

LOVE TERRORS: THE POTTER'S FIELD SIX

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FADE IN:

Act One

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Two Shadowy Figures (Men, 40s-50s), each with a shovel, lead a horse-drawn wagon into the field next to the cemetery. They come to an open shallow grave site (dug earlier), carry a dead Priest (60) from the wagon, and swing him into the grave.

SUPER "Potter's Field, Town of Windsor, October 31, 1870"

The Two Men shovel dirt over the priest.

Looking on from a clump of trees, we SEE someone's ghostly white arm bending a tree branch for a better look.

We hear an owl HOOT.

The gravediggers look around, but see nothing. After a few more shovel loads of dirt, they leave.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

MRS. RAINTREE (45), a typical, small-town junior high school history teacher leads a class (24 students; all 14, multi-cultural, all manner of dress) through a cemetery covered with trees and piles of autumn leaves.

Among the students are JENNA RAINTREE (14), the teacher's nerdy, wallflower daughter at the end of the pack; CARLOS PEREZ (14), a short, ever-smiling Latino; DESI TAYLOR (14) a tall, handsome, African American surrounded by giggling girls; BRITTANY CHAPMAN (14) a cute blonde battling unsuccessfully to nudge closer to Desi; MARTIE DUGGAN (14) a butch girl with short-cropped black hair; and SAMMY CERONI (14), a pudgy Italian who's self-conscious about his weight.

Mrs. Raintree points to the barren field next to the cemetery.

MRS. RAINTREE

And right there is the Potter's  
Field!

Sammy takes out a smartphone and takes a photo. Other students follow suit.

SAMMY

What's a Potter's Field?

MRS. RAINTREE

Good question, Sam.

(beat)

Class, put your phones away or I'll take them. I'm serious this time.

The students put their phones away.

MRS. RAINTREE (CONT'D)

The term, Potter's Field, dates to biblical times. It was a place where extremely poor people were buried, often in mass graves.

Carlos drops his chin.

CARLOS

And illegal aliens, right?

MRS. RAINTREE

Afraid so. Here in Windsor since the late 1600s, they dumped Native Americans, people suspected of witchcraft, the poor people from other countries who worked the mines, stillborn babies, vagrant drunks, and horse thieves.

DESI

You take your class here on Halloween day to scare the shit out of us?

Desi swings his elbows while talking, and he accidentally hits Sammy in the eye with an elbow.

Sammy turns away quickly. Desi looks around, but Sammy is already walking away from the crowd holding his handkerchief over his hurt eye.

Jenna wanders over toward Sammy, but he turns his back to her.

MRS. RAINTREE

Language, Mr. Taylor. I take classes here on Halloween because it's a teachable moment, and because kids are so wound up on this day, I find it's a good day for a history field trip.

Jenna whispers to Sammy.

JENNA

He didn't see you, Sammy.

Sammy keeps his back turned, and whispers back.

SAMMY

Never does.

Martie raises her hand on the opposite side of the class, allowing Desi an opportunity to sneak away behind a tree.

MRS. RAINTREE

Yes, Martie.

MARTIE

Do lots of cities and towns have Potter's Fields?

MRS. RAINTREE

Good question. Yes, in fact, New York City has Hart Island in the East River, where over 800,000 indigents are buried in mass graves. Most big cities and towns have them, but nobody likes to talk about them.

Brittany looks at her less than stylish clothes.

BRITTANY

Sucks to be poor!

MRS. RAINTREE

Is there a question there, Brittany?

BRITTANY

Okay, so why did they pick on the poor?

MRS. RAINTREE

They often couldn't afford an expensive funeral, or they had no family or friends willing or able to pay for it.

SAMMY

No friends! That sucks!

Jenna turns away and mumbles.

JENNA

So, they dumped 'em in shallow mass  
graves like garbage!

MRS. RAINTREE

I'm afraid that's right, Dear.

Hearing the word "Dear" raises chuckles in the class. Jenna turns in disgust, and starts back to the SCHOOL BUS parked at entrance to the cemetery.

JENNA

God, Ma!

MRS. RAINTREE

Sorry, Jenna. Habit!

Mrs. Raintree leads and rest of the class back toward the bus, where all the students pass piles of leaves.

As Mrs. Raintree passes one pile of leaves, a hand and arm bursts out of the pile of leaves and grabs her ankle. Mrs. Raintree and many students scream.

Jenna turns to see her mother panic. Then, Desi jumps out of the pile of leaves, and all the students laugh. Mrs. Raintree is furious. She grabs Desi by the shirt sleeve.

MRS. RAINTREE (CONT'D)

Darn it, Desi Taylor, you 'bout  
gave me a heart attack. That's  
detention for you, Mister!

Jenna fights back laughter, and steps up to her mom.

JENNA

Come on, Ma. It was a teachable  
moment. Desi was just being a kid!  
He didn't know it was you walking  
by!

Mrs. Raintree lets go of Desi's shirt, and stomps away toward the bus.

The students surround and congratulate Desi with laughter and slap him on the back. Jenna looks on, shaking her head in disgust.

When Mrs. Raintree is sufficiently far away, Desi speaks.

DESI

I'm camping out here tonight.  
Halloween night! I dare us all!  
Who's with me?

Everyone except Jenna says "Ya" or "cool" or "I'm in."

DESI (CONT'D)

Midnight. Bring a sleeping bag, a flashlight, and a bottle of the good stuff.

Everyone except Jenna says "Ya" or "cool" or "I'm in."

The students laugh on the way to the bus.

Jenna shakes her head in disgust at the tail end of the class.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

A cold wind howls. We see the light from a small fire, tended by Martie, who is wearing a camouflage hunting outfit.

Sammy walks through the cemetery clutching a rolled up sleeping bag, with his flashlight shaking in his other hand, examining every pile of leaves before moving on.

He sees the fire, and turns off his flashlight to appear brave.

He sneaks up on Martie, who hears leaves crunch beneath his tennis shoes.

Martie stands, turns, grabs Sammy's arm and flips him on his back. She puts her boot to his neck, as Sammy moans in pain.

MARTIE

Halt! Who goes there?

SAMMY

It's me, Sammy, you freakin' ninja lunatic! That hurt!

Martie helps him up, and notices Sammy has a black eye.

MARTIE

You didn't identify yourself, idiot! You scared me.

SAMMY

Well, I don't wanna end up dead in the Potter's Field like all them fuckin' others under our feet! No fuckin' friends.

Sammy looks away.

MARTIE

Join the club! Where'd you get the shiner.

SAMMY

I fell. Where is everybody?

MARTIE

Don't know. Got here at twenty-three hundred hours and built the fire.

SAMMY

Twenty-three hundred?

Sammy checks his smartphone.

MARTIE

Eleven o'clock. We still have fifteen minutes to midnight.

They see a flashlight. Sammy yells.

SAMMY

Hell, who goes there?

MARTIE

It's halt!

BRITTANY

No, it's Brittany!

MARTIE

(mumbles)

Great. Two idiots!

Brittany clutches a sleeping bag and flashlight. She smiles when she sees the fire.

BRITTANY

Thank God! I'm freezing. Where's Desi? Are we the only ones here?

Jenna wears her dad's oversized tan coat over a thick wool sweater. She's carrying a sleeping bag and walks in quietly right behind Brittany.

JENNA

Only ones above-ground. Plenty here below us!

SAMMY

Hi, Brittany and Jenna. Where's your flashlight, Jenna?

JENNA

Couldn't find it in the dark. What  
goods a flashlight if you can't  
find it in the dark?

Sammy points to his shiner.

SAMMY

Must have rushed out the house like  
I always have to.

JENNA

Grabbed my Dad's old coat, and went  
out through the window. Didn't want  
to wake Ma. And she double-bolted  
the front door to keep a creepy  
boarder from coming back.

MARTIE

What creepy boarder?

Jenna, embarrassed, turns away.

JENNA

Ma rents our spare room from time  
to time to get extra cash.

BRITTANY

Jesus!

MARTIE

'Cause your Dad's away.

SAMMY

Prison. Everybody knows.

BRITTANY

Jesus!

JENNA

I didn't trust this boarder, Victor  
Whatever, from the start, but Ma  
said it was only two weeks. Never  
shaved. Ate like a horse, and his  
freakin' clothes smelled like  
exploded fireworks.

MARTIE

Gunpowder?

BRITTANY

(more excited)

Jesus!



JENNA

Maybe, yeah! Anyway, he moved out today, so Ma double bolted the door.

MARTIE

Did he look at you funny?

BRITTANY

Plain Jenna?

Jenna ignores Brittany's snide comment.

JENNA

How did you know?

Brittany and Sammy turn and carry on their own conversation.

BRITTANY

How'd you get the black eye, Sammy?

MARTIE

Just figured.

SAMMY

Fell down.

JENNA

Yesterday, he kinda put the moves on Ma, so she'd let him stay an extra day or two.

BRITTANY

Just fell?

SAMMY

When my dad hit me for not shuttin' up.

BRITTANY

Jesus!

JENNA

(to Martie)

That didn't work, so he begged me to stay an extra day. That creeped me and Ma out, so I left the dinner table, and she told him to leave.

MARTIE

Fuckin freak!

Carlos sneaks into the crowd around the fire. Everyone jumps back.

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
Doesn't anyone announce their  
arrival? Damn it, Carl!

CARLOS  
Jesus, you're all making enough  
noise to raise the dead!

Silence. An owl HOOTS.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Where is everybody?

JENNA  
Who could turn down an opportunity  
in "The City That Always Sleeps" to  
camp out in a cemetery and Potter's  
Field on Halloween night, no less?

The students giggle nervously.

They hear a loud, scary, beastly SCREAM! Everyone jumps back.  
Their eyes turn from side to side, but their heads don't  
move.

From behind them, Desi leaps into the fire circle with a  
second beastly SCREAM!

SAMMY  
Damn it! Fuckin' Desi!

The others swear under their breath as they hold their hearts  
trying not to look scared.

DESI  
Where is everyone?

JENNA  
Smart ones are at home, asleep, or  
watching late-night movies!

BRITTANY  
Whore movies, I bet.

MARTIE  
You mean, horror movies.

BRITTANY  
Whatever, Butch!

MARTIE  
Shut the fuck up, bitch!

Martie grabs Brittany and flips her to the ground. She yelps.

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
You don't know me!

BRITTANY  
That hurt!

SAMMY  
She does that to everyone! Did it  
to me earlier.

CARLOS  
(giggles)  
She didn't torture me yet?

DESI  
I can't believe those other wienies  
chickened out! Who we got here?

Desi's voice gets more disappointed as he looks around with  
his flashlight.

DESI (CONT'D)  
Brittany, Martie, Carl...

CARLOS  
(interrupting)  
Carlos! In school, it's Carl!

DESI  
Whatever. Sammy, and the teacher's  
kid!

Desi acts proud that he knew everyone.

JENNA  
It's Jenna.

Desi shrugs and looks closer at Sammy's black eye.

DESI  
Jesus! What did the other guy look  
like?

Sammy smirks.

SAMMY  
Lot like you.

DESI  
Whatever. Where the hell is  
everyone? Jesus! Brenna, Heather,  
Emma, and Chandler all texted to  
tell me they were coming!

MARTIE  
They lied! Surprised?

BRITTANY  
That makes...  
(counting Slowly to  
herself)  
Six of us.

Jenna rolls her eyes in disgust.

SAMMY  
(mumbles)  
The six kids with no friends, in a  
Potter's Field. Fuckin' great!

Desi hears Sammy.

DESI  
What the fuck you talkin' about! I  
got a shit-load of friends.

JENNA  
Aptly put.

Desi turns to Jenna?

DESI  
What's that, teacher's kid?

JENNA  
(sarcastic)  
Those friends of yours? Where are  
they now?

DESI  
I got one right here!

Desi pulls out a bottle of *Tequila*.

DESI (CONT'D)  
Dudes. It's organically grown!  
Gotta be good for you!

The teens stand around the small fire. Desi takes the cap off one bottle, and passes it to Brittany, who takes a swig and giggles. Brittany hands it to Carlos who takes a big gulp, then coughs in pain, as he hands it to Martie. Martie takes a small sip with a stern look, and hands it to Jenna who passes it on to Sammy.

DESI (CONT'D)  
Teacher's kid scared?

JENNA

Football player have too many  
concussions?

Sammy takes a swig, and he about chokes, but he holds the tequila in his mouth as he reaches across the fire to hand the bottle back to Desi. As Desi grabs the bottle, Sammy spits his tequila in the fire and it ignites.

Desi's eyes open widely in fright, and he drops the bottle of tequila on a rock in the fire ring, and the whole bottle of tequila goes up in a flash.

DESI

Look what you made me do, you  
fucking idiot!

Desi makes a fist as he steps toward Sammy. Sammy's hands shake as he looks away from Desi.

JENNA

It was an accident!

Carlos and Martie hold Desi back.

MARTIE

Forget it, Desi.

DESI

It was like somebody hit my hand  
down.

From a nearby tree, we SEE the GHOSTLY ARM of a Native American in a buckskin shirt, pulling down a branch for a better look at Desi.

CARLOS

You're the one who dropped the  
bottle. It was cheap tequila  
anyway.

BRITTANY

I liked it.

MARTIE

Figures.

Tense moments pass and everyone sits around the campfire.

BRITTANY

Pretty funny what you did today,  
Desi. Arm grabbing the teacher's  
ankle.

Everyone but Jenna laughs.

Desi smiles at Brittany, surprising her.

DESI  
That was fuckin' funny.

Again, everyone but Jenna laughs.

Desi sees that Jenna isn't smiling.

DESI (CONT'D)  
Thanks for saving my ass from  
detention, Kid.

Jenna stands.

JENNA  
Think I'll go home and catch some  
TV. See you later.

Jenna turns, grabs her sleeping bag, and heads to the cemetery entrance.

She walks faster, and faster, but as she gets to the entrance, she can't leave. Something tugs the tail of her jacket, and she falls back. She's frightened.

She gets up, and tries to exit again, but again something pulls the tail of her jacket, and she falls back again.

Jenna looks back to see the small fire, and her classmates standing around it. She glances back at the entrance to the cemetery, shakes her head in disbelief, and walks slowly back to the fire. Martie smiles.

MARTIE  
Decided to stay?

CARLOS  
Looks like you saw a ghost!

Jenna glances back at the entrance, afraid to tell the others.

JENNA  
Something like that.

Carlos smiles.

SAMMY  
Really, what made you come back?

JENNA  
I...I don't know.

Desi looks away and snickers.

DESI  
Jesus!

Brittany throws her arm around Desi, and parrots him.

BRITTANY  
Yeah, Jesus!

Jenna glances at the entrance to the cemetery with a worried look.

CARLOS  
What was that book in your back pocket?

DESI  
Look at Carlos, chechin' out some booty.

SAMMY  
Yeah, what's the book?

Jenna turns back to the crowd.

JENNA  
It represents a lot of research, actually. The History of the Potter's Field. Who's buried and here and why? I'm leaving in a few minutes anyway. You wouldn't be interested.

BRITTANY  
Right about that, Geek!

Desi stands and hops over to her.

DESI  
Wait a minute there, teacher's kid. Why don't you read to us about a few bodies to set the mood for us, before you go?

MARTIE  
I'd like to know.

CARLOS  
Me too.

Jenna turns nervously and sits back down as Desi returns to his spot.

JENNA

Okay! A few. Then, I'm going home.

Martie adds a few more sticks to the fire.

DESI

Now we're talking.

Jenna speaks in an ominous tone.

JENNA

1703. Mavis D. Popple was tried as a witch for depriving her husband of intercourse for one full year.

DESI

Hang the bitch.

The others giggle, but Jenna leans in closer to the fire.

JENNA

After Popple was burned alive, her husband admitted having a bad case of syphilis and he went crazy, so they hanged him, and he's buried here too.

The teens gasp.

DESI

More!

JENNA

1811. An Indian Chief, claimed to be the last of his band, died, some said of a broken heart. Townsman stripped him of his silver buttons and tossed him in a shallow grave for being a heathen!

MARTIE

Might have been a brave warrior.  
Don't seem fair!

Twenty yards away from the teens, behind a tree, we see GHOSTLY, HEAVILY-WRINKLED OLD-MAN'S HAND lower a branch to get a better view of group. No one sees the peeper.

JENNA

A Potter's Field isn't about being fair. 1821.

(MORE)



JENNA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Emma Johnson, after delivering five still-born babies, quintuplets, was shot by her husband and buried with her dead babies.

CARLOS

That sucks! Maybe it wasn't her fault!

JENNA

(sarcastic)

Ya think?

SAMMY

One more, please.

JENNA

1850. Mine shaft caved in on twenty Russian immigrant miners. They didn't even have their surnames -- last names, because they were hard to spell.

DESI

Wait! They're Christian, right?

JENNA

Eastern Orthodox, not recognized by the Pope. So, they're in one mass grave somewhere here. No headstones for any of them.

We hear an owl HOOT.

BRITTANY

Freakin' me out.

Jenna stands.

JENNA

1864. A seven-year-old farm boy raced onto a nearby battlefield and took the drum of a soldier. He barely got the shoulder straps on when he was shot in the head.

DESI

Put that damn book away, or I'll burn it.

They all HEAR a snare drum pounding from a dense stand of trees in the distance. They turn to look, with their mouths open in fright.

BRITTANY  
Stop reading. I command you.

JENNA  
You don't command me!

SAMMY  
I'm outta here!

Sammy stands, grabs his sleeping bag, and starts toward the cemetery exit.

DESI  
You chicken?

Sammy shakes his head in disgust.

SAMMY  
Nobody's gonna miss me here.

BRITTANY  
Got that right.

Jenna turns, worried about Sammy.

JENNA  
I'll miss ya, Sammy. Text me when you get home?

SAMMY (O.C.)  
Sure.

Seconds later.

JENNA  
Desi, you gave Sammy the shiner when you swung your elbows around earlier.

Desi gets defensive.

DESI  
How could I have done that? Didn't even see him.

JENNA  
That was his point.

They all freeze when they hear staggering footsteps crushing leaves and heading toward them. It's Sammy, with eyes wide open and hands shaking. He stutters as he whispers.

SAMMY

Some...Someone's coming. With a  
n...n...knife!

Before Jenna can turn around, she is knocked to the ground by VICTOR GRAHAM (47), who is running through their campsite.

Jenna's glasses fall off and to the side. She lays flat on the ground as Victor turns to apologize.

VICTOR

Sorry. Sorry. Put out that fire!

The other teens are frozen.

Victor turns to look at the cemetery entrance in fright.

Jenna is reaching around in the dark for her glasses, but can't find them.

Victor appears to recognize Jenna. He whispers in an angry tone.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Gimme that jacket!

Jenna freezes in fear and has trouble speaking.

JENNA

Wha... Wha...?

VICTOR

The jacket!

Victor crouches low, and glances at the entrance to the cemetery.

Victor kicks down the sticks in the fire, and tosses on Jenna's jacket, and stomps out the fire.

Victor whispers to the teens in a stern voice.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Shut up, and stay low. Don't move  
'til dawn if you want to stay  
alive!

Victor RACES off across the Potter's Field.

Jenna finally locates her glasses and puts them on, as the other teens crouch low, and stare out toward Victor without speaking.

Martie pulls night-vision binoculars out of her backpack and tracks Victor.

The teens' faces turn to the far side of the cemetery, where they see a black sedan racing across the field to intercept Victor. Desi whispers in a panic.

DESI

I'm getting outta here!

Desi starts to stand, but Jenna pulls his arm down, gets in his face, and whispers.

JENNA

Shut up and lay low he said.

They hear an automatic rifle. BAM BAM, BAM, BAM.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Maybe he had his reasons?

Off in the distance, the black sedan stops. They hear the two doors open and close.

Two shadowy figures emerge from the sedan, but it's too dark to identify them (like the opening scene).

The teens hear two more shots that sound like a muzzled pistol. ZIP. ZIP.

The teens huddle together, frightened.

Finally, Sammy speaks again, stuttering.

SAMMY

I c...c...couldn't leave.

JENNA

What? Neither could I.

Sammy looks Jenna in the eyes.

SAMMY

L...L...Like s...s...someone was pulling me b...b...

JENNA

(interrupting)

Back. I know.

CARLOS

Holy shit.

SAMMY

Then I saw the n...n...knife  
shining in the m...m...moonlight.  
C...c...

JENNA

(interrupting)  
Coming toward, you?

DESI

Jesus!

BRITTANY

I'm getting outta here! Come on,  
Desi. Take me home.

JENNA

No use.

BRITTANY

The hell?

JENNA

Nobody's leaving. You'll get shot,  
then they'll find the rest of us!

Everyone's eyes are on Jenna.

JENNA (CONT'D)

We stay low, and shut up, like the  
dead man said.

They crouch and look in the direction of the gunfire.

CARLOS

That dude saved our lives by  
putting out our fire.

DESI

They would have seen us for sure.

A small spark lights a twig on fire. Martie crushes it out  
quickly.

MARTIE

Make sure nothing gives us away!

Desi sarcastically salutes Martie.

DESI

Yes, Commander.

Jenna sticks up for Martie and gets in Desi's face, and  
whispers angrily.

JENNA

You want to get us killed. Shut the fuck up!

Martie stares out into the darkness with her night-vision binoculars.

MARTIE

Can't see what they're doing.

Jenna whispers to Martie.

JENNA

We need to get the license number on that sedan. They'll probably go out the way they came. Follow me. Bring those binoculars.

MARTIE

Sir, yes, Sir.

Jenna looks at the others who are frozen in fear.

JENNA

You guys, stay low!

Jenna starts to sneak away, but she hears the leaves beneath her.

Martie pulls Jenna's sweater and takes the lead. She dips her toes under the leaves before putting her heel down. The technique makes far less noise. Jenna catches on quickly.

Jenna and Martie, hearing the two men laugh as they cover the body, position themselves near the cemetery entrance.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I'll turn off my flash and try to get a pic on my phone. You use the binocs.

MARTIE

You got it!

The sedan approaches the exit. Jenna snaps photos. Martie tries to see the license plates.

The sedan races away.

JENNA

Gonna be too dark.

MARTIE

No plates.

JENNA

Back to the group. Let's go.

Jenna and Martie run back to the group.

Carlos, Brittany, Desi, and Sammy huddle around the campfire ring, but there's no fire.

DESI

Who were those guys with guns?

JENNA

We didn't getta good look.

CARLOS

(to Jenna)

We pulled your coat off the fire.  
It's okay, but smells like smoke.

JENNA

Thanks, Carlos.

Jenna examines her dad's coat. The entire back of the coat is black, with a burn hole as big as a fist in the middle of the back, She slips on the coat.

BRITTANY

What do we do now?

JENNA

Stay low and quiet until dawn like  
the man said.

(beat)

Think I recognized his voice.

SAMMY

From where? Hell?

JENNA

I think that was the creepy guy my  
Ma rented our spare room to.

MARTIE

He stared at you for a second or  
two after he knocked you over.

CARLOS

Like he recognized you.

JENNA

May be why he put out the fire and  
led those hit men to the other side  
of the cemetery.

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

Those gunmen may be right down the street from the cemetery!

BRITTANY

He told us not to leave until dawn.

CARLOS

All I got is an old cotton sleeping bag. I'll freeze to death.

MARTIE

I'll start a small fire.

Martie gets a fire going quickly.

JENNA

We need a plan.

SAMMY

Can't we just go home?

JENNA

Not if there's gunmen down the street.

DESI

We don't know that for sure.

MARTIE

Want to go check for us?

Desi is silent and scared.

BRITTANY

Can't we call the police?

MARTIE

Police are going to ask questions. We need a consistent story.

DESI

We can't tell anyone I was here. I'll get suspended for sure!

SAMMY

My dad will kill me.

JENNA

Those people with guns might kill us all if they think we saw anything.



DESI

Who did that guy cut up with the bloody hunting knife?

JENNA

Victor Graham? His name was Victor Graham.

BRITTANY

We don't even know if that psycho is dead! Why would your Ma rent a room to a killer?

Jenny snaps at Brittany.

JENNA

Teachers don't get paid much. Needed the cash. My dad's...

Sammy stands and puts an arm around Jenna.

SAMMY

In prison. Everybody knows.

JENNA

Look! Mr. Graham saved us by putting out our fire. Those thugs would have seen us for sure.

CARLOS

Five seconds with that automatic rifle and we'd all be dead!

Brittany stands, frightened.

BRITTANY

I'm sacred. I'm going home.

Desi pulls her arm down violently.

DESI

You're staying here 'til Jenna says so.

MARTIE

That Victor creep came in from the direction of town.

JENNA

He went to a bar. Ma told me he had a roll of bills thicker than my wrist!

SAMMY

Maybe he still has it on him?

Carlos stands bravely.

CARLOS

Let's go see. I could use some cash.

Jenna pushes his shoulder down.

JENNA

Contaminating a crime scene? Police will love that!

DESI

Was the creep planning on staying around?

JENNA

No. Leaving tomorrow morning.

DESI

Then nobody's going to be looking for him.

SAMMY

Victor Graham may not even be his real name.

MARTIE

Somebody might have reported the shots.

JENNA

Way out here? Doubtful.

DESI

So, if nobody knows the guy, and he was supposed to leave town, he's just another bum in the Potter's Field. It's nobody's business.

Jenna gets angry.

JENNA

We know he's here! That makes it our business. And we got two murderers in our town. That makes it everyone's business.

MARTIE

Maybe we should go to the cops!

SAMMY

I don't wanna sound all mobster and shit, but the automatic rifles going bam, bam, bam, bam, followed by the zip, zip, sounds like a professional hit.

DESI

What? In a town where the motto is "Nothin' Ever Happens Here."

CARLOS

Sammy's right. More stuff happens here than we see at school, that's for damn sure.

BRITTANY

Like what?

CARLOS

Like the police chief, last year, almost getting caught taking bribes from some big shots, but they couldn't prove it 'cause the witness disappeared.

JENNA

They said he left town.

DESI

Maybe like that Victor dude left town.

JENNA

If you can't trust the police, who can you trust?

(beat)

Us! You can trust us. The Potter's Field Six!

The teens still look bewildered.

MARTIE

So, what now?

JENNA

First, we need a positive ID on the body. Tomorrow, we'll search around town for the black sedan. If there's no sedan like it, they left town, and maybe we take our little secret to the grave. We tell nobody! Ever!

MARTIE

I'm in!

SAMMY

Why not!

DESI

I agree with the teacher's kid.

Jenna gives Desi a cold stare.

DESI (CONT'D)

I mean, Jenna.

CARLOS

I'm in, if we get his cash.

BRITTANY

Keeping secrets is impossible.

JENNA

Not if it saves your life. If those  
were hit men, you don't want a  
piece of them.

(beat)

Let's go find Victor's body.

They walk through the cemetery gets creepier as they close in  
on the crime scene.

JENNA (CONT'D)

We don't want to leave footprints,  
so walk on leaves.

The teens and their flashlights search the area where the  
sedan was parked. They can't find the body.

DESI

Think they put him in the sedan?

JENNA

And get his blood all over?

MARTIE

They must have buried him.

BRITTANY

That fast?

CARLOS

Shallow grave. Toss leaves over it.  
Snow comes. They find him next  
spring.

SAMMY

If at all.

Jenna spots as leaves piled up from the surrounding area.

JENNA

Over here. Remember, walk on  
leaves.

The teens do as instructed. Jenna points to the center of a pile of leaves.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Stay back!

Jenna inches over to the pile of leaves. She dusts away a few leaves, and finds Victor's chest. Blood oozes from his heart. She jumps back, as does everyone.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Right in the heart!

CARLOS

Is he dead?

Jenna leans her face in close to the dead man's chest.

JENNA

He's not breathing. I didn't even  
like him, but...

BRITTANY

But what?

JENNA

(sadly)  
Death is so permanent.

We see a GHOSTLY HAND bending down a branch to get a better look at Jenna and Victor.

DESI

I can't stay here a fucking' minute  
longer! I'm outta here!

Desi runs off in the opposite direction of the entrance into a grove of trees. The others watch him disappear into the trees.

Then Brittany takes off after Desi.

BRITTANY

Wait for me!

We SEE Desi walking slowly in the grove of trees as Brittany almost catches up. Both of their flashlights are shaking.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Wait up!

Desi stops by a pile of leaves. A GHOSTLY HAND grabs Desi's ankle, and Desi falls face first and hits his head on a branch.

He screams.

DESI

Jesus!

Desi has a small gash on his forehead and a slightly sprained ankle. He's bleeding when Brittany finally catches up to him.

Desi panics and looks around with his flashlight, but sees nothing but leaves.

BRITTANY

Your bleeding! We gotta go back.  
Martie said she had a first-aid  
kit.

Brittany helps Desi limp back to the others surrounding Victor.

Jenna shakes her head in disgust.

JENNA

You just can't leave, can you!

DESI

Something like that. Think I  
sprained my ankle.

MARTIE

I got some iodine and a bandage for  
that head of yours back at the  
campfire.

Desi looks back at the grove of trees in fear. Martie speaks to Desi, assessing his head injury.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

Desi is upset.

DESI

I heard ya!

CARLOS  
Looks like we gotta stay together.

SAMMY  
(points at the body)  
Check his head. I bet he took one  
in the forehead.

Jenna nervously returns to the body and carefully sweeps  
leaves away from his face.

She jumps back again.

From the other side of the cemetery, we see a GHOSTLY, YOUNG  
BOY'S HAND lower a branch to get a better view of group. No  
one sees the peeper. Jenna sounds more frightened than ever.

JENNA  
Forehead. Right in the middle. What  
did he do to deserve that?

SAMMY  
Pros. This was a professional hit!

BRITTANY  
Shit! I hate this! I hate this! I  
hate this!

Jenna brushes the leaves away from Victor's right hand. She  
sees the bloody knife, and jumps back again.

Everyone jumps back.

DESI  
Jesus!

Jenna notices that she has blood from the knife on her hand.  
She starts to scream, but holds it in.

Sammy hands her his handkerchief. She wipes off the blood,  
and hands the handkerchief back to Sammy.

JENNA  
Thanks, Sammy.

SAMMY  
Don't mention it.

Sammy folds and wraps the bloody handkerchief in his back  
pocket.

Jenna pulls out her phone and takes several photos, this time  
with the flash on.

BRITTANY

What the hell are you doing, Jenna?  
Those photos prove we were here!

Jenna begins to walk to slowly back to the campsite.

JENNA

I don't know. Okay? I don't know  
what I'm fucking doing! Okay?

Everyone follows Jenna in silence.

An owl HOOTS, and everyone shivers a little bit more as they  
trudge back to the campfire.

End Act One



## Act Two

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The mood is sullen as the teens form a loose circle around the small campfire.

Martie is attending to Desi's cut forehead with iodine. Desi yelps.

MARTIE

You're tough. You got this.

DESI

(unsure)

Uh huh.

Martie applies a 2 inch X 2 inch Band-Aid on Desi's forehead, and he finally smiles.

DESI (CONT'D)

Thanks, Martie.

MARTIE

Don't mention it.

The teens turn sullen again around the fire. They use their sleeping bags like shawls to keep warm.

JENNA

I don't get it. Victor was a creep and a bum, but why did they have to kill him?

SAMMY

Execution style.

MARTIE

Think he tried to kill somebody, then they killed him?

Jenna hears a twig crackle in the distance, and looks around in the beams of all the flashlights.

JENNA

No sign of dripping blood on top of the leaves around Victor's body from his killers. But there was that blood on Victor's knife.

DESI

Then who did the creep stab?

JENNA

Don't know. Just know I'm not gonna sleep good tonight!

Martie stares at her smartphone.

MARTIE

I could call the hospital and ask if anyone was admitted with a knife wound.

SAMMY

They'd have your number on caller ID, and you'd have a lot of explaining to do.

CARLOS

I could call the police station, and say a black sedan with no plates almost hit me when I was walking home from trick or treating by the cemetery.

JENNA

At one in the morning? Forget it! If our crooked police chief gets the call, we'll all be arrested!

DESI

Can't go to the police. I'd get suspended for sure, and my dad would kill me!

BRITTANY

The rest of us would get in a lot of trouble, too.

JENNA

I say we wait 'til dawn, and sneak back into our houses like nothing happened.

SAMMY

A secret we take to the grave!

CARLOS

Can't tell nobody!

BRITTANY

Nobody.

(beat)

Except my older sister. I tell her everything!

ALL

Nobody!

BRITTANY

Okay. I got it. Nobody. Geez!

They all stare into the fire. Anxious moments pass. Carlos speaks in a sad tone.

CARLOS

Fine for all of you in those fancy  
goose-down sleeping bags. All I got  
is this old cotton sleeping bag.

Jenna looks over at Carlos, who looks back with puppy-dog eyes.

JENNA

Come on, Carlos. Sit with me.

Carlos smiles and leaps next to Jenna.

CARLOS

We can sit on my bag, and put yours  
around our shoulders.

The others watch them with envy.

BRITTANY

We should do that, Desi. For  
warmth, I mean. I'm freezing!

DESI

I'm leaving soon, but okay.

JENNA

Not going anywhere with that ankle.

Martie puts her backpack under Desi's sore ankle.

MARTIE

Elevate it.

DESI

Thanks again, Martie. Why don't you  
let me warm you up?

Desi opens his arms. Martie snickers, then squeezes in to  
cuddle with Desi.

Brittany glares at Desi in disgust.

Sammy surprises all of them by opening up his arms to display  
his big fluffy sleeping bag to Brittany.

SAMMY

Come on, Brit. Just to stay warm.  
This bag is rated to minus twenty  
degrees.

Brittany glares at Sammy, then Desi, then Sammy again.

JENNA

Must have cost a fortune.

SAMMY

What can I say? Money and good  
looks run in the family.

Everyone chuckles.

Brittany reluctantly joins Sammy.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

See? Are you warming up?

BRITTANY

Geez! I am warm. First time all  
night.

SAMMY

There's a first time for  
everything!

Everyone chuckles again.

Brittany glares at Sammy.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Kidding. Kidding.

(beat)

Jenna, read us a few more stories  
from the Potter's Field book.

Desi and Carlos are immediately supportive.

DESI

Yeah!

CARLOS

Can't hurt!

Martie and Brittany have worried faces.

JENNA

Maybe a few more.

Jenna pulls out the book and continues reading in an ominous  
voice.

JENNA (CONT'D)

December 5th, 1865. Six runaway slaves were captured north of town. Two were too old to make the journey back, and two were babies, so the bounty hunters had the two strongest adults dig shallow graves for the others in the Potter's Field.

DESI

Jesus! How'd they kill 'em?

JENNA

Doesn't say.

The girls squeeze closer to the boys.

The boys wink at each other like their secret plan is working.

CARLOS

Go on, Jenna.

JENNA

One day later, December 6, 1865, the 13th Amendment abolished slavery in the United States.

The teens all gasp.

DESI

Now that really sucks!

JENNA

July 4, 1976, news of Custer's Last Stand caused a wave of anti-Indian sentiment in town. Townsfolk hanged an old Indian medicine woman and tossed her body in the Potter's Field for the coyotes. Before she died, she cursed the town with a constant sound of babies crying.

Brittany snuggles against Sammy.

BRITTANY

I heard 'em cry! Lots of times!

JENNA

Young coyotes sound like babies crying.

BRITTANY  
No. I heard babies!

Silence. Everyone looks around and listens.

Jenna hears twigs being stepped on. Then everyone does.  
Carlos hugs Jenna like he's frightened.

CARLOS  
What was that?

JENNA  
Just a deer, probably.

Jenna pushes Carlos away a little, but she smiles at him.  
They share a moment.

MARTIE  
Whitetail.

DESI  
Could've been that Victor dude  
coming back from the dead!

JENNA  
I'm beginning to wonder if that was  
his real name.

SAMMY  
'Cause of the professional hit on  
him?

JENNA  
At the house last week, Ma called  
him once. 'Victor, want dessert?',  
and he didn't answer right away.

BRITTANY  
Maybe he didn't hear her.

DESI  
Shit! You could hear Mrs. Raintree  
from a mile away!

Jenna chuckles.

JENNA  
Sorry. Yeah. I mean, I think the  
name Victor surprised him.

SAMMY  
We didn't check for a wallet or I-  
D.

CARLOS

And we didn't check his pockets for the roll of bills.

JENNA

Hell no! We're not going back there! I won't sleep as it is!

CARLOS

We'll do it, then. Sammy and me!

Carlos stands. A few seconds later, Sammy stands. No one else moves. Finally, Jenna stands.

JENNA

Damn it. We'll all go!

DESI

My leg hurts.

Martie stands.

MARTIE

You want to stay here alone?

Brittany stands, surprising the others.

BRITTANY

Can we check out his thing?

Everyone is stunned.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I mean, you're going to go through his pockets for cash and a wallet...

Desi struggles to stand.

DESI

(interrupting)

I better stop Brittany from jumping on his bones.

They all chuckle nervously as they walk very slowly across the cemetery.

JENNA

I don't know about this. It's still disturbing a crime scene.

Desi points his flashlight at every pile of leaves as he limps along with Martie's help.

DESI  
We were never here, remember.

SAMMY  
Complete secret.

CARLOS  
Nobody will know.

In the distance, in a grove of trees, we see a GHOSTLY ARM pull down a branch for a better look at the teens.

They hear a low-volume sound of a snare drum in the distance. The teens STOP, but the sound of the drum is gone. The teens look at each other, but don't say a word about it.

JENNA  
Forgot to tell you all something.

CARLOS  
What?

JENNA  
When I tried to walk out of the cemetery earlier, I couldn't do it.

SAMMY  
'Cause you wanted to stay -- with us, I mean?

JENNA  
No. I tried to leave, but someone or something pulled me back by my jacket, and I landed on my butt!

MARTIE  
Maybe it was a deer.

JENNA  
Wasn't a deer.

MARTIE  
They can be powerful...

JENNA  
(interrupting, angry)  
Wasn't a deer!

DESI  
I swear somebody grabbed my ankle, like I did to Jenna's Ma.

MARTIE  
Could've tripped on a tree root.



Sammy collapses on to the ground, and holds his hands over his face.

SAMMY

Shit. Me too.

CARLOS

What? You came running back when Victor came running into the cemetery!

Sammy shakes his head, 'No.'

SAMMY

Before that!

(beat)

I tried to run out of here with all my might, but something pulled at the back of my jacket, and I landed on my ass like Jenna.

BRITTANY

What the fuck?

SAMMY

I was too scared to tell anybody.

Jenna pulls Sammy up.

JENNA

I know, Occam's razor, right?

DESI

Whose razor?

JENNA

Occam's razor, the problem-solving principle attributed to William of Ockham around 1330 AD. He was an English Franciscan friar, who said the simplest explanation is probably the right one.

DESI

I tripped on a tree root that had fingers and a tight grip?

JENNA

Or just a tree root. And Sammy and I got our jackets caught on tree branches.

SAMMY

'Cept there were no trees around.

Jenny shines her light toward the entrance, and doesn't see trees.

BRITTANY

No trees.

CARLOS

No razor.

JENNA

There must be a logical explanation.

BRITTANY

That's it. I can't take this! I'm outta here!

Brittany storms off toward the entrance of the cemetery, walking faster and faster as she gets closer to the entrance. The others don't move. They just watch.

Seconds later, we HEAR a thump, and Brittany falls back on her butt, then back. Jenna yells.

JENNA

Brit? You okay?

The others run up to her, to shine their flashlights on a large tree right in front of Brittany.

Brittany is moaning in pain. She has a bloody nose. Sammy takes out his bloodied handkerchief, turns it inside out to a non-bloody side, and places it under Brittany's nose.

Sammy chuckles a little.

SAMMY

Occam's razor. You walked into a tree!

JENNA

You didn't see this big-ass tree?

From a nearby grove of trees, we see a teenage girl's GHOSTLY HAND pulling down a branch to see better. We hear a slight chuckle from the ghost.

BRITTANY

Didn't wear my fucking glasses tonight! Okay?

DESI

You wear specs?

MARTIE

I've never seen you with...

BRITTANY

I wear contacts, okay? Just not at night.

Jenna and Sammy help Brittany up. She holds the handkerchief under her bloody nose.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

They're tinted blue and don't work well at night. Okay?

Jenna leads the teens toward the body.

JENNA

We'll guide you home when you stop bleeding.

They walk slowly to the body.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Remember, walk on leaves so we don't leave footprints.

Martie spots the pile of leaves hiding Victor's body.

MARTIE

Here he is. Don't like this.

The teens gather around.

JENNA

Gonna check his I-D and go.

SAMMY

And check for the roll of bills, right?

JENNA

No. Let it go.

Jenna bends and slowly brushes away leaves around Victor's waist.

BRITTANY

Don't wanna see his thing, anyway.

MARTIE

Probably couldn't see it if you tried.

Jenna brushes away leaves where Victor's front pockets are located.

Carlos bends down to help Jenna.

SAMMY

I don't like this either.

Carlos digs in Victor's right pocket, and pulls out a gold necklace. He shines his light on it.

JENNA

That's my Ma's.

Jenna stares at the bloody knife, while everyone is staring at the necklace, Carlos checks Victor's other pocket, and pulls out a roll of bills.

Carlos SEES the name "Cleveland" on the outer bill, but doesn't see the value of the bill.

He secretly slips the roll of bills into his coat pocket.

CARLOS

Nothin' in his other pocket.

Carlos stands and pretends to be interested in the necklace.

Jenna puts the necklace in her coat pocket.

Sammy bends down and reaches under Victor and feels for a wallet.

SAMMY

Wallet. Got it!

Sammy pulls out the wallet, and all the flashlights turn to it. Sammy opens it up, first to check for cash.

He counts the bills.

DESI

How much?

SAMMY

Forty-two bucks. Bum, all right!

Carlos looks away.

JENNA

The I-D?

Sammy digs a driver's license out of the wallet, and hands it to Jenna. Sammy continues to explore the wallet, while Jenna reads.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
New York license, Victor Graham,  
born forty-seven years ago. That's  
him.

Jenna takes a photo of the license.

Sammy finds a piece of paper with three numbers scribbled on it. He uses his flashlight to stare at the numbers.

SAMMY  
Holy shit!

CARLOS  
What now?

All the flashlights are trained on the tiny piece of paper in Sammy's hands.

SAMMY  
My dad's private cell phone number!

They all gasp!

CARLOS  
Private cell phone number.

SAMMY  
He has a phone for family and  
friends, but this one is strictly  
for business.

DESI  
What's your dad do?

SAMMY  
Owns a bunch of little places in  
town; dry cleaners, flower shop, a  
couple bars, and a construction  
company.

MARTIE  
And the mortuary. Treated us great  
when my dad died.

CARLOS  
Richest dude in town.

Sammy stares down Carlos.

BRITTANY  
Mortuary? Creepy!

JENNA  
Smart! Steady business. Everybody  
dies sometime.

Desi points at Victor.

DESI  
But they don't all get buried  
proper, do they?

BRITTANY  
Or at all!

Jenna hands Victor's driver's license to Sammy.

JENNA  
Put the license in the wallet, put  
it back in his pants, and bring the  
paper back to the campfire.

Sammy's hands are shaking as he puts the license in the  
wallet, and the wallet back in Victor's pants.

Jenna covers Victor with leaves.

Everyone follows Jenna slowly back to the campsite.

The teens' flashlights moving all about, checking out every  
little noise at night.

Jenna thinks aloud.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
How did Victor get blood on his  
knife? Why was he killed execution-  
style, and by whom? What was he  
doing here in town? Why did he  
steal Ma's necklace? And why would  
he be carrying Sammy's dad's  
private cell phone number?

CARLOS  
Creep wasn't even carrying a cell  
phone!

Jenna stops. Then everyone stops. Jenna looks at each of her  
friends.

JENNA  
Who doesn't carry a cell phone  
these days?

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

(beat)

We gotta check his coat pockets!

Jenna turns and heads back toward the body. The others don't move. Jenna turns to them angrily.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Come on!

The teens hesitate.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I said, come on!

Desi gets defensive.

DESI

Why? What is this guy to you? He rented a room from your Ma for two weeks. He ain't family.

CARLOS

You said he even looked at you funny!

SAMMY

Let's leave the poor man alone!

Jenna is furious.

JENNA

Like a pile of garbage dumped in Potter's Field?

Jenna paces back and forth in the dark.

JENNA (CONT'D)

This man may have saved our lives by putting out our fire! No, he isn't family! And, no, we weren't friends! But he's a fellow human being who doesn't deserve to be treated like garbage!

Jenna stomps off in the dark toward the body. She doesn't turn around.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I said, come on!

MARTIE

I'm coming!

BRITTANY

Me too!

That surprises the three boys, who quickly follow the girls. They mumble to each other as they struggle to keep up.

SAMMY

Okay, don't get your panties all in a twist. We're coming!

DESI

Jesus!

CARLOS

I don't like this!

When the boys arrive at the body, Jenna has already brushed away the leaves on Victor's jacket.

Jenna pauses, working up the courage. Finally, she digs into Victor's coat.

She searches all the pockets, but finds nothing.

BRITTANY

No phone! Weird!

JENNA

Never saw him use a phone in the two weeks he stayed with us, but...

CARLOS

Did he have a laptop?

JENNA

I think so. He stuck to the guest room, but my laptop Wi-Fi picked up a strange hot-spot signal late at night.

SAMMY

Direct satellite connection, I bet?

DESI

So, where's his laptop now?

Jenna pauses to think.

JENNA

He had a duffle bag for a suitcase.

(beat)

And when he did the dishes once, I noticed a scar on his left forearm.



Jenna rolls up Victor's left coat sleeve. All the flashlights move to Victor's arm. They see a faint scar.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Can't make it out.

SAMMY  
He had a tattoo removed.

BRITTANY  
How would you know?

SAMMY  
My older brother got a tat of a girl in a bikini, and my old man yanked him down the same day to get it lasered off.

DESI  
Jesus!

MARTIE  
Iodine!

JENNA  
What?

Martie pulls the bottle of iodine from her cargo pants' pocket.

MARTIE  
Iodine might be absorbed by the scar layers of skin, more than the healthy layers.

DESI  
Ain't nothing healthy 'bout his skin now!

JENNA  
Worth a try.

Martie hands Jenna the small bottle of iodine.

Jenna spills a few drops onto Victor's skin, and rubs it all around.

A faint scar of a trident tattoo begins to appear.

MARTIE  
It's a trident! Navy SEAL!

Jenna takes a flash photo of the tattoo.

CARLOS  
Dude was a Navy SEAL?

MARTIE  
Probably. Young initiates like to show off and get a tattoo, but it's a dead give-a-way if you're ever captured, so commanders insist they get them removed.

JENNA  
And that leaves a scar.

MARTIE  
A faint one, but it may keep you alive.

CARLOS  
Didn't keep him alive!

Jenna spits on her fingers, and wipes off the iodine.

SAMMY  
Iodine, and the DNA of your spit?  
Why not leave your name, address,  
and phone number?

Jenna angrily pulls down Victor's coat sleeve and covers him with leaves.

JENNA  
Wasn't thinking again! Sorry!

Jenna trudges off toward the campsite.

They all HEAR coyotes yapping in the distance.

Jenna picks up her pace. The others struggle to keep up.

Carlos runs ahead to Jenna.

CARLOS  
It's okay, Jenna. Nobody will find the dude 'til spring after the snow melts! Your DNA and the iodine will be long gone!

Jenna stops and smiles at Carlos. He hugs her.

JENNA  
Thanks, Carlos. I needed that!

Desi sees the hug.

DESI  
Ooh. Carlos has it going on!

Martie jumps to Jenna's defense.

JENNA  
Where are those four girls who said  
they'd be here with you tonight,  
Desi?

SAMMY  
Brenna?

BRITTANY  
Heather?

CARLOS  
Emma?

MARTIE  
And, Chandler, was it? All no-  
shows?

Desi shakes his head and smirks.

DESI  
All right! All right!

They all chuckle.

They make their way back to the campfire. Jenna and Carlos  
snuggle back to where they were sitting.

Desi sits alone. Martie sits a few feet ways from Desi, and  
Desi glares at Martie.

DESI (CONT'D)  
I see how it is.

Brittany seizes her opportunity and snuggles in next to Desi.

Martie puts her head down. Sammy sees this.

SAMMY  
Come on, Martie. Let's warm up.

Martie slowly looks up, but doesn't move.

SAMMY (CONT'D)  
I'll be good. I promise.

Martie looks away. She turns sad.

MARTIE

It's just that...

Everyone but Martie looks at each other briefly, until Carlos breaks the tension.

CARLOS

It's just that it just doesn't matter, Martie. Sammy needs somebody to keep him warm. That's all.

Martie turns with a very slight smile.

MARTIE

Wilderness survival, I guess.

Sammy spreads his sleeping bag shawl open with his arms.

SAMMY

Come on, Martie.

Martie slowly stands.

JENNA

That's it!

Martie slowly steps over to Sammy and snuggles in.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I mean, that's it! Victor's duffle bag, laptop, and Navy SEALS tattoo. He's on some kind of mission!

DESI

Against terrorists in our "Town that Always Sleeps?" That's bullshit.

Brittany snuggles closer to Desi for acting so brave.

JENNA

Not as a Navy SEAL, maybe he's an undercover cop or something?

SAMMY

That would explain the execution-style hit!

CARLOS

But it don't explain why Victor had Sammy's father's private cell phone number on him!

Everyone turns to Sammy.

SAMMY

I don't know nothin'! Don't look at me!

JENNA

What about the other two numbers on the scrap of paper.

Sammy pulls out the small piece of paper.

SAMMY

Never seen 'em before.

CARLOS

We could call 'em and see who answers!

Desi, Brittany, and Sammy whip out their phones.

MARTIE

No! Are you nuts? Then they got your number, and location if they're any good!

JENNA

Martie's right. Try to Google the numbers. Ya know, reverse look-up.

Martie and Sammy try to look up the numbers.

SAMMY

I got nothin'!

MARTIE

Me, too.

JENNA

Is there a way to have an operator dial a number for like in the old days?

No one knows what Jenna is talking about.

DESI

You mean like some sort of emergency, where they break into your conversation to see if you're alive? Stupid shit like that?

SAMMY

I know somebody tried to break into our land line once, and my Dad was so pissed he started slamming things on the floor and everything!

Carlos pulls out his old flip-style phone. Desi, Brittany, Martie, and Sammy open their eyes widely in disbelief.

DESI

What the hell is that?

Carlos smiles.

CARLOS

I'll call the numbers. They'll never be able to trace the call on this piece of shit phone.

Jenna knocks the phone from Carlos's hand.

JENNA

It's still a cell phone. It uses cell towers. They can triangulate and find us!

Jenna stands, angry, and glares at each of them.

JENNA (CONT'D)

No phone calls in or out! Got it!

Carlos retrieves his old phone.

CARLOS

Got it!

DESI

Jesus! Settle down. You're the one leaving your spit on the body!

Jenna calms down, and sits. She wraps her sleeping bag over Carlos's shoulders.

JENNA

Sorry, Carlos!

Carlos snuggles against Jenna. He smiles.

CARLOS

I'm better already!

Sammy sees Carlos and Jenna snuggling.

SAMMY

How about one or two more scary stories, Jenna?

Martie catches on, and blasts Sammy.

MARTIE

So, we of the "weaker sex"  
(using air-quotes)  
Bump and rub against you boys all night long?

Silence. Everyone looks around. Then, everyone, except Martie, bursts out laughing. Martie mumbles.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Bunch of perverts.

Martie smiles weakly, and snuggles a little closer to Sammy (but not too close).

Jenna pulls out her book. She reads in an ominous voice.

JENNA

October 31, 1870. After Sunday school, two brave children told their parents that they had been sexually molested by the old parish priest, Father Francis Doherty. The priest denied the allegations, but that night, the priest escaped on the parish's work horse. The next morning, All Soul's Day, the parish horse was found grazing in the old Potter's Field.

BRITTANY

Okay, that's enough! Who wrote that stupid book, anyway?

Jenna looks away.

JENNA

My dad. That's why Ma takes her class here every Halloween.

BRITTANY

Your dad was a writer?

JENNA

A poor one. But he loves it. He spent six years, every night, in the library, to research this book that gained him five-hundred bucks.

CARLOS

Nights?

JENNA

They gave him a key. Slept there most nights.

SAMMY

Sucks for your Ma.

JENNA

She knew it made him happy.

MARTIE

What was he working on when they say he robbed the bank?

JENNA

Wouldn't tell anyone. But the cops confiscated his laptop when he was arrested, and we never got it back. Before he went away, Dad told me it was better that we didn't know.

They all HEAR small branches and twigs being stepped on in the distance.

The teens shine flashlights in every direction, but don't see anything.

Desi turns to Brittany.

DESI

I gotta pee. Help me up.

Desi starts to limp away on his sore ankle, but he stops, and turns.

DESI (CONT'D)

Don't nobody else gotta pee?

Carlos and Sammy look at each other, then stand.

Desi leans on them both as they head off in the opposite direction of Victor's body.

As the three boys pee, a GHOSTLY ARM in a priest's robe bends down a branch to get a better look at them.

The boys see branches moving on a tree in the distance. They finish up quickly and get back to the girls. They sit and snuggle back with the girls and whisper.



CARLOS  
So weird!

DESI  
Jesus!

SAMMY  
Holy shit! It was like somebody was  
watching us.

JENNA  
Come on, now!

CARLOS  
Serious! From the trees!

DESI  
Spooky shit going on.

BRITTANY  
It's Jenna's stories. That's it.  
I've had enough of them.

JENNA  
Three hours 'til dawn. Maybe we  
should try to get some sleep.

BRITTANY  
Here?

MARTIE  
We can leave at dawn, remember? If  
the cops don't get to us first.

DESI  
What you mean?

SAMMY  
If they find us here, and they find  
Victor's body, do you think they're  
going to believe we had nothing to  
do with his death?

CARLOS  
We don't have any guns!

SAMMY  
Could have buried them!

BRITTANY  
The cops will ask our folks if they  
saw us at home in our beds. They  
can't say yes!

JENNA

No alibi.

DESI

And Martie's iodine, and Jenna's spit all over the body!

CARLOS

We're screwed.

SAMMY

Then they'll find the photos on Jenna's phone.

JENNA

I can delete them.

SAMMY

A good police lab will undelete them! We're screwed.

BRITTANY

We gotta go home now, sneak back into our houses, and pretend all this never happened!

Carlos looks down.

CARLOS

I was the warmest I've ever been tonight.

Jenna gives Carlos a hug.

BRITTANY

Me too, I guess. It was scary, but a little fun and exciting in a way.

MARTIE

Stuff like this doesn't happen to me every day, I'll tell ya that!

Jenna stands abruptly.

JENNA

You all want to go? Then, let's go!

The others stand one by one: Brittany, Desi, Sammy, Carlos, then Martie.

Martie takes a stick and begins to break apart the fire.

MARTIE

Gotta put out the fire.

They all stare at the disappearing fire, still smoldering a little, but it looks safe enough to leave.

CARLOS

Pretty fun while it lasted. Scary,  
but fun!

SAMMY

Strange! We talked more to each  
other tonight than we did through  
all of middle school.

They look at each other in the eyes, but they don't speak.

An awkward moment passes.

JENNA

Let's go. You lead, I still don't  
have a flashlight. Gotta save my  
phone battery.

Carlos takes the lead with his wimpy flashlight. Sammy takes over with a powerful LED flashlight. They walk very slowly, not wanting the night to end.

CARLOS

Least your phones have a flashlight  
app. Mine came with a candle and a  
match!

Everybody chuckles.

DESI

Ain't such a bad guy, Carlos. Fact,  
all y'all pretty chill.

BRITTANY

Yeah. Glad we had a chance to talk  
finally.

From the back of the pack, Jenna chimes in.

JENNA

We all been here all along. Maybe  
we gotta make a make a bigger  
effort to talk to people we see  
every day and ignore.

Silence!

ALL

No!

They chuckle.

Everyone notices that Carlos's left hand begins to shake uncontrollably.

CARLOS

Ha! I almost didn't come tonight after I learned illegal aliens get dumped in the Potter's Field.

SAMMY

You were born here, right, Carlos?

Silence.

BRITTANY

Carlos?

CARLOS

My folks are illegals. They snuck me in when I was almost one. My brother was three and a half.

JENNA

Parents wanted you to have a better life.

CARLOS

Told me two drug cartels were killing a dozen people a day to the south of our town, as they moved north and east on us. My folks' only option was to cross the border at night, carrying everything they could in pillow cases.

JENNA

And you! I'm glad they took you!

CARLOS

Almost didn't. I was very sick, and weak. My brother could walk. I couldn't.

The teens make it to the cemetery entrance. Carlos stops, while the others walk right to the boundary.

They look back at Carlos.

SAMMY

Come on, dude!

DESI

Let's get the hell out of here.

Carlos drops his chin.

JENNA  
What's the matter, Carlos?

The teens shine their flashlights on Carlos.

CARLOS  
I can't go.

Silence.

Desi adjusts his flashlight to Carlos's feet.

DESI  
Something grabbing your ankle?

Jenna walks back to Carlos and checks the back of his coat.

JENNA  
Something holding your coat back?

Carlos slowly removes the roll of bills from his coat pocket.

The flashlights turn to the wad of bills. [We see the roll, but not the denomination of the bills].

DESI  
Jesus!

JENNA  
You robbed a dead man?

BRITTANY  
Going to hell for damn sure!

Carlos bursts into tears, and collapses to the ground.

CARLOS  
I...I...I'm so sorry. I fucked up.

Silence.

JENNA  
You gotta put it back.

Silence.

DESI  
God damn it. Let's go!

BRITTANY  
I'm going home!

MARTIE  
We're in this together.

SAMMY

The Potter's Field Six crap. I  
don't think so!

The teens gather around Carlos, and help him up.

CARLOS

Went from my best night ever to the  
worst. I'm such an idiot!

JENNA

(chuckles)  
We all are  
(beat)  
Just for showing up here tonight!

Jenna walks slowly to the body. The others follow.

Brittany turns back to see the entrance of the cemetery.

BRITTANY

Think we'll ever get out of here?

They are silent as they trudge to Victor's body. Now, every  
noise frightens them.

They hear an owl HOOT, then deer trampling twigs, then the  
coyotes yapping in the distance.

The teens reach the pile of leaves covering Victor's body.  
Jenna and Carlos kneel down and gently brush away the leaves  
on Victor's pants.

While Carlos begins to return the wad of bills to Victor's  
pocket, Jenna points to Victor's crotch.

JENNA

He's got an erection!

Carlos is so stunned, his hand flips backwards, and the roll  
of bills goes flying behind them all into the dark.

DESI

Jesus! He's got wood! Look,  
Brittany!

While everyone stares at Victor's erection, three GHOSTLY  
HANDS can be seen covering up the roll of bills with leaves.  
The hands disappear.

Carlos panics. His hands shake. He stands and looks behind  
him, in the direction of the campsite.

Everyone notices that both of Carlos's hands are shaking uncontrollably.

SAMMY

Happens all the time at my dad's mortuary. He calls it 'Angel Lust.'

JENNA

It's called postmortem priapism.

Desi, Sammy, Brittany, and Martie stare at Jenna, while Carlos looks around furiously for the wad of bills.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Read about it in a medical book!  
Okay?

They ignore Carlos until he yells.

SAMMY

Can't find it! The cash! It's gone!

They HEAR a car rumbling toward the cemetery entrance.

JENNA

Flashlights off! Quick.

The teens turn to see the headlights of a big white van approaching the cemetery. Jenna whispers.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Cover him up -- fast.

The teens begin to cover Victor, but the van is getting closer.

DESI

Back to the camp! We gotta make  
sure our fire out!

Desi, Martie, and Brittany race back to the smoldering remains of the fire.

Jenna, Carlos, and Sammy brush a few more leaves over the body, and they make a run for the campsite as the van races closer. They barely escape the van's headlights.

They dive into the campsite, just as the fire goes out. Martie's left hand lands on sharp stick and her hand is gushing blood.

Jenna removes her large coat, then dives on the fire with her coat.

Martie calmly removes her first-aid kit from her backpack, removes a roll of gauze, and wraps up her own injury.

The teens peek out to see two shadowy figures step out of the van with flashlights. [Later we find out Man #1 is POLICE CHIEF SANDERSON (55), and Man #2 is UNCLE JOHNNY (40)]

The teens duck down. Jenna whispers.

JENNA  
Stay low, and very quiet.

The teens stay low. They whisper when they speak.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Martie, you okay?

MARTIE  
Fine, sir. Just a scratch.

Jenna puts an arm around Martie to comfort her. Martie smiles like it was all worth it.

Jenna takes out her phone and takes a video.

They hear the back door of the van open. Desi whispers.

DESI  
They taking Victor away?

JENNA  
How the hell do I know?

They hear one of the men talking.

MAN #1  
He had a lot of cash on him! Where is it?

MAN #2  
Roll of bills this thick, you said? You saw it. I didn't. You held it! Your prints are all over those bills! Then where the hell is it?

MAN #1  
Probably tossed it when we shot him. Look around!

MAN #2  
Can't see shit out here!



MAN #1  
 (angry)  
 I said, look around!

Man #2 begins to look around for the roll of bills.

The teens duck and hide their faces, silent and scared.

Man #2 gets dangerously close to the teens, when we SEE a burst of flames from Victor's body.

Man #2 returns to the burning body, his partner, and the van.

MAN #2  
 I'll come back for the roll of  
 bills in the morning!

Man #1 is angry.

MAN #1  
 No! I'll come back! Got it!

MAN #2  
 Got it!

Jenna stops her video recording, sets the flash to off, and takes a few photos.

Martie peeks out with her night-vision binoculars. They all whisper.

MARTIE  
 Dug a shallow grave, poured  
 gasoline on him, and lit him on  
 fire.

JENNA  
 They'll never get an ID on the  
 body. Can you see license plates?

MARTIE  
 No plates.

SAMMY  
 Pros.

Brittany snuggles next to Desi.

DESI  
 Jesus!

SAMMY  
 Real pros. If they find us here,  
 we're dead.

They duck down and wait.

From yet another vantage point, we see a TEENAGE GIRL'S GHOSTLY SMOOTH HAND lower a branch to get a better view of group. No one sees the peeper.

MARTIE

Should we try to get a better look at them.

JENNA

Not if we want to live!

MINUTES PASS.

The white van exits quietly.

DESI

What do we do now?

JENNA

Black sedan and white van with no plates. Victor's body burned and buried. We can't ID anyone who came here 'cause it was too dark. And we can't tell anyone about this.

SAMMY

Except...

JENNA

Except we got professional killers in town, and Victor stabbed somebody! And they burned him like a pile of garbage!

CARLOS

The money! They didn't find his money!

JENNA

Is that all you can think about!

CARLOS

The bad guy said his prints were all over that money!

JENNA

Your prints are on it too!

BRITTANY

We gotta find it!

DESI

What?

JENNA

She's right. We gotta find that money! Has to be here.

BRITTANY

I'm never coming back to this cemetery as long as I live.

Everyone pauses to stare at Brittany.

JENNA

Fine! At dawn, we find the money, before those goons come back for it, and then, we'll get out of here!

Carlos puts his chin to his chest, depressed beyond words.

CARLOS

Sure, we will.

Carlos has fully developed uncontrollable shakes in both hands, and his face looks a bit psychotic; twitching and twisting facial muscles.

End Act Two

## Act Three

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The teens all sit around the campfire, but no one is cuddling. A small fire burns. They all look glum.

Desi stands and limps over to sit next to Jenna, surprising everyone.

DESI  
Hey, teacher's kid!

Jenna glares at Desi.

DESI (CONT'D)  
Just messing with you, Jenna.  
I...I...I want to thank you.

JENNA  
Thank me?

DESI  
Yeah, man. Thank you. You've been a  
real leader on this misadventure.

Jenna smiles weakly. Carlos looks over at Jenna and smiles. Then Sammy and Martie smile. Finally, Brittany has a weak smile.

JENNA  
Thanks, Desi. But I think I got us  
all into a great deal of danger.

Desi hugs Jenna.

DESI  
Uh uh! No! This was all my idea,  
remember? Hey y'all, let's all meet  
here at midnight and have a  
campout! I dared everybody.

Brittany stands and yells.

BRITTANY  
A campout! On Halloween night? In a  
God damn cemetery!

Sammy stands, matching Brittany's anger.

SAMMY

And in a Potter's Field no less!  
With killers, with automatic  
rifles, and pistols and shit!

Martie stands like an army general.

MARTIE

I admit that our adversaries have  
superior firepower, but we've  
remained undetected and perfectly  
safe thanks the Jenna's quick  
thinking!

Martie looks at the bandage on Desi's head, Desi's swollen  
ankle, Sammy's black eye, the blood under Brittany's nose,  
her own bandaged hand, and Carlos shaking like a mad man.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

Well, reasonably safe.

Martie can't take her eyes off of Carlos, who is shaking and  
scared.

CARLOS

Why...why couldn't we leave?

Jenna moves over to comfort Carlos.

JENNA

To stay safe, we had to hide out  
from the thugs with guns.

Carlos stands. He shakes as he speaks.

CARLOS

No. I mean, why couldn't anyone  
just walk out of here at the  
beginning? Or after Victor got  
shot! Or later? How come?

They all pause to think.

Jenna stands.

JENNA

Unfinished business!

DESI

What?

JENNA

Unfinished business. We all had  
some unfinished business.

Sammy sits down and covers his shoulders with a sleeping bag.

SAMMY

I didn't have no unfinished business.

JENNA

You did, Sammy.

(beat)

Desi gave you that shiner today on the field trip, but you didn't say anything.

Sammy looks at Desi. Martie looks at Sammy.

MARTIE

Should have called him on it, dude.

DESI

Didn't know I hit the kid.

Brittany walks over and kicks Desi's sore ankle.

DESI (CONT'D)

Ow! Shit, girl!

BRITTANY

Even after you found out, you didn't apologize!

Desi looks at Sammy.

DESI

Sorry, Sammy! Okay?

Sammy glares at Desi.

SAMMY

Sorry for elbowing me? Or sorry for not even seeing me at school or anywhere? Not even knowing when I was around!

DESI

For all of it, dude. My bad. I'm sorry!

JENNA

See? Unfinished business. And Brittany was so busy putting the moves on Desi, none of the rest of us were even alive!

BRITTANY

Maybe.

JENNA

Maybe?

BRITTANY

Or maybe even I didn't feel alive.  
I can't compete with Brenna,  
Heather, Emma, and Chandler. They  
got it all! What do I got?

Desi holds his sore ankle, and turns to Brittany.

DESI

You had the courage to come out  
here tonight. They sure as hell  
didn't!

Brittany smiles and squeezes in next to Desi.

BRITTANY

Guess that's right.

JENNA

I've been invisible too. Not a good  
feeling. Embarrassed about my dad  
being sent away...

CARLOS

(interrupts)

Prison. You can say prison. Big  
fucking deal! Nobody's per...  
per...perfect!

Carlos realizes he stuttered, and turns away.

JENNA

It's okay to be scared, Carlos!

CARLOS

It ain't okay to be stu... stu...  
stupid. Taking that dead dude's  
money was stupid.

JENNA

But you tried to return it. That  
was good.

Carlos smiles weakly, then frowns.

CARLOS

Still lost it. Unfinished business.

MARTIE

I got unfinished business. A confession, really.

Everyone turns to Martie. She looks serious.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

I like to kill things!

Everyone looks surprisingly relieved. Martie looks perplexed.

MARTIE (CONT'D)

No really. I like to kill deer, turkeys, geese, ducks, fish. And I like to clean 'em and skin 'em.

SAMMY

And eat 'em, right?

MARTIE

No. I'm vegan. I just like to kill things!

Sammy stands next to Martie, and puts an arm around her.

SAMMY

Long as you don't kill us.

DESI

Or bring guns and shit to school.

BRITTANY

Or knives.

CARLOS

Or sling... slingshots.

Everyone turns to Carlos as smiles.

DESI

Dude made a joke.

JENNA

Gonna be okay, Carlos.

Everyone slowly pairs up again. Jenna wraps her sleeping bag around Carlos, Desi and Brittany snuggle together, and lastly, Martie joins Sammy. The pairs whisper to each other.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Few hours to sunrise.

Carlos kisses Jenna on the cheek.



CARLOS

Wish it was a m... m... million  
years.

Jenna's eyes open widely as Carlos gazes into the small fire. She gently tilts Carlos's face to hers and kisses him on the lips. She whispers in his ears.

JENNA

My unfinished business.

Meanwhile, Desi and Brittany are getting it on under the sleeping bag. We SEE them kissing passionately, tongues darting in and out of each other's mouths, and the rumbling of the sleeping bag suggests that hands are roving everywhere.

Meanwhile, Sammy and Martie sit staring at the fire, sneaking occasional glances at the two other couples. They look nervous, and whisper quieter than the others.

MARTIE

Sammy? I...

SAMMY

I'm happy just to hug.

Martie snuggles closer.

MARTIE

Wasn't what I was gonna say.

Sammy looks Martie in the eyes.

SAMMY

It's okay, Martie. It's okay!

Martie kisses Sammy on the cheek, and stares into the fire.

MARTIE

Thanks, Sammy. You're a true  
friend.

The fire dies down slowly.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAWN

Dawn breaks. Jenna looks up to see everyone is still asleep, except Martie who fashions the last of six spears on the fire.

The spears are six-foot long tree branches, with sharpened, burned tips. Jenna whispers to Martie.

JENNA  
What are those?

MARTIE  
Spears. Hardwood, with hardened  
tips. Those bad dudes may be back  
to look for Victor's money roll.

JENNA  
They have automatic rifles!

MARTIE  
Yeah. We should get out of here  
soon.

Carlos stirs and wakes. He smiles at Jenna who smiles back.

MARTIE (CONT'D)  
What went on with you two?

JENNA AND CARLOS  
Nuttin'.

Sammy stirs and hops out of his sleeping bag.

SAMMY  
Glorious morning, don't ya think!  
Let's all go to the diner for  
breakfast!

Desi emerges from the sleeping bag he looks to be sharing  
with Brittany. All eyes are on Brittany as she tries to put  
on her bra while holding up the sleeping bag.

Jenna, Carlos, Sammy, and Martie giggle.

BRITTANY  
Not fair! You guys woke up first!

DESI  
You guys find the roll of money  
yet?

JENNA  
Haven't started looking yet.

SAMMY  
Hey, a hundred and twenty rolled up  
dollar bills could buy us all  
breakfast!

JENNA

I've been thinking. I'm gotta report Victor's murder. They don't gotta know you guys were here.

Silence.

Brittany finally emerges from the sleeping bag. She gives Desi a kiss on the cheek. He kisses her on the lips.

DESI

We knew you were gonna say that. Even Brittany knew.

BRITTANY

We're in this together.

SAMMY

Then we find the bills, and head to the police station, then to breakfast!

Jenna looks worried.

CARLOS

Yep, we gotta turn in the money.

MARTIE

We can use these spears I made to turn over leaves.

JENNA

Hey, Carlos, you didn't stutter.

Everyone fist-bumps Carlos, except Jenna who hugs him.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Hundred and twenty bucks in a roll. Let's find it!

Martie passes out the spears.

BRITTANY

I gotta pee. Hold up a minute.

Brittany wanders into a grove of trees.

Jenna interrogates Carlos.

JENNA

Think, Carlos! Who was on the bill? Washington? Lincoln?

CARLOS  
Nope. I know those guys.

JENNA  
Hamilton? Jackson?

CARLOS  
Nope. Picture I saw didn't end in  
ton or son.

JENNA  
Think, damn it. We're in a lot of  
trouble if it was Grant, and fifty-  
dollar bill.

DESI  
Dude, a roll of fifties would be  
serious money. Like three- or four-  
hundred bucks.

On hearing that, Brittany comes running out of the grove of  
trees buttoning up her pants.

BRITTANY  
Jesus!

They all start looking furiously for the money.

MARTIE  
Could have been fifty bills in that  
roll?

SAMMY  
Twenty-five hundred bucks?

The spears are stabbing and flipping over leaves left and  
right. Desi is still limping on a sore ankle.

JENNA  
Looked thicker! A hundred bills,  
maybe a hundred and twenty bills.

SAMMY  
Five grand or more if it was Grant!

DESI AND BRITTANY  
Jesus!

Now they look like mad men looking for the bills.

CARLOS  
'Cept it wasn't Grant. I think it  
said Cleveler.

JENNA

Cleveler?  
(louder)  
You mean Cleveland? Grover  
Cleveland?

CARLOS

Yep. That's the guy.

JENNA

He's on the one-thousand-dollar  
bill. Not printed since 1945, and  
taken out of circulation in 1969,  
but they're still some in  
circulation.

SAMMY

Could be a hundred grand in that  
roll! We're in serious trouble!  
They'll bring firepower! A shit-  
load of firepower!

JENNA

Like those automatic rifles we  
heard!

DESI

And those pistols with silencers  
and shit.

BRITTANY

We're fucked.

Carlos develops uncontrollable shakes in both hands again.  
His face looks a bit psychotic; twitching and twisting facial  
muscles.

CARLOS

I fucked up.

JENNA

Yeah, you did! You guys keep  
looking. I've gotta check out those  
photos I took last night. It was  
too dark to see anything.

Jenna pulls out her phone. The first two photos of the white  
van leaving the cemetery are too dark to identify much.  
However, one photo of the van exiting shows the driver's  
face, and a white bandage on his left hand.

Jenna squints at the face in the photo.

The Jenna scrolls to the photos of the black sedan exiting the cemetery. The windows are too tinted to make out the driver.

However, behind the black sedan exiting the cemetery, parked on the side of the street, is a faint, blurry image of a police car. It's too dark to make out any details on the police car.

Jenna yells to the teens who are busy looking for the money.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Photos from last night are too dark to identify the murderers.

MARTIE

Try the video of the guy burning.

JENNA

Good idea.

Jenna pulls up the video. She stares at the faces of the two men burning Victor. Jenna, stunned, whispers to herself.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Uncle Johnny?

Jenna furiously types a text message into her phone and sends the photo as well.

Jenna walks slowly away from the teens toward a grove of trees.

From inside the grove of trees, we see a hand with a black glove bending a branch to get a better look at Jenna.

Jenna turns and trudges back to the group.

JENNA (CONT'D)

It's my Uncle Johnny.

CARLOS

Your uncle? Then we're going to be okay?

Jenna looks away.

JENNA

Worse. He's rich, well-connected, and may be involved in some bad shit; organized crime.

DESI  
Organized crime in the Town that  
Always Sleeps?

Sammy turns away.

SAMMY  
It's here, but like the bodies in  
Potter's Field, nobody says  
nothin'.

BRITTANY  
Let's just get outta here!

SAMMY  
And leave a hundred and twenty  
thousand dollars?

Jenna grabs Sammy's hand and Carlo's hand, and drags them to  
the campsite. The others follow.

JENNA  
And live to tell about it! I always  
thought it was Uncle Johnny who had  
my father arrested for the bank  
job. They look alike, by the cops  
said Uncle Johnny had an air-tight  
alibi, and my dad couldn't prove he  
was in the library all night! We've  
gotta get out of here! Now!

They hear a car racing toward the cemetery. The wheels  
SCREECH around a distant street corner.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Hide! Now!

The teens leave their sleeping bags and RACE to various  
hiding places in the cemetery. We don't see Desi.

They hear the car racing toward the cemetery. We don't see  
any of the teens, when the black sedan arrives and skids to a  
stop.

A big man (UNCLE JOHNNY; 40) in a ski mask and heavy winter  
jacket steps out of the sedan carrying an assault rifle.

UNCLE JOHNNY  
I know you're out here!  
(beat)  
Come out and I won't kill ya'!

Uncle Johnny stomps over to the campfire site. He sees evidence of a smoldering fire. He fires the assault rifle at the fire. BAM BAM BAM...

UNCLE JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Come out, damn it!

The teens don't move.

We see a GHOSTLY HAND shaking branches in a far-off grove of trees.

Uncle Johnny spins and fires the rifle at the noise. BAM BAM BAM...

UNCLE JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I said, come out!

On the opposite side of the cemetery, we see another GHOSTLY HAND shaking branches in a patch of bushes.

Again, Uncle Johnny spins and fires the rifle at the noise. BAM BAM BAM...

UNCLE JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Okay, you asked for it!

We hear a snare drum beating a Civil War marching beat from the center of the Potter's Field, but no one can see the young boy.

Uncle Johnny charges at the sound of the drum, and fires the rifle in the direction of the drummer. BAM BAM BAM...CLICK.

The rifle jams. Uncle Johnny furiously tries to fix the jammed rifle. He is surrounded by piles of leaves.

Finally, Jenna steps out from a grove of trees, using her spear as a walking stick.

JENNA  
Uncle Johnny, I know it's you!

Jenna trudges over toward her uncle.

UNCLE JOHNNY  
God damn it. He should have stayed out of it!

Jenna is unafraid. She stands tall.

JENNA  
My dad figured out what you were up to.



UNCLE JOHNNY

You should have never come here.

JENNA

And Victor Graham should have never come here, too? Is that it?

UNCLE JOHNNY

You ask too many questions! Where are your friends?

JENNA

They ran. They were the smart ones.

UNCLE JOHNNY

We'll hunt 'em down. Won't be hard in this backwoods town.

Uncle Johnny removes his ski mask, and tosses down the assault rifle.

UNCLE JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You're too smart for your own good. Your daddy thought that by taking the rap, we'd let you and your Ma live.

JENNA

Worked for a while, I guess, 'til somebody sent Victor looking for you. Undercover FBI?

Uncle Johnny pulls out a pistol with a silencer on it.

Suddenly, we see dozens of bushes and trees start shaking in the cemetery. We hear the drummer boy's snare drum.

Uncle Johnny is frightened. His hands shake.

UNCLE JOHNNY

Who's there? Come out!

JENNA

My father made friends by writing about this place, the Potter's Field.

Uncle Johnny frantically looks around, pointing his pistol menacingly.

UNCLE JOHNNY

Make 'em stop!

Jenna steps closer to Uncle Johnny.

JENNA

I can't. They seek justice.  
Recognition. They had unfinished  
business here!

Uncle Johnny fires the pistol toward moving branches. Zip!  
Zip!

Jenna steps closer to him.

JENNA (CONT'D)

It's no use.

An owl hoots in the distance.

Uncle Johnny turns and fires at the opposite side of the  
cemetery. Zip! Zip.

UNCLE JOHNNY

Come out! Come out! Damn it!

Jenna is now within an arm's reach of Uncle Johnny.

Uncle Johnny point the pistol at Jenna's head.

UNCLE JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Come out now, or Jenna gets it in  
the head!

Carlos steps out from a grove of trees. He stands tall and  
brave. With his spear as a walking stick, he marches toward  
Uncle Johnny.

Uncle Johnny points the pistol at Carlos.

CARLOS

Execution style? Like Victor?  
You're the coward here.

Martie appears next, from across the cemetery. She uses his  
spear as a walking stick and marches toward Uncle Johnny, who  
points the pistol at her.

MARTIE

Are you going to kill us all? Bury  
us in a mass grave in the Potter's  
Field?

Sammy appears from a shrub patch in the cemetery, using his  
spear like a walking stick. Uncle Johnny points his pistol at  
Sammy.

SAMMY

Maybe burn us all, like you did  
Victor. Except you don't have your  
white van with the shovels and  
gasoline.

Brittany steps out from another grove of trees. Uncle Johnny spins and points the pistol at her. Brittany twirls her spear like a baton.

BRITTANY

I used to be afraid of people like  
you.

(laughs)

And places like this! I was worse  
than Carlos!

Carlos snickers, and Brittany walks toward the group.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

But last night taught me a thing or  
two, and I promised myself never to  
be bullied by anyone!

(beat)

I mean, girls can be the worst!  
They push you down so it raises  
them up.

UNCLE JOHNNY

Shut up, already!

They all roll their eyes as Brittany goes on and on. Uncle Johnny takes serious aim at Brittany's mouth.

BRITTANY

I mean, Brenna, Heather, Emma, and  
Chandler can be so cruel. It's not  
just what they say, it's when they  
completely ignore you -- like they  
don't even see you.

UNCLE JOHNNY

Shut up, I said.

BRITTANY

Last night, I learned that I wasn't  
the only one who gets treated like  
shit. I bet you did when you were a  
kid!

Uncle Johnny's hand shakes even more, but his pistol is still trained on Brittany's mouth.

UNCLE JOHNNY

The other one?

(beat)

Where the hell is the other one?

They all hear a police SIREN approaching. They all look back at the entrance to the cemetery. Tensions rise.

Suddenly, Desi's hand reaches up from a pile leaves next to Uncle Johnny, and grabs his leg.

The teens all scream, and Uncle Johnny looks down in fright.

Before Uncle Johnny can fire his pistol, Jenna lunges her spear at her uncle's arm. The pistol goes flying.

Uncle Johnny screams.

The SIREN is louder.

Desi lunges his spear up into Uncle Johnny's leg. He screams again, and falls to the ground.

The teens all point their spears at Uncle Johnny, who winces in pain.

Behind them, the Police Chief's car races up behind the black sedan, and skids to a stop. The lights are FLASHING.

All the teens, except Jenna, looked relieved.

POLICE CHIEF SANDERSON (55, uniformed) exits his patrol car, wearing black gloves, and with his pistol drawn.

POLICE CHIEF

What are you kids doing here?

CARLOS

We decided to...

Jenna steps in front of Carlos and interrupts him rudely.

JENNA

Take an early-morning hike. My Ma led us on a field trip here yesterday.

The Police Chief sees Uncle Johnny bleeding.

POLICE CHIEF

You injure this man?

Desi points to the assault rifle.

DESI

He was shooting at us with an assault rifle.

MARTIE

I'm sure you'll find that the rifle's been illegally modified with a bumper stock to make it a fully automatic rifle, illegal in this state.

The Police Chief glares at Martie, then examines the rifle.

POLICE CHIEF

So it has.

UNCLE JOHNNY

I think they camped here last night. Saw stuff!

Carlos has his phone out and is getting video. The Police Chief knocks the phone out of Carlo's hand.

Jenna sees a small piece of a bandage between the Police Chief's glove and hand. She looks away quickly.

POLICE CHIEF

Keep your phones out of this!

CARLOS

That creep also shot at us with a pistol with a silencer on it, and he aimed it at the back of Jenna's head.

SAMMY

Execution style! Like a professional hit man!

The Police Chief laughs. He glares at Uncle Johnny.

POLICE CHIEF

You don't think a professional hit man would get himself captured by a bunch of loser kids with sticks?

UNCLE JOHNNY

The trees and bushes were moving! And weird noises. Lots of weird noises. And drums! I heard drums!

JENNA

Shouldn't we call for an ambulance?

POLICE CHIEF  
Shut up, kid.

UNCLE JOHNNY  
That's my niece! Get it, Sanderson?

The Police Chief is stunned.

The teens have stunned faces too.

DESI  
What's the difference? This dude is  
bleeding a lot.

SAMMY  
Call for an ambulance, or I will.

The Police Chief cocks his revolver.

JENNA  
They know each other, because  
they're partners.

The Police Chief points his pistol at Jenna.

POLICE CHIEF  
Shut up, kid. I gotta think!

Jenna points to the Police Chief's shoulder camera.

JENNA  
You approach a dangerous scene with  
your cop-camera off.  
(beat)  
You don't call for back-up or an  
ambulance.  
(beat)  
You knock the phone out of Carlos's  
hands.  
(beat)  
Doesn't make sense to me.

POLICE CHIEF  
I said, shut up, kid.

JENNA  
And, what about the hundred grand?

UNCLE JOHNNY  
What hundred grand?

The Police Chief kicks Uncle Johnny in his bleeding leg.  
Uncle Johnny screams!

POLICE CHIEF  
Shut up, you.

JENNA  
Does the name Grover Cleveland ring  
a bell?

POLICE CHIEF  
Where's the money, kid?

Jenna is silent.

The Police Chief slaps Jenna across the face with one hand,  
while aiming the pistol at Uncle Johnny.

Uncle Johnny is furious.

UNCLE JOHNNY  
Cleveland? Thousand-dollar-bills?  
(beat)  
Damn it, Sanderson. It's over!

The Police Chief glares at each teen, then at Uncle Johnny.

BAM! The Police Chief shoots Uncle Johnny right between the  
eyes.

The teens scream. Brittany hugs Desi. Sammy hugs Martie, and  
Carlos helps Jenna up and hugs her.

JENNA  
It's over, Police Chief Sanderson.  
I sent the entire video of last  
night to my Ma and the FBI. Posted  
it online. If anything happens to  
us, it goes viral! FBI are on their  
way here, any minute, now!

POLICE CHIEF  
I wasn't here last night!

JENNA  
Video says differently. Photo's  
too. The bandage under your left-  
hand glove is the same bandage the  
getaway driver of the white van had  
on his left hand. Your voice is  
loud and clear. So is my uncle's  
voice.

Jenna pulls out her phone and shows the Police Chief a photo  
of Victor, with the leaves gently pulled away.

JENNA (CONT'D)

His face before you burned him. The  
FBI has that photo too.

Jenna shows the Police Chief a photo of Victor's tattoo, and  
driver's license.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Tattoo, driver's license, bloody  
knife...

(beat)

Where did you get that awful cut on  
your hand?

POLICE CHIEF

I can't let you go. You know that?

JENNA

We're in the Potter's Field. Where  
else would we want to be?

The six teens join arms.

CARLOS

We're in this together.

DESI

Gonna have to kill all of us.

SAMMY

My dad will hunt you down 'til the  
end of time.

MARTIE

You'll never get away with it.

JENNA

You heard us. We're in this  
together.

The teens look at Brittany, who remains silent.

BRITTANY

What the hell! Together!

The Police Chief sees trees and shrubs move all around the  
Potter's Field. He spins his pistol, looking frightened.

The teens see only motionless trees and shrubs. They stare at  
each other.

The Police Chief hears coyotes YAP, and an owl HOOT.

The teens hear nothing.



The Police Chief hears the sound of a drummer boy from the Civil War. It gets louder and louder.

The teens hear nothing.

The Police Chief panics as they all hear SIRENS coming their direction.

The teens surround the Police Chief with their wooden spears, as two FBI cars race into the cemetery. Four FBI Officers, two men and two women (30s-50s; mixed types) exit the cars. Mrs. Raintree exits the second car last, and RACES to hug her daughter.

LATER

Two FBI agents are writing up statements from Desi, Brittany, Martie, Carlos, and Sammy, while Jenna leads the lead FBI officer (female) and her mother around the scene of the crime.

Jenna shows her where Victor was burned and buried. The FBI office takes video, and Jenna points to the campfire area, and the entrance to the cemetery, going over the whole night.

We SEE scenes from the night in summary form. Jenna points at the clumps of trees and shrubs that moved, in her animated retelling of the story.

We see Jenna act like a Little Drummer Boy, marching in the Potter's Field.

Mrs. Raintree chuckles.

Jenna forces the Police Chief to remove the glove on his left hand. Jenna exposes the cut on his hand. The Police Chief rolls his eyes in disgust.

Finally, Jenna leads the lead FBI agent and her mother over to Carlos.

JENNA

Carlos, may I have your  
handkerchief?

CARLOS

It's got blood all over it.

JENNA

I know that, Carlos.

Carlos hands over the bloody handkerchief to Jenna.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Evidence bag, please.

The lead FBI agent bags the handkerchief.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
You'll find two blood samples on this handkerchief. One sample is from Brittany's nose. We had a tough night. But one of the blood samples came from Victor Graham's hunting knife.

The Police Chief, in handcuffs, and guarded by one of the FBI agents, glares at Jenna.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
You'll find that the other blood sample matches to Police Chief Sanderson, who Victor cut with his hunting knife. Tell the judge, there is no way the Police Chief's blood could have gotten onto this handkerchief in any other way. Our video will support it all.

The teens nod.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
And my Uncle Johnny confessed that it was he, and not my father, who was involved in that bank job. Police Chief Sanderson was my Uncle Johnny's air-tight alibi.

Jenna point to the Police Chief and yells!

JENNA (CONT'D)  
And we all know what a lying, murderous thief that guy is!

Mrs. Raintree and the teens hug Jenna, as two FBI agents haul the Police Chief away in one of the FBI cars.

Mrs. Raintree begins to follow the two remaining FBI agent to their car.

MRS. RAINTREE  
We demand that my husband be released immediately.

The FBI agents nod, "Yes."

Mrs. Raintree turns to Jenna and her friends, scolding them.

MRS. RAINTREE (CONT'D)  
 You all should have told your  
 parents where you were last night.  
 (she smiles)  
 I couldn't be more proud of you  
 all! Should I come back with the  
 car, and give you a lift home?

JENNA  
 We'll walk. We want to say good-  
 bye?

Mrs. Raintree, smiles, turns, and rejoins the FBI agents.

MRS. RAINTREE  
 (laughs)  
 Say good-bye to a Potter's Field?  
 (beat)  
 Can't be done!

The final FBI car leaves.

The teens stare at each other.

They slowly start to gather their sleeping bags.

JENNA  
 The lead FBI agent said that  
 Victor's last report said he found  
 over a hundred and twenty-thousand  
 dollars of loot. Untraceable one-  
 thousand-dollar bills. Great way to  
 launder stolen money. That's when  
 Victor turned. He went bad. Stole  
 the money.

The teens chuckle.

DESI  
 Jesus!

SAMMY  
 Really?

MARTIE  
 Who knew?

BRITTANY  
 Not me.

CARLOS  
 So sorry I lost it.

JENNA

The FBI team couldn't find it.  
Probably got burnt up with Victor!

SAMMY

Yeah, probably.

JENNA

What should we do now?

They begin to walk toward the cemetery entrance with the spears as walking sticks. They carry rolled sleeping bags, and everyone but Jenna has a flashlight. Martie has her backpack. We see the huge burn spot and hole in the back of Jenna's oversized jacket.

CARLOS

Breakfast at the diner! Sammy said  
it was on him!

SAMMY

I don't have that kind of money.

Jenna hears the snare drum again. She stops in her tracks.

DESI

What is it, teacher's kid?

Brittany and Martie start hitting Desi in the arms.

JENNA

You didn't hear drums? The Civil  
War drummer boy?

Everyone shakes their heads, 'no.'

JENNA (CONT'D)

I gotta go back.

ALL

What?

JENNA

Just be a second.

Jenna drops her sleeping bag, and races to the spot in the Potter's Field where she heard the drums. Piles of leaves are all around her.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

If an arm comes up, I'll die of a  
heart attack.

Jenna stands perfectly still. The other teens look on from afar.

The trees and shrubs start shaking around her, all across the cemetery.

Jenna looks down, as a gentle breeze lifts a large leaf off into the air. Under the leaf, is the roll of thousand-dollar bills. She sees Grover Cleveland's picture, bends down and lifts up the roll of bills to show it to her friends.

They cheer, run to her, and hug and kiss her, jumping for joy.

CARLOS

Wow! A hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

MARTIE

Turning it in is the right thing to do.

BRITTANY

If we turn it in we get a twelve-thousand-dollar reward, the agent said. Ten percent!

SAMMY

Two-thousand apiece!

DESI

Not bad for a night's work.

Jenna's smile is the greatest of all. They turn, and head back toward the cemetery entrance. They have their arms around each other. They giggle and laugh.

DESI (CONT'D)

The Potter's Field Six!

ALL

Yeah!

JENNA

Thanks, Desi.

Desi winks.

DESI

Don't mention it, teacher's kid!

Jenna smiles. She and Desi share a moment.

As the Potter's Field Six exit the cemetery, Carlos is no longer shaking, Brittany's nose is wiped clean, Martie now has a little Band-Aid on her hand and Desi's head. And Desi's ankle is mostly healed.

They walk out proudly with their arms around each other. Jenna is in the middle of the group, wearing her dad's coat with burnt back.

JENNA

I'm gonna give my two-thousand dollars to my dad. He went to prison, so Ma and me would go unharmed.

CARLOS

Plus, he wrote that cool book on the Potter's Field.

We see GHOSTLY ARMS in behind tree branches and bushes as though they were waving good-bye.

JENNA

What the hell! I say we keep twenty-grand apiece!

CARLOS

I want your dad to have my share!

SAMMY

Me too.

MARTIE

I agree.

BRITTANY

It's settled then.

DESI

Damn. The Potter's Field Six it is.

They laugh and giggle as they march out of the cemetery, triumphant, together!

We hear a snare drum in the distance playing a Civil War marching beat. It gets fainter and fainter.

End Act Three

FADE OUT.

THE END