

THE HOLE

Written by

Charles Johnston

Crickets chirp.

A breeze whispers through endless leaves.

1

EXT. CANADIAN ROCKIES - NIGHT

1

A vista of a jagged mountain range, on the east shore of Waterton Lake, seemingly at rest under a cloak of darkness.

Suddenly, all sounds stop--

Like a breathless gasp--

As the tranquil evening is abruptly taken over by a BLINDING ORB OF LIGHT behind the main peak of the highest mountain.

It burns brightly as it reveals itself in a slow, deliberate circle around the mountain peak.

A BEAM of even brighter light suddenly emanates from it, like a laser blast from a sci-fi weapon, piercing into the peak, cutting into the rock like a knife through butter.

Then, all light vanishes as quickly as it arrived, leaving behind a moonlit, just barely visible, smoking HOLE.

DISSOLVE TO:

2

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

2

Same angle, same spot, now bathed in morning light.

We move in near the top... until we see it again.

The **hole**: its billowing smoke now long cleared.

It looks unnatural, like a blemish on a painting. Not quite the right shape, it somehow breaks the pattern.

And once you see it, you can't take your eyes off it.

And, as we get closer, it starts to resemble an enigmatic cave entrance.

We hear and feel a low drone deep in our bones with frightening layers of screams on top as we suddenly

SMASH CUT TO:

FRANK and PATRICIA, early 70's, wholesomely preserved, trudge along a winding trail, enjoying the majesty of a beautiful spring morning.

The water below mirrors the cloudless blue of the sky.

The pair each carry a knapsack. Their coats are zipped up to the top. You can tell this is something they do all the time.

From far away, we watch them. They stop. Frank snaps a selfie with his arm around his wife. They look at it, amused. She teases him about his pose. He tickles her in response.

They laugh and take the picture again, then check it out together. They both seem to agree this one is better.

We finally move in closer -- all the way to Patricia's expression as she scrunches her face and adjusts her glasses.

PATRICIA

Shiver me timbits. What's that horrid smell?

FRANK

I don't smell anything. Damn long covid.

(beat, sniffs)

Wait. Now I do.

They both smell the air as they scan the area.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I don't see any bear scats.

(beat)

Might be corpse flowers?

PATRICIA

Do corpse flowers even grow in Southern Alberta?

Frank shrugs.

FRANK

Might just be something... *dead*.

She nods.

They keep walking.

Frank takes Patricia's hand as they step over some thick roots gnarled across the path together.

She looks apprehensive.

PATRICIA
Did we bring bear spray?

FRANK
I thought you packed it.

PATRICIA
I packed water and snacks. You were
supposed to pack everything else.

FRANK
Senior moment. Sorry.

Patricia nods and stops to have some water from a thermos.

As she takes a sip, she spots something.

She adjusts her glasses again.

She walks toward a spruce tree--

--and sees what looks like a *fur covered mound* behind it.

She moves a berry covered branch out of her way--

Then jolts, cutting her hand on a thorn in the process.

And now... we see what she's looking at.

A HEADLESS BEAR.

Lying there like discarded garbage.

Patricia drops her thermos.

Clang!

She puts the cut on her hand into her mouth as she steps
closer to make sure it really is what it looks like.

PATRICIA
(hushed)
Knock me down and steal my teeth.

Frank comes up behind her, eyes widening.

FRANK
Oh Christ.

Patricia is on the verge of bursting into tears.

PATRICIA
What happened to it?

FRANK
 Bigger bear?

She knows there's no way that makes any sense. So does he.

Patricia looks at her hand.

It's still bleeding. She wipes it on her jeans.

PATRICIA
 I want to go back, right now. I
 don't like this one bit.

FRANK
 No argument there. Let's go.

They shuffle off in the direction they came, their scrunchy steps faster now, panic on simmer.

4 EXT. HIKING TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

4

Frank and Patricia walk at a pace. We see them through the trees, voyeur style.

We get closer and closer, until...

-Frank stops.

PATRICIA
 What is it?

FRANK
 Gotta shake the dew off my lily.

PATRICIA
 Geez Lou-eez, you have the bladder
 of a seventy year old man.

FRANK
 I know. Go figure.

ON Patricia, as she waits patiently -- Frank steps behind a tree to relieve himself.

ON Frank, as he suddenly notices--

The bush he's peeing on has blood sprays splashed across it.

He looks more closely. It's *everywhere*. On stems, the ground.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What the hell-?

BACK ON Patricia, as she looks down at the town of Waterton far below.

She watches the lake get cut like a cake by early morning revelers with boats and jet skis.

She listens to the mirth at a distance.

Wipes more blood on her jeans.

She gently turns back to where Frank was -- and he's gone.

PATRICIA
Frank?

She approaches, looks around. Tenses up completely.

Hears something crackling through the brush.

The crackling gets louder, like something in attack mode.

Patricia instinctively lunges for a tree -- and climbs it as high as she can before the branches thin out too much.

She lets out a high pitched cry of panicked effort. She looks down. Hyperventilating. She gags.

She tries to get it under control, feeling faint. She circles her arm over a branch to support herself as she falters.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Frank?!

She sees something dark below, as it goes from one bush to the next -- a blur.

A deep rumble, seemingly everywhere, like a growl if you were to slow the sound down as far as you could go.

She can't make out what's happening, but senses danger all around her.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
FRANK!

The dark shape emerges again and cuts across just below her.

A deafening crunch, like a gunshot.

Patricia gasps--

She suddenly realizes the base of the tree has been completely obliterated...

Just as it starts to keel over.

She screams.

She sees the ground come up fast and hit her. *Smash!*

She rolls over, completely stunned, glasses broken, looking around helplessly.

We stay on her face as it's taken over by terror.

Her eyes almost pop out as she looks at something approach that she's never seen before in her life.

She can't even process what it is...

CUT WIDE as a scream pierces the area.

Birds explode out of trees.

Another scream, gurgling, horrific.

Then, a horrible silence.

ON Frank, lying on his side by the bloody bush.

CLOSE ON his eyes as he suddenly wakes back up with a jolt.

SMASH CUT TO:

5

INT. CONDO / MAIN LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - NIGHT

5

MICHELE, early 30's, slick, burps a SIX MONTH OLD BABY GIRL (ZOE) on the couch, watching the news on TV in a comfy grey Yeezy sweatsuit. The room is large and under-furnished.

She's also scrolling on her phone at the same time, where she's dismissing relentless notifications: 'Payment Due', 'Grant Update', 'Memorial For Owl Expert'.

Through the balcony window, the CN Tower is visible.

ON TV: a drone shot of Waterton dissolves into a SCHOOL PICTURE of a TEENAGED HIKER wearing a rainbow raincoat.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Nineteen year old Jeff King has been missing since Sunday, after telling close friends he was going for a hike along Crypt Lake Trail.

The news story captures Michele's full attention.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV) (CONT'D)

While hope of finding him remains, there have been disappearances and even fatalities on this nature trail, including the death of Patricia Henricks earlier this spring. Her husband Frank survived the encounter but still struggles to remember what happened.

The news cuts to an INTERVIEW with Frank.

ON SCREEN CHYRON: FRANK HENRICKS.

He turns his head slowly, revealing half his face is horribly scarred, gnarly scabs still looking like they're slowly healing.

Michele leans forward closer to the TV.

FRANK (ON TV)

I suspect it was a grizzly... but I've never heard of one operating like that.

(angry chuckle)

They found a sheep carcass. I guess it was probably trying to protect it.

(beat)

You know what grizzlies do when they first attack you? They try to break your jaw. Did you know that? These creatures DO NOT share their food. But it never broke mine.

(beat, squints at camera)

Can't figure it out.

(beat)

But I have been warning people for years...

(beat)

When you encroach on Mother Nature, it's only a matter of time, before Mother Nature encroaches back.

MICHELE

Oh. My. God...

Michele gets off the couch. Her husband, CONNOR, early 30's, lots of facial hair, emerges from the bedroom. Messy, eyes barely open.

Michele passes him the baby, retrieving a soother from the floor. She rinses it in the kitchen sink and pokes it back into her baby's mouth.

CONNOR

Hey.

MICHELE

(lit up)

Hey...

Michele takes out a laptop and puts it on the dining room table, and frantically taps on it, like a hacker in a movie.

Connor bounces his daughter gently, sets her down into a bassinet, rocks it with his socked foot.

CONNOR

Who knew anyone could get by on
this little sleep.

He rubs his eyes.

Notices his wife is hyper-focused on an idea.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Our job at this point really is
just keeping them alive, isn't it?

He's raised his voice just so to see if Michele is
acknowledging him. She senses this and looks up:

MICHELE

Yeah. You're right. I guess.

Michele keeps tapping, distracted.

CONNOR

What's up with you?

She holds up a finger. Tap tap tap.

A moment later, Michele points to the TV.

MICHELE

This is the subject. Of my doc.

ON TV: a photo of a grizzly bear.

Connor tilts his head.

CONNOR

I thought your documentary was
about owls.

MICHELE

Was about owls. Was. Grizzlies is better. People get so excited about animals that can kill them.

(beat)

And there happen to be a lot here. They're like a national resource. We don't live in Australia or I'd probably be making a doc about sharks.

ON TV: a drone shot over the Prince of Wales Hotel.

CONNOR

Where is this?

MICHELE

Waterton Park.

Connor shrugs; he doesn't know where that is.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

In Alberta.

(beat)

Kind of... mini Banff.

CONNOR

I thought you were shooting in Ontario.

He knows something is amiss, recognizing a manic energy his wife is giving off.

MICHELE

Change of plans.

CONNOR

But you got a grant. To shoot here.

MICHELE

It doesn't matter. I got the money. No one cares what I actually shoot. I've done this before. At this point I can do what I want as long as I make *something*.

(beat)

And my owl expert *died*. And the network lost interest after my owl expert died... and so now... I need something new. And this just fell in my lap.

CONNOR

Okay. What about your crew?

MICHELE

I had two people on hold. I'll
replace them with a couple locals.
There's a film school in Calgary.
(looking at him, annoyed)
Don't worry. I got this.

CONNOR

This is changing pretty fast.
(beat)
So... when are you going?

No answer. His incredulous grin is well practiced.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Wow. That soon.

MICHELE

Just for a couple weeks. My mom can
help you. It'll be worth it, I
promise.
(beat)
Grizzly bears. Can you imagine?
Premiere at Hot Docs next spring?

Connor seems to go really quiet. She playfully nudges him.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Hey. Say what you gotta say.

He looks her in the eye.

CONNOR

I support you here. I know you're
talented. I know you're going to go
for it no matter what.
(beat)
I just didn't signed up for...
anywhere. You know?

Connor turns and walks down the hall towards the bathroom.
Michele follows him.

MICHELE

Hey. Remember when my dad laughed
when I told him what my documentary
was about?

CONNOR

When it was about owls?

He stops. She catches up to him.

MICHELE

We'll see who's laughing when I win
ALL THE AWARDS.

CONNOR

So...

(beat)

This is all just a fuck you to him?

She just looks at him, pleading with her eyes.

MICHELE

I need you to believe in me. I
don't like it when you go all cold
on me.

CONNOR

I do believe in you. Everyone
does...

(beat)

We just need you to slow down once
in a while.

Their baby starts to cry.

Connor goes back to pick her up.

Michele takes a slow walk to the window, overlooking the
city, looking out at the night.

She seems to give what Connor just said a thought but also
can't seem to calm down her constantly wandering eyes.

6

EXT. CONDO - MORNING

6

A white Chevrolet Suburban is parked in front of the condo.

Michele stands on the curb, holding her baby. She's dressed
in sharper clothes now, her hair slicked and tied back.

Connor looks like he last looked. He peers into the back of
the vehicle.

CONNOR

You really rented all this gear?

(beat)

Do they know you're driving it
across the country?

MICHELE

It's fine.

CONNOR

It might not be insured over there.

MICHELE

Oh my god, you sound like my dad.

(beat)

Last night when I told him what I was doing, first thing out of his mouth was...

(impression of her dad)

"Make sure everyone signs a waiver, or you'll be bankrupt by August."

CONNOR

He's kinda... right? Hey, did you sleep? You have like six days driving ahead of you.

MICHELE

I think I can do it in three.

Connor drops his head.

CONNOR

It's not just about you anymore... remember?

MICHELE

I know. No speeding. Just a lot of driving.

(beat)

I'm going to go pick up the keys to grandad's old cabin from my dad, then I'll be on my way.

(beat, adding)

Safely.

Connor smiles and nods, *sure*.

CONNOR

Got a new crew yet?

MICHELE

Found a couple guys. One's experienced, one's in film school. I'm interviewing them later.

CONNOR

Don't forget, people out West hate people from Toronto.

She shrugs.

MICHELE

My grandad grew up there. That's gotta mean something.

CONNOR

Maybe it does. What do I know? Oh and one last thing.

(super sincere)

Can you be careful? For us? Please?

MICHELE

Careful's my middle name.

CONNOR

You really did *not* have to make that sound so cryptic.

MICHELE

Hey. Give me two weeks. This is the thing that's going to turn things around for us. Okay?

(beat)

Champagne and limos. Get ready.

One last smile, kiss, and the next thing she's driving off, waving out the window, getting farther and farther away.

Connor heads back in with baby in tow.

7

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO - A FEW MINUTES LATER

7

Michele drives through the downtown core, surrounded by cement, metal, and glass.

PODCAST HOST 1 (ON RADIO)

In most situations, a grizzly bear will act defensively. The bear acts aggressively only to defend its personal space, cubs, or food source...

Sunlight bounces off shiny surfaces, interspersed with concrete and brick with splashes of cryptic graffiti.

8

EXT. MIDDLE OF CANADA - DAY

8

In an extreme wide shot we see the vehicle speed down the Trans Canada Highway.

PODCAST HOST 2 (ON RADIO)
 Grizzly bears are one of the most
 lethal creatures in the wild, with
 vast reserves of physical strength.
 But it's their powerful biting
 force that makes them dangerous
 beyond comparison...

The road is straight, bright canola fields on either side.

9

EXT. WATERTON PARK - DAY

9

And just like that, she's arrived, surrounded by majestic
 mountains, wildflowers and forests of spruce, fir and aspen.

PODCAST HOST 3
 Grizzly bears use movement, sounds,
 and smells to communicate. They
 growl, moan, or grunt, especially
 when females are communicating with
 their young or during mating
 season. Grizzlies also rub their
 bodies on trees to scratch and let
 other bears know they are there.

10

INT. CHEVROLET SUBURBAN - SAME TIME

10

Michele smiles out at the view, enjoying the dappled sunlight
 on her face. She looks tired but relieved.

She looks ahead and sees a park ranger's Ford Explorer pulled
 over to the side of the road on the outskirts of town.

A small CROWD is gathered in a semicircle near the parked
 vehicle on the grass.

Michele curiously pulls over.

11

EXT. CHEVROLET SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

11

Michele steps out and approaches, trying to see what's
 happening.

She sees a PARK RANGER, 40's, looking like a cowboy, place an
 Arctic Rifle back in the cab of their truck and head back to
 what the gathering crowd gape at on the grass.

As Michele gets closer... she sees what they're
 surrounding...

It's a COYOTE, laying on its side, freshly shot, wisps of smoke still twirling up from a hole near its neck.

Michele stands between two people in the crowd to gape with them--

--just in time to see the park ranger pull something from the coyote's mouth...

And hold it up high.

It's a severed *human arm*.

Chunky bone pokes out where the elbow should be.

The park ranger turns it as the crowd gasps.

There's part of a rainbow raincoat sleeve still wrapped around the forearm, tattered, dangling.

Michele instinctively films the proceedings on her phone, then looks guilty as a few people turn to glare at her.

MICHELE

Oh hi... no, I'm making a documentary.

Their persistent glares eventually drive her back to her vehicle.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

I got a grant. From the government.
(backing away)
I'm not just being ghoulish.

She frowns back, then gives up and gets in, shutting the door.

Out her window, she sees a few people notice her license plate and appear to say disparaging things about it.

She drives off.

12

EXT. WATERTON LAKE - DAY

12

Light shimmers on the water, accompanied by sounds of an idyllic summer.

A closeup of a ladybug on a blade of grass.

A deer chews on some raspberries right off someone's back lawn.

We see a particular cabin on the shore and hold on it just long enough - accompanied by a discordant score - to let a little dread and menace bleed into the tranquility.

13 INT./EXT. CABIN - SAME TIME 13

Michele checks all the locks on the door in her small but cozy cabin.

She looks unnerved as she opens the door and looks out at the now somewhat intimidating natural surroundings.

She looks around nervously, chewing a fingernail, finally looking like she may have bitten off more than she can chew.

14 INT. CABIN - MICHELE'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER 14

Extra determined, Michele sets up a computer on an oak table in a bedroom.

She looks up at the wall and sees a picture hanging there of an old man holding up a huge fish.

MICHELE
Hello, Grandad.

She sits and adjusts her seat.

IN A SERIES OF CUTS: she sets up an editing station with well practiced efficiency. She boots up the computer. She sets up an ergonomic pad next to the keyboard.

A grizzly bear screen saver appears.

She cues the news clips from the other night, of which she now has a copy. Fast forwards -- rewinds. The town -- the survivor interview -- a closeup of a grizzly bear's face.

She uploads the footage from of her phone of the ranger holding up the arm and the crowd's reaction.

She joins the clip to the other clips in a timeline.

She suddenly frowns as something occurs to her.

She finds the picture of the missing teen and quickly split screens it with a closeup of the arm.

She puts a hand to her mouth and pales.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
 Jesus Christ.
 (beat)
 It's the same kid.

She sends a quick text to Connor: 'In the cabin. Safe.' She takes a thumbs up selfie and sends it along with the message.

She adds: 'Miss you. Facetime?'

She leans back and looks out the window, waiting for a reply, chewing on a pencil.

The wilderness seems extra daunting, as if closing in on her.

15

EXT. WATERTON - A LITTLE LATER

15

Michele walks at a pace through town, face-timing her husband and baby.

TOURISTS fill the sidewalks around her.

A Surrey bike pedals by with a delighted FAMILY aboard.

MICHELE
 The fresh air is to die for. And yeah, it's touristy, but they're not obnoxious, ya know? They all seem to be in on the secret.

CONNOR (ON PHONE)
 Sounds pretty cool.

MICHELE
 (a bit hushed)
 Even though every time I tell anyone I'm from Toronto I get, "That's okay, we won't hold that against you."

CONNOR
 What's up with that?

MICHELE
 No idea. The first one felt like a joke. Now it's just passive aggressive and... off putting.

CONNOR
 Hey. How's the cabin?

MICHELE

The cabin is smaller than I remember. You know how claustrophobic I get.

(beat)

I haven't been here since I was a kid.

CONNOR (ON PHONE)

Aw. Too bad, I thought it'd be a nice break from sky box life.

MICHELE

I know right? Me too.

CONNOR

I guess you'll be spending most of your time outdoors though.

MICHELE

Yeah and there's SO much room outside.

She does an elegant spin as she walks, revealing a dancer background. A few tourists notice.

CONNOR

Hey, Zoe, look at all the flags.

Michele stops and points her phone closer at a barrel full of Canada flags for sale under a poster advertising this year's Canada Day celebrations.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Don't forget to film the fireworks this weekend.

MICHELE

I won't. Hey, I better go get groceries. I haven't eaten all day.

CONNOR

Please do. And stay safe. Have they closed that trail yet?

MICHELE

Yeah, and there's park rangers everywhere.

(beat)

Okay. Bye for now. Love you both.

Michele hugs the phone, kisses the screen.

16 INT. CABIN / VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

16

In the kitchen / main room area Michele has groceries piled on a counter.

Behind her, deer heads line the wall.

Michele takes food out of paper bags and puts the items in the fridge, keeping a line-up of sugary cereals behind.

She opens one of them and pours some right into her hand.

She gets a text on her phone -- looks at it as she chews.

MICHELE
(mouth full)
Fuck. Already?

She puts her phone away and turbo drives the rest of the grocery unload.

17 EXT. CABIN - DAY

17

Someone's POV... as they slowly approach the front door, panning back and forth to take in the beauty at any angle.

A happy whistle from whoever is walking, the tune quickly becoming Joey Scarbury's theme from "Greatest American Hero". The whistling turns into full-on singing.

18 INT./EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

18

Michele heads to the door as it's knocked on. She opens it.

SANDY, 50's, knapsack on, stands there smiling. He looks weathered but good natured in his Radiohead T-shirt.

SANDY
Hi... Michele?

MICHELE
Sandy!

SANDY
It's me.
(beat)
Nice to meet you.

MICHELE
Likewise.
(presents)
Welcome to our humble abode.

Michele is slightly awkward but trying hard to play host.

SANDY

Thanks. It seems nice and...

(beat)

Rustic? That's the word, right?

MICHELE

It is fairly rustic. I just hope you like it here.

SANDY

Anything beats the Overlook Hotel up the road. Did you see that thing?

MICHELE

The Prince of Wales? People spend their honeymoon there.

SANDY

Yeah, well it looks like the murder hotel from *The Shining*. Thanks but no thanks.

MICHELE

Come on in.

He nods and steps inside.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Cam isn't here yet, so you can take your pick of the last two rooms.

SANDY

Kum ba yah, let's do this!

He rushes inside with exuberance.

Michele can't hide the look of satisfaction on her face.

19

INT. CABIN - SANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

19

Sandy sits delighted on the edge of a bed, looking out the window at a magnificent view.

Michele walks by and smiles.

MICHELE

This you?

SANDY

Oh yeah, consider this claim
staked.

MICHELE

And you approve?

SANDY

Good lord, it's a million times
better than I expected. This is
going to be an actual adventure.

He looks back out the window, euphoric.

Michele watches him with fascination.

MICHELE

Again, I wanted to say... I really
admired the pictures you took of
the B.C. wildfires last year.

(beat)

I really think we're going to make
something wonderful together.

SANDY

Well thank you. I've gotten a lot
of praise over that collection.

MICHELE

It's praise worthy. Well, make
yourself at home. I'll be outside,
trying to light the fire pit, and
probably smoking a joint.

SANDY

Ooh. Fun. I'll join you in a sec.
Want to take in this moment just a
little longer.

(beat, explaining)

I've been stuck inside studios
filming commercials for fabric
softener for the last six months.

He takes a photo of the view with his phone.

MICHELE

Enjoy. Oh, I forgot to mention...
we have to be extra careful,
obviously, and definitely never
leave any food outside. I'm not
sure how close these bears are
getting, but obviously it's way too
close for comfort at this point.

SANDY

Yeah. Gotcha. I saw the news.

(beat)

But I notice we're as close to the danger as possible, eh?

He smiles at her with a bit of mischief in his eyes.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I get it. Livin' on the edge.

That's where the good stuff is.

She smiles, nods, and heads off.

Sandy stands up to take in the full view out the window. He takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly.

He spots the tallest mountain and takes it in admiringly.

Over his shoulder, we can see what's at the top of it.

The **hole**.

A deep drum marks the moment Sandy first locks eyes with it.

And now he can't take his eyes off it.

20

EXT. CABIN - DUSK

20

Sandy has the rental camera - a Canon C300 - on the rented tripod, all set up and being tested in front of the cabin.

Sandy frames up the mountain range. The full moon glows behind it. He zooms in on the **hole**.

Michele steps away from the campfire with a lit joint and hands it off to Sandy.

Sandy starts filming the shot he's lined up, smoking the joint in the meantime, blowing the smoke away from the shot.

Michele smiles.

A MIDDLE AGED HIKER COUPLE and their DOG pass by.

They all nod at each other.

SANDY

Evening.

The hikers pass and head off in the direction of the mountain range.

CAM, early 20's, suddenly materializes out of the darkness. He's tall and muscular. He wears a *Walker Productions* jacket, T-shirt and cap.

Michele lets out a tiny scream, startled.

Cam puts his hands together in a prayer gesture.

CAM
I come in peace.

MICHELE
Cam.
(beat to catch her breath)
You caught me - us - a little off guard.

Awkward pause as he scrutinizes them.

CAM
I see that.

Michele shakes Cam's hand.

Sandy presses stop on the camera.

MICHELE
This is Sandy.

CAM
Sandy. Isn't that a girl's name?

SANDY
It's short for Alexander, but nice try, Camilla.

Cam looks at them both with a big grin.

CAM
You're both high as giraffe balls.

Michele and Sandy smile. Sandy takes extra pleasure in tugging on the still burning joint.

SANDY
We may have indulged.

MICHELE
There's more. Would you like-?

He puts up a hand and makes a face.

CAM
Not my thing.

SANDY

Oh no?

CAM

I prefer to keep it real.

Sandy cocks his head. Is he joking?

Then, Cam realizes something:

CAM (CONT'D)

Wait. (lets out a huge sigh) If we're all here... I'm last to pick a room?

MICHELE

Sandy *has* been here for hours.

Sandy holds up devil horns.

SANDY

Keeping it real.

Michele giggles.

CAM

The last one better not be the smallest. I'm the biggest one here.

Cam storms to the front door and heads in, visibly annoyed.

Sandy gives Michele a look like, *really?*

MICHELE

Still in film school.

SANDY

Ah.

Sandy goes back to the camera.

He zooms in even closer. Re-focuses.

The mysterious shadow almost has a hypno wheel quality to it in the quickly fading light, with a shimmering, rotating quality to its image. It almost seems alive.

21 INT. CABIN / SANDY & CAM'S BEDROOMS / HALL - NIGHT

21

Sandy unpacks in his bedroom, deep in thought.

He hears Cam swearing one room over, putting things away loudly.

Finally, Sandy heads next door--

SANDY

Hey I'd gladly trade rooms with you, but you're being so rude now that I feel like I can't on *principle*. Do you get where I'm coming from? Are you able to get where I'm coming from?

CAM

Why can't we flip a coin?
(insisting)
This room is too small for me.
Look.

Cam swings his arms around, feigning being able to touch the walls with his outstretched fingers.

CAM (CONT'D)

I mean come on.

Sandy pulls out a coin.

SANDY

Fine. Heads, you get my room,
tails, you stay here, and...
(beat)
You stop acting like a little
bitch. Deal?

Cam shrugs.

Sandy tosses the coin.

Catches it, inverts it.

Tails.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Okay? We done here?

CAM

Why'd you give it the extra flip?
It was going to be heads.

SANDY

Why do I get the feeling there's
just no winning with you?

CAM

But the way you flip. What is that?
Some 50's thing?

SANDY
How old you think I am? 50's...
what the fuck?

Sandy heads back to his room.

There's a beat...

Then -- Cam steps over this time and knocks.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Door's open.

Cam steps through the door and stands there, composing himself.

CAM
I didn't mean to get off on the
wrong foot there. Or here. Or
whatever.

Sandy scoffs.

SANDY
Okay.

Cam offers his hand.

CAM
Truce?

Sandy isn't sure if he's putting him on or not.

CAM (CONT'D)
I'm tired, it's been a long day. I
let it get to me.

Cam extends his hand anew. Sandy tentatively takes it. Cam squeezes it hard.

Sandy squeezes back -- Cam pulls him in.

CAM (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Now give me your fucking room.

Sandy's expression changes. *What?*

Cam starts cracking up. He has a really odd laugh.

CAM (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. Lighten up.
(beat)
(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)

Aren't you supposed to be the stoner?

Cam does a baffling impression of a stoner.

SANDY

Weed grounds me, man, it doesn't make me a pushover.

Cam pulls his phone out.

CAM

Michele?

MICHELE (O.S.)

(mouth full)

Hmmm?

CAM

Let's grab a picture.

Michele comes out of her room wearing her Yeezy sweatsuit, eating from a box of cereal.

She heads down the hall and into Sandy's room.

She gamely poses with Cam and a perplexed Sandy as Cam holds his phone up for a selfie.

CAM (CONT'D)

Smile for the birdie!

MICHELE

What the hell does that mean?

SANDY

Photographers used to use a toy bird to get kid's attention back when shutter speeds were slower.

Cam takes the picture. He looks at it.

CAM

Dude, you're supposed to smile, not tell the longest story in the world.

(beat)

Let me try again. Say cheese, can you handle that?

Cam is smiling - Michele and Sandy look confused and annoyed.

Click.

CAM (CONT'D)
No one said cheese.

SANDY
You didn't either...

22 EXT. CABIN - NIGHT 22

The cabin looks all alone, surrounded by nature.

23 EXT. CABIN - MORNING 23

There it is.

The **hole**.

The early morning sun gives it an alluring edge light.

The drone and screams are there. They slowly rise in volume, until

24 INT. LAKE FRONT RESTAURANT - MORNING 24

Michele, Sandy and Cam stand at the front waiting to be seated.

Cam is in his cap, shirt and jacket again. Sandy sports a new Radiohead T-shirt. Michele wears a puffy coat, white T-shirt and jeans, and a cap that has 'OKURRRRRRRR' emblazoned on it.

The HOST, someone young from the other side of the world, comes by and snatches three menus, nods to them.

HOST
This way, please.

They pass a stuffed grizzly bear display.

Cam gives it the finger and holds it dramatically as he passes.

A few DINERS glance up at his gesture with disapproval.

One MAN laughs.

MAN
Good one.

Cam points to him with camaraderie, performing for the restaurant.

CAM
This man gets it.
(to the man)
Cheers, big ears.

They trio have a seat.

HOST
Someone will be right over to take
your order.

The host scurries away. Michele looks around and at the menu.

SANDY
Cam. Been meaning to ask. What's
with all the swag? Is that a
company you work for?

CAM
So you DO have a good eye.

SANDY
Uh yeah. Can't really miss it.
Underwear too?

CAM
It's my company.

SANDY
Dude. You're still in film school.

CAM
So?

SANDY
You might be putting the cart
before the horse.

CAM
I have no idea what that means. Is
that another 50's thing?

SANDY
Yo. Dude.
(beat)
Where does all this confidence come
from?

CAM
You might be confusing confidence
with self esteem.

SANDY

Whatever it is... if you ever
manage to bottle some, I'll take
ten cases.

CAM

Try a day without weed, you might
be halfway there.

Sandy has no choice but to act like that was kind of funny.

Cam seems to have a problem with his chair.

CAM (CONT'D)

This chair's so small. My arms are
just so big.

Sandy shakes his head. *This guy.*

A WAITER, 20's, dyed hair and facial piercings, swings by.

WAITER

Coffees?

MICHELE/SANDY

Yes please.

CAM

Herbal tea for me.

SANDY

Is that another keeping it real
thing?

CAM

Not a fan of being dehydrated.

Sandy chuckles.

MICHELE

Okay, guys.

(beat)

Are we going to be okay here, or do
we need to talk some shit out
before we start working?

Sandy and Cam both look amused.

CAM

We're just still trying to figure
out who the alpha is, right Sandra?

Cam elbows Sandy. Sandy frowns. Michele steels.

MICHELE

If you're looking for the alpha...
news flash. Hello. Right here.
Okay? Got it?

(beat)

Jesus. Now please... get over your
sweet selves. What do you want to
eat?

SANDY

I'll have eggs. Cam will have the
bowl of chia seeds and a green tea.

They all look at their menus. A few tense beats go by.

CAM

Where do you see chia seeds?

Then:

The waiter returns, visibly upset.

WAITER

Hi, sorry to keep you waiting.

They notice the waiter is trying not to cry.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Just...

(tries to fan it away)

A bit distracted by the news.

(insane laugh)

MICHELE

Oh. What news?

WAITER

A cousin of mine, and his
girlfriend, are missing.

(trying not to cry,
tension grunt)

Their dog came back from a walk
without them, and...

(really hard to get this
detail out)

The dog is completely *traumatized*.

The waiter starts crying.

MICHELE

Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry.

WAITER

Let me send someone else over to take your order. I'M sorry.

CAM

Wait, where'd they take their walk?

MICHELE

Cam, let it go.

WAITER

Crypt Lake Trail.

The waiter takes off. Cam nods.

CAM

They're idiots.

Michele shushes Cam. *WTF?* He explains:

CAM (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Sorry. But who goes to the actual place where things keep happening? I mean, right to the actual trail? Isn't it closed? What are they thinking?

MICHELE

I was thinking we could go straight there after breakfast...

CAM

Where the trail is closed?

MICHELE

Not right *into* the area, but, you know, near it. As near as we can.

(beat)

Hello? That's why we're here.

Cam and Sandy look apprehensive in various ways.

Michele is lit right up. She holds a stare with Cam.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Reservations?

Cam thinks about it. Then:

CAM

I ain't afraid of no bears.

MICHELE

Good.

(beat)

So who wants some fucking pancakes?

25

EXT. FOREST - A LITTLE LATER

25

Michele gets to a point in a forest where she stops. She has headphones on, connected to an iPad / field monitor.

Cicadas all around create a buzzing soundscape. She smiles. She's in god mode and loving it.

Cam stops along side Michele, recorder over his shoulder, holding a boom mike. He has a bandana tied around his head. It has '*Walker Productions*' emblazoned on it.

Sandy takes up the rear, sweating, carrying a tripod, a battery belt, and the camera.

SANDY

(to Cam)

You're really never going to help me with my gear? At any point?

CAM

Hey, you picked your job. Nobody put a gun to your head.

(beat)

Probably shoulda hydrated a little more.

Cam taps him on the belly in a condescending way.

Sandy looks to Michele, then gets back to work.

SANDY

Something you want to shoot here?

MICHELE

This is a nice angle of the mountain range.

Sandy nods and quickly sets up a shot.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Just make sure we get tons of that big sky.

Sandy presses a button to begin filming.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

That looks great. Perfect opening shot.

We fall into Sandy's shot and immediately see the dark shadow at the top of the peak.

Sandy takes his eye off the viewfinder and looks at the shadow with his naked eye.

There it is.

He looks through the viewfinder again, starts zooming in. Michele notices, looking at her monitor.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Just keep it wide.

He complies. Zooms back out.

He takes his eye off the viewfinder and looks with his naked eye again. Sandy turns to Cam.

SANDY

You see that up there?

Cam, holding the boom, just raises an index finger, *shh*.

Another PARK RANGER, this one in their 60's, approaches, all nerdy officiousness.

MICHELE

(to Sandy)

Sandy. Keep rolling on this.

(to park ranger)

Hello there!

PARK RANGER

Just want to let you know, m'am, this trail is closed.

MICHELE

We don't want to get any closer, is it okay if we stay right here?

PARK RANGER

Sure but no closer.

CAM

That's what she said.

Cam chuckles. Sandy frowns at him. Sandy calls him on it.

SANDY

Was that even a joke? What's
happening right now?

MICHELE

(to ranger)

So. What do you think is going on
around here?

(beat)

Is it one grizzly or several at
this point?

Move in on Sandy's camera until we fall into his shot again.

SHOT: Behind the park ranger, a *blurry shape* is running
toward them, getting closer.

PARK RANGER

Oh I've seen it happen before. Food
is scarce. A lot of it happens to
be, well, here, and-

Sandy looks away from the viewfinder -- at the real image in
front of him, just as Michele and Cam notice, too--

A LITTLE BOY, about 7, completely covered in blood, running
straight at them.

Blood everywhere. Head to toe. Like he's been dipped in it.

The park ranger turns -- sees him, almost has a heart attack.

PARK RANGER (CONT'D)

Sweet lord!

Everything seems to slow down as they all take in this
scenario that makes zero sense.

The little boy seems like she's running to them for safety --
but then blows right past them.

MICHELE

Wait!

(beat)

We can help you!

(beat)

Wait!

The little boy keeps running. Sandy and Cam look stunned.

Michele turns and runs after the boy.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Wait! Come back!

The park ranger gets on their radio.

PARK RANGER

Uh. We've got a problem up here.
Need some back-up, and an
ambulance. Crypt Lake Trail.

The boy runs a little farther, weakens, trips and falls.

Michele catches up, takes off her puffy coat and puts it
around him as he tries to get back up and falls again.

She tries to hug him but he's stiff with shock and stress.

MICHELE

It's okay. I got you. You're safe.

Michele tries to look him over to see where his wounds are.

He doesn't seem to have any, as if the blood is not even his.

Cam and Sandy join her. The park ranger too. They all make
eye contact to register the seriousness of the moment.

26

INT. CHEVROLET SUBURBAN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

26

Sandy drives. Cam is shotgun, tuning for something on the
radio.

SANDY

I don't think we need a soundtrack
right now, my man.

CAM

I'm looking for news updates.

Michele is in the back with the boy, now shivering in shock.
Drawing deep, quick breaths.

MICHELE

Cam, you have water, right?

Cam holds up his canteen.

CAM

Yeah, but it's in my canteen.

MICHELE

Cam, hand it over please.

He somewhat reluctantly hands it over.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
 (to boy)
 Have some water. Okay?

The boy nods and has some. It drips down his chin.

Cam doesn't look impressed.

CAM
 Well there goes that.

MICHELE
 What's your name?

The boy doesn't say anything.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
 We're going to get you help and
 call your mom right away, okay?

The boy nods and his eyes well up with tears.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
 That's a lot of blood. Do you have
 an owie somewhere?

The boy just cringes. Michele checks him over again.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
 Are you in pain? Somewhere?

The boy rubs his eye.

BOY
I want to go home.

MICHELE
 Oh of course you do.

He starts crying.

Michele hugs him.

27

INT. HOSPITAL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

27

Michele paces in the waiting room at emergency. Blood
 spatters her clothes.

Cam sits nearby, looking bored. He has his gear with him.
 He's guarding it.

Sandy walks away from a pop machine and passes by Michele,
 handing off a can. She opens and chugs it.

Sandy heads over and tries to hand one to Cam, who shakes his head.

SANDY

Oh of course you don't drink pop.
My bad.

Cam nods and grins.

CAM

Now you're getting it.
(beat)
Carbonated water induces gas and
bloating.

Sandy sits down next to his gear and tunes him out.

JODY, a woman in her late 30's, big hair tied back, big glasses, marches in with purpose and heads to the counter.

Michele clocks her, quickly intercepts.

MICHELE

Are you here for Matthew?
(trying hard to be
friendly)
It took him so long to tell us his
name.

Jody looks at Michele suspiciously.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

It's okay. He's okay. Hardly a
scratch. Just really scared.

Jody looks her up and down suspiciously.

JODY

I'm going to check in with... *them*.
Excuse me. If you don't mind.

Jody points to the front desk.

MICHELE

Yes. By all means. We weren't-

Michele cuts herself off and makes a grand gesture like,
please go ahead.

Jody nods and heads up to the counter to talk to someone and
a NURSE ends up escorting her through some curtains.

Michele walks past Cam and Sandy.

CAM

So, what are we doing? Are we
waiting?

MICHELE

Yeah. Waiting to talk to her.

(beat)

This is the show, dude. We're
building it as we go. It's
happening around us right now.

(looks around)

And we're the only ones with any
access. This is *great*!

(to Sandy)

Just make sure to film when she
comes back out. Okay?

Sandy nods. But then:

SANDY

Don't we need some paperwork? I'm
not even sure we can film in here.

MICHELE

It's better to ask forgiveness than
permission.

SANDY

What does that mean?

MICHELE

Guerilla filmmaking, gentlemen.

CAM

(under his breath)

Gorillas? I thought the doc was
about grizzlies.

(beat)

Oh well, live and learn.

Sandy gives Michele a look like, *really*?

28

EXT. HOSPITAL - A LITTLE LATER

28

Cam and Sandy are set up on the concrete stoop, filming Jody
as she smokes. She has a tiny clip-on mike. She looks ragged
but relieved.

Michele stands in front of her with a tray with two steaming
coffees on it.

JODY (TO CAMERA)

For weeks he's been obsessed, just obsessed with the top of this fucking mountain. Wait. Can I swear on this thing?

Michele nods, *of course*.

JODY (CONT'D)

Okay. So I tell him maybe his Uncle Joey will take him up soon kind of thing but he keeps going on and on about it. I catch him packing a lunch. I ask him what he's doing. He says he's going to go see the hole. I'm like hole? What fucking hole?

She points behind her -- to the mountain range.

They all look at the **hole** at once. Sandy and Cam exchange eye contact.

JODY (CONT'D)

I finally start telling him to drop it. But then he starts drawing it. Singing about it. I wake up yesterday, he's not in his bed. He's taken his knapsack, he's obviously made a lunch and he's gone. So I know he's up there. But what do I do now? I try to send up Uncle Joey but he says no fucking way, people are going fucking missing around there. And I'm like yeah exactly, that's why we need to go up there. Chris is UP THERE. Thank god whatever trouble he got in, he got out of it. I still can't get him to say anything about it.

(suddenly starts crying)

Something scared him so bad.

MICHELE

Were there any injuries on his body?

JODY

Not a scratch.

MICHELE

So... who's blood is it?

JODY

I can't figure out anything that makes sense. Hopefully he'll calm down and open up. Is it animal blood? How far did he get up? We just don't know anything right now.

Jody lifts her hand. It's still trembling.

A CROWD has gathered to listen to the interview and you get a sense word is spreading and buzzing around the community.

MICHELE

(to Sandy)

Okay, we'll cut there. Thank you, Jody.

Sandy doesn't cut. Instead he pans the camera slowly right around to the mountain.

He zooms in. He finds the **hole** again.

Cam is packing up his gear and doesn't notice Sandy film it.

Michele hands off Jody one of the coffees and they chat.

Sandy seems fidgety, but seems to calm down the more he films the **hole**.

29

INT. CABIN - MICHELE'S ROOM - LATER

29

Michele sits in front of her computer, reviewing footage from the day with big glasses on.

Cam walks by and pokes his head in.

She has a bottle of wine open and is nursing a big glass.

CAM

Tough day?

Michele nods.

MICHELE

Tough day.

CAM

How's it sound?

MICHELE

It 'sounds' fine.

CAM
Is sound an afterthought for you?

MICHELE
(no energy)
Not now, Cam. Jesus.

She FFWD's through the interview from the hospital, playing it a few times to analyze it technically.

Gets to the end.

Sees that the camera keeps rolling, zooming in on the shadow.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

CAM
I was about to ask the same thing.

MICHELE
(calls O.S.)
Sandy?
(to Cam)
Is he here?

Cam shrugs.

CAM
(calls O.S.)
Sandra!

Michele backhands his arm.

CAM (CONT'D)
What?

MICHELE
Stop *antagonizing* him.

Michele moves the curtain of her window and they spot Sandy sitting outside, seemingly staring out at the lake.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
He's out there.

CAM
Contemplating his navel.

Michele goes back to the screen and watches the shot hold on the shadow.

MICHELE
What is this?

CAM
 Fucked if I know.
 (beat)
 How long does it go on for?

Michele FFWDs and it does indeed go on.

MICHELE
 It's not changing. It can't be a
 shadow.

CAM
 He was asking me about this
 earlier.
 (beat)
 Cave entrance?

MICHELE
 Boys and their holes... Oh my god,
 we get it.
 (beat)
 It is kind of cool though.
 (beat)
 What is it, though? What's going
 on?

They both watch in a kind of incredulous awe.

30

EXT. CABIN - DUSK

30

Cam attends to steaks searing on the BBQ as the sun sets.

Michele smokes a joint by the fire pit. She looks up into the
 sky.

Sandy sits nearby. You can tell by his angle that he's
 looking up at the hole.

Michele looks at the steaks, then back up to the sky.

MICHELE
 (to Cam)
 Starry sky. But how can you tell
 stars from satellites these days?

CAM
 It's hard.

MICHELE
 How many do you think are up there?

CAM
I know how many are up there.
Almost 10,000.

MICHELE
(GASPS)

CAM
And get this. Half of them are
inactive.
(beat)
They're just... space junk at this
point, with no plans to clean any
of it up.

MICHELE
Wow. We're actually running out of
places to pollute. That's so gross.

Michele steps over and offers the joint to Sandy, who sits,
chair facing the mountain.

He doesn't notice her. She has to nudge him.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
Hey, earth to Sandy. Want some?

He shakes his head at her slowly.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
Really?
(beat)
You okay?

SANDY
Yeah, just tired. Jet lag.

CAM
(scoffs)
The one hour time difference has
given you jet lag?

Michele kind of glares at Cam. He's like, *what?* He shakes his
head.

Michele turns back to Sandy.

MICHELE
Hey. I was looking through the
footage today. I like how you
filmed the mountain after Jody's
interview, since she just talked
about it, but then...
(MORE)

MICHELE (CONT'D)

you filmed that shadow thing at the top for like...

(looks to Cam for backup)

A *super* long time. Did you *know* you were filming? Or... did you just leave the camera on by accident?

(beat)

Are you... looking at that shadow thing right now?

Sandy slowly turns to her. Michele is still trying to look where Sandy is looking to confirm where he's looking.

SANDY

Was there sound on the footage?

CAM

Finally, SOMEONE cares about sound.

MICHELE

Just the sound of birds, car horns, people muttering outside the hospital...

SANDY

I feel like I can hear it. Like, can you hear a drone and, like, tiny screams, right now?

They all go quiet. Nothing. Sandy seems insane.

MICHELE

(trying to be positive)

Well. When you put the idea in my head, I guess I kind of can.

They go quiet again.

It's the crickets chirping that seems to get louder and louder.

Suddenly, *CRACK!*

It startles Cam and he drops a steak.

CAM

Son of a bitch!

Fireworks.

MICHELE

Fireworks! The fireworks are starting!

Michele runs in -- runs back out with the camera and films the fireworks.

One after another, the luminous flower bombs explode before the sound reaches us... showering the near distance with embers and then starting again.

Cam and Michele stare at the fireworks.

Sandy continues staring at the **hole**.

SMASH CUT TO:

31

INT. CABIN - MICHELE'S BEDROOM - LATER

31

Michele has headphones on and is looking at footage of the **hole**.

She turns up the volume as loud as she can.

She can't hear anything.

Suddenly, Connor FaceTimes her on her phone and she almost jumps out of her chair as it rings on her computer too, at FULL BLAST VOLUME.

MICHELE
(juggling, into phone)
Oh hey...

She turns it all down and tries to shake off the fright.

CONNOR (ON PHONE)
Whoa, looks like I scared you. You okay? What's going on over there?

MICHELE (INTO PHONE)
(whispers)
Just a cameraman going full
Apocalypse Now. Let me send you
this file, you gotta see what he
filmed today for like twenty
minutes.

CONNOR
Oh wow. Sure.

She extracts the file and sends it in a text to Connor.

We see the icon display of each procedure up close as it plays out.

A 'sent' confirmation pings.

MICHELE
How's Zoe?

CONNOR
Zoe is teething.

MICHELE
Uh oh.

CONNOR
Yep. LOTS of crying. Or should I
say... extra crying.

Michele is barely listening.

The *crackle* of more fireworks offscreen.

Connor hears them on her end.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Hey, there's fireworks here, too.
And of course the CN Tower is
putting on quite a show.

Michele uses the back of a hand to lift the curtains beside
her. She watches the fireworks.

They both aim their respective cameras at their respective
views.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. CABIN - MORNING

32

Michele, sunglasses on, looks at her iPad on the front stoop.
Finds the footage from the first night there where Sandy was
filming the hole too.

MICHELE
Fucking psycho.

Cam steps out with his gear.

CAM
Top of the mornin'.

MICHELE
You seen Sandy? I knocked on his
door about half an hour ago.
Nothing.

Cam shrugs.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
Can you go check?

CAM
Why? Who needs him. Let's go. I can do his job.

MICHELE
(scoffs)
What? Yours AND his?

CAM
I could do his job and mine at the same time, trust me. I'd demand to be paid for both jobs of course.

MICHELE
You are a deluded creature, aren't you?

Michele heads into the cabin.

CAM
Come on. My name's even Cam!
(beat)
It's perfect!

He's proud of his joke. She's gone. His big grin fades.

33

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

33

Michele walks down the hallway.

MICHELE
Sandy?

Michele knocks on his door.

Nothing.

Michele gently opens his door and peers in.

MICHELE'S POV: the bed is empty but made.

PAN the room. There's no one here.

Michele walks to the corner where he keeps his gear. The tripod is there but the camera and accessories are gone.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
What the fuck-?

34

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

34

Michele comes out, visibly stressed.

CAM
How's sleepy head?

MICHELE
Not even there.
(beat)
His bed wasn't even slept in last
night. And the camera's gone.

CAM
Motherfucker stole the mother-
fucking camera?

MICHELE
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.
But yes, maybe.

CAM
Hey, here's an idea. I call my dad.
He sends us a new camera. Boom.

MICHELE
What?

CAM
My *production company*.

She raises an eyebrow.

MICHELE
Oh. It's actually *daddy's*
production company?

CAM
It's a family business.
(beat)
Like you can talk.

Michele doesn't like that. She gets in his face.

MICHELE
My father's an executive, but I
don't work for him. Telefilm is
funding this picture, not CBC.

Cam just grins.

CAM
You don't even get that it's the
same thing.

She stiffens. Then lets it go.

MICHELE

Anyways, let's get breakfast. We'll come back. See if he shows up. If not... I don't know... we'll cross that bridge when we get there.

CAM

One phone call, we get a new camera.

MICHELE

Okay, I hear you, let's hold off for right now.

35

INT. DINER - A LITTLE LATER

35

Michele and Cam sit by the window.

It's busy. Canada Day weekend is here.

Cam has herbal tea, Michele has coffee.

They both have pancakes they're working through.

Michele has to pause.

MICHELE

I can't even eat.

Cam is eating away. She checks her phone for calls.

CAM

He was so obsessed with that spot on the mountain.

(beat)

And did you notice that lady said her kid was obsessed with what seems to be the exact same spot? I mean what are the chances?

Michele looks at Cam thoughtfully.

MICHELE

He probably took the camera for a closer look. He could be getting a great shot right now.

(beat)

But it would be nice if he let us know what he was fucking doing.

CAM

What if he just scammed the camera
and he's already halfway back to
Vancouver?

MICHELE

Why do you hate him so much?

Michele leans to the side just slightly as something catches
her eye.

CAM

I don't hate him. I just don't
respect him. Big difference.

SANDY

Is there?

Cam notices and turns to look behind.

And there he is...

Frank Henricks, sitting at a table by himself in the corner,
eating steak and eggs, lubricating it all with strong black
coffee, big, wooly plaid jacket on.

Scabs and scars still cover his already rugged face.

MICHELE

(hushed)

Oh my god, it's the guy that
started this whole thing.

(beat)

For me, anyways.

CAM

Who? What?

MICHELE

(more of a whisper)

Shh. His wife. She was the one who
was killed in the spring. He
survived.

CAM

Oh right.

MICHELE

I have to go talk to him.

CAM

We don't have the camera, you might
want to hold off for right now.

Michele gets up.

MICHELE

No, I mean I need to talk to this
guy, straight up, right now.

CAM

Are you okay to go on your own?

But she's already gone.

CAM (CONT'D)

Can I have your pancakes?

Michele heads over to his table -- with trepidation and
excitement.

MICHELE

Excuse me?

(beat)

Frank? Henricks?

He peers up from his meal.

FRANK

Who wants to know?

MICHELE

I do.

FRANK

Fair enough. Then yes I am.

Michele points to the seat opposite.

MICHELE

Permission to come aboard?

(beat)

A wee moment?

She's trying to be extra charming. It seems to be working.

He nods and goes back to eating. She sits.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

First of all. I'm so sorry for your
loss.

He nods.

FRANK

Uh huh.

(beat)

What else?

MICHELE

Well. I'm here in town making a documentary.

Frank twirls a finger like, *ooh la la*.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

And our cameraman, we think, went up Crypt Lake Trail to see what almost looks like a cave entrance at the top of the main peak.

(beat)

Does that ring any bells? Is that around where you were? When...

Frank chews and swallows. Then he clears his throat and:

FRANK

I don't go quite that high anymore. We were about halfway up.

MICHELE

I want to go up after him. I'm afraid he's going to get himself hurt. But...

FRANK

But the trail's closed.

MICHELE

I know, and I realize that I could also get hurt, and so-

FRANK

Did you report this?

MICHELE

No. Not yet.

He gives her look like, *why not?*

FRANK

Tell the police. Get a case number. That's something real you can actually do. And that'll let the park rangers know and they'll be watching out for him as well.

(beat)

I would NOT go up after him yourself. That would be a grave mistake.

MICHELE

What if I went anyway?

FRANK

Then I would take as much bear
spray as you can.

MICHELE

Okay. Fair enough.
(beat)
Thanks. I'll leave you to it.

FRANK

You're silly if you go up there,
have I made that abundantly clear?
(beat)
Stupid even. Yes. Definitely
stupid.

MICHELE

Proceed at your own peril.
Understood.

She gets up and backs away with a nod and a smile.

He nods back.

Then he looks out the window at the mountain and frowns.

Michele goes back to her table and her pancakes are gone.

She instantly glares at Cam.

CAM

What... you said you couldn't eat?

36 EXT. RCMP DETACHMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER 36

A rustic one-and-a-half story building on a corner lot.

37 INT. RCMP DETACHMENT - SAME TIME 37

Michele and Cam sit inside a cubicle across a desk from a
world weary RCMP OFFICER, 60's, chipped in steel.

A BEARDED DRAGON skulks around in a cage on a corner of the
desk.

The officer jots down notes on a big legal pad.

RCMP OFFICER

Where you both from?
(beat)
Starting with you.

The officer points at Cam.

CAM
Edmonton.

RCMP OFFICER
And... you.

The officer points to Michele.

MICHELE
Toronto.

RCMP OFFICER
We won't hold that against you.

Michele puts her hands on her face to hide her expression.

The officer looks back and forth, assessing. Then:

RCMP OFFICER (CONT'D)
How long's your friend been
missing?

MICHELE
Since this morning.

RCMP OFFICER
Checked in with family, friends,
acquaintances?

MICHELE
I don't know any.

RCMP OFFICER
Local hospital?

MICHELE
I guess I'll be doing that right
after this.

RCMP OFFICER
Social media?

MICHELE
I don't know if he has any, I can
check.

CAM
That guy has anonymous accounts for
sure.

MICHELE
(under her breath)
Stop.

RCMP OFFICER
Can you provide me with a
description?

MICHELE
5'10". Short brown hair. Medium
build. Good looking.

Cam scoffs and turns it into a small cough and throat clear.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
And unless he changed... the day
before...
(remembering)
He was wearing a Radiohead T-shirt,
right, Cam? And blue jeans.

CAM
Yeah. And blue New Balance shoes.
He may have changed shirts, but I'm
pretty sure they're all Radiohead.

RCMP OFFICER
Age?

MICHELE
Just turned fifty.

RCMP OFFICER
Any other identifying features?

MICHELE
A scar beside his left eye.

CAM
A Radiohead tramp stamp.

Michele slaps Cam's arm.

MICHELE
He's kidding.
(to Cam)
Cam. This isn't open mic night,
we're in a police station.

RCMP OFFICER
Yeah. Let's try to stick to the
facts, okay? Medication?

Cam and Michele, *oh that was a question.*

RCMP OFFICER (CONT'D)
Your friend. Was he on medication?

MICHELE
Not that I know of.

CAM
Lots of weed.

MICHELE
I'm sure he means prescription.

She looks to him but he's blank.

RCMP OFFICER
Any immediate health concerns?

MICHELE
Don't think so.

RCMP OFFICER
Suicidal?

MICHELE
He just went through a really bad
breakup I think. But no, otherwise,
I don't think so.

CAM
Did he tell you that? The breakup
thing.

MICHELE
Yeah, pretty sure you were there
too?

RCMP OFFICER
Is his recent behavior out of
character?

MICHELE
I've only known him for two days.
But. Yes. Sure. He did seem like
one person and then he seemed like
another.

CAM
Yeah, pretty flakey. I would say
anything is possible. I personally
think he stole our camera and went
back to Vancouver.

The officer nods blankly.

RCMP OFFICER
Another joke?

CAM
No, I'm done joking.

RCMP OFFICER
So, are you reporting a theft as well?

MICHELE
You know what - at this point, yes.

Cam punches her arm, big grin.

CAM
Nice. Getting with the program.

RCMP OFFICER
Any chance he's involved in the gangs, drugs or sex-trade?
(beat)
Answering this will not get him in any trouble whatsoever.

CAM
That would be a definite 'not that we know of'. I seriously doubt he could ever be that interesting.

RCMP OFFICER
Where have you looked?

Michele gets back into it.

MICHELE
Uh. Our cabin, the surrounding area.
(beat)
There's a spot at the top of Crypt Lake Trail that he's been obsessed with. I'm positive he went there.

The officer leans back in his chair and looks out the window.
The mountain is within his view.

RCMP OFFICER
The trail is closed. I'll let a park ranger know, they can survey the area. Why would he go there?

MICHELE

Some kind of morbid fascination
with this hole. Kind of looks like
a cave?

The officer seems to mull this over.

RCMP OFFICER

Who else have you contacted?

MICHELE

Frank Henricks. I talked to him
this morning. I just ran into him.
He warned me not to go near the
trail.

RCMP OFFICER

He's right. Tragic what happened to
his wife. I'll be the point person
on your case.

MICHELE

Thank you, I appreciate it.

RCMP OFFICER

Most missing people turn up in a
day or so. Sometimes within hours.
I know it can be scary. If he did
go up there...

The officer points to where the top of the mountain would be
outside.

RCMP OFFICER (CONT'D)

Do not try to follow him. We've got
a lot of extra people here this
weekend and they'll have to stay
away too. I'm going to raise the
price of the fine. Money tends to
deter people.

MICHELE

I also may want to interview you if
I get my camera back. How can I
reach you?

The RCMP officer slides a business card across the desk.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

CAM

Happy Canada Day!

The officer nods blankly. Cam and Michele get up and leave.

38 INT. HOSPITAL - A FEW MINUTES LATER 38

We see Michele ask for the info at the front desk. The ATTENDANT shakes their head.

Cam, in the BG, admires fish in an aquarium. He taps on the glass.

39 EXT. WATERTON - A FEW MINUTES LATER 39

We watch Michele and Cam walk home.

Every time we see them there are more tourists, almost shot by shot, wearing patriotic garb, waving little flags.

40 INT. CABIN / SANDY'S BEDROOM / MICHELE'S BEDROOM - LATER 40

Michele enters the cabin.

MICHELE
(checking)
Sandy?

Michele pokes her head in his room.

Empty.

The cabin rings with silence.

Cam trudges in.

CAM
I'm hungry. You hungry? I'm hungry.

Cam grabs some beef jerky and some salsa starts scarfing it down together.

MICHELE
Still not hungry.
(beat)
God I wish I could just head up there after him.

CAM
Hey should I order that camera now?
Some of this we could be capturing.
Like you said, it's happening right now all around us.

MICHELE
(submitting)
You know what? Sure.

Cam takes out his phone and flips it like a gunslinger.

CAM
Boom shakalaka.

Michele walks down the hall and suddenly does a double take at her room.

She steps in.

There's a suitcase on top of her bed. A familiar one by her expression.

She seems to go cold.

MICHELE
What the fuck?

CAM
What is it?

MICHELE
My husband's suitcase is here.

CAM
What???

Michele looks at her phone, sees the screen saver of Connor and Zoe.

She impulsively calls her husband on FaceTime.

The call answers -- there's a crackle or two -- and then there Connor is, on screen, with a big sky behind his head.

It makes Michele frown with concern right away.

CONNOR (ON PHONE)
Oh hi, fancy meeting you here.

MICHELE
Connor?
(with dread)
Where are you?

Connor moves the view a bit and now there are mountains behind him. *Familiar* mountains.

Michele tenses right up.

CONNOR
Ta-da. I wanted it to be a
surprise. Say hi to mommy.

Connor holds up Zoe to camera.

MICHELE
Connor...?

He just pans the camera back to himself, all smiles.

MICHELE (CONT'D)
Where. Are. You?

CONNOR
We're here.

MICHELE
Where's here?

CONNOR
We just missed you so much. And I
thought, why don't we join you for
a bit. What's stopping us? Why do
we have to be apart for so long?

MICHELE
Okaaaaaaay...

Michele is beyond shocked. Like this is a bad dream.

CONNOR
We flew out first thing this
morning. Rented a car. Drove here.
Went to the cabin first but you
weren't there. Decided to go for a
hike.

Michele is still in disbelief.

Cam is up and over to Michele.

She almost drops her phone from the shock.

Cam puts a hand of support on her.

She grips the phone tighter.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
That file you sent me was wild. I
know why that cameraman was filming
that hole. It shouldn't be there.
It's worth checking out.

Michele glances at Cam in horror.

MICHELE

Connor. Where exactly are you?

CONNOR

I watched it SOOOO many times.

(beat)

Well that's just it, um, where are we? About halfway up I guess. Crypt Lake Trail. Sounds so adventurous.

Connor pans the camera so we can see the trail.

MICHELE

Connor. That trail is closed. Why are you on it?

CONNOR

Come on. I fly drones for a living. I know how to avoid them. Who can close a nature trail anyway? You can't. You can't technically close it. You can only encourage people not to use it.

(beat)

Hey, my battery is close to death, I'm gonna save the rest, okay? Bye. Say bye, Zoe.

Connor pans the phone to the baby.

Michele stifles a gasp. She's looking for reserves of strength to deal with this.

MICHELE

Wait. Connor. No. Turn around and walk right back down.

The call clicks off.

She almost throws the phone in frustration. She lets out a scream. For a second she has no idea what to do.

Then she moves.

She throws a small knapsack on the kitchen counter.

She puts four bottles of water in.

Two cans of bear spray.

Sunscreen.

Blanket.

Sunglasses.

Joint tube. Lighter.

She packs it all up and sees Cam staring at her.

CAM
Something tells me you're on your
way up there.

MICHELE
Coming?

CAM
There's no point in us all turning
into lemmings.

MICHELE
(of course)
Cool.

She heads to the door.

CAM
Come on. I get why you're going.
But you get why I'm not going,
right?

She looks him up and down.

MICHELE
Because you look out for number
one.

CAM
Oh come on. You can look after
number one too. That's you by the
way.

MICHELE
(unhinged)
My husband and baby are up there!

CAM
I get that.

MICHELE
No you don't.

CAM
I do, and, hold on - we can't.

MICHELE

No. YOU can't. I can.

She heads off angrily. Cam helplessly watches her leave.

He rushes to the door and yells out:

CAM

I was just about to order a camera!

(beat)

I'll have to wait here for it!

She's gone.

He sighs like it's the weight of the world that's on *him*.

41

EXT. TRAILHEAD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

41

Michele approaches the very beginning of Crypt Lake Trail.

She tries calling her husband's phone but he doesn't answer.

MICHELE

Just fucking pick up!

She trudges ahead. Tears flowing. Nightmare.

She sees a sign...

Below a logo of a hiker with a red line through, it reads:

'HIKING TRAIL CLOSED

DUE TO DANGEROUS CONDITIONS

TRESPASSERS WILL BE FINED'

Next to the sign -- is a parked truck.

The driver side door opens--

And Frank Henricks steps out, slams the door.

He strides around the vehicle, holding a Remington 700 sniper rifle.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Are you here to stop me?

FRANK

Nope.

MICHELE
 (trying to hold it
 together)
 I wasn't going to go up, but I just
 found out my husband and baby
 daughter are up there. Long story.
 Why are you going?

FRANK
 Because I don't think it was a bear
 that killed my darling Patricia.
 (beat)
 Either way...

Frank pets his weapon with a confident determination.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 I've decided it's time to hurt it
 back.

42 EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

42

Michele and Frank wade across a shallow creek and head toward a forest.

We follow them in, then drift up to see the massive journey ahead, all the way to the shadowy spot at the top of the ridge.

We hear the low drone sounds and screams just barely and wonder if Michele and Frank are hearing it at this point too.

43 EXT. FOREST - A LITTLE LATER

43

Michele tramps through the brush, swatting at mosquitos. She's already dripping with sweat.

Frank has his weapon raised, swatting at mosquitos with the barrel. He isn't sweating.

Michele stops to catch her breath and finish off one of the bottles of water.

She carries on, almost trips on a branch.

MICHELE
 Fuck!

She's already a bit overwhelmed but her eyes are determined.

She thinks she hears something.

She stops, looks around.

PAN through the trees.

They both wait and look.

Nothing.

They swat at more bugs and trudge on.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

(a bit out of breath)

So what is that thing at the top of the mountain, the mysterious hole that seems to be catching everyone's attention? Do you have any idea what's going on there?

FRANK

The hole?

(beat, out of breath too)

Don't get me started.

(beat)

My wife painted that damn thing every day, multiple times, for about a month. We were working our way up there when she passed. She was dreaming about it.

(beat)

But to answer your question... no I don't know what it is.

Frank swats at a mosquito and leaves a trail of blood on his neck.

44 INT. CABIN / MICHELE'S ROOM / CAM'S ROOM - SAME TIME

44

Cam paces in the main room on his phone.

CAM (INTO PHONE)

(sulky)

Okay, thanks for the update. I'm just stuck here until it arrives now. Okay bye.

Cam hangs up.

He walks into Michele's bedroom and sits at her desk.

Can't get on her computer without a password. Tries though.

He goes into his bedroom, pulls out his laptop from his bag.

Goes into the living room and sits on the couch, opening it up and tapping away.

We see him go to a search engine and type in:

Michele Armstrong

ON SCREEN: We see a picture of Michele come up right away.

He goes to a gallery of pictures and looks at one where Michele stands next to her DAD at the Canadian Screen Awards. Her dad holds up an award.

He bounces off this to just look at photos of the man himself.

'Rick Armstrong' appears to be his name.

Perfect hair. Impossibly white teeth. In almost every picture he's holding a different award. Cam clicks to one where he shakes hands with Prime Minister Justin Trudeau.

CAM (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit shit shit shit.

(beat)

She's kind of actually important.

Cam gets up and looks out the window at the mountain. This is the most horrifying development for him thus far.

CAM (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

45

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

45

Michele looks upset. She tries calling her husband again in multiple ways and he won't answer.

FRANK

We'll have to stop and set up a tent soon. For our own safety.

(beat)

The last thing we want to be doing is moving in darkness.

MICHELE

They'll freeze up there.

Michele starts to cry. Frank comforts her.

FRANK

I don't know what your husband is doing...

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

but I'm sure he instinctively knows
to keep your child safe.

(beat)

Meanwhile, there's only one trail.
We will catch up, I promise.

(beat)

We can go a little further but we
want to make a tent when there's a
little light left.

She nods into Frank's shoulder and cries some more.

46

EXT. FOREST - A LITTLE LATER

46

Michele and Frank are back to a steady pace as Michele
helplessly watches the sun set. She yells out:

MICHELE

CONNOR!!!

Frank cringes. She cries again.

FRANK

We probably shouldn't do that. We
don't really want to be heard.

They swat at bugs as they keep walking.

MICHELE

What do you think it is?

He shrugs.

FRANK

Something previously unidentified.

MICHELE

What, like a Sasquatch?

FRANK

Maybe.

(beat)

Something of this earth. Something
not of this earth.

(beat)

It's a feeling. It's not like I can
actually remember much of anything.

(beat)

I just remember the speed. And the
smell. And not being able to really
get a good look at it.

A shooting star in the background.

MICHELE
You got enough bullets in that gun
of yours?

FRANK
(tired chuckle)
I've got enough.
(beat)
We better stop.

They do.

Fireworks start again.

47 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 47

Frank makes the tent while Michele holds her flashlight.

FRANK
We'll get going first light.

Michele nods and looks sadly at the darkness above.

48 EXT. CABIN - SAME TIME 48

Cam has a fire going in the fire pit.

He sits where Sandy sat the night he watched the **hole**.

Now it's Cam who stares at the mystery shadow with wonder.

The fireworks are behind him. He's not even looking at them.

He stares at the **hole**.

He starts off arrogant, almost laughing at it.

In one long shot we see his resolve start to soften.

He starts to see it in a new way.

The drone and screams rise in volume the longer he looks.

Closer and closer on his eyes. Then, one eye.

DISSOLVE TO:

49

EXT. FOREST - LATER

49

Under the waning moon, the tent sits tucked between a bundle of trees. Lots of crickets everywhere, and the sound of the wind, tousling the surroundings.

A few straggling fireworks in the distance.

MICHELE

Frank?

FRANK

Hmm?

MICHELE

Why do some people get so enraptured with this hole and others don't?

There's a long pause before he answers.

FRANK

I don't know. I wondered what was so different between Patricia and I. She said it was basically singing to her.

MICHELE

What if it's working on us right now?

(beat)

Maybe this is what it IS like.

FRANK

If whatever is up there is not of this world, it may have its own way of communicating on a level we can't comprehend.

MICHELE

You really think it might be?

FRANK

What?

MICHELE

Not of this world?

FRANK

Still feels a little far fetched. I've just had a lot of time to think about it.

(beat)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll be wondering why it took my
Patricia and left me behind until
my dying breath.

A long pause. Then:

MICHELE

You really think it might be
communicating with us right now?

FRANK

Let's try to sleep.

We get eerily closer to the tent, as if WE could be the
encroaching threat.

CLOSE ON Michele, eyes wide. She's not going to sleep.

MATCH CUT TO:

50 EXT. FOREST - MORNING 50

Michele wakes up -- there's a clang and Michele jumps out of
her sleeping bag, completely freaked out.

As promised, Frank is packing up early.

It's raining.

JUMP CUT: They're back on the move, continuing their
ascension, letting the big trees give them shelter.

51 EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME 51

Cam is now trudging through the same forest.

Every step is filled with a sudden determination.

The bugs are killing him, though. He seems to have no
protection against it. He has no supplies.

52 EXT. SWITCHBACK TRAIL - A LITTLE LATER 52

The sun blazes above. Heat waves dapple its image.

Tilt down -- to Frank and Michele, trudging back and forth on
a switchback trail...

They suddenly hear a different kind of buzz, louder, more
mechanical than all the other bugs.

They look around and spot it.

A flying drone camera -- coming their way.

MICHELE

Hide!

They instinctively squat and turn themselves into balls, jamming themselves beside a rock.

The drone goes by them, circles around, starts to hover close.

They try not to move... but can't help take a peek.

The drone is close, hovering, as if it seems to see them.

Michele stubbornly stays where she is, despite her leg starting to cramp. She cringes as she waits.

The drone finally flies away.

Michele stands up, stretching her legs.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

Do you think they saw us?

FRANK

I don't think it matters. What are they gonna do, fine us? We could use the backup if they want to come out and find us.

(beat)

Until then... let's keep on going.

They carry on after swigging on some water.

53 EXT. CLEARING - LATER

53

Frank and Michele pass the place we last saw Patricia.

There is police tape everywhere.

We see Frank acknowledge a solemn reflective moment.

54 EXT. TOP OF SWITCHBACK TRAIL - A LITTLE LATER

54

Michele and Frank approach a beautiful waterfall.

For a moment, Michele seems lost in it, like this has all been a dream.

But ultimately neither one can admire its beauty.

They move on.

DISSOLVE TO:

55

EXT. TUNNEL - DAY

55

Michele and Frank approach the entrance, surrounded by moss, tight enough to enter if they get down on all fours.

FRANK

I haven't been this high in years.

(beat)

This part's the strangest. You have to crawl all the whole way through.

(beat)

This is as far as most people ever get. If you get past this, you're basically there.

MICHELE

I feel claustrophobic already.

Michele crouches and enters the tunnel.

She breathes deeply to try and stay calm.

The deeper they go the more she starts to freak out.

FRANK

You okay?

(beat)

You're breathing really fast.

MICHELE

(out of breath)

I've got a bit of claustrophobia.

(beat)

When I was a kid I was playing hide and seek... and I got inside an unplugged fridge. Thought it was the perfect spot until I got stuck in there for a couple of hours.

FRANK

That'll do it.

Michele sweats. She focuses on her breathing.

Keeps crawling.

She finally yanks a joint tube out of her bag like she's breaking emergency glass and lights it.

The smoke hits Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Good God. What on earth are you doing now?

MICHELE

What does it smell like? Trying stave off a panic attack.

(beat, softening)

Sorry, that was rude. But that is what I'm doing.

He rolls his eyes but still seems to indulge her.

FRANK

You remind me of my youngest daughter.

MICHELE

Thank you?

He chuckles in an affectionate way.

FRANK

What is it with your generation, needing a cushion for everything?

MICHELE

We're not the ones that thought pulling dinosaur farts out of the earth was a good idea.

Frank smiles. He likes her.

MICHELE (CONT'D)

I do feel better already. You want some?

FRANK

Nah. It doesn't do anything for me. If you happen to have a slug of scotch, I'd be into that.

MICHELE

I'll buy you a bottle if we make it back down in one piece.

She starts crawling again. Faster now.

56 EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - OTHER SIDE - A FEW MINUTES LATER 56

Michele emerges, eating some cereal out of handfuls she pours for herself. Frank emerges. Stretches.

FRANK

I do not miss that part of this
hike.

They continue their ascent, stiff with determination.

57 EXT. SASKATOON BUSHES / CLEARING - SAME TIME 57

Far below, Cam deliriously eats saskatoons, surrounded by wildflowers, letting the juice drip down his chin.

He squints at the sunlight. Wipes juice off his chin, not caring that he's staining his sleeves.

It's more obvious with him now that he may have been taken over by the tractor beam. HE even seems to know it.

Birds chirp, louder, more vivid than before.

The wind blows his hair.

He can hear ants crawling in the dirt.

We start to be coaxed into his headspace.

He seems one with nature.

He looks down at the town of Waterton below. Wistful. The place is as packed as it gets.

CAM

Happy Canada Day...

A parade snakes its way through town.

58 EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - A LITTLE LATER 58

After seeing it from afar for so long, it feels surreal to finally see it fill the frame with its enormity.

The drone and scream sounds are at their highest, loudest point.

Frank and Michele are bathing in it as they stand in front of the cave entrance.

They gape at it.

MICHELE

(hushed)

This is it.

(beat)

I think we need to go right in there.

She wants to yell out so bad.

FRANK

(hushed)

I understand. But we need to be quiet.

(beat)

And once we're in there, we can't make a single sound.

(beat)

Not even a peep. You hold the flashlight and the bear spray. I'll shoot anything that's not human. Sound good?

They nod simultaneously and start their approach.

The shadow of the edge of the entrance falls over their faces as they look in curiously.

Frank cocks his rifle.

Michele takes out a can of bear spray and gets it ready and holds the flashlight up.

They head inside, into the vast darkness.

59

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

59

They enter the first chamber and light dims dramatically.

They can see that the room's walls are impossibly smooth.

This whole area has been quickly carved, and not by evolution. More like an otherworldly heat.

There are a few openings around the room that appear to lead off to darker tunnels.

They step slowly, quietly, carefully.

Any sound echoes, so they try so hard not to make any.

They make their way to the first opening on the far left.

As they get closer to the back of the chamber, they see what starts to look like an art installation, some kind of sculpture.

They take a couple steps closer and see that it is bones, fused together with some kind of gummy substance.

And they're *human bones*.

Michele wants to speak so bad but holds it back.

The pattern and shape to the 'art piece' seems to be a series of fractals, all making one big spherical shape.

Some of the bones have been heated and bent.

Michele and Frank look at each other.

They're both white as sheets.

They step over to the first opening and step into it.

It's so quiet in the cave that they can hear their own heartbeats going faster and faster.

And that could be their demise. Because they start to hear movement, like a series of gathering ticks.

They move faster, carving the darkness with the luminous cone emitting from Michele's flashlight.

They start to see hanging thread-like vines dripping with mucus.

They avoid them but they get thicker and thicker and harder to avoid.

And then they see it...

Something hanging.

A few steps closer.

It's a human body hanging upside down.

Without a head.

A few steps closer.

It's a naked man, headless, hanging above a bowl on the floor craved out of rock until impossibly smooth.

The body is strapped in place by threads of dried mucus, like old rope.

Blood drips from his neck into the almost full bowl.

A few steps closer.

Michele's eyes change... with recognition as she takes in the skinny frame, the hairy torso. Her eyes fill with tears.

MICHELE
(GASP) *Connor???*

Michele looks down at the bowl on the floor with her wide open eyes and sees a somehow even more horrible sight:

There's a baby in the bowl of blood.

Drops continue to land on it.

It's head is above the liquid surface but it is still splashed with red.

An unholy sight.

Michele's eyes almost pop out.

Her jaw almost dislodges from how far her mouth opens.

Her breath screeches to a halt in her throat.

The baby breathes.

Smiles even.

Michele makes a sound you never hear a human make. And if you do, you never want to hear it again.

She puts the bear spray in her pocket and grabs the baby with her now free hand and pulls it out of the bloody bowl, holding the flashlight with the other.

It's Zoe. We even recognize her.

The baby makes a noise, then starts to full on cry. Cold now that it's not *bathing in blood*.

Frank almost loses it. He tries to shush the baby and encourage Michele to hush the baby.

FRANK
(whispers)
Can't you calm it down?

She rocks it, hums a quiet lullaby.

The baby still cries.

Frank looks at her with a pained expression.

An idea occurs to her.

She sets the flashlight down, lifts her shirt and yanks down her bra, exposing a breast.

She puts the baby there.

It suckles right away.

Michele picks up the flashlight again, revealing Frank smiling with relief. He nods, *that'll do it*.

They look around.

A relief so complete washes over Michele's face despite the horror show she's still smack dab in the middle of.

They stand there looking around, searching the darkness with the flashlight.

The beam swishes.

Nothing.

Swishes the other way.

Again. Nothing.

Swish again...

And there's a CREATURE right there.

It looks for a second like a cross between a beetle with fuzz rimmed eyes and a feathery insect but it's about eight feet tall, its head the size of the hood of a car.

It's an ugly brownish-green.

It shines, it quivers, it vibrates.

Tiny, swirling patterns of colors dilate on its skin, giving it a smoky appearance you can never scrutinize for long before it changes or moves.

Frank doesn't hesitate. He fires.

KABLAM! It's deafening in the cave.

One of the creature's many legs gets blown right off.

It screams a sound like a million forks scratching a million porcelain plates.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Run! *This way!*

They run the way they came but almost instantly Frank brushes one of the hanging vines and gets his arm stuck.

Michele notices and tries to pull him free but has trouble while holding the baby and the flashlight.

MICHELE

(high pitched)

Take your shirt off, quick!

FRANK

I can't in time. Go GO go!

Michele runs for it, baby in tow.

Frank turns just in time to see the creature with one missing body part descend on him.

Michele looks back in time to see a piercing mouthpart on the creature spike through the side of his head.

The creature sucks -- and the two eyes looking helplessly at Michele disappear as they're sucked backwards right into his skull with a bone chilling *squelching* sound.

Then the creature uses its mandibles to decapitate him. The speed and efficiency of it is extra disturbing.

Frank's head bounces on the floor and rolls toward Michele as she screams and turns and runs. She doesn't have a chance to try to grab the weapon.

She runs for the entrance when she sees a SECOND CREATURE whoosh by on its spindly legs to block the entrance so she can't get out.

That deep growl that sounds like a recording slowed down bounces and swirls around the space.

Michele immediately turns and runs into another tunnel.

She pans the flashlight back and forth to navigate.

She carries Zoe, shifting the weight of the still crying baby so she doesn't cramp.

She hears a tick tick tick tick...

And realizes the creature that was guarding the entrance is on its way after her.

60

INT. SMALLER CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

60

Michele steps into a room that she spots that is full of objects.

Piles and piles of phones.

Coins.

Wallets.

Hats.

Michele scans the pile closest to the door, possibly the newest.

Right away she spots it.

The Canon C300 camera. There it is.

She shoves it in her knapsack. She also sees a baby bjorn. She puts that on and shoves her baby in it.

She turns off her flashlight as the ticking sounds get closer.

Her baby is quiet.

Michele takes the opportunity to try to play hide and seek.

She waits in the dark.

She listens.

It's so quiet she can hear the tick tick tick of the creature's feet making contact with the floor.

She hears the creature stop near her.

She hears the swish as it turns.

She hears it get closer.

Michele turns her flashlight back on and sprays the bear spray at it.

It doesn't seem to react.

Michele carefully sets the flashlight down and quickly pulls out a Zippo lighter and adds that to the mix.

INSTANT FLAME THROWER EFFECT!

The creature catches fire and the fire spreads through its dry and narrow frame in milliseconds.

That scream again.

Michele covers her baby's ears with the heels of her hands.

She cringes at the sound herself.

It moves deeper into the tunnel, lit up like kindling.

Michele puts the spray and Zippo away, grabs her flashlight and makes a dash the opposite direction, to the entrance of the tunnel.

Her baby bounces in front of her in the baby bjorn.

61

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

61

Michele heads toward the light of the cave entrance--

Just as a THIRD CREATURE comes out of a hole in the floor, holding a tiny version of it, an alien baby, wrapped in a Radiohead T-shirt.

The creature sets the baby down beside her cautiously as she sees Michele.

CREATURE POV: for a moment we see from the other side as if we were suddenly watching something shot on infrared film.

Michele and Zoe glow almost yellow, with the head and heart area being the most red. The rest of the cave is blue.

BACK ON MICHELE: as she puts her flashlight down again, and slowly takes out another can of bear spray and prepares the Zippo.

She tries to light it.

It won't light now.

Tries again. Nothing.

The creature lunges -- and Michele throws the can as hard as she can right at the mother alien.

The creature's mandibles try to chop at it and within seconds it explodes, the pressure blowing the mom back down into the hole, damaging her face.

Michele doesn't hesitate. Seizing the flashlight, she runs full-tilt toward the cave entrance.

62

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

62

Michele runs out, letting out a bit of a triumphant war-cry.

She keeps pounding the ground with her feet as she doesn't slow down.

She throws the flashlight over her shoulder to free up a hand.

She's on the move, heading for that tunnel she and Frank emerged from not too long ago.

And that's when she turns her head and sees the mom chasing after her, moving ridiculously fast, side to side, tiny buzzing wings fluttering and making her jumps extra bouncy.

Michele digs in harder.

She sees the tunnel.

She heads for its entrance.

But just before she gets there the mom gets close enough to bite her shoulder.

Michele screams as a chunk gets taken out -- then the creature swats her -- BANG --

And she goes flying into a tree.

Blood drips down the side of her face as Michele cushions the baby and plays dead for a second.

The creature gets close.

Michele comes back to life -- and stabs a sharp branch she's holding right into the creature's eye.

A horrible *squish* sound.

Then the screams again.

Michele is off like a shot, diving into the tunnel.

63

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

63

Michele crawls fast, taking huge determined breaths.

Her focus wavers in and out but she keeps moving. The baby has stopped crying for a moment.

Then it starts again, echoing insanely inside the tunnel.

MICHELE
No, stop, please!

It's a soundscape of baby cries.

Michele looks back and sees the mother creature trying to fit into the tunnel but can't.

Michele tries to breast feed again but the baby isn't interested this time and continues crying.

Michele looks back again.

The creature makes herself as flat as possible but some part of her keeps snagging on the entrance.

She finally manages to find the perfect angle to start sliding herself in, pushing with her legs, getting closer...

Michele keeps crawling, her knees and one elbow starting to bloody.

She fights the claustrophobia. She doesn't have time.

She looks back.

The creature gets closer...

Closer...

Michele has no choice but to beat it by speed.

She simply crawls faster.

She sees the light at the other side.

She heads for it.

She starts to create a lot of distance between her and the mama alien.

Her body is burning from exertion but she keeps going, screaming for her next breath at this point.

All the while being relentlessly, steadily followed.

Michele gets to the end.

Just as Cam pops his head in--

Scaring her half to death.

CAM
There you are!

She gasps so deeply it sounds like her lungs go inside out.

Then she's relieved.

He smiles.

He reaches his hand in.

CAM (CONT'D)
Take my hand, dummy.
(beat)
Did you find Sandy?

Michele reaches for Cam's hand.

She grabs it.

Squeezes it.

Right when it becomes separated from the rest of his body...

And she's now holding a severed limb.

Something has just cut it off without anyone able to really register it in real time.

The creature with one leg missing has turned up on the other side and has now grabbed Cam's face with one of its talons.

AND... IT RIIIIIIIPS HIS FACE RIGHT OFF.

Suddenly he's a skull with eyeballs and a full set of chattering teeth.

He manages to still scream, his fully exposed jaws opening as he lets out a scream from the depth of his soul.

The creature then uses its mandibles to decapitate him.

Michele slaps a hand over her mouth.

She pukes right through her fingers.

The creature smells it and looks in.

The creature tries to fit itself into the tunnel.

Now she's got one behind her and in front of her.

She manages to roll right around so her feet are in front of her.

And she kicks. A last act of ferocious determination.

The creature, to fit into the cave, can't really access its own legs so it's stuck in the line of fire.

Michele takes turns with each foot as she stomps and stomps and stomps the creature's face until it goes from taking damage to completely pulverized.

It tries to engage its mandibles a few times but Michele fakes it out timing wise and outsmarts it, stomping in between until the creature finally stops moving and looks pathetic and sad, almost pitiable.

Michele, exhausted, almost passes out, her baby sleeping gently on her chest.

But the other creature is still coming, slowly but surely. It's starting to close the distance again.

Michele crawls further and exits the tunnel.

64

EXT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

64

Michele pulls herself out, her baby - still covered in blood that is now drying - tucked in close to her chest.

She picks up the biggest rock she can find.

Just as the creature pokes its head out.

Smash!

She makes the same move over and over again at top speed. It's the last thing she can pull off today.

As the creature droops, so does she.

She slides to the ground and hugs her baby.

She hears a hoot hoot hoot.

She looks up at a tree.

She sees an owl looking down at her with an ambiguous expression.

Hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo!

Michele weakly smiles at the irony of the moment.

MICHELE
(under your breath)
Oh fuck you...

And then, she lets herself completely pass out.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

65

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

65

Eyelids flutter open.

A man looks down from above.

It's RICK, Michele's dad. He looks like he just stepped out of a catalogue.

He comes into focus and moves into the light from the room's big window.

RICK

Hi honey.
(to O.S.)
She's awake!

He smiles at her. Some grunts from Michele as she adjusts.

RICK (CONT'D)

It's okay. Don't try to do
anything. Just relax.

Suddenly, Michele gets agitated and tries to move around fast.

RICK (CONT'D)

It's okay. Zoe's safe. You're safe.

She calms somewhat.

Rick stands by.

He takes her hand.

We finally see a shot from the other direction.

We see Michele.

Her face is heavily bandaged on one side.

She's covered in bruises. An arm in a cast.

RICK (CONT'D)

Honey, you survived something
extraordinary.
(beat)
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
 You saved your daughter.
 (beat)
 You're being hailed as a hero. You
 are a hero.

Michele is confused but warming to the praise.

RICK (CONT'D)
 The cherry on top is the camera you
 found in that cave.
 (beat)
 Honey, we found it in your
 knapsack. I couldn't help but watch
 what was on it right away.

Rick walks to the window and looks out.

He looks back.

RICK (CONT'D)
 The stuff in the cave? Michele.
 You're going to be a household
 name.
 (beat)
 Just like Abraham Zapruder.
 (beat)
 You're sitting on a goldmine.
 (beat)
 You just have to shoot a few extra
 things, jazz it up a little, add
 some voiceover by Michael Ironside,
 but... the money shots, in that
 cave? The shots your cameraman got?
 Right up to the end-

Rick has to sit down.

RICK (CONT'D)
 You're going to be so famous. Yes.
 But it's also terrifying. This is
 proof that aliens exist.
 (beat)
 And it's also... a snuff film. Oh.
 God. *So much death.*
 (horrified beat)
Marinating babies?

MICHELE
 Dad, did Connor-

RICK
 I'm sorry.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

When the military went in there,
they found his remains.

MICHELE

So I didn't dream that.

He shakes his head. She's quickly overwhelmed.

She starts quietly crying, just leaking grief.

RICK

Hey hey hey, you want me to get
Zoe?

She nods.

RICK (CONT'D)

She's in the hall with Rose.
(beat)
Hold on.

Rick starts tapping on his phone.

Michele uses some tissues beside her bed to clean up.

Rick smiles down at her and holds her hand again.

In a few moments, ROSE, 25, Rick's second wife, comes in with
proof of life. There's Zoe. All smiles.

ROSE

Here's your mom.

Michele smiles too and cries afresh.

She takes Zoe into her arms.

RICK

There's a sight for sore eyes.

ROSE

How are you feeling?

MICHELE

I'll be okay.

Michele kisses Zoe's head. Smells her.

The only relief inside a world of pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

66

EXT. RIDGE - ANYTIME

66

The cave entrance, empty now, but still remaining. And just as menacing.

The drone, the screams, they're all still there.

We move out farther and farther and farther until we

SMASH TO BLACK.

As Gordon Lightfoot's "Carefree Highway" kicks in...

THE END