

Executive Producer: Jeff Kwatinetz  
Executive Producer: Josh Barry

**SLEEP NO MORE, A MIDSUMMER'S NIGHTMARE**

Episode One:

"Play It In Mask"

Written by

Anthony Jaswinski

Revised Network Draft  
6/22/16

A+E STUDIOS

In association with

© 2016, A+E Networks. All rights reserved. This material is the exclusive property of A+E Networks. It may not be distributed and/or duplicated without express written permission. This content is intended solely for internal use by A+E Networks. The sale, copying, reproduction, distribution or exploitation of the material contained herein in any form is prohibited.

*Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade.*

- Shakespeare, A Midsummer Night's Dream

#### STORY SYNOPSIS OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" deals with the universal theme of love and its complications: lust, disappointment, confusion, marriage.

The plot focuses on the trials and experiences of two sets of lovers fleeing into a magical forest, whose choices are unwittingly shaped by the world of the Fairy King and Queen and their minions, which is the basis for our grounded horror.

Hermia/Hannah is in love with Lysander/Liam, but her family legacy wants her to marry Demetrius/Daniel. To escape the arranged marriage, she and Lysander/Liam elope into the woods.

Demetrius/Daniel follows them into the forest, joined by Helena/Elena, who nurses an unrequited passion for him. A love quadrangle develops among the young lovers when mischievous Puck plays Cupid. (Puck, in both the play and our retelling, is the mysterious link between the mortal lovers and their magical manipulators.)

"The course of true love never did run smooth" says Lysander/Liam.

Meanwhile, a group of amateur actors rehearses a badly-written play in the woods, and soon all find their lives changed by the doings of Oberon and Titania, the warring king and queen of the fairies. Magic, action, love and humor are the ingredients for this unforgettable spell.

Unlike the original play, which uses supernatural components, everything in our show will be revealed to be grounded and very much in the real world. In our version, the unknown "Fairy King and Queen", combined with a handful of murderous killers in masks, will force our heroes to do horrible things, inevitably putting on a dark play of their own in order for the lovers to reveal their true natures.

As this series is a seasonal anthology, the repertoire company will return each season, but taking the roles of new characters as we explore a new Shakespeare play, through a horror lens.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is widely performed around the world, and no wonder - it's about the world's most popular pastime, falling in love. But as Puck knows, falling in love can make fools of us all. Love is crazy, love is mad. Love is also violent and terrifying.

As we will no doubt come to discover...

COLD OPEN

TITLES:           **What fools these mortals be...**

CANON in D by Johann Pachelbel. Eternal love song...

UP FROM BLACK:

EXT. WOODLAND PATH - DUSK

A YOUNG WOMAN is being slow-dragged across the ground. Long BLOOD SMEAR left in her wake. This woman is ELENA (20s). Aura of Goth chic. Hair chopped to shit.

The cherished score of Pachelbel, close by and scratchy. Terrified, she stares up at TWO FORMS WEARING MASKS:

MASK 1 wears the warped, plastic mold of a cherub's expressionless face. Eyes big and dark. No mouth.

MASK 2: A FILTHY SACK. Stitches in the makeshift canvas. Cut out eye holes and razor slit for mouth.

Elena tries to glance at the THIRD FORM walking behind them.

Appears FEMALE, wearing a mask we can't quite make out in the growing dark. Marching slow like a wedding bride.

Has a DIGITAL TAPE RECORDER in hand. Playing out Pachelbel. Around her neck: a tarnished POLAROID CAMERA.

ELENA  
(gasping whisper)  
The others. Where are the others?

No answer. As they drag her into a clearing, Elena sees it coming into view:

A CABIN RETREAT AREA

SEVEN CABINS and the requisite office. Archery bull's-eye bags and some picnic benches. WASPS dance viciously around the underside of the office.

MASK 1 picks up a shovel as MASK 2 starts to wind duct tape around Elena's legs and arms.

Confused, Elena turns her head. SPOTTING THE DEEP DITCH.

They're here to bury her alive.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
No. NO.

MASK 2 slaps duct tape over Elena's mouth.

Moves away as the Young Woman approaches. Shuts the music off. The buzzing of the wasps becomes more present.

Elena stares up into her MASK: A FAERIE QUEEN. Cheap plastic party mask.

Young Woman takes off the faerie mask, putting it on Elena.

Elena unexpectedly jerks up, nearly strikes her tormenter with a headbutt.

Young Woman appreciates the rage. SNAPS a Polaroid.

That eerie, iconic whine as a photo spits out. Cue for the OTHER TWO to grab Elena up:

DUMPING HER INTO A DEEP GRAVE DITCH

Elena's gasping, screaming. ARMS and LEGS bound to her side. She looks up at:

THE YOUNG WOMAN

With her mask removed, her face is now just an obscure, dark silhouette. Her only words, numb and drained:

YOUNG WOMAN  
You'll play it in mask.

Beat. She drifts off as Mask 1 throws SOMETHING down:

THE MISSING WASP NEST -- SMASHES INTO ELENA'S MASK

Elena SCREAMS. The insects crawl upon her exposed skin, into the mask's eye sockets. Sticking to blood.

DIRT filling FRAME. We're left with nothing more than Elena's gasping breaths. A final, stuttered SCREAM.

**sleep no more a midsummer's nightmare**

Beat.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

ELENA cracks eyes and COUGHS. Back from the dead.

NEW ANGLE

She's in bed. Red WELTS all over her arms and neck from the stings of wasps. Barely reacts to the obscure form of a NURSE.

TWO FACES looking in from the hall. Aura of FBI. A young man WILLS and his female counterpart, RANDALS. Off their quiet concern...

RANDALS (V.O.)  
I'm Agent Randals, this is Agent Wills.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

Randals and Wills now stand respectfully at Elena's bedside.

RANDALS  
We're with the Sacramento Division of the FBI. You're in St. Eli Medical. Bruldi, California. Just outside Redwood City.

Elena pauses on the word.

ELENA  
(a whisper)  
Bruldi.

WILLS  
Can you tell us your name?

Elena. Eyes well. A tear out of nowhere.

ELENA  
Elena. Hollard. Like Holland with an r. No one gets it right...

Randals writes it down as Elena trails off, realizes she has to remember now...

ELENA (CONT'D)  
They buried me alive. I passed out. I thought I was dead.

Wills regards that. Looks a little confused by her story.

WILLS  
There was an anonymous call-in. Police actually found you on a bed in one of the cabins. Succumbed to a concussion sustained from blunt trauma to the head. So, you're confusing us a little bit.

Elena absorbs that in a big way, buries this terrible lost feeling under humor:

ELENA

I've got the head injury, so I call dibs on being the confused one.

Randals approaches with an evidence portfolio.

RANDALS

They found nine Polaroid photos arranged on the office wall. On each photo, a single word was written. Evidently, to describe that person.

Randals puts down a plastic evidence bag. Elena's PHOTO. A single QUESTION MARK under her terrified face.

RANDALS (CONT'D)

Guess you're the one they couldn't figure out.

Elena, staring it down. A puzzle growing darker.

WILLS

Elena. We believe whoever did this wanted us to find you alive. Find the others that are still out there, missing. But you need to start at the beginning.

Elena takes a moment. Stares at that one photo of DANIEL. The word "traitor" written below his face.

Elena stares it down, as if understanding the meaning behind it. The story we have yet to hear.

ELENA

(confessional)

After what had happened. I only came along for Daniel. He was vulnerable and I needed to be there for him. I thought he'd be done with her, but I was wrong.

(going deep)

I just -- wanted him to love me like he loved her.

WILLS

Who?

ELENA

(beat)

Hannah. It all started with Hannah.

Off a woman's blunt SCREAM...

CUT TO:

A TOYOTA LAND CRUISER ROARING BY FRAME

Rumbling down an eerily familiar WOODLAND PATH.

Titles overflowing the FRAME, big and red as a Chuck Close portrait:

**TWELVE DAYS AGO**

**INT/EXT. LAND CRUISER - DAY**

HANNAH BECKER (20s), stands up on its big sport bar, SCREAMING again from the pure adrenaline. Irresistible.

Bright smile is all for LIAM FOSTER (20s). Last of the young romantics. Sees the world as adventure and red Sonoma wine.

They're finishing off the final chords of Etta James' At Last. Making it fun, silly, their own.

HANNAH

Yes! You are the stone-cold king!

Liam laughs.

LIAM

At singing, driving?

She smiles down at him, finding him touchingly endearing.

HANNAH

At making me happy.

TWO-HEARTS SILVER CHAIN hanging on to the dashboard mirror. Off their gentle intertwining...

**EXT. DREAMLAND RETREAT - DAY**

Place is a stark contrast from when we last saw it. Warm and inviting. Fresh Caribbean colors with the chill hammocks. Restoration Hardware gone Big Sur.

Liam's Land Cruiser comes to brake. Hannah takes the place in with a warm smile.

HANNAH

Perfect.

LIAM  
(hoping to impress)  
Not too obvious?

HANNAH  
Liam. It's perfect. Thank you for  
rescuing me from a terrible  
decision.

As we wonder what decision she's escaping, she reaches in,  
kissing him again.

**INT. CABIN OFFICE - DAY**

Hannah comes merrily through the screen door, day bag slung  
around her shoulder.

TAXIDERMY SQUIRREL on the counter. Welcomes them on hind  
legs and a nut. Caption: Heavy is the head that wears the nut

So stupid, Hannah has to smile in delight. Spies some old  
photos on the wall. Older couple with a skinny teenager.  
Shirtless with nunchucks. Karate kid meets Twin Peaks.

As Hannah moves in closer to take a look...

LOUD SPANK ON PATIO SCREEN.

BIG FORM at the door. 6'4 mountain of pudge with crude  
bleached dreadlocks. Sweat-stained tee shirt boast the words  
*She'd Look Better On Me*. We've just met NICK BOTTOMS,  
compound handyman. Off the door RATTLING OPEN:

PUCK (O.S.)  
Nick! Look what you're tracking  
in.

MIKE PUCK (30s) rambles on through. Thin as a fence with a  
flamingo button-down. Permanent vacation feel. Points to  
Nick's SLIMY BROWN PRINTS. Stating the obvious:

NICK  
Oh. That's deer crap.

Hannah instinctively moves back, checks her sandals.

PUCK  
What the doe hath done. All over  
my floor.

Then, to Hannah and Liam:

PUCK (CONT'D)  
My handyman, Nick Bottoms.

NICK  
Sorry, Mike.

PUCK  
Go clean yourself up, then take care of the floor.

NICK  
But I've got wasps that need a really good killing.

PUCK  
Clean first, then kill.

Nick heads out, loping past Hannah with a slight grin. It's less creepy, more dopey-harmless like a big St. Bernard.

NICK  
*Go hang a salami, I'm a lasagna hog.*

Beams at his own knowledge, heading out. Hannah and Liam share a funny grin. WTF was that?

Puck sets down a work bag with a set of old nunchucks. Smearing in dead wasp.

PUCK  
It's a palindrome. You know, something spelled the same forward and backwards. Like "kayak" or "racecar".

Hannah thinks about it, amused.

HANNAH  
*Go hang a salami, I'm a lasagna hog.* Yeah, sweet.

PUCK  
In a moment of misguided whimsy, I taught him the longest one in the English language. Now he won't shut up about it.

LIAM  
You know your palindromes.

PUCK  
(fast and sharp)  
Backwards and forwards.

Puck moves speedily around the counter, popping a fistful of sunflower seeds in his mouth.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
Mike Puck, proprietor.

Puts a big hand out. A little quirky and old fashioned. Liam shakes it.

LIAM  
Liam -- *Marlowe*.

Hannah realizes Puck must be the kid in the photo. Gone is the acne and mullet. All grown up now.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Seeing if you have vacancy.

Puck grins like that was almost a joke.

PUCK  
I have a few. End'a-summer-bummer everything dropped dead after Labor Day. Aside from the hippie surf couple in cabin three, you got the whole place to yourselves.

Hannah smiles, looks at Liam.

HANNAH  
Sounds idyllic.

PUCK  
(trailing off)  
Idyllic, like that. Two look like newlyweds. All running off into the woods. Hearts practically dangling out your chests...

They freeze on "newlyweds". Hannah can't help but laugh nervously. Liam takes the initiative.

LIAM  
Actually, I used to come here when I was a kid. Good memories.

PUCK  
Well, they say you can't go home again...

(MORE)

PUCK (CONT'D)  
(a little wink)  
Luckily, this ain't your home.

Off that SQUIRREL...

CUT TO:

**EXT. MAIN GROUNDS - RETREAT - NIGHT**

A soft night rain falls. Place sparkles in white lights.  
The eerie cries of a young woman...

**INT. CABIN TWO - NIGHT**

CLOSE UP OF HANNAH'S FACE

Lying down. Crying. As if fighting pain. No, ecstasy.

LIAM comes up from below. Just finished taking her to  
heaven. Kisses her softly. Hannah giggles.

HANNAH  
Ooh, tickles.

LIAM  
So soon with the pet names?  
(pretends to consider)  
"Tickles Foster". I can live with  
it.

She laughs lovingly. Rolls over, running a hand through his  
hair. Tap of rain spansk Liam's face.

HANNAH  
(giggling, re: roof)  
Rustic charm.

LIAM  
Believe it or not, this was the  
super-deluxe.

HANNAH  
What was the deluxe? An open  
grave?

LIAM  
I can say something to them-

Hannah puts a finger to his lips. Gently shushes him.

HANNAH  
You can stop trying to make  
everything perfect. It already is.

Liam pauses. Smiles as she kisses him.

LIAM  
So what happens tomorrow?

HANNAH  
Are you asking if I'm gonna wake up  
overwhelmed with guilt and start  
screaming that you've abducted me  
for my money?

LIAM  
Um... I am now. Are you? I mean,  
not the-- are you overwhelmed with  
guilt?

Hannah thinks about that.

HANNAH  
If I thought we broke something  
worth keeping, I really would be.  
But this is better for everyone.  
And tomorrow...

She kisses him...

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow, you become the brilliant,  
egotistical writer you're meant to  
be. I, your adoring muse. And we  
have the woods marry us.

He's genuinely moved as Hannah reaches in, kissing him.  
Passions rising as the fire crackles.

PAN to the WINDOW. Tiny drops on the glass. And a flash of  
SOMEONE sprinting through woods --

**BLACK**

**EXT. MAIN GROUNDS - NIGHT**

Rain's over and it's dead quiet. Silhouetted form of Hannah  
as she exits the cabin, crossing to the outhouse with a  
flashlight app on her phone.

**INT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT**

NAPKINS and TOILET PAPER cover the seat. Hannah's finishing  
a pee. Thumbs through various TEXTS on her iPhone.

A trail of messages, unanswered voicemail. Someone trying to  
reach her.

Hannah takes a moment. A regretful whisper:

HANNAH  
Sorry. I'm so sorry.

She DELETES them all. Something tracking on her mind. She finishes up, going to wipe herself off. Fumbles her phone -- accidentally drops it IN THE TOILET.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Shit --

Puts a hand over her mouth. Laughs because it's so insane.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Gold star, Hannah.

Thinks about what to do. Suddenly freezes up. Hears STEPS. Crossing the area.

Hannah, a little on guard. Fumbles back against the wall. Makes noise. The STEPS, as if reacting, suddenly pivot. Now working their way toward her closed DOOR.

Hannah forgot to latch the hook. She reaches up, fumbling for it. JUST AS IT'S ALMOST YANKED OPEN. Door shakes as the unknown party tries to open it. Begins to viciously rattle.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Oc -- occupied.

Rattling stops. SHADOW looms under door. Stagnant. Finally heads off. Sound of footsteps drifting away.

Hannah huddles closer to the door, putting eye to a partial crack. Can't see anyone. Just some dark picnic tables and a creaking tire swing.

She pauses. Turns back to the toilet. Phone there, underwater, screen still glowing. A new voicemail pops up, insanely.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Gold star. What do I--

She quietly flushes, looks to see that the phone goes down. Damn. Expensive mistake. Heads for the sink.

LOUD BANG. TOILET explodes. iPhone spits out the bowl, SMASHING onto wall. Hannah SCREAMS, shielding her face.

HEAVY KNOCK ON DOOR. Hannah pops open the latch --

**EXT. OUTHOUSE**

Slamming into a YOUNG WOMAN. Holds a POCKET FLASHLIGHT.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Whoa, you okay?

The woman comes into the light of the outhouse, revealing JOSELIN (20s). Old-school tie-dye with bikini and flip-flops. Surfer girl tan.

HANNAH  
Yeah, the toilet-

JOSELIN  
Got all Linda-Blair Exorcist on  
your ass. Fun times, right?

Loud spank of porch door. Joselin's husband, MARK (30s), steps out of CABIN THREE. Dark in shadow. Eerie cool.

Joselin waves him off.

JOSELIN (CONT'D)  
My old man, Mark. I'm Joselin.

HANNAH  
(almost automatic)  
*The hippie surf couple in cabin 3.*

Joselin, smiles, not offended. Dryly:

JOSELIN  
Cowabunga.

HANNAH  
No, it's just what I was told-

JOSELIN  
Hey, it's cool, we are chasing the  
coastline. Mark likes to find good  
surf spots, but I just take the  
photos.

She gestures to a barely driveable VW WAGON. Towels and wetsuits thrown on the sides.

HANNAH  
Sounds nice actually.

JOSELIN  
Is when the toilets don't go  
batshit crazy.

Now Hannah laughs, trying to take it in stride.

HANNAH

Dropped my phone in the bowl if you can believe it.

JOSELIN

Oh, I can. Happened to me this weekend.

Joselin heads into the outhouse with a flashlight.

JOSELIN (CONT'D)

Little advice: when you flush, tap twice or it kicks back in gruesome ways.

HANNAH

Appreciate that. And I'm Hannah, by the way. Sorry if I sounded-

Joselin puts a hand out. Say no more. Spots Hannah's cell phone, wet and cracked on the floor.

JOSELIN

Yes, no?

HANNAH

Uhh, no. I guess I should just-

Joselin, no hesitation, picks it up with her bare hand. Flings it in the trash with a smile. Shuts the door.

Off Hannah's reaction. Never saw that coming...

**INT. CABIN TWO - NIGHT**

Low whistle of steam as Hannah takes the kettle.

HANNAH

She picked it right up. Bare-  
handed. You keep telling me about all the people who have to live hand to mouth, and now that I know where their hands have been...

He can't help but grin.

LIAM

Oh, like you filthy rich aren't, you know... filthy? You're the one that peed on your phone!

Hannah now bursts out laughing. She wraps her arms around him as they kiss.

HANNAH

No more sweating the small stuff.  
We take it as it comes.

LIAM

(warm whisper)  
That's my muse. Some day, my beard  
will touch my toes, and so will my  
balls... So let's enjoy this while  
we're young.

HANNAH

(miming phone)  
Hello, Pulitzer prize committee?  
You have to read this guy.

LIAM

Hope you're not making that call on  
your urine-soaked phone.

Giggling, they go in for a long kiss -- LOUD KNOCK. Snaps them both around... to the CABIN DOOR. Liam regards it.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Hello -- ?

SECOND KNOCK. Jolts Hannah.

Liam cautiously approaches the door, unbolting the latch. Opens it just enough to take a peek. Door's THROWN OPEN, SMASHING LIAM TO THE GROUND.

HANNAH

LIAM.

Liam recovers just in time for DANIEL BROOKS (30s), monied, sensitive. His emotions go to eleven. Comes on like a freight train.

DANIEL

GET UP, YOU SONOFABITCH!

ROYCE darts into the cabin. He is DANIEL'S IDENTICAL TWIN, easily distinguished by a well-trimmed beard that still manages to scream money. More self-contained than Daniel. Grabs Daniel before he can start a lawsuit.

ROYCE

DANIEL, IT'S NOT WORTH IT.

ELENA (O.S.)  
DANIEL, NO.

ELENA rushes into the cabin. Hair's long and black, before the chop cut. Puts herself between Daniel and Liam.

DANIEL  
GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY WIFE.

LOUD SOUND OF A RIFLE BOLT. All eyes turn on: PUCK. Old rifle in hand. Nick behind him, ready for backup with that set of nunchucks.

PUCK  
Someone call for turn down service?

As he sets his aim on the group...

**BLACK**

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

**INT. CABIN TWO - NIGHT**

Puck has that gun on everyone. Glances at Daniel and his new party.

PUCK  
So, who's going to tell the tale?  
(re: Daniel)  
You're new.  
(re: Royce)  
And there you are with a beard.

DANIEL  
Sir, this is none of your business.

PUCK  
Gotta disagree, seeing as how we  
are on the grounds of my literal  
business.

Nick goes battle-stance with nunchucks.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
(re: the silly pose)  
Please do not allow that to detract  
from my actual gun.

Liam takes the initiative. Gently moves out of Hannah's grasp.

LIAM  
No one wants any trouble.

PUCK  
Oh, I wish that were true. The  
world would be a better place, Mr.  
Marlowe.

LIAM  
Foster. Liam Foster.

DANIEL  
He's stealing my wife.

HANNAH  
I'm not your wife, Daniel.

NICK  
Ouch!

ELENA  
Just fiancéé.

NICK  
HA!

Nick, fat grin, loves every finger-licking moment.

Royce steps forward to ease the tension. Addresses only Puck.

ROYCE  
I'm sorry. Mister -- ?

PUCK  
Puck. Rhymes with, let's say,  
luck.

ROYCE  
I'm Royce Brooks.  
(gestures to his twin)  
This is Daniel.

NICK  
(whispers to Puck)  
Those two are brothers.

PUCK  
(obvious)  
Yeah. Copy that, Nick.

Royce, hands open. Calm manner.

ROYCE  
You're right. We barged in here.  
That was wrong. We apologize. But  
when we realized he took my  
brother's-

HANNAH  
No one took me, Royce! I'm here  
willingly.  
(to Daniel)  
I'm sorry. I didn't know what to  
say. But here we are.

Puck thinks about that, looks to Daniel, who is too  
conflicted with emotion to speak. Elena moves forward.

ELENA  
And now we'll be exiting stage  
left.

She approaches Daniel. The aura of compassion.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
You need to get some sleep right  
now, okay? It's too long a drive  
back. We'll all think clearer  
tomorrow.

Her slight touch calms him. Still hovering around fight  
mode.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Let's find a bed.

Hannah regards that, very slightly.

Daniel, sickened -- finally lets it go. Moves out of Elena's  
hold. Stops at the door, turning back to Hannah.

DANIEL  
You know what you've done, right?  
Every little piece, Hannah. Every  
piece.

Hannah, quiet on that. Shamed, but still resolute in her  
choice.

Daniel kills a tear, heading out the open door.

Elena absorbs his unyielding love for her. Trades a small  
look with Hannah. Sincere, and a little downbeat:

ELENA  
Believe me. I tried to stop him.

HANNAH  
'S okay. It's good to get closure,  
right? Now we can move on.

With that, Elena heads out, too. As Liam folds her in his  
arms, on Hannah's eyes, frosted and wet...

CUT TO:

**EXT. DREAMLAND RETREAT - MORNING**

Quaint and cheerful in the morning sun.

**INT. CABIN ONE - SAME**

Elena, hair in her face, stirs awake. Slept alone on a small  
couch.

Peeks her head out the sunlit window. Spots Mark and Joselin on the neighboring porch, staring right back with some fresh coffee. Obvious interest piqued from last night's events.

Loud door SLAM. Elena snaps around, spotting Daniel throw on J Crew from the closed bedroom. She stares at his chest, muscles.

ELENA

Hey. Morning.  
(re: Mark and Joselin)  
We got an audience. Think we should do something? A little dance in the yoga pants?

DANIEL

(absently)  
More your thing than mine.

Whatever that means, it stings her a little, but there's no intent behind it. He's still thinking of last night. She picks up the vibe.

ELENA

Daniel. We need to leave. It's her choice and she's not going to change her mind.

ROYCE (O.S.)

Honestly, you shouldn't take her back if she did.

Royce comes out the shower stall. Towel and wet hair. Elena looks away -- the twin is so close to what she wants it feels wrong to look.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Someone who'd do you like that? Practically at the altar? That's cold.

DANIEL

She wouldn't have gone without him luring her away. Dammit, he was my best friend!

ROYCE

Hey, hey. Don't go all *Daniel* on this, Daniel. He'll get what he deserves. I mean, he's with a cheater now.

DANIEL

Don't-- Royce, don't you dare call her names. I lived every day for that woman. She's a part of me.

Exasperated, Royce throws up his hands and heads back into the bathroom. At the same time, Elena looks crushed by the words. Stares down to the ground.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm not going to let someone I care about just walk off forever.

ELENA

She didn't walk, Daniel, she Ubered. Right over to Liam's crib and they both booked.

Daniel regards her with a tinge of openness, vulnerability.

DANIEL

I love her, Elena. I can't just turn away from it all and run away.

ELENA

You didn't. *She did.*

Elena lays a gentle hand on Daniel's chest.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Let's just leave.

Beat. Daniel snaps up his jacket, heading out. Royce re-enters, dressed, in time to hear:

DANIEL

Not without her.

Exits the cabin, shutting the door behind him. Royce takes in her expression.

ROYCE

I'm sorry. He's blind.

As she composes herself, he calculates the next step.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

So, do we use the bat or chloroform on him?

Off Elena, exhausted and soured at the whole thing...

**EXT. NATURE TRAIL**

Sunlight filters in from the tall pines. At once beautiful and a little sinister.

FOLLOWING Hannah and Daniel down a winding path.

DANIEL  
How long?  
(off her silence)  
Hannah, how long?

HANNAH  
I don't know. A month maybe.

DANIEL  
(breathless)  
Jesus. We were scanning shit for the registry then. We were tasting cakes, Hannah!

HANNAH  
Liam and I-- we felt terrible. He should have-- no, I should have told you right a--

DANIEL  
Or, just a thought, how about not doing it in the first place?

HANNAH  
It just happened, it swept us away.

DANIEL  
Totally involuntary, no control, puppets in someone else's hands.

HANNAH  
It's the truth, Daniel. I'm trying to be open. To be... a different person. Liam's helping me do that.

That's more than he can take. Louder than he intends:

DANIEL  
Yes, that's who I'd go to for that. The guy who spent the last month not telling me he was sleeping with my girlfriend--

HANNAH  
You said you wanted to have an adult conversation--

She starts out fast. Daniel gently stops her.

DANIEL

Hannah.

She pauses, half looks at him. Daniel thinks about his next words.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Okay. Sorry. This is not how I pictured our end-of-summer. Christ. Look, clearly, we went too fast. Rushed into... y'know, tasting cakes together.

She almost smiles at his attempt to lighten the mood.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

...you got scared, Liam looked like a way out. I get that. There's no need to sever anything. We can work it out. I can't lose you. I love you too much, Hannah. I love you.

She pauses on that. Off a slight tremble...

CUT TO:

ARROW SHOOTING INTO BULL'S-EYE

**EXT. ARCHERY RANGE**

Elena, dressed in jeans and AC/DC tank. Pulls back an arrow. DRILLS ANOTHER.

NICK (O.S.)

Pretty good.

Nick Bottoms watches from the side of a cabin. Looks like some half-assed beekeeper cause he's tackling a WASP HIVE.

NICK (CONT'D)

Know your way around a bow.

ELENA

I never took up an instrument; did this instead. Call it a one-stringed harp. Could never pick up the nunchucks, though.

Reference to last night. Nick smiles a little.

NICK  
Those are Puck's, not mine.

ELENA  
Looked like you knew what you were  
doing.

Nick likes the compliment. Hell, maybe even a flirt. Scans  
the place for spies.

NICK  
So, um... What do a kayak and a  
racecar have in common?

She's not good at playing dumb. Knows the answer:

ELENA  
Palindromes. Like "evil olive".  
Or *Hannah*.

Nick thinks about those new ones.

NICK  
Yeah.

PUCK (O.S.)  
NICKY BOTTOMS.

LONG SHOT - PUCK

Coming out the office with paint buckets.

PUCK (CONT'D)  
WASPS. Get the little pricks  
before their little pricks get us.

As Nick hurries off, Elena aims another arrow. Off the  
buzzing of wasps, she FIRES -

*A DART HITTING BOARD*

**INT. A BIG ESTATE HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK, TWO YEARS AGO)**

*Roar of youth as FRAT GUYS IN MASKS play darts in a cherry-  
wood BILLIARDS ROOM.*

*PANNING AWAY FROM OPEN DOORS TO REVEAL:*

*A GLITTERING COSTUME PARTY.*

*Spiked punch pours from arranged fountains.*

Costumed girls run through the halls with glittering sparklers. Surreal and beatific. And landing in the dead-center of it:

ELENA. Two years younger. Not in costume. Reluctantly attached to the arm of BLANE. "Skeleton-with-a-beer" look really blows it wide open.

As he goes to fetch some drinks, Elena turns to the new slam of music. First haunting chords of Beach House's melodic Wishes. A nearby karaoke audience erupts.

As everything turns SLOW, transformative. Beckoning Elena into the:

**INT. MASTER DEN - NEXT MOMENT**

Fake snow glitter falling from the ceiling.

Elena makes her way through the sea of masks, iPhones all recording:

HANNAH BECKER

Pixie angel. A mirror behind her shows sexy wings. Crooning with the portable mic. Audience around her finger.

Elena spots the dude she's singing it all for: DANIEL AARON BROOKS. Standing with his brother, Royce.

A HAND smacks Daniel's back. LIAM. Wears the dated pilgrim beard. Bartender days. This is the genesis of everyone.

Elena feels foreign to it all. Inconspicuously heads out.

**EXT. VERANDA DECK - NIGHT**

WASP walking the top of the railing.

Elena stands alone, watches San Francisco glitter under a FULL MOON. Reaches down and taps the insect's back. No fear.

DANIEL (O.S.)  
I think he likes you.

Daniel Brooks approaches in Venetian count ensemble. Mask over his head. Came outside for a vapor smoke.

Elena gives a shy smile. Tucks one leg over the other.

ELENA  
I have a way with things that  
sting.

Daniel notices the TATTOO guarding her navel. A SCORPION depicted in the Ouroboros, eating its own tail.

DANIEL  
Ouroboros cycle. Head eating the tail. "Futile-struggle" kind of thing?

ELENA  
Seemed-cool-after-four-tequilla-shots kind of thing.

Daniel smiles, impressed.

DANIEL  
You're honest.

ELENA  
If honesty surprises you that much, you've been hanging with truly terrible people.

BLANE (O.S.)  
Daniel Brooks. Pimp daddy of Tiburon!

Blane the skeleton makes his bad entrance, drinks in hand.

DANIEL  
Blane Thomas, we were just talking about you.

A nice inside joke with her re: terrible people. Blane ruins it, hand around Elena, possessive.

BLANE  
Yeah? See you met my tiny dancer.

Elena shies away. Before it gets awkward:

HANNAH (O.S.)  
DANIEL.

Hannah Becker trips out. High on Patron silver, adoration.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Baby, I need you for the duet-

She freezes at Elena. A weird moment. Elena's cue to distance herself and wave bye.

ELENA  
Happy Halloween.

Daniel heads out, putting something in her hand.

DANIEL  
Hey. You should have a mask.

Which is impossibly the FAERIE QUEEN MASK from the teaser.

Clean and sparkling. How it ever arrived in the hands of murderers, we've yet to discover.

Elena feels the mask. Appreciative. Watches Daniel's exit.

Hannah takes him by the hand, trading a slight stare with Elena. Less of a warning, more of an insecurity.

Off Elena and her growing fascination...

SMASH TO:

BODIES CLASHING TOGETHER

**INT. BILLIARDS GAMING ROOM - NIGHT**

Blane viciously throws Elena onto a leather club sofa.

ELENA  
GET OFF ME, YOU PIECE OF SHIT.

BLANE  
It's cool, wear the mask!

Forces the faerie mask onto her face. Starts to viciously tear off her top. Suddenly SCREAMS as Elena claws the shit out of his face.

Blane slams her back down. Cracks the plastic mask.

BLANE (CONT'D)  
Like it rough, huh? STRIPPER  
BITCHES LIKE IT ROUGH-

POOL BALL SMASHES HIS NOSE.

Blane falls back to reveal DANIEL. SLAMS BLANE AGAIN WITH THE BALL. Throws him up against the wall.

Royce rushes in, followed by Liam. They grab Daniel before he can pummel the guy to death.

DANIEL  
Get this piece of shit out of here.

*Royce bum-rushes Blane out the door. Swipes by Liam. Daniel gently pulls his costume cape off, putting it around Elena's trembling shoulders.*

*DANIEL (CONT'D)*

*It's okay now. You're okay.*

*Elena, still wearing the faerie queen mask. Stares up into his face. A growing fascination.*

*Off THE DART BOARD. Stained with fresh blood...*

*CUT TO:*

ARROW THUDDING INTO TARGET

**EXT. MAIN GROUNDS - RETREAT - PRESENT**

Elena. Feeling that night. That new power. Off a lone wasp, landing on the tip of arrow...

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

**EXT. RETREAT - DAY**

ROYCE, huffing cold hands warm. Approaches Elena at the archery set-up.

ROYCE

Gonna try to find a grocery store.  
God knows how long we're gonna be  
cooped up here.

ELENA

All depends on the rationality of  
your brother. So... get lots.

Royce nods, wiping tired eyes.

ROYCE

Monster med school exams in a week  
and I'm here, holding the same hand  
I've held since the womb.

ELENA

You're the good twin, Royce. If I  
had any taste at all...

Sound of porch door slapping closed. They both make eyes  
with Liam, heading out of Cabin Two. Eye still a bruised-  
plum purple.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Ow. I'd feel bad if he didn't  
deserve it so hard. Who steals a  
bride?

ROYCE

Ahh, the bridal abduction, the old  
timey-est of hobbies. You be okay  
here?

ELENA

Yeah.

Royce zips up his Patagonia jacket, starting out.

ROYCE

See you soon.

Heads to his BMW, passing Liam.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Mighty fine shiner.

LIAM  
"First do no harm". Your hothead  
brother might wanna start  
practicing that one, Doc.

ROYCE  
Good luck with that.

Royce double-clicks his BMW X5. Chirps twice.

NEXT CUT

Liam watches Royce drive out. Trades a look with Elena,  
prepping another arrow.

LIAM  
Long time no see, 'Lena. Never  
thought you'd be in this fight.

ELENA  
Just looking out for a friend.  
Some asshole ran off with his  
fianceé, you believe it?

Liam lets out a big breath. Doesn't have to pose with her.

LIAM  
Yeah. We screwed that up pretty  
bad. I just-- she's everything I  
ever-- she's it, you know?

She considers.

ELENA  
I know what that's like. To think  
someone can be that. Everything.

Sends another arrow home. Liam keeps cool, steps closer.  
Wondering if he has an ally in Elena.

LIAM  
Look. Can you maybe help Daniel  
understand? About Hannah and me?  
About... the love?

ELENA  
Because love's supposed to settle  
everything.

LIAM  
You said you understood.

ELENA

I understand love. But I don't think it makes anything better.

LIAM

It used to. Before this world got too serious about itself.

Elena shakes her head with a slight grin.

ELENA

Don't kid yourself, Liam. *Love was the first arrow ever fired.*

Liam smiles.

LIAM

You know your classics.

ELENA

They taught it in stripper school.

Liam moves closer, sincere.

LIAM

Don't be so cynical. Love... it's transformative. You can change the world with it.

ELENA

I don't want to change the world. I just want to live in it for awhile and be happy.

LIAM

Happy.

Liam gives a small grin. Looks around the place. The woods, the beauty.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Funny how this works out. A year ago, you were dancing near an airport, I was slinging cocktails in some yacht club in Sausalito. And here we are now: friends and lovers of the privileged. Recipe for happy, right?

(a little closer)

Hannah and Daniel need people like us, Elena. People who've lived real lives... real people. People they can build solid dreams around.

Elena considers the subtle hint of alliance. Then he surprises her with:

LIAM (CONT'D)  
After all this time, I'm really  
sorry he doesn't see how special  
you are. Maybe now that Hannah's  
with me...?

While she grapples with that, Liam looks back into the woods. Nick has temporarily abandoned his post, leaving an eerie quiet where the wasps roam around in controlled panic.

Liam watches their erratic patterns.

LIAM (CONT'D)  
Safe trip back, Elena. Watch you  
don't get stung out here.

He heads off, leaving Elena alone with that thought.

ELENA  
(hushed)  
You, too.

CUT TO:

**A BMW X5 ROARING BY FRAME - DAY**

Heading down the deep forest path.

**INT. BMW - MOVING**

Royce at the wheel. Grabs his iPhone off the dashboard, checking for any signal. Nothing. Zero.

ROYCE  
Yes. Of course.

Throws it down, checking the time on his Tiffany Rolex. Checks the woods. Looks back to the road.

**A FORM RIGHT THERE**

Royce freaks, turns wheel fast, missing her by inches. Nearly spins out, BRAKING. Checks his rearview:

AN EMACIATED WOMAN.

Same one from the teaser. Rail-thin. Hair running down her face. Simple cotton-white dress.

ROYCE (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

Royce unhooks his belt, throwing open the door --

**EXT. ROAD - SAME**

FOLLOWING ROYCE. Moving toward her cautiously.

ROYCE

Hey. Did I hit you? Just sit down  
on the ground if you're in pain.

The Young Woman, back to him. Suddenly stumbles away into dark pine.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Whoa, hey!

Royce starts into an anxious jog as we FOLLOW him through a wall of pine, into the:

**EXT. WOODS - SAME**

Scouring for any sign of her.

Killer silence. Then. Music. Scratchy, melodic. Barely audible. Royce quickly follows its direction...

INTO A SMALL CLEARING

Stops cold at the sight of a DIGITAL RECORDER hanging perfectly against a big Redwood.

The cherished music of Pachelbel radiates.

Royce approaches. With each step, the score grows louder. Like a wedding march.

Royce, baffled. Reaches out to touch the recorder --

EXPLOSIVE CAMERA FLASH. Insipid whine of Polaroid.

Royce pivots. Into that WOMAN. Uninjured. Filthy, long hair. Lowers the Polaroid to reveal the FAERIE QUEEN MASK.

Impossibly, the same mask Daniel had given Elena years ago.

Royce, frozen in the sheer strangeness of it.

ROYCE

What is this -- ?

Beat.

YOUNG WOMAN

*You'll play it in mask.*

CLOSE ON ROYCE

Can't fathom. Feels another presence. As he turns around...

LOUD, VICIOUS CROW CAW

**EXT. NATURE TRAIL - DAY**

A CROW BREAKING FROM ROOST. Takes off from a high tree post.

Far below stands HANNAH AND DANIEL, still arguing at the nature trail.

HANNAH

- I can't keep going over the same ground with you, Daniel. This is done, don't you understand?

DANIEL

No! Please help me get it. You loved me, I know you did. So how did that end?

HANNAH

I felt... smothered.

DANIEL

I smothered you?

HANNAH

Not you. I felt smothered by the empty life we were living --

DANIEL

Ah! The life! Yes! I agree! So we ditch the life!

Pivotal change in Hannah's face. Didn't expect that.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

If you said the word, I'd've left it all. Money, family, everything. We could have eloped to this very place!

(dire)

I was in this for you. Because I love you -- unpredictable craze -- Look, even after all this, I want you back, because my life has no... color without you.

Hannah pauses. A tear falls from Hannah's eye.

HANNAH

It's too late. This is done. I've found love. With Liam.

She stares him down a final moment. And starts off.

DANIEL

Hannah.

He suddenly grips her arm. A little dangerously.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Don't do this.

Hannah, fire in her eyes. Breaks from his hold.

HANNAH

You know what? I was right the first time -- you are the thing that's smothering me. You have to let go, Daniel!

With that, she runs off. Her form dissolves into the wilderness path.

DANIEL

HANNAH.

Echoes high and long into the woods...

**EXT. WOODS - NEXT MOMENT**

FOLLOWING HANNAH. Running off the path. A little girl searching for a place to hide.

Finally stops, breaks down. Puts a hand over her face. Wipes tears away. Stares at her reflection in a twig stream. Warped and fragmented. How strange and vulnerable it appears. Suddenly, like a distorted dream:

VOICE (O.S.)

*Hannah.*

Hannah reacts. Looks up from the stream.

UNKNOWN POV

Staring back through tall pines. Branches blow in restless synch.

**EXT. A NATURAL QUARRY - NEXT MOMENT**

FOLLOWING Hannah as she moves out from the pines. Finds herself on the retreat's QUARRY SWIMMING BEACH.

A LOUNGE RAFT in the water, creaking ever so slightly.

Hannah absorbs the new dread. Turns around, spotting something big.

NEXT CUT

She moves to it. Scared, bewildered. Finally revealing what she sees: A REDWOOD with razor carving in it.

HANNAH (HEART) LIAM.

The LIAM is slashed away. Replaced with a D for Daniel.

CLOSE ON HANNAH

Trembling, mystified. Her own memory whispering in wind:

HANNAH (V.O.)  
*We have the woods marry us.*

LOUD SNAP. She jolts around. BRANCHES twitch beside her.

A FORM in the umbrage. Just a blur. Rustle of trees as it moves closer. Hannah, truly scared now.

Turns back around --

SLAMMING INTO A BODY. MARK. Backpack and surf parka. Stares her down with a tinge of threat.

Joselin suddenly comes up from behind, camera in hand.

JOSELIN  
Hannah. My God, you're pale as a ghost.

Off Hannah's EYES, consumed in a growing fear...

SMASH TO:

LIAM'S LAND CRUISER KICKING UP DUST AND CEDAR

Blazing out of the main grounds.

**EXT. MAIN GROUNDS - DAY**

Land Cruiser roars by the cabins. In passing, Hannah trades a look with Elena, standing on the porch. Concern in both their eyes.

PUCK (O.S.)

HEY.

ON PUCK AND NICK

Rambling out of the cabin office.

PUCK (CONT'D)

YOU STILL OWE MONEY.

(beat, it's hopeless)

I'M KEEPING ANYTHING YOU LEFT!

**INT. LAND CRUISER - SAME**

Liam at the wheel, trying to deconstruct Hannah's fear.

LIAM

Hannah, talk to me, what happened with Daniel?

HANNAH

Nothing. I mean, stalking us isn't enough?

LIAM

He was my friend. He was your-- I mean, we don't have to be scared.

HANNAH

Let's just keep going, Liam. And never look back.

(a whisper)

Forever.

**EXT. CEDAR PATHWAY - NEXT MOMENT**

Land Cruiser roars by FRAME, slapping the sides of overhanging pine. Heading down deep rural road.

**INT. LAND CRUISER - SAME**

Hannah, watching the road ahead. With each yard they gain, she appears more hopeful. At peace.

Liam gently takes her hand. Hannah absorbs that, manages a small smile. Tightens her grip on his hand.

LIAM  
Better? Maybe in a few miles we'll  
be singing again?

HANNAH  
Maybe.

Suddenly, a buck. Then another. Truck stutters.  
Liam checks the fuel gauge. ON EMPTY.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
What is it?

LIAM  
Tank's empty. And something's  
wrong with the electrical.

Another BUCK. Liam's TWO HEARTS on the dashboard mirror  
twist and turn.

Beat. TRIPLE LOUD BANG -- ENTIRE WINDSHIELD SMASHES APART  
ANIMAL BLOOD spits over dashboard. Hannah SCREAMS.

Liam can't see because an ELK'S SEVERED HEAD JUST CRUSHED THE  
HOOD.

HANNAH  
LIAM.

Liam loses control, taking the truck off-road -- BREAKING  
THROUGH PINE. DOWN A DEEP INCLINE -- SLAMMING INTO MASSIVE  
REDWOOD.

SLAM TO BLACK

Beat.

BLACK DEAD EYES OF AN ELK FILLING FRAME

**INT. LAND CRUISER - NEXT MOMENT**

Staring back at HANNAH. Groggy, bleeding from a head wound.  
Looks down at her clothes, covered in windshield glass.

The TWO-HEART CHAIN is now missing from the dashboard mirror.

Hannah turns her head, glancing at Liam. Head crashed  
against the wheel. Half conscious, eyes closed.

Hannah, dazed and numb. Faces her closed window, staring  
back at the road through the dense trees.

Twenty yards out, a FORM hops down from a connecting tree branch. Faces Hannah. None other than ROYCE. Waves to her.

Hannah fumbles the truck's old manual window turner, allowing the sounds of nature into the truck.

HANNAH

(hushed)

Royce -- ?

Royce, no emotion. Points to the severed elk head like it fell from the high tree. Like he threw it down. Then walks off into the dense pine.

HANNAH. Listless and dazed, still in some hazy state.

Beat. A WOMAN'S HAND slowly enters frame. Filthy, long fingernails. Wears Hannah and Liam's TWO-HEART DASHBOARD CHARM around her wrist. As she gently caresses Hannah's blood-stained hair.

Her HAIR-DRENCHED FACE slips into FRAME. LIPS hovering over Hannah's ear. As she whispers something sacred and dark...

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Liam's wrecked Land Cruiser sits smashed into Redwood.

**INT. LAND CRUISER - SAME**

Liam stirs awake. Groggy, beginning to recover.

LIAM

Hannah.

Hannah, still in shock. Staring at herself in the cracked reflection. The woman in the woods is gone.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Hannah, are you hurt?

Hannah thinks about that. Looks at the blood on her hand from her wound. Stunned, slurred:

HANNAH

Blood... should be inside only.

And...

HANNAH (CONT'D)

There's someone here.

Liam absorbs. Turns around to his window. Opens door on:

NICK BOTTOMS

Aiming Puck's old rifle. Off their shared look of fear...

CUT TO:

**EXT. RETREAT - DAY**

Daniel, Elena and Joselin stand around Mark's VW Bus.

MARK

Electric's shot.

JOSELIN

Rats can get in, chew through wires-

MARK

Yeah. Probably that. They also siphoned the fuel.

No one even smiles-- the mood defies lifting. Puck approaches with nunchucks in hand, a guarded poise.

PUCK  
Office radio won't operate. Some gremlin pulled the transformers.

ELENA  
What about your cell?

Puck makes a magician's gesture.

PUCK  
Into thin air. Guess that's what they call "the cloud".

JOSELIN  
Just like the rest.

PUCK  
Guess we know why Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe were in such a hurry now.

Daniel regards that.

DANIEL  
Hannah had nothing to do with this. She's not destructive.

PUCK  
Whoa, you ever notice you can rearrange "Daniel" to spell "denial"? I just now noticed it.

DANIEL  
Back off.

PUCK  
The first time she fled deer-like into the woods, you pursued the flash of her lily-white tail. So this time, she made sure she wouldn't be followed. Forget destructive, this girl is just smart.

Daniel starts toward him.

ELENA  
Daniel, no.

Puck goes into defense mode with the nunchucks. Mark quickly gets between them.

MARK  
Whoa, no hitting, no hitting with  
the sticks.

JOSELIN  
Yeah, let's all keep cool.  
(to Daniel)  
Hey, cool.

LIAM (O.S.)  
HELP.

ON LIAM

Carrying Hannah into the compound. Bleeding from her head.  
Nick carries up the rear with rifle.

DANIEL  
HANNAH.

Liam brings her more into the encampment as Daniel rushes  
over.

Joselin quickly moves through them, helping set Hannah down  
on one of the picnic benches.

NICK  
Found them off the side'a the road.  
Crashed into a redwood. Possible  
elk involvement.

JOSELIN  
First-aid kit?

PUCK  
Yeah, in the office.  
(then, to Liam)  
Hey, Marlowe, did you steal  
everyone's phones and--

JOSELIN  
(cutting Puck off)  
Get the kit.

Puck wants to stay close, keep watch on this, so:

PUCK  
Nick, get it. It's under the--

JOSELIN  
(to Puck)  
NO. YOU.

Puck, agitated. Snaps up the rifle from Nick, whistling him to follow.

Joselin gently examines Hannah's head. Rips part of her shirt away to make a tourniquet.

JOSELIN (CONT'D)  
A little sting, okay?

Elena watches Joselin fasten the tourniquet on Hannah's head.

For a moment, they stare at each other. Hannah holds her hand out. Before Elena can even think of taking it:

JOSELIN (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
A little sting.

She dabs the tourniquet. Off Hannah's chilling SCREAM:

SMASH TO:

**INT. GUEST ROOM - DANIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Elena awakens from a restless sleep. The night of her attack. She's lying in bed, wearing a woman's silk robe. Party's long over.*

**INT. HALL - NEXT MOMENT**

*Elena wanders out in robe, staring down a half-lit hall. New stir of eerie WHISPERS.*

*Moving toward them, Elena spots a BEDROOM DOOR partially open. Slight view of Daniel, pacing and agitated. Hannah is holding Elena's party dress.*

HANNAH  
*I got his blood off her dress,  
anyway. We can give it back when  
she wakes up.*

DANIEL  
*Right in my father's home, the  
bastard attacked her-*

HANNAH  
*Of course he did! Blane can't tell  
the difference between a stripper  
and a whore.  
(then, thinking)  
Not that you should rape whores,  
either.*

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

*At any rate, he's a monster, we enable him, and we'll be lucky if she doesn't sue.*

*Daniel has to absorb what he just heard.*

DANIEL

*Whoa, someone almost gets raped in my father's house and this is about money?*

HANNAH

*NO. This is about how you're all about her right now. He didn't do it. She's fine, blissfully asleep in your bed in your mother's robe. Meanwhile, I'm the one trying to get blood out of cheap H&M, and realizing this is what we do: host parties where people get shitfaced and try to rape randos. It's empty and it's stupid. It's a nightmare. And you don't even care what I'm going through, because you had a thing going with her since you saw her last night before anything even happened!*

*A tear runs from Hannah's eye.*

HANNAH (CONT'D)

*You don't even see me.*

DANIEL

*Hannah, are you kidding? I barely know her.*

HANNAH

*YOU BARELY KNOW ME.*

*SOFT KNOCK. Elena at the door in robe, heard everything.*

ELENA

*Um, hi. Can I have my cheap H&M back?*

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT**

*FOLLOWING Elena as she heads down steps, dressed back in cheap H&M.*

DANIEL (O.S.)

Elena. Wait.  
(runs over)  
I'm sorry.

Elena glances up at Hannah, spying her from the upstairs railing.

ELENA

She's right. I don't belong here.

Hannah looks away, maybe a tinge of sympathy. Daniel moves closer.

DANIEL

It's been a bad night, she didn't mean what she said. Look, I'll drive you home, okay?

Elena shows a quiet, appreciative aura. But shakes her head.

ELENA

I'll manage.

And before Daniel can react -- and ignoring for the moment that Hannah is watching -- Elena lays a soft KISS on his cheek. Slow and sacred. Hannah reacts.

With that, Elena starts out. Leaves Daniel standing there. Equal parts bewildered and mesmerized.

**EXT. ESTATE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Elena heads down the steps, onto the empty car rotunda.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Elena.

Elena turns into Hannah, breaking from the open door. Pushes Daniel away, marching toward her.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You forgot this. It's so pretty.  
You should have it.

Holds out the FAERIE QUEEN MASK. Elena, confused by Hannah's sudden change in manner.

As she steps close to take it, Hannah STRIKES HER FACE, although her expression looks more SAD THAN ANGRY.

SMASH TO:

BLOOD DROP RUNNING DOWN CHEEK

Hannah's cheek. As she's being gently put on the bed in:

**INT. BEDROOM - CABIN TWO - DUSK**

Elena keeps her distance by the bedroom doorway. Watching Hannah, remembering everything from that night.

LIAM  
(to Hannah)  
It's okay, baby. We're gonna get you out of here.

ELENA  
How? We have no working cars.

DANIEL  
Royce is coming back.

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH  
No. I saw him in the woods. He -- he's the one. He dropped an elk head on us. He made us crash.

Daniel looks to Liam for confirmation on that.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(terrified, certain)  
It was Royce.

Off her scared, spellbound eyes...

**EXT. CABIN TWO - LATE DAY**

A pretty sunset. All fiery and surreal.

Elena watches the late-summer colors bleed. SPANK of porch door. Daniel comes out the cabin, troubled.

DANIEL  
Why would she mention my brother?

ELENA  
She's in shock, Daniel, and hurt-- He dropped an elk head? No. Next thing, she'll think she saw the cast of the Bachelor out there.

Daniel looks at her, manages a smile. She tries to build it:

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Angry angry bachelorettes. They  
want their roses.

Gently puts a hand around her shoulder. Elena subtly  
treasures it. They look off to Puck and Nick, talking a mile  
a minute at the office.

DANIEL  
(re: Puck)  
I don't trust a single thing about  
that man. Who talks like that?

MARK (O.S.)  
I suspect Mr. Puck doesn't trust  
you either.

Mark comes out onto the porch, cleaning his hands with a  
towel. Big arms covered in tribal surf tats.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Honestly, everything was quiet as  
spring rain til you folks arrived.

Elena feels as if she has to defend Daniel, so:

ELENA  
And what about you? Where's the  
big surf around here? Hang any big  
tens lately?

MARK  
That's not the expression.

Waving that away, not important.

ELENA  
I know. Whatever. Look. There's  
someone out there doing this. You  
and Joselin were here before any of  
us. You must have seen something.

Mark regards that. Takes a cool step toward them.

MARK  
Girl. All I've seen is you.

**INT. BEDROOM - CABIN TWO - SAME**

Hannah, reeling from pain. Liam holds her hand as Joselin  
expertly sets another tourniquet.

LIAM  
You know your stuff. You a nurse?

JOSELIN  
Only thing I nurse is a drink.

Joselin leaves it at that. Reaches over for the surgical tape.

It's just a moment, but Liam spots vague SCARS on the side of her waist. Bullet scars? She pulls her shirt down before he can get another peek.

JOSELIN (CONT'D)  
Liam, right? I'm going to need you to help me with the bandage tape here.

Liam nods.

LIAM  
Tell me what to do.

**EXT. CABIN TWO - DAY**

Puck gestures Nick to head to the office. Approaches Elena and Daniel with rifle in hand.

PUCK  
Okay, so normally I'd welcome a whole batch of captive paying customers. But that girl's leaking brains, so let's get the Puck out of here. It's fourteen miles to the nearest highway. We wait til morning, then a couple of us track out through the woods to flag down a car-

NICK (O.S.)  
MIKE.

ON NICK

Standing outside the cabin office. Fear in his face.

NICK (CONT'D)  
YOU NEED TO SEE THIS, MAN.

**INT. OFFICE CABIN - NEXT MOMENT**

Puck comes in, followed by the others. All stop at the sight: NINE HEARTS NOW CARVED INTO BACK WALL...

PUCK  
That's my wall.

DANIEL  
(hushed)  
That's my brother.

...And the first of 9 photos: A POLAROID OF ROYCE. Taken in the woods. His blurred face, SLASHED out with razor. One word written for his title role:

**MARTYR**

Off Daniel's eyes, glazed with dread...

**BLACK**

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

**INT. OFFICE CABIN - DUSK**

Daniel stares down the photo. Floored by it.

DANIEL  
Who did this -- ?

NICK  
It was here when I came in-

Daniel abruptly grabs Nick, SLAMMING him against wall.

DANIEL  
WHO DID THIS?

Puck lifts his rifle.

PUCK  
(re: slam)  
JESUS, MAN. You solve everything  
that way?

DANIEL  
(re: rifle)  
You solve everything that way?

Puck aims the rifle, ready to commit.

ELENA  
DANIEL.

LIGHTS SUDDENLY CUT OUT, ALL GOES BLACK.

**INT. CABIN TWO - SAME**

Hannah's face goes dark. Stuns Liam.

JOSELIN  
The power.

Liam chucks her the flashlight, racing off.

**EXT. CABIN TWO - NEXT MOMENT**

Liam runs out, spotting the others already checking a blown TRANSFORMER.

SOMETHING FAST in the tree brush. Liam sees it.

LIAM  
THERE.

Elena watches it cut through the pine like a machete.

Puck, rattled and scared, can't aim straight.

DANIEL  
PUCK, SHOOT.

Puck clumsily FIRES, missing by a mile.

FORM changes direction, moving swiftly, violently. Two of them now. People? Animals?

Nick, horrified, stumbles backwards.

Sound of fast air. ARCHERY ARROW.

Skins Nick's head, thudding into pole. Half of Nick's ear clinging to the arrowhead.

Nick drops to the ground on his knees, lets out a FERAL CRY.

PUCK  
NICK.

Before Puck can blink. LOUD GUNSHOT. Scares us all.

Liam snaps around, startled to see Joselin with a .45 gripped in both hands. FIRES again into treeline.

Echo of gunshot ripples into the woods.

Daniel, racing to catch his breath. Eyes go sharp. Suddenly spots it at the fringe of pine. Crouches down, picking it up: BLOOD-STAINED CAR KEY FOB. Royce's BMW fob.

As a thousand bad thoughts race through Daniel's head...

CUT TO:

**EXT. DREAMLAND RETREAT - DUSK**

No power. A sinister MOON begins to take form.

In the faint marine layer, it takes on the quality of a dark fairy tale.

**INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Joselin crouches down beside Nick, slumped on the sofa. Sets a new bandage around his ear.

JOSELIN  
(to Nick)  
You're gonna be fine.

NICK

WHAT?

Liam hovers closely as Puck holds a candle closer to Joselin.

Daniel, alone in the corner. Stares down at the grimly-familiar CAR FOB in his hand. Some profound fear in his eyes. Concern for his brother.

Joselin inspects Nick's ear wound with a tinge of authority.

JOSELIN

Took some of the cartilage off, but the ear's still intact.

NICK

Sonsofbitches gave me a donkey ear.

Puck puts a hand on his shoulder.

PUCK

Amigo, my friend. We'll make it an asset. The girls will see it and instantly fall in love with you. Oh, and we're gonna get the bastards. I promise.

Daniel finally turns to them. Something committed in his stare.

DANIEL

Maybe we already did.

Holds up that grimly-familiar CAR FOB.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(breathless)

My brother's keys. Left behind next to a fresh blood trail. Whoever has him... they're bleeding.

Mark comes over, handing another towel to Joselin.

MARK

Looks like my honey pegged one.

PUCK

Yeah, with the previously undisclosed handgun-of-where-did-that-come-from. Wanna tell me why you're keeping a loaded .45 on my compound?

MARK

Came in handy after your piss-poor shot, didn't it?

PUCK

That is an extremely valid point that totally doesn't answer my question.

JOSELIN

A girl has a right to protect herself. You got a problem with that, you take it up with the constitution.

PUCK

Whoa-ho. You just changed lanes from Hippie to Palin so fast I'll never get the swerve marks off this floor.

LIAM

Hey. Focus. If she did injure one of them, we need to find him. Maybe then, we can force a way out of here.

(to Daniel)

Maybe find Royce.

Daniel pauses. Feels the key fob in his trembling hand.

PUCK

Head-wound girl said he was hiding up in a tree with a severed elk head trying to kill you all.

DANIEL

Hannah doesn't know what she's saying.

PUCK

Yeah, well, Nick confirms the elk's unwilling participation--

LIAM

Daniel's right. Royce wouldn't do that.

Daniel looks at Liam. A guy trying to have his back. A friendship on life support.

**INT. CABIN TWO - BEDROOM - DUSK**

A wasp beats itself to death in the corner of a window.

A HAND puts glowing candlelight on the bedroom dresser.

Hannah's sleepy face reacts. Feeling presence. It's Elena.

HANNAH  
(listless)  
Elena. What happened?

Elena goes to the water bowl, trading a fresh towel.

ELENA  
Power's out. We're on Donner Party  
mode.

Hannah regards that, struggles through a headache.

HANNAH  
Donner Party? Who's getting eaten?

Elena almost grins.

ELENA  
No meat on you, girl. You can  
relax

HANNAH  
Where's Liam?

ELENA  
I'll go get him.

She starts off. Hannah suddenly touches her arm.

HANNAH  
Daniel, too.

Elena absorbs that. Hannah stares up at her. Face aglow in candlelight.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Elena. I never hated you. I hated  
myself.

Elena pauses. Something transforming about it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Night of the party. The things I  
said.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I was scared of what I was turning into and I knew things weren't right with Daniel and I was trying to fix it by holding on too tight, but it was like holding air-- I'm so sorry. Words have memory. I see that now. That person in Tiburon wasn't me. I'm sorry for her.

Hannah offers a trembling hand to Elena.

Elena, quietly moved. Awkwardly takes her hand. Our heroes are starting to come together. Could this be the start of a team?

A stray tear burns down Hannah's face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You love Daniel, don't you?

Elena silently deflects. Hannah can feel her heartache.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It's okay. He's a good guy, even with all the money. Strong, loyal.

ELENA

(dryly)

To a fault.

HANNAH

(accepting the small dig)

To a fault. And now I know how it feels. Love. It makes you real, and once it's done that... it almost burns through your skin. It's such a simple thing, to make us hurt so badly.

ELENA

(hushed)

It's all right, Hannah. It's not your cross to bear.

Hannah shakes her head, wincing at the pain, eyes less focused now:

HANNAH

No. But it will be. You see, I know what she meant now.

Elena's eyes sharpen. A new dread sets in.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
The woman. In the woods. She  
whispered it to me.

Hannah, candlelight covers her face. Trembles like a David Lynch film.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
They're going to take me. And when  
I return -- it all begins.

Elena absorbs the eerie context.

ELENA  
What woman? You said it was Royce.  
Who spoke to you?

Hannah, true believer. Eyes somewhere else. A little blood flows from her bandage, crawls down her temple...

HANNAH  
She said we're all going to play  
our parts. And then we'll know who  
we really are.

Elena, stagnant, trying to make sense of it. Hannah closes her eyes. Half lucid.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
But before it happens. I'm just  
asking for your forgiveness.  
Elena. Forgiveness -- for the both  
of us.

The words strike Elena hard. Sees a strange knowing in Hannah's stare. A dark secret shared by them.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
The both of us.

Hannah clamps down on Elena's wrist, won't let go.

Elena, caught in the grip. Finally has to pull away.  
Rattles the night stand.

Off a candle's vicious flicker...

**CABIN LIVING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT**

Elena comes out of the bedroom. Disturbed by her moment with Hannah.

JOSELIN  
(tending to Nick)  
How she holding up?

Elena strays.

ELENA  
She wants to see Liam.

Liam looks up. Joselin takes the dressing tape from him.

JOSELIN  
It's okay, I got it from here.

ELENA  
Daniel, too.

Daniel, surprised. Trades a dubious look with Elena.

**INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT**

Hannah, pale and listless, that blood still dark and wet on her temple. Holding Liam's hand.

HANNAH  
Don't go.

Liam leans in, gently:

LIAM  
It's okay. We have to get you and  
Nick help. If we find the people  
doing this, we may have a way out.

Liam looks to Daniel for some speck of support. He steps up to Hannah.

DANIEL  
He's right. We have to try. My  
brother's still out there, Hannah.

Hannah slowly puts a hand out to Daniel. He reaches in, taking it.

HANNAH  
When I saw his face... he was  
smiling. Royce was smiling,  
Daniel.

DANIEL  
Hannah. It wasn't Royce.

Hannah. Hovers somewhere between lucidity and dreamstate.

HANNAH

It doesn't matter.  
(lost for a moment)  
I -- I miss when we were all  
friends. We were so close. I just  
wish we could be that way again.

Liam ponders. Shares a look with Daniel.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(listless)  
Always that way.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT**

Daniel and Liam come out the bedroom, equally concerned at Hannah's condition.

Puck loads rounds into his rifle. Fumbles some shells. Nervous, scared. Someone not used to this process.

PUCK

Okay, campers. / Time to scamper. /  
Don't know 'bout you, but I wish I  
had Pampers.

Elena quickly throws on her Kanken backpack, getting prepped.

DANIEL

Elena. You're staying here.

ELENA

Because it's so very safe here?  
No, won't happen.

Daniel absorbs her hard line. Elena faces him.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Hey. If Royce isn't here to keep  
you from going Defcon 1, than I am.

Knows she won't budge. Trades a look with Liam, just as ready. Puck throws the rifle over his shoulder. Moves up to Daniel.

DANIEL

For what it's worth, I have some  
trophies in marksmanship.

PUCK

Oh, do you? Well, I'm sure you've  
got those hunt club quails pissing  
their fancy-pants.

ELENA

He's only trying to-

PUCK

I know what he's trying, but it doesn't operate like that. My family's had these woods for nearly three generations. Twenty miles through the pine is the rest of the world and its own ugly business. But here, the domain is mine. And when someone upsets it, crosses it, thinks they can run over it like a damn forest fire, I am its caretaker. And no one fires this rifle but me.

They all absorb that. Elena, seeing Puck in a new light. A respectful light. Daniel nods.

DANIEL

Your domain, Mr. Puck.

Puck meditates on his sincerity. A scared but stoic commitment.

PUCK

Okay then. And deeply into the woods we shall go.

Gestures to the door.

Daniel crosses over, zipping up his thermal. Nods to Mark.

With that, the big surfer unbolts the latch.

DOOR OPENS.

TAKING US INTO DEEP, DARK BLACK.

**END OF ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX**

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

FOLLOWING four specters with flashlights. The image is haunting, surreal.

Daniel leads. Puts light on the myriad of BLOOD TRAIL.

Elena, scared but on alert. The dark woods take on a sinister, surreal quality. Danny's maze from The Shining.

Off that winding blood trail, red as a candy cane stripe...

**INT. CABIN TWO - SAME**

Nick, shivering badly.

NICK  
Too hot to hoot.

Joselin moves in, gently attending to his wound.

JOSELIN  
You're hot?

Feels his face.

NICK  
Palindrome. "Too hot to hoot."

JOSELIN  
He's running a fever, hand me the wet towel.

Mark, looking fed-up, moves in slightly closer.

MARK  
Jos. We should have booked two days ago. Time's running out.

Joselin checks him. A card they're keeping close.

JOSELIN  
Just hand me the towel.

Off that slight tension...

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Elena marches beside Daniel. He gently takes her hand. The gesture is quietly wonderful to Elena.

They follow the distinct BLOOD TRAIL, winding into forever.

LIAM  
Where does this end?

PUCK  
Hell if I know. Never saw so much  
blood. Too much for one man. What  
happened here?

Elena regards that, pushing through more pine. Off her  
mesmerized, haunted stare...

CUT TO:

**ELENA'S HAND, BRUSHING PAST PINE**

*PANNING BACK: TO REVEAL ELENA, NOW ON THE SIDE OF A HIGHWAY*

**EXT. COASTAL ROAD - MARIN COUNTY - NIGHT (FINAL FLASHBACK)**

*Half-a-mile from Daniel's estate.*

*Elena walks the side of pavement in moonlight, pushing  
through overhanging branches.*

*Stumbles from sheer exhaustion. Stops at the sight of TIRE  
TREAD. Barely there. Someone went off the road at 80mph.*

*Elena FOLLOWS the tread down a natural incline.*

*Comes upon BLOOD AND CAR WRECKAGE. A Cadillac Escalade's  
face-slammed into a ton of tree. Hazards blinking.*

*Elena stares at the truck with some profound recognition.  
Spots a familiar SKELETON MASK on the crushed dash with an  
empty liter of whiskey.*

*Then. Hears it. Hoarse, dying breaths...*

*Starts off to that TRAIL OF BLOOD that made its way out the  
wrecked SUV. Finally coming to an end at a big Redwood.*

*The battered, bloodied DRIVER: BLANE. Slumped up against the  
tree. Breathing hard, in shock. Skeleton costume soaked in  
blood.*

*SMARTPHONE lies in the dirt. Droopy, blood-filled eyes look  
up at Elena.*

BLANE  
Can't reach it.

*He's trying to get to his phone, mere inches from his reach.*

BLANE (CONT'D)

Hel -- help.

He struggles. Battered fingers, gripping at dirt.

Elena, stagnant. Watching.

Blane, restless in pain. Commands it:

BLANE (CONT'D)

Help, you bitch.

Elena slowly reacts. Stares back at him, meeting his scared eyes. Then. Slowly, almost mechanically pulls that mask. Raises it over her face...

NOW A DARK FAERIE QUEEN. Moves her boot to the phone to aid him.

As Blane struggles, nearly gets it --

Elena pushes the phone an inch away. An inch.

Blane. Can't move. Staring into ELENA'S MASK.

Two powerful eyes. A rebirth. A new empowerment that she'll learn to embrace. Stares upon him a final moment. Then walks away.

Leaves Blane there, barely alive. Unable to reach that phone.

CLOSE ON ELENA, MASK FILLING FRAME

In the faint light of the moon, she follows the blood trail back into...

**EXT. WOODS - PRESENT NIGHT**

Elena, absorbed in the memory. The empowerment has come full circle.

The blood trail winds through another evergreen patch... deteriorating... then abruptly ENDS.

PUCK

And this is where our blood line comes to an end.

Daniel freezes. Looking for new signs. Shakes his head.

DANIEL

No. It can't just end.

**INT. BEDROOM - CABIN TWO - SAME**

Joselin carefully applies a new tourniquet over Hannah's head. Her eyes closed now, breathing softly.

CURT KNOCK on the bedroom door. Rattles her.

MARK (O.S.)

Jos. Need some help out here.

Joselin pauses. Gently takes Hannah's hand.

JOSELIN

Slow, long breaths, right? Be right back.

She rises and heads out, leaving Hannah alone in a moment of peace.

Dazed, gradually succumbing to sleep, Hannah begins to whisper-sing that haunting song from the night of the party.

Beach House's Wishes.

*Wishes. Wishes on the wheel. How's it supposed to feel...*

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Joselin comes out, spotting Nick. White as Michigan snow.

JOSELIN

Jesus.

She rushes over, inspecting the wound. Sickly new blotch.

JOSELIN (CONT'D)

It's infected.

MARK

Something on that arrowhead.

Joselin absorbs. Meanwhile:

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

A horrible feeling consumes Liam.

LIAM

We've been baited here.

Elena looks into the darkness beyond the flashlight.

ELENA

He's right, it's a trap.  
They wanted us to find his keys.  
Daniel, we have to go back!

DANIEL

We're not going back without my  
brother.

Liam grips Daniel's shoulder.

LIAM

Daniel. Look at me. Whatever  
happened between us, whatever can't  
be undone... You need to listen to  
me this one time: There is no more  
path here to take.

DANIEL

Get your hand off me, Liam.

LIAM

THERE'S NO MORE PATH.

Daniel goes for a punch. Liam grabs fist, accidentally  
activating the key fob. A CAR ALARM CHIRPS. Stuns us all.

Came from the dreaded darkness, just beyond some brush...

**INT. BEDROOM - CABIN TWO - SAME**

Hannah, eyes closed. Whispering the song into sleep.

Suddenly... grimly familiar HANDS. Thin and feminine.  
Slowly enter FRAME. Withered fingernails, long as razors.

Gently stroking that pretty blonde hair...

**EXT. WOODS - SAME**

Daniel's eyes track the sound of the alarm chirp.

Hits another button. HEADLIGHTS wink from the thick mist.

Puck reacts, hands trembling over rifle.

DANIEL

Hell with this.

Daniel suddenly snaps the rifle from Puck, immediately starts  
for it.

PUCK  
Hey. We talked about this! I GAVE  
A SPEECH!

ELENA  
Daniel, wait.

BUT WE'RE ALREADY FOLLOWING DANIEL

Bull-headed, coming on hard. Now spotting Royce's BMW X5. Half-buried in wet muck. Hood torn off, revealing mutilated systems. Tires slashed.

Elena and Liam come into its dim headlights. The car is scratched to hell in a thousand razor marks.

Puck, wide-eyed. Can't comprehend. Stumbles back, reacting to a new stir. Puts flashlight into the black:

CATCHING A STAGGERINGLY TALL FORM

Elena SCREAMS. The FORM, standing 9-feet tall against a tree. MOVES ITS SPASTIC HEAD, COVERED IN A FILTHY SACK MASK.

BIG BLOOD-SMEARED CHERUB SMILE PAINTED ON THE MASK.

DANIEL AIMS AND FIRES.

SMASH TO:

**INT. BEDROOM - SAME**

EXTREME CLOSE ON HANNAH'S EYES

Dazed, she looks off into the dark corner:

THE WOMAN FROM THE WOODS

Emaciated, thin as fence. Wearing Elena's FAERIE QUEEN MASK.

Hannah tries to scream. Can't. As we now reveal DUCT TAPE over Hannah's mouth. Binding her arms and legs. She mutters, tries to jerk her head around. BUMPS the bed post.

**IN THE OTHER ROOM**

Joselin reacts as Mark goes to the door. Tries knob. NOW LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE.

**IN THE BEDROOM**

LOUD POUNDING from Mark. Chair against door.

HANNAH. Squirms and screams. But it's muted, futile.

The Woman drifts out of shadow. Mask glowing in sinister candlelight. Aims that POLAROID CAMERA...

**EXT. WOODS - SAME**

MONSTROUS FORM violently jerks its masked head around.

Daniel FIRES again. Blasting it to death.

Elena realizes its ROBED BODY is made entirely out of thermal blankets from their cabin beds.

Long, hidden branches bound together for legs and arms.

Liam pulls the prop robe away to reveal a HUMAN FORM BOUND TO THE TREE WITH HEAVY DUCT TAPE. The upper half of the sick magic trick. Entire body is covered in pitch-black mud.

Daniel, hollow-eyed. Trembling HAND reaches up to lift off the FULL-HEAD MASK and --

**INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM - SAME**

Loud BANGING from outside the door.

JOSELIN (O.S.)  
HANNAH, OPEN THE DOOR.

The Woman in the corner. The "Faerie Queen". Holding CAMERA up to FRAME.

HANNAH'S EYES. Seeing something so terrifying, she begins convulsing. FINGERS digging into sideboards, scratching like a blackboard.

Off bright CAMERA FLASH:

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

FLASHLIGHT FILLING THE DEAD EYES OF CHERUB MASK

As Daniel reaches in. Finally pulls off the MASK. We don't focus on its face, but Daniel's. The horror in his eyes.

Liam sees it too. Stumbles back and vomits. Puck, mouth agape. Can't rationalize what he's seeing.

AND ELENA. Telegraphing the unseen horror --

MATCHING CUT:

**INT. BEDROOM - SAME**

CLOSE ON HANNAH. Eyes staggeringly wide in horror.

BIG SHADOW looming. GLOVED HANDS press a MASK over her face. No, not a mask. THE SKINNED FACE OF ROYCE

Still bloody and bruised purple. A face that fits perfectly over Hannah's own and --

CUT TO:

**THE EYES OF ELENA - WOODS**

Fixated on ROYCE. Hanging limp against the tree in some twisted martyrdom fashion. His skinless face hovering out of FRAME.

Daniel, horrified, sees Royce's Rolex, still clinging to his wrist. Knows it's his twin.

DANIEL  
(tortured)  
No. NO.

And dangling over Royce's ROLEX like a sinister calling card: THOSE TWO SILVER HEARTS AND CHAIN.

Liam and Hannah's hearts.

LIAM  
(breathless)  
Hannah.

Liam stumbles backwards, taking off in a hard, frantic run. Grabs up the shotgun from Daniel, who's still on his knees in the muck.

As Daniel SCREAMS...

SMASH TO:

**LIAM CHARGING THROUGH DARK - WOODS**

FOLLOWING him breaking through dense foliage, ripping skin. Beach House's Wishes pouring over SOUNDTRACK.

**AND A BEDROOM DOOR FINALLY BREAKS OPEN - CABIN**

Mark and Joselin come through. Baffled eyes staring at an EMPTY BED.

**AS LIAM TEARS THROUGH THE LAST OF DARK TREELINE - WOODS**

LIAM

HANNAH.

The others follow in flashlight strobe. On to the MAIN RETREAT GROUNDS.

**INT. CABIN TWO - NEXT MOMENT**

LIAM BLASTS OPEN THE DOOR WITH SHOTGUN. Passing Nick Bottoms, slumped in the sofa, moaning in pain.

BUT WE'RE FOLLOWING LIAM INTO THE OPEN BEDROOM

Finally stops and stares at that EMPTY BED where Mark and Joselin stand.

LIAM

WHERE IS SHE?

Elena rushes in with Daniel and Puck following. Puck nearly trips on some scattered DIRT near the bed.

ELENA

Under the bed.

Liam realizes. Starts with Mark to pull the bed away. Each crucial push is a chilling scrap of wood. Finally throwing it over to reveal a CRAWL SPACE.

Liam viciously lifts it up to reveal a DIRT SHAFT. Extending into a tunnel of darkness.

A lone WASP breaks from that underworld. Makes eyes wander up...

ON ELENA

Absorbing the sight. Her discarded FAERIE QUEEN MASK hanging on the ceiling bulb. Twirling in the cold draft.

Off its black flicker in the candlelight...

IV DRIP, SALINE BUBBLES DANCING IN PLASTIC BAG

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM**

Staggering silence. Wills absorbs what he's just been told.

WILLS

The mask. How did it end up there?

RANDALS

And where'd that tunnel go? Who  
are these people and where'd they  
take Hannah?

(off her silence)

Hey, Elena.

Elena finds her focus. Drowsy eyes face them.

ELENA

I'm tired. I need to sleep now.

Randals, ready to challenge that. Wills subtly motions her  
not to. Randals trades a fiery stare with Elena. Snatches  
up a DIGITAL RECORDER, starting out.

WILLS

We'll talk later.

She watches them leave. Fights strained vocals to say it.

ELENA

They're still alive. Whether they  
want to be or not.

Wills contemplates those grim words.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Find them. Please.

Wills weighs this. Nods with some compassion, heading out  
with Randals.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALL**

-- closing the door. Randals moves in closely, predatory.

RANDALS

You're being too easy on her. Next  
time, I'm taking the reins.  
Whether you want me to or not.

She heads off, leaving Wills standing there to absorb.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM**

Elena, left lying on her side. Tired, restless. Eyes  
drifting closed. Subtly begins to hum the same song Hannah  
had.

AS WE MOVE CAUTIOUSLY INTO HER FACE.

ALL WE FRAME. Descending into sleep.

Peaceful as a mortuary. Then:

ELENA  
(muttering)  
No. Killed them.  
(louder, groggy)  
Killed them all.  
(restless, fighting her  
own subconscious, memory)  
I KILLED THEM ALL.

ELENA'S EYES JAR OPEN. Off that horrifying fear...

**BLACK**

Titles: **sleep no more, a midsummer's nightmare**

**END OF PILOT**

\*