

Grave Men

Written by

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OVER BLACK

A shuffling sound.

FADE IN:

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dimly lit room.

JEFF COOKE(30s) lies curled up on the bed. Asleep. Sweat beads on his forehead shine under the light.

The shuffling sound comes again.

Jeff shifts. He opens his eyes a little.

THREE HUGE MEN in all black stand in his room. Their faces covered with masks, with golden 'GM' print design on them.

Jeff's heart skips a beat. He starts to get up.

One of the men steps forward. He hits Jeff on his head with a club and knocks him out cold.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT

Jeff lies sprawled on the ground. Slowly, he gains consciousness.

He sits upright, touches the back of his skull. Winces. Dirt and dried blood cover his fingertips.

He looks around sees only a thicket of trees. Only crickets chirp.

He gets up, feeling dizzy. He barely screams.

JEFF
Hello. Is anyone here?

He staggers aimlessly.

JEFF
Where the fuck am I? Please someone help.

He inhales deeply and screams now.

JEFF
Help!

He tumbles.

JEFF
Fuck me!

He seems exhausted, touches the back of his skull, and winces again.

A sound of metal clinks breaks in.

Jeff turns around, sees a SLUMPED MAN(30s), in shackles, emerge from among the trees.

JEFF

Hey!

The man just totters on his way. The man comes closer to Jeff. He takes a step back.

The man is severely beaten and bloodied.

Jeff squints for a better look. A shock appears on his face.

He rushes towards the man and holds him upright.

JEFF

Ryan! What the fuck! What the fuck are you doing h- What happened to you?

RYAN MCGREGOR(the slumped man) remains unresponsive.

Jeff looks around.

JEFF

Come on. Lets get out of here.

He tries to help Ryan walk but, the shackles make it difficult.

Suddenly, a loud engine sound blasts through the air.

Both the men look as a BACKHOE comes roaring through the woods.

The giant machine stops at a distance from the men. A blur outline of a person is seen on its wheels.

The loader of the machine maneuvers into the ground, lifts a huge amount of mud from it, and makes a PIT.

Ryan seems to acknowledge his surrounding but not fully clued up.

Jeff is petrified.

JEFF

What the fuck is happening?!

Mushy footsteps arise from all around.

Several men in all black with 'GM' masks on their faces emerge from the woods and encircle Jeff and Ryan.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (EARLIER)

Jeff on his computer. He mindlessly surfs the internet.

A photo frame of Jeff with his wife, CATHY, sits beside the computer.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A pop up appears. It reads: Is there someone you hate? With the buttons - Yes or No.

ON JEFF

Confused, he closes the pop up.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The same pop up appears again.

ON JEFF

Hesitant, he decides to give it shot and clicks yes.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A couple of seconds pass, then a website opens.

In strange red font - Grave Men - is displayed against a black background.

The name dissolves into a search box. Above the box is written - Type the person's name.

ON JEFF

He randomly presses a few buttons then hits enter.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

It loads then shows - Couldn't find. Try again.

ON JEFF

He chuckles. He types again. This time - Ryan. Hits enter.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

It loads and this time shows - 812 potential results.

A long list of people with the name, Ryan, is displayed.

ON JEFF

He is a bit nervous now. He sees a small golden tab at the top right corner of the screen with - near me - written in it.

A moment of hesitation then, he clicks it.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

It loads again. Then shows - 21 nearby potential results.

A shortened list of people with the name, Ryan, appears.

ON JEFF

He feels unsettled now. He looks for the close tab but finds none.

Suddenly, the computer's camera activates and clicks a photo of him. He is taken aback. Shocked.

JEFF
What the fuck?

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

It re-configures and splits into two. One side shows Jeff's photo and other shows the list of the nearby potential results.

A search progresses between the two split screens. A dialog box shows - Searching for correlation. Please wait.

ON JEFF

In panic, he starts pressing random keyboard buttons and even tries to use the mouse but to no avail. Nothing works.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The search stops.

One side shows Jeff's photo. Other side shows a man's photo with the name - Ryan McGregor.

JEFF
Ryan!

A message blinks - Result verified. Target confirmed.

ON JEFF

He gets up and unplugs the computer.

He calls Ryan.

JEFF
Pick up, god dammit.

No response.

He sits on his bed. Tense. Dreaded.

Eventually, he dozes off.

LATER

Jeff sleeps curled up on the bed. Sweat beads on his forehead shine under the light.

A shuffling sound interrupts.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

The backhoe engine roars. The men close in a little on Jeff and Ryan.

JEFF
Who the fuck are you guys? What the fuck is going on?

Ryan falls because of the shackles.

Jeff kneels to help. One of the men, MAN#1, grabs him by his collar and pushes him aside.

JEFF
Hey! Stop!

Two other men hold Jeff down as he tries to get up.

Man#1 kicks Ryan a few times.

JEFF
Stop! You gonna kill him!

Man#1 stops. He walks towards Jeff, kneels down, and takes out a phone. Shows it to Jeff.

ON PHONE SCREEN

A webcam video of Ryan on his computer. From behind comes Cathy. She passionately kisses him.

He gets up, takes her in his arms, and walks O.S.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (EARLIER)

Jeff in his work clothes, stands by the counter. He eats a bowl of oats. His phone rings. It's Cathy. He picks it.

CATHY(VO)
Hey, hon. Look, I still got a shit ton of work to do, so I'll come late tonight.

JEFF
No problem.

CATHY(VO)
I'll come as soon as possible. Promise.

JEFF
I'll wait.

CATHY(VO)
Love you. Bye.

JEFF

Bye.

He hangs up, looks at the phone screen for quite a moment then shakes his head. Sighs.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jeff's expression quickly changes to rage. He gets to Ryan and starts to stomp on him shitless. Ryan starts to scream.

JEFF

You motherfucking mutt!

He plummets his face with punches.

JEFF

Late work! Yeah, fucking late work!

Jeff looks at Man#1. He points him at the pit and nods.

Jeff looks back at the bloodied and swollen face of Ryan. He gurgles as blood gushes out from his mouth.

JEFF

Piece of shit!

He drags Ryan towards the pit and kicks him in it. Ryan tries to speak but nothing comes out.

The loader of the backhoe slowly starts to turn. The mud in it, starts to fall into the pit.

Ryan tries to get up, but all the mud comes crashing down on him as he is buried alive.

The engine is turned off. Silence.

Jeff stares at the now filled-up pit and seems to contemplate.

Man#1 places a hand over Jeff's shoulder. Hands him one of the GM masks.

Jeff looks at the mask then at him. Man#1 nods.

Jeff takes the mask, looks at the pit with a steely gaze.

JEFF

Cathy.

He puts on the mask as we...

FADE OUT