

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Camera close up on a face.

EVE (20s-30s) frail and stark, bags under her closed eyes. She's dangerously thin, straggly, long hair.

She's somewhere else.

DR. JACOBS (O.S.)

Eve?

Eve opens her eyes. They're bloodshot. She's physically and mentally worn down.

This is a women just holding on.

EVE

Sorry. So, I know people hate hearing dreams...

GROAN from unseen people around her.

EVE (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah. Fuck you all too. I'm holding the giraffe.

Sure enough, Eve reveals a worn, stuffed giraffe.

Camera pulls out as she talks.

EVE (CONT'D)

I'm at a lake, surrounded by hills in this perfect valley. Never changing, and it's so quiet and peaceful. I can feel it, waiting.

She closes her eyes, trying to find it.

Failing, she opens them.

EVE (CONT'D)

I know it has something to say. But I don't know what. And the suspense is killing me--

Eve LAUGHS at this, shocked by her own words.

EVE (CONT'D)

Hahaha! I mean, is that a faux pas? Am I not supposed to say that?

DR. JACOBS (O.S.)

You can say whatever you want here.

EVE

So, anyway. A year gone now.
Rollercoaster. And the same dream
every night. Every single night.

Several MEN and WOMEN sit in a circle, various ages. Group session. Most are barely paying attention.

One is PAUL (20s-30s) rugged, scraggly beard, thrift store clothes. He hangs on Eve's every word.

DR. JACOBS (50s, female) caring smile, casual clothes, takes occasional notes.

EVE (CONT'D)

At first, it was a constancy, you know? Comforting? But, then things spiraled, and the dream was always there, unchanging. Silent. Judging.

She rubs her wrists absently, the sleeves coming up enough to reveal scars along the veins.

She's done, handing off the giraffe to someone else while there's a smattering of APPLAUSE.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Eve sits at the back, drawing in a small sketchbook.

At the front of the room...

COLEEN (40s, female) holds the giraffe like she's wringing its poor neck.

COLEEN

I was standing in the walk-in cooler at work and all the vegetables were lined up so nicely. Like they all had a place to be, like someone put them there, like they had purpose.

Eve sketches an old man sitting off to one side, MARCUS (70s, black) he looks sad, half asleep.

COLEEN (CONT'D)

And I wondered, if the door clicked shut and locked me in, would that be so bad? I could be like them, right?

Eve has Marcus's likeness down perfectly. And the way she draws is almost mindless, unthinking.

PAUL
(hushed)
That's really good.

Eve glances over at Paul, who's a few seats away.

EVE
Thanks.

Paul swaps seats, sitting closer to Eve.

PAUL
Hey. Your lake, does it look like
the Appalachians?

EVE
(annoyed)
What?

Paul's eyes are eager, excited.

PAUL
In your dream. Big trees, like way
bigger than they have any right to
be? And rock cliffs?

EVE
I guess so, maybe...

Paul leans down, unzipping a backpack and rummaging inside.

PAUL
And it feels like it wants to
speak? Like it's calling?

Finding a book inside his bag, Paul pulls it out, unfolding what looks like an old reference book.

EVE
Yeah...

Lifting up the book, Paul shows her a crude etching.

It's old, maybe 1800s, in black and white.

It's the lake. The exact same lake.

Eve stares, taking it from Paul's hand in a daze.

EVE (CONT'D)
How did you...?

PAUL

I have the same dream.

As Eve stares at the image, the sounds of the room FADE OUT around her, becoming the SOUNDS OF NATURE.

Camera pushes in on the drawing as WIND BLOWS THROUGH TREES.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I think it's a real place.

The image begins moving.

Transforming into...

EXT. VALLEY HILLS - NIGHT

The lake sits below. Ominous.

Movement under the water, the surface disturbed by something large, then it's still again.

Steadily, a sound emerges from the dark water. A THRUMMING, fades up as the surface of the water vibrates with it, beads of water bouncing from the surface and the STEADY BEAT gets louder and LOUDER---

SMASH CUT TO

INT. CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Windows open, sunlight and wind stream through a beat up old hatchback.

Eve JERKS awake in the passenger seat, GASPING for breath.

PAUL

You okay?

EXT. CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car ambles along a country mountain road, single dirt track between hills and trees.

Middle of nowhere, backwoods Appalachia.

The poor car is not meant for this; shocks SQUEAL in protest.

INT. CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Time has passed.

Both are cleaned up, but the weariness remains.

EVE
Yeah, I'm fine.

Eve stares out the window as her breathing returns to normal.

TRAVELING MUSIC plays through the tinny car speakers, a rambling folk tune.

Eve enjoys the breeze on her face.

PAUL
We're almost there.

A phone begins to ring. The theme from Deliverance, but with an extra electronic TWANG.

EVE
Hey! Did you fuck with my phone
while I was asleep?

Paul bursts into laughter.

PAUL
Can't believe you didn't wake up.

Eve slaps at his arm, half angry, half laughing.

EVE
Gross. Did you even see that movie?

She looks at the phone: "KATHY".

EVE (CONT'D)
Shit. I'm in trouble.
(into phone)
Hey, Kath.

Kathy's voice is loud enough to hear in the quiet car.

KATHY (O.S.)
I am at your house. Where are you?!

EVE
Paul and I are going on a hike.
Just a few days--

KATHY (O.S.)
Again? Jesus.

EVE

We're going to find it this time,
we figured it out. We were looking
in the wrong place.

Silence on the other end of the line, then...

KATHY (O.S.)

(whispering)

Eve, if you are being kidnapped say
"Don't forget to look after Mr.
Frisky."

EVE

What?

KATHY (O.S.)

I know he's listening. "Mr. Frisky"
is the keyword, he won't---

EVE

I'm not being kidnapped!

KATHY (O.S.)

And you're sure you're... okay?
Both of you? There's nothing else--

EVE

It's been months, Kathy! Paul is
fine. I'm fine. We'll see you when
we're back.

Eve hangs up on Kathy's SPLUTTERING response.

PAUL

Mr. Frisky?

EVE

She's crazy.

Paul drives a little too fast around the winding turns.

As they approach a blind curve, another car appears out of
nowhere, Eve GASPS as Paul pulls the car into a scant
shoulder as a Jeep passes by, BLARING its horn.

Dirt goes flying, they're right on the edge of the road.

Paul is about to curse out the other car when he realizes the
people are waving happily, whistling and laughing with
"thumbs up" all around.

Just a bunch of happy kids.

And the Jeep is gone just as quickly as it appeared.

PAUL

Sorry.

Eve gazes out the window.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You excited?

EVE

(smiling over at him)

Absolutely.

PAUL

Good, me too.

He reaches across, holding her hand.

The car RUMBLES on.