

CORNERS

Written by

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**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

An apartment for young parents before they realize moving to the suburbs is a better idea.

Tucked away in the corner of a living room, hunched over his a laptop and podcast equipment is -

OTTO (30s) an African American professional man-child who monetized his inability to never grow-up. Surrounded by posters of comic books and horror movies.

There's a toddler named GEORGE on the living room floor.

MADELINE, (30s), a sunny PRE-K teacher. A bit better at adulting than Otto. She's heading out the door.

MADELINE

The goose is loose, Otto. Keep an eye on George.

Otto's focused on his laptop. Madeline looks at the baby. Then at Otto.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Otto. You hear me? The goose is loose. Keep an eye on him.

OTTO

He isn't going anywhere.

They both look at George. He isn't. Otto returns to working on his podcast. Madeline rolls her eyes and leaves.

Otto gets a phone call.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Maurice? Is this file really corrupted? Is there anyway to salvage this?

The baby pulls on the bottom drawer of a very large DRESSER.

OTTO (CONT'D)

How did that even happen? Should we just tell everyone the episode is going to be late?

Otto exits the living room. Unbeknownst to him, George rocks the dresser.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ, Maurice! So the files  
weren't corrupted?! We weren't  
recording at all the entire time?!

George pulls and pulls.

The dresser tipping -

And tipping and -

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Otto is pouring himself a beer while on the phone.

OTTO  
This sucks, Maurice. That was like  
two hours of content. We're going to  
have to re-record everything -

**CRASH.** Otto drops the phone and runs into the living room -

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

He looks.

He can't.

He drops to his knees.

He's broken.

And we cut to -

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

**CHYRON:** 1 YEAR LATER.

BAGS for the weekend hit the ground.

It's quaint and cozy inside. The kitchen and living room are  
combined with a rug and some old couches by a fire place.

Otto places a picture of his family on the counter. His wife  
and his son, smiling at him.

He kisses his finger and places it on them.

Then it's back to business; he unloads his bags.

Laptop. Notebooks. Pens. Whiskey. Marijuana. Chalk. Shrooms. Incense. Go-Pro cameras. Zip lock bag of pills.

He opens the next bag.

*Satanic Rituals, Aleister Crowley, The Occult, Necromancy*, a stack of more books, and then -

He reaches deep into the final bag. He struggles with whatever he's reaching for then places a -

FROZEN GOAT'S HEAD on the counter. You know, the usual.

### **CORNERS**

He puts a few logs of wood in the fire place, then jabs at them a bit with an iron poker.

Otto, with his arms akimbo, stands proudly looking over Go-Pro cameras placed on a tripod in the corners of the room.

The cameras all face the center.

Otto grabs the coffee table then pushes it against the wall.

Then he squats behind the couch, gets a good grip, and drags it against the wall as well.

His hands reach under the carpet and roll it. He stacks the rolled carpet on top of the couch.

He checks his watch and looks at the sun set.

Then has a sip of his coffee.

Chalk runs against the wood planks of the cabin.

He twists and turns the chalk. Obsessively erasing when he feels he made a mistake. Double-checking in a book.

Revealing a five-point PENTAGRAM.

Then there's a KNOCK on the door.

### **EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Otto opens the door just enough to see outside. GENE (60s) his denim shirt tucked in over his robust belly into his also denim jeans.

OTTO  
Can I help you?

Gene has the warm eyes of a grandpa.

GENE

I just wanted to introduce myself.  
My name is Gene. I'm the proprietor  
of Berry Cabins. Now, I usually  
don't make a habit of coming by.  
It's just that the night gets cold  
and I'm not sure if you saw there  
was an honor system for the wood.

OTTO

Honor system?

Gene points to the pile of wood on the front porch.

GENE

Since we ask that you don't do your  
own wood chopping and we don't make  
ya take that long road back to town.  
We leave the wood right there all  
nice and piled up for you to use as  
much as you like. But of course, we  
appreciate a small donation.

Gene smiles, revealing DISGUSTING ROTTING TEETH. Otto tries  
not to react, but Gene notices and closes his mouth.

Otto looks through his wallet trying to not further Gene's  
embarrassment.

OTTO

Will ten bucks do?

Gene and his terrible teeth eagerly take the cash.

GENE

Oh, that's mighty kind. Mighty kind,  
indeed. Like I said, I don't plan on  
bothering ya. I'll leave ya alone.

Gene is just kind of standing there.

OTTO

Anything else?

GENE

Uh. I do have one last question.

Otto braces himself.

GENE (CONT'D)

This is embarrassing to ask. You have to understand, I'm not usually one to -

OTTO

It's OK old man, just tell me what it is and I'll tell ya if I can help ya.

GENE

Well, the truth of it is, I'm looking for oxycontin.

Otto blinks. Gene shuffles his feet like a shameful little boy.

GENE (CONT'D)

I know it's a lot easier for you city folks to acquire some, and I have really bad arthritis...

Gene holds the same crumbled ten dollar bill out toward Otto.

GENE (CONT'D)

I can pay you.

Otto looks at the crumbled ten. The old man's hands are SHAKING and somehow more disgusting than as his teeth.

Otto gives Gene a long deep look.

**INT. CABIN - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Otto, in a BATHROBE, vigorously brushes his teeth.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Otto hovers over the podcast audio equipment with a nefarious dusty book to its side.

OTTO

Recording?

He checks the levels. It works. The dusty book's title reads *72 Demons of Ars Goetia*. Different pages have been earmarked throughout. Otto flips through it.

He leans into his microphone.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Hey, this is Odd Otto the Oddcaster here with you again, talking all the strange and the weird corners of this world. The season's podcast we'll be trying to one up ourselves from the last season when I tried to join a satanic cult to perform a human sacrifice. Where we learned - well - Satanists apparently don't do that and didn't really appreciate the assumption that they did. This time, though, we'll be going through the many rituals of summoning a demon. I have Scandinavian warlock witches. Angola Ndokis. Aleister Crowley. All the classics.

He flips through the book. There's some rotten looking demons in this thing.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I've earmarked a few demons to summon that I thought would be a good way to start our show.

He lands on the AGARES, an old, wicked man riding an alligator.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Ruling the eastern zone of Hell and being served by 31 legions of demons. He can make runaways come back and those who stand still run, finding pleasure in teaching immoral expressions - blah, blah, blah. For fuck's sake, Maurice. An old man on an alligator?

Otto flips through the book.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Yeah, Maurice, you'll be editing that out for picking a poor choice. This next one better be good.

He flips to another page.

OTTO (CONT'D)

OK. Here we go. Stolas is a great prince of hell, commanding twenty-six legions of demons. He teaches astronomy and is knowledgeable about herbs, plants, and precious stones.

(MORE)

OTTO (CONT'D)

He is often depicted as crowned owl  
with long legs.

(then)

What? A goddamn owl? Maurice? Are  
you fucking with me? An owl?

Otto looks at the photo. It's an owl with long legs and a  
crown, just as described.

OTTO (CONT'D)

This thing is fucking cute. No one  
wants to hear a podcast about a  
fucking owl, bro. Jesus.

Otto stops the recording. Then flips through the book  
himself.

OTTO (CONT'D)

These are terrible. Oh my god. Like  
none of these are scary. 72 demons  
of cuteness. That's what I see.

He shuts the book in a huff.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Goddamn it. I need my creativity  
juice.

Otto walks over to the kitchen counter and pours himself a  
stiff drink. Then, has a conversation with himself about said  
drink mimicking Madeline's voice.

OTTO (CONT'D)

(Madeline)

Otto, don't drink.

(Otto)

But I'm not as creative without it,  
and if I'm not creative, the bills  
don't get paid.

(Madeline)

You're just going to have to learn  
how to be creative without it.

(Otto)

It's just one drink. Plus, look at  
all the good things my drinking got  
us.

(Madeline)

You know what, you're right. You're  
the most creative, brilliant, most  
beautiful man in the world. Who am I  
to get in the way of your process?

(Otto)

I'm glad you finally see it my way,  
Madeline.

He gobbles the drink down, then sighs.

Otto may or may not notice that the book has flipped back open in the background, landing on a very specific page.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
It's OK. We have plenty of other  
books. We can make this work.

Otto walks back over to the table. He notices the open book. Doesn't think anything of it. It's an old book. It happens.

But he does notice an interesting creature in there.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Now would you look at that.

It's a demonic looking shadow of a creature. An all-black silhouette, hiding in the corner, with soulless white eyes.

It sends chills through Otto. It gives him bad vibes.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Maybe not that one tonight.

He flips a couple pages.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
OK. This one can work...

## **LATER**

Shadows from the crackling fire dance against the goat's thawing head. Candles are lit and meticulously placed.

GO-PRO CAMERAS record the chalk drawn PENTAGRAM with Otto in the center, completely nude, sitting criss-crossed.

He takes a swig of whiskey, then places his SMART PHONE in front of him. Then hits RECORD.

Otto closes his eyes and rocks.

OTTO  
Shoreham forest. Hail Dambala.  
Shoreham forest. Hail Elegba.

This may seem comedic at first, but Otto increasingly commits to the chant. Really buying in.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Hail Azrael. Shoreham forest.  
Hail Beezlebub. Shoreham Forest.

His eyes roll into the back of his head.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Shoreham forest. Hail Shango.  
Shoreham forest. Hail Elegba.

Otto then SCREAMS -

OTTO (CONT'D)  
SHOREM FOREST! HAIL SHANGO! SHOREHAM  
FOREST! HAIL ELEGBA!

Otto takes a BUTCHER KNIFE and runs it across his arm  
bleeding onto the goat's head, SCREAMING -

OTTO (CONT'D)  
SHOREM FOREST! HAIL SHANGO!

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Otto sits on an Adirondack chair wrapped in a blanket with a  
cup of coffee and a bandaged arm. It's a beautiful morning.

The birds chirping. Quiet. Nice. He hits record on his phone.

OTTO  
After trying the ritual of Sham  
Forest, I'd say that no possession  
of my mind or soul has taken place.  
I even bled on the head of the goat,  
and yet nothing. Maybe I'll try  
another demon tonight.

His phone BEEPS. It's a REMINDER:

**REMINDER: DON'T BE A POS! CALL MAURICE!**

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck!

**INT. HONDA FIT - DAY**

Otto watches his bars intently. One by one as they build to a  
strong signal.

OTTO  
Come on, you little fuckers.

As he enters a service area, he notices missed calls from  
"MAURICE - POD. PROD." He's just about to call him back when  
he thumb scrolls to a different number.

Madeline.

He calls it. It rings. It rings. It rings.

MADELINE (V.O.)  
Hey, it's Madeline, leave a message  
and I'll call you back -

GEORGE (V.O.)  
IWUVYOU!

MADELINE (V.O.)  
Unless George distracts me. Leave a  
message. Maybe we'll feel cute and  
get back to you! I don't know.

His son's voice hurts him.

OTTO  
Hey, Maddy, it's Otto. I'm just  
letting you know I didn't die on the  
way here. I know you don't care. I  
don't expect you to call me back. I  
mean you haven't for three months.  
But I figure someone besides Maurice  
should know I'm out here.  
(then)  
Hold on. Maurice is actually calling  
me now. I'll call you back.

He switches over.

MAURICE  
What-the-shit-bro! I-got-news. I've-  
trying-call-you.

Maurice is breaking up.

OTTO  
I can't hear you.

MAURICE  
I-ca-hear-you-ther!

OTTO  
Hold on. Let me try and move around  
a bit. I can't hear you.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY**

He moves the car forward.

**INT. HONDA FIT - DAY**

Otto checks.

OTTO  
Is that better? Can you hear me?

MAURICE  
(breaking-up)  
No--actually--worse--

He reverses the car.

OTTO  
Sorry. The service is shitty here.

MAURICE  
(breaking-up)  
Oh, great-excuse--Did you--alcohol?

As soon as the word alcohol drops, Otto stops the car.

OTTO  
No. If you're asking me if I brought alcohol, the answer is no.

MAURICE  
(breaking-up)  
They-idea.

OTTO  
What? Hold on? They love our idea?

Otto accelerates the car forward again.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Do you hear me now? You said you had news?

MAURICE  
They-budget-the-season-is-

Maurice's call is dropped.

OTTO  
Oh, for fuck's sake.

Hangs up the phone. He tries calling back while driving back and forth.

MAURICE (O.S.)  
You are calling Maurice, Podcast Producer. Please leave a detailed message -

Otto hangs up.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A BUTCHER'S KNIFE splits a COW HEART. Separating the veins and arteries into a symmetrical open crevice.

Otto flips to the next page of *Rituals of the Beast & Moon*.

Inside, an ancient drawing of a heart being split open, and then mixed with herbs and leaves.

Otto reaches for a leaf of mother's tongue, then lays it in the center of the heart.

Then opens a container. Inside is a paper towel that has been wrapped very tightly. He unravels the paper towel.

With every layer of paper towel peeled back, the red becomes deeper and fuller, until we finally get to the center of -

SSSHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

What the fuck was that sound? It sounded like an animal dying. Otto doesn't peel the final paper back.

He grabs an IRON POKER and peaks through the window. His eyes scans the woods. Dark trees. Unmoving shadows.

OTTO  
(to himself)  
The fuck...

He turns back to his ritual, and finds there are -

THREE STREAKS OF BLOOD across the window. Like something with blood covered claws ran it's hand across it.

He steps closer. Examining the marks. He opens the window. Sticks his head outside.

**EXT. BACK OF CABIN - NIGHT**

Otto looks towards the house. The streak of blood runs across the entire side of house.

OTTO  
Whoa.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Otto runs to his laptop. Then rewinds the GoPro feeds from the four cameras.

He scrubs each timeline but finds that the window was just out of frame on four cameras.

All, except for one.

You can barely see the corner of a window. Just slightly. He zooms in. Then rewinds tight on the corner.

First the corner window is empty. Then, in a flash, it's covered in blood. He rewinds. Empty. Covered in blood. He rewinds. Empty. Covered in blood. Empty. Then covered in -

*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!* That startles the fuck out of Otto.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Otto swings open the door. It's Gene, again.

GENE

Hey there. I'm sorry to bother you again. I swear I won't make a habit of it. But I just wanted to let you know there's a storm coming and things can get a bit messy since we're on a mountain. Falling rocks. Branches. You know how that goes. This cabin may not look like much but it's been reinforced to handle most things that fall from above.

OTTO

Hey, can I ask you, are there bears here?

GENE

Sure are.

OTTO

Do you mind if I show you something? I think a bear just clawed one of your windows.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Gene examines the bloody scratch closely.

GENE

Oh, that ain't a bear. Bears have five claws.

Gene puts his hand to the claw. Three claws dwarfs his hand.

GENE (CONT'D)

This animal here now has three. I reckon lost a couple claws defending its cubs. Now it's walking around bloodied. It happens. Probably just looking for a place to die. Just don't leave any food out and you'll be just fine.

OTTO

Why would a bear take a swipe at a window?

GENE

God knows. Maybe he saw something he liked and wanted at it. I wouldn't worry too much.

Gene stops. The bloody thing is unwrapped from the paper towel and lying open on the counter for everyone to see.

It's a DEAD BABY RAT.

Otto's still examining the streaks of blood.

OTTO

You think? What about the cubs? You think they'll go looking for their mother, maybe?

Then Gene sees the edges of a pentagram hidden by a couch. Otto finally realizes.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I can explain -

Gene scurries out of the house.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Hey! It's not what it looks like!

Gene runs to his PICKUP TRUCK.

GENE

No need to explain! You can stay the night! But you have to leave tomorrow or...I'm calling the cops!

OTTO  
I'm just a podcaster!

The truck pulls away. Otto sighs as he watches the pickup truck disappear into the dark.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Otto walks back inside, defeated.

OTTO  
...Fuck.

He kicks over a candle, grabs a bottle of whiskey.

**INT. HONDA FIT - DAY**

Otto pounds a bottle of water. His car has been repacked.

Then his phone goes off. It's Maurice. He answers.

MAURICE (O.S.)  
Otto?

OTTO  
Hey, man.

MAURICE (O.S.)  
I've been trying to call you.

OTTO  
Maurice. Sounds like they love our idea and approved the budget. I'm three weeks away from a deadline. We're on track.

MAURICE (O.S.)  
No, no, no, they loved the idea, but they won't approve the budget.

OTTO  
What?!

MAURICE (O.S.)  
Yeah. I can't tell you everything, but basically our company was bought out by a streaming channel. They aren't doing "niche" podcasts anymore. They're looking for more family friendly content.

OTTO

I thought the advance was in the mail. I already spent half of it on my cabin.

MAURICE (O.S.)

I'm not happy about this either, Otto. But I'm sorry.

OTTO

I need that money. I can finish this podcast.

MAURICE (O.S.)

Otto. Even if you finish, your "man trying to be possessed by a demon" podcast really doesn't fit their cache anymore.

OTTO

Maybe we can kickstart it?

MAURICE (O.S.)

That's for amateurs.

OTTO

Maybe you can put up the money?

A beat from Maurice.

MAURICE (O.S.)

Don't you think that's a little forward to ask? Especially after all the issues from the last podcast?

(then)

Listen, I know it's a tough spot. But they're looking for family-friendly content. Put some pitches together and I'll get them in front of streaming channels.

OTTO

I don't do family-friendly, Maurice! That's not what I do!

MAURICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Otto. I really am. But I hope everything works out. Sorry.

Maurice hangs up.

Otto bottles everything inside, but then he repeatedly punches the steering wheel.

OTTO  
 FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

He slams his head on the steering wheel, crying.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
 Why...

He leans back on the chair.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
 Fuck it.

Just as he reaches for a whiskey bottle. He changes his mind, and calls Madeline again.

MADELINE (V.O.)  
 Hey, it's Madeline, leave a message  
 and I'll call you back -

GEORGE (V.O.)  
 IWUVYOU!

MADELINE (V.O.)  
 Unless George distracts me. Leave a  
 message. Maybe we'll feel cute and  
 get back to you! I don't know.

OTTO  
 Hey, Madeline. I just wanted to say  
 I got some bad news just now. They  
 are pulling the podcast. And, well,  
 I don't know. I just thought  
 everything was going so well. Things  
 were tracking in the right  
 direction. I wasn't drinking. We  
 were getting a lot of followers. And  
 now...

He stares at the photo of Madeline and George.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
 And, I don't think I'm going to give  
 up. If Maurice doesn't want to do  
 this with me anymore, then I'll do  
 it myself. I got nothing else,  
 Madeline, but this stupid podcast.  
 That's all I got. And come hell or  
 high water, I'm going to make it  
 happen...

**EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DAY**

The Honda Fit turns around.

**INT. HONDA FIT - DAY**

Otto parks in front of a TRAILER with the dilapidated "Man men" sign. It's suppose to read "management".

The clink-clank of mechanical parts hanging from branches like Christmas ornaments.

Set to PIT BULLS barking ferociously while tied to the trees.

**EXT. TRAILER - DAY**

The pit bulls lose it when they see Otto step out of the car.

Carefully, he passes the dogs, the clink-clanking increases as the pit bulls lunge for Otto.

Otto knocks on the door. The dogs continue to bark. The mechanical parts continue to clank.

As he waits, it looks like one of the dog's chains is breaking. He knocks again.

Nothing.

With every bark and lunge, the chain seem to get closer to snapping, letting the dog get closer and closer.

Otto knocks again.

OTTO

Hey, Gene? It's me, Otto. I just wanted to talk about last night, it was just all one big misunderstanding.

Nothing.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Gene?

**INT. TRAILER - DAY**

Otto opens the door, to a shit hole trailer. It's cluttered with knick-knacks and militia artifacts.

OTTO  
Hello? Gene?

It's so cluttered that a man in a flannel shirt standing two feet away from him blends right in. This is IAN (30s). Not only is he hard to see, but he doesn't look happy.

Ian just stands there, blending in with the interior of this trailer with no plans of answering Otto. Then -

IAN  
Hey.

OTTO  
HOLY FUCK! I didn't see you just standing there.

Otto extends his hand. Catching his breath.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Hi, I'm Otto.

Ian shakes it.

IAN  
When a man doesn't answer his door. That doesn't necessarily mean he ain't home. Just means he's busy.

OTTO  
I'm sorry, it's just that -

IAN  
Who's asking for Uncle Gene?

OTTO  
Oh, I'm Otto. I just wanted to speak to him about the cabin he rented to me.

IAN  
Not going to happen.

OTTO  
Listen, if I can just talk to him. Me and him had a misunderstanding, and I just want to clear it up.

IAN  
Going to be kind of difficult. Gene had himself an overdose last night. He's in the hospital.

Otto blinks.

OTTO  
Oh, that's terrible.

Ian stares at Otto for a long beat.

IAN  
I'm going to the hospital later today. If you got any messages for him, you can let me know.

OTTO  
Uh. No. That's OK. It can wait. I just had a question about the wood.

Otto reaches for the door.

IAN  
Hey, you wouldn't know where an old man like that would get Oxy in the middle of the woods, would ya?

OTTO  
Oh, no. I'm a weed and liquor guy.  
(then)  
Pills scare me.

Otto leaves. Ian watches him, though. Not sure.

**INT. HONDA FIT - DAY**

Otto sits in the car. Not sure what to do next. He's taking in Gene's OD-ing.

OTTO  
Fuck...

He looks back at the trailer.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Not my fault. Not my fault. He told me he had arthritis. That's not my fault.

Otto takes a deep breath.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Definitely not my fault. Focus.  
Focus. Focus. Focus. Focus...

He drives away from the trailer.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Otto runs inside of the cabin. He lays out all of the ritual books. He records himself.

OTTO

Not sure how much longer I have in this cabin, but I'm going to give it one last shot tonight. Today will go as planned.

Otto stops. He notices the book has flipped to that same demon from before. "LaLeLiLu". The shadow with the white eyes. It's begging for him to be summoned.

OTTO (CONT'D)

OK, LaLeLiLu... Today's your lucky day.

He scrolls his phone. "Natural Born Killers" by Ice Cube or Dr. Dre (or any hard-core rap) plays and we go into a -

**MONTAGE SET TO RAP OTTO PUTS TOGETHER HIS STRANGE RITUAL.**

- He takes the Cow's Heart. He mashes it in a bowl.
- He dances to the hip hop music while adding ingredients.
- The re-opens his wound, bleeding into the bowl.
- He takes a whiff. Jesus, that smells bad.
- He re-lights his candles. Each one perfect.
- He spreads the incense.
- He rolls a joint.
- He erases the old pentagram.
- He draws a different sigil with his chalk.
- He leans over, making sure the sigil is perfect.
- Everything is set up. GoPros. The ingredients. More importantly, the sigil.
- The sigil is a careful drawing of multiple eyes inside of two triangles. It's gnarly.
- He stops the music.

**END OF MONTAGE**

He's looking over the book.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Oh, what the fuck? It says it needs the urine of a coward, the blood of a murderer, and the tears from fear of death?

He slams the book shut.

OTTO (CONT'D)

This fucking blows.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

The moon watches Otto through the window. Otto is staring at himself in the mirror while urinating.

OTTO

Listen to me, right fucking now. You're not a failure. You're not a failure. You will go down these god damn steps and podcast the shit out of this podcast. You will. Then you'll show them. You'll show Maurice. You'll show Madeline. You'll show every critic who gave your last podcast a bad review, you'll show them all that -

*Tap--Tap.*

Ever so faintly, we hear metal against metal. Someone or something is in the cabin.

He cranes his neck.

He sees the stairwell.

So perfect. So still.

*Tap--Tap.*

Then he follows the sound...

**INT. STAIRS - NIGHT**

Otto steps downstairs...

*Tap--Tap.*

He can see the first floor. No movement. Then he hears it again. He takes another step towards it.

*Tap--Tap.*

It's the door. It somehow opened and is gently banging against the wall.

Otto can't help but laugh at himself.

OTTO  
Jesus Christ. I honestly thought  
there for a second -

Then he doesn't move a muscle.

A large, black, and fur covered CREATURE with RED GLOWING EYES watches him from across the cabin.

Otto can't believe his fucking eyes.

It's a goddamn demon -

Wait. It's holding a *SHOTGUN*?

OTTO (CONT'D)  
What...

The monster WHACKS him with the shotgun.

#### **INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Blurriness. Equilibrium damaged. Through the haziness, he sees a silhouette of the monster with red glowing eyes.

Otto can't move at all. He's been hog tied. The monster moves closer to Otto.

OTTO  
(muffled)  
Oh my god, Oh my god, Oh my god.

Then after a beat. The monster speaks.

IAN  
Boy, I need you to understand  
quickly that I am not a man who  
plays games.

Otto looks into the black hood and red eyes. It's Ian wearing a GHILLIE SUIT with INFRARED GOGGLES.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to ask you a few questions  
 and if I feel like your answers  
 aren't authentic...

Ian gently taps his shotgun on Otto's lower jaw.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Boom.  
 (then)  
 Now. I'm going to ask my question,  
 then I'm going to remove the gag,  
 and you're going to answer. Do you  
 understand?

Otto nods yes.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Now, did you or did you not give my  
 Uncle Gene Oxy?

Ian pulls the ball from Otto's mouth. Then sits back on his  
 chair. Watching Otto with red eyes.

OTTO  
 I'm... I'm sorry. I'm so, so, so  
 sorry.

Ian fills with fire. He walks around. Trying to keep it  
 together, wiping the tears from his eyes.

Then he releases a wild feral SHOUT into the night.  
 Animalistic, almost comical, between a howl and a war cry.

Ian returns to his seat in front of Otto. Tensing his  
 muscles. The red eyes glow with hate.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
 Please, I have a family -

Ian shoves the gag back into Otto's mouth.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
 Please, please, I thought it was for  
 his arthritis -

Ian grabs Otto by his legs and YANKS -

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

*THUD-THUD-THUD.* Otto's body bounces off of the steps as he  
 begs for his life under the gag.

Ian pays him no mind and drags him to his car. A beat up old 1977 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL with American flag bumper stickers.

Ian pops open the trunk.

**INT. TRUNK - NIGHT**

Ian watches Otto squirm. Kicks. Twists. Bangs. Rolls. Begging. Pleading with his eyes.

Ian's cold, red eyes return no sign of emotion.

Then Ian matter-of-factly shuts the trunk.

Leaving Otto in complete darkness. Otto jolts his body as hard as he possibly can until he hears the car start.

Otto places his head against the interior lining, trying to maneuver the ball from his mouth.

**INT. IAN'S CAR - NIGHT**

Infrared goggles are tossed on the passenger seat next to a 9mm and his shotgun. The RADIO drowns Otto's struggles.

Ian takes his Ghillie hood off, then lights a cigarette.

The car rumbles down the dirt road.

**INT. TRUNK - NIGHT**

With an AUDIBLE GASP Otto moves the gag from his mouth.

OTTO  
Oh, thank god.

Otto looks around. There's limited space.

Behind him there's a TOOLBOX. He moves his wrists towards it. Rubbing the rope against the tools.

Then he hears the car slow.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck...

He moves his wrists faster.

**INT. IAN'S CAR - NIGHT**

Ian slows the car. Lowers the radio.

IAN  
Now, what the hell is this...

A MOANING, SLIMY, BLACK, FURRY BLOB left in the road.

**INT. TRUNK - NIGHT**

Otto's wrists break free. He tries to unlock the trunk from the inside, but he can't.

He can hear the strange MOANS.

He feels the vehicle come to a full stop.

He hears the DRIVER DOOR open.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT**

Ian approaches whatever the fuck this black mound is with his 9mm pointed. As he slowly approaches, details take shape.

Black. Fur. Claws. Fangs. Blood. Heads. Legs. Ian can't believe his eyes.

It's a DEAD BEAR with missing CLAWS. It's dying.

**INT. TRUNK - NIGHT**

Otto hears Ian open the DRIVER SIDE DOOR. Then shuffling. Then a COCKED SHOTGUN. Door slams. Then footsteps.

Otto thinks Ian is heading towards him.

OTTO  
No... No... No...

Otto reaches back for some tools. He grabs a screwdriver.

Pathetically holds the screwdriver towards the trunk. He braces himself. Otto is not ready for this.

Otto then hears a SHOTGUN BLAST.

Unbeknownst to him, Ian just put the thing out of its misery.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit. Please God.

Then he hears Ian fumbling keys. Then the car starts. They're moving again.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck.

**EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT**

Ian's vehicle parks in a clearing in the middle of nowhere. The moonlight is strong this evening.

**INT. TRUNK - NIGHT**

Otto is scared out of his wits. Trembling. Holding a screw driver pathetically. Then Ian POPS the trunk.

He looks at Otto and covers his mouth.

IAN  
My god, boy. You are ripe.

Otto has clearly urinated on himself. Ian grabs Otto by the neck and drags him to the floor.

**EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT**

He unties Otto. Then tosses a shovel next to him.

IAN  
Start digging.

Petrified and covered in urine, Otto lifts the shovel, digs it into the ground. Ian leans back on his car, smoking a cigarette, with his gun pointed.

He watches Otto dig and dig and dig...

Until the hole is big enough for a man to be buried.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Alright. On your knees.

OTTO  
Please, I'm so sorry, about your  
Uncle, I really am -

IAN  
That's enough. I'm making a phone  
call.

Otto peers into the mud hole he dug. Urine is cascading from his crotch. He is not built for this.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Hello, Charlie? I was just checking  
on Uncle Gene - oh...

Otto prays to heaven he's still alive.

IAN (CONT'D)  
You don't say.

The cold steel of the shotgun rests against the back of Otto's head.

There's a long pause from Ian. Who's just listening. But his eyes fill with sadness. He's hearing really bad news.

Meanwhile, a bead of sweat has formulated on the top of Otto's head, sloping down from the bridge of his nose...

Into the hole. Mixing with the urine. Fear of death and urine of a coward. Then Otto hears WHIMPERING. Real whimpering. Like a little boy crying.

IAN (CONT'D)  
(crying)  
OK. I'll be OK. Let me call you  
later. I gotta. I gotta go.

Otto cranes his neck to Ian to check on him.

Ian wipes his eyes. You almost feel bad for this psycho hillbilly. Otto is almost scared to ask.

OTTO  
Is everything OK?

Wrong fucking question. Wrong fucking time. Ian's eyes fill with fury. He BLASTS the side of Otto's jaw with the shotgun.

Otto's falls face first on the edge of the grave.

Blood bursting from his mouth.

Ian presses his big, black boot against Otto's throat.

IAN  
My Uncle Gene passed away, city boy.  
He died around his family that loved  
him. You're going to die in a puddle  
of your own piss.

Ian cocks the shotgun, pressing it against Otto's head.

OTTO  
(muffled)  
Please...

Blood from Otto's mouth, dripping...

Ian's trigger finger squeezes...

The blood spiraling...

The trigger finger squeezing...

The blood of a murderer hits the urine of a coward and the sweat of fear, under the moonlight.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Please don't -

**ROAR**

Ian's boot disappears from Otto's neck.

It sounded like nothing we've heard. Not an animal. Not a man. Otto has no idea what just happened. Otto sniffs the air. He gags. Then covers his mouth. He spins around.

A SHOTGUN BLASTS whizzes past Otto's head.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Whoa!

Otto rolls into the grave. Nothing but the moon, stars, and shotgun BLASTS. He hears another ROAR (O.S.). This time closer. Then he hears that guttural ROAR again.

Then MULTIPLE SHOTS (O.S.).

Ian SCREAMS (O.S.) as he fires widely.

Bullets fly through the trunk as Otto presses his body against the ground.

Then he hears WHIMPERING (O.S.).

Otto listens carefully.

The gunfire has ceased.

We can hear Ian WHIMPERING for what goes on for an uncomfortably long beat.

Then silence.

Otto looks at the edge of the grave, questioning his next move. Should he check? Or should he just lay here forever?

OTTO (CONT'D)

OK. OK. Just a peak.

He pulls himself. Ever so slowly. Just a peak.

#### **OTTO'S POV**

He sees the top of Ian's shoulder. He's lying on his side.

He pulls himself a bit more.

Ian's breathing, but it's the kind of breathing you do when you're close to death.

TWO LARGE CAVERNOUS HOLES that used to be Ian's eyes look back at Otto. Ian's YANKED off screen. All that's left of Ian is a pool of blood.

Something is ripping Ian's body apart off screen. It sounds disgusting. Terrible. Horrible. Otto sees the 9mm. Focusing on it. That's his only shot

He readies, counting to himself.

One...

Two...

Three--

He LEAPS from the hole, and in one fluid motion, grabs the 9mm, and runs for his FUCKING life.

His heart beats through his chest.

His legs pumping.

He doesn't look back.

Branches wallop his face.

He hears the ROAR.

Something is closing in on him.

He points the 9mm behind him, but doesn't see anything.

OTTO (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

He trips.

But regains his balance as he SHOOTs behind him.

After TWO SHOTS it's nothing but empty clicks.

Otto tosses the weapon and keeps running.

He has the cabin in sight.

He turns around for a quick look, but -

He doesn't see anything.

But he can feel it.

He sprints even harder.

He's in the clearing.

He runs across the grass.

Up the steps.

And SLAMS the cabin door.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

He locks the door.

Then steps back, waiting.

He covers his nose.

Something fucking smells terrible.

Then he hears HEAVY BREATHING from behind the door.

He's bends over to look underneath the door.

He doesn't see anything. It was just there.

He reaches for the curtain.

Then moves the curtain, just enough to see...

Nothing.

Nothing at all. He pulls the curtain all the way. There's nothing. Like nothing was ever there.

Then there's FOOTSTEPS across the roof.

Every fiber in his body locks.

Then he hears the GLASS BREAK upstairs.

Then a second passes.

His eyes try to follow the sounds.

Then he hears GLASS BREAK in another room.

Then a THUD.

It's inside.

Then a long beat of quiet.

Then a closer-than-you-think CREEK from the top of the steps. Otto presses his back against the kitchen.

He can hear its breathing.

But it's not taking another step.

He tries to angle his head, so he can see the view from one of the GoPros playing on his computer.

But the GoPro is recording the edge of the steps. He can't see it. He inches the tripod closer by pulling the carpet.

Closer to the stairs, so he could get a look at what he's dealing with.

A little bit closer.

And he'll be able to see what's after him.

He hits a bump.

The camera wobbles.

The camera tips over and -

FALLS.

Directly facing the stairwell.

FOOTSTEPS race back to the 2nd floor.

Then out the window, and across the roof again.

There is a THUD outside.

Then he hears it sprint into the woods.

It's gone. Whatever it is.

He looks out the window.

The hush of the night.

He looks up the stairwell. He takes a step. Then another.  
Just enough to peak at the 2nd floor.

Where he can see inside BOTH ROOMS. The windows are BROKEN in  
each room. Shattered glass across the floor.

Why did it break both windows?

He rewinds the footage from the GoPros.

Scanning it.

Looking for any hint for what's after him.

OTTO

Come on. Come on.

He rewinds the falling camera.

Taking it to the moment where it's just about to fall. It  
just misses whatever the fuck is after him.

Same situation as the window. He rewinds to the very second  
it tips over and we see the stairwell, but nothing.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Oh, you have to be kidding me. Not  
one camera got this thing?

EVERYTHING GOES PITCH DARK.

His computer and GoPros switch to battery life.

Then Otto sees a sprinkle of LIGHT from afar. It's beautiful. Like fireflies dancing in the night.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
What is that?...

He move towards it.

It's a dangling POWER LINE in the distance.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Fuck me.

He turns on the FLASHLIGHT from his phone.

The *pitter-patter* of quick moving feet run across the roof.

He covers his nose again. What the fuck is that smell?

The thing swings through the bedroom window again.

He doesn't have much time.

He spins and spins, not sure what his next move is until his eyes land on the floor.

A cellar hatch.

#### **INT. CELLAR - NIGHT**

Otto closes the hatch above him.

He's quiet. Unmoving. Keeping a short breath.

Not a lot of head room and not a lot of light.

He shines his camera phone.

Not a lot of room to hide. It's packed with old farming equipment and an OLD, DUSTY MIRROR.

He can only stand directly under the hatch.

He hears its BREATHING.

It's on the 1st floor.

Everything in his body wants to shake, but he keeps still.

He turns on his phone's VIDEO RECORDING.

Points it at the hatch.

OTTO  
(whisper)  
If I'm going out like this, I'm at  
least getting footage of you.

And like this, Otto waits.

A faint CREEK.

The hatch is a solid door, so he can't see through it, but he can see between the floor boards around it.

CRASH

It JUMPS directly on top of the hatch.

Otto almost lets out a SCREAM but he covers his mouth.

It's standing directly above him.

It SNARLS curiously.

Otto's about to vomit it smells so fucking bad.

A LOUD BANG. Things are being knocked over. It's looking for him. It's frustrated. He's trying to record it on his phone.

But can't quite get a shot of it -

BUZZ

**REMINDER: DON'T BE A POS! UPDATE MAURICE!**

OTTO (CONT'D)

FUCK!

THE HATCH DOOR TO CRASHES ON TOP OF OTTO WITH A ROAR. A MIRROR SHATTERS. THE SPOTTY CELLPHONE LIGHT BOUNCING ABOUT, GIVING US GLIMPSES IN THE DARK.

Then we hear the thing SCREAM, but not like it's usual roar.

It's in pain. It scrambles to leave the hatch.

Leaving Otto by himself in the dark.

He isn't moving.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

The room is a wreck. GoPros, laptops, and Satanic books knocked over. The chalk lines of the sigil have been muddled.

Whatever that thing was, it's not here anymore.

In the center is the black rectangle that is the cellar door.  
No movement. No light.

**INT. CELLAR - NIGHT**

Then Otto's smart phone ILLUMINATES the cellar. He's in shock. Eyes wide. Face heavily scratched.

He places the phone just under his lips.

OTTO

What the fuck just happened?!

He turns off the cell phone. It's dark again.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Otto's hand RISES from the abyss of the cellar door.

Otto pulls himself to the first floor.

Otto looks around the room. Scared. Frantic.

Everything has been torn to shreds. Everything is in such shambles, he doesn't realize there's a SHARD of glass stuck in his arm -

OTTO

AH -

Then he covers his mouth not to make any noise.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Oh god, oh god.

Then he pinches the glass, then in one swoop, he rips it out.

OTTO (CONT'D)

FUCK!

He opens a first aid kit from the kitchen cabinet. Pours alcohol over his wounds.

OTTO (CONT'D)

FUCKKKK!!!

Then tosses the bottle aside.

He plays the video from his phone. It's just mostly all dark with lots of blurry movement. He can't see anything.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He opens his laptop sporting a freshly cracked screen.

He scrubs the time lines as one camera gets knocked over. Another. Then another. Then another. Nothing. He sighs.

He looks out the window, and sees his car.

Then at the shard of mirror that was in his arm. Covered in blood, resting on the floor, with his reflection.

His eyes land on the cameras. Then on the computer. Then back on the broken mirror. Then he looks at the stairs.

**INT. 2ND FLOOR - CABIN - NIGHT**

Otto looks at both rooms. Broken windows in each.

OTTO

You broke the bathroom window first.  
Then went through the bedroom. Why?

He steps into the bathroom.

**INT. BATHROOM - CABIN - NIGHT**

He looks at the window. Wondering. Then he sees his reflection on the mirror.

He's realized something.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

He checks his fallen GoPro cameras.

Three out of the four still work.

He sets them again. He puts two cameras facing his back.

Then he puts another camera facing his car outside.

He looks around. Not sure of his own idea.

He grabs the GOAT'S HEAD, looking it in its dead goat eyes.

OTTO

Alright. Here we go.

He launches it out the window. It hits with a thud then rolls a few feet away from his car.

Otto covers the camera with his hand then turns away.

He waits for something to happen, but nothing does at first. He keeps his eyes closed.

Then he smells something DISGUSTING.

Then FOOTSTEPS (O.S.).

Then he removes his hand from the camera.

The goat head is perfectly fine, looking right back at Otto.

Then he notices his car is uneven.

The FRONT TIRES have been SLASHED.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Oh. Fuck. You're smart. OK, OK, OK,  
think, think, think, think...

Otto sets the cameras so they're all facing him, as he remains in the center.

Otto flips through his ritual books, trying to find what exactly he summoned from hell.

He hits record and faces a GoPro.

#### **GO-PRO POV**

Otto looks directly to a camera. Ragged and bleeding. Shaking with fear.

OTTO (CONT'D)

So, I'm not sure if this will be my last recording, but first things first, I want to tell Madeline I love her. I really love you. And I'm sorry for everything. I also want to say I love and miss my son. And I will until the day I die. Which apparently may be today.

Otto flips through the book.

OTTO (CONT'D)

If I'm understanding this correctly,  
I raised the LaLeLiLu...

He gets to a page marked: "LaLeLiLu" with a drawing of a dark shadow black demon with the white eyes hiding in the shadows.

It's unsettling with a deep dark shadow for skin. Two white soulless eyes. The same eyes that could be watching him now.

OTTO (CONT'D)

(reading)

The LaLeLiLu can't be seen or recorded making it one of the most difficult demons to encounter.

- BEEP. Otto jumps.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

It's the GoPro battery warning. He checks the battery. He doesn't have long.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit. Shit.

He paces the room, staying inside of the three cameras. He keeps reading.

OTTO (CONT'D)

The LaLeLiLu has been used in paranormal scientific fields to explain why there is no scientific proof of ghosts or demons. The way humans cannot sit in fire, it cannot sit within our vision. Thus making mirrors, eyes, cameras painful. It maneuvers itself around these things. Never to be seen. Thus making the LaLeLiLu one of the most dangerous of demons. If summoned, the LaLeLiLu will want to destroy any and all things that can see it. Thus where the scary story trope of ghosts breaking mirrors may have come from. It has also been known to remove eyeballs. It is also known for its foul odorous aroma.

(gulp)

More importantly though, it wants nothing more than to possess the very being that summoned it. So it can return to where it came.

The battery BEEPS again.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He runs towards his bag. He shuffles through some things. He finds a back-up battery.

He takes the dying GoPro camera in one hand and the new battery in the other, but before he does anything -

He sniffs the air. It doesn't smell horrible.

He glides his hand over the dying battery. He's counting to himself. Three...Two...

He slides the battery out, then puts in the new battery. He hits power, then checks the outage. He does so, quickly.

Not a lot, but it's at least in the green. He sighs in relief. Then another camera *BEEPS*.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Oh, fucksake.

He rushes towards the battery. It doesn't have a lot of time left either.

Then at that same time, the 3rd and final battery -

*BEEPS*

Panic sets in.

OTTO (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Just think just think.

He looks through his bag. He finds a USB CORD.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Nice.

He grabs his laptop, and connects the laptop with a USB cord to the GoPro. Then the symbol appears.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Two down, one more to go.

He looks over to the 3rd and final camera.

Rubbing his chin, not sure how to fix this one.

The final camera *BEEPS* frantically. It's losing power.

Then he hears *FOOTSTEPS* across the roof. It startles him, knocking him on his ass. He brings himself to his feet.

Never taking his eyes off of the stairs.

*BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.*

He turns his head towards the dying camera, but then stops himself. He maintains a straight gaze. His body shivers.

His head locked in place. Like if he rotates it another inch, that means his life. He sees something. Just barely from the -

**CORNER OF OTTO'S EYE POV**

At first it's just a blurry shadow in the corner of his eye.

He can just barely perceive its outline. A shadow creature in the corner.

Breathing. Hulking. Smelling fucking disgusting.

Otto turns his head towards it -

**END CORNER OF OTTO'S EYE POV**

It scurries before we can see it.

Otto looks away again. Then he hears the footsteps return, falls back into the corner of his eye.

**CORNER OF OTTO'S EYE POV**

The shadow is closer, right at the edge of his vision. Then he hears -

**END OTTO'S CORNER OF HIS EYE POV**

*BEEP--*

The 2nd GoPro has died.

Otto snatches the final GoPro and points it at the stairs.

He hears the creature run upstairs. Then jump through the window. It dashes across the roof.

He follows the sounds with the GoPro.

Otto tries to stay with it, but the creature moves too quickly. Running across the roof. Crawling on the side of the walls. Breaking windows. Jumping inside. Then outside. Running past Otto, then back out of a window. Otto spins and spins, trying to keep up with its motions, until finally -

The smell gets worse and worse until -

Otto VOMITS.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Oh, god.

As Otto vomits, he doesn't see the USB cord pulled from the final GoPro.

Leaving him with just the one in his hand. He wipes his mouth to come up from air and sees the dead GoPro.

He can feel the hair on his neck raise.

He doesn't need to see it, because he can feel the creature, standing directly behind him.

OTTO (CONT'D)

AH!!!

He THROWS the GoPro behind him, then SPRINTS.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Otto bursts from the front door, jumps the steps.

He just gets past goat head's when he's YANKED to the floor by the top of his head. Then he's hauled into the woods -

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Otto's dragged by the top of his head. Blood cascading down his face. His body bouncing off rocks and trees.

He tries looking above his forehead, but it whips violently, knocking him nearly unconscious.

With the final bit of fight he has, he reaches for his cell phone in his pocket.

He tries to hold the phone tightly, but it's not easy.

He tries to get a shot of this thing -

The CELL PHONE flies from his hand.

OTTO

NO!

The cell phone bounces around the woods then settles facing another direction.

The cone of light getting smaller as he is pulled deeper into the woods.

Smaller...

And smaller...

Until...

He's DROPPED.

He looks around. Confused. Scared.

Then he smells the air.

He touches the top of his head. Blood. Lots of it. He turns on his stomach to look -

He hears a HISSING.

He turns to face a -

RATTLESNAKE.

He couldn't be more appreciative of the snake.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Oh, thank god. You fucking snake.  
Thank God!

The snake tries slithering away, but Otto reaches for it.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Wait, wait! Where are you going? No!  
Fuck you, snake! Fuck you -

Otto SPITS at the snake. The snake turns around with a HISS.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Yeah! That's right! Keep looking at me! And I'll keep looking at you!  
That's how we're going to do this!

He throws a rock at the thing.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Come on, you little snake fuck, look at me! Keep fucking looking at me!

The snake lunges at Otto, but he's able to move just in time.

OTTO (CONT'D)

You almost got me! That's all you got? That's it? Come on!

Otto baits the snake as he walks backwards to his cell phone.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Look at me! You fucking snake! Come  
on! Fucking look at me!

He continues to hurl whatever he can at the snake.

Agitating the snake as it gets closer.

Otto's fingers graze his cell phone.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Come on, we're almost there.

He somehow has RECEPTION here in this area.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Fuck yeah!

He grabs the phone and at the same time, the snake BURIES HIS  
FANGS into Otto's forearms.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

He swings his arm with the snake attached.

The light from his cell phone spins wildly like a kind of  
kaleidoscope within the forest.

He slams the snake against the tree. Pressing its head  
against the bark.

Otto grabs the snake by the top of his head.

Then PULLS the fangs from the white meat out of his forearm.

He falls to the floor.

A pissed off snake in one hand and a cell phone in the other.

With his free hand and last bit of energy, he calls his wife.

The snake snapping inches from his face, as the phone goes  
straight to voice mail.

MADELINE (V.O.)  
Hey, it's Madeline, leave a message  
and I'll call you back -

GEORGE (V.O.)  
IWUVYOU!

MADELINE (V.O.)

Unless George distracts me. Leave a message. Maybe we'll feel cute and get back to you! I don't know.

Otto's losing strength. Hyperventilating. The snake getting dangerously loose in his hand.

OTTO

(hyperventilating)

Madeline. Help me. I'm in the woods by the cabin. Something is trying to kill me. Please. Bring cops. Bring scientists. Bring whoever the fuck you can - just please save me -

The SNAKE is yanked from his hand. He can hear it hissing as it's dragged into the darkness and ripped apart.

He turns back to the phone.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Please, please, please save me, I'm in the woods, I'm in the -

Otto is YANKED into the woods. His head SMACKS a ROCK knocking him unconscious.

The phone falls to the wayside.

Still recording the message.

But the only sound it records is Otto's body being dragged into the distance.

**FADE TO:**

**BLACKNESS**

At first we hear nothing. We see nothing. Heavy breathing.

Then a bit of stirring.

Then the sounds of a beast moving swiftly. Then more stirring. The blackness turns blurry.

We realize we're in -

**OTTO'S POV**

Otto can't see shit. It's dark and his vision is blurry. We can hear him move his head.

OTTO  
Where am I?

**EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT**

Otto has been blind folded and stripped naked. His limbs are tied to the ground by stakes and shreds of his clothing.

He tries to wiggle free, but he can't do anything but -

OTTO  
HELP! HELP ME! HELP!

Then the air fills with that stench.

The thing is near.

**OTTO'S POV**

He can't see shit.

OTTO  
Come on, mother fucker! Do your  
worst! Come on!

**EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT**

Otto is full frontal naked just SCREAMING into the night.

OTTO  
Come on! You think I'm scared of  
you! Fuck you! I'm the last mother  
fucking face you want to see before  
you die!

Then he hears a ROAAAAARRRR. Chilling. Like it came from the deepest part of hell.

Otto stops talking shit.

**OTTO'S POV**

Otto can smell how close it is.

He turns his head to follow it as he hears it move. Sometimes close, sometimes far. Sometimes right above him.

He turns his head trying to follow the creature, just when -

A bit of cloth unravels from his eyes and offers a reprieve.

He can see his wrist tied to the stake by the jeans.

He spins his wrist, trying to loosen it.

The grunting chant changes. It almost sounds like the demon is saying something very quickly.

It's speaking in a low murmur of tongues. Authentic demon performing a ritual under the moonlight.

But he keeps his eye on his wrist. Slowly twisting. Slowly turning. Then -

*THUD*

He feels a heavy pressure on his chest.

Whispering tongues in his ear.

OTTO (CONT'D)

What are you doing? What are you  
doing? Hey! What are you doingggggggg

-

Otto screams. Something is happening to his body. He's being pulled against the stakes. His back arching. His mouth widening. It's like he's being pulled to the sky. It's also loosening the stakes...

**OTTO'S POV**

His wrist is free.

More importantly he has pulled the stake from the ground.

Otto SWINGS the stake -

**OTTO'S POV**

The demon SQUEALS as it's STABBED in the face.

Wailing into the night as it runs away.

We can hear its cries get further into the distance.

**EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT**

Otto pulls the shirt off of his head.

Otto finally takes a breath. He's alive.

His eye is fucked up, but he's alive.

He hears the creature bawl in agony deep in the woods.

He hurt the fucker.

OTTO

Fuck you...

He reaches over for the other stake then pulls it from the ground. As he does this, we get a good look at his forearm.

The snake bite looks gnarly. It's black and filled with puss.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Otto stumbles through the woods with a pair of jeans. Between the loss of blood and snake bite he isn't looking good.

It's difficult to hold himself upright against the trees.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Sliding to the ground as he grips the trunk.

Resting his head against it.

He fights to stay awake.

OTTO

I'm going to make so many podcasts  
about this...

Maybe just taking a nap.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I'm going to be so rich...

Yeah. A nap sounds good.

OTTO (CONT'D)

So rich...

**EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - NIGHT**

Far in the distance, there's the bawling of the creature.

It dwindles until we hear nothing.

Then a cell phone BUZZES. Illuminating itself within the grass. It's Madeline.

She's leaving what looks like to be her 6th message.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - DAY**

A HAND reaches for a cup of coffee in the center console. Then lips take a sip. The minivan hits a BUMP.

The coffee spills.

MADELINE  
Oh, fudge sticks!

Madeline's cheery disposition has changed; she has a worn face with a thousand yard stare.

The last year hasn't been good to her.

The car is filled with coloring books, arts & crafts, crayons, and glitter. Everything for a Pre-K teacher.

She grabs a napkin and cleans the mess, then re-listens to Otto's message as she cleans.

OTTO (O.S.)  
Madeline--H---me--I'm--cab--thing is  
trying--Please--Bring--Bring  
scientists--Bring--t--fuck--can--  
just--me--Please, please, save me--  
in--woods, I'm in the--

Then it ends. She drives. She hits play again.

OTTO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Madeline--H---me--I'm--cab--thing is  
trying--Please--Bring--Bring  
scientists--

Then message is interrupted by a picture of a spunky Midwestern woman named SHARON (60s) Madeline's Mom.

MADELINE  
Mom, I'm fine.

SHARON (O.S.)  
You there yet?

MADELINE  
No. But I promise, I'll call you as soon as I get him.

SHARON (O.S.)  
I don't see why you have to go get him. He's your ex-husband for a reason - and after everything -

MADELINE

- Mom, I have to help him. This doesn't sound like the other times. Plus, I need to talk to him face to face about something.

A beat from Sharon.

SHARON (O.S.)

(lying)

I accept your decision to stand by him, but the quicker we cut Otto out of our lives, the better.

Madeline rolls her eyes.

MADELINE

I know, Mom.

SHARON (O.S.)

You have just been doing so well with therapy, and not going back to him that I just really think -

MADELINE

(lying)

- I'm losing service.

SHARON (O.S.)

Promise to call me as soon as you can. I don't like you driving out there all by yourself.

MADELINE

Mom, I've driven so many places in my life by myself. It's OK.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

Madeline's car passes PIGGY'S BBQ sign.

SHARON (O.S.)

Yeah, but you've never driven out there. So just be careful.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - BY BERRY CABINS ENTRANCE - DAY**

The minivan slows to Berry Cabins, stopping at the entrance of the dirt road.

**INT. MINIVAN - DAY**

Madeline sees the uneven road thick with forest.

She looks at her GPS. No bars. No reception.

MADELINE  
Alright, Mom.

She turns down the dirt road.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - DAY**

The minivan rumbles as the branches consume her window.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY**

The minivan inches past the sign for "Cabins".

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - DAY**

Madeline enjoys the trees and the birds when the road leads to a clearing where she has a view of the mountain.

It's awe inspiring, like we just entered a painting.

SHE STOPS SHORT.

MADELINE  
Whoa!

She peaks over her dashboard to find -

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY**

A line of DUCKS crossing the street. Their little webbed feet are walking on a discolored BROWN/RED STAIN in the dirt.

Maybe she realizes it's blood. Maybe she doesn't. But what she does see is -

The final duck in the line has something GELATINOUS and red in its mouth.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - DAY**

Madeline leans in to get a better look.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY**

The baby duck disappears into the forest before Madeline ever could get a good look.

If she could see, she would find that the gelatinous red thing is an -

EYEBALL.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

The minivan parks in front of the cabin. Madeline steps outside. The cabin door has been left open.

From what she can see, it looks like a mess inside. Then she notices the Honda Fit's tires have been slashed.

MADELINE

Otto?

She sees the GOAT'S HEAD. Then she looks at the cabin.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Are you drunk again?!

The house doesn't give her an answer.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Are you high on edibles?!

Madeline approaches the house.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Oh, fish sticks, I hate you so much sometimes...

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

She enters the cabin to remnants of Satanic rituals. Whiskey bottles. Broken cameras. Shattered laptop.

She isn't fazed. She shakes her head, judging the shit out of her husband. This isn't unlike him.

Then she sniffs the air. Something smells terrible.

MADELINE

Ugh.

She JUMPS.

A ROTTING COW HEART covered in maggots rests on the counter.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

She gags as she pinches the heart, opens the garbage bin, and tosses it inside.

Then she notices her reflection in a blood covered shard of MIRROR. Now she's really concerned.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Otto? Are you here? Otto? Please just tell me you ate too many edibles again.

She turns to the stairs.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Unbeknownst to her a POLICE CAR and a LINCOLN TOWN CAR are quietly driving around the bend.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Madeline hears the shutting of car doors. She looks out the window to find a -

TWO POLICE OFFICERS walking towards the cabin.

OFFICER BERRY, (30s), knobby-kneed cop with a stern face like a walnut, steps out of the police vehicle.

OFFICER CURLY, (30s), a mountain of a man with blond locks and beady eyes, exits the Lincoln Town car. He also has a shotgun strapped over his back.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Berry and Curly walk towards the cabin.

BERRY

Now, Curly, we have to handle this situation with care. If he's in there, I want us to -

Much to the surprise of Berry and Curly they see Madeline standing on the steps.

BERRY (CONT'D)

Oh, hello, there, ma'am.

MADELINE

Hello, I'm sorry. My name is Madeline. I'm looking for my husband, Otto. That's his car and I can't find him.

Berry and Curly give Madeline a once over. Not sure what to make of her. She smiles and waves.

BERRY

Well, ain't that funny. That's why we're here too. Looking for a fella named Otto.

MADELINE

Yes. He called me last night freaking out. I'm worried about him.

BERRY

Did he now? I seem to be worried about him, too. See, my family owns this property and, well, they told me a city boy has been selling illegal drugs out of one of our cabins.

She almost laughs at the accusation.

MADELINE

Otto? A drug dealer? I highly doubt that.

Berry spits.

BERRY

I'm going to go inside now.

MADELINE

Oh, I mean, shouldn't we be driving and looking for -

Berry and Curly walk past her.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Oh, sure, of course. Come in.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Berry and Curly examine the mess. She keeps an eye on Curly's shotgun the entire time.

MADELINE

I just want to make clear that he's my ex-husband and I have nothing to do with anything he's done. In fact, now that the authorities are here, I think I'm just going to go.

She tries to leave, but Berry stops her.

BERRY

What time did you say your husband left you that message?

MADELINE

I don't know. Three AM-ish?

BERRY

See, here's the problem. My cousin didn't show up to my uncle's wake this morning. In fact, he hasn't be answering his phone calls since our uncle passed. I call my partner here Big Curly.

Big Curly smiles.

CURLY

Howdy.

BERRY

We find a half-dug grave. Blood. Not sure who's blood. Then we find my cousin's car parked. Then a few yards away - in the woods over yonder - we find...

Berry pauses for a moment. The thought itself is disgusting.

BERRY (CONT'D)

We found my Cousin's eyeballs shish kebabbed on a branch. We were just about to call it in when you saw your van pass by.

Madeline's hesitant. While Berry isn't threatening her, he certainly looks it with Curly and his shotgun next to him.

BERRY (CONT'D)

Oh, hell, Curly put that dang shotgun down. She ain't used to it.

Curly puts the gun away. Madeline forces another smile.

MADELINE

Why didn't you... call it in?

BERRY

I thought this maybe a family affair. Maybe we should take care of it ourselves. What you think, Curly?

CURLY

Sounds like a family affair to me.

Berry and Curly both spit at the same time.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Birds chirp. Squirrels scurry with nuts. Butterflies flap their wings.

If it wasn't for Otto's blood-covered body laying against a tree, this would be a fairy tale of a forest.

Surrounded by flowers. The critters of the day going about their business around him.

Then -

Otto lets out a deathly GASP for air. Scattering the critters. Disrupting the peacefulness.

He touches his eyes. His jaw. His cranium. His wounds have coagulated. It feels so good to be alive.

But it hurts so bad.

He takes a DEEP sniff of the air. It smells safe.

Then with that, he uses the tree to pull himself to his feet.

Then falls right the fuck over.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Madeline sits across from Berry and Curly, not feeling like their captive. At least not yet.

Berry smiles warmly, revealing perfect TEETH (unlike his Uncle Gene). His hands in his lap, rocking on the rocking chair.

Berry reaches across, his teeth maybe be shiny, his hand is somehow just as FUCKED UP as his Uncle's. She RECOILS.

MADELINE

Oh my god!

(then)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that! I just didn't expect your hands to be - you know. I'm sorry.

Berry gets himself a napkin, with a smile.

BERRY

Oh, honey, we're beyond politeness.

Madeline squirms.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Otto stumbles through the woods, grunting. Growling. A human in his most basic of form.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Otto sees a Police Car and the Lincoln Town Car through the trees, but more importantly he sees Madeline's minivan.

OTTO

Madeline?

He jumps towards the minivan, then hides behind the tree. He tries to look inside the cabin.

**OTTO'S POV**

Through the blurriness of his one eye he sees three figures through the window.

Everything comes in and out of focus.

He can see Officer Berry inside with Officer Curly's hulking back. Then sitting across from them -

Madeline.

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Madeline leans in to Officer Berry. She's over this.

MADELINE

Am I under arrest?

Berry nods at Curly. Curly shows her Madeline phone pictures of Ian's dire state. She turns away. Horrified.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Wait? You think Otto did that?  
He could never. He doesn't even like  
killing the bugs in our apartment.

BERRY

Curly. Would you say you have a keen  
mind?

Curly nods.

BERRY (CONT'D)

Would you say this cabin is  
secluded?

Curly nods.

BERRY (CONT'D)

Sure is. We made sure it's that way.  
What type of people like their  
seclusion, Curly?

CURLY

People with busy minds that want a  
calm time, Berry.

BERRY

Ain't that right. Busy minds. Calm  
times. Now if you take the need for  
that seclusion, what you'll usually  
find is kind city folks who just  
want peace and quiet. Most of the  
time they do their drugs, they find  
themselves, and they leave. But now,  
if you take that - and add the mix  
of these rituals. Would you say  
that's someone finding themselves?

Curly ponders that question.

CURLY

Possible. Depends what they learned  
from the experience.

Berry turns back at Curly.

BERRY

Now Curly, I'd have to disagree all  
the way to the bone with you. I'd  
say that's the complete opposite of  
a calm time. Now, if you take all  
that information. And then you  
stumble upon your Cousin Ian.

(choked up)

(MORE)

BERRY (CONT'D)

The cousin you helped raise.

(toughens)

And found him looking like a chewed up dog toy. You can readily come to the conclusion that your husband wasn't looking for a calm time at all. Your husband -

MADELINE

- Ex-husband.

BERRY

Ex-husband. Was looking to explore some of the worst parts of his mind.

MADELINE

I don't know what happened, but that's not true. So, if unless you plan on arresting me or shooting me, I'm just going to go. OK?

BERRY

Curly.

Curly cocks the shotgun at Madeline.

BERRY (CONT'D)

If you aren't ready to take responsibility for your husband's actions that doesn't mean the debt still isn't owed.

(then)

Kin for kin.

OTTO (O.S.)

MADELINE!

Berry looks outside

BERRY

Well, would you look at that...

Otto nears with his hands in the air. Half naked. Covered in god knows what. Looking like a maniac.

OTTO (O.S.)

Let her go. She has nothing to do with this.

Madeline sees the mess that is her husband.

MADELINE

My god...

Berry pulls his HAND CANNON from the holster then storms towards the door.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Gene points his gun at Otto, eyeing him from top to bottom.

BERRY

Boy, you truly lost your damn mind.

OTTO

Please, officer, that's my wife.  
This has nothing to do with her.

BERRY

And what exactly did my cousin Ian  
and Uncle Gene have anything to do  
with this?

Otto takes that in, realizing this is a family affair.

OTTO

You have to believe me, I had  
nothing to do with his death.

Berry cocks his head.

BERRY

So you know what happened to him?

OTTO

I think we'll all be better off if  
we just get in our cars and get the  
fuck out of here.

Berry searches Otto's eyes. They're FUCKED UP.

BERRY

Boy, you're crazier than a soup  
sandwich.

(re: Shouting to Curly)

Curly, let's tie these city folks up  
real good.

Curly throws Madeline to the ground. Otto runs towards the cabin, but Berry shoves the gun in his face.

BERRY (CONT'D)

No, no, no, now you stay right  
there, little doggie. We have our  
situation we have to work on here.

Then reaches into his pocket for a handkerchief.

BERRY (CONT'D)

By god. That's the worst aroma I've ever smelled in my life.

Otto scans the area. The smell has returned. That is clear.

OTTO

Please listen. You have to listen me. Keep looking at me. Right at me.

Berry presses the gun against his head.

BERRY

I plan on looking at this hand cannon blow your brains out. I'm just debating on whether or not your ex-wife should watch. She seems sweet.

OTTO

Please. If you don't want to end up chewed up and spit out like Ian, you'll listen.

Berry BACK HANDS Otto.

OTTO (CONT'D)

OK, OK, I deserve that. Just please, just whatever you do, you keep looking at me, and I'll keep looking at you.

Berry presses the gun against his head.

BERRY

Enough games. Turn around and get on your knees.

Otto locks eyes with Berry for a beat.

OTTO

...I am not turning around.

Otto slightly turns his head and stops.

He can see it. His body is hit with waves of fear.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Oh my god. It's here. It's here.

BERRY

Boy. Who or what are you referencing?

Berry turns his head to scan the area but -

OTTO

NO! Don't look away from me! Don't do it! Keep looking towards me.

BERRY

Boy, if you don't do what I say, I'm going to shoot you in the knees and make you kneel.

OTTO

You stupid inbred hilly billy mother fucker. It's here! It's here! And it's going to kill us all the very second we stop looking at each other! You will be remembered as the stupidest mother fucker alive for not listening to me!

Berry searches Otto's eyes.

BERRY

No matter what you say to me, you made your decision when you killed Ian.

OTTO

Oh, for fuck's sake I didn't kill Ian -

BANG

Everything happens in slow motion. The same time that Berry FIRES his gun - Otto moves his head just enough so it misses by a few inches. Otto drops, keeping his eyes shut TIGHT.

Berry's almost as shocked as Otto that the gun went off.

BERRY

Oh, gee golly. I'm sorry about that. I really am. This goddamn thing has a tricky trigger finger.

Berry's notices Otto's eyes are shut and his face is pressed against his hand.

BERRY (CONT'D)

Boy. What are you scared of?

But nothing happens.

Then Madeline SCREAMS (O.S.).

Otto opens his eyes.

Then Curly SCREAMS (O.S.).

OTTO  
Madeline?!

Through the window, Curly's body falls to the floor. Berry runs inside. Otto follows behind.

BERRY  
Curly!

**INT. CABIN - DAY**

Berry rushes inside, but then stops in his tracks.

Berry can't believe what's in front of him.

Curly's entire back has been FILLETED with his spinal cord exposed. Otto walks in behind him.

BERRY  
My god.

MADELINE (O.S.)  
Help!

They look towards the direction of her voice. They see her gripping fingers on the edge of the window pane.

Then they're yanked away.

OTTO  
MADELINE!

Otto tries to run after her but Berry points his weapon.

BERRY  
No! You aren't going anywhere!

OTTO  
If I told you, you wouldn't believe me. All I know is that we gotta save my wife.

Berry isn't sure. Otto steps to him. Serious.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
And just to be clear, I did give you Uncle Gene Oxy. Because he asked for it. I have a prescription. He told me he had arthritis.  
(MORE)

OTTO (CONT'D)  
 I didn't kill Ian. The same thing  
 that killed Curly did. You choose  
 how to proceed.

Otto raises his hands. Pleading with Berry with his eyes.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
 But every second that passes, that  
 thing could be killing my wife. Then  
 after her - it may kill someone else  
 you love.

Berry points his weapon at the ground.

BERRY  
 I'll help you only on one condition.

OTTO  
 Name it.

BERRY  
 I get to watch this thing suffer  
 before it dies.

OTTO  
 Probably not possible, but we can  
 definitely try.

Otto hands Berry a broken piece of mirror.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
 Trust me. You will need it.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Berry and Otto chase the screams. Berry then notices  
 something red and gelatinous on the tips of the branches.

EYEBALLS. Hung like Christmas ornaments.

Otto stumbles to the floor.

Berry runs over to give him a hand.

Berry sees the SNAKE BITE. Pussing. Purple. Black.

BERRY  
 What the hell happened to your arm?!

**OTTO'S POV**

Berry coming in and out of the darkness.

BERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
If you don't get that checked out,  
you ain't going to make it.

Berry comes back from the dark.

BERRY (CONT'D)  
Boy? Do you hear me?

Berry goes out of focus then back to black.

BERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Don't you go under now. You stay  
awake.

Berry comes in, but this time from the very corner of his POV  
he can see the outline of the thing stooped on a tree.

Looking evil as fuck.

Otto SCREAMS.

OTTO  
RUN!!!!!!

But it's too late. The thing jumps on the back of Berry and  
digs a talon into the back of his head.

The talon pops an eye ball like a shish kebab.

Then yanks the eye ball back through his head.

Then the other eye gets the same treatment.

Berry's body drops on top of Otto. Torrents of blood spill  
from his eyes on Otto's face.

Then the creature wrenches Berry's body, flapping like a fish  
being dragged onto dry land.

Then it LEAPS on Otto -

BUT OTTO HAS THE MIRROR ON HIS FACE.

We hear the creature ROAR then run away in the woods.

Leaving Otto with the mirror on his face.

Otto feels something pull on his leg.

He KICKS it off.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME! YOU DEMON  
PIECE OF SHIT! GET OFF OF ME!

MADELINE  
It's me!

Through the blurriness he can see Madeline. Her face is scratched. She's bleeding. But she's OK.

Otto reaches for her but she pulls away. He hands her a shard of mirror.

OTTO  
You have to cut my eyes open or we  
will both die.

MADELINE  
What?

She holds the glass in her hand. She looks at his face. He looks like Rocky after a 15 round fight.

OTTO  
You have to cut -

She just fucking does it with little fuck to any pain that Otto may feel. Slicing his lids open like Pauly to Rocky.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
WHAT THE FUCK!

MADELINE  
That's what you wanted, right?!

He SCREAMS -

### **BY THE CABIN**

Otto and Madeline hold hands. Side stepping in unison, gazing into each other's eyes. Well, Otto's bloody eyes.

It's awkward. But it also smells horrid. The thing is very close. Watching them. Waiting for them to make a mistake.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
That smells disgusting. It's the  
worst thing I've ever -

Madeline gags but fights it.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
I hate vomiting. I don't want to  
vomit. But I can't -

OTTO

You're going to have to vomit. That thing isn't going away. But if you look away from me, while you do it. I'm going to die.

Madeline locks eyes with Otto. Maybe he shouldn't have given her that option. Otto squirms.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I mean... If you want me to die. All you have to do is look away -

Madeline opens her mouth. A pink slime slides from her throat, then trickles to the floor.

She never stops eye contact. Just vomiting. She finishes. Then wipes her mouth.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I love you.

Madeline stares a hole through him. She hates him.

MADELINE

Get us home.

Otto nods towards the cabin.

OTTO

We're going to go side step back to the cabin. Then we're going to grab the keys, and we're going to leave...

Madeline nods. Together they step in unison. Timing their steps. So they are always facing each other.

#### **INT. CABIN - DAY**

They enter through the cabin.

MADELINE

I can't see the keys.

OTTO

OK, let's slowly spin around in a circle. OK?

Madeline and Otto then very carefully circle, stepping over Curly's body. Allowing her to look for her keys -

MADELINE

Otto, I see them.

OTTO

Good, good, tell me where they are.

MADELINE

You're not going to like it.

OTTO

Just tell me.

MADELINE

They're inside of Curly.

Otto takes a deep breath.

OTTO

Guide me.

She motions towards the keys with her eyes.

MADELINE

Down by your right foot.

Otto reaches.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

A little more to the left.

His hand presses on the exposed spine of Curly.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

More down. They're right there.

He slides his hands to find the keys. He tries to pull them, but they're caught. He pulls on them harder.

The keys SNAP from the spine. He has them. They're covered in blood, but he has them.

OTTO

That wasn't even the weirdest thing  
I've done in the last 24 hours.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

They exit the home. Same formation. Otto isn't looking great. He tosses her the keys.

OTTO

I can't drive.

Madeline nods. She walks to the other side of the van. Otto steps inside. They do this without ever looking away.

**INT. MINIVAN - DAY**

Madeline slides inside. Then finally, they take a breath.

MADELINE

Now what?

OTTO

Without looking away from me, put the keys in the ignition.

She does exactly what he says.

OTTO (CONT'D)

OK, I'm going to count to three, then you're going to drive, and then I'm going to look around while you drive, and try to keep us safe.

Madeline nods. She turns her ignition on. Start the car. Puts the car in reverse.

OTTO (CONT'D)

One... Two... Three -

MADELINE

WAIT!

OTTO

Holy shit, what!

MADELINE

I'm just going to do it.

OTTO

When will I know -

She SLAMS the accelerator. She SCREAMS. The minivan gets about two feet when a TIRE SLASHED.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She presses the gas trying to move, but another tire has already been SLASHED.

Madeline SLAMS on the accelerator, but it just digs into the ground. Sending the minivan into an awkward angle.

Then it SLAMS into the side of Ian's Lincoln Town car.



Otto smells the air.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
It's close, but...

Otto gazes into the woods.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Do you see anything?

MADELINE  
What should I be looking for?

OTTO  
A black shadow in the corner of your  
eye.

Madeline tries looking. Her eyes land on the LINCOLN'S SIDE MIRROR. She can see herself in it.

Then she turns to the COP CAR'S SIDE MIRROR. She can see herself there as well.

MADELINE  
You said this thing is hurt by being  
seen? Meaning, by anything,  
including mirrors, right?

OTTO  
Yeah.

She points to the cop car's side mirror.

MADELINE  
I think we just created our own  
circle of protection.

Otto looks at all the review mirrors, facing each other, creating a triangle of protection around their car.

OTTO  
Holy shit. You're right.

MADELINE  
So that means we're safe?

Otto points to the setting sun.

OTTO  
Until it gets dark.

MADELINE  
I'm not ready to process that  
information right now.

She presses her knees against her chest, then whimpers. Otto reaches for her, but she recoils again.

A long beat on the married couple.

Then something catches Otto's eye. Something terrifying...

OTTO

Don't turn your head. Just from the corner of your eyes. You can see it. Right over there by the bushes. You can just barely see it. But it's there.

Madeline looks from the corner of her eye.

MADELINE

Otto, I swear I don't see it. You sure it's actually -

OTTO

Give it a second Madeline. Just be patient.

MADELINE

Otto, I'm telling you I don't see it. There's nothing there.

OTTO

Madeline, listen, just please listen  
-

Madeline tenses. She sees it.

MADELINE

Oh my...

A chill takes Madeline.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

What does it want?

OTTO

It wants to kill anything with eyes. Then... Possess me.

Madeline rocks back and forth in her chair.

Then looks him dead in the eye.

MADELINE

I'm pregnant.

Otto can't even right now.

This drops like a ton of bricks. He has no words.

OTTO

Is it mine...

MADELINE

Unfortunately.

(then)

I love you Otto, but you have to understand that I can lie to myself and forgive you. We can go to therapy, and I can forgive you there too. I can even say I love you. But deep down inside, you know, I can never really forgive you, and things will never be the same. I'm going to have this kid, and things will be different. I can never trust you alone with the baby. There will be major guidelines. And if they're slightly broken, you will never see your child again. You understand?

OTTO

I understand. I deserve that.

He presses his knees against his chest. Buries his head.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I have a drinking problem.

She nods her head, like finally, but it's too little too late. Otto knows it.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I never even tried to quit after what happened. I just pretended it was an accident. I was just pouring a beer anyway. It could have been coffee. Could have happened to anyone. I just couldn't bare that responsibility... So I just kept...

Otto cries into his hands. Madeline doesn't reach for him though, even though she wants to. She lets him cry.

He lets out a howl. Then pulls himself together.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Oh, god. I'm so fucked up. This is so fucked up. What are we going to do?

Madeline shakes her head to herself. She's not sure either.

Then Otto notices something in the backseat.

He grabs it.

A box of GLITTER.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Glitter.

MADELINE

What does that have to do with anything?

OTTO

Glitter is basically like little tiny mirrors, right?

MADELINE

Yeah...

Madeline nods, she starting to get it.

OTTO

I'm going to get out of the van, and push you out. You're going to slam the car in reverse. Once we're out of the ditch, we will go as far as we can on these slashed tires. Then when the car doesn't work anymore. We will run.

MADELINE

I'm not scared.

OTTO

Madeline, I can't not do this. I can't lose another child. Not cause of me. Not cause of me. Not again. Not ever. Not ever. I don't care what happens. You will continue living, you will have this kid.

For the first time in a long time, she hugs him tight.

MADELINE

Otto...

OTTO

I love you, too. Start the car.

She starts the engine. Moxy fills Otto as he concentrates.

OTTO (CONT'D)

OK, I'm going to count to three.

Madeline puts the car in reverse.

Revs the engine.

Revving...

Revving...

OTTO (CONT'D)

Here we go...

He reaches for her hand.

OTTO (CONT'D)

One...Two...

Madeline stops Otto.

MADELINE

I don't want you to go. You maybe a major piece of boobie sometimes, but you're my piece of boobie.

Otto smiles, then BURSTS from the door.

**EXT. MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Otto runs to the front of the van and PUSHES the fuck out of it with everything he has left.

**INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Madeline puts the car in reverse. Then SLAMS the pedal.

**EXT. MINIVAN - NIGHT**

The veins bulge in Otto's forehead as he pushes.

**INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Madeline feels the car uplift from the ditch.

MADELINE

It's working! It's working! We're going! We're going! Otto! Come on!

Otto gives one final push. The car falls back on flat land.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Otto! Get back in the car!

When she looks at Otto. He's looking at her, not moving.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
 Otto? Get in the car! Don't do this.  
 I changed my mind. Don't do this.

He mouths the words, *I LOVE YOU*.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
 Otto! No!

Then he SPRINTS into the woods.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Otto RUNS through the woods SCREAMING like a mad man. Trying to draw out the creature towards him.

OTTO  
 Come on! You demon mother fucker!  
 Let's do this!

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

With tears in her eyes Madeline SMASHES through the Lincoln and the cop car.

**EXT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

The minivan, in reverse, barrels down the hill.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Madeline's doing her best trying to drive backwards with slashed tires.

**EXT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

The minivan goes for a K turn.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Madeline puts the car in drive. Then slams the accelerator.

MADELINE  
 Come on! Come on! Come on!

She tries accelerating, but the tire is caught.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
COME ON!

She presses it again and again

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
For the love of god! Come on!

**EXT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

The minivan upheaves, pulling itself from the ditch.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

The minivan is moving. Madeline's elated.

MADELINE  
Yes! Yes! Let's go!

She turns and there's nothing but road. She's free. The minivan rumbles with slashed tires, passing the scenic route.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT**

Then a tire hits a ROCK. The VAN then loses control.  
VEERS OFF THE ROAD.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

The minivan CAPSIZES. Madeline SCREAMS.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT**

The minivan falls on the very edge of a STEEP PRECIPICE.  
Teetering, balancing on tree roots.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Madeline keeps very, very, very still. Not trying to shift her weight at all. Not moving a muscle.

MADELINE  
Oh, please. Oh, please. Oh, please.

The minivan SHIFTS.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

AH!

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Otto runs like a lunatic in the woods. Banging on trees. Branches. Making noise. Doing anything he can.

OTTO

Come on! You mother fucker! Come and get it! Come and get it! You demon fuck! Fucking kill me!

He shakes his ass.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Come on! I'm right fucking here! Come and get it! Let's go! Kill me! You rat-faced mother fucker!

The STAKE that was used to stab the creature.

It's resting on a STONE.

Then we hear a SNARL.

Just light enough to know.

It's behind him.

Unbeknownst to the creature, in Otto's hand is -

A BOX OF GLITTER.

It stalks Otto.

Lunge to a crawl to a leap to a jump. The creature circles Otto much like before in the cabin.

Trying to spin Otto around and around.

He's YANKED from the bottom of his feet, falling face first.

The BOX OF GLITTER spills across a rock.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Madeline is keeping so fucking still right now.

MADELINE

Oh god, please. Please. If there's demons. That means there's a god.

(MORE)

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Please. Don't let me die this way.

Please -

The van FALLS a few feet, then gets stopped behind a rock, giving her a birds eye view of her fall.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Otto grabs a handful of what glitter is left and holds his position, as he gets back to his feet.

He can hear the creature stalking him. Prowling. Circling. Waiting for the perfect time to pounce.

Then he puts his hands in his pockets.

OTTO

Here I'll make it easy for you.

He closes his eyes.

OTTO (CONT'D)

But just so you know, you smell like  
shit -

It SPRINGS at Otto.

From his pockets -

Otto throws -

GLITTER INTO THE SKY.

The creature SHRIEKS in a way we haven't heard before.

A demonic outline of glitter crumbles.

It rolls on the ground screaming in agony.

Almost like watching a wild animal burn alive.

It's a long, agonizing death that takes longer than we think it should. Then the creature disappears.

Leaving nothing but glitter on this Earth.

Otto did it.

He can't believe it.

His hands sparkle.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Glitter.

Then he hears Madeline SCREAM (O.S.).

OTTO (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no...

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Otto trips as he tries to follow the screams. He falls. He tumbles. His vision is blurry, but he's going.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT**

Otto bursts from the woods onto the dirt road.

OTTO

Madeline?!

He listens for a scream, but doesn't hear anything.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Madeline?! Where are you?!

He's on all four touching the road.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Madeline!

Then from a far, we hear...

MADELINE

Otto!

Otto makes his way towards her direction.

OTTO

My eyes, Madeline. I can't see. I for real can't see!

MADELINE

I'm over here!

Otto aimlessly crawls while the van rests a few feet away from him balancing on the side of the mountain.

OTTO

Maddy! I really can't see!

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Madeline can see Otto crawling. The minivan is dangerously close to taking a deep dive.

MADELINE  
Stop! Turn right! Turn right!

The van moves from Madeline's screaming. Otto follows her orders though.

MADELINE  
(whisper)  
Walk straight.

OTTO  
What? I can't hear you!

MADELINE  
(firm whisper)  
Walk. Straight.

**EXT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Without knowing, Otto puts his hand on the minivan ROCKING it towards a LONG FALL.

MADELINE  
OTTO! NO! DON'T TOUCH THE VAN!

Otto pulls his hand away.

**INT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Madeline sees Otto backing away. She watches him do so.

MADELINE  
Now crawl forward, but slowly.

She watches as he follows her direction.

MADELINE  
Stop! Stop right there. Now, slowly, turn right and I want you to reach out. You're going to be looking for a door. But do it gently.

**EXT. MADELINE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

Ever so carefully, Otto reaches.

MADELINE  
OK. Good. Good.

As Otto reaches, he himself is getting closer to the edge.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
Almost there, Otto. Almost -

Otto loses his balance and FALLS.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
OTTO!

Otto scrambles to grab onto a root, a rock, anything, but he completely misses. He's going to fall to his doom.

Madeline doesn't have a lot of time to make a decision.

She LEAPS from the van.

The minivan CRASHES down the mountain.

She GRABS Otto before he falls with it.

She watches as the van tumbles to its doom.

Leaving them both in each other's arms. Madeline hugs him tight. Otto's hyperventilating.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
Come on. Look at me. Breathe.  
Breathe. You can do it. Calm down.  
We're both still alive. We're both  
still alive. Everything's OK.

Madeline breathes with him until he calms.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
Come on, honey. You have to help us  
get out of here.

She steadies. Then takes his hand. Then guides him pulling Otto to the mountain.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
Are you OK?

OTTO  
I don't know if I'm ever going to  
see again.

MADELINE  
No, no, no, don't say that. We're  
going to get you all fixed up.

Otto's hand SLIPS away from Madeline's hand.  
 In a flash, Otto is YANKED into the woods.  
 Before Madeline can even register what happened.  
 Otto is gone.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

OTTO!

There's nothing in her hands. The trees shake, the scream dissipates. She's left by himself.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Otto?!

Madeline sprints in one direction. Then another. She doesn't know what to do.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Otto?!

Then a beat.

She looks towards the exit for Berry Cabins. She can see the highway. She can leave. She can walk home and leave Otto.

Her and her baby. They can leave.

She holds her stomach. Crying.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Otto.

She made her decision.

She runs towards the HIGHWAY.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

A truck almost ANNIHILATES Madeline.

She falls to the floor, crying.

She's spilled out on the ground, on her knees.

Then she hears -

Otto SCREAM.

MADELINE

I hate you so much...

She turns.

She charges towards her ex-husband's direction.

**INT. FINAL WOODS - NIGHT**

Madeline chases the screams of Otto.

Trying to follow the sounds of his body being dragged.

Then she stops running.

She spins.

She can't hear him anymore.

MADELINE

Otto?!

She can't tell which way he went. Then very faintly, she hears him again. She keeps running. No matter how much she trips. No matter how much she falls. She keeps going.

Then she JUMPS behind a tree.

We hear BREATHING.

The thing is close.

Then in a FLASH we see a creature move through the darkness.

Madeline tries to follow the sound with her eyes.

Everything is black, but through the darkness she can see Otto has been tied and gagged much like before.

She hears something.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Another massive TRUCK comes barreling down the highway.

They're closer to the highway than Madeline thought...

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Madeline has to time her attack with the truck.

She's timing it just right...

Madeline wraps her eyes with the cutest bandana you ever did see with fat cartoon cows.

MADELINE  
Oh, fudge sticks.

Madeline CHARGES in a blind rage.

**QUICK CUTS (It's dark and hard to see)**

- Madeline TACKLES the demon onto the highway.
- Madeline rolls onto the highway with the creature.
- The creature ENDS on top of her.
- The bandana is RIPPED from her face.
- But she KEEPS HER EYES SHUT.
- THE CREATURE SCREAMS IN MADELINE'S FACE.
- MIXING AN ONCOMING TRUCK HORN!
- MADELINE GETS IN THE CREATURE'S FACE!

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
FUCK YOU!

- WWWWWWHHHHHOoooooooooooooSSSSSSHHHHH

A cacophony of demonic SCREECHING, truck HORN, and a sickening THUD. The demon just got hit by the truck.

**END OF MONTAGE**

**EXT. BY THE TRUCK - NIGHT**

The truck has pulled over.

A TRUCK DRIVER steps out of the truck, confused as to what the fuck just happened.

He checks his front cab.

There's a MASSIVE DENT.

He looks down the highway -

Madeline's gone.

**INT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Madeline finds Otto.

MADELINE  
Are you OK?

OTTO  
Yeah, I think so. I'm OK.

She helps untie him.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Madeline looks through the trees.

The Truck Driver is checking the front of his cab. He confused as to what the hell he hit.

Madeline just about to scream for his attention when -

OTTO  
Wait.

The Truck Driver walks behind his cab.

They can't see him anymore.

OTTO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Did you kill it? Is it dead?

MADELINE  
I'm not sure...

Otto and Madeline wait patiently for the truck driver to reappear.

We hold on this for a beat, until -

The truck driver reappears, plain as day. Shaking his head, cursing himself.

The truck driver gets in the truck.

Otto and Madeline run into the street.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
HEY! OVER HERE! OVER HERE!

The truck driver sees them coming his way.

He waves at them.

TRUCK DRIVER  
Everything, OK?!

MADELINE  
WE NEED HELP!

TRUCK DRIVER  
Hold on! Right there! I'll bring the  
truck to you!

Truck Driver jumps in the cab of his truck.

Otto and Madeline embrace, waiting, looking around anxiously.

Otto looks back at the truck, but it isn't moving.

MADELINE  
Hello?!

The truck just sits there.

OTTO  
What's it doing? Is he coming?

MADELINE  
It's just sitting there.

Otto and Madeline start the other way, trying to move as fast  
as they can.

OTTO  
We should go...

Then without warning, the truck starts, and pulls besides  
them. Madeline looks inside to find -

A big bellied man with a "BERRY'S CABINS" T-shirt.

TRUCK DRIVER  
What in god's name happened to you  
two?

MADELINE  
Are you part of the Berry family?

TRUCK DRIVER  
Fuck, no. Do I look inbred to you?  
This shirt was free at the truck  
stop.

He kind of does look inbred, but that's another story.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)  
What happened to him?

MADELINE

Uhhh -

OTTO

Snake bite.

TRUCK DRIVER

A snake did that to you?!

Truck Driver opens the door.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

Get in. Nearest hospital is about 10 miles that way. I have a first aid kit.

Madeline helps Otto in the truck.

**LATER**

Otto's passed out on Madeline's shoulder.

They're getting away.

They survived.

She rests her hand on her belly.

Madeline kisses Otto on the head.

Then closes her eyes.

The Truck Driver keeps driving.

Then the Truck Driver notices specs on his wind shield.

He squints his eyes.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Is that glitter?

**FADE OUT.**