

Father,
Son,
Holly prey...



TRINITY

an original screenplay by Kiril Maksimoski

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by

Kiril Maksimoski

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKCOUNTRY - DAY

Ridgy vast landscape with low bushes, running in miles in any direction until meeting large mountains in the far background.

A desolate place. Not even animals in sight.

It's mid-summer, sun's about to loosen on the heat for the day.

EXT. THE STRIP - SAME TIME

Scarred woman hands grabs onto the rocks. Heavy BREATHING.

EXT. ON THE TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

An areal view over dozens of tubes locked one to another stretch as far as the eye can follow the trail.

A pipeline of some sort. As the outback, desolated - no Humans, no machinery in sight.

EXT. THE STRIP - SAME TIME

Quality sport shoes, dusty, almost torn apart step hard onto the spiked rocks. SOMEONE tries to run upwards really hard.

EXT. DOWN THE PIPELINE - CONTINUOUS

Following the pipeline for some distance a doom emerges upon us, just a click on the right.

A man-made, 90 degree VERTICAL STRIP like never seen before-slipping thousands of feet down to infinity.

A place you would not like to find your whereabouts.

EXT. THE STRIP - CONTINUOUS

We are now close down. Half-wrecked, aluminum sign reads "DANGER AHEAD - WATCH YOUR STEP", hung on a stick, looks like been ages since there.

Over the slope verge - bloodied hand jerk in, gasping to get a grip over something - anything.

It grabs onto the sign and tears it off the ground.

WOMAN'S full body arises over the verge.

She is somewhat mid-20s, athletic build.

Her mountaineer gear and cloths are all torn up, dirty and smeared with blood.

Her face is mutilated, with one ear almost completely severed off, hanging only by a tiny skin thread.

She is at the limit of her strength, desperately aiming to the top of the strip.

She takes a last grab at the rocks but senses she's not out of trouble yet.

She slowly looks back in horror.

EXT. BACKCOUNTRY - SAME TIME

Woman's final SCREAM echoes the unsettlingly peaceful landscape as a SHOT follows.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

An eye slips down the optical sight of a rifle. Measuring the shot.

It backs off, revealing the glaucous face of an 28 year old LORA. If an amazon warrior would settle among civilians - she would be it.

She takes the rifle down and then unplugs the ear-pods from her head.

RANGE MASTER passes by, raises the thumb up. Lora just glances at him, giving a slight nod.

As she gears off, SOMEONE taps her on her back. She turns around providing sunshine over her face.

LORA
Oh my fucking God!

Hurls into juicy hug of that someone - IVAN, 35, big, crisp male specimen.

He is in his clean filed Canadian army uniform, perfect match for his persona.

IVAN
Hi sis...
(beat)
Taking lessons, I see...

Lora backs off. She takes a head to toss a million year haven't seen look at her brother.

LORA
You bet! Not bad for an amateur.
(coming to her senses)
How did you know I was here? I mean when did you come back? Why didn't you call, you prick!

IVAN
Got some days off before I settle my paperwork. Didn't know myself until the last minute.
(beat)
Did my best guess...I did send you the last tape coupla a weeks ago.

LORA
That funny Russian name one?

IVAN
It's Dragunov...have some respect.

Takes a look at the rifle on the ground.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Whatcha been working on? Shit, that ain't USM1 I hope?

Lora slaps him over his shoulder.

LORA
Well, hook me up with some real deal power!

IVAN
Uh, you'd be surprised what I came with from over there...
(beat)
Wanna grab a cup of coffee?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Modest Canadian munching joint. Everyone about their daily routine, be it serve or being guests there.

Lora and Ivan sit by the window. Ivan's away, looking anywhere beyond the glass.

Lora sips from her cup.

LORA

So...won't be awkward to ask you how was it there?

IVAN

(smiles)

No, sis...It was a job...mostly. You get ups, you get downs...pretty much a routine.

(beat)

Glad you are improving at the range.

LORA

Well, thanks to your instruction tapes...could've sent me a warm letter time to time...normal brothers do that you know...

IVAN

One can never be less prepared.

LORA

Whatever you say, Indiana Jones...

Ivan takes a sip from his cup.

IVAN

Say, how is George?

LORA

Prick...you are doing this on purpose. His name is Jack.

IVAN

Ok. How is Jack?

LORA

Fine. Just fine.

IVAN

Are you going anywhere with this?

LORA

Hey! You don't have to be my big brother on love issues.

(beat)

Yea, we're going...we're going to Macedonia, ain't we? Healing trip.

IVAN

Well, thank you for the invite, but...

LORA

Oh, no! Don't wanna hear it. You're going too. Period.

IVAN

I dunno, Lora...Wanna get onto some job...mingle around...

LORA

You can do that after we get back. C'mon, I need you on this...

IVAN

Like a...love issues advisor?

LORA

Fuck you!

Ivan bursts into LAUGHTER.

LORA (CONT'D)

Sides, you are the only one to speak the language...you'll definitely come in handy.

IVAN

Se za tebe, duso moja...

Ivan takes a sip of his cup, Lora's like "huh"?

EXT. CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Lora, Ivan, and some dude having a great time at some of the Skopje's sightseers.

They take pictures at the Millennia Cross.

They walk on the fortress wall edge at Kale.

They visit Mother Theresa's house, downtown.

EXT. CITY BAZAAR - NIGHT

SCREAMING and LAUGHTER of the people enjoying themselves.

EXT. OUTDOOR TABLE - CONTINUES

A significant atmosphere captures our attention at an outdoor table.

Six people around, sitting three by three on each side. Food and booze galore.

LAUGHING, JOKING, some English, some Macedonian.

One of the sides sits Lora, Ivan and JACK - the dude, early 30s, a preppy - all American guy.

Opposite to them sit a trio of HOSTS, also two guys and a gal, all three domestic 'bout their looks.

As their names won't be needed any further beyond this scene, let's just call them GRUMPY, GOOFY, and LADY HOST.

A competition is ongoing, one of the male hosts providing Lora with some local drink.

Lora takes a sip - SCREAMS her ass off, bursts into LAUGHTER, all other follow.

GRUMPY
(really bad English)
A? Good? You can take this?

Lora wipes her mouth, mixed with grin and pleasure. Ivan has attention on her, wouldn't let her go too far.

LORA
Jebi ga! What the fuck was that?

All three of the hosts burst into LAUGHTER. Exchange some words among them.

One of them, a guy sitting at the end, opposite to Ivan points out his shirt. Text reading : "RAKIA - CONNECTING PEOPLE"

Ivan and Jack roll eyes, not too impressed, Lora's on cloud nine.

GOOFY

Best we have around here! You will never try anything like!

LORA

Sure of that!

GRUMPY

So how do you like Macedonia?

JACK

Lotta fun, gotta get back sometime.

GRUMPY

Food good?

Jack and Ivan exchange looks.

JACK

Don't know why everyone around here keep asking us the same all the time, but yes...food's great.

GOOFY

(to Ivan)

But I understand you come from here, right?

IVAN

Yea...not born&raised, but my sister, Lora and I have...uh, domestic heritage.

Hosts look blunt.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Ah...roots...our grandparents were from around here.

GRUMPY

So you climb mountains?

JACK

No, no...we're backpackers.

Blunt looks again.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ah shit...

IVAN

Nie sme a v a n t u r i s t i.

Hosts now understand. All nod.

GRUMPY

You good!

IVAN

Yea, I try...

LORA

(finishing her munch)

Actually, we're visiting the St.
Trinity monastery tomorrow.

JACK

Yea, lotta praises. We heard 'one
of the oldest places around?

Now the hosts exchange looks. But not well.

GRUMPY

Yes, yes, very old. A more of five
century. Lot of tourists go there
to visit.

(beat)

We do not like so much...

LORA

Yea? Why?

GOOFY

Not into religion so much. We
enjoy...new times, yes?

All nod as having mutual agreement. They all get back to
their meals when suddenly, the female host comes alive.

LADY HOST

(slightly better English)

There's a legend of the
monastery...

JACK

Ain't it always...

LADY HOST

No, this one is very strange...

EXT. WOODS - FLASHBACK

A BEARDED MAN, 60, folk robe, prowls around the dense
forest. Something caught his attention. He looks beyond the
fern.

LADY HOST (V.O.)

(narrating)

Very long ago, during the war time, a head of the monastery found a young girl hiding in the woods nearby. He realized she was hiding there for months in the wilderness as her family was killed by the war party.

A young GIRL, 20s, sits crumpled, dirty, clothes torn apart.

LADY HOST (V.O.)

(narrating)

She survived by eating leafs and bugs and was almost like a wild animal. The monk admired her strength and will to survive so he housed her back in the monastery and soon she became his wife and they had a baby boy.

EXT. MONASTERY COMPOUND - FLASHBACK

Bearded monk and the girl, now clean and neat walk side by side. The girl has a large belly.

Some MONKS cross their way. They mimic cartoonish "go away!"

LADY HOST (V.O.)

(narrating)

As this was strictly against the rules, when the other monks found out, he and his family were expelled from the monastery. In return he casted a curse upon the monastery that no one can find his way to it ever again.

EXT. MONASTERY GATES - FLASHBACK

Bearded monk tears off his robe and naked along the naked girl mimics a wild man, both running into the woods.

EXT. CITY BAZAAR - BACK TO NOW

By this time no one actually does anything but carefully listens to the story transfixed.

JACK
(dead serious)
But...people visit it regularly?

Male hosts burst into LAUGHTER.

GRUMPY
Just a story, man!

LORA
(hooked)
So sad...what happened to the baby?

Jack gives her "we just ate a bunch of onions" look.

GOOFY
Who knows? Just a strange story,
It's not real probably.

JACK
As I have said, it goes with the
castle.

IVAN
We are planning on taking a minibus
route. Can you advise any better?

GRUMPY
No, bus is best. Now, you can go
all the way, but there is much walk
or driver can leave you half way on
place called Studencista and from
there on you can climb on foot. It
is harder to go, but quicker.

JACK
If it is off the maps, I don't
know...

IVAN
We will take it in consideration,
thanks.

GOOFY
Trinity is a great place. You will
find much peace there.

JACK
Well...let's raise a toast to it.

They all raise glasses together.

EXT. BAZAAR ALLEY - LATER ON

Jack, Lora, and Ivan linger together through a half-dark, empty alley.

Booze has taken its toll on Jack and Lora but Ivan hangs on straight...or at least pretends to have things under control.

Lora's heels pierce the late hour emptiness. Although half-drunk, she is a lioness in motion.

JACK

(loud)

Did you see that? Did you see, my friend?

(leaning to Lora)

We've got beaten up square by this broad!

Makes an attempt to kiss her, but Lora dodges him.

LORA

You better work on that velocity of yours.

JACK

Now, that's a true libra talk!

Hitting on her again.

JACK (CONT'D)

C'mon baby...

Lora pushes him away. Jack's irritated as much as he's drunk.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yea? So self-assured, but were whining back there over the baby story...

(imitating host's bad English)

And the b a b y was homeless and crying...

LORA

Such a fucking asshole, darling.

Jack takes a bow.

IVAN

Hey! I thought this was a relationship healing vacation.

JACK
Well, I'm doing my best,
buddy...she just got all over these
babies...

LORA
Maybe I want one?

JACK
(much more sober)
Maybe fuck you!

Lora turns to Ivan "you see".

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm not the bad guy
here...just tonight this talk
interferes with r a k i a too
much...

MALE VOICE coming aside interrupts Jack.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(bad English)
Hey! Pretty girl! Come have fun?

All three of them throw their focus in that direction.

A GANG of 5-6 YOUNG ADULTS upon them. They all look horny
for fun and fighting.

Almost without hesitation, Jack engages them.

JACK
No man, fun is over for us.

One of the gang is ALPHA MALE. Steps out of the bunch.

ALPHA
I was not talking to you.
(focus on Lora)
Girl so pretty, must like fun, a?

Ivan closely monitors the situation.

Lora taken aback, sober to the bone.

JACK
Nah, she doesn't like either...

ALPHA
Maybe I stick you to the wall
here...fuck her in front of
you...you have fun too then?

Jack comes closer.

JACK
What did you say?

Alpha swears something in his native language. Jack doesn't react to it.

Ivan recognizes the threat. Takes initiative.

IVAN
Vo red! Vo red! Here...you want
fun, this buy you lot of fun.

Takes couple of dollar bills outta his pocked and hands over to the Alpha.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Lot of money, lot of girls, no just
one, ok?

Alpha's considering the bargain. Turns to his gang - they exchange some native talk.

All smile.

ALPHA
(to Ivan)
You buy your luck tonight.

Alpha grabs the money from Ivan. Goes back to his gang.

They all vanish into the night.

The trio stays motionless until the gang vanishes completely outta their sight. Then Jack furiously turns to Ivan.

JACK
Way to go dude! You've just paid
your sisters dignity!

Ivan moves closer to Jack.

IVAN
No, I paid to cover your fucking
ass. At least three of them were
packing knives.

Jack goes right into Ivan's face.

JACK
How would you know, huh? Some
fucking GI sixth sense?

LORA
Jack! Stop it!

Moment of glare eye-to-eye. Pure masculine ego-pump.

IVAN
I saw them...in their hands. Wanna
go to conflict, gotta watch your
grounds...

LORA
Ivan, please...

Ivan backs down. This guy is freaking Yoda at self-control.
They all get a grip, walk themselves outta the scene.

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

A cosy, small place, tucked perfectly among the big
buildings around.

INT. IVAN'S ROOM - CONTINUES

Ivan, stripped down to his underwear, and sat on his bed
looking at the large road map in front of him.

A KNOCK on the door.

IVAN
Yes?

Lora enters the room. She is much more sober now, much more
politely looking.

LORA
Still not asleep? Gotta catch some
rest, big day tomorrow.

IVAN
Why are you still awake?

LORA
Still gathering... after what
happened tonight.

IVAN
How's Jack?

LORA
Ah, had a few pukers, dead asleep
now...

Ivan's attention is back to the map.

IVAN
Gotta watch yourself of such
bozo's...

LORA
What? C'mon you'll be my parents
now?

IVAN
I am your family...Just
saying...you need someone firm...

LORA
Well, actually you're the one
chickened out tonight.

IVAN
I meant firm...as in relationship.

LORA
Jack's ok. You just haven't met him
the right way.

IVAN
(pointing at the map)
Guy at the tavern was right. There
is a half-way passage at this
place.
(beat)
We could save a couple of hours
taking the route.

LORA
Not sure...what If we get lost?

IVAN
It is not off road. Its marked on
the map Christ sakes...

LORA
Well I guess...talk tomorrow, ok?

She's hesitant to leave. Ivan notices this.

IVAN
Something you wanna talk?

Lora comes back, sits next to Ivan. She looks at him
profoundly. A single tear stream through her cheek.

LORA

Ever since we were little after mom
and dad...died...I found this
strong feeling of...dependance of
you.

(beat)

Not only as an older brother, but
a...protector 'some ways.

(beat)

Then you went away...to serve,
I...for the first time in my life I
felt totally vulnerable...Never
really missed anyone 'till then.

IVAN

We've had comms...send you all
those tapes...

LORA

On how to handle weapons?

(smiles)

C'mon...sure that was all I needed
in my life...

Ivan squeezes her next to him. He listens trying to feel.

LORA (CONT'D)

I called you on this trip. Never
wanna feel that again.

IVAN

I know...

LORA

I hope you do. Earlier, tonight
when those idiots...

IVAN

C'mon let it go...

LORA

No!

(beat)

When they...approached and said
those stuff...I imagined them
suffer tortured. I wasn't
scared...I was angry...

(beat)

And then you...paid them...

IVAN

Lora...

LORA

You sold my...impression of you...

IVAN

C'mon, fuck! What was I supposed to do? Get killed fighting them?

Pushes her away. Stands up.

LORA

You were supposed to be big a brother...

IVAN

And I was. I resolved it no casualties.

(beat)

I hear this shit all along since I have come back from the route. But guess what. Most people don't know what violence really is.

(beat)

You know what? You were angry because you were scared. You were scared shitless, so was Jack.

(beat)

I know it's a lousy feeling, but I'am not the one to blame, ok?

Lora stand up and wipes her face.

IVAN (CONT'D)

It's pretty late. We should be getting to sleep.

LORA

Yes...I guess so.

Lora turns to exit.

IVAN

Lori, this does not have to be the end. I'm still your big brother.

(beat)

I will find the way to make it up.

Lora nods. Exits the room quietly.

INT. LORA'S ROOM - MORNING

Sun beam passes Lora's face. She opens her eyes as been already awake.

Turns to Jack, on the other side of the bed. Jack feels her, moves away.

JACK
(groggy)

No...

Lora takes out her cell. Checks the time. Some chat balloons pop-ups and social network notifications.

Lora opens one. Life hack by some user: "Cherish the morning as you might regret the day".

Lora gives a neat smile. Dives into her pillow.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The minibus moves along curvy road. Deeper and deeper among the backcountry hills.

INT. MINIBUS - MOVING

Jack's hungover face drags across the seat. He has shades on him, can't tell if he's sleeping or wasted.

Lora is on the opposite row. Vividly observing the fast-moving nature outside.

Ivan is accompanying the equipment. Three super-large backpacks and some nylon bags around him.

He is focused straight, calculating his thoughts.

Some native peasants at the back laughing and TALKING loudly putting some mingles into almost empty ride.

Ivan has made the decision. Merely informing others.

He smacks Jack, having him awake now.

IVAN
I'll go ask!

Jack is gathering his whereabouts. Does not react to Ivan.

Ivan stands up, moving on to the DRIVER (late 50s)

Lora notices. She goes along.

LORA
Ivan! Ivan!

She has got his attention.

LORA (CONT'D)
Whatcha doing?

IVAN
I'm asking the driver for the short cut.

LORA
Ivan, we haven't spoken about this...

IVAN
I know. You'll need to trust me.

LORA
(to herself)
Fuck...

She goes back to Jack who needs some explanation.

Ivan moves next to the driver. Leans over.

IVAN
Hej! Studencista?

Driver goes native.

IVAN
Do you speak English?

DRIVER
Yes! Very much turist here!

IVAN
Look, can you tell me where is S t
u d e n c I s t a? Me and my
friends were told it is a quite
short cut to the Trinity monastery.

DRIVER
Ah...yes...near here. But better
you go with me on the road.

IVAN
But this way is two-three hours
cut, yes?

DRIVER
Yes. Yes. Hard to climb.
(looks back, spots the
equipment)
But you mountain climbers. No
trouble for you!

IVAN

Just tell me when we get there.

DRIVER

No problem. In a half hour maybe.

Ivan taps him on the shoulder. Gets back to his seat.

Lora and Jack await the news.

IVAN

It's about in a half hour. Check if all is in place.

JACK

So this is it, huh? No vote?

Ivan does not revert. Lora jerks aside. Clearly not satisfied with Ivan's decision.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

The minibus stops in the middle of the road. A small goat trail peaking out the fairly narrow hill just a click off the road.

Ivan, Lora, and Jack jump outside. All packed, full gear on them.

Ivan leans back to the door.

IVAN

(to driver)

This is the road up, yes?

DRIVER

Yes! Just straight, the road leads all up to the hill.

IVAN

It's marked, yes?

The driver does not get him. Ivan gestures circle with his hands.

IVAN

Marked...

DRIVER

Ah, yes! Yes! It is official road.

IVAN

Okay...B l a g o d a r a m!

DRIVER

(grins)
So sreka!

The minibus leaves.

IVAN

This is it ladies and gentleman!
Check your watches and check your
network. Let's move out!

JACK

(mocks)
Eye-eye, sir!

They all take out their cell phones.

IVAN

The network looks good. Have the
water by the reach. Let's go!

He sprints out up the road.

Jack is to follow. Lora hardly moves. Jack notices this.

JACK

C'mon honey. This is why we are
here.

Lora starts moving. Jack is trying to catch up with the
leader.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait up, Ivan the great!

LORA

(under breath)
Alexander was the great. Ivan was
the terrible, you ass...

EXT. ON THE TRAIL - WOODS - LATER

Ivan, Jack and Lora all move in a single file. They're now
on much woodsy terrain.

Bushes and thick branches everywhere. Ivan is alerted, cheks
upon the markings.

He spots one painted on a tree. Moves solid forward.

Jack and Lora whine behind. Signs of mid - aggravation on
their faces.

Jack breaks the peace.

JACK
Time-out squad! I need a break.

Ivan checks his watch.

IVAN
We're slowing...

JACK
Hey! This ain't no boot camp, man!
'sides, last time I've checked you
were invited to this trip.

IVAN
Wanna do the lead?

LORA
Hey! Break it up! I don't need any
macho hump aside the tow I'm
wearing at my back.

IVAN
Just saying the point of this hike
was to make the trip shorter.
(looks up)
Good chances of rain soon.

LORA
Yea, well...would be safe and sound
within the minibus right now...

IVAN
Lora, Trinity was your joy ride.
Wanna go back? Be my guest!

JACK
Ah, shit...

LORA
Yes it was. Maybe my joy ride was
on that fucking bus too!
(beat)
We could have talked this over,
like grown ups, not...

IVAN
We're not lost, ok? Nothing's gonna
happen...just a trip to the woods.
(beat)
C'mon guys, we all voted
adventure...

JACK
Has the point there, Lora...

LORA
You shut the fuck up!

JACK
Okay, fuck! Let's do this, Ivan.
Taking your side now.

IVAN
Just...take a rest. We are still
about an hour ahead.

Ivan takes out his cell phone. Checks it.

JACK
Still good on net?

IVAN
Solid.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

The trio moves again. A lot slower this time.

Ivan is focused on the markings. Spots another one. Takes the solid lead.

Jack mumble something to himself from behind. Endurance talk.

Lora meets her verge and it shows. She stops on a beat, but does her best the guys don't notice.

EXT. MEADOW CLEARING - CONTINUES

All of the sudden, the woods end and Ivan, Jack and Lora emerge on a large, narrow clearing.

Ivan scans the new surroundings worried. No visible markings to track.

Lost in his observance, he completely misses what Jack sees.

JACK (O.S.)
What the hell is that?

Ivan and Lora draw their attention seeing an--

--couple of HUMANS, sitting on a grass seemingly having a picnic.

They are too far to distinguish who is who, but do not look outta the place.

There is a giant terrain vehicle parked along their picnic site.

IVAN

Looks like a family gathering.
Let's go ask them.

LORA

Ask them what?

IVAN

I...haven't spotted any road marking around. Have you?

LORA

That's great!

IVAN

I say again; we're not lost...but not trouble to ask some locals every time we have a chance.

JACK

They look local to you?

IVAN

We're gonna find out.

Ivan starts moving toward the picnic location. Jack and Lora follow along.

As they approach starts getting clearer it is only MAN and a WOMAN having a BABY with them.

Some food and drinks on the thick blanket that serves as sitting ground.

The MAN appears to be in some mid 50s, good maintained body of a rock. Like Hulk decided to settle down.

The WOMAN is quite younger, maybe in her mid 30s. Rustic clothes do not suppress the glowing face that somehow does not belong in them.

She's also the first spotting the upcomers, shying away, hiding the few months old BABY.

Ivan, his sister, and her boyfriend touch their perimeter. They do not go closer.

Now, the Man also spotting their presence.

It is a couple of moments of primal silence of tribe meeting the outlanders. Then--

IVAN

Hello. Do you speak English?

Man and woman look at each other.

The man speaks up. His voice is harsh, rocky as his body, but has a good grip on the accent.

THE MAN

Yes. I do speak.

IVAN

Great! Ah, we're on a trail to Trinity monastery. Just needed to know are we on a good route?

THE MAN

You are tourists?

IVAN

Yea, you could say that.

The man looks up the woods like he's checking where to point them out.

THE MAN

Yes. Just go straight up. Follow markings. You will see a road. Follow the road south and you are there.

IVAN

Thanks a lot.

Ivan is about to move on, but Lora steps out.

She comes closer than the rest, and kneels down before the woman holding the baby.

The woman crumples as scared animal would, but says nothing.

LORA

Such a cute baby...What's his name?

The woman just stares at Lora.

THE MAN

She cannot speak...
(gesticulating)
She's mute...

LORA

Oh, I see...I'm sorry...

Lora backs away to her group.

THE MAN

But You have guessed right. It is a boy...

LORA

Thanks. You speak English very well.

THE MAN

Yes...I have been working abroad many times...You are Americans?

IVAN

Me and my sister are Canadian...
(pointing at Jack)
This guy's an American.

THE MAN

I see...never been there...No work for me there...

JACK

Yeah, too bad...

The man turns his attention to Ivan.

THE MAN

You are soldier?

IVAN

Uh...yes, I was...I served a tour in Kandahar.

THE MAN

Your eyes show.

They stare at each other for a beat. Awkward moment.

JACK

All right, guys! Trinity calling!

Ivan snaps back.

IVAN

Yes...still a way to go. Thanks for directions again.

(beat)

You wouldn't know ETA by any chance?

THE MAN

Well...some hour and half...maybe
less if you have good condition.

IVAN

Good. Have a nice time.

Jack and Lora wave as well. No response from the picnic family.

The trio moves along the trail into the woods again.

EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS - LATER

Ivan embarks first from the woods- taken by the sight. Right after him comes Jack, stunned as well.

Last appears Lora, still coping with her strength. Head down to her feet, he raises it only to behold--

--The wast of dug up, muddy land trail. Huge pipes stuck one to another into eternity.

Nature has nothing to do with this. Clearly an man-made industrial devastation called pipeline.

The trio takes a moment to sink into the picture.

JACK

Not the guys in the tavern, not the
damn driver, not those freaks in
the woods...NOT A GOD DAMN TO
FUCKING HELL PERSON EVEN
MENTIONED...THIS?! THE FUCK!

Ivan does not react. The first time he is off the leadership track. Looks around - not a single marking in sight.

Lora is crushed.

LORA

I am going back!

IVAN

No! We move through this.

LORA

Move through this? You fucking
insane?

IVAN

How was I supposed to know? This
was not on the maps.

LORA

Fuck the maps, fuck the joy
ride...I can't take this any more.

JACK

She's right bro...We're screwed for
good on this trip. Let's go back.

IVAN

You wanna sleep in the fucking
woods? We're unequipped for that.
Way back is a couple of hours at
least and we are way past noon.

(beat)

Look up. Gonna rain any minute.

(beat)

It is just a pipeline. We gonna
push through to the south as the
guy said. Must be a road going on
from there...

LORA

That GUY had a jeep. Going back to
them, ask them to take us down to
village or any goddamn place near
by.

Lora turns around to go. Jack's hesitant.

IVAN

Lora, don't!

She don't wanna hear. Ivan rushes to her. Stops her by
force.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Look, listen...That guy...there was
something odd 'bout him...

JACK

You trippin'? The GI sense again?

IVAN

Shut the fuck up!

(to Lora)

I know...I asked him of ETA, a
velcro slang and he replied
straight, no blunt looks. Most
folks here can't even pronounce
ETA.

(beat)

Or, they didn't even offer us
drink, food...most people here are
quite polite.

JACK

Yea...they didn't wave back...broke my heart...

IVAN

I'm just saying...something hostile around them...I've seen this in the villages back there....just about we were to be ambushed...

JACK

C'mon, man...You compare us to Afghanistan?

LORA

Ivan...I appreciate your concerns...but we're in a mess right now.

(beat)

All my senses and all my strengths which I'm desperately hanging on are saying the best thing we can do right now is going back and ask for help.

(beat)

Please...one, this time, listen to me and let's go back...please...

EXT. MEADOW CLEARING - LATER

Lora, Ivan, and Jack storm back at the clearing. Lora's shy smile of relief is gone when she realizes no one is there anymore.

Lora turns around, puzzled.

LORA

Where the fuck they go?

JACK

Oh, shit...

Ivan embarks behind them.

IVAN

You both happy? My turn now...Let's move. Fast.

EXT. PIPELINE TRAIL - LATER

The trio lingers through the dust and mud trails. They're way off their potentials now. Dirty, distressed, and angry.

JACK

I kinda get the point of the legend now... The curse must still work...

LORA

Shut up!

(to Ivan)

Do we at least know where we are going?

IVAN

We came from the north.

(points out)

That's north.

JACK

Whatever you say, skipper...

IVAN

Look guys, those bulldozers weren't flown here ok? There must be a road near by. We get to it, we hitch.

JACK

Can't we just dial 911...for air support?

He takes out his cell phone.

JACK (CONT'D)

The net is still good...

IVAN

Jack...don't mouth your energy out, pal...

(checks on Lora)

You good? You need a break?

Lora doesn't respond. Just pretends to be focused on the road ahead.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...Never crossed my mind this could happen...

LORA

As most things in life do...

JACK (O.S.)
Hey guys! Something peaks up at the
front!

Ivan and Lora look up.

Not far away a portable quarter cabin catches their sight.

JACK (CONT'D)
Only we could find someone there...

IVAN
Let's move out.

EXT. CABIN PERIMETER - CONTINUES

They approach the seemingly abandoned place. Ivan checks
inside through the window.

Jack scouts around.

Lora just drops her backpack and sits on it. Catching a
moment of relief.

JACK
There's no fucking fountain,
nothing! How we're supposed to get
some water?
(to Ivan)
I'm dry empty, man...

IVAN
Seems abandoned...shit. I was
hoping to get some directions.

JACK
So what now?

IVAN
Now, we take a rest and continue.

JACK
You're screwing me. We outta
supplies. Lora is half dead!

LORA
I can manage...

IVAN
You have any better idea? Want me
to call on a chopper in here?

JACK
 Fuck...fuck this third world
 country shit! Next time is off to
 Coney fucking island!

LORA
 Would you two just stop arguing for
 Christ sake!

By the corner of her eye, Lora notices a PALE SHADOW
 up-rising in front of her.

She jerks up, SCREAMING.

Ivan and Jack drop the argument and instantly look Lora's
 way.

In the front of them a lurky figure of a man standing,
 looking somewhat funny in his worker terrain gear, helmet
 and fluorescent vest. Carefully maintained goatee on him,
 mid 30s in age - this is LAKI.

He apologies to Lora with gesture, probably not sure they
 would understand his native speech.

JACK
 Where the fuck this guy came from?

IVAN
 (to Laki)
 You speak English?

LAKI
 Ah...so-so...

IVAN
 We are off to Trinity monastery,
 but got...lost...Can you point us
 the way?

Laki calculates. Like finding the right words to present.

LAKI
 Well...monastery is back that
 way...

JACK
 Well, great!

IVAN
 We were told it was south. Is there
 any path crossing this pipeline, we
 can get back short?

LAKI

No, I think no.

IVAN

Ok, so how do we get to the monastery?

LAKI

Well...you go back, around the woods, below to road...

LORA

Oh, fuck! Ivan, this guy's killing me!

IVAN

Calm down...

(to Laki)

So you're telling me no other way? No cuts?

LAKI

I don't know...maybe but I don't know...

Ivan takes a beat. Million plans in his head.

IVAN

Where does this pipeline go to? Any way down?

LAKI

Yes...near here, all the way to the main road...but...very...difficult path...you must careful.

IVAN

To the road? Where cars go?

LAKI

Yes, yes...main road.

JACK

(to Ivan)

Ask him if there's any road up here? How did fucking Mr T and his family got up with their jeep?

LORA

I'm not going back. No fucking way!

IVAN

Ok, ok...

(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)

(to Laki)

We saw people back there in the woods with jeep. How did they drive there? Must be some road here?

LAKI

Look...I work here long time. I tell you no roads here, only pipeline. The road is below, so you must go down to it.

(beat)

Where you from?

No one answers that question.

JACK

You at least have something to drink?

LAKI

Sure man...

Enters the cabin, comes back with a plastic bottle.

LAKI

Here...

Jack takes the bottle, makes a sip with all his strength. Pukes to hell.

JACK

What the fuck is this!?

LAKI

(laughs)

Ah, Rakija...

JACK

You fucking with me?

Laki's smile drops. Now his face gets stone sinister.

JACK (CONT'D)

Any water?

LAKI

You not say so...

(beat)

Around the corner...

Jack leaves, bypassing Ivan and Lora's argument.

LORA

I'm telling you Ivan. No way...no way in hell...

IVAN

Wasn't it your joy ride? C'mon we still get a chance if we move faster.

LORA

No more...not for today...Let's just get down this fucking hill and go home.

Jack gets back, joins in.

JACK

You better not be discussing getting back to monastery, right?

(beat)

Cause there's no fucking way I'll do that.

IVAN

Starting to get that impression...

JACK

We're outta food, water...strength...we look like shit...these fucking clowns toying with us...let's call it quits and get back to the town.

LORA

I'm perfectly with him, Ivan...

IVAN

Ok...let's get down and back...

(to Laki)

You say downhill is not too far?

LAKI

You not miss. Just go straight about two-three hundred meters and look right.

IVAN

All right. Thanks.

(they shake hands)

I'm Ivan, by the way.

LAKI

Laki.

JACK

Yes you are...working in this dump.

Laki looks to Jack blunt. Jack waives off.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let get the fuck outta this place
guys.

The trio gathers and slowly moves forward. Laki looks upon them from behind.

As they nearly disappear, he goes back to his cabin.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUES

Mini atom-bomb blast inside. Dirty, things scattered around, bed not made for at least a month, nude girl posters swarm the walls.

Laki takes off a pretty new and expensive cell phone. Makes call.

He talks some native, sounds pretty menacing.

He ends the call. Takes out a larger box and puts in on a table.

He takes out a gadget - phone signal jammer with two straight antennas popping out of it. He turns it on.

Goes out with the gadget.

EXT. PIPELINE TRAIL - LATER

Ivan reaches the verge of the vertical strip. Checks down. Goes further. No road nor nothing for that matter on sight.

Jack comes along. Lora follows.

IVAN

It's a solid rock as far as I can
see...

JACK

Doesn't look so narrow. We can do
this.

IVAN

Well...we get screwed again, at
least I know the guy's name...

JACK
Yea...you do press charges...

LORA
Would you two finally stop and let
us just get down?

Ivan checks his watch, and checks his cell phone.

IVAN
Network looks good, but we are
tight on time.
(beat)
I call give or take two hours to
get down before we start losing the
light.

LORA
I call would be more than enough.
(screaming)
HOT FUCKING TUB, HERE I COME!

She starts moving down. Ivan spots her lifting her mood for the first time they have entered the climb.

Suits good on him. He follows her down. Jack's next.

EXT. ON THE STRIP - CONTINUES

Ivan, Lora, and Jack move down slowly and are wary. Their backpacks swing left-right giving them trouble on the ballance.

Ivan looks more secure, measuring his steps carefully. Jack is sloppy, Lora finds it difficult to handle the downing.

Lora bumps her shoe into a rock.

LORA
(painfully)
Ah shit!

IVAN
What?

LORA
I fucking think I broke my nail!

IVAN
Wanna me take a look?

LORA
No! I can manage it. Let's just
move on.

IVAN
Careful of the surroundings. Put
your feet like this.

He shows them positioning his feet horizontal to the trail.

IVAN (CONT'D)
This way you can control the force
pulling you down, ok?

JACK
Why don't we just swing these
backpacks down? This gonna get us
killed.

IVAN
To where? Just gonna have to do it
couple of feet down.
(beat)
Look, just move slowly and be
careful.

JACK
I hate to break the spirit but I
kind just felt a rain drop on my
nose.

LORA
God, no...

Ivan looks up.

IVAN
It's not gonna pour...just yet.
Let's move.

They continue down.

EXT. ON THE STRIP - LATER

Lora misses her step heavily and almost drops down. She's
paining and swearing at herself at the same time.

IVAN
You ok?
(beat)
Let's make a quick break.

LORA

I think...my foot nails are done. I can't feel them of pain.

IVAN

My feet are killing me too...We should just hang on.

LORA

Ivan...let's go back. I'll sleep in a fucking tent. I don't think I can do this.

IVAN

You can. Just focus on the trail.

Jack approaches.

JACK

Yo, looks like gonna rain any minute. Can we move the fuck along?

IVAN

Just give her some time...

Ivan stands up, moves little further down. Observes.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I think I see the road below! Far away, but visible.

(beat)

The guy wasn't shitting us. This is the right route. C'mon, let's move!

Ivan slides down carefully. Jack aids Lora get up. They both follow.

As they move over the sight line, they see Ivan standing still, gaping beneath him.

Jack leaves Lora, and moves slightly closer to Ivan. Now he understands what is troubling Ivan.

Under them - a cascade into Neverland. Angle must be close to 90 degrees, almost impossible to scroll down without falling or hurting oneself seriously.

JACK

Shit...

Ivan scrubs his forehead. Man left outta ideas.

IVAN

(quietly)

We must go down...

JACK
Yeah, tell that to Lora...

LORA (O.S.)
Oh - my - fucking - GOD!!!

IVAN
I guess there's no need now...

Lora approaches seeing (not believing) what the guys see.

LORA
We must go up! Now!

IVAN
(checking the watch)
No time for that, sis...gonna get
dark very soon.

LORA
(pissed)
You telling me we have a shot of
two FUCKING hours to get down on
this slope?!?

IVAN
Calm down...

LORA
No, no...can't calm down anymore.
I'm going up. Alone, if I must!

IVAN
Good luck...

JACK
Guys, I really think it's just not
that scary as it looks.
(to Lora)
Honey...really...we came here for
adventure. Let's give it a go?

LORA
I can't believe this...

JACK
Look...
(makes tiny step)
Not so hard...
(to Ivan)
I'm giving it a go first.

IVAN
Watch your steps...

Jack tries to move down. Making the first serious step, the backpack slams him over the head, making him almost fall.

Ivan and Lora startle.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Carefully!

Jack gestures that everything is ok. He continues slowly and carefully - actually making some progress.

JACK

See? Nothing to it...

Suddenly, Jack slips hard - making a hard roll down.

He loses control, SCREAMING along the way.

Ivan and Lora rush to help, but they can only observe him rolling harder and harder.

Pieces of rocks and dust embedded his body.

LORA

(screaming)

Jack! Oh, my God, Jack!!

IVAN

Grab something!!

(to Lora)

Going after him. Stay put!

Ivan streams down. Quick, but careful. A man who has clearly done this before.

EXT. ON THE STRIP - JACK'S POSITION - CONTINUES

Jack tears himself apart. Already a zillion bruises on him, face covered in dust and dirt.

He's sliding - maintaining the speed, desperately swinging his arms to grab onto anything but rolling rocks.

He's completely disoriented, and his P.O.V. is rolling along.

And in a moment all the motion stops.

Jack - not realizing how he managed to do so.

He slowly raises his head, measuring his spread arm - grabbing onto - A HUMAN HAND.

Jack drops his strength in relief.

JACK
Oh...shit...thanks, Ivan...

But as the fuss settles, Ivan's SCREAMS are actually heard from the way above.

Jack's confused.

He looks up, more focused this time.

It's just a piece of human hand - arising from the rocks.

Doesn't look alive either, having a blueish stroke all over it, even brownish, smeared blood stains.

Jack jumps back with all his might.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the fuck!?

Ivan finally arrives. Immediately checks on Jack.

IVAN
You ok, man?

Jack doesn't even pay attention. Stares at something aside.

Ivan notices this. Looks back. Is taken aback.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Whoa! What the hell...

JACK
Don't tell me it's a human
hand...An actual human hand...

IVAN
Jesus...

JACK
It grabbed me...

IVAN
It grabbed you?

JACK
Or...I grabbed it...

IVAN
It's a dead body below.

Ivan starts removing the rocks around.

JACK
What the hell are you doing?

IVAN
C'mon help me. It could still be
alive.

JACK
Look at that color of the skin,
bro...This...whoever it was, is
long gone...

IVAN
Just dig!

Jack starts removing the rocks. Not looking really keen into
finding out who is below.

JACK
We're really screwed big
time,aren't we?

He examines his wounds.

JACK (CONT'D)
Every fucking bone in my body
hurts. How will we ever make it
down?

Ivan says nothing. Just removes the rocks through.

The shape of what was once a MAN starts appearing. Parts of
the head, torso, and other limbs.

It's a mess. Could've been here for weeks.

Jack jerks back,and covers his mouth.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh, shit it stinks!

Ivan realizes the menace of the situation.

IVAN
We gotta call the police...

Ivan gets up and takes out his cell phone. Even now he
notices Lora standing close by, observing the whole ordeal.

She looks pale,on the verge of puking.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Lora...

LORA
(trembling voice)
What...who is he...?

IVAN
We don't know. Jack grabbed his arm
accidentally when he was falling
down.

JACK
Fucker saved my life...

LORA
(to Jack)
You think this is funny?

Jack backs down.

Ivan is puzzled, looking at his cell.

IVAN
Strange...It is down on
network...Jack, check yours.

Jack looks through his torn cloths.

JACK
It would be miracle if it survived
the fall...

He finds his cell, and takes it out.

JACK (CONT'D)
What is the number to call anyway?
I know 911 won't help.

IVAN
I don't know the local emergency
number. I think they're covered by
Europe's 112...

JACK
Shit. No net on mine too...

IVAN
Lemme take a look...

Ivan examines Jack's cell. Disappointed. Turns to Lora.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Lora, can you check yours too?

He notices Lora doesn't pay attention to him. She just
stares at the body covering her mouth.

LORA
What's that...on his chest?

Ivan glances at the body.

Meantime Jack takes the Lora's cell, checks it for network.

Ivan's puzzled too. Approaches closer to the body, mouth covered.

EXT. IVAN'S POSITION NEXT TO THE BODY - CONTINUES.

Ivan kneels down. Takes an autopsy look.

There is a big black-reddish hole close to the man's heart. Almost like something had popped out of him...or something large has entered...

The wound looks familiar to Ivan.

IVAN
It's a bullet hole...

LORA
A what?!?

JACK
(not into the finding)
No net on this one either. What the fuck is happening?

IVAN
It's a high-caliber bullet hole.
This guy has been gunned down...
(beat)
This isn't no accident...

JACK
What are you talking about?

Ivan rises and scans the surroundings nervously.

IVAN
We have to get out of this fucking trail right now.

EXT. ON THE STRIP - JACK, IVAN, LORA POSITION - CONTINUES

Ivan checks the sides of the trail. A couple of meters up to go before climbing, but nothing to hold on to.

Ivan drops his backpack and tries to jump as high as he can.

Lora and Jack observe him.

JACK

What the hell is he doing?

LORA

I don't know...he said something of a bullet hole...

JACK

A fucking what??

IVAN

Shit! We cannot climb this walls!
We need to get off the trail now!

(beat)

Let's move down.

JACK

Ivan...what the...We should report this accident.

IVAN

It ain't no fucking accident. Guy's been shot down!

LORA

We can't just leave him...

IVAN

We can't call anybody from here. We must go down.

JACK

What 'bout that guy in the trailer?

IVAN

Look up! Can you climb this vertical hauling backpack in the condition you are?

JACK

Fuck the backpacks!

LORA

Let's just calm down...We need to think...

(beat)

What are the chances all three of us getting cut off the network?

IVAN

It could be the position we are at.
Something blocking the signal.

LORA

Can't we just yell? That guy up
there could probably hear us...

IVAN

He's too far away. No ones even
close to here. Take a look...

(beat)

Now, we are wasting time talking,
let's just get the hell outta here.
We can find police station down
there, we'll give them the location
of the body.

A metal-sounded buzzing ZIP like a bee SWOOSHES near Jack's
head.

Jack's even hardly aware of it.

JACK

What the fuck? Now bugs come bite?

Ivan freezes.

Another ZIP much closer, much menacingly sounding approach -
materializing itself into a --

-- hard hit to Jack's leg almost tearing it apart.

Jack SCREAMS in pain, and drops down instantly.

IVAN

(screaming)

JACK!!! GET DOWN!!!

Ivan ducks, dragging SCREAMING Lora with him.

Jack squids around AGONIZING. His leg is like part of a
broken toy, bouncing rocks holding on a thin thread of the
skin and muscle.

Blood all around. Armageddon sight.

IVAN (CONT'D)

It's a fucking sniper!

(gathering himself)

I gotta go help Jack. He gotta go
to hospital in this instance!

No sound whatever from Lora. Ivan looks behind him.

Lora is numbed as a stuffed animal - 100% shell-shocked. Her pants are soaked wet around her legs.

Ivan ignores the emotional state his sister is in. She's not shot, and that's enough for him.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Jack! Jack, stay down! You hear me,
Don't raise your head!

JACK

(outta control)
Ahhhh! My leg! Do you see my leg!
Ah, mom...Ah fuck me, my leg!!!

Ivan shakes Lora up. She finally looks at him.

IVAN

I'm gonna crawl to Jack. Just stay
put you hear me. Do not raise up,
ok?

Lora is non-responsive.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Jack! I'm coming to you, man. Just
try staying down, ok! I am gonna
get you to safety!

Jack is consumed by agony and SCREAMING.

Ivan slides his backpack carefully and gets down to his belly.

He carefully observes the surroundings - his military experience kicking in.

He starts crawling to Jack, dragging his backpack along as a first aid type of cover.

Jack seems miles away.

EXT. ON THE STRIP - JACK'S POSITION - CONTINUOUS

Jack spots Ivan coming along. He instinctively tries to get up, obviously never minding Ivan's pleas.

Ivan sees this.

IVAN (CONT'D)

No! Stay down. It's a sniper Jack.
He sees you up, he'll fire!

Jack is losing blood fast. He's pale face like a death mask of a person he was just a couple minutes ago.

His body wants to live. Desperately trying to get up, and reach for coming help.

Ivan stops moving. He looks back, checking on Lora.

JACK

Help me! You...help me...I don't
wanna die...fuck you, you help me!

IVAN

Just be put! I'm coming!

Tears overcome Ivan. The situation is so hopeless.

JACK

Oh God it hurts! Oh, it...so hurts!
(bursting to cry)
I wanna go home! Mom, I wanna go
home...please...

IVAN

Hang on Jack! I'm coming...

Ivan proceeds in crawling.

Jack's face becomes dull. The decision is made.

IVAN (CONT'D)

No, you fucking...

Jack makes a milestone push into standing up.

JACK

I'm going home, mom...

IVAN

No! Nooo!!!

Jack raises up, almost immediately receiving a bullet across the face.

His cheek gets tore off, the upper side of the face explodes, dropping his jaw solid on the ground.

Jack goes down silently like a trunk. He is gone.

IVAN (CONT'D)

(in rage)

NOOO! YOU STUPID FUCK!!! I TOLD YOU
TO STAY THE FUCK DOWN!!!

Ivan rolls around like a stepped on snake.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Oh God...Why...

EXT. ON THE STRIP - LORA'S POSITION - CONTINUOUS

Ivan is back to Lora. She looks even more devastating than before. She trembles in shock.

Ivan puts all his attention on her now. Starting with the bad news.

IVAN (CONT'D)

He's gone...Jack is dead, Lora.

Lora just stares at him. Face crumbled in emotions, but no cry.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Oh, God...what the fuck happened?

Ivan checks his cell phone again. No network. At all.

LORA

(outta this world)

Where's Jack?

Ivan's not gonna go there again. He's into finding fast solutions now.

IVAN

Drop you backpack. I don't know if he can see us like this. We gotta improvise some covers.

She doesn't move. Ivan takes out her backpack, and by combining his own makes an L-shaped cover for them facing the side where the bullets came.

He's obviously seen someone in shock before. He takes of his jacket and puts it over Lora.

IVAN (CONT'D)

We can't phone help. Just gotta stay low for now. We don't move. As soon the night falls, we will slowly crawl up to get help. Ok?

(beat)

Lora, you ok?

Lora gazes into nothing, looking calmer.

Ivan hugs her.

IVAN (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna get you through this, ok?
 I promise.

EXT. ON THE STRIP - LORA AND IVAN'S POSITION - LATER

Ivan takes a peek tucked among the backpacks.
 Nothing but bushes and outback out of his point of view.
 He slowly goes back inside the shelter.
 Lora dwells in her own world. Not crying but still quite stirred.
 Ivan looks at his watch. Checks the cell phone again.
 Looks at his sister.

IVAN
 Lora? Lora!

She doesn't react.

IVAN (CONT'D)
 Gonna get dark soon enough. At my
 mark, we slowly gonna go up, ok?
 (beat)
 I can't see anybody, which means
 whoever is doing this is pretty far
 from here. Probably not gonna move
 after us on foot.
 (beat)
 I need you to be responsive, okay?
 Can you move? We can't stop
 half-way. Either we do this or we
 stay here.
 (beat)
 But if we stay here, and night
 comes, can't guarantee no one gonna
 sneak up on us. Who knows if this
 is only one guy or a bunch of
 them...

Lora's away. So away it pisses Ivan off.

IVAN (CONT'D)
 LORA!

She finally reacts, gazing at Ivan.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I need you here! I need you to be focused so we can make it outta this mess. Can you do that for me?

LORA

Is Jack coming?

IVAN

Jack's de... No... he's not coming Lora... just you and me. We can do this okay?

Lora nods. Ivan's relieved he finally managed to come through to her.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Now, I believe he cannot reach us through these backpacks, so just crawl low and slide it next to you.

He shows her how to navigate.

IVAN (CONT'D)

You hear bullets or anything just don't stop ok? Always move.

Lora nods but only God knows if she realizes what is to be done next.

Ivan takes another peek to scout the surroundings when--

-- A CLOSE BY ZIP sound squishes, maybe just inches above his head.

He immediately ducks down, making sure Lora is also down.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Lora starts SCREAMING, her head in her palms.

Another ZIP flies above them and then -- A hard kick into one of the backpacks almost tearing it apart.

Ivan jerks back surprised. Lora taken aside, horrified.

Another hard kick making a bullet go through the backpack almost scratching Ivan's leg.

They both crumble around as their haven just became a swiss cheese.

IVAN (CONT'D)
 Jesus, these must be 7.9 or higher
 caliber rounds. We're dead meat
 sitting here!

Lora exiles SCREAM after SCREAM. Ivan grabs her.

IVAN (CONT'D)
 Calm down! Calm down!

Nothing calms Lora. She's hysterical at this point.

Ivan slams her across the face fairly. She is instantly numb. Screaming has stopped.

IVAN (CONT'D)
 Listen to me! We gotta move down.

LORA
 No...No! NO, NO!!!

IVAN
 We GOTTA! We cannot risk going up
 it will slow us. These backpacks
 are shit for cover, you saw what
 bullets did to them!
 (gathering the strength
 to continue to speak)
 Listen...if we go down, we can go
 zig-zag...and we can go faster,
 moving out of his scope...
 (breaths heavy)
 It's the best way... I can think
 of... please, Lora...

Another ZIP above their heads. They both duck down.

Ivan awaits Lora's response. His eyes begg her.

She finally nods.

Ivan gets to the action. He searches through the backpacks taking only the necessary stuff into smaller rucksack he popped up from inside.

IVAN (CONT'D)
 I think we have everything we would
 need in this sack. We are ditching
 the backpacks.

Takes the position to run. Lora slowly adjusts to his moves.

Bullet ZIP'S all over the place, but both of them are overcoming the situation. Both calmly focus on the sprint.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Ok. As soon as he stops shooting,
he'll need to refill, we move.
Watch my mark.

Lora nods. This time, she really listens to her brother's instructions on a sane level.

ZIPPING is no longer heard. Awkward silence, just like Ivan predicted.

Ivan is deadly and focused on the downhill beneath them. Practically no sight to its end.

IVAN (CONT'D)

GO!

EXT. LORA AND IVAN'S POSITION - MOVING

They both kick in at the same time like a pair of well adopted antelopes.

Lora does her best to catch up with Ivan sliding on the side from one end of the trail to another.

Rocks sprinkle under their feet, and dust creates a haze all around them. The best cover they have at the moment.

Lora takes a spin view to the left, spotting the wrecked JACK'S BODY - she loses her grip, falls down, rolling.

Ivan immediately halts his movements, trying to aid his sister.

Lora's anxiety kicks in again. She sits, trembling, about to cry.

Ivan shakes her hard.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! Stay with me!

(spots where Lora's
looking at)

We'll get back for him, but we need
to reach safety first. C'mon, let's
go!

Lora goes back on track. They both continue to zig-zag.

It looks like it is gonna work. They handle the vertical downhill almost well.

Ivan can oversee the road beneath getting closer, but no time to stop. He moves as quickly as he can.

He watches over his sister at the same time. Lora handles the movements.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I can see the road below! We're gonna make it! Just don't stop!

Stepping on a hard rock swing Ivan into free fall in a split second.

He YELLS in pain.

Lora stops for a second to figure out what's going on. Rushes down after her brother.

EXT. IVAN'S POSITION - MOVING

Ivan rolls without control. He bumps into rocks, desperately trying to hold on to something.

A giant stone comes along his trail. No time to evade, Ivan crushes in it with all his might.

A CRACKING sound sends Ivan onto the animal SCREAMING.

He's minced meat - bruises and dust all over him.

EXT. IVAN'S POSITION - CONTINUES

Lora arrives immediately rushing to help her brother. Her hands all over his body, searching for injuries.

IVAN (CONT'D)

(gasping)

Down...get down...

Lora obeys, getting on her belly.

LORA

Oh my God! Are you hurt?

IVAN

I...think I broke...my arm.

LORA

Let me see! Let me see!

IVAN

No, no...you...can't immobilize it.
Just leave me...go...

LORA

No!

She tucks next to Ivan, panicked, observing her surroundings.

Ivan tries to change his position. It hurts him like hell.

IVAN

We must go on...No hiding place here.

LORA

Can you move?

IVAN

The only thing I can do right now...

LORA

Ok, ok...let's do it.

Ivan assumes the sliding position, taking just a little more leveling up when --

--A noisy ZIP comes along, scratching him hard onto the dead arm, almost swinging it away.

Ivan immediately drops down again, YELLING. Lora follows him and crawls along next to him.

IVAN

Son of a bitch, he shot me!

LORA

You're bleeding!
(panicky)
Tell me what to do!

Ivan looks at his wound through a tore up sleeve.

IVAN

It's a scratch...just rip my sleeve apart and tie me up...

LORA

Stay with me, ok! Don't pass on me, God damn it!

IVAN

We...we gotta move...

LORA
We can't move like this!

Already making an improvised bandage.

LORA (CONT'D)
Just stay put...

Ivan applies pressure to the wound. ROARS with all his might.

IVAN
Now...

Lora makes swift moves to roll up Ivan's arm.

LORA
Is it okay?

Ivan takes a glance.

IVAN
Looks right...
(gathering strength to
talk)
Take me...to that stone...It'll
provide some shelters...

Lora starts dragging Ivan to the giant stone that broke his arm.

Inch by inch, but they succeed. She tucks beneath his body, keeping her position, lying on her belly.

Ivan observes her above, his head pressed on the stone, like a wildlife pillow.

Surroundings are silent. No bullet buzzing. Some granted moments of awkward peace.

They both breathe heavily just looking at each other.

Lora glares in fear of what her brother might say next.

Ivan's face is zen-ish. He made peace with what he had chosen.

IVAN (CONT'D)
I reckon it's some 1500 feet 'till
the road...

LORA
We can do it...

IVAN
Check...check the cell phone for
net...work...

Lora slowly takes of Ivan's rucksack with a series of complex inch-by-inch movements.

She looks inside and, takes out the crushed cell phone.

IVAN (CONT'D)
I guess we will be relieved of
checking that anymore...

LORA
Shit! I left mine in the backpacks.

Starts crying. Ivan cuddles her hair with his good arm.

IVAN
Shhhh...

EXT. IVAN AND LORA'S POSITION - LATER

Ivan and Lora lay resting. All quiet around them. Ivan is breathing heavily and resisting the pain as much as he can.

Lora raises her head. Ivan sensing she might instinctively get up, pushing her steady.

She notices the quietness.

LORA
Maybe...he left?

Ivan shakes his head in disagreement.

IVAN
He...can only see this stone. That
is why he is not firing.

LORA
How can you know that?

IVAN
Believe me...I've seen sniper
operate before.
(beat)
Whoever this guy is he's not keen
letting us get outta this hill
alive.

LORA
Oh God...what can we do?

Ivan looks at the rocks above them.

IVAN
It's best...we split...

Lora's worst fears came to live.

LORA
What?! No! No way! We will go together! I will carry you if I need to!

IVAN
Lora...

LORA
I said NO WAY! I am not leaving you here!

IVAN
Listen to me...please...
(beat)
If we continue together, it is easy prey...I cannot move fast like this...you're too weak to carry me fast...

LORA
No!

IVAN
Listen, God damn it!
(beat)
I...will go up again. I am slow, but I can take care of myself. I know how to avoid him...I'll reach out to the other phone try get to network and call for help...
(beat)
You will move faster on your own. Just continue zig-zaging 'till you hit the road. Then seek help...you will be outta his reach...

Lora senses the inevitability of this. Cries.

LORA
Ivan, please...

IVAN
No other way, baby...He cannot track us at same time...He'll see me as an easier target, go with me...You'll have plenty of chance to reach safety.

LORA
What if there are two of them?

IVAN
We gotta take a chance...

Lora sinks into her brother's body. Cries to oblivion.

Ivan confronts her. Tears rushing down his dirty cheeks.

LORA
You promised you won't leave me!
You fucking promised me!

IVAN
I promised I would get you to
safety...I'll do that...just let me
be on this...

LORA
No! You gonna die...you gonna die
like mom and...I can't be
alone...not anymore...

IVAN
Lora...maybe good to know this
now...our parents didn't die...

LORA
What?

IVAN
I'm talking about our real
parents...

LORA
How can you say this?

IVAN
We were adopted...very young...Mom
told me when she thought I could
handle it...she said to keep it
away from you...you were so
sensitive...

LORA
Who were they? Our real parents?

IVAN
Nobodies...at least no ones who
could care for us mom and dad did.
(beat)
I was angry at mom for telling me
at the time...tried to find
(MORE)

IVAN (cont'd)
them...but I realized we had what
we had because we were left by
those people...and we had enough
with mom and dad...

(beat)
Sometimes...destiny takes you to
the best outcome...but you gotta
trigger it...let me trigger it...

LORA
No...

IVAN
(coaching)
Hey! You've managed through applied
math at St. Georges...you'll manage
this!

(beat)
I'll start crawling...gimme couple
of minutes 'till I disappear above
the verge, and you start running
down...and you don't stop, you hear
me? Whatever happens, you don't
stop...

Ivan rolls aside from the stone. Checks surroundings.

He tears himself outta Lora's gasp and starts crawling
slowly.

Lora observes him moving. She is all in tears. Still, she
obeys him. Stays tucked below the stone.

Slowly, drag by drag, Ivan disappears above the verge.

Lora awaits the sounds. There are no bullet zips. She calms
herself into working on this. She gets ready.

She sprints down.

EXT. LORA'S POSITION - RUNNING - CONTINUOUS

Lora blazes downhill, zig-zaging faster than ever before.

She doesn't stop, she doesn't look back, just a straight run
to the road.

She shakes from time to time, but does not fall.

The road becomes more and more flat as she pushes toward the
end of it.

EXT. IVAN'S POSITION - SAME TIME

Ivan stops crawling. His arm hurts him like hell, showing off severe bleeding under wraps.

He takes a chance by stranding up, trying to move on his feet.

The rocks crumble and roll below, making him slide down on each step.

A bullet ZIPPING comes along, swinging just above his head.

Ivan drops on his knees. Gathers his strength and stands up moving in a zig-zag manner, the faster up.

EXT. LORA'S POSITION - RUNNING

Lora suddenly stops, and immediately gets down. She listens around like a squirrel in the open.

She checks her surroundings. She is alone.

She continues to run down.

EXT. IVAN'S POSITION - SAME TIME

Ivan grabs onto rocks with all his might using only his solid arm.

ZIPPING is now all around him.

He sees the rattled backpacks still laying on the same place where they left them.

He goes back into the crawling mode now. Slowly and carefully approaching the equipment.

He reaches a backpack. Rips it open. All handy junk scatters around.

Ivan searches for the cell phone. He finds it.

He checks the network - still none.

He turns his attention to one of the ground WALLS margining the strip - the one facing the direction of the bullet zips.

He crawls to it, taking both backpacks with him, using his hurt arm.

He SCREAMS in pain, feeling the baggage on his crushed bone but his doesn't stop. A lion hart on this fella.

He reaches the wall. Takes one backpack all the way next to it.

Then, takes a pause to catch his breath from the pain.

He takes another backpack and places it on top of the first one.

He exhales deeply easing the harsh pain.

He takes the cell phone in his good hand and starts climbing the wall pushing himself off the backpacks, and exposing himself in a clear view.

He pushes up as far as he can.

EXT. VERGE OF THE WALL - CONTINUES

Ivan's hand with the call phone comes off the verge, exposing itself to the plain grassy ground above.

All of the sudden, the phone comes ALIVE announcing there's network on a reach.

Ivan below gasps at the sound. He completed the mission.

His fingers above try to push the right buttons for help.

He goes for 1...1... Can't reach 2.

A ZIP comes by, extremely close to his hand.

Ivan does not blink. He does another push of the button - right spotting number 2.

Call is established giving a standby sound.

A very faint VOICE is heard from the other side, cannot even be heard, but Ivan hears it.

IVAN
(yells out)
Help!...HELP!!! HELP!!!

He figures he's way beneath to reach the speaker. He takes his breath and goes for his win.

Ivan's head arises from the wall verge coming to the cell phone.

But instead of speaking in it, Ivan gazes on the bushes and hills straight ahead enhanced by an invisible enemy who is so present around.

A bullet ZIP'S straight toward Ivan's head.

Cell phone splattered with blood goes down alongside Ivan's body.

EXT. LORA'S POSITION - SAME TIME

Lora reacts to the GUNSHOT heard.

She stops immediately sensing what this could mean. Her face crumples into pain as she bursts into tears.

LORA

Ivan!...No...no, no NO! NOOO!!!

She drops down, crying. Nothing matters at the moment, just letting her pain overcome her.

EXT. TRAIL/STRIP RAVINE - EVENING

ZIPs of water come to drop at a few seconds scale first, then faster and faster.

Lora jerks her head up, surprised by the rain. It looks like she's been sleeping for a while on the end of the trail lost in her exhaustion and pain of losing her brother.

She feels the rain on her face, as being reborn on a baptizing ritual.

All is quiet around her except for the water DRIPPINGS on various things.

Lora spots a near puddle. Starts drinking with all her might.

She slowly stands, dirty up to her neck but unsure where to head to.

The downhill is behind her - in front of her a goat path to unknown among more dense bushes and higher trees.

Lora goes on the goat trail.

EXT. TRAIL/WOODS - NIGHT

Lora pushes herself through the branches and the rain. She constantly looks around but more of finding something to eat than checking her whereabouts.

Visibility is low, but the trail is still ahead.

Lora tries calming herself from any sounds except for her walking. Tears overcome her from time to time, but she pushes it back.

She stops. Concentrates on her hearing. No notable sounds. She continues.

EXT. TRAIL/WOODS - LATER

Lora sits down leaned on a tree. She fights her desperation, but won't cry. Doing her best to keep it together.

She spots something on the ground. Like a cat of prey, she quickly snaps it with her hand and moves it closer to her face.

It's a fairly juicy centipede. Lora's mouth tremble of disgust, but her hunger is taking over her instincts.

She takes a huge bite at the centipede, cutting it in half with her mouth.

As she munches it uncomfortably, a SOUND comes along.

Lora stands up immediately, and looks around.

The SOUND gets closer, and it seems like dog BARKING.

Lora's first urge flushes her into seeking help.

LORA

Hey! HEY! OVER HERE! HELP! HELP ME!

She stops realizing that this might not be helpful on arrival.

She starts moving away from the sound, but now it's getting real close - vicious BARKING without halt.

Lora turns to RUN.

EXT. TRAIL/WOODS LORA'S POSITION - MOVING

Lora sprints through the branches and bushes, a menace being on her trail.

She looks back to measure the distance, but keeps the pace, no stopping.

A dark shadow of an animal flushes out from the vegetation, running straight after her.

It approaches closer and closer, no way it can be outrun.

Lora does not lose her strength. Just keeps moving forward as fast as she can.

A bone-chilling ROAR and the animal makes a jump at Lora.

EXT. TRAIL/ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Lora backs off, but cannot dodge the attack. A vicious, BARKING German shepard is on her, making her fall from the trail straight to the open road they have been on before traveling the minibus.

Lora is down on the ground doing her best to avoid the mighty jaw from snapping her neck.

The dog is trained one, goes straight for the most vulnerable part of the victim's body.

With the corner of her eye, Lora sees a bigger, broken branch lying beside.

She takes it just in time to stick it into the shepard's mouth before it takes a bite outta her.

The dog does not give up. It goes through branch snapping it in half.

Now, it's Lora's neck turn. The dog goes after it when --

-- A LOUD BANG is heard.

The dog is swiped away from Lora, taking the shot in the head.

It crumbles to the ground, motionless...dead.

Lora instinctively looks ahead in the direction of the shot and stands up.

A dark figure of a corpulent male stands in front of a large terrain vehicle.

He lowers his rifle, and comes closer to Lora. She backs up.

As he closes by, he is being recognized - the MAN with his family on a picnic, as seen before by the trio.

THE MAN

Are you all right?

Lora takes a few moments to gather from the attack and figure the situation.

She then bursts into plea.

LORA

Oh, my God, please help me! My brother is...is up there, my boyfriend is dead...We gotta go to the police!

THE MAN

Calm down...Come with me...

He takes his oversized jacket and wraps Lora in it, almost covering her in total.

He takes her to the jeep. Let her go inside.

He's on the driver's door.

The jeep starts moving.

INT. JEEP - MOVING

Lora finally takes a moment to relax. She's warm, outta wet and dirt and on her way to being rescued.

The man just keeps his eyes on the road.

LORA

Thank you...Please we must go to the police...

THE MAN

Cannot do that...you come with me to my house, sleep over. Tomorrow we go to police.

LORA

No fucking way! You don't...there was someone shooting at us. He killed...my boyfriend...my brother too, I don't know...but, we can't wait until tomorrow...please!

(beat)

You have a cell phone?

THE MAN

No...

LORA

Shit!

(beat)

Where are you taking me?

THE MAN

I live near by. You can wash up, eat, rest...then you call whoever you need.

LORA

You look familiar...

THE MAN

We met...you remember? Up in the hill, today...

LORA

Yes! You were with your wife and baby.

THE MAN

Yes...my family.

LORA

You better take me to police right now...I don't wanna...I mean they can be in danger...this lunatic is still out there...

THE MAN

Closest police station is 100 kilometers from here...Just trust me...You call them, they will come.

LORA

Oh, man...

She leans back, taking a rest. It turns to cry.

The man observes her.

THE MAN

You're safe...don't worry.

LORA

(crying)

My...oh, God I left him there...I'm
so sorry...I'm so sorry...

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The Jeep arrives and parks at the modest compound detached from the rest of the world.

A house - solid one, of bricks and pretty spacy from what it looks from the outside in befriended by a small dog shed and some hooded, chopped woods, calmly awaiting winter.

Rain has stopped by now, compound is a mix of wet grass and mud.

Its surroundings are somewhat an awe-inspiring view. It's positioned unusually high, taking the summit of a ridge, sort to speak.

EXT. LORA'S POSITION - CONTINUOUS

Lora carefully observes the location. She almost immediately spots the dog shed.

INT. JEEP - SAME TIME

Lora turns to the man.

LORA

(concerned)

Is there a dog around?

MAN

No...I had to kill it long ago. It went out of control.

EXT. IN COMPOUND - CONTINUES

Lora carefully exits the jeep. The man follows from the driver side.

He notices Lora's anxiety.

THE MAN

Come inside...you don't need to worry.

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUES

Lora and the man enter. She immediately removes his jacket while scanning the place.

It's a common country house, far away from any luxury but as suspected, fairly spacy, and equipped.

LORA

Can I use your phone?

THE MAN

Why don't you clean up first...we've got nice dinner to eat...

LORA

Not hungry...I should just call the police.

THE MAN

All right...this way.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUES

Lora follows the man moving through the dense hall. She stops hearing the steps approaching.

From one angle man's WIFE appears to hold the BABY tight in her arms. She's curious as she looks frightened by looking at Lora.

Lora issues a tiny smile to both.

LORA

It's ok...just need to use your phone and I'll go...

The woman does not react to Lora's friendliness. She just keeps on staring, staying on alert.

Lora looks around for the man who has meanwhile disappeared from the place.

LORA (CONT'D)

Uhm...sir? Sir!

The man storms back holding a landline last century phone with a cord loosely swinging from behind.

Lora almost gasps.

THE MAN

I'm sorry...I'll need to fix this.
It will take some time. You can go
eat and clean yourself. My wife
will provide something to put on...

LORA

But...don't you people have any
cell phones??

THE MAN

No...Network is no good around
here, no use of them.

LORA

Jesus...can...can you just take me
to station...I'll pay whatever it's
needed...

THE MAN

Anything you need...just please
rest now...

LORA

Sir...I'm not sure you
understand...This person shooting
at us is still out...we need to
report this at an instance...

THE MAN

I understand...but not THIS
instance.

The man barks some orders to his wife in his native language. She immediately disappears.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Told her to put dinner...come...

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Lora is half-naked, bra only washing herself rigidly leaning over the sink.

She rests for a moment looking at her reflection in the mirror.

She bursts into cry, but is trying to keep it down.

Someone KNOCKS at the door.

Lora pulls her shirt on and carefully peeks outside.

It's the wife bringing her clean clothes.

LORA

Thank you.

The wife just gazes at her. In a swift movement when handing over the clothes to her, she slightly grabs Lora by the wrist while trying to pull her.

Lora does not react, not recognizing the meaning behind this.

The wife backs up.

Lora starts changing her clothes.

INT. AT THE TABLE - LATER

Lora, the man, and his wife sit along at an oversized dinner table. One cannot tell if this is a dining room or kitchen.

Food is placed, nothing of luxury but enough to choose from.

Lora is now wearing her new, country clothes somewhat resembling the wife across her.

Her face is trouble-free.

All quiet around the table. Lora eats with appetite doing her best to lower her ravenous.

The man is slowly sipping from his spirit drink. The wife is not eating at all. Just awaiting the man's reactions.

LORA

Thank you once again for all of this...

(beat)

I'll settle your payment as soon I get back to the city.

(munching)

Is the...phone fixed? Can I use it now?

The man nods. Lora stands up, when...

THE MAN

But it is not better I take you to police? First thing in the morning?

LORA

No, no...they will probably send someone over. You have done enough and...you have family so I guess it's best you're not involved.

THE MAN

Strange...this...shooter you say...did you see him?

LORA

No...I guess he was far away...there was one another man we met...at the pipeline...

THE MAN

Worker?

LORA

Yes, I think he was a guard or whatever there...but he didn't look like some menace...I don't know...
(trembling)
Just wanna find out where my brother is...

THE MAN

Yes...I can understand...losing family is always worst thing...

The wife lowers her head on these words as she attempts the obscure her emotions.

The man takes a long swing from his glass. Lora puts her eyes on him spotting a strange thing on his wrist --

A digital hand-watch -- one she recognizes - her brother's watch.

She paralyzes but does not show it. She takes another bite of the food, her hands starting to tremble.

LORA

I think it's best I go call now.

THE MAN

Want me make call? I'm not sure they can speak English...

LORA

No! No, I'll manage...

She stands up casually, and leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Trying her best not to panic, Lora moves straight to the exit door.

She tries it. It's locked. Two more doors on her sides - one on the left - small, customized door to her right and a regular bedroom door to her left.

She tries both. Both are locked.

She slowly moves to the vintage land phone situated next to the wall.

She picks up the receiver, and moves it close to her ear.

No sound at all. She checks the back of the phone. Line cord is unplugged.

Lora leans down to try to plug it in when she spots it's actually cut down to half.

Raising back, she startsle when she notices the man is standing right next to her.

THE MAN

Do you know the local police phone number?

Lora backs up.

LORA

Actually...no. Uhm...your phone still doesn't work...

THE MAN

I know...we will not need it, anyway...

He starts moving toward Lora as she backs up even more to the doors.

Lora seeing there's no way out, appeals to the man.

LORA

Sir...you don't have to do this...

THE MAN

Oh, I do...

(beat)

I am sorry for what happened to your brother...but he did a good thing at the end...he brought you to me.

The man jerks his hands around Lora like a lion jumping on a prey.

She SCREAMS trying to let go, but he is just too overwhelming for her.

His strong arms are on her body like two pythons squeezing her tighter.

He forcefully moves her to the customized door, trying to get a key outta his pocket.

Lora SCREAMS and is wingless but in vain. No way she will slip outta this squeeze.

The man unlocks and opens the door leading to the dark unknown.

He tries forcing Lora inside.

Lora senses something terrible is awaiting her inside, and gives a life effort to avoid entering the dark.

The man senses trouble with this woman, and goes even rougher, bursts into the native.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Ajde! Ajde! Jazikot prvo!

Lora finds her head free to move. She jerks it back as hard as she can -- smashing into man's face.

The man drops her immediately, trying to cover the squishing blood outta his nose.

Lora, now free, turns around and gives a hard slap to man's ears using both hands.

The man is disoriented, wiggling around like a falling lumber.

Lora uses the moment to push him straight to the bedroom door.

The man lands on the door with all his might, literally chrashing it open, falling into the room.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUES

Lora enters the room, jumping over the man's lying body. She quickly scans it for exit.

It's then when she catches the sight of an -- ARMY SNIPER RIFLE -- optical sight mounted on, large piece of weapon, M-76, Yugoslav model.

It is adequately placed on a holder facing the outside of a large - customized size window looking over the hills.

Lora instinctively goes for the rifle, but is still engaged by the man who catches her leg from behind.

She drops down, losing her escape momentum.

The man raises slowly before her, almost closing the door exit with his corpus.

He spits devilish fire from his eyes as he moves closer to Lora.

Another PERSON jumps on man's back, taking him off the course for a split second.

It's a man's wife, going berserk for whatever reason, now attacking her husband wild.

She YELLS out but doesn't really produce a voice.

The man overcomes her, slamming her on the floor. He loses his notice of Lora as he turns all his rage toward his wife.

He grabs her by her neck, both hands, and starts strangling her.

The wife opens her mouth wide in an expression of horror. Most of her tongue is actually missing, it looks like been cut off.

Lora slowly gathers herself. Using all her strength, she takes the sniper rifle and points it at the man.

The man spots approaching danger, and loses grip on his wife who just dropped dead or became unconscious.

He turns his full attention to Lora.

THE MAN

What you gonna do?

LORA

Stay the fuck BACK!

The man starts approaching.

THE MAN

You know...to operate that?

Lora tries firing the rifle. It doesn't move. She's in trouble. No time to examine it.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

No bullet...no shoot...

He starts moving onto Lora.

Lora swings her head left-right in the last hope of surviving the situation.

She spots a large BAYONET - STYLE knife on the table next to her.

Quickly grabs it and mounts it to the rifle, actually being pretty good at it.

The man jumps at her same instance only -- to get stabbed right to his chest.

He drops to his knees, looking at an enlarging red circle below.

Looks at Lora.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

You...

LORA

You shouldn't thank my brother for THIS!

Lora jams the bayonet mounted rifle into mans neck, almost slicing his head off.

The man drops down dead.

Lora takes a moment to calm down. She spots the wife still lying motionless.

She goes next to her, checking her life signs.

The wife is barely alive. She tries to say something to Lora.

THE WIFE

Be...be...bebe...

LORA

The baby? Yes, I'll check the baby, don't worry...

The wife passes out.

Lora stands up. She carefully exits the wrecked door out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Baby CRYING is heard O.S. Lora moves that direction, however half-open customised door burns her curiosity.

It is pitch black inside.

Lora takes a peek. She slightly opens the door a little more.

LORA
Hello? Anyone there?
(beat)
Ivan?

No reply. Lora decides to move within. Shakes her head to the wall trying to locate the switch.

She finds it.

INT. ROOM - ON STAIRS - CONTINUES

The space around Lora is illuminated with a common bulb hanging from the top.

The stairs roll down before her. Nothing more to see from her P.O.V.

Lora starts descending the stairs carefully, holding both hands on the walls.

As she's mid-way down, she spots some dark thing peaking from the angle on the ground.

LORA (CONT'D)
(nervously)
Hello? N e k o j...?

No sound coming from within. Lora goes down all the way, turns to see what was the thing.

Backpacks. All three of them, dusty, and full of holes just like she last saw them.

Lora bursts to despair, but covers her mouth not to throw a sound.

She lowers down next to the backpack, and searches around.
No cell-phone in sight.

LORA (CONT'D)

Shit! Where are the fucking phones?

She looks around. The space gives her a sense of something much larger than a plain basement.

She carefully looks for another switch to find.

She finds it, and the lights go on.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Lora turns around in amazement. It's not a basement - it's a God damned museum.

Memorabilia everywhere, dozens of pictures, all framed, and hung on the wall.

The corners of the basement are filled in with other rucksacks, backpacks, stuff that once belonged to someone just like them.

Trophy weapons - Sabres, bayonets...

Lora does not know where to start looking. She's taken by the complexity she found underneath a lone house in the middle of nowhere.

She goes closer to the pictures on the wall.

She studies them...quickly getting to know their horrible exposition.

She covers her mouth in disgust.

All pictures show one and only person - the man she killed upstairs. Now, much younger and in a camouflage uniform.

He poses next to his game...HUMANS.

Some are older, some younger, all killed with a gunshots, horribly disfigured.

There are even pictures of toddlers and children, lied down, exposed in a line like dead squirrels.

The man looks like has been doing this for a long time, different war zones, different continents...some pictures suggest, Bosnia, Syria, Ukraine, Middle Africa...

Lora takes her away from the horror captured in time. Still one more picture laid on the table catches her attention. It is separate, and unframed looks like long forgotten among the other stuff.

It shows a beautiful, young WOMAN in her super-pro mountaineer gear next to some people she cared about.

Lora is stunned.

On a closer inspection, she recognizes the tongue-less "wife" from upstairs.

LORA (CONT'D)

Oh, God...what did he do to you...?

Lora moves to the pile of equipment located in one corner of the next chamber.

She slowly ensures no one is there and then storms the pile in search of cell phones.

Trying to get one of the rucksacks buried deeper, Lora jerks with it, stumbling down and hitting a HUMAN-LIKE FIGURE behind her.

She is paralyzed. She slowly turns around to find --

-- a STATUE-like object placed in the blind corner. White sheet covers it in full.

Lora is hesitant to do the obvious. She grabs the sheet with her hand.

Slips it off in one move.

Her jaw drops at the sight in front of her.

A FULLY NAKED BODY OF A YOUNG GIRL STUFFED IN STANDING POSITION.

Lora backs away, frightened and dazzled by what she sees. Her urge to vomit bends her down.

She calms down, and takes another look at the grotesque.

The girl is almost doll-like, glazed all over her body, crumpled the death face and sawn up the left ear.

Lora doesn't recognize her, but this is the same girl seen at the downhill verge at the beginning.

Lora takes a moment to settle her emotions. She cannot stand this basement any longer but she must find the phone.

She turns around for another search attempt - but SOMEONE ALIVE appears right before her.

A blunt hit sends Lora off...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT CHAMBER - LATER

Lora slowly comes to herself, still seeing blurred. A FIGURE is standing in front of her holding something.

It just observes her, waiting for her to focus.

Lora shakes her head. Now she sees more clearly.

And she sees LAKI, the man from the pipeline standing in front of her holding the baby boy in his arm, conforming him.

Below in the corner, the slayed man's wife is lying still unconscious or maybe dead.

Lora finds herself tied to a wooden chair. No way out.

Laki amuses the baby not quite interested at Lora for the moment.

He tickles it gently saying something in native to it, baby laughs.

Lora finally comes together 100%. She recognizes the man standing in front of her.

LORA

You're that guy...from the pipeline...please help me.

LAKI

(still on the baby)

Isn't he beautiful? Going to be strong hunter one day...like his father...

LORA

(realizing)

Oh God...please...

LAKI

God? You can find him in that house
of stone up there...maybe...not
here, for sure...

He takes the baby boy, and neatly places him on a small
cradle on the table. He tucks him in a blanket. Returns to
Lora.

LAKI (CONT'D)

But we have some magic here...

(beat)

And magic started some time after
my brother came from war. You know,
as little boys we went hunting
every day with our father. Yes,
rabbits, maybe deer sometime...but
that is no hunt really. You kill to
eat...and that's it.

(beat)

Now when my brother came back, he
told me another way to kill...to
make you
feel...alive...forever...just like
magic.

He walks around like introducing the place.

LAKI (CONT'D)

So we build this place...a
home...he came back with a lot of
money. You, Americans call it a dog
of war, something like that...well
dog or not, it paid him big time.
Then we start hunting...tourists,
like you. He knows English, he
learns me English so we are
more...polite.

(chuckles)

But that was not very safe. Someone
gets away, tells police, and we are
in trouble.

(beat)

But then pipeline gets build. And I
apply to work up there, my brother
stays here...and you get to work
from home, like Americans! Popular
these days. It's safer and more
precise.

He comes extremely close to Lora.

LAKI (CONT'D)

Did you know, my brother killed an American soldier in Somalia...2500 meters off? Yea, that was how good he was...you saw, right?

LORA

Fuck you!

Laki backs up.

LAKI

Yes! That is why we chosen you!
Fierce little bitch!

LORA

You and your guttered brother can
GO TO HELL!

LAKI

Yes...I will miss him. But he completed the mission for me. You see, he already had...
(turns to the woman lying)
...his wife...my dear sister in law. She was like you, lioness! Gave him good son. This is the point, my sweet girl. Strong woman gives strong children...like us. Children that can survive.
(points to his head and chest)
In here and in here...

He circles Lora like a caged predator.

LORA

You're just a bunch of whacked losers! Nothing more...

LAKI

You maybe heard the legend of the monastery?

Laki distances himself toward the table. Unpacks some tools from the paper bag.

LAKI (CONT'D)

About the monk and his wife?
(beat)

Well, as you Americans say...truth is always stranger than fiction...

(MORE)

LAKI (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(beat)

There was a monk, you know...long,
long time ago. But before he became
monk, he was a killer. Killed
everything that moved, woman,
children, old people...just liking
it so much, war was just an excuse.

(beat)

But it came over his head...he was
afraid of God. So he go to
monastery and became monk to pay
for his sins. After some time, he
catches this woman...very strong,
like you...and he brings her to the
monastery. He was not allowed to
have wife according to God,
but...he was still a little wild
inside...so he makes a child...my
grandfather.

(beat)

People find out, they killed him,
but the woman and child escape.
She, then raises her son in true
manner.

Laki comes next to Lora holding pliers and a knife in his
hands.

LAKI (CONT'D)

Silence...

LORA

No! NO! You fucking don't dare!

LAKI

So we do the legacy with
generations, as you see.

(beat)

You were strong enough and for that
I respect you. I will give you
choice. You can become my wife, but
in silence...or you can go back to
the trail for another try.

(beat)

I'm not as good as my brother with
a gun...but I'll provide you a fair
game.

LORA

Fuck you! No!

LAKI

I really need a wife then...

Laki starts applying measures to open Lora's mouth. She fights off, but little she can do tied up.

Her eye glimpses something down. She shakes her head off the Laki's grip.

LORA

All right! All right! I wanna go
back to the trail! I wanna...

Laki backs off, puzzled. He wasn't expecting this.

LAKI

Oh...

The wife from behind managed to crawl all the way to the Laki's leg, and whom Lora had noticed, takes an animal bite of Laki.

Laki SCREAMS in pain, almost falling down.

He grabs his wife by her hair, jerking her off his leg.

LAKI (CONT'D)

Kurva!!!

With the knife still in his hand, he punches her in the neck piercing her all the way through.

The wife is dead in that instance.

Laki gets up, trying to get ahold of the situation, when he notices --

-- Lora - now up on her feet, bent, storms right at him all with the chair still attached to her.

With the strength of an Amazon-woman, Lora crashes into Laki driving him backwards all the way to the wall.

Laki hits the wall hard, bouncing his head against the concrete. He goes down.

Lora appears over him, her eyes glowing with rage.

Laki gazes at her half-conscience.

LAKI (CONT'D)

You fucking Americans...

LORA

I'm a Canadian, you ignorant piece
a shit!

She turns around, chair facing Laki, and drops on him like a bomb.

A LOUD CRASH.

FADE TO BLACK

A Lora's voice HUMMING "Hush little baby" is heard.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Lora is standing over the baby bed, with the baby boy in her hands.

She HUMS to it softly while swinging it gently for a nap.

The baby is already asleep.

Lora glows over it with the mother-care.

She is dressed clean, and her face is moisturized and cared of, she looks like a long-term resident of the home.

She lowers the baby in bed, and tucks it neatly.

Carefully, she exits the tidy room and closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUES

Lora walks in the hallway of the same house she ended up in.

She is all alone. She glances the kitchen - the pot is steaming low.

INT. WRECKED DOOR ROOM - CONTINUES

Lora ends her walk in the room in which she and the man had fought in. The room is still pretty messy; however, the man's body is not there anymore.

She takes a peek through the opened large - customised window to check the weather outside.

She takes a seat next to the large sniper rifle mounted on the the window. Exhales in relief.

Takes out a tiny tape recorder with a pair of ear pods. Puts them on.

EXT. AT THE STRIP - SAME TIME

Laki's eyes open wide. His face is crushed, full of drained blood and bruises.

He takes a moment to come to himself. He is a gimmick's in pain as his head still hurts.

He slowly levels up his torso, still not quite sure where he is.

He looks at the bright sky above him. He's outside.

He slowly stands up, but almost instantly manages to stumble and fall.

All solid rock beneath him. He focuses. He realizes - he's on the same VERTICAL STRIP on which he guided his victims.

His realization slowly turns into horror.

LAKI
Ne! Ne! NEEEE!!!

INT. WRECKED DOOR ROOM - SAME TIME

Lora listens to the tape. She already has the sniper rifle in her hands.

A familiar voice comes through.

IVAN (V.O.)
(tape recorder filter)
...So sis, on today's lesson we have a Yugoslav Zastava M-76 sniper rifle...Russian version is called Dragunov...especially popular within the Talliban fighters. It's a 7.9 millimeter cal, ten rounds per mag. Range is five kilometers. The best results are within 800 to 1200 meters.

Lora fills in the magazine clip with a large 7.9 bullets. Size of mini-missiles.

She puts the magazine into the rifle, and then cocks it.

IVAN (V.O.)
Now is the hardest part. Gotta
focus...gotta stop thinking and
just fix your eyes on the target...

Lora adjusts the scope. She slowly places her eye within.

IVAN (V.O.)
Come down completely. Be one with
the weapon...Move with your
target...

Lora spaces up to obtain a fixed angle.

Laki is on her clear view pinned through the CROSS-HAIRS.
Trying to run aimlessly down. He feels as close as within a
hand-reach.

IVAN (V.O.)
Now control your breathing...lower
and lower...then none.

Lora is motionless. Focused. Determined.

IVAN (V.O.)
Take a shot.

FADE OUT

E N D