

FATHER AND Son

An original story

for the screen By

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FADE IN

CELL CAMERA SHOT: EXT. PIER -- DAY

The following SHOTS come with NO AUDIO.

FATHER is prancing playfully across the line of the CAMERA along the pier to a 24 foot cabin cruiser. He's carrying a cooler of beer on his shoulder and chugging from a beer. As he goes, he plays to the CAMERA.

PHONE CAMERA SHOT: EXT. PIER -- DAY

MOTHER is carrying CDs and a portable CD player. She too is prancing by the CAMERA.

She follows the same route as Father.

PHONE CAMERA SHOT: EXT. PIER -- DAY

Father carries an armful of hamburgers and buns, and bags of potato chips. He's still clowning.

PHONE CAMERA SHOT: EXT. PIER -- DAY

Mother dances up to the CAMERA carrying a pile of towels and accessories.

PHONE CAMERA SHOT: INT. BOAT FATHER

Father is still drinking his beer. He's holding out some fishing rods at the CAMERA.

He's still goofing around.

MORE PHONE CAMERA SHOTS: INT. BOAT --DAY

SHOT: Mother is pretending to strangle Father.

SHOT: Mother has a fishing rod and is reeling in what we eventually see as a line hooked to back of Father's shirt.

SHOT: Father pretending to be blind and pawing his way to the boat's steering wheel in the small wheelhouse.

MONTAGE

PHONE CAMERA SHOT INT. BOAT CABIN -- DAY

Both Father and Mother are sitting having drinks. The mood has changed. Both seem to be uncomfortable and self-conscious sitting close to one another with what appears to be nothing to say.

The scene feels chilly as though either the Mother or the Father didn't feel they should be there.

There are other angles of the same discomfort. CAMERA zooms on Mother.

Mother makes a silly face at the CAMERA.

Father gets up and breaks the chilly scene by charging at the CAMERA and hitting it with a small cushion.

CAMERA retreats and flutters about the interior of the boat, then goes to black.

END OF MONTAGE

PHONE CAMERA SHOT: EXT. BACK OF BOAT - LATER

The boat is on the water. The CAMERA covers a storm coming up on the horizon. The CAMERA pans and tilts about showing the water getting rougher. We also get glimpses of the back of the boat and its huge outboard motor.

CAMERA then pans 180 to front of boat where Father is still drinking and acting out a drunken stagger.

Mother peaks from inside the wheelhouse. She slaps her husband playfully

BLACK SCREEN

Legend: Six Months Later

ESTABLISHING SHOT A WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY

The screen lights up accompanied by the bone-shuddering HOWL of a wolf somewhere in the locale.

Roadless, green slopes, dense tree stands, clusters of tangled forest, and a glittering lace of river wending up to the horizon create a late spring setting of peace and remoteness in the wilderness.

The early-morning sun is bright, and the sky is cloudless. The air is warm and hospitable. The weather is perfect for fishing.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

An ATV bumps along an ancient dirt road into the wilderness of the forest. It drives along slowly, sure of its twists and turns, and quite suited to the rugged terrain. There's still a slight early-morning mist hovering about.

The sequence continues for some time to indicate that the journey is taking the ATV occupants deep into the wilderness. There are signs of anything but wilderness.

AERIAL SHOT: ATV

The ATV is a red speck as it winds and bumps into the lush foliage and brush that stretches in all directions for miles.

EXT.-INT. ATV - DAY

FATHER, a rugged-looking 45 year old man, is driving. He turns to share his delight with his Son (late teens), who is seated in the passenger seat. The SON, a slender young man, tries to share his Father's joy but seems oddly inhibited, interested only in the apps on his iPad and the music he's listening to through his earpods.

SON'S POV FATHER

Son regards his Father talking to him. But we cannot hear the Father for the:

Son's MUSIC. The music fills and shapes the scene.

BACK TO SCENE

Father gives up on the idea of getting a reaction. He goes back to enjoying the wilderness on his own.

In the back of the ATV is the family dog, a strapping Retriever. It sits placidly watching the blur of vegetation fly by the back window.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The ATV continues to bump along the dirt pathways through the old-growth, woodland wilderness.

It passes an old utility shed no longer in use and covered in vines - an indication of the isolation and remoteness of their location.

ANOTHER PART OF THE ROAD

The ATV scratches through dense brush.

A deer leaps out suddenly in front of the vehicle, forcing the father to slam on his breaks.

Father regards his Son, to get a reaction to the little adventure.

The Son manufacturers a smile.

EXT.-INT. ATV - DAY

Father reaches into the back seat of the ATV and pulls up a bag of snacks. There are bags of snacks and provisions piled into the back seat everywhere.

He offers a handful to his Son, more to make a connection than to feed a hunger. The Son obliges. The Father seems gratified that the Son has made that simple connection.

The Father also gives the dog a snack from another bag.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

The ATV arrives at a small clearing surrounded by tall trees, a spot that appears to have been one they have been to before. Father drives into the clearing and comes to a gentle stop.

Father looks over at his Son for approval. Son has another lacklustre response.

Father steps out of the ATV and stretches. He looks around and takes a deep, satisfying breath.

The dog leaps out eagerly and stretches its legs by darting back and around the ATV.

Father goes to the back of the vehicle and opens it.

Son steps slowly out of the passenger's seat with a strange, distracted look.

Father begins unloading gear.

Father tries to snap off his Son's earbuds, so he can talk to him.

Son throws off his hands.

Son'S POV FATHER

SOUNDS OF Son'S MU-

SIC.

Father coughs out some comments of frustration, but his Son's loud music remains a wall of separation.

Father goes back to unloading the ATV.

EXT. CLEARING FATHER AND SON - LATER

A campsite has been set up. The tent has been raised. Father and Son, now equipped for fly-fishing, are preparing to enter the river to fish. Father is wearing a sport hat with fishing flies pinned to its brim. He is wearing hip-high rubber fishing boots. He also has on a sports vest over his shirt.

Son, dressed in a red and black checkered fishing shirt and wearing a baseball cap and rubber hip boots, calms his excited dog.

Father approaches his Son and hugs him demonstratively. The Son tries to reciprocate the Father's display of affection, but the affection seems unrequited.

FATHER

Let's do it!

The Father turns and marches boldly to the stream with his gear - about 25 meters.

Son turns to untie his dog on the long tether by their tent and the ATV.

Son and dog follow Father several paces behind.

Father continues to try to happily connect to his Son by eye contact over his shoulder.

EXT. FISHING STREAM.

A calm silvery ribbon is as welcome to Father as a marching band. He smiles appreciatively and takes in a deep inhale of it.

Both Father and Son now stand shoulder to shoulder as they introduce themselves to the rippling waters.

Suddenly, there is another tremendous HOWL, the same as that heard opening the scene.

Son is somewhat startled by it and takes a moment to try

to locate its source. He sees nothing.

Father heaves his arm over the boy's shoulder and nods his reassurance.

Father then bows and turns his attention playfully to the fishing and heads off into the water.

Son enters the water just behind his father.

Father points out a position for himself a few meters up the river and heads to the selected spot.

The dog sits tranquilly watching the two men from the bank.

Son steps into the river by a tumble of boulders jutting from the river bed. He watches his Father move upriver. He looks around him again darkly and curiously.

Son examines his fishing gear, flips the hook off the reel and casts his line. He still seems disinterested.

Father casts his line. He fishes for a few moments, looking about him for his Son. He takes a deep quaff of air to show his delight at being out with his Son and nature.

Father lets the line play and waits vigilantly for a strike.

UNDERWATER SHOT: FISH NIBBLING

The line is yanked too soon. And the fish backs off.

RETURN TO FATHER

Father bends down and picks up a river stone. He hurls it at his Son.

It lands close by.

Son reacts without concern at the jest.

Father casts again. He fishes again for a brief while waving to his Son exuberantly.

Son ponders the wilderness around him. He casts his line. He's caught in some dimension that troubles him.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

SOUNDS OF Son's MUSIC from the iPad throws up a wall of separation.

Father is cooking his fish catch in a large barrel-top-sized fry pan slathered with about four or five trout.

He gestures to his Son.

The Son, his ear buds back in, accepts the instruction and goes to the ATV to get a large bag of potato chips to eat with the fish.

The Father gets up and hurries to the river bank where cans of beer are chilling in a wide-net bag. He grabs two of them, rushes back and tosses one to his Son, who is returning with the bag of chips.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The SOUNDS OF CRICKETS AND RUSTLING LEAVES.

A light goes out.

INT. TENT

Father is already asleep.

Son lies awake, staring into the back of his Father's neck looking mournful and confused.

He notes curiously his fishing knife in its sheaf within arms reach.

SON'S POV KNIFE

The knife is large and thick.

BACK TO SCENE

Son turns back to his sleeping Father. He thinks hard and reflects on something distant and embittering.

FLASHBACK BOAT - DAY

It's the boat from the opening sequence. Son is gravely concerned about something as the boat lurches about on a

river. We're not sure what the disturbance is about or who he's rushing to.

RETURN TO SON IN SLEEPING BAG

Son anguishes over the recollection. Some hidden command is tormenting him, a command even the Son doesn't yet fully understand.

FLASHBACK BOAT - DAY

The same flashback recurs, adding a few extra seconds to the recollection. The boat lurches about on a roiling river. The significance of the recollection is still not apparent.

The Son suddenly screams at what he is seeing and starts throwing off his shoes, preparatory to entering the water.

RETURN TO SON IN SLEEPING BAG

After a few beats, he tempers his thoughts, but keeps the embittered expression. He rolls his head into his sleeping bag and tries to fall asleep, even though his eyes refuse to close.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

The air is crisp and cool. And the sun is just edging up the horizon.

INT. TENT

The Son stirs from his sleep, pulls himself to a sitting position and sees his Father thumbing through his

tackle box, and drinking his first coffee by an early morning fire.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER

Son, while preparing his own fishing gear for the day's fishing, watches his Father, who is stripped to the waist, washing up at the river bank. Father is humming as he douses himself.

There is still a dark moodiness about the Son's attitude toward his Father. He peeks back at his gear.

SON'S POV KNIFE

The knife remains sheathed.

BACK TO SCENE

Son considers his Father's naked back.

He bends down ominously to grab his sheathed knife. He reaches to unsheathe the knife.

At that moment, Father stretches to his full height and turns suddenly and laughs almost drunkenly over the refreshing morning bath.

Son ungrrips the handle of his knife and leaves it in its sheath.

Father turns to a towel on the bank and begins towelling himself while his Son looks on.

The Son shares some pieces of jerky or bacon with the dog.

As the Father heads back to the campsite, Son deliberately places the earbuds into his ears and escapes into his iPad.

SON'S MUSIC

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Father and Son are again thigh-high in the river. They are closer together this time, and both have their lines in the water. The Son is a few meters behind the Father. The Father turns to demonstrate his pleasure again. He measures out a fish he'd like to catch, then increases its size to about five feet long. He laughs at his own jesting.

The Son makes his best attempt to smile a similar sentiment at his Father.

The two men seem lost in their own dreaminess, although the dreams seem emotionally different.

Privately, secretly, Son looks around him, then very slowly we see him withdraw his large fishing knife from its sheath. He doesn't seem to know what to do with it.

He looks at it for a long time, in appreciation of its razor-sharp edge and its size. He gazes at his father, his eyes cold and vengeful.

FLASHBACK BOAT - DAY

Same flashback as the one recalled earlier. Son is thrown off his feet by turbulent river rapids.

In this reprise, the flashback lengthens by a few more seconds and reveals the Son dashing to the back of the rocking, lurching boat in a panic.

RETURN TO SON IN RIVER

Son heads upriver at his Father with his knife pointing determinedly at his Father. Each step seems to make the next easier, and he is soon moving with manic precision through the thigh-high water.

CLOSE ON KNIFE

The knife blade is hidden under the water.

SON'S POV FATHER

Father, seen from the vulnerability of his back, is busy at his fishing.

BACK TO SON

He continues with grim determination his advance on his Father.

SON'S POV FATHER

Father's unprotected back gets closer and closer. Father cannot hear his Son approaching.

BACK TO SON

Son's knife cuts into the water's surface like a boat's bow.

After one last stride toward his Father, Son stops suddenly at the thunder of another resounding HOWL.

The Son turns to the campsite. He's trembling.

SON'S POV RIVER BANK

Son's dog, tethered at the bank, is frantic with fear. Something behind the dog captures his attention. Something immense and menacing is disturbing the brush ten meters off the bank. It's the figment of something huge. We see only movements and glimpses of its dark, silver-tipped coat.

The dog, sensing the danger, whines and pulls with great exertion on its tether, trying to free itself.

BACK TO SON

Son sheathes his knife and plows determined toward the bank, heading directly to where his pet is being threatened.

SON'S POV DOG

The WOLF continues to growl behind its cover, smelling an easy kill. The dog remains frantic, whining in terror.

BACK TO SON

Son plunges on to the bank.

As he approaches his dog, it rises fearfully on his hind legs to salute him.

The wolf gives off another tremendous HOWL that compresses the dog into a cowering squat.

EXT. RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

Son steps carefully in small, vigilant steps to where the dog is tethered.

The stalled wolf, still only seen in brief flashes of fur, growls his impatience, and rustles the brush and stalks. It is a large, powerful beast judging from his commotion.

EXT. FATHER IN RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Father turns and notices what's happening at the river bank. He rushes urgently to assist his Son.

EXT. RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

Son waits a moment at the stake his dog is tethered to, trying to calm the animal. The wolf is still in a tempestuous rage and continues to fuss behind the brush.

ANGLE ON FATHER - CONTINUOUS

On the bank, without taking his eyes off the brush where the wolf is threatening, Father steps carefully to join his Son.

The wolf is still waging a war of body language under cover of bush and foliage. It HOWLS again, wagging its head and ripping imagined quarry apart.

Father rushes to a rucksack and unstraps his handgun. He leaps back up and turns the gun on the wolf from a kneeling position.

Father fires five rounds over the animal's head to frighten him.

Both fishermen watch as the wolf disappears into the woods. The perimeter of the campsite is calmed once again.

Father creeps curiously with handgun at the ready into the woods where the great wolf had been to assure himself that it has gone.

Son watches his Father investigate, then gets an irresistible idea. He pulls out his huge fishing knife from its sheath again. He hides it behind his thigh and begins to shadow his Father.

SON'S POV FATHER

His Father moves cautiously into the brush.

BACK TO SON

Son continues to stalk his Father with knife hidden at his thigh. As his Father turns to acknowledge him, Son jams the fishing knife under his father's throat to slice him. In the scuffle, the knife finds a mark tearing across the Father's shoulder.

The Son doesn't relent. He grabs his Father, still trying to hack away at him with the knife, while his Father struggles to repel him.

The Father still has his gun, but is unable or unwilling to fire it. The struggle continues with the Son shoving the Father to the ground, and again leaping recklessly on him to stab him.

Again, the Father can fire the gun but doesn't.

The two men roll further into the woods with the bewildered Father trying to understand why his Son is trying to kill him.

The Son attacks again. He grunts his exasperation and screams some self-excitatory warcry.

The Father tries to disarm the Son but fails.

The two men struggle into a knot of fury and desperation. They wrestle their way further into the woods, where Father, weakened by the attack, falls against a thick tree trunk.

The Father loses the gun.

The Son, now past the point of no-return, takes the advantage and has the Father held tightly around the neck on the ground. Just as the Son is about to strike again with the knife, the wolf rustles the brush not far away.

When the Son turns at the distraction, the Father takes the opportunity to cast his Son off him. But with more force than he intended, pouncing on the boy with all his weight.

ANGLE ON FATHER

Father falls and hits his face hard on a rock.

BACK TO SCENE

Son falls on his stomach with the knife still in his hand and screaming in pain. The Son makes an excruciatingly slow effort to pull himself to his knees. He manages to get to one knee, but collapses on his side.

Father rushes to his fallen Son. He helps him on to his back, and notices that the knife has penetrated the Son's shoulder close to his heart. He extracts the knife and the blood pours out. He cuts a sleeve from his shirt and wraps his Son's chest around neck and under arm, and rests him on the forest floor.

He looks back in the direction of the campsite, because he wants to take his Son back to the vehicle, but can't think of how to do it.

He tries dragging him at the shoulders. The Son wails in pain.

Gently, he drags the boy out of the brush and back to the clearing.

He tries to lift the boy, but the Son shudders and gasps.

Father decides to run back to the vehicle for First Aide.

He runs as fast as he can, given the weight and burden of the hip-high waders he's wearing.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

About thirty meters away, the Father reaches the campsite and yanks a sleeping bag from inside the tent and a first aide kit from the back of the ATV.

He then races back to his Son. He trips and falls heavily because of the clumsy rubber waders he's wearing.

He pulls himself to his feet and continues to where he left his Son.

FATHER'S POV GROUND WHERE Son FELL

The Son is gone.

There's blood in the dirt and the vest he used as a pillow, so Father knows he has the right spot.

BACK TO FATHER

Father looks around him fantically. But his Son is nowhere to be found. Father races in several directions for only a few paces each, then lets out a screech: NO!

The Father has figured out what happened. His Son has been taken off by the wolf into the wilderness.

He rushes to where he dropped his gun, he doesn't see it at first. He scurries about again. It's not there.

Then he kicks off his hip-high rubber boots and sails them through the air in a rage. As he does, he falls.

When he rolls over to get up, the gun is staring him in the face.

He gets up and spots the drag trail, made by the body of his Son.

Father coaxes the dog in the direction of the drag trail. The dog is reluctant, but Father smacks it on the rear until it complies.

Suddenly, there's another tremendous HOWL. The dog is frightened.

The Father smacks the dog again on the rear.

The dog complies. Father follows the dog into the brush.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Father searches resolutely, fearlessly. His dog, having forgotten its fear, has picked up a scent and leads his master eagerly now. The trail is hot, and the scent potent.

The Father, his gun at the ready, follows the dog farther into the woods.

The Father soon spots blood spatters and the ominous-looking drag trail. He hurries along the drag trail, watching vigilantly for any sign of his Son.

MONTAGE: WOODS AND BRUSH

Stalking shots about the woods and brush extends story time and distance.

Father's wounds nag him as he stalks, getting worse as he goes.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

The Father, his pace slowed, takes a break to nurse his wound, stuffing a handkerchief on his shoulder under his shirt to soak up some of the blood.

He coddles the dog while he checks his bearing and continues on.

EXT. WOODS ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

Father staggers along vigilantly hoping to confront his enemy. Father comes to a halt and looks about him. He notices that he's lost the drag trail.

His dog isn't far behind him, kicking and sniffing at the scents and smells of the forest floor. The dog too has lost the scent that had once so vigorously steered it.

Father slumps down at the base of a tree to take a decision on where to go. The afternoon sun is suffocating.

There are eerie wilderness noises that distract and alert him. He regards them all with suspicion.

Father takes this moment to try to piece together in his mind what could have provoked his Son to try to hurt him.

FLASHBACK HOME - DAY

Father recalls discovering a bottle of alcohol in his Son's bedroom.

Son accepts the Father's fierce scowl, but shows no remorse.

Father takes the bottle and pours the alcohol into the dog's drinking bowl to make his point.

The Son immediately jumps up and empties the bowl into the bathroom sink.

RETURN TO FATHER IN THE WOODS

Father notices that he is bleeding heavily at the base of his neck from the knife wound. He removes

the soaked handkerchief and rips away another portion of his shirt and wipes the blood.

He removes his hip-waders with difficulty.

There's another noisy disturbance in the bush. The dog turns with a start in the direction of the sound. Dog stalls timidly.

The Father gets up and spansks the dog forward in the direction of the sound.

The two proceed into the brush again after the wolf.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - LATER

Father continues his desperate search.

He notices that the light is beginning to fade. Not far off, sounds of HOWLING stop the Father. He's taut with grit at what could be the sounds of his Son in pain.

Father goads him on, providing him with a handful of jerky from his pocket.

Father grasps his handgun close to his chest and prods the animal again to proceed.

The two move on cautiously.

Darkness seems to be descending on the pursuit now. The moon is high and wide, so there's still visibility to sustain the pursuit.

EXT. WOODS ANOTHER LOCATION - NIGHT

Father is weak and weary. He has a taut, troubled expression

that he may never see his Son alive again.

He slumps hopelessly under a tree. While his dog rests beside him, he attends to the severe pain in his shoulder with dirt.

It's clear the wound is inflamed and the pain excruciating. His face and body are also encrusted with grit from the battle with his Son.

As he nurses his wound, the dog spots a small animal agitate the bush not far off. The Father doesn't notice the disturbance. The dog scampers to investigate.

The Father, still nursing his wound, gets up to follow the dog into the brush.

OFF-CAMERA - As the Father hurries up behind the dog, there's a faint CRY from somewhere unseen.

After it occurs a few times, CAMERA zooms back to include an area of the woods hidden by darkness where the Son lies. We can make out that it's the Son's weakened call. There are flashes of the Son's checkered shirt.

Unable to hear his Son at his distance, he heads off in the opposite direction from where his Son lay injured.

He discovers what the dog has found and is trying to throttle: a fledgling marmot or groundhog.

Father rescues the marmot from the jaws of the dog, and shoos the dog away.

IN THE SAME FRAME - we see the distracted Father and the dying Son in the same shot. But in the darkness, the Father is unable to sense how close his injured Son is.

EXT. WOODS ANOTHER LOCATION - LATER

The Father wanders wearily into another clump of brush. He spots wolf prints. He draws his gun and searches the vicinity. He also notices blood drippings along the space between the prints.

FATHER'S POV DRAG TRAIL

He spots the telltale drag trail again where a wolf has dragged the body of a man.

BACK TO FATHER

Father notices that the wolf has been circling around in the woods, in an attempt to outflank him.

Father moves off in the direction of the trail. His dog follows dutifully.

After fifty meters of tramping through swam, high weeds and fallen trees, Father tumbles into a surprise gully.

He gets to his feet and realizes he has lost the wolf's trail.

The dog studies him for instructions.

EXT. ANOTHER WOODS LOCATION - MORNING

The morning sun is hot and the air oppressively dense. Father's face is glazed with sweat. He looks about as though he's been dropped there blindfolded. He has no idea where he is. He has to make a decision here about what options he has.

He turns in all directions to make a reckoning. He recognizes nothing.

His dog picks up a scent and heads off into the woods.

Father follows his dog again, handgun still at the ready.

Father and dog step cautiously together into the brush. There's an eerie stillness that intensifies the Father's awareness and makes his every footstep a potentially perilous one.

After several more thrusts with his upper body behind trees and into thick bushy verges, Father sees something unsettling in the dirt.

FATHER'S POV RUBBER HIP BOOT

The Son's olive-green rubber hip boot is crushed like an old sock into the soft surface soil of the forest bed. The boot is covered with blood.

BACK TO FATHER

Father is noticeably unsettled by the sight.

Just ahead, Father sees the brush fidget then swish with agitation. In a quick flash, a rush of dark fur scuds through the green and burnt ochre of the bush and disappears.

Father sets off almost recklessly after what he saw. His dog springs up just behind him in pursuit.

Just inside the tangled shrubs, Father looks about him expecting to see more evidence that his target is within reach.

He continues to creep further ahead into another stand of young cedars and birch, all with high branches and canope.

For the first time his visibility has a focal length of about fifty meters.

He surveys the tree stands and the clearing in front of him searching for signs that he has found the wolf or his den. He finds only a creepy stillness and an uncertain silence that unsettles him.

Father carries on, stepping watchfully, deliberately in the direction of the disturbance. Dog stays closely at his side.

Father's eyes take in as much of the terrain in front of and around him as he can.

He marches ahead alongside the trail and sticks by it through all its various swirls and bends.

He then stops when the trees once again become older and fuller. He senses that he has been going around in circles.

At the edge of the old-growth, he drops to one knee for a look under the lowest tree branches and back into the woods. He is at approximately knee-level trying to look ahead for signs.

FATHER'S POV PATCH OF FUR

About ten meters from him, he sees four muscular wolf limbs. The wolf, noticeably huge and powerful, seems to be busy at something. But it is impossible to tell what the wolf is doing.

BACK TO FATHER

Father takes a moment to decide his next move. He readies his gun.

FLASHBACK HOME - DAY

MOTHER (40s) is sobbing and imploring the Father for forgiveness. Father, enraged, is shaking her. Son intervenes to separate his Father and Mother.

Father shoves the Son aside, then realizes what he's done and goes to placate the boy. The boy flees the room.

RETURN TO WOODS - DAY

Father decides to try to frighten the wolf away. He fires off several rounds.

The trick seems to work.

The Father checks again for the wolf's muscular legs and sees that the wolf has begun to back off from the unfamiliar crack of the gunfire.

After a few moments, while the wolf backtracks into the woods, Father moves ahead toward the wolf's stopping point.

The dog follows.

As he approaches, he continues to anticipate the wolf's reappearance, checking continuously for movement within the timber and brush on his flanks and at his rear.

Father peers into the area to see if he has found his Son. But the ground is covered with falldown and he can't make out what's there.

He takes a moment to reload his handgun before advancing any further.

Within a second, the wolf leaps toward him, emerging into full view. The Father is startled and loses his gun. When the dog tries to intervene, the wolf swats the dog away as though it were a rag caught in the wind.

The dog scurries out of harm's way. Father hunts frantically for his gun.

The wolf is just about to pounce on him when his hand locates the weapon.

He slings it around to a bead on the wolf's face. The gun clicks on an empty chamber. Panic lifts Father to his feet. He backs out of his entrapment on the backs of his heels, using his arms and hands behind his back as legs.

The wolf stares in anticipation of an attack. The Father flees.

The wolf gallops after him.

Father runs to a large evergreen. He leaps on to the highest branch he can reach and climbs the tree limb by limb as fast as he can until he believes he is higher than the wolf can reach.

The wolf pursues him and stands snoring its dismay at the Father strung out in the tree.

The dog is nowhere to be found.

The wolf sniffs over the blood and backs away.

The Father winces at the pain and slips down the tree and falls into the dirt.

FATHER'S POV HANDGUN

The gun is sitting against a small rock. It's totally out of reach.

BACK TO FATHER

He watches as the wolf cuffs at the dirt aggressively. He comes after the Father's blood.

The Father responds instinctively by kicking at the muzzle of the beast.

The wolf responds backs away.

The tree branch on which the Father stands begins to creak ominously, and the Father hoists himself up with great effort and pain to another rung.

FATHER'S POV SON'S BODY IN BRUSH

Over the tree caps, Father can see faintly the red and black checkered hunting shirt on his Son's body as it lay in a heap in the brush.

He believes he sees his Son's leg move.

BACK TO FATHER

Father's mood is bolstered. Father regards the wolf once again. The wolf runs out of patience and lumbers away back to the spot where the Father has seen his Son.

POV SON'S BODY IN BRUSH

The Father watches as the black 300 pound body drops down by the boy and snarls a warning at the intruder in the tree.

Father rushes down the tree, cat-footed from branch to branch. Father is in great pain now, and every action he takes, he must take with great effort.

He eyes up his gun on the ground.

When the Father is just about to leap at the gun, the wolf snarls pure venom, as though it knows exactly what the Father is about to do.

Just as he reaches for his gun, the wolf comes streaking at Father again.

Father backs away.

The wolf tramps around in a challenge. It snorts and charges.

The Father backs off. He tries to move. But he can't lift himself.

The rabid wolf roams about the edge, daring the Father to return. He growls as he paces back and forth.

Father is pinned against a boulder.

He finds that there are bullets in a clamp at the side of his belt. He takes it off, ready to load his gun.

The wolf disappears, then suddenly reappears, decides to take an alternative pathway to the injured man, a staircase of jagged rocks and ledges that leads to where the Father is trapped.

FATHER'S POV THE WOLF

Father watches the wolf calmly step down to take its prey. The Father's helplessness is underscored as he tries to wriggle out of his trap. He can't.

Just as the wolf is about to leap on him, Father forces himself to his feet and begins to scream at the beast and in pain flail his arms and body in a way to frighten the beast.

AERIAL SHOT: WOLF BUYS INTO THE FAKE THREAT

Wolf rushes away to safety.

Father wakes into semi-consciousness.

Father is crippled with pain and tries to muster up another charge of energy.

The dog is gone.

He looks around and spots his gun again.

The anguish and exasperation at being unable to rescue his Son is pressed on his face like a cheap rubber mask.

He sprints as best he can to the gun. He grabs it and reloads it as he continues to follow the route of the wolf.

He looks for the spot where his Son lay. The sky is sunless and grim, leaving him with only a conjecture of where he himself might be relative to his campsite.

Father presses ahead.

The wolf is gone.

He pulls himself back up over the rugged dirt and rock.

To find his Son now, he must follow the wolf.

He marches on again, battered and torn up, bleeding and lost.

He patrols familiar areas, hoping to find his dog.

FATHER'S POV WOLF RESTING

The wolf as before is partially hidden behind falldown and brush.

There is no sign of his Son.

BACK TO FATHER

He's careful not to make a stepping sound. At a point About 20 meters from the wolf, he stops. He can see the large beast clearly for the first time. It's resting serenely on its belly. It appears to be the wolf's den.

He sneaks slowly into the wolf's direction.

He sees his Son for the first time.

His wounded Son is on the far side of the sleeping wolf and can hardly be seen from this angle, except for a pair of feet -- one still in its rubber hip boot, the other not - jutting out at one end of the brush.

Father steadies himself and readies his gun to take a shot at the animal's head. He closes with the animal quietly to find a favorable angle at which to fire.

He's now about ten feet away. Satisfied that he's not going to get any further without disturbing the animal, he kneels down and takes aim.

GUN SIGHT: BACK OF WOLF'S HEAD

BACK TO FATHER

Father takes his time to aim. He fires.

The silent woods crackle with the echoes of three quick shots.

The wolf shudders. It rises like a mountain of fur to its feet and lashes at the freak pain in its body with several violent shrugs of its powerful shoulders and neck.

It's only wounded and enraged, and the shock erupts into a primordial fury of survival that drives the animal in search of its pursuer.

In great pain, the wolf cuts a rough circle around himself to get a scent, then rushes out at Father chasing after him with violent lurches that make the animal seem demonically provoked.

Father knows he made his own situation ever worse.

Father hobbles away, hurrying as best he

can. The injured wolf pursues

In his effort to get away, the Father turns to fire again on the wolf.

The wolf accelerates. Father turns to run rather than fire. He stumbles, but maintains his balance and races away.

The Father zig-zags into several sharp angles, trying to lose his wounded pursuer.

The weakened wolf finally gives up, the pain of the bullets still stinging in its body.

Father continues to flee, snapping off several sharp-angle turns until he too is exhausted to continue. He collapses on a fallen tree trunk.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Father wanders aimlessly, still favoring his injured foot and inflamed shoulder. The sky is encrusted with thick smoky clouds and a flannel of mist.

The moon is bright, so there is some visibility.

Father finally concedes the effort for the day. He takes a moment to look about. He has no idea where he is. He turns bewildered in one direction after another trying to make a decision about his position and where he should be heading. He's lost.

POV. MOTHER - NIGHT

Mother is sitting serenely within a lush cluster of trees. She's dressed as we saw her on the boat with her red

bandana. She looks up contentedly and smiles in Father's direction.

BACK TO SCENE

Father rushes deliriously to where she is sitting. He stops just short of her and steps gently up to embrace her. As he does, she vanishes. Only a figment in the form of a gnarled tree trunk occupies the spot.

He collapses by the tree trunk. He checks in his belt for his handgun. It's gone.

He grabs his remaining stash of food, a few strips of jerky. He eats his entire stash hungrily.

He then gets up and searches for firewood. He draws his knife and cuts some sheaths of bark from dead trees and gathers up some kindling.

He piles it all against a hollowed tree trunk and lights a fire. It catches easily. He sits down and huddles mummy-like within his arms for warmth.

The SOUNDS OF NIGHT persist. He closes his eyes reluctantly. They pop open and close several times before he begins to fall asleep.

His situation appears bleak and insurmountable.

Eventually, the situation becomes seductively peaceful, and he entertains a recent memory.

FLASHBACK HOME - DAY

Father enters his Son's bedroom. His Son is sitting morosely on the side of a bed.

Completely silent, the scene has a grim moodiness to it.

Father approaches his Son.

Son places his earbuds into his ear. RAP MUSIC comes up loud. Son doesn't acknowledge Father.

Father stands for a while hoping to address the Son's concerns, but is unable to engage him.

Son looks over at a photo of his Mother on the night table.

RETURN TO WOODS - NIGHT

In front of the fire, Father tries not to fall asleep. He throws more wood on his little fire. Without his dog, he's now totally alone in the middle of an unfamiliar wilderness. He seems afraid for the first time.

It's clear that the wound on his shoulder and the lacerations on his body are beginning to ache. He checks both injuries again.

He rips a portion of his shirt sleeve, folds it into a pad and stuffs it under the blood soaked wrapping he made earlier.

He takes off his boot and examines a new wound at his ankle. It's superficial but long, a 12 inch slash from his calf to his ankle. He dabs it to remove the blood, then cuts a large hole in the toe of his sock and pulls the sock high up his foot and over the wound, leaving his toes and lower foot bare.

He cuts a strip from his pant leg and wraps it around the sock at the wound. He then puts his boot back on.

He lies down finally to rest his aching body, his head

on a broken limb, softened with a mound of leaves. But he cannot sleep.

The tranquility lasts for only a moment.

Barking like thunder and looming like a malevolent wall of black, the great wolf throws itself into the waning light in front of Father. It bellows deeply and bitterly.

The Father leaps to his feet to see the monster growling viciously in front of him.

FATHER'S POV

The mountainous creature - only a few feet away. In its mouth, dangling by a clump of vest and some hair is the ashen, dirt-clotted strip of his Son's vest.

BACK TO FATHER

Father bolts upright at the sight and freezes in shock.

He is unable to look at the hideous sight of his Son's shirt dangling like drool from the mouth of the predator.

The wolf thrashes about over his triumph and growls.

Enraged, Father pulls his knife. He times and gauges his attack for the best result. He rushes suicidally into the wolf with the knife.

The knife hits its target in the wolf's great forearm.

The wolf swats Father with one mighty swat and the Father is slammed to the ground.

He falls hard and his head thumps against a jagged outcrop of field stone, knocking him out instantly.

The wolf swaggers to the unconscious Father. He nudges him with his muzzle. He then begins to paw at the Father's body, snarling out a nasty complaint.

Suddenly, the dog leaps out of the blackness and begins barking viciously at the wolf. The dog is enough to distract the animal, and the wolf pursues the dog into the blackness of the brush.

The CAMERA remains on the motionless body of the Father.

After a few moments, we hear thrashing and the sound of the dog crying in pain. Then, there's silence. The wolf comes back out of the darkness with blood on its face and fur.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - LATE NIGHT

The Father regains consciousness, swabbing a massive amount of blood and blur from his eyes. It's dark, so we cannot at first see the Father's disposition or the circumstances under which he has been dumped.

He wriggles at some discomfort. He notices that his hands and arms are covered in blood.

He then lifts his head to examine what's happened to him.

FATHER'S POV WOLF

He notices that the wolf appears to be eating the Father's entrails. The wolf's muzzle is hovering over him, snorting and slapping its tongue around something bloody and fleshy.

BACK TO FATHER

The sight shocks the Father into almost fainting. Then he takes another look.

FATHER'S POV BLOODY ENTRAILS

Father sees that he is laying on the dog's body and that its torn abdominal cavity lay just under his own side.

BACK TO FATHER

Father jerks himself to his feet shocked and disoriented. He spits out the blood and the gore from his mouth. He then wipes down his bloody face with his sleeves. He's horrified as he looks down at the torn body of the pet that may have saved his life.

The wolf GROWLS a damnation.

Father notes that he has always been in the lone wolf's den from the troughs filled with food scraps. He crawls terrified like a lame animal into the densest brush and sits there petrified hoping this whole nightmare will end.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - NIGHT

Father is digging an elongated hole with his short camping spade. It takes a few moments, but the hole becomes a grave as Father rolls his pet into it and begins a burial.

He's shivering and frightened in the dark and lonely vulnerability of the night. He drags himself as far away from this spot as he can.

Father's rage fuels him to a new campaign to retrieve his Son. But he doesn't know how. He decides to sit hidden away until morning.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Several hours later, a new morning begins to brighten. Father searches the forest floor for the spot where the dog's carcass lay.

After a few lurches in and around some brush, the Father finds the discarded carcass of the dog and rushes to it. It is a pile of mangled gore.

Without any deliberation, the Father reaches down and scoops up handfuls of the gore and smears it all over him to attract the wolf.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

At a spot not far from the carcass, the Father has found a secure blind from where he can bait the wolf's return. With a mad commitment driving him, the pain in his body seems totally forgotten.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Father has remained in the blind for hours watching for the wolf. The wolf has not returned.

On this second day of the Father's ordeal in the wilderness, his face is swollen and his posture slumped from exhaustion. But his focus and concentration are keener than ever. He's determined to find his Son, dead or alive.

Father sits again by some milkweed. He hanks several of the milkweed stems and yanks the plants out of the ground. He tears off the roots with his teeth and starts chewing them. Once chewed, he takes the cud from his mouth and pastes it around his wounds.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Father carves a thick, five-foot tree branch into a spear with his knifeblade. He takes extra care to make the tip as sharp as he can.

At the butt-handle of the branch, there are smaller branches still jutting out. The Father rips off his belt. He buckles it around the nub of the smaller branch and throws the belt strap forward, wrapping it around his forearm as stability.

The measure is designed to reduce any backward thrust and give him extra forward leverage as he thrusts the spear.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Father climbs with difficulty to the top of a tall tree. He has the spear and belt invention slung over his back like a bow. He takes careful steps upward, branch by branch, until he reaches a long, sinewy upper limb that hangs well clear of the thick tapestry of leaves.

FATHER'S POV LANDSCAPE

From the top of the tree, he searches the landscape for a sign of the wolf. But all he sees is the vast expanse of wilderness, mapped out in uninterrupted

tree caps, hillocks, shallow ravines, and dense brush, stretching across to the horizon.

BACK TO FATHER

Father can find no recognizable sign of the wolf or his Son.

He starts back down the tree.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Father, his clothes in tatters, can be seen devouring berries voraciously, almost branch to mouth. His spear is still slung across his back and his knife is stuffed inside his waist band.

He moves with greater difficulty now. It's clear that the untreated wounds - his shoulder, his ankle, and the side of his head where he fell - have reduced his mobility significantly.

EXT. CLEARING - LATER

He examines the raw and tender wounds.

SUDDENLY, his torn shirt triggers a memory.

FLASHBACK HOME - DAY

Father remembers a happier moment with Son and Mother preparing for their boat trip, loading coolers, containers and fishing gear on to the boat. Son then sneaks up on his Father playfully and presents him with the blue shirt Father is now wearing and tearing up.

Father hugs his Son. It's a tight hug with meaning.

RETURN TO CLEARING

With wounds redressed, Father remembers the feel of his Son's body.

FLASHBACK ATTACK SCENE AT RIVER

A brief recall of another embrace with his Son, this time a mysterious violent one.

RETURN TO CLEARING

Father has his hands in the form of that remembered violent embrace. He is still shocked over it.

He shakes off the memory and tries to decide his next course of action.

Father looks about for some familiar point of reference. But he realizes he's still lost.

He looks about him again. The sky has gone gray and even the direction of celestial bodies is unavailable to him.

Father continues on his lonely path, looking about him for signs of a drag trail or evidence of the wolf or any sign that can help him to proceed.

EXT. WOODS - ANOTHER ANGLE

Still dragging himself stubbornly, Father continues to search for a sign of where he is. He continues to hobble as best he can. There's another GROWLING SOUND.

It's faint, indicating that the wolf is even farther away now.

The Father persists.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Father gives up and collapses by a fallen tree trunk. He tries to ignore the pain from his wounds. He lets his body sink into deep relaxation.

Somewhere OFF-CAMERA is the gentle SOUND of a RIVER CURRENT, a sound unheard since the opening scenes.

AERIAL SHOT RIVER AND SURROUNDING TERRAIN

The river is the same one the Father fished in, and as the long high shot shows us, the campsite and ATV are down river, not far from where the Father has collapsed to rest.

BACK TO WOODS FATHER

For a moment the Father is at peace, napping awkwardly at the base of the tree.

FLASHBACK HOME - DAY

Father recalls distant past where the Son is playing something classical on the piano for his Mother, and where the Mother is looking on admiringly. The focus of the recollection is the Son's pride in pleasing his Mother.

As the Father watches the Mother encouraging her Son, Father decides to join the MUSIC fest. He rushes over

to the piano, sits down and starts playing "Good Golly, Miss Molly." The interruption is well received.

RETURN TO WOODS FATHER

Father, still semi-conscious, smells something fragrant, something he recognizes. He sniffs and sniffs until he can identify the smell.

He turns toward the river. He recognizes the smell.

Inhaling deep breaths, it signals a rescue. He knows he can trace it back to camp.

He rushes in the direction of the familiar smell.

Then he hears it, the rippling of the river.

He shambles about twenty meters through thick brush and eventually emerges at the river he was originally fishing.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Father rushes into the water to slake a torturing thirst and cool his injured body.

He dunks himself for a few refreshing moments to wash away the dog's blood and of filth without removing any clothes or weapons.

The water has reenergized him and for the first time makes him laugh. The laughter is that of a madman, but it appears to have therapeutic powers that restores strength and health almost instantaneously.

He dunks himself over and over as a form of purification. He breaks into uncontrollable laughter.

EXT. RIVER BANK - LATER

Father straggles along the river bank attempting to follow it back to his campsite. Stronger now, his body is erect and his movements surer.

There is an orange blaze of setting sunshine across the river on the opposite bank. It glows bright, casting long shadows into the river and signalling the end of another day.

Father still clings to his hope of slaying the killer wolf, evident to us by the way in which he embraces his home-made spear and remains ever vigilant that a battle will occur.

But his mind is churning up more memories.

FLASHBACK HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE ON FAMILY PHOTOS OF MOTHER AND FATHER

CAMERA retreats from the close ups and reveals Father catching his Son destroying photos of his Father and Mother together.

Father, in an impulsive rage, swats his Son.

The Son regards his Father bitterly. Son runs out of his bedroom. The Father then watches the photos as they burn in a small fire on the bedroom floor. He does nothing to save them.

RETURN TO RIVER BANK

Father pushes himself onward up the river bank.

Up ahead in the two twilight he sees something that snares his attention.

FATHER'S POV VAGUE UNCERTAIN VIEW OF ATV

The sight is blurry to us in the coming darkness.

Within the clearing formed by a tree stand in the distance is the bright red paint of his ATV, dulled only by the dimming light.

BACK TO RIVER BANK FATHER

As he rushes to it, the campsite becomes clearer. He is now at a full sprint.

When he arrives at the campsite, he regards the ATV as though it were a life-saving surprise gift. He wastes no time springing the ATV front passenger seat door. The cabin light comes on. He picks up his Son's cell phone.

He taps out one number and gets no reaction. He punches in another. And again, gets nothing.

He scoffs at its uselessness and pitches it.

He grabs the iPad his Son was engrossed in. The screen displays a photo of the boy's Mother.

Father presses all the buttons and apps. He gets a window that shows a battery on low. "Recharge required."

He tries another app. He gets a blank screen. He tosses the iPad.

He then digs a map out of the glove compartment. He examines the map closely inside the cabin.

His camp location is circled. He looks to see how far he is from the road with the Park Police Station.

ANGLE MAP SITE OF PARK POLICE STATION

Father finds the Park Police Station marked on the map and traces a route with his finger from his campsite.

BACK TO SCENE

Father slaps the map down in the passenger seat, and stuffs himself with some snack foods he's found in a back compartment, as he climbs into the driver's seat. He stops momentarily to gorge himself with the snacks.

He reaches for the keys in the ignition. They aren't there.

FLASHBACK ARRIVAL AT CAMPSITE - DAY

Father recalls his Son at the ATV getting his hat. He recalls his Son putting the keys in his pocket. The keys are in the Son's clothes. Father is going nowhere. He's on his own.

RETURN TO CAMPSITE - PRESENT TIME

Father gets out of the ATV and bellows his frustration. Then he grabs a wrought-iron pot and begins pounding it against the ATV like a madman, screaming and cursing.

He's trapped and may have to walk until he can get help.

Despairing, Father slides exhausted down the fender of his ATV. The campsite grows dark around him, intensifying his sense of desolation.

He manages to recover for the moment and crawls into the tent. He digs among the tent furnishings (plastic sporting mugs, a first aid kit [which he ignores], a flashlight, some additional blankets, an electric lamp, etc.).

He finds his wooden tackle box under some blankets. Father opens the tackle box, and inside, among his lures and rigs, is a whiskey flask with a photo of Mother framed into its body.

Father takes out the flask, apparently a gift from Mother to Father. He beckons it, as though it were some kind of talisman. It evokes a bittersweet memory.

FLASHBACK HOME - NIGHT

The Father watches his beautiful wife undress. She seems to be doing it seductively for him, as he awaits her in their bed.

RETURN TO FATHER IN TENT

He then unscrews the flask cap and takes a long drink. The spirits seem to sedate him almost immediately.

FLASHBACK HOME - NIGHT

Father entertains the same memory of himself and Mother. They are together in bed making love.

RETURN TO FATHER IN TENT

Father savors this memory for a long time. He takes another long drink.

We watch his eyelids get heavier and heavier and finally sink. He forces himself awake.

He notices Son's empty sleeping bag. He studies it, wishing his Son to reappear.

POV SON TURNS FROM HIS SLEEP

He looks disturbedly at his Father.

BACK TO SCENE

The figment of his Son fades as he reaches out to try to touch him.

The moment energizes him back to the mission of finding the Son. He scoots to his fishing gear outside the tent. He pulls his fishing reel off its rod and cuts the rig loose.

With the reel in hand, he sets about laying a tripwire with the cat-gut fishing line around the campsite.

He wraps and ties the line around one of the tree trunks and knots it. He then strings the line tautly at knee level around the entire tree stand defining the perimeter of the small clearing. Once he comes full circle to the first tree, he extends the line the full distance to his ATV and locks the reel, dropping the reel into a gash in the car window.

He then rushes to the back of the ATV and grabs his food, meat and snacks and whatever might smell tasty to a beast, dumping the most aromatic of his provisions on the ground by the ATV to lure the wolf into his campsite again, so that he can track the wolf back to the Son.

INT. ATV

With his hand-made spear still strapped to his back, he crawls into the back of the ATV to wait hidden from sight for his enemy.

He grabs the reel and wraps the line around his neck so that any tug on the line will alert him. He draws his knife and squeezes it tightly in his hand.

FLASHBACK HOME - DAY

Son is sitting gloomy and unreceptive in his room. Father, with a package, enters with a broad grin and dance in his step in an effort to elicit the same from his Son. Son remains brooding and self-absorbed.

Father unwraps the package and shows it to his Son hopeful to cheer him. The gift is new fishing gear, the very same that the Father has just used to ensnare the wolf.

Father focuses on his Son, and then goes to hug him.

Son allows himself to be hugged.

RETURN TO INT. ATV

Father shakes the memory off. It is not a happy one, and the recollection brings tears to his eyes.

He tries to remain awake, but his weariness runs deep and after a few moments he falls off to sleep. For a few blessed moments he can forget his ordeal and his anguish.

ANGLE ON SEQUENCE OF POINTS OF THE FISHING LINE

The CAMERA visits several spots along the perimeter measured out by the fishing line.

EXT. CAMPSITE ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

Everything seems quiet and safe. The night whispers with WILDERNESS SOUNDS: crickets, the river current, breezes in the trees.

ANGLE ON POINT OF FISHING LINE

Almost unnoticeably, the fishing line trip-wire grows taut. RUSTLING SOUNDS can be heard. The wire grows tenser.

INT. ATV

The wire begins to tug at its post inside the ATV. But Father doesn't awake. His weariness is so profound that even this alarm system fails to wake him.

FLASHBACK HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE ON FAMILY PHOTOS OF MOTHER AND FATHER

This is a repeat of an earlier flashback.

CAMERA retreats from the close ups and reveals Father catching his Son destroying photos of his Father and Mother together.

Father, in an impulsive rage, swats his Son.

The Son regards his Father bitterly. Son runs out of his bedroom. The Father then watches the photos as they burn in a small fire on the bedroom floor. He does nothing to save them.

EXT. CAMPSITE ANOTHER ANGLE - CONTINUOUS

We see the wolf's broad limbs stumble into the campsite kicking the fishing line clumsily as it approaches the smell of the food the Father has set out.

INT. ATV - CONTINUOUS

The Father still hasn't awakened. The fishing line tightens around his neck.

ANGLE ON WOLF

It's the same wolf, because it shows in long rivulets the blood that has caked on its fur from the bullet wounds. It laps up some of the tasty booty from the dirt and looks around for more.

INT. ATV

After a few moments the Father does awaken from the fishing line strangling him. He sees the wolf slashing through the dirt for more scraps. He ducks low inside the ATV, hiding from the wolf's sight, and waiting for it to leave, so it can be followed to the wounded Son.

As he moves to get into an even lower position, he knocks over a can of gasoline not far from his foot.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

The wolf hears the tinny crash. The wolf studies his situation a moment, snarling its surprise and warning.

The wolf then comes to the ATV to investigate. He sees the Father almost instantly. He growls his complaint and tries to reach the Father inside the ATV.

The Father throws off the fishing line and readies his knife for an attack, then, notices the gasoline.

The Father runs out with the gasoline and splashes it on to the wolf.

The wolf turns and runs.

The Father rushes after the wolf.

The wolf races into the darkness in panic.

He investigates where the wolf has charged into the woods to see if he has left any traces.

Father realizes he cannot keep up with the speed of the
Animal.

He follows the beast until he loses him in the wooded
Darkness.

He sinks at his failure.

Something raises an alert. He can smell the gasoline in the air within the scrub the wolf ran into. He fol-

lows the smell keenly and soon notices that the wolf has left a passage by the smell of gasoline.

Father swishes the remaining gasoline around the can to check on its content. There is still gasoline left.

An idea occurs to the Father.

He returns to the ATV and cuts some rope from a small skein in the ATV. He takes the metal can and ropes it around his shoulder like a schoolbag.

He goes to the tent and finds a small water-proof leather purse with a sealed leather flap.

He then returns to the ATV and takes several matches out of a box and carefully inserts them in the water-tight leather purse.

He also grabs his rescue flairs from the ATV and stuffs them inside his vest.

As he's preparing to leave, he remembers his small flashlight. He returns to the tent to recover it. He stuffs it into a pocket in his pant leg. The Father is now carrying everything he can think of to help him find his Son's body and destroy the wolf.

EXT. RIVER BANK - MORNING

The Father is walking again along the river bank where he has picked up the wolf's tracks and the scent of gasoline. The sun is beating down on him. And the fatigue is beginning to show again in his walk and his posture.

The Father notices that the river's current has become swifter. He trudges on, still armed with his spear,

the container of gasoline, the flairs stuffed in his vest, and his knife in his waistband.

After a while, he notes something up ahead of him on the river bank.

FATHER'S POV WOLF

Father sees his wolf up the river about eighty meters. It's drinking from the river, and unaware that it is being watched. After a moment, it stops drinking and turns to walk back into the woods.

BACK TO FATHER

After a moment's deliberation, the Father sees an opportunity to get to the wolf as quickly as possible, before it disappears into the woods.

He dives into the raging current and lets it express him down river to where the wolf is.

The swift current snatches him up quickly, and rolls and tumbles him down the river at great speed. He has little control over where and how forcefully he is travelling.

After a long near-suicidal ride on the river's turbulent rush, the Father tries to stop himself by grabbing an overhanging tree branch. He fails.

Soon he spots a narrow tree trunk stretched over the river surface like a railroad crossing arm. He tries to reach it. But the current is swifter than he thought. He hangs there precariously a second, then loses his grip and is sucked up again into the current.

The current seems to get swifter and rushes ahead with great force, tumbling the Father out of control upriv-

er. The Father bobs and tumbles precariously for a long while. He seems to be nothing more than powerless flotsam.

EXT. WIDE ANGLE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

A wider shot of the river shows us the swirling waters snaking through the wilderness. The Father is just a dot of on the raging river surface. At the end of the river, we come to see a perilous rapids. The Father, still without any control of what is happening to him, is headed for his demise.

EXT. FATHER IN RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Father bounces uncontrollably and now more violently as the river waters are sucked by the gravity of the descending rapids. He tries again to reach something to grab. Again, he fails to stick himself. The current sucks him closer to the rock-strewn rapids.

He continues to tumble like a lifeless heap of floating debris. He is now unquestionably on his way to the snarling maw of roaring, rock-strewn rapids that can easily tear him apart in seconds.

Just before he is about to descend into the rocks, he slams into a mid-river boulder. His body totally limp from the crash is now swirling about in the current like a dead man with only his arched and bloated back above water.

It appears that he has drowned. His body is broken and battered by the collision with the boulder.

Lifeless, his body drifts for several moments. It shows no signs of recovering.

EXT. WOLF ON BANK - CONTINUOUS

SUDDENLY, the Father's enemy appears on the bank. The wolf is snarling just a few meters away from where the Father's body is bobbing about in the white water.

The wolf enters the water toward the body.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. WOODS - NEXT MORNING

The CAMERA shows us a serene part of the woods, with birds chirping and squirrels darting about the forest floor. The feeling is joyful and the tone is one of animation and rebirth.

After a long examination of the forest as an idyllic setting, the CAMERA comes upon the Father's body disheveled and battered to the bank.

ANGLE ON FATHER

The Father comes to. He looks around. He tries to figure out how he got there. His gasoline container lay a few feet away, drifting about the river's edge. All but his knife and spear are still on his person.

His eyes remain unfocused while he comes to life. Within a few seconds, he coughs up lungsful of water and convulses until he can get enough air.

He gets up. He follows footprints into the woods.

The Father has found his way to the wolf's castle keep.

The Father's eyes open to almost bursting for the pain he is feeling. His mouth too seems to want to shout.

FATHER'S POV A RED AND ORANGE BLUR

Father's eyes take a while to focus on something of extreme color.

BACK TO FATHER ALONGSIDE TREE LINE

Father clears his eyes to take a sharper look.

FATHER'S POV SON'S TORSO

Father discovers he is looking directly at the torso of his Son. It is curled as though sleeping.

Also there gnawing at a part of a small dead creature is a black wolf about the size of his dog.

BACK TO FATHER AT TREE LINE

He notices the mutilated carcasses of several other animals. He realizes that he too has been dumped as sustenance for the wolf's kin.

He rushes to his Son. The boy is still alive. But barely.

He scrambles in total horror at what he's seeing. He is dizzy and unable to steady himself. He almost collapses again. He drops down next to the boy.

More stability and cognition return. He looks down in disbelief at his Son's body. He is encrusted with dirt and coagulated blood. But is in the warmth of a she-wolf, who has lain down next to him.

He shrivels in anguish at the sight.

The wolf is ready to take further action against him.

Father loosens the rope holding the gasoline container. But decides not to use it.

He then takes his Son in his arms and from the bosom of the she-wolf and drags him out of the wooded nook and down to the river. There, he finds the keys to his ATV his Son had in his pocket.

The wolf leaps at the Father and knocks him down again.

The wolf is no longer an enemy, but may have saved the boy.

The Father's adrenaline surges.

The wolf challenges him, given his lack of trust in the human who could bloody his own kind.

The Father turns sharply with a bold and unexpected move. He halts as the raging animal is about to leap on him and draws himself up to his tallest posture, inflating his chest and his upper body to seem as large and formidable as he can. He then grows to an even greater height by stepping up on a nearby rock, making him look intimidating to the wolf.

The wolf halts. The posturing works. The wolf isn't sure that this creature it faces can be overcome.

The wolf begins to back off.

The Father isn't sure what the wolf will do, given that the Father is still the invader.

When just behind the wolf, its cub appears, the wolf is again ready to do battle to protect what it considers its vulnerable den.

The Father senses that there's more fight in the animal. He decides to back off the rock slowly, vigilantly.

The wolf holds his ground.

The Father continues to back off, keeping the halted animal in his sights.

But fortune turns against the Father once again. The cub comes running to the Father curiously.

The adult wolf becomes wary and enraged.

ANGLE ON WOLF

The wolf begins pawing into the dirt restlessly.

BACK TO FATHER

The Father tries to shoo the cub away. The cub persists, refuses to return to its parent.

The Father pulls off his spear, tucks it under his arm, hooks the belt buckle to the nub at the butt end and wraps the belt around his upper arm to absorb the backward force of the thrust.

He then begins treading with delicate steps in the direction of the wolf.

There's total silence. Not a crackle of leaves, not a cricket, not a bird.

Father continues to press with a hunter's short bent-over stride, ready to ram his spear into his enemy.

His steps continue to be slow and cautious. He then tries to take out his knife and drops it. He bends down slowly to pick it up. He strengthens his grip on the wooden spear.

The next time he looks up, the wolf has circled to his flank with the cub still in between.

Father's weapons are all ready for any attack.

The wolf drifts behind him and lumbers up to attack from the rear. The wolf still shows the bloody streaks matting its thick nap of fur. The wolf ROARS a warning.

Father is in a place he doesn't belong seems to be the Message.

Father and wolf maintain eye contact.

The Father readies himself for the attack. His mind is focused only on getting his Son out of the wolf den safely.

The staring turns to a trance

FLASHBACK BOAT - DAY

This recall is fresher and longer. The Son is frantic about something life-threatening that has happened on a boating trip. Glimpses of his Mother in the wheelhouse of the boat trying desperately to take the boat in a different direction.

Son appeals to Father. Father rushes up to the wheelhouse.

BACK TO SCENE

The wolf circles Father. Wolf's disposition tells the story of his own uncertainty.

Father backs away.

The wolf blusters and fusses, daring the Father to make a move.

The cub continues to shuffle about and get in the way.

The Father takes out a handful of jerky. He lets the cub smell it, then tosses it. The cub scurries after it.

The giant wolf approaches brazenly, fearlessly.

The Father readies his knife in one hand and his spear in the other like a gladiator.

FLASHBACK BOAT - DAY

The sky is gray and ready for rain.

Son is pointing frantically to a stretch of boulders jutting above the surface of the water. The boat is heading straight for it.

Father rushes into the wheelhouse, takes the helm from Mother and shoves her violently out of the way.

Mother stumbles out of the wheelhouse and as the boat lurches into a new direction, she falls over the bow. On her head, she is wearing a red bandana to shield her head from the sun. The current immediately sucks her away. The red bandana is the last thing we see as she goes under.

The Son, in a panic, throws off his shoes and is about to jump in to save her.

Father grabs him and buckles him tightly within his arms to prevent him from rescuing his Mother.

Son, of slight build, tries to wrestle free, but his Father restrains him.

They watch the Mother in the red bandana bob to the surface, then go down for a permanent dip from which she doesn't return.

BACK TO SCENE

The wolf charges.

The wolf stops. He inches closer with small steps. And then with a SUDDEN RUSH bolts upright onto its hind legs as a final warning. And the two combatants face one another in unobstructed combat.

With no delays, Father rushes into the creature. The spear takes blood but doesn't hold.

The wolf swats and rakes the Father's face and head with its claws, drawing blood as the Father squirms to disengage.

The Father finally unravels the belt to the spear and leaps out of the way. The spear drops away from the wolf's chest. But the wolf still doesn't fall. It spasms and growls violently.

When the Father turns to runs. The wolf follows.

Father rushes into thick woods. Blood covers his face and shoulders. One eye is closed from the bruises and lacerations. The Father retreats behind two old evergreens.

The wolf is only a few meters behind him, and prepares

for another attack.

Father studies his options. He notices the thick branches hanging off the tree in front of him.

Father leaps out at his enemy and entices the wolf with everything he can think of - throws rocks, growls, taunts and dares the wolf to attack.

The wolf approaches again, again, it is cautious but determined.

With only pure survival instinct left, Father pulls back a thick and powerful lower branch of one of the trees, holding like a compressed sling as far back as his weakened condition will allow, and waiting for the wolf to approach.

The wolf approaches him, snarling and agitated at this man's intrusion into his realm.

As soon as the wolf leaps up at Father, Father releases the tree branch, which packs a powerful punch into the throat of the wolf.

The wolf falls. It's hurt enough to be disabled.

Father waits patiently, never taking his eyes off the beast.

The beast lay there, still alive. His war is over. Father now has to finish the animal off.

FLASHBACK BOAT ON BANK - DAY

Same boating accident.

The Father and the Son have landed the boat on the river bank. They are on foot, searching up and down the rapidly flowing river for any signs that the

Mother may have been able to save herself.

Son sees something red floating in the river. He steps into the shallow water and pulls it out. It is the red bandana his Mother was wearing when she slipped overboard.

When he realizes she's gone, the Son despairs. We can see a fury fire up in the Son's eyes as he regards his Father.

BACK TO SCENE

Father takes the next step with his knife, and then changes his mind. The wolf is stunned.

The Father then drops to his knees. His body is unrecognizable now. He tries to catch his breath, but can't seem to. He gasps and gasps until he comes to full awareness of his victory over the beast.

He glares at the beast, not sure that he defeated a monster or a hero. His head rolls wearily from side to side for a moment to suggest his confusion.

He leaps to his feet and races to his ATV.

He reaches the vehicle and without another thought, jumps in and starts the ignition.

FLASHBACK: SHE-WOLF

Inches away from his face, the massive black-furred face of the she-wolf, the original wolf's mate, stares up at him. Its black, steely eyes are fierce and steady. Its demeanor is curious but firm. She stared in compassion.

Father checks on the health of his Son lying next to her.

BACK TO FATHER IN ATV

His obstacles gone, Father drives back to the bank of the river. He pulls up, dirt gusting all about his tires.

He drops out of the ATV and down to his Son.

His Son seems to be rolling over to soak up some water.

EXT. CLEARING OUTSIDE THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The she-wolf appears with her cub.

Father is startled. He jumps up and down. He throws dirt and rocks at her in the hope of chasing her away.

She doesn't move. She just stares.

Father backs up and begins carrying his Son to the ATV.

She maintains her ground and watches Father set his Son in the van comfortably.

Father checks him, holds up his head and gives him water. He checks his wound and the bruising he suffered from being dragged through the dirt along the bank. He cleans the wounds with a bottle of drinking water. And some antiseptic spray. "Are you okay?"

Son doesn't answer.

"Are you okay?"

Son nods faintly. "We're going to get some help."

He covers his Son with a blanket.

Father then goes to the she-wolf and the cub and feeds them both his last supply of quick pocket food. His expression is gratefulness, but mute and awkward.

Then, he turns and heads back to the ATV.

INT. ATV - CONTINUOUS

After a moment of reflection, Father gets into the driver's seat and drives out of the wilderness and on to another world.

FLASHBACK CAMPSITE - DAY

This is a whirling, hallucinatory recollection:

Father and Son have just arrived at the pre-campsite clearing, driving into the clearing in the ATV.

Father parks ATV and looks over at his Son for approval. There is none.

Son steps slowly out of the passenger's seat with a strange, distracted look. Father notices it, but ignores his Son's mood.

BACK TO SCENE

Father drives out of the luxurious fishing spot. It takes on a darker hue now. Nothing seems to have the same magic as it did when he arrived.

SUDDENLY, Father notices a weary, sunken wolf, blood still visible on his breast and head. The wolf, his coat covered in sweat and dirt plods along back to his den.

Father slows down to regard the animal with an admiration

seldom given to a wild creature, resilient and dedicated to the nature of survival. The wolf never notices.

Father finally moves on. He's still digging out reflections to help make sense of his fishing trip.

FLASHBACK HOME - DAY

A party is taking place at his home.

The driving has removed all threats, fear and pain for the moment. Father settles into a long over-due tranquility.

Father finally has the recall of where this tragedy may all have started forced on him. The realization arrives slowly. At the party, Father accidentally sees his wife, his Son's Mother, embracing and kissing another man through a reflection in the open glass door to the kitchen.

He's shocked. He looks about and notices that no one else sees what he sees.

EXT.-INT. ATV - CONTINUOUS

Father is troubled as his thoughts start to add up to what turn out to be his Son's incriminations.

FLASHBACK BOAT ON BANK - DAY

The Son finds his Mother's red bandana after the boat was banked. When his father approaches him to comfort him, Son points his finger venomously at Father.

BACK TO SCENE

The Father begins to see that the Son knew about his Mother's indiscretion.

FLASHBACK HOME - DAY

CAMERA picks up Mother's reflection in the glass of the French doors to the kitchen. The CAMERA then pans to the Son noticing the reflection and turning to see if the Father has noticed. The CAMERA pans to the Father who pretends not to notice.

Son then grabs Father's his attention and yanks him suddenly to the piano.

The Father sits down to play. He taps out a few notes, then looks up expecting to see his Son next to him at the keyboard.

FLASHBACK BOAT - DAY

The Son throws off his shoes and is about to jump in to save her.

His Father grabs him, and buckles him tightly within his arms to prevent him from rescuing his Mother.

Son tries to wrestle free.

BACK TO SCENE

Father sighs over his acknowledgement, his resolution of how his fishing trip turned tragic.

FLASHBACK BOAT ON BANK - DAY

The Son with his Mother's red bandana takes it to his Father and starts to sob.

BACK TO SCENE

Father stops his ATV. He turns to check on his Son. He decides to address all he's uncovered. His Son is

asleep. He tries to find the words. But none emerge.

MONTAGE:

Father waking after almost drowning in the river.

Father faces the wolf with the cub and tosses the jerky for the cub.

Father fighting the wolf.

Son waking in the wolf den and recognizing Father.

Father facing the she-wolf before taking Son into the ATV.

Father and Son playing the piano for Mother, where the Mother is looking on admiringly. This sequence gradually changes in color to shocking red and then the

FRAME FREEZES.

END OF MONTAGE

FADE OUT