

PARCHED

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BLACK TURNS TO OVEREXPOSED WHITE AS A CAMCORDER SPRINGS TO LIFE

INT./EXT. RALPH'S CAR - DAY

CAMCORDER POV: we see the cramped inside of a beat-up car. The driver, RALPH, 21, strong jawed alpha, focuses on the road.

In the passenger seat is ILONA, 21, Ralph's gorgeous, well put-together girlfriend, seated. Scrunched in the back are CICI, 22, Ilona's reckless, free-spirited best friend (in the middle), and MEREDITH, 20, Ilona's cute, laconic, light platinum blonde-haired friend (window seat).

Cici is mid-story, her voice lilting up and down, in the cadence of someone not entirely sure of themselves.

CICI

-And I'm just standing there, in line, like totally faded, holding these bottles of water, y'know, ready to get my hydrate on, and it hits me: I'm probably gonna be, like, narsty sick. So I like, book it off the line and run to the counter dude and I'm like 'Yo, bathroom, NOW' - and this kid points to the back of the store and I like sprint my ass off there - I throw the door open and the, sorry to be gross, but the puke just shoots out of my mouth - and I try my best to aim it at the bowl - butttttt...

Ilona looks back at her, half-intrigued, half-revolted.

ILONA

What.

Cici's face contorts into a guilty grin.

CICI

There was this trucker dude already there. His fat ass on the bowl. And I-

RALPH

Dear lord-

CICI  
Yeah, I like booted all over his  
legs and feet...

ILONA  
Jesus, Cici!

CICI  
I know, I know...

IRWIN (O.C.)  
So what then?

Cici shrugs.

CICI  
I wiped my mouth - mouthed "Sorry"  
to the guy - and then just got the  
hell outta there, into my car and  
ghosted that gas station.

RALPH  
Bullshit.

CICI  
For reals. Oh, I forgot, I left the  
water bottles there for him in the  
bathroom, to, y'know, like clean  
himself up with.

ILONA  
You're a saint.

CICI  
Well, I mean, I like, dropped them  
in there.

Meredith looks almost queasy from this sickening story.

The camera spins around and IRWIN, Ralph's smart-ass friend,  
grins into the lens. He's crammed next to the other window.

IRWIN  
(conspiratorial)  
Probably gonna cut that part out.  
(more upbeat)  
Okay folks, we got a new, extra  
long-life battery in this mofo; we  
are fully charged and I am about to  
document the shit outta this  
woodland adventure.

Cici yanks the camera so her face fills up the frame. She  
smiles snarkily, loving the virtual attention.

CICI

It's not an adventure - we're just gonna drink our faces off. You're not going to win an Oscars with this one, Irwin, you gigantic, derpy dipshit.

Irwin wrestles back control of the camera. He focuses it so we can see out the front window at the approaching road. A fairly pastoral and rustic backdrop; high grasses for miles.

RALPH

The house is gonna be empty, you're sure right?

Ilona puts her hand on Ralph's leg.

ILONA

Yes, babe, don't worry... Right, Meredith?

Ilona turns back and looks towards Meredith with expectant eyes. Meredith just stares out the window.

MEREDITH

Mmm-hmm.

Irwin ZOOMS in on Meredith, who is relatively motionless.

RALPH

How do you know about this place?

MEREDITH

...Just know it from when I was a kid.

Ralph glances back, uncertainty on his face.

RALPH

If there are vagrants or squatters there or anything, we're turning right the fuck around and coming back.

CICI

*Duh.*

IRWIN (O.C.)

Yo, 'Lo, why couldn't we go to your dad's dope-ass beach house again?

RALPH

(sarcastic)  
Which one?

ILONA  
 Shut up... Roughing it a bit will  
 be a fun...departure.

Ralph squeezes her hand affectionately.

CICI  
 Funny how only people whose parents  
 own, like, literally everything in  
 the state, want to 'rough it.'

ILONA  
 (playful)  
 Shut up, you thirsty bitch!

Cici makes a 'kissy face' at Ilona.

CICI  
 Love you.  
 (to Irwin)  
 Hey, you wanna spark a J?

IRWIN  
 Sure, carpe weed-em; no time like  
 the present to commence the  
 festivities-

RALPH  
 -No.

CICI  
 Aw, c'mon, Ralphie, you're no fun.

RALPH  
 Right. I suck. Only I'm the one  
 driving and will get busted and his  
 license suspended if we get pulled  
 over.

Cici sticks her head between Ilona and Ralph's seats.

CICI  
 Why would you get pulled over? Are  
 you gonna start swerving or  
 something? ...Ilona, are you about  
 to give him...rocky road head?

ILONA  
 Shut up, Cici. ...Wait, what is  
 that?

CICI

It's where you put chocolate ice cream on your man's junk and lick it off, while he's driving. DUH.

ILONA

Sounds...creative?

Ralph smirks and shakes his head at Cici's nonsense.

Irwin focuses the camera on Cici, who shrugs comically and then does an exaggerated 'fellatio' gesture with her hand and mouth.

IRWIN

Ha! You're too good at that.

CICI

(grins)

Practice makes perfect.

Irwin spins the camera around to face himself. His eyes are huge.

IRWIN

And that's a cut, people.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT./EXT. RALPH'S CAR - LATER

The camera flares back to life.

Irwin's POV:

The CRUNCHING of potato chips is heard as Irwin snacks while he films now.

The atmosphere in the car is a little less rowdy; Ilona listens to headphones and watches videos on her tablet, Ralph just drives on, Cici has dozed off. She occasionally snores and the group laughs a bit. Meredith is still focused on the passing sites outside.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Meredith, you wanna record for a bit?

MEREDITH

Hmm?

IRWIN (O.C.)

You wanna film whatever has captivated your interest so much out there? Hey, I'm actually quite good at collaborating, I'm not like some crazy auteur.

RALPH

God...

Irwin zooms in on Meredith again. She finally turns to face him.

MEREDITH

Um, sure, why not?

Irwin hands her the camcorder.

Meredith's POV:

She trains the camera on the roadside. A sea of greenery flashes by; grass, trees, bushes - mixing in a lurid swirl.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Maybe we can really team up, be like the next Wachowski brothers - I mean, not 'brothers' anymore... I guess that actually would be like us, a guy and a chick - I mean, not like you started off as I guy or anything. Nevermind-

RALPH (O.C.)

Irwin, shut the fuck up.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Got it.

Meredith focuses on some houses and abandoned structures in the distance. She ZOOMS in on some shadowy areas. An OLD DOG glowers menacingly at their car as it passes.

The SUN is still high in the sky.

Far off on the horizon, there is a large INDUSTRIAL PLANT. Smoke stacks emit billowing black plumes.

Meredith zooms in on this grey, concrete mass. She holds on this for a few protracted beats.

INT./EXT. RALPH'S CAR - LATER

Meredith's POV:

Meredith still films through the window; the outside is becoming less agrarian/farm-like and more woodsy.

CICI (O.C.)

Hey, Ralphie, can you pull over? I gotta whiz.

RALPH (O.C.)

Can't you just hold it? I wanna get there while it's still light.

Meredith turns the camera to face them.

CICI

No, I can't hold it. I'm about to wet the seat back here.

RALPH

Jesus.

CICI

I know, right? How dare I soil the designer upholstery in this luxury Camry.

RALPH

Ilona, you're friend is a pain in my ass.

CICI

*You love me.*

Cici gives a faux coquettish look into the camera.

CAMERA CUTS OUT.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NOT LONG AFTER

CAMERA IS ON "REC" AGAIN

Meredith's POV: she records as Irwin does some seemingly unnecessary stretches/yoga-ish moves. He then lights up a cigarette.

Ralph just leans against his car, staring into the distance. Ilona slinks over to him, drapes her arms around his neck and kisses him.

Ilona notices that Meredith is filming them. She acts nonchalant.

ILONA  
Meredith, you bring the  
Environmental Studies assignment  
with you?

MEREDITH (O.C.)  
Um, yea, I brought all my  
schoolwork.

ILONA  
Cool. You don't mind if I take a  
look at yours later, right?

MEREDITH (O.C.)  
...Sure.

RALPH  
You guys are seriously talking  
about homework? We're supposed to  
be taking a break.

ILONA  
(smirks)  
Oh, you need a break, do you?

She kisses him, biting his lip a little.

Meredith turns the camera away, revealing:

They are in front of a dilapidated and abandoned STORE.

Irwin trots over to Meredith and motions to take the camera  
back.

IRWIN  
I'm very excited to see your  
footage, Mademoiselle Meredith.

RALPH  
(overhearing)  
Could you be cornier?

IRWIN  
Yes!

The camera changes hands and now:

Irwin's POV: he sneaks around the side of the store,  
treading lightly, yet swiftly. As he gets closer to the  
back, he slows down and creeps noiselessly.

CLANK - a sound comes from inside the store and Irwin instinctively swings the camera around to see what made the noise. There is nothing but darkness visible inside the store. This scares Irwin a bit.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 (quietly, to himself)  
 Jesus Hercules Christ...

He takes a few more steps; the camera is pointed low - he comes upon a:

DEAD POSSUM, flies swarming all over its rancid carcass.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Ahh!

CICI (O.C.)  
 What the fuck?!

Irwin swings the camera up: there is Cici, with her pants around her ankles, just finishing urinating.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 Oh shit - Oops! My bad-

CICI  
 You're dead, you little pervert!

Cici pulls her pants up and runs towards Irwin.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 Uh-oh, ha ha ha! Ah! Attack of  
 the pissing princess!

As Cici furiously runs at him, she now sees the possum on the ground.

CICI  
 AAHHH!

Trying not to step on the possum, Cici nearly falls over.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 Ah ha ha!

Irwin now runs back; the camera bouncing up and down.

CICI (O.C.)  
 You're dead, Irwin!

Irwin gets to the front of the store and raises the camera up - there the others look at him, confused and alarmed.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 (casual)  
 Hey, guys, what's up?

CICI (O.C.)  
 You nutless fucker!

CAMERA CUTS OUT.

INT./EXT. RALPH'S CAR - LATER

ILONA'S POV: as they drive along a dirt road, shrouded by overhanging trees, a FARMHOUSE appears in the distance.

CICI (O.C.)  
 Are we there yet, Dad? Huh, are we, are we?

RALPH (O.C.)  
 Yes, we're really close - see it up ahead? ...And god fucking help me if I ever have a daughter like you.

Ilona zooms in a bit; the Farmhouse is all boarded up. Next to it is a old BARN that looks like it's on its last legs.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 Dang, son, this place is busted!

CICI (O.C.)  
 Like your face - ohhh!

Laughter.

The looming Farmhouse approaches, seen through the tenebrous tree branches and grasping leaves.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - NOT LONG AFTER

Ilona's POV: she films the farmhouse closer up now.

ILONA (O.C.)  
 (to herself)  
 Wow...this place is *creepy*.

Cici butts her head into frame.

CICI  
 C'mon, Ilona, where's your sense of adventure?

ILONA (O.C.)  
I got it, I got it.

CICI  
Remember, 'roughin' it?'

ILONA (O.C.)  
Ha, yes, I remember-

CICI  
YOLO!

Irwin pops his head in.

IRWIN  
"You Offer...Liberal Oral?"

CICI  
(sing-songy)  
You wish, virgin.

Cici runs up the porch steps and tries to open the front door. It's locked.

CICI (CONT'D)  
Great.

Ralph appears next to her with a crowbar.

RALPH  
I got it.

He wedges the crowbar into the door frame:

CRACK - the lock pops and the door creakily opens.

IRWIN  
Well done, Ralph. My hero.

Ralph shrugs.

RALPH  
Let's do this.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

Irwin's POV: the group attempts to make themselves "comfortable" in the cobweb-covered house. A large living room gives way to a dining room that leads to a kitchen in the rear. There is one long flight of decrepit stairs that ascends toward the second floor landing.

The furniture throughout is draped with old blankets and thick layers of dust.

IRWIN (O.C.)

You know...I'm beginning to think the maid here just isn't that committed to her job.

Irwin runs his finger along the top of a table, leaving a long streak in the accumulated dust.

CICI

Yea, this is plain narsty.

Ilona smirks at her.

ILONA

So where's your 'sense of adventure' now?

CICI

Girl, this was your damn idea, I was just being supportive; that's just the kind of bad bitch I am.

Cici makes a 'kiss face' at Ilona, who laughs.

ILONA

Do NOT blame this entirely on me-

RALPH

Let's just make the most of it.

IRWIN (V.O.)

Like that time my Tinder date showed up with only one eye.

CICI

Too bad she wasn't missing both - you might've had a shot.

RALPH

Ouch.

CUTS OUT.

LATER

As Irwin films, the rest of the group scopes the place out, trying not to get filthy; they bring in their sleeping bags and supplies from the car.

ILONA

Damn, it's hot in here.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Yea, I'm sweating my nips off.

CICI (O.C.)  
(from upstairs)  
I call the master bedroom!

Ilona looks up towards the staircase.

ILONA  
Um, hell no! That's for me and  
Ralph.

CICI (O.C.)  
Too late, called it!

Meredith trudges up the stairs, carrying just a backpack.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Hey, where's your sleeping bag?

Meredith looks at him blankly.

MEREDITH  
...Don't need one.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Suit yourself; you're free to share  
mine, of course - it's nice and  
snug.

Ilona gives Irwin a sarcastic face.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Just being helpful.

Ilona gives him a wry smile.

ILONA  
Just being a perv.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
I'm simply a gentleman, a humble  
servant to the fairer sex.

ILONA  
...Perv.

CAMERA CUTS OUT

LATER

Irwin's POV: he climbs up the stairs leading to the second level. They creak under his weight.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
...This would kinda suck donkey  
shlong if I fell through these  
stairs right now...

CREAK - He stops moving.

Beat.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Good lord...

Irwin resumes his ascension and eventually reaches the top of the stairs.

He pivots around, filming the shabby walls and room entrances.

Through the doorway of one room, Ralph and Ilona can be seen setting up their stuff.

In another, Cici also unpacks.

In a final room, Meredith is slightly visible, just sitting on the bed.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Hmmm...

Irwin steps spritely into this room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Meredith's gaze is soft, just staring at nothing in particular.

She looks up at him, her face neutral.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
You snagged a nice one, huh?

Meredith shrugs her shoulders a tiny bit.

Irwin scans the room; it looks very ordered and neat, despite the filth from years of neglect.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Want to christen it?

Meredith looks at him quizzically.

Irwin pulls out a joint and holds it up in front of the camera.

MEREDITH

Oh, um, sure.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Hold this, please.

Irwin hands the camera to Meredith; it films the lower half of Irwin as he lights the joint.

A significant puff of smoke is released in the air.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Oh...yeah...

He extends his arm towards Meredith, the lit joint in his hand.

Meredith places the camera on the bed - but Irwin snatches it right up.

Irwin's POV: he films as Meredith takes a tentative puff from the joint.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

That is my girl. I've got you smoking weed on record now... You basically have to do everything I say forever now.

Meredith looks at him, her eyes half shut.

MEREDITH

That so?

She gives him a tiny smile.

Irwin moves closer and sits on the bed next to Meredith.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Yes. It's like, the law.

Meredith gazes at Irwin, taken in a bit.

Beat.

Cici stomps into the room.

CICI (O.C.)

That shit smells good! I didn't know you had low-key *quality* bud, Irwin.

Irwin whips the camera around to face her.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
(quiet)  
Great timing, Cici.

CICI  
Huh? Gimme that shit.

Cici snatches the joint from Meredith and takes a huge inhale.

She releases the smoke, expertly blowing rings.

CICI (CONT'D)  
See, Irwin? I knew you served some sort of purpose.

Meredith stands and shuffles out of the room.

MEREDITH  
Excuse me.

CICI  
Peace.

Cici takes another drag and then hands the joint back to Irwin.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Thanks a lot, Cici.

Cici raises her eyebrows in exaggerated disbelief.

CICI  
Ir-loser...please. You couldn't get laid in a women's prison with cigarettes stuffed in your underwear.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Ha-fucking-ha.

CICI  
...Can I use the camera for a bit?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Setting up a web-cam business here?

CICI  
Shut up, just let me see it.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
No way - do you know how expensive this camera was?

CICI  
Jesus, I won't break it! Just let  
me see it; I'm suddenly feeling  
...inspired. I'll get some cool  
shots for you outside.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
...Fine. You're lucky you have a  
nice rack.

Cici smirks.

CICI  
I know.

Irwin hands the camera over to Cici.

Cici's POV: (she whips the camera around back and forth in an  
annoying fashion - mirroring her personality)

Cici hops out of the room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She noisily clomps down the stairs.

RALPH (O.C.)  
(from upstairs)  
Hey, we'll take a hit a' that, you  
greedy bastard.

CICI  
(shouts up)  
Get it!

Cici skips out the front door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cici bounds down the porch steps and films the exterior of  
the farmhouse, capturing all the boarded up windows.

She jerks the camera over to face the barn.

CICI (O.C.)  
Ungh, v gross.

She focuses the camera further into the surrounding greenery;  
the leaves on the trees blur together.

Cici then brings the camera down to the backyard area:

Here is a little creek.

Cici zooms in on it.

Tiny gnats fly all around in the air, seemingly marking their expansive territory.

CUTS OUT

INT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

Cici's POV: Cici hurriedly comes back inside. Irwin is waiting for her in the living room area; he looks antsy.

IRWIN

Done yet?

CICI (O.C.)

Yea, I'm bored with it. Question:  
how do you make it so the camera  
stays steady?

IRWIN

Uh, by not doing coke all the time.

CICI (O.C.)

'Uh,' I don't do coke...all the  
time.

IRWIN

Right.

CICI (O.C.)

I may sniff a little Addy from time  
to time, y'know, for...my studies.  
...Here.

Cici gently tosses the camera to Irwin. Irwin clumsily catches it.

IRWIN

Real nice.

Irwin cleans the lens with the edge of his t-shirt.

Irwin's POV: he films inside the house a little, paying attention mostly to cracks and holes in the walls. Bits of fractured plaster and wood beams are visible inside the porous walls.

The wood is withered, pitted; tortured-looking almost.

Along the side of the wood, a BLACK SPIDER scampers by.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

(quiet)

Ungh.

He zooms in on one particularly deep HOLE, going all the way in.

Irwin zooms out, capturing the whole house now.

Ilona and Ralph are inspecting the kitchen area.

Ralph turns the knobs on the kitchen sink: nothing happens.

ILONA

Baby I'm hot, can you grab me a water?

RALPH

Yea, it's stifling in here.  
Anybody else want?

CICI

Yea, gimme one; my throat is desert.

Ralph strides out of the house.

CUTS OUT

LATER

Meredith's POV:

In the house, Ralph stands facing Irwin. His face is scrunched up in anger; Irwin looks sheepish.

Ilona looks on, a little agitated.

RALPH

How the fuck do you just forget *that*? It was the probably the only thing we really *needed*!

IRWIN

Dude, I'm sorry! I could have *sworn* I put that entire case of water in the trunk!

RALPH

If you weren't high all the time, then-

IRWIN

I said I'm sorry! Look, I can drive to-

RALPH

The last store we passed was like two hours away! You're gonna pay for all that gas?

IRWIN

(quiet)

It wasn't *that* far.

RALPH

It was!

Cici steps between them.

CICI

Guys, just chill. I saw a stream outside, maybe the water in it is good to drink?

ILONA

Yea, in the back; I saw that, too.

Ralph shakes his head.

RALPH

You think that's a good idea?

MEREDITH (O.C.)

Can't hurt to check.

They look over at her, always surprised to hear her speak without being provoked first.

CICI

Yea, c'mon, let's just see.

Ilona and Ralph exit the house. The others follow.

Cici looks admonishingly at Irwin.

CICI (CONT'D)

If we die of dehydration, I'm gonna kill you.

CUTS OUT

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - STREAM - LATER

Irwin's POV: Ralph takes a paper cup and places it in the running water. Ralph is still shaking his head a bit, not sold on this idea. The others all watch him, expectantly.

RALPH

The odds that this water is drinkable...

ILONA

There may be.

IRWIN (O.C.)

We're in the woods, everything is natural and totally organic out here! Like a free Whole Foods.

Ralph looks at him sideways.

Ilona has hopeful eyes.

Ralph raises the cup. He looks in it, scrutinizing the clarity; his eyebrows raise.

RALPH

Hmm. Looks okay, actually.

ILONA

Okay, who's gonna test it?

Ralph gives the camera a sneer.

RALPH

Should obviously be Irwin.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Um, maybe...but...I do have kind of a sensitive stomach, so-

CICI

Jesus, you're a pussy. Gimme.

Cici grabs the cup and takes an apprehensive sip.

Her eyes light up. She takes a big gulp.

CICI (CONT'D)

This water is not only okay, it's freezing and tasty as fuck!

She finishes the contents of the cup.

ILONA

Well, help a sister out.

Cici hands the cup to Ilona who fills it in the stream and imbibes.

ILONA (CONT'D)

That's not bad! This must be from  
like a natural spring.

Ilona hands the cup to Ralph who shrugs, refills it and drinks. He makes a semi-impressed face.

Meredith steps forward and stares into the remaining water in the cup for a beat. Cici raises a quizzical eyebrow at her.

Meredith holds her hand out and Ralph gives her the cup.

Beat.

She downs the entire thing.

RALPH

All done, Irwin. Want me to get  
another cup up for you?

IRWIN (O.C.)

Well, I sure, I would appreciate-

RALPH

Do it yourself, punk.

Ralph gives him a fake smile, drops the cup to the ground and walks away.

The group goes back into the house; Irwin hangs back a bit.

Once everyone is inside, Irwin doubles back and heads to the car.

He opens the car rear door and digs around under his former seat.

IRWIN (O.C.)

(to himself)

Who needs water...

Irwin extracts a can of sugary-looking soda.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...when you've got the nectar of  
the gods.

FFTT - Irwin cracks the can open and drinks.

SLURP.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - LATER

Irwin's POV: he shoots a few passing BIRDS in the sky. Some chirp cheerily.

The SUN hangs lower in the sky now; the sunlight not nearly as intense.

He focuses on the Barn. He walks towards it, coming upon the large, rusty-hinged wooden doors.

Irwin's hand yanks on one of the handles and the door swings open.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Irwin steps into the barn. Sunlight creeps in from the outside, through the doorway and cracks in the wooden walls, partially illuminating the otherwise dark space. Large bales of HAY can just be made out; hay covers the floor.

On the walls, various rusty tools are hung.

Irwin zooms in on a PITCHFORK. Then a long SCYTHE - this is held up with two very oxidized nails that jut out of the wall. Irwin zooms closer on this.

He zooms out again, getting a full view of the barn's interior.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Uh, moo? Any bovine in here? Here  
cow-cow, c'mere... any, uh, bacon?  
Guess not.

Irwin steps back out of the barn.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The camera comes to rest on the farmhouse; Meredith is seen exiting from the rear of the house.

IRWIN ZOOMS IN:

She doesn't seem to notice Irwin filming her; she just walks off into the woods. The right side of her face twitches almost imperceptibly.

Irwin zooms closer in on her. He simultaneously sets off in her direction, leaving enough actual distance between himself and Meredith so he can't easily be seen.

Meredith climbs a hill and is further ensconced by the thickening woodland.

She stops moving. Her eyes open wide.

Meredith's eyes dart back and forth. She directs her attention to a passing moth.

Irwin zooms in even closer: Meredith's lips move.

She's ostensibly speaking to whatever wildlife may secretly reside there in the woods. Her lips curl up slightly into a small smile.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
(quietly, to himself)  
This is one *weird* chick. ...I dig  
it.

Meredith smooths out her hair against her head; she repeats this motion over and over, the pace increasing to a frenetic tempo - then, she stops.

She eerily stares out at nothing.

Irwin backs away slowly, trying to be as silent as possible.

Spindly tree branches gently hit him and the front of the camera.

He moves along the edge of the woods now, still mostly hidden in the trees. He comes upon a small POND which is in back of the farmhouse.

The pond is filled with lily pads, water plants and algae.

A frog's EYES peer out of a shallow section, near the shore.

Irwin zooms in on the murky, dark green water.

When he zooms out again, there is Cici at the lip of the pond.

Irwin stops moving, remaining obscured by the sporadic trees there.

Through the lens, he can see that Cici's face is pulled back into an odd expression; she grimaces, her nose scrunched up.

She sniffs at the air, animal-like.

CICI  
Ahhhh...Ah!

Cici then begins pawing at her clothes, as if they are constricting her. She rips her shirt and shorts off and just dives right into the fetid looking water.

SPLASH

IRWIN (O.C.)  
(soft)  
What the fuck?..

Cici remains under water for a few beats.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Um...

She then bursts through the surface, sucking in air.

CICI  
Huh-ahh!

IRWIN (O.C.)  
This is so hot.

Cici sniffs again, audibly.

She cocks her head to one side, as if she can detect something.

Her face goes into spasms.

Cici makes some more bizarre noises. The noises morph into gibberish; she's just spouting nonsensical words.

CICI  
Grarr...mmmm...margghh...wharr..  
.ess....eett?...

IRWIN (O.C.)  
The fuck is she on?

Irwin moves a few steps closer, trying to get a better vantage point:

CRACK

He steps on a twig and it breaks.

Cici quickly turns her head to see where the noise came from: her eyes are wild.

Irwin slowly, quietly backtracks into the woods. He keeps the camera trained on Cici, who remains creepily still in the water.

CAMERA CUTS OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SOON AFTER

Irwin's POV: Irwin softly pads through the house. No one is in sight.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Uh...hello? ...Anybody, uh,  
here?...

Irwin moves from the living room to the dining room. All is empty and still.

Beat.

He positions the camera downward; there is a mixed mass of everyone's footprints in the dust.

CUTS OUT.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/WOODS - SHORTLY AFTER

Irwin's POV: Irwin moves to the other side of the farmhouse exterior. There are more trees and wild plants here, leading to another wooded area.

Irwin creeps into this forested part, pushing tree branches out of his way as he delves deeper in.

In the distance, he can see Ralph and Ilona.

He ZOOMS in:

They walk together, hand in hand. They queerly appear to be using each other for balance.

Their voices can just barely be made out.

ILONA  
Whoa.

RALPH  
Easy....easy...

Irwin moves CLOSER: They seem to be incorrectly judging spacial relations;

Ralph tries to jump over a rock and loses his balance. He falls to his knee. Ilona tries to help him up, but can not; her equilibrium is a little off as well.

Ilona laughs a little. Ralph eventually gets up and Ilona pulls him closer to her.

Ilona smiles lasciviously.

ILONA  
Come 'ere.

She awkwardly manages to strip Ralph's shirt off. She pulls his shorts down and pushes him to the forest floor.

RALPH  
Oof. Hey.

Irwin can just barely understand their distant words.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Hey wait...there's an animal...  
somewhere...

ILONA  
Where?

Ralph looks around, perplexed.

RALPH  
It's gone...

Ilona's gaze is now ravenous. She pulls her clothes off and flops down on Ralph.

Ilona grinds her crotch into Ralph's. She has passionate, rough sex with Ralph, biting and clawing at him like a beast.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Ahh! Yes!

ILONA  
Yes, baby, yes! Anghh!

Irwin ZOOMS in even closer.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
*Holy shit.*

Ilona suddenly stops thrusting. Her eyes narrow and her face looks panicky.

RALPH  
Babe...what's up?

ILONA  
There's things...

RALPH  
What 'things?'

ILONA  
Things are...crawling on me.

Ilona scratches at her skin, leaving tender red lines.

RALPH  
You're right...shit...there are  
bugs... all over you...

ILONA  
Ahh!

She rolls off Ralph and writhes around on the ground, still scratching at her skin.

Ralph's eyes pop open wide, then shut entirely.

RALPH  
Ow! Argh!

He claps his hands over his ears.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Do you hear that??  
That...flapping?

Ilona doesn't respond, she just keeps clawing at her now irritated skin.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Its...wings...

Ralph keeps his hands glued to his ears. Eventually he releases them, calming down.

He is able to stand, shakily.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Ilona. ILONA. Get up. Something  
is...wrong. Let's go back.

Ilona stops squirming around and looks up at him. She slowly grins. She pulls him down to the ground once more.

ILONA  
Let's finish.

Ilona gets back on top of Ralph, licking his skin now like a feral cat.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
What...the...fuck.

They resume their somewhat deviant intercourse.

CUTS OUT.

FLARES BACK ON.

Ilona and Ralph are getting dressed. They are quiet; their faces betray the fact that they feel uncomfortable now.

RALPH  
Let's go.

Irwin turns and quickly maneuvers through the woods, wanting to beat them back to the house.

Trees branches hit him and the camera.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Ow, fuck. Stupid-ass trees.

CUTS OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE AFTER

Irwin's POV: filming from the couch, Irwin captures Ralph pacing around the living room, Ilona anxiously sitting on another chair. She tugs on her hair.

RALPH  
Something is fucked, man.

Ralph keeps shaking his head, in angry confusion.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
What the fuck was in that weed?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Dude, it's just normal shit. I'm not seeing anything or-

RALPH  
Bullshit!

Cici enters from the back of the house; she is clothed again, but still sopping wet and disoriented looking. Her tone is forced and scratchy.

CICI  
Hey, guys...what's up?

Ilona looks at her with fear in her eyes.

ILONA  
Are you...okay?

Cici shivers a little. She subtly sniffs the air.

CICI  
I don't... No.

Ilona motions for Cici to come to her.

ILONA  
Come here.

Cici looks down and obeys. She sits at Ilona's feet and Ilona strokes her wet hair.

RALPH  
You feel sick, too?

Cici nods.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Goddammit. You sure you don't  
feel... anything off? Your eyes,  
your ears, your stomach?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
I'm...I'm fine.

Ralph stops pacing.

He nods, a sarcastic smile on his face now. Something has dawned on him.

RALPH  
Shit.

ILONA  
What, baby?

RALPH  
(pointedly, to Irwin)  
You never drank any of that water,  
did you.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
...Nope.

Ralph's pacing increases in speed.

CICI  
You think it's, um, like-

RALPH  
-Yes, it's fucking contaminated!  
Who knows with what! Shit!

BANG! -RRRR - Ralph kicks a table; it shifts over,  
threatening to topple.

ILONA  
Anybody seen Meredith?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
...I, uh, I saw her walking in the  
woods...

Ilona's face scrunches up in worry.

ILONA  
How did she seem?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
I mean, honestly? ...Messed up.

Ralph stands still, faces Irwin.

RALPH  
Come on. I want to check on that  
goddam water.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - SHORTLY AFTER (SUNSET)

Irwin's POV: CLOSE ON - The cup, now full of water, emerges  
from the stream.

ZOOM OUT - Ralph lifts the cup up and smells the water. He  
concentrates, really trying to discern what the odor there  
is.

Ralph's face becomes flush with anger.

WAP - he throws the cup into the stream.

SPLASH.

Irwin films as the cup floats away, down the winding  
waterway...

CUTS OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SOON AFTER

Irwin's POV: Irwin documents the others, who are beginning to panic and show signs of wanton aggression. They are in the middle of a heated collective argument.

RALPH

Yes, yes, YES! It smells like chemicals - it's faint, but it's there.

ILONA

Well what are we gonna do??

CICI

I really don't feel well...

Ilona finds her purse and frantically pulls out her phone. Her face drops into a frown.

ILONA

I don't have any reception.

CICI

I didn't either, I was trying to text my mom earlier...

Ralph yanks his phone out of his pocket and peers at it with fiery eyes.

RALPH

Fuck! A fucking 'dead zone', are you kidding me right now?

IRWIN (O.C.)

Guys, let's just be calm, we can-

Cici faces Irwin, her eyes raging.

CICI

This is all your fucking fault!

IRWIN (O.C.)

Look, I'm sorry, okay, I am, but we have to stay calm-

Cici breathes heavily in and out, trying to control herself. She puts a hand to her chest, attempting to physically suppress her erratic breathing. Her eyes bulge in fear; veins pulse in her temples.

RALPH

-Fuck it, let's just go. I saw a sign for a hospital a ways back.

(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)  
I'm not risking this shit. Irwin,  
you drive.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Okay, sure, let's go.

ILONA  
We can't just leave - we have to  
find Meredith first!

Ralph looks at her, torn.

CUTS OUT.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - NOT LONG AFTER

Irwin's POV: the sun is rapidly descending into the horizon,  
leaving the trees in the distance in a haze of deep oranges  
and pinks.

The group is scattered all around, calling out for Meredith.

ILONA  
Meredith! MEREDITH!

RALPH  
Meredith, we're leaving! Come on!

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Meredith! You okay?!

Cici shakes her head, frustrated. She holds her stomach,  
grimacing in pain.

She then sticks her tongue out; it's coated in whitish film.

CICI  
Dammit...I'm so thirsty...

Cici's eyes dart around, then she walks off towards the back  
of the farmhouse.

The others continue to search the outskirts of the woods for  
Meredith, calling out for her.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Meredith! This is really, *really*  
bad timing for 'Hide and Seek!'

ILONA  
Meredith! Please!

Ilona moves closer to Ralph and grabs his arm.

ILONA (CONT'D)

Should we go looking for her in the woods?

RALPH

Ilona, it's getting dark. We're not... It's not a smart idea-

ILONA

Well we can't just leave her here for whatever wild animals may be out there! God!

Ralph alters his demeanor, calmly trying to make Ilona see reason.

RALPH

Look, just calm down for a minute. We need to think about the big picture-

ILONA

Shit!

Ilona has noticed something not far off:

Irwin whips the camera in the direction that she is looking - there is Cici, back by the stream. She dunks her head in the water...

RALPH

Cici! No!

Ralph, Ilona and Irwin sprint towards Cici.

They are too late; Cici opens her parched mouth and lets the water cascade down her throat.

Water sloshes everywhere, wetting her clothes and skin again. She gulps it down greedily.

Ralph reaches her right after, pulling her up. She catches her breath.

CICI

Ahhh...whooo...

Cici's eyes half close in temporary relief. She gives them a satisfied and cocky grin.

ILONA

What's wrong with you??

Cici falls to the ground and stretches out her limbs. She offers an ecstatic smile.

She rolls around a bit in the grass, enjoying herself, momentarily...

CICI  
Couldn't help myself. Damn, that  
shit is good.

RALPH  
That was really fucking dumb, you  
know that?

Cici gives him an exaggerated shrug.

CICI  
Aren't you guys thirsty? Ilona, I  
know you want some - dip your head  
in, just have a sip.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
(softly)  
This is so messed up.

Ilona leans down to check on Cici.

ILONA  
Cici, please, you have to pull it  
together.

Ralph subtly glances at Irwin and motions for him to move away from the girls a bit.

Irwin walks a few paces away.

Ralph looks resolutely at Irwin.

RALPH  
You good to go?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
You're the boss, whatever you want.

Ralph tosses the keys to Irwin, who catches them.

RALPH  
C'mon.

Ralph and Irwin hustle over to the car.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Ilona, Cici, come on, let's go!  
NOW.

Irwin gets in the car and rests the Camera on the dashboard.

CAMERA'S POV:

Irwin rams the keys into the ignition and turns them.  
Nothing happens.

Through the car window, Ilona is seen catching up to Ralph.

ILONA

Hey! What did I say? We're not  
leaving without Meredith!

Irwin tries the ignition again: nothing.

RALPH

Babe, listen to me; *I'm not feeling  
good*. I don't know about you, but  
I'm actually starting to feel  
worse. We gotta leave now, get to  
the hospital, and then Irwin can  
lead an ambulance back here and-

ILONA

No, I'm not abandoning her! I was  
the one who-

IRWIN

Guys.

ILONA

-basically invited us all to-

IRWIN

GUYS.

Ilona and Ralph look through the window at Irwin.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Something's wrong with the car.  
It's not starting.

RALPH

What?

IRWIN

You don't need to fight about this  
right now because this vehicle  
won't turn on.

Ralph's face contorts with annoyance; there's a tinge of  
worry there too.

RALPH  
Try it again.

IRWIN  
I did!

RALPH  
Pop the hood.

Irwin looks around the base of the driver's seat and finds the lever to release the hood.

Ralph moves to the front of the car and lifts the hood. The hood partially obscures the camera's view.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
What the fuck??

IRWIN  
What?

RALPH  
Jesus...

Irwin grabs the camera and trots to the front of the car. He turns the LIGHT on to get a better view in the fading light of the day/evening.

Irwin's POV: the wires connecting the electronics to the engine have all been savagely ripped out.

ILONA  
What is this?

RALPH  
Somebody is fucking with us!

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Ralph, can you fix this?

Ralph looks at him, distressed.

RALPH  
Even if I had the tools and the parts for this...I can't really see...

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Even with the light from the camera?

RALPH

...I mean, my vision is... it's messed up right now. That's why I wanted you to drive.

Cici stumbles over. She is not as euphoric as before; her eyes are dull and her face is drawn down in a bilious frown.

CICI

(quieter)

Guys what the fuck is happening, can we just go?

Ilona goes over to her and tries to hug her. Cici pushes her away.

CICI (CONT'D)

Hey, just get off me, okay?

Ilona's face flushes red with ire, then subsides.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Who do you think did this?

RALPH

Is that a joke? Obviously it was that bitch Meredith, fucking with us for some reason-

ILONA

Why would she??

IRWIN (O.C.)

Yo, when I saw her before, she looked mad fucked up - like, *actually* crazy-

ILONA

Wait, you saw her when-

RALPH

It was *definitely* her-

ILONA

You don't know that!

RALPH

Well who the hell else is here?? There's no one around for miles!

CICI

(very anxious)

What if there is someone else, in the woods or something?

(MORE)

CICI (CONT'D)

What if some sick pervert's been watching us??

RALPH

Jesus, Cici, use your head-

BLECH! - Cici suddenly vomits out a stream of very pale-green liquid. She collapses to her knees.

The runny, off-white fluid seeps into the grass.

ILONA

Cici!

CICI

...I'm fine...

Ralph runs his hands through his hair. He takes a deep breath. He tries to speak evenly, confidently, but his voice quavers just enough to show he's very uncertain of his own words.

RALPH

Look, it doesn't matter, we'll be okay. All of us. It's just like the time we took those shitty mushrooms, remember? Ilona, you were freaking out, Cici you got sick...but it passed. We just have to ride it out.

Cici looks up at him with large, somewhat plaintive eyes.

CICI

You're...right.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Should we, like, go back inside?

ILONA

NO.

Irwin points the light at Ilona; her eyes are strangely gleaming.

ILONA (CONT'D)

I don't wanna be in that creepy-ass house.

RALPH

I'll make a fire. So we can at least see what the hell is going on. Irwin, c'mon, help me.

CUTS OUT.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - LATER (NIGHT)

Ilona's POV: she shines the camera light on Ralph and Irwin, who bring twigs and branches from the outskirts of the forest.

They pile the kindling towards the front of the barn, where the doors are now wide open.

Cici lies on her back on the ground. She lets out odd, sporadic coughs. Her breathing is definitely labored and sickly sounding.

The sky is almost entirely dark; the slightest sliver of a moon hangs above. Stars sparkle intermittently.

Ilona focuses the camera on the vast sky.

RALPH (O.C.)

Lighter.

She brings it back down on Ralph, who holds his hand out, waiting impatiently for Irwin.

Irwin fishes his lighter out of his pocket and hands it to Ralph. Ralph attempts to grab it, but misses. He tries again and fails. Irwin's face is masked in concern.

IRWIN

Here, uh, I'll just do it.

Irwin lights the base of the kindling on fire, and the flames quickly consume the larger pieces of wood.

Ralph cautiously ambles over to Ilona and sits beside her. She holds the camera down at her side; she is now partially visible too.

Ilona gazes at Ralph with deep, guilty eyes.

ILONA

(softly)

We need to find Meredith.

Ralph stares straight ahead.

RALPH

She'll be all right...maybe the light from the fire will draw her back.

Beat.

They sit in silence for a little while, the fire crackling.

The atmosphere is almost peaceful.

Ilona turns the camera off.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - LATER

Ilona's POV: the camera jumps back to life, shining its light directly at Cici, who's face is twisted into a snarl.

She is up on her haunches now in a bizarre, feral stance.

The infected people's behavior has reached a fever pitch of madness.

ILONA (O.C.)

Say it again, say it again, bitch!

CICI

(with vitriol)

How do we know you didn't fuck with the car?! Or put poison in the fucking water!

ILONA (O.C.)

Why would I do that?? You ratchet bi-

RALPH

Girls, just relax, okay-

CICI

Cause the little rich girl who has everything handed to her and acts like a goody-goody all the time is probably the biggest freak in the bunch-

IRWIN

She didn't do anything, Cici, just calm down-

Cici directs her venomous stare at Irwin now.

CICI

(hissing)

How do you know?

IRWIN

Cause she wouldn't have had time  
to, and, her and Ralph...

CICI

What?

IRWIN

Nothing, no, I just mean, we were  
all together, mostly, and...

Ralph faces Irwin, belligerent.

RALPH

You see something?

IRWIN

No...

ILONA (O.C.)

You fucking watched us, didn't you?

Ralph stands and moves to Irwin; he hovers above him, hulking, on the verge of a potential attack. Irwin stares up at him with panicked eyes, waving his hands in a 'No' gesture.

IRWIN

No! I mean, I was walking in the  
woods, and I saw, um, you guys, but  
I went back-

RALPH

You watched us you sick little-

ILONA (O.C.)

-Did you *film* us??

IRWIN

No! I was just, um, walking, and I  
maybe, um...

Ilona flips the camera around; we catch a glimpse of her face - her nostrils are flared and her eyes are wide; she looks like a raving lunatic.

Ilona hits a button on the camera:

On the SCREEN the word "STANDBY" appears - then "REW"

CUTS OUT.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - NOT LONG AFTER

CAMERA POV: the camera hits the ground and turns on. From this limited-visibility perspective, we can see people's FEET shuffling around in a fracas.

IRWIN

I'm sorry, man, stop! Ralph, stop, please! Ah-

WHAP! - the sound of Ralph's fist connecting with Irwin's face.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Ahh!

ILONA

Kill him, baby, kill him!

CRACK! - Ralph's hits Irwin again.

WOMP - Irwin falls to the ground, facing the camera now:

His face is instantly swollen and reddened.

CICI

Stop it, you motherfucker! You two are being fucking crazy!

Cici stands over Irwin, protecting him.

Ralph leans down, staring oddly at Irwin. His face changes, and he seems to come back to his senses for a second.

RALPH

Irwin...you okay, man?

Irwin looks up at Ralph, apprehensive to trust him.

BLECH - Cici falls to the ground as well, retching.

CICI

Blech! ..Oh god... BLECCHH!

Cici starts vomiting profusely now. The sound of it is disgusting, echoing in the still night. What's coming out of her now is a deeply reddish/brownish substance - possibly colored with traces of blood.

Some of the vomit hits the fire and sizzles.

Cici's eyes roll in the back of her head; she turns a spectral white.

ILONA

Help her!

Irwin forces himself up and retrieves his camera.

Irwin's POV: he shines the light so they can see Cici better.

Cici froths at the mouth. Her body contorts weirdly and then convulses violently.

RALPH

Oh fuck...

Ilona jumps on top of Cici, trying to pin her down; but Cici, filled with adrenaline, easily tosses Ilona off.

ILONA

Ah!

Ilona's lands in a clump on the ground.

Cici's body bucks up and down.

This motion subsides, but then she begins to claw at her skin, leaving deep scratches and cuts.

Ralph drops down and is able to hold her arms steady; he straddles her to stabilize her legs too.

Cici's teeth gnash; she squirms and groans.

CICI

Mraaargghhhh...

Cici's body quivers a bit, then she is still.

The others are shaken, their mouths hanging open in starkly fearful poses.

RALPH

We gotta tie her down, in case she wakes up and does this again.

Ilona begins to weep.

ILONA

Why is this happening?...It's getting worse...

Ralph crouches next to her.

RALPH

Baby, we're gonna get through this. Look at me - okay?

Ilona shakes her head gently, not convinced.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Just watch her for a second, okay?

ILONA  
Don't leave me!

RALPH  
We're just gonna get some ropes;  
there has to be some in the barn,  
right?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Yea, I think I saw some before.

RALPH  
All right, c'mon, I need the light.

Irwin and Ralph walk deeper into the cavernous and musty barn.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Irwin shines the light on the walls; the scythe glints.

CREAK - a noise from the very back of the barn.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
(quiet)  
The fuck was that?

Ralph moves ahead, disappearing a little as the light doesn't carry that far.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Ralph...

Ralph digs around on the ground.

Beat.

He spins around, his face fully lit now; he smiles eerily - he's holding a coil of old rope.

RALPH  
Got it.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Shit. You scared me.

RALPH  
What? You scared 'a the dark?

He drops the smile.

RALPH (CONT'D)

C'mon.

Ralph trundles toward Irwin.

IRWIN (O.C.)

...You okay?

RALPH

Yea, I don't think I drank as much  
as they did. I'm...

Ralph moves past Irwin. Irwin then hurries to catch up with him.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - CONTINUOUS

They emerge from the barn.

Ilona, her face a masque of shock, sits on the ground, alone.

Cici is not there.

Ralph looks incredulously at Ilona.

ILONA

She just...jumped up, ran into the  
woods.

RALPH

Goddamit.

ILONA

Ralph, you have to find her...

Ralph looks at her, earnestly.

RALPH

Okay, I'll go.

Ilona seems hyper-skittish, but tries to speak evenly and rationally.

ILONA

Irwin, go...go with him, so you  
guys can see.

RALPH

I'm not leaving you alone here.

ILONA

No...no, it's fine. I'll be fine.  
You need the light. ...I shouldn't  
have talk to her like that...  
Please, just find her. She went in  
that direction.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Maybe we'll find Meredith too-

This strikes a nerve; Ilona's disposition abruptly changes.  
She looks at Irwin with flinty eyes.

ILONA

Fuck her. Crazy bitch; you're  
right, Ralph, she's the one who  
must have messed with the car. I  
mean, right? I barely know that  
bitch; she was just helping me pass  
my Environment class this semester,  
I'm not even...

RALPH

All right. Irwin, let's go.

ILONA

Just hurry, baby, please.

Ralph kisses Ilona on the head and sets off in the direction  
that Ilona indicated.

Irwin is right behind him, struggling a bit to keep pace as  
he directs the light/films.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Irwin shines the camera's light, scanning the woods in all  
directions.

Pockets of darkness turn momentarily bright from the light,  
then fade back to black.

HOOT HOOT - a noise from the trees:

Irwin directs the light up towards the branches of a nearby  
tree; an OWL's reflective eyes shine back.

Ralph ceaselessly moves forward, looking all around - like a  
hunter on the prowl.

They progress through the darkness, the light cutting a clear  
path for them.

CRICK - a noise from off to the side.

Ralph stops.

RALPH

Shh.

Irwin slowly moves the camera over to where the sound emanated from:

There is a RABBIT - it's eyes also eerily reflect the light. It hops off.

IRWIN (O.C.)

(soft)

What's up, doc?

Ralph and Irwin resume their trek. They move in silence.

RALPH

Ah.

Ralph abruptly stops, his hand coming up to his face.

Irwin shines the light on him; there is a drop of blood on Ralph's cheek.

CREAK

Ralph slowly looks up; Irwin moves the camera upwards as well:

There is Cici in the crook of a tree, her eyes fiercely glowing like an animal. She looks utterly insane:

Cici has gnawed the skin almost entirely off one of her arms. Blood drips down hitting the leaves below.

PLOP PLOP

Ralph tries to keep his face hard, but there is undeniable fear in his eyes.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Cici...just...come down, okay?

Cici cocks her head at him. She sniffs the air.

Beat.

CICI

WAARRGGHHH!

Cici lets out a beast-like cry and jumps down off the tree-

WHAP - she lands on and immediately attacks Ralph, clawing at his skin. They fall to the leaf-covered ground together, in a weird embrace.

RALPH

Fuck!

Cici bites his shoulder; blood spurts out.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Ahh!

Irwin is stunned; he remains frozen.

Ralph holds Cici off him with one hand; with his free hand, he searches the forest floor...

Irwin now steps closer to help-

CRACK! - Ralph has grabbed a fallen branch and cracked it against Cici's skull.

Cici falls off Ralph, unconscious. He heads lolls around a bit and then comes to a stop.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Holy shit. Are you okay?

Ralph looks up at Irwin; he's angry and a touch unbalanced, the assault having rekindled the virulent chemicals still swirling around in his system.

RALPH

I'm fucking fine.

Ralph hoists Cici's limp body over his shoulder.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(huffs)

Let's go.

Ralph struggles somewhat with Cici's body as he moves past Irwin, back in the direction of the barn.

Irwin obediently follows.

Blood runs down the back of Ralph's shirt, splattering and staining it red, stemming from his own fresh wound and the self-inflicted gouges in Cici's flesh. She remains draped over him like a corpse.

CUTS OUT.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - LATER

Irwin's POV: the camera begins recording again as they reach the fire, which is dwindling. A thin line of smoke dances off the tip of the flames.

Ilona is on her hands and knees.

ILONA  
Blehhhh...Bleh! Bleh!

She retches; her whole body heaves. Nothing comes out, but she can't help making these horrible, guttural gagging sounds.

RALPH  
Ilona!

Ralph quickly places Cici down on the ground. He rushes over to Ilona and tries to comfort her.

ILONA  
Please...just stay back...

Ilona, her pallor grey-ish, notices Cici lying close by.

ILONA (CONT'D)  
...Oh god, you found her...thank  
you - bleh!

Her body convulses.

RALPH  
Babe, please, are you okay??

Ralph tries to hold Ilona.

She violently shakes her head, trying to clear her mind.

ILONA  
You need to tie her up...and me  
too.

RALPH  
What?

ILONA  
I feel...I don't know what I'll...  
just do it, please...

Ilona falls to the dirt, writhing in pain.

Ralph looks at Irwin, scared and distraught.

RALPH

Help me.

Irwin lowers the camera to the ground.

CAMERA POV:

Irwin grabs some of the ropes Ralph found and ties Cici's wrists and ankles with it.

Ralph does the same thing to Ilona. His face is strained, as he desperately tries to hold in his frazzled emotions.

Irwin rips off a section of his t-shirt and creates a makeshift bandage for Cici. He carefully wraps it around Cici's seeping arm wound; his face shows that he doesn't relish this experience.

The two girls are now tied up, not far from each other. It is a rather disturbing sight.

ILONA

Ohhh...

Ilona softly moans. Her eyes squeeze shut.

Ralph, now sitting next to her, gently pats her hair.

Irwin picks up his camera; he blows specks of dirt off the lens.

Irwin's POV: Irwin sits down as well in the dirt.

Ralph looks over at him.

RALPH

...We just have to wait it out...

Ralph lowers his gaze, looking despondent, despite his words.

RALPH (CONT'D)

...Just wait it out.

CUTS OUT.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - LATER

Camera starts back up.

Irwin's POV: Ralph looks directly at Irwin, his eyes huge.

RALPH

What the fuck was that?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
I don't know if I heard anything,  
man... Maybe you're-

CRICK - a very discernible noise from within the barn.

SHUSH SHUSH - followed by some scuttling sounds; perhaps the hay on the floor being shuffled around.

Ralph looks intently at Irwin.

RALPH  
(harsh whisper)  
You not hear that either?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
(whispers back)  
...Could just be another animal,  
like we saw in the woods.

RALPH  
And it could be fucking Meredith.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Just leave it alone, man.

RALPH  
Don't be a pussy. She could need  
our help.  
(eyes suddenly gleam)  
...or is about to attack us... Come  
on.

Ralph rises and quietly stalks into the barn.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
This is a bad idea, man.

Irwin follows, once again.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Irwin shines the light all over, trying to cover as much of the barn as quickly as he can.

Ralph looks back at him, admonishingly.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
(whisper)  
Sorry.

Ralph moves further back into the expansive barn.

Irwin illuminates various bales of hay; peeking behind them, revealing nothing.

He lights up the corners; nothing there either.

Ralph goes to the very back of the barn, feeling his way around in the dim light.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Careful man...

Ralph turns back and faces Irwin, his face fairly placid and neutral.

RALPH  
There's nothing here.

Ralph sits momentarily on a bale of hay. He notices some old fishing poles hung on one wall.

Irwin sits as well.

Ralph stands and slowly treads over to the fishing poles. He stares at them with a poignant smile, as he recalls something from the recesses of his mind.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Y'know, I used to love fishing as a kid. My dad would take me. We would go on these trips, up north...just the two of us. It was funny, I would never catch anything, but whenever he'd hook one, he'd let me hold the pole, too; so I felt like I was actually reeling it in...even though he was obviously doing it. Hmm. One time, he landed this big fish, I mean, like a *gigantic* one. We were on this little rowboat, out on the lake. So, he hands me the rod, and the fish, it was really powerful - it must've just took off, swimming through the dark water with everything it had...its survival instinct just kicking in...hard core. And I was so excited, I was holding the rod really tight - cause I knew I couldn't drop it, or my dad would be mad.

(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)

Anyway, the force of the fish, its, what you call it, *inertia*, just rocked me forward - and I was about to fall right into the water...I thought I was gonna drown - and...

In the diffused light, Ralph faces the wall. His hand looks to be touching the poles.

Beat.

Ralph begins to laugh.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Ha...Ha ha..HA HA HA HA!

The laughter turns from good-natured to absolutely maniacal.

Ralph suddenly spins around. He is gripping an old, rusty AXE. He offers a hollow smile to Irwin, his eyes vacant and haunting.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I get it now. There's nothing left to do for them. For any of us. We have to...take matters into our own hands...

Ralph comes menacingly in Irwin's direction, purposefully clutching the axe.

IRWIN (O.C.)

No!

Irwin turns and flees from the barn.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - CONTINUOUS

The camera shakes up and down as Irwin frantically runs out of the barn and approaches the farmhouse.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Fuck fuck fuck!

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Irwin races around to the rear of the farmhouse, and once hidden there, he stops.

He pants audibly. He fumbles with the camera, spastically trying to shut the light off.

IRWIN  
(whisper)  
C'mon!

He finally finds the button - presses it hard - and everything goes dark.

Irwin creeps back around to the corner of the farmhouse and looks back to the barn/fire. The fire is still burning a little bit, a blip of light in the abyss of the night.

To get a better view, Irwin ZOOMS in:

Ralph is standing over the two girls.

The axe rests in both his hands, gripped loosely.

He looks over at Cici. Then at Ilona. ...Deciding.

Beat.

Ralph suddenly raises the axe high in the air, over his head...

He lets it fall with full force and-

CRUNCH/SPLAT! - the dull blade connects with Cici's arm.

Cici is snapped back into consciousness and lets out the most horrific of wails.

CICI  
AAAGGGHHHHHH!

Ralph jerks the axe back up, and BLOOD instantly cascades out of Cici's brutal wound like a fountain.

She continues to howl; she flops around on the dusty ground like a wounded fish.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Fuck!

Ralph looks down at her with lifeless eyes.

Ralph raises the axe once again, high up over his head...

-but then drops it to the ground.

His body starts convulsing, rocking back and forth.

He then throws up a copious amount of a viscous white liquid - it goes everywhere.

RALPH

Blegghhh!

He falls to the ground, moaning.

Irwin steps backward, retreating fully behind the farmhouse again.

He lets the camera dangle at his side for a moment; it wobbles around, focusing on the dark grass below.

We hear Irwin weeping.

IRWIN

(between sobs)

God, please...

Irwin lifts the camera back up and turns the light on.

He scans the back of the farmhouse and is able to locate the back door.

He swiftly moves to the door, opens it as quietly as he can and slinks inside.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

This back entrance leads right into the dilapidated kitchen. A thick layer of dust covers all the ancient, tarnished and broken-down appliances.

Irwin shines the light in front of him, illuminating the desolate space.

He slowly moves through the house, scanning the hallways and rooms; he's looking for something to help him, but he doesn't know what.

IRWIN (O.C.)

(whisper)

God, please, help me... Anything...  
at all...

He arrives at the staircase that leads to the upstairs.

Irwin tests the first step.

CREAK

He deliberately, gently climbs the steps.

The light shines ahead, creating a yellowish chamber of luminescence in the grey.

Irwin arrives at the top of the stairs. He shines the light on an open door to a bedroom.

He cautiously moves into the bedroom and stops; there is something resting on the bed; it's just Meredith's backpack.

Irwin steps further into the room and sits on the bed, mentally and physically drained.

EEK - the mattress creaks a bit.

Irwin shines the light all over, looking for anything. The walls are barren and chipped. On one splintered dresser, there is an old, moldy doll with mildewy hair, flopped over on its side.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(very low)  
Something about this place is...  
*fucked.*

Irwin zooms in on its cracked, smiling face...

Thump.

Irwin lets out a tiny gasp.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Huh!

Irwin's foot has hit something under the bed. Alarmed, he shoots the camera down; it's just the tip of some sort of BOOK.

Irwin fishes the dusty book out with his free hand and opens it. It's a photo album.

He flips through the pages. Just old pictures of people who lived in this house, on the farm. Various shots of a few farm animals. One just of the well.

One photo depicts the whole family; there are six kids. One of them is a little girl with near-white hair.

Irwin zooms in on this child; she dons a very jubilant smile.

EEERRKK - a weird noise from somewhere else in the house.

Irwin freezes up. Just the sound of his breathing is heard.

All is still again.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Goddamit, you pussy, Irwin.  
...Help them.

Irwin forces himself to stand.

He quickly scans the room again; nothing useful.

He steps out of the room and looks into the next room; this appears as if it was a boy's room. Irwin finds a baseball bat leaning up against one corner. He grabs it.

Irwin vacates this room and heads down the stairs. He holds the bat out in front of him, ready.

When he reaches the bottom of the staircase and comes to the front door, he turns the camera light off.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Irwin exits through the front door. He stealthily moves down the porch and towards the soft glow of the dying fire in the distance.

As Irwin gets closer, his pace decreases.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
...No...

Now it is clear that there is only one body here; it belongs to Ilona. She remains utterly motionless.

Irwin scouts the grounds; there is a large, drying pool of blood where Cici was before. In the darkness it looks like tar. There is a trail of blood that goes off to the side. Irwin carefully follows it-

VOICE (O.S.)  
HAARRGGHHHHHH!

A ghastly howl is emitted from somewhere off in the woods.

Irwin spins around, panicked.

Terrified, he drops the bat and runs off into the barn.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Irwin finds a hiding spot behind a large bale of hay. He sits there quivering, trembling in the near darkness.

Outside, the sound of FOOTSTEPS approaching. Irwin holds his breath.

All around, the room is virtually black.

SSHHRRRKK

We hear something move right in front of Irwin. This something is large - and is very close.

HUH HUH HUH

Now, just the sound of hot breath. Whatever is there is literally just inches away from Irwin.

Irwin's hand shakes.

He can not take the suspense any longer - he must see what he is up against:

He flicks the light switch on - there is Cici:

Her face is contorted in an awful rictus of agony and predatory vengeance. Her teeth are bare; covered in blood and filth.

She sniffs at the air, yet she can not see Irwin...because she has clawed her own eyes out. Her face is caked with dried blood.

Her left arm hangs limply at her side, almost completely severed.

Her right wrist oozes blood as well; she bit a chunk of it off in order to free herself from the ropes.

Beat.

Cici of course can not see Irwin, and turns away-

-but her heightened sense of smell is what alerts her of his presence.

She violently turns back to attack Irwin with a heart gripping cackle and SNARL.

CICI  
Waarrgghahaha!!!

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Ahhh!

Irwin lets out a shriek and drops the camera in the hay.

It continues to film as Cici lands on him. Irwin fishes around for anything; his right hand comes in contact with an errant PITCH FORK, amongst the haystacks.

He drives it forward in one swift motion and impales Cici directly through the jaw.

SHLUNK!

-Blood shoots everywhere.

Cici falls down into the hay. She is dead. Blood continues to seep out of all her wounds, staining the hay deep red.

Irwin now cries, sobbing deeply.

IRWIN (CONT'D)  
Oh god...Cici, I'm sorry!  
...Fuck...I'm so sorry... You're  
too hot to die...

Irwin picks up the camera and stares right into the lens, his eyes swollen and enflamed.

He wipes away his tears and snot.

IRWIN (CONT'D)  
Whatever happens here, if I end up  
dead...if anyone finds this...  
please, you have to understand, it  
wasn't our fault...it was that  
fucking water...that stream has to  
be destroyed... Goddamit why didn't  
we just go to a water park or some  
shit...well, not *that*...why...we  
didn't deserve this...we didn't do  
anything wrong...  
(very soft)  
Who am I even talking to?..

Irwin's words trail off. He lowers the camera.

He turns the light off once again.

Irwin sits in the hay. He weeps softly.

CUTS OUT.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - LATER

Irwin's POV: the camera kicks on, at first only detecting the few glowing embers of the all but faded fire.

Irwin flicks the light on: Ilona still lies on the ground, bound and passed out.

Irwin scans the surrounding area; there is no one else around. He directs the camera back to Ilona. Her chest rises slowly, her breath shallow.

Irwin drops the bat to the ground.

Irwin cautiously sits down next to Ilona. His hand reaches out and he gently strokes her hair. He lightly brushes a stray hair away from her face-

ILONA  
WAARRGGHHH!

Ilona roars to life and comes at Irwin. Her eyes are animalistic and wide open.

Despite her wrists and ankles being tied up, she is able to throw her weight on top of him. With her mouth wide open, she goes for Irwin's throat.

IRWIN  
Ilona, stop! This...isn't...you!

Irwin tries to push her off, but her adrenaline-fueled attack has caught him off guard.

Her outstretched mouth snaps shut just centimeters from Irwin's face.

Having no other weapons at his disposal (the bat is out of reach), Irwin winds back and-

CRACK! -brings the camera into Ilona's cranium with full force.

ILONA  
AAAHHH!

-We get an extreme CLOSE UP view of the blow.

Ilona keeps coming at Irwin like a banshee on meth.

CRACK! -he smashes the camera into her head again - this time blood squirts out from the wound.

ILONA (CONT'D)  
Aaahhhh!!!

Ilona is relentless, her now bloodied face strains to bite Irwin. Her eyes roll around in their sockets.

Then:

CRACK! -Irwin connects with a devastating blow to her once beautiful face.

Ilona falls off him.

Irwin stands up, readying himself for further battle.

Yet Ilona is motionless.

A thin stream of fresh blood trickles out of her mouth.

Beat.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Ilona?... no...

Irwin flops to the ground, totally spent.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
No...no...

CUTS OUT.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - LATER

Irwin's POV: pitch black night.

A RUSTLING SOUND in the near distance.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
...Hello? Who's there??

Irwin turns the light on.

The sound of someone approaching in the grass.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(terrified)  
Who's there??

The camera shakes as Irwin tries to see who or what is coming.

In Irwin's free hand, he holds the bat he dropped earlier.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck is--

In the farthest area that the light encapsulates, Ralph can be seen emerging from a thicket of bushes, on the cusp of the forest.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 (quiet, to himself)  
 Oh god...

RALPH  
 Irwin! Are you okay?

Ralph increases his pace.

IRWIN  
 Yeah...I'm okay.

Ralph gets even closer. He is smiling, genuinely.

RALPH  
 Where's Ilona? She's okay, right?  
 See, I told you! We just had to  
 wait it out! I'm feeling so much  
 better - now we just--

As Ralph gets a few feet away from Irwin, his words come to an abrupt halt as he sees Ilona's prone, battered body.

Ralph rushes over to Ilona; he kneels beside her. His face drops in complete shock. He searches her for signs of life: she is completely still.

Ralph just stares down at her, disbelief clouding his eyes.

Beat.

Ralph's head swivels and he looks at Irwin. His eyes are gigantic.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
 ...What happened?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 I...I'm so sorry...

Ralph stands fully now. Staring deeply at Irwin, he steps towards him.

Irwin takes a noticeable step backwards.

RALPH  
*What happened?*

IRWIN  
 Ralph...she came at me. She was  
 trying to bite...to kill... I had  
 no choice-

RALPH  
AARRRRRGGGHHH!!

Ralph lets out a devastated howl of anguish and rage.

This sharp, new and horrific pain has reinvigorated the malicious chemicals still inhabiting his brain.

With virulent fire in his eyes, he comes at Irwin.

Bat in hand, Irwin turns and just sprints.

IRWIN  
I don't want to fight you, Ralph!

RALPH  
There won't be a fight - I'm just going to *kill you!*

Irwin kills the light on the camera - he is better at this action now - as he runs and dives into the barn.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness, Irwin feels his way around, trying to locate a temporary hiding place.

He huddles behind a large bale of hay and just waits.

Beat.

Crunch Crunch

Ralph is now in the barn; his footfalls audible in the dry hay.

Irwin tries to keep his breath silent.

Ralph stops.

RALPH  
Irwinnnn ...I know you're in here.  
I'm going to find you...

Ralph is on the move again. He passes by a window and a faint ray of thin moonlight catches his face, which is eerily distorted into a grin-like grimace.

He tightly squeezes the axe he discovered earlier, having located it outside.

Ralph steps past the window, into sheer darkness again.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
 Irwinnnn... You think you can take  
 her from me? Just like that?  
 ...You think your life is worth  
*anything*? You little piece of  
 human garbage... I'm going... to  
 hurt you...

Crunch Crunch

Ralph is getting closer to where Irwin is hiding. Irwin's  
 hands tremble, causing the camera to shake a bit.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 Huh-

A short, petrified breath escapes Irwin's mouth.

RALPH  
 I hearrrr you, Irwin...

Ralph steps even closer to Irwin; he is just a few feet away  
 now.

Crunch Crunch

The black SHADOW that is Ralph is now visible in the camera's  
 lens:

Ralph raises the axe and steps closer-

RALPH (CONT'D)  
 Unngh!

Ralph trips on something and falls backward, into one of the  
 barn walls;

BANG

Ralph's weight rattles the wall -

In the dim light, something is seen dislodging from the wall  
 and swinging down in a pendulous motion:

SLUNK!

RALPH (CONT'D)  
 Hughhh!

In another sliver of moonlight, we can see that Ralph is  
 somehow pinned to the wall.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
 Gull..guuh...

Ralph gurgles a bit, then is silent.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 (soft)  
 Ralph?...

Irwin rises from his hiding spot and tentatively steps closer.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Fuck it.

Irwin, switches the camera light on.

There is Ralph, the scythe lodged directly in his skull and peaking out from the back of his neck.

His eyes are wide open, his mouth agape.

He is very dead.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 What?...

Irwin steps back, scanning the barn floor to see what Ralph tripped on.

The camera stops when he sees what it is: Cici's corpse.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 No fucking way...  
 (tone changes)  
 ...thanks Cici... ha ..ha ..haaa...

Irwin starts to simultaneously laugh and cry; he's losing it himself at bit now.

IRWIN (CONT'D)  
 HA! HA HA! Ahhhh! Ahhh..ahhh....

Irwin steps through the hay, stumbling a bit, trying to vacate the barn.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS/BARN - CONTINUOUS

Irwin emerges from the barn, his gait still wobbly.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 Have to...get out of here...

He walks a bit towards the road that brought them all there.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Irwin makes it on to the desolate dirt road and trundles on, his light slicing into the blackness, illuminating the brown earth below.

The darkness is all around him; the road ahead looks endless.

He stops.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 ...Where am I going? This is so  
 stupid...

Irwin turns around and shuffles back towards the farmhouse.

As Irwin directs the camera along the trail to light his way, he can see, in the distance:

The tiny beam of a FLASHLIGHT.

Irwin halts.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 (quiet)  
 Shit.

The light jauntily bounces down the road, getting closer. When Irwin speaks, his voice warbles.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Fuck it. Can't get worse, right?..  
 (shouts)  
 Hello? Who's there?

The light continues to get closer.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 (yells)  
 I said 'Who's there?'

The light moves in...

The figure of a person can now be seen holding the flashlight.

It's an OLD MAN.

He is pale and shabbily dressed in a very rustic style. He holds a long walking stick in his other wrinkled talon of a hand.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Hey! Stay back - Who the fuck are  
 you??

The Old Man keeps getting closer.

He gives Irwin a gap-toothed smile.

OLD MAN  
 Easy, there! Just relax, fella.  
 I'm Reginald; pleased to make yer  
 acquaintance.

The Old Man places his walking stick under his arm and holds  
 his free hand out for Irwin to shake.

Irwin doesn't move.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 Just stay back, man.

OLD MAN  
 Geez! Why you so skittish, son?

The Old Man gives Irwin a crooked smile. His eyes look  
 cheerful, but there is something disquieting in them too.

He shifts and holds the walking stick firmly again.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 Well, Reggie, I've had kind of a  
 rough fucking night.

OLD MAN  
 Pardon?

The Old Man steps closer, seemingly to hear better.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
 Just stay the fuck back, man!  
 (suspicious)  
 What are you doing out here?

OLD MAN  
 Boy, you sure do cuss a mean  
 streak.

IRWIN  
 Answer the question!

OLD MAN  
 I don't...What do you mean?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
It's the middle of the night - why  
are you walking around, alone?

The Old Man chuckles.

OLD MAN  
I'm just out fer my night time  
walk. I traverse two point eight  
miles every night. Keeps me fit as  
a fiddle. And I live alone, so  
most things I do are in that, uh, I  
guess you could say, "state."

IRWIN  
Huh?

OLD MAN  
'Alone.'

Beat.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
All right...

OLD MAN  
I could ask you the same thing,  
son.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
What?

OLD MAN  
Why on earth are you all alone out  
here, with yer camera contraption  
there?

IRWIN (O.C.)  
I...well, my...friends, back, uh...

The Old Man makes a face of happy recognition.

OLD MAN  
Was you the ones making all that  
ruckus before? I was wondering who  
the heck was in these parts.

Irwin's voice rises with skepticism.

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Wait, I thought you said you just  
went for a walk now?

OLD MAN

Well, yes - I live a couple miles from here, I walk back and forth. Are you okay, son? Do you need help?

Irwin hesitates.

IRWIN (O.C.)

I, uh...do you have a phone at your place? ...One that works?

OLD MAN

I sure do.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Uh, maybe I could...Um, would you mind if-

OLD MAN

Sure, sure! Come with me, I'll let you use it.

IRWIN (O.C.)

Um...okay.

OLD MAN

I'm just back in this direction. My cabin's just about a mile or so away.

The Old Man motions with his stick down the road. He begins to trek back, moving at a snail's pace.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Don't get many visitors round here. What brings you by?

IRWIN

Look, I...I'd rather not get into it now, if you don't mind, man.

OLD MAN

Suit yerself. I won't push ya, boy. ...Just, we don't get a lot of action round here neither. Last time anything 'citing happened was prolly 'bout ten years back...

IRWIN

...That so?

OLD MAN

But that...that was not such a pleasant time, no no...

IRWIN

What you mean?

OLD MAN

Some...bad things happened... Just sad, really... Such a waste a' lives...

Irwin pauses.

IRWIN

Are you deliberately *trying* to freak me the fuck out??

OLD MAN

No, no, I'm sorry, boy. I won't ruffle yer feathers no more. I'll be silent as a church mouse. Let's just keep movin...

IRWIN

(sighs)

Fine.

Irwin slowly follows, continuing to keep a safe distance behind this unexpected stranger.

The Old Man turns back with a friendly grin.

OLD MAN

No need to worry boy, I'll make sure you get some help for yerself and those girls, too.

Irwin abruptly stops.

IRWIN (O.C.)

...Wait, what?

OLD MAN

I mean, fer whatever you and yer friends there, uh, you need.

The Old Man looks at Irwin with a creepy smile.

IRWIN (O.C.)

How the fuck do you know about the girls?

OLD MAN  
You, uh, you said you had friends,  
uh, who needed help-

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Were you *watching* us?

OLD MAN  
What? No, I mean, I did catch a  
peak at ya when I was walking  
through, that's all-

IRWIN (O.C.)  
Were you the one who fucked with  
our car?!

Irwin rushes up to the Old Man.

The Old Man just eerily laughs in his face.

OLD MAN  
He he he he...

IRWIN (O.C.)  
What the fuck are you laughing at,  
huh??

OLD MAN  
I never seen such a scaredy-cat in  
all my days.

IRWIN  
Answer me, you old asshole!

OLD MAN  
Boy, yer bein' a gen-u-ine *pussy*  
right now and gettin' all worked up  
over-

IRWIN (O.C.)  
(heated)  
Why the fuck were you watching us?!

Irwin moves aggressively closer to the Old Man, clearly about  
to attack him - and:

WHACK! - the Old Man defends himself against Irwin with his  
walking stick.

Irwin stumbles back; he drops/places the camera on the  
ground.

CAMERA POV:

Irwin's built-up rage and frustration takes ahold of his entire body:

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Aaahhh!

Irwin rushes at the Old Man; he viciously snatches the stick from his hands.

He lifts the stick and-

WHAP WHAP WHAP!

Hits the Old Man with hard, successive blows.

OLD MAN

Yer fuckin' crazy, kid! Ahh!

The Old Man crumples to the ground.

WHAP WHAP!

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I ain't done nuttin-

CRACK!

Irwin fiercely hits the Old Man in the head with the stick.

Beat.

The Old Man is silent; either passed out or worse.

IRWIN

GODDAMMIT!

Irwin drops the stick.

He grabs the camera off the dirt floor and sprints down the road.

IRWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Fuck fuck fuck!

Blurry images of the dirt road, the passing woods and whatever lies in wait in the darkness...

The occasional glint of an ANIMAL'S REFLECTIVE EYE.

CUTS OUT

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - CAR - LATER

CAMERA POV: the camera is propped up on the edge of the car's engine, providing light for Irwin.

Irwin's cheeks are streaked with tears. His mouth trembles.

IRWIN

God, please...help me...Please...  
I'll go to church and shit, I  
promise... or temple? ... Or  
wherever the hell Scientologists  
go...

Irwin struggles through this distraught state and inspects the mechanics of all the instruments under the hood.

Sweat beads on his brow and drips down.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Goddamit!

Irwin wipes his wet forehead.

He fiddles with some of the ripped wires, attempting to reconnect them. One of the wires snags his skin.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Ow...shit.

Irwin squeezes his injured finger, then sucks the blood droplet that forms there off it.

He leans in closer, really scrutinizing the ruptured valves-

WHAP - the edge of the baseball bat is seen making contact with the back of Irwin's head-

He falls down on to the engine, knocked out - then continues to slide off of the car completely, falling to the ground below.

THUD.

A swarm of tiny moths and mosquitos dance around in the camera's light, an insect dance party.

SHHHRRRR

A dragging noise is heard, as Irwin's body is presumably being moved.

SHHHRRR-

The noise stops.

Footsteps approach.

The camera is grabbed and-

CUTS OUT.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - STREAM - LATER

CAMERA POV: the camera rests on the edge of the stream, providing light yet again.

SPLASH

A hand dips the cup into the water, and lets it fill up.

The camera is grabbed again and-

CUTS OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

CAMERA POV: the camera flares on, illuminating the room. It rests on a piece of unseen furniture.

In the center of the room is Irwin. He is still unconscious. He is thoroughly tied up with the ropes from before to an old wooden chair. The ropes are permanently stained with Cici and Ilona's blood.

Irwin begins to come to; his eyes flutter open and he shakes his head a tiny bit from side to side.

IRWIN

Ahhh... OW... Fuuuckkk...

Irwin groggily looks around, then down at his confined body.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Oh, come on...

His head jerks up and his eyes pop open fully.

He struggles to free himself, to no avail. He grunts as he worms around.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Grrggghhhh...

Irwin looks intently at someone, just off camera.

IRWIN (CONT'D)  
...What is this?

Beat.

MEREDITH (O.C.)  
What do you think this is, Irwin?

Irwin, now visibly frightened and alarmed, just stares ahead at his interrogator.

Her voice takes on a faux-inquisitive tone.

MEREDITH (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
What do you think this is, Irwin?

Irwin's face curls into a sneer.

IRWIN  
I don't know what this is,  
Meredith, but fucking untie me now.

MEREDITH (O.C.)  
Ha ha ha ha...

Meredith steps into frame; her clothes are torn and her hair is covered in leaves and dirt. However, her limpid eyes are clear and piercing.

She stares at Irwin with a vivid intensity, her mouth quivering slightly, almost in a smile.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Irwin; I just can't do  
that.

Irwin breathes heavily. He stares at Meredith with vitriol in his eyes.

IRWIN  
Tell me what the fuck is going on.

Meredith offers a minute, subtle smile.

MEREDITH  
It's just us two now...just like  
you wanted. Be honest, Irwin.

IRWIN  
Huh?

MEREDITH  
This is what you wanted...and  
now...

Meredith slowly, playfully traipses over to Irwin's side. She traces a finger over the lines of his face. Irwin jerks his head aside.

She sticks her foreboding face within inches of his.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

It's your turn.

IRWIN

My turn for what?

Meredith gives him a sickly grin and steps out of frame.

Irwin waits in the chair. He strains to loosen the ropes but they won't budge at all.

Irwin's eyes scan around the room, furiously looking for anything that may help him.

Meredith returns, holding the cup.

MEREDITH

I hope you're thirsty...

(grave)

...it's your turn to drink.

Irwin's eye bulge.

IRWIN

You're fucking kidding, right? How crazy are you, bitch?

Meredith smiles sweetly. She spreads her arms out, in a flippantly grand gesture.

MEREDITH

Well, they said I was cured, so apparently...not that crazy.

She moves closer to Irwin, almost seductively.

Irwin loses his resolve and panics; sweat trickles down his face.

IRWIN

Meredith, please! Whatever happened, we can figure it out, okay? You're still sick from that water, and you're not making sense. We can fix this, all right? No one has to know about *this*, what you're doing now - we can just get out of here together and-

MEREDITH

(icy)

-No.

Meredith's face goes stony.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

I'm the only one who leaves here.

IRWIN

Why?

She looks away.

MEREDITH

That's how it was before...

(faces him)

...that's how it has to be now.

IRWIN

(softer)

Meredith, what are you talking about?

Meredith holds the cup closer to Irwin's mouth, then stops. She gazes upwards, dreamily.

MEREDITH

I thought you saw my album, Irwin...

IRWIN

Huh?

MEREDITH

You really love to snoop, don't you, Irwin? Doing your little 'investigative work'...

(direct)

Think.

IRWIN

...The photo album?

Meredith nods, slowly. She speaks as if from very far away; under water.

MEREDITH

We drank the water before; we lived off it...it was good...it was always good. Then...that plant opened. And the water...went bad...

IRWIN  
What plant?

Meredith's face goes somewhat slack.

MEREDITH  
We passed it...

A flash of recognition courses through Irwin's eyes.

IRWIN  
(quiet)  
Oh my god...you lived here.

Unaware that she is doing this, Meredith speaks simplistically, as if she were still a little child.

MEREDITH  
My brothers, my sister, my  
parents... They were good... but  
then they went...bad...

IRWIN  
...Holy shit.

MEREDITH  
They lost their minds... all of  
them. They...turned on each  
other... I watched them all murder  
each other, one by one. My own  
flesh and blood... I was the only  
one...I hid in the barn... I got  
out...

Irwin looks at Meredith; amazed and horrified.

IRWIN  
Meredith...I'm sorry... That's  
really, truly awful... but why are  
you doing this...now?

Meredith snaps back into the moment.

MEREDITH  
It was her daddy.

IRWIN  
What? Who??

Meredith's tone, and facial expressions, darken dramatically.  
Her eyebrows lower...

MEREDITH

That cunt: Ilona. It was her daddy. His manufacturing plant. His chemicals... so now... she had to pay... just like I did...

IRWIN

But she didn't do anything to you! She was your friend-

MEREDITH

She was *not* my fucking friend. She was a profiteer of her daddy's greed. She was a spoiled rich bitch who had it all...thinking she was using *me* for fucking homework... hahahah... and now...

(grins)

Well, you saw.

IRWIN

(quiet)

You're fucking crazy.

(louder)

So you brought us here, just so?...

MEREDITH

So we could have a "shared experience." I drank the water, too.

IRWIN

I know, I saw you...why? I don't understand what-

MEREDITH

I could handle it. I've been through it before... It's not pleasant...but it truly does pass...

IRWIN

But why-

MEREDITH

Because that makes us all *innocent*, don't you see? Just a big... accident... just like before... When they check the bodies, they'll see; we all drank it...

Meredith focuses her gaze on Irwin. Her eyes burn.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Except you.

IRWIN

No, please!

MEREDITH

*It's your turn.*

IRWIN

Meredith, wait! Listen to me! What you're saying doesn't make any sense.

Meredith pauses, cocking her head to one side a little.

MEREDITH

Oh?

IRWIN

I understand you want, um, vengeance, or whatever - but if everyone here winds up dead, except you, they're still gonna ask you why you brought us here - why you drank from the well, *again!*

Meredith's eyes cloud over with menace. Her hands tremble with rage.

MEREDITH

...Guess they never did fix me after all, huh?

Meredith's free hand suddenly juts out and aggressively grabs Irwin's nose, clamping off his air supply.

IRWIN

No! Huh-

As Irwin gasps for air, Meredith pours all of the water down his throat. He futilely tries to resist, but the water cascades down his esophagus.

Irwin's eyes bugle, then tear up.

Meredith smiles with malignant glee, her eyes lighting up ebulliently.

MEREDITH

(cheery)

You really were thirsty!

Meredith briskly walks out of frame, leaving a stunned Irwin alone in his chair.

Irwin's eyes well up with tears.

IRWIN

...No...

Irwin breathes heavily for a bit, then:

CUTS OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

CAMERA POV: the camera turns on - Irwin is still in the chair; he is frothing at the mouth, having a violent seizure. His eyes roll back into his head. His whole body shakes.

MEREDITH (O.C.)

Wow.

His excessively violent movements cause the chair to fall over to the side-

CRACK - the preterite wood of the chair cracks upon hitting the floor.

Just visible now is Irwin, entangled in the splintered wood and ropes.

He is able to crawl along the floor a bit, propelled by rage.

IRWIN

AAaargghh!!

Irwin moves along on the floorboards and out of frame-

CRACK! - CRACK CRACK

Several wet cracking sounds are heard.

All goes silent.

Beat.

Meredith walks into frame, trailing the bat along the floor. It makes a scraping sound.

SSsscccttttttt.

The bat is lathered in blood and bits of skull and brain.

Clank.

Meredith tosses the bat into a corner, it rolls around on the hard wood floor.

Rrrrllll...

Meredith snatches the camera up, and looks into the lens. Her eyes are completely calm and tranquil, yet her face is speckled with flecks of fresh blood.

MEREDITH

And now you go 'bye-bye.'

Meredith lets the camera dangle at her side; it shakily captures things at waist-level as she walks.

Meredith strolls to the front door, softly whistling an unfamiliar tune.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS (SUNRISE)

Meredith pads down the porch steps.

The camera jangles loosely, capturing the morning rays of sun as they penetrate the landscape.

EXT. FARMHOUSE GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

She ambles towards the back of the farmhouse. As the camera jumps around, we see the well approaching.

SHUSH SHUSH - her footfalls in the dewy grass of morning.

Meredith nears the well.

The camera spins around a little and a glimpse of a blurry figure (behind Meredith) is briefly seen.

The camera is jostled forward and the well is evidently even closer.

The camera hits Meredith's leg and turns again; now the figure can clearly be made out. It's Ilona. She is absolutely ravaged.

She limps towards Meredith, her eyes black with hate.

The camera hops forward again; we're at the stream.

Meredith raises the camera up (about to toss it down into the water) and-

OOF! - Meredith is ostensibly shoved from behind, very HARD, as:

CLUMP - the camera tumbles to the ground.

MEREDITH

AH!

SPLASH!

Her body hits the water; Ilona is seen now, as she holds Meredith's head down from behind, filling her lungs up with the rancid water.

The camera films from the ground level; blades of grass obscuring the lens's full view.

Meredith's arms and legs flail around as Ilona holds her down. Eventually, she is motionless.

Ilona stands and wobbles a little out of frame.

HOCK-SPUHHTT - the sound of Ilona spitting in the water.

Ilona is seen again, walking away. She is very shaky on her feet.

The wound on the side of her head gushes blood - this burst of activity has her heart rate racing.

She puts a lackadaisical hand up to the gaping lesion, trying to literally hold her head together.

She staggers a few more steps.

WOMP-

-Then falls to the grass.

Finally dead, for good.

The camera films for a few quiet beats.

The sound of a BIRD chirping at the arrival of the new morning.

The BATTERY light flashes on the camera screen.

CUTS OUT.

BLACK.

The End.

