

HERCULES

KILLING MOOR

THE STRONGEST MAN ALIVE DOESN'T SAVE YOU - HE HUNTS YOU

CLAIRE IS DRAGGED INTO A WILD-CAMPING TRIP BY HER LITTLE SISTER TO VISIT AN ANCIENT SHRINE.

BUT WHEN ONE OF HER UNINVITED FRIENDS DESECRATES IT, A VENGEFUL HALF-GOD AWAKENS...

... AND THE MOORS BECOME A KILLING GROUND.





Claire (21)

A closet nerd trying to keep up appearances with the boys at her university. She has a habit of burying her own feelings deeper than any ancient tomb. And, now that she's graduated, she is unambitious and lost. As her father said, maybe this trip will be good for her



Sophie (19)

Claire's little sister. Although they haven't been getting on well for the last few years, the camping trip could bring them closer than they have ever been. She adores history and learning.



Jake (22)

Claire's boyfriend. He's been with Claire for the last year and even had photos with her for graduation. But, rumours from his football mates say he's only in it for one reason. In his mind, this is the trip he's been dying for.

The Journey

A system of masculine violence that scales from human to myth.

Disrespect is at the heart of the story.

Jake disrespects Claire, Claire disrespects Sophie, the boys disrespect nature and history.

Respect is powerful. Disrespect can be brutal.

Claire is a push over, letting those (particularly men) walk all over her. She doesn't value herself or her own feelings. However, when the brutality in Dartmoor begins, she learns lessons in respecting nature, history and herself.





The Hunter

The stories of Hercules were long used by the ancient Greeks to ward off the invading Romans. Once the Romans got hold of the land, they displaced the shrines as far away from Rome as they could, in case any vengeful gods returned.

One of these statues was taken all the way to Dumnonia, or as it's called now - Dartmoor.

When Hercules died, the gods granted him a rare gift: Immortality. His spirit was lifted to Olympus, freed from pain, hunger, rage, and the violent pulse of a human heart. For centuries he rested among the gods — weightless, breathless, bloodless. A hero at peace.

But immortality has a condition: The body left behind can never be disturbed. For if Hercules is ever awakened in the mortal world — pulled back into flesh and bone — he feels everything he was freed from. Blood floods his veins. His heart slams awake. Every nerve burns with the poison that killed him.

And, Hercules was always a creature of extremes.

He is the greatest hero ever born, but also the man who murdered in madness, who tore monsters apart with his bare hands, who lost control whenever rage eclipsed reason. Now imagine that rage returning all at once — amplified by centuries of silence, numbness, and sleep.

What wakes in the mortal world is not the Hercules of legend. It is the raw, primal force beneath the legend — a demigod overwhelmed by sensation, driven by instinct, incapable of distinguishing disrespect from threat, and compelled to tear apart anything that stands before him.

Not a hero.
Not a god.
Something in between.
Something... feral.



Dartmoor

Dartmoor is a place of extremes:

A barren landscape where the sun beats down with no shelter, only for rolling fog to swallow everything minutes later. Visibility shifts from miles to metres in a breath.

Granite tors rise like broken teeth into the sky, while hidden trenches drop suddenly into darkness. It is a land carved by time, myth, and violence.

No roads.

No signal.

No escape once night falls.

Dartmoor isn't just a setting —
it's the film's second monster.



The Kills



Jake storms off after Claire says no to his advances.
He is found the next day by the group as a pile of bloody meat.

An entire camp of young adults are slaughtered by an enraged Hercules, all beheaded with the wound cauterised - Mirroring his fight with the Hydra.

Marc is crumpled.

Scott is pumelled against a rock.

Pete decides to end his own life.

Visual References



HERCULES: KILLING MOOR

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EXT. PLAINES - NIGHT

A Caligae steps into soggy grassland. And another. And another.

A flash of lightning.

Rain pours onto three Roman Legionaries carrying flamed torches in one hand and gripping onto thick rope with the other.

They are digging deep using all of their strength to pull along something big.

It's stone.

It's shaped like a human.

The weight of the statue leaves deep crevices in the ground as the soldiers pull it along.

One of the soldiers, JULIUS, falls to his knees. Rain beats down on top of his helmet. He looks up at his peers.

MARCUS reaches out a hand. Julius reaches for it. TIBERIUS slaps Marcus's hand away, pulls the heavy rope over his shoulder and plants his feet into the ground, ready to continue forward.

Marcus looks down at Julius.

He picks up the rope and slings it over his shoulder, meeting Tiberius.

EXT. ROMAN CAMP - LATER

The moonlight shines down onto a makeshift canopy shielding JULIUS, TIBERIUS and MARCUS and a fire from the rain.

The soldiers are drinking. Their helmets and gear are beside them.

Tiberius, with a container, fills his vessel. He reaches it out to Marcus, who offers his cup. Tiberius pours.

Tiberius looks at Julius and, puts the container onto the floor next to him. Julius looks to his feet. He extends it out passed the canopy. There are no rain drops anymore.

Tiberius downs his drink and stands. He walks to the back of the laid down statue and undoes his trousers.

He urinates on the stone and once done, walks back to the canopy.

Julius stares at Tiberius.

JULIUS
Impius. (disrespectful)

TIBERIUS
Abominatio Graeca deus. (disgusting
greek god)

A hand punches through Tiberius's chest, clutching the heart. Blood splatters and hisses into the fire.

Julius and Marcus scream and scurry backwards.

A shadow looms over them. It reaches down and grabs hold of Marcus.

Julius watches Marcus being ripped in two.

JULIUS
Hercules!?

A foot swings towards Julius's head.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS FIELD - DAY

A football flies through the air. It hits the back of a net. A crowd cheers. In this crowd, CLAIRE (22) is sat down on the grass, clapping jovially.

CLAIRE
Come on Jake!

JAKE (22) walks to the centre spot of the football pitch with the ball and places it down on the spot. He looks over to Claire and waves.

The whistle blows.

Jake kicks the ball backwards and sprints towards the oppositions goal. A TEAMMATE kicks the ball high into the air, towards Jake. It lands at his feet. He dodges a tackle. And then, another. He's skilled. Jake is one on one with the keeper.

Claire rises to her knees and her eyes widen.

Jake's foot swings back. His other leg is taken out by a two foot slide tackle. He crunches to the floor.

Claire jumps to her feet. Her jaw drops and her hand covers her mouth.

Jake screams.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jake! Get up!

JAKE

Referee!?

The REFEREE signals to get up and continue play. Jake gets to his feet and runs towards the OPPONENT who is dribbling the ball away from him. Jake catches up, jumps and digs his studs into the calf of the Opponent. Blood pulses out of the wound.

A whistle is blown.

The Referee runs to Jake and pulls out a red card. Jake throws his hands down and turns away. His eyes meet Claire's who is stood still in shock.

EXT. SPORTS FIELD - DAY

CLAIRE watches JAKE swagger towards her, grinning like he's proud of it. He turns back to his team. Claire looks down at her knee high skirt and quickly folds the waistband up to reveal more of herself.

Jake reaches her, drops his arm over her shoulder and pulls him towards her. He grabs her face in both hands and kisses her on the lips. Claire smiles, but only just and shrugs his arm off her. She looks out to the pitch where the game is continuing.

CLAIRE

Where did that come from?

Jake smirks.

JAKE

It's a game. They know what they signed up for.

Claire looks towards the pitch.

CLAIRE

Seemed a little...

JAKE

What?

Claire lowers her head.

CLAIRE

Nothing.

She shakes it off.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Does this mean you're free for the rest of the day?

She leans into him. Jake turns towards her and smiles.

JAKE

I guess it does. Want to .. erm?

CLAIRE

What?

JAKE

Come to mine?

Claire laughs and takes a step away.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Come on.

CLAIRE

Jake, not yet.

JAKE

Let's go down the river tonight.

CLAIRE

I don't do swimming.

JAKE

We'll go for a quiet drive instead.

Jake puts his arm around Claire. Claire shrugs him off than smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

If we don't do it soon, we never will. There's no time like the present!

CLAIRE

Says the guy who gets hard for history.

JAKE

Yours?

CLAIRE

No. Not there. Not anywhere like that.

JAKE

You'll have to introduce me one day.

Claire stays silent.

Jake rolls his eyes.

CLAIRE

Let's just keep things chill. No drama. Please. We can do other stuff...

Claire puts her hand on his chest. Jake looks down at it.

PETE calls over as he walks off the pitch.

PETE

Oi! Get a room!

JAKE

I'm trying!

Claire's lips tighten and she nods towards Pete.

CLAIRE

Pete.

PETE

'Sup Claire! Only you've got the power to stop this sick fuck from dismembering the other team and getting sent off every week. Do us all a favour and let him get all up in your guts will ya?

Pete and Jake laugh. Claire is unimpressed.

PETE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Jake and Pete walk away from Claire.

CLAIRE

Where are you going?

Jake turns back towards Claire.

JAKE

I'll catch up with you later! Let me know if you want some company tonight, yeah?

CLAIRE

Erm, yeah. Ok. Cool.

JAKE

Cool.

CLAIRE

(Under her breath)

Cool.

Claire is stood on her own, watching Jake walk off.

EXT. MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

SOPHIE (19) runs out of the Museum doors and down the steps towards CLAIRE who is waiting on the path.

SOPHIE

Oh my god! That was so good!

Sophie is bouncing with joy.

Claire looks at a poster on the wall. It reads "The Romanisation of Greek Mythology Seminar..."

CLAIRE

That?

SOPHIE

It's fascinating! You can learn a lot about yourself looking at history! Basically, long story short, you know the Greek gods.

Claire attempts to reply but is cut short.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Of course you do. Everyone does. Hell, even mum does. Or should I say Tartarus... That's Roman Hell. Well, sort of. If you -

Claire walks away.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry.

Sophie catches up. They walk together a few paces. Sophie looks at her sister who is lost in thought.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

CLAIRE
Yes.

SOPHIE
You don't seem alright.

Claire snaps her head towards Sophie.

CLAIRE
I'm fine! Stay out of it.

SOPHIE
You know, your feelings matter too.
Well. Thank you for coming to get
me.

Claire, frustrated, shakes her head.

CLAIRE
God.

SOPHIE
Or Jupiter... The god. Not the
planet. Sometimes he's just called -

CLAIRE
Stop.

SOPHIE
You used to be into this stuff too.
Stop pretending like you're not.

Claire stops walking. A group of GIRLS, closely followed by JAKE and his friends walk into a cafe.

Sophie looks up at Claire.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Ah. Of course. Boys. You used to be
cool.

CLAIRE
I am cool. Watch.

Claire walks with a faster pace than before, towards the boys.

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

A diner dressed with dark wood and nature photography and artwork adorn the walls.

CLAIRE and SOPHIE rush through the door and spot the boys sitting in a booth. Across the room, the girls, clearly in a different group, are sat in another booth.

CLAIRE

Oh.

PETE turns around to where Claire is stood. Claire ducks into the booth beside her, leaving Sophie stood on her own. Pete turns back, to his table.

Sophie calmly follows her and sits.

JAKE and his friends are sat in a booth laughing and chatting. A WAITRESS brings them a tray of drinks. The boys reach over and take their drinks from the tray.

SOPHIE

Is this your plan? Spying?

CLAIRE

I'm not spying.

Jake who has his back to Claire, turns his head. Claire ducks down.

SOPHIE

You make a shit spy.

CLAIRE

I'm not spying!

Claire slowly raises back up and straightens her top.

SOPHIE

Then what are we doing?

CLAIRE

I... I thought... I don't know.

The Waitress comes and stands at the booth with an iPad.

WAITRESS

Hi! Are you ready to order? Any drinks?

CLAIRE

Shh!

SOPHIE
Don't shh her!

The Waitress laughs it off. Sophie is mortified. Jake turns around again.

JAKE
Claire?

The boys in unison jeer.

BOYS
Ohhhhh

PETE
He's in trouble!

JAKE
Shut up man.

Claire looks up at the Waitress.

CLAIRE
Two diet cokes, please.

SOPHIE
Just normal for me.

The Waitress smiles and walks to the bar. Jake has made his way over. The boys are pretending, and doing an awful job, to not be watching.

JAKE
What are you doing here?

CLAIRE
I erm.. we...

SOPHIE
Claire picked me up from the museum.

Jake looks at Claire.

JAKE
Oh, is that right?

SOPHIE
Yep. There was a great lecture about how the Greek gods were re-used by the Romans just before the -

CLAIRE
(Embarrassed)
Sophie, please.

JAKE
Sophie. The sister!

Claire buries her head into her hands.

JAKE (CONT'D)
So, Sophie. Are you into that stuff
or did she force you to go?

SOPHIE
I love it!

Claire sinks further into the booth.

JAKE
Is that right?

CLAIRE
Ok! This is enough.

JAKE
No, it's ok!

Jake takes a seat next to Sophie.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Well, if she hasn't told you
already. My degree is in history.

SOPHIE
Modern or classics?

CLAIRE
Your food is over there.

Jake turns and looks at his friends who are all watching.

JAKE
I know, but me and Sophie, was it?
We're getting on. Hey, how about
when I come over tonight, we can
geek out over our favourite gods?

SOPHIE
I'd love that!

Jake stares blankly at Claire. She looks back, head lowered.

Jake gets up and walks back to his whispering friends.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
He seems nice.

CLAIRE
He's not coming over.

SOPHIE
Why?

Claire pauses, then swallows.

CLAIRE
Tell me about the lecture.

SOPHIE
Ok! So! All of the Greek gods have
a Roman counter part...

The Waitress puts their drinks on the table.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - EVENING

A white, four bedroomed house in the Suburbs of England.
Trees line the pavement and there are cars on the driveway.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

CLAIRE, SOPHIE and MUM are sat around the dinner table. DAD
walks in with a huge bowl of pasta bake.

DAD
Dig in!

SOPHIE
I'll only have a little bit.

DAD
Come on. This has taken all
evening.

SOPHIE
We went for food after the talk.

DAD
Together?

Dad looks at Mum surprised but happy.

SOPHIE
There were boys there.

Claire hits Sophie on the arm.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

MUM

Claire!

Claire slumps into the chair. Dad takes a seat.

DAD

Seems we've got a lot to catch up on!

SOPHIE

His name is Jake and he's a history graduate.

CLAIRE

Do you mind!?

DAD

Tell me more!

CLAIRE

There's nothing to tell.

MUM

Is this the same Jake who you had the pictures with at graduation.

Mum and Dad hold in an excited laugh.

CLAIRE

Yes. Can we talk about something else?

MUM

Sure. Soph. How was your day?

SOPHIE

It was SO good. We talked about so much. Did you know that there's shrines even all the way over here that the Romans brought over with them.

DAD

Shrines for what?

SOPHIE

Their gods. I want to go to see them.

DAD
Where are they?

SOPHIE
Well. Erm. There's some in Essex,
Glastonbury and there's one in
Dartmoor. For Hercules.

CLAIRE
Hercules?

SOPHIE
Yep. Hercules is actually the Roman
name for him.

CLAIRE
This is all she's talked about.

DAD
That is very interesting!

SOPHIE
And, I want to go. You can wild
camp there.

MUM
You're not wild camping.

SOPHIE
Yes I am.

DAD
You're really not.

SOPHIE
Why!?

DAD
Because we're not going to let you
go out and camp on your own!

SOPHIE
I won't be on my own!

DAD
No?

SOPHIE
Well... I was going to ask Claire
to come with me.

Claire chokes on her food.

CLAIRE

What!?

SOPHIE

I know you like this stuff too.
That's why you like Jake.

Sophie laughs to herself.

CLAIRE

I'm not going camping. With you.

DAD

It sounds like a great idea! You
want to travel.

CLAIRE

Yeah, to New Zealand. Not Devon!
And, not with Sophie.

Claire looks at Sophie.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No offence.

SOPHIE

Offence taken.

DAD

But you're getting on so much...

Dad and Mum make eye contact.

DAD (CONT'D)

Better. You're getting on so much
better.

CLAIRE

I'm not spending a night in a tent
with my sister.

DAD

You used to love camping together.

CLAIRE

We're not five, Dad!

Dad looks at Mum. Then, back at Claire.

DAD

Well. It's either this or you're
coming and working with me in the
shop.

CLAIRE

Wait. What?

MUM

We think, that... you can't leave university without having a plan and since... you don't have a plan. The shop could be good for you.

CLAIRE

Nepotism?

SOPHIE

That's your best 'tism.

Claire scrunches her face at Sophie.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm not even, remotely, interested in cars.

DAD

It's a good opportunity! Others would kill for it.

CLAIRE

People kill for lots of ridiculous reasons.

The doorbell rings.

Claire puts her cutlery down and spins out of her seat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

Without looking back, Claire leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING

CLAIRE opens the door and on the other side, JAKE is out in the rain holding out a flower..

CLAIRE

Jake? What do you want?

JAKE

Ooh, what smells so good?

DAD (O.C.)

That's my lasagna!

Claire winces. Jake laughs.

JAKE
They seem friendly.

CLAIRE
Now really isn't the time.

JAKE
When will it be time Claire?

Claire looks back, into the house.

CLAIRE
I really can't do this right now.

JAKE
I'll go introduce myself.

CLAIRE
Do not.

Jake takes a step towards the door.

Claire steps out of the house and pulls the door, keeping it only slightly open.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Jake.

JAKE
So, we can't hook up because I'm not allowed in.

Claire pulls the door slightly more closed.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I'm not allowed in because I don't know any of your family. But, here I am, willing to go through it all. To be with you. And, you don't want it. You don't want me?

CLAIRE
It's not like that at all!

JAKE
Yes it is. Come on. I'm getting soaked. I brought you this.

Jake steps towards her holding out the flower.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Let's get these wet clothes off.

Jake leans in to kiss Claire. Claire pulls back.

CLAIRE
However! I'm going camping with my
sister. The one you met earlier.

JAKE
The one from the cafe?

Claire pauses.

CLAIRE
... yes. And, I was thinking that
you could come with me.

JAKE
And your sister?

CLAIRE
With me, yes. And, we would finally
be alone.

JAKE
With your sister.

CLAIRE
She'll be preoccupied. We wouldn't
have to worry about her.

JAKE
When is this?

CLAIRE
I'll find out and tell you as soon
as I know.

Jake steps back.

JAKE
I mean, ok, I guess. So what are we
doing tonight?

Claire steps back into the hallway.

CLAIRE
As soon as I know when it is, I'll
call you.

Claire goes back into the hallway and closes the door. Jake
is stood out in the rain holding the flower.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Claire leans against the door, her hair is wet. She closes
her eyes as rain rolls down her cheeks.

INT. SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Loud pop music plays. SOPHIE is dancing around her room, flinging clothes and books into a suitcase on her bed. She stops in front of her mirror and uses her hairbrush as a microphone, pulling faces as she sings.

Her bedroom door swings wide open and CLAIRE enters. Sophie screams. Claire screams.

DAD (O.C.)
What's going on up there!?

CLAIRE
Nothing!

DAD (O.C.)
Turn that down!

Claire walks over to Sophie's laptop and closes the lid.

SOPHIE
Hey!

Claire looks at the over-filled suitcase on the bed.

CLAIRE
There's no way you're going to get through all of them.

SOPHIE
I have to. All the best writers take books wherever they go.

CLAIRE
I respect that.

Claire sits at the end of the bed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
To have dreams and ambition again.

SOPHIE
To lack ambition only leaves you with entitlement.

CLAIRE
What?

SOPHIE
Think about where you are now, and where you want to be.

CLAIRE
New Zealand.

SOPHIE
If you want to work for it, that's
ambition. If you think you're not
in New Zealand because of the fault
of someone else, that's
entitlement.

CLAIRE
How'd you grow up so smart.

Sophie points at the suitcase.

SOPHIE
Books.

CLAIRE
Oh.

SOPHIE
Also...

Sophie takes a seat next to Claire.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I just, really appreciate you
coming with me.

CLAIRE
And I appreciate the appreciation.

The two sisters stare at each other for a moment.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
And I'm sorry Jake's coming.

SOPHIE
Oh don't be!

Sophie jolts up.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I really want to know who his
favourite gods are. Plus, having
some muscle around the camp will be
useful.

CLAIRE
Yeah, some muscle will be nice.

SOPHIE
Eww! There will be none of that!

CLAIRE
None of what!?

SOPHIE
You know what!

CLAIRE
No I don't, tell me.

Claire leans in to Sophie making kissing sounds.

SOPHIE
You're so disgusting!

Sophie backs away and Claire follows her, continuing with the kissing noises.

A car horn beeps from outside.

CLAIRE
Ok let's go.

SOPHIE
I'm not ready!

The car horn beeps again.

DAD (O.C.)
Make him stop that!

Sophie rushes and throws a few more items into her suitcase. She takes some sanitary towels.

CLAIRE
(Stern)
Let's go!

SOPHIE
Blood for the blood god!

Sophie lifts the sanitary towels high into the air and snarls. Sophie laughs.

INT. JAKE'S CAR- MORNING

CLAIRE and SOPHIE are packed in between MARC and SCOTT. JAKE is driving and PETE is in the passenger seat. Just the rumbling of the tires on the road fill the atmosphere.

Sophie has maps and paper over her lap.

Marc leans over Claire to speak to Jake.

MARC
How long we going to be? It's
pretty awkward back here.

CLAIRE
No one asked you to come!

MARC
Jake did.

Marc taps Pete on the shoulder.

MARC (CONT'D)
Swap with me.

PETE
No way. I need the leg room.

CLAIRE
I should be the one in the front!

JAKE
Pete called shotgun. And, I thought
you'd want to be next to your
sister.

SOPHIE
I have a name!

MARC
Claire, are you going to introduce
us?

CLAIRE
Sophie, Jake.

SOPHIE
We've met.

Claire points to the boys around the car.

CLAIRE
Scott. Pete. And, Marc.

SOPHIE
Is he ok?

Scott has his eyes closed and is leaning his head against the
window. He is pale.

PETE
He's alright. Just a little travel
sick.

SOPHIE
Shouldn't he be in the front then?

JAKE
Pete called shotgun.

MARC
And we have the sick bags back here.

CLAIRE
He's not going to be sick.

MARC
He might.

CLAIRE
He won't.

MARC
He might.

SCOTT
I might.

Scott heaves.

CLAIRE
Oh god no.

Sophie pulls her papers and maps away and stuffs them into her bag.

MARC
You like this shit, don't you?

CLAIRE
She's practically married to mythology.

SOPHIE
At least mythology isn't a dick to me.

Jake glares, focusing on the road.

Scott heaves heavier.

CLAIRE
Get the bag!

MARC
Open the window!

SOPHIE
Get the bag!

The window slowly rolls down as Scott heaves. He puts his head outside.

CLAIRE
Jake, pull over!

JAKE
Chill!

CLAIRE
Pull over!

JAKE
It's ok, we're almost there, he'll be fine!

Scott throws up down the side of the car, leaving a trail of sick on the road.

EXT. DARTMOOR CAMP - MAGIC HOUR

The orange sun sets over the moors. JAKE, SCOTT, PETE and MARC crack open beers and drink.

Tent poles and canvas flaps around. CLAIRE and SOPHIE tug at the tent and bend poles.

JAKE
No, you need to slide it in the gaps first.

MARC
Hey oh!

PETE
It's easier if you put the pole into the ground first.

JAKE
How is it!?

Claire drops the tent poles and turns to the boys.

CLAIRE
What's easier is if you put those down and helped us!

JAKE
You're doing really well.

Claire smiles.

CLAIRE
Thank you.

Sophie goes close to Claire.

SOPHIE
Thank you?

CLAIRE
I'm just being nice.

SOPHIE
You're being a push over.

Marc drops his empty can onto the floor.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Marc! Don't litter.

MARC
Say please.

SOPHIE
These are sacred grounds.

Scott bends down and puts his can next to Marc's.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Scott!

SCOTT
I placed it neatly.

SOPHIE
That doesn't matter! This is where
they carried the stone of Hercules!
We have to be respectful.

CLAIRE
It's kind of the rules with wild
camping too.

Pete looks over to Jake.

PETE
The shit you do to get laid.

Claire is looking over at Pete and Jake, her expression is taken over by sadness.

Jake looks over to Claire. He puts his can down by the two others.

SOPHIE

Jake!?

Jake walks to the girls who are struggling with the tent and helps them set up.

Jake smiles at Claire who feigns looking lovingly back at him.

EXT. DARTMOOR CAMP - NIGHT

The group are sat around a camp fire. There are three tents set up. Jake has his arm around Claire, and are separated from the group.

SCOTT, MARC, PETE and SOPHIE are drinking and laughing together.

JAKE

Is this ok?

Claire looks into Jake's eyes.

CLAIRE

Yeah.

Jake edges in a little more. Claire looks back at the main group.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

They seem to all be getting along.

JAKE

Your sister's cool. A little nerdy, but who isn't here.

CLAIRE

I am wondering...

JAKE

What's that?

CLAIRE

Why they've all come?

JAKE

We needed someone to distract, look after, Soph.

CLAIRE

Did we?

Jake kisses Claire on the cheek.

JAKE

She shouldn't be listening to us.

He kisses her again. Claire turns to face him.

CLAIRE

Jake, I don't think I'm ready.

JAKE

For what?

CLAIRE

To go... all the way.

Jake laughs to himself.

JAKE

It's fine.

He kisses her on the cheek again.

CLAIRE

I know you've been waiting. And, I really appreciate that. It's just...

Jake puts his hand around the back of Claire's head and pushes his lips against hers. Claire holds still.

JAKE

You feel nice.

Jake leans in again. Claire pulls away.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Really?

CLAIRE

I don't feel comfortable. I'm sorry.

JAKE

You asked me to come here?

CLAIRE

I know, but...

JAKE

And you're going to be like this?

Jake leans in to kiss Claire again. Claire pulls back.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Are you fucking joking? I spent
forty quid on petrol and I bought
you flowers!

CLAIRE

Jake.

Jake stands up and leans over Claire.

JAKE

You always do this.

The main group look over to Jake and Claire. Claire looks
back at the group, at her sister and then to Jake.

CLAIRE

Please.

Jake drinks and throws his can down onto the floor.

JAKE

I'm sick of your teasing.

Jake storms off.

SOPHIE

Are you ok?

PETE

What did you say to him!?

Claire watches Jake as he walks into the moors.

EXT. DARTMOOR'S RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

JAKE is drinking and walking alongside a river, mumbling to
himself.

He stops and tips the can fully upside down above his mouth,
trying to get the last drop of beer. Nothing comes out. He
throws the can up into the air and kicks it hard.

The can lands with a loud clatter. Jake moves himself towards
where the can landed.

The Hercules shrine stands tall.

JAKE

This it?

Jake stumbles towards it and pulls down his trouser zip.

He urinates on the shrine. Urine drips down the stone and into the ground.

Jake is smiling from the relief.

There's a rustle behind him. He turns to look. Nothing is there.

Jake does his zip back up, turns around and looks out over the river. The camp fire can be seen in the distance.

He thinks for a moment.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Fine, I'll say sorry.

He walks off towards the campfire.

EXT. DARTMOOR'S MOOR - MOMENTS LATER

JAKE stops walking and listens in on the group, who are sat around the campfire. The voices are distant and quiet.

CLAIRE
I'm not being like anything!?

PETE
Tell him that.

CLAIRE
There's nothing to tell!

A hand grabs hold of Jake's hair and drags him into the darkness.

EXT. DARTMOOR CAMP - MORNING

A tent door is unzipped. CLAIRE steps out, messy hair and dreary eyed. SOPHIE is packing a rucksack with water and other items.

CLAIRE
You're eager.

SOPHIE
I've wanted to see this for so long! Let's go!

CLAIRE
At least let me open my eyes first.

SOPHIE

Is Jake...

Sophie points to Claire's tent.

CLAIRE

He's in there.

Claire points to the boy's tent. Sophie stands and swings her rucksack over her shoulders.

SOPHIE

Should we wait for them?

Claire looks at the boys tent.

CLAIRE

Let's just go.

Claire reaches into her tent and grabs a bag.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Teeth.

Claire throws a toothbrush at Sophie who catches it and stomps her foot.

EXT. DARTMOOR'S MOOR - MORNING

CLAIRE and SOPHIE walk through the field. Sophie is ahead, swinging her arms, on the verge of skipping. She turns to Claire every few steps, making sure she is still following.

CLAIRE

Do you know where this thing is?

SOPHIE

Yep! It's on the map!

CLAIRE

Shouldn't we get it out?

SOPHIE

No need. It's all in here.

Sophie taps her head. Claire smiles at her. They continue walking.

CLAIRE

Why'd they drag it all the way over here.

SOPHIE

No one really knows. But one theory is that the Greeks used Hercules to scare off the Romans. And, when the Romans got hold of the shrine, they wanted to get it as far away from Rome as they could.

CLAIRE

Why?

SOPHIE

In case he came back and flattened them all.

CLAIRE

Came back? From where?

Claire looks down. Something bloody and meaty is on the floor. Sophie looks down.

SOPHIE

Eww!

Claire picks up a rock and pokes the bloody, meaty thing.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't touch it!

Claire stands back up, drops the rock and carries on walking.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And I'm the weird one.

Sophie quickens her pace to catch up with Claire.

CLAIRE

There aren't any big cats or anything around here are there?

Sophie laughs. Claire stares forward. Sophie looks in the same direction and stops laughing.

Flies cover a big pile of meat and blood. A yellow hooded jumper is twisted into it.

Claire edges towards it. Sophie pinches her nose.

Claire picks up a rock from the floor and pokes into the bloody mess. She turns one part and Jake's face is revealed.

Claire screams, grabs Sophie and runs, pulling her along.

EXT. DARTMOOR CAMP - MORNING

The boy's tent zip is tugged at. After a few tries, it unzips.

PETE crawls out of the tent looking haggard. He continues crawling on all fours to a crate of water. He reaches out. Pauses. He then reaches for a can of beer laying next to the water.

The hiss of the can being opened is loud. Pete doesn't hesitate to drink from it.

MARC crawls out of the tent. Looking haggard. He squints at the daylight. Once his eyes have adjusted, he looks over at Pete drinking. Pete looks back at Marc on the floor and lifts the can up.

PETE
When in Rome.

MARC
Do as the Italikoi do.

PETE
Oh shit, you actually learned something last night.

MARC
It happens!

Pete picks up another can and throws Marc a beer.

MARC (CONT'D)
It went from fucking freezing to being on fire in there. I'm definitely getting ill.

PETE
Man up, it was one night.

MARC
One night in a Dutch oven. You two stink.

PETE
Yeah... sorry. Leave the tent open and air it out. The fresh air will do pukey Scott good.

Marc and Pete look into the open tent to see SCOTT laying spread eagled.

MARC
Are those two up.

Marc points to Claire's tent.

CLAIRE (O.C.)
Help! Help!!

CLAIRE and SOPHIE run up to the camp in floods of tears and in panic.

Claire grabs hold of Pete and cries into his chest. Pete holds his arms out in the air.

PETE
What's going on!?

Sophie grabs Marc's hand.

CLAIRE
Jake. Jake...

Pete puts his hands on Claire's shoulders and moves her back. He looks into her eyes.

PETE
What about him?

SOPHIE
Call the police!

MARC
What!?

CLAIRE
Jake. He's in pieces!

MARC
He can't be that upset about last night.

CLAIRE
He's fucking dead!

SOPHIE
Ripped apart!

PETE
Fuck off.

Pete turns away.

CLAIRE
We're not joking! Please, I don't
know what to do!

Marc walks to Pete. They look at each other, and then to the girls.

PETE
Show us.

SOPHIE
You don't want to see it.

MARC
Jake's not dead. He pulls this shit
all the time when he wants
attention.

SCOTT (O.C.)
He puts the man in manipulative.

MARC
Whey! He's alive!

CLAIRE
Stop it! We need to call somebody!

Claire gets her phone out of her pocket. No signal.

Sophie gets her phone from her rucksack. No signal.

Claire looks at Marc and Pete.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Phones!

Marc and Pete get their phone's out. No signal.

Scott pokes his head out of the tent.

SCOTT
Two bars. Ugh, I feel like my
head's been smacked over a rock.

Scott cradles his skull. Sophie runs to grab the phone.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Show us.

Scott pulls the phone away from reach.

EXT. DARTMOOR'S MOOR - MORNING

SCOTT is partially hidden by a dumping of meat and blood on the ground. Flies have gathered. He covers his mouth and a spray of vomit escapes through the gaps in his fingers.

PETE and MARC walk back and forth. CLAIRE and SOPHIE are stood a further way back, arms folded, unable to look at the scene.

CLAIRE
Call someone!

PETE
Scott, phone.

Scott unlocks and gives Pete the phone.

PETE (CONT'D)
Who do I call?

CLAIRE
The police!

PETE
Right. Yes. Sorry. Panicking.

Pete dials and brings the phone to his ear.

He paces.

The group watch in anticipation.

Pete paces even quicker.

The group are still.

Pete brings the phone down.

PETE (CONT'D)
It's not ringing out.

CLAIRE
Try again!

Pete dials and brings the phone to his ear.

He paces.

The group are still with anticipation.

PETE
It's not dialling!

SOPHIE
Can we go home, please.

Claire nods at her little sister and looks to Pete holding back tears.

CLAIRE
Keep trying.

Claire takes Sophie's hand and walks. The boys follow.

But, Claire stops. She closes her eyes. Sophie looks up at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Car keys. Jake had the car keys.

SCOTT
We can't walk home. It took two hours to get from the last petrol station.

Pete is still trying to make a call on the phone. Claire thinks for a moment. She sighs and looks over to the bloody, meaty mess.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARTMOOR'S MOOR - MOMENTS LATER

CLAIRE is grabbing lumps of bloody meat and making another pile. She heaves. Saliva runs out from her mouth.

The rest of the group are stood far back Covering their mouths.

Claire pulls out the yellow hooded jumper. Slime and guts slide off it. She puts her hand in the front pocket. She pulls out a handful of puss. She heaves. Tears stream down her face.

PETE
Check the jeans!

Claire sharply turns her head back to Pete and glares.

PETE (CONT'D)
You're... you're doing great.

Claire turns back to the meat.

She pushes her arm in deep. It squelches.

She pulls the arm back out, clutching onto blue jeans.

She checks the left pocket. Nothing.

The right pocket. His phone.

The back pockets. Nothing.

CLAIRE
They're not here.

PETE
The phone's not working.

SOPHIE is holding both her and Claire's phones.

SOPHIE
None of them are.

PETE
We have to go.

SOPHIE
Where!?

CLAIRE
Pete's right. We can't stay here.
Whatever did this to him... is
still out here.

Pete looks down at Claire's hand, holding Jake's phone.

PETE
Find my.

CLAIRE
Huh?

PETE
Jake was shit with his keys.

CLAIRE
Oh my god, you're right.

Claire's bloodied fingers slip off the phone as she tries to use it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Do you know his password?

PETE
Try eight, zero, zero, eight.

Claire taps it in. Nothing. She looks up at Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)
That's all I've got.

CLAIRE
I can't keep trying, it'll lock
out.

Claire looks back at the bloodied meat and sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARTMOOR'S MOOR - MOMENTS LATER

CLAIRE is knelt down by the decapitated head of Jake. She holds the phone out in front of it. She turns it to her but it's still not unlocked.

She puts the phone in front of the head again. Checks.
Nothing.

She reaches out and pulls up one of Jake's eye lids. It falls back down straight away. She tries again but it falls back down again.

Claire looks over to PETE and nods her head, gesturing for him to come over. Pete scrunches his face and kneels next to Claire.

PETE
Can I hold the phone.

Claire exhales and gives Pete the phone. She moves behind the head and her fingers lift open the eyelids. Pete moves the phone in front of the dead face.

PETE (CONT'D)
It unlocked!

CLAIRE
Does it have signal!?

Pete gives the phone to Claire. She looks at the screen. They go back over to SCOTT and SOPHIE.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
... Shit.

Claire navigates to the Find My app. She presses Keys.

The navigation comes up and says "Nearby". Claire holds the phone up to the group.

Claire paces around the area but the app isn't changing. She throws her arms up in frustration.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
This isn't helping.

SOPHIE
What do we do?

CLAIRE
I... I don't know. We need to find them.

SCOTT
Let's just go home.

CLAIRE
We can't walk. No one is around for miles.

The group quietens as they think.

PETE
If we head off to the camp, he could have dropped them on the way.

CLAIRE
On the way to where? Where was he going?

SOPHIE
The shrine.

PETE
He obviously didn't get there.

CLAIRE
He could have been coming back from there to the camp. How far away is it?

SOPHIE
I think it's another mile over there.

CLAIRE
Let's go. Guys, keep trying the phone.

Pete dials on the phone as the group walk away from the bloodied meat mess. Claire holds Sophie's hand, and in the other has Scott's phone, leading the way.

EXT. DARTMOOR'S RIVER - DAY

CLAIRE is knelt down washing her hands in the river. SOPHIE, MARC, SCOTT and PETE are stood by her looking out to the lake.

SOPHIE
It should be around here.

PETE
I thought you had a map!?

SOPHIE
I swear I did!

Sophie points towards a Tor in the distance.

Claire, still scrubbing the blood from her hands looks across the river and sees a figure between the trees.

CLAIRE
Hey!

Claire gets to her feet.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hey! We need help!

The group turn to Claire and then look out into the direction she is shouting. Claire addresses the group.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Someone is over there.

They ALL start shouting across the river.

HERCULES comes out from the tree line. The group frantically wave and shout for help.

Hercules moves to the edge of the river, staring at the group.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Please, we need help!

PETE
Is there a cosplay event going on?

MARC
It's Devon. They all dress like that around here.

Hercules turns and walks back into the trees.

CLAIRE

Hey!

SOPHIE

What was that about?

CLAIRE

Someone has to help us!

PETE

Let's get to higher ground.

SOPHIE

Why don't we just follow that guy?

SCOTT

A man wondering around the woods in
furry cosplay?

PETE

Exactly. He's probably more
dangerous than what killed Jake.

CLAIRE

He... could have been the one who
killed him.

PETE

Nah. Let's go

The boys walk towards the Tor in the distance. Sophie looks
up at Claire and takes her hand. They follow the boys.

EXT. DARTMOOR TOR SHRINE - DAY

Hercule's shrine stands next to a big tor.

SCOTT, MARC and PETE are stood on top of the rock, each with
a phone in their hand and waving it about.

PETE

I'm getting absolutely nothing.

MARC

How do we still have places without
signal?

PETE

Well, it is Devon.

CLAIRE and SOPHIE are helping each other up the Tor.

They reach the top with the boys.

SOPHIE
Thanks for the hand.

Pete scoffs at her. Claire gets her phone out and waves it around.

CLAIRE
Still getting nothing.

PETE
Yeah, we said that.

Claire stares, momentarily thrown. Pete goes back to waving his phone around.

Claire looks into the distance. Smoke rises from a camp.

CLAIRE
There's another camp! Look!

Claire grabs Pete's shoulder and turns his body to face the rising smoke, small in the distance.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Come on!

PETE
We're meant to be looking for keys.

Claire looks at the app on the phone. It still says nearby.

CLAIRE
It's not working. They could be anywhere.

Claire points to the camp.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
They must have cars, or working phones. Something!

PETE
Why don't you go down there and let us know. We can keep guard from up here.

SCOTT
I am pretty tired actually.

CLAIRE
We aren't splitting up.

Scott lowers himself to a sitting position on the ground.

PETE

Look... He's still not very well.

CLAIRE

Are you being serious? We have to get help. Jake is fucking dead, man.

PETE

And whatever did it...

CLAIRE

We are all scared.

MARC

I am pretty scared to be honest.

PETE

I'm not scared. I'm being... smart about all of this. And... who the fuck put you in charge?

CLAIRE

Fuck sake Pete! I have to get Sophie home!

PETE

Don't be a bitch. Scott's not well.

Claire looks at Jake's phone in her hand. She throws it at Pete.

Claire grabs Sophie's hand and drags her down the Tor and away towards the camp.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'll find the keys then, yeah!?

Pete jumps down and watches Claire and Sophie walk away. He turns back to the Tor and a metal clattering rattles beneath him. He bends down and picks up a can of beer.

PETE (CONT'D)

Was that Jake's?

MARC

It... could be.

Pete tenses up. He releases it by throwing the can at Scott.

Scott spits on the ground and throws the can at Marc but misses, striking the shrine.

Running footsteps.

The group tilt their head, listening.

The footsteps get louder. And, quicker.

MARC (CONT'D)
What the fuck is that?

A roar echos across the moors.

HERCULES is running straight to the boys. They all stare.

Pete steps forward and cocks his head, curiously.

Hercules is much closer.

PETE
He's fast.

Hercules is even closer.

PETE (CONT'D)
Really. Fast.

Scott scrambles to the edge of the Tor and shakily lowers himself.

Hercules grabs Scott's dangling legs and flings him backwards.

Still holding him, Hercules slams him against the rock like a rag doll.

PETE (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

MARC
Scott!

Scott is flung against the rock a few more times while Marc jumps down from the Tor.

On landing, Marc twists his ankle.

Pete grabs him and helps him hobble away.

MARC (CONT'D)
We have to get the girls.

PETE
Nope!

They escape while Hercules is throwing Scott around, screaming in rage.

EXT. DARTMOOR STRANGER CAMP - DAY

A camp of two tents. Both the same colour. Between them is a fire and a camping pot over the top of it.

It's bubbling and steam escapes it.

Tent doors flap open in the wind.

CLAIRE and SOPHIE approach.

CLAIRE

Hello?

They walk between the two tents, by the fire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Claire pulls back a tent door and looks inside. A sleeping bag and a rucksack is scattered on the tent floor.

Sophie wraps her arms around her own chest as tears roll down her face. Claire turns to her sister.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I know. I know.

Claire peels back the second tent door. There's a sleeping bag that looks full.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hello.

Claire reaches out her hand towards it.

SOPHIE

Ouch!

Startled, Claire turns to Sophie who is stood by the fire. The pot lid now on the floor.

CLAIRE

What did you expect?

SOPHIE

There's something in here.

CLAIRE

I don't know why they'd have just left this going.

SOPHIE

It's something weird. It smells...
off.

Behind Claire, the sleeping bag moves. Whatever is in it,
sits up.

Sophie spots it and her eyes widen.

Claire looks at Sophie quizzically. Then turns, looking
inside the tent.

Claire bends down and pulls a tent peg out of the ground. She
lifts it up, ready to strike.

PHIL whips the sleeping bag from over him. Claire and Sophie
scream at him.

PHIL

Don't hurt me!

Phil is coiled up, shaking in fear. Claire lowers the tent
peg.

CLAIRE

It's ok, it's ok!

Phil crawls out of the tent and stands. He gives the two
girls a puzzled look.

PHIL

Who are you?

CLAIRE

Please, help us. Our friend,
something has killed him.

PHIL

Killed him? Out here?

SOPHIE

Please sir!

PHIL

Sir!?

CLAIRE

Give me your phone!

PHIL

Is this a mugging? Out here!?

Phil motions broadly around. He spots the camping pot.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Sake.

He grabs a t-shirt from his tent, picks up the camping pot lid and puts it back on.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Did you do that?

CLAIRE

Are you even listening to me!?

HOLLY (O.S.)

Phil! Who's that!?

Three women, all holding wood, approach the camp. Phil turns to them, waves joyfully, and then whips back to Claire.

PHIL

She's going to be so pissed at you.

CLAIRE

Me!?

The three girls drop the wood by the fire. Two of the girls sit down on the grass, leaving Holly with Phil.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Please, you have to help us!

HOLLY

Babe, calm down, what's going on?

PHIL

She said her friend's in trouble.

CLAIRE

Killed. They killed him!

Claire paces around the camp while the others calmly watch her. Holly goes to her, puts her hand on her shoulder and hands her a mug. Sophie stays back.

HOLLY

Baby. Sit, calm. Drink.

Holly guides Claire to sit on a camping chair and then kneels in front of her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm Holly.

Claire sips from the mug.

PHIL
Don't give her my drink!

HOLLY
Phil! She's in distress.

Holly's attention goes back to Claire.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
If you stay calm, nothing can touch
you. Tell me what has happened.

Claire drinks.

CLAIRE
Me and my sister, Sophie. Our
friends. We found Jake.

HOLLY
Oh, a boy.

Holly smiles at the other girls. Claire drinks.

CLAIRE
He was... He was... Pulled apart.

HOLLY
That doesn't sound good. And, where
is he now?

CLAIRE
No, I mean really pulled apart.
Inside out.

PHIL
This is going to ruin our buzz.

HOLLY
We should help her. It'll ruin all
of our buzzes having her so
distraught.

CLAIRE
Buzz?

HOLLY
From the shrooms babe.

Claire looks at the mug she's been drinking from. Her eyes
widen. She looks at Sophie, who is sat with the other girls,
drinking the tea.

Claire rushes over to Sophie and slaps the mug out of her hand. Hot tea splashes onto one of the girls, who stands and screams.

PHIL
My shrooms man! They're good ones
too!

A loud roar echoes across the moors.

GIRL 1
Did you all hear that?

HOLLY
It's the universe. It's talking to
us.

Claire looks across the moor. HERCULES is running straight for the camp.

CLAIRE
It's him.

SOPHIE
Who?

CLAIRE
The guy from the river.

Hercules is much closer.

SOPHIE
He's... not here to help us... is
he?

Claire grabs Sophie's hand.

Phil stands at the front of the camp.

Hercules roars. His footsteps are loud and heavy. They are slow in pace, but his speed is great.

Sophie squeezes against Claire. Holly and the girls huddle together.

PHIL
Sir!

He puts out his hand, like calming a beast.

Hercules sprints, grabs Phil's raised arm, spins and flings him across the camp. The girls scream. Holly rushes to Phil. Claire, Sophie and the other two girls scatter.

Hercules charges to Phil and Holly and kicks Holly in the head. She flips multiple times before landing. Her face caved in.

Hercules runs at one of the panicking girls, grabs her pony tail and yanks it. Her scalp comes clean off her skull. She screams in searing pain. Hercules grabs her by the face and using her body for leverage, pulls her head from off her body. Blood fountains into the air.

Girl 2 runs at Hercules and pounds on his chest, tears streaming down her face. He catches one of the punches by her wrist and squeezes. Her arm crunches and snaps. She screams.

Sophie jerks Claire's arm, attempting to run from the camp.

CLAIRE

No. In here.

Claire pushes Sophie into a tent and clips the door closed.

INT. STRANGERS TENT - DAY

CLAIRE cradles SOPHIE in her arms. There are screams, shouts, thuds and bone snaps of violence outside.

Claire waves her hand in front of her face.

SOPHIE

You ok?

CLAIRE

Yeah. Shhh.

Claire, still holding Sophie, stares through a gap in the tent door.

HERCULES takes GIRL 2 and pops her head from her body. He kicks over the cooking pot and puts Girl 2's neck into fire, cauterising the wound. The meat sizzles.

Claire doesn't look away. She covers Sophie's ears.

EXT. DARTMOOR STRANGER CAMP - DAY

HERCULES grabs PHIL by the ankles and lifts him upside down. He puts his foot on Phil's head and then pulls. Blood spills from the detached neck.

Hercules dunks Paul into the fire, sealing up the neck wound.

HOLLY is still laying on the floor. She groans. Blood pulses out of her mouth. Her eye catches Claire's inside the tent.

Holly reaches out towards her.

Claire shakes her head.

Holly groans and stretches towards Claire.

Claire leans backwards, out of the line of sight.

HOLLY
(Gargled)
Help...

Hercules's foot stomps down onto Holly's head, crushing it. He lifts her body, and puts the neck into the fire.

INT. STRANGERS TENT

SOPHIE looks up at CLAIRE.

SOPHIE
The hydra.

CLAIRE
Huh?

SOPHIE
In his trials...

Claire covers Sophie's mouth. It's quiet outside.

A heavy footstep. Then, another.

Sophie pushes herself tightly into Claire. Claire squeezes.

A metal clattering.

The cooking pot crashes against the tent, it's contents splashing out leaving dark smears on the sides. The girls stifle a scream.

EXT. DARTMOOR STRANGER CAMP - DAY

HERCULES takes a big, slow step at a time towards a tent. He grabs the fabric then rips it open.

It's empty.

The bodies of the previous occupants are scattered on the floor. Hercules grabs Phil's body and stacks it on top of Holly's.

He takes the two girls and adds them to the stack of corpses.

Hercules takes tattered tent fabric, ties the bodies together and pulls them along, sliding them away from the camp.

INT. STRANGERS TENT - DAY

CLAIRE gently moves SOPHIE away from her and shuffles to the tent door.

SOPHIE

No.

Claire gives Sophie a steady, reassuring look.

She looks through the gap in the door to outside.

There's nothing there.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Is -

Claire holds her gaze and raises a finger to Sophie behind her.

There is still no movement outside. Claire turns to Sophie and takes her hands.

CLAIRE

We're going to go. As fast as we can.

SOPHIE

It's Hercules.

Claire gives a doubtful look.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It is. He killed them. The same way as he did with the Hydra heads.

CLAIRE

We go as fast as we can.

SOPHIE

I'm so scared.

CLAIRE

Use it. We run, together, as fast
as we can. Ok? You can do that.

SOPHIE

But what if he ...

Sophie's voice dissipates.

CLAIRE

Let's go.

Sophie nods.

EXT. STRANGERS CAMP - DAY

The tent door opens. CLAIRE gets out, a little unsteady.
Sophie pokes her head out. The fire burns.

SOPHIE

We should put that out.

Claire stares into the fire. She looks at it quizzically.

The fire dances and flickers. It's consuming.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Claire?

Claire walks towards the fire.

Sophie watches.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

... Claire?

Sophie watches Claire walking towards, hypnotised by, the
fire.

Hercules appears as a flash next to the fire. He points then
crooks his finger, inviting Sophie to join him.

Sophie backs quickly into the tent, eyes forward.

Claire waves her hands in front of her face where they leave
motion trails. The fire is bright in her pupils.

INT. STRANGERS TENT - DAY

SOPHIE moves her self back, further into the tent. Her
breathing is heavy.

She can see CLAIRE outside, standing in front of the fire. HERCULES passes by the tent door. Sophie can't muster any loudness from her voice.

SOPHIE
(stifled)
Claire!?

Sophie waits, trembling.

Things calm. She breathes. She leans forward.

EXT. STRANGERS CAMP - DAY

The tent is whipped away by something fast... along with Sophie.

Claire in her daze, turns.

It takes her a moment.

CLAIRE
Sophie.

Claire turns to the fire and stares.

Sophie's scream echos in the distance.

INT. BOYS TENT - DAY

A tent zip opens.

PETE pops his head through. He lifts up a sleeping bag. A jangling of keys as they drop to the floor.

EXT. DARTMOOR CAMP - DAY

PETE turns to MARC... holding out the set of keys.

Silence.

Marc goes to speak -

PETE
Yeah.

Marc slides his shoe off, letting out a stifled scream. He pulls his sock down revealing a large, bruised ankle.

Pete grimaces.

PETE (CONT'D)
Does... does it hurt?

Marc stares blankly at Pete. Pete turns away.

PETE (CONT'D)
Yeah. Yeah. Do you think Scott's
alright?

CUT TO:

EXT. DARTMOOR'S TOR - DAY

A flash of SCOTT being slammed against the rock by HERCULES.

CUT BACK:

EXT. DARTMOOR CAMP - DAY

MARC stares at PETE.

PETE
Yeah.

MARC
Who is that guy?

PETE
He was huge.

MARC
He was massive!

Pete paces back and forth. Marc struggles to put his sock
back over his ankle.

MARC (CONT'D)
Jake. Scott.

Marc lowers his head. He takes a breath.

Do you...

Marc darts his eyes at Pete.

MARC (CONT'D)
Do you think the girls are ok?

Beat.

Shit. We can't leave them.

Pete stops pacing and looks at Marc.

PETE
I mean... we can.

There's a moment of silence.

PETE (CONT'D)
They're gone. Come on.

Pete walks towards the car.

MARC
You don't know that.

PETE
We do.

MARC
We'll go get them.

Pete hesitates.

PETE
We'll find help.

MARC
We are coming back for them...?

Pete stalls.

PETE
Sure.

Pete turns and continues walking to the car.

Marc groans as he gets to his feet, keeping one foot off the floor.

Pete is at the car and looks over at Marc making his way over.

He hobbles to Pete, and puts his hand on Pete's shoulder.

Marc looks into Pete's eyes and calmly shakes his head.

MARC
I'm not leaving them.

PETE
They left us!

MARC
You called her a bitch.

PETE

I didn't call her a bitch. I said she was acting like one.

MARC

Imagine that was your sister. Your mum.

Pete looks at Marc for a moment.

He shrugs.

PETE

You stay then, you've lost your head.

Pete turns and clicks in a button on the car keys. The doors unlock.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

PETE and MARC put their seat belts on then Pete puts the keys in the ignition.

He turns the key. The car stutters. The boys look to each other. While holding gaze, Pete turns the key again.

The car starts.

The boys laugh with relief. Pete drops the handbrake and turns his head to look through the back window.

Something fast passes in front of the car.

MARC

Pete.

The car stalls.

PETE

Fuck! Sorry.

MARC

Pete.

PETE

I know, I know.

Pete turns the key, restarting the car. A loud metal bang.

The car stalls.

PETE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Pete looks down at the keys. Glass smashes. The boys jolt up and look to each other.

The driver's side window is smashed and HERCULES stands, breathing deeply, with blood over his hands and chest.

MARC

Fucking hell! Drive! Drive!

Pete turns the key, over and over, the car screeching but not starting.

Hercules reaches in, grabs Pete by the hair and drags him out through the smashed window.

MARC (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

As he's being pulled out, glass cuts through Pete's torso.

EXT. DARTMOOR CAMP - DAY

PETE screams in agony.

He falls to the floor. Blood seeps from his stomach.

PETE

Please! Please no! Please!

Pete claws at HERCULES who grabs his hand and squeezes.

There's a snap. Pete screams.

Pete flops to the floor and drags himself across the grass.

INT. BOY'S CAR - DAY

Marc cowers into the car seat.

MARC

Fuck fuck fuck.

He lifts himself to be able to look into the car mirror. He adjusts it to see Hercules stood over Pete.

Hercules darts his focus to the mirror. Marc freezes.

Just his sharp, shallow breathing.

Hercules looks back down to Pete and stomps on his back. Pete cries out in pain.

Marc reaches out to the door handle.

He slowly pulls against it.

He looks up at the mirror. Hercules is still focused on Pete.

Marc pulls a little harder on the door handle.

The door latches spring open. Marc jolts at the sudden sound.

He checks in the mirror. It's safe.

He takes a deep breath. And, steps out.

EXT. DARTMOOR CAMP - DAY

PETE drags himself along the grass leaving a trail of blood behind him. He doesn't get far.

HERCULES grabs Pete's ankle and pulls him backwards towards him. Pete slides across the grass, back over his own blood.

MARC limps away. He turns back to see Hercules pulling Pete along the ground.

Marc turns away, looks at the floor and continues to walk away.

Pete's hand catches on a shard of glass from the broken window. He grabs it, spins over and looks up at Hercules.

Hercules stands over him.

PETE

Fuck you!

Pete again looks at the glass in his hand and then up at Hercules.

He looks at Hercules's ankle. Then, back up at Hercules.

Pete thrusts the glass into his own throat and, with eyes locked onto Hercules, rips it across his jugular.

Hercules watches. Studies. He crouches down beside Pete. He tilts his head.

Pete gargles on his own blood and fades away.

Stillness.

EXT. DARTMOOR ROADSIDE - MAGIC HOUR

CLAIRE is walking, dazed and dragging her feet, alongside a narrow road. The noticeable aftermath of tears run down her face.

She stops and cocks her head, listening.

There's a rumbling.

A moment of fear on Claire's face.

A four by four vehicle navigates down the narrow road towards Claire. She is frozen in place.

The car nears and Claire snaps out of her daze. She frantically waves and steps into the road. The car comes to a sudden stop.

Claire bangs on the window.

CLAIRE
Help me! Help me!

The window lowers. An elderly gentleman in a flat cap and gilet greets her with a thick West Country accent.

CLIVE
Woh woh woh—steady on there, mind
how you step out into 'ee road,
proper careful now.

CLAIRE
There's a man killing us all!

CLIVE
You be certain it bain't a bear?
Mich an' Lucy do get out sometimes
an'—

CLAIRE
I need help!

CLIVE
Awright, awright—get in then. I'll
take 'ee up t' the police, or up
the hospital, mind 'ee.

CLIVE reaches across and opens the vehicle door. Claire bolts in.

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - MAGIC HOUR

CLIVE lowers the handbrake and slowly accelerates.

CLIVE
Belt up now, will 'ee.

Claire reaches behind her head and takes hold of the seat belt. She fumbles putting it into the buckle. She looks down at it. Clive's hand comes across hers and she flinches. He takes a lighter that was in the cubby next to the buckle.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
You're alright. You'm alright.

Claire is shaking in her seat. Clive offers out a cigarette. Claire stares at it. He gestures once more.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Suit ye'self.

Clive purses his lips, nods and then puts it in his mouth. He lights it.

There's a metal clanking in the back. Claire looks around and sees a fuel canister. Clive laughs.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Don't you worry, it won't catch.
Too dear to waste, an' you don't
wanna get caught short out 'ere.
That's the trouble wi' open land.
Bigger'n you think. That's why the
horses be so big, see. Like fish in
a pond... they just keep growin', an'
growin', till they can't no more.

Claire stares straight ahead of her. Clive smiles to himself.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Some o' the folk too... mind.

Just the sound of the wheels along the bumpy road fill the car while Clive smokes.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
You'm not lookin' too well. You say
somethin' attacked 'ee?

Claire is slow to respond.

CLAIRE
A man. He was big.

CLIVE
See, told 'ee.

CLAIRE
My friends... my sister.

Tears roll down Claire's cheeks.

CLIVE
Alright now... I got 'ee. Let's get
'ee off these moors.

Claire's head drops a little. She rubs her eyes. Clive looks over at her.

Her head drops again. Clive throws the cigarette out of his window.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
What's goin' on then, my dear?
You'm alright?

Her head drops harder.

Clive reaches behind him and brings a water bottle up from the footwell. He holds it out to Claire. She takes it from him.

Clive puts his hand on her knee. Claire looks down at it. Then up at him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Maybe water and a bit o' fresh
air'll sort 'ee out.

Clive takes his hand off her knee and winds his window down a little more. The fresh air whips across Claire's face as her eyes flicker towards the back of her head.

Claire heaves and vomits down the front of herself. Clive breaks hard.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Oh God... you've made a proper mess
o' yourself ain't you.

Clive get's out of the car and runs to the passenger door. He opens the door.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Come on now... get 'ee laid down in
the back there.

Claire, dazed, follows Clive's lead. He takes her hand and guides her towards the back of the car, opening the back door.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
Hop on in, love.

CLAIRE
... wait.

Claire looks back at the Moors. Clive puts his hands on Claire's back and gently pushes her into the car. Claire steps in and lays on the back seat.

CLIVE
You can have a little lay down.
Don't worry if it happens again,
I'll give this a good spray down
after.

Clive closes the door, walks around to the drivers side and gets in. He closes his door.

Claire lays motionless, staring into the distance.

Clive adjusts his mirror. In it - Claire.

CLICK

The car doors lock.

EXT. DARTMOOR'S TOR - EVENING

Rows of fiery torches light up the area.

HERCULES scoops two handfuls of flowers from a woven basket. Steadily, he brings them over to SOPHIE. She is tied against his shrine with flowers in her hair. Make up runs down her face and she's wearing a white toga.

Hercules delicately places a flower into her hair and brushes her fringe out of her eyes, precisely.

SOPHIE
Get off me!

He studies her.

His hand comes up and presses his palm against her cheek, leaving a streak of fresh blood. Sophie doesn't take her eyes away from him. His thumb drags across her lips and Sophie bites down, hard. Hercules pulls back. Then- CRACK, Hercules slaps her. Sophie cries in pain.

Hercules roars. The sound tears through the Moors.

He steps towards her and straightens her posture, takes hold of her chin and forces her to look up at him. A slow smile spreads across his face.

He turns and takes one of the torches and kneels in front of Sophie.

Hercules lowers the torch to the ground - Sophie is tied to an unlit pyre. She screams into the night.

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - NIGHT

The sound of heavy grunting.

CLAIRE opens her eyes to see CLIVE's face at eye level. He's moving up and down. She looks down and can see the skin of his shoulder.

She tries to jump up but can't under the weight. He's on top of her.

She hits him, closed fist.

CLAIRE
Get off me!

CLIVE
Calm down! You'll like it!

CLAIRE
Help!

Clive puts his hand over her mouth. Claire struggles to breathe. Her eyes are wide open and she shimmies to no avail.

She hits him. Over and over. But, he continues to grind on her. She reaches down and feels that she still has her jeans on.

CLIVE
You want to take them off?

Clive gets up a little and Claire knees him in the groin. They scuffle and a metal can is knocked in the footwell.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
You fucking bitch!

Clive punches her on the forehead and she cries out in pain.

Everything darkens in her world. Sound is muffled. Clive lays on top of her. The little air she has in her lungs wheezes out.

She watches him for what seems like a lifetime.

Claire relaxes her body, succumbing to her fate.

Her head falls to one side and she sees Clive's jeans in the footwell next to her. She reaches into the pocket and grasps hold of the lighter.

He's still on top her, grinding, panting.

She flicks the lighter. Sparks fly out. She tries again. Only sparks.

She strokes the lighter once more and a flame emerges. She looks to the fuel can in the footwell.

Claire wipes her finger across the cap and smudges the excess fuel onto Clive's arm.

She produces a flame from the lighter and brings it to her fuel deposit.

Clive jumps up as his skin burns. Claire kicks him with both feet, over and over again.

Clive reaches back and opens the car door. He spills out onto the road, screaming at her.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

What the fuck did you do!? You
fucking cow!

EXT. DARTMOOR ROADSIDE - NIGHT

CLAIRE staggers out of the car and walks towards Clive with intent. She swings at him and her fist connects with his nose. Blood sprays out.

She hits him again. And again.

He falls to the floor, in just his boxer shorts.

She kicks him in the stomach. And then, the head. Twice.

She turns away and looks down the long dark road.

She stares into the distance.

She turns back around to Clive, laying on the floor holding his face.

She rolls him onto his back and straddles on top of him.

He looks up at her, like she had of him.

She rains punches down into his face, blood splattering across the road.

EXT. DARTMOOR'S TOR - NIGHT

MARC is crouched in the woods. Breathing heavy. He's watching HERCULES pacing back and forth, in front of SOPHIE, tied to a pyre.

Marc cowers behind shrubbery.

MARC

Sophie?

He peers through the bush.

Then, cowers back. He takes a deep breath.

MARC (CONT'D)

I've got this. I've got this. Just be casual. Don't react to him. Wait for him to leave.

He looks back at Hercules and Sophie.

Sophie kicks away the torch from HERCULES's hand and it lands on the floor, flames spluttering.

Hercules stays on one knee. Then, rises. He looks at her.

SOPHIE has her arms tied above her head. She strains. Her breath shakes.

Hercules reaches into the basket and takes a handful of flowers. He steps forward and studies her. Then forces them into her mouth.

Sophie gags. Her cries for help are muffled. She wretches, but Hercules clamps his hand over her mouth. He holds it there, until she stops fighting.

He removes his hand and the flowers remain.

He turns, and walks away into the darkness. Leaving her bound, and prepared.

Sophie looks up at her hands, tied together against the shrine. She looks around her, she can only see in the area the torches allow. Everything outside of this is in complete darkness.

She tries to scream, but can force out the faintest of sounds.

She pulls at the rope around her wrists. It tightens and digs into her skin.

Sophie becomes frantic in her attempt to release the restraints. Tugging and pulling, breathing quick and shallow. She stops. And then uses all of her remaining strength in an attempt to scream as loud as possible. Only a smothered voice can get past the flowers in her mouth.

She stands, other than her breathing, motionless. Tied. Exhausted. Her head resting on her upraised arms.

Marc runs up to Sophie, frantic.

MARC (CONT'D)

Sophie.

Sophie raises her head and mumbles through the flowers.

MARC (CONT'D)

I've got you.

Marc pulls at the rope tied around Sophie's wrist then checks around her.

He reaches to Sophie's mouth but she pulls back.

MARC (CONT'D)

Yes, sorry. Erm... I don't know what to do!

Sophie manages to spit some of the flowers out.

SOPHIE

Fucking cut me down!

Marc looks around him.

MARC

How!?

SOPHIE

Just get me out!

The sound of something being dragged across dirt.

Marc startles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Don't you dare...

MARC
I'm so sorry.

Marc runs off into the moors.

SOPHIE
You fucking left me!?

Sophie looks up and sees only the torch light and darkness beyond.

The scraping continues.

Hercules walks into the light, dragging something behind him. He lifts it and throws it to the ground.

It's the body of HOLLY. He turns, and walks out of the light.

Sophie jerks her arms in another attempt at freeing herself.

The dragging sound. She stops.

Hercules walks into the light and drops another body in front of her. It's MARC.

More bodies are thrown onto the ground, PHIL, the other girls from the stranger's camp, SCOTT.

Hercules scatters flowers over the bodies.

He steps towards Sophie who cowers when he's close. He moves her hair from her face.

HERCULES
Hera.

Sophie moves her gaze from the floor to Hercules. His look is piercing. Sophie shakes, straightening herself. She chokes on the flowers.

SOPHIE
Hera...

Sophie gags. She manages to spit some flowers out.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Heracles...

Hercules takes a step back. He lets loose a huge roar.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Heracles!

He steps to her. He puts his hand in the flowers and brings a handful up to her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

No, please no.

He moves his hand towards her mouth and then stuffs it full of flowers. She cries out, but Hercules holds his hand over her mouth, tighter than the first time.

Once Sophie has stopped resisting, he bends down and picks up the torch. He holds it out over another lit one until it catches alight.

He lowers it towards Sophie's feet. She kicks out.

Hercules grabs her legs and squeezes. SNAP. Her left shin breaks. Her scream is muffled.

The torch is held against the wood on the floor. It catches.

Sophie, in pain struggles and holds her legs as high up and as tucked close to her body as she can, dangling by her arms.

Marc watches from the darkness.

MARC

Ok, breathe Marc, breathe. You've got this. Stay calm. Be calculated. Nothing crazy stupid.

Hercules stands and examines.

CRASH.

Hercules is hit side on by a four by four vehicle and is flung out into the darkness.

The driver's door opens and CLAIRE jumps out.

She looks over to the pyre.

CLAIRE

Sophie!

She sees Sophie dangling, holding her legs up, and the fire below her. Then, she looks out towards the darkness. And back to Sophie.

Claire kicks dirt over the fire, but this does nothing to put it out.

She takes her jumper off. Reaches into the car. Brings out the bottle of water. She drenches her jumper. Throws it over the fire. The fire hisses. Fights. She empties the bottle over it. It dies.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Sophie!

Claire pulls at the rope that's tying Sophie to the shrine. It doesn't come loose. Sophie tries to call out. Claire puts her fingers into Sophie's mouth and scoops out some of the flowers. Sophie spits out the rest, crying out for help from her sister.

SOPHIE

Claire! Please, please, please.

Claire lifts Sophie, but still can't get the rope to loosen.

There's a roar from Hercules, further panicking the sisters.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't leave me!

CLAIRE

Not a chance!

Claire's eyes follow the rope. There's a loose end. She grabs it and ties it to the tow hook of the vehicle.

She jumps into the car and presses the accelerator.

The rope slips.

SOPHIE

Claire!

Claire reverses the car. Jumps out. Takes the rope and ties wraps it around the tow hook.

In the car, she presses the accelerator.

The rope tightens. The pyre comes crashing down and with it, Sophie.

Claire runs to her sister.

CLAIRE

You're ok. You're ok.

Hercules roars in the darkness.

Marc runs over to Hercules and swings a punch.

Hercules, unfazed and making his way to the girls, grabs Marc by the head and crushes his skull.

Marc's body drops to the floor.

Claire helps Sophie get to her feet and pushes her into the vehicle, following quickly behind her. She slams the door.

It stops.

A hand. The girls scream.

Claire floors the accelerator and the car drives through some torches and around the bodies of the other victims.

Hercules watches them drive, only the back lights keeping them in view.

The brake lights come on.

The car swings around. The headlights are bright.

Hercules cocks his head.

The car speeds towards him.

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - NIGHT

The drive is fast and bumpy. Claire is focused. Sophie holds on tightly.

CLAIRE
Seatbelt.

Sophie scrambles and clicks the seatbelt in.

EXT. DARTMOOR'S TOR - NIGHT

The car slams into Hercules, pinning him against the tor. He roars.

Claire gets out of the car and marches to the passenger door.

CLAIRE
Out.

She lifts Sophie out of the vehicle. Sophie grimaces in pain when she's put down onto her bad leg.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Did he do this?

Claire looks at Sophie's leg and before she could answer, Claire paces to the back doors. She opens it and pulls out the fuel canister.

Hercules lifts the front of the car. It shifts.

But, he drops it.

He adjusts. Tries again. The car groans.

It doesn't budge. He roars out.

Claire tips fuel over him and raises the lighter.

Hercules frantically tries to shift the vehicle.

SOPHIE

God's don't panic.

CLAIRE

Men do.

A flame emerges from the lighter and Claire throws it at Hercules.

He is engulfed in flames.

EXT. DARTMOOR CAMP - DAWN

CLAIRE holds up SOPHIE as they emerge towards their camp. It's calm. Just the tents flapping in the wind.

They stand still, taking it in.

Claire looks over to the car and its smashed window. She gently puts Sophie down who winces as her weight shifts.

Claire moves to the car.

She examines the broken glass, and the blood caught in it.

She looks out to the moors. It's empty.

Back to the car. She spots the keys in the ignition.

A gargling noise.

Claire looks at the floor and her eyes follow a trail of blood.

PETE is on the floor, gasping for air, blood trickling from his neck.

His head drops, he's looking directly at Claire.

He reaches out.

Claire doesn't react.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S CAR - MORNING

CLAIRE is in the driver's seat, SOPHIE slumped beside her, pale and shaking.

Claire turns the key. It stutters.

Again. Nothing.

The sisters look at each other. Sophie looks at Claire's hands. They're bloody.

Claire turns the key a third time.

The engine groans, then, catches.

There's no reaction from the girls. They simply breathe.

Sophie picks something up from the dashboard.

A single flower. She turns it in her fingers, staring at it.

Sophie opens the glovebox and retrieves a lighter.

Flick. A flame.

She brings it to the flower. It catches and the flame travels slowly across the stem.

Claire watches her. She watches the flower curl. And then, turn to ash.

She stares ahead.

FADE OUT.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

In a car repair shop, CLAIRE is working under the bonnet. Her hands are dirty.

DAD walks in beside her.

DAD
You want to loosen that first.

She looks at him. Blunt.

CLAIRE
I know.

Dad pauses. Then, smiles. He steps back while Claire continues working. She looks confident.

Outside, and engine rumbles.

Claire glances up.

Through the open garage doors, she sees a four by four pull in. It's the same colour as Clive's.

She freezes.

She shakes it off. Back to the car.

CLANG. A sudden heavy drop from further inside the garage.

She turns.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Dad?

Silence.

She puts her tools down.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Dad?

She walks, slowly towards another car.

Claire turns and looks around the back.

Dad's legs protrude from underneath. The jack has collapsed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Dad!

She runs to him and tugs at his body. He won't budge. He's not responding to her.

Blood trickles out from underneath the car.

The sound of a footstep.

She freezes.

Another footstep. She twitches.

Slowly, she bends down and looks underneath the car.

Dad's head has been crushed in.

A bare foot appears on the other side.

Claire darts up and puts her back against the car. Her breathing is sharp and shallow.

She takes a breath.

Stands and turns to face... HERCULES.

Claire looks to the outside. Then, back at him.

Her breathing steadies.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a lighter. Claire glares at him.

END.