

Quarantine Island
by
Dena McKinnon
And
J. E. Clarke

FADE IN ON:

EXT. WOODS - MAY 07, 2014 - 10:12:45

Note: Date/time stamp appears in lower right of frame.

Rapid FOOTSTEPS. Twigs CRACK like embers. HEAVY PANTING as the forest rushes by, seen through a blurry lens.

Bare feet SLAP the ground. Pale skin pounding through dead leaves.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 07, 2014 - 10:31:41

An inky shore lies ahead. Sandy wet terrain. Ghostly fog in the air.

INT. CANOE - MAY 07, 2014 - 10:40:41

The camera (?) CLATTERS to the floor of a canoe. A bloody hand leaves a smudge on the lens.

A SCREAM, filtered through tin speakers. Sounds like it's torn straight from Hell.

Blood SPATTERS the boat floor. A growing red puddle fills the frame.

FADE TO BLACK:

FROM BLACK - IN BLOCK LETTERS

In July 2014, a local shrimper found the following footage in an unmanned canoe.

The video you are about to see appears to depict six undergraduate film students who went missing several months prior. The accuracy of this evidence remains in dispute. But whether hoax or proof of something more sinister, their disappearance remains a mystery.

Warning: Adult Content. Viewer discretion. All footage aired unedited.

FADE IN:

EXT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - MAY 04, 2014 09:45:50

The room's dark. A hi-def monitor on the wall. Grainy footage projects over it.

A title flashes across the screen: "History of the Outlying Islands. Archival Dept. of Maine, 1963."

A remote CLICKS (O.S.).

Yellowed stills of IMMIGRANTS. They huddle in groups. Stand in lines.

CLICK. The clothing evolves with each slide. 1940s, 50s, 60s. But the miserable expressions remain the same.

CLICK-CLICK. Black and white close-ups of needles in scrawny arms. Lesions cover half a MAN'S face.

A close-up of crusty skin: looks like genitalia...

A collective EWWWW rises off-screen. The remote CLICKS again hastily.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Sorry. Thought I removed that one.

CLICK. Next slide: an overgrown island - viewed through blankets of fog.

POV: Handheld camera. Shaky view.

KEVIN HANSEN(19) steps to the screen. Mussed hair. Awkward. His faded shirt's out of date.

KEVIN

This is a shot of Rockland Island. Twenty miles off mainland.

JEFF (O.S.)

You mean *Quarantine Island*. Don't you?

KEVIN

(scowls)

Yeah. That was its nickname.

He points to a speck in the picture, obscured by trees.

KEVIN

That's the infirmary. Immigrants were kept there for observation, released when they were deemed healthy. Due to contagious diseases, some of them couldn't be released right away. Leprosy. Syphilis.

(beat)

As you've seen...

JEFF (O.S.)
Yeah. And some never left at all.

A COUGH from the ass-end of the room. The hand-held camera swings past STUDENTS.

PROFESSOR ALAN HALSEY (40s) lounges at his desk. Academic insolence on his face.

PROFESSOR HALSEY
Jeff, who's leading this lecture? You or Kev?

JEFF (O.S.)
Hey, I'm just displaying interest.

PROFESSOR HALSEY
Display it quietly, please. For once in your pampered life.

CHUCKLES from the classroom.

PROFESSOR HALSEY
And give that K-mart camera a rest.

JEFF DUNFORD(18) slumps in his chair. A leather jacket on his muscular frame.

JEFF
K-mart? My parents blew a down payment on this thing.

A girl behind him (SYLIE GIORDANO, 17) ruffles his hair. Bleach blonde with fragile features. And too much makeup.

Jeff tucks the camera between his knees - continues to film. Kevin rotates through more pictures:

- DOCTOR HERBERT JOHNSON (30s) - gelled black hair, white lab coat. Medical wonk personified.

NURSE MEGHAN JOHNSON (20s) assists the Doctor with a PATIENT. An tumor bulges on the man's arm. A red and white pendant shines from Meghan's lapel.

KEVIN
This is Doctor Johnson. He ran a small faith-based hospital on Rockland island.

JEFF
(spooky voice)
Quarantine Island.

KEVIN
Which opened in 1949.

JEFF
Who's the hot candy-striper?

KEVIN
Nurse Meghan Hill. She and Doc Johnson married shortly after the hospital opened. Kinda like the family biz.

JEFF
Oooo, Nurse Hill! Wanna play Doctor with me? I got this lump you gotta see.

KEVIN
(increasingly annoyed)
...until the hospital closed, due to scandal. Seven Norway refugees arrived on Rockland in 1965. Then they just - disappeared.

Photographs flash on screen. Pictures of REFUGEES- names written in cursive underneath:

Harlan Aaker, Rudgow Arlans, Pia Hansen and more. A Nordic locket hangs from a chain around the woman's neck.

JEFF (O.S.)
The Norway Seven.
(sotto voce)
They never found the bodies!

KEVIN
There was an investigation. Which found - nothing. The Johnsons stayed on the island ten more years until their deaths. Caring for patients too ill to be set free.

JEFF
Yeah. The guy was a saint.

GIGGLES from the audience. Kevin searches a sea of bored faces. This wasn't the reaction he'd hoped for.

KEVIN
Rockland's been closed to the public since then, due to lingering health concerns. Then there are the paranormal claims, that the Infirmary's haunted...

JEFF
Kev's gonna dick around with EVPs!

Kevin ignores Jeff's heckling.

KEVIN

For my class project, I've assembled a team to check out the island.

Professor Halsey surfs on his smartphone, bored.

PROFESSOR HALSEY

I thought you were covering the lighthouse?

KEVIN

I was. But then I did research. Rockland's more... interesting.

PROFESSOR HALSEY

And legally troublesome. You get the necessary permits?

KEVIN

(beat)

Uh. Yeah. Absolutely.

Professor Halsey yawns. Unable to feign interest.

PROFESSOR HALSEY

Who's your cinematography team?

KEVIN

(glares at Jeff)

I've got specialists in mind.

EXT. NARROW CAMPUS PATH - MAY 04, 2014 11:03:25

Kevin strolls along, and listens to his cell phone RING.

Jeff lopez behind, Sylie glued to his arm. Jeff aims his camera towards Kev.

JEFF

Here we have Kevin Hansen, trying to reach his girlfriend, Beth. Little does he know she's run away with Tyrell - quarterback on our football team. I hear he's hung. Twelve inches.

Jeff zooms in for a close-up.

JEFF

It's probably the acne. Have you looked at yourself recently?

KEVIN

Dude, shut up. Give it a rest.

Voicemail BUZZES in Kevin's ear.

KEVIN

Where is she? Beth doesn't meet up after class. Doesn't answer her phone...

JEFF

She finally dumped your broke ass.

SYLIE

Jeff, stop. Don't say mean things! My Grandma told me, do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

JEFF

(scoffs)

That'd never work. I'd have to give out blow-jobs for free.

KEVIN

Jeff, you know you're an asshole?

JEFF

That's what my parents and exes tell me.

Sylie pokes Jeff.

SYLIE

Ask him, J.J.!

KEVIN

Ask me what?

JEFF

Uh, Sylie wants to come with on the trip.

SYLIE

Help you guys with the shoot!

KEVIN

Sylie, you're an actress. This is a documentary.

SYLIE

I can carry gear.

Kevin eyes her tiny frame, unconvinced.

SYLIE

...and deliver some lines?

KEVIN
(whispers to Jeff)
You're just trying to get some island
slip n' slide.

JEFF
Look at her. Can you blame me?

Kevin resumes walking.

KEVIN
As long as we're inviting friends - Dusty
wants to come, too.

JEFF
Your big bro? No way! He's re...

KEVIN
Don't say it! I'm warning you.

JEFF
We're gonna be on an island. In the
woods. Who's gonna baby-sit him? You?

KEVIN
He's bringing a friend. It'll be fine.
Like you said, we can use extra hands for
the gear. Keep your comments to yourself,
and I'll let you bring Sylie. Ok?

Jeff glances at his girlfriend.

JEFF
I'm getting the better end of this deal.

INT. DORM - MAY 04, 2014 11:15:35

Jeff films in close-up. Raunchy doodles cover a wall.
Open doors lead to dorm rooms. IKEA meets shabby chic.

Kevin KNOCKS on an tastefully decorated door. The dry-
erase board reads "Beth and Fawn."

A chunky African American (FAWN, 17) answers, her hair
done up in dreads. Her face droops at the sight of Kevin.

KEVIN
Hey Fawn. Beth there?

JEFF
Betcha a blow job she forgot about the
project, pal.

Fawn swings the door open. Revealing...

BETH SOMERS (17). Tomboyish and pretty. Rolled in a ball on her bed. She glances at Kevin - eyes puffy and red.

BETH

Fergie. I woke up this morning. He was dead...

She's cuddling something. A fuzzy limp red FERRET.

SYLIE

On my God. Is that a rat?

Jeff and Kev put hasty fingers to their lips.

KEVIN AND JEFF

Shhhh!

EXT. BEHIND THE DORM - MAY 04, 2014 19:43:00

Empty bottles surround a dumpster. Condoms on the ground. Near it, a small flower garden.

Beth stands over a patch of tulips, arms hugged to her chest. Jeff steadies his camera on a tripod, films.

Kevin kneels next to a raised patch of soil.

KEVIN

Fergie, most of us didn't know you well. You and I - didn't get along. But Beth tells me you loved your walks outside. Eating bugs. Tripping people with your extenda leash. Maybe you'll never get to frolic on Rockland Island's shores. But perhaps you'll find rodent heaven here. Under Beth's window. And these flowers.

Beth listens to the eulogy. SNIFFS.

KEVIN

Rest well, little carpet shark. Dig tons of holes in heaven. You'll be missed.

JEFF

Even if he *did* bite your finger on spring break.

Kevin glares at Jeff.

JEFF

What, too soon?

KEVIN

Can you give us a moment alone? Please?

Jeff wanders away. The camera keeps filming. Kevin pats down topsoil on Fergie's grave.

Beth bursts into tears. Kevin takes her in his arms. She presses her face to his chest.

KEVIN

I'm sorry. I'm no good with words.

BETH

(muffled)

No. That was perfect. And it was a nibble. Not a bite.

She looks up.

BETH

I just want to have something to love and protect. Is that so wrong?

KEVIN

'Course not. Fergie was your pet.

BETH

At least he went peacefully in his sleep.

KEVIN

You don't have to go this weekend.

BETH

You need help. It's for your scholarship.

KEVIN

I've got Jeff. And Sylie. I'll be fine.

Beth shakes her head.

BETH

Jeff's a rich asshole. He'll dick around. We'll go to Quarantine Island together. Fergie would've wanted it this way.

Kevin hugs Beth extra tight.

KEVIN

Remember my brother, Dusty?

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - EVENING

Kevin records a video selfie on his phone.

KEVIN
(into the screen)
Mom, the Island's not dangerous anymore.
It'll be like a Boy Scout trip.

A car pulls up and flashes its lights. Kevin nods at the occupants - forgets to turn off "record."

ERIC LISTER (17) hops out the driver side. A pimply teen with sharp eyes. A camera slung across his back.

ERIC
Yo, Kev. How's it hangin'?

KEVIN
(sighs)
Eric. Long time no see.

Eric bounces over to Kev.

ERIC
Dusty said you were filming on the
Island, and asked me to come along... how
could I refuse?

KEVIN
You didn't try.

ERIC
(whispers in his ear)
You should be nicer to me. Unless you
want Dusty to know I'm being paid to be
his friend...

The passenger door SQUEAKS open.

DUSTY HARLANS (21) steps out - wide smile on an even broader face. Massive body. Downs Syndrome. He waves towards Kevin like a child.

DUSTY
Kevin. We're here!

KEVIN
(smiles)
Hey, Big Bro. You're a sight for sore
eyes.

INT. KEVIN'S DORM ROOM - EVENING

Eric sweeps his camera around the cluttered room.

ERIC

So, this is life in a dorm. You ever
clean in here? I'm gonna be graduating
soon. You can give me a reference, right?

Dusty finds a beer in Kevin's fridge. Kevin takes it
away. He hands Dusty a Snicker's bar, and turns to Eric.

KEVIN

Can you give us some time alone?

The camera sags in Eric's hands.

ERIC

Where you want me to go?

KEVIN

Think I saw some girls in the hall.

Eric drops the camera on the table, runs outside. Dusty
wanders the room, thrilled with every detail.

DUSTY

This is where you live? Every day?

Kevin grabs a chair and straddles it.

KEVIN

Dust-Man. You really wanna go to the
Island?

DUSTY

Eric says it'll be fun!

KEVIN

It wasn't your idea, was it? It's *not*
gonna be fun. We'll be sleeping on the
ground. It'll be cold and dirty. We're
gonna be traveling in a canoe - and you
know you can't swim!

DUSTY

It'll be like camping, when we were kids!
I wanna sleep in a tent with you!

KEVIN

Beth's not gonna be happy. But okay.

Dusty pulls a necklace from his pocket. A Nordic locket
hangs from it - *identical to the Norway Seven picture.*

DUSTY

I brought this. From Mom's jewelry chest.

Kevin folds Dusty's fingers over the charm.

KEVIN

It stays with you. Keep it safe.

He regards his brother with weary eyes.

KEVIN

Big Guy - promise me. You can't tell the others about Auntie Pia. They wouldn't understand.

DUSTY

But Eric -

KEVIN

It'll be *our* secret. Just you and me.
We'll save it for later. As a surprise.

Dusty nods energetically. Whatever Kevin says is good with him.

EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON - MAY 05, 2014 - 13:00:10

Six sets of footprints mar the sand, leading from a van. The group trudges toward the water line.

Two canoes bob in the waves, tethered to a lonely pier.

Quarantine Island looms on the horizon. A faint green tumor in the mist.

The men lug camera equipment on their shoulders. An overeager Dusty works overtime.

Sylie films the beach with her smartphone. A sun hat flops in her eyes. A skimpy top barely covers her "assets." Eric leers.

JEFF

Eyes to yourself. Pimple boy.

Kevin groans under the gear's weight.

KEVIN

What did you pack in here, rocks?

JEFF

A Canon 50D. A generator. Night vision lenses.

ERIC

Sweet!

BETH

You guys spared no expense!

JEFF

Some of it's Professor Halsey's. Though I brought bonus gear for later.

KEVIN

Guess it's good to come prepared.

Sylie GIGGLES at the word "come", elbows Jeff. He squints towards the canoes.

JEFF

Think we need bigger boats.

Kevin grabs a rope, and tows the vessels to shore. They look like death traps up close.

KEVIN

If I'd known you were packing enough gear to selfie MacArthur's Army, I would've planned accordingly.

JEFF

You're the one who turned this into a family affair.

Jeff wraps the cameras in plastic, and stacks them on one end of the canoes. He digs in his pocket.

JEFF

And now, for Jeff Dunford's big surprise!

KEVIN

(whispers to Beth)

And he's pulling it out of his pants?

Beth GIGGLES. Jeff whips out Google Glasses, and fits them on his face.

JEFF

Ta-da!

ERIC

Holy shit! Is that what I think it is?

JEFF

There's more where *that* came from.

Jeff pulls four Go-Pros out of a bag, complete with harnesses. He hands one each to Beth and Kev.

He fits another harness on Sylie. His hands linger at her breasts. She preens and sticks out her chest.

SYLIE

Does this look good on me?

JEFF

Babe, you got no idea.

ERIC

What about the rest of us?

JEFF

I bought these *before* the invite list grew. You shoulda come prepared.

He reaches into the bag again. Pulls out hardware.

JEFF

Ta-da.

It's a hi-tech drone! Complete with fake guns, logos, lights, cameras - everything.

JEFF

Sweet, ain't it?

KEVIN

(frowns)

A bit.

DUSTY

Oooo... can I play with it?

Jeff yanks it from Dusty's hands.

JEFF

No way!

Dusty's face falls. Kevin hands Dusty his Go-Pro, and helps strap it to his chest. Dusty beams happily.

KEVIN

Where'd you get this stuff?

JEFF

My parents bought them for me. Their usual shut-up and leave-us-alone gift.

ERIC

How much did they cost?

JEFF

You don't wanna know. But hey, it's just money. There's shit loads more where that came from.

Kevin's face falls. Followed by awkward silence. Beth glances at him, concerned.

Eric and Dusty choose one canoe. Dusty's massive frame leaves little room left for gear.

The two couples climb into the other boat, and shove off from shore.

KEVIN

(yells to Dusty)
You okay over there, Big Bro?

DUSTY

(waves)
I see you!

His canoe wobbles. Eric nudges the cameras to rebalance.

JEFF

Watch it, man. You dump Professor Halsey's gear in the river, he'll use us as extras for a slasher flick!

POV: GOOGLE GLASSES - May 05, 2014 - 13:14:02

Beth test-drives the Google Glasses. She and Kevin paddle. The canoe bobs wildly in the waves.

Sylie dabs sunscreen on her face. Jeff cuddles up to her. He pulls out a flask and takes a swig. Then waves the container in Beth's face.

JEFF

Red Stag. Wanna sip?

Beth pushes it away. Eric yells from the other canoe.

ERIC

Yo, toss that over here!

JEFF

Fuck off, this one's mine!

Whether he's talking about Sylie or the Stag is unclear.

KEVIN

Jeff - watch the language!

JEFF
Why?

KEVIN
Dusty...

JEFF
Geez, this trip's *loads* of fun.

Kevin GROANS between paddle strokes.

JEFF
Speaking of fun... having any yet?

KEVIN
I would be, if you'd take your turn.

JEFF
You shoulda stuck with the lighthouse. It
would've been a quick road trip.

KEVIN
(beat)
Quarantine Island's more journalistic.
More interesting places to explore.

He shoots a look at Dusty. Big Bro holds his tongue.

JEFF
That's the Kevin we know and love. Never
takes the easy A. Well, when we sell this
to distributors, we'll make some bucks on
Netflix.

KEVIN
Better than those slashers you watch.

Sylie peeks in a camera bag.

JEFF
Darlin', keep the camera wrapped 'til we
get to the island.

He runs a hand over her knee.

BETH
That's not the *only* thing that should be
kept under wraps.

Jeff grins at the innuendo (and Beth).

A small wave SMACKS the canoe. Water slops over the side.
Beth glances towards Quarantine Island. So far away.

JEFF

You shoulda booked something bigger than the S.S. Minnow. And you didn't get those permits. Did you?

KEVIN

Shut up and have another drink.

LATER

Jeff wears the Google Glasses. His view bobs in sync with the waves.

The island's close enough to swim to shore. Though no-one in their right mind would do so. The water's a tetanus cocktail of mud and insects. Marsh grass brushes against the boat.

Kevin points towards a swampy patch of shore. Fog covers it like a shroud.

KEVIN

It's too muddy. We should follow the shore, land on the other side.

SYLIE

The other side? What's there?

JEFF

More land. Hopefully.

KEVIN

Solid beach. According to research.

JEFF

What research was that? Bing?

Kevin waves to Dusty and Eric. He swings his canoe to the right, his paddle barely visible through the water.

It snags on a half-submerged vine. He yanks it loose. Keeps paddling.

LATER - May 05, 2014 - 14:34

The canoes drift parallel to shore. Beth squints through the mist. It's hard to see more than a few feet.

Eric films with a handheld.

BETH

What's the deal with all this fog?
There's none on the mainland.

ERIC

Makes for great visuals, don't you think?

A wooden beam SPEARS through the wall of white.

It's a dock. Or what's left of it. Rotted wood slumps to one side. Too beaten by time and sea to stand straight.

Seaweed clings to crumbling posts. Vines poke from the water like sleeping snakes.

Something SLITHERS near the canoe. Beth jumps. That snake was all too real! Dusty waves a hand in the water.

KEVIN

Careful!

Jeff points towards shore.

JEFF

Land ho.

SYLIE

(giggles)

Who you calling a ho?

Crossed metal posts emerge from the fog. An upside down sign dangles from chains: "Welcome to Rockland Island."

BETH

What's that? A crucifix?

Jeff tilts his head sideways.

JEFF

Looks like it. In a Devil-Worship sorta way.

KEVIN

Rockland was a missionary hospital.

The canoe drifts closer. Beth gasps in horror. Sylie utters a PEEP of disgust.

White things bob around the pier. Dead fish. Everywhere. *Scratches on their bellies.* Eyes skewered with splinters.

Eric pokes one with a paddle.

BETH

God! What did this?

KEVIN

The water's pretty nasty. Guess they ran out of things to eat.

JEFF

Or Island Ebola got 'em all.

BETH

Those sticks. It looks like someone staked them!

JEFF

(shrugs)

They probably swam into the pier, and impaled themselves. Fish are pretty stupid, right?

Beth glares at Jeff. She spots a FAWN onshore.

It stands in the mist like a ghost, close to the treeline. The canoes BUMP against the dock. The startled fawn bounds away.

Kevin throws out a rope, lassoes their canoe to the pier.

KEVIN

Out of the pool. We've arrived.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 14:45

Wind WHISTLES past the pier. Sand CRUNCHES beneath feet as the group lugs gear to shore.

The fog hangs at the water like a gauze curtain. But the beach itself is dappled by sun; refreshingly inviting.

SANDPIPERS dart across the sand. White CRANES decorate a dead tree. Jeff and Eric lift cameras in unison.

JEFF

Here we are. Quarantine Island, on the infamous Golden Isles. The last known location of the Norway Seven.

ERIC

May their tortured souls rest in peace.

JEFF

(glares at Eric)

Leave the commentary to the experts.

Beth runs past Kevin, in search of the fawn.

BETH

You never told me there'd be deer!

Kevin rolls his hands at Jeff. "Let's get started on the intro shot". Jeff aims the Canon. Kevin addresses the lens, walks backward along the beach.

Dusty sticks his head into frame, and waves.

KEVIN

(solemn)

We've just arrived on Quarantine Island.
A forlorn place where refugees landed,
seeking freedom in a promised land. But
some found only isolation and mystery. I
present to you: the Norway Seven...

He trips on a rock, and hops away.

KEVIN

Shit! Mother fuc-

(beat)

Uh, Jeff? Start again.

He glances at Dusty. Sylie darts into frame, towards a sunny patch of sand.

SYLIE

This beach. It's just like my uncle's
island in Maine!

KEVIN

Her uncle's got an island?

JEFF

Her family's uber loaded. Makes my mom
look like a Welfare Queen.

Sylie spins around, soaks in sun. She strips to her bra, revealing an impressive rack - and bikini - underneath.

Jeff pulls his drone out from his bag. He throws it heavenward - it's in flight!

Revealing on Jeff's hand held screen: A great shot of Sylie from the air.

Jeff purposely sends the drone into a nose-dive.
Retrieves it seconds later from the sand.

Sylie stretches, shows more skin.

Dusty and Eric gawk. Kevin blocks his brother's view.

JEFF

Babe, that's real impressive. But maybe now's not the time.

Sylie spreads out a beach towel, and lies down. Eric zooms in with his camera. Jeff elbows him - hard.

JEFF

Turn that off. Or I'll castrate you where you stand.

Jeff heads over to Sylie, his camera filming. Her curvy form fills the screen.

SYLIE

Jeff, help me put sunscreen on? You promised me beach time. Please?

Jeff complies.

KEVIN

Guys? We don't have time to lie around.

JEFF

Gimme a second. Just rubbing lotion on Sylie's back.

ERIC

Looks like you're gonna rub one out.

KEVIN

(snorts)

A second sounds about right...

Eric zooms in on the couple. Jeff drops his shorts and moons the lens. The younger teen smirks evilly.

ERIC

I'm uploading this to YouTube.

Jeff shrugs, and aims his camera at Beth.

JEFF

Hey Beth! Come join the orgy! There's room for one more on this towel.

Eric zooms in on Beth's cleavage. It's a video gang attack.

ERIC

Smile for the camera.

BETH

Boys, my face. It's up here.

Jeff's camera bounces between Beth and Kev.

JEFF

Come on, Ms. Kelly. Slip Kev some tongue for our audience? They gotta hear about Syphilitic refugees. They deserve a love story subplot. We get lost, they can call us the Missing Menage a Quatre.

KEVIN

Point that thing somewhere else! Other than my girlfriend.

BETH

Jeff, go film nature or something.

JEFF

This *is* nature. At its finest.

He HONKS Sylie's breast. Sylie GIGGLES.

BETH

Jesus. I'm trapped on an island with perverts!

She flips fingers at Jeff and Eric simultaneously. Goes back to searching for the deer.

Eric LAUGHS and tries to high five Jeff. Jeff pulls his hand away. Sylie looks at him, confused.

SYLIE

What's Beth's problem?

JEFF

Don't let her kill your sun buzz, babe. She's a nature freak. A vegan.

SYLIE

Wow. That's totally weird.

DUSTY

Kev, what's a "Mean Aged Cat"?

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 15:25:32 - LATER

The group rest on rocks near the treeline.

Jeff scans the forest with his camera. Sylie glistens with sunscreen, takes selfies with her smartphone.

SYLIE

(pouts)

I wanna upload to Facebook, but there's
no signal out here!

Kevin scrolls through pictures on his iPad, wedged
between Dusty and Beth.

KEVIN

Here's pictures of Rockland Infirmary
when it was new. Back in its day, the
equipment was top-of-the-line!

DUSTY

That's where we're gonna be?

KEVIN

By tomorrow. I promise.

Dusty CLAPS his hands.

DUSTY

Exciting!

Eric watches; a sneaky smile on his face.

ERIC

Wow. You guys are acting like it's a
family reunion. Or something.

Beth shivers. Kevin throws Eric the stink-eye, and an arm
over Beth's shoulder.

KEVIN

We won't reach the hospital by nightfall.
But we can follow the shoreline a few
more miles. Then set up camp on the
beach. Start a fire to keep warm.

SYLIE

A campfire? That's so retro!

She looks around. The others don't seem enthused.

BETH

A fire? Outside? With the bugs?

JEFF

I thought you loved nature, Beth?

SYLIE

Come on guys. This is exciting, like
Dusty said! It's investigative reporting.
Like Geraldo Rivera. Rickie Lake!

Eric SNICKERS. Beth rolls her eyes.

SYLIE

Or we're adventurers. Like Robbie Crusoe?
That book we read in English class!

BETH

Robinson Crusoe?

SYLIE

Yeah, him. That's what I mean.

Awkward silence. Kevin COUGHS.

KEVIN

Let's get the intros out of the way. Just
say a little something about yourself to
the camera. Don't worry about making it
perfect. We'll edit out the mess in post.

He stands up, and walks past Eric.

KEVIN

(whispers)

As for you - watch what you say.

The light on Jeff's camera glows bright green.

SERIES OF SHOTS: POV JEFF'S CAMERA

Kevin's first to take the stage.

KEVIN

Hey. Kevin Hansen here. Fearless leader
of this crew.

JEFF

Fuck you, man. This is a democracy!

KEVIN

I picked Quarantine Island 'cause it's
got real history. I don't wanna do some
lame expose about lighthouses. Or
graveyards and EVPS. But the stories of
refugees. How they lived. How they died.
That stuff's important. To me.

Beth is next. She looks nervous.

BETH

I'm Beth Somers. I'm nobody. Well,
filmwise, anyway. I major in zoology at
Misty U. I came with Kev to help out.

JEFF
(yawns)
Riveting...

The camera flips around. Eric and Dusty.

DUSTY
I'm helping Kevin, too. My brother's
gonna be a great director someday!
(glances at Kevin)
Was that good?

KEVIN
Perfect!

Eric leans into frame.

ERIC
Kevin's not the only guy who's gonna be a
great director. I'm applying to film
schools this year. This credit's gonna
look *fab* on my resume!

JEFF
Who says you're getting a credit?

ERIC
I got a suspicion.

Jeff grabs the camera and grins.

JEFF
J.J. here. Wanna hear a secret? *I'm* the
talent in this crew. Kev would be lost
without my skills. Doesn't know his ass
from an APO lens.

He turns the camera on Sylie. She fluffs her hair.

SYLIE
I'm Sylie. I'm an actress at Misty. At
least, I want to be. My parents didn't
want me to go to film school. Said it was
a waste of money. But my Grandma paid. I
think it's real important to follow your
dreams. Be all you can be.

BETH
Uh, isn't that the Marine's motto?

JEFF
Hey, give her a break. She's an
"actress", okay?

Sylie's face darkens. There's an insult there. Somewhere.

SYLIE

Are you saying I'm stupid?

JEFF

Of course not, sweetie. But who wants to be a nerd? It's not sexy. Like you.

SYLIE

I'm not an idiot. I know when someone's being condensing!

She pushes the camera away.

SYLIE

Fuck you guys. I'm gonna take a pee.

She stomps into the forest. The others watch silently.

ERIC

You really know how to talk to girls. Can I take lessons? Please?

JEFF

Shut up. Meta Douchebag.

ERIC

Look who's talking, Mr. Sleaze.

Jeff trains his camera on Kevin and Beth.

BETH

"Condensing"?

KEVIN

She *does* seem a bit flighty.

JEFF

Give Sylie a break! She's smart. In her own way.

BETH

Well, I give her credit for going in the woods. I've never been bush trained.

Dusty stands up.

DUSTY

I gotta pee, too.

Kevin points towards the forest.

KEVIN
The bathroom's that way.

EXT. AROUND THE CAMPFIRE - MAY 05, 2014 - 16:02:15

Dusty and Sylie are gone.

Kevin and Beth take time to bond. Eric and Jeff sit around, killing time.

Jeff plays around with his drone. He launches it back into the air. ZOOM.

Kevin shoots him a sideways glance.

KEVIN
What are you doing now?

JEFF
Playing.

ERIC
(laughs)
You gonna watch Sylie pee?

JEFF
(mutters)
Better than watching Dusty...

The drone ZIPS into the bushes, disappears. Jeff observes the camera feedback on his screen.

INSERT: It's a beautiful view from the sky. Aerial shots of Quarantine Island trees.

A squirrel jumps from limb to limb. Through a vast sky. Emerald leaves.

Something MASSIVE AND FURRY moves along the ground. It's way too quick and blurry to see.

JEFF
Huh?

Jeff down-sticks the remote control.

The drone swings into a deep dive - closer to the thing it sees.

Eric looks over Jeff's shoulder.

ERIC
What the hell's that - a deer?

JEFF
Hmmm. On two feet? Maybe a bear.

ERIC
(laughs)
Or Dusty's gotta learn to shave!

The drone skims along the ground, approaches the blurry figure. Which LASHES out hard...

...the drone's screen CRACKS in two. The engine EXPLODES. Jeff's screen SPUTTERS out in a ball of flame.

ERIC
Woah, Man Down! Game Over!

Jeff blinks at the damage - upset.

JEFF
What the fuck?

ERIC
I think you hit a tree.

JEFF
Shit. That tech cost me one whole G.

EXT. FOREST - MAY 05, 2014 - 16:13:24

Dusty fumbles with his belt buckle. WHISTLES as he walks.

He hears a SNAP to his left. Sylie's twenty feet away. He veers to the right before she sees.

DUSTY
Oops. Sorry.

He heads towards a heavily wooded area. He swivels his Go-Pro around to face his back: giving needed privacy.

ZIPPPP - he unbuckles his pants. Urine PATTERS down. Dusty SIGHS with relief.

Something SIGHS with him. His head SNAPS up instantly.

A SHADOWY TREE TRUNK looms before him. Moss grows like fur on branches.

Dusty shrugs, and heads back for the beach.

The "tree" opens yellow eyes. Watches him walk away.

EXT. FOREST - MAY 05, 2014 - 16:31:55

Sylie wanders through the forest, glued to her phone. She TAPS it. No signal. She flips on video selfie:

SYLIE

I'm surrounded by assholes! All I wanted was time alone with Jeff. You know, a vacation? This isn't like I planned.

She finds a clearing. Squats.

Light GLINTS off the smartphone screen. Sylie looks up. Sloooooowly.

Shards of glass dangle from rope above her head. Wind WHISTLES through the trees. Glass TINKLES.

One of the shards falls, and SLASHES her face. It spears through moist soil at her feet.

She pinwheels backward. QUAIL explode from the brush.

Sylie darts for shore, iPhone recording blurs of forest.

It captures something white, hidden in the ground.

A femur bone. Sylie doesn't see.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 16:32:04

Kevin and Eric talk in heated whispers. Back to back on opposite sides of a tree.

KEVIN

A credit? You gotta be shittin' me!

ERIC

It's the least you can do. Asking me to keep family secrets.

KEVIN

Here's the deal. I give you credit. Keep your mouth shut.

ERIC

And a college reference...

KEVIN

But when we get back home, we're done. You walk away from Dusty. Forever.

ERIC
It'll break his heart. Dusty and me,
we're thick as thieves.

KEVIN
Next time, I'll buy him better friends.

Sylie bursts through the trees.

SYLIE
You're not gonna believe what I saw. Bits
of broken mirror. Everywhere!

JEFF
Broken mirror?

SYLIE
Hanging from branches, like ornaments!
You gotta come and see!

Dusty emerges from the forest. Sylie pulls on Jeff's arm.
Kevin and others gather round.

KEVIN
I heard a scream. Everything okay?

BETH
Uh, Sylie thought she saw something. Bits
of glass.

ERIC
What? In the trees?

SYLIE
I'm telling y-

Jeff shuts her up with a kiss.

JEFF
Sweetie, it was sap. You know, that's
shiny, too.

SYLIE
One fell down and scratched my face!
Can't you see I'm bleeding?

KEVIN
Maybe a branch got in your way?

SYLIE
I can't believe I bothered to come here.
You all think I'm stupid!

She points towards the beach line.

SYLIE

You're the ones who can't tie a canoe!

The group swings around. Sylie's right. One canoe's missing. The other bobs in water - drifting away.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 16:40:12

A mad race to shore. Kevin dives off the end of the pier. Jeff and Eric film from the sand.

Black waves ripple. Jeff zooms in close. No Kevin.

BETH

Kev?!?

Kev's head breaks the water. He swims wildly for the canoe. It's waterlogged, listing to the side. He reaches for the rope. Suddenly...

KEVIN

Shit!

He's sucked under. Water CHURNS - BUBBLES.

Dusty SCREAMS and lunges into the water waist (and then neck) high. He SPUTTERS as waves splash his face.

JEFF

Pull him back!

ERIC

Fuck you. I'm not dropping my camera!

Beth and Sylie grab Dusty. He shakes them off easily. He BREATHEs in deep, prepares to dive...

Kevin explodes to the surface. His hand slips against the canoe's hull. He GASPS and tows it to shore.

Jeff turns his camera to catch Beth's reaction. Her eyes are wide. Horrified.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 16:43:12

Kevin stands next to the beached canoe. Tangled vines cling to his legs. Dusty shivers at his side.

KEVIN

Can't believe how thick these were. The mud - it was like quicksand!

KEVIN

Good thing I was able to hold on to this.

He picks up the canoe's rope. Jeff eyes the frayed end.

JEFF

Looks like it was cut. With a knife.

SYLIE

And you think *I'm* paranoid.

BETH

Guys, look at this.

Eric bends over the canoe. Huge slashes score the hull.
Sylie points towards the water.

SYLIE

I found the other boat!

It's a few feet away. Submerged.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 16:50:52

Kevin types "Fiberglass Repair" on his iPad. No signal.
He glances at his team.

KEVIN

The canoe probably scraped the pier.

BETH

Those cuts look deliberate!

KEVIN

This place's been abandoned for decades.

ERIC

Supposedly.

KEVIN

If someone did this, we'd have seen them.

Jeff zooms in on the gashes.

JEFF

Don't know if we could get it home.

KEVIN

It's getting dark. We should get as far
as we can to the hospital. Worry about
this later.

Jeff glances at Kev.

JEFF

You still wanna go out there?

KEVIN

We've gone this far already.

Something moves in the forest, almost out of frame. Too faint and blurry to see.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 17:30:14

The group trail along the beach. Eric and Sylie take up the rear. Sylie tinkers with her cell phone.

ERIC

It's not right how Jeff treats you. Like a pretty piece of meat.

SYLIE

Aren't you in high school? You're a little young for pick-up lines.

ERIC

I think you're smart. If you say you saw something, I believe you.

SYLIE

Really?

ERIC

Yeah. Really.

SYLIE

(beat)

You know, it's nice how you're friends with Dusty. Despite - everything.

ERIC

It's the person *inside* that matters. Every living thing counts. Superficial people suck donkey balls.

Sylie LAUGHS. Eric steals a glance at her butt. Up front, Beth argues with Kev and Jeff.

BETH

We should stay and repair the canoe!

JEFF

It'll be there when we return.

KEVIN

Beth, I thought I had your support. I need this for my scholarship.

He takes her hand. Jeff fits the Google Glasses on his face, and squints out to sea.

KEVIN

You look like a dick in those.

JEFF

What else is new?

BETH

Guys, this island isn't safe.

JEFF

Sure it is. As safe as a Boy Scout camping trip!

He takes a step. The ground collapses under his feet.

A sinkhole opens - a yawning black maw in the beach.

Jeff teeters at the edge - plunges down and disappears!

Beth hops back. Sylie SCREAMS. Eric runs forward for a better view.

Kevin slips onto his back - starts falling. Dusty drags him back, just in time.

The sand stops sliding. Silence and dust fill the air. Everyone peers over the edge. The hole's twenty feet deep. Someone GROANS.

SYLIE

J.J.! You alive?

JEFF (O.S.)

Think I'd answer if I wasn't?

Kevin shines a flashlight into the pit. Holes pepper sandy walls.

Jeff lies at the bottom, Google Glasses sideways on his face. His leg's twisted in an awkward position. Raglike LUMPS underneath him, like sandbags filled with mold.

ERIC

That looks mega ill.

BETH

Is anything broken?

JEFF
(weak)
My spirit.

He probes his leg.

JEFF
But no bones. Something broke my fall.
He rolls to the side. A wooden stick JUTS inches from his face. He rolls away. BUMPS a second spike.

JEFF
This hole's a fuckin' death trap!
He tries to stand, and slips in something squishy.

JEFF
Get me out of here. It smells!
Kevin sweeps the flashlight around the pit.

KEVIN
Jeff. Whatever you do, don't look down.
Jeff looks down. It isn't sand bags on the floor.
Decomposed animal corpses litter the pit. Many impaled on sticks. MAGGOTS slither through a deer skull. SOMETHING FURRY writhes under it.

Jeff launches himself at a sandy wall. It slides underneath his hand.

JEFF
Throw down a rope. Pull me out!
Kevin throws down a rope. Beth peeks over his shoulder.

KEVIN
Beth, don't!
Beth GASPS and points at the thing by the skull.

BETH
Over there!
A squirrel's buried between bodies. Covered with scratches, but alive.

JEFF
Get me outta here.

BETH
We can't leave it. It's hurting!

JEFF
Fuck the squirrel. Save me!

BETH
Jeff, just grab it. Please?

Eric glances at Sylie meaningfully.

ERIC
Everything living thing counts.

JEFF
Jesus. Fine. Whatever.

Jeff shuts his eyes, and reaches into the rotted pile. He grabs the squirrel. Tugs the rope and SCREAMS.

JEFF
Get me out. Right fuckin' now!

Dusty and the others haul ass on the rope. Jeff rises into the air.

MOMENTS LATER

Jeff lies on the ground, covered in slime. Beth cuddles the squirrel. Jeff squints at her through Google Glass.

JEFF
You owe me. Big time.

He spots a maggot on his leg. Brushes it off frantically.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 18:01:11

The group walks at a slower pace. Kevin prods the ground with a stick. Jeff favors his injured leg.

JEFF
That intensive research you did: it mention this place has booby traps? Any other crucial facts you're hiding?

KEVIN
The pit was covered over. Old. We'll just have to watch more carefully from now on.

SYLIE
Old? How'd the squirrel get in there?

ERIC
Good point, Sylie. Really smart!

Sylie beams. Shoots nasty looks at Kev and Jeff.

KEVIN
You saw those holes in the walls. It
burrowed in. The other bodies were
ancient.

Beth and Dusty walk together, the squirrel cradled in
Beth's arms. Jeff points them out to Kev.

JEFF
Wow, your girlfriend's quiet.

KEVIN
(sighs)
Yeah, she's occupied.

They pass a cluster of trees. Glass shards GLINT in the
branches. *Along with a pair of bloodshot eyes.*

MONTAGE:

Sunlight dims. Stars flicker in the sky.

KEVIN
Far enough. We set up camp here.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 19:23:11

They settle where the beach kisses the trees.

Kevin consults his iPad map. Sylie films his intense
expression; his face bathed in an electric glow.

Jeff and Dusty POUND tent stakes into the ground.

A campfire CRACKLES. Most of the group warm themselves by
the flame. Kevin looks for Beth. She's by the tent,
dabbing water on the squirrel's wounds.

KEVIN
Beth. Over here!

Beth sits down with her fuzzy patient.

KEVIN
How's he doing?

BETH

Weak. And he's got bizarre cuts.
Everywhere!

She brushes aside fur, and exposes the rodent's belly.
X's cover its flesh, like little red crucifixes.

JEFF

They're just scratches. I got 'em from
the spikes, too. See?

He flashes his bruised ankle.

ERIC

Nah, man. These look like symbols. What
you got ain't nothing.

JEFF

Antagonizing the guy who controls the Red
Stag. Major bad strategy, my friend.

He pulls his flask out of a bag. Along with something
else: Marshmallows!

DUSTY

Kev - look! Like when we were kids!

SYLIE

My favorite!

ERIC

You talking about the Red Stag, or the
candy?

JEFF

J.J.'s got you covered, babe. Can't call
it camping without some of these.

Jeff impales marshmallows on sticks, and passes them
around. He toasts one over the fire. It BURSTS into
flame. Jeff blows it out seductively.

JEFF

I like my 'mellows like my women. Soft.
White. And smoking hot.

Sylie GIGGLES. Jeff feeds her off his stick. Eric glares.

ERIC

Poseur.

Kevin offers one to Beth. She waves him away.

KEVIN

Come on. Join the party. Please?

JEFF

Yeah, stop messing with that rat.

SYLIE

It's probably got lice n' everything.

A pissed-off Beth turns away. Jeff nudges Kevin.

JEFF

How's about some ghost stories? 'Bout old Doc Johnson, the pedo perv!

SYLIE

And the Norway Seven!

Kevin hesitates - but can't resist. He leans into the flame; face made spooky by shadow.

KEVIN

Well, if you insist. Legend has it there were seven refugees from Norway.

SYLIE

Duh.

KEVIN

They were quarantined on the island by Doc Johnson. Rumor has it, they weren't sick at all. But old Doc kept them there anyway. For a long, long, long time...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. QUARANTINE HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "History of the Outlying Islands. Copyright Archival Department of Maine, 1964. Note: flashbacks filmed Sepia Tone.

SEVEN REFUGEES huddle together in a room. Doc Johnson prods every orifice. Tongue depressors. Needles. Worse.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Local authorities got worried, and planned a surprise visit.

INT. QUARANTINE HOSPITAL - EXAMINATION ROOM - EVENING

COPS in 60's uniforms burst in. Doc Johnson's with a half-dressed FEMALE PATIENT. She jumps back with a SHRIEK.

KEVIN (V.O.)

They found... nothing. The Norway Seven were gone, without a trace. The Doc said he'd released them days ago. But they never surfaced. Anywhere. It was rumored that Doc killed them. Or they tried to escape. And drowned.

EXT. BEACH - 1960'S - NIGHT

SUPER: Archival Video Footage found in Rockland Infirmary, 2014.

The refugees sneak toward the shoreline, illuminated by moonlight. They slip into black water. Swim.

GENTLE SPLASHING fills the air. Followed by... silence.

Stars reflect off the surface of the waves. The Norway Seven are nowhere to be seen.

END FLASHBACKS:

EXT. BEACH - MAY 05, 2014 - 19:33:05

Kevin waves a hand towards the beach.

KEVIN

They shut down the Island soon after. Doc and Nurse Johnson stayed until their deaths. The rest, they say, is history. Our job is to discover the truth. Lay the Norway Seven to rest.

He sits back with a grin. His eyes lock with Dusty's.

SYLIE

Ooooh, creepy!

She shivers. Jeff cuddles closer.

SYLIE

(to Kevin)

You should be an actor. You tell great stories.

DUSTY
My brother Kevin's the best!

KEVIN
Hey Beth, what'd you think?

Beth stands up, unimpressed.

BETH
S'cuse me. I've got things to do that
don't involve ghost stories.

She stomps away to the tents, the squirrel in her arms.
Dusty follows moments later.

The others linger by the fire. Kevin waves at Jeff's
camera: "turn it off."

SYLIE
What crawled up her ass and died?

JEFF
(to Kevin)
Guess you're not getting any tonight.

INT. TENT - MAY 05, 2014 - 19:33:05

A CHORUS OF SNORES offscreen. Jeff's camera rests on the
ground inside, still filming - pointed at the entrance.

Beth and Dusty sleep in one corner - the squirrel wrapped
in a towel between them.

A SHADOW passes by the tent entrance.

Dusty stands. YAWNS. Grabs toilet paper and heads
outside.

Something CRASHES. Dusty YELPS. The sound too brief for
sleeping ears.

SOMETHING blurry darts at the lens. It knocks the camera
on its side. STATIC fills the screen.

**CAMERA POV: FAST FORWARD THROUGH ROLLING STATIC, CLOSE-UP
ON THE TENT ENTRANCE.**

Blood seeps along the edge of the tent. Soaks into fabric
and sand.

INT. TENT - MAY 06, 2014 - 4:14:42 - MORNING

Footsteps SLAP against cold ground. Someone YAWNS.

SYLIE (O.S.)

Damn Red Stag. I gotta take another pee.

She pushes past the tent flap. Emits a HELLISH SCREAM.

The camera blurs. Jeff's hand hoists it into the air. He runs outside and sees...

EXT. BEACH - MAY 06, 2014 - 4:14:42 - MORNING

The squirrel. Or what's left of it.

Jeff's foot slips in something wet. The camera tilts towards the ground.

The string of entrails start at the tent - trail out like red confetti. To a gory lump with bits of fur. And larger pools of blood beyond... Heading into the forest.

Sylie stands over it. Her SCREAMS are joined by Beth.

BETH

Oh My God. Oh My God. Oh My God.

Kevin tries to hug her. She shoves him away.

BETH

He was lying right next to me!

(sniffs)

Fergie?

SYLIE

Ew. What did this?

KEVIN

Some wild animal. A wolf?

JEFF

Wolverine, maybe! That's a *lot* of blood for one rodent...

Eric sweeps the forest with his camera. His focus drifts down towards the sand. Bloody imprints are visible; too scuffed for a clear outline.

ERIC

Whatever it was, moved real quick.

Jeff's camera focuses on the tent. A line of SALT rings the perimeter. It wasn't there before.

JEFF

Uh, guys?

Beth reaches out for the squirrel's remains. Kevin holds her back.

BETH

Let me go!

KEVIN

Don't touch it!

BETH

Why? Because it's an overgrown rat?
Covered with lice and everything?

KEVIN

I wasn't the one who said that.

Beth backs away, trembling.

BETH

I wanna go home. Right now.

SYLIE

The wolf could still be here!

KEVIN

Beth, sit down. We'll work out a plan.

BETH

No!

She shrinks against a tree.

BETH

I've changed my mind. Take me home.

Kevin glances at Jeff. Then Sylie.

KEVIN

Okay, fine. Quarantine Island isn't safe.
Anyone seen Dusty?

Yellow EYES flash behind Beth, half-hidden in the leaves. SOMETHING grabs her ankle. She belly-flops to the ground.

Like lightening, the thing drags her backward, into the forest. The blink of an eye - and Beth's gone.

Except for her rapidly fading SCREAMS.

EXT. FOREST - MAY 06, 2014 - 5:01:22 - MORNING

The group races after her. Jeff films through shaky Google Glass. His camera BUMPS along at his side.

Beth's dragged by her feet. Her face skids across dirty leaves. She twists onto her back - can't get a bead on her attacker.

Branches scratch her face. The trees above are a blur. Mirror shards dangle from limbs.

Her attacker PANTS heavily.

KEVIN

Beth!

He vaults over a rock. Trips. His iPad goes flying - SMASHES on the ground.

Beth SCREAMS again. She's dragged through a puddle.

A log rushes towards her. Beth grabs on; clings with all her might. Her ATTACKER yanks.

Kevin and Jeff approach. Closing fast. Her attacker GRUNTS. Lets go. Flees.

Kevin drops down at Beth's side.

KEVIN

Jesus. You okay?

ERIC

That wasn't a wolf! Maybe a bear!

Jeff scans the forest; Google Glasses askew on his face.

JEFF

Where the fuck are we?

KEVIN

In the woods. I'll use GPS.

He reaches for his iPad. It's gone. Then, he remembers:

KEVIN

Dusty. We have to find him!

JEFF

How? We can't find ourselves!

KEVIN

Dusty! Where are you?

ERIC

Dude, that blood from before. What if it was your brother's?

JEFF

Shut up. Stop helping.

Kevin spins around, looks everywhere.

KEVIN

Dust-Man! Please. Answer me!

Sylie GASPS, and points.

SYLIE

Over there!

Dusty's Go-Pro harness dangles from a low hanging limb. Right at the edge of a clearing.

A THUNDERCLAP. Rain PATTERS down.

Kevin runs for the harness full speed, and tears it down from the tree.

EXT. CLEARING (GRAVEYARD) - MAY 06, 2014 - 5:13:09

LOW PITCHED BUZZING fills the air. They're on the crest of a hill. CROWS soar overhead.

Kevin stumbles out of the woods, Dusty's Go-Pro Harness in his hand.

KEVIN

How do you rewind this damned thing?

Jeff toggles a button for him, then surveys the scene:

It's a field. Skeletal oak trees form a "fence". Branches with Spanish Moss sway in the breeze. In the middle: a blackened pit.

Kevin stares at the Go Pro as it rewinds.

Jeff pulls him forward. A rusty gate blocks their way. They open it; the hinges CREAK.

Beyond it: HEADSTONES and CROSSES.

ERIC

What *is* this?

KEVIN
(distracted)
The cemetery.

He pushes play on the camera.

Images flash on-screen Dusty walking to the tent the night before.

JEFF
Excuse me? Repeat that. Slowly.

KEVIN
Rockland was a hospital. They had to bury patients that died.

The playback continues: Dusty sleeps on the ground next to Beth. The squirrel nestled between them.

Beth touches an old cross. YELPS. A splinter's embedded in her finger. She sucks blood from the tip. Reads from the old engraving:

BETH
Alan Johnson, Ph.D. 1972.

JEFF
Doc Johnson?

He zooms in on the marker.

JEFF
Tiny-ass wooden cross. Pretty lame for the guy who ran everything.

On the Go-Pro screen: Dusty sleeps in the tent. SNORES. Kevin fast-forwards impatiently.

BETH
Where's the hospital, anyway?

KEVIN
Should be over there -

He points without looking.

A MASSIVE BUILDING lies in shadow, a hundred feet away. Broken down. Hulking. Reflections of stars shine from a shattered glass dome. Vines smother every wall.

SYLIE
I'm not going in there!

ERIC
I'm with you, sister!

Jeff glares at him. Something BUZZES in the air.

BETH
What's that smell?

JEFF
Figured it was Eric downwind.

Sylie tiptoes over headstones.

SYLIE
O.M.G. Disgusting!

The group inches closer. Kevin follows mindlessly, eyes glued to Dusty's Go Pro.

FLIES rise like a black cloud. Underneath: the sunken pit... And dozens of ANIMAL BODIES. BIRDS pick flesh off skulls of desiccated DEER. A few carcasses seem fresh - though it's difficult to tell in this light.

ERIC
What's this, Pet Semetary?

JEFF
More like a compost heap.

Sylie GAGS and pukes on Beth's shoe.

BETH
Ew.

SYLIE
Sorry. Well, I gotta lose a few pounds anyway...

BETH
(wrinkles her nose)
These bodies. They're too fresh for 1965.

JEFF
Maybe the wild ones wandered here, to die with their relatives?

On the Go-Pro screen: Dusty stands. He grabs toilet paper and heads outside.

Eric pokes a deer corpse with a stick. SQUISH. The head flops to one side. White power falls from its eye socket.

JEFF

What *is* that? Salt?

BETH

Well, it *can* be used to preserve bodies.
Kinda like pickles. But grosser.

SYLIE

My grandma says they used to sprinkle
salt on bodies. It kept bad spirits away.

BETH

This body's fresh. Who put it there?

JEFF

Uh... about that. When we left the tent?
I saw a line of salt around it. Like
someone poured it there while we slept.

On the Go-Pro screen: Dusty stumbles in the dark, towards
the forest. He YAWNS. UNZIPS his pants.

Kevin hears Jeff's words. Looks up sharply.

KEVIN

And you didn't *say* anything?

JEFF

We were busy, okay? You know, with the
squirrel bits, and saving your
girlfriend?

Beth's eyes grow wide.

BETH

Someone's on the Island. Watching us!

A THUNDER CLAP rocks the sky. Rain pours down in earnest.

On the Go-Pro screen: Something HUGE lunges at Dusty.
Large and twisted. With yellow eyes. Dusty SCREAMS. The
recording becomes a blur. Flashes of forest rush by.

Kevin GASPS.

ERIC

Cool. You find a clue?

Kevin grabs him by the collar, lifts him off his feet.

KEVIN

All I asked you to do was watch my
brother. You couldn't even do that!

ERIC

Let me go!

KEVIN

No! You bastard. Where is he?

ERIC

Let me down! Or I'll tell your friends everything!

Kevin drops Eric. The teen backs away.

ERIC

No money's worth this shit.

BETH

Kev? What's he saying?

ERIC

You and your stupid family agenda. I had to listen to your dumb ass brother all the time. Aunt Pia this. Kevin that...

He inches towards the forest.

ERIC

I'm going back to the canoe. I'll fix it and get off this stupid island by myself. Unless someone wants to join me?

He holds out his hand to Sylie.

Red eyes flash in the forest. A dirty claw reaches from behind Eric and wraps around his face. It pulls him back, into the trees.

Sylie runs forward. Jeff yanks her back.

SYLIE

We gotta save him!

KEVIN

We gotta run!

He points towards the hospital. The group stumbles over gravestones in their haste to get away.

They race towards the building. Flashlights cut through a wall of rain, illuminate a sign: "Rockland Infirmary."

Eric's SCREAMS trail after them. They run even faster.

Graves dwindle behind them. Raindrops bead off Jeff's camera lens, create a distorted view.

At the base of one cross, a small human skull. Malformed. Infant sized.

SOMETHING with yellow eyes rises from behind a headstone. Watches as the students flee.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - INFIRMARY - MAY 06, 2014 - 6:32:12

A minefield of broken planks. A metal awning flaps in the wind. The building's built like a fortress. Rain creates a haze over its edges.

The group shines shaky flashlights on the door.

"Welcome to Rockland" is written in red paint. Streaks of it run down, like blood. Kevin jiggles the knob. Locked.

Jeff POUNDS on the door.

JEFF

Open up!

BETH

What are you doing? No-one's lived here for years!

Jeff backs up for a running start.

JEFF

One, two, three!

He KICKS the frame. Grabs his foot, HOWLS in pain. Beth grabs Kevin's sleeve.

BETH

Come on. Let's try the back way!

They race around the building. The thing with yellow eyes trails behind. Blends in with the night.

EXT. BACK DOOR - INFIRMARY - MAY 06, 2014 - 6:40:02

Two thick glass windows on each side.

Jeff and Kevin try the back entrance. Locked, as well. The metal of the door is dented outward. As if something tried to escape. Jeff gauges the distance.

JEFF

Second time's the charm!

He eyes his target - breaks into a run. Rotted planks crumble under him. His leg plunges through a hole in the porch. Jeff grits his teeth in pain.

JEFF

God dammit!

Beth forces the latch at a window.

JEFF

No way that's gonna -

CREEAAAK. The window slides upwards. Unlocked.

BETH

Open!

She waves the others over. Sylie hesitates.

SYLIE

It's dark inside!

Beth pushes her in, then climbs through as well. The boys dive in after them.

Rain beats down against the glass. A *distorted FACE* reflects off the pane.

INT. THE MORGUE - MAY 06, 2014 - 7:03:21

Water DRIPS in the pitch-black room. Jeff slides through the window, last in line.

JEFF

Ow! Something bit me!

He slaps a hand to his leg. Blood jets between his fingers. More blood GLISTENS on a rusty nail. There's a line of them along the sill.

JEFF

Great. Tetanus. Just what I want for Christmas.

Kevin SLAMS the window. He looks up - finds himself surrounded by accusing eyes. Sylie's splashed with Eric's blood. Her eyes wide with terror.

SYLIE

That thing got Eric! And we didn't try to help. We just ran!

JEFF

We couldn't stay. It wasn't safe!

SYLIE

You didn't like him anyway!

JEFF

Did you have a crush on that dweeb? Did he try to touch you, babe?

SYLIE

What does it matter? It ate him. And it's gonna eat us next!

KEVIN

No. We'll be safe here.

SYLIE

What was that thing?

Beth steps forward; eyes glued to Kevin.

BETH

Ask my boyfriend. According to Eric, he knows all about this place.

The blood drains from Kevin's face.

KEVIN

Eric didn't say that.

BETH

No, 'cause we abandoned him. What did he say about "Aunt Pia"? Why does that name sound so familiar?

Sylie SCREAMS and points across the room.

Something DARK stands in a corner. Kevin aims his flashlight. It's an old I.V. STAND - a tattered lab coat on top.

Thunder CLAPS overhead. Everyone ducks.

BUZZING fills the room. The group pull out flashlights, and play beams over walls.

The room's covered in mold. Antique medical equipment everywhere. Spiderwebs and stains.

The centerpiece of the room: an iron autopsy table. A drainage tube leads to the floor. Flies batter themselves against jars of formaldehyde. Nasty THINGS float inside.

Jeff touches goo on a wall. Wipes it away like boogers.

BETH
Where are we?

KEVIN
I'm guessing - the morgue.

SYLIE
No-one said there was a morgue!

JEFF
You gotta put dead people somewhere.

He takes a step. WINCES. Something CRUNCHES beneath his feet. Beth examines Jeff's leg wound.

BETH
That's deep. We need to wash it off. Get a bandage. Antiseptic.

KEVIN
Rockland's a hospital. We'll find something. Somewhere.

He opens a drawer. CREAK. No bandages. But lots of spiky instruments inside. Sylie stares.

KEVIN
Chest cracker.

Jeff turns on a faucet. Red water SPUTTERS from it. Looks like blood.

JEFF
(to Sylie)
Rust.

Lightning FLASHES at the window. Sylie stares closer at the sill. White powder flakes off the edge.

SYLIE
More salt?

She looks down. Lines of white, at their feet. Some of it's been kicked away. A hint of faded footprints.

SYLIE
Guys, I'm no scientist.

Jeff bites his tongue.

SYLIE
Shouldn't this have dissolved years ago?

JEFF
(beat)
Good point, Sweetie.

Sylie's eyes widen as the implication sinks in.

SYLIE
I gotta get out of this room. Now!

She storms towards the door. Everyone else follows.

INT. HALLWAY- MAY 06, 2014 - 7:15:38

Narrow, with peeling paint. They try several doors. All are locked. Kevin straps Dusty's Go-Pro to his chest.

The floor's littered with dead leaves. Medical awards line one wall - next to a smashed mirror. Several pieces are missing.

Jeff unpacks his Canon, and films the scene. Blood from his fingers smears the lens.

JEFF
Someone pissed at their makeover?

Sylie touches the glass. Her fractured reflection pouts at her. *METAL CLAPPING echoes through the hall.*

JEFF
The hell's that?

KEVIN
The roof, I hope. Loose tiles?

JEFF
Hope ain't gonna keep us alive.

BETH
Sure didn't help Eric.

SYLIE
Someone's trying to tell us something!

JEFF
Yeah. "Get the Fuck Out."

They stop to listen. The CLAPPING stops. Kevin edges forward. Rotten planks CREAK under his feet.

A SHADOW flickers on the wall behind them. Unseen, but captured by Jeff's lens.

BETH
You really think it's safe to explore?

KEVIN
What's the alternative?

BETH
We could stay in the morgue.

SYLIE
Hell, no. You can't make me!

KEVIN
The only other option is to go back
outside. But we don't want that. Do we?

BETH
Maybe if you explained a little more...

Jeff takes a step. His leg BUCKLES.

JEFF
Uh, save the lovebird spat 'til later. I
still need medical supplies.

He bends to a door. Twists the knob.

JEFF
Locked like a Catholic virgin's knees.
Just like the rest of this fucking place.

He peers in the keyhole. An EYE blinks back at him! Jeff
jumps back like he's been electrocuted.

JEFF
Shit! Someone staring. Right at me!

Kevin unsheathes a camping knife, approaches the door. He
crouches at the keyhole; pokes it with the blade. CLANK.

KEVIN
Guess we know where that glass went.

He pokes it again, for Jeff's benefit. He shines a
flashlight in the hole - shards of glass are taped to the
other side of the lock. Yet more slivers on the floor.

KEVIN
(grins)
You saw your own eye. Scared yourself.

JEFF
Yeah? Well, you would have shit your
pants, Encyclopedia Brown!

Kevin glances at the glass on the floor. Something shines... differently. **Dusty's Nordic Locket. Covered with blood stains.**

KEVIN

Oh my god. Dusty's here!

He throws himself at the door. Smashes his shoulder into it. Again and again.

BETH

What are you doing, Kev? What's that in your hand?

The frame fractures. Kevin stumbles inside.

INT. DOC JOHNSON'S OFFICE - MAY 06, 2014 - 7:39:00

Dusty shelves filled with books. Lumps of tissue float in jars, next to a Bunsen burner. Beakers and cracked specimen slides.

Kevin races around in a frenzy. He tears open the closet - looks inside. He runs to a window: it's nail shut. Salt sprinkled on the sill.

Kevin runs hands over every surface, in search of clues.

KEVIN

Dusty! Where'd they take you?

He opens a cabinet. It's filled with medical supplies. Jeff hobbles over. Grabs hydrogen peroxide and gauze.

JEFF

Yes! Score!

SYLIE

Can hydrogen peroxide expire?

JEFF

I'm gonna find out.

He pours half the bottle on his leg. SCREAMS. SLAPS gauze on the wound.

Kevin collapses at a table. He opens the locket and cradles it in his hands. Inside: A photo of Pia Hansen.

Beth hovers over him.

BETH

I've seen that woman. Who is she?

KEVIN

My Aunt. One of the Norway Seven.

BETH

(sighs)

Wanna explain what's going on?

Kevin holds out the locket. Embarrassment on his face.

KEVIN

She travelled to the US to be with my Mom. Her big sister, who was already here. She was pregnant. Six months. She stopped at Quarantine Island - then disappeared. At first, it was this big scandal in the family. But it faded over time. Became a story the old folks told at parties. Tell you the truth, I was sick of it. But Dusty - he was obsessed.

Jeff and Sylie wander over. Listen.

KEVIN

When I told him about the documentary, Dusty begged me to dump the lighthouse project. And come here.

BETH

Why the big secret?

KEVIN

(shrugs)

It seemed so stupid. But I was kinda intrigued. And I was doing it for Dusty. I figured, I'd keep that part to myself...

He glances at Jeff.

KEVIN

You already think he's retarded. I didn't wanna give you more ammo. And now he's missing. Because of me!

Beth rests her hand on his shoulder.

KEVIN

I promise. We'll find him, Kev.

Something catches Jeff's eye. It's a familiar looking device. Next to a stack of circular cans.

JEFF

Hey! An old projector!

He pries open a container. Antique film reels sit inside.

JEFF

Jackpot. Christmas Eve in October!

He grabs a gear bag, and slides reels onto the machine.

KEVIN

There's a killer creature stalking us outside, and you wanna watch home movies?

JEFF

You came here to find out what happened. Maybe this'll give us a clue.

KEVIN

What are you gonna power that with, Einstein?

JEFF

Our generator, of course!

Jeff pulls out the portable generator from his bag, and fiddles with cables.

Sylie drifts towards a bookshelf, and pulls out a leather bound journal. It's filled with notes and photos. She wrinkles her nose.

SYLIE

Ew.

She hands it to Beth, who looks inside.

INSERT:

- Pictures of PATIENTS; worse than Kevin's slide show. Tumors. Infected Sores. Amputations.

- A WOMAN sits strapped to a wooden chair; an electrical device on her head. Her eyes are wide. Terrified.

One photo slot is empty. Written underneath: "Baby Aeron." Kevin peers over Beth's shoulder.

KEVIN

Aeron?

BETH

Does that name mean anything to you?

Kevin shakes his head "no". Jeff pipes up from the projector.

JEFF

In Welsh, Aeron translates to *God of War*.

BETH

Seriously? How do you know that?

JEFF

It was my avatar. In *Plants vs. Zombies*.

Kevin shoots him a look: Shut Up.

In the next photo, a small man in a lab coat leans over an operating table. A PATIENT lies on the gurney, strapped down.

KEVIN

That's Doc Johnson. The one standing.

JEFF

Was he Welsh?

KEVIN

Yeah. Actually.

JEFF

Call me crazy, but I'm starting to think disease or drowning isn't what killed the Norway Seven. Or any of his patients.

Beth squints at names scribbled on pages.

BETH

(reads)

Harlan. Rudgow. Pia Hansen.

Kevin snatches the album from her hands. He compares photos with the locket. A perfect match.

Beth opens another book: handwritten notes everywhere. "Meghan" scrawled across the title page.

BETH

Nurse Hill's diary!

A CLATTER behind her. Faded pictures bloom on a wall.

JEFF (O.S.)

Fuck yeah! Made this projector my bitch!

Tumors and sores flash on-screen. Blown up larger than oozing life.

INSERT: Projector Scenes (sporadic, sputtering sound)

- Doc Johnson walks past PATIENTS. Nurse Johnson trails behind. She gestures the sign of the cross. One of the patients cradles TWO TWIN BABIES. They look malformed.

- Nurse Meghan reads a bible. She smiles up at the camera. Young. Fresh faced and innocent.

- Doc Johnson takes blood samples of PATIENTS, and lectures to someone off-screen.

DOC JOHNSON

(strangely smooth accent)

Medicine is an inexact science. Practice makes perfect. We must try. And try again. Only through multiple testings can findings be confirmed. We sacrifice in the short term. For the good of humanity.

- Doc Johnson restrains a STRUGGLING PATIENT. The sound cuts off. He screams at the camera (MOS): "Turn it Off!"

- Nurse Johnson sits in a rocking chair, cuddles something in a blanket. The camera zooms in. It's one of the deformed infants. Doc's hand snatches the baby away. Nurse Johnson leaps to her feet - anguish on her face.

- A flickering shot of a WOMAN in labor. Her face isn't visible - other "things" are. She writhes in pain. Doc Johnson's shoulder blocks the screen.

BETH

That's why I'm never having children.

- TWO MONSTROUS CHILDREN (6) run towards the camera. The deformed babies, grown up (more or less). They GIGGLE and reach towards the lens.

A twisted SHADOW blooms on the wall, blocking the projector scenes. Sylie SCREAMS.

JEFF (O.S.)

Shit. A rat!

He's right. A RAT scurries across the table and dives to the floor with a SQUEAK.

Everyone relaxes...

BANG! Doors SLAM shut elsewhere in the hospital. The DULL THUD of hammered nails.

The projector reaches the end of the reel. Film FLAPS against metal.

Beth shoves Nurse Johnson's diary in a bag. They dash into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - MAY 06, 2014 - 8:22:00

Twists and turns through rotted halls. Jeff rattles the knob on the front door.

JEFF

Locked!

KEVIN

We can't leave without Dusty!

BETH

Kev, we don't know if he's still here!

Jeff looks around in a panic.

JEFF

(yells)

Asshole - don't come near us! I'm warnin' you. We brought guns and stuff. We're armed!

An incredulous Kevin stares at him.

Another BANG. Closer this time. Sylie darts towards an open door.

INT. MORGUE - MAY 06, 2014 - 8:23:01

Sylie swings her flashlight around. Kevin grabs her arm.

KEVIN

Come on. We'll go this way!

The beam stops on the window. **Fresh nails have been pounded through the sill.**

JEFF

Break the glass!

SYLIE

I'm not going out there!

JEFF

You wanna hang with whatever's here?

He punches the pane. Too thick to break. His knuckles CRACK under the stress.

JEFF

Ow!

SOMETHING misshapen shuffles by outside the window.

SYLIE

What the fuck is that thing?

KEVIN

Does your Grandma know you talk that way?

The creature turns towards the window - and stares at them with yellow eyes. Kevin steps in front of Beth instinctively. Everyone races out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - MAY 06, 2014 - 8:25:22

Something POUNDS at the morgue window (O.S.).

The group looks down the hallway. A pitch black corridor. A single door yawns open.

BETH

Over there!

SYLIE

It was locked before! Remember?

BETH

It could've been one of the other doors.

A frustrated Jeff punches the wall.

KEVIN

Don't! You'll attract attention!

JEFF

No fuckin' way I'm going in there! That's an open invite to stupidity...

BETH

There could be a window. A way to escape!
(to Kevin)
Maybe more clues?

A CRASH in the morgue. Glass TINKLES to the floor. Beth races for the door.

KEVIN

Wait!

But Beth's already inside...

INT. THE NURSERY - MAY 06, 2014 - 8:30:10

Even darker here. A row of windows underneath the ceiling, on the opposite end of the room.

BETH

See? Told you!

The others crowd in behind her. Beth takes a step. SQUEAK. She looks down.

Half-rotted toys cover the floor. A wind-up MONKEY with brass cymbals. A ROCKING HORSE with chipped paint.

And under the windows: a tiny bed. An antique Bible on the end table. Peeling wallpaper with cartoons.

JEFF

Who lived here? Chucky?

BETH

It's a baby's room!

Numbers and equations are scrawled in childish writing over all the walls. Brown-red paint; looks like blood.

The footboard of the bed's torn off - ending in splintered shards.

More glass SHATTERS outside. Jeff grabs a small desk, and barricades the door.

Beth rushes to the windows. She stands on tiptoes; can't reach. She climbs on the bed's headboard. It wobbles.

Kevin sweeps a flashlight across the room. The battery's faint, almost dead.

FOOTSTEPS in the hallway.

Kevin points the flashlight at a corner. The beam falls on a rocking chair. A TEDDY BEAR rests on a blanket. Something dangles beneath it.

Beth teeters on the headboard.

BETH

I need a chair!

Kevin swings the flashlight upward. **Skeletal eye sockets** stare at him. A red and white pendant on a moldy collar. A nurse's hat on a mangy head.

It's NURSE JOHNSON. *Or what's left of her.*

Sylie SCREAMS. Beth falls off the headboard. CRASH. She sprawls out flat on the floor.

Kevin recoils from the corpse. He steps on the wind-up monkey. It JINGLES.

A closet door CREAKS open. A BALL rolls out - to Jeff's feet. He KICKS it back instinctively.

It bounces into the dark closet. Silence. The group watches, mesmerized. Hearts POUND in every chest.

The ball ROCKETS from the closet, WHIZZING past Kevin's face. It CRACKS a wall. Plaster splinters everywhere.

The closet opens. HEAVY BREATHING inside.

Eyes glint from the shadows. Beth stands up, backs away.

Jeff darts for the exit, scrambles to shove the desk aside. The thing LEAPS. The desk CRASHES to the ground.

Everyone runs like hell.

INT. HALLWAY - MAY 06, 2014 - 8:35:35

A blur of twists and turns. More smashed mirrors. The group runs blindly.

More locked doors. Peeling walls.

HEAVY SHUFFLING behind them. Just ahead - a door with a window. The sign reads: ATRIUM.

INT. ATRIUM - MAY 06, 2014 - 8:40:05

A glass dome curves across the sky - riddled with holes like Swiss Cheese. Vines poke through. Steady rain PATTERS down. Stars twinkle beyond the glass - promising freedom out of reach.

The room itself's a moldy mess. Bird droppings on the cracked floor. More vines cling to tables and chairs. Gardening tools in one corner.

The group rushes inside. Kevin bolts the door.

Beth gapes at the walls. Writing covers it, floor to ceiling. Bible quotes. Scientific looking equations. Drawings of distorted faces. Childish stick figures.

The word "Evil" written in dull red.

BETH
More graffiti!

JEFF
Did they *have* graffiti back then?

SYLIE
There's no exit! You locked us in!

KEVIN
Nothing's getting through that door.

BETH
But we can't get out.

Something SLAMS against the door.

Sylie BANGS on the glass of the dome. The pane CRACKS.
Jeff pulls Sylie away and holds her tight.

JEFF
Shhhh, babe. It's okay.

Sylie presses her face into his chest.

SYLIE
No, it's not. I'm so, so scared!

JEFF
Yeah, but I'm here with you. Though I'm
piss-in-my-pants terrified...

SYLIE
(mutters into his chest)
I'm sorry I flirted with Eric. Please,
please don't leave me.

He strokes Sylie's hair. Looks over her shoulder at Kev.

JEFF
What's our next move, great leader?

KEVIN
See if it goes away?

BANG! Everyone stares at the door. The noise stops. CLAWS
SCRAPE metal - then fade away.

LATER

Kevin paces. The others cower against the wall. Jeff sits
between the girls, cleaning his Google Glass obsessively.
Sylie nods off under his arm.

Kevin glances at the door. Then his watch. Back again.

KEVIN

Is this night gonna end?

JEFF

Checking that every two minutes ain't gonna help. Wish we had greenage to take the edge off.

BETH

How can you talk about weed at a time like this?

JEFF

Never been a better time.

Sylie blinks sleepily. Turns to Beth.

SYLIE

Hey, you. Kevin's girlfriend.

BETH

(beat)

My name's Beth.

SYLIE

I wanted to apologize to you, too.

BETH

To me? Why?

SYLIE

I was mean before. I made fun of you. Called you weird.

BETH

No big. It's okay.

SYLIE

No, it's not! Us girls got to stick together, right? I promise it'll never happen again. And I'm sorry 'bout Siggie. He wasn't a rat.

Beth smiles. Just a bit.

BETH

Thanks, S-

Sylie SNORES. Beth shrugs and turns to Jeff.

BETH
(whispers)
That was great how you were with Sylie. I mean, calming her down.

JEFF
Thanks. You sound surprised.

BETH
I am.

JEFF
Why? Cause I'm an asshole?

BETH
Yeah.

Now it's Jeff's turn to smile. He turns to Kev.

JEFF
Seriously - what's the plan?

KEVIN
We wait until morning. Then try the door.

JEFF
What if it's still there?

Kevin points at the gardening tools.

KEVIN
We take those as weapons.

BETH
We can't kill that thing!

JEFF
That monster gets near me, I'm gonna bury a hatchet in its fugly head.

KEVIN
We still don't know what it is!

Beth retrieves Nurse Johnson's diary from a bag.

BETH
Maybe there's something here we can use.

Jeff picks up his camera and zooms in on yellowed pages:

BETH
(reads)
"Saturday, May 15th, 1963. I woke up this morning. Blood on the sheets.

Another failure. Not even enough to bury this time. I washed everything before Herbert could see. He wants a son to carry on his legacy. Perhaps it's God's will. But I just want a child to love and protect. Is that so terribly wrong?"

Beth's voice catches. She continues reading.

BETH

"Two of the long term patients had twins today. Both of them had - issues. But they looked so sad. I just wanted to hold one. Herbert saw, and snatched it away."

Beth flips a page. Another date.

BETH

"A group of sailors came today. None of them speak English. The woman, Pia, is quite pregnant; ready to birth any day. Herbert promised me something. If we convince them to stay."

A photo's tucked in the diary. Beth pulls it out: a THREE YEAR OLD BOY smiles at the camera, the Nordic locket around his neck. Stuck to the back of the photo - strands of blond hair.

Several pages are torn out. Followed by more entries:

BETH

"Aeron is growing fast. Such a joy! But I worry about Herbert. I thought having a child would ease his mind. But his work seems even more important now. Our experiments, all done in secret - due to that vile health inspector. It's even affecting Aeron. I yelled at Herbert about it last night. He struck me. Said I was a woman, and couldn't understand..."

Another page:

BETH

"He calls Aeron 'son'. After so many years, I can no longer bear the lies. I contemplate taking Aeron away, from all this pain and suffering. I have found a drug in one of his cabinets that renders one into a deep sleep. We'll take a boat and slip away. Tell the world of this place."

The writing ends abruptly. Beth closes the diary.

BETH

A child? Here? I can't imagine how horrible...

Kevin kisses the top of her head.

KEVIN

I got you into this. I'll get us out.

A JINGLE. Just outside the door. Everyone waits. Something JINGLES again.

Kevin grabs a garden hoe - heads over to investigate.

BETH

Don't!

Kevin looks out the window. It's smudged with monstrous fingerprints. He peers into the hallway.

INTERCUT BETWEEN HALLWAY AND ATRIUM

JINGLE. It's the wind-up monkey from the nursery. The toy drags itself along the floor, leaving a trail of dark liquid behind.

The others join Kevin at the pane. SMOKE curls under the door, unnoticed.

The toy limps down the hallway, out of view. The JINGLES increase; rising in a crazy crescendo. Sylie SLAPS hands over her ears.

SYLIE

Make it stop!

Kevin reaches for the bolt on the door.

BETH

No!

KEVIN

It's my fault. I brought all of you here.
Lied. Probably got my brother killed.
It's time to put an end to this. Myself!

He rips open the door; the hoe raised like a sword.

A PUFF OF SMOKE BLASTS his face.

A LARGE SHADOW looms within. It slashes Kevin's cheek. Kevin crumples to the floor.

The others SCREAM. Start to COUGH. Smoke covers everything.

Jeff's camera lies on the floor - continues to film.

The view: a row of tiny "sevens" scratched into the tile - as far as the eye can see.

The camera blinks red: low battery.

MOMENTS LATER

Beth MOANS. She's on the floor - face smooshed against the camera lens. Something CRASHES nearby.

Beth flips onto her back. Jeff lies beside her, dazed.

Sylie struggles with a DARK FORM - two silhouettes obscured by mist.

Whatever the creature is - it's winning. It CHOMPS into Sylie's neck.

The creature drags Sylie towards the door. Beth jumps to her feet and shakes Jeff awake.

BETH

We have to go. It's got Kev. And Sylie!

They race outside. Follow the trail of Sylie's SCREAMS.

INT. MORGUE - MAY 07, 2014 - 3:08:23

POV: KEVIN/DUSTY'S GO PRO

Feet SLIDE along tile. SCRAPE against salt on the floor. An unseen creature PANTS heavily. And drags Kevin into the room.

Kevin hoisted in the air. SLAMMED onto a table.

A THIN MAN (AERON, 50s) stares down at him. Long blonde hair slicked back like Doc Johnson, dressed in a tattered lab coat. A *Nordic locket around his neck.*

He rolls Kevin on his side.

AERON

Marginal condition. Some scratches.

Kevin's Go-Pro points towards the wall. He's not the only "patient" in the room.

Eric's slumped in a chair. Next to him is Dusty:
battered, but alive. Tubes lead from his neck to an I.V.

Dusty beams at his brother.

KEVIN

Kev! You found me!

Aeron turns to his unseen assistant.

AERON

Sedate the other two. I need to focus on
this specimen.

He removes the Go-Pro Harness. And Kevin's shirt.

INT. HALLWAY - MAY 07, 2014 - 3:09:03

Beth and Jeff wander through twists and turns. Stagger
through an open door.

INT. THE KITCHEN - May 07, 2014 - 3:11:13

Nasty looking. Rusted enamel. Rotted food clumps in pots
and pans. Though some of it looks fresh.

Beth grabs a butcher knife. They keep going. Into...

INT. THE DINING ROOM - May 07, 2014 - 3:14:12

Surprisingly elegant. Classical MUSIC fills the air. A
wind-up phonograph sits in the corner. Clean plates
decorate the table - numbered name cards near each one.

JEFF

What the hell?

Beth grabs his arm.

BETH

This way!

INT. HALLWAYS - May 07, 2014 - 3:21:02

The door to the morgue's wide open. Candle-light flickers
(almost) romantically on walls.

GROWLS and VOICES inside. Jeff and Beth duck and cover on
both sides of the door, and peek in...

INTERCUT BETWEEN HALLWAY AND MORGUE

Aeron stands over a table. Beth spots his Nordic jewelry.

BETH
 (whispers)
 Aeron?

Two MONSTROUS HUMANOIDs shuffle into view.

One with YELLOW EYES wanders the morgue, SNIFFING bottles on shelves. He wears Kevin's Go-Pro harness proudly.

The other creature stops next to AERON. It stares down at the table with RED EYES.

Kevin's strapped to the gurney, ropes looped under both arms. They're hooked up to winches in the ceiling.

Blood DRIPS from his wounds off the table and pools at the drain in the floor.

Aeron shifts to his left - revealing Eric and Dusty, tied with surgical tape to chairs. Both unconscious. Mercifully.

BETH
 (whispers to Jeff)
 Dusty! Over there!

Aeron stitches a gash on Kevin's face.

AERON
 (prissy voice)
 I *told* you to bring him in one piece!
 Never harm a healthy specimen!

A jar CRASHES from a shelf, poked by a claw. Aeron glares at "Yellow Eyes", annoyed.

AERON
 Leave the bottles alone, Brother! Father never had to put up with nonsense like this!

Aeron pulls on the rope.

It props Kevin into seated position. Aeron selects a scalpel, and carves "Three" into Kevin's chest.

Beth steps towards him protectively. Jeff pulls her back.

Eric's eyes SNAP open. He stares towards Jeff and Beth - pleading. Jeff waves hands at him, gestures for Eric to keep still.

Aeron and "Red Eyes" have their backs turned.

Yellow Eyes examines an anatomy poster on a wall. It scratches the picture with a claw.

Jeff points towards an supply closet. A rusty ax leans against the frame. The louvered doors are ajar.

Sylie's frightened eyes peer through the slats. She's tied up and gagged, inside.

Sylie spots Beth and Jeff. She wiggles. Hyperventilates.

Eric feeds off her panic. He struggles to free himself from the chair.

Jeff puts a finger to his lips. Shhhhh.

He and Beth slip into the room. They inch towards the closet, hug the shadows and the wall.

Aeron warms a flat iron over a candle. He presses it against Kevin's chest - cauterizing the wound. Kevin HOWLS. Then faints.

Yellow Eyes licks the poster, then recoils. It raises its head and SNIFFS the air.

Aeron resumes stitching Kevin's cheek. He HUMS CLASSICAL MUSIC as he works.

AERON

Medicine is an inexact science, Brothers.
We have to practice. Persevere. Only then
can we bring forth new life. Like Father
did, with us three. For seven is the
number of perfection. And he has finally
granted us what we need.

Jeff reaches the closet. He fumbles with the rope binding Sylie's hands.

SYLIE

If I don't get out of this - tell my
Grandma I love her!

JEFF

Shhhh, baby. Tell that crazy coot
yourself!

Yellow Eyes GRUNTS and looks Beth's way.

Beth drops to the floor and slides under a gurney.
Candles cast shadows against the wall. Beth's out of
view. Unseen.

She inches towards Jeff and Sylie - TAPS the bottle with her foot. Then stops it from rolling, just in time.

Aeron slides an I.V. into Kevin's arm.

AERON

And now, Patient Three, we are prepared.

Dusty's eyes pop open. They focus on Beth.

DUSTY

Beth! Help! The bad things got Kev!

Simultaneously: Sylie's hand pops free of her restraints. She grabs Jeff in a hug. The ax CLATTERS to the floor.

Aeron swings around. Red Eyes ROARS.

JEFF

Fuck! Girls, run! Go, go, go!

Beth jumps up. She flings the bottle at Red Eyes. Aeron cocks his head to one side.

AERON

You're early. Just as well. Brothers - subdue them, please.

Jeff yanks Sylie to her feet. She stumbles; ankles tied.

Yellow Eyes SNARLS and leaps. Jeff grabs the ax. Swings. The creature knocks it from his hands.

AERON

Brother! Don't hurt him. This time!

Eric rips free from his chair and leaps to his feet. Dusty beams at him, relieved.

DUSTY

Eric! Untie me!

ERIC

Retard, you're on your own.

He darts for the door. Yellow Eyes SLASHES. RIPS out a chunk of Eric's face. The teen drops to the floor. Twitches.

Beth circles a gurney, keeps it between her and Red Eyes. The creature vaults over the table. Beth slides under.

She runs to Dusty - SLASHES his tape with the kitchen knife. The two race to Kevin's side.

Beth places a hand on Kevin's chest. The kitchen knife in her other fist. Aeron grabs her from behind. Beth's knife CLATTERS to the floor.

Her fingers slide across Kevin's skin as she's pulled away... leaving a bloody trail.

BETH

Kevin!

Jeff grabs a scalpel, and slashes Aeron's face.

JEFF

Ha! How'd you like stitches yourself?

Red Eyes jumps in front of Aeron and backhands Jeff to the floor.

Dusty SHOVES Red Eyes backward.

Sylie breaks free of the rope.

Beth STOMPS Aeron's foot, and grabs Dusty's wrist. The group backs away, towards the door.

BETH

We can't leave Kev!

JEFF

We have no choice!

Aeron touches his cheek. His blue eyes blaze with hatred.

AERON

(to Red Eyes)

I changed my mind. You *can* hurt them.

Yellow Eyes tackles Sylie. They CRASH to the floor.

Jeff darts back for her. Beth pulls him away. Red Eyes' claws miss Jeff by inches.

Red Eyes ROARS.

Jeff and Beth turn and run like hell. Beth drags a horrified Dusty behind.

INT. HALLWAYS - May 07, 2014 - 3:40:34

Maze-like twists and turns. Beth scoops up glass from the floor, and throws it at their pursuers.

Red Eyes ducks. Yellow Eyes stops - admires its reflection in the shards... then HOWLS and punches a mirror on the wall. Glass flies everywhere.

Dusty breaks free of Beth.

DUSTY

I won't leave my brother!

He throws himself at Red Eyes. The creature leaps. Pins poor Dusty to the floor.

BETH

No!

JEFF

We can't help him. It's too late!

He drags Beth down the corridor.

Aeron strides down the hall after them. A calm expression on his face; the ax in his hand. The lab coat billows behind him like a flag.

AERON

You can't run. We've locked the doors.

INT. THE NURSERY - MAY 07, 2014 - 4:01:34

Beth and Jeff dash inside. Jeff barricades the door with the desk again. It leans - busted - to one side.

Beth jumps on the headboard, and claws at the windows.

Her hands are slick with Kevin's blood. Her fingers slip against the pane.

The headboard wobbles. Beth falls. Does a header - SMACK! - into the floor.

BETH

My shoulder!

SOMETHING SLAMS against the outside door. The desk shakes crazily.

AERON (O.S.)

Why are you running? Don't you care for our hospitality?

BANG! Another hit. The desk slides an inch.

BETH

The windows! Get them open, or we're trapped!

She struggles to stand up. CRIES in pain. Jeff points to Aeron's bed.

JEFF

You're small enough to hide.

BETH

What about you?

JEFF

Don't argue. Go!

BANG! The desk topples on its side. Beth slides under the bed, horrified.

The door bursts open. Yellow eyes glow in the night.

The creature leaps over the desk - hits Jeff square in the chest. They tumble backward, to the ground.

The scalpel flies from Jeff's hand.

BETH'S GO PRO POV:

The door CREAKS open more. Boots TAP against the floor.

Aeron glides into the room. The cut on his cheek oozes - a drop of blood hits the floor.

But Aeron's expression is serene.

Until he spots Nurse Johnson's corpse in the rocking chair. Unease flickers across his face.

Aeron turns to Jeff, pinned underneath Yellow Eyes.

AERON

Where's Number Six?

Yellow Eyes drools in Jeff's face. A toy on the floor catches the creature's eye. His attention drifts away.

Jeff reaches for his scalpel. CRUNCH. Aeron steps on his wrist.

JEFF

Ow!

AERON

Momma says...

(glances at Nurse Johnson)

It's rude to ignore a question. Or anything Mama says. I'll ask again - where's Number Six?

JEFF

What? You mean the girl?

AERON

Yes. The girl. And I suggest you tell me now. My brothers are getting - anxious.

Red Eyes SNIFFS Jeff. Flashes rotted fangs in his face. Jeff winces at the creature's breath.

Aeron leans *hard* on his foot. Jeff's wrist BREAKS.

JEFF

Aggggghhhhhh!

AERON

Hurry up with that answer. I hate damaging specimens.

JEFF

Okay, fine!

He locks eyes with Beth under the bed.

JEFF

She, she ran into the room with the plants. Said she could break through the glass out there.

He stares up at Aeron. Shivers.

JEFF

Stupid bitch didn't know what she was doing. I told you what you want to know. You'll let me go now. Please?

AERON

(sneers)

You're like all Father's patients. Dirty, cowardly traitors. He was right to use you for experiments. You sell out your own, to save yourselves.

JEFF

Just so we're clear - you'll let me go?

Jeff reaches for the scalpel with his free hand. Aeron sees the feeble attempt. Smiles.

AERON

Some of you, anyway.

He swings the ax, and chops off Jeff's other hand at the wrist! Jeff HOWLS in agony. Blood jets from the wound. It sweeps like a red tide towards Beth.

Yellow Eyes grabs the hand, and scuttles off into a corner. MUNCHING ECHOES from the shadows. Aeron nods at Red Eyes.

AERON

Go to the Atrium. Bring back Number Six.

The creature bounds out of the room.

AERON

(to Yellow Eyes)

As for you - stay with me.

Yellow Eyes nods. Jeff's hand dangles in his mouth.

Aeron pulls tubing from his coat, and ties a tourniquet around Jeff's wound. Jeff keeps woozy eyes glued to Beth.

Aeron drops Jeff's arm, and picks up his legs.

AERON

Damaged. But you'll do.

Beth watches as Jeff's dragged away - a smear of blood in his wake.

The Google Glass falls off his face. He reaches for them.

JEFF

Evidence...

Aeron drags Jeff into the hallway, accompanied by Yellow Eyes. SLAMS the door.

Leaving a shell-shocked Beth alone. Aeron's FOOTSTEPS fade away.

Beth crawls out slowly, winces as floorboards CREAK. She drags herself forward on her stomach, avoids Jeff's blood on the floor.

She picks up the Google Glasses and puts them on her face. Keeps crawling. Toys SQUEAK. She shoves them aside.

Something blocks her way. Nurse Johnson's corpse grins down from her chair. Beth stops. "Rocked" by an idea.

AERON (V.O.)

It's rude to ignore what Mama says.

Beth reaches for Meghan's nurse hat. And avoids the skull's frozen smile.

LATER

Beth looks into a fractured mirror. The uniform bags around her flat chested form. She adjusts the Nurse's hat on her head.

The Google Glasses on her face. The red and white pin on her lapel.

BETH

Aeron, be a good boy. Listen to your Mother.

INT. HALLWAY - MAY 07, 2014 - 5:10:32

Beth wanders, dazed. She passes faded graffiti on a wall: the words "HELL" and "REDEMPTION."

INT. THE ATRIUM - MAY 07, 2014 - 5:14:45

Beth gathers Jeff's camera and bag. Touches the tiny "sevens" scratched in the floor.

She shuffles through leaves towards the exit.

INT. DOC JOHNSON'S OFFICE - MAY 07, 2014 - 5:16:05

The projector WHIRS - flashes faded pictures on a wall.

Jeff lies on Doc Johnson's desk. His Go-Pro camera next to him.

Aeron relaxes in a chair, and watches the movie unwind.

INSERT: PROJECTOR SCENE - FLASHBACK - DAY

It's the shot of the deformed twins again - rough-housing in the Examination Room.

They GIGGLE and dart at the camera. The lens captures their yellow and red eyes.

A hand pulls the camera away. It sets it down on a table,. The two run out to the hallway.

YOUNG AERON (6) races after them. The hand pulls him back, and SLAMS the door.

DOC JOHNSON (O.S.)
What did I tell you before?

Doc Johnson walks into frame. He strides toward a counter, Aeron in tow.

YOUNG AERON
That I shouldn't play with my brothers.

DOC JOHNSON
They're not your brothers. They're cretins!

YOUNG AERON
But Momma says -

DOC JOHNSON
Those creatures are nature's mistakes. Bred by diseased inferiors. Your mother's too weak to understand. You should never associate with their kind. Or anyone from the outside. I'm your father. All the family you'll ever need.

He peers into a microscope, and jots down notes. Young Aeron perks up, impressed.

YOUNG AERON
Watcha doing?

DOC JOHNSON
That's "what are you doing?" Enunciate. And the answer is, important work.

YOUNG AERON
Can I help?

DOC JOHNSON
You're too young.

Aeron picks up a scalpel and examines it. Doc Johnson pries it from his hand.

YOUNG AERON
Please! I wanna... I want to be like you!

Doc Johnson looks up from the microscope, smiles. The expression looks alien on his face.

DOC JOHNSON

Then watch what I do, carefully. Both in person and the subject films. In science, every detail's important. Practice every day. Start small. I'll give you animals. When you're ready, you can assist me.

YOUNG AERON

Really? You promise?

Doc strokes Aeron's head. There's honest affection there.

DOC JOHNSON

I promise. We'll work together someday, son.

Young Aeron beams.

END PROJECTOR SCENE:

INT. DOC JOHNSON'S OFFICE - MAY 07, 2014 - 5:16:05

POV: JEFF'S GO-PRO LENS, ON THE TABLE

Middle aged Aeron SNIFFLES, and stands up from his chair. Yellow Eyes watches his movements carefully.

Aeron turns off the projector. A tear trickles down his cheek. Yellow Eyes reaches out to touch his face.

Aeron grabs his wrist. Gently.

AERON

You are family. Father was wrong. *That* time.

He turns off the projector, and heads for the table. And Jeff.

AERON

Now go. Find out what's keeping your brother.

Yellow Eyes GRUMBLES, but leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - MAY 07, 2014 - 5:24:06

Beth wanders through more corridors, dressed in her Nurse Johnson "costume".

She stops. Something blocks the hallway. It's the toy monkey, on its side. Beth puts it in her bag.

A monstrous SHADOW looms on a wall. Yellow Eyes! He shambles towards her.

Beth freezes as the creature SNIFFS her face. He gets a whiff of Nurse Johnson. And *cringes*.

The creature WHINES, and retreats back to the shadows. Beth blinks thoughtfully, and fondles Nurse Meghan's pin.

Her reverie's broken by an earsplitting SCREAM. She looks down the hall.

Drops of red lead toward Doc Johnson's office. A smear of blood on the threshold...

Another SCREAM. Beth darts towards the door.

INT. DOC JOHNSON'S OFFICE - MAY 07, 2014 - 5:39:12

Aeron hovers over Jeff, his back to the door. He HUMS a classical tune.

There's an I.V. in Jeff's remaining arm. Aeron injects liquid into the tube. A scalpel in his free hand.

AERON

A dose of this, a dose of that...

Beth realizes - Jeff's awake!

AERON

Be glad I gave you something for the pain.

(quotes)

"And God will wipe the tears from their eyes." Mother got that much right.

He draws the scalpel across Jeff's chest. Blood wells up across the jagged line. He's drawing a *Number Five*.

Beth CLEARS her throat. Aeron spins around. He sees the uniform. His eyes grow wide.

Red Eyes barrels into the room. He spots Beth/Meghan and backs away.

Beth's eyes snap to Aeron's scalpel. Then to Jeff. Back again. She draws a deep breath. **It's showtime.**

BETH

Aeron. Put that down!

AERON

Mother? It can't be. You're d-

BETH

Do I look dead to you?

Jeff's eyes roll towards Beth: "Get me out of this!"

BETH

I won't have you killing in the house of the Lord!

AERON

But - my experiments!

BETH

What did I tell you about playing with your Father's things?

Aeron droops; guilt on his face.

AERON

Father told me patients were evil.
Destined for greater things.

BETH

Your father made a mistake, Aeron.
Killing is wrong; for any reason. I tried to teach you. But you were too young to understand.

The scalpel drops to Aeron's side.

BETH

That's a good boy. Now take that man off the table...

Aeron jumps in front of Jeff, protects him like a toy.

AERON

You can't take him! I'm just doing what Father said. Continuing his work.

BETH

Your Father's work is done.

She steps forward. Red Eyes SNARLS. Beth hesitates.

AERON

You stopped him before he was finished!

His voice catches in a SOB.

AERON

He told me you were jealous. You planned to take me away. I saw you poke him with that needle. You did it. And he died!

Beth freezes. Rethinks her strategy.

BETH

It was an accident, Aeron. She... I didn't mean to hurt him. Just make him go to sleep. For awhile.

AERON

I used it on you. You went to sleep as well!

BETH

But I'm awake now, Aeron. And - it's time to go.

She glances at Jeff. Then reaches for the scalpel in Aeron's hand.

AERON

No!

He SLASHES. Blood wells on Beth's wrist. She jumps back and collides with Red Eyes. He HISSES. She backs away.

AERON

You ruined Daddy's work. I won't listen anymore!

BETH

Aeron, stop! Behave!

Red Eyes grabs Beth from behind. The nurse hat falls off her head. Aeron blinks, surprised.

AERON

You're not my mother! That's a nasty trick to pull on me...

Beth struggles. But Red Eye's too strong.

BETH

Neither was Meghan! Your Father killed a woman named Pia and stole you. HE was the real monster!

Aeron levels the scalpel at Beth's face.

AERON
(to Red Eyes)
Hold Number Six for me. We haven't
branded her yet.

He steps forward.

Jeff rises from behind Aeron. He loops the I.V. tube around the man's neck. PULLS. And snatches the scalpel from Aeron's hand.

Aeron CHOKES. FLAILS.

Red Eyes flings Beth away, and races to his "brother's" side. Jeff stabs the creature through his left eye.

Red Eyes jerks away.

Beth SMASHES a chair over Aeron's head. Aeron goes down. Jeff slides off the table.

But Beth's just getting started. She SLAMS the chair into Aeron. Again and again. Aeron cowers on the floor.

JEFF
Beth, stop!

BETH
(to Aeron)
You bastard! What have you done to Kevin?

Jeff grabs her arm, and stops her next swing.

JEFF
I dig you channeling your inner blood
lust. But it's time to go!

He drags Beth out the door.

Aeron rises to his feet; pride battered worse than his body. He touches a hand to Red Eye's face.

AERON
(soft)
An eye for an eye. Brother, you shall
savor your revenge.

INT. HALLWAY - MAY 07, 2014 - 6:04:12

Beth and Jeff race for the exit. Jeff spots the ax on the floor, and scoops it up.

BETH
What are you doing??

JEFF
Getting supplies!

SHADOWS flicker down the hallway. Aeron and Red Eyes are close behind.

AERON
Evil can run, but it can't hide!

JEFF
Faster, Beth. They're right behind you!

Jeff lifts the ax, and rushes the Infirmary's front door. Beth races along at his side.

JEFF
(swings)
Agggggghhh!

Red Eyes reaches for them.

CRACK! Rotten wood crumbles under their feet. All three plummet down into...

INT. THE BASEMENT - MAY 07, 2014 - 6:10:33

POV: BETH - THROUGH GOOGLE GLASSES

Dust drifts through the air. Sharp splinters everywhere.

Rusty medical supplies and specimen jars sit in storage. Cobwebs cover a small window in the corner. An open door leads to another room, several feet away.

Beth hears a MOAN. She looks to her left. Jeff lies on his back, in agony.

Red Eyes dangles mid-air - impaled on a piece of wood.

Beth crawls towards Jeff through debris.

JEFF
(groans)
I'm so screwed.

BETH
You okay?

JEFF

(weak)

My hand's chopped off. I just fell twenty feet onto my back. Take a flying fuckin' guess. What do you think?

AERON (O.S.)

Brother! Speak to me!

Aeron glares down through a hole in the floor. Red Eyes WHINES. SPASMS. Then lies still.

BETH

Your brother is DEAD, Aeron! Just like Meghan. And your Father! Stop the killing. Leave us alone!

Aeron spots Red Eyes. SOBS.

AERON

You'll pay for this! Your evil shall never leave this place.

He disappears.

JEFF

That mother-fucker's stone crazy...

FOOTSTEPS echo down the hall upstairs. Followed by the CREAK of a door. Light floods the other basement room.

Beth races to the door, slides a flimsy bolt into place.

She runs back to Jeff, and tries to lift him. He slides from her arms, BUMPS his head.

JEFF

Ow!

BETH

We have to go. He's coming!

Jeff's eye twitches.

JEFF

I can't move!

She touches his face.

JEFF

I can't feel you. Oh my God. I broke my back!

Aeron's footsteps THUD down unseen stairs.

JEFF
You have to leave. Go and hide.

BETH
What are you saying? I can't leave you!

JEFF
You gotta. I'm dead anyway.

BETH
He'll experiment on you!

JEFF
(weak grin)
Not like I'll feel it anyway.

Aeron's FOOTSTEPS get closer. Jeff's grin fades. He turns his head; towards the ax in the debris.

JEFF
Especially if you kill me first.

Beth stares at Jeff, horrified.

JEFF
Please? I know I've been a dick. But I
don't wanna be this psycho's guinea pig.

He COUGHS. Dust puffs from his lungs.

Aeron BANGS on the door. The frame SHAKES.

JEFF
Get off this island. Tell the cops what
we've seen.

Beth darts to the window. It's covered with salt and nailed. She digs at the metal. Splinters rip through her skin. She breaks her nail at the quick.

BETH
Damn it!

She punches the window. No dice.

JEFF
(chuckles weakly)
I couldn't crawl through that anyway.

Another HIT from Aeron. Wood SPLINTERS. The door hangs half off its frame. Aeron's hand reaches through and SNAPS the lock open.

Beth grabs the ax, and runs in front of Jeff.

The door BURSTS open. Aeron stands in silhouette, flanked by Yellow Eyes. The creature sees Red Eyes' corpse, and HOWLS in pain.

Jeff reaches for Beth.

JEFF
Please. Kill me!

AERON
(smiles)
If you insist.

Yellow Eyes leaps on Jeff - a blur of claws and teeth.

Beth swings the ax at Aeron. He knocks her out with one punch to the face.

INT. THE NURSERY - MAY 07, 2014 - 7:14:33

POV: THROUGH GOOGLE GLASSES

The Glasses sit on the table, still filming. Beth lies unconscious on the bed. "Six" carved into her neck.

Aeron wanders the room, the bloody scalpel in his hand. He picks up toys and puts them away.

Nurse Johnson's corpse watches from the rocking chair.

Aeron picks up his teddy bear and holds it awhile. Then tucks it in the closet.

He pulls out a red dress and walks back to Beth. He lays the scalpel on the mattress.

He unbuttons the nurse uniform. Beth lifts a groggy hand in protest. Aeron pushes it away.

Beth turns her head to the side. Sees the knife.

AERON
Father created life with his experiments.
Me. And my Brothers. With your help, his
work can continue. You should be happy.
But you've been bad. Stealing. Telling
lies...

He pulls the uniform over Beth's head. He stares, mesmerized, at her breasts.

AERON

...Doing dirty girl things. And wearing Momma's uniform.

Beth GROANS. She reaches for the scalpel. Aeron unfolds the red dress.

AERON

This was Momma's. She kept it for special occasions. I have to get you ready, Number Six. We've got an important breakfast date.

Beth's fingers close on the scalpel. Aeron CRUSHES a chloroform rag against her face.

Beth slips the scalpel in the back of her underwear. She struggles a moment, then falls asleep.

Aeron finishes dressing her. Puts the Google Glasses on her face.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - May 07, 2014 - 8:11:33

Darkness. The scratchy sound of CLASSICAL MUSIC, spun on a hand-cranked phonograph.

Beth opens her eyes and peers through bloody fingerprints on Google Glass.

She's propped at the end of the dining room table - arms tied back against the chair. She wears the red dress. Her feet are bare.

Candles flicker over china plates. Linen. Silverware.

Aeron sits at the head of the table, a gracious smile on his face. A Bible and Doc Johnson's lab journal rest at his side.

AERON

Ah. Our final guest has "arrived".

He spreads his arms wide. Latex gloves on both hands.

They're not alone. Bloody horrors adorn the other chairs.

- Red Eyes' corpse, one eye missing.

- Jeff sits opposite the creature, dead - a matching eye torn out as well. A bloody "Number Five" in his chest.

- Eric's taped to a chair, half his face ripped away. His eyes swivel in exposed sockets. Grotesque, but alive. A "Number Two" Name Tag near his plate.
- Sylie dangles from ropes. Her face hovers above a china bowl. Her Name Tag reads "Number Four."
- Kevin's two seats down from Beth. He's "Number Three." His arms are free. A chain with surgical razors restrains him at the neck.
- Dusty sits across from Kevin. "Number One" carved across his face. Tubing snakes from his arm, into a crystal wine glass.
- Yellow Eyes squats on a chair at Aeron's other side. He SNUFFLES happily.

AERON

(to Beth)

I trust you are comfortable?

Beth shakes uncontrollably.

Yellow Eyes licks Kevin's face. Aeron SMACKS the creature in the back of his head.

AERON

Mind your manners. Sit down!

(to Beth)

I do apologize. My brother is a bit - uncultured.

Aeron opens the bible. Turns to a page and reads.

AERON

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made."

(to Beth)

Momma cared for stories like this. Father put *his* faith in more tangible things.

He closes the Bible, replaces it with the lab journal.

AERON

Science and religion. An interesting juxtaposition, don't you think?

(reads)

"The scientific process can be tedious. Multiple patients are required to weed out irrelevant factors. Blood tests should be thorough and frequent. Skin samples harvested as needed."

BETH
What are you doing?

AERON
Outlining the procedures, my dear.
(continues to read)
"Test subjects should be separated into groups of seven at minimum, isolated per protocol. Education is vital in such matters. Though testing can be painful, it may help to explain one's methods to your patients, so they may better comply and understand."

He SNAPS the book shut. Turns to Beth.

AERON
So - you understand?

BETH
I understand. You're a monster!

AERON
Mother called Father a monster, too. But his results speak for themselves. He created me. It's only fair I continue his work. Do the same.

Eric WHIMPERS. Looks at Aeron. WHINES again.

ERIC
(to Beth)
Help me...

Aeron folds his napkin, rises from his chair. He puts down the journal. Picks up silverware.

AERON
I've had to learn so much on my own. Deprived of human patients. Limited to animals. But now you've arrived. Father's experiments can begin again.

He walks behind Eric and slashes his vocal cords with the knife. Eric THRASHES. Now silent.

One of his KICKS hits Dusty's ankle. The big man MOANS softly. Kevin's eyes flicker at the sound.

BETH
Oh my God. They're alive?

Beth wriggles in her chair. Then SCREAMS at pain in her back. Blood trickles down her leg.

The scalpel! Beth fumbles for it under the table.

Aeron glides past corpses, surveys the scene. He BUMPS against Sylie.

The girl's head drops, and SMACKS against a plate. Her face twisted at an odd angle. Beth GASPS. Sylie's face is eaten away.

AERON

(sighs)

I'm afraid my brothers were too zealous with their duties. Leaving some specimens... beyond repair. But a scientist makes do with what he has. And Fate will provide me more. In time.

Aeron reaches Dusty. He twists an I.V. gauge. Blood trickles into the wine glass. Dusty wriggles in pain.

KEVIN

(weak)

No. Not Dusty. You can't!

Beth and Aeron turn towards the sound of Kevin's voice.

Kevin reaches into his pocket. He pulls out Dusty's Nordic locket, and drops it on the table.

KEVIN

Open it.

Aeron opens the locket. He stares at the picture of Pia.

AERON

I recognize this woman. One of my father's patients.

KEVIN

(weak)

That's your mother. My aunt. We're... your real family.

Yellow Eyes GRUNTS. He picks up his Red Eye's arm. It drops, lifeless, to the table.

Yellow Eyes scurries to Aeron's side. He buries his face in Aeron's shoulder and WHINES.

Aeron's SLAMS the locket to the floor.

AERON

No! Family is those who are there for you. Who sacrifice.

Regardless of whose blood flows in your veins! You people are just strangers.

He runs to Dusty and drains more blood into the glass. Aeron lifts up the chalice to catch the light.

AERON

Looks ordinary to me.

KEVIN

No! If sacrifices must be made, take me. Please, don't hurt my brother...

A flicker of empathy from Aeron. He yanks the I.V. from Dusty's arm. And JAMS it into Kevin's neck.

The wine glass fills up quickly. Aeron starts on a second one. Kevin MOANS.

AERON

Shhh. Your girlfriend will join you shortly.

Beth re-doubles her efforts to escape. She grabs the scalpel by the blade. The metal slices her fingers.

She flips it around and saws at the ropes around her wrists. Cuts skin. Keeps sawing anyway.

The second wine glass fills up quickly. Aeron transfers the end of the tube to a soup bowl, placed before Kevin.

Aeron raises *his* wine glass in a toast.

AERON

(grins)

As Father used to say, there's a method to every madness. We should all be honored to partake in his experiments. Some day, they will make history!

He frowns at Kevin's blood, dribbling into the bowl.

AERON

Too slow. We wouldn't want our entrees to get cold.

He reaches around Kevin, and slits his throat. Blood gushes from Kevin's arteries. Splashes across fine linen.

AERON

Dammit. I'll have to have that cleaned.

Beth twists her wrists. Her ropes SNAP. She launches blindly at Aeron.

BETH

Get away from him. You monster!

Aeron pins her wrists.

AERON

You should strive to remain calm. That creates a better experience for everyone.

Beth's bloody wrists slide from Aeron's grasp. Aeron trips against Kevin's chair.

Kevin falls with a THUMP to the floor. Stares up at Beth with lifeless eyes. Beth SCREAMS. Turns and runs...

DUSTY

Beth, please! Help me!

BETH

I'm so sorry, Dusty. I can't!!

INT. HALLWAY - May 07, 2014 - 9:13:05

Beth runs blindly. Through dark hallways. Sharp turns.

Salt CRUNCHES under her feet. She trips; falls on her hands and knees. She crawls over shards of mirror on the floor. Aeron strides through the halls behind her.

AERON

Stop being so headstrong. Father never had to deal with patients like this!

Beth reaches the front door. Still locked. She jiggles the handle desperately. Aeron glides towards her.

AERON

They say a sign of insanity is doing the same thing again and again, but expecting a different result. You knew the door was locked. Didn't you?

Beth SCREAMS and throws broken glass in his face. She darts into...

INT. THE MORGUE - May 07, 2014 - 9:36:22

Beth dashes to the window. Still nailed shut. Aeron blocks the entrance way.

AERON

Cornered like a test rat. Oh, whatever
shall you do?

Beth grabs the old I.V. stand, and thrusts it at the
window like a battering ram.

The pane CRACKS. Aeron approaches. Rapidly. Another
thrust. Glass SHATTERS.

Beth squeezes out. Broken glass BITES into her waist.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - May 07, 2014 - 9:55:23

Beth lands face first in the dirt. Rain pelts her face.

CLICK. The back door unlocks. Beth glances up through
pouring rain. Aeron stands in the door, in silhouette.

AERON

Come inside, Number Six. You'll catch
your death from cold.

Beth scrambles to her feet. Runs blindly.

EXT. WOODS - MAY 07, 2014 - 10:12:45

She jumps over logs. Between trees. Sharp twigs SCRATCH
her face. Her side is bleeding heavily.

Beth RIPS material from the bottom of the dress, and
wraps it around her waist.

AERON (O.S.)

You won't get far like that. You'll see!

Beth hears his voice, runs harder. Mirrors dangle from
branches - a blur as Beth races by. The beach and pier
are visible ahead.

EXT. BEACH - MAY 07, 2014 - 10:31:41

Beth darts across sand towards the canoe. It's still
tethered to the pier.

She spots the fawn from before. GASPS in surprise. The
deer's ears shoot up. It scampers away.

The forest line births Aeron.

His wet lab coat clings to his shoulders. His eyes blaze
with fury - vibrant even this far away.

AERON

My brothers ripped through that with their claws. You try to reach mainland, the boat will sink!

BETH

Fuck you. I'd rather drown!

She dives in the canoe. Fumbles with rope knots.

BETH

God damn you, Kevin. NOW you tie the rope too tight?

The rope unravels. Finally.

INT. CANOE - MAY 07, 2014 - 10:40:41

Aeron dives in. Beth slashes with the scalpel. Aeron tears it from her hand.

She kicks at him. Her toe snags against a hole in the hull. CRACK. The dress RIPS. The canoe rocks crazily.

AERON

Be still. You'll hurt yourself!

Beth doesn't stop. Aeron SIGHS, and slashes a tendon at her knee. The leg goes limp.

Beth grabs blindly for the scalpel. Aeron grabs her throat, and holds her back.

AERON

Well, if you *must* be difficult.

He slashes again, cuts Beth's vocal cords.

AERON

The least you can do is be quiet.

Beth grabs her throat. Blood surges over her hands.

AERON

When the seventh angel blows his trumpet, God's mysterious plan will be fulfilled. Seven came, but will not leave. On the seventh day, thy Father's work shalt be complete.

Aeron looms in her vision. A beatific smile on his face.

AERON

That's a good patient. Come with me.

He lifts Beth's limp body into the air. The Google Glass tumbles off her face and CLATTERS into the canoe.

Silt seeps through holes in the hull. Blood trickles down the side. It drips into puddles of water, blooming like an exotic rose.

A light blinks in the corner of the lens. Low battery.

INT. DOC JOHNSON'S OFFICE - MAY 08, 2014 - 6:43:13

POV: HAND HELD GO-PROS

Yellow Eyes struts around the office, wearing Sylie's Go-Pro. Jeff's harness sits on a desk. It's "on" as well.

The projector flashes grainy pictures on a wall:

- Doc Johnson, dissecting a rabbit. Entrails splayed out everywhere. Even worse - the creature's still alive.

DOC JOHNSON

Here, we can see the entrance to the duodendum. And beyond the chest cavity.

Dusty sits at a counter and watches the film. Aeron stands paternally at his side. There's a squirrel laid out before him. Aeron forces a scalpel into Dusty's hand.

He pushes the scalpel towards the squirrel's breathing chest. Dusty shakes his head.

DUSTY

I don't wanna. Where's Beth?

AERON

That's "want to." Enunciate. And she left you. With me.

DUSTY

Where's my brother, Kevin?

AERON

He had to go away for awhile. But I'll take care of you. We're family. All the family you'll ever need.

He pushes the scalpel against fur. Blood wells up in a bright line. Dusty SNIFFLES. Tears in his eyes.

AERON

That was perfect! You're a quick learner.

Dusty smiles. A little. Aeron extends the incision more - exposing the creature's beating heart.

AERON

Just practice what Father does on the screen. When Kevin gets back, he'll be very proud.

Dusty's hand trembles. But he does as he's told.

FINAL FADE OUT: