

Blair Witch 3
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. THE BLACK HILLS WOODS - DAY

It's a foggy and misty day. The sky is gray. The camera sweeps through the trees and underbrush at an amazing speed. This goes on while the opening titles run through. Finally, we break through the trees and underbrush to the township of Blair.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLAIR TOWNSHIP - THE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

TITLE CARD: "FEBRUARY 15TH, 1785."

People go about their normal business. Some people shop at the local general store. A horse-drawn carriage carries a man and wife down the road. Children chase each other, laughing and playing.

The man and woman on the carriage continue down the road. They are JOHN TREMONT, and his wife LUCILLE. They are smiling at the surroundings. To them, Blair looks like the perfect place. The people, the locale... Everything... Perfection.

A small boy pops his head up between them. He looks around smiling. This is GREGORY.

GREGORY

Are we here?

JOHN

Yes. This is going to be our new home.

The smile disappears. He looks around.

GREGORY

It's so small.

LUCILLE

Not every place can be as big as Boston, Gregory.

The carriage pulls up in front of a small house. The house is no bigger than a medium-sized shack, but is still impressive for the time and place. It stops and the passengers all unload. John ties the reign to a post. Gregory and Lucille walk into the shack.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHACK- DAY

Gregory looks around. His smile slowly grows back.

GREGORY
It's big...

LUCILLE
You get your own room as well.

GREGORY
Really?

John walks in.

LUCILLE
You sure do. You just have to pick it.

Gregory looks elated. He runs through the house. John and Lucille follow him, laughing.

Gregory runs up to a room. He points to it excitedly.

GREGORY
This one! I want this one!

John and Lucille take a quick glance at each other, then back to him.

JOHN
Actually... we were sort of hoping we could make that our room.

Gregory's smile falters.

GREGORY
Oh...

He looks at the room again. He then turns around excitedly again.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
I get this one then!

He runs into another room.

John smiles, shaking his head.

JOHN
Easily pleased isn't he?

LUCILLE
You say that as if it's a bad thing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John shakes his head.

JOHN
He gets it from you anyway.

She smacks him on the arm playfully.

LUCILLE
He does not.

John laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE SHACK - NIGHT

John and Gregory are unloading the carriage. Gregory is trying his best carrying the gigantic bundles of clothing and boxes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHACK - NIGHT

Lucille is putting things away in the bedroom. John comes up from behind her and kisses her on the cheek. He wraps his arms around her, rubbing her budding stomach. For the first time, we can see it's extended a little more than usual. She is clearly five to six months pregnant.

JOHN
How's my baby?

LUCILLE
(With a smile)
Which one?

JOHN
Both of them.

LUCILLE
We're fine... just a little tired.

JOHN
We need to get our stuff out of the carriage before the looters get to it first.

LUCILLE
How much is left?

JOHN
One box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gregory comes in with the box in the background. John and Lucille don't take any notice of this. They still talk. While they talk, we can see Gregory struggling to keep hold of it.

LUCILLE

Well, that's not so bad.

JOHN

Not at all. We got here just in time. The snow isn't due for another two days.

LUCILLE

How can you tell?

JOHN

Trust me. Farmer's instinct.

LUCILLE

You aren't a farmer.

John looks at her evenly.

JOHN

I hardly see how that matters.

Lucille laughs. Suddenly, Gregory stumbles OS. We hear a crash. They both turn around quickly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Gregory?

GREGORY (O.S.)

Yeah dad?

JOHN

Is everything okay in there?

GREGORY (O.S.)

Ummm.... sure...

JOHN

Just checking.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE GENERAL STORE - DAY

TITLE CARD: "FEBRUARY 16TH."

It is snowing out. Hard. The town only has an inch or so on the ground, but it is quickly accumulating. Lucille walks up to the store. She is bundled up tightly.

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She stops outside of the store and looks around.

We see the beautiful landscape of the town. While it was foggy and gray the day before, now its grayness adds to its beauty. The snow falls thick, but with delicate slowness. We see the woods, not as menacing looking as they usually are.

Lucille sighs and walks into the store.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STORE- DAY

Lucille walks through store. She picks up some bread. She starts looking at the fruit section. She starts sifting through the apples. We hear the door open behind her. Slow footsteps follow.

CLERK (O.S.)
Hello Elly.

ELLY (O.S.)
(Old, quiet)
Hello Edward...

Lucille looks up, then slowly turns around.

We see a woman, about fifty-ish, talking to the clerk. She's kind looking. A very gentle face.

Lucille pays no attention to it and looks back at the fruit.

CLERK (O.S.)
What can I get for you?

ELLY (O.S.)
Did my parcel come in?

CLERK (O.S.)
Let me check.

We hear the clerk walk away. Lucille slowly looks back at the woman.

Elly looks over at her and smiles.

Lucille smiles at her, and politely nods her head towards her. She turns back to the fruit.

ELLY (O.S.)
I'm the witch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A flash of confusion washes over Lucille's face. She looks up at the woman, questioningly.

LUCILLE

Excuse me?

Elly is still smiling.

ELLY

At least, that's what people say about me. They call me a witch. I'm sure you've heard the stories already.

LUCILLE

We've only been here for one day. We haven't really talked to anybody.

ELLY

Well, before they get to you, I might as well introduce myself.

She walks up to Lucille and extends her hand.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Elly Kedward.

Lucille reluctantly shakes her hand.

LUCILLE

Lucille Tremont.

ELLY

Blair is a nice place. You should like it here. A really small community, but small communities are the closest ones.

LUCILLE

(With a small laugh)

Well, the last place we lived was no close-knit community in itself, but it was still...

Elly is looking her over a little. Lucille looks confused again.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong?

ELLY

You're expecting...

LUCILLE

Expecting what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLY

A child.

Elly holds her hand out.

ELLY (CONT'D)

May I?

Lucille stares at her for a moment, then slowly nods. Elly places her hand against Lucille's stomach. Elly smiles.

ELLY (CONT'D)

She's going to be a wonderful little girl.

LUCILLE

How do you know that?

ELLY

(Smiling, jokingly)
I'm a witch, remember.

Lucille laughs and smiles a bit.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Motherly instinct. Listen, if any of your family falls ill... don't bother with the town physician. The man means well enough, but he's also lazy and a drunk. Come see me. I live in the woods. Just follow the main trail. I'm the only house out there.

LUCILLE

Yes... thank you.

Elly smiles, stealing another glance at Lucille's stomach. She walks back to the counter where the clerk is waiting.

CLERK

What do you have in here anyway, Elly?

ELLY

If I told you that, my son, I'd have to kill you.

The clerk laughs.

Elly pays for the parcel, then walks out of the store, giving one last glance and smile at Lucille.

Lucille just stares at her, sort of entranced by this woman's presence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The clerk laughs, shaking his head.

CLERK

She's a really nice woman. Of course...
I'm probably the only person in town who
would say that.

Lucille walks up to the counter with her groceries.

LUCILLE

What do people have against her?

CLERK

Well, Travis Foreman, the town doctor,
calls her a witch. Nobody really believes
him, but nobody really disbelieves him.
They want no part of her or him. If you
ask me... Travis is just jealous because
she's taken some of his business away
from him.

LUCILLE

How sad...

CLERK

Well... there isn't any cure for envy...
except for death maybe...

The clerk just shrugs this off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TREMONT HOME - DAY

There's a fire going in the fireplace. Gregory is playing
with a small wooden horse in front of it. John is reading a
book. Lucille walks in with the items she bought at the
store. John looks up.

JOHN

Do you need any help?

LUCILLE

I'll manage.

JOHN

I really wish you would let me do the
shopping. You don't need to be out in the
cold in your condition...

LUCILLE

My condition? I'm pregnant John... I
don't have the pox.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Sorry... I just don't want you getting sick... or the baby.

LUCILLE

So I take it you want to cook too? I might scald myself or even, god forbid, the baby.

Gregory looks up from his horse.

GREGORY

Don't let dad cook again, please.

John gives his son a half-squint, half-amused glance.

JOHN

Thanks for backing me up.

Gregory shrugs and continues to play with his toy. Lucille walks into the kitchen.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Well, I looked for work today.

LUCILLE (O.S.)

How did that go?

JOHN

Well, they're remodeling the church. They said they could use an extra pair of hands.

LUCILLE (O.S.)

And what exactly do you know about carpentry?

JOHN

I'll built Gregory's little toy didn't I?

As if on cue, two of the legs fall off of the wooden horse. Gregory looks back up at his dad.

John stares at this for a second.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Maybe the library needs help.

FADE TO:

INT. THE TREMONT HOUSE - JOHN AND LUCILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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CONTINUED:

John and Lucille lie in bed.

LUCILLE

I met the most interesting woman today at the store.

JOHN

Already conversing with the locals, eh?

LUCILLE

Yes, but this woman... she... I don't know... She's was strange... but not scary... sort of...

JOHN

Enchanting?

LUCILLE

Yes! Exactly! I think she's a doctor of sorts. She lives in the woods.

JOHN

She lives in the woods?

LUCILLE

Well, the townspeople aren't very fond of her. They think she's a witch.

JOHN

There aren't any witches. It's just a fabricated idea made up by men with too much time on their hands. They have the brains to read the Bible, but not to make sense out of what they're reading.

LUCILLE

Well, nobody really believes it... but... I don't know... people just try to ignore her. It's weird. She's a really nice woman.

JOHN

What's her name?

LUCILLE

Elly Kedward.

JOHN

Elly, eh? Well... (He turns to her) Why don't we show this town that she's not so bad? Invite her over for dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUCILLE

You think so?

JOHN

Sure... I'd like to meet her. She sounds interesting.

John kisses her softly.

LUCILLE

Okay... I'll go to her place tomorrow.

JOHN

(Softly)

Good...

LUCILLE

Okay...

JOHN

Good night...

They lay there for a second. John slowly closes his eyes, falling asleep.

LUCILLE

(Softly)

I love you.

JOHN

I love you more.

John puts his arm around Lucille.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. THE TOWN LIBRARY - DAY

John walks around, following the owner of the library, HAROLD WILLIAMS. He's in his fifties too. He doesn't look that old, but time has not been gentle to him. He looks worn out. Like he's waiting for something better in life. The library isn't much. It's small, with a minimal number of books, but it's still big for the size of the town.

HAROLD

You seem like a bright boy. I must say I was surprised when somebody said they wanted to work here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Don't get many offers?

HAROLD

Not a single one. Everybody around here is more worried with material possessions instead of knowledge. They would rather build and get paid, than be in an area of learning.

JOHN

Well... I don't need much to live off of. But I do have a wife and a son, and another child on the way, so we still need something.

HAROLD

Well... seeing how you'd be my only employee... and our expenses aren't too great... I think you'd make more than enough to take care of them...

JOHN

Wait... did I just get the job?

HAROLD

I never said you didn't.

John's face lights up. He shakes Harold's hand.

JOHN

Oh! Thank you very much Mr. Rivers!

HAROLD

Harold. So... Have you made any friends in the town yet?

JOHN

Well... my wife met a woman yesterday. Of course, her reputation doesn't seem to be too flattering...

HAROLD

Elly Kedward?

JOHN

Yes... Do you know her?

HAROLD

Of course I do. She's usually our only patron. She's real smart. I talk to her all of the time. You just never seem to run out of conversation with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN

Is she married or...?

HAROLD

She used to be. A long time ago. Her husband died of pneumonia. She blamed herself for what happened. She's pretty much kept to herself since then. That's probably why people feel strongly against her. They think she's weird or funny in the head. If you ask me, she's just lonely. I know all about that.

JOHN

Did... Did you lose somebody?

Harold stiffens a little.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked...

HAROLD

(Shaking his head)

It's quite all right. My wife... Three years ago. She drowned in Tappy East Creek. Life is harshly ironic sometimes. There's only two feet worth of water in that damn creek. When she died, there was about a half of a foot. She hit her head on a rock after falling off of an embankment. She just laid face down in the water unconscious.

JOHN

I'm... I'm not really sure I see the irony.

HAROLD

She used to teach children to swim.

Harold shrugs. John isn't sure how to react.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Well, it's one of those things that we wish we could change. But we can't.

Harold starts to drift off, as if he's lost in his own thoughts.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... You don't need to be hearing me whine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN
No... It's okay.

HAROLD
Anyway, welcome to the Blair Library. I
look forward working with you.

John nods his head. You can tell he feels very sorry for this
man.

JOHN
Why don't you have dinner with us? I'm
sure my wife would love to meet you.

HAROLD
No... I couldn't...

JOHN
No really... I insist.

Harold thinks it over. He straightens up a little bit,
obviously his wave of sadness has been pushed aside for the
moment. He smiles softly.

HAROLD
I would be honored.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

The snow has ceased for now. Fresh snow still lies on the
grounds. Coating the trees in a white sheet. Lucille and
Gregory walk hand in hand on a path where the trees don't
interfere.

GREGORY
How far away does she live?

LUCILLE
I don't know. She said to follow the main
trail. I'm guessing this is it.

GREGORY
My nose is numb.

LUCILLE
Go like this...

She cups her hands over her face and exhales deeply. Gregory
does the same thing. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREGORY

It's like a little fireplace in your hands.

LUCILLE

My mother taught me that. Now I'm teaching you. So you have to promise to teach your son or daughter some day.

Gregory nods, keeping his hands cupped up to his nose, exhaling deeply.

They walk up to an old shack. Smoke comes out of the chimney chute. The front door opens and Elly walks out. She smiles and waves at them.

Lucille smiles and waves back. Gregory just stares at her. Lucille looks down at him.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Don't be rude.

Gregory sort of breaks out of his trance, waving slowly.

Elly greets them at the doorstep.

ELLY

I didn't expect to see you so soon.

LUCILLE

Well... My husband suggested that you should have dinner with us tonight.

ELLY

Let's talk inside. It's warmer.

She looks down at Gregory.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Hello Gregory.

Lucille and Gregory both stare at her.

LUCILLE

How did you know his name?

Elly looks up at them. She notices the look on their faces, and laughs a little.

ELLY

Instinct... I have plenty of that running through my veins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lucille just stares at her sort of shocked. Gregory smiles.

GREGORY
That was neat!

Lucille kind of shakes off her shock and walks inside with Elly.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Inside of Elly's house is a small bed and table. On top of the table is a cabinet. There are various medicines and other supplies like that. There is also a great abundance of books and manuals. It's very clean and cozy.

ELLY
It's not much... but then again... I'm not very demanding.

LUCILLE
It's nice.

ELLY
So, you were saying...?

LUCILLE
Oh... um... Well, my husband John and I would love for you to come over for dinner. I'm sure Gregory would like you to come over too.

GREGORY
Yep!

Elly laughs, a little embarrassed by this.

ELLY
I'd be a fool for saying no. I'd love to come over for dinner.

Gregory picks up a small stick figure made of twigs bound together by straps of leather. He looks at it curiously.

GREGORY
What's this?

ELLY
That's a good luck charm.

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CONTINUED:

Elly looks up at Lucille.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Some people have a crucifix to make them feel safe. I use that.

LUCILLE

What does it mean?

ELLY

Its called Twana. An old Native American man gave it to me last summer. He was very nice. A little eccentric, but nice nonetheless.

GREGORY

Twana.

ELLY

Yes... It's supposed to have magical powers. This particular Twana grants me the power of safety. It keeps all of the bad things away from me, Gregory.

GREGORY

Bad things?

ELLY

Bears, wolves... Animals that could harm me.

GREGORY

This is really magical?

ELLY

Of course it is...

Elly looks at Lucille with a smile on her face, mouthing the words, "Not really." Lucille chuckles to herself.

CUT TO:

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE- NIGHT

There's a knock on the door. John opens the door. Harold is standing outside. It's snowing lightly.

JOHN

Harold, come on in...

Harold walks in. He takes off his coat and looks around.

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CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

Here... I'll take that.

John takes his coat and hangs it up on the coat rack. The peg on the coat rack breaks and the coat falls to the ground. Harold looks at it. John is embarrassed. Harold laughs a little.

HAROLD

That's a good place for it.

JOHN

Sorry...

HAROLD

No no no, don't worry about it.

Lucille walks in. She sees Harold and smiles. She walks up and extends her hand.

LUCILLE

You must be Harold.

HAROLD

And you must be Lucille.

He shakes her hand. Gregory walks out of the kitchen.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

And this is your young one?

GREGORY

I'm ten.

HAROLD

So I heard...

GREGORY

That's not too young, is it?

HAROLD

Not at all... I'm Harold. Your daddy works for me.

GREGORY

Oh... Hi.

Gregory shakes his hand politely. John smiles.

LUCILLE

Well, dinner should be ready in a little while. Make yourself at home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There's another knock at the door.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Oh... that must be our second guest.

HAROLD

(Jokingly)

Wow, I thought it was going to be a cozy little dinner. It's turning out to be one big party.

Lucille opens the door. Elly is standing out in the snow.

LUCILLE

Elly... You're just in time.

Harold turns around slowly.

HAROLD

Elly?

Elly looks up. She has a look of shock on her face.

ELLY

Harold...

LUCILLE

You two know each other?

JOHN

Yes, Elly's one of our main visitor's at the library.

There's an awkward silence for a moment. You can tell that Elly and Harold share feelings for each other that they aren't able to share. John breaks the silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's very nice to finally meet you.

ELLY

Likewise...

He shakes her hand. Lucille smiles and walks back into the kitchen. Gregory runs up to Elly.

GREGORY

Show dad one of your magic tricks!

ELLY

I'm sure he isn't interested in magic like a little boy is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHN

You never know... I'm still easily amused.

Elly laughs a little at this.

ELLY

Okay... Well... I just do a small one.

Elly takes out a coin.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Watch it...

Gregory follows the coin closely. Elly holds it up in between her thumb and middle finger. She then reaches with her other hand and takes it. She opens her other hand to show that the coin is gone. She opens her other hand. The coin is not there either.

GREGORY

Where'd it go?

ELLY

Your father has it.

John looks confused.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Your right breast pocket.

John reaches into his right breast pocket. He pulls out the coin. He laughs in amazement.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Told you so.

JOHN

That's a really good trick. How do you do it?

ELLY

Magicians aren't allowed to reveal their secrets.

GREGORY

Elly's really good, isn't she dad?

JOHN

Yes, she is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HAROLD

Well she should be. She's checked out every beginner's magic book we have to offer. I just didn't know how well she was at it.

ELLY

You never asked, Harold. Oh John, if you do want to learn that trick, I can recommend a few books.

HAROLD

This boy likes to read. He's working through the entire collection alphabetically.

JOHN

I'm only up to the B's though. This will give me more motivation to get to the M's though.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TREMONT HOUSE - THE KITCHEN

Everybody is sitting at the dinner table. They are eating and chatting. It's very nice and cozy. Every once and a while, Elly and Harold share a quick, flirting glance.

JOHN

So Elly, my wife here is convinced that you are a mind reader of sorts.

LUCILLE

John!

ELLY

No, it's okay. To be quite honest with you, Mr. Tremont, I'm not a mind reader. Not intentionally. I don't know what it is though. I've learned to open my mind up more than the usual person. And when a person learns to open up their minds, they can pick up signals from other people. Sort of emissions from their brains. The human brain gives off electric rays and currents. It's quite possible that when a person accepts him or herself for who he or she is... There are a number of things a person can do. That's why I'm a believer in Wiccan tradition.

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CONTINUED:

JOHN

Wiccan... isn't that some sort of witch coven?

ELLY

No... well... not exactly. Wiccan's believe that everything is connected in life. Through man, through nature. And we embrace it all. We accept life and we flourish from it. Wiccanism isn't about casting spells or brewing up concoctions in a gigantic pot. It's about opening up your mind to nature, and respecting everything and everyone. But since we act stranger than others do, we're automatically labeled as witches.

JOHN

But you do hold rituals, right?

ELLY

Yes... but you have to think... Is that anymore different than reading a prayer... or going to church?

JOHN

So you're saying that Wiccanism is a religion?

ELLY

In a way... sure.

JOHN

Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to persecute you. I'm just trying to understand it.

ELLY

Then I thank you. Because you're the first person to do so. Everybody else just labels you as an evil witch... then you're burned at the stake.

LUCILLE

John doesn't go to church anymore...

ELLY

Lost your faith have you?

JOHN

No... I still have faith in God... I still believe in him... I just don't believe in religion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAROLD

How can you believe in God and not religion?

JOHN

I don't really think God cares what you call worship towards him. As long as you acknowledge his existence and love him... I'm sure he would love you back. I just don't believe in labels.

ELLY

(Jokingly)

Well... be careful whom you tell that to. You may find yourself burning on a stake next to me.

LUCILLE

I don't really mind if he doesn't go or not. I agree with him in some cases. I mean, with the whole witch hunt thing... preachers and such had taken this gigantic high and mighty stance. They felt like it's their way or Hell. And all they do in their sermons now is tell us how bad we all are. How we're not living up to God's expectations. And I just feel like that's wrong. I mean... if God is really so angered by the way we live our lives, then why are we still here? You don't think God could wipe us out and start all over again?

HAROLD

Well... many people don't believe God is a vigilante person...

LUCILLE

So... what was the whole story about Noah's Ark for? Was it an accident? No. God said, I've made a mistake... now I need to start over. But I've made some good choices here and here, so I'll keep them. So Noah built his boat and God cleaned the slate. He started over.

HAROLD

Wow... You two are very convincing speakers. But what about Gregory? How will he learn of the Lord's way?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GREGORY

Daddy and I read from the Bible every Sunday.

HAROLD

You do?

JOHN

Yeah... I mean, other than have my son judged in some church... I'll just read him the stories as they were intended to be read. Then we talk about what we think about the stories and what they mean.

HAROLD

What's your favorite part of the Bible, Gregory?

GREGORY

I like the beginning... Where God builds the world.

HAROLD

And why is that?

GREGORY

I dunno... I just thought it was neat that one guy made so much stuff. I mean... You look at trees and birds... I don't know if I would've been able to make up all of that stuff. So I'm glad he did.

HAROLD

What about you Elly? What's the Wiccan's stance on God?

ELLY

Well... I can't speak for all Wiccan's... but if God made nature and everything like it... he's okay in my book.

John, Lucille, and Harold laugh a little. Gregory just kind of stares at them. He shrugs it off and eats a little more.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TREMONT HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

John walks back into the kitchen.

JOHN

Okay... He's in bed.

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CONTINUED:

HAROLD

I'm sorry for bring up all of that religion talk up in front of him...

JOHN

No... it's okay. That's why we talk to him about religion. So he's prepared for conversations like that. Although, Elly, you seem to have him pretty interested in Wiccanism now. He told me before he went to sleep, "Can Elly teach me to read minds like the Wicked's?"

Elly and the others laugh at this.

ELLY

I won't force any ideas onto your child, John. Don't worry about that.

JOHN

Elly, I wouldn't be worried at all if you talked to him about it.

LUCILLE

John... Are you sure that you want that?

JOHN

I don't see why not. Wiccan's accept everyone and everything. I think it'd be good to teach him to be open minded at a young age. It's not like we're forcing him to convert or anything. He's a smart kid. He can make up his own mind.

ELLY

I'll just teach him nature things. I'll leave out the dancing around a fire naked and drinking chicken's blood.

Everybody stops dead in their tracks. They stare at Elly.

ELLY (CONT'D)

I was kidding.

They all laugh, with almost a bit of relief on their face.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Well... about the chicken blood part at least.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TREMONT HOUSE - LATER

Harold is drawing Elly's profile.

ELLY

I've never had anybody draw my face before. I think they've all been too afraid.

HAROLD

(Coyly, jokingly)
Well, you never will have a drawing of your face if you keep on moving.

ELLY

Sorry...

HAROLD

It's okay...

Harold draws a little bit more, then he stops.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Okay.. All done.

He holds up the picture. It's a beautiful pencil drawing of Elly's profile. It's almost picture perfect (This would be the picture we saw in Book of Shadows). Elly looks elated.

ELLY

It's wonderful! Do I really look this good?

HAROLD

And then some.

Elly looks up at Harold. She smiles softly.

John and Lucille sit at the other end of the table.

JOHN

(Whispering to Lucille)
Do you sense a bit of...

John gestures towards them. Lucille smiles.

LUCILLE

Definitely.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREMONT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The snowing has stopped. Elly and Harold step outside. They thank John and Lucille for a great time. They start to walk off together.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They reach Elly's house out in the woods. Elly smiles.

ELLY

Thank you for walking me home, Harold.

HAROLD

No problem... (He hesitates, then:) Do you think we might do this again sometime?

ELLY

(Jokingly)

What? Walking me home?

HAROLD

No no no... I mean.. You and me... Having dinner...

ELLY

Harold Williams... are you asking me out on a date?

HAROLD

Well...

ELLY

Because if you are, then I am most likely going to have to say yes.

HAROLD

How about tomorrow night then?

ELLY

Tomorrow night is fine.

HAROLD

I'll see you then.

ELLY

Good night, Harold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elly leans forward and kisses him on the cheek. Harold beams with delight. Elly walks up to her house and walks inside, glancing back just once with a smile on her face.

Harold just stares at her with his beaming smile. We see the light disappear as the door shuts.

HAROLD

Good night, Elly Kedward.

He walks off into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TREMONT HOUSE - DAY

Lucille is walking around the house. She is picking up clothing, washing the table off, normal house work. She walks to the back of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TREMONT HOUSE - GREGORY'S ROOM

Lucille knocks, then walks insdie.

LUCILLE

Gregory, I would appreciate it if you-

She cuts off. Her eyes widen.

Gregory is on the floor. He's pale and sweaty, shaking.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS- DAY

Lucille is carrying Gregory through the woods. She looks panicked. She reaches Elly's house and knocks on the door frantically. Elly opens the door. Lucille looks at her helplessly.

LUCILLE

Gregory's sick.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLY'S HOUSE- DAY

Elly puts some alcohol on a cloth. She rubs a little on Gregory's sweaty arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLY

You're going to feel a little prick, then some pressure. It shouldn't hurt too badly, okay?

Gregory nods his head weakly. A small rash is on his face and arms.

Elly takes a syringe and inserts the needle into Gregory's arm. Gregory winces a little, but doesn't say anything. She draws a little blood from him. She pulls the needle out and puts a small piece of cloth over his arm.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Just hold it there for a little bit. I'll get you a bandage.

Elly puts the syringe down on her table. She takes some gauze out. She wraps his arm up semi-tightly. She then takes the syringe and empties the blood out into a bottle.

LUCILLE

What are you doing?

She squirts some fluid inside of the bottle. It's a dye of sorts. The blood turns a blue-ish purple. She frowns.

ELLY

Well... this little boy has smallpox.

LUCILLE

So... is he going to be alright?

ELLY

I'll give him some antibiotics. It's only a mild case. He'll be okay.

She pulls out another syringe and fills up a few CC's of antibiotic.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Gregory, are you ready for another one of these?

Gregory nods a little.

ELLY (CONT'D)

This will only take one second.

She unwraps his arm. She injects him with the antibiotic. She then wraps his arm back up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLY (CONT'D)

It was early enough, so I think he'll be okay. But he may not be the only one with it.

LUCILLE

What are you going to do?

ELLY

Well... I guess the only thing I can do is to tell Travis Foreman that we may have a problem.

She doesn't seem thrilled with this idea.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

Elly knocks on his door.

Travis, a smug looking, slightly overweight man looks up. His face is sweaty and splotchy. His demeanor is a bit wavy, as if he's been working on a bottle of gin for the better part of the day. He sees who it is, then looks back down at his paperwork.

TRAVIS

(Unenthusiastic, annoyed)

Hello Elly. Sacrificed any small woodland creatures today?

ELLY

Har har, Travis. Listen, we have a problem...

TRAVIS

Do we?

ELLY

I think there might be an epidemic of smallpox affecting the children... or at least a strong possibility of it.

TRAVIS

And what makes you think that?

ELLY

Because I just treated a young boy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS

(Very annoyed now)

You did what? What gives you the right to treat people?

ELLY

If you'd like, I'll go back to my home and grab my doctorate...

TRAVIS

Elly, just because you have a piece of paper, it doesn't make you a doctor. A man can own a church, but it doesn't make him God.

ELLY

No... but if you don't get off of your lazy hide and do something about it right now, you'll have the deaths of 20 young children on your hands.

TRAVIS

And what makes you think it won't clear up on it's own?

ELLY

What makes you so sure it will?

TRAVIS

Elly, I'm one doctor in a small town. I may not have a lot of patients, but the one's I do are a handful. I can't bother with testing 20 young children for a disease they may or may not have.

ELLY

It won't be so bad. For those who don't have it, we can make sure they don't get it ever again. There's this method I read about. Engrafting... We can work together and-

TRAVIS

Elly, the day that I work with you is the day I sprout wings and fly. Please leave my office.

ELLY

How is it that a man can choose a profession where it's his job to save lives... but he doesn't care about the people one way or another?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVIS
(Enraged)
Get out of my office right now!

Elly looks annoyed now. She storms out of his office.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

Elly walks out of the office. Lucille is waiting for her.

ELLY
I swear there is no way of getting
through to that man...

LUCILLE
What are we going to do?

ELLY
Well... I guess the only thing to do is
treat them myself. I don't know how I'm
going to convince them. Most of the
townspeople think I'm crazy. Some sort of
witch...

LUCILLE
I can help you. Maybe if we both approach
them, we can convince them...

ELLY
I'm sure the parents would rather listen
to me than letting their children die...
Okay... fine... We'll hold a town meeting
tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN - TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

A small carriage pulls up. A man gets out of the carriage
carrying a couple of bags. He looks around. He's very prim,
well-dressed man. A cross hangs from his neck. He's also very
snobbish looking. This is THOMAS ATKINS.

Thomas walks towards the church. He enters it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHURCH - NIGHT

A priest is straightening up inside of the church. Thomas
walks up to him. The priest smiles politely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIEST

May I help you, sir?

THOMAS

I'm Father Thomas Atkins. I've come in from Massachusetts.

The priest looks at his flashy attire. He shoots him an even glance.

PRIEST

Father eh?

THOMAS

Yes... I just wanted to ask you a few questions, then I'll be on my way.

PRIEST

Like?

THOMAS

Have you noticed any strange occurrences lately?

PRIEST

No... nothing out of the ordinary usually happens here.

THOMAS

Do you have any recollection of any person here acting in an odd way?

PRIEST

I have plenty of those. The occasional drunk will wander in here and try to sleep it off on the benches. What is this all about anyway?

THOMAS

I'll get to the point. Do you know of any person living in this town who may or may not be witch?

PRIEST

Well... that's a very odd question.

THOMAS

Sir, we have done much work in Salem. We have uncovered many witches since we started. And I've been travelling all over searching for any wicked influences on towns so that I may rid them of their evil impurities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRIEST

Excuse me, father, but I don't care for your tone very much. This is a quiet town. We don't have any trouble here and we don't need any. If you're looking to stir up some trouble, you're in the wrong place. We're a small, quiet town. We don't bother anyone, and we most assuredly do not have any witches living in our town. Good day.

THOMAS

I'm sorry if I came off as rude. I'm a man of God like you. My only intention is to help you and the residents of this town. I meant no harm.

PRIEST

(Not charmed at all)

Well, we very well appreciate it. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a lot of work to do...

THOMAS

Just one last question. Do you know where I could find a room for the night?

CUT TO:

INT. THE TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Lucille stands in front a group of people.

LUCILLE

I'd like to thank you all for coming tonight. Elly Kedward has some important news to share with you.

There's a small murmur from within the group of people. Mostly, it seems negative. Elly walks in front of them.

ELLY

I know none of you think too highly of me. Part of that is thanks to Dr. Foreman... who I see is missing from the crowd tonight. But I assure you that I'm none of the things he says I am. I come to you with a serious issue tonight. Mrs. Tremont's son had a mild case of small pox. I treated him... but at the same time... I fear that this may only be the beginning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's another murmur from within the crowd.

ELLY (CONT'D)

I want to assure you that my intentions are pure. Dr. Foreman wishes to ignore this matter. But I wish to treat them. If any of you think that your child is showing signs of smallpox, come to me. I will test the child's blood to see if he or she is infected. If she is not, I would like to inject them with a small dose of the virus.

There's an excited/outraged clamoring from the crowd. One man stands up.

MAN

And how exactly is that supposed to keep our children safe?

ELLY

In Great Britain, a woman by the name of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu introduced a way of treating smallpox. She had learned it from a Turkish group. By taking a small dose of the virus and injecting into her child's bloodstream, this triggered an effect. The body fought off the smallpox virus, therefore strengthening her immune system towards it. That way at the first sign of smallpox, the body would be prepared. This prevented her child from getting anymore than mild case from time to time. If your child has a mild case of smallpox, I will treat it with antibiotics.

WOMAN

What about the virus you inject them with? Won't they need antibiotics for that?

ELLY

No... that strain is subdued to the point that the body can take care of it without any further help.

The crowd talks amongst themselves.

ELLY (CONT'D)

My only concern is for you children. I won't make you take a group vote on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLY(CONT'D)

But if you want to insure your child's safety, I strongly urge you to take up my offer. That's all I have to say.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

A man knocks on the door. Elly opens the door.

ELLY

Hello Robert.

The man, Robert, nods nervously.

ROBERT

I wanted to make sure that my Beth was safe.

Elly smiles.

ELLY

Bring her in.

CUT TO:

- CURING THE CHILDREN MONTAGE

INT. ELLY'S HOUSE

We see Elly drawing blood from the child. The scene fades into Elly testing the blood of a different child. This fades to Elly giving a different child an injection of the smallpox immunization. We fade between different people and different children being tested and treated.

END OF MONTAGE -

CUT TO:

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Elly is at a different person's home. She is talking to the mother of the child.

WOMAN

Do you think you could help Henry?

ELLY

I would be more than happy to help young Henry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Do you use needles and... stuff like that?

ELLY

Yes, I'm afraid that's the only way to inject the virus.

WOMAN

I'm not too good around needles.

ELLY

If you want, I can take Henry to my home myself, we can do the test and treatment, then I can bring him back for you.

The woman considers this. She then nods.

WOMAN

Henry... can you come here?

A young boy walks out. He is a little pale. He looks up at Elly.

ELLY

Hello Henry.

HENRY

Hi.

WOMAN

This woman is a doctor. She's going to take you to her office and make sure you aren't sick.

HENRY

Umm... okay. I'm gonna get my coat.

The woman smiles as the boy runs off.

WOMAN

Thank you very much for this.

ELLY

I'm just glad to be helping out for once.

WOMAN

Listen, any rumors or anything like that... I never really believed in...

ELLY

It's fine. You don't have to feel bad either way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The woman smiles a little. Henry comes running out of the house with his coat on.

ELLY (CONT'D)

This should only take about twenty minutes to a half-hour.

WOMAN

Okay... Henry... You be good.

HENRY

'Kay, mom.

ELLY

We'll be right back.

Elly takes Henry by the hand. They start walking towards the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GENERAL STORE

Thomas walks out of the general store. He looks around.

From his POV, we see Elly and Henry walking into the woods.

Thomas' eyes narrow a little, suspicious of this. He takes off after them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLY'S HOUSE

Thomas walks up to a window. He peers inside.

Elly drawing blood from the child's arm.

Thomas grits his teeth, pulling himself away from the window.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLY'S HOUSE- DAY

Elly is wrapping Henry's arm up in gauze. Suddenly, the door is kicked in. Thomas rushes into the room, grabbing Elly by her hair. He drags her away from a screaming Henry. Elly cries out.

THOMAS

Shut up, witch!

He slams her up against her table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLY
I'm not a witch!

THOMAS
I saw you! You should be ashamed! Spawn
of Satan!

ELLY
You're hurting me!

THOMAS
Don't say another word, or I'll cut your
throat right her.

Elly whimpers, but other than that, makes no sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN SQUARE - SUNSET

Thomas has tied Elly's hands behind her back. He holds her in one hand. A small bruise is starting to form on Elly's face where he slammed her into the table. In the other hand, he holds Henry by the arm. He gets in the middle of the town and throws Elly to the ground. She hits the ground with a groan.

THOMAS
(Screaming out)
Witch! There has been a witch in your
midst!

People slowly start to come out of their houses. The people on the street just stare.

Thomas looks enraged.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You people have lied to me! You told me
there were no witches in Blair! But look!
LOOK! I found a witch! She was right
under your nose and you didn't even know
it!

People start to gather around him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TREMON HOUSE

John and Lucille come out their house. Lucille realizes what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCILLE

No!

She runs the best she can towards the Town Square.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TOWN SQUARE

Thomas holds the boy in front of him.

THOMAS

The witch was drawing blood from this young man. I saw it with my very own eyes! Check your children's arms! There might be puncture marks from where this woman was stealing blood from them.

ELLY

I wasn't stealing their blood.

THOMAS

Shut up!

Thomas kicks Elly painfully in the side. She groans and falls over.

John, Lucille, and Gregory reach the Town Square. They look terrified.

JOHN

What are you doing?

THOMAS

I am convicting this woman of witchcraft!

JOHN

And who are you?

THOMAS

Father Thomas Atkins. I've come from Salem Massachusetts where we have uncovered many witches. Now I have uncovered one right here!

JOHN

Witch hunting was outlawed nearly thirty years ago!

THOMAS

What are you? Some sort of expert on witches?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

No. I'm a person who knows that beating an old woman and humiliating her is wrong. And that accusing her of witchcraft is illegal!

Thomas scoffs.

THOMAS

I don't need a piece of paper to tell me what my duty to these people are. Satan is everywhere, and no law is going to keep me from stopping him!

VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE

(These are townspeople without children, of course, most of them are intoxicated)
Burn her! Kill her!

JOHN

She's not a witch!

THOMAS

Oh... and what proof do you have?

JOHN

What proof do you have?

THOMAS

I saw her drawing blood from these children.

LUCILLE

She's a doctor!

THOMAS

What kind of doctor pulls the blood out of children's bodies?

LUCILLE

She was helping them...

THOMAS

Helping them? Ma'am, excuse me, but this was no help. She was draining these children of their lives for God's sake!

Harold runs up to Thomas.

HAROLD

You take your hands off of her right now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Thomas pulls out a pistol. He presses it against Harold's chest.

THOMAS

Interfering with me is punishable by death. Are you ready to face those consequences?

ELLY

(Weakly)
Don't Harold....

THOMAS

And that goes for the rest of you!

LUCILLE

(To the townspeople)
Please! You have to tell him he's wrong!

We see the townspeople. We can't tell they want to say something... but they don't. They are ashamed, but they still won't say anything.

Lucille gets an incredulous look on her face.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

What is the matter with you people? She saved your children's lives!

TOWNSPERSON (O.S.)

Shut up, witch lover!

Thomas turns the gun on Lucille.

THOMAS

Why do you care so much for this woman?
Are you a witch just like her?

Thomas looks her over.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Pregnant too... such a pity...

Thomas cocks the gun. John suddenly runs up to tackle Thomas. Thomas fires once. John is hit in the shoulder. John stops dead in his tracks, eyes wide. He then collapses to his knees. He looks around.

We see the crowd stare in silent shock.

John looks over at Elly.

Elly is crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELLY

No...

John just stares at Elly, not quite understanding what just happened.

Lucille just stares at him in disbelief. Suddenly it hits her. She starts sobbing.

Thomas looks around. He still looks irate. This is obviously a very irrational man. He opens the chamber of his gun, pulling out a gun powder pouch.

John looks back at Elly. He takes a deep breath. It pains him, but he manages to say:

JOHN

I'm so.... sorry...

John collapses to his side. He is only unconscious.

Thomas is reloading his gun.

Lucille is kneeling down next John. She cries painfully.

Gregory just stands in shock. He can't comprehend fully what's happening.

Thomas finishes loading his gun.

THOMAS

Elly Kedward, damn you for making me waste that poor man's life. Burning is too good for such a lowly being like you. I'm banishing you from these parts. Forever. Leave now.

Elly slowly raises to her feet.

ELLY

If it will get you out of this town, I'd gladly eat fire and glass.

She spits in his face. She then starts walking away, her hands still tied behind her back.

Gregory is finally starting to realize what's happening. He starts crying softly.

GREGORY

No...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Gregory runs up to Elly. He wraps his arms around Elly crying. It's just a simple gesture than means so much. He's much too young to understand any of this, but he understands completely. He's thanking her for being in his life... and saving his own. He's saying he's sorry for these people, but there is nothing he can do. And Elly understands every bit of this gesture. She closes her eyes. Then she walks into the woods.

Thomas smiles smugly. He turns around.

Thomas walks up to John and kneels by him. He takes his pulse. Lucille begins to beat him with her fists.

LUCILLE

Get off of him, you monster!

THOMAS

He's still alive. He probably just passed out from the pain.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Travis is wrapping up John. We see a tray laying next to him. In it, is a small bowl with the bloody bullet in it. John is awake now, but in a little pain.

TRAVIS

You're luck the bullet only hit your shoulder.

John doesn't respond to this.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

The bullet was clean too, so I don't think there will be any infection...

John still doesn't say anything. He looks very angry.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Listen... I didn't like Elly. That's no secret. And when I called her a witch, I was just kidding. It was just a cruel taunt. She didn't deserve that. Nobody does.

JOHN

It's a little too late for that now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS

Listen... I know you and your family cared about her. They're sending a small group of men out to Elly's house to make sure she has left for good. The only reason I'm telling you this is that I don't want to see her hurt anymore than she already has. And I know for sure that you don't want that to happen either. And if these men catch her, she will be hurt.

John thinks this over. And simply just nods.

CUT TO:

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John is gathering some warm clothes together.

LUCILLE

I don't know why you want to go out there.

JOHN

Because if I'm not there, Elly's going to die. Plain and simple.

Lucille sighs and walks away from him. John starts towards the door.

GREGORY (O.S.)

Daddy...?

John looks over. Gregory walks from his room. He looks as if he's been crying.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Find Elly's Twana. If you see her, give it to her. It keeps her safe.

JOHN

Twana?

GREGORY

It's a stick figure.

JOHN

I will...

GREGORY

Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN - NIGHT

John is walking down the road. Harold walks up to him.

HAROLD
I'm coming with you.

JOHN
Fine by me...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLY'S HOUSE

John and Harold walk up to Elly's house. Three men stand guard. They all have guns.

MAN #1
Who's there?

JOHN
John Tremont and Harold Miller.

HAROLD
The library guys.

MAN #2
What do you want?

JOHN
We're just going to make sure you trigger happy idiots don't blow off some person's head in the woods.

MAN #1
Oh... har har har.

John walks up to Elly's house. He looks at it. Then he starts to open the front door.

MAN #3
What do you think you're doing?

JOHN
I'm going to look around in here for clues.

MAN #3
What clues?

JOHN
I'll tell you when I find them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John walks inside. The man follows him in.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLY'S HOUSE

John looks around. The man walks in behind him.

MAN #3

Listen... I'm not supposed to let anybody
in here...

JOHN

I won't tell anybody.

MAN #3

I was told to make sure nobody goes into
this house under any circumstance.

JOHN

No, you were told to watch out for Elly
Kedward. Do I look like Elly Kedward?

MAN #3

No...

JOHN

Okay then... Get out of here.

John looks around some more. He stops on something.

The Twana is hanging on the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS

Elly walks alone in the woods. Her hands are still tied
behind her back. She is completely silent. Suddenly a group
of four men jump out and grab her.

MAN #4

Hey there!

MAN #5

Where are you going?

ELLY

Leave me alone.

MAN #4

Grab her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They grab Elly and throw her up against a tree.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLY'S HOUSE

John walks up to the Twana and picks it up. He looks at it deeply.

The man puts his lantern down on the table.

MAN #3

What the hell is that?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS

A rope being tied around Elly's neck. They wrap the rope around a branch. They then start to pull up on the rope, hanging her from a tree.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLY'S HOUSE

The man grabs the Twana out of John's hands.

MAN #3

What is this? Some sort of witch trinket?

JOHN

Put that down!

MAN #3

You want to say that again?

JOHN

I said, put it down!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS

All Elly can do is struggle as the air is forced out of her body. Her face is turning red.

The boys are throwing rocks at her. They are chanting the word, "Witch."

CUT TO:

INT. ELLY'S HOUSE

The man is taunting John.

MAN #3
Oh... you want this back?

JOHN
Yes!

MAN #3
Well then...

The man breaks the stick man in two on his knee. Then into fourths. He throws them to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS

Elly stops struggling. She just hangs loosely from her noose. Dead. Motionless.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLY'S HOUSE

John just stares at the man.

JOHN
You stupid...

MAN #3
Oh I'm sorry... did I break your toy?

Suddenly the lantern goes out. The door slams shut. John and the man just stare at each other in the dark.

JOHN
You probably shouldn't have done that...

John is suddenly thrown backwards by an unseen force. He goes crashing through the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLY'S HOUSE

John lands on the ground. He is dazed. He grimaces, grabbing his shoulder. He looks up.

We see from his groggy POV the other two men and Harold running towards the shack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John manages to cough up a word.

JOHN
(Strangled, wavy)
Harold.

Harold stops and looks back at John as the other two men enter the shack. Harold runs up to him.

HAROLD
Are you okay?

JOHN
No...

Suddenly, we hear screaming. They look up.

We can only see shadows from the broken window. We see the men being tossed around. Screaming and crying for help. Suddenly it all goes silent. One arm flails out the window and just hangs there, motionless. There's blood on it. The hand is slowly pulled back into the shack.

Harold and John stare in shock. Harold helps John to his feet. Harold runs towards the shack.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Harold, no!

Harold tries the knob on the door. It won't work.

John walks up to him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Harold, I think we're out here for a reason.

HAROLD
Maybe they're still alive...

JOHN
Trust me... they aren't. Let's just go...

John and Harold stare back at the shack one last time, then head off into the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GENERAL STORE - THE NEXT DAY

Lucille is picking out items from the fruit rack again. She looks emotionless. Drained of all care for the town or her life in it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A man walks into the store.

MAN

Let me get some pipe tobacco, Eddie.

Edward, the clerk, picks up a pouch of tobacco and starts to fill it.

MAN (CONT'D)

Good thing we got rid of the witch... God knows what she could've done to our families and children. Getting rid of her was the best thing to ever happen to this town.

Lucille is clenching her fists tightly. Tears well up in her eyes. She runs out of the store, bursting out crying.

The man watches her run out. He turns to Edward, who's just staring at him dryly.

MAN (CONT'D)

What's her problem?

EDWARD

(Coldly)
Get out of here...

MAN

What?

EDWARD

Get out of my store! Now!

MAN

There's something seriously wrong with you.

The man storms out of the store.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Snow is falling again. Lucille runs through the snow, crying.

She runs up to the house. She takes a minute to collect herself. Then she opens the door and walks in quickly.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE - DAY

Lucille walks in looking at the ground at first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCILLE

Honey, I've thought this long and hard I think we need to-

She looks up.

We see John and Gregory packing their stuff up.

Lucille kind of just stares.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Move...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN - DAY

We see the carriage going down the road. It's carrying John, Lucille, and Gregory out of town. It disappears off into the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

A group of men are searching the woods. With them are Thomas and Harold. They are searching for the three missing men. Suddenly Thomas stops dead in his tracks.

We see the three men, hanging from trees. They are about fifteen feet off of the ground and they have been disemboweled. Strange runic symbols have been carved into their bodies.

Thomas looks terrified. Harold shakes his head grimly. He's not too upset, but it is still the loss of human life.

HAROLD

All for the greater good, eh?

THOMAS

What are we going to do?

HAROLD

(Sarcastically, with a hint of anger)

I don't know... This town is good with forgetting... They'll come up with something, I'm sure.

Harold walks away from them all.

CUT TO:

INT. A DIFFERENT HOME - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: "BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. 4 MONTHS LATER."

Lucille is writing in a journal. We hear a baby cry. She walks over to the crib and pulls out a little girl. She rocks it back and forth, shushing it softly. The baby continues to cry.

LUCILLE

It's okay... It's okay...

FADE TO:

INT. A MORE MODERN HOME - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: "JUNE 24TH, 1940, BURKITTSVILLE."

We see a man holding Lucille's journal. He reads it intently. The man puts the book down. He takes a deep breath. This ALEX TREMONT. He puts the journal down on the nightstand next to him. He runs his hand through his hair. He is in his mid-twenties. Good looking, if not a little rough around the edges. He is a kind and good-natured man (It didn't skip his generation). He turns off the lamp next to him. We are immersed in darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURKITTSVILLE - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Alex walks down the road in a prison guard's outfit. People greet him as he walks down the street. He obliges them right back.

We see a man, RUSTIN PARR, walking down the street coming towards him. Rustin is in his late thirties. He's not necessarily dirty, but far from clean. He also isn't the swiftest drift in the ocean. It is very apparent that people are courteous towards Rustin, though really want no part to do with him. Rustin nods towards Alex.

Alex nods back with a smile.

ALEX

How's it going there, Rustin?

RUSTIN

Same as it ever was, Alex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex laughs a little, then walks into the town sheriff's office.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERRIF'S OFFICE - DAY

Alex walks up to the receptionist area. The receptionist RITA (Forty, a little hefty) is typing up a report.

ALEX
Hello darling...

RITA
You're a little sweet talker, you know that, Alex Tremont?

ALEX
(Grinning)
Know it? I take pride in it, honey. How are we doing today, Rita?

RITA
We're doing just fine. How about yourself?

ALEX
I can't complain.

RITA
Well, the day is still young.

ALEX
How are our prisoners?

RITA
Our *prisoner* is just fine.

ALEX
Only one?

RITA
Our biggest guest has paid another visit.

ALEX
He didn't throw up all over the place again did he?

RITA
Let me put it this way...

She pushes a mop out in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Jesus... Why doesn't Harris take care of this kind of stuff?

RITA

One of the perks of being sheriff I guess...

Alex groans and takes the mop into the holding cells in the back of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELLS

Alex walks in and looks around. He sniffs the air. He cringes a little.

He walks up to the cell holding the inmate, RIVERS (Fifties, not too clean himself, the perpetual drunk). Rivers is asleep. Alex raps the mop handle on the bars and wakes him up. Rivers looks up at him and smiles.

ALEX

You'd be doing me a favor if you'd just throw up in the sink like the rest of the drunks, you know that?

RIVERS

(Groggily)

I know I'd be doing ya' a favor. That's why I puke on the floor anyway.

ALEX

That's real sweet. How's your head?

RIVERS

It's throbbing like a son of a gun.

ALEX

Sorry to hear that...

Alex raps the mop handle against the bars loudly a few times. Rivers groans and covers his ears. Alex smiles a little.

RIVERS

You are a cruel, cruel man.

ALEX

You're no saint yourself.

The relationship between the two isn't a hateful one. They know each other. Rivers respects Alex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Alex has sympathy for the old man. Their attitude towards each other is more playful than spiteful.

RIVERS

I am sorry though. I wouldn't have done it if I had known that prick Harris would be making you clean it up.

ALEX

Well, no hard feelings then. But if you are going to toss, make sure it's on Harris next time, okay?

Rivers starts to laugh. Alex smiles and opens the cell door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURKITTSVILLE - TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Alex is walking down the street. The street is pretty much empty. He looks over at something OS.

The woods. They look more dark and ominous than before.

Alex reaches inside his coat pocket and pulls out LUCILLE'S DIARY. He looks at it briefly, then back at the woods. He sighs.

ALEX

(To himself)

You must be out of your mind.

He shakes his head.... then walks towards the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLACK HILLS - NIGHT

Alex walks around. It's very dark out. We hear crickets chirping. Birds occasionally call out. Alex starts to get nervous.

ALEX

What the hell are you doing, Alex.

Alex turns around.

Rustin is standing there. Alex screams a little, falling backwards. He lies there for a second.

RUSTIN

You okay, Alex?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

Wonderful.

Rustin helps Alex up.

ALEX (CONT'D)

God, Rustin... You nearly scared three years off of my life...

RUSTIN

You shouldn't be out here so late.

ALEX

I know...

RUSTIN

Lot's of dangerous things out here. It's breeding season for wolves. Wolves get angry when they're in heat.

ALEX

Well... I came prepared.

Alex pats his service revolver with a smile. Rustin smiles.

RUSTIN

What are you doing out here anyway?

ALEX

Just recollecting...

RUSTIN

About what?

ALEX

My family...

There's nothing but silence for a beat.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What about you, Rustin? Where's your family?

RUSTIN

I ain't got any. My aunt died a little while ago. My brother was dead before her. My uncle moved to Baltimore a couple of months ago.

ALEX

I'm sorry to hear about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSTIN

It happens. That's how life is, I guess.

They share a moment of uncomfortable silence.

RUSTIN (CONT'D)

Do you drink?

ALEX

Sometimes... when the moment's right...

RUSTIN

I just got some whiskey back at my place... I'd be more than willing to share if you want.

ALEX

I guess the moment's right then.

RUSTIN smiles again. He's shy. Almost painfully shy. He's kept to himself most of his life, and it has taken its toll on his social skills.

RUSTIN

Just follow me.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex and Rustin walk up to the house.

ALEX

Jeez Rustin.. this is bigger than what I've got.

RUSTIN

Yeah... It took me some time...

ALEX

You did a good job.

RUSTIN

Yeah... It's a big place, but kind of lonely. Come on inside.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSTIN'S HOUSE

The place is drastically different from what we saw in the first film. Instead of run down and messy, it's a clean, well-kept place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gas-lanterns burn in various places, keeping the place well lit. Rustin walks inside and over to a cupboard. Alex walks inside and looks around.

ALEX

It's very nice. Cozy...

RUSTIN

Yeah... I feel like it's a bit too much for just me... but it's still special to me.

Rustin gets two glasses and a bottle of whiskey.

RUSTIN (CONT'D)

Family and all...

ALEX

I understand all about that... Trust me...

Rustin pours two glasses of whiskey. Alex sits down on a couch. Rustin walks over and hands him his glass. Rustin sits down in a chair in front of him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Do you ever miss it though?

RUSTIN

What?

ALEX

I don't know... being in a town... around people...

RUSTIN

Not really... I get along fine by myself. Sometimes you can be your own best company. Ain't really much for me to miss.

ALEX

Yeah... well... It's not like I'm living with anybody myself... so I know how that goes.

Alex raises his glass. Rustin clinks his against Alex's. Alex takes a small sip, as does Rustin.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Don't you ever get scared though?

RUSTIN

Scared of what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX

Well... you know the reputation this place has... The witch and everything...

Rustin chuckles to himself.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What?

RUSTIN

It just cracks me up. That's all everybody tells me. "The witch is gonna get ya' one of these days." "You better watch out for Elly Kedward! She'll kill ya' in your sleep!" People are funny...

ALEX

Yeah... Sometimes I think the only thing haunted in this town are the minds of the people who live in it. Imagination can be a very scary thing.

Alex thinks this over, then pulls out the journal.

RUSTIN

What's that?

ALEX

Well... my great great great great great great... wait... I think that's too many greats... Anyway... one of my oldest relatives used to live in Burkittsville when it was still Blair.

RUSTIN

Wow...

ALEX

(Smiling, as if this is the greatest story he has ever told)

And she was friends with Elly Kedward...

Rustin just stares at him for a second. Finally:

RUSTIN

You're kidding me?

ALEX

No, I'm not. She chronicled every meeting she ever had with Elly... and the events leading up to her banishment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RUSTIN

That's all in there?

ALEX

It is... I've never showed anybody this. I figured they'd all laugh at me and call it nonsense. But I thought you might enjoy reading it sometime...

Rustin slowly looks away with an ashamed look on his face.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

RUSTIN

Mr. Tremont... that's very kind of you to offer and everything... but I ain't the world's best reader. I can hardly write my own name. I'm a little slow you see and... I never had the proper schooling I needed and...

ALEX

Oh... Well... Don't be ashamed about it. I mean, I'm sure you had to help out around the house and everything.

Rustin nods his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Well don't feel bad... I understand completely. But how about this... I'll come up once and a while... and I'll read to you from the diary. I think you'd like this story. Plus I think both of us could use the company.

Rustin thinks this over. He smiles and takes a drink.

RUSTIN

I think I would enjoy that very much, Mr. Tremont.

Alex smiles. He opens the diary.

ALEX

Well... Here... I'll start with the first page...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He begins to read from the diary. The frame fades to black. The last image we are left with are two friends enjoying each other's company.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE- DAY

TITLE CARD: "SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1940."

The leaves are starting to orange and yellow. They fall from the trees slowly. The soft wind picks up the leaves and carries them for a few feet, before they drop to the ground.

We see Rustin leading a young boy by his arm towards the house.

BOY

Let go of me...

Rustin ignores him. The boy thrashes around, trying to bite and kick Rustin.

BOY (CONT'D)

I said let go of me, weirdo...

Rustin knocks on the front door. The boy continues to struggle out of Rustin's grip. A woman answers the door. She is pretty. She's in her early thirties/late twenties. She looks tired and worn out, but she still remains a bit of purity and beauty she might have had at an earlier age.

WOMAN

Oh no... What now?

RUSTIN

Mrs. Brody... I wanted to bring Kyle to you. I found him out in the woods.

MRS. BRODY

What was he doing?

RUSTIN

Ma'am... if you don't mind, I'd like to speak with your husband.

KYLE BRODY'S (Twelve years old, spooky kid) face fills with fear.

KYLE

NO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mrs. Brody scowls at her son.

MRS. BRODY

Hush up, you. Mr. Parr, anything you can tell my husband, you can tell me.

RUSTIN

Well, Mrs. Brody... I found Kyle in the woods and he was doing things to these animals...

MRS. BRODY

What kind of things?

RUSTIN

Well, he was-

Rustin is cut short by the door slamming open. An older man, in his forties, stands before them. He is slightly overweight. He is dressed haggardly. He looks like he has been drinking for a while.

MR. BRODY

Afternoon, Rustin.

RUSTIN

Afternoon, Mr. Brody.

MR. BRODY

What'd the little heathen done now?

Kyle appears to be full of immense fear now. He's afraid of this man very much.

RUSTIN

Well... I don't want to get anybody in trouble...

MR. BRODY

Don't worry about that...

RUSTIN

Well... I found Kyle in the woods doing things to these animals and...

MR. BRODY

Were you in the woods again?

KYLE

(Quietly)
Yes sir...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mr. Brody suddenly backhands Kyle across the face, knocking him to the ground. Rustin flinches

RUSTIN

Sir... I don't really think you should do-

MR. BRODY

I don't really think it's any of your business what I do with my children, Mr. Parr. Now tell me what my boy was doing with those animals...

RUSTIN

Well, he was cutting them. Killing them...

Mr. Brody looks enraged. He grabs Kyle by his hair and starts to drag him inside. Rustin tries to protest, but Mr. Brody just shrugs Rustin off. Kyle is screaming at the top of his lungs.

RUSTIN (CONT'D)

Please... no...

Mr. Brody takes Kyle inside and slams the door shut. Mrs. Brody watches this, then looks back at Rustin.

RUSTIN (CONT'D)

Ma'am... I am very sorry... I didn't want for that to happen...

MRS. BRODY

Please go home, Mr. Parr.

RUSTIN

Ma'am... If you'll just let me explain to your husband...

MRS. BRODY

(Coldly)

I think you've done enough for one day. Please leave...

Rustin tries to utter a few more apologies, but none of them go away. Rustin sighs. He never intended on hurting Kyle. He walks away from the porch. As he does so, we can hear Mr. Brody yelling at Kyle. We can also hear him beating Kyle. Rustin closes his eyes as he walks away, trying to drown the sound out. It's a miserable sound. He can't stand to hear it.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex is reading from the diary.

ALEX

"And even though we knew the truth, there was nothing we could do to save her. She was gone. And for this, I will always feel responsible."

He closes the diary.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That's the last entry.

Rustin seems distant.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Rustin doesn't reply.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Rustin?

Rustin breaks out of his trance.

RUSTIN

Hmm? Oh... sorry...

ALEX

Are you okay?

RUSTIN

Yeah... I... I'm just thinking...

ALEX

(Jokingly)

Well that can't be a good thing...

Rustin smiles.

RUSTIN

I'm just feeling bad about something, that's all.

ALEX

What's the matter?

RUSTIN

It's not important... Don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex nods a little. He looks at journal.

ALEX

So I guess Blair had it's own little dark secret.

RUSTIN

We all have our dark little secrets, Mr. Tremont. Some of them too dark.

Alex gets a concerned look on his face.

ALEX

Rustin, whatever you're thinking about... You can tell me...

Rustin thinks this over. He then sighs. He walks over to the couch and sits down next to Alex. He rolls up his right sleeve.

RUSTIN

Do you have any idea what this is?

On Rustin's arm is a rash of sorts. But it oddly resembles a symbol.

Alex is confused.

ALEX

I don't know... Did you run into a patch of poison oak?

RUSTIN

No... It doesn't itch. It showed up before you got here.

ALEX

Maybe you should have a doctor look at it.

Rustin rolls up his sleeve and shrugs.

RUSTIN

I might... It'll probably go away with time though.

Alex smiles and pats Rustin on the shoulder. Rustin smiles back. We fade out once again on two friends.

FADE TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

After a moment, a child screams out.

FADE IN:

EXT. SHERRIF'S OFFICE - DAY

TITLE CARD: "NOVEMBER 13TH, 1940."

A woman and man run up to the front of the office. They run inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERRIF'S OFFICE - DAY

The woman is near hysterics. The man isn't in any better shape as well. They run up to the receptionist's desk.

WOMAN

Rita! My baby's gone!

RITA

What?

WOMAN

Somebody took my Emily!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

There's a small search party in the woods. With them are Alex and Harris. Harris is an older gentleman. He's fit and very hardheaded.

HARRIS

Damn weirdo's all over this place. Hafta' be to steal a child.

ALEX

She probably just ran off into the woods and got lost.

HARRIS

Sure... You can go ahead and think that.

ALEX

Sir, we have to keep a positive outlook on this thing. We don't need to bring these men down anymore than they are.

HARRIS

Fine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex shakes his head and sighs. He's obviously very frustrated with this man.

They continue to search through the woods. The trees are completely bare now. Leaves are scattered all over the place.

We see more shots of the search party covering the woods.

A man kneels down in front of a plant. He reaches out and touches a piece of blue cloth. He looks over at the others.

MAN

Hey! I found something!

The others run over. They stop dead in their tracks when they see what the man has seen.

The cloth flaps in the wind, hanging from a twig. Beneath it are small spatters of blood.

Some of the men look away in disgust and pain. Some just stare in complete shock. Harris looks very grim.

HARRIS

Where's your positive outlook now,
Tremont?

Alex looks away from it. He can't bare to see it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex walks up to the house. It's dark. Unusually dark. He walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He looks around. It seems to be empty.

ALEX

Rustin?

We hear and see nothing. Just everything like we last saw it.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Rustin, are you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's no answer. Alex frowns, then turns around. He exits the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex is walking away from the house when a strong breeze picks up. Alex shivers and turns back towards the house.

We see Alex stare at the house for a moment. He then turns away from it and walks on.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHERRIF'S OFFICE - DAY

TITLE CARD: "MAY 25TH, 1941."

A panning shot over a bulletin board reveals several MISSING posters. There are eight that stand out from the rest. They all have pictures of young children. One of them is Kyle Brody. We hold on this picture.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GENERAL STORE - DAY

Harris is buying a pack of cigarettes. We hear the door open.

We see a pair of dirty boots walk into the store.

Harris turns his attention towards the person.

We see Rustin standing in the doorway. He is covered with dirt and blood. He is wiping his hands together profusely. He looks shocked, but on the verge of tears.

RUSTIN

I... I'm finally finished...

Harris drops the cigarettes and pulls out his gun.

HARRIS

Put your hands up and get on the ground!

Rustin just stares ahead, blankly.

Harris runs up to him and slams him to the ground. He puts handcuffs on Rustin.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERRIF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

Harris and Alex stand in front of Rustin's cell. Rustin stares blankly off into space.

HARRIS

They just dug up seven young kids out of his cellar ground. They found the eighth, Kyle Brody, wandering in the woods, mumbling to himself.

Alex just stares in disbelief.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

That, coupled with his full confession guarantees that this boy is gonna' hang. He deserves it too, if you ask me.

ALEX

Shouldn't we have this conversation elsewhere?

HARRIS

Why? He hasn't said anything since we've brought him in. This boy's gone completely loony. He can't hear a word we're saying.

Alex shakes his head.

ALEX

I still can't believe it.

HARRIS

Well, the proof is there. This child murdering psycho is gonna' die for what he did.

Rustin looks down at the floor.

Alex just stares with shock and disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - FRONT AREA

Alex and Harris walk towards the front desk area.

HARRIS

I'm gonna' hire on some extra help. Just some local boys to watch him at night. I want him under guarded supervision 24 hours a day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX

You can't do that! Those men will tear him apart!

Harris just stares at him.

HARRIS

So?

Alex gets an enraged look on his face.

ALEX

Listen! You are an officer of the law! I will not stand around here and let you hire on men that are going to try to kill this man or harm him in any way!

HARRIS

If you don't like it, than you can turn in your badge and revolver, and we can never speak again.

Alex considers this.

ALEX

Okay... we can hire on extra help... but Tom... Rustin's suffered enough. And he's going to die anyway. Let's just leave it at that.

Harris thinks this over.

HARRIS

Fine... But whatever happens out of my supervision is not my fault. I'm not making any guarantees.

Alex sighs, then walks back to the holding cells.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELLS

Alex sits in front of Rustin's cell.

ALEX

Rustin... Why did you do this?

Rustin doesn't respond.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Rustin, this is me talking to you!
Please!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rustin just stares off at nothing.

Alex groans and looks away.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I don't understand you sometimes.

CUT TO:

INT. A COURTROOM - DAY

It is a typical courtroom setting. We have the plaintiff on one side of the room, and the defendant on the other. At the moment, Kyle is on the stand. The prosecuting attorney is talking to him.

FRANK PASTOR

Kyle... What happened after Mr. Parr took you into the basement.

KYLE

(Nervously, weakly)
He made me stand in the corner.

FLASH CUT TO:

An unknown place. We catch a brief glimpse of a knife.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. THE COURTROOM- DAY

FRANK PASTOR

What did he do after that?

KYLE

He... he killed Emily. He took her insides out.

FLASH CUT TO:

We see the knife with blood on it. We hear a child scream. Still we can't make anything out.

FLASH CUT TO:

A tear rolls down Kyle's cheek.

KYLE (CONT'D)

He held her insides in front of me, saying it had to be done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE (CONT'D)

He kept saying that over and over again.
It had to be done...

FLASH CUT TO:

Various images. The knife. The blood. The screams. KYLE crying on the stand. The screams. The blood. The knife. We finally cut with a fading scream to:

FLASH CUT TO:

The prosecuting attorney approaches Rustin, who is now on stand.

FRANK PASTOR

Mr. Parr... Can you tell the esteemed jury of the court and I what you did to these children?

RUSTIN

(Distant, as if it's not him answering)
I cut them... I took things out of them.

FRANK PASTOR

And why did you do this?

RUSTIN

The voice in my head told me to.

FRANK PASTOR

The voice?

RUSTIN

An old woman, telling me to do things.
Take the children. Cut them. Hurt them.

FRANK PASTOR

You're saying that a voice in your head made you kidnap eight children, then slay seven of them?

RUSTIN

Yes.

FRANK PASTOR

Does this seem like a normal thing to do?

Rustin just stares at the podium.

FRANK PASTOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Parr... Does this seem like a normal thing to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rustin takes a deep breath.

RUSTIN

I guess not.

FRANK PASTOR

And Mr. Parr, do you have anything to say for yourself at this time?

RUSTIN

Well... I guess to the families... I'm sorry... I know that doesn't mean anything now, but I am sorry. I wish I could've stopped. I just couldn't. I'm sorry though. I really am.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERRIF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Alex walks up to the cell. He's carrying a bottle of whiskey with him. As he approaches the cell, Rustin looks up at him. He has recently been beaten. His lip is swollen. His eye is starting to get black.

Alex stops dead in his tracks.

ALEX

Oh Jesus...

He puts the bottle down and opens the cell. He steps inside. He takes a quick look at Rustin.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Does it hurt?

Rustin shakes his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Did they hit you anywhere else?

Rustin shrugs.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What about your stomach? Did they break any ribs?

Alex lifts Rustin's shirt. Rustin tries to stop him, but it's too late. We see a few small bruises and scrapes. The things that stand out the most are the rashes on his chest and stomach. They have become more permanently burned in. They look like scars now. And they resemble symbols.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alex just stares at them.

ALEX (CONT'D)
When did you get these?

Rustin doesn't answer him.

ALEX (CONT'D)
This is like the thing on your arm,
right?

Alex reaches for Rustin's arm. Rustin jerks it away.

RUSTIN
Don't.

ALEX
Rustin, what's going on?

RUSTIN
Nothing! Stay out of it!

Alex stares at him for a moment. He nods, stepping back out of the cell and closing it. He sits down next to the cell. He pours a cup of whiskey for Rustin and holds it out to Rustin. Rustin studies it for a moment, then slowly takes it from Alex.

RUSTIN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

ALEX
I owe you one.

Rustin takes a sip from his drink.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I really wish this didn't have to happen.

RUSTIN
I know.

ALEX
Why did you do it?

RUSTIN
The voice in my head-

ALEX
(Angry)
Oh don't give me that! I know you,
Rustin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX(CONT'D)

And I know that Harris fed you that
"Voice in the head" stuff. Tell me the
truth!

Rustin seems hurt by this outburst. He nurses his drink a
little.

RUSTIN

I don't think this town is interested in
the truth anymore.

ALEX

Forget the town, Rustin! I am!

Rustin looks at him.

RUSTIN

You don't want to know.

ALEX

Tell me, Rustin... I'm your friend... You
can tell me.

Rustin thinks this over. He takes another drink.

RUSTIN

I don't have much anymore, Alex. All I
have is my home, the woods, and God. And
God doesn't seem to be on my side
anymore.

ALEX

What happened out there?

Rustin looks at him.

RUSTIN

I came home one day and... well...
Somebody was there...

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - RUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rustin walks in to find Kyle on the floor. Candles surround
him. He's whispering a chant to himself. Kyle turns around to
him and smiles. Something's different though. His eyes are
white. Completely white. As if his pupils have disappeared.
Kyle raises a knife up and starts to move towards Rustin.

Rustin slowly backs out of his house. He turns around and
runs.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERRIF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

RUSTIN hangs his head low.

RUSTIN

I ran away. I didn't know where I was going. I just knew I had to get away from that boy. I waited for a long time. I lived alone in the woods. I didn't know what to do. One day I went back home though... and he was gone. But there was blood everywhere. Symbols... weird things... Handprints.. little children's handprints.... everywhere...

Alex just listens in total shock.

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - RUSTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Rustin walks down into the basement slowly.

RUSTIN (V.O.)

I knew they were down there. I could see where they were buried. The graves were still fresh.

Rustin grabs a shovel and starts digging up the graves.

RUSTIN (CONT'D)

I didn't know what to do. So I took the bodies and a I blessed them... one by one... Giving them final rites... My aunt taught me about it before... It seemed right... so they didn't die in vain.

Rustin is taking the body of a small child. He is silently saying a prayer, then putting the body back into the grave. He is crying.

RUSTIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Voice trembling, breaking up)
They were so small... And... I couldn't think of anything else to do. It wasn't right what happened.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERRIF'S OFFICE - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Rustin is crying now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSTIN

There are just so many things wrong with this world nowadays, Mr. Tremont. Too many things I can't even begin to understand.

ALEX

Rustin.... we have to tell somebody... You can't die for something you didn't do.

RUSTIN

To be quite honest... I don't think anybody would believe us. Nobody really likes me in this town.

ALEX

What about me? What about us? You're my best friend. I can't let you die. We have our stories...

RUSTIN

The stories are over, Alex. The stories are over.

Alex is on the verge of tears now.

ALEX

I could leave the cell open. You could run away.

RUSTIN

That would get you in trouble too. You are my friend... and I don't want to see you get into any trouble. Maybe I can make things better. Maybe they won't die in vain. I'll give my life for theirs. There's no other way. There can't be.

ALEX

I can't just sit here and let you commit suicide!

RUSTIN

I let that boy do those things in my house. I could've stopped him... but I didn't. It's my fault... It's okay though. I'm tired of this world. I'm tired of all of the bad things that happen. I'm tired of not understanding them. And I'm tired of not being able to help them. I miss my mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSTIN(CONT'D)

I miss my brother. I think I need to be with them now. It's for the best.

ALEX

No, it's not!

RUSTIN

Thank you for the drink, Alex. Thank you for the stories.

Rustin stands up and holds out his hand.

RUSTIN (CONT'D)

But there's no more stories left to tell. Do you understand that? There are no more stories to tell.

Alex wipes his eyes and nods his head. He stands up and shakes Rustin's hand. Alex sighs and breaks down again. Rustin just stares, solemn and quiet, tears flow, but he doesn't cry to the degree of Alex.

RUSTIN (CONT'D)

Can you do me one favor though?

ALEX

Sure... anything...

RUSTIN

That journal's pretty old. It's starting to fall apart. Maybe you could copy the stories into a new one. That way... the stories could live on.

Alex nods his head.

ALEX

I may have a few of my own to share.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex is copying the old journal into a new one. He writes carefully, making sure he doesn't miss a single word.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Rustin is being led to the gallows.

Everybody watches with anger and spite on their face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kyle watches with a half-smirk on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MEN are burning Rustin's house down. They are yelling as it burns, throwing liquor bottles and other things at it. Screaming things like, "Burn! Burn you child murderer!"

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex is now writing his own story. We see the words, "A town where the innocent are killed, not on one occasion, but many." On this image:

FADE TO BLACK.

There are a few moments of blackness, then suddenly we cut into five of the most messed up seconds of film. Children's screams, a creature with long sharp teeth with blood running down on its face, skeletal hands clawing at the air, fire burning a man alive. All of these images flash by quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. AN APARTMENT - MORNING

A woman jerks awake in her sleep. She looks around. Her breathing is deep and fast. She is drenched in sweat.

TITLE CARD: "PRESENT DAY."

The woman walks back and forth in her apartment, getting ready for work. She gets dressed, grabs a cup of coffee, etc.

The girl steps in front of the mirror next to her door. Her name is SARAH. She takes a glance at herself. She's in her mid/late-twenties. Good looking, but no supermodel. She has bags under her eyes and her hair is a bit frayed. All in all, flawed, but far from imperfect. She sighs and holds up her badge. She's a police officer... a detective. She slips the badge into her breast pocket and grabs her keys. She heads out her front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

We see that she is a New York cop. The city skyline is cluttered with skyscrapers, billboards, and other signs of life. A road is blocked off. Cop cars surround the roadblock. We hear gunfire. Sarah's car pulls up. She gets out of it and hustles cautiously over behind another car. She sits down next to a clean-shaven, black gentleman.

SARAH
How many are in there?

MITCH
(The black guy)
Hard to tell. There's probably about a half dozen to a dozen.

SARAH
Any chance they might give themselves up?

Another hail of gunfire rings out from the building. Both Sarah and Mitch flinch a little. Mitch cocks his head towards her slightly.

MITCH
I wouldn't count on it.

Sarah groans and pulls out her gun. She cocks it.

SARAH
I fucking hate guns.

MITCH
A little too late to renounce your position, isn't it?

SARAH
Oh shut up..

They stay kneeled behind the car for a minute.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER (O.S.)
Clear! Move move move!

Sarah and Mitch look at each other and scramble to their feet.

For the first time we see the front of the building. A normal, run-down, dilapidated type of place. SWAT Team members file into the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see some injured cops being tended to by medics. Sarah and Mitch run into the building behind the SWAT Team.

CUT TO:

INT. THE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The apartment is just as dirty as the outside of the building (If not more). It's dark and musty. SWAT members check each room, yelling clear once they've secured the room.

We see the SWAT members continuing to kick in doors, securing the area, and calling clear. One SWAT member moves up to a room, takes a deep breath, and kicks in the door.

He enters the room. He gets about four steps in when he sees something OS. He stops dead in his tracks.

Sarah and Mitch are checking out a different room when:

OS SWAT MEMBER

Over here!

Sarah walks past Mitch, up the hallway, and to the room. She stops at the entrance of the door. She covers her nose due to a strong stench.

We see nearly a dozen people. Each one has been stabbed, shot, or beaten. One dead person has a knife sticking out of its throat. Attached to the knife is a cohort's hand. And the cohort has been shot by the person he has stabbed... etc. etc...

Mitch walks up. He stops at the door and sighs. He shakes his head.

MITCH

Nobody's left?

SARAH

Looks they killed each other...

MITCH

Probably ritualistic...

One of the SWAT members leans down next to one of the bodies.

The body is that of a younger girl. Her last emotion has been captured on her face and frozen in time. It's a look of shock.

The SWAT member looks away with disgust.

Sarah walks into the room and up to the girl's body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Looks like she's the only one who didn't murder anybody.

Sarah puts on some rubber gloves and checks the girl's body.

SARAH (CONT'D)

There aren't any defensive wounds.

MITCH

What?

SARAH

She wasn't fighting back at all. There would be slashes and cuts or bruises on her arms... but there's nothing...

MITCH

Maybe she just gave up. She knew it was all over so she-

SARAH

I don't care if you've given up or not. If anybody attacks you, you cover yourself as a reflex. In order for you not to defend yourself instinctively, you've had to expect this and prepared for it.

MITCH

So you think...

SARAH

I think she knew she was going to die even before they turned on each other.

Something drips on Sarah's shoulder. Sarah reaches up absently and brushes at it. Her hand comes back with red splotches on it. Sarah looks at her hand for a second, then looks up.

Mitch watches her and looks up.

Runic symbols (Like the one's in Rustin Parr's house) have been written all over the ceiling. They are written in blood. And most of the runes are fresh.

Sarah steps back a little. She turns her head.

From her POV we see a Twana hanging in front of a door. It's different than the one that Elly had though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sarah just stares at it with a confused expression.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Sarah stands over the shoulder in front of a guy. His name is WILL, and he is the guy you go to when you need something verified, cross-referenced, or filed.

WILL

Okay... what do you want me to cross-reference?

SARAH

Occult killings or disappearances...

WILL

Anything more specific?

SARAH

Yeah... runic symbols written in blood and stick figures.

Will types a few things into his computer.

WILL

Well... It's searching... but it's searching through millions of files so it could take some time...

And with that being said, the computer beeps and two or three windows pop up on the screen.

WILL (CONT'D)

Or not...

He starts sifting through the files on his computer.

WILL (CONT'D)

Let's see here... 3 Montgomery college students who disappeared in 1994...

SARAH

I remember that... That whole Blair Witch thing, right?

WILL

Yep... And we also have a case report on... The Rustin Parr killings from the forties...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
Hermit guy... murdered seven kids...

WILL
And one... recent file...

Will looks up at her.

WILL (CONT'D)
The Coffin Rock murders. Five kids went
crazy up in the Black Woods. Killed two
of their friends, a tour group and a
store clerk.

SARAH
Okay... so these all took place in
Burkittsville?

WILL
Yeah...

Sarah thinks this over for a moment, then:

SARAH
Print me out a copy of each file if you
could.

WILL
(Sarcastically)
Sure... why not?

Sarah starts walking away and Will doesn't even notice. He's
busy typing at the computer.

WILL (CONT'D)
(Continued)
I mean... I am just your errand boy after
all, right Sarah?

Sarah is gone.

WILL (CONT'D)
I was just kidding...

Will looks around, then goes back to his screen. Shaking his
head.

WILL (CONT'D)
No sense of humor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sarah sits at her desk. The sun is starting to lower by now. She is reviewing the case files on her desk. Her phone rings and Sarah drops the file she was reading. She rubs her eyes wearily and picks up the phone.

SARAH

Hello, Detective Tremont... Yes... I...

Sarah listens to what the person is saying. Slowly, her face goes from tired to sadly concerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DAY

We see Sarah's car driving down the highway. The sun glistens brightly.

Sarah pulls off of an exit.

CUT TO:

INT. A TOWN - DAY

Sarah's car pulls right past a familiar sign. The sign reads, "Welcome to Burkittsville."

CUT TO:

INT. A HOTEL - DAY

Sarah is talking to the clerk.

CLERK

So what kind of business do ya' got going on here in Burkittsville, ma'am?

SARAH

Funeral. My grandmother just passed away.

CLERK

Well... my condolences.

SARAH

Thanks...

Sarah takes her key from the man. It's clear she doesn't want to discuss this with the man. She picks up her bag and walks out of the front office and towards her room.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

An old woman lies in a casket, unmoving. Her name was ERICA TREMONT. She was definitely a beautiful woman in her younger days. Now, she's just a wax figure lying in a wooden box. All around her, people weep, console their loved ones, etc. Sarah stands over the casket staring at Erica's body. She sighs softly.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Such a shame too..

Sarah looks up. She sees the woman who is speaking and smiles a little.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

For as old as she was... She was very youthful...

SARAH

We can't stay young forever, mom... There really is no Never-Never Land. It'd be nice if there were.

WOMAN

(off ERICA)

She would've loved it there...

Sarah smiles a little at the thought of her grandmother running around with Peter Pan and the Lost Boys. Eternally youthful...

SARAH

How's Grandpa taking it?

WOMAN

Dad... he's resourceful and strong willed. He was sad of course... but he's been resilient.

We see Alex, a much older man now. He is sitting in a chair facing the casket. His eyes are sunken in a bit... His cheeks are red from fresh tears. Slowly he stands up and walks towards the casket.

He reaches the casket and lowers his head.

SARAH

Hi Grandpa Alex...

WOMAN

Dad...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks up and gives his best false smile.

ALEX

I'd almost forgotten I was related to
such beautiful young women...

Sarah and her mom both hug Alex. Alex looks back down at the
casket.

ALEX (CONT'D)

It's funny... I'm trying to think of the
right words to put the moment in
perspective. Trying to find some way that
this could all make sense. I could tell
myself that it's God's plan. Or I could
just tell myself that it was her time.
But every time I try to convince myself
those things... I keep coming back to the
same answer. It's a motherfucker... and
there isn't anything I can do about it.

Sarah looks shocked, as if she's never heard her grandfather
speak like this before. Alex looks up and smiles.

Alex slowly reaches into his pocket and pulls out the diary
(In a new diary of course). He taps Sarah's arm with it.

ALEX (CONT'D)

This is for you...

SARAH

What is it?

ALEX

It's an heirloom. It's a diary... Started
by an ancestor of yours in the late
1700's.

SARAH

Looks new to me...

Alex laughs a little at this.

ALEX

Well... most likely that's because it's
constantly being rewritten into new
diaries. Every five to ten years or so, a
Tremont will take it and copy it down
word for word, passing on our legacy. Now
it's time that I passed it on to you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARAH

Well... thank you... I really am honored... but why me? Why not mom?

ALEX

Your mother is a great woman... but I think you'd be a little more receptive to what it has to say.

Alex hands the diary to her and then gives her a small kiss on the cheek. With that, he silently walks off. The legacy has been passed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah walks into her apartment and tosses her coat onto the rack. She sits down on the bed and opens her bag. She takes out the diary and takes a look at it for a moment. She then opens the drawer next to the bed.

She moves the Bible to one side, putting the diary next to it.

CUT TO:

INT. BURKITTSVILLE POLICE STATION - DAY

Sarah walks in, dressed like she was when we first saw her. This is her professional wear. She walks up to the reception desk. Nobody's there, so she starts looking around for somebody who could help her. She notices the missing person's board. It's nearly full. One stands out of a teenage boy with hollow eyes. A few people walk past her. None of them acknowledge her. So she walks behind the reception desk into the main office area.

Sarah looks around when we hear a familiar voice.

CRAVENS (O.S.)

Can I help you, miss?

Sarah turns around, and sure enough... there he is. The pony tail sporting sheriff of Burkittsville. SHERIFF RON CRAVENS.

SARAH

Hi... I'm Sarah Tremont... I'm with the NYPD.

CRAVENS

Well you're a bit out of your jurisdiction then, ain't ya?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

(Trying to stay polite)
Well... yes... but I was in town because of
my grandmother's funeral...

CRAVENS

Erica... I know her. I used to work with
your grandfather.

SARAH

Well... while I was up here, I decided to
take advantage of the fact that I'm
working on a case that involves
Burkittsville.

CRAVENS

Oh?

SARAH

Yes... I was doing research on the occult
and...

Cravens tenses up a little.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And I found that a lot of what we found
at the crime scene related to some of the
past occurrences here. But our computer
database seemed to be missing parts of
the files so I was wondering if I could
take a look at the hard copies...

CRAVENS

(Interrupting her)

Ma'am... I don't know if you're familiar
with the people of Burkittsville or the
way we live. But we do not appreciate
people coming into our town and stirring
up that Blair Witch bullshit.

SARAH

No... you've misunderstood me... you see...

CRAVENS

(Interrupting her again)

Now I've seen good people killed or gone
up missing because of this damn folklore
hoopla. And I'm not about to sit here and
let some city-girl come in and start
mucking up things again... so if you'll be
as so kind to leave, we normal folk can
get on with our lives...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

By this time, Sarah is red in the face.

SARAH

(Very irate)

Listen, Cravens... I've dealt with a lot of dicks in my line of work, and if you think I'm about to take crap from some country bumpkin, backwoods, backwater piece of shit rent-a-cop who calls him Sheriff, then you have another thing coming to you! Now... if you would be as so kind to let me look at your files and leave, I would greatly appreciate it. And I'm only asking once before I have my chief give a call to your chief, and then you'll have to explain to him why you are withholding evidence from an officer of the law!

Cravens stares at her, shocked that anybody would snap on him like that. Especially a woman. He clears his throat.

CRAVENS

Well... ma'am... I guess... it would be okay if you just took a look at them... But don't think I'm going to let you just walk out of here with anything...

SARAH

Don't even bother worrying about it.

Sarah sighs in disgust and walks away from him. She then stops and turns around.

SARAH (CONT'D)

And what the hell where you thinking growing a ponytail? You look like Willie Nelson.

She then walks away. Cravens stammers for a bit, stewing over this for a moment, then:

CRAVENS

I just so happen to like Wille Nelson!

Somebody scoffs OS.

CRAVENS (CONT'D)

Who said that?!?!?!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sarah is starting to calm down a bit. A deputy is leaning against a doorframe smiling. He starts to clap. Sarah smiles a little.

ANDY

Bravo... I thought I'd never get to see that jerk told off.

SARAH

Well... I'm surprised it doesn't happen more often.

ANDY

Cravens is an idiot, but he does have power over us. That's the bitch of it all.

SARAH

Well... I guess that I'm your knight in shining armor then.

ANDY

Indeed... I was getting tired of that idiot. I swear if I heard him say, "Now I'm not a bettin' man but..." one more time...

Andy shakes his head. It's obvious he's heard that on many occasions.

SARAH

With a face like that, I think you'd have to be.

ANDY

(Laughs)
Yeah... I guess so.

Andy offers his hand.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm Andy Powers. I'm a deputy here.

Sarah shakes his hand.

SARAH

Sarah Tremont... New York cop by day...
Superhero by night...

Andy looks a little confused by this.

SARAH (CONT'D)

That was a joke...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANDY

Oh... (Smiles) So I take it you're working on something related to the Blair Witch. That's usually the main thing that sets Cravens off.

SARAH

Well... Yeah... it's related to the Blair Witch... but not directly so.

ANDY

So you've seen the footage right?

SARAH

The footage?

ANDY

Those three college kids of disappeared... they found their footage...

SARAH

Ohh... yeah... I saw that.

ANDY

Which version?

It's Sarah's turn to look confused now.

SARAH

What?

ANDY

Well... There's the 90-minute version that pretty much everybody's seen... Then there's the 91-minute version...

Sarah starts to say something, but stops herself.

CUT TO:

INT. A VIDEO ROOM

Andy is going through tapes. It's dark in the room. The main source of light coming from the glowing monitors.

ANDY

You see... They took the footage and made a rough-cut of it to show to the parents. The first cut got rejected because of the last minute.

SARAH

What was wrong with it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Cravens thought that it was faked. Plus he didn't want to worry the parents any further. I mean... they were pretty bad..

SARAH

You'd be pretty bad too if you lost your kids... Wait... I thought that when the film camera hit the ground, that was it. The footage was damaged after that.

ANDY

It was. The video camera was still running though.

Andy shakes his head grimly. He pops a videotape into the VCR.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You should be pretty well familiar with the bulk of the footage I'm sure... You can just fast forward. I'm gonna step outside and get a smoke.

SARAH

Okay... thanks.

Andy leaves the room. When he opens the door, light fills the room. The door closes and it is dark again.

Sarah starts fast-forwarding through the footage. We see the first movie go by at a quick pace. Sarah stops at the part when they find the stick figures. She watches part of it (Up to the "No redneck is this creative" line), then fast-forwards some more. She stops at the part of HEATHER'S confession. She listens to part of it, then fast-forwards to her walking through the house. We see the runic symbols on the wall and hear here calling for MIKE. We see her go down the stairs and see MIKE standing in the corner. The camera hits the ground and the shutter is damaged, producing the flickering image. Then the minute of footage starts.

We cut back to the video camera footage. We hear some footsteps. The camera is lifted up. We see HEATHER'S lifeless body lying on the ground. The camera swings around and we see MIKE standing there. A small smirk is on his face. Standing behind him in the shadows is JOSH, with an equally evil grin. Something isn't right though. Both of their eyes are missing their pupils. They are completely whited out. The smile escapes from MIKE'S face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He reels back and then slams his fist forward. The camera cuts to fuzz for a minute. All that's left is the silent static image on the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE POLICE STATION - DAY

Sarah comes out of the police station. She is pale white. Andy is smoking a cigarette. He reaches in his pocket and offers her one.

SARAH

I don't smoke...

She absently takes one anyway. She puts it into her mouth and Andy lights it. She inhales deeply, only to cough the smoke back up.

ANDY

There are a lot of secrets in this town, Sarah. Some are hidden better than the others are.

Andy crushes his smoke on the wall and walks back inside. Sarah stands there for a moment, shaky hand holding the cigarette. She takes another drag, this time without the coughing.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits on her bed, going over some photocopies she made of the files. She rubs her eyes tiredly. She then looks over at the nightstand. She opens the drawer and pulls out the diary. She hesitates for a moment and then opens it. She starts reading. Slowly we cross fade. The night becomes the morning. A small light is shining in through the cracks of the curtains. SARAH turns to the last page of the diary and finishes reading it. She gets up and stretches. She then walks into the bathroom OS. We hear water running.

CUT TO:

INT. BURKITTSVILLE LIBRARY - DAY

SARAH walks into the library and starts looking around. She sees a picture of HAROLD on the wall. Underneath the picture it says "Founder and Caretaker- 1744-1798". She smiles and walks over to the card catalog system and starts rummaging through it. She pulls up a card that says, "Native American Folklore and Mythology." She writes down the number and puts the card back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah sits at a desk reading over the book, making notes of facts she finds along the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Andy is looking over the diary while Sarah smokes a cigarette. He looks up.

ANDY

This is true?

SARAH

Well... I mean... My ancestors have been keeping it for well over 200 years... I'm sure there are some facts that got mixed up somewhere in between... But for the most part... Yeah, it's true.

Andy doesn't reply, he just keeps on reading.

ANDY

So... the Blair Witch...

SARAH

There is no Blair Witch. But there is something out there.... And it is pissed.

Andy looks at her with an incredulous expression. He scoffs a little.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Well doesn't it seem strange that people disappear on a regular basis around here? There's no trace of them. And the ritualistic killings... how can you just ignore those?

ANDY

Mass hysteria, Sarah. That's all it is. It happens everywhere. One person hears the Blair Witch legend and suddenly we have twenty people out in the woods with video camera's trying to find the damn thing. And sure enough... anybody in his or her right mind would know its folklore anyway.

SARAH

Then why do people always try to act like there is no Blair Witch? Why do they try to hide it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDY

If something was responsible for multiple murders and disappearances, I'm sure I'd want to hide it away and make sure it doesn't affect anybody else.

SARAH

But what's the point turning your back on something when it's still there? It's still killing and maiming and kidnapping these kids and...

ANDY

Sarah... (sighs) Let's say I give you the benefit of the doubt... What could we do? We're not paranormal experts. I don't see any guys running around with laser throwing backpacks here, do you?

SARAH

That's just fiction...

ANDY

This might as well be too then... because there's nothing we can do.

She puts her hand on Andy's arm.

SARAH

Andy... I know you care... and I know you think there's something going on here too. You wouldn't have given me access to the tape if you...

Andy looks away from her. He looks down at his feet for a moment. Then he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a picture. He hands it to Sarah.

ANDY

She disappeared four years ago.

Sarah looks at the picture. It's a picture of Andy with a little girl... his daughter.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Her name was Laura. Is... Laura... She's my daughter.

Sarah looks up at with him. A look of hurt concern is in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDY (CONT'D)

I filed in for a missing persons report. And they searched all over. They covered every square inch of that forest twice. And they still came up empty handed.

Andy swallows hard. This is tearing him up inside.

ANDY (CONT'D)

After two years, they closed the case. They turned their back on her. I did the same thing too... My wife left two years ago. She couldn't stand living here, but I had a career and couldn't turn my back on it...

Tears are in his eyes now, but he manages to keep himself together.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I've never been able to forgive myself.

SARAH

I'm sorry...

ANDY

You see... part of me wanted to just turn away and forget it ever happened. The other part of me wanted to at least have an answer. Even if she was dead, I wanted an answer. Something... And I never got one.

SARAH

We can make this stop, Andy. We can make it so that nobody loses anymore children. Not here...

ANDY

You've got a plan then?

SARAH

More like a theory...

She hands him a piece of paper.

SARAH (CONT'D)

The Twana Elly Kedward had was one that symbolized protection. It failed in protecting her, so it sort of switched gears. It went from protection to revenge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Andy nods and reads the paper.

SARAH (CONT'D)

This... spirit is trying to get vengeance on the people who killed Elly Kedward...

ANDY

Okay... so?

SARAH

If we can let that spirit know its work is done... that it's carried out its revenge... we can end this all...

ANDY

So how do we let it know it's done?

Sarah's face sort of drops a little.

SARAH

That's what I haven't figured out yet.

Andy reads over the diary some more.

ANDY

They never found Elly Kedward's body...

SARAH

Yeah?

Andy looks up at her.

ANDY

So basically... it could be her spirit that's doing this all.

SARAH

I don't think so... She didn't seem like the vengeful type.

ANDY

Okay... well... maybe all it wants is to give her the final rites.

SARAH

No... that...

ANDY

Stick with me here... Elly Kedward was killed unjustly. She never had a proper burial or a funeral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANDY (CONT'D)

Her spirit is stuck inside of her body...
Granted... this is based off of religious
stuff I learned in Catholic school. The
spirit is trapped in the body until it's
given its last rites. Maybe all the
spirit wants is for Elly's spirit to be
released.

Sarah thinks this over.

SARAH

You think?

ANDY

It couldn't hurt. The only problem is
that we don't know where her body is.
Nobody does.

Sarah looks up at him.

SARAH

Well... I know where to start looking.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE BLACK HILLS FOREST - DAY

Sarah sits inside of her car. She is dressed down. A denim
jacket and jeans. Andy is in the passenger seat next to her.
He looks worriedly at the woods.

ANDY

I really don't feel too good about this.

SARAH

You're just being overly cautious.

ANDY

I really don't think you should go out
there.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

It's okay... I left my video camera at
home.

Sarah gets out of the car. She opens the back door and pulls
out a backpack. She slings it around her shoulders. She
closes the door and leans down a little.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Go ahead and take the car home. I'll be
out here for a while more than likely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andy shakes his head.

ANDY

I'm staying right here. If anything happens, I want to be able to reach you.

Andy leans down and picks up a walkie-talkie.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Here... take one of these. I'll be on the other one. If you have any problems... and I stress that... ANY problems... call me.

SARAH

Okay... what channel are you on?

ANDY

Five.

Sarah switches it to five and smiles.

SARAH

I'll be right back.

Sarah takes off into the woods.

ANDY

I hope so...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLACK WOODS - DEEPER INTO THE FOREST

Sarah is now deep into the woods. She looks around. It'd be very picturesque if so many bad things hadn't happened there before. We hear birds chirp. We hear crickets. She pulls out a map and traces her finger along it.

She runs her hand to a place that says, "Coffin Rock." She shrugs.

SARAH

As good a place as any...

She tucks the map back into her jacket pocket. Sarah starts walking again.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFIN ROCK

Sarah walks up to Coffin Rock. She kneels down at one of the stones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She places her hand on it feeling the cold rough surface. She looks around and sighs. She opens her backpack and pulls out a folding shovel. She unfolds it and starts digging. We time fade to later on. She's dug a pretty deep hole (Around 10 feet or so) and hasn't found anything. The radio squawks.

ANDY (O.S.)
How's it going?

Sarah picks up her radio and presses the button.

SARAH
Slowly... I haven't found any thing yet.

ANDY (O.S.)
You know... it would go a lot faster if both of us were doing this.

SARAH
I respect the offer... but I don't want you endangering yourself.

ANDY (O.S.)
Kamikaze pilots love to fly alone.

Sarah laughs.

A sound catches her attention. She looks over.

We see a little trickle of water. Sarah puts her hand up to it. The birds have stopped chirping, but the crickets are still going.

ANDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sarah?

Sarah holds the radio up to her mouth.

SARAH
(Quietly)
Hold on a second...

Suddenly, a giant rush of water bursts through the soil and sprays out between her fingers. Sarah screams and tries to block it with both hands. The water keeps coming out faster and faster.

We see the water filling up the hole she dug. It's up to her ankles by now.

Sarah tries to scramble up the side of the hole, but the soil keeps crumbling underneath her fingers. She tries really hard to climb out, but to no avail... She lifts up her radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARAH (CONT'D)

Andy! Help!

The walkie-talkie squawks a little. Static is building up.

ANDY (O.S.)

What... (crackle) Sar.. (Crackle).. wh..

From there it just breaks off to steady static. The water is now up to her knees.

Sarah grabs the shovel and starts knocking off dirt from the side. Slowly she starts to make an incline. She tries to climb it again, but only slips down it. The water is steadily rising to her chest. She looks around panicky. She slips in the hole (Which seems to be closing in on her a bit). She falls into the water, then comes back up spitting up water and gasping for air.

The soil around her feet has become mud by now. Her feet and legs are now encased with mud. She tries to lift them, but to no avail. The water is up to her chin now. The water slow goes over her head. She manages to take a deep breath.

Underwater, we see her struggling to pull her legs up. She sees the shovel and grabs it right before it is encased with mud as well. The mud is now up to her waist. She takes a look up.

We see the sunlight and the tops of trees, wavering through the water.

She takes the shovel and shoves it down into the mud until it sticks. She pushes against it while lifting her legs. Finally, she breaks through the soil and her legs come free. She quickly floats up to the top.

She pops her head out of the water and takes a deep breath. The water is spilling over the edge of the hole onto the soil now. She looks around and realizes she has neither the radio nor the shovel. She takes a deep breath and dives back underwater.

There's no sign of the radio, but the shovel handle is clearly in sight.

Sarah grabs the shovel and pulls it out of the water. She swims to the top again.

She climbs out of the hole and sits there, breathing deeply and dripping. She looks at the shovel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARAH

A shovel for a radio... that seems fair.

She collapses to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLACK WOODS - A FLAT SPOT OF LAND

Its night now and Sarah's sitting in front of a campfire. She's shivering a little bit. The crickets are chirping loudly. She looks over the map and makes a X. The map has quite a few X's on them now. She's been all around the Black Hills Forest. She sighs and puts the map into her backpack. She picks up a granola bar and opens the pack. She takes a bite out of it. She chews solemnly.

FADE TO:

She's asleep on the ground in a sleeping bag. We hear crunching noises out in the woods... footsteps... Sarah slowly wakes up. She looks around. We can still hear the footsteps. She reaches over next to her and grabs her flashlight.

She stands up and looks at the pitch-black forest ahead of her. She clicks on her flashlight... and nothing is there. She moves the light around not seeing anything. She turns around and looks at the other side. Nothing there either. Sarah sighs and clicks off the light. She lies back down and slips back into her sleeping bag.

FADE TO:

It's day again. She's digging a hole into the ground. She suddenly throws the shovel down out of frustration. She sighs and falls to the ground. She closes her eyes.

FLASH CUT TO:

We see the same montage of quick images we saw when she first woke up.

FLASH CUT TO:

Sarah lifts her head up quickly and looks around. She looks really uneasy.

The forest is empty and quiet.

Sarah sighs again and picks up the shovel.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLACK WOODS - A NEW CAMPING SPOT - NIGHT

It's night again. Sarah is asleep in her sleeping bag. We hear those footsteps again. They awake Sarah. She lifts her head up slowly. She groans a little, then lays her head back down. Suddenly, the footsteps become multiple footsteps. Sarah opens her eyes.

The footsteps become running.

The running sounds get louder and louder as they get closer. Sarah grabs her flashlight and clicks it on.

Standing in front of her is five or six people. Their flesh is rotten. Most of them don't have eyes. It looks as if they had been gouged and clawed out.

Sarah screams and drops the flashlight. She trips over her own feet and falls.

The flashlight hits the ground. One of the "zombies" kicks it with its foot, putting the flashlight into a spin.

Sarah looks up wearily.

From her POV we can see the "zombies" approaching. Occasionally they can be seen very well when the light hits them. They all gather around her as she screams again.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE BLACK WOODS - A CREEK

It's daytime again. Sarah lies on the ground, naked and unmoving. Slowly, she stirs a little and stands up. She realizes she's naked and covers herself. She starts walking back towards her camping grounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLACK WOODS - CAMPSITE

Sarah is pulling on a white shirt (She has already put on pants). The camera pans around to her back as the shirt falls over it. Part of her shirt begins to turn red. It bleeds through in the shape of a symbol.

Sarah feels this and reaches behind her back. She pulls her hand back. There's blood on her fingers.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah puts on her jacket. She closes a small first aid box and puts it back into her backpack. She looks around and pulls out her map. There isn't much space left on the map.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSTIN PARR'S HOUSE

She walks up to the ruins of the Rustin Parr house. She looks around and sees the tree sticking out from it. She just shrugs and starts to dig around the area.

FADE TO:

It's starting to get darker. There's still a little daylight left. SARAH continues to dig. We hear footsteps again. Sarah stops digging and looks up. Behind her, we see a shadowy figure walking up from behind her.

Sarah slowly unclips her gun from the holster.

The shadow passes her, and the gun is gone.

Sarah looks down at her hip then back up at the shadowy figure.

It's the teenager from the missing person's poster from back at the police station. He holds the gun out at Sarah. He seems to be struggling a bit. He grimaces as he tries to pull the trigger, but he can't. He holds the gun out in front of him and speaks.

BOY

It wants to kill you.

SARAH

What...

BOY

It can't though. There's something about you... Something that isn't right. It can't kill you. It can't make me kill you either.

SARAH

What does it want?

The boy smiles.

BOY

Death...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

But it's vengeance not...

BOY

It's tasted power... and it wants more. It just can't leave the woods.

SARAH

It's work is done though...

The boy smiles a little.

BOY

It's work is never done.

SARAH

I want to help you, just please put the gun down.

The boy's smile falters a bit.

BOY

No... I want to help you Sarah.

The boy puts the gun up to his temple and pulls the trigger, spraying blood onto the giant tree behind him. Sarah screams a little. The boy slumps against the tree and falls to the ground. Slowly... his body is taken underground by an unseen force.

Sarah stands there shocked for a moment. She then walks up to the tree. She places her hand on the blood. Some of it drips off of her hand and hits the ground. The ground immediately sucks the blood up. She looks back at her hand, then kneels to the ground. She places her hand to the ground and her hand starts to sink into the soil. She pulls it back out and looks at the hole she made. She grabs the shovel and starts to dig. Slowly, the ground breaks away, making a semi big hole that leads down. She moves a little to get a better look.

We see some blood from the tree drip onto her knees.

Sarah flashes her flashlight down the hole. Suddenly, she starts to sink into the ground. The spot where the blood hit her knee is sinking. She tries to pull away, but the ground crumbles from underneath her. She screams as she falls.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT

Sarah falls and hits the ground with a dull thud. It knocks the wind out of her and she starts coughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Slowly, she gets up and looks around. It's pretty dark in there. Not much can be seen. She grabs the flashlight. Immediately, we see the rotting corpse of a camper. Sarah screams and crawls backward away from it. She falls right onto another corpse. She quickly moves herself to the middle of the cavern. She shines her light around.

We see many corpses. Some old, some fresh. Some adults, some children.

FLASH CUT TO:

We see a man from the 1800's hit the ground dead, and starts to be pulled underground.

FLASH CUT TO:

We see a young girl in a creek. She cuts her hand on a rock. Slowly, she is pulled under the water, screaming.

FLASH CUT TO:

We see the men who died at Coffin Rock. One of the corpses' feet falls off of the rock and hits the ground. It is slowly pulled underground, along with the men he was tied to.

FLASH CUT TO:

ELLY hanging from the noose. The boys leave. The branch breaks and ELLY falls to the ground. Suddenly, she coughs and sputters to life. She has troubles breathing, but she's still alive. She slowly sinks into the ground. She tries to call for help, but her voice box is crushed. She is helpless. She slowly sinks out of view.

FLASH CUT TO:

SARAH back in the cave.

SARAH

They didn't kill her... You did...

She takes a deep breath and slowly stands up. Her knee is busted up, so she limps a little as she walks to the only corpse sitting up in a throne of stones.

The skeleton is that of a woman. Sarah looks around and sees some candles around her. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a lighter and lights them. She gets on her haunches in front of the skeleton. She reaches into her backpack and pulls out the Bible from her hotel room. She opens it to a bookmarked page. She clears her throat a little and starts to read from it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARAH (CONT'D)

"I commend thy soul to God the father almighty. And thy body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be like to his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself..."

The ground starts to move a little as she reads. She looks around.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(Whispering to herself)
It doesn't want to go...

She just shrugs this off and begins reading again.

SARAH (CONT'D)

"I heard a voice from heaven saying, unto me: Write, blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord. Even so saveth the spirit, that they rest from their labors..."

The wind begins to pick up in the cavern. Sarah ignores it as best as she can.

SARAH (CONT'D)

"We commend into thy hands of mercy (most merciful father) the soul of this our brother departed, N. And his body we commit to the earth, beseeching thine infinite goodness, to give us grace to live in thy fear and love, and to dye in thy favor: that when the judgment shall come which thou haste committed to thy well-beloved son, both this our brother, and we, may be found acceptable in thy sight, and receive that blessing, which thy well-beloved son shall then pronounce-

Suddenly, "zombies" come out of the ground and grab Sarah's legs. Sarah screams a little and drops the Bible. She tries to push them off of her and grab the Bible. After a bit of a struggle, she finally gets it and opens it to the right page again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARAH (CONT'D)
(Rushing through it)
"...Then pronounce to all that love and
fear thee, saying: Come ye blessed
children of my Father: Receive the
kingdom prepared for you before the
beginning of the world."

The "zombies" start clawing at her. They rip into her clothing, drawing blood. She screams out a little.

SARAH (CONT'D)
"Grant this, merciful father, for the
honor of Jesus Christ our only savior,
mediator, and advocate. Amen."

She's finished. And for a moment nothing happens. The "zombies" still claw at her and start pulling her backwards. She whimpers softly as they dig their fingers into her flesh. She cries out. Then suddenly, they stop moving. A gray light appears. Suddenly, the gray light shoots out a beam that hits Sarah.

Sarah jerks upright, as if lifted by this. Her pupils are gone. Completely whited out.

Sarah is slowly lifted up off of the ground. She's helpless against it. Then slowly...

A white light appears. Slowly it envelops the gray light. Sarah drops to the ground.

Sarah hits the ground and looks up. Her pupils are still whited out.

The gray light slowly turns into a white light.

Sarah's pupils start to come in.

The grayness is gone. The candles have been blown out. Everything is quiet. Sarah lifts herself up a little and looks around. Her eyes are back to normal. The skeletons of the victims are still there except for Elly's. Sarah closes her eyes and lays back down, smiling.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. THE CAVE - LATER

Sarah is still lying on the ground. A light slowly moves up her body. It shines on her face. She groans a little and squints her eyes.

MAN (O.S.)

I see somebody!

Sarah tries to lift her head. She's lost a lot of blood and has been through a lot though. She can barely move.

A rope drops from the top of the hole. Andy climbs down it. He runs over to Sarah and scoops her up.

ANDY

Hey you... You never called.

Sarah does her best to smile.

SARAH

(Weakly)

Well you're late...

Andy smiles and picks her up and carries her to the rope. He holds onto Sarah with one arm, and the rope with the other arm. Slowly, they are pulled out of that cavern.

EXT. THE BLACK HILLS FOREST- DAY

Police cars and ambulance are on the edge of the forest. We pull back (from a helicopter shot) and see paramedics carrying body bags. There are dozens of people working to pull the bodies out of the cavern. The camera pulls back even further to reveal Sarah and Andy in a helicopter. Sarah is bandaged, but healthier looking.

Sarah sighs.

We see the bodies being carried to the ambulances, and the empty body bags being carried back to the cavern.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Back in New York, Sarah is busy working on something. The camera pans down. We see the diary sitting next to her. She's writing in a new diary though.

Sarah closes the diary and puts the pen down. She stretches sorely and grimaces a bit. She then stands up and walks over to the bed and sits down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sarah curls up on the bed. Outside, we hear different things. Cars honk their horns. A radio blares music. One sound sticks out though: the sounds of children laughing and playing outside.

Sarah closes her eyes, drifting to sleep.

FADE OUT