

WE THREE

A tale within the woods.

By Nathan Ivery

Based on a short story by Nathan Ivery

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EXT CARPARK. DAY

We open on an empty car park, a red Hyundai appears and pulls up into a space, CUT TO a close up of the car mirror. we see a man staring into space, his troubled face lingers for a beat, before stepping out of the car.

CUT TO a high angle mid shot of the trunk of the car. We see a battered shovel in the boot and two outstretched hands reach down and grab them. Before fading to Black.

EXT. THE WOODS ENTRANCE. DAY.

we hard cut from a back screen to a wide shot of the entrance to the woods. it's a cold windy day. the whole area is deserted apart from one solitary person. dressed in red carrying a rucksack on his back and a large shovel in his hand. whilst this is happening we hear a voice over saying:

THE NARRATOR

I'm going back to the woods today, I'm Gonna bury them. I'm Gonna end it. Who knows If I will return from that place the same man, if I even return at all.

We reverse the shot and see the man walking towards the camera as he enters the woods. Behind him there are three mysterious figures in the background watching him from as far. dressed in back parkers wearing black expressionless masks.

THE NARRATOR

These woods that have grown with me and become entangled with my life like a snake wrapping itself around its prey, these trees that were once beautiful, fantastical and full of adventure. Now sit in their roots watching the ravages of time. This town which once offered me comfort and safety now feels like Limbo. Full of old haunts and memories of long forgotten times. Once I returned here, I was reminded of my own in significance of this colossal universe. I am destined to die in this shit heap if I do not bury you.

Whilst he speaks we see B role of the various locations situated within the woods. this then overlays over the continued image of the man walking. (Providing a dream like quality). He walks deep into the woods until he is out of sight. The figures have now caught up and begin to walk in the same direction.

THE NARRATOR

I'm going to the woods today, because I need things to end, to kill that part of myself that longs for the past. I am haunted by the shadows of what could have been and what can never be. I myself am becoming a shadow. An amalgamation of pain, anger, guilt and sorrow the worst of the worst. Whilst THEY continue to grow in the sunlight. Shedding their leaves and becoming... something new.

EXT. CLIFFTOP WOODS. DAY

we see a low angle shot of the man looking out of the distance surveying his surroundings the 3 figures have now approached him, they are close and begin to grab hold of the man. he hear him drop the shovel.

CUT TO. a MID SHOT that moves into a CLOSE UP of the man. his face contorted eyes closed as he tries to remove the figures from his mind. As he opens them again we pull back revealing they have gone again.

CUT TO. A low shot of a hand picking the Shovel up before exiting to the right, out of frame. the Narration picks up again as we linger for a beat on the space where the shovel lay.

EXT. DEEP WOODS. DAY

We hear the shovel clang as it digs deep into the earth. Fade into a low angle close up of the hole before pulling back as a wide. revealing the 3 figures who dissolve into reality from behind the trees.

(We see them slowly getting closer every time we CUT BACK to the wide, throughout the scene.)

CUT TO. close up of the man's hand, in the palm we see 3 different items of trinkets, one ring. one stone. one Key. We CUT TO back to the wide shot as he throws the items into the hole. the figures have hands outstretched as they are almost within reach.

We have a high angle shot of the camera facing upwards as we see the man shoveling dirt over camera until the dirt completely obscures the view.

THE NARRATOR

I'm going the woods today because I cannot let in the ones, I truly love. The ones who understand me and my flaws and love me anyway. There isn't any room left inside my heart, it still belongs to them. That is why I am going to the woods.

Whilst this happens we see the 3 figures finally reach the man in a claustrophobic Mid shot. Arms outstretched. Finally coming for him. They are close now, that they engulf the screen and swarm the man.

THE NARRATOR

Almost a year to the day I left that house and all the terrible ghosts who inhabited it, so why do they visit me in my dreams? Why do they offer promises of redemption only for me to wake alone in the dark?

I'm going to the woods today because it was always going to be me to take this pilgrimage. My sins are my own and I understand what I must do, but my soul will no longer carry the weight of memories of you and all the emotions that come with them.

CUT TO a wide shot of The 3 figures surround and take off their masks one by one before dissolving into a fade. Our Protagonist finally acknowledges them and looks death in the face.

CUT TO. A close up of a mask on the floor which transitions to the mask on fire.

THE NARRATOR

Our time together was complicated and even wonderful for a short while. But I will finally put you all to rest.

In the woods we used to play when we were young, is where the memories shall stay. Perhaps I shall find the love that was lost and if not that, then perhaps I shall find peace.

EXT. THE WOODS ENTRANCE. DAY.

THE NARRATOR

I'm going to the woods today because they deserve to rest. We three deserve rest. I need rest.

CUT TO. a reverse shot of the opening, we see the man return from out of the woods. as he heads back to his car. the sun is out. we see a glimmer of hope on his face as the future is now open to him. A fourth Figure obscured from view walks in front of camera Cutting to black. Credits roll.

THE END