

ANATHEMATIZE

1 EXT. FIELD -- DAY 1

Snow layers a field of high grass below dark rolling skies. Distant trees bend and sway as wind gusts lead a storm front.

BRENNAN WHITAKER, 31, lies on his back, eyes closed, flakes touch and melt upon his face. Fingertips claw into the moist soil as his shoulders settle comfortably to engage the earth. A black eye and cut lip grace his face. He opens his mouth.

2 INT. CABIN -- DAY 2

Brennan stares out a window as light snow drifts by plate glass. He is clean and dry in a light shirt, dark jeans, and boots.

The cabin is decorated with items of necessity and minimal amenities. A table, a couch, a phone, and a refrigerator. A unique shotgun hangs on a wall, fishing rods rest in the crevice of trim by the front door.

Brennan wanders from the window to the other side of the cabin. He picks up a corded handset, dials a number, a ringing sounds. The ringing continues.

The phone slams onto its hook.

3 EXT. STREAM -- AFTERNOON 3

Flakes of snow graces top water running a stream. Brennan sits atop a large rock center of the rushing flow, he dazes off into nothing or something. Controlled breathing, a ringing sounds... tinnitus?

4 INT. CABIN -- LATE AFTERNOON 4

A corded phone presses tight against Brennan's ear. A distant lightbulb flickers. The ringing continues, Brennan releases a deep breath.

FEMALE (V.O.)

Hello?

BRENNAN

There's a storm nearing. This is
the last you'll hear my voice.

5 INT. LARGE APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON 5

The FEMALE, 27, holds a phone to her ear, center of the room, light streams through south facing windows. Her back favors our view.

FEMALE

To hear you I'd like to see you. Am
I not worth more then a call?

6 INT. CABIN -- LATE AFTERNOON

6

Brennan slowly paces towards the phone's housing.

BRENNAN

I don't know anymore.

A rolling thunder rumbles.

FEMALE (V.O.)

Deja vu... Wait!

BRENNAN

Love you.

He presses a hookswitch to end the call. Brennan releases
his finger, a dial tone sounds.

7 INT. CABIN -- MAGIC HOUR

7

Brennan holds a cocked revolver to his head. His eyes scan
the room with a fair expression of patience. He squeezes the
trigger, the hammer drops, CLICK!

A POUNDING KNOCK SOUNDS UPON THE DOOR!!!

Brennan's startled! He lowers the revolver, eyes the door.
He leans to his feet and paces for the entrance.

He opens the cylinder to reveal five loaded cartridges, one
shows an indent on the cap. Brennan wrists the cylinder
closed, opens the door. No one is there.

Twilight gleams off large bootprints in the mix of snow and
mud up wooden steps onto the porch.

Brennan stares curiously at the irregular prints side by side
inches from the door as though the individual has evaporated.

An outside light flickers. The cabin interior lights buzz
then burn out.

The surrounding woods are tranquil, everything is stagnant in
a delicate manner.

8 INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

8

Brennan taps his forehead with the marked .38 hollow-point.
Candles flicker and illuminate the cabin. A nearby window
reflects the glimmering room against the glass of night.

An ELDERLY MAN leans close to the window from outside, his
features are blurry. Brennan is caught off guard. The Elderly
Man wanders off.

BRENNAN'S POV - HE EYES THE ROOM AT A SLOW PACE ALONG THE WALL TO THE FRONT DOOR. FOOTSTEPS SOFTLY ECHO ATOP THE PORCH. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

There stands an Elderly Man, a uniquely familiar shotgun in his hand, hat tilted low, tattered clothes hang over his shoulders. Brennan stands, revolver in hand.

BRENNAN

Are you lost?

The Elderly Man lifts his head, his face shows a long mustache. He eyes the cabin.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Did you knock earlier?

The Elderly Man studies edges of the doorway, he wanders backwards from the cabin into the darkness.

Brennan paces for the entrance.

9 EXT. CABIN -- NIGHT

9

Brennan saunters onto the porch. The Elderly Man is lost to a calm forrest.

THE WALL PHONE RINGS ALOUD!

Brennan turns to enter the cabin. The door slams in his face. He rotates the knob.

10 INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

10

Brennan enters the cabin. All the candles have gone out, the door slams behind him! Darkness.

11 INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

11

Brennan's face is illuminated by a match. He lights the wick atop a stick of wax. He ignites another one and continues until six candles glimmer throughout the cabin.

One goes out, then another, three more extinguish themselves leaving a candle to flicker inches from Brennan's face. He watches the flame dance, he slowly leans close... the flame flutters.

A FACE identical to his own appears and blows out the flame.

12 EXT. CABIN -- NIGHT

12

The cabin door bursts open, Brennan jumps from the porch and disappears into a dark thicket.

- 13 EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT 13
Brennan fights through a cluster of pines.
- 14 EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT 14
Sweat beads then trickles down Brennan's face. He sprints deeper into the dark forrest.
His boot hits the earth and sinks into the soil shin high, his other boot is consumed by the soil. He's stuck, Brennan struggles to pull himself free, he forcefully tugs at his legs. Deep breathing, sweating, one more pull.
- 15 INT. CABIN -- NIGHT 15
Brennan jolts backwards, he's sitting on the couch, all six candles are lit.
Brennan stands, he blows out one of the candles, then another, he continues until one remains. He wanders close to the flame, observes its dance, leans in, exhale.
The doorknob jiggles, the front door swings on its hinges.
The handset falls from its housing. Brennan turns to the plastic clatter.
- FEMALE (V.O.)
(faintly)
I'm on my way to see you! Tell me
why I love you!
- Brennan rushes through darkness for the phone. He accidentally kicks the handset, reaches low.
- FEMALE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Soon I'll see you how you are.
- He grips the handset, holds it to his ear. A dial tone hums. A rising scream of various tones assault his ear. Brennan snaps the cord to the handset.
- THE LIGHTS TURN ON!
- DARK HUMAN SILHOUETTES SCATTER LIKE COCKROACHES FROM AROUND BRENNAN. Whispering cackles dissipate with pitter-patter sounds, he turns to see nothing.
- 16 EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT 16
BANG! Fire flashes from a revolvers barrel. Brennan squeezes the trigger, he sends four rounds blindly into the woods. The gun clicks, twice.

He opens the cylinder to reveal a dent in the center of each casing. Brennan ejects the shells. He looks to the distant cabin under cool moonlight.

BRENNAN

It's not me.

17 EXT. CABIN -- NIGHT

17

Brennan peers through a window. The Cabin is empty, his swollen eye reflects in the glass. He tilts his chin to glance at his lip.

FEMALE (O.S.)

Brennan...

Brennan hits his head against the glass, he turns. Before him stands the beautiful Female, her features flutter his heart, his breath.

BRENNAN

How did you find me?

FEMALE

I saw you in my dream. You called to me. It doesn't make any sense.

BRENNAN

Not at all.

She wanders towards the entrance of the cabin.

FEMALE

I feel odd here.

BRENNAN

Where's your Jeep?

FEMALE

Down the road.

She loosely gesture in a direction.

FEMALE (CONT'D)

You wanna walk with me?

BRENNAN

Sure.

They wander from the cabin.

18 EXT. WOODS - TRAIL -- NIGHT

18

The two stroll along a dark path. She intertwines her hand with his.

FEMALE

We have a future.

(beat)

I know you feel it.

Brennan nods with a smile, he looks to the environment with a refreshed mindset.

BRENNAN

I do.

After a few steps he looks to his hand. He paces with an empty palm.

Brennan glances behind him. Feet away stands the Female, she appears sad. She turns and dissipates into thin air.

Brennan surveys the woods. DARK SHIFTING SHADOWS lurk in his peripheral. BEASTS of odd shapes move about the trees to linger and wait.

Brennan steps into a hard run.

19 EXT. WOODS - THICKET -- NIGHT

19

Branches bend then break, Brennan rushes through a thickness of foliage. Dark silhouettes of various shapes and sizes move in the distance.

Ahead, LARGE BRUTISH CREATURES nearly twelve feet high tramples between trees under bare moonlight.

Brennan forces himself through thick brush.

20 EXT. CABIN -- NIGHT

20

Brennan steps into a clearing. He faces the backside of the Cabin. He looks to the woods as they fade into darkness like the deepest of seas. Oddly shaped figures move in the black.

21 INT. CABIN -- MORNING

21

Brennan dangles from a rope warmed by the rising sun. A chair rests sideways upon the floor.

Brennan's head is slumped low, his face a frown. The rope creaks as he hangs by the neck.

HIS EYES OPEN!

BRENNAN POV - CREATURES PASS BY, THEY CAST SHADOWS UPON THE FLOOR.

He takes a deep breath, he's alive, or forever dead.

THE END.