

SAMANTHA

Written by

Rick Hardin

24514 148th Lane SE  
Kent, WA 98042  
619-647-7407  
Rickhardin@comcast.net

FADE IN:

EXT. OLD BEARING FACTORY - DAY

SAMANTHA, 16, strolls along on her way home from school. Her mousey brown hair cascades in a unruly spray across her BACKPACK, on which is the character of "Jack Skellington" from "Nightmare Before Christmas."

Her usual route takes her past the Old Bearing Factory a century old brick building long abandoned. The noise from the nearby freeway is oppressive.

She glances at her watch which reads: 2:43

As she rounds the corner of the building she sees a Police cruiser stopped, doors wide open. The light bar sends streaks of light across the old building.

As she comes closer she curiously looks inside the car. The shotgun bracket is empty and a CUP OF COFFEE still steams in it's holder.

Her attention is drawn to a door into the building which slowly rocks in the breeze. As she draws close it's evident the door has been forced open recently.

She hesitates at the threshold, but curiosity drives her on.

INT. OLD BEARING FACTORY - DAY

The interior is gloomy, and filled with rusty machinery. The only light trickles down from grimy skylights.

Ten yards ahead there is a beam of light, spilling across the floor.

She approaches, it's one of those long heavy FLASHLIGHTs the cops carry. Next to it is a CAMCORDER on it's side, still set to record.

She picks up the camcorder and hits stop, then rewinds it which only takes a few seconds. She scans the factory; she sees nothing unusual so she hits the play button.

On the tape is the back of Officer FRANK MILLER who carries a SHOTGUN. Officer JACK CARLSON's voice drifts from camcorder; he's the one operating the camcorder.

JACK (O.S.)  
Officers Jack Carlson and Frank  
Miller, Kent Police department  
investigating a four-one-nine,  
possible dead body. Location: the  
Old Bearing Factory on Mill Street.

INT. OLD BEARING FACTORY / CAMCORDER SCREEN POV - DAY

Frank moves cautiously forward his eyes scans back and forth constantly. The camcorder jitters and shakes as Jack walks. In the corner of the screen a timestamp rolls it reads:  
"11/21/13 14:38.45"

FRANK  
The caller described the vic as  
white, female 15-18 years old,  
brown hair.

JACK (O.S.)  
Masher victim?

FRANK  
Jeez let's hope not, probably just  
some kids playing a joke.

JACK (O.S.)  
Yeah, but it's the same MO, teenage  
girl, brown hair, head crushed.

Frank hesitates and half turns, his ear cocked.

FRANK  
You hear that?

Frank aims his shotgun into the dark shadows. Seconds tick away.

JACK (O.S.)  
(whispering)  
What'd you hear?

A SCRAPPING SOUND comes from their left, like a someone sliding something large and heavy across the floor.

The two cops freeze.

The image becomes jerky as Jack tries to follow the action.

WHAM!

A large CLUB OR PIPE wielded by a huge shadowy figure slams into Frank's shotgun with lightning speed sending it flying.

On the back swing the pipe/club CRUNCHES into Frank's head crushing it like a melon.

INT. OLD BEARING FACTORY - DAY

Frightened, Samantha looks away from the camcorder screen to see something she'd missed before. In the deep shadows ahead lays Frank's body his shattered shotgun nearby.

With a GASP Samantha raises her hand to her mouth. She slowly lowers her hand to reveal a smear of blood on her lip.

Sensing something's wrong she raises her hand again and it's smeared with blood. She GASPs again when she sees the spatters of blood on the camcorder.

Frozen in indecision she struggles to control her instinct to flee. She even takes one short step toward the door then stops. Finally curiosity wins and she restarts the camcorder.

INT. OLD BEARING FACTORY / CAMCORDER SCREEN POV - DAY

The camcorder drops and lands on it's side. It's view is now focused on the open door through which part of the cruiser can be seen.

JACK (O.S.)

Freeze!

(beat)

Freeze or I'll shoot!

BLAM! BLAM!! BLAM!!!

As the gunshots fade the only sound is Jack's HEAVY BREATHING. Then --

SCRAPPING SOUND

BLAM!

BLAM, BLAM!!!

Silence

BLAM, BLAM!!

BLAM!!!

There is a faint sound of the radio button pushed.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Officer down, I repeat officer  
 down! At the Old Bearing Factory on  
 ...

SCRAPPING SOUND

BLAM! BLAM!! BLAM!!!

Silence

BLAM! BLAM!! CLICK, CLICK, --

-- The sound of the trigger on an empty gun.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Damn!

Jack's feet stumble into view of the camcorder. He's backing up to the door, more and more of him come into view until at the door the camcorder shows him from the waist down.

Jack ejects the EMPTY CLIP which CLATTERS to the floor and slams a new CLIP home and draws the slide to chamber a round.

His gun comes up and out of view of the camcorder and he pivots back and forth.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Fuck this!

Jack turns to leave and --

SCRAPPING SOUND then--

CRUNCH --

And Jack's body falls across the threshold and just like his partner, his head was crushed with one massive blow.

After a second or two the body is dragged out of the camcorders view by something unseen.

INT. OLD BEARING FACTORY - DAY

Panting with fear Samantha looks up from the camcorder, terror on her face.

SAMANTHA  
 Oh my God.

The sounds of POLICE SIRENS come from a distance coming closer. Her terror fades to a look of relief.

She lowers the camcorder, unnoticed it's still playing, on it's screen Samantha comes into view checking out the cruiser.

Samantha looks expectantly out the door.

She glances at the camcorder and on it's screen she see's herself walk through the door.

SCRAPPING SOUND

EXT. OLD BEARING FACTORY - DAY

Three police cruisers race up to the Old Bearing Factory and amidst a cloud of dust come to a stop next to Jack and Frank's cruiser.

Cops bail out and rush to the open door.

INT. OLD BEARING FACTORY - DAY

Like a well oiled machine six COPS invade the factory, guns raised, at the ready. They fan out.

A woman cop, JACKIE sees a beam of light spilling across the floor. She approaches and discovers it's a police flashlight.

Next to it is a camcorder and a backpack with the character of "Jack Skellington" on it.

Not far way COP #2 finds Frank's body, the head hidden in the shadows.

COP #2  
Found Frank.

He leans down to check the pulse then suddenly jerks back.

COP #2 (CONT'D)  
Shit he's dead!

Jackie carefully nudges the backpack with the barrel of her gun to reveal a handwritten name: "Samantha".

COP #3 (O.S.)  
(from a distance)  
Here's Jack,  
(beat)  
Oh dear God.

Sounds of someone violently being sick waifs in from the same direction.

Jackie slowly stands, her face a mask of shock and disbelief.  
She shakes herself out of it.

JACKIE  
(Calling out loud)  
Anyone seen my kid sister,  
Samantha?

COP #4  
I haven't seen her.

FADE OUT.