

## THE ONES WE LOVE TREATMENT

Logline: A couple's romantic camping trip is interrupted when they are forced to confront a situation similar to a past trauma.

An old run down shack with splintered and decaying wood sits at the end of an open field surrounded by aspen trees. The splintering thuds of shoes on old wood can be heard. On the third kick, the frame of the door snaps and the door to swings open. Daisy, a young women around 19 years old wearing skinny dark gray jeans with rips in the knees, a white shirt and baby blue button up over it, stands in the doorway, illuminated by the soft light of the morning sun stretched from the doorway into a narrow hallway. She lets out a sigh of relief from her accomplishment as she rubs her right hand, a little cut up from the wood. She strolls down the hallway which quickly opens up to a small main room with a work bench in the middle and a pick-nick bench against the wall. The space has been invaded by veins of fungi threaded throughout the walls and grass peaking up through the floorboards. The only other source of light is a broken window, whos drapes flow ever so slightly in the wind allowing a soft glow to consume the room. Daisy gasps as she sees a guitar resting on the side of the pick-nick bench. She sits on the bench and puts the guitar on her lap. Her damaged right hand starts to tremble as she stretches out her scraped fingers and closes them in preparation. Her hand moves to the strings and strums an open chord then twists the nob on the end of the guitar neck to tune it. Daisy then starts playing *Future Days* by Pearl Jam.

The sky is lit ablaze, orange, red and purple streaks stretch all throughout the mountain skyline and reflect off the glistening lake. Gabby, about 25 years old with long brown hair wearing a jacket over a hoodie, jeans, hiking boots and a beanie, stands on the rocky beach at the edge of the water. She takes her gloved hands out of her jacket pockets and links them together on the top of her head then takes a deep breath. Her breath can be seen in the brisk mountain air as she exhales. Gabby turns back up the rocky beach with a smile stretched ear to ear. She makes eye contact with Owen, about the same age with wavy dirty blonde hair and a scruffy beard, wearing a similar winter hiking outfit. He has his hoodie up and hands in pockets as he smiles back at her with a coy grin.

Later that night, the campfire pops and crackles sending sparks up past Gabby and Owen's roasting marshmallows into the air to join the stars in lighting the night. They snuggle up against one another as they smile, laugh and joke.

Gabby and Owen, now just in t-shirts, are cuddling in their sleeping bag. Owen has his arms around Gabby. She opens her eyes and looks over her shoulder at Owen behind her. Gabby quickly spins around and gives Owen a kiss on the cheek then turns back around and closes her eyes. They both smile as Owen tightens his arms around Gabby.

It is a gloomy gray afternoon. The rain pours hard hitting the overhang over the doorstep where a younger Gabby with shorter hair and a young clean shaven Owen are sitting in an alleyway. Owen has Gabby wrapped tight in his arms. His hands are stained dark red like wine on a shirt. Gabby's head is buried in Owen's shoulder as she sobs. Tears flow out of bloodshot eyes down Owen's face, mixing with the water droplets that pattern his face.

A smiling Owen in a blank white shirt lays in the sleeping bag with his upper body propped up by his forearm. His eyes are fixed on Gabby, mesmerized, as he listens to her act out a story. Gabby's eyes widen as she throws open her arms to give visual aid to the happy story she is telling. After they get dressed in their layered winter outfits, Owen's hand grabs a rifle leaned up against the side of a tree. He struts over to a playfully smiling Gabby beaming with excitement.

In the rainy alley, a younger Gabby gets slammed into the brick wall by a hooded man so you can barely see his face. He desperately scrambles to unbutton her pants as he pins her face against the brick wall. A figure tackles the man off of Gabby and they hit the ground with a thud.

*Bang!* Gabby fires the rifle with the barrel resting on a tree log. Owen's arms are wrapped around her, helping with her aim. She takes her eyes from behind the crosshairs, grinning. She hands it to Owen who's eyebrows are raised with surprise as he scratches his beard. Owen saunters over in the direction she shot and picks up a dead rabbit with a bullet hole in the side of its lifeless body. He puts it in his bag. He glances at a smirking Gabby who shrugs tauntingly. Owen rolls his eyes and playfully shoves the rifle against her chest.

In the rainy alley, Owen's clean shaven face is twisted, teeth gritted, eyes bulging, and eyebrows furrowed. He keeps punching the hooded man in the face. Over and over as his fist gets bloodier and bloodier with every hit. Gabby cries off to the side, unable to watch. Owen keeps punching. From off screen Gabby jumps on Owen's back, restraining his fist by sliding her fingers to interlock with his.

Present day Gabby and Owen laugh, talk and smile as they walk through a tall grass field holding hands.

Gabby trots ahead, rifle slung over her shoulder, and turns around to face Owen as she walks backwards sticking her tongue out at him. He holds up a heart sign with his hands.

All of the sudden, they hear a scream coming from across the field. Owen looks in the direction of the scream then looks back at Gabby who's eyes are wide with worry. She looks back at him and they make eye contact before they both run towards the sound of the scream.

Owen and Gabby barge in through the shack door. They get to the open part of the room to find the guitar smashed, Daisy sprawled out on the ground barely awake with blood running from the side of her head. Standing over her is a man holding a Colt 45 pistol, wearing a trucker hat, flannel, and blue jeans with a belt that he is in the process of unbuckling. He looks up at Owen and Gabby who are frozen in shock. As soon as the man's arm twitches, Owen lunges at him. The man swings the pistol around and fires as Owen grabs it, hitting him in the shoulder. Owen grunts as blood soaks his shirt and jacket. The man shakes him off, throwing him to the ground then raises the gun to his head.

*Bang!*

Owen opens his eyes as the man collapses in front of him. Owen looks back at Gabby, shaking, tightly gripping the gleaming rifle pointed at where the man once stood. She is in a trance, breathing heavily, eyes wide that will not move from their fixed stare. Owen slowly rises and embraces Gabby. She drops the rifle and falls into his arms.