

PLEIN AIR

Will Her Painting Reveal Her Killer?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

GENEVIEVE (30) Fit, attractive, frightened, runs through the woods, looks over her shoulder as she falls, cuts her head and passes out. Her PHONE lands just beside her hand.

TIME CUT

Genevieve's fingers tremble and she reaches out, searching for her phone. It's gone! She screams in terror as her hand jerks back.

GENEVIEVE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Genevieve's hand frantically swipes at her face. A big gross bug snacks on the blood by her eye. She smacks it away and sits up, scanning for danger.

She rises, dazed, stumbling deeper into the woods.

EXT. GENEVIEVE'S CAMPSITE- DAY

Her campsite, TENT, COOLER. She collapses on the cooler, cleans her cut, scanning the surroundings.

Her EASEL holds her OIL PAINTING a perfect rendition of the FOOTHILL/MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

A SNAP OF A TWIG, and she jumps to her feet. A BIRD'S CRY panics her. She frantically searches, grabs a PAINTER'S KNIFE and EVEN A LARGE PAINT BRUSH for self-defense. She waits!

TIME CUT:

Genevieve sits half in her tent, legs out. Beside her, WATER and a tipped over - lid off- PILL BOTTLE marked: FOR ANXIETY.

Another TWIG SNAP, she does not jump. She picks up her paint brush and finishes sharpening the wood handle on a ROCK.

She reaches for a JOURNAL. BLOOD drips from her head, lands on the page. One more scan of the woods before she writes:

DOC SAYS TO JOURNAL, PAINT, TO LET YOUR MEMORY GO!

Genevieve lifts her shirt just a enough to show a portion of what could be a FRESH C-SECTION SCAR. She tuns the page to read:

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T DIE. THEY STOLE YOU FROM ME. I WILL FIND YOU MY SWEET BOY.

She writes under her words: I WANT THE TRUTH!!!

Another blood drop hits the page. Genevieve pukes BILE and MAGGOTS.

Horrified she wretches again reaching for her pill bottle. She sees with blurry vision that it's only rice she has puked but she still takes the last pill.

TIME CUT:

Genevieve is semi-unconscious beside her tent and puddle of puke. TWIGS SNAP, BIRDS CRY, FOLIAGE CRUNCHES. There is a VERY FAINT ELECTRONIC HUMMING. A MAN'S VOICE makes her scratch her ear.

MAN (O.S.)

You're not supposed to take them all. Just enough to make you forget about this place. The mountain.

She stirs.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You won't find what you're looking for Genevieve...because he doesn't exist.

Genevieve manages to stand, haltingly steps to her canvas. She studies it, picks up a charcoal pencil. As she sketches over the mountain, a shadow crosses her face.

She doesn't turn her head, just strains to see out of the corner of her eye. Cautiously she returns to her work. She's drawn a large RUDIMENTARY DEPICTION OF A BABY over the mountain.

Using her sleeve, she wipes barf remnants from her mouth.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You think we did something to your pills... Is that right?

She turns, pulls her shirt up a bit higher this time. The scar is red, raw and much larger than we thought.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You think we took a baby out of you... Is that right?

She defiantly pulls her shirt off. A jagged messed up fresh oozing scar runs from below her pants to her sports bra. She grabs a rag and rubs the baby drawing off the mountain painting.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do you know why you keep painting
this particular mountain?

Genevieve touches up the painting where she rubbed off the charcoal sketch of a baby.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do you remember why you couldn't
stop until you found your way back
here?

She focuses a hard stare on the mountain in the distance. We now hear LOUD ELECTRONIC HUMMING coming from it.

She looks down just long enough to find and grip her painting knife. The humming grows louder, Genevieve trembles, she takes one more rage-filled look at the mountain when-

SFX: THUD...

Genevieve is on the ground in a fetal position, covering her head with her arms. Her easel and painting overturned. The humming softens, leaves crunch. She cowers.

TIME CUT:

The easel and painting have been righted. The barf has been rinsed away. Genevieve sits, her back to a tree, her shirt replaced and her hands, loosely tied in front, rest on her knees.

She scans for danger before she manages to retrieve her painting knife from her pants and "cuts" herself free. We hear the mountain humming.

Genevieve crawls to her tent, retrieves her journal and a water from the cooler before sitting down to write:

IS MY BABY IN THE MOUNTAIN?

She rubs her scar, cringes. Writes again:

WHAT DID THEY DO TO ME?

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hundreds of you had the same
procedure and don't remember a
thing.

She writes:

WHY DO I REMEMBER?

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Because you woke up in the middle
and fought. If you hadn't, you
wouldn't have such a nasty scar.
(patronizing) It would be so small-

The mountain humming is so loud now, it drowns the voice out. Genevieve drops her journal and returns to her painting. With the charcoal pencil she writes across the mountain, DATA CENTER. She drops the pencil and heads into the woods toward the hum.

EXT. WOODS - DAY- CONTINUOUS

She works through rough undergrowth, struggling.

MAN (O.S.)

Just because you're paranoid
doesn't mean I'm not following you.

She whips around... No one there. She continues on until reaching a FENCE. She tries to climb, rips her scar open. Bloody mess. She gives up.

MAN (O.) (CONT'D)

You're in shitty shape for an ex-
Marine.

She takes off her shirt and wraps it around her middle. Stumbles back into the woods.

EXT. GENEVIEVE'S CAMPSITE- DAY

Genevieve enters from the woods. She grabs her painting, glaring at her words. DATA CENTER. She grabs the charcoal pencil and frantically scribbles the words: IN ME?

MAN (O.S.)

So, you do remember?

She summons what strength she has left for a wild enraged scream-

GENEVIEVE

MY MEMORIES AREN'T REAL- YOU PUT
THEM IN MY HEAD-

She picks up the sharpened paint brush and throws it like a weapon.

We hear a sickening THWAP and THUD SOUND. Genevieve's fear turns into a satisfied grin.

She steps in the direction she threw the paint brush. She bends over, comes back up with blood on her finger. She tastes it.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

So you are real? I thought you were just in my head.

We hear groaning.

MAN (O.S.)

Fuck you.

GENEVIEVE

You didn't take a baby from me-

MAN (O.S.)

Told you so.

GENEVIEVE

You put something besides false memories **in** me?

MAN (O.S.)

You better call for help or I'm going to bleed out.

GENEVIEVE

You just need pressure on the wound Marine!

Genevieve bends, face to face with MAN(40'S) in FATIGUES. Pulls the paint brush from his chest wound.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you just kill me when I came back here?

She stomps on the gushing blood to stem the flow. He groans with pain.

MAN

You're an asset Marine. A mobile, self contained, self powered, data storage center.

GENEVIEVE

Ex-Marine!

MAN

No such thing as an ex-Marine. You need to tell me if you've told anyone about the mountain. Can't have the enemy finding out...

He coughs up some blood and gore.

She slowly taps her toe on his wound, the blood spurts from his mouth with each tap. She looks to the mountain in the distance.

GENEVIEVE

So you did this to all of us there?... You don't have much time, better speak up if you want me to save you.

MAN

They have already downloaded the data from you and put it into another asset.

GENEVIEVE

Human guinea pigs?

Man's face is looking close to death.

MAN

For the greater good Marine. But an older model like you has some glitches. So, we are both going to die.

She squats beside him.

GENEVIEVE

Yep. So you wanna go quick and easy or... I could prolly keep you around a couple days and really make it hurt.

MAN

Your guts are a ticking time bomb.

He flicks her stomach with his trembling hand.

MAN (CONT'D)

The devise self-destructs. It's killing you from the inside. Hence the maggots you puked up.

She sits down next to him. Puts her hand on his wound.

GENEVIEVE

Why make it a slow death? What's
the point.

MAN

To study us and how the device
handles it's power source dying.

His voice gets so low, she must lean in to hear the rest of
what he says.

MAN (CONT'D)

And scientists are sick mother-
fuckers.

He's dead.

Genevieve reaches under her shirt covering wound. Her hand
moves around.

She screams in terrible pain.

She pulls from under her shirt a bloody, gooey, little black
metal data center.

It falls from her hand.

She's dead!

THE END.