

3 CREEKS

Written by

Brian D Snow

1010 Harmony Lane  
Hendersonville, TN 37075  
509-434-6778

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A very southern woman in her 40's, PATRICIA, is finishing her story about the haunted house she and her husband had lived in for only three short weeks.

Patricia is very neatly dressed and it is apparent she dolled herself up for this "once in a lifetime opportunity" to be on television.

She is very animated with her story and speaks a great deal with her hands. She is smiling, mostly out of nerves, but fear begins to creep into her face as she nears the end of her tale.

PATRICIA

But by the third week, neither me or Tom felt comfortable in the house alone. You just got the feeling no matter when or where, someone was watching you, watching everything you did! And then the kids, (beat) whoever they were, they just wouldn't, they just wouldn't stop screaming.

Patricia takes a deep breath and you can see that tears have begun welling up into her eyes.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Whatever happened to those babies... I just prayed and prayed for them, you know?

The interviewer asks Patricia a question.

INTERVIEWER

We understand the property remained vacant for years but apparently has recently been purchased by a new owner.

Pictures of the home are flashing up on the screen. The home is a very decrepit nightmare fuel kind of farm house that looks to have been built in the very early 20th century.

FADE TO:

INT. TV ROOM - STORMY NIGHT

Our main character, Trent, is relaxing in a large recliner chair holding a bowl of popcorn.

Trent is in his early 40's, doing well for his age, and seems like an ordinary average guy. The light from the floor model television is the only light in the room and it's creating an eerie silhouette around Trent as he watches the television.

He is watching pictures of an oddly familiar house pop up on the screen and then Patricia's face reemerges with a stern look upon it.

INTERVIEWER

Patricia if that new owner is watching tonight what would you say to them?

PATRICIA

(looking right into the camera)

Honey, you don't have long.

Trent's jaw drops as the home on the TV Show is shown in full view.

The camera pulls back further exiting the window revealing Trent to be watching the show in his living room but now we see it through the outside of his living room window.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TRENT'S HOME - NIGHT

Trent is watching his floor model television and a house is in full frame. The camera pulls back even further to reveal the house on the tv is the very same house Trent is currently sitting in watching it on a paranormal television show.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOOD PILE - DAY

Fall is slowly turning into winter in these Southern Indiana woods. The leaves are beginning to turn and the air is still and quiet with only the sound of a man chopping firewood echoing through the trees.

Trent, a military looking man in his early 40's is hard at work swinging an axe, splitting firwood. He is obviously a seasoned professional at this game and judging by his physique, enjoys the workout he gets from his current task. He is alone and surrounded by trees with only a small gravel road nearby to accompany him.

Trent methodically splits the wood and is focused on his work.

A noise can be heard in the distance. A sound as if something large is being dragged through the forest floor can be heard.

"CKCKCKCKC" "CKCKCKCKC" (Long slow dragging noises)

Trent stops swinging the axe and looks around. As he does the dragging noise comes to a stop. Without the dragging sound there is now nothing but Trent, and a feeling that he is no longer alone.

After a long curious pause, he shakes it off and goes back to his work. Trent lines up a few more rounds and begins chopping once more.

After a few more swings another sound can be heard coming from near the same place, beyond the tree line. This time it sounds if something large is being dragged then dropped into a deep hole, landing with a sick breaking thud.

Trent lowers his axe and calls out to the woods.

TRENT  
(calling out)  
Hello?

Nothing. No birds, no wind, nothing.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Okay, keep it together. It's just  
the woods dude.

Trent listens a while longer and then comes to terms with the sounds being something of his imagination. He grabs his axe and lines up to the row of rounds he had positioned for himself.

Trent looks behind him before swinging the axe to make sure the coast is clear and is startled to see a man holding a shovel standing right behind him!

TRENT (CONT'D)  
(startled)  
Oh shit!!

Trent reflexively creates distance between himself and the man and nearly falls over the rounds he was getting ready to chop.

The man, WAYNE, is a pleasant enough looking fellow in his early fifties.

His a bit more rugged and looks like he's lived in these woods his whole life, a local, as they say. Certainly a country boy through and through.

Wayne is wearing a smile and the shovel he is holding is more of an accessory than a tool. He's certainly not threatening Trent with it, just holding it and standing there politely waiting for Trent to regain his composure.

Wayne's smile widens to near laughter but in the most innocent of ways. He most definitely would not like to offend his new neighbor Trent.

WAYNE

Sorry there neighbor, I did not mean to startle you. You must be Trent.

TRENT

You scared the hell out of me!

WAYNE

Sorry 'bout that! I was out for a walk, like I do, when I heard you down here chopping wood. I figured this would be a good time to introduce myself. I'm Wayne.

Trent puts down the axe and fully composes himself before stretching out his hand.

TRENT

Nice to meet you Wayne, I'm Trent.

Instead of shaking hands, Wayne switches the shovel from one hand to the other and makes no mention or notice of Trent's gesture.

WAYNE

Yeah, I've been looking forward to meeting you. I was hoping to get this land for myself you know? It was my Papaw's.

Trent puts his hand down sensing this isn't just a "welcome to the neighborhood" visit.

TRENT

I didn't realize anyone else put in a bid.

WAYNE

(not missing a beat)  
Wanted to see for myself who the  
lucky fella was that got the old  
homestead.

TRENT

I uh--

WAYNE

(dismissive)  
I couldn't have got it no way.  
Never had any need for money,  
certainly don't anymore.

Trent stands in silence not sure how to proceed.

TRENT

Well, I better get back to work.  
Got a lot of wood to--

WAYNE

Since you ain't from around here  
you ought to know something about  
my Papaw's land. It's dangerous out  
here in the woods. Always has been.

TRENT

Oh yeah? How so?

WAYNE

Just be careful, watch where you  
step if you know what I mean.  
There's things back there that  
ought not be trifled with.  
Especially down that way, just  
passed where the three creeks meet.

Wayne points down an overgrown trail that stretches deep into  
the woods. It happens to be where Trent thought he heard the  
noises coming from while he was chopping wood.

When Trent turns to look back at Wayne he's already half way  
up a trail that leads to an old cottage just off of Trent's  
property.

Wayne turns around and addresses Trent one more time.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

You seem like a nice fella. I bet  
they taught you that in the  
service. I respect that, I wanted  
to go myself but they wouldn't take  
me on account of my back.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Too late now of course but  
anyway... I reckon if you need  
anything, you just holler.

Wayne slides on a knowing grin, turns and walks further up the trail.

TRENT

(after a beat)

How'd you know I was in the service  
Wayne?

Wayne continues up the trail and responds without turning around, focusing more on getting up the hill using his shovel as a walking stick.

WAYNE

Everybody round here already knows  
everything there is to know about  
you, Hero.

Trent stands there confused and a little put-off. He knows Wayne is messing with him but not sure if he's a threat.

Trent turns, grabs the axe and goes back at the business of splitting wood.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS WALK - EVENING

Trent is on a walk with his dog, a large masculine thing that you would expect an actual man to have. They are exploring his newly purchased trails and the dog is running around while Trent grabs the occasional stick and throws it off the trail. The mood is light and jovial.

TRENT

(speaking to the dog)

Hey slow down big guy, you're going  
to tucker yourself out and we've  
got a long way back to the house.

The dog looks back at him quizzically then all of sudden snaps to attention back in the direction of the deep woods.

The dog's hackles go up and begins barking ferociously towards seemingly nothing. The sounds of the forest diminish into a scary silence leaving only the barking dog and Trent's footsteps as he approaches his best friend.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Hey what's up buddy?

Trent peers out into the thick of the woods and sees nothing.

All of a sudden the dog yelps as if it has been hurt or scared shitless and runs off in the direction that they had come from, towards the house. Trent is left standing there alone and confused.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Hey! Rambo! Where the hell are you  
going?!

The sound of something being dragged along the forest floor emerges behind Trent as he is looking for his dog, who is now long gone.

Trent turns around slowly and hears the dragging sound grow louder with every pull.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Something, not sure what, but something moves from behind the dense tree line. Slowly pulling something but Trent is unable to make out anything through the trees.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
(timidly)  
Hey is somebody there?

The thing stops and although you can't see it, you definitely get the sense that it is looking back at Trent now.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Hey this is private property, you  
can't be here.

Trent pulls up his shirt a little to reveal he is carrying a pistol on his side.

The figure behind the tree line drops whatever it is dragging with a thud and heads towards Trent. Trent takes an instinctive step backwards.

What can only be described as a dead woman blasts through a small opening in the trees and brush and charges at Trent with blinding speed. She is open mouthed and screaming an unnatural shriek that causes pain and fear equally.

Trent doesn't even attempt to draw his gun but turns and runs like a boy being chased by Rottweilers in the same direction his dog ran.

The screaming stops and without slowing down, Trent turns his head to see that the woman has disappeared.



He turns his head back to continue his run back to the house and stops dead in his tracks.

Wayne is now standing in the middle of the trail, shovel in hand.

WAYNE

(smiling)

Well howdy hey neighbor? What's going on back here?

TRENT

(out of breath)

Did you see her?!

WAYNE

See who?

TRENT

The woman! The...I don't know what she was.

WAYNE

Sorry to say I did not. I saw your puppy run up on your porch and then heard a scream, thought you might have gotten hurt back here or something.

Trent keeps looking back down the trail to make sure the ghost lady is not following him and back to Wayne. Trent is more confused than ever but now regaining his composure.

TRENT

You didn't see her?

WAYNE

Sorry partner, just you, messing around where I already told you not to go.

TRENT

What are you trying to do here Wayne, scare me off your Grandpa's land so you can have it back?

Wayne kinda laughs at the idea.

WAYNE

Oh heaven's no. I got no need or want of this place.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

To be honest I'm pretty dang sick of it but I've been here my whole life and wouldn't know where to go even if I could.

The men stand there looking at one another. Trent is trying his best to figure out this odd neighbor of his but really can't make heads or tails of him.

TRENT

Well then who the hell was that woman?

WAYNE

I told you yesterday there's things in these woods that ought to be left alone. There's a dark history here (beat) and back there,

Wayne motions towards the deepest part of the trail.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Well that's an area of the property where nobody is allowed to go. Not you, not your dog, not the game warden or anybody else that you can think of for that matter. Nobody.

Wayne takes a step towards Trent.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

You think that there woman is scary, you ain't seen nothing yet friend.

TRENT

(bucking up a bit)  
You might think you know me "friend" but I don't do threats. This is my land now whether you like it or not.

Wayne backs up and puts on his innocent smile again.

WAYNE

I hear you Hero, but don't ever say I didn't try to warn you. Glad you're alright though.

Wayne turns around and heads back up the trail from which he came leaving Trent alone in the woods. A chill runs up Trent's back and he turns to take another look at the deep part of the trail he is now very hesitant to go down.

He turns back to see an empty trail and begins walking back to his house.

FADE TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Trent and a young woman are sitting in a cozy booth of an adorable local diner. The woman, Karina is sharply dressed and very attractive. By the looks of her she could be a lawyer. Both Trent and Karina have about half of their amazing lunches in front of them, burgers or local fair of some sort. Additionally, Karina has a small satchel next to her and papers spread out on the table next to her lunch.

The Diner is a retro place and oozing every bit of midwestern charm it can. There are signed pictures of John Mellencamp and Ronald Reagan right next to each other on the wall amongst other celebrities who have visited and contributed.

Among the photos of celebrities are photos of the local farm land and covered bridges known about the area. Trent and Karina are finishing their lunches, as well as their conversation.

TRENT

Okay, so what's the deal? Are we at least in the ballpark?

KARINA

I've had to do some serious digging, no pun intended, but I'm pretty sure we are at ground zero here. There's not a lot of information out there but there was a tribe that inhabited this area for sure.

TRENT

Yeah, there were tribes all over but is this the tribe that buried everyone or not?

Karina takes a deep breath and a drink of her sweet tea.

KARINA

I'll find out more when I get back to the office this afternoon but it's no surprise the natives weren't keen on folks basically claiming land as their own.

(MORE)

KARINA (CONT'D)

The fact is, most of them moved off after a few skirmishes with the settlers and the Army that spearheaded a lot of the settlements. The tribe that was on this particular land, YOUR land, seems to have lasted at least 50 years longer than any of the others in this whole region! That, and the few archived newspapers I found lead us right here, right to the land your house sits on.

Trent and Karina both seem to notice the diner has grown eerily quiet and it appears everyone is now eavesdropping on their conversation.

Out of nowhere the waitress, MARLENE, an older gal that not only belongs in this diner but was probably born and will die here, pops in for a visit at the table. Marlene's hair is red and up in a dazzling display with a striped bow that matches the décor of the restaurant and her soul.

MARLENE

So how is everything on your first visit to our little country diner?

TRENT

Good ma'am, thank you.

MARLENE

Oh it's better'n good honey but we'll work on your compliments the more you come see me okay?

Trent and Karina exchange an amused glance.

KARINA

Marlene is it?

MARLENE

All my life baby.

KARINA

We were just talking about the amazing history of this place and I heard someone say something about an Indian tribe that used to live right where Trent bought his house.

All of a sudden a glass breaks off in the distance and as Trent and Karina look in the direction they notice that not only is everyone in the diner eavesdropping, all of the patrons are staring directly at them.

An odd hush has fallen over the diner and both Trent and Karina are feeling the fight or flight mechanism rising from deep inside of themselves.

Marlene steps in to break the silence.

MARLENE

(addressing the patrons)

Oh c'mon people, y'all act like  
we've never had newbies before! Go  
on! Get back to your own business!

Marlene turns her attention back to Trent and Karina.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

Listen babies. There's a lot of  
rumors about this town's history  
and them natives that lived here  
before us. Just like the rest of  
this country it ain't all pretty.  
But you mind yours and watch where  
you step and everything'll be just  
fine...you understand?

Trent leans back in booth and takes a very heavy breath in.  
For the first time in a long time he's feeling like he may  
have bitten off more than he can chew.

FADE TO:

INT. TRENT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trent is kicking back in his recliner reading a book. There  
is a glass of bourbon on the night-stand next to him and a  
fire in the fireplace. The home is cozy and clean but not  
decorated in particular fashion. There are still a few moving  
boxes strewn about that need unpacking.

The book Trent is reading is titled "Native Tribes of the  
Ohio River Valley"

Trent is about half way through the book and comes to a page  
that makes him sit up. He reads a passage out loud:

TRENT

This tribe was known mostly for  
their violence towards the westward  
expanding settlers. Their brutality  
was known far and wide with their  
trademark of digging giant holes  
and burying entire groups with all  
of their belongings.

Trent sits back and ponders what he just read.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
I think this is it.

Trent takes a sip of his bourbon and continues reading, still holding his glass. He flips a couple of pages and seems to have trouble holding his glass up and his eyes open.

A few brief moments pass and Trent nods off to the point of spilling his drink. He jumps up with a start now looking as if he's peed his pants, and sets the book and glass on the night-stand.

The sound of a young boy laughing seems to come from just outside in the back of the house.

Trent looks around and then down at his dog, RAMBO, who is still sleeping comfortably by the now dying fire.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
God you are such a horrible guard  
dog.

CUT TO:

INT. TRENT'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Trent reaches into the top drawer of his counter and pulls out a flash light. He checks the light then slams the drawer shut.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TRENT'S BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Trent shuts the back door as he steps outside to investigate the sound he had heard. He shines the light towards his shed and sees what looks like a little boy running back into the woods behind his house. Trent then illuminates the trees behind his house trying to track the boy but it's really an exercise in futility as the forest seems to swallow whatever light you give it and turn it to black.

TRENT  
Hey! Kid! Don't go back there!

Trent shuffles off the back porch and heads down the trail leading deeper into the woods. He's still in his socks and doesn't seem to notice.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS WALK - NIGHT

Trent is meandering down the trail with the flashlight bouncing here and there. He can hear the boy running ahead of him but can't seem to get the flashlight on him.

Trent picks up the pace a little and begins jogging, then running towards the sound of the boy.

The boy laughs heartily then there's a sound of twigs breaking and what appears to be the sound of the boy falling and landing in a deep hole with a sickening thud.

The forest grows quiet.

TRENT  
(panicking)  
Oh no! Kid are you okay?! Kid?! Oh  
my gosh.

Trent scans the forest with his flashlight and stops directly on the ghost woman that had charged at him earlier that day. He is frozen, illuminating the woman with the light, not moving. They stand there looking at one another.

She opens her mouth wide and that horrible scream comes out like a weapon.

Trent takes a singular step backwards and the ground lets go beneath him, plunging him into a deep hole in the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLE - NIGHT

Trent hits the ground hard. He's hurt but not injured. His flashlight lays on the ground next to him shining light on the bones of a small child.

Trent scrambles to his feet only to see the ghostly woman above the hole looking down at him. She's dimly lit by the moon that is thankfully full this evening.

TRENT  
What do you want from me?!

GHOST WOMAN

You have trespassed here! You were told to leave but now you have to stay!

TRENT

Please, I didn't mean to cause any harm. I will go right now, I swear to it!

GHOST WOMAN

You have to stay, like the treasures that you seek!

The woman jumps down into the hole, mouth wide and screaming her horrible scream. As she lands--

CUT TO:

INT. TRENT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trent jerks awake spilling his drink and throwing his book halfway across the room. He jumps up, setting his empty glass on the night-stand

TRENT

Holy hell!

Trent stands there trying to shake off that terrible nightmare. He looks down at RAMBO who is laying down with his head up and cocked to the side curiously.

TRENT (CONT'D)

(to Rambo)

Yeah, I know. No more melatonin.

Trent looks around the room brushing himself off. He then heads off towards the bedroom of his small one bedroom cabin.

[Trent's home should look like the set of the old TV Show "Coach" (Coach's cabin)]

As Trent passes by the book that is splayed open we get to see an illustration of Native Americans throwing "treasure" into holes dug into the forest floor. Settlers are tied up and waiting to be cast in next. The caption of the illustration is the passage that Trent had read aloud earlier.

FADE TO:



EXT. WOODS WALK - DAY

It's a beautiful and sunny day. The forest is completely devoid of any spookiness at all.

Trent is walking down the trail talking on his old school cell phone while Rambo runs about ahead of him.

TRENT  
(into phone)  
So you are saying for sure, this is  
it? All the pieces lead to right  
here, the creeks, the hills, it all  
seems to point to this plot of  
land?!

Trent listens intently to the person on the other line as they say their piece.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Alright Karina, well once I find  
that I expect the whole damn team  
to be here helping me out. I can't  
handle these crazy neighbors by  
myself.

There's a brief few words on the other line.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
No I'm telling you. Wayne just  
lives right up the hill in that  
cottage. Dude's been galivanting  
all over the place since I got  
here!

All of a sudden Rambo's hackles go up and he begins growling at the tree line.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Hey I gotta go. One of these  
hillbillies is going to try to pop  
out and scare me again. I'll call  
you in a few weeks unless I find  
one of these holes sooner.

Trent hangs up the phone and steadies himself for another confrontation.

The ghost woman comes from behind the tree line and Rambo barks once then turns tail and runs, again.

Trent takes a reflexive step backwards out of genuine fright but regains himself and stands firm in the middle of the trail.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
I don't know what you are trying to  
do here lady but I'm not running  
this time.

The woman says nothing but slowly walks towards Trent. All he wants to do is turn and run but he won't. Not this time.

As she approaches her eyes grow large and black, her skin degrades and her jaw falls open as if she has been dead for years.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
I don't believe in ghosts!

The Ghost Woman shrieks as she gets closer and closer.

GHOST WOMAN  
Oh you will!!

As she reaches Trent her body disappears into his and silence fills the woods. Trent is alone in the woods looking more bewildered than ever. His mouth is dry and as tough as he is, he wants to cry.

TRENT  
(catching his breath)  
Oh my God.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

Trent is standing alone in the deepest darkest part of his woods, the very place Wayne had warned him not to go. Trent is not sure how he got there but there he is, alone and not sure which way to go to get home.

TRENT  
(to himself)  
This can't be real.

Rambo can be heard barking in the distance.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Rambo! (Trent whistles) Come here  
boy!

Rambo can be heard getting closer, crashing through the forest.

Trent follows the sound of his dog then all of a sudden the ground beneath his feet gives way and Trent is plunged into the bottom of a giant pit, flinging his arms up and accidentally tossing his phone away in the process. It lands on the woods floor with an ominous and thud.

CUT TO:

INT. PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Trent lands very hard and breaks his leg and maybe even his wrist. Debris from the trap lands on top of him covering him in dirt and twigs.

The pit is large, probably 10 feet in diameter and at least 12 feet down. Even if his leg and wrist weren't broken it would be one helluva task climbing out of this thing.

Trent doesn't look around though and doesn't see what is down there with him. He just looks up and listens to the sound of his dog growing closer.

TRENT

Rambo! Rambo, come here boy!

The sound of his dog growing closer is interrupted by another crashing sound, accompanied by a crack and a yelp, then silence as Rambo too falls victim to another separate pit.

Trent's head lowers understanding what has happened.

TRENT (CONT'D)

(sad)

Oh no...

Rambo has fallen silent and now there is nothing. Nothing but this pit that Trent finds himself in. He tries to stand, holding on the wall of the pit and realizes they are slick and muddy. There is likely no way he is going to get out of this hole.

Trent starts to turn around and look around the bottom of the pit but footsteps approaching grab his attention and he peers to the top of the hole.

The Ghost Woman appears at the top of the hole. She just looks down at him.

Trent looks up at the ghostly woman with a mix of fear and desperation.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
What have you done? Why are you  
doing this to me?!

GHOST WOMAN  
You were warned to stay away  
TRESPASSER!!!

Trent tries to climb up but the pain and the slick walls make  
it a futile effort.

TRENT  
Please, I'll leave. I'll never come  
back.

GHOST WOMAN  
It's too late for that. These  
treasures are for the land and now,  
so are you.

The Ghost Woman backs away from the hole and appears to be  
gone.

Trent begins screaming for help.

TRENT  
Help! Help, somebody help me!!

More steps can be heard above the hole and Trent gets to a  
fever pitch.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Please, someone!!! I don't want to  
die here!

Wayne's smiling face appears at the top of the pit.

WAYNE  
Holy shit neighbor! You done found  
one of these damn holes did ya?

Trent immediately feels relief. Partly because of Wayne's  
genuine smile and speech but also because it's not the Ghost  
Woman again.

TRENT  
(relieved)  
Thank God it's you. Wayne I need  
help, I think I broke my leg and  
probably my arm.

WAYNE  
I know Trent, I heard the whole  
thing from up the trail a ways.  
(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm real sorry brother but I think your dog fell into another one of these holes. It's dead Trent, I'm sorry to have to tell you that.

TRENT

(looking very sad)

I know. I can't believe all of this. I should have listened to you.

WAYNE

Ain't that the truth! You thought I was trying to get yer land didn't ya?!

TRENT

(smiling)

Yeah a little.

WAYNE

I tried telling you about these holes!

Trent winces in pain as he stands.

TRENT

Wayne, can you go get a rope out of my shed?

All of a sudden the little boy that Trent thought he saw appears and stands next to Wayne.

LITTLE BOY

Is he dead?

WAYNE

Nah, he's hurt pretty bad though.

There is a moment of confusion in Trent's face. He just doesn't seem to know what's going on.

LITTLE BOY

That's too bad. His doggy died though, I saw that one.

TRENT

What the hell is going on here?

WAYNE

I guess you figure I ain't going to be getting that rope huh?

TRENT  
You son of a bitch!

Trent pulls the gun out of the holster and shoots up at Wayne at least four or five shots.

Neither Wayne nor the boy move at all.

Trent looks at his gun, confused.

WAYNE  
You might want to save one of those  
bullets for when the real pain  
starts.

Trent starts panic screaming.

TRENT  
HELP!!! Somebody help me! Anybody,  
please?!!!!

Trent slips and falls back and lands on something not quite part of the hole.

WAYNE  
It's no use Trent, save your voice  
amigo.

Trent looks up at Wayne.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
Nobody came to help us none. Hell,  
I screamed for five straight days  
before I lost my voice. (Self  
reflecting) Died pretty quick after  
that though, body just shut down.  
(Beat) The little'n here lasted  
eight dang days, can you believe  
that?!

Trent looks at what he bumped into in the pit and realizes it's Wayne's badly decomposed body.

Trent scrambles away from the body and looks back up to the top of the pit where now only the Little Boy is standing, looking down at him and smiling.

Trent looks back to Wayne's body and sees that Wayne the ghost is now sitting next to his own carcass, startling Trent. Wayne still wears that somehow comforting smile on his face.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

If I was you I'd probably just use that gun on yourself right now though. Dehydrating and going without food is real pain let me tell ya. And that leg, if she gets infected you're going to end up using that gun either way.

Trent ponders what Wayne has just told him.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I'll keep you company if'n you want me to though either way.

TRENT

Why did this happen?

WAYNE

You came for that treasure. Just about all of us did. These damn Indians just keep burying us with it even long after they're gone. And no matter how hard we try to warn folks and scare folks, they just keep coming. Just like you did.

Trent sits there in shock, talking to a damn ghost and sitting next to his damn body.

TRENT

Somebody's going to come for me.

WAYNE

Alright there cowboy. But when they don't, we'll all be here waiting with you.

Wayne gestures up and Trent raises his head to see lots and lots of people standing at the top of the hole waiting for Trent to join them. Trent spots a familiar face, Marlene, from the diner. She smiles back at him with pain in her eyes but says nothing. Then it hits him, all of these people were at the diner, these are the ghosts of this land.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - DAY

The diner now appears to be decrepit and run down. It is obvious it hasn't been in business for at least a few decades. The rest of the town is the same way, a true ghost town.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Establishing shot of the hole that Trent has fallen victim to, his cell phone just inches from the edge.

Drone raises up from the hole to show it is in the middle of nowhere, just woods for miles and miles.

As we reach the higher altitude Trent can be heard calling for help that will never come.

TRENT  
(v.o.)  
Help!!!

FADE TO BLACK.