

SERPENT

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY - DREAM SEQUENCE

A huge field surrounded by evergreen trees on all sides. The Sun shines down. Wind blows, creating waves through the grass.

A powerful OAK TREE stands alone in the middle of the field. A man and woman, 20's, stand beneath the tree. GEORGE COOPER. His girlfriend, ALLY. All smiles, completely enamored with each other.

George drops to one knee. Ally's hand flies to her mouth. Her shock transforms into a beaming smile.

George looks down. Digs a SMALL WHITE BOX from his pocket. He opens it... exposing a beautiful ENGAGEMENT RING. The diamond shimmers in the sunlight.

George looks up. Ally has disappeared. George's surprise turns to terror. He looks all around, but: she's GONE.

Clouds cover the Sun. The field covered in darkness.

KNOCK KNOCK

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY - END DREAM SEQUENCE

George, now 40, snaps awake. Seated in a chair, left hand supporting his head. Golden WEDDING BAND around his ring finger.

He fingers the wedding band. A look of heavy loneliness.

Another KNOCK at the door.

A female VOLUNTEER opens the door. George's office is a model of cleanliness. Behind his desk, a large Cross hangs on the wall. A Bible, unopened, sits alone on a separate cabinet.

VOLUNTEER

Father Cooper... we've got another one.

George wipes away the sleep, and the memories. Nods.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - DAY

SAM, 20, shrivels in a chair. All the signs of a heroin junkie straight from the streets. Pale face. Long hair sticks to his pasty forehead. A cigarette burns in one hand. His eyes never leave the table.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
You alright?

Sam watches the cigarette smoke twirl into the air. Cynical and unimpressed. His eyes go back to the table.

George grabs the chair across from Sam. He sits, determined.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
I'm glad you came in. You look like  
you could use a helping hand.

Sam takes a drag. Still refuses to make eye contact.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
What made you come in?

Sam exhales. Shrugs.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
I've seen plenty of guys like you.  
They come in here... and most of  
them have no idea why.  
Subconsciously, you know the  
reason. It's my job to help you see  
it.

Sam flicks the cigarette on the floor.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
What's your name, son?

Sam finally makes eye contact. His mouth widens to a grin somewhere between cynical and anger.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - MORNING

SUPER: One year later

A young man, fresh and clean shaven. Strong look with a genuine smile. It takes us a moment to recognize:

SAM  
My name is Sam.

Sam faces an audience of HOMELESS and ADDICTS. They all look like Sam one year prior. They sit in a big, empty room, fluorescent lights BUZZING overhead; a warehouse turned community center.

SAM (cont'd)  
A year ago, I was sitting where you are now. I knew there was something wrong. Something needed to happen. But what? I had no damned clue.

He's got their attention now. Looks of depression give way to a glimmer of hope.

Sam smiles.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A beat-up SEDAN pulls in the parking lot. FATHER BLAKE O'BRIEN, late 30's, behind the wheel. Sunglasses. Hair slicked back. Priest's collar hanging loosely around his neck.

He parks. Rolls down his window. Takes a final drag of his cigarette.

A DRUNK VAGRANT shuffles to the car. Blake takes off his sunglasses.

DRUNK VAGRANT  
Spare some change...

He notices Blake's collar.

DRUNK VAGRANT (cont'd)  
...Father?

Blake stamps out the cigarette on the dashboard. Blows smoke, most of it floating in the Vagrant's face.

Blake raises one eyebrow, stares at the Vagrant... and closes the car window.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Sam welcomes George to the front of the group.

SAM

Then Father Cooper took me under  
his wing.

Sam slaps George on the shoulder. Steps back, confident  
smile.

George smiles as he takes in the motley group. His face turns  
serious. Takes a deep breath.

GEORGE

My name is Father George Cooper...  
and I'm an alcoholic.

MURMURS among the group as the attendees look at each other.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George and Sam exit the multipurpose room.

SAM

How many of those will actually  
convert? Best guess.

GEORGE

Hard to say. A success rate is hard  
to predict. Depends on how strong  
their will is. How they cope with  
set-backs.

They stop walking. Sam faces George.

SAM

Sounds familiar. But it wasn't just  
me...

GEORGE

We. Right... we.

Sadness overwhelms George for a moment, but he finds the fake  
smile.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Shouldn't you know the answers by  
now? What do they teach you in  
seminary these days?

George throws on a jacket. As they open the front door:

SAM

Three months, George. Only three.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Blake leans against his car reading the paper. He folds it when George and Sam walk out the door.

BLAKE  
George, I thought you'd never end.  
Another patented two hour  
inspirational speech?

George gives him a brotherly slap on the shoulder.

GEORGE  
Father Blake...

Dark clouds cover the Sun. George notices. Shivers.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
...our sunshine.

He climbs in. Sam and Blake make eye contact. Blake's smile disappears.

BLAKE  
Sam, how lovely of you to join us.

SAM  
The feeling is mutual.

Blake opens the back door for Sam. Makes a grandiose gesture like an over-the-top limo driver.

BLAKE  
Your carriage, your majesty.

Sam ignores the jab. Climbs in.

The wind picks up. Blake pops his collar up. Tightens his jacket against the cold.

INT. THAINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

FATHER THAINE BRADLEY, 60's, packs clothing and camping gear. A simple, sober, soft-spoken man with years of wisdom.

Outside, wind growls through the trees.

A framed photo on the dresser: younger George, arms around Ally and their son, DANIEL.

Thaine hears a car pull in the driveway. Takes a look outside as he throws a bottle of PILLS and the PHOTO into his bag.

INT. BLAKE'S CAR - DAY

Blake and Sam stare through the front window. Watch George brace himself against the wind, jog to Thaine's front door.

SAM  
This a yearly thing?

BLAKE  
Yep.

Blake shoots Sam a disapproving look in the mirror.

Thaine opens the door for George. He enters.

SAM  
Why this particular day?

BLAKE  
You'll find out, kid.

INT. THAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Thaine picks up a backpack. George notices the distinct sound of pills RATTLING in a bottle.

GEORGE  
How are you, Thaine?

THAINE  
Besides the heart? A million bucks.

George notices another family photo of him, Ally, and Daniel hanging on the wall.

GEORGE  
Thirteen years.

Outside the open front door, the wind roars.

THAINE  
Still think you carry all the evil  
in the world?

GEORGE  
I guess I do.

George looks away. Thaine puts a fatherly hand on his shoulder.

THAINE

George, evil isn't always a bad thing. Without it, there can be no good.

GEORGE

Something I discuss weekly with Dr. Fischer... and I'd like to keep it that way.

George fakes a smile. Grabs Thaine's bag.

GEORGE (cont'd)

If anything, it's a great excuse to use your cabin every year.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Dark clouds surround the Sun, ready to attack.

Blake's car climbs up mountain roads. Lush trees far as the eye can see. The car looks like a toy next to impressive rocky mountains.

INT. BLAKE'S CAR - DAY

The overhanging trees reflect in the car windows.

BLAKE

...and who do you think they blamed this time?

GEORGE

Ms. Watson?

BLAKE

Bingo! Fourth time in two months she was accused of interfering in other people's marriages.

Blake laughs with great enthusiasm.

BLAKE (cont'd)

I'm objective... I'm a man of God... but something tells me she likes different flavors.

THAINE

Blake, your vibrant confessions  
never fail to entertain.

Sam leans forward, hand on Blake's shoulder, mouth near his ear.

SAM

Ever heard the word "confidential"?

Blake shakes off Sam's hand.

BLAKE

Ever heard of annoying brats  
spoilng my weekend?

GEORGE

Come on, guys.

Blake catches Sam's eye in the rear-view mirror. Sam ignores him, just gazes out as clouds eat the Sun.

THAINE

There's the turn.

EXT. LAKE ROAD - DAY

The car turns onto a dirt road. Disappears into dark trees.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The car stops in front of Thaine's cabin. Four bedrooms, two stories, traditional wood cabin surrounded by pine trees.

A path winds from the cabin to a big lake. Pitch-black water. Wind leaves wrinkles on the water's surface.

Total silence. Only HOWLING wind.

INT. THAINE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Thaine removes the framed photo from his bag, puts it on the bedside table. Puts his bottle of pills near the bathroom sink.

He looks in the mirror and takes off his priest collar.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Blake sits in the open window. He inhales a cigarette, deeply, and closes his eyes as the smoke drifts out.

The smoke surrounds his face. He stares at the black lake.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sam looks around his room with a critical frown. He runs his finger across the dresser -- fingertips covered with dust.

He smiles.

SAM  
Dust to dust.

He blows away the dust.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - DAY

George puts his Bible on the dresser. He looks up--

--to see Ally and Daniel standing in the bathroom mirror. Faces pale. Blood trickles from their foreheads. Their expressions life-less... just staring at George.

George GASPS with fear. He rubs his eyes -- and they're gone.

Confusion grips him. He sighs with frustration.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

George and Thaine lead the way. Sam and Blake bring up the rear. Trees around them are grand and mighty... taking away most of the sunlight.

SAM  
Call it curiosity.

BLAKE  
All right, Sam... it's like this--

Blake holds his cigarette up like a valuable artifact.

BLAKE (cont'd)  
--I preach to, how do I put this,  
the less-fortunate in our society.  
(MORE)

BLAKE(cont'd)

You know: prostitutes, convicts,  
teen moms...

He glances at Sam.

BLAKE (cont'd)

...junkies.

Sam frowns. Blake gives him a shove like an older brother.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Try not to be so serious all the  
time, kid. Anyway, the worst of  
God's family... I figure this  
devilish stick is my ticket in. You  
know, this way they trust me. I'm  
one of them.

SAM

(sarcastic)

Right.

BLAKE

And it's damned tasty too.

Blake takes another drag. Jogs up to join George and Thaine.

Sam stays behind. Looks at Blake with indifference.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The group hikes from the dark forest into a clearing. A grass  
meadow stretches ahead. A great OAK TREE stands alone in the  
middle of the field.

The same field as George's dream.

Instead of sunny, the field looks cold and grey. The wind  
stops, only a deep silence remains.

George approaches the tree. Thaine right behind him.

EXT. OAK TREE - CONTINUOUS

George and Thaine pause at the foot of the oak tree.

THAINE

This is where it all started?

George swallows, trying to mask inner pain.

GEORGE

Yeah.

He walks around the tree. Fingers trace patterns in the bark.

THAINE

She was my niece... but she felt like a daughter.

Blake puts his hand on George's shoulder.

BLAKE

You did it, man. I know it's tough, but you came.

George stares at field. High grass flows like waves. He looks up to the sky and sighs.

GEORGE

Let's go. I've had... all I can take.

George leads them away.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

They hike along the shore of the dark lake towards the cabin.

The cabin comes into view. Sam suddenly stops. Senses something. Sees the front door... wide open!

SAM

Did you leave the door open?

THAINE

Of course not.

BLAKE

Maybe it's a bear. I hate bears.

THAINE

Don't be so foolish. Bears don't open doors.

BLAKE

I saw it on the Discovery Channel. When they're hungry--

GEORGE

--Quiet!

He approaches the open door. Takes a deep breath. Steps in--

INT. CABIN - DAY

--and walks into the hallway. Nothing. George looks into the kitchen. Nothing again.

The floor in the living room CREAKS. He enters.

We see OPHELIA, her back to us.

GEORGE

Who are you?

She puts down a photo and slowly turns around. A beautiful woman, 20s, dark hair, lean figure. First she looks indifferent... then puts on a seductive smile.

OPHELIA

Oh, I'm sorry. I guess you live here.

GEORGE

Sort of. Yeah. What are you doing here?

He gestures toward the open front door.

GEORGE (cont'd)

And how did you get in?

Ophelia's face turns serious. She doesn't like questions.

The others enter the living room and are pleasantly surprised by her appearance. Her smiles comes back instantly.

OPHELIA

Well, hello everybody.

BLAKE

Hello, indeed.

OPHELIA

My car broke down a mile north from here. I don't have a cell phone so I thought maybe you can help me out.

George looks suspicious.

GEORGE

You don't have a cell?

OPHELIA

Let's just say I don't have a working cell phone. No network connection and the battery is down too.

GEORGE

(testing her)

Your car broke down where again?

OPHELIA

A mile to the north. I told you--

THAINE

--Sheldon Road must be. I know the damned place. Rocky road. We're going that direction to get some groceries. Shall we have a look, Miss...?

Ophelia gives Thaine a grateful smile. George is less amused.

OPHELIA

Ophelia. My name is Ophelia.

INT. BLAKE'S CAR - DAY

Blake drives. George rides shotgun. Ophelia sits in the back between Thaine and Sam. Ophelia looks at Thaine's priest collar.

OPHELIA

You're a priest?

THAINE

As a matter of fact, we all are.

(nods at Sam)

Almost everyone, that is. Sam here just finished his first year of Seminary.

Ophelia checks Sam out from top to bottom with a mysterious yet appealing look.

OPHELIA

You are a bit young. That's true.

SAM

(playful)

Really?

She smiles. Blake looks annoyed at the flirtation. He catches a look at Ophelia's seductive legs in the rear-view mirror.

She sees Blake watching. Gives him a seductive look. George turns around... interrupts the game.

GEORGE

Ophelia? Where were you headed?

Her seductive look disappears... serious once again.

OPHELIA

I'm on my way to Atlanta. My son lives there... with my ex.

GEORGE

Atlanta? What are you doing out here? Why don't you just take the I-75?

OPHELIA

I guess I took the wrong exit. No GPS in my car.

George isn't buying it.

THAINE

Atlanta, huh? I did my Seminary there. Is South Madison still as rowdy as it used to be?

Ophelia tries to hide her ignorance.

OPHELIA

Guess so.

She looks out the window. George's suspicious look worsens.

BLAKE

You have a son?

OPHELIA

(smiles)

Yeah, Daniel. We call him Danny. He just turned six.

Thaine and Blake glance at George. He avoids their looks and focuses on the trees.

Ophelia suddenly leans forward and points out the front window.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
There! Stop!

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Everyone stands outside the car. Everybody looks around. Ophelia's broken-down car is nowhere to be found.

GEORGE  
Here? Are you sure?

OPHELIA  
I'm sure it was here.

GEORGE  
Oh, yeah? Why's that?

She points to the Speed Limit sign.

OPHELIA  
I remember that sign. The dents at the bottom. Everything.

THAINE  
What kind of car do you have?

OPHELIA  
A Chevy Malibu. A black one.

GEORGE  
Pretty hard to miss, right?

Ophelia ignores him.

THAINE  
Let's find the local police. Maybe they know more.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Blake's car wanders through the endless mountains. Nothing but vast wilderness to the horizon.

EXT. SHERIFF OFFICE - DAY

The car pulls into the driveway of a little office, barely big enough for a Sheriff and his deputy.

They exit the car. George approaches the front door. He goes to knock on the door, then spots a sign: 'Closed for the weekend. In case of emergency, dial 911'.

GEORGE

Damn.

The others read the sign too. Thaine scribbles a note.

BLAKE

Young lady, you're clearly having a run of bad luck.

Ophelia clearly isn't worried.

OPHELIA

Guess so. That's what I get for having my car stolen in the middle of nowhere.

SAM

(smiles)

You're better off getting mugged in the city like the rest of us.

Thaine slips the note under the front door.

GEORGE

What's that?

THAINE

Directions to the cabin. I explained what happened. This way they can track you down and file a report.

Ophelia places her arms around Thaine's neck and gives him an intense hug. His face goes red with embarrassment.

George watches... and frowns.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

A ramshackle country store you'd expect to find in the middle of nowhere. Ancient gas pump outside. Trees block the sunlight creating an unnatural dark glow.

Blake exits, grocery bag underneath his arms. The others gather around the car.

THAINE

You got everything on the list?

Blake places the bag on top of the car and quickly runs his hands through the groceries.

BLAKE  
 Yep, looks like it.

He winks at Sam.

BLAKE (cont'd)  
 Even the extra dark chocolate this  
 guy asked for.

George stares at Ophelia through the store's front door as she walks the aisles.

SAM  
 Something bothering you, George?

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Ophelia wanders the aisles. She pauses at a shelf filled with liquor. She scans the labels one at a time. Her eyes stop at a Johnny Walker Black Label bottle.

She senses something in the corner of her eye. A LITTLE BOY, 6 years old, looks vulnerably alone, stands ten feet away. He stares at her.

Ophelia turns on the charm.

OPHELIA  
 Hi there.

The boy keeps on staring at her. She slowly walks over. Bends over until her long dark hairs touches his face.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
 What's your name?

LITTLE BOY  
 (nervous)  
 James.

OPHELIA  
 James, what?

LITTLE BOY  
 James... Ma'am.

OPHELIA  
 Good boy.

A quick glance up and down the aisle, then her focus falls back on James.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
All alone her James?

LITTLE BOY  
No.

OPHELIA  
Where's your mommy?

LITTLE BOY  
(shrugs)  
I dunno. You help me find her?

Ophelia pauses and gives little James a stern look.

OPHELIA  
Do you know who I am, James?

Little James shakes his head. Ophelia leans forward again, her long dark hair in his face.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
And you still want me to help you  
look for your mommy?

WOMAN (O.S.)  
James!

James' MOTHER, mid 30s, sticks out her arms to James. She looks a bit frightened. James walks over, gives his hand.

Ophelia forces herself to smile at the woman. The woman looks suspicious and a bit scared.

Ophelia straightens her back and watches them walk off with a serious look.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Thaine, Blake and Sam surround George.

BLAKE  
Come on George, you need to relax.

SAM  
I can't believe I'm saying this but  
I agree with Blake.

George turns around and sees Ophelia checking out at the counter.

GEORGE  
I've got a bad feeling about this.

BLAKE  
Based on what?

GEORGE  
I don't know, exactly. But my gut never lets me down.

THAINE  
What's really going on here?

George aggressively points to all three of them.

GEORGE  
Don't you see a potential problem here? I mean, four priests and a beautiful woman... all alone for the weekend.

Blake chuckles. Sam smiles. Thaine approaches George and puts an arm around him.

THAINE  
The girl needs our help... simple as that.

He nods to Ophelia who is almost finished at the counter.

THAINE (cont'd)  
You really think she's evil?

GEORGE  
I... don't know. Hope not.

SAM  
Remember me a year ago? You know how I was, right?

He opens his eyes wide and gives him a mean smile

SAM (cont'd)  
Evil, remember?  
(laughs)

He slaps George on the shoulder like he is fooling around with him.

Ophelia exits. Sees everybody looking at George. George looks at her. Everyone gets quiet.

OPHELIA  
Everything alright here?

George pauses... this is the moment. He smiles at Ophelia and opens the car door. The sky darkens.

GEORGE  
Nothing. Get in, my dear, the  
weather's getting worse.

INT. BLAKE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

George drives. Blake rides shotgun. Ophelia sits between Sam and Thaine. Trees whip by the windows.

Thaine clutches his chest. His breathing raspy. Ophelia looks at him.

OPHELIA  
What's wrong?

THAINE  
I'm alright. Just a bum ticker.

Thaine digs in his short pocket. He pops open the bottle of pills and takes two.

THAINE (cont'd)  
Modern medicine is a wonderful  
thing.

Ophelia touches his chest.

OPHELIA  
Take care of your heart. Enjoy  
life...

George looks in the rear-view mirror. His eyes meet Ophelia's.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
...While it lasts.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - AFTERNOON

The car climbs back into the mountains. The sun starts to set. A calm orange glow covers the land.

INT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

Thaine and Blake empty the grocery bags. Sam stands in front of the window staring at the lake.

SAM  
What do you think, Blake? Soup for dinner?

Sam keeps his eyes on the lake.

BLAKE  
Soup? We got a whole lake of fish out there. We're gonna catch our dinner.

Thaine nods with a chuckle.

Sam grins, keeps his eyes focused on the lake.

George enters.

GEORGE  
Anyone seen Ophelia?

THAINE  
I think she's freshening up.

INT. STAIRWAY - AFTERNOON

George walks up the long stairway. The steps CREAK.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OPHELIA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

George approaches. He notices the open door.

GEORGE  
Ophelia? You there? Ophelia?

No response. He slowly puts his head between the door gap. He scans the room and spots the bathroom door open.

He sees Ophelia changing. She pulls off her bra, now topless. Out of the corner of her eye, she spots George. But she doesn't turn around... just continues to stare at her breasts.

George looks away. Astonished. Ashamed.

OPHELIA (O.S.)  
George? Did you call for me?

George hesitates and puts his head besides the door gap again. Takes a deep breath.

GEORGE  
Uh, yeah. Listen, we're gonna go to the lake and catch some fish. Wanna join us?

Ophelia smiles into the mirror. She puts on a new bra and stares in the mirror for a while.

OPHELIA  
Sure. Give me ten minutes.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Sam pulls a wool HAT from his suitcase. He tries it on in front of the mirror. Ophelia walks by his room, spots Sam, KNOCKS on the door.

OPHELIA  
Hello, Sam.

Sam continues to look in the mirror and admire his hat.

SAM  
Hello, yourself.

She walks in, stands behind him. They both look in the mirror.

OPHELIA  
You're not seeing me. You're looking at your hat.

SAM  
Maybe I sensed you.

Ophelia grabs the hat off his head.

OPHELIA  
I like this. Where did you get it?

Sam tries to hide his annoyance.

SAM  
Just some random store, I guess.  
It's too warm. Wool, you know.

Ophelia puts the hat on.

SAM (cont'd)  
Suits you.

Ophelia spins around the room. She stops when she sees a big book turned upside down on a cabinet.

OPHELIA  
What's this?

She grabs the book and turns it around: The BIBLE.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
Ah, of course... the big holy one.

SAM  
Are you religious?

OPHELIA  
Not so much.

SAM  
Why's that?

OPHELIA  
Experiences... experiences.

She walks towards Sam and taps the Bible against his chest.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
And what about you? You're probably  
the first and only twenty-year-old  
who wants to become a priest.

Sam smiles and takes the Bible out of her hand. He points it to her.

SAM  
I don't have the typical  
superficial life goals: money,  
career, marriage and so on...

He walks little circles around her facing the ceiling.

SAM (cont'd)  
I aim higher than that. Ever since  
I was born I felt like I had to  
create greater things. Things  
beyond materialism.

Ophelia follows Sam with her eyes as he continues to circle her.

OPHELIA  
What kinda things?

Sam looks from the ceiling to Ophelia and continues to circle her.

SAM  
Do you know cause-effect  
relationships?

Ophelia nods. Sam stops circling and approaches Ophelia again.

SAM (cont'd)  
Those superficial goals people have  
are all the effect of something...  
and that something is called 'the  
cause'. And that's what I'm  
interested in: the cause. When you  
control the cause, you  
automatically control the effect.  
To what kind of persons people  
usually listen to? What profession  
tells people what to do? In other  
words, what profession controls  
people's actions?

OPHELIA  
Priest. I get it.

He raises his both arms to the ceiling like he's preaching.

SAM  
And you can create wonderful things  
with that power.

When his arms are fully stretched he drops the Bible to the floor, ignoring it. Ophelia looks shocked.

OPHELIA  
What things? World peace, end of  
hunger?

Sam smiles cynically, Ophelia matches his look and steps closer.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
You know, you seem older than you  
appear.

Sam reveals his underarm, exposing his needle scars.

SAM  
Experiences... experiences.

EXT. TRAIL - AFTERNOON

The group walks to the lake with their fishing gear. The Sun has slipped away. The green trees turn black. The wind is gone, creating a deep silence.

EXT. DOCK BY LAKE - AFTERNOON

Everyone sits on the dock, all of them holding fishing poles except for Ophelia. She sits on the edge. Her toes dangle in the water as she gazes at the black lake.

THAINE  
You like it down here Ophelia?

Ophelia continues to gaze at the dark lake.

OPHELIA  
I love it. It's so mysterious.

BLAKE  
And deadly.

Sam scoffs.

SAM  
Deadly? Care to explain?

Blake looks annoyed. He clearly doesn't want to admit his secret.

BLAKE  
Filled with sharks and piranhas.

GEORGE  
Very funny, Blake.

Blake gives George a "don't you dare" look... but George presses on.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
The poor guy can't swim.

SAM  
Really?

BLAKE

Really. That's why I catch fish and eat them. Maybe this way I gain their skills in the water.

Ophelia continues to stare at the water.

OPHELIA

I think it's... stupid.

GEORGE

What do you mean?

Her eyes are still locked on the water.

OPHELIA

Fishing. Don't like it.

GEORGE

Why's that?

She stares daggers at George.

OPHELIA

Why do you do it?

GEORGE

To eat. To live.

OPHELIA

(sarcastic)

Ah, of course, survival.

GEORGE

As long as humans have been around, we've fished. Even Jesus fished.

OPHELIA

I suppose if he says it's ok, then I suppose it must be.

GEORGE

Why so cynical?

She stares back at the lake.

OPHELIA

Nothing. I guess Jesus was a killer. Just like us.

George puts down his fishing pole, ready for a verbal confrontation.

GEORGE

We all have to eat. We eat other animals. And if we don't watch our back, we get eaten too.

OPHELIA

That's evolution you're talking about. You're a man of God. Evolution is of the Devil, remember?

She points to the trees and lake.

OPHELIA (cont'd)

God created all of this, right?

George looks even more annoyed.

OPHELIA (cont'd)

Or did you lose your faith, George?

Suddenly, Sam's fishing pole bends violently.

SAM

What the...

He jumps up and grabs the fishing pole. Blake jumps up to help.

BLAKE

Damn boy, that's a big one.

SAM

Whoo!

Sam reels in the line. A big fish appears at the surface of the water.

BLAKE

Wow, that IS a big one. Let me get my net.

Sam denies Blake's help and pushes the net away.

SAM

I can do this myself.

BLAKE

You've never done this, Sonny. I ain't losing our dinner.

Sam reaches out for the fish. Blake pushes his net underneath it but bumps into Sam's hand.

He drops the fish onto the dock. The huge fish flops with all of his remaining life energy. It bleeds heavily from its mouth.

Because of its size, it's hard to grab. Everybody tries to get it. They all fail miserably.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, two hands grab the fish by the tail and smash its head into the dock. SMASH! SMASH! We follow the hands...

...to Ophelia. She throws the dead fish on the dock like it's nothing.

OPHELIA

There. All dead.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

The fish lies nice and crispy in the frying pan. Thaine scoops it out of the pan and onto a big serving plate. Brings the plate to the middle of the dinner table.

THAINE

You can't get it any fresher than this.

George arranges the tableware. Blake sits on the couch with Ophelia.

Sam throws wood in the fire place. In the reflection of his eyes, we see the flames rise rapidly. The fire light covers the whole living room and kitchen in a warm, red glow.

GEORGE

Everybody ready to eat? Where's Ophelia?

She comes up right behind him.

OPHELIA

Right here.

GEORGE

You scared me.

She sits down and grabs a plate.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
You're eating fish? Given our  
conversation I thought you'd skip  
dinner.

Ophelia takes a big piece of the fish. She cuts it in large  
chunks.

OPHELIA  
Why not? After all, I was the only  
one capable of killing the damned  
thing.

She avidly bites in the fish. Everybody except George laughs.  
Thaine grabs a bottle of juice.

THAINE  
Anybody wants some juice?

Ophelia hops up.

OPHELIA  
Oh, almost forgot.

She runs to the kitchen. She grabs a paper grocery bag and  
comes back to the dinner table.

As all the guys sit, she stands up and looks around the  
table.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
I wanted to thank you guys for  
helping me out today.

BLAKE  
That's quite alright.

She slowly grabs the bag and puts her hands inside.

OPHELIA  
And as a token of my appreciation,  
I bought you all a little something  
at the store.

She takes out a big bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
I thought, underneath those collars  
are real men who drink real  
whiskey.

Everybody looks to the bottle and then immediately to George.  
All eyes focus on him.

OPHELIA (cont'd)

What?

George looks to the bottle. He calmly slices a piece of fish and puts it on his plate.

GEORGE

Ignore me. Enjoy.

He enjoys a mouthful of fish.

EXT. PORCH - EVENING

George sits in a rocking chair. He stares at the lake bathed in moonlight.

The Moon's reflection becomes an EVIL EYE, watching George.

George reacts with horror. Did he really just see that? The HOOT of an owl snaps George back to reality... and the eye reverts back to the Moon.

INT. CABIN - EVENING

Wood CRACKLES in the fireplace, the room bathed in orange flames. Ophelia sits on the couch, Sam and Blake on either side.

They laugh. Whiskey flows. She flirts with them both.

BLAKE

(a bit drunk)

Ophelia, you are a closed book.

OPHELIA

What do you mean?

BLAKE

I've told you everything about me, even the most embarrassing details, but you...

He takes another sip of scotch.

BLAKE (cont'd)

...nothing.

OPHELIA

There's not much to say. Your escapades are far more interesting, I guess.

SAM

Ah... you're hiding something.

She looks at Sam, anger building.

SAM (cont'd)

Something dark? Something you  
wouldn't tell a priest?

BLAKE

Junior here might be right. I think  
you're a bad girl.

He looks at Ophelia, top to bottom. Judging, and ogling.

BLAKE (cont'd)

During confession I've heard plenty  
of nasty stories from nasty girls.  
I can handle it.

She pushes Blake's head with one finger.

OPHELIA

Father Blake, you like scotch don't  
you?

BLAKE

What gave you that idea?

Ophelia grabs the bottle, fills him up.

OPHELIA

One for the road.

BLAKE

The road!

Blake takes another shot. George walks behind the couch and  
grabs his juice.

SAM

Seriously, Ophelia... what lies  
beneath?

He stares at Ophelia, determined. George pauses, also  
intrigued. Ophelia's face turns to stone.

SAM (cont'd)

(getting under her skin)  
You've had, what was it...  
experiences. Tell us.

OPHELIA  
There's not much to tell.

SAM  
I don't buy it.

He reveals his arms, the needle marks for all to see.

SAM (cont'd)  
I was honest too, remember? What  
was your catalyst?

All eyes on her.

OPHELIA  
Men.

Sam and Blake glance at each other.

BLAKE  
Men? What about them? You fancied  
men and slept with them?

OPHELIA  
Not really. They wanted to sleep  
with me.

Sam lifts an eyebrow and smiles.

SAM  
So? That's a pretty common male  
reaction.

OPHELIA  
Not when you're fifteen.

BLAKE  
You were...?

OPHELIA  
Right. The dreaded 'R' word.

Uncomfortable silence.

SAM  
What happened to them?

She swallows the scotch.

OPHELIA  
They got what they deserved.

She CRUSHES ice cubes between her teeth.

Blake is surprised. Nervously looks away and focuses on his drink.

Sam smiles, enjoying her honesty.

With a worried look, George joins Thaine in the kitchen.

Ophelia follows George with her eyes. A mysterious, seductive look. He sees her looking. His world seems to move in slow motion. His worried look worsens.

THAINE

It's hard to mask disapproval with  
your forehead wrinkled like that.

George tries to relax.

GEORGE

Sam's an addict.

THAINE

It's just a few drinks.

GEORGE

Still, he needs to watch out.

THAINE

Remember, it was heroin... not  
alcohol. Let him have some fun.

Ophelia and Sam erupt in laughter.

George tightens his grip around a plate like he wants to break it.

THAINE (cont'd)

Careful. The plate is not as strong  
as your anger. I know you're still  
full of guilt.

George puts the plate away.

THAINE (cont'd)

And I know you think you don't  
deserve happiness.

GEORGE

Thaine, don't.

THAINE

I'm just saying you should try and  
accept the damned thing.

(MORE)

THAINE(cont'd)

Your guilt triggers the desire to control everything around you.

He puts his arm on his shoulder.

THAINE (cont'd)

You're the best in converting people but sometimes your grip is too tight.

Sam enters, the scotch taking effect.

SAM

Hello, Fathers. Will you join us for a drink?

THAINE

Sorry, son. Those days are way behind this old man.

He walks past Sam and slaps his shoulder. Makes eye contact with George.

THAINE (cont'd)

Don't be afraid to have a little fun, okay?

He exits, up the stairs. George takes a deep breath.

GEORGE

Everything alright, Sam?

SAM

Sure. Why?

GEORGE

With Ophelia, I mean.

SAM

What about her?

GEORGE

What do you think of her?

SAM

She's interesting.

She sees him watching, he smiles and nods to her.

SAM (cont'd)

She's a useful addition. Might come in handy.

GEORGE  
Handy? What do you mean?

Sam's smile disappears.

SAM  
Nothing special. She can kill a fish, for example. We all saw that. Maybe she can help us with other stuff.

GEORGE  
Right... listen, I don't want you to get distracted. You're at a crucial part of your training.

SAM  
(cynical smile)  
What's wrong, George? Does this have something to do with me? Ophelia?  
(lifts the empty scotch)  
Or me having a drink? Huh?

George looks away. Caught.

GEORGE  
You know what I mean. You have to stay focused. Think about the hard work we've put into your recovery all this year. Don't get distracted during the grand finale.

SAM  
A year ago, when I was a screwed-up junkie, I really enjoyed your two hour speeches...

He walks to the kitchen cupboard and grabs a bigger glass.

SAM (cont'd)  
...but those days are over. I appreciated it back then... but, like you said, I will be a priest soon. And that means choosing my own path. Just like you taught me, remember? I'm deciding to have some fun.

GEORGE  
Sam--

SAM

--You know what's wrong with you, George? You see demons. Everywhere. And often, you're right. They are out there, lots of them. But you always battle them through other people. You always attack them indirectly. That's weak.

He shoots George a wicked smile as he spins back into the living room, empty glass raised in the air.

SAM (cont'd)

Ophelia! Fill me up!

Ophelia pours Sam a glass, her breasts almost pressed into his face.

George shakes his head at the spectacle. He heads for the stairs.

OPHELIA

Good night, George.

George's eyes meet Ophelia's... but he keeps walking.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

George walks, horrific trees surround him. He hears something and looks to the side.

Ally and Daniel. Frozen and covered in blood. Their faces extremely pale. Ally holds Daniel's hand.

George approaches, guilt written all over his face.

GEORGE

Ally. Danny. I'm so sorry, I...

He falls to his knees in front of his son.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Danny, my boy, I'm so sorry.

DANNY

What happened to us, Daddy?

ALLY

Go ahead, George. Answer your son.

GEORGE

Danny. I--

ALLY  
--Tell him, George.

GEORGE  
I, I...

DANNY  
What Daddy? What happened?

GEORGE  
I'm sorry son, I...

ALLY  
TELL HIM!

George starts to choke.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

George wakes up, gasping for breath. Forehead all sweaty. He looks around, panicked.

The Moon gives the room a ghostly blue glow. The trees outside create mystical shapes on the wall. There's something wrong with this night.

He slowly gets out of bed, walks past the window. He pauses and looks at the pitch black lake.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

George fills his hands with water from the sink. Splashes his face. Stares at himself in the mirror.

Suddenly he hears some vague noises. He listens closer. It's LAUGHTER.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM - NIGHT

George walks down the hallway. It is also covered with the same ghostly blue light. He looks at the stairway. An intense red, yellow glow bursts out of it. Like fire. Unnatural.

He sneaks to the stairs, making sure he is not heard. The LAUGHTER turns into MOANING. He also hears people KISSING.

He carefully descends the stairs and sees--

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room covered in an unnatural red, yellow glow... like a hellish inferno.

In the middle of the room pillows are spread out over the floor. Ophelia stands naked in the middle. Sam, also naked, on his knees in front of her. He looks up to her. She smiles to him and nods. He gives her a greedy smile and his mouth seeks a way to her crotch. He goes to town.

Ophelia closes her eyes, letting him work. Blake, also naked, approaches her from behind and kisses her neck. She turns her upper body towards him with Sam still between her legs. She licks his face from chin to forehead.

With one hand she guides Blake's hands over her breasts, with the other she guides Sam's tongue. It's clear she's running the show. An unholy threesome.

George looks. Horrified but cannot look away.

Ophelia pulls something from behind her back: a huge kitchen KNIFE! The steel glistens with light from the fireplace. She admires it for a second and gives it to Blake. She nods down to Sam, who is still busy eating her.

While Blake and Sam please her, Ophelia looks up the stairs towards George. He clearly feels caught. Her face quickly turns into a DEMON face. Her eyes turn pitch black, with a horrible smile. Did he really just see that?

Her face turns normal again, but she keeps smiling at George. The flames in the fireplace rise higher and higher as Blake raises his knife. Ready to plunge it into Sam's head. Hell at its worst.

GEORGE

No!

Suddenly, a strong hand grips George's shoulder and pulls him around.

Thaine. He wears his black priest shirt but without his collar. The flames from the spectacle reflect in his eyes. The old man seems possessed.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Thaine? What's happening?

Thaine's possessed smile becomes an angry face of evil.

THAINE

Don't just sit there. What are you gonna do, huh?... KILLER!?

Thaine laughs, pushes past him. He walks down the stairs as he unbuttons his shirt.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - END DREAM SEQUENCE

George jolts up in bed. Terrified. Sweaty. Confused. He gets out of bed and listens. He hears nothing.

The morning light peeks through the curtains. He opens them and gets blinded by the sunlight.

He covers his eyes and walks back to the bed. Sits down. Plunges his head in his hands. Sighs deeply.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

George walks down the stairs. Blake and Ophelia sit on the couch having an energetic conversation.

They turn to George and stare at him. Thaine enters from the kitchen with coffee and mugs.

THAINE

Good morning, George.

George freezes on the stairs. Confused.

BLAKE

Morning. You look terrible. Sorry for the honesty.

Ophelia takes a mug and sips her coffee while her eyes focus on George.

George recognizes Sam's wool hunting cap on her head. His worried look worsens

GEORGE

Where's Sam?

Blake looks in another direction. Ophelia chuckles. Thaine fills Blake's cup.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Dammit, where is he?

He roars up the stairs.

THAINE  
George! What's wrong?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SAM'S ROOM - MORNING

George runs to Sam's bedroom door and knocks loudly.

GEORGE  
SAM?

He doesn't hear anything. He knocks again.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
SAM, ARE YOU IN THERE?

After a few knocks, Sam opens the door. He has a big smile on his face.

SAM  
George, good morning. Ain't you a ball of energy this morning?

GEORGE  
Are you are alright?

SAM  
Why wouldn't I be?

GEORGE  
Well, I, uh...

Sam turns his back to George and looks outside with a wicked smile.

SAM  
Did you sleep well?

GEORGE  
No. Why? What do you mean?

Sam turns around to George, suddenly serious.

SAM  
You tell me.

George grabs his shoulder.

GEORGE  
Listen, Ophelia is bad news. I know it sounds silly but she is.

SAM  
 (sarcastic)  
 Really, George?

He walks away and moves the Bible on his night table.

SAM (cont'd)  
 You're progressing, George.  
 Yesterday you used my Seminary as  
 an excuse to take my attention away  
 from her. And today you just come  
 out and tell me that she's bad?

He puts his hand on George's shoulder.

SAM (cont'd)  
 You are losing yourself to  
 paranoia. I like that. No beating  
 around the bush. But why are you  
 telling ME this?

George opens his mouth but the words won't come. Sam scoots past, leaving George puzzled.

EXT. DOCK BY LAKE - MORNING

The sun shines abundantly on the lake. A gentle breeze chops the water. Ophelia sits on the edge of the dock. She stares at the water. Thaine walks up behind her.

OPHELIA  
 Hi, Thaine.

THAINE  
 Hello, Miss Ophelia. Do you mind if  
 I join you? I always say my morning  
 prayer down here.

OPHELIA  
 Sure. Take a seat. It's your dock.

He sits.

THAINE  
 That's true. Still, nothing wrong  
 with being polite.

They stare at the water in silence.

THAINE (cont'd)  
 I usually pray alone. Does it  
 bother you if I do it out loud?

OPHELIA

Fine by me.

Thaine bows his head and closes his eyes. He mumbles for a while then he raises his head.

THAINE

...the light of Jesus absolves all sins. It is through HIM we find forgiveness. It is through forgiveness we find a place in heaven.

He opens his eyes. Ophelia is still focused on the lake.

THAINE (cont'd)

Amen.

Thaine looks at Ophelia.

THAINE (cont'd)

You're not religious are you?

OPHELIA

Not really. I was baptized when I was a little girl... but that was a lifetime ago.

THAINE

Before bad memories?

OPHELIA

Something like that.

Thaine grabs his bag and takes out some crackers and a bottle of juice.

THAINE

Sometimes it can be a relief to forget about the past and move on.

He holds up the bottle and crackers.

THAINE (cont'd)

It ain't exactly bread and wine but we can improvise.

OPHELIA

What do you mean?

THAINE

Well, we can, in a symbolic kinda way, re-baptize you. A fresh start.

Ophelia looks away, her focus back on the lake.

OPHELIA

No thanks.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sam looks at Ophelia and Thaine on the dock. His face shows no emotion, nearly covered with shadows.

THAINE (O.S.)

Why is that?

OPHELIA (O.S.)

I don't need religion to give me strength. I'm grateful for my experiences, they strengthened me. Now I feel capable of doing extraordinary things.

Sam smiles. Backs up. He totally disappears in the shadow.

EXT. BEHIND CABIN - DAY

Thick with trees. WHACK! CRACK! George chops wood. His forehead is sweaty. Every hit is jackpot splitting the spruce logs in two like butter.

OPHELIA (O.S.)

You've done this before.

George looks at Ophelia, startled, and then turns back to his work.

GEORGE

Yep.

He places another log on the chopping block. He raises his axe and swings it down. The two pieces fly two yards from the block.

Ophelia sits down. From her pocket she grabs a little pocket knife.

GEORGE (cont'd)

What are you gonna do with that?

Ophelia grabs a branch of a nearby tree and starts carving it.

OPHELIA  
Is that your job?

GEORGE  
What?

OPHELIA  
Chopping wood?

GEORGE  
Kinda.

OPHELIA  
The others won't help you?

GEORGE  
We had that conversation many years ago.

He sets up another log.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
Thaine's joints are at least ten years past chopping wood. And Blake... well, his smoking gets in the way of a truly effective swing.

OPHELIA  
What about Sam? He's got some muscle under those needle scars.

George chops the log in two.

GEORGE  
True. He's young and strong. But not really the outdoor type.

Ophelia's tree sprig is now a pointy spear. She carefully touches it with the tip of her finger. The spear is so sharp it creates a little cut. A drop of blood drips out.

George notices.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
Clearly, you have some experience outside city limits.

OPHELIA  
Not really, I just like pointy things. But I've never chopped wood before. Can I try?

George tightens his grip around the axe.

GEORGE

I don't know about that. I gotta finish all these logs by dinner.

She walks over, invading his comfort zone. Grabs his underarm and finds her way to the axe. Looks at him in a seductive way.

OPHELIA

Come on George, just one try.

George looks up to the trees as the wind moves them.

He sighs, nods and gives the axe to Ophelia. He steps back.

OPHELIA (cont'd)

How's your memory?

GEORGE

What do you mean?

OPHELIA

I just told you this is my first time, remember? I need some axe-chopping guidance over here.

GEORGE

Right. Of course.

He stands right behind her.

GEORGE (cont'd)

First line yourself up.

Ophelia lines up, clearly wrong.

OPHELIA

Like this?

George places his hands on her hips and pushes them in the right position.

GEORGE

No, like this.

George places his feet firmly into the ground.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Now place your feet like this. Square your shoulders in the direction of the block.

Ophelia squares. George positions himself behind her.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Bring the axe high over your head.  
Blade lined up with the line of  
your body. Apply a bit of force and  
let gravity bring it down...  
straight through the wood. Don't  
think about it. If you hesitate or  
have second thoughts, you'll fail.

Ophelia puts on a serious face. She raises the axe. Her lips move into the hint of a smile like she's gonna enjoy what's next.

She looks left, taking her eyes off the log for a split second. The axe travels down at blinding speed. It catches the top edge of the log...

...and sails right through, continuing the arc. She's too far away. The axe swings widely behind her. George is too close.

SLICE! The axe blade catches George in his thigh! Just a superficial cut, but it sends George to the ground screaming.

Ophelia drops the axe and stares at the blood. She seems possessed.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Damn! Damn! What the hell were you  
doing?

Ophelia kneels down. Snaps back to reality.

OPHELIA

Let me have a look.

He pulls away.

GEORGE

I told you to be careful and focus  
on the log. And what did you do?

OPHELIA

And I told you it was my first  
time. Now let me look at your leg.

She touches his thigh, blood on her hands. He pulls away again.

GEORGE

No thanks.

She looks at the blood on her hand.

OPHELIA  
It's not that deep you know.

GEORGE  
How would you know?

OPHELIA  
I've seen deeper.

She licks the blood off her finger. Looks at George, big with the creep factor.

George doesn't know how to react. Then, suddenly, she puts on a caring smile.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
Come on, get up. The weather's getting worse.

George finally accepts her helping hand. She helps him limp back to the cabin... stopping to grab her pocket knife on the way.

The wind increases in intensity.

INT. CABIN - DAY

George and Ophelia stumble into the cabin. Thaine sees the wounded leg.

THAINE  
What happened?

Ophelia helps George to a chair.

GEORGE  
Accident...

Ophelia walks into the kitchen.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
...I suppose.

Ophelia searches under the sink. Grabs a bottle.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
What are you looking for?

OPHELIA  
You don't wanna die, do you?

She holds up the bottle so he can read the label.

OPHELIA (cont'd)  
 Disinfectant. If you don't put it  
 on there, it could get infected.  
 Bacteria will eat their way up from  
 your leg into your intestines. Not  
 a pretty sight.

She wets a dish rag with disinfectant. Places the rag on  
 George's wound with zero bedside manner.

He grimaces in pain.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD IN FOREST - NIGHT - BEGIN FLASHBACK/DREAM

George walks outside the cabin. Totally dark, no moon.

Quiet, nobody around, not even forest sounds.

GEORGE  
 Hello. Anybody here?

Nobody answers.

A white SUV is parked in the middle of the road. He slowly  
 approaches.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
 Hello?

He looks through the window. Looks empty.

INT. WHITE SUV - NIGHT

George climbs in the driver's seat. He touches the wheel with  
 fear. Looks to the road ahead.

He starts the car. Drives off. The vehicle rumbles down the  
 foggy, deserted road. Totally dark.

He looks in the passenger seat -- right into the eyes of his  
 beloved Ally! She stares back. George freezes.

ALLY  
 You look scared, George.

Something in the back seat now -- Daniel! The boy stares back  
 at him with a smile.

GEORGE  
Ally, Danny, what is this?

ALLY  
You look frightened. You really do.

GEORGE  
I haven't been feeling well lately.

Ally places a calming hand on his shoulder.

ALLY  
Does she frighten you?

GEORGE  
What? Who do you mean?

ALLY  
You know who I mean.

GEORGE  
What? Who? I... I don't know what  
to do. I--

ALLY  
--You always know what to do.  
You'll find out when the time's  
right.

George can't shake the confusion. Suddenly, Ally looks at the road. Her eyes widen.

ALLY (cont'd)  
GEORGE! LOOK OUT!

George panics. Turns the wheel. The car swerves off the road, heading for a large tree on the side of the road.

ALLY (cont'd)  
NO!

CRASH!

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - END OF FLASHBACK/DREAM

A CLAP of thunder snaps George out of his dream.

EXT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

Clouds linger, thick and grey, before the defeated Sun. Dark and sinister, like night. Rain pelts the roof.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ophelia stands at the window. Looks at the dark sky. Sam and Blake on the couch, staring at Ophelia. Thaine clangs around in the kitchen.

George comes down the stairs.

BLAKE  
How was your nap?

George joins them on the couch.

GEORGE  
Fine.

BLAKE  
How's the leg? Just a scratch,  
right?

He looks at Ophelia.

GEORGE  
Yeah, a scratch. Right beside my  
artery.

She doesn't react.

BLAKE  
Ophelia couldn't chop the log with  
a pocket knife, right?

GEORGE  
Right.

Sam joins Ophelia at the window.

SAM  
Great weather, huh?

OPHELIA  
I don't mind rain.

SAM  
Me neither.

OPHELIA  
Why's that?

SAM  
Well--

OPHELIA  
--Because it creates...  
(sarcastic)  
...life?

Sam laughs.

SAM  
No, I just like the challenge it  
creates. Whenever a tiny drop of  
rain touches our heads, people  
cancel their appointments, they run  
for shelter. Everything turns to  
chaos. And only because of a simple  
rain drop.

He raises one finger.

SAM (cont'd)  
Which, by the way, is just another  
one of God's creation...  
Fascinating isn't it? That's God's  
creation could cause so much chaos.

She can't stop staring at him. Intrigued by his darkness.

SAM (cont'd)  
Why do YOU like this particular  
creation?

OPHELIA  
I just like the mud.

Ophelia leaves the window. Sam follows.

George stares at them both. Concerned.

Thaine enters, board game in hand.

THAINE  
Anyone for Scrabble? I know it's  
not exactly what we came for but  
the rain doesn't seem to be letting  
up.

Thaine places the box on the table.

BLAKE

Wow. Great. Always loved that game  
in junior high.

(to George, aside)

Especially the naughty words.

George vaguely smiles. Thaine sets up the game.

SAM

(to Ophelia)

Have you ever played Scrabble?

OPHELIA

A couple of times. I didn't really  
like it.

SAM

Why's that?

She makes eye contact with George.

OPHELIA

I'm more into physical games.

LATER

Scrabble is in full swing. A large portion of the board is  
covered with tiles. Sam places some tiles.

SAM

There: 'guitar'. Seventeen points.

BLAKE

What would you know about guitars?

SAM

I was in a band. We were pretty  
good. At least, I think we were.  
That could have been the drugs  
talking.

BLAKE

Your fingers are smooth, baby boy.  
Like you never played a second of  
guitar in your entire life.

THAINE

What kind of music did you play?

SAM

Various stuff. Oldies. From Black  
Sabbath to Hendrix.

BLAKE  
He also copied other Hendrix  
behavior.

George doesn't listen. He can't stop spying on Ophelia.

SAM  
(to Ophelia)  
Your turn.

Ophelia studies her tiles. She places a few.

BLAKE  
'Car'. Not really a winner... but  
still.

Ophelia glances at George. He looks at the board.

THAINE  
My turn. Let's see. 'Convict'.

Sam grabs some tiles.

SAM  
'Unicorn'. Your turn, George.

George shakes away the distraction and looks at the board.

GEORGE  
Alright. Let's see...'layer'.

Blake places some tiles.

BLAKE  
'Tree'.

George looks at the board. He stares at the words 'Car' and 'Tree'. His heart beats heavily. His eyes widen, forehead layered with sweat.

ALLY (V.O.)  
WATCH OUT!

George gasps for breath. Coughs.

THAINE  
George? You okay?

George sighs. Takes a sip of water.

GEORGE  
Yeah. I'm alright.

Ophelia looks at him with a little smile, not sincere.

OPHELIA  
Are you sure?

GEORGE  
VERY sure.

Sam claps his hands.

SAM  
I guess it's my turn. 'Slave'.

As Sam places the tiles, he indirectly creates a new word; vertically we read 'Seduction'. George looks at it with a troubled look. The rain suddenly stops.

EXT. LAKE - AFTERNOON

The wind is gone. The lake looks like a black, velvet blanket. Sam and Blake push a row boat away from the dock and into the lake. Ophelia already in it.

Sam and Blake get in. They row toward the middle of the lake. The boat looks tiny in the big black mass.

EXT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

George and Thaine sit on the porch as they watch the others on the lake. George takes a sip from his coffee.

THAINE  
Evil? What makes you think that.

GEORGE  
Don't you see what's happened since she dropped in?

THAINE  
Like what?

GEORGE  
A car breaks down and suddenly disappears... come on! That's just... convenient.

THAINE  
And?

GEORGE  
All the ignorance about Atlanta...  
the fact that she doesn't seem to  
have a past... all her vague  
opinions about everything. It's  
pure manipulation.

THAINE  
And?

GEORGE  
And what?

THAINE  
Come on, George. You left out one  
big reason.

GEORGE  
Of course. She refused to pray with  
you and get baptized.

THAINE  
No. You know what I mean.

GEORGE  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

THAINE  
I think you do.

GEORGE  
And what's that, Thaine? You seem  
to know.

THAINE  
Come on. It's the main reason  
behind all of your actions so far.

GEORGE  
Don't start this again.

THAINE  
Well, at least for the past  
thirteen years it's been.

George clenches his teeth in anger.

GEORGE  
Don't tell me this has something to  
do with my wife and son.

THAINE  
Doesn't it? Just take a look at  
yourself. A real good look.

George stares at the three in the middle of the lake. He studies their behavior.

GEORGE  
I'm thinking rationally.

THAINE  
I don't agree.

GEORGE  
Even if it's all in my head... it's  
still there because of her. That's  
the cold hard fact.

Thaine stands. Sighs.

THAINE  
Like everything in life, you'll  
probably learn it the hard way.

He squeezes George on the shoulder and goes inside.

THAINE (cont'd)  
More coffee?

George stares at the lake.

THAINE (cont'd)  
George?

George snaps back to reality.

GEORGE  
What? No... thanks.

EXT. LAKE - AFTERNOON

The boat floats in the middle of the lake. It looks very vulnerable in the middle of the giant water mass. Ophelia wears Sam's goofy hat.

OPHELIA  
Beautiful lake. BIG lake.

BLAKE  
I'm sure glad it's not windy.

He SLAPS the side of the boat.

BLAKE (cont'd)  
It's not exactly the Queen Mary.

Ophelia shivers.

SAM  
What are you afraid of?

OPHELIA  
Don't know. Never really thought  
about it.

SAM  
I thought you weren't afraid of  
anything. Guess I was wrong. You  
mask it pretty well.

OPHELIA  
You're so perceptive... Father.

SAM  
You don't reveal much, do you?

OPHELIA  
What do you mean?

SAM  
We don't know much, if anything,  
about your life.

Ophelia turns to him, mouth wide open, can't believe he's  
going there.

SAM (cont'd)  
You avoid questions, like you're  
hiding something. Am I correct?

She avoids his looks. Blake notices that she's uncomfortable.

BLAKE  
I think that's quite enough, sonny.

SAM  
You must be afraid of the past. And  
you mask it by focusing on the  
future. Very clever. But all you've  
done is pique my curiosity.

OPHELIA  
Sam, my young friend, you couldn't  
handle looking behind my mask.

Sam looks at her and smiles. He wants to put his hand on her shoulder.

SAM  
Didn't mean to upset you. I just  
like to screw with people. It's a  
coping technique.

She avoids his gesture and pushes him away. His hand  
accidentally slaps her hat into the water.

It floats away.

SAM (cont'd)  
Whoops.

BLAKE  
Nice one Sam, good job.

SAM  
Honest mistake.

Sam gets up and grabs a rod.

SAM (cont'd)  
Let me get it.

Blake snatches the rod.

BLAKE  
I think you annoyed her enough. Sit  
back and let me do it.

Ophelia looks at the two struggle. A slight smile appears on  
her lips. She closes her eyes for a few seconds.

SAM  
Cool it. I said I'd get it.

They both grab the rod. They struggle. Suddenly, Sam lets go  
of the rod.

Blake loses control -- falls over the side -- into the water!  
SPLASH!

EXT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

George jumps to his feet, eyes on the lake.

EXT. LAKE - AFTERNOON

Blake disappears beneath the water. After a moment he pops up, gasping for air.

BLAKE  
Damn it! Help!

Blake grabs for one of the fishing rods. No luck. Sam stares. Ophelia just smiles.

BLAKE (cont'd)  
Give me the rod! Please...

He sinks again.

UNDER WATER

Blake looks up, sees Sam staring down. Possessed. He tilts his head like a wolf and observes Blake's struggle to survive.

EXT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

George leaps off the porch.

GEORGE  
Thaine!

Thaine runs out the door.

THAINE  
What happened?

GEORGE  
Blake fell in.

They both run to the lake. George much faster than Thaine.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
SAM! SAM!

EXT. LAKE - AFTERNOON

Blake climbs back to the surface, gasping for air.

BLAKE  
Sam! God dammit!

He sinks again. Ophelia just smiles. Sam sighs deeply, his eyes focused on Blake.

George runs onto the dock, Thaine behind.

GEORGE  
SAM! OPHELIA! HE CAN'T SWIM!

Sam and Ophelia remain frozen.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
THE ROD! FATHER SAMUEL!

From the corner of his eye. Sam looks at George with a sinister little smile. He puts his foot on the rod and kicks it to Blake.

With great effort, Blake grabs the rod. Starts to climb. Sam snaps out of it and helps him up.

Ophelia just stares. Glazed eyes. Bemused smile.

George watches from the dock. Grim worry in his eyes.

INT. CABIN - AFTERNOON

Blake bursts in.

BLAKE  
FUCK!

The rest follow him.

BLAKE (cont'd)  
What the fuck, Sam?

Blake confronts Sam with a wet finger in his face.

BLAKE (cont'd)  
What the hell were you thinking you little shit?

SAM  
(shrugs)  
I, I--

OPHELIA  
--I thought you were kidding when you said you couldn't swim.

Blake glares at her.

BLAKE  
I'll deal with you later.  
(angry, to Sam)  
Well?

SAM  
Relax, man. You're alive. You'll  
appreciate life even more now.

BLAKE  
You cocky little...

He clenches his fists... and walks away. Thaine offers him a towel but he shoves it aside.

Blake storms in the kitchen. He grabs the bottle of Johnny Walker Black and pours a glass. Slams it. Then a second.

GEORGE  
Take it easy, Blake. I don't know  
if whiskey is the best thing for  
you right now.

Blake stops mid-gulp. The room falls silent. He advances on George. Inches from his face.

BLAKE  
Your sin. Not mine. Now leave me  
the fuck alone.

He grabs the bottle of whiskey and points at the others.

BLAKE (cont'd)  
All of you.

He storms to the front door and exits. George goes to follow, but Ophelia holds him back with a firm hand on his shoulder.

OPHELIA  
Let him go, George.

He glares at her. Annoyed and full of suspicion.

SAM  
Yeah. He just needs to blow off  
some steam.

George looks at Thaine. Thaine nods.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - AFTERNOON

Blake stumbles from tree to tree. Evening falls. Getting darker by the minute.

Blake, clearly drunk, rocks Van Halen with the bottle in his hand.

BLAKE  
(out-of-tune)  
I LIVE MY LIFE LIKE THERE'S NO  
TOMORROW!

EXT. CABIN - EVENING

The sun is almost gone behind mountains in the distance. The lake covered in mysterious orange and black.

Ophelia sits on the porch and stares at the sky. George exits the cabin.

GEORGE  
You need to go.

Ophelia ignores him.

OPHELIA  
This is my favorite time of day.

GEORGE  
Maybe you didn't hear me.

OPHELIA  
The light struggles to survive but  
ultimately... well...  
(with a smile)  
...darkness wins.

GEORGE  
In ten hours, light will defeat  
darkness again.

He takes a seat beside her.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
I'm done your metaphorical shit.  
It's over, you need to leave.

OPHELIA  
And why's that?

She stares into his soul.

GEORGE

Ever since your surprise entrance  
you've created a bad atmosphere.  
Things have gotten out of control.  
You're temptation... it brings out  
the worst in people.

OPHELIA

That's mighty prejudiced, don't you  
think?

GEORGE

You almost killed someone today.

She laughs.

OPHELIA

Killed someone? That's funny. I  
think there's only one killer among  
us.

George looks at her in disbelief.

GEORGE

How did you--

OPHELIA

--I know all about your past,  
George. How you killed your wife  
and son.

GEORGE

Who told you that?

OPHELIA

Sam, Blake, Thaine. Everyone.

His jaw clenches in anger.

OPHELIA (cont'd)

What's wrong? You look angry.

GEORGE

You're out. You leave tonight. I'll  
drive you to a motel, and then  
you're on your own.

OPHELIA

Let's let democracy decide.

She leans close -- too close -- to his ear.

OPHELIA (cont'd)

What do you think the others will do? Huh? Thaine thinks I'm his long lost daughter. And Sam. Well, he's been wrapped around my finger since minute one.

GEORGE

What about Blake? After today I'm pretty sure he's not your biggest fan.

OPHELIA

You know he's not the most stable guy right now.

She looks down at her breasts. Smiles. Leans back in her chair.

OPHELIA (cont'd)

I've got my ways.

EXT. OAK TREE - EVENING

Blake sits against the big oak tree. The field is completely dark. No wind.

He's hammered. In one hand he holds the bottle of whiskey.

BLAKE

(out-of-tune)

RUNNING WITH THE DEVIL! RUNNING  
WITH THE D...

A bird CHIRPS on a branch. Blake scoffs.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Tip your waitress... I'll be here  
all week.

He throws a rock at the bird. It flies away.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Fucking bird.

He tips the bottle back. It's empty. He throws it away with disappointment. Tries to lean against the tree. Drunk, off-balance. He rolls away.

BLAKE (cont'd)

Shit.

He comes to a stop with his arms out stretched. Feet together. Like Jesus on the cross.

The wind starts to howl creating waves in the grass. Blake stares at the dark sky. He whistles the Van Halen song. Maintains his cross position.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ophelia fixes her hair. Looks at herself in the mirror. Scans herself up and down. Wets her lips.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

George stands at the window. Room completely dark. The only light comes from a candle beside the bed. It shines a little on his Bible.

INT. OUTSIDE GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ophelia walks past George's bedroom. Stops in front of his door. Leans forward and listens.

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

George stares outside. Clearly troubled.

ALLY (V.O.)  
You know what to do.

INT. OUTSIDE GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ophelia smiles. Walks away.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam sits on his bed. Back straight, hands on his knees. The room totally dark. Only moonlight on his face.

He stares in front of him. No emotion. Kind of freaky.

INT. OUTSIDE SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ophelia walks by Sam's bedroom. Stops and approaches the door.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam looks down at the crack beneath the door. Sees someone standing in the light from the hallway. He smiles... a greedy smile.

INT. OUTSIDE SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ophelia senses something. She takes a step back. Walks away.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam watches Ophelia's shadow move away. Again, he stares off into nothing.

INT. THAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thaine removes his shirt and places it on a hanger. Makes sure the shirt is wrinkle-free. Places his glasses on the cabinet, then his Bible. Habit and precision.

Suddenly, one hand flies to the dresser for balance. The other clutches his chest. Face goes red. Fights for air.

He walks over to the bathroom and quickly grabs his bottle of pills. Takes two. Breathing returns to normal. Takes a look in the mirror. Sighs deeply.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

The sun shines brightly through the trees. It's hot already. Eerily quiet.

George and Sam make tracks. Not just a laid back stroll, but firm steps. They have a clear goal. George hits some annoying bushes out of his face. Looks behind trees.

GEORGE

Blake! Blake! Where are you?

(whispering)

You drunken idiot.

SAM

Strange he didn't come back last night.

GEORGE

A bit too strange.

He looks at the intense sun. Wipes some sweat from his forehead.

SAM  
Maybe he ran into someone else's  
camp and got arrested.

GEORGE  
This is not a joke.

He stops and scans the area. Looking for signs and clues.

GEORGE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I've known him a long time. Even  
though he likes a drink, he's  
always aware of his actions. He  
also has the car keys--

SAM  
--So finding him is a top priority.  
Message received.

George continues searching. Sam follows a few steps behind,  
sinister smile on his face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Toast POPS up. Thaine takes them out, lays on the butter.

Ophelia watches him from the hallway. She slowly enters.  
Thaine doesn't notice.

OPHELIA  
Sleep well?

Thaine turns around, startled.

THAINE  
What the... Ophelia. Please don't  
scare me. I'm an old man, remember?

OPHELIA  
Empty house?

Thaine points out the kitchen window.

THAINE  
George and Sam are looking for  
Blake. He didn't come back last  
night.

OPHELIA  
Really?

THAINE  
Yep.

Thaine points at the toast.

THAINE (cont'd)  
Help yourself.

Ophelia takes a piece of toast, looks outside and avidly takes a bite. It makes a loud, cracking sound.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

George's feet make a loud, cracking sound in the brush. Sam walks at his side. Sam points to a deserted forest road.

SAM  
Let's look over there.

They turn off on the road. After a few steps George's vision starts to blur.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The same road, but at night and covered in fog. Two feet walk on the side of the road. A HIKER at night.

A hundred feet away, car headlights shine, approaching the hiker at high speed. Twenty feet away, brakes SQUEAL!

The car dives off the road. CRASHES into a tree with a deafening crunch.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY - END FLASHBACK

SAM (O.S.)  
You okay, George?

George looks around, confused.

SAM (cont'd)  
Are you alright?

GEORGE  
I'm fine... this makes no fucking sense.

SAM  
What?

GEORGE  
Blake. He can't be this stupid. He wouldn't just run off.

SAM  
People do stupid things. Even the brightest and most enlightened among us. You know that.

GEORGE  
Like I said, I know the guy too well. He would have come back last night. No doubt about it.

SAM  
He runs out, bottle of scotch, in the pouring rain. Does that sound like the decision of a rational person?

George shakes his head. His balance gives way and he grabs for a nearby tree.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

George crawls out of a car wreck. He looks back.

Ally's hand, covered in blood, hangs lifeless out the window. Danny lies in the back. Blood pours from his head.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY - END FLASHBACK

Sam puts his hand on George's shoulder.

SAM  
At night in the woods... everybody has enemies. George? You alright?

George looks up to the burning Sun. Sighs deeply.

GEORGE  
I'm okay.

SAM

You sure?

George straightens his back.

GEORGE

Yeah. It was... nothing.

He scans the woods

GEORGE (cont'd)

Something's wrong. Very wrong.

He hurries into the trees. Sam follows.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ophelia and Thaine sit at the kitchen table. Ophelia holds a half-eaten piece of toast as she stares outside.

THAINE

Is it good?

She snaps out of her dream.

OPHELIA

(slowly)

Delicious.

THAINE

It's just toast. Do you want any more?

Ophelia shakes her head, no.

Thaine takes her plate. Walks to the sink.

Ophelia follows. Suddenly, a glint of steel catches her eye. On the counter: a KNIFE. She carefully touches the blade.

Thaine does the dishes, his back turned.

Ophelia takes the knife and slowly cuts an apple.

OPHELIA

You kinda remind me of my grandpa.

THAINE

(with a laugh)

He must be a great guy.

She watches the knife slice through the apple with ease.

OPHELIA

Was.

THAINE

What?

OPHELIA

WAS a great guy... until he died.

EXT. FOREST FIELD - DAY

George and Sam emerge from the trees. A huge field spreads before them. The sun burns. No wind. Only the sound of CRICKETS in the grass.

George walks forward. His fingertips touch the high grass. The huge oak tree stands alone in the distance.

SAM

The tree. I didn't realize we walked so far.

George focuses on the oak tree. He squeezes his eyes to see better. His eyes suddenly widen. He freezes.

GEORGE

What the...

Sam doesn't see.

SAM

What?

George walks towards the tree. Then... he runs.

EXT. OAK TREE - CONTINUOUS

George slows. Stops. His face sinks. He falls to his knees at the foot of the tree.

REVEAL Blake, upside down, crucified to the tree! Nails through palms and feet. His eyes stare lifeless at George. His gut sliced open. Blood pours from his head and mouth. Flies buzz around the rotting corpse. A gruesome sight.

GEORGE

No. God no.

Sam approaches the body and stares at it with surprise. Is he admiring it or just flabbergasted?

George raises his face to heaven, tears in his eyes.

Sam holds his right hand a few inches from Blake's body and follows the body's curves with his hands.

SAM  
Who could have done this?

George jumps to his feet.

GEORGE  
(realizing)  
Shit.

SAM  
What?

GEORGE  
Thaine.

George runs like a maniac, almost stumbling. Sam follows.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ophelia takes a seductive bite of the apple. With her other hand she admires the big knife.

She looks at Thaine.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

George runs like the wind. Jumps over trees and smashes through bushes. Stumbles but gets up.

His face a mask of both fear and anger.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Thaine stands at the sink. Suddenly his eyes widen. He grimaces in pain.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

George storms up the porch. He kicks in the front door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

George enters. Face stained with tears and sweat.

LABORED BREATHING from behind the kitchen table. George approaches, sees Thaine on the floor. Ophelia crouched over him, back to us.

George glances at the knife on the counter. Ophelia reaches for something. Thaine struggles to breathe.

OPHELIA

It'll be over soon.

George doesn't hesitate. He grabs the knife.

He raises the knife with two hands and, with a SCREAM, plunges it in Ophelia's neck. She GARGLES. George pulls out the knife. She falls, DEAD, next to Thaine.

Thaine stares up at George. His breath comes in short, wheezy gasps.

THAINE

George...

REVEAL Thaine's BOTTLE OF PILLS beside Ophelia's body. Her dead eyes stare at the bottle. THAT's what she was reaching for.

George takes a step back. Wild eyes.

GEORGE

Wha-- no...

He falls to his knees. Grabs the bottle. Thaine reaches up to him.

SLASH. An iron POKER stabs down from nowhere. Thaine's skull turns to paper-mache. His brain spatters into George's face.

George can't believe it. What the hell just happened? George follows the poker still in Thaine's skull. He sees a pair of hands... then two arms with pumped-up veins.

SAM (O.S.)

It's rare I have to finish the job myself...

Sam holds the handle. He yanks the poker from Thaine's skull. Wipes his hair from his face. He smiles at George with a wicked grin. His eyes black, like a demon... like Ophelia in George's dream.

SAM (cont'd)  
...but it feels so Goddamn good.  
(laughs)  
Heroin can't beat that.

GEORGE  
You...

SAM  
Me. You....

Sam points to the two bodies.

SAM (cont'd)  
...us...

He pokes Ophelia in the ribs.

SAM (cont'd)  
...Ophelia. Poor girl. For a time I  
didn't think you would do it.

He slowly wipes the blood off the poker.

SAM (cont'd)  
Thanks for proving me wrong.

George stands, firm grip on the knife.

GEORGE  
Who are you?

SAM  
(smiles)  
Come on George. Use your...

He picks up a piece of Thaine's brains.

SAM (cont'd)  
...brain.

He throws it to George. George recoils in disgust and anger.

SAM (cont'd)  
George... you know me. You always  
warn people about me.

He sees George's confused look.

SAM (cont'd)  
(angry)  
Well? Don't just stand there...  
(MORE)

SAM(cont'd)

KILLER! Say something. Do something.

GEORGE

A year ago... when you walked into the Mission.

Sam shakes his head. He walks around the kitchen table. George mirrors his movements, keeping space between them.

SAM

No, no, no my friend. You're thinking on such a tiny scale. Humans always do. Go back thirteen years! Thirteen Goddamn years.

Tears of disbelief fall from George's eyes.

GEORGE

Ally... Danny.

Sam approaches. George can't move. He points the poker at George's chin.

SAM

You avoided me that night... and parked your car around that big ass tree, remember?

GEORGE

That was you? Why--

SAM

--Just because you wear that collar doesn't mean there's not a murderer inside of you...

(whispering)

...an assassin. Took me some time and encouragement to get him out again.

(preaching)

Thirteen years ago you killed your family. You swore you'd live a good life from that moment forward... and you'd never give in to the darkness.

(with a smile)

What a challenge. The icing on the cake? You became a man of God. My old nemesis. I had to win this game George.

GEORGE

You're...

SAM

Yes, George. You're right. That's me.

GEORGE

And Blake. You killed him too.

SAM

Think about it. Tiny little Ophelia kills and crucifies that fat ass? I was mildly offended when you leapt to THAT conclusion.

GEORGE

She was innocent. She--

SAM

--She was a welcome addition to the party, George. A little manipulation and she was a perfect temptress for the God Squad.

George fights to stay conscious. The room spins.

SAM (cont'd)

I told you attacking someone indirectly is weak. And you finally understand it.

GEORGE

Those visions... dreams... you created those.

He stares daggers at Sam. Anger replaces disbelief. The grip around his knife tightens. Sam sees it.

SAM

Good George... good. What's next, tiger?

Rage increases. Heavy breathing.

SAM (cont'd)

You gonna prove me wrong or not? Think about your poor little friends. What's the best thing to do? What's the only answer?

George stops breathing. All sound washes away. Everything... becomes clear.

GEORGE  
 (whispering)  
 To Hell... and back.

He looks at Sam, big with determination. He runs for Sam, knife raised.

SAM  
 Yes, George! YES!

George plunges the knife in Sam's heart. Sam's eyes widen... as he gives George a smile.

George turns the knife, opening the wound, making sure the deed is done. Sam gargles then collapses to the floor.

Three bloody corpses cover the floor. George stands in the middle. Dazed and confused. His clothes and face covered in blood.

Outside, a car pulls up.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The SHERIFF's jeep turns through the trees. Brakes to a dusty stop next to Blake's car.

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

The SHERIFF speaks into the radio. DEPUTY in the next seat.

SHERIFF  
 I found the address. Must be the owner of the black Chevy Malibu we towed.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
 Ten-four

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The sheriff and his deputy get out of the car. Approach the front door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

George staggers to the front door, the knife still in his hands.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

George limps outside. Covered in blood. Still holding the knife.

The sheriff and deputy grab their guns.

SHERIFF  
Freeze! Drop the knife!

George can't speak.

DEPUTY  
Jesus... look at the blood.

SHERIFF  
Drop the knife and put your hands  
in the air!

George drops the knife. It STABS into the wooden floor.

The deputy advances, gun on George. The sheriff slips past. Takes a look inside.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
My God...

DEPUTY  
What is it?

SHERIFF (O.S.)  
Keep your gun on him!

George blinks. Conscious, but confused.

GEORGE  
I didn't--

SHERIFF  
--On the ground, NOW. ON THE  
GROUND!

George goes to the floor, face down, hands behind his back.

GEORGE  
But I didn't--

SHERIFF  
--Cuff him!

George doesn't struggle. The deputy applies the handcuffs. George stares into nothing, as if his mind slips away.

FADE TO BLACK.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)  
You had quite a ride, Mr. Cooper.

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

George sits handcuffed to a chair. A bright light shines in his face.

His interrogator is seen only in shadow. He flips through pages in an evidence file.

DETECTIVE  
What went wrong? What made you snap?

George just stares at the bright light. No emotion.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)  
You might avoid the death penalty if you cooperate.

GEORGE  
Where do I start?

DETECTIVE  
We know that you were on a fishing trip. Some people at the Mission told us.

George nods.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)  
And you always do this on the same date every year. What is the significance of that date, Mr. Cooper?

GEORGE  
My wife and son died thirteen years ago.

DETECTIVE  
September 22nd... 1995, is that right?

George nods.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)  
How did that happen?

GEORGE  
I drank too much and got in a car.

DETECTIVE  
And your wife and son were in that  
car. I see.

The detective flips through some pages.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)  
Did you ever get past this, Mr.  
Cooper?

GEORGE  
I don't really--

DETECTIVE  
--We talked to Dr. Fischer. Your  
psychiatrist, correct?

George nods.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)  
He told us you have visions of your  
wife and son. This indicates guilt.

GEORGE  
Wouldn't you be?

The detective stops at a certain page.

DETECTIVE  
Do you still have those visions Mr.  
Cooper?

GEORGE  
No, not since yesterday.

DETECTIVE  
Funny... that's what Dr. Fischer  
thought when he told us what most  
likely happened.

GEORGE  
What's that?

DETECTIVE

The Doctor told us that certain people with your condition can only deal with their past in one way.

GEORGE

What's that?

DETECTIVE

By entering the one place they swore they'd never go to.

George looks up, his eyes wide.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

In your case that means... killing once more.

GEORGE

You don't understand. I killed the killer. His name was Sam.

DETECTIVE

I've already told you, we didn't find anyone named Sam.

GEORGE

I don't understand. I killed the bad guy! He killed the others.

The detective flips through his documents.

DEPUTY

Blake O'Brien... Thaine Bradley... and Ophelia Statler.

GEORGE

Yes... and Sam--

DETECTIVE

--Three bodies, Mr. Cooper. Not four.

The detective leans forward.

It's SAM. Different haircut. Stubby beard. But it's him.

SAM

Three.

His eyes turn pitch black and he smiles as we--

FADE TO BLACK

