

The Woman of the Wood

By
Terry J. Fisher

(Based on a short story in the Public Domain
by Abraham Meritt)

Current Revisions by
(Terry J. Fisher - 1/12/2024)

118 Cottage Street
Buffalo, New York
14203
(716)983-7421

1

EXT. DAY. A HIGHWAY IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS. AERIAL SHOT

MUSIC CUE: " Forever Afternoon," The Moody Blues - Days of Future Passed

The camera flies across the forested banks of a mountain lake. It is early Fall, the foliage has started to turn color. A sixties-era sportscar is seen speeding along the highway below.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. A HIGHWAY IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS. AERIAL SHOT

The car is speeding along the winding roadway. The camera follows along just over the tree tops. The sportscar has one occupant, a young man in his late twenties.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. A HIGHWAY IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS. AERIAL SHOT

The car goes behind some trees and the camera pans away to reveal the pristine, uninhabited beauty of the lake.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. A HIGHWAY IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS. AERIAL SHOT

The camera follows the car up and down some small hills and around a few bends in the road.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE HIGHWAY

The car speeds by at a high rate of speed, clearly crossing the faded center lines painted on the road. Early fallen leaves are scattered by the draft of the car.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE CAR'S SPINNING WHEELS ON THE PAVEMENT

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. INSIDE THE CAR

The driver is seen from behind as he deftly manoeuvres the auto at high speed along the narrow, twisting road.

CUT TO:

CU. THE CAR'S SPEEDOMETER

The meter reads 80+ m.p.h.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING

The sunlight through the trees as they speed by in a blur.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE DRIVER AT THE WHEEL

The driver is seen in right profile. (This is *absolutely* the case with all shots of the driver, either right profile or distant shots) He is not really enjoying himself.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE HIGHWAY

The car zooms by, the camera tracks left to reveal a weathered sign - Silver Lake Lodge, dining & accommodations, 3 miles ahead.

CUT TO:

WIDE LONG-LENS SHOT CRANE. THE HIGHWAY

The car heads over a hill and descends. The camera track-zooms and cranes up to compress the distance between the car and the lake.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE TURN-OFF TO THE LODGE

The car skates around the turn in a flurry of gravel and leaves.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE LODGE FROM THE LAKE

The car approaches very quickly down the driveway.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE BOAT DOCK

Crouching to repair a loose board at the end of the dock is Georges Martine, in his fifties, a robust, active man, the owner of the lodge. He hears the car approaching.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MARTINE

He stands up to look at the approaching car with some trepidation.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE CAR

Music Cue: Fade out

The car comes to a sliding halt at the end of the driveway. The driver turns the engine off and gets out of the car. He looks out at the lake, but is neither taken by its beauty nor shows any discernible emotion.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE LODGE FROM THE PARKING LOT

The driver looks out at the lake, as Martine walks up to the front of the car.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MARTINE

He is cleaning his hands with a rag in preparation to shake the stranger's hand.

MARTINE
Welcome, Monsieur. Welcome to
Silver...

He stops and stares disconcertingly at the stranger.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
...Silver Lake Lodge. Are you
expected? I think...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE STRANGER FROM BEHIND

The stranger turns his face slightly away from Martine and looks out over the lake.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
...you are not, but we have rooms.
May I help you...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MARTINE

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
with your luggage?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE STRANGER FROM BEHIND

The stranger raises his hand and gestures in the negative. He turns to move to the trunk of the small car.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE CAR'S TRUNK. SLIGHTLY HIGH ANGLE

The stranger opens the trunk and takes out a small travel case. Then shuts the trunk, and starts to walk towards the lodge.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. MARTINE AND THE STRANGER

With the lake as background, the two walk towards the lodge.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I hope you will join my wife and me
for dinner tonight. You, and the
persistent Mr. Delaney the
salesman, will be our only guests
tonight.

The stranger stops walking and looks out again at the lake.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Of course, there may be some other
travelers out on the highway...

He realizes that the stranger has stopped. Martine turns and
watches the stranger.

CUT TO:

CU. THE STRANGER. RIGHT PROFILE

He looks intently out at the lake. There is the slightest
hint of something more than a gentle breeze sounding, a thin,
delicate whispering from across the water.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE

It is a singularly beautiful lake in the early dusk light.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MARTINE

He looks at the stranger, then looks out in the direction
that the stranger is looking, but nervously averts his eyes
and looks back at the stranger.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
We had better get on inside now...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. MARTINE AND THE STRANGER

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 ...the wife will be wondering where
 I've been off to.

The stranger breaks away from his idyll, and starts walking.
 Martine precedes him.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE LODGE FROM THE LAKE

The two men walk up the steps and into the lodge.

CUT TO:

3

INT. DAY. THE LOBBY OF THE INN

3

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE FRONT ENTRANCE

The door opens and Martine ushers the stranger inside.
 Martine enters, closes the door and gestures the stranger
 towards the reception desk.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE RECEPTION DESK

Mrs. Martine, a plain woman in her late forties, is working
 with some papers and only slightly notices their approach.

MRS. MARTINE
 Finally, Georges, you have finished
 repairing the dock then?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. MARTINE

She stops working and looks up. She sees the stranger
 standing there and cannot help but be startled. She tries to
 cover it, but not very well.

MRS. MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 Oh, I am sorry. I didn't know we
 had a guest.

(MORE)

MRS. MARTINE (CONT'D)
 Georges, why didn't you say
 something! Will you be staying
 long, or just the night?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE RECEPTION DESK FROM THE SIDE

MACKAY
 A few days...maybe. I am not sure
 of my plans.

Mrs. Martine looks at MacKay and detects something in his
 manner that arouses her sympathy.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. MARTINE

MRS. MARTINE
 We have a fine room that looks out
 directly on the lake. I think
 you'll find it comfortable.

She offers him a guest registration card.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE RECEPTION DESK FROM THE SIDE

MacKay takes the card and starts to fill it out.

MACKAY
 I wonder if you might have a room
 that looks out to the west, across
 the lake?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. MARTINE

She shoots a strange glance at Martine.

MRS. MARTINE
 Uh, why...of course we have. It's a
 bit small, though...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MARTINE

He reacts to her look with an equally strange reaction.

MRS. MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
...and the wind across the lake
this...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. MARTINE

MRS. MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
...time of year can be quite cool.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE RECEPTION DESK FROM THE SIDE

MACKAY
I would prefer it, if it's not a
problem.

He has finished filling out just the minimum information on
the card and hands it to Mrs. Martine.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. MARTINE

She takes a fast glance at the card.

MRS. MARTINE
No, it won't be any trouble.
Please...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE RECEPTION DESK

MRS. MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
...follow me. Georges, get the
gentleman's bag.

Martine moves to take the bag, but MacKay grabs it,
possessively. Mrs. Martine starts towards the stairs to the
rooms above, MacKay follows.

MRS. MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 Dinner is served in the lounge at
 7:30 and the bar stays open until
 11.

They walk off. Martine watches them leave. He walks over to a window and looks out towards the west, across the lake.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MARTINE. TRACKING SHOT FROM OUTSIDE

Martine looks out worried at the lake reflected in the glass.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. THE LAKE

4

WIDE SHOT. THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE

SOUND CUE: Voices.

There is the slightest hint of voices carried on the wind that is blowing across from the west side of the lake.

CUT TO:

5 INT. DAY. THE LODGE

5

MEDIUM SHOT. INSIDE A ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Mrs. Martine opens the door and enters. Mackay follows.

MRS. MARTINE
 ...the bathroom is at the end of
 the hallway and you'll find soap
 and fresh towels in the closet.
 (she indicates the closet)

MacKay puts his bag on the bed and walks to the window facing the lake. He stands looking out at the water.

MRS. MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 You can have a meal sent up to the
 room...

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY. RIGHT PROFILE

He turns ever so slightly to address her. He knows she is trying to kind, even if her remark is hurtful.

MRS. MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
...I mean if you are tired and
don't want to come downstairs...

MACKAY
I am not very hungry.

CUT TO:

CU. MRS. MARTINE

She looks ruefully at him.

MRS. MARTINE
Then, I'll leave you to unpack.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE ROOM

Mrs. Martine walks to the door and starts to exit.

MACKAY
Missus...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. MARTINE

She stops and looks at him.

MRS. MARTINE
Yes, sir?

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY. RIGHT PROFILE

MACKAY
Thank you.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MRS. MARTINE

MRS. MARTINE
Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE

Mrs. Martine exits and slowly closes the door. She then pauses outside the door and breaks into tears.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY. RIGHT PROFILE

He turns his head and hears her sobbing outside the door. His head bows slightly. He then turns back to gazing out the window.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE FROM THE SECOND FLOOR WINDOW

The light is fading now. The lake is glass-like and reflects the setting sun.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING MACKAY

He turns from the window and moves to his bag, opens it and takes some clothes out. The camera tracks in on MacKay's hands. He takes the clothes to a dresser against the wall. The dresser has a mirror attached to it. He places the clothes on top of the dresser. Opens the bottom drawer, puts the clothes into it, and closes it. The camera tilts up to catch him looking into the mirror. His face is seen fully for the first time. The left side of his face is terribly scarred. The scarring extends from his chin up into his hair. The skin is rippled as though he has suffered deep cuts and severe burns. He stares at his face for moment. He moves out of frame back to his bag. The camera cranes up and looks down at the top of the dresser. MacKay returns with more clothes and personal belongings which he piles on the top of the dresser. He opens the top drawer, lifts the topmost clothing and puts it in the drawer. This reveals a small case. He opens the case and looks at a military medal inside. He puts it into the drawer. He leaves frame again and returns with a neatly folded uniform which he puts on the dresser top.

He picks up the uniform and puts it in the drawer. This reveals a military-issue handgun. He picks it up and looks at it, then puts it into the drawer and closes it.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 EXT. NIGHTFALL. THE LAKE

6

WIDE ANGLE SHOT. THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE

The lake ripples in the gentle breeze blowing from the far end opposite the lodge.

DISSOLVE TO:

7 INT. DUSK. MACKAY'S ROOM

7

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. CRANE. HIGH ANGLE

MacKay lies resting on the bed. The dissolve is a slow one that gives the impression that he is drifting on the water across the lake. We hear the voices, more distinctly now.

VOICES

Help us...you must help us...you
are the only one who can save
us...please find us...please save
us...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He starts and sits up violently. He is soaked in sweat and is breathing heavily. He looks around, expecting to find the source of the voices, but no one is there.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY'S ROOM

MacKay rises from the bed and goes to the closet where some towels are hanging on a rack. He takes one and mops his face and neck.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He dries his face and hair with the towel. He walks over to the dresser with the mirror.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He looks into the mirror with a mixture of disgust and resignation. He looks down at the drawers.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE DRAWER

MacKay pulls the top drawer open and takes out the gun. He holds it firmly, like one who is used to a gun.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He brings the gun up near his face and looks at it. He places it on the dresser. Then he reaches into the drawer and retrieves the medal case. He opens it and takes the medal out and looks at it.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE DRESSER TOP

MacKay puts the medal down next to the gun.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE.

A series of tightly composed and rapidly edited shots of MacKay putting on his military uniform, precisely and efficiently. Every button properly buttoned, bootlaces perfect, lastly, putting on his medal. He looks at his reflection in the mirror. He takes the gun and raises the barrel towards his mouth.

VOICES (cont'd) (CONT'D)
No! You must not...you must not
die!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY'S ROOM

He looks around to see the source of these sounds, but there are no others present.

VOICES (cont'd) (CONT'D)
You are the only one who can save
us...you must not die!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He looks around, questioning his sanity. But he is distracted from his task.

VOICES (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Live! Find us! Save us!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY'S ROOM

MacKay spins around, the voices coming from all directions, overwhelming him. He falls to the bed and collapses, unconscious.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CRANE. MACKAY ON THE BED

The camera cranes up from MacKay's still form.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. EFX. POV. LOW ANGLE

The camera moves across the water smoothly. It approaches the dock at the lodge and rises up gracefully out of the water and onto the dock. It moves smoothly to the door of the lodge.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. NIGHT. THE LODGE

9

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DOORWAY

We see nothing there. The door starts to open, seemingly by itself.

CUT TO:

10 INT. NIGHT. THE LOBBY

10

MEDIUM SHOT. EFX. TRACKING

The door slowly swings open. The Martines and the salesman are seated in the dining area finishing their meal and are unaware of the door opening. The camera tracks backwards towards the stairs. As the camera moves we are aware of disturbances in the carpeting, very much like footsteps being put down by an invisible two-legged creature. The camera pans and tracks towards the stairs following the footprints, then tilting up to show the footsteps move up the stairs.

CUT TO:

11 INT. NIGHT. MACKAY'S ROOM

11

MEDIUM SHOT. EFX. HIGH ANGLE CRANE SHOT

The door slowly opens and then closes. The camera slowly cranes down towards MacKay's inert form on the bed. As the camera descends we become aware of a shape forming, becoming visible as it moves toward MacKay. It is the form of a young woman and we only see her as a half-visible spectre. She climbs onto the bed and leans down over MacKay.

CUT TO:

MED. CU. EFX. MACKAY

The figure becomes a bit more substantial as she leans down and studies the unconscious MacKay. She strokes his face and hair, and then kisses his lips. Mackay stirs but does not regain consciousness.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. HIGH ANGLE. MACKAY

The figure continues to kiss MacKay, he embraces the semi-transparent figure and, in his delirium, is kissing her back.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY AND THE FIGURE

The figure stops kissing him and leans in next to his ear and whispers to him.

THE WOMAN

You must help us. Only you can save us.

MACKAY

...how...how can I save you?

THE WOMAN

You must find us. You must find us and save us.

MACKAY

Where? Where can I find you?

THE WOMAN

We will call to you. You will come and find us. You must save us.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. HIGH ANGLE CRANE SHOT. MACKAY'S ROOM

The woman kisses him again, and as she does, the room fills with a strange green light. The camera descends as she pulls her lips away and moves off the bed. She moves to the window and slips out through the opening onto the roof. The camera continues to move down to MacKay's face.

The light in the room fades, but as the camera reaches a CU of MacKay, he opens his eyes and they are seen to be transformed into something wild and are suffused with green and gold light.

CUT TO:

12 INT. NIGHT. THE LOBBY

12

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING

Martine comes walking out of the dining room, where he has left his wife listening to the salesman. He notices the open door and, puzzled, moves to it.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. NIGHT. THE DOORWAY

13

MEDIUM SHOT. MARTINE

Martine comes out and looks around.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. POV. THE BOAT DOCK

Very faintly, halfway down the dock, Martine can just make out a figure of a woman frozen in place.

MRS. MARTINE (O.S.)
Georges...what is it?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. THE MARTINES IN THE DOORWAY

Martine had turned to respond to his wife's question.

MARTINE
The door was open...and I
thought...

He looks back at the dock, searching for the apparition.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. POV. THE BOAT DOCK

There is nothing there.

MRS. MARTINE
You thought what?

CUT TO:

MED. TWO SHOT. THE MARTINES IN THE DOORWAY

He steps back inside with her.

MARTINE
Nothing. Just thought I heard
something hit the dock.

He shuts the door. The camera tracks in as Martine looks out for a second with concern written on his face. He then turns away.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE BOAT DOCK

A few feet from the dock a large splash appears from out of nowhere, as though a large invisible object had been thrown into the water.

CUT TO:

MED. CU. EFX. THE WATER

The head and shoulders of the semi-corporeal woman rise out of the lake, the water delineating her form, her eyes glow with the same green-gold light we saw in MacKay's room. She stares at MacKay's window.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. EFX. THE LODGE FROM THE LAKE

The woman continues looking at the window, then she submerges and swims away to the West.

CUT TO:

14 INT. NIGHT. MACKAY'S ROOM 14

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

MacKay rests fully and comfortably, unburdened by his torments for the first time in years.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 MONTAGE. 15

SEVERAL SHOTS OF THE LAKE AT DAWN

DISSOLVE TO:

16 EXT. MORNING. THE BOAT DOCK 16

WIDE SHOT. THE DOCK

MacKay stands at the end of the dock looking intently out at the lake to the West. Martine enters the shot and walks to MacKay.

CUT TO:

MED. TWO SHOT. THE DOCK

Martine has some tools and materials in his hands.

MARTINE

Did you sleep well last night,
Monsieur?

MacKay does not break his gaze on the lake.

MACKAY

Yes. I slept better than I have in
long, long time.

MARTINE
It is the voice of the lake.

MACKAY
(sharply)What...what do you mean?

MARTINE
The waves, Monsieur. The sound of
the water hitting the shore, or the
dock. Very restful.

MACKAY
Oh...yes. That must be it.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He continues staring out across the lake. He gets a thought
and reluctantly turns to look at Martine.

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I wonder, Mr. Martine...

CUT TO:

MED. TWO SHOT. THE DOCK

MARTINE
Yes, Monsieur?

MACKAY
...I wonder if there isn't some
interesting local folklore.

MARTINE
I'm sorry, Monsieur? Folklore?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He turns away from the lake and faces Martine.

MACKAY
Yes...you know, legends, perhaps
Indian tales of the lake...or the
woods.

CUT TO:

MED. CU. MARTINE

He stops for a moment studying MacKay's face, trying to discern the nature of his question.

MARTINE

Monsieur, I do not know why you made that turn off the highway and came here to stay with us. But I do know that there is a terrible drama being played out in this valley and you should not have a part in it.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He stares at Martine, all of his suspicions about being insane are washed away, and he realizes that events are not necessarily taking place in his mind.

MACKAY

I thought...I thought that...

CUT TO:

WIDE TWO SHOT. THE DOCK

The two stand staring at each other for a moment.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM TWO SHOT FROM THE LAKE

Martine slowly crosses and stands beside MacKay looking out at the lake.

MARTINE

Monsieur, at the far end of the lake just off the shore there is small group of birch trees surrounded on three sides by pines, it is called a coppice, and it is the only one near here. The coppice is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen in my life. I think it must be the very heart of this forest.

CUT TO:

OTS. MEDIUM CU. MARTINE

He puts his hand on MacKay's shoulder. MacKay turns away from the lake and looks at Martine.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
It also the most terrifying place I
have ever been, and I wouldn't go
there again if my life depended on
it.

CUT TO:

OTS. MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

MACKAY
Terrifying? How so?

CUT TO:

OTS. MEDIUM CU. MARTINE

MARTINE
You asked about folklore. The
Indians that lived near the lake
talked about the trees, about the
spirits that live in the coppice.
It was the one place where they
wouldn't pitch their tents, hunt,
or fish.

CUT TO:

OTS. MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

MACKAY
You said there was a drama being
played out, but surely there are no
longer any Indians near here.

CUT TO:

OTS. TRACKING SHOT. MARTINE

MARTINE
No Monsieur, I did not say that the
struggle was between the Indians
and the trees...

He moves around MacKay, takes him by the arm and turns him to face North across the lake.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
The struggle is between Polleau and
the trees.

Martine points across the lake.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE HILLSIDE ACROSS THE LAKE TO THE NORTH.

On the hillside is a wooden lodge where a fire can be seen sending up a large plume of smoke. The area around the lodge is bare of trees, it is the only such area, an ugly gash in the forest. We hear the voices rising on the wind.

VOICES
Help us! Save us! You are the only
one who can save us!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM TWO SHOT. PROFILE OF MARTINE AND MACKAY

He hears the voices, looks surreptitiously at Martine to see if he hears the voices, realizing Martine does not, he looks back at the lodge.

MARTINE
Polleau's ancestors came here two
hundred years ago and started to
carve out a life. They trapped for
fur, they hunted and fished, they
cleared some few acres for planting
and the trees did not mind.

MACKAY
But something changed.

MARTINE
Monsieur, everything has its nature
and cannot escape it. The forest's
nature is to grow and spread, it
cannot do otherwise. It became the
Polleaus' nature to resist, to cut
and burn, now they cannot do
otherwise. Polleau and his
sons...they hate the trees.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He hears the voices again and turns to look towards the coppice.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Monsieur...

MacKay turns back to look at Martine.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MARTINE

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
...there is nothing good to come if
you stay here. I hope you will
resist your own nature and leave us
today.

CUT TO:

WIDE TWO SHOT. THE DOCK. FROM THE NORTH

MacKay stands staring at the lodge and the smoke. Martine very sadly grips MacKay's arm and then moves away towards the inn.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE. CRANE SHOT

Martine walks down the dock and out of shot. MacKay stands looking at the lodge. We see a small boat tied to the dock, bobbing in the water.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. DAY. THE LAKE

17

MEDIUM SHOT. THE LAKE AT WATER LEVEL

An oar dips into the water and strokes, then again.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He is rowing at a quick clip. He is enjoying the experience, being on the beautiful water on a sunny day. The voices can be heard calling to him.

VOICES

He is coming! He will save us! He
is our only hope! He will come to
us! He will save us!

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE

MacKay's boat nears the West end of the lake and the coppice.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. EFX. MACKAY IN THE BOAT

MacKay slows his rowing. He notices that the very nature of the world around him is changing as he approaches the coppice. We cannot hear the oars in the water, or the metal of the oarlocks squeaking. We can only hear the voices and the subtle sounds of birds, animals, nature itself.

CUT TO:

POV SHOT. EFX. THE SHORE

The trees have become blurred, the sky a strange violet color, the grass blue, the water deeply green. Behind the reality of the scene, exists another reality that is beginning to emerge.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE FROM SHORE

MacKay jumps out of the boat and drags it to rest on the rocks. He starts to walk inland.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE LONG-LENS SHOT CRANE. THE SHORE

The camera rises slowly as MacKay approaches the path to the coppice. The real world is melting away, replaced by an exotic-colored fantasy world. MacKay wanders in enraptured by the beauty.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT

MacKay walks towards the coppice. He looks from side to side taking in the changing nature of his surroundings.

CUT TO:

EFX. POV MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT

MacKay sees two deer standing nearby, they look up at him but do not run away. They seem to exist in both the real world of the flesh and in a luminous state that is rapidly becoming more real to MacKay.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT

MacKay walks determinedly ahead towards the coppice.

CUT TO:

EFX. POV MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT

MacKay looks up to the top of the trees and sees birds flying by that are now more of the fantasy world than the real.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT

MacKay approaches the coppice.

CUT TO:

EFX. POV MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT

There are several white birch trees in a tight grouping surrounded on three sides by tall green firs.

The firs seem to be there as a barrier, to protect the birches from wind, or snowfall.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT

MacKay walks near the first birch tree, pauses for a second and then moves on towards the center of the coppice. As he passes, the tree surface changes and the face and figure of a wild, unearthly female entity is seen manifesting itself from within the tree. She watches MacKay pass.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE TRACKING SHOT - SHALLOW FOCUS

MacKay moves into the center of the coppice. His attention is focused on one particular birch almost at the center of the coppice. All around MacKay are seen figures moving, they are blurred and indistinct, but they can be seen to be moving towards MacKay.

CUT TO:

EFX. POV MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT

MacKay approaches the center tree coming within ten feet.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. MACKAY - SHALLOW FOCUS

MacKay stares at the tree in front of him. We see the other figures now very close behind him, but out-of-focus.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. TRACKING SHOT. THE BIRCH

The tree begins to become transparent as the face of another exotic woman begins to form out of the substance of the tree surface. She is a fantastic being, with elements of several creatures in evidence: the eyes are large and spaced a little too far apart - more like an animal's than human, and they shine fiercely with the green-gold glow as before; her hair is wild, unkempt, and though overall not more than ear length, it falls down in front of her eyes; her ears are pointed at the top and stick out from her tangle of hair;

her skin is very pale, like the bark of the tree from which she came; her lips are dark violet and very full; her body is sleek and quite feminine, but there is an impression of terrifying strength about her. The camera tracks slowly back as she *pushes* her way out of the tree becoming fully formed as she emerges. She examines MacKay and takes a step towards him.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE TWO SHOT

The woman approaches MacKay slowly. All around MacKay are the figures of similar women, eleven in total. Behind them we are now aware of a second group of fantastical figures standing a slight distance behind the women. These are an equal number of males, similar to the women in general, but even more threatening. They form a line behind the women, as if guarding them.

CUT TO:

EFX. OTS TWO SHOT - TRACKING. THE WOMAN

As the woman approaches MacKay, she reaches out towards him, her fingers tipped by nasty-looking claws.

CUT TO:

EFX. REVERSE ANGLE TWO SHOT - TRACKING. MACKAY

The woman runs her hands up across MacKay's chest, caresses his neck, and covers his ears. She grips his head tightly and shouts to the others.

THE WOMAN
He shall hear!

The woman removes her hands from MacKay's ears. We see that his ears have taken on the same form as the other-worldly people's, long and elfinlike. MacKay cannot move from her grip, but he is painfully overwhelmed by sound. The entire fantasy world he has been only partially aware of, bursts in on his ears.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. A GROUP OF THE WOODFOLK

WOODFOLK

He hears!

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. TWO SHOT

The woman pulls MacKay's head down towards her. She kisses each eye. She shouts again.

THE WOMAN

He shall see!

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT - TWO SHOT

MacKay opens his eyes, partially blinded by what he sees. His eyes have also taken on the characteristics of the woodfolk. He looks around. The real world has all but vanished, it now exists as the fantasy world had before, very faintly visible behind everything. He wonders at it.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. A SECOND GROUP OF THE WOODFOLK

THE WOODFOLK

He sees!

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE TWO SHOT

The woman moves closer to MacKay. She embraces him, holding her firm body up against his.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. THE WOMAN

She looks into MacKay's eyes with an intensity that is hypnotic. She smiles for the first time. It is a terrible smile, showing a set of razor-sharp teeth. She draws near his face.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. TWO SHOT

The woman kisses MacKay, passionately, fully. He responds by caressing her body urgently.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. OTS. THE WOMAN

The woman breaks the kiss and shouts to the others.

THE WOMAN
He shall know!

She returns to kissing him.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. A GROUP OF THE WOODFOLK

They rejoice and reply to her.

THE WOODFOLK
He shall know!

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT TRACKING - TWO SHOT

The camera tracks around the couple locked in their intimate embrace in a circular motion.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT

The Woodfolk dance, and sing an otherworldly song in celebration.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT TRACKING - TWO SHOT

MacKay is intoxicated with the woman, and continues to hold her and kiss her. The camera continues to circle them.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT

The dance and song continue.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. TRACKING SHOT

The camera circles, but closer to the couple. As the woman moves her hand from MacKay's face to stroke his hair, we see that his scars are greatly diminished in size.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT

The beautiful women dance and sing their weird song. The men cheer them on, but stay at the ready as if on duty.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. TRACKING SHOT

The camera, circling, moves past MacKay's face. He opens his eyes and they are glowing with the same green-gold light as the Woodfolk, but at a lower intensity.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT TRACKING. THE COPPICE

The coppice is a riot of song, sound, and movement.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. TRACKING SHOT

The camera moves around the woman's head and reveals that MacKay's scars have vanished. He is charged with the elemental power that the woman has given him. It seems that MacKay is being transformed into one of the woodfolk, or rather, that elemental creature has always been inside him and is being pulled out by the collective. He is like the deer seen earlier, existing now in two worlds. MacKay and the woman abruptly part and the coppice falls silent when a piercing scream is heard.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY

MacKay loses some of the effects of the transformation, and is like a drunken man unable to rouse himself from his stupor.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

The Woodfolk are all looking intently at the source of the scream, as is the woman in MacKay's arms. He finally focuses enough to see the source of the wrenching sound.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING SHOT

One of the women lies on the ground in intense pain. She is being supported by one of the men who holds her gently. The camera tracks in to reveal her desperate condition. She is drawn and gray-skinned, her eyes hold little fire, and she is gasping for breath.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. TWO SHOT

MacKay looks at the figure and feels great pity. He turns to the woman in his arms.

MACKAY

What's wrong with her?

THE WOMAN

She withers. Her life runs from her
and we cannot stop it.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. THE INJURED WOMAN

She seems to fade as we watch.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. MACKAY

MACKAY

But why? Why does she wither?

He stares at the injured woman being held slightly upright by the attending man. He then makes a connection.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE TRACKING. THE INJURED WOMAN

The camera tracks right and pulls back to show the faint image of the real coppice behind the two figures. MacKay can make out the image of one of the birch trees that has fallen against one of the pines and is being held slightly upright by it. The birch has a deep gash cut into it, deep enough to make the tree fall.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT - TWO SHOT

MacKay realizes the truth of the matter.

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

She's been attacked! But who...

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT

The woman moves away from MacKay. She is furious and her dangerous instincts are evident.

THE WOMAN

The slayers, the masters of fire and metal. The old one and his sons, they have sworn to destroy us!

THE WOODFOLK

(overlapping) They mean to kill us! They will cut us, they will burn us! We will all wither and die.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He looks at them in distress, then turns to look across the hills to the lodge beyond.

MACKAY

You mean Polleau and his sons. They did this to her?

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. THE WOMAN

She is seething with hatred and, yet, powerless to act upon it. The camera tracks in to a CU as she rants.

THE WOMAN

Yes, the old one with the hatred of a lifetime burning in his eyes, and the sons, eager and lusting to cut us, to kill us. They will come soon and they will not stop until we are all burning in their fire!

THE WOODFOLK

(overlapping) They will come! They hate us! They come to kill! They come to burn us in their fire!

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY

He pleads with all of them.

MACKAY

But what are four men against all of you? You can fight them!

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM TWO SHOT - TRACKING. MACKAY & THE WOMAN

The woman returns to embrace MacKay. She seizes him with a terrible strength.

THE WOMAN

We cannot resist them. Our power is measured in the passing of seasons, we conquer over time...they are masters of fire and metal, their power is swift and cruel. We cannot survive, unless...

She kisses MacKay with an even greater passion.

CUT TO:

EFX. OTS. CU. THE WOMAN

The woman pulls her lips from his. She looks directly into MacKay's soul.

THE WOMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
...unless you kill them first!

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He looks at her with horror in realization of her intent.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

Everything around Mackay begins to shimmer. He looks around at the woodfolk, the trees, the woman in his arms, as they all become insubstantial once again, and the real world reappears. Just at the point of disappearing the woman speaks, her voice fading as her physical form does.

THE WOMAN (V.O.) (cont'd) (CONT'D)
You must kill them!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY IN THE COPPICE

He stands frozen, unable to take a step. The faintest of voices of the woodfolk are heard on the wind.

THE WOODFOLK
They will come! You must kill them!
Save us, kill the slayers!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He looks about, but cannot see anything of the creatures in the coppice. He looks towards the fallen birch resting against the fir.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE FALLEN BIRCH

There is nothing there of the pathetic creature or her guardian.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He turns and looks at the singular birch just in front of him. He moves towards it his hand outstretched.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY AND THE BIRCH

He cautiously touches the tree. Feels the surface of smooth bark, it is cool, almost sensuous...like the strange woman he kissed. He puts his other hand on the trunk, caressing it.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY. CRANE DESCENDING TO LOW ANGLE

The skies rapidly darken. The wind rises swiftly. Thunder is heard in the distance. Flashes of lightning are seen. The voices of the woodfolk rise as well. MacKay cannot release his hold on the birch.

THE WOODFOLK (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Kill! Kill the slayers! Kill them!
Only you can save us! You must kill them!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He is being suffused with the elemental power of the coppice.

THE WOODFOLK (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Go to them, kill them! Spill their
blood before they spill ours! Kill
them!

Mackay pulls his hands away from the tree with great effort and covers his face. The voices abruptly stop.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He slowly pulls his hands away from his face. He is transformed. His eyes are wild, his expression horrible. He has been filled with the malevolence of the trees. The storm rises, more violent than ever.

MACKAY
I will kill them!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY. CRANE ASCENDING

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I will kill them!

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE. CRANE ASCENDING TO HIGH ANGLE

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I will kill them all!

CUT TO:

19

EXT. DAY. THE WOODS

19

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. MACKAY

He lurches through the woods like a madman, intent on his mission of death. The storm seems to follow him as he goes.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He pushes through the underbrush without concern. His face is a dark mask of hatred.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY'S HAND

He holds a large rock in a tight grip, brandishing it as the deadly weapon it is.

CUT TO:

TRACKING SHOT. MACKAY

He starts up a hill, but halfway up he falters. The storm quickly dies. He stops.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He feels the hatred draining from his mind. He looks at the rock in his hand with confusion.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY'S HAND

He drops the rock.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He wipes the perspiration off of his forehead. He looks over his shoulder in the direction of the coppice. The storm has dissipated. The voices cannot be heard. He looks ashamed and sickened by the murderous thoughts that had consumed him. He falls to his knees.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He tries to gather his thoughts. He looks down at the rock.

CUT TO:

CU. THE ROCK

MacKay picks it up and feels its terrible weight.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He looks at the rock and gets to his feet. He turns to face the coppice.

MATCH CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY. REVERSE ANGLE

He holds up the rock.

MACKAY

I will save you...but not this way!

He throws the rock as far as he can into the brush.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Not your way.

DISSOLVE TO:

20

EXT. DAY. THE POLLEAU PROPERTY

20

WIDE SHOT. THE ENTRANCE WAY TO THE POLLEAU COMPOUND

MacKay walks up the path to the entry through the stone fence that surrounds the Polleau compound. He stops and surveys the situation.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY

He summons all his wits and strength. He has no idea what he is going to say to Polleau and his sons.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. MACKAY

He walks through the opening and towards the buildings.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY POV. TRACKING

As MacKay approaches the structures, we see several buildings surrounding a main lodge. All are hand-made, but well-made, wooden structures. There are fences, workshops, benches, outdoor furniture...all made by hand from wood.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. MACKAY

He glances at the various buildings looking for Polleau or his sons.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY POV. TRACKING

Everywhere he looks MacKay sees work-working tools. Things to cut, hack, shave, saw, gouge, or carve wood. Hundreds of them hang on walls, are propped in doorways, lean against walls.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TRACKING. MACKAY

MacKay looks more and more worried with each step.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY POV. TRACKING

There are several fires burning in various places. Inside the main lodge, where smoke can be seen coming out of the chimney, in three braziers where wood-burning tools are being heated to red-hot condition. There is a large metal drum or coal bin with a large fire roaring next to a fresh supply of wood that has recently been gathered from the woods.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY. TRACKING

He has entered what would certainly pass for hell for the woodfolk. He looks over to his left.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY POV. TRACKING

MacKay sees one of Polleau's sons sitting on a bench and carving a piece of wood with a large knife.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY

He stops and looks at the son who makes little notice of him. MacKay hears a sound to his right and turns.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE LODGE

From the side of the lodge walks the other son, who approaches one of the braziers and stokes the fire. He also makes no real eye contact with MacKay.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

MacKay looks puzzled. He wonders why the sons are not more interested in his presence. He hears a sound come from the lodge doorway and turns to look.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE PORCH OF THE LODGE

The camera slowly tracks in on Polleau as he comes out the door. He a big man of sixty-something years. He is dressed, as are his sons, in work clothes that befit woodsmen. His movements are heavy and somewhat menacing. There is in his face an uncontrollable rage *just* being held in check. He fixes his gaze on MacKay.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He stares at Polleau for a moment. He hears a faint series of cries on the wind.

VOICES

He is the slayer. Our ancient
enemy. He means to kill us! You
must stop him!

MacKay looks involuntarily towards the coppice, then turns back to Polleau. He notices something odd.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. POLLEAU

Polleau is also listening to the cries on the wind. He looks at his older son standing near the brazier.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE OLDER SON

He looks at his father with a sardonic smirk.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. POLLEAU

He turns and looks at the other son seated on the bench.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE YOUNGER SON

He also has a look of destain on his face. He takes a particularly nasty swipe at the piece of wood he is carving.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. POLLEAU

He turns his malevolent gaze back on MacKay.

POLLEAU
What do you want?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY

He tries for a sense of civility, though it comes out forced.

MACKAY
I am staying at the lodge across
the lake... (MacKay gestures
towards the lodge)...and I am
interested in...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. POLLEAU

POLLEAU
(Cutting MacKay off) I *know* who you
are. What do you want here?!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He is caught off-guard. He composes himself quickly.

MACKAY
I have had a bad time of it
since...(he makes a vague gesture
towards his face)... since the war.
I find this lake restful, peaceful.
I would like to buy some small
parcel of land and build a house
here.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. POLLEAU

His anger increasing, Polleau's words are etched in acid.

POLLEAU
But why come to me? There are many
acres of...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He stands rigidly, expecting the worst.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
... land available on the far side
of the lake. There things are happy
and restful.

CUT TO:

CU. POLLEAU

His face darkens into near rage.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Here, on this side, things are not
happy. Not peaceful.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. OTS TWO SHOT. POLLEAU & MACKAY

Slowly, menacingly, Polleau comes down the steps and moves
towards MacKay.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
But tell me, what part of my land
interests you? (MacKay does not
answer)
I think I might know just the spot.
Eh, Jacques? Eh, Christophe? (He
nods at each of them) I think we
know just the place that interests
you.

Polleau is now very close to MacKay. He raises his hand and
points directly at the coppice.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. REVERSE OTS TWO SHOT. MACKAY & POLLEAU

MacKay's heart sinks. He does not look in the direction Polleau is pointing.

MACKAY
I can afford to pay well for what I want.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. OTS TWO SHOT. POLLEAU & MACKAY

POLLEAU
The wood is not for sale.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. REVERSE OTS TWO SHOT. MACKAY & POLLEAU

MACKAY
Name your price.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. OTS TWO SHOT. POLLEAU & MACKAY

POLLEAU
Not at any price.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY

He takes a step back from Polleau and addresses them all.

MACKAY
What does it matter to you? You have all this side of the lake to yourselves. What possible difference could a few trees...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. POLLEAU

His rage escapes him. He growls at MacKay.

POLLEAU
Only a few trees! Only a few trees,
but it is more than that...much
more!

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He is defiant, but wary of Polleau's rage directed at him.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
And you know it! You know that we
are intent on destroying that
place.

CUT TO:

CU. POLLEAU

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
We know you are intent on saving
it. But, I wonder, who told you of
this?

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He is shocked to find his secret is shared by the Polleaus.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Only a few trees...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE GROUP

Polleau walks about a bit as he taunts MacKay with his
secret.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
... then *who* could have told him
what we mean to do, Christophe?

The older son laughs harshly at this.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
How does he know of our cruel
intentions, Jacques?

The younger son laughs just as sarcastically.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He is stung by their laughter. He takes a step backwards and starts to walk away from them. Swiftly, and violently, Polleau reaches out and grabs him by the jacket lapels.

MATCH CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. OTS TWO SHOT. POLLEAU & MACKAY

Polleau grips MacKay and pulls him closer.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
There is something I would say to
you.

MATCH CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. OTS TWO SHOT. MACKAY & POLLEAU

Polleau backs MacKay up against a fence and roughly releases him.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
You have come here as
an...emissary. The trees have
spoken to you. Now I am going to
speak.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. POLLEAU

Polleau walks about during his speech, sometimes addressing MacKay, sometimes his sons, at other times he seems to be addressing the trees far away in the coppice.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
For many generations my people have
lived here. They came to hunt, and
trap, and farm. From the very
beginning the trees fought us, they
feared us...they hated us. And we
learned to hate them.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. DAY. THE SHORE OF THE LAKE

21

WIDE SHOT. A MOTHER AND HER CHILD

A mother is washing clothes on the rocks at the edge of the lake. A small boy aged five or six is playing nearby.

POLLEAU (V.O.)
The first to die was a child, on a
sunny, calm day in 1720.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MOTHER

The mother looks up from her work and looks over at the child.

1720 WOMAN
(in French)
Gabriel.
(waits for a response)

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE CHILD

The young boy looks up from his play and acknowledges his mother.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MOTHER

1720 WOMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
(in French)
Gabriel, make sure you stay nearby.

She looks around with a real sense of worry.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. POV. THE WOODS BEYOND THE SHORE

The camera moves from the child to the trees not far beyond.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE MOTHER

She looks intently at the trees. She decides there is nothing there and turns back to her work.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE CHILD AND HIS MOTHER

The camera moves from a wide shot to a CU on the child.

VOICE

Gabriel.

The child hears this strange but somehow inviting voice. He looks over at his mother.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. POV. THE MOTHER

She continues her work.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE CHILD

He looks puzzled. Did he hear the voice or not? He returns to his play.

VOICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Gabriel.

The child looks up again. He definitely heard someone.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. REVERSE ANGLE. THE CHILD

He is facing away from the woods and his mother can be seen in the background working on her wash. The child turns looks at the woods.

VOICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Gabriel.

The camera pushes in on the child's face. He sees something, which at first worries him. He turns his face towards his mother.

VOICE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Gabriel!

The child looks back at the source of the sound.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. THREE OF THE WOODFOLK WOMEN

The women are just inside the cover of the woods. They look towards the child with friendly smiles, but these are smiles filled with terrifying intent.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE CHILD

The child stares at these strange girls with a mixture of interest and apprehension. He smiles.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. THREE OF THE WOODFOLK WOMEN

One of the women holds up the reddest apple the child has ever seen. It almost glows. She offers it to him.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE SHORE OF THE LAKE

The mother is still working her laundry. We see the child stand up in the background and start to head into the woods. He disappears into the foliage.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MOTHER

She senses something, looks up and calls out to the child.

1720 WOMAN
Gabriel!

She looks around and finds no sign of the child.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE MOTHER

She quickly rises to her feet looking around frantically. She moves towards the spot where the child was playing.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. POV. THE MOTHER

She runs to the spot where she last saw the child. The small toy (or whatever) he was playing with is still there in the grass.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE MOTHER

She looks up from the ground and over at the woods.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACK/ZOOM. THE WOODS

The woods seem to deepen and become more sinister. There are the faint sounds of a child's laughter mixed with the voices of the strange women on the wind.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE MOTHER

1720 WOMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Gabriel! (in French) My God, not
the child! He's mine. Bring him
back!

She starts to take a step towards the woods, but is stopped by a rush of wind and the sound of much louder voices

VOICES
No! He's ours now.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. OTS. THE WOODS

VOICES (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Ours to do with what we will. He
suffers the fate that his fathers
made for him. Go now. Run. Run to
the smoke. Tell them all, his blood
is on their hands!

The mother turns and runs off towards the family encampment.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. HIGH ANGLE. THE SHORE OF THE LAKE

The mother runs off in panic towards a small column of smoke
rising over the hill beyond.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. A FIELD

Three men are clearing small trees and brush from a field in
preparation for planting crops. They are throwing the wood
into a fire, the source of the smoke plume. One of the men
abruptly stops when he hears a voice calling.

1720 WOMAN
(in French) Georges! Come quickly!
Georges!

He turns, dropping a branch he has in his hand. The others
stop and look as well.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING SHOT. THE MOTHER

She runs up to edge of the cleared field and stops, trying to
catch her breath.

1720 WOMAN (CONT'D)
(gasping for breath) (in French)
Georges! He's gone! Gabriel's gone.

The camera moves into a CU of the mother.

1720 WOMAN (CONT'D)
They've taken him!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TRACKING SHOT. THE FATHER

He instantly knows her meaning.

The camera tracks back as he, and the others move into action. They all grab the nearest wood working tool and move towards the woman.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. CRANE. HIGH ANGLE. A CLEARING UNDER AN APPLE TREE IN THE WOODS

The woodfolk women are dancing and circle the child who watches with amusement. He is eating the apple they gave him.

The camera descends to a MEDIUM SHOT of the child as he watches them. They chant a strange song, sounding much like a ritual.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. CRANE. LOW ANGLE. THE CLEARING

The women dance around the child. The camera tilts and cranes up to reveal two of the male woodfolk in the branches of the apple tree. They watch the women below dance. The camera cranes up into the branches to a MEDIUM SHOT of the men.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. CRANE. HIGH ANGLE. THE CLEARING

The camera looks down past the men in the branches to the child below. The camera descends. The women abruptly stop and dancing and chanting. They move away from the child. The child looks up at the men in the tree.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CRANE. LOW ANGLE. THE MEN

They turn vicious, snarling at the child. The camera cranes down away from them. They reach up and, with great strength, snap a large branch off of the tree. They hurl it with great force directly at the camera.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE CHILD

The child recoils in fear.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. LOW ANGLE. THE TREE

The heavy branch and a battery of apples and leaves crashes down at the camera.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. HIGH ANGLE. THE CLEARING

The branch drops directly on the child. The apples hit, bounce, and roll as the leaves continue to spin down.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE WOODS

The mother and father, with the other two men, move quickly through the trees with determination.

1720 WOMAN (CONT'D)
Gabriel! Gabriel!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CRANE. LOW ANGLE. THE CLEARING

Under the branch we can see the arm and hand of the child. The camera cranes up to reveal the five adults entering the clearing and seeing the branch and its victim. The woman screams. Her husband restrains her from going closer. The other two men approach the lifeless form of the child.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE FATHER AND MOTHER

She cries on his shoulder as he looks in the direction of the other two men.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE TWO MEN

They have examined the body. One of them looks up in the direction of the father and shakes his head in confirmation of the worst.

CUT TO:

CU. THE MOTHER SOBBING OVER THE FATHER'S SHOULDER

She continues sobbing but her eyes dart from place to place searching the trees for signs of her child's killers.

DISSOLVE TO:

22

EXT. DAY. A FLOWER-FILLED MEADOW NEAR THE WOODS

22

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE MEADOW

A girl of 14 or 15 is gathering flowers in a basket.

POLLEAU (V.O.)

The next, a beautiful young girl,
another innocent victim of the
heartless demons who dwell in the
wood. That was 1743.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. A FLOWER

The girl reaches to pick the flower but another hand, the hand of one of the female woodfolk reaches it first and picks it.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE GIRL

She is only slightly startled. The female woodfolk rises into the shot with the flower. The girl smiles.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. OTS. REVERSE ANGLE. THE FEMALE WOODFOLK

She smiles back at the girl and offers her the flower. The girl takes it and then puts it in the female's hair above her pointed ear. The both smile.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. OTS. REVERSE ANGLE. THE GIRL

The female puts her hand on the girl's shoulder and kisses her gently on the cheek. The girl smiles demurely.

CUT TO:

CU. THE GIRL'S HAND

The female takes the girl's hand in her own.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE FEMALE WOODFOLK AND THE GIRL

Then run off towards the woods hand-in-hand, laughing.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE WOODS

The two figures, still holding hands, run through the woods. As they move in and out, up and down, through the trees, other woodfolk are glimpsed running parallel to them, both nearer to and farther from the camera.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE RUNNING DUO

The two run into a small hollow surrounded by trees. They see something ahead which surprises both of them. They stop. They look and then they express different emotions. The female woodfolk is excited and the girl is slightly embarrassed.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. A YOUNG MALE WOODFOLK

He standing with his back to them, his head turned back to look at them. He is every bit as wild and attractive as the females.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE FEMALE AND THE GIRL

The female urges the girl to go to the male. There is a sense that this has all happened before, as the girl is not afraid, but rather very much a willing part of it all.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE YOUNG MALE

Over his shoulder we see the girl, followed by the female, approach. She reaches out and puts her hand on his shoulder. He turns towards her. She puts her other hand on his opposite shoulder. The female is hovering very close.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TRACKING. REVERSE ANGLE. THE TRIO

The male smiles at the girl and then kisses her innocently on the cheek. The girl reaches up and caresses his neck and cheek, then kisses him fully and daringly on the lips. He smiles again. They laugh. The female laughs. The camera tracks around them. We see many of the woodfolk, both male and female in the background.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE YOUNG MALE AND THE GIRL

They kiss again.

CUT TO:

CU. THE GIRL'S ANKLE

One of the females grabs the girl's ankle and grips it firmly.

CUT TO:

CU. THE GIRL'S WAIST

One of the woodfolk wraps her arm around the girl's waist.

CUT TO:

CU. THE GIRL'S LEFT ARM

The first female we saw grips the girl's arm.

CUT TO:

CU. THE GIRL

The male pulls away from her. She is still in a romantic dream state. The first female reaches around her shoulders and grips her throat first gently, then with increasing violence. The girl's eyes open and she struggles to remove the hand choking her.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE YOUNG MALE

His face goes out of focus as he looks at her, but not at all harshly, maybe even with a hint of regret.

CUT TO:

CU. THE GIRL

She is dying. She struggles but less so now. She straightens sharply and then starts to fall forward.

MATCH CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE GIRL

She falls forward but is completely ensnared in vines that wrap around her arm, her ankle, her waist, and her neck. She falls, dead, but not to the ground as she is held up by the vines.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE HOLLOW

The girl is hung up like a limp puppet. In the shadowed foreground the young male is standing looking at her for a moment, then moves quickly off into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

23

EXT. DAY. A TRAIL THROUGH THE WOODS

23

WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE TRAIL

A group of American Revolution-era soldiers are running through the woods in pursuit of a group of Native Americans. The soldiers fire their flintlock rifles at the scattering people.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. A SOLDIER

He aims his rifle at one of the men running away in the distance. He fires.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. NATIVE AMERICAN MALE

The man is running away from the pursuing troops and is shot down. He falls hard to the ground.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE TRAIL FROM A HILLTOP

Several Native Americans run by the camera. The camera tracks back to reveal a small group of soldiers ready to fire. They do. The camera moves in to a Medium Shot of one of the soldiers reloading his gun. He looks out at the trail.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. LONG LENS. THE TRAIL

A Native American family, husband, wife, and small child, are trying to get out of the battle.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE SOLDIER

He realizes he is not ready to shoot. He looks to his right and calls to someone off camera.

SOLDIER

Polleau!

The camera pulls back, an ancestor of Polleau's steps into the frame. He smiles and takes off after the family.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. FURTHER DOWN THE TRAIL

The family runs quickly through the trees. A shot rings out and the male falls to the ground.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. POLLEAU'S ANCESTOR

He smiles again, this time at his handiwork. He calmly starts to reload. He looks down at the fallen man.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. LONG LENS. THE FAMILY

The male struggles to get up as his wife and child run to his aid.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE WOUNDED MALE

He waves his wife and child away. He is hurt badly. He gestures for them to run.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE WOMAN & CHILD

The woman does not want to leave him.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE WOUNDED MALE

He desperately urges her to flee.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE TRAIL

The woman reluctantly starts off with the child in her arms.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE WOMAN & CHILD

They run through the thick underbrush.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TRACKING. THE WOUNDED MALE

He crawls along in great pain, trying to get to the cover of the underbrush. The camera pulls back to reveal a set of boots approaching him. A rifle barrel drops into the shot just near the man's head. The camera rises to reveal Polleau's ancestor pointing his rifle at the helpless man. He smiles and is about to finish the wounded man off, when the sound of a branch snapping attracts his attention. He looks off at the source of the noise.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. POV. THE WOUNDED MAN

He lies still, bleeding profusely.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. POLLEAU'S ANCESTOR

He gives the man up for dead and heads off towards the sound he heard, rifle at the ready.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE WOMAN & CHILD

The two run into a small clearing in the trees. The woman suddenly stops frozen in her tracks. She is terrified of what she sees ahead of her.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. OTS. THE CLEARING

The camera moves from behind the woman to reveal three of the female woodfolk standing in front of the woman and child, blocking their path. The woman turns to run back the way she came. But she again freezes in terror.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. OTS. THE PATH OUT OF THE CLEARING

There are two more female woodfolk blocking the path behind the woman.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE CLEARING

The woodfolk move to circle the woman.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE WOMAN & CHILD

The woman drops to one knee in supplication. She bows her head.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE WOODFOLK

They also drop to one knee in deference to the woman and her child. The woman looks up at this display of respect.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE WOMAN

She is wary, but not as terrified as before.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. ONE OF THE WOODFOLK

The female woodfolk smile at the woman and child in their most benign manner.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE WOMAN & CHILD

The woodfolk help the woman and her child up and surround her in a comforting fashion. Then, all of the woodfolk look off sharply in the direction from which the woman and child came.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE CLEARING

Two of the woodfolk take the woman and child and head into the trees. The others scatter quickly.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE WOODS

Polleau's ancestor is making his way through the brush in pursuit of the family.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. POV. THE TREES

Polleau's ancestor catches a fleeting glimpse of one of the woodfolk.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. POLLEAU'S ANCESTOR

He looks stunned, uncertain of what he saw.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. REVERSE ANGLE. TRACKING. POLLEAU'S ANCESTOR

He stands looking in the direction of the figure he saw. A rock flies into the shot and strikes him hard in the head. He recoils in pain. Then swings his gun around in the direction the rock came from. He sees nothing. Another rock flies in from another direction and hits him in the back. He spins around trying to locate the source of the attack. He starts to run.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. POLLEAU'S ANCESTOR'S FEET

As he tries to run off, one of the woodfolk grabs his ankle and takes his leg out from under him.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. POLLEAU'S ANCESTOR

He goes down in heap and the fall jars his rifle from his hand. The rifle fires as it hits the ground. He senses something nearby and tries to turn over to see.

MATCH CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. POLLEAU'S ANCESTOR

He turns over on his back, and is surprised to find a group of the woodfolk just upon him. He recoils in fear.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE ATTACK

The group of woodfolk cover the supine figure and lash at him with rock, stick, and claw-like nails. He struggles and screams.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE WOODS

The woman and her child are being guided through the woods by two of the female woodfolk. They move into a quiet clearing.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE WOMAN

She looks up and sees something that gives her great joy.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE HUSBAND

The wounded man is being treated by two of the woodfolk. One is applying some otherworldly medicine to his gunshot wound. He looks up and is equally happy to see his family unharmed.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE CLEARING

The woman and child run to the man and they all embrace. The woodfolk withdraw with the exception of one.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE REMAINING WOODFOLK WOMAN

She makes a Native American gesture of friendship and respect.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE FAMILY

The man makes a similar gesture in response.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. HIGH ANGLE. THE CLEARING

The family continue to enjoy their reunion. The woodfolk are gone.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. A HILL OVERLOOKING A CLEARING IN THE WOODS

Several soldiers, rifles ready, come over the hill and look down at something below. They proceed into the clearing.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE SOLDIERS

The camera reveals the soldiers approaching something hidden from camera view by a tree. As they close in, the camera moves to reveal Polleau's ancestor, bloodied, beaten, almost in a fetal position on the ground. He doesn't move. One of the soldiers puts his hand on the man's shoulder and pulls him upright.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. POLLEAU'S ANCESTOR

He is alive, but completely mad. His eyes a terrifying sign of the horror he's been through at the hands of the woodfolk.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. DAY. THE POLLEAU PROPERTY

24

MEDIUM SHOT. POLLEAU

POLLEAU

A great woodsman and tracker,
driven mad by something in the wood
that taunted him and tortured him
and, in his ravings, he named as...

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He looks at Polleau in stunned amazement.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)

... wicked temptresses, naked and
cruel.

1770. Every generation marked by
tragedy of its own...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. POLLEAU

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
... maimed bodies, shattered minds,
the trees hated us, and they have
fought us every at every turn.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

MACKAY
But these are just accidents,
coincidences surely. You can't
blame the trees Polleau. That's
insane.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. POLLEAU

POLLEAU
(sharply) You know better! You've
seen them. Maybe you've touched
one, been touched by one of those
naked temptresses?

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He very nearly blushes.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Yes, I think he has. We've seen
them too!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. POLLEAU

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Never too close, but always nearby.
Peering in our windows to taunt us
at night, appearing and
disappearing in front of you,
behind you, all around you.

JACQUES
The women of the wood...

Polleau turns to look at his son.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. JACQUES

JACQUES (cont'd) (CONT'D)
... who invite with their smooth
skin and wild eyes, then vanish
before they can be seized. Only
their voices left to mock you.

CHRISTOPHE
The beautiful demons...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. CHRISTOPHE

CHRISTOPHE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
... who lure you with their naked
bodies into the marsh, or to the
edge of a precipice, hoping you'll
drown or break your neck while they
laugh and dance!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. POLLEAU

The camera pushes in on Polleau as he loses control.

POLLEAU
The trees! The damned trees! All
around us, creeping, moving ever
closer. Their seed on the wind,
taking root everywhere, choking us!
We cut and burn, but they will not
cease, they never tire, they keep
coming!

Jacques moves to his father during this tirade and places a
firm hand on the old man's shoulder.

JACQUES
Patience. (his father calms)
Patience, father. We will soon
strike our blow.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He has a look of horror on his face at this revelation.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE YARD

Polleau, bracketed by his sons, moves towards MacKay. Their threatening action makes MacKay backpedal towards the gateway that he entered originally.

POLLEAU
They shall mock us no more! Soon
they shall all lie dying. Felled in
their place! All of them!

MacKay puts some distance between himself and the Polleaus.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Go tell them! Tell them that by
dusk tomorrow, they will all be
dead!

MacKay breaks into a semi-run as he passes through the gateway and heads for the lake.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE POLLEAUS

They stand strong and defiant in the fading light. The camera tracks back as Polleau continues to bellow.

POLLEAU (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Go! Tell them! Tomorrow they'll all
be dead! Their bodies burning in
our fires! They'll all be dead!

CUT TO:

25

EXT. LATE AFTERNOON. THE WOODS

25

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. MACKAY

He moves down the hill towards the coppice. We can still hear Polleau shouting in the distance at him.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

MacKay enters the coppice and looks around for any sign of the woodfolk.

MACKAY
Please! Speak to me! Let me see!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. POV MACKAY. TRACKING

The trees are still. There is no sign of the woodfolk nor their voices heard.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He is desperate, overcome by his failure to do the woodfolk's bidding.

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I am sorry. Please forgive me! I
could not do what you asked. I...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. THE BIRCH

The camera tracks in on the birch, but the woman is not to be seen.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He is forlorn.

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
... I cannot kill *again*. Not even
to save you!

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

MacKay stands in the center of the coppice and laments.

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Forgive me!

He turns and walks slowly towards his boat. He walks out of the coppice.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. THE BIRCH

The woman emerges partially from the tree and looks sadly at MacKay's retreat.

VOICES
All is lost! They come to kill us
all! We're lost! All is lost.

The voices turn to cries and wails of despair.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. LATE AFTERNOON. THE SHORE OF THE LAKE

26

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE

MacKay rows away from shore. His heart broken, his spirit shaken. We hear the wails and cries, but it clear that either MacKay does not, or chooses not to.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. NIGHT. MACKAY'S ROOM

27

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DRESSER

We see the dresser, the top drawer is open. The camera pans left to reveal MacKay on the bed with the revolver in his hand. He is on the brink of suicide.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He cocks the gun and puts the barrel against his temple. He tries to pull the trigger, hesitates, retries, fails.

He then is distracted by indistinct voices from outside. Not the woodfolk, but Martine, his wife, and the salesman.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY'S ROOM

He gets up from the bed and moves to the window. Puts the gun down on a table and opens the window.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. NIGHT. THE WINDOW OF MACKAY'S ROOM

28

MEDIUM SHOT. THE WINDOW

MacKay pushes the window open and looks down at the dock.

CUT TO:

THE DOCK. POV. MACKAY

Martine, his wife, and the salesman stand talking and looking out across the lake.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He turns from looking at the dock to what the three are looking at. A look of shock and revulsion sweeps across his face.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE AND THE POLLEAUS' COMPOUND BEYOND

Large billowing fires are lighting the night sky from the Polleaus' compound. A dozen or more. The three men can be seen in the firelight shouting and throwing sticks into the fire.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. LOW ANGLE. THE DOCK AND THE LODGE BEHIND

Martine and the other two stand amazed. We see MacKay looking out at the scene from his window.

MARTINE

I tell you I don't know what to make of it. I wonder what's gotten into them?

MRS. MARTINE

They've gone mad. I knew it would happen. Living up there alone, the three of them.

SALESMAN

It's like the Indians!

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He is watching the Polleaus, but he reacts to the salesman's analogy sharply.

SALESMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Like a war party. Just like they're getting ready to go to war.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DOCK AND THE LODGE BEHIND

The salesman lets out a loud war-hoop sound and mimics a movie Indian.

Mrs. Martine is first startled, then disapproving at this.

SALESMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Oh! I apologize. I was only getting into the spirit of things.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DOCK

Mrs. Martine and the salesman turn around and head for the lodge. Martine continues to stare at the opposite shore.

MRS. MARTINE

I suppose they've been drinking.

SALESMAN
Never seen anything like it.

MRS. MARTINE
I should hope not to.

Martine watches a moment and then turns to go inside. He catches sight of MacKay at his window and looks up.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DOCK AND THE LODGE BEHIND. LOW ANGLE

Martine looks up at MacKay who is intent on the spectacle and unaware of Martine.

CUT TO:

CU. MARTINE. HIGH ANGLE

He studies MacKay for a moment. He is apprehensive about what emotions he sees reflected in MacKay's face. He sighs, and moves towards the door.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He is angry. He has forgotten all about his earlier task.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE POLLEAU PROPERTY

The fires shoot embers high into the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE.

A series of shots of the lake and the shoreline.

The lake is calm and quiet. Some remnants of morning fog remain. The sounds of various birds are heard echoing across the water.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE DOCK

The boat MacKay used earlier is tied to the dock.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE POLLEAU PROPERTY

Polleau stands alone in the yard looking at the weather. He pauses and turns to look off towards the coppice. He scowls.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE DOCK

MacKay stands at the end of the dock staring across the lake towards the coppice.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE LODGE. LOBBY WINDOW

Martine is looking out watching MacKay intently.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE POLLEAU PROPERTY

Polleaus' sons are preparing their tools, they look up at their father with grim purpose.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE DOCK

The dock is empty and the boat is gone.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE LODGE. LOBBY WINDOW

Martine is joined by his wife. They look out the window with genuine concern.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE POLLEAU PROPERTY

Polleau senses something happening and raises his large axe and, as the camera follows the axehead, he buries it into a large piece of wood with authority.

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE

MacKay rows swiftly towards the coppice.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. MORNING. THE SHORE OF THE LAKE

30

WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE FROM THE LAKE

MacKay rows up and beaches his boat.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He looks around as he secures the boat.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. POV. MACKAY

The day is bright and calm. There is nothing but quiet.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He starts for the coppice.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

MacKay enters and looks about. He sees nothing out of the ordinary, nothing of the woodfolk.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE BIRCH

MacKay approaches the tree and reaches out to feel its surface.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY'S HAND

He gently caresses the tree.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He addresses the coppice.

MACKAY

I don't know if what I saw here was
real, or just something I imagined.
I may be as mad as those who would
destroy you. I know they're
coming...

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. LOW ANGLE. THE COPPICE

The camera pans slowly from tree crest to tree crest.

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

... and I'm not certain I can stop
them. I don't understand why you
revealed yourselves...

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY AND THE BIRCH

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

... to me. If you are here.

He touches the birch again.

MACKAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Whether this is some disease of my
mind, or if you truly exist...I
need to see this through.

Faint voices rise in the air.

THE WOODFOLK
They come! Farewell sisters! They
come to destroy us! Farewell
brothers! We are doomed!

MacKay looks around the coppice. The wind rises and the
voices grow louder.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT. HIGH ANGLE. CRANE. THE COPPICE

The camera descends as MacKay moves about the coppice looking
for signs of the woodfolk or the Polleaus. The voices are
shrieking now in panic. The wind is fierce and the sky has
darkened. MacKay backs up against one of the trees.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He looks about but sees no sign of the attackers. The blade
of a large axe buries itself into the tree inches from his
head. There is an inhuman scream as the blade pierces the
bark deeply.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY AND THE BIRCH

He recoils in horror and moves away from the tree. The older
Polleau son stands there holding the axe and laughing at
MacKay.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. REVERSE ANGLE TWO SHOT

MacKay lunges at Jacques who is trying to pull the axe from the tree. MacKay punches him hard in the face sending backwards, but Jacques does not release the axe.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He prepares to land another blow but is seized by Christophe from behind. MacKay struggles, but the son proves to be very strong.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. JACQUES

He wipes a trickle of blood from his mouth and pulls the axe from the tree. There is the sound of great suffering heard. He readies another blow.

JACQUES

Hold him! He can watch.

Jacques buries the axe very deeply into the tree. There is another, more sickening, scream, indicating a death blow has been struck.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MEDIUM TWO SHOT

MacKay struggles mightily but cannot escape the hold of Christophe.

MACKAY

Stop it! You're insane!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. JACQUES

He raises the axe high.

JACQUES

Insane? Maybe, but it these demons who have made us so!

He smashes the axe almost to the center of the tree.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. MACKAY & CHRISTOPHE

Excited by the viciousness of the blow, Christophe momentarily relaxes his grasp. MacKay pulls free and punches Christophe to the ground. He turns back to Jacques.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY

He approaches Jacques and starts to land a blow. MacKay is struck from behind by an axe-handle, and is sent to the ground on his face.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY. LOW ANGLE

He collapses to the ground. The camera tilts up to reveal Polleau standing over him.

POLLEAU

Next time Monsieur, it will not be
the handle against your head.

Polleau gestures to Jacques to continue.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. JACQUES

He starts to chop away at the tree. It is beginning to break.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE. LOW ANGLE

MacKay shakily gets to his knees. He is barely aware of the Polleaus, as he gets to his feet and moves away. He approaches the special birch.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He stumbles up to the tree and puts a hand on it to steady himself. He turns to look at the Polleaus.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE. POV. MACKAY

The two are watching Jacques splinter the tree.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He reaches up to back of head, and, when he removes his hand, he discovers it is covered in blood. He looks at the blood and then reaches up with his other hand to check the extent of the damage. He looks at both blood-covered hands. MacKay feels faint. He wavers, and then puts both hands on the tree to steady himself.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. THE TREE

MacKay removes his hands, leaving two bloody handprints on the tree. As he pulls his hands back, the woman materializes from the tree and grabs his wrists. MacKay is too confused to react.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM TWO SHOT

The woman looks at MacKay and then at his bloody hands.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. MACKAY'S HANDS

The woman turns MacKay's hands palms up.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. THE WOMAN

She lifts MacKay's hands up and then licks the blood from them.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. THE WOMAN

She licks the red, red blood from her lips. The effect upon her is terrifying. Her eyes become fierce, her manor ferocious.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM TWO SHOT

The woman reaches up behind MacKay's head and wipes a quantity of blood onto her hand and then onto her lips. She kisses MacKay passionately. His arms embrace her. The wind rises dramatically, the sound of the voices grows ominous, threatening.

VOICES

Kill! Kill! Kill!

CUT TO:

EFX. OTS. MEDIUM CU. THE WOMAN

She pulls her lips away from MacKay. He turns to look at the Polleaus. His eyes are as before, wild, hatred of the Polleaus written across his face.

VOICES (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Kill! Kill! Kill!

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

MacKay leaves the woman's side and moves with grim purpose towards the Polleaus, his injuries forgotten. The coppice is seething with hatred. All that was magical before, is filled with horror now.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. THE TREE BEING FELLED

Jacques' axe severs the last fibers holding the tree up. It begins to fall.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE TREE

Jacques steps back with pride to watch the tree fall. His father and brother also step clear of the fall zone. The tree descends. They are all looking up at the top of the tree.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. THE TREE

Two of the male spirits appear and push hard on the trunk of the tree to change its angle of fall.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. JACQUES

He notices the tree is changing direction. He looks down at the trunk.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. THE TREE

The two male spirits snarl at Jacques.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. JACQUES

He sees them and is horrified. He turns to warn his family but cannot speak.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT. HIGH ANGLE. POLLEAU & SON

Polleau and Christophe see the tree heading astray. They move to avoid being crushed.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

The tree smashes down between, and very close to, the Polleaus. They just barely avoid injury. Both are caught up in the branches of the tree and are knocked to the ground.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

MacKay approaches the fallen Polleau. He grabs Polleau's coat and pulls him up from the ground.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. POLLEAU

He looks into MacKay's eyes and sees the hatred there.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

MacKay strikes Polleau a vicious blow. Polleau strikes back equally viciously. They struggle.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. JACQUES

He recovers his nerve and starts to move to help his father and brother. Several of the male spirits tackle him to the ground and start beating him with their fists. He cries out, but in vain.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT. THE FALLEN TREE

Christophe gets to his feet. He looks over at Jacques in response to the cries he hears.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT. JACQUES

He is almost completely covered by the bodies of the males. They are beating him to death. His cries are fading.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE FALLEN TREE

Christophe steps over the trunk of the fallen tree. As he does, he moves the trunk and a branch that had been bent over under it during the fall swings free and arcs up at Christophe's face.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. CHRISTOPHE

The branch smashes into Christophe's face, lacerating him badly and stunning him. He covers his face with his hands.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY & POLLEAU

They are on the ground trading blows.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. CHRISTOPHE

He pulls his hands away from his face. He has been horribly injured. His face is a mass of blood and one eye is gone. With his good eye he sees one of the women right in front of him. She grabs him by the throat and throws him backwards with great strength.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. THE FALLEN TREE. LOW ANGLE

Christophe falls backwards and down on the tree trunk. He falls directly onto the stub of a severed branch that enters his back and penetrates his heart. He gasps his last breath.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. MACKAY & POLLEAU

Polleau hears the gasp from his son and stops fighting. He rises and looks towards the fallen tree.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. CHRISTOPHE

He lies dead impaled upon the tree.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. POLLEAU

He looks from one scene of horror to another.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. JACQUES

Jacques lies dead, mangled under a pile of fir branches.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE TWO SHOT. MACKAY & POLLEAU

Polleau is overcome by grief and hatred. He sees his axe on the ground at his feet.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. THE AXE

Polleau reaches down for the axe.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He sees Polleau going for the axe. He feels something near his hand.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. MACKAY'S HAND

There is a large knife near MacKay's hand. He grabs it.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. POLLEAU

He rises, turns, and raises the axe to deliver a death blow. MacKay has already risen and lunges forward to thrust the knife through Polleau's throat before he can bring the axe down. Polleau drops the axe behind him. He makes a sickening gurgling sound and drops to his knees.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

Polleau collapses, dead. Immediately the coppice erupts in joy. The atmosphere lightens, the woodfolk appear and sing and dance as they had before when MacKay first saw them.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He looks around at this unbridled joy. He smiles.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT. CRANE. THE COPPICE. HIGH ANGLE. VARI-RATE

The camera descends as the woodfolk circle around their savior in joy. The images speed up to fast motion, then back to normal. He draws upon their energy. The images instantly shift to slow-motion. The circle parts and the woman is let through.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. THE WOMAN. SLOW-MOTION

She smiles at the victor. She raises her arms to embrace MacKay.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY. SLOW-MOTION

He raises his arms to take hers. He stops, horrified, he looks at his hands.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. MACKAY'S HANDS

They are covered in blood.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. MACKAY. SLOW-MOTION

He looks up from his hands in horror. He stares directly into the camera.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. AN ASIAN WOMAN. SLOW-MOTION

An Asian woman dressed in a field worker's clothing stands on an unpaved road. She has blood on her face and clothes. The evidence of battle is all around her. She stares at the camera. She reaches out to MacKay.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He recoils. He turns to look away.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. CHRISTOPHE

Christophe's body lies impaled upon the tree.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. JACQUES

Jacques's body lies dead on the ground.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM SHOT. POLLEAU

Polleau's body lies bleeding on the ground.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. MACKAY

He is disgusted by what he has been a part of. He looks at the woman.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM CU. THE WOMAN

Her heart falls. She knows that MacKay cannot join them in celebration of their victory over the Polleaus.

CUT TO:

EFX. WIDE SHOT. THE COPPICE

MacKay turns and runs away towards his boat. The woman runs after him.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE FROM SHORE

MacKay gets to the boat and climbs in. The woman reaches the end of the coppice, but cannot go further.

EFX. MEDIUM CU. THE WOMAN

She is sad, but understanding of MacKay's situation.

THE WOMAN

Please come back! You saved us. We
want you to be with us.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. THE WOMAN

THE WOMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I want you to be with us.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE SHORE FROM THE LAKE

MacKay ignores the woman's pleas. He moves the boat away from the shore.

CUT TO:

EFX. CU. THE WOMAN

THE WOMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Come back...or leave us forever.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He rows away determinedly.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE WOMAN

She is surrounded by her brethren. They all sadly watch MacKay's retreat. She lifts her hands in entreaty one last time.

THE WOMAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)
The door to our world closes.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. LATE DAY. THE LAKE

31

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He slows his rowing. He has begun to reconsider his decision. He stops the boat and looks back at the coppice.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE SHORE FROM THE LAKE

The woodfolk are gone.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He realizes the finality of his decision. He begins to feel despair at it. He weeps.

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE

MacKay's boat floats motionless in the center of the lake.

DISSOLVE TO:

CU. THE WATER

MacKay plunges his bloodstained hands into the water. He washes the blood from them.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY

He checks his hands. He then takes his coat and tries to wash out the bloodstains on it as best he can.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE LODGE

MacKay rows the boat up to the dock. He looks around but no one is there. He gets out of the boat, ties it up, and folding his bloodstained jacket as best he can, moves to the door.

CUT TO:

32

INT. DUSK. MACKAY'S ROOM

32

MEDIUM CU. A DRAWER IN MACKAY'S ROOM

MacKay places the bloodstained jacket in the drawer and closes it.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE BED IN MACKAY'S ROOM

MacKay falls on the bed and drifts off to sleep in seconds.

DISSOLVE TO:

33

EXT. DAY. THE LAKE

33

WIDE SHOT. THE LAKE

It is a beautiful day. The sun shines brightly. The lake is calm and blue.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. THE LODGE

MacKay exits the lodge and steps into the daylight. He is in good spirits. He looks towards the coppice, but then thinks of the reality of the scene there and turns away. He notices Martine at the end of the dock.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. MACKAY

MacKay walks along the dock towards Martine. The sound of happy voices drifts across the lake to him.

VOICES

Free! We are free! Those who would
destroy are destroyed! Dance! Sing!
Sisters! Brothers! We are free!

MacKay comes up to Martine who is looking out at the lake.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. THE DOCK

Martine turns to greet MacKay.

MARTINE

Ah! Monsieur. It is a beautiful
day, is it not?

MACKAY
Yes. Indeed it is.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. REVERSE ANGLE TWO SHOT. THE DOCK
Martine looks intently at MacKay.

MARTINE
Something has changed, Monsieur. Do
you feel it?

MACKAY
(apprehensively) Changed? How so?

MARTINE
It's in the whole of the valley.
Where there was once dispute, there
is only peace.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TWO SHOT

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I've seen more birds around the
lake than I've seen in my thirty
years here. And the deer, they've
never come down to water's edge,
but today I've seen half a dozen.
Something has changed.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. REVERSE ANGLE TWO SHOT

MacKay gives Martine a guilty look that goes unseen. He tries
to maintain his indifference.

MACKAY
A change for the better, perhaps?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TWO SHOT

Now it is Martine who gives MacKay a suspicious look that
goes unseen.

MARTINE
Perhaps. There is another strange
thing, Monsieur.

He turns to look towards the Polleaus' property.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
All morning there has been no sign
of Old Polleau or his sons.

MacKay forces himself to look.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE POLLEAU PROPERTY

The fires that roared the night before are mere smoldering
embers now. There is no activity in the area.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
It is not like Polleau to let his
fires burn out. It is not like him
at all.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. PROFILE OF MARTINE AND MACKAY

MACKAY
They may have gone away for the
day. Hunting perhaps.

MARTINE
That may be. Monsieur, Polleau may
be a hard man to like, but he is my
neighbor. There might have been
an...accident.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

He is trying to conceal his fear.

MACKAY
One of them would surely let you
know if something was wrong.

CUT TO:

CU. MARTINE

He is studying MacKay's face for answers.

MARTINE

I told you Monsieur that there was a terrible drama being played out here. Now Polleau and his sons are nowhere to be seen and the woods are singing.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. THE DOCK

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Can you hear them? I think you can.

MACKAY

What will you do?

MARTINE

I will wait and see if they return. If they do not, I will call the sheriff and we will look for them.

Martine walks away towards the lodge.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DOCK. REVERSE ANGLE

MACKAY

Martine...

Martine stops and turns back to MacKay.

MARTINE

Monsieur?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY

He looks directly and sincerely at Martine.

MACKAY

I would not wait long.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE DOCK. REVERSE ANGLE

MARTINE
Yes, Monsieur.

Martine turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY. LONG LENS. CRANE.

MacKay watches Martine leave. Then he turns and faces the lake towards the coppice. The camera rises, zooms back, and pushes in telescoping the distance between MacKay and the coppice.

DISSOLVE TO:

34

EXT. AFTERNOON. THE LODGE

34

WIDE SHOT. THE LODGE FROM THE PARKING LOT. VERY HIGH ANGLE

MacKay stands at the end of the dock motionless. After ten seconds a police car pulls into the parking lot. It stops, and Martine and the Sheriff get out and walk towards the dock. They walk all the way down the dock and up to MacKay. They stop and a conversation starts which we cannot hear. The Sheriff reaches into his coat and takes out a notebook and a pen and begins taking notes. There is some interchange among them, as they point to places around the lake. The Sheriff puts his notebook away and says something to MacKay. He pauses and puts his hand out. Another pause, then MacKay shakes the Sheriff's hand. The Sheriff nods to Martine and walks away back towards his patrol car.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. THE DOCK

MARTINE
The Sheriff will undoubtedly report that Polleau and his sons were killed when a great wind caught them in the woods and caused the trees to fall on them. That would explain much of what we saw.

MACKAY
But not all.

MARTINE
No, Monsieur. Not all. Polleau's
sons were killed by the trees. That
much is certain. But Polleau...

MACKAY
Yes?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. TWO SHOT

MARTINE
Polleau had his throat torn out.

MACKAY
Stabbed.

MARTINE
Stabbed by a broken branch.

MACKAY
(confused) Branch?

MARTINE
A broken branch pointed like a
knife.

MACKAY
(stunned) A knife?

MARTINE
There is one other peculiar thing,
Monsieur...

CUT TO:

CU. MARTINE'S POCKET

Martine reaches into his pocket and takes out a strip of
cloth with a button on it, from MacKay's blood-stained coat.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. THE DOCK

MacKay starts to speak, but Martine stops him.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Say nothing. The Sheriff has all
the facts he needs for his report.
So be it.

Martine turns and throws the evidence into the lake.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. THE LAKE

The cloth and button sink slowly beneath the water.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. OTS TWO SHOT. MARTINE & MACKAY

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
The Polleaus hated the trees and
wanted to destroy them.

CUT TO:

CU. MACKAY

MacKay looks very guilty.

MARTINE (O.S.) (cont'd) (CONT'D)
The trees hated Polleau and his
sons and they killed them.

CUT TO:

CU. MARTINE

He is giving MacKay absolution.

MARTINE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
The *trees* killed them.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. TWO SHOT. THE DOCK

MACKAY
Thank you, I...

MARTINE
Now, Monsieur...it is time for you
to leave.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. LATE AFTERNOON. THE PARKING LOT OF THE LODGE 35

MEDIUM SHOT. TRACKING. MACKAY

MacKay puts his suitcase into the trunk, closes it and moves to the driver door. He looks up and acknowledges the Martines standing near the dock. He waves.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE MARTINES

They sadly wave goodbye to MacKay.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY'S CAR

MacKay gets into the car and starts it up. He backs it up and pulls away.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. THE LODGE FROM THE LAKE

MacKay drives up the road and out of sight.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. THE TURNOFF TO THE LODGE

MacKay's car passes the sign indicating the Lodge.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. A ROAD IN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

MacKay speeds along taking the curves very sharply.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE TREES ALONG THE ROAD LOW
ANGLE

The sun filters through the trees.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. MACKAY. HIGH ANGLE

He looks up into the light.

CUT TO:

EFX. MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE TREES ALONG THE ROAD LOW
ANGLE

The light seems magical, suffused with the green light of the
woodfolk.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CU. MACKAY. HIGH ANGLE

MacKay looks up into the light. His face has been completely
healed. There is no sign of any scars.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT. TRACKING. THE ROAD

MacKay's car zooms up a hill and disappears over the crest.
The camera pans off the road and tracks towards the lake
below.

EFX. DISSOLVE
TO:

EFX. TRACKING SHOT. THE LAKE

The camera tracks across the lake at great speed.

EFX. DISSOLVE
TO:

EFX. TRACKING SHOT. THE SHORE

The camera tracks onto shore and into the woods.

EFX. DISSOLVE
TO:

EFX. TRACKING SHOT. THE COPPICE

The camera tracks through the coppice up to the special birch. The camera moves up close to the tree. The woman partially materializes out of the tree. The camera pushes in further.

EFX. DISSOLVE
TO:

EFX. CU. THE WOMAN

The camera stops. The woman is seen to be in tears.

FADE TO BLACK.