

STARVATION GULCH

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

SUPER: "The Pacific Northwest"

Rain drips from pine needles. Gray clouds smother the endless sea of evergreen trees.

FBI AGENT BARNES, 35, wears a perfectly-pressed suit. He steps over a fallen log. His well-shined loafer catches on a root. As he stumbles--

--RANGER FALLON, 25, catches him. Tough boots, khaki from head to toe, the young man navigates the forest with ease. Behind them, other LAW ENFORCEMENT PERSONNEL cordon off the scene.

RANGER FALLON
Careful. Don't know what you'll
step in out here.

FBI AGENT BARNES
Noted.

A few more steps through the brush. Fallon points.

RANGER FALLON
There. Against the tree.

Barnes stops in his tracks. Stares.

What he sees causes him to turn away. Throw up.

Fallon hands him a Kleenex. A practiced motion, like he's done it a few times today.

RANGER FALLON
Girl out hiking showed up at the
Ranger Station with one hell of a
story. Crazy as a loon, mumbling on
about evil or some other garbage.
Told us where to look.

FBI AGENT BARNES
They found her... like that?

Barnes looks again. Only a glimpse: a young woman, sitting against a tree. Blood everywhere.

RANGER FALLON

Near as we can tell. Damn shame.
She's a pretty young gal. No I.D.,
but we're hoping the girl at the
Station can tell us who she is...
once she gets back from Crazy Town.

Barnes looks closer. The victim's arm, flesh torn off, right
down to the bone.

He turns away. Vomit threatening to return.

FBI AGENT BARNES

What happened to her?

RANGER FALLON

Animal attack, probably. My money's
on a mountain lion.

FBI AGENT BARNES

My God... her arms...

RANGER FALLON

Yeah. All manner of torn up.
Weirdest mountain lion attack I
ever seen... but you never know
what an animal will do if it's
hungry.

Barnes turns around. Breathes deep, tries to recover.

FBI AGENT BARNES

Sounds like you got it all figured
out, Ranger Fallon. Why call the
FBI?

Fallon grins.

RANGER FALLON

This is just body number one. I've
got more.

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGHWAY 16 -- DAY

SUPER: "Four days earlier"

A sparkling SUV flies down the road. Alone on the two-lane
blacktop. Huge evergreens choke both sides of the road.

INT. SUV -- DAY

PETE, early twenties, drives the car. A good-looking guy with a college-football body. He chews beef jerky. A disgusting, gory mouthful of meat.

He skips tracks on the CD player. He listens to the OPENING CHORDS, then moves to the next song.

In the passenger seat, Pete's girlfriend, WENDY, same age, surfs the Net on her iPhone. Hot co-ed, with surgically-enhancements bursting over a very revealing top.

WENDY

Urge to kill rising, babe.

PETE

Sorry. Trying to find one that matches the groove of the road.

WENDY

The Department of Homeland Security just issued a "Nerd Alert."

PETE

Maybe they need a "Bitch Alert."

She SMACKS her gum. Smiles. Puts her hand in his lap. Finds what she likes... and squeezes.

WENDY

You're MY bitch.

From the second row of seats, two more friends - the same age - watch the foreplay. NATHAN removes his headphones and flashes a wicked Joker smile at the near hand-job.

ANGELA tears away from a book titled "Veterinary Medicine" and looks up, reading glasses on the end of her nose.

NATHAN

If your boyfriend drives us off the road, I'm going to take that phone and toss it to the first bear I see.

Wendy LAUGHS. Attention back to the phone.

NATHAN

Not that bears would have much use
for a hundred pictures of you and
your... um, assets.

Nathan winks at Angela. Angela sticks her chest out, trying to imitate Wendy's "size". No luck... she's got nothing on Wendy in that department.

Wendy ignores them. She bats her eyes. Purses her lips. SNAPS another picture of herself.

WENDY

Hundred and one, ass-face.

Wendy turns around, shoves the iPhone in Angela's face.

WENDY

Super-model time!

Angela blushes. Pushes her glasses up.

ANGELA

Come on, Wendy. I look all frumpy.

WENDY

No, you look cute. Glasses are in.

ANGELA

Really?

WENDY

Sure. Just like that shirt.

Angela's smile fades.

CLICK. Wendy takes the shot.

WENDY

Bummer... the light's all shitty
back there. You look like a
vampire.

Angela sticks her nose back in her book.

Pete glances in the rear-view mirror and catches the sadness on Angela's face.

PETE

(to Wendy)

Do you even hear yourself when you speak?

WENDY

(engrossed in the phone)

What's that, babe?

NATHAN

I need a phone like that. I could download porn wherever, and whenever, I wanted. At the mall. At church.

WENDY

You're a fucking pig, Nate.

In the back, curled up on the pile of camping gear, the fifth member of the group SNORES. It's DAVE, with beard stubble and a hemp rope around his neck.

EXT. GENERAL STORE -- DAY

A forgotten general store on the side of the highway with a single gas pump and rotten wooden siding.

Pete uses the ancient pump to fill the SUV. He frowns at a tiny ding on the bumper. Tries to rub it out with his finger. The rest of the group piles out.

Dave stretches. Rubs his eyes. Lights up a joint.

Pete shoots him a disapproving look. Gestures toward the gas nozzle.

Dave smirks. Takes a long drag. Blows the smoke right in Pete's face.

Nathan purposely shoves Dave in the shoulder.

NATHAN

Mornin', gorgeous. Sleep well?

DAVE

Hell no, man. Your vibrator was poking me in the back.

NATHAN

It knows what it wants.

He laughs. Squeezes Dave's butt.

DAVE

Fag!

Angela stretches. Ignores the boys.

ANGELA

Smell the fresh air! No Starbucks
within a hundred miles.

WENDY

Since when is that a good thing?

Wendy pushes Nathan and Dave aside. Jogs around the back of
the store.

WENDY

I call the little girl's room!

NATHAN

Can I help?

She flips him off as she goes.

Dave leans against the side of the SUV. Sucks down his joint.
Angela and Nathan toss a Frisbee back and forth.

INT. GENERAL STORE -- DAY

Someone watches them through the store window.

EXT. GENERAL STORE -- DAY

Wendy bursts out of the women's rest-room.

WENDY

Fuck it! Disgusting! It's like some
third world country in there.

ANGELA

Those are the last flushing toilets
for three days.

Wendy GROANS.

ANGELA

I brought toilet paper. It's no big deal to go in the woods.

WENDY

Yeah... for an animal. Animal...
Angela...
(with a wicked smirk)
Huh.

Wendy storms off.

Pete comes up behind Angela. Whispers in her ear.

PETE

The princess will have to hold it.

INT. GENERAL STORE -- DAY

Wendy scans the aisles. Not much in the way of anything.

WENDY

(mocking Pete)
They're my oldest friends, Wendy.
Come on, it'll be fun. One last trip before Angela goes back to Veterinary School.
(talking to herself)
Nerdy bitch. I'll take that stupid book and bash her fucking head in.

The CLERK thumbs through a Guns N Ammo. A big guy, with backwoods-crazy eyes. He glances at Wendy.

WENDY

And now I'm sleeping in a tent, my hair is ruined, and a bear is going to eat me.

She picks up a can of instant coffee.

WENDY

If I go one more day without Starbucks I'm going to stab them all with a nail file.

With a ROAR of laughter, Nathan and Dave burst through the door.

NATHAN

Fuck me, this place is a...

The Clerk scowls at him. Nathan improvises.

NATHAN

...treasure chest of valuable savings!

DAVE

Where's your beer?

CLERK

In back. Next to the caviar and '82 Merlot.

DAVE

Ah. Humor. Outstanding, dude.

Nathan runs to the back on a mission.

NATHAN

He might have some grape juice that's gone bad.

Dave wanders the aisles. Pokes at the merchandise. Grabs a bag of Fritos.

He comes round a corner. Almost steps on Wendy who is kneeled down tying her shoe.

He focuses on her generous cleavage. GASPS.

DAVE

Whoa. Hey.

She stands. Moves closer.

He creates a barrier between them with his bag of Fritos.

She pouts her lips. Bats her eyes. Looks up at him like a horny kitten.

WENDY

Hi Dave. Did you find what you were looking for?

DAVE

Got my Fritos. Instant cure for the munchies.

She runs her hands up his arms. Along his shoulders.

WENDY

Wow. Do you work out?

DAVE

Don't need to. Stocking the shelves at Costco keeps me pretty ripped.

WENDY

I'll bet. You're gonna burst from that shirt.

DAVE

Look who's talking.

She fake laughs. Presses close to him. The bag CRINKLES.

WENDY

Oh, Dave, you're so funny. And cut. Can't believe I never noticed it before.

DAVE

Your view must have been blocked by the enormous jock you happen to be dating.

WENDY

Maybe my tastes are changing. Less football, more Mary Jane.

She fiddles with his hemp necklace.

Dave glances out the window. Catches a view of Pete washing the windshield.

She squeezes his butt.

WENDY

There's not much of a produce selection here. But I bet, if you look hard enough, you can get your hands on something sweet.

Nathan comes around the aisle.

Wendy quickly removes her hand. Steps back.

Dave lowers the Fritos so they cover his erection.

NATHAN

No alcohol. We'll have to make do
with what we brought.

CLERK (O.S.)

You kids need help?

They jump with fright.

The Clerk stands in the next aisle. Stares at them.

EXT. GENERAL STORE -- DAY

Angela saunters round the back of the store.

She smiles. The sun warms her face. The breeze plays with her
hair.

A door HITS frame. The wind pushes the store's back-door
closed, then open. Again and again.

Angela approaches. Grabs the handle. Moves to close it.

She stops mid-swing. Peers in.

INT. BUTCHER SHED -- DAY

The room is dark. Weird objects hang from the ceiling.

Angela enters. Leaves the door open as daylight filters in.

ANGELA

Hello? The door was open.

The room is small. A workbench. Tools. Knives. Other carving
instruments.

As her eyes adjust, she suddenly wish they hadn't: pools of
blood all over the workbench. Skinned animals hang by hooks
from the ceiling. A deer. Some rabbits. Guttled and mangled.

Fresh deer entrails in a pile on the dirty floor.

Angela turns away. Vomits.

INT. GENERAL STORE -- DAY

Wendy bats her eyes at the Clerk. Pouts her lips.

WENDY

You don't have any espresso, do
you?

He glances at her cleavage.

CLERK

Ain't got no espresso. Nothing much
'round here for miles.

(menacing)

You kids traveling alone?

WENDY

No. My boyfriend is right outside.
He plays football.

NATHAN

And Angela. She knows kung-fu.

INT. BUTCHER SHED -- DAY

Angela wipes vomit from her mouth.

Behind her, someone steps into the open door.

A hand reaches out. Grabs her shoulder.

Angela SCREAMS! She twists away. Falls back.

She crashes against the workbench. SLICE! Cuts her hand open
on a machete.

PETE

Angela!

Angela breathes a sigh of relief. Grabs her hand in pain.

ANGELA

Pete! Jesus... you scared me.

PETE

Sorry. You okay?

ANGELA

Damn! Damn damn damn. Cut myself on the machete.

PETE

It's my fault.

ANGELA

No, I should have been more careful. What a surprise... I hurt myself inside the butcher shop of death.

She laughs, then winces from the pain.

Pete removes his shirt. Takes her hand. Holds the shirt against it to stop the blood.

They stand close. A quiet, awkward moment. Angela tries to not stare at his bare chest.

PETE

He must be a hunter. I used to go moose hunting with my uncle up in Alaska and the garage looked a lot like this.

ANGELA

This room is reasons one through one hundred why I'm vegetarian.

Angela stares into the dead eyes of the deer on the hook. She shudders.

Glances back at Pete. Gazes up and down at his muscles.

ANGELA

If this is all it takes to get your shirt off, I would have cut myself years ago.

She laughs. It comes out like a nervous SNORT.

PETE

Seems like I'm always patching you up.

ANGELA
(appalled)
The treehouse?

PETE
The treehouse.

She smacks him with her good hand.

ANGELA
You promised to never bring that
up.

PETE
The statute of limitations has run
out on things that happened when we
were ten.

They look away. Faces red.

INT. GENERAL STORE -- DAY

Dave, Wendy, and Nathan try to look brave under the withering
stare of the creepy mountain man.

DAVE
I wouldn't worry about us. Wendy
here happens to be the daughter of
a US Senator.

Wendy rolls her eyes.

DAVE
She has a tracking device implanted
in her brain.

The Clerk limps back to the register.

CLERK
Whatever you say, Willie Nelson.

Wendy smacks Dave.

WENDY
(whispers)
Daughter of a senator? How'd you
come up with that one?

DAVE
(whispers)
You smell nice, like money... like
a Republican.

WENDY
(whispers)
Well, you definitely smell like a
Democrat.

Wendy mimes smoking a joint.

They follow Frank. Dave puts the Fritos on the counter. Takes
out his wallet.

CLERK
Four fifty.

Dave hands him the money.

CLERK
Where you kids headed?

NATHAN
A few miles up. Starvation Gulch
Trail. Our friend, the girl that
knows kung-fu, has hiked it a few
times.

CLERK
The Gulch. Good trail. Nice
scenery. Of course, was a damn
shame what happened to those
campers.

NATHAN
What campers?

CLERK
Don't wanna ruin your fun before
you even get up there.

WENDY
Go ahead and ruin. Please. I'm
looking for an excuse to hitchhike
back to Seattle.

CLERK

Oh, you know the story. Group of kids go camping.

(to Wendy)

Crazy backwoods hick hunts them down... goes after the pretty girl first.

WENDY

Well. Fuck that.

DAVE

Thank you for the Fritos and the imposing sense of dread. Keep the change, man.

They head for the door. Scared shitless.

Suddenly, the Clerk bursts into laughter.

CLERK

Jesus H. Christ! You kids are a bunch of pussies!

DAVE

Are you messing with us, dude?

CLERK

Of course I'm messin' with ya! You guys should have seen your faces!

He wipes away tears of laughter.

CLERK

Ah, it's the little things that give me joy.

WENDY

Fuck you! You scared us to death!

CLERK

Ya'll come back now, ya hear!

EXT. STARVATION GULCH ROAD -- DAY

The SUV exits Highway 16.

Bounces along a narrow road. Rougher. Less-traveled.

They navigate the turns. Disappear into the trees.

INT. SUV -- DAY

Nathan drives. Pete in the passenger seat, wearing a new shirt.

Nathan squints at the road ahead.

NATHAN

I'm half-expecting some gap-toothed kid with a banjo to jump out at any moment. Joined by his wife-slash-sister.

WENDY

Ew. Fucking nasty.

PETE

Nate, we're in Washington, not Arkansas. Invest in a map.

Wendy sits in the middle row.

Angela next to her. Engrossed in her book. Her hand bandaged. A blood stain seeps through.

WENDY

Does it hurt?

ANGELA

Not really.

Wendy pokes the bandage.

Angela grimaces. Pulls away.

ANGELA

Stop it!

Pete looks at Angela. Concerned.

WENDY

Are you sure it doesn't hurt? If I got a hangnail, we'd be on our way to a hospital right now.

ANGELA
Guess I'm made of tougher stuff
than you.

Wendy looks out the window. Pissed.

WENDY
(snide impression)
Guess I'm made of tougher stuff
than you.

Dave munches on Fritos in the back.

DAVE
Hey, Ang... I got some pills if
your hand's hurting you.

ANGELA
Horse tranquilizers or ecstasy?

DAVE
Fuck, man. The real stuff. Make all
your troubles disappear.

ANGELA
Thanks, but no. I'd like to remain
fully coherent.

DAVE
Suit yourself. More for me.

Dave winks at Wendy.

She blushes at the attention. Applies some lip gloss. Turns
around to flirt with him.

She blows him a kiss.

Dave looks at her. Then to Pete, making sure he's not
looking. Back to Wendy.

Her phone BEEPS.

WENDY
Son of a bitch!

PETE
What is it, babe?

WENDY

Signal's dead. I got nothing. No bars. We've officially discovered the only place in America without any bars. What the hell am I supposed to do without e-mail for three days?

ANGELA

Read a book?

WENDY

Thank you Xena, Nerd Princess. I'd only read one of your books if I wanted to bore myself to death.

PETE

She's just trying to help.

Angela smiles at Pete's defense... a fact not lost on Wendy.

WENDY

How am I supposed to update my Facebook status? Am I the only one that cares about that?

NATHAN

Yes!

Dave laughs. Sprays Wendy's hair with Fritos.

Horrified, she pulls a half-eaten Frito from her hair.

Her face turns red. She prepares to punch him.

Angela laughs. Pete and Nathan join in.

Dave hides his face behind the bag of chips, but his body convulses with laughter.

Wendy sulks.

WENDY

I hate you all.

EXT. STARVATION GULCH TRAIL HEAD -- DAY

The SUV parks twenty yards off the road.

The group climbs out and unloads.

An old trail snakes off into the trees. At the trail-head stands a wooden sign: Starvation Gulch Trail.

ANGELA

We walk from here.

WENDY

How much farther?

ANGELA

One mile to the campsite. Maybe less.

Wendy GROANS. Looks at the rest of the group, all dressed in proper hiking gear. They load up backpacks and coolers.

ANGELA

I thought you were all big with the aerobics?

WENDY

In a gym! Walking outside sucks my butt. Too many bugs.

A mosquito dive-bombs her face and she knocks it away.

WENDY

Go suck someone else's blood.

PETE

Here... carry our tent.

He piles her up with the lightest load. Angela rolls her eyes. Nathan and Dave balk.

NATHAN

Pete, can you carry my pack too? I got this old war injury.

PETE

Ha ha, asshole.

Angela looks into the sky.

ANGELA

Looks like nice weather.

WENDY
Woop-dee-fucking-doo.

EXT. STARVATION GULCH TRAIL -- DAY

The group make their way through the forest. Late afternoon sun peeks through.

Angela admires the tree canopy far overhead.

It's dark at ground level. The trees overwhelm her. She shivers.

Wendy hustles and appears next to her. She glances back at Pete. Makes sure he's out of earshot.

WENDY
Tough trail, huh? Hardly a nice relaxing weekend when you're sweating and nursing blisters on your feet.

ANGELA
It's nice. I grew up hiking trails like this.

WENDY
Oh yeah, me too. I meant... never mind.

Angela smiles, amused.

WENDY
Look, I know we haven't had much of a chance to talk since Pete introduced us.

ANGELA
I guess.

WENDY
What's it like living in New York?

ANGELA
Boston.

WENDY
I knew that.

An awkward moment. Both girls search for something to say.

ANGELA

Look... Wendy, I realize the only reason we're even speaking right now is because you and Pete are together, and Pete and I are friends. We're not exactly similar, are we?

WENDY

We're not? I don't know...

ANGELA

It may shock you, but the Science Club didn't usually hang out with the cheerleaders.

WENDY

True. Cheerleaders usually dated the jocks.

ANGELA

Bingo.

WENDY

And quarterbacks... like Pete... well, they wouldn't be caught dead with a girl from the Science Club, now would they?

Angela hikes in silence for a moment. Hurt.

ANGELA

I guess not.

Wendy bounces back to Pete. Grabs his hand. Laughs.

Makes sure Angela notices.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

A clearing in the trees. Fire pit in the center with logs around for sitting. River a short distance away.

Pete puts the finishing touches on his tent. He uses the backside of a hatchet to bang metal stakes into the ground.

Nathan does the same with his tent, but he uses a hammer.

In between two trees, Dave ties a tarp for a makeshift roof. He sets up his sleeping bag on the ground.

NATHAN

Dave, you sure you don't want to bunk with me? There's plenty of room.

DAVE

You promise to keep the sex to a minimum?

NATHAN

I wish I could quit you.

They laugh. Angela watches Dave set up his outdoor sleeping area.

ANGELA

Brave man.

DAVE

I'm good. Gonna rough it. Sleep out in nature. One with the trees, man.

NATHAN

Couldn't afford a tent?

Dave lights another joint.

DAVE

I don't know where my money goes.

PETE

I normally sleep outdoors. Only brought the tent this time because of Wendy.

NATHAN

Oh, me too. My mom made me bring it.

Angela assembles her own tent.

Wendy sits by the fire. Organizes the food. Ignores them.

ANGELA

If you three start comparing the size of your dicks, we're leaving.

WENDY
(rolls her eyes)
Boys.

Angela's water bottle rolls away.

Pete hops over. Picks it up.

PETE
Your water's making a run for it.

ANGELA
It must be related to your
girlfriend.

He smiles. Hands it to her.

Their hands touch for a moment.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

The dead of night. The group sits around a roaring fire.
Empty beer cans litter the area.

Dave smokes a joint.

Wendy leans her head against Pete's chest.

PETE
That is quite the blazing inferno,
Dave.

DAVE
Thanks, dude.

WENDY
(to Nathan)
Beer me.

Nathan tosses her another.

She pops it open. Foam drips on the ground. She drinks.

Angela looks at the giant beer collection.

ANGELA
Why were you so concerned about
getting beer at the store?
(MORE)

ANGELA(cont'd)

We've got enough here to quench a frat house.

NATHAN

Silly little girl... there's no such thing as "enough" beer. It's all a big scam, perpetrated by Mothers Against Drunk Driving.

ANGELA

I don't like beer. Makes me burp.

Wendy rips the loudest BURP they've ever heard.

WENDY

You bet it does!

NATHAN

Nice one. The Prom Queen finally cuts loose.

WENDY

Just having fun while I can. If my mom knew I was drinking beer... well, it'd be three weeks of rice cakes and cardio.

ANGELA

I don't have time for beer when I'm at school. Or much of anything else.

DAVE

Sounds rough. I'll be thinking of you when I'm handing out free samples at Costco.

Angela grimaces. Rubs her hand.

ANGELA

Hey, Dave, I can't believe I'm asking this, but... do you have any of those pills you were talking about?

PETE

Oh, no.

DAVE

Hell, yes!

Dave digs in his pocket.

WENDY

Angela!

PETE

What the hell are you thinking?

ANGELA

My hand really hurts.

(to Dave)

Just one. I want to be peachy for the morning.

DAVE

Just one for the lightweight.

Dave hands her the pill. She swallows it with a Diet Coke chaser.

NATHAN

Your funeral.

Wendy stands. Pulls Pete by the hand.

WENDY

Fuck pills. There's only one thing that will cure me.

NATHAN

(aside, to Dave)

A hot beef injection.

PETE

Oh, the things I must do for God and country.

ANGELA

'Night, you two.

Wendy and Pete retreat to their tent. She slaps his butt and GIGGLES.

Angela watches them go. Jealousy difficult to hide.

ANGELA

Do you have anything stronger than beer?

EXT. CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

Quiet. Everyone in bed.

INT. PETE'S TENT -- NIGHT

Pete and Wendy cuddle in a sleeping bag. Kiss passionately. Outside, the fire CRACKLES.

Wendy straddles her man. Licks his neck. Tosses her hair back. She moves her hips over his crotch.

Pete gasps.

PETE

Babe, I thought we talked about this.

WENDY

I know. I want them to hear.
(pointed)
I want her to hear.

Pete stops. Scowls.

PETE

I told you a thousand times: we grew up together. She's like my sister.

WENDY

A sister you'd like to fuck.

PETE

Hell no.

WENDY

Not believing you.

Pete grabs her arm. Hard.

PETE

Do you want me to say it a thousand and one?

WENDY

That's it. Get rough.

They kiss. So hard it hurts.

She rides him. Breathing heavy. She moans.

PETE

You're a jealous bitch.

She slaps him across the face.

He gasps with shock, then smiles. He likes that.

He grabs her hips. Fucking harder.

She rips off her shirt. Rides him. Naked.

The light from the campfire shines through the mesh tent door. Turns her body a golden orange.

She looks past the fire. To Dave's makeshift lean-to.

She sees him. Sitting up. Watching her.

She arches higher. Rubs her breasts. MOANS. Looks right at Dave.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

Dave stares at Wendy. Listens to their love-making.

Watches her ride Pete. Her breasts heave.

Sees her looking right at him.

He begins to masturbate.

INT. NATHAN'S TENT -- NIGHT

Wendy screams with passion. But Nathan's out.

Snores hard. Drool on his pillow.

INT. ANGELA'S TENT -- NIGHT

Angela hears their love-making.

She holds her pillow over her ears. Tries to block it out. No use.

She sighs. Frustrated. Exits her tent.

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

Angela staggers through the trees. She looks drunk.

INSERT ANGELA'S POV: the forest through a drug-induced haze. Trees and brush lit up with a million colors. Melting together.

Angela reaches out to touch a melting tree. Smiles like a drug-addled hippy.

EXT. EDGE OF STREAM -- NIGHT

Angela staggers to the water. Drunken, crazy smile.

Suddenly, she falls over. Passes out.

SPLASH! Her wounded hand falls in the water.

UNDER WATER

Water washes under the bandage. Blood pools in the water.

The wound slowly turns black. Infected.

RESUME PREVIOUS

Angela GROANS as she sleeps next to the stream. She grimaces with pain.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Morning light breaks through. Washes over the wilderness.

All quiet. No birds singing. No wind in the trees.

The only sound: the stream FLOWING over rocks.

Wendy tiptoes through the woods holding a roll of toilet paper. She glances around. Shivers with fear.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

Pete and Nathan enjoy coffee from a pot brewing over the campfire. Dave stretches, puts on his shoes.

Angela staggers into the campsite. Looks like hell. Face muddy from a night in the dirt.

ANGELA

(to Dave)

We need to talk.

DAVE

Oh, shit.

ANGELA

What was that crap? I passed out and woke up by the stream. I could've drowned, asshole!

DAVE

My dealer said it was kosher.

Dave hops up. Backs away.

Angela comes at him. Grabs him. Throws him up against a tree.

SLAM! A powerful move for such a skinny frame.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Wendy steps around a tree and SQUISH! Pulls her foot back.

Her designer boots covered in blood.

She SCREAMS.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

Pete and Nathan pull Angela away from Dave.

In the distance, Wendy SCREAMS.

They react. Angela lets go of Dave.

PETE

Wendy!

He sprints toward the scream. Grabs the hatchet as he goes.
The others follow.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

They find Wendy. Scared stiff. Cowering against a tree.
Her eyes locked on a pile of gore on the forest floor.
Pete goes to her. She collapses into his arms. Tears flowing.

WENDY

Oh, God! I was so scared!

PETE

It's okay, baby. I'm here.

NATHAN

What happened?

WENDY

I came around the tree and stepped
right in it. Just look at it! Poor
thing.

Angela goes to the bloody pile. Kneels down.

It's a mangled mess of fur and gore. Hard to tell exactly
what.

ANGELA

Mountain lion cubs. Two or three.

WENDY

Babies?

PETE

What killed them?

DAVE

Oh shit, man. Bigfoot?

Angela looks at the wounds on the neck.

ANGELA

Their mother.

DAVE

Their mother was Bigfoot?

ANGELA

I've seen this in mice, but never
in a species this large.

PETE

What are you talking about?

ANGELA

It's a survival of the fittest
strategy. If a food supply starts
to dwindle, if starvation appears
probable... a mother will sometimes
eat her young.

WENDY

Well, that's seven hundred kinds of
disgusting.

ANGELA

She absorbs their nutrients.
Protecting herself from starvation,
and better preparing her body to
have a new litter of cubs the next
year. In a way, it's sort of
humane.

DAVE

Fucking evil is what it is.

Angela looks around the forest. Concerned.

ANGELA

A lioness would only do this as a
last resort. If she wandered into
an area totally devoid of food.
This forest... I can't believe she
couldn't find food. Doesn't make
any sense.

NATHAN

Maybe she got hungry for some juicy
mountain lion veal.

DAVE

I know I am.

ANGELA

We need to bury this. Every predator within ten miles will be able to smell it. Not to mention Mom coming back.

PETE

Good point.
(to Dave)
Can you take Wendy back to camp?

Dave beams. Wiggles his eyebrows at Wendy.

DAVE

Aye aye, Cap'n!

Dave throws his arm around Wendy. They head back to camp.

Pete kneels. Uses his hatchet to dig a hole.

Nathan uses his hands.

Angela studies the dead cubs.

NATHAN

Vet School really paid off, huh?

ANGELA

Guess I was paying attention in "Animals That Eat Their Young, 101".

Angela lifts one of the mangled cubs. The guys keep digging.

ANGELA

My gag reflex is getting a serious workout this weekend.

She drops the cub. Rubs her hand. Looks at the wound.

It's nasty. Black. Infected.

She steps away from the guys. Hides her hand.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL -- DAY

The group wind their way up the trail. A gentle incline.

Angela's wounded hand freshly bandaged.

Wendy snaps off a leaf. Wipes blood off her shoes.

Angela and Nathan watch.

ANGELA

Guess who found the perfect excuse
to go shoe-shopping?

Angela takes off. Hikes at top speed up the rocky hill. A new burst of energy.

Pete gives her a surprised look as she zooms past.

ANGELA

Come on, slow-pokes!

LATER

Angela stands farther up the trail. Jogs in place.

Dave hangs back. Studies a snail with great intensity.

Pete and Nathan rest on a log. They look at Wendy.

She lays in the grass. Gets some sun in a pose that can only be described as borderline pornographic.

NATHAN

Don't kill me, buddy, but that is
one hot girlfriend you've got
there.

PETE

I heartily concur.

NATHAN

(improvised poetry)

Every guy in your frat must want a
piece of that.

PETE

Every guy will get a taste of my
fist if he tries.

NATHAN

True dat.

Nathan puts his hand on Pete's shoulder.

NATHAN

You're a lucky guy.

PETE

Again... heartily concur.

Pete sighs. Stares at Wendy. She's Megan Fox-gorgeous basking in the sun. But there's no affection in his eyes.

PETE

You ever get the feeling that you end up with someone not because of who they are, but because of the future you're supposed to have?

NATHAN

I'm not sure I follow.

PETE

The cheerleader. The quarterback. It's such a cliché, yet... here we are.

NATHAN

Nothing wrong with continuing a cliché of awesome hotness.

Pete looks at Angela as she stretches out her legs.

PETE

Yeah, I guess.

NATHAN

Anytime you feel like trading your hot girlfriend and good looks with someone, you let me know.

EXT. WATERFALL -- DAY

The trail bends around the foot of a great waterfall. The hike continues. Breathtaking scenery.

EXT. STARVATION GULCH -- DAY

The trail ends at the edge of a great gorge. Hundreds of feet down to Class IV rapids below.

A Trail Information Board stands ten feet from the edge.

Angela approaches the board.

The guys scoot close to the edge. Dare each other to get closer.

Wendy stays back.

WENDY

Be careful, fuck-heads!

NATHAN

What? You mean, like this?

Nathan shoves Pete. Grabs his shirt. Pulls him back at the last second.

Pete gasps. Laughs. Socks Nathan on the arm.

WENDY

Asshole! I'll be so seriously mad if you kill my boyfriend.

Pete goes to his girl. Strong arm around her tiny frame.

PETE

See? Still alive.

WENDY

My feet hurt. Is tomorrow's hike any better?

PETE

It's just your style. No hills. Much shorter. And there's a Nordstrom at the end.

Wendy tries to pull away. Can't escape his strong grasp.

She tries to act all pouty but her smile betrays her.

WENDY

Jerk.

ANGELA

(vicious)

Bitch needs a smack upside the head.

Dave overhears.

DAVE

Whoa, Ang... where'd that come from?

Angela shakes her head. Rubs her eyes. Back to normal.

ANGELA

Huh?

DAVE

What you just said. She's pretty fucking obnoxious, sure, but stay Strawberry Shortcake. You balance the rest of us out, okay?

Angela's puzzled look is genuine.

NATHAN

Angela, we eagerly await your history lesson.

WENDY

Snore.

ANGELA

Uh, okay.

(reading)

Starvation Gulch. Four hundred twenty four feet down to the river.

NATHAN

And your ultimate demise! Ha ha ha!

ANGELA

(reading)

Named for a small group of explorers who crashed their boat here in 1868. All their supplies were destroyed. They hiked through the woods for days, and in the end they... yuck.

WENDY

Yuck, what?

ANGELA

They ate each other.

Wendy retreats into Pete's arms.

ANGELA

Another group of explorers found the remains a month later. Flesh stripped from the bodies. Human bite marks on the bones.

NATHAN

Washington State Parks: Beauty. Wonder. Cannibalism.

PETE

I thought you hiked this before.

ANGELA

When I was younger. I think I understand why my dad always stood in front of the sign.

DAVE

Is anyone else hungry?

Pete comforts Wendy.

PETE

Come on, Dave. Don't be such a tool.

NATHAN

Can you imagine? Being so hungry that you're only option is "Mike, hand me... your hand."

DAVE

A fucking shame is what that is. Anybody want my Ding-Dong?

Dave holds a Hostess Ding-Dong over his crotch.

Angela mock screams in horror. He chases her around.

The group laughs.

LATER

The group stands near the edge of Starvation Gulch. Nathan fiddles with his camera atop the tripod.

WENDY

While I'm young, Nate.

NATHAN

Sorry. I'm trying to find the setting for "Barbie goes hiking and annoys her friends."

Wendy adjusts her sports bra. Pushes her tits higher.

NATHAN

Okay, I think I've got it. Places bitches!

He presses a button on the camera. Runs over to join the group. They squeeze close together.

Pete puts his arms around Wendy and Angela. Smiles all around.

PETE

And smile this time, Wendy.

NATHAN

(mocking Wendy's voice)
I... can't. Too much... Botox.

FLASH CUT to the group picture. All smiles, even Wendy. A nice moment, captured in time.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL -- DAY

The hike winds back down the trail. It's quiet. Each person content in their own little world.

Suddenly, Angela falters. She drops to one knee. Winces.

Nathan quickly helps her up.

NATHAN

Careful there.

ANGELA

Nearly lost it for a second.

NATHAN

You alright?

ANGELA

Yeah... I think so. My knee gave out.

She wipes her legs.

ANGELA

A little gravel in the skin: what every growing girl needs.

She stretches. Tests out her legs. Continues walking.

ANGELA

Wow... my joints are sore.

WENDY

That's why I don't hike unless Pete makes me. Maybe you're not the epic hiker you thought.

ANGELA

No. I'm epic. I spend as much time hiking as you spend updating Facebook.

WENDY

You hike A LOT.

EXT. WATERFALL -- DAY

The group relaxes by a waterfall. Angela sits against a rock. Rubs her knee.

Pete stretches. Enjoys the scenery.

PETE

You all can thank me for the nice weather.

WENDY

What if it was raining?

PETE

Blame Nathan.

NATHAN

Hey!

Nathan raises his fists like he's going to 1920's box with Pete.

Instead, Nathan surprises him by pushing him into the water.

Pete screams. Nathan laughs.

Wendy scoffs. Pushes Nathan in.

Dave grabs Wendy. Pulls her in. Soon they're all soaked. Splashing each other. Laughing.

PETE

Come on, Angela! Cold water's good for your knee.

ANGELA

Look at you, Mr. Doctor. I'm fine, thanks. You guys have fun.

They laugh. Splash around under the waterfall. The guys take off their shirts and shoes. Throw them onto the shore.

Wendy takes off her shirt. She rocks the sports bra.

Dave blushes.

They play for a few moments. Nathan tries to splash everyone. Pete dunks Wendy under the water.

Angela laughs from the side.

Nathan and Pete climb up the rocks. Higher, toward the waterfall.

Dave and Wendy watch from a distance. Wade in water up to their chests.

She bumps into him. On purpose.

DAVE

Sorry.

WENDY

No. My fault. You gonna climb up?

Nathan YELLS like a caveman from the highest ledge.

DAVE

In a word, no. Quite happy here at water level.

Wendy studies him for a second.

WENDY
So... you enjoy the show last
night?

DAVE
(embarrassed)
Uh...

WENDY
I never thought you'd do... that.
But I didn't mind. Got me hot,
thinking of you touching yourself
while you looked at me.

DAVE
Really?

WENDY
I thought of you inside me. That's
what got me off.

DAVE
You're fucking with me, dude.

WENDY
Am I... dude?

She moves her hand below the water. Grabs his crotch. The
look on his face: priceless stoner amazement.

WENDY
When are we gonna ditch this bunch
of losers and have some fun?

DAVE
Kinda difficult.

She moves within an inch of his ear. With pouty lips:

WENDY
Name a time. I'll sneak away.

She brushes her breasts against his arm.

WENDY
We can go off into the trees. Then
I'm all yours.
(breathy)
I will rock your fucking world.

DAVE

We can go up the trail. Far enough
that they can't hear us.

WENDY

Good... cause I like to make noise.

DAVE

I noticed.

Wendy pulls away. Her pouty smile disappears.

WENDY

Noticed what?

DAVE

Uh. You. Pete. Last night.

WENDY

What the hell are you talking
about?

(loud so everyone can
hear)

Were you watching us?

Pete looks down from the cliff. Concerned.

DAVE

I thought--

WENDY

--Keep it in your pants, Harold and
Kumar.

She swims away. He's stunned.

WENDY

Feel free to whack off to me,
anytime. Loser.

She watches Pete climb the rocks.

WENDY

Whoo baby! You look so fucking hot
up there!

Pete waves. Blows her a kiss.

Dave wades back to the side. Gets out.

He collapses next to Angela. Shakes with rage.

ANGELA

You okay?

DAVE

Rather not talk about it.

ANGELA

I know. She's a bitch.

DAVE

If we get lost like those explorer
dudes and have to eat each other,
promise me we'll eat her first.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

Unforgiving darkness. The group sits around a roaring fire.
Empty beer cans litter the ground.

NATHAN

That's when Dave, his naked ass
halfway out the basement window,
finds Heidi's dad waiting for him
in the backyard.

DAVE

"Pervert!" he screams. "Holy shit!"
I scream.

NATHAN

"Dave, don't forget your pants!"
Heidi screams.

Pete almost falls off the log from laughter.

DAVE

I never ran so damn fast in all my
life. The whole way home I'm
thinking, please don't let my mom
see me running through the
neighborhood without any pants.

WENDY

And did she?

DAVE
Nope. Got home, totally safe. Mom
or Dad, neither one had a clue--

NATHAN
--Until the next morning.

WENDY
Oh shit.

DAVE
Heidi's dad came by. Special
delivery for my mom.

PETE
No...

DAVE
The pants.

They all laugh.

DAVE
Heidi married some rich guy from
church. About to pop out her second
kid.

Dave kicks the dirt.

DAVE
I work at Costco and smoke a lot of
weed.

Silence. They stare at Dave.

DAVE
I'm waiting for something, you
know? Not sure what it is yet. But
when it hits me -- SMACK! -- that's
when everything will be coming up
Dave.

Angela rubs her wounded hand.

ANGELA
I have no doubt something great
will happen to you, buddy...

She struggles to stand on sore legs.

ANGELA
...but that's it for me, guys.

PETE
You alright?

ANGELA
Still a little light-headed. Figure
I'll sleep it off, whatever it is,
and be all rainbows and sunshine in
the morning.

INT. ANGELA'S TENT -- NIGHT

Angela settles into her sleeping bag. Closes her eyes.
She can hear her friends' LAUGHTER around the fire.
Angela groans. Scratches her hand.
Something works its way through her body.
She rubs herself all over. Up her shirt. Over her breasts.
Down her pants.
Her breathing quickens.

EXT. EDGE OF STREAM -- NIGHT

The moon turns everything a ghostly blue.
Pete kneels at the stream's edge. He's shirtless. Carries a
washcloth and soap. He begins to wash his chest.
SNAP! A twig breaks behind him. Pete looks. Sees no one.

PETE
Hello? Guys?

Another step. Someone comes closer.

PETE
Wendy? Babe?

ANGELA (O.S.)
It's me... babe.

Angela steps into the moonlight. Pete's jaw drops.

She's gorgeous. Glasses off. Exuding a confidence that Pete's never seen before.

PETE

Hey... Angela. Looks like you're feeling better.

ANGELA

Hundred percent better. Going for a dip?

PETE

Not quite. Just a little scrub.

ANGELA

There's nothing little about you.

She brushes past. Kneels at the water's edge.

The stream flows over her wounded hand.

The bandage becomes soaked. It falls off.

The wound exposed. Looks nasty.

Angela ignores it. Eyes filled with sexual energy.

ANGELA

It's cold. I just love what cold water does to the skin.

She cups water in her hand. Brings it under her tank-top.

Washes her chest. Nipples poke against fabric.

ANGELA

Goosebumps. Shivers. Things get hard. I just love it when things get hard, don't you?

She advances on him. Determined.

He backs up against a tree.

Her nipples brush his chest.

PETE

Wait a minute... Wendy--

ANGELA

Shut your mouth! If you mention the name of that whore one more time I'm going to bite your fucking balls off.

PETE

Holy shit...

She sniffs his neck. His chest.

ANGELA

I know what I want... and I'm sick of playing nerd all the time. I keep my nose in those fucking books while little sluts with fake tits get all the best guys.

PETE

Maybe you're drunk.

She slaps him. HARD.

ANGELA

Maybe you should keep your mouth shut while I taste you.

She kneels. Rips off his shorts. She finds what she wants... and puts him in her mouth.

Pete grips the tree for support.

PETE

Oh my God...

INT. PETE AND WENDY'S TENT -- NIGHT

Pete crawls into the sleeping bag. Cuddles up to Wendy. He tries not to make noise.

She stirs. Fast asleep.

Pete tries to sleep. But his eyes won't close.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

Angela crouches at the edge of the campsite. Breathes fast. She watches Pete's shadow as he settles into bed with Wendy.

Angela licks her lips. Looks at Nathan's tent.

Gazes at Dave, snoring under the tarp.

She tiptoes to a makeshift clothesline hanging between two trees at the far edge of the campsite. Wendy's sports bra and shorts hang there.

She grabs the bra. Holds it to her nose. Breathes in.

ANGELA

Wendy...

She licks the fabric. Tastes it.

ANGELA

Oh God, Wendy... I want to taste you...

She drops the bra. Stares at Wendy's tent.

ANGELA

...Eat you.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

Nathan and Dave stand around the fire. Cups of coffee to start the day.

Pete helps Wendy buckle her designer backpack.

PETE

(to Angela's tent)
Get up, sleepy head!

Angela GROANS from the tent.

NATHAN

She's still sick?

PETE

No. She's fine.
(off Wendy's look)
Probably. I'm guessing.

He goes to her tent.

Wendy joins the guys near the fire. Nathan hands her a cup of coffee.

WENDY
What, no espresso?

DAVE
Hope you choke on it.

Wendy heard that. Doesn't care.

She smiles. Sips the coffee. Pretends it's the most delicious thing she's ever tasted.

INT. ANGELA'S TENT -- DAY

Angela is bundled in her sleeping bag.

PETE
Hey, sunshine. How you feeling?

Angela turns over. Looks up at him.

Eyes squint from the morning light. Her face deathly pale.

ANGELA
Pete, hi... wow, my head's spinning.

PETE
I thought you were getting better--
(whispers)
--after last night.

ANGELA
Last night? What are you talking about?

PETE
By the stream?

ANGELA
I went to bed feeling like crap.
This morning's diagnosis: worse than crap.

Pete is stunned.

PETE
You're telling me you don't remember leaving your tent...
(MORE)

PETE(cont'd)

coming down to the stream... seeing me?

ANGELA

Has Dave been giving you some of his magic pills? I passed out as soon as my head hit the pillow.

PETE

Don't worry about it.

ANGELA

I went out again?

PETE

Must have been one of my crazy dreams. I had one the other night where Nathan was being chased by a giant crab wearing loafers.

Angela laughs. Holds her stomach in pain.

ANGELA

Don't make me laugh.

PETE

You better take it easy.

ANGELA

Whatever it is... it's kicking my butt.

PETE

You sure don't want to go home? I'm sure the guys wouldn't mind cutting the weekend short... I know Wendy wouldn't complain.

ANGELA

No. I insist. I don't wanna ruin everyone's weekend.

PETE

What about today's hike?

ANGELA

The Whitefalls Loop heads west, past an old cabin, then comes right back. A child could do it... you should be fine.

PETE
So I'm a child now?

ANGELA
A tall child with muscles... yes.
Go. Have fun.

Pete cradles her face with his hands. She's confused.

PETE
If you die, do it quietly. Nobody
likes a drama queen.

He kisses her on the forehead. She's floored.

ANGELA
Where did that come from?

PETE
Never mind.

She snuggles back in the sleeping bag. Confused, but grinning
from ear to ear.

They gaze at each other in the morning light.

WENDY (O.S.)
What the fuck? Who threw my sports
bra on the ground?

EXT. WHITEFALLS LOOP -- DAY

The trail breaks from the trees. Skirts the edge of a
clearing. Spectacular mountains all around.

Pete leads the group. Wendy holds his hand.

EXT. ABANDONED CABIN -- DAY

They arrive at a cabin on the edge of the tree-line. Old.
Falling apart at the seams. Windows broken. The front door
hangs on by a hinge.

PETE
Check it out.

The guys approach the broken windows. Wendy stays back.

DAVE

Bad ass.

NATHAN

Wanna go inside?

WENDY

I vote that no one goes inside the
creepy cabin of death, okay?

Nathan KICKS the door.

It flies off the hinge. Lands far inside. Kicks up dust.

NATHAN

What was that, Wendy? I didn't
catch that over the sound of me
kicking the door in.

WENDY

Fucking caveman.

PETE

Calm down. We're not going in.

NATHAN

Says you. Dave?

DAVE

I'd rather check out the cabin of
death than spend another minute
with the Wicked Witch of the West.

NATHAN

If we don't come out in five
minutes...

(dramatic pause)

...come in and save us.

They step in.

PETE

Dammit.

He follows.

PETE (O.S.)

Stay there, babe. Lots of broken
glass in here.

Wendy sits on the grass. Leans back. Uses her backpack as a pillow. Soaks up the sunshine.

WENDY

This trip is so much fun I could
kill myself.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

Angela staggers from her tent. Eyes rolled back.

She shuffles across the campsite. Opens the cooler. Pulls out a raw hamburger patty.

She feeds. Raw beef tumbles down her chin.

Angela SCREAMS as she eats. An animal sound. Unholy.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN -- DAY

The one-room cabin is dark. Dirty light filters in through cracks in the walls. A small woodstove in one corner. Broken table and chair. Homemade mattress against the wall.

NATHAN

Can you imagine living here? What a
shit-hole.

DAVE

Imagine being all alone out here.
Middle of nowhere. Maybe the
loneliness got to him, man. Went
all bat-shit crazy.

PETE

Or he couldn't hunt enough animals
to survive. Decided to hike to the
nearest town.

Nathan checks out the shelves of canned goods.

NATHAN

Bear must have gotten in here.

PETE

What'd you find?

NATHAN

Check it out.

Nathan tosses a can to Pete. He inspects it. Teeth marks dent the can, all over one side.

NATHAN

Sorry Yogi, no corn for you.

Dave joins Pete. Peers at the can.

DAVE

Little strange that a bear couldn't pierce the can, dont'cha think?

Pete looks for a clean spot. Opens his mouth. Bites down.

Pete's teeth fit perfectly into the bite marks.

DAVE

Either Bigfoot has a really small mouth--

PETE

--Or we're looking at human bite marks.

NATHAN

Stupid fucker probably forgot to buy a can opener.

PETE

No. It's easy to open a can like this with a rock or a knife. Why would a man try to open the can with his teeth?

Dave looks out the door at ghostly trees moving with the wind.

DAVE

Between the Starvation Gulch story... and this... there is some fucked up Blair Witch shit going on in these woods, man.

NATHAN

Ha... movie reference.

EXT. ABANDONED CABIN -- DAY

Wendy enjoys the sun. BZZZ! She brushes a mosquito away.

WENDY

Goddammit! I don't taste that good.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

Angela shoves the last of the raw beef into her mouth.

She stands. Staggeres around. Eyes glaze over, breathing ragged.

Suddenly, she falls to her knees. THROWS UP. Partly-digested raw beef SPLATTERS the ground.

She stares at the vomit. Begins to cry.

With no hesitation, she scoops up a handful of vomit. Shoves it BACK IN HER MOUTH.

She slurps it down like ice cream.

EXT. WHITEFALLS LOOP -- DAY

Wind blows through the trees. No other sound. No birds. No animals. Ominous.

The group hikes back to camp.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

Happy voices through the trees as the group arrives at the campsite.

WENDY

(to Pete)

Baby, you are giving me the mother of all foot massages tonight.

NATHAN

Hey Wendy, what's the difference between your feet and--

Nathan stops. They all stop.

The camp is destroyed. Food wrappers, cartons, boxes, plastic... their entire food supply is gone. Trash all over the campsite.

NATHAN

--Oh, fuck.

DAVE

What the hell, man?

PETE

What happened to all the food?

DAVE

Bigfoot?

PETE

Bear!

Pete runs to Angela's tent.

PETE

Angela!

WENDY

We shouldn't have left her alone.

NATHAN

Where are you?

PETE (O.S.)

She's here! I got her!

Pete pulls her from the tent. She's tired. Limp. Looks like hell.

PETE

Are you alright? What was it?

Pete shakes her.

PETE

Angela, what happened?

Angela looks around. Dazed. Pete holds her up.

She cries. Falls to her knees.

ANGELA

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

PETE
Sorry? What happened here?

NATHAN
Pete. Look.

Angela's hands. Greasy. Covered in bits of food.

Pete brushes her hair away from her face. Food bits all around her mouth.

NATHAN
I don't think a bear did this.

Pete backs away.

PETE
Ang... did you do this?

ANGELA
I couldn't help it! I was just so hungry. I tried, but I couldn't stop.

DAVE
You ate all my Fritos. Now what am I supposed to eat?

NATHAN
She ate all the burger meat, too.

ANGELA
I don't know what I was doing. I'm a vegetarian for Christ's sake. Why the hell would I eat raw hamburger?

She falls to her knees in tears.

The others get a good look at their food supply.

NATHAN
My ketchup's gone. Who drinks an entire bottle of ketchup?

DAVE
Aw... my Little Debbie's are gone. Truly heinous, man.

WENDY

Hello bulimia? Table for one,
please.

ANGELA

Shut up, Wendy! I woke up. Left the
tent. Next thing I knew I was
shoving everything in my mouth. I
tried, but... I couldn't control
what I was doing.

She covers her face as tears flow.

ANGELA

I don't understand why I was so
hungry.

PETE

You need a doctor.

DAVE

I've had some killer munchies, but
damn...

Nathan helps her up. Sits her down by the fire.

Pete wraps a blanket around her. He notices the wound on her
hand.

PETE

Your hand.

Angela looks. She smells it. Pulls away. Disgusted.

ANGELA

I don't understand. How did it get
infected so fast?

WENDY

You're the one in doctor college.

ANGELA

I must have caught something. A
bug. A virus. I don't know.

WENDY

Gross. Keep away from me.

PETE

We're not gonna catch it... right?

They stare at her. She rubs her hand.

ANGELA

No... I don't know. Maybe.

Pete straightens. Assumes control.

PETE

That's it. Pack your shit. We're leaving.

WENDY

Yay! Best boyfriend ever!

Wendy kisses him. Does a celebratory dance.

DAVE

He's right, Ang. Hospital is priority numero uno.

NATHAN

It might be some weird strain of gangrene that makes you really hungry.

WENDY

Meanwhile, try not to eat too much. You really shouldn't add any more to that ass.

Angela stares at Wendy. Horrified.

NATHAN

Yes, that's exactly the most inappropriate thing you could have said.

EXT. TRAIL -- NIGHT

Darkness surrounds them. They travel through the trees.

All loaded up with gear, except Angela. She struggles to keep up. Breathing shallow. Skin pale. Each step saps her energy.

The animal suddenly takes over. Her lips pull back. Bares her teeth. Breathing quickens.

She bursts ahead. Runs into the darkness. Away from them.

PETE
Angela! Slow down!

Angela scans the darkness ahead. Senses heightened. Shakes her head. Returns to normal.

She turns back to the group. Pete shines his flashlight in her face.

A horrific sight. Wendy GASPS.

Angela stares back them. Grinning in the eerie beam.

Pete drops his gear.

PETE
Okay. We've been walking forever. I don't remember it taking this long to walk from the car.

They stare at Angela. She licks her lips.

ANGELA
We're almost there.

WENDY
How can you tell?

ANGELA
The trees.

They follow her gaze. They see normal, average trees. No different than any other.

ANGELA
I saw those trees on the way up.

Nathan scans the ground with his flashlight.

NATHAN
I don't even see the trail anymore.

WENDY
We're lost. Serves us right for letting the starving crazy girl lead us through the dark forest.

Angela lunges at Wendy. Teeth gnashing.

ANGELA

I'll rip your fucking heart out and
eat it while you watch!

WHAM! Angela slams into Wendy. They tumble to the ground.

PETE

Wendy!

WENDY

Ow! Get her offa me!

Angela SCREAMS with rage. Wendy fights her off.

The guys rush in. Pull Angela off.

Angela's mood changes instantly. She collapses to the ground.
SOBBING.

Wendy finds comfort in Pete's arms.

PETE

Are you okay?

WENDY

Fuck, I'm not okay! You saw that
right? She tried to eat me!

ANGELA

I don't know what's happening to
me. And I don't know where we are.

DAVE

Wonderful, dude.

Nathan kneels next to Angela. Takes her hand.

NATHAN

You need a doctor. How do we get
back to the car?

ANGELA

I don't know, I... FUCK, I need
something to eat!

Angela lashes out. Knocks Nathan over.

She leaps up. Takes off. Running, full speed, into the
darkness.

PETE

Angela! Where are you going?

Pete and Nathan aim their flashlights. Angela sprints away.

The group drop their gear and give chase.

LATER

Pete runs through the forest. Leads the others.

Flashlights scan the trees. Angela is gone.

Wendy trips. Her ankle bending at a weird angle. She falls with a YELL.

The guys rush to her.

PETE

What happened?

WENDY

(grimacing)

My ankle. I twisted it... running through the woods in the dark. Shocker.

DAVE

What about Angela? We can't just leave her out there.

NATHAN

What do you suggest?

(calls out)

Angela! We've got some delicious fried chicken!

CRASH! Something moves in the darkness.

NATHAN

It worked... and apple pie!

A tree SNAPS in two.

NATHAN

Sushi?

More CRASHING, somewhere close.

Pete pulls out his hatchet. Points the flashlight toward the sound.

WENDY

You better not be thinking of leaving me here.

PETE

We don't know what's going on. That sound, maybe it's an animal. It might hurt her.

WENDY

Yeah. That's a good plan. Stomp off into the dark, armed with only your fists of fury.

Pete holds up his hatchet.

PETE

I've got my hatchet.

NATHAN

...And my hammer.

DAVE

And together we are... the fellowship of the retarded.

PETE

Help Wendy. No one gets left alone.

Pete disappears into the trees. Nathan follows.

Dave helps Wendy to her feet.

DAVE

One bitchy comment from you... one snobby twitch of your eyebrow... and I will drop you on your ass.

She puts her arm around his shoulder. She scowls. Stays quiet.

DAVE

Silence. That's the smartest decision you've made all weekend.

MOMENTS LATER

Pete steps through the brush. His flashlight shakes.

He sweeps it around. Tries to pinpoint the sound.

They hear MUNCHING. Something feeds.

Pete finds the source of the noise. He freezes. Almost drops the flashlight.

PETE

Holy shit. Holy shit.

The others join him. They see it too.

WENDY

Oh my God.

NATHAN

Angela?

Angela kneels behind a deer carcass. The animal's neck mangled beyond recognition.

She looks at them like a feral animal. Eyes glazed over. Mouth and chin caked in blood.

She ignores them. Bites down hard on the animal's neck. Pulls away a large hunk of meat. Chews with vigor.

Wendy looks away. Throws up.

Nathan and Dave flank Angela. Careful steps.

DAVE

Jesus... Angela? What the hell?

NATHAN

Guess the whole vegetarian thing was just a phase.

PETE

Pull her away! Now! Who knows how sick she'll get from eating that shit.

Dave and Nathan approach from either side. Dave reaches out for her left arm.

She looks at him. SNARLS. Like a dog protecting its bone.

DAVE

Oh, fuck. I ain't touching her.

Angela watches them. Goes back to the deer. Bites off another hunk of meat.

Nathan moves toward her right side.

NATHAN

Come on, Angela. Time to go back home. You can eat all the deer entrails you want when we're back in Seattle.

He grabs her arm. She resists.

He tightens his grip. Pulls her back from the deer.

Angela snaps. Lunges at Nathan with an inhuman GROWL. Mouth open.

MUNCH! Right on Nathan's arm. Blood spurts.

She rips a huge chunk of flesh from his arm.

Wendy SCREAMS.

Nathan SCREAMS.

Dave jumps on Angela. Full weight on her neck.

Pete rushes to help. She thrashes like an animal. They struggle to get her under control.

NATHAN

Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Fuuuuuuccckkk!

PETE

Wendy! Find something to stop the blood!

WENDY

Mary, mother of God...

Wendy removes her vest. Presses it against Nathan's arm. Blood pours.

PETE
Got any rope?

DAVE
You wanna tie her up?

Angela SCREAMS. Tries to bite Pete.

PETE
Just until we figure out what to
do.

NATHAN
Here's an idea: get me to a FUCKING
DOCTOR!

MINUTES LATER

Angela struggles against a tree. Hands tied behind her with
rope.

Her eyes dart from person to person. Breathing shallow. Dried
blood-stained mouth.

Pete tests the knot.

PETE
That should do it.

NATHAN
Someone wipe my fucking blood off
her mouth.

Angela gnashes her teeth.

WENDY
You wanna get close to her, go
ahead.

Dave steps close to Angela.

She stares at him. Moves her head forward. Mouth open. Tries
to bite.

DAVE
She's an animal. Literally.

PETE

The infection must have spread from her hand to her brain.

WENDY

Why are we trying to analyze her? The bitch tried to eat Nathan!

PETE

It's not her fault. She's not herself.

WENDY

Would be great if you agreed with me once in awhile... honey.

Nathan cringes from the pain in his arm.

NATHAN

Fuck, it hurts.

WENDY

Think we should tie him up too?

NATHAN

Hey...

WENDY

Just to be safe. In case he comes down with whatever she's got?

Wendy moves away from him.

DAVE

She's not a zombie.

WENDY

How can you be sure?

They all look at Nathan.

NATHAN

I have no desire to eat you. Any of you.

WENDY

That's something a zombie would say.

PETE

We need to get help.

NATHAN

And how, exactly, do we do that?
We're lost, in the dark, with a
fucking cannibal!

WENDY

And she's the only one who knows
the way back to the car.

PETE

You don't think...

Angela looks at them like they're food.

DAVE

Who better to get us lost than
someone who wants to eat us?

PETE

That's insane. It's dark. Anyone
could get lost.

DAVE

It's like my uncle always said:
don't let the chickens out of the
coop if you plan to eat dinner that
night.

WENDY

She thinks we're chickens?

Wendy charges at Angela. SLAPS her across the face.

Angela HOWLS. Wendy slaps her again.

WENDY

We're not food, you stupid bitch!

Pete pulls Wendy back.

PETE

Calm down!

DAVE

There's no point in hiking out of
here if we don't know what
direction we're going, man.

PETE

We need rest. At first light, we walk our asses out of here.

NATHAN

(gesturing to Angela)

What about her? She's so not my favorite person right now.

DAVE

Her name is Angela.

Dave stands next to Angela. Crosses his arms.

DAVE

I'll watch her. I can't sleep anyway.

Pete leads the others away.

PETE

Thanks, Dave. Be careful.

NATHAN

Your funeral.

They walk into the darkness. Disappear.

Dave rests on a log. Stares at Angela.

She stares back at him. Licks her lips.

Dave grabs a nearby stick. Holds it close like a sword.

AN HOUR LATER

Dave wakes up. Slaps his face. Shakes away the cobwebs.

DAVE

Goddamn.

Angela stares at him from the tree. Something different about her face.

Less animal. More human.

DAVE

Not a big sleeper, huh? Every time I eat as much as you did I'm out on the couch. Of course, Fritos are a little different than raw deer meat.

ANGELA

I'm sorry you had to see that.

Dave jumps off the log.

DAVE

Whoa!

ANGELA

Shhh... you'll wake them.

Dave points his flashlight. Wendy, Pete, and Nathan: asleep, thirty feet away, leaned against a tree.

DAVE

(lowers his voice)

Son of a bitch! You can talk.

ANGELA

Nice. You're afraid of me now.

DAVE

No. It's just, earlier you were all "I'll rip your fucking heart out and eat it while you watch!" Now, you're all... Angela. Our friend. You okay?

Angela shifts against the tree. Winces.

ANGELA

I think there's a knot in my back.

DAVE

Sorry about that. Pete insisted. Actually, we all did.

ANGELA

I understand. How's Nate?

DAVE

It's like a part of him is missing.

They smile.

ANGELA

I'm never gonna live this down.
Remember that camping trip where
Angela tried to eat Nathan?

DAVE

You seem better. Maybe it's passed.

ANGELA

I feel like I've got more control
over it. It was like I was focused
on one thing: food. I could sense
you and Nathan pulling me away from
the deer, but I didn't want to go.
I kept screaming inside my head "I
don't even eat meat!" but something
was making me stay.

DAVE

That's pretty fucked up.

ANGELA

You're telling me.

Pete SNORES. They hear it, even from this distance.

DAVE

Can I get you something? Besides
more of Nathan.

ANGELA

I'm okay. Tell you what though...
you'd be my best friend if you'd
loosen these ropes a little.

Dave thinks about it. Looks to sleeping Pete for guidance.

DAVE

Come on, Angela. You know I can't.
They'd kill me if I untied you.

ANGELA

I'm over the whole human flesh
thing, if that's what you're
worried about.

DAVE
Honestly? Yeah. Little high on the
worry meter.

ANGELA
What about the deer? You can bring
me some of the meat.

DAVE
You can't be serious.

ANGELA
The cravings... I can feel them
returning. The animal will take
over unless I get some food.

Dave bites his fingernails.

Angela's breathing quickens. She struggles against the ropes.

ANGELA
Deer meat, or you chase down a
squirrel. Please, Dave... I need
it.

DAVE
I'm sure I can find some berries--

ANGELA
Fucking berries ain't gonna cut it!
(here comes crazy)
Bring me the deer. Please. Oh God,
I'm so hungry. So fucking hungry.

Dave leaps to his feet. Heads off toward the carcass.

DAVE
Aw, fuck it.

EXT. AT THE DEER CARCASS -- NIGHT

The carcass glistens in the moonlight. Flies BUZZ.

Dave kneels before it. Plunges his hand into the neck wound.

His hands make an awful SQUISH.

DAVE
Perfect way to spend the weekend.

EXT. BACK WITH ANGELA -- NIGHT

Angela struggles against the ropes. They barely give.

She grimaces. Pulls harder. Forehead shiny with sweat.

Her face contorts. The animal returns. She bares her teeth.
SNARLS.

She pulls. Her wrists stretch. RIPS. Blood drips.

The skin on her wrists peels off. She pulls herself free.
Blood runs down her hands.

She's free. Sniffs the air.

ANGELA

Pete. Nathan. Wendy.

She crouches on all fours. Stalks toward them. Moves through
the darkness like a mountain lion.

Wendy leans against Pete, asleep.

Nathan cradles his arm and sleeps against a tree.

Angela approaches Wendy. Teeth bare. Sniffs the air.

She leans in. Breathes in Wendy's scent. Angela's eyes roll
back. Shivers with ecstasy.

Wendy stirs. Presses herself against Pete. Angela backs up.

Wendy goes still. Angela leans in. Bloody mouth open. Tongue
out.

With gentle precision, she licks Wendy's cheek. Erotic.
Horrible.

Wendy stirs again. Smiles.

WENDY

...Pete...

Angela backs away. She looks from Pete to Nathan.

Sees the hatchet. The hammer. She GROWLS.

She sniffs the air again. Smiles.

ANGELA

Dave...

EXT. AT THE DEER CARCASS -- NIGHT

Dave rips another chunk of meat. He makes a pile in the grass.

DAVE

I know this sucks, Bambi. Hang in there.

Over Dave's shoulder, Angela stalks him on all fours. Silent.

He continues working. Oblivious. She's getting closer.

Dave RIPS more flesh from the deer. Looks at it with disgust. Throws it onto the pile.

Angela approaches. Right behind him.

He senses something. Too late!

Angela pounces. Dave SCREAMS. She opens her mouth. Lunges. Bites down on one corner of his mouth.

With one swift movement, she pulls back. Tears the flesh from one side of his face.

Dave thrashes. Still alive. Helpless against her.

She feeds.

EXT. BACK WITH THE GROUP -- DAY

Wendy and Pete kneel over Nathan.

PETE

Nathan... wake up.

Nathan rubs the sleep from his eyes. Rubs his sore arm.

NATHAN

Mmm. What time is it?

PETE

Barely dawn.

NATHAN

What's wrong?

WENDY

The shit has officially hit the fan.

Pete helps Nathan to his feet.

They lead him to the tree where Angela was tied. Wendy hobbles from her twisted ankle.

Wendy inspects the rope.

WENDY

Rope's bloody.

NATHAN

Where the hell did they go?

PETE

She got loose. Or Dave helped her. Who knows.

NATHAN

Hey. I got a crazy idea. How about we just walk the fuck out of here?

PETE

It's Dave. Our friend. We all leave together.

NATHAN

So, where is he?

PETE

He could be anywhere.

NATHAN

He couldn't leave a trail of bread-crumbs because ANGELA WOULD EAT THEM ALL!

Pete notices a trail of blood leading off into the tree.

PETE

No bread-crumbs, but we've got a trail.

WENDY
(whines)
Nothing good ever comes from
following a trail of blood.

EXT. AT THE DEER CARCASS -- DAY

They approach the carcass. Cautious.

Nathan stops. Face turns sour.

NATHAN
I can smell it from here.

WENDY
Do you think... Angela?

PETE
If she was still hungry, she might
have gone back to it.

NATHAN
Maybe she's still there. Feeding.

PETE
You're right. Follow me.

NATHAN
Maybe I should shut up and stop
suggesting stupid things.

Pete leads, hatchet ready. The other two close behind.

They reach the deer. Flies BUZZ.

WENDY
Okay. No Angela. Can we go?

Wendy steps back. SQUISH!

WENDY
Fuck! Not again!

She looks closer. Eyes widen. She SCREAMS.

It's Dave. Or what used to be Dave.

Face half-eaten off. Torso ripped in half.

Wendy jumps back. Kicks his intestines off her shoes.

NATHAN
Oh God! Oh my God!

PETE
Look away!

Pete holds her. She buries her face in his chest.

Nathan's face drains of color. He collapses next to the body.
Can't believe what he's seeing.

NATHAN
WHAT THE FUCK, MAN!!!

PETE
Quiet. She'll hear you.

NATHAN
Let her hear me. Stupid bitch! You
hear me, Angela? You get your
hungry ass back here and take
another bite outta me!

Pete goes to Nathan. Arms around him. Pulls him back.

Nathan collapses. CRYING.

NATHAN
Why? He didn't do anything. What
the fuck is wrong with her?

PETE
We need to move. NOW.

Pete pulls Nathan up.

Wendy CRIES.

Pete grabs her too. He pushes them away from Dave's body.

They run.

EXT. BACK WITH THEIR GEAR -- DAY

They run past their gear.

Wendy limps for her backpack. Pete pulls her back. Keeps her on course.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Nathan stops. Breathing ragged. He leans against a tree.

Wendy also stops. Nurses her ankle.

PETE

Come on. We have to keep moving.

NATHAN

Can't. Too tired.

PETE

That's no excuse you lazy sack of shit! We need to make it to the car.

NATHAN

In case you forgot, I've lost a lot of blood... on account of part of my arm being chewed off! I'm done, man.

PETE

Move it, you fat fuck!

NATHAN

Yeah... insults are excellent motivation.

WENDY

If you can't keep up... you're on your own.

Pete and Wendy walk away.

NATHAN

Wait! Guys!

They stop.

NATHAN

Even if she is hunting us, who cares? She got the drop on Dave last night because it was dark. Look at us. I've got a hammer.

(MORE)

NATHAN(cont'd)

Pete's rocking the hatchet.
Wendy... you could scratch her eyes
out or something. I say we make a
stand. Right here.

WENDY

You're insane, you know that?

PETE

What makes you think she's even
following us?

They hear a horrific HOWL from somewhere nearby.

NATHAN

I give her props for perfect
timing.

PETE

Angela.

NATHAN

Let's make our stand. We'll all
stand behind Pete...

WENDY

Fuck that!

Pete puts his finger to his lips. Shuts them up.

He gestures to an overturned log, hollowed out over time.

They quietly rush over.

Wendy frowns at the dirty space inside. Pete pushes her in.

Nathan rests against the log as Pete climbs in. Blood
trickles down from Nathan's arm onto the log.

INT. OVERTURNED LOG -- DAY

They wait. Silent. Scared.

Nathan readies the hammer.

A large bug crawls across Wendy's arm.

Pete puts his hand over her mouth. Muffles her scream.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Angela stalks through the brush. Eyes dead. Dried blood caked around her mouth, neck, and shirt.

She stops. Sniffs. Stares at the overturned log.

INT. OVERTURNED LOG -- DAY

Pete peeks through a hole in the wood. Sees Angela coming.

EXT. OVERTURNED LOG -- DAY

Angela listens carefully.

She kneels. Face close to the wood. Sniffs Nathan's blood. She licks it. Dirt, moss, blood... doesn't matter.

She stares at the log. The forest beyond. Cocks her head to one side. Confused.

INT. OVERTURNED LOG -- DAY

Nathan lifts the hammer. Pete lifts the hatchet.

EXT. OVERTURNED LOG -- DAY

CRASH! Something moves through the trees.

Angela looks. Alert.

Angela leaps over the log. Chases after the noise.

INT. OVERTURNED LOG -- DAY

They listen as her footsteps fade in the distance.

Nathan SIGHS with relief.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Wendy, Pete, and Nathan move quietly down the trail.

NATHAN

No way she didn't know we were there.

PETE

Whatever's fucking with her, it's heightened her sense of smell. We got lucky.

WENDY

I told you... she's a fucking animal.

PETE

The Angela we knew is still inside there. Fighting to get out.

NATHAN

I'll help her fight... with a swift hammer to the head!

Nathan rubs his wounded arm.

NATHAN

You guys got anything to eat?

WENDY

Bitch ate it all. Remember?

NATHAN

Damn. I'm fucking hungry.

Pete and Wendy stop. Look at Nathan.

NATHAN

What?

They look at his wounded arm.

PETE

How hungry... are you?

NATHAN

Jesus, I'm not...

(panics)

You don't think I'm infect--

SLAM! Angela drops out of a tree and lands on Nathan's head. Crushes him to the ground.

Pete and Wendy jump back.

Angela's full weight on Nathan's back. He's helpless.

Pete moves to help Nathan.

Angela howls at him. Teeth bare. Protecting her kill.

With lightning speed, she bites down on the nape of his neck.
Nathan SCREAMS.

Angela pulls back. Skin rips clean, neck to tailbone.

Pete scoops Wendy up. Runs. Doesn't look back.

Angela feeds. Severs the nerves in his back.

Nathan convulses. Spits blood. Alive but paralyzed.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST -- DAY

They tear through the trees. Pete carries Wendy but his energy is fading fast.

He stops for a moment. Gets his bearings. Wendy WHIMPERS in his arms.

He hears the RIVER in the distance.

PETE

If we reach the river, we can
follow it back to the car.

WENDY

But Nathan... oh, God!

PETE

We'll be okay.

Puts her down. Kisses her.

PETE

We'll make it. You have to trust
me.

Pete kisses her again. Takes a step toward the river.

SNAP! He screams. Falls. His foot caught in the rusty teeth
of an old bear trap.

PETE

Oh fuck! Fuck fuck fuck!

WENDY

Oh Jesus! Baby!

He twists. Tries to pull loose.

The teeth of the trap are deep in his ankle. Blood pours.

The trap is chained to a metal stake stabbed deep in the dirt. He's not going anywhere.

His face white with pain. Wendy kneels beside him.

WENDY

What should I do?

PETE

We have to pry the teeth open. Come on, grab a side.

She grabs one side. He grabs the other. They pull.

It barely moves. Just enough to make Pete scream in pain.

PETE

Goddammit!

WENDY

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Pete's eyes roll back. Delirious from pain.

Somewhere in the distance, Angela HOWLS.

PETE

She's coming. We're done.

Wendy cries. She cradles his head like a baby.

He looks at the hatchet lying on the ground.

PETE

Wendy?

WENDY

Yeah, baby?

PETE
Pick up the hatchet.

EXT. BACK AT NATHAN'S BODY -- DAY

Angela stops feeding on Nathan.

Raises her head. Sniffs the air.

Her eyes roll back. Possessed.

Crouches on all four. Stalks down the trail.

EXT. WITH PETE AND WENDY -- DAY

Pete tightens a makeshift tourniquet around his leg.

PETE
I would give anything for some hard
liquor right now.

Wendy grips the hatchet. Face stained with tears.

WENDY
There's no other way?

PETE
It's not strong enough for the
chain. It'll take too long to dig
out the stake.

WENDY
I can't do this.

PETE
Just do it. Hard and fast. One
clean swing... that's the best way.

WENDY
One hit? No fucking way! I'm not
strong enough.

PETE
Just do it. Don't stop chopping,
even if I scream. Even if I beg you
to stop.

WENDY

I can't!

PETE

Do it! NOW!

Pete grits his teeth. Closes his eyes.

Wendy readies the hatchet... and brings it down from high above her head.

The blade goes a few inches in. His leg bone BREAKS.

He SCREAMS. Nearly passes out from the pain.

Wendy pries the hatchet loose.

PETE

Oh God, oh God, oh God...

She wipes away tears. Swings again.

Metal through bone. Halfway through his leg.

Wendy panics. Lets go. Leaves the hatchet in his leg.

PETE

What are you doing?!

Wendy sobs.

PETE

Finish it!

WENDY

I can't!

PETE

You're almost there!

WENDY

I'm sorry... I'm not strong enough.

Pete SCREAMS at the heavens.

Wendy stands.

WENDY

I love you... really--

She stares at the hatchet stuck in his leg.

WENDY

--But I'm just not strong enough
for all this. She's coming, and my
ankle... I'm sorry.

Angela HOWLS somewhere nearby. She CRASHES through the trees.

Wendy backs up. Chokes back tears.

PETE

What are you doing? Finish it!

WENDY

I'm sorry... I can't.

Pete shakes with anger.

PETE

Finish it! FINISH IT!

Wendy limps away. Pete SCREAMS at her.

She doesn't look back.

EXT. ON WENDY -- DAY

Wendy limps down the trail. Pete's SCREAMS fade in the
distance.

EXT. BACK WITH PETE -- DAY

Pete holds the bloody hatchet. Sits up. Looks at his leg.

He grits his teeth. Swings the hatchet down.

The final hit sends the blade through his leg.

He drops the hatchet. Scoots back. Pulls free from the bloody
mess in the bear trap. Nearly passes out.

Angela approaches. Stalks through the trees.

Pete tries to crawl away. Pulls his bloody stump across the
forest floor.

Angela leaps on him with supernatural swiftness.

She flips him over on his back. Straddles him. Leans forward. Her blood-stained face inches from his.

She shakes her head. The glazed look disappears.

Normal Angela returns.

ANGELA

I can't believe she left you.

He looks up at her. Hopeful.

PETE

It's you... Angela. My friend.

ANGELA

It's me. Until the hunger returns.

PETE

We can find a way to beat this.

ANGELA

It'll overtake me. The longer I'm infected, the stronger it gets.

PETE

You don't have to feed. You have a choice.

Angela starts to cry.

ANGELA

I wish I did.

PETE

I'm losing a lot of blood. Probably pass out any second.

ANGELA

I'll wait as long as I can.

She sniffs his neck. His chest. Bares her teeth.

ANGELA

Goddammit. I wish this had been different. You'd like Boston.

PETE

I bet I would.

She smiles. Wipes her tears. Kisses him with her blood-caked mouth. Long, hard, and deep.

She breaks the kiss and opens her eyes.

His stay closed. Unconscious.

ANGELA

I'm sorry for everything.

Her eyes roll back. Teeth bare. The animal takes over.

She bites his neck. Pulls.

SNAP!

EXT. PARKING AREA -- DAY

Wendy spills from the trees. Stumbles from shock. Suddenly, her face brightens.

A rusty old pick-up truck is next to Pete's SUV. A man stands against the truck.

It's the Clerk from the General Store. Dressed in hunting gear. Holding a rifle.

WENDY

Thank God! Please! Help me!

She limps to him. He welcomes her with a comforting smile.

CLERK

It's okay, little lady. What's wrong?

WENDY

Wait... it's you! From the gas station!

CLERK

You're famous, right? Daughter of a Senator?

She LAUGHS through tears.

WENDY

You remembered.

(scared)

(MORE)

WENDY(cont'd)

Listen, we have to get out of here.
It's not safe.

CLERK

Where are your friends?

WENDY

They're dead! All of them... look,
I can't explain. Just get me to a
Ranger Station. Please.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Angela sits on Pete's mangled body. Stares at him.

She sniffs the air.

She leaps to her feet, runs off into the trees.

INT. CLERK'S TRUCK -- DAY

Wendy watches the endless forest zoom by as she rests her
head against the passenger door window. Her eyes start to
close.

The truck rumbles over the road.

CLERK

Ranger Station's about forty
minutes away.

WENDY

Thanks.

CLERK

So, you gonna tell me what happened
up there?

WENDY

I... you wouldn't believe me.

The Clerk looks at her. Blood seeps through her shirt at the
shoulder.

CLERK

You hurt?

WENDY

Huh?

CLERK
You're bleeding.

Wendy looks at her shoulder. Then out the window,
remembering...

EXT. TRAIL -- NIGHT -- BEGIN FLASHBACK

WHAM! Angela slams into Wendy. They tumble to the ground.

PETE
Wendy!

WENDY
Ow! Get her offa me!

Angela SCREAMS with rage. Wendy fights her off.

Angela bites Wendy on the shoulder. A small bite... but
enough to draw blood.

The guys rush in. Pull Angela off.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CLERK'S TRUCK -- DAY

Wendy looks at her shoulder wound. Smiles.

WENDY
I'll be fine. Hey, you don't have
anything to eat do you?

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Angela staggers through the brush. Limping. Out of energy.

She collapses. Crawls. Sits against a tree.

Breath comes hard like she's just run a marathon. Eyes
darting around.

ANGELA (V.O.)
The longer I'm infected, the
greater the hunger. Until nothing
can satisfy my appetite. Nothing.

She lifts her hand up in front of her face.

With tears falling down her cheek... she bites. Chews her index finger clean off.

She CRUNCHES through bone and flesh. Swallows.

She brings her other arm up. Bites her bloody wrist... and pulls. Flesh RIPS from her arm, down to the bone.

She chews. Through tears of sadness and desperation.

ANGELA (V.O.)

The hunger is just too much.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Barnes and Fallon stare down at Angela's corpse. Flesh missing from both arms. Her mouth and shirt soaked with blood.

RANGER FALLON

Loss of blood probably did her in.
Just look at those arms. GOD DAMN,
she put up one hell of a fight!

Fallon walks away. Barnes remains, looking down at her.

RANGER FALLON

You coming?

FBI AGENT BARNES

Where?

RANGER FALLON

The Station. That girl may have
calmed down enough for us to fill
in the blanks. Her name's Wendy.

Barnes turns away. Leaves Angela against the tree.

FBI AGENT BARNES

Fine.

RANGER FALLON

You hungry?

FBI AGENT BARNES

Christ. No.

RANGER FALLON

Got some beef jerky in the Jeep if
you change your mind.

Rain drips from pine needles. Gray clouds smother the endless
sea of evergreen trees.

FBI Agent Barnes is extra careful as he steps over a fallen
log and leaves the crime scene.

FADE OUT.