

[FADE IN]

EXT. HIGHWAY 69 - BIG THICKET NATIONAL FOREST, TEXAS - NIGHT

EXT. BLACK PORSCHE 911 CARRERA

The car is weaving slightly as it goes down the road. *Hotel California* is playing faintly in the background as the car speeds through the night.

INT. BLACK PORSCHE 911 CARRERA - FRONT SEAT

CD PLAYER

On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair. The smell of colitas, rising up through the air. Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light, my head grew heavy and my sight grew dim, I had to stop for the night. There she stood in the doorway, I heard the Mission Bell. And I was thinking to myself, this could be Heaven or this could be Hell...

DAN RANSOM (32) is driving and he reaches forward and taps the control on the CD player, a burst of static squeals from the speakers. DAN is tall and thin, good-looking, with dark hair and piercing blue eyes. He is wearing jeans and a pull-over shirt. The clock in the dash reads 12:48. He hits the power button and pulls the CD out of the slot as it ejects from the player, sliding it into his visor-organizer. His eyes are bloodshot. His hair is mussed as the wind from the downed windows rushes in and flays it about. He looks to his right at the beautiful YOUNG WOMAN (23) in the passenger seat. Her blond hair is long and is being whipped about her face by the wind coming in through the open windows. She is young and very attractive, wearing a light blue blouse and short white skirt. She is passed out and leaning half against the door and the seatback.

DAN

Cammy? No, it's Sandy, right?

He reaches over and nudges her lightly, eliciting a stir from her, but little else.

DAN

Hey, you awake?

The YOUNG WOMAN stirs and her barely spread legs part a little further, offering a shadowed glimpse of her white panties. Dan notices this and places his hand on her thigh, sliding it up to the edge of her short skirt. He rubs on the YOUNG WOMAN's upper thigh and alternately watches her reaction and glances briefly at the road every few seconds. He is slightly unnerved by a familiar voice in his head.

VOICE

(The voice is like
a strained cry but
is inarticulate)

The road is meandering and DAN is drifting from side to side, but still, he continues massaging the YOUNG WOMAN's upper thigh. Through the window behind the YOUNG WOMAN, the trees blur past. DAN looks down and watches as he slides his hand further under the skirt and massages her through her panties. The YOUNG WOMAN stirs and slumps down further into the seat. Her legs spread further apart. DAN smiles with animal-like hunger and is now concentrating almost entirely on the YOUNG WOMAN's anatomy.

DAN

Hey, you awake?

The YOUNG WOMAN moans and begins taking deep, slow breaths through her mouth as she grinds into DAN's massaging fingers. Dan glances up briefly at the road and doesn't register that he's now going eighty miles-per-hour on the wrong side of the road and lights are coming toward him. He continues pushing into the YOUNG WOMAN with his thumb and then slides his hand under her panties. As she begins to writhe with pleasure DAN looks up at her face which is glowing (from the oncoming headlights). A sudden screaming noise jars him to his senses. Dan looks up at the road and the bright lights racing directly toward them, the sound of the approaching semi's air horn screaming in the night as it bears down on them. DAN yanks the wheel to the right as hard as possible and...

EXT. BLACK PORSCHE 911 CARRERA - NIGHT

...slides into the tractor/trailer that is locking up its wheels and trying to swerve away from the head-on collision. As the sound of metal against metal is heard...

INT. BLACK PORSCHE - FRONT SEAT - NIGHT

...the car is thrown suddenly in a new direction. Time seems to stop for an instant as DAN realizes what is happening. He fights the wheel as the car flips and is flung from the road by the diesel truck. As the car comes to rest on its side against a tree well off the road, DAN raises his bloody head and tries to look over at the YOUNG WOMAN but doesn't see her. He is lying in a bush, not in the car.

DAN

(Whispers)

Sandy. Where's Sandy?

EXT. BLACK PORSCHE 911 CARRERA - NIGHT

Wrapped around a tree, the car is mangled and on its left. The upper wheels are still spinning and the passenger side light illuminates a bush in front of the car where Dan is lying..

[FADE TO BLACK]

EXT. BIG THICKET NATIONAL FOREST, TEXAS - NIGHT

DAN is lying on his back. He opens his eyes and the moon can be seen behind flowing clouds through the canopy of the piney woods. He sits up slowly, touching his damp (but clean with no blood) face and then looks at his hands. He looks at his watch and sees that it reads 12:53. The minute hand has stopped. He looks to his right at his car sitting up on its side notices one wheel is still spinning slowly. He tries to stand, slowly coming to his feet and takes a couple of steps, confirming his legs aren't injured, before walking over to the car. He looks in through the shattered windshield and sees that the front seat is empty.

DAN

Sandy? Are you in there?

He steps forward and looks inside for SANDY. Not seeing her, he turns and looks into the surrounding brush and yells out.

DAN

Sandy?

DAN walks around the car, checking the surrounding brush and notices a light in the distance. There is a clearing, almost tunnel-like, where the car cleared the underbrush in its passing. At the end of this tunnel of foliage, there is a bright light. DAN looks around the car again then checks inside one

more time. He then begins walking toward the light, checking both sides of the car's path through the brush as he walks. He looks at his watch, the second hand still isn't moving and the faint glow of the minute and hour hands indicates that it is still 12:53AM. He continues walking and looking for Sandy as he moves toward the light. He sees no sign of her as he walks. Dan walks for several minutes and stops. The light appears no closer. He looks down at his watch: 12:53AM. A cool breeze blows, stirring his hair and sends a shiver down his spine. He turns to see how far from the car he has come and sees nothing but fog where the car had been. As he watches, the misty fog is gathering behind him like a great gray blanket, rolling slowly toward him. He turns to the light and sees that it is still there and then turns back to see the fog is almost upon him. He looks down as the fog passes around his feet. Fear grips him as he turns to the light and begins running. Dan runs toward the light and the safety that it offers.

DAN

(Shouts as he runs)

Somebody help me! Can you hear me?

His voice sounds hollow and muffled as if he is calling from the bottom of a barrel. There is no answer and his breathing becomes frantic as the fog continues to pass him and begins to block out the light in the distance. His running carries him off the path as the fog finally blots out the light completely. He stumbles through foliage, frantically crashing through the brush and stumbling. He is in a near-panic, tears streaming down his face, as his foot twists in a hole and he stumbles to the ground and rolls, smashing into a log. He lays on the ground, panting and whimpering, unable to see even the woods around him through the thickening fog. As he stares up blindly into the fog, he begins to cry. His watch still reads 12:53AM as his consciousness slowly ebbs and...

[FADE TO BLACK]

EXT. BIG THICKET NATIONAL FOREST, TEXAS - FOGGY - NIGHT

Dan awakens with a start. He hears voices. The fog is still there, the darkness of the night is cloaked from view by the eternal gray of the cloying mist. He sits up and looks into the fog, straining to see.

DAN

(Calling out feebly)

Hello? Is anybody there?

Nothing. No sound other than his own breathing and the sound of his heart beating in his chest. He stands and looks around.

DAN

(Shouting)

Over here! Somebody, help me!

WOMAN'S VOICE

Over here!

DAN

I hear you. Say something else!

He takes several steps and then pauses to listen.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Keep walking this way. You're almost here!

Dan picks up his pace, noticing a faint light directly ahead of him. He begins to run toward the light. As he runs it grows closer, brighter, piercing the fog with its brilliance. The fog seemed to be parting as he draws closer to the light.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I can see you.

He keeps running as the fog dissipates around him. He can see the light clearly now, a building, and a woman standing on the porch of a large house. He pauses. The light is a sign: HOTEL. No Vacancy is illuminated in smaller letters underneath. He turns and looks back in the direction from which he'd come, the wall of fog still there like a barrier against his return.

EXT. HOTEL - BIG THICKET NATIONAL FOREST, TEXAS - NIGHT

He walks across the clearing toward the building and the woman. As he walks up to the steps, she smiles at him from the doorway, the light spilling out silhouettes her and defines her very feminine body. She has red hair and he can just make out the green of her eyes and her perfect white teeth, exposed by her bright smile. He reaches the bottom step of the porch and...

WOMAN

I'm glad you found us. Come on in.

DAN

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