

EXT. BACK PORCH - DUSK

Laying in a hammock COLLEEN(23) thinks to herself...

COLLEEN
Such an easy day.

She's relaxing on two acres of land. The clouds are easing by and she's slowly rocking back and forth, making the calm, calmer.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

If only every day was like this one.

FADE OUT.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

She wants desperately to gasp for air. Unfortunately, her head is being pushed down into a massive whiskey barrel, full of extraordinary, ice-cold water. She's lying on her stomach, tied down onto a stretcher with only her head exposed.

A great tug of her hair from the back of her head pulls her head out of the water and finally, the first gasp of air...

COLLEEN
Ku-uh! ...

Hard coughing ensues until her lungs adapt to the pressure of the precious air.

VICTOR
I don't know why you're putting up this fight?

He says standing beside her, holding her head just above the water.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
What makes you so defiant? They're just numbers!

(He laughs)

I should, ha, I should hire you.
You're tuff!

Victor (46) slams her head back into the oversized barrel of freezing cold water.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
It's not like you need it...

(He scolds)

...you'll just waste it - see! Look
at all this makeup in the water.
Why do you need so much makeup?

(He jokes)

Apparently it's not even
waterproof.

Victor pulls her head out from the barrel once more.

COLLEEN
(Colleen cries out)

I can't do it,...

Anguish to a point of disbelief, Colleen disillusioned shakes her head and sobs.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
I can't do it.

VICTOR
(He screams out)
Then why don't you give me the
fucking numbers!

Victor slams her head back into the water.

Frustrated, he leans in and whispers to the back of her submersed head.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
(He hums)
I know something you don't know.

Victor continues to hold Colleen's head face down inside barrel of water. She begins to fight and flare her body as much as the restraints will let her. She's been unconscious several times already and is beginning to feel the same effects once more.

Then a tug of her hair, and finally he lifts up her head up. She's just about out-of-it; barely breathing. Her lungs jolt while struggling to take in the air.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Ok...

(He pauses)

...well, you're not stupid, you know what comes next.

Victor manhandles her as he sits her up.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Don't move.

Victor pulls down on a hanging chain that's near by.

Colleen, dressed in a yellow tank top and pink booty shorts, had both hands tied behind her back; is hoisted up by a thick chain that's weaved in between her arms, and pulls her body upwards. She's dangling in agony as her torturer positions her high above the whiskey barrel, then immediately places her directly above it.

Colleen looks up in horror as she sees the rainwater showerhead a few feet above her head.

From behind the dark shadows of the abandoned warehouse.

In walks a handsome, clean shaven, gentleman (55) in a Taylor made grey suit and a vibrant maroon tie.

FRANK

(Slowly walking into the light)

Victor,...

(Calm, almost a soothing voice)

...when's the last time you've added ice?

Colleen begins shaking; panicking! - she knows what's next.

Victor pulls out a handheld temperature gauge and points at the barrel of water.

VICTOR

33 degrees.

FRANK

Excellent. Put another bag of ice in. It's important that she knows we're serious about results.

Colleen remains frantic as she listens to this "gentleman" speak.

She soon hears the plastic bag of ice rip open, then dumped into the already freezing water.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This can all end, Colleen. There's no need to put yourself through this. Eventually your going to give up the numbers, so you might as well save yourself the harassment and do it sooner than later.

Victor pulls another chain releasing freezing water covering Colleen's entire body.

She wants to scream but the sudden rush of cold water shocks her body, making her unable to produce sound, only convulsions, desperate for breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(He calmly states)

This torment is in your hands. It can only be you who decides to end this. I too, want to go home.

Frank gestures to Victor, to which he reverses the chain, initiating a bit of reprieve from the water.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm ready when you are. What's the number?

(Impatient and angry FRANK raises his voice)

What's the fucking number!

Colleen is trembling, shivering, and defeated. Still, she remains quite, except for her tears.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Before it was at 33 degrees, let's see what the temperature's now?

Victor grabs the thermometer from his coat pocket and measures the water.

With a smirk on his face and a twinkle in his eye

VICTOR
Colder.

FRANK
The numbers, please.

Colleen's only response is a cry of agony.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Then we're not done.

Instinctively Victor begins to lower Colleen down into the frigid water while simultaneously turning the rainwater faucet back on.

Victor lowers her to just above her neck then stops. He proceeds to turn off the water from above. It's as if this method of torture is so routine that it has now become choreographed.

Colleen looks at her captors. She is beyond angry. She has disgust on her face.

Frank walks to a cylindrical silver tank with a green top. It's on a dolly and he rolls it right beside the whiskey barrel and Colleen.

On top of the tank was a mask that has a long tube connecting the mask and the tank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
This is an oxygen mask...

Frank proceeds to show her the parts of the mask, beginning with the tube attaching to the mask.

FRANK (CONT'D)
...it's important because this
time, we're going to put you under
and keep you there.

A cockroach scurries out from inside the mask and startles Frank, causing him to flick the mask forward, chucking the cockroach into the water whisky barrel.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ew!. Oops. Well, it looks like
you'll have a friend.

Colleen hears another bag rip open, and to her horror she sees Victor adding another bag of ice into the barrel.

FRANK proceeds to attach the oxygen mask to Colleen's head.

Colleen is uncooperative, and fights swinging her head, but to no avail. The mask is on.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(Calmly speaks into her ears)
This is what I do. This is my life.
Stealing is how I make a living and
I'd like to think that I crush it.
And I do. Because it's your soul
that I'm crushing. I've done this a
thousand times. You have a breaking
point, they all do. And I won't let
you die, because death, before
payment, is bad for business.

Victor finishes lowering Colleen into the barrel, then grabs the lid laying against the barrel and covers it shut, encapsulating Colleen inside.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(Muffled speech as he's heard from inside of a barrel)
This is custom made. We added
lights inside so you can stay
awake. You're welcome.

Frank begins to walk away. The night is done. Right before he makes it into the shadows he turns around.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(Muffled speech)
This wasn't even your money. It was
your grandfathers. I get it, your
grandfather died, and your next of
kin, but I caught wind of this and
here we are.
(He turns back around and
heads out)
I hope one day we can put this past
us.

INT. INSIDE WHISKEY BARREL - NIGHT

Pitch black. Submerged in water. Bitter cold. She can feel her heartbeat slowing down. She remains in chains, it's restricting. Any movement to generate warmth is ruled out.

The only positive is the dark itself. It invites a more pleasant and peaceful death.

Colleen hears a switch flipped and a light flickers on, revealing her current state of capture.

VICTOR

(Muffled speech as he's
heard from inside of a
barrel)

I'll be back, but before I go, I
want you to know that you have no
friends here, regardless of who you
know.

Colleen is now completely submerged in freezing water, with many, many ice cubes, wearing only a tank top and shorts, add an oxygen mask. And through the eye lens of the mask she notices movement. It's the cockroach, falling erratically in circles towards the bottom.

Hours, what feels like many hours, continue on. The water temperature barely rises, the barrel is equivalent to an ice chest. The cold makes it hard to rest. And all her shivering is forcing her body to expel energy. It's also overworking her muscles, rendering her even more tired. Even if she closed her eyes, the bright neon lights shine through her eye lids.

And the time continues...

INT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Colleen hears a noise! Footsteps. Both of them.

She hears the unlocking of a safety pin and the unmistakable sound of rolling doors. This isn't good. It's cold outside.

Oh-no! She hears noise coming from the barrel itself!

COLLEEN (V.O.)

This is bad! This is bad!

A side compartment opens up, releasing much of the water from the barrel. Through the oxygen mask lens she sees victor, dressed in black jeans a black sweater and wearing a black beanie.

VICTOR

Miss me bitch?!

Victor grabs Colleen by the arm and strong arms her closer to him. He takes a key and unlocks her cuffs.

She is placed on her feet and her mask is roughly detached from her face.

COLLEEN

Please! I beg you, give me some clothes, and a blanket! I'm so cold.

He grabs her by the arm and walks her towards the now opened rolling gate. She struggles to get away...

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

No! Stop! Let me go!

...but that became a very bad idea. The violent man has no patience for it. He strikes her with an open palm across her face, forcing her to the ground.

"I have no patience for stupid."

He walks her outside. Her legs are weak from being idle. She sees a white van and immediately knows her destination.

Frank is standing by the rear exit. He opens the door and with both hands VICTOR throws her into the back of the van. She bounces from the one side of the van onto the floorboard and scrapes her hands and knees banging then against what seems to be junk and storage.

The van doors slam shut behind her. A pink light remains on while inside.

INT. BACK OF VAN - NIGHT

SIKE STEVENS

You alright?

COLLEEN

(She screams in terror)

What the fuck! What the fuck!

Colleen is startled scared! She jumps back against the van wall and in the opposite end of the van she sees a fat man in a very dirty clown suit! Remnants of what was once a painted clown face, huddled behind a trash heap in the corner.

SIKE STEVENS

Calm down lady, I'm in the same predicament you're in.

(MORE)

SIKE STEVENS (CONT'D)
Look at my face. There's more blood
than make-up.

She looks at him, horrified! Colleen starts hyperventilating.

She sees a slightly overweight white man wearing a yellow clown suit with circles inside of circles. Red, then blue, orange, and white rings are placed through the costume. Around this neck was a white, dirty and stained, ruffled collar. That too, has seen better days.

COLLEEN
Who are you and what are you doing
here?

Colleen hears the van engine cranked on, then three doors shutting one after the other.

SIKE STEVENS
My name is Sike Stevens, and I
believe I'm going for a ride.

The car speeds off, jolting both backwards from the vehicles thrust.

COLLEEN
Sike Stevens?
(She's perplexed)
The businessman?

SIKE STEVENS
I prefer business mogul, but that's
fine, whatever.

Sike Stevens is almost relaxed. He's laying on junk and is filthy. The pink light in the van doesn't do his look justice.

COLLEEN
What are you doing here? And why
are you dressed like a clown?

SIKE STEVENS
Two very good questions.
(He pauses)
First, let me first guess why
you're here.
(He pauses once more)
You're rich and they want your
money. I'm good at this game,
aren't I.

COLLEEN

Almost. I'm not rich, but my grandfather is.

(She sighs)

They know he's on his way out; he's dying, and I'm his beneficiary.

SIKE STEVENS

(Concerned)

How long have they had you?

COLLEEN

Two weeks, I think.

Her chin starts to curl, and her eyes begin to water; heavily.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Or maybe only one. I don't know.

Colleen curls into a ball and begins to weep inside the back of van, dimly lit pink.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

This can't be my life?

SIKE STEVENS

I'm sorry...

SIKE STEVENS (CONT'D)

...I know this is tough. You can't give up hope. What about your family? Your grandfather! Won't he report you missing?

COLLEEN

No, he won't.

Colleen remains curled up

All I have is my grandfather, and his mind isn't working. He has dementia.

SIKE STEVENS

What about your parents? Where are they?

She snaps out of her daze and sits up.

COLLEEN

My parents? There's no luck there.

Her demeanor toughens up as she begins her rant.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

My father left us when I was young, then of course my mother herself was young. She tried to raise me but gave up. When I was twelve, she dropped me off at my grandparents' house, on my dad's side. She told them that she was going out for cigarettes. Really, what she was going out for was revenge. I never saw her again. They didn't deserve the responsibility of me but here I was. Soon after my grandmother died. And for the longest time it's been just me and my Grandfather. But his time is coming, and it's coming soon.

SIKE STEVENS

This is why I should mind my business.

COLLEEN

Mind your business? We're both in this shit hole! We should be working together to get ourselves out of here!"

The van comes to a sudden stop, halting the conversation between the two.

The engine shuts off. They hear the driver and passenger doors open, then, shut. They anticipate both back doors to open but they never do. Moments later, the lights to the back of the van shut off. They're now just sitting in the back of a white van, waiting for god knows what, in the dark.

TIME CUT:

Completely dark and unable to see anything, Colleen has nothing but time, so she begins prodding.

COLLEEN

You still haven't told me why
you're in a clown suit. I'll make a
guess. Secret fetish? You probably
have supermodels all over your
place in half naked clown dresses.

SIKE STEVENS

I can't see you, but I know you're
laughing.

COLLEEN

I've been doing so much crying...

Colleen takes a deep breathe in, then she exhales.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I'm happy just to be able to laugh.
(Exhausted, she exhales
again)
So what is it Mr. Stevens? Why are
you here?

SIKE STEVENS

Halloween party. I came as the
class clown. And it was a damn good
party. When I left I could barely
walk. I drank way too much,
obviously. They must've been
watching me. I'm sure of it. It was
a snatch and grab from my car that
was so quick I didn't have a
chance. Professional pricks.

COLLEEN

Halloween? Oh my goodness! Has
Halloween past?

Colleen shuffles agitated, but there's not much room to move.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

It's been three weeks! I've been
held captive for three fucking
weeks!

SIKE STEVENS

(He screams)
They've had me for four!

Colleen is shocked!

SIKE STEVENS (CONT'D)
And their obviously not going to
kill us. Not until they get their
money, anyways.

COLLEEN
Well, you! You're fine!

Colleen screams back at him

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
I remember seeing you on the news!
You were on the tv So your gonna be
just fine!

SIKE STEVENS
What!

Now Sike Stevens is shocked.

SIKE STEVENS (CONT'D)
What did the news say? Are they
looking for me!

COLLEEN
I'm sorry, but I don't really watch
the news. I didn't really pay much
attention to what was being said. I
was at a bar. I saw your face, and
police talking. My friend went on a
rant saying 'if the rich aren't
safe then no one is safe.'

SIKE STEVENS
(He screams)
Fuck! Fuck!

COLLEEN
I've had enough of this shit! Help
me kick this door down. They're not
even here.

SIKE STEVENS
No! They know we're here. Trust me,
you don't want your face to look
like mine. They like this shitty
van.

The van lights turns on.

It takes a few seconds for the eyes of the helpless two to
adjust. Moments later the two back doors open. This time with
another body, but blindfolded.

COLLEEN

MATTHEW!

Colleen is horrified from what she sees!

Matthew's face is covered in blood, face black and bruised up. His hands are pressed together in zip ties.

Matthew is thrown in just as violent as the other two. But luckily, Colleen is there to help catch and stabilize him from his fall.

MATTHEW struggles at first - and he pushes her off. His first priority was to take off the blind fold.

MATTHEW

Colleen!

He looks at her in amazement, then COLLEEN wraps her arms around him as tight as the space in between would allow.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Are you alright? I've been worried sick about you!

COLLEEN

Me! What about you?! Why do they want you?

MATTHEW

Colleen, they want your money. They're after...

COLLEEN

I know!

She screams as she turns towards the open doors, yelling at the two men standing there. One of them being Victor.

And they're not going to get it!

MATTHEW

Colleen no, calm down, calm down. Look at you. You're bruised everywhere. What have they done to you?"

VICTOR

Will everyone shut up.

Victor, standing at the entrance of the rear double doors says in an authoritative demeanor...

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Maybe I have something to say.

Victor pauses, then turns his attention to captive clown.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Its been determined that you won't
corporate. And all we wanted were
your numbers. Well, fuck it, your
numbers up.

He pulls out a pistol from behind his back and aims. He
squeezes the trigger and the clown quickly dies with a bullet
wound directly in his head.

Colleen screams at the top of her lungs while Matthew rushes
backwards as far back from the bleeding body as possible.
Matthew grabs Colleen by her arms and pulls her back into him
as he tries to cover her from the gruesome sight.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
At least now you know. No numbers,
no life. It's that simple."

Victor walks away as his partner closes the double doors and
leave, leaving the dead body bleeding out amongst the unlucky
two survivors.

MATTHEW
Colleen. They only want your bank
account numbers. Give it to them
and we can go home!

He pleads with her.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
It's just money.

COLLEEN
If they take that I'll have
nothing.
(Angrily shouting)
I'll already be dead!

She looks Matthew in his eyes pleading back to him.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
I've lived a mediocre life - my
entire life. Matthew, I'll fight
for a better one.

She looks at Matthew to check his wounds.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
Are you alright? How long have they
had you? How did they know about
you?

MATTHEW
I don't know. They snatched me from
your house. At first they thought
we were related. They gave me a
good beating before...

Matthew looks at the ground, ashamed.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
...I told them the truth. I can
only take so many punches.
(He begins to cry)
I'm sorry, Colleen. I told them
where you lived. I'm sorry.

COLLEEN
Wait! You told them about me!

MATTHEW
All I said was your address. That's
the only thing I know about you.

COLLEEN
You know a lot about me! What did
you tell them, MATTHEW!

MATTHEW
Colleen! Look at my face!
I was tortured!...
(His demeanor changes into
pity)
They electrocuted my balls,
Colleen. I want to go home. Give
them what they want.

COLLEEN
I don't know what they want!

MATTHEW
(Screaming)
You know what they want!

Matthew has had enough.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

(Flat)

I did what I could. Now lets go home.

Colleen mentally checks out of their conversation and begins talking to herself.

COLLEEN

They must've stalked my Grandfather. They knew he was dying; they knew that I have the will in my name. They knew I memorized his account numbers and helped him write out his estate. But how the fuck did they know?!

She looks at the dead body in front of her.

Colleen begins to grab random junk and begins tossing it at Sike Stevens.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Don't you have expensive body guards you mutha fucker!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAWN

The all black van starts up and leaves the current destination. Once again driving reckless as it pulls out, then steadies itself onto a main road.

INT. INSIDE VAN - DAWN

Matthew gets anxious...

MATTHEW

Come on, this is our chance.

With all his might he begins kicking the door, trying to break them open.

COLLEEN

No, Matthew, Sike said that messing with the van is a bad idea.

MATTHEW

Who's Sike?

COLLEEN
(She gestures towards him)
The clown. That's Sike Stevens.

MATTHEW
Oh shit! That's Sike Stevens!

He pauses for a second and comes to a conclusion.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Fuck that. That's even more reason
for us to try harder.

Matthew kicks the door with his back foot and all the strength he has, then he does it again. But the doors are shut strong.

Colleen now feels embolden and joins in the escape attempt. They both put themselves in position for a hard kick.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
3,2,..

The van slams on its brakes sending the two would be escapees flying towards the front of the van.

They slam hard into the front of the cabin. With all the junk in the way of everything made every movement a collision. The van then continues the drive forward; the two, less fortunate survivors, are painfully regretting their last decision.

A brunt collision caused blood to run from her forehead and sliding down the path of her nose.

She reaches her arms out for Matthew. And though he's right next to her, the collision has her experiencing vertigo, leaving her unable to process the surroundings.

She dangles her arms outward trying to reach him. She can see a blurry silhouette of Matthew directly on top of the corps of the clown, his stomach directly on top of the lifeless body. She gives up and lays on the ground. She no longer wants to fight the dizziness and passes out.

TIME CUT:

INT. BACK OF VAN - MORNING

Colleen begins to wake up, and barely making out what's going on around her. Her vision is still foggy.

She see's Matthew yelling hysterically at the driver through a compartment window.

All she hears is muffling words in a very loud tone. It's hard to make out what is being said and what is just loud ringing in her ears. The only definite that's clear is Matthew; he's mad and yelling.

Matthew gets brighter, and brighter...the light shines extravagant on a very pissed off and blurry man. Colleen once again slams into the front of the vans cabin, then begins to roll violently as so-too does the van. Her body is being flung mercilessly as the vehicle tumbles in directions that she can't comprehend. There's no up or down, just a body constantly colliding inside of a metal box, over, and over again.

EXT. ELSEWHERE - DUSK

She begins to roll, and continues rolling, as if in a straight line. Finally, the momentum of her rolling stops.

She ends up on her stomach with every inch of her body in enormous pain. Her knee, her back, wrist, all felt broken. Several different muscle spasms are attacking at once, making it impossible to move if she wanted to. Her headache is so extreme that it causes Colleen to vomit uncontrollably. And since she can't move, her face lays in a pool of her own vomit.

As she continues to endure torment, she slowly begins to feel the environment around her.

The air feels at one hundred percent humidity. She feels the sweat building up on her body, then drip off soon after. Dust particles are in the air all around her, but no air circulation from any direction. The air is stagnant, the temperature so hot it becomes suffocating. She slowly opens her eyes, and as she begins to take in her surroundings she jolts in a spasmodic state. All of her broken bones are grinding hard, attempting to shift back into place. Colleen's pain is so intense that it's hard to scream out any noise. The body itself is screaming, leaving nothing left for anything vocal. She can feel her torn muscles stretch in torment and begin to reattach. Every bruised, broken, torn, or teared part of her body is in agonizing pain as it begins to repair itself. Right down to the cut on her forehead. It feels like tweezers are stretching the skin, her blood, once again moving through her healing veins, but moving slowly with a thick consistently as molasses, it opens a painful passage as it re-connects to the body's blood stream.

Within minutes the "healing" ends, but no relief is found. She lies still on the floor in an effort to recover, but the environment is too extreme and uncomfortable to concede to any relief.

Badly, Colleen wants to pass out, but the dust floating from the ground keeps clogging the airway in her nose and throat, making it impossible to focus on anything but breathing.

Finally, she is able to open her eyes and sees nothing but dust, forcing her to close them once again. She grabs onto the ground and pushes her way up, forcing herself onto her feet once more. She takes a look around. Bewildered and unable to comprehend what's around her, she slowly does a 360 spin. Awful noises are all around her, though far in distance. Screams from men and women, and much worse, noises that she can't recognize. Wild beats? She looks into the distance, there are mountains and cliffs, all plain and the same color, everywhere. The color of dirt. The surrounding is bland, and completely un-relatable.

COLLEEN V.O.

(Terrified)

Where am I?

She continues to slowly scan her surroundings, taking in the unfathomable.

COLLEEN V.O. (CONT'D)

Am I dead?

The noise of creatures gets louder and it's clear that they're coming towards her. She frantically looks around for any place of refuge. There are mountains of dirt walls behind her, and wide open space in front of her.

Panicking, she runs a few feet but it's blocked by tall mountainous dirt. Nothing. She runs a few feet in the opposite direction. Also nothing. She's trapped into one direction. She must run forward into open space. Low visibility-open space.

She scans the area in circles looking for anywhere to run and hide. A very low and faint voice is off in the distance. She can't yet make out what is being said. She sees a man wearing a safari hat and carrying a very long wooden stick in his left hand, and he's running! Very fast! As the man gets closer the voice is now clear. He's telling her...

ETHAN

Run!

She sees him running at full speed. He's more than scared. He's terrified! The look of imminent danger. Though she doesn't see what he's running from.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Run!

He yells once more as he darts passed her. She begins to feel the presence of wind. Hot, dusty, sticky wind. From just beyond the dust and wind, two long black sticks begin to appear. Suddenly, the dust begins to separate, flying outward. It looks to be two very huge orange and black wings. Colleen can't believe what she's seeing! She sprints in the forward direction into the dimly lit dusty void.

Colleen can't run any faster. Her heart is racing, she doesn't know where she is, and doesn't know what she's running from. A sharp gust of wind passes above her throwing dust and dirt in her face. As soon as she makes it past the dust upheaval, she looks ahead of her and stops dead in her tracks. A massive yellow beetle with black horizontal stripes, the size of a school bus, flying, practically hovering over the running safari man. The beetle lands violently directly on his back, slamming him to ground. Colleen is stunned! She can't believe the size of the insect. The man tries to fight off the beetle from off the ground. He goes as far as getting onto his knees, but the wings of the beetle flutter forward adding more pressure slamming the man on his back against the floor. The two pinchers protruding from the jaw of the beetle open and shut while saliva drips from its mouth.

The beetle positions itself patiently for a kill strike, opens its pinchers wide, then launches at the throat of the safari man.

The safari man extends both arms up with his wooden stick, shoving it up as the beetles mouth forces itself down. The stick pierces through the top of the beetles open mouth straight into the head. A loud screech screams from the insect as it receives its wound, then slams mouth wide open directly on top of the man, engulfing him inside of its mouth. The beetle's head is moving ever so slightly, slowly rocking back and forth, dying.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Blood and mucous from the open wound sprays and splatters from the insect onto the man inside the mouth.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I'm so fucked!

Colleen is just standing there. She's in shock and disbelief of what she just saw. She sees him prying himself from under the mouth of the now lifeless insect. He's drenched in the secretions of his would be killer.

She takes a knee, then succumbs to laying on her butt. Her hands lay flat on the ground helping keep her upright. This was all too much.

The man stumbles from out of the beetles carcass then stumbles again while on his feet - then begins running in the same direction as before.

In shock, it takes a few seconds for Colleen to realize that she was being left behind.

COLLEEN
(Faintly)
Wait...
(Exhausted)
...wait.

She looks around, still unable to comprehend where she's at. Off in the far, far distance, the noises continued.

COLLEEN V.O.
Monsters. What is this?

She clinches her fists and silently screams

Why are there monsters!

Colleen looks for the man she once saw but now he's ran too far. She now has a moment. She's distraught, exhausted, and confused. She sits to observe and hopefully comprehend.

She doesn't know where to go, so she sits...in disbelief.

COLLEEN V.O. (CONT'D)
Get up, Collen.
(Beat)
Get up, Colleen!

She pushes herself up off the ground and begins walking in the direction of this man who's dressed as if he's on a safari. As she passes the oversized beetle, she can't believe her eyes. The antennas on the side of its head were longer than the length of her body. Its head was attached to an unusually narrow neck. She notices the yellow hairs on the beetle's head slowly collecting dust from in the air. Its eyes are huge and black as night. She's never been so close to any bug, insect or anything in such detail.

As she walks by, she's in a haze. Colleen is stunned by an alien reality.

The noises of the monsters are getting closer.

Colleen "wakes up" from her daze and begins speed walking towards the same direction of the safari man.

A powerful gust of wind lifts up the back of her shirt and pushes her hair forward. Colleen looks back but continues to walk forward.

She sees the beetles wings moving! They're beginning to flutter as it struggles with a few short bursts. Colleen's heart pumped with anxiety. She thought to herself...

COLLEEN V.O. (CONT'D)
How is it still alive?

The wind grows stronger, strong enough to push Colleen forward. And just as sudden it stops.

EXT. DIRT MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE - DUSK

Colleen is terrified. She begins running towards dirt mountains, and when she finally reaches it, she notices intricate passageways all throughout. Walkways that seemed to be long established. Colleen sees the safari man, crawling on the ground at one of them.

COLLEEN
What are you doing?!

The safari man turns over to face her and she screams in horror! He's covered in blisters! Almost all of his face, including his whole left eye, his ears, neck, up and down both arms, hands, and legs, all covered in small and large blisters.

ETHAN
Schtay back.

He mumbles as he continues to crawl into the mountain path,

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Schtay back.

COLLEEN
What the fuck happened!? What did you do?

ETHAN
Whattt did I do?

He laughs slightly

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Whattt diiiid I do?

Colleen is disgusted and mortified at the grotesque sight in front of her. She begins to dry heave at the sight, and smell, of the man in front of her!

Ethan struggles to simply open his mouth due to the positioning and painful irritation of the blisters on his mouth and tongue.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Its poishion iz in its blud.

Ethan fights to force a smile.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Whattt diid I do?

COLLEEN
Oh my goodness. What's that smell?
It smells like, urine? Dude, did
you piss yourself?

Ethan laughs in despair but for a very brief moment then continues his crawl.

ETHAN
Dare r quite a phew symptoms from
dis piece of shit bug. One ov dem,
in-fla-mmachion ov da urinary
tract...cauzez da person t pee
quite offftin.

He begins to raise his voice...

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Witch iz why I'm crrrrwling in my
own pissh!

He continues on.

And mus-cu-lar rigidity. Witch
meanz, I can bare-ly moov my
phucking mussoles which leaves me
to schtay in my own pissh!

Ethan laughs in a sinister demeanor. He finally gives in and just lays there.

And as he does, one, then two blisters break open from the pressure of being laid on. Pain, all too prevalent was followed by intense screaming. He finally yells out...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Leave me!

COLLEEN

Leave you! We need to get you to a hospital! We need to get help!

ETHAN

Ghet help?

The blisters have now fully impaired the safari man's ability to speak.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Laddy, goh. Ghet help.

The man begins to laugh uncontrollably.

COLLEEN

What? I can't understand what you're saying? And why are you laughing?!

She feels a powerful wind above her head with a noise that sounds all too familiar. Ethan, horribly disfigured, looks up at Collen and smiles...

ETHAN

Iz a bliztr beetl.

She jumps over the horrifically disfigured man and begins to run and run fast. She's thrown forward by the powerful wind gust of the blister beetles' wings, just before it swoops down once again to attack its wounded prey. This time it's successful. He's so disfigured it hinders his ability to even fight back.

Colleen can hear his screams as she runs. She looks back just once and sees the oversized insect use its two powerful pinchers to grab hold of the man's bottom jaw and rip it from his mouth completely. She screams in horror as she zigs zags through the mountainous terrain down a specific path - now the only path. Tall mountain walls surround her as she escapes further from the beetle. She finally comes to a stop. She can go no further. She sees a mountain wall in front of her, and a wooden door built into it. She's confused, and ultra-hyper. She doesn't know what to do but too frantic to remain calm. She looks at the door, then looks behind her down the path she just came from. She hears nothing.

She puts her ear to the door and listens for any sign of noise, or creature, that might be beyond that door. She hears...nothing. She turns the knob and attempts to pull the door open. It's heavy. Heavier than the wooden door looks. She grabs the knob with both hands and with all of her body weight pulls against the door. It slowly opens, brushing into the dirt ground making it even harder to open. It only cleared about half a foot. And that half foot resulted in heavy breathing and a much-needed quick break. And Colleen does just that. She sits on ground. Breathes in heavily, and finally has some rest.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASSAGEWAY/DOOR ENTRANCE - DUSK

Colleen sits on the dirt and dusty ground, leaning up against the wall right beside the door opening. With the small space she was able to muster open enabled her to peek inside. Nothing. Just black. No positive or negative air pressure from beyond the door. Absolutely nothing.

So she sits. Attempting to make sense of this alternate reality.

COLLEEN V.O.

Where am I? And where is everyone?
Where's Matthew?

Wind from beyond the path that she just came from is emerging. She knows she has little time. She gets on her knees and starts pushing away the dirt from the ground making a smoother path for the bottom of the door. Wind from beyond the path is becoming very strong; she frantically moves as much dirt as her hands will allow. She jumps up and with all of her strength and adrenaline, she pulls the door open inch by inch. The wind from behind her is now everywhere. The beetle reappears, with part of the mangled body from the safari man in its mouth. The beetle lands yards away from Colleen and drops the lifeless body on the ground; it's eyes focused on her. It angles itself as it gets ready for an attack.

Colleen squeezes her body through the narrow opening that she was able to make, scraping body parts as she moves through. She grabs the doorknob now from the inside and pulls. The beetle makes a quick bolt towards Colleen and lunges for her body through the narrow opening. She throws herself back and onto the ground to avoid the beetle's pinchers which are inches from her fragile body, fighting to reach for another taste of human flesh. Colleen crawls on all fours to the other side of the door where the pinchers can't reach, grabs on to the doorknob and from the floor with all of her weight on her feet firm on the ground manages enough strength to push the door closed.

I/E. ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

It's pitch black. So dark that Colleen has lost her sense of direction. She's inches from the door and thankful for it. Any further out she wouldn't have been able to locate her starting point. She lays there, on the floor, crying, looking up into a sky that she can't even see. She questions her sanity.

COLLEEN V.O.

(Crying)

Can this please be a dream!

This scary, but quiet moment, dark in every direction, provides a quick pause for reflection.

COLLEEN V.O. (CONT'D)

What the fuck is going on? Where am I, and how the fuck did I get here?

She cries quietly and recalls her last "normal moments."

INT. BACK OF VAN - MORNING

She recalls rolling around in the back of a van, bouncing off every wall. She remembers Matthew! And she feels guilt. She knows that if he's here, it's because of her.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

COLLEEN V.O.

It's time to do something.
Anything.

She stands up, and immediately regrets it. Even though she knows the ground is beneath her, it's so dark that ground itself is uncertain. She feels for the door behind her and takes a walk of faith in the opposite direction. Her arms extend outward, in hopes of feeling for a wall with her hands before her face. One minute of walking goes by. Then a few more minutes go by. She thinks to herself that this might not have been the best idea. At least when she was at the door there was a place to go back from. But now that door is long gone. Walking back with any precision and no light in any direction is a long shot, even more so, ridiculous. She's now committed to the walk and continues in what to her feels like a straight direction. Finally, off in the distance she notices a flicker. Light! She pauses and stares at the flickering light. Hesitant to approach but eager to investigate, she takes a few steps forward with her eyes locked on. A few more steps and then the anticipation become all too much.

She darts towards the flickering light, not caring for rocks, potholes, or any other obstruction that might be in her way. Just before she reaches the light she eases out of her run. She hears noises. A child? The light is coming from inside a room. She hears...

DAUGHTER

Here Mom, have some more.

COLLEEN V.O.

A family!

DAUGHTER

You should never go hungry.

INT. WHITE ROOM - UNKNOWN

Colleen exits the black space she's been engulfed in and cautiously enters into a lit square room. She looks at the ceiling and sees a ceiling light that continues to flicker on and off. More noises are coming from the next room. A dog barking...a very mean and angry bark. But it's accompanied by the sweet voice of the child.

DAUGHTER

Eat Mom, have some more...

Colleen peaks around the corner. She sees a very obese little girl(13), with a filthy white tank top and just as gross dark green dirty shorts. She's holding a huge bowl with a spoon in it. She can't see what's in front of the girl, she's too fat, blocking the view.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Eat Mom, have some more!

The little girl grabs the spoon from the bowl, grabs a huge scoop of food, and extends her arms, feeding someone. There's an awful scent of cooked food and feces in the air. Colleen walks closer to get a better look. She sees the dog standing in an aggressive position. It's an American Bulldog, a very fat and angry American Bulldog.

Colleen takes in her surroundings. They're all in a old beat down kitchen. Pots and pans are all over the place, filthy, in need of immediate washing. She walks closer in to get a better look at what's going on. Her attention becomes focused on the stove; there's a huge container with a long utensil sticking out of it. It smells horrendous. She looks into the pot; it looks like slop. Maybe watered-down rice, pieces of burnt meat, mixed in with white gravy? A few feet from the stove is the kitchen table, and Colleen is now directly in between the stove and the noise makers.

She sees a morbidly obese woman strapped down to a chair by her wrist and feet, with food all over her mouth, clothes, lap, and ground. She's naked from the waist down, with bite marks up and down her legs, and underneath her ass is a pile of shit. The waste of the slop. The little girl is force feeding her mom.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Mom, your still not done yet...

The mom pleads with the daughter.

MOTHER

(Under stress)

No honey, I can't eat any more, I need a break.

The mom turns her head refusing to eat the food. The dog gets angry. It bites onto the left ankle with brute force. The mom screams in pain, but the dog continues on, attempting to tear away flesh, apparently for not listening. The little girl takes the spoon from the bowl, fills it with slop, and forces the spoon in her mouth.

DAUGHTER

You can't leave the dinner table until your all done with your food.

The mom suddenly notices the extra person in the room. She turns her head pleads with Colleen in a calm voice...

MOTHER

Help me. Cut me loose. I can't eat any more food.

Shit sprays from her ass as she's pleading for help. The little girl attempts to shove another spoonful of slop in the mom's mouth. In doing so she caught a glimpse of Colleen. The obese girl turns her head and smiles.

DAUGHTER

A guest? Look, Mom! We have a guest. Would you like some food?

The dog notices Colleen and starts immediately barking with hostility.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Yes, Brutus, we have company.

MOTHER

Please.

The Mom remains calm but persistent as she nervously asks...

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Get me out of here. Would you like
to trade places? You're so skinny,
you must be hungry.

She screams out at the top of her lungs...

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Get me out of here!

Colleen, shakes her head no and backs away from the three at
the dinner table.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Wait! Where are you going?!

The mother is back to calm in her tone.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Wait, don't leave me here.

Colleen bolts in the opposite direction.

The mom begins to scream out...

MOTHER (CONT'D)
You haven't eaten your fucking
dinner! You haven't eaten your
dinner!

INT. MULTIPLE LOCATIONS - UNKNOWN

Colleen is running from room to room, some lit, some dark.
She stops in a very bright lit room. So bright she has to
cover her eyes. She continues to walk forward and comes into
a dimmer lit space.

INT. DIM LIT ROOM - UNKNOWN

So dim she's unaware of where the side walls or corners are
at. She sees a moving shadow not too far in front of her. She
immediately stops and says...

COLLEEN
Who's there?! Stay away from me!

From beyond the shadowed corner a raspy voice whispers back.

BUSINESSMAN #1
Your making too much noise; go
away!

She has no other options, and she's desperate for answers. Colleen begs for help.

COLLEEN

Who are you? Where am I? Please, I need help. I was in a car accident, and I have no idea where I'm at!

A sinister laugh comes from the other side of the room. It startles her. She looks behind her and sees no immediate threat. She clinches her fist; she's had just about enough of this. Her fight has just kicked in. She screams out...

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

You stupid fucks! Where am I!

Two figures, one from her left and one from right begin to appear in front of her. Colleen takes a few steps back, cautious of what's to come next.

Firmly and with both fist up...

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I wanna go home.

The two shadowy figures converse between each other.

BUSINESSMAN #1

She doesn't know.

He laughs quietly as he hears himself say it out loud. The other joins in on the laugh and sarcastically utters a whisper

BUSINESSMAN #2

No big deal. Women didn't know anything in my generation either.

Then he bursts out with a louder soft laugh.

Terrified, Colleen pleads,

COLLEEN

What don't I know?

The two are now from beyond the view of the shadows. The person on the left is wearing a collared shirt, khaki pants and at one point, must've been nice shoes. Except he's filthy with dirt, unkempt dark blonde hair and a smell of bad body odor. His clothes have rips and tears all throughout it's ensemble. The other looks no better. Younger, but smells just as awful. Black short hair which seems to have not been styled, ever. A full beard with clothes of a businessman. A button down long sleeved very off-white collared shirt.

Only the bottom four buttons were connected. His pants looked very old. They're brown corduroy dress pants, with matching brown and very dirty wingtip dress shoes.

The man in wingtips continued...

BUSINESSMAN #2

If we told you, then you'd know,
but it's best if you didn't know,
so we won't tell you.

COLLEEN

I just want to go home.

Heavy tears begin to fall from her eyes. She's stressed and has a strong desire to leave. She yells out...

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Don't you want to go home? Where
the fuck is the exit!"

BUSINESSMAN #1

Stop yelling!

lightly screams the man on the left

BUSINESSMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Just shut up and go away! We can't
help you!

BUSINESSMAN #2

Go away or your gonna give us all
up!

COLLEEN

Please!

Colleen once again pleads...

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Just tell me where I'm at, and how
do I get home?

The two men look at each other and begin to laugh...

BUSINESSMAN #1

She doesn't know.

Utters the dirty blonde coward with light laughter. The other
chimes in...

BUSINESSMAN #2
She doesn't know.

He clinches his stomach. He's laughing so hard his gut hurts.

BUSINESSMAN #2 (CONT'D)
Well lets not tell her.

Colleen runs out of the room panicking. She's darting through lit rooms, dark rooms, and any entry in front of her. It's a maze of openings with no exits. She feels that all is lost, or has the world gone mad! Or this must be a dream! Tired from running and mentally exhausted her energy hits a wall, she falls to the ground and begins crying her eyes out. There are no answers. No recognizable faces. No familiar places.

The room she ended up in was damp and cold and poorly lit. She sits and waits to gather her strength.

INT. INSIDE ELSEWHERE - UNKNOWN

She can hear footprints running. Not just one, a few, if not many. And voices! Female voices. She knows she needs to gather herself and do something. Quietly, she talks to herself.

COLLEEN V.O.
Crying helps, but it doesn't solve problems. Get up, Colleen.

She wipes the tears from her eyes, takes a deep breathe, then stands on her feet. She pauses, remaining as silent as possible so she can hear where the footprints are coming from. The voices sound far off in the distance and behind her. She turns towards the noise of clamoring feet and bolts towards them. Once again she runs though room after room. She can hear the noises from those running become clearer. She hears...

SAM
Alright, go, go!

Colleen has finally caught up to noise and runs directly into the room of the commotion. It's a small group of people, and they're startled from the forward burst of a new presence.

SAM (CONT'D)
Stop! No more! We can't protect or defend anymore people. Go back from where you came!

Colleen is pissed!

COLLEEN

Go where?! I don't know where I'm
at!

She's devastated. Such a quick verdict without no prior
information.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Please, just tell me where I am.
Tell me how to get home.

She looks at the group. There's four of them. Two men and two
women. They all look distraught, hopeless even.

PERRY

She doesn't know.

Colleen looks at the person who spoke. She's a black lady
with a North African accent, and she looks exhausted. She
looks old, but old for a young person. She couldn't be over
30 years of age. She's wearing low cut shorts and a black
tank top. Her body is extremely fit. Maybe not by choice.

COLLEEN

What don't I know? What is this
place?

The lady who once demanded that Colleen leaves, now looks on
with sympathy. Her once rugged and mean look faded for but a
moment. She had filthy brunette hair, pulled in a ponytail,
cargo pants, military styled boots and ripped shirt. She
looks Colleen straight in her eyes and says...

SAM

Listen...

Her demeanor stiffens once again,

...follow us. No matter what you
see, these things...

A man interrupts...

MAN #1

Fucking monsters.

SAM

...aren't after you. Just yet. Stay
as close as you can. When we get to
the bloodfall we can tell you then.

COLLEEN

Bloodfall?

SAM

No time for explaining. If you get
left behind, then that's your fate,
left behind.

The group of four plus one head out - room through room. They move through them with incredible speed. Its hard for Colleen to keep up. It's almost as if the group is at a full sprint, except for slowing down ever so slightly just before entering cautiously into each next room. She feels the rooms get hotter and hotter. She thinks to herself,

COLLEEN V.O.

This isn't going to end well.

Colleen manages to reach the person in front of her just before entering another room, and she asks him...

COLLEEN

Do you have anything to drink?

He looks back at her with anger in his eyes. He responds in a whisper...

MAN #1

There'll be drink at the bloodfall,
now shut up, your gonna...

The wall beside them collapse violently; a rhinoceros burst through the wall with no restraint and pierces the man she was just conversing with. It's giant horn slicing open his stomach, brutally pulling him up and suspending him in the air, falling deeper into its thick horn, his stomach organs, spine included, mutilated. The three plus one dart forward, leaving the poor man in all his misery. There was no unity, just self-perseverance.

The huge beast shakes the ground as it moves, sending Colleen falling forward and tripping over moving earth and loose gravel. Face first she slams into the rocky ground. She is dazed and needs a moment to recover. But to no avail.

As soon as she looks up she sees what came of the poor bastard that they left behind. She sees the rhinoceros punch its horn into the wall far enough to where its victim's body also meets the wall, just to be dragged along the concrete shredding his frail skin from his bones. She sees body parts separate from off his body.

MAN #2

Run faster!

Colleen hears the voice and bolts in that direction. She's never ran so fast in her life.

She caught up to the group quickly, which are falling over each other trying to get the furthest away from the threat.

COLLEEN V.O.

THIS HAS TO BE A DREAM. There's no other way!

Colleen manages to be able to see in front of her. Its a door! It's looks light and frail and the whole group is now running towards it.

Colleen feels a huge shove from behind her which forcefully slams her into the side wall. She had no to time to brace for the impact, nor would it have made a difference. The rest of the damage is from the ground catching her body. The pain is intense. Her entire right cheek bone feels caved-in and her body doesn't want to move. She sees in the corner of her eye the second man being slammed into another wall. She looks up at the rhinoceros and says,

COLLEEN

Unbelievable.

INT./INT FLORESCENT LIT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She can feel the anger of the animal at the short distance. The rhino walks up to the man who's now lying painfully on the ground on his stomach. He's trying to push himself up but trying is all he can muster. The rhino gives a fierce look at the injured man. Its nostrils pushing out hot breathe, it's grunt hard and mean. It wants war. And from this man, his blood serves as war paint. The rhino bows his head forward and jabs his horn into the man's back, then drags him forward at a full sprint, hitting all sorts of debris along the way. The man's screams are loud and awful. The rhino breaks through another wall with the man still attached to the bottom of its horn.

Colleen sees her chance! She attempts to make a break for the door but is stopped by the fierce pain traveling thru her right cheekbone. She curls up in the fetal position in agony; it only gets worse. But by now she knows all too well...her body is healing back together.

In order to reconnect properly her bones, muscles, and tendons must stretch, rip, and tear to be able to replace and repair. Colleen submits to the ground, once more in pain so brutal, so sharp and intense it makes any noise too weak to seek an avenue of escape. The pain lasts forever, or maybe moments. Both are too long. Finally, all at once, the pain subsides, but again, relief is still not available. Although, her body is healed, her strength is weak, and her surroundings are fierce.

And in all of this distraction, it was the piercing of a particular light that was grabbing the attention of this fatigued young woman. It travels from the cracks that are from beyond the door. She makes her way up to her feet, and finally has the strength to force herself to the doorway. When she reaches the door she realizes that there's no door handle. She pushes the door forward. It's swings door. She peaks inside and sees wide open space of dirty water. She looks down, and it looks too be about a ten-foot drop into this gross and dirty waterhole. Or is this a swamp? She opens the door slightly more...

SAM

Move!

The militant woman, at a full sprint, almost tackles Colleen as they fly forward through the swing door into the next room. The two fall into the water; shallow water. Maybe four feet deep. Both women scream while under, hitting hard the unforgiving solid ground.

INT. ELSEWHERE/SWAMP - DUSK

The land was painful. Colleen goes crazy as the two struggles to get to their feet; Colleen begins yelling...

COLLEEN

What the fuck are you doing!

Her arms and hands are swinging about, emphasizing her point.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

You could've killed us!

The militant woman rushes towards Colleen as fast as a person could fighting against high swamp water. Colleen continues her yell until the militant woman reaches her and forces her into a chokehold, effectively cutting off the ability to yell.

SAM

Shhh! You can't be loud here. Shut up.

Colleen doesn't know what to do. In fact, she can't do nothing; she's subject to the chokehold and whatever the woman request. But Colleen has made a decision. With very little breath she manages to eek out...

COLLEEN

Tell me where I'm at. Tell me now
or I'll Blow the lid off this
mutherfucker.

SAM

Ok. But this will be your fault.
Not mine.

(Beat)

You're in...

PERRY

Don't do it, Sam!

The two look up at the entrance from which they just fell from. It's the African lady.

PERRY (CONT'D)

You don't want to know.

She jumps from the high point into the water. Her fall was much more pleasant.

The militant woman finally let's go of her grip and says,

SAM

She's right. You don't want to know. We're doing you a favor.

COLLEEN

No! Absolutely not! Tell me now or my voice will scream the roof off this shit hole.

PERRY

What's your name?

COLLEEN

Colleen.

PERRY

I'm Perry. This high-strung person is Sam. Now listen. We'll tell you everything. Just wait until we get to the bloodfall. You'll need your energy before you find out. But for right now, your in a dream. And you don't wake up until you get to the bloodfall.

SAM

That was good...

Sam is visible impressed.

SAM (CONT'D)
...but we gotta move. I'm not a fan
of standing around.

COLLEEN
How far is it to the...

She hesitates, unsure if she should go on.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
...bloodfall? That can't be right.

Colleen dry heaves in disgust.

SAM
About a mile away. We could be
there soon. *But we got to get
going.*

The three head out in a straight-line formation, one behind the other. Sam, Perry, then Colleen. The water is indeed a swamp, with dirt, rocks big and small, and seaweed all though out. Everything she comes across is wrought with filth.

Colleen whispers forward to Perry.

COLLEEN
How far are we from the blood
falling?

PERRY
Bloodfall, and I don't know. I've
never been to this one.

COLLEEN
How many have you been to?

PERRY
I dunno. A lot.

Sam throws throw up the halt signal; her right arm up with her fist in a ball. She turns slightly around to make sure the two have understood. Once she got her assurance, she pointed out front and to the left.

Out in the distance was someone swimming or maybe playing in the swamp. Sam, at the front, gave the two a 'hush' signal then pointed at a diagonal direction. Forward and too the right. Colleen continues on...

COLLEEN

What are we going to be doing there? And please tell me there's food and drinks, right?

PERRY

Yo. Where we're at, it pays big to be quiet. Don't worry, you'll know when we're there.

Colleen hears a noise off in the distance from behind her. She turns around and sees the man at play has now made a b line after them. Colleen turns back towards Perry and whispers...

COLLEEN

Perry.

A little louder

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Perry.

PERRY

I told you! Be quiet! You're gonna get us killed!

Colleen picks up a small rock from the swamp and tosses it forward towards Sam's head. Both ladies look back at Colleen surprised of the ill-fated judgement that had just occurred. But her judgement had proven to be correct. All three ladies are now visually aware of their next threat. They move as quick as the swamp will allow them in a straight line heading towards nowhere.

CRAZY MAN

Stop!

Yells the man from behind. He's wearing a matching set of Christmas pajamas with the Grinch in a Santa hat.

CRAZY MAN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't go in that direction!

All three heard his last statement and pause.

PERRY

There's three of us and one of him. Let's find out what he knows then head our way.

But Sam disagrees,

SAM

Let's not bother with what he knows. Every direction is a bad direction. Let's continue on.

CRAZY MAN

Ladies! This is my domain. This is my hood, my, fortress of solitude, if you will. May I ask, where are you going, I can help, I can assist in that area.

SAM

The bloodfall. Which direction is best? Center east, center west?

Colleen chimes in,

COLLEEN

He's a man and we may need his strength.

SAM

Perry, tell your friend to shut up.

COLLEEN

Then tell me where I'm at!

SAM

You're in the shit hole of humanity. And there's no fucking tissue to wipe your ass. Now let's move forward!

Sam turns her direction towards the crazy man,

SAM (CONT'D)

Which is it crazy man? East or west?"

CRAZY MAN

West is harder than east, but east takes longer than west.

A small current has sprung up from under the water. It catches everyone's attention. Perry looks all around the water and says,

PERRY

It's not the current. Somethings moving in the water!

The man who was once following the three girls is now at a full sprint running ahead of them.

CRAZY MAN

I told you this way was a bad idea!

This time the three girls take him at his word and chase after him. This leads them in a completely different direction, taking them around a long bend.

EXT./INT. SWAMP - CONTINUOUS

Sam saw it first.

SAM

Land! Quick, lets go!

All were out of breath when they finally reached its shore, and all fell tired to the ground. This covered them in loose black sand and ash. It only took moments until all three ladies were covered in the land's dirt.

Confused, Colleen looks further out into the distance. Way ahead of them was a ginormous volcano. A steady stream of smoke and charred embers falls lightly from the sky.

COLLEEN

Hey!

She said to whoever decided to listen.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Look up!

Sam, exhausted and filthy, let out what little smile she can muscle.

EXT./INT. BASE OF THE BLOODFALL - NIGHT

SAM

We're here.

The ground turns into wet sand that's covered in residue, much like rust colored ash. The further up the bloodfall they go, the more ash.

PERRY

Well its close. We still gotta find it.

SAM

Just go to the center. It's always at the center.

PERRY

Good to know.

The man who led them there appears once again. Covered in dirt and soot from head to toe.

CRAZY MAN

Let me guess... You were in the military, you were a social worker, and you were a stay at home Mom? I just know these things. Come on! Let's go have a drink. I've been here awhile, I know where it's at.

SAM

Ah shit.

PERRY

Fuck! It's a crazy.

SAM

Are you going to take us to the bloodfall, or are you going to fuck with our heads?

CRAZY MAN

Oh, it's so obvious. I'm going to fuck with your heads.

Nothing but laughter has emerged from this 'crazy' guy. Colleen notices that he's mentally in a different place.

COLLEEN

Look! We're almost where we need to be, right? Let's huff it center straight to the bloodfalls?"

PERRY

Bloodfall.

SAM

The problem is that there's always going to be a problem, and in those situations, do we run center east or center west? If he knows this place like he says he does then I'd like to lower the amount of pain that I'm going to encounter.

The crazy man laughs once again.

CRAZY MAN
I haven't left this level in a
years.

Sam continues,

SAM
And how are you still here? Aren't
you malnourished? How are you even
walking?

CRAZY MAN
I gotta go! I got a life to live.

SAM
Fuck you and your life!

The crazy guy begins to head off in his own direction.
Colleen isn't having it.

COLLEEN
Wait! I'll give you head!

The crazy guy stops in his tracks; the two other girls turn
to her with the look of surprise and disgust. Colleen
continues in a serious yet provocative manner...

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
When's the last time you've had a
girls mouth wrapped around your
dick? I'll do it, just take me
safely to the bloodfall.

PERRY
Are you seriously entertaining this
idea?

SAM
(Shouts out)
Whore!

COLLEEN
I'm not a whore! I'm tired! I'm
weak, and I can't defend myself,
and I still don't know where I'm
at! And if I need to suck his dick
so I can get somewhere remotely
close to home then I'm going to
have a mouthful of cock and no
regrets!

CRAZY MAN
Ha! She doesn't know!

Colleen screams out at the top of her lungs...

COLLEEN
IIIII dooonnnn't knooow shiiiiiiiit!

The crazy guy is now in a slight state of shock. He didn't seem used to this situation.

CRAZY MAN

Wow, what to do next?...You're in hell, gotta go, byyyye!

Colleen is STUNNED. She just felt the feeling of being punched in the brain into an alternate reality.

PERRY
Oh shit.

SAM
Fuck, man.

The crazy guy darts off at full speed into what appears to be a rocky wilderness, as the ground suddenly begins to violently quake sending everyone flying to the ground!

Cracks appear from beneath the ground and scorching steam rises from within them. Sam, Perry, and Colleen each hug the dirt, which was also uncomfortably warm. Moments went by, then finally, the quake subsided and Elsewhere ended it's tantrum.

A huge rocky moon above gives off dim light in the sky.

Colleen just lays there. She is completely taken aback.

Both ladies brace rise to their feet and head towards Collen.

COLLEEN
I'm in...?

PERRY & SAM
Don't say it!

PERRY
Don't say it Colleen! This place
doesn't like it's own name.

Hopelessness engulfs Colleen. She looks up at the dark maroon sky with a very confused look on her face. It's now apparent.

She begins to panic and her body starts trembling.

COLLEEN

What do I do? I gotta talk to!

Perry comes from behind Collen and puts her hand over her mouth.

PERRY

What, are you nuts?! What do you think it'll do if you utter the Name.

Sam approaches Colleen...

SAM

Colleen! Snap out of it! Colleen! Get yourself together.

Perry releases her grip.

SAM (CONT'D)

You need to know this and you need to know this now! What have you killed!? What have you stepped on, ran over, who or what have you ever murdered on earth?!"

With a blank stare Colleen slowly responds...

COLLEEN

Ants, maybe?

PERRY

Fuck! Did she just say ants?! We need to split up.

SAM

Snap out of it, Colleen! Snap out of it! Now that you know where you are, now that you know your fate, your journey begins!

With ugliness in her tone she says,

SAM (CONT'D)

In here, everything you've ever killed, now-kills-you. Welcome to Elsewhere, where else would you rather be?

COLLEEN

Anywhere!

Colleen comes too,

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
I'd rather be anywhere than here.

The ground starts to rumble. From where they're at and everywhere around them dirt and debris is being rattled from off the ground.

PERRY
This isn't good.

SAM
Run!

EXT./INT. SLIGHT UPHILL, BLOODFALL WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

All three ladies bolt into the landscape. Running as fast as the terrain could allow into the vast and rust stained wilderness. Off in the distance faint squeaks are emerging. A dry, raspy rhythm-like bone scraping bone, getting closer by the many!

EXT. FOREST - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Colleen is forced into a flashback of her young self, playing in the forest with her friend, Tommy. A young Colleen is wearing a yellow summer dress and Tommy is in a tan shirt and blue shorts. The young Colleen grabs a magnifying glass and traps multiple fire ants in an open cylinder, so she can focus the sun's energy onto the ants, burning them alive.

EXT./INT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Five fire ants the size of a car emerge from the outer darkness and are all heading in the ladies direction. Deeper inland they all ran when all of a sudden more fire ants began to appear.

SAM
How many ants have you killed!

COLLEEN
(She screams)
Da hell if I know, I was a kid!

The ground erupted with anger! A very loud and all encompassing scream bellowed out from every direction. The ground broke once again, and steam from the ground rose, once again.

But this time, the bloodfall began to erupt, spitting red liquid from its crater, colliding with the ground with massive force once it reaches it's target. The ants fall into deep crevices created by the anger, or get taken out by being slammed onto the ground with brute force from the bloodfall's liquid eruption.

Colleen desperately searches for a place of refuge. She finds cover behind a unphased mountain of rock that's curved to create a bend, and that bend also provided concealment. Colleen hides and waits to ride out the storm.

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The land is covered with an abundance of very wide, very tall dead trees. They're all in various stages of fire. A comparison of a wick to a candle. It almost sounds peaceful. As if she were surrounded with the sounds of campfires all around. At times bark would fall from a tree, the sound resembling that of stirring wood. The ground is less peaceful. Rifts of what once was ash and dirt dominate its features. Its uneven and positioned in such a way that forces Colleen to travel against the grain. Thankfully, she always wears hiking shoes!

Access to the ground itself is nearly impossible. The further in she goes the hotter it gets. She weaves in and out of the burning forest landscape. She comes to a fork amongst the trees. Two pathways. One veers right, the other veers left. She looks ahead...

COLLEEN V.O.

This doesn't make sense. That *crazy* said the bloodfall was at its center.

Her anxiety begins to kick back in.

COLLEEN V.O. (CONT'D)

Should I continue straight and adhere to no path? Should I gamble and choose a path?

She turned, slowly, a full three-hundred sixty degrees. She breathes in deep, a normal way of enhancing calmness by providing more oxygen to the brain. A horrible mistake. There is no relief. The hot and dirty air filled into Colleen's lungs. It created an air pocket and blocked air from escaping. At first Colleen is calm, attempting her best to manage the situation. 'All I need to do is burp.' But the task proves to be more than just difficult. After too-many seconds she's able to push out a stubborn burp. It's a burning pain. She inhaled toxins, not oxygen.

Every second proves worse than the next. Colleen now realizes her fate. It's always going to get worse! There's never going to be a break, time out, or relief of any kind. She looks around and panics.

COLLEEN V.O. (CONT'D)

Where's Perry? Where's Sam?

Colleen is suddenly yanked from the back of her hair backwards. She lands painfully on her back and attempts to get up but is instead lifted from the back of her hair up towards the sky. Both hands reach high in the air and grab tightly onto any piece of hair within reach. Colleen tries to release the tension of her hair pulling from her scalp. She's kicking back and forth; her legs are no longer supported by the ground. Colleen screams at the top of her lungs. She knows her time has come for pain and torment; she begins to hyperventilate.

COLLEEN

Someone,

She fighting to scream out,
Someone,

She yells at high pitch,
Help!

A brief moment of weightlessness, then gravity intervened. Colleen falls violently onto the hard dirt ground. Her attempt to land hands and arm first were in vain. Her face took the most brutal beating upon impact. She lies flat on her stomach attempting to recover. A few crucial seconds go by, and it cost her dearly. Colleen feels something straddling her right inner and outer thigh; along with it, violent rumbling from the ground. She looks back and she sees two black and jagged sticks around her legs. She looks up and sees a collage of eyes. She screams in horror and attempts to move forward, but by now the two pinchers are latched onto her leg. The ground is loud and shaking. Thousands of ants' whip by bringing turbulence and heated wind in its wake. Colleen stares at her captured leg, its pinchers are slowly driving deeper into it's her flesh.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Stop! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

The fire ant clamps down severing her upper thigh from the rest of her leg. Colleen screams go deaf. The only noise audible are the army of ants racing by. Colleen looks at her leg. Blood is pumping out fast and is pooling around her. She's in shock and unaware that the ant is walking over her. One even takes the severed leg as it races by.

She looks to her right and sees a red thin skeleton with thin red hairs stemming from it. Sharp claws from the bottom of its leg grab onto Colleens right wrist. She begins to kick and remembers that she's missing a leg. *Colleen screams again in disbelief!* Sharp jagged edges of the ant's rear foot-claws stab into the shin of Colleens left leg, effectively pinning her down.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
Get off me! Get the fuck off me!

Colleen fights desperately with her left hand to fight off any further advancements gained by the ant. But the stage has already been set. The ant curves its stinger forward and positions it towards the small of her back. With a quick lunge, its lower body and stinger jolt into her. The pain is sharp, and its stinger is so far in that it nipping her spinal cord. It's excruciating and ultra- tense. She feels a liquid from the stinger being pumped inside her.

It's instantaneous. Blinding agony and searing pain-nerve overload caused Colleen to immediately blackout from shock.

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Sam emerges from under a crack in the ground covered with the dirt of the land. She scopes out her surroundings before deciding to fully flee from her hiding spot. She heads towards the center of the volcano looking in all directions for Perry and Colleen. She whispers,

SAM
Perry! Colleen!

Sam walks patiently, surveying the burning wilderness. All of her senses are primed, anticipating another attack.

SAM (CONT'D)
Perry! Colleen!

She whispers out once more. Finally, movement!

"Hey, is it you?"

Sam looks forward and sees that her destination is close. This time she speed walks towards the center. Moments later, a loud awful scream is heard not too far off in the distance. It's Colleen. Sam looks in her direction, then veers center left, avoiding her all together.

The ants have left, as well as the predator ant that took its revenge on Colleen. But it left Colleen in a dire situation.

The ant venom has spread all thru her body, and its affects are devastating. Sharp pain, the feeling of thousand knives cutting her from the inside, followed simultaneously with a burning sensation, especially at the injection site. Colleen lies on her back with both arms slightly off the ground, as well as her left leg. She's trying to avoid any pressure or friction from the contact of the ground. She moans and winces from the agony of her torment. All of her muscles are tense, and body spasms occur at multiple body parts at one time. Even her tears amplified pain, creating friction as they run down her face.

Colleens right leg begins the awful process of growing back! She screams as another form of pain introduces itself. Her body becomes so tense and painful that the blood vessels in her eyes begin to pop. She grabs onto her right leg only to let go immediately. Any friction of any body part is met with the ant's venom. Colleen sees movement from the corner of her eye. Devastated and scared, she looks in that direction. It's two people, a male and female, staring at her, but not coming to her aid. Once the two strangers see that she's seen them, they walk off without even saying a word. Of all her torment, now adds the feeling of knowing that she's all alone. All of her pain sensors have met its capacity and her brain is overwhelmed. Colleen goes into seizure, and soon after begins foaming at the mouth. But its her seizure that finally gave her the relief that she needs. All her brain receptors fire at once, the body reacts but pain receptors are rendered useless. This can be considered Heaven.

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Perry feels like a wanderer. She knows her destination, but every direction brings its own challenges. It's a deck of cards, so she's aimlessly wandering about, albeit, in the same-ish direction. Up ahead she notices something different. It's all very eerie to her. Perry walks along the field of what once was, and she's amazed!

PERRY V.O.

This can't be! Fucking berries! Ew.
Rotting berries. Berries non the
less!

The bushes bring back memories...

PERRY V.O. (CONT'D)

Are these the same bushes I cleared
out when I was building my fitness
center?

What the fuck was that!

An excited and horrifying pitch yelled out a distance from behind her. She pauses; scared and alert to her surroundings. The awful scream lets out again.

AAAUHR!!!

It's a ways back! Perry begins to grab as many berries as she can muster while she jogs forward, away from whatever creature that's making itself known. She hears an awful reminder of her soon fate...

HELPLESS PERSON

Stop! No! Ahh! Save me! Help!

Whatever it is, its busy with someone else. Perry stuffs all she can muster in her pockets and heads forward towards the center of the volcano. With the small stash she was able to carry she began to feel a different feeling. One she hasn't had in ages. Eagerness. Waiting for the right moment to sit and enjoy rotting berries. She bolts forward looking for a "safe" spot to sit and enjoy her newly found meal. But there is no enjoyment. She tumbles hard onto the ground without warning. Her skin scraping hard against rough dirt. She looks back from where she fell and sees Colleen, almost unrecognizable from the venom effects, lying unconscious on the ground.

PERRY

Sweet! Ew.

Colleen looks up at Perry.

COLLEEN

What the fuck now?

Colleen cries out.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I can't keep doing this.

Colleen regenerated while unconscious, saving her from a very bad time. She's healed, but the trauma hasn't, and it shows.

Perry goes to Colleen to assist her from off the ground.

Out from the fog of dirt appears an enormous figure! Ten feet or taller. Its face was boney and sunken in, its eyes were shiny gray, as if the monster had cataracts similar to an old dog, and ears were long and pointed out like wings on a plane. The beast had very defined muscles but at the same time looked anorexic and malnourished.

Its skin looked rough, parts were peeling like a bad sunburn, other parts looked wounded with huge cuts in various stages of breaking and healing. The demon beast locked its shiny grey eyes on the two stunned onlookers, and spread out its large, muscle boned arms and claw-like hands up towards the sky, and let out a bone chilling wail, exposing it's piranha like teeth.

PERRY

Run, It's a local!

Colleen's pain was still an issue, but not to the point where she was unable to run from this hideous beast. The two darted deeper inland. Running scared was defined at that moment. And because of that, in their fear to escape, they also were quickly separated. Colleen, short of breath, not really aware if Perry is anywhere darted to and fro, ever running. Until Colleen hears a body slam hard against even harder surface. Instinctively, she looks in the direction of the noise, in time to see Perry on the ground, trapped, lying on her stomach with the demon straddling her, holding her down with its body weight. Colleen locks eyes with Perry, except the look in Perry's eyes were that of sheer terror. The look of hopelessness emanating from her soul. The knowledge of brutal pain is inevitable. Perry, with tears running down stretches her arms out towards Colleen. The monster breathing heavily as it looks down at its hopeless victim, waiting briefly so as to let the fright set in, begins clawing it's sharp boney nails deep into Perry's back, ripping easily through her skin, tearing body parts from out of her body and tossing them at a short distance on the ground. Her bones breaking easier than dry pasta sticks; her bowels tearing in the process. Even with Colleen at a distance, Perry's screams were deafening. Her body flailing around at a single position on the whim of her tormentor. Colleen looks on in shock. She slowly walks back, away from the horrible sight in front of her. She then bolts in the opposite direction of the carnage, losing her sense of direction that led her towards the center of the volcano. Once again, she's all alone.

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Colleen doesn't know in which direction leads towards the center of the volcano. The rotting burning trees that surround her make the landscape look uniform, and the black ash dirt from under her feet have no path engrained as a guide. She's lost. At this point it can be considered wandering rather than traveling. Off in the distance she can hear the screams of other, maybe also wandering, souls. She begins to reflect on how she got here.

INT. BEDROOM - DUSK - FLASHBACK

She remembers putting her Grandfather to bed, then took a strong sleeping aid. Grandpa wakes up early, so tossing and turning all night isn't an option. She needed to remain on his sleep schedule to be able to properly care for the sick, elderly man.

Next thing she remembers is waking up feeling a tight grip grasping her left biceps, then being yanked from her bed and a sheet of some sorts flung over her head just as she was tossed violently towards the ground. At first, it was thought to be a dream. The sleep aid's side effect. It wasn't until her arms were pulled behind her back and tied up, along with her legs and feet. She remembers making noise. Anything to alert her Grandfather of the situation for help. Then she woke up to find herself strapped to a gurney.

COLLEEN V.O.

These goons wanted the numbers to
my grandfathers bank account! How
did they know about his money?

EXT./INT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Colleen heard hard thumping and laughing! Several voices laughing not too far off in the distance! As she approaches closer to the voices, she remembers where she's at, and that this can't be. Then finally, a voice can be heard, begging for forgiveness. Her curiosity wasn't as eager as it once was just a moment ago. But at this point she's too close. She sees a man completely naked tied to a rotting slow burning tree, being pummeled by a group of men and women alike. There's even a girl who looks as young as a teenager. A group of ten or more, taking turns on this poor man. He's begging for forgiveness, but the group doesn't let up. His face is covered in blood. His body stripped of clothes, bruised and battered from the onslaught of beatings. Colleen has had enough of it. She rushes towards the battered man and zig zags through the small crowd of people.

COLLEEN

Stop!

She demands.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Who are you to beat a helpless man!
Are we not all stuck in this...

She then turns towards the bloody victim. An overwhelming shock overcame her. Followed by hate.

Even though the face is covered in blood and swollen from blows of all sorts, the face is recognizable. She's looking at Victor. The one who tortured her in the warehouse. The violent man struggles to open his swollen eyes, believing he had a savior in his midst. When his eyes finally focused, all he saw was Colleens hateful facial expression, and knowing his fate he begins to cry.

VICTOR

Please, have mercy. We didn't want to kill you. We only wanted the numbers to your bank account. We only wanted the money. Have mercy!

Those words angered Colleen even more. With her right hand she breaks off a branch from the rotting tree, then she grabs his dick with her left hand and pulls it violently towards her causing immense pain. Angrily she says,

"There's no mercy here, or Elsewhere."

Then she stabs his testicles with the broken off branch which pierces through the right nut straight through and into the upper right thigh. His screams are wild and loud. Agony with no relief in sight. The small crowd cheers in the event. She looks up at the Victor, spits in his face and says,

COLLEEN

I have all of eternity to continue this..."

She puts her face inches from his and says with malice,

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

You're pain is my orgasm.

The crowd becomes unusually loud as it cheers for the once kind woman. Hate for one another is the only universal language in this God forsaken place. But the cheers got to out of hand. The noise has notified all in its surroundings. Monstrous noises from all around make their presence known. People scatter in every direction. Only Colleen and the Victor, whose tied up to a tree, remain.

VICTOR

Please, untie me. I'll fight for you!

He pleads from his swollen lips, "I'll fight on your behalf."

Colleen smiles with a sinister laugh.

COLLEEN
How can you fight if you haven't
healed?

Victor looks past Colleen and eeks out a laugh.

VICTOR
Then you can suffer with me.

Colleen feels the presence of what Victor sees. She swiftly turns around and sees a massive cockroach, the size of a bicycle approaching the both of them.

And she begins to back away.

COLLEEN
I left him for you.

Colleen slowly walks backwards and smiles, until she got to a reasonably safe distance then stopped, and screamed at the cockroach.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
Hey!

The cockroach stopped it's trek towards Victor and faced it's head towards Colleen,

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
Can I watch? He killed us both!

The cockroach once again faced Victor. Its serrated mandibles open and close rhythmically. The ant inches forward - slow and deliberate.

Victor is frightened! The cockroach jaws snap shut just inches from his face. Until it didn't! Its mandibles crunch down onto Victors jaws, and it began eating.

Nightmares never had screams so awful.

Colleen didn't last a second. She certainly doesn't have the stomach for such violence!

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She makes her way towards what she believes is the center of the volcano but the walk gets harder. She has a burning pain on her leg. She lays on the ground and tears off a bottom part of her shirt. She begins to wrap it around her leg, around the wound and notices small maggots moving in and out of the gaping flesh wound.

She's grossed out and disgusted as she looks on at the maggots moving inside and out of her leg.

COLLEEN V.O.

It's never ending.

Colleen begins to sob ever so slightly. She cuffs her hand and begins scraping out the maggots as best as she could, digging deeper and deeper, causing more and more pain. She says to herself,

COLLEEN V.O. (CONT'D)

The bloodfall. I got to get to the bloodfall.

Maggots and blood pile up beside Colleen and she tosses them from her wound to her side. As soon as she saw no maggots left, she placed the ripped piece of cloth around her leg, wiped her tears, stood up, and continued on to her destination.

All around her are the screams and pleading of damned souls. Every step she takes is under duress. She'd rather just stay where she's at because where she's at, at the moment, isn't in front of any hostiles of any kind. But her hunger is almost unbearable. Her stomach is empty and growling, her energy is extremely weak, and she knows that the nourishment that she needs is at the bloodfall. Yet, she doesn't know what the nourishment is and where exactly it's located when she gets there.

CRAZIES #1

Hey!

Colleen is startled. Did she just hear that right? She pauses for a moment and listens, although, she doesn't want to run into anyone else. Everyone she meets brings new challenges, and new information that is worse than the next. She decides to ignore what she just heard and move forward.

CRAZIES #1 (CONT'D)

Hey!

There it is again! She runs at full speed attempting to get away from the nagging voice, but the shadowy figure follows just as fast right behind her. She's swerving between the rotting trees, but the shadow is just as fast. She continues to run, looking behind her often to see if any distance has been gained. No such luck. She returns her focus in front of her and is hit head on by another person running knocking her hard to the ground. Oxygen escaped her lungs. The pain of being hit head on gave her temporary relief from the pain of her leg. Her equilibrium is shaken, making her vision extremely blurry. But the ground provides no relief.

It remains hot, dusty and rocky. Regaining her breath is once again a task in itself. She hears a voice trying to communicate with her.

CRAZIES #1 (CONT'D)
Hey, is that your grave?

Colleen heard his words but couldn't respond with a single syllable out of her mouth.

CRAZIES #1 (CONT'D)
Hey...

...says the crazy man following her as he shakes Colleen to further her attention,

CRAZIES #1 (CONT'D)
Look. Is that your grave?

He continues to shake her, and not putting her situation into any consideration. She feels the presence of another body walk up to her as she lays on the unforgiving ground. The new presence bends down and whispers into Colleen's ear.

CRAZIES #2
Hey, is that your grave.

She begins to pull herself off the ground, but is only able to lift her upper body, leaving her lower body remaining on the rocky dirt. She notices two men kneeling beside her but pays no attention to them. She's looking off in the distance to the more noticeable scenery. Gravestones. Hundreds, thousands and thousands, maybe more, spread out as far as the eye can see.

CRAZIES #2 (CONT'D)
Alright, bye!

One of the two men darts away, leaving a dust trail in his wake. She looks at the remaining man kneeling at her side. '

COLLEEN
What does he want?

CRAZIES #1
So, which one is yours?

As her senses normalize, she begins to focus on what the nuisance at her side is asking.

COLLEEN
Leave me alone.

CRAZIES #1

Are you going home? Bedtime?

He laughs using a silly tone.

Lady wants to go beddy bye? Do you
need help finding your house?

He laughs incessantly.

CRAZIES #1 (CONT'D)

What's your name? Damsel in
distress!

He jumps to his feet and darts off.

COLLEEN V.O.

If the two didn't want anything
from me then why did they stop me
in the first place?

She lifts herself up off the ground. All of her wounds have
now healed. The maggots are gone, but the body is definitely
sore.

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS/CEMETERY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She slowly limps through what looks to be a cemetery. As she
approaches closer to a headstone, she sees the name of which
she can't truly read. Анастасия. Russian, maybe? The
gravestone reads 1871-1905. Why are there gravestones in
hell?

She continues her walk thru the haunting cemetery. Instead of
fog there's dust, and instead of silence there's faint
screaming off in the distance. It's her scariest Halloween
backdrop amplified by reality.

She walks until she comes across a person kneeling on the
ground, crying heavily, hugging onto a gravestone.

COLLEEN V.O.

Should I help her? But what's help
in a place like this?

Colleen decides against it and continues forward, all the
while passing graves stones every few feet.

Colleen approaches a woman standing over a gravestone quietly
crying. A whimper almost. Dressed in a full Victorian gown.
White but filthy, beginning from the collar of her neck to
the bottom of her dress.

Red triangles are stitched along her collar bone, then proceed down outlining the curves and ruffles of the 1880's outfit. Her hat is elongated and black, with a long brim and a short veil. The closer Colleen gets walking by the dead crying the eerier the surroundings become. Dark and despair, carnage and sobbing. There's too much going on. Every few paces has its own set of challenges. The land transitions from dust and hard rocks to mud puddles and knee high grass all mixed and intertwined with each other. She knows that she needs to stay focused at the task in hand. But the road just got rougher. The ground begins to convert to slush the further in she walks.

COLLEEN

Fuck!

She yells. Her emotions outweigh her concern for safety...

TEENAGER

S h u t...

Colleen is startled,

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

...up.

A boy, couldn't be older than a his mid teens, is lying flat on the ground, remaining still as possible, as if he's hiding. He's visibly scared and looks to be wearing only a pair of jeans. No shirt, no shoes, no socks.

Colleen takes no risks and meets the boy on his level, parallel to him, soaking her clothes in the process.

COLLEEN

What's out there?

Again, in a slow and quite tone...

TEENAGER

G o, a w a y.

She's pissed!

COLLEEN

(Whispering)

You motherfucker! Are you hiding from something or not!

The boy's face turns angry. As if he had decades of pent up anger stored. The boy puts both hands on Colleen's shirt and pins her hard against the ground and begins mounting her screaming at the tops of his lungs...

TEENAGER

Shut the fuck up! Shut the fuck up!
Shut the fuck up!

COLLEEN

Get off me!

TEENAGER

Shut the fuck up! Shut the fuck up!
Shut the fuck up!

She begins punching him with everything she's got trying to kick, push, punch him off of her. But that gave the angry boy reason to grab both her wrists using both hands. He's now directly on top of her, straddling her in the missionary position. Saliva from his consistent rant spews on her face and chest. He wasn't being sexual. He is trying to inflict harm. And he's successful. She sees no opportunity of defense. Her legs aren't able to kick him off and her hands are restrained. All she has left is her head and mouth. The teen moves his face closer to hers. His rant continues but now in a quieter tone. He's getting tired. Lowering his body closer to Colleen's, exposing his chin, placing it in striking distance of Colleen's mouth. Colleen sees her chance and bites onto his chin. She clamps down as hard as her mouth can force. He yanks his face away her mouth, tearing a deep gash in his chin, spewing out blood at a fast rate. The teen immediately releases her hands and cuffs his fresh wound. With pointed fingers Colleen gouges his right eye, giving herself the chance she needed to escape from his grip. She sprints out and on her feet. Her first few steps took her to the same gravestone she banged her foot on. She bends down to pick up the broken stone, then makes her way back to the injured teenager who is paces away. He remained lying on the ground holding his bite wound. Colleen lifts the stone high over her head, then slams it down directly his head, leaving him lifeless. But she knows you can't kill the dead.

She surveys the terrain, scouting for the best route moving forward. In doing so she sees movement coming from underground. An arm pushing through the dirt, directly in front of a gravestone. As soon as a head finds its way from under the dirt the noise intensifies. Grunting and gasping as the body struggles to free itself from the weight of being buried.

COLLEEN

Impossible! Are bodies truly being
raised from the ground?!

Once more she hides behind a tall gravestone, attempting to look through the dirt fog. She can recognize the silhouette of the person. A man, definitely. Or a very fit person with short hair.

PERSON HIDING

Whew!

The man, tired but loud, proudly cries out...

PERSON HIDING (CONT'D)

Let's have some fu...

The man is suddenly tackled from behind. They both hit the ground at a strong impact. A girl with long hair pulls out two butcher knives and begins stabbing him repeatedly, displaying incredible energy. He became short of breath and defenseless. All at once, the fast stabbing action came to a complete halt. She got off his back, stood up and walked off. No anger, no words, no emotion at all. She walks off quietly into the dirt fog.

Colleen has had enough of the scenery. Death is everywhere, and her nourishment has yet to be found. She continues on her path. It's a zig zag passing through random placed grave sites. The path coincidentally led her closer to the mutilated man. He's gasping for air, so much so that it sounds like a collapsed lung. She can see that the girl left the two knives in his back. He's very much alive and in pain. The two linked eyes. Ultimately, he knew there was nothing she can do.

Colleen jets out of that space as fast as she can. But the thick fog and poorly placed gravestones hinders any real speed. She bumps into somebody, but the person recovers quickly, then begins walking in short circles muttering to himself...

"If I just didn't do that. Why did I do that? Fuck! Why did I do that!!!!..."

Then passes another person. A lady, wearing a very provocative Victorian gown, walking quietly. As she walked a trail of blood followed from under her long flashy dress. Colleen tries not to pay any attention to the wandering bodies, as hard as that may be. Suddenly everything in her view disappears.

INT. HOME KITCHEN - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Her family kitchen as a child appears in front of her and becomes the backdrop. A very clean and open kitchen, with a wooden table and ceramic counter tops.

She sees herself as a little girl walk in from outside through her kitchen door. The child sprints to the kitchen table and opens up a small shoe box. Colleen, the adult, walks closer to be able to see what she has inside.

She's within breathing distance of herself, looking down at the contents of the shoe box. Colleen remembers that day. It was "Show and Tell" at school, and she wanted to show her class the neat spider that she found in the garage. Shiny black in color, except for the red hourglass markings on the underside of the abdomen. The child Colleen grabbed an old shoe box from her closet and used it to trap the spider inside. Then ran back into the house using the kitchen door. She opens the lid to the box and finds that the spider easily made its way to the outside, which startled the young Colleen. From the top of the box the spider gently glided down to the table. Once the spider makes it to the table, she grabbed the shoe box and used it to pound the spider into liquid body parts.

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS/CEMETERY - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

As the scene ends her surroundings go black. And just as sudden, she has returned to the fate of the damned. An unforgiving eternity. And patiently waiting, slightly above her, hanging upside down from an irregular and lopsided spun web, is her tormentor. Glossy black all through out, with four round eyes side by side, with another four eyes spread wider apart directly above. Just beneath were two unusually large sacs with two sharp fangs attached. Each leg, all eight of them, are covered with thin black strands of hair spread out amongst the web. The front two legs are very long and looked as if they were in reach if it performed a minor stretch. The second part of the spider was massive. A big black ball that comes to a point at the end. It looked almost too large for the spider to be able to carry. A splash of water from the ground hits Colleen in her chest and leg. She looks down and sees the impact ripple, then looks up. There's liquid dripping from out of the spider's fang. It slowly begins to descend upside down on its way to the floor, much like it did when it was descending from the shoe box. Colleen catches a glimpse of the red hourglass and runs like hell. She knows now what she didn't know as a kid. The spider is a Black Widow.

There's nothing but mud and tombs in between her and the venomous creature. Lazy obstacles for a spider. Colleen runs towards a denser area of the cemetery, but the speed of 2 legs are no match for 8. It only took a few strides to successfully catch up to the now, truly, damsel in distress. She passes numerous souls while being chased by the revengeful creature. Some look on, others pay no attention. Either way, no one helped with her escape. Running at full speed, her pathetic lead from the spider comes to an abrupt halt. She sees the edge of a small cliff and attempts to brake, falling hard in the process. She rolls towards the edge and stops just before she falls off the cliff! A deep drop! Twenty to thirty-foot drop into the same grave scenery.

She turns back, only to see the black widow in an aggressive stance. Pain is imminent. She decides to take that pain from the ground rather than the pain of being liquified and sucked on by a black widow spider. Colleen looks down to where she's going to land and sees a grave.

COLLEEN
(Sarcastically)
Perfect.

She remembers the crazy guy asking her if 'That was her grave?' before darting off. She wondered,

COLLEEN V.O.
Is that what he meant? Because
that's what this is about to be.

She closes her eyes and rolls off the edge. For most of the trip down she had her eyes closed. Just before impact she opens them. She sees the ground pass by her. Then...nothing.

She slams onto a wooden coffin, breaking it into many pieces, but the high walls of the grave kept her trapped inside.

She lays there, unconscious...dreaming.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING - FLASHBACK

COLLEEN
Ouch!

Colleen smacks her leg.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
I'm getting eaten up by these
mosquitoes. Does anyone have any
bug repellent?

CAMPSITE FRIEND
No...

Replied a man from across the low-lit fire,

CAMPSITE FRIEND (CONT'D)
...but if you wanna grab it, I have
a bug zapper in the back of my
truck.

The time speeds up to the moment she energizes the bug zapper in the middle of their campsite.

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS/CEMETERY - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

A shimmer of dim light is coming from above, along with slow dripping water. Slowly, Colleen tries to open eyes, but she can't. She can't move. Her bones feel broken; internal damage seemed obvious. At the moment her body is in shock. She's laying on a broken coffin in a large puddle of muddy water inhaling a scent so gross she begins to gag uncontrollably. Hopeless, and denied any range of motion and clear vision, her eyes scan what they could of the small enclave.

COLLEEN V.O.

Am I in a grave?

She feels the flutter of wings pass by her face. Then another, but this one gently lands on her face. With the little strength she has, Colleen smacks her cheek with her right hand, then places her hand in front of her face and forces her eyes open to see the crawling nuisance. A mosquito.

Colleen looks at her body, legs, and then her arms - are all covered in mosquitos. She's horrified! What she sees is disgusting. Hundreds of mosquitos, each one piercing her skin searching for veins to suck from. The inhabitants of the grave; flies, maggots of flies, and flesh-eating beetles wander aimlessly on her body. She tries to move any part of herself to shoo away the blood sucking, flesh eating creatures, but every movement is met with sharp pain.

Indicative of the blood loss, many of her veins begin contracting, making it harder for the mosquitos to find a vein. It causes them to continue piercing her skin until one is found. At the same time, small spots of blood are dripping from off her. She's leaking blood from various poked holes. Massive amounts of mosquito saliva are mixed into her immune system, resulting in intense allergic reaction, swelling up Colleen's body. All while being surrounded in a constant cocoon of buzzing, the most annoying ones hovering over her ears. A constant reminder that she's being sucked on from the spears of a mosquitos and infested with insects of death. Unfortunately, the time for healing has arrived. And it begins with her ribcage painfully being pushed back into place...

SUPER: "38 MINUTES LATER"

It's taking longer to heal. This injury was not as severe as the van crash but took almost four times as long. She thinks to herself,

COLLEEN V.O. (CONT'D)

This keeps getting worse. I can't do this forever.

Her healing is finally over, she breaks out in tears, then vehemently scrapes off every manner of crawling filth that has attached itself to her agonizing body. A large splash of dirty water lands on her, scattering the mosquitos in every direction.

ETHAN

Hello there!

Yells a man,

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Do you need a rope?

Colleen looks up at the small opening of which she fell through. The faint light above is blocked by a partial body.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hello! I'm dropping a rope!

Seconds later a thick rope falls just short above Colleen's abdomen. She looks up again. Hesitant for help.

COLLEEN

Who are you?

He yells down,

ETHAN

We'll get to that, but for now,
let's go! It smells worse than
sewage down there!

Her entire body is either swollen, itching, or both.

Colleen grabs the rope and uses it to help lift herself to her knees. From there she wiggles herself into the pre dugout hole, grips the rope and yells up...

COLLEEN

I'm ready, pull!

She's pulled up the grave, forcing her body against the dirt walls scratching many of the mosquito bites in the process. But instead of providing relief from the scratch it causes the bite wounds to cut open further, allowing for more blood to leak from. She finally reaches the top and gets yanked out back onto swampy ground.

ETHAN

(Australasian Accent)

Geez, what happened to you?

Colleen, still on the ground, taken back from her whole ordeal says...

COLLEEN
I can't keep doing this!

Dazed and staring off into the ground,

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
Its all too much.

ETHAN
(Sarcastically)
How many times have you said that?
And has it worked any?
Well, I gotta go. Have a helleva'
day!

He starts walking off.

COLLEEN
Wait! Wait, wait! Please, don't
leave me.

ETHAN
It's not that I'm leaving you, it's
more like, you're not following me.
And I still got some ways to go.

She's worn out, and would love to rest, but she also values strength in numbers.

COLLEEN
Wait. I'm still healing. Can you
wait until I heal?

ETHAN
Bones aren't broken. No major cuts
or lacerations. You look fine,
what's the hold up?

COLLEEN
Can't you see that I'm bleeding and
swollen!

ETHAN
Those are superficial wounds. Those
heal at twice the normal rate.
Geez, did you just get here?

Colleen, looking at the ground with emptiness says,

COLLEEN
Yes.

Ethan pauses. He remembers when he first arrived and became empathetic to her situation. Such an emotional response doesn't come around often and it has him assess his next move. He lets out an angered tirade...

ETHAN

Listen, this place doesn't get easier. It never will. But the truth about this place is that we're all in here. Everyone and everything! What's fighting you can be fought with, which means, if you fight back, you have a fighting chance of winning!

He takes a deep breath and a good long look at her.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I can't have you holding me up. The sooner you learn the better off you'll be.

He begins to walk off.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I just gave you the best advice of your life lady. Live by it.

COLLEEN

Wait, wait!

Ethan doesn't care. Effortlessly, walks off.

ETHAN

Hope for nothing, expect the worse.

COLLEEN

Wait, hold on!

ETHAN

Whaaaatt!

He finally turns toward her.

COLLEEN

Bloodfall! Take me to the bloodfall.

She painfully lifts herself up.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I know that I'm starving, and weak, and the fuckin' bloodfall is going to fix it.

(MORE)

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
So, thank you for your smartass
knowledge but before I fight off
more hell fucks, can you please
tell me where I can go to get some
fucking food!

Now on her feet the Ethan notices where he saw her last.

ETHAN
Oh, it's you again.

COLLEEN
What do you mean, me again?

ETHAN
You helped me when, well attempted
to help me, when the blister beetle
shit his blood and saliva on me.
Oh, and sorry about pissing myself.
It's a vicious side effect that I'm
never going to get used to.

COLLEEN
How long have you been here?

ETHAN
I don't know? Decades? Centuries? A
few years? I can't tell anymore.
What about you? What year was it
when you died?

COLLEEN
Well, I just died. Like, today. And
I don't know why I'm here.

ETHAN
Wait! Do you hear that?

COLLEEN
(Whispering)
Shit! I can't run right now, my
feet; everything's swollen!

Colleen ducks for cover. Safari man notices and says,

ETHAN
Calm down. It's going the other
way.

He looks at her like she's crazy.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You and I are going in the same
direction.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

If you don't mind listening, I'll explain some things to you until we part ways. I'll do for you what no one did for me.

COLLEEN

Maybe. But this is hades. How do I know I can trust you?

ETHAN

I didn't say trust me. I said listen to me. The only thing that you can trust in here is that you'll be let down.

COLLEEN

Geez. you're so blunt and meanspirited?

ETHAN

Alright, hold on. Let's focus now. We'll never get to where we're going if we're not disciplined. We need to be two things. Quiet and always heading in one direction. That direction is always going to be our final destination. When we run from our tormentors, we run towards our destination. Always in the direction of our destination.

The two begin to walk through the swampy graves,

ETHAN (CONT'D)

If we come across a crazy, don't pay them any attention, walk away, always towards your destination. I stress this because everyone and everything will try to knock you off course. Don't let 'em. You live from Bloodfall to Bloodfall. Dodging demons and crazies all day and night, if there were such a thing as a day and night.

COLLEEN

From bloodfall to bloodfall? And what's a crazy?

ETHAN

A crazy. I'm sure you've encountered a few so far. There everywhere. Hell, you just exited one's house right now.

Colleen's confused...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

A crazy is a person who can no longer deal with their circumstances. So they find their grave which can take a very long time, then dig up their coffin, and lock themselves inside. Next, the cemetery caretaker will fill in the grave, leaving them there safe, but trapped, until they can break free from their burial site.

COLLEEN

So they're safe? Nothing can get to them until they leave their coffin.

ETHAN

Oh yes, but coffins are a bitch to break free from, and six feet of dirt isn't easy to move through. It can take someone a decade to successfully break out of their grave. Some get lost in their own grave by digging in the wrong directions. And by the time they finally do make it out they've gone mad. Most likely well before they've ever broke free. No food, no human contact, no real mental stimulation for years and years, other than trying to break free from your coffin. Our human senses still apply, but here they're amplified. Avoid the crazies as much as possible.

COLLEEN

What are the coffin's made of?

ETHAN

Great question. There's two kinds. Metal and wood. The wood is of thick oak. Of course, over time the wood rots, thus enabling an escape from your coffin more likely. But your metal coffin...it's a one and done situation.

COLLEEN

Why are there two coffins? And who gets metal, who gets the wood?

ETHAN

The wood is for your average everyday sinner. It's a way of saying, 'Congratulations, you're not that much of a scumbag, come back out and play.' And if you should so happen to escape from your grave, you'll already be so mentally out of it, you'll actually attempt to play with your tormentors. Once.

COLLEEN

And the metal ones?

ETHAN

I've never seen a metal coffin myself, but I've heard that they don't rust.

COLLEEN

They don't rust. What does that mean?

ETHAN

It means, unless a grave digger decides to do something that a grave digger has never done, which is dig up your grave and set you free, you will otherwise spend an eternity in a metal coffin, knowing that no one is coming to help.

COLLEEN

Forever trapped! No one in their right mind would do such a thing!

ETHAN

Be here as long as some have. Maybe you'd make the same decision.

Colleen, stumbling while walking and scratching her swollen mosquito bites, continues to listen but it's hard to keep up with the Safari man. He walks at a quick speed and speaks with a low tone of voice making it hard for her to hear this much needed information. Plus, her shoes are either slipping or getting stuck in the muddy ground. She keeps clutching onto gravestones and rock for balance and support.

COLLEEN

How far until we get to where we're going?

ETHAN

You're going to have to be quieter than that if you want to talk during our walk. I never got your name.

COLLEEN

Colleen.

ETHAN

Colleen...once we get to the top of this mountain, you'll be able to see the glorious distance you'll need to travel to get the center of our destination. We can separate from there. My trek is in the opposite direction of the bloodfall.

She looks up at the climb ahead of her.

COLLEEN

We're almost there. A few hours, hopefully?

They begin the climb up the mountain. To the surprise of Colleen, the ground was no longer wet or muddy. It was now dry with dirt. Almost a perfect climbing slope. Something her and her girlfriends would love to climb on a sunny weekend.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

You never told me your name.

In a low tone,

ETHAN

My name is Ethan. I'm from Australia. It's an amazing playground for people like me. Before I was here, I used to travel the world hunting game, and searching for rare and evolving species.

COLLEEN

So, the bug. The one that made you all gross and everything..."

ETHAN

The blister beetle.

COLLEEN

Yes. Is it going to find you again?
And do that to you, again, and
again?

ETHAN

Yup. For all eternity. But I've won
a few times. It knows now that I
come to fight. When possible, I
strike first.

COLLEEN

But you said that you've hunted
game, and rare and evolving
species! Are all of them...?!

ETHAN

Yes! All of them. The animals and
insects that I've killed are master
hunters. And they don't lose those
skills once they're here. No, if
anything they're more suited for
this environment. Capture it, kill
it! A wonderful place for
predators. And remember, they have
their way of doing things. So, yes,
they're going to kill you, but
they're going to kill you the same
way they always killed anything.
Some with poison, some with teeth,
some might even snake around your
neck and suffocate you, but, yes.
All of them.

COLLEEN

That. Sucks. Why are you here?

ETHAN

Nothing really. You see, it was my
business that got me here. I've
always hunted. The majority of my
life I've been chasing the most
dangerous, or elusive, the fiercest
predators! Most of the time I'd
sell their bloody carcass for a
hefty profit, other times they'd be
trophies on my wall. I thrive for
the hunt. Even the times when the
predators got the better of me.
That hunger for sport. Sport of a
gladiator! On my spare time I
devised a way to keep sport year-
round, and any day I deemed worthy.
So, I raised dogs.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I taught them how to fight. I fed them with the choicest meat and the cleanest water. It was beautiful. The power and aggression from a well-trained brute. At first, there were show's I'd put on for dinner guests. But it quickly came known throughout the town, and throughout the cities. I knew that the government wouldn't allow such brutality in their districts, so I took it underground. I eventually grew into five fight kennels in three precincts. The business was so lucrative that I haven't gone back to hunting since. I had money and bloodsport all at my fingertips."

COLLEEN

You have the most violent creatures on earth chasing you! I can't be near you!

She runs up the slope of the mountain, but Ethan quickly catches up to her.

ETHAN

Colleen, what are you doing? You're still healing from your injuries. You shouldn't be running.

COLLEEN

Stop! Stop following me!

She angrily whispers.

ETHAN

You have nothing to worry about, we're going in different directions.

COLLEEN

Then why are you still following me!

ETHAN

Once we reach the top of the mountain, we'll go our separate ways. And don't worry about my tormentors. You'll never meet 'em.

COLLEEN

What do you mean-your bloodfall,
and how do you know I won't meet
them?

ETHAN

Wow, you really are pink. Don't
worry, I'll learn ya. See,
Elsewhere is in levels. We go from
one bloodfall to the next bloodfall
up to eleven times. One to eleven.
One is always the furthest, and
each level gets worse and worse,
and I have no idea when it stops.
But you have to go in order, from
one to eleven. I'm on my way to
eight, and you're obviously heading
to one; beware of the locals. This
is their hang out. Avoid them at
all cost, if at all possible."

COLLEEN

Who are the locals, are we or are
we not going to one?!"

ETHAN

The locals. The angels that were
outcast as demons. This whole
place, this whole kit and caboodle
was made for them. If you're not
being hunted down and tortured by
your tormentors, stay tuned, the
locals are on their way.

He continues...

And both of our destinations are
going in the same direction. We'll
split up when we get there.

EXT. ELSEWHERE MOUNTAIN CLIFF - DUSK

The two get to the top of the mountain and as they reach the
top the entire horizon turns into dusk and they see the
barren landscape. Off in the distance they see the bloodfall.

ETHAN

It's grand, aint it?

Colleen is mesmerized by the darkness of it. Its slowly
spewing maroon from its caldera. The liquid is not as slow as
lava but not as fast as water, rolling down the mountainside.

It's and leaking its contents down into a moat, surrounding the entire bloodfall, seeing an overview of a war taking place. Different factions of fighting throughout all of the area. People vs everyone. Bears, lions, other people. Alligators are fighting monster crabs, insects are fighting together in groups, and 'things' of horrible body disfigurement are fighting and wandering in abundance. It's an onslaught of violence, and too much for her to bear witness to. A forest of wicked scenarios and evil scenery.

COLLEEN

Why is everyone at war? What are they fighting for?

ETHAN

There's only so much of nourishment created from the bloodfall at any given time. When the volcano erupts, it emits scorching hot blood that has been soaked up from the ground throughout depths of Elsewhere. It shoots up and out, violently landing on anything within its radius. At the same time, as it begins its eruption, the bloodfall soaks up so much blood that the moat rescinds into the ground clearing a path for a brief moment to get across. And it's from the base of the bloodfall where you get the nourishment you need to make it to the next bloodfall, and then the next...and it never ends. But there's only so much nourishment to go around. You have to fight to get to the front.

Colleen looks down at the multitude of beasts, creatures, and people all at each others throats fighting to get to the front. She made up her mind. There's no way she can fight her way to the front! She's immediately knows this and begins going back down the trail.

COLLEEN

I'd rather be malnourished forever than be killed time and time again by the Elsewhere's children!

But every step she took in the other direction became worse footing than the next. The mud reappeared with depth the further she went.

Ethan chimes in...

ETHAN

The reason our path was so kind on the way up is because it was designed to help us reach anarchy sooner rather than later.

He looks at her with pity and says,

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Remember what I said, Run in the direction of your destination.

She looks on. Her heart starts racing and she begins to hyperventilate. She'd rather move deeper into the mud than down the mountain into the pits of Elsewhere. Colleen believes she's having a heart attack, and panics more.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You're only going to go so far. My advice is to come back up now.

She's in waist deep looking down the trail. His words aren't merely enough for her to consider the thought of turning around. Until her next step. The ground beneath is no longer solid. It morphed into swamp with immeasurable depth. She reaches back for the land that she just walked off of and only felt open swamp.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Colleen.

Ethan says with a smirk on his face.

You better hurry up, look behind you.

Fish, in large numbers some distance behind her are jumping in and out of the swamp water, making their way closer to Colleen.

Ethan says in a calm and bravado manner...

ETHAN (CONT'D)

If I remember correctly, they have teeth.

She begins swimming her way back towards the end of the trail. She can feel several fish biting at her feet and thighs.

COLLEEN

Help, help me!

Ethan reaches out for her hand and helps pull her out of the swamp. Bite marks are apparent.

She holds on to him for dear life. Almost at the feeling of slight comfort until he whispers in her ear.

ETHAN

Don't get your hopes up. I'm in here too.

She releases her grip and regains her balance. Colleen walks back to the edge of the mountain. She looks out at the distances that await her. From above she can see the carnage and seeing it for a second time made it no easier.

COLLEEN

Come with me.

ETHAN

I'm sorry. What was ridiculous request, again?

COLLEEN

Come with me. Help me! We can help each other!

She turns to him, begging...

ETHAN

I'm not going through your journey. Hell no! Pun intended! I'm not going to suffer through an extra step, major step, to help you pop your cherry. Nope. Fuck. That.

COLLEEN

But you said that your tormentors were on their way to your bloodfall. And you surrounded by the most gruesome of deaths. Mine can't be nowhere near as awful as yours! This will be your easiest level!

ETHAN

It's not worth it. There are consequences! There're always consequences! You're on your own and you can learn like everyone else.

COLLEEN

I'll fuck you! Drop your pants, I'll fuck you right now.

She grabs his cock and presses up to him.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
Watch after me and you can have me
anytime you want.

ETHAN
Don't flatter yourself. I could've
raped you anytime I wanted.

He pushes her off him.
I still might.

COLLEEN
You said yourself that your
tormentors are heading in a
different direction! How is that
not encouraging?

ETHAN
And what about the consequences?

COLLEEN
What are the consequences!

ETHAN
I don't know, but I do know that
there are consequences!

COLLEEN
Then what are you scared of! We'll
be here for all eternity! Wouldn't
it be nice to ditch them, just
once, pull a fast one on them. You
may even get away with it. You
don't know!

ETHAN
(beat)
I might consider it.
This can only end bad for me. But
everyday isn't like hell, it is
hell! Yeah. I might consider it.

He turns his attention back to her,
Then, your body is mine until I get
you to the bloodfall. That's our
deal.

COLLEEN
Yes!

ETHAN
Then it starts now.

He walks over to Colleen, grabs her by the back of her hair and pushes her up against the side of the mountain. He has one hand pressing her head against a mountain wall and the other pulling her shorts down.

COLLEEN

What are you doing, I told you that you could have me.

ETHAN

What's your backdoor policy?

COLLEEN

No!

She struggles to free herself,
Wait, I've never...

He slings her body back towards him, then slams her hard once again into the rocky mountain. She didn't want to fight him. She needed him for protection. He forces himself inside her anus, pressing his unwashed sweaty body against hers. She became one hundred percent submissive being thrust upon against rocks. He was not gentle and only cared for one orifice.

EXT. BLOODFALL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The two begin their descent into the pit of hades knowing that the worst is still ahead of them. As they climb down towards the bloodfall, horizon once again turned dark, turning dusk into night. The climb down is steep and slippery. The angle is so steep that it feels as if every step is closer to falling off an edge.

COLLEEN

Isn't there a better path? Why are we going in the hardest direction?

ETHAN

Straight is always the direction.
Forgot already, I see.

COLLEEN

Yes, but we could've gone center right. It looks to be a lot less of an angle. This way we don't break our ankles, or our neck, if we fall.

ETHAN

There's no such thing as center right. Only center. I said nothing about veering off course. Others, told me about center east, west, right or left; doesn't make a difference. The point is, sometimes the easiest way isn't the best path. But the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. And I keep to that concept. When you saw me running from the blister beetle you saw me running at a straight line. I wasn't veering off center anything. Or don't listen to me. Do it your way. Fine by me, except that it's not fine by me, I know how to get there the quickest!

COLLEEN

Geez. Are you always this frustrated? You should be more relaxed after what we just did.

ETHAN

Shhh. Lower your tone. And I'm not frustrated. I'm nervous, antsy, and frustrated because I'm going where I don't belong and you're already trying to steer off course!

COLLEEN

Before you continue your shit-fit can I ask you a serious question?

ETHAN

Stick to the path!

COLLEEN

Got it. Stick to the path. The path will be sticken. Can I ask now?

ETHAN

What do you wanna know? And make it quick 'cuz we're already in the line of sight.

COLLEEN

Not every bug, or animal you killed was a mean-spirited thing, right? It couldn't be. The small mob of people I saw earlier, looked evil, but there... was a young one there.

(MORE)

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

She was too young to make bad enough choices to be here. Am I seeing things wrong?

ETHAN

I get it. Faces you wouldn't assume to be here are yet, still here. Is humanity so bad that the younger are allowed in this hell hole?

COLLEEN

Well, are they?

ETHAN

Yes. Everyone is in this place. Well, everyone's sin is in this place. If you're truly off your rocker, meaning, doing evil with no guilty consequence whatsoever, then you belong here. And here you'll be. But, if you're a young teenage girl and you don't belong here, well, the teenage girl will go up, but her sin will still come down. I take it you saw this girl having at it with someone none too nice, huh?

COLLEEN

Yeah. She didn't fit what I believed to be...shit, she couldn't have been older than twelve.

ETHAN

No sin may rise above, and no righteousness may fall below.

COLLEEN

Sin? So I'm the sin?! I'm the bad that was in myself?

ETHAN

I don't know? You tell me. Are you?

COLLEEN

How am I supposed to know that!? Who tells you if I'm me, or if I'm just my sin?

ETHAN

You should know. Or, maybe you already know and don't want to admit to yourself?

Colleen screams out...

COLLEEN

No I don't know! Why don't you tell me...

ETHAN

Shhh! what What's your problem?

Ethan whispers.

This isn't the time to start shit.
Focus on walking down first and we
can conquer other things later.

Her climb down was bearing weight. Her truth became a burden, and her burden bred guilt; which in turn had her lose her focus on climbing down, aiding to her slipping. The slip was sudden, forcing her body weight in one direction, giving her fall momentum. She was falling fast. She threw herself against the mountain hoping to use her body as an anchor grasping to anything solid to create friction enabling a stop. When she finally stopped rolling both sides of her body told her story in blood. Scrapes and burns decorated her everywhere. She looks at all her new wounds, tense and burning, she leans forward against the ground. She tells herself,

COLLEEN V.O.

Deep breathes, in and out.

But something was immediately different. It wasn't dirt and dust that she inhaled. Now it smells like smoke, mixed in with sulfur. Seconds later she realized, what she smelled was fire and brimstone.

EXT. BASE OF BLOODFALL - NIGHT

Colleen notices that she fell so far down that she's now close to the base of the mountain. She looks up and sees Ethan still making his climb down. A million thoughts are going through her head.

COLLEEN V.O.

I fell further than I thought, my
entire body burns, will I heal
sooner than later, we still have a
long way to go...

But for now, she looks on towards her atrocious destination. The wait for Ethan added no solace. Colleen begins to look for anything that she can use as a weapon. But the landscape is barren of any usable weapons. It is obvious that the chips are stacked against her, but at least she has Ethan as an ally.

ETHAN

Colleen, Run!

She's frantic! Colleen looks in a 360-degree direction, yet she sees nothing in sight.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Run, dog gonnit!

Still, no enemy in sight and she has no idea where to run, Colleen decides to make it back to "safety". Back up the mountain towards Ethan.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

No! No, not towards me!

Colleen can't care less. Back up the mountain she goes!

ETHAN (CONT'D)

No, bitch! Go back down!

Ethan wants no part of this scene and he also begins running back up the mountain. Colleen can't believe her eyes! Such betrayal, and so quickly! She gave him her body as payment for protection and he returned the favor null and void in less time than it takes to cook a pizza. And still no sign of what Ethan is yelling about...but he's yelling so there must be something out there.

The two aren't far apart and are heading in the same direction. Then the two both it! Chirping. Colleen's brain hits a switch and has a flashback.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - EVENING - FLASHBACK

Colleen, (15), is wearing her softball uniform holding a bat to lean on while talking with a fellow teammate just outside of the dugout. The game is still ten minutes until it starts and it's an unlikely but not unusual day where the crickets are out in numbers. Freely bouncing through out the field and beyond. Although the chirping would have the listener believe their surrounded. With crickets in such abundance, Colleen decides to takes her bat and with a swift and professional swing, hits a cricket deep and it remarkably lands into a trash can. A new game has been found to pass the time...

EXT. BASE OF BLOODFALL - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

COLLEEN

They stop and look towards the direction of the noise...then another chirp in the opposite direction. Colleen immediately knows what foe stalks her. Two enormous sized crickets spring onto the side of the mountain. One in between the two of them, the other jumps above Ethan, effectively cutting off his path back up top of the mountain. The landing created a massive landslide effectively sliding Ethan and Colleen at a rushing pace down the full length of the mountain. The two hit the ground hard, while rocks and small boulders fall all around them. Colleen, at the base of the mountain, sees nothing but dirt and debris falling all around her. She screams in horror as a hand reaches through the thick dust and pulls her forward.

ETHAN

Lets go! Let's Go!

The two race towards their destination almost blinded from the dust all around them. The chirping intensifies as they make their run away from the mountain. Two green legs appear, landing directly in front of them; the two cut left and continue running on. The dust has cleared, and they have a clear path forward. They run so fast that Colleen almost stumbles forward but is held up by the hand of Ethan. A gust of wind flies over their head, the effect of a jumping cricket. It lands directly in front of them with such ease and buoyancy. The cricket flutters its wings which creates the chirping noise, alerting the other cricket of its position. Ethan and Colleen slowly begin to make their way at an escape but the energy is to be wasted. The second crickets lands in front of their path with ease and lays its body flat on the ground. Ethan and Colleen now have two leaping crickets to their right and left.

Colleen, terrified, asks

COLLEEN

How do crickets kill their predator?

ETHAN

Their scavengers, and only eat meat if it's already dead or so injured that it doesn't put up much of a fight.

COLLEEN

So, we're good, just fight back!

ETHAN

Yes! Just fight back.

The cricket to the right flutters its wings then jumps high in the air. The two look up and quickly see that it's landing directly on top of them. The two jump in different directions, each barely missing the body of the cricket slamming down upon them. The other cricket flutters its wings, making its chirping noise, then rises from its belly and makes its jump high in the air. Colleen, still on the ground looks up. She braces in the fetal position for the direct impact. Time moves in slow motion as the cricket descends upon her helpless body. She screams and feels the heavy wind of the cricket on top of her...but nothing. She pauses. Slowly she lifts her head from protection of her arms. She sees Ethan looking at her in amazement. The two look at each other, amazed. Then direct their attention to the other cricket.

A sharp tongue from a faraway position slams into the second cricket and slings it back with such a jolt it leaves a sound wave in its wrath.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Run!

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS/THE ROTTING FIELD - NIGHT

Colleen springs to her feet and the two sprint in the same direction. The landscape has turned into a vast field of rotting vegetation, leaving the ground slippery and moist. It's a forest of the most menacing appeal. The air smells like rot and the heat continues to be relentless. The only light comes from two sources. A blood moon of sorts above them, and the brightness of the liquid spewing from the bloodfall off in the distance. The hopeless two try as they may to run through the thick vegetation but gain no real traction. The ground is too slippery, and no clear path presents itself.

Slow down, we're close. All of Hades' best obstacles present themselves here."

Colleen, weak from hunger replies...

COLLEEN

The next person or thing I kill I'm going to eat off of.

ETHAN

Unfortunately, it doesn't work like that.

The two see a gruesome figure not too far in front of them. A silhouette of a tall and thin creature. Thin except for a boulder of a chest.

Its chest seems to be bulkier than it's able to carry, leaving the disgusting creature hunching forward. It slowly walks toward them allowing light to illuminate its body. It's bones and ribs are protruding through its skin as if it was starving. Its arms are long and lengthy, ending with claws that are individually uneven on a massive scale. Severely damaged black hair covers its head, and thin dark hair covers the entire body, except for its boney face. Blood outlines the mouth of the monster with sharp jagged fangs as teeth and decaying gums.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

A local. Get ready, we're going to fight this thing.

COLLEEN

No! I don't have the strength to fight that thing!

The local forces a shriek out its mouth as it slowly makes its way towards them.

ETHAN

It's gonna run towards us, any second now. We can't run from this. We have to stand our ground and fight.

Colleen is terrified as much as she is tired. Apparently, Ethan believes there's no escaping this one, so her fight or flight once again turns into fight. Colleen rips off a thick branch from a nearby tree.

COLLEEN

This is what you're here for. Now protect me or I'll shove this stick up your ass further than you did mine!

Ethan is stunned. One enemy turned into two. None too happy, Ethan grabs the stick from Colleens hand, then reluctantly begins walking towards the fantastic beast.

The beast does the same. But, at an unbelievably slow pace. One single step at a time, as if it's an elderly trying to make it into the kitchen.

Ethan jokes as he makes his approach.

ETHAN

This might be my lucky night.

Colleen pulls off another thick branch from the same tree then follows, albeit at a good distance, behind Ethan.

The shriek continues from the local as it makes its way towards the two.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I don't understand what's wrong with this thing? It's probably why it's so skinny. It can't catch its food.

COLLEEN

Just kill it and let's go.

The local and Ethan are a few feet apart from each other. The beast attempts to claw at Ethan, but dodging its attempts is too easy. Well within striking distance, Ethan takes the stick and stabs the beast in its side causing the beast to shriek and scream loudly. The beast quickly pulls out the stick that's lodged in its side and holds it in front of its face watching the blood drip off it. Colleen runs up to Ethan and gives him her stick...

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Here! Hurry up and let's go!

The hideous local stands completely upright spreading both arms out wide equating an immediate change in demeanor. A terrifying roar rather than a meek shriek belts from its mouth with saliva spewing out as it does. Ethan backs up as he watches the monster that now towers over him turn from a meager foe into an expert predator.

ETHAN

It's a trap, run!

The once slow and elderly stiffens both of its long arms straight, and before Ethan can create distance of any kind the local strikes deep and rapid into Ethan's chest straight threw, extending out his back, leaving him limp and at the whim of the super predator. Ethan attempts to grab onto the bladed claws if only as a reflex. The horrifying local brings Ethan close to his face and stares angrily into his eyes, then spreads his arms out and wide once again in a fierce rage, effectively shredding his upper body in half.

Colleen is sprinting as fast as her legs can take her, bumping into random vegetation that's littered about. She hears the mighty roar of the vicious beast as she runs as fast as she can to escape from its vicinity. Dodging various rotting trees and random vegetation, Colleen heeds Ethans advice and runs as straight as the unbeaten path allows. She starts running so fast that she begins to fall forward, tripping on her own speed.

She hits the ground hands first, sliding forward and slamming into a rotting tree forcing a vibration through out its trunk and branches, sending vibrations into the ground. Colleen looks around frantically, in search of any sign of the local.

COLLEEN V.O.

Where's it at?!

She makes a quick visual scan behind her and sees nothing...except for the ground slowly pushing upwards.

COLLEEN V.O. (CONT'D)

Shit! Earthquake?

Colleen staggers to her feet and faces towards the bloodfall. As she does, she hears the roar of the hideous local not far behind her. A flashback of her fishing with her grandfather enters her mind and leaves just as quickly. She never caught fish that day, but she still used bait!

Earthworms push up from underneath the ground slamming into Colleen sending her flying backwards to the ground. Then up comes another earthworm, then another. They're circling her, moving in and out of the moist ground. All three of them bleeding from the hook marks where she forced the sharp needle into their slimy bodies. She looks for an escape, but the earthworms have entrapped her into their space. Colleen makes it back onto her feet with a strong decision to run through any opening she sees.

LOCAL

Brekekekex. Brekekekex.

On the other side of the earthworms she sees a glimpse of the local, waiting and taunting.

LOCAL (CONT'D)

Brekekekex, brekekekex.

The soil is wet, and easy to sink into. Easy for the earthworm, equally as hard for the two legs of Colleen.

An earthworm slides against Colleen and to her sheer terror, panic, and pain! A fish hook, that's attached to the earthworm, now snags Colleen by her side and takes her for a ride. Trapped against the earthworm, she slides in and out of the ground at the whim of the worms path.

The worm travels up breaking Colleen's body free from underground, and for no apparent reason the worm stopped, and went into the opposite direction, pulling the fish hook also in the direction needed to free Colleen from it's grasp. Colleen is now shoulders deep into the wet soil, trapped, and once again all alone.

Hours, or maybe very long minutes, pass by. She's perplexed how she can be surrounded by any manor of creature at one moment, and not see anything or anyone for hours back, to back.

Off in the distance Colleen sees movement. She begins to panic as she struggles to break free. As the shadow gets closer, she can make out that it's human, although oddly shaped. As it gets closer she can make out the colors of its clothes...

COLLEEN V.O.

Yellow? Is that a ruffled collar?
There's circles in different colors
all through out his costume...

COLLEEN

Sike!

Out of the shadow's Sike Steven's face finally appears, it's horrific! The sin of Sike Stevens made manifest turned him into a ghastly being. Sharp, crooked, jagged teeth, with white face paint still caked onto his face. His skin wrinkled, and he's dressed in the clown suit.

SIKE STEVENS

Need help, Colleen?

Sike Stevens has saliva rushing down his face and eagerness in his eyes. He rushes towards Colleen and all she can do is scream! The closer he gets the more hideous he becomes.

Just as Sike Stevens reaches for Colleen's head she's pushed back into the ground by a predatory earthworm!

Another worm comes up from the ground and it begins pushing her down further into the soil. As her face is being shoved through dirt, buried rocks and weeds, Colleen fights to grab against the ground. Trying to break lose from the earthworms body. But she's not strong enough. All of body scrapes against the ground as its being pulled inside it. A second earthworm aids in the attack further taking Colleen into the ground.

A third earthworm is weaving in and out of their burying descent, waiting its turn to join in. There's dirt three hundred and sixty degrees around her which gives her no room to be able to move and fight. No room also means no air. She's slowing suffocating with the pressure of the dirt squeezing in her lungs and a lack of oxygen pockets the further down she goes. Three earthworms and no way to move and fight back! She's scared, believing there's no way to win.

No way to fight back may mean generations of being tormented by earthworms and every bug she's ever killed from the ground!

The earthworms are intentionally digging her deeper into the soil. The deeper they go, the hotter the soil. She can't take more of it...

she knows that this needs to stop now for any chance of survival! She stiffens her right arm straight, and lunges up like a dagger into the belly of the worm on top of her. Colleen easily made it through the worms skin and into the body. Colleen, as she begins to release her arm she clinched her fist, inadvertently gripping the worms ventral nerve shocking it into hyper-motion, and that jolt instinctively clinched down - but for a moment. And in that moment Colleen was at the mercy of the movements, dragging her in several directions until Colleen let go.

I/E. INSIDE THE WET SOIL - NIGHT

Finally, her descent stopped. But now she's stuck, buried underground.

Its pitch black. Coleen can't see anything. Barely enough space to catch a breath. Once again, she's alone, and in the dark...

She lays still as can be, hoping to not make any movements that'll vibrate the soil. She couldn't move if she wanted to. The soil has her trapped. And now she's been stuck for so long, minutes feel like hours. She listens for he sounds of worms moving though the ground heading in any direction. But instead she hears something else...screaming and yelling. It's coming from the above her feet! She now realizes that she's buried upside down.

COLLEEN

(She screams)

Fuck! Mother fucker, mother fucker!

Tears of helplessness and despair rein down from a sad punishment, an even crueller existence. She hasn't stopped. There's been no brake from constant endurance. Her bones and joints ache from multiple and consistent injuries. And she's buried deep underground, upside down.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

I don't deserve this!

She cries.

I don't deserve this!

The soil around her vibrates. The vibration of the ground sends her into a flash back...

EXT. COLLEENS BACKYARD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

In Colleen's backyard, roughly ten feet from her home, stands a beautiful Honey Mesquite tree. The wooden stem is sturdy. The crown is broad and provides excellent shade under its green and feathery canopy. But there's a problem. It's the middle of June and the annual cicada has covered the beautiful tree. The mating calls of the males have dominated the noise pollution.

And it's making young Colleen (11), even more full of rage. Her parents has recently left her, and she expresses her emotions in fits of rage.

Colleen angrily pushes the screen door wide open and B lines to the Honey Mesquite tree. She's holding a gas can in her right hand, and as she approaches the tree the noise becomes deafening. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of cicadas are high pitched chirping on the tree. Colleen, tired of the noise, puts the gasoline tin down and begins to pump air into it. She uses the attached spray nozzle to spray and soak all through out the branches, leaves, and trunk. Some of the cicada moved or fluttered its wings, but it didn't stop the mating process a single iota.

Young Colleen attaches the handle back to the tin, then she grabs a damp rag that she placed on her left shoulder. She cleans off her face, hands, and then her arms. She soon tosses the rag at the base of the tree and reaches into her pocket. She takes out a pack of matches, and with anger in her eyes she lights the match and sets the tree on fire. Colleen walks backwards as she tosses the lit match forward, and she continues gaining distance walking backwards in ah and wonder watching it all go up in flames.

EXT. BLOODFALL WILDERNESS - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

She awakens to her immediate surroundings. The ground is moving. Colleen is beginning to be pushed up! She screams in terror as full grown cicadas come barreling past her, heading for the top soil. Several run into her, forcing her right side up and pushing her back into the correct direction. Still not quite to the top, Colleen begins shoving dirt and fighting her way to the top. It's an intense struggle to get to the top-but she claws her way forward and finally plows through past the top soil to freedom!

Immediately Colleen hears the deafening sound of the multitudes of cicadas.

Tired, worn out, and with no energy, she looks up and sees hundreds of trees surrounding her. Dying, rotting trees. All of them saturated with thousands of cicadas. All of them are her enemy. All of them want a turn! Her breathing becomes labored, and she feels a tightness in her chest. All noise is drowned out and nonexistent due to the high pitch chirping that smothers all around her. She's looking for an exit, a path to anywhere, when a shot of liquid splashes next to her, just missing the entire upper half of her body. She looks beside her and sees no predator. Her attention shoots towards the deafening sky. Liquid is falling from above. Shot out from single points in the trees and recedes like water being shut off from a hose bib. More join in. Thousands of cicadas are now pissing on her at a rate consistent with heavy rain. She tries to shield her face with her hands and arms but there was no hiding from the insects urine.

She looks forward in the distance scouting her escape, when the pissing automatically stopped. Then one by one, each cicada turned into flames.

MUSIC CUE: "Run" By AWOLNATION

Colleen climbs out of the hole and springs to her feet and runs as fast as she can in and out between trees. Piss from the cicadas once again rain down on her, but this time, it's accompanied by ball of fire-kamikaze cicadas.

Colleen is dodging cicadas and swerving in and out of trees when she catches a quick glimpse of Sam on her back fighting off three naked babies tearing out her guts. There's no time to care...she was running towards war.

Being high up also gives different vantage points, and the view from up high showed Colleen sprinting towards a sea of bodies of every sort and type. A wall of bloodshed. And now Colleen needs to make the decent into it, and fast! The cicadas have locked onto their target, and begin pelting Colleen all over! A piercing cicada bullet that leaves behind fires! She jumps down the side of the mountain rolling hard and fast every step of the way. When she finally comes to a stop she hears a noise. She stumbles onto her feet, and walks towards the noise. She begins to see that it's very old, dusty, welcome sign with a voice box. Behind the voice box is a huge concrete wall. The closer she gets the better she can hear. It sounds like a airline stewardess giving a safety briefing.

WELCOME SIGN

Eventually, whether it's days,
weeks, sometimes months, the energy
of all souls need to be restored.

(MORE)

WELCOME SIGN (CONT'D)

Energy is located at crucial junctures, eleven of them, placed miles and hundreds of miles apart. The bloodfall is a volcano. A calm volcano when it's in between cycles. Every volcano has 4 massive entrances and every entrance leads to nourishment and restoration. But 4 entrances cannot accommodate the millions of creatures (sarcastically) dying to get in. Because of that, (cheerfully) there's war. The gates are only open for four minutes every eleven days. Make sure you go in order, from bloodfall one to bloodfall eleven. Welcome to Bloodfall Numb...

EXT. BLOODFALL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Fast spewing, red liquid ejects from the volcano's crater, creating a sound so loud that it drowns out the PSA and everything else around it. Colleen knows the gates will be opening soon, so she quickly makes her way behind the concrete wall into the onslaught of violence ahead. As she turns the corner she found herself directly at the beginning of it all! A *cruel trick*. Directly in front of her and quickly beginning to surround her are people of all kinds, different generations, and dialects. They're all fighting to move forward.

The bloodfall begins its rage. Shots of blood lava spew hundreds of miles into the air from the volcano's crater landing near and far outside its perimeter. Red raindrops randomly plow onto raging fighters that circle the barren landscape, delivering a powerful blow smashing whomever it lands on into the blood-soaked soil.

Red lava raindrops are falling all around Colleen as she continues forward, running from the burned and charred flying cicadas, many of which take a direct hit from flying lava. As Colleen looks up ahead, she sees it! Carnage. The violence that she sees ahead is brutal.

She slows down her running, her eyes fixated on what she's apart of! A Vikings is fighting a Comanche Indians, A Roman soldier is fighting a Mongol. And Victorian era woman is stripping off her clothes and running nearly naked to move faster. There are snakes being attacked by bunnies, and a pack of antelope over powering a lion.

She's mesmerized by the onslaught of fighting and completely ignored her own surroundings. She's now stuck and mentally unable to move forward...

ETHAN

Get down!

Ethan plows into Colleen as if he's a football player smashing into his opponent. She smashes hard into the ground, at the same time multiple cicadas continue to dive down making direct hits every so often. Dust and debris muster up from the fall creating poor visibility.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Look at me!

Ethan's eyes are piercing.

Run!

Both zig zag in and out of violence.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Forward, forward, go, go, go!

Both are now in the middle of the barrage of violence that awaits them. Back to back blood bath. There's a clock above the entrance that's counting down and it's at 2:01

The bottleneck contains everything horror can imagine. Spiderwebs entrap wandering prey. Cobra snakes leaning upright spewing venom in all directions. Viking berserkers from the 11th century defending themselves from the wolves and oxen that they killed during hunting raids. And in between everyone are random Locals who like the games. Everywhere tortured souls were either fighting, dying, or on the ground in torment regenerating.

Ethan tries his best to keep his grasp on Colleens arm as they navigate through hades battlefield, but it only takes seconds until the two are separated from each other's protection. Chaos and pandemonium encircle her. A flying fist from one direction barely misses her face, forcing her into a sideways position landing her into a barrage of bees, each stinging her incessantly until she darts a few paces away. Her forward momentum sent her sliding hard into the ground. Feet are everywhere! All moving erratically from the chaos. She sees close by an axe lying on the ground and in an instant decision she grabs it and suddenly, a mind shift. Rage becomes her.

COLLEEN

FUCK YOU ALL!

She screams out as she swings the axe in a three hundred sixty-degree motion as if she's been handling that weapon her entire life. Like a raging bull her pent up aggression can no longer be tamed. Locals, humans, and creatures alike feel the blow of a sharp blade pummeling and slicing into unsuspecting bodies. A Kurd soldier from the 13th century sees her from a close distance. Never like passing up the opportunity of a worthy opponent, especially when they are distracted in a bubble of their own rage. The Kurd smiles, then charges full speed towards her.

There is no need to pay no attention to where she swings her axe. In fact, her reckless regard for her swing sends her momentum backwards and the tip of her blade now flying behind her. The propulsion had the axe slip from her hand directly piercing a metal blade into a barefooted, bare-chested, and barely clothed aggressor. It was an accidental strike, but a strike, nonetheless. The Kurd falls backwards with Colleen's axe jammed into his chest. She stumbles over him; looking down at him.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

You mutherfucker!

She pulls the axe from his chest in anger and strikes him again, and again, and again. She's acquired blood lust. Lucky her, opportunity is everywhere. She continues striking the Kurd over and over again. She is focused on tearing a gaping hole into his chest. She doesn't stop until she is splattered with liquid smashing onto her face, landing in her eyes and getting in her mouth. She looks up at the moonlit sky and sees pigeons flying above...

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

AAAHHH!!!

She screams up above.

You mother fuck! You got shit in my mouth!

She screams once again with fleeing passion. Her energy is catching up to her leaving her hunched over, moving like a walking dead. Out of nowhere a fighting foe comes her way and bitch slaps her knocking her forward. She slams face first into the dirt and is rendered senseless. '

COLLEEN V.O.

I'm too tired.

She crawls in any opening with the least amount of stomping feet. Breathing heavily, and wore out from an unknowingly number of hours, she lays in a prone position, catching her strength while being stomped on in the process. Too tired to carry on, she accepts being crushed to death.

ETHAN

Get the fuck up! Colleen feels the grasp of a strong hand on her wrist followed by a powerful tug upwards.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Look at me! Keep a hold of my arm,
I have an idea!

Ethan powers forward until they get to a powerful elephant stomping and ramming into everyone in the crowd. Different factions gathered together throwing spears, rocks, knives and anything of painful value.

COLLEEN

I can't keep up!

ETHAN

Shut up and hold on!

Ethan drags her along closing in on the wandering fighting elephant. He holds his position, waiting for it to be fighting the right direction...forward.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Now!

The two run behind the elephant that's heading straight for the entrance, as it slams everyone and everything out of the way. Ethan and Colleen has successfully made it into the bloodfall.

INT. INSIDE THE BLOODFALL - NIGHT

A powerful noise as a horn coming from everywhere sounds off, and the massive doors begin to close. This is the only battle where everyone wants to be at the front, and the elephant proved to be an amazing competitor.

Running hard and forcing its way through the crowd of battle harden everything.

ETHAN

We're almost there!

The wild beast blows by everyone, easily entering into the gates. But it wasn't to be. A man comes out of nowhere slamming Colleen into the volcanic ground. The wind is knocked out of Colleen's lungs and she curls into the fetal position as she rolls to a stop.

EXT./INT. BLOODFALL GATE #4 - DUSK & NIGHT COMBINED

Anxiety shoots in! Colleen is too scared to look up! And when she does...

COLLEEN
(She gasps)
Grampa!

Colleen looks her grandpa up and down and to her surprise! He's young! In his 30's. Wearing a button up white shirt and khaki jeans.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?!

GRANDPA
Well, now that's a great question to ask, ain't it!?

Grandpa begins stomping on Colleens face.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
It's really not me that's here.
Well not all of me. I am the sin of the former me. I am the sin of your Grandpa. And I'm here to return the favor!

Grandpa begins open palming Colleen in the back of her head.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
You fed me a higher dose of heart medication by a factor of 5! All for money that was going to be yours anyways!

COLLEEN
Grandpa, please stop!

GRANDPA
It takes a special kind of deviant to kill just to get something a year or two faster!

He screams.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
I was already on my way out!

COLLEEN
How did you know it was me?

GRANDPA

I didn't. Until I died. Then all
information hit me at once...as
well as your location...

Grandpa lunges at Colleen but she manages to roll away, then
stumble onto her feet. The crowd is too large. Colleen gets
lost in the wave of bodies trying to get past the slow moving
gate before it closes.

Colleen slips through his vision enough to go past the gates
just as they close.

The gates shut violently, with bodies being smashed up
against or cut in two with parts of themselves both in and
outside of the now enclosed volcano. Different heads, legs,
necks, tails and all sorts of bodies were all trapped by the
closure. Both of them coming to a stop at the lava's edge.

ETHAN

Ah, (sigh) will this ever get old?

He goes to the lave and lays on the ground. Ethan looks over
to his left.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Drink the liquid. It'll nurse you
back to health. This is what you
came here for.

He rolls over, dips his head into the warm lava, and drinks
heavily from it. She sees him gulping as much as he can down
his throat. She looks over towards the flowing lava and
crawls her battered and bloodied body the river of red.
Everything in her being is begging for relief. Ethan lies on
his back after he drinks his fill, waiting for the healing
effects to kick in.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

This red, warm lava, obviously
isn't lava at all...

Colleen makes it to the red river's edge and begins gulping
with all the strength she can muster, pausing briefly to
breathe through her nose.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

It's the blood of all creatures
soaked into the land, carried by
it's roots to this volcano. You're
drinking the blood of everybody.

Colleen coughs in disgust. She begins crying, tormented by the horrid necessity of having to drink a concoction of blood.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
But drink it up, Colleen, drink it up.

Ethan stays lying there, gathering his strength.

The liquid is a thick viscosity. It flows down the volcano into connecting streams. As it makes its way down the volcano it cools to a palpable temperature. She forces herself to continue drinking. Every chug of red disgust swallowed, irks her. She starts to vomit up what she's drank from the realization of her circumstances. And what she doesn't vomit, her stomach gags and heaves. Finally, she collapses to the ground, waiting for its healing effects to begin...and as moments go by, she sees Ethan get to his feet with the energy of a teenager. He even jumps around. He has the vigor of an athlete.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
What's the matter, Colleen?

Ethan stands over her with a menacing look.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You drank,...

he kicks her on the side of her rib,
...aren't you better yet?

Colleen is scared and confused and none of her pain is dissipating. Ethan bends down towards her.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You know,...

He spits on her as she moans in agony,
...the first lesson you should've
learned was to not trust anybody.

Ethan holds her down against the floor with his hand against her throat.

COLLEEN
Aaahhh! Get off me!

ETHAN
Colleen, you were supposed to go
from one to eleven. So, what are
you doing at eleven?

He chuckles with a sinister grin. He lets go of his grasp from her and stands up.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You know, if you drink out of
order, say bloodfall 11, where
you're at, before 1,2,3, and so on,
you enter into a world of trouble.
I mean, a world like here, but
worse.

Ethan circles Colleen as he explains in more detail. Colleen is in agony and exhausted.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Not going in order eliminates your ability to regenerate, leaving you always injured and unable to heal. Honestly, can I use that word honestly? Well, honestly, I've helped people go in the wrong direction before, but you're my first eleven to one.

EXT.INT. SCORCHING DESERT - DAY

Gates open once more, but this time to a new scenery. It's a desert. The heat instantly fills the space with sweltering temperatures. Colleen looks up at Ethan, scared, terrified that what he is saying is true. She's bruised and battered with deep cuts all through her body. And worst of all, she has no energy to move anywhere. Ethan then kneels down and calmly says to her...

ETHAN
Don't worry, you'll get your
strength back, once you make it to
bloodfall one.

He stands up and looks out towards the vast distance that awaits them.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Remember, for next time, Colleen.
One to eleven.

He pauses and sighs,
Unfortunately, eleven to one is
always the furthest. Well, safe
travels.

Ethan walks off without a care in the world while Colleen looks off at the vast distance that she must now travel.

FADE TO BLACK.

