

May 1st, 1979

WITHIN THE WOODS

By

Sam Raimi

1 It is afternoon as the camera fades in on a small farmhouse in northern Michigan.

2 ELLEN'S V/O: Now let's see if we've got everything....

The camera cuts to two twinkies on a table and slowly dollies past other foods as they are called off and placed into a picnic basket.

ELLEN'S V/O: Twinkies, eeohh, I hate twinkies. Salt and pepper, hot dogs, egg salad, milk and napkins. That's everything you need for a picnic all right.

Her hand moves over to some pointed stones.

ELLEN'S V/O:But what's this? (She holds some up to her face) They look like skipping stones.

BRUCE : They're arrowheads. I found 'em right outside the door. You know this whole area used to ~~be~~ Indian land.

ELLEN: (Calling off) Hey Shelly, C'mon along for the picnic. We're gonna live like Indians as long as we're up here.

SCOTT and SHELLY are playing Monopoly.

SHELLY: Indians don't go on picnics.

ELLEN: C'mon, please?

SCOTT: (Rolling dice with a a large pile of 500's in front of him) Shaddap, don't bother us, I got her right where I want her. Seven spaces in front of boardwalk. (He rolls) Ha-ha-ha...

ELLEN: O.K. for you, but you're gonna miss a good time.

3 BRUCE: C'mon, let's go.

The two leave. While approaching the woods, BRUCE pulls out the arrowheads.

BRUCE: See this one? It used to fit on a hunting arrow. (He makes an arrow sound effect and demonstrates the motion with his hand) This one's part of a larger spear for big game, like deer.

ELLEN: How do you know so much about Indians?

BRUCE: I'm an old boy scout, it's my duty to know. (He holds up two fingers in the boy scout pledge) Besides, I grew up around here. It's all I ever heard about. Indian stories, Indian legends.....Wanna hear something interesting?

ELLEN: For a change you mean?

BRUCE: The place we're gonna camp on is an old burial ground. (He stops and pretends to look around to see if anyone is looking, then in a whisper) Very sacred and holy.

ELLEN: Oh, scary! Is it cursed or something?

She continues walking.

BRUCE: As a matter of fact it is.

ELLEN stops.

ELLEN: Are you serious?

BRUCE: Yeah, but don't worry. Supposedly, you're only cursed by evil spirits if you violate the Indian grave, and we're just gonna be eating. Besides, I'm here to protect you.

ELLEN: You?

BRUCE: Yeah.

ELLEN: You're gonna protect me?

BRUCE: (A little angry) Yeah!

ELLEN walks off laughing. BRUCE chases after her.

BRUCE: Hey!

At the campsite, Ellen unravels the blanket and sets the picnic basket on top of it.

BRUCE: I'm gonna build a fire for the hot dogs, why don't you find some wood.

BRUCE grabs some large stones and places them in a ring. He then begins to dig out the center. A few inches down, he comes across a wooden cross made of two pointed sticks bound together by a leather strap. He pulls it out of the ground, and a cold wind begins to blow from a distant section of the woods.

Ellen

Hot dogs

⑤ MON DAY

④

He puts it aside as he sees something beneath it. He pulls it out of the ground. It is a half rotted burlap-type bag covering an object. He finds it to be a dagger with an X on it and a jewel on the handle.

BRUCE: Hey Ellen! Come look at this!

ELLEN: What is it?

BRUCE: It's an old Indian dagger; it's in perfect shape.

ELLEN: What's it doing there?

She moves to the blanket and lies down upon it.

BRUCE: Well, when the medicine man (Shaman) of a tribe died, they used to bury one of his possessions with him, so he could have it in his next life.

BRUCE moves to the blanket and sits next to her.

ELLEN: You mean we're having a picnic over someone's grave? *DEAD BODY - GHOST*

BRUCE: Yeah, but all that's left now is Tinga. (Then repeating the legend he's heard a thousand times) The Indian spirit of the woods who watches over and protects the medicine man's grave for all eternity.

ELLEN looks at BRUCE a little frightened. BRUCE reacts and smiles at her. Reassured, she closes her eyes and rests her head on BRUCE's shoulder.

SUN 10-5 *(5)*
SCOTT and SHELLY are still playing Monopoly in the cabin. SCOTT now has only a small pile of money, while SHELLY's is quite large.

SCOTT: Dammit! I hate this game!

SHELLY: Oh you just said that 'cause your losing now.

SCOTT: Oh I'm sure. I said it because it's a dumb game. Only fat spastic people who can't do anything ever, should play this game. Lousy game.

SHELLY: Oh really? Well you liked it twenty minutes ago when you were winning.

SCOTT: I didn't like it then either....Well, that was different.

SHELLY: Why was that different?

SCOTT: (Mumbling) I was winning....

ELLEN is asleep on the forest floor. She opens her eyes and reaches for BRUCE, but he is gone. It is almost twilight and the wind is colder. ELLEN wraps a shirt around herself.

③ 6
Mon DAY

⑥ ELLEN: Bruce?

No answer. She gathers up the blanket, basket and uneaten food, then heads back toward the cabin.

ELLEN: Bruce, where are you?

It is getting darker, so she moves quickly through the woods. She stumbles over a log and begins to rise when she sees drops of blood dripping into a pool. She looks up and sees that the blood is dripping from BRUCE's mutilated body. Suspended from a tree, the corpse is a grisly display of twisted limbs and torn flesh. One eye dangles from its socket by an adhering strip of muscle. ELLEN screams and turns to run when she is halted by the sound of a snapping branch. She stands and listens. Another snap. ELLEN freezes; listening for the slightest noise. There is no more sound or movement. She waits. Then, in a flurry of chaotic noise, something moves powerfully toward her. She turns, running back to the cabin stumbling over branches, through swamp, with this thing rapidly closing in. She emerges from the forest into the clearing. Finally she makes her way to the front door of the cabin. It is locked, and she pounds desperately while the thing gets closer.

ELLEN: Open up! Open up!

SCOTT: (Getting up from Monopoly) All right, all right.

The force emerges from the woods and rushes from behind. She pulls out a ring of keys, tries one, then another. The thing is coming closer and is almost upon her. She drops the keys and reaches for them when a hand grabs her. She screams, but it is only SCOTT. She hugs him tightly and they move inside. The force retreats to the woods.

⑤ TUES DAY

⑦ ELLEN: (Sobbing hysterically) He's dead, he's dead, he's dead.....

SCOTT: Who's dead? Bruce?

ELLEN: He was...he was all cut up... (in a tone) on the ground... I

saw him, I saw him....

SCOTT: Did you see his face? Are you sure it's Bruce?

ELLEN: I...I...don't know. I fell asleep, and then I couldn't find him...and then I started running and I saw him....

*Mon
or
Tues*

SHELLY: Ellen you were sleeping, it could have been a nightmare.

ELLEN: I don't know, it seemed so real...maybe it was just a dream, I don't know.

SCOTT: Maybe Bruce is hurt, I'll go look for him. Take care of her, I'll be back in a little while.

SCOTT leaves.

SHELLY: Now just sit still. I'll get you something to eat. (From the kitchen) I'll bet you twenty dollars that Bruce and Scott will come walking through that door in about thirty seconds laughing their heads off.

4 Mon NITE

(8)

*GOOD
ACTOR*

SCOTT moves from the clearing into the woods as the sun sets. What was once BRUCE watches him go, then turns his attention to the cabin.

*Bling
Self*

5 TUES DAY

(9)

ELLEN: They should be back by now. Where are they?

SHELLY: They're probably ~~rounding~~ up the picnic basket and blanket....(She says, not believing herself)

6 Mon NITE

(10)

The picnic basket and blanket lie in the forest. SCOTT finds them, and picks up the basket. It is soaked with blood. He drops it in horror and looks back to the cabin. In the cabin, the girls are restless.

7 SUN NIGHT

(11)

SHELLY: Look, I put some put some food on the stove for you. Now I want you to wait here, I'm going out for a look.

ELLEN: No, please, don't go out there.

SHELLY: I'm just gonna step outside and shine the light into the woods. I won't go far.

DEAD - PUT TOGETHER MAKE UP

She opens the door and BRUCE is there. Before she can react, he steps in and takes her by the hair. Screaming, SHELLY is lifted from the ground, and with his free hand, BRUCE spears her throat with the dagger. Blood pours from her mouth, nose and ears. He throws her outside, over the railing, and rams

*Blood
Hoses*

the wooden cross through her abdomen; impaling her on the ground. He turns back to ELLEN, who slams and locks the door. She finds two large butcher knives in the kitchen. Sliding one into her belt, and gripping the other, she waits. The house is deathly silent. A small noise is heard; a clicking of metal. It is the back door knob slowly turning. She moves to the door and unlocks it. It opens slowly and a figure enters. ELLEN swings her knife, plunging it into the body. He screams once and falls. She has stabbed SCOTT who had returned from the woods.

ELLEN: No! No!.....My God, No!

She backs from the body against a window. BRUCE appears outside the glass. In horror, she turns and sees him.

ELLEN: (Seeing the open door) Oh my God, the door!

She runs back to SCOTT, as BRUCE rounds the corner of the cabin. ELLEN attempts to slam the door, but SCOTT's legs are in the way. BRUCE is now twenty feet from the door. ELLEN tries to pull SCOTT from the doorway, but he is heavy and she can hardly move him. He moans as he is dragged. BRUCE is ten feet from the door. ELLEN still is unable to close the door. SCOTT's foot still blocks the way. BRUCE reaches the door. ELLEN frees the foot, and slams the door in BRUCE's face.

12 SCOTT: (Whispering) I....I....saw it. Get my gun.... the cellar....

13 ELLEN runs to the cellar and gets SCOTT's gun. BRUCE smashes in a window. ELLEN hears this, finishes loading the gun, and heads back up. She passes the broken window, and sees the opening where the curtains flutter in the wind. She looks over to SCOTT. He is dead, and the wooden cross has been driven through him.

ELLEN: Nooo! Nooo....

Reacting, she backs into BRUCE who has entered the cabin in the meantime. He knocks the gun from her hand and grabs her arm. The dagger is firmly clenched in his other hand, and he faces her.

BRUCE: You have violated the ancient ways, and so must die to join us.

ELLEN removes the buther knife from her belt and slashes off BRUCE's hand. Still clutching the dagger, it lands on the Monopoly board. BRUCE screams in agony. ELLEN reaches for the gun, but BRUCE slaps her into the kitchen with a back-hand blow, and continues after her. Desperately, she throws a can of popcorn at him, then a full skillet of hot grease into his face. He screams again and falls backward over a chair. He is only dazed, and lurches back to grab her by the throat. Throttling her, he bends ELLEN back upon the table.

She reaches frantically behind BRUCE for the severed hand that holds the Indian dagger. BRUCE tightens his grip.

BRUCE: Join us!

With her last gasp, ELLEN reaches the hand.

BRUCE: Join us!

With all her effort, she rams the dagger held by the hand into BRUCE's spine. He screeches, releases his grip and falls dead. Black ooze pours from his wounds. ELLEN regains her breath, and begins crying over the body of BRUCE. As she does this, he jerks up, and she watches in horror as he moves about like a marionette. BRUCE is suddenly hoisted up to his feet and forced toward her once again.

ELLEN: No, this isn't happening- No more.....

Now in a wild frenzy, she locates a nearby axe.

ELLEN: Die! Die!! Die!!!

Chopping furiously, she proceeds to dismember him with it. When finished, she drops the axe, and slumps over the body of her one-time lover, sobbing heavily. As she laments, the camera pulls back from her slowly. She is alone, but behind, SCOTT now begins to jerk about on the floor in the same marionette-like movements. He sits up, possessed, and turns slowly in her direction.

FIN.