

HARVEST

Written by

Marnie Mitchell-Lister

Copyright 2011

This screenplay may not be used or
reproduced without the express
written permission of the author.

Jrsygrl65@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Sunlight filters through tall trees. A tranquil scene until the fast approach of heavy breathing, snapping branches and the crunch of leaves under foot breaks the silence.

With urgency LINDSEY FISK (13), cute tomboy, runs through the woods. She winces as a branch scratches her face.

Behind her, two MEN in flannel jackets run in her direction.

She disappears into an area thick with evergreen trees.

Hidden behind a tree, Lindsey moves branches aside, watches as the two men, SYD FISK (20) Goth but strikingly handsome and MAX FISK (17) awkward and gangly, quickly approach.

They stop and scan the area. Max checks his watch.

MAX

We need to get back. They're gonna leave without us.

Syd puts his hand up to quiet Max. He concentrates, listens intently then turns his head toward Lindsey's direction.

From behind the tree, Lindsey's eyes widen as she watches Syd take a step forward, then another.

Suddenly, a squirrel runs out of the thicket.

MAX (CONT'D)

We really have to go Syd.

Lindsey holds her breath as Syd glares in her direction. He hesitates a moment then reluctantly walks away.

SYD

My Father is totally right about women. Not worth the trouble.

MAX

We'd better double time it back or he's gonna kick our ass.

The two boys quicken their pace ending up in a run.

As soon as they're out of sight Lindsey comes out of hiding.

EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Duffle bags and several rifles are stuffed into the back of a large SUV. CLAYTON FISK (45), ruggedly handsome in a bulky flannel jacket, tries to squeeze another bag onto the pile.

Cell phone to her ear, DONNA WARREN-FISK (43) laughs quietly at her husband's struggles. She snaps the phone closed.

CLAYTON
Still no answer?

Donna shakes her head "no" then playfully nudges him out of the way. He watches as she rearranges the bags so they fit.

DONNA
I'm not surprised. The last thing a thirteen year old girl wants to do is go hunting with a bunch of guys.

She shuts the back of the SUV, dusts her hands in victory.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Just needed a woman's touch.

Clayton smiles, pulls her close for a kiss.

Seated behind the wheel is JACK FISK (50), rough neck, dressed in camouflage. He watches Donna and Clayton through the side mirror, looks away in disgust.

He looks toward the house. Seated on the front porch, also watching in disgust is RACHEL WARREN (19), natural beauty.

Their attention is drawn to the loud roar of an approaching engine as Syd pulls his car behind the SUV.

INT. SYD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Syd leans over Max, makes eye contact with Rachel, smiles and growls playfully. She laughs then shyly looks away.

SYD
Cuz, your Sister brings out the animal in me.

MAX
Yeah, a pig. Anyway, she's my step sister, and she's a total bitch. Just like her Mother.

Syd glances toward Donna, growls again.

MAX (CONT'D)

How can I be related to you?

Syd makes a pig noise then gets out of the car, Max follows.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The boys approach the SUV, interrupting Clayton and Donna.

CLAYTON

Hey Max. You find Lindsey?

MAX

(panicked)

No. We're still going aren't we?

Pissed-off and losing patience, Jack beeps the horn.

JACK (O.S.)

Why am I the only one in the car?!

Syd! Get your ass in here boy!

Syd and Max quickly get in. Clayton takes another worried look around. Donna grabs his hand.

DONNA

I'm sure Lindsey is fine. It's not like she hasn't pulled this before. And if she comes back the three of us girls can have some much needed bonding time.

CLAYTON

Just promise me you won't go looking for her. And lock the doors. A lot of crazies out when the moon is full. And. . .

She guides him in the passenger door, closes it then leans in the open window. They kiss.

DONNA

Go. Enjoy your Harvest Hunt or whatever you call it.

Donna catches Jack's icy stare and steps back.

Clayton waves to Rachel who scoffs at him then walks into the house. Donna shrugs toward him sympathetically.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Hey, even the Brady Bunch had a rough start.

He smiles, squeezes her hand.

The SUV pulls away.

As Donna walks toward the porch she sees movement in the woods behind the house. She stops a moment, looks hard but sees nothing then enters the house.

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Seated in the back are Syd and Max, both with headphones on.

Jack's eyes dart from the road toward Clayton as he pulls out his cell phone.

JACK

That daughter of yours put us way behind schedule. We'll be lucky to get a couple of miles into the woods by the time the moon rises.

Clayton ignores him, dials his cell phone, listens to it ring unanswered on the other end.

JACK (CONT'D)

Nothing you can do now. No way I'm turning back and we'll be out of cell phone range soon.

Frustrated, Clayton snaps his cell phone shut, stares out the window.

INT. HOUSE - DUSK

At the kitchen island, Rachel sits while Donna rolls dough.

DONNA

She told me all she ever wanted was a family. It was heartbreaking.

RACHEL

Then why does she keep running away?

DONNA

Scared I guess. Maybe if you let her know somehow, that you think of her as a sister. . .

RACHEL

But I don't. I hardly know her.

DONNA

You know what I mean. Can you at least make an effort? For me?

They don't notice Lindsey quietly walk up the back steps. She stands at the screen door a moment before she walks in, startling Donna and Rachel.

LINDSEY

Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

RACHEL

Hey there. . .Sis.

Donna eyes Rachel who smiles smugly.

DONNA

You're just in time. Rachel and I were thinking that us girls need to make our own Harvest tradition. What do you say?

Lindsey thinks a moment then smiles in agreement.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A warm light glows from inside the house. Through the windows the three women are seen enjoying themselves in the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The three girls sit at the kitchen table, a few pieces of homemade pizza left on a tray.

They laugh and talk (MOS).

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The bright glow of a giant full moon lights the whole area.

In a sweater, glass of wine in hand, Donna relaxes on a chaise while Rachel and Lindsey both wrapped in blankets sit on rocking chairs.

DONNA

I have to admit, I didn't really understand this whole Harvest Hunt tradition thing until now.

RACHEL

Well explain it to me then.

DONNA
 It's the only time of year the moon
 is so bright they can actually hunt
 at night. Right Lindsey?

Lindsey stares toward the woods. She looks uncomfortable.

DONNA (CONT'D)
 Lindsey? You okay?

LINDSEY
 Oh, yeah. Sorry. I'm not feeling
 well. Stomach thing. I think I
 need to lie down.

She gets up, heads toward the door.

RACHEL
 Hope you feel better. . .

Rachel watches as Lindsey walks in the house, a bit abruptly.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 I had fun. . .

The screen door slams.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Sis!

Confused, Rachel throws a questioning look toward Donna.

DONNA
 It's gonna take a while for her to
 get used to us. I think we made
 progress tonight though. You agree?

Rachel shrugs, snuggles in the blanket and looks at the giant
 full moon.

INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The moon shines on Lindsey's face as she looks out the window
 toward the woods, studying every shadow.

Her eyes widen as a sudden gust of wind rustles the trees.

Frightened, she slowly moves backwards and sits on the bed.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Tall grass rustles as something moves through.

It moves passed a lit farmhouse and heads toward a fenced in pasture with cows scattered about.

It HOWLS.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

At the sink, Donna looks out the window which faces the woods and hums while she does the dishes.

Rachel bursts though the front door, startling Donna.

DONNA

Jesus Rachel! You trying to give me a heart attack?

RACHEL

Did you hear that? It sounded like some kind of wild dog or something.

DONNA

Probably was. You're not in the city you know.

RACHEL

I don't know how you can live here. I'm going to bed.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel heads down the hall, stops in front of a door, a light comes from underneath. She listens then knocks lightly.

RACHEL

Goodnight Lindsey.

No answer. Rachel rolls her eyes and walks to her room.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(under her breath)
Freak.

INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Still on the bed, arms wrapped around her legs, a terrified Lindsey rocks back and forth as she stares at the moon.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Shotgun in hand and coat over his pajamas, JEB MILLER (65), heads toward the pasture.

BLANCHE MILLER (65), angrily watches him from the back porch.

BLANCHE
Get back here Jeb! If there's
something out there it's gonna get
you too ya old fool!

He ignores her, keeps going. Suddenly he trips, falls hard, shotgun flies from his hand.

From the porch Blanche tries to see what's happened.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)
Jeb!? You okay? Jeb?

Jeb slowly turns over and sits up.

JEB
Yeah! Musta slipped on some cow
shit!
(to himself)
Ugh. Got it all over me.

He brings up his hands, they're covered in blood. He looks around, he's surrounded by blood, intestines, cow flesh. . .

Beyond where he sits he sees the same carnage throughout the pasture.

JEB (CONT'D)
Holy Christ.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Donna finishes up the dishes. When she turns off the water she hears something.

She walks to the back door, looks out toward the dark woods.

Carefully, she opens the door and steps out.

Something moves.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Rachel lay in bed with eyes closed, muffled music comes from her headphones.

From downstairs Donna screams, Rachel doesn't hear it. She screams again.

Rachel's eyes pop open. She sits up, takes off her headphones. Listens.

INT. HALLWAY

Rachel heads for the stairs, stops for a moment in front of Lindsey's room, door now open but she's not in there.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

Apprehensively, Rachel looks around.

RACHEL
Mom? . . . Lindsey?

She walks into the kitchen, the back door is wide open.

Her eyes widen when she sees Donna laid out on the back steps.

Rachel rushes to her, shock envelopes her when she sees Donna's wounds. Huge scratches on her face, neck and body.

Donna moans.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Oh my God Mom. What happened? I'm
calling nine one one.

Rachel runs into the kitchen, grabs a dish towel and the phone off the wall. She darts back outside, kneels next to her Mother.

DONNA
(weakly)
Lindsey.

With one hand Rachel dials 9-1-1, with the other she holds the towel against her Mother's bleeding neck.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(weak but emphatic)
Lindsey!

Rachel doesn't understand, focusses on the call.

RACHEL
(on the phone)
I need help. My Mother was
attacked.
(beat)
By an animal I think.

With all her strength Donna grabs Rachel's arm. She points toward the woods.

Rachel notices a trail of blood leading into the woods.

DONNA
Lind. . .sey.

RACHEL
(into phone)
I think it may have gotten my step
sister. Please hurry!

DONNA
N-no. Linds. . .

Eyes filled with tears, Rachel leans over Donna who is barely conscious.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Red lights from police vehicles and an ambulance flash in front of the house.

Rachel watches helplessly as a PARAMEDIC (40) closes the back of an ambulance, Donna and another PARAMEDIC (30) inside.

As the ambulance pulls away, OFFICER BERT RICHARDS (35) attempts to get information from a very distracted Rachel.

OFFICER RICHARDS
You didn't see or hear anything?

RACHEL
I already told you I didn't. Is anyone going to look for my step sister? She's only thirteen.

OFFICER RICHARDS
We've notified everyone on patrol to be on the look out. My guess is she got scared and ran away.

RACHEL
I don't think that's what happened. You need to send out a search party or something.

OFFICER RICHARDS
Ma'am, I'm not going to put my men in danger to try and find a girl who probably just ran away. No one is going out there tonight.

EXT. WOODS - SAME TIME

Moonlight glistens on the tears on Lindsey's face as she runs, completely panicked.

EST. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Officer Richards closes his cell phone, turns back to Rachel.

OFFICER RICHARDS

You sure you don't know where your
Father and Uncle were headed?
Neither are answering their cell
phones.

RACHEL

(angrily)
Step Father. And they're in the
woods. Do cell phones even work in
the woods?

A call comes over Officer Richard's radio. He turns away
from Rachel as he answers.

OFFICER RICHARDS

(into his radio)
Jesus. How many cows?

With his attention elsewhere, Rachel sneaks away and heads
into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Rachel moves quickly, breaking into a run at times.

The moonlight creates odd shadows, confusing her as she scans
the surrounding area.

She flinches at every noise, her breath quickens, her eyes
dart nervously.

Her voice crackles as she yells out.

RACHEL

Lindsey!

In the brush ahead of her, something moves. She stops.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Lindsey?

Something stirs to her right then on her left. She can't see
what they are.

They circle then get closer.

The first figure she can make out is Clayton.

His clothes are bloody. He has tufts of hair on his face, neck and hands.

Rachel stares in disbelief at Clayton's hands which now have long claws.

On her right is Syd. Also bloody, also with claws. He smiles coyly exposing huge, sharp teeth.

Max and Jack soon come into sight, in the same condition.

She hears something behind her, turns, sees Lindsey.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Lindsey! We gotta get out of here!

Lindsey continues to walk toward her, raises a hand with long claws then snarls, showing her sharp teeth.

Rachel is frozen in fear.

CLAYTON

Lindsey! No!

JACK

Take care of this Clayton! Or I will!

Clayton glares at Jack.

CLAYTON

Stay away from her Jack!

He reaches out to Lindsey. Distraught, she continues toward Rachel.

LINDSEY

Leave me alone! I don't know what's happening to me!

CLAYTON

Please Lindsey! This is not what we do. No humans!

Rachel looks to Syd, her eyes plead for help. His demeanor softens, he looks at her with compassion.

Jack sees this, his rage escalates. He looks toward Clayton.

JACK

You should have killed her when I told you to, the day she was born! Women can't handle the hunger, they're weak. She's just like your wife.

CLAYTON
Shut up Jack! We all went through
this at thirteen!

LINDSEY
Why is this happening to me?!

He gets Lindsey's attention away from Rachel and for a moment she calms down.

CLAYTON
There's still a few hours of moon
light. We'll help you Lindsey.
Don't do this.

RACHEL
You knew this would happen and you
left her with us anyway? Do you
realize she attacked my Mother?

Shocked, Clayton stares at Rachel.

CLAYTON
What happened? Is she okay? We
had to leave or else. . . Jesus.
(toward Jack)
I need to get back!

JACK
She did you a favor Clayton. This
is no life for a woman. Once they
give you a son they're of no use
anymore. I had no problem getting
rid of Syd's mother. . .

With his Father's confession, shock washes over Syd's face.

JACK (CONT'D)
. . .and I have no problem getting
rid of this little bitch.

RACHEL
I told her there was something not
right about you people! You're all
freaks!

With that, Lindsey lunges toward Rachel but Syd jumps in between them, pushing Rachel to safety.

Lindsey falls to the ground. Like an animal, Jack runs toward her, claws fully extended.

Just as he raises his arm to swipe, Clayton slices his throat.

Blood spews from Jack's open throat.

For a moment they all watch him struggle until he falls dead.

Max helps Lindsey stand.

A bit dazed, Clayton looks around, focusses on Syd who is very distraught. He holds Rachel in his arms, blood flows from four deep gouges in her arm.

CLAYTON
Syd, what did you do?

SYD
It was an accident. I swear. I was trying to help her. I'm not like my Father.
(breaks down)
I'm not like him!

Clayton takes his jacket off, puts it over Rachel then picks her up.

CLAYTON
No Syd. You're not like him.

SYD
Is she okay?

Rachel's eyes flutter open, she looks up at Clayton.

CLAYTON
She's one of us now.

EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON - ONE YEAR LATER

Clayton stands behind a large SUV, stuffed with duffle bags and hunting gear. He tries to make it all fit.

DONNA (O.S.)
I got this.

Donna, scars on her face and neck, nudges Clayton over. She rearranges the bags then closes the back.

Clayton grabs her around the waist. They kiss.

The horn beeps, interrupting them. Behind the wheel, Max points at his watch.

CLAYTON
We really have to go.

He looks toward the house.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

(yells out)
Rachel! Lindsey! Let's go!
(toward Donna)
What the hell is taking them so
long?

DONNA

They're girls Clayton.

He smiles as Rachel and Lindsey run out of the house toward the car.

CLAYTON

Let's move it. Don't want to get a
late start.

Rachel climbs into the third row, cozies up next to Syd.

Donna and Clayton get in the back seat.

Lindsey sits in front with Max.

As Max puts the car in drive, Clayton reaches forward,
tussles Lindsey's hair.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

How bout some tunes kiddo?

Lindsey smiles, turns on the radio and flips the knob till
she finds a station.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The SUV pulls away, drives up the road.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Thanks for joining us for our
Harvest Moon special! Next up,
Creedence Clearwater Revival's
nineteen sixty nine hit, Bad Moon
Rising.

The announcer Howls.

FADE OUT.