THE CREEPS

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TRANSIT VAN - DAY

In the farthest seat back we open on RAW VIDEO FOOTAGE of SCOTT RILEY (20s), tense, wide eyed, super serious film student.

SCOTT
You're just doing an equipment check right?
(beat)
This isn't like...a thing is it?

PERRY (O.S.)
A thing?

SCOTT
A thing.

PERRY (O.S.)
Nah, man. Just getting into the spirit, that's all. Getting the creative juices flowing.

SCOTT
Well. It's early as hell and the juices have yet to flow to my brain. So...

PERRY (O.S.)
Come on, man. Don't be that way. We're kicking things off. Documenting the experience.

Scott rolls his eyes.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Don't sink the project before it even starts. Come on.

SCOTT
Okay.

Scott sports a big fake grin and points to the others in the van.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS

As we see three other twenty-somethings on their smart phones and playing games.
Even our driver JERROD HAMM, tall, black, athletic, checks his texts and voice mail.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
We're currently riding in a car and nobody's said a word in thirty minutes. Because...
(beat)
...everybody's on their phones!
(beat)
Yay!

Scott claps his hands in applause.

PERRY (O.S.)
Woohoo!

The CAMERA SWISH PANS to Scott.

PERRY (CONT'D)
Anyways. In all seriousness. What are you thinking right now? Are you excited, scared...?

SCOTT
I'm thinking about a lot of stuff. And yes, very excited about the days to come.

PERRY (O.S.)
You don't look excited. You look worried.

SCOTT
I am to some extent. This project could be the best thing any of us have ever done or it could be a huge mistake.
(beat)
If it goes bad...

PERRY (O.S.)
It's gonna be your fault.

Scott shoots him a nasty look.

SCOTT
Did I say that? I didn't say that.

PERRY (O.S.)
You didn't say it but you're thinking it.
SCOTT
Well maybe it'll be your fault.
Because you're a shitty camera
guy.

PERRY (O.S.)
Could be. But that's doubtful.

SCOTT
It's not doubtful. It could very
certainly be a fact.

PERRY (O.S.)
Either way, it's still your fault
because you hired me.

Scott grins, stares out the window.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Isn't life great?

LATER THAT DAY

The CAMERA ON Scott, now in the driver's seat. His eyes
dance between the road and a GPS.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We are now...
(to Scott)
How much longer did you say?

SCOTT
Ten minutes.

PERRY (O.S.)
Ten minutes from the one and only
Uncle Jerry's house.
(to Scott)
Tell the audience who Uncle Jerry
is again?

SCOTT
Uncle Jerry is a very important
player in this project. He is not
only the Executive Producer but
also co-Casting Director of our
feature film.

PERRY (O.S.)
More of a self-appointed co-Casting
Director is he not?

The CAMERA SWISH PANS to Jerrod and SHERRIE "CHEWIE" CHU,
Asian, short haired hippie.
They both shake their heads in a simultaneous "Yes".

SCOTT
Hey. He put up the cash. That makes him in charge. And as long as it doesn't interfere with our work and what we wanna do, I don't take any issue with it.

EXT. UNCLE JERRY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The CAMERA NOW on PERRY, wild hair, thin, tatts, as he poses next to the transit van. Uncle Jerry's posh house behind him.

JERROD (O.S.)
Alright. We're rolling. Let's do this fast.

PERRY
Okay, so. Where did we leave off? (beat)
Oh, yes. Uncle Jerry acting as co Casting Director. Basically what that means is, he wasn't gonna produce Scott's film unless we cast his bimbo wife in the lead.

Jerrod snickers behind the camera.

CHEWIE (O.S.)
You guys need to knock it off.

CAMERA SWISH PANS to Chewie, red bull and smoke in hand.

CHEWIE (CONT'D)
They're gonna be out here.

The CAMERA SWISHES back to Perry.

PERRY
We haven't told Scottie yet, but Jerrod and I are pretty sure Kim's done porn.

CHEWIE
Oh my God.

Perry tries not to laugh as he checks the front door. Still safe.

Jerrod LAUGHS SO HARD the CAMERA SHAKES.
PERRY
Not a lot of porn but enough to leave young perverts like Jerrod and myself almost positive that we've seen her naked at some point in time.

JERROD (O.S.)
Almost positive? More like positive.

PERRY
But. That's neither here nor there. It is what it is.

CHEWIE (O.S.)
Sad part is...

The CAMERA SWISHES to Chewie.

CHEWIE (CONT'D)
...she's probably our best actor.

All three laugh their ass off.

MOMENTS LATER

Jerrod, Chewie and Perry all take turns greeting and hugging KIM STILES (40s), blonde, long in the tooth, and a tad bit racist.

She seems stupified, out of it, pilled out.

KIM
Oh God. So this is happening. Thank you guys. For the opportunity. Really. I'm very excited but I gotta say still a bit confused...

SCOTT
About what exactly?

KIM
About...what we're doing.

SCOTT
You mean...the movie?

PERRY
We're making a movie.

Kim slaps Perry on the arm.
The CAMERA SHAKES.

    KIM
    Well duh...

They all laugh.

    KIM (CONT’D)
    I mean today. Like, what are we doing again?

    SCOTT
    Sorry, I thought Jerry filled you in already. On what the plan was.

    KIM
    No, not really. That would require talking. Not really his thing.

Some more snickers.

    SCOTT
    Okay, so basically, we're heading out to a house near Summer Sage. Gonna set up camp there for the night and go check out some possible locations.

Kim is so confused.

    KIM
    For...?

    JERROD
    The moo-gee.

Kim slaps her own forehead.

Jerrod stares into the camera. Shakes his head and smiles.

    KIM
    Oh. Of course. My bad.

Kim turns to Jerrod.

    KIM (CONT’D)
    Isn't that what you guys say these days? My bad?

    JERROD
    Who? Me?

Perry and the others snicker.
JERROD (CONT’D)
I never say my bad.

CHEWIE
He's lying. He says it all the time.

JERROD
Yeah I say all kinds of black shit.

Jerrod and the others burst out laughing.

KIM
Oh God. Sorry. Not what I meant at all. Jerr...Jarrell...Jay-Rod is it?

Chewie smiles and snickers into the camera. Perry laughs under his breath.

JERROD
Actually it's Jared.

KIM
Right.

INT. TRANSIT VAN - DAY

Perry sits behind Scott and keeps the CAMERA ON Kim, now in the front passenger seat. She is fidgety, stares back at the others with uncomfortable suspicion.

PERRY
And here we have our film's lead Miss Kim Stiles. Joining us on our very first exploration of Summer Sage. And I must say, she seems a bit distraught.

(beat)
Penny for your thoughts, Kim. You don't seem very excited. You're making your feature film debut. This movie will literally be seen by hundreds of people.

JERROD
If we're lucky.

KIM
Look, guys, I just wanted to clear the air about some things. Things you may or may not have heard about me.
JERROD
About you?

PERRY
Haven't heard anything.

Jerrod smiles at the camera.

KIM
Come on, guys. I can feel your eyes on the back of my head. I know what you're doing.

PERRY (O.S.)
You do?

KIM
And it's not very nice.

JERROD
What're we doing? We're just sitting here.

KIM
Yeah, right. And if I check those phones I'm not gonna find anything weird, right?

PERRY (O.S.)
Weird? Like what?

KIM
Like...you know what.

SCOTT
Come on, guys. Behave.

JERROD
I didn't say anything. I'm just sitting here.

KIM
All I can say is...the past is the past. The future's the future. And that's all any of us should be concerned with.

The CAMERA TURNS TO Jerrod. He holds up a hot still pic of Kim in her earlier years wearing a leather bustier.

Jerrod gives a thumbs up and an ear to ear smile.

And the van TURNS A CORNER on a very remote back road with tall thin trees on both sides.
SCOTT
Okay, guys. Start getting all your shit together. We're about eight minutes out.

Some shaking of the CAMERA as Perry shuts down.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIR BNB HOUSE - SUMMER SAGE, SAN DIEGO - DUSK

Scott walks the sprawling front lawn of the property, stares at the front of the home with a careful eye.

PERRY (O.S.)
So what're you thinking, Scottie?

SCOTT
Just taking some mental notes. Soaking it all in.

The CAMERA TILTS UP at the old, damaged home.

PERRY (O.S.)
Looks haunted to me. Whatt'ya think?

The CAMERA TURNS TO Chewie as she bends and stretches her back.

CHEWIE
I think it has potential. Just depends on what kind of movie we wanna do. Are we doing the haunted house thing or are we going the killer in the woods route?

PERRY (O.S.)
Why not both?

SCOTT (O.S.)
Exactly.

The CAMERA TURNS TO Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
More importantly, what's the inside look like?

JERROD
If it's anything like the pictures, a shit hole.
Chewie shrugs her shoulders and smiles.

CHEWIE
Perfect.

CUT TO:

The CAMERA NOW ON

Kim, still in the van, doing her makeup in the rear view mirror.

PERRY (O.S.)
What is Kim doing?

Chewie grins.

CHEWIE
She's doing her makeup.

PERRY (O.S.)
Why would she be doing her makeup?

CHEWIE
Maybe somebody should remind her we're not shooting today.

PERRY (O.S.)
Yeah. Maybe.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB - NIGHT

Jerrod stands in awe of the awful mess around him.

Boxes of cheap knock off brand cereal and bowls of milk left half empty rest on the counter top.

Dead bugs all over the counter and floor.

JERROD
What...the actual fuck...is this shit?

PERRY (O.S.)
Un-believable. Is this even the right house or did we just like...walk into somebody's home?

Chewie opens the filthy microwave. Something inside is rank as hell as she covers her nose and mouth.
CHEWIE
Oh-my-God.

JERROD
What?

PERRY (O.S.)
Oh God, don't even tell me!
(beat)
Okay, tell me.

Chewie stares at the camera.

CHEWIE
It's an effing burrito.

JERROD
Bullshit.

PERRY (O.S.)
Hole-ee-shhhit. It isn't even.

CHEWIE
Yes! It's a fucking BURRITO!

Chewie runs for the back door -- into the rear lawn to puke her guts out.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as Perry and Jerrod laugh their balls off.

Chewie spits up a little, no puke. She grabs her aching stomach, stares back at the camera.

CHEWIE (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me right now???
Get out of my face!

Chewie grabs at the camera.

PERRY (O.S.)
Hey, careful with that...

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chewie rests on the cheap, flimsy mattress as Scott and an unamused Kim survey the rest of the room.

It's very basic. Almost appears abandoned.
Forty year old furniture, dusty as hell. An old TV TUBE rests on a sliding tray.

SCOTT
Oh, yeah. This place is nasty.

CHEWIE
The bed's hard as shit.

SCOTT
It looks it.

KIM
The bed's hard? What about the rest of the beds? Did you test them already?

Chewie ignores her, still looks sick.

KIM (CONT’D)
I have a bad back.

PERRY (O.S.)
An old work injury?

Kim stares back at Perry behind the camera, shoots him a fuck off look.

KIM
Cute. That was...actually inappropriate. And hurtful. But whatever...

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Scott as he ducks his head into THE BATHROOM

Which is more like a prison cell with a cheap sliding shower door and a toilet with no leg room.

PERRY (O.S.)
Check the commode. Gotta keep the door open just to take a dump.

KIM
Eewww. You're gross.

The CAMERA CATCHES Kim as she ducks out of the bedroom. All she needs to hear.

Perry laughs.
EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

The wood deck is old and worn to say the least. It needs some tender love and care but hasn't been touched since the early seventies.

Kim stands, arms folded, her nose twitches, grimaces as she shoos away the bugs.

Jerrod sits on a bench, arms stretched, relaxed, smiles as he watches Kim.

    PERRY (O.S.)
    What's the matter, Kim? Not liking our beautiful house?

Kim snickers, shakes her head with disgust.

    KIM
    Did you see all that food? Like, what the hell? Who did that?

    PERRY (O.S.)
    I...don't know. I got here the same time you did. Was just thinking the same thing myself.

    JERROD
    It's like somebody was just here, man. Like yesterday. And they just left all their shit wherever.

    PERRY (O.S.)
    Can't say as I blame them. Have you tried any of the beds? It's like you're laying on cement.

    JERROD
    This is...foul. It's gross. But it's actually perfect for what we need.

    PERRY (O.S.)
    Gonna say. This is in fact a horror film we're shooting. (beat) Is it not?

    JERROD
    Right. The second we start treating this like it's a vacation and start complaining...
PERRY (O.S.)
...it's like we're taking our eye
off the prize. On what we should
be doing.

JERROD
Exactly. Way I see it, man...
(beat)
The nastier, the more stank,
creepy, gross, nasty...whatever...

PERRY (O.S.)
...the better our movie.

JERROD
Exactly.

The CAMERA SWOOSHES to Kim.

PERRY
Right, Kim?

Kim swats away another fly.

KIM
It stinks out here.

Kim's nose sniffs like a puppy dog, soaks up the nature
around her.

KIM (CONT'D)
Kind of like...
(beat)
...dirty ass.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The BASEMENT DOOR is locked with reinforced steel. No way
this is ever getting opened.

Perry rubs his fingers over the multiple locks.

PERRY (O.S.)
Creepy as shit.
(to Chewie)
What do you think's down there?

The CAMERA POINTS to Chewie.
CHEWIE
Something we're not supposed to mess with. Obviously.

Perry knocks his hand on the door. It doesn't budge.

PERRY (O.S.)
Well I'm curious. What the hell's down there.

The CAMERA SWISHES AROUND and faces Kim who is definitely creeped out.

KIM
If it's anything like up here, I don't wanna know.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The gang all sit on the couch and in recliners and chairs as Scott goes over the game plan. Perry behind the camera of course.

SCOTT
Okay, so, it's dark as shit outside. Kind of puts a kink in our original plans. Going out, checking out the woods, seeing what we can work with. We have a couple people to thank for that.

(beat)
First would be Jerrod's extreme tardiness... Plus the fact that Chewie has the bladder of a ninety year old man and had to stop every twenty minutes also didn't help our cause.

CHEWIE
Excuse us.

Jerrod shakes his head.

JERROD
Yeah, no doubt.

Kim smiles.

KIM
No doubt. I like them.
(to Jerrod)
(MORE)
KIM (CONT’D)
Do you listen to that kind of music? Like, white pop?

Jerrod is so offended he just laughs in her face.

SCOTT
So we have one of two choices. We can still go out but stay close. Take some flashlights, get some footage. Soak up the creepy vibe...

KIM
And what's option B? Because it's really really dark out.

Everyone laughs.

SCOTT
Yes, I know. So I was thinking we could maybe chill here for the night, do some equipment checks, talk about script ideas...

Kim holds up her hand, stops him.

KIM
Wait. There's no script?

SCOTT
No.

KIM
How are you gonna shoot a movie without a script? I'm lost.

PERRY (O.S.)
Well we don't have the script yet. Is what he's saying.

Kim seems put off by Perry and shoots the camera the stink eye.

KIM
Hello. I got that, smart guy. He just said that. What I'm asking is...how are we gonna shoot this thing without a finished script?

SCOTT
We can't, Kim.

Jerrod and Chewie snicker under their breath.
Kim still lost as all hell.

KIM
Glad we got that one all cleared up.

CUT TO:

INT. JERROD AND PERRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Perry has the CAMERA ON Jerrod as he unpacks all of his sound equipment on a bed: Boom, DAT, ear phones, etc.

Jerrod seems annoyed by Perry's intrusion.

JERROD
Yo, man. Why don't you give the camera a rest? Make sure it's charged up for tomorrow.

PERRY (O.S.)
I'm curious about something.

Jerrod shoots him an unsure look.

JERROD
Yo. Just stay on your side of the room, okay?

PERRY (O.S.)
I don't think I could take you, big boy.

JERROD
No, I don't think you could take me either.

PERRY (O.S.)
For real. Why're you so into, like, sound design? It seems like the most boring thing you could possibly do.

JERROD
I'm into it because...
(beat)
Everybody wants to direct.
Everyone wants to write. And edit.
Nobody wants to do this shit.
PERRY (O.S.)
Yep. All things that I've just covered.

Jerrod shakes his head.

JERROD
Seriously. I do this because I'm good at it. And it's something I can always get a job doing. You're not always gonna get work as a director. I mean, you can take a camera and shoot what you want, whenever, call yourself a filmmaker, but you're not gonna earn a serious living.

PERRY (O.S.)
Yeah, this is all true. But sound editing is still boring as hell. And tedious.

JERROD
Like I said, I'll have a job. Somewhere. Maybe not all the time but I'll get work.

PERRY (O.S.)
And you don't wanna direct?

JERROD
I didn't say that. But writing scripts and directing short films ain't gonna pay my bills.

CUT TO:

LATER THAT NIGHT

The CAMERA SHAKES LIKE CRAZY

As Perry races for the light switch, quickly TURNS IT ON.

The CAMERA SWISH PANS to

Jerrod in bed as he wakes up, rubs his tired eyes.

PERRY (O.S.)
Dude! Get up! I just heard something!
JERROD
I don't hear nothing but you. Come on, man.

PERRY (O.S.)
I'm telling you I heard something! Come on! Get your butt outta bed!

CUT TO:

HALLWAY
A SHAKY CAMERA follows Kim and Jerrod into Scott's room where Chewie laughs her ass off.

KIM
We heard a crash. Did you guys hear it too?

Chewie falls to the floor laughing. She points into the bathroom.

THE CAMERA sneeks into

THE BATHROOM
Where we find Scott, pants around his ankles, sprawled out on the floor. The broken toilet seat next to him.

Scott covers himself with a large towel as he covers his face from view.

PERRY (O.S.)
Well, good evening.

SCOTT
Get the camera out of here, please.

PERRY (O.S.)
You must be joking.

SCOTT
Seriously! Perry!

Scott points to the door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Out!

MOMENTS LATER
The CAMERA ON
Scott as he shows the others the broken toilet seat.
KIM
What happened?

Everyone burst out laughing.

CHEWIE
What do you think happened? He fell off the toilet.

Kim still doesn't get it.

KIM
How do you fall off a toilet?

Scott shoves the busted seat in her face.

SCOTT
Well, obviously, it's broken! Look at it!

PERRY (O.S.)
Damn dude. You must've blown it up in there.

SCOTT
Very funny.

Kim retracts. Grossed out.

KIM
Oh. Oh God. Yeah, I see it.

Chewie rolls on the floor like a kid. Choking from laughing so hard.

PERRY (O.S.)
That is classic. Can you do it again? Just for post?

Scott flips him the bird.

SCOTT
Save that for post.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - SUMMER SAGE - DAY

The CAMERA follows behind Scott, Chewie, Jerrod and Kim as the five venture further into the trees.

It's sort of nondescript. Boring.
PERRY (O.S.)
Yep! It's the woods alright!

CUT TO:

The CAMERA now on Scott as he walks in a careful circle with hands on his hips, stares out into the forestry.

Scott points upward, toward the sky.

SCOTT
This is good. You got plenty of woods here to work with but also plenty of light.

Perry points the CAMERA TO THE SKY. Nothing above them but empty space, blue sky and clouds.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
Look at that. Awesome.

CHEWIE
I thought this was taking place at night. Day zombies are stupid.

The CAMERA points to Chewie.

SCOTT
It is. It will be.

CHEWIE
(confused)
So why do we care about sunlight again?

Scott is already annoyed.

SCOTT
The whole movie won't take place at night, you understand.

Jerrod joins the convo, rests his hands on his knees.

JERROD
Now wait a sec. We definitely don't have the script yet, right? Or do we?

Scott sighs with disgust.

SCOTT
No. We don't have shit. I promise.
JERROD
So why is she talking about zombies?

CHEWIE
Oh, come on. Gotta do zombies, dude.

JERROD
That shit's tired.

KIM
What about bigfoot?

Scott shakes his head into the camera.

KIM (CONT’D)
We could get Jerry to take his shirt off and we're set.

Kim laughs her ass off. Everyone laughs but Scott.

SCOTT
We don't need to be concerned with the story at this point. Right now, we're just checking out locations.

CHEWIE
Seriously though. Zombies, right?

Scott gives her a wtf look.

Kim rests a hand over her eyes, blocks the sunlight as she stares up at the sky.

KIM
I do agree. It would be scarier at night. This isn't very scary. (beat) Just saying.

Scott shuts his eyes, rubs his nose in defeat.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

Scott rests on a rock as the others stand around wasting time. He TALKS INTO THE CAMERA.

SCOTT
I sort of already knew coming out here with everyone...

(MORE)
SCOTT (CONT'D)

(beat)
...without a finished script...
(beat)
Without the story already outlined and story boarded...
(beat)
...was gonna be an issue.

PERRY (O.S.)
Why's that?

SCOTT
Well, because everybody wants to add their two cents about what the story should be. And all we do is spin around in a circle talking about what if we do this...what if we do that...
(beat)
And you never get anything accomplished that way. It's so counter productive.

Scott shakes his head. Sighs.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Ya know, everyone wants to be the writer, the cinematographer and the director. But you can't work like that. Everyone has their roles and you should stick to your role or nothing gets done.

PERRY (O.S.)
I agree. A hundred percent.
(beat)
Obviously, you had a plan for this weekend. What was your plan coming out here today? How should we be moving forward?

SCOTT
We need to get some footage. And we need to sit down tonight and watch the footage. Get a feel for this place. Soak it all in.
(beat)
What we can't do is stop every two seconds and argue about what story we're doing.

PERRY (O.S.)
Zombies. Definitely zombies.
Scott laughs. Shakes his head and re-joins the others.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Think about it.

CUT TO:

THE CAMERA ON

A long and steady stream of FLOWING WATER down a deep quarry of smooth rocks. Branches of hanging moss extend over the beautiful sight.

Kim steps from rock to rock, smiles back at the camera. Gives it a wave hello.

KIM
This is gorgeous.

The CAMERA TURNS to Perry, now taking a break from camera duty to stretch out his back.

PERRY
Whadd'ya think, boss? Good place for our nude sunbathing scene?

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF VARIOUS VIDEO FOOTAGE

Hanging moss.

An old brick fire pit.

A purple Santa Barbara in full bloom.

KIM
Oooh. That's pretty.

An abandoned horse ranch. Chewie, Jerrod and Perry walk the old property with their smart phones on record.

SCOTT (O.S.)
All kinds of stuff out here.

A steep hill with sage brush and coyote bush on both sides of a very narrow dirt pathway.

Scott stares up the strange hill. Hands on his hips.
PERRY (O.S.)
Whadd'ya think is waiting for us at the top of that hill? Maybe a mutant coyote?

CHEWIE
(smiles)
A man-bear-pig.

Perry laughs.

SCOTT
I like this spot. A lot.

Scott smiles as he stares all around him.

PERRY (O.S.)
Getting a creepy vibe?

SCOTT
Definitely getting a vibe. The ideas are coming like crazy.

PERRY (O.S.)
Such as...?

Scott nods with assurance.

SCOTT
Later. Let's keep moving.

PERRY (O.S.)
You were thinking zombies, weren't you?

CUT TO:

EXT. AIR BNB HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Perry keeps THE CAMERA on the others as they maneuver through tree branches and other obstacles.

It's dark as hell.

Jerrod and Scott point bright FLASHLIGHTS toward the rear deck of their rental air bnb. Almost home.

SCOTT
Almost there, guys.

KIM
Thank God.
JERROD
You break a nail, Kim?

Everyone laughs.

KIM
Very funny. And yes I did.

They all laugh.

JERROD
Are they insured?

KIM
Ha-hah.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIR BNB - BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Perry has THE CAMERA on a very creepy WHITE BASEMENT DOOR which is also padlocked from the outside.

Jerrod tries to open but the knob won't budge.

JERROD
No way we're getting in there.

PERRY (O.S.)
I've GOT to know what's in there.

Scott and Kim walk up some steps and onto the rear wooden deck. Chewie joins Perry and Jerrod.

CHEWIE
What're you guys doing?

JERROD
Trying to figure out why the hell these basement doors are locked up.

CHEWIE
Probably a bunch of gross shit they don't want us to see.

PERRY (O.S.)
Man. I bet it smells like a bag of assholes.

CHEWIE
Can't be any worse than that rank burrito. Did you guys smell that thing?
Jerrod and Perry laugh.

PERRY (O.S.)
It was rank?

CHEWIE
Shit was rank like hell, dude.

PERRY (O.S.)
How much will you give me if I took a bite?

Chewie covers her mouth in horror.

CHEWIE
Oh God.

Perry laughs.

Jerrod yanks on the doorknob. It wont budge.

JERROD
Hey, Chewie. Can you karate kick this door down or something?

Jerrod and Perry laugh.

CHEWIE
God, man, I thought Kim was the racist.

They share a good laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerrod records the rest of the group throwing down shots and beers and playing card games.

SCOTT
(to Chewie)
How many card tricks do you know?
Let's just play a fucking hand.
Crying out loud.

Perry winks at the camera and jumps up.

PERRY
Alright! The time has come to put my mouth where Chewie's money is.

Chewie figures it out and hides her face between her legs.
CHEWIE
Oh no! Don't even!

KIM
What's he talking about?

JERROD (O.S.)
Remember that burrito?

Kim thinks back.

KIM
Yeah?

She covers her mouth in horror.

KIM (CONT'D)
Oh no.

Jerrod and Perry laugh. Scott is grossed out and Chewie still hides her face.

Perry walks back in with the old BURRITO.

PERRY
How much did you say you'd give me again?

CHEWIE
I can smell it from here!

PERRY
I re heated it and everything.

SCOTT
Come on, bro. She's gonna puke again. If she pukes, I'm gonna puke.

KIM
No no no. I can't watch anyone throw up. I'll get sick.

Perry taunts Chewie with the old burrito as he moves it closer to her face.

PERRY
Mmm. Tasty.

(beat)

Shit! There's ants!

And Perry drops the burrito on the floor in front of Chewie.
CHEWIE
GROSS!!!

She storms out, ready to puke.

Scott falls over laughing. Perry grabs his burning hand in pain.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB BATHROOM - NIGHT

Perry waives hello to himself in the mirror as he turns the CAMERA TO

Chewie. Now in pajamas, wet hair, unamused.

CHEWIE
Look at this, dude. Are you kidding me?

The CAMERA FOLLOWS her look to the shower curtain. It's about three inches too short.

Water has leaked all down the side of the tub and all over the tile floor. Several towels attempt to soak it up.

Perry laughs.

PERRY (O.S.)
It's the Steve Urkel of shower curtains.

CHEWIE
It's like...now I gotta clean up this other mess. Everyone's towels are all wet and shit.

PERRY (O.S.)
Whadd'ya think?

(beat)
So you think we should just shoot the movie here in the house?

Chewie smiles.

CHEWIE
Yeah, it's like the woods were all nice and pretty. But...

PERRY (O.S.)
....the house, man.
CHEWIE
Yeah. Exactly. This house is bugging me out.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Perry smiles into his SMART PHONE but quickly faces the camera on THE TELEVISION

THE TELEVISION

Where THE VIDEO CAMERA is now plugged in. Scott rewinds some earlier footage from the woods.

PERRY (O.S.)
Apparently, I've recorded something of extreme significance that Scott is refusing to tell me about.

Scott is annoyed, shoos Perry away.

SCOTT
Just give me a sec. I just saw it. I know it was here.

PERRY
Okay. I can't speak for everyone but I know I'm on the edge of my seat, Scottie.

Scott ignores him. Totally focused on the footage.

SCOTT
Yeah, you laugh now. But just wait.

CHEWIE (O.S.)
I saw it too.

Perry points his SMART PHONE at Chewie. A shocked, stunned look about her. The color gone from her face.

PERRY
Shit, Chewie. You don't look so hot.

But her eyes are glued to the TV.

PERRY (CONT'D)
What's the matter with you guys?
CHEWIE
Shut up a minute!

PERRY
Alright, alright! Sorry!

Jerrod, on the couch, gives him the signal to lay off.

SCOTT (O.S.)
There it is!

Perry points his SMART PHONE at the TV.

Scott has the image paused. Frozen.

Perry ZOOMS IN. A bald and shirtless MAN is barely visible behind some shrubbery. His eyes GLOW WHITE.

PERRY (O.S.)
Okay. That's the most frightening thing I've ever seen.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIR BNB - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Perry points his SMART PHONE at the TRANSIT VAN with engine running, headlights on.

The interior LIGHT ON as we see Chewie in the front seat. Ready to leave.

PERRY (O.S.)
Chewie! Come on, Sherri! Come back inside!

Kim also drags out her suitcase. Parks it next to the van and stares back at Scott.

KIM
Are we leaving or...

Jerrod tosses his hands in the air.

JERROD
Maybe we should just leave. Take them back. We got the footage we need. Most of it anyways.

Scott rests his hands on his head.
SCOTT
I don't know. I'm tired as shit. I seriously don't feel like driving.

JERROD
I'll drive. I don't mind. It's better than listening to her freak out all night.

Scott spins in a frustrated circle.

SCOTT
I was hoping we could get some shit done this weekend. I mean...
(beat)
We have a lot of work to do. We gotta go over the script, figure out who's doing casting...

JERROD
I understand.

SCOTT
The point is...we're either doing this or not. So far we've gotten shit accomplished.
(beat)
So which is it?

Jerrod sighs, scratches his head, unsure.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I mean...
(beat)
Enough bullshit already. Ya know what I mean?

JERROD
Alright. Just give me a few minutes. I'll talk to her.

SCOTT
Just try to calm her down or something.

Scott heads back inside. Angry as hell.

Jerrod heads for the van. Perry ZOOMS IN on him. Chewie has a tear in her eye.

CUT TO:
INT. JERROD AND PERRY'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Perry has his SMART PHONE hovered over his face as he lay in bed. He talks quietly into it.

PERRY
This has been a very interesting evening to say the least.
(beat)
Ya know, it's ironic.

Perry thinks about his next words.

PERRY (CONT'D)
Everyone was so excited about doing this movie. Especially a scary movie. Chewie was all about..."let's make it about zombies". Jerrod's all about pumpkinhead and demons and monsters and shit...
(beat)
Scott's been leaning towards doing a haunted house story because he's obsessed with James Wan.

Perry shakes his head. His eyes dance.

PERRY (CONT'D)
But since we watched the footage tonight...
(beat)
...you can hear a pin drop in this place. Even Scott's weirded out. If he says so or not.

Perry cracks a nervous laugh.

PERRY (CONT'D)
It's like...everybody thinks they like being scared, but when some real shit goes down, they don't know how to handle it. I'm not sure I know how to handle it.

Perry loses his grin. Seems concerned.

PERRY (CONT'D)
Werewolves and vampires and zombies and all that shit's fun. It's fun because we don't really believe in them. It's just fantasy. It takes us out of our mundane lives and it's fun to pretend.

(MORE)
PERRY (CONT’D)
(beat)
But I can tell you from personal experience that ghosts are real. Crazy naked people that live in the woods are real. They're as real as you and me. And that's scarier than anything you see in the movies.
(beat)
We all got hit with a dose of reality tonight and it's messin us all up.

Perry sighs with exhaustion.

PERRY (CONT’D)
Anyways. I guess we'll see what tomorrow brings. Nite nite.

He hits STOP

CUT TO:

HALLWAY

Chewie has her back to a corner, hands over mouth, tears down her face.

Kim also scared as they stare at a long flat wall next to the basement door.

Scott slowly paces the hallway with his eyes glued to the long wall.

Perry points THE GOOD CAMERA at Jerrod who seems just as confused.

JERROD
What is it?

SCOTT
Chewie heard knocking.

KIM
I heard it too.

SCOTT
It was coming from the walls.

Scott runs his hands over the smooth surface. The CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON CHEWIE. Like a scared child in the corner.

He ZOOMS BACK OUT to Scott.
JERROD
When was this?

KIM
Maybe five minutes ago.

Scott KNOCKS on the wall. Puts his ear to it.

SCOTT
I don't hear anything.

CHEWIE
Something's down there!

JERROD
Those doors are sealed shut. Nobody's getting in or out.

CHEWIE
Well someone got in because somebody knocked on the wall!

Jerrod shakes his head. Smiles at Scott.

JERROD
(to Scott)
Aren't you glad we stayed?

SCOTT
Quiet! Everybody!

Chewie gives Jerrod a nasty look.

The CAMERA PANS to Scott with a full view of the basement stairs wall.

He gives another KNOCK and waits.

And from the other side of the wall:

KNOCK...KNOCK...

The CAMERA SHAKES as everyone GASPS and SHRIEKS.

PERRY (O.S.)
Holy SHIT!!!

A SHAKY CAMERA as we show the WHOLE CREW run for the door like a herd of bull.

And...

OUT THE DOOR
They go. We get glimmers and glimpses of FEET...flailing ARMS...scared FACES...

Perry stops in his tracks. The CAMERA on the whole crew next to the van as they stop for air, out of breath, not knowing what to do.

JERROD
So what now???

SCOTT
We call the cops!

CHEWIE
Fuck that! Let's get outta here!

KIM
Where are the keys???

CHEWIE
Please tell me you have the keys to the truck!!

Scott checks his pockets. Nothing. The others slump in defeat.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEWIE AND KIM'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on a nightstand where Chewie's phone charger rests without a phone.

CHEWIE
My phone's gone. It's nowhere.

PERRY (O.S.)
Gotta be here somewhere.

CHEWIE
It's not! I checked everywhere!

KIM
Mine's gone too.

PERRY (O.S.)
And you didn't get up to use the bathroom? Go to the kitchen for a drink?
KIM
I haven't left this room since last night. Neither of us have. We've been too scared to.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN
Where Scott's phone charger is plugged into the wall. His phone also missing.

Scott scratches his head. Tired, frustrated.

PERRY (O.S.)
Wait. Don't tell me.

SCOTT
I had it right here.

PERRY (O.S.)
You check the rest of the house?

SCOTT
Yes! I've been everywhere I've been! The bathroom, the laundry room! Outside on the deck!

PERRY (O.S.)
Whoa. This is...

SCOTT
Fucked up! Yes! Yes it is!

CUT TO:

INT. JERROD AND PERRY'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT
Perry records footage of Jerrod's SOUND EQUIPMENT still boxed up on the floor.

PERRY (O.S.)
They didn't take any of this stuff?

Jerrod paces on the hard wood floor. Pissed, confused, tired.

JERROD
Nah, man. Wallet's still here. All your shit's still here.
PERRY (O.S.)
But they took our phones.

JERROD
Unless you got yours on you, it's gone.

PERRY (O.S.)
Nope.

JERROD
Well it's gone. And you're still walking around making movies.

PERRY (O.S.)
Hey. This is real life shit. You can't beat that. Scottie wanted some interesting footage. Well what's more interesting than this?

JERROD
(sarcastic)
Yeah, you're right. This is a lot of fun. I'm having a blast.

Perry sighs. And then...a sudden realization hits.

PERRY (O.S.)
Oh, shit.

Jerrod stops pacing. Stares into the camera.

JERROD
What?

PERRY (O.S.)
I just thought of something really messed up.

JERROD
What?

CUT TO:

KIM AND CHEWIE'S ROOM

Where Chewie is packing up her stuff.

Kim stands just outside with Perry.

KIM
Why did they take all our phones?

Scott walks into frame.
SCOTT
Because it's worth money. Because they could. I don't know.

The CAMERA PANS to

THE LIVING ROOM

Jerrod in a rocking chair.

JERROD
I had cash not only in my wallet but cash layed out next to my phone and it's still there.

SCOTT
I don't know. It's weird.

Chewie rolls her luggage out.

CHEWIE
I don't know either. But I don't care anymore. Let's just get outta here.

SCOTT
Yeah. Kind of what I need to talk to you guys about.

CHEWIE
What is it?

SCOTT
They didn't just take the phones.

Chewie stares at the camera. And then back to Scott.

CHEWIE
What're you talking about?

Scott stalls, rests his hands on his knees and stares at the floor. Jerrod also scared.

CHEWIE (CONT'D)
What's he talking about?

SCOTT
We flipped this house twice and can't find the car keys.

CHEWIE
Bullshit!
SCOTT
I've checked everywhere. Perry too.

Chewie drops her handbag to the wood floor.

CHEWIE
You've got to be kidding me???

KIM
I'm sure they're somewhere.

Chewie shoots Kim an ugly look.

CHEWIE
Yeah! They're in the basement with our phones!

SCOTT
They're not, Kim. Okay? In fact, I'm pretty sure I left them right next to my phone.

KIM
Well. We're not gonna find them standing around arguing.

SCOTT
We haven't been standing around! We've been looking for the last forty-five minutes!

KIM
So let's keep looking.

CHEWIE
Forget that! Let's just walk!

JERROD
Walk where? It's pitch black out and we're two hours from the nearest gas station.
(beat)
That's if we don't get lost.

SCOTT
And let me remind you, if there is someone out there waiting, and we're walking around without a clue of where we're going... probably isn't the smartest move on our part.
CHEWIE
And staying here is?

SCOTT
I say we wait it out until sun up. 
At least we'll be able to see two 
feet in front of us. 
(beat) 
When we get to a phone, we can call 
the cops. Fill out a report or 
whatever you guys wanna do.

Kim works herself into a frenzy.

KIM
We can't just stay here.

SCOTT
Yes we can! Because we don't have 
a choice!

KIM
We have flashlights, right? We can 
use those.

JERROD
And when they die? What do we do 
then?

Kim bites her nails in defeat.

JERROD (CONT'D)
I don't like being here anymore 
than you. But Scott's right.

Chewie rolls her eyes and slumps down on the couch.

JERROD (CONT'D)
We got a couple hours until 
morning. We just gotta wait it 
out.

CHEWIE (O.S.)
And what do you think, Perry?

The CAMERA PANS back to Chewie. And just a few feet behind 
her WE SEE

A Nosferatu type FIGURE IN BLACK CLOAK, chalky WHITE HEAD and 
dark eyebrows stand in the door frame.

PERRY (O.S.)
Chewie, watch out!!!
The cloaked figure DARTS OUT the kitchen door.

Chewie SCREAMS.

Jerrod chases after him.

Our SHAKY CAM follows behind Jerrod as we hear the sounds of a SCREEN DOOR SLAM SHUT.

Perry sets the CAMERA on the kitchen counter as we get a boring glimpse of the LAUNDRY ROOM DOOR.

We HEAR

Chewie SCREAM from the living room.

Jerrod curses outside.

JERROD (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Get back here! Mother-fucker!

CUT TO:

EXT.  AIR BNB - DRIVEWAY - LATE NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS the length of the home and into the surrounding forestry.

Perry SWISH PANS TO

Jerrod, now tired, dirty, back from his foot chase. He is empty handed.

PERRY (O.S.)
Are you okay, Jerrod?

Jerrod gives him a back off look.

JERROD
Yeah, thanks for getting my back.

Jerrod taps his chest and shoots him two fingers.

PERRY (O.S.)
Seriously? Jerrod?

Jerrod ignores him. Opens the kitchen door, steps back inside.
PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
No, really! What happened?

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The CAMERA CAPTURES Chewie on the floor. Her back rested against the wall. Her palms pressed together. She is as still and scared as she can be.

CHEWIE
(a nasty look)
What, dude?

The CAMERA moves for Kim on the couch, arms folded, chewing at her bottom lip.

KIM
Fuck off.

The CAMERA SWISH PANS TO
Scott, who stares dead into the lens with hate in his eyes.

SCOTT
Turn it off.

PERRY (O.S.)
But...we're just sitting here. Doing nothing.

SCOTT
Yes. I know. Don't you think we've had enough entertainment for one night?

PERRY (O.S.)
Look. I know this seems wrong. And stupid considering. (beat) But we got some great stuff on here. I mean...you can't write some of this shit.

Scott checks with Jerrod who could care less about making movies at this point.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
You think if we go back empty handed, without proof, anyone's gonna believe our story? Any one of us?
Scott ponders this.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I know you're mad now, but you're gonna thank me later.

Scott watches him. Unsure.

SCOTT
Come with me.

Scott grabs him by the arm. The CAMERA SHAKES.

PERRY (O.S.)
Ouch.

CUT TO:

INT. JERROD AND PERRY'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Perry has the CAMERA on Scott as he shuts the bedroom door behind him. He stands, arms folded, angry.

SCOTT
Do you understand the seriousness of the situation? What's actually happening here?

PERRY (O.S.)
I don't know, Scottie. Why don't you tell me?

Scott plays dumb.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This trip was your idea. You wanted to make the horror movie to end all horror movies.
(beat)
So tell me. How's it going so far?

Scott smirks at him.

SCOTT
Yeah, man. This is all me. I'm just making this all up. I've decided to scare the shit out of Chewie and piss off my two best friends.

PERRY (O.S.)
And tell me again who it was that found the guy in the video?
SCOTT
Chewie did.

PERRY (O.S.)
Bullshit. You did. You even said you did.

SCOTT
We both saw it.

PERRY (O.S.)
Gotta admit, man. The thing with our phones...
(beat)
Pretty smart. Can't call the cops. Can't call for a taxi.

SCOTT
I'm not making this up. This is happening. It's real. And you're really pissing everyone off.

PERRY (O.S.)
Okay. If you're that concerned, tell us what you did with the car keys and we can leave.

SCOTT
I don't know where they are!

Scott walks in a circle. His face and eyes red with anger.

PERRY (O.S.)
Holy shit. You really don't know, do you?

Scott rests on the edge of the mattress. His mind goes a million miles an hour.

Perry ZOOMS IN.

SCOTT
Did you get him on video?

PERRY (O.S.)
What?

SCOTT
The guy. The one in the black coat. Did you get him or not?

PERRY (O.S.)
Yeah, man. It's all here.
Scott's eyes dance back and forth. So many thoughts consume him.

SCOTT
About how much footage do you think we have?

PERRY (O.S.)
What do you mean?

SCOTT
I mean you've been recording us since we left this morning. So As far as running time, how much footage do we have?

PERRY (O.S.)
I don't know. Maybe an hour. If that. Why?

SCOTT
I figure we have one of two choices.

PERRY (O.S.)
Yeah?

SCOTT
We can wait until morning and leave as planned...
(beat)
Or we can finish our movie.

A beat.

PERRY (O.S.)
Whoa. Wait a minute. You said this wasn't a movie.

SCOTT
You're right. If we go back now no one's gonna believe us. Just like no one believed we would do this movie.

PERRY (O.S.)
But what about Kim and Chewie? We already agreed we were leaving.

SCOTT
We agreed we were leaving in the morning. That still gives us...
He checks his watch.

        SCOTT (CONT’D)
        Four hours.

        PERRY (O.S.)
        To do what?

Scott thinks it over. He rocks back and forth. Anxious.

        SCOTT
        You see how Jerrod chased that guy off? He didn't want any part of him. Like they're not looking for a fight.

        PERRY (O.S.)
        I don't know. Takes a lot of balls just walking in here like that.

        SCOTT
        Yeah, but he didn't do anything. Jerrod scared the piss out of him.

        PERRY (O.S.)
        So what do they want?

        SCOTT
        It's like they're just messing with us.

        PERRY (O.S.)
        They? So you think it's more than one of them?

        SCOTT
        I don't know. Maybe, maybe not. But I know one thing.

        PERRY (O.S.)
        What?

        SCOTT
        I'm going out there. And whatever is out there, we're gonna get it on camera.

        PERRY (O.S.)
        That's crazy. There's no way I'm letting you do that.
SCOTT
You're right. Going alone would be pretty stupid. That's why you're coming with me.

A beat.

PERRY (O.S.)
I'm what?

CUT TO:

EXT. AIR BNB - DRIVEWAY - LATE NIGHT

Perry tests his FLASHLIGHT by clicking ON and OFF. Chewie, Jerrod and Kim watch, confused.

Scott ZOOMS IN on the surrounding trees. He SLOWLY PANS ACROSS the foliage.

CHEWIE (O.S.)
Okay. So we're leaving now, right?

SCOTT (O.S.)
Not exactly.

KIM (O.S.)
What?

Scott SWISH PANS to Kim and Chewie.

KIM (CONT'D)
So what're we doing exactly? If we're not leaving, we should be inside.

CHEWIE
What the hell is this?

SCOTT (O.S.)
We're going out there.

JERROD
Out where?

SCOTT (O.S.)
Out there. The woods.

Kim and Chewie share a hell no look.

KIM
Who is? I'm not!
SCOTT (O.S.)
No, you're not. You're gonna stay here with Jerrod and Chewie. Hold the fort down.

JERROD
Why the hell would you go out there?

PERRY
Because it's where the action is, buddy.

Perry smiles at Jerrod who gives his crazy friend a good once over.

JERROD
Are you really crazy? Soft in the head or something?

Perry winks at Scott.

PERRY
Maybe.

JERROD
This isn't a movie.
(to Scott)
I'm talking to you too, Scottie.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Come on. If these guys are gonna do something then they would have.
(beat)
If they wanna play, I think we should play.

Jerrod slowly comes around. Smiles at the camera.

JERROD
What're you doing with the camera?

SCOTT (O.S.)
What?

JERROD
I see what's going on here.

He points at Perry.

JERROD (CONT'D)
You let knuckle brain here talk you into finishing your "movie".
What's wrong, Jerrod? Jealous you can't come along?

Jerrod laughs.

Are you that stupid?
Perry smiles and pops in a piece of gum.

Okay, fuck it. I want my phone back.

If you're going, man, I'm going too.

Chewie steps between them.

What're you guys talking about? You're not going anywhere!

If they wanted to hurt us, they would have, Chewie.

Shut up!

They're messing with your head. It's probably the same assholes that rented us this place.

You're not going out there without me.

Somebody's gotta stay here with the others. You guys decide.

Scott puts the CAMERA on Perry. Perry locks eyes with --

SWISH PAN to

Jerrod, who also doesn't budge.
JERROD  
(to Perry)  
I'm going, man. No offense but somebody's gotta get his back.

PERRY  
And I'm too pussy. Is that it?

JERROD  
No offense, man. I am bigger and stronger.

CHEWIE  
Listen to yourselves.

KIM  
Why don't you guys just whip it out and I'll get a ruler.

PERRY  
Jerrod would definitely win that one.

The guys all laugh.

KIM  
Seriously.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
Come on, guys. We don't have a lot of time.

PERRY  
Okay, fine. But don't come back until you get something.  
(to both)  
Either of you.

Kim is clearly put off.

KIM  
What do you mean, get something?  
We should all just go back inside.  
You guys are talking crazy. You're just mad and upset and not thinking straight.

JERROD  
Hold the fort down, Perry.  
(to Scott)  
Let's go, man.

Jerrod makes for the back yard.
KIM
Don't go, Scott.

The CAMERA follows behind Jerrod.

KIM (CONT'D)
Jarelle! Get back here!

Kim runs beside Scott, pleads with him.

KIM (CONT'D)
Don't leave us here!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - SUMMER SAGE - LATE NIGHT

Scott keeps the CAMERA ON Jerrod who moves his FLASHLIGHT slow and steady across the forestry.

SCOTT (O.S.)
It is now Two Fifty Three AM. We have about three hours until sun up. At that point, whoever is out here will have packed up shop and left.

(beat)
At least until tomorrow night comes. But, by then, we won't be here.

Jerrod stares back at the camera.

JERROD
That means we gotta nail these guys tonight.

SCOTT (O.S.)
What we do know is...they've been watching us. So they have to have been close enough to the house to keep an eye on things.

Jerrod stops in his tracks. Distraught.

JERROD
Shit, man. I just thought of something.

Scott and the CAMERA stop.
JERROD (CONT’D)
They could be watching the house right now. Watching us the whole time. And we're all the way out here.

SCOTT (O.S.)
You wanna head back?

Jerrod is unsure.

SCOTT (O.S.) (CONT’D)
We already checked the trees by the house. And we didn't find so much as a soda can.

JERROD
Think about it. Why would they be all the way out here?

Scott PANS RIGHT as the CAMERA searches the deepest regions of the forest.

SCOTT (O.S.)
This is about where we were when we caught him on video the first time.

JERROD
So?

SCOTT (O.S.)
So maybe there's a house out here or something. Something we didn't catch before.

Jerrod isn't convinced.

JERROD
I don't know, man. Whatever you wanna do.

CUT TO:

SCOTT SITS ON A ROCK
Jerrod now behind the CAMERA.

SCOTT
Good enough, man.

JERROD
We're rolling.
SCOTT
Okay, so...
(beat)
We've been out here a little under thirty minutes. And found nothing.

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Still nowhere close to figuring out who these people are or what they want from us.
(beat)
This whole thing might be one big practical joke or it may be very real. Not knowing is the scariest part.

Scott wipes his tired eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
One of my closest friends accused me tonight of setting this whole thing up. Like this was just part of the movie.
(beat)
Now, the reason I wanted to stop and do this is because I wanted to officially go on record. Just in case.
(beat)
I had nothing to do with what happened last night. And what's continuing to happen.

Scott clears his throat. Now exhausted.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Friendships are more important than movies. And a lot more important than fame. That is why I've made the decision to go back to the house...pack up...and get everyone home.
(beat)
Because whoever's out here...or whatever...doesn't want us here.

Scott's face turns to complete terror as he stares over Jerrod's shoulder.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Watch OUT!!!
Just as a second BALD CLOAKED FIGURE sneaks up behind Scott.

THUMP!

The CAMERA is KNOCKED TO THE GROUND as WE SEE nothing but TREES and DARKNESS.

The CAMERA is picked up as we see it move like lightning through the forest.

JERROD (O.S.)
Scottie!!

We now know that Jerrod has the camera and is running like hell back to the house.

JERROD (O.S.)(CONT’D)
Scott, talk to me!!!

The CAMERA SHAKES as Jerrod attempts to record behind his back.

Jerrod SCREAMS out. He spots the RENTAL HOME in the near distance.

And as he draws closer --

EXT. AIR BNB HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE NIGHT

We can't help but notice the BASEMENT DOOR has been broken into. It SWINGS OPEN.

Jerrod runs like hell toward the open white door.

His breathing is FAST and SPORADIC.

And into

THE BASEMENT

He goes. He immediately SHUTS THE DOOR. Total and complete darkness.

He SHINES the camera LIGHT at the door's lock. Flips it shut.

The CAMERA SWISH PANS around the EMPTY ROOM. And then to the stairs.

Jerrod RUNS UP THE STEPS. He's almost to the top where we see A BALD MAN in a BLACK CLOAK crouched on a step.
His features are a soft white and his EYES ARE RED. He smiles and LAUGHS as --

Jerrod SCREAMS OUT.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. AIR BNB - FRONT DOOR - EARLY MORNING

The CAMERA now records the front door WELCOME MAT. Perry now the director.

PERRY (O.S.)
So, after hearing some really strange shit coming from the basement most of the night, this is where I find the camera this morning.
(beat)
To be honest, I'm scared to death of looking at the footage.

Perry points up at Chewie, sick to her stomach.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But...I know we have to. Because we haven't heard shit back from Scottie or Jerrod. And it's been over three hours.

CHEWIE
Four hours.

PERRY (O.S.)
Four hours.

Chewie gives Perry the stink eye.

CHEWIE
This better not be some kind of joke.

PERRY (O.S.)
I swear it isn't. As far as I know.

CHEWIE
What does that mean?

PERRY (O.S.)
It means...
(beat)
...what it means.
CHEWIE
Don't give me that. Is Scottie fuckin with us or what?

PERRY (O.S.)
I certainly hope that's all this is. Because I'm seriously scared to death right now.

Chewie slowly grins.

CHEWIE
You don't look scared to death. You look like you're shooting a movie.

PERRY (O.S.)
Well. We all get scared in different ways, Chewie.

Chewie's had enough, flips him off, walks into the house.

CUT TO:

Perry has the CAMERA pointed down at his own face.

PERRY (CONT’D)
You guys better pray you're dead because if this is a joke...
(beat)
...pretty sure you just ruined a friendship.

Chewie SCREAMS.

The CAMERA SHAKES as Perry runs back into THE HOUSE

And follows Chewie's SCREAMS into --

CHEWIE AND KIM'S BEDROOM

-- where Kim lay with her THROAT SLIT ear to ear and hands rested one on top of the other.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Oh God!

Perry SWISH PANS to

Chewie in the doorway. She is grabbed from behind by a CLOAKED FIGURE.
PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)

Chewie!

Perry chases after her.

THUMP!

And the CAMERA falls to the hard wood floor. It lay sideways and points at

Perry's unconscious face.

A pair of FEET slowly walk around him. TWO ARMS reach down and pull him from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB - BASEMENT - MORNING

It's complete darkness. And then --

Loud SHOCK ROCK blasts from SPEAKERS MOUNTED ON THE WALLS as a multi-colored STROBE LIGHT FLICKERS in different sections of the room.

Someone behind the CAMERA captures the room in all of its demonic glory.

The CAMERA then moves for

Chewie, tied to a chair. She slowly comes around. Stares up at the cameraman.

SCREAMS out.

The CAMERA points to a large MIRROR behind Chewie. We get a quick glimpse of our guy: Crazy black hair, spiked up with long black fingernails. And then --

Back to Chewie.

CHEWIE

This better be a joke. I'll kill all you myself.

The STROBE LIGHTS STOP. Total darkness.

Chewie SCREAMS.

The STROBE LIGHTS start again. And in the mirror behind Chewie we see there are TWO MORE CLOAKED FIGURES.
One BALD, one with a MOHAWK. The bald one grabs Chewie's chair and faces it toward the mirror.

The STROBE LIGHTS stop. Pitch black.

Chewie SCREAMS.

The STROBE LIGHTS come on again as we see the BALD FIGURE is know kneeling next to Chewie.

CHEWIE (CONT’D)
Oh my God!

He holds a LARGE JAGGED BLADE in plain view of Chewie. The silver blade gives a SHINE as the STROBE LIGHTS sparkle on and off.

CHEWIE (CONT’D)
Please...

The bald figure DRIVES THE BLADE INTO HER CHAIR as the LIGHTS go BLACK.

No screaming. Only choking.

As the LIGHTS turn back on, Chewie stares at herself in the mirror with BLOOD leaking from her mouth and lips.

BALD FIGURE
(whispers)
Is that real enough for you?

He wipes the blade on her shirt as she bleeds out.

The Mohawk figure cuts the ties from her hands, sets her free as she falls to the floor.

Chewie spots the BASEMENT DOOR creak open as SUNLIGHT pours in like a white beam of energy.

She desperately crawls toward it as the THREE CLOAKED FIGURES simply watch her fight.

MOHAWK
How's this for a horror movie?

SPIKE
You're gonna need these.

The spiked haired figure holds up a set of KEYS.

Chewie is able to stand and rushes

OUT THE DOOR
And into the back yard.

The THREE FIGURES LAUGH

CUT TO:

BACKYARD

The CAMERA LOOMS ON Chewie as she spits up BLOOD onto the grass and dirt.

The morning SUN shines down on her pale face. She dies before us.

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on her lifeless EYES.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR BNB - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The CAMERA now pointed down at Perry's limp body on the couch. He slowly comes around, sits up, spots the evil figure before him.

SPIKE (O.S.)
Good afternoon, sleepy head.

Perry is scared to death.

PERRY
Where is everybody?

Spike laughs.

SPIKE (O.S.)
Wouldn't you like to know?

Perry looks all around him. No sign of anyone. And quiet as can be.

PERRY
I guess...
(beat)
...it's my turn now?

SPIKE (O.S.)
If that's what you want. It all depends.

PERRY
On what?
SPIKE (O.S.)
On you. On how bad you wanna live
or die. Some people fear death.
Others can't wait.

Perry is totally confused.

PERRY
Why didn't you do it already?

SPIKE (O.S.)
Because it's not as fun if you
don't see it coming.

Perry cracks a smile.

SPIKE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Have you ever faced death before?

Perry grows angry.

PERRY
Once or twice as a matter of fact.

Spike laughs.

SPIKE (O.S.)
I know. We sensed it in you.
Life's been a nightmare. Ever
since you can remember.
(beat)
Just like mine. Just like all of
us.

Perry squints, confused.

SPIKE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Your friend Jerrod and Scott.
They're different.
(beat)
Unlike you, they've had it easy
their whole lives. Take comfort in
knowing they died screaming like
girls.

Perry's mouth quivers. Sad, angry, shocked.

SPIKE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
How does that make you feel, Perry?
Relieved?
(beat)
Don't be sad if that's what you
feel. You can't fake the truth.
(MORE)
SPIKE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
And you can't hide from what's real. Believe me.

PERRY
You don't know them. And you don't know me.

SPIKE (O.S.)
Sure I do. It's why you're still alive. Because you understand what they don't.

PERRY
I actually don't.

SPIKE (O.S.)
We're gonna give you one more option we didn't give the others. If I were you, I'd take it.

Perry waits.

PERRY
I'm listening.

SPIKE (O.S.)
Join us...and you live to see better days. You'll have control over your life you never dreamed possible. (beat) You decide who lives or dies. You decide who stays and who goes.

Perry almost laughs in his face.

PERRY
And what's option B?

Spike pauses. A long sigh.

SPIKE (O.S.)
You can join your friends in hell.

PERRY
Tell you what. How about I leave and come back in a week with my answer.

Spike chuckles.

SPIKE (O.S.)
That's very funny but you're wasting time.
Perry is so angry he's about to explode but slowly composes himself.

**PERRY**

Okay. Whatever you want. I'm yours.

Perry drops his hands, slumps in defeat. Before we can blink, he jumps at the CAMERA.

And the two TUMBLE TO THE CARPET as the CAMERA drops to the ground.

**CAMERA'S POV**

As it lay sideways on the wood floor. Two blurry figures fight for control of a KNIFE.

The KNIFE is driven into one of the men as we hear a violent SCREAM of agony.

And then --

The spiked haired man CRAWLS TOWARD THE CAMERA as we see his powdery WHITE FACE and black eye makeup.

Right before our eyes, Perry drives the blade deep into his captor's back. His eyes twitch and contort as he slowly dies in front of us.

Perry cries out in relief. He's alive and barely.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AIR BNB BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT**

Perry has his LEFT LEG kicked up on the toilet seat. He has been severely wounded with the blade. His pants split open and a deep cut has caused him to bleed out.

He uses a wash rag to keep the BLOOD from gushing out.

**CUT TO:**

Perry records THE REAR KITCHEN DOOR.

The dead body of our spiked haired man sits with his torso rested against the surface of the door. On the kitchen floor --

Perry pours a full bottle of VEGETABLE OIL all over the slippery white tile.
As he sets the bottle onto the pantry table, we see --

A whole BOX OF CARPENTER NAILS pointed sharp end up on the floor near the back door.

CUT TO:

Perry records THE REAR SLIDING GLASS DOOR
Which takes us onto the REAR DECK.
The door itself is now blocked with heavy furniture.

PERRY (O.S.)
I'm doing what we should've done last night.

The CAMERA moves through the house and into
THE HALLWAY
And then
TO THE FRONT DOOR
Where Perry has all the drapes pulled shut. Absolutely no visibility in or out of the home.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The front door alarm is set.
Kitchen door and rear door's are secured...

A loud BANG startles Perry as the CAMERA SWISH PANS to a nearby DINING ROOM.

He sees the SHADOW OF A MAN on the side of the wall. It moves slowly and with menace.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I see you.

The CAMERA moves with careful ease back through the hallway and into the
LIVING ROOM
Where Perry keeps his focus on the rear KITCHEN DOOR.

The doorknob RATTLES. Someone outside attempts to open but the door is locked. He SHATTERS THE GLASS and reaches a hand inside, unlocks.
He opens the door slightly but knocks the spiked haired man to the floor.

    PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
    (whispers)
    Come get it you sonofabitch.

Perry waits. It seems the man has retreated from the back door.

The CAMERA quietly moves across the dark living room and toward the rear kitchen door.

Perry stops just before the door. He peels back the drapes and stares outside. No one.

The CAMERA spins around just in time to spot

The BASEMENT DOOR creak open and a CREEPY HAND reach around the edge with long, razor sharp fingernails.

    PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
    Oh, shit.

The battery life almost gone as a RED LIGHT flickers on and off. The CAMERA SHAKES like crazy as Perry

Sets it on an end table, facing the basement door. He stares into the camera.

Perry grabs AN AXE from the fireplace and stands near the door. Waits --

As the MOHAWKED FIGURE enters --

Perry SWINGS THE AXE in his direction.

Before we witness his gruesome death, the BATTERY DIES and the screen

CUTS TO BLACK

INT. JERROD AND PERRY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The CAMERA moves for one of four windows. We see Perry's hand push back some old drapes as we

Stare down --

    -- into the surrounding forest.
PERRY (O.S.)
I may have just killed the last of them. What's frustrating is I don't know.

The CAMERA moves for a SECOND WINDOW as we

Stare out into the trees behind the rear deck.

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on a whole in the trees. Perry glides across the brush in search of anything.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There could be three of them. Ten of them. A hundred of them. I don't know. But it's been ten minutes and nothing.
(beat)
The sun will be up in less than an hour. But with my leg the way it is....
(beat)
There's no way I'll make it on foot. Even with no one following behind me.
(beat)
If I didn't get stuck tonight, I'd already be out of here. Running like a bastard for the nearest phone.

The CAMERA moves for Perry's bed. He sets the camera on the mattress with the lens facing

A CLOSET DOOR

Perry slides to the floor with his back rested against the closet. The CAMERA now pointed at his face.

He pulls a SMART PHONE from his pocket.

PERRY (CONT'D)
I managed to grab this from my guy at the stairs.

A tired laugh.

PERRY (CONT'D)
Haven't gotten a fuckin signal anywhere in the house. Can't call, can't text. No internet.
(beat)
Finally got a lifeline out of here and still can't call the cops.
Perry dials, over and over.

PERRY (CONT’D)
Ya know, my old man used to tell me. Sooner or later I'll have to grow up and face reality.
(beat)
I didn't think that time would come so soon.
(beat)
This shit tonight's as real as it gets.

Perry winces in pain from his leg wound.

PERRY (CONT’D)
Real life is the scariest movie of all. You can't plan it. You can't write it. It just happens. You can't control it even when you try.
(beat)
Just when you think you have it licked...and cheat death...

Perry holds up the phone.

PERRY (CONT’D)
You can't even call the cops.

Perry tears up.

PERRY (CONT’D)
But for some reason, I'm still alive and my friends are gone.
(beat)
I could sit here and contemplate why that is, make myself sick over the guilt or I can accept what is. And try to stay alive for as long as possible.

Perry checks the dressing on his wound.

PERRY (CONT’D)
I was supposed to go in those woods with Scottie. In my own twisted mind, I thought of this as a game. I didn't wanna accept reality because I've never been a big fan of what's real.
(beat)
Real life sucks. It's why I make movies. But you can't re-write what is. We all die.
(MORE)
PERRY (CONT’D)
Nothing we can do to stop it. It's just a matter of when and how we go.

Perry's tears are big now.

PERRY (CONT’D)
So, if I don't make it out of here tonight...
(beat)
Well first, you'll probably never see this video so I'm just wasting my breathe.
But for real. If I make it out of here alive I'm gonna stop taking things for granted. Appreciate what I have and stop bitching about what I don't have. Because at least I'll be alive. And that's more than Scott has. Or Jerrod or Chewie.

Perry thinks back.

PERRY (CONT’D)
Or Kim.

Perry stares down at the phone. A slight smile.

PERRY (CONT’D)
Never did find out if she did any videos.

He laughs. A sudden realization hits him.

PERRY (CONT’D)
Shit. Uncle Jerry.

Perry rests his tired head on the door.

PERRY (CONT’D)
What the hell am I supposed to tell everyone? Their families. I guess if I make it outta here... they'll see for themselves.
(beat)
Just in case I don't tell you guys later...I'm sorry I couldn't stop it. And you had some really cool kids. They were my family as much as yours.

Perry smiles as the memories consume him.
SCOTT (O.S.)
(barely audible)
Perry!

Perry squints, stares in the direction of the windows. He stays quiet. And then --

SCOTT (O.S.) (CONT’D)
(closer now)
Perry! Help! Somebody!

Perry struggles to stand, grabs the camera --

And we see the CAMERA aimed at a window. Perry runs closer, ZOOMS INTO the trees.

SCOTT (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Help...meee!

PERRY
I hear you, buddy. I hear you.

The CAMERA SHAKES as Perry runs
Out the bedroom door
Through the hallway
Passed the living room
And toward the rear kitchen door.

He opens, runs out into
THE FRONT LAWN - EARLY MORNING
And around the house, into --
THE BACK YARD

Where we hear a much more audible Scott from inside the woods.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Perry!

PERRY (O.S.)
I hear ya, buddy! Hold on!

The CAMERA races into the forestry without fear or hesitation.

IN THE WOODS
The CAMERA jumps back and forth, left and right, searches for Scott.

Instead of Scott, we catch a glimpse of --

Our BALD FIGURE standing at the very top of a giant rock. His arms crossed one over the other. His long nails protrude from his boney fingers.

**BALD FIGURE**

We've been waiting for you.

An evil laugh.

**PERRY (O.S.)**

Where's my friend?! What did you do?!

**SCOTT (O.S.)**

Perry!

Perry ignores the figure on the rock and follows the sound of Scott's voice.

As the CAMERA speeds through the sharp branches and fallen logs.

Scott almost runs directly into Perry.

**PERRY (O.S.)**

SHIT!

Scott grabs his friend's arm. His other hand holds his wounded stomach.

**PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)**

Scared the shit out of me!

**SCOTT**

Boohoo!

(angry)

I've been stabbed!

**PERRY (O.S.)**

We gotta run, man. Let's go.

Scott stares over Perry's shoulder. The CAMERA follows his look.

The BALD FIGURE and about TEN OTHER CLOAKED FIGURES of varied size and stature sit in the trees, on rocks or on the ground itself.
RUN!!!

Scott and Perry go as fast as their wounded bodies will allow.

As the leaves and thin branches swish and snap away, we get a glimpse of the rear deck.

Heavy breathing and SCREAMS of agonizing pain are heard as the two friends make their way toward the

OPEN BASEMENT DOOR

-- where another CREEP jumps out from inside the basement. A devlish grin and evil laugh.

The CAMERA diverts him as Scott and Perry run

Around the house

To the rear kitchen door. And --

INTO THE KITCHEN

Scott quickly shuts the door behind them.

SCOTT
Fuckin glass is busted out?!

PERRY (O.S.)
Forget that! Come with me!

The CAMERA SWISH PANS to

THE LIVING ROOM

Where the BASEMENT DOOR sits WIDE OPEN

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)

Oh, no.

SCOTT
What?!

PERRY (O.S.)
We got a problem.

SCOTT
We got a lot of problems! I got a whole in my stomach and you have one good leg!
PERRY (O.S.)
We got an even BIGGER problem!

Loud FOOTSTEPS are heard RUNNING UP THE STAIRS.
The CAMERA races for the basement door just as
THE CREEP from downstairs shows his glowing white face.
Perry SLAMS THE DOOR as the creep TUMBLES DOWN THE STEPS and
SCREAMS IN PAIN.

SCOTT
Good one, bud.
Perry grabs Scott and helps him down
THE HALLWAY
And into --
JERROD AND PERRY'S BEDROOM
Scott shuts and locks the door.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
Put that thing down and help me
move this!

Scott motions to an old oak dresser.
The CAMERA is carefully set on a nightstand, in perfect view
of the door as Scott and Perry move the heavy dresser and use
it as a shield.

CUT TO:
The CAMERA aimed down at an exhausted, and very much bleeding
Scott.

PERRY (O.S.)
I don't get it. They could've
killed us ten times over. But they
didn't touch us.
(beat)
What the hell is going on?

SCOTT
There must be a hundred of them.
Coming from nowhere like a bunch of
cockroaches.

Scott shakes his head.
SCOTT (CONT’D)
Like they were a part of the woods.
Like wild animals or something.
(beat)
You couldn't even hear them coming.
It's like...no matter where we are,
or where we've been this whole
time, they're there. Waiting.

Scott winces in pain.

PERRY (O.S.)
What happened out there?

Scott thinks back.

SCOTT
I don't remember anything after
that but waking up tied hands and
feet to Jerrod.
(beat)
Fuckin circled us like sharks,
poking us with knives and sticks.
Just...watching us scream out.
Laughing their ass off.

Scott cries. His lips quiver as he tries to compose himself.

PERRY (O.S.)
Jerrod. Is he dead?

SCOTT
They just kept asking us...how bad
did we wanna live. And which one
of us was gonna die. Because one
of us had to.
(beat)
Those bastards, man...

Scott rocks like a child.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
They made us choose.

PERRY (O.S.)
What're you talking about? Where's
Jerrod?

Scott stares into the camera. A serious look.

SCOTT
You gotta understand. Neither of
us talked.

(MORE)
SCOTT (CONT’D)
We just kept our mouths shut.
Didn't give in. Not at first.

Scott's tears are strong now as they shoot from his face.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
But it was only a matter of time
before they chose for us.

Scott shakes his head, hides his face from the camera.

Out of nowhere -- LOUD SHOCK ROCK blasts from an outside speaker system.

Perry and THE CAMERA race to a corner window as Perry spots several more CREEPS rush the house.

The CAMERA SWISH PANS back to
Scott on the bed.

PERRY (O.S.)
What did you do, Scottie?

SCOTT
What I had to do. Before it was too late.

PERRY (O.S.)
What does that mean?!

SCOTT
You know what that fuckin means!
(beat)
They would've killed us both, man!

Scott stares down at his BLOODY hands.

SCOTT (CONT’D)
I still got his fuckin blood on my hands.

Perry is strangely quiet. He sighs, tired.

PERRY (O.S.)
I need you to put that shit on pause. Worry about what's gonna happen in the next five to ten minutes. If those creeps bust in here we need to be ready.

Scott laughs with disgust.
SCOTT
Whadd'ya think is gonna happen, bro? It's over. But hey. At least we made our film, right? Now the whole world will know I killed my best friend. I'm sure that'll go over big at Sundance.

Scott laughs and cries.

The CAMERA points at the door.

PERRY (O.S.)
You're not gonna die.

SCOTT
You think so, huh?

PERRY (O.S.)
The cops are on their way.

Perry points at Scott who surprisingly isn't thrilled by this news.

SCOTT
What? Hell are you talking about?

PERRY (O.S.)
I was able to get a signal in the bathroom. Been trying all night. They might even be here by now.
(beat)
But just in case, I need you thinking clearly.

Scott ponders this. He is quiet, withdrawn. Stares at the wall.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey! Did you hear what I said?

Scott comes around. A sort of half-hearted smile.

SCOTT
Yeah. You did it.

Perry laughs.

PERRY (O.S.)
That's right. We're almost home, buddy.

Perry hands Scott a long kitchen knife.
PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
But not quite. We gotta be ready
if someone other than the cops bust
in here. So...get ready. Get your
game face on. It's not over yet.

A few EVIL LAUGHS and some CHEERING from downstairs.

The CAMERA moves for a window, aims downstairs at a whole new
slew of CREEPS as they rush the home.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Shit, man.
(beat)
They're not trying to distract the
cops. They're calling for
reinforcements.
(beat)
That's why the music! It's a
fuckin signal!

SCOTT (O.S.)
I thought the cops were here.

PERRY (O.S.)
They're supposed to be. Seventeen
forty-two Sunnyside Road.

Scott thinks it over.

SCOTT (O.S.)
That's not right.

The CAMERA SWISH PANS to
Scott on the bed.

PERRY (O.S.)
What?

SCOTT
Sunnyside Road. That's not right.
It's Sunnyside Drive.

Perry is shocked. He stays quiet just as

BAM! BAM!

Some banging from inside the house.

The CAMERA points toward the door. The oak armoire still
parked in front.
PERRY (O.S.)
Shhhhit. They're in. They're here.

The CAMERA turns in a frantic circle, points at nothing as Perry's breathing is out of control.

He catches a glimpse of Scott loading a six shot revolver on his lap.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

SCOTT
A gun.

PERRY (O.S.)
No shit! Where did you get it?

SCOTT
I got it off of one of them. Right before I took off into the trees. (beat)
How do you think I got stabbed?

PERRY (O.S.)
And why didn't you use it when we needed it?!

SCOTT
Because we didn't need it until now. We got six shots. Pretty fuckin useless against a hundred people hiding in the dark. (beat)
We're in a safe spot here. We got a clear view of the door. That means every shot needs to count.

PERRY (O.S.)
And what happens when we run out?

SCOTT
We won't.

PERRY (O.S.)
How's that?

SCOTT
Because after we shoot the first creep, they'd have to be crazy to come in this room.
PERRY (O.S.)
Hello! News flash! They're bat shit crazy!

Perry paces back and forth. He stops.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Alright. Sunnyside Drive. No need to panic. I'll just call again.

Perry grabs the SMART PHONE from On top of the commode. He dials 911. No signal.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Come on, man.

BAM!

Some more furniture gets tossed around in the home as the creeps make their way closer.

The CAMERA MOVES to the closest open window as Perry desperately attempts to get a signal. He dials again. Nothing.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
This isn't fuckin happening.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Well pinch yourself or some shit. Because it is happening.

Perry cries out as the bedroom door is getting pummelled by multiple fists.

PERRY (O.S.)
We come this far. God, don't do this to us, please.

BAM! BAM!

Two more huge pummels to the door scare the hell out of Perry as the phone falls from his hand.

Out the window.

PERRY (O.S.) (CONT’D)
SHIT!!!
Perry points the camera out the window. He spots the phone GLOW from the roof's black tile.

    SCOTT (O.S.)
    They made me do it, man. I just want you to know I didn't have a choice.

    PERRY (O.S.)
    I know! Let it go, man!
    (beat)
    Hey, I can't reach the phone from here!

Perry stares at the phone: contemplates his next move.

    SCOTT (O.S.)
    I'm sorry it had to be this way.

Perry attempts to put one foot out the window and reach down. He's nowhere near the phone.

    PERRY (O.S.)
    I know you're sorry! I'm sorry too! Just be ready to shoot some creeps!

    SCOTT (O.S.)
    You were always good to me, Perry. Just like Chewie and Jerrod. All of you.

The banging on the door is louder than ever. They're almost in as the oak dresser rattles like crazy.

    PERRY (O.S.)
    Shit. They're here.

Perry recites The Lord's Prayer.

    PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
    Get ready! They're coming for us!

Perry moves back through the window.

    SCOTT (O.S.)
    I'm sorry, buddy. But they're not coming for me.

    PERRY (O.S.)
    What???

Perry pokes his head back inside as we get a glimpse of him holding the camera in a large mirror.
Just to the left of Perry stands

SCOTT, gun aimed at Perry's head and ready to pull the trigger.

    PERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
    What the hell?

    FADE OUT.

END TITLES:

Scott Riley later submitted the final recorded footage of the Summer Sage home to every major news and network affiliate in Southern California.

After the public's initial response of utter shock and unrelenting terror, the incident at Summer Sage would live on as the subject of heated controversy.

The investigation into the disappearance of USC students Sherri Chu, Perry Deakins, Jerrod Hamm and actress Kim Stiles remains open.

Scott Riley is the chief suspect.