

AS THE CROW FLIES

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A crescent moon bathes the night in a gentle bluish glow, illuminating a retail warehouse and a paved parking lot.

Empty cargo trailers rest along the lot's edge, perched atop fractured pavement.

A semi-truck and its cargo trailer nestle against a loading dock at the building's backside, facing the lot.

TOM HAROLD (50s-60s), the seasoned warehouse manager, scrutinizes a clipboard from the trailer's gate.

Six EMPLOYEES amble across the paved expanse, toting lunch boxes, tool cases, and jackets. In their wake, a light blue 1985 Chevy Chevette glides through the lot, gracefully ignoring painted parking lines.

The Chevy halts in the lot's center, drawing waves and distant greetings from the employees.

The driver's side door swings open, and QUINN (30s-40s), a night-shift employee, emerges. He wears a bluish-grey button-down adorned with a name tag reading "QUINN" sewn over his left chest. His shirt, crisply ironed, is neatly tucked into well-worn brown khaki pants secured by a black belt with a roping buckle. The ensemble, though weathered, carries a timeless quality, suggesting decades of faithful wear.

Quinn's steel-toe work boots land on the cracked pavement with a pronounced CRUNCH, traversing over shards of broken glass resembling cubes from a shattered car window.

He glances down, registering the abundance of glass. A subtle worry creeps onto his face, not enough to attract attention, but a silent acknowledgment of the scene beneath his feet.

BUD (40s-50s), Quinn's co-worker, springs out of the passenger side with infectious excitement, as if propelled from his seat. His attire mirrors Quinn's, but stained with grease, wrinkled, untucked, and a name tag that reads "BUD." In one hand, he clutches a lumpy brown paper sack, and in the other, a case of the cheapest beer money can buy—24 cans.

Bud eagerly advances toward the six day-shift employees, half of whom are stowing belongings in their cars.

BUD

Yo boys!

The employees acknowledge Bud as he struts across the pavement.

Quinn's focus shifts from the glass to Bud, amused as he observes Bud's pants teetering on the brink of descent during his confident stride across the lot. A soft chuckle escapes Quinn as he leans back into his vehicle, retrieving a tin lunchbox from the backseat floorboard.

With a gentle shut of the car door, Quinn remains fixated on Bud, who skitters across the pavement proudly displaying the case of beer. The day-shift employees, caught up in the moment, exude enthusiasm.

DAY-SHIFT EMPLOYEE #1
Bud to the rescue!

DAY-SHIFT EMPLOYEE #2
My man! Perfect timing!

BUD
Y'all came close to heading back with nothing. Got held up behind that damn train off 78.

Dozens of agitated crows, in harsh and raucous cry, burst forth from behind the line of empty trailers. Quinn stands still, observing the murder of crows soaring overhead into the night sky.

His attention shifts to the empty trailers, an unsettling sense of déjà vu enveloping him. His eyes lock on, and his mind zones out, a swirl of uncertainty.

The eerie silence is shattered by what seems like a gunshot echoing through the trees. A massive flock of crows takes flight into the night sky.

Quinn turns his head back to the other employees by their vehicles. Lips move, but no sound reaches him.

His focus returns to the line of trailers.

A lone crow descends, landing on the pavement in front of him, a few feet from the broken glass.

The crow tilts its head towards Quinn, fixing its gaze upon him.

Quinn, perplexed, stares at the crow as if recognizing it personally. Gradually, sound returns, and reality smacks Quinn in the face.

BUD (O.S.)
QUINN!

Bud's voice echoes across the pavement, insistent.

BUD (CONT'D)

QUINN!

Quinn snaps out of his stupor, turning to face Bud.

BUD (CONT'D)

What the fuck you doing?

Quinn looks back at the Crow.

Quinn glances back at the crow, then shifts away from the bird, walking towards Bud with an unsure step.

The crow watches Quinn as he moves away.

BUD

You a'ight, man?

Quinn and Bud meet side by side.

QUINN

Yeah.

Bud smacks Quinn's back as they continue their walk toward the warehouse's side entrance on the left side of the back wall, opposite the trailer Tom is working on.

BUD

You sure? You look like you seen't a ghost or something.

QUINN

No. No. I'm good—
(beat)
Did you hear that?

BUD

Good. Cool. Hear what?

QUINN

That gunshot?

BUD

Memphis life, you know? Gunshots are the norm. But check this out - the guys just dropped the bomb that tonight's a breeze. No deliveries, man! Zero, can you believe it?

QUINN

Zero?

BUD

Alright, not exactly zero, just a couple, you catch my drift... But man, that's awesome! Right?!

(beat)

I'm gonna polish up some new moves with the spare time.

(beat)

What about you?

QUINN

(beat)

Downtime? Well... got this book I've been meaning to wrap up.

2

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

2

Bud and Quinn step into the warehouse, traversing alongside a row of closed bay doors beneath pools of outdated fluorescent fixtures—some brighter, others tinged with a greenish hue.

BUD

Bet that's one of our loads.

At the series' end lies the open loading dock, where Tom buries his head in a clipboard, flipping through inventory pages.

QUINN

This early? Doubt it. That would most likely still be part of day-shift.

Two day-shift employees conclude their shift as they pass by, receiving a nod from Bud.

Quinn checks his watch, then halts abruptly—

QUINN

Shit. Better clock in.

Quinn hands Bud his lunch box.

QUINN

Put that in the fridge, will'ya?

Quinn takes off in the opposite direction, while Bud turns back toward Tom, continuing onward through the warehouse.

BUD

Sure— Clock me in though.

QUINN

Bet.

3 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

3

Bud strides directly to the staff refrigerator, swinging the door open.

He places both lunches on the middle shelf, revealing an almost barren interior. A lone, unopened beer can and a medium-sized Tupperware container with leftover meatloaf, mashed potatoes, and sliced carrots catch his eye.

Tom briefly glances up, engrossed in his work.

TOM

Evening, Bud.

Bud seizes the Tupperware, pops off the lid, and takes a whiff.

A queasy Tom watches Bud smell someone else's leftovers, fully aware it isn't Bud's food.

TOM

Forget your lunch again, Bud?

BUD

No.

(beat)

Just checking out the leftover menu for the day, see if it tops what I packed, you know?

TOM

Does it matter? You're gonna eat both no matter what it is.

BUD

True.

Bud shuts the refrigerator door and, unabashed, begins picking at the food with his dirty fingers.

TOM

Where's Quinn?

BUD

Clocking us in.

(beat)

Is this yours?

TOM
No. Have at it...

He flicks sliced carrots into his mouth as if savoring a quick snack.

4 INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

Quinn turns the corner into a narrow hallway adorned with dusty framed "employee of the month" photographs and faded workplace safety posters. The walls, clad in crusty stained drywall, are dimly lit by insufficient drop ceiling lights.

He approaches a series of clipboards and a punch clock hanging near Tom's office door. Quinn glances into Tom's unorganized office, primarily illuminated by a desk lamp. The door proudly displays "TOM HAROLD" with the title "BRANCH MANAGER" beneath.

Quinn focuses on the punch clock, running his index finger down the display of employee time cards. He snatches "JACKSON, BUD" then "THOMAS, QUINN."

Quinn punches Bud's and then his timecard. Bud's reads 9:00 PM, while his reads 9:01 PM.

Quinn, surprised and disappointed, places the timecards back on the rack.

Quinn's eyes shift to a nearby clipboard labeled "DELIVERY SCHEDULE."

Halfway down the printed document clipped to the clipboard, he spots "TUESDAY." To the right, under the 9:00 PM slot, it reads "AMCO." Beneath the 4:00 AM slot, he finds "RADER."

QUINN
(to himself)
Boys were right.

Quinn turns, retracing his steps, and reveals a figure seated in Tom's office chair, facing the desk. This figure is an uncanny duplicate of Quinn, mirroring every detail of his attire, right down to the specks of dirt and loose threads. Their body size and build are identical, and the back of their head showcases the same hair as Quinn—matching color and cut.

The figure slowly turns its head with a jerking motion, as if gears were unsticking and gradually loosening.

Audible CRUNCHES emanate, as if its spine shatters with every inch of movement.

As the figure glares over its shoulder toward Quinn, a sinister MOAN echoes through the quiet office. The face is an exact replica of Quinn's, casting an eerie presence.

5 INT. AMCO DELIVERY TRUCK - TRAILER - NIGHT 5

Bud pumps up a pallet jack hauling a pallet stacked with cardboard boxes wrapped in industrial Saran. A prominent black "3" on a printer paper peeks through the wrap.

Bud maneuvers the pallet jack through the trailer, its wheels clattering on the wood floor, then smoothly onto the steel tailgate.

6 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 6

The pallet jack glides onto the polished concrete floor.

Bud, with a touch of sarcasm, flirts with Tom as he passes by.

BUD
Number three, big boy.

With a tethered pen attached by twine, Tom meticulously marks off PALLET #3 on his inventory checklist, secured to a wooden clipboard.

Quinn approaches, conducting a moderate scrutiny of the loaded pallets.

QUINN
Evening Tom. How'd the day go?

Tom, undeterred, shrugs, maintaining focus on the checklist.

TOM
(muttering)
Was a'ight.

Quinn, awkwardly awaiting Tom's attention after the interruption, is met with a glance and a smile.

Tom hands Quinn the clipboard, and Quinn accepts it willingly.

TOM
All you now.

Tom strides over to a nearby coat rack near the back door to the left of the loading dock.

Unconsciously, Quinn follows Tom, as he flips through the sheets of paper clipped to the clipboard.

Tom grabs his jacket and smoothly puts it on.

TOM
A'ight boys.

Meanwhile, Bud lands his pallet among a group of others, unlocks the jack, and lowers the pallet to the concrete floor.

TOM
Gonna be a real snooze of a shift
for y'all.

Tom, checking his pockets for keys without success, witnesses Bud dragging the pallet jack back to the trailer's tailgate.

QUINN
I saw.
(beat)
Only two deliveries.

Tom, undeterred, walks over to an unorganized work table against the dusty concrete brick wall. Power tools, clipboards, fast food wrappers, and random trash clutter the table.

QUINN
And looks like y'all 'bout finished
with the first one.
(beat)
Who unloaded the first half? Mike?

Quinn studies the chaotic scene with a robotic motion, as if he's been doing this daily for decades.

TOM
Mike?
(laughs)
You kidding? I did.

Tom digs through trash and random tools.

TOM
(to himself)
Where'd those damn keys get off to?

Bud is hoisting another loaded pallet within the trailer.

TOM

You both got a chill night, so I
ain't expecting any calls from
either of you, right?

Quinn nods affirmatively.

QUINN

Bet.

TOM

Good. Cause I got a... A thing.
Tonight. Can't uh... really be
bothered, ya'know.

Quinn doesn't comprehend.

BUD (O.S.)

(shouting)

You dog!

(jokingly)

What's his name?!

Finally grasping the situation, Quinn comprehends.

QUINN

(jealous)

Oh, a date?

TOM

(shouts to Bud)

Funny, Bud!

(to Quinn)

Yes. A date.

(Checks watch)

Which I'll probably be late to if I
can't find my...

Tom, in the process, checks his pants pockets anxiously.
Success!

TOM

Keys!

Tom triumphantly displays his found keys.

TOM

Would you look at that. They were
in my pocket of all things.

With keys in hand, Tom grabs his leather bag, walking toward
the exit while continuing the conversation.

TOM

Member. Two deliveries... So take it slow or else y'all gonna have a boring ass night.

Bud, handling the next pallet, exits the trailer and passes Quinn.

TOM

Manana, fellas!

As Tom exits, Quinn watches him leave, then glances down at his clipboard, flipping through its pages.

QUINN

Night.

BUD

Night, Tom!

Bud lands the pallet among others, unlocking the jack and lowering it to the concrete floor.

He drags the pallet jack back toward the tailgate.

Bud, passing Quinn, rubbernecks over Quinn's shoulder, glancing at the clipboard.

BUD

You gonna mark it off?

QUINN

Right.

(beat)

Which one?

BUD

Four.

Quinn smoothly hovers the pen down the paper, finding "PALLET #4," and marks it off.

Impressed, Bud drags the jack across the trailer's tailgate, then back into the unlit trailer.

BUD

Best damn check mark I'd ever seen.

(beat)

Now you gonna help me unload this truck or just gonna make check marks all night?

Lowering the clipboard to his side, Quinn walks onto the tailgate towards the trailer.

7 INT. AMCO DELIVERY TRUCK - TRAILER - NIGHT

7

Quinn, visibly bothered, expresses his insecurities.

QUINN

That man's got to be like 50 or 60
or something, right?

Bud, rolling his eyes, slams the pallet jack into another loaded pallet, pumping it up.

BUD

Here we go again.

QUINN

Tom's old. He's old, crusty, and
fucking boring. And he gets more
dates than I ever do. More than
I've ever had.

BUD

Bet his dates are old and crusty
too.

As Quinn continues his rant, Bud invades his personal space, shoving the pallet jack handle towards him.

QUINN

I've joined like every dating site.
Still nothing. What gives?

Startled, Quinn grabs hold of it. Seizing the opportunity, Bud snatches the clipboard from Quinn's hands, almost causing it to drop.

BUD

Dude... Because you don't work for
it. Just like you're not doing
right now!

Bud then steps out of the trailer and into the warehouse.

8 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

8

Quinn pulls the pallet off the truck while Bud checks something off on the clipboard.

QUINN

I'm serious dude.

BUD

Me too.

Bud, seizing a moment of solitude, opens the refrigerator, snags a lone beer can, and glances towards the door Tom exited, noting the absence of others.

BUD

Dude. Lying around your house swiping right and copying and pasting pick-up lines you "researched" online isn't considered "putting in the work."

He cracks open the beer, takes a sip, and relishes the moment with a sigh of enjoyment and relaxation.

BUD

Get out. Go to the bar. Go to the fucking farmer's market. Go to fucking T-Mart of all places and "put in the damn work."

Bud watches Quinn struggle with the pallet jack.

BUD

Give me that.

Taking charge, Bud grabs the pallet jack from Quinn, places the clipboard on top of the boxes, and swiftly pulls it himself, showcasing his superior skill.

QUINN

What do you mean by all that?

BUD

Pretty straight forward man. Just go talk to a girl face to face.

Bud lines up the pallet next to the others, unlocks it, and drops it to the floor.

BUD

Like... Tom does. Tom hits up Macalister's every week playing darts. He probably chats up every old hag in that joint.

Bud smoothly slides the jack from under the pallet with one hand, grabbing the clipboard with the other.

He drags the jack behind him as he walks back towards the tailgate.

BUD

He also has like five sisters, too.
And you know how outgoing those
broads are. Member the holiday part
last year?

Quinn contemplates silently as Bud shoves the clipboard back into his hands.

BUD

He always out yonder with them
doing lord knows what. But guess
what? He's chatting up dem friends
of theirs, man.

He then watches Bud drag the jack back onto the trailer for another load.

BUD

That's work.
(beat)
That's real honest chick find's
work!

Eying the next number on the inventory sheet, Quinn glances back up to Bud.

Bud loads up another pallet, backs it down the trailer, and off the tailgate.

BUD

Seven.

QUINN

Seven?
(beat)
Oh, right...

Quinn flips through the inventory, marking off "Pallet #7."

Bud drops off the pallet with precision.

He drags the jack back towards the tailgate. The routine growing robotic and repetitive.

Pausing briefly, Bud grabs his beer, and takes a few gulps.

BUD

How many more of dem pallets are
ours?

Quinn flips through the inventory pages.

QUINN

Umm...

Bud finishes his beer, crushes the can, and tosses it towards a trash can...

BUD

Kobe!

A miss, as it bounces on the floor. Bud sighs, slightly disappointed in himself.

QUINN

Eight? Maybe nine?

(beat)

Yeah, nine left.

Bud underestimated how many are left as he halfheartedly drags the pallet back onto the trailer.

BUD

Nine more? Fuck.

QUINN

No. Just two more. Number eight and nine. We just did seven.

BUD

Oh shoo... That ain't bad. Grab that second jack over yonder and let's knock this out real quick.

Undeterred, Quinn walks over to the second jack, grabs the handle, and begins dragging it towards the trailer.

9

INT./EXT. AMCO DELIVERY TRUCK - TRAILER - NIGHT

9

Bud leans around the left side of the trailer and knocks on the door.

The DRIVER (40's), leaning against his truck while smoking a cigarette, glances up at Bud.

Bud signals to the Driver with a swirling motion of his hand.

BUD

Yo driver! Almost done!

Quinn drags his jack onto the trailer's gate, positioning it next to Bud.

BUD
 Betcha I can unload mine off
 faster.

Quinn smiles, a rare sight.

QUINN
 You're on.

Bud speeds off with his jack, attempting to turn in front of Quinn.

BUD
 Winner gets to bone Quinn's mom!

Quinn pushes his jack forward, engaging in a playful "bumper cars" maneuver.

QUINN
 Dude...

Bud leans over, picks up his jack, and drags it around, while Quinn tries to do the same.

Bud rushes to PALLET #8, slamming his jack into the pallet and cranking it up.

Quinn, having turned his jack around, heads to PALLET #9.

Quinn cranks up his jack just as Bud drags PALLET #8 across the trailer's gate and into the warehouse.

10 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 10

Bud comes to a stop and mocks Quinn...

BUD
 If it takes you this long to finish
 a load, no wonder you ain't go no
 dates.

Using a "blowjob" gesture with his hand and mouth.

BUD
 Mister Slow-job Quinn!

Amused with his own antics, he then pulls his pallet back to join the others.

11 INT./EXT. AMCO DELIVERY TRUCK - TRAILER - NIGHT 11

As Quinn pulls off his pallet, the Driver unlatches the passenger side trailer door, chuckling at Bud's joke.

The Driver lowers the gate.

12 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 12

Bud leans against his pallet in triumph while Quinn aligns his pallet with the rest, turning it around.

In the background, The Driver is closing the trailer doors. Bud laughs at Quinn, giving him a friendly pat on the back as he strolls back towards the open bay door.

Bud pulls out his cigarettes and lights one up.

BUD

Like I said, real honest work!

Quinn unlocks the pallet jack and leans the handle up-against the boxes.

QUINN

Where ya going?

Bud glances back at Quinn, subtly directing his attention to his cigarette as if expecting Quinn to understand his intentions.

QUINN

Shouldn't we start unloading these boxes?

BUD

Now you wanna work?

Bud hops down on the ledge of the loading dock, lighting his cigarette with a zippo lighter. He observes the truck, its engine roaring to life, and the trailer lights flicker on.

Quinn, grabbing the clipboard, marks off PALLET #8 and PALLET #9. He then walks over, standing behind Bud.

Bud waves to the Driver as the truck pulls away.

BUD

Gonna have to split off in a minute. Hit up the gas station for a pack.

Quinn gazes out into the darkness of the parking lot.

QUINN
That's unlike you.

Bud maintains his gaze on the dark expanse before them, the glow of his cigarette adding to the intensity. He doesn't glance at Quinn, immersed in the moment.

BUD
What is?

QUINN
Start'n a shift without a fresh pack.

BUD
Right. Um...
(beat)
Well I was too busy banging your mom last night, forgot to stop on the way home to reload.

Quinn rolls his eyes.

QUINN
Dude... Enough with the mom jokes...

BUD
Just josh'n you, man... Come on, grab a seat.
(beat)
Take a load off. Tom said we got all night to unload this shit.

QUINN
Next shipment's at four.

BUD
See... What I tell ya?

Quinn glances back at the pallets loaded with boxes, realizing the organizational task ahead.

Though slightly overwhelmed, he obliges.

Sitting down on the ledge, Bud hands Quinn his lit cigarette.

Quinn looks at it, takes a puff, finding a moment of relaxation amid the future chaos he's created within his own mind.

Quinn hands the cigarette back to Bud.

A loud metal CLASH startles both Bud and Quinn. They jolt around, examining their workspace, but find no one there.

Quinn, bewildered, notices two metal folding chairs positioned in the center of their workspace. Strangely, one of them is overturned on its back. A sense of unease creeps over him as he scrutinizes the chairs.

The atmosphere becomes quiet, and Bud's eyes shift to Quinn, who seems zoned out.

BUD
You see something?

Quinn doesn't respond.

BUD
Quinn?

Bud takes a puff of his cigarette, blowing the smoke into Quinn's face.

BUD
Yo!

Startled, Quinn snaps out of it, glancing at Bud.

BUD
Dude... What?

QUINN
Sorry. I just...
(beat)
Those chairs...

Bud, unfazed, looks over at the metal chairs, seemingly oblivious to anything amiss in his line of sight.

QUINN
They weren't there before.
(beat)
You put 'em there?

Bud is perplexed by Quinn's seemingly foolish question.

BUD
Did I put them there?

Quinn awaits Bud's answer.

BUD
Did I get up, walk over to those chairs, and set them out? All while you smoking my cigarette and not noticing me do that? Yes Quinn, I fucking did that you fucking idiot.

Ignoring Bud's sarcastic rebuttal, Quinn stands up and walks over to the chairs.

He stares down at them, picks them up, and folds them flat, placing them back against the workbench where they were initially.

As Bud watches, he takes a final puff of his cigarette and flicks it into the parking lot.

The cigarette shatters, startling a large number of crows. Their wings flutter as they scatter into the night sky, cawing and squawking, creating confusion and a slight sense of terror for Bud and Quinn. Both turn their attention towards the dark parking lot.

Quinn walks back to the ledge of the loading dock, standing next to Bud, who stands up. They both stare into the abyss, watching the crows fly away.

Quinn turns back to the workbench, quickly grabs a flashlight, and turns back to the scene before them.

Turning it on, Quinn shines the light into the parking lot. Over a hundred black crows are illuminated, standing, walking around, and just "existing." A few more fly away as the light passes them by.

Three black crows land on the pavement in front of Bud and Quinn, near the loading dock. They look up at the two men, creating an eerie staring contest.

One hops closer to Bud.

Bud, growing uneasy, takes a step back.

BUD

Um... what the fuck is happening?

Quinn's flashlight flickers and stops working. Bud notices the malfunction, growing scared as Quinn smacks the light against the palm of his hand.

QUINN

I saw one earlier when we got here.

BUD

A crow?

QUINN

Yeah... It did the same thing. Exact same thing, man. Just stared up at me... As if it knew me.

Bud gazes at Quinn with confusion, then shifts his attention to the crow that hopped towards him, equally perplexed. He glances back at Quinn, seeking an explanation.

BUD

Are you saying that fucking bird knows me?

Quinn smacks the flashlight a few more times, and it turns back on. With a slight sense of relief, he points it back towards the direction of the crows.

Bud and Quinn watch as the flashlight illuminates the massive crowd of crows, now all staring back at them. Every single bird has its eyes zeroed in on Bud and Quinn.

QUINN

That's a... lot of... fuck'n birds...

Bud doesn't like this.

BUD

Are they looking at us?

(beat)

I've seen enough fucking scary movies to know this shit ain't right.

QUINN

They're all crows...

BUD

No shit Sherlock...

QUINN

Just saying... Like ain't that odd?

BUD

The fact that they're staring at us is fucking odd. Not that they're just crows.

(beat)

Well...

QUINN

Well what?

BUD

Actually, don't crows symbolize death or some shit? Evil? Like Satan. Not like Sunday school kind of Satan... Like real horror movie kind of Satan.

Quinn, caught between the eerie gaze of the birds and Bud's apparent lack of understanding, finds himself speechless, unsure which aspect is more bewildering.

QUINN

Horror movie Satan?
(beat)
What's the difference?

BUD

Sunday school Satan just makes you pay for your sins. Like masterbating or stuff. Horror movie Satan like fucking murders you, rips your guts out, and does evil exorcism shit to you. Shit that makes your head spin and vomit pea soup.

While ranting, Bud attempts to turn his head around a full 360 degrees like an owl, but he obviously can't pull it off. In the process, he pulls something in his neck and quickly grabs the back of his neck with his hand.

BUD

Fuck... Think I pulled something. My body's too old for possession.

Quinn is slightly amused by Bud's antics.

QUINN

You stupid... You know that?
(beat)
You're not wrong though. Just stupid.

BUD

Not wrong how?

QUINN

The crow shit. They do stand for death and bad shit. I mean, a small group of crows are called a murder.

BUD

Well that's fucking terrifying...

Bud kneels down to examine the crow that hopped over to him. It continues to gaze at Bud. Bud feels a slight sense of ease.

BUD
What's up little fella? What ya think'n 'bout, bird?

QUINN
Are you talking to a bird?

BUD
Yeah.
(beat)
Like Mark W bro...

Bud leans in closer to the bird.

BUD
(impersonating Mark
Wahlberg)
Hey bird! Say hi to your mother for me...

The crow's eyeballs start filling with blood until they are completely covered.

Bud jumps back.

BUD
Oh hell no! No! No! No!

Quinn falls back with Bud, mirroring his emotion and energy. He points the flashlight at the crow.

BUD
Some real Satan kind of shit! Did you fucking see that?!

QUINN
What the fuck was that?!

BUD
It's fuck'n eyes, man! Look at it's fuck'n eyes! They're blood red!

QUINN
I mean, let's thinking logically, okay? It's a fucking bird, right?

BUD
No shit!

QUINN

Animals. Birds. Some have different eye colors. Some can change their eye colors, that could be it.

BUD

On the spot like that?! From normal to fucking Satan? I saw it. It was legit blood like flowing across it's fucking eye balls, bro! This isn't animal planet or discovery channel.

QUINN

Well no... Maybe not like that. You're, you're... You're right. But could be a new kind of crow, like a reptile thing...

Bud begins to feel like he's hyperventilating but makes an effort to stay calm as he paces around.

BUD

I'm telling you! Fuck'n Satan, man! That's horror movie Satan, right there! I've seen't it, man. I've seen't it! I know how this shit works. I've seen enough fucking horror movies! He's using that bird to keep an eye on us, like a walk's security camera or some shit. Bet he's off somewhere watching his little fucking monitor about to strike at any goddamn second.

QUINN

Shut up! Just shut up, will ya?

BUD

No! No! This is the line for us! I know, man! The spirit or demon in these movies, they always appear as random fucking animals or people. Then they beat you down, like mentally or emotionally. They want you to panic and scared and... and...

Quinn grabs Bud and forces him to calm down.

QUINN

Yeah, so fucking listen to your own goddam words and shut up!

Bud looks at Quinn.

QUINN

Just slow your roll, man. Take a
breath.

Bud takes a few breaths and gradually becomes calmer with
each inhalation.

BUD

You're right... You're...

A female SCREAM from across the lot startles Bud and Quinn.

BUD

FUCKING WRONG! YOU'RE FUCKING
WRONG!

Quinn lets go of Bud, who continues to pace.

QUINN

Oh for God's sake... Now what?!

BUD

What the fuck is going on around
here?! Are the guys playing a
fucking joke on us tonight?

Quinn swiftly walks over to the ledge of the loading dock,
shining the flashlight into the dark abyss. He frantically
pans the light left and right, searching for the source of
the scream.

Quinn notices something - an orange flicker and glow behind
one of the parked trailers on the other end of the parking
lot.

QUINN

What's that?

BUD

What's what?

Bud frantically walks over to the ledge and stands by Quinn.
They both notice the orange glow.

QUINN

Over there. That. You see that
light?

Several large shadows walk in front of the orange glow.

Another SCREAM echoes across the lot.

QUINN

Someone's in trouble.

Quinn jumps down onto the pavement. Bud quickly follows.

13

EXT. WAREHOUSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

13

As soon as their feet hit the pavement, every crow's eyeballs turn red. The birds continue to fixate on Bud and Quinn.

Bud and Quinn, frozen in fear upon landing, are met with an eerie silence.

BUD

Dude...

(beat)

Was there acid in that beer or are you seeing what I'm seeing?

QUINN

Wish it was just acid..

The girl SCREAMS again.

Quinn notices a clear path along the outer edge of the parking lot with fewer birds.

QUINN

(firmly)

Follow me.

Quinn leads Bud with the flashlight as they hastily walk along the building, then along the outer edge of the parking lot...

Step after step...

Carefully avoiding the birds.

Quinn keeps the light shining down, illuminating their path.

Bud is terrified, moving slower than Quinn, sweating, and on the verge of having a panic attack.

BUD

Lord, this girl better be worth it..

QUINN

If I had a nickel for everything you said that.

14

EXT. PARKING LOT - PARKED TRAILERS - NIGHT

14

As they near the end of the parking lot behind the parked trailers, Quinn notices the orange glow growing brighter and stronger.

QUINN
(to himself)
What is that?

Quinn observes lit candles on the ground behind the opened trailer at the end of the line.

A ritualistic chanting echoes near the flickering light.

CRAIG, STACY, & ERIN (O.S.)
(chanting in Latin)
Power of the spirits rise!

Quinn turns off his flashlight.

Quinn and Bud creep closer...

And closer...

CRAIG, STACY, & ERIN (O.S.)
(chanting in Latin)
Course unseen across the skies!

Quinn and Bud discreetly creep underneath a trailer, attempting to stay hidden.

Quinn notices a girl lying on her back on the ground, surrounded by lit candles.

The girl is shaking, as if she's having a seizure.

CRAIG, STACY, & ERIN (O.S.)
(chanting in Latin)
Come to us who call you near!

QUINN
There's a girl!

Quinn takes off, sprinting faster than he's ever run, heading towards the girl shaking on the ground.

Bud quickly follows.

15

EXT. PARKING LOT - EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT

15

Quinn rushes up to discover CHARLOTTE (16) shaking on the ground, surrounded by lit candles, burning lavender, and over a poorly constructed "great circle of summoning" drawn out with table salt.

Three teenagers, Craig (18), Stacy (17), and Erin (16), stand high above Charlotte on the edge of the empty cargo trailer. They chant in a ritualistic fashion while staring down at Charlotte. Their eyes are shut, and they're clothed in modern gothic-style attire. Craig holds an opened antique bible-esque book.

CRAIG, STACY, & ERIN (O.S.)
 (chanting in Latin)
 Come to us and settle here!

Bud rushes up and comes to a halt next to Quinn.

BUD
 What in the sam-fucking-hill is
 going on here?!

ERIN
 (chanting in Latin)
 Blood to blood.

STACY
 (chanting in Latin)
 Blood to blood.

CRAIG
 (chanting in Latin)
 I summon thee-

Quinn hastily interrupts Craig's chanting.

QUINN
 -HEY! HEY! No you ain't summoning
 shit!

Quinn kneels down, tenderly cradling Charlotte. Craig opens his eyes and is surprised to see other people. He quickly becomes annoyed.

CRAIG
 NO!

ERIN
 WHAT THE FUCK?!

Craig quickly hands Stacy the book, then jumps down onto Quinn, pulling him away from Charlotte.

CRAIG

NO! LET GO! You have no idea what
you're doing!

Bud rushes over to Craig and Quinn, grabbing Craig. Bud forcefully pulls Craig off of Quinn and throws him onto the ground behind them.

Erin and Stacy attempt to make a move, but Bud swiftly whips out a box knife, pointing the blade at them.

Erin and Stacy step back, holding the book up as a shield.

BUD

(angry)

Stay the fuck back!

Stacy hisses like a cat, while Erin looks concerned. Quinn crawls back to Charlotte, attempting to help her until her hips are jerked into the air by an unknown force. Her legs and upper body remain on the ground. She moans as her mouth stretches open as wide as possible.

Quinn falls back in terror, unsure of what he's witnessing.

Bud is speechless, turning his attention away from Erin and Stacy toward Charlotte.

Craig grows nervous as he pushes himself up off the ground.

Charlotte's body jerks around as if every joint within her is snapping and breaking.

Erin and Stacy quickly climb down off the tailgate on the opposite side, away from Bud, gathering their lighters, the book, extra candles, and bag placed near where they stood.

Charlotte SCREAMS at the top of her lungs, her eyes and mouth as wide as they can go. Her eyes slowly fill with blood, as if all her blood vessels are popping behind them.

Craig runs over to Stacy and Erin.

Quinn backs up slowly in shock.

QUINN

Her eyes...

(beat)

Same as the crows...

Craig sternly turns to Quinn.

CRAIG
(in Latin)
I pray it takes no mercy on your
souls.

Craig looks at Bud and then back to Quinn.

CRAIG
You two have zero idea what you
both have done and what's to come...

Craig, Erin, and Stacy jolt off into the trees behind the parking lot.

A speechless Bud and Quinn watch the teenagers run away.

Their focus returns to Charlotte, now pale and lifeless with blood-red eyes...

...in an eerily silent atmosphere.

Quinn kneels down next to Charlotte...

Glancing up at Bud and then back to her...

He places two fingers on the side of Charlotte's neck.

QUINN
(softly)
She's dead.

Bud gradually works himself up, pacing in place with a mixture of shock and agitation.

BUD
No shit she's dead! You just saw
her crack like a fuck'n glow stick.

Quinn gently grabs her chin, carefully rotating her head to get a better look at her face.

BUD
What- What are you doing?

Quinn notices her red eyes and leans in closer.

BUD
You're finger prints dude! You're
putting your fucking finger prints
on the victim. They'll think we
were involved.

Quinn, attempting to ignore Bud and maintain focus on Charlotte, turns back to Bud and addresses him.

QUINN

Would you calm down and get over here...

BUD

Fine. But- But I'm not going anywhere near that devil circle!

QUINN

Just look.

(beat)

Red eyes. Just like the birds.

BUD

What did I tell ya? What did I fuck'n tell ya! Those kids summoned horror movie satan, didn't they?!

Quinn stands up.

QUINN

Serious... Calm down. Let's stay reasonable, okay?

Quinn turns the flash light on and illuminates their surroundings.

QUINN

There's an explanation for everything.

Illuminates the bushes and trees... Nothing.

BUD

Is there?

Illuminates the empty cargo trailers... Nothing.

BUD

First, a million fucking crows in our lot...

Illuminates the trailer the teenagers stood on...

BUD

Second, some gothic punks summoning Satan with a twerking dead girl...

Quinn notices markings on the tailgate where the teenagers once stood.

He walks over and raises his flashlight, illuminating three sigils drawn in fresh blood.

Bud, seeing Quinn ignore him, walks over to stand next to him.

BUD

Now what? You're ignoring me again
which means you found some more
bullshit, huh?

Bud looks down at the tailgate and notices three sigils drawn in blood. His fear slowly transforms into agitation.

BUD

Yep. More satan bullshit.
(beat)
What- What are those?

QUINN

Thought you were the movie buff?

BUD

I fucking watch slasher movies and
classic horror shit. Mainly the
ones that show boobs. None of this
modern day sacrificing shit. The
Exorcist didn't even have shit like
this in it. If I had to guess,
they're obviously symbols for
raising the dead or worshiping
satan, you know.

Quinn looks up and shines his light into the empty trailer.

His light illuminates a black lump over a red circle halfway into the dark trailer.

Bud looks up.

Quinn walks around the tailgate and climbs up into the trailer, using the door as support. Quinn stops and looks at Bud, who stands still.

Quinn nods at Bud to follow him, but Bud's body language quickly tells Quinn he's not movie.

BUD

Nah. You go ahead. I'll uh- Hang
out with dead twerky down here.

Quinn slowly walks towards the black lump, shining his light onto it, revealing another crow.

It's dead, lying over a poorly drawn "great circle of summoning," created with fresh blood. The crow's eyes are closed.

Quinn kneels down to get a closer look, shining the light closer to the blood-soaked wood.

Quinn glances back at Bud, who remains still.

It's quiet until...

FOOTSTEPS through the trees and bushes, along with sticks SNAPPING, come from behind Bud.

Quinn stands up and shines the light at the trees behind Bud.

They both scan the perimeter as Quinn quickly walks to the tailgate. Quinn's light pans across the tree line...

The trailers...

And the lot, but there's nothing.

BUD

Sounded like footsteps. Probably those damn kids watching us.

Quinn jumps down as they continue to glance around. As Quinn's feet hit the ground, so does the light of his flashlight, illuminating the spot where Charlotte was.

However, her body is gone.

Quinn quickly searches the area with his flashlight and then brings the light back to the summoning circle.

QUINN

Bud, look.

Bud looks at Quinn and then down to the summoning circle, noticing that Charlotte is gone.

BUD

Oh fun, you think those footsteps was that dead girl? Just got up and wondered off, like bitch bye...

QUINN

Or a more logical explanation would be that the kids came back and picked her up and took her somewhere.

BUD

I've been standing here the whole time while you were in that damn trailer.

(MORE)

BUD (CONT'D)

No way I wouldn't notice three
goddamn kids carrying off a body.

(beat)

One body getting up and running
away... Sure I could have missed
that, but three... no.

Bones CRUNCHING is heard behind them.

They both slowly turn their heads around and face the empty
trailer.

Quinn shines the light onto the dead crow, which is now
standing in the middle of the summoning circle.

Its eyes are red, and it speaks in a deep, sinister tone.

CROW

(in Latin)

I pray he takes no mercy on your
souls.

The crow laughs.

BUD

Fuck. This.

Bud immediately takes off sprinting back towards the
warehouse, with Quinn quickly following.

16

EXT. WAREHOUSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

16

Bud leads the sprint across the dark, empty parking lot, with
Quinn following closely. Despite Quinn's attempt to keep the
flashlight pointed ahead, his shaking makes it challenging.
The light from within the warehouse, shining through the
opened bay door, illuminates their path.

As Quinn runs, he observes that there are zero birds in the
lot.

QUINN

BUD!

BUD

DON'T BUD ME! I AIN'T STOPPING FOR
SHIT!

QUINN

BUD! THERE'S NO BIRDS! LOOK AROUND
YOU!

Bud continues to sprint, scanning the ground behind him. He notices there are zero birds and stops abruptly.

Quinn, running into Bud, nearly knocks him over. They both catch their breath, frantically searching the area.

Quinn shines his light everywhere...

On his car...

The trailers...

The warehouse.

QUINN
(catching breath)
No. Birds.

BUD
(catching breath)
This can't. Be happening. No. No.
There were like... Like a million
little fuckers out here. Like five
seconds ago.

QUINN
I know.

Quinn looks up at the loading dock and notices two men silhouetted by the warehouse light. They stand near the ledge, with one holding a flashlight, gazing out into the parking lot.

QUINN
Were we expecting anyone?

BUD
What?

Quinn points to the loading dock. Bud then notices the silhouetted people.

BUD
Who are they?

QUINN
Shit if I know...

BUD
Bet it's those punk ass kids!

Bud takes off towards the loading dock.

BUD
HEY! HEY!

Quinn hesitates, staying back.

He glances from the trailer they just left to Bud.

Unfazed, Bud continues his hasty sprint toward the two men.

BUD
Hey! What did y'all do with that
girl?!

As Bud approaches, the identity of the two men becomes clear—they're him and Quinn, resembling their earlier selves, but with red eyes.

Bud slows down, gazing at the two figures staring into the dark abyss. Quinn turns on the flashlight, its beam piercing into Bud's eyes, momentarily blinding him.

Shielding his eyes with his hands, Bud reopens them to find the doppelgängers vanished.

He quickly scans the dark parking lot, seeing only the real Quinn approaching with the flashlight.

Bud turns back to peer inside the warehouse, finding it empty.

Confused, Bud retreats, struck by the surreal encounter.

Quinn looks at Bud, recognizing his bewilderment.

QUINN
Well, did you see who those two
people were?

Bud is still in shock.

QUINN
Bud?
(beat)
You ok?

BUD

Yeah...
(beat)
I mean...
(beat)
I think...

Quinn awaits an answer.

BUD
They... They were... Us.

Quinn looks at Bud in disbelief.

QUINN
What?

Bud is in disbelief of himself, struggling to put the words together to tell Quinn.

BUD
...Us. They... They were fuck'n us,
man...

QUINN
You sure there wasn't acid in that
beer?

Bud walks closer to Quinn and gets in Quinn's face. Quinn is taken aback by Bud's aggressive tone.

BUD
I'm not fuck'n with you man!

QUINN
Ok! Ok!

BUD
Seriously! They looked exactly like
us! Like the same damn clothes.
Face. Except...
(beat)
Except...

Bud trails off as he thinks. Quinn awaits a response.

BUD
Except those eyes. Red eyes. What's
with all these fuck'n red eyes
tonight!

Bud starts beating himself up as he steps away from Quinn, as if his mind is overloaded with information.

BUD
My brain can't handle this tonight!
What. The. Fuck. Is. Going. ON?!

Quinn looks back into the darkness and then back to Bud.

QUINN

Relax dude... It's gotta be those kids or something.

BUD

How?!

Bud invades Quinn's personal space once again.

BUD

Explain to me how those stupid kids would change their damn appearance to look exactly like us? Get the same clothes as us in like 15 minutes? Explain that?!

QUINN

It's not impossible to do that... Tom always keeps spare outfits in the office. They could have snuck by us and grabbed some clothes and... you know, cut their hair like us.

Bud contemplates the thought, growing even more confused.

BUD

But... But... There were two girls. And one dude. None of them had my gut...

Bud slaps his gut and sticks it out like a trophy.

BUD

Ain't no way none of them can pull this dad bod off!

QUINN

Well... You're not wrong.

BUD

I know.

Quinn glances toward the side door they entered earlier and starts walking in that direction.

BUD

Wait... Where are you going?

Quinn answers as he walks.

QUINN

Making sure we're locked up.

Bud quickly follows.

The two of them pick up speed as they traverse the pavement...

Ascend the steps...

And enter the warehouse.

17 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

17

Quinn secures the door after Bud enters the warehouse, swiftly engaging the deadbolt. He scans the surroundings, a sense of urgency in his movements.

Bud follows suit, uncertain about their actions.

Noticing a nearby metal trash can, Quinn strides over purposefully. He seizes it, dragging it across the concrete floor, strategically positioning it in front of the door.

BUD

What's that for?

QUINN

If someone bursts in here, we'll hear the can fall. Like an alarm.

BUD

Good thinking.

Quinn walks alongside the wall of bay doors toward the opened one they were working on earlier, with Bud following.

Reaching the first closed bay door, Quinn quickly checks the chain lock, finding it pulled tight and wrapped securely around the hook.

Moving to the second door, Quinn notices the chain is loose. He unwraps, pulls it tight, and re-wraps.

QUINN

Hit the next one.

Bud, with a spring in his step, heads to the next bay door, finding it secure.

He swiftly runs down the wall of bay doors, slapping each chain to ensure they are all tightly secured.

Bud and Quinn finally reach the opened bay door. Quinn glances outside and becomes frozen where he stands, as if he just saw a ghost.

Bud, on the other hand, is hyped up and ready to go.

BUD
What next? What's the plan?

Bud calms down as he notices Quinn standing still, unresponsive.

BUD
Quinn?

Bud approaches Quinn, and both gaze into the darkness.

They become motionless upon seeing a semi-truck and cargo trailer backed up to the loading dock, its tailgate raised.

The vehicle's lights and engine are off.

A silence envelops them as they stare at the truck, speechless.

Bud glances at his watch.

BUD
When did you say the next delivery was?

QUINN
Um... Four.

BUD
It's only midnight.

Quinn moves to the side to peer down the left edge of the truck. In the driver's side mirror, he observes an absence of anyone.

BUD
Think he's just early?

QUINN
I don't see no driver...

Bud examines the right side, finding the mirror devoid of any presence.

BUD
Same over here.

Quinn activates his flashlight, leans out, and sweeps the light across the parking lot.

Not a soul in sight.

They pivot and gaze into the warehouse.

Total emptiness.

QUINN

I swear there was no truck here
when we was walking out there. Or
am I wrong?

BUD

No... No. I didn't see no truck
either. I also didn't hear no
truck. Ain't no way a semi pulled
up without us hearing it.

(beat)

Either we're both going crazy or
this truck magically appeared here
within a matter of seconds.

(beat)

Maybe we should go re-check that
schedule?

QUINN

I know I didn't read it wrong.

BUD

Well... Maybe you just looked at the
wrong sheet or read the number
wrong. Happens.

QUINN

Not with me.

BUD

Maybe the twelve looked like a
four, all's I'm saying.

QUINN

Yeah. Ok. Maybe.

(beat)

I bet there's a number for the
driver on Tom's deck.

Quinn hands the flashlight to Bud and strides purposefully
toward the office.

QUINN

Or the driver could just be
smoking. Maybe...

(beat)

Just go look out there for him.

Bud's eyes widen with fear.

BUD

Want ME to go back out there?! With
the fucking crows, twerking dead
girl, and satan?

Quinn maintains his course, walking away from Bud and toward
the office.

QUINN

Just check! Dem birds are gone.
Stop being a pussy. And you know if
it is our delivery and he's early,
we can't unload the truck without
permission from the driver.

(beat)

It's protocol.

Bud, unable to find words, looks back at the truck,
acknowledging Quinn's insight.

BUD

Protocol, my ass...

(beat)

Sending me out there with horror
movie Satan because of fucking
protocol.

Bud, with a sudden realization, turns back to Quinn.

BUD

(shouting)

At least grab Tom's stash! There's
a fridge under his desk!

Quinn gives Bud a thumbs up before turning the corner into
the hallway.

BUD

(to himself)

Gonna need it, tonight.

Bud jumps down onto the pavement and then shines his light
into the darkness.

18

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

18

Quinn walks down the familiar hallway and stops in front of
the schedule clipboard.

He runs his finger down to "Tuesday" and over to "4:00 AM."
Next to that reads "Jerry / DOWNS."

After a moment of contemplation, he turns to look into Tom's office, illuminated only by a table lamp.

19 INT. WAREHOUSE - TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT 19

Quinn flips the light switch "on," but it doesn't work. He tries a few more times without success.

Walking over to Tom's desk, he gazes at the unorganized mess of notes, documents, and folders.

Taking a seat in the office chair, Quinn starts sifting through the chaotic paperwork.

Amidst the mess, he notices a framed photo of Tom with his sisters. After a brief pause, he resumes sorting through the papers.

20 EXT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 20

Bud walks alongside the trailer, illuminating the area with his flashlight.

BUD
(to himself)
Motherfucker gets to look at papers
while Bud gets to look for horror
movie Satan. Not a fair deal, bro.

Bud checks underneath the trailer and scans the pavement with his flashlight.

As he moves past the trailer towards the semi-truck, he notices the white USDOT sign on the passenger side door, reading "TOM'S DISTRO MEMPHIS TN US DOT 86788579."

A realization dawns on Bud, causing him to pause and contemplate.

BUD
Tom's?
(beat)
This is our truck?

Bud steps onto the door step, peers inside the cab, and sees keys still in the ignition but no one behind the wheel.

He hops back down, scanning the area with his flashlight, searching for any signs of activity.

BUD
Hello?

Nothing.

BUD
HELLO?!

It's abnormally quiet.

21 INT. WAREHOUSE - TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT 21

Quinn sifts through a filing cabinet, finding nothing.

His gaze falls on a rolodex and he locates "DOWNS."

The card reveals numbers for Taylor Debbs, Derek Milford, and Jerry Mannor.

Quinn seizes Tom's corded phone and dials Jerry's number.

QUINN
Nine, zero, one...

He glances back at the card, then back to the phone.

QUINN
Five, five, five...

Another glance between the card and the phone.

QUINN
Five, Nine, Four, Eight...

As the phone rings, Quinn places it against his ear, reclining into the office chair.

The phone continues to ring...

Quinn's gaze falls upon the mini-fridge beneath Tom's desk.

He opens it, revealing a plethora of canned beer.

Another ring...

Quinn decides to grab a beer, placing it on the desk.

More rings...

One beer after another, until Quinn has a small collection on the desk.

Another ring, and Quinn, fed up, hangs up the phone.

He stares at the beers.

As he ponders, the sound of someone punching in on the time clock catches his attention. Quinn rotates in the office chair, glancing towards the office door.

Someone is standing in the hallway, partially obscured by the door's edge. Quinn can only see their shoulder, arm, leg, and foot - dressed identically to him, mirroring his build.

QUINN

Bud?

Silence.

QUINN

You punching out for lunch early?

The unknown figure backs up, revealing itself as a red-eyed copy of Quinn. With each movement, bones audibly crunch, and it rotates its head robotically. A sinister grin stretches across its face as it fixates on Quinn.

Startled, Quinn jumps back against Tom's desk, clinging to it for support.

The doppelgänger, still grinning, turns away from Quinn. Its face maintains its position like an owl's, while its body slowly walks away, keeping an unbroken gaze on Quinn.

Quinn, speechless and terrified, braces himself against the desk, his chest pounding.

After a tense moment, he gathers the courage to cautiously approach the door, peering into the hallway.

22 INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

22

Quinn peers down the hallway, finding his doppelgänger mysteriously absent.

Turning around and checking the opposite end, he finds the corridor empty.

With cautious steps, Quinn ventures out into the hallway, only to discover that he is...

Alone.

23 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

23

Quinn proceeds with caution, his gaze scrutinizing every shadowy recess of the warehouse.

The silence is unsettling as he navigates the concrete floor beneath sporadic fluorescent lights.

Each loaded pallet aisle on his left demands his scrutiny, and every detail heightens his alertness:

The wind nudging against the bay doors on his right...

The hum of the overhead bulbs...

The faint drips from water pipes halfway down an aisle...

A bird fluttering overhead, traversing the length of the warehouse.

Subtle echoes of boots on concrete prompt Quinn to decelerate.

He glances down at his own boots, coming to a halt.

The footsteps persist, gradually growing louder from behind as if someone was approaching him.

Despite the anticipation, he keeps his focus ahead.

Abruptly, the footsteps cease, plunging the space into silence.

Without glancing behind him, Quinn quickens his pace, and the additional footsteps mimic his speed.

Gradually escalating to a run, Quinn finds himself sprinting. The echoing footsteps match his pace.

Reaching the open bay door, Quinn whirls around to discover no one in pursuit. As he steadies himself, an unseen force courses through him, akin to someone colliding with him and passing through.

Quinn, breathless as if his lungs have collapsed, wheezes and slowly regains composure.

Suddenly, a hand seizes Quinn's shoulder, prompting him to whirl around to face Bud's doppelgänger - a precise replica of Bud, with unsettling red eyes. The doppelgänger's frown eerily transforms into a sinister grin.

Reacting instinctively, Quinn delivers a powerful punch to the doppelgänger's face.

Bud's double staggers backward, clutching his face in pain.

BUD
HOLY FUCK BALLS! WHAT THE FUCK
MAN?!

Quinn swiftly comprehends that he has mistakenly punched the actual Bud.

QUINN
OH MY GOD! I THOUGHT...

Bud uncovers his face, displaying the genuine Bud with normal eyes, except for the fresh black eye beneath his left eye.

BUD
DUDE! YOU FUCKING PUNCHED ME?!

QUINN
I SWEAR! I thought it was...

Bud winces in pain as Quinn rushes over to assist him.

Despite Quinn's attempts to help, Bud pushes him away, a mix of frustration and discomfort on his face.

BUD
Thought I was who?! Get away from
me dude!

QUINN
I... I just saw me. Me with red eyes
in Tom's office. It walked... Walked
out here and then I... I heard
footsteps.
(beat)
Like boots on fucking concrete.
Following me. Running after me.
Then I turn around and something
like took over my body. I can't
explain it. Then I saw you...

BUD
That's what you do when you see
me?!

QUINN
No. No. It was you but with those
red eyes. Like me. It was you, but
not you... Like I mean, a copy? A
fucking clone?!

BUD
Same people I saw outside?

Quinn hesitates for a moment and then nods in affirmation.

QUINN

I guess... I don't fucking know
what's happening around here.

BUD

Fuck dude...

Bud winces, clutching his cheek in pain.

BUD

Not a bad swing though to be
honest.

Quinn's eyes widen as he recalls something important.

QUINN

Hold up... I got something for it. Be
right back!

Quinn races back through the warehouse toward the hallway,
while Bud searches for something.

Spotting a greasy broken mirror near the workbench, he leans
in to inspect the bruise on his cheek.

In the reflection, Quinn is approaching rapidly from the
hallway.

Bud swiftly turns around, defensively bracing himself.

BUD

Hold up!

Quinn halts, clutching four beers in his hands.

BUD

Is it really you or one of them
damn copies?

Quinn approaches Bud, extending the four beers toward him.

QUINN

Just look at my eyes. They're
normal. And... And look... Would a
demon get you four ice cold beers.

Bud reluctantly accepts Quinn's response.

BUD

Depends on the brand of beer.

Quinn chuckles as he tosses a beer to Bud.

QUINN

This should be cold enough. Hold it
on your cheek.

Bud complies, holding the beer to his cheek, but he eyes
Quinn skeptically.

BUD

The real Quinn would give me all
four beers. Only a demon would keep
three for himself.

Quinn rolls his eyes, walks over to Bud, and places the
remaining beers on the workbench.

QUINN

Be my guest.

Quinn observes as Bud cracks open the beer he used for his
cheek and chugs it.

Bud crunches the beer can in his palm, tossing it behind him.

He swiftly grabs a second beer, pops it open, and begins to
drink. With his free hand, he snags a third beer and presses
it against his cheek.

Quinn scans the surroundings, spotting two metal folding
chairs from earlier.

He seizes both, unfolds them, and positions them beside Bud
and himself.

QUINN

Here. Grab a seat.

Quinn sets the unfolded chairs on the concrete, a strange
sense of déjà vu lingering. Something feels amiss, casting a
shadow over the seemingly familiar scene.

QUINN

(slowly trailing off)
You might be light... headed..

Quinn observes as Bud makes his way to the chair and settles
down.

BUD

Thanks, man.

Bud, nursing his bruised cheek, takes another swig of his
beer.

BUD

Oh, by the way... I couldn't find any driver, but I did notice that it was our truck... Not the AMCO truck which was here earlier.

Quinn takes a seat in the other chair. He fixates on the truck, a haunting sense of déjà vu lingering in the air.

QUINN

Wait... Our truck?

(beat)

I saw on the clipboard that the 4am load was Jerry from DOWNS. I called and got no answer.

(beat)

So if it's not DOWNS or AMCO and it's our truck... That means someone here would have driven it over to the dock... Because Tom keeps our keys locked up in his office.

Quinn's focus returns to the metal chair where Bud is seated.

Bud takes another sip of his beer, attempting to finish it in one gulp.

As he leans back further, the chair clanks against the concrete floor, spilling his beer and smacking his head.

This triggers a familiar memory for Quinn. Remembering the sound, Quinn stands up as Bud, now on the ground, pushes himself up and opens the beer he had on his cheek.

BUD

Man, tonight's not my night, huh?

Bud stands up, takes a swig of his new beer, and rubs the back of his head with one hand. Then, he rubs the cold beer on his cheek with his other hand.

QUINN

Have you ever felt déjà vu?

BUD

Déjà what?

QUINN

Déjà vu. It's um... When you experience something that you think you have experienced before but like haven't. If that makes sense.

BUD

Like how work feels every single fucking day? Same shit different day kind of thing?

QUINN

No... Well not really. It's like when you live through something you think you've lived through but haven't yet... I've been feeling like that all night. Even when we first got here with that broken glass under my foot. And these chairs. Earlier tonight I heard this chair fall onto the floor just like it did just now with you.

Bud moves the cold beer from his cheek to his head.

BUD

All this thinking is making my head hurt... So what you're saying is that you are thinking that you re-living something that has already happened? But what you are saying is that you are re-living something that hasn't happened yet. So um... Wouldn't that be time travel? Not day-jah Ja-Rule?

Quinn comprehends Bud's words. After a moment of contemplation, he shifts his gaze to the semi-truck backed up to their loading dock.

QUINN

You're right.

BUD

I am?

QUINN

Yes. I heard the chair fall and then it fell.

(beat)

And... this truck is maybe like the chair.

(beat)

But not sure how since it's our truck.

BUD

Well, no... That would mean we would hear the truck before we see the truck, right?

Repetitive POUNDING on the trailer's back doors startles Quinn and Bud, as if someone inside is desperately trying to escape. The two of them stand frozen, fear gripping them as they stare at the ominous source of the noise.

BUD
Is that déjà vu?

The POUNDING continues.

QUINN
I sure as hell hope so.

Quinn cautiously steps closer to the loading dock, moving with a sense of trepidation.

He turns to face Bud just as the pounding comes to an abrupt halt.

QUINN
Should we lose the tailgate and open it?

BUD
Are you fucking kidding me?

QUINN
What if it's the driver?

Bud is dumbfounded.

BUD
Now how the hell would a driver lock himself in his own trailer, shut the doors, and raise the tailgate? While inside the trailer?

QUINN
You're right... That was a stupid question.

BUD
The stupidest.
(beat)
No wonder you're single.

Quinn shoots Bud a disapproving glance before redirecting his attention to the silent trailer, concern etched across his face.

QUINN
Well someone's in there, obviously.
We should help them?

Quinn cautiously descends the loading dock's ledge, maintaining a watchful eye on the mysterious trailer.

Meanwhile, Bud, in a reactive burst, scans his surroundings, finishes his beer, discards it, and seizes a metal folding chair, gripping it with both hands as if poised for a wrestling match.

24

INT./EXT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

24

Quinn stealthily inches along the pavement toward the loading dock's passenger side, while Bud, positioned near the ledge, steadies himself, wielding the chair horizontally as a makeshift shield.

BUD

I'm ready.

Quinn secures the tailgate remote and exchanges a brief look with Bud.

BUD

You... You open the doors...

(beat)

And I'll plow them with my signature move!

QUINN

Signature move?

BUD

Yeah. The litter and I built a wrestling ring in the back yard. You should come by sometime. They call me The Bud-Dozer!

Bud emulates his distinctive move with the chair, gently pushing it forward with both hands and emitting a groan reminiscent of a bulldozer.

BUD

I run back, spring off the cables, and plow through the other opponent with my chair like a bulldozer. My kids call it The Bud-Dozer!

QUINN

(amused)

Good lord... Didn't know you wrestled.

Quinn presses the down button on the remote, and the tailgate gradually descends in front of Bud, resembling the majestic lowering of castle gates.

QUINN

A'ight... Get ready Bud-Dozer...

Bud lets out a soft groan while clutching the chair.

The tailgate descends, reaching an even plane, and Quinn continues lowering it until it's slightly below the loading dock.

Quinn drops the remote, seizes the tailgate with both hands, and pulls himself onto it.

He moves to the center, unlatching the lock between the trailer doors.

Looking back at the sweating Bud, Quinn grips both door handles, preparing for a jump backward.

25 INT./EXT. EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT

25

Swiftly, he swings both doors open, prompting Bud to run forward and groan like a bulldozer. However, due to the lowered tailgate, Bud trips over the edge and crashes into the empty trailer.

Quinn, surprised, realizes the trailer is completely vacant.

However, as he steps in, he notices a dead crow halfway down the trailer. It's the same crow they saw earlier, lying on blood-drawn sigils.

Bud pushes himself up, aching and moaning, while Quinn stands over the crow and sigil.

QUINN

It's the crow from earlier...

BUD

That's impossible.

Bud quickly jumps off the trailer onto the tailgate, runs to their work area, grabs the flashlight, and returns to the tailgate.

Quinn turns around and walks towards the tailgate.

Bud shines the light into the darkness towards the line of parked trailers on the other side of the parking lot. He pans the light down the line and notices an empty spot at the end.

Quinn peeks around the edge of the truck and notices the empty spot. They're both speechless.

BUD
Explains the no driver.

QUINN
Because it's our trailer?

BUD
But... What about the truck? That fucking truck said DOWNS on it. Why would he pick up our truck? And how is this déjà vu?

QUINN
What do you mean?

BUD
Your déjà vu theory explains that whatever we're hearing or seeing now will happen later, right? Sooooo... Why would our 4am driver show up with our truck? He would show up with his truck?

QUINN.
Dude. I. Don't. Know!

Quinn retraces his steps, walking back over the tailgate into...

26

INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

26

...the warehouse, his voice echoing into the abyss of the vast space.

QUINN
Real funny y'all! Real fucking funny! Oh you got us this time, guys!

Bud follows and peers into the darkness, attempting to discern Quinn's actions or identify the recipient of his words.

BUD
What... Uh-Who are you talking to?

Quinn turns back, addressing Bud with a firm yet measured tone.

QUINN

The guys! Tom. Mike. Jeremy.

Quinn's voice resonates through the darkness, commanding attention with its crescendo.

QUINN

The fucking day shifters fucking
with the night shifters like
always!

Quinn turns back, again...

QUINN

Who else can drive a truck?

BUD

I mean... Technically I can, but I
ain't got no CDL.

QUINN

Besides you... And who knows where
the keys are?

Bud hesitates, then nods in acknowledgment toward the semi-truck attached to the trailer.

BUD

Keys are in the truck.

Quinn is growing agitated.

QUINN

Would you fucking shut up?! I'm
trying to make a point. All's I'm
saying is I bet they're here. All
of them. Hiding. Watching us.
Messing with us!

BUD

That ain't making no sense, dude... I
mean, say you're right... Ok?

(beat)

And Tom or Mike really did park
this truck here to mess with us.

(beat)

Don't you think we would have heard
it? Or hell, even saw it? We were
outside and would have seen't it
pulling down the way... And semi's
aren't quiet, ya know.

Quinn turns back and continues surveying the warehouse from afar.

BUD

First off, the engine starting up alone would have made a loud vroom vroom bub bub bub...

Quinn meticulously examines the surroundings, checking behind each corner and even inspecting the contents of some pallets they unloaded.

Bud follows closely as Quinn maintains his scrutiny.

BUD

Second, the cab settling as the brakes adjust. Then the trailer they grabbed from the lot. We would have heard them backing up and hitching it. No telling how long it's been sitting there gathering up rust and critter nests.

Quinn remains oblivious to every word Bud utters.

BUD

Oh... Oh... And the damn beeping! Don't forget the damn beeping! When that rig backing up to hitch up, it'd be beeping up a storm, you know that! You know as damn well as anyone here you can hear any rig beeping from the other side of the warehouse, echoes like a mofo in here!

QUINN

I bet them damn kids are Mike's. You know he's got that weird kid who's into starting fires.

BUD

You ain't listening to a word I'm saying...

(beat)

Hell, you ain't listening to yourself. You think all of this is one big scheme of the day-timers?

QUINN

Why wouldn't it be? You know we got them the other day good. Got them real good.

Bud briefly pauses, reflecting on their past antics, and bursts into laughter.

BUD

Oh yeah! That was a good one,
wasn't it? I 'member ole' Dawn
almost shat herself when we got
her.

Bud re-focuses.

BUD

But no! I still think you're wrong,
dude! This stuff here is too smart
for them! No way in hell they could
pull all this shit off while we've
been here this whole damn time.
Mike's a fucking moron, you know
that. And Tom, well... Tom doesn't
care enough to do all this.

An excited Quinn turns to Bud.

QUINN

I got an idea!
(beat)
Toss me that flashlight.

Bud tosses Quinn the flashlight. Quinn catches it.

BUD

Of course you do...

QUINN

You stay here, maybe clean up that
truck...

BUD

Like hell I'm touching that fucking
truck!

QUINN

Listen. Just grab a shovel and a
hose and *pretend to clean, if you
know what I'm's saying*. Make a
bunch of noise. Maybe turn on the
radio. I don't fucking care. Just
make some ruckus and maybe make it
seem like you and I are pissed off.

BUD

What the hell's all that for? Is
that your plan?

QUINN

And I'll sneak around the shop here and see if I can see them moving 'bout the shadows preparing for their next move, you see? If they think we're both over here working or whatever, then maybe they'll come out and I'll catch em!

Bud realizes Quinn's plan now and smiles.

BUD

Oooohhhh... Good idea, dude!

QUINN

Right, I know! And once I get 'em, I'll scare 'em to all get out and all this shit will be over!

Quinn turns away from Bud and starts walking into the dark abyss within the warehouse.

BUD

Wait!

Quinn looks back at Bud.

QUINN

What?

BUD

What 'bout those red eyed us's walking about?

QUINN

Did you not listen to everything I just dang said? It's them messing with us, not us messing with us. You know all well that Tom's second wife's kid is like an artist or something, right? Bet that Hollywood fucker made masks of us or fake contact lenses. No telling what these kids can pull off with them phones and internet these days.

Bud walks closer to Quinn.

BUD

You may be right... But you know what I think?

QUINN

What?

BUD

I think that horror movie Satan is doing all this and he's out there laughing at your dumb ass plan. Once you walk out there, he's gonna get you and kill your head right off!

Bud points to a nearby aisle.

BUD

He's probably right there behind that fucking corner like *heeeyyyyy* *I'm Satan here I is* and...

Bud motions his hand and finger across his throat as if he's dragging a knife across his throat.

BUD

Dead. Head right off.

Quinn is not amused.

QUINN

Kill my head right off?

BUD

Yep.

(beat)

Take your soul and shit, I tell you.

QUINN

You're a fucking moron.

Quinn walks off into the darkness.

Hesitating, Bud turns around and stares at the empty trailer before him.

His gaze shifts to the dead crow on the ground, then to a shovel leaning against the workbench.

Bud strides over to the workbench, snatching the shovel, and proceeds towards the trailer with determination and fear.

Clenching the shovel tightly, he cautiously approaches the trailer, periodically glancing back to check if Quinn is still around.

The warehouse falls eerily quiet, prompting Bud to recall Quinn's words.

He hurries back to the workbench, switches on the radio, and tunes it to a station with a clear signal. The song blares through the warehouse, reaching an uncomfortable volume that echoes off the metal ceiling and rafters.

27 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 27

Quinn proceeds down the warehouse's central aisle.

He carefully surveys the dimly lit surroundings. Sparse lighting from overhead fluorescent fixtures and perpetual emergency lights casts shadows on stacks of pallets, boxes, and appliances.

Turning into "Aisle G," he activates his flashlight, gripping it tightly as uncertainty shrouds his improvised plan.

28 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE G - NIGHT 28

Quinn moves stealthily down the dark aisle, using his flashlight to pierce through the gaps between pallets and boxes, projecting shadows into the parallel aisles.

29 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE H - NIGHT 29

Quinn ventures down a different aisle, finding it eerily empty and uncomfortably similar to the one he previously explored.

30 INT./EXT. EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT 30

Bud inches closer to the empty trailer, clutching the shovel tightly. His footsteps echo over the concrete...

Then the tailgate...

And finally onto the trailer's wooden floor.

As he approaches the crow and sigils, he trembles, staring down at them, a sense of unease settling in as he contemplates their mysterious meaning.

31 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE I - NIGHT 31

Quinn navigates a new aisle, his focus intent on the surroundings.

Unbeknownst to him, a figure wielding a flashlight passes down the parallel aisle, shadows dancing through the gaps in boxes and pallets.

Unnoticed by Quinn, the figure's light briefly illuminates him, casting his shadow onto the pallets.

Startled, Quinn turns around, but the figure and light have vanished.

Determined, he cautiously moves towards the source, peering through the gaps in the pallets.

32 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE H - NIGHT 32

Quinn peeks around the corner of the boxes, illuminating the dark aisle with his flashlight.

He scans both ends of the corridor, finding nothing but shadows and emptiness.

33 INT. EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT 33

Bud, repulsed by the smell, continues to stare at the dead crow and sigils.

The radio starts fluctuating in and out of signal, with static interrupting the fading song.

Bud glances back at the radio, disturbed by the unsettling environment.

34 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE H - NIGHT 34

Quinn walks down the aisle with his fading flashlight, its bulb flickering in sync with the radio frequency disruptions.

The increasing static matches the intensifying darkness enveloping Quinn.

A figure moves past the end of the aisle, crossing Quinn's path.

He quickly turns around, attempting to illuminate the surroundings.

Checking his flashlight, another figure passes behind him on the opposite side of the aisle.

Quinn turns around once more, desperately scanning the darkened space.

35 INT. EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT 35

Bud turns back to the crow and slides his shovel underneath the crow.

The radio frequency grows more interrupted as Bud's shovel slides across the wooden floor and under the crow. Bud picks up the bird and the radio goes silent.

36 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE H - NIGHT 36

The abrupt silence unsettles Quinn as the radio abruptly cuts off, leaving the warehouse in an eerie quiet.

37 INT. EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT 37

Bud experiences an odd synchronization between the shovel's movements and the radio's activity, as he repeatedly lifts and lowers the shovel. The radio turns off when the shovel is lifted and turns on when it's lowered.

He continues the peculiar rhythm - a lift, then a lower. The accompanying sound comes and goes.

A lift. The sound leaves.

A lower. The sound returns.

38 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE H - NIGHT 38

Quinn finds himself bewildered as his flashlight flickers in sync with the radio's mysterious interruptions, casting uncertainty in the dimly lit aisle.

39 INT. EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT 39

Bud witnesses a surreal reversal of events as Quinn's doppelgänger stands on the tailgate with outstretched arms. Bud's doppelgänger is behind Quinn's

The trailer doors swing closed.

The abrupt closure, accompanied by a chilling burst of air, leaves Bud in total darkness, with only a faint sliver of light piercing through the center crack of the sealed doors.

40 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE H - NIGHT 40

In the engulfing darkness, Quinn finds himself without the aid of his flashlight. The faint glow of minimal fluorescent lighting becomes his only thread of visibility. Deprived of both sight and sound, Quinn stands still in the shadows, unaware of what lies ahead.

41 EXT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 41

In the apparent tranquility of the night, the truck and trailer seem innocuous. However, the quietude shatters with the resounding THUD of a shovel against the wooden floor inside the closed trailer...

Followed by the FLOP of a crow's lifeless body.

Then a series of urgent FOOTSTEPS race from the center of the trailer to the rear double doors, culminating in relentless POUNDING on the trailer doors.

42 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 42

The relentless POUNDING echoes through the hushed workspace, resonating with an eerie intensity.

43 INT. EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT 43

Bud continues POUNDING on the double doors while trying to peek through the sliver between the two doors. He then presses his lips up against the rubber seal around the doors near the crack and screams at the top of his lungs.

BUD
HELP! I'M IN HERE!

In the oppressive darkness, Bud's hope dwindles as something or someone forcefully slams against the trailer's double doors, snuffing out the last remnants of light he had.

A profound silence is broken by the resounding SLAM of the tailgate against the double doors, plunging the trailer into pitch-black obscurity.

Suddenly, a crimson red light sears through the darkness, revealing the entire trailer.

An ominous presence behind Bud captures his attention, but when he turns around, there's nothing but the shovel and the lifeless body of the crow.

Terror takes hold of Bud as the crow, animated and malevolent, stands upright with an unsettling cheerfulness.

Bud, drenched in sweat, retreats against the trailer doors.

In a macabre replay of the earlier events, the crow, now speaking in a deep and sinister tone, starts advancing toward Bud with an unsettling spring in its step.

CROW
(in Latin)
I pray he takes no mercy on your
souls.

The crow laughs, sending shivers down Bud's spine.

Overwhelmed by fear, Bud lets out a bone-chilling SCREAM, whirling around and frantically POUNDING on the double doors as if his very life hangs in the balance.

44 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE H - NIGHT

44

Quinn turns his gaze back toward their workspace and the open bay door. The muffled echoes of Bud's terrified SCREAMS and relentless POUNDING reverberate through the vast expanse of the warehouse, creating an unsettling symphony of fear and despair.

QUINN
Bud?

As Quinn wrestles with his malfunctioning flashlight, a sudden flicker of light reveals his doppelgänger standing before him, adorned with sinister red eyes.

Quinn, taken aback, retreats under a pool of dim fluorescent light. As he continues to back away, his doppelgänger steps into the meager illumination.

The frown on its face morphs into an unsettling smile, and it speaks with the same ominous tone as the crow.

QUINN'S DOPPELGÄNGER
(in Latin)
I pray he takes no mercy on your
souls.

Quinn, startled, leaps backward and dashes down the aisle, putting distance between himself and the eerie laughter of the doppelgänger.

45 INT. EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT 45

Bud, engulfed in terror, intensifies his POUNDING on the double doors and his desperate SCREAMS echoing through the trailer.

Bud, overwhelmed with fear and desperation, finds himself on the verge of a breakdown as the sinister crow approaches as he turns to confront his fate.

His tear-filled eyes mirror the vulnerability of the moment.

46 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 46

Quinn runs through the center of the warehouse, desperately searching for an escape.

The ominous laughter of his doppelgänger echoes, sending shivers down his spine.

The warehouse becomes a labyrinth of dread, and Quinn is trapped in a nightmare as he turns down "Aisle B."

47 INT. WAREHOUSE - AISLE B - NIGHT 47

Quinn's heart races as he sprints down the aisle, a sense of dread intensifying with each step.

Glancing back, shock grips him as he sees his doppelgänger in pursuit, mirroring his every move.

The eerie chase unfolds as Quinn picks up speed, heightening the tension in the dimly lit warehouse.

48 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 48

Quinn races down the line of bay doors, desperation urging him toward the open bay door.

Turning to check on his doppelgänger, he finds it vanished.

Ahead, the unexpected sight of his own doppelgänger running forward, yet his head is rotated backwards with a malevolent grin.

Bracing for impact, Quinn feels a chilling sensation as he passes through the doppelgänger, leaving him bewildered in the now-empty workspace.

Quinn, caught in a whirlwind of confusion and anxiety, spins in a full circle, desperately searching for his elusive doppelgänger.

The relentless POUNDING and SCREAMING from Bud intensify, heightening Quinn's distress.

Overwhelmed, he succumbs to the panic, closing his eyes and letting out a guttural SCREAM, releasing the built-up tension within him.

49

INT. 1985 CHEVY CHEVETTE - NIGHT

49

Quinn, now sitting in the driver's seat of his light blue car, is caught in a torrent of emotions.

His SCREAMS persist, accompanied by LAUGHTER and TEARS, as he grapples with a full-blown mental breakdown.

The intensity of his panic is palpable, his body drenched in sweat, a physical manifestation of the turmoil within.

Quinn's erratic behavior escalates; he POUNDS on the steering wheel, SMACKS himself, and SHATTERS the window with his elbow.

The SHATTERING glass mirrors the fracture in Quinn's emotions, leading to a silent realization.

Glancing at the clock, which shows 8:55 pm, Quinn steps out of the car and observes the shattered glass strewn across the pavement, triggering a vivid recollection of the broken glass from earlier in the night.

As Quinn stands tall, surveying the scene, he notices Bud on the other side of the car, staring back at him.

Quinn, baffled, realizes he is reliving the same unsettling moment from earlier, echoing his arrival at work.

Bud's expression reflects deep concern for Quinn's well-being.

BUD

What. The. Fuck. Was. That? Dude,
are you okay?

Quinn, with a sense of bewilderment, turns to inspect the line of empty trailers along the outer edge of the parking lot.

Confirming that every trailer is accounted for, he glances towards the warehouse, observing the daytime employees as they head to their cars.

His gaze then shifts to Bud, his wide-eyed expression revealing uncertainty and a struggle to comprehend the surreal events unfolding around him.

BUD
 Dude, you don't look so good.
 (beat)
 You look like you just saw a ghost
 or some shit. Your skin is white as
 a piece of paper.

Quinn, overcome by a sudden and intense sensation, clutches his chest, collapses to his knees, and experiences disorienting vision.

BUD
 QUINN!

In concern, Bud abandons the beer, rushing around the car to assist Quinn.

BUD
 QUINN!
 (beat)
 Help!

He firmly grasps Quinn as the situation escalates.

BUD
 HELP! I THINK QUINN IS HAVING A
 HEART ATTACK!

Bud's urgent cries for help prompt the daytime employees to rush over.

As Quinn's vision fades into darkness, the collective efforts to aid him unfold in a heightened atmosphere of tension.

50

INT. WAREHOUSE - TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

50

Quinn, disoriented, awakens on a worn tufted couch in Tom's dimly lit office.

Surveying the mundane surroundings, he grapples with the unsettling memories of his recent experience.

Slowly rising and leaning on the couch's arm, he contemplates the blurred line between dream and reality.

Glancing at the wall clock, displaying 11:12 pm, he realizes that only a short span of time has passed since his perplexing journey.

51 INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 51

Quinn steps into the hallway, coming to a pause before the time clock.

Retrieving his timecard, he notes the 9:01 pm punch-in.

Returning the card to its container, he then retrieves Bud's timecard, displaying the timestamp of 9:00 pm.

After carefully replacing Bud's timecard, Quinn proceeds down the hallway.

52 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 52

Quinn steps onto the main floor of the warehouse, surveying the quiet darkness.

The bay doors draw his attention, and he notices an illuminated workspace, as though someone is working there.

Moving alongside the bay doors, he cautiously navigates the dark aisles, periodically glancing over his shoulder.

A moment of tense stillness ensues as he stops...

And peers into the shadows of an aisle...

Half-expecting some ominous presence...

Quinn, regaining composure, continues his journey toward the illuminated workspace, leaving the lingering tension behind.

53 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 53

Quinn enters their workspace, observing the truck fully unloaded and the remnants of unpacking scattered on the floor.

Bud sits on the edge of the loading dock, smoking a cigarette.

Quinn approaches him.

QUINN

You already started unloading
without me?

Bud jolts around.

BUD

Oh shit, you scared me, buddy!

Bud flicks his cigarette and hastily stands up, rushing over to Quinn. He envelops Quinn in a tight, earnest hug.

BUD

Dude! You gave me a scare! I thought you were a goner!

QUINN

I... I think I'm fine.

Bud, uncertain of his words, looks into Quinn's eyes with an awkward demeanor, struggling to express himself.

BUD

Listen... Um...

(beat)

I... I ain't no good at words and I, but... If you ever need to talk man. Like I'm here for you, if life gets stressful, you know?

Quinn maintains a calm demeanor as he gazes at Bud.

QUINN

What are you saying?

BUD

I... I know how life gets, you know. I had a buddy die from stress due to a heart attack... And... And I know how work gets stressful for you. So... If you ever just wanna talk and kick back man, I'm here for you. Because...

Bud offers an awkward pat on Quinn's back, a gesture attempting to convey a sense of camaraderie.

BUD

Because... I love ya, man. You know, that, right?

Quinn hesitates before answering.

QUINN

Thanks, Bud.

(beat)

I... Uh... Appreciate that.

BUD
Of course, buddy.

Bud lets go of Quinn and presents a fresh pack of cigarettes. He unwraps it, discarding the plastic on the floor, gives it a solid smack against his palm, and opens it. Taking out a cigarette, he extends one toward Quinn.

Quinn, reminiscing for a moment, hesitates before accepting the offered cigarette from Bud.

QUINN
Thought you were out?

Bud is confused.

BUD
How did you know I was out?

Quinn, uncertain, accepts the cigarette and places it in his mouth.

Bud swiftly produces his Zippo lighter and ignites Quinn's cigarette.

BUD
I was out...
(beat)
But Tom saw I was out and gave me
one of his packs before he left.

Quinn takes a drag and savors the moment..

While Bud lights his own cigarette and joins him in silent contemplation.

The dark parking lot stretches before them, devoid of trucks, crows, or any eerie presence.

They share a quiet moment, finding solace in the stillness.

Quinn, under the serene night sky, admires the stars and moon, bathed in a bluish glow.

However, an orange flicker disrupts the tranquility. His calm demeanor shifts to fear as he spots the empty trailers across the lot.

The flicker intensifies.

Quinn leaps off the loading dock, scanning the empty lot.

Bud observes Quinn sprinting towards his car, confusion etched on his face.

BUD
Whatcha doing?

Quinn, raising his voice, directs Bud.

QUINN
Grab that flashlight!

Although puzzled, Bud complies, swiftly grabbing the flashlight from the workbench and joining Quinn, leaping off the ledge.

54 EXT. WAREHOUSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 54

Quinn swiftly approaches his vehicle, with Bud closely trailing behind.

Crossing the empty parking lot, Quinn maintains a vigilant gaze, his actions both purposeful and urgent.

Upon reaching the passenger-side door, he efficiently unlocks it, revealing a methodical search within the glove box. Amongst envelopes, papers, and a car manual, he retrieves a compact revolver.

Quinn scrutinizes the weapon, confirming its full ammunition.

Bud, now noticeably concerned, hastens his pace.

BUD
Is that a fucking gun?!

Quinn casts a final look back at Bud before launching into a sprint toward the intensifying orange glow.

BUD
Seriously, Quinn... What the fuck are you doing?!

55 EXT. PARKING LOT - EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT 55

Quinn swiftly navigates alongside the vacant trailer, gun in hand, his stance disciplined, fingers tightly gripping the firearm.

As he rounds the trailer's corner, he discovers Craig, Stacy, and Erin standing tall, overseeing a shaking Charlotte and the "great circle of summoning." Candles flicker, lavender smoke swirls.

The gothic trio chants in unison, only to be abruptly interrupted as Quinn, arms extended, points the gun directly at them.

CRAIG, STACY, & ERIN
(in Latin)
Power of the spirits ris-

QUINN
STOP CHANTING!

Startled, Craig, Stacy, and Erin recoil, their previously imposing demeanor shattered.

Bud rushes in, his astonishment more focused on Quinn wielding a gun than the sight of the three teenagers perched on the tailgate.

BUD
What the fuck is going on?!

Quinn remains silent, the gun steady in his grip as he keeps it trained on the trio.

Bud, now realizing Charlotte's presence on the ground, widens his eyes and hurriedly rushes to her side.

BUD
Oh my God!

Bud kneels down, gently lifting Charlotte by her shoulders to provide support.

BUD
Someone call an ambulance.

QUINN
She'll be fine.

Bud, perplexed, watches as Charlotte's trembling subsides, and she gradually regains awareness.

QUINN
What did y'all do? I know it was y'all?

CRAIG
What are you talking about?

QUINN
You know exactly what I'm talking about! What the FUCK did you summon?!

Bud gazes at Quinn in confusion while cradling Charlotte, who gradually opens her eyes and regains her breath.

STACY

We didn't summon shit! Because you
fucking interrupted us!

Craig holds Stacy back, his intrigue growing.

He hops down off the trailer, placing his bible-esque book on the tailgate.

Craig slowly approaches Quinn with increasing confidence.

CRAIG

What did you just say?

Quinn maintains his aim, pointing the gun at Craig as he inches closer.

CRAIG

How did you know we were back here
summoning something? And why did
you ask us if we already summoned
something?

QUINN

I...

Quinn hesitates, exchanging a bewildered glance with Bud, who is equally at a loss for words.

As Craig approaches, Quinn retreats, creating a cautious distance between them. The tension in the air is palpable as both parties assess the unfolding situation.

QUINN

I... Well, we... We already experienced
all this.

(beat)

We saw her earlier tonight shaking
on the ground and stopped y'all's
little devil party to try to save
her. She...

Quinn's gaze shifts down to Charlotte, who meets his eyes.

Craig remains attentive, eagerly awaiting any explanation or response.

QUINN

She was shaking. Like she was
having a seizure and then she died.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

Y'all took off and then something... I don't know what, but something started messing with us all night long. Causing copies of us, scaring us, and like a million little fucking crows kept appearing with red eyes like the devil. Caused me to pass out and for some weird fucking reason, I'm re-living it right now. Bud here was there, but somehow he doesn't seem to remember anything now, as if he's not re-living it.

BUD

I. Am. So. Fucking. Confused.

ERIN

Me too.

CRAIG

So let me get this straight. You... And him... Caught us doing exactly... This... At some point in time. Then, you became haunted by... A demon or spirit that we supposedly summoned?

QUINN

Yes.

(beat)

It started with that damn crow behind y'all...

Craig redirects his attention towards Stacy and Erin, who, in turn, shift their gaze to the down the vacant trailer.

BUD

What crow?

Stacy and Erin rush inside the trailer with a sense of worry and concern.

Craig grows concerned by Erin and Craig's actions. He steps up to the tailgate and tries to peek inside the trailer.

ERIN (O.S.)

Where's our crow?!

Worry etched across his face, Craig hurries to his book, flipping through pages until he finds the specific passage he seeks, halfway through the worn pages.

CRAIG

What did you do?!

Craig, troubled by Stacy and Erin's reactions, approaches the tailgate, attempting to peer inside the trailer and understand the cause for their concern.

QUINN

What... What... What's happening?

BUD

I've been asking that this entire
fucking time...

Erin and Stacy join Craig on the tailgate, their expressions mirroring his concern.

Their attention is abruptly diverted by Charlotte's SCREAM.

All eyes turn to Charlotte and Bud on the ground. Charlotte convulses and thrashes in Bud's arms, creating a scene of distress.

BUD

Oh my God! What's... What the fuck is
happening?!

Quinn directs his attention to Charlotte, never wavering in his vigilance as he keeps the gun trained on Craig.

QUINN

What's she doing?! What's she
doing?!

Quinn asserts his authority by pressing the gun firmly against the back of Craig's head while he remains engrossed in his book.

QUINN

WHAT DID YOU DO?! I THOUGHT I
STOPPED IT?!

Charlotte's torment intensifies, her agonizing screams echoing through the tense atmosphere. She clutches her stomach, gripped by a distressing sensation, struggling to catch her breath amid the growing turmoil.

BUD

She's not breathing?! SHE'S NOT
FUCKING BREATHING?!

Charlotte writhes in desperate agony, her hands tearing at her stomach. Tears stream down her face as she battles an unseen force within.

The mysterious entity, now a palpable presence, crawls upward beneath her skin.

Her frantic efforts escalate as it ascends to her sternum. Her claws rip at her blouse and chest, revealing the horrifying progression.

The entity reaches her neck, distending it unnaturally, as though a creature is struggling to emerge.

Bud recoils, dropping her, as her throat grotesquely expands.

Everyone, paralyzed with fear, witness the harrowing scene unfold.

The lump ascends Charlotte's throat...

Her fingernails tearing through her skin in a gruesome bloody display.

She convulses, coughing up blood...

Her eyes bulge under the intense pressure...

Her face contorting to a haunting shade of purple...

Craig leans forward, captivated by the gruesome spectacle...

Bud recoils in disgust...

Charlotte's eyes turn a haunting shade of red as blood fills them...

And Quinn, realizing the ominous connection, slowly aims the gun at her.

A crow's beak emerges from Charlotte's mouth, wriggling out with an eerie intensity, leaving everyone in shock.

CROW

(in Latin)

I pray he takes no mercy on your
souls.

Terrified, Craig shudders as Stacy and Erin's screams pierce the air.

Quinn, driven by a mixture of fear and determination, unloads his gun onto Charlotte and the crow.

Swiftly turning to Craig, Quinn forcefully shoves him against the tailgate.

QUINN

That's exactly what you said to me after we interrupted your fucking ritual. What the FUCK does that mean?!

Speechless, Craig grapples with the bewildering events unfolding around him.

QUINN

Which means this bullshit is still happening! So today isn't a new day for me. It's just another damn day with this thing but somehow y'all just don't remember it.

With the gun still pressed against Craig, Quinn leans in, forcibly spreading Craig's eyelids to reveal his normal eyes.

QUINN

Unless you're one of them too! And this is all a game you're playing on me!

Craig retaliates by pushing Quinn away from him.

CRAIG

Get the fuck off me! I'm not a fucking demon!

Bud remains fixated on Charlotte, unable to look away.

Quinn maintains his aim at Craig with the gun.

CRAIG

Would you point that fucking thing somewhere else?! We're not demons!

QUINN

ANSWER ME!

CRAIG

Answer what?!

QUINN

I told you what that fucking bird said is what you said to me and you didn't answer me?!

CRAIG
Because you trailed off like a
fucking maniac and grabbed my
fucking eyeball!
(beat)
And it's fucking Latin! It's Latin!

QUINN
Latin? Latin for what?

CRAIG
Latin for... It said... I pray he takes
no mercy on your souls.

Quinn reacts with dissatisfaction, his expression tense.

QUINN
What? Who? Who is he?

CRAIG
Obviously that fucking bird! I
don't know!

Craig regains his composure and straightens himself,
preparing to face the situation.

CRAIG
Put the fucking gun away and I'll
tell you everything you want to
know!

Quinn reluctantly complies, lowering the gun and adopting a
more relaxed posture.

Craig takes a deep breath, trying to comprehend the
unsettling events that unfolded before him as he grabs his
book.

He flips through the pages of his book, searching for
answers.

CRAIG
This is exactly what I was looking
for earlier before you went all
psycho on us, you fucking redneck
Neanderthal.

Craig pores over the pages of his book, his eyes darting back
and forth in search of an explanation, while Quinn and Bud
remain on edge, desperate for clarity.

Erin and Stacy gather around Craig and the book, their eyes
fixated on the mysterious pages as they seek answers.

Craig, after a brief pause, finally turns to Quinn, ready to share the revelations that might unravel the perplexing events.

CRAIG

Well, if I'm the dude who dropped that Latin phrase on you, chances are I was just messing around, trying to mess with your head or throw you off.

QUINN

That's it? That's all your stupid little book said?

CRAIG

Shut the fuck up and listen if you want to know what's going on.

Bud stands up next to Quinn.

BUD

Maybe just listen, bud. Just take a moment, ok?

Quinn takes a deep breath and composes himself enough to listen.

CRAIG

Look... We were trying to summon a common demon. No one exactly. Just testing our ability to do it and apparently it worked.

Erin and Stacy perk up.

STACY

It really worked?

Craig turns to address Stacy.

CRAIG

Well... No... Not exactly...

ERIN

Because we never finished our ritual, right?

(beat)

Isn't that what he said earlier?

Craig looks back at Quinn.

CRAIG

That's what I'm worried about.

Craig presents his book, unveiling a series of illustrated diagrams. At the top is a straight line adorned with Renaissance-style depictions of people.

CRAIG

Check out this line—it's like our reality, a straight shot representing time. Time only goes one way, you feel me?

Quinn and Bud gaze at Craig in utter confusion.

CRAIG

Well... We humans are riding that timeline, stuck moving forward in just one direction.

QUINN

Yeah...

CRAIG

Yeah, it's the same deal for spirits or demons. Once someone kicks the bucket or a spirit gets summoned, they're on this time ride just like us, moving forward.

Craig points to the second diagram, depicting a curvy line resembling a wave with another line through its center. The illustrations of people are repeated behind the lines.

Quinn and Bud approach the book, their expressions filled with confusion.

BUD

What the fuck are we looking at?

Craig tears the page out of the book, eliciting gasps from Erin and Stacy, as if he committed a sacrilege.

CRAIG

This will explain it easier.

Craig bends the paper, curving it upward like a hill.

CRAIG

This is time. The paper is time. Now if I bend it and...

Craig pulls out a knife and pierces the paper through the center from one side to the other. The knife protrudes from both ends of the paper.

CRAIG

This summoning thing is like time travel theory. It's set up to bring demons or spirits to a specific moment. For it to work, time has to flex a bit, and spirits slide through it to that point. And once you crack open a portal, gotta seal it up—paper's time, and the knife is the portal.

Craig withdraws the knife from one side of the paper, leaving it embedded in the other.

CRAIG

This here's a messed-up timeline. Notice the knife only going in one direction, not out the other. Gotta wrap up the ritual to close it. If it got interrupted, the door's wide open for spirits to mess around, attaching to your time perception and pulling strings on your past and future versions.

Craig retrieves his knife, sheaths it, and flattens the paper.

CRAIG

A flat timeline means things are back to normal after a summoning. But if a spirit's stuck in that curve, it's pushed down, stuck in a time it shouldn't be. So it's on a mission to find an escape route, or...

QUINN

Or... What?

CRAIG

Sometimes, a demon's cool staying put, no rush to find a way out.

QUINN

What does that mean?

CRAIG

I get it now. Your concern earlier was legit. Some demons dig the living world, messing with folks. You might be dealing with a Mimic Demon that's not keen on bouncing back to where it came from.

QUINN

What is a mimic demon?

Craig flips through his book once more with Erin and Stacy joining in to assist.

ERIN

Oh, I think I read about those in the earlier chapters.

Craig reverses his flipping, scanning through the beginning of the book.

ERIN

There! There it is!

Craig stops and glances at the book for a moment before turning back to Quinn and Bud.

Holding up his book, he points to an illustration of a Mimic Demon.

CRAIG

Here. A Mimic Demon starts by copying voices, throwing your name around when you're alone. Thrives on fear, feeds off that energy. The more attention and fear it gets, the stronger it becomes, even manifesting physically. Seeing it means it's gained strength. Best move? Ignore it. Don't react to its whispers or appearances—pretend it ain't there. It weakens when ignored.

QUINN

Well... Shit...

CRAIG

You saw it, didn't you?

QUINN

Yep.

Craig slams his book shut, turns around, and begins gathering his belongings.

CRAIG

Well you're shit out of luck there buddy! Come on girls, let's go before we're sucked into this mess.

Quinn's confusion deepens.

QUINN

Wait what?!

Erin and Stacy swiftly gather their belongings - bags, candles, and lavender. They hop down from the tailgate, and Craig positions himself protectively in front of them.

QUINN

That's it? What do we do next?

CRAIG

Dude... I literally just told you!
Just ignore it!

Quinn doesn't find that answer satisfying; he begins to breathe heavily, working himself up.

QUINN

No... No. I can't go back in there
and re-live that.

(beat)

If what you said was true, then
none of this is real and I'll just
appear in my car again like I did
earlier.

Quinn looks at his gun and points it to his temple.

Bud desperately reaches for Quinn.

BUD

Quinn! No!

Bud pushes the gun forward away from Quinn's head and...

Quinn fires...

The shot narrowly misses Quinn's head.

Bud swiftly grabs the gun, wresting it from Quinn's hands,
and pushes him to the ground.

The loud blast echoes through the night, startling the flock
of crows, which takes flight from the nearby trees and
bushes. They move in the same formation and direction as the
flock Quinn saw when he arrived at work earlier.

Craig pushes Erin and Stacy.

CRAIG

GO! NOW!

Craig, Erin, and Stacy dashes across the parking lot, putting
distance between themselves and Bud and Quinn.

Bud swiftly chases after the trio, moving faster than one might expect from his appearance.

56 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 56

Bud swiftly catches up to Craig, Erin, and Stacy. The two girls veer off in different directions, while Bud stays on course with Craig, rapidly closing the gap.

In a decisive move, Bud lunges at Craig, bringing him down to the hard pavement.

Craig struggles in vain to push Bud off, but Bud asserts dominance, leveraging his weight to keep Craig down.

With a swift move, Bud flips Craig over, firmly gripping his shoulders and maintaining control as if in a wrestling match.

57 EXT. PARKING LOT - EMPTY TRAILER - NIGHT 57

Quinn picks himself up and notices Bud pinning Craig down onto the pavement towards the warehouse.

Quinn begins walking over to Bud while rubbing his head.

58 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 58

Quinn approaches Bud, observing the struggle with a mix of confusion and concern. Bud glances up at Quinn, exerting effort to maintain control over Craig.

BUD

What should we do with him?

QUINN

Let's take him inside... Tie him up or something until we figure this shit out. I don't know.

(beat)

Or just shoot him with the gun. I don't care.

Craig's eyes widen.

BUD

I'm not going to shoot him. I'll take him inside... But... What are you going to do?

Quinn's eyes dart between the empty trailer and Bud, contemplating a course of action in his mind.

QUINN

I'm going to go get the keys to our truck and back this trailer up to the loading dock. If all this is real, then we should probably hose down that trailer and clean up this mess.

BUD

Shouldn't we leave everything for the cops to figure this out?

QUINN

I shot that girl. If we call the cops, then it's on me.

BUD

I would just tell them the truth and you'll be ok. Put the blame on mister devil worshiper here.

CRAIG

Or I'll tell them you shot her and threatened us. I can clean up real nice and look like a good ole church boy. They'll believe me over you two redneck fuckers any day.

Quinn fixates on Craig, contemplating the potential consequences...

QUINN

He's right.

CRAIG

I am?

BUD

He is?

QUINN

I have a G.E.D. and a D.U.I....

(beat)

My record ain't clean, I'm...

(beat)

I'm just good at hiding my sins from the daylight.

(beat)

And you, Bud... You have two baby mamas with a track record.

(beat)

Fucker here probably has suburban parents who love him dearly. We ain't got a fighting chance.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

Let's just clean up the mess and
then maybe wipe the security
footage clean.

Bud, acknowledging Quinn's point, lets out a sigh,
understanding the situation.

BUD

Fine...

Bud pulls Craig up.

Bud, gun in hand, directs Craig toward the loading dock with
a nod.

BUD

Come on, goth boy...

Quinn heads in the opposite direction, making his way toward
the side door near Tom's office.

QUINN

I'll see y'all in a few.

59 INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 59

Quinn, in a hurry, turns the corner and heads towards Tom's
office.

60 INT. WAREHOUSE - TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT 60

Quinn swiftly grabs the keys for TRUCK #7 from the rack in
Tom's office.

61 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 61

Craig and Bud enter through the side door next to the open
bay door.

Bud guides Craig past the open bay door and into their
workspace, gun in hand.

CRAIG

So this is where rednecks live.
(beat)
Cozy.

Bud nudges Craig's back with the gun.

BUD

Shut the fuck up and keep walking.

62 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 62

Quinn exits the side door and briskly walks down a sidewalk alongside a chain-link fence, his senses on high alert.

63 INT. WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 63

Bud sets up a metal folding chair and gestures towards it.

BUD

Sit.

Craig, under Bud's watchful eye, sits down on the metal folding chair.

64 INT. SEMI-TRUCK #7 - NIGHT 64

Quinn hops into the seat and swiftly inserts the key into the ignition of the semi-truck, preparing to take control of the situation.

INT. warehouse - loading dock - night

Bud and Craig engage in an intense stare-down, their eyes locked in an unspoken competition.

A pregnant pause fills the air until Craig, shifting his gaze to the passing semi-truck through the open bay door, subtly acknowledges the gun's presence with a meaningful gesture.

CRAIG

What are you going to do with that?

(beat)

Shoot me?

Bud pauses.

BUD

Maybe.

Bud's attention is captured by the persistent BEEPING of a semi-truck.

He glances over his shoulder, the BEEPING continuing, creating a tense atmosphere.

Craig leaps up, grappling the gun with both hands and unintentionally firing it upward.

Dust and debris rain down on them as the unexpected shot reverberates in the confined space.

BUD
 Dirty pool, kid.
 (beat)
 Dirty pool.

Craig struggles to keep his head up but eventually succumbs, weakened and disoriented.

CRAIG
 What?

QUINN
 Dirty pool?

Bud, holding Craig's face up, exchanges a look with Quinn before focusing back on the disoriented Craig.

BUD
 Little shit here kicked me in my dang fellas.

QUINN
 Fighting below the belt?! Ain't your daddy ever teach you nothing?

Craig moans with blood streaming down his lip from his nose.

CRAIG
 I think you broke my fucking nose.

Craig defiantly spits blood into Bud's face.

Bud forcefully slams Craig against the trailer's double doors.

BUD
 Well I think you broke my left nut...
 So, that's payback, bitch!

The relentless POUNDING on the trailer's double doors echoes through the tense air, prompting Bud and Craig to step back, their confrontation momentarily forgotten.

BUD (CONT'D)
 What the fuck was that?!

Quinn remains unperturbed by the incessant pounding, a sign that this unsettling occurrence has become an unsettling routine for him.

The rhythmic echoes continue: POUND. POUND. POUND.

BUD (CONT'D)

Was there someone in there when you shut the doors?

QUINN

I actually didn't shut the doors, come to think of it... Did you shut the doors after I backed this rig up?

Bud shakes his head, signaling a resolute "no."

His gaze shifts to Craig.

BUD

How many of y'all were there?

Craig hesitates before answering, aware that Bud already knows the response.

CRAIG

Are you for real? You fucking chased after us and pinned me down. There was only three of us.

POUND. POUND. POUND.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Well... technically four if you count Charlotte. But you scared off the other two and shot one. So it's just me left.

Bud forcefully shakes Craig and pushes him back against the double doors.

BUD

Listen here, you little shit! If there are anymore of you devil worshipers, now's the time to fucking tell us before I blow your fucking brains all over this tailgate.

Craig defiantly spits more blood into Bud's face and chuckles.

Bud delivers another forceful blow to Craig, sending him sprawling onto the tailgate.

Quinn intervenes, pulling Bud away before he can inflict more harm.

Craig, bloodied and defiant, spits out a tooth and laughs on the tailgate.

CRAIG
(in latin)
I pray it takes no mercy on your
souls.

Quinn's expression darkens as he zeroes in on Craig, his patience wearing thin.

QUINN
What did you just say?

Craig's eyes fill with blood and turn a menacing red, sending a chill down Quinn's spine.

CRAIG
(in Latin)
I pray it takes no mercy on your
souls.

Bud steps back carefully.

BUD
What the...

QUINN
I knew it was still here...

Bud swiftly pivots, spotting the gun on the concrete floor in the heart of their workspace. He dashes to retrieve it.

Quinn seizes Craig by the neck, whirls him around with swift force, and snaps his neck.

Bud jerks back, pointing the gun at the motionless Craig and Quinn.

Trembling, Bud watches as Craig's lifeless form collapses to its knees and then face down onto the tailgate.

Catching his breath, Bud meets Quinn's gaze.

Quinn, drained and uncertain, remains silent in response to the unspoken question.

The relentless POUNDING resumes, causing Quinn to startle back.

Bud, gun in hand, keeps it trained on the trailer, ready for whatever might come next.

BUD
Now that's back?!

Quinn steps back, closing the distance between him and Bud, both fixated on the persistent POUNDING.

As the rhythmic sound persists, Quinn glances at Bud and extends his hand.

QUINN
Give me the gun.

Bud hesitates, torn between focusing on Quinn and the insistent POUNDING at the trailer.

BUD
What?! Are you kidding me? You literally tried killing yourself. I ain't giving you think gun.

Quinn maintains an unusual calmness amidst the relentless POUNDING and Bud's apprehension.

QUINN
It's ok... I want you to open the trailer doors and whatever we see... If we have to shoot it, I want to be the one who shoots it.

Bud's confusion and concern deepens.

BUD
What? Why?

QUINN
I already have blood on my hands. The girl I shot. That boy right there. If all this is real, then I can't have you going away from prison leaving your kids at home without a dad.
(beat)
I'm single. No kids. Barely any family at all. I can handle it.

Bud nods in understanding.

BUD
Dude...

QUINN
Give me the gun.

Bud carefully hands Quinn the gun, a subtle nod of acknowledgment passing between them. They both remain on edge, attentive to the enigmatic POUNDING echoing from within the trailer.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(beat)

Now I want you to go open the trailer doors and then step back, just in case...

Bud's deliberate steps carry him over the tailgate, and he approaches the corner where the trailer meets the tailgate. His gaze shifts between Quinn and the trailer doors.

Bud kneels down, seizes the remote, and activates the "down" button, gradually lowering the tailgate slightly—just enough to open the trailer doors.

Bud stands up, meets Quinn's gaze, and receives a nod from Quinn.

Quinn, holding the gun, observes Bud unlatching the trailer doors, swinging them open, and turning to face him.

Quinn is uncertain about Bud's intentions.

Bud's eyes shift to a sinister shade of red as he smiles at Quinn, a haunting expression that Quinn has come to despise.

Quinn doesn't hesitate, firing the gun.

The bullet finds its mark, hitting the doppelgänger Bud square in the chest.

Its red eyes and sinister grin persist as it topples to its knees and face-plants onto the tailgate.

As its body falls, it reveals the real Bud standing halfway into the trailer, clutching a shovel and a lifeless crow.

Quinn lowers his gun slowly, tears welling up in his eyes.

Bud, the real one, drops the shovel, staring down at his chest.

Bud tentatively touches his wound with his right hand, raising it before his eyes. He watches the blood drip off his fingertips.

Bud looks back up at Quinn, then collapses onto the wood floor.

Quinn remains frozen in place, the doppelgänger Bud vanished.

Alone, he's left with the lifeless bodies of Craig and Bud.

Quinn turns around and wearily drags his feet across the concrete floor until he reaches the metal folding chair.

He slumps backward into the chair, and...

67

INT. 1985 CHEVY CHEVETTE - NIGHT

67

Quinn finds himself back in the driver's seat of his car, staring at the steering wheel.

As he glances at the clock, which reads 8:55 pm..

Quinn sits still, devoid of any emotions, realizing he has run out of tears.

Quinn locks eyes with the doppelgänger for a moment before it slowly turns its gaze towards the glove box.

After a short moment passes, the doppelgänger looks back at Quinn.

Quinn shifts his attention to the glove box, unlatches it, and the door flops open.

His revolver slides down into the door. Quinn glances back at the doppelgänger, then decisively grabs the gun.

He slowly raises the gun to his temple, and...

Fires.

CUT TO BLACK.