

EXT. FOREST

Michelle is the worse for wear. Dirty, bloody, clothes torn. She wakes slowly, blinks hard against the light, holds her head as she gingerly rises.

Michelle sits in a thick bed of leaves, neatly built up. She turns her head and freezes. Wild berries, nuts, leafy twigs and a granola bar in wrapper sit in a neat pile on a tree stump some feet away.

MICHELLE
Hello!

She squeezes her head and moans in agony. She lowers her hands and sees blood.

MICHELLE
Oh shit.

She tries to stand, staggers, falls back down, bites back a scream, and clutches her knee.

MICHELLE
James?

She grabs the hem of her torn shirt and rips off a strip, wraps it around her knee and binds it tight.

MICHELLE
Okay. Okay. Let's think. When lost in the woods and hurt, the best thing to do is stay put.

She glances around the woods.

MICHELLE
And wait for the nice bear to come and eat you.

She grabs a big stick and wobbles to her feet, staggers to the granola bar and snatches it up.

MICHELLE
Thank you granola fairy. Now I just need ET to show up and help me phone home.

A twig SNAPS nearby. She spins around, loses her balance, falls. She drops her granola bar as she rolls down a hill. She lands at the bottom along a creek bank, dizzy.

