

The hunters move further away from Annabelle, deeper into the wood.

Annabelle stays still, her eyes following them as they eventually disappear.

Annabelle EXHALES in relief. She starts to get up.

A CRUNCH close behind her startles her.

Her eyes wide once more.

HUNTER #1 (O/S)  
What you doing out here by  
yourself?

A hunter is standing behind her, holding a hunting rifle.

Annabelle rolls onto her back.

Her eyes meet his.

She raises the crossbow.

His eyes widen. He stretches a hand out.

HUNTER #1  
Wai-

Annabelle pulls the trigger.

The bolt shoots straight into the hunter's neck.

CRACK!

Dirt and leaves shoot up from the ground as the shock from the crossbow bolt forces the Hunter to pull the trigger.

He drops the rifle.

His hands weakly paw at the projectile in his neck.

Blood spurts out of the wound, onto Annabelle.

The Hunter GARGLES, his eyes darting wildly about.

Annabelle is shaking, the crossbow still aimed towards him.

He falls to his knees, collapsing over Annabelle.

Annabelle YELPS, pushing the hunter off. His blood covers her parka and jeans.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

David stands, nursing his head.

He calls out.

                  DAVID  
Annabelle?

EXT. WOOD - DAY

Annabelle lies on the floor, covered in blood and breathing quickly.

                  HUNTER #2 (O/S)  
George?

Annabelle's attention snaps towards the voice.

                  HUNTER #2 (O/S)  
Hit anything?

Annabelle scrambles to her feet, running through the wood.

Another Hunter appears through the trees, searching for his friend.

                  HUNTER #2  
Georgie?

He hears movement nearby, walking towards it.

Hunter #1 is squirming on the floor, blood pouring out of his neck.

                  HUNTER #2  
Shit!

Hunter #2 scans the wood, seeing Annabelle disappearing into the trees ahead of him.

Hunter #1's terrified eyes gaze up at Hunter #2 as he chokes on his own blood.

Hunter #2 kneels down to try and help Hunter #1, but it's too late.

Hunter #2 head turns from where he came.

                  HUNTER #2  
Help!

Annabelle runs further into the wood, dropping the crossbow.

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HUNTER #2 (O/S)  
Help!

INT. FARMHOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

David slips his tan jacket over his thickly clothed arm.

EXT. WOOD CLEARING - DAY

Annabelle sprints out of the wood into the adjacent field.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

David opens the double doors that lead outside.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Annabelle crosses the thick grass of the field at full pace.

She PANTS, not turning back.

EXT. BARN DAY

David SWINGS the barn doors open looking inside.

He turns toward the farmhouse, calling out again.

DAVID  
Annabelle?

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Annabelle slips, falling to the ground.

She scrambles up and away.

Behind her the remaining Hunters emerge from the clearing.

Annabelle sees the faint plume of smoke from the farmhouse fireplace rising into the sky.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

David wanders back towards the farmhouse, the heavy winds BEATING the barn doors together.

He picks up a small handful of snow, grimacing as he bites into it.

CRACK!

David's attention is immediately drawn to the distant shot.

He walks towards the fields that lead onto the farm, where the shot came from.

He sees Annabelle's small figure looming on the farmhouse.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Annabelle sprints towards the farmhouse, sweat pouring down her face.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

David's eyes widen as Annabelle gets closer.

DAVID

Shit.

David races into the barn.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Annabelle approaches the farmhouse, the Hunters gaining.

She sees David running from the barn to the back doors of the farmhouse.

He stops, waiting for her.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Annabelle runs towards the farmhouse doors.

David stands by them, holding a WOODCUTTER'S AXE.

Annabelle slows, out of breath.

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ANNABELLE

David, I-

DAVID

Inside.

Annabelle goes into the farmhouse.

David watches the field as the Hunters run towards him.

He steps inside and shuts the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

David shuts the curtains across the back doors and across the window beside them.

He notices Annabelle is covered in blood.

DAVID

Are you alright?

Annabelle is still catching her breath. She looks down at her clothes.

ANNABELLE

It's not mine.

She shakes her head.

ANNABELLE

I'm sorry.

David peers through the curtains.

DAVID

I only see three. What happ-

David looks back at the blood on Annabelle, peering back out the window.

DAVID

Grab my machete. It's by the fire.

Annabelle hurries over, picking it up.

David waits by the double doors, axe in hand.

DAVID

Stay by the front door.

Annabelle hurries out of the lounge.

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David peaks out of the curtains again.

The Hunters are at the farmhouse.

EXT. BACK OF FARMHOUSE - DAY

Hunter #2 signals for Hunter #3 to head around the side of the house.

Hunter #3 strides to the side of the farmhouse, holding a large hunting knife.

Hunter #2 looks at Hunter #4

HUNTER #2  
Cover the windows.

Hunter #4 nods, shotgun in hand.

Hunter #2 approaches the back doors, his gun raised.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Annabelle kneels by the front door, shaking with fear.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

David waits, listening to the FOOTSTEPS approaching the door.

The silhouette of Hunter #2 appears through the curtains.

David readies the axe.

The back door handle turns slowly.

David waits.

The door opens.

Hunter #2's rifle appears through the curtains.

He steps in.

David swings.

The axe SNAPS into Hunter #2's shin.

He SCREAMS.

CRACK!

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His rifle goes off.

The bullet tears into the coffee table's leg.

The whiskey bottle topples off the table, rolling towards the wood stove.

EXT. BACK OF FARMHOUSE - DAY

Hunter #4 watches as Hunter #2 falls into the house, swallowed by the curtains.

Hunter #4 aims his shotgun at the door, his eyes wild with fear.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Hunter #2 falls to his knees, dropping the rifle.

David springs up, driving the butt of the axe handle into the back of the Hunter's head.

Hunter #2 slumps to the floor.

David brings the axe behind his head.

CRACK!

He brings it down full-force onto the back of the Hunter's head, which splits open.

David pulls the axe, and bloody brain matter, out of Hunter #2's head.

Embers SPIT from the wood stove onto the floor, lighting the whiskey.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Annabelle remains near the front door, nearly HYPERVENTILATING.

CRASH!

Hunter #3 KICKS in the front door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

David hears the breach. He drops the axe and races to Annabelle.

Fire quickly consumes the table and creeps up the sofa.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Annabelle swings for Hunter #3.

The machete is swung poorly. It THUDS Hunter #3's leather jacket, knocking it out of her hand.

He elbows Annabelle in the face. She recoils back, hitting the hallway wall.

Hunter #3's attention is quickly caught by David, who barrels towards him.

Hunter #3 raises the hunting knife. David raises his arm.

The knife strikes David's left arm.

David grabs Hunter #3, SMASHING him into a nearby wall. Hunter #3 drops the hunting knife.

A FAMILY PHOTO falls from the wall and CRACKS on the ground.

David and Hunter #3 struggle. David bundles him to the ground near the entrance to the lounge.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Flames creep across the lounge, smoke billowing from it.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

David struggles with Hunter #3 on the floor.

Annabelle picks up the hunting knife, holding it out.

David reaches for a shard from the broken photo frame.

He drives it into Hunter #3's face.

David SCREAMS.

David frantically thrusts it into Hunter #3's face and neck, blood sprouting from his assailant.

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Hunter #3's body goes limp.

Smoke billows through the open doorway above David.

David stands, dropping the glass shard. He turns to Annabelle, his hands covered in blood.

DAVID

You alright?

Annabelle nods, PANTING.

CRACK!

A shot rings out through the farmhouse.

It hits David in the back and head.

His head recoils and his body slumps to the ground.

Annabelle SCREAMS.

Hunter #4 is standing in the double doors in the lounge.

The orange from the flames lights up his face.

CHA-CHUNK!

He cocks the shotgun.

Annabelle scrambles backwards out of the front door on her elbows.

Wind blows smoke from the fire into Hunter #4's face.

CRACK!

The shot hits the lounge ceiling. Splinters fall into the fire below.

EXT. BACK OF FARMHOUSE - DAY

Hunter #4 falls back into the ground outside.

He COUGHS violently, dropping the shotgun.

On his hands and knees, he tries to breathe again.

He SMACKS his chest.

The CRACKLING of the fire inside is nearly deafening.

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Hunter #4 scrambles to find more cartridges for this spent shotgun.

His eyes watering, he SPLUTTERS, unable to find any.

Closer now, she strides towards him.

Annabelle raises the hunting knife, plunging it into Hunter #4's neck.

Hunter #4 desperately grabs for Annabelle's arm but misses.

He palms at the neck wound, which is bleeding copiously.

He falls face-down to the ground.

Annabelle stand over him for a moment, her eyes dead.

She kneels down, plunging the knife repeatedly into Hunter #4's torso.

His PAINFUL GARGLES muted somewhat by the fire.

Again and again and again.

She leans on Hunter #4's corpse for a moment, before standing.

She looks over the burning farmhouse. The kitchen window BURSTING as flames consume it.

Clouds have gathered overhead.

Thunder CRACKS the sky.