

We Three

written by

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based on the short by Nathan Ivery

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25 June 2023  
Third Draft

Made in Highland

**EXT. CAR PARK - DAY**

We open on an empty car park. A red Hyundai appears and pulls into a space.

CUT TO a close-up of the car mirror. We see a man staring into space, his troubled face lingering for a beat before he steps out of the car.

CUT TO a high-angle mid-shot of the boot of the car. A battered shovel lies inside. Two outstretched hands reach down and grab it before we fade to black.

**EXT. WOODS ENTRANCE - DAY**

We hard cut from a black screen to a wide shot of the entrance to the woods. It's a cold, windy day. The whole area is deserted except for one solitary figure—dressed in red, carrying a rucksack on his back and a large shovel in his hand.

As this unfolds, we hear a voice-over:

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, revealing the man walking towards the camera as he enters the woods. In the background, three mysterious figures appear, standing at a distance, watching him. They are dressed in black parkas, wearing black, expressionless masks.

THE NARRATOR

"These woods have grown with me, entwined in my life like a snake wrapping itself around its prey. These trees—once beautiful, fantastical, full of adventure—now sit in their roots, watching the ravages of time. This town that once offered me comfort and safety now feels like limbo, full of old haunts and memories of forgotten times. Once I returned here, I was reminded of my own insignificance in this colossal universe. I am destined to die in this shithole if I do not bury you."

As he speaks, B-roll footage of the woods overlays the shot, adding a dreamlike quality. The man continues walking deeper into the woods until he is out of sight. The figures begin to follow.

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 am becoming a shadow myself. An amalgamation of pain, anger, guilt, and sorrow—the worst of the worst. And yet, THEY continue to grow in the sunlight, shedding their leaves and becoming.. something new."

**EXT. CLIFFTOP WOODS - DAY**

A low-angle shot shows the man surveying his surroundings. The three figures are now much closer. They reach out and grab him.

We hear the shovel drop.

CUT TO a mid-shot, slowly moving into a close-up. The man's face is contorted, his eyes squeezed shut as if trying to force the figures away. When he opens them again, we pull back—they have vanished.

CUT TO a low-angle shot—a hand picks up the shovel before exiting the frame.

The narration resumes as the camera lingers on the empty space where the shovel once lay.

**EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY**

The clang of metal echoes as the shovel digs into the earth.

FADE IN to a low-angle close-up of the hole before pulling back to a wide shot. The three figures emerge from behind the trees.

(Each time we CUT BACK to the wide shot, they are visibly closer.)

CUT TO a close-up of the man's hand. In his palm, we see three objects:

- One ring
- One stone
- One key

CUT BACK to the wide shot as he throws the objects into the hole. The figures now stand with outstretched hands—almost within reach.

A high-angle shot captures the man shovelling dirt over the camera until the view is completely obscured.

THE NARRATOR

"I'm going to the woods today because I cannot let in the ones who truly love me. The ones who understand my flaws and love me anyway. There is no room left in my heart—it still belongs to them. That is why I am going to the woods."

The three figures finally reach him. In a claustrophobic mid-shot, their arms outstretch, surrounding him.

THE NARRATOR

"Almost a year to the day, I left that house and all the terrible ghosts within it. So why do they visit me in my dreams? Why do they whisper promises of redemption, only for me to wake up alone in the dark?"

"I'm going to the woods today because it was always meant to be me who took this pilgrimage. My sins are my own, and I understand what I must do. But my soul will no longer carry the weight of you... or the memories that come with you."

#### **EXT. WOODS - DAY**

CUT TO a wide shot. The three figures surround the man. One by one, they remove their masks—and then, they dissolve into the air.

The man finally acknowledges them. He looks death in the face.

CUT TO a close-up of a discarded mask on the ground.

DISSOLVE TO the same mask—now on fire.

THE NARRATOR

"Our time together was complicated, but for a short while... it was wonderful. Now, I will finally put you all to rest."

(MORE)

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THE NARRATOR (CONT'D)

"The woods where we once played  
as children—this is where the  
memories shall stay. Perhaps I  
shall find the love that was  
lost. And if not that... then  
maybe, just maybe, I shall find  
peace."

**EXT. 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 scene. The man emerges  
from the woods and heads towards his car.

The sun is shining. A flicker of hope crosses his face.

A fourth figure, obscured from view, steps in front of the  
camera.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.