

Camp Aumigod

by

Scott Eldredge

Scott Eldredge
PO Box 311
La Honda, CA 94020
Seldredg@sbcglobal.net
650-747-9613

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - DAY

A gasping distressed blonde in a tight tank top, grasping a smartphone in one hand, runs as fast as she can while glancing back over her shoulder and struggling to take off a white T-shirt with some lettering on it. She loses her balance and bounces off the side of a cabin and falls.

As she tries to rise, thrashing still tangled with her T-shirt, her pursuer in long flapping coat catches up with her and they struggle. Tanktop kicks herself free and races off, still entangled and struggling with her shirt.

Her pursuer gets up and, seeing Tanktop running off, runs off in a different direction.

Tanktop is just about free of her shirt when her pursuer, having circled ahead, knocks her down with a 2x4.

She lies on the ground, blood all over her forehead and running down her face, eyes wide--you can see the imprint of the strike on her head. Her T-shirt is still on and the word on it can now be seen: DIES. Her head lolls to the side. Her smartphone is still in her hand. Her fingers convulse and she hits send. It begins to rain.

INT. POLICE STATION

Detective Strom rising from his desk and putting his coat on. Computer on desk. Pile of papers weighted with cheap rodeo trophy. Coffee cup, etc. Strom's desk abuts his partners desk, Harris. Danny enters.

DANNY

I just uploaded the Camp Aumigod video, what I finished. What's the rush?

STROM

Hey Danny. Harris went out there yesterday, and we haven't heard since. Didn't go home last night.

DANNY

He got a reason not to go home?

STROM

He has a great marriage and two teenagers that don't talk back.

DANNY

So we call out the troops.

Danny has picked up a photo from Harris's desk showing Harris with a record size fish. Strom takes it from him and puts it back.

STROM

Not yet. I'm going out there. Keep working on the video.

Danny flicks his eyes to the corner of the room at a surveillance camera; it's red light showing that it's on. Danny motions "a moment" with a finger, and in a moment the red light goes out.

DANNY

I wanted to explain what I've done with it.

STROM

Sure. What?

DANNY

I tried put stuff in order. Tell a story...make some sense of it. Focus on what's important.

Strom frowns at Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I know "what's important" is a little above my pay grade.

STROM

You edited the evidence?

Danny looks worried.

DANNY

I--

STROM

--You like movies?

DANNY

I had a YouTube go viral once. Got the bug. When you look at it...really, I'm just trying to help you guys solve a crime.

STROM

Don't know if there's a crime yet. How many hours total?

DANNY

Hundreds, and counting. I'm still getting stuff.

STROM

How is that possible?

DANNY

There's video monitoring from buildings on the grounds. I found an intermittent signal. Seems the old system still works. Sort of. And a documentary film crew's been on site for months. Another film crew came in a few days ago. Store their footage in the cloud. I searched on the time and GPS of the camp, and there's no end of Facebook YouTube. Endless uploads. Shit just seems to fall out of the sky on this one.

STROM

And how many here? (points at screen)

DANNY

I dunno. Maybe 15 minutes.

STROM

OK. Keep going. I'll check it out when I get back. Shit. 500 hours.

Strom starts to walk out.

DANNY

You should watch this before you leave. There's some nice stuff.

STROM

Nice?

DANNY

Good background.

STROM

Context?

DANNY

Yes. Context. Some backstory. And a possible lead.

Strom looks at his watch and at Danny looking earnest.

STROM

OK. Let's see what we have.

Strom turns to his computer and clicks.

BEGIN FOOTAGE:

EXT. DOCUMENTARY: ENTRANCE TO CAMP AUMIGOD

Slow pan in on old color photo still of the gated entrance to Camp Aumigod. Large closed auto gate with door size people gate next to it.

DANNY

Establishing. Context.

STROM

I get it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Generations of kids packed Camp Aumigod every summer, until 1989 and the infamous Summer of Psychopaths killings.

In spite of the addition of a sophisticated surveillance system and counselors drawn from the ranks of ex-special forces, attendance fell in the years following, and the camp struggled.

DANNY(V.O.)

Psychos and summer camps. Like tornadoes and trailer parks. Gotta wonder what kind of parents would keep sending kids to a place like that.

STROM(V.O.)

What kind of kids would they send?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sharing space with different enterprises--university research, corporate leadership training, and overflow parking--Camp Aumigod finally closed in 1994.

EXT. DOCUMENTARY: ENTRANCE TO CAMP AUMIGOD

Less-than-perfect fade to present time video still from about the same POV, showing people lined up outside and through the gates. Still changes to video showing people shuffling about in line but not really moving much.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But recent disasters have breathed new life into Camp Aumigod, and for the past two years it has served as the FEMA field offices for the relief effort following Hurricane Madge. An army of government workers has filled the camp, providing aid and follow-up support to the victims of Hurricane Madge, as they did to Hurricane Cl'nique.

EXT. DOCUMENTARY: CAMP AUMIGOD, INSIDE ENTRANCE

The line of people stretches from the gate, curving among the trees, ending at a cabin with sign "Camp Aumigod Office." By some trees approaching the office is a woman with a shopping cart filled with possessions.

EXT. SMARTPHONE: FROM THE LINE OF PEOPLE

The NARRATOR (documentary director) and his CAMERAMAN approach, heading a bit to the side of the POV. In the background a stalker wearing a flapping long coat runs by.

DANNY (V.O.)

Watch again. The guy running past in the background.

The video shows the stalker again, zoomed in to see the distinctive athletic shoes.

Video continues:

MALE1 (V.O.)

Here he comes again.

EXT. DOCUMENTARY: THE LINE, CART WOMAN

Approaching a suspicious woman with a shopping cart piled with possession. She looks a bit frazzled but not as unkempt as the entirely homeless.

CART WOMAN

...I lost everything. Two bedrooms,
two baths, open floor plan. That's
why I'm here. Why else would I be
here? Why the hell are you still
here?

The view pans from woman to cart and begins to zoom in.

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)

Get away from my stuff! You didn't
use to be such an ass.

The POV jerks up into the trees.

FOOTAGE ENDS.

INT. POLICE STATION

Strom looks thoughtful.

DANNY

What is it?

STROM

Thought I saw something.

Strom scrolls the video back a little and pauses on Cart
Woman and her cart. He clicks play, and the scene replays.

STROM (CONT'D)

Dunno.

DANNY

Maybe I can find another angle.

BEGIN FOOTAGE:

EXT. DOCUMENTARY: CAMP AUMIGOD, THE LINE

The line as one moves forward and stops as a few people enter
the office.

INT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD OFFICE

Two people get up from two government workers at desks and
leave by a side door. Two other victims walk over and sit
down.

GOVWORKER1

Hello. How may I help you?

EXT. SMARTPHONE: FROM THE LINE

The gates open and a van drives in and stops nearby. Six young people get out and stretch and look around--three males and three females [MOVIEDIRECTOR (male), VIDEOGIRL, UNASSUMING (male), HUNK (male), TANKTOP, BRUNETTE].

The video freezes and zooms in on Tanktop.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD

Unclear shot from a distance in rain showing Tanktop lying on the ground, degrading to static and loss of picture. Cut to same scene minus Tanktop, slightly later timestamp, same degradation.

EXT. SMARTPHONE: FROM THE LINE

Moviedirector walks over to Smartphone, and looks up and down the line, then down at the ground and then at the smartphone video shooter.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Nice shoes. ... What's everyone waiting for?

SMARTPHONE1

Help. We're all victims...

Moviedirector walks off toward the office.

INT. SURVEILLANCE: INSIDE OFFICE

Moviedirector walks in and goes up to one of the desks.

GOVWORKER1

(rote statement)

You'll have to wait your turn.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

I will. Thank you. Can you tell me where cabins 27 and 31 are?

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: CABIN 31

UNASSUMING, HUNK, TANKTOP, BRUNETTE, and Videogirl (shooting) walk up to cabin with bags. BRUNETTE looks at a paper she's holding.

INT. SURVEILLANCE: CABIN 31

Simple cabin with two rooms off common room.

UNASSUMING, HUNK, TANKTOP, and BRUNETTE enter with bags, followed by Videogirl shooting. Tanktop quickly checks out the rooms.

TANKTOP
We'll take this one.

HUNK
Sure.

He tosses his bag into the other room with barely a glance.

BRUNETTE
Why this one?

TANKTOP
Has better light.

UNASSUMING
Better for what?

INT. VIDEO: SWITCH TO VIDEOGIRL'S FOOTAGE

TANKTOP
Meditating. I like to start my day
in trance with the sun on my back.

HUNK
Excellent. Already in character.

UNASSUMING
How would you know? We haven't seen
a script yet. Or do you know?

HUNK
Don't know anything. But it's all
around us. Take a look. Bunch of
young people at a summer camp.
We're doomed. Most of us.

BRUNETTE
Maybe it's a coming of age film.

HUNK
Good one.

UNASSUMING

None of this says "film." It says straight to DVD. Or streaming. Shit, we may not even go to DVD.

HUNK

We'll die unknown, instead of...unknown.

BRUNETTE

(to Videogirl)

Why are you shooting this? This is a reality show, isn't it? Goddamn.

VIDEOGIRL

Don't know. I was told to get some dailies.

TANKTOP

There's no bathroom. I was told I'd have my own bathroom.

Brunette gives Tanktop the paper she was holding--a map of the camp.

UNASSUMING

Here. See all these rectangles. They're all bathrooms. Pick one.

Tanktop studies the map.

BRUNETTE

Put a star on your stall.

HUNK

Abrasive. That's good too.

INT. DOCUMENTARY: CABIN 27

Simple cabin with two rooms off common room, filled with movie producing stuff.

MOVIEDIRECTOR and VIDEOGIRL (shooting) walk in. Moviedirector is consulting some papers in his hand as he walks in.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Excuse me. Can I help you? And unless you have permission to shoot here, and you don't, turn that thing off.

INT. VIDEO: CABIN 27

NARRATOR sits behind a desk covered with papers. Behind him and a bit to side sits his CAMERAMAN next to his camera, running.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Actually, I have a permit. And very clear instructions that I am to stay here and no where else. Cabin 31.

Moviedirector hands Narrator the papers.

NARRATOR

Not possible. I have an exclusive contract to document this ... oh, I see. You're shooting a movie. A DVD I suppose. Something in the woods running teens through a Vegematic sort of thing.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Bassamatic.

Moviedirector looks around the cabin, noting bedding in one of the bedrooms and equipment in the other.

NARRATOR

I suppose you'll film it all in handheld shakey-cam to simulate energy where there's none.

Am I jumping around on the screen right now? (looks at camera). I bet I am.

EXT. VIDEO: CAMP AUMIGOD

Moviedirector walks, carrying a cardboard box.

VIDEOGIRL (V.O.)

Do you have a plan?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

I have a beginning. You have a camera. Here we are. Cabin 27. How's that for a title?

VIDEOGIRL

The Cabin in the Title. Sure.

He walks up the steps and into Cabin 27.

INT. VIDEO AND/OR SURVEILLANCE: CABIN 27

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Ok everyone. Let's get started.

The cast gathers.

BRUNETTE

Those scripts in the box?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

In a sense. Here. Put these on.

Moviedirector reaches into the box and tosses T-shirts to each of the actors. Actors put them on. They have large names on them: DIES (Tanktop, Brunette, and Unassuming), and SURVIVES (Hunk).

MOVIEDIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Use these to get into character while the script is being polished.

HUNK

(looking at shirt)

All right.

UNASSUMING

I can't die. You said I would make it.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Everyone thinks they'll make it. That's how it goes.

BRUNETTE

This has got to be a mistake. I signed a contract.

UNASSUMING

That was a power of attorney.

There's loud scream and everyone looks at Tanktop, who backs up to the wall.

TANKTOP

(screaming)

I can't die! I get paid by the scene! If I get killed, I can't even cover my expenses! I spent everything getting to this shithole. This humidity! Look what's happening to my hair!

She flips her hands up through her hair as she slides down the wall. Ten stands and bows.

HUNK

Bravo!

UNASSUMING

You get paid by the scene? I get paid by the download.

BRUNETTE

What? I get a percentage. I thought we were all paid the same.

UNASSUMING

You're screwed.

BRUNETTE

Not as bad as you. Only paid downloads count. (looking at Hunk) What are you smiling about?

HUNK

The dynamic. This is great. Let's keep it going. Get it on film.

BRUNETTE

How are you paid?

HUNK

Union. I'm SAG.

UNASSUMING

No way. Then what are you doing here. Lemme see the script. Give me the script.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

TANKTOP

I can't get a signal. I need to call my agent.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Try out by the fence. (to Videogirl) Keep shooting. Dinner's at 500 in the dining hall. (leaves)

EXT. VIDEO: CAMP AUMIGOD

Moviedirector walks fast.

VIDEOGIRL (O.S.)
So, you're making a reality show?
Not a movie? You'll keep changing
the T-shirts? That's brilliant.
It's like the wheel of life.

Moviedirector suddenly turns and his face fills the screen.

MOVIEDIRECTOR
Huh? Shit. You're supposed to be
filming them, not me. Turn it off.

FOOTAGE ENDS.

INT. POLICE STATION

Strom and Danny.

STROM
This is good, Danny. Harris should
be on video somewhere.

DANNY
I'll find him.

STROM
When you've got more, send me a
link.

DANNY
Right.

STROM
Look for more on the streaker too.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Strom drives through Hurricane Madge area, damage still
apparent but beginning to get grown over, rot away.

INT. CAR

Strom looks at passing scenery. Small screen on dash shows
pretty much the same scene. He sees two hulks standing by
trailer at entrance to rows and rows of identical trailers
lined up along the highway and extending back out of sight.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Rows and rows of identical trailers lined up along the highway. Then storm-savaged recovering landscape.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - INSIDE ENTRANCE

The line of people is visible, as are the gates. Strom drives in. He parks and gets out of his car, takes a look around. Among the cars he spots Harris's car and walks over. It's locked. He looks around and notes the line of people, and the woman with the cart staring at him, not far from where she was in the video. He studies her and her cart, frowns, and heads toward the office the line snakes to. The he stops and walks back to the woman.

STROM

Hello. Weren't you in line yesterday with this cart? About, there. (points back down the line)

CART WOMAN

I was. Who are you? And how do you know?

STROM

Excuse me. I'm Detective Strom. (shows badge) I'm here on an investigation.

CART WOMAN

The missing woman.

STROM

Do you know something about that?

CART WOMAN

No. We all heard a woman disappeared. News travels fast in line.

STROM

I imagine so. You waited all day yesterday, and now today, and you only moved...

CART WOMAN

You get forms. You fill them out and then come back and turn them in for more. The wheels of progress.

STROM

I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do? Anyone I can notify?

CART WOMAN

We take care of each other.

STROM

Well, enjoy your stay.

Cart Woman just hrrmmps.

Strom walks off toward the office at the head of the line.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CABINS

Strom walks up and pauses in front of Cabin 31, from which can be heard animated conversation. He walks up on porch and knocks. Videogirl opens the door.

STROM

Hello. My name is Detective Strom.
(shows badge) May I come in?

VIDEOGIRL

Are you a new character?

STROM

I guess I am.

She stands back and he enters.

INT. CABIN 31

Videogirl gets her camera and begins to film. Moviedirector and Narrator are there.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

I want to tell a new story. And there you sit, with a crew and no story.

MOVIEDIRECTOR (O.S.)

We're not the types to do irony. What do I do?

NARRATOR

We can trade. You film "No Form Left Behind."

STROM

I'm Detective Strom. I'm here about the missing woman.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Back on the case. Excellent.

Strom looks from one man to the other.

STROM

(to Moviedirector) Tell me about the missing woman.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

I told the last guy, Harris. I don't know anything else.

STROM

When was that?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Yesterday.

STROM

When was that.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Right before he left.

NARRATOR

Middle of the day. He questioned all of us and then left.

STROM

Did he say where he was going?

NARRATOR

No, but he was taking his phone out. If he wanted to make a call, he'd had to have gotten away from the buildings, go out near the fence somewhere.

STROM

Tell me about the missing woman.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Told Harris.

STROM

Tell me.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Jesus. OK. She found out she might get killed, and she went into hysterics. Went out to call her agent and no one saw her again. Shit, I didn't know she had an agent.

STROM

Might get killed?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

In the movie.

STROM

Was she kidnapped, in the movie?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

No.

STROM

I'll need her contact information.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

I gave it to Hair--oh, right, here you go.

Moviedirector holds up his phone and Strom holds his out and they touch and beep. Strom glances at the screen.

STROM

Thanks.

A distant, piercing, escalating female SCREAMING is heard. Videogirl grabs her camera and bolts for the door.

VIDEOGIRL

Cabin 27.

Narrator and Moviedirector don't move or react much. Strom follows Videogirl.

NARRATOR

How did you get a deal with no script and no priors?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

I won a reality short contest with an 8 millimeter home movie I got from my grandparents.

(MORE)

MOVIEDIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I made up an article about it for Reality Check eZine, my college roommate sold his Facebook stock, and he has a girlfriend who wants to be in movies.

NARRATOR

Well done.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

And she could only do it right now.

NARRATOR

So you lied about the script.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Hoping to get one online.

INT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CABIN 27

Videogirl burst in filming followed by Strom. Brunette is splattered with red and screaming as Unassuming winces at the noises and comes at her with a large knife. Hunk lies on the floor. All wear T-shirts that say SURVIVES. Strom whips out his weapon.

STROM

Police! Stop where you are and drop the knife or I will kill you right now! I mean RIGHT NOW!

Unassuming drops the knife and drops to the floor with his hands behind his head. Hunk looks up. Brunette sees Strom with a gun now pointed and screams more hysterically.

HUNK

There. Now you've got it.

Brunette glares at him and at Strom, who is kneeling to cuff Unassuming. Hunk starts to get up.

STROM

Don't move!

Hunk drops flat again.

HUNK

We're actors. We're rehearsing.

STROM

I don't see any scripts.

Moviedirector enters, followed by Cameraman, filming.

BRUNETTE

There aren't any scripts! That's the problem! (to Moviedirector)
What are we doing? A reality show? A goddamn reality show? And who is this? Another share of the net?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Detective. He's an actor. He's just an actor.

BRUNETTE

What do you mean "just" an actor.

STROM

Doesn't mean he's not a murderer.

UNASSUMING

Murderer! It's rubber knife you shithead.

Strom yanks Unassuming up and slams him against the wall with one arm while displaying his badge with the other. Hunk gets to his feet.

STROM

That would be Detective Shithead to you, or Detective Strom, depending on whether you're resisting arrest and about to go to jail or just being a little high strung but apologetic.

UNASSUMING

I'm sorry. I really am. I repent. Detective Strom. I lost it. She broke my eardrums.

STROM

Quite a set of lungs.

BRUNETTE

You'll regret you made that comment, "Detective Strom."

STROM

Your screaming. You must be well practiced.

HUNK

Yeah. She nailed that last one.

UNASSUMING

Is this real?

STROM
Shouldn't only one of you be
wearing a SURVIVES shirt?

MOVIEDIRECTOR
He's looking for Tanktop and
Detective Harris.

BRUNETTE
She's probably home by now.

STROM
And Harris?

HUNK
He was headed that way when he
left. To make a call.

MOVIEDIRECTOR
You come to a fence, then walk
along until you get a signal.

STROM
Don't leave the camp. (going to
door) And everything you film is
evidence.

VIDEOGIRL
It's all in the cloud.

HARRIS
Harris has a link.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - ALONG PERIMETER

Strom walks along a wide area next to an overgrown strip through which a large fence can be seen in gaps. He walks over to a gap and looks. The land slopes down to a swamp that stretches away. He resumes walking, looking at his phone occasionally.

He stops when he gets a signal, and sits on a bench nearby and dials. After no answer, he dials another number.

STROM
Hey Danny. What've you got?

DANNY
Sending you a link. Not much. I was
pulled off. But I did find a shot
of Harris. He was there.

STROM

Found his car. No girl. I'm sending you her contact information. Keep calling and let me know if you get through. There's your link. Talk to you later.

DANNY

Wait. There's some odd footage I don't know what it is. Has an old date in the frame, but it's recent. Signal drops in and out. Some old technology. Is there water around there?

STROM

A swamp.

DANNY

Ok. Take a look. I'll get back to it.

Strom puts his phone away and takes a tablet computer from his coat and taps it, then taps it again to go to Danny's link.

FOOTAGE BEGINS:

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD, CABINS

Streaker in coat running between cabins. Stop, zoom in on his shoes.

INT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD OFFICE

Two people seated by two government workers at desks. Harris walks in and goes up to a desk. Brief conversation. Govworker points. He leaves by side door.

INT. SURVEILLANCE: HIGH INSIDE CAMP AUMIGOD DINING ROOM

Dining room in action. People in line with trays. People walking to tables, sitting down, etc.

DANNY (V.O.)

Watch the change of cashiers.

The line stops as one cashier replaces another. The one leaving takes the tray.

DANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Everyone thinks these cameras don't
 work. Actually, I don't think the
 system's ever been off.

INT. SURVEILLANCE: KITCHEN OFFICE

The cashier turns the tray in at the office. The female manager at the desk takes some money and puts the rest in money bag and then in a safe that she closes. A moment later a large guy in a Darkwater Services shirt comes in and gets the bag.

INT. DOCUMENTARY: CAMP AUMIGOD DINING ROOM

Dining room in action. People in line with trays. People walking to tables, sitting down, etc. Din of people talking.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The dining room serves 2500 meals a day, provided by Darkwater Services, a government contractor, at a cost of over three hundred thousand dollars.

DANNY (V.O.)
 This clip appears to have been deleted from a longer clip, then uploaded separately. They're charging the government and the customers. Might go to motive.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Yes, I was persuaded to delete that clip. I can't imagine how it made its way to you, Detective.

FOOTAGE ENDS.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - ALONG PERIMETER

Strom, lost in thought in the video, is shocked by the interruption. He looks up to find Narrator and Cameraman there, filming him.

NARRATOR
 Sorry.

STROM
 Why are you taping me?

NARRATOR

You're part of Camp Aumigod now,
part of my documentary. ... You're
the best thing that's happened to
me lately.

STROM

How's that?

NARRATOR

I'm sorry about the missing woman,
and your partner. He's missing too,
isn't he? But this a real story
happening in real time. I can't do
this "they also serve who stand in
line" thing anymore.

STROM

I really don't have time for this,
but I don't suppose I can stop you,
can I.

NARRATOR

Breaking Darkwater, finding the
missing woman, locating your
partner--

CAMERAMAN

--liberating us from Camp Aumigod--

NARRATOR

--We'll tell the story. It'd be a
perfect case.

Strom ponders the question.

STROM

Not necessarily. Solid, but not
necessarily a perfect.

CAMERAMAN

How can it not be?

STROM

A perfect case, for me you
understand, is solving the case *and*
knowing the whole story. Not just
the facts of the crime, but the why
of it. The moments when people
change. How did the housewife
become a murderer? How does hope
become desperation and turn to
action?

NARRATOR

Tall order.

STROM

Keeps me interested.

NARRATOR

And your partner?

STROM

Have to ask him when you see him.
Now if you'll excuse me.

They leave. Strom turns back to his tablet.

FOOTAGE BEGINS:

EXT. GO-PRO: SWAMP

Gliding through the swamp, the POV inches above the water. Different short scenes separated by loss of signal static. In the upper right of the screen like a watermark is "Property of Biology Dept. 2009."

EXT. DOCUMENTARY: CAMP AUMIGOD, INSIDE ENTRANCE

The line of people stretches from the gate, curving among the trees, ending at a cabin with sign "Camp Aumigod Office." By some trees approaching the office is a woman with a shopping cart filled with possessions.

The video freezes, zooms, cleans up on Cart Woman and her cart.

FOOTAGE ENDS.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - ALONG PERIMETER

Strom gets up from bench and hurries off.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - THE LINE OF PEOPLE

Strom scans the line, doesn't see what he wants, and heads for the office.

INT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CAMP OFFICE

Strom walks of to a desk where a victim is seated by a government worker.

GOVWORKER
 (rote statement)
 I'm sorry. You'll have to wait in
 line like everyone else.

STROM
 (flashing badge)
 No I don't. There was a woman in
 line the last two days. With a
 shopping cart. I need her name and
 address.

GOVWORKER
 I'm sorry. I can't provide that
 information. It's confidential.
 You'll have to get a court order,
 or at least threaten me with one.

STROM
 I don't like to resort to those
 cheap maneuvers. How about if you
 just Google her and show me the
 screen?

GOVWORKER
 My goodness. Manners. (smiles)

She consults a list, types a few things, and turns her screen
 to Strom.

STROM
 You're too kind. Have a nice day.

GOVWORKER
 Do come back. (to victim) Now then.
 Where were we.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - AREA OF THE LINE

Strom pulls out and drives past the line.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - ROAD LEAVING

Strom pulls onto the highway and drives off.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - AMPHITHEATER

Hunk (DIES), Unassuming (DIES), and Brunette (SURVIVES) are
 in the "stage" area of the camp amphitheater. Moviedirector
 is in one of the low rows, on the phone, just ending the
 call. Videogirl is circling the group and recording.

Brunette adopts a boxer's stance as Unassuming plods forward, also adopting a boxing stance with a little bounce. Hunk stands near, arms crossed, watching.

BRUNETTE
(overacting)
Maybe you can't die, but you can be punished.

She throws a couple of good air jabs and Unassuming jerks his head. Then she throws a big roundhouse and Unassuming falls down backward.

HUNK
Not quite. You don't own the screen by filling it with yourself. You do it by filling the space in here (taps forehead), behind your eyes. Presence. See the difference?

Brunette gives him a WTF scowl and looks at Moviedirector.

BRUNETTE
Well?

MOVIEDIRECTOR
(pause, doesn't know)
Try it.

Brunette assume the stance again. Unassuming plods forward.

HUNK
And drop the roundhouse. Your jabs are good. Do three.

VIDEOGIRL
And bounce a little bit. Be light, with a bite.

Hunk smiles at Videogirl and gives a thumbs up.

VIDEOGIRL (CONT'D)
And a little more Frazier and less Ali for the Zombie.

UNASSUMING
Huh?

VIDEOGIRL
Flat footed. Move flat footed, like your arches died too.

UNASSUMING
Oh. Got it.

VIDEOGIRL

Ok, action.

Videogirl begins to circle them with the camera. Unassuming plods in; Brunette assumes her stance, waiting, light on her feet.

BRUNETTE

(hiss with gravitas)

Maybe you can't die, but you can be punished.

Hunk smiles. As Unassuming closes, she throws two nice right air jabs then a killer left, and Unassuming snaps his head back.

VIDEOGIRL

And cut. Good. We can use that. ...
If we're making a movie. Now what?
(looks at Hunk)

HUNK

What if his head just falls off?
(to Brunette) Nice finish. Good
pop.

VIDEOGIRL

I like that.

BRUNETTE

And then?

Everyone looks at Moviedirector.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

I'm thinking. ... I'm wondering...
what... what does the zombie think
now, with his head on the ground?

BRUNETTE

He thinks, that's my ass way up
there.

VIDEOGIRL

(looking up)

Right. His ass, framed with clouds.

BRUNETTE

Where is this going? Where's the
rest of the crew?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

They're... off site. They can't get in until ... during an ongoing investigation.

HUNK

Any word?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Her agent hasn't heard from her.

HUNK

I got an idea.

Hunk walks to a box on a bench and gets a T-shirt and throws it to Moviedirector.

INT. POLICE STATION - DANNY

Danny works at a desk on which are several monitors. He checks one that shows several windows with downloads going. Another shows two windows with stopped surveillance videos in them--some camp buildings, including a maintenance garage with an SUV in front and two Darkwater guys, and another showing lots of people walking on the grounds. A third shows what appears to be a still of the people in line, but then the line moves forward briefly and stops.

On the middle monitor Danny assembles the finished mix. He drags the Darkwater footage from the left screen to a file list on an app in the center screen, then double-clicks on something and his work begins to play:

A quick shot of money being skimmed and a money bag being picked up in the kitchen office.

Brunette walking with a Darkwater guy, who puts his arm around her.

Cameraman filming Narrator arguing with Moviedirector being filmed by Videogirl.

Several spliced clips show trucks coming and going from the maintenance garage. One shows a guy with a bag.

A notification sound gets his attention and he looks to the right monitor, recognizes something, and clicks. A window opens showing the camp from some distance from a few inches over nearly still water.

EXT. HIGHWAY - APPROACHING ENDLESS TRAILER PARK

Strom pulls into the entrance drive. Ahead is a van full of men, waved out by two Darkwater guys. As it passes, Strom sees young Darkwaters dressed in casual clothes, laughing.

EXT. ENDLESS TRAILER PARK - SECURITY OFFICE

The Darkwater guys (unarmed) motion Strom to stop. He pulls up and rolls down his window and holds up a slip of paper.

STROM

I'm looking for this address. Can you direct me?

DARKWATER1

I'm sorry. Only residents and authorized vehicles are allowed.

STROM

Darkwater. Do you guys work at the camp also, down the road?

DARKWATER1

From time to time. We do what we're told.

Strom holds up his badge.

STROM

This is police business.

DARKWATER1

Could I see that again.

Strom shows him his badge again.

STROM

That's the end of my patience.

DARKWATER1

Well, that works for us too. You can leave and come back with a court order, or permission. Your jurisdiction stops about a mile back down the road. Or you can call this number for authorization.

Darkwater gives him a card. Strom takes it without taking his eyes off Darkwater.

STROM

I had no idea. Hopefully I can make it back tomorrow.

DARKWATER1

You can just back it around over there.

STROM

Good day to you.

Strom puts his hand on the gearshift and looks back over his shoulder as if to back up, then drives forward into the park.

EXT. WITHIN ENDLESS TRAILER PARK

Strom makes a quick left and then right to get off the main drive and starts looking at trailer numbers, which seem to go on forever.

EXT. ENDLESS TRAILER PARK - SECURITY OFFICE

Darkwater1 jumps a truck and speeds into the camp.

EXT. WITHIN ENDLESS TRAILER PARK

When Strom gets how the numbering works, he makes another turn, goes down a few streets, and turns up into the park again, speeding up.

Darkwater1 speeds through park, making similar turns.

Strom slows, looking at numbers.

Darkwater1, slows looking at numbers.

Darkwater1 stops at #761, a newish trailer, and gets out. He goes to the door and knocks, and when no ones answers, looks in the window. The trailer is unoccupied.

Strom passes an old pickup with a shopping cart in the back and parks between two trailers. He walks up to #37, which has been there a while, and knocks. Cart Woman answers the door and looks at him suspiciously.

CART WOMAN

(nervously)

You again.

STROM

Can I come in?

Strom looks up and down the street. Cart Woman peeks outside.

CART WOMAN

Better.

INT. CART WOMAN'S TRAILER

The interior is neat and well kept, if worn. There's a bookcase with thick volumes, some pictures and certificates of some kind on the wall. She sits him on the couch.

CART WOMAN

Sit down. Can I get you something?

STROM

No... well, yes. Something with bubbles would be nice on my throat.

Cart Woman leaves. Strom studies the room. Cart Woman returns with coke in a glass on ice. She sits opposite him in a chair.

STROM (CONT'D)

Thank you.

CART WOMAN

You're here about the woman.

STROM

Actually, no. I'm here about a man. My partner. He was investigating the missing woman.

CART WOMAN

I hadn't heard.

STROM

No. Well, he might be the man whose shoes you had hanging off your cart. Can I see them. Please.

CART WOMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

Strom takes his tablet out.

STROM

(motions her over)

Sit by me. I want to show you something.

Cart Woman nervously moves over by him. Strom starts the last video he watched. He backs it up a little too far and it starts with the gliding through water scene. Strom is looking down so he doesn't see the shock on her face. The video transitions to and freezes on her cart, and Strom looks at her, a little taken with her reaction.

STROM (CONT'D)

What do you know?

Cart Woman collects herself a little.

CART WOMAN

Yes. I remember him now.

Cart Woman walks out of the room and returns with a pair of shoes and gives them to Strom.

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)

There was a man. Yesterday.

Strom shows her a picture.

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)

That's him. I traded him for his shoes.

STROM

Traded him?

CART WOMAN

I had a pair of shoes on my cart. New. Expensive. He wanted them. We traded. His expensive leather shoes.

STROM

And then what. Did you see him again.

CART WOMAN

He left. Walked off into the camp.

STROM

Wearing the shoes.

CART WOMAN

Yes.

STROM

(pause)

One more thing. Why did you have a pair of expensive athletic shoes with you? Why the cart?

CART WOMAN

Anything of value around here get's
stolen. What I have left, I take
with me.

Strom gets up.

STROM

I see. Thank you for your time.

He walks to the door.

STROM (CONT'D)

You've made a home for yourself
here. How long?

CART WOMAN

Hurricane before last.

Strom nods and opens the door, looks out before stepping out.

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)

There's only one way out of here.

STROM

No back way.

CART WOMAN

(shakes head)

Swamp.

STROM

Thank you.

Strom leaves.

EXT. OUTSIDE CART WOMAN'S TRAILER

Strom walks to his car but doesn't get in. He waits and looks
up and down the street. His phone rings and he answers.

DANNY (O.S.)

Sent you another link. Take a look.

STROM

Little busy. Anything I should
know?

DANNY (O.S.)

Guys in dark shirts coming and
going from a garage. One of the
actors, the brunette, walking with
one of them. Friendly.

(MORE)

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

And I think he's wearing those same
streaker shoes. More high crimes in
dining.

Strom sees the Darkwater truck pass by one end of the street.

STROM

Keep looking for Harris.

Strom gets in his car and goes out the other way.

INT. CART WOMAN'S TRAILER

Cart Woman stands by the window looking out. A Darkwater truck cruises by slowly. The driver looks in and she waves him to stop. She goes to the door and opens it and looks out. The truck is backing up to her and the passenger window goes down.

CART WOMAN

Could you come out back and see if
you smell propane. I'm not sure. I
have a cold.

Frustrated, Darkwater puts the truck in park.

EXT. WITHIN TRAILER PARK

Strom heads down the street toward the exit. As he nears the security trailer, Darkwater2 pulls out suddenly and blocks him, jumping out quickly. As he approaches the Strom's door, Strom suddenly opens it on him as fast as he can. Darkwater2 is faster and yanks the door open, jerking Strom out of the car. Strom gets to his feet.

STROM

Attacking a police officer?

DARKWATER2

You'll have to wait here.

STROM

Until?

DARKWATER2

I get instructions.

STROM

You sure?

DARKWATER2

I got a call saying you were
breaking into trailers. My employer
can afford lawyers.

Strom fakes an attack and Darkwater2 assumes a defensive
position, and smiles.

DARKWATER2 (CONT'D)

Special forces.

STROM

I doubt it. You probably lied to
get the job.

Darkwater2 attacks with skill. Strom throws him with an
Aikido/Judo move, then reaches into his coat and comes out
with a large tie wrap with which he quickly ties his ankles,
then wrists.

STROM (CONT'D)

Summer on a ranch.

Strom looks around as up the other Darkwater truck arrives.
As Darkwater1 starts to get out, Strom takes out his weapon
and shoots both front tires, then the radiator. Strom gets in
his car and drives off as Darkwater1 makes a call.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - ATOP SMALL HILL

Two stumps and a larger stump for a table on which is a chess
game being studied by Moviedirector on one side wearing a
DIES shirt, and Hunk on the other wearing SURVIVES. Videogirl
shoots from a kneeling position. Brunette (SURVIVES) stands
nearby. Narrator and Cameraman stand a bit to the side.
Unassuming (DIES) lies on ground as if asleep.

BRUNETTE

And, action!

Hunk and Moviedirector don't move.

NARRATOR

Maybe do time-lapse, the sun arcing
up and down, then the moon.

BRUNETTE

A flower opening and then closing.
You've been doing documentaries too
long.

NARRATOR

I have.

VIDEOGIRL

Sure. Let's try it. Don't move
guys.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CABIN 27

Strom walks up knocks, looks in window, leaves.

INT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CABIN 31

Strom looks in window of empty cabin and hurries on.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD

Strom sees four Darkwater guys pass nearby in a golf cart-like vehicle. Nearby he notices a housekeeping cart parked by a cabin. He takes it and follows. Two housekeeping people come out and see him drive off.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - MAINTENANCE GARAGE

Strom follows the Darkwater guys to the maintenance garage, where they park and go inside. Strom drives up to the door and disembarks. There's a Darkwater logo on the door and "authorized personnel only" signs and such everywhere. Strom walks up to the guard at the door and stops. Darkwater doesn't say anything. He just opens the door.

INT. CAMP AUMIGOD - MAINTENANCE GARAGE - LOBBY

Strom enters a simple lobby area with a desk, couch, few chairs. Another Darkwater behind the desk is just putting a phone down.

STROM

I believe I have a reservation...

DARKWATER3

You were expected.

STROM

...with whoever is in charge here.

DARKWATER3

Yes. Mitchell.

A door opens and a burly middle-aged ex-special forces black ops sort of guy walks out.

MITCHELL
I'm Mitchell. Can I see your badge,
please.

Strom shows him his badge.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
How can I help you Detective Strom?

STROM
Missing persons.

Strom holds up his smartphone.

STROM (CONT'D)
Have you, or any of your people,
seen this woman? Or this man, in
the last day or so?

MITCHELL
I haven't. I'll be happy to check
with our associates for you.

STROM
How about this one?

Strom shows him Brunette.

MITCHELL
No again. Send me the pictures and
I'll pass them around.

Mitchell takes out his smartphone and Strom holds up his and
beams the information.

STROM
My card's there too. In case anyone
is cooperative.

Mitchell taps out a quick text message and sends it.

MITCHELL
It's sent. I'll let you know.

STROM
I'm sure you will.

There's a little muffled laughter from the next room. Strom
looks over. Mitchell ignores it.

STROM (CONT'D)
I'd like to take a look around.

MITCHELL

I'd like to oblige you, but you would have to have probable cause, wouldn't you?

STROM

I'd say those two assholes over at the housing park are probable cause.

MITCHELL

They're there because they are assholes. I'll see to it that they are disciplined. Unless, of course, you've already taken care of that.

STROM

I'm sure a little reinforcement couldn't hurt.

Strom walks to the door and turns.

STROM (CONT'D)

If I have to get a warrant, I'll come back with an army made up of people on their day off who would rather be somewhere else, and people who volunteered because there's nothing else they'd rather do. ... Tell that to the suit who runs this operation.

MITCHELL

I think you're overreacting a little, Detective Strom.

STROM

Not yet. (leaves)

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - MAINTENANCE GARAGE

Strom drives off in the camp vehicle. He comes to the two housekeeping workers walking toward him along the road. He stops and flashes his badge.

STROM

Get in.

They drive off through the camp. Strom notices a group of people approaching the road, walking single file down a hill--the movie and documentary people--Cameraman first, Videogirl last, the others strung out in between, momentarily a bit like the iconic scene in "The Seventh Seal."

Strom stops and waits. Then he gets out.

STROM (CONT'D)
 (to housekeepers)
 You can have it back. Thanks.

Housekeeping drive off. The group reaches the road. Cameraman starts shooting.

STROM (CONT'D)
 Give me a break.

Cameraman stops.

MOVIEDIRECTOR
 Any progress?

STROM
 A few angles to pursue. Nothing I can share. Sorry.

HUNK
 No good news.

STROM
 No bad news either.

UNASSUMING
 Should the rest of us be worried?

Strom glances at his feet, scans the others.

STROM
 No. I don't think so.

NARRATOR
 Well, you know where to find us.

The group begins to walk off.

STROM
 (to Brunette)
 Can I talk to you. Alone.

The others walk off, looking back.

UNASSUMING
 Should I be in that scene?

BRUNETTE

Am I a suspect?

STROM

You were walking with a Darkwater employee. Yesterday, or this morning perhaps.

BRUNETTE

Am I a suspect! Do I need a lawyer?

STROM

Right now you're not even a person of interest! You're just--

BRUNETTE

--Careful what you say next.

STROM

... someone who may be able to help. Or perhaps not.

BRUNETTE

We all just met you know. On the ride over.

STROM

Good to know. About the Darkwater guy.

BRUNETTE

What about him.

STROM

Do you know him?

BRUNETTE

No. He just caught up with me on the path.

STROM

He was acting like he knew you.

BRUNETTE

No shit! His hands had some serious testosterone problems. Are you spying on us all the goddamn time? What's going on here?

STROM

The Darkwater guy. Did you notice his shoes?

BRUNETTE

No I didn't notice his shoes. I noticed his hands.

Brunette stomps off then stops and turns.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Anything else?

Strom shakes his head, and she leaves. Strom checks his cell signal, and walks off.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - ALONG PERIMETER

Strom approaches the bench he was sitting at earlier. His phone rings, and he answers.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

I got a call from Darkwater Services saying you shot up one of their trucks.

STROM

I did. I couldn't bring myself to shoot the driver.

CAPTAIN

Don't take any chances. Lou would kill me. Shoot the driver if you have to.

STROM

Finally. Double O status.

CAPTAIN

They're talking charges. What's going on out there?

STROM

Don't worry. The guy who called has probably been fired by now. You'll probably get an apology before the end of the day.

CAPTAIN

Anything I need to do?

STROM

Not yet.

CAPTAIN

Keep me in the loop.

STROM
 Later, Captain.

Strom reaches the bench and sits. He sags a bit and stares, then takes out his tablet and looks for the latest link from Danny. He finds it and clicks.

This video segment is more finished than the others, having the look that Danny has spent time assembling something with some attention to theatrical presentation: fades, zooms, lighting, angles, etc. More of a movie.

FOOTAGE BEGINS:

EXT. DOCUMENTARY/SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD

A background music track plays for this shot and the Go-Pro shot.

Aerial documentary shot of Camp Aumigod, on a peninsula surrounded by swamp.

NARRATOR

The site was a trading settlement called Mangrove Basin in the early 1800s. The settlement died when the coastal railroad was finished and refused to stop there.

Later it became a maintenance stop for the railroad, a prison...

EXT. GO-PRO: SWAMP

Gliding along the water, approaching the camp.

...and then a summer camp. Today it provides hope as the government's center for disasters here on the Gulf Coast.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD - VARIOUS

The people in line, apparently a still, but then the line moves forward briefly and stops. Employees walking to their cabins. The people in line.

Kitchen help working hard. Money being skimmed. A money bag being picked up.

Night, two people in light by door, talking and smoking.

Brunette walking with a Darkwater guy, who tries unsuccessfully to put his arm around her.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD

Cameraman filming Narrator arguing with Moviedirector being filmed by Videogirl.

EXT. VIDEO: SAME SCENE

Narrator walking.

NARRATOR

You're wrong. Documentary filmmakers invented the reality genre. Genre seems like too strong a word, doesn't it.

EXT. DOCUMENTARY: SAME SCENE

Moviedirector walking.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

It's not reality anymore. It's people with issues and no script. ... Oh.

NARRATOR

Answered your own question.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Shit.

They almost bump into two Darkwater guys walking past. One may be wearing the athletic shoes.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: SAME SCENE

Narrator, Moviedirector, Cameraman, and Videogirl walking along and almost bumping into two Darkwater guys.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD - MAINTENANCE GARAGE

Trucks coming and going from the maintenance garage. One shows a guy with a bag.

EXT. DOCUMENTARY: CAMP AUMIGOD - MAINTENANCE GARAGE

From the hill where Strom met the movie group, looking back down at the maintenance garage. Still shot, zooming in slowly. White SUV with some Darkwater guys near one side, arguing with someone inside.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Stop shooting. If they see you,
we'll have to start over again.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD - SMALL HILL AGAIN

Strom outside park vehicle, turning it over to the housekeepers. The group walking down the hill toward him. Him talking to Brunette.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD - CRIME SCENE

A different surveillance view of Tanktop's attack scene. Static resolving to poor image of her lying on the ground, a leg standing on the ground by her, wearing the fancy athletic shoes, chopped off about a foot from the foot. View freezes and zooms in, becoming less clear but making the shoe more recognizable.

DANNY (V.O.)

That's not a female leg, and I
doubt that's Harris's shoe.

EXT. SMARTPHONE: CAMP AUMIGOD - CRIME SCENE

Tanktop's attack. Lots of wild moving shot while at a run, then sudden stop, then about a foot of leg steps into view, wearing that shoe.

DANNY (V.O.)

I found this on YouTube because the
timestamp and GPS match. Just luck.
I think this must be from our
victims phone.

STROM (V.O.)

And she must have been alive to
send it.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE: CAMP AUMIGOD - CRIME SCENE

Scene of Tanktop's attack, same scene, leg now gone.

FOOTAGE ENDS.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - ALONG PERIMETER

Strom is looking down, studying the last two shots. He takes out his phone and presses a button.

STROM

Hey Danny. I'm watching your last upload.

DANNY (V.O.)

what do you think?

STROM

You added a soundtrack.

DANNY (O.S.)

I thought it--

STROM

--It does. You have good taste. Nice timing. But I need information. The clock's running here.

DANNY (O.S.)

Right.

STROM

Focus on the facts. It's Harris and the woman we care about.

DANNY (O.S.)

Shit. Sorry. I got all into what I was doing, and forgot what I was doing.

STROM

Fine. Just stick with it.

DANNY (O.S.)

I will. I am. I think the Darkwater guys are up to something.

STROM

They are. Keep digging.

Strom looks up from the tablet and finds himself looking at an alligator--a 25-foot alligator, its gigantic head about ten feet from him, a small Go-Pro like camera on its head, which is on ground.

Strom slowly starts to move his hand toward his weapon, and the alligator lifts its head. Strom stops, and the alligator head lowers.

STROM (CONT'D)
Danny. You still there?

DANNY (O.S.)
I am.

STROM
Google how deal with an alligator attack.

DANNY (O.S.)
You got an alligator there?

STROM
Yes.

DANNY (O.S.)
How big?

STROM
Big. Hurry.

DANNY
Did you know the biggest alligator recorded was close to 20 feet?

STROM
Danny.

DANNY
Here we go. Run away from it in a straight line. You can outrun it.

Strom looks left and right and weighs the odds of getting past its jaws.

STROM
What else?

DANNY (O.S.)
Get on its back and push its head down. This prevents it from securing you with its jaws.

STROM
What's next?

DANNY (O.S.)
That's it. Two options.

STROM

OK. How do I kill it. A big alligator. With a small gun.

DANNY (O.S.)

Just a sec. Says to shoot it behind the eyes. ... You still there?

STROM

I don't think that's going to work either. ... Good job, Danny. If I don't see you again.

Strom ends the call and pushes another speed dial.

LOU

Hey you. What's up?

STROM

Just wanted to hear your voice.

LOU

Oh, you're such a sweetie. Having another one of those days?

STROM

Yeah. Not sure I'll make it home tonight.

LOU

What's going on, Bill?

STROM

I can't really talk about it. But...it could get ugly. I love you.

Strom grips his gun but doesn't pull it, and the alligator gets more attentive. Strom closes his eyes as he continues.

LOU

Honey, I know when you're in trouble. I worry before you call. Hell, I worry before you leave the house. And I'm not worried now. So whatever's on your mind, whatever's going on, it's going to be alright. The day I'm really worried about you, I'll drug you and keep you home. I promise.

Strom relaxes his grip on the gun.

STROM
Open a bottle of champagne, and
I'll stay.

LOU
Not so sure about that. You might
just drink me under the table and
leave.

STROM
God I love you.

LOU
You should. ... Is it any better
now?

Strom opens his eyes. The alligator is gone.

STROM
It's better.

LOU
Don't be late tonight.

STROM
I'll try not to be.

LOU
You OK?

STROM
I'm OK. Bye for now.

Strom ends the call and sits staring a moment. Then he gets up and starts running back the way he came in a straight line.

INT. CAMP AUMIGOD - MAINTENANCE GARAGE - LOBBY

Strom bursts through the door followed by the guard. The guy behind the desk jumps to his feet. Strom whips out his badge and gun.

STROM
Get me Mitchell right now.

DARKWATER4
He's not here.

STROM
Then get me whoever the fuck is in
charge.

Darkwater4 picks up the phone.

DARKWATER4

We have a situation up front.

Strom watches the door handle, and when it turns, he grabs it and yanks the door open, pulling a Darkwater guy into the room. He flips him on through and tumbles the next guy also as he forces his way into the back.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE - MAIN ROOM

Strom bursts in and stops. The room is set up as a huge lounge, a first class frequent flyers club. Large screen TVs, a bar, video games. It's filled with Darkwater guys doing nothing. Some look at him menacingly; many ignore him. Strom sees a bank of surveillance monitors across the room. A guy in a suit standing by a man seated at the monitors looks over at Strom. Strom heads that way, parting the crowd where necessary with his badge.

SUIT

You must be Detective Strom. I just got off the phone with your captain. I'm sorry for what happened. Mitchell should have brought you straight to me. My name is Douglas.

STROM

I'm not here about any of that. You're in charge of security?

SUIT

Yes. Security. Facilities, operations. We're FEMA's hands in the field.

STROM

There's giant alligator loose on the grounds. You need to mobilize everyone you have and go find it. Search the whole grounds, check the perimeter fence, look for holes. Take guns. Big guns.

SUIT

This area is surrounded by swamp on three sides. There's lots of alligators around here. I'll send a team to take a look.

STROM

You don't understand. You need to send everybody. This alligator was huge.

SUIT

Where was this?

STROM

Back up the road. Off to the left.

Strom turns to the banks of monitors and looks for a proper view. As he looks at the images, he looks confused, and then surprised.

One panel shows the parking lot, but all the vehicles are from the 80s. Another shows the camp office, but there is a camp store next to it that isn't there now. Other pictures are similarly dated--people wearing clothes from the 70s, etc. Strom takes a closer look.

CLOSE ON: The border of one of the panels says "Microsoft Paint." So does another. Strom grabs the mouse and drags a few windows aside. There isn't any security application.

STROM (CONT'D)

What's going on here?

SUIT

None of the cameras here work. They're left over from years ago. This (gestures to monitors) is for inspections. Makes people feel safe. I assure you--

STROM

--Don't. You'll have to do it the old fashioned way then. Get everyone out there. Right now.

A Darkwater guy hovering off Suit's shoulder steps up.

DARKWATER5

How big did you say this alligator was?

STROM

Twenty five. Maybe more.

DARKWATER5

Not possible. A big gator is 14, 15 feet. And around here, we haven't seen anything close to that size in years.

STROM

Maybe something has been eating them.

There's some laughter and snickering from the Darkwater guys.

DARKWATER5

Maybe something's eating you, Detective.

SUIT

Enough. If he says he saw something, he saw something. Do a search. The whole camp.

DARKWATER5

All right everybody! Get your gear! We're doing a door to door, tree-to-tree for a rogue alligator. A big one. You know the drill. Let's go. I mean right now!

Everyone jumps up and starts hurrying about.

STROM

Alert everyone to stay inside.

SUIT

We'll do that.

Strom leaves in a hurry.

EXT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE

Strom exits and sees a camp vehicle parked. He gets in and drives off in it.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE - MAIN ROOM

Suit looks over to the door where Strom exited to the lobby. Darkwater4 guy pokes his head in and calls.

DARKWATER4

He's gone.

DARKWATER5

All right everyone. Stand down. As you were!

Everyone stops bustling and settles back into doing nothing.

SUIT

Should you send a few guys to check?

DARKWATER5

No. We're in the swamp every day. There's nothing half that size around here. He's trying to get us out of here so he can search the place.

SUIT

Let's play it safe. Thin the ranks for a while. Have a bunch of the guys punch out and run them out through the park. And have some guys keep tabs on the detective.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CABIN 27

Hunk, Unassuming, and Brunette sit bored on the porch. Strom skids to a stop.

BRUNETTE

The cavalry to the rescue.

STROM

You all need to get inside and stay inside.

HUNK

Killer on the loose?

STROM

Alligator. Giant alligator.

UNASSUMING

Where? Let's go see it.

STROM

You don't want to see it. You want to stay inside until Darkwater finds it. I'm not kidding. Get inside!

The group is slow to react.

STROM (CONT'D)

Get inside!

They get up and move slowly, looking at Strom like he's crazy. Strom has an idea.

STROM (CONT'D)
 (to Brunette)
 Come with me. I need backup. ...
 Change your shirt.

Brunette glances at her SURVIVES shirt.

STROM (CONT'D)
 I need something sexy.

Brunette scowls.

STROM (CONT'D)
 This isn't a game. I need help.

UNASSUMING
 Is he for real?

HUNK
 He is. He's freaked. That's not
 acting.

UNASSUMING
 I'll say.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD

Strom drives along with Brunette and comes upon Moviedirector plodding along the path. He stops.

STROM
 Get in. It's not safe.

He gets in and they drive off.

MOVIEDIRECTOR
 Who cares.

STROM
 What's with him?

BRUNETTE
 His latest script idea was
 rejected.

MOVIEDIRECTOR
 My backer doesn't like anything.

STROM
 A lot of things get made with no
 script.

MOVIEDIRECTOR
And he thinks I lost his
girlfriend.

STROM
I'm working on that.

They come to the dining hall and Strom stops.

STROM (CONT'D)
(to Moviedirector)
Stay inside until the all clear.

Strom motions him out of the vehicle. He gets out.

STROM (CONT'D)
There's a giant alligator on the
loose.

MOVIEDIRECTOR
Been done.

Strom drives off. He comes to the parking lot and leaves the
park vehicle for his own car. He looks back and sees two
Darkwater guys watching.

As he approaches the camp exit in his car he sees Cameraman
and Narrator filming at the line of people. Cameraman is
lying on the ground, shooting along the feet of the people in
line. Strom stops the car and gets out and walks over.

Strom stares up and down the line. He sees that many people
in line are wearing the same athletic shoes as the foot.

EXT. HIGHWAY TO ENDLESS TRAILERS

Strom drives with Brunette, Cameraman, and Narrator in the
car.

CAMERAMAN
A container washed off a ship and
ended up on the beach. Everybody's
got a pair. It's almost a form of
currency.

NARRATOR
People trade shoes for food, for
electricity, for everything.

BRUNETTE
I'll trade one of these shirts.

NARRATOR

Not enough.

BRUNETTE

What if the movie's a hit?

CAMERAMAN

We'll save a pair for you.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO TRAILERS

Strom turns into the drive. Ahead, a white SUV and two people can be seen, one bigger than the others.

STROM

(to Brunette)

Remember. Not unless I saw "now."
I'm not expecting any trouble.

BRUNETTE

(to Cameraman)

Make sure you get me in the frame.

STROM

Don't do anything unless I say!

Strom drives up and the Darkwater guys blocks his path. One is Mitchell, armed, with a semiautomatic within easy reach. The other is Darkwater1. Cameraman gets out and starts shooting. Narrator gets out with a headset on. Videogirl gets out with her "DIES" T-shirt tucked tightly around her, hands behind her, which distracts as intended.

STROM (CONT'D)

Promotion, Mitchell? I would think
you had orders to let me pass.

MITCHELL

I do. But I think I'm about to go
off the clock.

STROM

You think another bad decision is
going to fix your first one?

Mitchell's eyes narrow, then he jerks as he gets hit by the Taser Brunette has just fired. He falls to the ground and convulses.

STROM (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

Now.

Darkwater1 is beginning to raise his hands when Brunette shoots him with a second Taser.

STROM (CONT'D)
Was that necessary?

BRUNETTE
Might not have been. I wasn't sure.
... They run in packs, don't they?

As the two guard quit shaking, Strom binds them quickly and duct tapes their mouths.

STROM
(to movie guys)
Drag them inside. Stand out here
and film anyone who comes and goes.
(to Brunette) Come with me.

INT. CART WOMAN'S TRAILER - FRONT DOOR

She opens the door to find Strom and Brunette. Strom walks in past her and goes to the wall. He finds the picture he wants and removes it and shows it to Cart Woman. It's a group photo including her and some other young people and some older adults in an outdoor swamp/lab setting. They're holding up champagne glasses, standing by an enclosure containing a 7-foot alligator. The alligator is wearing a camera like the large alligator.

STROM
Tell me about this.

CART WOMAN
I used to work for the university.

STROM
And...

CART WOMAN
And nothing. I used to have a job.
Now I have hurricanes.

STROM
(pointing)
This is a camera isn't it? You
recognized that video yesterday.
You've seen that angle before. It
wasn't the shoes that shocked you.

CART WOMAN
It reminded me of... years ago.
That's all.

STROM

I just saw an alligator that was wearing something that looked just like this. An alligator the size of a small submarine.

Strom gives the photo to Brunette and takes out his tablet and brings up the picture of the foot. Cart Woman and Brunette look at it. Brunette jumps, but Cart Woman doesn't react much.

STROM (CONT'D)

It wasn't the shoes that made you jump yesterday, was it. It the video shot from the head of an alligator. Wasn't it. It's the same alligator, isn't it? Big enough to do this now.

Cart Woman takes the picture from Brunette and returns it to its place on the wall and stands staring at it.

BRUNETTE

(to Strom)

You're weren't kidding?

Brunette spins Cart Woman around.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Hey! What's going on in this picture!

Brunette reaches behind her back and comes out with another Taser and points it at Cart Woman.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Right now!

Strom quickly disarms her.

STROM

That's not the answer to everything. (to Cart Woman) There's a woman missing and likely dead, and her attacker. And my partner is missing, and possibly... And your alligator likely did it. So, tell me your story. All of it.

CART WOMAN

I was part of a team doing experiments.

(MORE)

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)

We were given a lot of money
to...to give an alligator steroids,
and then try to teach it ethics.

BRUNETTE

Teach a juiced gator right and
wrong? Do I look that stupid?

Cart Woman looks Brunette in the eye.

CART WOMAN

Yes.

STROM

That doesn't sound like something a
university would finance.

CART WOMAN

It was real. We were funded by the
football program.

BRUNETTE

Oh, the Gators, not an alligator.

CART WOMAN

But we thought the real money came
from an NFL Super-Pac.

Strom considers what she's said.

STROM

Because of the off season...

CART WOMAN

Yes. Players were trained to go off
like bombs for the games...

STROM

...then they're lost to guns and
DUIs and drugs and stupidity in the
off season.

CART WOMAN

We were supposed to find a balance
point.

BRUNETTE

You're drinking champagne in the
picture.

Cart Woman smiles a wistful smile of memory.

CART WOMAN

We succeeded.

BRUNETTE

No shit!

STROM

But nothing has changed.

CART WOMAN

They took our data and shut the lab and we were all fired. Given a non-disclosure and a little money, and bad references.

STROM

And the alligator?

CART WOMAN

We killed it.

BRUNETTE

But you didn't.

Cart Woman nods.

STROM

Would have been unethical. ... The one in the photo. That's not it, is it?

CART WOMAN

No. ... Tell me about the one you saw.

STROM

I was sitting on a bench, and I looked up, and there it was. Head the size of two trash cans. I was trapped.

CART WOMAN

What did you do?

STROM

I called my wife. To say good by.

CART WOMAN

Good marriage?

Strom can't help but smile as he thinks about Lou.

STROM

I'm a fortunate man.

CART WOMAN

And then he left? (Strom nods) Your friends might be alive. They might not be too. But--

BRUNETTE

--How do we find out?

INT. ENDLESS TRAILER PARK - SECURITY OFFICE

Narrator and Cameraman wait just outside the open door to the security office. The guards lie inside on the floor. Mitchell's phone rings. Cameraman and Narrator look at each other, concerned, as the phone continues to ring. Finally Narrator gets it from Mitchell's belt and answers.

NARRATOR

(in narrator voice)

Your call is being answered by an automated messaging service. The mailbox is full. Try your call again later. Good-by. (ends call)

Cameraman, camera on Narrator, gives him a thumbs up.

CAMERAMAN

Got it.

Strom drives up with Brunette and Cart Woman.

EXT. HIGHWAY ON WAY TO CAMP AUMIGOD

Strom drives with Brunette, Cameraman, Narrator, and Cart Woman.

STROM

(over shoulder)

Anyone come or go?

NARRATOR

Some residents came and went. Two Darkwater vans left the park. Both full. None came in.

STROM

They live in the park.

CART WOMAN

A few, maybe. Not as many as come and go.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE - MAIN ROOM

The door from the front opens and Moviedirector, Videogirl, Hunk, and Unassuming are ushered in and moved along by some Darkwater guys.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE - GAME ROOM

A smaller lounge-like room off the main room with a couch, some easy chairs, TV, etc. The doors open and the four moviemakers are pushed in.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ENTRANCE TO CAMP AUMIGOD

Strom drives through the gate and into the parking lot.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CAMP ROAD

Strom drives through the lot and onto narrow camp road normally used for small housekeeping/groundskeeping vehicles.

He continues toward the back of the camp. He notices that some distance back a camp vehicle has begun following with some Darkwater guys in it. Another joins from the side.

CART WOMAN

The road's going to jog right, and just after there's a small road to the left.

The road goes right. Strom slows and looks left but doesn't see anything.

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)

There! Go left.

Strom brakes hard to a stop. Looks left, backs up a little, and turns into a nearly overgrown lane. A moment later the Darkwater pursuers go on past.

The lane winds under the canopy through trees and undergrowth until they come to a small cinder block building with a metal door and no windows. Thick cables lead from some electrical devices of some kind on one side off into the forest.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CINDER BLOCK BUILDING

The group disembarks and goes up to the door. There's a large weathered padlock on the door. Strom picks it.

STROM

Stand back. Could be solid mold in there. Air could be poisonous.

Cart Woman steps to the front of the group and Strom swings the door open. They peer into darkness. Lights come on, and Cart Woman steps inside, followed by the others.

INT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CINDER BLOCK BUILDING

The clean, dry room contains workbenches and shelves, mostly empty but with some plastic bins here and there. A bulletin board has old photos, a work schedule, etc. Strom takes a look.

STROM

2009.

CART WOMAN

That's when we left.

She proceeds to another door, also heavily padlocked. She retrieves a key from where it was hidden and unlocks the door and goes enters another room. Flickering lights can be seen from inside.

VIDEO ROOM:

It's a video surveillance room, divided into two areas with slightly different look/equipment--one with 10 or so monitors, with four on showing areas of the camp. A couple of monitors are on but flickering or staticy. The other bank has six monitors. One is off, one shows an empty overgrown alligator pen, and two show the swamp, so still the images appear to be photographs.

CAMERAMAN

How can these still be on?

CART WOMAN

Batteries, charged by swamp gas converted to electricity.

CAMERAMAN

Not possible.

CART WOMAN

We had unlimited funds--the football program--we built a custom system, including the camp. It's why they let us in.

NARRATOR
Alligators in a summer camp?

CART WOMAN
They had to make tough decisions.
To keep the camp going.

NARRATOR
How'd that work?

CART WOMAN
We kept the kids away from the
gators. They were OK.

BRUNETTE
Who was?

STROM
Can you turn on the other feeds?

Cart Woman sits and taps the keyboard of a computer. The screen comes on, and she does some of that fast computer tappy stuff. Another monitor comes on, but with a poor swamp image. She keeps working. More monitors come on, but not all.

STROM (CONT'D)
Can you get the alligator?

CAMERAMAN
It's got a Go-Pro?

CART WOMAN
Our own prototype.

STROM
Do you know where these cameras
are?

One one of the screens a 5 foot alligator glides by. In another, a large Ivory Billed Woodpecker lands close to the camera and preens itself, then stares at it, cocking its head left and right and then poking directly at the center of the screen. The image goes black.

NARRATOR
Was that a...

CART WOMAN
Yes.

NARRATOR
I need that footage.

STROM
We're not looking for birds.

CART WOMAN
There!

A dark monitor lights up to a moving shot gliding inches above the water.

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)
Alex.

STROM
Where is he?

CART WOMAN
I don't know. Within a couple of miles. There's no GPS.

CAMERAMAN
There he is too!

Cameraman points to one of the other monitors, where Alex can be seen swimming by in his hugeness.

NARRATOR
Mother of god!

STROM
Now do you know where he is?

CART WOMAN
No. We moved the cameras from time to time. I didn't set them up last.

Alex swims out of the scene. The live scene of Alex goes black as he submerges. Strom goes in the other room and gets the assignment sheet. He scans down it, and returns to the video room.

STROM
It says here someone named Jason set the cameras. Would there be a record?

CART WOMAN
Maybe. In one of the boxes. I doubt it.

STROM
You three go check. Look for anything that might indicate where these cameras are positioned.

When the others have left, Strom turns to cart Woman.

STROM (CONT'D)

Can you bring up footage from Alex,
from the last few days.

Cart Woman does some computer stuff, gets some other images of Alex, stopping at one where he is leaving the water, moving through some bushes and walking onto land. The corner of a building can be seen. It's raining.

Streaker runs into the scene and stops, holding a piece of 2x4, peaking around the corner of the building, up out of the scene. He steps back, poises himself, then, as the camera view rushes toward him, he steps out and swings, catching Tanktop in the forehead, knocking her down. Streaker turns to the camera, momentarily disappears as Alex's mouth opens to the sky and closes on him. He screams as Alex shakes back and forth and turns around and sprints back to the water, the screams replaced with crunching and gurgling sounds. Alex enters the water and swims away, soon submerging.

The other three come back into the room.

BRUNETTE

What was that?

STROM

Nothing. Keep looking!

The others leave.

STROM (CONT'D)

Would he have come back for the
woman?

CART WOMAN

I don' think so.

STROM

Then where did she go?

FRONT ROOM:

Brunette looks through boxes, flipping through papers. Cameraman films her. Narrator stands by her with a microphone.

NARRATOR

(narrator voice)

They had the rogue killer alligator on film, but to locate Alex, so named by his quirky scientist keeper, they had figure out where the cameras had been placed. The clock was ticking. When would he strike again?

BRUNETTE

He won't strike before I do if you two don't start helping.

VIDEO ROOM:

Strom stares at the various monitors.

STROM

You took the foot, didn't you. You knew it was...Alex.

CART WOMAN

I found a tooth on the ground. A large tooth.

STROM

You protected him? Even though more people might die?

CART WOMAN

You saw what he did. He picked the rapist, not the woman. He made a good decision. And he didn't eat you, did he. ... You're going to kill him, aren't you?

STROM

When I was kid, I cried when Godzilla died. I admire the things that are special. The kings in their world. ... But killing a cop wouldn't be a good decision.

CART WOMAN

You don't know if he's dead.

STROM

No I don't. He's just missing with a woman in a swamp with a monster alligator that eats people.

CART WOMAN

He's surfaced. Oh.

Alex is swimming toward a tangle of roots at the base of a large tree. Tanktop is there, bruised forehead, watching, hands around her knees, rocking slowly. As Alex nears, she scoots farther from the water's edge, but she can't get far.

The movement stops, and Tanktop sits not far away, staring at Alex, breathing evenly, maintaining her composure, not without effort.

STROM

Is there anything she can do?

Cart Woman doesn't answer.

STROM (CONT'D)

Hey guys. Come in here!

The other three come into the room.

STROM (CONT'D)

She's alive.

They come close and look at the monitor indicated.

CAMERAMAN

Not for long.

STROM

Shut up.

BRUNETTE

Oh my god!

CAMERAMAN

Sorry, man. It just came out.

NARRATOR

(to Cameraman)

Get this.

STROM

Don't.

TANKTOP

You're back. ... Where ya been? ...
I found this, wrapped around me.

She holds up a remnant of Streaker's coat.

TANKTOP (CONT'D)

Was he good?

BRUNETTE

What's she on?

NARRATOR

Her mind's shut down. She knows her life's over. I've seen that look.

Strom grabs Narrator by the shirt and yanks him close to his face.

STROM

No you haven't. Alex here might still be digesting a 200 pound rapist, so we might have a little time yet, if we all do our jobs.

Strom pushes narrator back, toward the other room.

STROM (CONT'D)

Keep looking for anything that might tell us where she is.

Narrator and Cameraman leave. Brunette stays.

Alex cruises closer still. Tanktop stares at him and looks quizzical.

TANKTOP

Is that thing on? (giggles, bit hysterical) Are you going to post me on your Facebook page? Do you friend all your meals? (laughs)

Alex doesn't move.

TANKTOP (CONT'D)

What the hell kind of alligator are you? ... Not going to answer. ... OK.

The view begins to drift to one side.

TANKTOP (CONT'D)

Hey! Pay attention. I'm talking to you. (laughs) (the view centers on her again) Oh shit. ... You understand English? Wow. A reptile that understands English and shoots video. ... Are you in movies? (giggles) Let me tell you about the movie I was in. Instead of a script we got these dumb-ass T-shirts.

BRUNETTE

Really.

Tanktop looks at her DIES shirt.

TANKTOP

You can't read, can you?

She takes the T-shirt off. The view goes black as Alex sinks out of sight.

CART WOMAN

She's doing well. She's not threatening his territory. She's not projecting disgust. She's interested.

BRUNETTE

Are you nuts?

Strom looks at Brunette and puts his finger to his mouth, vertical, for silence.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

Got something!

Cameraman comes in with a sheet of paper, followed Narrator. Cameraman gives the paper to Cart Woman and point out something.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)

This note says camera 4 was moved to these coordinates.

CART WOMAN

Camera 4's the one he was on. Is there more?

CAMERAMAN

No.

CART WOMAN

It's not enough. But. I know where we are, and where camera 4 is, and the angle of the sun, and the time of day.

CAMERAMAN

And the direction he was going.

CART WOMAN

It's a start.

Cart Woman takes the paper and goes into the other room.

STROM

Keep looking.

The others leave, except for Brunette. She and Strom watch the monitors. They see some still water, some smaller alligator's, birds, etc. Alex's screen is black.

STROM (CONT'D)

He's back.

The water laps the bottom of the view. Alex is low in the water. A few ripples spread out, reaching the shore, where Tanktop, is hugging her knees, looking down. She looks up.

TANKTOP

As I was saying. I came here to
make a movie. Not your movie. ...
Is this my movie?

Tanktop's attention goes to something behind Alex. She moves her head, looking for a better view of something. Her eyes widen, and her arms go up, making a stop motion.

TANKTOP (CONT'D)

Get to shore! Stop.

Tanktop stands and slips and slides into the water as the view swings as Alex turns and submerges.

BRUNETTE

Someone else is there!

The view returns moving quickly toward an old flat-bottomed wood boat on which Harris stands, trying to balance while pulling his gun. The view goes up as the huge mouth opens and then down on the front half of the boat, flipping up the rear. Wood flies, as does Harris, who is seen launched flailing into the air over the camera as Alex submerges.

The view returns with a thrashing. Pieces of wood rain down and Tanktop comes back into view, trying to crawl back up to her perch. The view goes black.

The other monitors flicker and go out, then the lights go out. Strom hurries into the other room.

FRONT ROOM:

What light there is comes through the open door.

CART WOMAN

The batteries are dead.

STROM

Can we recharge it from the car?

CART WOMAN

No.

CAMERAMAN

(to Cart Woman)

I can connect it. Show me where the batteries are. (to Strom) Bring the car over.

INT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CINDER BLOCK BUILDING

Strom sits behind the wheel of his car, parked near the electrical looking stuff outside the building. The hood is open, and jumper cables go to the equipment. Part of Cameraman can be seen.

CAMERAMAN

Start the car!

Strom turns the ignition and sparks fly and smoke rises from the dead car.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)

Wait. I got it now. Try it again.

The car is dead. Strom gets out.

STROM

(to Cart Woman)

Do you know where Alex is?

CART WOMAN

I know what direction.

STROM

Where can we get a boat?

CART WOMAN

By the maintenance garage. There's a trail.

Cart Woman locks the building again. Strom opens the trunk and gets out a shotgun.

STROM

Let's go.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE - GAME ROOM

Moviedirector and Unassuming play a video game. Videogirl reads a magazine. Hunk stands at the window looking out. He watches a group of Darkwater guys get into a boat and leave.

A Darkwater opens the door and lets Darkwater6 into the room. Through the open door, Suit can be seen talking to Darkwater5 and looking over. Darkwater6 crosses the room and takes up position by the window, motioning Hunk aside. He doesn't have the military demeanor of the others. He seems a little uneasy even. Videogirl looks up as he passes.

VIDEOGIRL

Hi.

DARKWATER6

Hello.

She goes back to her magazine. The others barely look up.

VIDEOGIRL

What are you here for?

DARKWATER6

I'm..ah..suppose to make sure you don't leave.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

We're not.

UNASSUMING

This is way better than where we're staying.

HUNK

What do you do here? When you're not guarding windows?

DARKWATER5

I guard doors.

HUNK

Hey, just asking. Where's the boat going?

Darkwater6 glances out the window. The door opens and Suit enters with Darkwater5.

SUIT

(to Moviedirector)

You're making a movie, I'm told.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Yes. A movie.

SUIT

Really. Without a script?

MOVIEDIRECTOR

(pause)
It's coming.

SUIT

Of course. Meanwhile, you were trespassing, filming in a restricted area.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

What restricted area?

UNASSUMING

There aren't any signs.

SUIT

Need to know. What kind of movie are you making? What kind of movie doesn't have a script?

VIDEOGIRL

We were practicing. It's called rehearsing.

DARKWATER5

Shut up. (to Moviedirector) Answer the question.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

A thriller. A camp thriller.

SUIT

(pause)
I don't see anything thrilling about what you were doing. (pause)
I'm going to turn you over to Detective Strom as soon as we locate him.

UNASSUMING

Great. Thanks.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Yeah. Thanks. We miss him.

SUIT

You'll have to enjoy our hospitality for a little longer. Not too long I hope.

VIDEOGIRL

We'll manage.

She returns to her magazine, and the others return to their game. Hunk continues to look at Suit and Darkwater5. When Darkwater5 looks at him severely, he smiles a little. They leave.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - PATH NEXT TO THE SWAMP

Cart Woman leads Strom and company along the edge of the swamp.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE - GAME ROOM

Moviedirector and Unassuming play a video game. Hunk watches another TV. Videogirl reads a magazine. Hunk looks over at Darkwater6.

HUNK

So. What was that all about?

DARKWATER6

Not really sure.

HUNK

You just do what your told.

DARKWATER6

I do when those guys ask. Got a family to support.

VIDEOGIRL

Were you working when the woman disappeared?

DARKWATER6

(uneasily)

I was here.

VIDEOGIRL

Playing video games.

DARKWATER6

Cleaning toilets. Not everyone here is a deadbeat!

VIDEOGIRL

Hey, lighten up. For all we know she went home. Just asking. I'm sorry.

DARKWATER6

Yeah, ok.

HUNK
Deadbeats?

DARKWATER5
After the first hurricane, we worked round the clock setting this place up. There were a lot of dead animals, because of the storm, and gators, because they come next. And looters, you know--

VIDEOGIRL
--because people suck.

DARKWATER6
Yeah some do.

HUNK
Like those pricks.

DARKWATER6
Don't say that where they can hear you.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - PATH NEXT TO THE SWAMP

Cart Woman leads Strom and company along the edge of the swamp. They hear a boat and stop and take cover. A boat of Darkwater guys cruises past.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE - GAME ROOM

Moviedirector and Videogirl play a video game. Unassuming watches TV. Hunk tosses a nerf football with Darkwater6.

HUNK
There must be 50 guys out there.
Nice catch.

DARKWATER6
You noticed.

HUNK
Doing what?

DARKWATER6
You learn not to ask.

HUNK
Costing someone a fortune.

DARKWATER6

Nah. They're minimum wage.

HUNK

Still...

DARKWATER6

What do you care? Rather waste your tax dollars overseas?

HUNK

Oh hell no.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - OLD BOATS

The group comes to an overgrown area where some old wood camp boats are stacked. Strom sees where one was dragged to the edge of the water.

STROM

Harris must know how to walk on water.

He walks to the edge of where the boats are and can see not far away a boat ramp and dock and the back of the Darkwater maintenance garage. Strom returns and flips a boat off a stack, taking the second boat down. It's grungy and weathered and paint peeling.

STROM (CONT'D)

See any oars?

BRUNETTE

We can't use these. They'll sink before we get twenty yards from shore.

STROM

Not we. Me.

NARRATOR

Right. We'll wait here.

STROM

Wait 15 or 20 minutes to give me a head start, then make your way back to your cabins. Avoid Darkwater.

Cameraman gives Strom a pair of oars.

CAMERAMAN

These should get you in over your head.

Strom smiles and takes them. He puts the shotgun in the boat and drags it into the water.

STROM
(to Cart Woman)
Which way?

CART WOMAN
(pointing)
North. Forty degrees. ... I'm
coming with you.

STROM
Thought so.

Strom takes out his phone and tries to make a call. He can't.

CART WOMAN
Won't work here.

STROM
My wife. (gets in boat) Push off.

Strom sits in the rowing seat. Cart Woman gets the boat moving and gets in. Strom starts pulling strongly away. Cameraman starts shooting.

NARRATOR
(narrator voice)
Would we see them again? It doesn't
seem likely. But in the last 18
months, we've seen people succeed
with worse odds. It's what people
do. It's who we are. We're
survivors.

BRUNETTE
Jesus! Do you ever have an
experience? Or do you always just
see yourself having it?

NARRATOR
The second.

BRUNETTE
Get a writer.

CAMERAMAN
I think they're already getting
lower in the water.

BRUNETTE
Has it been 15 minutes? I want to
do something.

EXT. SWAMP

The late afternoon sun casts a warm glow across the peaceful swamp. Strom rows hard. He looks down. Water is leaking quickly from many of the seams.

CART WOMAN
We're sinking.

STROM
That's OK with you, isn't it?

CART WOMAN
Not much to go back to.

STROM
Don't give up yet.

CART WOMAN
If we make it to that fork up ahead, you'll want to go right.

Strom rows and they glide smoothly along. Cart Woman looks wistfully up ahead.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - OLD BOATS

Brunette peers from the bushes toward the garage. Narrator slaps a mosquito.

NARRATOR
Let's go. They're out of sight and probably underwater.

BRUNETTE
No! We give him his head start!

NARRATOR
Aren't you the person who just...

Brunette looks at the garage again and sees Hunk trying to look out the window, then being restrained by a Darkwater guy. She heads for the garage.

BRUNETTE
Stay here.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE - GAME ROOM

Darkwater6 is moving Hunk aside, away from the window.

HUNK

I think something's going on out there. Aren't you even curious?

Brunette appears at the window. Darkwater6 has his back to the window, but Hunk sees her. Darkwater6, though, notices Hunk has seen something and turns in time to see Brunette move away from the window. He goes to it and opens it so he can look out. He sees Brunette standing with her back to the wall just to the side of the window.

DARKWATER6

Can I help you?

BRUNETTE

I wanted to talk to the guy you were pushing. Is he available?

Hunk pushes in beside Darkwater6.

HUNK

Hey, what's up? We're being held captive by these Darkwater guys.

BRUNETTE

Him?

HUNK

No, he's ok. Not the others.

DARKWATER6

I'm not OK.

BRUNETTE

Yeah, they're trouble. Strom said to stay away.

HUNK

Really? We should get out here then.

BRUNETTE

Come on. Through the window.

HUNK

Hey guys. Come on. We've been sprung.

DARKWATER6

What about me?

HUNK

Lie on the floor. Pretend we knocked you out.

Hunk climbs out the window, followed by the others. They head back to where Narrator and Cameraman are.

EXT. SWAMP

The boat has too much water to row much farther. Strom makes his way to a bank and they get out. Panting, Strom pulls the boat out of the water and tips it to dump out the water.

STROM

The wood will swell the leaks shut,
and it'll hold well enough for us
to go on. In a few minutes.

Strom sits down to rest.

STROM (CONT'D)

I went to Camp Aumigod as a kid.
Same boats probably.

Cart Woman sits down.

CART WOMAN

I was hoping you were dumb.

STROM

And I'm hoping you're smart enough
to have done what you said. I can't
believe I said that out loud.

Strom studies her for a moment.

STROM (CONT'D)

Did you get your PhD?

CART WOMAN

No. They took my dissertation.

STROM

You say you taught an alligator to
be ethical? How is that possible?
... I've seen a lot of things as a
policeman. A lot of good
people...aren't so good. And even
the bad ones. Sometimes they do the
right thing.

CART WOMAN

You know what we discovered? You
know what's really really
interesting? Only people have that
much trouble. Only we turn issues
into moral rocket science.

(MORE)

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)

Don't you think most people know what the right decision is? Before they think it to death and rationalize what they want to do anyhow. People know, don't they?

Strom ponders this.

STROM

It would be easy to say yes to that. But life isn't that simple.

CART WOMAN

Life is. For everything but us. It wasn't hard to teach an alligator. It was hard to come up with the right testing protocol for an alligator, the right questions, but once we did. ... Well, we learned from it. Alex taught us. The answer isn't in the brain, so it doesn't matter if its large or small. (pause) It was all made to go away. I don't think they liked what we found.

STROM

You might have brought down the NFL.

CART WOMAN

Didn't get to find out.

STROM

I know Harris was a good man. I didn't know the woman.

Strom gets up and starts putting the boat back in the water.

CART WOMAN

Maybe you didn't know Harris.

They push off again. The boat leaks but not so much.

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)

Just let the current take us.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE - GAME ROOM

Darkwater hears voices outside the room. Suit and Darkwater5 come in and find Darkwater6 on the floor, groaning. They see the open window.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - PATH - OLD BOATS

Brunette is there with the rest of the movie and documentary group.

BRUNETTE

Let's get out of here. Back the way we came.

They start to go the way they came, but see some Darkwater guys up the path. Back the other way, they see Suit and Darkwater5 in the back of the building looking at the window.

CAMERAMAN

Into the boats. We'll float around behind them and then land.

UNASSUMING

This is a reality show, isn't it. This is a test. Are all the boats the same?

CAMERAMAN

They all leak.

Narrator and Cameraman get into one boat and push off. Moviedirector and Unassuming get in another and follow, and then Brunette and Hunk in a third. Videogirl films.

VIDEOGIRL

Go on. I'll catch up.

They motion wildly to her, but she waves them off. They make their getaway. She hears noises and hides under a boat.

EXT. SWAMP

Strom into the heart of the swamp.

EXT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE BOAT RAMP - SWAMP

Suit stands on the dock. A small motor can be heard, and soon the Darkwater boat comes into view, towing the camp boats with the movie people.

Darkwater5 walks up with Videogirl. The boat nears.

DARKWATER5

(to Suit)

Four boats were launched. Strom must be in the other one.

BOAT DRIVER

I found them back up the channel.
They were taking on water.

SUIT

Good work. We were worried.

The boat pulls up to the dock and the driver gets out. Suit gets in immediately. Darkwater5 guides Videogirl into one of the other boats as it drifts near, then gets into the boat with Suit.

SUIT (CONT'D)

(to boat people))

Where did Detective Strom go?

No one answers.

DARKWATER5

Answer the man! He's in danger.

SUIT

Please. We're losing the light.

NARRATOR

He went looking for a 25-foot alligator and a missing woman.

DARKWATER5

(to Suit)

That's bullshit. He knows about us.

Darkwater5 steers them away and heads in pursuit of Strom, towing the movie boats with him.

SUIT

What do we need them for?

DARKWATER5

Can't have them wandering around until we know what they know and who they told.

UNASSUMING

Hey! Cut us loose. These boats are leaking.

SUIT

They'll be fine. Don't worry. Just a little water.

CAMERAMAN

Are we screwed?

HUNK
We're screwed.

Hunk starts to untie his boat. Darkwater5 sees and looks at Hunk and touches his gun.

DARKWATER5
Don't. It's not safe out here.
Alligators.

Hunk sits back.

EXT. SWAMP - STROM

Strom and Cart Woman enter an area where the channel broadens into a large open area. They drift into it.

STROM
Does this area look familiar?

CART WOMAN
No.

Strom turns and looks ahead.

STROM
That far tree line, it might've
been in one of the videos.

Cart Woman takes the back seat, and Strom begins to pull strongly out into the middle of the open water.

EXT. SWAMP - SUIT

The group has pulled up on a bank, and the wood boats are being emptied.

DARKWATER5
We'll wait a few minutes. Feel free
to wander off if you want.

UNASSUMING
Is that a joke.

DARKWATER5
Swamp humor.

CAMERAMAN
What do you want us for?

SUIT

We don't. Believe me. But we
couldn't trust you back there.

DARKWATER5

FEMA security isn't a joke.

NARRATOR

Yes it is.

SUIT

We know you were gathering intel.

NARRATOR

We've been shooting a documentary!

DARKWATER5

Lame cover.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

We're not with them.

DARKWATER5

The camera says otherwise. We're
not as stupid as you think.

HUNK

Yes you are.

DARKWATER5

Back in the boats, everyone.

EXT. SWAMP - STROM

The far shore is becoming more distinct in the mist. Cart
Woman stands and rocks the boat, but gets her balance.

CART WOMAN

I thought I saw something. Hello!
Hello!

Strom turns around. A distant shape get up and start waving a
stick with a white cloth on it.

TANKTOP

Over here!

Strom waves back.

TANKTOP (CONT'D)

Hurry! There's an alligator.

CART WOMAN

Just keep an even pace. Don't beat
the water.

As they get closer, they can see that Tanktop is waving her
DIES T-shirt. She stops and waits. When they're close enough,
she reaches out with the stick, and Strom gets it and pulls
them in. He and Cart Woman get out of the boat. Tanktop hugs
him. Cart Woman scans the water.

TANKTOP

I knew someone would come. I knew
it.

She pulls back and looks out over the water.

TANKTOP (CONT'D)

There's an alligator. A giant
alligator.

STROM

We know. We've seen it. Wearing a
camera.

TANKTOP

That's how you found me?

STROM

Yes. ...Where's the man? We saw a
man in a boat.

Tanktop points up the shore a short distance (not accessible
by walking). Half a crunched boat can be seen hung up on
overhanging growth.

STROM (CONT'D)

Dead?

TANKTOP

No. There. (points again, higher)

Up in a tree Harris hangs limply.

TANKTOP (CONT'D)

I woke up and was being dragged
through the water. He heard my
screams and followed. He's been out
mostly since the attack.

STROM

Harris! Harris! It's me! Bill!
Harris! ... Has you talked to him.
Is he alive?

TANKTOP

He was. I woke up and was being dragged through the water. He heard my screams and followed. He's been out, mostly, since the attack.

STROM

Try calling to him. Tell him you're OK.

TANKTOP

I don't think we're OK. There's just more of us. Hey, David! It's me! Wake up! Time to go!

Harris doesn't stir.

STROM

Harris! Captain wants to see you in his office!

Harris stirs and looks over.

HARRIS

Bill. Is that you?

STROM

It's me, David. I'm coming over to get you. It's OK now.

HARRIS

Stay back! It's a monster!

Harris reaches for his gun, but his holster is empty.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Goddamn! Throw me a piece, Bill.

He reaches out his arms in a catching position and loses his balance and falls out of the tree into the water. He begins screaming. Strom jumps into the boat and gets close, holding out the stick with the DIES shirt.

STROM

Grab this.

Harris does and Strom tows him back to where the others are. Harris scrambles up the bank and gets as far back as he can and huddles, terrified.

STROM (CONT'D)

It's not around now, David. We're OK.

(MORE)

STROM (CONT'D)

I've got an alligator expert with me, and a 12-gauge with slugs. We're good.

Harris doesn't answer. He's in shock.

STROM (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here.

CART WOMAN

The boat's not big enough for four of us.

TANKTOP

Not a problem. You guys go.

STROM

We can fit. You two row. I'll watch with the gun and keep Harris under control. We can make it.

TANKTOP

You haven't seen this thing up close. We'll just be a crunchy treat with a soft center. We need a helicopter.

STROM

We can't get a helicopter.

CART WOMAN

They'll be more gators after dark. You need to go. You three. I'll stay.

STROM

I can't let--

CART WOMAN

--You know that boat won't hold four. You three. He's spared you all once. He'll do it again, if you don't change.

TANKTOP

What's she talking about?

STROM

She says knows this alligator. Trained it.

TANKTOP

Like it sits up and you give it a treat?

CART WOMAN

Ethics. We gave it ethics.

TANKTOP

You're all mad. You go. At least if he's well fed I'll have more time.

CART WOMAN

But you've watched him. You know.
... You just don't believe yourself.

STROM

Whatever you believe, are chances are better in the daytime.

Strom looks at cart Woman, who backs up.

STROM (CONT'D)

I'll get them to safety, and I'll come back. I promise.

CART WOMAN

I know you'll be back. With an army. Why do we always have to kill the best, the biggest, the things that make life mysterious? You think about that Detective Strom, on your way out of here.

Strom goes over and helps Harris up and guides him into the boat. Harris sees the shotgun and reaches for it, although not with a lot of awareness.

STROM

No. I'll take care of that. You just rest.

CART WOMAN

(to Tanktop)

Go on.

Tanktop gets in the boat and poles them away from the bank with her shirt on a stick. Strom begins to row.

HARRIS

Don't go out in the middle, Bill.
Ok? Stay where I can see the shore.

TANKTOP

Yeah. I'd feel better too.

As they glide off, Alex rises from the depths near shore and glides by underwater, turning in the direction of the boat. Cart Woman sees him.

EXT. SWAMP - THE MIDDLE - NEAR THE SHORE

Strom rows, hugging the shore. Tanktop looks ahead and sees the Darkwater boat. She starts waving her DIES flag.

TANKTOP
Another boat. A big boat!

Strom turns and watches, and also waves.

STROM
Over here!

The Darkwater boat approaches, and the towed boats come into view.

STROM (CONT'D)
We need to get all these people
into your boat. And there's another
woman down at the end. (points)
Hurry!

Darkwater5 cuts the line to the boats and speeds down to the end to retrieve Cart Woman. The boat people look around anxiously; their boats have water sloshing around. The Darkwater boat returns with Cart Woman. Darkwater5 cuts the motor and the boat drifts into the center more or less of the wood boats.

Strom takes the flag from Tanktop and holds it out toward the Darkwater boat.

SUIT
I need to know what you know about
us.

STROM
What!?

SUIT
Your investigation.

STROM
There's no investigation. There was
a missing woman that we've found.
Now get us in the boat before I--

Strom pulls out his handgun and finds Darkwater5 is already pointing one at him.

DARKWATER5
Drop it in the water.

STROM
Or what? You'll shoot me over
nothing?

Darkwater5 shoots a hole in Strom's boat. Strom drops his gun
in the water.

DARKWATER5
We need information.

STROM
Here's what I know. While looking
for the missing woman, I discovered
you have a bunch of stupid
incompetent people working for you,
and I suspect you're up to
something that's probably small and
unimaginative.

HUNK
You got it. They keep hiring guys
at minimum wage but charge the
government the full Darkwater
mercenary rate.

STROM
Maybe you could have saved that for
later.

Suit and Darkwater5's reaction shows he's right.

STROM (CONT'D)
You're going to kill all of us over-
-what--a few thousand dollars? You
amoral dumb shits!

Darkwater5 shoots holes in the other boats.

DARKWATER5
Not us. We'll let nature take its
course.

STROM
(to Suit)
You're not in over your head yet.
Your lawyer can sell you as a job
creator. You'll get a Medal of
Freedom, probation, and community
service. There's nothing to kill
people over!

Strom reaches out with the DIES flag. Suit thinks about what Strom has said and appears to be considering. Darkwater5 looks to be disagreeing.

A hump of water rushes toward the boat and Alex leaps elegantly twisting out of the water and catches Suit completely in his jaws as he passes over the boat, knocking Darkwater5 flying into the water. Alex rears and Suit bleeds and gushes and crunches and Alex twists and goes underwater. The jolt knocks Cart Woman overboard. The waves finish sinking the other boats. Everyone is in the water, thrashing.

The water is a boil of waves, thrashing alligator, and people flailing toward shore. Alligators can't chew or rip flesh well, so they grasp it and jump and twist to throw off pieces that can be swallowed. The water turns red and frothy, people come up bloodied, human limbs fly about, wooden boats in pieces fly through the air.

As the melee continue, survivors make their way to shore. The boil of water settles to a softer wave action of Alex finding and eating pieces. Strom looks around. Everyone is there except Harris. The Darkwater boat floats empty nearby.

STROM (CONT'D)

Where's Harris?

Strom looks over the group, looks in the water, but doesn't go far because Alex is right out there.

STROM (CONT'D)

Harris!

HARRIS (O.S.)

Over here.

Harris is rising up from Strom's sinking boat. He has the shotgun and is setting himself up for a clear shot.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I got it. I got it.

STROM

No!

Harris stops.

HARRIS

It's a man-eater.

STROM

Look at who died. And who didn't.

HARRIS
You're saying they deserved that?!

TANKTOP
Better them than us, Harris.

BRUNETTE
(quietly)
It was a bit harsh.

CART WOMAN
(quietly)
He's an alligator.

HARRIS
What are you fucking crazy, Bill?
Judge, jury, and executioner?

STROM
Not me.

HARRIS
You know the program. We need to
put it down.

Harris raises the shotgun.

STROM
Don't shoot! It'll kill you.

HARRIS
Behind the eyes, Bill. At this
range, no problem.

STROM
You've got rubber pellets. Not
slugs. Shoot and you're dead.

Harris lowers the gun.

STROM (CONT'D)
Some things don't need to be
hunted. ... It let you live.

HARRIS
Or I got lucky.

Harris ejects a shell into his hand to check it. Before he opens his hand, Strom calls out. Alex stirs a bit more in the water.

STROM
Throw the shell and the gun in the
water. Before it's too late.

HARRIS
If I do, then what?

STROM
I'll come and get you.

Harris does nothing. Strom starts walking out in the water. He continues to wade, even as Alex lurks nearby. Harris finally throws the gun and shell into the water. Strom gets the line off the front of the boat and pulls the boat back to shore, past Alex.

LATER:

The Darkwater boat is loaded except for Strom and Cart Woman. Strom holds out his hand.

STROM (CONT'D)
Come on. Your life isn't over.

CART WOMAN
I guess not. I'm here.

EXT. SWAMP - BOAT LEAVING OPEN AREA

Boat cruises away in the dusk. Brunette looks at Cart Woman.

EXT. SWAMP - ONBOARD BOAT LEAVING OPEN AREA

Boat cruises away in the dusk.

BRUNETTE (V.O.)
How do you teach ethics to an alligator?

UNASSUMING (V.O.)
I'll bite. How do you teach ethics to an alligator.

BRUNETTE (V.O.)
No, it's not a joke.

HUNK
You sequence the DNA, then isolate the gene that--

CART WOMAN (V.O.)
--No. He's not genetically modified. He's just big, for his age.

EXT. CAMP AUMIGOD - BOAT RAMP

Strom and company disembark. Darkwater6 guy walks up.

DARKWATER6

Hello...oh. I thought you were our guys.

STROM

(shows badge)

I borrowed the boat to rescue these people. They were making a movie in the swamp.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Horror movie.

DARKWATER6

I thought it was a thriller.

STROM

And their boats sank.

DARKWATER6

Those old boats over there. Yeah, they all sink. You need extras, call me ok. Could use the extra money.

MOVIEDIRECTOR

Thank you. We'll do that. Maybe some of your friends too.

DARKWATER6

Have a good night.

CAMERAMAN

Wow. Cut off the head and...

HUNK

Say, could you give us a lift?

DARKWATER6

What?

HUNK

Back into camp? We've had a rough day.

DARKWATER6

Sure. Come on. Tell me about your movie.

BRUNETTE

You're not worried about your prick bosses?

DARKWATER6

They a left an hour ago. Meet me in front. I'll go get a van. (leaves)

STROM

Everyone, go back to your cabins and clean up. Don't say anything to anyone about what happened. I'll be by in a while. (to Brunette) Can you loan her some clothes. (to Cart Woman) I'll take you home as soon as I make some calls. (to Harris) Come on.

Anyone got a dry phone?

Cameraman pulls a sealed sandwich bag from his pocket.

CAMERAMAN

We're even on the car?

STROM

We're good.

EXT. - CAMP AUMIGOD - PERIMETER

Area where Strom made calls and first saw Alex. Harris sits on the bench, on a call. He nods and hangs up and gives Strom the phone, smiling.

STROM

Better?

HARRIS

Think I need a drink. ... How'd you know?

Strom takes the phone and calls.

STROM

Something my wife said. ... Hey. I'll be home a little late.

LOU (O.S.)

Everything work out?

STROM

Well...yes, for the most part, for some people. Good as could be hoped for, considering.

LOU (O.S.)

Don't overthink it.

STROM

I love you.

LOU (O.S.)

You should.

He dials again.

STROM

Hey Danny.

DANNY (O.S.)

Where have you been? I've been trying for hours.

STROM

No signal.

DANNY (O.S.)

The feed stopped, like the power was cut or something.

STROM

It was. Lookit, the case is over. Harris found the girl; she wasn't missing everything is ok.

DANNY (O.S.)

That's great.

STROM

Put all the video on a backup disk and erase it from the server.

DANNY (O.S.)

All of it?

STROM

Everything. Tonight. I'll talk to you tomorrow. Good night, Danny.

INT. CAMP AUMIGOD - CABIN 27

Everyone is there.

NARRATOR

You want to hide it? How? I see a National Geographic special.

UNASSUMING

Because you think it's magic or something.

TANKTOP

Won't it come back?

CART WOMAN

Not if it's left alone. Darkwater invaded its territory.

BRUNETTE

And paid the price.

CAMERAMAN

Hey, no harm no foul.

HARRIS

Cover-ups never work. We'll all go down with it.

BRUNETTE

And there's all the video. Something will end up online.

NARRATOR

What about Darkwater? We don't want to cover that up.

STROM

I'll send the feds what they need.

Room falls silent as people think.

STROM (CONT'D)

Everyone in this room got a second chance out there.

CAMERAMAN

Let's give it a shot. If it doesn't work...it doesn't work. What do we do?

Strom smiles.

STROM

We are exactly the right people to make it work. We get the video out there. Before it becomes real--

UNASSUMING
--we make it fiction.

STROM
(to Moviedirector)
We make your movie. (to Narrator)
We make your documentary.

VIDEOGIRL
We take found footage to the next
level.

HUNK
Hide it where everyone can see it.

BRUNETTE
YouTube?

MOVIEDIRECTOR
No. Sundance.

CART WOMAN
What's found footage?

Animated talking. Fade to:

FOOTAGE BEGINS:

Police car footage of driving along highway, past endless trailer park, along highway, turning into drive, stopping showing arched entrance to Camp Aumigod.

Fade to and slow pan in on old color photo still of the gated entrance to Camp Aumigod. Large closed auto gate with door size people gate next to it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Generations of kids packed Camp
Aumigod every summer, until 1989
and the infamous Summer of
Psychopaths killings.

In spite of the addition of a
sophisticated surveillance system,
attendance fell in the years
following, and the camp struggled.

A university leased part of the
camp in the 90s for strange
experiments.

There were rumors that the
experiments were ethical.

90s footage shot from in front a young Cart Woman as she walks along a path and into the cinder block building. It's filled with stuff but recognizable as the same building. She goes to a table on which is a large an aquarium tank we can't see into. She looks into the tank and talks as if to a puppy.

CART WOMAN

Have you been a good boy? Have you been a good boy. Come to mommy.

She reaches in and picks something up, turning and holding a small alligator up to the camera.

CART WOMAN (CONT'D)

Smile. Smile for the camera. That's a good boy.

FOOTAGE ENDS.

THE END

Credits:

Scenes of gliding along, just above the water.