HOME MOVIES

By

Joseph C. Muscat

RG WGA

©

Brad Rosenfeld
Preferred Artists Agency
818-990-0305

Jonathan Hung
Hung Entertainment Group
323-654-6400

WARNING: EXTREMELY GRAPHIC MATERIAL.

THE FOLLOWING FOOTAGE WAS RETRIEVED FROM A CORRUPTED RECORDABLE COMPACT DISC FOUND IN A CAMCORDER THAT WAS PURCHASED AT A GARAGE SALE BY CENSORED.

AFTER SEEING STRANGE CLIPS ON THE DISC CENSORED GAVE IT TO THE POLICE WHO WERE ABLE TO FIX IT ENOUGH TO PLAY.

JUMBLED JUMPING QUICK IMAGES:

BLOOD UNDER A DOOR FRAME.

A LAUGHING COUPLE AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

THREE MEN RUNNING THROUGH DARK WOODS.

THE COUPLE AT A PICNIC.

THE CAMCORDER SMACKED OUT OF SOMEBODY'S HAND BY AN ANGRY MAN.

THE COUPLE FISHING ON A BOAT.

FROM THE DARK WOODS SOMEBODY WHISTLING A HAUNTING MELODY.

THE COUPLE DRIVING ON A ROAD TRIP -- SINGING TO THE RADIO.

SCREAMING IN THE WOODS -- GUNSHOTS -- SCREAMING:

MAN (O.S.)
God help me!

ERROR 202 -- FLASHES ON A STARK BLUE SCREEN.

The SOUND of a computer drive struggling to read the disc, resetting itself, then:

BLACK SCREEN: BEEP.

TIMESTAMP ON THE CORNER OF THE SCREEN: May 5th, 2011

EXT. BEACH - HAWAII - DAY

Shaky hand-held image of the clear blue sky and the ocean. It's absolutely serene. The camcorder turns to a woman lying on the golden sand in a bikini.

MAX (O.S.)
Sabrina... say spaghetti.

SABRINA
Spaghetti?

SABRINA KING: 30s, blonde hair, blue eyes, an old world beauty, looks up at her husband.

MAX (O.S.)
My grandfather used to say that instead of cheese.

SABRINA
You come from a strange family.

MAX (O.S.)
Oh really?

Max's hand comes into frame and starts tickling Sabrina.

SABRINA
Stop! Max! Stop it!

But Max persists until Sabrina snatches the camcorder from him. The image jumps, until she turns it on MAX KING: late 30s, chiseled features, good shape and ice gray eyes.

SABRINA (O.S.)
Show me that smile I fell in love with.

He gives an exaggerated smirk.

SABRINA
Nice, honey.

She turns the camcorder around, at arms length so both of them are in frame.

SABRINA
Together now.

SABRINA MAX
Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

Max leans over and kisses Sabrina. She puts the camcorder down, which is still running, now filming the sand and towel.

Then, Sabrina and Max flop into frame, embraced in a kiss.

<u>THE IMAGE JUMPS -- BECOMES FILLED WITH STATIC: BEEP</u>.

A haphazard image appears, moving too quickly for us to make out where we are. Voices can be heard, unspecified noises, a chaotic blend of sounds.

TIMESTAMP: July 14th, 2012

The image starts to settle:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

SABRINA AND MAX -- TIED AND GAGGED -- LYING ON THE FLOOR.

The camcorder sweeps the room revealing THREE MEN ransacking the house for valuables.

This is a home invasion.

LUKE -- tall, lanky, probably combs his hair with motor grease and wearing a dirty T-shirt leans over Sabrina.

He runs his hand over her breast...

LUKE
You're nice and soft. And you smell so good.

Sticking his nose in her hair, Sabrina is helpless to stop him. Doing a double-take, Luke notices he's being recorded and turns to cameraman.

LUKE
What you got there, Tate?

TATE (O.S.)
Found it over there.

Luke walks over and snatches the camcorder out of Tate's hands. We get a quick look at Tate while Luke examines the camera. TATE: 20s, mousy, unsure, something quite not right with him, the twinkle in his eye a drop dull.

LUKE
It's a piece of junk, stupid.

He tosses it back to Tate, the image tumbling end over end, as Tate fumbles and drops the camcorder to the floor.

STATIC -- BLACK.

ERROR 202.

The image snaps back on to Luke arguing with FRANK: tall, sure of himself and has the muscles to back up what he means.

FRANK
You call my brother...
(points to Tate)
...stupid again, I'm gonna put your head through a fucking wall!

LUKE
Try it.

Frank bears down on Luke, who's ready for a fight, then...

BENTLEY (O.S.)
That's enough.

The image turns to BENTLEY: a quiet dangerous calm to him, the type that could explode at any moment, eyes that are always threatening, making anybody talking to him... *uneasy*.

BENTLEY
Luke, leave the boy alone.

Luke backs down.

BENTLEY
And, Frank, just so you know, I'm not too crazy about your...
(treading carefully)
...developmentally challenged brother tagging along, but I need Luke tonight, and you fucking him up ain't gonna help.

Luke bristles at the notion that he wouldn't stand a chance against Frank.

LUKE
I'm gonna go check upstairs.

As he takes off, taking the stairs two at a time, Bentley returns to rifling through some drawers. Frank walks over to Tate.

FRANK
You okay?

TATE (O.S.)
I'm fine, Frank. I found this camera over there, see.

He leads Frank over to a drawer. A jewel case is still inside. Frank grabs it, written on the front:

FRANK
Home movies.

TATE (O.S.)
(having trouble with next word)
Comzat...Compza..

FRANK
Compilation.

TATE (O.S.)
Is it okay, Frank? Can I take it.

FRANK
Yeah, yeah it’s fine.

Frank is obviously very protective of his brother, a gentle tone to his voice when he deals with him and only him.

Noises from upstairs, banging and shuffling. Luke barrels down the stairs, returning...

LUKE
Not much up there, grabbed a couple of things. I’m gonna go check that shed out back.

BENTLEY
For what? Some worthless tools? Leave it be.

LUKE
That stuff’s worth money too.

A look from Bentley shuts Luke up right quick.

BENTLEY
We should get going.

With that, he pulls a .38 HANDGUN from his belt and walks over to...

MAX & SABRINA.

FRANK
Is this really necessary?

BENTLEY
You fucking kidding me?

Luke guffaws at Frank, taking out his .38 HANDGUN.

FRANK
Robbing these people is a crime, anything else is a sin.

BENTLEY
Frank, you know as well as I do to make sure none of us talk, we all need to do the deed.
(beat)
Fuck, you go soft in prison?

FRANK
Just had a lot of time to think. A lot of time.

LUKE
(gripping his gun)
If you ain't with us, you against us, right, Bentley?

BENTLEY
Yeah. Right.

He stares hard at Frank with those unforgiving eyes, making his threat clear.

Frank pulls out his .45. They all walk over to Max & Sabrina. Bentley gets down on his haunches before them.

BENTLEY
This here that's about to happen, it's not personal. It's just bad luck our paths crossing like this.
(beat)
I mean, how many houses you see before you bought this one, out here in the middle of nowhere, huh? Crazy, ain't it? If you would have decided on any other place, you'd be alive this here next morning.
(beat)
But you didn't.

His speech is nothing more than cruel, taunting his prey, and enjoying it as he flashes them a grin.

FRANK
Bentley, leave it be already. Let's just get it over with.

Standing back up, Bentley backs away as he, Luke and Frank raise their guns.

TATE (O.S.)
(under his breath)
Oh no...
(piping up quick)
Don't be scared!

All eyes turn to him, including Max & Sabrina, all *curious*.

TATE (O.S.)
You're going to a better place. My Mom and Dad are there, Frank told me so.

Luke chuckles savagely at the notion.

BENTLEY
Okay.
(to Max and Sabrina)
Time to go to that better place.

GUNFIRE -- MAX & SABRINA ARE MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.

A splatter of blood jumps onto the lens. Tate turns the camera around, his face front and center as he wipes it off with his shirt before putting it back to his eye.

Bentley turns and sees Tate with the camera and...

BENTLEY
Did you just tape that? Huh!?

TATE (O.S.)
I... I...

Angry, Bentley KNOCKS the camera out of Tate's hands. The image tumbles end over end...

THE PICTURE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Max and Sabrina walking together. A segment of the home movies on the complication disc.

TIMESTAMP: January, 6th, 2010

MAX (O.S.)
You cold?

SABRINA
No. I'm good.

Pulling back, Max films Sabrina, who's being shy.

MAX (O.S.)
Don't hide. You have no reason to with a face like that.

SABRINA
Always the charmer.

MAX (O.S.)
It's true. There's nobody in the world I'd rather spend the rest of my life with. You know that.

SABRINA
You sure about that? That's a long time.

MAX (O.S.)
Never been more sure of anything.

Sabrina turns red.

MAX (O.S.)
You're blushing!

Now, Sabrina really tries to hide her face.

SABRINA
Max!

The moment of fun passes and Sabrina becomes very serious.

SABRINA
Max. Do you still really love me?

MAX (O.S.)
What? What kind of question is that?

SABRINA
It's just... we've been together a long time and sometimes I worry that you'll... grow tired of our life.

MAX (O.S.)
(with a chuckle)
Sabrina. How could you think such a thing?

SABRINA
A woman's mind wanders. Sometimes to very strange places.

MAX (O.S.)
Obviously.
(beat)
Here.

He hands her the camcorder, the image bobbles. Max is being recorded now.

Max runs to a park bench and climbs atop it, using it as a makeshift stage and..

MAX
(singing loudly)
Come on, come on touch me baby!
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
Can't you see that I am not afraid.
What was that promise that you made.

People passing by stare, some smile, others frown, as Max belts out the Doors classic. Sabrina giggles, enjoying Max's lively answer to her question.

MAX
(singing)
Now I'm gonna love you, till the heavens stop the rain, now I'm gonna love you, till the stars fall from the sky...
(big flourish)
... for you and I...

SABRINA (O.S.)
(under her breath)
I love you too.

As Max continues to serenade Sabrina it's sad to remember they're *dead.*

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

TIMESTAMP: July 14th, 2012

The car is moving. In the backseat are Frank and Tate.

FRANK
You get it working again?

TATE
I think so.

The lens is pointed at the both of them as Tate fumbles with the camcorder between his knees.

TATE
It's making strange noises though.

He lifts up the camcorder and puts it to his ear, affording us a view of the front seat where Bentley drives and Luke rides shotgun.

TATE (O.S.)
Sounds like it's recording now.

T*his explains why the disc is corrupted, jumping back and forth between Max & Sabrina's home movie compilation as it's recorded over by Tate.*

Tate swings the camcorder to the back window where a long road snakes through the woods behind them.

He messes with the zoom and reveals in the distance...

MAX & SABRINA'S HOUSE.

Turning around, the zoom is still full and locks on the REARVIEW MIRROR where...

BENTLEY'S RIGID EYES ARE FIXED ON TATE.

Rattled by the look, Tate pulls back the zoom so that everybody in the car is visible again.

BENTLEY
Frank. You best make sure that disc is erased later. You hear me?

LUKE
Yeah, man, I get the chair because your brother taped what we done, there'll be hell to pay.

FRANK
Lethal injection.

LUKE
What?

FRANK
Only Alabama, Florida, South Carolina and Virginia have the chair anymore.

BENTLEY
(sarcastic)
Well thank God we in the great state of Louisiana where they kill ya civilized.

Luke and Bentley share a laugh. Luke starts rooting through a bag of loot he snagged from the house at his feet.

TATE
Frank, are we gonna die by injection?

BENTLEY
(beating Frank to the punch)
Not tonight.

He again stares at Tate through the rearview with that unnerving stare of his.

LUKE (O.S.)
Look at this.

Tate turns the camera on Luke's find: in his hand is some very ornate and VINTAGE JEWELRY.

LUKE
This stuff is antique.
(he pulls out another)
Look at the jewel on this one.

He holds up a necklace with a brilliant RED SAPPHIRE at the center, like something you would see in a museum display.

FRANK
That can't be real. Let me see.

Luke clutches the necklace.

LUKE
You can see with your eyes, not your hands.

Frank sighs. Luke keeps on checking the haul.

LUKE
Man, this stuff must be worth a fortune. Look at this diamond ring.

He's fondling a four carat diamond easy.

FRANK
May I?
(exasperated)
Please?

Luke finally hands over the ring.

LUKE
Remember where you got that from.

Frank checks out the ring. Tate zooms on it, bringing it front and center, the focus fuzzy before he pulls back again.

FRANK
I don't think it's real.

LUKE
What? Bullshit! Give it here.

FRANK
If it's real, it should cut glass...

He runs it over the passenger window and it...

<u>MAKES A CUT RIGHT ACROSS THE GLASS</u>.

Frank stifles, realizing the ring is *real*.

TATE (O.S.)
Wow.

BENTLEY
Well, Frank, guess you're wrong.
(muted glee)
For once.

Staring at the diamond ring...

FRANK
Guess I was.

LUKE
Lemme see.

He holds out his hand, Frank handing it over. Luke checks out the gem under the dim overhead light.

LUKE
I think you scratched it.

BENTLEY
You can't scratch a diamond, dummy.

Tate gives an innocent laugh at the quip. Luke spins on him with a sneer.

LUKE
What you laughing at, stu...

He goes quiet, his eyes on Frank, who Tate turns the camera on, showing him wearing a mean as shit look that says: 'Don't you dare.'

BENTLEY
Hey, what's that up there?

All eyes turn to Bentley pointing down the road. Tate focuses the camera there as well.

LUKE
What?

BENTLEY
Right there.

He clicks the brights, which catch, in the distance...

<u>A WOMAN BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD</u>.

FRANK
She hitching?

LUKE
Her thumb ain't out.

BENTLEY
Where'd she come from all the way out here?

LUKE
Let's pick her up.
(with a leer)
Have a little party. What'ya'say?

As they get closer, Bentley slows down.

BENTLEY
Open the window. See what her deal is.

Luke starts rolling down the window with delight, anticipating a good time.

The Woman stands stock still. The wind blows her hair across her face, concealing her completely, but she makes no move to brush it back.

LUKE
Hey, honey. Need a ride?

The wind shifts. The Woman's hair moves from the front of her face to reveal...

SABRINA.

LUKE
(recoils)
Jesus!

Bentley floors it, wheels belching dirt as it takes off in a cloud of dust. The image bobbles as Tate is thrown back.

FRANK
Stop the car!
(Bentley doesn't listen)
Stop the Goddamn car!

Finally, Bentley hits the breaks.

BENTLEY
What!? Why...!?

Frank exits the car quickly, ignoring Bentley. Tate follows.

BENTLEY
Frank!?

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Tate wait for the tire dust to clear the road.

A tentative Bentley and Luke finally join them. Silence as they lock their gazes on the spot they saw Sabrina. The dust dissipates, but...

THERE'S NOBODY THERE.

Tate scans the area with the camcorder, searching, but not finding a *soul*.

FRANK
That was her.

LUKE
Yeah, I saw her too. The girl we...

He trails off at the obvious...

BENTLEY
Couldn't be.

LUKE
We all saw her face clear as day, man!

BENTLEY
I don't know what I saw.

LUKE
No, no, I... I know what I saw.
(freaking out)
It was her!

TATE (O.S.)
It was a ghost.

Spooked eyes turn to Tate and stare at him with dread. Then...

A WHISTLING KNIFES THROUGH THE SILENCE.

This bunch of murderers just about jump out of their skins.

Tate swings the camcorder around and...

TATE (O.S.)
There!

His free hand points to...

MAX.

Leaning against a tree, watching them.

LUKE
No... no Goddamn way.

Bentley pulls his .38.

BENTLEY
I've had enough of this shit.

He runs into the woods, Frank following. Luke and Tate hang back.

TATE (O.S.)
Luke. You scared?

LUKE
(pulls his gun)
Shut the fuck up.

Pissed at himself for being scared, especially so for having Tate point it out, Luke rushes into the woods.

Not comfortable being alone, Tate quickly follows.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Max takes a step behind the tree.

Bentley is there seconds later, but...

NO MAX.

Holding out his gun, Bentley searches for a target but finds no one. Spinning, he's suddenly aiming at...

FRANK
Whoa! Whoa!

Bentley is already pulling the trigger, forced to drop the barrel to the ground and BAM! -- puts one into the ground.

FRANK
Jesus!

He takes a deep breath, almost getting his head shot off.

BENTLEY
Don't sneak up behind me like that!

Frank gives Bentley a ‘are you kidding me’ glance. Luke and Tate stand there, out of breath. The image see-saws as Tate breathes heavily.

BENTLEY
Where the hell’d he go!

FRANK
That was the guy, her husband, man. No doubt about it.

LUKE
They’re dead.
(unsure)
We killed them.

BENTLEY
(sure)
Yeah... we did.

LAUGHING ECHOES -- A MAN AND A WOMAN -- *MAX & SABRINA*.

The group spins around, looking for the source of the sound, but can find nothing and nobody.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank... I want to go.

He’s scared, the others are as well, but Tate is the only one who’ll admit it.

Bentley raises his gun looking for a target, desperate for one.

BENTLEY
Come on, show yourself!

FRANK
(re: gun)
That didn’t do much good before, what makes you think it will now?

The laughing become unnerving.

LUKE
Shit! Shut up!

Ignoring Frank’s logic, Bentley keeps on searching the surrounding woods. Then the laughing simply...

STOPS DEAD.

The wind whistles through the trees as the group doesn’t make a move, listening carefully.

TATE (O.S.)
They’re gone.

LUKE
Who’s gone!? What...

He’s discombobulated, uncertain of what to make of what’s happening, pacing manically.

LUKE
I’m dreaming, that’s it, I’m having a nightmare. I just have to wake up. That’s all, I just have to wake up.

Bentley CLOCKS Luke across the jaw with his gun, dropping him to the ground with a bloody lip.

BENTLEY
You up now?

He saunters off, lighting a cigarette, staring into the woods, contemplating what he’s just seen.

FRANK
Come on, let’s get back to the car.

LUKE
Yeah, man. I’m going back to the car.

He picks himself up and starts marching back to the car in a huff and a hurry. Frank and Tate start walking too. Holding up and turning back...

FRANK
Bentley! Let’s go.

Bentley is still staring into the darkness, very confused, wanting answers, taking a hard drag from the butt.

Taking the cigarette, he blows on the end until it’s red hot and...

PRESSES IT INTO THE TOP OF HIS HAND.

There’s a sizzle as Bentley bites the pain down. Lifting the butt up, he looks around, expecting something to happen.

BENTLEY
Shit.

Satisfied he’s not sleeping either, he tosses the butt.

FRANK
Bentley!

Finally, Bentley starts back to the car, fast, walking past Frank and Tate, not saying a word.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank. They're mad at us.

FRANK
Yeah, I know, Tate.

TATE (O.S.)
They probably want to hurt us... on account of what *we* did to them.

Frank stops in his tracks and stares at his little brother.

FRANK
Listen to me, okay. You didn't do anything.

He paces, searching for the right words to phrase his thoughts.

FRANK
You shouldn't be with me, Tate. No good will ever come of you being with me.

TATE (O.S.)
I got no place else to go, Frank. Before Mom died, she said, you're not a good man, but... things change.

FRANK
That's what she said, huh? Well...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

FRANK
...so.... don't...

ERROR 202.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

TIMESTAMP: December 31st, 1999

It's a New Year's Eve Party. The camcorder is being passed around to friends who are wishing Max & Sabrina a happy new year.

FRIEND #1
Uh... Max, Sabrina, happy new year and many more!

The camera is juggled around among partygoers, somebody grabs it and turns it on a woman...

FRIEND #2
What... oh... me. Max, Sabrina, we love you, you're the best!

Somebody who's had a little too much to drink manhandles the camcorder, mumbling...

FRIEND #3
Y2K... world ends tonight. Party like it's 1999... because it is!
(spills drink onto the lens)
Shit.

He wipes it with a napkin.

FRIEND #4 (O.S.)
Give me that!

A hand snatches the camera away from the drunkard...

FRIEND #4 (O.S.)
Say something.

FRIEND #5
Max! Sabrina! Happy New Year! 2000 is gonna be great! It's...
(beat)
Hey, it's almost midnight!

The camera searches the crowd and finds Max and Sabrina.

FRIEND #4 (O.S.)
Guys! Guys! Anything to say?

MAX
To great friends!

SABRINA
And great husbands!

A laugh rides through the crowd. Then...

PARTGOERS
Eight, seven, six, five, four, three two, one...
(big finish)
Happy New Year!

Auld Lang Syne plays as Max and Sabrina kiss.

THE IMAGE DISSOLVES SLOWLY INTO STATIC:

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

TIMESTAMP: July 14th, 2012

The image slowly pans around the car quietly, as if it's not supposed to be, intruding on the quiet brooding currently going on.

Nobody says a word, the recent events rendering everybody speechless.

Bentley looks around, confused. He hits the breaks and the car comes to a screeching halt. Tate drops the camcorder which face plants on the floor.

TATE (O.S.)
Oh.

Tate picks it up, his face front and center as he wipes off the lens, blowing on it to get the clinging dust free.

FRANK (O.S.)
What's wrong?

Tate continues filming. Bentley doesn't answer Frank, instead exiting the car and walking to the front, standing in the headlights.

LUKE
What got into him?

FRANK
Let's find out.

Luke exits, Frank about to when he looks over at Tate, and notices the camcorder...

FRANK
Didn't I tell you to put that away?

The image moves up, then down... Tate shrugging.

FRANK
(sighing)
Stay here.

Frank exits and joins Luke and Bentley. Quietly, Tate opens the door and follows, trying to be a fly on the wall as he records.

LUKE
Lost? How'd that happen?

FRANK
Yeah, was only a couple of miles to the highway...

FRANK
We've been driving too long, we should have hit the highway by now.
(looking around)
But I don't see any highway. Do you?

He stares into the distance, only more and more deep dark woods as far as the eye can see.

LUKE
Damn!

He kicks the dirt and meanders around.

FRANK
There's a lot of back roads out here. You must have turned onto one of them in the dark and didn't realize it.

BENTLEY
No shit.

Frank pulls out his cell...

FRANK
Anybody get a signal out here?

Everybody checks their respective devices... nada.

LUKE
You got a map in the glove compartment?

He's heading back to the car to check...

FRANK
Map ain't gonna do you no good if you don't know where you're at.

BENTLEY
Besides, you see any fucking street signs.

Holding up, his plan being shit-canned...

LUKE
So what'da we gonna do now?

No answers, as everybody looks into the dark woods and thinks it over.

FRANK
I think we should hold up until morning so we can get our bearings.

LUKE
Fuck that! I'm not hanging out here until morning. Uh uh.

He stares into the woods, seeing if *anybody's* out there.

LUKE
No way. No Goddamn way.

BENTLEY
I rather stay on the move.

Tate gets in close with the camcorder and catches something in Bentley's eyes...

FEAR.

Seeing Tate locked on him, Bentley fumes, and pushes the camera away....

BENTLEY
Get that thing outta my face!

The image bobbles.

FRANK
Hey! How many times I gotta tell you to keep your hands offa him!?

BENTLEY
Well keep him away from me!

LUKE
(still keeping watch on the woods)
Let's keep moving. Yeah. Moving target is harder to hit. Right?

He heads back to the car, Bentley following. Frank sidles over to Tate.

FRANK
You okay?

TATE (O.S.)
Yeah. I'm good.

FRANK
Do me a favor, stay away from him.

TATE (O.S.)
(image nods)
Frank.
(he turns back)
I'm sorry for being, you know, a little slow. I try hard, but things just come...

FRANK
Hey, you don't have to apologize to me. Especially not because of these two assholes.

Tate nods, but the vibe he's giving off is glum judging by Frank's expression who picks up on it with a sigh.

FRANK
Hey, remember those two guys who used to make fun of you in school?

Quiet, Tate doesn't.

FRANK
Murray and Isaac. Murray bags groceries for a living now and still manages to fuck that up. Isaac?

TATE
He got married...

FRANK
To an ugly woman and had two ugly kids.

Tate laughs a little, his mood lightened.

FRANK
None of these people are better than you, remember that.

The HORN blares, Bentley impatient, waving Frank and Tate to get a move on.

BENTLEY
Come on!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The group settles in as Bentley tries to turn the engine over. But the starter struggles with a WHINE, no dice.

BENTLEY
What's...

SMASH! -- A ROCK CRASHES THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD.

LUKE
Jesus!

BENTLEY
Where'd that...!

SMASH! -- ANOTHER ROCK SHATTERS THE BACK WINDSHIELD.

The image bobbles as Tate records a ROCK coming out of the darkness and right at him.

FRANK
Look out!

He pulls Tate back out of harms way as the ROCK SMASHES through the window, glass flying everywhere.

Another ROCK bashes through the window next to Luke and...

SMACKS HIM IN THE HEAD.

LUKE
Shit!

FRANK
Get us out of here!

Bentley tries to turn the engine over again, but it just coughs. Bentley's window is SMASHED and then Frank's.

BENTLEY
Goddamn it!

He exits the car and, pulls his .38 and...

FIRES INTO THE WOODS.

BENTLEY
Come on! Come out and face me!

He squeezes off another shot.

FRANK
Who you shooting at!?

LUKE
Goddamn, my head!

FRANK
Let me see.

Leaning over the seat, he checks out Luke's bloodied head.

FRANK
That's a bad cut.

Tate zooms in on the bloody gash -- *too close* -- and then pulls back out.

FRANK
Get out of the car.

They exit. Frank pops the trunk, pulls out a rag, and tosses it to Luke.

FRANK
Put that on it to stop the bleeding.

Luke does just that, wincing in pain. Bentley paces, trying to see who attacked them, but unable to pinpoint anybody.

Frank smells something, sniffing around.

BENTLEY
What is it?

FRANK
You smell that?

BENTLEY
(sniffing)
Gas.

They look down at the ground. Bentley bends down and runs his fingers through the dirt, bringing some to his nose.

Tossing it back down, he reaches under the car and fumbles around.

BENTLEY
Damn! The tank's punctured. It's dry.

LUKE
How'd that happen?

FRANK
We hit a rock, maybe....

TATE (O.S.)
Or it was them.

Everybody gives Tate a silent look, not wanting to acknowledge the *obvious*... terrified to.

BENTLEY
Hold on, let’s get something straight. I do not believe that whoever is out there is those fuckers we wasted.

LUKE
Ghosts you mean?

FRANK
No *such* things as ghosts.

TATE (O.S.)
But Frank... then... *who’s* out there?

The image stays on Frank as he tries to come up with an answer, but can’t, walking off. Tate moves to Luke, who’s tending to his wound, but he gets too close.

TATE
Get away from me with that damn thing already!

He SLAPS the camcorder away which makes the...

IMAGE JUMP -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

TIMESTAMP: June 13th, 1990

Max and his friends are sitting on the couch watching a World Cup soccer match as Sabrina films them.

TV ANNOUNCER
Welcome to the 1990 World Cup, Germany vs. Argentina.

SABRINA (O.S.)
Okay, Max, ready for the game!?

Decked out in a German team shirt, Max is definitely ready.

MAX
1954, 1974 World Cup champs. Today 1990 will be added to the list.

The friends cheer, all Germany fans.

SABRINA (O.S.)
You’re like a little boy again.

MAX
My great Grandfather played for the national team you know.

SABRINA (O.S.)
(sigh/heard this before)
I know, I know.

MAX
Scored two goals including...

SABRINA (O.S.)
(taking over)
...the winning goal in overtime.

Max smiles, knowing this is the uptenth time he’s told the story.

MAX
Sorry, honey. You know soccer is my only vice.

SABRINA (O.S.)
I knew that back in college.

MAX
And you still dated me.
(to his friends/boasting)
She found me irresistible.

SABRINA (O.S.)
Actually... I did.

A blush washes over Max.

FRIEND #1
Why don’t you two get a room.

MAX
After the game.

Max throws Sabrina a wink that only she and the camcorder can see. These two have been together a long time and have their act down pat.

FRIEND #2
National anthem time.

Everybody stands and starts singing Deutschlandlied, the German national anthem with the players and stadium crowd.

EVERYBODY
Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,
Über alles in der Welt, Wenn es stets
zu Schutz und Trutze...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 505.

EXT. ROLLER COASTER - DAY

Max is filming Sabrina yelling her head off then...

THE IMAGE JUMPS AGAIN -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

TIMESTAMP: July 14th, 2012

Bentley, Luke and Frank are walking up ahead in the middle of the road.

LUKE
(makeshift bandage on his head)
Maybe we should have stayed with the car.

BENTLEY
And do what? Call triple A?

FRANK
We don’t even know if we’re going in the right direction.

LUKE
Guess it’s better than staying out in the open like sitting ducks.

BENTLEY
Well this duck is ready for them.

He brandishes his .38 to make his point.

Tate swings the camera around the murky dark woods illuminated a pinch by the moon, but not much.

Tate zooms in on Bentley’s gun hand and sees that he’s gripping and regripping the butt over and over; keyed up.

Tate again starts sweeping the woods and he does a double-take...

SEEING A FIGURE QUICKLY MOVE PAST HIS LENS.

He stops and swivels around, trying to get a bead on the moving object, but loses it. The others keep walking.

About to start moving again, Tate stays put, hearing...

FOOTFALLS.

Scared, breathing heavy, he slowly twists around to find...

MAX WALKING DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD BEHIND THEM.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank!

He drops the camera which is attached to his arm by a tether. The image jerks up and down, catching peeks at Max to the rear as it swings. On the last upward swing...

MAX IS GONE.

Tate catches up to Frank and the others, the image now nothing more than shuffling feet as the camcorder dangles.

FRANK (O.S.)
What happened!?

TATE (O.S.)
I saw him. He was behind me!

FRANK (O.S.)
Who...?

TATE (O.S.)
The man, the *dead* man.

We can't see their faces, but judging by their rigid planted feet, that put a chill up their spines. Luke rambles to the rear, but keeps close to the others.

LUKE (O.S.)
I don't seen anybody.

BENTLEY (O.S.)
There! I see 'em!

His feet take off into the woods as does Luke's.

FRANK (O.S.)
Stay here.

Frank also departs. The image remains on the ground, on a puddle, the camcorder still dangling, giving a distorted image of Tate as he catches his breath. Then...

REFLECTED IN THE PUDDLE -- SABRINA COMING UP BEHIND HIM.

Tate doesn't hear her, oblivious as Sabrina leans forward and...

BLOWS ON HIS EAR.

Freaking out, Tate starts running, too scared to look back. In the middle of the:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Tate grabs the camcorder again and starts taping. Spotting Frank and the others up ahead, he makes a bee-line for them.

BENTLEY
Where the hell'd they go?

He brandishes his gun.

LUKE
What you gonna do, huh? Shoot a ghost?

BENTLEY
Everything dies.

FRANK
But we *already* killed them.

LUKE
Yeah, man, we made our play, and now it's time to pay.

BENTLEY
Oh please with that shit!

FRANK
No, he's right, we deserve this.

BENTLEY
Maybe you deserve it, Frank. Don't lump me into your fucking pity party.

FRANK
Hell, Bentley, out of all of us, you deserve it most.

The two men stare each other down, no love lost here, probably never none there in the first place.

THUNDER rumbles in the distance and HEAT LIGHTNING flashes in the dark, draping the woods in an eerie white purplish glow.

TATE (O.S.)
Wow.

LUKE
Heat lightning. Man, looks like an alien invasion or something.

BENTLEY
We should be so lucky.

There's a flutter of movement in the trees around them.

FRANK
(through gritted teeth)
They're out there.

MAX & SABRINA RUN AROUND THEM -- CORRALLING THEM -- THE WOODS LIT UP BY THE STRANGE LIGHT.

They try to get a good look at them but they're moving too fast.

TATE (O.S.)
There! There!

But by the time they turn to see, there's nothing there.

LUKE
There!

Luke's head jukes back and forth seeing movement out of the corners of his eyes, but unable to lock on, frustrating him to no end...

LUKE
Damn!

BENTLEY
I see you!

He FIRES into the woods blindly. Luke grabs his gun and FIRES as well. Both men have had enough.

The woods go dark again, the lightning fading. Frank pulls his gun and waits for a target. The rumble of THUNDER echoes once again.

BENTLEY
Get ready.

He raises his gun. Luke does the same. Frank also takes aim, all waiting for the woods to be lit up by the lightning again.

THE WOODS LIGHT UP AND MAX AND SABRINA ARE STANDING STOCK STILL TO EITHER SIDE OF THE GROUP.

Bentley, Frank and Luke open FIRE.

Max and Sabrina take off running, weaving in and out of the trees, bullets RIPPING into trunks.

LUKE
Stand still, Goddamn it!

Bentley gets a bead on Max, his finger tensing on the trigger, waiting for the right moment. Max runs behind a tree and Bentley aims at the other side, where Max should appear again and FIRES! But Max never reappears, he's...

DISAPPEARED.

BENTLEY
What...!?

Luke's gun jams.

LUKE
Damn!

Unable to fix it, he pulls out a knife, and stands ready.

BENTLEY
I hit 'em. I'm sure of it!

TATE (O.S.)
(matter of fact)
It's like Luke said, you can't shoot a ghost.

BENTLEY
Shut up with that ghost shit already!

Swinging the camera around, Tate finds himself looking right down the barrel of Bentley's gun.

CLICK -- Frank has pulled back the trigger of his GUN and has it aimed at...

BENTLEY'S HEAD.

The THUNDER rumbles.

FRANK
Put it down.
(firm)
Now.

Bentley doesn't like being told what to do and stands his ground. Luke keeps an eye on the woods, peeking back at the 'stand-off' with unease, unwilling to get involved.

FRANK
I will blow your fucking head off.

Tate doesn't move, too scared to even flinch.

Finally, Bentley backs off as the lightning lights up the woods once again.

LUKE
There!

He points to Max and Sabrina, but is unable to act, his gun sitting useless.

Bentley gets a bead and starts FIRING wild, reckless, trying to hit the mark, but falling short.

BENTLEY
(frustrated)
Shit!

Spinning, he tracks Sabrina, who deliberately runs behind Frank just at Bentley FIRES...

FRANK SHOT IN THE SHOULDER.

FRANK
Goddamnit!

TATE (O.S.)
Frank!

Frank's gun goes FLYING as he falls to his knees. Bentley is oblivious, still trying to shoot Max and Sabrina.

His gun CLICKS empty. Reloading, he runs into the woods madly...

BENTLEY
Goddamn you! I'll kill you. I'll fucking kill you!

LUKE
Bentley!

He stays put, unwilling to go into the woods.

Tate has rushed to Frank's aid and put the camera down, giving a half-cocked image now.

Luke backs up, knife in hand when a lightning flash reveals...

MAX STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

FRANK
Look out!

Luke spins around and Max...

GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT -- LIFTING HIM OFF THE GROUND.

FRANK
Tate! Shoot him!

Frank nods to his gun lying on the ground a little ways off. But Tate is too scared to act.

Luke raises his arm and...

TRIES TO STAB MAX WHO CATCHES HIS ARM AND HOLDS IT TIGHT.

Max RIPS the knife out of Luke's hand.

MAX
You shouldn't have touched my Sabrina.

SLAMMING Luke to the ground, Max bends his hand back, and locks it in place. Luke struggles, but can't move a muscle.

LUKE
Let go of me!

MAX
It was this hand, wasn't it?

MAX CUTS OFF LUKE'S FINGERS ONE BY ONE.

Luke SCREAMS as Max works, cool and calm.

LUKE
God! No! Please! Stop! Please!

FRANK
Tate! Pick up the gun!

Finally, Tate grabs the gun with both hands, shaking.

Luke's fingers are lying on the ground, bloody stumps. Max releases him and he collapses in terrible pain.

LUKE
Oh God! Oh God!

Tate holds the gun up but Max is gone now, back into the shadows. A sound behind him and Tate spins...

ALMOST SHOOTING THE RETURNING BENTLEY.

BENTLEY
Whoa! It's me!

Scared, Tate holds the gun on Bentley, who's not so sure Tate isn't going to shoot him. Finally...

FRANK
Tate. Put down the gun.

Tate drops it to the ground, not liking the feel of the pistol one bit, and picks the camcorder back up like a safety blanket.

Frank rips his jacket and tends to his arm.

BENTLEY
What happened to you?

FRANK
You serious?
(Bentley is a blank)
You shot me!

BENTLEY
I...

He's not sure if he did, too hyped up to recall.

BENTLEY
I told you not to stand behind me.

Frank shoots Bentley a hot look.

LUKE
I'm dying, man!

Wanting to escape Frank's gaze, Bentley runs over to Luke to check on him.

BENTLEY
Christ! What! He cut off your fingers!?

He backs up, falling on his ass, trying to control his revulsion, and lands on the discarded digits.

BENTLEY
What...?

Realizing what he’s holding, he throws them aside.

BENTLEY
Jesus!

Looking around, he locks on Tate and shakes his head, a mixture of frustration, fear and fright.

LUKE
Hey, man, what are you doing?

Luke shuffles over to collect his fingers as Bentley turns on Tate...

BENTLEY
Why in the hell are you taping this!?

TATE (O.S.)
So... so people know what happened to us.

Bentley’s face goes cold, knowing he may be right.

LUKE
For Christ’s sake, will somebody help me here!

On his hands and knees, he searches for his fingers, in a shocked daze. Bentley heads over to him...

BENTLEY
Easy man, easy.

FRANK
Tate. Help me tie a sling for my arm.

Tate puts down the camcorder too hard and the jarring causes the...

IMAGE TO JUMP -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

TIMESTAMP: June 2nd, 1980

The camera is filming the OLYMPIC SYMBOL made out of colored roses. The image quality is not as good, 80s tech, originally recorded on *video tape*.

Sabrina is posing in front of the display.

MAX (O.S.)
(filming)
Nice. Big smile.

Sabrina shines her pearly whites.

MAX (O.S.)
Good, good. Now show a little leg.

SABRINA
Max!

MAX (O.S.)
Kidding, kidding.

Sabrina starts walking.

SABRINA
(coy)
What event do you want to see next?

MAX (O.S.)
What!?

SABRINA
Oh come on, Max. Like I don't know you want to see the swim competitions.
(very coy)
Relive past glories.

MAX (O.S.)
I was good, Sabrina. Olympic bound until all that trouble with the *war*.

SABRINA
Let's not talk of such things, it brings back... bad memories.

MAX (O.S.)
Here.

The image is a jumble, Max handing Sabrina the camera.

SABRINA (O.S.)
I don't know how to use this thing.

MAX (O.S.)
It's easy. Just push the button.

Sabrina takes the old style VHS camera.

SABRINA (O.S.)
It’s so heavy!

MAX
Oh, don’t be such a cry baby.

He runs out and poses.

SABRINA (O.S.)
(laughing)
What are you doing?

MAX
Proving to you I still got what it takes.

He flexes. People pass by and give sideway glances.

SABRINA (O.S.)
Max! Stop, people are looking.

MAX
Looking at a prime example of the male form.

Sabrina keeps on laughing as Max puts on a display for her.

SABRINA (O.S.)
You’re crazy.

MAX
Only for you, baby.

SABRINA (O.S.)
Oh my God, do crackers come with that cheese?

He laughs too now.

MAX
Yes, some Hunkster.

A happier couple there couldn’t have been.

Max runs back over and takes the camera from Sabrina.

MAX
Hold on.

The image jumps and dives as Max places the camera on a cement ledge. He runs over to Sabrina and all we see is their bottom halves, no heads.

MAX (O.S.)
Uh, I think we have to...
(he leans down)
...yeah, come down here.

SABRINA
Great.

MAX
Okay, smile.

SABRINA
I'm smiling.

It's hard to watch these two knowing they have no future, knowing they've been *murdered*.

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

TIMESTAMP: July, 14th 2012

Tate is fussing with the camera, hitting the side, the image jostled.

TATE (O.S.)
Come on.

There's a whirring and click sound and then it quiets. Tate rights the camcorder and tapes.

Frank is just ahead, arm in a sling, his arm immobilized. Luke's hand is a bloody stump bandaged up with his jacket. Bentley leads the way, on the alert.

Luke stops.

LUKE
I feel faint. I... I need a hospital.

FRANK
That makes two of us.

BENTLEY
Come on, keep walking.

LUKE
Where? Huh? You don't know where you're going!

BENTLEY
We have to keep moving before those...

He catches on what to call their pursuers.

TATE (O.S.)
Ghosts.

Silence -- nobody willing to concede that fact still.

TATE (O.S.)
Vengeful spirits who want revenge for what you done to them.

LUKE
We. *We*. You were there Tate, bloods on your hands just like ours.

TATE (O.S.)
(scared)
Frank said... I... I didn't hurt nobody.

FRANK
You didn't.

TATE (O.S.)
But... do *they* know that?

Judging by Frank's worried expression, he's not sure.

LUKE
Listen, man, I don't know who or what is out there, but I never heard of no ghost cutting off a man's fingers!

FRANK
Really, you've met a lot of ghosts?

BENTLEY
Nah, he's right. If they're...
(hard to even say the word)
...ghosts.
(shakes his head at the term)
If they're out for revenge, why not just do it? I mean, why are they... toying with us?

LUKE
Something tells me...
(uneven chortle)
...we messed with the wrong people.

FRANK
What we did was murder two innocent people and they're pissed. Sur-fucking-prise.

They keep walking. Frank gives Tate a nod to hang back a bit, out of earshot of the others.

FRANK
I need you to do something.

TATE (O.S.)
Okay.

FRANK
If anything happens to me...

TATE (O.S.)
Nothing’s gonna happen to you, Frank, I won’t let it.

Frank has a heartfelt expression, Tate’s simple statement hitting him hard.

FRANK
I done a lot of wrong in my life. It’s just who I am, no getting around that.

TATE (O.S.)
I know, Mama said you have the devil in you.

FRANK
Yeah, well, Mama was probably right.

TATE (O.S.)
We can go down to Mobile, I hear they got a man who can get ‘em out of you...

FRANK
No, think it’s too late for that, little brother.
(beat)
Listen close, if I don’t make it, if I go down, I want you to run. Understand?

TATE (O.S.)
Run?

FRANK
Yeah, get away.

TATE (O.S.)
I can’t run from ghosts.

FRANK
Not from the ghosts... from Bentley and Luke.

The image shifts to the two men up ahead.

FRANK
With me gone, those two are as dangerous as any ghost, probably more so. So if I stop breathing... run.

TATE (O.S.)
(sad)
Okay.
(beat)
Frank. Don’t leave me.

FRANK
I don’t mean to. But... just in case, you do what I say.

Silence, Tate understanding all too well.

BENTLEY (O.S.)
Shit.

Tate shifts the image ahead as he and Frank catch up. Before them is a:

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

BENTLEY
(looking up and down the shoreline)
There’s no where to cross.

LUKE
It’s pretty damn wide.

FRANK
Not to mention we have no idea how deep it is.

Tate picks up a rock with his free hand and tosses it into the middle of the river with a PLUNK.

LUKE
What was that supposed to prove?

FRANK
That we’ll sink like rocks if it’s too deep.

Bentley paces, looking all around, keyed up in a *bad* way.

BENTLEY
This is so fucked up!

LUKE
Man, come on, we have to keep moving. We stop... I'm gonna pass out, man.

Frank chuckles darkly.

LUKE
What the hell's so funny?

FRANK
How do you outrun ghosts?

LUKE
(losing it)
I don't believe in ghosts! Bentley, tell 'em.

But Bentley doesn't answer right away, taking in the group.

LUKE
Bentley?

BENTLEY
What will you do on the day of reckoning, when disaster comes from afar? To whom will you run for help? Where will you leave your riches?

The others are stumped by the sermon.

BENTLEY
Isaiah 10:3.
(beat)
My Mom was a bible nut. Made me read the damn thing cover to cover, memorize it. As if all the answers were in there.
(shaking his head)
And for some reason, that's the one part that comes to mind right now.
(to others)
Strange, huh?

Bentley is obviously losing it as he walks over to the river. Frank and Luke share an ominous glance, very aware of the fact.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank, is he okay?

Tate holds the image on Bentley standing on the shoreline, mumbling to himself now.

FRANK
He's never been okay, and he's much less so now.

TATE (O.S.)
Huh?

FRANK
Stay away from him.
(hushed)
Remember what I said.

Luke walks over.

LUKE
Frank. Bentley's gone bye-bye, so what'da you think? What should we do?

FRANK
Wish I knew.

TATE (O.S.)
Maybe we should tell 'em...

Luke and Tate stare over at Tate, waiting for Tate's advice, willing to listen to anything at this point.

TATE (O.S.)
Maybe we should tell 'em we're sorry.

A chuckle from Luke, thinking the thought utterly ridiculous.

FRANK
Couldn't hurt.

LUKE
You serious?

FRANK
You got a better idea? Stumpy.

Luke doesn't like the slight, cradling his hand.

LUKE
'Tis not funny, man.

BENTLEY (O.S.)
This is a sign!

The image turns to an excited Bentley.

LUKE
Come again?

BENTLEY
This river! We cross it, a baptism, and our sins will be cleared away, and we come out the other side free men.

LUKE
(skeptical as hell)
So, we cross the river and the ghosts stop coming after us?

BENTLEY
I led us to the one place that could help. That's no coincidence. No, sir. Come on.

Bentley starts walking to the river's edge.

FRANK
Great, he thinks he's Moses and he's led us to the promised land.

LUKE
Fucking lost it, man.

TATE (O.S.)
Maybe he's right, Frank.
(hushed)
Maybe it'll get that Devil outta you.

A confused Luke glances over at Frank and Tate wondering what that's supposed to mean. A look from Frank tells Luke to mind his own business.

BENTLEY (O.S.)
Come on, what you waiting for!

Luke heads over to join Bentley.

FRANK
(to Tate/playing along)
Let's give it a shot.

They head over to the river as well, Tate helping Frank to his feet, his shoulder giving him trouble.

The group stands at the shoreline.

LUKE
(aside to Frank)
You reckon he gonna part the water too?

Finally, Bentley wades in.

BENTLEY
Whoa! It's cold!

He holds his gun up over his head. Soon, Frank, Luke and Tate follow.

FRANK
Ahh...

TATE (O.S.)
You okay?

FRANK
Yeah, yeah, just hard to maneuver.

Bentley is taking slow steps, making sure he has footing.

BENTLEY
Getting a little deeper over here.
Watch it.

Stopping, he stares at his GUN in hand and then...

<u>TOSSES IT INTO THE WATER WITH A PLUNK</u>.

LUKE
What the hell'd you do that for!?

BENTLEY
This is a cleansing, means we have to cast off that which weighs us down.

LUKE
What!? What's with this pious act bullshit!

BENTLEY
It's not bullshit!
(beat)
Besides, only had two bullets left.

Bentley turns.

BENTLEY
I'm gonna go under, let the cleansing water wash over me completely.

FRANK
Bentley, give it a rest already.

Taking a breath, Bentley drops under the water. The others make faces at Bentley's antics.

The water above Bentley's head bubbles, air coming to the surface as he breathes.

LUKE
How long he gonna stay under?

FRANK
He got a lot of sins to wash away,
could be awhile.

The air bubbles suddenly...

STOP.

TATE (O.S.)
Something's not right, Frank.

Frank scans the water, thinking the same thing...

FRANK
Yeah, I think you're right.
(beat)
Bentley! Bentley!

He and Luke quickly move to where he ducked under, SPLASHING around, looking for him, but coming up empty.

LUKE
Where'd he go!?

FRANK
I don't know.

LUKE
He drown?

FRANK
In four feet of water?

Tate scans the area as well, everybody standing still and very quiet to catch any movement.

FRANK
Let's get the hell out of here. Now.

LUKE
Yeah... yeah, good idea, man.

FRANK
Tate! Come on!

Tate starts splashing through the water as he wades forward, careful to keep the camcorder up and dry.

FRANK
(stops)
Wait. I thought I heard something.

Luke and Tate stop and they all listen.

LUKE
I don't hear anything.

FRANK
I...

<u>BENTLEY COMES SHOOTING OUT OF THE WATER IN FRONT OF THEM</u>.

The others jump, shocked. Bentley coughs up water, trying to recover as Frank holds him up.

LUKE
What happened!?

Bentley continues to cough up water, unable to supply an answer of any kind yet.

FRANK
You okay?

BENTLEY
They're down there.

The three words send a chill through everybody, who stand stock still, too afraid to move now.

LUKE
Fuck me.

Tate is breathing heavily, the camcorder bouncing a bit, scared... as he should be.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank?

FRANK
Don't move.

Bentley finally recovers and stays quiet as well, nervous, scanning the water, which is *too* peaceful.

LUKE
What...

<u>HE'S PULLED UNDER</u>.

FRANK
Shit!

Frank wades over there quickly, splashing, digging down under the water, trying to find Luke, but to no avail.

BENTLEY
I'm getting the hell out of here!

He turns toward the shore and starts moving fast. Tate follows. Then...

BENTLEY
No! No!

He's struggling against somebody below.

FRANK
Hold on!

He moves to help him.

BENTLEY
Frank!

He holds out a hand to him but...

TOO LATE -- BENTLEY IS PULLED UNDER AGAIN.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank...

FRANK
Get to shore! Hurry!

They start moving as quickly as they can, the water up to their chests now as they reach the middle of the river.

LUKE POPS UP FROM UNDER THE WATER -- GASPING FOR BREATH.

TATE (O.S.)
I got him!

FRANK
Tate! No!

BENTLEY EMERGES AND FRANK RUSHES TO HIM.

Getting their breath back, everybody stands silently.

LUKE
What the hell are they!?

FRANK
(staring at water)
Goddamn sharks.

BENTLEY
We gotta get out of here!

Tate turns the camcorder to shore which looks so close, but right now is very far away.

FRANK
Let's move.

They start for shore again when...

MAX & SABRINA RISE UP BEFORE THEM -- THE WATER BARELY RIPPLING AS THEY EMERGE.

The group is stunned into silence -- a stand off. Then...

LUKE
We're sorry.

Max and Sabrina turn to Luke who decides to take Tate's advice and give it a try.

LUKE
Did you hear me!? We're sorry!

Max leans over to Sabrina and whispers something in her ear, and she chuckles, as if simply out on a date.

It's an eerie moment as Frank, Tate, Luke and Bentley share befuddled looks.

MAX
You will be.

SABRINA
Promise. Cross my heart...
(pointed)
... and hope to *die*.

She and Max share a veiled knowing look, an inside joke, which we are not privy to.

BENTLEY
Vengeance is the Lord's. *I* will take revenge; *I* will pay them back, says the Lord. Romans 12:19.

MAX
An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Exodus 21:24

Bentley's face goes white as a sheet, his biblical logic returned tit for tat. Max and Sabrina slowly sink back into the water.

BENTLEY
What are you! Huh! *What are you*!

No answer, they're gone, silently back under the water.

LUKE
(pointing)
Look! Look! No air bubbles... *they're not breathing*.

Everybody looks at the water, waiting for the inevitable attack.

BENTLEY
I'm not just gonna stand here. Fuck that.

He makes for shore and Luke follows suit.

FRANK
(to Tate)
Go!

Take and Frank also take off, the shore so close they can taste the dirt.

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Bentley makes it, running onto solid ground and then collapsing in a heap, taking in huge gulps of air.

Frank and Tate make it. Tate helps the laboring Frank with his free hand. Luke is about to exit the water when...

<u>HE'S PULLED BACK</u>.

LUKE
No! Help me!

He skims along the top of the water until he reaches the middle and Max and Sabrina emerge...

<u>PUSHING HIM UNDER</u>.

Bentley, Frank and Tate watch helpless.

BENTLEY
Let him go!

He goes for his gun, but quickly remembers he ditched it.

Max and Sabrina let Luke come up for air, who spits water and coughs hard.

SABRINA
Are you sorry now?

LUKE
Yes. Yes... so sorry. Please.

MAX
You don't seem... *sincere*.

They DRAG him under the water and disappear.

BENTLEY
Let him go you bastards!

Quiet. No sign of anybody. Then, Luke's body bobs to the surface, face first in the water, close to shore.

Bentley rushes in to grab him, Frank follows despite the pain from his wounded shoulder.

Tate stays on shore recording the rescue.

BENTLEY
Luke!

FRANK
Grab him!

They take either side of Luke's body and pull him up to find...

<u>HE HAS NO HEAD</u>.

Both Bentley and Frank are horrified and drop back.

BENTLEY
Oh fuck!

FRANK
Jesus!

They SPLASH around, retreating fast. Reaching shore again, they drop to the ground, both men freaked out wrecks.

BENTLEY
What the hell! What the hell!?

TATE (O.S.)
You okay, Frank?

FRANK
(nods/catching his breath)
Yeah, yeah.

Tate turns the camcorder to the water and Luke's floating headless body, zooming in on the corpse.

BENTLEY
Let's go! Come on! Let's get outta here before they come back.

Back on his feet, he runs into the woods, not waiting for anybody.

Tate helps Frank to his feet. Forced to let go of the camcorder, needing both hands, the camera dangles from the strap.

As Tate and Frank follow Bentley, the camcorder takes a knock on a tree and...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 505.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Max and Sabrina laughing, simply laughing.

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

TIMESTAMP: December 25, 1980

The quality of the image is low, the sound clipped, this recorded with older tech, a Minolta XL401.

Pan through a house decorated for the holidays: Christmas tree, lights adorn the walls, a wreath over the fire place.

Sabrina is sitting next to the tree, her eyes closed.

MAX (O.S.)
Keep them closed.

SABRINA
They're closed.

With his free hand, Max places a jewelry box in front of Sabrina and moves back a step.

MAX (O.S.)
Okay, open them.

Right on cue, Sabrina opens her eyes and takes in the box.

SABRINA
(coy)
Oh, for me?

She takes it and starts opening it.

SABRINA
Do you like your present?

MAX (O.S.)
(referring to camera in hand)
I love it!

Opening the box, Sabrina is presented with a...

NECKLACE WITH A SAPPHIRE AT THE CENTER.

It's the same one Luke was checking out in the car when they were making their getaway from the house.

SABRINA
Oh my God, Max, it's absolutely amazing.

MAX (O.S.)
It belonged to my Grandmother. She said she received it as a gift when she was dating Fredrick the Great, the King of Prussia.

Sabrina turns to Max with awe.

SABRINA
Wow!

MAX (O.S.)
You like?

SABRINA
Max... are you kidding, I love!

She gets up and kisses him. He puts down the camera and all that's visible is them dropping down to the couch getting hot and heavy.

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 505.

BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE POPS UP BUT ONLY FOR A SPLIT SECOND:

THE MOON.

There's no context to put this in then...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

TIMESTAMP: July, 14th 2012

Bentley, Frank and Tate are trekking through the woods. They are in terrible shape, their body language *defeated*.

TATE (O.S.)
I'm tired.

FRANK
Me too.

Tate turns to Frank who's looking worse for wear.

TATE (O.S.)
You're pale, Frank.

FRANK
Losing a lot of blood.

Tate pans to Frank's blood soaked shirt and pants.

TATE (O.S.)
What can I do?

FRANK
Just keep moving.

BENTLEY
Can't believe I threw my gun away. What the hell was I thinking!?

FRANK
Lot of good it did you in the end.

Bentley ignores the comment, not willing to admit he's right.

TATE (O.S.)
You can't shoot ghosts anyway.

Turning on Tate, Bentley EXPLODES, pinning him to a tree. The image is jostled as...

BENTLEY
I don't want to hear another word about fucking ghosts!

Frank pulls Bentley off of Tate best he can with his one good hand.

FRANK
Back off!

Bentley is hot, chest heaving. He calms down.

BENTLEY
We're not being haunted. We're being *hunted*.

He turns away to blow some steam, on the verge of losing it completely. Frank drops to one knee, spent after the slight exertion.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank?

FRANK
I have to rest.

BENTLEY
No. We gotta keep moving.

FRANK
You want to go, go, I need to stop for a bit.

Bentley starts to walk off.

He stops and stares into the dark woods ahead and thinks better of going it alone.

BENTLEY
Have it your way.

He returns and sits with his back to a tree.

Frank checks on his shoulder.

FRANK
Damn... that is not looking good.

TATE (O.S.)
It'll be morning soon and we'll get you some help. Okay?

FRANK
Yeah, yeah.

He's not so sure.

FRANK
Bentley.

No answer from him, lost in an angry daze.

FRANK
Bentley!

Finally, Bentley's head snaps up, on the alert, thinking there's trouble...

BENTLEY
What!

He scans the area and realizes everything's okay.

BENTLEY
(annoyed now)
What?

FRANK
You have to keep it together.

BENTLEY
Frank, people always told me I'm a few cards short of a full deck, well, right about now, I'm more than a few short.

FRANK
We got to keep our heads if we're gonna get out of this.

Bentley chuckles darkly.

BENTLEY
Frank, man, come on, you really think we're gonna live to see the morning?

TATE (O.S.)
We have to make peace with them.

BENTLEY
They cut Luke's head off.
(beat)
I doubt there's anything we can do to bury the hatchet they're planning to use to cut our heads off with.

FRANK
(to Tate)
Wait a minute... I think you're on the right track.

BENTLEY
What'da'ya mean?

FRANK
I saw it in an old movie once, to get rid of ghosts, give them peace, you have to burn their bodies.
(pointed)
Their bones.

BENTLEY
Are you fucking crazy? Huh?

TATE (O.S.)
Yeah... we need to set them free. Let them move to the other side.

BENTLEY
I can't believe what I'm hearing.

FRANK
Bentley, you were the one spouting all that bible talk before... you believe in the other side, I know you do.

BENTLEY
You asking me if I believe I'm gonna burn in hell? Well, yes, I most definitely do.
(aimed at Frank)
Just like you.

TATE (O.S.)
We need to get back to the house.

BENTLEY
Man, we are seriously lost.

FRANK
Yeah, he's right. But we have to try. Maybe circle back around that way.

He points in the distance.

FRANK
Maybe we'll get lucky.

BENTLEY
Lucky? Uh uh, Lady Luck abandoned us a long time ago.

Frank gets back to his feet.

FRANK
Okay. I'm feeling a little better.

Bentley and Tate also stand.

BENTLEY
(sarcastic)
Well, let's go burn us some bones then.

He starts walking, Frank and Tate following a little behind.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank, am I gonna burn in hell?

FRANK
What? Why you say that?

TATE (O.S.)
Well, I've done bad things.

FRANK
You've never pulled the trigger.

TATE (O.S.)
Never tried to stop you.

Frank turns on Tate, at his profound logic, and is heartbroken.

FRANK
If anybody is gonna burn for what *we* did, it'll be me. Understand?

TATE (O.S.)
If you're in hell and I'm in heaven, we won't be together. I don't think I like that.

FRANK
Don't worry about it, that time is a long ways off. Okay?

TATE (O.S.)
I don't think so.

Frank tries to hide his worry, knowing Tate is probably right, but not wanting to scare him more than he already is.

Bentley stops in his tracks.

BENTLEY (O.S.)
Hey, there's something there?

Frank and Tate join him as they scan the woods.

A BRANCH CRACKS.

They all instinctively take a step back. Bentley goes for his gun, but forgets it's not there.

BENTLEY
Shit!

He picks up a branch, a pitiful weapon but better than nothing. Frank takes out his .45; which Bentley eyes.

FRANK
(to Tate)
I tell you to run, you run.

Then...

A WOLF STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

BENTLEY
(sign of relief)
Just a wolf.

The wolf GROWLS at them and they realize, they're still in relative danger.

BENTLEY
Easy there, fella, easy.

Stepping toward them, the wolf bares its teeth.

BENTLEY
Shoot it.

Frank takes aim.

BENTLEY
Shoot it already!

The wolf stops, looking off to the side...

ALERTED TO SOMETHING WITH ITS HEIGHTENED SENSES.

Frank, Tate and Bentley watch, confused.

THE WOLF WHIMPERS AND BACKS AWAY FROM WHATEVER OR *WHOEVER* IS OUT THERE.

In a heartbeat, the wolf takes off *running* in the opposite direction.

TATE (O.S.)
We scared him off.

BENTLEY
No... wasn't us.

He stares into the woods, knowing all too well *who* was responsible. Frank and Bentley share a knowing look.

Frank puts his gun back in his belt, Bentley again staring at the weapon. Frank notices and Bentley quickly looks away.

Bentley starts walking again. Frank and Tate following.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Some time has passed, the group in another part of the woods.

BENTLEY (O.S.)
Hey! Come here!

Frank and Tate rush over to Bentley.

BENTLEY
(pointing)
Check that out.

In the dirt before him is a...

FOOTPRINT.

Tate zooms in on it.

BENTLEY
Never heard of any ghosts leaving footprints.

FRANK
How do you know it’s theirs? Could be anybody...

BENTLEY
Oh right! These woods are Grand Central Station.

Frank stares at the footprint.

BENTLEY
Well?

FRANK
Well what? What do you want me to say?

BENTLEY
(flustered)
I don’t know. Just... I don’t know.

He keeps walking.

TATE (O.S.)
(baffled)
Frank, he's right. Ghosts don't leave footprints.

FRANK
Come on.

Frank is equally as confused and doesn't have an explanation to offer as he walks, Tate following.

Bentley stops, getting a bad feeling.

FRANK
What?

BENTLEY
I stepped on something...

A SNARE SNAPS AROUND HIS FOOT AND DRAGS HIM TO THE GROUND.

Frank rushes to Bentley's aid who's holding out a hand..

BENTLEY
Frank!

About to grasp his outstretched hand, Frank almost there...

BENTLEY IS DRAGGED OFF.

FRANK
Damn!

He runs after him. Tate follows, the image jumping, keeping Bentley in frame as he's dragged, screaming bloody murder.

BENTLEY
Help me!

Frank and Tate keep pace, but Frank is tiring badly.

Finally, Bentley is...

HAULED UP INTO THE AIR -- HANGING THERE LIKE A SLAB OF BEEF.

Reaching up, he tries to free his foot, but it's hopeless.

BENTLEY
Shit!

Frank and Tate arrive to find Bentley swinging from the tree.

BENTLEY
Get me down!

Dropping to a knee, Frank needs to catch his breath.

FRANK
Give me a second.

BENTLEY
No! Now! Hurry! Come on!

FRANK
I need a Goddamn second!

BENTLEY
(to Tate)
Drop that fucking camera and get me down!

Tate obliges, slipping off the strap and setting down the camera on the ground, giving us a tilted view of the scene.

Moving around him, tentative, Tate tries to figure out how to get Bentley down.

BENTLEY
Come on!

TATE
I'm... trying.

THE IMAGE SHIFTS -- ***SOMEBODY*** HAS PICKED UP THE CAMCORDER.

Silently, Frank, Tate and Bentley are filmed, the image circling around them.

BENTLEY
Goddamn it!

He tries to get to his leg again, Tate pushing him from his back so he can reach, struggling.

BENTLEY
I can't reach! Damn!

The image turns to...

MAX.

SABRINA (O.S.)
(hushed)
Spaghetti.

Max gives a dark grin as he holds the rope tight. Sabrina turns back to their *prey*.

Bentley can't reach and gives up, FLOPPING back, KNOCKING Tate to the ground.

TATE
Oww.

He's cut his hand on a...

PIECE OF GLASS.

Pulling it free, his hand bleeding badly, he throws it aside. Frank moves toward Tate, his feet *CRUSHING* more glass underfoot.

FRANK
What the hell...?

Looking around, he realizes, hidden among the leaves, is...

A SEA OF GLASS SHARDS -- BROKEN BOTTLES -- NOW VISIBLE IN THE MOONLIGHT IF YOU LOOK AT JUST THE RIGHT ANGLE.

Suddenly, the rope around Bentley's ankle goes slack...

FREE FALLING HE'S RAMMED HIM INTO THE GROUND.

BENTLEY
AHH!

He's pulled back up again, SCREAMING...

GLASS SHARDS IMPALING HIM UPON IMPACT.

FRANK
Oh Christ...

Pulled high again, Bentley swings, BLOOD dripping down on Frank and Tate below, helpless to do anything.

Sabrina laughs softly as she records the brutal scene.

Bentley is pulled higher than before and then the rope goes slack again...

SLAMMING HIM INTO THE GROUND WITH A VISCOUS THUD-- MORE GLASS SHARDS DRIVING INTO HIS FLESH.

BENTLEY
AHH! AHH! AHH!

Frank acts and...

JUMPS ON TOP OF BENTLEY -- HOLDING HIM DOWN.

But the rope goes taut and pulls Bentley back up, THROWING Frank clear, who lands on his bad shoulder.

FRANK
AHH!

He writhes on the ground in pain then...

FRANK
(louder)
AHH!

A piece of glass has IMPALED him in the side to make matters that much worse.

Bentley is pulled higher and higher, struggling, but utterly powerless.

Tate runs to Frank's side.

FRANK
Pull it out.

Tate slowly pulls the glass out of Frank's side, who bites down, swallowing the pain.

Bentley dangles high above the ground. The rope goes slack...

HE FALLS -- SLAM!

FRANK
Now... both of us!

He springs forward again and lands on Bentley.

FRANK
(to Tate)
Come on!

Tate joins him and they weigh Frank down enough to buy them precious seconds.

Frank pulls his gun and aims at the rope and...

FIRES -- HE MISSES -- FIRES AGAIN -- MISSES.

The rope goes taut again, trying to lift Bentley up.

BENTLEY
No! No!

He claws at the dirt, desperate to latch onto something to hold him down. Frank and Tate's weight hold him... for now.

Frank takes careful aim this time and...

FIRES -- CUTTING THE ROPE!

Bentley is a pin cushion, turning to Frank and Tate...

FRANK
Jesus!

A curved piece of glass is sticking through Bentley's cheek and out his mouth.

BENTLEY
(mumbled)
Pwull wit owut.

Frank grabs the glass shard and slowly wiggles it out.

BENTLEY
Gowdawmit!

As Frank finishes, Bentley starts pulling shards out from the other parts of his body, SCREAMING with each removal.

BENTLEY
(spitting pain)
Fuck!

Tate backs up, scared, the view on his back. Sabrina puts the camcorder back on the ground, the image cockeyed again.

Bentley shuffles off, making a feeble getaway. Frank follows.

FRANK
Tate! Let's go! Come on!

Tate is about to follow, when he turns back and scans for the camcorder.

He runs toward it, unaware he had assistance in 'capturing the moment.' Losing his footing, he KICKS the camera and...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 505.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Sabrina is twirling in a black dress, going out on the town.

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

This is not the same house we've seen before; the decor *older*. A party is in full swing. A streamer along the wall reads:

'HAPPY BIRTHDAY SABRINA'

The quality of the footage has degraded further. This was shot with a SUPER EIGHT CAMERA, Canon 514 XL-S, 18-24 frames per second with sound -- the image having that sheen and frame rate that's unmistakable for the period: the 1970s.

Friends are gathered, but these are all ***different*** people than we've seen in earlier clips.

Max walks through the crowd, a FRIEND filming him.

FRIEND #1 (O.S.)
Max! Wave to the camera.

Doing just that, Max makes an exaggerated funny face as he's fond of doing and we've seen before.

MAX
Where's Sabrina?

SABRINA
Over here.

She joins Max. They kiss. Max taps his glass to get everybody's attention.

MAX
Can everybody quiet down a second!?
(the chatter dulls)
Quiet. Please.

MAX
I just wanted to take this moment to toast my wonderful wife.
(turning to Sabrina)
My dearest Sabrina, who on this day, March 12, 1975, turns the big 30, I swear you don't look a day over 18.

Ohh and ahhs from the crowd.

SABRINA
Keep going, please, don't stop.

The crowd laughs.

MAX
I love you, today and for every birthday that comes down the road, I'll always love you.
(with a warm smile)
Until the stars no longer shine.

He holds up his glass as do the assembled and they drink. Sabrina hugs Max with a tear in her eye.

MAX
Okay, back to the party!

Everybody starts singing:

PARTYGOERS
Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you...

Over the song we stay on Max and Sabrina as they laugh and smile. It's at this time you should notice something *odd*...

MAX & SABRINA HAVE NOT AGED A DAY.

Thirty seven years later they're supposedly murdered, but they don't have a wrinkle or a gray hair between them.

Hold the image on them, young at heart, as well as body and soul it would appear, the mystery of this couple eluding us.

PARTYGOERS
Happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Sabrina! Happy birthday to you!

Clapping and cheers then...

The film jerks, caught in the camera and starts to BURN, Max and Sabrina in freeze frame as their faces turn *black*.

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 505.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

VOICE
Five, four, three, two, one...

Max films Sabrina on a large field. A group of people mill around them. A ROAR in the distance and Max turns the camera quickly to:

THE SPACE SHUTTLE TAKING OFF FROM KENNEDY SPACE CENTER.

MAX
Wow...

THE IMAGE RUMBLES -- STATIC:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

TIMESTAMP: July, 14th 2012

Bentley, Frank and Tate are trudging along. Tate shakes the camera, the image wobbling. A loud whirring and clicking sound can be heard.

TATE
Come on.

The image jumps hard, Tate SLAPPING the camcorder a couple of times, the sound becoming clipped.

TATE
Wh.. no... co..

Another SMACK and the sound returns, the picture stabilizes.

TATE
There.

He resumes filming.

FRANK
Bentley.

A zombie, Bentley keeps pushing forward, his wounds multiple, some still bleeding.

FRANK
Bentley!

BENTLEY
What!?

FRANK
We have to stop.

BENTLEY
We have to get to the house... burn those mother fucker’s bones.

FRANK
(absurd chuckle)
We’re never gonna find that house again.

Bentley stops in his tracks, looking around aimlessly, seeing absolutely nothing out there but more woods.

BENTLEY
We have to find it.
(hushed desperation)
We have to.

TATE (O.S.)
I can try and find it.

Turning on Tate, Bentley and Frank stare at him.

BENTLEY
Yeah, that’s a good idea.

FRANK
No.

BENTLEY
Why the hell not! He’s the only one they haven’t laid a finger on!

FRANK
He’s not going anywhere without me.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank. I can do it.

BENTLEY
You heard him, he wants to do it.

FRANK
I said no. End of discussion.

Bentley bears down on Frank...

BENTLEY
I don’t think so...

Frank pulls his GUN and aims it at Bentley.

FRANK
You know, tell you the truth, I don’t know if it’s still loaded.

Bentley stays stock still.

FRANK
But, it you want to push it, go ahead. Your call.

With a sneer, Bentley turns around and shuffles off. Frank sits on the ground with a grunt, not looking good at all.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank, it might be the only chance we have.

FRANK
Forget about me.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank...

FRANK
No! Just... listen... they haven't touched you. Maybe... maybe you have a chance to walk away from this.

TATE (O.S.)
I'm not going anywhere.

FRANK
You have to.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank, I'm a little slow, but I'm not stupid enough to leave behind the only one who ever gave a damn about me.

Frank is taken aback by Tate's simple logic. Overcome by the night, he reaches out and hugs his little brother.

FRANK
Help me up.

Tate puts an arm under Frank and lifts him to his feet. Scanning the woods...

FRANK
Where'd Bentley get to?

Turning the camcorder around, Tate scans the woods around them but there's no sign of Bentley.

FRANK
Come on.

TATE (O.S.)
I don't see him anywhere.

FRANK
Bentley!

No answer.

FRANK
Bentley! Answer me!

Nothing.

TATE (O.S.)
What’re we gonna do?

FRANK
The man is on my last nerve, but that doesn’t mean I’m going to leave him to those murdering bastards. Come on.

He moves into the woods, Tate in tow.

FRANK
Bentley! Answer me!

TATE (O.S.)
(joining in)
Bentley!

Tate spots Bentley in the distance...

TATE (O.S.)
(pointing)
There!

Bentley waves them over. Frank and Tate follow.

THE PICTURE GOES BLACK.

ERROR 505.

EXT. WOODS - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Tate and Frank reach the spot Bentley was at moments ago, but he’s not there now.

FRANK
Where the hell’d he go?

Searching the area, they come up empty.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank. He’s over there.

He points again, Bentley standing in the distance, waving them on again. Tate is about to move out when Frank puts a hand in front of him, stopping him.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank?

FRANK
That's not Bentley.

The figure standing in the distance, in the dark, waving them on stands there. Frank steps forward...

FRANK
(yelling)
Bentley! Say something! Anything!

The figure stops waving. Then...

RUNS A FINGER ACROSS HIS THROAT -- THE UNIVERSAL SIGN FOR: *YOU'RE NEXT*.

FRANK
Shit.

Frank turns back to Tate...

FRANK
Let's...

BUT TATE IS GONE.

FRANK
Tate!

He frantically looks around in every direction, searching for his little brother.

FRANK
Tate! Where are you, buddy!

No answer. Frank is on the verge of losing it. Wait, who's filming this? Pull back into the dark woods to:

SABRINA WITH THE CAMCORDER -- RECORDING FRANK FROM AFAR.

The camera starts making strange noises again. Sabrina turns the lens on herself and shakes the casing. The noise stops and she drops the camcorder to her side to reveal...

TATE KNOCKED OUT COLD.

Taking him by the collar she starts dragging him along to...

THE IMAGE JUMPS:

ERROR 505.

EXT. WOODS - ANOTHER SECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Max is waiting. He leans over and SLAPS Tate a couple of times until he comes around.

TATE
Wha... God.

He tries to kick back, but Max holds him tight.

Sabrina hands the camcorder over to Tate and he takes it, the image askew though, he's not holding it correctly.

SABRINA
You're not finished yet.

TATE
Finished?

MAX
Recording this night. For our collection.

TATE
Collection. What...? I...

Max and Sabrina stand tall over Tate and he finally notices...

<u>BENTLEY -- TIED TO A TREE WITH A LENGTH OF ROPE AND GAGGED</u>.

TATE (O.S.)
Oh no.

MAX
Hold it up.

In the distance...

FRANK (O.S.)
Tate!

Tate wants to answer him, but he stifles, seeing the looks on Max and Sabrina's faces... bad idea.

MAX
Hold. It. Up.

No choice, Tate holds up the camcorder and records the scene.

SABRINA
Good boy.

FRANK (O.S.)
Tate! Answer me!

Straining against his gag...

BENTLEY
(muffled & mumbled)
Here! Here! Frank!

Max and Sabrina turn toward him and Bentley turns white, his eyes bulging with fear.

Approaching Bentley, Max gets in his line of sight to make it clear it's *time*.

MAX
You're tied up with a length of rope, and gagged with a rag that came from that shed out back of our house that you claimed was worthless.

Tate films this, whimpering, afraid, the image jumpy, hands shaking.

MAX
These were also in that worthless shed.

From his pocket, he pulls out a...

<u>PAIR OF GARDEN SHEARS WITH A CURVED BLADE</u>.

BENTLEY
(trying to scream)
No...no...! Help!

Tate chokes, not liking where this is going.

MAX
You said that it was just bad luck, running across us. Remember? You were almost right.

SABRINA
It was your bad luck.

Max holds up the garden shears and...

MAX
Eye for an eye...

BENTLEY
(muffled)
No!

<u>MAX SHOVES THE SHEARS INTO BENTLEY'S EYE SOCKET</u>.

BENTLEY
AHH!

Tate drops the camcorder, unable to watch anymore. Bentley's SCREAMS echo in the background.

SABRINA (O.S.)
Pick it back up.

Tate doesn't move.

SABRINA (O.S.)
Pick it up or you're next.

FRANK (O.S.)
(in the distance)
Tate!

Finally, Tate picks up the camcorder and keeps filming...

MAX
Tooth for a tooth.

NEXT HE GRABS BENTLEY'S JAW AND DIGS OUT A TOOTH.

TATE (O.S.)
Oh God, Oh God, Oh God.

Backing off, Max stands before a bloodied Bentley.

MAX
You know... that proverb actually has another stanza that's not used much for some reason or another.

Max walks over to a nearby tree, something leaning against it with a *gleaming* edge. He takes it in hand, an...

AXE.

MAX
Hand for a hand.

HE CHOPS BENTLEY'S ARM OFF -- WITH A THWACK.

BENTLEY
ARGHHH!

Blood splatters the ground.

TATE (O.S.)
Oh God... no...

MAX
A foot for a foot.

A MASSIVE SWING AND HE HACKS OFF BENTLEY'S LEG.

BENTLEY
ARGHHH!

He can't take anymore and finally passes out, his body draining of blood, he won't ever wake up again.

Sabrina takes Bentley's head by the hair and holds it up as...

MAX REARS BACK AND CHOPS IT OFF WITH A FINAL THWACK.

He tosses the axe aside as Sabrina tosses the head to the ground like so much garbage. Max and Sabrina turn on Tate.

Terrified, Tate THROWS UP, the camcorder shakes as Tate's whole body convulses with fear.

SABRINA (O.S.)
You can go now.

Tate doesn't move as he turns back to Sabrina.

FRANK (O.S.)
Tate!

MAX
Your brother is looking for you.

Tate still doesn't move, thinking this some kind of trick.

SABRINA
Go!

Finally, Tate turns and...

RUNS.

He drops the camera and the tether holds it tight to his hand, the image JUMPING all over the place.

Tate's ragged frightened breathing is loud. Tripping, he climbs back to his feet and keeps going.

FRANK (O.S.)
Tate!

TATE (O.S.)
Frank! Frank!

He keeps running full tilt.

TATE (O.S.)
Over here!

A COLLISION -- TATE GOES DOWN.

TATE (O.S.)
Don't kill me! Please! Don't kill me!

FRANK (O.S.)
Tate! It's me. Calm down.

Tate gets his bearings back. The camcorder is at an odd angle, filming them from the down low.

TATE
They killed him.

FRANK
What?

TATE
They killed Bentley and made me watch! Made me film it!

FRANK
They made you do what?

TATE
They chopped him up, Frank! They chopped him into pieces!

He's freaking out.

FRANK
It's okay now, it's okay.

A bird lands in a tree and Tate jumps, scared of every little noise now.

TATE
It's them!

Frank grabs Tate and calms him as he tries to run, to escape.

FRANK
Take it easy! Calm down...

The camcorder takes a KNOCK as Frank struggles to keep Tate still and...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Black and white footage with no sound. Sabrina is recording, catching herself in the mirror with a very old camera, an Argus Cosina. Max is sitting on the couch.

His clothes and hairstyle are of a time gone by. He points at the TV, excited, but whatever he says is unknown, muted.

The image turns to the TV where...

THE MOON LANDING IS BEING TELEVISED.

Walter Cronkite appears, reporting on the historical event of...

1969.

Max takes the camera from Sabrina and records her, obviously asking her to smile as she flashes her pearly whites. She's also dressed in the fashion of the times, her hair old school. Again...

THEY ARE BOTH YOUNG.

Moving to the window, Max sticks the camera out and films...

THE MOON.

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

TIMESTAMP: July, 12th 2012

The camcorder tumbles end over end, displaying Tate resting, asleep on the ground. The image shifts to the person holding the camera...

FRANK
Uh... this is, I guess my will.
(thinks/dark chuckle)
Unfortunately, I'm not very sound of mind or body, right now, but beggars can't be choosers.
(beat)
I am not a good man. I know that. I accepted my fate a long...
(eyebrow arch)
... long time ago. I expect no forgiveness, so I won't ask. But my little brother, he doesn't know any better. He just follows the leader.
(beat)
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
So, whoever watches this... just know he's innocent.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank?

The image is jostled as Frank stops his plea.

FRANK (O.S.)
Hey.

TATE (O.S.)
What're you doing?

FRANK (O.S.)
Just... messing with your camera. Here.

He hands it back to Tate, who takes it in hand and films.

TATE (O.S.)
I don't know if I want to do this anymore.

FRANK
You have to. Like you said, it's the only way people will know what went on here tonight.

TATE (O.S.)
If anybody ever sees it.

Turning the camcorder to face him, Tate spits on the lens and cleans it with his shirt. Satisfied, he turns it back around.

Frank stands with his back to him, looking into the distance.

FRANK
We should keep moving.

TATE (O.S.)
We can't get away.

Turning, Frank walks over to Tate.

FRANK
Gotta try.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank... I'm... I'm so scared.

FRANK
So am I.

TATE (O.S.)
(surprised)
You are?

FRANK
There's no shame in being afraid.

TATE (O.S.)
No?

FRANK
And after what we... *you've* been through... it's only natural.

Tate turns the camcorder around to scan the woods.

TATE (O.S.)
It's the *super*natural I'm scared of.

FRANK
You still think they're ghosts?

TATE (O.S.)
I don't know. And, Frank... I really don't want to know.

FRANK (O.S.)
I hear you, little brother. I hear you.

They start walking, slow, still no idea where to go, and no reason to get there fast.

FRANK
It'll be morning soon.

TATE (O.S.)
Yeah.

FRANK
Maybe we'll be able to get our bearings.

Tate scans the area, on the look out for Max and Sabrina. Doing a double-take, Tate spins the camcorder around.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank. There's something out there.

He uses the zoom to get a better look, a giant shadow of a...

<u>HOUSE</u>.

TATE (O.S.)
It's a house! Maybe we can get help.

FRANK
Yeah, worth a try. Come on.

They start for the house, Frank moving as fast as he can. Tate continues to scan the woods for... *trouble*.

The camcorder starts to make an odd noise and Tate gives it a quick smack...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

INT. HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT

People are in costume, dancing. The image lands on Max and Sabrina in Shakespearean era garb. There's no timestamp.

FRIEND #1
Who are you two supposed to be?

MAX
Romeo and Juliet of course.

SABRINA
Star crossed lovers.

FRIEND #1
(but)
Who committed suicide.

SABRINA
But love is forever.

FRIEND #1
Touche.

THE IMAGE JUMPS:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Tate gives the camcorder another smack and gets it to work again.

FRANK (O.S.)
Tate! Come here.

Quickly, Tate runs over to his brother.

TATE (O.S.)
(worried)
You okay?

FRANK
Look.

He nods to the house they saw. Tate takes it in with the camera, zooming in and out until he finally realizes...

TATE (O.S.)
It's their house.

FRANK
Somehow, we came full circle. I don't know how...

Looking around, he can't figure it out, then drops to a knee.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank!?

FRANK
I'm okay.

TATE (O.S.)
No you're not.

FRANK
We have to get out of here.

TATE (O.S.)
No. We have to get you some help.

FRANK
Tate... I don't think burning their bones is gonna do us much good. Ghosts or no.

TATE (O.S.)
Actually... I was thinking of finding a phone and calling for help.

FRANK
(face brightening)
Yeah... actually, that's a good idea.

He starts coughing, a bad fit and spits up *blood*. Seeing this...

TATE (O.S.)
Come on. We gotta hurry.

Helping Frank to his feet, they head for the...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 505

EXT. MAX & SABRINA'S HOUSE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Frank and Tate mount the stairs and hear a CREAKING.

Tate spies the porch swing swaying.

TATE (O.S.)
Just the chair swaying in the wind.

FRANK
There is no wind.

He's right... the swing moves as if *somebody* pushed it.

FRANK
We should get out of here. This is a bad idea...

TATE (O.S.)
No! We gotta get you help, Frank.

Dragging a weak Frank to the door, they enter:

INT. MAX & SABRINA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's quiet. As Frank and Tate enter they notice the entire house is illuminated by...

<u>CANDLES</u>.

FRANK
This is fucking creepy.

TATE (O.S.)
What's it mean?

FRANK
I don't know and I don't care. Let's find a phone.

Tate doesn't move, hovering at the entrance arch to the Living Room.

TATE (O.S.)
Should we...

FRANK
The bodies you mean?

TATE (O.S.)
Yeah.

Frank debates.

FRANK
Let’s go.

They head inside the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

More candles everywhere give off an eerie glow. They shuffle over to where the bodies should be, but find only...

THE ROPES THAT BOUND MAX & SABRINA AND SOME BLOOD.

TATE (O.S.)
Where... where are they?

FRANK
(shocked)
They’re not dead.

TATE (O.S.)
(scared)
They’re *not* ghosts.

They stare at the spot where Max and Sabrina should be lying and try to make sense of it.

TATE (O.S.)
What are they, Frank?

FRANK
I don’t know.
(beat)
Let’s try and find that phone.

Turning, they start to move through the house and into the...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

FRANK
Damn. You see anything?

TATE (O.S.)
No.

FRANK
I have to sit down.

Tate helps lower Frank into a chair at the table.

FRANK
See if there’s anything to drink in the fridge, I’m so damn thirsty.

Tate opens the refrigerator and...

FINDS LUKE AND BENTLEY'S HEADS.

TATE (O.S.)
Oh God!

He falls to the floor as Frank rushes over and is disgusted by the sight.

FRANK
Damn!

With a SLAM he shuts the door.

FRANK
(a whimper/defeated)
What the hell?

TATE (O.S.)
You think we're in hell, Frank?

No answer from Frank as he stares at his brother, thinking it through, his eyes wondering if that's the answer. But in the end, lets it drop...

FRANK
(coughing up blood)
Look around, find that phone.

With a nod, Tate moves through the house, searching, but coming up empty in the varied rooms.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank.

No answer. Tate gets scared and starts to rush back to the kitchen...

TATE (O.S.)
Frank!

FRANK (O.S.)
(weary)
Yeah.

TATE (O.S.)
(relieved)
I'm going to check upstairs.

FRANK (O.S.)
Okay.

Tate heads for the stairs:

INT. MAX & SABRINA'S HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Slowly, Tate makes his way down the hall and into the...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large bed surrounded by antique furniture, like something you'd see in an old book or movie.

On a table, Tate spots a...

WEDDING PHOTO.

It's old, black and white, gritty, printed on thick age old paper with rough edges.

MAX & SABRINA LOOK THE SAME AS THEY DO TODAY -- *AGELESS*.

Max is dressed in some sort of MILITARY UNIFORM and Sabrina a classic white flowing gown.

Moving away from the picture, Tate scans the room for a phone, but finds nothing. He opens the closest and rummages around inside, finding a...

SHOTGUN.

Grabbing it he heads out.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tate returns...

TATE (O.S.)
I couldn't find the phone, but I found this...

He stops short, noticing...

FRANK IS GONE.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank.
(silence)
Frank!

He starts running through the house, the image jumping to and fro, desperate to find his brother, but coming up empty.

Stopping, Tate hears something...

RUNNING WATER.

Hurrying to the:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank is lying on the floor, the sink running.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank!

He shuts off the sink and puts the camera on the cabinet as he helps the passed out Frank.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank! Talk to me. Wake up.

The image shows a glimpse of Tate visible as he tries to rouse Frank. The edge of the door is also just in frame.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank!

A SHADOW FALLS OVER THE DOOR -- *SOMEBODY* IN THE HALLWAY.

FRANK (O.S.)
What?

Successful in waking his brother, a sigh of relief can be heard from Tate.

TATE (O.S.)
What happened?

FRANK (O.S.)
Just came in to splash some water on my face. Must have, must have passed out.

A *SECOND* SHADOW APPEARS OVER THE DOOR NOW -- MAX & SABRINA.

TATE (O.S.)
Let me help you up.

Clipped images of Tate helping Frank up can be seen as he sits him on the toilet.

FRANK
What's that?

TATE
I found it upstairs.

He hands Frank the SHOTGUN as he retakes the camcorder. Checking the chamber...

FRANK
It's loaded.

FRANK (O.S.)
Did you find a phone?

TATE (O.S.)
Not yet.

FRANK (O.S.)
Come on, let's keep looking. Has to be around here somewhere.

They exit back into the:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Looking up and down the hall, they wonder which way to go when...

MAX (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Tate spins the camcorder around to...

MAX STANDING AT THE END OF THE HALL BEHIND THEM.

Frank holds up the shotgun.

FRANK
Stay right there.

MAX
How rude. You're in my home, uninvited...
(pointed)
...*again*, and telling me what to do.

TATE (O.S.)
You're dead.

MAX
Yes.. *and no*.

FRANK
What the hell are you?

MAX
Angry. So, very, very angry. You boys poked a sleeping bear, stirred up a blood lust that has lied dormant a long time...
(laments)
...and should have stayed that way, for your sake... for *everybody's* sake.

He takes a *step* forward.

With difficulty, Frank chambers a round into the shotgun.

FRANK
Don't come any closer.

MAX
(with a terrible grin)
Or what?

He takes another step.

FRANK FIRES! MAX IS FLUNG BACK ONTO THE FLOOR.

Tate and Frank are breathing hard, their adrenaline pumping.

MAX (O.S.)
You got the jump on us before.

MAX SITS UP AND STANDS.

TATE (O.S.)
No... no...

FRANK
Jesus.

MAX
(matter of fact)
No.

Frank raises the shotgun and chambers another round.

MAX
We became complacent, slow, and you and your friends took advantage or our... *old age*.
(beat)
We'll have to be more careful. Isn't that right, my dear?

SABRINA (O.S.)
We shall.

Turning, Sabrina is standing at the other end of the hall.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank!?

THEY'RE TRAPPED -- MAX AND SABRINA CLOSING IN ON THEM.

Frank brandishes the shotgun.

FRANK
Stay back!

The image jumps as Tate pans from Max to Sabrina who are closing.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank!

Frank turns the shotgun on Sabrina and...

FIRES!

Sabrina is KNOCKED back into the wall.

FRANK
Run!

MAX (O.S.)
Shooting a woman! For shame!

Frank moves down the hall and runs, Tate is following when the image falls to the floor.

Turning, he finds...

SABRINA HOLDING HIS FOOT.

SABRINA
Help a lady up?

Pulling his foot free, Tate is back on the run.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Frank is waiting.

FRANK
Come on!

Tate rejoins his brother and they exit onto the porch but stop short when they hear...

FOOTFALLS ON THE AWNING ABOVE.

Frank raises the shotgun and...

FIRES! -- THREE SHOTS -- PUTTING LARGE HOLES IN THE AWNING.

Then -- CLICK -- empty.

FRANK
Damn!

Tate holds the image on the awning above, a *shadow* leaping over one of the hole's Frank made.

TATE (O.S.)
They're up there!

MAX APPEARS IN FRONT OF THEM -- HANGING FROM THE AWNING -- BLOCKING ANY ESCAPE.

MAX
Stop putting holes in my house.

FRANK
Back!

They shuffle back inside:

INT. MAX & SABRINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank and Tate are cornered when...

SABRINA APPEARS AND ATTACKS.

Frank turns and CHARGES...

IMPALING HER WITH THE SHOTGUN -- PINNING HER AGAINST THE WALL.

FRANK
Leave us alone!

Grabbing the shotgun, Sabrina holds it in a bloody grasp. With her other hand, she grabs Frank's face.

SABRINA
You started it.

Frank breaks away and rejoins Tate. Max is entering through the front door.

FRANK
Run!

They take off down the hallway again and come upon the:

INT. BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT

FRANK
This way!

They enter but there's no door lock. Grabbing some rope hanging on a hook, Frank ties one side to the door handle and the other tightly to the stair handrail; holding it shut.

Below, dark stairs lead God knows where. Frank feels around and finds a light switch: CLICK. A dim light illuminates the old wooden stairwell.

FRANK
Come on.

They descend:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A large cold room. A row of lights illuminate shelves full of this and that, an enormous collection.

TATE (O.S.)
Look at all this stuff.

FRANK
A lifetimes worth... a *couple* of lifetimes.

They pass shelves with Victrolas, cast iron sewing machines, typewriters, silver silverware, old radios, instruments... it's too much to catalog.

FRANK
It's like... like an antique shop.

Tate takes in the many shelves, sweeping over them, then...

BOOM! *BOOM*! *BOOM*!

They turn to the sound coming from the:

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

From the other side of the door, again...

BOOM! *BOOM*! *BOOM*!

MAX (O.S.)
Little pigs, little pigs, let us in.

Frank scans the basement...

FRANK
There.

He rushes to a window, high above the ground, and tries to reach it, but winces in terrible pain, doubling over.

FRANK
AHH!

TATE (O.S.)
Frank!

FRANK
I'm okay.

TATE (O.S.)
(checks out window)
Even if we could reach it Frank, I don't think we'd get through.

FRANK
(recovering)
Yeah... probably not. Look around, see if there's another way out.

Tate and Frank split up as...

BOOM! *BOOM*! *BOOM*!

The methodical knocking continues.

Tate is searching up and down the aisles of stuff in the basement, frantic to find a way out.

He comes across shelves with tea sets, candelabras, porcelain figurines, train sets, clocks... it's never ending.

Then, he comes across one shelf of vintage dolls with...

ALL THE HEADS MISSING.

Finding it unbelievably disquieting, he moves on.

Max's knocking becomes *louder* and *faster*.

BOOM! *BOOM*! *BOOM*! -- *BOOM*!*BOOM*!*BOOM*! -- ***BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!***

FRANK (O.S.)
Tate!

Tate goes running, trying to find Frank.

TATE (O.S.)
Where are you!?

FRANK (O.S.)
Over here. Follow my voice.

Turning a corner, Tate finds Frank next to the far wall.

TATE (O.S.)
You find something?

Frank points to...

FRANK
It's an old dumb waiter.

TATE (O.S.)
A what?

FRANK
It's like a mini-elevator. You can fit inside it.

TATE (O.S.)
What about you?

FRANK
Forget about me.

TATE (O.S.)
No!

FRANK
Tate, I'm not gonna make it, whether we get away from here or not.

He coughs terribly, spitting up blood, making his point.

TATE (O.S.)
I can't leave you.

FRANK
You have to.

BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! -- BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!

FRANK
There's no time.

TATE (O.S.)
Frank, please...

FRANK
Tate... somebody has to see what you got on that thing.
(nods to camcorder)
You have to show people what happened. Warn them about these crazy bastards. Understand?

Tate nods.

FRANK
Remember. Mom and Dad are on the other side.

TATE (O.S.)
It'll be like... going home?

FRANK
Yeah, just like that.

TATE (O.S.)
Okay.

FRANK
Okay, I'll keep them busy. While I do, you get the hell out of this house and run. It'll be morning soon.

Frank goes over to the dumb waiter and opens the door, which parts top to bottom, a dark maw inside.

FRANK
(turning back to Tate)
Get in and I'll...

SABRINA REACHES OUT FROM INSIDE THE DARKNESS OF THE DUMB WAITER AND GRABS FRANK.

TATE (O.S.)
NO!

Frank is pulled inside KICKING and SCREAMING and the door shuts with a BANG!

TATE (O.S.)
Frank! Frank!

Tate SLAMS his hand on the door, the camcorder dangling from the tether at his wrist again. The image holds on the bottom of the dumb waiter door as...

BLOOD STARTS TO SEEP THROUGH.

Tate is unaware, the camcorder seeing it first. Then...

TATE (O.S.)
Oh my God.

He jumps back, the blood leaking out of the dumbwaiter in glimpses as the camcorder dangles on Tate's wrist.

TATE (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Frank.

Looking around, Tate is...

ALONE.

We see things in glimpses now as the camcorder remains dangling at Tate's wrist. He rushes back to the window they found earlier.

Dragging over an old trunk, he stands atop it, and PUNCHES out the glass. Reaching up, he pulls and shoves himself through the opening.

TATE (O.S.)
Come on... come on...

He strains, dragging the camcorder, and finally is outside.

EXT. MAX & SABRINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Getting to his feet, he starts running, the camcorder continuing to dangle, giving us a jumping point of view.

We hear Tate's ragged breathing and his footfalls.

A sound reverberates -- A SHOTGUN BLAST -- and Tate goes down in a dirty and bloody heap.

TATE (O.S.)
AHH!

The tether snaps and the camcorder goes flying.

The lens is at a crooked angle, right on Tate, who's hurt bad, lying on his back as...

MAX & SABRINA WALK TOWARD HIM.

Tate spits up blood as Max loads shells into the undercarriage of shotgun.

TATE
(through bloody gasps)
You're... you're not ghosts?

MAX
(with a chuckle)
Ghosts? No such thing as ghosts.

TATE
What... *who* are you?

SABRINA
A mad man once called us... the *forever people*.

Tate is completely confused. Max hefts the loaded gun.

TATE
I never hurt anybody my whole life.

MAX
But you didn't stop anybody from getting hurt, which doesn't make you any less guilty.

TATE
But... you're not dead.

Max aims the shotgun and...

FIRES AT TATE'S HEAD -- HIS BODY GOING LIMP.

SABRINA
It's over.
(beat)
Let's go back to our life, Max. Our *peaceful* life. Please.

Max stands over Tate, still overcome by the blood lust.

SABRINA
Max.

She walks over to him. He turns to her, calms down, and looks down at the blood on his hands; disgusted.

MAX
Yes... let's go home.

Sabrina walks over and picks up the camcorder.

SABRINA
I think it's broken.

Max takes it in hand.

MAX
The disc is damaged.
(pushing buttons)
It's garbage.

He tosses it away, the image tumbling end over end.

MAX (O.S.)
We'll have to move again.

Finally, the camcorder hits the ground and...

THE IMAGE JUMPS -- STATIC:

ERROR 202.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

The footage is black and white, and very old, no sound, this all eerily silent.

A rally is taking place, thousands of people have gathered. Judging by their dress, it's some sixty or seventy years ago.

The camera turns and lands on...

Sabrina -- dressed in the clothes of the times, her hair short and cropped. She smiles and then points...

Panning, the camera follows her gesture. As it does it catches a row of...

NAZI FLAGS AND BANNERS.

The camera keeps panning until it passes over ADOLF HITLER giving his famous speech of 1939 rallying Germany to war.

The image moves to the men behind Hitler, one of them:

Max -- dressed in his military uniform -- *his German uniform* -- an Army Colonel.

THE IMAGE JUMPS:

ERROR 202.

ERROR 505.

ERROR 999.

Click, the screen flashes as it's turned off. Over black:

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Forever people? So they're... what...?
(ominous)
Immortal?

OFFICER #2
Some kind of... Nazi experiment.

OFFICER #1
I seen a bunch of those shows on the History Channel saying how the Germans were always trying to make some kind of super soldier.

OFFICER #2
Yeah, and how Hitler was into the occult.

OFFICER #3
Jesus. Should we put out a APB?

OFFICER #1
Should we?
(beat)
Maybe it's like the fella said... this is one sleeping bear we should just let lie.

THE END