

Disquiet

Written by

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STATIC RISES AND FALLS, as if tuning through weak radio signals. Every now and then, there are FAINT VOICES and SNIPPETS OF MUSIC.

The static fades. Someone is PACING BACK AND FORTH, BREATHING fast but steady.

FEMALE VOICE
(nervous whisper)
One -- two -- three -- four -- five --
six -- seven...

A DIESEL ENGINE REVS nearby, getting closer until it SQUEAKS to a stop. The DOOR OPENS and BOOTS CRUNCH over the gravel.

MALE VOICE
(with a heavy country accent)
You the writer?

FEMALE VOICE
(level and confident)
Yes, they said to meet you here...

MALE VOICE
(gruff, but not unfriendly)
Thought so. Here, let me get that gate
for ya.

FEMALE VOICE
No, that's...

A loud SCREECH of rusty metal as he swings the aged gate open.

MALE VOICE
(self-satisfied)
There ya are!

FEMALE VOICE
I could've just -- climbed over.

MALE VOICE
(trying too hard to be a gentleman)
Ah, no problem ma'am. Yer gonna have
to leave yer car here, though -- no
way that thing's makin' it up that
hill, I can tell ya that.

FEMALE VOICE
You'd be surprised...

GRAVEL CRUNCHES under two pairs of shoes. The car doors OPEN AND SLAM SHUT.

FEMALE VOICE

Still, thanks for the lift, Ranger...

MALE VOICE

Kirk. All my friends call me Rob, though.

FEMALE VOICE

Thanks, Kirk. The Field Manager in Cody told the road to the cave's a nightmare.

RANGER KIRK

(a little surprised)

You met Greg?

FEMALE VOICE

Yeah, when I went to pick up my permit. You know anywhere else I could get one?

The ENGINE STARTS.

RANGER KIRK

Nah, I figured that, just -- haven't talked to him in a while. Don't get down to Cody much.

(beat)

How is he?

FEMALE VOICE

He's, um... well, he seemed like he was doing well. In good spirits, at least.

RANGER KIRK

Ha! Good one.

FEMALE VOICE

Excuse me?

RANGER KIRK

Ya know, good spirits, Spirit Mountain Cave... pun, yeah?

FEMALE VOICE

I hate puns.

RANGER KIRK

Really? I thought -- ya know, bein' a writer and all...

FEMALE VOICE

Have you read any of my books, or are you just assuming they're full of puns?

RANGER KIRK

Well, no, I -- I'm not really a Horror fan myself. Gives me the creepy-crawlies. And well, ya know... Anna Sheridan books have a -- well, a bit of a reputation.

ANNA SHERIDAN

Glad to hear it.

(beat)

So why don't you go down to Cody more often? See... Greg?

MALE VOICE

Well, used to be I could go into town on the weekends, but now it seems like every teenager in the state wants to go pokin' around in the abandoned cave in the middle a' nowhere. Had to replace the lock on the gate about ten times already.

ANNA SHERIDAN

So why don't you just -- call him?

RANGER KIRK

(CHUCKLING)

That easy, huh? Hate to break it to ya, but this ain't exactly LA. Cell coverage's crap up here -- oh, pardon the language, miss -- and then the landlines keep goin' down every other week. "If a tree falls in a forest, does anybody hear it?" Up here, answers "No, cause it fell on the damn phone line again." Oh, sorry ma'am. Ma said I had a mouth like a KFC dumpster.

(SHUFFLING as he grabs something)

Here.

ANNA SHERIDAN

What's this?

RANGER KIRK

Most reliable means of communication
'round here besides smoke signals. Or
jus' plain yellin',

ANNA SHERIDAN

Walkie-Talkies?

RANGER KIRK

(smug)

Been usin' 'em since the 80's. Ain't
failed once. You can talk clear cross
the range with 'em -- even pick up
signals from Yellowstone if yer on top
of the ridge and the wind's in yer
favor.

ANNA SHERIDAN

Really? The ones I had as a kid
were...

RANGER KIRK

(a little insulted)

Don't know if ya noticed, but these
are a mite nicer than whatever plastic
crap ya had back then. 'sides, I just
put up a buncha new signal repeaters
in the cave, so you'd prob'ly hear
signals all the way from the center a'
the earth

(beat)

Ya just might get 'em, too. People say
there are holes in the cave that go
down forever. That ya can hear voices
from 'em if ya listen long enough. And
then there are the ghost stories...

ANNA SHERIDAN

(amused)

I thought you weren't a horror fan?

RANGER KIRK

What? Oh. Well that's prob'ly 'cause I
get enough spookin' out here all by
myself. Don't need any books to spook
me more.

ANNA SHERIDAN
Hm. Fair enough.

RANGER KIRK
(suddenly all business)
Oh, hang on, miss, gonna get steep
here for a minute.

The ENGINE ROARS as they crest a hill, then REVS DOWN.

RANGER KIRK
(PATTING dashboard)
Ah, Good work, Betsy. 'nother day,
'nother climb.
(to Anna)
Think yer Prius woulda made it up
there?

ANNA SHERIDAN
It's not a -- wait, what's that?

RANGER KIRK
What's what?

ANNA SHERIDAN
Over there, on the other ridge. Are
those radio towers?

RANGER KIRK
Oh, yeah. Couple a' local stations
transmit from here. Ya know, Country,
gospel, pop, the usual junk.

ANNA SHERIDAN
I thought this was all protected?

RANGER KIRK
Eh, not really. Used to be back when
it was a national park, but... well,
it was founded in the 50's. You think
cars back then coulda made it up that
hill?

ANNA SHERIDAN
Probably not.

RANGER KIRK
Damn right. Whole thing folded in '54.
"Shoshone Caves National Monument" --
only park to ever get struck off the
rolls. Cody took it back for a while,

but they couldn't figure out what to do with it neither. BLM took over in '08, and well -- here I am.

ANNA SHERIDAN

Here you are. A man, a truck, and a hundred acres of wilderness to protect...

RANGER KIRK

Huh? It's not a hundred acres...

ANNA SHERIDAN

I know, I was just putting together some lines. Shit, now I've lost my train of thought...

RANGER KIRK

Jeez Miss Sheridan! Pardon you.

Anna ignores him. A PENCIL SCRATCHES as she writes.

RANGER KIRK

What are you doing?

ANNA SHERIDAN

Getting this all down before I forget. Now shush.

RANGER KIRK

Didn't ya already know all that?

ANNA SHERIDAN

(as she writes)

Most of it. Better to get it firsthand, though. Oh, speaking of which...

The microphone BUMPS AND SHIFTS.

ANNA SHERIDAN

You don't mind if I record this, do you?

RANGER KIRK

Uh -- I guess not. So long as ya don't, ya know, show it to anyone.

ANNA SHERIDAN

Perfect.

The mic CLUNKS as she sets it down. Her pencil STARTS SCRATCHING again.

RANGER KIRK

Um... ain't you gonna start that thing?

ANNA SHERIDAN

What? Oh, I already did.

RANGER KIRK

Huh? When?

ANNA SHERIDAN

Back at the gate.

RANGER KIRK

WHAT?

ANNA SHERIDAN

Keep your shirt on Kirk. I won't tell anyone you said crap.

(beat)

Not even your mother.

Her pencil STOPS.

ANNA SHERIDAN

There, got it. Close one, though.

RANGER KIRK

What was?

ANNA SHERIDAN

Nearly lost the words there. The trick is to catch them before they fade. If you don't -- well, then they're gone forever.

RANGER KIRK

Huh. Never thought of it like that.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(a little smug)

That's why most people aren't writers. Is that it?

RANGER KIRK

(confused)

Is that -- oh! Yeah, here we are!

The BRAKES SQUEAL as he stops. The CAR DOORS OPEN. There's a bit of EVENING WIND and the HOOTING OF OWLS.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(BREATHES DEEPLY)
Ah... perfect.

RANGER KIRK
Sure y'll be okay by yourself? It's gettin' dark.

ANNA SHERIDAN
I'm sure. Besides, if I need you...

Her walkie-talkie BLEEPs.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(voice DOUBLED over the radio)
I know how to find you.

RANGER KIRK
(a little disturbed)
Uh... Yeah. Guess you do.

ANNA SHERIDAN
See you tomorrow!

Anna turns and STARTS WALKING.

RANGER KIRK
Wait, Miss Sheridan!

ANNA SHERIDAN
(calling back)
What?

RANGER KIRK
(half-yelling)
You forgot yer recorder!

ANNA SHERIDAN
(stopping)
Oh! Right!

GRAVEL CRUNCHES UNDERFOOT as she runs back.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(a little winded)
Thanks Kirk.

RANGER KIRK
 (with gravitas)
 You take care in there, yeah? That cave can get a little... well, ya know.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (amused)
 Yeah. Right. Thanks for the ride.

RANGER KIRK
 (worried)
 Yeah. Sure. Take care.

ENGINE REVS. The truck DRIVES OFF, and Anna takes a DEEP, NERVOUS BREATH to steady herself.

A moment later, she RUMMAGES in her pockets for something. A SLOW, HIGH-PITCHED BEEPING starts.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Alright then. Time to work for a living.

GRAVEL CRUNCHES underfoot. MUSIC as time passes.

EXT. SPIRIT CAVE -- LATER

Music Ends. A METAL GRATE CREAKS OPEN -- rusty and small.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (slightly winded)
 Alright. All right.

The Walkie-Talkie BLEEPs.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (into radio, confident again)
 Kirk? You there? I'm at the cave entrance.

A moment of STATIC, then...

RANGER KIRK
 (through radio, DISTORTED)
 Copy that, Miss Sheridan. Hey, ya made good time! Sun's still up.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Barely. Not that it'll matters once I'm inside.

RANGER KIRK
You keep in touch, alright?

ANNA SHERIDAN
Will do, Kirk. Over and out.

Radio BLEEPS. Anna pulls out the device again, and it starts BEEPING FASTER THAN BEFORE.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(to recorder)
Alright -- I'm at the cave entrance now, and it's definitely here... whatever *it* is. Those radio towers were definitely a surprise, but they shouldn't have been. Whatever's causing this distortion probably has a very small sphere of influence. It probably wouldn't be noticeable if Kirk hadn't installed...

Anna's head hits something with a loud THUNK.

ANNA SHERIDAN
Ow! Oh, my head... speak of the devil...
(beat)
Yeah, that's definitely one of his signal repeaters. Probably how this thing's been interfering with radios down in Cody. Some of the poltergeists I've dealt with did cause a little EM disruption, but nothing this severe. Normally, I'd ignore it, but...

The tracker BEEPS EVEN FASTER as she talks, and suddenly SPIKES. A long, SUSTAINED TONE fills the cave, until...

Silence. Only the sound of ANNA'S BREATHING for a long, tense moment.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(nervous whispering)
What the...

RANGER KIRK
(through radio)
Sheridan?

ANNA SHERIDAN
FUCK!

The walkie-talkie CLATTERS to the cave floor.

RANGER KIRK
 (through radio)
 Sheridan? Miss Sheridan? Can ya hear
 me in there? Everythin' okay?

Anna SCRAMBLES for the radio, then speaks into it.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (heart pounding)
 Ranger Kirk, may I offer you some
 constructive criticism?

RANGER KIRK
 Huh?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 When you're calling someone exploring
 a dark, creepy cave by themselves --
 could you try NOT SHOUTING INTO YOUR
 RADIO?

RANGER KIRK
 (eardrums blasted out)
 Ow! You keep your shirt on, Sheridan.
 I'm still in the truck -- just tryin'
 to be heard over the engine.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 If I have a heart attack down here, my
 ghost will totally haunt you until the
 end of time.

RANGER KIRK
 (not sure if he's amused or
 terrified)
 Sure... Just thought I should check
 the repeaters were working before ya
 got too far into the cave...

Suddenly, Kirk's voice vanishes in a WASH OF STATIC.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Kirk? Kirk, can you hear me? Hello?

She RATTLES the walkie-talkie.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Cheap piece of junk... Kirk? Are you
 still there? I think I might've bumped

one of your repeaters -- with my head.
 Something could've been knocked
 loose...

STATIC CHANGES TONE, then resolves into...

RANGER KIRK
 (through radio, heavily distorted)
 ...I'm... here... you... okay?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Yes! Oh. Yeah, I -- I'm here. What
 happened?

RANGER KIRK
 (still distorted)
 I'm in the truck... still. On top of
 the ridge... signal... failed -- I...
 think.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 I thought you said these things were
 reliable.

RANGER KIRK
 I... said... that, just... they...
 didn't... before...

Anna SMACKS the side of the Walkie-Talkie.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (louder)
 Kirk, can you repeat that? There's a
 lot of interference.

RANGER KIRK
 (static getting louder)
 What? I... can... hear... ya...good...
 up here. Keep...

The signal dissolves in STATIC.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (growing nervous)
 Keep what? Keep talking? Keep --
 going? What?

RANGER KIRK
 (almost inaudible through
 interference)
You keep in touch, alright?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (relieved)
 Copy that. I'll let you know as soon
 as anything... WHOAH!

PEBBLES GRIND AND FALL as Anna stops suddenly, GASPING.

RANGER KIRK
 (voice getting clearer)
 You... okay... Anna? Didn't...
 fall...?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (breathless)
 Only just. Shit, how did I not notice
 this...

Suddenly, the radio loses signal -- only STATIC now.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Kirk? Come in Kirk?
 (beat)
 Oh, of course.

She CLIPS the radio to her belt, turning on her tracker. The BEEPING quickly turns to a CONSTANT TONE.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 This is it.

She PULLS OFF HER PACK and DROPS IT on the cave floor. Tools and supplies CLATTER AROUND.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Can't believe I almost missed it...
 or, fell into it, I guess. Whatever's
 causing the interference is definitely
 down at the bottom of this crevice. No
 problem. Just...

Anna POUNDS A CLIMBING WEDGE into the rocks.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (continued)
 ...climb down the bottomless pit, find
 the source, and figure out how to get
 rid of it.
 (beat)
 I'm guessing this one's probably less
 of a "go to your peace" ghost than a
 "the power of Christ compels you" one.

Then I just scramble back up and make camp outside. All in a day's work. All in a day's...

A chilling WIND blows up from the chasm, whistling in the cave. A long beat, then...

ANNA SHERIDAN

I can't do this. I can't do this.

SHUFFLING AND ZIPPING as Anna begins packing up again. Then she stops.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(BREATHING DEEPLY)

No. You can do this. You've *done* this before. You're Anna Sheridan. You've got this. You've got this.

Her ROPE SLIPS into the climbing wedge, then CLIPS IN.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(EXHALES and collects her thoughts)

I've got this.

The ROPE HUMS as she lowers herself. BOOTS CRUNCH as she rappels down. All else is silent.

She descends for a few seconds.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(nervous whispering)

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.

The rope CONTINUES TO BUZZ. Anna's BREATHING gets faster.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(speeding up)

Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten...

PEBBLES FALL as her grip slips. Anna GASPS, then STOPS DESCENDING.

ANNA SHERIDAN

shit shit shit shit shit...

(collects herself)

Breathe, Sheridan, breathe, breathe...

(beat)

Come on, you've made it this far. No turning back now.

Before her resolve breaks, she starts descending again. THE ROPE HUMS through her harness.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (back to normal pace)
 Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen.
 Fifteen. Sixt... AH!

Rocks SLIP UNDERFOOT, and the rope BUZZES as she falls. It reaches it full length and SNAPS her to a stop.

Anna GRUNTS in pain. The sound echoes more than it should.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (dazed)
 Ow...
 (beat)
 And there's the end of the rope. Just
 enough to...

Her last word trails off in wonder as she looks around.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Holy Hell.
 (beat)
 Okay, I'm still recording. It's a...
 some kind of massive, underground
 chamber. At least a mile wide, two
 mile deep from what I can see, and I
 can't even see the edges with my
 headlamp. The walls are rounded --
 they look like -- a mix of metallic
 and crystalline rock. And the echo --
 HELLO!

The word ECHOES INFINITELY, coming back like a million different voices.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (unnerved)
 Okay, that's kind of creepy. So --
 this is where the signal's coming
 from. Not really what I expected. But
 what's causing it...

The Walkie-Talkie CRACKLES TO LIFE.

RANGER KIRK
 (panicked and almost inaudible
 behind interference)
 ...Miss Sheridan, Miss Sheridan, can

ya hear me, over!?! Please come in!

ANNA SHERIDAN

Finally!

(into radio)

Yeah Kirk, I copy. Can you hear me?

RANGER KIRK

(relieved beyond words)

Oh thank God! I thought I'd lost you!

ANNA SHERIDAN

I'm fine, Kirk. Like I told you, I didn't fall down that hole.

Everything's...

(beat)

...fine.

RANGER KIRK

(terrified and confused)

You told...

(beat)

Anna, I don't know who ya think yer talkin' to, *but it sure as hell ain't me.*

There's a long pause.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(whispering into the radio)

What do you mean its not you?

RANGER KIRK

(urgent)

Just -- get out of there. Whatever you do, get out of there, and don't listen to anything you hear...

Kirk's voice is LOST IN STATIC again.

ANNA SHERIDAN

Kirk? Kirk, come in! What do you mean it wasn't you!?! What...

The RADIO CRACKLES to life, but as it does, the WHOLE CAVE VIBRATES -- a deep, pulsing hum that mirrors the words.

RANGER KIRK'S VOICE

(copying Kirk's words)

Don't... listen to... that... thing.

Listen to... me.

The SHAKING increases. ECHOES REBOUND over and over, growing until they become a physical force.

ANNA SHERIDAN
Holy Shit...!

A WAVE OF SOUND AND WIND blast into her, SLAMMING HER against the wall. She SCRAMBLES at the rock, barely grabbing hold.

ANNA SHERIDAN
Okay, got a grip. Climb. You've got to climb now. Stop talking and do it Sheridan! Oh god oh god oh god...

The cave SHUDDERS again.

RANGER KIRK'S VOICE
Come... here... Sheridan. Be... with... me... in... the... mountain.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(panicked, counting her movements)
One two three four five six seven eight...

She SCRAMBLES up the chasm as she counts.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(out of breath)
Okay, back in the tunnel. Halfway there. Just keep going. You're fine so long as the rope doesn't...

As she says it, a wave of HIGH PITCHED SOUND passes over. The ROPE SNAPS.

ANNA SHERIDAN
AHH!

Her BOOTS GRIND the rocks as she catches herself. The rope WHISTLES, falling past her down into the cave.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(no longer able to breath)
Okay. Caught yourself. You're almost there, just...
(SUCKS IN A SHARP BREATH)
Don't look down. Whatever you do, don't look down.

RANGER KIRK'S VOICE
 Sheridan... can ya hear me? Come...
 to.. me. Need... yer... voice.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Nine. Ten. Eleven. Twelve.

As she CLAWS her way up, the tunnel VIBRATES.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 It's just a voice, it can't hurt you,
 it's just a voice, it can't...

The HUM changes tone to match a new voice...

RADIO EVANGELIST'S VOICE
 (with southern baptist fire)
 And out of his mouth goeth a sharp
 sword, that with it he should smite
 the nations, and he shall rule them
 with a rod of iron -- and he treadeth
 the winepress of the fierceness and
 wrath of Almighty God...

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (faster than ever)
 Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen,
 seventeen... Yes!

Anna TUMBLES back into the main tunnel. The cacophony
 vanishes in an instant. A wonderful silence falls.

She just lies there a moment, CATCHING HER BREATH.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (awash in adrenaline)
 Ha. Ha! YES! Anna Sheridan twenty,
 forces of darkness -- zero! Who you
 gonna call? I ain't afraid of no...

The cave EXPLODES IN STATIC AND SOUND. Through it...

RADIO EVANGELIST'S VOICE
 (even angrier)
 And he hath on his vesture and on his
 thigh, a name written: King Of Kings,
 And Lord Of Lords.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (jumping up)
 SHIT!

RANGER KIRK'S VOICE
 (booming around her)
 Pardon... your... language...
 Sheridan...

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Shut up! Shut up!! You're not real!!
 You're *NOT* REAL! You can't...!

RANGER KIRK'S VOICE
 (booming around her)
 Come. Come... to... me.

RANGER KIRK
 (through radio)
 ...Sheridan? Miss Sheridan? Can ya
 hear me? What the hell's goin' on in
 there?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (into radio)
 Kirk? Is that you?

RANGER KIRK'S VOICE
 (booming around her)
 No... it's... not...

RANGER KIRK
 (through radio)
 Whatever that thing is, don't listen
 to it! I'm coming as fast as I can...

The real Kirk's voice is lost to STATIC again.

RANGER KIRK'S VOICE
 (booming around her)
 Don't listen to it... no... one...
 is... coming...

ANNA SHERIDAN
 SHUT UP!!

A wave of SOLID SOUND hits Anna. She CRIES OUT, falling to
 one knee.

RADIO EVANGELIST'S VOICE
 (slowed down to a terrifying growl)
 And I saw an angel standing in the
 sun, and he cried with a loud voice,
 saying to all the fowls that fly in
 the midst of heaven: Come and gather

yourselves together unto the supper of
the great God...

ANNA SHERIDAN
What are you!? What the hell are you!?

RADIO EVANGELIST'S VOICE
...That ye may eat the flesh of kings,
and the flesh of captains, and the
flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of
horses, and of them that sit on them,
and the flesh of all men, both free
and bond, both small and great...

ANNA SHERIDAN
Okay. Okay. Running away now.

Anna starts *SPRINTING* out of the cave.

RADIO EVANGELIST'S VOICE
...And the remnant were slain with the
sword of him that sat upon the horse,
which sword proceeded out of his
mouth: and all the fowls were filled
with their flesh...

Something *CLATTERS* to the cave floor, but Anna doesn't
notice.

ANNA SHERIDAN
(breathless with fear)
Seventeen! Eighteen! Nineteen --
TWENTY!

Anna *GRUNTS* as she jumps through the gate, then *KICKS* it. It
SLAMS SHUT.

The echoes of the voice die out instantly. For a long moment
she stands *PANTING* -- then...

ANNA SHERIDAN
Shit.

RANGER KIRK
(from behind her)
Now what did I say about your
language, Miss Sheridan...

ANNA SHERIDAN
AHHHH!

RANGER KIRK
Whoa, whoa, take it easy Miss
Sheridan. It's just me. See? It's Rob.

ANNA SHERIDAN
I've never called you Rob.

RANGER KIRK
What?

ANNA SHERIDAN
I never called you Rob. The real Kirk
would know that.

RANGER KIRK
(joking)
Well, shoot. Guess I must be the evil
spirit of Shoshone caves, then. And I
woulda gotten away with it too, if it
wasn't for you meddling...

ANNA SHERIDAN
(STEPPING BACKWARDS)
Stay back! Stay -- stay away!

RANGER KIRK
Anna, it's me. And if yer gonna get
picky 'bout it, I ain't never called
you that neither. Just listen to...

He FREEZES MIDSTEP. A long, tense silence.

RANGER KIRK
(terrified)
Anna. Walk towards me. Slowly.

ANNA SHERIDAN
No. Nope! No way I'm not falling for
that...

RANGER KIRK
(urgent)
Just...! Listen to me. Look behind
you.

ANNA SHERIDAN
Just how stupid do you think I...?

Suddenly, the GATE CREAKS OPEN BEHIND HER.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (under breath)
 Oh Christ.

RANGER KIRK
 Run Anna, RUN!

RANGER KIRK'S VOICE
 (from behind her)
 Come Anna... come!

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Stay back! Stay away from me!

RANGER KIRK'S VOICE
 (becoming more human by the second)
 Come, COME!

RANGER KIRK
 ANNA, DUCK!

Kirk *DRAWS HIS GUN* and *COCKS* it. At the same moment, the doppelganger *DRAWS AND COCKS ITS GUN*.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Wait! It's copying...!

TWO GUNSHOTS. TWO CRIES OF PAIN. TWO THUDS. A moment of heavy silence.

RANGER KIRK
 (GROANING)
 Ah -- dammit, that hurt.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 (uncertain)
 Kirk? Is that -- you?

RANGER KIRK
 (GROANING)
 I sure as hell wish it weren't.

Anna runs towards him.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Oh thank G... oh Jesus, Kirk, that doesn't look good.

Kirk *LAUGHS* though the pain.

RANGER KIRK
 You should see the other... me.
 (beat)
 Is it... dead?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 I don't think it was really alive to
 begin with.
 (beat)
 We should go.

Kirk GRUNTS as he sits up.

RANGER KIRK
 Sure. Drive down the mountain with a
 bullet in my shoulder. Yeah. Great
 idea.

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Give me your keys.

RANGER KIRK
 What? Ya sure you can...

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Just shut up and help me get you into
 the car.

Kirk GROANS as she helps him up, and they LIMP to the truck.
 The DOOR OPENS, and Kirk DROPS into his seat. A moment later,
 Anna SHUTS THE DOOR and STARTS THE ENGINE.

RANGER KIRK
 (voice weak)
 What... what happened in there?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 Trust me: the less you know, the
 better.

RANGER KIRK
 Why?

ANNA SHERIDAN
 'cause you have to live up here.

The ENGINE STARTS and the truck PULLS AWAY. A long silence.

RANGER KIRK
 No, really. What happened? I heard ya
 talking to someone... *somethin'* in

there. Sounded an awful lot like me.

ANNA SHERIDAN

It sounded exactly like you. Looked like you too.

RANGER KIRK

Well, less good lookin', but...

ANNA SHERIDAN

(almost stream of consciousness)

It was stealing your words. Must've picked them up through the Walkie-Talkie -- or maybe the car radio...

RANGER KIRK

Stealing my... why? What did it want 'em for?

ANNA SHERIDAN

(to herself)

Catching words...

RANGER KIRK

Huh?

The truck HITS A POTHOLE. Kirk FALLS AGAINST THE DASH. The car radio SCREECHES ALIVE.

RANGER KIRK

AH!

ANNA SHERIDAN

Kirk? Are you okay!?

RANGER KIRK

(biting his tongue)

Yeah, yeah, it was my good shoulder. Dammit, this road...

Suddenly, the STATIC on the car radio FADES INTO...

RADIO EVANGELIST'S VOICE

...And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air, and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done...

ANNA SHERIDAN

What is that?

RANGER KIRK

What? Oh, him. I don't know, some nutcase preacher down in Cody. I listen to him whenever I need a good laugh.

ANNA SHERIDAN

He doesn't... use one of those towers on the ridge, does he?

RANGER KIRK

Prob'ly. Wouldn't get his signal otherwise.

Anna suddenly SEARCHES IN HER POCKETS.

RANGER KIRK

What are you doing?

ANNA SHERIDAN

My recorder, it's -- it's gone. I -- I must've dropped it back in the...

RANGER KIRK

Whoa, whoa, watch the road, Miss Sheridan! Is it important?

ANNA SHERIDAN

What?

RANGER KIRK

Yer recorder. It important?

ANNA SHERIDAN

No, I -- I guess it's not.

RANGER KIRK

That's right, it ain't. We got away alright, and that thing up there's dead. Nothing to be afraid of.

ANNA SHERIDAN

(trying to convince herself)
Right. Nothing to be afraid of.

STATIC RISES AND FALLS, as though tuning through weak radio signals. FAINT VOICES and SNIPPETS OF MUSIC fade into...

RADIO EVANGELIST

(in his studio)
...And I saw an angel come down from

heaven, having the key of the
 bottomless pit and a great chain in
 his hand. And he laid hold on the
 dragon, that old serpent, which is the
 Devil, and Satan, and bound him a
 thousand years, and cast him into the
 bottomless pit, and shut him up, and
 set a seal upon him, that he should
 deceive the nations no more, till the
 thousand years should be fulfilled --
 and after that he must be loosed a
 little season.

The Evangelist PRESSES A FEW BUTTONS on his mixer.

RADIO EVANGELIST
 (just as grave as ever)
 And now, at the end of the last great
 battle for righteousness, holiness,
 and the immortal soul of man -- a word
 from our sponsors.

He PRESSES THE PLAY BUTTON, leans back in his SQUEAKY CHAIR,
 and SIGHS.

RADIO EVANGELIST
 (irritable and tired)
 Christ.

Suddenly STATIC comes through his monitors, and a HALF-HEARD
 VOICE begins to speak.

RADIO EVANGELIST
 (paranoid)
 What? Hello? Someone there? Goddammit,
 who's messing with my equipment?

The STATIC CLEARS to reveal...

ANNA SHERIDAN'S VOICE
 (stealing anna's words)
 Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? Anyone?
 One two... one two three...

RADIO EVANGELIST
 (into mic)
 Holy... Yeah! Yeah, I can hear you.
 Who is this?

ANNA SHERIDAN'S VOICE
 This is... Anna Sheridan. I'm...

lost... in... Spirit Mountain...
send...

Suddenly, the disjointed, cut-together speech becomes fluid and human.

ANNA SHERIDAN'S VOICE
(chillingly flat)
Please send help.