



INTERSCOPE
COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

SNOW WHITE

(A Grimm Tale)

Screenplay

by

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(A Grimm Tale)

FADE IN

EXT. LARGE GERMAN MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

GERMANY, 1788.

a deep-winter snowstorm rages around the three-story structure, which stands on the edge of a Black Forest township. Four SERVANTS look out the front door, bathed from behind by warm yellow light. This worried little group peers into the night over snow-covered hedges and down the dark road. A woman in her 30's, RUTH, joins them. Fretting.

RUTH

Still no sign?

The others wordlessly shake heads. Ruth checks the clock -- gazes apprehensively into the blizzard.

RUTH (CONT)

They must've stopped at an Inn...

EXT. BLACK FOREST - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

SKIMMING DARK TREETOPS and forbiddingly dense growth. Snow FLURRIES whip over a winding road cutting through forest.

A GLORIOUS COACH

drawn by four horses, thunders along this twisting, icy road. It's a rich man's coach. In the driver's seat, a lone man steers, leaning into snowy wind.

Inside -- FREDERICK AND JOSEPHINE HOFFMANN are indeed rich, well dressed... and cold. Josephine, uncomfortable, tries to shift her weight on the seat. She's very pregnant. Frederick looks into her eyes, worried. She reassuringly takes his hand.

JOSEPHINE

I want my baby born at home, Frederick. Stop worrying so much.

She squeezes his hand, just as he looks out the window to see:

FREDERICK'S POINT OF VIEW - HORSEMEN - FROM THE ROADSIDE

like beings from Hell. They materialize from drifts and shifts of snow, thundering to intercept this coach!

FREDERICK

FREDERICK
(bone-deep fear)
Highwaymen!

ANGLE - ROAD - COACH WITH RIDERS ATTACKING

They sweep alongside from both sides like dark ghosts. The Driver, well aware of them, pushes the team as hard as he can. The coach narrowly misses trees on either side as it takes turns far too fast!

Frederick and Josephine hold on for their lives. The Highwaymen are alongside! The Driver, desperate, tries to run one of the riders off the road, but the coach skids, lurches, tilts crazily and finally slides off of the whip-fast road! It cracks and jars over dirt and rocks under the snow! It's going over, hard, onto its side -- just as it slams a large tree!

Aftermath. The horses mill; leads snapped. The driver, smashed into the tree-trunk, is dead in the snow as the Highwaymen dismount. Footsteps crunch through snow. One peers in.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - FREDERICK AND JOSEPHINE

scared but alive -- and looking back at him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - COACH

the Highwayman smiles down.

HIGHWAYMAN
Your ride gets colder from
here.

He's opening the door -- which now faces up. Another Highwayman, 20 years old; big and menacing, joins him. Peering in, he extends his hand and pulls her up:

HIGHWAYMAN #2

It could be worse. We could've
been soldiers instead of just
thieves.

As the highwaymen laugh, the one taking her hand notices:
her ring, on the hand he hasn't relinquished. It's a
sizeable rock. His eyes rise to hers. She knows what he
wants. She reflexively tries to pull her hand back. He
won't let go.

HIGHWAYMAN #2 (CONT)

The difference is, if you give
a thief your ring... he might
leave your baby alone.

JOSEPHINE

(goes
instinctual)

Let me go!

She strains to get away; lashes out, slapping her
tormentor! As his fellows laugh, he's quickly to fury. He
lifts her out of the coach and throws her onto her back in
the snow!

FREDERICK

Leave her alone!

Frederick is knocked literally out of the coach; clubbed
across the face by the first Highwayman's gun!

HIGHWAYMAN #2

(looms over her)

Give me the ring!

But she's utterly terrified and hurting from her landing in
the snow -- as she looks over -- into the DEAD DRIVER'S
OPEN EYES! Another jolt of terror! She tries to scramble
and run for her life. With stunning suddenness, Highwayman
#2 takes out his gun, steps into her path, and SHOTS HER
IN THE CHEST!

Frederick cries out in disbelief and anguish. Highwayman #2
takes the ring from Josephine's shaking hand as she lies
wounded in the snow. Valuables are taken from the coach and
the pockets of Frederick, who can only stare as Josephine's
blood spreads, a corona from her back, in the snow. She
lies still, eyes wide in fear as the Highwaymen mount up.
Then:

JOSEPHINE

(clearly; weakly)

Frederick... save this baby...

He scrambles to her. The wound is fairly high. Probably fatal. Her eyes fix on him as she grips his hand...

JOSEPHINE (CONT)
... save our child.

FREDERICK
I'll get one of the horses...

JOSEPHINE
You don't have time.
(he stops;
realizes)
I'm dying, Frederick.
(sad, quiet,
fact)
I'm dying now...

It's a brutally honest moment. He can't escape it.

JOSEPHINE (CONT)
Hurry...

And then, to his horror, she is suddenly, cruelly gone. Her eyes flutter, shut, head drops back onto snow... and for a moment, the hush of the forest covers all. Then he realizes -- he has no choice now.

He staggers to the dead driver and finds his knife. Shuts his eyes in a moment of abject fear. Shakes it off. Turns back:

Kneels, tears nearly blinding him, and works quickly, desperately...

FREDERICK - CLOSE

makes the O.S. incision, devoured by emotions. HEAR the FAINT, LIQUID WHOOSH OF HIS WIFE'S blood as he groans, fighting his tears back even as

MEDIUM ANGLE - SCENE

he LIFTS THE BABY, which begins its squall; wraps it in a blanket while the slow red wave fans from Josephine's body, past where he kneels, hugging their child in pummelling snow... and we PAN PAST the ruined coach... until pure WHITE SNOW fills the screen. CRIMSON LETTERS and an ominously growing NOTE SLOWLY MATERIALIZE and we read:

SNOW WHITE

ROLL CREDITS as we slowly DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

glorious in sunshine, surrounded by grounds with ornately shaped, manicured hedges fountains and waterways complete with swans. The dwelling of the powerful...

CLAUDIA (O.S.)

Anna...?

INT. MANOR HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

seen from BEHIND, a tall, graceful woman WALKS down the hall toward a closed door. We HEAR her calm, soothing voice again as she is about to reach for the knob...

CLAUDIA (CONT)

Anna...?

SEVEN YEAR OLD ANNA HOFFMANN

daughter of Frederick; born in snow, looks up with guarded, unfriendly eyes as the door opens. She is thin, gawky, pale. Appears to have been crying. To be sure, she has the manner of intelligence, but right now she is only exasperating to Ruth, who stands by the bed where Anna sits.

CLAUDIA (CONT)

Anna.

REVERSE ANGLE - CLAUDIA

framed by the doorway she's just opened. She is gorgeous, imperial, intelligent. Her intense green eyes radiate purpose, will, strength -- and right now, compassion for a little girl. Claudia breaks into a very warm, consoling smile.

CLAUDIA (CONT)

I know this is hard.

ANGLE - SCENE

Ruth makes a face. Anna's not sure how to react.

RUTH

We haven't been able to do a thing with her. She'll never be ready.

Claudia ignores Ruth, sits on the bed opposite Anna, smiling as if they share some secret.

CLAUDIA
I was thinking what I'd feel
like if my father was getting
married to some woman I hardly
knew.

Anna averts her eyes down... Claudia persists.

CLAUDIA (CONT)
I'd feel scared... I'd feel
hurt... and I'd want my new
mother to really show that she
was going to love me and care
about me.

Anna looks up to meet Claudia's gaze... as another maid enters with something of cloth, draped over her arm. Claudia sees Anna has noticed. Smiles at her. Gets off the bed.

CLAUDIA (CONT)
So I hope you don't mind...
but I had the dressmaker sew
you a gown.
(shows it)
Exactly like the one I'm going
to be married in.

ANNA
(amazed)
For me...?

CLAUDIA
Only if you wear it when you
stand right nearby me at the
wedding.
(Anna moves
closer)
Will you do that?

By now Anna holds the dress, looking into a tall thin mirror, with Claudia right behind her. She looks up to see Claudia's radiant, beautiful, smiling reflection in the mirror. Anna nods, smiles back... revealing two missing front teeth. Claudia, pleased and genuinely moved, puts a hand on Anna's shoulder. Whispers.

CLAUDIA
Thank you.

RUTH
(sotto)
Thank you.

Claudia kisses Anna atop her head; turns to exit. Over her shoulder:

CLAUDIA
Remember. Right by me...

On Anna's enthralled face:

DISSOLVE THRU TO

INT. MANOR - GRAND ROOM - DAY

people celebrate the just-completed wedding of Frederick and Claudia. Tapestries, flowers, MUSIC, all traditional elements in place as CONGRATULATIONS echo...

INT. CLAUDIA'S VANITY ROOM - DAY

SOUNDS of the WEDDING CELEBRATION in B.G. as FOOTSTEPS approach. The door opens, Claudia steps in, leans against the wall, out of breath with giddiness. This is a high-point in her life. Beaming at something just PAST CAMERA, she moves, humming to herself. ADJUST TO REVEAL a huge, ornate VANITY: the special center of her special retreat.

The Vanity has two enormous hinged wings, now enfolded like some great bird's, waiting to be opened. It is carved upon, with figures of a curving, sensuous, vaguely sexual nature.

Also in the room, on either side of the Vanity, are several more large, vertical stand-mirrors; each full-length and framed in gold.

Claudia reaches for the two long, overlapping pewter wing handles... and pulls the wings open:

ANGLE - INSIDE VANITY

the wings of this Leda's swan open to a span that fills much of the room. Claudia beams at herself... runs hands appraisingly, luxuriantly over her bodice... down her sides...

CLAUDIA
Mrs. Hoffmann...

Smiles at herself, a girlish laugh as she sits and enjoys her reflection -- which almost seems to glow back at her -- almost an idealized "retelling" of how she looks. She's exhilarated, runs a brush through her hair... her REFLECTION seen over her shoulder as she speaks...

CLAUDIA (CONT)
Mrs. Hoffmann... I've simply
never seen a bride as
perfect...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLAUDIA'S VANITY ROOM - ANNA

pauses, hears Claudia's muffled VOICE. Full of good feeling, she carefully, quietly opens the door to see...

RESUME - CLAUDIA'S REFLECTION

as before, happy, over Claudia's shoulder...

CLAUDIA (CONT)
... and there wasn't a man in
the room...

ANGLE - TO INCLUDE ANNA AT THE DOOR

mildly confused as we now see Claudia from a FRONTAL angle, looking into the mirror, emoting to herself... but MUMBLING things we simply cannot understand. It's jibberish. The meanderings of someone truly mentally ill. Facial expressions a bit too big; eyes too intense. But suddenly:

CLAUDIA'S POINT OF VIEW - IN MIRROR - ANNA AT THE DOOR

discovered! As Anna smiles, the "idealized" version of Claudia's reflection changes before our eyes to a truer, somewhat less flawless reflection as:

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLAUDIA

whirls on the girl, showing for a moment the presence of a tigress beneath the surface -- her vicious intensity lasting a milisecond. Then, instantly, she's re-composed.

CLAUDIA
Anna...

ANNA
Were you talking to yourself
in the mirror, Stepmother?

Claudia smiles, relaxing with a comfort so convincing, so enveloping it makes us doubt what we've seen.

CLAUDIA

No, sweetheart... I was praying. I was thanking God for my marriage to your father.

(extends hand)

And for my new daughter.

ANNA

(smiles, moves forward...)

I hope you're both very happy, Stepmother. I really do.

CLAUDIA

(takes the hand)

Come. Sit with me in my very special place, Anna.

(gestures to it)

We all need one of these. To make us more beautiful. To keep our little secrets.

(confidential)

To help us get what we want...

THEIR REFLECTION - IN THE MIRROR

Anna is enfolded in a reassuring hug. Claudia's eyes flicker insecurity for a moment, not quite able to remember just what was wrong a moment ago... then just hugging...

TIME DISSOLVE TO

INT. MANOR HOUSE - GRAND ROOM - CLAUDIA - NIGHT

arm around someone else -- who turns out to be a young man with whom she's dancing, amid a large crowd, packed into this huge room.

Other men -- of varying age -- cut in from time to time, bearing testimony to the fact that, although we see Claudia has aged some ten years -- it's happened as gracefully as her vanity will allow. Frederick, not far off, has aged, too. As the MUSIC ends and Claudia wafts over toward him, watching him closely, he's shaking hands with people as they enter this salon; speaking to them:

FREDERICK
... this last summer was the
most amazing. I can't believe
how she's grown...

CLAUDIA
(cuts-in)
Frederick, don't embarrass her
tonight. Not after I've gone
to all this trouble...

He reacts; mainly for the guests.

FREDERICK
You're right. But I'm a proud
father...
(lowers voice)
Where did you find all these
people? I don't know any of
them...

CLAUDIA
I wouldn't worry. They're from
our township and two or three
others...
(lays it on a
little)
... and everybody's very
willing to pay respects to the
daughter of Napoleon's
personally selected German
Administrator.

He shoots her a private look; gently warning.

FREDERICK
Don't you embarrass her,
either, now...

They're interrupted by a smattering of appreciative
applause. Frederick -- and every man in the room -- cranes
for a better look. Claudia takes it in...

FREDERICK (CONT)
Here she comes...

INT. FOYER OUTSIDE GRAND ROOM - ANNA - AGE SEVENTEEN

very different from age seven. Poised to enter as double
doors open and the string ensemble in the room swells with
her musical introduction.

For a moment, she stands in the light from the huge wood-and-iron rustic chandelier hanging above the staircase. Then, head-up and fighting embarrassment, she enters. She is a stunning young beauty. Everything stops; every head turned. Then, blushing, she moves into the room. Finds her stepmother's face, giving her a special smile...

CLAUDIA

smiles back... but as soon as Anna's look has shifted to Frederick, who moves to meet her on the dance floor... Claudia's expression registers the fact that she has been left virtually alone. All the men now hover and wait their turn on the floor with Anna -- only a few other women are anywhere near. Claudia can't miss this -- masks unhappiness.

Two chatty women nearby put in their two-cents worth:

CHATTY 1

I'll tell you this. At
seventeen, she has no idea how
beautiful she is...

Anna dances with Frederick; they're the focal point, gliding around the floor as everyone watches appreciatively...

CHATTY 2

She could have any man here.
(admiring)
But she still loves her father
best...

This resonates for Claudia. Her face remains beatific as all those other men now take turns cutting-in with Anna. But she watches. And watches. As this happens, and Frederick starts back to rejoin her, the two CHATTY WOMEN talk in hushed tones, thinking they're not being overheard. But Claudia can't resist monitoring their "party sotto".

CHATTY 1

You know what else? She has
her poor mother's eyes.

CHATTY 2

(nodding)
And her smile...

Claudia never stops looking straight ahead; absorbing. Just now Anna casts a nervous, 'wow, look at me' look to Claudia, who speaks to the just-retained Frederick without quite looking at him.

CLAUDIA
 ("I knew it")
 She told me she'd be
 uncomfortable with this...

FREDERICK
 Well... the way she looks, she
 should get used to it.

Claudia gives him a mildly irritated look: unnoticed.

CLAUDIA
 She told me she'd never even
 been kissed.
 (he looks)
 So I said well, you'd better
 get that out of the way,
 hadn't you?

As he reacts, then looks away, a less-than-totally-happy husband making the best of the situation, a minor hubbub starts in another corner of the room:

ANGLE - DR. PETER RUTTENBURG

extremely handsome, thirty-five, and from the way he scans the room, acquainted with virtually no one in the room.

RESUME - FREDERICK, CLAUDIA

watch him, like everyone else, including Anna, dancing, keeping a close eye as he nears. From her expression, something about him makes her slightly nervous...

FREDERICK
 Who's that...

Claudia, to answer, turns to a thin, pale young man behind her. He awaits her call, steps forward, whispers. She turns back to Frederick:

CLAUDIA
 That's Dr. Ruttenburg. From
 another village.

Frederick nods, and, watching the young "advisor":

FREDERICK
 And who's that?

CLAUDIA
 George. I hired him to help me
 do Anna's coming-out party.

FREDERICK
(a look)
You and your hired people.

CLAUDIA
(cool smile)
Yes...

RUTTENBURG

proceeding through the room, eyes now on:

ANNA

dancing with a local swain... but looking back.

RUTTENBURG

pauses, nods from the sidelines -- unreturned by her -- and steps onto the dance floor, toward Anna and her partner.

RUTTENBURG
Miss Hoffmann...? My name is
Peter Ruttenburg...

Anna regards him with interest -- which he notes with a smile -- but surprises him. When her partner begins to stop, she keeps dancing. Everything else in the room is coming to a halt, however... ears perking-up.

ANNA
Should I know you?

RUTTENBURG
Ah... no.
(smiles)
I can't imagine why...

She keeps the young man dancing around Ruttenburg...

ANNA
Then why would I want to dance
with you?

He's well aware that she's playing with him.

RUTTENBURG
I had the idea we might get to
know each other...

ANNA
(still moving
round him;
sizing him up)
I don't think so.

RUTTENBURG
(plainly amazed)
Oh...
(uncertain,
shrugs)
... well... can I ask why?
Since you seem willing to
dance with everybody else?

She stops dancing. But doesn't relinquish the young man.
Very much "dancing" with Ruttenburg. But not to music.

ANNA
I didn't like the way you came
in.

RUTTENBURG
How did I come in?

ANNA
With everyone looking at you.

RUTTENBURG
Oh... is that something only
you can do?

ANNA
You knew what you were doing.
I could see that. Usually only
women know how to do that.

RUTTENBURG
Miss Hoffmann... you've told
me two things.
(beat)
First, you don't know much
about men.
(as she frowns)
And second... you gave it a
lot of thought in a very short
time.

Not giving her time to reply, he heads for the door amid a
buzz around the room. He is not one bit upset. Anna watches
with interest, wondering what remarkable creature that was.

INT. CLAUDIA'S VANTY ROOM - CLAUDIA - NIGHT

enters and sits at the Vanity. Bothered. Intently picks up the same hairbrush we saw years before, obsessively combing, assessing... checking make-up... looking at herself from this side; that side... dissatisfied. Peering... then JUMPS nervously at a SOUND that seems to come from the window. Peers at it a long second... gets off her chair, moves to it, pulls back the curtain. Behaving almost as if entranced...

Nothing. Window closed tight. Looks at the pane. The curtain... lets it fall back into place. Frowning, unsure...

Then: a CRISP, SHARP CRACKING SOUND from the VANITY MIRROR. Claudia turns quickly, eyes wide -- sees it.

Moving to the Vanity, touching the lower left-hand corner of the big center mirror -- between the wings -- where a thin finger of cracking invades the glass about two and a half inches in from the side...

CLAUDIA - CLOSE

bending to look at it, absorbed, HEARS a strange, disembodied, whisper-low MURMURING. Looks around, frowning... up at the ceiling. Unsure. Moves to the door, listening to hear if it's in the hall... when she is stopped by what SOUNDS so much like the FLUTTER OF WINGS IN THE ROOM with her... just above her head... that she reflexively ducks before seeing that nothing, of course, is there.

Alarmed, looking from wall to wall, confused that she would hear anything so bizarre, she finally stops in the middle of the room and stares back at:

HER POINT OF VIEW - THE MIRROR

the CRACK IS GONE.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - ANNA - NIGHT

ducking away from the party for a moment's solitude... when -- from utter quiet -- there's a SOUND! She turns, alarmed, as we SNAP TO INCLUDE -- RUTTENBURG. Stepping out of the shadows behind her.

RUTTENBURG

I'm sorry... I hope I didn't scare you.

ANNA
(of course you
did)
Oh... no.

RUTTENBURG
I was hoping I'd get to talk
to you. So I could tell you
I'm sorry if I offended you in
there.

ANNA
(beat, admits)
... I have no idea why I
didn't dance with you.

RUTTENBURG
It's your party. That means...
(with a smile)
... you can do what you want.

Then, to her surprise, he takes her hand.

RUTTENBURG (CONT)
If it feels right.

He holds it a moment, looking into her eyes. She watches wordlessly. Then, eyes never leaving hers, he kisses the hand. She's even more surprised.

RUTTENBURG (CONT)
See what I mean?

But when he lets go... she doesn't. There's a beat... he finally looks down at her hand, holding his... and at last she relinquishes her grip. He smiles at her embarrassment.

RUTTENBURG
The other thing I wanted to
say was... I'd like to see you
again. If you can stand the
boring company.

She tries to maintain poise... but is he kidding?

RUTTENBURG (CONT)
I know you could be with
anybody...
(same little
smile)
... but if you never ask...

She seems unable to reply, so, risking, he moves close:

RUTTENBURG (CONT)
... you never know.

... and kisses her. It's surprising; an exploration. She doesn't resist; doesn't breathe. After a few moments he steps back. Looks into her startled, somewhat dreamy eyes again. Quietly:

RUTTENBURG (CONT)
I have a very long ride. And patients to see in the morning.

She nods, but hasn't heard...

RUTTENBURG (CONT)
I hope you'll invite me again.

And, with a little smile, he makes his exit. She watches him go, mind swirling, disoriented... happy.

CLAUDIA (V.O.)
I have an absolutely wonderful surprise...

EXT. NEAR MANOR HOUSE STABLE - DAY

Claudia, Anna, and Frederick are just reaching a steward who holds the reins of two beautiful horses. Anna and Claudia are dressed for it; Frederick to see them off:

CLAUDIA (CONT)
(to Anna)
Now that you've been introduced to "grown up" society, I think you need a few final touches...

FREDERICK
Claudia... one "final" woman in my house is enough...

Anna, uncertain of what this could be about, is getting on her horse...

CLAUDIA
... so I've written to an excellent girls' school in Paris...

Anna's face falls -- this isn't good news. From the saddle:

ANNA

Paris? Why would I want to go there? I'm from here...

CLAUDIA

That's the point...

ANNA

No. I like it at home.

(to Frederick)

Right where I am.

(to both)

I don't care what anybody says, the answer is no.

Miffed at the notion, she starts walking her horse around to avoid the subject. Frederick and Claudia watch her; voices lowered.

CLAUDIA

She's still very young, Frederick. Whether she looks like a child or not...

FREDERICK

Why would you do this without asking me first?

CLAUDIA

(surprised;

darkens)

Why do the two of you always have to shut me out?

FREDERICK

Nobody's shutting anybody...

CLAUDIA

(cuts him off)

I've supposedly been part of this family for years.

FREDERICK

Don't start that...

CLAUDIA

(mounting up)

And yet you still don't let me do or say things without the two of you putting up your wall against me! How do you expect me to feel?

He's stunned. But his look is weary: used to such moments. Without a look back, she's off. After a beat, Anna follows.

ANGLE - CLAUDIA AND ANNA - ON HORSEBACK

Claudia rides with intensity. Anna, feeling the challenge after their disagreement, is up for it. She urges her horse on.

Claudia is aware Anna is trying to catch up, so, at a bend in the path, she turns sharply off, into woods. Anna goes right after, but within a moment, reacts to something immediately ahead!

HER POINT OF VIEW - LARGE, LOW BRANCH

right on top of her!

ANNA

dodges like an athlete to avoid being killed! But she can't completely make it! The branch connects! A glancing blow to her face, and she falls hard!

CLAUDIA

while Anna is on the ground, stunned, Claudia is strangely detached. Gets off her horse, dispassionate, and only as Anna strives to sit, grimacing, does Claudia show "concern".

CLAUDIA

Are you all right? I had no idea that branch was there...

ANNA

I'll be fine... as long as I don't need a head.

CLAUDIA

I only saw it myself at the last second...

Anna finally shakes her head, tries to lose the cobwebs.

ANNA

Well... it seems like I have some riding experience to gain...

Closing eyes as Claudia touches a cut high on her cheekbone...

ANNA (CONT)
... my mother avoids the low
branch...

Claudia reacts, cold, tight, controlled, to "my mother" --
reverts to form as Anna re-opens her eyes.

ANNA (CONT)
... and I can't?

Claudia looks into Anna's eyes, and, with effort, smiles.

DISSOLVE TO

MANOR HOUSE SITTING ROOM - CLAUDIA AND FREDERICK - DAY
both in robes over nightclothes. He's distraught.

FREDERICK
... but I don't want to go
back to Munich. I'm sick of
Munich...

CLAUDIA
If the French make you their
Administrator, Frederick, and
Munich is having more trouble
with beggars than anyplace...
(impatience)
... what do you expect?

There it is. That tone again. He looks at her. Candid.

FREDERICK
Sometimes I think you don't
want me here, Claudia.

CLAUDIA
That's insane...

FREDERICK
You hurry me away.

CLAUDIA
I'm proud of you...

FREDERICK
Sometimes I think you hope the
"old man" falls off his horse.

CLAUDIA
Stop it. You're feeling sorry
for yourself.

FREDERICK
 (continues idea)
 You hope he gets... ambushed
 by highwaymen. Like his first
 wife...
 (off stark look)
 ... so then he can't 'put up
 the wall' anymore. Can't 'shut
 you out'.

Staring at him, calculating, she moves close. Suddenly,
 almost violently kisses him, feigning passion. He doesn't
 respond.

CLAUDIA
 You have no idea how I miss
 you when you're not here.

FREDERICK
 No. I have no idea.

Beat. She's surprised at the rebuke. Even more when, with
 coldness that rivals her own, he opens his arms to embrace
 her. As he does:

FREDERICK (CONT)
 I'll be gone in an hour. When
 I come home, perhaps you
 should go to Paris...

CLAUDIA'S EYES

stricken. New depths of pain and illness...

CUT TO

INT. A FIREPLACE - A BEDROOM - MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

as a large, extremely hot IRON POT of blazing-hot water
 is lifted from above the fire by a servant woman, and hung
 on a thick iron stand near two already-filled tubs...

ANOTHER ANGLE - SCENE

Anna and Claudia, in robes, prepare to take baths together.
 Anna is just entering as the servant woman finishes with
 the water pot and exits...

ANNA
 How long is Father gone for?

CLAUDIA
 We never know. The French send
 him, they let him come home,
 they send him...
 (remembers
 something)
 Come here...

Anna pauses in her path toward the tubs, turns to Claudia.

CLAUDIA (CONT)
 (concerned)
 Show me your face...

ANNA
 I told you, it's nearly
 healed.

Claudia makes her turn to the light cast by the large
 brass-bellied oil lamp on the dresser. There's a small,
 oval-shaped scar, rounded side down, just above Anna's
 cheek-bone; just below the eye.

ANNA (CONT)
 See...?

CLAUDIA
 (sotto, almost
 unconscious)
 It's like a teardrop... it
 makes you even more...

Words trailing, she holds Anna's face between her hands a
 moment, peering into her eyes. Then relinquishing, turning
 away, examines her own face in the mirror. Trying to hide
 the quiet torment she is beginning to deal with almost all
 the time.

Anna has no idea. She moves to the window, looks out, draws
 the drapes closed. Claudia is obsessively brushing her
 hair, looking at this side, looking at that, struggling not
 to go deep into herself... finally making her hand put the
 brush down. Making it clutch the edge of the dresser.
 Willing herself to shake this off... when something catches
 her eye:

HER POINT OF VIEW - ANNA'S REFLECTION - IN THE BRASS
 BELLIED OIL LAMP

caught in the amber of the brass, Anna slips
 unselfconsciously out of her robe, and, nude, tests the
 bath-water.

CLAUDIA

fascinated, caught... a nearly erotic interest. But something else... dark, like envy... jealousy as:

ANNA

steps into the tub while Claudia, unmoving, watches her reflection in the lamp. Anna is breathtaking. Healthy, nubile, firm in her youth. Brimming strength, confidence, animal grace. Virtually every attribute Claudia would kill to have back. But maybe she was never, even then, as flawless as this. Claudia closes her eyes for a moment.

ANNA

Do you remember that man...?

CLAUDIA

Mmm...

(opens eyes)

... which man?

ANNA

You know. At the party? That awful Dr. Whatshisname?

Claudia turns to look at Anna, who looks back, feigning utter innocence... lying full length in her bath... unaware of the effect she has on Claudia's self-esteem.

CLAUDIA

Ruttenburg. He only wanted to dance with you.

ANNA

I didn't think dancing was what he wanted at all.

CLAUDIA

Well... you said you hadn't been kissed... and no matter how you thought he acted, he was handsome.

ANNA

I guess so. And I'll tell you a secret.

(mischief)

I have been kissed.

Claudia stares at Anna, who smiles and closes her eyes.

CLAUDIA
He's supposed to be a very
good doctor.

ANNA
Really?

Claudia moves slowly now, eyes on something beyond the
tubs... near Anna's head...

CLAUDIA
That's what I heard from
George.
(pauses at the
POT of BOILING
WATER)
He knows these things.

ANNA
Do you think this doctor would
come help at the orphanage if
he's so good? I might change
my mind about him if he did
that...

CLAUDIA
(grips wooden
part of handle)
I don't know. Here...

Anna, unaware at first, suddenly REALIZES she's hearing the
HANDLE of the hot water pot, moves very fast!

ANNA
No! That just came off the
fire!

But Claudia, "caught" in mid-pour, is emptying much of the
contents already; can't immediately stop the flow of water.
Letting out a cry of pain and panic, Anna quickly leaps out
of the bath... burned slightly.

Claudia quickly re-hangs the pot on the handle, holding one
hand in fascination and horror over her mouth, unable to
keep from staring as Anna quickly dries herself, gingerly
dabbing at the painful areas.

CLAUDIA'S POINT OF VIEW - ANNA

still naked: shaken, gorgeous, vulnerable...

ANGLE - TO INCLUDE CLAUDIA

less than a foot away, one hand tentatively outstretched in concern, the other still hiding her mouth -- is she almost... smiling? We can't be sure. Anna doesn't suspect. But Claudia's quickly back under control. Quickly takes another towel and moves to help Anna dry off... muttering a self-reprimand...

CLAUDIA

I don't know what kind of
idiot I am... I don't know
what's wrong with me...

ANNA

No... it was an accident...

CLAUDIA

(genuinely upset)
But I can't seem to do
anything right!
(shakes head)
I'm not safe to be around...

Still fretting, struggling for control, she finally just drops the towel and moves to the door, upset.

CLAUDIA (CONT)

Not safe...

ANNA

But I'm fine...

ANGLE FROM HALLWAY - AS CLAUDIA OPENS DOOR

the room behind her. Her expression is a confusion of self-loathing and regret. She pauses to look back at Anna:

CLAUDIA

I'm so sorry...

She exits, fighting something, yet already lost. Behind, Anna watches, uncertain what to do.

INT. CLAUDIA'S VANITY ROOM - CLAUDIA - CONTINUOUS

enters from the hall. Quickly locks the door, and, at last openly acknowledging something, moves farther into the room.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLAUDIA

seen from OVER one of the WINGS of the Vanity, wide-eyed, unable to resist the great center mirror... from which eerie, whitish reflected candle-light bathes her features. And though we CAN'T SEE INTO THE MIRROR, as she reaches to touch it... as she sighs, we HEAR a deep SIGH. Then a whisper: commanding, impossible to ignore, closer than the ear... speaking as she speaks with it...

CLAUDIA/VOICE

You must be rid of her.

There is SOUND, as if winds whip... Claudia blinks against what her mind imagines... speaks with it again...

CLAUDIA/VOICE

If you are ever to know
peace... you must be rid of
her.

Recoiling slightly, staring into the glass... Fear, amazement, confusion. Then, closing her eyes:

SMASH CUT TO

A MEAT CLEAVER - SLAMMING INTO A CUTTING BOARD

a jarring BANG.

CLAUDIA - CLOSE

straight into CAMERA. Fearless, gorgeous. Shrugs back a shawl and stares.

CLAUDIA

I need a huntsman. Are you a
huntsman?

INT. BUTCHER STORE - CLAUDIA AND BUTCHER - DAY

like thousands of other local carveries across Europe. Carcasses hang in the window; cuts of meat, game, fowl. The BUTCHER is a huge, mean, gone-to-seed brute. Long hair, unshaven face and the stench of animal in every cranny of his existence. His name is Herman. He stands over the cleaver. Grips it idly.

HERMAN

I'm just a butcher now.

CLAUDIA
But you remember...

As he shifts position slightly, light through the window hits his face more fully. Tells us we've seen him before: he is the man who threw Anna's mother, Josephine, into the snow and shot her for her ring. The years have been as ugly to him as he was to her.

HERMAN
I know how to hunt.

CLAUDIA
And you still do it... if you have to?

In response to this, he looks her more directly in the eye.

HERMAN
Other people hunt and bring me what they catch now. It's a lot steadier.

Claudia considers this; openly looks him up and down. Her eyes stop at this hands.

CLAUDIA
You have the hands of a killer.

As he watches, her eyes rise to meet his in challenge:

CLAUDIA (CONT)
I want you to be my huntsman.
(beat)
And price is no object.

HERMAN
(beat)
Then... I'm your huntsman.

She doesn't smile. She's made a buy.

CLAUDIA
Then I have something I want you to catch.

CUT TO

EXT. ORPHANAGE - TO ESTABLISH - LATE AFTERNOON

an old, run-down, walled property in the worst part of the township. Children teem in the yard while Anna and a big, ruddy woman named HANNAH, who runs the place, walk toward the locked gate at the front.

ANNA

I'm sorry I took so long to
come see them again...

HANNAH

They know you love them.
(grateful)
And don't think I'm confused
about who pushes your father
to keep up the donations.

Anna smiles and gives the woman a hug.

ANNA

It never seems like enough.

As Hannah unlocks the gate:

ANNA (CONT)

Next time I'll come sooner.
You'll see.
(waves to kids)
Bye!

Anna gives Hannah's hand a squeeze, nods, slips out the gate. Looking back, she waves. But Hannah is frowning:

HANNAH

Where's your coach?

ANNA

I didn't bring one.
(a laugh)
No horse, either. I walked.

HANNAH

You shouldn't in this
neighborhood...

ANNA

Don't worry. I walk fast.

Hannah watches her go, concerned...

ANGLE - AROUND A CORNER - ANNA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

moving through this tough part of the town. She comes upon two POLICEMEN dragging a thin, PALE MAN -- clearly homeless -- out of an alley into the dusk-lit street. He's resisting:

PALE MAN
I just needed to rest...

POLICEMAN #1
Not in an alley in this town.

They shove him roughly to the stones as Anna, watching, quickly crosses to the other side...

PALE MAN
(rising; anger)
Where am I supposed to go?

He's cut-off by a brutal punch by Policeman #2. Sprawls.

POLICEMAN #2
You know the answer to that.
You can go to the forest where
you won't bother anybody.

PALE MAN
I don't want to go to the
forest! I want to get a job.

POLICEMAN #2
Tell it to Hoffmann.

Having walked past, Anna's head turns at her father's name. But she still doesn't stop. Silhouetted by the sinking sun, The Pale Man, unable to fight two such well-fed foes, finally moves-off in another direction. As he goes:

ANNA

disturbed, realizes she's failed to turn down the right street. Pauses, then re-crosses the street, doubles-back to an intersection. Steals another quick glance at the policemen, as, from behind her, unseen:

SUBJECTIVE ANGLE - ANNA

from down a deeply shadowed nearby alley: somebody's watching her. MOVE SWIFTLY UP THE ALLEY TO THE STREET in time to see, ahead, Anna passing SHOPS.

ANNA

crossing another intersection, jumps back as a HORSE DRAWN WAGON thunders past! A small stone is kicked up and hits her in the shoulder. Vague anxiety taking hold. But when she looks behind her; nothing out of the ordinary! The darkening street is empty.

Now, as she crosses quickly, the DOOR to a TAVERN bangs open and a menacingly drunken man teeters into the fading light.

She avoids him; steps down into the street, then back up. Winces at SOUNDS OF ROWDY SINGING from a sleazy RESTAURANT. NOISE of a breaking plate. A man's big, ugly LAUGH while a woman reads him the riot act...

But Anna's eyes are fixed ahead, eager to get the hell out of here. She's to a small, walk-through arch, just about to go under when, suddenly FILLING THE ARCH BEFORE HER, IS:

SHOCK ANGLE - HERMAN!

from nowhere! She's instantly afraid. Breathless. He towers over her. Then a powerful hand clamps over her mouth!

ANGLE - THE TWO

her eyes huge with terror, he spirits her down the alley!

HIS HORSE AND HOUND

wait as Herman leaps on, taking her with him. In a moment:

ANNA AND HERMAN - ON THE HORSE

thunder through darkening streets, out of the town, into increasingly heavy undergrowth! All the while, she's in his iron grip. Finally they're into trees... beginnings of:

FOREST - ANNA AND HERMAN ON HORSEBACK

rush past CAMERA! He's intent, she's terrified. On and on they go...

ANOTHER ANGLE

deepening woods, deepening terror. Herman finally stops and throws her to the ground. The dog watches warily. Herman dismounts; stands over her. Produces a large knife!

ANNA
(recoils)
No...

Shaking her head, struggling to get to her feet. He slaps her down. Stands over her; predator watching victim.

ANNA (CONT)
Why are you doing this?!?

The expression doesn't change. Shark eyes watch.

ANNA (CONT)
I have the right to know!
Suddenly, the knife is at her throat.

HERMAN
Because she hates you.
Words! This stops her. Struggles to grasp his meaning.

HERMAN (CONT)
Do you understand?
(bellows in her
face)
She hates you!

Anna, terrified, stares into these unfeeling eyes... and then, as if hit by physical pain, a betrayal of incredible proportions, cutting to the center of her soul, she realizes:

ANNA
No...!!!

Finally, in this, her abject horror, Herman has found something he likes. He reaches out and takes her face in his free hand. The pressure of his grip brings her back to the moment, breathing hard:

HERMAN
She wants me to bring back
your liver... and your heart.

A new shock of fear. Anna again wriggles, scrambles, tries to bolt. She does her best, but he's caught her in seconds. She's out of her mind with fear. Screaming, now. Filling the woods with trapped, desperate animal sounds as she fights.

But he lifts her up, holds her at arm's length and stares at her. Makes a decision.

HERMAN
She'll never know.

Throws her down, jarringly, to the ground.

And begins undoing his pants. She stares. Can't believe it. Can this be happening to her? He's untying the cord at his waist. In that moment:

ANNA

insane with desperation, has a good sized ROCK! Sits up, slings it with all her strength, straight at his forehead! He bellows pained surprise and goes down, clutching his head!

Even as he sprawls, she's up. He's blinking, disoriented...

HERMAN
You little BITCH!

ANNA

racing deeper into the forest, afraid...

HERMAN

can't see her. Listens: wind in the trees. Desolation. Another beat. Slowly, deadly... a whisper as he looks into darkness...

HERMAN
You'll wish I'd murdered you.

As he looks around, groping for what to do...

HERMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - HIS HOUND

resting, tired after the long trek into the forest.

RESUME - HERMAN

an idea.

DEEPER FOREST - ANNA - NIGHT FULLY FALLEN

rushing into claustrophobic, dense undergrowth. Between enormous, immovable trees.

From the near distance -- behind her -- the guttural SNORT of an animal! She stares, wild-eyed, seeing nothing. Drenched in sweat, she pushes harder.

Branches cut her face, she trips over a root, falls. Pushes on with sheer will. The whole forest is beating on her. Now she sees RED EYES peer from somewhere off her path.

Then, alarmingly, a WOLF-CRY! She gives a little sound of fear. SOUNDS of an ANIMAL moving to her left! She looks, can't see, veers right. SOUNDS of PAWS crushing leaves, snapping twigs, to her left again! Now PAWS to her right! And suddenly:

ANNA'S POINT OF VIEW - AHEAD - "UNDERBRUSH TUNNEL"

growth of great density on either side of a rocky, dried stream-bed, creating an opening two or three feet across!

ANNA

plunges into it, over punishing, rocky ground. HEARS running; that snorting BREATH again, just outside this shield of growth! It's pitch black. Finally, from behind, cutting through the undergrowth:

RED EYES OF -- A BOAR!

closing-in behind her! Huge, powerful, onrushing! Suddenly:

ANNA

hits a place in this funnel of growth where hard stream-bed abruptly VANISHES FROM BENEATH HER! She falls -- hitting sharp downslope! Rolling, tumbling, into MUD! Slides, gasping, closing eyes as everything is WET. Momentum carries her to down-rushing WATER! Somewhere farther behind, the boar's fury is still heard...

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

surging through forest, carrying a dazed Anna...

RIVERBANK - ANNA - LATER

finally manages to pull onto land. Exhausted, shivering, for several moments simply sitting. Then she looks up to see, like a surprise in a dream:

A SMALL ABANDONED HUNTING LODGE

deserted; dark. She moves toward it in accepting wonder. But the ordeal isn't done: somewhere behind, the frantic, frenzied snort and charging sound of the Boar! She runs!

OUTSIDE THE LODGE - ANNA

desperate again, frantically tries the heavy door -- gasps when it opens! Almost falls through to:

INT. LODGE - ANNA - NIGHT

closes it quickly, clutching the handle as the huge body of the boar SLAMS against it! A deep grunt... a pause... Anna straining to see in this room... but she remains in darkness while the boar charges and slams the walls over and over. Finally, she can hear it snort disgustedly and back-off. Seconds pass. Then -- a deep breath for courage - she moves to the window:

HER POINT OF VIEW - THE BOAR

she GASPS at the size of it. It's gigantic; puffs of steam chug from its nostrils in cold night air. Red eyes glare at the lodge. And then, with a snort, it turns away...

RESUME - ANNA

sighing, almost collapsing against the wall. Her eyes are at last adjusting to the room. She can see: beds, a fireplace, a table with an oil lamp. And lastly, looking up, right in her face, fresh enough to slowly drip last residual blood to the floor:

THE HANGING CARCASS OF -- ANOTHER BOAR!

an inch away! Blank eyes stare back at her! She screams!
Jumps back and nearly falls over --

A STACK OF CLOSED STEEL-JAWED TRAPS

piled up against the wall. Dirty, cold, evil-looking. As she avoids them, she hits another hanging, drizzling carcass with her head! This one a dead buck! She screams and drops to her knees, staring, trying to keep from dying of fright.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ANNA

horrified, looking around... able to now see and realize it's a hanging garden of freshly hunted animal carcasses; hard to see because they're suspended in shadows from the ceiling. As it sinks-in that she's in the middle of so much dangling carnality, the HOWL OF A WOLF cuts through the dark.

Then, more howls. Very close. She looks up at the carcasses, then back at the window. Quiet, piercing fear.

When she looks out, she SEES the wolves, several of them, howling, eyeing the lodge.

ANNA

backs from the window, wide-eyed: they're about to charge, literally, at the window.

ANNA

My God.

She's almost out of the room, into a hall where, her vision adjusted to dimness -- she recognizes:

A CELLAR DOOR

pulls the bolt back, opens it wide. Can't see down there: absolutely pitch. At this moment: the SOUND of a WOLF, smashing through the window! In terror, Anna hurries down into the cellar and shuts the door after herself, leaving the bolt open.

INT. CELLAR - ANNA

blackness. Above, the growing, unrelenting SOUND of carnality as the entire PACK sets-upon the trove of hanging meat. Anna sits watching the thin crack of faint light from the floor above. Listening, staring, trying not to make a give-away sound. She's in an almost fetal ball; eyes alert, before finally lowering her head to her forearm...

CUT TO

EXT. BUTCHER STORE - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

INT. HERMAN'S UPSTAIRS ROOM - THE DOOR

Herman opens it from the landing outside. Worn-down by his forest journey. Trying to hide it. The room is adorned with guns, scythes, axes, knives and traps on every wall. It's also adorned with:

REVERSE ANGLE - HERMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - CLAUDIA

reclining on his bed. An undeniably sexual pose.

CLAUDIA

You were gone a long time.

HERMAN

She'll be gone even longer.

She sinks lower on her elbow.

CLAUDIA

Is that something you can prove?

Herman almost smiles. Closes the door behind him. Holds out a slightly bloody rag with something wrapped in it. Claudia, eyes riveted, rises from the bed. Starts toward him, then stops, suddenly cautious.

CLAUDIA

You wouldn't lie. You must never lie...

He opens the cloth to reveal...

A HEART AND LIVER

incongruous, grotesque.

CLAUDIA

hovers, absorbing the disembodied organs with her stare.

CLAUDIA
Amazing. A whole life. So
small...

Herman watches, fascinated, as she puts the prize on the rough wooden table. Hacking into the raw meat with a long knife, she takes a chunk, and, shutting her eyes, wanton, puts it in her mouth and chews. Sexual, sensual. Finally, sighing, she turns and stares into his eyes.

HERMAN
You're amazing.

CLAUDIA
You have no idea.

Her smile unnerves. She moves very near. Lips, with gleam of grease and blood, almost touching his...

CUT TO

INT. LODGE - CELLAR - ANNA - DAY

sleeps uncomfortably beneath the now-quiet Lodge, until:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Look at the window!

FRONT DOOR

bursts open as SEVEN MEN -- "THE OUTCASTS" -- hurry in to discover:

SCENE - INSIDE

an unbelievable ransacking. Animal blood, bones, fur and skin everywhere. They've been out all night, and are stunned at the handiwork of the wolves. First is STEFAN, a handsome Pole. Big, muscular, strapping. Booming voice and clear grey eyes contrast beggar's clothing.

STEFAN
I told him they'd smell the
damn meat! Christ... wait 'til
he sees his trophies...
(calls out)
Barret...!

Next, a short, barrel-chested Turk named JABIR:

JABIR
What has done this?

A third man, of more authority than Stefan or Jabir, follows. He is ERIC. Tall, quiet, calculating. A leader.

ERIC
Wolves. A big pack.

STEFAN
(yells again)
Barret...!

GERSHOM, a thin, precise German Jew, enters. Reacts.

GERSHOM
Thank God I had a good night.

Eric stares at him a moment, as BARRET, a surly, massive young man with angry, restless eyes, steps through the door. The others watch as he absorbs the scene, another fresh kill slung over his shoulder. Finally, with a grunt of disgust, he turns and throws his fresh kill out the broken window!

BARRET
There! Maybe they'll come back
and take that, too!

STEFAN
I told you they'd smell that
meat...

BARRET
(glares)
You told me... why do you
always have to be so right?

STEFAN
Why do you always look like
somebody pissed in your mouth?

Behind Barret is ELLERY; frail, willowy, resembling Eric -- his brother -- but clearly from voice, word, and manner; a homosexual. He stops, stunned at the chaos in the Lodge.

A moment later LEOPOLD; a short, brash German with a terribly bad leg that results in his wildly dipping, lurching gait, stops dead in his tracks. His is the loudest, most sarcastic voice of the lot:

LEO
Anybody want to hunt some
extremely fat wolves?

Barret, disgust complete, starts across the room:

BARRET
I need some wine. Unless they
drank it...

LEO
They're not bad in a stew...

But in two steps, Barret has stopped. Staring at the CELLAR DOOR. Noticing the BOLT: still open. Points to it. Mimes "it's open".

CUT TO

CELLAR - ANNA

recoils as the door above is thrown open! Light pours in! Barret leaps to the cellar floor with knife-blade flashing, stopping short when he's face to face with her! After a moment, taking her in:

BARRET
Well... God loves a poacher...

ANGLE - CELLAR DOOR - MAIN FLOOR

as Barret appears from below, Anna over his shoulder, screaming and pounding on his back.

BARRET (CONT)
Look what the wolves missed!

Everyone watches in amazement as he pulls her to him; crushes her in an unwanted embrace. Unfazed by her struggle and laughing in her face as he presses against her.

BARRET
Save your energy! There are
seven of us!

ERIC
Who the hell is that?

Her screams of terror and rage continue until Eric, peering hard at her, seems to realize something: goes into action.

ERIC
Wait! That's enough!

He separates her from Barret, pushing him away in a demonstration of authority.

ERIC
Nobody gets her!

BARRET
The hell I don't! I found her!
You're taking what's mine!

Eric looks at Anna... reaches a different conclusion.

ERIC
I don't think so.

She's dishevelled, humiliated, still gorgeous. He notes her smooth hand. Touches her cheek. The weave of her garments.

ERIC (CONT)
But she's somebody's.
(meets her look)
You have a rich father. You
live in a great house.

She stares back, not answering. He turns to the others:

ERIC
Is everybody getting the idea?

ANNA
He won't let you make a fool
of him.

Eric turns quickly back to her.

ERIC
Oh, this time I think he can't
prevent it. Miss Hoffmann.

Anna's reaction confirms it for Eric.

STEFAN
Hoffmann...?

ERIC
The farm I used to own wasn't
far from your home.

BARRET
She's Hoffmann's daughter?
You're talking about ransoming
Hoffmann's daughter?

Eric scans Anna's intelligent face while he answers Barret.

ERIC

First we can let him see what it's like being torn away from his family.

(beat; quietly)

Then we get his money.

LEO

(explodes)

He's Napoleon's Goddamned German Administrator! You'll have the Goddamned forest full of police!

ERIC

Maybe...

LEO

We'll have no place to go!

ERIC

We have a place to go.

GERSHOM

We do?

ERIC

When we have to. I found it a few days ago.

LEO

You're still a fool. He'll find us no matter where you think you can hide.

ERIC

I've been a worse fool, Leo. I haven't tried to get myself... or any of us... back into the world.

LEO

So you're going to do it by graduating from poaching and picking pockets and a little begging on the side... to kidnapping and ransom? Because we find some little bitch hiding in the cellar? That's the way...?

ERIC

Are you sure it's not?

LEO
 You're a farmer! I'm a
 carpenter! What are we doing?

ERIC
 My farm is gone. I've been
 made into a man who takes what
 he needs.
 (points to Anna)
 This has been sent! Now we
take!

Leo doesn't have a ready answer. To Eric, that's a grudging
 concession. Beat.

ERIC (CONT)
 All right. Let's clean this
 place.
 (cold look)
 And our guest goes back to her
 room.

CUT TO

TOWN STREET - CLAUDIA - DAY (MOS)

MUSIC OVER, Claudia, tense and anxious, walks down a narrow
 lane, expectant. Watchfully turns a corner only to stop:
 confronted by a man. His back is to CAMERA; in her way. She
 doesn't look surprised, but looks with great expectation
 and interest at the envelope he hands her.

After a moment, breaking-off her stare at the envelope, she
 hands him a small cloth sack. Then she listens and nods, as
 if to instructions. As he leaves, she watches, then looks
 down at the envelope. As she opens it with a long
 fingernail and pulls the flap aside:

MATCH CUT TO

WINGS OF THE VANITY - AS CLAUDIA PULLS THEM OPEN

stares in. She appears pale, intense, lost in some kind of
 reverie as the WINGS seem to literally ENFOLD her, so in
 her mind she is at the Vanity's center. There, it's almost
 as if, from the corner of her eye -- first on one side,
 then the other -- rippling around her on the standing
 mirrors that form a semicircle around the open Vanity...
 things are visible. Shapes, movements, shifts of light that
 seem to stay just outside the field of vision. And then, as
 if forming from that shifting light, moving from side to
 center, back again, vanishing, reappearing -- Claudia
 finally sees

"HER"

a flowing, dancing, somehow flying shadow creature-form.

INTERCUT WITH - CLAUDIA

in the midst of her own maelstrom, she moans... whispers something we can't make out... accompanied and underscored by the concussive, powerful voice we heard before...

And now, in the mirror... in Claudia's vision... we see enormous EYES. Then a no-eyed, smooth, round, high-cheekboned FACE... elongating to become NECK, then shoulder-down-to-body; a vision of sensual skin that covers the rise of feminine HIP, naked, smooth, outlined in dimness... which in turn becomes broad, darkly reddish SNAKE, slithering before our view... arriving to the MIDDLE of the Vanity and rising, towering, head in profile: yet still somehow womanly.

CLAUDIA/HER

She's alive.

Turning, breathing... HEAR THE BREATHING... as eyes green as Claudia's... greener... become BLACK. LIGHT plays, ripples, seems to BLAST from the glass as if carrying the VOICE, with Claudia's own...

CLAUDIA/HER

It must be you. She's alive...
it must be you...

CUT TO

EXT. TOWN BUTCHER STORE - NIGHT

wind moans through shutters. Darkness in the store...

INT. BUTCHER STORE - TOWARD FRONT DOOR

soft SCRATCHING from outside, as we SLOWLY MOVE TIGHTER, through the shop... toward the slight jiggle... nearer to the patient, controlled metal-on-metal scratch... coming from the rickety KNOB. It finally gives a little SNAP of defeat... and the door opens.

STAIRS - DARK LEATHER RIDING BOOTS

under the hem of a long, dark coat. Taking each step carefully, soundlessly, patiently.

HERMAN'S ROOM - HERMAN

in his ratty cloth chair, asleep, facing the fire. The door behind him. This knob is tested... then:

A BROAD KNIFE-BLADE

slides through, then UP. Lifts the bolt from its rest just an inch or two, allowing the door to open.

ANGLE - FIREPLACE

FLAME BLOOMS noticeably in momentary draft, then resumes its previous level. A fine zephyr of ash kicks-up off the floor of the firebox, into the room.

LONG DARK COAT - FROM BEHIND

soundlessly crossing the room, leather boots catching reflection of fire in their flawless shine. Suddenly, turning to the chair as:

SLENDER HANDS

grip the handle of:

HERMAN'S HUNTING AXE

blade high in the air:

HERMAN'S LEFT HAND

on an arm of his chair as he sleeps.

RESUME - AXE

it swiftly descends!

HERMAN'S FACE - CLOSE

screaming awake! A monstrosity of pain! He clutches at the gushing end of his arm, lurching to the left in his chair, trying to find the hand -- staring at the stump as he continues to scream, wild-eyed, and is clubbed savagely to silence across the cheekbone with the handle of the axe.

CLAUDIA - CLOSE

hair pulled back, make-up perfect. Beautiful dark coat still immaculate, she leans-in as she slings the axe against the stones of the fireplace. Puts one knee on the chair, high-up between his legs as he sits, shivering, shuddering, verging on shock as his brutalized arm hangs over the edge of the chair. Her voice is a moaning sexual breeze...

CLAUDIA

Didn't you think someone like
me... would know the human
heart?

She smiles, near, looking into dulled eyes. Playfully blows the hair back from his forehead. The slow SLIDE of her very large KNIFE, once more leaving its leather pouch...

CLAUDIA (CONT)

Didn't you think someone like
me... would sense the
difference... between a dog's
heart... and a human heart?

With great, terrible force, she drives the blade deep into his abdomen!

SIDE ANGLE - CLAUDIA'S FACE AND HERMAN'S FACE

he stares at her in amazement. Can't move, though for a moment, he tries. But she grabs the back of his head; keeps his dying face near, and JERKS the knife up. Into him. No escape. Whispers as his eyes widen; mouth opens...

CLAUDIA (CONT)

This is a human heart.

CUT TO

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

forest immensity presses down on the tiny building. Its flickering, candle-lit glow a faint inconsistency on the blanketing darkness of the land.

INT. LODGE - JABIR - NIGHT

alone, guarding Anna, who is still down in the cellar. He has a gun. Resents having to be here with her. Speaks to her through cellar door, on which he sits.

INTERCUT - with Anna, in cellar.

JABIR

In my country, a man guards
women as punishment.

ANNA

What country is your country?

JABIR

Do not speak.

(beat)

My country is Turkey. I am a
Turk.

ANNA

(knows how to
play him)

You must be great fighters.

JABIR

(snorts)

Let Napoleon come to Istanbul.
First his fingers come home,
then his head...

He is stopped by a loud KNOCK. It jars them both.

ANNA

What was that?

Jabir "shhs" her as warily, not expecting visitors in this remote place. He moves to open it:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE - CLAUDIA.

eye contact.

JABIR

What do you...

The BLAST from her gun, held at her side, hits him in the face, killing him instantly.

ANNA

horrified at the SHOT, stares up at the cellar door.

CLAUDIA

in the room, BOOTS sounding on wooden floor.

ANNA

HEARS the BOOTS, fear deepening. And, from above:

CLAUDIA (O.S.)
God will not help you, Anna.

Anna can't believe her ears. Sickening, paralyzing panic and claustrophobic terror. Then, not even breathing, she forces herself to move, quiet as possible, to a corner of the cellar. Picks up an old, thick wooden cane resting against the wall. Blows out the candle they'd left her.

CLAUDIA

stalking, gun at ready, room to room...

CLAUDIA
I heard him speaking to you...

Stops. Sees the cellar door.

CLAUDIA (CONT)
... Anna.

ANNA

understands the tone-change: she's been found. Steels herself; fingers tightening on the cane.

ANGLE - FROM BELOW - CELLAR DOOR

opens. Light seeps; doesn't illuminate Anna's corner.

CLAUDIA

steps down the ladder. Can't see yet in blackness. Now coming farther, inching... excruciating as Anna, from her hidden perspective, doesn't breathe...

THE TWO

Claudia stands, gun upheld, with her back to Anna.

Anna, about to explode with tension, suddenly lunges! Cracks the gun-hand hard with the cane! Sends the weapon chattering into darkness! Claudia whirls -- stares -- and pulls the knife. Barely sees, but she lunges! Anna jumps out of the way and to Claudia's shock, cracks her over the head with the cane -- snapping the wood -- and flees in desperation.

ANGLE - MAIN LODGE ROOM

Anna is half-out of the cellar when -- a HAND grabs at her legs! She screams. Being dragged back down, as if to be consumed. Then kicks, connects, and keeps going! Runs out of the yawning front door, past the body of Jabir.

Claudia is just behind, grabbing another weapon -- a fireplace poker -- as she goes through the room. Re-sheathes THE KNIFE.

EXT. LODGE - CHASE

Claudia emerges, peering into the night for Anna, who has vanished into the trees.

CLAUDIA - CLOSE

deathly still. To her right: a SOUND! Moves toward it with predatory purpose.

AMID THE GREAT TREES

giant towers reaching far above, letting eerie shafts of moonlight through. Claudia is relentless; cat and mouse as:

ANNA

haunted, hides behind a huge trunk, hearing footsteps...

CLAUDIA
(whisper)
Anna. It can't be you. It must
be me...

And in a:

SHOCK CUT - CLAUDIA!

has found her! She strikes a blow to the flinching Anna's shoulder, then to her ribs!

Gasping, Anna tries to get around the trunk to deflect the blows, but Claudia is too fast. She's hitting Anna on the back, the legs -- grunting with exertion until Anna can no longer resist, crumpling to the ground. Claudia drops the fireplace poker to again unsheath the knife...

But Anna has fallen by a large branch, and, with a groan of pain, rises to smash Claudia full in the chest with it! Knocking her backwards into:

A TREE TRUNK

the exhausted Anna is immediately on her, grappling to control the knife; dangerously between them. Anna is gradually forcing the lethal blade closer... they're eye to eye... it's plain that Anna has it in her to kill at this moment. But at the last second, Claudia finds a burst of strength -- jerks the knife away!

ANOTHER ANGLE

the strength of this move, as they grapple, jerks the knife quickly upward -- cutting deep into Claudia's own face!

As her astonishment registers, she reels back with a scream of pain and rage that demolishes the night stillness!

Staring... disoriented, holding her hands over where the blade has slashed an irregular path from temple to jawline, she rages through long, howling seconds of delirium before pain spurs her to full fury. She finds the same heavy branch and now flies at Anna, pounding her savagely, driving her to the ground, and with another blow, knocking her unconscious.

CLAUDIA - CLOSE

breathing hard, waits, wide-eyed and watchful. Smelling triumph. Anna doesn't move.

Then, HEARING something, Claudia looks up; through trees:

THE RIVER

to which she drags Anna, over rough ground and rocks. Finally to cold, rushing water. As she reaches the water, engrossed in her task, we see -- but she does not -- a TORCH in the distant forest.

CLAUDIA - CLOSE

putting Anna's face in the water -- which also revives her, causing struggle; spitting, coughing. Claudia presses her advantage, clamping fingers around Anna's throat. Grimly working to finish the job.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO WOMEN IN THE RIVER

struggling in calm, bluish moonlight until, as Claudia turns slightly to get a better grip, she is stunned to see:

TORCHES

nearer, coming through the blackness of the forest.

RESUME - SCENE

Claudia literally drops Anna, glaring in fury and frustration at the lights... ignoring as Anna begins to float helplessly, turning over and over in the water, downstream.

The lights keep coming. Finally, turning to where Anna should be, Claudia is surprised to see the girl now several yards away, helpless; then startled to HEAR:

ERIC (O.S.)
(calling)
Jabir!

The VOICE freezes her. For a tortured moment, she almost pursues Anna, hating to leave her fate in any doubt.

Finally though, torn, she moves angrily to the bank -- and into the concealing shadows of the great trees -- away from the TORCHES, which are, of course:

THE OUTCASTS

on foot... able to see her moving away...

BARRET
Is that the girl?

ERIC
Too big for the girl...

GERSHOM
(frowns)
Where is Jabir?

Having no answer, their walk becomes a run...

BARRET

first to the river, sees Anna floating, turning over,
bobbing in the river. In a moment, he's in the water.

ANGLE - AS HE REACHES ANNA

managing to turn her onto her back and start for shore.
As he does, the change in position makes her begin to gag.

RIVERBANK - BARRET AND ANNA

he lays her down on the rocky ground as the others gather
near. She continues to cough up water and strain for
breath. But he can tell... sitting back, watching her...

BARRET
This one's a survivor...

CUT TO

INT. LODGE - FAVORING ERIC - NIGHT

the other Outcasts gathered around. Anna lies on a bed,
bruised and battered -- but recovering.

ERIC
Why didn't you tell us your
stepmother wanted you dead?

ANNA
When did I have the chance?

GERSHOM
You have a mouth.

ELLERY
It could've saved Jabir!

ANNA

You wouldn't have cared. You
locked me in the cellar...!

ERIC

We wanted a deal with your
father. Not your death...

ANNA

You fished me out of the
river, but that's all you'll
do for Hoffmann's daughter,
and you know it.

ERIC

You seem to forget... you were
dead if it wasn't for us.

ANNA

(stares)

I heard you before. You're as
bad as she is. I'd be dead if
you didn't have a use for me.

He becomes suddenly serious; draws nearer...

ERIC

Be careful who you compare us
to. Because I think -- with
what just happened here --
you're very much like us.

(beat)

You're an Outcast.

ANNA

I won't be once I reach my
father.

ERIC

You won't reach him before she
does.

This stops her; strikes a chord. This she has to take
seriously. Worried now, she looks down despite herself;
remembers:

ANNA

She'll show him that I cut her
face. It was deep. I saw...

ERIC

Then she'll mix the lies she
tells...

(touches his
face)
... with a little truth.

ANNA
(defensive flash)
My father loves me. He won't
believe her.

ERIC
You can't count on him. You
can either run and hide from
her... or you can rise up and
kill her.

Her eyes are wide.

ERIC (CONT)
That's your choice. And that
means for now, you are one of
us.

He holds her look; then turns to the others.

ERIC (CONT)
Now... after what happened,
tonight is the night we move.
(to Anna)
You can come or you can stay.

As they begin to prepare for leaving:

CUT TO

EXT. FOREST - OUTCASTS AND ANNA - NIGHT

carrying all they own. Eric talks to Anna as they begin to
descend a hill:

ERIC
What I can offer is a deal...

ANNA
A deal means you want
something in return...

ERIC
You know what we want. A
chance to get back into the
world.
(a look)
We need a pardon.

ANNA

And you think... I can talk my father into it?

LEO

We think -- with luck -- that you might be able to try.

ERIC

In return, we'll teach you something about how to survive. How to protect yourself... maybe even think for yourself.

She considers; looks away. Then:

ANNA

What have you done that you need to be pardoned for?

For a moment, he's thrown by her directness.

ERIC

It's like you heard before, when we found you in the cellar.

(beat)

We became... "socially unfit".

(beat)

We lost our old lives, our money, our families... when the French overran us.

BARRET

So now some of us beg, some poach...

GERSHOM

... some pick pockets...

LEO

... some limp.

STEFAN

(interrupts;
points)

Eric... is that it?

They all look ahead to:

A VERY OLD CLUSTER OF DESERTED BUILDINGS

dark, empty, isolated in deep forest.

ERIC (O.S.)
Yes...

RESUME - SCENE

ELLERY
What is it?

ERIC
What else...? A monastery.
(to Anna)
A place for redemption.

CUT TO

FINGERNAILS

long, feminine: digging into the UPHOLSTERED ARM of a fine CHAIR. Reacting to a jolt of pain, as, O.S., we HEAR a SHARP, clenched utterance of AGONY.

INT. MANOR HOUSE BEDROOM - FROM BEHIND THE CHAIR - NIGHT

the person in the chair is Claudia, draped in medical linens, body tense with suffering. An OLDER SURGEON, nervous and fretful, works on her face, which we can't see. Hovering near is a HOUSEMAID, who'd rather be elsewhere.

SURGEON
You say an animal did this?

CLAUDIA (O.S.)
I told you. I was looking for
Anna in the forest...
(reacts; more
pain)
My God!

SURGEON
Mrs. Hoffmann... I've never
seen anything like this from
an...

CLAUDIA (O.S.)
Give me something!

SURGEON
There's just... very little...

CLAUDIA (O.S.)
 (cuts him off)
 I'm not a god-damned
 washerwoman!
 (the Housemaid
 averts her eyes)
 Give me something for pain!

SURGEON
 (hopeful)
 ... but... we're so close.
 We're at least half-done...

THE HAND

returns to rest on the chair-arm; her exhausted sigh
 audible as he resumes, speaking to her as if to a child:

SURGEON (O.S.)
 ... so if you can stay still,
 it's easier...

... again, her GROANING begins... this time a rising,
 barely-contained fury in the face of incredible pain...
 nails rake the fabric. Thread stretches, then gives, under
 their pressure...

CLAUDIA (O.S.)
 Hurry...! Just hurry...!

ANGLE - CLAUDIA'S POINT OF VIEW - SURGEON

looking into CAMERA over his glasses. Pausing a moment.

SURGEON
 You have to be patient, Mrs.
 Hoffmann. This isn't the kind
 of thing that... heals easily.

Suddenly, her hand shoots up, grabs him by the shirt, near
 the throat. PULLS HIM NEAR as we:

SNAP ADJUST - TO INCLUDE CLAUDIA AND THE SURGEON - CLOSE

her horribly SCARRED, HALF-SEWN face literally in his own!
 She is, after her former beauty, breathtakingly hideous:
 face pulled, transformed, mutilated.

CLAUDIA
Doctor. Don't patronize me.
 Just sew me up. And get out.

CUT TO

VARIOUS - MONTAGE (M.O.S. EXCEPT WHERE SPECIFIED)

MUSIC over. Anna, dressed like an Outcast, follows Stefan and Barret through towering, sheltering WOODS near the old Monastery. Barret indicates for her to keep up...

- Stefan, kneeling, points out animal prints in the soil -- the way leaves have been disturbed on a bush...

- By turns, they trek over rocky places, across rushing streams (where she's wary and holds out a hand -- refused with a smile -- for help in crossing), and up steep hills...

- Farther along... as she wipes her brow from the heat, Barret points-out remains of a small animal; some kind of rodent... a victim. Indicates direction to keep going...

- Stefan and Barret, thirty feet apart, creep up slowly on their prey as Anna, trying to be quiet, takes it all in. Finally, under dappled light from above, they take "triangulating" aim at something... we can't see what. Their muzzle-blasts ROAR at a mid-point ahead!

- They carry home a BOAR. Anna, a few steps behind, stares with distaste, and the memory of her own encounter with such a beast, not that long ago. She looks away...

INT. MONASTERY - NIGHT

candles struggle to offset this dank, uncomfortable, cold place. The group eats and celebrates the hunt. The boar is splayed on a large platter.

Anna is put-off by the boarding house reach reality of food-slinging, grabbing, bickering, etc., among these shouting, greasy-fingered men. Leo notices:

LEO

Anna! You can't sit like a
"lady" after your first hunt!
(leans nearer)
You helped track and kill a
beast... now eat it! Get your
fingers greasy! Drink!

She looks back at him, not thrilled:

DISSOLVE TO

SAME SCENE - LATER

beer flows on; Barret is JUGGLING the BOAR'S EYEBALLS to applause from the others. Gershom presents Anna with a "necklace" of the animal's teeth (oh, boy, does she like that). And she catches Leo, bleary-drunk in a corner, simply gazing at her. All he can do when caught is smile and shrug...

LEO

Sorry... reminded me of
somebody...

It must've been somebody he loved, because in drinker's honesty, he has to look away. She's about to ask, but the pain looks deep... and just then:

STEFAN

staggering from drink, exhausted...

STEFAN

I need... some air...

But he becomes ill as he tries to cross the room; falling awkwardly to the floor not far from Anna.

He's having an epileptic fit. This is a "gran mal" -- which she's never seen the like of before. As she stares, uncertain what to do, Eric and Barret come to his aid. Eric holds his arms down:

ERIC

Anna... get a spoon...
(off her look)
... don't stare at him! Do it!
He'll choke if you don't!

Snapping out of it, she grabs the spoon and quickly hands it to him, having no idea why...

ERIC

All right, come here...
(looks at her;
demands)
Take his arm and hold it.

She does, Barret holds the other. Eric, with great struggle, manages to depress Stefan's tongue with the spoon. Then, once it's in place, his teeth clamped down on it...

BARRET

It'll pass in a few minutes...

ANNA
What is it?

ERIC
He's an epileptic. It happens
sometimes when he's tired...
(beat)
... and I doubt if drinking
helps.

Anna looks on, watching the care with which they help him.

CUT TO

EXT. FOREST - ANNA, ERIC, ELLERY - DAY

heavy coats against the cold. Anna takes aim with a GUN.

ELLERY
Higher, higher... really look
at him, now. Make sure. And...
slow squeeze...

She fires!

A LARGE BUCK

goes down; felled and killed by her single shot!

ANNA

lowers the gun, amazed. Filled with revulsion,
exhilaration. Drawn forward after Ellery and Eric, who
reach the animal first. Anna's eyes remain on her kill.

ERIC
Clean kill! A single shot,
straight to the heart!

She's staring, but it's clear they might as well be talking
to someone else. Ellery sees this:

ELLERY
Anna!

ANNA
I did... all right?

ELLERY
You did an excellent job!

ERIC
(exuberant)
Now you gut it, skin it, cook
it, and eat it!

ANNA
(oh, no...)
Right... now?

EXT. MONASTERY BUILDINGS - WOODEN TABLE - DAY

late afternoon in a little "square" surrounded on three sides by structures, on one by weedy remnants of an old vegetable garden. Anna stands over her kill with an enormous knife, reluctantly and ineptly working to skin and gut it. Eric and Leo look on.

ANNA

fighting nausea as she skins the animal. Finally, as some BLOOD spatters her face, she recoils; makes a sound of revulsion, backs up... and sprints for the bushes to get sick. The men wait, unmoved.

After several moments of violent sickness, she throws a dreading look back toward the table. But she's determined. Takes a deep breath and forces herself bravely back to the splayed, half-carved beast. They trade looks...

ANNA
This won't take much longer...

LEO
Good. Cold air helps, though.
Won't go bad so fast...

ERIC
And... you will remember to
cut off the limbs so we can
have a good soup...?

Anna balks... something like panic in her eyes... then turns swiftly back to the bushes!

INT. MONASTERY DINING HALL - NIGHT

a CHEER of approval as the MEAT is set on the table.

ANNA

center of attention and congratulation, is slapped on the back, hugged and toasted with steins of beer -- of which she has a good-sized one, herself. And she's not looking sick, now. She's grinning.

LEO

All right... come on...
everybody...

(they raise
steins)

... to Anna the Outcast! Anna
the huntress! Anna the Bitch
of The Goddamn Forest!

They echo Leo's toast. She starts to drink from the stein... but when she's about to lower it after a swallow... Stefan... looking much better... reaches out and keeps the stein-bottom high...

STEFAN

All of it! Drink it all!

After a moment's hesitation... she goes for it! Roars of approval. Swallow after swallow as the room cheers her on, until, when she stops... she holds out the stein... and turns it upside down! Not a drop left!

She's red-faced, grinning, laughing as they drink to her.

CUT TO

THE KNIFE-FLIPPING GAME ("POINTS AND HANDLES") - LATER

in which, after taking another good-sized drink -- this girl can hold her brew -- we watch as Anna flips a long, sharp KNIFE off the palm of her hand (tip-down, of course) by "throwing" the handle into a spin with her other hand: trying to get it to stick in the center of a series of concentric circles drawn on the table-top.

- Bammo! She nails it! On reactions -- and a moment of thoughtful, approving eye-contact from Eric, Barret, and Leo...

ERIC

Can you do that again?

ANNA

(accepting the
challenge,
grins)

I can do that all day.

And she picks up the same knife, same way -- and

QUICK CUT TO

SNOWY FOREST - TREE TRUNK - DAY

WINTER has set-in. A flying, air-whipping KNIFE hits home with a WHUMP into thick, meaty bark!

ADJUST ANGLE as Anna retrieves it: she wears heavy coat, hat; full winter-dress. But we see something else: a new maturity. An even greater beauty. She's changed; grown -- and in the process begins to carry herself differently. She's competent, strong... confident. No longer afraid and haunted in the forest.

THE KNIFE

firmly in a bulls-eye on the tree -- by necessity smaller than the one on the table. As it is YANKED OUT:

BARRET (V.O.)
You've learned to hunt...

CUT TO

EXT. ON A POND - BARRET AND ANNA - DAY

cracking through ice with a hammer, as he begins to fish...

BARRET (CONT)
... you're good with a gun...
(smiles at her)
... and you're deadly with a
knife. Not to mention that you
can drink most of us under the
table.

She looks down, embarrassed. He watches her closely.

BARRET (CONT)
Are you still afraid of her?

ANNA
Yes. I am...

BARRET
Good.
(off surprise)
You'll be watchful.

He tests his line... pulls it up to re-check bait...

BARRET (CONT)
I'll ask Eric what he thinks
when he gets back from his
hunt... but I think you're
ready.

CUT TO

INT. MONASTERY - BY FIRE - ANNA, ERIC, BARRET, LEO - NIGHT

Anna is extremely upset.

ANNA
But I know I can get my father
to help...

ERIC
Anna... I've made the decision
for now.

ANNA
(angry)
For everyone.

LEO
(re: Eric)
We made him our leader when we
decided to become such a...
happy little family. So we
abide by his decisions.

She absorbs this, expression going cold; stubborn.

ANNA
Because you don't really want
to make your own.

BARRET
We all have to live out here.

ANNA
You want Eric to make them.

ERIC
We have an understanding...

ANNA
(to Leo and
Barret)
And now Eric says it's too
dangerous -- so Anna stays in
the forest -- and so do you.

ERIC
I told you... when I was
hunting there were police out
searching. If they found you
with us...

ANNA
They'd listen to me.

Barret shakes his head in weary disgust. Looks at Eric.

BARRET
This is why we shouldn't have
kept her with us to start
with.

ANNA
(to Barret)
So Eric was wrong?

BARRET
He was wrong then. Not now.

Anna is fit to be tied. Gets up, paces. Finally:

ANNA
Barret... just to satisfy my
curiosity... what would you
do...
(off look)
... if you were me?

This stops him. He thinks. Then:

BARRET
I wouldn't bother with her.
I'd go to America. I'd get
away and never come back to
this place again. Whatever it
took... that's what I'd do.

LEO
How could she do that?

ANNA

I don't want to do that. I want to go home. With everything she's done, I can't leave my father with her. No matter what you think of him.

BARRET

(sad beat)

I know. You can't.

(truth)

And that's why I think you're probably going to be killed.

LEO

Barret...

ANNA

Let him say what he thinks.

ERIC

(cutting-in)

Or at the very least, even if you manage to get back into your father's life... every one of us will be rounded-up, and then taken out and shot.

ANNA

For what?

ERIC

For having kidnapped you.

ANNA

It'll never happen!

ERIC

That's what you say.

ANNA

And he'll believe me.

ERIC

But you'll never shout "them" down, Anna.

ANNA

(stands, angry)

I see. You not only think my father's an idiot, but you think I'm too much of an idiot to make myself heard!

ERIC

You won't be heard when he can blame people like us! He'll tell you you're just a little girl! He'll tell you you've believed our lies!

ANNA

Then why did you bring me here with you?

ERIC

We already told you -- you were one of us -- whether you knew it or not.

ANNA

Why didn't you just leave me behind? Are you taking some kind of revenge, getting the stupid little rich girl's hopes up for nothing so she can see how it feels?

There's a long beat. The fire POPS. Finally:

ERIC

You've grown up a lot, Anna. And maybe you'll even survive your stepmother -- but you still don't know the real monster. You don't know the world.

She stares, stricken, for a long beat. Then turns from the fire and walks away, out the doors and into:

THE SNOW - NIGHT

falling soundlessly around her as she walks, light spilling from the doorway behind her. Stops, arms folded, seething, looking out into the darkness. Beat.

LEO (O.S.)

I have a daughter about your age, Anna.

She turns, surprised. He's just behind her, a little shy...

LEO (CONT)

That's what I... almost told you once before. When I said...

ANNA
(interrupts)
I reminded you of someone.

LEO
(beat; nod)
Her mother took her and left
me.
(re: his crippled
state)
After I got hurt at my work...
and then got sick with the
cough.
(as she reacts)
I didn't blame her. I drank, I
yelled, I swore... I even beat
her. She was probably glad I
fell off the damn roof I was
fixing.

He sighs, deep in his own thoughts. Takes her hand and
starts to slowly walk with her through the snow...

LEO (CONT)
Anyway... people told us our
little girl was talented.
(smile)
She could be a ballerina.

Anna listens closely...

LEO (CONT)
Can you imagine what that
would've been like?
("introducing")
'This is my father, the
crippled drunk'?
(beat)
'And Daddy, this is the rich,
handsome Mr. So-and-so, who
loves the way I dance and
wishes you would go away'?

ANNA
Where is she?

LEO
Some city. Somewhere...

ANNA
You don't know where your
daughter is?

The irony of her question hits her. He lets it; smiles:

LEO
And a lot of the time I think
she doesn't want me to know.

ANNA
I don't believe that.

LEO
(resigned)
I know. Neither do I.
(beat; touches
her cheek)
All I ask is that you
remember: no one chooses this.
No one wants to be cast-out or
driven to hide...
(gestures)
... in the trees.
(beat; softly)
But once we're here, we all
try to survive.
(eye-to-eye)
Even if it means being afraid
to hope... too much. So don't
judge too harshly.

He looks caringly into her eyes.

LEO
Excuse me, now... I'm cold. It
gets in my bones...

He turns back toward the Monastery -- leaving her to stand
a few moments more, watching, in quiet snow.

DISSOLVE TO

MANOR HOUSE - TO ESTABLISH - DAY

a child's frosty wonderland version of a magnificent house
in the snow.

CLAUDIA (V.O.)
Tell me...

CLAUDIA'S VANITY ROOM - CLAUDIA

with the ravaged side of her face away from CAMERA -- and
away from the mirror -- everything else about her seems as
immaculate and perfect as ever. The obsessive brushing of
her hair is ever-so-slightly rougher; quicker...

CLAUDIA (CONT)
Tell me what you know is true.

CLAUDIA'S POINT OF VIEW - "HER" - IN MIRROR

at first only the EYES... then, as if materializing from a mist... VOICE beginning low, soft... only the outline of the face... which TURNS, fully facing forward as...

HER/CLAUDIA
Accept. Come close...

Claudia turns her own face forward, revealing...

CLAUDIA - CLOSE (NOT THE REFLECTION)

peering as transported, as if in a dream... the scar a thick, distorting fusion of skin that permanently pulls the face to one side, out of balance, making one eye just slightly wider than the other...

CLAUDIA'S POINT OF VIEW - THE VANITY MIRROR

where, below "HER", Claudia's own REFLECTION -- is perfect. Without the scar... without the pain...

HER/CLAUDIA (CONT)
You are nothing if she is
alive.

Claudia WINCES as stutter-flashes of BRIGHT LIGHT rush OUT OF THE MIRROR AT HER... a maelstrom out of hell... something like lightening and thunder as CLAUDIA'S IMAGE beside "HER", is transformed for a moment to a hideous, withered HAG. Insects crawl over the face, head, and torso before her REFLECTION is once again the Claudia we know; haunted and staring.

HER/CLAUDIA (CONT)
You must take her heart...

HER huge HAND is raised, opens... it burns, freezes, ages, becomes young... reaching, looking to Claudia as if it will come right out of the mirror...

HER/CLAUDIA (CONT)
... and hold it in your
hand...

... indeed, the HAND emerges, reaches -- an almost iridescent quality to the skin, which is a teeming, constant, busy flow in all directions; a UNIVERSE OF TINY, TORMENTED FACES, CREATURES, SOULS... screaming, mouths open, suffering...

... Claudia stares down... mesmerized as...

THE HAND

huge fingers WRAP HER TORSO as she stands, shutting her eyes in fear and acceptance... as the flowing, ebbing, teeming souls begin to FLOW OFF THE HAND, ALL OVER HER... into her mouth, her eyes... ears... everywhere...

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLAUDIA

without her hallucination, agape, staring, gasping in rapture as she speaks/moans with HER:

HER/CLAUDIA
You must take... her soul.

RESUME - CLAUDIA'S HALLUCINATED POINT OF VIEW

the fingers grip her ribs tightly, around her back, shooting a shiver of cold as the powerful HAND begins to pull right through her and we:

SMASH CUT TO

A COACH - TOWNSHIP STREET - LOW ANGLE - DAY

thundering just past CAMERA, through the partially melted snow. When it's gone by, we see rooftops; beyond which HUGE, distant, SILVERBLUE CLOUDS rush past on the mercilessly cold late afternoon wind that batters everything.

Two large black dogs, running loose, snarl and threaten one another...

ANGLE - EXT. A SHOP - THE TOP OF A DOOR - A BELL

dangles down, just beneath the painted letters A-P-O-T-H-E-C-A... the rest blocked as the DOOR opens, the BELL giving a grating JANGLE.

EXT. APOTHECARY STORE - DAY

a figure emerges, caped and hooded in heavy black linen against the cold -- or prying eyes. The face is wrapped in more heavy black linen. Only the eyes peer, green and fiery.

HER BOOTS

carry her, oblivious, through gusting wind and flying leaves. Past the dogs as if they weren't there...

CLAUDIA - FROM BEHIND

the figure in black, scything through stark winter sunshine and blustery late afternoon swirl. Mysterious, through the town before anyone can wonder who it might be...

CUT TO

EXT. MONASTERY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

absolute hush as we move VERY GRADUALLY NEARER...

INT. MONASTERY - ANNA

with a good blaze in the fireplace, she's cooking soup. Stirring with a large iron ladle. As she does:

ANNA

Eric...?

No response. She pauses. Puts down the ladle, picks up a candle. Walks to the doorway, an open portal to a larger room; tries again, slightly louder.

ANNA (CONT)

Eric.

(calls out)

We're going to need more wood
for the fire...

Still no reply. Turning back to fire, She makes a face. Sotto, to herself.

ANNA

Or nothing will be cooked when
they get back...

(stops; idea)

... maybe you're cutting more
wood...

But just now she notices: a pile of firewood -- freshly cut, stacked. She frowns. Stares at it. Now truly concerned. Goes to a window -- peers, can't see much except starlit snow. No moon of consequence tonight.

As she turns to go back to her cooking, ADJUST TO INCLUDE, in B.G., the FRONT DOOR. Standing WIDE OPEN. No one there. Anna doesn't notice this until she enters the room: stops when she FEELS the DRAFT that, simultaneously, BLOWS OUT THE CANDLE. By firelight, she pauses, curious, turns back to see:

HER POINT OF VIEW - THE OPEN DOOR

chill air coming through, warm air going out.

RESUME - ANNA

makes a face, starting toward it.

ANNA
If you're going out, close
it...

She reaches the door, hand on the handle, leans to look out for a moment.

ANNA'S POINT OF VIEW - INTO THE NIGHT

no Eric. All's quiet.

RESUME - ANNA

in the doorway, about to close it. She looks down:

HER POINT OF VIEW - BOOTPRINTS

in the snow, leading to the door. Not away. To.

ANNA

starting to feel uneasy, starting to close the door. There, IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE DOOR, silent, nearer than a breath: Claudia! Green eyes searing from their swath of black linen. Wild with hate.

ANGLE - THE TWO

without a sound, Claudia suddenly bludgeons Anna as hard as she can, glancing off her shoulder and hitting her head, with a large, literally medieval CLUB.

Anna never has a chance. She is thrown forward violently against the just-closed door, face first. Unconscious before she hits the floor.

LOW ANGLE - CLAUDIA

grim, businesslike, binds Anna's wrists, drags her out of SHOT.

A DOORWAY

kicked open by Claudia's booted foot, leading to a flight of dark, damp stairs -- down. Claudia drags the unconscious Anna through it, into darkness.

STONE STAIRWAY

Anna pulled quickly down to:

CATACOMBS - BENEATH THE MONASTERY

in winter, a cruelly cold, wet hell. Ice on the walls. Standing water where irregular dirt floors are lowest.

ANGLE - A PUDDLE

just before Claudia pulls Anna through.

CLAUDIA'S FLEETING POINT OF VIEW - "HER"

reflected in the water...

ANNA

begining to regain consciousness, unknown to Claudia, who continues to drag her. As Anna's eyes flicker, reacting to the various pains she feels:

ANNA'S POINT OF VIEW - FROM LOW ANGLE

as she is dragged across cold, muddy, floor by this faceless figure.

ANNA

suddenly tries to resist. Jerking her bound wrists away, she breaks momentarily free! Claudia stops, surprised. In a moment, with the club, falls upon Anna with everything she's got.

LOW ANGLE - FIGHT

Anna throws her body to the side, making Claudia miss. The club slams icy wall. Chunks fly. Boots struggle for purchase -- Anna's feet sliding as she lowers her shoulder and tries to drive it into Claudia's midsection, to slam her into the wall.

She partially succeeds, though Claudia hits Anna twice on the back with the club, knocking her to the floor even as Claudia hits the wall and stumbles herself. The CLUB goes skittering a few feet out of Claudia's reach...

As Claudia tries to get it back, Anna gets up and runs -- awkward with bound wrists -- in another direction, down another "tunnel" and into deeper darkness.

Claudia has the club back, knows which tunnel Anna took. With predatory certainty, she takes another tunnel.

ANNA

hurting, limping, freezing. Feeling her painstaking way along the bone-chilling walls. Almost impossible to see.

ANNA'S BOOTS

not nearly as nice as Claudia's -- but she got them from the Outcasts -- step with care. As she comes to a corner, she keeps close to the wall to negotiate it.

The floor here is wet -- four or five inches of water.

HER HANDS

never leave the cold wall as she feels her way, breathing hard, almost whimpering, looking everywhere but seeing nil.

ANNA - CLOSE

profile visible in the shiny, drippy dark. Struggling to resist hysteria. But she is so lost, so hopeless, that she begins hyperventillating.

Can't move, now, eyes wide as can be, chest heaving in mounting panic... certain Claudia will suddenly appear... finally FORCES HERSELF TO BRING HER HANDS TO HER FACE. Covers her mouth, then her whole face, SHUTS EYES TIGHT, trying to blot panic and fear.

And without warning:

A HAND!

shooting from the dark, directly across from where she stands against the wall, GRABS ONE OF HER BOUND WRISTS!

ANNA

completely terrified! SCREAMS uncontrollably, again and again with several breaths, trying desperately to pull away, but the grip is like IRON! She can't shake it! Continuing to shriek in horror, eyes staring down at:

ANNA'S POINT OF VIEW - THE HAND CLAMPED ONTO HER WRIST

larger than her own, a man's hand... PULLING DOWN...

ANGLE - ANNA

PULLED DOWN ALONG THE WALL, unable to fight... almost to floor level, as if drawn toward some deeper, lower vortex of fear than she's already been thrust into.

And finally, when she's there -- she can see the face across the floor of the tunnel; the owner of the hand -- and it is:

ERIC!

nearly dead. Having been savagely beaten, stabbed, and dragged here to expire himself. He has expended most of his remaining energy to grab her wrist. Desperate eyes stare; glassy. Voice a labored, husky whisper:

ERIC
Anna... forgive me... I told
her where...
 (Anna stares;
 amazed)
... she's...

CLAUDIA (O.S.)
Right here.

ANGLE - DARKENED TUNNEL

barely a moment to gasp. Claudia delivers a single, savage blow to Anna, breaking the grip Eric had on her wrist as she is thrown sprawling lifelessly across the floor.

As Eric's head lolls exhaustedly to one side, Claudia quickly moves to Anna.

Hits her again, across the chest. Throwing away the club -- it's not personal enough -- Claudia pummels her with fists. A savage, bellowing release of pent-up rage.

Finally, breathing hard, she roughly forces the deeply unconscious Anna's mouth open, and, every move a violent act, takes out a satchel of something -- the apothecary's gift -- to force it's contents down Anna's throat!

When she's finished, she lets Anna slap to the cold floor -- and turns to Eric, who has been too weak to do anything about all this. A beat, as she brings her face close to his own. Pure hate. Grabs his hair.

CLAUDIA
I hope you spent what I paid.

Still clutching his hair, she shoves his face down into the water. Holds it there. Stands up, puts her boot on the back of his neck, glaring down...

ANGLE - CLAUDIA'S REFLECTION

"HER" visible IN THE WATER, just behind... as she jerks in her neck-breaking effort.

CUT TO

BLACK

LOUD KNOCKING is heard... SOUND of approaching FOOTSTEPS on wood floor, then:

INT. SMALL, DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

as a candle illuminates and a man, from behind, opens the door to REVEAL:

STEFAN, LEO, BARRET

cold, somber. Stefan and Leo nearest, Barret behind...

STEFAN
Are you the doctor?

REVERSE ANGLE - DR. PETER RUTTENBURG

roused from sleep, holding the candle.

RUTTENBURG
Yes...

Leo, not knowing what else to do, steps aside to reveal:

BARRET - HOLDING ANNA!

she is for all the world lifeless. Pale, unmoving.

BARRET
She's still alive... but we
can't wake her.

RUTTENBURG - CLOSE

looking down at her -- suddenly hit with recognition,
suddenly jolted with adrenalin! Taking a closer look:

RUTTENBURG
My God. Anna...

INT. RUTTENBURG'S HOUSE - A BEDROOM - NIGHT

she is placed on a bed. Ruttenburg, remembering everything
he'd felt, experiencing a rush of new, unexpected emotion
and personal regret for what could have been... begins
washing his hands in a bowl. Trying to think clearly.

RUTTENBURG
How long do you think she was
unconscious before you found
her?

LEO
We have no idea...
(off look)
It could've been most of the
night.

RUTTENBURG
And do you know... who?

LEO
(somber; beat)
We think so.

Ruttenburg's emotionally confused pause is barely perceptible. He moves to Anna; pulls her eyelids gently open. Peers into unconscious, fully dilated pupils.

RUTTENBURG
Her breathing's weak. She
could have injuries inside...
damage to her heart...
(notes something;
worries)
Or it could be something else.

Points to Anna's collar -- dark stains, as if droplets had been splashed across the collar just below her jawline.

BARRET
Looks like mud...

RUTTENBURG
Was she in mud?

STEFAN
Yes. We found her in mud...

RUTTENBURG
But look at the rest of her
clothes. You don't see stains
like this.

LEO
Then what is that?

Ruttenburg sighs, worried.

RUTTENBURG
It could be poison... forced
down the throat.

All consider the horror of this. Ruttenburg hovers near Anna's face, wavering between the clinical and personal.

RUTTENBURG (CONT)

Do you know why she was in the forest in the first place?

BARRET

Doctor, we're not fools. We know what this looks like...

RUTTENBURG

(a look)

I'm not accusing. I'd heard she was missing. Everybody's heard. But I can see you brought her here. And no one forced you to do that.

(beat; an idea)

Excuse me...

As they trade looks, he steps across the hall to a small "lab" room. Begins mashing herbs with mortar and pestle; Leo watches for a moment, then follows him, worried. Staring at the concoction he's preparing.

LEO

You really think she was poisoned, too?

RUTTENBURG

This is an emetic. If she was, we'll get as much out as we can.

LEO

Doctor... the way she came to us... is the part you'll have the hardest time believing.

On Ruttenburg's expectant look:

CUT TO

ANNA - LATER

still unconscious, turned on her side as they purge the contents of her stomach into a pot. Ruttenburg holds her at proper angle to prevent choking. The three outcasts stand back, watching intently. And, abruptly, Anna TWISTS onto her back, MOANING AND GROANING and thrashing unconsciously.

Then serious coughing begins -- with such force that she vomits more, half-sitting, eyes open but blank. Staring, registering nothing until the attack begins to subside. For a moment, Ruttenburg cannot keep himself from becoming lost in those uncomprehending, amazing eyes. But then, to his horror, the eyes begin to roll back. Her lids flutter; she lapses once more into a sleeplike state, gone again.

RUTTENBURG

No...

He turns her on her back again. Right OVER her face, intense, opens her eyelids wide again... looking deep...

RUTTENBURG

No...!

Frustration and tension mount. He checks with a small mirror to be sure she's breathing: respiration fog. He pauses to think... takes her wrist again, checks pulse.

... they wait, they wait....

... until, finally, again, he puts her hand down on the bed. Exhaustion. Quiet... failure.

RUTTENBURG

(disgust)

A coughing fit...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. RUTTENBURG'S HOUSE - MORNING

cold and clear.

INT. AT A FRONT WINDOW - RUTTENBURG

peers out from behind the curtain; lets it fall back. Turns to the room. Alone now, walking the house. It's been hours.

ANGLE - UP HALLWAY - RUTTENBURG

coming from the front room... stops by an open door.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - INTO THE ROOM - ANNA

as last seen. Leo, Barret, and Stefan have gone.

RUTTENBURG

checks his watch. Enters the room. Touches her arm.
Nothing. Takes her pulse. Unchanged. Finally takes a seat
by the bed, worried.

EXT. THE TOWN - MID-DAY - TO ESTABLISH

sun high, mild thawing. Amid this:

LIMPING FEET

trek arduously up the street toward the doctor's house.

LEO

with beard and other elements of disguise. Turns up the
walk to the house... knocks. After moments, a tired
Ruttenburg answers...

RUTTENBURG

I'm sorry, I'm not seeing
anyone right...

LEO

(impatient)

Has there been a change.

Ruttenburg stops; realizes it's Leo.

RUTTENBURG

I'm sorry...

(shakes head)

No. Nothing. I'm sorry...

Leo hoped for better, and disguise or no, can't hide
disappointment. Ruttenburg sees it, nods.

RUTTENBURG (CONT)

I know.

Leo's eyes search Ruttenburg's face. Speaks quietly:

LEO

You said you knew her before.

RUTTENBURG

Just a little...

LEO

You've got to believe us about
her stepmother...

RUTTENBURG
 (grips Leo's
 shoulder)
 My friend... we'll get her
 back. And she'll owe you and
 your friends her life one more
 time...

Leo, with little choice but to accept, nods and goes:

DISSOLVE TO:

RUTTENBURG AT ANNA'S BEDSIDE

taking care of her, remaining by her side:

- Washes her hands and arms with cloth and warm water...
- Does the same for her hair...
- Turns her, covers her, makes sure she's warm...
- Carries her in his arms to:

HIS BEDROOM - DAY

larger; with larger bed. Places her on it, tucks her in.

RUTTENBURG
 (softly)
 I'm going to save you, Anna.
 I'm going to be here when you
 wake.

Holding her hand, he settles into his chair, at bedside...

DISSOLVE TO

CUCKOO CLOCK

afternoon light in Ruttenbug's room; near the bed where
 Anna lies. Three-thirty. Soft ticking.

FRESH FLOWERS

Ruttenburg sets a large bouquet atop his dresser, near the
 foot of the bed. Brings one close to her nose: no reaction.

DISSOLVE TO

DOUBLE WINDOWS - NIGHT

he opens them, allowing cold air in. Stands back, hoping, watching, waiting for some effect.

ANNA

breeze blows across her face, rustles her hair... nothing.

RUTTENBURG

again sags with disappointment. Running out of ideas. Turns back to re-close the window.

DISSOLVE TO

ANGLE - THE ROOM - LATER

he sits slumped in the chair at the side of her bed, feet up, holding her limp hand. He's exhausted. Speaks to her and to himself, softly, to keep going. Staring at the wall.

RUTTENBURG

When I first became a
Doctor... when I was just
leaving the Hospital in Munich
after my internship... my
father told me he was proud of
the way I had never lived in
my dreams like other boys.

(ironic)

He said I lived in the real
world.

Looks down at her; longingly...

INTERCUT WITH - ANNA - CLOSE

perfect face, perfect peace...

RUTTENBURG (O.S.) (CONT)

He said that was how a man did
well. To discourage his own
childish fantasies.

(beat)

I don't know what he'd think
of throwing away my
practice... sending patients
to the next village...

Her other hand, on her solar plexus, rises and falls almost imperceptably with her slow, even breathing...

RUTTENBURG (CONT)
... so his son, the great
doctor living in the real
world instead of his dreams...
can sit up all night talking
to a girl who almost died and
who it seems will never wake-
up.

HER HAND IN HIS

he gives it a slight squeeze, caught up in his own words.

RUTTENBURG (CONT)
But I don't care what he'd
think. I'm not going to move.
I'm going to be here, all
night, all day...

EXTREME CLOSE UP - HER LIPS

long unmoving in sleep, move... the slightest of tremors.

RUTTENBURG

stops, breath caught, staring.

RESUME - HER LIPS

a twitch, now... a brief audible inhalation.

ANGLE - THE ROOM

he hasn't moved, every muscle alert as he sits, holding her hand, just as before.

RUTTENBURG
(very softly)
Anna...? Anna...

No response. But, intent, he leans forward... comes near.

HER HAND - IN HIS

twitches slightly!

RUTTENBURG

astonished, moves back and looks down at:

HIS POINT OF VIEW - HER HAND IN HIS

it moves again! Her fingers, first with involuntary little jumps -- then with a definite quality of... exploration...

RUTTENBURG

watching, sitting back a little... catches his breath when the entire arm across her abdomen jumps slightly -- then MOVES an inch, then stops.

ANNA - CLOSE

still for all the world asleep... as he once more comes to perhaps an inch away. Peers at her closed eyes. Whispers:

RUTTENBURG

Anna.

No reply. He doesn't know what to do. Desperately longs for a connection, a response. And slowly, holding breath and closing eyes, bends the tiny distance to tenderly, almost fearfully... give the lightest imaginable kiss.

As he does, another tiny, quick intake of air startles him. Then a flicker; a quick blinking of her eyelids.

RUTTENBURG

watches, overjoyed as:

HER FACE

begins to literally reanimate. Jumps of long-slack muscle, re-emerging from the mask of sleep, until, with slightest expression of surprise and alarm, the eyes remain open... looking up into his own.

RUTTENBURG

fighting tears...

ANNA

recognition taking hold...

THE TWO - CLOSE

RUTTENBURG

Anna. You're safe...

ANNA'S HAND

held all this time in his, now gently, unmistakably, squeezes back.

CUT TO

BOWL OF SOUP

he dips the SPOON, makes the trip to Anna's waiting, pale lips. She drinks, weak, barely energy to sit up, though propped against several pillows. Closes her eyes at the pleasure of having food pass her lips.

ANNA

(raspy whisper)

Thank you.

RUTTENBURG

patiently holding the spoon, starting to give her more.

CUT TO

ANNA'S PILLOW

she holds it up on the backs of her hands, arm's length, and lifts it off of her lap. Over and over, under his watchful eye.

HER FOOT

sole pressing against palm of his hand -- sure to keep sheets discreetly covering -- so she can push to strengthen her leg...

ANOTHER ANGLE

she repeats the basic physical therapy. Doctor and patient.
But in his eyes, far more...

DISSOLVE TO

ANGLE - DOWN HALLWAY - DAY

Anna, clutching Ruttenburg's arm for dear life, is walking.
Coming around the corner from the bedroom, looking with
concern down the hall.

ANNA

All that way?

RUTTENBURG

It's a small house.

ANNA

(grip tightens)

It's a big hall.

He begins to laugh softly... she looks at him as if she
hadn't been kidding, then gets it; smiles back.

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM - ANNA - DAY

a few days later. She sits, getting color and strength
back, a foot or so from the window overlooking the street.
Slowly, conserving strength, she leans forward; pulls back
the nearly transparent drape for a clearer look.

ANNA - CLOSE - FROM JUST OUTSIDE WINDOW

peering out into the world again, cautious...

HER POINT OF VIEW - STREET OUTSIDE

still winter, though snow isn't as heavy on the ground.
Altogether unfamiliar to her.

ANGLE - ANNA - WITH RUTTENBURG BEHIND HER

he's watching her as she looks out the window. After a
beat, no sound in the house save the tick of a clock, she
sits back, lets the drape drop closed. He waits, then steps
closer. She smiles up... still wan.

ANNA
Not as much energy as I
thought, yet.

He understands, helps her up, letting her lean heavily...

INT. BEDROOM - ANNA - DAY

in bed, propped on pillows, Ruttenburg seated in the familiar chair, holding her hand. With a smile, she drops off to sleep. He watches, quiet, patient, caring...

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

a KNOCK outside. Ruttenburg, approaching, calls out...

RUTTENBURG
All right... all right.

Opens to reveal: Leo. Cold despite being bundled for rough weather. His look is anxious. Ruttenburg returns Leo's stare with meaningful expression. A pause of exquisite uncertainty -- will he lie or tell the truth? Does he hate the idea of sharing her? Finally...

RUTTENBURG
Come in. Quickly...

Not sure even now, Leo hobbles in, eyes never leaving Ruttenburg, until, up the hall:

LEO'S POINT OF VIEW - ANNA

framed in light from the room behind her. Lit like an angel, hands folded before her. She smiles.

LEO

eyes welling with tears, starting toward her with open arms. She opens her own to receive his dipping, lurching gait. He breaks into jubilant laughter, sweeping her up, lifting her off the ground and hugging. ADJUST TO INCLUDE Ruttenburg, concern or jealousy gone, watching their reunion with pure pleasure. Play the warmth, enormous relief, and:

CUT TO

RUTTENBURG'S DINING ROOM - RUTTENBURG AND ANNA - NIGHT

stronger now, she sees him with appreciative, accepting eyes. She absorbs every word, action, inflection -- trying to make sense of this latest turn in her life. And to be sure that her growing instinct is right about him.

ANNA

You're sure? My father was trying to find me?

RUTTENBURG

Absolutely. Papers were posted for months. One story said you ran away. Another said you were kidnapped.

ANNA

(bad memory)

It's strange. When you hear it out loud... the lie doesn't sound any different from the truth.

RUTTENBURG

And then we all heard about your mother...

ANNA

(emphatic; quick)

She's my stepmother. Not my mother.

RUTTENBURG

They said she was tireless... searching for you.

(beat)

They said she was obsessed with bringing you home before your father came back from Munich. And that she suffered a terrible wound...

ANNA

(cold)

To the face.

It stops him. He goes on, eyes locked on hers.

RUTTENBURG

She told her doctor a pack of animals attacked her.

ANNA
I'm the animal. But she was
the one who attacked.

He stares, long moments. Then, setting fork on tablecloth:

RUTTENBURG
Anna... what do you want to
do? Tell me and I'll help you.

She considers. Knows it's sincere.

ANNA
I have to see my father.

RUTTENBURG
But if he's with her...

ANNA
He won't be. He's always
travelling...

RUTTENBURG
Will he believe you?

ANNA
I'll make him. I'll make him
understand who saved me...
(beat; difficult)
... and that his own wife...

But even now, after all Claudia has done, Anna can't easily
finish. She looks away; on the verge of breaking down.

He reaches to place a hand over her's. Though it calms her,
she's still looking away. Beat; he can see she's better.

RUTTENBURG
What will you say about me?

She doesn't move. He's barely above a whisper.

RUTTENBURG (CONT)
Because I would save you, too.
Again and again.

Finally, silence a heavy, warming blanket around them, she
begins to lean back toward him, then turns to face him. A
long beat. Then, nearer... his lips meet hers. She closes
her eyes... doesn't resist. When he at last ends the kiss,
they stay very close. It's quiet. Still the whisper:

RUTTENBURG
I love you, Anna.

Looking into his eyes, fresh from that cosmic homecoming of a kiss, she realizes that she feels the same.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ANNA AND RUTTENBURG

she suddenly enfolds him in her arms, kissing back now with passion; the desperate clinging release of resolution, of safety found, of a terrible journey ended...

CUT TO

A COACH

with a team of horses, outside Ruttenburg's house. The front door opens, Anna and Ruttenburg come down the steps, Anna reacts to fresh air with new appreciation.

CUT TO

EXT. FOREST ROAD - THE COACH - DAY

thunders past! Anna and Ruttenburg sit inside, Anna's attention glued to the trees, the memories...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

ANOTHER COACH

passing CAMERA in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION, filling SCREEN before REVEALING we're in the active, bustling center of a:

TOWN SQUARE - SMALL GERMAN CITY

horses, people, soldiers, commerce. On one side, facing the square, a three-story stone TOWNHOUSE, French flag on display. Cold RAIN as:

THE DOOR

opens to reveal a well-dressed gentleman. Hat-brim lowered to fend-off weather. We know, from demeanor and memory: this is Frederick Hoffmann.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FREDERICK

as the swirl of humanity, wagons, horses, cannon, hawkers... reveals, mid-square before him, a surprising flash of red. He squints, curious, directly at:

HIS POINT OF VIEW - FIGURE IN RED

unmoving. Waiting for passing people and hardware to allow a look... then gone, then back...

FREDERICK

drawn through intervening chaos toward the figure... stops in his tracks. He cannot speak, cannot move.

REVERSE ANGLE - ANNA

the figure in red. She has watched him approach.

ANGLE - THE SQUARE

now nothing can break their connection... nothing can stem the tide of emotion.

FREDERICK
(overcome)
Anna...!

He runs to sweep her up in an embrace, crying as she cries. Ruttenburg, ever protecting, ever caring, nearby.

INT. FRENCH TOWNHOUSE - DAY

comfortable sitting room, roaring fire...

FREDERICK
I never stopped trying to find you...

ANNA
I didn't know what you thought...

FREDERICK
I've got soldiers and police sweeping parts of the forest right now...

ANNA
Father... the people I was with...

FREDERICK
They'll be dealt-with.

ANNA
No. They saved me.

FREDERICK
What?

ANNA
They saved me.

FREDERICK
(sigh)
Anna... you're not thinking
clearly...

ANNA
I'm not a little girl. I know
what I'm saying.
(off confusion)
It wasn't them. It was her!

He doesn't know what to make of this. Ruttenburg simply
watches Anna. Says nothing.

ANNA (CONT)
(biting it off)
It was my stepmother.

FREDERICK
(beat; quietly)
You have to stop this, Anna.

ANNA
She did it.

FREDERICK
I can't hear this.

He turns away. She steps after him, dogs his steps, trying
to make him believe.

ANNA
She had me taken there to be
killed. And when the man she
hired to do it failed, she
came to do it herself!

Frederick, wildly wanting to get away, is in hell.

FREDERICK
No... no.

ANNA
Father!

Most of the way across the room, he stops...

ANNA (CONT)

You must feel something of the truth of it! You must understand... somewhere in your belly!

(he faces her)

All those years -- under your own roof? You never saw?

His pale; emotion-reddened eyes stare...

ANNA (CONT)

You were my father... but you never saw...?

Appalled, ashen, he sits. Something gives-way inside.

FREDERICK

You have to understand. She's going to know you came here.

Long silence.

RUTTENBURG

How?

FREDERICK

She never stops watching me.

(as they wait)

She hires people -- you know how she always hires people -- to tell her where I am. What I do...

(a look to her)

... she doesn't trust me anymore than anyone else, now. So she pays them, bribes them...

(defeat)

I haven't been home in weeks.

(beat)

When I thought you were gone, I couldn't fight her anymore.

Anna puts a hand of consolation on his shoulder.

FREDERICK (CONT)

God knows what she's become in that place, all by herself...

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. ROOF OF MANOR HOUSE - CLAUDIA - NIGHT

clad in black as before, just-rising yellow-white moon at her back, she steps to the edge of her roof, close to CAMERA. Peers into nightwind. Into the darkness. The green eyes know: they're on their way.

SMASH CUT TO

THE COACH

returning now from the city where Anna found Frederick, hurtling along the dark forest road.

INT. COACH - ANNA, FREDERICK, RUTTENBURG - NIGHT

determined and somber.

FREDERICK
She'll never allow this, Anna.

ANNA
(a look)
I never expected her to allow it.

The degree of her resolve obviously pains and disturbs Frederick deeply. She sees this.

ANNA (CONT)
Do you think this is what I wanted?

FREDERICK
(shakes head;
softly)
No...

RUTTENBURG
If she doesn't cooperate...
then, as a doctor I'll have no
choice... but to commit her.

FREDERICK
(expects worst)
There is no choice. She will
not give you one.

Anna doesn't shy from her father's stare. He looks back for a long beat, finally looks away. Anna, after a moment, also looks out the side of the coach; scanning trees. Worried about something else.

ANNA

You're sure they got the horses...?

RUTTENBURG

The blacksmith and his nephew made the delivery themselves. He'd heard of the monastery from his father... he told me it was easier to find than he'd thought it would be.

(takes her hand)

They have the horses.

ANNA

(trace of
annoyance)

Then...

But she stops -- she's seen something out the window. Leans forward to see better, as do Frederick and Ruttenburg:

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - THE OUTCASTS - ON HORSEBACK

appearing from the cover of the forest, out of the misty shadows and swirls of icy groundfog... eerily like ghostly riders from another winter night...

FREDERICK

watching them come, perhaps remembering... then:

ANGLE - COACH AND OUTCASTS

as they ride alongside, looking in at Anna: Barret, Stefan, Gershom, Leo, Ellery. A moment of mutual assessment -- and grudging acceptance -- between the riders and Frederick.

LEO

perhaps most liberated to be on horseback, gives Anna a look of promise...

ANNA

seen from alongside the coach, looks back in gratitude as:

LOW ANGLE - THE ROAD

coach and horses just reach CAMERA:

SMASH CUT TO

INT. MANOR HOUSE MAIN ENTRY - THE GREAT DOORS - NIGHT

thrown open as Anna, Frederick, Ruttenburg and the remaining Outcasts enter. Tense, ready.

REVERSE ANGLE - INTO THE HOUSE

dark, empty, deserted.

FREDERICK - CLOSE

stepping forward from the group...

FREDERICK
Claudia!

The answer; crushing silence.

FREDERICK (CONT)
Claudia! Are you here...?

CUT TO

INT. CLAUDIA'S VANITY ROOM - A SINGLE CANDLE

held in a black-gloved hand, moving through darkness. We JUST SEE THE CANDLE IN THE HAND... then move closer as:

THE FLAME

touches the tip of ANOTHER CANDLE, lighting it, throwing light on the glass of a MIRROR, in which we see the REFLECTION of the lighting hand -- and that reflection is THE HAND OF "HER".

CUT TO

RESUME - THE GROUP - IN THE ENTRY

no answer comes. Then Anna realizes something else:

ANNA
 Father... the servants.

Frederick turns to her. Realizes she's right -- the servants are nowhere in evidence. She moves, alarmed, into a room off the entry; headed for the servant's wing.

ANNA
 (calling out)
 Ruth! Mrs. Kramer...!

RESUME - CLAUDIA'S CANDLE

the room now brighter, lighting candle after candle, before mirror after mirror... each time reflecting "HER" hand.

KITCHEN DOORWAY - ANNA

hurries through to the darkened kitchen: cold, unused, neglected. Stops. Doors to servant's quarters beyond stand open -- more empty silence. Anna turns, unsettled and nervous; quickly and fearfully to see: Frederick, Ruttenburg, and the Outcasts.

ANNA
 They're not here! She sent them away!

RUTTENBURG
 I'm sure they're all right...

ANNA
 Peter, they've been family to me since I was little...!
 (rage rising)
 Damn her! She sent them away!

Ruttenburg can see that organization is needed. Beat:

RUTTENBURG
 Anna... if we're going to search the place...

FREDERICK
 (happy to grasp this idea)
 ... we need candles. That'll be here. In the kitchen. These cupboards...

He opens one -- to surprise a rather large

RAT

in mid meal!

ANGLE - KITCHEN

they react. So does the rat, glaring red-eyed before scurrying away, jostling food and objects.

RESUME - CLAUDIA'S CANDLE

lighting more...

RESUME - KITCHEN

everybody's recovered from the rat, as Frederick grabs several candles. As light blooms in this dank, chilled corner of the great house...

BARRET

I say we go different
directions. Make it harder for
her to hide...

ANNA

(wary)
All right... but only in
pairs. Nobody goes alone.
(searches faces)
You've got to promise me that.
All of you.

Frederick realizes how seriously Anna takes Claudia's threat. And how much she cares for these people.

RUTTENBURG

All right. Pairs it is.

ANNA

(to Outcasts)
There's another thing.
(they wait)
I saw Eric... before she
killed him.

They react in surprise.

ELLERY

You spoke... to my brother?

ANNA

I did...

Beat. She was about to tell the truth -- but confronted with Ellery's complete vulnerability, his absolute innocence of complicity in what Eric did, she makes a decision.

ANNA (CONT)

He asked me... to be sure you
all got... back out in the
world.

(to Frederick)

And I'm going to do that.

(to them)

I'm going to help you.

SEARCHING MONTAGE - VARIOUS

through the dark, ominously empty house...

-- Anna and Ruttenburg climb the grand staircase. Holding candles, scouring darkness. Anna stops half-way up, turns to look up at the third-floor landing: above and behind them. Nothing. But she's shivering...

RUTTENBURG

Did you hear something?

ANNA

No. I didn't hear it.

RUTTENBURG

If she's here, we'll find her.

ANNA

She's here.

They continue...

RESUME - CLAUDIA'S CANDLE - INTERCUT WITH MONTAGE

lighting more candles, each before a mirror, each time revealing HER hand's reflection, in a room now awash with buttery light... but seemingly a world away from:

RESUME - MONTAGE

-- Frederick and Leo: a small, pale island of light amid great, pressing darkness. They move through the grand ballroom where Anna's party had been... past ghostly, eerie furniture in silent waiting. Through double doors to a formal anteroom where their shadows play across brocade wall coverings, fine Louis chairs, great paintings of hunts and landscapes and, finally:

A PORTRAIT OF CLAUDIA

... happier, younger times... then:

A PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK

... handsome, posed in the grand tradition... and at last

A PORTRAIT OF ANNA

... hacked to shreds.

FREDERICK

gasps...

ELSEWHERE - SECOND FLOOR - BARRET, GERSHOM

move along a hallway, about to turn onto the landing and toward the great formal staircase at the center. But they suddenly, BREATHLESSLY stop: a SOUND!

Trading glances, they move toward the corner ahead, just where the hallway turns. Nearer, nearer...

ANGLE - BLACK BOOTS

coming in the other direction, as if to meet them...

TIGHT SHOT - BARRET AND GERSHOM

pressed to the wall; strain visible, when:

SHOCK CUT - STEFAN!

steps out from around the corner, equally tense and expectant! And wearing black boots!

STEFAN
Jesus Christ!

BARRET
My God...

INTERCUT - WITH CLAUDIA'S CANDLE

lighting a final flame. Then the tip of the "lighting"
candle is raised near her black-swathed face and blown out.

ANNA, RUTTENBURG

moving through darkness on the third floor.

ANNA'S POINT OF VIEW

as the span of her candle-glow reveals, bit by eerie bit,
the area just ahead of her. Along the landing, then down a
portrait-lined hall. Tension mounting with each step. Ready
for the worst.

ANNA AND RUTTENBURG

reach another, smaller passage, turn left. Follow it around
another corner, each step into deeper and deeper darkness,
as if miles beneath the sea, until Anna STOPS. Stares.

ANNA
I knew it.

REVERSE ANGLE - THEIR POINT OF VIEW - CLOSED DOOR

around its rim -- the GLOW of LIGHT from the other side.

CUT TO

GERSHOM - ON THE SECOND LANDING

holding his candle, wandering slightly from the others,
holding his light up to illuminate the paintings...

BARRET
Gershom... stick close...

GERSHOM
I'll just be a second.

(little smile)
 It may amaze you to know that
 Gershom the pickpocket happens
 to love art...

Barret shrugs, moving back to stick close to the others...

RESUME - TINY HALLWAY - ANNA - CLOSE

scared but determined. Takes a beat before the door with
 its glowing light from within. Then reaches for...

THE KNOB

opening it to reveal:

THE VANITY ROOM

alive with light. Dozens of candles, each atop a four foot
 iron stick, each blazing before a tall, thin mirror. The
 mirrors are arranged from either side of the open Vanity as
 if they're extensions of the wings. The effect... as Anna
 and Ruttenburg step through the door... is of a shimmering
 hall of mirrors. The Vanity is its crowning centerpiece;
 candles lined-up along its top and counter.

We see the reflections of Anna and Ruttenburg -- BUT
CLAUDIA IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

RESUME - GERSHOM

alone, a little farther down the landing, enthralled by a
 painting of a frightened villager being beckoned-to by a
 strange, dark-clad Angel.

There's a SOUND to his left. Turning his candle that way,
 he looks up the hall: the illumination only reaches so far,
 but as he turns away, bringing the candle after, we notice:

A DARK, SHADOWY FORM

approach, carrying something...

GERSHOM - SIDE ANGLE

turns back to the painting, when, OUT OF DARKNESS where he
 just looked, is CLAUDIA! Clutching AN OLD SPEAR!

ANGLE FROM BELOW - SECOND FLOOR LANDING

she impales Gershom with the spear! In horrified silence, he staggers, dropping the candle:

GERSHOM - CLOSE

wide-eyed as air audibly escapes his punctured LUNGS and he looks into cold, green eyes. He is PUSHED BACKWARD ON THE SPEAR, two or three steps toward the railing!

RESUME - ANGLE FROM BELOW

Gershom is pushed over the edge, plunging to the floor below!

ANGLE - BARRET, STEFAN, ELLERY

turn at the sound of impact; peer down -- empty hallway. Darkness -- no Gershom. They move, cautious, toward the sound they heard...

ELLERY

Gershom...?

Reaching the railing, they look down. React in horror. At the same time, below, Frederick and Leo rush to Gershom's body.

LEO

Gershom!

ANGLE - FREDERICK AND LEO

kneel by the twisted, impaled Gershom, then peer up hopelessly at Barret, Stefan, and Ellery. Words fail all... terror on every face.

RUTTENBURG (O.S.)

(calling)

She's been here!

RESUME - BARRET, ELLERY, STEFAN

turn to see him run downstairs from above, with Anna. Their shattered faces tell all. They stop Ruttenburg cold.

BARRET

No, my friend. She's here now.

ANNA

realizing...

ANNA

Where's Gershom? You were
supposed to be in pairs.

The Outcasts look stricken, worried -- for the first time even fearful. Realizing where they stand, Anna, fearful of what she'll see... moves to the rail.

HER POINT OF VIEW - GERSHOM'S BODY

Frederick still kneels beside him, while Leo has taken a seat on the bottom stair, dejected.

RESUME - ANNA

in horror, lurches back from the rail. Ready for an attack. But for long, agonizing moments, none comes. Finally:

RUTTENBURG

I think... we should all go
back down.

No one can argue this, so the group, moving watchfully, descends the staircase to the first floor. As they do:

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA - FROM THIRD FLOOR - WATCHING THEM

moving along the high landing... through darkness...

MAIN ENTRY - FIRST FLOOR

the others reach Gershom's wrenched, ruined body. Anna takes a momentary look, then can't. Moves past at the quiet urging of Ruttenburg. Everyone speaks in quiet tones:

BARRET

(to Stefan)

We can't stay out where she
can see us.

RUTTENBURG

(interjects)

No. But hiding isn't enough.
She'll only come find us.

Barret reacts; considers this. Turns to Frederick. A moment between them. Takes no pleasure.

BARRET
Then it's time to give the
common man your guns, Mr.
Hoffmann.

On Frederick's look:

INT. DEN - GUN-WALL

Anna stands watching as The Outcasts and Ruttenburg quickly examine the hardware. As they do, Frederick, at a hutchlike piece of furniture on another wall, suddenly steps back, disbelieving; stunned.

FREDERICK'S POINT OF VIEW - THE DRAWERS

empty.

FREDERICK (O.S.)
No...

ANGLE - THE ROOM - TO FAVOR FREDERICK

the others step forward in uncertainty.

LEO
What is it?

FREDERICK
I'm a fool...
(re: wall)
She left my guns... but my
ammunition... she took
everything.

Fear grows...

ANGLE - HALLWAY FROM DEN

they move quickly out of the small room, expectations of disaster growing. Stefan notices something along the hall:

STEFAN
Look...

All eyes follow... to a doorway. Light under it. Anna frowns. Stefan and Leo move toward it.

ANNA

Wait. That makes no...

But Stefan opens it -- a small closet; single candle burning on a low shelf...

ANNA (CONT)

That's a linen closet. There's no reason for light...

ANGLE - LINEN CLOSET - RED VIPERS!

teeming with these extremely poisonous snakes (indigenous to Europe, including the Black Forest). This is a family of them, coiled and, with great suddenness, STRIKING at Stefan in the doorway!

STEFAN

jerks back -- too late! He's bitten! Tumbles backward and cries out in shock and pain. At almost the same moment, realizing what it is, Ruttenburg shuts the door!

Stefan is red-faced, reacting fast to both poison and fear. He quickly begins to gag and grope for something to hold him up. But he is almost instantaneously thrown into the grip of a powerful epileptic seizure! As he falls:

ANNA

Peter... my God... he's epileptic.

As Ruttenburg reacts:

BARRET

God knows if you could help even if he wasn't. Those were Red Vipers.

Frederick, utterly amazed at the lengths to which Claudia has gone, stares at the closed closet door. A decision.

FREDERICK

We're going to get out of here. We'll send the police to find her...

Stefan is in terrible shape. Writhing, strangling, bellowing -- rolls across the hallway floor -- revealing that ONE RED VIPER has not relinquished its bite! It's locked onto Stefan's forearm, at which he manages to stare for a moment, before:

BARRET

hacks the snake's body from its head with his hunting knife!

STEFAN

with one final, massive convulsion, collapses: dead.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

huge silence. Fear plays plain on every face. But surprisingly, in Anna's eyes there's a new response: anger.

ANNA

I'm the one she wants.

Without another word, she heads for the staircase. Ruttenburg is gripped with fear for her. Starts after.

RUTTENBURG

Anna! You can't let it happen the way she wants it!

ANNA

It's the way I want it, too.

She continues for the stairs. As she does:

LONG ANGLE - FROM ABOVE - MAIN ENTRY

Anna runs toward the stairs, Ruttenburg a few steps behind.

BLACK BOOTS

from their shadow-vantage by the THIRD-FLOOR RAIL, turn and move -- away from the stairs! Toward:

A ROPE-TIE HANDLE

where the heavy ROPE that holds the great CHANDELIER in place is tied around a massively secured iron wall-mount.

AN AXE

whips through the air and SEVERS THE ROPE!

ANNA

several steps up the staircase, HEARS the rope snap! Looks up:

HER POINT OF VIEW - CHANDELIER

lurches sickeningly "out" toward the front door!

RUTTENBURG

sees it too; charges harder to save her from its fall!

RUTTENBURG
Go up! Go higher!

But he gets there faster than he expects, and as he tries to avert his forward motion -- in a flash of recognition -- he realizes he cannot.

THE CHANDELIER

plummets through the darkness!

ANNA

five feet away as:

RUTTENBURG

stumbling forward, looking into her eyes, knowing he won't make it:

THE IRON-SPIKED CHANDELIER BOTTOM

pierces Ruttenburg's back, smashing down through his chest cavity, literally nailing him to the steps!

RUTTENBURG

for a moment able to look into her horrified face; then gone.

ANNA

stunned, staring, recoiling. Suddenly and overwhelmingly alone -- and outraged. Finally throws her head back and bellows inarticulate, animal pain. Then, with bloodlust all her own, she's back to her feet, rushing upstairs!

ANGLE - THIRD FLOOR LANDING - ANNA

at the top, heads along the landing to:

THE SMALLER HALLWAY

at the end of which, barely ajar, is the Vanity Room door.

CLAUDIA - CLOSE

just removing facial swath and hood; everything else in place. About to use the hair-brush. Her scar, its jagged, cruel trail a pink outrage down the side of her face, can't hold a candle to those demented green eyes, staring into:

HER POINT OF VIEW - THE CENTER VANITY MIRROR

in which her reflection is -- perfect. No scar. Her eyes delight as she reaches to touch her cheek... but then something takes over, and the SCAR begins to APPEAR... not only as in reality... but, as she grabs at her face, pulling at it... it continues, in her mind, to EXPAND... to GROW... finally TO WRAP beneath her chin, up the other side, transforming her entire face into ghastly, ravaged, mottled terrain. As she stares, lost in this, she becomes suddenly aware of:

ANNA'S REFLECTION

framed in the doorway behind her. Watching.

ANNA'S POINT OF VIEW - CLAUDIA'S BACK AND HER MULTIPLE REFLECTIONS

in all the mirrors, as, from the center, GREEN EYES bore into her soul. Those eyes never leave Anna...

CLAUDIA'S POINT OF VIEW - REFLECTIONS

along with her own monstrously hallucinated image and Anna's, looming over all in the glass is the towering vision of "HER" -- all repeated in several mirrors around her.

CLAUDIA/HER

Look... what you have done to me.

Turning, every reflection Claudia sees in every mirror is the grotesque, ultimately monstrous Claudia, with HER looming above... as we:

MATCH CUT TO

ANNA'S POINT OF VIEW - CLAUDIA'S MULTIPLE REFLECTIONS

at once turning, at once boiling down, for us, to the real Claudia's actual, unreflected, seriously scarred face: a garish parody of what her beauty once was -- gazing hatefully from the center of all this glass and candle-light.

CLAUDIA

Look what you have done.

ANNA

can only stare...

CLAUDIA

glaring vengeance and loathing -- lunges forward with hands outstretched to strangle Anna!

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ROOM

Claudia rushes toward Anna, howling rage until, waiting to the last possible moment:

ANNA

moves! Her hand is surprisingly fast -- and the KNIFE in it surprisingly large! She's pulled it from her waistband with practiced dexterity!

THE KNIFE

is rammed into Claudia's abdomen!

CLAUDIA AND ANNA

close together for a moment, Claudia's hand clutching Anna's wrist, then falling away as Claudia staggers, staring in astonishment at the invasion of her body... the knife she never saw... then in greater amazement, her eyes rise to meet Anna's, which watch in dark fascination.

CLAUDIA

glare pinning Anna, reaches O.S., and, grimacing, PULLS THE KNIFE OUT OF HERSELF! Raises it up. Charges Anna with it!

THE TWO

grapple desperately! Claudia is incredibly strong; on pure adrenalin. Anna's hand has caught her wrist, but it's all she can do to keep the blade away.

Suddenly Anna twists away; Claudia attempting to stay with her, stumbles, and the two tumble to the floor. Anna still avoids the knife as they scream and tangle and wrestle, utterly animalistic, amid flickering candles and mirrors.

ANNA - CLOSE

giving an extra burst of effort, manages to push Claudia back, quickly reaching to grab a candle and jabbing with it, attempting to burn Claudia's face!

RESUME - THE FIGHT

Claudia recoils, slashes with the knife -- cutting the burning end off!

Now they both stand. Claudia, stomach wound and all, behaves as if she can't feel it. Lunges again -- slashing the air with the knife!

Anna deflects the blow with a candlestick. The room rings with the clang of metal on metal! Again and again! Anna manages to move into the center of the room, her back to the Vanity as

CLAUDIA

charges, knife held above her head!

ANNA

manages to move aside, then, quickly lunging after the off-balance Claudia, **SHOVES HER HEADLONG INTO** several mirrors, sending candles flying in all directions!

ANGLE - SCENE

mirrors begin crashing and smashing and falling in domino effect! Anna continues, determined to end this, to push and shove her stepmother, along with tumbling mirrors, until finally, in an escalating hail of flying glass, the two ride a wave of slashing, cutting chaos until they literally slam into:

THE VANITY ITSELF

wings spread in forbidding welcome. Hitting hard, groaning as they sag against the massive wooden front below the still intact center mirror.

ANNA

rage undiminished, looks for a weapon. Grabbing, clutching at... the WINGS! She finally succeeds; grabs the handle of one wing! Suddenly, viciously, **SLAMS IT IN CLAUDIA'S FACE!**

One of the two main pieces holding the big mirror in place is broken by this impact!

Claudia shrieks, broken glass flying, wing swinging lazily back open... glass shattered into thousands of pieces -- each to Claudia a tiny, howling, staring reflection of HER! Claudia's face is now cut more, on the other side and across the front... and there is new surprise on her even more hideously altered features.

She tries desperately to get away but Anna now **SLAMS THE OTHER WING ON HER FACE!**

At this moment:

THE DOOR

bursts open and there, worried and scared -- are Frederick, Leo, Barret, and Ellery! They react in horror as:

CLAUDIA

disoriented, reeling, grabbing at the wings to keep from falling -- but her feet slip out from under her on the glass as she does, giving the entire upper half of the Vanity a violent jerk, and suddenly:

SECOND MAIN PIECE HOLDING CENTER MIRROR

SNAPS free -- and it begins to fall toward:

CLAUDIA

who can't react in time! She stares up into the last frenzied moments of her own Hellish, rampaging, hallucinated reality as:

ANNA

gets out of the way!

CLAUDIA

can't escape as the mirror smashes down on her! The massively heavy center mirror SNAPS WICKEDLY and SHATTERS, breaking into huge, scything shards! And, suddenly, on her knees, realizing it only as her eyes meet Anna's... Claudia gropes to feel that:

ONE OF THE SHARDS

has pierced her throat! As she finally pitches forward, even now trying to remove it...

ANNA

stares, exhausted.

THE OUTCASTS AND FREDERICK

wordless.

RESUME - ANNA

standing over the motionless, dead Claudia as if somehow, something could yet happen.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. GRAVEYARD - HEADSTONE - "PETER RUTTENBURG"

ADJUST to reveal Anna, mourning, by the grave with Frederick, Leo, Ellery and Barret behind her. The sky is cruel grey. The cold reveals itself in puffing breaths.

After a moment, she turns... sees her father behind her. Almost as if awakening, as if remembering he was there at all, she takes a few slow, uncertain steps toward him. Pauses. Able to see his shattered state; unable to help.

A beat, both perhaps memorizing a face they don't expect to see again. Anna turns away from her father...

LONG ANGLE - BY THE GRAVE

Leo, Ellery and Barret, in silhouette, walk her down a short hill to a waiting coach. She climbs in, finally leaving even them behind.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE COACH

Anna in the window: motionless, emotionless. Eyes straight ahead. The Driver's click is heard. The team starts forward. The coach leaves the grave of Peter Ruttenburg. Leaves Frederick, who is barely aware it left, and leaves the Outcasts.

It goes down the winding cemetery road, around a bend, behind some trees... into the forest...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END