

I/E CAMPSITE - DAY

A loud, older car turns a corner in a heavily wooded road in a camp ground.

It continues down past a secluded campsite.

AOIFE (30s, woman) unzips the door of her tent just far enough for her to peek out.

She lets out a sigh of relief. She has a small gold wedding band on her finger.

Once the car is out of view, she zips the tent closed.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DUSK

A crow caws as Aoife walks down a path to the muddy bank.

She kneels by the river with a bucket of water. She fills the bucket and puts it to her side.

Something in the river in front of her catches her eye.

The body of a woman dressed in white with long red hair flowing all around her like ribbons.

The body floats in the river.

Aoife steps back.

She's is overcome not with fear but fascination.

She takes off her shoes.

She steps into the water.

She walks in until it's waist deep.

She steps around it until she is standing by the corpse's shoulders.

She grabs the body under the arms and pulls it along with her.

She steps backward on to the shore and drags her a few feet then sits down with the corpse in her arms.

She holds her close, cradling it. The body is in perfect condition, except for bruises under the eye, neck, and arm.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A fire is roaring.

A bucket of water sits above the fire, boiling. On the right side is Aoife.

She stirs the water with a ladle.

On the other side is the corpse, wrapped up in blankets and propped up to lean back against a rock.

The Aoife ladles out some water into a small bowl with soap.

She puts a rag in it and leans over the corpse.

The eyes are closed, the lips are open just slightly. She's got little bits of mud on her head and some bruising under her eye.

Aoife gently runs her finger over the bruise.

AOIFE

Poor thing.

She pulls her hand back.

She takes the rag and wipes the mud off of the corpse's face.

AOIFE (CONT'D)

I had to get away too.

The body seems to glow under the flickering light of the fire.

AOIFE (CONT'D)

You can only be told your going to hell for so long until you believe it. So I gave in to them. But everything was all wrong.

Aoife is entranced by the corpse.

AOIFE (CONT'D)

I suppose you know all about that.

Rain drips down the corpse's face like tears.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The pitter patter of rain falls on the tent.

The inside of the tent is lit by a lantern.

The Corpse is naked, in a large blanket laying on its side.

Aoife looks lovingly at her.

She strokes the corpse's hair.

AOIFE

I didn't think I'd say anything at all
out here. Not to anyone.

Aoife scoots in closer.

AOIFE (CONT'D)

I wanted quiet. But it just got... too
quiet, you know?

Aoife fixates on the corpse's lips.

She leans in and gently kisses her lips.

She pulls back, gasps.

Emboldened she kisses again, passionately. Tears roll down
her eyes.

She curls in, whispering secrets we cannot hear to the
corpse.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The drops of rain are gone, now its a full on storm.

Lightning flashes.

Aoife breathes heavily in her sleep.

What sounds like either another breath or wind circling about
joins her.

The Aoife opens her eyes.

The Corpse has opened hers as well.

Aoife smiles.

She reaches over the corpse caressing it's arm.

The corpse falls on its back.

The Aoife climbs on top of running her hand through her hair.
Kissing her.

Grinding against her.

Panting. Moaning.

The corpse moves underneath her.

Lightning strikes.

In the flash we can see a bit of decay on the corpse. Then we see it alive and beautiful.

Then it returns to its normal state as the lightning dissipates.

Aoife screams. She cries. But she doesn't stop.

The corpse's body shakes.

It's arm grabs Aoife's.

In a flash of lighting we see the corpse like a young woman again, mouth agape with excitement.

Aoife laughs and moans. Ecstasy.

I/E. CAMPSITE - MORNING

A car pulls up by the campsite.

A MAN (40s) steps out of the car and approaches the tent. He wears a ring like Aoife's. A cross hangs off his belt.

He pulls the zipper down.

He looks into the tent.

Nothing but a few blankets and Aoife's discarded wedding band.

EXT. RIVERBANK - MORNING

The man walks down to the river.

He takes a few steps back.

He has a look of terror on his face.

The Aoife has joined the corpse.

Two bodies entwined with one another.

Peaceful, loving looks on their faces as they float in the water together.

