

CAMERAMAN

written by

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"say cheese"

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EXT - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A residential street, dotted with trees and streetlights. A car pulls up to the streetlight and out steps Cameron(25), a stunning influencer.

She scrolls on her phone past collab offers and DMs.

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

Above the address, a picture. She looks around.

She tentatively scrolls up to the picture and stares.

A boy, DALLAS (18), is uncomfortably smiling in the picture.

As she stares, Dallas begins to step back and scream.

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

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

CAMERON

Okay, let's see how many hoes I can get this time.

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

CAMERAMAN

Yas Queen.

She screams, almost falling.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)

Stacking them up, as always.

CAMERON

Oh fuck, you again.

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 taking 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, tilts the camera up.

Cameraman takes a picture of her with a Polaroid Camera as she takes her selfie.

CAMERON
What now? Are you gonna kill me?

CAMERAMAN
Well-,

The camera is slowly dispatching the polaroid.

CAMERON
I have to wait for that?

CAMERAMAN
Well, it would just be nice-,

Cameron immediately drops the phone and runs.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
As if I didn't see that coming.

As Cameron runs, Film reaches out, grabbing her.

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

It slices deep into her arms and legs, now leaking blood.

She screams and cries as she tries to get away, the film only cutting deeper as it pulls her more.

In the neighborhood, screams and the sounds of bones cracking echo until it quiets to a hush.

A hand reaches to pick up Cameron's 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.

Cameraman holds his polaroid up to the phone.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
As usual, I'm the better one.

BLACK.

CAMERMAN TITLECARD.

INT - SONYA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sonya (29) is looking for clothes in her modest apartment.

Clothes litter the scene of a plainly furnished 1-bedroom.

Except for the stove and lamps, there are no electronics in her apartment.

Sonya finds a suitable pair of pants and a shirt before leaving.

EXT - CITY - MORNING

Sonya walks along the busy street.

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

Sonya reads a book while others scroll.

Sonya makes her way to her office building.

Leaning against her building is MARCO (27). They stare.

SONYA

What do you need?

MARCO

You. Like always.

SONYA

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

MARCO

I know, but there's this company-,

SONYA

I don't want any parts, Marco.

MARCO

You don't wanna help the world?

SONYA

How do I help the world if I'm
dead?

MARCO

How are you helping the world now?

SONYA

Look, I gotta go to work.

MARCO

If I just give you a flash-,

SONYA

No, Marco, don't.

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.

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

TINA
(laughing)
Sonya, you don't have to do that
every time.

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.

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
stare.

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
phone? She got that reverse
fluoride stare-,

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 needs to fix 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
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
It's the same thing.

JANET
Well, syntactically, it's different.

SONYA
It means the same thing.

JANET
Semantically and syntactically, it could, or it couldn't, 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?

Sonya's stomach growls intensely.

JANET
Yes. Word around the office is, your booty hole is hotter than the 7th ring of hell. People have called you the Commode Commander, from the way you bomb the toilets. So, I just thought it would be the right thing to do. From one girl to the next.

She holds the muffin for Sonya.

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, darlin.

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. Sonya sighs and gathers her papers, and leaves for the meeting room.

INT - OFFICE MEETING ROOM - MIDDAY

People laugh and talk while Sonya stares off, unengaged.

Someone makes a loud clap to grab everyone's attention.

It's Janet, of course.

JANET

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

JEREMY

Aw, really? I've been thinking-,

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 end the meeting, I
want 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 social media page. It has one post.

She shows the post, with a picture, to her coworkers.

As Sonya looks at the picture as Janet explains, frame by
frame, the picture slowly moves as Cameron turns around.

JANET (CONT'D)

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

SONYA

What the fuck?

JANET

I know, right? Hashtag Say Cheese.
So stupid?

SONYA

No, I mean you saw that, too?

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.

SONYA (CONT'D)

RIGHT THERE.

JEREMY

Right where?

Sonya takes the phone from Janet, studying it.

Cameron is running as film reaches out and grabs her.

SONYA

Oh god, now film is grabbing her.

Jeremy and Janet share a look. Janet slowly takes her phone back.

JANET

If you're gonna obsess over social media, at least join the civilized world like the rest of us, and get one of your own to obsess over.

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 in silence.

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 escape attempt flashes in her head.

She reads on the train.

The film, dragging Cameron, flashes in Sonya's head.

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
I'm a predictable girl.

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.

He stops-she slides it to him. He smirks and pours more.

She takes a big, heavy 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)
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

One who knows too much.

MARIO

Okay, lady, you sound like a Matrix
prequel 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 the picture of Cameron, and again she tries
to escape.

SONYA (CONT'D)

Jesus fucking Christ.

MARIO

What?

Mario looks at the phone.

SONYA

Don't fuck with me, Mario.

MARIO

You don't fuck with me? it's just a
picture, right?

Mario looks again. He slowly shows it to Sonya.

Cameron rubs away and is caught in tentacles of film.

She is sliced up and bloody as it drags her closer.

SONYA
She's so bloody.

MARIO
Oh...Okay then.

SONYA
No, seriously, 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
You can always get one, again,
y'know, instead of trying to break
mine.

SONYA
Maybe. Maybe. Sorry again.

Sonya eats in thought.

INT- SONYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Sonya lies in her bed, awake.

Cameron, bloody on the ground, flashes in her head.

She tosses and turns as she continues to see snippets.

INT - SONYA'S JOB - MORNING

Sonya is groggily typing at work.

She looks around before typing in Reddit on her search bar.

It's blocked by the network.

SONYA

Hey Jeremy!

He pops his head up over the cubicle.

JEREMY

Heyooo neighbor!

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.

JANET

Anyway, 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 that 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 slowly 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.

The entire office stares at Sonya.

TINA

I don't know, y'all, that sounds like psychosis.

ROBBIE

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

Tina and Robbie walk away as they discuss bets.

ON her computer, Sonya opens her terminal and starts typing.

She's typing fast, navigating through folders, opening and editing files while 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 appears.

She joins, scrolls, and clicks on a post titled, "dead(known) so far (editing)." It contains a list of four names:

Hi guys, this is just a list of people that I know of who match the disappearances. It's linked to their profile.

Cameron

Paul Frankel

Jason Yoon.

Mina Otess

She starts with Cameron, clicking the hyperlink and now she's on her page

There, she sees the entirety of her last moments:

Cameron dropping the phone to run.

Cameron being grabbed by the film that drags her out of frame, leaving a trail of blood

A man stepping 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 is ridiculous?

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 plays out like a bad horror movie. And it's
fucking insane because now there is some dude with a camera
for a head? Is this a joke? I just wanna...talk to someone
else, if they've seen it too, in 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.*

But if I am, I just want to at least try to make sure I'm not first before I just head first into a mental institution. Thanks.

She clicks on the names of the other victims.

She watches their last moments play out.

JASON YOON (21) is 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, pulling her down as it squeezes her face.

The pressure is so intense that an eye pops out as she descends.

Eventually, she disappears. Into the frame walks Cameraman.

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 hard. Remember to lock up.

Sonya watches as Janet leaves. She turns her focus 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? Five young people, that we know of, with their lives ahead of them, thriving lives, all delete their social media accounts 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.

(MORE)

OLDER MAN (CONT'D)
People are so obsessed with
perfection that fulfillment is
lacking, and the soul suffers. It
harkens to depression, deleting
everything. 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 response.

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?

JEREMY

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 taking photos, 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. The slide changes.

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. The slide changes

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 Duncan. Senior 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 these-,

CLICK. A Picture of Jason Yoon.

CLICK. A picture of Mina Otess.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Are other victims and this-,

CLICK. A picture of Cameron in a swimsuit.

SONYA (CONT'D)
-is Cameron WALKER. Beautiful influencer and model, and our latest victim.

CLICK. Cameron's last photo.

SONYA (CONT'D)
Her last picture was taken 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. He and Janet laugh.

SONYA
This is serious; something is
taking people.

JANET
And this has taken 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'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. She slowly begins to gather 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.

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 brooooooooooooo i been seeing the same shit too and I got an explanation for allllllllll 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?

JEREMY
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

Like, apex-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.

INT - SONYA'S DESK - AFTERNOON

Sonya is ready 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 bowtie 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 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's
gonna shoot us up? Is it because
we're a government org?

TINA

Negro, we are a nonprofit.

ROBBIE

Don't we still get government
funding?

TINA

Hey Sonya, how's it going?

SONYA

Okay, I thought the office was open
at 7?

TINA

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

SONYA

Oh, well, I'm sorry-,

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??

INT - SONYA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sonya loads her computer and waits impatiently.

As soon as it loads, she navigates to Reddit and messages wannabe-davenport-fag-18:

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

Sonya looks up to see that 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 get the breakfast order.

COURIER

Are you Janet?

SONYA

No, but the lazy lady sent me.

COURIER
I hate my boss, too.

Sonya goes to grab the food when she hears:

CAMERAMA
I hate a bad picture more.

Sonya looks up to see Cameraman. She throws the box at him.

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? Y'all seemed cool at first.

SONYA
What?

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

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

JANET (OS)
It doesn't take this long to get som-,

Janet, Jeremy, JASON, and other office workers come to see the commotion.

JEREMY
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?

The Courier turns on the camera and shows his pictures.

COURIER

I have an Instagram account,
walk_onthis_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'S OFFICE - MIDDAY

Sonya sits in an office chair at one end of a desk.

The Boss (50), 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 is seen staring at the Courier, holding the box.

She then throws the box at The Courier and punches him.

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.

JANET

Just think about it. You put four dollars in, you're at least getting four dollars back with this one.

THE BOSS

Good point, Jan. But, Sonya, even though you've got a great 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. You hit a child.

THE COURIER

Actually, I'm 21. And re-the hitting stuff-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 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 know how to program? Do It?

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. Good one, Jan. A sabbatical. Yeah. 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 progress. Hmm? I think that's a fair better deal than losing your job and getting charged 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.

THE COURIER
I didn't even do nothing.

JANET
He's still an artist, and I hate art.

THE COURIER
You really hate art?

JANET
Too whimsical. Too Frivolous.

THE COURIER
Adolf would've loved you.

JANET
I'm a very organized person and Nordic. So probably. Out.

EVERYONE leaves the room as The Courier is led out by Janet.

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

Tina waits by the door for Sonya.

Sonya gets up and leaves as The Boss gets back to work.

INT - SONYA'S OFFICE - MIDDAY

Sonya is about to walk past her desk when she goes to it.

TINA
No time for that.

SONYA
I was just getting some things from my desk.

TINA
5 minutes, 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
It hasn't even been five minutes.

TINA
You punched a kid.

SONYA
Oh, he pays taxes. He's a man.

As Sonya and Tina tussle, the Courier drinks more coffee.

THE COURIER
I fucking hate it. I fucking hate taxes. It's like so nasty. I don't even make that much. So, I was trying to see if I could get outta doing that, ya know, keep some more change for some pizza-,

Sonya breaks away from Tina and crawls to the monitor to read the message while the Courier rambles on.

THE COURIER (CONT'D)
-and apparently, that's like tax fraud, and you can go to jail, and I definitely know what they'd do to me in jail.

Tina rips Sonya away from the monitor.

THE COURIER (CONT'D)
So, I think it's smart to do something I don't like, this time!

JANET
What are you still doing here!

The courier begins to run as Janet chases after him with a stapler.

THE COURIER
I could still sue.

JANET
Not if you're dead!

Tina drags Sonya down the hall and 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
The fuck do you want?

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

TONY
How I'm 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, but you worked for fucking Blackrock.

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.

(MORE)

SONYA (CONT'D)
And you obviously still have money
to live here, so You're obviously
not doing that bad.

TONY
I-,

Tony hangs up.

SONYA
Hello. HELLO??

Sonya walks away as TONY comes to the door.

She runs as Tony throws shoes at her.

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
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.

SONYA

You said I look good

SOPHIA

I lied to you! Familiar?

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, nearly empty bar.

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 around. There is one drunken man in a booth.

MARCO (CONT'D)
I help the 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 like, 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 begins to vigorously wipe down a section of the wall.

SONYA
Okay Marco.

He walks away to wipe a further section of the wall.

SONYA (CONT'D)
You really gonna wash the wall?

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 right.

He turns around. The Man in the Booth looks at her.

MAN IN THE BOOTH
Oh, you must've been a bitch, they let everybody back there.

The Man in the Booth 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.

The Man in the Booth peeks out.

THE MAN IN THE BOOTH
See.

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 to the Phone Attendant scrolling on his phone.

PHONE ATTENDANT
Hi there, how can I h-,

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.

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. I don't know where you live, but if you said 20 and it took you twelve for there and back, you should really sign up-,

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 counts the crumpled dollars.

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)
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! You said it covered 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.

The Phone Attendant has the rest of the money in their hands.

Sonya runs outside, typing on her phone before she can accept her change.

She hears a laugh. She looks up to see Cameraman, waving at her from across the street.

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 your 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 camera bobbing amongst the heads in the crowd.

SONYA

Can we hurry this up?

BOUNCER

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

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

The situation is pretty embarrassing, given that we're seeing a man with a camera for a head. 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, there's no point. I think you
can survive. I did.

SONYA
What? But everybody dies?

JOSH
Okay, let's start there; 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? Like-,

SONYA
With the pictures? The pictures
play like videos now.

JOSH

And you can see them-,

SONYA

Dying? Yeah.

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

Wait, but you got away. I thought you said if you saw them, he would get you.

JOSH

It doesn't really make sense to me, either. I feel like Paul would have some sort of explanation; he was fucking addicted to this shit.

SONYA

Wait, Paul Duncan. As in Paul Duncan.

JOSH

That Paul.

SONYA

He went missing six months ago?

JOSH

I was there when it happened.

SONYA

Please, explain something, I have more questions than answers.

JOSH

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.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)
He's into true crime and urban
lore, so when this Cameraman 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
Aww, 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 ignores him. Paul tries to touch him with his toe.

Josh smacks his foot away.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Joshie.

JOSH

That tone of voice means nothing good.

PAUL

Just check it out.

JOSH

I'm not looking at that Cameraman shit.

PAUL

How'd you know what it's about?

JOSH

It's your newest hyperfixation of the week.

PAUL

Fuck that dude: of the year. This shit is so unbelievable.

JOSH

It's so macabre. That's someone's last moments.

PAUL

But, isn't it so fascinating? There's even a phenomenon where people see 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 often degrade those they don't believe.

JOSH

I mean, would you believe it?

PAUL

I mean, if it were anyone but you and my mom, not really.

JOSH

So, if I said I saw shit moving, you'd believe me?

PAUL

Just look at the picture, and we
can find out.

JOSH

This is so fucked up.

PAUL

I just want us to have our own
little 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

See. It didn't do move.

PAUL

Ugh, really?

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 (CONT'D)

Yeah, still not-,

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

Paul and Josh stare at the phone. Then share glances.

PAUL (CONT'D)

HOLY FUCK, DID YOU- did you?

JOSH

Um, uh - Paul?

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 moving
anymore. She's not crying.

Josh grabs the phone, too. It shows Mina standing, as she did. 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 the film wrapping around her face.

FLASHBACK END

SONYA
You guys didn't.

JOSH
We were stupid; we watched it all
night. Over and over. We then went
and found the other pictures and
watched them too. Worst decision of
our lives.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

The next day, Paul and I went thrifting. And this one thrift store usually has cameras that Paul and I liked 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 as they see Cameraman.

An old woman stands there.

Customers and another worker walk up.

OLD WOMAN

No one appreciates the old things anymore.

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 you only saw it together. Easy solution. Just be apart.

JOSH

Difficult when you signed a lease together, and too broke to move.

SONYA

Ah, context.

JOSH

And beyond that, we were like, once in a lifetime best friends. We understood each other in ways no one else did. We were always together.

MAN1

GAYYYYYYYYYY.

Man1 high-fives Man2.

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, Cameraman 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 (CONT'D)

Paul, we really shouldn't.

PAUL

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

JOSH

How?

Paul pulls out a knife.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Seriously?

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

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 keeps kicking it away from them while trying to grab it.

When he gets it, a flash of light comes from outside.

Josh runs to the window 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 tries to light the film on fire, but can't hold the light to the canister correctly.

He bends down to Paul and lights a piece of film on fire.

The film makes a shrill scream as it burns, and Josh scratches at the film, but it begins to wrap around Josh.

Josh pulls at the film, crawling up his own arms.

When he finishes, he returns to helping his friend, finding him covered in film.

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 don't know. He was gone in a blink. After Paul 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

You're joking. Right?

SONYA

No. Last week, after my co-worker showed it to me. What the fuck is this thing?

JOSH

Some think it's a ghost, but more; others have an idea it's some group summoning because of our dependence on social media visibility and appearance through the lens.

SONYA

That's a bit crazy for me due to the whole group summon thing?

JOSH

Like, how are we responsible?

SONYA

You mean to say I take a selfie and boom, I did a ritual?

JOSH

It's goofy but it's a running theory. Some people are calling it like an American yokai or whatever, which doesn't make any sense because wouldn't that just be a cryptid, aren't yokais cryptids?

SONYA

Eh, I think yokais have more to do with spirits, whereas 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.

JOSH

Oh my god, the ghost is literally in the machine!

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 and dials a number.

MAN1
Hi, police, I have an emergency.

JOSH
What the fuck is happening right now?

MAN1
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 hangs up the phone.

MAN1
Makes them get here faster.

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

MAN1
Stay tuned to find out.

SONYA
Um...

JOSH
My car is around the corner.

Sonya nods to Josh, who then runs out of the bar.

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 black bitch;
the cops will love that.

Sonya runs out of the shop as Josh pulls up in his car.

Sonya hops in, and they drive 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

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, God, no no no. Never.

JOSH

Damn, I look that bad?

SONYA

No, not at all, I'm just...
strictly for women.

JOSH

And, I am strictly for men.

MARIO

Ah, okay, cool. I'm Mario. Nice to
meet you, dude.

JOSH

Yeah, man. I'm Josh; 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-,

JOSH

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 dances. 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, when do
you see him, in real life?

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.

SONYA

Fucking nerd.

JOSH

Okay whatever. Back to the topic at hand: 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.

INT - SONYA'S LIVING ROOM - A BIT LATER

They're on the couch, eating snacks and 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. He'll probably respond in the morning.

MARIO

How much time do we have?

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

SONYA

Oh my god.

JOSH

Cameraman?

Josh and Mario come to the window.

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

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. Until morning.

JOSH

I can't just drive around all night.

SONYA

I can give you gas money.

JOSH

Okay, maybe I can drive around all night.

MARIO

Do you think he got him? Cameraman?

Sonya checks his Reddit; he still has pictures of his weed paraphernalia posted on his page.

SONYA

His weed selfies are still up.

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
Sorry, curse words severely trigger m-,

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

Josh, Sonya and Mario sit parked outside a modest suburban home.

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.

JOSH
Too much smoke for one person.

MARIO
I like this dude.

MALCOLM (29) appears from the smoke holding a bong.

MALCOLM
I got her nice and cherried for
y'all.

Mario grabs the bong and follows Malcolm inside.

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-niqqa69?

MALCOLM
Since 1996.

Sonya and Josh look at each other.

JOSH
But, you're not-,

Sonya touches Josh's arm. Malcolm looks at him quizzically. Sonya shakes her head.

MALCOLM
Oh, you mean the n-word. Oh, I
don't say that shit, it's so
racist.

JOSH
So you just spell it with qs.

MALCOLM

Loophole. It's a different word now. And besides I don't say it. Anymore.

Josh starts to say something, but Sonya touches his arm again.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

So, you guys been seeing the photo stuff too?

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

That's why I always drink soda.

MALCOLM

Good man. Well, the fluoride in the water, specifically, is what enables it. 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 all stare at him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's all poisoned, that's why you gotta get your water straight from the stream. Or drink soda like him.

JOSH

But doesn't soda still have wa-,

Sonya shakes her head and touches his arm again.

MALCOLM

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 inside your target.

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.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

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

Ever seen Millie Bobbie Brown in 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 places one on Mario's head like a crown, he throws two to Josh and Sonya, and then finally he places one on his head.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

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

Sonya pulls Mario from the bong as they leave Malcolm.

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.

Malcolm walks back into his garage and shuts the door.

INT - MALCOLM'S MOM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Malcolm sits and smokes some more.

He watches a show on his computer too.

He hears something move and knock over a can.

He looks around while Cameraman appears behind him.

He turns around to see Cameraman.

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
How did you guys find me?

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

MALCOLM is quiet.

CAMERAMAN
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.

(MORE)

CAMERMAN (CONT'D)

You put people in precarious situations against their will to receive a modicum of pleasure. 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 turns onto a road when Mario feels his pants.

MARIO

Fuuuuuuck, guys...Please don't hate me.

JOSH

Please don't give us a reason.

MARIO

I forgot my phone.

JOSH

That is a reason.

SONYA

This is the opposite of helpful, Mario.

MARIO

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, that weed was good, like the shit I used to have back in 09. Makes you all giggly and forgetty.

JOSH

Forgetty?

MARIO

I sowwy.

JOSH

Ew, cut the baby voice.

SONYA

That shit is so weird when adults do it.

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 his 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. Can I cover the camera with some tape?

SONYA

How about we just drop you back off, at least at 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 doesn't read well; buff Latino man at the scene of a frail white man's disappearance with a pile of blood, it's just like... do you know who our president is?

MARIO

Naaaaah true.

EXT- BUST STOP- NIGHT

Josh pulls up to the Secaucus train station.

Mario exits the car and walks to the passenger's side window.

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. 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

Josh's car drives speedily along the road 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 we just stay here?

JOSH(VO)

I-I really don't know Sonya. At
least, for a while. At least until
we have a plan.

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 any town, 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

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 shouldn't 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 phone from his pocket.

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

It's from Cameraman and reads:

Find your light. Close up in 5.

SONYA
FUCK!

JOSH
What's it say?

SONYA
It's him. At the lights.

JOSH
It can't be him.

SONYA
Why can't it? We just found our
phones in our pockets after
throwing them out. We don't have a
choice.

JOSH
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
are 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 furious fear, your luddism will be your-,

JOSH

Hold up, wait.

CAMERAMAN

I've never been asked to stop while 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)

All this stuff about 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 this?

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. He hasn't taken the picture.

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.

CAMERMAN

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 as she is swallowed by Cameraman.

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

Her arms are folded up at her 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.