

THE EYE

By

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INT. GABE'S CAR - NIGHT

The familiar sounds of a vehicle springing to life are heard, and the small glowing symbols glow into existence across the dashboard. The driver smashes the car into reverse.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The car speeds up the stacked levels of the parking garage, sliding around the sharp corners with little style or grace. It finally reaches the top of the concrete tower, slowing down and stopping equal to a young man, BILLY, who rests against the back of his own car.

BILLY

What?

INT. GABE'S CAR - NIGHT

Billy and GABRIEL, the driver of the car, look against the pale glow of Gabe's laptop screen, which he flips open only to click on a folder titled "weird stuf". In the folder are several videos with boring, standard stock titles, corresponding to different scenes and takes. He clicks on one and opens the video file. Billy stares at the video with a mood of slight skepticism, while Gabe flips his eyes from the screen to Billy, as if he was trying for his approval.

BILLY

What am I looking at?

GABRIEL

It's some footage from a short film I'm editing for. At first it was fine, normal stuff. (pause)

Like here- it's fine.

Gabe throws his finger at the screen, vaguely gesturing towards multiple people on the screen, recorded in poor digital quality. A short girl says an unheard line towards someone just to the side of the camera, before turning and walking away. She stops, and a man in expensive clothes walks into frame with a small collection of papers and begins conversing with her.

BILLY

Who're these two?

GABRIEL

The girl's Monica, the film's actress.

(MORE)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

The guy's the director, Christopher.
Nothing's really happening now. But if
I skip a little-

Gabe leans closer into the light of the laptop screen and slides the video forward, moving it way down the timeline.

Now, the director CHRISTOPHER steps away from MONICA, stopping her speaking mid-sentence by holding up his hand. He pulls out his phone and walks away, leaving Monica looking very displeased. Without warning, the camera's vision begins panning left, following Christopher.

BILLY

Someone's at the camera?

GABRIEL

I thought the same thing at first. But
look here-

Gabe again points at the screen, showing off a guy in a white T-shirt in the background, faint and blurry.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

That's the film's DP, Josh. He's the
only guy on set who works with the
camera.

BILLY

Who does sound?

GABRIEL

Someone named Alex. I've never met
them because I don't think they do it
anymore. They stopped showing up to
set after the first week of shooting.
Christopher just puts a little mic on
top of the camera.

BILLY

What an esteemed filmmaker.

GABRIEL

Yeah, tell me about it.

Billy looks back at the screen. His eyes focus. Gabe's eyes follow Billy's. On the screen, the camera's vision zooms into a frame of Christopher, leaning against a wall, on the phone. His eyes are large, passionate, and frustrated.

Suddenly, sound cuts into the video. Billy pulls back a little in surprise. Christopher speaks into his phone, seemingly unaware of the camera's gaze.

CHRISTOPHER

-know I didn't You know I didn't.
You're just saying that stuff because
you're jealous! Just because she's my
ex doesn't mean she can't be my main
actress! Nothing is gonna hap-

Gabe taps the space bar and the video freezes still. Billy's skepticism has changed into cautious curiosity.

BILLY

Someone recorded the director without
him knowing?

GABRIEL

Not just him. Basically, everyone on
set. That's why I called you.

Gabe closes out of the video of Christopher and scrolls through at least a dozen video files that make up he contents of "weird stuf".

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

All of these are videos that include
the camera spying on the personal
business of anyone involved with the
movie. I didn't even know Christopher
and Monica dated before I saw this.

BILLY

Did someone film you?

GABRIEL

I don't think so. I've only been to
set once. That's why I've never met
the sound person.

Billy looks back at the screen, contemplatively. He stares.

BILLY

What's the DP's name again?

GABRIEL

Josh. You want his socials?

BILLY

Yeah, I'll try to get in contact with
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

him, see what's up. Is there any more footage that could show this peeping tom stuff?

GABRIEL

I mean, yeah. I haven't gotten all the footage yet. It usually sits on a drive in the office until I get to it.

BILLY

Okay, well, get to it now. I want to know how much whoever took the videos knows.

GABRIEL

Got it.

BILLY

Bet. Okay, I'll get to it. Call me if anything happens.

Billy slides out of the passenger seat of Gabe's car, standing up and slamming the door behind him. In the car, Gabe closes his computer and puts it in the passenger seat, before igniting the car's engine.

Suddenly, Billy turns around and knocks on the passenger door window. Gabe lowers it in response.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Who's camera is it?

GABRIEL

The school owns it. We check it out every week, on Monday. We lose it after Saturdays.

Billy nods, somewhat faking his satisfaction with Gabe's answer. He jolts back up and taps Gabe's door lightly.

BILLY

Get home safe, Gabe.

Billy spins around and walks back toward his own car. Gabe raises his window and speeds off.

INT. BLACK ROOM - DAY

Billy sits among a small crowd of empty black chairs. He holds in one hand, slightly crumpled paper, loaded with

quick, messy scribbles. In the other, he dials a number on his phone. The phone rings, and he holds it up to his ear. He waits for a moment as the phone rings, before lowering it. The ringing stops dead. He redials the number into his phone, and calls. Again, he waits, the phone held up to his ear.

CUT TO:

Billy, in the same place, finally gets through to a caller. His face rises.

BILLY

Hello? Is this Josh?

OLD WOMAN

Bosh?

Billy's face falls.

CUT TO:

Billy sits with his laptop open, the light illuminating his face in the darkness. A sent email sits alone on his screen. It reads: "Student Film cinematographer inquiry - respond asap!" The time of sending reads: 10:13 AM. Billy looks down at the clock on his computer: 4:53 PM.

He sighs and looks back up at his screen. He focuses his look on the little camera at the top of the panel. The camera almost seems to look back. Billy's eyes adjust with the creation of an idea.

He looks back down at the time. The day reads: SUNDAY.

INT. EQUIPMENT OFFICE - DAY

Billy sits in a tiny office, with a middle-aged MAN sitting across from him. Billy seems to squirm a little in his chair.

MAN

So, um-

BILLY

Billy.

MAN

Billy. Got it. So, Billy. What's your reason for checking out a camera and a tripod?

BILLY

I'm working on a film. I need an extra camera. Preferably an older one, maybe with more use. Wear and tear, I mean. It's part of the visual style of the scene I wanna do.

MAN

Of course. Classic guerilla filmmaking, right?

BILLY

Right.

MAN

Well, if you want wear and tear, I have a camera and tripod that are checked out every week by some other film guy. He seems a little less down to Earth than you, I gotta say.

BILLY

Thank you. Also, I'd like that camera please.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Gabe, slouching down in awkward fashion, appears and slips through a hallway like a snake.

INT. FILM OFFICE - DAY

Gabe enters a small room with computers and hard drives scattered everywhere. He searches for one drive in specific and finally spots a small grey slab on a table, messily labeled with "CHRIS MASTERPIECE STUFF". Gabe scoffs, slightly. He turns around to see Christopher standing there, facing him. Gabe freezes in surprise.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey, Gabe! How're you doing on this fine day?

GABRIEL

Um, I'm good. Sorry I missed the week deadline yesterday; personal stuff came up. I'll have it in today.

CHRISTOPHER

What happened?

GABRIEL

What- what do you mean?

CHRISTOPHER

The personal stuff. What was it?

GABRIEL

Uh. I'd prefer to keep that to myself,
if you don't mind.

Gabe can feel it. Something's wrong. Christopher's usually pompous attitude has turned a little bit darker.

CHRISTOPHER

Ah, of course. That's funny.

(pause)

Anyways, there's some news I got back
from the Equipment Closet; someone
else checked out the camera.

GABRIEL

Huh? I thought we're the only ones who
check out school equipment?

CHRISTOPHER

We are. In other news, because you
were late with the footage yesterday,
I went through the hard drive myself.
And you won't believe what I found!

Gabe stands still. Silent.

GABRIEL

What did you find?

CHRISTOPHER

Apparently, someone's been recording
personal stuff of mine. Every time I
get on the phone with my ex-
girlfriend, the camera always finds it
way over to me. Whenever me and Monica
and discussing personal affairs, the
camera swings over to record us. How
funny!

(pause)

And then, suddenly, you're one day
late with the footage and a camera
gets checked out when we don't have
it. The only people who know what days
we use the camera are people in the
crew. People like you.

Gabe stands in silence, shocked still at the accusation. His brain reconfigures.

GABRIEL

Christopher, no offense. But I wasn't at most of the shoots. I'm the editor. I only get the footage after you shoot it.

Christopher begins stepping forward towards Gabe.

CHRISTOPHER

And yet you're the only one who had access to the footage before me. You had to have known.

GABRIEL

I didn't go through all of it yet, Chris, that's why I'm here-

Christopher takes a larger step forward, lunging into Gabe's space. Gabe instinctively jolts and backs up in unease.

CHRISTOPHER

Is this because of Monica? Listen I know you probably had a crush on her, but newsflash big guy: she's not into people like you! Just because me and her are getting back together doesn't mean you can spy on my delicate work-life balance out of spite!

Gabe, now staring at Christopher with baffled confusion spread across his face, is speechless. For a moment.

GABRIEL

(pause)

What?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The thunderous sound of quick footsteps echoes down the hall, before Gabe appears, sprinting away down the corridor, with Christopher in hot pursuit, his nostrils flared and his face a crazed lunatic.

EXT. DOORWAY - DAY

Gabe bursts out of two steel glass doors, running into the outside. Christopher again still follows.

EXT. WALKWAY - DAY

Gabriel speeds down a concrete walkway, turning a corner and heading underneath a covered section. Christopher stays right on his tracks.

EXT. BUILDING CORNER - DAY

Gabe appears over a hill and rounds a corner of a thick stone building. This time, however, he stops and waits. He, anxiously, takes a brief look at his hands, and his arms. Christopher's loud footsteps are heard. They begin to get louder. Gabe's anxious face turns stoic, and then into forced anger. His hands clench into fists. Christopher's footsteps are loud, screaming out at Gabe. He's right there. Gabe's nostrils flare the same way as his opponent. He throws his body back around the corner just as Christopher's booming footsteps stop echoing. He swings his arm around like a baseball bat and Christopher slams into it like a baseball. He instantly collapses. Gabe stands over Christopher, now unconscious and slumped onto the ground.

GABRIEL

(genuinely)

Uh, sorry.

Gabe, still on fire with fear and adrenaline, looks up above him, spotting a nearby security camera. It seems to give him a glance back.

INT. BLACK ROOM - DUSK

The black eye of a lens stares at us. It feels something, somewhere in there. Clunk. Ding. Snap. Billy tampers with the camera, now sitting on its three legs in the center of the room. Billy's experiments with the camera include tapping it, taking a picture of it with another camera, disassembling it, inspecting the batteries, and sticking a small rod or needle inside of the camera. As he pushes the needle into a small opening in the camera, Billy's movement suddenly stops, and he pulls the needle out. On the needle, a thick, red liquid covers the front half of its length. Billy's face switches into concern and serious confusion.

CUT TO:

Billy starts a recording on the camera and moves into its sight. He stands in its vision and holds his arms out, as if he was trying to get its attention. The camera looks at him for a moment, still, while Billy waits in anticipation of something. Anything. Suddenly, Billy's phone rings across the

room. He walks over to it and sees the caller as Gabe. He holds the phone up to his ear and answers.

BILLY
Hey, man. What's up?

GABRIEL
(over the phone)
Dude, I'm so fired.

BILLY
What? Did you get the footage?

INT. GABE'S CAR - DUSK

Gabe sits alone in his car, illuminated mostly by the glow of his phone screen. He appears to be panicking a little.

GABRIEL
Uh, um. No. I didn't. Something came up. Or something happened, I guess.

INT. BLACK ROOM - DUSK

BILLY
Huh? Gabe, what happened? Let's use some nouns and verbs.

INT. GABE'S CAR - DUSK

GABRIEL
Chris thinks I'm the guy who's spying on the crew with the camera! Even though I wasn't even there like most of the time!

INT. BLACK ROOM - DUSK

Billy sighs and wipes his eyes with his fingers.

BILLY
Okay, okay, fine. We'll get the footage some other time. We'll let him cool down.

GABRIEL
(over phone)
Well, about that..

BILLY
What?

INT. GABE'S CAR - DUSK

Gabe pauses in anxiety.

GABRIEL

(pause, then fast)

He chased me and I knocked him out.

INT. BLACK ROOM - DUSK

Billy stares, silently frustrated. His brain suddenly returns to his body, and his face reignites.

BILLY

Fine. We'll figure it out. Listen, you and I need to meet. There's some crazy shit you need to see. Come over to the black room tomorrow morning, it's in the basement of the office. We'll talk here.

GABRIEL

(confused, less anxious)

Uh, okay. But, you're not mad?

INT. GABE'S CAR - DUSK

Gabe sits, a little stunned at Billy's forgiveness.

BILLY

(casual)

What? No, shit happens sometimes. Get over here.

Billy hangs up the phone and turns back around to the camera. He freezes solid. The camera has turned its gaze, and it stares directly at Billy again. He stands, silent, cautious to even breathe.

INT. CRAMPED HALLWAY - MORNING

Gabe pushes his way through two double doors in a small, dingy hallway before rushing over to a dark black door, fixated into the wall. He pulls on the door aggressively and swings it open.

INT. BLACK ROOM - MORNING

Gabe pauses his fast pace as he sees Billy, sitting opposite the camera, caught in some sort of staring contest with it. The camera appears to be winning.

GABRIEL

Uh, you okay? You seem-

Billy suddenly perks up. His eyes are tired and strained, his messy hair somehow even more messy.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

-a little off.

Billy springs from his concrete-like state and shoves himself into Gabe's space in an almost manic manner.

BILLY

Gabe, you've got to see this. Get over here.

Billy grabs Gabe's shoulders and pushes him close to the camera. Gabe's face twists into cautious confusion. Billy reaches down and grabs the small needle, and drags the chair over to the camera.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You've gotta see this.

GABRIEL

Billy, I'm not sure what-

Billy slides the needle in between the gears and walls of the camera's body, and Gabe's speech stops dead in bewilderment. After a moment, Billy slides the needle out and lifts it up to Gabe's eyes. He leans down for a closer look.

Red.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

What's that? Some oil or something?
Did someone sabotage the camera?

Billy lifts his hand, silently silencing Gabe.

BILLY

It's blood.

A beat. Gabe stares at Billy. His eyes, now risen.

GABRIEL

Wha- what?

BILLY

It's blood. There's blood in the camera.

Another beat.

GABRIEL

Why is there blood in the camera?

BILLY

I don't know. And last night, unless someone phased through the walls and moved the camera while I wasn't looking, the camera moved.

GABRIEL

On its own?

BILLY

On its own.

Gabe stops with the questions. He steps back from the camera, now weary of its presence.

GABRIEL

What- what do we do?

BILLY

I don't know. I'm not really sure what we *know* yet.

GABRIEL

But whatever it is- it's weirder than you thought?

BILLY

Yeah I'd say that this is just a *bit* weirder than what I expected.

Gabe stops and moves his eyesight back to the camera. He shudders, and his eyes lock onto the camera. Billy takes notice of the fear in Gabe's face, and spins around.

The camera now stares at Gabe. Gabe looks back, overcome with the fear of being watched.

Billy turns back to Gabe, whose face is still filled with badly suppressed paranoia. He sighs and stands up to meet him. Billy grabs onto Gabe's shoulders and rears his attention to himself.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Hey, look at me. Don't look at it.
Listen, I'm not sure what we're
dealing with anymore. But we're gonna
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
figure it out, alright? Together.

Gabe's face lowers back down to the Earth a little. His eyes meet Billy's. He nods. Billy turns away and in a moment snaps off the camera's power button.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Billy and Gabe now rest against a car, having lunch. Gabe takes small, quaint sips from a cup while Billy takes large bites out of a burger.

Nearly at the end of a bite, Billy breaks the silence.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Okay. No matter what, we need the rest of the footage. Otherwise we don't know what the camera knows. If that's even, like, the thing that's actually happening.

GABRIEL
Uh, yeah.

BILLY
But I'm guessing Chris isn't the type of guy to let his ego rest?

GABRIEL
Yeah. Not sure he's gonna let us have the footage now that I've...

Gabe starts weakly miming the actions of a fight, end then a punch, with his fists. He makes a little weak sound effect when he mimes the fake punch. Billy gives him a look that makes it clear any thoughts on that little gesture will stay in his head.

BILLY
Okay.
(pause)
So, we need a way to get Chris out of the way.

Billy stands up and walks forward a foot or two.

BILLY (CONT'D)
This place. Is strangely peaceful.
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
Y'know, relatively.

GABRIEL
Yeah. No cameras out here. I think, at least.

Billy's body spins back around to face Gabe again.

BILLY
What about the camera?

GABRIEL
Nothing, it's just...

Gabe's eyes trail, and he stares for a moment. Out at nothing, or maybe something. How would he know? He twitches a little, as if a spider had crawled onto his shoulder.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
...nothing. Don't worry about it.

Gabe's eyes fade, and he stares out into the distance. Billy looks at him, a slow dark wave of despair floating over his face and the interaction.

Billy looks away from Gabe, and around the parking lot. He examines its emptiness, and feels less safe than he did a moment ago. His relative peace is broken into his own discordant chaos.

BILLY
Chaos. We need to start some chaos.
That's how we get the footage. That's how we figure out what the hell's happening here.

GABRIEL
How do we do that?

BILLY
A film doesn't *just* have a director.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Monica walks down a thin hallway and down a stairwell. Before she reaches the bottom, a voice calls out to her.

GABRIEL

Monica!

Reacting to the echo and the person making it, Monica's small and loud figure stops and gives Gabe a wide, subtly intimidating look. She's irritated already.

MONICA

(slightly backhanded tone)

Hi, Gabe! How are you? Didn't expect to see you here, today!

GABRIEL

Hey, Monica. I'm- I'm good. So hey, I need to tell you something.

MONICA

About how you decked our director?

GABRIEL

(feigning shock)

No! No, that's something...

(pause)

...okay so it's actually about that.

MONICA

(mocking)

Oh I'm interested to hear this.

GABRIEL

I know that you're messing around with Chris.

Monica's face drops from irritated and amused to crazed fury, boiling just underneath the large bug eyes that are currently drilling bullet holes into Gabe.

MONICA

(badly holding back anger)

What else do you *know*, Gabriel?

Gabe pauses, unsure of what reaction his following words will pull out of Monica. He breathes in, and out.

GABRIEL

Chris is still dating the other girl. He's cheating on her with you.

Gabe again pauses, waiting for the shockwave of Monica's explosion. Instead, at the top of the staircase, Monica stays still, her face now silhouetted by a light behind her into a

dark, cold form. The staircase is silent.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Glass SMASHES into the ground. Down the hall, Monica hounds Christopher. Their argument explodes and vibrates throughout the building. Out of a lonely hall, still hearing the echoes of the shallow argument, Gabe sneaks by, leading Billy to the office.

They move down the hall, illuminated by the shine on the tile floor. Gabe moves faster than Billy, who carefully looks around, making sure the now-distant, yet ever-present, argument doesn't make its way back to them.

INT. FILM OFFICE - DAY

The two burst into the office. Billy slows down and stays by the door, which he keeps slightly open. Gabe stops his movement in response to Billy's pause.

GABRIEL

Wha- what're we doing?

BILLY

I'm keeping watch. You get the footage.

GABRIEL

Okay, okay...

Gabe rushes over to the table and finds the hard drive again.

"CHRIS MASTERPIECE STUFF".

Gabe sighs, and takes the drive. He rips out his laptop and plugs the two into each other. He scans through the files with quick, calculated precision.

While looking down the hallway, listening into the reverberating fight between the two, Billy chimes in with a casual thought.

BILLY

To be honest, this is looking more like a Chris-made issue to me. He seems to be the most involved, somehow.

GABRIEL

What the hell?

Billy's head swings over to Gabe, who stares at the glow of his computer screen. On the screen, a video plays.

A young man in a white t-shirt begins recording. Its JOSH.

The room inside the video is dark. Near black. The video is blurry and shifting. Josh's hands no longer touch the camera, or anything, really. As the camera gives Gabe brief glimpses of Josh's face, his eyes bulge in a excited mania.

JOSH

Go ahead, show me what you've got.

(pause)

Come on.

A pause. The diluted audio of the broken air conditioner in the blackness of Josh's video fills the silence. Then the camera begins to move.

JOSH (CONT'D)

HAHA! Yes!

(calms down quickly)

There you go!

The camera's vision clunkily shifts left, and then right. Its focus keeps moving back to Josh's face. it moves unlike a machine. It moves in an unorganized, difficult fashion- like an organism.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Great job. Great job.

(pause)

Now let's try some more physical movement.

Josh reaches above the view of the camera, and stops the recording. The moment before the recording stops, the camera seems to look up at Josh's arm as he reaches over.

Gabe turns around to see Billy, who's face has turned into bewilderment. No words are spoken in between them. Gabe turns back and continues scrolling through the videos. His eyes suddenly focus intensely onto his screen.

GABRIEL

Wait.

BILLY

What? What's up?

GABRIEL

The day after Josh's video. That was the day I showed up on set. I was there.

Gabe's face slowly moves from deep intensity to panicked worry. He starts scrolling faster, before landing on one video at the bottom of the screen. It's the same day.

Gabe's face is now blown open. Stuck in the place of pure fear. He opens the video, and plays it.

A bright sunny day illuminates a still recording of a wall. Monica tries to walk out from behind it, before Christopher's voice interrupts the take like a train hitting a cardboard box.

CHRISTOPHER

CUT! Cut!

Monica slumps into an obviously aggravated position. Christopher rushes into frame and approaches her.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Josh! Come look at the light on her!
It makes her look worse!

Josh, in his white t-shirt, jogs over to the duo next to the wall.

MONICA

Worse?! So you're saying I'm already bad-looking?

CHRISTOPHER

No, obviously that's not what I'm saying. What I am saying is that you look terrible *right now*.

MONICA

Oh that makes me feel peachy, Chris.

The camera loses interest in the argument, and begins turning. Josh, over by the wall, seems to notice for a second, before turning back toward the conversation.

Gabe's eyes again shift. Something sadder washes over him as he watches the video.

The camera spots its target. Gabriel sits there, in the grass. Alone. He plucks at the strands of grass and slouches

which crossed legs. A instinctual frown sits on his face as he plucks away.

The video pauses. Billy's finger lifts off the space bar, and its owner turns his face towards Gabe. Gabe's face has returned to that position. To the frown.

GABRIEL

(quiet, introspective)

I don't know why. That felt... really bad to watch. I feel worse now.

The room is quiet. Billy stares at Gabe with his eyes larger than normal. Concern makes Billy's face look slightly younger than he really is.

Gabe turns toward Billy, his eyes still lonely.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I wanna see that camera.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK ROOM - DAY

The two burst into the Black Room, only to stop once they see the room itself. Gabe steps forward a tad.

The camera is gone.

GABRIEL

(with anger)

What? Where did it go? What happened to it?

Silence fills the room.

BILLY

Gabe.

Gabe turns back around to see Billy.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What's Josh's address?

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S CAR - DAY

The two sit in silence as they drive to Josh's house. Billy notices Gabe's slowly-boiling anger.

BILLY
You okay, Gabe?

GABRIEL
(stern)
Yeah.
(pause)
I'm fine.

EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Billy and Gabe round the corner as they walk around the outside of a large apartment building. Gabe leads Billy to one door in particular.

BILLY
This is it?

GABRIEL
Yeah.

Billy looks down at the door handle. The door is open, slightly. Billy's eyes become more stoic.

Gabe lifts his fist up to knock on the door.

BILLY
Wait.

Billy uses his arm to push open the door gently, with slow precision.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

The two stand in the glowing doorway of a black apartment. Tables and stools sit ajar and knocked over. Several notebooks and papers scatter the space. Smoke rests inside, aging the room.

The two slowly move in, cautious to stir a single grain of dust. Gabe moves over to the ruined chairs and furniture. Billy gravitates towards the notebooks. He picks one up and begins to page through it.

While Billy pages through the book, Gabe takes notice of a small red light down the hall, blinking. He follows it into the blackness. A ring, something dark and shadow like, glistens like glass. It's some sort of visual receptacle- an EYE stares at Gabe. Its blackness conceals any intention or communication. It's distant, far from us. Or, maybe, too close.

Billy takes notice of a page of scattered notes, written by Josh. On the page, Josh questions the camera's existence, too. Massive sketched words write: WHAT IS IT, WHERE FROM?

BILLY

(under his breath)

God damnit.

(louder, speaking voice)

Hey Gabe, I'm pretty sure we're not getting any answers here. Not even Josh knew-

Billy turns around to show Gabe the notebook, only to stop. No one is there. The hall is dark.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Gabe?

Nothing. The dark hallway rests still. Billy moves to become parallel to the corridor. There is no longer any red light.

Silence.

SMASH.

Down the hall. A sudden noise. Billy jumps. Against every instinct he knows, he moves down the hall.

CRUNCH.

Another hit. This time, Billy is closer. He hears it better. He stops his slow movement for a moment, before resuming.

CRACK.

Billy's face shifts one last time. His fear now fuels a determination. He hits a corner and turns into a bedroom.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Gabe sits on top of the camera, its tripod caught under his legs. He lifts a hammer up, and then swings down onto the camera, like a massive gorilla swinging its arms.

SHATTER.

The camera seems to almost squeeze out a last SNAP of the lenses opening and closing, before Gabe turns around to Billy, his hands covered in blood.

GABRIEL

So, I guess it really does bleed, huh?

Billy stares at the absurd situation resting before him. After a moment, his face falls into a blank resignation.

BILLY

Okay, yeah. It does.

Billy trudges over to Gabe and guides him up.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Come on. This place is dead. It's not for people like us.

The two shuffle out of the room.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Billy and Gabe walk slowly down the hall, and towards the door, which lets in an bursting beam of light. The two move into the doorway, and into the light. Billy shuts the door behind him, returning the desolate apartment to darkness.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Out of the darkness, the lens of the dead camera comes into frame. Below it, against the floor, blood pools.

A red light blinks, somewhere in the black void.

FADE TO BLACK.

