

COLD BROOK

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The full moon's pale light illuminates a narrow foot-trail that snakes along the edge of a small lake surrounded by spruce pine forest.

SUPER: "Cold Brook, New York - 1990"

The constant THRUM of cricket chatter cuts through the inky blackness of the summer night.

An overlapping din of many children TALKING/LAUGHING in the near distance, fading as we move further down the trail.

Two teenagers move along the dark path. A BOY, 15, gentle, slim. And a GIRL, 15, precociously developed and quite proud of it.

She takes his hand.

GIRL
(playful)
You nervous?

He looks back over his shoulder at a large, rustic, cabin-like structure. This is the Recreation/Dining Hall.

BOY
No.

INT. REC/DINING HALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Worn wooden plank floors and a large stone fireplace tell the age of the place.

Dozens of CAMPERS (young boys and girls between the ages of 11 and 16) sit among four long dining tables. They laugh and chat within their random social cliques.

Several adult COUNSELORS sit at each table, admonishing those who become too rowdy.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

An industrial sized stock-pot. A brown stew cooking to perfection, vegetables bobble within the concoction.

A large soup spoon dips into the stew. Stirs. Slowly.

The hand holding the spoon belongs to ANISE BERNADEAU, 40s. Expressionless. Cold.

She slowly closes her eyes. A soft MUMBLE under her breath. The words come tumbling out, not making sense.

She removes a red cloth pouch from her apron, pulls back the draw string, empties the contents into her palm.

- Spits on it, closes her wrinkled hand into a knotted fist, exhales a long breath into it.

- Opens her fist, revealing fingernail clippings, many strands of hair of various color and a parchment colored powder. She dusts the contents from her hand into the stew.

The items fall and sizzle into the soup. Hidden.

LAKE SIDE - SIMULTANEOUS

The Boy and Girl sit on a log near the shoreline. The lights from the Rec Hall glimmer across the water.

He fidgets nervously with his jacket zipper.

She watches him a moment - amused.

GIRL

You sure you know what to do?

He pretends to notice something on the ground.

BOY

Yeah... I do.

GIRL

Then show me.

She leans over and kisses him full on the mouth, clumsy with virginal embarrassment... yet... beautiful and pure.

REC/DINING HALL - SIMULTANEOUS

QUICK CUTS:

- A ladle dumps stew into bowls.

- Kids hungrily eat the stew.

- Ms. Bernadeau watches from the kitchen door. Stoic.

LAKE SIDE - SIMULTANEOUS

The Boy and Girl pull away from what has surely been a series of experimental kisses. This time, The Boy goes in - French kissing. Sloppy but energetic, to say the least.

She brushes her hand across his lap. Smiles slyly, reaches for the button on his jeans.

REC/DINING HALL - SIMULTANEOUS

The children slurp their stew down. Yet... their actions aren't quite normal. They eat ravenously, as if having not eaten in days.

ONE CHILD - suddenly freezes, his mouth full. He looks down at his hand with the spoon, which has started to shake uncontrollably. The spoon falls from his fingers.

QUICK CUTS:

- Several kids stagger about the room, trance-like.
- Several others vomit, including some counselors.

Ms. Bernadeau looks on, caressing the cloth pouch, mumbling--

MS. BERNADEAU

Thirty is from me to you, thirty is
from me to you, Baal come!

Several kids snap out of their slumber - altered. They stand at attention, like soldiers. The other campers and the remaining counselors look up.

Confusion abounds from all. *What the hell is going on... ?*

Suddenly, a camper grabs a drinking glass. Crams it into the eye of a counselor. All of the campers who were frozen at attention move at once. Grabbing weapons. Approaching their prey.

- Another camper sticks a boy in the neck with a fork.
- Chaotic violence quickly consumes the dining hall.

LAKE SIDE - SIMULTANEOUS

The Boy - looks down, ashamed, and puts his hand over his lap to cover the dampness in his jeans. She smiles softly, leans to him.

GIRL
It happens, you know.

BOY
Please don't tell.

A gentle sigh from the Girl. Slowly... her voice becomes melodious in a soft, unknown tune...

GIRL
Don't worry, I won't say anything, baby...

The Boy stands awkwardly, trying to pull his shirt over the wet spot. He's about to speak when--

A guttural SHRIEK of panic echoes from across the lake, followed closely by several more.

GIRL (CONT'D)
What was that?

He runs toward the path. She quickly follows.

More SCREAMS of agony rip through the night as they race down the narrow path.

The trees whip around them as a fierce wind begins to envelop the forest.

EXT. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

They stop at a clearing some 50 yards from the Recreation Hall to witness a massacre--

- A PRE-TEEN, impaled with a butcher knife on the porch.

- A YOUNG GIRL blasts out of the Dining Hall door, racing away from two OLDER BOYS in pursuit. She jumps down the porch steps, looks behind at the Older Boys--THUNK! A TEEN GIRL buries a hatchet into her forehead.

Scanning toward metal boat docks to the right of their vantage point--

- Two counselors being drowned off the end by four kids.

- The look in the eyes of the children who attack - wild. Evil. They assail with an alarming, frenzied fury.

Ms. Bernadeau emerges from the Rec Hall, watching the melee. Her voice no longer a mumble... now it's a full-on CHANT.

One of the maniacal campers sees The Boy and Girl and sprints toward them.

The Boy grabs The Girl's hand, pulling her with him in a dead run toward a boathouse on the far side of the docks.

Several KIDS pursue them with rabid ferocity.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Boy and Girl race to the door.

Flinging it open...

INT. BOATHOUSE

Panicked, The Boy slams the door, turns the lock and moves to the deck. He kneels down.

BOY

C'mon!

The Girl moves to a row of large metal cabinets.

BOY (CONT'D)

No, under here! We can swim out if they find us.

The Girl, in near shock, ignores him and climbs into one of the cabinets as...

BAM! BAM! BAM! The wooden door moans and cracks.

No choice. The Boy slides underneath the deck, hooking his feet into a metal railing that runs the length of the underside of the deck - he's clearly hidden here before.

BAM! BAM! CRACK! CRACK!

The Boy, wide-eyed with terror, holds onto a metal rod, his body hanging just above the surface of the water--

SNAP!

The door crashes open. Several people thrust themselves in, covered in blood, moving with an animated deadness--

Searching the boathouse. Ripping open cabinets.

In fear, The Boy turns his head away--

--and, through a missing wooden slat, some 40 yards away, The Boy sees dead children being dumped off the end of the dock with a large stone tied to them.

His eyes widen when he sees the killers suddenly tether their own bodies to stones - willingly. Then walk off the end, plunging into eternal darkness.

A SCUFFLE above him. The Boy shoots his head back up to hear a CRAZED KID rifling open the sliding door of the cabinet where The Girl hides. He reaches inside, sweeping with his hand, finding nothing. The other end SCREECHES open.

The Boy begins trembling in near shock. Eyes heavy lidded, growing vacant. The Crazy Kid stands above, sluggishly looks down with milky eyes. Slowly crouching to better see The Boy who hides underneath...

SCREAMS from The Girl being dragged from the cabinet.

GIRL (O.S.)
Please! No!!!!

The "No" echoes, as if a remnant of a life long ago passed--

SLAM OUT.

EXT. STUDIO CITY PLAZA - L.A. - PRESENT DAY

A sleek high-rise office building.

INT. BRIERWITZ'S OFFICE - DAY

A HORIZONS CHANNEL logo affixed to the wall.

JOHN BRIERWITZ, 30s, metro handsome, GQ dressed; sits behind an imposing oak desk reviewing a document. Expensive office.

Remembering something, he checks his watch. Grabs a set of keys and stands. The door opens, an attractive RECEPTIONIST pops her head in.

RECEPTIONIST
Don't forget Jack's one-thirty.

Brierwitz' face drops in disappointment.

BRIERWITZ
Yeah... can we re-schedule--

She shakes her head.

RECEPTIONIST

Too late.

EXT. STUDIO CITY PLAZA, CA - DAY

JACK WILSON, 30s, hustles down a long walkway toward a sleek high-rise office building.

Handsome, slender, with a confidence in his walk and talk.

INT. STUDIO CITY PLAZA LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Hurries to the large marble information desk where a SECURITY GUARD waits.

JACK

Jack Wilson, I've got a one thirty with John Brierwitz.

The Security Guard smiles big...

SECURITY GUARD

Oh, I know who you are. The wife loves your show.

JACK

Your wife has good taste.

ELEVATOR

Jack, the lone passenger, scrolls through his cellphone text messages. SENT MESSAGES - DAD: *I have to hear something regarding the money. This is my third text!*

Hits re-send.

INT. HORIZONS CHANNEL SUITE

Jack follows the Receptionist down a hallway. She stops at the corner office door.

BRIERWITZ'S OFFICE - LATER

Jack, clearly perturbed, sits in a deep leather chair across from Brierwitz.

BRIERWITZ

Hold on. Look, Jack. Man, it's been a great run.

(MORE)

BRIERWITZ (CONT'D)
Three years is saying something in
this arena. But, it's time.

JACK
Okay, I've heard you. Now, let me
tell you why you're wrong.

Jack leans forward.

JACK (CONT'D)
We're only three episodes into the
season, you want to cancel *now* when
our best episode will never even
air?

BRIERWITZ
No, no. We'll air whatever you've
completed, we're just not funding
further.

JACK
That's just it, we are set to film
it *now*.

BRIERWITZ
What is it?

JACK
Uh-uh, I'm keeping a lid on it.
I want a guarantee for the entire
season.

BRIERWITZ
Jack, you know that's not
happening.

JACK
Okay. Then I'm walking this to
I.D. Channel. But just remember
this meeting when the episode pulls
down a five.

BRIERWITZ
Jack, no cable ghost hunter show's
ever gonna break a four.
The Hotel Coronado episode got a
three and *that* was spectacular.

Jack stands up.

JACK
Fine. I'll shop it.

BRIERWITZ

Hold up, hold up. I like you, Jack. But I can't back a full season based on spiraling ratings. But, I'm no dummy, so if this *phenomenal* episode can crack a five, I'll give you the full endorsement for the season.

Jack smiles, reaches across to shake his hand.

JACK

Deal. You won't regret this. And, I do want that in writing.

INT. JACK'S SAAB/MOVING - DAY

Jack speeds out of the Studio City Plaza parking structure. Cell phone to his ear.

JACK

(into phone)

We've got a shot. Have Emma get all of the particulars of the Twitter poll. I'll be there in ten.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICES - LATER

A large promo poster for the reality TV show - HAUNTED PLACES, hangs on the wall of the tiny room, with Jack's face front and center.

Jack settles into one of several folding chairs situated around a small plastic table. Types into his phone.

KEVIN, 25, sits across from him, tapping away on a laptop. Oozes a big ego. Probably upper class rearing.

Looks up from his laptop...

KEVIN

A five, huh? That sounds... desperate. And impossible.

Jack ignores him, continues to text.

ANGELA, 30s, breezes in with an arm-load of binders, setting them down on the table. Fifty pounds overweight, bookish. Was probably a Goth teen.

ANGELA
Coffee anyone?

JACK
No. Let's get started. Where's Emma?

Angela sits.

EMMA, late 30s strides in carrying several sheets of paper. Attractive, quiet. Looks sleep deprived. Hair pulled back in a tight bun.

KEVIN
Ahhh, the forty year old intern's here.

ANGELA
She's not forty, dip shit.

Emma ignores him, sits next to Angela.

JACK
Please tell me you've got something other than Amityville, Danvers or Alcatraz.

Emma hands the papers to Angela.

ANGELA
Okay. The Twitter poll voting for 'what should we investigate next' got a great response - Emma's idea by-the-way. *Thirty nine for Amityville. Ninety six for Gettysburg, seventy eight for Danvers Hospital.*

Jack frowns.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
But, four hundred and sixty nine for Cold Brook.

JACK
Cold Brook?

ANGELA
Upstate, New York. Way upstate. Listen to the best part: we received four hundred and sixty nine votes but those votes were favorited and re-tweeted over three thousand times!

KEVIN
No fucking way.

Kevin types on his laptop. Jack stands and crowds behind him to look.

ANGELA
It's not a mistake.

Kevin and Jack react when the page comes up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Nothing was mentioned about it in the poll until we got this Tweet...

She scrolls up to a tweet from: **@2scared2run --why don't you do a show about Cold Brook, NY.**

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This link was attached in the Tweet. That's what got everyone to vote for it.

She slides various printed pages of news articles in front of them with headlines reading:

HORROR AT SUMMER CAMP

TWO SURVIVE BRUTAL MASSACRE

POLICE DETERMINE VICTIMS WERE DRUGGED THEN DROWNED

PRIME SUSPECT DIES IN FIRE

KEVIN
(to Angela)
You've never heard of this shit before?

Angela bites into a protein bar...

ANGELA
Surprised me too.

KEVIN
Guess that makes you kinda disposable around here, huh, expert?

Angela makes a pistol with her finger and shoots him.

EMMA
Happened in nineteen ninety.

ANGELA

Not one news crew was allowed in when it happened. There's a local church in the area that owned the camp. They shut it down after and took out the only access bridge.

JACK

How big is Cold Brook?

Angela checks a paper.

ANGELA

Population's about one hundred seventy five.

KEVIN

Hicksville in the sticksville.

JACK

(to Emma)

Set it up. I want us flying out ASAP.

KEVIN

And what makes you think they'll let *us* in?

JACK

Leave that to me.

KEVIN

Besides that, no one's ever heard of the place, let alone ever said it was haunted, which is... a... kind of what our show's all about?

JACK

(indicating Twitter poll)

Obviously *someone's* heard of it...

ANGELA

A violent, tragic event like this? Tremendous energy there no doubt, especially since it sounds fairly untouched. We'll get something.

Kevin rolls his eyes.

KEVIN

Oh Christ, you say this every time. And guess what we get every time? Static, cold spots that I can't feel. In layman's terms - nothing.

ANGELA

Hey, you were shitting your pants
on the Hotel Coronado shoot.

KEVIN

You sure have a lot of faith for
being an ex rosary-toting-Catholic.

Jack takes the print-outs, heads for the door.

JACK

Set up the travel.

EXT. SHERMAN OAKS, CA HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack's Saab pulls into the driveway of a modest one story
house on a quiet street.

He gets out, hurries to the mailbox near the street, opens it
- removes the various parcels. Looks toward the house once
before quickly flipping through them. Finding--

LOS ANGELES COUNTY TAX DEPARTMENT

OCWEN MORTGAGE GROUP

Jack frowns as he quickly shoves them into his jacket pocket.

INT. SHERMAN OAKS, CA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

HALEY, 5, runs to Jack as he enters the front door, crashing
into his legs to hug him.

HALEY

Daddy!

He picks her up. Kisses her forehead.

JACK

Hi ya sweetie. What'd you do
today?

HALEY

I made brownies.

JACK

You did? I could so use a brownie.

Jack's wife CONNIE, 35, enters. She smiles.

CONNIE

After dinner.

DINING ROOM - LATER

The post-dinner table. Haley carefully walks dirty dishes to the sink. Jack eats a brownie.

JACK
Best brownies ever, sweetie.

The little girl smiles ear to ear.

CONNIE
Honestly Jack, is there any point to you traipsing across the country for this?

JACK
Yes. It'll be huge. The back story alone makes it bankable. A no brainer to re-up a season.

Connie doesn't seem convinced.

CONNIE
I need to mail some bills. Okay?

JACK
(poker face)
Uh-huh. Yep.

Haley walks back to the table.

HALEY
You'll be gone a long time, Daddy?

Jack leans forward, taking her hands in his.

JACK
A week, tops.

HALEY
You'll bring me back a present?

Peppering her cheeks with kisses--

JACK
Yes!

INT. HALEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack pulls the covers up to Haley's chin. Carefully sits on the edge of the bed, smiling.

He bends over to kiss her forehead.

HALEY
Will you call me?

JACK
Of course.

He stands, walks to the door.

HALEY (O.S.)
Do you think ghosts are real,
daddy?

He stops. Turns back.

JACK
Maybe. If they are, they're not
bad.

HALEY
If ghosts are dead people, why do
they come back?

JACK
I'm not sure, but I think some come
back because they're lost.

HALEY
So then I shouldn't be afraid of
the ghost in my dreams?

JACK
Well that's just a dream, honey.

HALEY
She looks real.

He smiles.

HALEY (CONT'D)
She talks about you. She likes
your show.

JACK
Tell her to write my producer.

She wrinkles her brow...

HALEY
Huh?

JACK
Never mind. Good night, sweetie.

HALEY
Night, daddy.

INT. AMERICAN AIRLINES FLIGHT - DAY

Jack sits between Emma and Angela. Laptop open. Documents littered between them.

ANGELA
The official police report was mass homicide and one suicide. This woman went into the camp one night, poisoned, then drowned everyone. Afterward, she took her own life in a fire. There were two survivors; a boy and a girl.

JACK
What about the survivors?

ANGELA
Nothing. Not even from family members. Maybe protecting them because they were minors? I found this link in one of the Twitter posts. It's Reddit, so take it with a grain of salt.

JACK
Just give me the highlights.

Emma listens attentively.

ANGELA
Well, it gives a wildly different version than the official report. The girl who survived claimed that half of the campers killed the other half, then they killed *themselves* by drowning.

JACK
Jesus.

ANGELA
The police thought she was in shock over what she'd seen. The locals swear it was occult driven.

JACK
Still Reddit?

She nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
What about the boy?

ANGELA
Says he went into a PTS shock... a head injury or something. Was catatonic for years.

JACK
And no one's heard from these *survivors* since? No book deals, interviews?...

ANGELA
I didn't find anything.

JACK
Let's try to authenticate the Reddit story. That version'll play much stronger for us.

Jack looks at one of the papers which shows a black and white newsprint photo.

JACK (CONT'D)
That her?

ANGELA
Yup.

The photo shows Ms. Bernadeau. Ever stoic. Utterly joyless.

JACK
She's right out of Central Casting.

INT. SYRACUSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Jack walks through the terminal with Emma, Kevin and Angela in tow. Phone to his ear.

JACK
(into phone)
Hi sweetie. I'm not sure if I'll have reception later. I love you!

INT. SHERMAN OAKS, CA HOUSE - DAY - INTERCUT AS DESIRED

Haley holds the phone.

HALEY
I love you too, daddy. Mommy wants to talk to you.

She hands the phone to Connie.

CONNIE

Hi. I got to thinking that since you're in Upstate, you should go see your mother if you can.

Jack bristles a bit - twinge of guilt.

JACK

Yeah, I don't know. Pinched for time. And she's on the other side of the state.

Hearing him struggle...

CONNIE

Just because she doesn't approve of the show doesn't mean she wouldn't love to see you.

JACK

Yeah. I know.

CONNIE

Just thought I'd mention it.

JACK

Thanks, honey. Love you. Talk soon.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

An SUV moves along a country road, passing a few homes and run-down farms.

EXT. SUV - DAY

The open fields have now been replaced by the lush pine forests of the Adirondack Mountains.

INT. SUV

Jack drives with Angela in the passenger seat. Kevin and Emma in the back.

JACK

I'm still not feeling one hundred percent about the battery packs.

KEVIN

That generator'll power everything for a day with the gas that's in it. We won't need more than that with the solar cells- weather calls for clear skies all week.

Angela looks at a printed topographical map from Google Earth, shakes her head.

ANGELA

Long hike in with this bridge being out.

KEVIN

Yeah, haulin' this shit in'll make it even more pleasant. Think you can make it?

Angela smiles, contemptuously. Kevin turns to Emma.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You don't say much do you?

EMMA

What did you want to talk about?

KEVIN

Whoa, she speaks!

EMMA

I'm just more observer than orator.

KEVIN

Okay, well, it's a start. Keep using words like orate and I'm liable to think you're hitting on me... joking.

Emma grins.

Suddenly, something CRASHES into the windshield of the SUV, instantly spider-webbing the glass. Jack slams on the brakes.

EXT. SUV

The vehicle swerves to and fro, barely avoiding a steep drop-off into a chasm of tall pines.

INT. SUV

Jack wrangles control of the skid and stops the vehicle.
Everyone buzzing with adrenaline...

JACK
What the hell is that?

A mass of blood and feathers mashed against the windshield...

EXT. SUV

The group stands in front of the vehicle, disgusted, as Jack carefully peels a large hawk from the glass.

KEVIN
Kamikaze motherfucker. Did you buy
the extra insurance?

Jack glowers at Kevin, as he drops the dead bird--

JACK
No. Thanks for asking.

EXT. COLD BROOK - DUSK

The SUV moves through a small village that seems to be from a bygone era.

A SHELL gas station seems to be the only establishment not suffering from neglect.

INT. SUV

They pull into a small diner with a sign overhead: TINAS

KEVIN
(noting the sign)
I take it they couldn't afford the
apostrophe.

JACK
There's a motel a mile up the road
we'll stay at tonight. Let's try
to interview as many of the locals
as we can find.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Jack turns to see a small building across the street with a sign reading: ONEIDA COUNTY SHERIFF - SATELLITE OFFICE

Checks his wristwatch: 5:55

JACK
Gonna try and catch this guy.
Order me whatever you get.

Jack crosses the street.

EXT. SHERIFF'S SATELLITE OFFICE

An OLDER MAN dressed in worn clothing shuffles along the sidewalk toward Jack. Jack smiles, tries to make eye contact - the Man looks down.

INT. SHERIFF'S SATELLITE OFFICE

A bell above the door TINKLES as it opens. No lights on in the front of the small office.

JACK
(under his breath)
Shit. Hello?

A toilet flushes in another room. The door in back opens. Fluorescent lights flicker on.

SHERIFF GORTON, late 50s, emerges, toweling off his hands. A stern man with a permanent look of agitation.

GORTON
Yup.

JACK
Hi. Sheriff Gorton?

Gorton nods, approaches.

JACK (CONT'D)
We spoke the other day. I'm Jack
Wilson from Los Angeles.

Gorton says nothing, averts his eyes. Jack extends his hand. Gorton reluctantly takes it.

GORTON
 Right. Well, I hate that you
 travelled this far and all, but...
 it's not a good idea.

Jack's face drops. Tries to smile.

JACK
 When we spoke you'd said we could
 work something out.

GORTON
 Well, I wish you'd told me you were
 hopping on a plane the next day.

JACK
 I think I did.

GORTON
 Just not a good idea is what it is.
 They don't want anyone in there.

JACK
 You say *they*, it's a church group,
 right?

Gorton nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Could you possibly tell me where I
 might find someone who might take a
 donation on their behalf?

Gorton looks torn. Slowly shakes his head.

Jack, frustrated, bordering on panic now; pulls an envelope
 from his jacket.

Gorton looks past Jack, out the window - thinking. Finally--

GORTON
 Suppose I could do that for you.

JACK
 Great! I really appreciate it.
 There's two grand in there. Can I
 get a written permit or something?
 In case anyone shows up while we're
 in there?

GORTON
 No, no -- I can't give you anything
 like that but I can pretty much
 guarantee you won't need it.

Jack measures him a moment. Hands the envelope to him.

JACK

Thanks. Is there a way to drive in?

Gorton shakes his head.

GORTON

Bridge was taken out in ninety, right after-- Well, you're in for one hell of a hike. Say, you got machetes?

JACK

Ahh, no.

GORTON

There's more thistle thorn brush growing throughout there than I bet anywhere else in the state. I've some in the back you can use. Just return 'em. State don't give too much funding up here.

Gorton starts toward the back. Motions for Jack to follow.

GORTON (CONT'D)

I got a map of the camp layout here somewhere that they used to give to the campers. Tells which buildings are which. I'll Xerox it for ya.

JACK

That'd be great. If you don't mind my asking - when were you last in there?

Gorton turns to him. Serious. Shakes his head.

GORTON

Not since the accident.

INT. DINER - LATER

Jack enters, sees his group in a corner booth. Looks about as he approaches them. Chipped formica tabletops. Grease stained ceiling.

The only other patron, a YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, thread-bare dress, greasy hair. She sits at the counter holding a SMALL CHILD.

TABLE

Jack slides into the booth. A WAITRESS wearing sweatpants approaches carrying several plates of burgers and fries.

She sets the plates in front of them.

JACK
(re: Waitress)
Did you ask her?

Kevin shakes his head in mock terror.

JACK (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Was wondering if you
might answer some questions. We're
doing a story on the old camp--

WAITRESS
Nope.

JACK
We'd be willing to compensate for
your time.

WAITRESS
I got nothing to say.

Jack notices the Young Woman at the counter stealing glances at them.

JACK
Sorry, just trying to get some info
on the place.

The waitress raises her brow, incredulous. Turns and leaves.

Jack continues to watch the Young Woman at the counter. She stands, holding her Child, walks to the door. Jack catches her looking their way once again as she exits.

KEVIN
(re: overcooked fries)
These look delightful.

Jack slides out...

JACK
Be right back.

EXT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Jack follows her around the corner.

JACK
Hey, hello?

The Young Woman looks back at him, somewhat nervous. He smiles as he approaches.

JACK (CONT'D)
They grow up fast, huh?
(then)
Could I ask you a few questions?

Checks her surroundings...

YOUNG WOMAN
Don't go in there.

Caught off guard--

JACK
The camp?

She nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
Do you mind?

He holds up a small HD camera. She shakes her head.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's fine. Why shouldn't we go in?

YOUNG WOMAN
Place is marked.

JACK
Ugh-huh. What makes you say that?

Fear ripples through her.

YOUNG WOMAN
My sister was killed that night.

Containing his excitement...

JACK
She was one of the campers?

She holds her Child a little tighter. Nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
What do you mean by *marked*?

YOUNG WOMAN

My mother was a member of the church. Bernadeau blamed them for her daughter dying...

EXT. COLD BROOK, 1990 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A school bus that's been painted white moves along a dirt road that cuts through forest. Stencil-painted letters down the side: **NEW FAITH CHURCH**

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

They'd always suspected she was a witch. Never joined the church. Stayed away from everyone. They found things too.

INT. BUS

Dozens of nicely dressed parishioners SING in a chorus of holy glory.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

She never bothered nobody... until one day...

The bus comes to an abrupt stop. A commotion in the front near the driver.

WOMAN PARISHIONER

What's she want?

THROUGH FRONT WINDOW

Anise Bernadeau stands in front of the bus - panicked. She grips her DAUGHTER, 10, who appears devoid of color, perspiring. Eyes closed.

MS. BERNADEAU

Please. Help her.

Several people on the bus become fearful.

PARISHIONER 2

(to driver)

Don't you dare let her on here.

WOMAN PARISHINER

No way.

Ms. Bernadeau looks at them in a desperate form of protest.

Watching from a window, a REMORSEFUL WOMAN, 40s, with a hideous SCAR on her left cheek.

MS. BERNADEAU
Please! She's just a child!

She sobs uncontrollably.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
Her little girl's appendix
ruptured.

EXT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

The bus engine revs. It inches forward toward her - she desperately stands her ground.

MS. BERNADEAU
What's the matter with you people?

PARISHIONER 3 steps off the bus, walks to her, pulls her and her daughter roughly to the side of the road as she begs.

PARISHIONER 3
Now, now, this bus is for God's
people.

EXT. DINER - DUSK (PRESENT)

YOUNG WOMAN
Her daughter died. Then she
changed. Started in with the bad
magic they said. Then... she did
what she did.

She glances past Jack, her eyes grow fearful.

Jack looks over his shoulder to see Sheriff Gorton watching from the front window of his office. Jack double takes when he briefly sees a DARK FIGURE standing behind the Sheriff.

Upon refocusing, it appears to now just be the reflection from a lone street lamp.

The Sheriff nods once. Jack pulls out a few twenty dollar bills as he turns back...

JACK
I wanted to give--

She's gone. Jack turns back to the office window- nobody there.

He takes a mental inventory of the sequence - confused.

EXT. COLD BROOK - MORNING

The SUV slowly moves down a narrow dirt road tightly encroached by spruce pine trees.

SUV

Jack carefully navigates the tight trail. Kevin in the passenger seat reading from the printed Google Earth map.

The vehicle bounces along the unkempt road.

Finally slowing when they reach what looks like the edge of a cliff.

KEVIN

I take it this is the end of the line.

EXT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin, Jack, Angela and Emma load up large, mountain backpacks. Jack has a small PORTABLE GENERATOR fastened to his as well.

Jack hands a machete to Kevin.

KEVIN

What the fuck are these for?

JACK

Might need 'em.

Jack checks the compass on his iPhone. Hits the auto-lock on the SUV. Starts for the edge of the drop off.

The group stands at the edge, looking down and then up at the other side of the gorge; which is approximately 100 yards wide and 100 yards deep. The slope is at a manageable 45 degree angle.

Concrete remnants of where the bridge began and ended can still be seen.

GORGE - LATER

- Jack carefully navigates the steep downgrade, followed by the others.

- Angela slips, rolling down a ways. Jack helps her to her feet.

- Standing at the bottom, they look up at what waits in front of them - the traverse up the other side is riddled with dense thistle brush.

JACK
He wasn't kidding.

The appearance of the sprawling brush could give one the impression that nature has taken back what used to be tame.

GORGE - LATER

Almost to the top of the other side, Jack and Kevin hack relentlessly at the coils of brush in front of them using the machetes.

They stop a moment. Perspiring, Kevin checks his forearms - sees a litany of scratches.

KEVIN
I'm getting shredded by this crap!

A few blood droplets fall to the ground, splashing on the dry brush.

Emma notices something in the sky above.

EMMA
Look at that.

They all look up to see... three hawks, high in the sky, gently gliding in a circular pattern over them.

ANGELA
Must be something dead nearby.

KEVIN
No, those are just the family members of the relative Jack killed.

EXT. COLD BROOK FOREST - LATER

The sun slips into late afternoon as the four walk through the lush canopy of pines.

Jack checks the compass on his iPhone as they hike.

ANGELA
What a beautiful place.

Kevin shakes his head.

The cool, shaded forest seems endless.

KEVIN
I hate to be the one to bring this
up, but what if we get jack squat
on the cameras?

JACK
Back story will drive this thing.

KEVIN
Told you before that I can add shit
in post. Sounds. Visuals...
Ghosts. No one can tell the
difference.

JACK
I can. And we don't do fiction.

Kevin rolls his eyes.

KEVIN
Oh, yes - the responsible,
dedicated journalist and his
reality programming.

JACK
People tune in because they see
what we see. Nothing more, nothing
less.

KEVIN
It's your show, *boss*.

JACK
Glad we agree on something.

EXT. COLD BROOK FOREST - DUSK

The four walk a slight downgrade now.

Passing a row of trees, the view opens up to overlook the
severely overgrown campgrounds below.

KEVIN
Yay, we found Oz.

The roof of the Recreation/Dining hall has several holes where weather and time have taken their toll.

Just beyond it is the small lake. Moss covers the oxidized metal docks. Jack stops, pulls out the photo-copied map that Sheriff Gorton had given him.

The map shows a hand drawn topography of the grounds labeled: *Recreation Hall, Boat House, Griffin Cabin, Sparrow Cabin.*

Taking it all in, Angela unfurls a huge smile--

ANGELA

Damn, this place is perfect! I mean, this is like the creepiest place I've ever seen in person.

Jack looks up to see a narrow, two story house in the distance near the Boat House and water's edge. Looking back down at the map - *Camp Director's Cottage.*

JACK

We'll set up in that one.

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

They approach the neglected structure, flashlights poking into the all encompassing blackness of night.

Jack tries the door knob - locked.

KEVIN

Did he give you keys?

JACK

Nope.

Jack looks in a window. Kevin picks up a rock, cocks his arm--

JACK (CONT'D)

No. Hold on.

Jack bumps his shoulder into the door several times. The dry wood of the door jam finally SNAPS as the door gives way.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

All four enter, flashlights drawn; pushing light into the dark recesses of the defunct space.

Old sofas and wooden dining furniture remain. Dried out, dusty. A thrashed television set in the corner.

Jack continues through the living area.

Turns a corner to find stairs. Shoots his flashlight beam up the stairwell, starts up.

DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE/SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

A large bay window overlooks the camp in the direction of the Recreation Hall.

Several desks, book shelves and filing cabinets show this to have been an office of some sort.

Jack drops his backpack. Leafs through a few dust covered papers on one of the desks.

Emma removes items from her pack. Angela is engrossed in old camp photographs of campers posing near the water.

ANGELA

I'm loving this place.

KEVIN

See if you say that after mosquitos drain half your body weight.

Jack rolls out his sleeping bag.

JACK

Lots to do tomorrow, folks.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - LATER

Jack stirs in his sleep. His eyes flash open. Stares at the ceiling a moment, half awake; groggily deducing where he is.

Raises his head slightly, scans to see the others bundled in their sleeping bags.

After a moment, he quietly gets up. Walks to a table in the corner to retrieve a bottle of water. Takes a long drink.

Scans the room. Settling on one of the book shelves...

He removes a book titled: *CAMP LOG 1985*

Flips through a few pages of what looks like an inexpensive yearbook with black and white photocopied pictures, badly type-written names and events, etc.

Pictures of: Boys and Girls diving off the docks. Water skiers on the lake. Relay Race winners.

Flips a few more pages to see the heading: *STAFF*. Scans the ruddy pictures.

KITCHENETTE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, with flashlight in hand, looks about the room.

Tries the sink faucet, no water of course. He glances out the window over the sink. Double takes at something in the distance--

A window in the Recreation Hall is illuminated from within by a dull yellow light.

JACK

What the... hell...

He leans over the sink to better focus on the light. Then it hits him: It can't be electric. *Fire?!*

He shoots upright, quickly scans the others who are in a deep slumber. Grabs his jacket, flashlight and digital camera.

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack quickly moves toward the shoreline. Powers on the camera. Turns it to face himself.

JACK

Jack Wilson here at Camp Cold Brook. This is our first night. Everyone else is asleep.

Approaching the docks, he can still see the dim light from within the Rec Hall. Turns the camera back around to film his path.

JACK (CONT'D)

I just woke up and noticed a light on in this building across the way. Stupidly, I'm checking it out by myself.

The night is deathly quiet, devoid of even insect chatter.

The dusky lake, flecked with white moonlight creates a beautiful view. Picturesque, yet something unnerves the image.

EXT. REC/DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks up a short embankment toward the steps of the wide, Rec Hall porch.

He takes quiet steps up the four risers, steps to the window near the door to carefully peer inside...

No light. Pitch blackness. Jack stabs the darkness inside with the camera light, revealing dust, debris.

A mound of shredded cloth in an open cupboard indicates possible animal infestation.

JACK
I don't see any--

He steps toward the door, a long CREAK from a board under foot masks what sounds like a soft whisper of: "*In here.*"

Startled, he freezes. Slowly craning his neck around.

Only silence. *His imagination?* Shakes his head, chuckles to himself.

JACK (CONT'D)
Thought I heard something.

Opens the outer screen door, the age-rusted retraction spring SCREECHING. Opens the unlocked door, steps inside.

INT. REC/DINING HALL

He walks to the window where he'd seen the light coming from earlier. Looks out. Turns to look behind him, finding no source of light.

Walks to the other side of the large room, noting the worn, dusty, dining tables and chairs... and plates, soup bowls and utensils laid out perfectly, as if waiting for diners.

A loud THUD, followed by a metallic ECHO. He jumps, turning toward the kitchen.

JACK
(whispering)
I know you heard *that*.

Moves slowly toward the...

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

He scans the area with the camera light. Takes slow steps toward the rear.

Sees an opened cookbook near the large industrial sink. Browses the open pages. Reads some handwritten notes.

Sets the camera down to the left of the book, so as to provide light.

DV Camera POV: behind Jack, in the doorway at the rear of the room; heavy COBWEBS hang across the opening, much like most areas along the back wall.

Silently, the door opens inward. The slight vacuum of the movement causes the webbing to sway slightly, then settle once again.

BAM BAM! He whips around to his right, where something inside of the large stainless steel cabinet thrashes!

He waits, motionless. Silence follows. Quietly picks up the camera.

Creeps to the large sliding door of the cabinet. Bends at the waist, slowly slides the door open. Lights the area with the camera light - nothing.

Moves to the other end, crouches, opens the door - empty.

RHEEECH! A raccoon lunges out from the lower shelf and scampers away, the start nearly stopping Jack's heart.

JACK

Damn it!

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MORNING

Near the edge of the lake, Kevin, Angela and Jack sit at a weather-beaten picnic table eating pancakes. Bright morning sunshine.

Emma cooks more pancakes in a skillet over a fire pit.

KEVIN

I'm really becoming fond of you.
We usually get stale Power Bars for
breakfast, but you? You're genius
enough to bring Bisquick.

Emma smiles. Angela reviews Jack's handheld DV camera.

ANGELA
 (to Jack)
 Did you capture your creature on
 tape?

Jack smirks--

JACK
 Didn't look yet. We can use the
 lead up, regardless.

Angela's POV: Jack's footage. We hear the BAM BAM. As Jack whirls around with the camera, a blurred image on the cabinet door directly above the sink can be made out.

Angela rewinds slightly, then pauses to reveal - a perfectly painted circle with a series of symbols at the center. Startled...

ANGELA
 Did you see this?

She shows Jack the screen.

KEVIN (O.C.)
 What?

Jack's face drops a moment before recovering--

JACK
 Probably kids trying to spook each
 other.

Emma sees the image, looks for Jack's reaction.

Angela shakes her head and starts toward the Rec/Dining Hall in the distance.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (to Angela)
 Hold up. Let's divvy this up first.

Jack opens the map of the campgrounds on the table top. Various red X's are marked in places.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'll do the set-ups in the Dining
 Hall and this cabin up behind.
 Angela and Emma can handle all of
 these smaller cabins back there.

He indicates five small cabins scattered throughout the woods behind the Director's Cottage.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Kevin)
I want you to put a remote on that
little island.

Indicates a small island, roughly 200 yards from shore.

KEVIN
Why?

JACK
Use the long lens from there facing
the docks. That's where they
drowned, it'll tie to the story.
Everyone double check your cable
connections. Don't want a blackout
like Sacramento.

KEVIN
Hey, I had everything tight on
that.

JACK
I said *everyone*.

KEVIN
I'm supposed to swim over?

JACK
Yeah. Exactly.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Kevin oars a rowboat toward a small island in the distance.

Those clear skies from the morning have been replaced by dark
storm clouds. The skyline of the camp looms behind him.

INT. REC/DINING HALL - DAY

Angela stands in front of the large kitchen sink, studying...

The symbol on the cabinet door. The lines and symmetry are
perfect. As if stenciled on. What she hadn't noticed before,
at the center of the symbol- the hieroglyph of a Hawk.

Her eyes convey mild alarm as she searches her memory for
something.

INT. SPARROW CABIN - SIMULTANEOUS

Standing on a chair, Emma finishes driving screws into a wall mount bracket.

Two rows of narrow, single beds; spaced precisely apart. Sheets and pillows perfectly made.

-Emma sets a small HD camera in the mount.

-looks through the viewfinder of a camera mounted on a tripod to check the angle.

INT. GRIFFIN CABIN - SIMULTANEOUS

Jack secures a high resolution microphone in the corner of the mildew-dank space. Turns to notice the odd precision of the single beds, again in two rows; with sheets and pillows.

Wipes his hand across one of the sheets. Rubs his fingers together - no dust.

-secures another in the opposite corner near the doorway.

-checks the angle of a camera mounted on a tripod near the fireplace.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - LATER

Angela unwinds a spool of extension cord as she back pedals toward the DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE. The dark overcast cloud coverage makes it seem much later than it is.

EXT. GRIFFIN CABIN

Jack steps outside of the cabin with a spool of extension cord over his shoulder. Begins to unwind it as he walks.

Just higher up on a ridge above, he notices the corner of a structure. Stops to pull out the map.

Jack's POV - MAP: looks at his location, then traces with his finger just beyond it - nothing there.

He drops the extension cord, scrambles up the slope toward the structure.

EXT. SMALL ISLAND

A hand-full of stunted pine trees grow out of the large, glacier-formed rock, giving it an unnatural appearance.

The steep angle of the shoreline around it makes it formidable to get onto the island.

Kevin reclines against a tree which has a DV CAMERA mounted further up the trunk. The camp behind him in the distance. He takes a long inhale from a thin joint.

His two-way radio BEEPS, then--

JACK
(over radio)
Kevin. Come in, Kevin...

Takes another hit.

KEVIN
Send me to the fucking island.

JACK
(over radio)
Come in, Kevin...

Depresses the *TALK* button.

KEVIN
Go for Kevin.

JACK
(over radio)
Where are you?

KEVIN
The island.

JACK
(over radio)
Still? I need you to get back to patch all the sound.

Kevin repeatedly flips his middle finger at the radio, mouthing: *suck my fucking dick!*

JACK (CONT'D)
(over radio)
Okay?!

KEVIN
Yes.

He stands. Slowly reaches his arms to the sky, stretching while twisting around to notice--

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Oh, you've got to be kidding.

The boat has drifted roughly fifty yards from shore.

He takes another drag. Exhales the hit while turning away, never noticing that the wafting smoke vaguely accentuates a human shape standing next to him - quickly dissipating.

He carefully sets the joint down on a rock. Stands to judge the distance of the boat once more.

Slips his shoes and socks off. Pulls his shirt off, then his jeans - leaving only his briefs on, he--

Holding his radio, he tip-toes to the edge of a large flat rock at the shoreline which steeply angles into the water. The surface drastically drops off into the dark water.

He winces when the cold water touches his toes. Looks into the darkness in front of him, then to the boat--

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(muttering)
Fuck that.

He starts to back up -- Suddenly, he slips, falls and slides into the water.

He pops back up to the surface, shivering from the shock. He treads water - a bit panicky. Reaches for the edge of the rock but it's too slippery.

He turns and starts an uneven stroke toward the boat, swimming with the unease of an infrequent swimmer - SPLASHING and KICKING.

Now twenty feet away from the island, he looks for the boat -- suddenly stops to tread water - the boat seems further away.

He digs harder with a hastened, jerky stroke.

Swimming another 15 feet, he looks up again to see that the boat is now most definitely further away.

BLUB BLUB BLUB-- several bubbles break the surface near the boat.

Alarmed, he rotates to face the island. BLUB BLUB BLUB-- another series of bubbles which he hears behind him...

he spins back to the sound. With increasing anxiety, his head dips below the surface--

KEVIN'S POV: Liquid silence. In the brief, hazy submergence; he sees what looks to be children on the lake floor walking while pulling the faded yellow tow-line of the boat - toward shore!

His head back above water, GASPING--

KEVIN (CONT'D)
What the mother fuck?!!

Full panic now, he swims with frenzied strokes, pulling faster and faster toward the island. Behind him we see the boat is even further away from where it had been.

He raises his head out of the water, BREATHING heavily from fear. He notices that the island is further away. Wide-eyed, he churns as fast as he can toward it.

SPLASH SPLASH SPLASH SPLASH-- sloppy motion--

GASPING breaths... closer... closer...

He finally reaches the daunting, angled rocks again. Tries to pull himself up. Too slippery, he falls back into the water. Reemerges--

--digs his fingers into a slight crevice, rips himself up on it and out of the water, breaking several fingernails backwards as he does.

He PANTS heavily as he looks for the boat, which is now almost back at the shoreline of the camp some 400 yards away.

Cradling his bleeding fingers, he looks over at the half smoked joint - shakes his head.

EXT. UNKNOWN CABIN - SIMULTANEOUS

Jack stands outside of a decrepit, single story dwelling. Part of the roof has capsized.

He pushes the door open. Much of the interior has moss growing in corners. Severe water damage in several areas.

An aged, framed oil painting on the wall near a dresser, hangs lopsided as if missing a frame hook. Behind it, an opening in the wall.

His two-way radio BEEPS.

ANGELA
 (over radio)
Jack. Come in, Jack.

He raises it to his mouth--

JACK
 (into radio)
 Go for Jack.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - INTERCUT AS DESIRED

Angela in front of a laptop that has a screen split into 16 boxes, one for each of the surveillance cameras.

ANGELA
 (into radio)
 I can't reach Kevin.

JACK
 I just talked to him.

ANGELA
 His radio doesn't even have a signal.

Jack looks to the sky in frustration.

JACK
Of course it doesn't. Okay, I'll check it out.

ANGELA
 Hey, hold on. That symbol? In the kitchen? I have extreme doubts that it was put there by local kids trying to scare each other.

JACK
 What do you mean?

ANGELA
 I can't decipher it exactly without a text, but it's Sumerian. Very obscure.

Jack, a bit confused--

JACK
 Um, okay. Sounds like it'll be a good set-up. Right?

Angela thinks for a moment...

ANGELA

Yeah.

JACK

See you in a bit.

DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE

Angela changes the laptop display of 16 thumbnail windows to full size of the Recreation/Dining Hall.

-Taps a pop-up window that allows her to rotate the cameras remotely.

-She chooses an icon to reset back to the 16 thumbnail windows.

-Selects 'The Island' CAMERA. Pops to full screen, revealing Kevin waving his arms frantically at the camera, mouthing the words: "No boat".

ANGELA

What is he doing?

INT. BOATHOUSE - DUSK

Jack walks toward the boathouse.

JACK

(into radio)

Kevin?

No feedback from Kevin's end. Jack glances at the island which appears miniscule from this distance. He hears the faint SCREAM of "Hey!"

About to enter the Boathouse, he notices the rowboat Kevin had taken has drifted to the shore - no Kevin.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Several candles illuminate the room.

Angela sits at a table, leafing through a book:

CAMP LOG ~ 1990. She reads the opposite page from a CAMPER'S GROUP PHOTO where boys and girls wear matching uniforms when... peripherally, she sees movement in the photo -- her eyes snap to it - the photo as it was before.

She shuts the book, tosses it down and looks behind her.

She stands and walks to the large bay window that faces toward the Recreation Hall. Gazes in the direction of the small island. The clouded sky renders the moonlight insufficient.

A low, moaning CREAK from downstairs. She spins toward the stairwell. Listens for a moment - silence. Takes the radio off her hip, depresses the *TALK* button.

ANGELA
(into radio)
Jack. Come in, Jack.

Releases the button. She waits. No response.

She depresses the button once more.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Jack? Kevin?

Releases to listen - nothing.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Emma. Come in, Emma.

Releases to a static HISS this time. She turns the channel dial to 4 - STATIC. *Channel 5* - more STATIC. *Channel 6* - a hymnal-like choir. The sound is intermittent with static but unmistakable.

She turns back to Channel 3.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Jack. Come in, Jack.

Nothing. She takes a seat at the laptop. Watches the multiple camera split screen. Carefully looking at each thumbnail of the INFRARED and ULTRAVIOLET displays.

She turns in her chair to rummage through a backpack. Removing a pair of Night Vision Goggles, she stands to look once more out the bay window, toward the island--

Standing behind her - three CHILDREN with sallow, water-logged skin, wearing camp uniforms. They look up at her with a neutral expression.

Angela sets the Goggles on the table, turns up the volume on her radio. Only the smooth, quiet PURR of the feedback can be heard. She shudders from a sudden chill.

Then, something on the laptop monitor grabs her vision. She immediately focuses on the thumbnail of the Recreation/Dining Hall interior.

Fear crawls up her spine. She reluctantly double taps the box to enlarge it to full screen...

--looking up at the camera, a HUMAN SHAPE with a heat index shaded blue. A meter reading shows the room temperature of the camera to be 54F. The index of the Shape is 12F. Seemingly staring at her, it does not move.

Angela stares back, trying to control her surging fear.

The Shape wavers slightly, then smoothly moves out of sight of the camera. She uses the remote camera control in an attempt to follow it, to no avail.

She taps back to the 16 thumbnails. Eyes glued to the screen...

There it is - the Shape is seen on the Recreation Hall's exterior camera, staring at her once again.

She taps the image to FULL SCREEN. The blurry image wavers slightly from side to side. No facial features can be made out.

She grabs her radio, eyes never leaving the screen...

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(into the radio)
Jack? Anyone? Come in.

She waits. No response.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I've got something! Anyone?

Nothing. She stands to look out the bay window toward the Recreation Hall. Straining to see into the night. Quick checks back down to the laptop screen - the figure is gone.

She taps back to the 16 thumbnails. Searches the screen with trepidation.

The same shape passes by the Boathouse camera, this time not stopping. Note: this structure is closer to her location!

She stands quickly to look out the window, down at the boat house - she can't see it. Grabs the Night Vision Goggles, looks back out - still nothing.

Focuses on the screen again.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (through radio)
Go for Emma.

Angela jumps. Snatches the radio.

ANGELA
 (into radio)
 Where are you?!

Her eyes never leaving the laptop screen.

EMMA
 (through radio)
On my way back.

The shape passes the monitor just outside of the Director's Cottage! Angela consumed with dread...

ANGELA
 Oh my... *God!*

EMMA
 (through radio)
What's wrong?

ANGELA
 (whispering)
 It's right outside. It's right outside.

EMMA
 (through radio)
What is?

Then, downstairs - the door BANGS open. Angela, paralyzed with fear...

EMMA (CONT'D)
 (through radio)
What is it?

Footsteps THUD languidly up the stairs.

Angela shoots to her feet. Slowly stepping away from the door as the footsteps continue ascending.

THUD THUD CREAK THUD

EMMA (CONT'D)
 (through radio)
 Angela.

Angela turns off the volume. Backpedaling into a corner. Footsteps outside the door on the landing.

Angela, heart in her throat, can't even swallow. Afraid to blink.

The door swings open with a tired CREAK...

Jack enters, slips his backpack off. Angela breaks down crying. Seeing this--

JACK
Hey, hey, what is it?

ANGELA
You fucking asshole!

Jack moves to her, hugs her.

JACK
What is it?

ANGELA
This is real. This place...
whatever's here... it's real.

JACK
Tell me everything.

Kevin enters, disturbed by Angela's fear.

ANGELA
(to Jack)
This *thing*. It appeared on the Rec
Hall monitor. It went outside and
it... seemed like it was looking at
me...

Jack moves to the laptop, punches in a password.

JACK
Keep going.

ANGELA
It passed every camera on its way
here. The temperature reading was
really low, like 12.

Emma rushes in--

EMMA
What happened?

Angela can only shake her head.

Jack opens several drop down menus on the screen - baffled.

JACK
(to Kevin)
Hey, there's no replay options.

KEVIN
Cause we weren't patched for sound?

JACK
So?

KEVIN
So, we don't link it until we have sound.

JACK
Since when? Half of the Alcatraz episode was silent because of you.

KEVIN
And you were pissed about it.

JACK
I never said to hold off taping until it's linked.

KEVIN
You implied it!

JACK
And tell me *why* it wasn't linked?

KEVIN
I got stuck, asshole.

JACK
Stuck because you're completely incompetent.

KEVIN
Fuck you! You should have gone out there... I almost friggin'...

JACK
I *did* have to go out there and save your ass.

KEVIN
Oh, what-fucking-ever!

Kevin stalks away.

Angela sits in front of the laptop. Tabs a few keys, looking for any playbacks - no success.

ANGELA

Jesus Christ, I know what I saw.
This was like nothing we've ever
seen.

JACK

Everything's taping now. Can you
sketch what you saw for me?

Jack leans over to eyeball each of the 16 split frames.
Stands back up, looking out the bay window toward the Rec
Hall.

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MORNING

Dark, threatening, storm clouds cover every square inch of
sky above. Though an actual storm never arrives.

The portable generator CHUGS quietly near the house. Jack
approaches, kneels down to unscrew the gas cap.

He sticks a pencil in the tank. Pulls it out to check the
level - Frowns.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack enters the control room where Angela and Emma review
tape from the previous night.

JACK

Where's Kevin?

Angela's eyes never leave the screen...

ANGELA

Fixing rotator controls on a few
cameras.

Jack examines the Camp Map. Looks at the square marked:
MARINA.

Removes binoculars, walks to the bay window facing the lake.
Looks in the distance with the binos.

Jack'S POV: A dilapidated structure, roof completely caved-
in with a severely eroded wooden dock in front and... a
rusted gas pump.

JACK
I'll be back.

ANGELA
Where you going?

JACK
Generator's low and no sun. Gonna see if that old marina might have a little gas left over - otherwise we're in deep shit. Get some pick-up shots around the grounds when he gets back.

EXT. LAKE SIDE - LATER

Jack pushes off into the water. Checks the dark grey sky. Rows away from shore, his attention transfixed on the Recreation Hall in the distance.

EXT. GRIFFIN CABIN - DUSK

Kevin steps out of the cabin wearing a tool belt. Tensely checks his surroundings.

He walks through some thicket. The wind WHISPERS through the trees, stopping him in his tracks...

Glances up to notice the corner of the same *Unknown Cabin* that Jack had seen the previous day.

He stares at it for a long moment before starting up the embankment.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - DUSK

Emma sits next to Angela in front of one of two laptops positioned next to each other. One displays the 16 thumbnails. Angela explains basic editing techniques on the other.

They review footage from the Syracuse Airport, driving to Cold Brook, candid shots in Tinas diner.

ANGELA
So I only use washes or fades when we want to show a period of time from one shot to the next.

Using the cursor, she manipulates what points in a shot she'll edit.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Everything we're seeing right now will get pared down to about one minute so we can get to the actual campsite quicker. Oh, hey, check that bag for Jack's camera.

Emma moves to a backpack on the floor. Removes a digital camera, gives it to Angela.

Angela plugs a cable from the camera into the laptop.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

So, this is Jack's footage from the other night when he had the run-in with the raccoon. This should make a good false scare.

They watch Jack's footage which shows him approaching the Recreation Hall.

- She fast forwards to him standing on the porch at the screen door...

- Fast forwards to him inside the Rec Hall near a large fireplace. The loud THUD on-screen.

JACK

(on screen)

I know you heard *that*.

The two girls watch as his camera POV enters the kitchen.

On the other laptop screen, a row of thumbnail frames go dark, grabbing their attention--

EMMA

Those cameras just went out.

Angela PAUSES Jack's footage then turns back to see--

4 of the 16 thumbnail frames are dark. Angela double taps one of the thumbnails to enlarge it.

Faint silhouettes of the tables in the Dining Hall can be made out.

ANGELA

Looks like the cameras are still on. Just the UV went out.

She lifts the radio.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 Jack? Kevin?

Nothing.

Emma grabs a utility bag and moves to the door.

EMMA
 I'll go check it.

ANGELA
 No. Just wait.

EMMA
 He said to keep these cameras
 rolling.

ANGELA
 Hold on. Stop... he'll understand.

EMMA
 I'll be quick.

Emma exits, THUDDING down the staircase.

Angela focuses on the laptop screen.

She sees Emma moving past the Boathouse...

The Docks...

She lifts her radio.

ANGELA
 (into radio)
 Jack. Come in.

Nothing.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 Emma?

She watches the screen as Emma passes the wide shot of the docks.

EMMA (O.C.)
 (through radio)
Go for Emma...

Angela relaxes just a bit.

ANGELA
 (into radio)
 Sorry... just making sure these are
 working.

EMMA (O.C.)
 (through radio)
Relax, hon.

Angela composes herself with deep breaths. Turns back to the laptop showing JACK'S FOOTAGE. Hits PLAY.

- We see Jack's profile as he sets the camera down for light and reads from the open cookbook on the kitchen counter.

Suddenly, a faint choir of SINGING children scratches through from the speakers on the laptop which displays the 16 thumbnails. She locks her full attention on it, never seeing...

...on the adjacent laptop - behind Jack, the door opening inward and the billowing cobwebs. An invisible form slowly moves into the web, stretching it to reveal a human-like visage.

-Head and shoulders take shape, the webbing finally breaking as it passes on through, causing the ruptured weft to billow weightlessly toward the floor.

In rapt terror, she lifts her radio, never taking her eyes from the screen displaying the 16 thumbnails. Focusing on which view the SINGING comes from. Abruptly, the voices cease.

ANGELA
 (whispering into radio)
Jack. Come in, Jack.

EXT. MARINA - SIMULTANEOUS

Jack's radio sits at the bottom of the rowboat--

ANGELA (O.S.)
 (through radio)
Jack? Please...

Some twenty yards away, Jack furiously works the hand crank of a weathered gas pump. Nothing.

He cranks several more times and stops to listen... nothing... then, he hears a faint trickle from within.

He places the nozzle into a rusted gas can, cranks with manic fury. A dribble CLANKS into the can at first, then a steady trickle begins to flow.

Jack mildly relieved as the can slowly fills.

INT. UNKNOWN CABIN - NIGHT

Kevin lies on a dingy, mildewed mattress. Eyes closed, deep in sleep. He stirs slightly, MOANS sensuously.

His eyes flicker open to stare at the ceiling. Looks down - *expecting his pants to be unfastened.*

Cautiously scans the room moving only his eyes - spooked.

Rises slowly as if paranoid about being seen or heard.

Kevin stands silent for a moment. Finally turning his head to look at the lopsided oil painting on the far wall. Seeing the opening in the wall behind it, he shuffles toward it.

-Reaches into the open space to remove a severely weathered, handcrafted notebook with parchment pages.

Examines the cover. Opens it. Lost in what he sees...

...the same symbol from the Dining Hall.

With dread in his eyes, he can't look away from the page.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Jack, behind the deteriorating Marina building - aims his flashlight at a partially collapsed wall.

JACK'S POV: A perfect circle with a 10 foot diameter burned into the weathered wall - The same symbol as the others.

His skin crawls. Checking his surroundings, a gentle breeze HISSES through the trees behind him.

Looks back at the symbol. Notices several groups of four vertical lines, each with an oval on top, crudely representing a human; with a single slash across them representing FIVE.

Visually counts the groups of five...

FIVE TEN TWENTY...

TWENTY-FIVE. THIRTY total.

Shakes off a creeping fear. With big-picture zeal, whips out his phone. Aims. Flash explodes, capturing the image.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Angela searches out the window, studying the area using the Night Vision Goggles.

She trains on the Recreation Hall in the distance. A shape near the porch catches her eye. Though the darkness and distance makes it hard to be certain - it looks human.

After what seems an endless moment, it smoothly moves behind the building!

Terrified, she looks away, lifts her radio...

ANGELA
(into radio)
Jack. Kevin? Anyone...

Tries to quell her anxiety.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
*Calm down, Angela... cut the
shit...*

On the laptop screen showing the 16 thumbnails, something moves into frame which she doesn't notice.

Lifts the radio once more. About to speak into it, she senses someone watching her. Turns to the laptop screen...

...the Shape from the previous night, again staring up at her. She flinches back, terrified. Bordering on flat-out panic.

She watches in silence. It wavers slightly back and forth. Catches herself holding her breath - exhales.

The shape moves out of frame. Her eyes lock onto the screen, searching.

After what seems like an eternity, the shape moves into frame of the camera near the DOCKS, turning to look directly up at the camera.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
*No fucking way, answer your god
damn, mother fucking radio!*
(into radio)
Jack! Come in, Jack! Emma!

She sees the shape move out of frame. Nervously studying the screen. Her eyes dry - stressed.

It slowly passes the camera near the boathouse, closer to her location!

JACK (O.C.)
 (through radio)
Go for Jack.

She jumps--

ANGELA
 Jack! Jesus Christ, where are
 you!?

EXT. ROWBOAT - INTERCUT AS DESIRED

Jack drifts roughly 30 yards from shore as he holds the radio.

JACK
 What?! What's the matter?

ANGELA
 It's coming again! Right now... I
 see it--

JACK
 Is the equipment recording?

ANGELA
 Fuck you! Where are you?!

JACK
 I'll be right there. I have to put
 the radio down to row, okay?

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

She leans close to the laptop screen. Desperately watching, rocking slightly to and fro.

The shape quickly passes by the camera situated just outside of the DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE.

ANGELA
 Ohhh my god...
 (into radio)
 Jack! Jack!

The door BANGS open downstairs. She freezes in her seat - listening. FOOTSTEPS faintly heard moving across the room downstairs. Then... SILENCE.

She studies the stillness that follows, in search of any sound.

Chews her lip in a nervous fit, eyes scanning continuously.

Waiting...

THUD THUD THUD

--ascending the stairs. She quietly gets to her feet. Quickly moves to a closet door on the far side of the room. Listens once more--

THUD THUD THUD

She carefully opens the door, trying not to make a sound. Steps inside of the dark space, softly closing the door behind her.

CLOSET

She waits, trying to control her breathing - Silence. Until...

CREAK...

...the door across the room slowly opens...

Fights to restrain her mounting panic. Silence.

Cautiously peers through the narrow space of the door-jam.

ANGELA'S POV: Nothing but the opened door across the room.

Turns the volume OFF on her radio. Her breathing seems amplified in the small wooden closet.

The door handle to the closet turns. She moves a hand over her mouth, tears welling. Backs up to the far wall.

The door opens slightly with a GROAN. Slowly, it pushes in to widen the opening.

Cemented in place by terror, she looks on, bracing for the unimaginable.

Her leg snaps out in front of her...

ANGELA

Ahhhh!

...She pulls it back.

Covers her mouth with both hands, pressing her back hard against the wall behind her.

Trembling, she prays silently...

Something tugs her arm. She EXPLODES with fright, swinging wildly, running for the door--

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Leave me alone in the name of Jesus
Christ!

CONTROL ROOM

Angela continues swinging madly as she runs...

Reaches the door to the hallway when something violently snatches her backward then pins her to the floor.

- She claws the floor desperately to scramble away.
- Ripped backward, dragged by the legs across the floor.
- Splinters pierce her fingertips as she fights to keep from being taken away.

STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Dragged like a rag doll down the stairs, SCREAMING in horror.

Then from outside the front door--

JACK (O.C.)

Angela!

It releases her, dropping her feet to the floor.

Jack rushes in to see her SOBBING uncontrollably, he crouches down beside her...

JACK (CONT'D)

What's wrong?!

She can only shudder.

JACK (CONT'D)

What?! Tell me!

ANGELA
It *attacked* me.

Cuts and abrasions on her face, jeans ripped at the knees-
blood soaking through -- splinters under her fingernails,
shredded palms--

JACK
What did?

ANGELA
I don't know!

Emma enters.

EMMA
What happened?

ANGELA
I want out -- I want out!

JACK
It's okay, we're here--

ANGELA
Right fucking now!

JACK
Shhh, listen to me--

She flails her arms, gets to her feet--

ANGELA
God fucking damn-it, I'm going!--

Jack takes her by the shoulders.

JACK
I won't leave you alone--

EMMA
It's alright, hon--

She thrashes her arms as if in a drowning panic--

ANGELA
Fuck you two!

Jacks wraps her in a bear hug-- she struggles.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Nooooo!

JACK
Shhhh. Hey, hey.

ANGELA
(sobbing)
What's wrong with you? It tried to
kill me!

JACK
Okay, okay. I'll get you out. Let
me clean your cuts first.
(to Emma)
Where's Kevin?

EMMA
I don't know.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - LATER

Jack seated at the laptop. Angela seated next to him,
bandages on her knees and palms. Emma uses tweezers to pull
splinters from under her fingernails.

Jack replays what was recorded.

Angela, sapped from adrenaline crash, shakes her head as he
fast forwards through the footage from the exterior cameras.

-Recreation Hall...

-Docks...

-the Boat House. Nothing there.

ANGELA
(hoarse whisper)
No, no. It was there... looked
right at me...

EMMA
Shhh. I believe you.

He fast forwards through the footage of the docks - nothing.

ANGELA
I'm telling you... it passed by
every one of those cameras.

JACK
Tricky capturing this stuff--

She thrusts her bandaged hands toward him--

ANGELA

It was there! Don't placate me!

JACK

I believe you--

ANGELA

Listen to me. I'm *leaving*. I am walking out. There's something dangerous here--

JACK

Okay--

ANGELA

(exploding)

I don't fucking care if you fire me! You got it?!

JACK

Alright. I'll get you out of here in the morning, okay?

Shudders run through her body. Emma hugs her.

Jack gazes out the window toward the lake - alarmed.

INT. UNKNOWN CABIN - NIGHT

Kevin slumped to his knees, book at his feet, pants around his ankles - wakes from a stupor as if exhausted from orgasm.

Slowly takes in his surroundings. His radio BLARES--

JACK (O.S.)

(through the radio)

Kevin, come in, Kevin...

EXT. BOATHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin trudges along near the water's edge. Despondent. Groggy.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Emma finishes dressing Angela's various wounds. Jack carefully gleans through playback footage.

He watches the footage of Kevin emerging from SPARROW CABIN where he stops to look up to the UNKNOWN CABIN, then moves up the embankment and out of frame.

ANGELA
 (softly)
 Jack? I can't be here.

He answers without turning...

JACK
 I can't get you out of here until
 daylight. We're right here with
 you.

ANGELA
 It's not going to let us out.

Emma rubs her back to comfort her.

EMMA
 We'll be fine, hon.

Remembering something, Angela labors to get to her feet,
 shuffles over to her duffel bag.

Digs in the front pocket. Removes a pearl rosary- the thing
 she keeps with her out of habit, not practice. She grips it a
 moment then holds it to her forehead and whispers.

THUD THUD THUD

Footsteps slowly plod up the stairs...

THUD THUD THUD

Angela kisses the rosary, slips it around her neck.

Kevin enters the room looking spent. Jack turns to him...

JACK
 Where the fuck have you been?

Kevin shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Why didn't you answer your radio?

KEVIN
 Fell asleep--

Jack springs from his seat, walks to him...

JACK
 We had a real event here and you're
 off fucking around--

Kevin violently shoves Jack off from him...

KEVIN

Eat shit!

Jack grabs him, slams him against the wall, pinning him by the shoulders. Emma tries in vain to pull Jack off from him.

EMMA

Come on!

JACK

You're done!

KEVIN

You're done.

Jack releases him, walks away. Kevin tosses the notebook onto the table...

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - LATER

Jack in front of the laptop. Reviews the Reddit news article.

- JACK'S POV: reads the line - **...all told, thirty five people lost their lives, including Anise Bernadeau who took her own life in a fire...**

He jots down: 35 on a scrap of paper.

Emma sits next to him.

EMMA

I'm surprised she's asleep.

JACK

I gave her half an ambien.

Angela sleeps in the corner of the room. Kevin lies near her facing the wall.

Jack writes: -1 BERNAUDEAU under the 35 and the subtracted total of 34 underneath it. -6 STAFF OVER AGE 20 and the subtotal of 28

EMMA

What're you doing?

He shows her the picture on his phone of the symbol on the Marina wall.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That looks like something from the occult.

He taps the screen to enlarge the photo.

JACK
It's the same thing from the dining
hall and the notebook he brought
back. Look at these...

The ZOOM view of the photo shows the symbols that represent
people.

JACK (CONT'D)
They add up to thirty.

He indicates the news article.

JACK (CONT'D)
Twenty eight kids were killed here.
There were two survivors, also
kids.

EMMA
There's no way to tell what those
marks mean.

JACK
Until you look at this...

He opens the notebook that Kevin had brought back, revealing
the SYMBOL.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Same symbol.

He flips a page...

JACK (CONT'D)
It's some type of invocation.

JACK'S POV: *various illustrations of people carrying rocks
with rope tethered to their ankles.*

JACK (O.C.) (CONT'D)
This definitely ties the murders to
some elaborate... ceremony.

Points out a particular passage...

JACK (CONT'D)
Right here - *the rite of fire by
water: thirty offerings of human
life who've not yet reached their
second decade.* The thirty marked
had to be the ones offered.

EMMA

How did the police miss this book
in the initial investigation?

JACK

Exactly what I was wondering.

Jack, thoroughly thrilled with this discovery, yet something
has him ill at ease.

DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - LATER

Emma sleeps near Angela in a sleeping bag on the floor.
Angela wears her rosary.

Kevin sleeps in a far corner.

The glow of the laptop screen weakly lights the room. Jack,
head down on the table, asleep.

The faint light from the laptop near Jack flickers
intermittently.

The 16 thumbnails on the screen continue to darken and
brighten. Something seems to pass before each one, moving
closer...

The front door downstairs slowly CREAKS open, ending with a
dull BUMP.

A soft WHISPERING over the two-way radio on the desk.

The THUDDING footsteps ascend the stairwell.

EXT. DOCK - DAWN

Dark, overcast skies. Jack sits on the end of the dock
looking across the lake.

Something approaches his turned back, though we see nothing.

THUDDING footsteps approaching. Jack doesn't hear them.

Small bubbles break the surface of the water. He leans over
slightly to better see them. The footsteps cease.

Notices something behind him in the reflection cast on the
water. Turns quickly - face to face with a cadaverous Anise
Bernadeau. He stumbles backward into the water - SPLASH...

- Submerged, looking up, he sees the liquid-blurred image of her walking to the edge, stepping down a swimming ladder, into the water!

DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Jack's eyes shoot open. He gasps for air.

Angela wakes - sits up. Moves gingerly over to him.

ANGELA

Jack. You were dreaming.

He takes in his surroundings, nodding several times.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

It's five-thirty. We should go.

Jack looks about the room - adjusting.

He pulls a shirt on, crouches down to Emma - gently rouses her. She opens her eyes.

JACK

Hey. She still wants to leave.
Would you rather I have Kevin walk
her out?

She sits up, wiping her eyes. Shakes her head.

EMMA

No. It's fine. I'll keep
everything running.

EXT. CAMP COLD BROOK - MORNING

Black, cloudy skies.

Jack and Angela walk up the trail that overlooks the camp. Both wear backpacks.

He reads the compass on his iPhone.

ANGELA

I'm sorry but I just can't stay.

He looks down on the camp in the distance.

JACK

It's okay.

ANGELA
There's something here.

JACK
It's the isolation. Knowing what
happened here...

She gently feels her bandaged hand.

ANGELA
It's more than that. We should all
get out.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERMAN OAKS, CA HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Connie sits on the living room floor, sorting through bills. Frustrated. Her cellphone RINGS. She picks it up to read the incoming call - wrinkles her brow before answering--

CONNIE
Hi. How are you?

INT. ORWELL, N.Y. HOME- INTERCUT AS DESIRED

ESTER WILSON, 65, Jack's mother. A pretty woman who looks to have seen a hard life. She holds a 1970's-era phone handle to her left ear--

ESTER
Oh, you know. I'm good. Painted
the hallway earlier.

CONNIE
(chuckles)
I could use you out here!

ESTER
Ha! I paint about as good as I
run these days. How's the little
one?

CONNIE
She's great. Down for a nap right
now.

ESTER
Say, is he there? Can't reach him
on his phone.

CONNIE

Oh, a, no. Actually there's an outside chance he may be by to see you. He's in New York this week.

ESTER

For that show?

CONNIE

Yeah.

Fear rises in Ester--

ESTER

Where?

CONNIE

Upstate--

ESTER

Where in Upstate?!

Ester's eyes dart to and fro, desperate for information--

CONNIE

What's wrong?

ESTER

Where?!

CONNIE

...um, something stream...or river--

ESTER

Cold Brook.

CONNIE

That's it--

ESTER

When did he leave?

CONNIE

Three days ago.

Ester hangs up. Folds her arms across her body, breathing deeply to control her surging heart rate.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Mom?

Ester immediately dials another number. Waits... it goes directly to voice-mail--

JACK (O.C.)
Hello. Leave a number I--

Ester depresses the switch hook.

EXT. COLD BROOK FOREST - DAY

Jack and Angela trudge through tangled thicket.

He intermittently glances at his iPhone GPS, confused.

ANGELA
This doesn't feel like the way we
came.

He looks up ahead. Scanning their surroundings.

JACK
As long as we follow the marker,
we'll be out by four.

They continue on. The dry vegetation CRUNCHING under foot.

ANGELA
Whatever's back there is real.
Those symbols are Sumerian.
Predates Babylonian records. Most
of that stuff's never even been
published anywhere.

JACK
I believe you.

ANGELA
If you did you would have made them
come with us.

JACK
I can't just leave. I've got way
too much riding on this.

ANGELA
If what happened to me was on tape
you wouldn't say that.

JACK
If I had it on tape we wouldn't
need to stay.

He notices his iPhone fade in and out. The screen freezes.
Hits a few buttons - nothing.

ANGELA (O.C.)
What's wrong?

The screen refreshes showing **50% Service Reception.**

- the **CALL ICON** shows 5 *missed calls*. Taps it open.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
You have service?!

- Four missed calls from: 'MOM'

- One missed call from: 'CONNIE'

Angela moves next to him to see the screen.

- Three VOICE MAIL MESSAGES. Hits: 'CALL VOICEMAIL'

Listening...

VOICEMAIL
(through phone)
You have two new messages and--

He hits: 1

VOICEMAIL (CONT'D)
(through phone)
First new message...

CONNIE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Hi, honey. Probably won't get this message until later but I wanted you to know your mother called -- she sounded -- when I told her where--

He hits: 9 to skip...

VOICEMAIL (O.S.)
(through phone)
Next message...

MOM (O.S.)
(through phone)
Jack, call me as soon as you get this! -- I had the worst nightmare--

(The call CRACKS and
WARBLES)
--never--...--angerous--

Silence. He checks the screen: **No Service**

He moves quickly to a clearing in the trees.

Raises the phone above his head - ***A few bars of service.***

Taps the icon for Google Earth. Angela moves to him.

ANGELA (O.C.)
You got reception again?

The Google Earth page comes up. He taps: *Recent Searches*. Taps: *Cold Brook*. Swipes the screen to zoom up.

Finds the village location *dot*. Drags the screen to where the main road ends. Drags further to where the lake should be - nothing.

Zooms back out to find the village again. Drags back across the screen... no lake! No cabins. No structures that were previously visible on the same map. As if they did not exist any longer.

Removes the crumpled Google Earth map that they'd printed days ago. Compares it side by side with the iPhone screen.

ANGELA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Why is there nothing there?

Jack zooms further out. Still no lake, cabins, etc.

JACK
Bad signal.

His tone betrays his words.

The screen fades in and out again. Removes a pocket compass from his jacket. Checks the map.

JACK (CONT'D)
We're headed the right way.

He walks to another open area, watching his phone screen. He stops, brings up a contact - hits FaceTime. It RINGS. He holds the phone away from him.

Haley's smiling face appears on Jack's screen.

HALEY
Daddyyyy!

JACK
Hi, sweetie! Whatcha doing?

Connie appears behind her, smiling.

HALEY
Catching ladybugs!

JACK
They'll bring you luck.

CONNIE
We miss you. How is it there?

JACK
Dark. Bugs at night. No plumbing.

CONNIE
I just talked to your mother
actually. She was really upset
when I told her where you are.

Angela perks up to this.

JACK
Well. It was a tragedy, you know?
You know how she is about that
stuff.

CONNIE
I know bu-- it--

The screen freezes. Their voices WARBLE. Then reconnects.

JACK
I didn't hear that last part. I
may lose you, it's real patchy.

HALEY
(sing song)
I love you daddy, I love you daddy,
I love you daddy.

Jack smiles.

JACK
Can't wait to squeeze you.

CONNIE
We love you--

The picture freezes. WARBLED voices. It disconnects - **No Service**

ANGELA
If you get reception again, call
the police. I mean it!

He nods. They continue walking, both noticing a rusted sign affixed to a tree: **POSTED: NO TRESPASSING!**

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - DUSK

Emma eyes the laptop thumbnails intently. Kevin sits on a chair nearby, wheels turning.

KEVIN
So, hey. Are you creeped out by
this place? I'm a... yeah, I'm not
liking it.

Emma smiles. The lens focus blurs severely on the cameras in several cabins and the Recreation Hall.

EMMA
Hmmm...

KEVIN (O.C.)
What?

She leans closer to the laptop.

EMMA
They lost focus.

KEVIN
I'll check it later.

EMMA
Jack won't approve.

KEVIN
Fuck him.

EMMA
Okay.

She stands and grabs a tool belt. He takes it away from her in a huff--

KEVIN
Jesus H. Christ. I'll go.

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin moves cautiously along the water's edge toward the Recreation Hall in the distance.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Emma peruses the Pdf Reddit article on the laptop left open by Jack.

Looks at the scrap of paper where Jack had come up with the number 28.

She clicks on the photo he'd uploaded from his camera of the symbol found on the wall.

Zooms in on the groups of slashes totaling 30.

EXT. COLD BROOK FOREST - DUSK

Jack and Angela trudge through the forest. Silvering moonlight begins to light their path as the sun disappears.

ANGELA
We're not close.

Jack conceals his concern.

JACK
Right up past that little hill.
Should hit that gorge right there.

Angela spies long and hard into the deep recesses of the forest. Anxiety growing.

ANGELA
We're lost...

JACK
I can find our way back. Just keep
it together.

Jack reads his compass as they hike - baffled. Head on a swivel as the fear of being lost grabs hold.

Angela SCREAMS--

JACK (CONT'D)
What?!

Her eyes bulge in terror, she points to a tree...

...the same rusted sign: **POSTED: NO TRESPASSING!**

ANGELA
My god, I was right - it's not
going to let us leave.

Jack looks about the area, truly shocked...

ANGELA (CONT'D)
It's the same one - you know it is!

Jack, clearly bothered by this, looks further back down the trail. This *is* the same location.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
We've been going in a circle!

He walks toward a clearing, she follows.

Stepping past the clearing he looks out and down at...

...the camp below - stunned.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Jack... I'm not going back there.

He puts an arm around her.

JACK
Listen. I'll have you out tomorrow.

ANGELA
How?

JACK
The town isn't that far, I'm just shit in the woods--

ANGELA
I can't go back there. Please, Jack.

JACK
We can't stay out here.

She takes several, long, deep breaths.

JACK (CONT'D)
No one will leave you alone.
Promise.
(then)
C'mon.

EXT. REC/DINING HALL - NIGHT

Kevin stands behind the building, gazing up on the hillside toward the Unknown Cabin.

The night seems to WHISPER as a light breeze swishes through the trees.

He starts up the hillside.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Emma sketches the symbol from the photograph.

On the laptop screen we see Kevin moving out of the frame showing the Recreation Hall.

The UV lights flicker in a greenish/blue pulse.

EXT. SPARROW CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin lumbers toward the door.

Suddenly overcome with paranoia, he spins around, scanning his surroundings.

Eyes drilling into the night. Finally...

...quietly turns the door handle.

INT. SPARROW CABIN

Kevin moves quietly toward the DV Camera on the far side of the room. Stands on a bed frame to inspect the unit.

He flips a toggle switch to: *Auto Focus*. Steps back, looks into the lens. Raises his radio to speak...

KEVIN
(quietly into radio)
Emma?

Faint STATIC.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(quietly into radio)
Emma? Should be in focus now.

DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE

Emma continues with her rendering. Focused. Lending great detail to it.

KEVIN (O.C.)
(through radio)
Emma? Hey!

The radio hisses. Emma seems annoyed with the intrusion.

SPARROW CABIN

Kevin scans the room once again. Several of the beds that had been impeccably made just that other day, now appear to have been slept in.

He double takes at something outside which passes by a partially boarded-up window.

He squats down beside the row of beds...

Visually checks his surroundings... stops when he sees a 5 foot ring with the symbol painted on the wall. Studies it a moment, knowing it was not there just the other day... or was it?

The door SLAMS open. He crouches lower - looks for signs of life. Then... the door softly closes... *must be the wind.*

The LED light on the wall mounted camera goes out.

Kevin gets flat on his stomach. Scans the floor of the entire room. Nothing.

A wind pushes through the trees outside. Branches scrape at the boarded up window where he thought he'd seen movement.

He takes a deep breath, exhales. Slowly stands upright. Moves quietly to the camera.

Inspects it. Hits the POWER button several times - nothing.

Quickly heads to the door.

A soft BUMP stops him in his tracks. Confused, frightened, he steps back. Takes steps forward... again he stops as if he'd run into an invisible object.

Something unseen turns him around, holding him to look at the symbol on the wall once again. Too terrified to emit even a whisper, he trembles in fear...

Something violently RIPS him out of frame.

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Jack and Angela approach the door. She scans her surroundings, impacted with dread.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE- MOMENTS LATER

Jack enters the control room with Angela to see Emma drawing at the table.

EMMA
(without turning)
You get lost?

JACK
Yeah. Where's Kevin?

Angela walks to the table. Looks at the 16 thumbnails.

EMMA
Went out to fix a camera.

ANGELA
All of these upper cameras are out.

JACK
(to Emma)
What are you doing?

EMMA
Art work for the show.

Jack grabs a radio...

JACK
(into radio)
Kevin. Come in, Kevin.
(to Emma)
How long's he been gone?

EMMA
Little while.

JACK
An hour? What?

EMMA
An hour.

Jack takes the pencil out of her hand.

JACK
 (to Emma)
 I need you reviewing tapes.

He looks at the monitor and writes down which cameras have gone dark. Grabs a tool belt, heads for the door.

ANGELA
 Where you going?

JACK
 Be right back.

ANGELA
 No. What about Kevin?

JACK
 I'll find him.

ANGELA
 I mean wait for him to fix them.

JACK
 Can't wait.

Angela lifts the radio as Jack hits the stairs...

ANGELA
 (into radio)
 Kevin, god damn it! *Answer.*

The low whirring feedback from the radio suddenly cuts off as the other line CONNECTS...

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 Jack! He picked up.
 (into radio)
 Kevin? Come in, Kevin.

Jack hustles back to her, holds his hand out for the radio. The other end is connected but with no response. Then...

WHISPERS, with a somewhat metallic ring to them...

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 Listen.

Jack puts his ear close. More indiscernible CHATTER.

JACK
 These pick up radio signals
 sometimes.
 (into radio)
 Kevin?

Faint GIGGLES come through, this time followed by silence.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll be back.

Jack hands her the radio.

ANGELA
You can't go out there!

JACK
Stay here.

ANGELA
No--

JACK
This is my ass on the line - if we don't have tape, I'm fucked. I know you're scared. I know. Emma'll be here with you.

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack passes by the rusted docks. Eyes drawn to where he had dreamt that he fell in the previous night. Looks away, burying the thought.

Notices the camera outside of the Recreation Hall - the LED light glows, like an eye. He beelines for it.

CAMERA

The lens has been smeared with mud.

JACK

Cleans it with his finger. Stretches his tee-shirt up to wipe it off.

JACK
(into radio)
Emma, do you have visual with camera four?

Low HISS of static, then...

EMMA (O.S.)
(through radio)
It's clear now.

JACK
I'm leaving my channel on. See if
you pick up anything that we can
use for EVP.

EMMA (O.S.)
(through radio)
Got it.

He clips the radio to his jacket.

REC/DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack hustles across the porch to the door. He opens the
screen door, the spring SCREECHING as it stretches.

INT. REC/DINING HALL

He slowly lets it close behind him without slamming and walks
toward the closest camera on a tri-pod.

The LED light glows. He shines his flashlight on it - mud
smeared across the lens. Wipes it off with his shirt.

BANG! He jumps at the faint sound of a door shutting on the
other side of the building. Aims his light toward the...

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack hits RECORD on his iPhone. The battery indicator
flashes red. He walks cautiously toward the back.

He approaches the door that the cobwebs had covered...

Grasps the doorknob. Removes his hand, rubs his fingers
together - *Cold*. Grasps the knob again - puzzled. Turns it,
opens inward.

HALLWAY

Jack steps into a long corridor. Turning left, a broken
window at the end allows the overcast, grey moonlight into
the corner.

SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS at the end of the hallway, roughly 30
yards away, just around the corner.

The phone battery dies - shutting off the camera light.

His eyes adjust to the new darkness, searching for the origins of the sound...

A Dark Figure slowly emerges from around the corner...

JACK

I told you to stay in the cottage.

The Dark Figure stands, motionless...

EMMA (O.S.)

(through radio)

We are.

Jack's face drops, heart-rate doubles. He watches a moment, frozen with terror.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Jack? What are you talki--

He turns the volume off. Feels for the doorway he just came through, eyes trained on the Dark Figure. He steps to his left.

It looks up at him, takes slow steps toward him. Jack backs all the way through the doorway - suddenly it moves with unmatched speed.

KITCHEN

Jack slams the door shut, races through the kitchen. The door CRASHES open behind him--

DINING HALL

Jack sprints across the large room toward the door...

EXT. REC/DINING HALL

Jack runs off the long porch, jumps down the steps; digs across the small field toward the water...

He stops at the water's edge, out of breath. Crouches down, watching the Rec Hall in the distance -- Nothing.

JACK

What the fuck.

(into radio)

Angela, Emma?

ANGELA (O.S.)
 (through radio)
Jack? What happened?

JACK
 (into radio)
 Where's Emma?!

ANGELA (O.S.)
 (through radio)
Right here. Why?

He never loses sight of the Recreation Hall in the distance.

JACK
 (into radio)
 Did you two see anything on the
 monitor?

ANGELA (O.S.)
 (through radio)
*We saw you running. What'd you
 see?!*

JACK
 I'm coming back up.

He pockets the radio. Then, behind him - BLUB BLUB BLUB.

In the weak moonlight he barely makes out SEVERAL bubbles
 breaking the waters surface at the end of the dock.

Takes a few steps toward them. One lone bubble breaks the
 surface. He watches for a moment longer - nothing.

He hustles toward the Director's Cottage.

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack hurries to the laptop.

ANGELA
 What did you see?

Jack's POV: uses the cursor to open a drop down menu. Drags
 the PLAY METER to the left(re-wind). Hits PLAY. Never
 taking his eyes from the screen... nor does Emma...

ANGELA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Well?

JACK
 Not sure.

Angela references the Notebook...

ANGELA
The murders, they were all part of
ritual sacrifice.

JACK
I know.

ANGELA
Did you read it all?

JACK
Enough--

ANGELA
She marked all of the victims weeks
before. This notebook calls it
'Carnal Invitation'. Once she got
to them, she controlled them.

She flips a few more pages back...

ANGELA (CONT'D)
It's some type of ritual to bring
someone back. It can't manifest
unless you believe, that's why
there are symbols everywhere - to
get in our heads.

ANGELA'S POV: an illustration of a woman standing on top of
several graves. Behind her: an open doorway to what looks to
be an ethereal dwelling. In the doorway stands a young girl.

JACK (O.C.)
Her daughter...

ANGELA
What?

He takes the book from her, poring over the page.

JACK
She took her life by fire, which
was in accordance with this rite
but two escaped; leaving her in
some type of limbo. Here!
*Harnessed to the distance of the
smoke, the light of the fire and
the body of the water... she needed
thirty... there were two survivors--*

ANGELA

No! Don't say it! Don't think it!
Don't believe it!

He wheels back to the laptop monitor--

-Fast forwards all 16 thumbnail screens. PAUSES the replay when he sees himself running through the Recreation Hall Kitchen. Slowly advances the frames, looking for his pursuer - Nothing.

-Advances the footage to the Dining Hall. Sees himself racing in slo-mo across the room - nothing behind him.

-Advances to see himself outside of the building. Something catches his eye. Angela sees it too--

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's Kevin.

...in the thumbnail of the camera that films the dock from the island, a figure walks the dock, toward the end; carrying something.

Jack REWINDS a bit. Taps the thumbnail, enlarging it to full screen. Slowly advances the footage...

Jack's face darkens when he sees, entering from the right corner of the screen - Kevin...

...carrying a large stone with a rope tethered to his ankle.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

My god...

Jack springs up, looks out the window that faces the docks - straining to see into the dark night.

Looks back down at the screen to see:

- Kevin walking to the end of the dock and without breaking stride, falling into the water.

- Himself, running toward the waters edge, stopping to look back at the Recreation Hall.

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack sprints toward the docks, flashlight beam bouncing frantically.

Races to the end of the dock.

Aims the beam into the dark water, searching desperately - nothing.

Angela quickly moves to his side.

ANGELA
You can't go in!

He forces the flashlight into her hand, turns and jumps in. She shines the light on the area, barely seeing him below the surface.

UNDER WATER

Jack desperately searches in the murky darkness. The light from above barely creates shadows.

Behind Jack, dozens of waterlogged bodies float weightlessly, anchored by rope cinched to the ankle, tied to a large stone.

Something, a human form, walks behind the rows of corpses towards Jack, who sees none of this.

Jack pushes up to the surface.

DOCK

He breaks the surface, her flashlight shines on him.

ANGELA
There's something down there!

He grabs the ladder handles. Something wrenches him down, under water...

...quickly pulls himself up - a look of shock on his face as if an upload of information had suddenly been administered.

JACK
My god...

Angela grabs his wrist as he scrambles up the ladder.

He spins around, looking into the water, wide-eyed with a dawning awareness.

She pulls his toward the shoreline.

Horror-struck, he gawks at the Recreation Hall as they race onto the shore.

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

They reach the door, Jack looks back to see the faint visage of the Dark Figure walking across the dock, toward shore...

STAIRCASE

Jack and Angela race up the flight--

SECOND FLOOR

They rush into the control room--

ANGELA
(to Emma)
Is it coming?!

Emma gives her a strange look. Angela speeds to the window to look out, then quickly down at the laptop screen.

EMMA (O.C.)
What's out there?

Jack, terrified, beelines for the bookshelf. Emma watches him.

JACK'S POV: He removes *CAMP LOG ~ 1990*. Quickly flips through the pages. Past the *CAMP COLD BROOK OLYMPICS*, the *STAFF PHOTOS*. Then--

A photo of a large group of adults. The heading: *NEW FAITH VOLUNTEERS*. One of them - the woman with the hideous scar from the bus. His eyes widen--

EXT. COLD BROOK - 1990 (FLASHBACK)

Note: The same opening scene from the beginning

The Boy and Girl by the lake side, now seen from a directly opposite angle, as if being watched from a POV...

GIRL
(singing)
*Don't worry, I won't say anything,
baby...*

The Boy stands awkwardly, trying to pull his shirt over the wet spot in his pants. The guttural SHRIEK of panic from across the lake, coming from the camp.

GIRL (CONT'D)

What was that?

He runs toward the path, followed by The Girl... from behind them--

YOUNG BOY (O.C.)

Wait for me!

She turns back to see a YOUNG BOY, 8, running to her.

GIRL

What are you doing out here you
little perv?

She turns and races to catch up to The Boy, quickly leaving the Young Boy behind.

EXT. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

The Young Boy reaches the clearing some 50 yards from the Recreation Hall to witness the massacre which spreads across the grounds. SCREAMING comes from everywhere it seems.

He sees The Boy and Girl sprinting by the lake-side, toward the boathouse in the distance; being pursued by several Kids.

The Young Boy wavers slightly, hyperventilating - on the verge of a complete breakdown. He faints, drops to the ground - hitting his head hard on a large rock.

BACK TO:

INT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - PRESENT

Jack scans to the opposite page...

GRIFFIN CABIN photo - he searches the faces quickly, left to right, top to bottom.

SPARROW CABIN photo - again scans them. STOPS. Back a few faces - a boy. The Young Boy - the survivor. **Jack Wilson!**

JACK is thunderstruck.

ANGELA (O.C.)

Jack. What are you doing?

He drops the Camp Log to the floor, his chest heaves, overcome. Stunned, he grabs the sides of his head.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
What is it?

EMMA (O.C.)
Someone's coming.

Jack rushes to the laptop.

LAPTOP SCREEN

The Dark Figure passes the camera by the Recreation Hall.

ANGELA (O.C.)
That's what I saw!

The thumbnail goes black after it passes.

The Figure crosses the camera near the docks. After passing, the thumbnail once again goes black.

Jack looks out the window, down to see--

--the Dark Figure walking toward their location.

As if sensing his gaze, it looks up at him. The darkness and distance make it impossible to make out facial structure, only deep, pit-like eyes.

Jack stares, shaking and impotent.

He looks back to the screen just as the thumbnail near the Boathouse goes dark.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
It's coming!

The downstairs door opens. Angela SCREAMS, jumps to her feet. Primal fear grips Jack.

Emma watches, curious.

They strain to listen. A chilling, long beat.

Jack looks to the laptop screen, back to the door leading to the hallway.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
We can go out the window.

Sudden, fast moving FOOTSTEPS in the hallway. The door flies open!

Angela grabs hold of Jack, clutches her rosary.

They huddle in horrified silence. Sanity slipping.

Emma sits motionless, watching the open doorway.

A floorboard CREAKS near Angela, their eyes shoot to the location--

...canvassing every square inch... Then--

Angela's hair is blown back in a sudden gust.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

AHH!

(whispering)

Lord Jesus Christ, I place myself
at the foot of your cross and ask
you to surround me with your holy
light...

Emma's hair is tugged hard. She looks up to where the
tormentor would stand.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Lord Jesus Christ, I place myself
at the foot--

Something pushes Emma hard in their direction.

ANGELA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

--of your cross and ask you to
surround me with your holy light.

It shoves Emma out of her chair, to the floor.

Jack lurches toward her with Angela never letting go. He
pulls her to them.

They wait - watch.

Angela holds her. Emma places her hand tenderly on top of
Angela's that holds the rosary crucifix.

They wait in silence. Then--

EMMA

(singing softly)

*Don't worry, I won't say anything,
baby...*

His facial muscles go numb from a dawning memory...

Emma grips the beads, Angela's face drops--

-- Emma rips them from her neck, beads bounce to the floor.

Rapid, BOOMING footsteps approach--

--Angela's neck is SNAPPED and twisted in a sickening dislocation. She drops to the floor, face first.

He lunges for the cross on the floor-- Emma swipes it up, she grins at him, her eyes turn black like a shark.

An unseen force SLAMS Jack to the floor. Panicked, he scrambles to the nearby window and jumps out, feet first; shattering the glass into pieces.

EXT. DIRECTOR'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jack lands with a sickening CRUNCH. He winces. The adrenaline coursing through his body overrides the searing pain of the fractured ankle. He races toward the dark woods.

Emma jumps down from the window, pursues like a rabid dog.

Jack reaches the woods, hobbling as fast as he can through the corridor of trees.

Emma gaining on him swiftly...

EMMA

(a steely hiss)

Jack. It's no use.

He stumbles, quickly regains his footing. The woods have grown quiet. Not even a cricket chirping.

He looks about, frantic. Breathing heavy. He reaches for a heavy stick at his feet.

He hears an otherworldly MOANING from the area of the camp. Holds his breath to better hear any sounds.

Jack squints in the direction of the Boathouse, Director's Cottage, Recreation Hall.

CRASH!

Jack is tackled by a frenzied Emma. She rises with superhuman speed, grabs him by the hair and drags him toward the camp.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Don't fight her.

He grabs the base of a tree, she wrenches harder to free him. He SCREAMS with a will-to-live aggression, rises quickly, stick in hand - swings it, hitting her in the head.

HISSING as she drops. Motionless.

He watches her a moment, waiting for movement - nothing.

Something catches his eye. He looks up to see the Dark Figure moving through the woods toward him some 100 yards away. Branches SNAP as it nears him.

He moves with primal desperation toward...

...the Boathouse in the distance.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

He nears the door. The MOANING he'd heard just moments before follows, yet now it seems to have a melodic quality, like that of a child's nursery rhyme.

He enters the...

INT. BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...and quietly closes the door. Turns the dead-bolt lock.

He backs away from the door. The knob jiggles.

EMMA (O.C.)

Jackie... you're making her angry.
She'll be fair if you come to
her...

Jack looks about the room - the metal cabinets, the rafters, then... down at the deck.

Carefully crouches down, slides under, hooking his feet into the metal railing that runs underneath.

INT. BOATHOUSE - UNDER DECK - CONTINUOUS

With his feet and hands hooked in the railing, he hangs just above the waters surface.

Sweats profusely, trying to stave off a panic attack as he listens.

SMASH!

The door crashes open - FOOTSTEPS enter...

Moving over the deck surface where he hides. Through a gap in the wooden deck he sees it's Emma and no one else.

One of the metal cabinets SCREECHES open. Another one follows it. He can see her looking up to the rafters.

She speaks to someone...

EMMA
I'm sure - Yes... I don't know.
I'll go check.

Emma, emotionless, strides out the door.

Silence.

Jack studies through the gap - the room is empty. He readjusts his grip. Listens carefully before starting to slide out--

--never seeing, underneath the dark water below him, a cadaverous Anise Bernadeau; sliding into view.

He pulls his head and shoulders out--

SPLASH! The water erupts below him as he's pulled under.

JACK'S POV goes black.

FADE TO:

JACK'S POV: Darkness. Someone carries him. He struggles to open his eyes - eyelids heavy, as if he were drugged.

The night sky above. Strains to see who carries him.

JACK
(mumbling)
H... hey... wh...

A soft voice behind him...

EMMA (O.C.)
It's better this way.

He sluggishly tries to crane his neck around...

JACK
What er... why?

EMMA (O.C.)
Shhh. I had to bring you back.
She's been in my head ever since
that night... my dreams... I
couldn't take it.

He hears FOOTSTEPS walking across the Rec Hall porch. Forces his lids open enough to see the wooden ceiling overhead.

The SCREECHING spring on the screen door, entering the...

REC/DINING HALL

Darkness inside of the Rec Hall.

JACK
(whisper quiet)
Please... no...

EMMA (O.C.)
It's okay, Jack. I was too scared
to run. You'll be too scared to
run.

FLASH TO:

PRODUCTION OFFICES

Emma scrolls up to a tweet from: **@2scared2run --why don't you do a show about Cold Brook, NY.**

BACK TO:

Jack, gently laid on a table.

JACK
No... n... don't leave me here...

Emma's voice trails off...

EMMA (O.C.)
(whispering)
It's okay, she's already here. She
only wants one thing from you...

The screen door SCREECHES as the spring stretches then retracts to a dull THUD.

JACK

Left to only the sound of his own labored BREATHING.

Turns his head toward the kitchen - nothing. Turns back to face the ceiling once again. Peripherally--

--The Dark Figure stands beside him, motionless. In a flash, directly over him - Anise Bernadeau!

JACK (O.C.)
 (in mute horror)
 ...mmmmhh...

INT. ESTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Ester watches the road in earnest, leaning forward as she drives -- a sign in the distance: VILLAGE OF COLD BROOK

Suddenly, police lights flash in her rear window. She watches the rearview mirror suspiciously as she pulls over.

Parked, she squints to see who approaches...

TAP TAP TAP on the her window, she turns; the flashlight beam on her face reveals - the hideous scar on her left cheek.

INT. MERCY HOSPITAL - SYRACUSE NY - DAY

Jack bolts upright in a hospital bed, GASPING for air. Wide-eyed, terrified.

Connie rushes to his side, overjoyed.

CONNIE
 Honey, you're alright. I'm here.
 It's okay.

He looks about the room - panicked.

JACK
 How did I get here?

She strokes his face, kisses his cheek several times.

CONNIE
 Shhh. The house you were staying
 in collapsed. You're so lucky to
 be alive--

JACK
 Where's my mother?

CONNIE
 I've been trying to reach her.

JACK
 Emma?

CONNIE
 Shhh, she's fine. She's already
 back in L.A.

JACK

What?

CONNIE

You were knocked out cold - bad concussion. You've been in and out for the last three days.

JACK

Where's Haley?

CONNIE

Home. With the sitter.

She pours him some water, holds it for him to drink.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Brierwitz has been trying to reach you non-stop.

Jack, trying to piece together his thoughts, doesn't hear everything she says. Nods.

JACK

Who's got the tape files?

CONNIE

Emma. Let's not worry about that right now.

She picks up a laptop from the table, sets it down on the portable tray in front of him.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Haley's dying to see you. Would you mind saying hi?

He nods vacantly, wheels grinding.

She opens the laptop. Powers it up.

JACK

How did they say Kevin drowned?

She logs in. Dials.

CONNIE

I'm sorry.

(to laptop)

Hi honey, someone here wants to talk to you.

She turns the laptop toward him.

JACK'S POV

Haley smiles with excitement.

HALEY
Daddy!

JACK
Hey, sweetie.

HALEY
Are you okay?

JACK
Yeah. Just bumped my head a
little. I'll be home soon.

The BABY SITTER walks across the frame, behind Haley.

HALEY
Did you see any ghosts?

JACK
Ummm...

BABY SITTER (O.C.)
Come on little one.

HALEY
Okay.

Haley looks to see that the sitter leaves the room, then
leans close to the camera.

HALEY (CONT'D)
I like my new baby sitter.
(whispering)
Even though she looks like the lady
from my dreams.

Jack forces a smile.

JACK
Who?

Haley holds up a hand-made 'Get Well card'

HALEY
Do you like it?

Jack smiles slightly, then sees-- in the upper corner of the
card, the same Ancient Symbol from the camp--

A surge of fear - Jack tries to sit up--

JACK
Haley! Where did you see that?

HALEY
It's a secret...

The Baby Sitter re-enters the room.

BABY SITTER (O.C.)
Time to go.

HALEY
I love you daddy.

JACK
(hollow)
I love you too...

Haley takes the woman's hand, turns to leave.

JACK (O.C.) (CONT'D)
...wait...

As they walk away, the Baby Sitter looks back over her shoulder directly into the camera, revealing - ANISE BERNADEAU.

SLAM OUT.