

Good Friday

by

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In the late 1980s, a church youth group on an Easter weekend campout in the Tennessee wilderness runs for their lives when a sadistic Satanic coven, there celebrating the death of Christ, viciously hunts them in order to satisfy their need for human sacrifice.

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FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - MORNING

Colorful stained-glass windows adorn a picturesque, old-fashioned sanctuary as a pipe organ beautifully plays the hymn "It Is Well With My Soul."

TITLE CARD:

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1987

ONE WEEK BEFORE EASTER

CEDAR FALLS, TENNESSEE

Accompanying the organ, a CONGREGATION of about two-hundred-fifty SING the first verse. They stand at elegant white, red-cushioned pews holding hymnals and vociferously belting out the song.

From behind the pulpit, a MUSIC MINISTER in a sharp navy suit leads them as his raised arm flows to the melody. A CHOIR of about thirty, in matching robes, stands and SINGS behind him.

INT. COUNTRY CHAPEL - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - FLASH FORWARD

The SINGING continues.

Closed window-shutters darken the inside of an abandoned, run-down chapel. Past the plain, wooden pews, the REAR DOORS slowly open to expose bright sunlight.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL

Through the doors, FBI AGENTS in navy wind-breakers and POLICE OFFICERS in tan uniforms mill around eight black BODY BAGS that line the grounds in front of the chapel steps.

The SINGING continues.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - CURRENT

When the song concludes, a gray-headed PASTOR struts to the pulpit as the Music Minister walks down to his seat.

In his charcoal suit, the distinguished Pastor smiles as he grips both sides of the oak pulpit. He motions for the choir and congregation to sit. They do.

PASTOR
"When peace like a river."
(nods)
(MORE)

PASTOR (CONT'D)

That may be my favorite hymn of all time.

Pastor walks out from behind the pulpit. Paces the stage.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

The author of that beautiful song lost five children and all he owned in the Great Chicago Fire, but his faith remained steadfast.

(squints)

"Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say."

(nods)

It is well with my soul today. How about your's?...A-men?

The congregation REPLIES "A-men". Pastor returns to pulpit.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Well, Easter Sunday is upon us once again. What a wonderful time of celebration. This year, our youth here at First Methodist is going on an Easter weekend campout.

He pauses as some in the congregation APPLAUD.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

I'm sure it'll be a wonderful time of fellowship for these Godly boys and girls who are the future of our church. A-men?

Many in the congregation REPLY with "A-men."

The Pastor summons youth minister, PASTOR JON TAYLOR (30s). Accompanied by bookish-looking spectacles, a thin-lapel suit and a tight haircut, Pastor Jon marches to the pulpit.

Pastor steps back. Pastor Jon positions behind the pulpit.

PASTOR JON

Thank you, Pastor. Yes, we're going to Chickasaw State Park. We'll load up the vans bright and early Good Friday morning. After eating our weight in hot dogs and smores--

He pauses for polite LAUGHTER from the congregation.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
 --we'll have a beautiful sunrise
 service on Easter morning at the
 camp's chapel then return home
 safely that afternoon.

Some APPLAUSE from the congregation.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
 Now, we are seeking donations. So,
 if you'd like to give to help fund
 our trip, please see me or put it
 in the offering plate. Thank you.

Pastor Jon sharply nods to the elder Pastor. Strides back
 down as the Pastor takes his place behind the pulpit.

PASTOR
 It's a great cause so please give.
 ...Now, let's open our Bibles to
 Second Timothy Chapter 2, Verse 3.

ON CONGREGATION

Pastor Jon takes his seat on a pew among the boys and girls
 of the youth group. They smile at him and open their Bibles.

NATE DUTTON (17), MATT HUDSON (17) and MARCUS MILLER (18),
 sit in the row behind Pastor Jon. Marcus, a heart-throb
 pretty boy type, pats Pastor Jon's shoulder. Pastor Jon turns
 his head and nods.

Nate and Matt pass a notepad playing Tic-tac-toe. Sitting by
 them is a homely girl named ANDREA (16) wearing a bright pink
 dress with a brown bob haircut. With her open Bible in her
 lap and yellow highlighter in hand, she snarls at the boys.

When it's Matt's turn, the mop-headed class clown draws a
 fist with the middle finger raised. He flashes it at Andrea.
 She's aghast. Frowns at him. Grits her teeth as she faces
 forward and ignores them.

Nate's shaggy bangs bounce as the attractively awkward teen
 knee-slaps a silent laugh. Facing forward, Marcus elbows him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - AFTER SERVICE

The congregation flows out the rear doors. Nate, Matt, and
 Marcus walk toward the parking lot.

MARCUS
 You bringing anything on the trip?

NATE

Like what?

MARCUS

For extra-curricular activities--

Patting his sport coat pocket, Matt quips...

MATT

Shit, I'll have a flask on me at all times. You douches are on your own.

NATE

If Pastor Jon finds out--

MATT

He won't find out. Just be cool.

NATE

Alright, alright. I'll be cool. I'll see what I can get from the parent's stash.

MARCUS

I'll see what I can get too.

MATT

Hell, we gotta have something to make it more exciting.

MARCUS

(grabs his groin)

I got something that'll make it more exciting.

NATE

So, you and Simone? Finally--

MATT

I'll bring her some tweezers.

Nate LAUGHS. Marcus frowns. Shoves Matt as they stroll.

MARCUS

Damn right. It's gonna happen--

MATT

Sure...Sure. We'll hold our breath, Swayze.

MARCUS

(Squints, shakes his head)

Asshole.

They sidle up to WENDY MARTIN (16), who walks slower ahead of them. The petite Tennessee tomboy glances up at the boys with her dirty blonde pony tail swaying behind her.

MATT

Hey, Pooh.

Her Bible in her folded arms, she stares at him as she walks.

MATT (CONT'D)

Is your grandma gonna let you come with us this weekend?

WENDY

Of course, why wouldn't--

MATT

You sure you can be away from the hogs for that long?

MARCUS

Matt, stop.

Nate CHUCKLES. Wendy rolls her eyes as Matt leans over and fakes a punch to her shoulder. She flinches.

MATT

Psyche!

MARCUS

(puts his hand up)
Seriously, leave Wendy alone.

Talking to a church PATRON, Pastor Jon notices the roughhousing. Abruptly ends his conversation. Approaches them.

PASTOR JON

Matt?...I won't put up with this on the campout. You all need to get along--

WENDY

It's fine--I...I'm fine.

Marcus steps next to Wendy. Smirks as he says...

MARCUS

Pastor--I think Matt just feels inferior around women and sometimes needs to exude some male prowess.

Matt's eyes droop and his jaw slightly drops as he tries to find the right quip. Pastor Jon grins. Nate LAUGHS.

NATE
That's a polite way of putting it--

MATT
(under his breath)
Shut up.

MARCUS
We'll all get along, Pastor.

Wendy smiles at Marcus.

WENDY
I'll do my part to get along.

Beat. Matt frowns, but nods. Pastor Jon nods. Walks away.

Nate puts his arm around Matt. Looks at Wendy.

NATE
We're gonna have so much fun.

Marcus glares at Nate.

MARCUS
You're a fucking asshole too.

NATE
What?

Nate smirks as they walk in opposite direction of Wendy. Her face tightens. Mouth quivers as her eyes well up.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FBI OFFICE - FLASH FORWARD

Wendy, slightly disheveled hair, facial bruises, but in a CLEAN WHITE T-SHIRT, looks frazzled as she sits alone at a table and faces the door of the small interrogation room.

Door opens. FBI special agent HOWARD GUNDERSON (50s) walks in. Shuts the door. With a badge and holstered GUN belted below his overhanging paunch, the slightly balding agent slides the chair out. Sits across from Wendy.

AGENT GUNDERSON
Wendy, I'm Special Agent Howard Gunderson. You can call me Special Agent Gunderson. We need to get the full story here. So, I need you to tell me everything that occurred on the campout. Everything.

Wendy, flushed and tearful, studies the speckled linoleum.

WENDY

I-I don't know. It was like, like a dream...A nightmare.

AGENT GUNDERSON

Let's talk about who was on the campout.

Wendy GULPS as an empty gaze crosses her face.

WENDY

I remember bodies...blood.
...Are they all gone?

Agent Gunderson scribbles on his notepad. Wendy puts her hand over her mouth as tears roll down her cheeks.

INT. PAULA'S BEDROOM - DUTTON'S HOUSE - EVENING

In matching high school t-shirts and gym shorts, PAULA DUTTON (17) and SIMONE KING (17), lie on Paula's bed skimming through a picture box surrounded by boy band posters.

On her belly, Paula, a girl-next-door type, kicks her feet in the air as she holds up a picture to the head-turner Simone.

PAULA

Ha ha, look at this one. Our hair.
Wow, we were like, what, twelve?

The slender brunette snatches the photo from Paula.

SIMONE

Ha ha, Oh...my...God. That hair.

PAULA

Thank God we grew out of that sprayed poof stage. You know, I think the two of us alone were keeping Aqua-net in business.

SIMONE

(looking at picture)
Whatever! I like the poof. You know, maybe I'll try it out again.

PAULA

Sure, and if you, like, ever want to have sex, then you'll forget you ever said that.

They both start LAUGHING. Paula takes the picture back.

PAULA (CONT'D)
 (looking at picture)
 Seriously. Total limp dick--

Nate, Paula's fraternal twin brother, confidently bursts in.

PAULA (CONT'D)
 Hey, Nate. We were just talking
 about you.

NATE
 (grins)
 Oh, really?

Paula's eyes grow as she shakes her head. She SIGHS. Without looking up, Simone sits up and digs through the picture box.

SIMONE
 Hey, Nate.

With a smirk, he greets her with a nod and a simple...

NATE
 Simone.

Paula rolls her eyes. Simone YAWNS as Nate plops down in a bean-bag chair close to the bed.

PAULA
God...What do you want, Nate?

NATE
 Just checking on my sis and
 her...hot friend.

With a pink-lipped half smile, Simone glowers at Nate. Shakes her head. Paula sits on her knees. Points to the door.

PAULA
 Get...out.

NATE
 (ignores Paula)
 So, Simone? Looking forward to the
 trip?

SIMONE
 Um, sure, I guess. We're staying in
 cabins right?

NATE
 Nope, tents. But...don't worry, the
 guys'll pitch a tent for you.

SIMONE

I guess. I hate tents. I wish we--

Paula squints as she gives Nate an ominous stare.

PAULA

He was being a dirty asshole.

Simone gives Paula a quizzical look. After a light-bulb moment, she quickly shoots a stare over at Nate.

SIMONE

Oh! That's disgusting!

Nate LAUGHS.

From another room, a man and woman ARGUE. Paula stares at the door. Looks at Nate. Nate EXHALES. Simone sits silent.

Beat. Paula shakes her head. Points to the door.

PAULA

(to Nate)

Get out.

Nate starts to walk out, but pauses in the doorway.

NATE

You know...Simone, Marcus wants--

SIMONE

I know what Marcus wants...
What...ever. He can keep dreaming.

NATE

Owwwww, ice cold...Damn.

Paula picks up a CD CASE off the bed and hurls it at Nate. He ducks and scampers away. It hits the wall next to the door.

EXT. PUCKETT'S CORNER PHARMACY - TOWN SQUARE - AFTERNOON

The spring sunshine bounces off the lush green lawn of the old-style courthouse nestled in the heart of the square.

As window SHOPPERS stroll the sidewalks, the youth group wanders about seeking donations. Nate, Matt, and Marcus approach the corner pharmacy.

INT. PUCKETT'S CORNER PHARMACY

A bell DINGS as the boys enter. MR. PUCKETT, the bushy-mustached pharmacist, looks up from behind the counter with his bifocals sliding down his nose. In a white lab coat, but with bright accessories, Andrea stocks shelves.

As they saunter past, Matt winks at her. She snarls at him and turns to Marcus. She awards him a shy smile.

ANDREA

Hi, Marcus.

He gives her a pretty boy, wide toothy grin.

MARCUS

Sup, Andrea?

They continue to the front counter.

NATE

Hey, Mr. Puckett, how's business?

Writing on his notepad, Mr. Puckett doesn't look up.

MR. PUCKETT

Nate. Boys.

(glances up)

Well, being the local drug dealer definitely has its benefits.

He CHUCKLES and grins. They return it with smiles.

MARCUS

Mr. Puckett, wanna donate for our trip?

MR. PUCKETT

You can earn it. I need help around here...Andrea's stocking shelves. She should be back here helping me.

MARCUS

No, no. It's for our youth campout.

Mr. Puckett sets his notepad down and pushes his glasses up.

NATE

We're going camping at Chickasaw for Easter weekend.

MR. PUCKETT

Huh? Andrea hasn't mentioned that yet. The money goes to the church?

NATE

Every penny.

MR. PUCKETT

How do I know you boys aren't just wanting me to dig into my register.

MARCUS

You can ask Pastor Jon. We swear every penny is for the youth group.

MR. PUCKETT

Well...I'll donate. I'll find Jon later and give him my donation. I tell you what though. Grab a few cases of soft drinks, some bags of chips and whatnot off the shelf.

Mr. Puckett approaches the boys and hands them plastic bags. They take the bags and head toward the food.

NATE

Wow, thanks, Mr. Puckett.

MARCUS

Yeah, thanks.

MR. PUCKETT

You enjoy your trip now, ya hear?

Mr. Puckett walks back behind the counter.

NATE

You got it, Mr. Puckett. We appreciate it.

They approach the food and start filling the bags. When Mr. Puckett steps in the back, Matt grabs candy, gum, and jerky. With big eyes, Nate looks at the back room door.

NATE (CONT'D)

Dude?

Matt grins at his friends as he sneaks over and steals a couple LIGHTERS and packs of cigarettes from behind the counter. He throws them in the bag. Gloats at Nate.

MATT

This is considered "whatnot".

Andrea frowns as she watches. Marcus mouths "Sorry" to her as they head for the exit. She gives him a forgiving half smile.

From the back of the pharmacy, they suddenly hear...

MR. PUCKETT
Boys! Stop! Stop right there.

They freeze and fearfully glance at each other. Mr. Puckett jogs up with a couple of small white boxes in his arms.

MR. PUCKETT (CONT'D)
Here ya go. You never know if you might need these.

He holds two FIRST AID KITS. Nate, carrying the food bags, opens one of the bags. Mr. Puckett drops them in it.

NATE
S-sure, Mr. Puckett. Thanks.

Mr. Puckett smiles. Strides back. The boys EXHALE in relief.

EXT. SIDEWALK - TOWN SQUARE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Paula, Simone, and JUDY exit a storefront. Marcus, Nate, and Matt stop to chat as they stroll past. Nate nods. Smirks.

NATE
Sis.

PAULA
Hey, fetus dick. How are the circle jerk boys doing?

Simone covers her mouth as she and Judy GIGGLE.

NATE
We're doing fine. One-hundred forty dollars fine. And, some snacks and drinks...How about the scissor sisters? What's your tally?

PAULA
We still have some more stops. We haven't been out here as long. Plus, we aren't giving hand jobs for donations.

Simone, Judy, and Matt LAUGH. Nate squints at Paula.

MATT
Come on, dude. That was funny.

Nate jokingly flips her off as he, Marcus and Matt walk on.

The girls begin to walk to their next stop. As they pass a store, Paula eyes Wendy staring out the window.

Wendy waves. Smiles. Paula smiles and nods. Simone grins as well. Judy ekes out a fake smile.

SIMONE
Think she has a tiny crush on
Marcus.

Wendy turns and goes back to shopping beside her MOTHER. The girls continue their stroll.

JUDY
Pfftt. Tiny? Whatever. She's weird.

SIMONE
(squints at Judy)
Awww, she's sweet.

PAULA
Uh...She wasn't staring at Marcus.

Simone and Judy have confused expressions. Paula stops. Tilts her head. Stares at Simone. Simone's eyes grow. Judy GIGGLES.

PAULA (CONT'D)
She thinks of him as a big brother.
He's very protective of her.

JUDY
Oh, that makes so much sense--

PAULA
Judy, if you utter a word, what you did last summer with that nerd Eric and his bony fingers--

JUDY
Oh my God! Fine. Stop--

SIMONE
Huh! Now I see why she's so nice to me. I mean, she's always nice...

The girls continue to walk and converse down the sidewalk.

INT. PASTOR JON'S OFFICE - FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Wendy steps into the doorway of the small, well organized office. The wood paneled walls and fully populated book shelf behind the oak desk give the space a scholarly aura.

Pastor Jon's sits in his desk chair behind the "Associate Pastor" name plate that rests at the front of his desk. As she approaches, she stop as she hears a...

SLOW SONG PLAYED BACKWARD - BACKMASKING

She listens before approaching his door. A couple beats.

The song FADES. Then, a VOICE on the radio...

HOST (ON RADIO)

Now, you can hear what-what appears to be words masked into the music. I-I'm not telling you it's there. I want you to hear it for yourself. I'll play it again. Listen for the phrase My sweet Satan. I hear it, but lets see if you hear it too.

The slow backward SONG starts again. Wendy approaches. KNOCKS on the opened door. Pastor Jon quickly reaches over and turns down the radio. Motions for Wendy to sit.

PASTOR JON

Hey. I was just listening to some, uh, theories on secular rock music. Back-masking. Not sure if I buy into it. Who knows. These guys go on the radio. Sell a lot of books. Scaring people about...Satan.

Pastor Jon LAUGHS. Wendy smiles.

WENDY

Sounds like they're full of bullshit if you ask me.

Pastor Jon's eyes get big. He grins uncomfortably. EXHALES.

PASTOR JON

(sits forward)

I'm assuming you don't like the nickname "Pooh"? I need to have a talk with Matt--

Wendy takes a seat.

WENDY

He--he just tries to be funny. Get a laugh. "Wendy the Pooh." It was funny when we were all in kindergarten. Not so much now.

PASTOR JON

Obviously, people who do that are just trying to cover up--

WENDY

Pastor, you don't--I'm fine. I get along with those guys. I think you see things at the wrong times.

PASTOR JON

Maybe so. I want everyone to be friends. Get along.

WENDY

Well, that's naive...Unrealistic's probably a better word.

Pastor Jon's grin slowly grows into a full smile and he suppresses a laugh. He tries a different approach.

PASTOR JON

How are things at home? Alright?

WENDY

Mom works a ton. Grandad drinks a ton and Grandma weighs a ton.

(beat)

So...I hardly ever see Mom, Grandad's never sober and Grandma sits on the couch never missing her love stories. Good news is table's always got food on it.

Pastor Jon casually LAUGHS. Sits back. Gets serious.

PASTOR JON

You know if you ever need anything--

Wendy half-smiles as she interrupts...

WENDY

I know. And...I'm grateful.

Pastor Jon nods in acknowledgment of her sincerity.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FBI OFFICE - FLASH FORWARD

Wendy anxiously sits alone at the table. The door opens. Agent Gunderson walks in holding a bulging tan EVIDENCE BAG that's tied at the top. He places it on the table and sits.

AGENT GUNDERSON

So, Wendy, we found this.

Wearing latex gloves, Agent Gunderson unties the EVIDENCE BAG. Pulls out a HATCHET covered in dried blood with an EVIDENCE TAG on it. Shows to Wendy. Sets it on the table.

WENDY

Am I-I in trouble here?

AGENT GUNDERSON

Do you think you should be in trouble? Wendy, we just want your help understanding what happened.

Wendy fixates on the HATCHET on the table. As she stares...

PASTOR JON (V.O.)

(scripture)

"We all, like sheep, have gone astray, each of us have turned to our own way; and the Lord has laid upon him the iniquity of us all..."

INT. WEDNESDAY YOUTH GROUP - FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

Paula, Nate, Matt, Marcus, Simone, Wendy, Judy, and Andrea along with some OTHER YOUTH are all seated in folding chairs with Pastor Jon in a circle.

He continues reading the scripture...

PASTOR JON

"He was oppressed and afflicted, yet he did not open his mouth; He was led like a lamb to the slaughter."

He closes his Bible. Adjust his glasses. Scans the group.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

So...Is everyone going to be ready Friday morning?

(beat)

We're gonna to have a great time.

Andrea, in another colorful outfit, bursts with excitement...

ANDREA

We are. I can't wait!

Everyone stares at Andrea after her exuberant outburst.

Nate rolls his eyes at Marcus. Paula, seated by Nate, notices. Pinches his arm. He mouths "Owww" and grabs his arm.

PASTOR JON

We have tents. Don't forget your sleeping bags.

(MORE)

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

The church will have breakfast,
lunch, and dinner, but bring any
snacks you might want.

And...bring your appetites.

(goofy grin)

We'll be eating our weight in--

NATE

Hot dog eating contest?

Pastor Jon smiles and some of the youth LAUGH.

PASTOR JON

Uh, we'll see. I'm sure we'll have
enough for you growing boys--

PAULA

--and girls.

JUDY

(leans over to Wendy)

I think that includes you too?

Wendy has no expression. Judy, proud of herself, grins.

PASTOR JON

Of course, of course. Girls too.

(beat)

And...bring...your...Bibles. This
isn't just a camping trip--

JUDY

(sarcastic)

Nate, need me to bring an extra
Bible?

Andrea pats Judy's knee. Smiles. Nate scowls at Judy. SCOFFS.

NATE

I'll bring mine. I just forgot it
tonight.

(dry sarcasm)

But, thanks for being such a good
Christian and thinking of others.

Judy's mouth twists as she rolls her eyes.

PASTOR JON

(to Judy, he smiles)

That's a good example...

If anyone is bringing a friend on
the campout and needs a Bible, let
me know. I'll bring some extras.

Now, let's all bow our heads.

Everyone holds hands for the prayer. Marcus smiles as he grabs Simone's hand. She grins to herself when he looks away.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

I want you all to think about what a wonderful thing He did for us that Good Friday. It was a selfless act of love for a world full of evil. You see, without Good Friday, there would be no Easter Sunday.

EXT. PARKING LOT - FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - MORNING

TITLE CARD: GOOD FRIDAY

In front of the church, two long blue VANS, with the church name on the side, are parked with the rear doors open.

PHIL WALTERS, a balding, dad-bod chaperone in a "UT Vols" cap, loads VAN 1. Pastor Jon approaches as the kids arrive.

PASTOR JON

Take your suitcases to the back of the van. Then, let's load up.

ON REAR OF VAN 1

ROB, angst-filled teen in a black Ozzie Osbourne t-shirt, approaches with his suitcase. Phil reaches, but Rob drops it and walks away. Phil GRUMBLES as he reaches to pick it up.

Marcus, duffle bag over his shoulder, bolts over and grabs the suitcase for him. Sets it and his bag in the van. He nods at Phil and points to his "UT Vols" hat. Starts SINGING...

MARCUS

"Good ole' Rocky Top! Rocky Top,
Tennessee!"

Phil grins. Pats him on the back. SINGS with him.

EXT. SIDE DOOR OF VAN 1 - CHURCH PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Matt, Marcus, and Nate climb into the van. Mop-headed Matt sits in the front passenger seat. Props his feet on the dash.

Paula walks up with Simone and Judy. She spots Nate in the van. SIGHS. Gives JIMMY and TOMMY, two pimple-face teens in the back, a frown. Beelines for VAN 2. Her friends follow.

EXT. SIDE DOOR OF VAN 2 - CHURCH PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Paula and Simone approach VAN 2. Phil walks past. Stops.

PHIL
 (finger guns)
 Yo, girls. Whatchu talkin' bout?

Not impressed, they silently scramble into the van.

Judy, wearing her VARSITY HOODIE, climbs in. With HEADPHONES blaring into his ears, Rob lies in the back row.

EXT/INT. CHURCH VAN 1 - MOVING - ON THE ROAD - MORNING

Phil drives as Matt rides shotgun. Marcus and Nate are right behind them in the first row. Wendy sits by the window in the middle row with Andrea in her pink fanny pack next to her.

Matt puts in a hard rock cassette (ex. Metallica). Beat. Phil double-takes.

PHIL
 I-I don't know if we should be listening--

Matt SCOFFS. Turns it up a bit. Starts SINGING. Nate and Marcus mouth the words quietly.

Phil bites his lip. Focuses on the road.

ANDREA
 Ugh. Matt you're disgusting.

EXT/INT. CHURCH VAN 1 - MOVING - ON THE ROAD - MORNING

As Pastor Jon drives, Rob pops up from lying in the back seat. He slides his blaring HEADPHONES down.

ROB
 How much longer?

Paula and Simone shoot Rob a dismissive glare.

ROB (CONT'D)
 You know, some years back, some people went missing at this park.

PAULA
 No way. Pastor Jon, did anyone go missing at this park?

PASTOR JON

Hmm, I'm sure if that had happened
we'd have heard about it.

ROB

My dad said it got covered up. I
guess they didn't want to scare
people away from the park.

PAULA

(glaring at Rob)

I know some people on this trip I'd
like to see go missing.

He shrugs. Slides his HEADPHONES back on. Lies down.

EXT. COUNTRY STORE - OUTSIDE CHICKASAW STATE PARK - DAY

Both VANS are parked in front of two gas pumps that sit
outside a rustic, wood paneled country store. The kids walk
up the steps and through the store's CREAKY screen doors.

A blonde and blue GREASE MONKEY (early 20s) without a shirt
in dirty jeans and a LSU ball cap pumps gas into VAN 1.

INT. COUNTRY STORE - OUTSIDE CHICKASAW STATE PARK

A slow troubadour tune plays overhead as the kids shop the
aisles. The Tennessee flag hangs on the wall along with head
mounts of a six-point buck and a horned mountain goat.

ON CASH REGISTER

At the front, a grandfatherly STORE CLERK (60s) teaches a BOY
(12) to run the cash register. Paula, Simone and Judy
approach the register with some items. A Masonic crest hangs
on the wall behind the register.

STORE CLERK

Howdy! How you pretty girls doing?
(to boy)
Say hi, Cody.

Cody waves. Paula waves. Smiles as she sets her items down.

STORE CLERK (CONT'D)

(to Cody)
Ok, now you take their goods.

The store clerk slides Paula's items over and starts pressing
numbers on the register.

STORE CLERK (CONT'D)
 A dollar and twenty-five cents. So,
 we mash those numbers. Ok, now you
 mash the two and then the five.

Cody presses those numbers then slides Paula's other item
 over to the register.

STORE CLERK (CONT'D)
 (to Cody)
 Ok, now, how many is this one?

Judy SIGHS and rolls her eyes with annoyance.

ON HARDWARE AISLE

Nate and Matt are looking at the pocket knives. Matt picks up
 a long foldable SERRATED HACKSAW.

MATT
 Damn!

Nate picks up a handheld silver-edged HATCHET.

NATE
 Holy shit.

Marcus walks up to them. Nervous about being seen...

MARCUS
 Guys, you better put those back.

MATT
 Come on, these are fuckin' cool.

MARCUS
 Ok, yeah...these are.

Matt stands on his tiptoes. Stretches his neck. Looks up
 front. No one looking. He puts the HACKSAW down his pants.

Nate's eyes get big. Matt starts walking toward the exit.

Nate shrugs at Marcus. Marcus looks around. Grins. Hides a
 HATCHET under his shirt. Walks to the exit. Nate CHUCKLES.

ON BACK OF STORE

Wendy wanders around looking for the restroom. She finds a
 door at the back. Opens it and walks in.

INT. BACKROOM - COUNTRY STORE

There's barely any light inside. The door CREAKS as it slowly closes behind her.

She feels around for a light switch. Can't find one.

She walks down the dark hallway toward another door with dim red light at the bottom. As she gets closer, she hears what sounds like MUSIC.

DISTURBING MUSIC. SCARY. Gets louder as she gets closer.

WENDY

Hello?

She approaches the door. The CHILLING MUSIC PLAYS BACKWARDS. Back-masking VOCALS MUMBLE.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Hello? Are-are the bathrooms--

The door flies open. MUSIC GETS EXTREMELY LOUD. Red lighting behind, a shirtless MAN (30s) with a gaunt face, long black hair stands in front of her. He's covered in tattoos. Serpent tats wrap down his arms and a large eye tattoo on his neck.

She stops dead in her track. Falls to a knee. Panic crosses her face. She turns and runs back down the hall.

As she reaches the door she entered, it swings open. The light from the country store illuminates the dark hall almost blinding her.

She HYPERVENTILATES as someone grabs her. It's Marcus.

MARCUS

Wendy! You ok?

Wendy clings to him. He peers down the hall. No one there. The door at the other end is closed.

Marcus wraps his arm around her and they walk to the exit.

The store clerk approaches them as they get to the door. With squinted eyes, he says...

STORE CLERK

You look familiar. You from around here?

Marcus shakes his head.

STORE CLERK (CONT'D)

No, not you. Her.

WENDY

(still a bit shocked)

N-no. I'm not.

They exit the store.

EXT. COUNTRY STORE - OUTSIDE CHICKASAW STATE PARK - DAY

Wendy and Marcus are steps ahead as Paula, Simone, and Judy exit the store. They amble to VAN 2 at the pump. A SERVICEMAN dressed in a dirty white tank top and ragged jeans with a wolf tattoo on his arm approaches.

With oil up to his elbows, a BROWN PONY-TAIL and uneven stubble, the serviceman wolfishly sizes up Judy. She frowns as he looks her up and down. She scoffs. As he passes them, without Judy noticing, he turns. Swipes her HOODIE, leaving black oil marks on the back of it.

The girls gets in VAN 2. The blonde grease monkey pumps gas into VAN 2's tank. He draws a star in the dust on the bumper with his finger. A pentagram.

The gas pump clicks as it finishes. He removes the nozzle. Puts it back. Slaps the bumper a couple times. Pastor Jon waves out the VAN 2 driver window at him.

Grease monkey draws a circle in the dust around the pentagram. He smirks as he waves at Pastor Jon.

VAN 1 drives away. VAN 2 follows.

EXT. ENTRANCE GATE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - AFTERNOON

A dense pine tree forest waits behind a wooden gate as both vans drive in a line down the two lane road. They pass a welcome sign that reads "Chickasaw State Park".

EXT. YOUTH CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - AFTERNOON

With the VANS in a clearing a couple hundred feet behind, the group drags their bags through the trees to the campsite. Pastor Jon approaches a campfire spot with a charred circle of ash and collection of stumps that surround it. He drops the tent bags.

PASTOR JON
 (pointing to spots)
 Ok, we should put a tent here...Put
 another here....The last boy's tent
 there...And, put the girls tent
 over there.

MATT
 So, no...boy, girl, boy, girl split
 in the tents?

Nate and the boys LAUGH as some of the other kids approach.

PASTOR JON
 Very funny. No. The girls will
 share the big tent. You boys will
 all split up into the others.

NATE
 Awww, where's the fun in that--

PASTOR JON
 Guys, this is a church retreat.
 Let's not forget that.

MARCUS
 He's just joking around.

PASTOR JON
 Well, don't forget why we're here
 this weekend.

PAULA
 Pastor Jon, you don't have anything
 to worry about.

Paula squints and smirks at the boys. The girls GIGGLE.

EXT. FOREST - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - AFTERNOON

Nate, Marcus, Matt and Wendy are spread out in the woods.
 Wendy picks up kindling. Marcus CHOPS branches with a
 HATCHET. Nate SAWS a branch with the HACKSAW while Matt
 tosses rocks trying to hit tree trunks.

Matt tosses a rock and HITS the trunk right under Marcus.

MARCUS
 Hey, fucker. Stop.

Matt tosses another at the same spot.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I'm serious, you piece of shit.
I'll kick your fucking ass.

Nate LAUGHS as he saws a branch. Wendy's shakes her head.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
This is gonna take us forever if
you don't help, Matt.

Matt looks at Wendy and rolls his eyes. Starts picking up kindling. Wendy stacks hers on a pile.

NATE
Plants are alive...right?

MARCUS
Uh huh.

NATE
And these trees aren't dead. So, do
they feel pain when we saw and chop
their limbs and branches off?

Marcus stops chopping. Beat.

MARCUS
No, man. They're fucking plants.
They don't feel shit--

WENDY
The more time I spend with you
boys, the dumber I feel.

Wendy walks away from the boys and further into the woods.

EXT. DEEP FOREST - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Wendy finds a wooded area with a lot of dead limbs on the ground. She looks around at them all. Starts piling them up.

In the distance, she spots two FEMALES (20s) gathering wood. Both thin, easy on the eyes with dark hair and visible tattoos, they stop and glance at Wendy. They lock eyes. No smiles, no waves. She watches as the girls return into the woods with their piles of wood. Beat.

EXT. YOUTH CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

A white Crown Victoria SEDAN with a state parks insignia on the side drives by the vans. Winds through the trees. Parks.

Park Rangers, LUCAS ALLEN (30s) and PETER ANDREWS (30s), dressed in tan uniforms, get out. With their aviators firmly in place, they walk toward the campsite.

LUCAS

Howdy, I'm Park Ranger Lucas Allen.
You kids can call me Lucas. This
here's Pete. Er, Park Ranger Peter
Andrews...Pete.

Pete walks around the tents. Pastor Jon watches him.

PASTOR JON

Hey, Lucas.
(waves)
Pete.

LUCAS

You folks camping all weekend?

PASTOR JON

Yep. Easter weekend campout for our
church's youth group--

LUCAS

(trying to be funny)
Oh! You gonna hunt Easter eggs?

PASTOR JON

No, we...really don't--

Lucas observes the kids. Some of the boys set up tents. Some of the girls sit and talk. Others are unpacking supplies.

LUCAS

How many of ya here?

ON PETE

Pete, smacking gum, continues to walk around. He nods at Tommy and Jimmy as they put up a tent.

He walks by Simone and Paula, seated at the picnic table. He strips off his sunglasses. Stares at Simone. He gives her a creepy smirk. She returns it with a frown.

ON SCENE

PASTOR JON

Uh, eleven kids. Two adults.

Lucas nods. Pete still staring at Simone walks up next to Lucas. He notices Pete ogling. Elbows him. Pete comes out of his trance. Joins the conversation.

LUCAS

Not a lot of campers this weekend.
Storms coming in. Maybe you heard?
Supposed to drop cats and dogs out
here. You folks gonna be alright?

PASTOR JON

Yeah, we should. We have umbrellas,
tarps, and plenty of food. The
tents are waterproof too.

(scans the sky)

If it gets bad, we'll head home.

PETE

Well, I bow hunt deer out here and
spent many a nights in a tent after
the sky opened up. I tell ya it can
get downright ugly, but I think
ya'll be alright.

Pastor Jon nods. Shakes Lucas's hand.

LUCAS

And, if you folks need anything, at
least one of us'll be at the Park
office a couple miles away.

PASTOR JON

Thanks. We appreciate it.

They back up, turn and walk to their car. Pastor Jon watches.

EXT. YOUTH CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

The sky's dark, but the campfire glows on the group member's
faces as they circle it finishing a dinner of hotdogs and
s'mores. Pastor Jon's Bible lays open in his lap.

PASTOR JON

In first Corinthians 13:12, it says
that we "see through a glass,
darkly, but one day, we will see
him face to face. Now, we know only
in part, but at that time, we will
know as we are also known."

ANDREA

Darkly? What does that mean?

PASTOR JON

It means...we can't see His plan
for us or...why things happen.

(MORE)

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

But, one day, when we're in heaven,
we'll know why those things
happened. We'll know things just as
clearly as He knows everything
about us. Does that make sense?

(beat)

It's pretty cool too right?

Phil, in a very serious manner, chimes in.

PHIL

I believe that's also why we homo's--
-that word means man--only use
fifty percent of our brain power.

Paula covers her mouth to hide a grin. Others look confused.

PASTOR JON

Phil, I think you mean homo sapien?

Phil gives Pastor Jon a wink and a finger gun.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

Let's, uh, change gears a bit. I
wanna know what this group means to
you. Andrea, start us off?

Andrea nods. Bounces as she finishes the last bite of her hot
dog. Wipes her hands. She covers her mouth. Smiles. GULPS.

ANDREA

Well, a lot of you know my Dad lost
his job recently and my family's
been struggling. I've had to work a
lot...So, during this tough time,
this group has meant a lot. Helping
me keep my faith. So, you know...
thank you...all of you.

She smiles at Pastor Jon.

PASTOR JON

Thanks, Andrea...Wendy?

Wendy shifts around a bit. Uncomfortable.

WENDY

Like Andrea said, it means a lot to
me. Since my mom works a ton, it's
nice to have a group of friends I
can spend time with. She--she
doesn't even know I'm here this
weekend. I had to ask my
grandparents for permission.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

It's been a bit tough not having her around.

Wendy goes silent. Pastor Jon shoots her a smile.

PASTOR JON

Well, I'll be praying for her, Wendy. We're fortunate to have you here...Nate, you're up next.

Nate's eyes widen with fear.

NATE

Me?

PASTOR JON

Uh, yeah? You're...the only Nate.

NATE

Um, ok. Well...I-I have a lot of fun. I guess...I...learn a lot...about the Bible and stuff.
(points at Pastor Jon)
I-I got baptized--

PASTOR JON

Yes. Yes, you did.

Matt holds in a GIGGLE. Nate gives him a quick evil glance.

NATE

(serious)

So, I'm glad to be a part of the group. It really means...a lot.

PASTOR JON

Nate, we're glad you're part of it too...Simone?

SIMONE

Um, let's see. You know, I love fellowshiping with everyone, Like, I think everyone in this group is, like, so special. You know?

SIMONE (CONT'D)

And, you know, I look forward to spending more time with everyone.

She glances at Marcus. Grins. Marcus stares intently.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Especially, getting to know people I don't know real well.

Paula's eyes roll. Pastor Jon notices...

PASTOR JON
Ok, Paula. Your turn.

PAULA
(flippant)
It means a lot to me too.

She stops abruptly. Pastor Jon tilts his head. Beat.

PASTOR JON
Come on, you can do better than that. Tell us what it really means to you...Be honest.

PAULA
Well, ok...I-I guess it's been a nice distraction--

NATE
Paula.

PAULA
It's been a good distraction as Nate and I just found out that Dad's moving out. And...

ON NATE

Nate shakes his head as his jaw locks. His eyes well up.

ON PAULA

PAULA (CONT'D)
He...told us that he doesn't want us to live with him. He said we'll stay with Mom.

Her eyes sparkle with tears as she stares off skyward.

PAULA (CONT'D)
I mean, he's probably right though. Our bedrooms are already there. He travels a lot for his job... But, he never said--He could have given us those reasons...Maybe he thinks them too? I-I don't know.

Simone wraps her arms around her. Paula's tears roll down.

PAULA (CONT'D)

(to Nate)

At least we won't have to listen to them fight anymore...Right?

ON NATE

He GRITS his teeth. Tries to wipe a tear before anyone sees.

ON SCENE

PASTOR JON

Paula, Nate, I, I know you must be going through a terribly difficult time right now. We all love you and most importantly...He loves you. I'm here for you. The group's here for you. If you need this weekend to be a distraction, let it.

He smiles. Paula nods. Wipes her eyes. Composes herself.

PAULA

Thank you, Pastor Jon.

EXT. YOUTH CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MINUTES LATER

As everyone heads to their tents to go to bed, Nate, Marcus, and Matt silently walk to their tent.

Matt pulls his FLASK out. Taps Nate on the shoulder. Hands it to him. Still red-faced and teary-eyed, Nate takes a swig. Then, another. Gives it back. Marcus pats Nate on the back.

NATE

Fuck him.

Matt hands it to Marcus, who takes a drink. Gives it back.

Matt starts to put it away but spots Wendy walking to her tent. Holds it out. Wendy puts her hand up.

MATT

Come on, Wendy. Just one.

Wendy swipes it from Matt. Takes a drink. Doesn't cringe this time. Matt smiles at her. Nate too. Wendy smiles back.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FBI OFFICE - FLASH FORWARD

Wendy sits at the table. Agent Gunderson sits across.

AGENT GUNDERSON
So, when was the first, uh, the
first...encounter?

Wendy squirms. Looks up, to the side, and shakes her head.

WENDY
Um, I, I think it was at the river
after everyone went to sleep?

Agent Gunderson writes in his notes.

EXT. CHICKASAW RIVER - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

Moonlight shines on the water as Marcus sneaks out of the forest onto the river bank. Shortly after, Simone emerges.

Simone observes the water. Marcus kicks his shoes off. Then, Marcus slides off his henley to reveal a cut chest and abs.

SIMONE
Like, it's going be too cold.

Marcus slides off his Levi's then boxers. She leers. His tan lines frame his toned glutes as he scampers into the water.

MARCUS
Whoa, yeah, it's...a little cold.

Simone smirks. Starts to GIGGLE.

SIMONE
Yeah, I can see that.

Marcus, waist deep in the river, shakes his head.

MARCUS
Very funny. It, uh, gets a lot
bigger...A lot.
(grins)
Get in.

Simone strips off her long-sleeved shirt. Steps out of her shoes then slips out of her jeans. In panties and bra, the slim brunette dips her toes in the water. He points...

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Hey, not fair.

Simone SIGHS. Takes off her bra. Wiggles out of her panties and tosses them aside with her foot. Arms trying to conceal her breasts, she eases into the water.

SIMONE
Oooohhh, this...is...cold.

He motions for her. She grins as she wades toward him.

As she gets close, he pulls her to him. Kisses her.

She puts her arms around his neck. They passionately kiss for a few seconds.

She smiles. Kisses him again. Suddenly, she jumps back.

SIMONE (CONT'D)
Oh my God!...A tiny, tiny fish
touched my leg!

She smirks. His mouth flattens as he gives her a dead stare.

MARCUS
Tiny? Come on...It's not tiny.

He grins back at her. She steps in front of him again. Bites her lip. Reaches down in the water below his waist.

She puts her other arm around his waist. Kisses him. They kiss a few seconds.

A RUSTLING NOISE comes from the forest, then stops.

They briefly stop but then resume making out.

The RUSTLING NOISE grows louder.

They turn around. Focus on the forest.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Hello? Someone there?
(beat)
Nate, is that you? Matt?

After a few seconds, the RUSTLING NOISE resumes.

Simone steps behind Marcus.

SIMONE
This isn't funny.

They get out. Quickly, puts on their clothes.

As Marcus scans the area, the RUSTLING NOISE sounds closer.

MARCUS
Who the fuck is--

Out of the bushes, a FIGURE emerges. Standing still. Wearing a dark tunic, his face hides behind a mask of a wolf's head crudely stitched to cloth with a bloody snout and fangs attached (he'll be referenced as WOLF).

Wolf stands frozen as Simone trembles. She SCREAMS.

Marcus GASPS. Grabs her arm as he starts running.

Wolf stares. Steps closer. They race off toward their camp.

EXT. FOREST NEAR PARKED VANS - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

Rob, wearing his MUSIC-BLASTING HEADPHONES and a walkman on his hip, wanders to a clearing past the vans away from the camp. He leans on a large rock with his back to the woods.

Rock blaring and his head bobbing, he pulls a PACK OF CAMELS from his pocket.

He pats the pack against his palm. Opens the box and flips a CIGARETTE up to his lips.

He puts the pack back in his pocket. Pulls out a LIGHTER. Then, lights it up like a pro.

He sits and smokes. Listening to melodic teen angst, he mouths the words between drags.

Loud GRUNTING. Rob doesn't hear. He coolly flicks his ash.

Over his shoulder in the distance, a MAN in a Boar head mask appears from the trees (referenced as BOAR).

As he slowly steps closer to Rob, he raises a CLEAVER.

Standing behind Rob, Boar waits.

After a few seconds, he suddenly swings the CLEAVER into the top of Rob's head.

Rob's face freezes in pain as the HEADPHONES split and fall to each side of his head. The CIGARETTE drops from his fingers.

Blood drizzles down Rob's forehead as his body sits in place, held by Boar's CLEAVER lodged into his skull.

Boar kicks Rob's body forward which dis-lodges it. Rob's limp body lands face down in the dirt.

With a thick silver MEAT HOOK in his other hand, Boar swings it over his head and deep into Rob's spine.

Still attached to the walkman, the split HEADPHONES trail behind Rob's body as Boar drags him into the dark forest.

EXT. YOUTH CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

The fire flickers at the quiet campsite. Everyone has retired to their tents. Marcus and Simone bolt out of the woods.

Still crying, she SCREAMS. Falls next to a tent.

PASTOR JON (O.S.)
(unzipping his tent door)
What's wrong?

Pastor Jon steps out. Puts on his glasses. Nate and Matt exit their tent. Other kids poke their heads out of their tents.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
What happened? Simone?...Marcus?
What's going on?

Nate hands Pastor Jon a blanket. He wraps it around Simone.

SIMONE
There, there was this...this, man--

MARCUS
Holy shit, that was creepy--

PASTOR JON
What? Tell me--

SIMONE
He came out of the forest. Wearing a mask. Like a, a wolf or a, a dog.

Nate puts his arm around Marcus. Wendy steps next to them.

MARCUS
(quietly to Nate)
Dude, it was fucking horrific.

PASTOR JON
I'm sure it was just some kid playing a prank--

MARCUS
I don't know--

SIMONE
No, it was a man. He was big--

PASTOR JON
 Calm down. I'm sure it's fine.
 (glances at everyone)
 Everyone go back to bed.
 Everything's fine.

The kids all start getting back into their tents. Pastor Jon grabs Marcus's shoulder.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
 You two shouldn't be out this late.

Marcus SIGHS. Pastor Jon notices Marcus's lack of a shirt.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
 You both know it's not appropriate.

MARCUS
 Pastor, but, but--

PASTOR JON
 No, Marcus. Back in bed.

MARCUS
 I, I don't know. This guy is--

PASTOR JON
 We're safe. Let's all just stay
 together. I'm sure it was a prank.

Marcus follows Nate and Matt into their tent. Pastor Jon walks Simone to her tent. Turns to the boys.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna sleep in the girl's tent.
 It's midnight, you boys go to bed.

Simone gets into the tent. Pastor Jon follows.

ON CAMP FIRE

The fire flickers. Multiple beats as the fire goes out making the campsite dark.

TITLE CARD: BLACK SATURDAY

INT. BOY'S TENT - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

Nate, Matt, and Marcus sit on their sleeping bags as Nate turns on a FLASHLIGHT which illuminates the interior.

NATE
 (to Marcus)
 What the hell man?

MARCUS
 Dude, I don't know. That wolf dude
 was fucking creepy.

NATE
 No, you and Simone? What were you
 doing out there and where's your
 fucking shirt?

Marcus lays down. Matt smirks. Slaps Nate on the chest.

MATT
You know.

Wendy unzips the tent door. Enters.

WENDY
 We need to go check things out.

MATT
 (to Wendy)
 Look at the balls on you?

WENDY
 We should go back down there--

MATT
 Damn, you do have big hairy ones
 hanging under that vagina. Fuck no--

MARCUS
 Yeah. No fucking way--

NATE
No, she's right. We should...

Nate picks up a HATCHET.

NATE (CONT'D)
 ...and take these.

Marcus swipes up a shirt. Picks up a HATCHET. Nate grabs a
 flashlight.

MATT
 Hah. Your funeral fuckers.

WENDY
 Come on, Matt--

Wendy slings a SACHEL over her shoulder. Puts CANISTERS of lantern fuel in it, a HATCHET, and a FIRST AID KIT.

MATT

No way, farm girl. You handle it.
I'm gonna stay right the fuck here--

Matt jumps on his sleeping back. Grabs his flask. Lays down.

MATT (CONT'D)

(mimics jerk off)
--and just tug my long cow teat.

Matt drinks from his FLASK. Nate rolls his eyes at Matt.

NATE

Alright, Come on. Let's go.

EXT. YOUTH CAMPSITE

Nate, Marcus, and Wendy exit the tent. HATCHETS in hand, they slink into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

Scanning the surroundings, Nate, Marcus, and Wendy stalk through the forest.

There's a RUSTLING in the bushes ahead. They stop to observe.

Out of the brush, a small animal scurries past. Nate SIGHS out of relief. They continue their pace.

EXT. CHICKASAW RIVER - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MINUTES LATER

They exit the wooded forest. Walk down to the river bank.

MARCUS

(whispering)
This is where we were.

Nate stops to investigate a spot on the ground.

NATE

Hey, Marcus, look...

He picks up Simone's PANTIES with the end of his HATCHET. As they dangle, he shines the light on them.

NATE (CONT'D)

...you forgot your panties.

He smirks as he slings them at Marcus. Marcus dodges. Flips him off. Wendy SNICKERS.

EXT. RIVER BANK - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

They continue down the river bank.

Nate stops. Shines his FLASHLIGHT on the ground.

NATE (CONT'D)

What the--

He shines it on the BLOODY CARCASS of a large decapitated animal.

MARCUS

Shit.

They raise the HATCHETS slightly as they clinch them tighter.

NATE

This is crazy. We should go back.

MARCUS

No, let's find this son-of-a-bitch.

Marcus moves ahead into the forest. The others follow.

EXT. FOREST - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Marcus leads them through the wooded forest. They see an orange glow above the trees ahead. They continue forward.

EXT. BONFIRE CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

They sneak along then see a ten-foot high bonfire raging ahead. Almost as high, a large cabin tent sits behind it.

The ceremonial-looking tent has tall, silver poles attached to a wide awning in front. There are long tables on the sides with silver bowls on top.

Nate, Marcus, and Wendy watch from behind the bushes.

ON BONFIRE

In a dark tunic and animal mask, a FIGURE appears from the other side of the bonfire wearing the face of a coyote (referenced as COYOTE).

Wolf emerges with two OTHERS wearing masks of a bobcat and a german shepherd (referenced as BOBCAT and SHEPHERD).

They all CHANT and dance around the fire inside a large circle outlined on the ground.

The CHANTS get louder. Faster.

A FIGURE emerges from inside the tent. Dressed in a similar tunic, but with silver detailing and wearing a goat mask (referenced as GOAT). The mask is decorated with a silver hoop piercing in its nose and colorfully painted horns.

Two FEMALES, in loin clothes and doe head masks, emerge behind him (referenced as DEER 1 and DEER 2). Their bodies are covered in dried BLOOD. They have the same tattoos as the girls Wendy saw gathering wood in the forest.

Goat slowly stomps around the fire in the opposite direction of the dancers. Deer 1 and Deer 2 join the dance.

The CHANTS stop, suddenly, they all, except Goat, fall to the ground. Lying still on their backs.

Goat continues to pace around the fire. Walks behind the fire where the kids cannot see.

After a few seconds, the dancers get back up and continue their chanted dance.

Goat appears from the other side of the fire holding items.

The fire illuminates them. He holds 2 HUMAN ARMS severed below the shoulder. Flesh and ligaments hang from the arms.

ON NATE, MARCUS, WENDY

The mesmerized looks turn to fear on their faces.

ON SCENE

The CHANTING gets faster as Goat tosses the ARMS in the fire.

The kids glance at each other.

MARCUS
(whispers)
Holy shit. Is that?

Another figure emerges out of the trees near the tent. It's Boar dragging Rob's body.

The kids squint trying to look closer. They whisper...

NATE
What is--

MARCUS

I think that's a fucking body, man.

WENDY

Shit. We gotta get out of here.

NATE

Let's get the fuck out of here.

They run into the forest. Goat notices the movement. Stares in their direction.

Running toward their campsite, they hear CRUNCHING below them as they run. Nate stumbles to the ground.

Marcus shines his flashlight on the ground. It's covered in BLOOD, all kinds of BONES. All around.

Hyperventilating, Nate gets up. Shines the light on a bloody HUMAN TORSO without a head, arms, or legs.

NATE (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

Nate and Marcus SCREAM as Wendy follows.

They run glancing behind them as they move.

EXT. YOUTH CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MINUTES LATER

Out of breath, Nate, Marcus, and Wendy run up to the tents.

MARCUS

Pastor Jon!

NATE

Help!

Moments later, Pastor Jon opens the tent door.

PASTOR JON

What is it this time?

NATE

(out of breath)

Marcus was, was right. There's somebody out there. They threw body parts into a fire.

WENDY

And, it, it looked like one of them was dragging a body.

PASTOR JON
 What? Slow down. What are you
 talking about?

Phil, Matt, and other kids exit their tents.

NATE
 Marcus...Marcus was right. They are
 out there. People with wolf masks--

MARCUS
 They threw arms into their fire.

Marcus points behind him. Billows of smoke are seen from a
 distance. Wendy has a horrified expression on her face.

PASTOR JON
 I don't understand. Arms? What--

WENDY
 They threw somebody's cut off arms
 into a big bonfire--

MARCUS
 Freaks were dancing and chanting--

PASTOR JON
 (holds his hand up)
 Ok, ok. Calm down--

The other kids intently listen with fearful expressions.

NATE
 We gotta get the fuck out of here--

PASTOR JON
 Hey, no excuse for that language.

NATE
 But, Pastor, you don't understand--

PHIL
 Pastor, I'll take the van and go
 check things out.

Pastor Jon nods to Phil. Phil puts on his hat.

PASTOR JON
 Let's all just wait here, together,
 until he gets back.

Phil starts walking down to the vans.

EXT. PARKED VAN - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Phil waddles his dad bod toward VAN 1. With wide eyes, he scans around it.

As he rounds the front of it, a dark figure, Wolf, positions at the back of VAN 1. Phil reaches the driver door. Opens it. Gets in.

Standing at the back corner, Wolf pulls a long, IVORY-HANDLED KNIFE from his tunic.

INT. PARKED VAN

Phil tries to start the van.

CLICK. CLICK.

Engine won't start. He squints. Tilts his mouth. Tries again.

CLICK. CLICK. Phil SIGHS.

Suddenly, Phil hears a tapping at the back of the van.

TAP. TAP. TAP.

EXT. PARKED VAN

Wolf quietly paces the side of the van TAPPING it with the handle of his blade as he moves.

INT. PARKED VAN

Baffled, Phil tries to start VAN 1 once more.

CLICK. CLICK. Nothing.

TAP. TAP. TAP.

Phil's brow furrows and mouth flattens. He gets out.

EXT. PARKED VAN

Walks to the back of the van. Looks around. Scans.

Nothing. No one there.

Walks to the front of the van. Pops the hood. Investigates the engine. Looks good.

INT. PARKED VAN

Phil gets back in the van. Tries to start it. Nothing.

TAP. TAP. TAP. Sound is closer this time.

Phil looks around. In the rear view mirror, he spots Wolf lunging from the back seat. He SCREAMS.

Suddenly, Wolf raises up right behind the driver seat. He wraps his left arm around the seat and Phil's neck.

Holding him in place, Wolf slices his throat with this KNIFE.

Phil clutches Wolf's arm. As he chokes and coughs, more and more blood spews out and streams down his neck.

Wolf shoves Phil out the door. Exits. Runs to the forest.

EXT. PARKED VAN

Phil, holding his neck with one hand, leaves bloody handprints on the side of the van as he clumsily stands.

Trying to hold his neck together, he staggers like a zombie to the camp.

EXT. YOUTH CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Pastor Jon converses with the kids. Phil approaches.

He wobbles slowly with his bloody hand around his severed throat. He tries to TALK, but only voices a GARGLING noise.

Everyone turns to see him. Some SCREAM as he chokes for air. His eyes roll back as he falls to the ground.

Pastor Jon squats next to him. Props up his head. Phil doesn't move.

A girl SCREAMS. By the tree line, Pastor Jon spots Shepherd and a brawny FIGURE with the mask of a Rottweiler dog approaching the group (referenced as ROTTWEILER).

PASTOR JON
Come on, kids. Back up.

All of the kids group together then step over to Pastor Jon.

Marcus runs over to the table, grabs the CANVAS SUPPLY BAG. Slings it over his shoulder.

MATT
Wha-what do we do?

PASTOR JON
We should make a run for the van.

The strangers continue to move closer.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
Count of three, run for the van.

Nervously, the kids nod their heads. Pastor Jon holds up one finger...two...then three. Everyone bolts for the van. Pastor Jon last.

EXT. PARKED VAN - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Wolf quickly rounds the corner of the van. Slashes at Tommy hitting him in the arm.

The other kids stop. Some SCREAM. Tommy GROANS. Falls back. Holding his arm, Tommy crawls on his back toward his group.

PASTOR JON
(pointing to forest)
Go! Now!

The kids run to the forest. Pastor Jon closely follows.

Wolf, Shepherd, and Rottweiler space out in a horizontal line. They slowly move toward the forest behind the kids.

Tommy, at the rear, grabs his arm as he runs. Pastor Jon assists him as they run together.

EXT. RIVER BANK - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MINUTES LATER

The kids reach the river bank. Tommy sits on the river bank.

TOMMY
We gotta get out of here--

MATT
These freaks are gonna kill us--

PASTOR JON
No. No they're not.

Pastor Jon takes off the long-sleeve shirt over his white t-shirt. Wraps it around Tommy's arm wound. Wendy gets a FIRST AID KIT from the SATCHEL. Hands it to Andrea.

WENDY
Here, use this.

Andrea opens it. Starts treating him with a bandage wrap. She puts the rest of the kit in her fanny pack. Judy cries...

JUDY

I wanna go home. I'm so scared. Get me out of here.

Pastor Jon frantically scans the group.

PASTOR JON

W-where's Rob?

Everyone looks around. Nothing. Pastor Jon looks deflated.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

Maybe--maybe he went for help.

Silence. Beat.

JUDY

Maybe they got him. And, he's dead.

PASTOR JON

Judy, stop. Don't think like that.

MARCUS

Pastor, there's more of us than them. We have hatchets. Let's just--

PASTOR JON

No, Marcus. We can't do that. Let's keep moving. We have to get to the park ranger station.

MATT

But, that's miles away.

PASTOR JON

We can do it. We just need to stay together. Everyone, let's go.

With his arm bandaged, Tommy stands. They all start to leave.

ON FOREST

Wielding a MACHETE, Bobcat comes out of the forest. Shepherd and Rottweiler are right behind him.

Shepherd slides a RUSTY BAYONET out of a sheath on his belt. Rottweiler, wearing a thick silver link necklace, holds a large BUTCHER KNIFE. Wolf joins them with his KNIFE in hand.

ON SCENE

They all surround the group. Marcus raises his HATCHET as they step closer.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

What do you want with us? These are just kids. Please...leave us alone.

Marcus goggles at Nate. Wendy shakes her head at them, but Nate nods. Pastor Jon notices the plan. Marcus takes off.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

Marcus! No!

ON MARCUS

Marcus YELLS as he charges Bobcat. Swings as he nears, but Bobcat bounces out of the way of his HATCHET.

ON NATE

Rottweiler starts to move toward Marcus to assist Bobcat, but Nate raises his HATCHET and charges Rottweiler.

ON MARCUS

Bobcat retaliates by swiping at Marcus with his MACHETE and slices his left arm.

In quick response, Marcus swings the HATCHET overhead with his right-arm lodging it deep in Bobcat's shoulder. It forces him to drop his blade and fall to a knee.

ON NATE

Nate lunges at Rottweiler, but he easily dodges. Nate stumbles to the ground and drops his HATCHET. Matt scurries over to help Nate. His mop-headed hair bounces as he runs.

MATT

Noooo!

ON SCENE

Wolf and Shepherd slowly move toward the rest of the group.

ON MARCUS

Bobcat pulls Marcus's HATCHET out of his shoulder. Drops it.

Bobcat starts to stand. Marcus slugs his jaw dislodging his mask slightly and knocking him back to his knee.

Marcus swipes up Bobcat's MACHETE. Bobcat tries to stand again. Marcus rams the MACHETE into the middle of his chest.

Bobcat grabs the handle. It's in too deep. He steps backward. Collapses to the ground. Marcus runs to the girls.

ON NATE & MATT

Matt faces off with Rottweiler giving Nate a chance to get up. Matt swings the SERRATED HANDSAW at Rottweiler. He quickly leans back causing Matt to miss narrowly.

After Rottweiler dodges, Matt is exposed. Rottweiler jams his KNIFE up into Matt's gut. Matt freezes. Drops the HANDSAW.

Matt's face goes pale. Rottweiller pulls him close. Saws his blade through his lower abdominal. Rottweiller grabs Matt's throat. He lifts him up off his feet letting his guts spill to the ground.

Rottweiler lowers Matt. He gapes at his friends in shock. They SCREAM as he's thrown down like a rag doll.

Nate, having picked up his HATCHET, swings. Cuts Rottweiler's arm. Rottweiler backswings. Nate jumps back, but it slices his upper abdomen slightly. Cutting through his shirt.

Nate jumps on him. Pulls him to the ground. They roll over.

ON GROUP

Marcus speeds over to assist Nate.

Wolf and Shepherd finish their approach on the group.

PASTOR JON
(both hands up)
No, stay back. Please go.

Wolf swings his KNIFE at Pastor Jon. He jumps back as it cuts his ribs. Wolf kicks him down. Reaches over and grabs Judy.

ON NATE & MARCUS

Marcus swings at Rottweiler as he attacks Nate. Stopping the swing, Rottweiler hooks Marcus's arm with his own. They fall on Nate. Roll on the ground.

Nate detaches from them. Picks up the HATCHET he had dropped.

Nate raises his HATCHET while jumping at Rottweiler. He lodges the HATCHET into Rottweiler's skull.

As Rottweiler staggers with the HATCHET in his skull, Nate steps back. Beat.

Rottweiler falls to his knees then to the ground.

ON SCENE

Shepherd has Simone's long hair wrapped in one hand. She SCREAMS as Marcus faces him. Staring at Marcus, Shepherd holds his BAYONET to her throat. He twists the tip of it into her throat causing it to bleed just slightly.

Wolf clutches Paula's arm while holding Judy's hair with his other arm. They drag the girls away as the frozen onlookers SCREAM. They force the girls into the forest.

Nate starts to run toward the forest as he sees the masked men in the distance dragging the girls, but Marcus grabs him.

NATE

Paula!

MARCUS

You can't take them on while they have them. We'll go get them.

Pastor Jon approaches Matt's body. There's a gaping crevasse across his bloody abdomen. He checks his pulse. SIGHS. Closes Matt's eyes. He holds his hand. Prays silently.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Agent Gunderson sits across from Wendy. Writes notes.

AGENT GUNDERSON

Can you tell us the location of Matt's body?

WENDY

I, I don't know. It was down by the, the river. On the river bank.

Agent Gunderson stops writing. Looks Wendy in the eye.

AGENT GUNDERSON

We didn't find it there, Wendy.

WENDY

I don't know. That's where it was. Where he was...murdered--

AGENT GUNDERSON

What happened next?

WENDY

Well, we were in shock. Matt was... dead. Three of the girls were, were gone. We, we didn't know--

AGENT GUNDERSON

And two of the masked...assailants
were dead too?

WENDY

Uh, yeah, definitely. Then, Nate
just...went crazy.

EXT. RIVER BANK - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

Nate speeds over to Rottweiler's body. Jumps on it. Slicing
at it. Stabbing at it repeatedly with the HANDSAW.

Pastor Jon and Marcus rush over to him. Each grab an arm.

PASTOR JON

Nate! We're gonna get her back.

Nate CRIES as they pull him away.

NATE

Paula!...They have my sister!

Nate tries to jump back on the body. Marcus stops him. Nate
drops to the ground continuing to SOB.

PASTOR JON

We need to get to the Ranger
Station. We've gotta call for help--

MARCUS

They'll be dead if we wait. Those
freaks are sacrificing people--

NATE

He's right. We gotta go now--

PASTOR JON

Guys, we can't do this alone. We
need the police--

Marcus and Nate pace. The other kids surround them.

NATE

You do what you want. I'm not
leaving her. I'm going to get her.

MARCUS

I'm going too.

PASTOR JON

(to Marcus and Nate)
You can't. It's too dangerous.

NATE

Stop! She's my sister. I'm going.

Nate, with his HANDSAW, starts to walk toward the forest. Marcus is behind him.

MARCUS

(to Pastor Jon)

We have to do this.

Pastor Jon's lips press together as his eyes dart around.

PASTOR JON

Guys, I-I can't stop you. I understand why you're doing this--

Pastor Jon puts a hand on Marcus's shoulder and on Nate's.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

I'd do the same. You boys--men, are taking on a huge...responsibility. My responsibility is to take care of the others now or I'd go too.

The boys nod their heads. Lock arms with Pastor Jon.

Pastor Jon bows his head. The boys bow theirs too. They are interrupted as Tommy walks up.

TOMMY

Pastor?

Tommy displays Rob's HEADPHONES in his hands.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We found these over by the trees.

Pastor Jon looks at the HEADPHONES. SIGHS. Shakes his head.

PASTOR JON

They must have him too.

Wendy grabs a HATCHET. Joins Marcus and Nate.

WENDY

I'm going. I can help.

Shocked, Pastor Jon stares at her. Beat. Nods. Bows his head.

PASTOR JON

(praying)

Be with them on their journey. Be with Paula, Simone, Judy, and Rob. Protect us all from this evil.

(MORE)

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
 Deliver us from tribulation. In
 your name. A-men.

They all raise their heads. Pastor Jon pats them on their
 shoulders. Looks each one in the eyes.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
 Ok, after you get them back. Head
 to the Ranger station. That's where
 we'll be...Godspeed.

Marcus, Nate, and Wendy march into the forest as Pastor Jon
 returns to the group.

EXT. FOREST - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

Nate, Marcus, and Wendy scurry through the woods. Suddenly,
 SCREAMS ring out far ahead of them. They stop.

WENDY
 Guys, what are you planning to do?

NATE
Rush the motherfuckers--

WENDY
 Let's think about this.

They resume at a walking pace.

WENDY (CONT'D)
 How many you think were there
 earlier? At their camp?

MARCUS
 Eight? Maybe nine?

NATE
 Coulda been ten.

WENDY
 Yeah, there was a lot of them.
 (thinking)
 Well, we know three took the girls.
 Two are dead. And...
 (beat)
 I bet a couple of them at least
 will go after the others.

MARCUS
 You're probably right...Shit, I
 hope the girls are alright.

INT. BONFIRE TENT - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

Paula, Simone, and Judy sit on the floor of the cabin tent. Feet tied. Hands tied behind them attached to stakes.

The bonfire outside and flickering candles on a nearby table provides partial light. They hear CHANTING outside.

Across from them, a MAN and WOMAN (40s) in bloody clothes lie on the floor. Their hands and feet similarly tied.

Simone and Judy SOB. Paula, CRYING, scans the surroundings. Sees a silver bowl on the nearby table. Next to it, rests Rob's severed head. She GASPS. Closes her eyes tight.

After a few seconds, Deer 1 and Deer 2 enter. They grab the tied-up man off his stake. The woman SCREAMS. The man YELLS.

TIED UP MAN

No! Please, no!

Goat ominously enters. Walks slowly to the bowl on the table.

He pulls a silver, decorative CLEAVER out of the bowl. It drips with bloody water. He palms the top of Rob's head.

Paula, Simone, and Judy tug at their ropes. They breathe heavy as they hear the woman continue to SCREAM.

They observe in horror as Goat silently approaches the man.

TIED UP WOMAN

No! Stop. Please.

The man speaks softly...

TIED UP MAN

I-I love you...so much.

TIED UP WOMAN

I-I love you too...Please, no.

Deer 1 and Deer 2 hold his arms as Goat raises the CLEAVER.

The woman CRIES as the tied up man continues to TALK to her.

ON PAULA, SIMONE & JUDY

Paula, Simone, and Judy squirm. SCREAM as they watch Goat chop the man's limbs off.

CHOP. CHOP. CHOP.

The man SCREAMS in pain as the woman keeps softly REPEATING "I love you" to him. The girls close their eyes as the horrific sound continues to repeat.

CHOP. CHOP. CHOP.

The man's SCREAMS turn to dull MOANS. Goat HUMS. The two Deer masks CHANT.

The man goes silent. The tied up woman starts softly WEEPING.

ON SCENE

The girls sit in shocked silence as Deer 1 and Deer 2 start carrying his appendages out of the tent.

Goat stands in front of the girls, bloody CLEAVER in his hand. It drips with BLOOD. He stares at them. Beat.

He puts the CLEAVER back in the bowl. Exits the tent.

The girls continue to pull at their restraints. SOBBING, they momentarily give up. Paula whispers...

PAULA

W-we have to get out of here.

She closes her eyes as her head drops in despair.

EXT. FOREST - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Pastor Jon and the group walk in a forest clearing. Jimmy and Tommy scan the trees all around them as they progress.

In the distance behind, two figures appear in the trees. Tommy squints to focus and takes a couple steps forward.

TOMMY

Guys, I, I think I see something.

Jimmy steps next to Tommy. He sees the figures behind the trees in the distance moving closer.

JIMMY

W-we gotta go--

PASTOR JON

Ok. Everyone, come on. Let's go.

Pastor Jon slows. Waits for all of the kids to run by first. Andrea trips as she passes him. Pastor Jon stops. Squats down to help. Tommy turns around as he jogs by.

TOMMY

Guys! We gotta move. Now!

Pastor Jon glances up at him.

PASTOR JON

Just go. Run!

Pastor Jon looks behind. Grabs Andrea as they run together.

EXT. BONFIRE CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MINUTES LATER

Marcus, Nate, and Wendy arrive at the bonfire campsite. They sneak behind some bushes as the ritual continues.

Inside the circle, the followers kneel around the fire GRUNTING. Goat tosses more body parts in the fire. Goat returns to the tent. The kids whisper...

NATE

They must be in that tent.

WENDY

If they're still alive--

NATE

They are still alive.

WENDY

Oh...of, of course, they are.

Marcus eyes Wendy. Shakes his head. Wendy nods.

MARCUS

We need to hurry.

WENDY

We can't just rush them though.

MARCUS

Right, we can't.

NATE

I think it'll work--

MARCUS

Nate, stop. It won't--

NATE

But, I--

Marcus grabs Nate with both arms.

MARCUS

Listen to me, I think they're in there. Let's get closer to the tent. When that goat fucker comes out, we cut the back of that fucking tent and get em' out. Ok?

NATE

Ok, ok.

Marcus looks over to Wendy. She nods.

They delve deeper into the bushes heading toward the tent.

EXT. LAKE PLACID - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

The group races through the forest. Pastor Jon at the rear.

It opens up to a large lake. A long wooden bridge crosses over it to a cluster of cabins on the other side.

Tommy and Jimmy are first to arrive. They scope it out. The rest arrives seconds later. Pastor Jon last.

PASTOR JON

Go! Let's get across. Fast!

Tommy, wrapped arm swinging, takes off across the bridge toward the cabins. The others follow with Pastor Jon behind.

All running, they get half way across the bridge.

Suddenly, a MAN exits a cabin. Saunters toward the bridge. He's dressed in the same tunic and has the head of a 4-point buck as a mask (referenced as BUCK).

Down to a knee, he raises a BOW armed with an ARROW. The group comes to a standstill. He fires...

WHOOSH! THUNK!

ON TOMMY

The ARROW buries into Tommy's shoulder. Knocks him back slightly. With a grimace, he leans on the bridge railing. Clutches the ARROW. Kids SCREAM.

ON SCENE

Buck immediately loads another. Fires.

WHOOSH! THUNK!

ON TOMMY

Tommy's face freezes as it sinks into his lower abdominals.

ON GROUP

JIMMY

Tommy!

More SCREAMS as Tommy glances at the ARROW. He turns to the group. Gazes glass-eyed at his friends.

WHOOSH! THUNK!

A bloody ARROWHEAD births from his chest as an ARROW penetrates through his back. He falls forward on the bridge.

PASTOR JON

Everyone get down!

The others stop and duck down on the bridge.

ON PASTOR JON

Pastor Jon turns. Scans behind them.

ON REAR OF BRIDGE

Sheep approaches the entrance of the bridge behind them.

ON SCENE

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

In the water! Get in the water!

Andrea climbs over the side of the bridge into the water. Buck fires his ARROW.

WHOOSH! THUNK!

It lodges into the wood bridge as it narrowly misses Jimmy, who leaps into the water.

ON GROUP

The group swims under the bridge, away from Buck's aim. They tread water as Pastor Jon joins them.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

We gotta swim. It's our only chance. Go!

Still wearing his glasses, he starts swimming away from the bridge further from Buck. The group follows.

ON BUCK

Buck shoots another ARROW toward the water.

WHOOSH! THUNK!

ON GROUP

It lodges into Pastor Jon right below his shoulder. He stops.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
Go! Just go! Keep swimming!

They keep swimming. Pastor Jon tugs at the ARROW. It doesn't come out. He goes underwater. Uses his feet and arm to swim.

ON BUCK

Buck fires another at Pastor Jon.

WHOOSH! SPLASH!

Narrowly misses. No more arrows. He watches them swim away.

ON GROUP

Pastor Jon comes up behind the kids, blowing water out of his mouth as he gets air.

ON SCENE

Sheep paces down the bank, but the group makes it further away toward the river. He doesn't follow. Watches. Beat.

Storms off back toward the forest. Buck returns to the cabin.

EXT. BONFIRE CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

As the ritual continues, Nate, Marcus, and Wendy position in the bushes behind the tent.

By the bonfire, the followers dance. CHANT. Goat raises his arms. CHANTS stops. All, but Goat lies on the ground silent.

Behind the tent, Marcus uses the back of a HATCHET to cut into the tent canvas. It makes a RIPPING sound as he cuts.

INT. BONFIRE CAMPSITE TENT

Marcus enters through the cut opening. Nate trails. Wendy waits outside the opening. Her head swivels like a sentry.

Marcus surveys the dimly lit tent. Notices fresh blood pools have collected on the ground.

He scans. Smiles with relief as he makes eye contact with Simone. She blankly stares up at him.

Nate's eyes well when he sees his sister. She can't look at him as he rushes to her. She CRIES.

EXT. BONFIRE CAMPSITE TENT

Outside the tent, the occultists stand. Resume their dance.

INT. BONFIRE CAMPSITE TENT

Wendy pokes her head inside the tent.

WENDY

Guys, hurry! We gotta go.

Marcus kneels next to Simone. Grabs her restraints. Whispers.

MARCUS

You're a sight for sore fucking eyes. We gotta get out of here.

Nate hugs Paula. Starts to untie her. With glossy eyes, Simone stares as Marcus starts to untie her.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(looking around)

Where's Judy?

Marcus spots a torso with appendages cut off on the floor.

ON FLOOR

The torso has Judy's VARSITY HOODIE on it. Their school name prominently on the front drenched in BLOOD.

ON SCENE

Paula and Simone have expressions of shock. They're silent after witnessing their friend's murder.

Marcus gapes at what's left of Judy then over at Nate.

Almost in shock himself, Marcus snaps out of it and finishes untying Simone. Nate grabs Paula to exit the tent.

WHOOSH!

The front flap of the tent flips back as Goat bursts in with a HALADIE (double-sided curved blades) raised.

ON NATE

Nate jumps up to confront him. He swipes at Goat's waist with the HANDSAW. As he misses, Goat retaliates by stabbing one side of his blade into his shoulder. He drops his HANDSAW.

With the dagger in his shoulder, Nate GROANS, but uses his weight to shove Goat back toward the tent entrance.

NATE

Go! Go! Get out of here.

ON SCENE

Paula jumps up toward him. Marcus grabs her. Pulls her back.

PAULA

Nate!

Marcus grabs the HANDSAW. Steps up to help. Wolf approaches the tent entrance behind Goat. Seeing him, Marcus freezes.

NATE

Marcus! Get em' outta here!

Nate shoves with all his might. Marcus pushes Simone through the cut opening to Wendy then grabs Paula's hand.

ON TENT ENTRANCE

As Nate holds him back, Goat presses the blade down deeper into his shoulder. Nate WAILS. Goat starts to push back.

ON CUT OPENING

Marcus tries to pull Paula through as she reaches for Nate.

PAULA

No, no. Nate!

ON TENT ENTRANCE

Wolf slides around Nate. As he tries to move toward Paula, Nate reaches up. Grabs at the back of his mask. It slides up.

A BROWN PONY TAIL bounces out. Wolf's face is exposed.

ON PAULA

Paula spots the BROWN PONY-TAIL. She looks into Wolf's eyes. As their eyes connect, Paula recognizes him from the COUNTRY STORE. He's the greasy service man who walked past them.

ON WOLF

He glares at Paula with a devilish grin. He raises his IVORY-HANDLE KNIFE. Stabs it into Nate's neck then twists it. Blood spews from Nate's neck. Nate's lifeless body drops.

ON CUT OPENING

PAULA (CONT'D)

Noooooooooo!

Paula stops fighting Marcus. He pulls her arm guiding her through the cut opening as she reaches back for her brother.

ON TENT ENTRANCE

Goat pulls his blade from Nate's shoulder. It hangs as he yanks it, slightly lifting Nate's limp body up and down.

After the HALADIE is removed, Goat wipes Nate's blood on the snout of his mask. He nods at Wolf.

Wolf adjusts his mask back on. Moves toward the cut opening. He begins to GRUNT as Goat slowly trails him.

As they get closer, Wendy appears from the outside holding an open LANTERN CANNISTER in one hand. She slings gas all over Wolf. It covers him.

In her other hand, she has one of their candles. Through her nostrils, she snarls...

WENDY

Burn fucker.

She tosses it on him. He catches on fire. He becomes engulfed in flames. He SCREAMS as he jumps around. A shrill SCREAM.

Wendy pours the fuel all over the tent opening. She uses the lighter to light the back of the tent. It bursts into flames spreading fast as she runs away. It blocks the opening as the kids escape.

Wolf SHRIEKS as he rolls around on the ground. Goat pours the bloody water from the bowl onto him. Dousing the flames

EXT. FOREST - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

Marcus, Simone, Paula, and Wendy speed through the woods. All breathing heavy, but it doesn't slow them.

Paula, still with tears in her eyes, looks behind them. Doesn't see anyone. She stops. Squats. SOBS.

PAULA
 We...left him. I left him. He's
 there all alone. My God.

Marcus jogs to Paula. The others stop. Catch their breath.

MARCUS
 (wraps arm around her)
 Paula, we did everything we could.
 Had we stayed, we'd all be dead--

PAULA
 No, we can't just leave him with
 those...monsters. They'll--

MARCUS
Paula! He's gone. We have to go!

She puts her face in her hands. CRIES. Marcus leads her as they start jogging forward. Wendy and Simone start jogging with them as they approach.

Behind them, lightning flashes lighting up the dark sky.

EXT. PARK PLAYGROUND - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

With the lake behind them, the group continues forward. Pastor Jon, glasses still wet, holds the ARROW impaled in his wounded shoulder. Blood runs all the way down to his wrist.

Lightning flashes. A few seconds later, Thunder BOOMS.

They come upon a children's playground with a large bathroom facility next to it.

They enter a covered area in the middle between the men's and women's bathrooms. Now sheltered. Out of sight of the forest.

Soaking wet and out of breath, they sit. Pastor Jon moves to the corner wall so he can see the forest. He tugs at the ARROW, but can't get it out.

PASTOR JON
 (strips off glasses)
 Jimmy, I need your help.

Jimmy steps over to him. Stands at attention.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
 I-I need you to break the arrow off
 so I can slide it out.

Jimmy's eyes widen, but he reaches over and gently grabs the ARROW. Pastor Jon closes his eyes tight.

JIMMY

One...Two...Three.

With both his hands, Jimmy breaks off the back end of the wood ARROW. Pastor Jon GRIMACES.

Jimmy watches as Pastor Jon slides the ARROW out the other side where the ARROWHEAD penetrated through. Pastor Jon tosses it. Covers his wound. He nods.

PASTOR JON

Thank you, Jimmy.

Pastor Jon holds his arm. Leans on the wall behind. Andrea walks up to Pastor Jon holding his dry, cleaned glasses.

ANDREA

I cleaned them and dried them with paper from the bathroom.

(looks at her fanny pack)

I put more in here if you need it.

He takes the glasses from her. He puts them on.

She takes bandage tape out of her fanny pack. She uses the tape to secure his arm. Fighting back tears, he nods. Beat.

PASTOR JON

Much better, thank you, Andrea.

Andrea sits by Jimmy.

JIMMY

I can't go on. I have to rest.

ANDREA

I need rest too.

PASTOR JON

It's ok. You kids rest up. I'll stand watch for a while.

More lightning flashes. Thunder RATTLES the sky. Rain beats the shelter roof as the group lays to sleep.

Jimmy puts his head in his hands. He SOBS. Shivers. Andrea puts her arm around him. Jimmy CRIES and quietly says...

JIMMY

I wanna go home. I wanna go home.

ANDREA

Let's get some rest.

Jimmy nods. Lays down. Andrea lays next to him.

As the kids go to sleep, Pastor Jon stands watch. He checks the woods. Nothing. Just rain falling off the trees.

He turns. Observes the sleeping kids. A lump GULPS down his throat. His lips begin to quiver. He takes his glasses off as his eyes well up.

He watches the kids sleep. Tears roll down his cheeks. It was eleven. Now he watches two. He wipes the tears away quickly.

He composes himself. Puts his glasses on. Resumes scanning.

EXT. CAMPING SITES - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

The rain gets harder. Marcus, Paula, Simone, and Wendy use their flashlights as they run through the woods. They come upon camping sites that line a winding gravel road.

A PICKUP TRUCK straddles the road next to a cream white pop-up CAMPER. They run to the awning connected to the CAMPER.

Marcus tests the front door. It opens. He surveys the interior. No one. He nods to the others. Enters. They follow.

INT. POP-UP CAMPER

Inside a small kitchen area with a table and booth seating welcomes them. Marcus looks to his left. Sees a queens size bed with tousled bedding. He spots a battery operated lantern on the kitchen table. Turns it on low.

MARCUS

We can't keep this too bright. We also need to find the truck keys.

WENDY

They might be inside it.
I'll go check.

Wendy pulls a flashlight out of her SACHEL. Walks to the door. With a concerned face, Simone grabs her arm. She pats her hand. Exits.

Paula and Simone roost in the booth at the table. Marcus searches the small bathroom with a standing shower. He opens a cabinet. Pulls out some towels. Hands them to the girls.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - POP-UP CAMPER

Through the hard rain, Wendy speeds over to the PICKUP TRUCK'S driver side. She tries the door handle.

CLICK. Locked.

She runs over to the passenger side and tries it.

CLICK. Locked.

She uses the flashlight to peer through the window. Looks at the ignition. No keys. Scans the interior. Nothing.

INT. POP-UP CAMPER

Marcus rifles through the cabinets and drawers. He finds granola bars and other food. Sets them on the table.

Simone spots a picture frame on the table illuminated by the lantern. It's a picture of the couple, killed in the tent by Goat. There are two small kids in the picture with them.

She gasps. Covers her mouth with her hand. Marcus notices.

MARCUS

What?

Simone starts CRYING. Paula too. Marcus steps over. Sees a bed opposite side of the other, with kids sheets and dolls.

SLAM!

Startled, they all rubberneck to the door. Marcus SIGHS.

WENDY

Nothing.

Wendy sits on the other side of the booth. Marcus goes back to the kitchen. Searches the drawers.

Bingo! Marcus holds up two small WALKIE TALKIES. Wendy smiles. Marcus tosses them to Wendy. She tests one. Works.

MARCUS

Damn, we could have used these.

Marcus sits next to Wendy. Eats a bar. Wendy puts the WALKIE TALKIES in the SATCHEL. She grabs a granola bar.

WENDY

We can't stay here long.

(nods at picture)

They probably found them here--

SIMONE

Maybe they won't come back?

MARCUS

We can't risk that. And...we need
to find the rest of our group.

(sighs)

Let's get some sleep, but when the
rain lets up, we head back out.

Everyone nods in agreement. Simone reaches across the table.
Clutches Marcus's hand.

INT. RANGER STATION - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MORNING

The front door opens. Heavy Rain falls outside. Black clouds
dull the morning sunshine. In a drenched poncho, Lucas bursts
in carrying two styrofoam cups. The door closes behind him.

He sets the cups on one of the two desks in the small office.
Lighting flashes in the windows. Pete sits on a cot covered
in a sheet and blankets. Rubs his balding brown hair. Stands.

Wearing tighty whities, he scratches his crotch as he
approaches Lucas. Lucas grimaces. SIGHS. Picks up Pete's
pants off the floor. Rolls them up. Throws them at Pete.

As Pete puts on his pants, Lucas picks up a coffee cup. Hands
it to Pete. Pete GRUNTS nodding as he takes a sip.

LUCAS

Good night?

Pete shrugs. Plops down in his desk chair. Grabs a handful of
sugar packets from his drawer. In one motion, he tears the
tops off. Dumps the sugar in his coffee.

Lucas shakes his head as Pete stirs. He steps over to Pete's
desk. Picks up the 357 MAGNUM REVOLVER laying on the desktop.
A desk clock with a Masonic symbol sits next to it.

Mouth open, Lucas holds the gun up. Stares at Pete. Pete
squints.

PETE

What?...Bought it for the boars
when I'm deer huntin'.

Unconvinced, Lucas nods. Sets it down.

LUCAS

Uh huh.

(beat)

(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

So, I drove around a bit. Didn't get out. Most everybody's gone home. Saw the weather coming. Church vans were still there.

Pete finishes stirring. SLURPS his coffee. Lucas takes off his poncho. Sits at his desk.

PETE

(between slurps)

Well, I think I'll go over and check on those hot college chicks--

LUCAS

High school, Pete, high school.

Pete smirks at Lucas.

PETE

If there's grass on the--

LUCAS

Just fucking stop. Stop.

(beat)

I'll go check on them later.

PETE

No, no. I'll go. I'm bored as fuck here. Stay here. Get dry.

Pete gets up. Puts on his jacket, hat, and a poncho. Grabs his REVOLVER. Pete winks at Lucas as he leaves.

EXT. RANGER STATION - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Rain pouring down, Pete runs to the Park Ranger SEDAN. He opens the door. Hops in.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FBI OFFICE - FLASH FORWARD

Agent Gunderson at the table with Wendy. Writes on his notepad.

AGENT GUNDERSON

So, the park rangers, what can you tell me about them? When did you meet them?

WENDY

They came to the camp when we first got there. I was off getting firewood. I, I...didn't meet them.

AGENT GUNDERSON
But you met them later? Right?

WENDY
Of course. One of them was...one of them. He was killing us.

AGENT GUNDERSON
(doubting)
Uh huh. So, one of the park rangers was a masked killer?

Wendy shakes her head as she leans back in the chair.

INT. POP-UP CAMPER - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MORNING

At the table, Marcus scans their surroundings through the window. Some light peeks through the black clouds as morning tries to escape the dark. Wendy is curled up sleeping on the booth across from him. Paula and Simone sleep in the bed.

Marcus gets up. Walks by the entrance to the kitchen. Beat.

THUNK!

Close to a window by the entrance, an ARROW impales the side of the CAMPER. Aimed at Marcus. It sticks in the metal siding about 3/4 its length through the metal.

THUNK!

Another. Marcus, wide-eyed, turns and gapes at the ARROW stuck in the metal siding. The razor-sharp ARROWHEAD points right at Marcus's nose.

EXT. POP-UP CAMPER

With a quiver full of razor sharp ARROWS, Buck perches in a large tree with a view of the front of the CAMPER. He raises his BOW. Aims it at the door, waiting for someone to exit.

INT. POP-UP CAMPER

Marcus ducks down. Crawls over to the bed.

MARCUS
Get up! They're here!

Simone and Paula bounce up and slide down by Marcus. Wendy gets up. Throws her SACHEL on. Joins them.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

One's outside. Shot arrows at us. I don't think we can go out the door.

Marcus's eyes dart around as he searches the CAMPER. He rushes over to the kitchen. Opens a drawer. Digs in it from below without looking.

Finds a screwdriver. Goes in the bathroom. Closes the door. The others focus on the bathroom door as they hear Marcus quickly unscrewing the hinges.

Shortly after, the door dislodges from the hinges as Marcus holds it using the towel rack on the other side.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I'm going first. Once they fire, get behind me. Then, move fast.

Crouched, Marcus positions behind the door. The rest follow. He nods at them. Opens the front door. Bolts out into the pouring rain using the bathroom door as a shield.

WHOOSH! THUNK!

An ARROW sticks into the bathroom door. It goes in far enough to narrowly miss Marcus's chest.

The others emerge from the CAMPER behind him. They move around to the side of the CAMPER protected by the door held by Marcus.

WHOOSH! THUNK!

An ARROW hits the top of the door. The ARROWHEAD penetrates it. Slices Marcus's cheek and ear. He holds in a GROAN.

They reach the corner of the CAMPER and disappear from Buck's sight. They curl around to the opposite side of the CAMPER then escape into the forest. Buck lowers his bow.

EXT. PARK PLAYGROUND - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - LATER

Rain has let up slightly. Ominous clouds still cover the sky.

Pastor Jon leans on the corner wall as the kids sleep.

Bloody bandage on his arm, he tries to keep his eyes open as he continues to watch the woods past the playground.

He blinks. His eyes close. He opens them.

Far in the distance, he sees four masked men in tunics with knives running toward them.

PASTOR JON

Kids? Hey!

They all quickly wake. He turns back around. It's not men in tunics. Now, he sees Marcus, Simone, Paula, and Wendy.

They get closer. Relief crosses his face as the rest of the group sits up to watch.

After Marcus's group arrives, Pastor Jon hugs them tight.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

Thank God you kids made it.

He hugs them. Notices the missing. Sadly, says...

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

So, I guess--

MARCUS

Yeah.

Pastor Jon solemnly nods. Marcus eyes Pastor Jon's wound.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You alright?

PASTOR JON

Yeah, I'll be fine.

Jimmy pops up. Walks over to them.

JIMMY

W-what do we do now?

PASTOR JON

We gotta move on. We can't stay here. When the rain lets up some more, we have to try to get to the Ranger station.

ANDREA

Do we even know where it is? Or even where we are now?

JIMMY

There has to be a sign or something somewhere.

Pastor Jon puts his hand up.

PASTOR JON

Calm down. We're going to get through this--Together.

The group sits silent. Andrea sits next to the kids. She puts her arm around them. She starts WEeping.

ANDREA

(quoting scripture)

"Righteous are you, O Lord, when I complain to you; yet I would plead my case before you. Why does the way of the wicked prosper? Why do all who are treacherous thrive?"

Pastor Jon sits next to her. Puts his hand on her knee. He looks around at the group.

PASTOR JON

Remember, "darkly"? We don't know why the things that happen, happen.

(quoting scripture)

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your paths."

As the rain relentlessly drains off the rooftop like a waterfall, Andrea leans her head on Pastor Jon. She SOBS.

EXT. YOUTH CAMPSITE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MIDDAY

Dark and cloudy, rain drizzles relentlessly. Pete gets out of the parked SEDAN. One tent has collapsed, but the others still stand.

Rain pelts his poncho as he walks to a standing tent. Looks inside. No-one. Then, to the next one and peers inside. Nothing.

He slogs over to the picnic table. Sees the ice chest. Opens it. Takes out a bottle of soda. Pops the cap off. Starts to drink it as he walks back to the car.

INT. PARK RANGER CAR

Sitting in the SEDAN, Pete grabs the CB radio handset. With a curiously serious expression, he turns it on.

PETE

(into radio)

They aren't at their campsite.

A distorted, non-identifiable voice speaks over the radio.

VOICE (O.C.)
We'll find them.

PETE
(into radio)
I'm going over to the cabins.

He hangs up the CB receiver. Starts the car.

EXT. COUNTRY CHAPEL - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - AFTERNOON

The skies open up again as the rain falls. Along the dirt road, the tired group starts running. A building stands in the distance ahead of them. It's the park chapel.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

The sanctuary rear doors open. Wendy enters first. The wooden slat floors creak as she proceeds down the aisle past the rustic oak pews. The group enters behind her.

As they peruse the dusty chapel, thunder rumbles outside. At the front, sits a stage with a modest pulpit at its center. At the rear of the stage is a choir area. A BAPTISMAL TANK full of murky water decorates one side of the stage with an old upright piano adorning the opposite. Above it all, hangs a tall decorative wooden cross.

Pastor Jon starts closing all the shutters of the side windows. Marcus tries the lights, but there's no electricity.

On the back wall near the rear doors, on one side hangs a replica tablet of the ten commandments. On the other side, hangs the scriptures of the week.

The group corrals at the front and sit on the steps of the raised floor. Simone and Paula sit on the first pew. The sanctuary gets darker as the shutters are closed. Wendy stands flashlights on the pulpit to provide some light.

WENDY
I'm so tired.

JIMMY
Me too.

ANDREA
Feels like we've been running
forever.

JIMMY
I'm so hungry.

WENDY
I'll go look and see what's here.

Wendy wanders off behind the stage.

SIMONE
How the heck can you be hungry?

JIMMY
I haven't eaten since last night--

SIMONE
With all of this going on, all you can think about is your stomach?

JIMMY
That's not all I'm thinking about. I can't help it--

With Simone sitting by her, Paula has her head in her hands.

PAULA
Just shut up.

Everyone gets quiet. Simone puts her arm around her. Finished with the shutters, Pastor Jon approaches.

PASTOR JON
Ok, everyone calm down. Let's don't fight with each other. We're all in this together.

Pastor Jon sits by Andrea on the first pew. Marcus joins them.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
Let's all get dry and get some rest. With this hard rain, I think we're safe in here for now.

Wendy walks back to the stage holding blankets.

WENDY
There's a storeroom right behind the stage. These blankets are a bit dusty, but should keep you warm.

She hands one to Paula and Andrea. They use them to cover up.

EXT. LAKE CABINS - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

The Park Ranger SEDAN pulls up to the cabins at the lake. Parks. The driver door opens. Beat.

Pete saunters up to the front porch of a rustic, plank-sided cabin. The large porch has peeled bark posts and picket railing around it. He approaches the front door.

INT. CABIN 1 - LAKE CABINS

Pete enters the lightly furnished cabin. Due to the dark clouds, it's not well lit. He flips on the light switch. No lights. Not working.

INT. BEDROOM

He turns on his flashlight. Pokes his head into the first bedroom. Shines the light around the bunk beds. No-one there.

INT. KITCHEN

He steps into the small kitchen. No-one there either. There's trash like someone was there, but has since left.

EXT. LAKE CABINS - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Pete walks out the door onto the porch of Cabin 1.

INT. CABIN 2 - LAKE CABINS

Inside another cabin, Pete flips the lights. Nothing. SIGHS.

He walks into the living area. Shines flashlight around. Again, no-one.

INT. BEDROOM

From the doorway, he shines the light around the bedroom. Nothing. He starts to walk away, but steps on something.

His eyes squint. With a curious frown, he stops. Observes something on the floor. Walks in the bedroom. Scans the room. Walks to the closet. Opens the sliding closet door...

WHOOSH-THWAP!

Pete gets an ARROW to the back of his neck. He grabs the ARROW cutting his hand on the razor sharp ARROWHEAD exposed under his chin. Blood drools out the side of his mouth as he chokes on the ARROW.

He sprays blood as he spits. He turns around. In the bedroom doorway, Lucas lowers his bow.

It's the same one used by Buck. They lock eyes. Shocked, Pete falls back into the closet on top of Tommy's body.

Pete's eyes glaze over. Lucas struts over to him. Kicks his legs into the closet. SLAMS the sliding door. The other side of the closet opens. On top of a dresser inside, Buck's mask and tunic rest. Lucas leans the bow inside. Closes the door.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - LATE AFTERNOON

The sanctuary now has a comforting glow. Asleep, Simone lies on the pew next to Marcus. The rest of the group spreads out in the front of the sanctuary.

Like ball pein hammers, rain relentlessly beats on the roof. Pastor Jon approaches Marcus. He speaks soft to not disturb Simone's rest.

PASTOR JON
(to Marcus)
Did you get some sleep?

MARCUS
Yeah, some.

PASTOR JON
You've done a great job, Marcus.
I'm proud of you.

Uncomfortable, Marcus slightly nods. Pastor Jon sits.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
We have to get everyone to safety.
I think it's safer for the group to
stay in one place. And...Maybe,
someone go for help. Bring them
here--

MARCUS
And, you want that someone...to be
me?

PASTOR JON
No, that's not why--
(beat)
I'm seeking your advice. You kept
your group safe. You got them here--

Marcus's jaw locks. His eyes squint as they tear up.

MARCUS
No, I didn't. My best friend's not
here...I had the chance to--

Pastor Jon puts his hand on Marcus's knee. He pats it.

PASTOR JON

Don't second guess yourself. You have good instincts. You protected them. You didn't just do the best you could. Your best was better than most. Nate sacrificed himself for his friends. His family. You.

(beat)

Honor him for that...Now, we gotta keep the rest of them safe--

MARCUS

Wendy could do it. She's good out there...But, I wanna to do it. I'll move faster. We have to move fast. Night will be here soon.

(sighs)

When it gets dark, they'll come.

Pastor Jon puts his hand on Marcus's shoulder.

PASTOR JON

I think you're right. They will. We need help...now.

Marcus carefully lays Simone's head on the pew. Stands.

MARCUS

I'll be back soon.

Pastor Jon gets up. Hugs him.

PASTOR JON

Take one of the radios with you and whatever else you need. We'll wait to hear from you.

(beat)

Be careful out there. God be with you, Marcus.

INT. STOREROOM - COUNTRY CHAPEL - EARLY EVENING

In a storage room behind the sanctuary, Wendy digs through one of many dust-covered boxes. Pulls out a dusty Bible. Wipes it off. Opens it, then closes it and tosses it back.

Pastor Jon stands in the doorway. Wendy glances at him.

PASTOR JON

Anything useful back here?

Wendy shakes her head. Pastor Jon walks in. Pulls a box close. Starts to dig through it. He pulls out a book. It's a different color than the Bible.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

Hymnals.

WENDY

Yeah. These are Bibles.

Pastor Jon puts the hymnal back. Beat.

PASTOR JON

You doing alright?

Wendy SIGHS then unconvincingly nods. Pastor Jon reaches over and squeezes her shoulder.

WENDY

(disconcerted)

W-why is this happening?

PASTOR JON

I could quote a scripture right now, but really...I-I have no idea.

(beat)

I don't know why He'd let this happen.

(locks his jaw)

So many great kids...Gone...Phil? A good man. Before we left, he told me he wanted to be a dad one day. That's why he liked helping out with the group. He would have been a wonderful dad. He loved you kids.

(rubs his forehead)

I don't know, Wendy. And...I'm angry about it. Really angry. I don't see the point. Hard to have faith. I'm trying...Just keep trying.

Wendy, tears in her eyes, walks over and grabs another box. Starts digging through it.

WENDY

I'll try. But, I'm starting to wonder if He's even there at all.

PASTOR JON

That's ok. I wonder that too.

Wendy wipes her eyes. Nods. Pastor Jon pats her on the back. Exits.

Wendy spots a carving in the wood floor under the box Pastor Jon had moved. She leans down and inspects closer.

She moves another box to find a latch connected to a basement door on the floor.

She lifts the hatch door on the floor. Peers inside. A pitch black room sits at the bottom of a staircase.

She reaches for her SACHEL. Grabs a flashlight. Descends.

EXT. FOREST - OUTSIDE COUNTRY CHAPEL - EARLY EVENING

With the chapel behind, Marcus bolts through the forest in the downpour. Scanning as he moves. The sun starts to set behind the clouds. Lightning flashes as he disappears into a heavily wooded area. Thunder ROARS.

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FBI OFFICE - FLASH FORWARD

Standing in the interrogation room, Wendy holds her stomach as she stares into the one-way mirror on the back wall. Her reflection stares back at her. As She looks herself in the eyes, the office door opens. Agent Gunderson enters. Sits.

AGENT GUNDERSON

Let's talk about the basement.

Wendy, holding her stomach, slides the chair out. Sits.

WENDY

What about it?

AGENT GUNDERSON

You're the one who found it?

Wendy nods.

AGENT GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

What'd you find?

WENDY

A basement.

Agent Gunderson sits stone-faced. Wendy smirks.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Uh, food...tools...communion stuff.

AGENT GUNDERSON

Was that all?

Wendy stares back at Agent Gunderson.

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL - LATE AFTERNOON

It's pitch black. Wendy reaches the bottom. Shines her light around. In a corner she finds canned veggies, beans, and crackers that line a wooden shelf. She walks toward it.

BUMP! THUD!

She trips. Tumbles. Her flashlight lands on the floor in front of her, shining on a human skull. The corpse, in tattered clothes with matted hair, lays on it's back on the dark, blood-stained floor. A mouse, hiding in it, scatters.

WENDY

Ahhhh!

She crawls over. Grabs her flashlight. Pops up.

She shines where she fell. A long SHOVEL lies on the floor.

She finds a shelf. Peruses it up and down. On the bottom shelf, a few bottles of red wine. She picks one up and looks at the label. Sets it back on the shelf.

She shines the light in the back corner. Sees a dirty, old mattress. Walks to it. Presses it with her foot. It SQUEAKS.

She roams further. Finds another upward staircase. She climbs the stairs to a two-door hatch that's locked with a bolt.

She unlocks it. Pushes a door up. Pokes her head out as rainy mud seeps in. Closes the door, bolts it. Scrambles back down.

A light suddenly shines on her face. It startles her.

JIMMY

Wendy?

Realizing it's her friend, Wendy SIGHS. Walks to the tools.

Wendy picks up a SCREWDRIVER. Walks to the food shelf. She grabs a bottle of wine, sets it on the shelf next to her.

She slices the seal on the bottle then uses the SCREWDRIVER to push the cork down into the bottle. She takes a few swigs.

Jimmy walks over. Snatches the bottle. Drinks out of it.

WENDY

Let's get some of this upstairs.

They start grabbing boxes of crackers and food cans.

EXT. PARK RANGER OFFICE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - EVENING

Daylight has almost been replaced by night. Marcus continues through the forest. Nearly out of breath, he stops, puts his hands on his knees. Catches his breath. He sees a structure through the trees ahead. He starts running toward it.

EXT. PARK RANGER CAR

Marcus jogs through the rain. He approaches the Park Ranger SEDAN outside the office. He glances inside the car through the window then runs up to the office front door.

INT. PARK RANGER OFFICE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Marcus steps into the office. He spots Lucas sitting at his desk drinking coffee. Lucas stands up. Ambles toward him.

LUCAS

Hell, you're drenched.

Lucas grabs a towel off a shelf. He tosses it to Marcus. He starts to dry himself off.

MARCUS

Thanks. Glad to be out of the rain.

LUCAS

I bet.

MARCUS

We need your help. Fast. We need to call in the authorities. There's these people who attacked us. They're killing and sacrificing--

LUCAS

Whoa, whoa. What in the hell are you talking about?

Lucas nods as he pretends to be interested.

MARCUS

People being killed. I lost friends. Good friends. These...monsters killed them.

Lucas walks over. Puts his arm around Marcus. He leads him to his desk. Marcus sits down. Lucas sits in his desk chair.

LUCAS

Slow down. Tell me the whole story.

MARCUS

We don't have time. We gotta call the police and go get the rest of my group. I'll tell you the whole story on the way.

Thunder rolls as Marcus's scans the office. He focuses on a six-point buck mount on the wall. He spots a CB radio on a table below it.

LUCAS

You gotta give me more than that. What's going on? In detail.

MARCUS

Let's use the CB Radio to call the police. We need them here.

Marcus sees some other taxidermy. Starts to doubt Lucas.

ON MARCUS'S POCKET

He shoves his WALKIE TALKIE deeper into his jeans to hide it.

ON SCENE

LUCAS

Well...the thunder knocked out the radio. We can't get through to anybody right now...Where's your group, son?

Out of Marcus's view, Lucas slides open the desk drawer. A black snub-nose PISTOL rests inside.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Where are they? We'll go get them.

Lucas grasps the PISTOL. Marcus's brow furrows with thought as he glances at Lucas.

After a couple seconds, Marcus bounces up. Heads to the door.

MARCUS

Ok. Come on, I'll take you to them. We gotta go now.

Lucas, annoyed, SIGHS. Stands. Picks up his jacket.

LUCAS

Ok, ok.

Marcus speeds out the door into the night. Lucas puts on his jacket. Swipes the car keys off the desk. Slyly puts the snub-nose PISTOL in his left jacket pocket. Heads for the exit.

INT. CHAPEL STAGE - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - LATE NIGHT

The group sits on the steps of the stage eating from the cans. Pastor Jon sits leaned up against the pulpit. Paula, Simone and Wendy sit on the steps on his right. Jimmy and Andrea on his left.

Wendy accidentally knocks over a can of beans on the steps.

JIMMY

God, these crackers are sooo stale.

They pass around a bottle of wine pouring into paper cups.

PAULA

(sarcastic)

When our waiter comes back to take our orders, ask him for fresh ones.

JIMMY

Shut up, Paula--

PASTOR JON

Hey. Let's don't fight. Marcus should be back any time with help.

ANDREA

But, they could be here at any time too, right?

PASTOR JON

Let's be positive. We can defend ourselves if needed. We have the tools that Wendy found in the basement that we can use.

He grabs his fork. Holds it up. Tries to lighten mood.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

Stick this in someone. I'm sure they will take you seriously.

(serious)

As a group, if we stick together, we'll get through this.

Andrea hops up. Steps over to the piano on the stage. She sits on the stool. Starts to play the chords of "It Is Well With My Soul." She plays a few seconds. The group listens.

When she finishes, the group gives her a quiet applause. She replies with a glance to the floor and a meek smile.

INT. PARK RANGER CAR - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - MOVING

Hypnotically, the wipers bat the rain off the windshield as they oscillate. Behind the wheel, Lucas steers through the downpour. With an occasional glance at the driver, Marcus contemplates his options from the passenger seat.

LUCAS

Ok, so where we going?

Beat. Marcus sits up straight. Peers out the windshield.

MARCUS

Chapel.

LUCAS

Ah, ok. Perfect.

Lucas moves his left hand down to the bottom of the steering wheel. Barely moving his head, Marcus watches Lucas's hands.

Suddenly, Lucas reaches down with his right hand. Grabs the CB handset. Presses the push-to-talk button.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Pete, you there?

(half-smiles at Marcus)

Just letting you know, I'm taking the crown vic to the chapel. That youth group's there waiting.

With the handset up to his mouth, Lucas pauses for an answer. Beat. Nothing.

Lucas hangs the handset back on the receiver. Puts his right hand back on the wheel. Marcus stares down at the CB radio then curiously looks at Lucas.

Lucas slowly moves his left hand back down to the bottom of the steering wheel. Beat. Reaches down with his right hand. Picks up a pack of cigarettes in front of the CB radio. Holding the pack, he rests his right hand on the wheel.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Damn, this fucking rain.

Pulls a cigarette out of the pack with his left hand. Puts it between his lips. He offers the pack to Marcus.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Want one?

MARCUS

Nah.

Lucas sets the pack back down with his right hand. Marcus watches out of the corner of his eye. As he looks at the driver side, he notices some blood on the muddy tan floor-mat under Lucas's boots.

With his left hand, Lucas reaches into his left jacket pocket. Head forward, Marcus continues to watch him.

Lucas quickly pulls the PISTOL from his pocket. As soon as Marcus sees it, he jumps toward Lucas shoving him into the door with his body. As he shoves, he uses his right arm to reach for Lucas's hand that's holding the PISTOL.

Lucas tries to steer and push as hard as he can to point the gun toward Marcus. Lucas GROANS as Marcus redirects it to the ceiling. The trigger's pulled.

POP!

Blows a hole in the ceiling. The CAR swerves back and forth as they tussle for the gun.

Lucas slams on the brakes. Marcus smashes into the dash, then lands back in his seat.

Lucas aims the PISTOL. Marcus kicks his arm. With his back against the door, Marcus grabs the door handle. Pulls it.

Lucas swings the gun around again. The passenger door flies opens behind Marcus. He falls out. Rolls into the ditch.

Lucas slams on the brakes. Brings the car to a stop.

EXT. FOREST DIRT ROAD

Groggy from the fall, Marcus shakes his head. Looks at the car. He bolts into the forest as Lucas hops out of the car.

POP! POP!

Lucas shoots at Marcus. Misses. Marcus barrels deep enough into the forest for the trees to provide cover.

Lucas climbs back into the car. Speeds toward the chapel.

EXT. FOREST - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Marcus dashes through the woods. Out of breath, he ducks down and glances back. Now in the thick of the forest, Marcus surveys. His head spins trying to recognize his location.

He slides the WALKIE TALKIE out of his pocket. Switches it on. He hears STATIC.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 (into walkie talkie)
 Hello? Hello?...Anyone there?

More STATIC. Too far away. Flips off. Puts it in his pocket.

Determined to get to the chapel, he looks for the brightest area of clouds. Must be the moon. Based on that, he sprints in the direction of the chapel through the drizzling rain.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - LATE NIGHT

Jimmy lies on a step. Paula sits next to Simone on the first pew. Andrea sits beside her. She has her arm around Paula.

Tears well up in Paula's eyes as she rests her head on Andrea's shoulder. Andrea pulls the blanket over them both. They close their eyes.

Pastor Jon, sleeping on a pew, wakes. Stands. Paces one side of the chapel. Peeks out the shutters.

ON WENDY

On the other side of the sanctuary, Wendy scans the perimeter through one of the shutters. Nothing.

ON PASTOR JON

He continues to scan through a shutter. Wendy approaches.

ON SCENE

WENDY
 Nothing...We've been here for
 hours. The rain let up some time
 ago. Where are they? Do you, do you
 think they're gone?

PASTOR JON
 (still scanning)
 We can't assume that.
 (MORE)

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

We just have to wait for Marcus or the Park Rangers...and keep watching...It'll be alright--

WENDY

What if Marcus--

PASTOR JON

It's gonna be alright. Marcus is coming back.

Wendy fixates out the shutters. Spots headlights.

WENDY

Hey--

Pastor Jon focuses through the shutters. Sees them too.

PASTOR JON

Get everyone in the basement. Take the radio. Only come out if I come get you.

WENDY

Pastor Jon, I--

PASTOR JON

Wendy, do as I say.

Wendy walks away toward the front of the chapel. Pastor Jon continues watching out the shutter.

EXT. COUNTRY CHAPEL - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Through the night's darkness, Lucas's SEDAN drives up. Parks.

He pops open the PISTOL cylinder. Reloads the gun with bullets from his pocket. He examines his surroundings.

He puts the gun in his jacket pocket. Turns the car off. Gets out. Ambles to the chapel doors.

He cracks a door open. Pokes his head in. Uses the glow of the flashlights at front, to scan. No-one. He walks in.

LUCAS

Hello? Ranger Service.

He walks toward the stage. Pastor Jon emerges from the stage.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

There you are. Everybody here?

PASTOR JON
Lucas, thank God. We need your
help. We need the police--

LUCAS
Whoa, calm down. What's going on?

PASTOR JON
Some of my kids have been killed.
We need the police now.

LUCAS
Holy shit. Where are the kids?
(beat)
Who, who did this?

PASTOR JON
I-I don't know. Men in masks. With
knives...bows and arrows. We need
to get these kids out of here now--

LUCAS
(hand up)
Ok, ok. I'll radio the police--

PASTOR JON
Ok, let's go now and call them or
radio them. I'll come with you--

LUCAS
Where are the kids now?

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

The kids sit in the basement. Andrea sits on the mattress.
They occasionally glance up to the hatch door. Wendy holds
the WALKIE TALKIE.

SIMONE
Why don't we try to contact Marcus?

WENDY
No, no. We need to wait--

Wendy adjusts the volume up slightly on it.

SIMONE
Why--

WENDY
We don't wanna cause him any
trouble.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

Maybe, someone hears the radio that shouldn't. We, we have to wait. We'll hear from him.

Simone nods. Wendy reaches for her hand. She grabs it.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Pastor Jon and Lucas stand at the front of the sanctuary.

PASTOR JON

How much room do you have in your car? How many could you--

LUCAS

I don't think it's a good idea. Ya'll should stay together. I'll go radio the police.

Pastor Jon nods. Walks toward the rear. Lucas raises hand.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

No, no. Stay here. You...

Lucas scans the room and stage.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

You need to stay with your kids. I'll be right back.

PASTOR JON

Well, please hurry. Tell them to get here fast. We're all in danger.

Lucas nods. Turns. Walks to the rear doors.

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

STATIC on the radio turns to a distorted VOICE. Wendy raises it to her ear. She can't make it out. Presses button...

WENDY

(into radio)
Hello? Marcus?

More GARBLED VOICE.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(into radio)
Marcus?
(to group)
(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

I think it's this basement. I need to get upstairs.

Wendy heads up the steps. At the top, she pushes the door slightly open. Takes another step up. Presses button...

WENDY (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Marcus? Hello?

MARCUS (ON RADIO)

Wendy? Is that you? Hello?

WENDY

(into radio)

Yeah, it's me. Where are you?

Wendy leans down. Tells the group...

WENDY (CONT'D)

It's Marcus!

Wendy pops back up.

WENDY (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Marcus?

MARCUS (ON RADIO)

Wendy...The Park Ranger. Don't trust him.

Wendy steps down. Motions to the them. Tosses the radio to Simone then speeds out the hatch door.

ON ANDREA

Andrea sees something pointed under the mattress. She pulls it out. It's a Polaroid. A picture of child. A bad picture. She closes her eyes. Covers her mouth.

INT. STOREROOM - COUNTRY CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

In the dark, Wendy sneaks up to the storeroom doorway. Hides along the wall. She pokes his head out to view the sanctuary. Sees Pastor Jon walking toward the storeroom.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL

Suddenly, Lucas opens the rear door. Walks in. Pastor Jon turns around. Walks toward him.

PASTOR JON

They on their way? How long until--

LUCAS

I remember coming to this chapel as a kid. Used to be so alive. People singing...telling each other how much they loved each another. My folk's came here. Hell, I was baptized in that tank over there.

Lucas pulls the PISTOL from his pocket. Points it forward.

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL

Andrea lifts the mattress. There's a pile of Polaroids under it. She GASPS. Turns and looks at Simone. Simone points the flashlight at the pile of photos. She shines it around and finds an old Polaroid camera on the floor in the corner.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I's about your kid's age. We had a good-hearted pastor. Nicest fella you'd ever meet. Like you. He'd tell you he loved you. Was there for ya. He'd smile. Big toothy one.

Lucas's eyes squint. His voice starts to crack.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

He shook my momma and daddy's hand.
(shakes his head)
No-one's coming. You're all alone.

Lucas stands a few pews away from Pastor Jon with the PISTOL aimed at him. Pastor Jon's jaw tightens as he glares at Lucas. Wendy observes from her hiding spot.

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL

SIMONE

(into radio)

Marcus? Are you there?

Beat. No answer.

BANG! BANG!

There's a banging on the outside hatch door. It RATTLES as its kicked on the other side. Simone goes silent and turns down the volume of the WALKIE TALKIE.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Lucas slowly steps forward with the PISTOL on Pastor Jon.

LUCAS

I'm gonna make sure we keep you
alive until the end. I want you to
watch as we cut up those kids.

(devilish smile)

Maybe we'll skin a couple of em'.
You can't protect em'. God's not
here. Not in this place--

PASTOR JON

I'm not gonna let that happen--

Pastor Jon stares as Lucas CHUCKLES.

LUCAS

Such faith for a man with no
control. Such...ignorance for--

The lights on the stage switch off. Immediately darkening the
sanctuary. Pastor Jon dives to his left behind the first pews
a split second before Lucas

POP!

fires a shot. The bullet cracks wood on the wall behind the
stage. Lucas runs toward the stage.

As he reaches the first pew, he spins. Quickly aims his
PISTOL down between the pews. Barely looking, he

POP! POP!

shoots twice into the wood floor. Pastor Jon isn't there.

Wendy switches the lights back on. Lucas pivots toward the
stage. Aims the PISTOL at her.

Motion on his left. Lucas glances.

WHACK!

Marcus swings the SHOVEL to the side of his face. Lucas spins
around as he falls. Drops the PISTOL.

Pastor Jon rolls out from under a pew. Grabs the PISTOL off
the floor. Steps over to Lucas who's laying on the floor.

ON PASTOR JON

Pastor Jon's face drips with sweat. His blood-soaked sleeve saturated against his arm as he raises the PISTOL. Aims.

ON PARK RANGER

The groggy Park Ranger holds the bloody gash on the side of his face as he glares up at Pastor Jon.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Do it and I'll see you--

POP!

ON PASTOR JON

Pastor Jon shoots Lucas in the head. With a locked jaw, he stares at the body. Marcus looks at Pastor Jon in shock.

WHOOSH! BAM!

ON SCENE

The rear doors open. Sheep stands in the door with his STAFF.

PASTOR JON
(to the kids)
Get to the basement!

Wendy heads toward the basement behind the stage.

MARCUS
No, let's end this now.

Marcus holds the SHOVEL standing right behind Pastor Jon.

BAM!

On the right side, shutters swing open. Boar climbs through the window. Pastor Jon turns. Aims.

POP! Hits the shutter.

BOOM! Hits Boar in the shoulder.

Boar grabs his shoulder as he falls.

Pastor Jon turns the PISTOL at Sheep. Pulls the trigger.

CLICK! CLICK! Empty.

With the SHOVEL in both hands, Marcus runs at Sheep.

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL - VERY EARLY MORNING

Kids are huddled in the basement. Wendy rushes down the steps and over to the toolbox. She rummages through it.

WENDY

Tools. Use the tools. Screwdrivers,
hammers. Any of them.

Andrea grabs a hammer. Jimmy grabs the SCREWDRIVER.

PAULA

The car. If we can get the car.

WENDY

It's too dangerous out there--

Paula charges up the steps to the outside basement door.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Marcus swings the SHOVEL. Sheep raises the STAFF. Blocked.

ON PASTOR JON

Pastor Jon leans over Lucas's body. Digs in his pockets.

ON MARCUS

Sheep using his blocking force, shoves Marcus back. He twirls the STAFF. Crouches. Swings the hook side, grabbing Marcus's foot with it. He tugs. Marcus falls to his back on the floor.

ON PASTOR JON

Pastor Jon finds three bullets in Lucas's jacket pocket. He opens the cylinder. Tilts the PISTOL. The empty hulls fall out. He chambers one of the bullets.

ON MARCUS

Sheep spins his STAFF to the spear end. Stabs at Marcus. Marcus rolls to avoid it.

ON PASTOR JON

Pastor Jon stands. Finishing chambering the last two bullets. He spots Boar standing. Then, running toward him.

Pastor Jon closes the cylinder. Aims at Boar.

CLICK!

Empty chamber. Boar getting closer. Raises his CLEAVER.

CLICK! Another empty chamber. Boar starts to swing it.

POP!

Finally, hits a chambered bullet. A cavernous hole appears under Boar's throat. CLEAVER falls as Boar grabs his chest. His body goes limp. Drops to the floor.

ON SCENE

In a flash, Pastor Jon turns the gun to Sheep. Sheep stabs again. Hits Marcus in the side. Marcus CRIES OUT in pain.

POP! Pastor Jon fires. Misses.

Sheep lifts the STAFF again.

POP!

Pastor Jon shoots Sheep in his armpit. The STAFF CLANGS on the floor as it plummets. Sheep collapses.

Marcus snatches the STAFF up. Staggeres to his feet. Stands over Sheep. Sheep rolls over. Raises his hand for mercy.

Blood stains Marcus's side. Drips onto Sheep. Marcus hoists the STAFF up. He

JAMS THE SPEAR

into Sheep's chest. YELLS at Sheep. Lifts it. Hits him again. Drops the STAFF. Cringing. CRYING, he grabs his side.

Pastor Jon puts his arm around Marcus to help him walk.

EXT. SIDE OF COUNTRY CHAPEL - CHICKASAW STATE PARK - NIGHT

The basement hatch door lifts as Paula peeks out. Spots the SEDAN a couple hundred feet away. Surveys. Coast is clear.

She slings it open. Sprints for the car in the driving rain.

She gets to it. Surveys. No-one. Opens the driver door. Gets in. SLAMS it shut. Rain drops splatter on the windshield.

Frantically watching all around, she feels for the ignition.

No keys.

She glances down to confirm. Yep. No keys.

Breathing hard, she checks behind the visor for keys.

Nothing.

She leans over. Checks the passenger visor.

Nothing. Still no keys.

She hears

TAP TAP TAP

She scans. Nothing. Beat.

Suddenly, in the driver's side mirror, she spots Wolf approaching with his IVORY-HANDLE KNIFE drawn. She SCREAMS.

Wolf reaches for the door handle. She reaches for the lock.

CLICK. Locked.

She beats him. He tries to open it.

CLACK. CLACK. Locked.

He raises his KNIFE. BANGS the window with the handle.

Doesn't break. Paula WAILS as she starts to slide to the passenger's side.

He raises the KNIFE again. This time, hits harder.

SMASH. Window shatters.

Wet glass flies all over Paula. SCREAMING, she falls on her back almost into the passenger seat.

KNIFE in one hand, Wolf unlocks the door. Opens it. Leans in.

She slides back. Eyes still on him. Reaches behind her. Feels for the passenger door handle.

Halfway inside, he grabs her leg with his free hand.

She YELLS "No" as he yanks her leg. She kicks him in the face with her other foot. Knocks him back which frees her leg.

She finds the door handle. Pulls to open.

CLACK. Locked.

She stretches up to unlock. Almost got it. But she...

GETS JERKED AWAY as Wolf crawls in GROWLING in the hair-singed, partially burned mask as he GRABS her leg..

He tugs. She flips over on her belly. Using both hands, she grasps the passenger door armrest and corner of the seat.

She grits her teeth. Pulls HARD. Holds her position.

With a grip of the door armrest handle, she reaches for the glovebox with her left hand. It drops open.

She fumbles through it with her hand. Nothing there. A map and papers fall to the floorboard.

She kicks at Wolf, who continues to drag at her. Clutches the corner of the seat. Pulls herself up slightly.

She reaches under the seat. Feels around. Touches something. It's a familiar feel. Grabs it.

She lets go of the armrest. Now, he's got her.

WOLF

I wanna see if you scream as loud
as your brother did.

He pulls her. As she slides toward him, she twists around on her back. Lifts the 357 MAGNUM REVOLVER she just found. Aims.

KABOOM!

She blows off a large chunk of his shoulder. Now, it's his turn to SCREAM. Pain makes him release her leg.

Blood dripping from his shoulder, Wolf tries to back out of the door. Not in time though.

With an angry ROAR, she

KABOOM!

...blasts the right side of his mask. Blowing a chunk of it away. His right eye and ear are replaced by a bloody crater.

Knocked back, his bodyweight pulls him out of the car. He tumbles to the ground.

Paula moves to the driver seat. Gets out. SLAMS the door.

On his stomach, Wolf uses his good arm to pull himself away. In the mud, wet and bloody, he barely progresses.

She kicks him over onto his back. Confidently, she stands over him. She stomps off the rest of his mask with her heel.

He GROANS as his BROWN PONY TAIL lies, saturating in the mud. He heavily breathes as the rain mixes with the blood on his face. With his remaining eye, he locks eyes with Paula.

In the downpour, her eyes sparkle with revenge. Her drenched hair drips as she raises the revolver. Aims.

KABOOM!

The gun blast lights up the dark. Dead eye headshot.

She immediately scans her surroundings. Sees no-one. Runs.

Armed with confidence and a 357 MAGNUM, Paula bursts in through the chapel rear doors to assist her friends.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - VERY EARLY MORNING

Paula enters through the rear doors. Marcus slumps over on a pew. Simone helps bandage his wounds with a FIRST AID KIT.

PAULA

No keys.

Wendy runs to Lucas's body. She slowly approaches him. Wendy leans down. Retrieves the keys from his pocket. Tosses them to Paula. She puts them in her pocket.

Pastor Jon approaches Sheep's body, which sits in a pool of blood. Squats. Removes the mask. Under it lies the face of the blonde-headed guy who pumped their gas at the country store. He SIGHS. Stands.

PASTOR JON

All of us should be able to squeeze into the car. But, let's go now.

(to Wendy)

Get Jimmy and Andrea--

HATCHET in hand, Wendy runs to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL

Wendy enters the basement. Jimmy hides on the floor in the corner. Head in his hands. Andrea is next to him.

WENDY

Come on. We got the car--

BANG! BANG!

Someone kicks the outside hatch door.

JIMMY

Shit!

BANG! BANG!

The lock breaks. The middle of the door CRASHES in. It swings open. Shepherd enters the basement.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL

Paula hears the NOISES in the basement. Runs to it. Pastor Jon, Simone, and Marcus move toward the stage.

The rear doors open SLAMMING against the walls. Deer 1 and Deer 2, DAGGERS in hand, enter. Goat hovers behind wielding his HALADIE.

Pastor Jon grabs up the HACKSAW and HATCHET off the stage.

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL

Andrea runs to the basement steps. Jimmy freezes. Shepherd steps toward them. Wendy stands ready, HATCHET raised, between Shepherd and her friends.

Shepherd slides his RUSTY BAYONET out from a sheath at his lower back. Struts closer.

INT. STOREROOM - COUNTRY CHAPEL

Frantic, Andrea exits the basement hatch. Paula, packing heat, runs in as Andrea enters the storeroom.

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL

Wendy attacks first. Swings her HATCHET at Shepherd.

ON JIMMY

Jimmy crouches in the corner, blocked from the hatch door. He quivers, holding his SCREWDRIVER.

ON SCENE

Shepherd tauntingly dodges. With one arm, shoves Wendy down. Wendy drops the HATCHET. It RATTLES on the floor.

ON JIMMY

Jimmy stands. GULPS. Charges Shepherd.

ON SCENE

Shepherd, with his back to Jimmy, stands over Wendy.

As Jimmy rushes him, Shepherd easily sidesteps. SLAMS him into the wall. Jimmy drops the SCREWDRIVER. As Jimmy tumbles, Wendy rolls out of his way. She grabs the HATCHET.

ON JIMMY

Shepherd raises his BAYONET over Jimmy who's on his back on the floor. Shepherd jams it into Jimmy's stomach. Jimmy SHRIEKS from the pain. Luckily, not a deathblow.

ON SCENE

Wendy gets to a knee. With all she can muster, swings the HATCHET at the back of Shepherd's leg.

WHACK!

She slices Shepherd's Achilles tendon. Shepherd SCREAMS. Falls to one knee.

Wendy stands to take a swipe, but Shepherd, from his knee, twists. Stabs Wendy in the oblique area of the stomach with his BAYONET. Wendy WAILS.

Blood streaming from his heel, Shepherd hops up on his leg. Drags his other foot to Wendy, who lays face down in pain.

ON JIMMY

Jimmy snatches up the SCREWDRIVER. Adrenaline rushing, he hops up. Grimaces as he protects his stomach wound with one hand. Charges Shepherd, whose back is to him.

ON SCENE

Jimmy jams the SCREWDRIVER into Shepherd's trap. Shepherd falls back to his knees. Blood spews from Shepherd's neck.

Jimmy spots Wendy lying on the ground, lifeless. Her blood along with Shepherd's has pooled under and all around her.

Paula, descends a few steps down, she assess the scene.

PAULA

Jimmy. Move!

Shepherd reaches back for the SCREWDRIVER, can't reach it. Jimmy scurries to the steps. When Shepherd turns, Paula

KABOOM!

shoots him in the heart. He freezes. Falls forward. Dead.

She lowers the gun. Looks down at lifeless Wendy and the pool of blood under her. Exhales and her mouth flattens as she observes no movement. Jimmy CRYING...

JIMMY

She's gone.

She exits. Jimmy follows.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

In front of the stage, Pastor Jon, holding a HATCHET, stands next to Marcus, holding the HACKSAW. Simone and Andrea are a few steps behind them. Only Deer 1, Deer 2, and Goat stand in their way to freedom.

Deer 1 and Deer 2 split up. They slither past the pews on either side of the sanctuary as Goat stalks down the middle.

INT. STOREROOM

Paula and Jimmy exit the hatch door into the dark storeroom.

JIMMY

(to Paula)

Don't you have the keys? Let's leave. Go out the back?

PAULA

No! We aren't leaving them.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL

Deer 1 and Deer 2 creep to the stage from each side. They each get about half way, then YELL as they sprint toward it.

Marcus turns to Deer 2, on the left side. Pastor Jon turns toward Deer 1 on the right.

ON DEER 1

Deer 1 runs toward Pastor Jon.

ON PAULA

Paula enters from the storeroom behind the stage. As she approaches, she casually raises the MAGNUM.

She steps between Deer 1 and Pastor Jon. In a flash, Paula spins. Faces her. Aims.

KABOOM!

Shoots Deer 1 in the chest. The force of the magnum knocks her back. Blood explosion. She drops dead to the floor.

ON DEER 2

Deer 2 SCREAMS in reaction. Sprints faster to the stage.

ON MARCUS

As Deer 2 reaches the stage, Marcus swipes at her. She springs back. He misses. She slashes at him. Misses.

ON PAULA

Paula points the MAGNUM at Goat. He doesn't move. Arrogantly, turns to face her. Displaying his HALADIE. She fires.

CLICK. Nothing.

CLICK. No more bullets.

She drops the gun. Steps over. Grabs up Deer 1's DAGGER.

ON MARCUS

He steps up. Raises the HATCHET with his right hand. Stabs. He misses, but grabs her DAGGER arm with his left hand.

Deer 2 grabs the wrist of his hand holding the HATCHET.

Marcus shoves her back to the wall. Deer 2 slams into it.

ON SCENE

Pastor Jon faces Goat. Goat stands silent. Steps over to Boar's body. Picks up the CLEAVER. Holds it in one hand and his HALADIE in the other. Walks toward Pastor Jon.

ON MARCUS

Marcus BANGS her wrist on the wall. She drops the DAGGER.

She releases his wrist. Sticks her fingers deep into his side wound. He SCREAMS. Drops the HATCHET. Crumples to a knee.

She slugs his jaw. He collapses to the floor.

ON SIMONE

Simone rushes toward Marcus. On her way, she swipes up Deer 2's DAGGER that was dropped.

ON MARCUS

Deer 2 kicks Marcus to the ground. Deer 2 turns. Leans down to find her DAGGER. Found it, but...

ON SIMONE

Simone jabs it up into her ribcage. Deer 2 grabs Simone's wrist with one hand. Her throat with the other. Squeezes her throat. Simone forces her up against the wall using the DAGGER to push her.

Simone continues to thrust the DAGGER further into her. Deer 2's grip loosens. Lets go. Simone shoves her to the ground.

ON SCENE

Pastor Jon faces Goat. Paula steps by him, DAGGER in hand.

PASTOR JON

Just go.

(points hatchet at doors)

Leave.

Goat stiffens his stance. Defiantly, he SLIDES the HALADIE and the CLEAVER blades together. As he does this, the heads of the serpent tattoos can be seen around his forearms and wrists, like the man Andrea saw in the country store.

Pastor Jon shrugs his shoulders. Shakes his head. With a furrowed brow, he YELLS...

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

Why? Why do this?

(beat)

These are just kids.

Goat does nothing. Beat.

ON SIMONE

With a blanket, Simone squats next to Marcus, who's on the floor. She props his head up. Puts the blanket on his wound.

ON PASTOR JON

With fire in his eyes, Pastor Jon stares. Firmly states...

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)

Let them go...You and me.

Pastor Jon slowly nods his head. Points his HATCHET at Goat.

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
Just you...and me--

Suddenly, Goat sidesteps. Hurls the CLEAVER at Paula.

Like a shortstop diving for a ball, Pastor Jon leaps to his side knocking the CLEAVER away from Paula with his arm stretched out and HATCHET in hand. He lands in front of her. The CLEAVER CLANGS on the wooden slats as it hits steps away.

Goat immediately charges them both. Pastor Jon bounces up to defend. Goat raises his HALADIE as he rushes.

Right as Pastor Jon stands, Goat tackles him. They land on the stage with Pastor Jon on his back. Goat jams his HALADIE into Pastor Jon's chest. Paula YELLS. Lunges on stage.

She jams her DAGGER into Goat's lower back. He GROANS. Still straddling Pastor Jon, Goat backhands her with his left hand. She falls off the stage.

With the HALADIE still firmly in his right hand, he uses his left hand to reach for the impaled DAGGER. He leans back as he grabs it. Pulls it out, but it falls from his hand.

As he does this, Pastor Jon rolls out from under him and his HALADIE. Pastor Jon grabs his chest wound. He starts to breath heavy.

With his HATCHET, Pastor Jon gets on position on his knees. He swings. Falls forward as he hits Goat on his right arm. Goat drops the HALADIE.

ON PAULA

Standing, Paula finds the DAGGER. Grabs it. Runs to stage.

ON PASTOR JON

Pastor Jon swings again. Weakly. Misses. Goat picks up his HALADIE. Pastor Jon steps next to the BAPTISMAL TANK. Goat launches with his HALADIE. Stabbing Pastor Jon in the gut. They both land on the floor next to the TANK.

Pastor Jon sits up. HALADIE still impaled in his gut. He grabs Goats elbow. He holds it there as tight as he can.

ON PAULA AND SIMONE

Paula and Simone, both now on stage and with DAGGERS.

ON PASTOR JON

PASTOR JON (CONT'D)
 (in pain, loud)
 Paula!

ON SCENE

Pastor Jon has a tight hold of Goat's arm. Goat can't move it. Goat turns his head around just as Paula and Simone stab their DAGGERS into his back.

They pull them out. Stab him again. Using the last strength he has, Pastor Jon pulls Goat into the tank. Holds him under. Blood mixes with the dirty water. Goat splashes around. Beat.

Goat's movement slows, then stops. Paula and Simone pull Pastor Jon out. Goat floats to the top. Face down.

Breathing heavy. Pastor Jon collapses by the BAPTISMAL TANK. He leans his back against it. He's drenched from the water.

He's injured badly from the large chest laceration and the deep cut across his gut. His shirt is soaked with water and blood as he continues to bleed heavily.

Andrea and Jimmy enter the sanctuary from behind the stage.

He COUGHS. Some blood spews from his lips. Paula and Andrea sit on either side of him. TEARS. Jimmy joins them.

ANDREA
 We've gotta get you out of here.

Breathing heavy, he gives her a half-smile. Pats her hand. She grabs his hand. He holds in a COUGH.

Simone helps Marcus up on the stage. They sit. Pastor Jon tries to sit up further. Tears up. Grins slightly.

He WHEEZES due to his punctured lung. Tries to SPEAK. COUGHS.

MARCUS
 (voice cracks)
 You, you don't need to--

Marcus puts his hand on his leg. Pastor Jon, now pale white, nods. He leans his head back as his eyes are heavy.

Andrea takes his glasses off. Cleans and dries them. Puts them back on him.

Paula palms his cheek. Simone kisses his forehead.

They all hold hands. CRYING. Bow their heads. Silence. Two beats.

When they raise their heads, Pastor Jon's head doesn't raise.

They slowly stand. SOBBING. Paula and Andrea lay him on his side.

Simone helps Marcus down the steps of the stage.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - EARLY MORNING

With the BAPTISMAL TANK and Pastor Jon on stage behind them, Paula and Simone help Marcus stagger to the rear doors as blood drips from his wound.

PASTOR JON (V.O.)
 (from earlier scene)
 "We all, like sheep, have gone
 astray, each of us have turned to
 our own way; and the Lord has laid
 upon him the iniquity of us all..."

Almost in a crucifix pose, his arms are outstretched with one across Paula and the other across Simone as they tromp.

Andrea and Jimmy walk behind them. Andrea helps Jimmy as he holds a bloody shirt on his stomach wound.

PASTOR JON (V.O.)
 "He was oppressed and afflicted,
 yet he did not open his mouth; He
 was led like a lamb to the
 slaughter."

As they approach the exit, Paula and Simone use their free arms to push the rear doors open.

EXT. COUNTRY CHAPEL

The sun that has just risen bursts into the chapel. It partially blinds their eyes as they all walk out the doors.

PASTOR JON (V.O.)
 (from earlier scene)
You see, without Good Friday, there
 would be no Easter Sunday.

TITLE CARD: EASTER SUNDAY

They walk out then down the steps into the blinding sun. The rear doors close darkening the chapel once again.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK.

AGENT GUNDERSON

So...Wendy, what's the last thing you remember?

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FBI OFFICE - PRESENT TIME

Wendy sits silent at the table. Agent Gunderson, writes in his notepad, still seated across from her.

WENDY

Ummm...I-I woke up in the basement. My side was...hurting. My head too.

INT. BASEMENT - COUNTRY CHAPEL - FLASHBACK

Wendy sits on the basement floor. She grabs her head with one hand. She glances down at her stomach wound. Her shirt is drenched with blood. Shepherd's body, with a huge hole in his chest, lays on the floor beside her.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FBI OFFICE

Wendy, at the table, continues her story.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I went back up. I remember it being really hard to...get up the steps.

INT. SANCTUARY - COUNTRY CHAPEL - FLASHBACK

Wendy staggers into the sanctuary holding her stomach.

WENDY (V.O.)

When I got in the chapel, I saw the agents. Er...maybe they saw me first. I-I don't remember exactly.

Two FBI AGENTS run to Wendy. Grab her arms to help her.

WENDY (V.O.)

They, they helped me out of the chapel.

They walk her down the aisle toward the rear doors. She walks past Lucas's body on the ground. As she walks past the stage, there's no body in the BAPTISMAL TANK.

They lead Wendy through the rear doors. Ambulances and FBI sedans are parked in front of the chapel.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FBI OFFICE

Attentive to her story, Agent Gunderson stares at Wendy seated across from her.

WENDY
(shrugs)
That was it.

Agent Gunderson nods. Writes in his notes.

AGENT GUNDERSON
Why didn't you go to the hospital--

WENDY
Uh...Paramedics checked me out.
Sewed me up in the ambulance--I'm
tired of this. I've answered all
your questions--

AGENT GUNDERSON
Wendy--

WENDY (CONT'D)
Now, tell me what's going on--

AGENT GUNDERSON (CONT'D)
I think--Wendy, I-I don't think you
were involved in what happened. Did
your mother or grandparents know
you were going to Chickasaw?

WENDY
What does--

AGENT GUNDERSON
For the camping trip? Did they know
you were going to that location?

WENDY
Uh, I-I don't think so. I just told
my grandparents I was going camping
with the church. Why?

Agent Gunderson removes a couple Polaroids from the back of his notepad. They are face down.

AGENT GUNDERSON
So...you found the basement in the
chapel. That's where we found you.
(MORE)

AGENT GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

Well, we...we found some evidence
down there.

He flips over one of the Polaroids. It's a picture of a shirtless MAN and a BOY. The boy has long black hair hanging out from under an LSU ball cap. The man is smiling and has an predatory stare. His arm is around the boy.

WENDY

Wh-what is this?

Wendy looks down at the picture then up at Agent Gunderson.

AGENT GUNDERSON

After finding a lot of evidence,
interviewing some locals. At this
point, we believe the man in this
photo was the pastor at the chapel.

Wendy looks back down at the photo.

AGENT GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

He had a small congregation. And,
well...it turns out that, based on
initial interviews we have done and
what we found, he was...he was
taking advantage of some of the
children of his congregation...In
that basement you found.

Agent Gunderson takes a deep breathe.

WENDY

Oh my God. Is that related to what--

AGENT GUNDERSON

The corpse in the basement is
probably him. It's an adult male.
The hair is a similar color to the
photo.

(points to picture, beat)

According to a witness, the
congregation found out. And, the
witness said it was...uh, it was
well known they took it upon
themselves to handle the problem.

Wendy just stares. Shakes her head.

WENDY

What does all of this have to do
with me?

Agent Gunderson SIGHS. Flips over the other picture. It's a picture of a GIRL (13) on the basement mattress. She's naked, but her body is covered by masking tape on the photo.

Wendy's eyes widen. Her mouth opens. She stares at the photo.

AGENT GUNDERSON

Wendy, is...is this a picture of your mother? As a child?

Wendy GULPS. Her breathing speeds up. She looks at Agent Gunderson and nods. She sits back in her chair.

AGENT GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

A witness identified her as Karen Anne Martin. That's your mother. Isn't it?

Wendy, still with a shocked expression, nods.

AGENT GUNDERSON (CONT'D)

Wendy, you've been through a lot these past few days. It'll be with you for the rest of your life.

(exhales)

I know this is hard...I do need to ask you though...how old are you? Exactly?

WENDY

I'm, uh, sixteen. W-why? When--How long ago did this happen?

Agent Gunderson looks down at the table. Then, back at Wendy.

AGENT GUNDERSON

And, your...dad? Biological dad? Where...uh, where is he now?

WENDY

He--uh--he died when I...when I was a baby. My mom and I live with my grandma and granddad. Her parents.

Agent Gunderson's mouth flattens. A half smile grows across his face as he reaches across the table. He pats her hand.

AGENT GUNDERSON

You've done a great job, Wendy. You've been a big help.

The door OPENS. With his back to the door, Agent Gunderson writes in his notebook.

Over his shoulder, Wendy spots a man in the doorway. He has long black hair that's draped over an FBI windbreaker. She sees the eye tattoo on his neck.

AGENT GUNDERSON (CONT'D)
(without turning)
Give us a minute, we're just about--

Agent Gunderson notices Wendy's eyes wide with shock as the man enters sliding on the horned goat mask.

Standing behind Agent Gunderson, Goat grabs Agent Gunderson's combover. Tilts his head back.

Agent Gunderson's surprise is brief as Goat JAMS his HALADIE through his Adam's apple. Blood spills out.

Agent Gunderson reaches for his throat. GARGLES and CHOKES for air. Goat pulls out the blade.

Goat pushes him forward then stabs him in the back twice.

To retrieve his HALADIE, Goat pushes Agent Gunderson's limp body. It falls to the floor.

Through his mask his killer eyes lock with Wendy's.

WENDY
Help! Help me!

HALADIE raised, he HUMS. Rounds the table toward Wendy.

Wendy quickly grabs the EVIDENCE BAG off the table. Pulls out the HATCHET as she falls out of the chair into the corner.

As Goat continues to HUM and approach, Wendy hurls the HATCHET hard at him. Goat knocks it away.

Wendy quickly crawls over to the other corner. Goat quickens his pace toward her.

Frantically, Wendy crawls under the table. YELLING.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Help! Help me! Please!

Wendy crawls out the other side of the table, next to Agent Gunderson's body.

Goat raises the HALADIE in the air. His HUMMING gets louder.

Wendy snatches the HANDGUN from the dead agent's holster.

As Goat charges, Wendy open fires.

BOOM!

Wendy angrily SCREAMS as Goat twists with each penetrating shot to his chest.

BOOM! BOOM!

Wendy raises the GUN higher. Aims. Fires.

BOOM!

It hits Goat's right eye causing a bloody mist, spatter and a cavernous hole to appear.

Nearly hyperventilating, Wendy stands. Walks over to the twitching body. She fires into Goat's body...

BOOM! BOOM!

Wendy falls to the floor CRYING. Releases the GUN.

Two FBI AGENTS, guns drawn, open the door and enter. Scanning they find Wendy quivering on the floor. GUN beside her.

FADE OUT.

INT. PRESS ROOM - FBI BUILDING - HOURS LATER

MEMBERS of the press have gathered in a press room. Reporters and television crews wait for a press conference to begin.

Senior Special Agent in Charge, ED FRANKLIN (50s), wearing a sharp charcoal suit, enters. Positions behind the oak podium.

SSAC Franklin grips both sides of the podium. Reporters SHOUT at him. He raises his hand. They sit.

SSAC FRANKLIN

Good evening. I'm Assistant Special Agent in Charge Edward Franklin. I'm here to brief you on the Chickasaw Incident. I'm going to make a statement. I will not take any questions at this time.

SSAC Franklin CLEARS his throat.

SSAC FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Uh, we have the suspect in custody. We have a confession.

(MORE)

SSAC FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Tragically, in the interrogation, the suspect was able to free themself from the restraints brutally murdering multiple agents, including the agent performing the interrogation.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL

FBI Agents in navy wind-breakers and Police officers in tan uniforms mill around eight black BODY BAGS that line the grounds in front of the chapel steps.

SSAC FRANKLIN (V.O.)

Based on the...evidence, our investigation, and the events I just described, we believe this to be an open and shut case. As with other cases over the years, there have been rumors. Rumors of occult rituals, mutilations, child abuse, decapitations and human sacrifice. We've found...

INT. PRESS ROOM

SSAC FRANKLIN

...absolutely no evidence of that.

CLOSE-UP SSAC FRANKLIN

He wears a TIE-CLIP with a Masonic symbol on it.

SSAC FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

This incident...just like all the others, is a clear case...of Satanic Panic.

FADE TO BLACK.