

The Blair Witch Files

By

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"The Blair Witch Project" the 1999 horror film
directed and written by Daniel Myrick & Eduardo Sanchez

GIRL [V.O.]

*Will you hold it still? I almost
got it...*

A soft click is heard, which is quickly followed by a wall of pure white static. A series of soft beeps are heard, and then--

QUICK CUT:

INT. W.C. DORMITORY, NATALIE'S ROOM: DAY

A CAMERAS P.O.V.

We're suddenly face-to-face with **NATALIE DONAVON**, a stunning young woman who quite clearly carries herself with immense pride and dignity. She smiles proudly at us.

NATALIE DONAVON

And we're good! And you doubted my abilities.

She scoffs at the person holding the camera.

GUY [O.S.]

OK, OK, I give you credit for getting it up and running again; the video quality kinda sucks, though.

Her proud smile briefly falters before transforming into one of mockery.

NATALIE DONAVON

Well tough. I offered to buy you a new camera but you're the one who insisted on being cheap and using Dad's old one. You do realize that thing was built before you were even born, right?

GUY [O.S.]

Eh, age is all but a number. The important thing is we now have a fully functional camera, which means we can finally get this fucking documentary on the road.

Natalie's eyes widen, and she quickly smacks the unseen cameraman's arm.

NATALIE DONAVON

How many times do I have to tell
you to stop using that fucking
language around m--!

GUY [O.S.]

(LAUGHING)

Oh, bite me why don't ya.

Click! Natalie's face disappears, along with the bedroom and the cameraman's laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. W.C. DORMITORY, NATALIE'S ROOM: DAY

We're now able to get a better view of the room. It's your standard looking dorm, with four pasty walls and a scuffed up wooden floor. Clothes and paperwork lay scattered among the floor, while the walls have been almost caked with posters of famous directors (*EXAMPLE: Wes Craven, John Carpenter, Alfred Hitchcock*).

Natalie sits on a twin-sized bed directly in front of us, her eyes locked on a pamphlet labeled '*BURKITTSVILLE'S LEGENDS*'. She looks up after a moment.

NATALIE DONAVON

Are you filming?

GUY [O.S.]

Yes, ma'am.

She quietly says 'Oh' beneath her breath before quickly closing the pamphlet and tossing it aside. She smiles at the camera; it's a practiced smile, but a smile nonetheless.

NATALIE DONAVON

Well, first off, before I get started I'd just like to say a big 'hello' to everyone back in Mr. Sanchez's film class! For those of you who don't know, my name is Natalie Rose Donavon; and with me is my oh-so-endearing baby brother, Tommy.

(LOOKS PAST THE CAMERA)

Say 'Hi', TomTom.

The camera swiftly turns from Natalie to the face of **THOMAS DONAVON**, a dorky-yet-cute young man who prefers to hide his good lucks behind wired glasses and lumpy clothes. He waves heartily to the camera.

THOMAS DONAVON

Greetings fello film geeks! Bet you never thought you'd see this sexy face again, huh?

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Seriously? I give you a week to prepare for this, and that's the best introduction you could think of?

He raises a scruffy brow at her.

THOMAS DONAVON

What was so bad about it?

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Nothing, nothing. It was completely fine, if you're a 5th grader.

Thomas laughs a short, yet loud laugh before looking back at Natalie.

THOMAS DONAVON

Does it help if I say I'm a 5th grader at heart?

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

No, not at all; now can you please turn the camera back to me?

He lets out a soft 'hmp' before turning the camera back on Natalie, who's pulled her thick mane of blonde hair up into a ponytail.

NATALIE DONAVON

Thank you.

(CLEARS THROAT)

Now I know what you're thinking.

"What the bleep is Natalie Donavon, the 'Queen of Horror Shorts', doing in a documentary?" Well the answer is quite simple, my friends--

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Did you really just bleep out your own swear?

NATALIE DONAVON

(IGNORING HIM)

A few days ago I was visiting the campus library, and while I was browsing the Urban Legends section I stumbled upon this little beauty.

She holds up a thick, leather-bound book full of yellow pages and forgotten notes from students long-since graduated. We can faintly see the words "**THE TOWN OF BLAIR**" scrawled in gold letters on the cover.

NATALIE DONAVON

"The Town of Blair", which is, as you can probably guess, all about the discovery of Blair Town, Maryland. It also talks about a woman named Ella Kedward, the towns first and only female medicine doctor, and how she became branded one of the cruelest witches in the country.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

What she do?

NATALIE DONAVON

She kidnapped her neighbors children, and used them as test subjects for her experiments. The towns chief of police described their bodies as 'unrecognizable', with faces so battered that he wasn't even able to identify half of them.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

What kind of experiments did she do?

NATALIE DONAVON

According to this, Ella did stuff that ranged from sleep deprivation and teeth extraction, to boiling them alive and castration.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Jesus...

NATALIE DONAVON

The town was horrified when they discovered her secret, and almost immediately Ella was banished to the Blackwoods Forest. Not too long after, though, the town was struck with a string of misfortune: kids were still going missing, animals were now showing up dead, and soon even the crops started to fail.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

So she really was a witch, then.

NATALIE DONAVON

Yep; or at least, that's what the locals thought. Enraged by their new misfortune, the towns men gathered together and set out to make sure she never did anything to anyone ever again.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

What they do?

NATALIE DONAVON

They killed her. They dragged her out of her little cabin in the woods, doused her in oils, and set her ablaze right then and there.

THOMAS DONAVON

Wow. Extreme.

NATALIE DONAVON

These were extreme times, Tommy. People acted rash and did stuff without thinking too far ahead.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Not much has changed over the years, clearly. Did setting her on fire help any?

NATALIE DONAVON

Nope. The crops continued to fail, animals continued to die, and worst of all children continued to go missing. After another decade or so of this, the townsfolk's finally decided the best course of action would be to just up and leave; so they did.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

They abandoned the town?

NATALIE DONAVON

Yep, and it stayed abandoned until it was rediscovered in 1810 by Henry Burkitt. Unaware of the towns history, Mr. Burkitt and renamed it to 'Burkittsville'.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

And that, my friends, is what we call a man with a huge ego.

NATALIE DONAVON

Oh shush. Anyway, according to Google, Burkittsville's a town with a population of only 157; which makes what we're doing all the easier.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

And what exactly are we doing, Mrs. Director?

NATALIE DONAVON

We're going to Burkittsville to talk to its residents about Ella, who's now nothing more than an old urban legend that sprang up when Mr. Burkitt discovered this little beauty here tucked away under the floorboards of his bedroom.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Does it say who actually wrote it?

NATALIE DONAVON

Just their initials: A.J.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Who was the founder of Blair Town?

NATALIE DONAVON

Emory Hancock, whom, by the way, named the town after his late fiance Blaire Langdon.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Cute. And what else shall we be doing?

NATALIE DONAVON

We're also hiking the Blackwoods Trail, which hasn't been opened to the public in almost 20years.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(ACTUALLY CONFUSED)

Wait, if it's closed to the public then how the hell--

NATALIE DONAVON

Language, Tom!

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Sorry! Then how the 'heck' are we gonna hike it?

NATALIE DONAVON

This is where our friend Rami, whom you'll be meeting later, comes in. He's majoring in Law, primarily in Rhetoric Studies and Business Administrations, and thanks to him we've managed to get permission from the chief of police to hike the trail. It wasn't easy, but he did it.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You're really going all out for this, aren't you?

Natalie smirks, clearly enjoying the comment.

NATALIE DONAVON

You don't know the half of it.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Mind explaining to the people back home why we're going on this little hike?

NATALIE DONAVON

Because I've got a source who strongly believes that Mrs. Kedward's old cabin is still standing, and they think they've cracked the coordinates of where it may be.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

...So we're trekking down an off-limits trail to look for a cabin that may or may not still be around?

NATALIE DONAVON

Yep.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Smart...

NATALIE DONAVON

What harm could it do to just check it out? If we find nothing we'll just turn around and apologize to Officer Myrik for the inconvenience; but imagine what would happen if we found it? The recognition we'd get?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I doubt anyone will pay much mind to a documentary about a small town urban legend.

Natalie tosses back her golden mane before flashing her smirk at the camera once more.

NATALIE DONAVON

I guess we'll just have to wait and see, huh?

Thomas scoffs with mild amusement. A handful of seconds tick by before he finally decides to click off the camera, causing a wall of static to fill the screen once more before--

CUT TO BLACK:

The Blair Witch Files

CUT TO:

INT. W.C. DORMITORY, NATALIE'S ROOM: DAY

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Thomas stares directly at the camera, his chin now coated with a days worth of blonde stubble. He smirks at us before placing the camera on what appears to be Natalie's very cluttered desk and turning it towards her bed.

Natalie sits cross-legged on the edge of her bed, and beside her sits **RAMI ABAZA**. He's an endearingly awkward young man who transferred here from Cairo, Egypt two years ago. The little hearing-aids wrapped around his ears tell us he's deaf.

They're both currently studying a map of Burkittsville.

RAMI ABAZA

(QUIETLY)

--The official entrance to the Blackwood Trail doesn't start till somewhere around... here.

He touches a spot on the map. Natalie leans in a bit closer to the map.

NATALIE DONAVON

Which means we're gonna have to trek through the Haxan River at some point.

Rami sighs, clearly not too happy.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Isn't the Haxan River the ones local call the "deepest, most rapid river in all of Maryland"? Or am I thinking of The Harlequin River?

Natalie looks up at Thomas, who's now sitting in her computer chair off screen; she eyes the camera next to him.

NATALIE DONAVON

You're thinking of Harlequin, and are you filming?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Yep.

RAMI ABAZA

(HUSHED)

Shit!

Natalie sits up straighter and flashes the camera a bright smile, while Rami chooses to do the opposite and hide his face behind his hand.

RAMI ABAZA

(HUSHED)

I'm a mess!

While shaking her head in mild amusement, Natalie reaches up and pries his hand down; exposing Rami's scarlet red cheeks.

NATALIE DONAVON

Oh shush, you look fine. Welcome back everybody. Before I explain what it is we're doing, lemme introduce this handsome fellow beside me. Everyone, this shy little bunny here--

She jokingly pinches Rami's cheek, and he quickly swats her hand away.

NATALIE DONAVON

--Is my best friend in the whole wide world, Rami Abaza. He's the one who managed to get us access to the Blackwoods Trail. Say hi, Rami.

Rami gives the camera a shy smile and a little wave.

RAMI ABAZA

(MUMBLES)

Hi, everybody.

NATALIE DONAVON

Mind saying that a little louder?

RAMI ABAZA

Yes, I do. Very much so.

Natalie sighs before looking back at the camera.

NATALIE DONAVON

Rami and his boyfriend Michael shall be accompanying us on our grand adventure to Burkittsville. You excited?

RAMI ABAZA

Ecstatic.

He vigorously pats at his curly hair, trying desperately to flatten down his messy curls. It's hard to believe that this the guy who's currently majoring in Rhetoric Studies.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You a fan of camping, Rams?

RAMI ABAZA

Not really, that's more of Michael's forte; I do like hiking though.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I'll get it.

Thomas gets up, and we listen as he goes and opens the door. We hear a muffled exchange between him and whoever is at the door.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

This is the right place-- her brother-- hold on a second.

(*CLEARER, LOUDER*)

Nat you've gotta a package that needs signing for.

NATALIE DONAVON

Coming!

Natalie unfolds her legs and practically springs off her bed. Thomas steps into the frame as she starts talking with the delivery person.

He straightens his glasses before looking down at the papers and scheduling books that lay scattered on the bed.

THOMAS DONAVON

(*JOKING*)

Did you guys even write down when we'd stop for bathroom breaks?

He chuckles a bit but immediately falls silent when Rami hands him a small, pink sticky-note. There are a handful of numbers scribbled down on it.

THOMAS DONAVON

Oh.

Rami shrugs, and a moment later Natalie reappears with a medium-sized package; Thomas raises a scruffy brow at it.

THOMAS DONAVON

What's that?

NATALIE DONAVON

A package.

She puts it on the edge of her bed and, using her key as a makeshift knife, sets to work on prying it open. Thomas glares at her behind her back.

THOMAS DONAVON

I can see that. What's it a package of?

NATALIE DONAVON

Go-Pro Cameras, to capture everything you're not around to catch.

At last she creates a tear big enough for her to be able to stick her fingers under the lid and pry the package open. She rubs her hand for a moment before reaching in and picking up what's clearly the newest model of the Go-Pro camera.

Thomas eyes it and the three others still in the box, his eyebrows pulled down in mild irritation.

THOMAS DONAVON

They look expensive.

NATALIE DONAVON

(CASUALLY)

They weren't, not really at least.
Can you put this on, please?

She holds the Go-Pro out to Rami, who quickly sets to work on fixing it to his head. Natalie quickly reaches over and lends a hand when she notices him struggling to secure the strap.

NATALIE DONAVON

There, how does it feel?

RAMI ABAZA

Like a camera that's been strapped
onto my forehead.

Natalie raises a perfectly plucked brow at him.

RAMI ABAZA

It feels fine.

NATALIE DONAVON

Good.

She reaches into the package and pulls out a flat-screen, 10.5inch tablet. She turns it on and, after creating a personal account, activates Rami's Go-Pro.

NATALIE DONAVON

There's a button to the left of the
Go-Pro's lenses. Can you feel it?

Rami reaches up and immediately finds the button. He nods.

NATALIE DONAVON

Great! Can you push it, please?

He does.

CUT TO:

RAMI'S GO-PRO'S P.O.V.

A clearer, more highly defined version of Natalie now sits before us. We can now see every freckle on her skin, every stray hair on her scalp, and every wrinkle in her her shirt. Her image must appear on the tablet screen since she immediately flashes us a smile.

NATALIE DONAVON

And it works beautifully! Great!
Think you and Mike will be able to
put up with wearing them for a few
days.

RAMI ABAZA

I think we'll manage.

The improved quality allows us to see the deep-rotted frown on Thomas' face. He stares quizzically at the back of Natalie's head.

THOMAS DONAVON

You don't have more of these
coming, do you?

NATALIE DONAVON

Nope. Only ordered these four: one
for me, Rami, Mike and Luce. I
would've ordered one for you too,
but you kept insisting on using
that ratty old thing.

His frown deepens.

THOMAS DONAVON

Well that's one way to get a lot of
unnneeded footage...

NATALIE DONAVON

Better to have extra than not
enough, that's my motto.

THOMAS DONAVON

Since when?

NATALIE DONAVON

Since right now.
(LOOKS AT RAMI)
Can you take it off, please?

Rami reaches up and, after digging through his curls,
manages to unstrap the Go-Pro.

CUT TO:

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

The difference in quality is truly jarring, especially now that we're back to seeing the world through a grainy lenses from the 80s.

Rami hands the Go-Pro back to Natalie, who gingerly places it back in the package with the others.

THOMAS DONAVON

(*ANNOYED*)

I'm kinda confused, now. If you've got all these Go-Pros than what exactly do you need me for?

NATALIE DONAVON

The main filming, of course. As I said, these are just to catch everything you're not around to see; that's all.

THOMAS DONAVON

(*MUMBLES*)

This is gonna be a pain in the ass to sit through an edit together...

NATALIE DONAVON

You'll survive. You always do.

Thomas sighs before walking over and picking the camera up, clearly having had enough of his sister's unneeded splurging. He mumbles a few unintelligible words under his breath before clicking the camera off, which causes another wall of static to momentarily fill the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. W.C. CAMPUS, NATALIE'S TOYOTA: DAY

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

We've got a nice view of the campus, with it's red brick buildings and antique water fountains. Students between the ages of 18-to-27 make their way across the green fields, their arms full of unfinished projects or library books.

The camera focuses on a nearby coffee kiosk, where Natalie stands talking to two other students. One's an abnormally tall boy with a long, curly red ponytail while the other's a pudgy girl with spiky blond hair and snake-bite piercings on her upper lip.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

How's she doing?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Hold on...

A moment passes before the Spiky Blond suddenly reaches into her jacket pocket and produces a small stack of papers. She hands them to an overly grateful Natalie.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

And we're good! Now all we need to do is finis-

Just then a figure pops up in front of us, their face mere inches from the camera's lenses. Their sudden appearance, along with their high-pitched 'boo!', causes Thomas to jump back in shock.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Jesus, Luce!

Meet **LUCY KING**, a vibrant young woman who, despite her best efforts, always comes off both 'childish' and 'naive'. It doesn't help that her big green eyes and thick mane of hair make her look years younger than her twenty-seven years.

She covers her mouth in an attempt to stifle her giggles.

LUCY KING

Sorry, sorry! I just couldn't resist.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You wouldn't be giggling if it were your heart currently beating like a drum in your chest.

LUCY KING

(FLIRTATIOUS TEASING)

Awe, my poor little man.

Still giggling, Lucy leans in through the open window and gives Thomas an affectionate kiss on the lips; he manages to turn the camera in time to capture the action in full view.

THOMAS DONAVON

You're so mean to me, you know?

LUCY KING

It's the only way I know how to show affection to those I care about.

THOMAS DONAVON

Lucky me.

Lucy giggles again.

THOMAS DONAVON

How was class?

LUCY KING

Boring, as usual. Though Professor Wexler promises we can start discussing the origins of urban legends when break's over, which should be fun.

(*BEAT*)

Did you talk to Natalie yet?

THOMAS DONAVON

No...

LUCY KING

Tommy...

THOMAS DONAVON

I haven't had the time!

LUCY KING

It's been a week! Come on, Tom. You told me you'd do this for me...

THOMAS DONAVON

And I will! I'll tell her tonight while we're packing up the last of the equipment.

LUCY KING

You promise?

THOMAS DONAVON

Promise.

LUCY KING

Good... Nat's already pissed I'm going on this trip, so the last thing I wanna do is sideline her with this and make it worse.

THOMAS DONAVON

I promise, across my heart and everything, that I'll talk to her tonight, okay? Just relax.

LUCY KING

(*SIGHS*)

Okay.

Ding! Lucy reaches into her back pocket and pulls out her phone; the words '*NEW MESSAGE*' flash vibrantly across her damaged screen. She opens it up and quickly skims through it.

LUCY KING

Shit, gotta run. I'll call you later, alright?

THOMAS DONAVON

Everything okay?

LUCY KING

Hm? Oh, yeah! It's just Muffy. She wants me to trim her hair before the big swim tryouts.

THOMAS DONAVON

Swim tryouts? But...our campus doesn't have a pool?

LUCY KING

She attends the university down the road.

DING! New message! Lucy barely has time to even glance at her phone before a second message pops up.

THOMAS DONAVON

Sounds really urgent.

LUCY KING

With her? Usually is, though she's not as bad as her sister at least.

Another DING! Thomas smirks.

THOMAS DONAVON

I'll talk to you later, then. Love you.

Lucy smiles back before leaning back in through the window and giving him another kiss.

LUCY KING

Love you too.

(*FIRM*)

Don't forget to talk to Nat.

THOMAS DONAVON

I won't, I won't!

She gives him another quick kiss before backing up, turning around, and sprinting in a different direction. Thomas stares at her for a second, the camera still pointed at his awestruck face.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Hello? Earth to love boy?

We see him snap his fingers beside Thomas' face, snapping him out of his mini trance.

THOMAS DONAVON

Huh?

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Natalie's on her way back.

THOMAS DONAVON

Oh!

Thomas quickly turns the camera back towards Natalie, who's on her way back to the Toyota from the kiosk holding a tray of coffee cups.

She stares after Lucy for a moment before looking at Thomas.

NATALIE DONAVON

Where's she off too in such a hurry?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

There's apparently a very urgent hair situation going on at the campus down the road.

NATALIE DONAVON

I see. Here's your coffee milk.

She holds out a medium-sized cup of ice-coffee, which is only a few shades away from being milky white.

Thomas lays the camera down on the dashboard, turning it so we're facing him and the rest of the cars' inhabitants. One is Rami, who's now dressed in what most would call 'hipster attire', and the other is his boyfriend **MICHAEL BLAIRE**.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

"Coffee milk"? Really?

Michael's a strikingly handsome African-American man, who's currently in the process of getting his medical degree. He wears his hair cut to the skin, and sports a small goatee that's currently in desperate need of a trim.

THOMAS DONAVON

It's what she likes to call my ice coffee.

Natalie scoffs.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

I can guarantee that there's no more than a teaspoon of coffee in that whole thing.

She reaches through the window behind Tommy and hands Rami a small cup of hot chocolate that's been topped off with whipped cream. Michael eyes Thomas' drink

MICHAEL BLAIRE

How many creams and sugars you have in that? Just curious.

Natalie reaches past Rami and hands Michael his medium-sized cup of coffee, which looks to lack cream completely. Michael blows on it a moment before taking a sip.

THOMAS DONAVON

12 creams and 10 sugars.

Michael chokes on his coffee.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Gross, right?!

A moment later Natalie climbs into the drivers seat.

NATALIE DONAVON

Tyler got him started on it last year, and now it's all he'll drink. Give him anything lower and he'll throw it out.

THOMAS DONAVON

Not true, now I just add my own cream and sugar to it if you guys mess it up.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

I agree with Nat, that's gross.

THOMAS DONAVON

Don't knock it till you try.

Natalie suddenly eyes the camera with a look of surprise, as if only just now becoming aware of its presence.

NATALIE DONAVON

How long have you been recording?

THOMAS DONAVON

About five, maybe ten minutes ago?

NATALIE DONAVON

Turn it off! We gotta save footage for tomorrow, dumb-ass.

RAMI ABAZA

(SING-SONG)

I told you she'd be upset...

THOMAS DONAVON

Quiet.

(LOOKS AT NATALIE)

Relax, okay? I was just testing out my new camera lenses. I thought it'd improve of the footage quality, but I can't see much of a difference.

There's no difference at all. Natalie eyes the camera with an amused smirk.

NATALIE DONAVON

Well, as Dad always liked to say, "You can put a tiara on a pile of a crap, but it'll still be a pile of crap."

RAMI ABAZA

Your Dad said that?

NATALIE DONAVON

Almost every day.

(LOOKS AT THOMAS)

Turn it off. Please.

THOMAS DONAVON

Fine, but only cause you asked so nicely.

Thomas reaches forth, scoops the camera up, and clicks it off.

CUT TO:

INT. NATALIE'S TOYOTA: THE NEXT MORNING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

The camera is once again on the dashboard, only now we're beside the steering wheel. A fresh-faced, wet haired Natalie sits directly in front of us. She smiles proudly upon seeing that the 'REC' light has come on.

NATALIE DONAVON

Hello everyone, and welcome to our *first* official day of documenting! In just a few short minutes we'll be speeding down Highway 94 towards the ever chilling town of Burkittsville, Maryland.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(*ANNOYED*)

We'd probably be on the road faster if you were helping us instead of recording your lazy ass.

It's only then that we notice that Rami, Michael and Thomas can all clearly be seen in the background; going back-and-forth from the dormitory to the Toyota's trunk, dropping off luggage as they go.

Rami's traded his curls in for a high-and-tight, most likely in order to avoid further difficulties with strapping on the Go-Pro's. Thomas has shaved his face clean, and Michael's trimmed his goatee down to an attractive length.

Natalie inhales deeply through her nose.

NATALIE DONAVON

Ignore him. He's just pissy cause he lost his phone.

Thomas sends a glare in her direction as he shoves two of his bags into the trunk.

THOMAS DONAVON

I didn't *lose* it. I know exactly where it is.

Natalie glances back at him.

NATALIE DONAVON

Where is it?

THOMAS DONAVON

In Ken's car.

NATALIE DONAVON

And where's Ken?

THOMAS DONAVON

Let's see, it's...almost 10? I'd say he's now probably somewhere in Philadelphia.

Natalie chews on her inner left cheek to keep from smirking. Just then a dog jumps up at the drivers door, barking excitedly as they scratch at the window. Natalie shrieks in surprise.

NATALIE DONAVON

Damn it, Lucy! Control your dog!

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Sorry!

Lucy appears than and quickly yanks the dog off the door. Meet **FITZ**, Lucy's five-year old Border Collie. She smiles apologetically at her.

LUCY KING

He's usually not like this. He got into the cookie jar this morning, and hasn't calmed down since...

NATALIE DONAVON

(*DEADPAN*)

Wonderful.

LUCY KING

Down, boy!

Lucy pulls the overly excited Fitz off to the side and out of view. Natalie wracks her fingers through her hair before looking back at the camera.

NATALIE DONAVON

For those of you wondering: yes, that dog from hell out there *is* coming with us. And no, it was not planned.

Thomas returns to the trunk and shoves one final bag into it before looking at Natalie.

THOMAS DONAVON

I promise you'll barely even notice
he's here.

NATALIE DONAVON

I'm sure.

He closes the trunk. Natalie gives the camera an exasperated look before flashing them a forced smile.

NATALIE DONAVON

Let's get this show on the road,
shall we?

She reaches out and clicks off the camera.

CUE:

A MONTAGE OF SCENES BEGIN:

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

--The camera's aimed out the window, which allows us to watch the sprawling campus speed past in blurs of reds, grays and greens. We catch a glimpse of walking stranger here and there.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

So long, students of W.C. Be back
soon!

--Now we see trees of all shapes, sizes and colors. It'd be very picturesque and beautiful if it didn't look like giant blobs of color due to being in a moving vehicle.

--Next we see Lucy, who sits directly behind him. She's sound asleep with her face buried within Fitz's fur, who's sleeping in a big ball on her lap.

--Then we see Rami, who sits in the middle of Lucy and Michael. He, too, is sound asleep with his head resting on Michael's shoulder.

Michael himself is awake, though he's currently completely oblivious of us due to listening to his iPhone [we can hear 'TRAPPED IN THE DRIVE-TRU' by "WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC blasting from his skull-candy headphones].

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Guy's got good taste.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Thank you, I know I do.

Thomas starts in surprise, which in turn causes Michael to laugh.

--Then we see Natalie, who's jamming out to 'WORK BITCH' by BRITNEY SPEARS while driving down the highway. Her blond hair flies wildly around in the gushing wind as she bops to the music.

NATALIE DONAVON

(SINGING)

//You wanna live fancy? Live in a
big mansion? Party in France? You
better work bitch! // You better
work bitch, you better work
bitch!//

(BRIEF PAUSE)

//Now get to work bitch!//

She starts headbanging as the beat amplifies. Thomas laughs, which causes Natalie to finally look over. Her cheeks go instantly red, though a smile quickly spreads across her face too.

NATALIE DONAVON

(HALF-LAUGHING)

Seriously, Tommy?!

She reaches out and pushes the camera away while Thomas continues laughing.

--We're once more on the dashboard, only now we've been turned towards the windshield. Our attention isn't drawn to the narrow highway, but to the quickly approaching giant welcome sign that sits beside it: "WELCOME TO BURKITTSVILLE".

Thomas suddenly turns the camera so that it's now aimed at his face. He smiles at us.

THOMAS DONAVON

We're finally here!

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Woo!

He turns it to Natalie, who gives us a side-eyed smirk.

THOMAS DONAVON

Any celebratory words you'd like to share?

NATALIE DONAVON

Just three: turn that off! You're gonna use up all of the space on the tape at the rate you're going.

She reaches for it but Thomas pulls it away, laughing as he does. He clicks it off.

END OF MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. NATALIE'S TOYOTA: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

The Toyota sits idling at a red light. A snickering Thomas zooms in on an object that hangs beside the traffic light.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Do you guys see that?

It's a life-sized dummy, one that's been dressed and painted to look like the Wicked Witch from The Wizard of Oz. It's ratty hat and withering dress sway lazily the breeze.

A sign that reads "**SHE'S WATCHING YOU**" hangs from it's neck.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Well, that's creepy...

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

More like tacky.

The traffic light turns green, and soon the witch is long gone behind them. Thomas turns the camera towards Natalie, who keeps her eyes trained on the road.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I guess it's safe to assume the people here don't take Mrs. Kedward's reputation very seriously.

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

I say we take bets on how many people are gonna laugh in our faces when we mention the 'Blair Witch'. Twenty bucks says they all will.

Thomas turns the camera back towards Michael, Rami and Lucy.

RAMI ABAZA

Thirty bucks says at least two of them will.

LUCY KING

Forty-five says only one will.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

What about you, TomTom? You in?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Nah, I'm good. I left my betting addiction back in San Francisco, along with my gambling habits and love for deep-fried foods.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Nat?

NATALIE DONAVON

Normally I'd jump on that bet, but my lack of money prevents me from splurging the little I have saved for this trip.

RAMI ABAZA

Your loss.

The trio begin to discuss the bet more in depth, while Thomas and Natalie silently share a look. Thomas can't help but look a bit amused as he reaches out and grabs ahold of the camera, turning it off after he does.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLOCH MOTEL, PARKING LOT: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

We're once again pointed out the windshield, which allows us to watch as the Toyota nears its temporary destination: The Bloch Motel. It's long in size, being big enough to fit 9 rooms and one front office, and looks like it was made back in the early 1950s.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Congrats, Nat! You booked us a room at the famous *Bates Motel!*

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Oh, shut up. Not my fault this was the only place in town within our budget.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Lucky us.

Natalie pulls up and parks next to the front office's entrance. Thomas waits till she's cut the engine before turning around and aiming the camera at the trio. Fitz is in the back, sleeping soundly atop the luggage.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Make sure ya lock the door if you take a shower, don't want Mrs. Bates breaking down your door.

Lucy turns her confused gaze towards us.

LUCY KING

Mrs. Bates? Isn't she that really fucked up Goosebumps villain? Ya know, the one who went around stalking kids and their babysitters?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

...No.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

(*SHOCKED*)

Are you being serious?

LUCY KING

What? Oh! No, wait, I know where she's from now! She's that bitchy old woman from *And Then There Were None*, right? Oh, no, wait... that was Emily Brent...

RAMI ABAZA

(*QUIETLY*)

That's not even a movie...?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Babe...

A few seconds before Lucy finally lets her 'confused facade'. She giggles as she leans back in her seat.

LUCY KING

God I love fucking with you so much. I know who Mrs. Bates is; every movie nerd and their mother knows who she is.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Thank God, and here I was worried we were gonna have to have a serious discussion about your movie knowledge.

Lucy giggles again. She immediately falls silent when Natalie suddenly clears her throat, which also causes Thomas to turn the camera back in her direction.

NATALIE DONAVON

You ready?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

For what?

NATALIE DONAVON

To sign in. The second room is under your name, remember?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Can't you just sign for me?

NATALIE DONAVON

(FLATLY)

No.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(SIGHS)

Fine, I'm coming.

Thomas turns the camera around so it's directed towards his face before clicking it off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLOCH MOTEL, ROOM #9: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Thomas holds the camera a few inches away from his face, which is currently contorted into a look of disdain. He runs a hand through his hair.

THOMAS DONAVON

So it's official.

He turns the camera around so he can show off the room.

Despite being a relatively small room, the motels' owners were clearly determined to shove as much stuff as they can into it: there are two medium-sized mattress, a wooden

dresser and a matching desk, a small table sits between while another sits with a chair beside the window, and a bulky TV sits in the corner by the bathroom.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

We have, without a doubt,
officially stepped into the world
of *Psycho*. *Final Girls* who?

He pans the camera around, which allows us to see that both the floor and the wall-color are identical to the rooms in the 1950s **Psycho**.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Seriously, look at this place! Only major differences are the lack of plants and the arrival of a second bed.

He walks up to the TV and smacks his hand down on top of it, causing a huge wave of dust to fly up and engulf him.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(*WHEEZING, COUGHING*)

Oh! Oh, God, that was a bad idea.
Why the hell did I do that?

He waves the dust away.

Just then the door to the room swings open, causing Thomas to jump and whirl around in surprise. It's just Lucy, who steps back upon seeing his reaction. Fitz barks excitedly as he enters behind her.

LUCY KING

Jesus, sorry!

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(*STILL WHEEZING*)

God... You do you realize this obsession you have with scaring the hell out of me is both unappreciated and unhealthy, right?

LUCY KING

(*TEASING*)

Yes, and while it may be not the healthiest obsession, it's certainly one of the funnest.

She walks up to him and gives him a kiss; again Thomas turns the camera in time to capture it on film. Thomas smiles happily, almost dreamily down at her.

THOMAS DONAVON

I have something for you.

LUCY KING

Oh?

Thomas puts the camera down on top of the TV, making sure it's pointed at him and Lucy before reaching into his jean pocket and pulling out a small box. It's silver-and-pink wrapping shines in the lamplight.

He can't help but smirk at her surprised reaction.

THOMAS DONAVON

What? You didn't *actually* think I forgot today's your birthday, did you?

LUCY KING

(*EMBARRASSED*)

No... maybe...

THOMAS DONAVON

Considering how God awful my memory usually is, I can't say I blame you for that.

Lucy laughs a bit before finally tearing into the paper and opening up the box. She gasps.

LUCY KING

(*IN AWE*)

Oh, Tom...

Inside the box sits a silver chain, and attached to it are several charms: a blue rose, a dog figurine, a ballerina with a pink tutu, a pencil, and a small stack of books. It's a surprisingly expensive looking set of charms.

LUCY KING

I love it! Thank you so much.

THOMAS DONAVON

Of course. Here, lemme help.

He lifts up the chain and, with surprising ease, latches it around her wrist.

LUCY KING

It's perfect.

THOMAS DONAVON

Just like you.

Lucy's cheeks turn pink, and she can't help but giggle a bit before giving Thomas a playful push.

LUCY KING

You're such a cheeseball, you know that?

THOMAS DONAVON

Nothing wrong a little cheese every now and then, and just so you know this is only part one of your gift.

LUCY KING

Oh? When do I get to see part two?

THOMAS DONAVON

When we're back home, when it's just you and me--

Fitz barks.

THOMAS DONAVON

And Fitz. I promise it'll be worth the wait.

LUCY KING

Do I get a hint?

Thomas smiles a bit before leaning down and kissing her. This kiss is different from the others, more tender. He pulls away after a few seconds and says calmly, almost tenderly:

THOMAS DONAVON

No.

She playfully hits his chest.

LUCY KING

You're an ass.

THOMAS DONAVON

You adore me and you know it.

LUCY KING

Of course.

Lucy gives him a kiss before looking at the camera.

LUCY KING

(WHISPERS TO THOMAS)

If you turn that off, I'd be more than happy to show you how much I love my gift.

Thomas goes still for a second before pulling away and picking up the camera. He stares directly into the lenses.

THOMAS DONAVON

Peace out, folks.

A moment later he clicks off the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. NATALIE'S TOYOTA: THE NEXT MORNING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Thomas grunts as he struggles to strap the camera to the passenger-side visor.

THOMAS DONAVON

C'mon you stupid--

CLICK!

THOMAS DONAVON

There we go! Finally!

He leans back in his seat, allowing us to see the rest of the Toyota's passengers; he shoots Natalie a smug look.

THOMAS DONAVON

Told you it'd fit.

CLANK! The camera suddenly breaks free of its new restrains and falls with a thump onto the dashboard before sliding off onto the startled Thomas' lap.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Told you it wouldn't.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(IRRITATED)

Shut up...

He picks the camera up and places it upright on the dashboard before looking down at the packaging in his lap.

THOMAS DONAVON

The box says right here it fits any type of camera.

NATALIE DONAVON

Pretty sure that doesn't include antiques from the 80s. That camera has to weigh more than seven pounds, easy.

THOMAS DONAVON

Fucking hell...

Grumbling, Thomas tears the device from the visor and stuffs it irritably back into it's box.

THOMAS DONAVON

What a waste of twenty bucks.

NATALIE DONAVON

(SING-SONG VOICE)

I told you not to get it.

(LOOKS AT CAMERA)

Anyway, hello all! And welcome to day number 2 of our grand adventure! Today we're not only interviewing the citizens of Burkittsville, we're also starting our hike into the Blackwoods Forest.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

How many people we interviewing?

NATALIE DONAVON

Five. Originally it was seven, but two called in last night citing last minute plans.

THOMAS DONAVON

Well, four is still a good amount. Who's our first interviewee of the day?

Natalie tugs out her iPhone and opens up her Notes app. She reads from a note named '*THE BLAIR WITCH FILES*'.

NATALIE DONAVON

Our first is a woman named Margaret LeFou.

Rami leans forward, allowing us to see the curious look on his face more clearly.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

"LeFou"? I'm guessing she's not a native to the area?

NATALIE DONAVON

No, she is. According to her e-mail she's lived in Burkittsville since day one, it's her *parents* who immigrated here. They're from some town near France. Then we have a man named Barney Umbridge, who claims he came face-to-face with the witch back in the 90s.

THOMAS DONAVON

(*AMUSED*)

"Agatha LeFou", "Barney Umbridge", who's next? "Cheri Christos"?

Natalie looks at the next name.

NATALIE DONAVON

Nope, Poppie Amell.

Thomas snorts.

THOMAS DONAVON

Oh, this should be a fun day.

She side-eyes him.

NATALIE DONAVON

That reactions rich, coming from the guy who's full name is Thomas Eugenia Donavon.

Lucy's face pops up beside Thomas' headrest, her eyes wide with non-mocking curiosity.

LUCY KING

Your middle name is Eugenia?

Thomas' cheeks grow pink.

THOMAS DONAVON

Yep...

Sensing his embarrassment, Lucy reaches around the seat and gives Thomas' shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

LUCY KING

Awe, it's cute! And it's also nothing to be embarrassed of. At

(MORE)

LUCY KING (cont'd)
 least your name isn't Lucilia
 Fidelia King.

Natalie looks at her, eyebrows raised. It becomes immediately clear that she's now trying to suppress a grin.

NATALIE DONAVON
 That's seriously your middle name?

Lucy nods, completely unphased by Natalie's reaction. Natalie sucks in her lips to keep the smiles hidden. Michael stares at Lucy in amused bewilderment.

MICHAEL BLAIRE
 I'm guessing your parents were fans
 of Dr. Seuss, huh?

Natalie can't help but snort at the question. Lucy gives Michael an unphased smirk.

LUCY KING
 Why yes, yes they were. My Dad used
 to read me a different book of his
 every night growing up, actually.

His eyebrows shoot up, clearly surprised.

MICHAEL BLAIRE
 Really?

LUCY KING
 No.

Both Thomas and Natalie giggle at that one. Thomas shakes his head before looking back at the camera.

THOMAS DONAVON
 God. Let's get this started, shall
 we?

NATALIE DONAVON
 Yes, let's! I think I see Agatha's
 car now.

THOMAS DONAVON
 See ya, folks.

Thomas reaches forward and clicks off the camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURKITTSVILLE, MAIN STREET: THE NEXT MORNING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

It's a nice area, one full of family owned diners and 5cent stores. There's a handful of people walking around, but overall the street looks pretty empty.

Natalie and Rami stand directly in front us, and standing next to them is **AGATHA LEFOU**; an elderly black woman with gray dreads and a face full of Kmart make-up. Her clothing style can only be described as 'willy eccentric'.

NATALIE DONAVON

(FIXING AGATHA'S MIC)

-And if you need to sit down at all, just say so and we'll stop, okay?

The woman nods.

NATALIE DONAVON

Great.

(LOOKS AT THOMAS)

You ready?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Whenever you are.

NATALIE DONAVON

Great. You ready?

She gives a second nod.

NATALIE DONAVON

Double great! Can you count down, Tom?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Yep. Starting in 5, 4, 3, 2, go!

NATALIE DONAVON

Hi guys, and welcome back! I have standing with me none-other than Burkittsville's finest: Agatha LeFou! Say hi, Mrs. LeFou.

AGATHA LEFOU

(FRENCH ACCENT)

Bonjour, children! Je vous remercie kindly for having me!

NATALIE DONAVON

Of course. Unfortunately Mrs. LeFou only knows a handful of English, so I've brought Rami here to the front lines to translate.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You studied French, Rams?

RAMI ABAZA

Yep, along with Spanish, English and my native language Arabic.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(*IMPRESSED*)

Impressive.

Rami shrugs humbly.

RAMI ABAZA

The perks of being raised by strict parents? You're forced to learn a bunch of shit you never thought you'd need to know.

NATALIE DONAVON

(*LAUGHS A BIT*)

Ain't that the truth.

AGATHA LEFOU

Allô?

NATALIE DONAVON

Right, sorry. Let's get this interview officially started, huh?

CUE:

A MONTAGE OF SCENES BEGIN:

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

--We're now in the middle of the Burkittsville Park, and standing next to Natalie is **BARNEY UMBRIDGE**. He's a short, stocky, middle-aged man with a thin head of hair and a giant beer gut that's currently on the verge of bursting out of his shirt.

NATALIE DONAVON

So Mr. Umbridge, you claim that you and your brother came face-to-face with the witch, right?

BARNEY UMBRIDGE

(*BOSTONIAN ACCENT*)

That's right.

NATALIE DONAVON

Mind telling us a bit about it?

BARNEY UMBRIDGE

So here's how it happened. Me and my brother, his name's Sam, decided to hike up to the old playground that used to be near the Burkittsville welcoming sign--

--We're now in front of the local coffee shop, and standing next to Natalie is a young woman named **POPPIE AMELL**. She's a voluptuous woman with long, platinum blonde hair and plump, botoxed lips. The front of her jean jacket is covered in "ALIENS ARE REAL!" "I'VE SEEN THE OTHER SIDE" "I LOVE BIGFOOT" type of pins.

NATALIE DONAVON

So your e-mail stated you're an expert of all things Blair Witch, right? Mind telling us something about her that the general public doesn't already know?

POPPIE AMELL

Why, of course I can sweets! Let's see. The Blair Witch was originally a woman from the early 1930s, one who became the first victim of the Salem Witch trials.

NATALIE DONAVON

Oh?

POPPIE AMELL

Oh, yes! Her name was originally Shania Blair Fishburn, and she worked as the towns seamstress.

NATALIE DONAVON

Wow.

--Back to Barney. Natalie moves her mic closer to him.

BARNEY UMBRIDGE

--And while we were playing on the swings, old Blair herself crawled out and tried to snatch us away like we were nothing but forgotten playthings.

NATALIE DONAVON

How'd she look?

BARNEY UMBRIDGE

Like someone took Carrol Burnett and the *Jeepers Creepers* creature and fused them into one demonic entity.

Natalie nods in understanding.

NATALIE DONAVON

Wow. That's-- that's wow.

BARNEY UMBRIDGE

Scary, right?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Terrifying.

--We're back to Mrs. LeFou.

NATALIE DONAVON

Can I ask you a question?

AGATHA LEFOU

Bien sûr.

RAMI ABAZA

She said, "Of course."

NATALIE DONAVON

Do you believe in the Blair Witch?

Agatha stares at her for a few seconds before bursting into a fit of hysterical giggles.

AGATHA LEFOU

Oh, non! Pas du tout!

RAMI ABAZA

"Not at all".

--Now we're at the end of Main Street, in front of a Vinyl store named "**JARED'S CLASSIC VINYL**S". It's the smallest shop on the street, and every inch of the display windows are covered in classic vinyls.

Standing next to Natalie is **JARED MILLOY**, your average everyday working Joe, and **KRISTA GEORGIE**, his bored-looking employee. Jared's practically shaking with excitement inside his cheap, sky blue tux.

NATALIE DONAVON

--And you're sure it was her?

JARED MILLOY

Of course I am! Do you really think I could imagine such a divine-looking creature?

NATALIE DONAVON

(*SURPRISED*)

"Divine"?

JARED MILLOY

I've never before seen a more stunning, more *regal* looking creature than she. Her flowing raven hair, her unblemished skin, and those *eyes*.

(*SIGHS*)

I'll never forget those eyes. They were like two sparkling emeralds, only gentler and greener.

NATALIE DONAVON

I see.

Krista stares at him for a moment or two before giving Natalie a "see what I have to deal with?" look.

KRISTA GEORGIE

Don't we all?

--Back to Poppie.

POPPIE AMELL

She was branded a witch after the people of Salem saw just how smart and strategical Shania was.

NATALIE DONAVON

"Strategical"? What do you mean?

POPPIE AMELL

Oh, honey. It's okay to be confused. Strategical is an Italian word that means "being able to leave the restraints of your body and traversing through time and space."

NATALIE DONAVON

Wow...

LUCY KING [O.S.]

I, uh-- I don't think that's what that word means.

POPPIE AMELL

Oh trust me, dear. *It is*. I studied the Italian language for two months in community college.

(LOOKS AT NATALIE)

Ever been to Italy?

NATALIE DONAVON

Only once, back in high school.

POPPIE AMELL

Isn't it such a marvelous little town?

Natalie blinks, clearly taken aback by the sheer stupidity of this woman.

NATALIE DONAVON

Truly...

--Back to Agatha.

AGATHA LEFOU

The Blair Witch, she's uh-- she's a, how you say, "myth"? A "silly story", non?

NATALIE DONAVON

(NODS)

As far as we're aware, yes. That's all she is.

AGATHA LEFOU

Oui, elle est pas véritable.

RAMI ABAZA

"She's not real", basically.

-Back to Jared and Krista.

JARED MILLOY

She was going to kill me. I just knew it. I could see it in those diamond eyes of hers: she wanted me dead.

NATALIE DONAVON

(INTRIGUED)

Really?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

How'd you get away?

JARED MILLOY

Why, I offered her a discount on the newest edition of Britney Spears' vinyl 'Britney Jean', of course! Which is set to officially come out on August 15th, 201-

NATALIE DONAVON

Okay, we're done. Thank you for talking with me, Mr. Milloy. It's been a pleasure.

Krista bursts out laughing, clearly amused by this whole thing.

JARED MILLOY

But I'm not done! We'll als-

NATALIE DONAVON

Yes, you are. Turn off the camera, Tom.

JARED MILLOY

(RUSHED)

We'll be having a sale on all things Lorde this coming Oct--

Thomas lowers the camera and clicks it off, silencing the frantic salesman.

END OF MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. NATALIE'S TOYOTA: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

We open on Natalie, who's currently leaning forward with her head resting on the steering wheel.

Silently the camera turns towards the backseat.

We watch as Michael and Rami begrudgingly pay up their ends of the bet, all while Lucy smiles happily with one arm draped around Fitz.

RAMI ABAZA
 (COUNTING OUT MONEY)
 23, 24, 25, 26...

Wordlessly we turn back towards Natalie.

THOMAS DONAVON
 Well, I don't know about you guys
 but I think today was a mighty fine
 success.

Natalie gives him a side-ways glare.

NATALIE DONAVON
 Fuck off, Tom.

Laughing, Thomas lowers the camera and clicks it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATALIE'S TOYOTA: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

All we see before us are trees, trees, and more trees; some are tall and healthy, while most look to be on the verge of death. Kinda odd considering the time of the year.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]
 And there we have it, ladies and
 germs.

He turns the camera around so that it's facing him. Lucy can be seen digging through the backseat behind him.

THOMAS DONAVON
 The big, bad woods itself:
 Blackwoods Forest.

He turns it back towards the front line of trees.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]
 (MOCK FEAR)
 Isn't it terrifying?

LUCY KING [O.S.]
 Hey, Tommy?

We turn fully towards Lucy, who's currently in the process of digging under her seat.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

What's up?

LUCY KING

(HESITANT)

Have you seen my bracelet?

Thomas groans.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You seriously already lost it?

LUCY KING

No, I didn't lose it! I took it off so I could put on my jacket without it catching on the charms, and now it's gone.

THOMAS DONAVON

Did you check under the passenger seat? Maybe Fitz knocked it over.

LUCY KING

Already did.

(TURNS AND LOOKS AT HIM)

And under the drivers seat, along with where Rams and Michael were sitting. I can't find it.

She looks close to tears, like a child who'd just lost their favorite toy.

LUCY KING

(HEARTBROKEN)

I'm really sorry.

The small bit of irritation Thomas felt immediately fades, and he reaches out to her.

THOMAS DONAVON

Hey, it's okay.

He gently tips her head up so she's looking directly at him.

THOMAS DONAVON

We'll find it. And if we don't, it doesn't matter.

LUCY KING

It *does* matter! I know how hard you work, and I know enough about jewelry to know that bracelet wasn't cheap. I should've been more careful with it.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Careful with what?

The camera turns, and we watch as both Natalie and Michael approach the car. Lucy's cheeks turn a soft shade of pink as she quickly wipes her eyes.

LUCY KING

I lost my bracelet.

NATALIE DONAVON

Already?

Her cheeks turn pinker.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Could you have left it back at the motel?

LUCY KING

No, I know I didn't; 'Cause I remember specifically thinking how cute it made the rest of my outfit look this morning.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Could it have fallen off during the interviews?

Lucy's eyes widen.

LUCY KING

Oh, God. I hope not. I really, really hope not. Oh, my God.

She covers her face with both hands, feeling ashamed of herself. How could she have been so careless with something so sentimentally important?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(CALMLY)

Hey...

He reaches around her and places the camera on the backseat before pulling Lucy into a comforting embrace.

We now only have a back-side view of everyone except Thomas.

THOMAS DONAVON

It'll be okay.

Thomas glances over the hood of the Toyota at something we can't see before quickly looking back at Lucy.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Look, Officer Myrik is right over there. Just go ask him if he can keep his eyes out for it. How many charm bracelet's can there be in one small town?

Lucy considers it for a moment before nodding in agreement.

LUCY KING

Okay, that's a good idea...
(TO THOMAS)
Come with me?

THOMAS DONAVON

Of course.

Thomas turns quickly towards the camera and, in one swift movement, picks it up and turns it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, OUTER EDGE: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

The camera opens up on Thomas, who's holding the camera aimed directly at his face. We can see Natalie and Rami in the background, both now supporting hikers packs on their backs.

THOMAS DONAVON

So Lucy's bracelet is absolutely no-where to be found. Me and Mikey over there tore the car inside-out and there wasn't a trace of it to be seen anywhere.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

But thankfully--

Lucy appears just then, her pink hikers pack significantly smaller than both Natalie's and Rami's.

LUCY KING

--Both Officer Myrik and his deputy said they'd keep an eye out for it. So fingers crossed they have it when we get back.

She crosses two fingers on both hands before turning away and walking off to an area we can't see. Thomas looks at the camera before holding up two cross fingers.

THOMAS DONAVON

Here's to hoping.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Is everyone ready?

Thomas turns the camera fully towards Natalie and Rami, who're now looking in our direction. Michael steps forward, revealing a huge hikers bag to be strapped to his back.

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

I've been ready.

NATALIE DONAVON

Then let's head out, shall we?

Natalie shoots the camera an excited grin before turning towards the waiting forest.

Thomas hesitates a moment before turning the camera towards Lucy, who stands beside him with Fitz at her heels; she looks both excited and nervous at once.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You ready?

She nods.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(AMUSED)

...You're not scared already, are you?

She scoffs and gives him a "Really?" type of look before tugging her hair up into a ponytail, using the elastic band she keeps on her wrist as it's holder.

LUCY KING

Course not. As the lyricist genius Stephen Sondheim once wrote, "the woods are just trees, the trees are just wood."

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Sounds more like a Katy Perry lyric than the work of a lyrical genius.

LUCY KING

Oh, shut up.

She gives him a playful shove before following the others, Fitz not far behind her.

LUCY KING

(TEASING)

You coming?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Yeah, yeah I'm coming, I'm coming.

He follows Lucy up to the very edge of the forest, where the rest of the gang stands waiting for them. Natalie tosses back her blonde mane before looking around t the others.

NATALIE DONAVON

Everyone have their cameras?

Everyone murmurs their replies: "yep" "right here" "yes ma'am".

MICHAEL BLAIRE

I have a question, though.

NATALIE DONAVON

Yes?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Why exactly do we need all these cameras?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Thank you!

NATALIE DONAVON

As I've already told Thomas, these cameras are just to catch everything he's not around to catch. What if you see something, wither it be an entity or an animal, and he's not there to catch it? What good will that do you, me or any of us?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

... I mean, I guess I get that.

Natalie smiles.

NATALIE DONAVON

Good. Anymore questions?

LUCY KING

I have one.

NATALIE DONAVON

Had a feeling you would. What can I do for you, Miss King?

LUCY KING

Does the tablet need to be on for the Go-Pro's to record?

NATALIE DONAVON

Yes, which is why I've brought tons of portable chargers and will be leaving it on every night from six p.m. to six a.m.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(SURPRISED)

You're gonna wake up every morning at six to turn that thing off?

NATALIE DONAVON

(SCOFFS)

No, of course not! It has a timer.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Oh.

NATALIE DONAVON

Anything else? No? Anyone need to use the bathroom before we go?

(SILENCE)

All right, then let's go and officially start our long, possibly terrifying trek up the Blackwoods Trail to who knows where. Come on!

Natalie turns and practically prances with excitement into the forest, an amused Michael, Rami and Lucy only a few steps behind her.

Lucy stops upon noticing Thomas has stopped. She looks back at him.

LUCY KING

What's wrong? ...You're not scared now, are you?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

What? Oh! No! I'm coming.

(CATCHES UP TO HER)

Just got a sudden chill up the spine, is all.

He turns the camera around so the camera's pointed at him and Lucy as he wraps his arm around her shoulder. He looks down at her with a smirk.

THOMAS DONAVON

You ready for this "long, possibly terrifying" hike?

LUCY KING

Oh yes, so ready I could just explode.

THOMAS DONAVON

Well we wouldn't want that, at least not right here in front of everyone.

A couple seconds pass before Lucy fully realizes what Thomas just said, and she quickly though playfully smacks his chest.

LUCY KING

Thomas!

THOMAS DONAVON

What? It's not like children will be watching this!

LUCY KING

God, you're so gross.

THOMAS DONAVON

Yet you're still with me, so I can't be too gross for you.

LUCY KING

Oh, you're getting there.

Thomas smiles before leaning in and kissing Lucy's cheek, causing her to smile before gently pushing him away and speeding up a bit. A moment passes before Thomas decides to lower the camera and click it off before, smartly, deciding to hurry after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLACKWOODS TRAIL: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

All we see are trees, trees, and more trees; along with the occasional glimpse of wildlife. Birds screech at us from the trees while a nearby family of deer gawk, clearly not sure on wither they should run or just ignore.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I must say, I'm starting to understand why Mrs. Ella would want to stick around here. It's beautiful.

The family of deer bolt upon hearing Thomas speak. Lucy looks back at him; we can see Natalie, Michael and Rami further up ahead.

LUCY KING

Do you really believe she's still out here?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Do you?

LUCY KING

Hey now, I asked first.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(THINKS)

Well, no, actually. I don't.

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

Do you believe in the paranormal at all?

Lucy jumps and whirls around; she hadn't noticed that Michael had stopped walking so they could catch up. Fitz barks protectively in response to her reaction.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Me? Not really. I mean, I used too but that was years ago. What about you Luce?

LUCY KING

I'm a 100% a believer of the paranormal. When I was ten, I swear to God I saw the spirits of my grandparents sitting out on the porch swing. They looked so happy and at peace, all the pain of their illnesses no longer haunting them.

MICHAEL BLAIRE*(IN AWE)*

That's kinda amazing, Lucy.

LUCY KING

Thank you. So yes, there's not a doubt in my mind that there's more to this life than what we think. We're not alone in this world, and honestly I think it's kinda stupid to think we are.

A brief silence.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Thanks, hun.

LUCY KING*(BLUSHES)*

Sorry, I didn't mean it like that.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I know, it's okay. It's perfectly fine to think there's more to the universe than just what's in front of us, but I just have a hard time believing it... I'm sorry.

Lucy looks away, clearly a bit embarrassed by her comment.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

What about you, Mike?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

I'm a believer in the afterlife, and of the big honcho himself and his brother down under, but no I don't believe in ghosts. Rams does, though. He claims he once saw the ghost of his childhood dog, Sparky, humping my pillow. Not even joking.

Thomas and Lucy can't help themselves, they burst out laughing at the story. Michael and Natalie glance back at them.

NATALIE DONAVON

Don't be wasting precious film space on pointless filler, please!

Thomas looks at her properly.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Every good documentary needs a bit of filler! Otherwise no one's gonna give two shits about what's happening or about the people it's happening too!

Natalie glances back at him, clearly not amused.

NATALIE DONAVON

Can you please do me a favor and save the character development for later? I'd like to at least make it past the Haxan River before nightfall if that's okay with you.

He let's out a small, indignant 'hmpf'.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

We're coming.

He then lowers the camera and, without another word, clicks it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLACKWOODS TRAIL: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Thomas has the camera aimed at his face, and we watch as he rub irritably at his chin.

THOMAS DONAVON

Well we've found the Haxan River.
The only problem?

He turns the camera around and aims it at the river. It's about 5ft. wide and who knows how deep, and there's no sign of a bridge anywhere.

THOMAS DONAVON

There's no bridge.

Natalie and Rami stand directly in front of us, their backs to us. He's anxiously biting his nails while she's trying to measure the exact distance the jump would need.

THOMAS DONAVON

There's not even a fallen tree or anything for us to use.

NATALIE DONAVON

Oh, will you stop your whining?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

No, I won't. Not till you tell me how exactly we're suppose to get from here to there.

Natalie steps closer to the river's edge and peers into the waters depths; she can't faintly see it's rocky, muddy bottom.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

I used to run track back in high school. I think I could actually jump this if I got a good enough head start.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Yeah, that's great and all that, but that doesn't exactly help the rest of us. In case you can't tell I'm not exactly Mr. Athletic.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

I can tell.

NATALIE DONAVON

Looks like we'll just have to wad our way through it, then.

Rami's eyes widen.

RAMI ABAZA

"Wad our wa--"? You can't be serious. Do you know how much I spent on these shoes? They cost more than half of my tuition to W.C!

There's a brief silence.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(SLOWLY)

I'm sorry, but what kind of idiot wears expensive shoes like that on a *nature hike*? You knew there'd be a chance they'd get dirty when you put them on yesterday.

Rami's cheeks become inflamed with embarrassment.

RAMI ABAZA

They're the only shoes I have,
okay? My actual hiking boots are at
the repair shop...

NATALIE DONAVON

If you're really that worried then
just take them off.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

And risk him stepping on one of the
millions of parasites or viruses
that've made this river their
nesting ground? Fuck that. I think
I have a second pair of sneakers in
my bag...

While Michael starts rummaging through his pack, Natalie
takes off her pack and rolls up her pant legs.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

What are yo--?

She crouches down at the rivers edge and, before anyone can
stop her, jumps into the water. She yelps in shock as the
ice water makes contact with her skin.

NATALIE DONAVON

(SHOCKED)

Holy shit, that's cold!

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Nat! Seriously?

The water at first comes up just past her legs, but once she
starts moving around it quickly rises to her waist.

NATALIE DONAVON

Had me my pack?

THOMAS DONAVON

You're insane, you know that right?

NATALIE DONAVON

Yep, pack please.

Thomas picks up her pack and hands it to her; she holds it
high above her head. She starts making her way to the other
side.

She glances back at us.

NATALIE DONAVON

(SHIVERING)

Well, are you coming?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Yeah, yeah, hold your horses. Luce?

Lucy stares at the water uneasily.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You okay? You look like you just saw a ghost.

(BEAT, MILD AMUSEMENT)

You didn't just see a ghost, did you?

LUCY KING

No. I just-- I can't--

(SIGHS, EMBARRASSED)

I don't know how to swim...

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You're not swimming, though. The water shouldn't rise higher than your armpits, if that.

LUCY KING

What if the current knocks me down, or I misstep and end up in deeper water? There are hundreds of different ways this scenario could end badly.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You'll be fine, okay? Here, how about I cross with you?

LUCY KING

I'd like that...

THOMAS DONAVON

All right.

(TURNS CAMERA AROUND)

We'll be right back.

He clicks the camera off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLACKWOODS TRAIL: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Thomas and Lucy now stand on the opposite side of the river, both drenched from head-to-toe and shivering horrendously cause of it. Thomas wipes the remaining water off his glasses before looking directly at the camera.

THOMAS DONAVON

So that was a complete disaster.

LUCY KING

I'm sorry...

THOMAS DONAVON

It's fine, the important part is you're okay.

(LOOKS AT THE CAMERA)

Lucy's shoe decided to wedge itself between two rocks and take Lucy down harder than the feds took down King Kong or Bonnie and Clyde.

Lucy gives him a playful shove, clearly not entirely impressed with the comparisons.

THOMAS DONAVON

But thankfully me and Fitz were there to save her from the dastardly water.

LUCY KING

At least I didn't do as bad as he is...

She points towards the river. Thomas turns the camera around, showing that Rami is still in the process of crossing. He's crying while struggling to hold his pack above his head.

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

Come on, Rams. You only need to take a few more steps and you're golden.

RAMI ABAZA

Deep breathes, Rami. Deep breathes...

He takes a deep, ragged breath before continuing on. He stumbles a bit here and there but manages to get there. Michael takes the pack from his trembling hands.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

See? Told you that you could do it.

In the next second, Michael practically swings Rami like a rag-doll out of the water onto solid ground. He quickly jumps to his feet before turning to Natalie.

RAMI ABAZA

(UPSET)

You said there'd be a bridge!

NATALIE DONAVON

There's suppose to be one! The string of hurricanes Maryland had last year probably did away with it...

Michael stops Rami from going crazy by grabbing his face and making him look at him.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Hey, relax! You made it, okay? Just focus on that.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You act like you had no idea we'd be roughing it up a bit out here...

RAMI ABAZA

(THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH)

There's roughing it up, and there's doing something overtly stupid.

Rami glares, clearly not impressed or happy.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Hey, hey! Look at me!

(RAMI LOOKS AT HIM)

It's over and done with. You did it and you won't have to do it again.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

He's gonna have to do it again if he wants to get back to the car...

MICHAEL BLAIRE

(FIRM)

Not not, Tom...

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Sorry...

Thomas turns towards Natalie, who's currently in the process of swapping her wet sweater with a dry one.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Think it's time we stop for the night?

NATALIE DONAVON

We've only been walking for a few--

THOMAS DONAVON

(*FIRMLY*)

Nat. We need to stop. Look at him.

NATALIE DONAVON

...Fine, we'll stop. According to the map there should be a clearing not too far ahead.

RAMI ABAZA

According to the map and you, there was also suppose to be a bridge!

Michael shushes him by moving his face closer to his. He whispers something to him that causes every angry wrinkle in his face to smooth over.

RAMI ABAZA

(*MUMBLES*)

Sorry... I'm calm.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Good.

He kisses Rami quickly before patting his cheek and turning back to Natalie.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Lead the way?

NATALIE DONAVON

Gladly.

Natalie turns on her heels and marches in the supposed direction of the clearing, and one-by-one everyone follows her.

LUCY KING

Come on, Mr. Cameraman; let's not dillydally more than we have too, shall we?

THOMAS DONAVON

'Dillydally'?

LUCY KING

People say it!

THOMAS DONAVON

Old people, maybe.

LUCY KING

Oh, will shush and just come on
already?

Thomas laughs a bit before lowering the camera and clicking it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CAMPSITE: NIGHT

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

The first thing we notice is the string of tents set up before us. There three in total: a yellow two-person one for Lucy and Thomas, a spacious blue solo-tent for Natalie, and a green two-person one for Rami and Michael.

A fire has been set up, and we can see a cooler full of lunch meats and beer off in the corner.

We focus on Lucy and Rami, who're both feeding wood to the fire in an attempt to increase it's height.

RAMI ABAZA

(SATISFIED)

And it's perfect! See? I can rough it up just as well as the rest of you.

Barely half-a-second pass before Thomas whirls the camera around to his face.

THOMAS DONAVON

"Rough it up," my ass. He used a lighter to get it started.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

How you start it isn't important, it's how you keep it alive that matters!

He turns the camera back towards Rami and Lucy, who's currently giggling behind her hand.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Pretty sure how you start it is important too. Ever see *Castaway*?

Rami glares. A moment later Michael emerges from his tent, his headphones in one hand and iPod in the other.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Ever see *Lord of the Flies*?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(*CONFUSED*)

Yeah, back in high school... why?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Unless you want to end up like Piggy, I suggest you leave him alone.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Duly noted.

Rami smiles shyly before sitting with Michael on two of the five stumps that've been placed around the fire. Lucy goes and sits on the one across from them.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Oh, lighten up. It was only some light teasing.

Thomas sets the camera up on a tall tree stump, making sure it's aimed perfectly at the group before hurrying over to join them.

He sits down on the ground in front of Lucy, placing his head between her legs. She reaches out and starts toying with his still damp hair.

It's only now we notice Fitz sleepily calmly a few feet away, his body almost completely hidden in the darkness beside the cooler.

LUCY KING

Is there a reason you're recording this?

THOMAS DONAVON

"Filler", as I said earlier.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

With the way you're going, we're gonna have enough 'filler' to fill-up two documentaries.

THOMAS DONAVON

As my busybody of a sister so lovingly put it before, "better to have extra than not enough."

LUCY KING

Where is Natalie, anyway?

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Right here.

A moment later Natalie emerges from her tent, a quizzical look on her face.

THOMAS DONAVON

What's wrong?

NATALIE DONAVON

I can't find my stash...

THOMAS DONAVON

Oh, I have it.

He reaches into the pocket of his sweatshirt and pulls out a rolled-up baggie of marijuana. Natalie furrows her brows as he waves it in the air for everyone to see.

NATALIE DONAVON

Why do you have it?

THOMAS DONAVON

Cause a certain idiot sister of mine left it on the dashboard back at Ladd's Convenience Store while there was a cop in the parking lot.

NATALIE DONAVON

Shit...

THOMAS DONAVON

Yeah. You're lucky I was there to catch it before she saw it.

He tosses her the bag, and she quickly sets to work on ripping some of weed apart for a joint.

LUCY KING

(SURPRISED)

You smoke, Nat?

NATALIE DONAVON

I also drink too, but Thomas wouldn't let me pack the vodka or tequila.

Michael looks at Thomas and frowns.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Asshole.

THOMAS DONAVON

I'm sorry for not wanting my sister to become an overly sexual nutcase who can't keep her shorts on.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

You're not forgiven.

Natalie pockets her stash and, after tugging out piece of paper, starts rolling a rather large joint.

RAMI ABAZA

What about you, Luce? You smoke?

LUCY KING

Nope. Hate the stuff.

THOMAS DONAVON

She tried it once last spring, and it caused her to ball-up and start sobbing that the world was moving too fast.

Michael and Rami start laughing, which causes Lucy's cheeks to turn a dark shade of pink.

LUCY KING

Well that's how it felt...

Thomas reaches up and gives her leg a gentle, reassuring squeeze.

THOMAS DONAVON

My first time wasn't much better.

NATALIE DONAVON

It really wasn't. He started asking for Cheese Balls, and started having a temper tantrum when he learned we didn't have any. It was actually really funny.

LUCY KING

What about you Nat? Do anything wild your first time?

NATALIE DONAVON

Yep, I punched a man. Not only did I break his nose but I also managed to knock out one of his front teeth.

Lucy's eyes widen in shock.

LUCY KING

Why'd you do that?

NATALIE DONAVON

Because he thought that just cause I was high on cloud 9 that he could pinch my ass. He thought wrong.

LUCY KING

Apparently.

Natalie finishes rolling the joint and finally joins the others at the fire. She looks at Thomas.

NATALIE DONAVON

Got a lighter?

THOMAS DONAVON

Where's yours?

NATALIE DONAVON

It's still packed away in my bag.

THOMAS DONAVON

That sounds like a personal problem, really.

He holds out his hand for the joint.

NATALIE DONAVON

What?

THOMAS DONAVON

If we're using my lighter then I get the first hit.

NATALIE DONAVON

Seriously?

THOMAS DONAVON

Seriously.

She glowers at him before, though reluctantly, handing over the joint over to him.

NATALIE DONAVON

You're a greedy son-of-a-bitch, you know that?

THOMAS DONAVON

Now that's no way to speak of our dear mother!

He fishes a red-and-blue lighter out of his pocket and, after placing it between his lips, sets lights the joint. He takes a decent-sized drag before holding it back out to Natalie.

THOMAS DONAVON

(HOLDING HIS BREATH)

Tastes good, where'd you get it?

NATALIE DONAVON

From Jack in dormroom 93; the guy has like six plants growing in his closet alone.

She takes a hit off the joint before sitting down on the stump next to Rami.

NATALIE DONAVON

Here.

She hands it to Rami, who takes a big hit off it before locking lips with Michael. A good couple seconds pass before they part, both now smoking in the mouth.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Wow. It does taste good.

Rami hands him the joint so he can take a proper hit. Lucy leans forward with a look of curiosity on her face.

LUCY KING

Hey Nat, can I ask you something?

NATALIE DONAVON

If you must.

LUCY KING

Why is this trail off-limits? If they'd put a bridge over the river, I'm sure it could be as popular as the Pacific Crest Trail.

NATALIE DONAVON

Doubt it, considering the Pacific Crest Trail is 2,650miles long and

(MORE)

NATALIE DONAVON (cont'd)
 goes through not only Canada, but
 also through California, Oregon and
 Washington, while this one only
 goes the length of the woods.

LUCY KING

Oh.

NATALIE DONAVON
 But to answer your question, the
 trail is off-limits because there
 have been a few... incidents, in
 these woods.

Michael hands the joint back to Natalie, who takes another
 drag off it before handing it back to Thomas.

LUCY KING

They really closed down a trail
 cause of something that occurred
 back in the 1700s?

NATALIE DONAVON
 (*EXHALING SMOKE*)
 Oh, no. These incidents happened
 back in the 40s and 90s, not the
 1700s.

Lucy leans forward on her stump, clearly intrigued.

LUCY KING

What happened?

NATALIE DONAVON
 Back in the 40s, a man named Rustin
 Parr decided to follow in the
 "Blair Witch's" footsteps and
 perform cruel experiments on the
 children of Burkittsville.

RAMI ABAZA

...Really?

NATALIE DONAVON
 Yep, he'd lead them out to his
 makeshift cabin out here and
 perform surgeries such as
 castration and mutilation to the
 vocal cords.

LUCY KING
(*IN SHOCK*)

Jesus.

Thomas passes the joint to Rami.

NATALIE DONAVON

He managed to kill six children before the police finally caught him. In fact, I believe he was in the middle of dissecting a seventh kid when the police arrived at the cabin.

LUCY KING

So there are two cabins out here then?

NATALIE DONAVON

Nope, that's where the story gets really interesting: it's rumored his cabin was originally Mrs. Kedward's herself, and that all he did was modernize it and modify it to fit his his experiments.

LUCY KING

Seriously?

NATALIE DONAVON

Yep. The papers from the town claim the townsfolk's set the cabin on fire after his arrest, but hikers in the 80s claimed to have spotted it; my source included.

Rami, who'd been too engrossed in the story to notice, finally takes a hit before passing the joint to Michael.

RAMI ABAZA

That's kinda wild.

LUCY KING

(*QUIETLY*)

And terrifying. What happened in the 90s?

NATALIE DONAVON

A group of college kids disappeared while hiking out here. They were apparently just coming out here to snap some pictures for a project they were doing, but they never came back.

Lucy sits completely upright, her eyes now more alert than before. Thomas looks up at her in surprise.

LUCY KING
You're kidding, right?

NATALIE DONAVON
Nope. Police found their parked not far from town, and later found some of their camera gear about a mile away from Highway 95.

LUCY KING
Did they find anything on the film?

NATALIE DONAVON
(*SHRUGS*)
Just a bunch of pictures of trees and birds. Nothing too unusual.

Lucy sighs, feeling utterly relieved. She'd been expecting something along the lines of bloody corpses and a mangled Carrol Burnett-esque witch.

RAMI ABAZA
That's not true. According to what you showed me, one camera had nothing but pictures of stick dolls and rock piles.

THOMAS DONAVON
Stick dolls?

LUCY KING
Did you two already know about all this?

RAMI ABAZA
Of course. I had to know everything about this place if I wanted to be as persuasive as possible with Officer Myrik.

LUCY KING
Mike?

MICHAEL BLAIRE
Yeah, I knew too. Rami's terrible at keeping secrets; especially from me.

THOMAS DONAVON

So the both of you came here knowing full-well that people have not only died here, but have gone outright missing?

Michael nods before finishing his turn with the joint and handing it back to Natalie.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Yep.

LUCY KING

And that doesn't creep you out?

RAMI ABAZA

Not really. After everything I've read, it feels like the incident in the 90s was nothing more than an elaborate prank that all the locals here fell for.

Natalie takes her hit and hands it back to Thomas. He takes a rather large hit before handing it back to Rami.

THOMAS DONAVON

(EXHALING SLOWLY)

What do you mean?

RAMI ABAZA

Well stick figures are easy to make, and any idiot can stack rocks on top of one another. Their car was in tiptop shape, and their wasn't a single thing found in these woods to indicate something awful happened to them.

LUCY KING

Even if that is what happened, it doesn't change the fact that kids were brought out here and tortured to death.

NATALIE DONAVON

You had no problem coming out here knowing that Mrs. Kedward had tortured not six, but hundreds of kids to death.

THOMAS DONAVON

That's different Nat, and you know it...

LUCY KING

That happened back in the 1700s, what you're talking about now happened less than 40 years ago, the other less than 18! How could you not tell us about that?

NATALIE DONAVON

Okay, first off: I don't have to tell you anything, all right? You weren't even supposed to *be* on this trip in the first place.

THOMAS DONAVON

Nat!

NATALIE DONAVON

And second, I've mentioned to Tom numerous times that something happened out here; so stop acting like I kept you both purely in the dark. He could've mentioned it any time he wanted.

Lucy turns to Thomas, eyes now narrowed.

LUCY KING

You knew?

THOMAS DONAVON

I knew a bit about the kids, but not about the college kids I swear.

Lucy closes her eyes and takes a deep breathe.

LUCY KING

I wanna go home. Now.

THOMAS DONAVON

(SURPRISED)

Now let's not overreact--

LUCY KING

(LOOKS AT HIM)

"Overreact"? I am not overreacting! Your sister here just walked us into the plot of a crappy horror movie, and I don't want to stay here to see how it ends. Take me home.

NATALIE DONAVON

He *can't*, at least not till we're done out here. We're not wasting what precious time we have out here because you forgot to pack your holy water. Now if you wanna hike your way back to W.C. on your own, you're more than welcome too.

LUCY KING

Tom?

THOMAS DONAVON

(*HESITANT*)

...I'm sorry, Luce, but I can't. I promised--

LUCY KING

Great, perfect. This is wonderful.

(*TURNS TO NATALIE*)

If something happens to me, to him or my Dog, I swear to God I'll--

Natalie moves closer and glares down her nose at the girl.

NATALIE DONAVON

You'll what?

Lucy doesn't say anything.

NATALIE DONAVON

I'd think long and hard about what you're gonna say, *Lucilia*. Cause don't forget: *I'm* the one with the car keys.

LUCY KING

...Fuck you, Natalie.

She shoves past Natalie and hurries to the tent. Fitz, noticing her sudden absence, jumps to his feet and quickly scurries after her.

THOMAS DONAVON

Lucy, wait!

Thomas jumps to his feet and, after running to scoop up his camera, takes off after Lucy.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

(*SURPRISED*)

You were filming that whole thing?
You gotta delete that! If mom sees--

THOMAS DONAVON

Not now, Nat!

He goes to click off the camera but instead he unknowingly zooms in instead, leaving the camera on. He climbs into the tent--

INT. THE YELLOW TENT: NIGHT

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Two sleeping bags have been set up inside the tent, along with a mini-table that holds their electric lantern and Lucy's Go-Pro camera.

Thomas places the camera on the floor (unintentionally aiming it directly at Lucy, who's currently in the process of changing) before crawling up to her.

THOMAS DONAVON

Babe, please--

LUCY KING

Don't 'babe', me. How could you not tell me about any of this?

THOMAS DONAVON

I already told you I had no idea about the kids who went missing!

Lucy tugs off her sweater and t-shirt, revealing a white-laced bra underneath it all. She reaches into her bag and tugs out what's clearly one of Thomas' old shirts.

LUCY KING

But you knew about the kids who were killed out here.

THOMAS DONAVON

So did you!

LUCY KING

There's a difference between going to a place where a tragedy occurred centuries ago, and going to a place where it practically just happened! God, this place must be overflowing with restless spirits at this point...

She tugs the shirt on before shimming out of her shorts.

THOMAS DONAVON

If I had known before we left that you were such a firm believer, I would've said something; but I swear I didn't.

After rummaging through her bag for a hairtie, Lucy gathers her up her hair and sticks it in a high-rise ponytail.

THOMAS DONAVON

I'm sorry, okay? I really am. I didn't think how hearing that would make you feel, but if it makes you feel better I was left equally in the dark about the college group.

LUCY KING

No, it doesn't; but thank you for trying.

She flops down onto her sleeping bag. Thomas crawls up to her and places his forehead against her.

THOMAS DONAVON

Do you really wanna go home?

LUCY KING

(SIGHS)

Yes, I do... I hate to be the nagging girlfriend who does nothing but whine, but I just don't feel right about this place... I haven't since we got here.

THOMAS DONAVON

All right, then... how about this: If something happens and you feel threatened or scared, we'll leave; but till then I got to stay here. I can't just abandon Nat like that...

LUCY KING

You promise?

He gives her a kiss.

THOMAS DONAVON

Promise. Cross my heart and everything.

LUCY KING

Thank you... do I have to apologize to your sister?

THOMAS DONAVON

Nope.

LUCY KING

Good.

She reaches up and, after taking off his glasses and placing both hands on his face, pulls him in for another kiss. A moment passes before she manages to catch a glimpse of the 'REC' light flashing on the camera. She pulls away.

LUCY KING

You're seriously recording this?

THOMAS DONAVON

(CONFUSED)

What do you mean?

She points to the camera. Thomas eyes it for a second before quickly crawling back to it.

THOMAS DONAVON

Shit, I thought I turned it off.
Hold on, I'll get it.

LUCY KING

Please, do.

He aims the camera up and, after a second, clicks it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CAMPSITE: THE NEXT MORNING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Natalie now stands directly in front of us, her eyes locked on the camera's slick lenses. We can see Rami and Thomas putting the tents away in the background.

The summer weather of yesterday is gone, and in it's place is a dark overcast and a harsh wind. Everyone is clearly struggling to stay warm in their thin jeans and windbreakers.

NATALIE DONAVON

Hey guy--

THOMAS DONAVON

(IN THE BACKGROUND)

Jesus Christ, Nat, I thought you said it was supposed to be sunny out all weekend!

NATALIE DONAVON

Hey don't yell at me, blame the
Maryland weather forecaster!
They're the one who said it first.

Thomas grumbles before zipping up his windbreaker. Natalie rolls her eyes before looking at us.

NATALIE DONAVON

Anyway, welcome everyone to day
number 4 of our documentary. Today
we shall be moving off from the
trail and heading North-East. If my
source is right, we should be
arriving at Mrs. Kedward's cabin by
tomorrow afternoon.

WHACK!

Thomas cries out in both pain and surprise as he stumbles away from the tent; one of its rods has just come free of it's binding and smacked him across the face.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Are you all right?!

Lucy rushes over to him and tries to pry his hands off his face, but he doesn't budge. Natalie stares at them for a few seconds before looking back at the camera.

NATALIE DONAVON

Fingers crossed we all make it
there in one pain.

She holds up two crossed fingers before lowering the camera and clicking it off.

CUE:

A MONTAGE OF SCENES BEGIN:

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

--We watch as Michael dumps a bottle of water onto the fire-pit, extinguishing it in seconds. Rami yelps and jumps back when it suddenly erupts, sending a still-burning piece of wood in his direction.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Sorry!

Rami fumes as he smacks the ashes off his jeans.

--The camera focuses on a birds nest in a tree. In it sits a fully grown Mourning Dove, who squawks as he shakes off the morning dew. The winds have died down enough for him to come out for the morning.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Look at it! I've never seen one so close before.

We zoom in a bit closer to the dove, who turns his head in our direction. It's about to take flight when a Northern Copperhead suddenly springs from the shadows and buries its fangs into the birds feathery chest.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Holy shit!

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Oh, my God!

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

Oh, fuck this. I'm outta here!

Everyone starts to run, Thomas taking up the rear. He keeps the camera focused on the withering snake for a few seconds before turning and following the others.

--Natalie leads the group through an area of tall, narrow trees that look almost on the verge of death.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

We're no longer on the trail, are we?

NATALIE DONAVON

Nope! We actually left the trail twenty minutes ago.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

(MUMBLES)

Certainly explains the rocky terrain...

Lucy tucks her hair behind her ear, clearly not happy.

LUCY KING

(MUMBLES)

Yet another thing she neglected to tell us.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(PLEADINGLY)

Luce...

LUCY KING

(*STARTLED*)

Sorry, I'm being petty..

Embarrassed, Lucy picks up her pace.

-The camera focuses on a pair of Wood ducks. We watch as they dip their heads in-and-out of the water in an attempt to catch the unseen fish.

We zoom out after a moment and turn to Rami, who's staring at the lake with disdain.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You okay there, Rams?

RAMI ABAZA

(*DEADPAN*)

Of course, who doesn't love filthy swamp water?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

This is a lake, though?

Rami shrugs.

RAMI ABAZA

Same difference.

Natalie walks up to him and places her hand on his shoulder.

NATALIE DONAVON

Least we can walk around this one.

She pats him on the arm then walks off, leaving him to stare at the water. He hesitates only a moment before turning to follow her.

END OF MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CAMPSITE: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

The tents have been put up, and funnily enough they've been put up in the same order as before (Yellow, Blue, Green). We can see Fitz sleeping soundly in the yellow one, while Lucy sits with Michael and Rami at a fire.

They're all sitting on giant rocks they've found and set up around a roaring fire. The wind has calmed down enough where they're all able to sit comfortably in unzipped windbreakers.

Thomas aims the camera up at his face, allowing us to see his steadily growing stumble and sweaty, messy hair. He attempts to flatten it down a bit as he looks down at the camera.

THOMAS DONAVON

So that concludes day number 4.
Jesus, I don't think I've walked
this much since high school.

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

Were you on your high school track
team?

THOMAS DONAVON

(SCOFFS)

No, but Chesapeake High was kind of
overrun with oversized assholes who
liked to make my life hell by
chasing me from school all the way
up to my front porch. Was fun.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Sounds it.

THOMAS DONAVON

Right?

(LOOKS AT CAMERA)

We have been walking nonstop all
day, so if this source Natalie has
is telling the truth we should be
arriving at Mrs. Blair's cabin
early in the afternoon.

He turns the camera to the group.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(FORCED EXCITEMENT)

Aren't y'all just so excited?

Lucy giggles.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

About as excited as a pig in a pile
of shit, really.

Rami slaps his arm, as if to say 'really?'. Thomas puts the camera on the ground and, after making sure it's aimed at the group, hurries over to join them. He sits on a rock and immediately tugs Lucy onto his lap.

THOMAS DONAVON

Hey Rams?

RAMI ABAZA

Yes, Thomas, what is it?

THOMAS DONAVON

I'm just curious, is there a reason you have such an...intense dislike for water?

RAMI ABAZA

Yes.

THOMAS DONAVON

Ah, I thought so.

Silence falls over the group as Rami, oblivious to Thomas' curiosity, leans his head onto Michael's shoulder.

THOMAS DONAVON

Well?

RAMI ABAZA

What?

THOMAS DONAVON

Why do you dislike water so much?

RAMI ABAZA

Oh... Well, when I was six, my family decided to take a vacation in Canada. On our second day there we decided to go see Niagara Falls, and I fell off the tour boat. The force of the waterfall hitting the water nearly drowned me right there in front of everyone.

LUCY KING

Oh, my God. How'd they get you out?

RAMI ABAZA

One of the tourist on board grabbed the life preserver and threw it out to me. I was able to hold on to it long enough for them to pull me out of the waterfalls path.

THOMAS DONAVON

Jesus...

RAMI ABAZA

It was the single most terrifying moment of my life. I'll never forget the fear I felt, or the splintering pain the pressure of the falls caused. It was... intense.

LUCY KING

Sounds it. So you never went into the water again after that?

RAMI ABAZA

Yep, I don't even take baths anymore. It's showers for this guy.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

It's true.

Just then Natalie emerges from the shadows, a small stack of wood in her arms.

NATALIE DONAVON

I stayed with him for two months once while my dormitory was being fumigated, and not once did he take a bath.

She drops half of the wood into the fire, the other half beside it.

RAMI ABAZA

Well besides what I just said, I also find baths immensely gross. You're basically sitting in a bowl of your own filth; least with a shower the dirty water goes down the drain.

THOMAS DONAVON

Agreed.

Natalie slumps down on the rock beside Thomas.

NATALIE DONAVON

Can you guys believe that, come tomorrow afternoon, we'll be standing outside the infamous Blair Witch house? Kinda feels a bit surreal, don't it?

RAMI ABAZA

A bit.

THOMAS DONAVON

It should definitely be interesting to see. Wonder how much of it Rusty changed and how much he left intact.

NATALIE DONAVON

According to what I read, he changed every inch of the house except it's basement. That room still has the same brick walls and dirt floor it had back in the 1700s.

LUCY KING

That's weird. Did he ever explain why he left it alone?

NATALIE DONAVON

He didn't want to anger Ella, who apparently warned him against touching the room. According to his testimony, touching it would do nothing but set anger the spirits of her victims.

It's clear from the look on her face that Natalie is telling this story to specifically scare her. Lucy takes a deep breathe.

LUCY KING

Really?

NATALIE DONAVON

Yep.

RAMI ABAZA

You are so full of shit, Nat.

(LOOKS AT LUCY)

He didn't change it because he was caught before he could. According to what I read, he was gonna remodel it once he was "done teaching the parents of Burkittsville a lesson on child safety.". He was apparently gonna hide their bodies in the new walls of the basement.

LUCY KING

...That doesn't make me feel any better.

RAMI ABAZA

Sorry... thought it would.

Lucy shakes her head before plowing her hands through her hair. She looks over at Michael.

LUCY KING

What time is it?

He pulls out his phone and, after automatically dialing in his pass-code, checks the time.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

7:27, why?

LUCY KING

Great.

(LOOKS AT THOMAS)

I'm gonna go lay down.

THOMAS DONAVON

But it's still early?

LUCY KING

I'm just really tired, okay? Come on, Fitz.

She claps her hands before rising, bringing the Border Collie running. They go into the tent together, leaving behind a disappointed Thomas. He sighs.

THOMAS DONAVON

Sorry about that, guys; she's been acting like this since last night...

NATALIE DONAVON

If she's that upset about it, she could she just go home.

THOMAS DONAVON

You know if she leaves, I have to leave too, right? There's no way in hell I'm letting her traverse these woods alone... especially not when it'd take her days to find the car.

NATALIE DONAVON*(MUMBLES)*

Not my fault the girl with no survival instincts took it upon herself to join a group hike through the woods...

THOMAS DONAVON

Will you stop? She didn't invite herself, I invited her.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Why? Not that I care that she's here, she's nice enough, but why bring her on something she's clearly not into?

THOMAS DONAVON

Cause her parents canceled their visit to the campus and I didn't want her to spend the weekend alone. Is that okay with you guys?

NATALIE DONAVON

Well now look what you're good little deed got you: a miserable girlfriend and a pissy sister. Aren't you just so lucky?

THOMAS DONAVON

Whatever. I'm going for a walk.

Clearly done with the conversation, Thomas stands up and heads over to the camera. He scoops it up and starts walking.

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

Try not to get snatched by Mrs. Blair while out there!

Thomas lets out a forced laugh before turning the camera off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CAMPSITE: LATER

MICHEAL'S GO-PRO'S P.O.V.

Michael's got his Go-Pro aimed at Natalie and Thomas, who're arguing behind the green. Even with the distance the high quality of the Go-Pro allows us to see the annoyed expression on Natalie's face and the frustrated one on Thomas'.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Are you serious? Turn that of--!

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

Shh!

Rami sighs, clearly not happy with the invasion of privacy. It takes us a moment to be able to catch their conversation.

THOMAS DONAVON

--If you don't cut the crap, I swear I'll pack--

NATALIE DONAVON

Cut what crap? What did I even do?

THOMAS DONAVON

You're going out of your way to make Lucy as miserable as humanly possible! And don't you *dare* say you aren't, cause you *know* you are.

NATALIE DONAVON

Look, I'll admit I got a bit carried away the other night, but everything I said *does* matter to this project. You can't exactly do a Blair Witch documentary without talking about said Blair Witch.

THOMAS DONAVON

So Rusty Parr is the Blair Witch?

NATALIE DONAVON

He's *connected* to the Blair Witch, and these woods. The information about him is just as vital as the info about Ella, and if you could just pull your head out of Lucy darling's ass you'd see that too!

Thomas sighs irritably before taking off his glasses pinching the bridge of his nose.

THOMAS DONAVON

If you want me to stay attached to this documentary, you gotta promise me you'll at least try to be nice to her. She likes you, and doesn't understand why you don't like her.

NATALIE DONAVON

You want the truth?

THOMAS DONAVON

No. Honestly, I don't really give a shit what you think of her. You want to hate her, fine, but that doesn't give you a right to treat her like shit. Promise me, or I'm packing up and going home. I swear.

NATALIE DONAVON

Fine. I'll be nice. I won't mention Rusty Parr around her again.

THOMAS DONAVON

Thank you.

(LOOKS OUR DIRECTION)

...Are you filming us?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

(DRAWN OUT)

Noooo.

NATALIE DONAVON

(STARES AT HIM)

Michael. Turn it off, now.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

I'm turning it off, relax.

He reaches down and clicks off the Go-Pro.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GREEN TENT: NIGHT

MICHEAL'S GO-PRO'S P.O.V.

It's clear from our lopsided angle that whatever we're about to see is clearly not meant to be seen. We watch as Michael, who has no idea he's just accidentally turned the camera on with his foot, crawls up to Rami.

Rami looks up from his book ('**GO SET A WATCHMAN**' by **HARPER LEE**) and raises a brow at him.

RAMI ABAZA

Yes?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

What do you say you take a quick little reading break?

RAMI ABAZA

"Quick?" Doesn't sound very tempting.

He puts the book down anyway, a smirk playing on his lips. He lays back on his sleeping bag, allowing Michael to climb on top of him.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

A few minutes is all I need.

They kiss. Rami reaches up and slides his hands up his back, slipping them under Michael's tee. Michael deepens the kiss, pressing his mouth further into Rami's.

The shirt comes off, exposing Michael's well-built upper body. We can see the faint scratches on his back from their previous 'nighttime encounters'.

RAMI ABAZA

(SMILING)

Much better.

Michael smiles before leaning down and pressing his lips back against Rami's; who responds by reaching up and wrapping his arms around his neck. Michael reaches down towards the zipper of Rami's jeans...

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

(MUFFLED)

Your camera is on!

Michael lifts his head up and looks to the left, in the direction of Natalie's tent.

RAMI ABAZA

What she say?

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Michael's camera is on!

RAMI ABAZA

(EYES WIDEN)

Oh, my God.

Rami's cheeks turn a dark scarlet red as he practically pushes Michael off him. He quickly sits up and straightens his shirt, his hands automatically flying up to fix hair that's no longer there.

RAMI ABAZA

(*SURPRISED*)

You were recording us?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

No! I swear! I must've hit it with my foot, or something.

He sits up and looks around, his eyes almost immediately landing on the Go-Pro. He starts crawling towards it, clearly embarrassed.

RAMI ABAZA

(*EMBARRASSED*)

I'll be right back.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Where are you going?

RAMI ABAZA

To walk *this* off.

He fixes his jeans, his bulge clearly noticeable (but only to Michael).

MICHAEL BLAIRE

(*RAISES BROW*)

Want me come help out?

RAMI ABAZA

After that? I'm good.

Rami reaches out and starts opening the tent's door.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Bring your Go-Pro!

RAMI ABAZA

Yeah, yeah, I got it.

He snatches his Go-Pro up off the floor and slips it on before crawling out of the tent, leaving a frustrated Michael behind. He looks down at his own Go-Pro.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Cock blocker.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Sorry!

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST: NIGHT

RAMI'S GO-PRO'S P.O.V.

A few seconds of pure darkness pass before Rami's able to click on his flashlight, which sends a blinding beam of light through the forest.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

(UNDER BREATH)

Holy brightness...

We look down at the flashlight in our hand, at the set of buttons on it's handle: there's 'ON/OFF', 'SOFT' 'NORMAL' and 'HEADLIGHT'. Rami clicks Normal, which causes the beam to decrease to a normal brightness.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Much better.

He starts walking again, bringing us further into the woods. We can hear wildlife all around us: the owls hooting in the trees, the crickets chirping in the grass, the wind blowing through the branches, and the coyotes howling in the distance.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Coyotes. Wonderful.

He picks up his pace a bit. It's unclear exactly where he's heading, or how far he plans on going.

CRACK!

Rami stops, startled. That wasn't like the other noises. He quickly turns around, coming face-to-face with... nothing. No one's there.

A moment passes before he finally turns back around and continues walking.

SNAP!

We whirl back around, again expecting to find someone but finding no one.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Mikey is that you?

Silence. Rami looks around at the surrounding darkness.

SNAP, CRACK!

Rami jumps, nearly dropping the flashlight. He swings it back and forth.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Guys, seriously, if you're here then say something!

Silence follows. He grunts, clearly getting annoyed with whosoever out there.

CRACK, SNAP, WHAM!

Rami starts backing up, startled by how close the sounds are compared to before. He starts swinging the flashlight all around, his fear and frustration growing with every second.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Mikey if this is you trying to scare me, then congratulations! I'm scared! Now cut the crap and com--

Just then something small and hard hits Rami dead-center of the back, sending him flying face-first to the ground.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

(MUMBLES, PAINED)

Fucking A...

He lifts his head off the ground and looks at the flashlight, which lays a few feet away. The fall not only shifted it to 'Soft Mode', but also beyond cracked it's glass eye.

It takes him a moment, but he manages to climb back to his feet and pick up the flashlight. He tries to turn 'Normal Mode' back on, but it refuses to change.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Great...

(LOOKS AROUND)

Thanks a lot, guys! That's 50 dollars straight down the drain.

SNAP!

This time the sound comes from beside him, causing him to whirl around in surprise. His body freezes when the flashlight's dull beam comes across a hidden figure.

They stand behind one of the giant oaks, their silhouetted figure only briefly illuminated before they dive away. All we can really make-out about them is that they're short and hunched over, their clothes looking like robes.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

(QUIETLY, SHOCKED)

No fucking way...

The figure stops and whirls around, their face completely shrouded in darkness. Just then a loud, harrowing screech fills the air. Rami jumps and, now beyond petrified, runs away.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Michael! Natalie!

He glances over his shoulder and quickens his pace when he sees the figure is coming after us. They run from one tree to another, as if trying to avoid being seen for too long.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

(SHOCKED)

Dear, Allah. Leave me alo--!

His foot catches a root, and once again he finds himself flying face-first into the ground. He quickly pushes himself up onto all four.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Fuck! Where'd it go?!

His hearing-aid is gone, leaving him partially deaf to the world.

(The sounds of the world are replaced with partially muffled background noises.)

After a quick, three-second search Rami gives up and gets back up. He starts running, not even caring that he's heading in a completely different direction from the campsite.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Natalie, if you're watching, this isn't a prank! I swear! Please, if you can hear me or see me send someone out!

We can hear the woman scream again, and unlike the rest of the world it comes in clear as day. Rami picks up his pace, wishing now more than ever he had accepted Michael's proposal to tag along.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Oh, thank God!

There's a clearing up ahead! He can see where the trees stop, and where the moonlight begins. Rami quickens his speed.

When there's only a few feet between him and the clearing, Rami turns around and looks back in the direction he came. He shines his flashlight all around as he starts backing up.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Where the fuck are you?

There's no sign of her: No more screams, no more fleeing figure, nothing. It's as if she just up and disappeared into thin air.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

I'm not falling for this. The whole "Killer's Gone But Not Really" twist...

He continues to swing the flashlight around, trying desperately to find her before continuing on.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

(QUIETLY)

Where are yo--?

The ground beneath his feet suddenly sinks away, and Rami suddenly finds himself plunged into the rushing waters of the Haxan River. He screams in shock before flinging his arms out and dinging his fingers into the dirt.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

Shit! Shit! Fuck!

The water is rougher, more rapid than before. Rami frantically claws at the ground in an attempt to keep from fully submerging.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S.]

(FRANTIC, DESPERATE)

Mikey!

Rami's fingers begin to bleed as uprooted roots and jagged pebbles both rip them apart and split open his nails.

The flashlight sits a few feet away, it's beam pointed at us. It's light sputters for a few seconds before going out all together, leaving us with nothing but the moonlight to see.

Soon the current becomes too much, and Rami soon finds himself fully submerged in the river. He thrashes around as the water violently tosses him back-and-forth like a rag-doll. The last thing we see before the camera goes dead is a jagged log lodged into the river's floor coming straight at us. We're about to smack head-first into it when--

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. THE YELLOW TENT: THE NEXT MORNING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Thomas once again has the camera aimed at his face, allowing us to see his days old beard and tired eyes. He adjusts his glasses before fixing his stare onto the camera.

THOMAS DONAVON

Welcome to day 5 of our adventure through the Blackwoods. Today we shall be, hopefully, reaching the cabin of-- what's wrong?

Thomas is looking at Lucy, who's staring out the tent window at something. She's still dressed in her nightwear (one of Thomas' tees and a pair of shorts) and has brushed her hair yet.

LUCY KING

Something's going on outside.

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

Where is he?!

Thomas' eyebrows shoot up, and he quickly snatches up the camera before climbing out of the tent.

Michael and Natalie stand a few feet, neither looking at all happy.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

The hell is going on out here?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Rami's missing, that's what!

NATALIE DONAVON

Michael, if you'll just try and
rel--

MICHAEL BLAIRE

"Relax"?! My boyfriend vanishes
while walking through what you say
are haunted woods, and you expect
me to "**relax**"?!

NATALIE DONAVON

He left with his Go-Pro, right?
I'll just check his footage
archives.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Please, do.

Natalie turns and quickly climbs into her tent, emerging a
minute later with the Go-Pro tablet. She turns it back on
and clicks onto CAMERA R. Both rewinds a bit before clicking
play--

RAMI ABAZA [O.S., FAINT]

Where the fuck are you?

Michael watches the camera feed over Natalie's shoulder.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S., FAINT]

*I'm not falling for this. The whole
"Killer's Gone But Not Really"
twist. Where are yo--?*

Both Natalie and Michael start when Rami falls into the
water. A moment later he finally reaches around and rips the
tablet out of her hands so he can hold it closer.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S., FAINT]

Shit! Shit! Fuck!

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

The fuck?

LUCY KING [O.S.]

What's happened?

Lucy appears beside us, her shorts replaced with a pair of
sweats. She stops upon hearing Rami's frantic, desperate
cries.

RAMI ABAZA [O.S., FAINT]

Mikey!

Michael's eyes widen, and he nearly drops the tablet upon seeing Rami go under. We can hear the rushing water and the muffled screams... then there's silence. He stares blankly at the tablet.

NATALIE DONAVON

(SLOWLY)

Mike?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

We have to find him.

NATALIE DONAVON

Mike--

MICHAEL BLAIRE

I'm not moving an inch further until we find him.

He practically shoves the tablet back into Natalie's hands before disappearing into his tent. We can hear him rummaging around inside.

NATALIE DONAVON

Mike, this happened last night. He could be anywhere from here to Waynesboro.

A moment later Michael reemerges, now wearing his jacket.

MICHAEL BLAIRE

I don't care.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Well, I'm coming with you.

LUCY KING

(SURPRISED)

Tom...

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I have too. What if that were you out there? Would you want me to just up and leave you behind?

LUCY KING

No, but... just... don't take too long. Okay?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

We'll take as long as it takes, thank you.

Thomas shoots him a look before looking back at Lucy.

THOMAS DONAVON

I'll call you if it starts getting late, all right?

LUCY KING

Okay...

He goes and grabs his own jacket out of the tent.

LUCY KING

Stay safe, guys.

She gives Thomas a kiss on the cheek before backing up and watching both him and Michael walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST: MORNING

THOMAS CAMERA'S P.O.V.

We struggle to keep up with Michael, who's practically sprinting through the woods; we can hear Thomas grunting in the background.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Mike, wait up!

MICHAEL BLAIRE

Move those legs, Donavon!

He doesn't slow down. In fact, it feels like he actually speeds up. He progressively grows harder and harder to see the further away he gets.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Michael!

And soon he's gone, his shape now longer distinguishable from the shadows and trees.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Jesus, Michael!

He continues jogging after him, trying desperately to find but to no avail.

The sound of rushing water fills the air, and we soon find ourselves at the edge of the Haxan River. We look up the river, then down: there's no sign of Michael.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Michael! Come on, man! We're supposed to stick together in these types of situations, not split up!

He continues to look up and down the river, hoping against hope that Michael will suddenly appear. He doesn't. After a good minute or two, Thomas finally starts up the river.

After going a good distance Thomas suddenly stops, his ragged breathing coming to an abrupt halt. He points the camera down at the ground.

There are bloody scratch-marks in the dirt, the ones left behind last night by Rami. They're much deeper and rougher looking than they looked from the Go-Pro's perspective.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Jesus...

SNAP!

Thomas jolts up, startled by Michael's sudden reappearance. All the color has drained from his face, and all the emotion from his eyes.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Jesus, man! Where the hell did you go?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

(QUIETLY, FLATLY)

I found him...

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

What? You found him?

Michael nods.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Is he okay?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

He's dead.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

What?

MICHAEL BLAIRE

His body's stuck on a log a mile up. The entire front of his head is caved in.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]
 (*STUNNED, HORRIFIED*)
 My, God...

Without another word, Michael turns and starts walking off.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]
 Where are you going?

MICHAEL BLAIRE
 I need to be alone.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]
 Mik-

MICHAEL BLAIRE
 I'll be back at the site later.

Without waiting for a reply, Michael starts off deeper into the woods. It doesn't take him long to once again disappear into the shadows.

THOMAS DONAVON
 Michael! Shit! Oh, this is-- this
 is really bad.

Thomas turns around and, after a moment, turns off the camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CAMPSITE: MORNING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Thomas pushes his way through the low-hanging branches into the campsite. Lucy sits alone by the fire-pit, with no one but Fitz keeping her company.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]
 (*BREATHLESS*)
 Where the hell is Natalie?

LUCY KING
 (*SURPRISED*)
 She's in her tent. Where's Michael?

Without answering, Thomas turns and marches up to the blue tent. He unzips it without a word, catching the writing Natalie off guard.

NATALIE DONAVON

(*SHOCKED*)

Jesus Christ, Tom!

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Start packing. The documentary is over.

NATALIE DONAVON

Excuse me?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Rami's dead.

All the color drains out of Natalie's face, same with the unseen Lucy.

NATALIE DONAVON

He is?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Yes, and Michael's on the verge of having a complete meltdown from the looks of it.

Thomas turns away from her, coming lens-to-face with Lucy. He jumps back in mild surprise, nearly falling into the tent.

LUCY KING

Where's Michael?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

He's out there somewhere, walking off the shock. Once he's back we're going back to Officer Myrik, tell him what happened then get the hell out of here.

Natalie emerges from her tent as Thomas starts for the Green tent.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

What're you doing?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I'm packing up Michael and Rami's stuff. I'm not kidding when I say we're leaving the second he gets her. Luce, can start on our tent?

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Course.

Thomas unzips the tent and climbs inside. He places the camera on the floor before scooping up Michael's bookbag and setting to work; something hanging from the bag's pocket stops him in his tracks, though.

THOMAS DONAVON

...Are you shitting me?

It's Lucy's bracelet. He snatches it up and looks at it closely... almost half the charms are broken.

THOMAS DONAVON

(*QUIETLY*)

Fucking asshole...

He stuffs it into his jacket pocket before glancing at the camera. Upon seeing the bright red 'REC' light, he picks it back up and turns it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CAMPSITE: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Hours have passed. The sky is no longer a vibrant blue but a dark violet, with the moon already starting to form and starts beginning to appear.

The tents have been packed up, but the trio show no-sign of moving on just yet. Natalie stands about a yard away from us, her hands cupped around her mouth.

NATALIE DONAVON

MICHAEL! MICHAEL!

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(*ANNOYED*)

If he didn't answer you the first hundred times what makes you think he's gonna answer you now?

She swings around, clearly feeling annoyed herself.

NATALIE DONAVON

What else am I supposed to do?

Lucy stands off to the side with her arms crossed and a worried look on her face.

LUCY KING

Maybe we should try his phone again?

NATALIE DONAVON

I already have, it's not even on anymore.

(*TURNS AROUND, CUPS MOUTH*)

Michael!

THOMAS DONAVON

Nat! Clearly screaming his name is doing nothing but getting us--

Just then a gut-wrenching scream echos through-out the woods, catching the trio off guard. Natalie looks at the camera.

NATALIE DONAVON

You heard that, right?

It comes again, louder and more agonized.

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

(*FAINT*)

LET GO OF ME!

NATALIE DONAVON

Oh, shit, *Michael!*

Natalie grabs her laptop and books it in the direction of the scream. Lucy gives the camera a quick look before turning and hurrying after her; Thomas follows.

The screams continue, growing more agonized and panicked with the second.

NATALIE DONAVON

(*SCREAMING*)

Michael! Michael, where are you?!

MICHAEL BLAIRE [O.S.]

Get the fuck of--

Another scream, but this one is followed by the sound of an animal whimpering. A wolf? Fitz, who'd been running at Lucy's heel, picks up speed and runs ahead.

LUCY KING

Fitz, no!

She tries to grab his collar but he's too fast, and soon enough he's gone from sight.

LUCY KING

Fitz! Get back here, now! Fitz!

Just then her foot catches an upturned root, causing her to fall like a shack of bricks to the ground. Thomas skids to a stop behind her.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Whoa, hey. You okay? Luce?

Slowly, Lucy turns to look down at her still-tangled ankle.

LUCY KING

(PAINED)

I-- I think I twisted my ankle...

She tries to stand up, only to have her foot give-out and send her back down. Thomas quickly grabs hold of her waist and keeps her from falling completely.

LUCY KING

Holy shit, this hurts.

Thomas carefully lowers her so she can sit down at the trunk of the nearest tree. He puts down the camera and, after kneeling down, lifts her ankle onto his knee. She hisses in pain.

LUCY KING

(PAINED)

Careful, careful...

As gently as he can he rolls up her pant-leg, revealing a very swollen, very purple ankle.

THOMAS DONAVON

Yeah, it's twisted. We're gonna have to get it checked back to town.

LUCY KING

Perfect. Just what I need. Where's Natalie?

Thomas looks up, and it's only then that we realize the screaming has stopped. He looks around at the surrounding darkness.

THOMAS DONAVON

(YELLING)

Natalie!

His voice echos throughout the woods, bouncing off one tree to another. A moment later a very unexpected, very chilling sound fills the air.

A very angry growl.

Thomas whirls around, putting his back to the camera. From the darkness emerges a tall, dark gray wolf. Blood drips from the corner of it's muzzle as he slowly advances.

THOMAS DONAVON

(QUIETLY)

Don't. Move.

Slowly the creature advances, it's dark eyes glowing in the camera's light.

LUCY KING

(QUIETLY)

Thomas...

THOMAS DONAVON

Not. A. Word.

Slowly, Thomas reaches down and picks a decent-sized rock up off the ground. He weighs it in the palm of his hand.

LUCY KING

Don't do anything stupid...

THOMAS DONAVON

"Stupid"'s my middle name.

LUCY KING

I thought it was Eugenia?

The wolf snaps its jaws, causing Lucy to push herself further against the tree. Thomas puts her leg down and carefully climbs back to his feet, keeping the rock tightly in his hand.

Just then Natalie emerges from the shadows, a giant branch in her hands. She holds it high and swings it hard into the gray wolf's side, sending it flying into the nearest tree.

NATALIE DONAVON

Let's go!

She's got something wrapped around her arm, something thick and heavy looking. She slams the branch down onto the wolf before taking off back in the direction of camp.

Thomas quickly picks up the camera and drops it into Lucy's lap.

THOMAS DONAVON

Hold this.

She holds it tight to her chest as he scoops her up into his arms. We can hear the wolf grunt in annoyance as Thomas takes off running after his sister.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CAMPSITE: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Thomas carefully places Lucy on one of the rocks from last night before turning towards Natalie. Lucy sits upright and fixes the camera on her lap, unintentionally aiming it at the Donavon siblings.

THOMAS DONAVON

Where'd you go? Did you find Michael?

NATALIE DONAVON

No, but I found this...

She unwraps the object from her arm and unfolds it, showing it to be Michael's leather jacket. It's been ripped to shreds and both it's left arm and it's collar are soaked in blood.

NATALIE DONAVON

I found it laying against a tree.
There was blood everywhere, and I--
(SHAKES HEAD)
I looked, but I couldn't find him anywhere.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Oh, God...

Lucy puts the camera down on the ground so she can lean over and puke, feeling nauseated by the sight of the jacket. Thomas quickly hurries over and holds her hair back, making sure the vomit doesn't get in it.

THOMAS DONAVON

(COMFORTING TONE)

Hey, it's okay. Take a deep breath.

She slowly sits back up, gasping as she spits up the last of the vomit. Natalie takes a step back in disgust when she sees that she's got throw-up all over her sleeve.

NATALIE DONAVON

That's disgusting.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(WHEEZING)

I'm sorry...

THOMAS DONAVON

Here, let's get this off.

He reaches out and helps her unzip it then slip it off, exposing a thin pink blouse beneath it. He tosses it aside before tugging off his own jacket and helping her into it.

THOMAS DONAVON

There.

She sits up straight.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

What about you?

THOMAS DONAVON

I have a sweater in my pack, I'll be fine.

He stands up and looks around, his eyes immediately going the direction they came from. He can see shapes slinking around in the darkness, see how close they're getting.

THOMAS DONAVON

We have to keep moving.

NATALIE DONAVON

What about Rami and Michael's gear?

THOMAS DONAVON

We're gonna have to leave it and send someone for it later.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Oh, my God. Guys, it's coming.

The tall shape of the gray wolf starts to form in the shadows.

Thomas quickly tosses Lucy her pack before slipping on his own. Once they're both strapped-in he takes her arm and wraps it around his shoulder.

THOMAS DONAVON

Let's go!

Natalie snatches up her pack as Thomas scoops up the camera. He looks down at it and, after a moment, turns it off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE YELLOW TENT: NIGHT

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Thomas stares directly at us, the camera's light illuminating his bloodshot eyes and growing beard. He looks utterly exhausted.

THOMAS DONAVON

Hey guys. It is officially--

(CHECKS WATCH)

--5:15 in the morning. We finally managed to lose the wolf, and were able to set up camp near some creek.

(SIGHS)

After we've all rested up, we're gonna pack up and just keep going till we reach town.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Babe?

Thomas turns and aims the camera down on Lucy, who lays on her sleeping bag in nothing but a pair of underwear and a white tank-top. She rubs her eyes.

LUCY KING

(YAWNING)

What're you doing?

THOMAS DONAVON

I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd do a bit of recording.

Lucy slowly sits up, her long hair cascading forward over her face like a dark waterfall. She brushes it back.

LUCY KING

I thought the documentary was canceled?

THOMAS DONAVON

It is, but recording has always been kind of a-- I don't know, like a safety blanket for me. It helps me stay calm... it's either record

(MORE)

THOMAS DONAVON (cont'd)
or go crazy thinking about
everything.

He shrugs, trying to make it sound more casual than it really is. Lucy reaches out and gives his arm a comforting squeeze.

THOMAS DONAVON
I'm sorry we lost Fitz. I swear to
God, the second we get to town I'll
have every dog catcher and animal
rescuer scouring these woods for
him.

LUCY KING
It's not your fault. I'm just
praying that beast out there
doesn't hurt him, or worse.

Thomas takes her hand in his.

THOMAS DONAVON
Just gotta keep faith.

LUCY KING
I know.
(*SIGHS, HESITATES*)
Did-- did you ever watch the rest
of Rami's camera footage? Did you
see anything?

THOMAS DONAVON
I did. From what I could tell, he
got spooked by a screeching owl. It
looked and sounded like he was
being chased by something, but all
I could see before the river
incident was darkness...

LUCY KING
(*SHAKES HEAD*)
This isn't right. There's something
out here, Tom. I can feel
it's watching us. Waiting.

THOMAS DONAVON
(*SHAKES HEAD IN DISAGREEMENT*)
The only thing in these woods
watching us are some restless owls
and an angry wolf.

LUCY KING

That is not at all comforting, hon.

THOMAS DONAVON

(SMALL SMIRK)

Sorry...

LUCY KING

And I'm not sure it's entirely true, either.

THOMAS DONAVON

What else could be out there?

LUCY KING

Ella.

THOMAS DONAVON

Luce--

LUCY KING

Think about it, Tom! All this chaos? It all started the second we arrived at this damn place. She tried to warn us off with the bracelet and bridge, but we didn't listen; now two people are dead.

THOMAS DONAVON

(SIGHS)

She didn't take your bracelet.

LUCY KING

Then where'd it go? Hm?

Thomas puts the camera down, crawls over to his discarded jacket, and tugs out the bracelet. He crawls back over and holds it out to her.

THOMAS DONAVON

Here.

He drops it into the palm of her outstretched hand. She stares at the silver bracelet and it's damaged charms.

LUCY KING

(QUIETLY)

Where'd you find it?

THOMAS DONAVON

In Michael's bag...

She looks at him.

LUCY KING

Why would he take it?

THOMAS DONAVON

(HONESTLY)

I don't know. Maybe he thought taking it would make it easier to scare you with all this witch and Rusty Parr bullshit?

LUCY KING

Why would he break it, though?

THOMAS DONAVON

That, I can't answer.

Lucy sighs, clearly getting more upset with each passing second.

LUCY KING

(SHAKES HEAD, ASHAMED)

God, I can't believe I fell into their game that easily. I'm so fucking gullible...

THOMAS DONAVON

Yes, yes you are; but it's okay. Your gullibility is what makes you so damn endearing.

Lucy gives him a playful shove, a half-hearted smirk now dancing on her lips. He chuckles a bit.

LUCY KING

You're such an asshole, you know that?

THOMAS DONAVON

Yet you stay with me anyway, so who's the real asshole here?

LUCY KING

(SMILING)

Still you.

(BEAT)

Your camera's flashing.

And it is. The "DEAD BATTERY" light is flashing, warning of the camera's quickly approaching demise.

THOMAS DONAVON

Got it.

Thomas quickly scoops it up and, after checking the battery percentage, turns it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST: AFTERNOON

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

The tents have been repacked and the fire extinguished. Natalie tugs her mane of hair up into a high ponytail before shooting us a look.

NATALIE DONAVON

I thought we were done recording?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I'm recording to keep my sanity, and also so I can show Officer Myrik what's happened. I'm sure he'll have some question.

Just then Lucy appears, looking every bit as tired as you'd expect. She rubs at the bags under her eyes before running her hands through her hair.

She's wobbling a bit so Thomas places a hand on her shoulder to keep her steady.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You okay?

LUCY KING

Hm? Oh, yeah. Nat gave me some of her pain meds earlier for my ankle, and they're kinda making me feel a bit woozy.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You sure you're okay to walk?

LUCY KING

I should be fine. Just need to wake myself up a bit.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(WORRIED)

Okay... but I want you to promise you'll tell me if you need to sit down, okay?

LUCY KING

(SMILES A BIT)

I promise.

Natalie walks up to the two of them, her tablet in one hand and two Go-Pro's in the other.

NATALIE DONAVON

I want you guys to wear these till we get back to the car.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Nat--

NATALIE DONAVON

I know, I know, the documentary is over; this has nothing to do with that. I just want you to wear them so in case we get separated, I'll be able to find you a bit easier with this.

She holds up the tablet.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Do they even have any juice left in them?

NATALIE DONAVON

I plugged them into my last portable charger when we set up camp this morning.

(BEAT)

Please? It'd make me feel better.

LUCY KING

(WARY)

Sure.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(SIGHS)

Fine.

Lucy takes one Go-Pro and puts it on, forcing it down over her matted brown locks. She then helps Thomas by strapping his onto his head.

NATALIE DONAVON

Thank you.

THOMAS DONAVON

Yeah, yeah.

NATALIE DONAVON

Let's go. We've got a ways to go.

Natalie hefts her pack up higher onto her shoulders before turning and walking away, tucking the tablet back into it's bag as she goes. Lucy looks at Thomas and smiles a tired smile.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

You sure you're--?

LUCY KING

I'm fine. Seriously.

She gives his hand a light squeeze before turning and following Natalie, her pace slow and balance still wobbly. Thomas sighs before lowering the camera and following her.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CAMPSITE: EVENING

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

Not only has the sky started to darken, but a dark overcast has begun to form. There's drizzling out now but the winds are quickly getting harsher and colder.

We're currently pointed up at Lucy's face, which is covered in faint dirt smudges and days old blush. She's huddled up in three different sweaters; two of which are hers, the biggest one belonging to Thomas.

LUCY KING

(FALSE OPTIMISM)

So good news, guys! After running all night and walking all day, we've come to the realization that we're heading in the complete opposite direction of town! Isn't that grand?

She turns the camera towards Thomas and Natalie, both of whom are sitting around a rather crappy fire.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Wanna tell the people back home exactly where we are?

Natalie shoots us a glare, clearly not very happy right now.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(PERSISTENT)

Well?

She grips her knees so tightly that her knuckles turn white. She gives us a smirk that looks both venomous and deadly. Thomas notices the look on her face and quickly shoots Lucy a look.

THOMAS DONAVON

Luce--

LUCY KING

No, I want Natalie to tell everyone back in Mr. Sanchez's where the 'Scream Queen' has been leading us all day.

NATALIE DONAVON

(THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH)

You make it sound like I misread the map on purpose.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

How do we know you didn't?

NATALIE DONAVON

Why the Hell would I do that?

LUCY KING [O.S.]

To scare us? I've taken film class, Nat, I know the tactic you're using. Filmmakers use it all the time.

NATALIE DONAVON

And what 'tactic' is that?

LUCY KING [O.S.]

The scare tactic. You scare the shit out of your 'actors' in order to get a genuine reaction from them.

THOMAS DONAVON

Enough, Luce.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

No! I didn't want to admit it earlier, but it all makes sense. The bracelet, the scary stories, and now two people are dead and you're still insisting we record everything we see.

NATALIE DONAVON

I don't see you getting snippy with your boyfriend here for filming everything, so why am I getting attacked?

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Because he's doing it to stay sane, while you're doing it to cash in on two deaths and the distress they've caused!

Natalie inhales sharply.

NATALIE DONAVON

Fuck you, Luce. You want to get lost in these woods, with the wolves and snakes and everything, then be my fucking guest.

Natalie stands up and starts walking.

THOMAS DONAVON

Where are you going?

NATALIE DONAVON

For a walk. Keep your bitch of a girlfriend away from my pain meds if she wants to act like this.

Within seconds she's gone, becoming quickly engulfed in the shadows of the forest. Thomas turns to look at Lucy.

THOMAS DONAVON

(SURPRISED)

Where the hell did that come from?

LUCY KING [O.S.]

What? You can't tell me you don't find it remotely suspicious that all this happened.

THOMAS DONAVON

You're getting paranoid, Luce.

LUCY KING

No, I'm not. Jesus, haven't you noticed that everything awful that's happened has been caught on camera? It all... feels very planned...

THOMAS DONAVON

Of course it does, we're filming a documentary! It'd be pretty damn odd if we were making one and didn't catch a single thing on camera!

(*BEAT*)

So you think Natalie killed Rami and Michael?

LUCY KING

How do you know they're even dead? Have you seen a body anywhere?

THOMAS DONAVON

I-- are you-- I'm done talking about this.

Thomas stands up and heads into their makeshift tent, which isn't nearly as nice looking as it usually is. Lucy sighs before taking the camera and turning it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST: EVENING

NATALIE'S GO-PRO'S P.O.V.

Natalie continues to fiddle with the headset as she walks angrily through the forest, mumbling as she does. She turns it's light on before pointing it up at her face; she looks beyond flustered and annoyed.

NATALIE DONAVON

I just want to say, if any of you back home really believe that I'd cash-in on the deaths of my best friends than you really never knew me. I'm just trying to keep us safe out here, to keep us together and lessen the likeliness of separation or more injury...

She runs her hand over her face and through her ponytail, her eyes slowly tearing up.

NATALIE DONAVON

I swear to God, I couldn't have imagined this ever happening. I just-- I just wanted to make a good movie. We all did, and now... I'm sorry. I just want to say 'I'm

(MORE)

NATALIE DONAVON (cont'd)
 sorry', this whole thing was a
 stupid idea and they knew it and
 now everything's a disaster.

She closes her eyes and pinches her nose, now trying to ward off an upcoming headache.

WOOF, WOOF! WOOF, WOOF!

Natalie starts, caught off guard by the sudden woofing. It's Fitz! Natalie looks in the direction it came from before cupping her free hand around her mouth.

NATALIE DONAVON
 (*SHOUTING*)
 Fitz! Come on, Fitz, your mama's
 worried about you!

Her eyes widen when Fitz suddenly yelps in pain.

NATALIE DONAVON
 Fitz?

Silence.

NATALIE DONAVON
 (*QUIETLY*)
 Shit...
 (*SHOUTING*)
 Come on, Fitz!

Nothing. Natalie bites her lip, growing more and more worried with every passing second. She may not like the dog nor it's owner all that much, but she'd never want anything to happen to either.

Knowing she's gonna need both her hands to grab him, she slips the Go-Pro onto her head. She starts walking in the direction Fitz's woofs came from.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]
 Fitz? Come on, boy, I know you're
 out here!

She pushes aside a couple low-hanging branches and stops short. We can hear her voice catch in her throat for a moment.

There, on the ground in front of her, is Fitz collar and tags. And next to them, imprinted deep into the soil, are big drag marks that were clearly made by Fitz.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Jesus Christ...

SNAP!

Natalie whirls around so fast she almost loses her balance. She looks around at the surrounding, finding nothing but trees and darkness.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Tommy, is that you?

The only response she gets is the sound of the wind rustling the leaves. She continues to look around for a couple more seconds, her eyes scanning every inch of the nearest shadows.

A low, pained whine fills the air. Natalie hesitates a moment before turning back towards the collar and following the drag marks. Fitz continues to whine as she pushes her way through bushes and more long-hanging branches.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

I'm coming boy, don't worry! Soon
you'll be back in your mama's arms,
on your way home!

She doesn't know why she's talking to him like he can understand everything she says, but she can't help herself. It's either comfort him or break down in tears at the sound of his cries.

The drag marks continue on for about half a yard before coming to an abrupt stop--

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Holy shit.

--at sudden drop, that goes down a good sixty feet before coming to a stop at a bunch of thorny bushes. We look down at Fitz, who lays entangled in the branches; his fur growing slowly red.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Oh, God, Fitz!

The dog goes to look at her, only to have a thorny branch push him painfully back into place. He whines.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

No, stay! Stay! Don't move!

He obeys.

Natalie takes a deep breathe before approaching the very edge of drop. She bends down and looks down at the wall of rock that forms the drop. There are branches and rocks sticking out of it everywhere.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

(QUIETLY)

Okay, I can do this. I can do this.
I rock-climb at the YMCA all the
time, this can't be that much
different.

She takes a few deep breathes before sitting down on the edge.

NATALIE DONAVON [O.S.]

Just take it nice and slow...

She starts stretching her leg down.

A moment later the sound of rustling leaves, snapping twigs, and approaching footsteps suddenly fill the air. Before Natalie can react she's stuck in the back, sent flying right over the edge.

She screams as she falls, her scream growing several notches louder when her ankle catches one of the sticking out rocks. The world rushes past us at a dizzying speed, before coming to a sudden stop a good twenty feet in the air.

Natalie's head whips back, and the Go-Pro goes flying off. It falls the remaining feet before landing in the bushes, it's lenses pointed up.

There's Natalie, her body now impaled on a giant, dead tree root jutting out of the wall. It pierced right into her back, through a lung, and her stomach. We watch as she weakly grabs at it and tries to pull herself up.

Instead all she does is push herself further onto it. She gags as blood starts gushing from her mouth, staining her skin and streaking her blonde hair. She spits out mouthful after mouthful in an attempt to catch her breath, but it's no use. After a good few agonizing minutes, her body finally goes limp.

Fitz whines as we stare up at the now lifeless body of Natalie Donavon.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CAMPSITE: NIGHT

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

The first thing we see is Thomas' tired face. His beard has grown to a surprising length at the few days he's been on this trip, and the darkness under his eyes have gotten darker.

THOMAS DONAVON

It's been a good half hour since Natalie left, and there's still been no sign of her.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

This is my fault.

THOMAS DONAVON

Well, you did kinda accuse her on cashing in on her friends deaths, so...yeah, kinda is.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

I'm sorry.

THOMAS DONAVON

It's not me you should be apologizing too.

Thomas stands up from his seat by the fire before turning the camera towards Lucy, who's occupying the rock-seat directly across from him.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I'm gonna go look for her. You coming?

LUCY KING

Of course.

She stands up before tugging her jacket on tighter. Just then the sound of lightening fills the air, and the rain suddenly becomes harder, harsher.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Perfect...

He zips up his jacket before pulling his hood on. He lowers the camera and turns it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST: NIGHT

LUCY'S GO-PRO'S P.O.V.

Lucy walks quickly through the woods, pushing her way through thick shrubs and clingy, dead branches. She's clearly going downward on a steep hill.

The rain beats away at the hood of her jacket, which is keeping the Go-Pro's lenses partially dry.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(MUMBLING)

Come on, you piece of--

Suddenly the Go-Pro's light turns on, illuminating the area before us.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(RELIEVED)

Finally.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Fuck!

We whirl around and watch as Thomas tries to push his way through a thorn bush. Its branches are ruthless, scratching viciously at the poor man's hands and jacket.

THOMAS DONAVON

Shit, shit! Gah, that hurts!

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Do you need some help?

THOMAS DONAVON

No, no, I got it! I just--

He pushes forward with all his strength, and finally his legs break free of the bushes confines.

THOMAS DONAVON

There!

(LOOKS AT HIS BLOODY LEGS)

God, I'm really starting to hate this place.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

You and me, both. Come on, I think the sound came from this direction.

THOMAS DONAVON

You sure it wasn't just the wind?

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(INDIGNANT)

You really think I can't tell the difference between the wind and my dog's cries?

THOMAS DONAVON

All I'm saying is that with everything that's going on right now, it's not unlikely you could've just--

He hesitates. Lucy cocks her head to the side.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Could've what, Tommy?

THOMAS DONAVON

(SIGHS)

Could've imagined it, Luce.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(FIRMLY)

I didn't.

THOMAS DONAVON

How do you know? You're worried about him, so it'd be natural to hear him cause that's what you want to hear. You want him to be okay.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

And here I thought you were majoring in cinematography, not psychology.

THOMAS DONAVON

Luce--

A low whine fills the air, silencing Thomas. Lucy stands up straighter.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

See! See, I told you! Fitz!

She turns back around and continues in the direction of the sound; which only continues to grow louder and louder.

After a good few minutes she finally reaches the bottom of the hill, which she soon realizes is as not really a hill but the end of a drop that goes up a good 70ft.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Jesus, these woods are huge...
Fitz?

Another whine comes, this one much closer. She rushes in the direction it came from and, soon enough, she finds him entangled deeply in a thorn bush.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Oh, my God, Fitz!

He starts to wag his tail but quickly stops when one of the branches snags it.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Shit, don't move!

He obeys. Lucy turns around and looks back in the direction she just came.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(SHOUTING)

Thomas! Thomas, I found him!

A moment later Thomas emerges from the shadows, looking a mixture of relieved and worried. His eyes widen when he sees how entangled the poor creature is in the thorns.

THOMAS DONAVON

Shit...

LUCY KING [O.S.]

How're we gonna get him out?

THOMAS DONAVON

The only way we can: we gotta pull the branches off and drag him out.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

What? But what if we puncture something important, or--

THOMAS DONAVON

It's either that, or leave him here till we can get help.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Don't we have anything we can cut the branches with?

THOMAS DONAVON

I highly doubt the plastic knives in our bags are gonna do much damage. We have no other choice.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

...Fine, just-- just be careful,
okay?

THOMAS DONAVON

Of course.

Lucy goes and stands at Fitz's head. She leans down and gently scratches his head. His big brown eyes lock pleadingly onto us.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

I know you're hurting, but you're
gonna be okay...

Thomas braces himself before reaching out and grabbing ahold of the branches that cover Fitz's midsection. The dog whines as he begins to yanking them off, but otherwise stays still.

The thorns cut deep into Thomas' hands, but he ignores the pain and continues pulling and breaking the branches. Finally he clears away enough to be able to reach in and pull the dog out.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Oh, thank God.

She rushes up and hugs Fitz, who's curled meekly up in Thomas' arms. The dog nudges her face with his bloody muzzle, his tongue cleaning the tears from her cheeks.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

I'm so glad you're okay...

THOMAS DONAVON

(FOCUSED ON SOMETHING)

Here, take him.

He hands Fitz to Lucy, who holds him tight in her arms before carefully putting him down. It takes a couple tries but he manages to stand up. He whines.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

I know you're hurting, but we'll be
home soon. What's wrong, Tommy?

She watches as he reaches into the bushes and picks up a water-damaged Go-Pro. He turns it around in his hands before looking back into the bush.

THOMAS DONAVON

It's Natalie's.

Just then lightening strikes, momentarily illuminating every inch of the surrounding area. Lucy jumps and looks up at the sky in time to see a bolt of lightening streak across the sky.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Oh, my God.

An ear-piercing scream escapes Lucy's lips when she finally catches sight of Natalie's body. Her blonde hair and limp limbs sway in the harsh winds.

Thomas looks up and immediately steps back, nearly knocking Lucy over onto the surprised Fitz.

THOMAS DONAVON

(IN SHOCK)

No. No, this can't be real.

Lucy looks at him, while he continues to stare in shock at the body of his sister. Lucy reaches out for him.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Tommy...

He jerks away from her, his shock quickly fading into anger.

THOMAS DONAVON

(STIFFLY)

Please don't touch me.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(SURPRISED)

Tommy, I'm-- I'm so sorry this happened. I can't imagine how you must be feeling right now.

He doesn't say anything, instead choosing to continue to stare up at the body.

SNAP!

Lucy whirls around, startled by the sound of twigs snapping. Her eyes begin immediately scanning the nearby shadows.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(SHOUTING)

Is someone out there?

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

There's no one out here.

She turns back to him. He's no longer looking at Natalie, but instead looking straight ahead at the wall before him. We can see the rain drops dripping down his glasses.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

I just hea--

Something inside Thomas snaps, and he suddenly sends us a dark glare that'd make even Natalie shudder.

THOMAS DONAVON

(ANGRY)

What could be out here, Lucy? "The Blair Witch"? I thought you said it was Natalie behind everything!

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(SHOCKED)

I-I-- I'm sorry, Tom. I just thought--

THOMAS DONAVON

Yeah, well you thought wrong, clearly.

(BEAT, COLDLY)

But thank God your dog's okay, right?

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Tommy...

SNAP, CRACK!

Thomas stands up straighter, surprised by the sudden noise. Lucy whirls around, and all three of us watch as a dark figure takes off running further into the woods.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

I saw someone!

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

I did too, and they're not getting away that fast.

Thomas takes off after them, rushing past Lucy into the shadows of the forest.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Tom, no!

She tries to run after him but her aching foot prevents her from going nearly as fast as him. She glances back at Fitz, who's running stiffly alongside her.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Thomas, wait! Come on, Fitz. I know
it hurts but come on!

We look forward again. Thomas is no-where to be seen, but we can see a clearing coming up in the distance. We start in its direction.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Tom? Thomas!?

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST, CLEARING: SAME TIME

LUCY'S GO-PRO'S P.O.V.

We stumble out into the clearing, which turns out to be a spacious meadow full of gnarled trees and overgrown weeds. We can hear Lucy gasp in surprise:

In the center of it all sits a two-story cabin that looks to be on the verge of collapsing in on itself. It's windows have been boarded up, and we can see a '**KEEP OUT!**' sign plastered onto the boarded up front door.

It takes us all but a second to notice Thomas wadding through the grass towards the house, his hands balled up into fists.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(SHOUTING)

TOMMY!

He stops for a micro-second before continuing on, deciding it best to ignore us and continue his pursuit.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

God damn it, Thomas!

She looks back at Fitz, who's panting up a storm. He looks like he'd rather be curled up on his bed back home than running after his owner.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Lay down, Fitz, and stay! Mommy
will be right back.

A second passes before Fitz decides to obey and lay down. He chooses a spot under the liveliest tree in the area, which has just enough leaves to keep the rain from pounding him.

Lucy limps after Thomas, who's now circling the cabin. It takes her awhile but she manages to catch up to him.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Thomas, what are you doing?

THOMAS DONAVON

I saw that motherfucker run over here. There's gotta be an opening somewhere!

They reaches the back of the cabin.

THOMAS DONAVON

There!

The back door has been boarded up as well, as have all the windows; all but one that is. Someone has torn the boards off the window nearest the back door. Thomas starts towards the opening, but stops when Lucy quickly reaches out and grabs his arm.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Please don't do this. Can't we just go? Clearly whoever you're chasing doesn't want to talk to you.

THOMAS DONAVON

I don't care. Whoever's in there did that to her, I know it.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Then let's go get Officer Myrik, and let him deal with whosoever in there!

THOMAS DONAVON

You seriously think they're gonna stay in there long enough for us to get him? They'll bolt the second we leave. I'm going in.

He reaches the window and, without an ounce of hesitation, hoists himself up and into the cabin.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Jesus Christ, it's pitch black in here.

A moment later we hear his camera purr to life, then we see it's dulling light click on. He shines it around the room, taking it all in: It's small and scarcely decorated, it's only pieces of furniture being a small table, a moldy rocking-chair, and a basket of long expired candies.

THOMAS DONAVON

I'm gonna check out upstairs--

LUCY KING [O.S.]

Thomas, please! I know you're angry right now, and you have every right to be, but can't you see how beyond stupid and dangerous this is? Please come out an-- Thomas!

Without a word Thomas walks out of the room, leaving Lucy at the window. Lucy slams her fist on the window-frame in frustration.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

God damn it, Thomas!

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS, SECOND FLOOR: NIGHT

THOMAS' CAMERA'S P.O.V.

We climb up a set of moldy wooden stairs to the second floor, which is really just a long hall with four closed doors and a window that overlooks the 'front yard;.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(SHOUTING)

Where the fuck are you? I know you're in here!

Silence. He goes to the nearest door and pushes it open, revealing a small room full of overly stocked bookcases and a bed. Besides that it's empty.

We move to the second door, which leads into a bathroom. There's a rusted tub in one corner, a crumbling sink in another, and a moldy toilet in a third corner. Besides that it's also empty.

Onto door three, which leads into an empty closet with a back wall lined with shelves.

The fourth and final door is a little harder to open, but Thomas manages too by giving it a hard shove. The room it leads into is the biggest of the four, and it's full of crumbling boxes and forgotten pieces of furniture.

The walls, though, are all covered in MISSING PERSONS' fliers. They're of all the children Rusty Parr took, and we can also see the three college students up among them.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

Jesus...

We momentarily focus on the poster for a young girl named **MATILDA GREGG**, a teenage boy named **CHARLIE HALE**, then lastly one for college student **MICHAEL WILLIAMS**. Something about all their smiling, unblinking faces sends a shudder down Thomas' spine.

He backs away from the room before looking back down the hall.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(*ANNOYED*)

Where the hell are you?!

THUD!

Thomas jumps at the noise before looking up at the ceiling; bits of aged plaster rains down at him. They're in the attic.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(*UNDER BREATH*)

Got ya...

He takes a guess and walks back to the closet, aiming the camera's light up. There's the attic door in all it's rustic glory.

Thomas puts the camera on the floor before using the wall of shelves as a ladder of sorts. He then reaches up and pushes the door open with an audible groan.

THOMAS DONAVON [O.S.]

(*UNDER BREATH*)

Christ.

He quickly jumps back to the floor and looks up. The attic's pitch black and now silent. The only sounds we can hear are that of Lucy's pleas in the background.

LUCY KING [O.S., FAINT]

What's going on in there? ...Tom,
please answer me!

Thomas glances in the direction of her voice before glancing back at the attic doorway. We all strain to hear something: a light footstep, a creaking floorboard, a hint of breathing, anything! But there's nothing.

THOMAS DONAVON

Come on you motherfucker, I know
you're up there!

We hear something shift around in the attic. Thomas quickly scoops up the camera and aims its dying light in the open doorway.

A dark figure suddenly drops from the ceiling in the closet. They run straight at us, slamming their body directly into ours. We struggle, the camera's light momentarily illuminating the figures blood soaked shirt.

Thomas manages to push them off, only to have the figure rear back and slam their entire body into his, sending him stumbling back.

The poor boy yells as he crashes through the window onto the cabin's slanted roof. The camera flies out of his hand as he tumbles head-over-heels down and off the roof.

The camera hits the ground with a thud, causing the lenses to partially shatter. How it's still working after a nasty fall like that is a mystery, really.

LUCY KING [O.S.]

(SCREAMING)

THOMAS!

Through the cracks and rain we can faintly see the outline of Thomas' body. He lays motionless, his leg now bent at a very unnatural angle.

Lucy rushes up to him and quickly bends down beside him. She takes his face in her hands. It's hard to hear her over the sound of the pouring rain but not impossible.

LUCY KING [FAINT]

Oh God, Thomas, wake up! Please! I
can't do this on my own, I-- I'm
sorry for everything I said
earlier.

(STARTS SOBBING)

Please, Tommy! I'm scared, and I
need you to be here with me! Tommy!

No response. Lucy lowers her head and starts sobbing into his chest, wishing more than ever she had tried harder to get him to stay with her.

Suddenly his eyes snap open and his chest starts to rise. We can't hear him but we can tell from Lucy's reaction that he just gasped.

LUCY KING [FAINT]

Thomas, oh thank God. Can you move?

He tries but it's futile; it becomes painfully clear that he's snapped his spine.

LUCY KING [FAINT]

What do I do? Please, tell me what to do!

She leans in and places her ear next to his lips. He mumbles something weakly, and whatever it is causes her to jerk back in surprise.

LUCY KING [FAINT]

I'm not leaving you, so you--

Something catches her attention; a noise we cannot hear due to the rain and winds. She stares wide-eyed at the cabin before looking back at Thomas.

THOMAS DONAVON [FAINT]

Go!

LUCY KING [FAINT]

Thomas...

THOMAS DONAVON [FAINT]

It's too late for me. Please, just go!

LUCY KING [FAINT]

(SOBBING)

I love you so much.

She places a kiss on his lips before getting up and limping over to the camera. She picks it off the ground and, upon realizing how bad a shape it's in, turns it around to turn it off.

LUCY KING

(SHOUTING)

Come here, Fitz!

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKWOODS FOREST: EVENING

LUCY'S GO-PRO'S P.O.V.

Lucy's made it back to camp, and now sits on the ground with her back against a tree. She looks utterly exhausted, with bloodshot eyes and a pale complexion.

LUCY KING

I-I've made it back to camp. I've gathered up all the Go-Pro's I could find, along with the tablet and Thomas' camera--

She turns the camera around and shows off the makeshift backpack she's made for Fitz. She tugs on it to show off it's sturdiness.

LUCY KING

--and I've put them all in here.

She turns the camera back towards her face.

LUCY KING

And in a second I'll pack this one up too, but before I do I just-- I want to apologize to the parents of Thomas and Natalie, and Michael and Rami. I'm sorry for accusing them of such a vile thing, for thinking that any of them could be evil enough to do any of this. I'm so sorry.

(TAKES BREATH)

I don't know if I'm gonna make it out of these woods. My foot is killing me, and I'm just so, so exhausted.

She rubs her eyes.

LUCY KING

If anyone finds this, please.. please send a search party, or something. If I'm alive, then I'll forever be in your depth; but if I'm dead, please send me home to Memphis, Tennessee to my parents Julia and Preston King. They live on 117 Elmwood Street.

(TEARING UP)

If I don't make it, please tell them I love them so much; and that I'm sorry for any trouble I may have caused them in my life.

SNAP!

Lucy's breath catches in her throat, and she looks back at the Go-Pro; tears now streaming down her cheeks. She's breaking down.

LUCY KING

I'm so scared. I just-- I just want to go home, back in bed. I just want this all to go away and--

CRACK!

The sound of snapping twigs and cracking leaves is growing steadily louder. Lucy looks down and sobs for a couple moments before looking back at the Go-Pro.

LUCY KING

(WHISPERING)

Please, hurry...

She turns the Go-Pro around and, with a shaky hand, turns it off.

CUT TO BLACK:

CAPTION: *Fitz the Border Collie was discovered weak and malnourished on the outskirts of Burkittsville on August 11th, a week after the group's venture into the woods.*

After watching the groups collection of footage, Officer Myrik of the Burkittsville Police Station sent out search party after search party for the missing W.C. University students.

On August 16th, the bodies of Natalie Donavon and Rami Abaza were discovered. The bodies of Thomas Donavon and Michael Blair remain missing.

Two days later on August 18th, a traumatized and malnourished Lucille King was found. Search Party A discovered her hiding inside an old bear cave, miles deep in the woods.

Her parents have declined to do any interviews, both stating that Mrs. Lucy recollection of her time alone in the woods.

THE BLAIR WITCH FILES