

Survival

by

Megan George & Alex Letts

EXT. WILDERNESS- NIGHT

A massive forest sits pitch-black. The only light for miles is the flickering headlights of a wrecked car, sitting upside down at the bottom of a hill it had just driven over. Shattered glass and chunks of metal lay around the exterior, a few of them speckled with blood.

GRANT MASTERS (32) sits upside down in the car, held aloft by his seat belt. Blood drips down his forehead and along his body. He slowly comes to.

GRANT
(Groggy)
Ugh... what...

He looks around himself, sees his arms covered in blood and glass. He's wearing a suit and tie.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Oh, god...

He glances over to the passenger seat and sees his wife, STELLA (34), also strapped in. She has a large gash along her arm. She's unconscious.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Oh my god, Stella! Stella, can
you-

He reaches over to her, but hesitates from touching her. He flounders for a moment, not sure what to do.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Help- HELP!

Grant looks frantically around, yelling out the windows in all directions for rescue.

GRANT (CONT'D)
HELP US, PLEASE! SOMEBODY!

Taking a breath, he hopes to hear some response, but the only sound that returns is the howl of a wolf in the distance. Panicking, he looks around himself. He finds his phone in his pocket- broken.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Oh, god... Oh...

He reaches for his seat belt buckle, but it's stuck. He struggles with it for a moment before giving it one sharp pull. It unlatches, dropping him onto his head.

GRANT (CONT'D)
OW! Augh, ow...

He tries to right himself, carefully feeling around for any glass shards. He finally gets onto his side, slowly but surely squeezing out the window. He tries to stand up, but crumples on top of his right leg.

Grant looks down and sees his leg bent at an odd angle. He grimaces.

GRANT (CONT'D)
God dammit...

He lurches around the car, holding himself up with his arms. He makes his non steady way to the passenger side door, which he tries to open; it's jammed. He slams his weight against it, trying to work it open.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Come on, come on!

He slams against it one more time then punches the door, clutching his hand in pain.

Grant looks around for something to hit the door with. He spots a large rock and moves toward it before he falls on his leg again. He freezes for a moment until the pain cools, then begins shifting himself along the ground until he reaches the rock.

Rock in hand, Grant shuffles over to the door and gives it a sturdy whack, jostling it just enough to loosen the metal. He pulls it and, with a little crunching, pulls the door open.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Oh god, Stella...

He tugs at her seat belt, trying to reach the buckle. He holds her up as he unbuckles it, and gently lowers her to the ground.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Please be alive... please,
please...

He checks her pulse.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Oh, thank god! Oh, my god thank
you. Huf.

He looks around aimlessly. He glances up the imposing cliff he'd driven off of, then back down.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Alright... alright...

He reaches across her into the car, grabbing her handbag from the wreckage. He fishes through it, pulling out her cell phone- with no signal. He groans, putting it into his pocket and looking around.

Grant takes off his jacket and rips the sleeve. He wraps it tightly around her arm, putting pressure on her wound. He then crawls over to his trunks, seeing it slightly ajar. His hand barely fits through the crack, but he keeps reaching as far as he can. He finally pulls back, dragging an umbrella with him.

Grant stands up, using the umbrella as a cane. He wobbles a bit, but stays standing.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Okay. That works.

He hobbles over to Stella, putting the umbrella down and dragging her onto the ceiling of the car. He shuts the door, picks up his umbrella and steps away.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry I have to leave you.
The second I find help, I'll be
right back.

He hesitates, scared and uncomfortable, then starts to hobble into the wilderness.

Grant wanders listlessly through the woods, making slow but sure progress. He looks over his shoulders constantly, hesitating at the slightest noise. A twig snaps behind him, and he whips around, unintentionally putting weight on his bad leg. He collapses, his umbrella falling away from him.

He holds his thigh in pain until he hears leaves crunching ahead of him. He looks up into the eyes of a WOLF ten feet ahead. It stares at him as he tries hopelessly to scamper to his feet.

Grant feels around the ground. He cautiously takes his eyes off the wolf and spots the umbrella three feet to his left. He turns his attention back to the now-snarling beast in front of him.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Easy... easy... good dog...

The wolf barks at him, prompting him to scramble for the umbrella. This causes the wolf to charge for him, attacking just as Grant manages to grab the umbrella. He swings,

hitting the wolf in the face with the umbrella's handle. It's knocked aside, but leaps back, chomping down on Grant's arm.

Grant tries to shake the wolf, but it holds tight. Grant punches it in the head, umbrella in hand, and it finally lets go. Grant then uses the umbrella to hold it down, wrestling the wolf to the ground. It snares and bites at him, just out of reach.

In one swift motion, Grant pulls the umbrella away and pushes the wolf to a distance, before kicking it with his good leg, barely staying aloft on the knee of the bad one. He holds himself up just long enough to make contact before collapsing. The wolf flies into a nearby tree, hitting the ground with a whimper. It then scampers away as Grant clutches his shredded arm and newly re-wounded leg.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Augh... fuck you, nature.

He slides himself up to a sitting position and looks at his umbrella, now bent and disfigured. He tries to stand with it, but it bends further before he even gets off the ground.

He tries to straighten it out for a few seconds before giving up. He takes a moment to sum up his situation, then crawls over to the nearest tree. He uses it to steady himself as he stands up, shakily relying on his strong leg. He cautiously takes his hand away from the tree and even more cautiously tries to take a step. He immediately collapses, landing hard on his good arm.

He pounds his fist on the ground.

Grant stays there for a minute. He takes a breath, then reaches forward and drags himself along the ground. A trail of blood follows behind him as he makes his way along the forest floor.

As the sun is beginning to rise, Grant is still making his way along the ground. He groans as he works, struggling with each pull. He looks up and sees a rocky hill standing in his path.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(Exhausted)
Of course.

He steels his resolve, and crawls up to the rocks. Grabbing one, he hoists himself up, grappling onto the rocks one at a time. He slips on his own blood, but manages to keep his footing and keeps going.

Grant finally reaches the peak of the hill, pulling himself into the golden glow of the sunrise. He looks into the distance and sees that he's not far from a city. His face lights up and he scrambles for Stella's phone in his pocket. He dials frantically.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Hello?! Oh, thank god! I need help! My wife and I crashed our car! She's unconscious, and needs help!

As he's talking, he takes a moment to catch his breath- his injuries catching up to him.

GRANT (CONT'D)
The car's off the side of a cliff- I think it was Munroe avenue. Please, save her!

He coughs into his arm, spilling some blood onto it.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Yes- Munroe avenue, I'm sure of it. Sorry, my memory's foggy. Please hurry. Thank you.

Grant hangs up and takes a ragged breath. He crawls himself into a more sitting position. He looks through the phone

INSERT - PHONE

A photo of Grant with Stella, both of them smiling.

BACK TO SCENE

He stares wistfully at it, tears welling in his eyes. Grant gazes into the sunrise and draws his last breath.

EXT. WILDERNESS- DAY

The trees sway with the wind. Birds' songs fill the air as the sounds of sirens approach.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Look, a tear in the railing! Over there!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
We've got a body!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She's alive!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Get an oxygen tank!

FADE TO BLACK.