

CAMERAMAN

written by

samekh resh

"say cheese"

Samekh.res@gmail.com

EXT- SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A car pulls up to the streetlight and out steps CAMERON(25), a stunning influencer. She looks very 70s.

CAMERON
Which ugly fucking house is it?

She scrolls on her phone past collab offers and DMs.

She taps on a conversation, with the last message from her friend being an address.

Above the address is a picture.

She tentatively scrolls up to the picture.

A boy, DALLAS, is uncomfortably smiling in the picture.

She looks at it more.

In the picture, Dallas begins to step back and scream.

The shadow of an old film camera is cast on his body.

She exits the chat and checks her page, showing her high follower count.

She goes to the home screen and clicks on the camera icon.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I look good as hell.

She points the camera at herself, and over her shoulder is CAMERAMAN.

CAMERAMAN
Yas Queen.

She screams.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
Beautiful as always.

CAMERON
Oh fuck, it's you again. Creep.

CAMERAMAN wears a tuxedo, brogues, and a camera for his head.

On his lapel is a flower made of film.

He fixes his film handkerchief.

CAMERAMAN

Yes. Me again.

CAMERON

You get tired of following me?

CAMERAMAN

Don't you like having followers?
Isn't that all you want in your
life? To have a bunch of people
follow you so you can sell your
empty products with their empty
promises? Scamming people daily
with teas you never drink, because
your stomach is naturally flat, or
workout programs you don't do,
because you're anorexic.

CAMERON

Rude, I'm allergic to food. It's
bad for my skin.

CAMERAMAN

Everything seems bad for you these
days.

CAMERON

Yeah, this conversation is bad for
me. Goodbye, freak.

CAMERON walks away as CAMERAMAN watches.

CAMERAMAN

Weren't you going to take your
selfie?

CAMERON continues walking.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)

I bet it would've been perfect.

CAMERON spins around.

CAMERON

Yeah, because I'm fucking perfect.

CAMERON spins around, bumping into CAMERAMAN, who is holding
something outstretched to her.

CAMERAMAN

Then prove it, Ms. Narcissis.

CAMERON

I'm just gonna call the police.

CAMERON goes to get her phone from her purse, searching endlessly to find it.

CAMERAMAN (OS)
You think you'd keep better track
of this. It is your livelihood.

She looks to CAMERAMAN, seeing he has it in his hands.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
Another square for the grid, right?

She shakily looks at him. Slow, old-timey music starts to play.

CAMERON
What the fuck is that?

CAMERAMAN(OS)
What is what?

CAMERON
That fucking, that fucking ragtime
depression era music.

CAMERMAN
C'mon, honey, we've both seen
enough horror movies.

CAMERON
I'm not the fucking picture.

CAMERAMAN
I would take it for you, but no one
knows your angles like you.

She grabs the phone, shakily, to take the picture.

CAMERMAN
Oh my god, you gotta use the back
camera for the perfect selfie.

She turns the camera around.

CAMERAMAN
Remember, 0.5 at that angle.

CAMERON changes the settings up puts the camera up.

CAMERAMAN takes a picture of her with a Polaroid Camera.

CAMERON immediately drops the phone and runs.

CAMERAMAN (OS) (CONT'D)
Camera-shy? Now?

Film reaches out like tentacles, grabbing CAMERON.

She falls, and the film drags her on the ground.

Out of sight, her screams and the sounds of bones cracking until it quiets to a hush.

A hand reaches to pick up the phone.

The hand opens her social media. She only has one post.

The hand taps on the photo, showing CAMERON, sweaty and distressed, looking up at her phone to take a picture.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
And they pay for this shit.

BLACK.

CAMERMAN TITLECARD.

INT- SONYA'S APARTMENT- MORNING

Sonya (29) is in her closet, looking for clothing. Her apartment is modest, minimal, with no electronics, except the stove.

Sonya dresses in brown and beige before leaving her apartment.

EXT - CITY - MORNING

Sonya walks along the busy street.

When on the metro, Sonya uses cash while others simply tap to pay.

Sonya reads a book on transit while others use their phones.

Sonya makes her way to her office building, a beautiful facade with rotating doors.

Leaning against her building is MARCO (27).

SONYA
Seriously? Again?

MARCO

Heard you were working here. Like a cog.

They stare at each other.

SONYA

What do you need?

MARCO

You. Like always.

SONYA

I told you, after everything happened, I'm done.

MARCO

Look, if we can just get on the company's system, I can take over from there with the-

SONYA

I don't want any parts, Marco.

MARCO

You don't wanna help the world?

SONYA

How can I help the world if the government kills me?

MARCO

How are you helping the world now?

SONYA

Look, I gotta go to work.

MARCO

Okay okay okay, if I just give you a flash drive, could you-

SONYA

No, Marco, don't fucking talk to me again.

MARCO

If we can just get inside the company's

SONYA

STOP TALKING TO ME.

Sonya rushes to her job.

INT- ENTRANCE HALL- MORNING

ROBBIE (50), the doorman, and TINA, the Guard (51) chat.

In front of them is a metal detector.

ROBBIE AND TINA
Hey Sonya.

SONYA
Hey Guys.

ROBBIE
What was that about?

SONYA
Nothing.

TINA
Like Usual.

They go back to talking, weirdly eyeing Sonya as she sets down her purse and takes off her watch

TINA (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Sonya, you don't have to.

SONYA
Why? What's funny?

ROBBIE
It's not like you have anything on you.

TINA
Well, it is always the quiet, lonely types who kill.

Sonya stares at them. They stare back.

ROBBIE
She's just saying, statistically.

Sonya stares at him.

TINA
Girl, get out of here. You're creepy as hell with that dead ass look.

Sonya walks off.

TINA (CONT'D)
Like a fucking corpse.

ROBBIE
I mean, what else can you expect
from someone who doesn't have a-,

ROBBIE notices Sonya is still there, watching.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Ain't you already late for work?
Get!

TINA
She's always in our damn business.
She need to be fixing them damn
computers.

ROBBIE
And her damn gut. You hear her when
she shits on that stool?

TINA
Sounds like she's murdering the
toilet.

Sonya walks to her desk, a tiny, bare cubicle.

As she readies for work, a muffin slowly rises behind her.
Eventually, Sonya turns around to see it.

SONYA
What the fuck, Janet?

Janet

Thank God you turned around, I didn't know how long I was
gonna hold up my hand.

SONYA (CONT'D)
I repeat, Janet. What the fuck?

Janet

Well, you didn't actually repeat that. You flipped it.
Originally, you said, What the fuck, Janet, but now you're
saying, Janet, What the fuck.

SONYA (CONT'D)
It's the same thing.

JANET
Well, syntactically, it's
different.

SONYA

It means the same thing.

JANET

Semantically and syntactically, it could, but I'm not here to split hairs with you; I can see time has done that enough. I'm here to help you.

SONYA

Help me?

JANET

Yes. Word around the office is, your booty hole is hotter than the 7th ring of hell due to all your diarrhea. So I just thought it would be the right thing to do. From one girl to the next.

SONYA

What does our being women have to do with this?

JANET

All that shitting and backsplash...it's not good for your little lady.

SONYA

My little lady?

JANET

Your clam?

SONYA

CLAM?

JANET

I thought you'd get a seafood reference because fish.

SONYA

Fish?

JANET

Taco box?

SONYA

Janet, please.

JANET pats her groin.

JANET

Your vagina, poo water splashing in
your vagina is unhealthy.

SONYA

This conversation is an HR
violation.

JANET

I am HR.

SONYA

I know, which is part of why this
is sad.

JANET

Do you want the muffin or not?

Sonya takes the muffin.

JANET (CONT'D)

Remember, girlie. The meeting
starts in five.

Janet slinks beneath her cubicle sectioner. Sonya sighs and
gathers her papers, and leaves for the meeting room.

INT - OFFICE MEETING ROOM - MIDDAY

Muted voices layer in the background as Sonya stares off.

People laugh and talk while she is not engaged.

It muffles more, becoming a muted mash-up until-,

CLAP. It's JANET.

JANET

Ugh, good one, Jeremy. You really
should stop this HR stuff and
become a comedian.

JEREMY

Aw, I've really been thinking about
it-,

JANET

Seriously. You're bad at
communication.

JEREMY

Wait, really, did I mess up-,

JANET

JUST KIDDING, since we're telling jokes, I thought I'd say one, too.

JEREMY

What's the joke, though?

JANET

Anyway, before I ended the meeting, I wanted to share something you guys won't believe. It's this new craze.

Janet gathers them around her and searches on her phone.

JANET (CONT'D)

My youngest showed it to me the other day, weirdest little trend.

JEREMY

Oh, is this what I think it is?

JANET

It's like some blue dress, gold dress shit.

SONYA

What?

JANET

Oh, here it is.

She is on CAMERON's page. It is still just that page, with that one post.

She shows the profile to her coworkers.

JANET (CONT'D)

Apparently, people have been deleting all their socials, and posting one picture, and just one caption-,

She taps the picture, and it moves, as if Cameron is slowly turning away.

SONYA

What the fuck?

JANET
Hashtag Say Cheese. So weird,
right?

SONYA
Did you guys see that?

JANET and JEREMY groan.

SONYA (CONT'D)
What was that about?

JEREMY
Here we go.

JANET
(mockingly)
What? You see anything?

SONYA
Why are you saying it like that?

JANET
That's just bullcrap people say.
They say they see it moving, and
BS.

SONYA
Wait, show it to me again.

JANET shows her the picture. This time, it moves even more,
as if the phone is staying still as CAMERON turns away.

SONYA (CONT'D)
RIGHT THERE.

JEREMY
Right where?

Sonya takes the phone from JANET, studying it.

CAMERON, again, moves from her pose to turning around.

She is a blonde blur. The sequence loops again.

She is turning more and more with each loop.

SONYA
It just did it again. And again!

JEREMY and JANET share a look. JANET slowly takes her phone
back.

JANET

Please don't break my phone. If you're gonna break a phone, you should join the civilized world like the rest of us, get one, and break your own.

SONYA

I don't fucking need a phone-,

JANET

We know, we know-,

EVERYONE

The government is watching.

They all exit the room as Sonya sits.

EXT - OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

Sonya leaves her building, along with her coworkers.

She walks down the sidewalk and looks up at the sky.

CAMERON's picture moving flashes in her head.

She reads on the train.

She walks past her house to an Italian restaurant.

INT- RUSTIC DINER - EVENING

MARIO (24) leans over the host's podium, texting.

He looks up and sees Sonya.

MARIO

Right on time, sunshine.

SONYA

I'm a predictable girl.

MARIO

Not bad for our business.

Sonya stands awkwardly.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Usual spot and order?

SONYA

It's never any different.

Mario leads Sonya to a quaint table, where she sits.

MARIO immediately brings her a bottle of wine.

MARIO cracks open the wine and pours for her.

When he stops, she slides it to him.

He smirks and pours more.

She takes a big gulp of her wine.

MARIO

Long day?

SONYA

Aren't they all.

MARIO goes to his podium and scrolls before the bell dings.
He brings the food over to Sonya's table.

SONYA (CONT'D)

That was-,

MARIO

Quick? yeah well-,

He motions to the empty diner. MARIO pulls out the Parmesan grinder.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Say when.

He starts grating the cheese.

He repeats "say when" two more times before she stops him.

He sits down at a booth nearby when his phone dings.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Not this shit again, Romero.

He goes back to texting, and the phone dings again.

SONYA

You're popular.

He looks at Sonya eating.

MARIO

Hey Yaya, lemme ask you something.

He comes to her booth.

MARIO (CONT'D)
You heard of the-,

He looks at her.

MARIO (CONT'D)
Wait, I just remembered you live
under a rock.

SONYA
That's the point of being tech-
free.

MARIO
What kinda super hacker goes tech-
free?

SONYA
The one who knows too much.

MARIO
Okay, lady, you sound like a Matrix
character. Anyway, my friends keep
trying to send me pics of this
challenge to see if I see anything,
which I don't. I wanna see if you
see.

SONYA
What?

MARIO shows her picture of CAMERON, and this time, she moves
more, almost starting into a sprint.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking Christ, is she
running now?

MARIO
Running? What?

Mario looks at the phone.

SONYA
Don't fuck with me, Mario.

MARIO
You don't fuck with me? She just
taking a selfie.

Sonya looks at the picture again.

This time, Cameron runs just a little bit farther.

SONYA
Now she's running farther.

MARIO
Oh...Okay then.

SONYA
No, seriously, just let me show
you.

She tries to grab MARIO's phone.

He struggles with her until she lets go.

PAULIE (42) is staring from a crack in the kitchen door.
MARIO stares at her, too.

MARIO
I gotta tend to some tables.

SONYA
Sorry I just-,

MARIO
It's cool.

SONYA
I'm sorry. I'm-,

MARIO
If you wanna see it, just watch on
your phone.

SONYA
No phone, remember.

MARIO
I thought you'd break mine with
that gorilla grip. You can always
get one again, y'know, instead of
trying to break mine.

SONYA
Maybe. Maybe.

Sonya eats in thought.

INT- SONYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Sonya lies in her bed, awake.

The short clip of CAMERON replays in her head.

She tosses and turns and tries to sleep, but she simply cannot.

INT - SONYA'S JOB - MORNING

Sonya is groggily typing at work.

She looks around before typing in Reddit on her computer.

It's blocked by the network.

SONYA

Hey Jeremy!

He pops his head up over the cubicle.

JEREMY

Heya!

SONYA

Good God, you're too happy in the morning.

JEREMY

And depression rules your life.

JANET

Jeremy! What did I tell you about being honest?

JEREMY

It's not meant for the modern world.

SONYA

And you guys are our HR department?

JEREMY

It could be worse. We could be an actual corporate entity, then you'd really hate us.

SONYA

Okay, well, I was trying to search up a coding solution online, and the one website that seemed to give good solutions was Reddit-,

JEREMY

Ooooh, I know what you're gonna ask, and it's a no-go.

SONYA
What was I gonna ask?

JANET
(mockingly)
Can we have Facebook? Can we have
Twitter? Can we have Myspace?

SONYA
Who wants Myspace.

JEREMY
The Last remaining millennials.

He looks Sonya up and down.

SONYA
I'm Late Gen Z.

JEREMY
Late Birthed Gen Z, perhaps.

JANET
But it's company policy. No social
media. We're here to work. If you
wanna scroll Ticking Tock, do it on
your own time.

In the moment, JANET opens up a social media app.

SONYA
Hey, can I see that for a second?

JANET
What-,

Sonya snatches the phone and looks for CAMERON's account.
Janet snatches her phone back. She looks at the phone.

JANET (CONT'D)
Oh my god, are you still on this?

SONYA
You really don't see it.

Janet Looks at her.

Sonya snatches back JANET's phone and shows her the picture.
It moves as she points.

JEREMY walks over to look and shares a glance with JANET.

He gently grabs the phone.

JEREMY

Yes... we see. A phone... magic.

SONYA

No, the picture's moving. You can see her. She's turning away and running.

It becomes pin-drop quiet.

Sonya sees the whole office staring at her, including TINA and ROBBIE.

TINA

I don't know, y'all, that sounds like psychosis, but imma shut up.

ROBBIE

You think she's gonna snap soon? I put my money on next Wednesday.

TINA and ROBBIE walk away as they discuss bets.

Sonya rolls her eyes.

ON her computer, she opens her terminal and starts hacking.

She's typing fast, navigating through folders, opening and editing files, and testing network connections.

Eventually, she opens a browser, types in Reddit, and it works.

SONYA

Still got it.

She creates a profile, her name is not-delulu-iswear-89.

She searches CAMERAMAN in the search bar. A subreddit shows.

She joins it, scrolls, and clicks on a post, "dead(known) so far," seeing a list of four names.

She scrolls to another post. It is a link to a social media website.

The picture is blocked with a square saying "please join to view."

She makes a profile.

She goes back to the tab with the Reddit post listing the dead.

She starts with CAMERON, clicking on the hyperlink that takes Sonya to her page.

There she sees the entirety of her last moments.

Cameron is running away and is then grabbed by the film.

She falls down and is dragged out of frame.

A man steps into frame, with the head of an old film camera, wearing a lovely suit.

He leans in and points at Sonya. She exits the tab.

Curious, she scrolls through the CAMERAMAN subreddit.

Seeing a post titled, "the curse of CAMERAMAN," she clicks it and reads.

SONYA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Spread through pictures....pictures
start moving.....asks you to take
the perfect selfie?.... KILLS
YOU???? what? This can't?

JANET

Whatcha saying there, girlie?

SONYA

Nothing.

JEREMY

She said something about killing.

JANET

Ugh, there's always one you gotta
keep your eye out for in the
office.

Sonya rolls her eyes and breathes. She thinks.

Then she goes and makes a post, the header: *Just wanna talk.*

She types:

Hey everyone, I know this CAMERAMAN shit seems stupid but-i don't wanna sound crazy-i actually saw it. Like I saw some of the pictures move whenever I saw them. Well, I only saw one picture, The one with that CAMERON girl? It's like every time I see it, it starts to play out, more and more like a bad horror movie. I just wanna... talk to someone else, if they've seen it too, by some way.

Don't be a dick and make fun of me. This is serious. I feel like I'm going crazy, and I just want to make sure I'm not. Thanks.

She clicks on the names of the other victims.

She watches their pictures play out and expands to show each individual's last moments.

JASON YOON (21) flexing his muscles, his face a fearful smile.

He's sweaty, but pale. He tries to run, but trips on a weight and hits his head.

Film grabs his ankles and pulls him out of frame.

Sonya clicks out of that picture and goes to another.

MINA OTESS (25) is standing, completely still in the rain.

Her face is still and defiant.

A hand reaches out and grabs her neck.

Film ensnares her face. She disappears.

She goes back to her Reddit post and puts an edit:

Yeah, guys, no, I'm definitely seeing them. It's like they're getting wrapped up in film. I don't get it. Please HELP, I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING CRAZY.

Sonya is in a vortex of pictures and articles, unaware of the outside world, when JANET sets a muffin on the table.

JANET (CONT'D)
Daily fiber girly.

SONYA
Thanks, Janet.

JANET is about to leave when she notices Sonya isn't leaving.

JANET
Squashing some big bug.

SONYA
What?

JANET
I've heard you coding all day, and usually you're gone by 5.

SONYA
Is it five?

JANET
30, yes, girlie, you've been
working. Remember to lock up.

Sonya watches as Janet leaves and focuses on the computer
She clicks on a video.

Video one: A young man, wearing glasses, is on the screen.

YOUNG MAN
(Personally, I think it
began in 2020 after COVID
hit the wave. We were all
tied to our screens, tied
to our cameras, when
something happened. It
was as if something was
awakened.)

Video two: An older woman speaks from her bed.

OLDER WOMAN
No one thinks it's strange? 5 young
people with their lives ahead of
them, thriving lives, all delete
their socials, with one selfie,
#saycheese, and they're never to be
found again. And we're just
supposed to believe it's suicide
because that's what the cops say? I
think it's a government Psyop.
No... a conspiracy. It's probably
experimentation or organ
harvesting.

Video three: An older man sits in an office.

OLDER MAN
There have only been 4 confirmed so
far, CAMERON being the one who put
it on the map, as she was a famous
influencer who just disappeared.
Personally, I think it's a mass
psychosis brought upon by 21st-
century mundane madness. People are
so obsessed with perfection that
fulfillment is lacking, and the
soul suffers. It harkens to
depression, deleting everything.
(MORE)

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
 I just don't understand the whole
 #saycheese thing. Is it a meme?

Sonya stares at her computer, tired and in bewilderment.

She goes to check her Reddit post to see she's got two responses:

1. *Yeah bitch you are going crazy. Get a dose of cobenfy.*

She googles what Cobenfy is, and schizophrenia pops up. She rolls her eyes and checks for the second.

2. *lol attention whore.*

She rolls her eyes and goes back to doing her research.

INT- OFFICE - MORNING

JANET and JEREMY giggle as they walk through the halls.

They round a corner to a tired and disheveled Sonya.

SONYA
 HI.

JANET
 Jesus Christ.

JEREMY
 Jumpscare.

SONYA
 Good morning, good morning. Did you
 all sleep well?

JANET
 Did you even?

SONYA
 No, but that's not the point. I'll
 prove it to you.

JEREMY
 Prove What-,

She pulls both JEREMY and JANET by their arms into the meeting room. A PowerPoint is running.

SONYA
 okay okay okay. So, the first one
 was Hiroki, Mitsuri.

She clicks a button, and it shows Hiroki, Happy, and smiling, holding a camera, about to take a picture.

SONYA (CONT'D)

Indiana Born and bred. He had a love for photography and filmmaking and set out to film the world during the lockdown. He's making movies and making work, and then all of a sudden, he goes missing. But nothing on his profiles or websites or anything but one picture.

CLICK. The slide changes.

Sonya points to a picture of Hiroki on a bridge.

He wears a wide-eyed, forced smile and a snot-faced expression.

SONYA (CONT'D)

They never found his body either.

CLICK. The slide changes.

She points to a beautiful girl with curly hair who is on the dancefloor, glowing.

SONYA (CONT'D)

INA Washington, a student at Westmont High. Cheerleader, apparently a sweet girl and not suicidal.

CLICK.

INA at the edge of a forest. Her eyes are bleary and far away, but she forces up a smile and two fingers.

SONYA (CONT'D)

This was her last picture near Garamound Forest, and she hasn't been found.

CLICK.

A picture of a handsome man. Paul Logan. Brown hair, grunge looking, but sweet. He sits on a couch with a black boy, Joshua Hardy.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Pay attention to the one with brown
hair. That's Paul Logan. Freshmen
in college.

CLICK. Paul is sitting down in what appears to be a backyard.
He is on the grass, terrified, holding a knife,
He is surrounded by cameras.

SONYA (CONT'D)
This was Paul's final moment. He
has yet to be found. And this-

CLICK. A picture of Cameron in a swimsuit.

SONYA (CONT'D)
-is CAMERON WALKER. Beautiful
influencer and model.

CLICK.

Cameron's last photo.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Her last picture taken was on the
same street where she was supposed
to go to a party. The Uber driver
who dropped her off said she seemed
fine when he left.

JANET
Okay....

SONYA
Don't you see, something is hunting
them.

She flips through slides of the other people.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Something is hunting people and
taking them, and no one takes it
seriously.

JEREMY
Yeah, it's the spirit of
depression. It gets the best of us.

He mimics blowing his brains out, and he and Janet laugh.

SONYA

Guys, this is serious; something is taking people.

JANET

And this has taken up enough of my time. Thanks for the early morning presentation.

SONYA

But Janet.

JEREMY

I would go home if I were you, maybe get some sleep.

He pats her dark circles.

JEREMY (CONT) (CONT'D)

Yeah, you've been up all fucking night. Get some beauty sleep.

Sonya looks at them, bewildered.

SONYA

Do you guys just not care?

JEREMY

Nope.

JANET

NEVER DID.

Sonya stands there. She slowly gathers her things.

She takes one last look before walking away.

INT - SONYA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON.

Sonya enters her apartment, taking off her shoes.

She looks at her messy apartment and laughs.

She laughs and cleans up her apartment.

She takes a pot, fills it with water, and puts it on the stove to boil.

She gets out a can of RAGU and a saucepan.

She butters the pan and sets it on the hot burner.

She adds some garlic and onion to the pan.

With the water now boiling next to her, she puts in pasta.

She gets out the beef, puts it in the pan, and seasons it.

She adds her meat to the pan and strains the pasta.

She rinses the pasta under cold water and puts it in the pan, mixing everything together.

She puts a huge handful of cheese on the plate and places pasta on top, and mixes it.

She sits on her couch with her pasta and a book.

She brushes her teeth, showers, and reads a bit before bed. She lies and rests her head with a small smile.

INT - SONYA'S DESK - MIDDAY

Sonya is typing at work.

She looks back and forth to check if the coast is clear.

She goes on Reddit.

She's only got one message.

It's from user been-that-niqqa-69. It reads:

Yoooo brooooooooooooooooooooo i been seeing the same shit too and I got an explanation for allllllllllll of it man. We gotta meet up in person, ya know. BIG BROTHER is watching.

Sonya rolls her eyes.

SONYA

This is useless.

JANET

What is? Jason?

Jason (30) sits in a small closet in a costume.

Jason is very cute.

JANET (CONT'D)

We keep him around because he's cute. That's a purpose.

JEREMY walks over to pinch this man's cheeks and tickle him.

JANET (CONT'D)

You doing okay, honey? You seem more unhinged than usual, and most days, you're like a door that's almost been ripped off by an axe murderer. And you've barely tickled Jason.

Jason is steady being tickled by Jeremy

SONYA

Is that fine?

JANET

Jason is consenting.

SONYA

No, like at work?

JANET

I see nothing wrong with it. It's love in a pure form. Joy.

SONYA

And you're really the HR personnel?

JANET

Lead HR Manager here.

SONYA

It's just this CAMERAMAN THING.

JANET

You gotta put that shit to rest. That stuff is for teenage boys who are losers. A man with a camera for a head. How the fuck is that scary? He's got a camera for a head. Break his lens.

JEREMY

Right, mom, that's like punching him in the eye.

JANET

And anyone who gets punched in the eye is taken aback. Even animals like lions. And they're predators.

JEREMY

Wait, so you're still seeing THE CINEMATOGRAPHER-,

SONYA
That's not his name,

JANET
NO, no no, it's- THE VIDEOGRAPHER.

JEREMY AND JANET laugh as Sonya rolls her eyes.

The rest of the day mulls on as work hushes.

Sonya is readying to leave when she looks at her computer one last time.

She boots it up. It's slow as fuck.

When it eventually comes on, she goes to Reddit.

She has two new messages, one from ben-that-niqqa-69 and one from wannabe-davenport-fag-18.

She clicks on wannabe-davenport-fag-18. It reads:

You've seen him in the pictures, but have you seen him outside the pictures yet?

Sonya is a bit confused by this and types:

Like in real life?

Instantly, wannabe-davenport-fag-18 messages back:

Yes. If so, you don't have long.

She instantly exits Reddit, turns off her computer, and leaves.

SONYA
These people are fucking crazy.

TINA
Takes one to know one.

SONYA
What did you say, TINA?

TINA
Watch it, girl, you get too rowdy,
and I've got a gun.

Sonya leaves.

INT - EVENING - SUBWAY ENTRANCE

Sonya walks down the subway station stairs.

She's walking on the subway platform. \She leans on a pillar and closes her eyes.

She breathes in and out.

She opens her eyes and sees something in the distance.

Farther down the platform, a man in a suit and a tie with a camera for a head is waving at her.

Sonya rubs her eyes as the train arrives.

She looks, and the man isn't there.

Sonya laughs as she enters and sits down on the train.

SONYA

Okay. okay. okay. whew. Okay.

Sonya gets off the train at her exit.

She walks to the Italian restaurant.

INT - ITALIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING

Sonya enters. MARIO is sitting down, scrolling

MARIO

Usual, chief?

SONYA

Yessir.

MARIO seats her.

SONYA (CONT'D)

Hey Mario. I wanna apologize for the last time. I just think sometimes, I just. I don't even know what to say about that. I just-,

MARIO

Hey, it's okay. It's chill. I know you don't mean any harm. It's just.

SONYA

What?

MARIO

I just read up about it, and it seems a bit ridiculous, ya know. A man with a camera for a head?

SONYA

Yeah, it is... strange.

CAMERAMAN

If you're seeing the pictures move, you should worry, my dear.

Sonya looks up at MARIO

SONYA

What did you say?

MARIO

I asked if you're still... seeing the... pictures move?

SONYA

No... I'm not. I was just joking.

MARIO

Sure.

He goes to get her food and wine.

He pops the cork and pours her wine.

She pulls out a small book and starts reading as he pulls out the parmesan grater.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Extra cheese?

SONYA

Yes please,

MARIO

Just say when.

MARIO grates the cheese as she reads her book.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Say When.

Mario continues to grate as she reads.

MARIO (CONT'D)

SAY when.

Mario continues to grate as Sonya begins to shut her book.

She looks up at CAMERAMAN grating cheese.

CAMERAMAN
Say Cheese.

Sonya falls to the floor, screaming.

MARIO
Whoa, whoa, Sonya, are you alright?

SONYA
He was, he was.

MARIO
He, He who?

SONYA
CAMERAMAN. He was fucking grating
cheese.

MARIO
Sonya, I was grating your cheese. I
have always grated your cheese.

SONYA
No no no no no it was him, it was
CAMERAMAN, he had on a little suit,
and he had this big camera for a
head and he just-,

MARIO
Sonya, no one else was here.

Sonya looks around to see the staff in the kitchen, scared of
her, staring.

She runs out of the restaurant.

INT - OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Sonya is outside the building, waiting.

TINA and ROBBIE walk up and see her.

TINA
Oh hell, this can't be good.

ROBBIE
You think this is the day she gonna
shoot us up? Is it because we're a
government org?

TINA
Negro, we are a nonprofit.

ROBBIE
Don't we get government funding?

TINA
Hey Sonya, how's it going?

SONYA
Okay, I thought the office was open
at 7?

TINA
Oh, well, y'all don't really start
work til 9, and all of y'all are
always late as hell.

SONYA
Oh well-,

TINA
I don't care.

Tina unlocks the doors and lets Sonya in. She runs to her
computer.

ROBBIE
I ain't never seen that girl run.
Nowhere. It looks freaky.

TINA
I think it's because of her gait.

ROBBIE
She gay? I thought she was just
trans.

TINA
Her gait. The way she walks.

ROBBIE
That's what you get for using
special words; you're misunderstood
by the illiterates. And we
outnumber you.

TINA
Bet you couldn't even spell that
number.

ROBBIE
Could you??

Sonya loads her computer and waits impatiently.

As soon as it loads, she runs to Reddit to message wannabe-davenport-fag-18:

Okay okay okay what the fuck? I saw him twice, I saw him TWICEEEEEEE WHAT THE FUCK AM I GONNA DIE?

Everyone has started to roll in the office.

JANET

Hey Sonya. The cutie in the closet, Jason- and that's not a pun, he's totally straight-ordered us breakfast! Apparently, a dispute with Uber Eats was finally closed, and he spent it on us. How sweet?

She makes an American hand heart to JASON. He throws her back a Korean heart.

SONYA

What? Why do I have to get it?

JANET

Why can't you? Are you busy?

SONYA

Are you?

JANET

If you don't get the damn donuts.

Sonya goes to the door to get the breakfast order.

The COURIER (19) is holding the box for her.

COURIER

Are you Janet?

SONYA

No, but the lazy lady sent me.

COURIER

Yeah, I hate my boss too.

Sonya goes to grab the food when she hears.

CAMERAMA

I hate a bad picture, too.

Sonya looks up to see CAMERAMAN, holding the boxes.

She punches him in the lens and starts choking him; they fall to the ground.

ROBBIE and TINA come over to stop the fight, pulling Sonya off CAMERAMAN.

SONYA
He's trying to kill me! He's trying
to kill me.

TINA
Girl, what the fuck, you attacked
him.

SONYA
I had to fucking get him first.

ROBBIE
You got beef with the courier?
Y'all seemed cool at first.

SONYA
The what?

The courier is sitting on the ground, covered in donuts and coffee.

SONYA (CONT'D)
No, but it was CAMERAMAN.

JANET (OS)
That doesn't sound like donuts
being deli-,

JANET, JEREMY, JASON, and other office workers come to see the commotion.

JEREMY
Oh my god. What happened?

SONYA
It was CAMERAMAN.

JEREMY
Oh my-,

SONYA
I swear he was here.

TINA
I ain't seen no man with no camera
for a head.

SONYA
He was right here.

The courier stands.

A camera hangs from his lanyard.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Why the fuck do you have a camera?

COURIER
I like taking pictures of
sidewalks.

JASON
What?

COURIER
I have an Instagram account,
walkonthis_side. It's like an
archival project. it's like that
dude who likes to take pictures of
alleys, or the guy who takes
pictures of doors, but it's like
more... like a combination of
uniformity and how individuality
still creeps in due to time, lack
of repair, and bureaucratic
systems-,

JANET
Look, Kid, you're getting on my
nerves; you need to leave. I
fucking hate artists.

SONYA
You hate artists?

JANET
THIS ISN'T ABOUT ME RIGHT NOW.

Sonya looks around as everyone stares at her.

INT - THE BOSS' OFFICE

Sonya sits in an office chair. The Boss, TINA, Jeremy, JANET,
and the COURIER are on the other side. The courier is eating
a donut.

THE BOSS
So, again-,

SONYA

Yes, so-,

THE BOSS

A man... with a camera for a head
instantly appeared to you where the
courier just was, to kill you.

SONYA

Yes.

THE BOSS

I don't see you dead.

SONYA

Well, I had to defend myself, he
was going to attack-,

THE BOSS turns his computer monitor around to replay footage.

Sonya punches The COURIER in the face.

She continues to beat him as he flails and falls back.

THE BOSS

You really would have been
something in the ring.

He can't take his eyes off it.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

My bets would always be on you.

JANET

Wait, replay that-,

THE BOSS

Oh, this one?

He replays the punch.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Just think about it. You put four
dollars in, you're at least getting
four dollars back with this one.
But, Sonya, even though you've got
a great left hook, this really...
isn't... the place for that... You
know we have a zero-tolerance
policy for violence in this
building.

SONYA

No, I know, I know, and I'm sorry,
I just.

THE BOSS

Sonya, sweetheart, you know what
this means?

The Courier makes a noise sipping from his straw.

THE COURIER

Do we have any more coffee left?

SONYA

Why the fuck is he here?

THE BOSS

Behave, you'd better be lucky he
doesn't sue us.

THE COURIER

It's cool. It's chill. I'm used to
people hallucinating and punching
me. My grandpa has dementia.

The room moans in agreement and consolation.

SONYA

Doesn't he have fucking things to
deliver?

THE COURIER

Well, I actually do this part-time,
and you were the last one of the
day, so I'm actually really free
from now on.

THE BOSS

Do you program?

SONYA

Wait, wait, wait, look. I'm sorry,
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, okay. I've
just. Lately I haven't been
sleeping a lot, and I think it's
just lack of sleep, Ya know. Like I
haven't been getting enough good
sleep, and when you don't get
enough good sleep, you can start to
have mild hallucinations and-,

THE BOSS

Look. Look. I hate it when people beg and explain themselves; it's really sad to me. It reminds me of my childhood, and I hated that. Look, I'm not going to fire you. I'm just going to suggest you take a-

He Looks at JANET.

JANET

Sabbatical.

THE BOSS

Yeah, a sabbatical. Take some time, take a break, get some sleep. And rest.

SONYA

Well, for how long?

The room is quiet.

SONYA (CONT'D)

For how long?

THE BOSS

I fear that's a conversation for later, when we see some progress. Hmm? I think that's a fair better deal than losing your job and getting charges pressed for assault?

Sonya is quiet and stares on as they look at her.

THE COURIER

But do we have coffee anymore?

JANET

OKAY, get him out of here. He's still an artist, and I hate art.

THE COURIER

You really hate art?

JANET

Too whimsical.

THE BOSS

Yes, I do think this meeting is adjourned. Get some rest, Sonya. We'll see you later.

EVERYONE leaves the room as Sonya walks back to her cubicle.

TINA
HEY, what are you doing?

SONYA
I was just getting some things from
my desk.

TINA
And then leave, immediately.

Sonya runs to her desk and moves things around with one hand while trying to log into Reddit.

She sees a message from wannabe-davenport-fag-18 when she is ripped away by TINA.

TINA (CONT'D)
You need to leave.

SONYA
NO!

Sonya crawls back to the desk and tries to read the monitor when she is pulled away.

Tina throws Sonya onto the street.

TINA
Get some help, girl.

EXT - SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON.

Sonya is walking on the sidewalk when she gets to the front door step. She rings a buzzer.

TONY
Hello?

SONYA
Hey Tony-,

TONY
And what the fuck do you want?

SONYA
I wanted to chat for a bit, see how
you were doing.

TONY
How am I doing?

SONYA

Yeah, it's been awhi-,

TONY

I'm poor. I'm doing poorly. Because of you, you bitch. Do you know what your little protest caused me? A firing, and I got fucking sued.

SONYA

Yeah, I'm really sorry about that.

TONY

Really, because last time I checked, you called me a useless bureaucratic cog who swallows the cum of his fascist master's phallus.

SONYA

I mean, you were at their beck and call.

TONY

I'm gonna come down there and KILL YOU.

SONYA

I don't think trans femicide is something you want to go up against a judge with.

TONY

I-,

Tony hangs up.

SONYA

Hello. HELLO??

Sonya walks away as TONY comes to the door.

EXT - SIDEWALK - EVENING

Sonya is at another brownstone, and the sky is growing darker. Sonya rings the doorbell.

An older, sophisticated woman, SOPHIA (54), answers the door.

SOPHIA

Huh. Surprise surprise.

SONYA

Hey there.

SOPHIA

You look well.

SONYA

You know you always look good.

SOPHIA

I know.

SONYA

Yeah.. well.. um, can I come in?

SOPHIA

No. what do you want, little MS.
Malcolm X?

SONYA

I haven't done anything in like
years. I live a nice, quiet life
now.

SOPHIA

A shame. So, I get the conspiracy
theories and cops coming to my
house, and you get the nice quiet
life?

SONYA

SOPHIE, I just-,

SOPHIA

It doesn't matter, you looked
happier then.

SONYA

What?

SOPHIA

You look sad, bitch.

SOPHIA closes the door on her.

SONYA

What the fuck, SOPHIA?

Sophia opens the door with a broom sweeping at her.

SONYA (CONT'D)

I will not be the lady with someone
yelling on her doorstep. Get. GET.

EXT - BUSY SIDEWALK - EVENING

Sonya walks down a busy street under a darkening sky.

She enters a dive bar.

INT - DIVE BAR - EVENING

MARCO is serving beer to a slow crowd.

SONYA

COCO-,

Marco looks at Sonya and turns the other way.

SONYA (CONT'D)

Wait, wait.

MARCO

What do you want?

SONYA

I wanna talk.

MARCO

I'm kinda busy right now.

Sonya looks at the empty bar.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I help customers.

Sonya puts a twenty on the table.

SONYA

Moscow Mule... Who's the capitalist now?

MARCO

The lady with the fucking office job.

SONYA

She could still be a revolutionary.

MARCO

What revolution happens in an office?

SONYA

Quiet ones. Meaningful ones.

MARCO

And you're leading them?

She's quiet.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And you told me never to talk to
you again, so I should honestly
obey your wishes.

Marco goes back to doing his work.

SONYA

Okay Marco.

He doesn't turn around.

SONYA (CONT'D)

You're not really-,

MARCO leaves the bar to go to the kitchen.

SONYA (CONT'D)

MARCO! MARCO?

She gets up and goes into the kitchen when a big beefy guy,
MORELLO (42), steps out.

SONYA (CONT'D)

Hey MOMO.

MOMO stands, arms crossed.

SONYA (CONT'D)

MOMO.

MOMO

He doesn't wanna talk, Sonya. And I
thought you were done with us. Your
words.

He turns around.

CUSTOMER

Oh, you must've been a bitch, they
let everybody back there.

The Customer walks back there.

MOMO

Who the fuck is he?

MARCO

I don't know, but,

Marco looks out the door at sonya

MARCO (CONT'D)
He's chill.

Sonya rolls her eyes. Sonya gets an idea in her head.

EXT - LIBRARY EXTERIOR - EVENING

She walks to the library, which is closed.

SONYA
FUCK. FUCK.

She sees a phone store close by.

SONYA (CONT'D)
FUCK.

Sonya walks towards the phone store.

INT - PHONE STORE - EVENING

Sonya walks into the phone store, and the PHONE ATTENDANT is scrolling on his phone.

PHONE ATTENDANT
Hi there, how can I -,

SONYA
I'd like to purchase a phone.

PHONE ATTENDANT
Yeah, okay, that's definitely what we do here. Um-, Do you know what kind of phone you-,

SONYA
Smart.

PHONE ATTENDANT
Yes, I mean, we can definitely do that too. But that doesn't give me a distinction. Like... Do you want to get an iPhone or an Android? Huawei?

SONYA
Just the cheapest phone that can get me on Reddit!

PHONE ATTENDANT looks at her and laughs.

SONYA (CONT'D)
It's not funny, I could die!

PHONE ATTENDANT
Social media addiction is real,
you're right.

SONYA
What, no, that's. Have you heard
about the CAMERAMAN?

The PHONE ATTENDANT looks at her.

PHONE ATTENDANT
I'm just gonna get you the cheapest
phone we have. It's 70\$.

SONYA
Seventy dollars???

Sonya checks her wallet, she only has 10\$.

PHONE ATTENDANT
Well, I did say that, so yes.

SONYA
Give me like 20 minutes.

PHONE ATTENDANT
We close in 30.

SONYA
Okay. I'll be back.

Sonya runs out of the store.

She runs down the street, weaving in and out of people.

She comes to a street and stalls.

She turns left and runs down a hill and takes a right.

She runs through an alleyway and hops some fences.

She runs through a park and then cuts through a backyard.

She comes around the corner, and she's at her apartment.

She runs in, takes off her shoes, goes to her closet, and
pulls out a safe.

She breaks through, and inside are stacks of cash and money.

She grabs a few dollars and shoves them in her pockets.

She thinks and grabs a few more.

And then a few more.

She runs and puts her shoes on and runs out the door.

She's running through the park, then over the fence, then up the hill. She bursts back into the store.

PHONE ATTENDANT

That was so quick.

Sonya is breathing extremely hard.

The PHONE ATTENDANT shows her his phone, a timer is running at 12 minutes and 39 seconds.

SONYA

You timed me.

PHONE ATTENDANT

I was curious. Idk where you live, but if you said 20 and it took you twelve for there and back, you should really sign up for some runs; you could get a medal.

SONYA

Please, A phone.

PHONE ATTENDANT

You sure you don't wanna wait a minute, catch your breath?

Sonya pulls out a wad of cash and hands it to the PHONE ATTENDANT, who takes it.

PHONE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

This covers the phone and the phone plan.

SONYA

Phone plan?

PHONE ATTENDANT

Yeah, the phone is practically useless without a phone plan. You need that to access the internet to get on Reddit. Unless you have wifi at home.

The PHONE ATTENDANT looks her up and down.

PHONE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
If you don't have a phone, you
definitely don't have wifi.

SONYA
Whatever, just do it, please.

The PHONE ATTENDANT goes behind the counter. They select a phone and type on their computer.

PHONE ATTENDANT
So, what plan would you-,

SONYA
Medium, Medium, the plan in the
middle.

PHONE ATTENDANT
The middle plan?

SONYA
Not too cheap, not too expensive. I
don't know! Just do it.

The PHONE ATTENDANT stares at her and continues typing.

He hands her the box the phone came in and her phone.

PHONE ATTENDANT
I set it up for you. I feel like
you'd need it.

SONYA
Honestly, thank you.

PHONE ATTENDANT has the rest of the money in their hands.

Sonya runs outside, typing on her phone. She hears a laugh.

She looks up to see Cameraman, waving at her.

She screams and runs away. The Phone attendant looks outside
to see a man taking a picture of his dog.

The PHONE ATTENDANT shrugs and counts the money.

PHONE ATTENDANT
Oh... I'm eating good tonight.

EXT - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Outside, Sonya logs into Reddit and sees the messages. She
taps onto wannabe-davenport-fag-18:

Look, I think if we can meet up, maybe I can help? I saw you're tag and we're both in NYC, how soon can you get to a bar at the corner of Marks and Lefferts?

hello?

oh fuck please don't tell me you died.

please?

Sonya taps back:

I'm on my way now. I can be there in 30.

wannabe-davenport-fag-18 taps back quickly:

I'll be there in 10.

EXT - GAY BAR EXTERIOR - NIGHT

Sonya is in front of the bar, looking up at the sign.

She tries to walk inside, but the bouncer stops her.

BOUNCER

ID.

SONYA

I'm 29.

BOUNCER

Not an ID.

SONYA hands her ID to the BOUNCER. She looks around.

Down the street, in the distance, she can see a classic film camera bobbing amongst the heads in the crowd.

SONYA

Can we hurry this up?

BOUNCER

Now, I'm gonna take longer. Just cause you said that.

He flips the ID and looks at the back.

SONYA

You don't even need to look at that.

BOUNCER

I do now.

Sonya looks down the sidewalk, and she sees him more clearly.

Cameraman is on a slow saunter towards her, sleeking back his non-existent hair, fixing his lapel.

SONYA
Please, hurry.

BOUNCER
If you're an alcoholic, I can't let you in.

Cameraman is getting closer and closer.

SONYA
What?

BOUNCER
It's just, you're really pushy to get in.

SONYA
I'm meeting someone.

BOUNCER
Oh shit, go on in.

Sonya runs inside the bar. A man struggling to carry a camera and a boom mic walks by.

INT - GAY BAR INTERIOR - NIGHT

She surveils the environment, trying to figure out which one is her pen pal.

Sonya goes up to MAN1 (30), who is sitting at a bar

SONYA
Are you wannabe-davenport-fag-18?

MAN1
Did you just call me a fag?

Sonya runs from him and goes to another.

SONYA
Are you wannabe-davenport-fag-18?

MAN2
I am a fag but I ain't no wanna be.

Sonya scans the room, wondering who it is until-,

JOSH

We probably should've exchanged names to make this easier. I'm Joshua, or Josh.

SONYA

Thank you, I'm Sonya. I don't think I could keep embarrassing myself.

JOSH

I mean, the situation is pretty embarrassing, given we're seeing a man with a camera for a head, ya know? You want a drink first?

SONYA

Honestly, please? Moscow Mule.

JOSH

Cool, I'll come find you. I need ur id. Ya know.

Sonya hands him her id.

She goes to a booth at the back while JOSH gets drinks.

Sonya sits and looks around for a bit before Josh returns.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Here ya go.

He puts two shots down along with her drink and his.

SONYA

Shots?

JOSH

I think you're gonna want it.

SONYA

I usually don't take drinks from strange men.

JOSH

Don't worry, I don't have Rohypnol. But if you don't want it, I will definitely.

He goes to reach for it, but Sonya picks it up.

SONYA

To survival.

Josh lifts his and clinks it to hers.

JOSH
To survival.

As they cheer, Sonya looks away as Josh stares at her.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Wait, what the fuck, why did you
look away?

SONYA
Um, why would I stare at you?

JOSH
It's bad luck not to look into the
eyes of someone you're cheers-ing.

SONYA
You believe in that stuff.

JOSH
A man with a camera for a head is
hunting us. Who knows what's real?

Sonya thinks for a second.

SONYA
Holy shit, am I gonna die now?

JOSH
Okay, let's not. There's no point.
I think you can survive. I did.

SONYA
Okay, how did you get away? How are
you still alive?

JOSH
Okay, before we get into that, what
do you know?

SONYA
This started around two years ago
after the pandemic "closed" or
whatever the fuck that means.
People started going missing, and
only a Polaroid picture is
uploaded, and everything else is
deleted. #saycheese? What am I
missing?

JOSH
How much have you seen?

SONYA

The pictures play like videos now.

JOSH

Fuck, you're really far along.

SONYA

You don't see them.

JOSH

When CAMERON's picture dropped, I saw it play out in that very moment. Her running away. The film captures her and drags her. CAMERAMAN walking into the frame.

SONYA

I thought you said if you saw them, he would get you. I thought you said you got away. I'm so confused.

JOSH

It doesn't really make sense to me, too. Paul never really understood either, and he knew the myth up and down, or whatever was available.

SONYA

Wait, Paul Duncan. He went missing six months ago?

JOSH

Yeah, I was there when it happened.

SONYA

Please, explain something. Give me something, you're not giving me any details.

JOSH

So, my friend was chronically online. He was always on Reddit and shit. One of those people who's always posting shit. He knew every TikTok dance. Fucking weirdo. He's into true crime and lore, so when this camera man shit popped out, he was a fanatic. I was never really into that stuff; I don't even watch horror movies.

SONYA

Really?

JOSH
Too scary?

SONYA
You baby.

JOSH
I'm very baby. I'll cry and shit on
myself if I'm upset.

SONYA
Oh, I-,

JOSH
IBS and really bad anxiety.

SONYA
Ugh, what a twofer.

JOSH
Anyway, I stay away from shit that
makes me feel crazy. But he decided
to show me one day when we were
hanging out after work.

Flashback:

Josh and PAUL are lying under blankets.

Josh reads a book while PAUL scrolls on his phone.

PAUL looks at Josh.

PAUL
Joshie.

JOSH
That tone of voice means nothing
good.

PAUL
Just check it out.

JOSH
I'm not looking at that CAMERAMAN
shit. That's so macabre. That's
someone's last moments.

PAUL
And isn't it so fascinating?
There's even a psychosis of people
seeing the pictures move.

JOSH

Allegedly. No one has ever come out publicly and said they've seen it.

PAUL

Would you? That's a one-way ticket to the shock table. And a life of being disregarded. People love degrading people they don't believe.

JOSH

I mean, it sounds crazy.

PAUL

UGH, I just wanna see if you'll see it move. Then we can have our own adventure.

JOSH rolls his eyes and snatches the phone.

He looks at the picture of MINA OTESS.

She defiantly stares into the picture.

The picture doesn't move.

JOSH

It didn't do shit.

Paul grabs the phone and looks at it with him.

The picture of MINA OTESS is stark and haunting.

She is in the forest, and the night is dark and stormy.

Her eyes are wet, but resistant.

PAUL

Yeah, it didn't move for me ei-,

Instantly, in the picture, a tear falls down her left cheek.

PAUL (CONT'D)

HOLY FUCK, DID YOU- did you?

JOSH

Um, uh - Paul?

PAUL

She cried. You saw a tear, I saw a tear.

FLASHBACK END

SONYA

Wait... You saw it at the same time?

JOSH

And only at the same time.

SONYA

What?

FLASHBACK

PAUL takes the phone from Josh and looks at it.

PAUL

It's not... It's not. She's not crying, it's back to.

JOSH Grabs the phone, too. The Picture doesn't move.

JOSH

I told you, group psychosis.

PAUL

Wait, look at it with me for a sec.

JOSH

Why, it's fucking stupid-,

PAUL

Just, please.

JOSH relents and looks at it with PAUL.

She cries again, and now, she mouths the words, "please."

PAUL (CONT'D)

Ho-lee FUck.

JOSH

It's playing, constantly, like a bad GIF.

PAUL

No, wait, see, it's getting longer.

Together, they watch as the sequence grows from her crying to her begging, to a bright light beginning to shine on her.

FLASHBACK END

Sonya

You guys didn't.

JOSH

We were stupid; we watched it all night until she died. Worst decision of our lives. The next day, Paul and I went thrifting. And this one thrift store usually has cameras that Paul and I like to peruse.

FLASHBACK

PAUL

Do you ever think that we could resell these at some point?

JOSH

Shit, like on Depop? Would anybody buy this trash?

CAMERAMAN

One man's trash is another man's treasured tool, but a philistine wouldn't understand.

JOSH

Good one, Paul. Nice voices.

JOSH looks to PAUL, who is pale and sweaty.

PAUL

That wasn't, that wasn't me.

They both look back, scream, and fall, seeing CAMERAMAN.

An old woman stands there.

Customers and another worker walk up.

OLD WOMAN

No one has an appreciation for the old things these days.

They both run away.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

See, they hate me. They hate old people. This is why we fucked the markets.

FLASHBACK END

Sonya

Wait, so he started getting you guys together.

JOSH

It didn't help. We were best friends. Roommates. Brothers almost. I loved that man. We were always together.

SONYA

Were. I don't like the past tense of that.

JOSH

As you can guess, and experience, we started seeing him more and more outside. It got to the point where we started attacking people.

SONYA

Because you thought they were him.

JOSH

And not just that, he kept getting closer. Inescapable almost. I wanted to run, but PAUL wanted to face him. So, He set up a plan.

FLASHBACK

PAUL is in his backyard, setting up cameras of all kinds around him. JOSH watches from a window close by.

JOSH

Paul, we really shouldn't.

PAUL

I'm fucking tired of this. I'm gonna fucking kill him.

JOSH

Paul, how are you going to?

PAUL pulls out a knife.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Paulie, what is a knife gonna do.

PAUL

Look, we're out of options. Priests didn't know what to do. The psychic doesn't know what's up. I'm tired, and I'm not running. You can if you want.

JOSH
I don't wanna leave you, man.

PAUL
Just stay behind the door. If
you're close, you can at least try
to help. But save yourself.

PAUL hands him a lighter and hairspray.

PAUL (CONT'D)
FILM melts easily with fire.

Paul gives one final hug to Josh.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I love you, Joshie.

JOSH
I love you, too, man.

PAUL
I'll be back soon.

PAUL shuts the door, while Josh watches from the window. Paul
sits in the circle, calling for CAMERAMAN.

FLASHBACK END

SONYA
What happened?

JOSH
I was nervous.

FLASHBACK

Josh drops the can, and they keep kicking it away from them.

When they get it, a flash of light comes from outside. Josh
runs to see PAUL take a swipe at CAMERAMAN.

CAMERAMAN grabs his arm and makes him drop the knife.

JOSH runs through the doors, closer to his friend, who is now
ensnared in film around his face, shoulders, and arms.

As the film grows, Josh tries to rip it off his friend, but
it keeps crawling on a screaming PAUL.

Josh lights the film on fire.

The film makes a shrill scream as JOSH scratches at the film,
but it begins to wrap around him more.

As it crawls upon his arms, JOSH has to pull away and rip off the film from himself, as it begins to drag him in.

He can only watch as his friend suffers and dies.

FLASHBACK END

SONYA

Oh my god... I'm so sorry.

JOSH

It's not your fault.

SONYA

Why didn't he get you?

JOSH

I really don't know. He was gone in a blink. After Josh went missing, I stopped seeing the pictures. I only started seeing them around a week ago.

SONYA

Wait, that's when I started seeing them.

JOSH

What?

SONYA

What the fuck is this thing?

JOSH

Some people think it's a ghost, but more; some people have an idea it's some group summoning because of our dependence on the phone camera and appearance through the lens. That's a bit crazy for me because group summon, how are we responsible? Some people are like calling it like an American yokai or whatever, which doesn't make any sense because wouldn't that just be a cryptid, aren't our yokais cryptids?

SONYA

Eh, I think yokais have more to do with spirits, where cryptids are more an evolutionary thing, I'm thinking. Could he be a cryptid?

JOSH

What, we evolved from cameras?

SONYA

Or, we become the machine, like
what we are about to become, like
transhumanism.

MAN1

What the fuck are you two talking
about?

SONYA

Um, this is a private conversation.

MAN2

I don't know, you're being kinda
loud, like you want us to hear.

MAN1 pulls out his phone.

JOSH

What the fuck is happening right
now?

MAN1

Yeah, I got a 51/50. I got two
crazies here talking about
transhumanism, morphing into
cameras, some stupid shit. Yeah,
they're both black.

JOSH

What the fuck?

MAN1

Makes them get here faster.

SONYA

I don't think that's how a 51/50 or
the cops work...

MAN1

Stay around to find out.

SONYA

Um...

JOSH

My car is around the corner.

JOSH walks out of the bar while Sonya leaves a pile of cash
on the table.

SONYA
(to MAN1 & MAN2)
Don't fucking steal it.

Sonya walks off.

MAN1 watches the money lustfully as MAN2 creeps in, slowly.

MAN2 grabs a dollar when Sonya comes in and slaps his hand.

MAN2
Assault from a crazy bitch; the
cops will like that.

Sonya runs out of the shop as JOSH pulls up. Sonya hops in,
and they pull off.

EXT - NIGHT - SONYA'S APARTMENT

MARIO is outside, on his phone, as Sonya and Josh walk up.

SONYA
Mario? What's going on?

MARIO
Oh, thank god. I'm glad you're
okay.

SONYA
Oh, thank you?

MARIO
I was worried about you the other
night. I finished work a little bit
ago and thought I'd check in. You
didn't answer the buzzer, so I was
starting to get a little worried.

MARIO Looks at JOSH.

MARIO (CONT'D)
But, it makes sense now.

SONYA
Oh no.

JOSH
I am strictly for men.

MARIO
I'm MARIO. Nice to meet you, dude.

JOSH

Yeah, man, it's good to meet you, too.

MARIO

How do you guys know each other then?

Sonya and JOSH look at each other.

SONYA

Uh-It's actually kinda funny.

JOSH

Yeah, um. We used to play tennis.

SONYA

Table tennis, ya know. Ping pong.

JOSH

Like Marty McFly.

SONYA

Timothee Chalamet.

JOSH

Ya'know, Schweppes, aye now chop.

He does the dance. It's awkward as hell.

MARIO

You guys are really bad at lying.

JOSH

Well, it's either lie or sound crazy.

MARIO

Is it about the CAMERAMAN?

SONYA

Why? Have you been seeing it?

MARIO

No, but I don't believe people just act out or do shit for no reason. So if you say you saw some shit, I fucking believe you. I wanna help in any way I can.

SONYA

Alright, come up.

Sonya unlocks the door as Mario and JOSH follow in behind.

INT - SONYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JOSH, Sonya, and MARIO enter her apartment. MARIO stares around.

MARIO

Oh wow.

SONYA

What?

MARIO

It's way more chic than I imagined.

JOSH

Yeah, it's simple, but tasteful.

SONYA

Let's not make this an HGTV show,
so we have some man-,

JOSH

With a camera for a head who
kills-,

MARIO

And he's following you guys. What's
the sequence anyway?

SONYA

Sequence?

MARIO

Like, how do you see him? I'm
wondering?

JOSH

I never really thought about
whether there was a pattern.

SONYA

I always see him outside the
pictures when there's a camera
around.

MARIO

Okay, so he uses cameras to
basically hop from place to place.

JOSH

Like Minato, from Naruto, and the
flying god technique.

MARIO

You fucking weeb, you sound like my cousin.

SONYA

Ugh, you anime niggas, always gotta reference those cartoons. Is now the time, really?

JOSH

It was a reference. To make it make more sense.

SONYA

None of this shit makes sense in the first fucking place. Nobody fucking gets that.

JOSH

But maybe, ya know, if you watch anime.

MARIO

Dude, nobody's gonna fucking get that. It's like, know your crowd.

JOSH

Well, I-. Okay whatever. Cameras are bad.

MARIO

I mean, it makes sense. Are you guys the only ones that are, like, seeing it?

JOSH

Sonya is the only person I've reached out to who is, like, seeing things.

SONYA

I actually got a message from someone else.

JOSH & MARIO

Really?

Sonya types on her phone and shows the messages.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Big Brother, like the TV show?

JOSH
Oh god, this dude sounds a
bit...fucking crazy. Did you find
out where he was?

Sonya types on her phone.

SONYA
Now, all we do is wait for him to
respond. I hope it's not too far.
Like Connecticut or something.

MARIO
What do we do while we wait?

SONYA
I mean.... I don't have a TV.

JOSH
The phone is the new TV, girl. And
you've got one.

They're on the couch, eating some snacks, laughing at videos,
when Sonya goes to the window and checks her phone.

SONYA
It's been like an hour, and he
hasn't responded.

JOSH
I mean, it is pretty late. We gotta
give him time.

MARIO
How much time do we have?

Sonya looks outside. MAN1 and MAN2 are pointing with a cop at
her apartment.

SONYA
Oh my god.

JOSH and MARIO come to the window.

JOSH
CAMERAMAN?

SONYA
No, the fags from the bar.

JOSH
What the, why are they here? I did
not know a civilian could call a
51/50?

SONYA
They can't! This is ridiculous. I
bet they're not even healthcare
professionals.

JOSH
Do you know a way out of here?

SONYA
I mean, yes.

MARIO
Let's go, now.

Sonya looks down, and police officers are entering her
building.

SONYA
okay, go go.

They leave her apartment and race down the back stairway.

They sneak past the cops and out the back door, over some
fences.

They go around the corner to JOSH's car, a block away from
the police.

They drive away.

INT - JOSH'S CAR - NIGHT

They drive around the city.

JOSH
He still hasn't-,

SONYA
At this point, it's ridiculous. I
think we should just give up.

MARIO
Do you think he got him? CAMERAMAN?

Sonya checks his Reddit; he still has pictures of himself on
there, smoking from a bong rip.

SONYA
His weed selfies are still up
there.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Okay, I just don't understand why.

Her messages show a new one.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Wait, he got back to me.

His message reads:

Yeah, I live with my mom #BERGENBOY.

Josh stops at a red light.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Oh god?

JOSH
Is he in Connecticut?

SONYA
Worse, Jersey.

Everyone in the car groans. Other cars honk.

JOSH
Get an address from him, and I
guess we'll make our way to hell.

MARIO
America's armpit.

The light is still red. Other cars honk.

MARIO (CONT'D)
Are we gonna go or?

JOSH
The light is red.

MARIO
Dude, no, it isn't.

SONYA
It is, Mario.

MARIO
What the fuck is wrong with you,
two?

Josh turns around to Mario.

JOSH
Dude, you're cool and all but don't
fucking curse at me.

MARIO

Okay, so you can curse at me now?

As Sonya turns around to de-escalate, Cameraman walks in front of the car.

SONYA

Seriously? We've got enough to deal with.

Josh turns around.

JOSH

Whatever, just watch your-,

Sonya turns around.

Cameraman is bent over the hood of the car, looking up at them.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Sonya, Sonya do you-,

SONYA

Just drive?

MARIO

Wait, guys, someone is-,

Josh hits the gas, sending Cameraman over the car.

MARIO (CONT'D)

What the fuck, dude?

Sonya looks back to see an elderly woman holding a camcorder, her grandson helping her.

SONYA

Keep driving, Josh. Keep going.

EXT - The Road - Nighttime.

They ride through various neighborhoods and happen upon a modest house.

EXT - THE MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SONYA

I have a bad feeling about this.

JOSH

Has he messaged you back?

SONYA

No, and it's been 40 fucking minutes.

MARIO

Do you think CAMERAMAN got him?

JOSH

Dude, you gotta stop asking that.

MARIO

It makes sense to ask it; it's part of the circumstances.

SONYA

Ugh, let's just get this over with.

They get out of the car and walk towards the front door.

They walk to the front door past the garage.

JOSH

So, do we just ring the doorbell?

MARIO presses it relentlessly. JOSH stops him.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, man, we don't wanna annoy him.

At that point, the garage door slowly opens, and a shit ton of smoke comes from it.

SONYA

Oh My God.

MARIO

I like this dude.

JOSH

Too much smoke for one person.

MALCOLM (29) comes out from the smoke of the garage holding a bong.

MALCOLM

I got her nice and cherried for y'all.

MARIO goes forward and grabs the bong. Josh and Sonya follow.

INT - MALCOLM'S MOM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

They are surrounded by boxes and trash, and trash bags.

MALCOLM
Take a seat anywhere!

Sonya and Josh look at the boxes while MARIO takes a huge hit of the bong.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Nice pull, man.

SONYA
You're been-that-niqqa.

MALCOLM
Since birth.

Sonya and Josh look at each other.

JOSH
But, you're not-,

Malcolm looks at him quizzically. Sonya shakes her head.

MALCOLM
So, you guys have been seeing the photo stuff.

MARIO
Not me, just them.

MALCOLM
Ahh, you are unaffected by the frequency.

JOSH
The Frequency?

SONYA
Wait, wait, wait, CAMERAMAN has a frequency?

MALCOLM
It's all frequencies. And the water.

JOSH
The water?

MARIO
Um.

MALCOLM

Well, the fluoride in the water, specifically. People think it blocks your pineal gland, but it actually affects your perception of reality. They think it blocks psychic powers, but it actually numbs your connection to reality and makes you hallucinate. Well, that and the other cocktail of chemicals that they put into the tap and bottled water.

They stare at him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's all poisoned, that's why you gotta get your water straight from the stream. But they still got me. I blame the coffee at work. They're still using tap water.

JOSH

Okay, man, I'll bite,

SONYA

Please don't let's,

JOSH

What exactly does water have to do with the frequency?

MALCOLM

I'm glad you've asked, my friend. Basically, everything we see is an amalgamation of molecules vibrating at different speeds. I mean, that's how we get the different states of matter. But those things are just vibrating. They are vibrations. So, if you can affect the perceptions of vibrations, you can basically affect what the mind sees. Weaken the mind, attune it to the appropriate frequency, and then implant whatever images you want.

Sonya looks at JOSH.

MARIO

I didn't know this was some big government conspiracy.

MALCOLM

They never want you to think that, man. They always want you to think it's some ghost, or maybe like something else, but it's all the government. The government is the ghost in the system! They are the haunt that we must exorcise.

JOSH

Okay... but CAMERAMAN... How is he related to this?

MALCOLM

Cover up the kidnappings for human experimentation, duh.

SONYA

Ooh my god.

MALCOLM

No, seriously, think about it. People go missing, nothing but a picture. And we can't find their bodies? I think the government sends out frequencies, and whoever attunes to them meets the criteria for experimentation.

SONYA

What experiments?

MALCOLM

Have you ever seen stranger things?

SONYA

I can't- I can't- I can't do this, I can't do this.

MALCOLM walks over to a box.

MALCOLM

It's okay-It's okay. Look. I have just the thing that'll help us.

He pulls out tin foil hats. He gives one to Sonya, and then another to MARIO, and then finally one to JOSH.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

These will be our salvation from the coming government mind control through their camera-laden observation.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

The panopticon is on our phones,
but also within our walls and
waters.

JOSH

The water surveils?

(to Sonya)

Hey, Um, I think I gotta... feed my
cat.

MALCOLM

CAT? Ugh, don't get me started on
those sorry excuses for aliens.

SONYA

Cats are aliens?

MALCOLM

Every single one of them has you
look into their fucking eyes? And
they can speak. I heard a cat say,
"Hi." Once in a room full of people
just to fuck with me. And how can
you always land on your feet? It's
the gyroscopic technology in those
little feline bodies.

JOSH

Yeah, I'm warming up the car.

JOSH leaves the house and goes to the car while Sonya waits
for MARIO to finish smoking weed.

MALCOLM

Wait, don't forget your helmets,
guys.

SONYA

I think it's too small, I'm sorry.
I don't want to waste the helmet.

INT - JOSH'S CAR - NIGHT

They all slam into the car.

MARIO

That was-,

JOSH

I don't wanna talk about it, I just
wanna go.

They drive off as Malcolm watches.

MALCOLM
They had fucking fed energy anyway.

INT - MALCOLM'S MOM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Malcolm goes to sit and smoke some more.

He watches a show on his computer to.

He hears something move and knock over a can.

He looks around while CAMERAMAN appears behind him.

MALCOLM
What the fuck.

Malcolm falls to the floor and away.

CAMERAMAN
I could say the same thing about
you.

MALCOLM
Fucking Fed.

CAMERAMAN
Oh Boy.

MALCOLM
Oh my God, how did you guys find
me?

CAMERAMAN
I think it's easy to consider the
trail you leave.

MALCOLM is quiet.

CAMERMAN
Oh, you're a naughty little boy. A
nasty little man you are. So,
worried about the government, when
everyone else should be worried
about you and what you do with the
sanctity of videos, of photos, of
the camera, of the power to capture
human essence from the physical to
the visual. You put people in
precarious situations against their
will to receive a modicum of
pleasure.

(MORE)

CAMERMAN (CONT'D)
You are the ghost within the
machine, always trying to get
inside the human biomechanisms when
you are not allowed. You are just
as much of a curse to this world as
you think you aren't. And you are
going to be fun to kill. But First.

THE CAMERAMAN snaps a picture of MALCOLM.

CAMERAMAN
But I've seen the material, I doubt
it'll be perfect.

CAMERAMAN walks towards Malcolm.

INT- CAR- NIGHT

JOSH is turning to drive outside the neighborhood when MARIO
feels his pants.

MARIO
Fuuuuuuck, guys...I forgot my
phone.

JOSH
You didn't.

SONYA
This is the opposite of helpful,
MARIO.

MARIO
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it was just
some good ass weed, and then he was
saying all that stuff, I mean,
like, don't make me feel bad, the
high is so good.

JOSH
Ugh, just get in and get out.

EXT - MALCOLM'S MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JOSH pulls up to MALCOLM's house.

MARIO opens the door when they hear a faint yell.

Sonya and JOSH look at each other.

They all run out of the car towards the garage door.

They can hear Malcolm screaming and bones crunching.

JOSH tries opening the garage door, and Sonya and MARIO help.

As MALCOLM's screams reach a fever pitch, they open the door.

Malcolm's clothes, sandals, and bong are in a bloody pile.

Sonya pulls out her phone to check Reddit.

On Malcolm's Page, there is only one post.

Malcolm, in his dirty garage, with bewilderment and confusion in his eyes as he's holding the bong.

SONYA

FUCK.

She shows it to JOSH. MARIO Looks for his phone and finds it.

JOSH

We gotta get the fuck outta here.

MARIO

How did he even find him? I thought cameras were the portal.

Sonya looks at MALCOLM's computer setup and sees a webcam.

She taps JOSH and points to it.

SONYA

I think it's any camera.

JOSH holds up his phone and throws it.

Sonya does the same. They look at MARIO.

MARIO

I just made my last payment. It took like two years.

SONYA

How about we just drop you back off, at least on the bridge.

JOSH

And then we gotta head where there are no cameras.

MARIO

Don't worry about me. I can call my cousins, and they can pick me up.

JOSH

At least let us drop you off
somewhere reasonable. And not
like...leave you at a murder scene.

SONYA

Yeah, it does really read well. A
Latino man at the scene of a white
man's disappearance with a pile of
blood, it's just like.

MARIO

Naaaaah true.

EXT- BUST STOP- NIGHT

Josh pulls up to the Secaucus train station and lets MARIO
get out.

MARIO (CONT'D)

I hate this for you guys.

JOSH

The help is appreciated, though.
Most people just blow us off.

MARIO

No reason to. Sonya has been steady
and chill for the past few years. I
know she's not crazy. Some things
some people see, and others don't.

SONYA

I wish I were the one who couldn't
see it. Get home safe, MARIO.

MARIO

How will I know you guys are good?

SONYA

We'll come find you at the Italian
restaurant.

MARIO

Be safe yall.

Mario watches as they drive off.

EXT- NIGHT- FREEWAY

A car drives speedily through the
dark.

It turns off an Exit ramp and onto a country road.

JOSH (VO)
I'm thinking, we just have to go
deep into the forest.

The car weaves along the phone through the forest.

SONYA (VO)
Makes sense. If cameras are his
portal, we take away his portal

JOSH (VO)
Takes away access to us.

The car parks on the side of a road. JOSH and Sonya get out
of the car and into the dark. They walk deeper into the
forest, aimlessly.

SONYA(VO)
And do we just stay here?

JOSH(VO)
I-I really don't know Sonya. At
least, for a while. So, we can make
a plan. Maybe theorize a way to get
him.

Sonya and Josh walk through the forest.

They get more and more tired as they cover distance.

They find a place to rest.

JOSH (CONT'D)
This should be good. By car, we're
miles away from anytown, and by
foot, we're at least 2 miles away
from any sort of main road. From
any house. So we can at least rest.

Sonya looks off into the distance.

SONYA
Away from any house?

JOSH
Yeah, we're like deep in the-,

He looks to where Sonya is looking and sees a bright light
shining.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What the fuck. That was n't-that
wasn't-,

Sonya grabs JOSH and pulls him in the opposite direction.

As they walk, a light appears in the distance.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Sonya, wait.

Josh points to the light.

He pulls her in a different direction.

They both walk in the darkness until another light becomes clear to them in the distance.

SONYA

Are you sure we're not near anyone?

JOSH

We honestly should not be.

SONYA

How can you be sure? Maybe you're wrong,

JOSH

Maybe but.

A light shines from each other their pockets.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

He pulls his pocket from his phone. Sonya pulls her phone from her pocket. She gets a text.

It says from CAMERAMAN and reads:

Find your light.

SONYA

FUCK!

JOSH

What's it say?

SONYA

I think it's him. At the lights.

JOSH

It can't be him.

SONYA

And why can't it? We just found our phones in our pockets after throwing them out. I don't think we have much choice.

JOSH

We can, we can keep running.

SONYA

But for how long?

Sonya starts walking towards the light.

JOSH

Sonya, Wait, Sonya!

Sonya walks into a clearing where the light is brightest. A projector is playing short videos of Sonya.

SONYA

What the fuck?

CAMERAMAN

You have the mouth of a sailor. But the vision of a dream.

SONYA

What the fuckk is this man?

CAMERAMAN

Your last moments.

JOSH

Who the fuck are you?

CAMERAMAN

If you really knew, would you even believe it? Now, we've been doing this little chase for a while, but you can't outrun the beat of technology. People like you, people resistant to the change of life, the ebb and flow of progress are halting the world with your furocious fear, your luddism will be your-,

JOSH

Hold up, wait.

CAMERAMAN

Excuse me? I'm ranting.

JOSH

That's just... that's not what you told my friend? You said you were getting him for the morbid curiosity with people's undoing that plagues the American consciousness.

CAMERAMAN looks at him.

JOSH (CONT'D)

No, you were just calling humanity vultures waiting to pick at the next carcass, but now you're talking about luddism?

CAMERAMAN

Wow, a man who pays attention. Very unusual.

JOSH

So which is it? Luddism or American callousness. Why the fuck are you doing it?

CAMERAMAN

You think asking pointless questions is going to stave off your friend's death. But one way or another, she's gonna take the fucking picture. Aren't you Sonya?

JOSH

Sonya, we can still run.

SONYA

Honestly, why? I just... I'm 30-something with barely anything to look forward to. I have a dead-end job, I don't have any prospects, and I don't have any friends or family whom I can connect with. Who's really going to miss me if I leave?

JOSH

Mario will miss you. It's been short, but I will miss you. And even if no one misses you, anything is better than this.

SONYA

I don't think running is better.

CAMERAMAN
Attagirl. Now, go and stand in
front of the projector.

JOSH runs towards Sonya.

CAMERAMAN shoots film at his feet, tripping him.

JOSH tries to grab the film as Sonya stands in position.

CAMERAMAN
Big Smile.

Sonya stands defiant. The camera flashes. The Polaroid slowly
exits. CAMERAMAN waves the photo about. HE Looks at it.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
Good... but not good enough.

He spits film at her and drags her in.

JOSH has ripped the film away and has gotten to his feet.

He runs to Sonya as the film continues to wrap up her body.

She is now being dragged to CAMERAMAN.

Josh rips pieces of film away, but they entangle his arm.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
Deja vu, eh Joshua?

JOSH
Fuck you.

CAMERAMAN
When will you understand you have
no power when it comes to the
CAMERA?

As Sonya screams and screams, JOSH rips away film from her
and himself.

Film crawls up his arm. He rips it away and falls back.

He gets up and tries to figure out how to help.

He can't.

He backs away as Sonya begins to scream.

The familiar cracking of bones begins.

In the forest, Sonya's body is bent and broken in unimaginable ways.

Her leg hanging by the knee, her torso bent in half.

Her arms are folded up at the shoulder.

Her head is leaking blood, as she is being pulled halfway into CAMERAMAN's lens.

With a mouth full of Sonya, CAMERAMAN turns his head towards JOSH.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
(in Paul's VOice)
I haven't forgotten about you,
Joshie.

BLACK.