

SOMETHING IN THE WOODS

by
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FADE IN

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Feet. Running.

The SOUND OF PANIC.

ELLIE (27) is hammering through the terrain. Her dark hair catches the fleeting moonlight as she streaks through the trees in the near total darkness of the forest floor.

The loud SNAPPING OF BRANCHES BREAKING behind her.

She doesn't break stride. Glances over her shoulder, terrified. Crimson abrasions on her cheek, neck, upper chest.

A LOW BROKEN HUM.

It is closing in on her.

She spurs on. Determined. She ducks her head, lifts her arms and throws herself through the thicket of branches directly ahead of her.

She cringes, letting out a MUFFLED SCREAM as the thicket tears into her forearms. On the other side, she ducks down, pressing her battered body against the back side of a large tree.

The LOW BROKEN HUM, gives in to the stillness of the night.

There is no noise. No birds. No wildlife. Nothing.

Finally, she is still. Despite her condition, she is beautiful. Her high cheekbones, doe shaped green eyes and full lips glisten in the soft, blue moonlight. Long brown hair cascades over the slender squared shoulders of her toned and tanned body. A tank top contains the curves of her ample chest and a tight pair of woman's board-shorts top off her bronzed legs. She sports abrasions on her thigh, the cost of streaking through the darkness of the forest. Eyes wide, she scans the shadows surrounding her. Blood from her forearm drips down to her limp hand, down her fingers. The red pools on a broad, fallen leaf by her foot. She feels the tackiness on her hand, turns her arm for a better look.

Winces in pain.

Pulling a shoelace from one of her sneakers, she quickly ties it around her forearm, above the deepest gash, to stem the flow.

She BREATHES, closing her eyes, hoping this nightmare will end. Tries to control her breathing. Deeper. One breath... two... opens her eyes. It's cold. Her warm breath floats briefly on the air with each exhale. Slowly she slides down the trunk of the tree. She is overwhelmed, breaks down. Tears, stifled SOBS.

Still, she is too loud.

Suddenly, a RUSTLE IN THE TICKET, branches behind her SNAP. The LOW BROKEN HUM, deafeningly close.

Ellie is up and moving in a heartbeat.

She launches herself over a fallen tree, lands hard, but maintains her footing.

The LOW BROKEN HUM rises.

She makes a mad dash deeper into the darkness.

Further. Faster. Harder.

Her lungs, burning.

A seven foot gap ahead on the narrow trail, sixteen feet to the gully floor below.

She presses on, reaching the lip of the crevasse at full tilt.

EXT. FOREST GULLY - NIGHT

Lunges.

She's airborne.

A HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL.

Something grabs her long hair. She's throw horizontal in the air. Her laceless shoe continues on without her, landing on the far side of the gully. As inertia gives way to gravity, her assailant releases its grip. Ellie plummets the sixteen feet down to the bedrock below. She crashes, hard. The SICKENING SNAP OF BREAKING BONES.

In agony she SCREAMS. The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL mimics her cry. Her lungs spent, she drifts unconscious.

The LOW BROKEN HUM hovers briefly before floating into the night.

Under the ethereal blue light of the full moon, she lies strewn over the rocks. Her ribs broken, blood in her hair.

FADE TO BLACK

CHARLIE'S VOICE, panting, concerned. The SOUND of him SLIDING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT of the gully.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Oh my God! Ellie!... Ellie, baby...
wake up honey.

Slowly, the blackness parts to reveal Ellie's POV.

EXT. FOREST GULLY - DAY

CHARLIE (33), tall, lean and blond, stares down at her through light blue eyes. He is dirty, but isn't hurt. He drops his backpack, takes off his jacket and covers her torso, carefully.

CHARLIE
Thank God.

Charlie runs a hand through Ellie's hair, tenderly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(sincerely)
I thought I'd lost you.

He feels her neck.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Is anything broken?

Ellie doesn't respond. She's still too groggy.

Charlie brings his hand back. It is covered in blood and crimson mud. He leans forward, craning his neck to examine her head wound.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It looks like the bleeding has
stopped...

He takes a bottle of water from his jacket pocket, lifting her head slightly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Here...

She drinks a sip. She coughs, cringing in pain.

ELLIE

What happened?

Charlie looks up at the lip of the gully above.

CHARLIE

It looks like you took a dive off the edge... I found one of your shoes up there and...

His eyes well up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

... I saw you lying down here...
I... I'm just glad you're alive.

He smiles. Ellie shakes her head.

ELLIE

No... what happened to you?

Charlie's demeanor changes. He turns defensive.

CHARLIE

I ran... away from you. I was trying to lure it the other way.

He sounds like he's trying to convince himself as much as her. He slides the laceless shoe onto her foot.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I came to find you, as soon as it got light out.

Ellie reaches for his shoulder. Slowly she sits up. SCREAMS IN AGONY as they both realize the extent of her internal injuries.

Charlie feels her ribs, his face drops as she winces under the light pressure of his hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Three on the left, one on the right.

(beat)

Honey, we gotta get you to the hospital as soon as possible.

He puts her arm around his neck, looks to her. Her face scrunches, she knows what's coming next.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
This is gonna hurt.

She nods, bites her lip.

Charlie stands, supporting her weight. Again, she SCREAMS. Tears stream down her face. She WHEEZES at first. It's hard to breathe. Ellie hangs on Charlie's neck for a moment. She finally readjusts, gets used to standing again. He drapes his jacket over her shoulders and slings his backpack on.

Ellie holds the bottle of water in her free hand as they slowly make their way up the embankment.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Night is coming on. Charlie and Ellie slowly make their way through the trees, back toward their camp in the failing light. Twigs SNAP under their feet, Ellie lets out a painful MOAN.

Suddenly, JESSICA (28) steps out from behind a tree wielding a small hatchet. She let's out a BLOOD CURDLING PRIMEVAL CRY and swings with all of the force she can muster.

Charlie ducks.

CHARLIE
JESS!

Recognizing her friends too late to hold back, the axe head buries itself into the tree trunk. Everyone freezes for a moment as Charlie stares wide-eyed at the embedded blade, just inches from his head. Immediately she lets go of the handle and throws her hands up in the air.

JESSICA
Oh my God!... Are you okay?
(beat)
You sounded like... that thing...

Jessica is filthy. Her blond hair is damp and matted. Her overshirt is thrashed. She too sports similar abrasions to Ellie.

She notices Ellie's condition, immediately moves to help support her. Scanning the area, she doesn't see JUSTIN, her fiance.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 What happened?... Where's Justin?

CHARLIE
 I thought he was with you.

A look of dread crosses Jessica's face.

JESSICA
 No...

Blank looks from the others. Despair washes over Jessica as she looks into the trees.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 NO!... My God... Justin!

She YELLS into the forest.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 JUSTIN!

CHARLIE
 Hey!... We don't know what's out there!

Jessica glares at him.

JESSICA
 My fiance, is 'what's' out there!
 Alone!... JUSTIN!

Charlie grabs Jessica by the arm and spins her around, face to face. She tries to shrug him off, but Charlie holds her firmly, getting her undivided attention.

CHARLIE
 Ellie's near hypothermic, with four broken ribs and a concussion.

He eases up, releases Jessica's arm.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 We need to get her warmed up... we need to get her to a doctor.
 (beat)
 I need your help.

Jessica looks Ellie over.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Whatever that thing is, it is still out there... We need to be quiet.

Jessica isn't convinced yet. She's still scanning the forest, looking for any sign of Justin.

JESSICA

What if it got him? What if...

Charlie cuts her off.

CHARLIE

HEY! Don't even think it... don't let it in.

(beat)

Don't lose hope.

JESSICA

What would you do if it was Ellie out there?

CHARLIE

It was Ellie out there, but I got her back... and we're gonna get him back too.

(beat)

Jess... I need your help here. Camp is only a couple hundred yards that way. I need you to run ahead and get a fire going... right now, we need to get her warm.

(beat)

Then I'll help you look for Justin... I promise... He can't be far.

Jessica looks at Ellie. Her face saddens, apologetic. She takes a step backward.

JESSICA

Sorry Ellie... I just... I gotta find him.

CHARLIE

(frustrated)

Jess!...

Ellie cuts in.

ELLIE

(to Charlie)

It's okay...

(to Jessica)

I'll be okay... go get him. Be careful.

The LOW BROKEN HUM. FOLIAGE RUSTLES, the SNAPPING OF BRANCHES rapidly getting closer. The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL.

Within her first few paces, Jessica stops in her tracks. Her STOMACH ERUPTS, then her BACK as if she had swallowed a pair of grenades timed to go off a half second apart. A spray of blood peppers Charlie and Ellie as they watch their friend drop to the ground in a heap, face down.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

JESSICA!

Ellie turns and buries her face in Charlie's shoulder. Charlie stares, stunned.

He leans Ellie up against the tree and slowly approaches Jessica's side. He rolls her over. She GURGLES, staring up at him. She doesn't even get any final words out before dying.

The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL. It is a victory cry, drifting into the distance.

Charlie jumps to his feet. Terrified. He runs back to Ellie, who has slid down the tree to the ground. She is petrified, panicked. Shivering from the cold, and from fear.

Charlie kneels beside her. Looks at Jessica's inverted corpse. Looks back to Ellie, her broken and bloody body. He squats beside her, again he runs a hand through her hair. She COUGHS again. This time, there is blood.

Slowly he rises, reaches out for her. She holds out her arm, expecting him to help her up, but his hand slides down to her hand. He strips the water bottle from her grip.

Her eyes go wide. Disbelief.

Charlie tugs on the jacket wrapped around her. Her expression goes sour. Her eyes tear up.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

(pleading)

No... no... nooo... Charlie... no

(begging)

Charlie? You can't...

She can't say the words. He steps backward, just beyond her grasp. Painfully, she crawls toward him. Again, he steps back from her.

The LOW BROKEN HUM, returning.

It catches his attention. He fixates on it, trying to pinpoint its position.

Ellie manages to grab his jeans at the calf while he is distracted. He quickly pulls away.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
 (pleading)
 Don't leave me... you can't leave
 me alone out here! PLEASE!

She COUGHS. Her eyes pleading as Charlie offers his final cowardly betrayal.

CHARLIE
 I loved you.

SNAPPING BRANCHES. The LOW BROKEN HUM, close.

He turns and runs into the woods leaving Ellie behind, damaged and defenseless. A lamb left for the slaughter.

She breaks down, sobbing.

ELLIE
 CHAAARLIEEEE!

The LOW BROKEN HUM. The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL mimics her cry for Charlie.

Charlie doesn't look back.

Ellie scrambles backward to the tree, pressing herself as flat as possible against the trunk.

The NOISE is piercing.

She picks up a stick lying beside her. She SCREAMS back at the NOISE. Furious.

The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL responds, ferocious.

Ellie winces as she stands, emboldened by the end of the SQUEAL. She props herself up with the stick. Defiantly she steps away from the tree trunk. She stands in the open, truly alone.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
 COME ON YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!
 (beat)
 COME ON!

The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL seems to back down, the LOW BROKEN HUM remains.

Then, with a short, curt SQUEAL, the LOW BROKEN HUM fades slowly into the distance, in the direction that Charlie has gone.

Ellie, shaking from adrenalin, relaxes in the now calm forest. She glances down at Jessica's body. Forces herself to hold back her tears.

Slowly, painfully, she turns in the opposite direction of Charlie, heading back toward the camp.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Ellie stumbles through the brush onto the beach. She limps her way across the rocks using the stick as a crutch. She is in pain with every step.

The remnants of their campsite are littered along the rocky shore. Their red tent is wrapped around the low bushes at the far end of the site. Her blue tent is tattered and thrashed, torn open. A camping cooler has been upended. Though its edible contents are scattered about, there are no birds or animals scavenging. Their small rigid inflatable boat is still tied off where they left it, but three holes burned into the bladder of the craft have made it unusable. The hull is waterlogged.

She rummages through the mess, finding a t-shirt and some pants. Painfully, she pulls the shirt over her bruised and battered body. She checks the shoelace still tied around her arm. Cautiously unties it. The wound has stopped bleeding. She sits on a tree stump, laces her loose shoe and pulls the pants on. Again, she digs through the mess. She finds Justin's jacket. She holds it up, sees through a burn hole in the back. With wary eyes, she scans the area. She is still alone. The gash in the jacket does NOT have any blood on it. Lacking a better option, she puts the it on.

Reaching in the pocket, she gets her first real break: A lighter. She tests it. It works.

A GLINT OF LIGHT a short distance away. She's curious. Standing, she examines the source of the shine. Metal.

Light from the moon dances across the stainless steel hilt of a hunting knife. She pulls the 8 inch blade from its sheath, holds it up. It's clean, in fine condition. She returns it to its sheath and puts the whole thing in her jacket pocket.

Ellie looks for anything else that she can salvage from the site. Dejected, she heads along the shoreline, to examine the red tent. Unzipping the front flap, she finds a map. She painfully fumbles for the lighter in her pocket. Unfolding the map, she uses the lighter to try and get her bearings. She can just make out the details in the low light. Her finger traces the terrain on the page, a RANGER STATION. She taps the small notation on the map and folds it up, stuffing it into her pocket.

Painfully, she heads into the forest again, starting the long hike to the station.

EXT. FOREST, CLIFF - NIGHT

JUSTIN (32) pushes through the trees as quietly as possible. He muscular frame is dirty, but relatively unharmed. His button up shirt is frayed and muddied. He stops at the base of a small cliff, looks up to the top. Water trickles over the edge to the creek below. His eyes try to trace a route to the top. Stepping into the shallow water, he feels along the damp rock face for a firm handhold and starts scaling the wall.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Charlie is making good time. He's kept up his jogging pace. He stops briefly, panting. Pulls the bottle of water from his jacket pocket. A moment of guilt. Tentatively looks over his shoulder. Looks at the bottle of water in his hand, SIGHS. Resigned to his decision to leave Ellie behind, he quickly drains the last of it, dropping the empty bottle to the ground.

He squints in the low light, trying to choose a direction.

TWIGS SNAPPING.

Charlie doesn't need any more motivation. He launches forward. Running.

The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL.

Charlie pushes even harder. He streaks through the trees, running for his life.

The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL, closer. The LOW BROKEN HUM.

Charlie drops the weight of his backpack, sliding it off of his shoulders as he runs.

He glances over his shoulder to see --

HIS BACKPACK flying toward him, thrown by his unseen pursuer. It hits him square in the back, shoving him while running at a full sprint, into a thick tree with a SICKENING THUD.

He's stunned by the impact, dropping backward to the forest floor.

On the ground, he rolls onto his side, shaking his head. His forehead is split open. Blood runs down, stinging his eyes. He has trouble seeing. Blinks, wipes his eyes. He tries to stand, holding out his arms to avoid running into the tree again.

He SCREAMS as something takes out his knees from behind and he drops back to the ground. Terrified.

A DARK BLURRED SILHOUETTE among the trees.

The LOW BROKEN HUM. He tries to crawl away from it. TWIGS SNAP. Suddenly the NOISE is coming from right in front of him. He turns, trying to scamper in the opposite direction. Again, the LOW BROKEN HUM changes location, blocking his escape.

He starts to SOB. WHIMPERS. CRIES.

CHARLIE

(pleading)

What do you want from me?!... I didn't do anything... Just let me go.

The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL. It moves in for the kill.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Our Father, who art in heaven...

EXT. FOREST CLIFF - NIGHT

A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM somewhere in the distance. Justin stops. Looks down to the stream ten feet below. Looks into the distance.

JUSTIN

(to self)

Jessica?

ELLIE
It's not her.

Justin spooks, almost losing his grip. Squints, straining to see through the darkness. There is a figure in the brush beside the cliff.

JUSTIN
Ellie?

When her name is spoken, she steps out into the moonlight. She squats on an outcrop, at the same height as Justin on the cliff. Ellie looks undamaged, her hair is neat and tidy. Wearing her tank top and board shorts, she looks no worse for wear. She's clean and capable, without the crutch or the jacket.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
How did you?... man, am I glad to see you... How do you know it's...

He's cut off by Ellie.

ELLIE
(dispassionately)
She died hours ago...

JUSTIN
What?!

ELLIE
Chest exploded right in front of me... pretty gruesome too...

She motions in the direction of the scream.

ELLIE (CONT'D)
That... was Charlie.

Justin is angered at Ellie's bluntness.

JUSTIN
(defiantly)
Fuck you... they're not dead. I know she's alive. I have to believe...

Ellie smirks at him.

ELLIE
(offhandedly)
Well, that would be your choice now, wouldn't it?...
(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

To believe it or not.

(beat)

But that doesn't change the fact that Jessica is spread all over the forest floor... or that Charlie is probably bleeding out as we speak.

(beat)

(beat)

And we're next.

Justin bows his head, closes his eyes. Bites out the words.

JUSTIN

DAMMIT ELLIE! What the hell's wrong with you!?

Justin looks back to the direction of the scream moments ago.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Stay here in the freaky forest if you want, but I'm sure as hell not gonna die here. I'm going to get help, then I'm coming back to find her.

He turns back just in time to catch a glimpse of Ellie duck back into the brush.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Ellie!...

There is no response. He scans the brush line. There is no sign of Ellie.

The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL in the distance.

Justin whips his head around, toward the sound, frightened. He gets moving again, climbing up the rock face.

Almost at the top. He reaches out, far. A root protruding from the rock face. He can't quite reach. He stretches. A little further, a little further.

He lunges, grabs the root.

It holds. A SIGH of relief.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

(to self)

Like hell, I'm dyin' here.

The root begins to give under his weight. Confidence is immediately replaced by panic.

He extends, trying for the lip of the cliff. He manages to grab hold just as the rock and surrounding debris give way, falling the long way down.

A HAND reaches over the lip, gripping his forearm. He's startled at first, but the HAND hauls him up over the ledge.

It is Ellie. She falls onto her back beside him as he collapses face down on the flat ground above the cliff. He rolls over onto his back, takes a deep breath.

Ellie rolls on top of him, straddling his hips. Looks down, biting her lip coyly. Flipping her long hair to one side, she smiles at him. She leans forward, slowly.

He raises his hands.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Ellie cocks her head playfully.

ELLIE
I saw the way you looked at me
earlier. When I was tying up the
boat... down on the beach.

Justin, embarrassed, looks away.

She leans in further, face to face. He looks back to her, staring into her green eyes.

JUSTIN
(feebly)
You know I... love Jessica.

His words don't match his body. Ellie looks down, giggles. She wiggles her hips side-to-side. She sits up, her eyes roll back. She taunts him.

ELLIE
(seductively)
Yes... I can feel how much you love
her.

She tears at his shirt. The buttons all strip off. She licks his bare chest, heading up to his mouth. She doesn't kiss him, she just holds above his mouth. She lets the strap of her tank top and bikini slide off of her shoulder.

Their lips finally meet. He doesn't resist her at first. She begins to kiss him more passionately, aggressively. She stops suddenly. Sitting up, she unbuckles his belt.

JUSTIN
Wait... Ellie.

She strips him of his belt, blindly tossing it over the edge of the cliff behind her.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Ellie... wait, I can't.

He tries to sit up, she shoves him back down. Her body follows his. They are chest to chest. She reaches her hand down between them.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
ELLIE NO!

He throws her off of him just as Jessica's hand and head crest the top of the cliff.

JESSICA
Justin!?

JUSTIN
JESS!?

Justin scrambles to do up his pants and help his fiancée up and over the edge.

Ellie watches them with a cocky grin. Justin shoots her an angry look as he pulls Jessica to safety. He hugs her.

JESSICA
What are you doing?

Justin looks nervous.

JUSTIN
She said you were... dead.

JESSICA
What?
(to Ellie)
Why would you say something like that?

Ellie doesn't answer. She stands with no remorse while Jessica glares at the two of them.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
And what?... with me dead, the first thing on your mind is 'Hey, now that she's out of the way, I can get with her best friend!'

JUSTIN

No, baby... I was going to get help, to find you and... she jumped me, I swear!

Ellie laughs to herself. Jessica is furious.

JESSICA

(to Ellie)
So that's it, huh? Charlie left you behind, and that makes it okay for you to come after my fiance?

Ellie steps forward.

ELLIE

It didn't take much, trust me. He's been dreaming about me since we got here... just waiting for you to be out of earshot.

(to Justin)
Ain't that right sweetie... why don't you tell her about earlier... about the boat?

Jessica looks hurt. Turns to Justin.

JUSTIN

What about the boat?

ELLIE

(to Jessica)
He couldn't take his eyes off of me.

JESSICA

Is it true?

JUSTIN

OF COURSE NOT!

Jessica's hurt turns to anger. She spins and punches Ellie square in the mouth. Ellie drops to one knee. She looks up at Jessica, touching her mouth. Blood from a split lip.

Jessica shakes the pain from her hand.

The LOW BROKEN HUM.

JESSICA

(to Justin)
Let's go.

Ellie has other plans. She blind-sides Jessica with a boxer's right hook.

Jessica stumbles backward. Justin reaches for her, grabbing her hand, but it is too late. The momentum from the punch is sending both of them over the edge of the cliff. As they fall, Ellie peers over the lip, her form becomes a haunting dark silhouette.

The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL.

Justin falls to the hard creek bed below. He lies there, compound fractures in his leg and collar. Life escapes him with a RATTLE. Blood flows into the water. His body twitches involuntarily.

Though we saw Jessica fall with him, her body is not in the creek. It has vanished during the descent.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

The campsite is like new. The fire has burned out, but the embers still smolder a thin line of smoke up into the blue sky. The hatchet rests in a block of firewood, waiting to making kindling. The red and blue tents, in perfect condition, are ready to be used. With the tide out, the rigid inflatable boat, still tied in place, sits on the shore. The sheathed hunting knife sits on top of the camping cooler, its lid still on. A cast-iron frying pan beside the firepit. Bottles of water, undisturbed...

... and our campers lying peacefully on the ground, appearing unharmed, including Ellie, still wearing her tanktop and board shorts.

TWIGS SNAPPING as a man with a walking stick breaks though the treeline onto the beach. We can see from his attire that he is STEVE, a Park Ranger. He has a rifle strapped to his backpack. Upon seeing the foursome, he immediately announces himself.

STEVE
(cordially)
Hello...

There is no response. He makes his way to the group. Leans down, shaking Justin's shoulder.

Justin does not wake up.

Steve removes his backpack. Checks for a pulse on Justin's neck.

Nothing.

He looks at the others. Moves to Jessica, again checking for a pulse.

Nothing.

He repeats the process on Ellie. Again, he finds the camper dead.

The LOW BROKEN HUM from the treeline.

The Park Ranger snaps his eyes to the trees. He squints, scans.

Keeping his eyes on the trees, he checks for Charlie's pulse.

Dead.

He shuffles back to his pack, strips it of the rifle and keeps the weapon at the ready. He loops an arm through his backpack's shoulder strap, keeping his eyes glued to the treeline as he heads back the way he came. Pushes through the brush. With his free hand, pulls his radio from his belt.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Doug... you there?

The response is full of static.

DOUG (V.O.)

Ya... I'm here. What's up?

STEVE

I don't know... I've got four dead kids near King's Inlet...

ELLIE

Hi.

The Park Ranger, startles. Dropping his radio, he spins and aims his rifle at her. Recognition in his face. He glances back to the beach, back to the woman in front of him.

STEVE

But you're... dead.

The HIGH PITCHED SQUEAL.

Ellie smiles at him as he begins to stumble backward.

TWIGS SNAP as something approaches. A massive BURST OF WIND from behind Ellie as she stands still, smiling.

DRIVER

You okay?... looks like you've been out there for a bit. You get lost or somethin'?

Ellie smiles at him again.

ELLIE

No... just a little camping trip. I'm good...

The Driver glances around. She has no camping gear with her, and she's not dressed for the woods.

DRIVER

Camping?... on your own?

ELLIE

I'm good... really.

He minds his own business.

Out of sight from the Driver, Ellie stares at her open palm. Small blue electrical sparks arc between her fingertips. She looks at the Driver like he is unknowing prey.

DRIVER

Well, lets get you back to town... get you something to eat... and see about some fresh clothes from the folks at the church... whaddya say?

When Ellie hears the word 'folks', she clenches her fist. The sparks stop.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

The truck passes the town sign reading:

WELCOME TO EDGEVALE
POPULATION 15,013

Ellie grins when she reads the sign.

ELLIE

Sounds great.

FADE OUT