ADAM

And where is Tray?

SAMANTHA

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

ASHLEY

We just need to watch for Tray.

Adam glances up into the sky.

ADAM

How much time do we have before
sunset?

Samantha looks at her watch.

SAMANTHA

A little over an hour.

ADAM

We need to find some kind of
shelter for the night.

ASHLEY

What about Chris?

ADAM

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

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective Jones approaches Detective Carson.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Has James said anything?

DETECTIVE JONES
Not a word. He's still sitting in
the observation room. The parents
are meeting with the child
psychologist right now.

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

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

Detective Carson listens carefully. He then turns, walking
toward the exit.

Detective Carson motions for Detective Jones to follow him.

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

Detective Carson returns his phone to his jacket.

DETECTIVE CARSON
(smiling)
We got him.

DETECTIVE JONES
Daniel Crowe or Blake Tanner?

DETECTIVE CARSON
Daniel.

DETECTIVE JONES
(smiling)
So where are we going?

DETECTIVE CARSON
United General Hospital.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha enter the mouth of a small cave as a light rain falls. Adam slips the heavy backpack from his shoulders.

ADAM

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

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

ADAM

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

Ashley and James huddle against the rock wall.

ASHLEY

And Jimmy is tired. He needs to rest.

SAMANTHA

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

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

ADAM

We need to take that chance.

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

SAMANTHA

We should move to the back of the cave. Maybe we can avoid a confrontation altogether.

Adam turns and gathers Ashley's and James' belongings.

ADAM

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

Adam makes his way to the back of the cavern.

ADAM

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

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

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

ADAM

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

JAMES

I'm cold.

Adam removes his jacket and hands it to James.

ADAM

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

JAMES

Thanks, Adam.

ASHLEY

Should we try to get a fire going?

ADAM

No. In fact, we need to limit using
our flashlights.

Samantha drops her backpack near the back of the cavern.

SAMANTHA

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

ADAM

I'll take the first watch.

Adam moves toward the mouth of the cave.

ADAM

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

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

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

CHRIS

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

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

CHRIS

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

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

CHRIS

In fact, after you shoot me, can we tumble down a "much-steeper-than-it-looks" hill and off a cliff? Of course we can!

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

CHRIS

And then after I regain consciousness with the worst headache of my life, can I lay against the "holy freakin' cold" rock wall with a broken leg, a bullet in my thigh, and most likely a couple bruised ribs?

Chris uses the camera flash to light the surrounding woods.

CHRIS

Yes, please do.

Chris desperately peers into the nearby forest, the flash from his camera going off periodically.

CHRIS

Tray, I have something to say to you. What is it, Chris? Go screw yourself.

The rain continues to pour.

CHRIS
This is the LAST time I'm going
camping for a while.

Chris suddenly hears movement in the forest.

CHRIS
Hello?

Something rustles in the nearby woods, followed by an unusual WHINE. He flashes his camera in all directions.

CHRIS
(scared)
Who's there?

The unusual WHINE seems to be coming from all directions. Chris flashes his camera, but is unable to see anything.

He retrieves his small pocketknife and opens the blade.

CHRIS
(panicked)
Tray, I swear if you come near me,
I'm going to ram this knife
straight into your throat, so
you'll never be able to chant that
stupid nursery rhyme ever again!

Suddenly the forest is quiet again, aside from the rain.

CHRIS
(confused)
Tray?!

The forest remains silent. Chris flashes his camera again into the nearby woods. He is unable to see anything move as he flashes in different directions.

Chris' shoulders drop as he lays the camera in his lap, closing his eyes as he listens to the pouring rain. Suddenly, he hears the WHINE again in the forest to his left.

As he turns and flashes the camera, a monstrous figure can be seen briefly as it attacks Chris.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Detective Carson and Detective Jones walk down a bright hallway, DOCTOR #1 walking close beside them.

DETECTIVE CARSON

What time did you say he came in?

DOCTOR #1

The ambulance was called shortly after 1:00 PM yesterday by a family who found him laying next to the road near Concrete Muni. He was pretty banged up when they brought him in...broken arm...two cracked ribs...multiple bruises...

DETECTIVE JONES

Has he said anything?

DOCTOR #1

Nothing. He didn't have any identification with him and he's refused to answer any questions.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Did you find anything unusual during the medical examination?

DOCTOR #1

We did find high concentrations of an unknown neurotoxin in his blood as well as LSD. However, we're stumped as to how the toxin hasn't killed him at this point...based purely on the levels of ethanol and tetrodotoxin coursing through him.

Both detectives and Doctor #1 come to a hospital room where two police officers stand outside the door.

Detective Carson turns to Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Let me talk to him alone.

DETECTIVE JONES

(confused)

You sure?

DETECTIVE CARSON

Yeah.

DETECTIVE JONES
You're the boss.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Carson enters the room as Tray lays quietly in his bed, his left arm in a sling as he stares out the nearby window into the darkness. Multiple bruises cover his face.

Detective Carson quietly retrieves a chair from the corner and pulls it close to the foot of the bed.

Detective Carson places pictures of Ashley, James, Adam, Chris, Samantha, and Dane on the bed.

DETECTIVE CARSON
So where are they?

Tray peers silently out the window.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Don't recognize them?

Detective Carson places additional photographs onto the bed.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Maybe you'll recognize the Martin family...or Larry and Paula Faraday...or any of these other people you led into the woods.

Tray slowly turns his head from the window, his eyes resting on the photographs spread across the bed.

DETECTIVE CARSON
You should recognize them, shouldn't you? You were there when they disappeared.

Several seconds pass in silence.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Oh wait, I apologize. I didn't lay these out correctly.

Detective Carson arranges the different photographs into a circle following the order they disappeared; matching the mapped diagram he had received from Tom earlier.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Is this jogging your memory yet?

Tray does not respond as he stares at the photographs.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Oh sorry, I almost forgot.

Detective Carson places photographs of Walter, Susan, and Bridgette Crowe on the bed.

Tray glares at Detective Carson.

DETECTIVE CARSON
I certainly hope they look familiar.

Tray quickly moves to the foot of the bed and swings a punch with his good arm at Detective Carson.

Detective Carson blocks the punch and counter attacks with an elbow to Tray's nose. He shoves Tray back into the bed, Tray's back hitting the bed with a THUD.

Detective Jones quickly enters the room.

DETECTIVE JONES
Everything alright?

DETECTIVE CARSON
(glaring at Tray)
We're good. Just give us a few more minutes.

Detective Jones exits the room, a small grin stretched across his face as he closes the door behind him.

A small trail of blood trickles from Tray's nose.

Detective Carson retrieves a box of tissues from the nearby table and tosses it at Tray's chest.

Tray presses a tissue to his nose.

TRAY
I didn't kill anybody.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Are they still alive?

TRAY
(smiling)
No one EVER survives.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Who else are you working with?
Blake Tanner?

A small chuckle escapes Tray's lips.

TRAY

You don't get it, do you. I never had a choice. It was always them or me.

DETECTIVE CARSON

(confused)

Please explain.

TRAY

Once he gets you, you never have a choice. He keeps you alive as long as you continue to help him.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Help him?

TRAY

Collect.

DETECTIVE CARSON

(confused)

Collect for what?

A small smile pulls at the corner of Tray's mouth.

TRAY

Winter is coming, isn't it?

DETECTIVE CARSON

When you say "he," are you referring to some kind of animal?

TRAY

I don't know WHAT he is.

Detective Carson thinks to himself briefly.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Where can I find him?

Tray points to the center of the circle that Detective Carson made using the pictures.

TRAY

(smiling)

Don't worry. You wander into those woods after dark by yourself and, trust me...he'll find you.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Ashley awakens in the darkened cave.

Soft morning light emanates from the entrance where Adam sits close to James constructing some type of spear using one of the hunting knives he was carrying.

Samantha stands near the entrance of the cavern, anxiously gazing into the nearby forest.

ASHLEY

What are you doing?

ADAM

I was just showing Jimmy how to make a spear.

Ashley rises to her feet as she rubs her shoulder. She slowly shuffles toward the rest of the group.

ASHLEY

How long was I out?

SAMANTHA

It's almost 9:00.

Samantha turns to face the rest of the group.

SAMANTHA

We need to get moving if we're going to find the parking lot.

Ashley watches James as he carefully secures a hunting knife to the end of a long stick.

ASHLEY

Jimmy, please be careful with that. I don't want you to cut yourself.

ADAM

He'll be fine.

James finishes fastening the hunting knife to the long stick and hands the finished product to Adam.

Adam carefully inspects the completed spear and nods as he turns to hand it to Ashley.

ADAM

Here, this one is for you.

Ashley raises her hands in defense.

ASHLEY
I'm not carrying a spear!

ADAM
Ash, please. If we run into...Tray,
I want you to be prepared.

A disgusted look stretches across Ashley's face.

ASHLEY
Do you really think I'm capable of
stabbing another person?

ADAM
If it comes to that, I hope so.

ASHLEY
Well I can't.

Adam sighs as he rubs his forehead. Samantha turns to Ashley.

SAMANTHA
Even if it means saving Jimmy?

Ashley glares at Samantha for several seconds.

ASHLEY
I'm not carrying a spear.

ADAM
Here...

Adam digs into his pocket and retrieves two small pocketknives.

ADAM
...at least carry a couple of the
small pocketknives: one for each
pocket.

Ashley stares at the pocketknives in Adam's hand briefly as she picks at her lip.

ADAM
Please, Ash. Just do it for me.

Ashley quickly grabs the two knives in frustration and stuffs one into each pocket as a small smile pulls at the corner of Adam's mouth.

ADAM

Thank you.

SAMANTHA

I think the rain is about to let up. We need to get moving.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Carson stands from his chair and gathers the photographs from Tray's bed.

DETECTIVE CARSON

A police escorted ambulance will transport you back south tomorrow morning.

Detective Carson motions toward the door.

DETECTIVE CARSON

There are two police officers waiting outside your room...plus one more in the lobby. I would recommend not trying anything.

Detective Carson begins to walk toward the door. He stops after a few steps, turning to Tray.

DETECTIVE CARSON

You were wrong about one thing, Tray. Someone DID survive.

TRAY

(panicked)

What?

DETECTIVE CARSON

James Sorenson is on his way home with his parents as we speak.

TRAY

(panicked)

No. That wasn't the agreement!

Tray quickly glances at the window before he turns back to Detective Carson, terror spread across his face.

TRAY

You have to get me out of here!

DETECTIVE CARSON

You're not going anywhere until tomorrow morning, Danny.

Tray shakes his head in disbelief.

TRAY

No, you don't understand! I can't stay here tonight!

DETECTIVE CARSON

You've got two police officers standing right outside your door. I think you'll be fine for one night.

Detective Carson moves toward the door.

Tray panics and falls from his bed as he reaches for him.

TRAY

No! Please, don't leave me here!

Detective Carson opens the door without looking back at Tray and moves past Detective Jones.

TRAY

Don't leave me here!

Two doctors run past them into Tray's room as he yells.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha trudge through the woods, exhaustion stretched across their faces.

SAMANTHA

Adam, we've been walking all day. We should have been there already.

Adam turns in frustration toward Samantha.

ADAM

(sarcastically)

Thank you, Sam, for that AMAZING observation.

SAMANTHA

(agitated)

Look, I haven't said anything this whole time, because YOU said you could get us back to the parking lot.

Adam shakes his head as he keeps walking.

ADAM

First off, I didn't say I could get us back to the parking lot. I just said that I could point us in the right direction.

Samantha throws her hands into the air.

SAMANTHA

(sarcastically)

Oh, well great. I'm SO glad that you're clarifying that now.

The group enters a clearing next to a steep cliff.

Adam stops walking as he carefully analyzes the clearing.

SAMANTHA

(confused)

What are we doing here, Adam?

Several seconds pass in silence.

ADAM

How much time do we have before sunset?

Samantha glances down at her watch.

SAMANTHA

About three hours, why?

Adam turns to the rest of the group.

ADAM

We can spend the next three hours looking for the parking lot or we can stay here and set a trap for this thing that's going to start hunting us in a matter of hours.

SAMANTHA

What do you mean "thing?"

ADAM

(hesitating)

We're being hunted by some kind of...animal. We got lucky last night.

ASHLEY

What do you mean?

Adam stares at Samantha, Ashley, and James in silence.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Ashley, James, and Samantha lay on the hard ground near the back of the cave.

Adam sits with his back against the wall, his head bobbing as he attempts to stay awake.

Adam glances to the side as he quietly adjusts the blanket draped across Ashley. When he glances back to the mouth of the cave, a dark figure stands silhouetted by the light.

Adam freezes as he stares at the creature.

It stands motionless for several seconds before taking a couple steps into the cave.

Adam quietly grips the hilt of his hunting knife, clenching the handle as perspiration trickles down his forehead.

The creature slowly crouches, remaining still for several seconds. It emanates a quiet WHINE, which reverberates off the walls of the cave.

Adam, who had quietly slipped under his own blanket, now lays with his eyes peeking from underneath the blanket. The hunting knife lays close to his face.

The creature stares into the darkness of the cave for several seconds before it emits another quiet WHINE, again reverberating off the walls.

Adam does not move as his eyes dart from Ashley, James, and Samantha.

After a few seconds, the creature stands and returns to the mouth of the cave.

It scurries quickly into the pouring rain, disappearing into the nearby forest.

Adam lays under his blanket, his hand shaking as he puts down his hunting knife.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Adam, Ashley, James, and Samantha stand in the clearing.

ASHLEY
(terrified)
Why didn't you wake any of us?

ADAM

(hesitating)

I froze. If that thing would have attacked, I wouldn't have been able to help anyone.

ASHLEY

So why didn't this thing attack us?

ADAM

I don't think it could see us.

SAMANTHA

This thing is obviously nocturnal and it can't see in the dark?

ADAM

I don't think it sees the same way we do.

The group stands in silence briefly.

SAMANTHA

Sound?

ASHLEY

What?

SAMANTHA

Was it using the sound to find us?

ADAM

But we weren't making any noise. All of you were asleep and I was motionless.

SAMANTHA

Not "hearing" the sound, but using the vibration of the sound to see.

ASHLEY

That would make sense.

SAMANTHA

It rains up here quite frequently and that would give this thing the advantage when hunting at night.

ADAM

I think it's also using the trees to move through the forest.

SAMANTHA

So what are you proposing we do?

ADAM

I'm tired of running. I'm tired of waiting for this thing to finish us.

Adam glances around the clearing.

ADAM

There are few trees in this area. If we can force it into the clearing, we can maybe force it off the cliff.

Adam walks to the edge of the cliff and peers into the sharp rocks below.

ADAM

There's a 300 foot drop off this ledge and there's no way that thing can survive the drop.

SAMANTHA

I don't know, Adam. I mean do you really think the four of us can take this thing head on?

ADAM

We have a few knives and we still have your firearm.

SAMANTHA

I know that, but still, it doesn't...

ADAM

(interrupting)

Sam, please, for once in your life trust that someone else has a better plan than you do.

Samantha stares at Adam for a brief second.

SAMANTHA

What do you need us to do?

MONTAGE - ADAM, ASHLEY, SAMANTHA, AND JAMES CONSTRUCT A TRAP

--Ashley and James retrieve several branches, twigs, and dry kindling from the forest.

--Adam uses a hatchet to dig a small trench around a section of the clearing.

--Samantha constructs a man-shaped figure using some of Adam's clothes. She removes the broken cell phone from her pocket and carefully inspects the cracked screen.

--Adam pulls two containers of lighter fluid from his backpack. He opens the containers and pours the liquid into the newly dug trench.

--Samantha retrieves two small kerosene tanks from her backpack. She opens them and pours kerosene into the trench.

--Ashley and James drop several wood chips into the trench on top of the flammable fluids.

END MONTAGE

Adam glances at the sky as the sun begins to set.

ADAM
(turning to Ashley)
You have both sets of car keys,
right?

ASHLEY
Yes.

ADAM
Remember, don't...

ASHLEY
...move until you signal.

ADAM
(smiling)
Right.

Adam and Ashley stare at each other in silence.

ADAM
You know I love you, right?

ASHLEY
Yeah.

Adam kisses Ashley on the forehead.

ADAM
Keep James close to you, but run as
fast as you can.

ASHLEY

We will.

Adam turns to Samantha.

ADAM

Alright, Sam. It's time.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The clearing next to the cliff is quiet, except for the soft sound of crickets in the nearby forest.

Ashley lays under a blanket covered with branches and twigs close to the cliff. James lays under the blanket beside her as they both peer into the moonlit clearing.

Close to the cliff stands a motionless man-shaped figure.

Elsewhere in the clearing, Samantha watches the tree line.

Adam also lays motionless somewhere in the clearing.

Suddenly the broken cell phone emanates a ring, which is attached to the man-shaped figure.

As the phone rings, Adam's eyes carefully analyze the tree line. The phone rings for several seconds and then stops. Nothing moves in the forest.

Samantha quietly sighs as she waits.

Suddenly, she hears movement in the clearing behind her.

Adam's gaze turns to Samantha as a dark figure quietly emerges from the forest, crouching in the tall grass.

Adam's hand tightens around the spear laying by his side.

The creature almost disappears in the tall grass as it slowly moves closer to the man-shaped figure.

Samantha does not move as she hears the shuffle of the creature moving behind her. She attempts to control her breathing as it moves closer.

Samantha peers to the side to find the creature crouched next to her.

She covers her mouth as it lays still in the grass for several seconds before it moves through the clearing.

Adam slowly retrieves a lighter from his pocket as the creature moves within 10 feet of the man made figure.

Suddenly, it attacks the man-shaped figure; crushing the diversion into the ground.

Adam quickly lights the trail behind him of tinder, wood chips, bark, and dry kindling, which had been doused with lighter fluid, kerosene, and propane earlier that follows the previously dug trench.

The fire quickly spreads across the clearing, sealing the creature in a wall of flames against the cliff.

Adam jumps from his hiding spot along the ground. He is wearing his hooded sweatshirt covered and tied in branches, twigs, and dirt as he clenches a spear in his hands.

Samantha also emerges from her hiding spot in the clearing, also wearing a hooded sweatshirt and covered in branches, twigs, and dirt. Both Adam and Samantha are trapped by the wall of flames against the cliff with the creature.

ADAM

Now, Ash!

Ashley and James, who were hiding under a blanket outside of the flames, now leap from their hiding spot.

Ashley hesitates briefly before she grabs James' hand and runs as fast as she can into the nearby forest.

The creature quickly tears the man-shaped figure in half and turns to face Adam and Samantha.

Samantha unloads her pistol at the creature.

One bullet connects with the creature's shoulder as it quickly moves in Adam's direction.

Adam lunges and drives the spear into the creature's thigh.

It emanates a high pitched WHINE as the spear sinks deep into its thigh.

Adam retrieves another hunting knife from his belt and swings the sharp blade toward the creature's neck.

It turns as the blade drives deep into its back.

Several sharp objects pierce Adam's hand as the blade buries into the creature's skin.

Adam winces in pain as the creature quickly backhands him in the chest, tossing him back several feet in the clearing; more sharp objects tearing at Adam's makeshift camouflage.

Samantha fires shots at the injured creature.

It turns toward Samantha as the wall of flames grows around them. The creature lunges at her.

She quickly dives to the side.

She flips over to shoot the creature, but the gun is empty.

Samantha quickly reaches into her pocket, retrieving the other magazine.

The creature jumps onto her as she slaps the magazine into the pistol. Multiple sharp objects pierce Samantha's skin as the massive figure lands on her, the CRACKING of several bones echoing through the clearing.

Samantha unloads the clip into the creature. Multiple bullets pierce the creature's chest.

It leaps away from Samantha toward the cliff. Adam charges from the opposite direction with another spear.

He yells as he drives the spear deep into the creature's neck, pushing it toward the cliff.

The creature desperately grabs the shaft of the spear. It plants its foot against the edge, successfully stopping its movement.

Adam ditches the spear and shoves his shoulder into the creature's chest; sharp objects piercing his shoulder and neck simultaneously.

The creature tumbles over the edge, a loud WHINE escaping its lips as it falls 300 feet into the rocks below.

Adam stares into the darkness, unable to see the creature's body laying on the rocks below.

He clutches his neck as he drags himself over to Samantha.

Samantha lays on her back in the clearing as the wall of flames burns around them. Her breathing is very shallow as Adam inspects her body. Blood stains her entire chest area where the sharp objects pierced her skin.

Samantha's body suddenly convulses wildly as Adam stares in shock. Her entire body arches and eventually goes limp.

Adam sits quietly in the grass staring at her lifeless body for several seconds, blood staining his clothes in multiple areas where his skin was pierced by the sharp objects protruding from the creature's skin.

He vomits into the grass as his vision begins to blur.

Adam hunches over in the clearing as his muscles contract rapidly. He grabs his abdomen as he winces.

Suddenly, his entire body straightens. His body eventually goes limp.

His breathing becomes more and more shallow as he lays motionless in the smoke covered clearing.

Rain falls on Adam's lifeless face.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR THE FOREST - NIGHT

A police helicopter starts its engine.

Detective Carson and Detective Jones crouch in the middle of 10 police officers about 50 feet away, the map Detective Carson received from Tom earlier spread on the ground in front of him. Several flashlights shine over his shoulder.

DETECTIVE CARSON

We will land about 10 miles east of the campsite.

Detective Carson points to the middle of the circle indicating where each disappearance occurred over the last several years.

DETECTIVE CARSON

We'll have two hours to complete a sweep of the area. The helicopter will return to the extraction point at exactly 4:00 AM.

Detective Carson pauses briefly.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Now, just so we're all clear on this, once we land we all stay together. Is that understood?

Several police officers nod in agreement.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Alright, let's move.

Detective Carson stands as he folds the map, shoving it into his pocket. The 10 police officers gather their equipment and move toward the helicopter.

Detective Jones adjusts his bulletproof vest as he walks.

Detective Carson suddenly places his hand on his shoulder.

DETECTIVE CARSON
You're not going.

DETECTIVE JONES
(angrily)
What?!

DETECTIVE CARSON
I want you to go back to the police
station and wait...just in case
there's any word on Blake Tanner.

DETECTIVE JONES
(angrily)
You seriously expect me to sit this
one out?!

DETECTIVE CARSON
Yes.

Detective Jones shakes his head in disbelief as he turns to
look at the waiting helicopter.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Look, Nick, you're a damn good
detective. I need someone I can
count on back at the station if new
information comes in.

Detective Jones shakes his head, removing his vest.

DETECTIVE JONES
(pointing at Detective Carson)
You owe me one.

Detective Jones walks toward his car. He stops and turns.

DETECTIVE JONES
Just be careful out there.

Detective Jones continues toward his car. Detective Carson
walks to the helicopter.

Detective Carson quickly climbs in, slamming the door shut.

The helicopter lifts from the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR THE TRAIL - DAY

Ashley and James walk through the forest, fatigue apparent on their faces.

Ashley stops to catch her breath briefly, listening for any movement. The sun peeks over the mountain as she walks.

She stops walking as she notices the sun reflecting off something through the trees down the mountain.

Her eyes widen with excitement.

The sun is reflecting from one of the car windshields sitting in the parking lot.

ASHLEY

Jimmy, we're almost there!

Ashley grabs James' arm as she sprints down the hill.

Ashley and James emerge from the forest onto the gravel parking lot where the cars wait.

Ashley tugs on James' arm as she sprints for her car.

ASHLEY

Hurry, Jimmy, get in!

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

James opens the passenger-side door as Ashley slides into the driver-side seat.

Ashley fumbles with the keys briefly before she slides the key into the ignition. She attempts to turn the car on several times, but the car fails to start.

ASHLEY

C'mon, c'mon. C'mon start!

The car does not start.

JAMES

Why won't it start?

ASHLEY

(angrily)

I don't know, Jimmy!

Ashley pauses. She glances at James, now staring at the floor.

ASHLEY
Sorry, I didn't mean to...

She stares briefly at the steering wheel in silence.

ASHLEY
Just stay in the car for a second.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR THE TRAIL - DAY

Ashley glances around into the nearby woods as she lifts the hood of the Land Rover.

She finds several wires in the engine have been cut.

She checks the tires to find that every tire has been slashed.

Ashley glances over at Samantha's and Chris' cars to find that all tires have been slashed.

Tears trail down her face.

ASHLEY
(whispering to herself)
Damn you, Tray.

She wipes tears away from her cheeks as she quickly moves to James' door.

JAMES
What's wrong, Ash?

Ashley grabs James' arm and pulls him from the car.

ASHLEY
C'mon, Jimmy. We have to run a
little further...just down the road
to find help.

James attempts to fall in step with Ashley as he's dragged across the gravel parking lot.

JAMES
I'm so tired, Ash.

ASHLEY
I know, Jimmy, I know. Just a
little further. I promise we'll
find help.

They walk away from the parking lot.

EXT. RANGER STATION - DAY

Ashley and James come into view of a ranger station. Ashley quickly grabs James' arm and runs for the station.

She bangs on the front door desperately.

ASHLEY

Hello?! Hello, please help us!

She pounds on the door and attempts to turn the door handle.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Hello?

Blake opens the front door. He stares at Ashley and James briefly before a smile stretches across his face.

BLAKE

Hello! How was the hike?

ASHLEY

They need help!

INT. RANGER STATION - DAY

Ashley walks past Blake, pulling James behind her.

BLAKE

Who needs help?

ASHLEY

We need to call the police.

Ashley quickly looks around the room.

ASHLEY

Is there a phone in here?

BLAKE

(motioning behind him)

I just have a radio in the back room. Give me a second and I'll grab it.

Blake turns to exit the room as James tugs at Ashley's arm, attempting to pull her toward the exit.

JAMES

Please can we just leave?

Ashley kneels down beside James.

ASHLEY
What's wrong, Jimmy?

Ashley suddenly feels an arm tighten around her neck as she is pulled from the floor.

She quickly plants her feet on the ground, shoving her attacker into the desk behind them.

The attacker briefly loosens his grip around her neck. Ashley quickly retrieves one of the pocket knives from her pocket. She flips the blade open, jabbing the knife deep into her attacker's leg.

The attacker shoves her toward the floor as he grabs the area where the knife cut him.

Ashley turns to find Blake clutching his left thigh as he winces in pain. She quickly pulls herself from the ground.

ASHLEY
Run, James!

As Ashley attempts to run, Blake grabs her shoulder.

ASHLEY
Run!

Ashley is thrown into the nearby wall. Picture frames shatter against the floor as Ashley bounces onto the floor with a THUD, the pocket knife falling from her hand. She lays motionless.

Blake turns to look at James, already exiting the station. James runs across the parking lot into the forest.

Blake winces in pain as he peers down at his injured leg.

He quietly removes his jacket and bandages the wound.

He crouches over Ashley's motionless body.

BLAKE
(shaking his head)
I'm sorry, child. I'm so sorry that
it has to be this way.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Tray lays in his bed, curled in a fetal position as he gazes through the window into the darkness. Tears stream down his face. The lights are off in his room.

TRAY
(singing)
Ring around the rosy...

The clock on the wall reads "2:59 AM."

TRAY
(singing)
...a pocket full of posies...

The second hand on the clock is about to strike "3:00 AM."

TRAY
(singing)
...ashes, ashes, we all fall...

The clock strikes "3:00 AM."

TRAY
(singing)
...down.

Several seconds pass as he stares into the darkness.

TRAY
(singing)
Ring around the rosy, a pocket full
of posies...

He turns away from the window, terror etched on his face.

TRAY
(singing)
...ashes, ashes. we all fall...

He closes his eyes.

TRAY
(singing)
...down.

Suddenly, a dark figure crashes through the room window.

Tray lays motionless in his bed, his back still turned toward the monstrous figure.

The two police officers stationed outside Tray's room rush in.

Their eyes rest on the dark figure silhouetted by the light outside the building. They hesitate before opening fire.

The creature quickly moves around the room, dodging gunfire.

A stray bullet strikes nearby hospital equipment, starting a fire. The fire alarm sounds as sprinklers ignite in the room.

The creature rushes the two police officers.

It deflects one police officer's gun as the police officer fires and is tossed through the door into the hallway, where several medical personnel rush through the halls. The deflected shot strikes Tray in the chest.

The other police officer is slammed against the wall as multiple sharp objects pierce his body.

He is suspended in the air briefly before the monstrous figure drops his broken body to the floor.

The creature turns, standing at the foot of the bed where Tray lays bleeding from the bullet wound in his chest.

Tray breathes heavily as he turns to look at the creature, blood streaming between his fingers onto the bed.

TRAY
(smiling)
I knew you would come.

Tray attempts to sit upright, but falls back; his hand clutching his chest.

TRAY
Please. Please don't leave me here
alone. Who's going to help you?
Who's going to bring them to you?

He stares at the creature for several seconds.

TRAY
You were my friend. My only friend.
I would've done anything for you.

He slowly lays his head back against the wall as his eyes roll toward the ceiling.

TRAY
Please don't let me die alone. I'm
scared.

The creature slowly turns and grabs the fallen police officer's body from the ground. It moves toward the window.

TRAY

Please...don't...leave...

The creature exits the window carrying the police officer's body; only visible for a brief second as it passes through the light emanating from the hospital.

TRAY

...me.

The sprinklers continue to rain on Tray's lifeless body.

INT. CAVERN - NIGHT

Ashley awakens in a dark cavern, duct tape strapped across her mouth. She is unable to see anything as she glances into the surrounding darkness. She attempts to move her arms, but her arms and legs have been bound.

She spends several seconds reaching her tied hand into her pocket. She manages to retrieve the second small pocket knife.

She attempts to see through the darkness as she quietly opens the blade and saws through the duct tape binding her wrists.

After several seconds of cutting, Ashley frees her hands. She quickly cuts the duct tape binding her ankles.

She frees her ankles and carefully removes the duct tape covering her mouth.

She sits quietly in the dark cavern, hearing nothing.

She moves quietly along the rock wall of the cavern.

Her foot suddenly bumps something on the ground.

Ashley crouches and quietly reaches into the surrounding darkness. She hesitates slightly as she carefully examines the object with her hands.

She touches the cold, lifeless features of a human body.

She quickly stands as she cups her hand over her mouth. Tears stream down her face.

She carefully steps over the dead body as she continues along the cavern wall. Ashley seems to walk quietly along the rock wall for an hour before she feels some kind of small tunnel about waist high exiting the cavern.

She carefully climbs into the small tunnel and crawls into the darkness. She crawls for about 20 feet until she turns a corner, noticing a faint light emanating from the end of the tunnel about 100 feet in front of her.

She crawls faster up the tunnel. She makes it about 20 more feet when she hears movement in the tunnel ahead.

She glances toward the end of the tunnel as something is pushed in. Ashley also sees a dark figure pushing the object.

Her eyes widen as she quietly moves back down the tunnel. She can hear the creature coming closer to her in the tunnel as it pushes the object down the shaft.

As she rounds the corner, she feels a small alcove carved in the rock wall. She quickly climbs into the alcove, a small rock breaking from the wall as she positions herself.

The small rock falls into the tunnel leading to the cavern.

The creature stops pushing the object briefly.

Ashley cups her hand over her mouth.

After a few seconds, the creature continues pushing the object.

Ashley holds her breath as the object and creature move past her. Through the darkness, she barely recognizes that the object the creature is pushing is a human body; the reflective surface of the police officer's badge giving off a soft glow.

She turns away from the tunnel as the creature pushes the body forward. She hears the body hit the cavern floor with a THUD. She hears the creature enter the cavern as well.

She waits a couple minutes as the creature moves the police officer's body around the cavern. Ashley climbs from the alcove and quietly makes her way up the shaft. She carefully rounds the corner in the tunnel, the soft light of the night sky gleaming ahead.

She quietly ascends the shaft, the quiet movements of the creature in the cavern behind her. Ashley is about 30 feet away from the end of the tunnel when she reaches in front of

her, grabbing a stone protruding from the cave wall. As she pulls herself forward, the rock suddenly pulls loose from the wall, rolling down the shaft. Ashley slips slightly, her feet grinding on the tunnel floor.

She hears the creature suddenly emanate a brief WHINE as it stops moving in the cavern below. Ashley remains motionless in the shaft as she listens. Ashley suddenly hears the creature moving through the tunnel behind her.

She quickly ascends the remaining 30 feet of the tunnel, rocks sliding behind her.

She hears the creature scrambling up the shaft as she grasps the end of the tunnel. She pulls herself into the night sky.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Ashley rolls down a small hill before jumping to her feet, sprinting into the trees. She hears the creature release a loud WHINE as it exits the tunnel about 50 feet behind her.

ASHLEY

HELP!

The creature gains on her as she sprints through the trees.

ASHLEY

HELP!

She suddenly hits a hill and descends at an uncontrollable rate. She loses her footing and rolls down the hill, the creature still closing in behind her.

She connects with a massive rock laying at the bottom of the hill, knocking the wind out of her. She coughs as she glances up the hill to see the creature quickly moving toward her, barely visible in the soft moonlight. It is only 30 feet away.

Ashley freezes as the creature quickly closes the gap.

20 feet.

10 feet.

She closes her eyes.

Suddenly, the loud sound of GUNFIRE causes Ashley to cover her ears and bury her head against the cold rock. She can hear several people shouting as they fire.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Keep firing! Don't stop until that
thing drops!

The sea of gunfire seems to last for several minutes. Finally, the forest is quiet again, except for the echo of the gunfire.

Ashley carefully lifts her head to look at the still outline of the creature laying only five feet away. The creature's chest moves as its breaths become more shallow.

She lays still as Detective Carson steps in front of her, his gun still pointed at the creature.

Detective Carson stands motionless briefly before firing one last bullet into the creature's head.

He quietly turns and helps Ashley to her feet.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Ashley?

Ashley manages a nod.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Where are the others?

Ashley shakes her head as she suddenly collapses to the ground. Three police officers quickly grab her.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Let's get her back to the
helicopter.

One police officer steps toward the fallen creature.

DETECTIVE CARSON

Leave it. It's not going anywhere.

Detective Carson and the other police officers disappear into the forest as they carry Ashley to the helicopter.

They enter a clearing as the helicopter begins its descent.

Suddenly, Detective Carson's radio bursts to life. He quickly retrieves the radio from his belt.

DETECTIVE CARSON

This is Carson.

He attempts to listen to the voice on the other end, but is unable to understand over the sound of the helicopter.

DETECTIVE CARSON
Say again?!

He only hears the word "Jones."

DETECTIVE CARSON
Nick, I can hardly hear you! We
have Ashley Sorenson! We'll be at
the police station in 30 minutes!

He returns the radio to his belt as he quickly climbs into
the helicopter and slams the door.

The helicopter ascends, moving over the forest.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Detective Jones stares at the radio in frustration.

Tom sits quietly across the table from him.

TOM
What did he say?

DETECTIVE JONES
They have Ashley Sorenson. They'll
be here in about 30 minutes.

Detective Jones sits back in his chair, a loud creak echoing
through the room as he rubs his forehead.

DETECTIVE JONES
What did they say at the hospital?

TOM
They checked the surveillance
tapes. They said you'll want to
take a look at them.

Detective Jones stops rubbing his forehead.

DETECTIVE JONES
Anything interesting?

Tom hesitates briefly, his eyes resting on the table.

TOM
(confused)
They mentioned something about
an...animal exiting the building?

Tom looks across the table at Detective Jones.

TOM

Does that mean anything to you?

Detective Jones stands from his chair and retrieves his jacket from a nearby coat rack.

DETECTIVE JONES

I'm going to head to the hospital myself. Carson isn't going to be happy when he hears that Daniel was killed by a police officer.

TOM

What would you like me to tell him when he arrives?

DETECTIVE JONES

Just bring him up to speed and tell him to call me on my cell phone when he has a chance.

Detective Jones walks toward the exit as he throws his jacket over his shoulders.

TOM

Oh, I almost forgot.

Detective Jones stops walking as Tom retrieves a black, worn sketchbook from within a stack of papers.

DETECTIVE JONES

What is that?

TOM

James' sketchbook. I guess he left it in the observation room after meeting with the psychologist.

DETECTIVE JONES

Just set in on my desk on your way out. I'll make sure we get it back to James when we have a chance.

He buttons his jacket.

DETECTIVE JONES

I'll call the Sorensens on my way to the hospital and let them know they found Ashley.

TOM

Sounds good. Make sure you take an umbrella with you. It looked like it was going to rain.

Detective Jones nods and exits the room.

Tom stands from his chair, pausing briefly as he stares at the worn, black sketchbook sitting on the desk.

He quietly retrieves the sketchbook, casually thumbing through pages of different sketches.

A small smile stretches across Tom's face as he inspects the different drawings. He pauses as he turns to a specific page. His eyes narrow as he analyzes the drawing.

The sketch is of a little boy, presumably James, standing next to a creature-like figure.

JAMES (V.O.)

That's my friend Rory.

ADAM (V.O.)

He's a friend at school?

JAMES (V.O.)

No. I usually hang out with him after school.

INT. SORENSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

GEORGE SORENSON stands in the dark kitchen, a cordless phone pressed tightly to his cheek as rain pounds against the kitchen window. His wife, KIMBERLY SORENSON, stands in the kitchen doorway, listening intently.

GEORGE

Thank you so much Detective Jones for letting us know. I'll be there as soon as I can.

George hangs up the phone as he turns to look at Kimberly.

KIMBERLY

Ashley?

A small smile pulls at the corner of George's mouth as his eyes begin to water.

GEORGE

They found her. She's alive.

Kimberly quickly paces across the kitchen and embraces George, tears streaming down her face.

KIMBERLY
Thank God she's alright.

George pulls away to look directly at Kimberly, his hand gently caressing her cheek.

GEORGE
Tell Jimmy they found Ash. I'm going to head down there.

Kimberly nods as she turns to exit the kitchen, wiping away tears as she walks.

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kimberly gently opens the door. A quizzical look crosses her face.

James stands in the middle of his room as he stares at the rain pouring down outside his window.

Kimberly stands directly behind him.

KIMBERLY
What's wrong, Jimmy?

JAMES
He is coming.

KIMBERLY
Who is coming, Jimmy?

JAMES
He likes the rain.

KIMBERLY
Who likes the rain?

James quietly turns to face Kimberly.

JAMES
It makes it easier to hunt.

Kimberly startles as a loud CRASH occurs downstairs.

EXT. SORENSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

George suddenly screams from somewhere in the home. Kimberly also screams after several seconds. The dark house sits quietly as the front door slowly opens.

James exits the house and casually walks to the end of the driveway, his eyes following the ground in front of him.

He stops as he reaches the street. He stands motionless staring at the road, his hair and pajamas drenched by the rain. A pair of headlights suddenly illuminate James.

An old, gray pick-up truck sits quietly along the road. James stares at the truck briefly before approaching the vehicle. He opens the passenger-side door and climbs in.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

James sits motionless as he peers through the windshield. Blake sits behind the steering wheel, a small smile pulling at the corner of his mouth. Blake quietly turns the truck on and shifts into gear. He drives down the road.

BLAKE

You're going to like where we're going, James.

BLAKE

(shaking his head)

It's a shame Danny won't be able to join us, though.

He drives in silence as James stares through the windshield.

BLAKE

Do you like music?

James does not respond.

Blake turns the radio on. He switches the channel multiple times before stopping on a station playing a childish version of RING AROUND A ROSY. Blake listens to the song as he drives. James stares through the windshield, both sitting in silence as they listen to the song.

MONTAGE - ASHLEY LEAVES THE FOREST

--Detective Carson wraps a thick blanket around Ashley riding in the helicopter. He pulls her close as she shakes uncontrollably.

--Detective Carson peers out the window of the helicopter into the forest below.

--A sliver of moonlight penetrates the rocky ceiling of the creature's cavern.

--Adam's motionless body, the body Ashley touched earlier in the darkness, is seen briefly as the moonlight passes over his face and disappears.

END MONTAGE

Blake drives as he listens to the radio, a small smile pulling at the corner of his mouth.

BLAKE

I like this song.

Blake drives down the rain-covered road as the song plays.

THE END