

"Routt: Revisited"

Date: Monday, June 9th 2014

Time: 1:30 pm

Location: Vera Productions Offices, downtown Los Angeles

A mounted camera clicks on, filming nine people setting around a circular table. An Indian male comes around, into the shot, before walking to the lone empty seat and sets down.

At the head of the table sets a middle aged woman, attractive and professionally manicured. She looks around with a beaming smile, and then begins introducing herself to the group.

Jane

"Hello again everyone...we're going to start off by the old "introducing ourselves" for the camera, so go ahead and tell us your name...title...and WHY EXACTLY you were interested in working on this project...Most of you know me, but I'll reintroduce myself for the camera's sake...My name is Jane Alexander. I am the Executive Producer for the "Routt" films, I represent Jeff here,...and I am "officially" everyone's boss, with the one exception...We'll let's go ahead and meet everyone's boss, and the reason all of you are here...let's start with you, Jeff..."

Jane looks over the conference table to a younger man in a wrinkled suit. Unkempt without a tie or cuff links, his beard and sunglasses completely hides his face.

Jeff (Stands up, taking off his sunglasses and looking around)

"My name is Jeff Roberts...the reason that name might sound familiar is because Joe Roberts is...was my brother..."

A couple of people look to each other, as hushed whispers are heard.

Jeff

"...Yes, THEE SAME Joe Roberts from the first...film. And before ANY of you ask...yes, he DID go missing...with his entire group...regardless of what you MIGHT have heard...the "Iowa 5" NEVER came home...Your guess is as good as mine as to what really happened to my brother and his friends...so THIS...(gesturing around)...whatever THIS ends up becoming...will be the studio's...and my families hunt for the truth as to what happened to them..."Officially" I am NO ONE'S boss...I just happen to own the rights to the "Routt" film...I can thank Joe for that...he loved making films...and for some messed up reason...I ended up the "owner" of "Routt" and his other film "Foreclosed"..."

A man setting next to Jeff looks up and speaks.

"Why didn't he hand the rights over to his wife?...or..."

Jeff

"...Because Joe was single...he was dedicated to making films after his last breakup...two...no...four years now...he pretty much hid himself from the family in Iowa City...I...wasn't as close...as I should have been...as we USED to be...I wasn't really that close to HIS group...THAT little gem was ultimately cut from the film...(Jeff looks around)...I mean what do you say when five people you've known your whole life suddenly go missing...and you somehow own the rights to a film that details their disappearance...I didn't even know I "owned anything" until my brother's agent sued the production company on my behalf..."

Jeff pauses, looking down to the table.

Jeff

"...Juan was a really...REALLY good guy...Timmy was an only child...and they all basically adopted him as their own...AJ...AJ was like their fearless leader...until the end...and Peter...Peter was a piece of shit to the people who cared about him most...We all knew he was cheating on his wife with any tail he could get...we just made sure the conversations about his infidelity we're cut to a minimum...to save her and the kids any unnecessary embarrassment..."

Jeff looks around the room, then to the camera.

Jeff (Looking to guy next to him)

"Enough about me...Who's next?"

The man setting next to him looks around then stands.

"Hello everyone...I'm the director...my name is Patrick Stoner, you can call me "Pat"...You might have heard of my other project, my "full time" gig..."Real Hit-men of the Mafia"...I don't know this project...had captured my imagination and my passion for finding the truth about things were not supposed to know...Ok, so for OUR FILM...We've got a small crew but a TON of cameras!...We have a "Go Pro" head mounted camera...for everyone...We have eight mounted night vision cameras...we have three thermal imaging cameras...a sound amplifying gun...so if anything moves past our cameras, we'll hear it crystal clear...Needless to say we're going "overkill" on the recording equipment...I won't be the director responsible for getting contract killers to open up and NOT be able to capture what we all KNOW is out there..."

The camera catches as everyone in the room stands and introduces themselves.

"My name is Samir Singh...I'm your cameraman...Do it for a living...Don't think I really need to say anymore..."

Jane (Interjecting)

"Well, why don't you tell everyone WHY you're here?"

Samir (Looks from Jane, to everyone)

"...I'm here...because I'm BROKE!...I gots bills to pay!...Hah-hah-hah!...It's not like I WANTED to go marching off into the wilderness and stay in the same location that killed five other people...(Samir looks to Jeff)...No offense..."

Jeff waves it off without responding.

Samir (Continuing)

"...No offense to anyone who WANTS to be out there...but I'M NOT dying out there for anyone's film...or for anyone's NEED to capture anything out there..."

Jane (Interrupting)

"No one is going to die out there..."

Samir (Pauses before continuing)

"Well...just because we have guns out there doesn't mean nothing bad COULD happen..."

Samir stops when Jane shoots him a tight closed mouth smile. The other lone female takes note and stands next to Samir. Samir notices and reluctantly sets back down.

"Hello all...my name is Brittany Gabbert...I'm a still photographer...and camera woman...I guess...You might have seen some of my work in "Time"... "National Geographic"...I've travelled all over the world...literally...This year so far, I've been to Syria, Somalia, Columbia, the DRC, Sudan..."

An African male speaks up.

"Countries with displacements in the millions..."

Brittany

"Yes!..Exactly...That has been my new focus...I usually do wildlife...but countries in conflict have taken over...it's dangerous at times...but getting some of those images...to the world...is worth the risk of ONE LIFE...Anyway...my family and my...relationship (Brittany eyes Samir)...has me considering a less risky lifestyle...or at least one that pays and is A LOT closer to home...So regardless of what SOME PEOPLE may think...I'M happy to be stateside and working for something that could CHANGE the way we see evolution..."

The African male stands, looking around with reservation before speaking.

"My name is Salah...I am a "tracker"...I track...ALL wild game...I am originally from Sudan...I've hunted all over the world...I've hunted with Mr. Allison and Mr. Higdon here, before...I am positive I can track and hunt your Sasquatch...we have a similar creature back home..."Chimiset", "Duba", "Kerit", "Kikomba",

"Ngoloko"...it has...many different names...I was a part of a expedition back in 2008...We had a European studio financing the project, and spent three weeks in the bush..."

Salah looks around the room to each person for a moment before continuing.

Salah

"...We came across a den...on a Tuesday...a families den...we lost...(Salah sighs)...seven men by Thursday morning...(Salah makes direct eye contact with Patrick)...You wanna know "war"?...Try losing soldiers, hunters...your BROTHER in the darkness to creatures BIGGER, STRONGER, FASTER...and almost INVISIBLE!...Try to SURVIVE the rest of your life HEARING their screams at every campfire you set at!...RIPPED APART!...TRY, and live with that in your head when you are out there...when we are in IT'S home!..."

The room stays silent until Jeff speaks.

Jeff

"So...if we're so outmatched...why are WE going out there?!...Why are YOU going out there?!"

Salah (Relaxing in his seat, and regaining his composure)

"...Because I said "almost"...."

Salah reaches for a cigarette, putting it to his mouth he looks directly at Jeff.

Brittany

"Ah...you CAN'T...smoke THAT in here!"

Salah (Ignoring Brittany)

"We will all die...some way...someday..."

Salah lights the cigarette and dumps the lighter onto the table, his eyes are intensified as he looks to Jeff.

Salah

"...ALMOST INVISIBLE!....It's the SMELL they cannot mask!...YOUR brother noticed it!...They ALL did!...They just didn't know what they were surrounded by...Yeti, Squatch, or Chimiset...they don't live like HUMANS...Humans live in a house, with a fenced in yard surrounded by other people's fenced in homes and THAT is it!...Yeti, Yeti live FOR-ESTS!...Every inch that man does not touch is THEIR HOME!...They don't just live in a tree and call it good...no, no...They live in the CAVES, the HILLS, the MOUNTAINS!...They build SHELTERS!...And these little..."quarantine zones" your government set aside...SECRETLY by the way...are just small backyards to them!...People...society can laugh all they want to...because for the most part, man is ignorant of what they do not understand...They hide away from man...until man oversteps their boundaries..."

Salah pauses, to take a drag from his cigarette.

Jeff

"So...again...I gotta ask...why are YOU out here?"

Salah (Looking from his cigarette to Jeff)

"Because I'm the only one here who will find them BEFORE they find YOU...THEY...(Salah points to the three men setting by themselves)...may have all the guns...but I KNOW wild game...I know its habits...The paths they will walk...The places they will hide...if you can't SEE...can't SMELL them...then you WILL all die out there..."

The room gets quiet and sets in uncomfortable silence for a moment before the last three men all look to each other without responding. A moment later, the youngest stands and begins talking.

"My name is David Krueel...You can call me "Davey" or "Dave" ...or "Daddy-Big-Dick" ...whatever you want really...I'm an ex-Marine...well...we all are...(Looking towards the other silent men)...I'm just fresh out...served my four. Africa and the Middle East mostly...Travy here was my commander in Sudan, Cameroon...Served with Nate here as well...I like drugs...beer...and sex...(David looks to Brittany)...so expect me to not be enjoying any of those three while you're in my company...I don't plan on dying out there..."Hollywood" wants me to be a stuntman after this...or heroically beautiful best friend of the lead actor...so don't any of you do anything that's going to cause ME to risk MY life saving yours...mmkay?...Daddy has a BRIGHT future ahead of him after this!..."

The oldest looking male stands next to David, giving him a look which stops his speech.

David (Setting down, eyeing everyone)

"...Bigger and BETTER THINGS ladies and gents!....Bigger and better things."

The standing bearded male waits momentarily before beginning his own introduction.

"Hey there, my name is Travis Higdon. I AM in charge out there. I'm an ex-Marine. Eight years in and six major conflicts later Nathan and myself here, (Travis gestures to the third male setting with them) are the LAST from our class...I'll let that sink in...We live in a turbulent time...One in which over 150 highly trained Marines I gladly called my brother gave their lives for this country...I am here to make sure NONE of you give your lives for this film...I would consider any of your deaths a dereliction of my duty..."

Jane smiles to herself.

Travis

...The "creeper" I mentioned before is Nathan Allison here...You may call him Nate...Or "Princess Tiny-

Gun"...Nate doesn't like to speak...to anyone, really...so if you don't HAVE TO speak to him, don't...Nate here, doesn't like attention...and even me speaking for him makes him...on edge..."

Everyone in the room silently look towards Nate, his face looks tense. Nate looks up to the group as he continues spinning a knife tip on his finger. Nate eyes down each member of the crew, then each of the cameras with an untrusting eye.

Travis (Looking to Nate with a smile)

"...Yep...I don't think I need to say much more...Just know, he is VERY GOOD at his job...You are all SAFE in our hands...I personally give you my word as a commander, you ALL will make it home once our mission is accomplished...We ALL know why we're here...The SOONER we get one on film, captured or killed...the sooner you all will be back with your loved ones...until we're stepping out of our vehicles at Routt National Forest I am in charge of NONE OF YOU...THAT duty is up to our fearless leader here, Jane..."

Jane stands as Travis sets back down.

Jane

"Thank you Travis...and thank you everyone...for being here...for agreeing to this...Jeff...I can't even begin to understand your families loss...and I thank you most...for agreeing to come and be a part of all of this...I promise you...with the team I've assembled...we WILL find the answers your families are seeking..."

Jane smiles genuinely towards Jeff, and then continues.

Jane

"Ok...as we all know, you'll be staying just outside Routt next Friday night at "the Royal" in Yampa...you'll meet and leave HERE on Thursday night and travel in the two Escalades we're providing....You should hit Yampa by 8-9 pm...You'll stay the night and start first thing Saturday morning...it's about an hours' drive followed by a four hour hike to the site..."

Jane (Stands and looks around with a salesman smile)

"...Ok...let's go out there, get the answers...get the footage...and more importantly...let's capture history..."

The camera cuts and jumps ahead in time.

Date: Friday, June 13th, 2014

Time: 9:27 pm

Location: Royal Hotel and Bar, Yampa Colorado

The camera turns on, in the parking lot of a motel, panning around it catches a small town and lights in the distance. The camera continues around until it sees David grabbing his duffle bag. Travis hands off another duffle bag to Dave and notices the camera.

David

"Turn that fucking thing off!...That's an order...or something..."

David turns and grabs another duffle bag and hands it to Nate without any exchange. Nate looks from David then to the camera. Nate's face turns serious as he eyes the camera. The camera looks away as Nate squints in its direction without saying a word.

The camera pans around the two Escalades as everyone but Samir grabs their bags. Brittany bends over, and the camera notices and holds steady on her bent over.

Patrick (From off of camera)

"Better not be wasting this week getting shots of your girlfriend's ass!"

The camera pans around and catches Patrick as he walks up past. The camera pans back around and catches Brittany looking back, straight faced.

Samir

"...Ah...hah-hah...he was kidding..."

Brittany (Nodding)

"Uh-huh...just get your stuff..."

Brittany stands up with bags over each shoulder, and walks towards the motel entrance. Samir films as everyone heads inside the motel from the dark parking lot, their conversations are barely audible.

Samir begins to slowly pan around, getting a panoramic view when Salah is suddenly seen standing a foot away. Samir and the camera jump.

Samir (Surprised)

"JE-SUS-MAN!...hah-hah-hah!...You friggin scared me!"

Salah (Eying Samir before responding)

"Aren't you going inside?"

Samir

"Yeah...of course...just gotta get some stock footage..."

Salah

"Awww...mind if I smoke?"

Samir

"No man...go right ahead...just try to stay outta the shot..."

Salah doesn't wait for another word before pulling a joint out of his shirt pocket and sparks it.

Samir

"Oh!...Ahh...yeah...definitely want to stay out of shot then..."

Salah takes a hit, and offers the joint to Samir.

Salah (Exhaling smoke)

"Why?...It is legal here, right?...Then why would I care?...I am...who I am... (Taking another hit)...Why should I allow what others think to change me...(Exhaling smoke)...for ANY reason?"

Samir

"No...Don't let PAT see you smoking it..."

Salah

"Why?!...He's not cool?"

Samir (Reaching out to take the joint)

"No, the fucker will smoke all your shit!...Gimme a hit of that though...thanks...Can't let them smell it on you...they'll know..."

Salah

"Having the director wanting to smoke my shit will be least of our worries come tomorrow..."

Samir holds the shot on Salah as he looks towards the mountains of Routt National Forest in the distance of a dimly lit parking lot.

Time: 9:45pm

The camera cuts and jumps inside the hotel, Samir sets the camera on the television, and plops down on the bed. From off of camera, someone is heard flushing the toilet. The faucet runs, and then shuts off, and the bathroom door is heard opening.

Brittany

"Laying down?...Already?!...Oh!...You think putting a piece of tape over the light is fooling anyone?!"

Samir hesitates, then bursts out laughing. Brittany picks up the camera and begins filming Samir on the bed.

Samir (Laughing)

"No!...No!...No!...Come on now!"

Brittany

"No!...You want a sex tape, you have to be interviewed first!...To SEE if you are mature enough to have a sex tape of me!...Besides...How often do you get to SEE the man behind the camera?!...The MAN that's going to capture Bigfoot on THIS camera!..."

Samir (Laughing)

"Hah-hah!...Noooo!...I don't need ANOTHER tape... (Samir eyes Brittany with a coy smile)

Brittany

"ANOTHER?!"

Samir (Laughing)

"...of US!...Another...tape...of...us...hah-hah-hah!"

Brittany (Grabs a pillow and begins beating Samir with it)

"DON'T TRY and save yourself!..."

Samir (Laughing and blocking her shots)

"Ow!...Hey!...Come on!...hah-hah-hah!"

Brittany

"No, YOU come on!...Can't take a pillow!...Can't be in front of a camera?!"

Brittany films as she lays a couple of extra hits on Samir, as he laughs and covers from the strikes.

A series of knocks come from off of camera.

Samir (Attempting to get up and away from Brittany's strikes)

"Time-out!...TIME-OUT!...God...hah-hah...damn you girl!...Hold on!"

Samir gets up and walks to the door. Reaching the door, Samir is completely blindsided by a pillow from off of camera.

Samir (Looking back)

"Yo!...I SAID "TIME-OUT!"

Samir opens the door to Patrick, who comes into the room without an invite.

Patrick

"Oh!...Am I walking in on something here?..."

Brittany (Smiling at Samir coyly)

"Nothing important..."

Patrick

"Oh...ok...good...we can talk shop..."

Patrick flops onto the bed next to Brittany. Samir looks up in frustration as he closes the door. Samir walks over to the camera and shuts it off as Patrick is seen smiling towards Brittany.

The screen goes black, then white lettering describe the date and time.

Day 1

Date: Saturday, June 14th, 2014

Time: 7:30 am

Location: Routt National Forest (Near "Iowa 5's" parking location)

The camera turns on and pans around the forest as Samir fastens it to his head. Looking around each member of the crew is unloading their bags and gear out of the SUV's. Salah is the first to walk away from the crew with his gear, he takes in the forest; looking around with concerned wonder.

Travis, Nate and David check their assault rifles and pack ammo in their jackets.

Travis

"Leave only what you don't need for a couple of days, boys...We'll send a team back on Sunday..."

Brittany (Noticing, and begins taking pictures)

"Do you really need THAT much ammo?"

David looks to Brittany without responding, Nate smokes a cigarette without a response. Travis smokes a cigarette and responds without looking away from his gun.

Travis

"You stick to your job...let us do ours...besides, there's no "having too many bullets" out here, little lady..."

Travis looks up and around the forest, grabbing his gear he joins Salah. Their conversation is muted in the distance.

Jeff looks to the camera, holding a gear bag.

Samir

"That's mine..."

Jeff

"Yep...here..."

Jeff helps Samir put on his bag, then helps him with another bag.

Samir

"Thanks man..."

Jeff

"Yep...I'll carry this one..."

Samir

"Yeah, Pat's getting the last one..."

Samir pans around the crew as everyone readies themselves for the journey. Travis, Salah and David read over a map as Nate stands away from everyone, gun ready; smoking a cigarette by himself. Samir holds the shot on Nate, his eyes squint with each inhale. Nate looks around the crew with a cold demeanor, then notices the camera and stares down Samir until the camera pans back to Travis and Salah. David is seen to the left, offering to carry one of Brittany's bags.

Samir (To himself)

"Mother...fucker..."

Patrick (From off of camera)

"Hah-hah-hah!...Our next project is going to be comedy about how bad you're getting cock blocked my man!..."

Samir looks over to Patrick, as he fashions a "Go Pro" camera to his head. Patrick reaches up to the camera.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick (Looking around)

"Who wants to be our third?"

David (Looking over from Brittany)

"I can't buddy...I was told this film needs as many pretty faces on camera as it can get..."

Brittany laughs at his joke. Samir is seen shaking his head.

Patrick (Looking over to Nate)

"Nate?...You're quiet...and you don't want to be on camera...it's perfect for you..."

Nate

"You leaving me the fuck alone would be perfect for me..."

Patrick

"No you can just strap it to-..."

Nate

"No...YOU can strap to whatever you want...just not me..."

Nate turns and walks away from Patrick without waiting for a response.

Patrick hesitates and then looks to Samir.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Patrick (Smiling insincerely)

"Nice...Anyone else?...Anyone at all?!...This magical camera weighs like nothing...You would be doing the film a HUGE favor...."

Jeff walks up to Patrick, his hand out.

Patrick

"Jeff?!...Sweet!...Power button here, and record is here..."

Jeff takes the "Go Pro" and straps it to his San Diego Padres baseball hat.

David (To Jeff)

"So how's that working for you?..."

Jeff clicks the "Go Pro Camera on.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Jeff)

Jeff (To David)

"What's that?"

David

"Being a Padres fan..."

Jeff

"Oh...yeah...Some years are better than others...Mostly I can accept the fact that I must secretly hate myself..."

David (Laughing playfully)

"Hah-hah...I like you...Padres fan myself...was stationed in San Diego...caught some games...they treat the soldiers REALLY well...good-GOOD times..."

David turns and begins hiking towards Travis and Salah.

Jeff

"Any memorable games?..."

David (Turning and walking backwards)

"You know...I got shit housed each time...don't remember shit...except getting escorted out..."

Jeff (Laughing)

"Hah-hah...you got kicked out?!...For what?!"

David (Turns serious)

"That's classified..."

David turns back around, straight faced walking towards Travis and Salah. Jeff stutters a response, and follows behind.

Jeff (Catching up to David)

"You...you serious?!"

David stops close to Travis, and looks to their conversation, then back to Jeff.

David (To Jeff)

"No."

The camera cuts and jumps to Samir.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Samir steps back away from the group as they surround Travis and Salah. Nate stands with his back to the group, his eyes behind a pair of binoculars. David, Jeff, and Brittany join around Travis, as he scans over a folded map. Patrick is seen standing back facing the camera, close enough to capture Travis and Salah's conversation.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Travis (Looking up from the map)

"Alright lady and gents...take a knee...We are currently less than a mile away from the "Iowa 5's" destroyed 4Runner...which means we are another 5-plus miles from our destination...We're looking at hiking for the next two to three hours...Get your water and legs ready...No cigarettes on the way...don't want be causing no forest fires...NATE!..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Pat)

Nate (Continues looking into the binoculars, cigarette hanging from his lips)

"ONE time..."

Travis

"Salah's takin the lead...we follow single file...Nate, take the rear..."

Patrick

"I need a camera up front..."

Travis

"...Whatever...Do what you need hoss...if we raise our guns, you ALL hit the ground...Consider yourselves in a war zone out here...Ears open, mouths shut...Hear anything, you fuckin stop...everything...stop talkin...stop movin...stop fucking BREATHING!...until I say different!...We good here?...Fuckin move out then!"

Patrick stands back allowing Salah and Travis to take the lead, and then motions for Jeff to follow next. Brittany is followed by Dave, whose eyes are focused on her rear. Patrick looks to Samir, and then motions for him to halt, as Patrick jumps in line.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Samir stands back as he watches Patrick follow behind Dave. Samir turns around to catch Nate standing a foot away; holding his gun with both hands, cigarette dangling from his mouth. Nate doesn't say a word, as he stares down Samir.

Samir

"So...you wantin me to go next?..."

Nate responds without saying a word, his face cold without any sign of life.

Samir (Turning away from Nate)

"...Alrighty then..."

Samir falls in line behind Patrick, staying back to capture the group as they hike in silence.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Jeff)

Jeff follows behind Travis and Salah.

Jeff

"Are we really sticking to silence?"

Travis slows back, and turns to Jeff

Travis (Speaking so only Jeff will hear)

"Naw...I just didn't want to hear Patrick's voice until I pass this hangover..."

Jeff (Laughing)

"Hah-hah...His voice is THAT irritating?"

Travis

"After last night...at the bar...old boy back there...is the reason we had to fight a group of fuckin locals..."

Jeff

"Yeah...I wasn't going to say anything...but it looks like your face took a punch...or three..."

Travis

"Hah-hah...yeah yeah...I would say a have chat with the gentlemen from last night...but I'm sure they're still sleepin it off..."

Jeff

"Here...Take my shades...They don't fit right with the camera..."

Jeff passes his sunglasses over to Travis as they follow Salah. Travis puts the sunglasses on and sighs with relief.

Travis

"Thanks man...when we get to camp...I owe you a beer..."

Jeff

"You guys have room for beer in those bags?!"

Travis

"Oh you'd be surprised what a Marine can pack in one of these..."

The camera cuts and jumps in time.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Jeff)

Jeff follows Travis around a hill and captures Salah standing close to the now rusting out remains of a destroyed Toyota 4Runner. Jeff stops in shock, as the other members make their way past him, to the vehicles remains.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick walks up to the 4Runner and gets a clean steady shot of the vehicle, covered in graffiti. A rotting tree remains running through its interior.

Patrick looks back as the crew slowly and quietly surrounds the 4Runner. Each person takes a moment to look inside its rotting carcass.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Samir walks up past Jeff, who is frozen, staring at the 4Runner.

Samir (Looking back to Jeff)

"You coming?...Oh...yeah...I'll give you a minute..."

Jeff slowly makes his way towards the remains, not responding.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Jeff)

Jeff walks up to the 4Runner, filming different messages from strangers scrawled in marker or paint on the exterior. "FAKE! LIES! HOLLYWOOD THE GREAT DECEIVER!" "God Bless Your Souls". "To whom it may concern, I took your gas...didn't think you would mind." "Ricky loves Lucy". The group is silent off of camera, as Jeff looks over the 4Runner.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Samir films as Jeff walks around the remains. Around the destroyed vehicle are shrines and offerings to

the deceased. Melted candles along with rotting flowers scattered around the 4Runner. Half empty bottles of alcohol. Jeff looks around the ground, taking in the monument to his friends.

After a couple of quiet moments, Jeff notices everyone silently watching him.

Jeff (To Travis)

"We done here?"

Travis (Slightly taken back)

"Yeah...yeah buddy...Just figured...you'd want a moment..."

Jeff doesn't respond, but starts to walk past the monument when Patrick halts him.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick

"Whoa!...Whoa!...Whoa!...Slow down there hoss...Where do you think you're going so fast?!...We need to get a couple of shots here...ahhhh...Jeff?!..."

Jeff turns and looks to Patrick with confused disbelief.

Jeff (To Patrick)

"You fuckin kidding me?!"

Patrick

"NO!...I most certainly am NOT!...Fifteen minutes...tops...I promise!"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Jeff looks to Travis, shaking his head in disbelief.

Patrick

"Travis, I'll do the shot...if you can spare a guy...we'll be right behind you...Ok...Brittany and Sam...you stay with Salah and Travis...I'll get the shots I want with Jeff..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Jeff)

Travis looks from Dave, and Nate then back to Jeff.

Travis (To Nate, Dave and Jeff)

"Ok boys...apparently the skinny Ivy League kid is in charge now...Davey...stay with these two...Nate and I will take the group..."

Dave looks to Jeff, as he shrugs and shakes his head. Patrick is barely audible, giving orders to Brittany and Samir off camera.

Patrick (From off of camera)

"...Stay spread out...We need two cameras at ALL TIMES!...Britt, why don't you grab a "Go Pro"...Sammy, I want you to cover the rear...Get some distance shots...You see ANY-thing...hear anything that causes any guns raised...I want you calling me on the walkies...ASAP!"

Jeff watches Brittany unpack a "Go Pro" head mounted camera from the case and puts it on. Brittany notices everyone but Salah watching her, and starts modeling the camera.

Brittany (Hamming it up for the camera)

"What?...Everyone enjoying the show here?"

A couple of chuckles are heard off of camera, as Brittany adjusts the camera and clicks it on.

From "Go Pro" camera (Brittany)

The crew gradually disperse and follow a single file line behind Salah.

As they head away, Jeff watches Patrick, as he films with a handheld camera along with the "Go Pro" camera mounted to his head.

Jeff (Looking from Dave to Patrick)

"Soooo...."

Patrick

"Sssshhh!...I mean...Let me get this footage...We'll get your shot...but...these "Go Pro's"...I...can't zoom...I need to-..."

Jeff looks back over to Dave as Patrick films without finishing his thought. Dave rolls his eyes, and offers Jeff a cigarette. Jeff takes a cigarette after hesitating, and the two smoke in silence as Patrick focuses on his shot, as the rest of their crew disappears

The trio all watch in silence as they disappear over the valley and out of sight. Patrick continues to film for a couple seconds, then turns to Jeff and Dave.

Patrick

"Ok....Jeff, I need to set up the cameras...TRUST ME...when you SEE the shots I have setup in my mind..."

Patrick walks over, and sets the handheld camera twenty feet away, facing the 4Runner.

Jeff (To Patrick)

"Where...you want me boss?"

Patrick

"I'm thinking...I'm wanting to get some shots of you...facing the 4Runner...Don't know which angles...are going to work best with the landscape...so just...be patient..."

Jeff

"So...just shots...of me...looking at the 4Runner?"

Patrick

"Different angles...I don't know how the sun is going to affect the shot...So we'll do a couple...I'm needing the viewers to FEEL something here..."

Dave

"I'll give 'em somethin to feel..."

Patrick (Ignoring Dave)

"...This is where our hero sees the monument to his brother, for the FIRST TIME!...You can't be some unemotional robot!...We need SOMETHING here as far as EMOTION!...Say a silent prayer, TALK to them!...SOME-THING!"

Dave (Making his voice boom)

"...WITH MY DICKKKKK!"

Patrick (Ignoring Dave)

"...just...basically...have a silent conversation with your brother for a couple of minutes...ignore me, definitely ignore Dave...and we can get moving...Dave, do whatever you can to stay OUT OF my shots for the next ten minutes..."

Dave (Expression dropping)

"Awwwwwww!"

Jeff looks to Dave, his face looks hurt as he makes his way out of the camera's view.

Jeff (Looking to Patrick)

"Ten minutes?!...What-the-fuck?!.. Seriously?!...Seriously??"

Patrick (Stops and turns to Jeff)

"Hey!...This IS THE BUSINESS!...You think magic can just HAPPEN in ONE SHOT?!...YOU are the STAR of this film young Jeffery...I'm the DIRECTOR...I take that title very seriously...You signed on for me to

direct...I'm out here to tell a story...YOUR story...and if we DON'T get anything of this "Bigfoot"...I have to be able to go back to Jane and Vera with SOMETHING!...The story of you and your brother WILL matter either way...Now shut up and deal with the consequences..."

Patrick positions the camera. Jeff looks to Dave, as he shrugs and sighs.

The camera cuts and jumps to the other members.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

The camera films the crew as they walk single file in order; Salah, Travis, and Brittany. The camera stops and films them walking further away.

Nate (From off of camera)

"How many times are you going to do this?!"

Samir (Still filming the crew)

"As many times as I have to...you have your orders, I have mine...Do YOU wanna listen to Pat bitch and complain all night about too little footage?"

Nate (From off of camera)

"Whatever...I'm having a smoke..."

Samir (Looking over to Nate)

"Thought your boss said no?"

Nate (Pulling a cigarette out of his pack)

"Well...kiddo...sometimes butterflies fight..."

Samir laughs as he looks back to the crew and films them hiking towards a ridge, then slowly disappearing over the horizon.

Nate (From off of camera)

"We good here?...Can we start moving again?"

Samir

"Yep...yep...Let's just-"

A large thump is heard from off of camera, cutting Samir off in mid sentence. Samir looks in the direction, then back to Nate. Nate is already focused on the direction, gun held with both hands.

Samir (Whispering)

"You...you heard that...right?"

Nate nods slowly, never taking his eyes away from the direction. Samir looks back to the direction of the thump, breathing hushed breaths.

Neither say a word for a couple of tense seconds. Samir is heard slowly un-latching something as he pans the camera around.

Samir holds the camera in the direction of the sound, Nate silently looks on as a trail of smoke slowly escapes his mouth.

Nate (Looking to Samir)

"Oh...looky there...You brought a toy..."

Samir (Whispering as he looks around)

"Had to bring SOMETHING...I'm not coming out here without some kind of protection..."

Samir continues to pan the shot around, holding up a pistol as he continues to scan their surroundings.

Another loud thump from behind makes them jump. Both look around quickly, Nate's eyes are wide as the cigarette barely hangs from his lips.

Both look around in every direction for the source in rushed panic. From off of camera, Samir's gun clicks off of safety.

Nate (Whispering from off of camera)

"Seriously?..."

Samir looks over to Nate.

Nate (Still whispering)

"You're SERIOUSLY taking it off safety NOW?!"

Samir (Whispering back)

"You've had yours off?!...This WHOLE TIME?!"

Nate (Whispering back)

"YES, of course!!...My job is to PROTECT YOU!"

Samir (Whispering back)

"MY job is to FILM THIS SHIT!...Not KILL it!"

From off of camera, an enormous roar floods the valley, and silences Samir. The sound echoes all over the valley, and magnifies before silencing without warning. The forest resumes its calm, before the sound of something being ripped from the ground stops the peace. The seconds tick slowly as the sound echoes all around them. The sound resonates, and just out of the camera's sight trees shake violently. Samir holds the camera in the direction, as trees in the distance sway wildly.

Nate (Whispering from off of camera)

"Sam...We need to-"

From off of camera, a un-human grunt echoes, as the sound of trees cracking and being destroyed in a direct path.

Samir looks over to his left and catches trees falling over and shaking violently as another enormous tree lands near them. The forest echoes the thump of the tree landing near by, and branches snapping. Samir looks around frantically, and catches the uprooted tree rolling to a slow stop. In the distance, thousands of green leaves fall from shaking trees. Samir holds the camera on a swath of forest now lying bare in one direction. Dozens of other trees knocked over, bent or snapped in front of them both.

Both Samir and Nate are frozen, without making a noise. A couple of seconds pass, and then the sound of another loud roar floods the forest. Its pitch starts low and turns to a high pitch scream, which hangs in the air; before another tree is heard being ripped from the ground fills the valley.

Nate

"GO!..."

The camera shakes violently as Samir turns and runs. In the panic, he looks back to see Nate rushing right behind him, wide eyed. The sounds of their panicked breaths are heard, and Nate is seen running past Samir, then looking back, and reaching out for Samir.

Samir takes Nate's arm, and together they run crashing through the woods, towards their camp. From behind, an enormous roar covers the valley, as Samir and Nate continue to run for their lives.

From off of camera, trees are heard being destroyed and shaken violently, as another large thump shakes the ground. Nate and Samir are heard running with panicked breaths as the camera shakes uncontrollably.

The camera cuts and jumps to the crew.

From "Go Pro" camera (Brittany)

The crew are walking silently in single file, when an enormous roar echoes all around them, causing them all to freeze in mid step. Brittany turns back to the previous valley, then back to Travis. Travis

looks back in the direction without hesitation, and grabs his walkie-talkie.

Travis (Into walkie-talkie)

"Boys...we have contact...anyone with a visual?...Report back a-sap!..."

Brittany

"You don't think...they could be getting attacked?!"

Travis (Continuing to watch the horizon behind)

"Negative...The boys would have responded with bullets by now..."

Salah (Coming towards Brittany)

"It's a WARNING...It wants us out...they try to scare first before they attack...Whatever THAT was...it's their way of marking its territory...(Salah looks around)...We are here..."

Brittany watches as Salah resumes the lead, and continues hiking without the rest of his group.

The camera cuts and jumps to Patrick's crew.

From "Go Pro" camera (Patrick)

Patrick is grabbing his mounted camera, with Dave next to him.

Patrick

"...Well young Jeffery that's "Hollywood" ...hah-hah-hah...Did Jane tell you this would be-"

Patrick is cut off in mid sentence, as a loud roar stops him dead. Patrick looks around, then back to Dave and Jeff, who is now jogging over.

The trio stands together in silence, as the forest stands eerily silent. Patrick spins around, filming their surroundings.

Dave (Whispering from off of camera)

"What the FUUUUUUCK?!?"

Patrick (Whispering)

"Sssshhhh!...Wait...which direction did that come from?!"

Not noticing, Dave and Jeff silently point in different directions wide eyed. Dave clicks the safety from his assault rifle, and continues to scan around. Patrick catches Jeff pulling out his handgun, and double takes.

Patrick (Whispering)

"Really Jeff?...You too?!"

Jeff doesn't respond but continues to look in the direction he pointed. Then the forest explodes with the sound of trees being ripped from the ground and falling in chaos just out of sight. Snapping and breaking come together for a couple seconds followed by earth shaking thump, then the forest is calm.

Dave's walkie screams to life:

"Boys...we have contact...anyone with a visual?...Report back a-sap!..."

Dave (Grabbing the walkie and responding)

"Daddy big dick here...No visual...We are in route to the campsite...still at the monument...way behind you...It sounded close to us..."

From "Go Pro" camera (Brittany)

Brittany holds the camera on Travis, as the walkie-talkie responds.

Travis

"Copy that...Pick up the pace...From this moment forward...everyone gets a firearm...Nate?!...Nate, respond, over..."

Brittany films Travis as he waits for a response, Salah is seen venturing further and further away by himself.

Brittany (Still watching Salah)

"Ahhhh...Travis?..."

Travis looks over to Brittany, and then to Salah. Travis turns back around towards the sounds, and continues to wait for a response from Nate.

Brittany

"You're just...LETTING him venture off by himself?!..."

Travis (Looking over the horizon)

"He's a big boy...He knows the wild...I wouldn't be worrying about him TOO MUCH..."

Travis stops short, as another loud roar fills the air around them, and blankets the forest in it's echoing effect. Brittany looks from Travis, then over to Salah; who is now at the edge of the clearing.

Salah stops, without turning back, he looks up to the trees, and around without fear.

Travis (From off of camera)

"Boys?...NATE!...RESPOND!!"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

The camera bounces hard and vibrates out of focus as Samir and Nate run. Their voices are heard as inaudible hard breaths. Off camera, Nate's walkie talkie squawks to life in the panic; "NATE, RESPOND!"

Nate (Out of breath, to Samir)

"GO-GO-GO...heh-heh-heh..."

Nate gains distance on Samir, and looks back as they continue running down the valley.

Nate (Out of breath)

"Don't...heh-heh...stop!...heh-heh-heh..."

Nate leads them down the open forest, and towards a tree line. As they come near, Nate slow down out of breath.

Nate (Gasping)

"Here...heh-heh-heh...stop here...heh-heh-heh..."

Samir and Nate bend over, gasping out of breath; Samir takes the camera off and places it on a rock to film. Nate takes a knee and doesn't notice the camera.

Samir (Pacing out of breath)

"What the fuck?!...What the fuck WAS THAT?!..."

Nate (Looks up to Samir)

"You KNOW what that was...heh-heh-heh..."

Samir (Still pacing)

"What the fuck?!...Oh my god!...hah-hah-hah!...THAT was close!...heh-heh-heh...Shit man...why didn't you throw a grenade or...return fire or...SOMETHING?!"

Nate (Looks back over his shoulder, then back to Samir with annoyance)

"Return fire?!...heh-heh-heh...What fucking good is bullets going to do to a TREE...being THROWN AT US?!"

Samir (Stopping and standing up straight)

"Heh-heh-heh...I don't know...maybe the noise would scare it..."

Nate (Looking back

"Heh-heh-heh...yeah why didn't I think of that?!...A creature strong enough to rip a FUCKING TREE from the ground would be scared of gun fire!...What did you want me to shoot at?...The fucking TREE coming at us?!"

From Nate's walkie talkie:

"NATE!...FUCKING ANSWER ME!..."

Nate grabs the walkie and speaks into it, still watching their surroundings.

Nate

"Yeah...we're alive...heh-heh-heh...we...we had...an encounter already...ahhh god...I gotta quit smokin..."

Travis

"Roger that..."

Patrick

"Sam!...Sam!...TELL ME you got a visual!..."

Travis

"Patrick!...Stay off this line, that's an order!"

Nate holds the walkie talkie out for Samir to speak into.

Samir (Into the walkie)

"Negative on that...well...we DID get footage of a massive tree getting thrown at us...hah-hah-hah..."

Patrick

"Well...that's a good start..."

Travis

"PATRICK, OFF-the-fucking-LINE!...Nate, Dave we are now on high alert...Guns up at all times...We'll be hitting camp in...about an hour...Get movin now, we should regroup in about two hours...I want mouths shut till you reach camp...Move softly, if you come across...ANYTHING...stop, and wait...Only move when Nate or DAVE say so!...Do you copy that?...Patrick, do you copy?..."

Dave

"He copies..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Travis

"Let's move it out..."

Brittany

"Ahhh....Travis....Where's Salah?"

Travis turns to Brittany, then to the direction of Salah.

Travis

"Shit...Yup...Sounds about fucking right... (Back into the walkie)...Alright boys, double time, we have a rouge Salah...He's making us play catch-up again..."

Travis starts marching after Salah into the trees, as Brittany stays close behind.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Nate (Standing up, looking off of camera)

"Ok...I think we're good...move slow...Do NOT make noise...I want to get to camp by noon...I think we'll have no problem as long as we move smart...I'm right behind you...if I say "run", you fucking run like your life depended on it...cause it does..."

Samir pans the camera back towards the forest, and around slowly. Birds start chirping again, and the breeze blows steadily in the sun.

Nate begins moving slowly in the tall grass, as Samir holsters his gun. The camera shakes as Samir unpacks a handheld camera, and begins following Nate. Nate passively looks back, and catches the two cameras on him, and rolls his eyes; before returning his attention forward.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

David (To Patrick)

"You heard...we're moving...You follow MY ORDERS till we reach camp..."

Patrick

"What if-"

David (Interrupting)

"Not a question...I have the gun with the most bullets...Now, go-on-and-GIT!... (David gestures wide eyed with his rifle)...Go on!"

Jeff chuckles to himself, as he makes his way past the two; he grabs a "Go Pro" camera from Patrick.

David (Still staring down Patrick)

"GIT!"

Patrick shakes his head, then follows Jeff along a fresh trail.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Travis walks through a tree line, as Brittany follows closely behind.

Brittany

"Are...are we still going in the right direction?..."

Travis (Without looking back)

"Yup."

Travis continues up the hill and through trees, holding branches back as Brittany follows close. The two walk through thick trees, and brush without another word, as Travis hacks at branches in their path with his machete.

Brittany

"Soooo...are we sticking to silence the whole way to camp?...I mean..."

Travis

"What, you gonna interview me or something?...Want to get to know the solider or some shit for the movie?"

Brittany

"Well...yeah!...It's part of my job...I mean...Pat would be pissed if I didn't at least TRY!"

Travis continues walking without response.

Brittany (Waiting for a response)

"Come on...Don't you want MILLIONS of female viewers getting to know the MAN behind the SOLIDER?...You ARE single...right?"

Travis doesn't respond.

Brittany

"Oh come on!...Give me SOMETHING here!"

Travis (Without looking back)

"You can keep filming my ass...I'm sure the female demographic will want a shot or two...heh-heh...I've

been TOLD it's pretty..."

Brittany moves the camera from Travis, up to the horizon as they walk in silence through the forest and into a clearing.

The shade from the trees, opens up to the bright sunshine. In the distance, a figure stands on the ridge line.

Salah (Calling out to Travis and Brittany)

"FOUND IT!..."

Salah waves them over before disappearing over the ridge.

Brittany

"Great!...Think we can get him to do that again...like two more times?"

Travis (Not turning back)

"He's more of a "one and done" type of guy...heh-heh...Think that might have been your best shot..."

Brittany follows through the tall grass and muddy field, as Travis hacks a path in the grass with the machete.

Travis makes his way down the valley and up the ridge, as Brittany hangs back to film. Travis makes it up to the crest of the ridge, and turns back to see Brittany a ways back.

Travis (Calling back)

"You're going to want to SEE THIS!..."

Travis turns and disappears over the ridge. Brittany looks around the forest, before starting to walk in the cut path.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick follows Dave and Jeff as they walk cautiously, both their guns raised.

Patrick

"Guys...I need a sec..."

Dave and Jeff stop and turn back to Patrick in slight astonishment. Patrick removes the "Go Pro" camera and hangs it on a branch, holding a view on Dave and Jeff sideways.

Dave (Looking towards Patrick, then around)

"He better be rockin a piss..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Jeff)

Jeff watches as Patrick straps a mounted camera to a near-by tree.

Jeff

"Noooope."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Dave quickly looks back to Patrick, and reacts.

Dave

"COME-ON!..."

Patrick (From off of camera)

"I SAID one-second!...I gotta set up a couple of these before we reach camp...They'll only take like a minute each..."

Dave looks at Jeff, then back towards the camera.

Dave

"How MANY cameras we talkin here hoss?..."

Patrick (From off of camera)

"I'm going to set three..."

Dave and Jeff react with frustrated sighs.

Patrick

"...I actually have five...but I'm wanting to save a couple for camp...Just going to put up a couple more on the way...might be able to capture something following us..."

Dave

"In that case you might want to camouflage that better...use mud and leaves...here..."

Dave hands off his rifle to Jeff, and walks out of the camera view towards Patrick. Jeff holsters his gun and holds the rifle with confidence watching Dave and Patrick, before looking around their vicinity.

The camera shakes, swings around, then rests as Patrick adjusts it to his head. Patrick looks back to the tree mounted camera, hidden behind a primitive camouflage; then back to Dave and Jeff.

Jeff hands off the assault rifle to Dave, as he continues walking past.

Dave (Not stopping or looking back)

"We good here?"

Patrick

"Yeah...yeah..."

Dave

"I want to be setting up my tent and drinking a beer in less than two hours...Let's pick up the pace boys..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Samir walks down a hillside, then into an open valley. In the distance, a swath of tall grass is cut, forming a path all the way over a ridge.

Samir

"Heh-heh-heh...we're getting there...Looks like someone cut a path for us...heh-heh..."

Nate (From off of camera)

"Travis...heh-heh-heh...we're a quarter mile away..."

Samir

"Heh-heh...How can you tell?...What, some kind of military thing?"

Nate (From off of camera)

"Something like that...heh-heh-heh..."

Samir

"For what?"

Nate (From off of camera)

"It's for the untrained...heh-heh-heh...it's a marker...for a "shit hitting the fan" scenario...First thing people lose in stressful situations...is their fucking minds...heh-heh-heh..."

Samir

"You think...heh-heh...you think shits gonna hit the fan?..."

Samir turns back as he walks. Nate looks at the camera, then directly to Samir without response.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany takes in the scene in front of her. The "Iowa 5's" campsite lies frozen in time. The fire pit is looks new and recently used. Surrounding the campsite, lie enormous rocks, covered in graffiti and prayers. Off to the side, five piles of rocks adorned with various decaying tributes. Flowers, melted candles, bottles of alcohol, rotting boxes of cigarettes, and weathered damaged poems.

Brittany (Holding the shot on the graves)

"Does Jeff know about this?..."

Brittany looks up to Travis getting no response. Travis stops unloading his gear, and looks over to Brittany.

Travis

"Look...I didn't even know what we were getting into...I'm sure the bosses will be happy either way...You might want to help Salah get fire wood though..."

Brittany looks back around the camp, filming another pile of bags.

Travis (From off of camera)

"...or set up your tent..."

Brittany (Walking towards the bags)

"Samir has the tent...I have cameras and food...Hey...whose bags are these?"

Travis (From off of camera)

"What bags?"

Brittany walking over to three sun-faded bags just away from one of rocks.

Brittany

"These...over here...Look..."

Travis (Coming over)

"Probably some group of idiots came out here and either got scared off or killed..."

Travis walks over to one of the bottles of alcohol, opening it and takes a pull.

Travis (Reacting to Brittany)

"What?!...What do want me to say?...It's not OUR problem..."

Travis walks away, grabbing his walkie, bottle in hand.

Brittany (Turning from the bags to Travis walking away)

"It could be..."

Travis (Into the walkie)

"Davey...you on?...Get "St. Patty" ready...Camp is...compromised..."

Dave

"He copies..."

Patrick (In the background)

"What does he mean?!"

Dave

"Over and out..."

Travis (Calling over his shoulder)

"Let Patrick deal with the weird shit...We need to get camp ready for the other teams...By the time they get here...we're going to have a crew of hungry people...best to have things ready..."

Brittany watches as Travis resumes unfolding his enormous tent. Salah comes from the trees, both arms full of fire wood. Salah says nothing as he dumps his pile, and begins starting a fire.

Travis (Barely looking up at Salah)

"Any game in the area?"

Salah (Stopping to take a drink)

"Some deer...not far off...over that hill...if we can get one...we can eat and have bait..."

Travis

"You focusing on fire?"

Salah

"Yeah...doing some scouting while I'm out there..."

Travis

"Take one of my guns..."

Travis takes a pistol from a leg harness, and blindly hands it towards Salah. Salah hesitates reaching out.

Travis

"Take the fucking gun...I didn't say you had to KILL anything...firing off a couple of rounds will alert

us...possibly scaring anything...that might attack you..."

Salah takes the gun without resistance, then looks to Brittany.

Salah (To the camera)

"You two gonna be ok?..."

Brittany

"Yeah...we'll be fine...YOU be careful...hurry back...and then have one of the guys go with you...HERE!...Take one of the "Go Pro's"...Patrick would KILL ME if he knew there might be five minutes of footage he didn't get..."

Brittany films as Salah looks over to Travis, before looking back to Brittany.

Salah (Taking the headset with a smile)

"Patrick is lucky a pretty girl is doing his dirty work..."

Salah takes the camera after powering it on, and making sure it's recording. Salah empties his backpack and tent bag in a pile, then balls his tent into the backpack.

Salah (To Travis)

"I'll be back...in twenty...there's like...five piles of wood already cut...I'm bringing ALL of it...hah-hah-hah!...Mutha-fuckas...we hit the fuuckin jackpot..."

Travis stops setting up his tent, taking in Salah's words.

Brittany (Holding the camera on Travis)

"Piles already cut?!..."

Travis (Looks at Brittany momentarily, then resumes setting up his tent)

"That food ain't cooking itself guy...."

Brittany

"Nothing?...Really!?...Ok...whatever..."

Brittany shakes her head, as Travis refuses to respond. Brittany sets her backpack and gear bags down, and begins unloading her things.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick follows behind Jeff, as the trio walk in silence into a thick wooded area. Patrick turns back to see Dave walking directly behind him.

Dave (Without looking at Patrick)

"Shut up...keep walking..."

Patrick

"This ISNT a dictatorship!..."

Dave

"Shut up..."

Patrick (Turning back towards Jeff)

"...How much further is it?!"

Dave (From off of camera)

"How many more stops are you gonna make?!...Does princess Patty need a potty break?!"

Jeff

"Guys..."

Patrick (Turning to Dave)

"I DON'T need to explain that setting those cameras WILL capture us SOMETHING!..."

Dave (Rolling his eyes)

"You won't even REMEMBER where you leave half of them!...We'll just be wasting hours looking for them!..."

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Guys?..."

Patrick (Looks from Jeff then back to Dave)

"YOU have NO IDEA!..."

Dave

"YOU have NO IDEA WHERE you're going!"

Jeff

"GUYS!...Look over there!..."

Patrick looks from Jeff over to an empty swath of trees. In front of them, a massive hole in the ground along with snapped trees still standing directly in front of it. The trio freeze and stare, as a gentle breeze cuts the silence; causing trees around them to all blow in the eerie forest.

Patrick slowly steps forward, focusing on the massive hole in the ground. The dirt, still fresh and moist in the crater.

Dave (From off of camera)

"Hey...Hey...stay close gurl...Jeffery, pierce those ears...I'll stay with Patty Mae..."

Patrick slowly walks up to the crater, filming the hole as he walks around it.

Patrick

"What...the...fuck?!..."

Patrick walks to the edge of the massive hole, and looks down.

Patrick

"Je-sus...Look at this fuck-in CRATER!...What-the-fuck?!...We were just MINUTES-AWAY!..."

Patrick looks back to Dave, Jeff stands back unwilling to move closer.

Dave (Looking around nervously)

"Hurry the fuck up and film it!...We still have a couple of miles to hike before camp..."

Patrick

"Chill!...How often are you going to SEE something like this?!..."

Patrick films around the enormous crater, loose dirt still running down into the ground. A breeze picks up, and moves the surrounding trees, as the sound is amplified in the quiet forest.

Dave (From off of camera)

"Holy fuck!...Pat, over there!"

Patrick looks up from the crater to Dave pointing, Patrick looks over. Down the hill beyond the snapped and broken trees lies the uprooted tree, on its side its roots still caked thick in dirt. A fresh path of gouges in the ground, and chunks of dirt lead up to it.

Patrick (Excited)

"Fuck!"

Patrick runs fast over to the downed tree, giggling excitedly as he moves.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Jeff)

Dave looks back to Jeff, his eyes wide as he shakes his head in disbelief.

Dave (Looking towards Patrick as he runs away)

"GET THE FUCK---Oh my god!...Patrick!..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick runs up to the downed tree, filming from a couple feet away, circling wide as he comes close. His breaths are heard as he gets closer. The trees branches, snapped off near the trunk litter the ground.

Dave (Coming closer, from off of camera)

"You STUPID-FUCK!...Fucking LISTEN to me!..."

Patrick

"Heh-heh...hah-hah-hah!...Are you SEEING THIS?!...Hah-hah-holy FUCK!...THIS is what we just heard get ripped out of the ground!..."

Patrick zooms holds the camera close as he kneels close. Along the trunk, massive gashes run along its side.

Patrick (Whispering)

"What the..."

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Fucking...Pat!..."

Patrick looks up from the trunk, Dave stands on the opposite side of the downed tree, past him stands Jeff looking towards another crater.

Patrick stands and captures the second crater twenty feet away. Patrick looks from the crater, then back to Dave.

Dave (Rolling his eyes)

"Go..."

Patrick jogs over to Jeff, who is already standing at the edge looking down. Patrick looks from the hole, then to Jeff.

Patrick

"Did we hear two?!...I only heard the one..."

Dave (From off of camera)

"Stick a camera over here..."

Patrick looks up from the crater, over to Dave.

Dave (Standing near a tree)

"...Put one here...It covers both holes...It may come back this way...Use this area for travel or somethin..."

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Don't you think we should getting the fuck outta here?!...Or I don't know...we could stand around here till dark..."

Patrick looks back to Jeff then to Dave.

Dave (Waiving to Jeff)

"Come on booh-booh...help daddy...Patty, toss me the camera..."

Patrick fetches a camera from his backpack, and hands it to Jeff.

Patrick watches as Jeff and Dave begin to attach a still motion camera to a near bye tree; then pans around the area. Tree lines lie lower in front of him, and above him a thick wooded area.

Patrick pans around the upper forest, deep within a dark figures moves in between trees. Patrick freezes, then looks back towards the movement. The "Go Pro" camera shakes as Patrick looks excitedly.

Patrick (Whispering)

"What...the...fuck..."

Dave and Jeff's conversation is inaudible off of camera, as Patrick's concentration focuses on the trees. From within the thick forest, another movement further away, catches Patrick's attention. The camera jumps over, and focuses on the trees.

Patrick watches as a silhouette moves further away without making a noise.

Patrick (Whispering to himself)

"Ohh...mmmyyyy....godddd!..."

Dave (From off of camera)

"Patty!...We're good...Let's get moving..."

Patrick looks over to Dave and Jeff as they stand ready looking back. Patrick looks back to the forest, desperately looking around for the figure.

Patrick (Still looking to the forest)

"Yeah...yeah...yeah."

Patrick holds the shot on the thick forest before turning and joining Dave and Jeff.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Samir follows Nate, as they near the ridge line. Coming over the hill, their camp is slowly being constructed in the distance. Three tents stand by themselves, and a fire pit is constructed and smoking.

Two small figures slowly become larger as the two come closer to camp. Neither say a word, and Nate picks up his pace seeing camp.

Nate (Not looking back)

"There we are..."

Samir follows Nate as they walk to camp, without response. The two enter camp, and are greeted by Brittany coming out of her tent surprised.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany comes out of her tent, not noticing the two figures coming towards camp, she turns and zips the tent closed. Turning around, she is startled by Nate and Samir entering camp.

Brittany (Jumping)

"Oh!...Jesus!...It's just you guys..."

Samir (Dropping his bags, and sighing)

"Happy to see you too...You wanna give me a hand?"

Nate continues walking without stopping or responding.

Brittany (Grabbing one of Samir's bags)

"Did you guys SEE anything?!...How close was it?!"

Samir (Sighing)

"Fuckin CLOSE!...I'm pretty sure I need to change my underwear...hah-hah-hah!"

Samir removes his camera and turns it off.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah walks in deep strides, almost stopping with each step. Salah notices the clearing ahead, and strides faster towards it. Looking back, he drags his tent across the ground, full of wood.

His breaths are heard, and coming closer to the clearing he pauses to catch his breath. Looking back into the forest, the sunlight partially blinds the camera. A gentle breeze subsides, and in the silence a large thump breaks the silence.

Salah (Looking up and around)
"Ohhhh...shhhhit!...mu-tha fuc-ker..."

Salah turns back towards the clearing and begins running with the tent dragging behind him. The weight from the tent slows his run, as he struggles towards the clearing.

Salah is heard reacting in panicked breaths as he lumbers towards the opening. From behind, repeated thumps get louder and closer. His fear spills out, as the thumps thunder closer around him.

In the final steps before the clearing, Salah lets out a frustrated growl as he pulls the weight behind him. The thumps getting closer with each, Salah drops the tent and begins sprinting towards the opening. The thumps sounding louder and closer; as Salah now runs without the weight.

As Salah reaches the clearing, a loud chorus of the wood logs crashing all around is heard. Small thumps, and branches breaking off of camera, forces Salah to look back once in the clearing.

The camera looks back into the thick forest, as Salah gasps for air and squats down low. The forest is empty, with no noise other than the breeze blowing the leaves. In the tree line, his tent lies on the ground twenty feet back; empty of its contents.

Salah doesn't move, and silences his gasps. In the dark forest, nothing makes a sound as Salah looks at the tent and it's random logs so far away.

Salah (Looking around)
"What...tha...fuck?!"

Salah doesn't move, his breaths quiet as he looks into the darkened forest without making a noise.

Without warning, a log comes flying from the trees, which makes Salah duck. The log lands with a thud off of camera, and Salah looks over to see it rolling near bye.

Salah freezes, looking at the log when from off of camera, a large branch snaps. Salah reacts without looking back, sprinting away from the tree line.

Salah (Running and gasping hard)

"Heh-heh-heh!...Fuck!...Heh-heh-heh!..."

The camera shakes as Salah continues to run in a panic.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick follows Dave and Jeff as they walk single file down the cut swath of tall grass. Their camp site is ahead of them, and tiny figures move back and forth in the distance. A trail of smoke extends into the sky.

Dave (Not looking back)

"Great!...We're the last ones here, Patty-Mae!..."

Jeff

"What does that mean?...You gotta dig the latrine?"

Dave

"Hah!...NO!...Just means I'm the last to get his drink on...Thanks Pat..."

Patrick

"Your drug dependency is NOT a part of MY concerns Davey..."

Dave (Looking back towards Patrick)

"It SHOULD be!..."

The trio walk together and enter the camp, with a warm reception from Brittany and Samir.

Brittany (Looking up from the fire pit)

"THERE they are!...You made it!"

Brittany openly hugs Patrick as he comes walking up.

Brittany (Hugging Patrick)

"You guys ok?...See anything?"

Patrick (Dropping his bags)

"Didn't SEE anything...but I'm thinking we're right where we need to be...How long do I got till supper?"

Brittany (Looking back to the fire)

"You have enough time to set up your tent..."

Patrick (Looking around camp)

"Sweet, sweet...this is it, huh?...How long have you guys been here?"

Samir

"Travis, Salah and Britt have got their tents set up, the fire pit was already done...Salah, I guess found a pile of cut logs..."

Patrick (Looking to Samir)

"Wait...what?!"

Patrick looks around as Nate and Travis greet Dave with a flask near their large tent. Jeff unloads his bag near the fire pit, but turns his back to their conversation.

Patrick (Looking away from the camp)

"Cut logs?!...We're in the middle of fucking NO-WHERE!..."

Samir (Interrupting)

"AND the three unknown backpacks..."

Patrick (Taken back)

"Are you kidding me right now?!"

Samir (Stirring the mixture in the pan)

"Don't know man...I'm just cooking...ask Travy..."

Patrick looks from Samir, then walks over to Travis, Nate and Dave.

Patrick

"Travis...hey, uh...what's this Salah FOUND cut wood already?...and something about three backpacks?!"

Travis takes the flask back from Dave, then looks to Nate and Dave before responding.

Travis (Takes a pull from the flask)

"Exactly as it fuckin sounds guy...What you wantin me to say here?...There has to have been HUNDREDS of tourists that have come out here!"

Patrick

"Well...first, WHERE is Salah?!..."

Travis

"He JUST left to go get more wood...Ask HIM when he gets back, hoss..."

Travis turns away from Patrick and back towards Dave and Nate.

Patrick

"Do you think that's SAFE?!...Considering FIVE people DIED here TWO YEARS AGO?!?...I THOUGHT it was YOUR JOB to protect us?!...I THOUGHT-"

Travis (Sighing before turning back to Patrick)

"Hey guy, stick to YOUR JOB...that's FILMING ME, PROTECTING EVERY-ONE!...Do YOU have any experience leading highly trained men into combat?!...Have you ever HUNTED ANY-thing before...in YOUR LIFE, Ivy League?!..."

Patrick (Snorts)

"Peuh...Well...I haven't watched men DIE because of MY ACTIONS!"

Nate reacts with silent disgust, and turns away. Dave's eyes go wide as he sips off of the flask.

Travis (Looking away from Patrick)

"College boy...you just go ahead and worry about runnin those cameras...it's what you know..."

Patrick hesitates as Travis turns his back on him. The group sets through a moment of uncomfortable silence, before Patrick turns back to his tent.

Patrick (Turning to Samir)

"Hey Sam...did you set up the steady cams yet?"

Samir

"Yeah bro...I got one on that tree over there...(Samir points towards a tree)...aaand one set up on the hillside looking down (Samir points up to the second camera)..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Jeff)

Jeff sets up his tent, and gets part of a conversation from Travis and Dave off of camera.

Dave (Off of camera)

"You gonna let him to talk to you like that boss?"

Travis (Off of camera)

"What, "Ivy League"?...Kid just wants to look tough for the cameras...and he's wanting to build tension...make things look worse..."

Dave (Off of camera)

"Yeah...but talkin shit like that...got mother fuckers killed..."

Travis (From off of camera)

"Why do you think I let him keep talkin?...hah-hah...If ANYONE is dying out here...you gotta know its gonna be the ONE GUY WITH-OUT a gun...hah-hah-hah...Fuck em...I GUARANTEE you boys, we get something tonight, his ass will be stickin to us like glue..."

From off of camera, Brittany and Samir react with surprised screams.

Jeff turns and captures Salah running back into camp, out of breath. Brittany and Samir run over to him as he collapses to his knees.

Brittany

"Travis!...Over here!"

Jeff drops his tent, and jogs over to Brittany, Salah, and Samir. Samir tries to help Salah to his feet, but is waived off as he tries to get his breath.

Brittany

"What happened?!...WHERE have you been?!...WHERE'S your tent?!"

Salah takes a couple of deep breaths as Dave, Patrick and Travis come over.

Salah

"I was...heh-heh-heh...on my way back...with a load...One...SOMETHING came from behind...heh-heh-heh...mutha-fucka....I TRIED making it to the clearing...but it fuckin snatched my tent, and the wood...and THREW it back into the forest...I...heh-heh-heh...I waited and watched...then the mutha-fucka threw a log at me!...That's when I said "fuck that" and ran back here...heh-heh-heh..."

Salah looks down to the ground, breathing hard. Jeff looks over to Patrick and Travis.

Patrick (Looking to Travis)

"Doing a GREAT JOB of making sure we're all protected boss..."

Travis (Ignoring Patrick)

"Ok, since we're all here, I'll gonna say this once...from now on, we travel in teams ONLY!...You gotta piss or shit, you take a fuckin buddy...NO exceptions...we're in its territory...we need to adjust, evolve and overcome people...Salah, you ok?"

Salah doesn't respond, just nods and waives Travis off.

Travis

"...Ok, give the man some room to breath...Ain't no Squatch gonna come into camp with the sun up...No need to film a man out of breath...Everyone back to work..."

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

The time is sped up as the crew sets up the camp, cooks dinner and set around the fire as afternoon turns to evening, then to night. Everyone sets around the camp fire as it illuminates the darkness.

Brittany and Samir head into their tent first, then Travis heads towards his large tent. Patrick follows Travis, his conversation is muted as Travis ignores him all the way into the tent. Patrick waits for a reaction, gets none, then turns, and heads inside his tent.

Dave, Jeff, Nate and Salah stay up drinking around the fire. Jeff heads into his tent, then a short while later Nate stumbles into the large tent. Dave and Salah stay up telling stories and laughing. Eventually Salah helps Dave to his tent, then comes back to his chair. Salah puts on a sweatshirt, then leans back in his chair, and falls asleep.

Time: 2:33 am

Salah is seen asleep in his chair as the fire begins to die out. The camp slowly becomes darker. From off of camera, a howl pierces the night, and causes Salah to open his eyes, and look around, not moving in his chair.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

The camera turns on and illuminates the inside of a large tent, the door unzips open and comes out into the darkness, immediately being met by Jeff; gun in hand.

Jeff (Whispering)

"Pat...Hey...You want me to put my camera on or?..."

Patrick (Whispering)

"No...go do a check on who is awake...Oh!...Make sure everyone is STILL HERE..."

Jeff disappears as Patrick makes his way over to the fire. Salah sets in his chair, looking around.

Patrick (Whispering)

"Salah!...Hey!...You see anything?!"

Salah shakes his head, but points over his right shoulder. Patrick looks in the direction, and captures the tree line closest to camp.

Salah (Whispering from off of camera)

"Some-thing-is-right-over-there!"

Patrick holds the shot on the trees, then turns to see Jeff and Travis coming over.

Patrick (Whispering)

"Is THIS-IT?!...WHERE is the REST of our fearless marines?!"

Travis (Looking at Patrick with a sly smile, then whispering)

"Salah, how many howls?"

Patrick looks to Salah. Salah holds up one finger.

Travis (Whispering)

"Has anyone heard anything else?"

Salah points in the direction, and Patrick looks back to Travis.

Patrick (Whispering)

"So...BOSS, what do we do?"

Travis (Reacting painfully, before whispering)

"First off, YOU keep your mouth shut and those cameras rolling...Jeff, you got your gun?...Good...Salah, take this...(Travis hands him a gun)...Patrick, go out there and check your cameras..."

Patrick looks towards the darkness, then back to Travis.

Pat (Whispering)

"Wait...What?!...Fuck NO!...I'm not leaving the camp light till the sun comes up!..."

Jeff (Whispering)

"Salah...did you SMELL anything?"

Salah shakes his head, and is frozen by an ear piercing screech just off of camera. Patrick looks towards the direction before the screech dies off.

Patrick (Whispering)

"HOLY-SHIT!...Jesus that was fucking CLOSE!...Travis-"

Travis (Whispering)

"Patrick, shut it...Jeff, go make sure everyone else stays inside their tents, my boys ain't wakin up tonight...Salah, go kick up the fire...Patty and I are going to check the cameras...I gotta set a trip line around the camp..."

Patrick (Whispering)

"Wait!...We're SERIOUSLY going OUT-THERE?!...You fucking kidding me?!"

Travis (Whispering while smiling)

"No, buddy...Come on..."

Patrick stays as Jeff, Salah and Travis go different directions. Travis comes back into view, and grabs Patrick, pulling him reluctantly along.

Patrick follows Travis as he goes to his tent, disappearing inside, then coming back out with a small bag.

Travis heads over to a tree close to camp, and unzips his bag. Patrick stands back and films Travis as he ties a tiny string to a branch at eye level, and begins walking; allowing the string to unwind behind him.

Patrick follows as Travis ties the string around camp on the surrounding trees. Travis fishes a couple of empty beer cans to the string, and heads back to camp.

Patrick (Whispering)

"Trav-Travis!...What about the cameras?!"

Travis stops, and turns around.

Travis (Whispering)

"I'm not in charge of cameras...remember?"

Patrick watches as Travis turns around and begins walking towards the camp fire.

Patrick (Whispering)

"That's it!?...You're leaving the cameras without even checking?!"

Travis (Turning back around, and whispering)

"Patrick...it's not safe out there...Figured havin a college degree you might know something about common-fuckin-sense bud..."

Patrick (Whispering)

"My fucking cameras!...Travis, you got the money to cover them if they get destroyed?!"

Travis (Not looking back)

"Tell you what...ANY of your cameras get destroyed, and you SURVIVE this week...And I'll see to it they're takin care of...Now, come on...or stay out here and make some new fiends..."

Patrick watches as Travis walks away from him, before running to catch up. Patrick follows Travis as he

heads back to the camp fire. Jeff and Salah look in different directions with their backs to the flames.

Travis (Whispering)

"Anything?...Ok...I'm not going back to sleep tonight...Salah, go crash in our tent...we'll get yours in the morning...Jeff, Patrick, go to sleep if you want...or stay up with me...either way, don't make any noise...unless you hear the trip line go off..."

Jeff (Whispering)

"You sure?"

Travis (Looking around, then whispering)

"Yeah, go ahead boys...We just need one person to be awake...just in case...Go ahead, I got my girl here...(Travis holds up his assault rifle)...I'll make some coffee and be fine...go on..."

Jeff and Salah head off out of view, as Patrick lingers; looking towards Travis.

Travis (Not looking at Patrick)

"What?...What now?..."

Patrick (Whispering)

"Take the "Go Pro"...just in case...IF anything comes in to camp, you'll have the best camera to catch it..."

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Patrick takes off the "Go Pro" off and hands it to Travis.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Travis)

Travis takes the camera, and puts it on as Patrick turns; heading towards his tent. As soon as Patrick disappears Travis turns the "Go Pro" camera off.

From Mounted Tree-line Camera Above Camp

Travis waves in Patrick's direction, before taking the camera off of his head and tosses it near Salah's chair; before setting down. Travis lays his gun on the ground, then fishes his flask out of his jacket and lights a cigarette.

Travis sets alone around the camp fire for a time, looking around rotating sips from the flask and drags from his cigarette.

From off of camera, slow long steps are heard approaching the camera. Then silence for a couple of

seconds, then quiet sounds of sniffing before the camera is launched in the air, and comes crashing down further in the forest before going blank.

Day 2:

Date: Saturday, June 14th, 2014

Time: 6:30 am

Location: Camp site

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Salah and Nate set around the camp fire, watching a coffee pot, as Patrick is seen coming out of his tent and attaching something to his head.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick zips his tent closed, then turns towards the campfire.

Patrick (Looking towards Nate and Salah)

"Where's Travis?...Thought YOUR leader was supposed to be doing watch?..."

Nate looks up from his rubix cube, to Salah, then back without responding.

Patrick (Walking to his gear)

"No, no Nate...Don't worry about HELPING-OUT...in ANY WAY...Nothing IMPORTANT or anything...just OUR LIVES and all...Didn't...Didn't he SAY he "guaranteed our safety"?!...(Patrick uses quotation gesture)..."

Nate (From off of camera)

"Oh god, quotation fingers..."

Salah (From off of camera)

"DUDE!...CHILL!...Ok, Travis...took...EVERY-ONE down to the lake...like an HOUR AGO!...YOU are the LAST ONE up!"

Patrick (Stops, and looks to Nate and Salah)

"The lake?...WHAT FOR?!..."

Nate

"To explore-"

Salah

"Sam and Jeff, they wanted to go fishin..."

Patrick (Looking around camp)

"So...it's just US here?!"

Nate (From off of camera)

"And Dusty..."

Patrick (Looks back to Nate and Salah)

"...And Dusty?...Who's "Dusty"?!"

Nate drops the rubix cube in his lap, grabs his assault rifle and holds it up.

Patrick shakes his head without response.

Salah (Stops rolling the joint in his hands)

"His GUN...You're safe man...no worries...Dude, smoke this... (Salah offers the joint to Patrick)

Patrick

"No!...We're in the middle of some shit here!...No worries?!...Are you kidding me?!...We had encounters ALL-DAY yesterday, get woken up in the middle of the night by screams!...Oh, and SMASHING JOB protecting us "solider"!...Then, the NEXT-MORNING the ENTIRE-CREW leaves me on DAY TWO!...To GO FISHING!!"

Nate (Looking over to Salah, with a sly smile)

"Oh...I was unaware I slept thru anything...Did I miss somthin-important?"

Salah chuckles, then looks to Patrick. His smile and hand drops, as Patrick reacts.

Patrick

"REAL funny Nate!...Thought it was YOUR job to PROTECT, ALL-of us?!..."

Nate (Looks back to his rubix cube)

"You're in a whole world of shit my friend, if you need me to protect you from screams...Maybe you should consider bunkin with someone...you know...keep you warm and safe like, for when the night screams come and get ya!"

Nate and Salah break out laughing, as Patrick walks away.

Nate (From off of camera)

"Hey!...If you're goin-potty, daddy says you gotta take someone to PROTECT YOU!"

Patrick continues walking away, shaking his head as Nate and Salah are heard laughing from off of camera.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany

Brittany watches as Samir, Jeff, and Travis fish around the lake, all have a beer in one hand and fishing rod in the other. Dave is seen swimming and splashing around the far side of the lake.

Travis (Smiling wide under sunglasses)

"Told the boys, I would be fishin EVERY morning...I'd say we have another hour before Patty wakes up..."

Brittany

"So...what's the plans for us today?"

Travis

"He's wanting us to go check those caves on the mountain side...but first, I gotta catch me one of these "rainbow stoner trouts" they got out here..."

Jeff and Samir smile, continuing to watch their lines.

Brittany

"Rainbow stoner trouts"?...I've never heard of them..."What do they taste like?"

Jeff and Samir look at each other and silently laugh.

Travis

"Oh yeah!...fucking DE-lich!...Really smokey, light tasting fresh water fish...They have an after taste of barbecue ribs and cookie dough..."

Brittany

"What?!...Travis!...Are you lying to me?!"

Travis

"No!...No, no, never...well...yeah...kind of..."

Jeff and Samir laugh out loud, as Brittany smacks Travis on the arm.

Travis' walkie-talkie squawks to life, stopping the laughter. Travis sighs hard, not moving.

Nate

"Hey "Two Beers"... "Ivy League" is awake and NOT happy..."

Travis (Barely reacting)

Brittany

"Two beers?"

Travis eyes Brittany, as he plays with his line.

Nate

"...He's wanting to know when you'll be back..."

Travis (Sighs, then grabs his walkie to respond)

"Copy that...Tell em we left like...five minutes ago...Didn't find anything noteworthy..."

Nate

"...He knows..."

Travis (Under his breath)

"Fuckin-Salah...(Into the walkie)...Copy that...we SHOULD BE back at camp within the next two hours..."

Nate

Ok...we'll see you...around noon-"

Patrick (In the background)

"HE'S NOT COMING TILL THEN?!...GIVE ME THAT!...TRAVIS?!...TRA-"

Travis turns off his walkie, and casts his line out without responding. Brittany waits for a response from Travis, but his attention is on the fishing line.

Brittany

"Uh..."Two Beers?" ...Shouldn't we start heading back now?"

Travis (Looking back to the lake with a smile)

"Sam...get your woman in check...She's acting crazy...wantin to go back to work and shit..."

Samir and Jeff laugh watching their lines.

Brittany

"Trav, you KNOW we have a job to do...Do you feel right about getting paid to fish?"

Trav

"I consider anything before nine am to be "my time...Hell, it's in our contract...Patty can eat some penises for all I care...Besides, we catch a couple fish, we'll have enough for everyone's dinner..."

Brittany watches Travis, then turns back to the lake. It sets silent and calm, a huge ripple wave is jetting out from its center. Brittany looks around the lake, the natural habitat sets quiet.

Brittany

"TRAVIS!...WHERE'S DAVE?!"

Brittany looks back to Jeff, Samir and Travis. Travis is frozen looking around with a concerned look. Brittany pans back around their area, it sets alone and pristine; without any unnatural noise. Dave's things set in a pile near the group. Travis reels in his line, setting it down, he walks off camera.

The group slowly breaks apart, looking in different directions. Jeff sets his reel down, and leads Brittany over to a pile of Dave's clothes.

From off of camera, Samir and Travis call out for David in the background. Their screams get more and more frantic as the seconds tick by, and no response is heard. The lake's ripple disappears, as everything stops moving.

Brittany looks around the lake fast, causing the camera to blur with the movement. Their cries become more frantic with each passing second.

Travis (From off of camera)

"DAVID!!"

Jeff

"DAVE!!"

Samir (From off of camera)

"DAVE!"

Brittany looks around the frantically, as they continue searching without response. In one wide arch of panning around the lake, a dark figure is seen out in the open; far away from the group. Brittany doesn't notice, and continues looking around the lake. Everything is still, and birds are heard in the distance.

Brittany continues panning around the lake as everyone cries out for Dave. Brittany captures the figure again, even further away. Brittany stops, and looks back towards the figure.

Brittany

"Travis!...Look!"

Brittany points in the direction of the figure, as everyone turns to look.

Travis (Shouting towards the figure)

"HEY!...DAVE!!...WHAT THE FUCK YOU DOIN?!"

Everyone waits for a response, but the figure continues walking away from them.

Travis

"HEY!!...ABOUT-FUCKIN-FACE KRUEL!!"

The figure doesn't offer a response, continuing to walk away. Travis walks over to Dave's things and grabs his sniper rifle. Travis raises the gun, pointing it towards the figure.

Brittany (Gasping)

"Travis!"

Samir (From off of camera)

"DAVE!!!..."

Travis's eyes go wide behind the scope. His cigarette falls from his mouth; as he just stares through the scope without reacting.

Brittany

"Travis!...What?!"

Samir

"...WHAT ARE YOU DOIN MAN?!"

Travis (With a confused look)

"That's...not...Dave..."

From off of camera, the lake explodes as Dave bursts out of the water, gasping and frantically swimming towards shore. Brittany looks from Dave to the figure then back to Dave. Samir and Jeff call out for Dave, then rush out to help him, off of camera.

Travis still looking through the scope, looks over to Dave, then back into the scope.

Brittany

"Travis?..."

Travis (Contemplates for a moment)

"Fuck!..."

Travis lowers the gun, and eyes Brittany before rushing over to Dave, Jeff and Samir.

Dave gasps and coughs, as Jeff and Samir carry him to shore. Brittany jogs behind Travis as they come together.

Travis

"What the fuck?!...What happened?!"

Dave

"Cough-cough-cough!...MOTHER-FUCKER!... (Dave stands upright, looking back)...SOMETHING FUCKING GRABBED ME!!...TOOK ME UNDER!!"

Dave frees himself, then grabs Travis's assault rifle from the ground, and begins firing into the lake. The explosion of gun fire echoes all around the lake. Brittany, Jeff, and Samir are startled and jump back.

Dave (In between gun fire bursts)

"MOTHER-FUCKER!!...MOTHER-FUCKER!!...COME ON!!...COME ON!!...CHICKEN-SHIT-MOTHER-FUCKER!!"

Travis walks next to Dave, letting him unload a clip into the lake. Dave doesn't stop after the gun is empty. The gun continues to click as Dave is heard, breathing hard, and visibly shaken.

Brittany looks back towards the dark figure, but starts shaking, as the figure is nowhere to be seen.

Brittany

"Travis?...It's...GONE!"

Brittany looks back to Dave and Travis. Travis looks in the figure's direction, as Dave stares wildly into the lake.

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Nate and Salah set around the camp fire, passing a smoking object back and forth. In the distance gun fire is heard, as Nate and Salah pause; looking to each other, then towards the lake.

From Go Pro Camera (Patrick)

Patrick is facing his "Go Pro" camera, as it hangs in his tent; watching his laptop. From off of camera, gun shots are heard, and Patrick looks out his tent wide eyed.

Patrick grabs the "Go Pro" and heads out of the tent. Walking towards the camp fire, he straps it to his

head.

Patrick

"What the fuck?!...Gun fire?!...We...gonna DO ANYTHING?!"

Salah looks over to Nate, who is already reaching for his walkie-talkie.

Nate (Speaking into the walkie)

"Boss?...You there?..."

Nate waits, looking away from Patrick.

Nate (Speaking into the walkie)

"Pick up, pick up, pick up, pick up, pick up..."

The walkie crackles without response.

Nate looks back towards Patrick, then over to Salah.

Nate

"Yup...We're gonna wait."

Patrick

"We wait?!...Wait for what?!...GUN-FIRE! (Patrick motions towards the lake)..."

Nate

"Exactly...We don't need to rush into something that doesn't warrant our involvement...Besides they have multiple guns...we only heard one gun being shot...It could be anyth-..."

Patrick (Interrupting Nate)

"ONE GUN!...One gun being unloaded!...We're SERIOUSLY going to WAIT for a response?!..."

Nate

"Yes...that is EXACTLY what we're doing...You don't know Pat, they could just be fishin..."

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Patrick stands with his hands on his hips, his mouth closed as he shakes his head and looks away. Patrick storms away from Nate and Salah, then comes right back.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick

"NO, NO, NO!...I CAN'T allow this!...I WON'T allow this!...Get up!...

Nate (Passing the joint to Salah)

"No."

Patrick

"...We're going over there...RIGHT-NOW!..."

Nate

"No...we are definitely NOT-DOING-THAT."

Patrick

"WHO'S in charge here?!"

Nate

"Whoever has the gun."

Patrick

"WRONG!...I AM in charge here!...I'M the DIRECTOR!...I can have you FIRED any time I want!..."

Nate (Taking the joint from Salah)

"That may be true...but I'm NOT leaving this seat till MY-BOSS says otherwise!...Sorry, HOSS!..."

Patrick (Pacing as he speaks)

"I, AM heading for that lake!...YOU, WILL-BE escorting me, the WHOLE WAY OUT THERE!...Do your fucking job, and PROTECT-ME!..."

Nate

"I will be protecting you from this seat then!...If you believe I'm that good of a shot, then by all means, head on out!...I'll shoot anything that tries to get you!..."

Patrick (Pacing)

"So that's it?!...Pussy-fucking-marine, too fucking SCARED to do HIS-JOB?!"

Nate (Smiles to Salah as he passes the joint back)

"You forgot to add "smart" in there...See, while YOU were in college...studying MOVIES...I was in other countries...gettin SHOT-AT!...Survived eight conflicts, five full scale firefights...two included friendly fire...Ever watch someone standing RIGHT-NEXT to you get shot, by the people on the SAME-SIDE?! Rhetorical question "Ivy League"...Didn't think so...."

Patrick looks towards the lake, shaking his head without response.

Nate (From off of camera)

"...Maybe something like that happened in one of those movies you studied..."

Patrick storms away from camp.

Nate (From off of camera)

"You need someone PROTECTING YOU?!"

Patrick (Not looking back)

"FUCK OFF!!!...I'm checking my cameras!!!...ONE of you...PUT ON A CAMERA!!!"

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Salah passes the joint to Nate.

Salah

"That really happen?"

Nate (Inhaling looking up)

"Does it matter?"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany continues to look around the lake as the group readies to leave. Dave gets dressed. Travis packs his fishing gear. Jeff and Samir pack up their things. The group silently hurry to leave the lake.

As they head out, Travis turns on his walkie and radios Nate.

Travis (Into walkie)

"Corey, Trevor, come in..."

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Nate and Salah set around the camp fire, Salah plays with the head mounted camera as the walkie squawks to life.

Travis

"Corey, Trevor, come in!"

Nate (To Salah)

"Turn that on!"

Salah (Turning on the camera)
"Corey-Trevor?...Who's that?"

Nate waives Salah off and responds.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Nate (Into Walkie)
"Doin some of that "city-folk fishing" again, are we?"

Travis
"No...not exactly...We had...an encounter...Should make Patty happy...we got it on tape...Dave got...pulled under the water...He's ok...just needed to unload a clip...we're on our way back now...Pretty sure Brit here got it on film..."

Nate (Into walkie)
"...I'm sorry..."it?"

Travis
"Roger that..."It" isn't a fuckin man, that's for sure...Fucker had to be nine-ten feet tall...Saw it through Dave's scope..."

Nate (Into walkie)
"You SAW it?!...And DIDN'T take the shot?!...I don't know who you are, but you're NOT the "Travy-Two-Beers" I love and respect..."

Travis
"Well guy, you can fuckin thank DAVE for that!...Splashin around the lake, acting like he was dyin or something!-

Dave (In the background)
"Oh FUCK YOU!"

Travis
"You can let Patty know he's gonna have some good footage when we get back-"

Dave (In the background)
"Glad to know my almost drowning was good footage!...You hearin this shit Nate?!"

Nate
"Copy that...You boys keep those guns locked and loaded...We'll see you soon..."

Travis

"Roger that."

Nate turns off the walkie, and looks back to Salah.

Salah

"Who's Corey-Trevor?"

Nate (Looking past Salah)

"It's from a show we watch...I can't believe I'm saying this but, where the fuck is Patty?"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick stops walking and looks around; then continues walking while looking back and forth towards the ground.

Patrick

"What...the fuck?...It was...right...over here?...What the fuck?!...WHERE the fuck are you?!"

Patrick continues walking while searching the edge of the open field. Patrick looks up to see the tree line in front of him.

Patrick

"...No fucking way...WHERE-IN-THE-FUCK?!..."

Patrick continues walking, looking to the ground. Patrick then stops, jumping back; he is caught off guard by seeing his camera on the ground. As he comes closer, pieces of the camera are lie together on the ground.

Pat

"Noooo-sh-it....How the...fuck?!"

Patrick looks back behind him, then over towards the camp and back to the destroyed camera. Patrick squats down and picks up his destroyed camera, then scans completely around the area, then stops.

Patrick (Walking over)

"Sam set THIS CAMERA up...YESTERDAY...OV-VER...HERE!... (Patrick stops, and films the area)...and SOMEHOW, today, I find it over here...(Patrick looks back)...It's easily twenty feet from where he left it, and as you can see it's destroyed...Maybe I can get lucky and can pull something from it..."

Patrick looks around the peaceful forest, then starts walking towards the camp site.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah watches over a pan of bacon as it cooks over the fire. Salah looks over to Nate, who has three guns laying around him as he checks their clips and ammo.

Salah

"We gonna need all that?"

Nate (Not looking up)

"Looks that way...Here...Enjoy it while you can..."

Nate gets up and places the joint in Salah's mouth as he continues cooking the bacon.

Nate (From off of camera)

"Is that...turkey bacon?!...No, come on man!"

Salah

"Yes sir!...hah-hah-hah!...You won't catch me eating no pork!"

Nate (From off of camera)

"Again with that shit?!"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick walks into camp, catching Nate and Salah off guard. Both spin around and quickly react.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah turns around in a hurry, causing the camera to blur momentarily. Patrick is seen with a wide smile on his face.

Nate (From off of camera)

"Why you smiling like you found a bag of dicks out there?"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick

"Getting the jump on a tracker and a marine...maybe I DON'T need your services after all..."

Patrick walks over to his tent and unloads the destroyed camera onto his air mattress. Patrick carefully looks over its body, then hooks it up his laptop adapter. Patrick waits a second, then pushes its power

button. A little red light slowly lights up, and Patrick sighs.

Patrick

"Yes!...Ok...Let's see what you died for baby..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany follows behind Travis as he leads the group back to camp. Brittany looks back and captures Samir, Jeff then Dave following behind her.

Brittany

"Travis?...Are we going to tell Patrick about...what happened to Dave?"

Travis (Not looking back)

"Of course we are...He's gonna see it anyway...eventually."

Brittany

"So...what do we do?"

Samir (From off of camera)

"We should fucking LEAVE!"

Travis (Not looking back)

"We SHOULD...but we're not going to...We're going to bunk down...reinforce camp..."

Brittany

"Reinforce?!...What does that mean exactly..."

Travis doesn't respond, and Brittany walks faster, catching up to Travis.

Brittany

"No, no, no...you're NOT military anymore...You don't need the secrecy with us...What?...You packing NUKES in there?!"

Travis sighs, then looks over to Brittany.

Travis

"Not nukes...exactly...but we DO have enough C-4 to level that mountain over there..."

Brittany stops and pans over to the mountain, then back to Travis; who continues to walk.

In unison Brittany, Jeff and Samir react with confusion.

Brittany

"WHAT?!"

Jeff

"...the FUCK?!"

Samir

"FUCK THIS!"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Jeff)

Jeff (Looking behind him to Dave)

"You know about this?!..."

Dave doesn't respond but just looks at Jeff and shrugs.

Jeff (To Dave)

"Is that NORMAL for a documentary security team?!"

Dave just looks at Jeff without responding.

Jeff (Pressing Dave)

"REALLY dude?!...Nothing?!"

Dave (Looks towards Travis, and hushes his words)

"Not on camera...We'll talk...later...keep walking..."

Jeff turns around and continues walking in line.

Brittany

"Why in the FUCK would you bring C-4 out here?!"

Samir

"You KNOW that's got to be like, a federal offense, or something...AND we're on a restricted access of the park-"

Travis

"You see any fence?...Any no trespassing signs?...ANY-THING saying "do not come in here"?!...No...more than likely our government doesn't have the time, or the care to worry about a handful of stupid people wandering into a dangerous, REMOTE area of national forest...Ain't no "secret government cover-up conspiracy" here...I SHOULD KNOW...bein apart of such things..."

The group gets momentarily quiet as they continue walking.

Brittany

"What...have you been a part of?..."

Travis (Continues walking, then responds not looking back)

"Enough to know that if I talked about it on camera...I wouldn't live to see it out of post production..."

The camera speeds up as the group walk single file back to camp.

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Nate and Salah set around the camp as Brittany, Dave, Jeff, Samir and Travis arrive back at camp. Salah takes off his "Go Pro" camera and hangs it on his chair, before getting up to help the group unload. Nate stays setting. The "Go Pro" Camera films at an angle.

Travis

"Alright, everyone unload...piss or shit if you got to...meet back here in fifteen...things have...changed, so we need to adjust accordingly...Nate, I need to talk to you..."

As Dave walks slowly past the camp fire, Nate calls over to him.

Nate

"Catch any fish?"

Dave (Continues walking)

"Dude...(Sighing)...fuck off..."

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Travis waits for the group to disperse, then walks over to Nate.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Travis (Speaking lower)

"We're moving ahead on the thing we discussed...I want you to take Salah..."

Nate

"Fuck that!...I can do it-"

Travis

"I KNOW you can do it...I don't care bud, you take someone with you-"

Nate

"I'll fucking take Dave!"

Travis

"No, you're taking Salah...Dave's gonna be busy...I'm sending him to "eagle eye" for us..."

Nate sighs and looks away. Travis pulls out his cigarettes, handing one to Nate; Travis takes one for himself, and puts it to his lips.

Travis (Lighting the cigarette)

"..I don't like it myself...After that little experience...I'm not takin any chances...You guys are leaving right after the meeting...I want you back by sundown..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Travis calls everyone around the fire pit. Nate continues to set, looking away smoking his cigarette.

Travis

"Today, we had an...incident...We're moving ahead with what I think is our best course for our safety...David, is going to head out later and do some guardian angel for us..."

Dave (Turning and walking away)

"FUCK!"

Patrick (Looks to Dave, then back to Travis)

"What's "guardian angel"?..."

Travis (Ignores Patrick)

"...Dave...(Travis watches Dave walk away, then continues)...Nate and Salah are going to go around...set us a better parameter-"

Brittany

"Does that have anything to do with the C-4 you have?!?..."

Travis pauses with his mouth open.

Patrick (Looking from Travis to Brittany, then back to Travis)

"Wait...C-4?!...What are you talking about?!...What is she talking about?!"

Travis closes his mouth, and eyes Nate before looking back to Patrick. Nate tosses his cigarette into the

fire, and gets up; walking towards his tent.

Brittany

"Yeah, apparently the "marines" thought it was necessary to bring explosives with them on a CAMPING TRIP!..."

Samir

"What?!"

Jeff (Shrugging)

"These guys have used it before...right?!...We have NOTHING to worry about!"

Brittany

"What?!...Oh so "we're safe" now because they have used it before?!"

Travis

"Lady and gentlemen, you are all safe...Yes, we HAVE used it before...We are NOT children here...You have NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!...NATE, is going to make sure we have a SAFE and SECURE camp!...Now regardless of what you THINK is going to happen-"

Patrick

"Explosions, shrapnel, maiming and or death..."

Travis

"NONE of that will happen...Except for the explosion part...And that will only happen if something trips the line..."

The group explodes with questions all at once.

Samir

"Are you kidding me?!"

Brittany

"You CAN'T promise NOTHING will happen!"

Patrick

"I can call the studio RIGHT NOW, and shut this shit down!"

Travis

"No, Patty you have shit for service...And by the time you make the call, Jane would inform you of our contract stipulation...If ANY of the crew is attacked, I have full authority to ensure ALL of us make it home!..."

Brittany

"By setting EXPLOSIVES?!"

Travis

"By setting a defensive parameter...Look, the C-4 will be set far enough away...Anything trips it, you'll hear it, you won't see it...I CAN promise you that..."

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

The camera speeds up as the group continues debating, then moves to setting around the fire eating. Dave, Nate and Travis stand by themselves eating in a hurry. Nate disappears into the tent, then comes back out with backpack over his shoulder. Salah gets up and grabs his backpack and the two disappear off of camera.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah follows Nate as the two walk away from camp in silence.

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Nate and Salah continue walking away from camp, becoming smaller and smaller. The rest of the crew watch from the camp fire. Dave and Travis stand watching together, Dave looks to Travis then walks into his tent.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah follows Nate to a set of trees. They both stop as Nate unpacks some explosives and ties them to a thick branch above his head. Nate attaches an electronic device and runs a fishing line away from the tree.

Salah follows as they repeat the process, occasionally looking back towards camp; just barely visible. The sun moves across the sky and begins to set.

Salah

"So...How many more?"

Nate (Running the line from the tree)

"This is it...we just have attach this to the first tree...Where did you leave your tent at?"

Salah

"Ahhh....ov-er....there...After we finish, you think we could head back and help me get it, and the

wood?..."

Nate (Focusing on the explosives)

"Suuure!..."

Salah

"...You think this is gonna work?"

Nate (Eyeing Salah)

"...I think this will help...Once Davey takes watch, he'll see any explosion...and take action from there..."

Salah looks around the forest.

Salah

"Where's Dave gonna go?"

Salah looks back to Nate, who sits on a large branch above Salah. Nate looks around then points in the direction. Salah turns and looks to the mountain behind them.

Salah

"Ahh...isn't that...where the caves are?"

Nate stops tying the wires and looks back down to Salah.

Nate

"Yeah...what are you trying to say?"

Salah

"Is he gonna fucking be ok?!"

Nate (Looks back to the explosives)

"...He'll be fine."

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Samir and Brittany set around the camp fire alone in a conversation muted by a gentle breeze. Patrick walks past them, carrying a plastic tub in both arms; he heads to the large tent.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick

"Travis...hey I need to talk to you about...something..."

A conversation is hushed, and Travis responds from inside the tent.

Travis

"Be with you in a minute Patty..."

Patrick takes a step back, and stays looking at the tent.

Travis (From inside the tent)

"...Here...you feel drowsy, take one...take my thermos...and make a spider hole...I don't want you to be out in the open..."

Dave

"Yeah...yeah..."

Travis

"...Radio base every hour..."

Dave

"Not my first rodeo boss...I'll be fine...Ok?"

Travis

"Alright...Head back at first light and drink till you sleep...Nate and I will take over for the next day..."

The tent unzips and Dave emerges, and eyes Patrick as he carries his backpack towards the camp fire. Travis comes out and stops, seeing Patrick close.

Travis

"...Pat..."

Patrick

"Travis, hey...I need a moment..."

Travis

"...of course you do...What now?"

Patrick

"I went to recover the footage...one of the hard cams...The one south...was destroyed..."

Travis (Sighing then looking back to Patrick)

"What?!...What do you want ME to do about your camera falling over?"

Patrick

"My camera didn't!...My camera did NOT "fall over" as you so eloquently put it!...It was THROWN twenty feet!..."

Travis

"You check the tape yet?"

Patrick

"Not completely...there's a good chance I won't be able to pull anything from it..."

Travis looks towards Dave, who enters then walks through the shot back into the large tent. Dave enters the tent, and comes back out with an assault and sniper rifle in each hand.

Dave (Eying Patrick)

"What?...Eying me like you want to come with, and shit..."

Patrick

"No, not at all actually, but I DO want you to take a camera with you..."

Dave walks towards his gear, then returns; looking from Travis then back to Patrick.

Dave (Over his shoulder)

"SUUUURE!...How about you give me something ELSE that will give away my location why you're at it...You know, like one of your...fuckin lighting setups or whatnot..."

Dave shakes his head as he deposits the guns next to his backpack, then turns back to the camera.

Patrick

"...Seriously though...Will you take one of the "Go Pro's" with you?..."

Dave

"Dude!...I won't be able to see shit with one of those...How about...you got one of those older ones?...Something I can zoom with...I can tape one of those guys to the lens of...(Dave changes his voice to Hispanic)...Conswela..."

Patrick squats looking into the plastic tub, he picks over different camera boxes, finding a Sony handheld camera.

Patrick (Holding the camera out)

"...This work?"

Dave (Grabs and looks at the box)

"Ahhhh....suuure!...(Dave looks to Travis)...We done here, daddy?"

Travis (Smiles and looks down)

"Be fuckin safe solider..."

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Dave (Turns away and heads towards his stuff)

"Nope!...Gonna be reckless and loose!...Probably start a forest fire while I'm out there...It's gonna be all your fault, I want you to know that, RIGHT FUCKING NOW!..."

Dave opens his backpack and throws the camera; two water bottles, a banana, an orange and a couple of granola bars; before zipping it up. Dave throws the backpack and his sniper rifle over his shoulders; then grabs his assault rifle.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick reaches in the tub and grabs a "Go Pro" camera, turning it on he jogs over to Dave.

Patrick

"Here bud..."

Patrick fastens the "Go Pro" to Dave's head. Dave looks to the camera with waning patience.

Patrick

"...Never know what you might see..."

Dave's eyes shift to Travis without responding, as Patrick adjusts the "Go Pro".

Dave (Sighing)

"Very well...alright...I guess I'll see you boys in the morn-morn then..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah leads Nate back towards the wooded area, passing the log laying out in the open. Salah walks into the tree line, and sees his tent and logs scattered across the path.

Salah

"Over here...Get that fuckin gun ready..."

Salah slowly walks up to the tent, looking around into the trees surrounding him. Salah makes his way over to the tent, and gathers the logs and tent. Tying it up, and pulling it over his shoulder, he turns to

see Nate waiting in the clearing; assault rifle in hand.

Nate

"We good?"

Salah

"Jesus man...you COULD give me a hand..."

Nate

"Naw...you got it...besides, I didn't ask you to carry the explosives, did I?..."

From Mounted Camera Above Camp

Dave starts walking away from camp, as the rest of the crew watch. Dave continues walking, and Travis is the first to turn away, heading inside their tent. Patrick looks to Travis then heads into his tent. Jeff walks with Dave, then stops outside of camp. Samir and Brittany watch from the camp fire, then lean in towards each other in a muted conversation. Samir is seen pointing away from the camp before standing up and pacing.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany (Looking to Samir pacing)

"...are you SERIOUS?!...Sam, what they're paying us could PAY for the wedding!...ONE WEEK....We can last a couple more days...nothing bad has happened-"

Samir

"YET!...Nothing bad yet-"

Brittany

"Ok, Ok,...but don't you think Dave will see us?...We wouldn't make it far before he radioed Travis...Patrick would let the studio know-"

Samir

"They have no service up here-"

Brittany

"Sam, we would LOSE all that money, not to mention future work-"

Samir

"Britt, we will STILL BE ALIVE!...And FUCK this film...(Samir looks around, then back to Brittany)...I guarantee we'll STILL BE ALIVE if we leave tonight!..."

Brittany

"Sam, babe, I know...I want to leave too...but I also want to leave when the guns leave..."

Samir

"I HAVE a gun!"

Brittany

"Babe...you have SIX BULLETS!...THEY have SIX-THOUSAND!...I'll take my chances..."

Samir's eyes bulge, and his mouth snaps shut. Samir turns and laughs to himself before walking away. Samir walks to Patrick's tent and disappears inside.

The camera bounces from Dave walking up the mountainside from Nate and Salah walking closer to camp; to inside Patrick's tent where Patrick and Samir set watching different screens. Outside at the fire pit Brittany sets by herself, shading the sun from her eyes, holding the "Go Pro" close to her face.

She reacts at something on the video, and immediately gets up and heads for Patrick's tent. As Brittany disappears inside the tent, Nate and Salah arrive to an empty camp. Nate stops, and drops his things; looking around, he throws his hands up and shakes his head. Salah walks past and plops down in his chair at the fire pit.

From the mounted camera above camp:

From off of camera, large footsteps are heard coming closer. The footsteps cease, as the wind mutes sound. Something off of camera is heard sniffing close to the camera.

Suddenly the camera is launched into the air, tumbling in the air, it sees trees then falls through the branches and lands in the grass near the trunk. The camera continues rolling, filming the horizon; it's screen now shows a massive crack off in its corner.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

The camera films from inside Patrick's large tent, as Brittany, Patrick and Samir set around Patrick's laptop, all staring into the screen. Patrick's face lights up and reacts by standing and pumping his fist in celebration.

Patrick (Turning back to watch the screen)

"YES!!...We fucking DID-IT!...Crystal-fucking-clear evidence!...Aw man, I want to call every fucking news organization this minute!...I CAN'T...but aw fuck, I really WANT to get this to the public...THIS could be the tease for the film!..Fucking GREAT SHOT Britt!...Hah-hah-hah!...WHERE were YOU, Sam?!"

Samir (Continues staring at the screen)

"Dude!...You can CLEARLY-SEE I'm getting Dave out of the water!.."

Patrick (Ignoring Samir)

"...the ONE-GIRL here captures, what COULD-BE, this year's "Patterson" footage!...LOOK, one...two...three...four, you got it taking FOUR-COMPLETE-STEPS!...Fucking BRILLIANT!"

Samir and Brittany continue studying the screen, as Patrick leaves the tent and is heard just off of camera.

Patrick (Off of camera)

"Travis?...You guys got it!...We're going to be FILTHY-FUCKING-RICH!"

Travis (From off of camera)

"Patrick...I'm taking night watch...shut the fuck up and let me sleep!"

Brittany (Eyeing Samir, then speaking in a hushed tone)

"SEE?...You think we can sneak out of here with Travis watching camp, and Dave out there...somewhere...watching?!...Nate and Salah JUST-SET explosives all over...How many MORE red flags do you want?!"

Samir (Responding in a hushed tone, looking out the tent door)

"ONE-FUCKING-PERSON comes up missing, and I'M leaving...With...(Samir looks out the door, then back)...or WITHOUT you!"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah eats an orange, as Nate comes back and sets next to him, with a full bottle of whiskey in his hand.

Salah

"Dude...you should eat...we walked like...ten miles today..."

Nate (Drinking from the bottle)

"...Oh, I am!...I just decided to drink my dinner tonight..."

Salah (Continuing to eat)

"Mm-huh...whatever man, one of those charges go off and your gonna be worthless!...You know Patty gonna-try and get you bein-drunk and lazy for his film..."

Nate (Looking over towards the tents)

"One of those charges go off, we won't NEED-TO-WORRY about, me being drunk...you SHOULD WORRY that Dave has a clean shot...and of ALL the people in this group, you think PATRICK is gonna be surviving long enough to make me look bad?!...His ass WILL-BE the FIRST to go running off into the night, scared

shitless...either that, or the dumbass will have a camera on his head, trying to get evidence...either way...(Nate takes a pull from the bottle)...I'll take my chances...You see we have like endless alcohol over there?"

Salah turns his head and captures Patrick walking around the tents.

Patrick

"Nate, hey by all means, get drunk and wasted, not like you're our security or anything!..."

Nate (Looking away from Patrick)

"Gee, thanks Pat...since you said I could, on camera, I guess I'll just go ahead then!"

Patrick sighs without responding, Salah looks back to Patrick, trying not to smile.

Patrick

"Keep making jokes...Sooner or later we'll need you, and you'll be so wasted you'll be worthless!"

Nate (Looking away from Patrick)

"...Said the man with no gun..."

Patrick

"Whatever, YOU are on watch...act like it!"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Patrick walks away from them and disappears inside his tent. Jeff is seen plopping down in a chair next to them; eating a banana. Salah turns back to Nate.

Salah

"Dude-"

Nate (To Jeff)

"Where you been?"

Jeff (Chews and swallows before speaking)

"Just took a duce, duce and half..."

Nate

"Take anyone with you?"

Jeff

"What?...To watch me shit?!...Hah-hah-hah!...NO!..."

Salah

"You see anything?"

Jeff

"No...unless you count everyone's feces pile...oh!...I DID beat my high score at solitaire!...See?"

Jeff holds up his phone, and Nate leans over and looks into the screen.

Nate

"Eight-thousand-five hundred?!...That's it?!...Give me that, I got nothing else better to do..."

Jeff hands over his phone, and Nate begins playing. The three set together around the camp fire, as the sun moves over the ridge and begins to set over the horizon.

From Mounted Camera

The cracked screen films the horizon in sped up time; as day moves to afternoon, then into evening.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Dave)

Dave turns the camera on, as the sun begins to set over the horizon. Dave spins the camera around his position, high above the camp, he holds the camera towards the tiny light from camp.

Dave

"Ok, world...Dave here...got my position set up and got my spider hole dug..."

Dave turns the camera towards the ground. A square hole is seen in the middle of a bulge in the ground.

Dave

"...four hours and I got this dug...Time to bunk down...Just wanted the world to see what David Kruel can do in no time..."

Dave spins around and films his view up high above the valley on the mountainside; then turns and gets into the hole. Dave films himself inside the tiny hole, then turns the camera out the hole, overlooking the sun hidden valley.

Dave

"So...Pat...IF you hear, what sounds like snores...it's just me, concentrating, really-really hard..."

The camera rests filming out the hole, slowly rising and falling with Dave's breathing. The sky moves

from overcast to night, as Dave lies in the hole. His breaths get heavier and slower, until Dave is heard lightly snoring.

Time: 9:40 pm

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick stands away from the fire, as conversations are heard close. Patrick catches Brittany and Jeff in mid conversation, along with Samir and Salah passing a joint, and laughing. Nate sets by himself, sipping from the bottle and playing on Jeff's phone.

Patrick comes close and joins the group, setting down next to Brittany.

Jeff

"...SO, Juan and AJ, CONTINUED playing strip poker!...We come back, and see them both naked, walking across the parking lot!...Hah-hah-hah!"

Brittany

"Hah-hah-hah!...NO-WAY!...Aww...hah-hah...They sounded like great friends..."

Jeff (Looking reflective)

"Yeah, yeah...they were...Fucking miss ALL of them...especially now...but we just grew apart...I feel...I feel like, I don't know, like I'm SUPPOSED to be feeling something MORE being out here and all...but I just feel out of place with you guys...Like, I SHOULD-HAVE been out here with them..."

Patrick

"Where were you at the time of their...trip?"

Jeff (Looks over to Patrick, then down)

"When was that?...June...Ahh...I had opened up "2nd Act Comics and Games" in January...Soooo, that was around the Chicago comic convention...so I was more than likely focused on getting ready for the trip...I wouldn't have been able to come out here, if I wanted to..."

Jeff looks around, as the group gets quiet. Patrick looks over to see Samir staring with his mouth open into the fire. Without speaking, Salah reaches over and grabs the joint from him.

Brittany (From off of camera)

"Ok...C'mon Sam...time for bed..."

Samir (Looks up, disappointed)

"What?...No!"

Brittany (Walking over to Samir)

"Yes!...Come on...don't worry, you'll be getting woke up in a couple hours anyway..."

Patrick

"Here's hoping..."

Brittany grabs Samir by the arm, and pulls him up. The two walk together towards their tent and disappear off of camera.

Patrick (Looking to Nate)

"What time you waking Travis for his shift?"

Nate momentarily looks up from the phone, but doesn't respond. Jeff looks over to Nate, then takes the joint Salah holds out.

Patrick

"...Not that I don't feel safe with you being our security right now..."

Patrick holds the shot on Nate, as he continues to sip from the bottle.

Nate

"Patrick, you KNOW this is for my PTSD...Do you feel like a big man, knockin a soldier who defended YOUR country, for smoking a little dope to relax?!"

Patrick

"Relaxing ON-DUTY?!"

Nate (Looking around, and nodding with a smile)

"...Yeah, there are THREE other big boys who have guns...I've talked to corporate and we're all-more than ok with the numbers on this..."

Patrick (Shaking his head)

"Yeah...FOUR drunk, STONED idiots who won't be able to shoot-shit!"

Nate (Looking around)

"Note the irony..."

Patrick

"And that being what?!...That I'm afraid of being shot?!"

Nate (Looking around)

"...College boy is now worried about one of US, "accidentally" shooting him..."

Patrick

"Uh-yeah!...What's so ironic about THAT?!"

Nate (Face turns serious)

"...It won't be accidental."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah watches as Patrick nods with his lips pressed, then gets up and walks towards his tent. Salah watches Patrick walk away, then turns back to Jeff and Nate. Jeff passes the joint over to Nate, then gets up.

Jeff

"Well boys...I think I'm done for the day...Patty's right...if history serves us, we'll be getting woke up in a couple of hours anyway...I'm crashing out..."

Salah

"Alright man...Get some sleep..."

Jeff gets up and disappears off of camera. Salah looks over to Nate, who holds the joint back out for him to take.

Nate (Not looking up)

"Did you ever get your tent set up yet?"

Salah

"Aww shit...Naw man, you keep it...I got some fucking work to do..."

Salah takes off his "Go Pro" camera, and sets it in the chair facing Nate; then leaves the area. Nate continues playing on the phone, occasionally looking up and around the camp. From off of camera, Salah is heard putting his tent together.

Salah (From off of camera)

"I'm crashin out man...You gonna be ok?"

Nate

"Yeah...I got my only friends with me...I'll be fine...Travy-Trav is getting up at midnight anyway..."

Salah (From off of camera)

"Alright man...See you in the morning..."

Nate (Not looking up)

"Yup..."

The camera continues to roll and is sped up as Nate sets around the camp fire for the next two hours and twenty minutes. Nate occasionally looks up from the phone, or gets up and stands away from the fire, standing to relieve himself.

Time: 12:08 am

The camera films Nate as he plays with the phone. From off of camera, the sound of liquid being poured on the ground is heard.

Nate (Without looking up)

"Good-mernin!"

Travis (Relieving himself off of camera)

"Mern-ning...Ahhhhh...Did I miss anything?"

Nate (Not looking up)

"Nope."

Travis finishes and comes into the frame, and grabs a log; depositing it on the fire. Travis backs up and starts to set in the chair with the camera. The camera goes black before powering off.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Travis)

The camera powers on and shows the tub with cameras in it, before being spun around and walking towards the fire. Nate is seen squatting over the chair holding the broken camera.

Nate (Laughing)

"Hah-hah-hah!...Priceless...Are YOU gonna tell Patty or can I?!"

Travis (Placing the camera on a chair next to them)

"You can go right the fuck off, BUD!"

Nate walks out of frame, and disappears momentarily before returning empty handed. Nate sets down in the chair next to Travis, who rubs his face and shakes it to wake himself up.

Nate (Watching Travis as he pulls from the bottle)

"Wanna little wakey-wakey juice?..."

Travis (Sighing before responding)

"Naw...I better not...Don't want Davey gettin all jealous...Has he radioed at all tonight?"

Nate (Shaking his head)

"No...I haven't tried him...been busy...(Nate smiles, holding up the bottle)

Travis (Turning on his walkie talkie)

"Davey...you copy?..."

Getting no response, Travis gets up and looks around, then finding the mountain, he flashes his flashlight three times, and waits.

Travis (Looking up)

"You got any empties?"

Nate looks around, then grabs a beer bottle and tosses it to Travis. Travis catches the bottle with a smile on his face.

Travis (Looking toward the mountain)

"Get ready...."

Travis flashes the light three more times, then launches the bottle in the air.

A loud gunshot is heard as the bottle explodes, glass shards come raining down over the camp all over.

Nate and Travis laugh openly as they protect themselves from the shrapnel.

From Sony Handheld Camera (Dave)

Dave is heard laughing as the screen zooms out and captures Nate and Travis covering themselves and laughing silently on screen. Nate looks up towards the camera, and flips off the mountain while covering himself in the chair.

Dave

"Uh huh...I can hit that finger too...fuckers..."

Dave holds the shot on camp but zooms out wide, then flips the resolution to night vision. Inside the hole, a light trail of smoke escapes out from the gun. Dave pans the shot over the moon-lit valley, then back to camp. Dave zooms back in at the camp, and shuffles in the hole.

Dave (Clicks the walkie talkie on, and radios camp)

"You fuckers there?"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Camp)

Nate sets at the camp fire with his back to the camera, Travis comes into view and grabs the walkie talkie from another chair.

Travis (Into walkie)

"Hey-yeh!...There he is!...What-up-dude!"

Dave (Over walkie)

"All clear up here...Fuckin crystal-clear..."

Travis

"Good, good...well, we're getting fuckin-drunk down here...You should come on back down here..."

Dave (Over walkie)

"Oh yeah?!...You mean digging this hole and setting out here for hours was just what, nothing?!...Shits and giggles?!"

Nate shakes his head up and down in silent laughter.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Travis)

Travis

"No, of course not guy...who do you think I am?...Nate here though, he was saying he didn't think you could hit shit from your position...See TOLD-YOU-NATE!...Alright bud, we'll let you get back to your post..."

Dave

"...Copy that..."

Patrick (From off of camera)

"What was that?!...What's going on?!"

Travis (Turning towards Patrick)

"Nothing, shut up, go back to sleep!..."

Patrick (From off of camera)

"...I heard a gun shot...and glass-"

Travis (Throwing a rock towards Patrick's direction)

"We're just making sure Dave's still alive!...Go to sleep!"

The camera speeds up for the next twenty-two minutes as Nate and Travis set around the fire, drinking from the bottle.

Time: 12:50 am

Nate gets up from his chair then staggers away from the light, turning his back from the camera, begins to relieve himself.

Travis

"You crashing out?"

Nate (Still relieving himself)

"Yeaaaaahhhh...I'm just...gonna crash out in the chair...Don't know if I can trust you to stay up all night..."

Travis

"Hah!...You're the one pissin in the wind...STUPID-Nate!"

Nate looks from Travis then to his groin. Nate reacts and turns while laughing.

Nate (Adjusting)

"Hah-hah...whoops...hah-hah...oh well...You'll have that..."

Nate finishes and comes back and sets in his chair.

Nate (Closing his eyes)

"Dude...Let me sleep like, two hours...unless you hear something..."

Travis

"And then just let you sleep."

Nate (Eyes closed)

"Exactly..."

Travis gets up and throws another couple of logs on the fire, then sets back down and relaxes in his chair.

The camera speeds up time for the next hour and twenty-seven minutes.

Time: 2:22 am

Travis sets in his chair as the fire slowly flickers and lowers it's light, his head dips, and rests on his chin.

Both Nate and Travis sleep setting up in their chairs.

The camera speeds up and films for another seventeen minutes

Nate and Travis set at the camp fire, asleep in their chairs. The camp fire slowly dies and the light fades to a dark blue. A gentle breeze picks up and begins to blow harder. In the background away from camp, trees sway in the wind.

As the trees sway, one tree begins frantically swaying harder than the others. Back and forth, a snapping and cracking sound is faintly heard, as the one tree continues swaying after the other surrounding it stopped. The tree jerks, and a loud snap is heard echoing around camp, as the tree disappears from the view.

Nate and Travis continue to sleep, as the camp fire is the only audible noise above the breeze.

From Sony Handheld Camera (Dave)

The camera holds on the camp, with all tents in the shot. A loud snap is heard echoing all over the valley, causing Dave to jerk up in the hole. Dave pans the camera around searching.

From off of camera, another loud crack echoes. Dave zooms out wide and waits for movement. The sound of shifting in the tight space is heard, then the brightness on screen is adjusted brighter.

Dave slowly pans the camera around the valley, searching. From off of camera a small thump is heard close. Dave turns on the walkie, and continues searching.

Dave (Into walkie)

"Wake up boys...we got something..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Camp)

Nate and Travis set around the dimly lit camp fire, sleeping in their chairs.

Dave (Through the walkie)

"...Boys?...Wake the fuck up!"

Nate and Travis continue to sleep without response.

From Sony Handheld Camera (Dave)

Dave pans the camera over to the camp fire, and zooms in on the two sleeping in their chairs.

Dave

"...of course..."

From off of camera, another thump is heard, closer. Dave pans the camera around quickly over the valley, searching for movement. Another thump is heard, coming closer.

Dave scans the camera faster over the valley, when a tree shaking violently is caught. Dave holds the camera on a tree just away from camp, shaking back and forth.

Another thump is heard, as Dave zooms the camera in on the tree. Dave is heard breathing in slow deep breaths as he adjusts the camera for a shot. The tree shakes violently, then a loud snap echoes around the valley as the tree disappears from view.

Dave (Reacting)

"Shit!"

From off of camera an enormous grunt is heard close, and Dave gasps, reacting to the noise. Dave quiets his breathing in the shallow hole, which magnifies in the quiet forest.

A couple of seconds pass, and Dave lets out a small breath, as his breathing quickens. From off of camera, a loud roar is heard, then a loud crashing destroys the hole, and shakes the camera violently. Dave is heard in pain, and screaming out as another loud destructive crash tears into the hole. The camera loses focus, and is covered by dirt before going blank.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Camp)

Nate and Travis sleep in their chairs, as a loud snapping sound is heard off of camera. A couple of seconds later, in the distance a roar is faintly heard over the wind, even fainter; screams coming from the mountain are heard, then stop suddenly.

The night returns to quiet as insects are heard chirping, and the fire begins to die. The camera records as all the light fades from camp, and the deep sleep breathing of Nate and Travis are heard.

Day 3

Date: Sunday, June 15th, 2014

Time: 6:30 am

Location: Camp Site

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

The camera turns on and pans around as Samir fashions the camera to his head. Samir walks around to the now dead camp fire and moves towards Travis.

Samir (In a hushed voice)

"Travis...hey...Trav...wake up buddy, Pat's gonna be up..."

Travis' eyes slowly open and he looks to the camera.

Travis (Setting up and rubbing his eyes)

"What time is it?"

Samir

"6:30."

Travis (Groaning and stretching)

"Arrrrggghhh-eeeeaaa!...Thanks buddy..."

The sun is rising over the valley, which shines in morning dew. Travis gets up and looks around, as Samir moves to get coffee made. Travis is heard throwing logs on the fire, as Samir grabs a handful of kindling.

Travis (From off of camera)

"You got the fire?...I gotta go to do some paperwork in my office..."

Samir laughs, but doesn't respond as Travis walks away from camp, a roll of toilet paper in his hand.

From off of camera, the sounds of zippers are heard, as Samir puts the coffee pot over the smoking fire pit.

Samir

"Nate...wakey-wakey...(Samir jostles Nate)..."

Nate's eyes open, and squint at the camera. Samir doesn't wait for a response, turning away he is greeted by Brittany; her eyes squint towards the rising sun.

Samir

"Morning sexy..."

Brittany

"Arggg...uh-huh..."

Samir

"What?...You didn't get enough sleep?"

Brittany

"I haven't slept well...since we got here...I don't know how you're doing it..."

Samir

"Easy...just get wasted right before...you'll sleep through anything..."

Brittany

"No, I can't get comfortable-"

Travis (From off of camera)

"WHAT THE FUCK?!"

Samir looks over to Travis's direction, and begins jogging over. Travis is standing with his back to camp. Samir looks past Travis and captures a massive twenty-foot tree, stuck upside down in an open area of grass.

Samir stops and slowly looks around; just outside of their camp, three different trees are stuck in the ground upside down, surrounding their camp.

Brittany (From off of camera)

"SAM?!"

Samir turns to see Brittany standing rigid, staring at the tree closest to camp.

Patrick (From off of camera)

"HOLY SHIT!...YES!...FUCKING YES!...AWWW...WE are SURROUNDED by evidence!...TELL ME ONE of you we're awake for this!"

Samir turns back to Patrick, who is walking towards Travis.

Patrick

"...TELL ME, "Mr. Marine" didn't FALL ASLEEP ON DUTY!"

Travis stands with his back to the group. Samir jogs over to catch Travis' face, as Patrick comes close.

Travis stands frozen, still staring towards the first tree with concern.

Travis

"Dave..."

Travis fumbles looking for the walkie-talkie, then finds it and calls for Dave.

Travis (Into the walkie-talkie)

"Dave!...Dave, come in!..."

Patrick

"Oh!...Good, NOW you're worried!..."

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Pat!..."

Travis (Into walkie-talkie)

"...Dave!...Come in!..."

The walkie has no response, and Travis turns back to camp. Travis walks past Patrick without acknowledging him. Patrick reacts behind Travis.

Patrick (From behind Travis)

"Hey!...Are you going to ANSWER ME?!"

Travis (Stops, and turns back towards Patrick)

"No...You want an answer, go check your camera...We're going up the mountain right after breakfast...with...no, without you..."

Travis continues walking towards camp. Patrick looks in the direction of the mounted camera, then back to Travis.

Patrick (Jogging behind Travis)

"I BETTER get someone to stay with me!...Or at least a gun...I've got hours of footage to pour through...I...I can't be here all day without SOME KIND of protection..."

Travis

"Anybody wanna stay, can stay...I just want Salah, Nate, and a couple cameras...Now, give me some space...I gotta piss..."

Patrick stops at the edge of camp, as everyone stands close.

Patrick (To everyone around)

"Ok...You heard...we're splitting into two groups...they're going up the mountain...and the rest of you can stay with me at camp...I've got to go get the mounted camera, check that footage...We could always use more fire wood, be proactive..."

Samir

"Jeff and I will get wood...and the camera..."

Jeff

"We will?"

Patrick

"Wait...Brittany and I don't have a gun...SOMEONE needs to stay here with a gun or-"

Samir (Interrupting)

"Here... (Samir hands his gun out to Brittany)...You won't need it..."

Brittany takes the gun reluctantly, as Patrick reacts in disbelief behind her.

Patrick

"What?...You don't trust ME with the gun?!"

Samir

"MY gun, no... (To Brittany)...You know how to use this, right?..."

Brittany nods, looking at the gun.

Patrick

"Are you fucking kidding me?!"

Samir catches Jeff squinting his eyes closed with a pained smile, before walking past.

Samir (Ignoring Patrick)

"Come on man...Let's get this over with so we can be back by lunch..."

Samir walks through camp, and over to the supply tubs. Samir opens and reaches in, grabbing a "Go Pro" camera, he checks the battery then hands it off to Salah.

Samir

"They'll probably have you wearing this anyway...Don't forget it, or we'll be hearing it..."

Salah takes the camera without responding, cigarette in his mouth. Samir captures Brittany, Jeff, and Patrick as they come towards him.

Patrick

"When did THIS guy show up?!...You the leader now or something?!"

Samir

"Just doing my part...Come on Jeff, we need to figure how to carry the wood back..."

Brittany comes over and hugs Samir.

Brittany

"Be safe!...Get back here as SOON AS YOU CAN!"

Samir

"I will, I will...we will be ok...I promise."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick clicks on the camera and turns to be greeted by Travis.

Travis

"Hey guy, don't want you reporting back to Jane that you're unarmed out here...Here...take my revolver..."

Travis hands over a small revolver and Patrick holds it out for the camera.

Patrick

"Feels light..."

Travis

"...Yeah, it's composite...not metal...I can sneak her through metal detectors...Just don't be firing it off unless you got a kill shot...you got me?"

Patrick (Looking from the gun to Travis)

"No, yeah-yeah...thanks man."

Travis (Looking away)

"Yeah, alright, don't mention it alright?...Don't want people thinking I like you or anything..."

Patrick (Laughing)

"Hah-hah-hah...thanks..."

Travis looks back and eyes Patrick.

Patrick

"Oh, yeah...yup."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Time: 10:30 am

Salah follows behind Nate and Travis as they leave camp; walking towards the mountain side. Travis leads the trio as Nate walks with assault rifle slung over his shoulder. Nate offers a cigarette back to Salah, continuing to walk behind Travis.

Travis (Continuing to radio Dave)

"Come in asshole...come in..." (Travis looks back) "...Ok, I didn't want to say shit in front of Pat...but I got a bad feeling about Dave...a REALLY fuckin-bad feeling..."

The three start making their way towards the mountain side.

Nate (From off of camera)

"We got a location...or a direction, boss?"

Travis (Not looking back)

"Up..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick walks over to the electronics tub and grabs a Sony handheld camera and tripod.

Brittany (From off of camera)

"Going somewhere?"

Patrick (Walking away)

"I didn't see the hard cam...I'm setting this up closer...I'm thinking the hard cam up there is missing or broke...I need some set of eyes on this camp at all times...no matter what..."

Brittany (From off of camera)

"How many more of those you got?!"

Patrick (Closing the tub)

"Not many...I'm going to have to grab the couple I set up by Sunday at this point."

Patrick walks away from camp, then stops and begins setting the tripod and camera. Patrick walks around the camera, and checks the shot before hitting record and walking back to camp.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Samir walks behind Jeff as they walk towards the tree line. Jeff sips from his water bottle, and pockets

it as they begin walking under the shade of trees overhead.

Jeff (Not looking back)

"Where we headed?"

Samir

"Salah said there was a pile back this way..."

Jeff (Not looking back)

"A pile already cut?!...We're in the middle of NO-WHERE!...WHO the hell was out here to cut it?!"

Samir

"I...I have no fucking clue man..."

Jeff (Looking back with concern)

"No, you know...you just don't want to admit it to yourself...We're not alone out here...Someone came out here since the film-"

Samir

"Yeah dude, Britt found those three other bags when they first reached camp...Pat put them in his tent..."

Jeff (Reacting surprised)

"Wait...What?!...Those other bags?...Did anyone CHECK-THEM?!"

Samir

"Pat...They weren't from your brother or his crew...If they were, he would have done a reveal in front of the cameras...Looked liked clothes, and camping shit...Nothing important..."

Jeff

"We're checking those bags when we get back..."

Samir

"Why?...What are we looking for?"

Jeff

"Not sure...Not anything in particular..."

Samir

"Just paranoid?"

Jeff

"Healthy dose of paranoia never hurt anyone..."

The camera cuts and jumps ahead in time, staying with Jeff and Samir.

Samir stops, turning back towards the camp; Samir captures the camp surrounded by the here upside down trees in a slow arcing shot. In the distance, two tiny figures walk around the camp. Samir pans over to the mountain side, three tiny figures are faintly seen moving upwards in between the trees.

Time: 11:45 am

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah follows behind Travis as they continue hiking up the mountain side. Travis occasionally stops, both he and Nate search the mountain side with binoculars, until Nate reacts.

Nate (Pointing upwards from their direction)

"Trav!...Shit!..."

Travis looks to Nate's location in his binoculars, and begins hiking with purpose without responding. Salah looks to the location, and only sees something reflecting light from up above.

Salah hurries after Nate and Travis, as they move quickly up the mountainside. The camera picks up their breaths, as they begin to pick up the pace without conversation. Salah ducks smaller tree branches as they make their way through the thick trees.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick hangs the "Go Pro" camera in the entry room of his tent, then positions the camera to capture the entire room. Brittany sets cross legged on the ground in front of a laptop, with the damaged Sony camera attached.

Patrick moves and sets in front of another laptop, his coffee thermos in one hand, in the other he plays with a white ball, thumbing it and pulling it apart.

Brittany notices, and silently watches Patrick.

Brittany

"What is that?"

Patrick (Not looking up from the laptop)

"Mounting gum...I play with it...calms me...Want a piece?"

Brittany (Still watching Patrick)

"No... (Brittany goes back to watching her laptop, then looks back to Patrick)...Yeah, give me a piece, hah-hah..."

Patrick rips a small piece from the ball, and passes it blindly to Brittany.

Brittany

"...What do you do?...Just play with it?"

Patrick (Sipping from his coffee, still focused on the laptop)

"...Uh-huh...Are you getting anything from the Flir yet?"

Brittany (Looking from Patrick, then back to the laptop)

"Uh-oh...Yeah...I'm on it...What was in those bags I found?"

Patrick (Doesn't look up from his laptop)

"Only clothes...nothing important..."

Brittany eyes the sealed section of Patrick's tent without responding then goes back to staring into the laptop.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah follows the sounds of Nate and Travis calling for Dave off of camera. Salah is blinded by branches as he comes closer.

Travis (From off of camera)

"DAVE!!...DAVE!!"

Salah comes into the clearing and barely catches Nate and Travis as they disappear into the trees. Salah looks down and films a caved in and blood soaked pile of loose dirt. In the dirt, Dave's backpack lies empty and stained red.

Travis (From off of camera)

"DAVE!!...DAVE!!"

Salah looks towards his screams then back down to the ground. Salah squats down and gathers the few remaining objects he sees; placing them in Dave's backpack. Salah runs his hands across the loose dirt, and fumbles as he pulls Dave's sniper rifle out of the ground. Salah holds the camera on the gun, then sets it behind him and continues scanning the loose dirt.

In the background, Travis calls from further and further away. Salah looks in the direction, then back down to the ground. His fingers pull up a flashlight, a black bandana, and a full water bottle.

Salah continues to search in the dirt until his hands stop at something buried underneath. Salah slowly unearths it as the dirt falls from the item. Salah turns it over and looks directly into the lens of the Sony handheld camera.

Salah (Whispering to himself)

"Ssssssshit."

From off of camera, Nate and Travis are heard coming closer, still calling for Dave. Salah looks up as Nate cuts his way into the clearing.

Nate (Making eye contact)

"You better fucking hurry!...We found the fucking cave!...Come on!"

Salah (Getting up to follow Nate)

"Yeah, yeah...I'm comin..."

Salah walks towards Nate, who eyes him with concern.

Nate

"Here...It was buried, but it should fire right..."

Nate tosses Salah a dirt covered assault rifle. Salah catches and looks at it without moving.

Nate

"Yes it was Dave's...Yes I think he's dead, but YOU and Travis and I AREN'T...Man up, clear the chamber and come on...That tubby-fuck won't wait, and I want first shot at these fucks!..."

Salah looks from Nate then back to the gun, then follows him back into the thick trees. Salah follows behind as Nate leads them towards the entrance to the caves.

Travis squats with his back to them, looking into the caves as they come close. Without looking back Travis holds up a bloody piece of fabric.

Travis (Not looking back)

"It's from his jacket...He's in here...let's go..."

Travis gets up and makes his way into the caves. Salah looks to Nate, who nods towards the caves. Salah follows Travis into the darkness.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Samir unpacks a tarp from his bag, and begins loading more of the cut logs onto it. Jeff comes into view, pacing back and forth; gun in hand.

Jeff (Still pacing)

"Something isn't right here...WHY would someone use THIS AREA?!...It's so far from camp!"

Samir

"Don't know, don't care...just help me load this shit and we can-"

Jeff walks away from Samir

Samir (Looks up to Jeff)

"...get back...to...camp..."

Samir stops loading the cut logs, as he watches Jeff as he walks away. Jeff disappears behind a tree, and Samir hesitates following behind him. Samir squats back down and continues loading the logs.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"DUDE!..."

Samir looks up, as Jeff comes running back into view. Jeff's eyes are wide, and in both hands he holds an axe.

Samir

"What?!...What do you think cut these?!"

Jeff

"NOT the axe...what's on it!...LOOK!"

Jeff holds out the axe, and Samir gets up; and comes over to it. Samir looks to the axe, and immediately notices the dark red stain all over its handle.

Samir looks up to Jeff, and back to the axe.

Jeff

"We got to get this to the group!...We got to check those bags, and get the fuck out of here!...I'm fucking done!...I have a nice little life back home...I'm NOT dying out here!"

Samir

"Who-whoa-whoa...calm down...We WILL!...Help me get this loaded and we'll-"

Jeff

"What the fuck do we NEED them for?!...We're leaving TODAY...TONIGHT at the absolute latest!"

Samir

"Trust me...Pat will say whatever he can to get as much time here as he can...Don't be surprised if he doesn't push for another night."

Jeff (Looks around, then follows reluctantly)

"Fine...If Patrick tries to fucking stop me-"

Samir (Interrupting)

"Don't worry...I've got your back man...Something is fucked up...everyone feels it...We just need that push to make us ALL want to leave...I think we got it with that axe...Now come on...Let's get this back to camp..."

Jeff

"What about the other camera?"

Samir

"I don't know if I care anymore."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Brittany sets in front of laptop, holding one hand to her ear; she listens into a pair of head phones intently. Brittany reacts to something, by smiling and taking off her headphones.

Brittany

"We got something..."

Patrick looks over from his laptop, then turns his attention to the laptop in front of Brittany. Patrick swivels the laptop towards him and takes the headphones without hesitating. Brittany gets up and allows Patrick full access to the laptop.

Brittany stands back, looking from Patrick then over to the closed section of the tent. Brittany walks over and grabs her "Go Pro" camera from the floor, and puts it on.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Patrick (Not looking from the laptop)

"Wow...I can't believe you pulled something from this camera..."

Brittany

"Yeah, it should be coming-"

Patrick
"Sshh!..."

Brittany reacts by shaking her head, but says nothing as Patrick watches and listens with both hands over his ears. Brittany steps back, and slowly walks over to the closed off section of the tent.

Brittany looks back over, and sees Patrick still completely focused on the laptop. Brittany turns and finds the zipper, and begins slowly unzipping the door open. Brittany looks back to Patrick, and sees him still focused on the footage.

Brittany unzips the rest of the door and pulls the curtain door open to reveal an almost empty room. In the center of it, the three backpacks. Brittany steps into the room, and walks over to the bags.

Brittany squats over the backpacks, and begins opening the closest in front of her. Brittany opens the top flap, and rifles through its belongings. Tossing clothes, and cooking supplies, Brittany moves on to the next backpack. Opening its top flap she removes a sleeping bag and pillow, then turns it upside down; dumping its belongings. Flashlights, hand warmers, a rolled up tarp, and batteries.

Brittany searches the pile of belongings, and pulls a cell phone from a folded sweatshirt. Brittany looks at the cell phone, then pockets it's in a hurry; then reaches for the third backpack.

Brittany is suddenly spun around, and Patrick is seen visibly upset.

Patrick (Holding Brittany with both hands)
"What the FUCK are you doing?!"

Brittany (Shaking herself free)
"Let me go!...I'm doing YOUR-JOB!...I'm finding out who the hell is out here with us!"

Patrick
"I told you!...There's NOTHING in those bags!...I checked them!...Get back to what we're here for!...NOT some film tourists shit!"

Brittany (Moving away from the backpacks)
"You're hiding SOMETHING...We WILL find out!"

From "Go Pro" (Patrick)

Brittany turns from Patrick and heads back past the laptop and out the tent.

Patrick (From off of camera)

"Hey!...We STILL have work to do!...Br-Britt?"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany walks away from the tent and towards the campfire, pulling the cell phone out of her pocket. An almost new Galaxy Nexus.

Patrick (From off of camera)

"Hey!..."

Brittany pockets the phone, and turns to see Patrick coming out of his tent.

Patrick

"Where are you going?!"

Brittany

"I need to use the restroom...Can I have some privacy?!"

Patrick

"I should...probably...go with you..."

Brittany

"Why?!...So you can WATCH?!...I don't think so...I'll be ok..."

Patrick

"But Travis said-"

Brittany (Interrupting)

"I'll be FINE...Remember?!"

Brittany holds up the gun, then walks away from Patrick.

From Mounted Camera

Patrick watches Brittany walk away, then turns and heads back into his tent. Brittany walks away from camp, then turns and stops when she sees Patrick gone. Brittany pulls the cell from her pocket and looks at it before continuing off of camera.

Patrick peeks his head out of the tent, then looks around. Patrick comes out of his tent carrying a large backpack and walking in opposite direction from Brittany. Patrick walks off of camera, looking back over his shoulder.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah follows behind Travis into the darkened caves, as their flashlights bounce all around; illuminating the walls. Salah looks back to Nate, who squats over his backpack.

Nate

"Some light?"

Salah comes over, and shines his light on the backpack. Nate reaches in and pulls out a small box of glow sticks. Nate opens the box and reveals a package of fifty-white glow sticks.

Salah (Whispering)

"Give me some of those..."

Nate pulls two handfuls, and passes them back without turning. Nate pockets the rest, then closes his backpack; and puts it over his shoulder.

Nate (Whispering as he grabs his assault rifle)

"You're in charge of light...Don't be stingy...we have enough."

Nate nods Salah onward, as he cracks a couple of sticks, then shakes them to life. Salah follows Travis as they slowly move through the now lit cave. Travis walks into a large chamber, and Salah begins tossing glow sticks all around.

The large chamber illuminates and Salah slowly pans around the cavern. Salah takes the cavern in as Nate and Travis spread out. Salah pans up, and catches the light reflecting brilliant yellow and orange colors.

Travis (From off of camera)

"Over here boys..."

Salah turns and catches Travis entering another chamber at the far end of the cavern. Salah hurries towards as Nate waits impatiently.

Nate

"More light."

Salah passes Nate and grabs another handful of glow sticks. Entering another chamber, Salah cracks and shakes the cave to light. Salah tosses the glow sticks around and brightens another cavern.

Travis makes his way ahead without hesitation. Salah hurries to stay close, cracking more lights as they walk close. Nate tosses a glow stick in a corner of the cavern, which illuminates to a dead end before

the trio leave the chamber.

Travis leads as they head down a long corridor which ends at a fork. Salah cracks some more glow sticks and line the corridor, then throwing a couple down each path.

Nate (From off of camera)

"Which way?"

Travis (Sighing)

"You boys are going to hate me..."

Nate sighs from off of camera, then walks past Salah; down the tunnel to the right.

Nate (Stopping, but not turning back)

"You two check the other tunnel...Meet back here in thirty?"

Travis

"Roger that...Turn on your walkie...channel three...radio only in emergency..."

Nate (Still looking into the tunnel)

"Yup..."

Travis moves down the tunnel to the left, and Salah follows behind; cracking glow sticks and tossing them every couple of feet. Salah and Travis venture down a twisting tunnel into a large cavern.

Salah (Whispering)

"Oh ss-shit..."

Salah pans around capturing the vastness of the cavern. Salah shakes and cracks more glow sticks to life, and begins tossing them around.

Travis

"Stay close...Look on the ground for any evidence of Dave..."

Salah

"How long?...Searching this area could take hours."

Travis

"Search the walkable area...and we'll head back...I have a theory, but its back towards the entrance..."

Salah walks along the cavern, cracking glow sticks to life and tossing them around. In the vast cavern, small pools of water collect dripping water from up above. Massive rocks randomly piled to the ceiling.

Time speeds up as Salah and Travis search the cavern as it slowly lights up without finding any evidence. An alarm sounds on Travis, and Salah looks over to see Travis silencing his watch.

Salah

"Time to go?"

Travis

"Yeah...fuck..."

Salah

"Find nothing?"

Travis (Moving towards the entrance)

"No...come on...Let's get Nate..."

Salah follows Travis as they leave through the entrance of the cavern and towards the fork. Salah picks up glow sticks as they head back towards its entrance. Coming out of the tunnel, they both stop seeing Nate squatting with his gun drawn; looking back down toward the tunnel to the right.

Nate barely looks to them as they come close.

Travis (Whispering)

"Whats going on?...You ok?...You see anything?"

Nate (Whispering, still eyeing the tunnel)

"See nothing, no clothing, no blood...the entire time I'm down there, nothing...I come back up here, and I start hearing shit..."

Travis (Whispering)

"What?...Exactly?"

Nate (Whispering)

"At first it sounded like a low level vibrating...then it sounded like a long-growl...and right before you guys showed up...it sound like a large thump...but from further back....Haven't seen anything..."

Travis (Whispering)

"Come on...I got one more area we need to search...Its near the mouth of the cave, in the first chamber...Nate keep your eyes on our back...Let's move..."

Travis leads the three back up the tunnel and Salah picks up glow sticks as they make their way into the second large cavern. Together they move quickly and silently through the cavern, all three pick up glow

sticks as they move towards the entrance of the area.

As they reach the mouth of the entrance, a loud-deep boom echoes throughout the caves, making all three stop immediately, and pause; without speaking they look to each other. Pausing the trio wait for a minute before slowly continuing towards entrance.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Samir)

Samir and Jeff walk, pulling the tarp of wood together, they make their way back down the valley and towards camp. In the distance, their camp slowly gets larger. Both are heard breathing hard off of camera, as Samir holds the shot on the camp.

Walking up on camp, they slowly walk toward the wood pile, then dump their load with the small pile. Samir turns and catches Jeff beginning to fold the tarp into a small square. Brittany comes from off of camera, rushing to Samir and planting a kiss on him, which catches him off guard.

Brittany

"Thank GOD you are here!...I searched those bags..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Jeff (Coming over)

"You did?!...Sweet!...What'd you find?!"

Brittany (Looking from Samir to Jeff)

"Mostly clothes...and camping gear...You might think this is crazy but...I think it's ONE person's bags...I only saw one name and it was on BOTH the bags I got to check..."

Samir

"You only got to search two of them?!...What, did Patrick try and stop you?!"

Brittany

"Yea, but that's not what's important..."

Samir

"That mother-fucker!"

Samir turns to move but Brittany, holds him close.

Brittany

"Wait!...I FOUND something...a cell phone!"

Samir and Jeff react with surprise, and move close to Brittany.

Samir

"Who's is it?"

Jeff

"Can you call out?!"

Brittany

"I don't know whose it is...and no, there's no reception out here...but that's not important...Patrick didn't see I pocketed it...I snook off and I tried calling out, tried the messages, nothing...but THEN I checked the texts...You won't fucking BE-LIEVE who is IN this person's contacts..."

Jeff and Samir pause waiting for Brittany to continue.

Jeff (Reacting with impatience)

"WHO?!"

Brittany (Face turns to sickened)

"Patrick...and Jane."

Jeff and Samir's face react, as both of their mouths drop open. Brittany holds the phone out for both of them to see, as the three stand in silence; looking at each other confused.

Brittany turns in time catch Patrick walking out of his tent with a joyful smile on his face.

Patrick (Walking up)

"Thought I heard voices!...News on the camera?"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah follows Travis as they make their way quickly towards the opening cavern. Once inside, Salah turns to catch Nate coming in after him. Salah films back into the previous cavern, three glow sticks still litter the ground leading away.

Travis (From off of camera)

"Salah...We're going up...come on..."

Salah turns, and looks to Nate.

Salah

"Up?...What the fuck you mean, up?"

Travis

"Over here...there's another level...didn't you see the film?!...It's where they found the electronics..and blood..."

Nate

"You think-"

Travis (Interrupting)

"I think NOTHING...we're going to check the area the group found the most shit in...and hope we find nothing...Nate, I'm gonna need you to climb up there first, make sure it's safe."

Nate

"And WHY do I get this lovely privilege?"

Travis

"Because I'm fat...if I fall, neither of you are gonna be able to carry me...and Nate, you weigh as much as one of them pretty little Asian boys...now go-on and GIT!"

Nate (Smiles to himself)

"...That's the compliment I needed..."

Nate throws his assault rifle over his shoulders, and begins climbing the rocks up to the next level. Salah stands back and films Nate as he makes his way up the rock and over the ledge. Nate stands over ten feet above them, looking down he gives them a "thumbs up".

Salah moves up the rocks quickly and makes his way over to Nate. Salah catches Nate surprised, and then looks down to Travis, who shares his expression.

Nate

"Jes-sus...how the fuck did you get up there so fast?!"

Salah (Slightly out of breath)

"Sooner you get up, the sooner you get done, i guess...hah-hah-hah...I just didn't want that mother-fucker attacking while I was climbing..."

Travis makes his way up the rocks and over the ledge. Travis walks past Nate and down into a massive cavern filled with pools of water. Salah walks around the area, tossing the glow sticks into the pools. The cavern immediately lights up, and Nate and Travis turn and look around confused.

Salah continues depositing the glow sticks into the pools around them. Nate and Travis watch him and shake their heads, as their surroundings illuminate.

Travis

"How did you know to do that?"

Salah

"Not my first time in a cave brother."

The three spread out and search the cavern in silence until Nate speaks up.

Nate

"Boys...over here..."

Salah and Travis walk over to Nate, who squats with his back to them. Salah comes around Nate and catches a pile of destroyed electronics.

Travis

"What do we got?"

Nate

"Looks like...some kind of GPS tracker...or was at least...possibly a microphone of some sort...almost like what...actors use...I don't know..."

Salah (Whispering)

"Wha-aat-the-fuck?"

Travis

"Take it with us...Maybe Patty will know what it is...keep looking..."

Time speeds up as the three spread out and continue looking over the cavern.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany, Jeff and Samir stand around Patrick, who looks around unable to speak.

Brittany

"...You have ANYTHING to say?!..."

Patrick looks around, starts to speak but hesitates.

Patrick

"Look...there is NOTHING in those bags that-"

Samir (Interrupting)

"Yeah, asshole, we know...the bags have nothing to do with us...Then WHY don't you let us check the last bag?"

Patrick tries to speak but is stopped.

Jeff (Interrupting)

"FUCK THIS!...Why in the FUCK does this person have YOUR number?!...Stop playing STUPID, RIGHT-NOW!"

Patrick holds his hands up and looks around while trying to form words.

Patrick (Hesitating)

"Ok...alright...alright...the truth...ok, yes...I know him...YES he works for Vera...BUT...he was just the scout they sent...He got here...like a week ago-"

Samir (Interrupting)

"What the FUCK do you MEAN, got here a week ago?!...WHAT fucking studio sends a SCOUT, a WEEK ahead of time, BY-THEMSELVES?!"

Jeff

"Move out of the way...!M checking that last bag!"

From Mounted Camera

Patrick holds a defensive stance, attempting to hold the three back from walking towards the tent.

Patrick

"Wait...!m telling you, there is NOTHING in those bags!"

Jeff moves towards Patrick, who moves backwards. Jeff closes in and grabs him with both arms. Jeff holds Patrick up off the ground, as he struggles to free himself.

Jeff (Holding Patrick)

"Go-go-go!"

Brittany and Samir move past Jeff and Patrick.

Patrick

"Sam!...Sam, seriously I WILL fire you..."

Samir looks back, shooting Patrick an irritated look as the two quickly head towards Patrick's tent, then

disappear inside. After a minute, they return holding all three bags, carrying them towards Jeff and Patrick. Brittany and Samir dump all three bags onto the ground in front of Jeff, as he releases Patrick.

Patrick slowly turns around to face the clutter, as Brittany looks around in confusion.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany looks around the scattered mess, then back and forth quickly.

Brittany

"No, no, no...this ISN'T it!...This INS'T all of it!...ALL of this, was in the TWO backpacks I checked!...What the fuck, Patrick?!"

Patrick's (Face changing to feigned surprise)

"What are YOU talking about Brittany?...Seriously hun, I have NO-CLUE of what you're talking about now!"

Samir moves towards Patrick, who moves defensively back.

Samir

"Come here!...Is she right?!...Are you fucking hiding some MORE shit from us?!"

Patrick (Backing away from Samir)

"Sam, calm down...SERIOUSLY, THAT is it!... (Patrick motions towards the items)...Look at how much shit there is!...WHEN would I have time to hide something?!...Look around!"

Samir stops short of Patrick, his fist clenched. Patrick looks down at his hand, then back to his face.

Patrick

"What, you gonna HIT me?"

Samir

"Am I fired?"

Patrick (Face turns to a smile)

"Hah-hah-hah!...No Sam!...I wouldn't th-"

From Mounted Camera

Samir connects with Patrick's jaw, causing him to unexpectedly drop to the ground.

Samir (Standing over Patrick)

"How about NOW, you lying sack of shit?!"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Patrick opens his eyes stunned, setting up he looks around wide-eyed.

Patrick

"You...you fucking HIT me!...That's it!...You are fucking FIRED!...YOU can leave ANY-TIME you want!...When this is done I'M SUING YOU!"

Samir (Smiling and turning away)

"Fuck this!...C'mon Britt..."

From Mounted Camera

Patrick (Holding his jaw)

"No!...I don't fucking THINK-SO!...You interfere with MY FILM in any way...I-fucking-E, take ANY members of my cast, and or crew, I WILL sue the dog-shit right out of you!...I don't fucking CARE if it IS your fucking fiancé...you ALL signed a contract!...Read it!...The ONLY way ANY of you are leaving early is IF I fire you!...Britt, you fucking leave with him, I WILL blackball you to the point NO-ONE will want to hire some chick who leaves cause her fucking boyfriend can't handle the stress of shooting..."

Samir (Coming back towards Patrick)

"Mother-fucker, I will SHOW you stress!"

Samir moves to Patrick, as Jeff steps forward to stop him.

Jeff (Pulling Samir away from Patrick)

"Come on, come on man...it's not worth it..."

Jeff walks Samir away from Patrick, as he continues to set on the ground holding his face. Brittany stands over Patrick until he reluctantly looks up.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany (Looking down to Patrick)

"I fucking know...I KNOW you had time...you hid whatever is was in that third bag..."

Patrick (Looks away with a half smile)

"Prove it...Go look around, I dare you!...Don't believe me, that's fine...but believe me, when we get back to reality, you'll regret questioning me."

Brittany doesn't respond, but shakes her head and leaves Patrick setting on the ground as she turns and joins Jeff and Samir at the camp fire.

From Mounted Camera

Patrick sets by himself away from the other three, looking around, he finally gets up and heads inside his tent without anyone acknowledging.

Time: 3:33 pm

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah looks around in the watery cavern, looking up he catches what looks to be another level above them. Salah walks closer, revealing more space just out of sight.

Travis (From off of camera)

"That's the ledge..."

Salah turns and catches Travis watching from a couple of feet away.

Salah

"Excuse me?..."

Travis

"In the film...one of them...the dickhead, was filming and caught a set of eyes looking back...caused him to run and break his leg off the ledge back there..."

Salah quickly looks back to the hidden level above them.

Salah (Whispering)

"No sss-hit?..."

Salah continues to film the spot.

Travis (From off of camera)

"You PROBABLY want to stay away from it..."

Salah (Looking back to Travis)

"Oh!...Yea-yeah..."

Salah follows Travis as the three continue combing the cavern. In the silence, dripping water echoes and amplifies in the closed cavern. Travis is seen shaking his head in frustration as they search without

finding anything.

In the amplified dripping, a distant echoing boom is heard from deep within the cave. The trio stop, and hold their positions, as Salah looks around the cavern quickly.

The three make no noise, and in the momentary silence they start to relax before an enormous ear-piercing scream causes them to jump.

Travis

"It's ok...We got three guns-"

Travis is cut off by a chorus of three different screams coming from deeper inside the caves.

Travis

"Go!"

The three quickly make their way towards the exit of the cavern and back towards the ledge. Nate leads the crew climbing back down the wall, landing on his feet he turns towards screams; gun drawn. Salah follows down the wall, his rushed breaths cause him to slip, but regain and drop to his feet.

The camera shakes free and lands facing the tunnel at Nate's feet. The camera catches three glow sticks illuminating the tunnel.

From off of camera, Travis is heard climbing down, as Nate and Salah breathe hard.

Nate (From off of camera)

"Heh-heh-Come on, come on!-"

From off of camera a large boom echoes and vibrates throughout the tunnel. The camera blurs out of focus, then as the camera regains its focus one of the glow sticks disappears. The tunnel becomes dimmer further down the tunnel.

Nate (From off of camera)

"Did...did you see that?!"

Travis (From off of camera)

"C'mon!...Move!"

Salah (From off of camera)

"Grab the camera!"

As Nate grabs the camera, another loud boom resonates throughout the tunnel causes the camera to

lose focus. The tunnel darkens as another glow stick disappears.

Nate

"RUN!"

The camera turns and is blinded by the bright light from the cave entrance as Nate follows Salah and Travis. The three are mixed in blurs of black and whites, as their screams echo all around.

Travis

"Go! Go! Go!"

Salah

"Heh-heh-heh!"

From off of camera a blanketing roar explodes from behind them, as they reach the cave entrance. Travis reaches the entrance, turning he waives Salah through first. Nate follows and captures Travis looking behind them as he shoves Nate through next.

Nate tumbles to the ground, and the "Go Pro" camera falls facing towards the cave entrance. Travis climbs through, and grabs his gun and steadies it towards the dark hole. Nate comes into the shot, as the camera is lifted as Salah fashions it to his head.

Travis (Not looking back)

"New plan...Salah, you head back to camp...take the group to the nearest town...No questions...Nate, I want you to go grab all the fucking C-4...We're blowing this fucking cave closed!"

Nate (Looking to Travis)

"What are YOU doing?!"

Travis

"I'm making sure NOTHING comes out of this fucking hole!...Now, go!...Salah!...What are you fucking waiting for?!...GO!"

Salah hesitates and looks to Nate, who looks back to the camera.

Travis (Still eyeing the hole)

"Nate!...GO!...NOW!!"

Salah turns and begins jogging away from Nate and Travis until an ear piercing scream floods the valley causing Salah to run faster. Salah runs towards the path leading down the mountain, and continues running as his breaths are heard getting louder with each step.

From behind, undistinguished screams are heard before an eruption of gun fire explodes from off of camera. Salah startled, runs faster; his voice turns to exhausted panic as he runs through thick trees and over rough terrain.

The camera shakes and blurs as Salah moves through branches, and heavy shrubbery. Salah slows down, attempting to catch his breath before heavy gunfire is heard rattling over the valley. Salah moans out in agony and picks up the pace.

Time: 5:01 pm

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany, Jeff and Samir set around the camp fire. Samir sets facing the tents, his eyes looking off of camera.

Brittany (Speaking to Jeff in a hushed tone)

"...WE are leaving tonight...no matter what happened out there...You can come with us..."

Jeff (Nodding reluctantly)

"I know, I know...I CAN'T just leave everyone else...I'm sorry Britt...Ever since I lost Joe...I felt like somehow I abandoned him...I...I won't abandon these guys...I can convince them to leave tomorrow...first thing..."

Samir (Still looking towards the tents)

"Fuck that...I'M out of here...TONIGHT...I WON'T stay here another night with that lying fuck...COME-WITH-US!"

Jeff (Looking down)

"I want to..."

Brittany

"But you won't...will you?"

Jeff shakes his head, looking down without responding.

Samir (Looking over to Jeff)

"Are you going to say anything?"

Jeff (Looks up surprised)

"No!...Fuck NO!...But I WILL use it as an excuse to get everyone else to leave in the morning...Let's get some food cooking...the boys are going to be hungry when they get back..."

Brittany looks over to Samir, then gets up and moves towards the food cooler. Brittany looks up to Samir, who is stoking the fire back to life.

Brittany (To Samir)

"What time do you want to leave?"

Jeff

"Well, I don't need to know this...I'm going to go keep an eye on Patty...Let me know if you guys need anything."

Samir and Brittany watch Jeff walk away from the camp fire.

Samir (Pauses and keeps his eyes off of camera)

"We'll wait till only one person is awake...then we can make our move...only take what we need...Food, water, the keys!...Make sure we get one set before we turn in..."

Brittany

"Is one gun going to be enough?"

Samir (Looks over to the other tent)

"When I see Pat go take a piss...I'll check the marine's tent...See what I can take..."

Brittany (Standing up to face Samir)

"Is...is this right, Sam?...Leaving the group?"

Samir (Looks back towards the camera, then to Brittany directly)

"Yes!...WE are NOT dying out here...Fuck this film."

Samir moves forward and Brittany captures Jeff and Patrick walking away from camp. Jeff looks past Patrick to Brittany, as they continue to walk. Brittany looks back over and captures Samir walking towards the Marine's tent, and disappearing inside.

Brittany looks back to Jeff and Patrick, who continue down the path to the latrine. She silently walks over towards the tents a minute later, Samir reappears coming out of the tent, assault rifle in hand.

Samir (Coming over)

"Jes-sus...they have enough shit in there to start a small revolution...Man...let's just go...like NOW. Patty is distracted, Travis and the boys aren't around...we can make a clean break...right now."

Brittany

"But we won't have much of a head start...Jeff and Pat will be back any minute...they'll see us before we make it out of sight...I say we wait..."

Samir (Looking around)

"Alright...just no more excuses...We ARE leaving tonight, even if I have to roofie you..."

Brittany (Laughing nervously)

"Hah-hah...You won't need to do any of that...I'm with you..."

Samir continues facing away, but his eyes move to Brittany without responding. Samir looks Brittany up and down, before resuming his watch over camp.

Brittany looks back down to the cooking baked beans over the fire, when gun fire echoes all over the valley. Brittany looks up and around, Samir looks up to the mountain.

Brittany (Looking to Samir)

"Sam?..."

Samir doesn't respond as gun fire randomly cuts the silence, and continues. Samir looks back to Brittany with concern.

Samir

"Get your shit...we're going NOW!"

Gun fire is heard and then a thud from the mountain. A small trail of white smoke is seen coming from the top of the mountain. The gun fire stops and, Samir moves quickly to his backpack.

Samir

"Brittany, MOVE!"

Brittany looks from the campfire then back to Samir.

Samir

"FUCK the food Brittany!...COME ON!"

Brittany takes the beans off the fire and sets them down on the ground. Turning around, Brittany sees Samir disappear into their tent, just as Jeff and Patrick come jogging into frame.

Patrick (Eyes wide)

"Did you hear that?!...Tell me you got that!...You got the walkie?!"

Brittany (Shakes her head up and down)

"Wait...no, I don't have the walkie..."

Patrick ignores and walks straight for his tent. Jeff comes over to Brittany, a defeated look on his face.

Jeff

"I was hoping you would be gone."

Brittany

"We weren't...ready...We're leaving tonight...you can still come-"

Jeff shakes his head, then looks back to Patrick and Samir. Patrick walks back towards the fire, focused on the walkie talkie in hand. Samir follows silently behind him, eyeing him as they come close.

Patrick (Into walkie)

"Travis?...Travis?!...Come In!"

Patrick looks to the group, then back to the walkie.

Patrick (Into walkie)

"Nate?!...Salah?!...Dave!!...SOME-ONE COME IN!"

The group wait in silence as the walkie offers no response.

Patrick (Looking from the walkie, then around the group)

"How...how many guns do we have?"

Samir

"There's an extra gun in the marines tent...go grab it...we should all have something..."

Patrick (Looking confused)

"Wait?...Doesn't Brittany need one too?"

Brittany (Holding up a pistol)

"I'm good."

Patrick (Looking around)

"So...what's the plan?"

Samir (Looking towards the mountain)

"Continue radioing for one hour...if they don't reply, we leave..."

Patrick (Laughing instinctively)

"Bwah!...No...seriously..."

Patrick looks around, and is confused by the response.

Patrick (Looking around)

"...Seriously?!..."

Samir (Not looking back)

"...We leave them a note...and a set of keys...just in case..."

Patrick (Looking around confused)

"...You're not ALL thinking this way?...Are you?...Guys, we're talking about US being THEE crew to have EVIDENCE of Bigfoot!...We are talking a movie here...touring...royalties!...You guys would never have to "work" again!...Don't give up JUST YET, hell, they COULD-HAVE killed one or two up there...they ARE marines after all-"

Samir

"Pat, how we gonna spend all that money, when we're dead?!...We are in "it's" territory...We're talking something that has NOW-KILLED up to SEVEN people!...Including one, MAYBE two marines...I'm taking my fucking chances walking AWAY from this..."

Patrick (Turning to the camera)

"I'm not talking you out of it either, am I?"

Brittany

"Afraid not...I can't let him go alone...and I-"

Patrick (Deflated)

"It's ok...I understand...Jeff, what about you?"

Jeff (Looks up from stirring the fire)

"I WANT-TO...but I'm not leaving without everyone-"

Patrick (Immediately ecstatic)

"REALLY?!...Awesome!...That just means MORE FOR US when this is over!...Right?!..."

Jeff blinks hard, and slowly nods with Patrick, with a slightly pained look on his face. Patrick looks back to Brittany and Samir, with a big grin and confidence restored.

Samir (To Patrick)

"Fifty-five minutes...they don't respond, we WILL-BE out of here...you might want to hold off on counting your future income, and stay on that walkie."

Samir eyes Patrick, then sets his backpack and gun down next to the fire. Samir heads towards his tent.

Samir (Speaking over his shoulder)

"Britt...I'm gonna get your backpack ready...I'll be right back...watch my shit..."

Samir throws one last look towards Patrick, which causes Brittany to look towards Patrick.

Brittany (Looks from Samir to Patrick)

"Sam!...Pat, ignore him...he's just...stressed..."

Patrick

"...No, it's...ok...no worries..."

Patrick tosses the walkie talkie to Jeff and walks over to marine's tent. Brittany watches Patrick disappear inside, then turns back to Jeff.

Brittany (Walking over to Jeff)

"I think we should...just GO, Jeff..."

Jeff (Hesitating, then looking to the walkie)

"Come in Travis, come in..."

Time: 5:40 pm

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah is heard breathing hard as he jogs into the opening from thick branches. Reaching the opening, he stops and bends over; breathing hard. Salah looks up, as he gets a clean panoramic shot of the surrounding valley and camp. The sun begins to set on the horizon, and Salah is heard groaning before resuming his descent down the mountain.

Salah descends downward slowly, looking towards the ground. Loose gravel and rocks slow him and he frequently looks back upwards, as his breathing becomes more rushed the further down he travels. Loose rocks are heard scattering underneath as he moves.

Continuing down the mountain side, Salah stays low to the ground. From off of camera, a large thump stops him. Salah gasps, and breaths fast and rapid; looking around.

Another thump sounds closer, which makes Salah move down the mountain quickly. Loud thumps repeat quicker and quicker, getting louder as Salah starts to run as quickly as he can.

An in-human grunt is heard right behind the camera before Salah and the camera are struck by an unseen force. The camera captures Salah free falling off of the mountain side. The ground closes in

quickly and Salah lands with a bone crunching thud.

The camera continues to film the side of the mountain, and Salah's now bloody arm. A minute goes by before Salah gasps, and wheezes slow and silent breaths. Not moving, Salah moans in pain and coughs as the "Go Pro" continues filming.

From off of camera a gunshot is heard from high above, followed by a monstrous scream. Salah lays on the ground, coughing and attempting to move; while moaning to himself.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick squats then stands over the electronics tub, turning around he captures Brittany, Jeff and Samir standing around the camp fire, huddled with their backs to him. Patrick stands back, capturing the three's conversation.

Jeff stands over the walkie, changing its channels and listening for a response. Brittany squats over her backpack, packing her things. Samir rechecks his gun's bullets, then looks over to Patrick.

Samir (To Patrick)

"Just making sure..."

Patrick

"What?!...I'm not a murderer!...I don't want you dead Sam!...JE-SUS-FUCK!"

Samir

"No!...But you DO care about THIS-FILM, more than your own personal safety!"

Jeff (Into walkie)

"TRAVIS!...COME-IN!...We would REALLY like to hear the sound of your voice right now!...Come in!"

Brittany (Not looking up)

"What more do you need?!"

From off of camera, a gunshot freezes everyone. Patrick looks up to the mountain, then back to the group. Samir comes around Brittany and Jeff, gun drawn with eyes wide.

Samir (Looking towards the mountain)

"Pat!...Jeff!...You got TEN-MINUTES!...IF there is NO-RESPONSE...we are ALL LEAVING!"

Patrick

"Seriously?!...Give them at-least twenty!"

Samir

"I'm NOT negotiating!...Get fucking ready for this film to be shut down before you can threaten any-"

Travis (From the walkie-talkie)

"Yeah...I'm here...I'm good...bout lost my fuckin-hearing though..."

Jeff (Into walkie-talkie)

"Travis!...Hey!...Fuck, you're alive!...What do you mean lost you're hearing?!...What happened?"

Travis (From walkie-talkie)

"Tried to fucking blow that cave shut!...Don't know if anything's gonna be going in or out of that place!"

Brittany (Turns and looks around)

"That was like a half an hour ago!...What was that last shot?!"

Jeff (Into walkie-talkie)

"Travis, did you just shoot your gun?!...Like, TWO MINUTES ago?!"

Travis (From walkie-talkie)

"Negative...Haven't had to fire for like...twenty minutes...That could have been Nate...or Salah..."

Jeff (Into walkie-talkie)

"Wait!...They're NOT with you?!...WHY aren't they with you?!"

Patrick comes closer to the group, as they come closer to the walkie.

Travis (From walkie-talkie)

"We got chased out of the caves...I sent Salah back to get you out of there..."

Samir (To the group)

"And Nate?!...What did he send Nate off to do?!"

Jeff (Into walkie-talkie)

"Copy that...Why is Nate NOT with you?!"

Travis (From walkie-talkie)

"...I sent him to get the C-4...We're stayin to take out whatever is out here..."

Jeff (Shakes his head and looks around)

"Is he fucking kidding?!...(Into walkie-talkie)...You ARE kidding me right?!"

Travis (From walkie-talkie)

"Negative...Whatever is out here, killed David...We're not about letting him go without a fight...never mind talking me out of anything "super hero"...Nate and I don't have anyone waiting for us out there...if we die, we die...but we got ourselves a situation were trained for...We're just gonna go ahead and make Uncle Sam proud...now, when Salah gets back to camp, leave our shit, and get out of here...TOGETHER...that's a fucking order, PAT!...I'm heading back now...you fucks better not be there when I get back, over and out!"

The walkie squeaks off, and Jeff looks up and around.

Patrick

"...I'm not going anywhere."

Brittany

"What the fuck Patrick?!...Why? Why? Why?? Why??! Why?!!...Why in the fuck would you want to stay?!...Are you THAT delusional?!...Do you NEED the film THAT BAD?!"

Patrick

"Yes Brittany!...Yes I do!...And so does the entire fucking world!...We are THIS-CLOSE to being THEE crew to capture ACTUAL EVIDENCE of something HALF THE WORLD doesn't believe exists!!...We have the guns, we have the cameras, the people-"

Samir (Laughing sarcastically)

"Hah!...Yeah, minus Dave..."

Patrick (Looks around)

"Ok...go if you want to...I'm not stopping any of you...I'm NOT leaving!...And that gunshot was Nate or Salah...Who, by the sound of, is only an hour or two away...go ahead and go...They'll be back soon...go!"

Patrick waves them off, as he walks over to the camp fire and sets down.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Jeff looks from Patrick, then back to Brittany and Samir. Brittany shrugs, and walks over to the baked beans and holds them over the fire.

Samir (From off of camera)

"Brittany..."

Brittany (Not looking back)

"Sam...we're ALL hungry...if we're tracking ten miles tonight, we're going to need full stomachs...Now just...relax for a minute...Salah will be here soon...Sit down!...You've been up all-day..."

Jeff walks past Samir and sets in one of the empty chairs around the fire. Samir rolls his eyes, then joins the group around the fire. Grabbing a chair, he sets directly in front of Patrick.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Salah)

Salah lays on the ground, in the shade from the mountain. A gentle breeze blows as his breathing is raspy and fluid filled. The camera films as Salah slowly moves his arm, attempting to push himself off the ground. Gasping out in pain, Salah stops as he fails to move.

From off of camera, rocks are heard falling down the mountain side, and rushed footsteps are heard coming closer. Salah shakes as he tries to move, gasping he turns to see Nate rushing over.

Nate (Rushing up, out of breath)

"Holy fuck, Salah!...Aw shit...We got to get you out of here...You got to hang on bro...I got you..."

Salah (Right arm slowly waiving)

"Nn...nn...no..."

Nate ignores, and moves quickly to Salah, and scoops him up. Nate takes the "Go Pro" off of Salah and put it on. Salah screams out in pain as Nate throws Salah over his shoulder. Salah gasps out with each step as Nate begins hiking towards the camp.

Nate

"Hold on...hold on man...We're getting you the fuck out of here...just hold on..."

The camera speeds up as Nate carries Salah into the thick trees, and down a fresh beaten path.

Nate lumbers ahead, then stops unexpectedly, causing Salah to gasp.

Nate (Whispering)

"Sshh...We got movement ahead...it's not one of us...I ain't got shit for a shot...fuck..."

Nate slowly sets Salah down on the ground, and leans him against a tree, then puts the "Go Pro" back on Salah.

Nate (Whispering)

"Ok...hold on...I'm climbing this tree...I think I can get s clear shot...whatever it is...hasn't smelled or heard us...I think we're upwind...so just hold on a couple of minutes...I'm seeing if I can take a shot..."

Salah groans to himself, then looks over as Nate is seen walking over to a large tree. Nate throws his assault rifle over his shoulder, then begins climbing it slowly. Salah's head bobs as he tries to follow Nate up the tree, then falls towards his lap. Nate is heard off of camera climbing higher and higher, as

twigs and leaves are heard falling to the ground.

Salah slowly rises his head back up towards Nate, who has settled on a branch high up in the tree. Nate looks forward, then through his scope. Salah looks down, and in the direction. His head slowly bounces, but maintains a shot of the tree line ahead.

In the distant darkness, a tall figure moves in between trees; groaning and snapping trees as it lumbers along. It's deep breaths and snorts sound unreal, causing Salah to lean over to keep his shot.

Salah continues leaning over, and inadvertently snaps a twig. The figure stops moving, and Salah holds the shot on it as its head slowly swivels towards him. Salah's head bounces slightly, as he gasps.

Salah looks up to Nate, who is now looking in the opposite direction. Nate looks back towards the figure, then back. Salah slowly turns around, but the trees cover his vision. In the distance, a large tree shakes, then snaps. The loud crack causes Salah's head to jump back.

Salah begins to shake, then looks up to Nate as loud thumps come closer. Nate looks back down, wide eyed. Nate slowly shakes his head towards Salah, right before Salah is jerked hard across the ground. His grunt is heard, as the "Go Pro" falls from his head and lands facing upwards.

Nate hears the sounds of Salah screaming in pain and multiple inhuman noises are heard off of camera. From up in the tree Nate watches in frozen horror, as Salah's scream moves quickly in pitch until a loud knock is heard. Nate reacts, unable to look away, shaking his head in silent shock.

From off of camera, multiple thumps are heard all around walking in different directions. The sound of dragging across the ground is heard. Nate watches with his mouth open and gun in hand, his head looks around branches silently until nothing is heard but the wind.

Nate stays in tree, looking around in every direction, then back down to the camera. Nate is seen wide eyed and taking a deep breath, then looking directly at the camera. Nate stares into the camera, then looks around in silence without moving.

Time: 9:27 pm

From Mounted Camera

A figure is seen in the distance heading directly towards camp, as four figures are seen around the brightly lit campfire. The figure slowly gets closer and closer to camp.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Brittany captures Samir and Jeff setting close. Patrick sets back from the group with a "Go Pro" Camera

attached to his head.

Samir (Looking angry)

"Dude!...We've been waiting for HOURS!...What is going to take for you fucks to get it?!...They've been attacked and-"

Patrick (From off of camera)

"Speak of the devil!"

Brittany turns and captures Travis coming from the darkness. Travis barely acknowledges the groups as he drops his backpack then sets his rifle down.

Brittany looks from Travis, to Samir. Samir nods towards Brittany, then walks towards Travis.

Samir

"Hey man...we were SERIOUSLY going to give up on you guys..."

Travis (Squinting, then looking to Samir)

"Yeah...why in the fuck are you STILL HERE?!...Didn't Nate and Salah?...Did they?"

Travis looks around the group, a realization hits his face as Jeff and Samir are seen shaking their heads.

Travis (Looking around)

"Tell me you're fucking joking here!...NATE?!...SALAH?!"

Travis walks towards their tents in disbelief.

Jeff

"Trav-"

Samir

"Dude!...YOU are the ONLY ONE who came back!"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Travis stops, and turns around; his face is drained of confidence.

Travis (To the group)

"Fuuuck...ok...Whoever is leaving, tonight is not the time to go...If you want to go, then wait till first light...it's safer...Who's going and who's stayin?..."

Brittany

"Sam and I are leaving..."

Jeff

"I'm staying...till we find the guys...I don't give a shit about the film..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

Travis (Looking to Patrick)

"...College boy?..."

Patrick

"...I'm not going anywhere."

Travis (Smiling to himself)

"...My team...ok from now on "team", priority one; find Nate and Salah...just cause they're not back, don't mean they're dead...I want two man watches all night...we'll do four hour shifts...Pat, you and Jeff start out...I..I need to crash out for a bit..."

Travis begins to walk towards his tent, eyes heavy.

Patrick (Calling out to Travis)

"What's priority two?..."

Travis (Not looking back)

"...surviving."

Travis disappears inside his tent, and Brittany looks back to the group.

Samir (Watching Travis)

"He...seriously just going to sleep on us?"

Jeff (Watching Travis)

"Yu-up."

Patrick (From off of camera)

"You might want to do the same...Just cause you caused a mutiny on my film, doesn't mean you can't do something to help..."

Samir looks to Patrick, and doesn't offer a response. Samir turns and looks back to Brittany.

Samir

"Come on Britt...turn that fucking camera off..."

Samir bumps knuckles with Jeff, then walks away from the camp fire towards his tent. Brittany reaches up and turns off her camera.

From Mounted Camera

Brittany walks towards their tent, as Jeff and Patrick set around the camp fire, both with a gun in their hands.

The camera speeds up as Jeff and Patrick set around the fire, exchanging stories, standing to urinate, and then passing a smoking joint.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Jeff (Inhaling)

"...You gotta tell me...you GOTTA tell me...WHO was the guy?"

Patrick (Taking the joint)

"What...what guy?..."

Jeff (Exhaling a cloud of smoke)

"...Dude...you KNOW what "guy" I'm taking about...WHO was he?...How's come Jane didn't say shit about this "scout" ...DON'T lie...it's ME...I have JUST AS MUCH to lose if this bombs-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"It's NOT going to bomb!...Ok, I can't...Hold on...Is this still on?...Let me get this... (Patrick reaches up, and fumbles with the camera, without turning it off) ...Ok, he...his name is...Tyler Brooks...I've worked with him before...He's worked for a couple major studios as, location scout, scout supervisor, he's done special effects...and stuntman..."

Jeff (Reacts)

"Stuntman?...That seems like a stretch from-"

Patrick (Passes the joint in a hurry)

"Hey man, he's a "jack of all trades" ...and a great late acquisition for us, and the film..."

Jeff (Takes the joint, and eyes Patrick)

"So...what exactly are we paying him for again?"

Patrick

"He was supposed to come out here and get camp setup for us...wood, food, clean water...guy knows how to distill water...thought he would be the perfect "guy in the shadows" if you know what I mean..."

Jeff (Inhaling)

"No...no, I don't...and something tells me...if I knew, I would probably hate you even more..."

Patrick

"What?!...What do you mean?!"

Jeff

"...I don't believe your story about this "Tyler Brooks" character...I'm telling you, if I find out your lying to ME, right here, right now...after ALL this shit...I'm gonna knock your ass into next week..."

Patrick doesn't respond, but looks away. Jeff is seen eyeing Patrick, then nodding with an aggravated smile.

Jeff

"...Ok then..."

From Mounted Camera

The camera speeds up as Jeff and Patrick set in silence for hours around the camp fire, occasionally getting up to recharge the fire. The time speeds up to 1:30 am. Jeff gets up and walks over to Brittany and Samir's tent, then disappears inside.

Patrick is seen at the camp fire looking back to the tent. Patrick gets up and sneaks over to Samir's backpack, then fishes out Samir's gun. Patrick squats over the backpack, and looks over toward the tent as he turns the gun upside down. Little specs of light fall from the gun to the ground, and Patrick scoops them up immediately. Patrick puts the gun back inside the backpack and tosses the bullets into the darkness, then returns to his seat; facing the fire.

Jeff returns followed by Brittany. Samir comes out of his tent slowly, minutes later. Brittany immediately begins making coffee over the fire. Samir plops down in the chair, and Jeff drops the assault rifle in his up-expecting lap.

From "Go Pro" (Patrick)

Jeff massages Samir, then pats him on the back and walks towards his tent.

Jeff (Over his shoulder)

"5:30...Make sure Brittany wakes me...I wanna start my day seeing something beautiful..."

Samir (Not looking back)

"Hah-hah...It's gonna be ME buddy...a bearded, Indian man...sweet fucking dreams!"

Patrick (To Brittany)

"IF you guys get bored...and see if the mounted camera's red light goes off-"

Samir (Interrupting)

"We'll know it went dead...We don't work for you ANY-MORE!...After tonight, I NEVER want to see you again...We clear?"

Patrick looks at Samir for a couple of seconds before responding.

Patrick

"...Crystal."

Patrick looks from Samir, then over to Brittany; walking over, he takes his "Go Pro" off and positions it on one of the chairs.

From Mounted Camera

Patrick sets the camera down in the chair, then turns and walks to his tent without saying another word. Brittany and Samir watch without pity as Patrick disappears into his tent.

Samir gets up and walks towards the camera and picks it up.

Samir

"Remember what I said?...Fifteen min-"

The "Go Pro" camera goes black.

From Mounted Camera

Samir tosses the "Go Pro" camera back into the chair, and sets back in his chair. Brittany and Samir huddle around the camp fire, looking around the wilderness nervously.

The Mounted Camera speeds up and runs for another twelve minutes before powering down.

Time: 2:45 am

From "Go Pro" Camera (Brittany)

The camera powers on and the light illuminates in the middle of the wilderness. Samir is seen visibly upset.

Samir (Reacting to the light)

"Agh...Get the light out of my eyes!..."

Brittany (Moving the camera towards the ground)

"Sorry!"

Samir

"I TOLD you to NOT bring one of those...IF Pat finds it, he'll fucking say we're stealing equipment..."

Brittany

"Well, we needed SOMETHING!...I TOLD YOU to get new batteries!...It's not even recording!"

Samir

"I can use my flashlight app..."

Brittany (Turns the camera and blinds Samir)

"Really?...This light is just what we need...now...get us out of here..."

Brittany and Samir walk side by side as Brittany holds the "Go Pro" light towards the ground, looking left to right in swaying patterns. Samir is seen holding his gun in one hand, and his phone; with its white light outwards.

Brittany (Whispering)

"Sam, put your phone away...you're just going to lose it the second you hear something..."

The two struggle along the narrowly lit path, passing trees and walking into tall grass.

Brittany (Whispering)

"Sam...is this the way?"

Samir (Whispering)

"Yeah...well...this is the way Nate and I took...We gotta go up this set of hills...Stay away from the downed branches..."

Samir leads Brittany up the set of hills, and around a set of trees. The two walk in silence, until a large branch snaps from behind them. They both stop and Brittany slowly looks to Samir, then back behind them. Surrounded by trees, the light makes shadows from the branches.

From deep within the trees, a large dark figure is seen stepping back away from the light.

Samir (whispering from off of camera)

"Brittany...RUN! RUN!"

Brittany and Samir take off running, their rushed steps break branches and crunch leaves. Their breaths are heard and the camera shakes as they pass trees in the darkness. They continue to run, and the light causes a shadow effect on everything around them.

Brittany and Samir stop and look around confused, as repeated thumps are heard approaching from the darkness. Samir stops and turns towards the noise, pulling his gun upwards.

Samir

"Brittany!...Give me light!..."

Brittany shines the light at Samir, which causes him to scream out. Brittany moves the camera towards the noises. From the darkness, a sound of a large branch snapping is heard.

Brittany and Samir hold their position, looking around; their stuttering breaths are captured off of camera. Brittany slowly pans the camera around in the eerie silence, as Samir follows her with his gun. From off of camera, a large grunt is heard, followed by four repeated clicks from off of camera. Brittany begins to shake as she looks towards Samir.

Brittany

"Sa-Sa-Sam?!"

Samir (Looking at his gun confused)

"My fucking gun!...It's empty!...Give me your gu-"

Samir is suddenly thrust out of the shot, as something large comes into frame and causes Brittany to jump back in horror.

Brittany

"SAM!!...SAM!!...SAM?!...WHERE ARE YOU?!"

Brittany pans the camera around, as she gasps and begins to sob uncontrollably. Brittany pans the camera across the ground, and captures Samir's left leg. Brittany runs over to Samir, who is on his back. His body lays twisted, and openly bleeds from his head.

Brittany

"SAM!!...SAM!!...Oh my god, oh my god, SAM!...Talk to me baby, come on, come on..."

Brittany pulls Samir into her arms, his eyes stare straight ahead, and he offers no movement.

Brittany (Openly sobbing)

"Oh my god Sam, oh my god!..."

Brittany holds Samir in her arms, and rocks back and forth as she weeps openly.

Brittany (Openly sobbing)

"Sam NO!...Sam come on!...You have to get me out of here!...We have to get out of here!..."

Samir offers no response and Brittany, begins to quiet her weeping. Brittany slowly looks up and around in the dark wilderness. Her shakes makes the camera blur as she looks around, surrounded by massive trees.

After a moment, a large grunt is heard from off of camera. Brittany jumps up and starts to run away, then trips and falls over a massive bloody branch. The "Go Pro" Camera falls from her head as she scrambles to her feet.

As the camera settles to the ground, Brittany is seen scrambling up and running away from camera. A couple of seconds later, loud thumps rattle the ground and shake the camera as they come close and pass by.

Off of camera Brittany is heard running and sobbing, then screams out in pain as thumps reach her and stop. Brittany lets out a blood curdling scream, then goes silent after a large crack echoes in the darkness. The thumps are heard off of camera going further away. The camera continues to film in the grass, the bloody branch, and Samir's right arm for another seven minutes, before Samir is drug off of camera by an unseen force. The camera continues filming the bloody branch for another one hour and thirteen minutes before powering off.

Day 4

Monday, June 16th, 2014

Time: 5:32 am

From "Go Pro" Camera (Nate)

The camera films upwards before daybreak as Nate sleeps in the tree. The sun comes over the mountain, as Nate's rifle shifts; causing his eyes to open. Nate slowly blinks his eyes open and looks around, then down to the camera. Nate stares down to the camera, then around.

Nate starts climbing down, looking towards the camera as he descends. Nate stops then jumps backwards and comes crashing down onto the camera. The "Go Pro" turns from static to black.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick turns the camera on and fashions it to his head. Looking around the camp, Patrick walks over to

Samir's tent.

Patrick (Calling out)

"Sam?...Brittany?...Guys...GUYS!...Wake up!...We're missing Sam and Brittany!...Guys!..."

Patrick runs over to Jeff and Travis's tents. Jeff unzips his door first and emerges with gun in hand.

Travis (From inside his tent)

"No-No-No-No-No-No-No-No-No! (Travis emerges from his tent, rifle in hand)...God-DAMIT!...STU-PID MOTHER-FUCKERS!"

Travis storms over to Brittany and Samir's tent, and destroys the tent in a fit of rage. Jeff and Patrick stand back, saying nothing.

Travis (Destroying the tent)

"STUPID-STUPID-GOD-DAM-FUCKING-MOTHER-FUCKING-CIVI'S!"

Travis stomps the tent into the ground and turns around, still filled with rage.

Patrick

"May...maybe they didn't LEAVE...but were TAKEN..."

Travis (Looks around before responding)

"...Yeah, maybe...but WHERE'S their backpacks, "Sherlock"?..."

Travis doesn't wait for a response, walking away from the destroyed tent. Patrick looks to Jeff, who looks over and rushes to catch up to Travis. Patrick follows, capturing the conversation.

Jeff

"So...what's...what's the plan, boss?"

Travis (Not looking back)

"Good fucking question...I don't think Nate and Salah are dead...and I'm definitely not leaving without finding em..."

Jeff looks back to Patrick hesitantly, then jogs to keep pace. Travis walks back towards his tent, and disappears inside.

Jeff (Stopping outside)

"So...what about us?"

Travis (Coming out with his backpack)

"Well...you two are going to get the fuck out of here...take the keys..."

Jeff

"How are YOU going to get out of here?"

Travis (Stops and turns back)

"You don't think I can't hot-wire a fuckin-Chevy?!...You know, I actually LIKED you...you are now one rung above Patty, congrats on that..."

Travis moves past, loading his backpack with food, water and the team's first aid kit. Jeff and Patrick watch in silence, until Travis looks back.

Travis

"What are you two doing?!...Get your shit, get the fuck out of here!...Your film is fucked, college boy..."

Patrick watches as Travis throws his backpack over his shoulder then grabs his rifle.

Travis

"BOYS!...Vehicles are THAT way (Travis looks back in annoyance)...GET-THE FUCK-OUT of here!"

Travis doesn't wait for a response, walking away from camp towards the mountain. Patrick holds the shot on Travis as he heads away.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Come on man...let's get our shit...get out of here..."

Patrick (Still holding the shot on Travis)

"My...film..."

Patrick turns around to see Jeff looking back from his tent.

Jeff

"I know...what do you need me to take?...I mean, we don't need the food...or the tents..."

Patrick (Looking around)

"Ahh...the cameras, and equipment...my tent...my stuff..."

Jeff (Interrupting)

"Dude!...We're LEAVING!...I'll carry some of the cameras and equipment, but NOT your shit!...Hah-hah-hah!...You fucking kidding me?!...LEAVE the tent and shit!...Vera fucking paid for it anyway...TAKE-ONLY-WHAT-WE-NEED!...Go grab that hard cam and let's go!"

Patrick

"Wait!...Can...we...search for the other camera?"

Jeff (Rolling his eyes)

"Fuck no!...It could be around here anywhere... (Walking into his tent) ...FIVE-minutes!...Get your shit or I'm leaving your ass here!"

The film speeds up as Patrick begins loading his equipment, then fetches the now dead mounted camera just outside of camp, and meets back up with Jeff; who squats over a electronics tub. Jeff loads up as much as his backpack will hold, and looks up to Patrick.

Jeff

"We ready?"

Patrick takes one last look around the camp. Taking it in, Patrick is heard sighing to himself as he looks back to Jeff.

Patrick

"Yeah...god..."

The camera speeds up as the two make their way away from camp, walking together into the surrounding valley.

From Sony Camera (Travis)

The camera turns on and begins recording as Travis looks it over with a confused look on his face. Travis spins the camera around the valley, in the distance the camp is barely visible, surrounded by the three upside down trees.

Travis

"Hey little buddy, how'd you get out here?...Where's your tripod, eh?"

Travis looks around the tall grass, then turns back towards the mountain side and surrounding forest. Travis begins walking towards the mountain, still panning the camera around. In the distance, something shiny on the ground gets his attention; and he heads directly for it.

As he comes closer, the remains of the tripod become visible, as two of its legs are bent in a grotesque manner. Travis comes closer, and squats over it, filming in confusion.

Travis

"What...the fuck?"

Travis sets the camera down facing the tripod, and picks it up. Travis is heard breaking the bent legs off, and tossing the remains on camera into the tall grass. Travis grabs the camera and spins the tripod onto its base, then shoves the tripod in between his back and the backpack. The camera tilts, but rests looking over his right shoulder, and Travis stretches around making sure it's steady before continuing his walk towards the mountain.

Travis

"There you go Patty...going to go ahead and get my death for your fucking film...you BETTER fucking make sure you get this, and my family gets paid...fucking dick-nose..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Time: 6:30 am

The camera jumps to Jeff and Patrick, as they make their way through the tall grass and into the forest. They walk along a fresh trail, Patrick jogs ahead and heads towards a tree mounted camera. Jeff continues walking past as Patrick opens the casing and takes the camera out.

Patrick (Jogging up to Jeff)

"Looks like we got a lot of pics...I won't be able to tell if we got anything good until we're on the road."

Jeff (Not looking back)

"Oh...so I'm driving then, huh?"

Patrick (Looking from the camera then around)

"Well, at some point...yeah...but I mean, first we gotta call the cops...Jane...oh fuck...she is going to be PISSED!...You know how much this little camping trip cost Vera?!"

Jeff

"Don't really care guy...not my money."

Patrick

"One-hundred-THOUSAND!...I'm fuckin ruined in L.A....I won't be working much after this fucking DISASTER!... (Screaming out) ...ARGGGGGHH!! FUUUCK YOOOU!! YOU FUCKING HAIRBALL PIECES OF SHIT!"

Jeff (Stops to look back to Patrick)

"That's it, get it out...Come on girl...we got a long walk ahead of us..."

From Sony Camera

Travis makes his way through the trees and stops, hearing something come towards him. Travis raises

his rifle as he takes a knee. Coming through the branches and brush, Nate stops and raises his hands.

Nate

"Don't shoot...just me."

Travis (Lowering the rifle, and sighing)

"Ahhh shit, you almost got a lead breakfast guy...Where's Salah?!"

Nate's face drops and he looks around the ground searching for an answer. Nate sets his backpack down, and begins opening it.

Nate

"Last night...I was coming down the mountain...saw one of them...ape, Sasquatch, whatever you wanna fucking call them..."

Nate pulls out a cigarette and lights it. Taking a large inhale, Nate looks around before continuing.

Nate

"...Took the shot, hit it...I couldn't see, but gave it chase, found Salah at the bottom of the mountain, he looked like shit...Like he'd been thrown from about twenty feet up...I got him up, and tried making it back to camp...We get about mile, maybe two...I heard something ahead of us, so I set him down to get a shot..."

Nate looks down, shaking his head and hesitates, taking a couple drags before looking up.

Travis

"Is there a chance he's still alive?!...Nate?!"

Nate (Looking past Travis)

"No. I climbed a tree to take a shot...was about fifteen-twenty feet up...then another one of them came...I...I didn't...have time to react, I...I had no shot...before I knew it we were fucking surrounded by them...I took a shot, and he was taken...I...I had no move, before he...was gone. Before I could do anything, one of them...bounced his head off a tree...so I stayed...up in that tree...like a fucking coward..."

Travis

"No, stop that shit right there...you are alive. That's all that matters...besides, we can always do more damage when you're alive...I'm taking it, you didn't get any of the C-4?"

Nate

"No...I was up all night in the tree...I grabbed this, but it's worthless...It was on Salah...when he was..."

Nate reaches in and pulls out the broken pieces of the camera. Showing it to Travis, he hands it over.

Travis (Sighing)

"Hmmm...it got power?"

Nate

"Nope...Pretty much paper weight now."

Travis

"Fuck it...throw it back in...IF we survive this, Patty can deal with it...Come on, we're rounding up that C-4."

Nate

"...And?"

Travis (Looking around)

"...And we're sealing that shit-hole off to the outside world..."

Nate turns and looks to the mountain, then back to Travis.

Nate

"So...a suicide mission then?"

Travis (Looking to Nate)

"...Aren't they all?...Now C-4, which way?"

Nate exhales a cloud of smoke and points off of camera.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Time: 8:07 am

Patrick walks up to another camera mount, as he comes closer; it appears crooked and barely hanging from the tree. Patrick begins jogging to the damaged camera mount, and pries open its bent door. It swings empty, and Patrick shakes his head, still focused on the empty mount.

Patrick

"No, no, no, no!!...Whaat the fuuck?!...Its missing! I can't fucking believe that!...Jeff!"

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Nothing surprises me out here...forget it...you still have another...cross your fingers."

Patrick looks from the mount to Jeff, then rips the mount from the tree. Patrick throws it into the brush.

Patrick
"FUUCK!!!"

Jeff (From off of camera)
"Let it go...come on...were reaching those vehicles by noon..."

Patrick
"Dude...I REALLY...You...you don't know HOW-BAD I NEEDED this film!...I'm so fucked!..."

Jeff
"I thought-"

Patrick (Begins walking)
"Yeah, yeah, yeah...that's the past...L.A. is all about what are you doing NOW!...And NOW I'm left with explaining six missing people, one hundred grand down the drain, and literally NOTHING for post!"

Jeff (Following)
"Six people?"

Patrick
"I'm including Tyler...the stuntman."

Jeff
"Yeah, ABOUT HIM...You keep ducking WHY exactly he was out here, and no one but you knew."

Patrick
"Dude, I told you...He was here scouting-"

Jeff (Interrupting)
"BULLSHIT!...Fucking come off it!...Brittany said ALL THREE bags were FULL!...We get there, and the third is empty...What the FUCK was in THAT backpack?!...NO MORE FUCKING LIES!"

Patrick continues to walk, then stops and turns back to Jeff; who stands ten feet back.

Jeff
"Your poker face sucks dick at eatin-pussy...Out with it!"

From Sony Handheld Camera

Nate and Travis walk out of the forest and into an open valley, the camp is barely visible in the distance.

The two make their way along the edge of the tree line. Nate looks up and silently points over his right shoulder without looking back. Travis looks up, and barely visible, a fishing line sways in the breeze above him.

The two walk with the fishing line to a tree. Nate silently climbs the tree and maneuvers around the fishing line. Travis watches from the ground as Nate climbs above him, then disarms the C-4 and hands it down.

Travis (Looking around)
"How many more?"

Nate (From off of camera)
"Two..."

Nate is heard climbing back down, then landing with a thud; as Travis packs the C-4 in its case and into his backpack.

Travis (Not looking back)
"We good?"

Nate (From off of camera)
"Yup."

Travis looks around, then points up towards a barely visible fishing line. The two walk in silence, Nate is seen scanning from left to right. In the distance, the camp becomes more visible.

An outcropping of trees come closer, as the valley splits into a fork. Travis looks off to the right as they continue towards the trees.

Travis
"You check that way?"

Nate (Looking over)
"Nope...Didn't venture that far...Didn't like the way it looked."

Travis
"Pretty sure, in the first film, that's where the last two died in the night..."

Nate (Looks over then back to Travis)
"What are you trying to tell me?...We headed that way, or something?"

Travis

"Nah...Wh-What the...FUCK is that?"

Travis points to an object in the tall grass ahead of them covered by broken branches. Nate looks in the direction and the two come close, the pile of branches becoming larger.

Nate

"What..."

Travis doesn't respond as he begins throwing the branches off of the buried object. The pile disappears, and a strange military gunny suit becomes clear, brown fur covers it.

Nate

"...the fuck?!"

Travis continues clearing the branches, as the gunny suit lays folded over a pair of drywall stilts. On the ground, a pair of large feet molds. Travis looks over to Nate, who stares blankly downward as he puts a cigarette to his mouth.

Travis picks up the gunny suit and holds it up for the camera. Nate picks up one of the stilts and eyes it as he lights his cigarette. A gorilla mask falls to the ground from the gunny suit and lands in between them. Nate and Travis silently look from the ground, then to each other.

Nate

"...Does this mean what I think it does?"

Travis squats down, dropping the gunny suit and grabbing the mask. Travis holds the mask up for the camera.

Travis

"See this Patrick?...THIS is us finding out that YOU, AND Jane, and Vera Media tried to pull a fucking hoax...too fucking bad people had to die for your bullshit film..."

Nate

"So...?"

Travis (Looking over to Nate)

"Jane...sent this fucking stooge in ahead of us, we found his bags at camp when we first got here...Patrick fucking KNEW-IT!...And he took the bags and played it off as some random fans from the film...That slimy little shit, AWWWW!!...I can't-wait to see that...ARRGGG!...I'm gonna fucking put a bullet in each of his feet, and leave him!"

Nate

"Aren't they gone by now?...We still got shit to do and-"

Travis

"You think a chubby comic geek and a skinny ivy league kid gonna be able to hike twenty-fucking-miles?!...Are you KIDDING me right now, dude?!..I'll bet my payday those two didn't get two miles before Patty heard something and went back to camp to wait for us!..."

Nate

"So, we headed back to camp or what?"

Travis

"Negative...We're gonna clear these last couple of charges...We still have time to get up to the mouth of that cave, and seal it...THEN we'll head for civilization...Jane AND Patrick are going to pay for this...Come on, let's get going, we got a lot of shit to do before we get to ruin their precious little film."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick walks through trees along a fresh trail.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"So, just sticking to your original BULL-SHIT story then?...Em-Kay...just continue thinking you have the wool pulled over my eyes...apparently my opinion doesn't matter-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"Just cause you believe EVERYTHING is a conspiracy, does NOT mean it is...I'm NOT saying this again!...YES, we sent a fucking STUNT-MAN out here to scout...he's also a producer, which means he's working WITH-US, not AGAINST us-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"I didn't fucking say, he's working against us!...I'm QUESTIONING your "story" ...I think, I BELIEVE you are LYING about the REAL reason we have a "secret producer", that ONLY YOU knew about!"

Patrick

"REAL-REASON...How many fucking films have YOU been a part of?!...None?...That's right, things get decided without the LITTLE COGS getting to know about it, EVERY-DAY!...It's called "LIFE"!...Get over it!...And YES, YOU are a LITTLE COG in this...YOU are pretty much a glorified actor, one that can be edited out if need be...Your story ONLY MATTERS if I think it does...We can shoot this WITHOUT you...You think the "Routt" fans even KNOW you exist?!...Do you think they will EVEN-CARE?!"

Jeff

"Do YOU think YOU can't fucking be replaced?!...Fucking lying sack of shit!...Directors are a fucking dime a dozen, and what have YOU done that makes Vera THINK you are the fucking end-all to capturing

Bigfoot?!...Fucking WE, meaning I, OWN the rights to "YOUR-LITTLE sequel"...And you want to ACT like big-shit when it truth, you're a SCARED-LITTLE-BOY out here!...You MAY-BE big shit in L.A., but LOOK-AROUND!...You are OUT-of-your-element, Donnie...If you don't pull your fucking head out of your ass, you won't make it out of here!"

The two walk in silence, for minute. Crunching leaves and branches are heard as they continue walking.

Jeff (To himself, off of camera)

"Fucking STUNT-man..."

The time is sped up as Jeff and Patrick make their way through the forest and into a clearing. In front of them rests the tree on its side. A trail of littered limbs and gashes in the ground lead to it on the far side. They make their way over to the tree mounted camera facing the tree and the far off crater in the ground.

Patrick (Looking to Jeff)

"Would you mind...wearing this for a bit?"

Jeff looks at Patrick for a moment, before silently extending his hand. Jeff takes his Padres hat off and wipes his forehead as Patrick takes off the "Go Pro" camera and hands it over. The camera films sideways as Jeff takes it and then adjusts it. Jeff adjusts it once more, then watches Patrick head over to the tree mounted camera.

Jeff silently scans the area surrounding them, surrounding in each direction by the trees. The sun begins to openly shine and a small breeze picks up, as Patrick retrieves the camera.

Patrick walks from the tree, focused on the camera.

Patrick (Looking to the camera)

"Nice...Can we take a break...My legs are killing me."

Jeff (Fatigued)

"Yeah...I'm rockin a piss..."

Patrick sets down, and barely acknowledges, shading his eyes from the sun, he looks to the camera. Jeff walks ten feet away, and turns away from Patrick. Jeff looks around the surrounding tree line, as a fluid is heard hitting the ground. Jeff sighs and continues to pan around.

In mid stream, a movement in the distance stops the camera. Jeff holds the shot on the trees, as something small is seen hanging from a branch. The small creature swings down to another branch, and causes movement in the branches. Leaves are seen falling in the distance.

Jeff

"Pat..."

To the creatures right, something larger moves fast on the ground in between trees. Jeff cuts off the stream, and zips up his pants, keeping the camera on the movement.

Jeff (More urgency)

"Pat!...Breaks OVER!...We're MOVING!...NOW!"

Jeff captures another large creature moving in the distance behind the first two. No waiting, Jeff turns and runs towards Patrick.

Jeff

"RUN! GO-GO-GO!"

Patrick looks up shocked, and freezes as Jeff rushes up. Jeff pulls Patrick to his feet, and continues running. Patrick is heard in the background with his backpack, then runs to catch up.

Patrick (From off of camera)

"JEFF!...WAIT!...JEFF!"

Jeff slows down near the tree line, and turns around to see Patrick running to catch up to him. Jeff turns and looks towards the far tree line, then frantically around. Patrick catches up, out of breath.

Patrick

"What...what the fuck, man?!"

Jeff continues panning the camera from right to left, searching for movement in the surrounding forest.

Jeff

"We...we got to-"

From off of camera, ear piercing screams flood the valley and come from different directions. Patrick freezes, as Jeff reacts.

Jeff (Turning to run)

"GO!"

Jeff takes off sprinting, as branches block his way. Patrick is heard, right behind, crunching twigs and leaves as the two run frantically through the forest.

Jeff (Holding his arms up to block branches as he runs)

"COME ON!...THIS WAY!"

Jeff and Patrick run through a patch of trees and into an opening with a hill on the far side. Jeff and Patrick continue running up the sloping hill, their breathing becomes harder as they climb. Patrick passes Jeff as they climb the hill, and Jeff begins to struggle and slow.

Jeff

"Heh-heh-heh...Pat...Heh-heh..."

Patrick doesn't look back as he continues slowly running up the hill. From behind a tree a crack echoes around them. Jeff reacts by groaning out in agony, but tries to push himself as Patrick gets further and further away from him.

Jeff (Gasping)

"Heh-heh-heh...fuck!...heh-heh-heh"

Patrick reaches the top of the hill and continues without stopping or turning back.

Jeff

"Pat!...Heh-heh-heh...Fuck-fuck-fuck!...Heh-heh-heh..."

From directly behind, a loud roar begins and continues to flood the area as Jeff reaches the top of the hill. Exhausted and out of breath, Jeff slumps to his knees. His head bobs as he hyperventilates, pulling out his revolver he slowly turns back around.

Jeff holds the gun towards the bottom of the hill, still gasping and shaking. The camera films downward, and slowly pans around the area. Nothing seems out of the ordinary, no trees are damaged, no creatures in sight.

Jeff (Still gasping)

"Heh-heh...What...what the fu...fuck...heh-heh..."

Jeff slowly stands still gasping, and begins slowly panning the camera around the surrounding valley. The surrounding area is peaceful and birds chirp in the distance.

Jeff

"Heh-heh-heh...Where the...Pat?...Pat! PAT!"

Jeff turns and looks behind him, standing alone; he looks around quickly. Jeff takes one last look down the hill behind him, seeing nothing he turns his attention back to Patrick's direction.

Jeff looks around as he begins to jog without direction.

Jeff (Looking around desperately)

"Pat?...Patrick?...Dickhead?"

Jeff jogs towards a clearing past an area of trees. In the distance the "Iowa 5's" destroyed 4Runner. Patrick squats, drinking from his canteen.

Jeff stops, at the sight of Patrick. Shaking his head, Jeff begins walking towards Patrick and the destroyed vehicle.

Jeff (Yelling out)

"THANKS for LEAVING ME BACK THERE!...YEAH, DON'T WORRY...I'M ALIVE!"

Patrick looks up and around ashamed, without responding. Jeff continues to walk towards Patrick.

Patrick (Standing to face Jeff)

"Hey...man...I...I thought you were right behind me...I-"

Jeff (Interrupting as he walks up)

"Save your fucking words...Next lie, I'm turning the camera off and beating you till you can't walk..."

Jeff walks up to Patrick and the camera shakes then flies through the air, landing in Patrick's lap. The camera moves and catches Jeff, walking past, without stopping.

Jeff (Not looking back)

"Here...Your turn."

Patrick turns the camera to capture Jeff continue past, then jogs to catch up.

From Sony Handheld Camera (Travis)

Travis is heard zipping his pants, then turns around, facing a tree with Nate ten feet above him. He walks up as Nate lets the fishing line go free in the wind. Travis gets close and takes the C-4 as Nate carefully hands it down.

Travis squats down and places the C-4 in its case as Nate is heard jumping down and landing next to him.

Travis (Setting the case in his backpack)

"That's it, right?"

Nate (From off of camera)

"Yup."

Travis latches the backpack, and slowly slips it through his shoulders and onto his back.

Nate (From off of camera)

"This the big finale then?"

Travis (Looking around, then towards the mountain)

"Yup...You ready?"

Travis turns to capture Nate, a smoking cigarette hanging from his mouth. Nate holds his right hand to his eyes, shading them from the sun as he squints towards the mountain.

Nate

"Let's fucking do it...You think maybe, we could just GIVE Patrick to the squatches?...Offer em up for safe passage outta here, you know...a sacrifice, hah-hah...Get two birds stoned at once and all..."

Travis (Looking around)

"Yeah, no...Don't think its gonna work like that bud."

Nate smiles to himself as Travis stands and begins walking towards the mountain. Time speeds up as the two hike through an open field and into small patch of forest. They trek through thick forest, over a small stream, and back into a clearing at the base of the mountain.

Nate leads Travis as they begin the slow journey upwards. Travis occasionally looks down, filming loose rock and dry, dusty dirt. Their steps upward, cause little puffs of dust to fly around them as they move. Nate moves quickly to a landing, and waits, standing upright with his rifle ready; he scans the horizon as Travis gets close.

The two pause momentarily in exhausted silence then continue their upward climb. Travis continues looking upwards, as he follows Nate. As they reach a summit, Travis pans over and captures the area where Dave was attacked.

Nate (From off of camera)

"We ain't doing ourselves any favors thinking about him, boss...We-"

Travis (Interrupting)

"Ten-four"

Nate

"We-"

Travis

"Ten-fucking-four!"

Nate stops with his back to Travis, looking up then around without looking back. Nate resumes walking without response.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick follows Jeff as they walk single file away from each other. Jeff barely looks back as the distance between them slowly gets larger. Patrick walks faster, trying to keep up with Jeff.

Patrick

"Jeff...heh-heh-heh...you wanna...slow down?"

Jeff (Calling over his shoulder)

"Oh!...You don't like getting LEFT-BEHIND?!...Neither did I!...YOU can pick up the pace...getting lapped by a fat-boy..."

Patrick (Jogging to catch up)

"Can...heh-heh...can we...take a break for a sec...heh-heh-heh...I need some water..."

Jeff (Not looking back)

"Heh-heh-heh...Sure! Yeah!...YOU can take a break whenever you want...I'M not stopping till we hit those fucking Escalades...heh-heh...And I hear that engine running..."

Patrick stops, gasping for air he bends over and takes deep breaths.

Patrick

"Heh-heh-heh...I'm not...I'm not...heh-heh...going to make it if we don't stop...heh-heh-heh...I NEED a minute..."

Patrick bends over and begins coughing, and hacking up saliva. Jeff is seen in the distance stopping and turning around annoyed.

Jeff (In disbelief)

"Je-sus man!...We're ALMOST THERE!...Man the fuck up!...I outweigh you by AT-LEAST forty pounds!...How can you be so out of shape?!...You have like NO-FAT on you!"

Patrick (Trying to catch his breath)

"Heh-heh...Fuck you!...Heh-heh-heh..."

Jeff watches in disbelief as Patrick sets down on the ground.

Jeff

"Are you KIDDING ME?!...Pat, GET THE FUCK UP!...We DON'T have time for this!...There were THREE of those things fucking following us just a mile back!...You don't think we have a SAFE PASSAGE, do you?!...We're NOT out of here, YET!...Now, COME-ON!"

Patrick (Looks down, still gasping for air)

"Heh-heh-heh...Just...just give...give me a sec...Heh-heh-heh..."

Patrick holds his hand up, with one finger extended. Jeff rolls his eyes and turns away in disgust. Jeff kicks a rock away in anger, as Patrick continues breathing hard.

Patrick

"Heh-heh-heh...I...I just can't...heh-heh...catch my breath..."

Jeff shakes his head with his back to Patrick, and puts his hands on his hips.

Patrick

"Heh-heh-heh...Look man, I-"

Patrick is interrupted by a loud, un-human like roar. The sound originates just off of camera, and Patrick quickly looks towards it. Patrick scans the surroundings, as the roar finally quiets.

Patrick is heard gasping little scared breaths as the camera pans around. Patrick looks over to Jeff, who is storming his way towards Patrick.

Jeff (Walking towards Patrick, and grabbing his arm)

"Come on!...THAT was close enough!..."

Jeff pulls Patrick to his feet, and the two begin jogging away from the sound. In the distance, off of camera, a tree cracks and echoes around them. Branches are heard snapping, followed by a large thump as the two pick up their pace, and move away in a hurry.

The two continue to jog over branches and leaves, as another loud roar picks up and floods the air. Another roar matches the first, and continues its call as the first is quieted.

Jeff and Patrick begin running out of breath, as another loud roar comes from another direction. The sounds spooks Patrick, causing him to react with an uncensored moan.

The two jog through a patch of trees and around an off road trail. The roars continue to come from different directions. One from their direct left causes both of them to sprint blindly down the fresh trail.

Their running and pained moans are heard over crunching leaves and branches. Jeff takes the lead, and

looks in every direction as a familiar looking hill is seen in the distance. Jeff doesn't look back as a sound of a large knock is heard close.

A loud ear-piercing scream screeches all around them, causing them both to panic and run even faster, out of breath. The camera shakes hard as Patrick runs as hard as he can. Gasping and choking, he watches the distance between them gets larger and larger.

Patrick (Gasping)

"Heh-heh-heh...JEFF!...JEFF!...Heh-heh-heh..."

Jeff continues running as the sounds of branches breaking are heard coming from all over. Patrick trips and stumbles, continuing to run behind Jeff.

Another loud knock is heard off to his right, and Patrick looks over quickly as he continues running. The camera blurs with the quick glance, but captures the silhouette of a large figure in the trees. In the quick shot, something long and skinny is in its clutches.

Patrick

"FUCK!...Heh-heh-heh...JEFF!...Heh-heh-heh...FUCK-FUCK!"

Patrick looks forward and sees Jeff running ahead of him, nearing the hill. Patrick slowly catches back up to Jeff; running a few feet away from him, as another loud knock is heard to his left.

Patrick looks momentarily to his left and captures another large silhouette in the trees. The camera shakes and blurs as Patrick gasps and runs harder. The two come closer to the hill, as large rocks begin falling into the shot. All around them, rocks land and whiz by as they continue sprinting out of breath.

An enormous rock lands with a thud in the shot, close to Patrick; which causes him to juke right. The sound of multiple thumps litter the ground all around them. Patrick, still sprinting, looks back in a hurry, but the camera blurs out of focus, until he turns back forward. The camera regains its focus on Jeff as the two reach the hill, and collapse on the ground; gasping for air.

Patrick, breathing so hard the camera moves with each breath; looks back behind them. The ground is littered with what looks to be hundreds of softball sized rocks. The two gasp and choke as Patrick pans the camera around their surroundings.

The forest is empty and quiet, only the large rocks stick out; covering the path they just ran. Patrick continues to film from the ground, as they try to get air. Patrick pans around their surroundings in confusion, Jeff is seen holding his gun towards the rocks.

Patrick (Gasping and whispering)

"Heh-heh-heh...what...the fuck?!...Heh-heh-heh...WHAT was THAT?!"

Jeff (Looking around confused)

"Heh-heh-heh...I...I...don't know...It's like they were pushing us out...heh-heh-heh...Aw, fuck...heh-heh-heh..."

Patrick slowly gets to his feet, and films the rocks behind them. Patrick looks over to a rock close, and staggers over to it. Patrick bends over and attempts to pick up the rock with one hand. The rock falls to the ground with a small thump, and Patrick stands back.

Patrick (Looking from the rock to Jeff)

"Heh-heh...That weighs...like...twenty pounds!...Heh-heh...JE-SUS!"

Jeff slowly gets to his feet, and bends over with his hat in hand.

Jeff (Bent over)

"I...I don't think...they were trying to hit us...I think...Heh-heh-heh...I think they're telling us to leave...Heh-heh-heh...Look, all those rocks...scattered all over...They're pushing us towards the Escalades..."

Patrick (Looking back to the area covered in rocks)

"...Or towards a trap..."

Jeff looks up to Patrick, then around in frustration. The two rest for a minute catching their breaths, with guns drawn. Patrick looks around the peaceful forest as nothing moves or makes a sound. The forest is so quiet, only their scared breaths are heard on the camera.

Patrick (Whispering, while panning the camera around)

"Jesus...it's SO quiet..."

Jeff (Standing and whispering)

"Come on...it's let us get away twice now...We shouldn't push it..."

Patrick (Looking up to Jeff)

"Yeah...yeah, yeah..."

Patrick rises to his feet, still looking around the surrounding trees. Patrick turns and follows Jeff, as they begin to walk around the large hill.

Jeff (Turning around)

"They're right behind this hill right?...I DIDN'T smoke that away too, did I?"

Patrick (Looking towards the hill)

"No...THIS is it...I'm dead positive..."

Jeff and Patrick come around the hill and see the "Iowa 5's" rusted out 4Runner. Patrick is heard sighing in quiet relief at the sight. The two continue past the shrine, as Jeff stares in its direction.

Patrick

"You wanna...stop?"

Jeff (Looking forward)

"Nope...What, you wanna get ANOTHER shot of me mourning?"

Patrick

"Well...can we?"

Jeff (Not looking back)

"Nope...I'm out of here...FUCK this film!...FUCK this place!...And FUCK L.A. and ALL it's lies!"

Patrick (Hesitating)

"Wh...What's that supposed to mean?"

Jeff (Looking directly at Patrick)

"It MEANS, FUCK YOU Jane, FUCK YOU Vera, and ESPECIALLY FUCK YOU Patrick!...You lie to get me out here, you lie about this "secret producer" bullshit!...This WHOLE "Routt" film series is fucking LIES!...You know it, and I know it!..."

Jeff begins to walk faster, leaving Patrick behind.

Jeff (To himself)

"...What's THAT supposed to mean!..."

From Sony Handheld Camera

Time: 11:37 am

The camera films upwards as Nate reaches the top of the summit, and looks back down. Travis slowly makes his way up, as Nate starts to look impatient.

Nate (Calling down)

"You're getting slow, old man!...Give me that fucking camera..."

Travis (Making his way to Nate)

"Why?...Heh-heh...So you can throw it?!"

Nate (Looking away)

"Well, I'm pretty sure we don't need to be filmed setting off explosives in a national forest...Might be some repercussions-"

Travis (Mockingly)

"No, No!...They're ok with it...I put it on the itinerary...Vera knows..."

Nate laughs to himself, then holds his hand out for Travis to pull up with. Travis reaches the summit, and pulls himself up.

The camera spins and lifts, coming off of Travis.

Travis (Confused)

"What?"

Nate takes the camera and tripod, stuffing it in between his back and bag. The camera shifts, and is adjusted to an upright position. Nate turns to his right, and captures Travis checking it to make sure it stays.

Nate

"We good?...Time for you to be the star of this disaster..."

Travis (Looking around)

"Yup, yup...Fucking do it..."

Nate follows Travis as the two make their way towards the cave. Time is sped up as they make their way through a thick cropping of trees, branches and over rough terrain. The sun shines brightly as they come out of the shade of trees, and both stop when they face the mouth of the cave less than twenty feet away.

Nate stays back from Travis, as he looks around; then takes his backpack off and sets it down. Travis begins unpacking the C-4 case, setting it next to him on the ground.

Travis (Looking towards the mouth of the cave)

"Grab a protein bar and take a knee...we need to be ready for this...We want it sealed for GOOD...we're gonna have to set them a good twenty feet in...And be able to clear out before we pull it..."

Travis pulls out his canteen and sips from it as Nate pulls out two cigarettes, offering one to Travis. Travis looks up and comes over, taking it with a smile. The two walk together away from the backpacks a light up.

Travis

"Gra-ci..."

The two smoke their cigarettes while sharing a protein bar, and drink from their canteens in silence, both watching the mouth of the cave in the distance.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick follows behind Jeff as they head up a fresh trail, and back up through tall grass. Jeff looks over to their right and then back to Patrick.

Patrick

"What?...Notice something?"

Jeff points over to their right without responding. Patrick looks over in the direction, then walks over. Coming closer, the view opens up and Patrick comes close to steep drop off.

Patrick stops and takes in the scenic view, and pans around downward.

Patrick

"Je-sus!...Did you know about this view when we came thru?"

Jeff doesn't respond, and Patrick turns to see him continue walking away. Patrick jumps and jogs to keep up.

Patrick

"Seriously...did we go by there and no one notice?...Ok, apparently you can't hear me?..."

Jeff continues walking without acknowledging Patrick. The two walk together in silence down a rough vehicle beaten path, and around a curve.

Jeff (Not looking back)

"We're finally getting close."

Patrick

"Oh, you CAN speak..."

Jeff

"Yeah...in English AND sign..."

Jeff flips Patrick off without turning around. The two walk around another curve in the path and into an opening. Jeff freezes and looks around in shock. Patrick follows then stops and looks around in

confusion.

Patrick (Still looking around)

"Wait...What?...Where are the ESCALADES?!?"

Jeff (Spinning around in confusion shaking his head with eyes wide)

"NO-NO-NO-NO-NO-NO-NOO!!...WHAT THE FUCK?!?"

Jeff drops his backpack and spins around, looking to the ground for answers.

Jeff

"They were RIGHT-HERE!!...LOOK, our tracks lead right up to HERE!...WHAT?!...WHERE?!?...WHERE could they have gone?!...NO ONE KNOWS we are out here!...YOU!...YOU and fucking Jane have something to do with this?!..."

Jeff turns and comes storming towards Patrick.

Patrick (Reacting in panic)

"WHAT?!...NO!...GOD-NO!...I...I fucking SWEAR to you!...On my mother's life!..."

Jeff eyes Patrick, then allows his anger to explode with a kick to the ground, and a scream of frustration.

Jeff

"AAAARRRRGGGHHHH!!...FUUUUCK!!!"

Patrick looks around without speaking, and the camera begins to shake.

Patrick

"Wh-wh-what does th-that mean?!...Wh-wh-what are we going to do?!"

Jeff

"Look around...They're HERE...maybe we're just in the off..."

Patrick looks around, and catches Jeff walking along the trail, his head towards the ground. Patrick looks back to the parking spot and walks over; looking to the ground. As he comes close, large non-human prints appear in the ground.

Patrick gets down on his hands and knees, getting a close shot of the footprints. Patrick looks back up and over to Jeff, who walks further and further away; scanning around him.

Patrick looks back to the prints and follows them close to the ground. A couple of feet away the footprints stand out, and look sunken deeper in the soil. Patrick gets up and follows the tracks in

silence, squatting close, keeping the tracks in frame.

As Patrick follows the tracks, the wind picks up and floods the camera's microphone. As the wind gets louder, Patrick reacts and the camera catches the edge of small cliff.

Patrick (Whispering to himself)

"Awww...fuck no...no-no-no-FUCK!!"

Patrick leans over the cliff and points the camera downwards. At the bottom, more than thirty feet down, the two Escalades rest on their sides. Shattered glass reflects in the sunlight. Their exteriors are damaged and dented beyond recognition. The rear frame and axle ripped from one and barely attached. Their remaining gear and supplies litter the ground around the vehicles.

The camera slightly shakes back and forth as Patrick stares downward in stunned silence.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"WHAT?!...PATRICK?!?..."

Patrick looks back to the oncoming Jeff, and begins walking away from the ledge with his head towards the ground.

Jeff (Coming closer)

"PAT?!?...WHAT-THE-FUCK?!...WHAT?!...WHAT DID YOU SEE?!"

Patrick looks up to Jeff, then points and looks back over the ledge. Patrick doesn't reply, but shakes his head in confusion. Jeff stomps into frame, and walks over to the ledge.

Patrick (To himself)

"The phone...was in there..."

Jeff's face drops and his mouth hangs open, as he begins to shake his head "no" in confusion.

Patrick stands back and watches as Jeff looks up, and to the horizon, his face completely deflates and shakes in disbelief. After a moment, Jeff looks back down, placing both hands on his head, he steps back and falls to his ass without reacting.

Jeff (Staring to the horizon)

"FFFUUUUUUUUUCCCCCC-"

From Sony Handheld Camera

Nate is seen squatting with his back to the mouth of the cave. The camera leans and rocks forward,

Nate catches and attempts to position it upright. Travis walks into frame looking to Nate.

Nate (Not turning back)

"Good job breaking the tripod boss...Pretty much RUINED Patrick's movie right there..."

Travis

"Just take it off, and use your bag..."

Nate begins spinning the tripod off while looking into the lens.

Nate (To the camera)

"Don't you fucking look at me."

Travis walks over and dumps the contents of his backpack onto the ground, then carefully tucks the C-4 case inside. Nate tosses the tripod off of camera, then walks over to Travis with it in hand. Nate throws his backpack just outside of the cave, and adjusts the camera for the best shot. Travis is seen coming into frame, backpack on; rifle in hand.

Travis carefully walks to the mouth of the cave, and looks in. Nate is heard grabbing something off camera, then comes into the shot; with rifle in hand.

The two silently look inside the cave, and listen for noise deep inside; before Travis takes the first steps into the darkness. Nate follows behind, and the camera auto focuses as the two disappear inside the dark hole.

The camera continues filming the mouth of the cave, as their footsteps come through the camera's microphone. Their conversation from inside the cave is distorted and inaudible.

After a couple of seconds, Nate reappears from the cave, stomping towards the camera; it lifts and is walked into the cave. Nate clicks the light on as he enters the darkness.

Travis is seen squatting further down, waiving Nate to come closer.

Travis (Turning his attention away)

"Bring it over here."

Nate walks over to Travis and shines the light downwards, in front of him is a fresh pool of a red liquid. A small trail leads away, and Nate follows it across the cavern. Nate continues panning down until the trail stops. Along the ground a bloody handprint is repeated leading further into the darkness.

Nate stops, and films the first tunnel in silence. Travis tries to walk past, but is stopped as Nate holds his left arm out.

Nate

"No."

Travis (Whispering)

"Whoever's hand that is, its crawling, away!...Meaning, they could be alive still-"

Nate (Interrupting)

"COULD BE...That wasn't here the other day...meaning it's not Dave...meaning I'M not risking my life-"

Travis (Interrupting)

"Salah!...It fucking COULD BE Salah, and yeah, he COULD BE alive!...You're not willing to risk your life for Salah?!"

Nate

"I ALREADY did!...There's NO-FUCKING-WAY he lived through that!...I fuckin-saw...whatever that was, BOUNCE his head off a tree like he was a baseball bat!...AIN'T NO-WAY man, NO-WAY!...Boss, I love you, I believe in you but, every second we're down here, our chances for survival are diminishing. You know this...I know you feel like you've failed them-"

Travis (Turning to face Nate)

"Watch it, Nathan...You got NO-IDEA what I feel bud."

Nate

"You didn't...You couldn't have known...NONE of us could...Not even the "green dick" could have been prepared for this shit!...CUT our losses, and-"

Travis (Interrupting)

"And WHAT?!...Live to marry, shit out some kids and tell them the tale of when daddy ran from Bigfoot?!"

Nate

"THIS daddy ran from MULTIPLE Bigfoot's...Don't fucking forget, WE are MORE outnumbered now!...Yeah, we lost a good friend...possibly two, but BOTH of us gettin-offed in a bullshit movie AIN'T the way I'M going out, hoss!"

Travis (Face changes)

"We all gotta die, sometime...Thought you weren't afraid...THOUGHT your time in the military TRAINED you better than that...You can leave any second...No hard feelings...but I can't blow this shut without KNOWING that we didn't leave anyone behind."

Nate (Hesitating)

"...I ain't gonna fucking leave you, dicknose...just, how about we set the C-4...THEN search...if anything comes, we have the contingency already set...We just gotta run towards the light."

Travis doesn't respond, but looks down the darkened tunnel, then back to Nate and sighs. Travis moves to the backpack, and squats over it. Unpacking the C-4 case, Travis looks back to Nate.

Travis

"Let's blow up a mountain, illegally, in a national forest...Hu-fuckng-rah!"

Nate

"Hu-fuckng-rah."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Time: 12:49 pm

Patrick stands at the ledge, looking down towards the two destroyed Escalades.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Dude!...You wanna get down there so bad, you could just jump...Whatever's down there THAT important?"

Patrick (Looking back to Jeff)

"Yeah...if I knew I would fucking survive...I WOULD...Jane got us a couple satellite phones...We could reach the authorities...Get a rescue team out here...You think one of them could have survived the fall?"

Jeff (Contemplating before responding)

"Dude...We're they inside a unbreakable case?...You got another way down there?...OTHER than jumping?"

Patrick returns to the ledge, and looks back to the Escalades; then around the cliff wall.

Patrick (Still looking

"I'm...not...seeing..anything, fuck!...Maybe...we could walk around, and down-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"Getting down, and around that...It would be tonight, easy, before we got close...Would you have enough battery left by nightfall?"

Patrick

"We've got enough batteries."

Jeff

"Yeah, but do we have ANY flashlights?...Look, all I'm saying, if we start walking, OUT of here, we'll hit Yampa by morning...I'll fucking take THAT-BET, the bet that has US-LEAVING as the safest-smartest move...What is a satellite phone going to do, that a call from Yampa won't do?!"

Patrick

"It COULD save Travis-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"Travis, is on a SUICIDE-MISSION!...We head down there, we'll STILL be here!...Those things, LET-US go!...So...LET'S GO!"

Patrick (Looking back over the ledge, and to the right)

"Hey!...I see something...We can make the descent over there...(Pointing towards a path leading down)...But you're REALLY not going to like it...We have to go back the way we came to get to it..."

Patrick leans over and the camera captures a path in the distance leading up to their level.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"NO!...FUCK-NO!...Pat, what is WRONG-WITH-YOU?!...We have a FREE-GET-AWAY!...Let's USE-IT, and GO!"

Patrick looks back to Jeff, hesitating an answer. Jeff shakes his face in confusion, and turns away, kicking the air.

Patrick (Looking back down)

"Dude...We travel back an hour...then down and over...we could be at a phone, that could get help here in forty-five minutes...You can't tell me you'd rather walk for a day, then get air-lifted out of here by dinner!"

Jeff

"I'm telling you, I would rather walk one hundred miles, in the desert, without water, and you strapped to my back, then to spend FIVE MORE MINUTES here!..."

Patrick

"Look, you don't want anything to happen to Travis, THIS...(Patrick motions downwards)...could be the best chance to help him...I KNOW you don't want to go back that way, but it won't be that long, I'll show you what I'm seeing..."

Patrick squats then points over in the direction, and upwards. Patrick looking up to Jeff, his expression drops as he looks away.

Patrick

"...See?...Hour tops...We BOTH have a gun...Anything comes, we'll stop, stick together, and fire off a couple of warning shots...maybe scare em."

Jeff turns away from the ledge, and walks back towards the path.

Patrick (Keeping up with Jeff)

"Hey!...What?!...It's not THAT bad-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"I KNOW it's not that bad!...I...I just feel, like, we NEED to get out of here, take the safe bet, and walk!..."

Patrick sighs, then looks back to the destroyed Escalades.

Patrick

"All right...I guess we're leaving...just so close..."

Jeff

"Pat, just stop...Walk AWAY from this place!...I KNOW what you're trying to do, it's not going to work...Let's go THIS WAY...(Jeff motions away towards the path)...and we can GUARANTEE we can live to tell the story...Go your way, and you can't even guarantee ONE of those phones work, let alone, making it down there!"

Jeff looks to Patrick, then turns and begins to walk away from the ledge. Patrick follows behind Jeff without speaking, looking ahead, in the distance, something moves from above them, causing Patrick to freeze.

Patrick holds his position, still looking to the cliffs high above them. Jeff continues to walk along the path down the sloping hill, without looking back. Patrick, still focused on the cliffs above, captures another movement near its edge.

Patrick (Still looking towards the cliffs)

"Ahh...Jeff..."

Jeff (Turning around, impatiently)

"What?"

Patrick (Holding his position, and pointing upwards)

"Don't move...just watch."

Jeff turns and looks up for a moment, then looks back to Patrick.

Jeff

"Yeah?...Beautiful sky, cliffs, what?"

Patrick

"I JUST captured something up there...Movement...It was large-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!...Ok, I get it, you "saw something"...and now we can't magically leave this way, because YOU SAW something above us!...How stupid do you think I am?!...Are you THAT conceded you have to LIE to keep us from leaving?!"

Patrick

" I'm NOT lying!...Something is up there!...I saw SOMETHING moving near the edge!"

Jeff

"Uh-huh...Do you ever stop?!...ANOTHER lie to keep us here, for your STUPID-FUCKING-FILM?!...That's fucking it!...Drop the backpack!..."

Patrick (Still looking upwards)

"Wait, what?!...No!...I'm NOT-JOKING!...Just stay here a sec, and look!...There was movement...from something big up there...I'm not saying it was-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!...Drop the gear!...I've fucking HAD-IT with you!"

Patrick (Stepping backwards, with his hands up)

"Wait!...Jeff...SERIOUSLY!...Just hold on a sec!"

Jeff begins taking his backpack off, looking to Patrick in anger.

Patrick

"Jeff, look, I'm NOT lying...SOMETHING is up there!...Just wait ONE-SECOND, and you'll SEE!"

Jeff begins walking towards Patrick, without responding.

Patrick looks from Jeff to the cliffs then back to Jeff. Patrick looks back up, and captures movement.

Patrick (Pointing upwards)

"LOOK!...NOW!...THERE IT IS!"

Jeff pauses, contemplating, then looks over his left shoulder. The movement above is seen, and both watch in silence. From high above, a large figure stands close to the edge, looking towards them

without moving or making a noise.

Jeff stares in its direction, frozen. Patrick takes a couple of slow steps past him, holding the camera on it. Patrick slowly makes his way over to Jeff's backpack, holding the shot on the figure.

Jeff (Whispering)

"What the fuck are you doing?!"

Patrick (Whispering, still looking up)

"This camera won't catch the details, I can't zoom...I'm grabbing one of the Sony's..."

From high above the figure moves away from the ledge, and Patrick reacts.

Patrick (Still looking up)

"Shit!...SO close!"

Patrick looks down, in his hands, the Sony camera. Patrick looks back up to the empty cliff, and is heard drooping the camera back into the bag. Patrick closes the backpack, and turns to Jeff. Jeff looks upwards, shading his eyes.

Patrick

"Now what?"

Jeff (Still looking up)

"I don't like this...We gotta move..."

Jeff returns to his backpack, and scoops it up.

Jeff (Turning back to Patrick)

"Come on!...Those...fucks are watching us!...They're following us!...We NEED to keep moving OUT of here!"

Patrick begins to follow Jeff as they make their way underneath the figure. Jeff continues looking up, as Patrick looks all around them.

Jeff (Looking up and then back)

"We HAVE to get out here, FAST!...Those fucking things are making sure we leave!"

Patrick instinctively reacts, and pulls Jeff back as an enormous rock comes crashing down in front of them. Jeff and Patrick fall backwards as the loud cracking and thudding of rolling rocks are heard all around them.

Patrick looks up from the ground towards the cliffs, as another large rock comes from high above.

Patrick
"MOVE!"

The camera shakes and blurs as Patrick and Jeff flee. The sound of vibrating ground and loud cracking surrounds them. A dust cloud rolls around them as the hillside rains down smaller rocks and chunks of dirt.

Jeff and Patrick are heard gasping as they stop running. Patrick looks back upwards as the chaos settles. From high above, the cliff stops depositing rocks, and nothing is seen. Patrick looks over to Jeff, who is bent over, gasping for air. Patrick pans all around them, as the forest looks normal.

Patrick pans the camera back to the cliff, as the large figure reappears. Holding the shot on it, Patrick slowly backs away.

Patrick
"Come-come on...we-we can't go this way..."

Patrick continues to slowly back away, until Jeff is clear in the shot. Jeff is seen standing, and looking upwards as Patrick continues backing away; still holding the shot on the figure.

Jeff joins Patrick as they slowly make their way away from the figure.

Jeff (Gasping)
"Heh-heh-heh...Which-which way are we going to go?!"

Patrick (Still looking towards the figure)
"We back track...heh-heh-heh...until we can go down...We GOTTA get to those Escalades!"

Jeff turns and begins walking away from the ledge, as Patrick holds the shot on the figure. Patrick looks over, and grabs Jeff's shoulder, then looks back to the cliffs.

Patrick (Walking backwards)
"I gotta get as much of this as I can...Heh-heh-heh...Aw, FUCK, we almost died!"

Patrick captures the figure standing still, looking towards them. As the two move, Patrick captures another figure up high, and gets both figures in the frame.

Jeff (From off of camera)
"Ahh...Pat...We've got a problem..."

Patrick looks forward, and around. Surrounding them from above, more large figures. Patrick gasps as he pans the camera around, the figures don't move, but watch from high above.

Patrick (Whispering as he pans around)

"Two, three, four, five, six-seven,...eight, nine...Holy fuck!..."

Jeff (Whispering back)

"Can we even make it to the path?!"

Patrick (Whispering)

"I...I don't know...Just keep moving...SLOW!...Get the gun ready, and we'll just move slow...slow..."

Patrick stays close to Jeff, holding onto him as they slowly walk away from the creatures and cliffs. The two slowly move away from the path, Patrick holds the shot of the figures.

Patrick (Looking backwards)

"Just...keep moving...I think-I think we're free...They're not...not following us."

From Sony Handheld Camera (Nate)

Nate stands, tying wires to the C-4 above his head, a small flashlight in his mouth. Travis stands facing away; with gun in hand. Nate finishes, pulling the flashlight from his mouth, he double checks the explosive.

Travis (Not looking back)

"What's taking so long?"

Nate (Still eyeing the explosive)

"Making sure boss...Don't want it going off with us down here, do you?..."

Nate looks over to Travis, who doesn't move or respond.

Nate

"Don't answer that right away or nothin..."

Travis takes a step forward, and out of frame. Nate looks over as he disappears.

Travis (From off of camera)

"Did you hear that?!...Listen!"

Nate holds still, his head tilts to the side as he listens in the darkness. In the silence, water drips in the background. Nate holds off responding for a couple of seconds, then shuffles across the rocks. It's

sound is amplified in the cave.

Travis (From off of camera)

"Sssshhhh!"

Nate holds up both hands defensively, without response. A couple of seconds pass, before a moan comes from the darkness. Nate reacts by looking off of camera with eyes wide.

Travis (Whispering, from off of camera)

"I KNEW it!...I thought I heard something."

Another moan is heard from deep within, and silences him. Travis waits a moment before continuing.

Travis (Whispering, from off of camera)

"Grab that camera, we gotta get them, whoever that is..."

Nate (Looking off of camera)

"You sure...that's human?"

Travis (Whispering, from off of camera)

"Yeah, c'mon..."

Nate shakes his head in silent frustration as he returns to the camera. Nate is heard grabbing his backpack and gun, before the camera raises off the rocks and powers off.

The camera powers back on and illuminates as Nate stops and begins unpacking his backpack.

Travis (Whispering from off of camera)

"What the fuck you stopping for!?"

Nate continues to unpack, getting the C-4 case out carefully. Travis walks into frame.

Travis (Whispering)

"Hey, fuck-face, I'm talking to you!"

Nate (Whispering)

"WHOEVER that is, if it's one of us, there's NO-WAY were going to be able to save them...We NEED to focus on sealing this place-"

Travis (Interrupting)

"We can fucking save them, all we need to do is make it to the Escalades..."

Nate stops and looks to Travis confused.

Travis (Whispering)

"...Jane...She knew this area had shit for service...Had two satellite phones, one in each ride, just in case..."

Nate looks back to the C-4 case, and resumes unpacking the explosive.

Travis (Whispering)

"Are you kidding me right now, dude?!-"

Nate (Interrupting)

"No!...I'm NOT kidding!...We DON'T-KNOW if it's human, boss!-"

Another moan from off of camera silences them, as they both look off of camera.

Travis (Looking back to Nate, whispering)

"That's it, come on."

Nate (Whispering in anger)

"No-way!...I'm setting these fucking charges, FIRST!...Five minutes, is all I need...We have ONE charge left, let me do my job, it's ten extra minutes!...It's OUR-SAFETY-NET, boss!...OURS!...We are NOT compromising this!"

Travis looks off of camera, biting his lip and shaking his head.

Travis

"...Hurry the fuck up with it, already!"

Nate sets the C-4 on a ledge, then begins wiring the charge. Travis comes over, grabbing the camera and spins it towards the dark tunnel. The camera's light illuminates the corridor, as a trail of blood is visible underneath him as he walks.

Travis walks to the far edge of the tunnel, and peers through its opening. Beyond the tunnel, another chamber opens up; and Travis steps through.

Travis pans the camera along the ground, as the trail of blood turns into droplets scattered across the ground. Nate is heard off of camera, yelling something inaudible as Travis moves in the chamber.

Travis pans the camera around the large room, causing a shadow effect off of the rocks around him. Ahead of him, a tunnel extends into a fork, with two tunnels leading away. Travis walks to the tunnels fork, and silently films both entrances.

In the background, footsteps are heard coming close, and Travis turns to catch Nate walking up.

Nate

"No, no, go on ahead without me, boss...Not like you need an extra gun...or eyes..."

Travis (Laughing)

"I'm not leaving you, "booh-booh"...just wanted-"

Nate (Interrupting)

"Yeah-yeah-yeah, just wanted to save the day...I get it...Just DON'T be leaving me, ESPECIALLY when I'm setting a bomb...Don't be forgetting, this was YOUR idea."

Travis (Turning back towards the tunnels)

"Set the last one here...We can close these two with one blast..."

Travis points the camera above the tunnels and points to a ledge above.

Travis

"...Up there...Should collapse both of these."

Nate is heard unpacking as Travis sets the camera down, filming both tunnels. Nate begins climbing up to the ledge, and setting the explosive charge. Travis stands facing both tunnels, back to the camera; with gun in hand.

Nate finishes his work, and shines his flashlight around the charge.

Travis (Looking over)

"We good?...That all of them?"

Nate doesn't respond as he jumps down, and gathers his things. Travis waits, looking to Nate as he finishes. Nate tosses the C-4 case off of camera, and tosses his backpack over his shoulder.

Nate (Sighing as he grabs his gun)

"Let's go...save a fucking life..."

Nate walks over to Travis, and they both watch the tunnels.

Nate

"...So...which way?"

Travis (Still watching the tunnels)

"Go in that one...I'll take this one...go down about fifteen-twenty feet, and listen...Hopefully, one of us will hear which way it's coming."

The camera films both Nate and Travis walking down the two tunnels and disappearing in the darkness. The camera records the tunnels, as water drips around, and rocks are heard grinding under foot.

After a minute, another moan is heard, and turns into a loud scream; that hangs until the sound of gurgling cuts it off. Multiple high pitch howls are heard in the darkness, echoing inside the cave.

Nate returns to the camera, picking it; he heads down the other tunnel. In the distance, Travis is seen facing away. Nate walks up, standing behind Travis.

Nate (Whispering)

"This way? Wasn't down my way..."

Travis (Whispering)

"Yeah...This area opens up...multiple tunnels here...Could have sworn I saw a light over that way..."

Travis points off of camera as Nate steps around, and films the dark cavern.

Travis (Whispering off of camera)

"See?...There's one over there, and up there...Not seeing any more blood though-"

From out of the darkness, a large thump vibrates the ground. Nate and Travis look to each other without speaking. Another large thump, closer, is heard as inhuman screams come from deeper inside. The screams continue as more screams join in.

Another large thump is heard even closer, as Nate and Travis take a step back from the entrance. The thumps, respect and pick up intensity and proximity, as the screams get louder and louder.

Nate (Looking to Travis)

"It's coming this way!"

Travis (Still looking into the darkness)

"Fall back..."

The two back away from the entrance, as the thumps repeat, then are stopped by a large thump, sounding inside the cavern. Just outside of view, in the tunnel ahead of them, an ear piercing scream makes them both react.

The loud scream continues, and turns into a ghastly roar. From deeper in the caves, screams echo and turn into loud roars. Thumps are heard all around them, and quickly surround them.

Travis

"MOVE!"

Nate and Travis turn, and begin running towards the entrance. From off of camera, thumps continue, picking up intensity, and surround them in every direction.

The camera shakes violently, and blurs in the dark as the two sprint back towards the small pocket of light, the chaos of noise engulfing them. Their panic is captured as they move.

Travis (From off of camera)

"GO-GO-GO!"

Nate

"ITS...RIGHT...BEHIND US!"

From off of camera, large thumps are heard, coming closer as they move.

Nate

"Fuck this..."

The camera drops to the ground, and captures Nate's feet as he turns and opens fire down the dark tunnel. The cave lights up as the gun fires and a clip is unloaded into the dark. The loud gun fire, echoes and vibrates in the confined space.

Nate empties a clip indiscriminately then pauses. The cave returns to silence, as a small trail of smoke comes from Nate's barrel. The camera is scooped up, and Travis walks over to Nate. The two pause, waiting for a response.

The seconds tick by, as they wait. The sound of water dripping is picked up, and small puffs of smoke still come from Nate's gun.

Travis

"Fucking lucky you didn't hit the-"

Travis is interrupted by multiple loud screams that turn into roars just off of camera. The two instinctively turn and unload two clips into the dark cavern. Their bullets dance off the rocks and chime in the dark.

The two are heard breathing for a couple of seconds before the next cavern explode with racing thumps and inhuman screeches. The camera loses focus as they flee towards the distant light. From off of camera, the roars turn into ear piercing howls, followed by earth vibrating thumps.

The camera catches light and blurs in the rush. The tunnel becomes visible and illuminates; revealing the exit ahead. Their rushed breaths are heard as they move, the camera shakes and blurs. Behind them, multiple thumps vibrate the ground, and close in on them.

The camera blurs and reveals light directly ahead as the two race towards it, getting closer and closer. The two run through the first tunnel, and into opening cavern.

Travis (Stopping)

"Here!...Take it!"

The camera switches hands, as Travis is seen turning away from the light; gun in hand.

Nate (Turning back to Travis)

"WHAT THE FUCK YOU DOING?!"

Travis (Not looking back)

"COVER FIRE!...GET OUTTA HERE!...I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!"

Nate has no time to react, as the screeching comes closer, before Travis unloads his gun into the dark. Nate tugs at Travis's shoulder.

Travis (In between bursts of fire)

"MOVE!...NOW!...THAT'S A FUCKING ORDER!"

Nate tries pulling Travis back as he continues to fire into the dark. Travis shoves Nate away, and continues firing.

The camera films at an angle, as Nate reluctantly moves towards the light, Travis slowly backs towards him as he fires.

Nate

"COME ON!"

Nate reaches the cave's mouth and turns as the screeching gets louder, sounding close. Travis keeps his back towards the light, as he steps backwards slowly; continuing to fire.

Nate tosses the camera into the light. The camera flies out of the cave, and is momentarily blinded by the daylight. The camera rolls on the ground, and films the mouth of the cave sideways.

Nate emerges from the cave, gun in hand and looking back inside. Gun fire is heard from inside, in between bursts of fire, inhuman howls and screeches are picked up. Nate looks back inside, with gun

drawn; then reaches inside the cave.

Travis's upper body is seen being pulled from the caves, as he continues firing. Travis empties a clip, and reaches for Nate's gun. Travis starts to fire, as Nate pulls him with both arms.

In an instant, an unseen force grabs and yanks Travis back into the cave. Nate flies backwards, landing on his ass, he scrambles for Travis's rifle. Nate reloads a clip in a second, and positions himself to fire.

Nate stands ready, breathing hard, and eyes wide. From inside the cave, a human scream is heard, then is engulfed by screeches. Nate searches frantically for a shot, until the screeches stop.

Nate breathing hard, and shaking; searches for a target. From inside the cave, the noises die off, and quiet returns. After a moment, a growl is heard from inside the cave, followed by multiple other growls.

Nate scrambles to his feet, and dumps his backpack next to the camera. Nate quickly opens the backpack, as thumps begin to resonate from inside.

Nate unloads everything from his backpack into the ground, and searches the clutter. Inside the cave, the thumps get louder and closer. Nate finds the detonator, picks up the rifle and scrambles out of the shot.

Inside the cave, the sounds get louder and closer to the entrance. A couple of seconds pass, as a large-furry hand is seen coming out of the cave, an explosion collapses the entrance.

The camera continues filming as three other explosions rock the ground, and send debris into the air. The explosions blows the camera's microphone out, and nothing is heard as smoke and rocks shoot out of the cave. Rocks fall from the sky, and land all around. A rock from near the cave, jets directly towards the camera and the screen goes black.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick walks along the edge of the cliff, occasionally looking over its side. Behind them in the canyon, the two Escalades stand out from the scenery. Patrick stops and points towards the path leading down.

Patrick

"There it is...Just ahead not much further..."

Jeff (From off of camera)

"How much further?"

Patrick (Looking back down)

"I don't know...We get down this hill, it might off to our left...keep an eye open-"

From off of camera, a series of explosions silence Patrick. The camera spins towards the mountain, as the earth rattles. A small trail of smoke is seen extending from off of camera.

Patrick looks over to Jeff, who stares towards the mountain.

Patrick (Looking back to the mountain)

"What...was that?!"

Jeff

"I think...that was mission accomplished..."

Patrick

"Do you think...Travy is...still alive?!"

Jeff (Beginning to walk)

"Well, I don't think he could have set it off if he wasn't..."

Jeff passes in front of Patrick as he continues to film the mountain. From high above, a rumbling is heard; causing both to stop and look up. Patrick captures tiny movements from above, as dust clouds move into the air.

Patrick

"What?...Is that an avalanche?!"

Jeff (Hangs his head and sighs)

"Cause and effect...IF Travis was alive...I don't know if he could blow those charges and get out in time."

Patrick (Looking over to Jeff)

"What?...You think-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"I think we need to keep moving...Travis is a big-boy...We HAVE to get to the Escalades, now...Those, things, are still behind us...Keep moving."

Patrick looks back to the smoking mountain for a couple of seconds, before turning and following Jeff.

Patrick

"I'm gonna need to change out batteries soon-"

Jeff (Not looking back)

"KEEP MOVING!"

Patrick continues following Jeff then reaches up and powers the camera off.

Time: 3:37 pm

The camera turns back on and captures Jeff resting, sipping from his canteen. The sun begins to hang in the sky. Jeff looks drained as he watches Patrick adjusting the "Go Pro" to his head.

Jeff

"Heh-heh...Where's this path you saw?!...We're running out of day...Focus on getting us to the PHONES!...NOT the footage!"

Patrick

"We're close...Why do you think I changed out batteries?...We need our heroic rescue captured."

Jeff (Getting up)

"Brilliant!...Let's go then!"

Patrick turns and grabs his backpack, then throws it over his shoulders. Patrick starts walking and points down the hill and past the trees.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"You seem awful confident...Why should I be trusting you again?"

Patrick

"Hah!...Yeah, right before we stopped...saw the path when I looked over the ledge...We make that turn...and down...We'll be there in thirty, tops!"

Patrick leads them downwards and into the trees. Their footsteps crunch small branches, and Jeff reacts.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Pat!...Watch your step...We're not out of here yet."

Patrick (Stops and turns to Jeff)

"We are SO outta here man, chill-"

From off camera, an animal calls out in an unfamiliar "whooping" sound. Patrick slowly pans the camera around, as the sound echoes around them. Jeff looks around, then to Patrick.

Jeff

"Come on!...We're getting outta here!"

Jeff moves past Patrick down the hill, and begins jogging. Patrick follows close behind, and the whooping continues all around them. The two pick up their pace as tree branches snap behind them.

As Jeff reaches the trail to descend, a large thump echoes throughout the forest, followed by a blood curdling roar that freezes them in their tracks. Patrick captures Jeff, looking disheveled and wide eyed as he looks around in every direction.

Jeff (Whispering as he looks around)

"We are fucked!..Just...just keep moving down...SLOWLY!"

The two slow their pace, and Patrick looks from the ground; kicking branches away, then around their vicinity. Jeff un holsters his gun, and looks around biting his tongue.

From off of camera, the sound of something being ripped from the ground bounces from canyon to the valley down below. Jeff holds up his hand, then looks back to Patrick in confusion.

The two look around the still forest, all is quiet and peaceful. They hold their position for a moment, then begin to slowly resume their journey down the trail when a loud crunching noise from below causes Jeff to react.

Jeff

"The Escalades!...Come on!"

Jeff turns and runs down the trail, with Patrick in close pursuit. The camera shakes and blurs as they come around a clearing that reveals an open view of the Escalades. Jeff stops and drops his head as Patrick gets a clear view of a massive tree covering both vehicles.

Patrick (Gasping)

"Fu...fu...fu-kin-SHIT!!..."

Patrick looks around, the enormous tree and roots covering both vehicles. One of the Escalades completely flattened, the other on its side with its cabin crushed.

Patrick (Beginning to pace)

"Wha...what are...are we...we gonna do?!...WHERE are we going to go?!"

Jeff looks around; pale and drained without response.

Patrick

"Jeff?!...Now what?!...What do YOU say we do?!...We're SURROUNDED!...They CUT-US-OFF when we tried to leave!...WHERE can we go?!"

Jeff (Looking to the wreckage)

"I don't...I don't know...I don't know...I DON'T KNOW!-"

From above them off of camera, a loud roar booms and is echoed by other roars and screeches from all around them. Jeff spins around, gun in hand searching for a target.

Patrick

"Jeff?!"

The screeching continues, as Jeff points the gun in every direction. Above them, something is heard being ripped from the ground. Patrick and Jeff look up and around.

Patrick (Grabbing Jeff)

"JEFF!...WE HAVE TO GO!"

Patrick pulls at Jeff, and they turn and run back up the hill. From behind, the sound of something large comes crashing down behind them. The ground vibrates and trees are heard snapping, before a large thud shakes the ground; causing them to run harder away from the screeches and howls.

Time is sped up as Jeff and Patrick run, then jog, then hike through forests, and over open valleys. Dust and smoke continue running down from the mountain top, causing fog-like conditions all around them. As time moves, only a mountain in the background stays constant, still spewing dust into the air and slowly getting larger and more detailed. The sun moves across the sky, and over the mountain ahead of them, which causes a reflection of white from the dust all around.

Time: 5:17 pm

Patrick (Pointing ahead)

"Hey...heh-heh...We take a right up there, past the trees...heh-heh...we're like an hour from camp..."

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Wait...heh-hehe...what do you mean, "close to camp"?...I thought...heh-heh...I thought we were heading out of here?!"

Patrick (Looking back to Jeff)

"Dude...Heh-heh-heh...we doubled back...There was no other paths...heh-heh....WHERE could we have gone?!..."

Jeff

"ANY-WHERE but back to fucking camp!...WHAT are we going to do there?!"

Patrick (Turning away)

"We're going to stay the night-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"STAY-THE-NIGHT?!...Heh-heh-heh...We are ALONE out here!...What good is it staying at a camp site that has NO protection?!-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"It has fire wood, tents, FOOD!...I don't know about you, but I'm starving...and I'm beat...Heh-heh-heh...We eat, get a decent night's sleep and we can walk out of here, tomorrow, first thing...Better than trying again in the dark..."

Jeff (From off of camera)

"That's IF we make it through the night!...When their numbers dwindled, those THINGS attacked!...Heh-heh-heh...What makes you think we have a better chance of surviving at the camp site than we do walking away?!"

Patrick (Not looking back)

"Because...that's where all the ammo is-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"Yeah!...Did a fucking BANG-UP job out there with the gun you ALREADY-HAD!...If I find out you came back for ANY-OTHER-REASON-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"WHAT?!...You're going to shoot me?!...Yeah, I already know!...I'm just trying to fucking SURVIVE!"

Jeff doesn't offer a response as the two hike through the tall grass, and around the tree line. The two walk in complete silence through another valley.

Time is sped up as they hike, Patrick captures the camp site in the far distance. The two slowly reach the camp site, and walk into the destroyed remains.

Time: 6:25 pm

Patrick stands back and captures the destruction of their camp site. The tents lay flattened and torn. The remains of the food are ripped and scattered across the ground. The remaining cut logs, strewn across the camp site.

Patrick (Looking across the ground)

"There's not enough fire wood to last us...I'll go make a run for some more..."

Jeff (Looking back to Patrick in anger)

"No...I don't think so...I'm not trusting you with that...You can stay right fucking here!"

Patrick

"What?!...You think I'm going to LEAVE YOU HERE?!...IF I wanted to leave you, I would have back there at the Escalades!"

Jeff (Ignoring Patrick)

"Don't believe you, don't care!...STAY HERE!...Get this area ready...I got maybe an hour of sun...I'll be back as soon as I can!"

Patrick doesn't offer a response as he watches Jeff walk away from camp, shoving a tarp into his backpack.

Patrick continues to film Jeff until he is a tiny spec, then turns and opens his backpack. Patrick reaches in deep, and pulls out a satellite phone; then looks around the camp.

Patrick turns on the satellite phone, and waits a second before dialing eleven numbers and pulling the phone to his ear.

The camera picks up the line.

"Good evening, Vera Studios, how may I direct your call?"

Patrick (Still looking in Jeff's direction)

"...This is Patrick Stoner, I need to speak to Jane Alexander, please."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Nate)

The camera clicks on, as Nate looks it over. A massive crack runs horizontal down its lens. Nate spins the camera around, and captures the side of the mountain, smoke still running down from above; and clinging to the air. At his feet, lies a pile of electronics.

Nate

"Found this out here...Coming down from the caves...just walking bye...this caught my eye...Looks like the camera still works..."

Nate pans the camera towards the electronics, and kicks at the pile. The pile explodes and sending batteries, cell phones, a watch, and broken camera parts all around.

Nate (Facing the camera)

"...Don't know WHO'S camera this is...but I got full battery...Travis is gone...The smoke...is from the C-4

we set...I tried...I tried to save him...but he was gone too fast, there was...no shot...Tried to get him to leave...but he wouldn't listen...We heard...we heard someone in the caves...We tried but...it was too late...We heard their screams until they...didn't...scream anymore...Look, I'm going to set the record straight...I set off the C-4...we thought it was the best...chance to seal those THINGS away from people wanting to come here, to this...place...I don't want Jeffy gettin charged for anything...PAT, and Vera on the other hand, KNEW way more than they're going to say...We found THIS..."

Nate pulls out a mask from his backpack and holds it up for the camera. Nate films every inch of the mask that resembles a very detailed and elaborate gorilla mask.

Nate

"...Cocksuckers were going to STAGE the film!...We found an entire Bigfoot outfit buried under some brush less than a mile from camp...Even had some casts made of footprints..."

Nate (Faces the camera)

"...Pat, Jane or ANYONE-ELSE at Vera...you WILL be paying ME, AND Travy AND Dave's families A-WHOLE-LOT more than the contract...IF you don't want this footage to come to light...and don't worry, by the time I ship this to you, I'll already have a copy or two...from BOTH CAMERAS!"

Nate holds up the severely damaged Sony handheld camera, and smiles darkly towards the lens.

Nate

"Don't-fuck-with-me."

Nate pans the camera around, capturing the dust rolling down from above, clotting the skies in a gray fog; then down towards the speck of a far camp site.

Nate (Looking towards the sky, then back down)

"I got about...an hour till dusk, another two till dark...Fucking HOPE Jeff, or Patty's still alive, still here...cause I'm REALLY not feeling like walking thirty miles by myself...Maybe they're back at camp...thought I saw movement earlier....I GOTTA get more ammo...and a fuckin-beer in me if I'm not going to kill that scrawny little shit..."

Nate straps the "Go Pro" camera to his head and begins hiking down the mountainside.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick (In a hushed voice)

"...I don't care!...Get us OUT OF HERE!...Call the authorities and tell them you haven't heard from us...Jeff CAN'T know I have this!...I told him I left them in the Escalades!"

Jane's voice

"WHY did you do that?!"

Patrick

"Cause I didn't tell anyone about the contingency plans...either of them..."

Jane's voice

"...Oh my god, Patrick...you're the ONLY TWO LEFT?!"

Patrick

"Yeah...I think, I think so...Travis went up to the mountain...to seal it..."

Jane's voice

"With the C-4?!...Jesus, don't tell me he USED IT!...You don't know HOW-EXPENSIVE that was!..."

Patrick (Looking towards the smoking mountain)

"He did...Pretty sure it's going to be headline news, if it's not already..."

Jane's voice

"...DAMMIT!...Were paying for the media to spin it as an earthquake now!...I hope you know, that's coming out of YOUR-END!"

Patrick

"WHAT?!...WHY?!"

Jane's voice

"...If you couldn't keep control of the situation, you were to call ME, IMMEDIATELY!...NOT after the ENTIRE-FUCKING-CREW gets fucking murdered!...You know HOW-MANY lawsuits we're going to be facing?!...THIS is going to RUIN-ALL-OF-US!...Not just YOU, OR ME...but Vera as well!...Pat...Patrick honey, you have to listen to me...What I'm about to say...is...hard...but you have to trust me...Jeff...CANNOT make it out of there alive..."

Patrick (Pauses)

"What...do you...what do you mean?"

Jane's voice

"...Jeff owns the rights...He's not liable for ANY of this...He could sell at ANY moment without repercussions...While, WE...you, myself, and Vera are going to spend the next five years fighting families in court...IF he doesn't make it out, Vera takes control of BOTH films!...The profits would offset the losses WHEN we inevitably lose...Patrick, Patrick...you have to get back to me, we can save it...we can spin it...but you HAVE TO BE the ONLY survivor!...Do WHATEVER-IT-TAKES!..."

Patrick

"Jane...Jeff's coming back, I gotta go..."

Jane's voice

"Pat...This is BOTH of our futures...Don't let some fat-hick from Iowa RUIN the life YOU AND I BUILT...You have to HURRY!...Once I make the call, you'll have forty-five minutes to do it, and hide the body...I'm sorry but we have no choice...Just get back here safe, and we can fix everything baby, I promise...I love you."

Patrick (Pausing)

"...I love you."

Patrick hangs up the call, then balls the satellite phone up in a thermal shirt and buries it in his backpack. Patrick looks around and the camp and surrounding valleys. He stands completely alone, apart from the three upside down trees.

Patrick (Whispering)

"...Fuck me..."

Time is sped up as Patrick gathers the logs, and starts a fire. Patrick rummages throughout the destroyed camp. Patrick makes a couple of trips, dumping some food and water, two camera batteries, a flashlight, a flare gun in a pile next to the camp fire. Patrick comes across a pistol and two small cases of bullets. Looking around, he moves to hide them under his destroyed tent. Then returns to the camp fire, dragging two sleeping bags over before setting down in one of the collapsible chairs.

Patrick looks around, slightly shaking his head; not even noticing Jeff as he drags the tarp behind him.

Jeff

"Any help would be nice!"

Patrick looks up and over to Jeff, then jumps up to help.

Patrick (Coming over to Jeff)

"Yeah, sorry!...Didn't notice ya..."

Jeff

"Didn't hear me either?!..."

Patrick grabs part of the tarp, and help pulls it to the camp fire.

Jeff

"...Didn't get anything decent...figured, get enough small stuff, should be able to help what we still have...Didn't want to risk being out there much longer..."

Patrick

"See or hear anything?"

Jeff (Dropping the tarp)

"Nope...Had my fucking gun out the whole time..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Nate)

Nate continues hiking down the mountainside, then stops momentarily as he notices the smoke rising from the campsite in the distance. Nate sighs, then continues hiking down.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Jeff looks to the pile, then to Patrick.

Jeff

"What do we got?"

Patrick

"Some food, water...I pulled the sleeping bags over...figured if we'd sleep, it would be over here...flare gun, it's got ONE shot left..."

Jeff pulls a chair over and plops down, closing his eyes.

Jeff

"Of course it does."

Patrick

"Flashlight...some batteries..."

Jeff (Squinting his eyes shut)

"Any bullets?!"

Patrick

"No...nothing...I think Travis took everything they had..."

Jeff fishes a cigarette out of his jacket and smokes it with his eyes closed. Patrick sips from the water bottle, then looks down to his gun and up to Jeff without saying a word.

Patrick silently points the gun up to Jeff, and holds it there as Jeff continues to smoke with his eyes closed. Patrick pauses, then pulls the trigger. The empty click is loud, and startles Patrick to point the

gun away from Jeff.

Jeff (Opening his eyes, and looking to Patrick)

"Did you just...try to shoot me?"

Patrick (Looking back over to Jeff)

"No, no...Travis gave me a fucking empty gun...I...I noticed it earlier..."

Jeff (Eying Patrick)

"Uh-huh...Mines not empty...so whatever you MIGHT BE thinking...just remember that..."

Patrick

"I'm NOT thinking anything other than getting us out of here...Trust me."

Jeff

"That's the thing...no one did."

Patrick

"Yeah, and look where it got them!...They're all dead, and WE are not!...You and. I are getting out of here...I promise you that!...I'm gonna keep looking."

Jeff

"Wake me if you find ANY-THING!"

Patrick walks away from the fire and continues rummaging through the destroyed camp.

Time is sped up as Patrick collects the remains of the tents, clothes, and anything not useable, then piles them on the upside down trees roots. Patrick breaks a long branch then snaps the branches from it, and wraps a pair of long-john's around its end.

Time: 7:35 pm

Patrick returns to the his tent, and looks over to Jeff before pulling the tent off the cases of bullets. Patrick quickly searches, and finds the right bullets before reloading the pistol, and revolver and covering the cases with his tent.

Patrick looks around, and pockets the pistol then slowly walks up behind Jeff; making no noise, Patrick holds up the revolver to the back of Jeff's head. Patrick pauses, then slowly clicks the hammer back.

Patrick takes a deep breath and steadies the gun towards Jeff.

Patrick (Lowering his gun)

"No...fucking...way."

In the distance, Nate is seen hiking toward camp. Patrick pockets the revolver and shakes Jeff awake.

Patrick (Still looking to Nate)

"Wake up...we got a survivor..."

Jeff stirs awake and reacts seeing Nate coming in the distance.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Whoa!...Nate!...Holy shit!...Hey!"

Patrick stands back as Jeff jumps up and runs over to greet Nate. Nate stares Patrick down as he approaches, ignoring Jeff as he comes close.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Nate)

Jeff comes jogging up, with a smile on his face.

Nate

"Stand aside Jeff...I got some business with Patty-Mae that needs attending to..."

Jeff looks confused as Nate walks past, still focused on Patrick. Patrick looks frightened as he slowly steps backwards.

Nate

"Where ya going, college boy?...I got some questions for ya!"

Jeff (From off of camera)

"Nate!...Where's...Travis?"

Nate (Not looking back)

"He didn't make it...But BEFORE he was killed, we found THIS!"

Nate holds up the mask, causing a silent pause. Patrick swallows without responding.

Jeff (From off of camera)

"What the FUCK is that?!...PAT?!...What...the...fuck?!"

Patrick looks guilty without responding. His mouth opens and closes without forming a word.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Nate continues walking straight towards Patrick, then throwing the mask directly at Patrick, who continues backing away.

Nate

"He knows EXACTLY what it is!...It's part of their plan...See, if we don't catch any footage, Vera would be out a shit-ton of money!"

Jeff (Walking behind Nate in anger)

"What do you think Pat?...A hundred-thousand?...Is that why that Tyler Brooks was sent here?!...ANOTHER lie?!"

Nate

"...You wouldn't believe what-else we found...gunny suit...pair of stilts, and a set of footprint casts!"

Jeff (Storming towards Patrick)

"THIS WHOLE THING WAS A HOAX?!...You were NEVER going to tell the truth!...WERE YOU?!...You LIE this WHOLE-TIME?!...And THIS...just a FUCKING-MOCKERY of my brother and his friends?!...SPEAK!!!"

From "Go Pro" Camera (Nate)

Patrick staggers backward with his hands up defensively.

Patrick

"Wait, wait, just wait a second..."

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Nate shakes his head in anger, and tosses the "Go Pro" camera from his head. Nate drops his backpack and rifle to the ground in one motion; then comes towards Patrick with fists clinched.

Nate

"Don't think we're waiting one more second-"

Nate pauses and steps back as Patrick pulls the revolver from his jacket and points it towards Nate. Nate keeps his fists clinched, his face studies Patrick with intensity. Jeff comes from behind Nate with confidence.

Jeff

Don't worry...it's empty..."

Nate (Still studying Patrick's face)

"...That face ain't selling empty, guy."

Patrick (Pointing the gun to Jeff and Nate)

"It IS!...Just...stay...stay back...Just...just give me fucking space..."

Jeff puts his hands up and looks from Patrick to Nate.

Nate (Slowly moving forward)

"Pat...Listen to me...you ain't a murderer...trust me, I know...I am one...this film, this place, we've lived through some crazy shit...makes the mind, think all sorts of crazy things..."

Patrick (Pointing the gun towards Nate)

"STAY-BACK!...You don't...you don't know!"

Nate (Slowly moving forward)

"Pat...we're all on the same side...we ALL want to get back home...to our loved ones...Just...point...the...gun-"

Nate moves quickly, lunging and striking Patrick before he can react. The "Go Pro" camera flies from Patrick's head and lands on the ground facing Jeff. Jeff is seen reacting helplessly as Nate is heard repeatedly hitting Patrick.

After a couple of frantic moments, Jeff watches then comes over to the camera as Nate is heard.

Nate (From off of camera)

"Ok...we're good here."

Jeff adjusts the camera to his head and turns to capture Nate standing over Patrick; laying twisted on the ground and not moving. Nate wipes his knuckles on his own shirt before looking up to Jeff.

Nate (Mockingly surprised)

"Oh!...ah-er...Looks like Patrick must of fell...or hit head...don't worry...He's gonna sleep this one off for a minute..."

Nate walks away from Patrick, then looks around confused.

Nate

"What-the-fuck were you boys doing with our shit?!"

Jeff looks from Nate then around to the three upside down trees.

Jeff

"I have...no clue...I crashed out for...twenty minutes, maybe more...Didn't see what he was doing."

Nate (Stops and looks to all three trees, then to Jeff)

"Some kind of...what?...security parameter?"

Jeff (Looking around)

"More like lighting...for a rescue...Pat said something about a couple of satellite phones in the Escalades...we tried getting them, but those fucking squatches, dropped BOTH of them off a cliff, then tossed a couple of trees on top..."

Nate

"...well, we won't be getting our hopes high for no miracle rescue...Throw everything in one bag...I'll carry dipshit...we hear anything, drop everything and go back to back...don't move, don't talk, shoot ONLY when we SEE something...Just remember, we GOT to KEEP-MOVING...that's the only way were gettin-home."

Jeff looks back over to Nate, who walks over to Patrick's destroyed tent.

Nate (Motioning towards the ground)

"This his...right?"

Jeff

"Ahh...sure."

Nate tosses the downed tent aside, revealing the cases of bullets on the ground.

Nate (Nodding)

"There we are."

Jeff (Walking up to the cases)

"Are those?...That lying-piece-of-shit!...WHY in the fuck didn't you kill him?!"

Nate

"Because, we're going to make them pay...with money...We're going to get him outta here, so we can MAKE-SURE that he, and Jane, and Vera all have to make things RIGHT...for EVERYONE not getting to go home...Get whatever we can take...that we actually need...we got a long walk ahead of us."

Time is sped up as Jeff and Nate empty the contents of their backpacks, then load it with the cases of bullets, food, water, flare gun, and a tarp. Jeff throws the backpack on, and carries the rifle and pistol, as Nate throws Patrick over his shoulder. Nate motions and Jeff hands his rifle back over.

Nate (Looking to his rifle)

"Hey girl, did the mean ugly fat man touch you in naughty ways?...Don't worry...daddy's here."

Jeff (Snickering)

"Hah-hah...How long you planning on carrying him?"

Nate

"Well, I was kinda hoping he would wake up at some point...possibly walk himself...we just need to get him outta here...I really don't feel like wasting a bullet on him."

Jeff jogs over and grabs Patrick's backpack, then comes back to Nate.

Nate

"Seriously doing him a favor?"

Jeff

"It's the evidence we need...his precious little film."

As Jeff and Nate begin walking away from camp, a loud roar comes from high above them on the mountain. Nate stops and turns back to Jeff, listening to the loud call that is mimicked all around them in the forest.

Nate (Turning away from Jeff)

"That's our cue...apparently they're not too happy with the C-4 remodel job we did."

Jeff follows Nate as he begins hiking with Patrick slumped over his shoulder. The calls continue down the mountain and into the surrounding valley.

Nate (Not looking back)

"Don't look back...just keep moving."

The roars hang in the air as the two make their way away from camp. The two continue hiking as the sun sets behind them. Time is sped up as they continue hiking. The two make their way out of the valley and along a tree line before Nate speaks.

Nate (Turning to look Jeff in the eye)

"Hey...heh-heh-heh...I gotta ask...why...did you think Pat's gun was empty?"

Jeff

"Heh-heh-heh...Cause...heh-heh...we got back to camp...he tried firing off a shot...heh-heh...in frustration, I guess..."

Nate (Looking back confused)

"You...guess?...What do you mean?"

Jeff

"I don't know...I was trying to crash out...heh-heh-heh...halfway asleep, and I thought I heard the hammer get pulled, and I opened my eyes after I heard the hollow click of an empty chamber...He was facing away...Don't fucking know WHY he chose THAT-MOMENT to finally try a shot...We got chased two, three times...never once pulled it out..."

Nate

"Did he...have any other guns?...Other than the revolver I took?"

Jeff

"No...not that I saw."

Nate

"When we take a break...I'm searching his shit...Something's not adding up."

The two continue hiking with the sun disappearing over the mountain. From behind, a tree branch cracks and shuffling is heard.

Nate

"Keep walking!"

Nate leads the two, as Jeff begins looking around their surroundings. With the light fading, shadows begin appearing in between the trees.

From out of nowhere, a deep screech cuts the air and hangs all around them for a couple of seconds. Nate stops, turning and looking around; he drops Patrick to the ground without care. Patrick hits the ground, and moans awake.

Patrick

"Arrggghhhh!...DICK!"

Nate (Not looking down)

"Shut up!...Keep your eyes peeled Jeffery."

Jeff looks from Nate to the surrounding forest. Behind them another branch snaps, and Jeff spins around to catch a slight movement behind a tree, twenty feet away.

Patrick (From off of camera)

"...What the fuck?!"

Jeff (Still looking to the trees)

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

In the distance behind them, an inhuman roar comes from the camp's direction. Jeff spins towards it, then towards Nate.

Jeff (Looking around, in a hushed voice)

"Maybe we should keep moving?"

Nate (Coming over to Jeff)

"Turn around...hold still..."

Nate is heard rummaging in the backpack, then walks in front of Jeff; opening the C-4 case.

Jeff

"Is that?..."

Nate (Not looking up)

"Yup."

Jeff

"Ho-how much of that do you have?"

Nate cuts off a small chunk, then assembles the charge and turns on its wireless remote. Nate walks over and places it carefully in a tree behind them.

Patrick

"Wait...where the fuck are we?"

Jeff

"About mile from camp-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"NO!!...WHY in the FUCK did we leave?!"

Nate (Looking irritated beyond belief)

"REALLY?!...YOU are LUCKY we DIDN'T leave you there?!"

Patrick (To himself)

"Just the opposite actually."

Jeff double takes, holding the shot on Patrick. Nate is heard walking away, as Patrick instinctively checks

his watch. Jeff notices, and looks to Nate; whose back is turned, carefully attaching a C-4 charge to another tree.

Jeff

"Ahh...Nate?...Need a sec..."

Nate (Not turning back)

"Gonna have to wait, chief."

Jeff looks back over to Patrick, who sets on the ground; eyeing his backpack nervously.

Jeff (To Patrick)

"You got somewhere you need to be?!"

Patrick looks up, then over to Jeff slowly.

Jeff

"Saw you...eyeballing your watch, your backpack..."

Patrick (Nervously looking from Jeff to Nate)

"What?...No, no!"

Jeff looks to Nate, who stops assembling a charge, and looks to Patrick with a frown.

Patrick

"I...I just wanted to make sure...you got the footage!"

Jeff looks to Nate, who walks over and snatches Patrick's backpack away from his grasp. Patrick makes a febrile attempt to pull it away from Nate, before Nate opens its latch and dumps its contents on the ground.

Patrick

"No!...WAIT!"

The camera's fall and break on the ground, along with batteries, bottles of water, a laptop, energy bars, a flashlight, a first aid kit, and a balled up sweatshirt; which lands with a unusual smack. Nate's eyes lift to Jeff, then look over to Patrick.

Nate (Popping his neck before speaking)

"What's in the sweatshirt?"

Patrick hesitates, then looks around without answering. From off of camera, a large thump is heard.

Nate (Not looking away)

"You ain't saved by the bell...What's in that fucking sweatshirt?!"

Patrick closes his mouth, and swallows; never taking his eyes from Nate.

Nate shakes his head, then takes a step forward, and picks up the sweatshirt. A loud bang shocks Jeff, and he looks around in confusion. Patrick is seen momentarily behind a small cloud of smoke, pistol in his right hand.

Nate (From off of camera)

"ARGGGHH!...STUPID-LITTLE-SHIT SHOT ME!"

Jeff quickly looks over to Nate, who lies on the ground, blood pumping from a black hole in his chest. Jeff looks back over to Patrick, who is scrambling to grab whatever he can from the pile; a gun still smoking in his hand.

Jeff rushes over to Nate, and uncoils the sweatshirt, putting it on the gasping hokey in Nate's chest. The satellite phone bounces, and rests in between the three. Jeff looks down to the phone, then over to Patrick as he crams everything in the backpack with one hand, pointing the gun towards Jeff and Nate with the other.

Jeff holds the sweatshirt on Nate, as he scrambles to grab his rifle.

Patrick (Noticing Nate)

"Don't-DON'T!...Just...DONT'T-MOVE!"

Patrick closes the backpack, then snatches the satellite phone. Patrick pockets the phone, and kicks Nate's rifle away from reach.

Patrick (Pointing the gun towards Jeff and Nate)

"Don't...don't try and follow me!...I WILL shoot you Jeff!...Stay...stay the fuck away!"

Patrick looks around nervously, then sprints into the trees ; gun in one hand, his backpack in the other.

Jeff looks back down to Nate, who groans in frustration.

Nate

"AARRRRRRRGGGG!...Fucking-dammit!...Travy and Davey get taken out by chewbacca...I get gunned down-"

Jeff (Interrupting)

"Shut that shit down right-now!...We're getting you outta here-"

Nate (Interrupting)

"Hah-hah-hah!...You're fucking nuts!...We're in the middle of nowhere...I've got...an hour...tops...that SHIT-BRICK!...FUCK!..."

From off of camera another large roar is heard coming closer.

Nate (Looking around, as he leans against his backpack)

"...Ok...we gotta bag-of-dicks situation...we're bunking down here...the two charges are there...and over there...(Nate points in two different directions)...We shoot in these areas...force it to come near the charges...maybe we set one off, it can buy us some space..."

Jeff kneels close to Nate, facing the opposite direction, gun in hand. Jeff looks around the surrounding dark forest. Jeff looks over to Nate, who holds his rifle; scanning around them, the electronic remote in his lap.

All around them, branches break and thumps are heard all around them. Jeff continues looking around quickly, each noise causes him to spin in the direction. Jeff notices a movement to his right, and immediately aims towards it and fires.

Off of camera, an inhuman scream pierces the darkness, and causes Jeff to jump. Jeff continues scanning around as more thumps are heard all around them. Grunts are heard along with deep huffs off of camera.

Nate (From off of camera)

"Get...ready."

From out of the darkness, a loud roar explodes and shakes Jeff and Nate. Repeated thumps come from different directions, then are silenced by the loud explosions of gun fire.

Jeff patiently takes shots at trees that move wildly in the dark. Nate's assault rifle is heard off of camera, bursting in three round bursts. Each shot, illuminates close to the camera.

Nate (In between bursts)

"C-4!...GET READY!"

Jeff turns and ducks over Nate, as Nate reaches for the detonator. A bright orange and red flash blinds the camera as two explosions blow the speakers on the "Go Pro" camera.

The sound becomes distorted and sounding distant. Smoke floods the area, as high pitched screams are faintly heard. Jeff looks around and captures multiple trees on fire. Leaves on fire, rain down slowly in

the smokey chaos.

Jeff pans his gun around, capturing no movement, he looks back to Nate. Nate's head bobbing as his face begins showing signs of blood loss.

Jeff (Barely audible)

"Come on...come on Nate...we're getting out of here...come on..."

Nate struggles and resists Jeff as he tries picking him up.

Nate (Barely audible)

"Just...stop dipshit...We both know how this is ending...Take my gun...Take Dusty...she'll take care of you..."

Jeff (Looking around then back to Nate) (Barely audible)

"Heh-heh...no, come on!...Come-"

Nate (Barely audible)

"Quit wanting time!...Just give me your gun...I'll be fine..."

Jeff gets up and grabs the C-4 case, then opens it.

Nate (Barely audible, off of camera)

"What...what are you doing?"

Jeff begins cutting a piece of C-4, and assembling an explosive without responding.

Nate (Barely audible)

"You...you're going to get yourself killed...Do you even know-"

Jeff holds up the finished explosive.

Nate (Barely audible)

"Oh!...WHERE the fuck have YOU BEEN this trip?!...Could have...could have used you...like two days ago!"

Jeff looks over to Nate, who smiles with eyes glazed over. Jeff cuts and assembles another two explosives and places them surrounding Nate. Jeff comes back over to Nate, who looks even more pale.

Jeff grabs Nate's right hand placing his pistol in it, Jeff takes Nate's assault rifle and sets it on the ground. Nate reacts and lunges upwards.

Nate (Barely audible)

"Don't you let her touch the ground!"

Jeff holds Nate, then places the detonator in his left hand. Nate looks to Jeff with his eyes distant.

Jeff (Barely audible)

"You got this solider?...I won't leave-"

Nate (Barely audible)

"I got this...I got this...Jeff...I want you...to take this...take this..."

Nate pulls out a large coin from his left breast pocket, his hand shakes as he slowly hands it towards Jeff. Jeff looks down, and films both sides of the marine coin. One side red, with Amphibious Reconnaissance written across the top, the USMC across its bottom. A marine logo with wings in its center. The other side, black and yellow, sharing the same logo, but with a scuba logo above it, and a number 211 below it.

Nate (Barely audible)

"...I got one of those coins for every year I was in...Every year...I'd hand one out...to someone from back home...someone important...Someone who was there for me...when I needed them most...I gave one to Travy...one to Dave even...and now...I'm giving you my last one...You earned it...Can't believe I'm saying this but...if I had to go out...I'm glad I'm going out helping you get back...just make sure...make sure they find out the truth..."

From off of camera something large shakes the ground and causes Jeff to look around quickly.

Nate (Barely audible off of camera)

"Get out of here fuck-face!...GO!"

Jeff is shaken, as Nate lunges and shoves Jeff away from him. Jeff gets up and looks to Nate. Nate shakes his head in frustration, then points the gun towards Jeff.

Nate (Barely audible)

"GO!!"

Jeff reluctantly moves over and grabs the backpack and loads up as much as he can before walking away from the oncoming noise. Jeff backs away from Nate, as Nate looks to him with a small smile. Nate flips Jeff off and holds his finger up before grabbing the pistol and looking around.

Jeff begins jogging away from the oncoming noise. Jeff reaches the edge of the trees, then stops, and pulls the "Go Pro" camera off of his head. Jeff hangs the camera off of a branch, facing back towards Nate.

Jeff (Barely audible, off of camera)

"Good luck Nate..."

Jeff is heard walking away, as Nate is seen in the distance firing shots off. Nine flashes of light are seen before darkness resumes for over a minute. Then three bright orange and red fireball explosions are captured, as the sound hits the camera. Trees catch fire, as large branches and rocks fly through the air. A chunk of branch flies towards the camera, knocking it from the branch.

The shot stays towards the fires in the distance, but in a skewed angle. Amongst the fires, a large shadow is seen walking around, stopping, then walking out of frame towards camp.

From "Go Pro" Camera (Patrick)

Patrick turns the camera towards himself, and laughs hysterically.

Patrick

"Hah-hah-hah!...It's STILL-ON!...Oh, fucking NICE!...Ok...well, this is me getting saved, take one..."

Patrick straps the camera to his head, then walks over to the camp fire; and dumps all the wood on it. Patrick grabs his stick, lighting it over the fire he walks over to an upside down tree, and lights the roots and camping gear on fire.

Patrick repeats the process on the remaining two trees, then returns to the camp fire. Patrick reaches into his backpack and pulls out the flare gun, then pockets it, and looks to his watch.

Patrick

"What the FUCK?!...Hour my ASS!"

Patrick reaches back into his backpack and pulls out the satellite phone, and begins dialing. From off of camera, a tree branch snaps and echoes throughout the camp.

Patrick looks up, and fires a shot in the direction, then looks back to the phone. The camera picks up the voice on the phone.

Operator's voice

"Good evening, Vera Media-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"JANE-ALEXANDER!...It's PATRICK STONER, this is an EMERGENCY!"

Operator's voice

"...One...one second..."

Patrick

"PLEASE hurry!"

The speaker plays a cheap melody, and Patrick looks away in anger. The fires from the upside down trees illuminate the camp, causing total darkness outside of its reach.

Behind him, a large thump causes him to jump and spin around&; firing a shot without hesitation.

Patrick (Calling out)

"I CAN DO THIS ALL NIGHT!"

Patrick looks over to his backpack, then reaches in and struggles to remove his hand.

Patrick (Whispering)

"NO, NO, NO!...WHAT-THE-FUCK?!"

Patrick removes his hand, and turns the backpack upside down, dumping its contents in a rush. Patrick frantically searches the clutter, then kicks a camera in frustration.

Patrick

"FUCK!"

Patrick rushes over and removes his tent, revealing the bare ground.

Patrick (Looking up)

"FUUUUCK!"

Beyond the light of the tree fires, a large thump shakes the ground; causing Patrick to turn and move towards the camp fire. Patrick points the gun towards the sound, when another thump comes from his right.

Patrick spins and fires two shots into the dark. A loud roar comes from the direction, causing Patrick to hesitate. Patrick pauses for a second before firing five more shots in the direction.

A unknown creature lets out a blood curdling groan, before a large thump shakes the ground. Patrick breaths hard in the dark, gasping to himself.

Patrick (Whispering)

"Did I...Did I just kill Bigfoot!?...No way...No fucking way!...Come on Patty...keep it together!"

Operator's voice

"Sir?!...Sir, are you still there?!"

Patrick looks down, and pulls the satellite phone from his pocket.

Patrick

"YES!...YES, I'm here!...Jane?!"

Operator's voice

"Sir...Ms. Alexander has left for the day-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!...I JUST talked to her...like an hour ago!"

Operator's voice

"Sir, sir...I JUST SPOKE to her PA, and she said Ms. Alexander wasn't feeling well-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"Was it Meghann?...Let me PLEASE speak to her!...She KNOWS ME!...This is VERY IMPORTANT!-"

Operator's voice (Interrupting)

"Sir-SIR!...I passed along your name and she apologized but she would pass along the information to Ms. Alexander-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"NO!...This is a LIFE OR DEATH SITUATION!-"

Operator's voice (Interrupting)

"SIR!...Ms. Alexander's PA is very busy right now-"

Patrick (Interrupting)

"Really busy, reading scripts!...I'm NOT JOKING!...I'm filming in the wilderness, I'm the LAST SURVIVOR to-"

Operator's voice (Interrupting)

"I don't have time for this...I'm patching you thru to her voice mail-"

Patrick (Speaking over)

"NO-NO-NO-NO-NO!...SHIT!...JANE...THIS IS PATRIC!...Ahh...WHAT-THE-FUCK?!...You SCREWED ME OVER?!...For WHAT?!...MONEY?!...A FILM?!...NOTORIETY?!..."

From off of camera, a loud roar calls out and hangs in the air; causing Patrick to look around nervously.

Patrick fires three shots off in the direction.

Patrick (Into the phone)

"...You STILL THERE?!...You leave me hanging...you KILL ME LIKE THIS...then you get to hear it...I hope it was fucking worth it!"

From the darkness, the sound of something being ripped from the ground is heard. Patrick holds his gun up towards the sound, and fires a shot into the abyss.

Patrick is heard stuttering his breaths as he waits, looking around. From the dark a inhuman grunt is heard, as a giant shadow flies into the camp. An enormous tree flies, and cracks against one of the burning trees.

Patrick jumps and captures the trees colliding and tangling. Patrick spins around and fires another shot into the dark; gasping and stuttering.

Patrick looks around, capturing one of the trees burning out; causing the light to drain around the camp. Patrick makes his way over to the still burning tree, keeping his back to the light as he looks around quickly.

From the darkness, a loud roar causes Patrick to spin and fire one round off before, repeatedly clicking an empty trigger. The roar hangs and continues, as other roars and screeches are heard all around.

Patrick is heard gasping as he backs towards the fire. Patrick continues looking around as the darkness comes alive with screeches and howls.

Patrick continues looking around, as the light from behind him slowly begins to fade in strength. Patrick looks around, and searches himself, before pulling the flare gun from his pocket.

Patrick (Whispering)

"Aw fuck, fuck, fuck...Aww shit...fuck me, fuck me..."

The howls and screeches subside and the forest slowly resumes its peaceful quiet. Patrick stutters his breathing, as the tree behind him fades to nothing but burning plastic.

Patrick squats down and looks straight ahead to the fire pit; twenty feet away, it's light barely illuminates the camp. Patrick looks around, until a beastly roar comes from just past the fire pit.

Patrick holds the camera towards the light of the fire, gasping to himself. Directly in front of him, a large thump shakes the ground. Patrick falls backwards, keeping the shot on the fire pit.

Patrick slowly holds up the flare gun towards the fire, and cocks the hammer. A couple of seconds pass,

until another large thump comes directly in front of him.

Patrick (Whispering)

"Three...two..."

Patrick fires the flare directly above the fire pit, and the flare lights up the camp a bright red. The flare goes sailing past the fire pit, and the camp lights up for a moment. In the split second of light, eight enormous, upright-hairy creatures are seen standing all around him.

The light burns out and the dark returns all around him. From the dark, large thumps are heard all around coming close.

Patrick

"NO-NO-NO-NO-NO-"

Patrick is cut off as something large strikes him in mid sentence. The force of the blow causes the camera to fly off of his head and land in the grass nearby. Multiple thumps are heard all around the camera, as snorts and grunts are heard close.

From off of camera, the sound of dragging is heard leading away from the camera. Two minutes pass in the darkness, as the camera films the camp fire in the distance; before a large roar is heard echoing all around the camp and valley.

The fire pit burns for another twenty-seven minutes before it slowly loses its light and dies into darkness. The "Go Pro" Camera films for another thirty-eight minutes before powering down and turning to black.

Screen stays black, then white lettering slowly appears:

On June 17th 2014, Jeff Roberts was discovered, dehydrated and wandering alongside County Road 15 near Yampa, Colorado.

On October 1st, 2014, Jane Alexander and Vera Media were officially charged by the Routt County District Prosecutor in a wrongful death criminal suit brought on by the surviving family members of the seven missing and presumed dead crew members.

The family of "Tyler Brooks" settled with Vera Media out of court, and refused repeated attempts for comment for this film.

On October 10th 2014, Jane Alexander was found by a family member in her Los Angeles apartment after an apparent overdose of prescription pills. Court records indicate that no phone call was made from Jane Alexander on June 16th 2014, or anytime after.

On December 5th 2014, Vera Media, along with Gotham Artists Agency agent James Schultz (representing Jeff Roberts) sold all rights to both "Routt" and "Routt: Revisited" films to "J and M Studios".

As of January 1st, 2015, Vera Media is still engaged in a ongoing wrongful death criminal suit for the death and presumed disappearances of Samir Singh, Brittany Gabbert, Travis Higdon, Dave Kruel, Patrick Stoner, Salah Abdullah, and Nathan Allison.

In between July and November of 2014, Jeff Roberts sold "2nd Act Comics and Games" along with his home in Ottumwa, Iowa. As of January 1st 2015, Jeff Roberts has not been seen or heard from...