

HOGZILLA  
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Screenplay by  
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. WOODS 1 -- NIGHT

1

The clouds move rapidly overhead and periodically obliterate the moon. The area is heavily-wooded and fog rises up from the damp earth.

MALE V.O.

In 2004, a Georgia hunter made headlines around the world when he claimed he shot and killed a monster-sized feral hog.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF PHOTO

A photo of the beast flashes instantaneously before our eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

MALE V.O. (CONT'D)

A team of skeptical scientists set out to investigate, assuming it was nothing more than an elaborate hoax.

INSERT OF BOOTS

We see a pair of combat boots, as someone makes his way through the woods. His combat boots make a crunching sound as they step gingerly over fallen branches.

MALE V.O. (CONT'D)

It wasn't. The beast was unprecedented in size...

CUT TO:

INSERT OF PHOTO

A different photo of the beast flashes instantaneously before our eyes.

MALE V.O. (CONT'D)

...raising concerns that a new, more deadly breed of hog had emerged in the Southeastern United States.

Andy stoops to tie a shoelace that has come undone on one of the combat boots and lays down his rifle. We only see his hands before he continues on.

MALE V.O. (CONT'D)

In early 2006, these fears were confirmed when a Florida man was charged by a gigantic wild pig. The behemoth weighed in at over 1,100 pounds and had 15 inch razor sharp tusks.

CUT TO:

INSERT OF PHOTO

Another photo of the beast flashes instantaneously before our eyes.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. WOODS 2 -- NIGHT

2

Twelve-year-old ROBBIE, a freckle-faced boy of average build, is nervously looking over his shoulder as he chops away at the underbrush with a Buck knife.

ROBBIE

Dad?

ANDY (O.S.)

Robbie? Can you hear me?

Robbie hurries to put the knife away.

ROBBIE

I hear you fine.

ANDY (O.S.)

Ya got the spotlight, right? Don't tell yer mama about this, but when you see a deer, just hit him with the spotlight.

ROBBIE

(yelling)

Okay, dad. Just make sure you don't shoot ME!

ANDY (O.S.)  
 (laughing)  
 Okay, son. I'm gonna show ya how we  
 do it back in Macomb County. Be quiet,  
 now, so we don't scare 'em off.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. WOODS 2 -- NIGHT

3

Robbie lifts a heavy spotlight off the ground.

ANDY (O.S.)  
 (pause)  
 Robbie? I'm gonna get me another  
 beer out of the truck. I'll be right  
 back.

ROBBIE  
 Okay, Dad.

With his father gone, Robbie once again retrieves his dad's Buck knife and chops at the underbrush and trees. As the moon climbs above the trees, Robbie hears a rustling sound, growing louder and louder and his face registers concern. He hurriedly puts the knife away.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 Is that you, Dad?

Another sound is heard and Robbie backs up and turns on the spotlight, shining it back and forth. The sound of something in the brush increases as the boy's eyes widen.

POV OF PURSUER

The boy stares into the underbrush. Suddenly, his eyes lock onto something.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 (gasps)

He stumbles backward in fear and falls to the ground. Something bull rushes him.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 (screaming)

Robbie struggles against the attack.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF WOODED RURAL FLORIDA -- DAY 4

Passing over the tops of trees, lakes and streams, a large expanse of undeveloped land is seen below.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY 5

A thicket is visible on both sides of the road and makes a shadowy canopy. FRANK, MITCH, DR. EVANS AND BILL are riding in FRANK'S SUV. Behind them, JOANNA'S SUV stays a safe distance behind them with JOANNA at the wheel and BRAD BENNETT riding shotgun. The two vehicles cut their way through the countryside.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY 6

ANGLE INSIDE JOANNA'S SUV

JOANNA'S SUV (with Joanna and Brad) bumps along the country road and stays a short distance behind FRANK'S SUV (with Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans and Bill). Thick foliage and various lakes and streams flank the dirt road. The radio is playing as JOANNA PEREZ, a pretty brunette in her thirties, keeps pace with FRANK'S SUV and glares at Brad, who is fast asleep.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. SHOULDER OF ROAD -- DAY 7

ANGLE ON FRANK'S SUV

FRANK'S SUV (with Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans and Bill) pulls onto the shoulder of the dirt road with JOANNA'S SUV (with Joanna and Brad) following closely behind.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. SHOULDER OF ROAD -- DAY 8

ANGLE INSIDE JOANNA'S SUV

Joanna pulls JOANNA'S SUV (with Joanna and Brad) behind FRANK'S SUV (with Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans and Bill).

Joanna cuts the engine and punches the steering wheel. Brad's eyes open and we see that he is the quintessential "talking head" with his white teeth and perfectly styled blonde hair. He retrieves his cell phone and punches in several numbers as Joanna eyes him with annoyance.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SHOULDER OF ROAD -- DAY

9

Frank steps from FRANK'S SUV and we see he is an obese man in his thirties. He is holding a bag of pork rinds and slams the door.

FRANK  
(takes a deep intake  
of air)

Frank takes a hard look around. Frank is soon joined by MITCH (his good looking, muscle-bound co-navigator), DR. EVANS (Laurie, a pretty thirty-something blonde), and BILL (a good looking man in his forties). Mitch, Dr. Evans and Bill walk around to Frank's side of the car. He is visibly perplexed as he stuffs several pork rinds into his mouth.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(talking with his  
mouth full)  
These damn roads don't even show up  
on my nav system!

Grossed out, Mitch looks away from Frank.

MITCH  
I told you that thing wouldn't work  
out here!

DR. EVANS  
So, what are we gonna do?! We're  
losing precious time.

Dr. Evans shields her eyes from the sun and glances around as Frank crunches away on his pork rinds.

BILL  
Duh! Get out the maps!

CUT TO:

10 EXT. SHOULDER OF ROAD -- DAY

10

JOANNA gets out of JOANNA'S SUV and stretches, annoyance underscoring her face. Brad is next to get out and has a cell phone pressed to his ear.

JOANNA

What is that idiot doing?!

BRAD

(holding up his hand  
to silence her)

Yeah? Well, this is total crap,  
Arnie. Hogzilla?! Give me a break!  
I'm a legitimate newsman!  
(listening)

Disgusted, Joanna looks over at Brad and gestures for him to get off the phone. He waves her away and turns his back to her.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Big story, my ass! What happened to  
the anchor job in Seattle, huh?!

(beat)

Hello? Arnie? Hellllllo!

Angry, BRAD snaps his cell phone closed.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Great! No service.

Joanna turns to him with a "whatever" shrug of her shoulders.

Back at FRANK'S SUV, Frank downs another mouthful of pork rinds before tucking the bag of pork rinds under his arm. He opens the passenger door and forages around in the glove compartment in search of maps.

FRANK

I know I have a map of this place  
somewhere.

DR. EVANS

(sarcastically)

Maps? What a novel idea!

Still balancing the bag of pork rinds under his arm, Frank emerges with a mishmash of papers and maps. With a victorious smile, Frank wipes his hand down the front of his shirt,

leaving grease spots on his shirt. Mitch eyes him with distaste.

Joanna strides to the driver's side of FRANK'S SUV and stands with her arms crossed angrily in front of her. Brad strolls up behind her.

BRAD  
What's going on?

Joanna shrugs as Frank lays the papers on the hood of his SUV.

JOANNA  
Why in the bloody hell are you stopping here?

FRANK  
Get off my back, Joanna. I'm trying to figure out where we are!

BRAD  
You guys work it out. I'm gonna get a snack.

Brad walks back to JOANNA'S SUV and opens the hatch. He begins removing grocery bags and rummaging through the contents.

MITCH  
I'm gonna have a look around.

DR. EVANS  
Okay.

Mitch smooths his pants before walking a short distance down the dirt road. Dr. Evans hesitates as she watches Mitch. She turns and heads in the opposite direction with Bill. Bill cups his eyes against the bright sunlight and looks off in the distance. Dr. Evans watches Mitch bend over and touch his toes in rapid succession. He walks back to FRANK'S SUV, opens the hatch and grabs a bottle of water.

Joanna leans against the side of the FRANK'S SUV. She notices that one of her boots has come untied and stoops to fix it.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD 2 -- DAY

11

Andy (now a grizzled man of indeterminate age) mysteriously appears on the periphery. He is dressed in torn jeans, combat boots and a dirty camouflage t-shirt. His hair and beard are tangled and greasy and he looks as though he hasn't bathed since the Pyramids were under construction. He is holding a staff with a long, curled tusk anchored to the end of it.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SHOULDER OF ROAD -- DAY

12

Frank spots Andy.

FRANK  
(gasps)

Frank clutches his ever-present bag of pork rinds.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(pointing, IN A HUSHED  
TONE)  
Hey you guys. We've got a visitor.

The others turn to look as the Andy shambles toward them, carrying his staff with a long, curled tusk anchored to the end of it.

BILL  
Whoa! Where was that guy when they  
were casting for Deliverance?

Frank nervously grabs a handful of pork rinds and stuffs them into his mouth. Chewing loudly, he snickers.

FRANK  
Get him a banjo and he's good to go!

He offers the bag of pork rinds to Joanna. She is nervous as Andy approaches.

JOANNA  
Is he carrying a spear?!

She peers nearsightedly at Andy, and without thinking, pops a pork rind into her mouth. As she bites down on it, her face contorts and SHE SPITS IT OUT.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
Omigawd! What are those things?

She wipes the back of her hand across her mouth.

FRANK  
Pork rinds.  
(to Bill)  
Want one?

He extends the bag of pork rinds toward Bill. Disgusted, Bill shoves it away.

BILL  
Hell no! You wouldn't need a stomach staple, if you cut down on that crap.

FRANK  
They're low carb.

BILL  
Oh, pardon me. I didn't know you were the Atkins poster boy.

FRANK  
Screw you, Bill!

Bill shakes his head and makes his way over to Mitch who is poring over a map stretched across the hood. Joanna turns to Frank, disgusted.

JOANNA  
How can you eat those things?

Frank sees Andy nearing, and moves closer to her.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
Get away from me. You smell like a grease pit!

Joanna storms off toward JOANNA'S SUV. She gets in and sits behind the wheel with the door open.

ANGLE ON FRANK'S SUV

Dr. Evans walks back to FRANK'S SUV and leans in to Mitch.

DR. EVANS  
Is she always so pleasant?

MITCH

You caught her on a good day, doc.  
You should see her when she gets her  
monthly visitor.

Dr. Evans raises her eyebrows.

DR. EVANS

Can the sexist remarks!

MITCH

Not that visitor. I'm talking about  
her ex-husband. He drops by the  
station every month to pick up his  
alimony check. He's my hero.

(beat)

And speaking of Joanna...it looks  
like that goon is headed her way.  
This oughtta be good!

ANGLE ON JOANNA'S SUV

Andy walks to the driver's side of JOANNA'S SUV and peers in  
at her. She notices him and shrinks away as she hastily  
slams the door. He strides toward the rear of the vehicle  
where Brad is rummaging through bags. Brad jumps, startled  
by his sudden appearance.

ANDY

A little jumpy there, ain't ya?

BRAD

I don't have any spare change!

Andy looks at Brad, shakes his head and heads for FRANK'S  
SUV.

ANGLE ON FRANK'S SUV

The hatch is open and Andy peers in at the equipment in back.  
The group is clustered near the front of the FRANK'S SUV,  
and are momentarily stunned by his audacity. Mitch marches  
over to him, and slams the hatch shut.

MITCH

What do you think you're doing there,  
pal?

Andy takes a few steps back as Dr. Evans approaches.

ANDY

You plannin' on filming something out here?

MITCH

Unless you're with the Florida film commission, that's none of your damned business!

Dr. Evans wears a conciliatory smile on her face.

DR. EVANS

Hello. I'm Dr. Laurie Evans. I'm a veterinarian. Exotic wildlife is my specialty. We're following up on a report that a giant feral hog was shot and killed in these woods.

ANDY

So... You're gonna take some hog pictures? Well, ain't no hogs here. There's demons and devils and creepin' things. But there ain't no hogs. Ya'll need to get back to New York and stay out of my woods!

DR. EVANS

Your woods?!

ANDY

(looking towards the woods)  
Storm coming'!

MITCH

What the hell are you talking about?!

Andy ignores him and disgusted, Mitch walks past him towards the other vehicle. Frank makes his way over to Andy and stops.

FRANK

Excuse me...ummmm...sir...

Andy recoils and covers his nose as he looks Frank up and down.

ANDY

Looks like you folks already found a giant hog?! What are you gonna do mate 'em? What are you eating?

BILL (LAUGHING)  
Anything that walks slower than he  
does.

FRANK  
Shut up, Bill.

ANDY  
Don't eat pork out here!

FRANK  
(to Andy)  
You wouldn't happen to know where  
Basin Ridge Road is? We're setting  
up our base camp near there.

Mitch waves a map in the air.

MITCH  
I found the map. Let's go.

Frank hesitates as he and Andy size each other up. Frank turns and gets back in FRANK'S SUV. Bill and Dr. Evans climb back into FRANK'S SUV. Frank hits the door lock before starting the engine.

ANGLE ON JOANNA'S SUV

JOANNA blasts the horn as she swivels around in her seat toward the back.

JOANNA  
Come on, Brad. Let's go!

Annoyed, Brad looks up as he forages through the bags stacked in the back.

BRAD  
You know darned well I have  
hypoglycemia! I hafta eat something.  
My head is spinning.

Joanna rolls her eyes, as Mitch makes his way to JOANNA'S SUV. Mitch knocks on the window. Joanna ignores him, her arms folded stubbornly in front of her.

MITCH  
(shouting through the  
closed window)  
What's the hold up?!

Joanna gestures to the back as she rolls down the window.

JOANNA

Between Frankenhog over there with his precious pork rinds, and Brad with his friggin' snack attacks, we'll be lucky if we get there by nightfall.

Mitch turns and glares at Brad.

MITCH

Get your ass back in the car!

BRAD

Screw you, Mitch! Just remember who the talent is here! Me, not you, Mr. Junior College!

MITCH

Well, excuse me, Mr. hot shot talent. Get your SORRY ass back in the car!

Brad reluctantly climbs in beside Joanna and munches on a granola bar. Mitch hurries back to FRANK'S SUV and gets in.

The two SUV's pull out as Andy watches, muttering to himself.

ANDY

This is gonna get nasty!

CUT TO:

13 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY

13

FRANK'S SUV, with Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans and Bill, and JOANNA'S SUV, with Joanna and Brad, stop at the end of a narrow dirt road. The tires crunch leaves and twigs. Heavy woods encircle the narrow road on all sides.

Brad is sound asleep, his head propped on a pillow.

JOANNA

Hey. Sleeping beauty! Time to go.

She reaches over and gently shakes his arm. He shifts in his seat, but doesn't wake up.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Figures!

Disgusted, she gets out and slams the door as Brad continues to sleep.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. WOODS 3 -- DAY

14

Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill, and Joanna make their way through a thicket. All are carrying bags and cases. Brad is noticeably absent.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY

15

Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill, and Joanna emerge at the edge of a clearing. They lay their bags and cases down and take a look around. Mitch gives Bill a thumbs up sign. Stretching, Joanna does several power squats and swings her arms in great circles in the air. Frank struggles to move a cooler and huff's and puff's. Dr. Evans walks toward the woods on the opposite side of the clearing, and shielding her eyes, peers into the thicket. Mitch and Bill begin unloading items.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mitch and Bill set up a long folding table and begin laying out various camping articles. Bill picks up a hatchet and whirls and swings it during karate moves. Joanna passes him in the midst of her perambulations. She directs a contemptuous look at Bill.

JOANNA

Asshole!

She shakes her head in disbelief and walks toward the woods. Bill gives her the finger behind her back.

BILL

Whatever, Joanna!

MITCH

Where are you going?

JOANNA

To scout out some locations. Try to get some actual WORK done!

(quote marks in the air)

And Bill, you might wanna lay off the testosterone treats!

Joanna throws him a bird over her shoulder, as she cuts a path into the thicket. Bill shrugs his shoulders and gets back to work.

ANOTHER ANGLE

DR. EVANS

(to Mitch)

Tell me what I can do. I don't feel right just standing around watching you guys do all the work.

Frank drags several cases across the clearing.

FRANK

You could go tell the prima donna to get up and help.

DR. EVANS

No problemo!

Dr. Evans cuts across the clearing and disappears into the thicket.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY

16

Dr. Evans emerges from the thicket and walks over to JOANNA'S SUV. She knocks on the window.

DR. EVANS

Brad? Brad? Wake up.

Brad awakens with a start. He looks around, disoriented and climbs out of JOANNA'S SUV. He stretches and groans.

BRAD

Please don't tell me this is where I'll be spending my weekend!

DR. EVANS

Afraid so. Come on...

Dr. Evans leads Brad toward the thicket.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY

17

Brad and Dr. Evans make their way into the clearing as Bill, Mitch and Frank busy themselves setting up the base camp. Bill hammers stakes into the ground and looks up.

DR. EVANS

Found him!

BILL

Hey, Bennett, I could use some help over here.

Brad ignores him and snaps open his cell phone.

BRAD

I'm gonna take a picture of this dump and send it to my agent! Let him see what he's gotten me into.

He begins dialing.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Damnit! I can't get a signal!

Bill pulls the anchor ropes for the tent into place before rising to his feet.

BILL

Use the satellite phone.

BRAD

Where is it?

BILL

What do you mean, where is it?! You were supposed to get it at the airport!

BRAD

Says who?

Angry, Mitch struggles to straighten out the canvas tent before whirling on Brad.

MITCH

Bill, that's who! I was standing right there when he told you to do it!

BRAD

Well, I didn't hear him, not that I  
take orders from him!

Brad heads toward the thicket as he punches numbers into his cell phone, trying repeatedly to get a signal. Mitch starts after him as Bill steps into his path.

BILL

Let it go! It's not worth it, man!

CUT TO:

18 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY 18

Brad gets back into JOANNA's SUV, props the pillow up and goes back to sleep.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY 19

Mitch, Bill and Frank continue to set up the camp. Dr. Evans retrieves a note pad from her backpack and turns to them.

DR. EVANS

Well, since I'm not needed here, I'm  
gonna head out and do a little hog  
tracking.

Mitch retrieves a handkerchief from his back pocket and wipes his sweaty brow.

MITCH

Okay. We'll see you later.

Dr. Evans shoots Mitch a smile before heading towards the thicket. She stops suddenly and turns towards the crew.

DR. EVANS

You don't think that weirdo is  
creeping around these woods, do you?  
Thanks to Frank, he knows exactly  
where we're staying.

Bill swats at the buzzing flies as he grabs a bottled water from the cooler.

BILL

I wouldn't worry too much about him.  
He seemed harmless enough.

DR. EVANS  
 (only half kidding)  
 Okay, but if you hear me scream, you  
 better come running.

MITCH  
 (winking)  
 You got it, sweetie.

BILL grunts as he drags the heavy cooler to another spot.

BILL  
 Don't worry. We can take care of  
 ourselves. Believe me, he'll be sorry  
 if he shows his face around here.

Dr. Evans turns and heads for the woods, worry still  
 underscoring her expression.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. WOODS 4 -- DAY

20

Joanna picks her way through the trees swatting at bugs as  
 she goes. She is sweating profusely and curses as she pushes  
 forward. She stumbles over a fallen branch and loses her  
 balance. She hits the ground hard and CRIES OUT in pain.

JOANNA  
 That didn't just happen!

She attempts to get up and winces in pain. She sits back  
 down and rubs her ankle.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
 Damn!

Joanna grabs a nearby branch and pulls herself up. She stands  
 heron-like on one leg and begins hopping through the thicket  
 as a rustling sound is heard from nearby.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
 (under her breath)  
 Thank God!  
 (calling out)  
 Mitch? Is that you?

More rustling is heard and a twig snaps loudly as something  
 nears.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
 (apprehensively)  
 Who's there?! Mitch?! If that's you,  
 stop fooling around! You're not funny.

Suddenly, a shot rings out and Joanna hits the ground running. Every once in awhile, she falters, and hops on her injured foot, wincing in pain.

POV OF PURSUER

Someone is chasing Joanna. She looks over her shoulder periodically, terror registering in her eyes. Suddenly, Mitch appears with an armload of kindling from the thicket. Joanna's pursuer shrinks back into the underbrush as it watches.

MITCH  
 I heard shots. What happened?

JOANNA  
 I don't know, but someone was  
 following me!

Mitch looks around apprehensively. He sees nothing and helps Joanna through the forest.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY

21

Leaning against Mitch for support, Joanna hops into the clearing. She looks around and sees Bill and Frank raising the last tent. Mitch's eyes are filled with panic as he stares around the camp.

MITCH  
 Dr. Evans isn't back yet?

Bill looks up, surprise registering on his face.

BILL  
 No. What happened to you?!

Bill hurries over and helps Mitch get Joanna seated in a nearby folding chair.

MITCH  
 You didn't hear the gunshots?

BILL  
 No, I didn't hear a thing. We were  
 testing the generator.

Mitch ushers Bill to a quiet area of the camp and leans in.

MITCH  
 Joanna swears someone was following  
 her. I think we better go find Dr.  
 Evans.

BILL  
 I hope it wasn't that lunatic from  
 the road side. I think we should  
 strike the camp and move somewhere  
 else.

MITCH  
 There's no time. It's gonna be dark  
 soon. We better go get the doc.  
 (shouting across the  
 camp)  
 Frank, we'll be right back. Get the  
 first aid kit, and have a look at  
 Joanna's ankle, would you?  
 (beat)  
 Where's Brad?!

Concerned, Frank looks up.

FRANK  
 He's sleeping in the car. What's  
 the matter?

MITCH  
 Nothing. We'll be right back.  
 (to Bill)  
 Come on. We better hurry!

CUT TO:

22 EXT. WOODS 5 -- AFTERNOON

22

Mitch and Bill move through the woods calling out Dr. Evans'  
 name.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- AFTERNOON

23

Mitch and Bill return to camp to find Joanna sitting in a  
 folding chair in the center of the clearing as Frank tends

to food cooking on the grill. Paper plates, utensils, hamburger buns and other items are stacked neatly on the folding table positioned near the grill. Brad paces back and forth as he talks on his cell phone.

MITCH  
Brad's got service?

FRANK  
Yep. He's happier than a hog in a wallow. Where's the doc?

Mitch drops into a folding chair, his eyes underscored with worry. Bill takes a seat next to him.

MITCH  
We couldn't find her.

BILL  
Get Brad off that phone. We need it!

JOANNA  
Right! Have you ever tried to get Brad off the phone?

BILL  
Fine. I'll do it then!

Just then, a rustling is heard and everyone turns toward the sound. A smiling Dr. Evans makes her way out of the woods.

DR. EVANS  
Hey, everyone! (Sizing up the crew's expressions) What's wrong?

Mitch rises to his feet.

MITCH  
Thank God! Where have you been?!

Dr. Evans makes her way to the group and takes a seat in a folding chair as Mitch sits back down.

DR. EVANS  
Hog tracking. I guess I should've checked in, but I wanted to get a jump on things before it got dark. I came across some interesting tracks out there.  
(sizing up the mood)  
Did something happen?

JOANNA

Someone was following me in the woods earlier. I think it was that lunatic from the roadside. Whoever it was, they tried to shoot me!

MITCH

Don't exaggerate, Joanna!

(to Dr. Evans)

We heard shots in the woods earlier. That's all we know.

DR. EVANS

It was probably just a hunter tramping around the brush. I wouldn't worry too much about it.

JOANNA

You weren't there! I know what happened!

Brad begins shouting at someone on his cell phone and, distracted, everyone turns to listen.

BRAD

She actually said that?! I never hit on that intern. Not even once?! No, Arnie, I won't calm down! You better straighten this out and get me that meeting!

(beat)

Hello?

(beat)

Arnie?

(beat)

Are you there? Hellllllo?

Furious, Brad hangs up, his face flushed with anger. He dials the phone and listens as he paces frantically.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Arnie? Pick up. The call dropped out. We need to finish this.

Brad drops into a folding chair and snaps his cell phone closed. The cell phone sounds and he grabs it on the first ring.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Arnie?

(beat)

Oh, hey, Steve.

Brad looks around at the group.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Yeah, everyone's right here.

Curious, Frank flips the burgers and moves in closer.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Sure. Hang on.  
(to the group)  
I'm gonna put him on speaker.

Brad hits a button on his cell phone, as the crew move their folding chairs closer to listen.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Steve, you're on speaker. Go ahead.

STEVE (O.S.)  
What is going on out there?! I've been calling the satellite phone all day!

MITCH  
Hey, buddy. It's Mitch. Brad here forgot it at the airport!

Brad glares at Mitch.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Great! Well, listen up, because things are happening. There's a Cat 1 hurricane making landfall in Pensacola. You probably won't get much where you are, but make sure the gear is covered. After it blows over, you need to get out to the airport and get the satellite phone!

BILL  
Thanks for your concern, Steve.

STEVE (O.S.)  
Speak up. I can't hear you.  
(beat)  
So... How's it going? Find anything interesting yet?

Joanna leans in closer.

JOANNA  
I was scouting locations earlier  
today, and something happened...

STEVE (O.S.)  
Joanna?

The cell phone crackles.

STEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hello? Anybody there?

Brad stares at the cell phone, as Frank makes his way back  
to the grill to attend to the food.

BRAD  
He's gone. We lost our connection.

Brad attempts to call Steve back.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Forget it! No service!

MITCH  
I guess we're gonna hafta load all  
the gear back into the truck!

Mitch gets up and stretches.

FRANK  
The food's ready.

Everyone makes their way to the folding table. Sliced  
onions, pickles, tomatoes and lettuce are laid out on paper  
plates, along with bottles of mustard and ketchup. Frank  
slides burgers onto a paper plate and begins handing them  
out.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF AREA -- EVENING

24

The area is large, heavily wooded, and several lakes and  
streams are visible as day turns to night.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- NIGHT

25

The remnants of the meal have been cleared away. Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill, Joanna and Brad sit around a bonfire, sipping wine from plastic cups. The empty overturned bottle is lying in the dirt nearby. Bill raises his cup.

BILL  
Here's to tabloid news!

They all touch their cups together.

MITCH  
Not that I really care, but where's Frank?

JOANNA  
My guess would be getting more hog gizzards.

BILL  
Pork rinds.

JOANNA  
Whatever.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT

26

Frank has the hatch of FRANK'S SUV open. He glances furtively over his shoulder. He reaches in and opens his suitcase.

INSERT OF SUITCASE

Buried beneath a stack of underwear is a revolver and a holster.

ANGLE ON FRANK

Frank removes the revolver and holster. He straps the holster around his waist, yanks down his T-shirt and smiles.

FRANK  
That crazy loon ain't the only one packin' now!

Frank walks back toward the clearing.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- NIGHT

27

The bonfire has smoldered away, leaving only burned wood in its wake. Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill, Joanna, Brad and Frank sit around in folding chairs at a folding table.

Bill rises to his feet.

BILL

Well, enough chit chat. We better start putting the gear away.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. WOODS 34 -- NIGHT

28

ANGLE ON ANDY

Andy stands at the edge of the woods just out of sight watching the camp and mumbling to himself. A rifle hangs from his shoulder on a heavy leather strap.

ANDY

This little piggy had roast beef.  
The hog is an unclean animal.

He watches as Frank dances around the campfire.

ANDY (CONT'D)

And God brought the tempest and He  
wiped away the clean and the unclean.

He steps on a branch and it snaps.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- NIGHT

29

POV OF ANDY

Brad sits at the folding table munching on chips as Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill and Joanna are busy cleaning and loading up the gear. Mitch is crouched in the center of the clearing packing something into a case. Sensing something, he stops, rises to his feet and peers toward Andy, straining to see.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. WOODS 34 -- NIGHT 30

Andy shrinks further into the thicket to avoid detection.

ANDY  
I gotta do this now!

31 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- NIGHT 31

POV OF ANDY

Frank, Dr. Evans, Bill and Joanna carry heavy cases through the clearing. Mitch takes a last look in Andy's direction before getting back to work.

32 EXT. DELETED SCENE 32

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- NIGHT 33

A FEROCIOUS STORM HOWLS through the dark clearing, bending trees, tearing away branches and uprooting shrubbery. One by one, Mitch, Bill, Brad, Frank, Dr. Evans and Joanna hurry from their tents, shock and fear underscoring their expressions. As Joanna appears, she quickly snaps the top button of her jeans. Bill emerges pulling on his second boot.

BRAD  
What the hell's happening!

MITCH  
Looks like we're getting the brunt of the hurricane.

BILL  
Get to the cars! We need to get out of here!

Fighting against the howling winds, Mitch, Bill, Brad, Frank, Dr. Evans and Joanna make a run for it as the storm pounds away at their base camp.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT 34

Joanna, Brad, Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans and Bill emerge onto the dirt road as a tree falls in front of JOANNA'S SUV. Other branches and debris block the road completely.

JOANNA

Oh my God! We can't get out!

MITCH

Just get in the car!

Fighting against the POUNDING WIND AND RAIN. Mitch, Bill, Frank and Dr. Evans take to the safety of FRANK'S SUV as Joanna and Brad jump into JOANNA'S SUV.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT 35

ANGLE INSIDE JOANNA'S SUV

Debris flies across the hood and the rain beats down in great sheets. With only the inside light to provide illumination, Joanna and Brad sit tensely trying to see the storm's progression. An occasional lightning strike illuminates the area as it is ripped apart by the storm.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY 36

We see only the downcast expressions of Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill, Joanna and Brad as they stare at something.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY 37

The camp is in ruins as a disheveled Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill, Joanna and Brad make their way around the clearing assessing the damage. Water is puddled everywhere, and what few items haven't blown away in the storm are broken or ripped to pieces. Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill and Joanna lug a folding table and chairs, a cooler and a duffel bag as an empty-handed Brad stands nearby.

BRAD

What are we gonna do? Everything's gone.

BILL

We'll just hafta rough it out until they clear the roads.

BRAD

That could be days!

Mitch whirls on Brad.

MITCH  
And your point is, smart one?

Joanna marches up to Mitch.

JOANNA  
That's enough, Mitch. It's bad enough  
we're stranded in the middle of  
nowhere, without you turning into  
friggin' Rambo.

Angry, Mitch storms off.

MITCH  
(Shouting)  
You'll be damned glad I'm Rambo in  
about two days, sweet cakes!

Dr. Evans hurries to catch up with Mitch.

Mitch draws up to one of the demolished tents.

DR. EVANS  
Tell me what I can do.

Mitch leans down and grabs one end of a torn piece of tent.

MITCH  
Grab the other end. Would you?

Dr. Evans stoops down, grabs the other end and rises to her feet. She and Mitch shake it free of water.

ANGLE ON BRAD

Brad turns to Joanna as he holds up his cell phone.

BRAD  
I'm gonna walk out to the main road  
and see if I can get a signal.

Bill looks at him in disgust.

BILL  
Bad idea.

BRAD  
Why? Is the boogymen gonna get me?!

BILL  
How about snakes and downed power  
lines, moron!

BRAD  
(sarcastically)  
I'll be careful.

BILL  
You wanna get yourself killed, that's  
fine by me! You sure as HELL won't  
be missed!

Bill turns away from him and collects trash blanketing the clearing.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY

38

POV OF PURSUER

Someone is watching Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill and Joanna from the safety of the thicket at the edge of the clearing. Its rapid, choppy breathing can be heard.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Debris litters the entire area. Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill and Joanna busy themselves cleaning up. They are sweaty, their hair is plastered in clumps and their clothes are wrinkled and muddy. Frank pulls his revolver from its holster beneath his shirt and idly spins the chamber. Joanna catches sight of him.

JOANNA  
Hey! What in the hell do you think  
you're doing? Put that thing away!

With a loud explosion of sound, the revolver goes off. The bullet passes in front of Mitch's groin area, so close that he feels the wind as it passes. He stands frozen, afraid to look down. When he is sure his parts are intact, he strides toward Frank, murder in his eyes.

MITCH  
You stupid fool!

JOANNA  
Easy, Mitch!

FRANK  
I'm sorry...I didn't ... it went off  
by itself...

Joanna stands between them.

JOANNA  
You friggin' imbecile! What were  
you thinking bringing a loaded gun  
out here?!

FRANK  
We need protection. Giant hogs,  
anacondas, wildcats! God only knows  
what's lurking in those woods!

Dr. Evans and Bill snicker.

MITCH  
With Orca here, it's not the wildlife  
we need to worry about!

JOANNA  
Put that gun in the car. And if I  
see you packing heat again, you'll  
be singing five octaves higher.

Frank slinks over to the table and lays the revolver down.

FRANK  
You don't hafta be abusive! I was  
only trying to help.

We hear the insistent buzzing of mosquitoes as they descend upon and circle Frank, Mitch, Dr. Evans, Bill and Joanna. Bill grabs a can of repellent. He sprays himself and passes it on to Mitch. Frank rejoins them as Bill hands the can to Joanna who sprays herself liberally. She swats ineffectually at the buzzing mosquitoes and chokes on the fumes.

JOANNA  
Ohmigawd! I just swallowed a mouthful  
of this stuff. Is it poisonous?

Mitch grins as he bags up trash.

MITCH  
Not if you keep your mouth shut.

Frank shovels a handful of pork rinds into his mouth. He snickers, spitting out a few crumbs of the rinds.

FRANK

Joanna? That'll be the day.

Joanna sprays the repellent at Frank and he stumbles backwards.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you?! I just opened this bag!

Disgusted, Frank marches over to a plastic garbage bag and throws the bag of pork rinds away.

JOANNA

Gee, too bad. Think you can keep YOUR mouth shut?

Mitch grabs a muddy length of rope, still anchored to the ground and dislodges it. He begins to spool it over his arm.

MITCH

Right. They don't call him Frankenhog for nothing...

Frank throws the plastic garbage bag to the ground in anger.

FRANK

Who calls me that?!

Joanna picks her way across the clearing before turning to Frank.

JOANNA

The news clerks, the receptionist. All of the reporters. Hmmm. Lemme think. Who else?

Mitch looks at her with an amused grin.

FRANK

Get stuffed, Joanna.

JOANNA

Stuffed? The only one around here getting stuffed is you, pal!

MITCH

She's right. You might wanna go easy on the food, man. We gotta make that stuff last.

Smirking to herself, Joanna cuts through the clearing toward the thicket.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY

39

Brad has taken over the back seat of JOANNA'S SUV. He lies with his head on a pillow, his feet sticking out the open window on the other side. He has a battery powered fan blowing directly on him. A girlie magazine lies across his face, and his chest rises and falls rhythmically as Brad snores.

JOANNA

Why don't you get off your worthless  
ass and give us a hand?

Brad lowers the girlie magazine and opens his eyes.

BRAD

Would you settle for part of a hand?

He extends his middle finger at her.

JOANNA

You make me sick!

BRAD

You wound me deeply.

He puts the girlie magazine back over his face.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY

40

Mitch stands near the folding table as Joanna makes her way back to the base camp.

MITCH

We need to figure out how much food  
we have. Everybody, bring me what  
you've got.

Joanna takes a seat in a folding chair as Bill, Frank and Dr. Evans gather up what little food supplies are left. They deposit them on the table.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Where's pretty boy?

JOANNA

In the car. Where else!

MITCH

Figures. Well, it's time to dig into his personal stash. I'll be back.

Mitch grabs the revolver and holster off the table before cutting his way through the clearing.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY

41

Mitch yanks the door of JOANNA'S SUV open, sending Brad's feet tumbling.

MITCH

Time to get up, sleepy head.

Brad sits up and glares at Mitch.

BRAD

What's your problem?!

Brad notices the revolver and his eyes widen.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You planning to shoot me if I don't cooperate?!

Mitch heads around the back of JOANNA'S SUV, opens the hatch, and places the ammo and revolver into a compartment before walking back to the open door.

MITCH

Don't tempt me. Get off your ass and you don't hafta worry about it! I need your help!

Brad props his feet on the front console and grabs his girlie magazine off the seat.

BRAD

Don't we all, baby. Don't we all.

Just then, Joanna emerges from the thicket. She glares at Brad.

JOANNA  
You're a disgrace! Lying around here  
like the Prince of Brunei!

Brad glances up at her.

BRAD  
I'm here to film a news piece on  
feral hogs. When you're ready to  
roll tape, you just let me know.  
Until then, go pound on it!

Mitch slams the door as Brad merely shrugs his shoulders.

MITCH  
I promise you, scumbag. As soon as  
we get out of here, I'm gonna kick  
your sorry ass.

BRAD  
Ooooh! I'm scared.

Brad resumes reading his girlie magazine as Mitch walks to  
the back of JOANNA'S SUV and raises the hatch. He begins  
taking grocery bags out and placing them on the ground.

Brad swivels around, angry and YELLS TO THE BACK.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Hey! Whatdya think you're doing?!

Brad watches as Mitch begins to hand Joanna grocery bags.

MITCH  
Here, Joanna.  
(handing her a bag)  
Put this with the other stuff.

Joanna takes several grocery bags as Mitch gathers up what's  
left. Brad scrambles for the door.

Brad hurries out the door and rushes after Joanna and Mitch.

BRAD  
That's my food!

He chases after Joanna and Mitch as they head for the  
thicket.

JOANNA  
Not anymore!

Mitch and Joanna head for the thicket, carrying several grocery bags. Brad is hot on their heels. He is about to grab the bags from Joanna, as Mitch steps between them, his eyes full of rage.

MITCH  
Try it pal, and I'm gonna break your legs.

Their eyes lock in a standoff. Finally, Brad takes a few steps back.

BRAD  
You know what? Forget you! I'm not gonna brawl over a lousy ten dollar bag of groceries!

Mitch signals to Joanna to keep going as Brad trails behind them.

MITCH  
Smart choice, pretty boy. 'Cause I'd like nothing better than to smash your face in.

BRAD  
Get bent, ya friggin' ape!

CUT TO:

42	EXT. WOODS 3 -- DAY <u>DELETED SCENE</u>	42
43	EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY	43

Joanna and Mitch empty the grocery bags onto the table. Dr. Evans and Bill have already begun sorting their meager food stuffs.

INSERT OF BRAD'S GROCERY BAGS

Brad's stash contains granola bars, dried fruit and his prized Hershey miniatures.

BACK TO SCENE

Bill shuffles through the contents of the grocery bags and grabs a crackle bar.

Brad stands a few feet away from the folding table, his jaw clenched in anger as Bill holds up the candy.

BILL

Yum. I love these things.

Bill unwraps the candy and pops it into his mouth. Brad's face is a study in anger as he attempts to push his way to the folding table. Mitch body blocks him.

MITCH

Touch 'em and you're history!

BRAD

I've got hypoglycemia! Joanna, tell him. I need to eat every two hours or I can go into a coma!

MITCH

You've been in a coma since we got here.

JOANNA

(to Brad)

Ignore him, Brad. Steve knows we're stranded. I'm sure help is already on the way.

Bill and Dr. Evans continue to organize the foodstuffs. He places a can of potted meat onto the table and tosses another candy to Brad.

BILL

Yeah, right. Air Force One is gonna swoop down and get us.

Brad makes his way to the nearest tree where he leans back and peels away the wrapper before popping it in his mouth.

JOANNA

Steve doesn't give a rat's ass about you, but he's sure not gonna let his number one segment producer starve out here.

BRAD

I'm on the short list for the anchor slot. No, they'll be here soon enough.

Mitch takes a seat at the folding table and begins sharpening his hunting knife.

MITCH

Whatever, Brad.

(to the others)

If we don't stuff our faces, we've got sufficient food and water to last us for days.

JOANNA

Stuff our faces? On that crap? Fat chance. And speaking of fat...

(beat)

You might wanna have a word with Frank. You know what a glutton he is.

(beat, looking around the camp)

Where did he go, anyway?

CUT TO:

44	EXT. DELETED SCENE	44
45	EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY	45

Frank sorts through his personal food stash hidden in a secret compartment in the back of FRANK'S SUV. He finds a half dozen Slim Jims, an unopened box of powdered donut holes, several bags of chips, cheese whiz, and an ample supply of pork rinds. He glances nervously over his shoulder as he loads them into a duffel bag.

CUT TO:

46	EXT. WOODS 9 -- DAY	46
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Frank picks his way through the debris and pooled water, taking several careful glances behind him. He spots a pile of fallen branches. He zips open his duffel bag, removes a bag of pork rinds and cheese whiz before he zips his duffel bag closed. He sets the food down and slides the duffel bag underneath the pile of fallen branches.

POV OF PURSUER

Someone is watching Frank from a safe distance. He moves stealthily through the thicket and does a complete circle around him as Frank moves to a dry spot to settle in with his bag of pork rinds and cheese whiz.

ANGLE ON FRANK

He grins as he tears open a bag of pork rinds. He shakes the can of cheese whiz and sprays a liberal dollop onto a rind.

POV OF PURSUER

The pursuer's heavy breathing is heard as it slowly inches closer, watching as Frank chomps on the pork rind, his mouth grotesquely open.

ANGLE ON FRANK

His chewing slows and he glances around nervously, sensing something.

POV OF PURSUER

Frank's pursuer shrinks back into the thicket, as it pants in excitement.

ANGLE ON FRANK

Frank shrugs his shoulders and helps himself to another pork rind oozing with creamy cheese. He pops it into his mouth and licks the excess cheese whiz off his fingers one at a time, savoring his feast.

POV OF PURSUER

Frank's pursuer inches closer and closer, moving carefully through the brush to take up a position directly behind him.

ANGLE ON FRANK

Frank hears a rustling from behind him and peers over his shoulder.

FRANK

Is that you, Mitch? Good news. I found more food.

Frank looks around, trying to pinpoint the source of the sounds.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY

47

Brad grabs a bottle of water off the folding table and heads off.

DR. EVANS

From now on, you will ask me before  
you help yourself to food and water.

BRAD

Bite me!

Mitch and Bill are loading the food into a plastic bin as Brad disappears into the thicket. Joanna files her fingernails at the folding table as Dr. Evans counts the remaining bottles of water.

DR. EVANS

What an insufferable jerk!

A blood curdling scream fills the air. Mitch, Bill, Joanna and Dr. Evans turn in the direction of the sound, their eyes widening with fear.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

What in the world?!

MITCH

That's Frank.

Mitch straps a large hunting knife to his leg. He slides the hunting knife out of the sheath and holds it in his hand.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Bill, come with me.

JOANNA

Calm down! That little cry baby  
would shriek over a paper cut!

The group turn to her, staring in disbelief.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

(defensively)

What?! For all we know, a giant hog  
mistook him for one of its own and  
is trying to mate with him.

A series of anguished shrieks split the air and Joanna's expression changes. Bill runs back and grabs the pole from a boom mic. He runs to catch up to Mitch.

DR. EVANS

I have a medical background. Lemme  
get my bag. I'm coming with you.

Dr. Evans grabs a medical case from underneath the folding  
table and hurries after the men.

JOANNA

Hey, wait for me! I'm not staying  
here by myself.

She runs to join them, visibly struggling with her injured  
ankle as they disappear into the thicket.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

48 EXT. WOODS 9 -- DAY

48

Frank is becoming agitated as he waits for an answer, but  
none is forthcoming.

POV OF PURSUER

The underbrush cracks and rustles as Frank's pursuer runs  
toward him.

ANGLE ON FRANK

Frank's eyes grow wide as he looks over his shoulder in fear  
as someone busts through the underbrush.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He is pushed to the ground from behind.

POV OF PURSUER

Before Frank can recover, his pursuer is upon him.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY DELETED SCENE 49  
 50 EXT. WOODS 3 -- DAY 50

Brad stops suddenly, his face underscored by fear. He turns and starts back for the base camp.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY DELETED SCENE 51  
 52 EXT. WOODS 3 -- DAY 52

Brad HEARS THE SCREAMS and he runs frantically toward the base camp.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY 53

BRAD  
 Hello? Hello?!  
 (beats)  
 Bastards just left me here to die!

Brad peers around wild eyed. Brad runs his hand through his hair and turns in a circle, looking off towards the woods like a cornered rat.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 (under his breath)  
 Where is everybody?!

Panicked, Brad hurries toward the thicket.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. WOODS 10 -- DAY 54

Bill, Mitch, Joanna and Dr. Evans walk carefully into the forest, calling out to Frank. It's tough going as they fight their way through the thick foliage. The water stands in stagnant pools and the mosquitoes buzz.

BILL  
 This reminds me of my combat days in Somalia.

JOANNA  
 Everything reminds you of your combat days in Somalia.

MITCH  
 (cupping his mouth)  
 Frank? Can you hear me.

The only sound is the crackle of underbrush as they push their way through.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
 Okay, let's split up. Doc? You go with me. Bill? You and Joanna head east.

Bill nods before turning and heading in the opposite direction. As Joanna hurries after him, she stops and winces. She reaches down and rubs her sore ankle before looking around.

POV OF JOANNA

Bill has disappeared into the thicket.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Joanna sees that Bill has disappeared into the brush, and limping on her injured ankle, hurries after Mitch.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. WOODS 10 -- DAY

55

Mitch pushes his way through the heavy trees and bushes.

MITCH  
 Frank? Can you hear me?

DR. EVANS  
 Frank?! Answer us!

Mitch taps Dr. Evans arm. She turns as he raises a finger to his lips to silence her.

MITCH  
 (whispering)  
 Sssh! Someone's following us!

Dr. Evans' eyes widen with fear as the sound of someone crashing through the underbrush is heard. Mitch holds his hunting knife out and moves toward the sounds. Joanna bursts from the trees, nearly colliding with Mitch. Startled, Dr. Evans stumbles back and gasps.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Damn it, Joanna. I told you to go with Bill.

JOANNA

He took off and left me!

Annoyed, Dr. Evans shakes her head, turns and continues through the woods with Mitch and Joanna following behind her. Mitch slows his pace so Joanna can keep up as Dr. Evans disappears into the trees.

MITCH

Then you should have stayed back with Brad! I can't babysit you right now!

JOANNA

What, and listen to his non-stop bitching about his cell phone? Thanks, but no thanks.

DR. EVANS (O.S.)

(Gasp)

Dr. Evans' gasp is heard and Mitch picks up the pace, leaving a hobbling Joanna trailing behind him.

DR. EVANS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Over here!

CUT TO:

56 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY DELETED SCENE 56

57 EXT. WOODS 3 -- DAY 57

Brad has broken out into a sweat as he scrambles through the thicket.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY 58

Brad hurries to JOANNA'S SUV.

Brad is visibly shaken as he retrieves his cell phone from the front seat of JOANNA'S SUV. Brad slams the door and looks around nervously as he tries to make a call. Frustrated, Brad snaps the cell phone shut.

BRAD  
 (under his breath,  
 looking around)  
 I've gotta get to the road and call  
 for help!

Brad heads down the road on foot.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. WOODS 3 -- DAY

59

POV OF PURSUER

Someone is watching Brad. He trails Brad from the safety of the woods. Brad stops suddenly and looks in the direction of his pursuer. His eyes register fear.

BRAD  
 Bill? Joanna? Who's there?!

He waits for an answer before picking up the pace.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. SMALL CLEARING 1 -- DAY

60

Mitch makes his way towards Dr. Evans. Still limping, Joanna hurries to keep up with him as a loud crashing is heard from the woods. Joanna runs behind Mitch, and clutches his arm hard as Bill bursts out of the woods.

BILL  
 Joanna's gone!

MITCH  
 No such luck.

Mitch points at Joanna as she steps out from behind him. Bill glares at her as he marches towards them.

BILL  
 Where did you run off to? I turned  
 around and you were gone!

JOANNA  
 You're the one that took off like a  
 bat out of hell, not me!

MITCH  
 Forget it. Come on.

Mitch gestures for them to follow as he makes his way over to Dr. Evans who examines something near the ground.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What is it, doc?

Dr. Evans points to the ground.

DR. EVANS

Look!

Pork rinds are scattered around the area near a trampled cellophane bag and a can of cheese whiz.

JOANNA

This is bad! Frank would NEVER leave his pork rinds behind.

Dr. Evans looks at her with disgust as Joanna peers over her shoulder nervously.

DR. EVANS

This is no joke, Joanna!

JOANNA

I'm not joking!

Dr. Evans crawls to a small pool of dark liquid on a log, puts on a pair of plastic gloves and dips her finger into it. She looks up at the others, her eyes wide.

DR. EVANS

Blood!

Joanna draws her hand up to her mouth in shock as Bill stoops near Dr. Evans to get a better look.

BILL

Are you sure?

Dr. Evans nods as Bill looks up at Mitch and shakes his head. Mitch moves around the area looking for clues. He discovers small droplets of blood on the leaves and ground.

MITCH

It's everywhere!

Joanna sidles up to Mitch, her eyes wide with fear. Annoyed, he turns to her. She sighs before hobbling over to Bill.

JOANNA  
(Sighs)

Bill brushes past Joanna, and she sits on the ground, dejected. Joanna looks around, gasps and rises to her feet, pointing.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
(Gasps)  
Oh, dear God! A cross.

INSERT OF CROSS

A small cross sticks out of the ground near the scattered pork rinds.

BACK TO SCENE

Bill stoops down to examine it.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
It's that lunatic! I know it! He killed Frank and buried him! We need to get out of here before he kills all of us!

Dr. Evans removes a vial and swab from her medical case. She takes a small blood sample. She seals it up, places the vial back into her medical case and rises to her feet.

DR. EVANS  
I don't know about that, but something terrible happened to Frank out here.

Bill rises to his feet.

BILL  
(to Mitch)  
Looks like Frank put this here as a marker. He's got a whole food stash hidden under the branches.

They all move closer to see Frank's food stash.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Apparently, Frank wasn't planning to starve with the rest of us.

JOANNA  
Selfish wanker!  
(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

I hope that lunatic did get him!

CUT TO:

61 EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAY

61

Brad stops and leans forward, hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath. His clothes are soaked with sweat and his breathing is labored. He stands upright and punches a number into his cell phone. He places it to his ear before angrily snapping it shut. He runs his hand through his hair, his face underscored by fear. He continues down the dirt road. A rustling is heard from the woods. Near hysteria, Brad stops and stares toward it, his breathing ragged.

BRAD

Who's there? Answer me!

Brad sees the underbrush moving and runs headlong into the woods on the opposite side of the dirt road.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. SMALL CLEARING 1 -- DAY

62

Mitch follows drag marks and a trail of blood leading toward the woods.

MITCH

The blood goes off in that direction. Something was dragged across the ground here. Pray it wasn't Frank. Come on. We better hurry.

Bill, Joanna and Dr. Evans follow him.

BILL

Watch out for snakes. They're probably flooded out of their holes from the storm.

Joanna walks slowly behind them.

JOANNA

Snakes?!

Mitch stops and turns to her.

MITCH

Yeah. Snakes. Take my word for it,  
sweet cakes, we've got bigger problems  
than snakes right now!

He turns and leads them into the thicket.

INSERT OF LEAVES

Blood drips from the leaves and puddles on the ground below.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. WOODS 11 -- DAY

63

Out of breath, Brad hides himself behind a large tree. He  
listens, but all is quiet. Brad exhales with relief.

INSERT OF BRAD'S FOOT

A small spider is sprawled on Brad's bare, sandal-clad foot.

ANGLE ON BRAD

Brad's jerks as he attempts to stifle a shriek. He looks  
down, sees the spider and knocks it off.

BRAD

Damned thing bit me!

INSERT OF BRAD'S FOOT

Brad rubs at a red bite mark on his foot.

ANGLE ON BRAD

Suddenly, a loud thrashing is heard in the distance as someone  
nears. Brad's eyes fill with fear as he turns and runs deeper  
into the thicket.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. WOODS 12 -- DAY

64

Bill, Dr. Evans, Joanna and Mitch move single file through  
the woods, scanning the area. Bill stops suddenly and points.

BILL

Stop! There's something over here.

Bill leads them to a spot where a piece of bloody white T-shirt hangs from a bush. They all gather around for a closer look. Dr. Evans leans in.

DR. EVANS

What are those marks?

She points to small grease smudges on the piece of bloody white T-shirt.

BILL

Dunno.

JOANNA

I do. Frank always wipes his greasy fingers on his clothes. It's Frank's shirt. No doubt about it!

Dr. Evans reaches out and rubs the grease smudges between her fingers before turning to Mitch.

DR. EVANS

She might be right. It has a greasy consistency.

Dr. Evans pulls the piece of bloody white T-shirt off the branch, raises it to her nose and smells it.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

Smells like some kinda meat.

JOANNA

I knew those nasty pork poppers were gonna be the death of him!

BILL

What's the matter with you, Joanna?! Poor Frank is probably lying out there somewhere dead or dying. Show some respect!

MITCH

Let's keep going before we lose our light.

Mitch turns and gestures for Bill, Joanna and Dr. Evans to follow him. Dr. Evans places the piece of bloody white T-shirt into her medical case and hurries to catch them.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. WOODS 11 -- DAY

65

Brad stops and is gasping for breath. He stoops to look at his foot.

INSERT OF BRAD'S FOOT

Brad's foot is swollen and purple. A clear liquid oozes from the bite.

ANGLE ON BRAD

Dragging his leg, Brad labors through the thick foliage. He stops, punches a few numbers into his cell phone and listens for a signal.

BRAD

Please, God. Please let it go through. Damnit!

Despondent, he snaps it shut and stares off into space. He is coming un-glued, and tears well up in his eyes. He draws up to a tree and leans against it for support.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(cupping his mouth)

Help me! Please. Somebody!

\*

He waits for a moment, trying to compose himself before continuing through the underbrush.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. WOODS 12 -- DAY

66

Mitch is stooped, examining the ground. The ground is littered with fallen leaves and thin branches that have been torn away from the trees. The ground is trampled and the grass and weeds are flattened. He moves along slowly taking a hard look at everything.

MITCH

The blood leads further into that thicket.

Bill, Joanna and Dr. Evans stand nearby, uncertain. Mitch rises to his feet and unsheathes his hunting knife.

MITCH (CONT'D)

We better keep our guard up. Who knows what we're gonna find in there.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. WOODS 14 -- DAY

67

Brad is sweating profusely. He raises the edge of his shirt and wipes at his brow as he drags his foot behind him. Again and again, he attempts to get a cell phone signal, to no avail. He falls down and drops the phone. Delirious, he scrambles to his feet and continues on, unaware he no longer has possession of his cell phone.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. WOODS 12 -- DAY DELETED SCENE

68

69 EXT. SMALL CLEARING 2 -- DAY

69

The ground is trampled, and long scrapes are visible in the freshly dug soil. Pieces of bloody T-shirt are scattered about and a pair of sunglasses, with a cracked lens, twinkles up at them in the sunlight. Mitch drops to one knee.

MITCH

It looks like Frank put up a hell of a fight.

JOANNA

Let's go back! I'm scared.

Joanna grabs Bill's arm for protection. She is wild-eyed as she looks off toward the woods. Dr. Evans, still wearing plastic gloves, moves across the clearing picking up strips of bloody cloth as she goes. She spots a larger piece of the T-shirt, soaked in blood, with a long jagged slice in the fabric and lifts it for the others to see.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

God in heaven. Look at this!

Mitch and Bill hurry to examine it.

BILL

What is it? A slash from a knife?

DR. EVANS

Call me crazy, but I'd say animal tusks. Very, very large animal tusks.

MITCH  
 Could a feral hog do this?

Joanna draws her arms around herself, near hysteria.

JOANNA  
 Think people! Think! That lunatic  
 on the road was carrying a long staff  
 with a huge tusk tied to the end of  
 it!

Mitch turns to look at her, his eyes serious. He turns back  
 to the others.

MITCH  
 She's right. He did.

Bill looks at the sky, his face underscored by worry.

BILL  
 We've only got a few hours of light  
 left. We better head back and get  
 Brad. If that goon is skulking around  
 gunning for us, we'll need every  
 able body we've got.

MITCH  
 I wouldn't exactly describe Brad as  
 able bodied, but I see your point.  
 Let's go.

DR. EVANS  
 We can pick up the spotlights, too,  
 and whatever else we need. It's  
 pitch black out here at night.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. SMALL CLEARING 3 -- DAY

70

Brad is nearly delirious with fever as he crawls on his hands  
 and knees through the underbrush. He is ashen, his foot is  
 swollen in size and is a sickly purple.

POV OF PURSUER

Someone is following Brad through the underbrush. His pursuer  
 is slow, deliberate and stays a safe distance behind him.

## ANGLE ON BRAD

Something snaps behind him and Brad scrambles to his feet, holding onto a tree for support.

BRAD  
(moans in pain)

He attempts to get his bearings. He peers into the woods as several birds take frantic flight.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
(laughs with relief)

## POV OF PURSUER

Something rushes out of the woods as Brad stares in horror. He attempts to turn and run, but his useless foot renders him unable. He turns as his pursuer is upon him. He brings his hand up to his face as he disappears from view screaming in agony. Blood spurts in every direction.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. WOODS 12 -- DAY DELETED SCENE 71

Bill, Dr. Evans, Joanna and Mitch continue back towards their base camp.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY DELETED SCENE 72

73 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY DELETED SCENE 73

74 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY DELETED SCENE 74

75 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY 75

Bill, Dr. Evans, Joanna and Mitch are gathered near the cars.

MITCH  
I told that imbecile to stay put!  
Forget it. Let's go.

Bill walks around the area.

BILL  
I hope that idiot didn't go and get  
himself lost.

Joanna walks slowly their way with Dr. Evans trailing behind her.

JOANNA

It would serve him right if he did!  
Some nerve of him walking off like  
that. I'm with Mitch. Let's go.

She grabs Mitch's arm for support and lifts her ankle off the ground.

MITCH

Is your ankle that bad, Joanna?

DR. EVANS

It's possible she fractured it, but  
without an X-ray, there's no way of  
knowing for sure.

MITCH

Go wait for us in the car.

Joanna looks up at him, frowning.

JOANNA

Are you insane? No way!

MITCH

You'll just slow us down. Be  
reasonable.

JOANNA

Screw that! I'm coming. Too bad if  
I slow you down.

Bill wanders toward the woods. Mitch joins him and they head out. Dr. Evans helps Joanna along and they do their best to keep up.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. WOODS 13 -- AFTERNOON

76

POV OF PURSUER

Someone runs through the woods, toppling foliage along the way.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. WOODS 14 -- AFTERNOON

77

It's sundown. Mitch leads the charge as they wind deeper and deeper into the thicket. Mitch stops suddenly and stares at the ground. Bill runs to catch up.

BILL  
Did you find something?!

MITCH  
More bad news!

Mitch points to the ground.

INSERT OF BRAD'S CELL PHONE

Brad's cell phone lies on the ground, nearly obscured by a pile of trampled brush.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Alarmed, Dr. Evans and Joanna hurry their way.

DR. EVANS  
What is it?!

Mitch holds up Brad's cell phone.

JOANNA  
Brad's phone! Oh my God!

Joanna draws her hand up to her mouth, her eyes welling with tears. Joanna touches the cell phone tentatively, like it's the holy grail.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
What do we do?! It's him, that man  
from the road. I know it.

She clutches Mitch's arm in a death grip.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
Forget the search. We've gotta get  
out of here before we're next!

Mitch yanks his arm loose.

MITCH  
Your concern is touching!

BILL

Yeah, Joanna. You're all heart.

JOANNA

Don't try to pin this on me! There's nothing we can do for them now. We hafta think of ourselves!

MITCH

It's all about self-preservation, right? Just leave 'em out here to rot, is that it?!

Joanna pushes Mitch.

JOANNA

(shouting)

Shut up. Just shut up! Did I tell Frank to sneak off and stuff his face?! Is it my fault that Brad ran off when he was told time and time again to say put?! Huh?!

For an instant, Mitch looks like he might strike her, but composes himself. Dr. Evans steps in front of Joanna, her eyes cold.

DR. EVANS

We're gonna look for Brad and Frank, Joanna, so that leaves you with exactly two choices. One, keep running your big, stupid mouth, and be left behind. Two?

(holding up her fingers)

Shut your gob and come with us. What's it gonna be?!

Joanna stands sullenly refusing to answer.

MITCH

The hell with her. Let's go!

He turns and pushes his way into the thicket with Bill and Dr. Evans trailing him. Joanna watches them leave. She looks over her shoulder before hurrying to catch them.

JOANNA

Wait up!

She hobbles as quickly as she can to join the group. Bill pauses and offers her his arm for assistance.

She swats it away.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Get out!

BILL

Have it your way.

She pushes past him.

JOANNA

Oh, I'll have it my way. You can bet on that!

BILL

Meaning what?

JOANNA

When I get back to New York, I'm gonna have a sit-down with Steve to discuss your future career path!

BILL

Is that a threat?

JOANNA

It's a promise!

Mitch and Dr. Evans stand at the edge of the thicket, waiting for Joanna and Bill to catch up. Mitch strides over to confront Joanna.

MITCH

Last warning. Either you shut up, or we'll leave you behind.

Joanna glares her fury at him, but clamps her mouth shut

CUT TO:

78 EXT. WOODS 11 -- DAY

78

The going is rough. The vegetation and fallen trees make a nearly impenetrable obstacle. Bill, Dr. Evans, Joanna and Mitch walk single-file, with Mitch in the lead and Joanna bringing up the rear. Occasionally, one of them calls out Frank's or Brad's name. The only sound is the crack of branches as they thread their way deeper into the thicket. Suddenly, Mitch stops.

MITCH  
What's that?!

CUT TO:

79 EXT. SMALL CLEARING 3 -- DAY

79

Just ahead, the grass and brush is flattened and trampled. A dark mound is obscured by loose foliage.

MITCH  
Wait here while I have a look.

Mitch crosses to the mound as the others watch. He lifts a branch before reaching under it. He turns to them, his face sad.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
It's Brad. He's dead!

JOANNA  
(screams)

Startled, Dr. Evans turns to Joanna, angry.

DR. EVANS  
Stop the hysteria, Joanna! Pull yourself together!

Joanna stands sulking as the rest of the group slowly walks towards Mitch, dread underscoring their expressions.

MITCH  
Brace yourselves. This is bad.

Joanna turns away as Mitch removes the branches and foliage. Brad is lying on his side in a fetal position in a pool of his own blood. His knees are drawn up to his chest.

Joanna begins to cry as Dr. Evans kneels down. Curiosity gets the better of Joanna, and she reluctantly inches toward Brad's body.

ANGLE ON BRAD

Brad's stomach is ripped open, and his bloody rib cage is exposed. He has one hand over his face and the other covering his privates.

JOANNA (O.S.)  
Oh, my God. No, No!

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Evans looks up at Mitch, her face a study in shock and disbelief.

MITCH  
It doesn't look like he put up much of a fight.

JOANNA  
(laughs hysterically)  
Don't you get it?! There's only two things an anchor man needs...a set of iron balls and a pretty face. He was protecting his assets.

The others look at her like she's lost her mind.

POV OF PURSUER

Hidden by the underbrush, someone is watching, his breath coming in harsh little gasps.

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch whirls on Joanna.

MITCH  
Dr. Evans is right. You're coming unglued! Pull yourself together!

JOANNA  
Why should I? We've got a regular Jack the Ripper on our trail. Whose next?! You, Dr. Evans, Bill, me?

Joanna drops to the ground.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
(crying hysterically)

Dr. Evans rises to her feet and leans in to Mitch and Bill.

DR. EVANS  
She's in shock. Lemme see if I can convince her to take a sedative. Why don't you two get Brad back to camp?

Dr. Evans kneels next to Joanna and pats her arm, attempting to comfort her.

BILL

(whispering to Mitch)

She's right about that goon being Jack the Ripper. God almighty. Look what he did to Brad? I think we need to get out of here tonight, Mitch. That guy could be anywhere.

MITCH

Agreed. As soon as we move Brad, we'll pack up whatever we have left and go. If we hurry, we might be able to make it to the main road by nightfall.

JOANNA

(sobbing)

Dr. Evans helps her to her feet. She places her arm around Joanna's shoulders as Mitch removes a tarp from his backpack and stretches it across the ground.

MITCH

Okay, Bill. Let's do this!

Dr. Evans leads Joanna back toward the thicket.

DR. EVANS

Come on, Joanna. It's better you don't see this.

As the two women wander into the thicket, Joanna's sobs echo back to the dirt road.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- DAY

80

Mitch and Bill emerge with the body wrapped in the tarp. Dr. Evans nearby and extends a bottle of water and two tiny white pills to Joanna.

JOANNA

We're all gonna die out here. You know that, don't you?

DR. EVANS

Take these, Joanna.

Joanna downs the pills without protest and takes several sips from the bottle of water. The men struggle to hoist the tarp bodybag into the back of JOANNA'S SUV. Mitch stops suddenly, his eyes widening.

MITCH

The gun! I completely forgot! Bill,  
set him down for a minute.

Bill nods as the men lower the tarp bodybag onto the ground. Mitch opens the compartment, loads ammo in the revolver and sets it next to the bodybag.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's get him in here.

The men lift the bodybag, but as Mitch attempts to swing his end of the tarp into the back, Brad's lifeless corpse bangs against the metal, making a sickening thud.

DR. EVANS

Be careful with him, Mitch!

Mitch looks at her.

MITCH

I don't think Brad's gonna care  
anymore.

The two men finally manage to wedge Brad's lifeless corpse into the back. They are both panting with exhaustion. Mitch slams the hatch and picks up the revolver and holster before strapping it around his waist.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I hope that buzzard does come back.  
I'll drop him like a stone. Let's  
get out of here. We're losing light  
fast. We're gonna hafta leave  
everything behind.

Mitch retrieves several items from the back of the SUV, including lights and a leg wrap. He sets down the lights and hurries to to Joanna where he squats.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make you a leg brace. Stand  
still. It might help ease the pain.

Mitch begins to construct the leg brace as Joanna stands motionless, her eyes heavy from the effects of the sedative.

DR. EVANS

Mitch, I think we should wait it out 'til morning. You can't see your hand in front of your face out here at night! It's too dangerous.

BILL

She's got a point, Mitch.

Mitch rises to his feet and looks skyward.

MITCH

Okay, we'll just hafta take turns keeping watch. That guy could be anywhere.

They all turn and walk towards the SUV.

CUT TO:

81	EXT. CLEARING 1 -- AFTERNOON <u>DELETED SCENE</u>	81
82	EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- AFTERNOON <u>DELETED SCENE</u>	82
83	EXT. DIRT ROAD -- EVENING <u>DELETED SCENE</u>	83
84	EXT. DELETED SCENE	84
85	EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT	85

Joanna and Dr. Evans sleep in the front seat of FRANK'S SUV, their heads propped on pillows. Mitch and Bill are sprawled in the back. Dr. Evans stirs, as her eyes slowly open.

DR. EVANS

(sighs)

Dr. Evans reaches for her flashlight and turns it on. She keeps the beam directed downward, careful not to shine it in anyone's eyes. Mitch awakens and leans toward the front seat as she reaches for the door handle.

MITCH

(IN A WHISPER)

Where are you going?!

Dr. Evans stops and turns.

DR. EVANS

To pee.

Bill wakes up and pulls himself upright from his slouch.

MITCH

You can't go out there alone!

DR. EVANS

Believe me, I have no intention of wondering off in those woods. I'm gonna duck behind the nearest tree.

BILL

No, we'll go with you.

Joanna is starting to stir.

JOANNA

Pee or don't pee. Who gives a damn, just keep it down. My ankle's throbbing and I need to get some rest!

She punches at her pillow and turns away, facing away from Dr. Evans as Mitch and Bill get out.

DR. EVANS

(shaking the car keys)

I've got the keys. Lock the door!

Dr. Evans, Mitch & Bill get out of the car and the sound of the door lock is heard as the three flash their lights around. Mitch draws his revolver from its holster as they cautiously make their way into the woods.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. WOODS 16 -- NIGHT

86

A few feet into the woods, Mitch and Bill take up positions on either side of Dr. Evans, their backs turned away from her.

MITCH

Okay, let's hurry up and get this over with.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT

87

In FRANK'S SUV, Joanna fidgets, pushing at her pillow, trying to get comfortable. She peers out into the darkness.

she waits and watches, becoming increasingly agitated. Finally, she steps out of the car and inches toward the thicket.

JOANNA  
(not quite whispering)  
Mitch? Hurry up.

She looks around, her eyes registering concern and looks around. Andy has emerged and is standing between Joanna and the open car door. Joanna screams and races towards the woods.

POV OF JOANNA

Over her shoulder she sees the Andy in hot pursuit. His eyes are wild, and he is holding his staff. She screams.

JOANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Help! Ohmigawd! Help me!

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Get in that car!

She plunges into the thicket with Andy's heavy footsteps pounding after her.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. WOODS 16 -- NIGHT

88

Mitch, Bill and Dr. Evans all look in the direction of Joanna's scream. Dr. Evans snaps the top button of her jeans as they dash for the SUV.

DR. EVANS  
Joanna!

Dr. Evans holds the flashlight for Mitch who aims the revolver ahead of him.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT

89

Dr. Evans, Bill and Mitch emerge to find the door of FRANK'S SUV open, the car light on and a very absent Joanna.

MITCH  
Joanna? Joanna, answer me!

The three stand paralyzed, waiting for an answer.

JOANNA (O.S.)  
(screams)

They exchange looks before running into the woods in the direction of the sound.

MITCH  
This way!

Dr. Evans stops suddenly and the men stare at her in confusion.

DR. EVANS  
I'll wait here in case she comes back.

BILL  
All right.  
(to Mitch)  
Let's split up.

MITCH  
Holler if you need me!

BILL  
You got it!

CUT TO:

90 EXT. WOODS 19 -- NIGHT

90

Joanna plunges desperately through the woods. Every so often she cries out in pain and hops along, favoring her good ankle. She reaches a thick clump of bushes and crouches down to listen.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. WOODS 20 -- NIGHT

91

Bill moves forward holding his hatchet in one hand and the flashlight in the other. An overhanging branch hits him in the face and he wildly swings the hatchet. He realizes it's a branch and nervously laughs before continuing on.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. WOODS 21 -- NIGHT

92

Mitch pushes overhanging branches out of his way. He shines his flashlight, and sees movement just ahead of him. He pulls his revolver out of the holster and cocks the hammer. With his free hand, he shines the flashlight in the direction of the movement. Andy is silhouetted for a moment, as he turns toward the light. Mitch shouts.

MITCH  
Stop right there!

He raises the revolver. Andy tucks and rolls out of sight as Mitch fires a shot at his fleeing figure. Some of the leaves splinter as Mitch gives chase, his revolver at the ready.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. WOODS 19 -- NIGHT

93

Joanna crouches, trying to see. When the gunshot sounds, she leaps to her feet, her eyes wild.

POV OF PURSUER

Joanna's pursuer watches her, his breathing nearly inaudible. A snap of twigs is heard.

JOANNA  
(gasps)

DIFFERENT ANGLE

As Bill bursts out of the trees. She runs to him, nearly crumbling into his arms.

BILL  
It's all right. I'm here.  
(stepping back)  
What happened?!

POV OF PURSUER

Bill faces away from it...Him. Joanna attempts to walk, and cries out in pain as she loses her balance and falls. Bill lays the hatchet on the ground and crouches next to her attempting to help her to her feet. The breathing increases.

The pursuer moves quickly, unmindful now of the noise his progress makes. Bill sees it an instant before it overtakes him, and he scrambles for the hatchet. It's too late. He is knocked down as Joanna watches, too terrified to react. Too terrified to scream.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT

94

Cautiously, Mitch makes his way to FRANK'S SUV. He sees Andy's staff leaning against a tree and stops. He looks around, sees the coast is clear and rushes back to FRANK'S SUV.

MITCH

It's definitely him!  
(showing the staff to  
Dr. Evans)

DR. EVANS

His staff!

MITCH

Yeah.  
(beat)  
Any sign of Joanna or Bill?

DR. EVANS

Nothing, and it's been over an hour!  
What should we do?

MITCH

There's not a damned thing we CAN  
do. He's just picking us off one by  
one.  
(his eyes widen)  
Wait. I've got an idea. I'll be right  
back.

Mitch reaches for the door handle, as Dr. Evans grabs his arm, her face registering fear.

DR. EVANS

Please don't leave me here.

MITCH

Don't you worry, Doc. I'm not going  
anywhere. I'm just gonna put our  
spotlights to good use...light this  
place up like the Fourth of July.

DR. EVANS

Wait. Lemme help, then. I'd rather keep busy, than sit here waiting for an ambush.

MITCH

You got it, Doc. Come on.

Mitch and Dr. Evans get out and move towards the back of FRANK'S SUV.

95 EXT. DELETED SCENE 95

96 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT 96

POV OF ANDY

Mitch and Dr. Evens scurry around FRANK'S SUV positioning the spotlights. Long streamers penetrate the darkness and are trained on the woods on both sides. They both get back in the car and turn the headlights on. The only sounds breaking the silence of the night are a few insects and the slamming doors.

ANGLE ON MITCH & DR. EVANS

Dr. Evans is slumped in the front seat of FRANK'S SUV with Mitch reclining in the driver's seat.

DR. EVANS

(WHISPERING)

Mitch?

Mitch sits up and turns to her.

MITCH

Yeah?

DR. EVANS

Do you think Bill and Joanna are dead?

MITCH

Don't know, but it's been three hours. It can't be good. That's for sure.

DR. EVANS

Mitch?

Dr. Evans turns to him, tears forming in the corner of her eyes.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

I don't know if we're gonna make it out of this or not, but I wanted to thank you for looking out for all of us.

Mitch leans back.

MITCH

Considering that it's just you and me now, I'm a pretty lousy caretaker.

Dr. Evans repositions her pillow so that she is facing Mitch.

DR. EVANS

None of this is your fault, Mitch.

Mitch looks at her, his eyes uncertain.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)

(beat)

You know what I wish?

Mitch settles in and tries to make himself comfortable.

MITCH

What, doc?

DR. EVANS

I wish I could just wake in the morning and find out none of this really happened. You know, like those movies you see, where the girl wakes up and realizes it was all a bad dream.

MITCH

Not much chance of that.

DR. EVANS

Oh, come on, Mitch. Humor me! We wake up and we're in a five star hotel. King sized bed, clean sheets, fluffy pillows. Maybe even a five course breakfast.

MITCH

We? Who exactly do you mean?

Dr. Evans smiles.

DR. EVANS  
Come on, Mitch.

Mitch throws his head back.

MITCH  
(laughs)  
If you're propositioning me, you're  
timing couldn't be worse!

DR. EVANS  
(laughs)

Dr. Evans inches closer.

DR. EVANS (CONT'D)  
I've been giving you signals since  
the day we met. I don't know if  
you're aware of it, but you're a  
liiiiiiiiittle slow on the uptake!

Mitch shakes her head.

MITCH  
Signals, huh?

DR. EVANS  
Yep. And since I don't know how  
much time we have left, I figured I  
better start being more direct.

MITCH  
I've heard of nightmare first dates,  
Doc, but this takes the cake!

DR. EVANS  
Call me Laurie!

She leans in to kiss him as their back light goes out. They both jerk away from each other in fright. It goes on and off several times, before Mitch grabs his revolver as they both peer out the windows into the darkness.

MITCH  
I'll be right back.

Dr. Evans grabs his arm, her eyes wide with fright.

DR. EVANS  
Please don't go out there Mitch. He  
could be lying in wait.

MITCH

I'll be fine. Just lock the door  
behind me.

Mitch get's out. As he starts to close the door, Dr. Evans  
slides out behind him.

DR. EVANS

No, I'm going with you.

Mitch and Dr. Evans slowly, cautiously make their way around  
the back of FRANK'S SUV. Mitch finds the fallen spotlight,  
and lifts it, smiling with relief.

MITCH

It must need batteries.

Dr. Evans raises her hand to her heart with relief.

DR. EVANS

Thank God!

97	EXT. DELETED SCENE	97
98	EXT. DELETED SCENE	98
99	EXT. DELETED SCENE	99
100	EXT. DELETED SCENE	100
101	EXT. DELETED SCENE	101
102	EXT. DELETED SCENE	102
103	EXT. DELETED SCENE	103
104	EXT. DELETED SCENE	104
105	EXT. DELETED SCENE	105
106	EXT. DELETED SCENE	106
107	EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)	107

Without warning, Andy steps from the thicket, his rifle  
pointed at them. He sights down the scope as Mitch and Dr.  
Evans freeze. He raises his rifle and it explodes. The bullet  
passes harmlessly past them towards the woods behind them  
where a giant hog charges from the underbrush. It squeals  
as it is struck.

## ANGLE ON ANDY

Andy rushes toward them as Mitch throws himself protectively in front of Dr. Evans, letting the holster drop to the ground. Andy runs past them and fires several more shots into the beast as Mitch and Dr. Evans watch in shock.

The horrifying SQUEALS subside as the beast lies dead. Andy moves closer, oblivious to Mitch and Dr. Evans. He kicks the dead animal in the face. Andy has his back turned to them and is crouched by the hog. With his eyes trained on Andy, Mitch slowly backs up, stoops and retrieves his revolver and raises it as Andy rolls the beast over, exposing a broken tusk. Mitch gestures with the revolver for Dr. Evans to get out of the way.

MITCH

(quietly)

Laurie, watch out.

(to Andy)

Put the rifle down and get your hands up!

Andy turns and sees Mitch has the revolver pointed at him. He slowly places his rifle on the ground and rises to his feet, hands held in the air.

ANDY

Wait... You don't understand...

MITCH

Shut up. Laurie, get the rifle!

Dr. Evans hurries past Mitch.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Where did you hide the bodies?!

She lowers herself and grabs the rifle, keeping her eyes on Andy. She backs up a few steps and looks down at the dead hog, her eyes registering shock.

ANDY

What are you talkin' about?

Comprehension dawns on him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You think I killed your friends?! I tried to save 'em!

Dr. Evans stoops down for a closer look.

MITCH  
Laurie? I said, get the rifle!

DR. EVANS  
Hold on, Mitch...

MITCH  
What is it?

DR. EVANS  
A piece of Frank's shirt!

Dr. Evans reaches out and grabs a scrap of cloth tangled on the hog's broken tusk as Mitch eyes her with confusion. Andy notices that the beast is stirring and he grabs for his knife.

MITCH  
I said don't move!

A roaring is heard as the beast goes for Dr. Evans.

DR. EVANS  
(screams)

Andy pulls his knife and flings it at the beast.

INSERT OF HOG

The knife dangles from the hog's eye and it lies dead on the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch lowers his gun.

ANDY  
I told you people to stay out of my woods! I tried to warn you. You weren't out here but two hours when the beast very nearly got the cute one with the big mouth! If I hadn't shot him...

Still shakey, Dr. Evans examines the carcass.

MITCH  
That was you?!

Andy drops the knife on the ground.

ANDY

Go ahead and shoot me. I ain't got  
nothing left to do here.

Mitch glances at Dr. Evans.

MITCH

Laurie, have a look. See if he's  
telling the truth.

DR. EVANS

Mitch, there's a fresh bullet wound  
to his right leg.

Mitch's eyes are uncertain as he stares at Andy.

ANDY

I did my best to protect you, but I  
had to find shelter. A wild hog's a  
scavenger. When the storm blows  
through, the pig goes out and eats  
whatever's left over. By the time I  
got back, he was already gorging.

Dr. Evans walks back to Mitch. She reaches out and gently  
touches his shoulder.

DR. EVANS

He's right about feral hogs, Mitch.  
I think he's telling the truth.

MITCH

Yeah? So what's he doing out here?

Andy takes a few steps toward them.

ANDY

Put the gun away and I'll tell ya.

MITCH

I'm all ears.

ANDY

It was deer season...

DISSOLVE TO:

108 EXT. WOODS 1 -- NIGHT

108

The clouds move rapidly overhead and periodically obliterate the moon. The area is heavily-wooded as Andy McGraw, a tall, wiry man, walks carefully in a semi-circle through the brush. Andy's combat boots make a crunching sound as he steps gingerly over fallen branches. He carries a rifle in his hands and stops near a clearing to look through his scope.

ANDY

(calling to his son  
in the darkness)

Robbie? If you see a deer, just hit  
him with the spotlight.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. WOODS 2 -- NIGHT

109

Twelve-year-old Robbie, a freckle-faced boy of average build, lifts a heavy spotlight off the ground.

ROBBIE

(yelling)

Okay, dad. Just make sure you don't  
shoot ME!

ANDY (O.S.)

(laughing)

Okay, son. I'm gonna show you how we  
do it back in Macomb County. Be quiet,  
now, so we don't scare 'em off.

110 EXT. WOODS 1 -- NIGHT

110

Andy pats his pockets and frowns.

ANDY

(pause)

Robbie? I'm gonna get me another  
beer. I'll be right back.

ROBBIE (O.S.)

Okay, Dad.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. WOODS 2 -- NIGHT

111

With his father gone, Robbie once again retrieves his dad's Buck knife and chops at the underbrush and trees. As the moon climbs above the trees, Robbie hears a rustling sound,

growing louder and louder and his face registers concern. He hurriedly puts the Buck knife away.

ROBBIE  
Is that you, Dad?

Another sound is heard and Robbie backs up and turns on the spotlight, shining it back and forth. The sound of something in the brush increases as the boy's eyes widen.

POV OF PURSUER

The boy stares into the underbrush. Suddenly, his eyes lock onto something.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
(gasps)

He stumbles backward in fear and falls to the ground. Something bull rushes him.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
(screaming)

Robbie struggles against the attack.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT

112

Andy stands at the open door of his pickup truck. He leans in to get his cell phone as

ROBBIE (O.S.)  
(screams)

Not stopping to shut the door, Andy runs toward the sound.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. WOODS 21 -- NIGHT

113

Andy runs through the woods, unmindful of the branches that cut his face.

ANDY  
Robbie?! Robbie where are you?

He is visibly frantic as his calls go unanswered. Through the deep woods, he sees a bright light and runs toward it.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Robbie?!

CUT TO:

114 EXT. WOODS 2 -- NIGHT

114

The spotlight lies abandoned, its beam pointing straight up through the trees. The ground is trampled as Andy bursts onto the scene. He spins around, staring off in every direction.

ANDY

Robbie?

He grabs the spotlight and points it to the ground.

INSERT OF GROUND

Several small boot marks are visible in the dirt, along with a number of huge cloven-hoof prints which lead off into the brush.

BACK TO SCENE

Andy grabs the spotlight and shines it around.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Robbie?! Answer me!

He is hysterical as he runs into the woods, following the trail with the spotlight.

115 EXT. DELETED SCENE

115

116 EXT. DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT

116

Andy watches as a police cruiser comes into view, its headlights illuminating the darkness. It stops, and a young cop alights holding a notepad. He is visibly annoyed as he makes his way to Andy.

ANDY

Beau, thank God yer here.

Beau raises a hand to silence Andy.

COP

How much did you have to drink tonight, Andy?

Andy stares at him, disbelief on his face.

ANDY  
Couple of beers. Nothing!

Angry, the cop stares at him.

COP  
Do you really expect me to believe  
that bullshit story you gave dispatch?

ANDY  
I'm tellin' ya! Something got my boy  
out in those woods!

Andy points and looks over his shoulder at the woods, equal  
parts hysteria and anger.

COP  
Hold on. You just hold on, now!  
You're shit faced. If you got drunk  
and lost your boy out there, you're  
in a heap of trouble.

Unconvinced, the deputy clicks his pen open and scribbles  
something on his notepad.

ANDY  
(frantic)  
Are you gonna help me?!

COP  
Shut yer mouth a minute! I'm getting  
the breathalyzer. You know the drill,  
and we're gonna get to the bottom of  
this right here and now!

The deputy turns and starts back towards his police cruiser.  
He opens the trunk. Andy sees his opportunity and bolts  
into the thicket.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 EXT. SMALL CLEARING 4 -- NIGHT

117

Andy makes his way into the woods with the spotlight. He  
enters a small clearing and something captures his attention.  
He moves in for a closer look.

INSERT OF TREE

A piece of tusk is embedded into the trunk of the tree. Blood drips from it.

ANGLE ON ANDY

Andy struggles to dislodge it and in one great yank, pulls it free. Suddenly, light filters into the area and voices are heard.

COP (O.S.)

Andy? We know you're in there. Come out with your hands up! You're under arrest!

The sound of boots are heard in the distance. Andy turns, looks off in the distance, before running headlong into the woods.

CUT TO:

118 EXT. END OF DIRT ROAD -- NIGHT

118

Andy is kneeling near the dead beast sawing off its other tusk with a long, serrated knife. He looks over his shoulder at Mitch and Dr. Evans. Andy kicks the dead beast before looking up at Mitch.

ANDY

What year is it?

MITCH

What? 2007. How long have you been out here?

ANDY

What's the month?

Mitch looks at Dr. Evans, bewilderment underscoring his face.

MITCH

July.

ANDY

They thought I killed my boy in a hunting accident, and buried him out here to cover it up.

Andy stops for a moment and looks up at them, his eyes sad.

ANDY (CONT'D)

That boy meant everything to me!

Mitch takes Dr. Evans' arm and shakes his head as Andy continues to cut through the thick hog tusk.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I did what I set out to do, so I reckon I'll just turn myself in. I was drinkin' that night, and hunting deer with a spotlight. They can do whatever they want with me. Come on. I'll show you how to get back to the road.

Andy rises to his feet and brushes off his pants.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Funny thing is, the son of a bitch never stayed in one place long enough for me to catch him 'til you folks showed up. Then, I had him cornered two or three times.

Mitch heads for the FRANK'S SUV to get a tarp as Dr. Evans crouches near Andy.

DR. EVANS

Mitch and I won't let them lock you away for something you didn't do.

Andy looks up, his eyes filling with tears.

ANDY

Thank you kindly, Miss, but I shouldn't have been drinkin.'

Dr. Evans rises to her feet.

DR. EVANS

That doesn't make you a killer.

(beat)

Come on. We better go look for the others.

Andy stops suddenly.

ANDY

There's nothing you can do for 'em now.

Dr. Evans stops, her eyes sad.

DR. EVANS  
They're dead? Everyone?! You're sure?

ANDY  
Afraid so, Miss. We best get to town.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. WOODS 24 -- DAY

119

Two tusks are tied on Andy's staff as he leads Dr. Evans and Mitch through the woods. He stops and turns to them.

ANDY  
Just keep going west. You'll come to a hill about a quarter mile up. The main road to town is on the other side of it.

DR. EVANS  
You're not coming with us?

ANDY  
I reckon not.

MITCH  
If you don't go back, they'll think you're guilty!

ANDY  
Well, maybe I am.

Mitch and Dr. Evans walk past Andy. They look off toward the west. When they turn back, he is gone.

DR. EVANS  
Andy?!  
(turning to Mitch)  
Mitch, he's gone!

Mitch looks around before putting his arm around Dr. Evans' shoulder. A moment later, they turn and continue west through the woods hand-in-hand.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. CLEARING 1 -- DAY

120

Several baby hogs are heard from the nearby woods. One baby hog scampers into the clearing and forages through the garbage.

The baby pig snorts, and it sounds very much like laughter.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. DELETED SCENE -- DAY 121

CUT TO:

122 EXT. WOODED AREA 60 - DAY 122

(ON SCREEN: TWO YEARS LATER)

A fashion photographer is trailed by his assistant and SEVERAL MODELS, including Chrissy. She stops and frowns.

CHRISSY

My contract doesn't say anything  
about shots in the woods, John!

John ignores her.

JOHN

(pointing up ahead)  
Tim, let's set up over there.

Angry, Chrissy stops and crosses her arms.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What now, Chrissy?!

CHRISSY

It's hot. My feet hurt and I'm getting  
nauseous.

TIM

The sooner we get the shot, the sooner  
we get out of this green hell.

Chrissy plants herself, doesn't follow, as all but John keep moving. We hear an insect buzzing and she grimaces.

CHRISSY

(furious)  
Oh, God. I swallowed a bug!

JOHN

Nice to see you're eating again!

John turns, but Chrissy isn't following his lead.

CHRISSEY  
Mind your own business!

                  JOHN  
Good thing you got some protein into  
your system. You're looking a little  
pale.

                  MODEL 1 (O.S.)  
Can we go please? My hair is starting  
to frizz.

John continues on, leaving Chrissy to sulk alone. He catches  
up with the others and smiles.

                  TIM  
This stuff is heavy, man. What are  
we doing?!

CUT TO:

123 EXT. WOODDED AREA 61 - DAY

123

John points the camera at MODEL 3.

                  CHRISSEY (O.S.)  
(screams)

                  TIM  
Quick. Call paramedics. Chrissy broke  
a nail!

John points his camera at MODEL 3.

                  JOHN  
(laughs out loud)  
Great. Just like that. Keep looking  
over your shoulder like you're scared.  
Like you've seen a monster...

Cut to black. Big sting.