



BLOODLIST 2009



BLOODLIST 2010



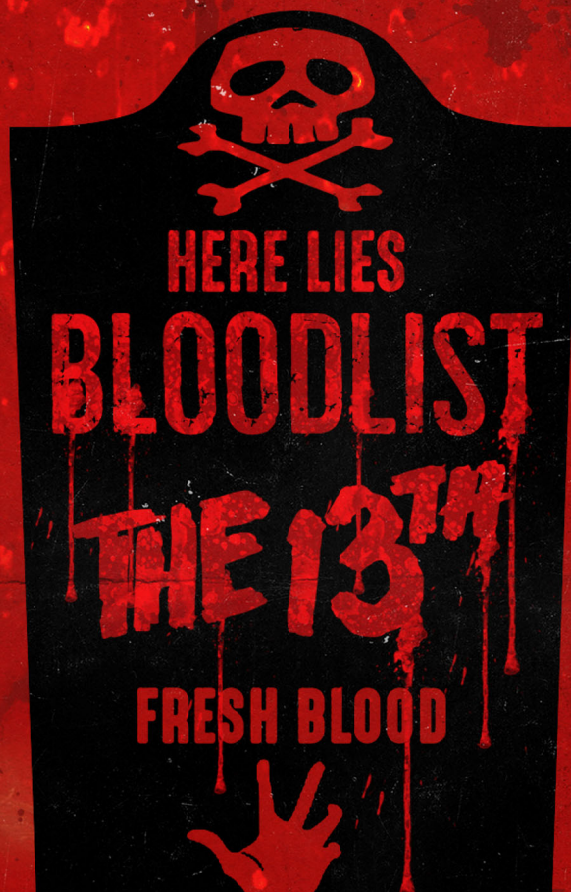
BLOODLIST 2011



BLOODLIST 2012



BLOODLIST 2013



BLOODLIST 2014



BLOODLIST 2015



BLOODLIST 2016



BLOODLIST 2017



BLOODLIST 2018



BLOODLIST 2019



BLOODLIST 2020

DIRT

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INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

We hear a dark discordant hum.

We are in a young man's apartment. It is very well kept.

SLOW MOTION: WE OPEN ON CHRIS (slender.male.27.black). He is staring at the ground. There is a look of shame on his face.

CHRIS'S FATHER has his mouth wide-open as he yells at the top of his lungs. There is fire in his eyes.

CHRIS'S MOTHER stands nearby with her arms wrapped around herself. She is looking around the room, distressed.

She eyes the furniture, the carpet, the clothes on a hanger. She is scared to touch anything.

The dark hum grows louder.

Chris tries to speak. He is cut off. His Father continues to yell.

Chris reaches out to his Mother. She recoils in disgust.

WE MOVE IN on Chris.

Something is wrong.

MUD begins to drip down the walls. It oozes out of the kitchen cupboards. The furniture is suddenly covered. The clothes on the hanger are soiled.

Mud begins to seep through the floorboards.

WE MOVE IN ON CHRIS. He stares at the ground. Too afraid to look up. END SLOW MOTION.

EXT. DRYLANDS - DAY

Chris is sitting in the back of a dirty FLATBED TRUCK. It drives through a WIDE BARREN LANDSCAPE. Dry cracked ground. Thirsty soils. Dying brush.

We see a small FAMILY OF ARMADILLOS walk through the frame as the truck rushes past.

Next to Chris is a dirty BACKPACK. Sticking out of the side pocket is a crumpled SHEET OF PAPER. We can just make out the words 'Labor Wanted'.

The TRUCK DRIVER knocks on the back windowpane as he drives.
Chris opens it.

TRUCK DRIVER
Make any last calls. There's no
service past the ridge.

Chris has a CELLPHONE resting on his lap.

The screen is open to a text thread.

CONTACT NAME: 'MARTIN'.

Martin's text reads:

I meant it when I said it. Please give
us a chance.

Chris sits a moment. His finger hovers over the keyboard.

He decides not to answer. He closes the window.

The truck races past the rocky ridge and beyond.

CUT TO:

TIME HAS PASSED.

The truck roars towards a SETTLEMENT OF THREE CABINS in the
distance sitting at the shoulder of a foothill.

Chris looks back to his cellphone.

He navigates through it for a moment.

CONTACT NAME:

He begins to delete the name 'MARTIN'...

MARTIN|

MART|

MAR|

M|

|

M|

MA|

MAR|

MARY|

He switches the contact name to 'MARY' and clicks *save*.

The truck comes to a stop.

Chris pulls a BACKPACK and a DUFFEL BAG from the floor of the flatbed truck.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

We hear a hum. The sound of work and industry.

Chris is standing in The Settlement. A small heap of BOXED SUPPLIES sit on the ground near him.

The truck is driving away in the distance.

Chris looks at the three worn wooden cabins. They look sinister even in the daylight.

In the far corner of The Settlement he notices a small GOAT PEN with a dozen goats.

Chris looks back to the cabins.

Two are identical. Curved sides with two-story wooden steeples.

THE THIRD CABIN is strangely shaped. It is topped with hand-carved human-like figures which sit perched along the roofline.

Beyond the cabins, a few dozen feet away, is the curve of a cliff.

Chris walks up to The First Cabin and knocks. No answer.

CHRIS

Hello?

He walks to The Second Cabin and knocks.

Nothing.

He looks over at the strangely shaped Third Cabin. It has no windows. He stares at it a moment, wondering whether he should approach.

It has a church-like eminence.

He decides against it.

He looks over to the cliff a few dozen feet away.

The hum grows louder.

Chris walks towards the cliff.

He comes up to the edge and is suddenly greeted with a grand image.

There is a gargantuan black lake which stretches out to the horizon in the lowlands beyond the cliff.

It is an enormous industrial sewer of steaming brown and gray mud pooled in thousands of pits which spill down black estuaries. Gray steam shoots from holes in the lake's surface; like nostrils pulling and pushing air through its airways. Refuse burns in giant pyres along the lake's edge.

This is THE BOG.

LARGE METAL MACHINES line the terrain, sucking and dumping the black slick across the landscape. PILES OF LUMBER AND METAL lay scattered across muddy flatbeds.

Chris lifts his shirt sleeve to his nose. The stench, even atop the hill, is gruesome. The Bog reeks of decay. Fetid. Sickening. Rotten.

As Chris's eyes scan the large expanse he lifts up to see, in the distance a few miles away, perched atop the horizon, the enormous body of a BEACHED OIL TANKER. The hull is split in two revealing an enormous dark cavern. Its rusted and stripped frame sits on its side like the vulture plucked carcass of a wild beast.

The mess that constitutes The Bog has flowed from the hole in the ship. Chris looks around the terrain. There is no water in sight.

The piercing sound of machinery grows louder.

Chris looks down at The Bog. He notices THREE MEN at work. Each of them is clothed in thick work gear.

One of the men operates a machine which swoops up the black liquid and deposits it in a basin. Another is knee deep in a ditch, scooping out mud with a bucket.

Beyond them, a lone MAN stands over a black pit pulling a rope attached to a rusty pulley. He is raising a barrel.

Chris's eyes land on him. The Man deposits the barrel on a ledge and heaves it onto the mudflat.

[Beat.]

The Man suddenly turns.

He is elderly but uncommonly strong for his age. He has a thick, long beard which protrudes beneath the cloth mask wrapped around his mouth and nostrils.

His sharp, dark eyes look up at Chris, several hundred feet away atop the cliff.

Chris can see The Man staring at him.

CUT TO:

The Man is walking up the steep muddy incline of the hill. The path is marked by a dirty rope which The Man uses to pull himself up.

Chris watches as The Man emerges over the curve of the hill. A swamp creature emerging from a pit.

The Man stands opposite Chris. He is filthy. His clothes, gloves, and parts of his long beard are caked in bog-mud.

THE MAN

Who're you?

CHRIS

My name's Chris. I'm here for a job.

The Man pauses a moment, eyeing Chris. He looks him up and down.

The Man notices Chris's slim jeans. The bend of his wrist as he clutches his backpack strap. Chris stands, unmoving and uncomfortable.

The Man takes a deep breath in. He can smell how clean Chris is.

[Beat.]

YARK
My name's Yark.

INT. FIRST CABIN - DAY

Yark and Chris are walking through The First Cabin. The inside is one large open space.

YARK (V.O.)
I'm the foreman here.

A kitchen sits in the first section of the cabin. A mess of fraying wood cabinets. There is a leaky sink caked in black mold. An old 1950's STYLE REFRIGERATOR.

YARK (V.O.)
You'll be sharing my cabin.

Chris is struck by a foul smell. His nostrils flare but he keeps his composure. Yark is giving him a tour.

YARK (V.O.)
You keep this place clean. I don't
want any dirtiness brought in here. I
like there to be order. Got it?

Chris looks upwards. The cabin is two stories high. The ceiling towers over them. Red light crisscrosses through the rafters like a spiderweb as it streams through crimson-tinted skylights.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Got it.

There are TWO DINING TABLES decorated with dirty fingerprints and food residue.

YARK (V.O.)
The work is hard.

Chris looks to the cabin wall. A large section of the old wood panels is carved with a mural. The intricate carvings depict people...a mouth...eyes...hands. Chris can't make sense of it as he passes by.

YARK (V.O.)
What we want is someone dedicated.
Understand?

CHRIS (V.O.)

I do.

They continue forward, deeper into the cabin.

Across the way is a door leading to a bathroom.

YARK (V.O.)

The last contractor we had up here...guy couldn't handle it. Lost it before his three weeks were up. The strain can break a man.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I understand.

They arrive at the back of the cabin where TWO BEDS are sat at opposite ends of the space.

Yark stands opposite Chris; carefully taking stock of him.

YARK

Well, he claimed the same thing before he started talking all kinds of nonsense. [Beat.] And then I found him with both his forearms open in about 2 inches of his own blood that the wolves were lapping up. Couldn't handle things.

Chris watches as an EARWIG scurries into a small hole in the wall. He peels his eyes away to look at Yark.

CHRIS

Well, you won't have to worry about that with me.

Yark shifts his weight and lands two discerning eyes on Chris.

[Beat.]

YARK

You married?

CHRIS

No.

YARK

You got a girlfriend?

FLASH TO:

INT. DINER - FLASHBACK

We are in a diner. Chris is sitting across for an ALMOND-EYED YOUNG MAN. This is MARTIN.

Chris doesn't look at him.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. FIRST CABIN - DAY

CHRIS

No.

Yark stares at Chris for a long moment.

YARK

I hope you're tougher than you look.
Let's go meet her.

Yark points to a set of WORK GEAR hanging from a nail with a PAIR OF BOOTS sitting beneath them.

CUT TO:

Yark and Chris exit the cabin.

WE STAY BEHIND and MOVE IN on the large mural on the wall.

The etchings are thin and hard to make out.

WE TILT...

Suddenly, seen at an off-angle, the large mural fills out and becomes clear.

WE MOVE IN on a section of the wall. There is an image of a horned beast cradling a bloody skull.

A headless corpse is seen sinking into a lake.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris descends the steep hill with Yark.

They arrive at the bottom.

Chris *gasps* at the foul smell.

The Bog stretches out in every direction ahead of him.

Yark guides him through the terrain.

YARK

Watch where you step.

Chris passes the other two workers; THE TWO LABORERS. They are similar looking, clad in their work gear. Younger men than Yark but older than Chris. Slim-built and stoic. They each have deep set eyes, sat in dark shadows cast from thick foreheads. They look at Chris as he passes.

Chris nods a greeting at them.

YARK

They're mute.

They don't acknowledge Chris's greeting. They simply turn away and continue on with their work.

YARK

You need anything you talk to me.

They arrive at a work station.

YARK

Start here.

CUT TO:

Chris stands at a COLLECTION OF BARRELS.

He hauls them, one by one, onto a LARGE TRUCK.

Next to him is a steaming, churning pit of bog-mud.

Chris breathes heavy. He is already exhausted. His eyes are red from the stink. His work gear is covered in the sewage-like mess.

He lifts a barrel. His feet slip and slide as he carries it to the truck.

Chris turns to look at a nearby pit.

Something moves beneath the surface.

He stares at the mud for a long moment waiting to see if his eyes deceived him.

The mud remains still.

He looks up to see The Two Laborers, with their deep set eyes, watching him silently from a distance.

Chris, feeling uncomfortable, looks away.

He lifts the next barrel and gets back to work.

THE HORIZON TURNS DARK AS NIGHT FALLS.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

The four men walk back to the The First Cabin, exhausted from the long day's work.

Chris looks out to the edge of The Settlement. He sees The Goat Pen. The dozen goats are clustered in small groups around their feeding troughs.

He notices one cluster of SMALL WHITE FEMALE GOATS. Amongst them, is a single large GREY-HAIRED MALE. It is doe-eyed. Large but gentle. It seems out of place with the rest.

Chris's eyes are drawn to it.

INT. FIRST CABIN - NIGHT

Chris, Yark, and The Two Laborers take their overalls and boots off at the door of The First Cabin.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris is in the washroom washing his hands.

He dries them on a towel. He notices the towel is filthy.

He smells his fingers. He isn't sure they are clean. He looks around the bathroom.

The sink grout is covered in black mold. The mirror is cracked and dotted with rust.

Chris looks at the toilet. It is stained with fecal matter at the crown of the seat. The cylinder is caked with a piss-yellow glaze.

He looks up at the window. A thick, red-faced GRUB crawls across the window pane. It leaves a trail of slime behind.

YARK (V.O)
In honor of your first night here as
my guest, and new help, I've splurged
a little and...

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA- NIGHT

The Two Laborers are sat silently at one table with empty
plates in front of them.

YARK (CONT'D)
...prepared our best cuts of meat.

Yark unceremoniously tosses two steaks on The Laborer's
plates. The meat is dark. Almost black.

Chris is sat alone at the other table. Yark is walking
towards him with a plate in hand.

YARK
Only fitting to dine well as we get to
know each other over the next few
weeks.

He places the plate in front of Chris laden with a thick
steak.

Chris looks at it. The steak is bloody. It seems to throb.

YARK
Look at that. You won't find a cut
that good in a Japanese prefecture.

Chris looks uncomfortable. He stays still for a long moment
as he wonders how to approach this...

[Beat.]

CHRIS
Sorry...I don't eat meat.

Yark is sitting across from him now, ready to eat his dinner.

YARK
What do you mean?

CHRIS
I'm vegan.

Yark pauses a long moment. Incredulous. He looks at Chris
like he was from another planet. He looks down at Chris's

plate.

YARK

Nonsense. Eat around the fat then.

CHRIS

I don't eat any animal products. Thank you, though. This looks absolutely delicious. Can I pack it and leave it for you tomorrow or...

YARK

(coldly)

I'm not eating your leftovers. I made this for you. You're a guest in my home. You're going to eat with me and you can continue whatever rabbit diet you're on another day.

CHRIS

I'll gladly have the stew.

Yark turns cold.

YARK

We don't have enough vegetable rations to accommodate a full diet.

CHRIS

I had mentioned my dietary restrictions in my appl...

YARK

Dietary restrictions?

Yark cackles. The Laborers continue to dig their teeth into their bloody steaks. They pay no attention to Yark and Chris.

YARK

You'll have to quit this silly bitch business of eating, what, grass and berries? And eat like a man. You have work to do here. You need to be prepared for it.

Chris moves the plate to the side and takes a fair helping of stew. Yark stares at him in utter disbelief.

YARK

Suit yourself.

They sit and eat silently. Yark cuts into his steak. It bleeds more than a steak should. He holds a piece up to his lips and sucks the blood off. Chris stares, unmoving. Yark bites into his meat.

Chris looks at Yark's nails as Yark eats. They are black with dirt, packed well into the nail bed.

Chris looks down at his bowl. He suddenly realizes he doesn't know what's in it.

YARK

What? Vegetables not good enough for
you?

Chris begins to eat. The taste of the stew is horrid.

He masks his disgust and takes another bite.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris is wearing GLOVES.

He is scrubbing the shower clean.

He cleans the filthy toilet.

He lifts the GARBAGE CAN. A family of EARWIGS disperse in every direction. He jumps back.

He reluctantly collects each one into a jar and tosses them out the window.

CUT TO:

Chris showers. The shower is now gleaming except for strips of black mold which line the caulking.

Chris stares at the mold as he showers.

He scrubs his body harder.

WE MOVE IN on the shower head.

Each hole that the water streams through is lined with a thin strip of black mold.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - NIGHT

Chris puts his things down by his bed as he prepares to sleep.

Yark is laying on his own bed across the cabin. He has a BOOK perched on his chest with one hand. He is reading DANTE'S "INFERNO". His other hand is tucked into his pants as he gently scratches his nuts.

Chris, discreetly, leans forward and smells his bedsheets. He winces.

He pulls CLEAN SHEETS from his bag and begins to remake the bed.

As he does so he turns to see Yark staring at him.

[Beat.]

CHRIS

I mean no offense. I just like
sleeping on my own sheets.

Suddenly, a small piece of metal tumbles out of the old sheet.

Chris picks it up. It's an EARRING shaped like a cross.

YARK

What do you have there?

He holds it up for Yark to see. Yark examines it a moment.

YARK

Must have belonged to the last guy. He
was one of those pierced ear fellas.

Yark scoffs and chuckles in disdain as he turns away.

Chris puts the earring down on the bedside table.

Suddenly, Yark draws a deep breath through his nostrils.

CHRIS

What?

YARK

What's that smell?

Yark takes a deep breath again.

Chris sits for a moment, feeling self-conscious and not sure about what to say.

CHRIS

I don't know. I've just used regular soap.

Yark stares at Chris a long moment before turning his nose up, displeased.

YARK

Up early tomorrow. It's a full work day. Get your sleep.

Chris lays a clean t-shirt over his pillow before crawling into bed.

Yark lays his book down and turns off the light. He settles into his bed as he says...

YARK

Chris...Chris...Chris Clean Sheets.

WE SEE THE TWO BEDS, sitting a dozen feet apart in the moonlight.

Chris stares at the crisscrossing pattern of soft red light streaming through the rafters. His eyes stay wide open.

We hear the hum of The Bog begin to seep through the windows.

WE MOVE AWAY from the two beds, down through the cabin, past the dining tables to the carvings on the cabin wall.

WE TILT and suddenly, again, the full scenic imagery of the mural is revealed.

WE CLOSE IN on a particular image; a chimera, a hunched over human like bird with scant feathers coming off a child-like body. In its human-like hands is a rodent which the beast is ripping apart with its teeth.

WE MOVE IN FURTHER to see two clusters of red lines, curved like dead branches, etched into the beast's neck.

The hum of The Bog grows louder.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris, Yark and The Two Laborers are knee deep in a pit. They are each dressed in their work wear and cloth masks. They are passing buckets from man to man. Yark is at the end of the line emptying the buckets into a barrel.

The mud around Chris's legs is inconsistent in texture. There are thick globs which float through the mess as well as light muddy liquid which splashes as they work.

The work is grueling. The smell is noxious.

CUT TO:

Chris is shoulder-deep inside a pipe. Dirty steam billows out onto him as he pulls muck from a filter. It comes out in thick handfuls that burp and spill over his workwear.

Chris pulls a glob of mud from the pipe. He can feel something inside. He begins to pull away at the mud. A shape begins to appear. He clears away more mud and notices that he is holding a HUMAN-LIKE TOOTH.

Chris looks at it for a moment before tossing it into a nearby waste-bin.

Chris takes a moment to catch his breath. He is exhausted.

Yark watches, disapprovingly, from a distance.

CUT TO:

Chris carries crates full of sewage to a flatbed. He struggles.

He tries to lift a specific crate but it's too heavy. He heaves but it barely moves.

Yark appears. He pushes Chris to the side and lifts the crate himself. He walks it over to the flatbed and tosses it in.

Chris looks on, embarrassed. He eyes Yark's strong build. His large arms. His thick back.

Chris reaches for a smaller crate.

CUT TO:

WE ARE FOLLOWING FOOTPRINTS IN THE MUD. They are somewhat pigeon-toed.

Yark's eyes trace over the effeminate prints to Chris.

Yark stares at him with a look of contempt.

He pulls the cloth mask from his mouth and spits on the ground.

CUT TO:

Chris begins packing full barrels of black slick onto another truck when...something catches his eye.

He looks at the slope of a draining pit.

He watches as a large mound is revealed by the receding liquid.

He looks around to Yark and The Two Laborers. They are far away. Chris slowly approaches the mound.

As the black slick fades the details of the mound begin to appear.

We see what looks like TWO BIRDS whose bodies have been clad together by bog-mud. Their feathers have wilted off. Their skin is stained black.

Chris approaches when...

He notices that it is in fact one animal carcass. There are two heads sprouting from its long crane-like neck.

Yark watches Chris from a distance, noticing he must have found something.

Chris looks at the creature's large dead eyes, which seem to stare right at him when suddenly...

The creature draws a sharp breath.

Chris yells out, startled, and falls backwards.

The creature continues to pull in a large single breath. It fills with air and suddenly...

Its chest collapses and bog-mud gushes out from its two beaks as pressurized air bursts out of it.

Chris hears Yark begin to cackle from a distance.

YARK

(as he cackles)

You scared of a bird?! You scared
Chris Clean Sheets?

Yark continues to laugh. Chris is wide-eyed, laying in the bog-mud, looking at the strange creature.

He slowly gets up.

He walks over and carefully lifts the strange carcass from the pit's edge. He throws it onto a garbage heap.

YARK (V.O)
When a man can carry a heavy
thing...women notice.

CUT TO:

Yark is peeing onto the hillside in full view of Chris. He does his best not to look.

YARK
What woman is going to marry a wimp?
You need to build your muscle.

Chris is exhausted, standing at the base of the hill, ready to climb back up to the cabins.

YARK
It's not about the thing you're
carrying. You realize that? Your
muscles, the load you carry...

Yark's cloth mask is pulled down. He is breathing in the foul air.

YARK
...it tells them how big your cock is.
You understand? What I could do at
your age would tell a woman I was
packing. You could barely lift out
there. So what can you carry boy? Hmm?

Chris has had enough. He begins up the hill towards the cabins. Yark yells after him.

YARK
What can you carry boy?!

Yark finishes peeing and opts to wipe the head of his dick with his hand. A single gleaming bead of urine rests on his filthy fingers. He wipes it onto his clothes.

CUT TO:

As Chris walks up the hill he suddenly notices a *squishing* sound coming from his boot. He looks down. He presses his foot to the ground and hears it again.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - EVENING

Chris comes over the top of the hill in a rush. He sits on the ground and pulls his boot off. Bog-mud pours out. Globbs of mud hit the floor. Chris spots a hole in the side of his boot. His sock, up to his shin, is caked in sewage. He pulls his sock off. His skin is stained.

EXT. THE BOG - EVENING

Yark is putting away a last few pieces of equipment.

We hear the dark hum of The Bog.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris has left a trail of black footprints on the ground.

He runs the shower as he rushes to undress. He chokes at the smell of his soaked leg.

He climbs into the shower and begins to scrub the muck off his body.

EXT. THE BOG - EVENING

Yark is standing and looking out at the vast smoking black terrain of The Bog.

He is entranced. Hypnotized by *the sound of the hum*.

WE MOVE IN on Yark's neck. Blood red varicose veins are bulging from his collar.

They are spread out in two clusters of red lines, curved like dead branches.

They are identical to the symbol etched on the mural.

The hum grows louder.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris is sitting on the edge of the bathtub. The shower is no longer running. He is staring down at his leg.

His skin is wrinkled and stained a dark red. The color of congealed blood.

He turns to look at the toilet. It's dirty. He looks around at the bathroom he had cleaned the night before. It is

already filthy.

YARK (V.O)
You'll be fine.

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA - NIGHT

YARK
You're just not used to the work yet.

Chris is showing Yark his leg.

YARK
Your body will adjust and it'll fade.
Not that there's much difference for
you though.

Yark gestures to Chris's black skin and chuckles.

Chris looks down at his discolored leg, unassured.

CUT TO:

Chris is sat at the dining table. Yark is eating across from him. The Two Laborers are chewing on fatty steaks at the other table.

The room is filled with the sound of moist mastication.

We see Chris's bowl. Inside is a small lumpy mess of vegetable stew.

It is a comically small serving.

Chris looks up at Yark.

CHRIS
Is there any more?

YARK
That was our last tin. All we have
left is meat.

He continues to chew.

CHRIS
When is the next shipment.

YARK
Not for two weeks.

Chris sits a moment. Anger is bubbling up inside him. He looks at Yark's filthy fingers and his yellow-stained teeth as he bites into his steak.

Chris scratches the top of his left foot with the toes of his right.

He looks down at his near empty bowl.

A large BLACK FLY lands on it.

Chris watches as it sits there a moment before quickly flying off again.

It flies to the other dining table and lands on the nape of one of The Two Laborer's necks.

Chris watches as the fly suddenly seems stuck to the Laborer's skin. It desperately struggles to free itself.

The Laborer reaches a hand to his neck and pulls the fly off.

He looks at it a moment before sticking it into his mouth.

Chris stoically watches as The Laborer sucks on it for a moment before chewing and swallowing.

Yark stares at Chris as he eats. There is a flat look of disdain in his eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. FIRST CABIN/VARIOUS - NIGHT

IT'S NIGHT TIME.

WE ARE TRAVELING through the cabin. The dining tables are empty. The kitchen counters have been cleared. Moonlight cuts through the windows.

In the distance, we hear the dark hum of The Bog.

WE SLOWLY PASS by the muraled wall. WE QUIETLY MOVE to the back of the cabin with the two beds laying across from one another.

WE SEE that Chris is fast asleep.

WE SLOWLY MOVE TOWARDS HIM.

He is laying on his back. WE REST on his sleeping face.

[Beat.]

Something is wrong.

Chris wakes. Sweat is pouring over him.

We hear a strange chewing sound.

Chris looks over to Yark's bed.

Yark isn't there.

Chris looks down at his own bed. He sees that his sheets are soaked.

He pulls them away from his body.

He is too terrified to scream.

His leg, the same one which was stained red by The Bog, has been ripped from his body. In its place is a blood-soaked stump.

He looks across the cabin.

Yark is hunched over on the ground, in the dark. He is eating meat.

Yark suddenly turns.

Chris shuts his eyes in terror.

WE SEE that Yark's face isn't there. In its place is a dark empyrean, a swirling black pit sitting in the centre of his head.

Chris continues to hold his eyes shut, frozen in fear.

Suddenly...

Yark's head moves within an inch of Chris's face. The dark empyrean looks at Chris as he desperately keeps his eyes shut.

CUT TO:

Chris wakes from his nightmare with a *gasp*. He is lying in his bed.

He looks over at Yark's bed.

Yark is fast asleep.

Chris looks down at his own bed. His sheets rest over him, clean and white.

Chris settles back onto his bed, relieved. He takes long breaths of air as he calms himself down.

He lays there, staring up at the cabin ceiling.

WE MOVE AWAY from him.

WE TRAVEL BACK through the cabin.

We hear the dark hum of The Bog in the distance.

[Beat.]

WE APPROACH the muraled wall.

AGAIN WE SEE that from straight on that the mural is incomplete.

WE TILT and the wall's illusion reveals itself as the mural's images fill out and become clear.

WE MOVE IN on a dark image. Three naked men are on their knees by the edge of a large muddy pit.

Their hands are beneath the surface, each clutching one part of a dismembered body.

CHRIS (V.O)
I'd like my pay.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - DAY

IT'S THE MORNING.

Chris is standing over Yark who is still in bed.

Yark looks at him confused for a moment.

YARK
What?

Chris is standing over him with his bags packed.

CHRIS
I'm leaving. I'd like two days pay please. I don't want to fight or

anything. I just...I'd like to go.

Yark sucks his teeth and wipes thick mucous from his mouth.

[Beat.]

YARK

I pay at the end of your job. You quit. You get nothing.

CHRIS

I'm entitled to-

YARK

You're entitled to shit.

Yark begins to laugh in disbelief as he lifts from his bed.

YARK

Is this...is this about dinner? You fucking faggot. Do you know what people have gone through to get the job done and you want to flake cause we don't have enough carrots...or soybeans?...Huh?

Chris stares down at Yark for a long moment. Rage is evident on his face.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

Chris is walking away from the cabin with his bags in hand. Yark appears in the doorway. He yells out...

YARK

Do you know where you are?!

Chris continues to walk towards the wide empty terrain.

YARK

It was a 2 day drive getting here wasn't it? That's at least a week on foot in every direction!

[Beat.]

YARK

That's a long walk with no food.

Chris looks out at the large barren expanse ahead of him. He slows down.

YARK
That's right. Use your head *Clean
Sheets*.

[Beat.]

YARK
Stop this silliness. Get to your shift
in 10 and I won't dock your pay for
tardiness.

Chris stands a long moment, with his back to the cabins,
feeling stuck.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris fills barrels with bog-mud.

He clears the filters on the pipes. He sweats. He breaths
heavy. He struggles under the weight of the work on an empty
stomach.

He leans against a machine. He is exhausted. Sweaty.

Suddenly, Yark yells ecstatically in the distance at The Two
Laborers.

YARK
There!

Chris turns. The three of them are circling the edge of a
large muddy pit. Yark is pointing at something.

YARK
Hurry! Hurry!

The Laborers cast nets and use long tools as they try to
reach something in the mud.

YARK
Further!...Further! You'll lose it!

They try to dig through the mud.

Yark watches, wide-eyed in anticipation.

A moment passes.

The Laborers stop searching. Whatever it was, it's gone.

Yark is incensed.

YARK
Fuck! You fucked it up!

The Laborers pull their tools out of the large pit.

YARK
You're a bunch of women! Little
fucking girls. How do you fuck that
up?!

Chris continues to watch from a distance. He looks at the pit, unsure of what they were looking for.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris showers. The stain on his leg hasn't faded.

He notices, on his forearm, another dark red, fleshy blemish.

He begins to scrub it feverishly.

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA - NIGHT

Chris sits at the dinner table. Yark eats away at his steak. The Two Laborers eat theirs.

Chris looks down at his plate...

It's empty.

He looks at the table in front of him...

There is only meat.

Yark looks up at him. They lock eyes.

Yark sucks a piece of sinewy meat into his mouth and begins to chew.

He gently passes Chris a particularly bloody steak.

Chris pushes it back and leaves the table.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - NIGHT

Chris is sitting on his bed. He is drinking from a LARGE CONTAINER OF WATER.

He downs the whole thing in one go.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris is exhausted. He continues to work on an empty stomach.

He lifts a full crate and suddenly drops it.

He grunts as he tries to lift it again.

He barely gets it high enough to lift onto the flatbed.

He keels over, exhausted.

He pulls a water bottle from inside his work wear.

He gulps down as much water as he can - trying to fill his stomach to quell the hunger.

FADE TO:

The four men work, silhouetted against the setting sun.

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA - NIGHT

Yark and The Two Laborers eat at their tables. Chris isn't there.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris is in the washroom looking over his body. The dark red stain on his arm has filled with pus.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - NIGHT

Chris downs another container of water.

CUT TO:

He lays in bed staring at the red moonlight crisscrossing the ceiling.

He is weak, exhausted. He breathes heavy as he fights his hunger.

He reaches into his bag and pulls out his cellphone.

He curls up in his bed. He keys in his pin and scrolls to the message window.

He lays there in the dark, illuminated by the light of his phone, scrolling through messages from Martin.

WE SEE, in the dark behind Chris, the silent silhouette of a large man.

Suddenly, Chris senses someone behind him.

He spins around.

[Beat.]

He looks towards Yark's bed.

There is nothing there, except for Yark, who Chris can just make out, curled up asleep in his own bed.

Chris settles down and continues to scroll through his phone, longingly looking at a picture of Martin.

JUMP CUT:

We hear the faint sound of an animal crying out in the distance.

The sun is rising.

Chris remains in bed with his eyes wide open. He hasn't slept. Deep hallows sit beneath his eyes.

He lifts up. Yark is still asleep. Chris can see that Yark's bedsheets are soiled and wet.

Chris lifts a water bottle from his bedside table. He raises it to his lips and tries to drink.

It's empty.

He drops the bottle.

Chris, in a daze, lifts from his bed and walks towards the front of the cabin. He stop a moment to look out a window at the vast empty expanse outside.

We hear an animal cry in the distance again.

CHRIS'S POV: The terrain comes in and out of focus.

Dazed, he walks to the kitchen.

He sees a slab of COOKED STEAK sitting on a plate on the counter.

He stands still, staring at it for a long moment.

[Beat.]

He grabs it with two hands, lifts it to his mouth and tears a piece out. He draws in a long breath of relief as an instant feeling of satisfaction consumes his body.

He chews with his eyes closed. He takes another bite and another - his first taste of meat in years. A drop of steak juice oozes from his lips.

He devours the steak.

JUMP CUT:

Chris sits at the kitchen table, feeling guilt and satisfaction all at the same time. He presses his finger to the dark red, wrinkled mark on his forearm.

The animal cries out again.

Chris suddenly pays attention.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT/THE BOG - DAY

He walks out of the cabin into soft morning mist.

He follows the *distressed cries*. They are guttural, primal and beastly.

The sound is coming from over the curve of the hill. Chris walks to the edge.

The animal cries out again.

Chris can't see where the sound is coming from. He slowly climbs down the hill...and arrives at the edge of The Bog.

His eyes begin to water from the stench. He holds his sleeve up to cover his nose and mouth.

Chris walks to a pile of timber.

The animal cries out again.

Chris circles around it.

He sees, partly submerged in The Bog, A HORNEED GOAT. Three of its limbs have been captured by bog-mud. It claws at the ground with its one free limb. Its mouth is a moment away from being submerged below the slick.

It cries out. The sound is disturbing. Amplified. Unnatural.

Chris watches it for a long moment. The goat looks directly at him as it struggles to not drown.

Chris decides to help. He carefully approaches the steaming bog. He pulls his shirt off and covers his hands with it. He grabs the goat's free limb and begins to pull. *It squeals* as it slowly emerges from the slick.

The bog churns and spits as the goat slowly comes free. In a sudden burst it *pops* out.

Chris falls to the ground. A spray of bog-mud hits his body.

He looks down at the black sewage covering him.

He grabs his shirt and begins to desperately rub it off his skin. It simply spreads the muck. He looks down at himself in disgust. Suddenly...

He looks up and sees The Horned Goat standing still, right in front of him. It is staring with vulnerable and grateful eyes.

CUT TO:

Chris is gloved and in a change of clothes. Cloth is wrapped around his nose and mouth.

He has leashed the goat on a rope outside The First Cabin. He is scrubbing the mud off its body with soap.

As he cleans the goat, large swatches of the goat's hair come off its skin. The skin beneath is stained a deep dark red.

As Chris washes the mud off he notices a deep gash in one of the goat's legs. The goat is taking pressure off that leg, resting on the other three.

CUT TO:

The mud is washed off the goat. It has very little hair left.

Its skin is stained and strangely wrinkled.

Chris unleashes it.

CHRIS

Go.

The goat looks up at him. It takes a tentative step backwards and limps on its injured leg.

[Beat.]

Chris suddenly realizes the goat's unease.

He turns.

Yark is standing a few feet away.

He stares at Chris with contempt. Chris stares back, intimidated by the dangerous look on Yark's face.

Yark takes a look at the goat.

He looks back to Chris for a moment before turning around and heading back towards the cabin.

The goat plops down on the ground and nestles into a comfortable position.

Chris stands there a moment, feeling uneasy. He realizes something...

He sticks his finger in his mouth and pulls a piece of meat from between his teeth. He holds it up a moment, looking at it, before putting it back in his mouth and savoring the taste.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris works with a renewed sense of energy. He is working quicker. Filling and lifting barrels of bog-mud.

He draws heavy breathes as he does so.

He takes a momentary break.

Chris notices something.

He takes another deep breath.

Tentatively, he reaches up and pulls his cloth mask down. He pulls in a large breath.

We see The Bog simmering, smoking, bubbling and churning.

Chris pulls the air in. The smell isn't as horrible as it was. Chris almost finds it pleasant.

He closes his eyes and draws in another large breathe when...

YARK

There!

Chris looks up to see Yark and The Two Laborers circling a deep bit.

There is a commotion.

Chris watches as they try to locate something again.

Chris approaches and looks at where Yark is pointing.

He sees, bubbling in and out of the bog-mud, A GLINTING, BRIGHT CRYSTAL.

Chris watches as it emerges from the pit and dips back beneath the surface. The crystal's brilliance emits a red glow through the thick mud. It surfaces again as The Bog churns.

YARK

Hurry...Hurry!

Chris is entranced by the object.

The commotion grows around him as Yark and The Two Laborers cast NETS and use LONG TOOLS to reach the crystal.

YARK

You weak shits. You weak shits! Get it!

The Laborers struggle.

YARK

Fucking women. *You're women!*

Chris looks over at them as they try to reach it.

He looks at the crystal object. It is brilliant. It is drawing him in.

YARK

Fucking faggots! You can't perform? Huh? You can't perform? Man up! Man up!

Suddenly, without any thought, Chris jumps into the pit.

Yark's eyes grow wide with shock.

Chris is submerged up to his torso. He swims and wades through The Bog desperate to reach the crystal.

Yark and The Laborers race around the perimeter of the pit trying to get close to him.

Chris approaches the crystal. He has his hand out. His fingers are a few inches away when...

The crystal dips beneath the surface again.

Chris leaps forward and grabs at the mud beneath the surface.

One of the Laborers throws a rope around Chris. It catches. Chris tightens the rope under his arms.

He is now submerged up to his neck. The mud threatens to tip into his workwear.

Chris is slipping. He struggles, trying to find the crystal beneath the surface.

The bog-mud creeps up his clothed neck and it slowly approaches his exposed face.

Chris is determined. He doesn't hold back when...

Yark can see Chris is about to go under.

YARK
(reluctantly)
Pull 'im.

The Laborers tug the rope. Chris is drawn up and across the pit. The Laborers reach in and pull him out.

Chris splashes onto the surface. He turns over.

Yark's eyes grow wide.

Nestled in Chris's hands is a large, brilliant CRYSTAL.

Yark wails in delight.

Chris looks at the strangely shaped object. It has curved edges and large holes.

YARK
My god. My god!

Chris tries to make out what it is. He sits up. He starts to see....

YARK
You fucking champ.

...that the object looks, sort of, like a fragment of a skull.

Yark grabs the crystal from Chris's hands.

He looks over at The Two Laborers, holding the crystal up as he does.

YARK
What do you know. That's a man right there.

He looks back at Chris with wide-eyed admiration.

YARK
A man's man.

He crackles with delight.

YARK
A man's man!

Chris tries and fails to conceal his delight at the compliment.

Yark walks off holding the crystal as he continues to repeat...

YARK
A man's man!...A man's man!

Chris looks over at The Two Laborers.

[Beat.]

Something is dripping from one of their noses.

A trail of bog-mud slides down one of the Laborer's lips. The Laborer wipes it away.

Chris turns and sees that the other Laborer is staring right at him. There is a look of unrestrained resentment and anger on the Laborer's face.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris showers.

About one-fifth of his body is now covered in dark red stains.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

Yark walks to the strangely shaped Third Cabin.

He holds the crystal carefully as he opens the door and enters the dark space inside.

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA - NIGHT

Chris arrives at the dining area.

The Two Laborers are eating at their table. Yark is sitting at his.

Yark looks over at Chris, wondering if he will join them.

Chris hesitates a moment, approaches and takes a seat.

He pulls a plate towards himself. Yark, gleefully, lays a thick steak on Chris's plate.

Chris cuts a large piece and bites into it.

Yark smiles with delight. Chris bashfully smirks.

YARK
Alright, alright!

They eat together.

CHRIS (V.O)
Was that a diamond?

CUT TO:

Chris coughs up his drink.

He has just taken a sip of moonshine that Yark has poured for him.

Yark laughs as he also pours himself a drink.

YARK
No!

Yark chuckles as he tops up Chris's glass.

YARK

Imagine one that big. No, it's a
crystal of sorts.

Yark and Chris are unwinding. The Two Laborers have gone to
their cabin. Yark and Chris are alone.

YARK

Shiny shale and bog-polished petrified
lumber. Not worth anything...to anyone
but me. You surprised me taking that
kind of risk. Showed a lot of
strength.

Chris looks down bashfully at his glass.

CHRIS

Was pretty horrible feeling the bog
that up-close to be honest. Not sure I
would do it again.

They chuckle.

YARK

How're you finding the work so far?

Yark settles onto a chair. The light is dim. Large shadows
are cast over his face as he leans back and gets comfortable.

CHRIS

It's tough. That's for sure. It's
also, to be honest, a bit of a dirtier
job than I expected.

The look on Yark's face slowly sours.

YARK

Dirty? This job isn't dirty. The bog
out there cleans. Leave anything in it
for long enough and pull it out. It
will strip it clean. It's no dirt.

Yark gestures to the both of them.

YARK

It's us that are dirty.

Chris notices Yark's fingers are much darker than they were.
His black finger nails are long, claw-like. One of them is

missing.

YARK

So...why'd a young buck like you
decide to come out all the way here?

CHRIS

I need the funds. I've been
saving...hoping to start a company of
my own. Be my own man. So I've been
taking contract-work wherever I can
find it.

YARK

That's good. Not a lot of young men
thinking about their futures like
that. I see a lot of them move to the
city nowadays. They get soft and go
living in places full of freaks.

Yark wipes saliva from his mouth.

YARK

Dirty places with confused men. The
city...it's hell. All 9 levels. And
the people in it don't even know
they're there. That's where weakness
leads you. I'd clean that whole place
up if I could. I'd burn the filth
right out. People like us, who do this
work, we clean up everything wrong
with the world. You...you're on the
right path. All you need now is a
woman to round you out.

Chris smiles sheepishly.

YARK

Who's Mary?

Chris looks up, shocked at hearing the name.

CHRIS

What?

FLASH TO:

EXT. DRYLANDS - FLASHBACK

Chris rides on the back of the flatbed from earlier.

He changes the name 'MARTIN' in his phone to 'MARY'.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA - NIGHT

YARK

Mary. You said her name in your sleep.

CHRIS

I did?

Chris remains still.

CHRIS

She's just a friend.

Yark smiles approvingly.

YARK

Good man. You've got a future to think about. You call 'em friends now...and you graduate them to wife when you decide. But don't wait too long. They're only good for a certain amount of time. You need to spread your seed. There's no other thing in life more important. If you don't do it, you have no purpose. It's against nature.

Chris sits a moment. He notices that Yark's legs are crossed in a masculine stance; with his ankle to his knee.

Chris looks down to examine his own posture. His legs are crossed in a feminine stance; one draped over the other.

He slowly adjusts his posture to match Yark's as he says...

CHRIS

Ya...just got to save and get my foot in the door somewhere. Set myself up.

YARK

Is this the kind of work our daddy did?

Chris hesitates. He feels exposed. Yark's body looks terrifying in the red moonlight. A perching incubus.

CHRIS

It is. He worked in the country on the

terrain for a while. Was a machinist.
Drove trucks. A welder...et cetera, et
cetera...

Yark grunts in acknowledgment.

YARK
Tough son-of-a-bitch...Does he and
your mother know? That you're all the
way out here?

CHRIS
We don't talk much.

YARK
Why's that?

FLASH TO:

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Silence.

SLOW MOTION: We see Chris's Father yelling at him. Chris
looks at the ground.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA - NIGHT

CHRIS
Their choice. Not mine.

Chris shifts uncomfortably in his seat and thinks of how to
switch topics...

CHRIS
What about you? Do you have kids?

YARK
I have a son.

Yark looks down to his glass. We glimpse a moment of
vulnerability.

[Beat.]

YARK
He'd be about your age.

Yark stares at Chris intently.

[Beat.]

He takes a swig of his drink.

YARK

You have to fight on your own for what you want. It's rare to be spared strife, especially in a place like this. You helped me today. That was no small thing.

[Beat.]

YARK

Makes me glad you're here.

Chris finishes his drink.

CHRIS

It's late. I should get to bed.

Yark lifts the bottle.

YARK

We should polish her off.

CHRIS

I've had enough. Thank you.

Chris gets up, stretches and heads towards the back of the cabin.

Yark takes stock of Chris as he walks away, eyeing him warmly.

He smiles to himself and lifts his drink to his lips.

YARK

Chris...Hercu-chris...A man's man.

FLASH TO:

INT. DINER - FLASHBACK

Chris sits across from Martin in the diner. He can't look up at him.

Martin reaches a hand across the table.

Chris pulls his hand away.

Martin turns his hand over to reveal an EMBOSSED GOLD RING laying in his palm.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. FIRST CABIN - MORNING

IT'S THE MORNING.

Chris wakes. He looks over to Yark's bed. Yark isn't there.

Chris curls up in his sheets for a moment before reaching into his bag. He pulls out MARTIN'S RING.

He sits up in his bed. He holds the small band in his hands with a look of longing on his face.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - MORNING

Yark is sitting by The Goat Pen. He is looking out at The Bog in the valley below. Somber. Contemplative.

His large SLAUGHER KNIFE is resting unsheathed on his lap.

Nearby is The Horned Goat that Chris had saved from The Bog. It is leashed to a post.

CUT TO:

Chris is walking out of The First Cabin. He carries Martin's ring. He walks to the edge of The Settlement and stands at the cliff with The Bog below.

Chris looks around. He is out of view of anyone else. Alone.

He looks down at the ring in his hand one last time.

He uses all his strength and throws it into the valley.

It disappears into the steaming sewer of The Bog.

CUT TO:

Yark lifts from his place. He walks over to The Horned Goat.

He raises his blade.

The goat looks up at him with its large vulnerable eyes.

Yark kneels down next to it.

The goat approaches and begins to lick at Yark's hand.

Yark pauses a moment.

He looks at the goat's injured leg.

[Beat.]

He watches as the goat laps away playfully at him.

He raises his hand...

[Beat.]

...and gently runs his fingers through the goat's hair.

[Beat.]

In a sudden moment of warmth, he sheaths his blade. He spares the goat.

We hear the dark hum of The Bog.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris works.

He lifts, sweeps, carries, and cleans with considerable strength and ease.

His eyes are blood-shot. He doesn't wear a mask.

Yark watches him.

CUT TO:

Chris and Yark work next to each other. They are loading crates and barrels of bog-mud onto a flatbed.

Chris, this time, lifts and loads them more quickly than Yark.

For each barrel that Yark deposits on the flatbed, Chris has completed two. He is not showing off. He is not in a rush. He simply works faster.

Yark notices. He watches Chris surreptitiously as he lifts and loads barrel after barrel.

CUT TO:

Chris is lifting a barrel of bog-mud from a well. He tugs a chain on a pulley with smooth consistency until it rises to the surface.

Yark watches from a distance, unhappy with what he sees.

CUT TO:

Yark approaches a barrel. It is particularly full. He caps it and lifts.

He has it bear-gripped to his chest as he tries to load it onto a platform.

Yark strains. It's too heavy.

He falls back with a *splash* into the bog-mud. The barrel rolls away from him.

Chris quickly approaches. He stops the barrel from falling into a pit.

He bends down, grabs it against his chest and lifts it. Yark watches as Chris manages to lift it onto the flatbed.

The hum of The Bog grows louder.

Yark looks at Chris with resentment boiling over his face.

Chris walks over and offers Yark a hand. Yark swats it away and begins to lift himself from the mud. Chris is taken aback, unsure of what he's done wrong.

The hum of The Bog grows even louder.

Yark stands.

His body suddenly looks more his age. He is tired. Worked to the bone.

He and Chris lock eyes. They face off for a moment. Yark is weak but domineering, livid. Chris is confused, scared.

YARK

You think you're stronger than me
Clean Sheets?

Chris shakes his head in nervous acquiescence.

[Beat.]

He turns away and heads back to his station.

Yark watches him for a moment before...

He turns to look over his shoulder at The Bog and the giant beached ship in the distance.

He eyes it, almost ashamed to look at it.

Yark looks down at his hand. He suddenly sees a dark red stain across his skin.

The hum of The Bog grows to a fever pitch.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris stands in the shower. Bog-mud is washing off his body.

Half his body is covered in dark red stains, spread out like patches of vitiligo.

He scrubs at a large dark patch on his chest.

CHRIS'S POV: His vision comes in and out of focus.

He continues to scrub at the mark on his chest.

The mark begins to fade.

His scrubbing becomes desperate.

A DROP OF BLOOD hits the bathtub floor.

Chris looks down. He has scratched a layer of his skin off.

He stands a moment looking at what he's done.

His blood mixes with bog-mud as it slides down the drain.

Chris looks at his skin. It is raw. Cut open.

We hear a strange metallic groan.

The flow of water from the shower head begins to slow and suddenly stops. Chris look up at the shower head and down at the nozzle.

Drip.

A DROP OF BLOOD strikes the floor of the tub near the drain.

Chris looks up and a SINGLE STREAM OF BLOOD is traveling down the chrome shower head. BLOOD starts to ooze out of the nozzle holes.

Chris stares in terrified confusion.

SLOW MOTION: Suddenly, a huge STREAM OF BLOOD gushes out of the ceramic wall, blowing the shower head off its piping.

Simultaneously, a volcanic ERUPTION OF BOG-MUD bursts out of the floor of the tub. Chris is thrown back by the flood.

The toilet is gushing bog-mud. The sink is spilling blood.

The bathroom fills almost instantaneously.

Chris flails helplessly as the flow of mud and blood threatens to drown him. END SLOW MOTION

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - DAY

Chris wakes suddenly. He sits up.

CHRIS'S POV: His eyesight is out of focus.

He looks over at Yark. He is still asleep.

Chris feels strange. Hungry and nauseous. His arms struggle to hold himself upright.

Carefully, he gets out of bed.

He walks, dizzy and dazed. His feet lead him across the cabin. Past the dining tables to the kitchen. He opens the old fridge.

CHRIS'S POV: His eyes come into focus on the contents of the fridge. Inside are fresh STACKS OF RAW RED MEAT.

Chris looks at the red flesh for a long moment.

He grabs a raw steak with his hands. He digs his teeth into it.

He barely catches his breath before taking another bite. And another. And another. He stops suddenly.

He reaches his fingers into his mouth.

He slowly pulls out a LONG BLACK HUMAN NAIL.

He stares at it a long moment with a sense of confusion.

He sticks it back in his mouth and chews.

The nail cracks between his teeth.

His hands are bloody. His lips are red. He pulls another piece of meat from the fridge.

He devours it. And then another. And then another.

He slurps the last piece of raw meat through his lips and takes long tired breaths.

He looks around the room.

CHRIS'S POV: The blur in his vision slowly fades. The cabin comes back into focus.

Chris looks down and stares at his arm for a moment.

He is surprised.

The dark red stains on his arm have begun to fade.

[Beat.]

He looks up.

He sees something.

He notices, through the window, something hanging on a clothes line.

He can't make out what it is.

He walks towards the cabin door.

His eyes remain fixed in the direction of the window.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

He walks out of the cabin. His eyes land on something.

WE SEE, hanging from a clothes line, a portion of The Horned Goat that Chris had saved from The Bog.

It is skinned and gutted. Most of its meat has been sheered off. Its skinned head hangs loosely from its exposed spine.

The goat's stained dark red pelt is hanging, stretched and

drying nearby.

Chris stands there with his hands and mouth covered in the goat's blood. He stares, with a look of bewilderment on his face.

He looks down at his bloody hands, wondering why he doesn't feel bad.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - DAY

Chris dresses for work.

He turns to see that Yark is still in bed.

He waits a moment, unsure of what to do. He walks over.

Yark is covered in wet and dry dirt. His bed seems to be soaked. Flies buzz as they circle his motionless body.

Chris turns his nose up the closer he gets.

CHRIS

Yark?

Yark doesn't respond.

CHRIS

It's work time.

Yark continues to lay there with his back to Chris. Chris look around, unsure of what to do.

He stands over him for a moment.

Chris reaches out a hand. Slowly, he approaches Yark's shoulder, hoping to shake him awake.

Chris's hand gets within a hair's distance of Yark...

[Beat.]

Chris pulls away. He decides against it.

He leaves Yark be and exits the cabin.

CUT TO:

WE MOVE IN on Yark. We now see his face.

His eyes are open. He lays curled up on the bed with his face

almost buried into his pillow.

He stares ahead. His face is a frozen portrait of filth, muck and rage.

WE SEE that dark red stains have begun to form across Yark's neck.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris works at The Bog. The Two Laborers work in the distance.

Chris is feeling even stronger today. He grunts and strains as he carries heavier and heavier loads; collecting and moving bog-mud.

Chris clears filters. He throws a dozen DEAD MUDDY RODENTS onto a pile.

Chris stops working for a moment to catch his breath.

He looks out at The Bog and the giant broken ship in the distance.

Suddenly, the hum of The Bog grows louder.

WE MOVE IN on the giant cracked ship's vulvic opening. The enormous exposed cavern inside the ship is pitch black. The daylight only makes it so far before being swallowed up by the enormous void.

Chris stares at it. He is entranced. There seems to be something there, cloaked by the dark inside the ship.

The hum grows louder.

Chris slowly turns away and gets back to work.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA/KITCHEN - DAY

Yark's stare is frozen ahead.

He lifts from his bed.

He goes to the kitchen. He opens the fridge. It is full of raw meat.

He begins to eat.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris lifts a barrel from a pit. He sweats and struggles.

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA- DAY

Yark sucks the marrow from a raw bone. He drops it onto the counter.

[Beat.]

He stands in the cabin for a moment. He stares at the mud-stained floors. The black mold outlines on the windows. The mildew growing on the walls. The thick spiderwebs. The rotting wood.

He looks at Chris' cot. It's organized. His bed is made. The sheets are clean. Yark looks over at his own bed. It's soiled.

A trail of snot drips down Yark's nose. Sleep sits heavy in his eyes. A large black fly walks across his cheek.

He stares at Chris's clean sheets with growing resentment.

Suddenly, Yark wipes the sleep from his eyes. He wipes his nose on his sleeve. He calmly walks over to Chris's bed.

Yark reaches for his belt buckle. He undoes it.

He turns around and drops his pants.

He squats over Chris's clean sheets.

We watch his face as he empties his bowels onto Chris's bed.

A sick smile grows over Yark's face.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris sweeps black silt across the valley terrain. He turns to see Yark descending the hill dressed in his work gear.

CUT TO:

Chris and Yark help each other drop piping into a series of pits.

CUT TO:

They load barrels onto the flatbed together. Yark, this time,

is able to keep up with Chris. Chris can feel the sense of competition. He strains to keep up.

CUT TO:

The sun begins to set.

Chris turns a set of pumps off.

Yark and The Two Laborers are finishing up.

Chris looks over at all of them before starting back up towards the cabins.

Yark continues to pack his supplies.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - EVENING

Chris arrives at the top of the hill and starts walking towards The First Cabin.

EXT. THE BOG - EVENING

Yark closes the latch on a flatbed. He turns to look at a PILE OF ANIMAL CARCASSES pulled from The Bog before turning to look at the giant ship in the distance.

He stares at it, with his hands still clutching the edge of the flatbed.

The hum of The Bog grows louder.

INT. FIRST CABIN - EVENING

Chris walks into The First Cabin. He is immediately struck by the foul smell.

He stands at the door trying to source the smell.

He takes his work gear off.

He looks up ahead. The smell is powerful.

He covers his mouth and nose.

He walks through the kitchen...

...through the dining room....

His eyes are fixed up ahead.

He walks towards his bed.

[Beat.]

He stares in confused shock.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - EVENING

Chris bursts out of The First Cabin. Yark is coming over the curve of the hill.

Chris sees him.

Yark looks up to see the distress in Chris's face.

Yark stares with smug satisfaction.

YARK
(cockily)
What?

Yark walks right up to Chris. Chris has his hands balled in fists.

YARK
(smug)
You think you're stronger than me
Clean Sheets?

Chris takes a step towards Yark. Yark hesitates.

Clink.

Chris stops suddenly and turns.

The Laborers are behind him. They are each carrying shovels in their hands.

They stare at Chris menacingly. Blood-hungry.

Chris stands, unsure of what to do.

Yark growls at him.

YARK
Come for me faggot.

A car horn honks in the distance.

They all turn towards the sound, confused.

[Beat.]

The car horn honks again.

CUT TO:

Yark and The Two Laborers walk beyond the cabins and look out at the terrain.

Chris follows tentatively behind.

The car horn continues to honk.

Out in the distance in the middle of the wide terrain is a TRUCK.

Yark walks ahead of the rest.

There are TWO MEN waving their direction.

CUT TO:

Yark and The Two Laborers arrive at The Two Men.

Chris follows from behind.

He watches as Yark begins talking to them. They shake hands.

Chris sees that the back tires of their truck are submerged in a wet, muddy patch of earth.

CUT TO:

CAST AGAINST THE SETTING SUN; they all push and pull the truck as one of the new arrivals sits in the truck and presses the accelerator.

The engine roars.

They heave, strain, and pull until the *engine roars a final time* and the truck *bursts* out of the mud.

The roar of the engine suddenly subsides into a *feeble putter* before failing entirely.

Chris looks as smoke begins to rise from under the hood.

CUT TO:

Yark is sitting on the ground waiting. The Two Laborers and Chris stand nearby as The Two Men examine their truck.

IT IS GETTING DARK. THE SCENE IS SET IN TWILIGHT.

Yark is looking at the strangers, examining them.

One of the men is dressed in tight jeans and a well fitted shirt. He is lean, muscular, and effeminate. An earring hangs from each of his ears. THIS IS MADISON.

The other man is dressed in looser work wear. He is also muscular. Bearded. More conventionally masculine. THIS IS JOHN.

Yark looks at the details of their clothing. He pays attention to their movements. Their gestures. Their expressions.

They are both clean.

Yark's stare is menacing. Dangerous.

Yark looks down at his hand which he used to shake theirs. He wipes it against his clothes.

Chris examines them as well. He tries to hide his unease at the tension he feels building in the air.

Madison and John finish diagnosing their truck.

Madison walks up to Yark while wiping his hands on a towel.

His voice is soft, feminine and confident.

MADISON

The engine is overheated. It'll take a few hours to cool. Do you mind if we hang around here 'til the morning?

Yark is openly disdainful.

YARK

Not in the cabins.

JOHN

We can sleep in the car. Would you have firewood by any chance though? Might be useful 'til we turn in.

YARK

None to spare.

CHRIS
There's some in storage. I can help
them get it.

Yark stares daggers at Chris before turning away. He spits on the ground as he makes his way back to the cabins.

Chris turns back to Madison and John.

MADISON
That would be nice. Thank you.

CUT TO:

Chris walks Madison and John to a work-shed. He opens it. Inside is a STORE OF FIREWOOD.

CHRIS
Help yourselves.

JOHN
Thank you.

CUT TO:

Madison and John carry arm fulls of wood back towards their truck.

Chris watches them for a moment before turning to look at The First Cabin.

It looks ominous in the moonlight.

INT. FIRST CABIN - NIGHT

Chris walks into his cabin. Yark and the Laborers are sat at the dining tables feasting on steaks.

Chris pulls PLASTIC BAGS from underneath the kitchen sink. He puts his WORKS GLOVES on.

He walks past Yark as he eats. Yark casually turns his eye to look Chris's direction as he chews his food.

Chris goes to his bed.

He looks down at the fecal mess Yark left him.

He stands there a moment, disgusted with what he has to do.

He wraps the mess up in his bedsheets and tosses it into the

garbage bag.

He douses the wet spot on the mattress with bleach and begins to scrub.

Chris works away, sterilizing his mattress.

Yark and The Two Laborers continue to eat, undisturbed by the smell hanging thick through the cabin.

Chris finishes up and then flips the mattress over.

He picks the full garbage bag up and turns around.

Yark is standing a foot away from him. Chris freezes in place.

Yark is nose to nose with him.

Yark sucks his teeth, looks down at the garbage bag and back up at Chris.

Chris stares back a moment before dropping his head. *This fight isn't worth it.* Chris walks off and exits the cabin.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

Chris takes in a deep breath of fresh air.

He takes the garbage bag to the dumpster behind the cabins. He tosses it out.

As he does so, he notices, out in the distance, a flash of light.

He turns to look.

Out in the distance, beside their truck, are Madison and John. They are still trying to light a fire.

CUT TO:

Madison and John are sat on the ground next to a decently constructed pyre. They turn to see Chris approaching.

He carries a small CANISTER OF LIGHTER FLUID.

CHRIS
This might help.

MADISON

Yes, thank you! The logs are wet so
it's been difficult.

Chris helps them light the fire. It roars to life.

MADISON

Thank you.

CHRIS

No problem.

MADISON

Join us. Have a seat.

Chris hesitates.

MADISON

If you don't have anything else to do.

Chris smiles sheepishly. He looks back to the cabins for a
moment.

CHRIS

Sure.

CUT TO:

The fire is going. The three of them sit around it, lit by
the warm yellow flames.

There is a BAG OF FRUIT resting by John. John and Madison are
chomping on APPLES.

They are mid-conversation...

MADISON

We were out by Lordstown at John's
parent's place.

CHRIS

Just visiting?

MADISON

Well...I was meeting his parents.

Madison and John share a loving look. Chris sees their
exchange.

MADISON

They...we hadn't met yet.

Chris feels uneasy. He does his best not to show it. He twirls an uneaten apple in his hands.

CHRIS
That's nice.

MADISON
Ya me and his mom hit it off. His
dad...not so much.

JOHN
No. He liked you.

MADISON
I was kidding.

He turns to Chris, out of view of John and mouths...

MADISON
(silently)
I'm not kidding.

John stares at Chris' hand. He can see the dark red marks on Chris' skin. Chris, feeling self-conscious, shifts his hand out of sight.

MADISON
I used to work in places like this
too, you know. In another life.

CHRIS
Why'd you stop?

MADISON
I went to the city. For some business.
And never left.

A LARGE SPIDER crawls over Madison's leg. He sees it and gently picks it up as he speaks.

MADISON
Just being there...changed my mind
about the direction of my life.
There's a lot of opportunity there.
[Beat.] You ever think about that?

He gently lays the spider on the ground. It scurries away.

CHRIS
What?

MADISON
I'm just wondering if-

CHRIS
(interrupting)
No...no...I like this work. Plan is to start a company of my own hopefully. One day. But I umm...I actually had...have...a friend who moved to the city and wanted me to go along. I decided not to.

MADISON
Oh yeah? What's his name?

Chris hesitates.

CHRIS
Her name...is Mary.

Madison doesn't buy it.

MADISON
Mary?

CHRIS
Ya. Mary.

MADISON
Haven't heard anyone with that name since...

JOHN
Mary-Kate or Magdalene.

CHRIS
Ya...well.

MADISON
How much longer are you staying out here?

CHRIS
My contract is a little while longer...

Chris hesitates. He turns to look at the cabins.

Madison looks at him and correctly reads his hesitation.

MADISON

Do you need a ride somewhere?

Chris doesn't know how to answer.

MADISON

We can take you as far as the city.

CHRIS

I was thinking...it would be great to
get a ride back to Belleville.

JOHN

Belleville is that way...

John points to the horizon. We see the DARK SILHOUETTE OF A
TWIN-PEAKED MOUNTAIN.

JOHN

And we're going back to the
city...which is...that way.

He points the opposite direction to a DOME MOUNTAIN CAPPED BY
THE NORTH STAR.

CHRIS

I've never been that way before.

MADISON

It's not as frightening out there as
you might think. When you're there and
you actually see the place up close,
the fear fades. And plus you'll have
more than one friend there now.

Chris smiles before sheepishly dropping his head. He
struggles with the thought a moment. He is scared.

He pulls himself together suddenly.

CHRIS

(decisively)

Thank you...but...I'll just wait
things out here then I think.

Madison nods and smiles in gentle encouragement. He looks up
at the sky.

MADISON

It's getting late...we should get to
bed.

CHRIS

Ya.

Chris hands them back the apple.

MADISON

Hey...here...if you change your mind.

Madison reaches into his pocket and pulls out a BUSINESS CARD.

CUT TO:

Yark is standing by The First Cabin. The lights are off. He is shrouded in darkness.

He watches Chris and Madison in the distance. He can see Madison pass something to Chris.

He watches them talk; lit by the firelight.

Yark's stare is cold and malevolent.

INT. FIRST CABIN - NIGHT

Chris walks back into The First Cabin.

The lights are off. He slowly makes his way to his bed.

He covers the pillow in a clean t-shirt.

He lays on the mattress and curls up with no sheets.

He lays there thinking over his night and Madison's offer.

Chris pulls his cellphone from his bag.

He keys his password in.

He scrolls through to Martin's messages.

He lays there looking through his phone.

WE MOVE AWAY across the dark cabin.

As Chris lays there, illuminated by the light of his cellphone...

WE SEE YARK, shrouded by the darkness.

He is sitting on his bed. He looks terrifying.

His sharp eyes are focused on Chris.

CUT TO:

Chris wakes.

IT'S THE MORNING. He spins around to see Yark is not in his bed.

Chris suddenly notices something. He looks down at his hand. There is a large welt on his skin.

He pulls his sleeve back. There is a row of welts across the skin of both his forearms.

He lifts his shirt.

His stomach and torso are covered in a SPIRAL OF BED BUGS feeding on him.

Chris yells out.

He begins to frantically rip them off.

As he pulls each one off they burst between his fingers spilling their red insides over him.

He picks them all off and quickly checks the rest of his body. He finds two lingering bed bugs on his back and pulls them off.

He looks down at the mattress and leaps off.

He catches his breath for a moment as he traces his fingers over his skin trying to find any more.

He looks around to confirm he is alone.

He looks at the time and then peers out the window at the rising morning sun.

He starts packing his bags.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

Chris exits the cabin with his backpack around his shoulder and his duffel bag in hand.

Yark is pumping A SEPTIC TANK a few dozen feet away. He is pumping the contents into a DEEP WELL that he has dug a couple dozen feet into the ground.

He sees Chris walk out of the cabin.

YARK
Where are you going?

CHRIS
I'm leaving with them.

YARK
(sarcastically)
Are you? I'll see you then!

Chris ignores him and walks past. He walks around the cabins with a sense of excitement.

He turns the corner and looks out in the distance.

Madison and John's truck is gone.

[Beat.]

Chris stands still a long moment. He looks around the terrain.

There is no one there.

Yark begins to laugh in the distance.

Chris stands there with his bags, humiliated.

Yark cackles with delight.

YARK
We start in 10 boy! People like us, we clean up what's dirty in this world as long as there is work left to do. And there's work to do. You only have a few days left here *Clean Sheets*. Man up! Do you part. And finish what you started.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

We hear the hum of The Bog.

Chris works with a ferocity and focus we haven't seen. He takes his anger out on each task.

He is covered in sweat and bog-mud.

WE MOVE IN on the giant beached ship in the distance.

WE MOVE IN on the giant crack in its hull and the dark cavern inside.

There seems to be something looking back at us.

The hum of The Bog grows louder.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris undresses.

The dark red stains have returned worse than before.

Three-quarters of his body is covered. Some sections are raised. Others look pus-filled. Some look raw, like wet flesh.

He turns the shower on.

[Beat.]

No water comes out of the shower head.

He spins the nobs this way and that.

There is no water.

He tries the sink.

No water.

He stands there a moment, naked and frustrated. He looks at his reflection in the bathroom mirror.

His eyes are bloodshot. His lips are cracked. His hair is a mess. He is dirty.

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chris walks to the kitchen.

He turns on the tap.

A sucking and pumping sound emits from the tap before...

A splurge of mud bursts out of the sink. He struggles to turn it off. Chris watches as bog-mud pours plentiful into the sink.

Clunk.

He manages to shut the valve off.

Chris senses something behind him.

He turns.

Yark is standing a few feet away.

They stand there a moment, facing each other.

CHRIS

What's happened with the water?

Yark takes his time before responding.

YARK

Didn't I tell you? It's down. We won't
have water for a few days.

Chris stares in desperate silence.

CHRIS

How am I supposed to clean up?

[Beat.]

YARK

You scared of a little dirt?

CHRIS

What do we drink?

[Beat.]

YARK

There's moisture in meat.

Chris stands and watches as Yark walks off towards his bed.

Chris stands there in his soiled clothes.

MONTAGE - THE BOG - DAY & EVENING

We hear the hum of The Bog.

Chris works through the mornings, afternoons and evenings.

Yark works alongside him. They keep up with each other.

INT. FIRST CABIN - MORNING

Yark looks over his arms.

The dark red stains have begun to fade.

We see the stains on his neck receding.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris carefully removes his work wear.

He stands naked in the bathroom eyeing the dark red vitiligo across his skin. He looks at his fingernails. They are growing black with dirt.

He wipes his body with a dry towel.

He sticks the dirty rag in his mouth trying to moisten it. He isn't able to gather much.

He scrubs at the mud on his skin. He scratches at the dark red stains.

His skin starts to bleed.

He begins to scrub harder. He winces as he forces the cuts to grow wider.

Blood begins to soak the rag.

He uses the moisture to clean more of the mud off.

Chris is a mess of blood, bog-mud and filth.

CHRIS (V.O)

When is the water going to be back on?

His tongue clicks against the roof of his mouth. His mouth is dry. Parched.

YARK (V.O)

Couple more days still.

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA - DAY

Chris opens the old fridge.

CHRIS'S POV: His eyes come in and out of focus.

The fridge is CHOCK-FULL OF MEAT stacked across the shelves.

Blood from the raw steaks has overwhelmed the STEEL TRAYS that the pile sits on. There is a LARGE TIN CAN on the lower rung of the fridge collecting dripping blood.

Chris sits at the dining table and bites down into a bloody steak. He closes his eyes with satisfaction as he eats.

CHRIS (V.O)
When are supplies arriving?

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

He continues to work at The Bog.

YARK (V.O)
Soon...soon.

Yark works alongside him. They keep up with each other. Chris sweats profusely.

INT. FIRST CABIN - EVENING

Chris is changing. He reaches a hand into his pocket.

He feels something.

He pulls out MADISON'S BUSINESS CARD. He looks at it a moment before tucking it back into his pocket.

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA- NIGHT

Chris is eating at the dining table. He is ripping apart a raw steak.

He suddenly stops.

He stares at the meat in his hands.

Something feels off.

He holds the steak up to his nose and takes in a long breath.

He eyes the steak. The color is a strange hue of red.

Chris gently turns to look out the window at the terrain beyond the cabins, where Madison and John's truck was the other night.

He wonders for a moment...

He gently shakes away the thought.

Chris turns to look across the cabin. He is suddenly drawn to the wall with the mural.

We see, from Chris's perspective, that the mural is incomplete. It's sinister and macabre images are hidden at this angle.

It depicts a scenic and cryptic story that Chris can't make sense of.

Chris turns away and takes another bite of meat.

CUT TO:

WE MOVE IN on the mural.

[Beat.]

WE TILT to reveal its secrets again.

WE SEE the image of a beast with its legs spread open. It is giving birth to two children.

Their mouths are wide open in screams.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris stands naked in the bathroom. He is looking at the dark red marks spread across his body. Some of them grow wet with pus. Some bleed.

He looks in the mirror at his face. His beard it growing longer. His eyes are more bloodshot.

His face is getting dirtier.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

We hear the hum of The Bog.

Chris works. He sweats. The bog-mud grows thicker and thicker over his work wear.

YARK (V.O)
Keep up boy. Man up.

Chris is dirty. His lips are chapped. His mouth is bone dry.

His tongue *continues to click* against his mouth as tries to gather any possible moisture.

The hum of The Bog grows louder.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

Chris stares out at the vast wilderness surrounding The Settlement.

There is nowhere to go.

INT. FIRST CABIN/WASHROOM - NIGHT

Chris is in the bathroom. He is sat on the edge of the bathtub.

He is gaunt. Sinewy. His collarbone protrudes through his skin. His cheekbones are jutting out of his face.

He is hunched over, picking at a scab on his arm.

He gets his nail under the scab and lifts.

Strings of pus lift from his skin as he removes it.

Beneath the scab, his flesh is a wrinkled brown-gray patch.

Chris looks at it, confused at what he's looking at. It doesn't seem flesh-like. It seems almost liquid in consistency.

He smells it and recoils.

He presses the lesion with his finger. His finger dips into his arm.

He pulls his finger out. It is covered in bloody bog-mud.

He panics. He grabs a cloth and wipes the bog-mud out of the hole in his arm.

The hole begins to fill with blood. Chris wipes it away and it begins to fill again.

He looks at the hole in his arm as his blood pools inside it.

CHRIS'S POV: His eyes come in and out of focus.

He lifts his arm to his mouth and begins to drink.

He sucks the blood out.

He looks at the hole, it begins to fill again. He lifts his

arm to his mouth again and drinks.

He wraps a PIECE OF CLOTH around his arm and fashions a makeshift tourniquet.

He curls his body up, cradling his arm.

He buries his face in his hands, ashamed, helpless and terrified.

INT. FIRST CABIN/DINING AREA- DAY

Chris is sat on the ground in the kitchen.

He is devouring a raw steak.

The old fridge is open next to him.

He turns to look at the LARGE TIN CAN collecting blood from the steaks.

He eyes it a moment.

He lifts from his place and walks over to it.

He waits a moment, thinking over what he wants to do.

He grabs the can and lifts it to his mouth.

He begins to drink.

He is overcome.

He drinks the blood down gulp after gulp.

He finishes the contents of the tin can and takes a deep relieved breath of air.

He turns around.

Chris's eyes go wide.

CHRIS'S POV: Standing in front of Chris, out-of-focus and within arm's length, is a red-eyed man who's face is composed of bog-mud.

Chris stares in petrified silence when...

CHRIS'S POV: The man takes a step towards him and comes into focus. As he does his features instantly transform. Chris stands there, nose-to-nose with Yark.

Chris is stricken by the trick his eyes played on him as he stands there, confused and frozen.

Yark takes the tin can from Chris's hand. He lifts it to his own lips and finishes the last few drops.

They stand a moment, facing each other.

They now look like mirror-images of one another.

We hear the hum of The Bog.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

They work again, pulling DEAD RODENTS AND BIRDS from large machine filters.

CHRIS (V.O)
When is the truck coming?

CUT TO:

Chris is leaning against a pile of wood. Yark is sat in the mud.

YARK
The truck will come at daybreak.
You'll be done then Clean Sheets. You
can go home. If you're not there when
it arrives, it won't wait for you.

Chris looks dreadful. He is a shell of the young man who arrived there. Thin. Drenched in filth. Sinewy muscle clads his body.

CHRIS
I'll wait outside then.

YARK
I left your pay by your bed.

Yark watches Chris as Chris eyes the ship in the distance.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - DAY

Yark is standing over Chris's bed.

Chris isn't in the cabin.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris is standing alone at The Bog.

He stares out at the ship in the distance.

He begins to walk towards it.

The hum of The Bog grows louder.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - DAY

Yark pulls Chris's phone from his bag.

He keys in Chris's code and begins to navigate through the phone.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris is close to the giant ship. The gargantuan hull towers over him.

Chris's boots step through thick mud as he approaches.

The darkness inside the hull is ominous.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - DAY

Yark finds the latest messages in Chris's phone.

He clicks on 'MARY':

...Please give us a chance.

Yark scrolls through the messages.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris reaches the giant crack in the ship's hull.

He walks into it.

CHRIS'S POV: THE SCENE GOES DARK.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - DAY

Yark scrolls through older and older messages and then comes across A PHOTO.

It shows an almond-eyed young man at a restaurant throwing a peace sign to the camera.

The text beneath the picture reads:

Come next time! They want to meet you.

Yark continues to scroll.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Chris is standing inside the hull of the giant ship.

We hear the hum of The Bog.

It is pitch black inside.

Suddenly, Chris senses something above him.

The hum reaches a fever pitch.

Chris freezes in place. He is too afraid to look up.

There is something there, something enormous, suspended in the air, veiled in the darkness.

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - DAY

Yark reaches the first text in the message thread.

It reads:

Hey, it was nice meeting you! This is
my number - Martin

BLACK SCREEN

BLACK SCREEN.

[Beat.]

INT. FIRST CABIN/BEDROOM AREA - NIGHT

Chris is quietly packing his bags.

He looks over. Yark is curled up in his bed.

Chris lifts an ENVELOPE from this bedside table. He opens it.
It is full of CASH.

He pockets it and takes his bags.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT/DAY

Chris walks outside the cabins.

IT'S THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

He puts his bags on the ground. He takes a seat on his duffel bag.

He looks out at the wide dark terrain in the distance.

He waits for the truck.

Chris is a frightening filthy sight.

CUT TO:

Chris wakes.

IT'S DAYBREAK.

He is startled for a moment. He looks around the terrain to see if he had missed the truck. He checks the time. It's still early.

He looks down at the ground for tire marks.

There are none.

He waits.

CUT TO:

IT'S THE MORNING.

Chris looks about, anxious for the truck to arrive.

Chris hears Yark exit his cabin.

He turns around.

Yark looks around and sees Chris in the distance.

Yark walks up to him...

YARK

What do you think you're doing?

Chris stands, looking at Yark confused.

CHRIS

What? You said the truck was coming today.

YARK

No it isn't. I'm not paying for you to fuck around Clean Sheets. Stop this silliness. We have work to do. There is dirt to clean. Get to your shift in 10 and I won't dock your pay for tardiness.

Chris is exhausted. He is on the verge of delirium.

CHRIS

But you paid me already.

YARK

What the fuck are you talking about?

Chris pulls out the envelope. He opens it.

It's empty.

YARK

The truck's not due for another three weeks.

Yark starts walking back through The Settlement to the cliff.

Chris follows him in desperation.

CHRIS

What?...You said...You told me...

They pass by the cabins. A SHOVEL lays against the wall.

YARK

You have a job to do *Clean Sheets*. Man up.

CHRIS

You said....

Yark turns around to face Chris.

[Beat.]

YARK

Let it go *Chris*.

Chris looks down. He is holding the shovel in his hands. He is surprised he is holding it.

He looks up at Yark. He is desperate. He feels the world closing in on him.

YARK
Drop it *Clean Sheets*.

CHRIS
Just let me go.

YARK
What are you talking about?

[Beat.]

Chris swings the shovel. Yark jumps back. The sharp end of the shovel lodges into the side of the cabin. Chris pulls it out and swings again. Yark throws himself out of the way.

Chris's eye are blood red. He is in a rage.

He swings again and nicks Yark's arm. Yark yells out in pain.

Chris lifts the shovel over his head, ready to bring it down over Yark when...

He hears something behind him.

He turns.

One of The Two Laborers swings a PLANK OF WOOD at Chris's head.

Crack.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

Chris wakes. His hands are tied. He is being dragged across the ground towards The First Cabin.

Thick streaks of blood flow over his face.

He is brought inside.

INT. FIRST CABIN - DAY

The Laborer drops him. Yark is walking towards him with more rope.

Chris looks towards the door.

He sits up.

In a sudden burst, Chris uses all his energy to kick The Laborer away.

The Laborer falls with a *crash* into the dining table.

Yark yells out as Chris leaps to his feet and flees out the open door.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT/THE BOG - DAY

Chris runs through The Settlement trying to find a place to go.

He runs over the curve of the hill.

CUT TO:

Yark and The Two Laborers split up, searching The Settlement.

We hear the dark hum of The Bog.

CUT TO:

Chris slides down the hill. He reaches the bottom.

YARK

Here!

Yark sees Chris from atop the hill.

The Laborers and Yark begin to descend it.

Chris runs.

He traces his way around the edge of The Bog - racing in between the large piles of scrap metal, wood, and machinery.

Chris hides behind the bulk of a large machine.

He takes a moment to catch his breath.

[Beat.]

One of The Two Laborers approaches. He is clutching A WOOD BEAM.

He turns the corner of the machine.

Chris is gone.

YARK

Chris!

Chris ducks behind a pile of lumber.

He tries to quell the sound of his breathing.

Yark approaches. He climbs the pile and looks over the side.

Chris is gone.

Chris races around the perimeter of The Bog when...

His foot gets caught in the mud. He falls forward into a shallow pit.

Splash.

His hands grab hold of something beneath the mud. He stares in bewilderment.

He slowly crawls forward, his hands trace along a small mound of mud.

A shape begins to appear.

A face.

He clears the mud away.

Chris's eyes go wide.

Laying in the shallow pit is Madison. His eyes have been plucked out. His mouth is full of bog-mud. Crow feathers have been stitched to his eyelids. His hands are bound.

Chris looks next to him. He reaches a hand out and clears a patch of mud.

John's body is laying there.

Chris stares in stunned silence.

His red-eyes fill with tears.

He gasps for breath as he hears someone approach.

He jumps to his feet and flees.

Chris looks up and sees another path up the hill through a patch of brush.

He runs up.

We hear Yark yelling for him in the distance.

CUT TO:

Chris crawls over the curve of the hill.

Yark's yells can still be heard in the valley below.

Chris quietly gasps for breath as he finds his footing.

As he stands, he sees, looming over him, The Third Cabin.

Chris has emerged on its other side.

He looks at the strangely shaped and windowless building. He looks at the carved human-like figures perched on the roofline.

The door is open.

Chris stares.

We hear Yark continue to yell in the distance.

Chris looks over his shoulder to confirm he is alone.

The open door is darkly inviting.

Chris, entranced, walks towards it.

He enters.

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - DAY

The inside of The Third Cabin is a wide-open dark space.

The walls are covered in dripping bog-mud. It seems to churn and spill up the wall.

The church-like interior is covered in a wide array of CRYSTALS. They are arranged all over the floor in strange patterns.

They build up to the center of the room.

Chris looks to see a number of HUMAN SKELETONS erected on

wooden posts.

Some of the skeletons are complete. Others are works in progress which sit over piles of PETRIFIED CRYSTALLINE BONES that are yet to be arranged.

Each skeleton is crowned with a petrified skull.

Chris sees the fragment of crystal skull that he pulled from The Bog earlier. It is wired to another piece of bone - making up the remains of a head.

At the far end of the cabin is the only source of light; A SMALL WOOD FIRE.

The firelight shines through the crystallized remains, casting petals of light throughout the space.

Chris looks on beyond the skeletons.

He sees a large collection of wooden logs arranged in a PYRE. The pyre is shaped like a cross: an X with a sphere mounted at its center.

Chris looks beyond the pyre. Something catches his eye.

At the end of the cabin, arranged on an elevated platform, is a MUDDY PEDESTAL.

On the pedestal is a DARK MANNEQUIN. It is crowned with what seems like CROW FEATHERS.

Chris stares at the strange and surreal scene.

He takes a few steps forward.

He approaches the center of the platform.

Chris's eyes go wide with terror.

The mannequin is a person. A dark silver BOG BODY. It is shriveled and emaciated. The muddy pedestal cradling it seems to pulse as it feeds on the crippled corpse.

Chris sees something glint in the dark. He looks up to see, hanging from the body's right ear, an EARRING shaped liked a cross.

FLASH TO:

INT. FIRST CABIN - EVENING - FLASHBACK

As Chris changes the bedsheets earlier a small piece of metal tumbles out of the old sheet.

Chris picks it up. It's an EARRING shaped like a cross.

YARK (V.O)
(ethereal. distant)
Must have belonged to the last guy.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - DAY

Chris looks at the body's face. It is frozen in a picture of terror when suddenly...

It's eyes move and lock with Chris.

Chris stares in stunned terror.

The lips begin to move.

Its voice barely raises above a whisper as it struggles to say...

BOG MAN
Kill me.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Chris loses track of time. His feet are carrying him away as quickly as they can. The Third Cabin...the doorway...FLASH PAST.

We hear the dark hum of The Bog.

He desperately runs.

Figures approach through the BLUR OF MOTION.

Chris spins around.

He is standing at the center of The Settlement.

His hands grip a shovel.

Yark is running towards him from one direction.

The Two Laborers run at him from another.

Chris walks backwards, swinging wildly at them.

They are trying to talk to him.

He can't hear what they say.

The hum of The Bog reaches a fever pitch.

Chris's foot slips.

He is on the edge of the SEPTIC WELL. It's uncapped.

He teeters on the edge of the open sewer. He loses balance.

He slips.

He falls down the long pit.

His head *cracks* against the side.

He continues to fall.

Splash.

BLACK SCREEN

BLACK SCREEN.

FADE TO:

INT. YOUNG COUPLE'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

SCREEN TEXT: 40 YEARS AGO

WE OPEN on a YOUNG COUPLE. They are having sex.

THE YOUNG MAN is on top. He is sweaty. Focused. Distressed.

THE YOUNG WOMAN is under him. She looks frustrated.
Impatient.

There is nothing but disdain between them.

The Young Man suddenly slows down and stops.

It isn't working.

He tries to arouse himself.

He has lost focus. He is soft as clay.

The Young Woman turns her head away. She is embarrassed for him and frustrated for herself.

She pushes him off.

He pulls the sheets towards himself and covers his naked body.

She stands confidently and walks to the bathroom.

She is laughing. Cackling. Her head is thrown back in contempt.

WE REST on the dark haired young man. There is pain in his eyes. There is a certain effeminacy to his face.

This is Yark; 40 years ago.

He turns to look at his wife. She is drawing a bath.

Her laugh echoes through the scene.

A dark shadow rests over Yark's pained face.

CUT TO:

Yark's hands are clasped around his wife's neck. He is holding her beneath the surface of the bathwater.

There is a wild look of rage in his eyes.

She struggles and thrashes. Water splashes violently as Yark drowns her.

Suddenly...

Yark turns to see a YOUNG BOY, no older than six, standing in the bathroom doorway.

Their son looks on in silent terror.

Yark releases his wife.

She rises from the bathtub as she gasps desperately for air.

Yark rushes from the bathroom into the bedroom.

His wife grabs hold of their son. She shuts and locks the bathroom door.

Yark begins to pack a bag.

WE SEE, on a nearby desk, A PHOTO OF A GROUP OF FRIENDS.

WE MOVE IN on the photo.

The friends have their arms around each other.

Yark is in the photo with his wife at his side. They are smiling at the camera. He has one arm around her.

Yark's other arm is thrown around A BRUNETTE YOUNG MAN. He is handsome and kindly.

The Young Man is holding onto Yark affectionately.

[Beat.]

Mud begins to ooze through the picture.

EXT. RURAL LANDS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Yark is sitting by a fire. His eyes are bloodshot.

He stares at the flames. The fire is built in a strange shape. The logs have been arranged as a cross: an X with a sphere mounted at its centre.

Wrapped around the tip of one of the logs is a PORTRAIT NECKLACE. We see a picture of Yark's wife and son burn in the flames.

INT. EMPLOYMENT CENTER - DAY

Yark is standing in line at an employment center amongst DOZENS OF OTHER LABORERS.

Standing next to him is the brunette man from the photo. THIS IS DANIEL.

Daniel sees something.

He walks to a bulletin board across the large room. SOMEONE has just attached a notice to it.

Daniel pulls it off the board. It reads "LABOR NEEDED".

He holds it up for Yark to see.

EXT. DRYLANDS - DAY - FLASHBACK

AN OLD DIRTY TRUCK travels through The Drylands.

Yark is driving. Daniel sits next to him.

They share a moment's look.

CUT TO:

TIME HAS PASSED.

Yark and Daniel have a map open on the hood of their truck.

Yark lifts a FLASK to his mouth. It's empty.

They are lost. They look out to the wide open terrain, trying to find the right direction. Suddenly...

Daniel sees something. It seems to have appeared out of nowhere.

He draws Yark's attention to a collection of cabins out in the distance.

Yark turns to look.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT/INT. THE FIRST CABIN - DAY -FLASHBACK

They walk through The Settlement. It's deserted. Yark and Daniel walk into The First Cabin. It is full of cobwebs and rotting wood furniture.

Yark sees the strange etchings on the wall.

Daniel opens the old fridge. He sees a pile of fresh steaks inside.

They walk up to the edge of the cliff and see The Bog for the first time. Yark's young eyes are transfixed by the sight.

He looks up, beyond The Bog, at the giant beached ship in the distance.

We hear the hum of The Bog.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY - FLASHBACK

They climb down the hill. They cover their noses and mouths at the smell.

They walk about. The terrain is littered with abandoned equipment. Machinery, piping systems, lumber, barrels, and trucks.

Suddenly, something catches Daniel's eye.

Laying beneath the muddy surface of a large pit is a glowing red light.

Daniel stares at it in wonder.

He carefully traces his way around the pit.

He reaches his hand inside and pulls out a DAZZLING CRYSTAL.

Yark approaches.

They both stare at what they've found. Entranced.

It is strangely shaped. A fragment of something larger....

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

IT'S NIGHT TIME.

They sit at a campfire barbecuing the steaks they found. They are cheerfully chatting as they eat.

All we hear is the hum of The Bog.

INT. FIRST CABIN - DAY - FLASHBACK

They find work wear in the cabins.

They dress.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY - FLASHBACK

They search through The Bog, looking for more crystal.

They find WILTING CLOTHES and STRANGE DROWNED RODENTS.

They collect the refuse in a pile.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

They eat and cheerfully chat by the campfire.

INT. FIRST CABIN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

They sleep in The First Cabin on opposite beds.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY - FLASHBACK

They work, searching for more crystal.

WE SEE small red blemishes on their skin.

Daniel works more quickly than Yark. For every barrel of bog-mud that Yark moves, Daniel moves two.

Yark notices.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

They are chatting as they sit by the campfire.

They lock eyes for a long moment.

[Beat.]

Daniel leans in and places a kiss on Yark's lips.

Yark closes his eyes and kisses him back for a moment before...

He pulls away and pushes Daniel back.

They both leap to their feet.

They stand, silently facing off.

Daniel looks at Yark, regretful. Vulnerable.

Yark is scared. Angry.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY - FLASHBACK

They dig through The Bog. They work apart from each other.

There is an uncomfortable distance between them.

Daniel is stronger than Yark. He works more quickly. He carries heavier loads.

Yark struggles to keep up. He stares at Daniel with resentful eyes.

CUT TO:

Daniel digs his hands into The Bog. He digs enthusiastically.

There is something there.

He pulls out ANOTHER BRILLIANT CRYSTAL.

Yark watches from afar as Daniel observes the fruit of his

labor.

Yark looks around himself. There is nothing but bog-mud and dead rodents around him.

He looks back to Daniel with growing jealousy.

CUT TO:

Yark's hands are clasped around Daniel's neck. There is a murderous look in Yark's eyes.

Daniel struggles.

He throws himself backwards and falls into a pit. He flails as he tries to lift himself out.

Yark reaches down and pushes Daniel's head beneath the surface.

Yark uses every ounce of his strength to hold Daniel under.

Yark screams out as he drowns his friend.

The hum of The Bog erupts like a foghorn through the scene.

CUT TO:

Yark is curled up at the side of the pit. He weeps silently.

He is soaked in bog-mud.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Yark sits alone by a campfire. He gently rocks back and forth, guilt-ridden over what he's done.

WE SEE that the red blemishes are gone from his skin

The fire that he's built is shaped like a cross: an X with a sphere mounted at its center.

Daniel's clothes and bags are burning inside of it.

Yark suddenly turns to look at The Third Cabin.

CUT TO:

Yark stands outside the door.

He breaks it down.

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

His eyes grow wide at the sight.

Inside, are the crystal shrines. Sitting in the centre of the room is not one but a dozen muddy pedestals with emaciated bog men. They are long dead.

The walls drip in bog-mud.

INT. FIRST CABIN - DAY - FLASHBACK

TIME HAS PASSED.

Yark's beard has grown out. His eyes are blood-shot. He is covered in dirt. He looks more like the Yark we know.

He is emaciated and starving.

He opens the old fridge. There is no more food.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY - FLASHBACK

Yark works. Sifting through bog-mud for crystals.

He digs through a pile of silt. His hands come across something.

He pulls out the MUD-COVERED CARCASS OF A CROW.

He stares at it a long moment.

He brings it up to his lips and digs his teeth in.

He rips the bird apart and devours his first meal in weeks.

He eats the feathers and meat whole. He crushes the small bones between his teeth.

CUT TO:

Yark has eaten a SMALL PILE OF MUD-COVERED RODENTS AND BIRDS. He sits on the edge of The Bog, covered in mud and blood.

Suddenly, he sees something glint beneath the surface of The Bog. He crawls over to it.

It's the location where he drowned Daniel.

He digs his hands inside.

He pulls out a BRILLIANT PETRIFIED SKULL.

CUT TO:

Yark works. He is digging and sifting through The Bog. The machinery is going. He has revived the operation.

He turns to see a commotion at the far end of The Bog.

The mud in a large pit is bubbling and foaming at the surface. Yark rushes over.

The bog-mud swells and overflows the pit before collapsing back into itself.

It has left something behind.

Yark sees TWO BODIES laying in fetal positions at the edge of the pit, birthed out of the mud.

He stares in confusion. They start to move. Yark leans down next to them.

WE SEE who it is.

The Two Laborers spit and vomit bog-mud as they take their first breaths.

The hum of The Bog erupts like a foghorn.

CUT TO:

TIME HAS PASSED.

Yark and The Two Laborers work, digging through the mud.

They climb back up the hill and see a truck arrive.

A YOUNG LABORER approaches looking around the scene.

YOUNG LABORER
Hi...I'm here for a job.

The hum of The Bog grows louder until...

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. FIRST CABIN - NIGHT

Chris slowly wakes.

He is laying on his bed. He is covered in bog-mud, blood and thick fecal sewage. His hands and feet are shackled to the bed frame.

Chris turns to see Yark sitting at his bedside. He is inspecting Chris. He draws his hands through the muck covering Chris's body.

Chris tries to speak but no sound leaves his lips.

Yark looks at him and nods his head assuringly.

YARK
It's almost done.

Chris struggles. He manages to speak at a barely audible whisper.

CHRIS
I can't move...I can't move.

CHRIS'S POV: He blacks out.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

BLACK SCREEN

[Beat.]

FADE TO:

INT. FIRST CABIN - NIGHT

Chris wakes again. The muck covering his skin has grown thicker. The color has begun to change. It is beginning to harden into a dark gray hue.

His clothes are melding with his skin. The fabric seems to be melting into him, tightly contouring his body.

Yark leans over Chris. He inspects him again.

Yark smiles in satisfaction. He reaches up and presses his dirty fingers onto Chris's lips smearing filth across them. Chris starts to gag. He vomits.

Yark turns Chris's head allowing the vomit to flow out onto the floor.

Chris gasps for air.

Yark turns Chris's head back.

Yark has a collection of CROW FEATHERS on the bedside table sitting next to his copy of Dante's 'Inferno'.

He lifts a KNIFE from the table.

Chris watches him, terrified.

Yark, holding the knife, looks over at Chris.

He lifts a crow feather and trims it.

He presses it into Chris's chest. It sinks into it.

Chris moans in pain.

Yark lifts another feather and prepares it.

CHRIS
(barely audible)
What's happening to me?

Yark presses another feather into Chris.

He takes his time to answer...

YARK
It's cleaning you. It has different
wants for anyone who comes. Some, it
eats...

FLASH TO:

EXT. THE BOG - DAY - FLASHBACK

We see Chris as he discovers Madison and John's decaying bodies submerged in bog-mud.

FLASH TO:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

YARK (V.O) (CONT'D)
Some it keeps.

We see Chris stare at the emaciated bog-man attached to his muddy cradle.

RETURN TO PRESENT:**INT. FIRST CABIN - NIGHT**

YARK (CONT'D)
It wasn't sure about you...but it
wants something inside you.

Chris tries to speak again but can't. Yark leans in.

YARK
The secrets you keep...to
it...taste...so...sweet.

Yark lays a A WREATH OF CROW FEATHERS over Chris's head.

Yark cradles Chris in his arms and lifts him from the bed.
Chris is unable to move. He lays helplessly in Yark's arms as
Yark walks him to the cabin door.

Yark passes the etched mural on the wall.

WE TILT. The full mural reveals itself.

WE SEE an image of A HORNED BEAST CRADLING A PERSON IN ITS
ARMS.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

Yark carries Chris across The Settlement to The Third Cabin.
He walks him inside.

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - NIGHT

The central pedestal in the cabin is now empty.

Yark places Chris on it.

The muddy base extends upwards and cradles him. It begins to
wrap itself tightly around the edges of Chris's body.

Yark looks on with dark satisfaction.

Chris looks over at him with desperation in his eyes.

He uses all his energy to move his lips.

CHRIS
Why did you bring me here?

Yark leans in to Chris. He is terrifying in the dark. A red-eyed demon.

YARK
I didn't. You brought yourself.

Chris stares in terror at Yark's deranged face.

CHRIS
Who are you?

YARK
It needs someone to serve it. [Beat.]
That's who I am.

Yark turns to a pyre arranged at the center of the room. The previous bog-body rests, shriveled and dying, on the logs of wood. We see the cross-shaped earring glint in the dark.

Yark walks to the fire at the back of the cabin. He takes out a burning log.

He walks to the pyre and lights it.

It goes up in flames. The body on the pyre squirms with its remaining reserves of energy as it burns alive.

Yark begins to make his way to the door.

Chris, frozen in place, watches on in terror.

SLOW MOTION: He watches Yark walk away towards the door.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

WE SEE Chris's Father yelling at him while Chris stares at the ground in shame.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - NIGHT

Yark is arriving at the door.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DINER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chris pulls away from Martin's outstretched hand.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - NIGHT

Yark exits and begins to close the door.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. THE SHIP'S HULL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chris stands in the giant hull of the ship. He is too afraid to look up. A giant beast hangs over him, veiled in darkness.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - NIGHT

Yark closes the door. END SLOW MOTION.

EXT. THE BOG - DAY

Yark is sitting and looking out at The Bog.

He sits there for long time in quiet contemplation.

He looks down at his arm. He watches as the dark red stain fades completely from his skin.

He sits back, satisfied with his work.

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - NIGHT

TIME PASSES.

Yark and The Two Laborers work.

CUT TO:

Yark approaches the area where Madison and John were buried.

He clears the mud away. Their bodies are no longer there.

He digs through the mud until...

His finds something.

He pulls out of the bod-mud a BRILLIANT CRYSTAL SKULL.

He lays it on the ground and begins to pull more PETRIFIED CRYSTALLIZED BONES from the ground.

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - EVENING

Yark enters The Third Cabin. He carries a SACK over his shoulder.

He walks towards the center of the room.

We see Chris.

He is now the picture of a bog body. He's emaciated. His skin and clothes have melded together into a single layer of dark gray flesh.

He is still alive.

The muddy cradle pulses as it feeds on him.

Yark pulls Madison and John's crystallized bones from the sack. He organizes them on a wooden post and crowns the arrangement with their skulls.

He walks to the back of the cabin and places more wood in the small wood fire.

At the center of the room is a new wooden pyre. It sits, waiting. It is constructed in the same shape as the previous one.

Yark walks over to Chris.

He looks at him for a moment.

The muddy cradle holding Chris has grown a considerable amount. It is attached to Chris's back and has spread to his legs and arms.

However, it hasn't covered him entirely.

Yark isn't sure why. He eyes the discrepancy for a moment before turning away.

He exits the cabin and closes the door behind him.

It goes dark.

WE MOVE IN ON CHRIS.

He is staring ahead at the darkness.

He is struggling with something.

WE MOVE IN ON HIM FURTHER.

FLASH TO:

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

WE SEE Chris's Father yelling at him. Chris stares at the ground in shame.

WE SEE the family photo on the mantel. Mud oozes down the frame.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - EVENING

Chris is focused. His red eyes stare intensely.

FLASH TO:

INT. DINER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chris sits across from Martin. He pulls away from Martin's outstretched hand.

INT. THE SHIP'S HULL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chris stands in the giant hull of the ship.

He is too afraid to look up.

A giant beast hangs over him, veiled in darkness.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - EVENING

Chris lays there, cradled on the muddy pedestal.

A horrid, terrifying sight.

His eyes are still alive.

FLASH TO:

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Chris is sitting with Madison and John.

They share a loving look.

Chris watches them.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - EVENING

Chris remains focused.

He is struggling against his frozen body.

Something is happening.

FLASH TO:

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Chris continues to watch Madison and John as they talk to each other.

He pays attention to their eyes as they share a caring gaze.

INT. DINER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Martin is trying to talk to Chris. Chris continues to avoid his eyes.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Chris continues to watch Madison and John as they talk to each other.

He watches their eyes.

They look at each other with such ease.

INT. DINER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chris suddenly looks up at Martin for the first time. They lock eyes.

INT. THE SHIP'S HULL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chris is standing in the hull of the ship.

Suddenly, he looks up.

He sees, suspended in the giant hull of the ship, an enormous, black, muddy empyrean. Its sights are set on him.

Chris looks at it. It looks back.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - EVENING

Chris's head suddenly moves.

It *cracks* as it lifts from its place.

FLASH TO:

INT. DINER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chris and Martin are looking at one another.

Martin reaches out a hand. There is a ring around his finger.

This time...

Chris reaches his hand out as well.

There is an identical ring on Chris's finger.

He grabs Martin's hand.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - EVENING

Chris's hand juts from its place. It lifts from its muddy binds.

FLASH TO:

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chris's Father continues to yell at him.

Chris lifts his face from the ground. He is suddenly on the other end of the apartment, looking at his parents from a distance.

The door is in front of him. He has the door handle in his palm. He opens it.

He walks through it...

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - EVENING

Chris's legs *crack* and lift from their place.

His body *breaks* out of the muddy cradle and he falls to the ground.

He yells out in pain.

Chris's body shakes from weakness as he lays curled on the ground.

He struggles to extend his limbs.

He wails as he painfully forces his muscles to move. They continue to *crack* as they extend.

He lays his feeble hands on the ground. Shaking, he spends every ounce of energy he can muster to push himself up.

He falls.

He yells out again in desperation as he lifts to his feet.

A tear falls down Chris's cheek.

He looks around the dark room with his red eyes. He wheezes for breath.

He takes his first crippled step forward.

And another.

And another.

He stops.

He looks down at his body.

He makes out his features in the firelight.

He is a dark-gray skeleton. A terrifying deformed sight. A walking bog body.

Rage fills his terrifying face.

He turns to the fire burning at the end of the cabin.

His eyes rest on it.

[Beat.]

He walks towards it.

He lays a hand on a log and lifts it from the fire.

EXT. THE BOG - EVENING

Yark and The Two Laborers are finishing up for the night.

They begin putting their things away. Suddenly...

The Bog begins to churn and *rumble*.

Yark turns to look at it.

It is agitated.

He senses something behind him.

Yark turns to look atop the hill.

His eyes grows wide.

The three cabins are engulfed in flames.

He turns to The Two Laborers.

YARK

Go!

They begin running up the hill.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - EVENING

Chris, crippled and emaciated, is holding a burning log.

He travels around the perimeter of each cabin, lighting them in every place he can.

The wood of the cabins take to the flames quickly.

EXT. THE BOG/THE SETTLEMENT - EVENING

The Bog is churning.

The hum of The Bog grows angrier.

Suddenly, The Bog swells. Bog-mud lifts out of the thousands of pits and begins to join together into a single body.

CUT TO:

Yark and The Two Laborers are rushing up the hill. As they do so, the muddy incline of the hill begins to swell with mud.

They run as fast as they can.

They come over the top of the hill.

The three cabins are roaring with flames.

The Goat Pen is open. The goats are running away in the distance.

Yark looks around, distressed.

He turns to The Third Cabin.

He yells out.

He can see, through the open doorway, the crystal bones burning.

He rushes into the burning cabin.

The Two Laborers grab shovels and begin to shovel dirt onto the raging fires.

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - NIGHT

Yark bursts into The Third Cabin. He immediately sees that Chris is missing from the center of the room.

He looks at the crystal skeletons. They are alight.

They are *cracking* and *bursting* from the heat.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

The hill leading to the valley continues to swell with bog-mud. Suddenly...

The mud begins to slide.

The ground roars.

The edge of the hill begins to recede.

INT. THE THIRD CABIN - NIGHT

Yark grabs as many crystals as he can. He loads them into his arms.

Crack.

The cabin is beginning to collapse.

Fire is raining from the ceiling.

Yark grabs what he can and races for the door.

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

He rushes out. He looks at the three burning cabins silhouetted against the night sky.

It is a picture of hell.

He looks at The Two Laborer's futile attempts to stem the flames.

He looks over the curve of the hill to the giant ship.

He can sense its anger.

The receding ground closes in on the burning cabins.

Yark watches as the ground gives way beneath The Two Laborers.

They are sucked into the mudslide.

Yark walks in a trance.

He scans the area looking for Chris.

He sees him.

Chris's gray skeleton is stood, hunched, at the edge of The Settlement. He still carries the burning log.

They lock eyes with each other.

The ground roars.

In a sudden flash, the ground gives way beneath Yark.

The three cabins *buckle* as the ground beneath them begins to slide down the hill to the valley below.

Yark is tumbling down the side of the cliff.

The giant burning buildings are carried down the mudslide.

As Yark falls, he looks up just in time to see, the towering inferno of wood collapsing on top of him.

The cabins *crack* and *break* apart as they slide down the hill to The Bog, sinking to their muddy graves.

CUT TO:

Chris stands at the edge of The Settlement looking out at the giant ship in the distance.

He falls to his knees. He is weak. Exhausted.

He curls up on the ground under the dark sky and lets sleep take him.

The hum of The Bog begins to fade.

JUMP CUT:

Chris wakes.

He struggles to lift his terrifying body.

He looks at the giant ship in the distance.

For the first time, it is silent.

He slowly turns away and begins walking to the wide expanse ahead.

He looks out at the terrain.

In one direction are the twin-peaked hills leading home.

The other direction is the dome-shaped hill leading to the city.

Chris, in his emaciated gray skeletal state, stares between the two options.

He decides.

He walks towards the twin peaks. He is going home.

He walks several feet before he suddenly stops.

He stands still a moment, thinking over his decision.

[Beat.]

He takes a step the opposite way.

[Beat.]

He takes another.

And another.

EXT. THE DRYLANDS - VARIOUS

TIME PASSES.

Chris walks for days and nights.

His body grows thinner and wispier as he does.

His eyes begin to bulge out of his skull.

His tongue begins to hang out of his mouth.

His feet bleed as he walks.

His skin begins to *crack*.

He begins to resemble the drylands around him.

FADE TO:

Chris arrives at a hill.

He slowly climbs it.

As he comes over the top he finally sees it.

In the great distance, at the edge of the horizon, is The City.

It gleams in the sunlight.

Chris looks at the long remaining journey.

He looks down to see, at the base of the hill, a wide river.

He descends the hill.

He falls to his knees.

He crawls to the edge of the river.

He brings his tired lips to the water.

He takes a momentary sip and lifts his head to catch his breath.

He then dips his face in and begins to drink.

The layers of dried, caked-on filth spread into the water

from his submerged face.

Chris keeps his mouth under for an unnatural amount of time. He continues to drink and drink.

Suddenly, he lifts his gray face from the water.

Something is wrong.

He turns to the side and a sudden rush of vomit erupts out of him.

Bog-mud is spilling out of his body. His weak frame is on all fours beside the river. He heaves and wretches streams of thick waste and refuse.

He shakes as it exits his body.

He is weak.

He turns back to the river. He looks at his terrifying gray-skinned, red-eyed reflection.

Before he knows it, his body can no longer support his weight.

He slips and falls head first into the water.

Chris's body acts like a drop of ink in a glass. A cloud of filth lifts from his body into the clear water.

He slowly, helplessly, sinks deeper and deeper into the river.

As he does the cloud grows thicker.

The river carries the dirt away.

Chris begins to heave and convulse.

Bog-mud begins to burst from his mouth again.

It spills from his nose. It ekes out of his ears.

The river carries it away.

Chris's skin begins to regain its color.

The thin wisps of clothes left on his body begin to lift from his skin.

The river continues to wash him.

His body slides into a BED OF RIVER GRASS.

The grass grabs at him. He floats through the tall leaves as they gently grab and release him, cleaning him as he floats through.

They grab onto his face, his limbs, his fingers and finger nails.

Bog-mud continues to flow off his body.

CUT TO:

WE ARE ON THE OTHER END OF THE RIVER.

It is quiet. Serene.

The river is still.

Suddenly...

Chris's hand bursts out of the surface of the water and grabs hold of the river's edge.

He lifts himself out.

Chris is clean.

His hair. His skin.

He spills onto the river's edge as crystal clear water rushes off his near naked body.

He gasps for breath.

He lays there, on the edge of the river, gleaming in the sunlight.

Thin-framed, soaked and pristine.

He slowly lifts his head and looks out at The City in the distance. His eyes are clear.

He musters his energy.

He lifts himself up.

He begins walking to the horizon.

THE END