

MISDEED

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Crows circle in the sky over a densely forested steep mountain hillside.

MARK (25) handsome, one of the cool guys, lies on the mossy ground with his eyes shut, scrapes and dirt on his face.

Crows CAW louder and louder.

Mark's eyes flutter open. He looks disoriented, turns his head, winces in pain, lies still.

His eyes darts from side to side. In great pain, he slowly manages to lift his head a few inches. He looks down.

A mangled bright red motorcycle lies across his grotesquely angled legs. In disbelief his head slumps back down on the ground, he squeezes his eyes shut.

He lifts his head, looks down at his legs.

Slowly and painstakingly he props himself up on his elbows. He tries to move his obviously busted legs.

He SCREAMS out in pain.

His legs are firmly crushed under the heavy bike. He lies back down. Scared and in pain he shuts his eyes tight to fight back tears.

He grimaces, lifts his head, looks to the left.

An open backpack with wads of money spilling out of it lies nearby.

He stares at the money, memories come back. He slowly turns his head to the right. His eyes open wide in horror.

ANNA (19) a beautiful young woman lies dead as can be, sprawled out on the ground out of his reach. A thick stick with a fist-sized bloody lump on it protrudes from her lower stomach.

Her glassy dead eyes stare straight into his.

MARK  
(panicky)  
Anna!...Anna!  
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)  
 (yelling)  
 Anna!

No response.

Crows settle in the trees, caw, tilt their heads to better observe the two bodies on the ground.

MARK  
 Oh God, please...Anna!

He stares at the stick with the impaled bloody lump.

He lies down, eyes squeezed tightly. His chest heaves, he fights back the tears.

Carefully he glances back at Anna. One look and he quickly turns his head back. He cries. Cries hard.

The sound of a car that goes by on the road up higher on the mountainside.

Mark suddenly stops crying, listens. He winces in pain as he looks up towards the road. He yells on top of his lungs.

MARK  
 HELP! HEEELP!...HEEEELP!

The sound of the car disappears. Quiet, except for the crows.

He peeks at Anna again.

Ants crawl on her pretty face.

MARK  
 I'm sorry Anna... I am so sorry.

He struggles to reach over to brush the ants away, but he's not close enough.

Ants crawl over Anna's glassy eyeballs, some march right into her open mouth.

He reaches over to the backpack, grabs a wad of cash, tries to swipe the ants off of her, but he's too far away.

MARK  
 Get off of her!

EXT. FOREST CREEK - DAY

A creek snakes through the forest.

A BIG BEAR drinks water from the bubbling creek. The Bear lifts its head, nose in the air, it smells something.

The Bear's nose wiggles, two CUBS strolls up to the bear. They mimic their mom smelling the air.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mark reaches over to the backpack. He rummages through it, spreads the contents on the ground. Bundles of cash, cigarettes, a lighter and a wallet. He looks all around, searching for something.

A crow leaves the tree top, flutters to the ground, lands next to Anna. Another one follows.

Mark spots Anna's pink cell phone, it's out of reach.

He lies back down, cries out in frustration.

He looks over at Anna again.

MARK

It's all my fault... I should never have dragged you into this... It's between me and Rick.

He turns his head, stares up into the sky.

MARK

I didn't steal the stash... someone else stole it from me before I could deliver it.

The crows hop closer to Anna as more of them descend from the tree tops.

MARK

I was gonna quit this you know--

He looks over at her, looks at the lump on the stick.

MARK

(choking up)  
--as soon as the baby was born.

He closes his eyes, sniffles.

One of the crows hop up on Anna's face.

MARK

I fucked up big time... Can you ever forgive me?

He looks over at her again just as the crow stabs her eyeball with its beak.

MARK  
(horrified)  
No!

He struggles to get closer to her, but he's firmly pinned under the bike. He pulls up some grass and leaves and throws it at the crow. It flutters away, but comes right back followed by the other one.

The crows peck away at her eyeballs, they drink the fluid.

More and more crows join in, twenty, fifty maybe a hundred.

In desperation Mark throws cash at them, they barely notice.

Another car drives by up the hillside road. Mark looks up. He quickly gathers the money back into a pile. He reaches for the lighter, tries to make a fire. He blows on the pile, smoke rises. He looks up towards the road again.

MARK  
Help!...Heeelp! I'm down here.

He blows on the fire as the money goes up in smoke.

The car is gone.

MARK  
Fuck!... What have I done? I'm such  
an asshole.  
(to Anna)  
I never deserved you in the first  
place.

He cries again.

MARK  
You are the best thing that could  
ever happen to a guy, and what did  
I do? I fucked up! Pulled you into  
this shit... and for what? Money?

The crows feast in a frenzy on Anna's flesh.

MARK  
(yells out)  
I'm such a fucking loser!

He looks at the crows. Spits at them, they don't care.

MARK  
Leave her alone!

The sound of a branch that snaps in the distance.

Mark looks in that direction.

MARK  
Who's there? Help, I'm over here!

A moment later the bear and her cubs show up. They sniff the air.

Mark's eyes widen in fear. He breathes hard.

MARK  
(whispers to himself)  
Oh God, no...

He lies down, motionless and quiet, one eye peeks at the bears.

Mama bear strolls up to Anna and Mark, the two cubs in tow.

The crows scatter while screeching loudly at the bears.

Mama bear sniffs Anna and her half eaten face. She licks it, takes a bite. The cubs do the same. As the cubs eat, Mama bear moves over to Mark who tries hard not to flinch. She licks his face, sniffs his body. She opens her mouth wide...

Mark screams out in agony!

The cell phone rings.

Mama bear turns, steps on the phone, hits the speaker button.

VOICE ON PHONE  
Hey Anna, it's me... you did a great job. We got the whole transaction on tape and audio. He's busted for sure... By the way, I spoke to your dad today... I agree that if it's a boy we should name him after your dad... See you soon.

FADE TO BLACK:

The gross sounds of bears and crows sharing a human buffet.

FADE OUT:

