

RUN

by

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FADE IN:

SUPER: Angeles National Forest

EXT. FOREST - DAY

An idyllic setting: birds sing, sunlight sparkles through lush tree leaves that sway in a soft breeze. A SQUIRREL scampers across a branch, down the tree trunk.

It pauses to sniff the air, then moves cautiously towards a sparkling crystal beaded high-heel shoe encasing the foot of

An unconscious CLEO ST. JOHN (21, gorgeous African American woman), a torn page of a diary clutched in one hand. She wears a white halter dress, around her neck a gold heart pendant.

Cleo stirs, the Squirrel darts away.

Cleo's dazed eyes blink open, she squints at the flashes of sunlight through the tree leaves.

POUNDING MUSIC (O.S.)

BEGIN CLEO'S FLASHBACK

INT. TRENDY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A STROBE LIGHT, POUNDING MUSIC: Cleo prowls the room (in the same dress and shoes from the forest), boldly sizes up the young Men and her competition among the young Women. Several of the Men return her appraising look.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

DENSE BUSH: The intense camouflaged grease-painted eyes of a HUNTER as he watches Cleo.

The crackle of leaves behind him. The Hunter (a tall, beefy, Caucasian man of indiscriminate age, dressed in full camouflage gear and hat) whirls, crossbow aimed.

A mother Rabbit and its young freeze.

He lowers the crossbow, the Rabbits hop to the safety of heavy bush.

The Hunter turns back to Cleo:

She looks around confused, notices the torn page in her hand, reads.

She turns the page over. On the back: "RUN" scrawled in dried blood. Cleo drops the page in alarm and stares at a small congealed cut on her finger.

She lurches unsteadily to her feet, looks around wildly at the dense foliage.

CLEO
(softly)
Hello?...Brandon?

BEGIN CLEO'S FLASHBACK

INT. TRENDY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A strobe light, pounding music: Gyrating against Cleo on the crowded dance floor is BRANDON RICHARDSON (Caucasian, 18, in a designer silver silk shirt and black pants).

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A WHIZ and THUNK as an arrow suddenly whistles by Cleo impaling the log behind her. She stares stupidly at it for a beat, begins to back away.

CLEO
Oh, hey...what--

Another arrow zings by. She bolts blindly into the dense foliage.

HUNTER (V.O.)
What are the rules of survival?

LITTLE JOSIE (V.O.)
Respect nature and the animals...

Cleo continues her mad stumble.

The Hunter picks up the torn page, turns to glance at:

A VISION of a little Caucasian girl, JOSIE (10), in hunting gear who stands beside him, her brunette hair in pigtails under the hunting cap.

He pulls out a bright pink velvet-bound diary from his camouflage jacket.

The diary is held together by a large rubber band, stuffed with torn, crumpled diary pages and loose photos.

The Hunter flips through the diary, inserting Cleo's page in the selected spot.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Hidden from view, the predator hunts his prey.

HUNTER (V.O.)
What's the next rule?

LITTLE JOSIE (V.O.)
Be calm, stay focused...

Cleo backs slowly away, her eyes dart around in panic. She's hindered by her high heels.

The Hunter tracks her frantic efforts in the cross-hair of his scope, hesitates, lowers the crossbow.

He takes aim again, but Cleo is gone. The Hunter glides like a wraith in pursuit.

LITTLE JOSIE (V.O.)
Be aware of your environment...

Cleo claws her way up an embankment, tears and breaks two fingernails, loses her grip and slides back down.

LITTLE JOSIE (V.O.)
Adjust...adapt yourself to the terrain...

Cleo uses the spiked heels of her shoes like pick-axes to drag herself up the embankment. A shoe breaks from its heel.

Cleo claws at the embankment for a hold, looks back down at the broken shoe.

She slides back down for it, but her foot plunges into a hole. A sickening SNAP. Cleo screams as a wire snare cuts into her injured ankle. She struggles to free herself.

LITTLE JOSIE (V.O.)
Think fast...

Cleo futilely tugs at her foot. From the bushes, the Hunter slices through the snare wire with a hunting knife. Cleo drags her ankle free, PANTING for breath.

BEGIN CLEO'S FLASHBACK

INT. BRANDON'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

PANTING, Cleo and Brandon (in the same clothes from the club) are at it hot and heavy in a parked vintage Mustang. Their breaths are quick, heavy.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Cleo's PANTING erupts into a SCREAM as an arrow pierces her shoulder. She looks up. Sees the Hunter looming over her.

CLEO
Please! What do you want?!

The Hunter raises his crossbow but hesitates again.

LITTLE JOSIE (V.O.)
Take the necessary action...

Cleo makes a desperate attempt to crawl away.

LITTLE JOSIE (V.O.)
Do it.

The Hunter takes aim. Cleo opens her mouth to scream as the arrow slices through her throat.

The Hunter looks down at Cleo, her crystal-beaded shoes, partially caked with mud and one heel missing still twinkle in the sunlight.

He turns to little Josie beside him, she smiles.

The Hunter returns the smile as Cleo takes her last breath. He gently removes the gold heart pendant from her neck.

O.S. A SCREAM erupts in the distance. The Hunter turns towards it.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Suddenly, LANA PETERS (Caucasian woman, 34, attractive, stylish) crashes through the bushes, a blood-stained handcuff dangles from one wrist.

She nearly falls over half-dazed Brandon (in the same clothes from the club) as he struggles to sit up.

Lana stumbles, regains her footing.

BRANDON
What the fu--?! Lana?!

Lana hesitates but an arrow WHIZZES past Brandon, pierces the tree near her. She bolts.

Brandon searches in shock for the source of the arrow. He barely dodges the next one.

Brandon charges in Lana's direction. An arrow slices through a tree branch in front of him. He changes course.

He plunges into some bushes, huddles to catch his breath. Listens: RUSTLE of leaves.

He stares at a torn diary page in his hand. On the back, written in blood: "RUN". There's a small dried cut on his finger.

Brandon tries to suppress his jagged breathing, listens: METAL JANGLING.

He pushes deeper into the bushes when from behind a hand clamps over Brandon's mouth, stifling a scream.

Brandon struggles to free himself from DOUGLAS BISHOP (Caucasian, 38, weasel-looking guy with serious gold bling around his neck).

Douglas's got Brandon in a secure grip, he makes eye contact with Brandon to calm him. A flash of recognition in Brandon's eyes.

BEGIN BRANDON'S FLASHBACK

INT. TRENDY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A STROBE LIGHT, POUNDING MUSIC: As Cleo and Brandon dance, Douglas (same clothes from the forest) gets in between them and passes some pills to Cleo before he dances away talking on his cell phone.

BRANDON
Who the hell was that?

CLEO
Doug...my candy man. Want to try?

BRANDON
No way.

CLEO
I'm worth it.

She passes the pill in her mouth with a kiss to Brandon.
 Brandon swallows the pill, eyes on the retreating Douglas.
 Cleo turns Brandon's face towards her.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

RUSTLE of leaves nearby.

Brandon and Douglas freeze as SOMEONE passes near their
 hiding place and pauses before disappearing into the brush
 with a JANGLE of metal.

Douglas releases Brandon as the jangling recedes.

BRANDON

(hisses)

What the hell are you doing?!
 Where's Cleo?

Douglas signals silence and leads Brandon quietly away.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

LARRY WONG (40, Chinese male) thrashes through brush with a
 large set of keys JANGLING from a belt loop on his pants.
 He's got a torn page in his hand.

SEAN (O.S.)

Fuck this phone!

Larry freezes, grips his jangling keys, creeps forward to
 peer through the bushes at:

SEAN SANCHEZ (Latino male, 45, botoxed-handsome) tries to get
 a signal on his cell phone. He carries a battered briefcase
 with a combination lock.

SEAN

Fuck.

Sean shoves the phone into his ankle-high boot, pulls out a
 small torn page with bloody writing on the back, reads,
 shoves it back in.

Leaves RUSTLE. Sean freezes, cautiously peaks through
 bushes:

A SQUIRREL sniffs at the sprawled body of an elderly, well-
 dressed MAN.

Sean carefully approaches, his eyes dart around searching the area.

SEAN
Oh, fuck! Jimmy?!

The squirrel scampers up a tree.

Sean stares down at "JIMMY'S" (a.k.a. James Carlton Pierce III, Caucasian, 70) agonized face covered with blood, dirt. His dead eyes open in shock. His right hand severed by a large animal trap.

Hesitating, Sean searches Jimmy's pockets: Empty except for a torn diary page. He spots another torn page near the animal trap. Both pages have "RUN" written in smeared blood on the back.

Sean compares the two pages with his own, pockets them.

He glances around slyly, removes Jimmy's Rolex watch, pockets his own and slips on the Rolex.

SEAN
(whispers)
Sorry, man. Don't think you'll be needing it now.

As an afterthought, Sean attempts to close Jimmy's dead eyes, but they remain open, staring.

Sean grabs a rock. Batters the briefcase lock when the JANGLE of metal jerks him around:

Larry stands frozen behind him, gaping. Larry desperately clutches a torn page wrapped around his keys.

Larry bolts, Sean close on his heels. They plunge recklessly through the bush. Sean tackles Larry, they go down hard. Sean pins Larry face down in leaves and dirt.

SEAN
Who the hell are you!

Sean grabs the keys from Larry's grip along with the torn page and shoves them into his own pocket.

LARRY
(broken English)
No kill mmphhh--

Sean shoves Larry's face deeper into the dirt. Larry goes limp, then begins to struggle. Sean yanks Larry's head back by his hair.

SEAN
Who are you?

Larry spits dirt and grass.

LARRY
Give keys back!

Sean shoves Larry's face back into the dirt.

SEAN
Tell me who you are!

LARRY
Larry! Wong!

Sean eases his grip on Larry, grabs the keys (leaving the diary page) from his pocket, dangles them in front of squirming Larry's face.

Larry has a flash of recognition when he sees Sean's face.

BEGIN LARRY'S FLASHBACK

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT WINDOW - DAY

Larry pretends to be gardening some herbs in a window planter box outside of Cleo's window.

He peeps in and sees the back of a young Blonde Woman (19) as Cleo opens the door to Sean.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Completely direction-less, Lana stumbles around trying to contort her fingers to remove the handcuff from her wrist. It's not working.

O.S. Muffled Voices.

She creeps deeper into the brush and finds a business suited-man, lying face down.

Lana approaches with caution, notices a torn page with "RUN" clutched in the man's blood-stained hand. She hesitantly checks his pulse, relieved.

She reads the diary page, slips it into her pocket.

MIKE RICHARDSON (Caucasian male, 40) comes to with a GROAN as Lana begins to frisk him.

MIKE
Lana...?!

Mike groggily stares at Lana, looks around frantically, grabs her.

MIKE
Where's the goddamned briefcase?

LANA
What the hell's wrong with you?!

Lana slaps Mike, breaks free, sprints off with him on her heels.

A brief chase through dense bush before Mike tackles Lana. She struggles to get free.

LANA
Mike! I was trying to help--

MIKE
The briefcase--

LANA
I saw Brandon--

MIKE
Brandon?!

He tightens his grip on her.

LANA
Damn it! Stop it! Do you know where we are--

MIKE
What?...No...

BEGIN MIKE'S FLASHBACK

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Mike with a briefcase (the same one Sean has) and a big smile heads towards his parked Porsche and is zapped from behind with a taser.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Douglas tries to calm a panicked Brandon who clutches his torn page in one hand.

BRANDON
Where's Cleo?

DOUGLAS
How the hell do I know? I left you
two at the club--

BRANDON
We were together. Then I woke up
here. She's gone!

DOUGLAS
Calm down--

BRANDON
We've got to find her! I'm telling
you, there's some lunatic asshole
shooting arrows--

DOUGLAS
Easy Junior--

BRANDON
Name's Brandon--

DOUGLAS
How'd you get here?

BRANDON
Someone zapped me with a taser--

DOUGLAS
No shit!

BEGIN DOUGLAS'S FLASHBACK

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Douglas sprawled on his back across his car hood looks up at the stars, talking on his cell phone.

DOUGLAS
Hey, Little *Elroy*! Where're you,
homie?

INT. SEAN'S CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Sean on his cell phone.

SEAN

I told you not to call me that! My name's Sean--

DOUGLAS

(from phone)

But you're my childhood hero, *Elroy*. Loved your kiddy television show--

SEAN

So give me a discount, Douglas.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Douglas opens the trunk lid, rummages through as he talks on the phone.

DOUGLAS

Ha-Ha. Very funny.

SEAN

(from phone)

I should get a discount for all the customers I send you.

DOUGLAS

That's why I always extend you credit.

SEAN (V.O.)

Speaking of...I need supply...but money's tight.

DOUGLAS

Don't sweat it, I've got you covered.

Douglas pulls out a plastic bag of pills, stuffs it in his pants pocket.

SEAN

Where'll we meet?

DOUGLAS

Our favorite spot...Hello?...Sean?

Douglas slams the trunk lid and is zapped from behind.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Brandon and Douglas talk in whispers in the bushes.

BRANDON
We've got to find Cleo and get out
of here!

DOUGLAS
Don't sweat it, I've got you
covered....Hey, what've you got
there?

BRANDON
We don't have time for this! We've
got to find her!

Douglas makes a grab for the page in Brandon's hand.

DOUGLAS
Let me see that--

Brandon pulls away, shoves the page into his pocket.

DOUGLAS
Look man, I've got one too.

Douglas pulls a torn, rumpled diary page from his pocket and makes another grab at Brandon. Brandon breaks free.

DOUGLAS
Hey! I just saved your ass--

Brandon plunges through thick bushes with Douglas in pursuit.

DOUGLAS
You little shit! Come back here!

Douglas almost grabs Brandon, but his gold chains get snagged on a branch. Douglas struggles to free himself.

DOUGLAS
Wait! Help!

Brandon cautiously backs away from Douglas. His foot trips a wire in the tall grass.

A SWOOSH of leaves and SCREAMS of helplessness as both Brandon and Douglas are yanked off their feet into the air like a slingshot by a giant net.

They're crushed face-to-face in what is clearly a trap made for one.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - DAY

The Hunter heads towards Brandon's and Douglas's panicked YELLS in the distance.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Panicked, Brandon and Douglas futilely struggle to escape the net. The net spins dizzily from their struggle.

BRANDON
(hisses)
Stop! Stop moving!

Douglas continues to thrash wildly within the constrained net 15 feet above the ground.

Suddenly a POPPING, TEARING sound from above. Douglas freezes.

They look up: The net is ripping from their weight.

DOUGLAS
Fuck!

BRANDON
Shut up! The psycho'll hear you!
Chill.

Douglas gets his shit together. The net settles.

Brandon looks down: Several large, open animal traps on the ground right under the net.

BRANDON
Things just got complicated.
Look down--

Douglas does and freaks again.

DOUGLAS
FUCK!

BRANDON
Got a lighter in my pocket...burn our way out from here. Gonna reach for it. Don't move. If I drop the lighter, we're screwed.

DOUGLAS

Yeah, sure. Don't sweat it. I've got you covered...What's the plan?

BRANDON

We've gotta be *outside* of the net to jump free before it drops, otherwise we land *in* the net on top of the traps.

Another POP! The net gives way. They stare up again.

DOUGLAS

Quit screwing around!

Carefully, Brandon maneuvers to retrieve a gold cigarette lighter, fumbles, almost drops it, manages to bring it up to face level.

BRANDON

Ready? It's about a 15-foot drop.

DOUGLAS

Just do it!

EXT. FOREST - CLOSE BY - DAY

The Hunter quickens his pace, he's 40 yards from Brandon and Douglas.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The lighter's flame slowly burns the net away.

Brandon uses his body weight to swing the net in a pendulum arc.

DOUGLAS

Are you insane?!

BRANDON

We have to swing clear of the traps.

DOUGLAS

Man, oh man, oh man--

While Douglas hyperventilates, Brandon continues to swing the net. It begins to give way with their weight. They hang on for dear life as the hole becomes bigger.

BRANDON
Swing...that's it.

The pendulum arc of the net increases with their efforts.

The net jerks dangerously as it RIPS further.

BRANDON
Okay. One more. On three.
One...two...

A final RIPPING POP!

An arrow slices into Douglas's hand, he SCREAMS as he plummets.

Brandon leaps free of the net, lands, rolls clear of the traps.

Douglas's horrendous SCREAM is cut off as he hits, trips a massive animal trap, the jaws snap with a sickening CRUNCH on his head.

Brandon gags in horror, scrambles deeper into the brush.

The Hunter looms closer as Douglas's legs give a final spasm. He frisks Douglas, removes the torn page.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Brandon madly stumbles through the forest. He nearly falls over Cleo's body. She lies on her side, her back towards him. He recognizes the dress, especially the zipper.

BEGIN BRANDON'S FLASHBACK

INT./EXT. BRANDON'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Through the steam fogged window: Cleo straddles Brandon's lap. He unzips her dress. They're too engrossed to see a pair of headlights circling his car. The circling headlights shut off.

Suddenly Brandon's car is bumped hard from behind. Cleo jerks up, she hand-wipes the window, trying to see as she slides off him into the passenger seat.

Brandon exits to check on his back fender. There's an old VW van behind his car with a dirt-smearred license plate. He's zapped by a taser.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Brandon stares at Cleo's mangled foot and the snare.

BRANDON
(softly)
Cleo...? Hey, babe...

He timidly turns over her body, immediately jerks away. The lifeless Cleo flops forward as Brandon scoots back on his hands and butt, retches.

BRANDON
Hell no!

Brandon shakily wipes spittle from his mouth, looks around frantically for other traps.

Leaves RUSTLE behind him. Brandon grabs a nearby broken branch. In one fluid motion, Brandon leaps to his feet, swings his branch like a star batter and nearly takes Mike's head off.

Mike grabs Brandon, they struggle briefly. Mike pulls Brandon into a hug.

MIKE
Brandon!

Brandon is too freaked to recognize Mike, shoves him away.

MIKE
Brandon, easy son. It's me. How'd you get here? Are you alright?

BRANDON
(dazed, relieved)
Dad?...What're you doing here?!

Mike checks him.

MIKE
Are you injured? There's blood--

BRANDON
Not me, her.

They look down at Cleo.

BRANDON
I didn't do it!

Mike gives Brandon an odd look.

MIKE

Didn't say you did, son. Just take
it easy--

BRANDON

Take it easy?! Some nut case's
shooting at me with arrows!

Mike's kneels by Cleo.

BRANDON

Careful of the traps!

MIKE

What're you talking about--

BRANDON

Look at her ankle!

Mike sees the snare wire, cautiously takes Cleo's pulse.

Lana takes a step out from behind a tree to stand behind
Brandon. She looks around anxiously before staring down at
Cleo's body.

BRANDON

(fast)

I was kidnapped! I got caught in
a net with this other guy! I got
away but he fell on a bear trap!
He's dead too! I saw Lana, she's---

LANA

(hisses)

For godssake, lower your voice!
You want that crazy bastard to hear
you?

BRANDON

Still a bitch--

LANA

Look who's talking.

Mike turns Cleo's body over with shocked recognition.

BEGIN MIKE'S FLASHBACK

INT. CASTING ROOM OFFICE - DAY

Agitated, Mike paces talking on his cell phone.

MIKE
 (into phone)
 I've been on hold for 15
 minutes...Where are you?...You
 can't do that!... We're shooting in
 two months! How the hell can I
 come up with a million bucks
 now?...This is the last time I let
 you fuck me!

Mike furiously flings the phone down startling his Casting Director, DENISE ROJAS (Latina female, 47).

MIKE
 Send in the first girl!

Denise opens the door into the hallway.

Mike notices Brandon and TONY PIERCE (handsome, athletic Caucasian male, 24) talking with Cleo.

DENISE
 Cleo St. John, you're up.

BRANDON (V.O.)
 I found her like that...

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mike comes out of his reverie to stare at Brandon.

BRANDON
 He could be anywhere! We've got to
 get out of here!

MIKE
 Easy--

LANA
 The kid's right. That psycho could
 be watching us now--

HIDDEN IN NEARBY BUSHES:

Sean and Larry silently watch the three. SOFT RUSTLE in the bushes behind them. Larry turns to search keenly, sees nothing.

FURTHER BACK IN HEAVY BUSHES: The Hunter watches Larry and Sean.

Little Josie watches the Hunter as he checks his arsenal, only one arrow left. Frustrated he slinks away, Josie following.

Sean steps out of hiding. Lana is ready to take flight. Brandon raises his branch and Mike readies himself.

SEAN

Whoa. I come in peace, Mike.

Larry steps out timidly behind Sean. Sean raises his arms, the briefcase in one hand. He turns around as he slowly lifts his blazer.

SEAN

I'm unarmed--

Mike tackles him for the briefcase. It goes flying off and Mike leaps after it leaving the stunned Sean on the ground. Brandon stares in shock at his father.

SEAN

What the hell--

LANA

Has everyone gone crazy?!

Mike fumbles with the combination, opens the briefcase and finds only a folded piece of paper.

Before Larry can help Sean to his feet, Mike tackles them both. They go down in a tumble, Larry crawls away fast as Mike wrestles with Sean.

MIKE

What'd you do with it, Sean?!

Mike pummels Sean, Larry keeps his distance.

Lana goes to the briefcase and picks up the folded paper.

Brandon pulls Mike off Sean.

BRANDON

Dad! Stop it!

MIKE

Thieving bastard!

Larry helps Sean to his feet while Brandon restrains Mike.

SEAN
Don't know what the fuck you're
talking about! Found that
briefcase when I woke up--

MIKE
Like hell!

Mike lunges at Sean again who backs up while Brandon pulls
Mike away. Larry stays safely behind Sean.

BRANDON
Mike, let's hear him out.

Mike calms down a bit.

LANA
Hey, it's a map.

She waves it. They ignore her.

Sean slowly approaches Cleo's body. He looks at her
impassively.

Larry keeps his distance.

Lana waves the map again.

SEAN
(appraising her)
And who might you be?

LANA
Stuff it. We've got to get out of
here before the killer comes back--

Sean taps the dangling handcuff on her wrist, whistles.

Lana jerks away from him.

SEAN
(grins at her)
Nice...kinky...

She glares at him in disgust.

LANA
I woke up handcuffed to...a tree--

LARRY
No one else handcuffed to tree--

SEAN

Shut up, Larry. How did you all get here?

BRANDON

Mike, I think she auditioned for "The Mutation". Remember when I was by the office with Tony--

MIKE

Not now, Brandon.

Lana shifts the map around, trying to make sense of it.

LANA

(points at the map)

What's this over here? A building?

That gets their attention. Mike and Brandon huddle with her.

SEAN

That map yours, Mike?

MIKE

No--

LANA

Maybe it's a ranger tower--

BRANDON

Let's go!

SEAN

How do we even know it's a map of this area?

Sean looks over their shoulders at the map.

SEAN

It could belong to whoever brought us here.

LANA

Do any of you know where the hell we are? I sure don't! I say follow the map--

SEAN

A map in Mike's otherwise empty, locked briefcase, that's not his. And you want to follow it? That's just stupid, doll--

LANA
Doll? Who the hell--

Brandon grabs the map from her.

LANA
Hey!

BRANDON
I'm with you, this may be our way
out--

MIKE
We need to calm down and think this
through--

SEAN
What's missing from your briefcase?

MIKE
Contracts from my film--

LANA
That's two for, two against.
(to Larry)
What about you?

Larry stares down at Cleo with growing terror.

LARRY
Who kill girl?

BEGIN LARRY'S FLASHBACK

EXT./INT. CLEO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Larry pretends to garden outside the window while he peeps in on Cleo wearing a tight short skirt, bustier and the crystal-beaded shoes. Larry nearly drools as Cleo dances with her ear buds on.

Cleo sees a gold heart pendant on a side table with a cell phone. She puts on the pendant.

Running water from a shower is heard O.S.

The cell phone RINGS and Cleo answers.

CLEO
Hello?

MIKE
 (on phone)
 Is this Josie Dahl?

CLEO
 Uh...Yes, this is Josie.

MIKE
 This is Mike Richardson.
 Congratulations, you got the female
 lead in "The Mutation".

Cleo looks furious, but talks softly.

CLEO
 Thanks so much, Mr. Richardson, but
 I'm afraid there's a scheduling
 conflict so I won't be able to
 accept the part.

MIKE
 Sorry to hear it.

CLEO
 Well, thanks anyway. Bye.

There's KNOCKS on the front door, Cleo opens it to Sean.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sean kneels by Cleo's body and does a cursory look-over as
 Larry shakes his head.

SEAN
 Never seen her before.

Larry stares at Sean intently.

LANA
 Enough small talk. I'm outta here.

Lana grabs the map back from Brandon, his attention riveted
 on Cleo.

Lana starts off, but Mike pulls her back, taking the map.

MIKE
 Lana, we've got to stick together.
 Let me study the map--

BRANDON

We just going to leave her like that?

Everyone stares at Cleo's body.

MIKE

We can't do anything for her now, son. Let's get away from here. But we've got to have a plan. Let's get our bearings first--

SEAN

Who put you in charge?

BRANDON

Mike's a take-charge kind of guy.

MIKE

Brandon--

SEAN

I say this way--

MIKE

We're not going anywhere until we figure out how we all got here and *why*--

LANA

Talk later, let's just get away from...

(glance at Cleo)

Here.

She moves off.

SEAN

I'm with you.

He trails Lana, eyes on her ass as she moves away.

BRANDON

No! That's where that guy got killed--

SEAN

What guy?

Mike picks up a long sturdy branch.

BRANDON

He was--

MIKE

Everyone grab one. Use them to sweep the ground before you. There's probably more traps and snares.

The others grab fallen branches on the ground.

SEAN

I say we check out this other body. Maybe we'll find some clues.
(to Brandon)
Which way, kid?

BRANDON

Name's Brandon.

SEAN

Well?

Brandon looks expectantly at Mike. Mike nods.

MIKE

He's right. Show us, Brandon.

Brandon takes one more look at Cleo then leads them away.

LANA

(hisses)
Wait a sec...

They turn to gape at her. There's no sound but the wind in the trees.

LANA

I thought I heard a car.

BRANDON

Yeah, right.

They move cautiously through the brush, sweeping the ground ahead of them with the branches.

EXT. FOREST - DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Hunter cautiously drives a rusty, battered Jeep.

EXT. CABIN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Hunter drives the Jeep through dense foliage to a small clearing outside an old wood cabin and gets out.

In the back of the Jeep is a tarpaulin. The Hunter rips the tarp aside revealing the bodies of Douglas and Jimmy.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

The Hunter opens the shed door. Sunlight spills in. He reaches for a pick-axe and shovel.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A small one-room, one window rustic shack with only a chair, kerosene lamp, sagging shelves and a sleeping bag on top of a cot.

A small table littered with hunting gear is under a topographical map tacked to a wall that's covered with a multitude of handwritten notes, newspaper clippings and candid zoom photos of Brandon, Mike, Lana, Sean, Larry, Douglas, Cleo, and Jimmy.

The Hunter tosses Douglas's gold chains on the table next to a purse, wallets, cell phones, a plastic bag of pills.

The Hunter moves to grab an arsenal of arrows, glances at the wall. Upset, he opens his gear pack, pulls a large hunting knife from its sheath and begins to sharpen it.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

At the spot where Douglas was killed: His body's gone, the torn net dangles from the trees above. There's signs of something bloody being dragged. Two steel traps are visible.

BRANDON

The hunter must've taken him...

Mike and Sean study the bloody drag marks. Lana looks away in disgust. Larry begins to poke a trap with his branch. Nothing happens.

BRANDON

(to Larry)

I wouldn't do that.

Larry hits the trap harder. Nothing. He kicks the side and it trips with a loud CLANG. They all jump, Larry the highest.

SEAN

You idiot.

Angry, Sean lunges towards Larry and trips a hidden wire.

A suspended log SWOOPS by out of nowhere, sideswipes him. Sean spins and falls face down. His branch trips another hidden trap near his head with a CLANG! Mike ducks away from the swinging log.

MIKE

Everyone stop!...Easy...

SEAN

(moans)

Shit.

The others carefully make their way to Sean sweeping the ground in front of them. Sean struggles to his feet in pain.

Brandon helps him up. Sean shakily massages his right hip and shoulder.

MIKE

No more screwing around. Be alert or dead.

BRANDON

(to Sean)

Nice going.

Sean glares at Larry who focuses on herbs and plants closely, pulls some up to sniff and chew.

LANA

Ugh, what're you doing?

LARRY

Herbs. Food.

Larry offers some to Lana as he continues to munch, she moves away from him.

Mike studies the map.

MIKE

Larry's got the right idea. We need food and water. We've got to get to this stream.

LANA

You can actually make sense of that thing?

MIKE

Ten years in the National Guard--

SEAN

So who was the guy in the trap?

BRANDON

Uh...he just showed up when I was hiding from the psycho. Said his name was Douglas.

Sean's head snaps up.

SEAN

Douglas what?

BRANDON

Who knows? Wore lots of bling...real sleaze-ball.

Sean looks at Brandon impassively.

LANA

What now?

SEAN

Head west.

Sean points towards the setting sun.

MIKE

Now wait a minute--

SEAN

We found the girl southeast from here.

BRANDON

North?

LARRY

No! Old dead man there--

MIKE

What old dead man?

Sean gives Larry a warning look. Larry focuses on the plant life.

SEAN

Larry and I found an old guy with his hand cut off by a trap.

Lana takes a sudden interest in the plants too.

MIKE

What else aren't you telling us?

SEAN
You attacked me, remember?

MIKE
Describe him.

SEAN
Distinguished, elderly, expensive
suit---

BRANDON
Did you check for I.D.? Did you
recognize him?

Larry looks up, locks eyes with Sean briefly.

SEAN
Like me, his pockets were empty--

MIKE
Mine too.

LANA
My purse--

BRANDON
Fucker stole my wallet and my
phone.

MIKE
(to Sean)
Can you lead us back there?

LANA
What's the point? The hunter
probably dragged him off too.

MIKE
We don't know that--

SEAN
Lana's right. Bet if we went back
now, the girl's body'd be gone too.
We need to keep moving.

Sean glances at the Rolex. Lana notices it, but glances
away.

SEAN
It's after 3 p.m. It'll be dark in
a few hours.

LARRY
Why hunter take bodies?

BRANDON
(smirks)
He's probably a cannibal.

Larry looks around nervously.

MIKE
That's three dead...

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Behind the cabin, the Hunter frantically shovels soil/dirt into a large hole (a massive grave). Inside the grave: the bodies of Cleo, Jimmy and Douglas.

INT. CABIN - DAY

On the table are two wrapped packs of \$100 bills next to a duffle bag stuffed with \$100 packets.

The Hunter unwraps one packet of \$100 bills. He jams the loose bills into the pockets of a hunting jacket draped over the back of the chair. The other \$100 packet he puts in a metal trash can, covers it with trash.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mike still carrying his empty briefcase leads the survivors west in single file: Lana, Brandon and Larry with Sean limping in the rear.

Larry hurries to catch up to Mike.

LARRY
(to Mike)
You forget dead girl?

MIKE
What're you talking about?

LARRY
She actress. Audition for you.

MIKE
I meet dozens of wannabee starlets every day...You said you didn't know her.

LARRY
 Look different dead...She my
 tenant. Had roommate. You know
 her too--

MIKE
 (threatening)
 What'd I just say to you?

LARRY
 I mind own business.

Larry slows his pace, drops behind Mike.

Sean catches up to Lana.

SEAN
 Aren't you a model, an actress or
 something?

LANA
 Yeah, something...

SEAN
 I know some people that'd be really
 interested in a beautiful woman
 like yourself--

LANA
 Unbelievable! We've been abducted,
 are being hunted by some lunatic
 and you're hitting on me?!

SEAN
 Hey, natural instinct. I'm a man,
 you're a woman, we're in the woods--

LANA
 Keep thinking with your dick and
 see how long you survive.

Lana walks faster to get away from Sean who's baffled by her
 anger. Brandon catches up to him.

BRANDON
 Real smooth, *Elroy*.

SEAN
 Huh?

BRANDON
 You're that kid actor from that
 television show...so '80s--

SEAN

Ran for four seasons--

BRANDON

(laughs)

Right, how could I forget? Didn't quite make the syndication quota did it? Didn't you just do an infomercial for cooking pans?

Lana turns around, gives them a dirty look.

Sean stops, a look of defeat on his face. Brandon walks ahead. Sean shakes himself out of it.

O.S. The soft sound of FLOWING WATER.

LANA

Don't tell me you can't hear that.

MIKE

This way.

EXT. FOREST - POND - DAY

As they reach a small pond with a stream running into it. Lana takes the map out.

LANA

We made it!

SPLASHES in the water. Larry's already shirtless, washing up in the stream, drinking. He washes the dried blood from his hand.

LANA

He's got the right idea.

Mike sits on his briefcase to study the map. Lana joins Larry, Brandon follows.

Sean shrugs and stiffly joins them. He removes his shirt revealing a badly scraped, already bruising shoulder, applies cool water. Lana gives his physique an appraising look.

MIKE

I guess if we follow the stream, we should get to the structure ...whatever it is.

SEAN

Worth taking the chance?

MIKE

We don't have much choice. It'll
be dark soon.

(to Lana)

Don't drink too much, might not be
safe.

Lana pauses.

LANA

How do you know?

Mike opens his mouth to respond--

SEAN

Water's running clear, should be
okay...Right? Mr. National Guard?

MIKE

(disgusted)

Drink at your own risk.

Sean resumes drinking.

LARRY

We have something same...

Larry holds out his hand, palm up, fingers splayed.

LARRY

All have cut.

The others look at Larry's small cut on his pointer finger of
his right hand. They look at the small cut on their own
fingers.

LANA

God, what does it mean?

SEAN

Blood sample?

MIKE

Could be...

Brandon begins to pitch small rocks into the pond.

LANA

Three dead bodies. No one knows
who they are--

MIKE

Larry says the girl was one of his
tenants.

They all look at Larry, he takes a step back, uncertain.

SEAN

Let's keep going, we'll talk later--

MIKE

I don't take orders from you--

SEAN

You going to lug that empty
briefcase all over?

LANA

What's wrong with you two? Let's
take a break here. I'm exhausted
and starving.

SEAN

(flirtatious)

Whatever the lady wants--

MIKE

We'll rest for 15 minutes. We need
weapons anyway.

SEAN

I'm having enough trouble moving
without picking up sticks.

LANA

(to Larry)

You know about plants, go scrounge
for food.

LARRY

(scared)

By self?

MIKE

(to Sean)

Go with him--

SEAN

Say "please".

Mike glares at Sean. Sean shrugs and whips out his cell
phone, holds it up for a signal.

BRANDON

Hey! Where'd you get that?!

SEAN

The Hunter didn't search my boot.

LANA

Any luck?

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN

Been trying since I came to.

BRANDON

We must be pretty far away not to pick up any signal.

Sean pulls Larry towards the brush as he continues to hold up the cell phone.

MIKE

(to Brandon)

Help us with the weapons.

Brandon continues to pitch the rocks.

MIKE

Son, I'm talking to you.

Brandon pitches hard and fast, sulkily turns to face Mike, then begins gathering rocks while Lana and Mike examine and discard fallen tree branches as weapons.

Soon, a small arsenal of weapons compiled: branch clubs, sharp pointed branch-like spears. Brandon's got a pile of rocks.

LANA

(to Brandon)

What're those for?

Brandon demonstrates: A rock whizzes and SMACKS a tree trunk 10 feet away.

LANA

Hey, you're pretty good. Still on the team?

BRANDON

You're definitely Mike's type.

LANA

Kid, you don't know shit about me--

BRANDON

If I recall you like things easy, but you'll do whatever it takes.

LANA
What's that supposed to mean?

BRANDON
Just like my mom.

Lana turns away in disgust.

BRANDON
Tell me I'm wrong.

LANA
This is what I get for trying to
make conversation.

Brandon hurls a rock hard against a tree 15 feet away. It
takes a chunk out. He heads off.

MIKE (O.S.)
Where are you going?

Brandon ignores him, Mike starts to follow Brandon, Lana
pulls Mike back.

LANA
Let him be.

Mike anxiously looks after the retreating Brandon.

MIKE
Don't wander far, Brandon!
...Brandon!

LANA
Give the kid a break. We're in a
hell of a mess here...

EXT. FOREST - POND - LATER

Hidden by bushes from Lana and Mike, Brandon silently reads
the two torn pages.

BEGIN BRANDON'S FLASHBACK

INT. CASTING OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

JOSIE DAHL (stunning Caucasian Blonde, 19) sits next to Cleo
surrounded by various other Young Women for the audition.

As Tony walks away, Josie and Brandon share smiles.

INT. TRENDY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Brandon and Josie bump and grind their hips against one another to LOUD POUNDING MUSIC.

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - SUNSET (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Brandon and Josie kiss, then he takes a picture of her with her cell phone in front of a Los Angeles landscape.

END FLASHBACKS

INT. CABIN - DAY

The Hunter sits at the table. He focuses on photos of teenaged Josie:

- Josie at sunset, scenic overlook of a Los Angeles landscape
- Josie frolicking in a bikini on the beach
- Josie and Cleo on the Hollywood star sidewalk in front of Hollywood's Chinese Theatre

On the table is the pink diary and a metal lock box with envelopes and printed e-mails.

The Hunter opens an e-mail and reads:

JOSIE (V.O.)
My agent, Douglas, got me a new job dancing today. I'm so excited! It's so glamorous, something I've always dreamed about...

He opens the diary, reads:

JOSIE (V.O.)
If I close my eyes and take the pills that Douglas gave me, I can pretend I'm somewhere else...

BEGIN HUNTER'S HALLUCINATION

INT. SEEDY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

JOSIE (V.O.)
I just try to dance to the music with my eyes closed so I don't see the faces of the men...

Josie does a dazed bump and grind in a barely-there bikini on stage. In the front row, Larry bug-eyed watches her perform. Next to him is the Hunter in his camouflage-gear looking pained and teary-eyed. He looks away from Josie.

In the background, Douglas nods in approval.

Josie now on her hands and knees on stage does a drugged crawl towards the Hunter and Larry in the front row. The Hunter squeezes his eyes shut and groans.

INT. CABIN - DAY (HALLUCINATION CONTINUED)

A little girl's hands gently caresses the Hunter's grease-painted face.

His eyes fly open: Little Josie (in her hunting clothes) climbs onto the Hunter's lap.

HUNTER

My little Jo has come back to me.

He pulls her into a tight hug, tears in his eyes.

HUNTER

They're coming like I promised.

Little Josie morphs into the bikini-clad stripper Josie.

The Hunter jumps up as he pushes her away.

HUNTER

(yells)

You're not my Jo! Get out! You're no longer my daughter!

The chair topples and hits the floor with a BANG.

END HALLUCINATION

INT. CABIN - DAY

The Hunter is jolted back to reality, his chair overturned. He looks around wildly, grabs his weapons and bolts from the cabin.

EXT. CABIN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

He jumps into the Jeep and drives off.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Following the stream, Larry continues to fill his shirt with herbs and berries. He munches on them. Sean looks disgusted. Larry offers him some, Sean tries them warily.

Sean gags, spits them out.

SEAN
Gawd! That tastes like shit--

LARRY
Good, healthy.

Larry slyly watches Sean.

LARRY
You know dead girl. I see you visit.

SEAN
(threatening)
You've got me mixed up with someone else.

LARRY
I mind own business.

Sean pulls four torn pages from his pocket. Sorts through them, picks one.

SEAN
"Everytime I hear the sound of Mr. Wong's keys I know something bad is about to happen. He's always staring at me."

Larry makes a grab for the page, but he's no match for Sean. Larry lets out a panicked YELL at the rustle of leaves.

EXT. FOREST - DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Hunter drives his Jeep, suddenly stops at the sound of Larry's YELL. He gets out of the Jeep with his gear.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sean whirls around, ready to attack.

SEAN
What?!

LARRY
(nervous)
Hear noise--

Larry flinches, Sean dives to the ground as a flock of birds ERUPT from the bushes. Sean gets up sheepishly, Larry smirks at him.

SEAN
You'll have the hunter down our necks.

Larry reaches for more berries.

LARRY
You take two papers, one from old man. What say?

SEAN
None of your business--

LARRY
You steal old man's watch. Maybe you steal briefcase papers too--

Sean grabs Larry by the throat.

SEAN
You didn't see jackshit.

Sean releases Larry, who lurches back, rubs his throat.

LARRY
I mind own business.

He backs away from Sean.

FURTHER INTO THE BUSHES:

The Hunter watches them and slinks away. He moves silently to a tree and begins to scale it using "sky hooks" (detachable tree steps) to a hidden platform above.

BELOW - NEARBY:

Sean holds up his phone again trying for a signal.

LARRY
You say you not know dead girl, but you visit her, she leave with you.

SEAN
Again?!

LARRY

Give me back paper, I not tell
others--

Sean shoves Larry hard up against a tree trunk. Larry drops his shirt. The "food" spills out.

SEAN

You don't understand English?

LARRY

I mind own business--

SEAN

I don't want to hear any more shit
from you...I'm going back to the
others.

Larry squats to gather up the spilled "food" around him as he watches Sean disappear in the foliage.

Larry gets up, snags his keys on a "sky hook". He untangles his keys and re-hooks them to his belt loop, looks up: the sky hooks lead up to a platform.

LARRY

Eh?

FROM THE PLATFORM:

The Hunter's P.O.V.: Larry's keys JANGLE as he clumsily climbs up about 12 feet, clears most of the branches, he's almost at the platform. There's movement beneath him, Larry looks down but sees nothing.

JOSIE (V.O.)

Every time I hear the sound of Mr.
Wong's keys I know something bad is
about to happen. He's always
staring at me...

Loose leaves drift down on Larry as he finally reaches the platform and

Stares into the camouflaged face of the Hunter aiming the crossbow at him.

Terrified, Larry slips, slams into branches as he plummets. The Hunter scrambles agilely down the sky hooks after him.

Larry's head bounces off a rock in the stream with a sickening CRUNCH, lands face down in the water.

Larry sluggishly raises his head from the stream, but the Hunter shoves Larry's head under with his boot, holds it there. Larry thrashes helplessly.

JOSIE (V.O.)

After Cleo skipped on me, Mr. Wong kicked me out although I was only one week late with the rent...

BEGIN HUNTER'S DAYDREAM

EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT - DAY

JOSIE (V.O.)

I think he's afraid I'd tell his wife about his visits to the strip club. Douglas says I can earn extra money at his parties...

Josie struggles with her two pink suitcases and other belongings in plastic trash bags as she leaves under Larry's stern gaze. In the background, MRS. WONG (45, stout, hard faced) looks satisfied.

END DAYDREAM

EXT. FOREST - POND - STREAM - DAY

Lana and Mike with branches sharpened into spears find Brandon.

His pockets bulging with rocks, resumes rock throwing.

MIKE

(to Brandon)

Have you seen Sean and Larry?

BRANDON

(sulky)

No.

Lana stares at the pond water.

LANA

Isn't that Larry's?

Lana points at the water, Brandon and Mike spot Larry's shirt floating by.

MIKE

This way!

Grabbing what weapons they can carry, they hurriedly follow the stream to:

Sean standing beside the unmoving Larry with his head under water.

Mike shoves Sean aside, drags Larry out. A big gash on Larry's head.

MIKE
(to Sean)
What the hell's the matter with you?!

Mike checks Larry's vital signs. Brandon keeps an eye on the dense bushes.

LANA
(to Sean)
What happened?!

SEAN
Found him lying in the water--

LANA
Why the hell didn't you pull him out?

Mike gives up on Larry.

SEAN
Got here a second before you did.
(looks up into the tree)
The fool must've fallen. He was climbing--

An arrow barely misses Sean!

Pandemonium: The four scramble across the stream as another arrow flies by.

Brandon looks up frantically in the trees for the source of the attack:

The camouflaged face of the Hunter, his armed crossbow pointed at them.

Lana slips, goes down hard on rocks, wrenches her knee. Sean and Mike continue to cross unaware of Lana's injury. Brandon rushes back to Lana's aid.

BRANDON
Wait!

Sean and Mike, almost at the embankment, turn around.

As he tries to support Lana, an arrow slices a chunk of flesh out of Brandon's left hand.

Another arrow takes the skin off Mike's shoulder as he rushes back to help them. Sean escapes into the brush.

MIKE

Sean!

BRANDON

Asshole!

Mike and Brandon struggle to help Lana despite their own injuries. They help her to the safety of the woods as more arrows whiz by.

EXT. FOREST - STREAM - DAY

The four cautiously follow the stream behind bushes until they reach a shallower area. The stream veers off.

Mike signals a stop, takes out the map. The others nervously search the area for traps, signs of the Hunter.

MIKE

The stream's turning south. We need to be on the other side. The water's shallower here. Let's cross.

Mike leads them across the knee-deep stream with the briefcase held above his head to protect it.

Suddenly, Mike YELLS as he goes face down into the water with a splash. His briefcase is carried off by the current.

Lana and Brandon lunge forward to help.

BRANDON

Dad!

Mike struggles to free himself from something underwater.

SEAN

What is it?

MIKE

Don't move!

The others freeze. Mike reaches down, his hand comes away bloody. Sunlight flashes against metal in the flowing water.

MIKE
Barbed wire!

Panicked, the others strain to see under the water around them as Mike pulls up some concertina wire.

Lana and Brandon help Mike to his feet.

They make it to the other side. Mike sinks to the ground, examines his ankle--it's torn ragged by the wire. Blood gushes. He strips off his shirt, rips off a sleeve for a bandage.

Lana and Brandon support Mike, they start off again with Sean leading the way.

HIDDEN OFF IN THE BRUSH:

The Hunter tracks his wounded prey in the scope's cross-hair, but doesn't shoot.

LITTLE JOSIE
They're getting away!

He lowers his crossbow and looks at Little Josie.

THE HUNTER
I want them to know...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DUSK

The four peer through the bushes at the cabin, talk in whispers.

MIKE
I say we take a chance. I'll go first--

SEAN
Whatever you say, boss-man.

BRANDON
Dad--

MIKE
Not now, Brandon. If anything happens, run--

SEAN
You got that right.

BRANDON

Yeah, run like the coward you are--

SEAN

Listen you little punk--

MIKE

(hisses)

Shut up, both of you...

Mike warily approaches the cabin. The others stay hidden. There are tire tracks outside the cabin, but no vehicle.

Lana and Brandon tense. Sean prepares to run, takes two steps back as Mike SNAPS a twig underfoot. Mike freezes. Then creeps up to the small window and peers into the cabin.

INT. CABIN - DAY

A heavy-set MAN dressed in a hunter's jacket, face painted with camouflage grease paint studies the dossier wall as he rubs his wrists. An empty crossbow is on the cot across the room.

The door swings open with a BANG. Mike charges in, tackles the Man who deftly sends Mike crashing head first into a wall.

A battle royal ensues in the small cabin:

The Man is immediately on Mike when suddenly Lana, favoring her injured knee, clubs the Man from behind with her branch.

He releases Mike just in time to spin away from Lana as she awkwardly swings the branch again, loses her balance and lands on her ass.

Brandon tackles the Man from behind, they go down hard. Dozens of loose \$100 bills spin into the air from the Man's jacket pockets.

Sean scrambles for the bills, shoves them into his own pockets while dodging Brandon and the Man grappling. Mike jumps into the fray.

LANA

(to Sean)

Do something!

Sean stuffs several more bills into his pocket as Mike and the Man roll into him and Sean tumbles with them. Brandon weighs in with some kicks, misses the Man.

SEAN

OOWWW! Not me, you little shit!

Sean crawls away from the skirmish. The Man scrambles to his feet.

Lana's hard right hook connects with the Man's jaw. More \$100 bills fly from his pockets. The Man's out cold.

Mike and Sean scramble for the money until Mike shoves Sean away. The two wrestle clumsily.

LANA

What are you two doing?! Stop it!

MIKE

It's mine!

SEAN

Like hell!

The two men square off. Brandon stares down at the unconscious Man and savagely kicks him.

BRANDON

Murdering motherfucker!

LANA

He's the only one who can lead us out of here!

Mike finally yanks Brandon away. Sean picks up the cross bow from the cot: it's broken.

MIKE

She's right, son.

The four stare down at the unconscious Man as they catch their breaths.

SEAN

Tie him up before he comes to.

The men use their belts to bind the Man's hands and feet.

Mike frisks the Man, pockets the rest of the \$100s.

Brandon glances around the room to the wall shelf.

BRANDON

Hey!

He rushes over: bag of pills, wallets, purse, cell phones lie in a heap. He grabs his wallet and phone.

Sean snags Douglas's pill bag, shoves it in his pocket before anyone can react.

Mike and Lana grab their possessions, search through them.

All four pace the cabin futilely with their cell phones for a signal.

Mike scrutinizes the wallet I.D.s of Larry, Cleo and Douglas. He tries their cell phones.

Lana finds Jimmy's wallet stuffed with cash, platinum charge cards. She slips it into her purse.

Rummaging further, she brings out a compact and eyes herself critically in the mirror. Combing her hair, applies lipstick.

The unconscious Man's shirt is torn open from the fight, Douglas's gold chains are visible. Sean fingers them.

Lana grabs a rag.

LANA

Let's see who this bastard is...

She savagely scrubs the camouflage grease paint from the Man's face.

MIKE

Never seen him before.

Brandon and Sean shake their heads.

LANA

Oh, gawd! He's been following me around!

BEGIN LANA'S FLASHBACK

EXT. SHOE STORE - SIDEWALK - DAY

The Man lingers, his face partially hidden by a baseball cap, a camera hangs from his neck.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CABIN - DAY

The Man groans, they back away from him.

The Man looks up groggily at the dirty, angry faces surrounding him.

SEAN
Who are you?!

MIKE
Why've you brought us here?!

LANA
Why are you killing us?!

BRANDON
You better talk, you psycho piece
of shit!

Brandon kicks the Man hard, the Man grunts in pain as Mike pulls Brandon away.

MAN
(to Lana)
Where's James Pierce?

LANA
What?

MAN
You heard me. Where is he--

LANA
You kidnapped him too! You killed
him!

MAN
Name's Jeff Colt. I'm a P.I. hired
by James Pierce's family to watch
her--

The men look at Lana.

LANA
Lying bastard!

Lana kicks out at the Man, now known as Jeff, but Sean swings her away.

JEFF
The old man's got a thing for young
women. He's been engaged to
several this past year. Lana's his
latest.

LANA
(to Sean, Brandon, Mike)
You're not believing his bullshit?!

Lana breaks free from Sean, punches Jeff hard again. Sean restrains her.

JEFF
I was following her and Pierce when I saw someone following them.

LANA
He's lying!

Lana stares at Jeff as she anxiously twists her diamond ring.

JEFF
I tried to intervene and next thing I awake tied up in a shed.

SEAN
The old man Larry and I found was missing a hand...maybe he was James Pierce--

LANA
Oh, no! James, it can't be!

She throws herself dramatically into Mike's arms.

JEFF
Save your fuckin' theatrics--

Lana gives Jeff a killer kick, he grunts in pain. Sean pulls her back, she shoves him away.

JEFF
Got a needle jabbed in my neck. Wake up again, but in this cabin wearing this getup, money stuffed in the pockets. Then you bozos attack me--

MIKE
Tell me about the briefcase...and the money.

JEFF
I know nothing about a briefcase--

MIKE
Where's the rest?

JEFF
Only what's in my pockets--

SEAN
(smirks)
Contracts?

Mike glares at Sean.

JEFF
You four don't know what the hell's
going on either, do you?

LANA
But you do!

Lana launches herself at Jeff again, punches him repeatedly until Mike pulls her off and she struggles against him.

SEAN
He's not lying about a needle.

Sean pulls Douglas's gold chains away from Jeff's neck and they see three small puncture marks from a hypodermic needle.

SEAN
We need to check each other out.

Jeff watches as Lana checks Mike, and Brandon and Sean check each other. They've all got marks.

Brandon grabs Jeff's bound hands to examine them, Jeff yanks them back.

BRANDON
He doesn't have any cuts either.

Jeff looks at his hands.

JEFF
What cuts?

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

By lantern light: Jeff, his face with only a trace of camouflage grease, sits on the floor. His hands now bound by rope in front of him. He warily watches the others.

Lana finishes bandaging Brandon's hand with a small first aid kit. Mike's ankle and shoulder are already bandaged. Empty food cans and water bottles are scattered around.

Sean studies the dossier wall of articles, notes the red "X'd" photos of Cleo, Douglas and James. Larry's photo hasn't been X'd yet. Lana and Brandon join him.

Mike begins an extensive search (for his missing cash) while Lana and Brandon fixate on the dossier wall. Sean moves to the window and looks out, then glances over at Mike's rampant search.

SEAN
(to Mike)
Hey, leader man, still looking for your papers?

MIKE
(reluctant)
Was on my way to the bank for a deposit when I was jumped.

SEAN
How much money?

Mike continues his search. Sean looks back out the window, then turns to Lana.

SEAN
How'd you get here?

Lana twists her diamond ring nervously, handcuff dangling from the wrist.

LANA
James and I were going to dinner when we were jumped--

Sean reaches for her handcuff, Lana pulls away.

LANA
I told you. Found myself handcuffed to a tree branch when I came to...broke the branch to escape.

Brandon still stares at the dossier wall.

Jeff looks at the wall too.

JEFF
That girl must be at the center of all this.

LANA
What girl?

JEFF

The news article of the blonde to
your right...

Brandon and Lana move over to look.

Brandon stares at the photo mutely. It's a picture of Josie
Dahl.

INSERT ARTICLE: "*Pregnant Starlet Jumps from scenic lookout
point.*"

LANA

She looks familiar...

Mike and Sean check out the article and grainy photo. Sean
shrugs indifferently.

MIKE

I offered her the part of Marilyn
in "The Mutation".

JEFF

(to Sean and Brandon)

What about the male escort and the
jock?

BRANDON

Shut your lip--

MIKE

Brandon, if you know something,
let's hear it.

BRANDON

I told you, Cleo was at the
audition. The blonde was there
with her.

MIKE

(to Sean)

What about you?

Sean points to the X'd photo of Douglas Bishop.

SEAN

He is...was an agent. Josie Dahl's
agent...

BRANDON

He was the guy in the net with me.
Got killed by the trap.

Sean pulls out the four torn diary pages from his pocket. Jeff straightens in interest.

SEAN

I think these might explain more.

MIKE

What the hell are those?

Sean selects one.

SEAN

"Sean invited me and Cleo to a party. He said I'd meet important people to help my career, but I spent the whole night getting groped..."

BEGIN SEAN'S FLASHBACK

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A crowded, wild party: everyone's drunk, stoned or both. Josie and Cleo heavily made-up in skin-tight short dresses, plunging necklines enter as Sean grabs Cleo from behind and leads them into the crowd.

Josie is just one of many pretty Young Women entertaining Older Men in the room.

Sean watches James "Jimmy" Pierce grope a struggling Josie, she escapes him.

Sean takes Josie aside, signals across the room to Douglas.

SEAN

(to Josie)

Relax. We're all friends here.

Douglas comes over and squeezes Josie's arm hard enough to hurt.

DOUGLAS

Show some gratitude. I get you a job dancing and what do you do? *Bitch*. I let you stay with me when you get evicted, you bitch again. I get you invited to this hot party to meet important men, earn some good money...All I get is more bitching.

SEAN

He's right. These men can be helpful to your career. Be nice to them.

DOUGLAS

I know this is all new to you. It's a party. Have fun. Get with the program.

Sean pulls a packet of pills from Douglas's shirt pocket.

SEAN

Here try one of these, they'll relax you.

Josie shrinks away. Sean grabs her hand and drops in two pills. He leads her off towards an eagerly waiting Jimmy.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Mike grabs the page from Sean to read.

Sean pulls out another page.

SEAN

I found one by James Pierce's body.

Sean looks at Lana meaningfully as he hands her one of the diary pages. Lana hesitates.

SEAN

You must be the jealous "bitch" she's referring to.

Lana glares at Sean as she grabs the page.

LANA

"Today I got fired because some bitch complained to my boss that I was rude to her. But I wasn't! It's really because her geezer sugar daddy flirted with me--the same horrible old man from that party--"

BEGIN LANA'S FLASHBACK

INT./EXT. SHOE STORE - DAY

Lana enters the shoe store accompanied by Jimmy. She browses the displays as Jimmy's attention is drawn to Josie and Cleo.

Salesgirl Josie argues loudly with Cleo over the pair of crystal-beaded shoes.

JOSIE

I thought you were my friend! I could be fired for this--

CLEO

I *am* your friend, Josie. I'll pay you the \$200 later. Don't you trust me?

JOSIE

You already owe me for the rent!

The store manager, RICHARD (Caucasian male, 52), steps from the back room, sees Cleo grab the shoes and almost run into Lana as she exits the store.

Lana glares at Cleo as she pushes by, but Jimmy gives Cleo an appraising look.

OUTSIDE SHOP WINDOW, ON THE SIDEWALK:

Jeff lingers, his face unrecognizable under a low slung baseball cap. A camera hangs from his neck.

INSIDE:

Jimmy strolls over to the counter, his eyes undressing Josie as he approaches.

Lana continues to eye the shoe displays until she sees Jimmy talking to Josie.

Lana storms over to the counter and slides her arm possessively through Jimmy's, gives him a kiss on the cheek. But his attention remains on Josie.

LANA

(to Josie)

The girl who almost knocked me down rushing out of here...Friend of yours?

(to Richard who lingers

near by)

I need a 7-1/2 medium in those shoes she had.

RICHARD

Please have a seat, madam.

Josie looks worried. As Richard ducks into the back room, Lana impatiently taps her left hand on the counter. Josie stares at the huge diamond ring on Lana's ring finger.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Lana twists her diamond ring nervously.

Sean holds out another torn diary page.

SEAN

This one's Larry's. Turns out ol' "I mind own business" Larry was a real perv...liked to peep in on his female tenants and was a regular at the bump and grind clubs.

Mike grabs the page and scans it silently, passes it to Brandon who reads it before giving it to Lana.

MIKE

Larry said Cleo had a roommate...It might be this girl, Josie...We never found a page by Cleo's body--

SEAN

Check out the back.

The others examine the blood-written "RUN" on the back of the pages. Lana holds up her hand with the small cut.

LANA

Written in our own blood.

JEFF

Hey, let me see--

SEAN

Shut up.

JEFF

So you're all here because you've wronged this girl in some way, lead to her suicide--

MIKE

I never got one of these pages. Brandon?

BRANDON
(stepping back)

No.

Lana pulls the page from inside her dress pocket, hands it to Mike.

LANA
I found it by you.

MIKE
You took this while I was unconscious?!

LANA
Read it.

MIKE
"During my audition, Mr. Richardson told me I was perfect for the part, that I might as well quit my other jobs. So I told Douglas I wouldn't be dancing or going to those parties anymore. He was so angry with me. I can't believe Mr. Richardson gave the part to Cleo..." I didn't! I called Josie, offered her the part. She said no, something about a conflicting shooting schedule.

BRANDON
I told you both of them were at the audition--

SEAN
Yeah, yeah right...you and the jock are innocent--

MIKE
What else are you keeping from us?

Sean shrugs with a grin, Mike's frown deepens.

LANA
You mean we're getting killed because some little bimbo couldn't take the heat in Hollywood and now some sicko is out to avenge her?

JEFF
Which one of you studs got her pregnant?

MIKE

What're you talking about?

JEFF

The usual suspects: an unscrupulous producer, a sleazy drug-dealing agent, a peeper landlord, the pimp actor, the producer's jock son--

BRANDON

Shut up!

Sean strolls back over to the window to keep a look out as he talks.

SEAN

Looks like you're the link, Mike--

MIKE

The hell I am--

SEAN

Both girls auditioned for you. Both you and your son are grabbed--

MIKE

You're full of shit! How'd you end up with my briefcase--

LANA

I'm getting sick of all this testosterone! How'd you get here, Brandon?

BRANDON

Uh...pulled into a parking lot on the Strip when someone bumped my car. Got zapped with a stun gun when I got out to check.

SEAN

Same thing happened to me...

BEGIN SEAN'S FLASHBACK

EXT. NATURE PARK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sean pulls up in his car, gets out and walks over to Douglas's parked car--it's empty.

The only other vehicle in the lot is an old VW van.

Sean looks around then drops when he's stunned by a taser. The Hunter plunges a syringe into Sean's neck and drags him into the VW van.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Mike paces in front of the dossier wall.

MIKE

I'd just finished a business meeting when someone jumped me from behind on my way to my car. Whoever jumped me stole my briefcase--

Mike glares at Jeff, then at Sean.

SEAN

Maybe we're all here because you stole money from the hunter.

(to Jeff)

Did he? Is that what this is all about?

Mike is suddenly in Sean's face and they're on the brink of another fight.

LANA

(weary)

Will you alpha males give it a rest?

Mike and Sean ease back reluctantly. Mike turns his attention to Jeff.

MIKE

You're going to tell me what you did with the rest of my money--

JEFF

I told you, I don't--

Mike back hands him, hard. Jeff spits blood.

BRANDON

Mike, take it easy--

MIKE

Not now, Brandon.

Brandon backs off from Mike's murderous look.

MIKE

(to Jeff)

We haven't gotten shot at since we took you hostage. What does that tell you?

JEFF

(to Sean)

I'm telling you, I'm a P.I.--

Mike kicks Jeff hard.

LANA

Don't kill him until he's told us where we are and how to get back--

Mike kicks him again. CRACK! One of Jeff's ribs give.

MIKE

You heard the lady. Where are we?

Jeff curls into a ball with a groan and Mike kicks him again in the back.

SEAN

Better tell him.

JEFF

The map--on the wall--

Mike tears it free and shoves it in front of Jeff's swollen, bleeding face.

MIKE

Tell us!

JEFF

I think that red mark is this cabin...If it is, then there're two trails out of here...

Lana, Sean and Brandon gather closer.

SEAN

They both lead to what looks like a main road...

BRANDON

Either way, we're only about 15 miles from the road...

MIKE

It's worth a try. We'll head out at first light. You all get some rest.

SEAN

How do you know this guy's telling the truth?

MIKE

Ol' "Jeff the P.I." and I are going to have a little talk in the shed.

Mike yanks Jeff to his feet, shoves him towards the door, a sharpened branch at his neck.

MIKE

Try to run and I'll kill you on the spot.

JEFF

You've got the wrong guy!

BRANDON

Are you sure--

MIKE

Stay out of this.

JEFF

That sicko's still out there!

Sean looks out the window again.

SEAN

We've got to come up with a back-up plan just in case--

MIKE

Do whatever the hell you want.

Mike shoves Jeff out the door. Brandon follows with a lantern.

INT. SHED - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Mike throws Jeff into the shed onto the floor. He lands hard with a groan.

MIKE

Just leave the lantern, Brandon.

Brandon obeys, backs out of the shed. Mike closes the door.

EXT. SHED - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Brandon stares at the shed door for a beat.

MIKE (O.S.)

You're going to tell me why we're
here and what you did with my
money.

The sounds of blows, slaps and moans filter from the shed into the quiet night. Brandon listens outside the shed.

IN THE BUSHES:

A flash of reflection of the moon on glass. The Hunter watches the cabin with night vision goggles. He creeps closer to listen.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sean searches through the trash can, picks up a jagged aluminum can lid. He begins to sharpen the end of a branch.

SEAN

Oowww! Shit!

Blood drips from Sean's hand.

LANA

Let me take a look at that.

Sean kicks angrily at the trash can. It tips over spilling a packet of \$100 bills. Lana's eyes nearly bug out of her head.

SEAN

Guess ol' Mike didn't look hard
enough.

Lana and Sean sift quickly through the trash on the floor. There's no more money.

LANA

That's a \$10,000 packet! If Mike's
briefcase was full...

SEAN

Let's keep this to ourselves.
Finders' keepers.

LANA

We'll split it--

SEAN
You get 30%--

LANA
50-50.

Brandon enters the cabin, Sean turns away stuffing the money in his pocket.

BRANDON
What're you two up to?

Lana cleans up the spilled trash.

SEAN
Was trying to find something to sharpen the branches with...cut my hand.

Lana shakes her head, then gets the first aid kit to attend Sean.

BRANDON
I can do that.

Brandon picks up a can lid carefully, wraps the side he holds with a rag and begins sharpening branches. Behind his back, Sean and Lana share meaningful looks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Brandon's sprawled out on a sleeping bag on the floor, he plays distractedly with the gold lighter--flips open the lid and closes it repeatedly with a CLICK.

BEGIN BRANDON'S FLASHBACK

INT. CASTING OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Tony flips open the lid of the same gold lighter repeatedly with a CLICK, his eyes on Cleo and Josie.

Tony and Brandon watch Cleo as she undoes the top button of Josie's blouse to reveal cleavage and the heart pendant.

Josie studies her sides intently while Cleo sizes up her competition.

TONY
 (to Brandon, eyes on the
 girls)
 Attitude. You need something to
 make you look good, make you *feel*
 confident.

Tony continues to click his lighter.

TONY
 You need attitude. A *fuck you*
 attitude...

Tony swaggers over to the girls, Brandon follows. Tony
 ignores the NO SMOKING sign, lights up a cigarette.

TONY
 Be nice to my man, Brandon here,
 and his dad'll give you a part.

Josie looks at Brandon. Cleo's smile grows.

CLEO
 Mike Richardson, the producer, is
 your dad?

MIKE (O.S.)
 Brandon. In my office. Now.

Brandon hurries over to Mike who stands outside his office
 door.

MIKE
 (to Tony, nods at the
 sign)
 Can't you read?

Tony shrugs, grinds the cigarette into a planter. Mike turns
 into his office. Brandon and Tony follow.

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Mike nods to Denise.

MIKE
 Denise, can you give us a moment?

DENISE
 Sure, Mike.

She steps out into the hallway.

MIKE
 (to Tony)
 You. Outside.

TONY
 (surprised but cool)
 Sure.

Brandon closes the door after Tony.

BRANDON
 Tony is here for the part--

MIKE
 Every douche bag you meet you
 promise a part--

BRANDON
 He's my friend--

MIKE
 Grow up! He's using you to get to
 me. I've got enough to worry about
 without your bullshit. No more
friends for parts. Go home.

BRANDON
 But--

MIKE
 Not now, Brandon.

BRANDON
 Okay, okay....Do you think I can
 get an advance on my allowance?

MIKE
 I paid you three months in advance
 already.

BRANDON
 I have expenses. I have to
 maintain my lifestyle--

MIKE
 Then get a fuckin' job and do
 something useful with your life for
 once. Now go home.

Mike pulls out his cell phone, dials as he walks back to his desk.

Brandon stares at Mike with unconcealed rage before exiting.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK CONTINUED)

Tony greets Brandon with a smug smile, drapes his arm around Brandon's shoulder.

TONY

You sure know how to handle your old man, *Brandy*. Maybe I'll see you around.

Tony swaggers away with a wink at Cleo and Josie. Cleo laughs.

Josie looks sympathetically at Brandon, he smiles shyly at her and holds up Tony's gold lighter, Josie laughs.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Brandon lies on a sleeping bag on the floor, continues to CLICK the lighter open and closed.

Lana on the cot, tries to sleep. She alternates between anxiously twisting her diamond ring to tugging the handcuff.

Sean's at the table, he copies the topographical map on the wall onto a flattened paper bag.

BRANDON

What're you doing?

SEAN

Making a second map.

BRANDON

What the hell for?

Sean tears his drawn map from the paper bag, stuffs it into his pocket. He flips out his cell phone, waves it above his head for a signal.

SEAN

Plan B. We should split up. First two to reach the road and help, sends the cavalry for the others.

BRANDON

Split up? We've got the guy. Mike said so--

SEAN

We don't know that.

Sean steps to the window to look out, but the only thing visible is what's revealed by the scant light from the window.

BRANDON
We're stronger together.

SEAN
Ever heard of shooting fish in a barrel?

BRANDON
Where'd you learn that? On *Elroy*?

SEAN
Kid, give the lighter a rest.

BRANDON
You promise not to take out your cell phone again...Don't you get it? There's no reception out here.

Sean puts the phone away.

SEAN
Satisfied?

LANA
We haven't heard anything from the shed in awhile...Why don't you check on them, Brandon?

BRANDON
No way, not when Mike's like this.

Brandon continues to "click" his lighter.

SEAN
Didn't know he had it in him.

Sean snatches the gold lighter.

BRANDON
Hey, give it back--

Brandon reaches for the lighter, Sean holds it away from him. Lana grabs the lighter away from Sean.

LANA
I'm keeping it.

BRANDON
That's mine--

The cabin door swings open, Mike steps in disheveled and sweaty. He's got blood splattered on his shirt. Lana hands the lighter back to Brandon, he pockets it.

BRANDON

Mike, you okay?

SEAN

Find your money?

Mike grabs a water bottle, drains it. The knuckles of his hands are red and bruised.

BRANDON

Mike?

MIKE

Not now, Brandon. I told you all to get some sleep. It's 11:20 p.m. We've got a long walk tomorrow. I'll take first watch. Then I'll wake Sean. Brandon you're next. Then Lana--

BRANDON

Does that mean the hunter's still out there?

MIKE

(to Sean)

I'll wake you in three hours.

Lana curls up on the cot, Brandon returns to the sleeping bag.

Sean sits at the table, facing away from everyone, he slyly pulls out the bag of pills and picks a couple, dry swallows with a smile. Finally lays his head on his folded arms.

Mike dims the lantern, sinks down to the floor in the corner, stares at his swollen, bruised knuckles.

BEGIN MIKE'S FLASHBACK

INT. JIMMY PIERCE'S OFFICE - DAY

A thuggish, armed BODYGUARD cracks his knuckles behind Mike who sits nervously across from Jimmy seated at a massive teak wood desk. A second Bodyguard stands behind Jimmy.

Mike's combination briefcase is open on Jimmy's desk: it's filled with stacked packets of \$100 bills.

MIKE

This is a great moment for both of us, Jimmy. "The Mutation" is guaranteed to be a hit--

JIMMY

For your sake, I hope so. Your last two films flopped.

MIKE

Well, we've yet to consider VOD, DVD sales--

JIMMY

I expect my money back within six months of the film's release plus 40% of the gross.

MIKE

Right. Thanks again for your patronage, Jimmy.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CABIN - DAWN

The cabin door opens a crack. Lana peeks out, looks around before she steps outside, Sean beside her. They scope the forest around the cabin as they talk in whispers.

LANA

Do you think the hunter told Mike where the rest of the money is?

SEAN

Only one way to find out: pretend to split up, but follow Mike.

LANA

I'm going to check on the prisoner.

Lana heads over to the shed twisting the handcuff at her wrist, Sean watches from the open cabin door.

BEGIN LANA'S FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Lana wakes confused, her diamond-ringed hand handcuffed to Jimmy's. She looks around her for her purse, finds a torn diary page with "RUN" in blood, a cut on her finger.

She reads the page panicked, discards it.

She futilely tries to revive Jimmy by slapping his face hard repeatedly.

LANA

(hisses)

Jimmy, you little prick! Wake up,
goddamned you!

She can't find his pulse.

Lana struggles with the handcuffs. She bashes it between rocks.

Lana spots an animal trap a few feet away and drags Jimmy to it. Lana's hands tremble as she carefully positions the handcuff in the trap. The links slip out repeatedly. She holds her breath, afraid the trap will spring.

O.S. Cleo's SCREAM echoes through the forest.

Frantic, Lana jerks the trap spring. The trap CRASHES down on Jimmy's wrist.

Jimmy jerks awake with an agonized SCREAM, clutches at Lana. She's horrified.

JIMMY

Lana!

Lana's even more determined, she yanks the handcuff as Jimmy claws at her. She jerks hard, his hand rips from his wrist. Jimmy's SCREAM dies as he clutches his heart in horror.

Jimmy's severed hand dangles from the handcuff. Lana flings it away in disgust before hauling ass.

END FLASHBACK

EXT./INT. SHED - DAWN

Lana opens the door, hesitantly peers inside at Jeff and jumps when Sean comes up behind her. She frowns, turns back to Jeff.

He's still bound, but lies at a strange angle. His face is swollen beyond recognition. Lana stares down at him, steps inside.

Lana timidly reaches for the Jeff's pulse.

MIKE (O.S.)
What're you two doing?

Lana jumps up and around.

SEAN
Just taking in some air.

MIKE
I asked, what're you doing?

LANA
Just checking on him.

Lana steps past Mike outside. Mike stares down at Jeff.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Sean finishes dividing up the remaining food, water and sharpened branch spears into two sets as Mike re-enters.

MIKE
What the hell are you doing?

SEAN
Plan B. We're splitting into two groups to reach the road and civilization.

BRANDON
Each pair takes a trail. Sean copied the map.

MIKE
I don't remember deciding this--

SEAN
We did when you were channeling the Spanish inquisition last night.
(to Lana)
It's you and me, doll. Brandon stays with his father.

MIKE
I don't like it--

Suddenly, an arrow SHATTERS through the glass window. It's on fire! They're all momentarily stunned before chaos erupts.

Sean leaps into action, quickly grabs the bed roll and beats out the flame while more fire arrows hit against the cabin walls outside. Smoke enters the broken window.

Another flame arrow flies through the broken window and plunges into the dossier wall. The photos and articles curl in the flames.

Mike tries to put out the fire, \$100 bills spill from his pockets onto the cabin floor. He scrambles for them.

LANA

Oh, gawd!

Brandon and Sean battle the flames. The blaze spreads fast.

SEAN

Time to bail, *amigos!*

Sean plunges out the door dragging Lana.

BRANDON

Wait!

Mike struggles to put out the flames. Another arrow hits.

Brandon's poised at the doorway as the cabin fills with smoke.

BRANDON

Dad, come on!

Mike manages to scoop up the last of the bills as Brandon pulls him safely out the door.

EXT. CABIN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Mike and Brandon scramble into the bushes as an arrow whizzes by them.

BRANDON

We got the wrong guy?!

MIKE

RUN!

They plunge deeper into the woods.

EXT. SHED - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The shed door kicks open. Jeff, bound hand and foot, painfully worms his way from the shed into the shrubs. He braces himself against a sharp rock edge and rubs the rope on his wrists against it.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sean and Lana catch their breaths by a tree.

SEAN
We can't lose track of Mike.

Sean pulls the last torn page from his pocket.

SEAN
Here. Thought you wouldn't want
this read in front of the others.

Lana grabs and reads.

LANA
There's nothing that's different
from the one for Jimmy.

SEAN
I found your page by his body--

LANA
Who cares? If we're partners, I
get half of the packet you have.
Now.

Sean takes out the packet, pulls half out from the point of a folded bill.

SEAN
Already counted. \$5,000 each.

A RUSTLE of leaves.

LANA
What was that?

They look around anxiously. An arrow WHOOSHES by. Sean shoves the map at Lana.

SEAN
I'll divert him! Follow the map to
Mike's trail!

Lana ducks behind some bushes.

Sean hurtles through the brush.

The Hunter barrels after him, his crossbow raised.

Sean throws one of the branch spears, the Hunter ducks just in time.

Sean crashes through the brush, the Hunter in close pursuit.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mike and Brandon hurry cautiously. Mike stops suddenly.

BRANDON

Mike?

MIKE

Go on! You've got the map.

BRANDON

No way--

MIKE

I'm going after the Hunter.

BRANDON

Are you nuts?! He's got arrows.
We've got sticks--

MIKE

I need that money--

BRANDON

What're you talking about--

MIKE

Just go!

BRANDON

Dad!

Mike plunges back from where they came. Brandon hesitates, then continues on his way.

BEGIN MIKE'S FLASHBACK

INT. JIMMY PIERCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy behind his desk, Mike in a seat in front.

JIMMY

You know what'll happen if you
don't pay on schedule.

MIKE

I'm a dead man--

JIMMY

Our Russian friends need you alive
to get their money back. On the
other hand, your son, Brandon...

The Bodyguard behind Mike cracks his knuckles.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

O.S. The Hunter moves cautiously through the bushes.

Sean hears his approach and slinks further away. Just as Sean secures a better hiding place, his cell phone BEEPS loudly.

He looks at the screen - the battery is dying. He frantically fumbles to shut off the beeps.

Too late! An arrow pierces his eye, penetrating into his brain.

The Hunter searches through Sean's pockets, takes the four diary pages.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Lana stumbles along lost, she studies the map in confusion. Frustrated, she pockets the map and continues to twist the handcuff on her wrist.

Suddenly, the earth gives way beneath her, she plunges into a pit.

INT. PIT - CONTINUOUS

Lana SCREAMS in pain as the handcuff hooks onto a tree root. Her left wrist wrenched painfully.

Scrambling in panic and pain, Lana digs her fingers and shoe tips into the side of the pit to take the weight off her wrist.

The very handcuff she was trying to remove saved her from plummeting to the bottom 20 feet below.

Lana claws her way slowly, painfully up. She's almost to the rim when she loses her grip. Hands suddenly grab hers and pull her up and out.

It's Jeff Colt.

LANA
How'd you get free--

JEFF
It's your lucky day.

Lana lays exhausted, panting outside the edge of the pit. Nursing her injured hand, Lana gets shakily to her feet, grabs a broken tree branch, uses it to stand.

JEFF
So, how did you wake up again?
"Handcuffed to a tree branch."
Don't you mean handcuffed to a very
rich, old man?

Lana moves away from him, Jeff in pursuit.

JEFF
You're quite the actress..
(mimics Lana)
"Oh, God no! It must be James!"

Lana whirls around, her branch trembles in her hand as she glares at Jeff.

LANA
I don't know what the hell you're
talking about.

Jeff grins, but takes a step back. Lana swings her branch, misses him. They circle one another.

JEFF
I know you had something to do with
old Pierce's death...

LANA
Why would I jeopardize my meal
ticket?

Jeff feigns a lunge to the right, Lana falls for it. He's got her good but she knees him in the groin.

JEFF
Bitch!

Although he's in pain, Jeff maintains his grip and tightens it. Lana winces. She tenses but stops her struggle.

LANA

You'd better let me go, Sean's
around here--

JEFF

Pretty boy won't be answering his
cell anymore...The hunter got him--

LANA

You're lying!

JEFF

Tell you what...Give me the diamond
ring and I'll get us both out of
here alive...I can always tell
Pierce's family the hunter killed
him--

LANA

You can't prove I had anything to
do with it--

JEFF

Maybe not, but I did my homework on
you. Prior arrests for soliciting--

LANA

(worried)

That was 10 years ago...

JEFF

You wouldn't want that made public.

Lana smiles flirtatiously at Jeff.

LANA

Look, I'm sure we can work
something out between us. You're
hurt, I can help you--

Jeff tears off the diamond ring as she struggles.

LANA

Wait! Bastard!

She nurses her hand angrily. Jeff slips the ring into his
jacket pocket, yanks Lana forward by the handcuff and her
share of the money spills out.

JEFF

(whistles)

What have we here? This the money
he was looking for?

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)
I get the shit beat out of me and
you had it all along?!

He pockets it.

LANA
That's mine!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Brandon looks frantically down at the map and at the ravine ahead of him. The map's wrong!

BRANDON
Shit!

He dashes back the way he came.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mike picks up Sean's cell phone, sees the battery's dead. Mike unsuccessfully tries to get a signal with his own phone. He heads into the brush.

EXT. FOREST - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Lana and Jeff watch from the bushes: It's the Hunter's 4-wheel drive Jeep but he's nowhere in sight.

Jeff rushes to the Jeep, begins to hot-wire it. Lana jumps in the Jeep just as Jeff starts the engine.

Jeff makes steady progress through the terrain when suddenly the Hunter appears in front of them on the road.

He aims his crossbow at the Jeep.

Jeff aims the Jeep at the Hunter, accelerates.

LANA
Kill him!

The Jeep picks up speed. The Hunter doesn't budge, takes better aim, shoots and hits Jeff in the shoulder, he falls from the Jeep.

The Hunter tries to leap out of the way, but the Jeep side-swipes him, spinning him into a ravine.

The Jeep's out of control. Lana struggles to keep it steady.

The Jeep careens off the dirt road. Lana pulls the emergency brake, shifts to park.

The Hunter painfully pulls himself out of the ravine, his hip and shoulder injured. His camouflage grease paint smeared into a grotesque mask.

Josie's pink diary falls from his jacket pocket. The Hunter struggles to re-load the crossbow.

Lana shifts to drive, gets the Jeep back on the dirt road. She looks back and sees Jeff sit up dazed with the arrow in his shoulder.

Lana reverses and accelerates.

Jeff looks up in disbelief as Lana runs right over him.

The Jeep careens out of control, smashes into a tree and dies. Larry's body tumbles out from under the tarpaulin in the back. A duffle bag of money is pulled free. \$100 bill packets spill out over Larry's body.

Lana looks around for the Hunter, he's gone from the ravine. She warily approaches Jeff's body, takes back her diamond ring and the \$5,000.

Lana savagely kicks Jeff's body until she sees the duffle of money by Larry.

THIRTY YARDS AWAY AT THE RAVINE:

Mike picks up the pink diary, two photos fall out: Josie and Cleo posing in front of the Chinese Theatre and a photo of Josie and Brandon at a scenic lookout point.

Mike stares at the photo of Brandon and Josie, pockets it. Jams the other back into the diary, shoves the diary into his belt.

He glances up at the crashed Jeep just in time to see Lana stuffing money into the duffle before she takes off with it into the dense brush.

MIKE

Lana!

Mike starts after her, but stops short with shock at the sight of Larry's and Jeff's bodies. Mike charges after Lana.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Lana and Mike have a tug of war over the duffle bag. Each has a death grip on one of the handles.

MIKE

Let go, damn it!

LANA

Like hell!

MIKE

There's no time for this! The
hunter's out there--

Lana yanks harder, the duffle spills \$100 packets. Neither gives up the struggle until a flaming arrow pierces the duffle. Lana lets go, plunges into the bushes.

Mike's unbalanced, tumbles backwards, money packets go flying. He frantically puts out the flame.

The Hunter pursues Lana.

She stumbles, puts her hands out onto a tree trunk to stop her fall. Her diamond ring flashes in the sunlight that peeps through the trees.

An arrow impales Lana's ring hand to the tree trunk. She SHRIEKS in pain and struggles to pull the arrow out of her hand.

The Hunter's second arrow pins her body to the tree.

Lana stares in disbelief at the arrow pinning her ring hand as the life goes out of her eyes.

EXT. FOREST - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Brandon climbs into the driver's seat of the crashed Jeep: no keys.

He searches the Jeep and finds the metal lock box.

Brandon bashes open the lock box with a rock and stares at the bundled e-mails and envelopes for a beat before stuffing them into his belt.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mike manages to put out the duffle bag fire when another flaming arrow hits. He looks up to see the Hunter aiming at him.

Suddenly, a rock hits the Hunter in the back, his arrow goes wild. The Hunter lurches around to face Brandon and struggles to reload the crossbow. Brandon takes off.

The Hunter goes in pursuit. Little Josie in hunter's gear runs alongside him.

Mike struggles to put out the spreading flames on his money, then abandons it to scramble after Brandon.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The Hunter stalks Brandon through the bush, his aim's off because of his injuries. As he reloads, Mike tackles him from behind.

MIKE
(to Brandon)
Go now! Get the money!

Brandon hesitates then scrambles away as the Hunter pulls his hunting knife on Mike.

The Hunter looks over at little Josie before he lunges at Mike, slicing through his shirt, drawing blood.

THE HUNTER
You bastards hurt my Jo.

Mike pulls the pink diary from his belt.

MIKE
The diary's wrong!

The Hunter seethes as he sees the diary in Mike's hand.

Mike feigns a lunge to the left, the Hunter anticipates it but his injured hip gives way. Mike drops the diary. Tackles the Hunter hard.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Brandon finds the half-burned duffle bag of money, removes his shirt and bundles the bills inside.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The Hunter tries to stab Mike. Mike grabs a rock and smashes the Hunter's injured shoulder. The Hunter drops his knife.

Mike's got the Hunter pinned, knife aimed at his throat. But the Hunter's a man possessed by rage, he head-butts Mike.

Mike is thrown off dazed, but maintains his grip on the knife.

THE HUNTER

You scum hurt my little
girl...You're all dead.

The Hunter knocks the knife from Mike's grip, grabs his throat in a death-grip throttle. Mike struggles to break the grip, manages to reclaim the knife and stabs at the Hunter.

The Hunter rolls off, but comes back with a rock and bashes Mike in the face repeatedly until Mike's grip loosens on the knife. Mike's unconscious.

The Hunter picks up Josie's pink diary, staggers to his feet, sways.

One rock missile after another slams into the Hunter. One glances off the Hunter's head.

Brandon keeps pelting the Hunter with rocks until he flees with his crossbow into the bush.

Brandon tries to revive Mike.

O.S. The REV of the Jeep's engine.

Brandon sees the hunting knife, grabs it, heads for the Jeep.

EXT. FOREST - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

From the bushes, Brandon watches the Hunter trying to shift the Jeep into drive.

Brandon looks around for rocks when he sees a trail of leaking gasoline on the road.

The Hunter gets the Jeep going, slowly drives away.

Brandon pulls his gold lighter out, ignites the trail of gas. The fuel flashes in flames towards the Jeep as it rounds a bend in the road.

In the Jeep's rearview mirror, the Hunter sees the line of flame heading straight towards him. He leaps free just as a horrific BLAST sends the Jeep up in a cloud of smoke and flame.

The Hunter crawls away from the burning Jeep into the bushes, his face a hideous mixture of blood and grease paint.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Brandon hovers over Mike.

BRANDON

Dad!

Mike comes to.

MIKE

Brandon...

BRANDON

I got your money.

Mike looks over at Brandon's bundled shirt.

BRANDON

What's left of it anyway.

They grin at one another.

MIKE

You did good, son.

BRANDON

Come on, let's get out of here.

Brandon helps Mike to his feet, half-carries him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Brandon and Mike slump against a tree beside a paved road.

FROM THE BUSHES:

The Hunter sites Mike and Brandon through the cross-hairs of the scope. His vision blurs, the scope jitters.

Badly battered and bleeding, the Hunter lowers his weapon, creeps closer, takes aim again. He's got one arrow left.

His back to the Hunter, Brandon administers to Mike.

BRANDON

It's okay, dad. I'll take care of you. Don't worry, I got him, dad. I killed the hunter.

MIKE

How?

Brandon takes out his lighter, flicks it open.

BRANDON

(grins)

You must've been out when the Jeep exploded. Just take it easy, I'll go for help.

MIKE

I love you, son...I'll always be here for you...

Mike loses consciousness again.

BRANDON

(anxious)

Dad?!

Brandon checks for Mike's pulse with relief.

Brandon notices something sticking out of Mike's pocket, pulls it out: The photo of Brandon and Josie at sunset.

BEGIN BRANDON'S FLASHBACK MONTAGE

EXT. SCENIC LOOKOUT - NIGHT

MONTAGE:

- Brandon with Josie at sunset. They argue, she's in tears. Brandon storms off.

- From his car, Brandon watches Josie tear pages from a diary. The pages are taken by the wind and scattered below into the ravine.

- His car headlights momentarily light Josie from behind. She turns, shields her eyes from the glare of the headlights, her face hopeful as Brandon steps from the car.

- Brandon looks at Josie with dead eyes. He shoves her off the terrace into the deep ravine below.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Brandon pulls the packet of documents he took from the lock box from his belt. He uses the lighter to burn them, the photo of him and Josie, and the torn diary pages as Mike comes to.

MIKE

Brandon? What're you doing?!

Brandon jerks around. He and Mike stare at one another.

MIKE

That's evidence!

BRANDON

Not now, Mike.

MIKE

You knew the girl...Josie...

Brandon looks at Mike with dead eyes.

BRANDON

I've got plans. No way I'd let her screw it up for me.

MIKE

What're you talking about?

BRANDON

Trap me, like you said mom trapped you with a baby, with *me*.

Brandon pulls out the Hunter's knife.

FROM THE BUSHES:

The Hunter watches as Brandon tenderly administers to Mike. He strains to hear their conversation.

Brandon suddenly shifts, a flash of sunlight against metal as Brandon grabs Mike.

As the two embrace, the Hunter glances at little Josie beside him.

LITTLE JOSIE

We use to be like that, Daddy.

He pulls out her pink diary, reads.

JOSIE (V.O.)
 I tried to talk to him, he wouldn't
 even look at me...

BEGIN HUNTER'S FLASHBACK

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Middle-class furnishings peppered with religious icons and pictures.

ON THE WALL: The framed photo of platinum blonde Josie at her high school graduation in cap and gown embracing her sickly mother Arlene wearing the gold heart pendant.

Josie carries her pink suitcases past a recliner, stares at the back of the Hunter's head (that's all we see of him). He watches a sports show on television.

JOSIE
 Daddy?...I'm...I'm leaving now.

The Hunter turns up the TV volume with the remote. Josie grabs her purse, opens the front door.

THE HUNTER
 Josie.

She turns back with a hopeful smile. The Hunter still faces the television.

THE HUNTER
 If you walk out that door, you're
 no longer my daughter.

With a tearful shudder, Josie walks out the front door, closing it softly behind her.

The Hunter still sits facing the television, but we finally see his handsome tear-streaked face.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST- DAY

FROM THE BUSHES: The Hunter watches Brandon caring for Mike.

LITTLE JOSIE
 It's not over yet.

The Hunter's confused by her comment.

He turns back to little Josie. But she's gone. He pauses.

THE HUNTER

I love you, Jo.

The Hunter takes one more look at Brandon and Mike before slinking off into the brush.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

The Hunter, his face still a smeared hideous mask, searches through the burned out cabin for any remaining evidence.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

The weary, battered Hunter buries the bodies of Larry, Sean, Jeff and Lana.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSURANCE BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: "Spokane, Washington. Two weeks later."

The Hunter behind a large desk, arm in a sling, small bandage on his forehead, yellow bruises on his face. A name plate reads: "Samuel Dalton, Claims Investigator."

Next to it is a framed photo of the Hunter/Sam and little Josie in hunting gear. A Beanie Baby squirrel is draped over the edge of the frame.

The Los Angeles Times is open on his desk.

He cuts out an article.

INSERT ARTICLE: "Missing media tycoon, James Pierce III, Foul-Play Suspected. Fiancee and Family P.I. Also Missing." There are smaller news photos of Lana and Jeff.

Sam adds the article to others in a file folder.

INSERT ARTICLES:

--"Missing apartment manager, Lawrence Wong".

--A single-column article with small photo of Sean Sanchez with "Elroy" under the photo.

O.S. MUTED VOICES.

Sam looks up startled to see in the hallway:

A CO-WORKER escorts two uniformed POLICEMEN and a plain-clothes DETECTIVE past his office into an office across the hall.

Sam resignedly stares at the framed photo of him and little Josie before shoving the files into his briefcase.

A soft KNOCK. Sam jerks up. The same Co-Worker at the open doorway.

CO-WORKER

The boss wants to see you in his office, Sam.

SAM

Thanks.

The Co-Worker leaves. Sam heads out with his briefcase into the

HALLWAY

And knocks on a door with a nameplate: Frank Harper.

HARPER (O.S.)

Come in.

Sam enters.

INT. HARPER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FRANK HARPER (Caucasian, 57, balding with a paunch), Detective STEVENS (40, lean and mean) and the two Policemen turn to Sam as he enters. Detective Stevens eyes Sam's head bandage and sling.

HARPER

Sam, this is Detective Stevens, Officers Riley and Johnson.

Detective Stevens holds out a hand, Sam stares at it stupidly.

HARPER

Gentlemen, this is our top investigator, Sam Dalton.

Sam finally shakes Stevens's hand. The two Policemen nod, Sam returns it.

STEVENS

What the hell happened to you?

HARPER

Sam had an auto accident while on leave. Thank God our company only handles life insurance policies.

Everyone laughs except for Sam who manages a bewildered grin. Harper escorts Detective Stevens and the two Policemen to his door.

HARPER

Call anytime if I can be of further assistance.

Harper closes his door and turns to the confused Sam.

HARPER

Have a seat, Sam. You still look terrible.

Sam nods as he takes one of the chairs in front of Harper's desk, still stunned he wasn't arrested.

HARPER

I need your hunting skills on this one.

Harper hands Sam a file on Michael Richardson.

HARPER

Something just doesn't add up. The son, Brandon, is the sole beneficiary of the \$5 million policy. Feel up to it?

Sam reads the file in disbelief.

INSERT REPORT: The body of Hollywood movie producer, Michael Richardson, was found beaten and *stabbed* in a remote area of the Angeles National Forest in a burned out, abandoned cabin with burned \$100 bills totaling \$2,300. Police suspect a drug deal gone wrong.

SAM

(whisper)

Stabbed...?

BEGIN SAM'S FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST - DAY

--The Hunter/Sam and Mike fight. The Hunter/Sam bashes Mike repeatedly with a rock. Mike drops the knife. Pelted by Brandon's rocks, the Hunter/Sam flees leaving the hunting knife beside the unconscious Mike.

--From the bushes, the Hunter/Sam watches Brandon tenderly administer to Mike. A sudden flash of sunlight on metal as Brandon embraces Mike.

END FLASHBACK

INT. OFFICE HARPER - DAY

Sam looks up from the report at Harper.

LITTLE JOSIE (O.S.)
Told you it wasn't over...I was
pregnant after all.

Sam eyes turn to the previously empty client chair next to him: Little Josie in hunting gear stares back at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Brandon gets into Mike's Porsche outside a swanky nightclub as a VALET holds his car door open.

Brandon pulls away from the curb unaware an old VW van follows him.

FADE OUT.

THE END