

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

22 INT. CABIN - DAY

There's one large room. The walls and floor are dabbled with small holes. The ceiling has gaps that open to the dark crawl space. Building materials and tools lay scattered. Stacks of 2x4s lay near a wall, propping up sheets of plywood. A saw and several hammers lay on the floor. Nails are everywhere. It looks like repairs are in process, save the thick layer of dust. In the center sits a sofa, two lounge chairs, a desk and a cot. AUDREY and SARAH join the rest of THE GROUP by the door as LUCAS criss-crosses the floor, lightly bobbing every few feet.

JEN

(To JOSH)

Did Tanya mention a cabin?

JOSH

She said the assessment involved structures. She didn't say what.

SARAH picks up a pad of paper and blows the dust off. On it are doodled the letters, P, O and E in different patterns.

SARAH

Wonder how long it's been deserted.

AUDREY

Or why.

A LOUD BANG occurs above THEIR heads and EVERYONE jumps. A cloud of dust falls onto LUCAS. LUCAS stops bobbing.

ERIC

What the fuck was that?

LUCAS looks up, shielding HIS face.

LUCAS

Whatever, it was right above me.

ERIC

Back up. That could be asbestos.

A SCRATCHING SCRAMBLES away across the boards. LUCAS follows with HIS eyes and walks toward it. HE slides HIS backpack off, onto the floor and picks up a broomstick propped against the cot.

LUCAS

Sounds like a critter.

HE pokes the remaining ceiling with the stick. It seems solid.

ERIC

What the hell are you doing?

JEN

Luke, I'd be careful.

LUCAS smacks the stick against the ceiling. The SOUND scampers away from it. AUDREY slowly moves to the nearest corner.

LUCAS

I bet it's just a raccoon, but I'd like to avoid the rest of the ceiling caving in on us.

LUCAS follows the scampering to one of the lounge chairs and pulls a bottle from HIS pack.

LUCAS

If I can chase it out, we can chill for a spill.

HE drops a fifth of 151 onto the chair's soft cushion and whacks the ceiling again. The SCRATCHING scampers away again. HE follows. JEN and ERIC move a few steps toward HIM.

SARAH

(to LUCAS)

You're just gonna make it freak it out and the whole fuckin' roof's gonna cave in on us.

ERIC

If it has a nest up there, it's not gonna leave.

LUCAS takes another whack. For several beats there's no reply from above. Watching the ceiling, ERIC takes another concerned step toward HIM. LUCAS takes a harder whack.

JOSH

Seriously stop. We can drink in the woods.

LUCAS climbs onto the lounge chair and positions HIMSELF.

JEN

It must've left. You can stop now.

There's another SCUTTling form above. Closer to the ceiling, LUCAS rears the stick back for a really hard smash. Seeing HIS intent, ERIC runs toward HIM.

LUCAS

(shouting)

Get out of here you fucking
rodent scum!!

ERIC

(grabbing for the broom)

Give me that damned broom!

ERIC's too late. LUCAS jams the stick through a rotten board. There's a LOUD SCREAM and a frenzied SCAMPING above. ERIC pushes LUCAS off from the chair. LUCAS lands on the floor. ERIC lands on the chair. ERIC lifts HIMSELF as a section of ceiling above COLLAPSES, knocking ERIC backwards onto the floor. ERIC and the chair are buried in debris. EVERYONE jumps back except for AUDREY, safe in HER corner. A DISEASED RACCOON falls and runs out the door. Beat. THEY ALL rush forward SHOUTING, and remove the debris from ERIC. ERIC keeps SCREAMING the word 'fuck'. THEY remove that last patch of drywall, revealing ERIC holding HIS right thigh, blood oozing between HIS fingers. THEY gasp. ERIC passes out. JEN kneels beside HIM.

JEN

(commanding, to LUCAS)

Give me your knife.

LUCAS hands JEN an expensive hunting knife. SHE cuts through the goo stain on ERIC's pants, a few inches above the tear, and rips the swath past the wound. SHE takes the bandana from HER head and uses it to apply pressure.

JEN

Aud, do you have your needlepoint?

SHE nods and takes it from HER fanny pack, handing it to JEN. AUDREY takes the bandana. JEN sterilizes a needle with HER lighter. LUCAS takes a bottle of Jack from HIS backpack, opens it and hands it to JEN.

LUCAS

(sniffing)

Smells like the strong stuff broke.

JEN

This should do for now.

AUDREY removes the bandana, letting LUCAS dab ERIC's cut.

LUCAS

Christ, I feel like shit, you guys.

JOSH

How bad does it look?

JEN

(threading needle)

This is pretty deep. We gotta get him to a doctor.

JOSH

There must be a road close by.

AUDREY

But to where does it lead?

JEN

(cleaning ERIC's wound)

In emergency situations it's best to go with what you know. We could trade off carrying him. Two at a time under his arms. Someone tear more cloth for a tourniquet.

(to LUCAS)

And do you have any opium?

LUCAS

(reaching into HIS pack)

Absolutely.

JEN

He's gonna be in a lot of pain when he comes to.

JEN plunges the needle through ERIC's torn flesh.