

BLAIR WITCH II

By

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Original Story By

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FIRST DRAFT (Revised)

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BLACK SCREEN

And in that darkness, white words silently FADE UP:

**The following is based on actual events. Some dramatic re-creation was necessary for reasons that will become obvious.**

Beat. And then slowly swelling up is the sound of panicked hyperventilation--spasms of words and weeping:

VOICE (HEATHER DONAHUE)  
I'm...scared...to close my eyes--

SMASH UP ON

the teary and terrified EYES of HEATHER DONAHUE (the now ubiquitous scene from "Blair Witch Project" of her confessing to the camera):

HEATHER DONAHUE

--I'm scared to open them.  
(beat)  
We're going to die out here--

--then, suddenly, this image of Heather FREEZE FRAMES. And we hear the incongruously perky Voice of ABC's DEBORAH ROBERTS:

DEBORAH ROBERTS (V.O.)  
--she'd be a much happier camper  
if she'd lived to see this weekend's  
grosses--

--abruptly, the freeze-framed image of Heather goes squeeze-boxing up into the upper left corner of the screen, revealing:

That we're watching ABC WORLD NEWS SUNDAY--the date bannered at the bottom of the screen: **August 1, 1999**. Reporter Deborah Roberts sits behind the Anchor Desk reading TelePrompTer copy:

DEBORAH ROBERTS  
In only its first week of wide  
release, "The Blair Witch Project"  
has taken in a whopping 36 million  
at the nation's box office. Not too  
bad for an independent film that was  
reportedly made for less than the  
cost of your average Buick--

CUT TO:

News Video - Day. The Angelika Theatre, New York City. Big and bold on the marquee: "Blair Witch Project." Tracking shot away from the theatre and down the street, to see:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
--lines to see the new film  
stretching five blocks long down  
Houston Street--and this was for a  
10 a.m. show--

CUT TO:

Close On the long line - Two YOUNG MEN in their late teens being interviewed on camera:

YOUNG MAN #1  
--to get the holy sh--  
(BLEEP!)  
--scared outta me, man, what do  
you think?

YOUNG MAN #2  
I heard last night they had people  
runnin' screamin' out of the theatre--

CUT TO:

The last scene of BWP projected on a big screen--Heather Donahue running screaming down the stairs inside the house--and seeing Mike standing facing the wall--

WHIP BACK

to see that we're inside a theatre, and the audience watching this

is collectively shrieking with surprise--

--and then collectively shrieking even louder as Heather is hit from behind and goes down, camera with her.

CUT TO:

Another Theatre - Night - Video of an Audience exiting the film.

One YOUNG WOMAN being interviewed is particularly shaken:

YOUNG WOMAN

...the kid...Mike...he was turned around towards the wall 'cause that's what that guy in 1940 made all the little kids do before he killed them--

A gaggle of Male Teenagers pass by in b.g. of the shot. One of them shouts:

TEENAGER

Just a movie, baby!

The Young Woman looks confused for a moment. Looks into the camera:

YOUNG WOMAN

....no...it was real, what we saw  
....wasn't it?--

CUT TO:

Telecast of MARY HART on the set of "Entertainment Tonight."

MARY HART

--whatever you want to call it,  
"Blair Watch" is definitely the Cinderella story of the summer, if not the century, with now an 80 million dollar gross in just two weeks--

CUT TO:

News Video of a 30ish GUY railing at the People waiting to purchase tickets to BWP:

30ISH GUY

--save your money, it's all bullshit hype! Blair Witch sucks!--

CUT TO:

Some STONER being interviewed on camera:

STONER

--all repeat business, dude--I know morons who've seen the stupid thing like three times in one day.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How many times have you seen the film?

STONER

Like maybe five. But not in one

(BLEEP)  
-ing day--

CUT TO:

Critic LEONARD MALTIN holding forth on-air:

MALTIN  
--it taps into our universal primal fears: of the boogeyman, of the things that go bump in the night-- there's something out there, you can't see it, and it's coming for you--

CUT TO:

Video of more audience exit interviews. Two YOUNG MEN in their 20s:

YOUNG MAN #1  
--I'll tell you what was scary: trying to keep my lunch down. If that stupid camera jiggled one more time--

YOUNG MAN #2  
--some guy the row in front of me actually did toss--

CUT TO:

WOMAN holding a baby.

WOMAN  
--it was just so real--

CUT TO:

Solemn-looking GEEKY GUY:

GEEKY GUY  
--it was real--

CUT TO:

Dubious-looking TEENAGE GIRL:

TEENAGE GIRL  
--you gotta be kidding me-- there's people out there think "Blair Witch" was real??--

CUT TO:

Bespectacled MAN IN SUIT:

MAN IN SUIT  
--the story of the three students was fiction. The legend of the Blair Witch is, apparently, true, however--

CUT TO:

DIANE SAWYER on "Good Morning America."

DIANE SAWYER

--the brass tacks of the matter is, love it or hate it, "Blair Witch" has escalated from being merely another cinema success story to a genuine nationwide phenomenon--if not obsession. Profits from merchandising tie-ins going through the roof--

CUT AWAY TO:

Montage of Blair Witch paraphernalia:

--t-shirts and other apparel

--keychains

--posters

--the books-The Blair Witch Project: A Dossier; Heather's Journal

--the CD "Josh's Blair Witch Mix"

DIANE SAWYER (V.O.)

--the official "Blair Witch" web-site now having received 75 million "hits" to date--

--shot of computer screen, on-line: The Blair Witch Store

DIANE SAWYER (V.O.)

--with that web-site, in just a matter of a few weeks, begatting dozens more web-sites, with chat rooms so packed with fans and foes you're lucky to get a cyber-word in edge-wise--

CUT TO:

Computer Screen showing a Chat Room in progress--exchanges flying back and forth like lightning:

**GIRLGENIUS:** if story true, then how come end credits list "written by"???

**WARLOX:** all docs are written by--somebody has to put all the pieces together like a story

**K-RATIONAL:** that's EDITING, idiot--they made whole thing up--those were actors

**CHERUBIM-BO:** then how come characters had same names as "actors"

**AK-47:** you call that acting

**C.I.A-LIST:** Congrats any U bought into big lie that BWP phony have successfully been suckered by dis-info campaign waged by U.S. govt they don't want us TO KNOW TRUTH

CUT TO:

Video interview with RONALD CRAVENS, Sheriff of Burkittsville. He's standing at the corner where the Union Cemetery abuts Route 17.

SHERIFF

--the truth is, this movie's probably been the best and worst thing ever happen to this town. The good thing--well, take a look down East Main there--

CAMERA PANS

past him towards a stretch of two-lane blacktop with stores on either side.

SHERIFF

--we've got people pouring in here like it's Times Square, some of 'em all the way from Europe, Japan. A whole lot of money being spent. The bad?

He points to a white wooden post stuck in the shoulder of the road.

SHERIFF

There used to be a sign on it, "Welcome to Burkittsville." They showed it in the movie. Somebody wanna show me where it is now? I swear to God, these people, they're coming in and making off with everything isn't nailed down. There's two other signs I had to take down myself, put away for safekeeping 'til this whole damn thing's finally over.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

When did you think that'll be?

SHERIFF

Just pray we get to see it this lifetime.

CUT TO:

Video footage - Burkittsville Union Cemetery. Two KIDS wearing Ohio State jackets. Wandering around, confused, with gravestone-rubbing kits under their arms.

KID #1

Can't seem to find 'em.

KID #2

Gotta be around here somewhere-- right here's where Heather stood in the movie.

Kid #1 looks into the camera.

KID #1

We're trying to find the graves of those seven kids Rustin Parr killed.

KID #2

Lotta dead kids--just can't find any died later than like 1867.

Kid #1 stops, squints. The camera travels with his gaze: atop nearly every other grave marker is a black candle melted into the stone.

KID #1

What do you think all these candles are for?

KID #2

I wouldn't touch 'em.

CUT BACK TO:

Sheriff Cravens on Video.

SHERIFF

Nothing much we can do--just enforce the curfew. Which is dusk, for both the cemetery and the Black Hills Forest.

CUT TO:

Aerial shot of the Black Hills area: we see packs of people everywhere.

CUT TO:

The overgrown foundation of Rustin Parr's house in the middle of the woods. Manic-eyed Teenagers proudly display their souvenirs for the camera: rocks and cement slivers.

TEEN #1

This is what you call "striking gold."

TEEN #2

Fifty bucks a pop minimum back in Philly.

CUT BACK TO:

The Sheriff on tape.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

There seems to be some controversy whether or not any of this actually happened.

SHERIFF

That what actually happened.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

The three kids who disappeared, everything that was in the movie, the whole Blair Witch legend.

The Sheriff just stares for a beat towards the Interviewer like he/she's completely insane. Then turns and walks away, rubbing his eyes with a thumb and forefinger like a headache the size of Manitoba just hit him.

SHERIFF

You'll excuse me--

CUT TO:

An office in L.A. Big "Artisan Entertainment" logo on the wall. A well-turned out Gentleman (or Woman) who exudes "EXECUTIVE" smiles gently for the camera.

ARTISAN EXECUTIVE

--the only statement we feel comfortable making at this time is: we're happy the film's been such a success; we grieve with the families of Heather, Josh and Mike. Now, if you'll excuse me--

CUT TO:

Dusk. Sheriff Cravens leaning on his car on a road at the edge of the forest.

SHERIFF

--this is the only reality I know: we're averaging about four lost rubberneckers a week up in these woods.

The Sheriff puts a bullhorn to his lips; bellows into the woods:

SHERIFF

Get outta these damn woods and go home! There is nothing in there!

SMASH TO BLACK

And silence. White words again appear in the darkness:

**NINE MONTHS LATER**

Music begins to be heard under it--uber Goth: Type O Negative's "Haunted." It suddenly swells--to ear-shatter proportions.

SMASH UP ON

EXT. A VAN - IN MOTION - HIGHWAY - DAY

Zippping fast down U.S. Route 70--West. We see the mileage signs on both sides of the median indicating where they're coming from and where they're now going: from Baltimore, towards Frederick, Maryland. (NOTE: this is shot on 16 or 35mm film, which will be the medium of "reality" for the rest of the movie.)

The music that's blaring isn't underscoring--it's coming from inside the Van. As is a WOMAN'S VOICE (ANNA) shouting over it:

ANNA (O.S.)

You want to turn that shit down just a hair??

INT. THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON the Driver of the Van, a grunged-out 25 year old with shoulder-length hair, a well-worn black "Blair Witch Project" t-



shirt and cap: COTTER KALLER. He yells towards the backseat:

COTTER  
Shit? This is from "Josh's Blair  
Witch Mix," man!

ANNA (O.S.)  
Down or off--you're giving me a  
migraine.

COTTER  
(muttering)  
Christ.

He turns the volume down.

COTTER  
(petulant)  
Just trying to set the mood for the  
mission--get the "feeling."

ANNA (O.S.)  
Only thing I'm feeling is homicidal.

Cotter grumbles. Then a wicked grin hits his lips. Turns to the  
unseen Man sitting next to him in the passenger seat:

COTTER  
Hold this.

NICK (O.S.)  
What?

COTTER  
The wheel.

He clamps Nick's hand on the steering wheel, picks up the 8mm  
Camcorder beside him, turns around, and starts shooting into the  
back seat.

POV OF VIDEO CAMCORDER

On a not-very-happy-at-the-moment-looking Blonde Woman.

ANNA TASSIO - ON VIDEO

age 20. She rolls her eyes as Cotter begins narrating:

COTTER (O.S.)  
The bitched-out babe in back here  
is one Anna Tassio--we met one  
dark and stormy night in a Blair  
Witch chat room, we all did--

ANNA  
--Christ almighty--

COTTER (O.S.)  
--but she was nicer then--sweeter--  
she hadn't vomited twice already  
like today--

ANNA  
--it's called "morning sickness,"

asshole--

COTTER (O.S.)  
(editorial aside)  
--a six week bun in the oven--

NICK (O.S.)  
(wearily)  
--Cotter, just turn the camera  
off?

Cotter responds by panning the Camcorder towards the passenger seat. We see on video:

NICK LEAVITT

a lanky 21 year old wearing wire-rims.

COTTER (O.S.)  
This is her equally on-the-rag boy-  
friend, Nick Leavitt--

NICK  
--turn the camera off--

COTTER (O.S.)  
--they're from UMass, doing some  
kind of fucking term paper--

NICK  
--Graduate Thesis--

COTTER (O.S.)  
--about the Witch--

VOICE FROM BACK SEAT  
--she doesn't exist--

NICK  
--you got that right--

THE CAMERA pans again into the back seat, showing HEATHER ARENDT, 19, with a huge mane of fire-engine red hair.

HEATHER  
--and if she ever did--

ANNA (O.S.)  
--which she may have--

NICK (O.S.)  
--bullshit--

HEATHER  
--she wasn't a witch--we embrace  
nature, not evil--

COTTER (O.S.)  
--thank you, Heather Arendt--and  
arend't we glad you're here--a real  
witch--

HEATHER  
--fuckin' A right--

NICK

--Cotter--

COTTER

--a Wiccan--

NICK (O.S.)

--turn the goddamn camera off!

The Camcorder swings back to Nick.

NICK

We're not making Blair Witch II here.

COTTER (O.S.)

I am.

One big blur of a pan--Cotter's turned the camcorder on himself. He issues his manifesto:

COTTER

And let it be known--before we even get to Burkittsville--it's gonna be an eighteen thousand times better movie--for half the cost--

HEATHER (O.S.)

--which'd be about ten bucks--

COTTER

--and unlike the first one, every second of it's gonna be true! "Blair Witch: The Real Story!"

NICK (O.S.)

Cotter?

COTTER

I'm not finished.

NICK (O.S.)

We're all going to be if you don't hit the brakes.

The Camcorder WHIP=PANS towards the windshield:

The Van is about to plow into the rear of a

HUGE COCA-COLA TRUCK

COTTER (O.S.)

Jee-zuz!

Visual pandemonium as the Camcorder goes flying from his hands and down next to the

BRAKE PEDAL

We see both of COTTER'S FEET smash down on the pedal. Hear O.S.: screeching of the passengers--screeching of the brake shoes--screaming of the tires as the Van swerves into the next lane--and then an angry symphony of CAR HORNS.

HEATHER (O.S.)  
You're a complete fucking idiot,  
aren't you?

COTTER (O.S.)  
Hey, Mr. Graduate Fucking Thesis  
here was s'posed to be driving!

NICK (O.S.)  
You drive, I'll handle the video,  
okay?

COTTER (O.S.)  
Fine.

We see the view from the Camcorder as it's scooped up from the Van  
floor and brought back up to eye-level again.

ON NICK'S FACE

As he waves two fingers at the lens.

NICK  
Bye-bye--

--and the Video zaps to black.

SMASH BACK TO - FILM

Where Nick can be seen tossing the camcorder into the backseat.  
Anna catches it, puts it in a back pack and zips it.

COTTER  
What're you doing?

NICK  
This isn't about us.

COTTER  
Right. And the check's in the mail.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. THE VAN - TWO HOURS LATER - DAY

Doing a relaxed 35 down the narrow ribbon of Route 17. Rural farm  
country. The weather's turned grey--making all the 19th Century-  
vintage houses and barns they pass look dismal, if not a little  
foreboding.

NICK  
Cheery little place.

ANNA  
It's like traveling back in time.

HEATHER  
The good old days: toasting marsh-  
mallows over a burning witch.

NICK  
They never burned witches in this  
country, they hanged them.

HEATHER

Whatever--all I know is the persecution's going to start all over again, they keep pumping out inflammatory bullshit like this fucking movie--

COTTER

--hey: check that out!

Ahead of them, at a crossroads, is a sign:

**Welcome to Burkittsville**

COTTER

'Thought those all got stolen.

ANNA

Guess they thought it was safe to put some up again.

COTTER

Think again.

He starts to slow the Van alongside the sign.

COTTER

Somebody wanna hand me that claw hammer in back--

--Nick pushes Cotter's leg back down on the accelerator. The Van jerks past the sign and down the road.

NICK

Get busted on your own time. We've got a schedule to keep.

Cotter just glares at him.

COTTER

Was it every day or just semi-weekly you got your ass kicked as a kid?

NICK

(ignoring him)

Now you can bring the vehicle to a stop: there on the left.

EXT. BURKITTSVILLE UNION CEMETERY - JUST AFTER

The four of them stand there by the sign to the graveyard. Anna searching the gray horizon.

COTTER

Why are we here?

ANNA

She e-mailed me yesterday this is where we should meet her.

COTTER

Who?

NICK  
Whatzername--the "psychic" Anna  
hired.

ANNA  
Domini. Domini Von Teer.

COTTER  
What's she look like?

ANNA  
No idea, just talked to her on  
the 'Net--she's very good.

NICK  
So says her website.

ANNA  
She is--she's helped solve a  
bunch of murders: Arizona, New  
Mexico--

COTTER  
--how old?

ANNA  
I dunno, probably right up  
there, based on her resume.

COTTER  
Then there she blows.

Cotter points to

THE WOODS

near the far edge of the cemetery. Standing there is an old, gaunt  
and particularly Unattractive Woman, staring at them.

COTTER  
Terrific--and I was afraid I  
wasn't going to get laid on this  
trip.

The four of them start tromping towards her.

NICK  
Jesus.

ANNA  
What?

NICK  
That's not whatzername--it's  
Mary Brown.

COTTER  
From-the-movie-Mary-Brown,  
Trailer Park Bible Psycho?

HEATHER  
Oh, for chrissake, she was  
an actor.

ANNA

No, the kids were actors, the townspeople were real. Her, the Sheriff, the Convenience Store guy--

NICK

--whatever; that's her.

FLASHBACK - B&W

To the interview with Mary Brown from "Blair Witch Project." The years have apparently not been kind: she looks a good two decades younger.

CUT BACK TO - THE PRESENT

They're less than 20 feet now from MARY BROWN.

She speaks without expression:

MARY BROWN

What do you want?

ANNA

Just came over to say hello.

MARY BROWN

It's five bucks for signin' something; ten for signin' a Bible; twenty, you want to take a picture with me. Any kind've conversation, that's subject to negotiation.

COTTER

(sotto)

I don't believe this.

HEATHER

(sotto)

I do.

NICK

Thanks just the same. I think we're fine.

MARY BROWN

Heather's not.

Heather double-takes.

HEATHER

Me?

MARY BROWN

Heather. I saw her. Elly Kedward's hands were on her throat, and she was sucking out the girl's insides with her mouth.

COTTER

(to Heather)

Heather from the movie.

Mary Brown shakes her head.

MARY BROWN

Heather.

NICK

Been a pleasure meeting you;  
we need to go now.

He hustles the other three back towards the cemetery.

HEATHER

I take it back--she wasn't an  
actor. She's a nutjob.

COTTER

That's what Josh and Mike said.

HEATHER

Shut-up.

TIME CUT TO:

The cemetery. Everyone spread out looking for:

ANNA

Domino? Domini Von Teer...??

Beat. And then, out of nowhere, seemingly just plunging right out  
of the earth

AN ARM

extends into the air not far from them. Paper-pale and stick-thin,  
almost skeletal.

DOMINI

Present.

They walk over. See, lying atop a cracked granite marker, a  
Young Woman who can't be more than 18. Heroin-chic skinny. All in  
black, including her make-up--uber Goth: DOMINI VON TEER.

ANNA

Domini?

DOMINI

Yes.

ANNA

What're you doing there?

DOMINI

Trying to find the energy.

ANNA

Inside the grave?

DOMINI

To stand up--I'm exhausted. Been  
on the road since yesterday.

COTTER



You want a hand?

DOMINI  
I want amphetamines.

Cotter helps her up.

COTTER  
Beer and weed is what I've got.

DOMINI  
Both. Now.

Anna and Heather look at the faded marker Domini's been lying on.  
It says:

**BOY KURTH**  
**May 28 '00**

HEATHER  
Sweet place to take a nap.

ANNA  
Strange girl.

HEATHER  
You think so?

As they walk away, Heather sees Mary Brown across the cemetery,  
staring at her.

EXT/INT. THE VAN - LATER - AFTERNOON

Snaking its way down the road that wends through the Black Forest  
Hills.

INSIDE

Domini and her second beer have commandeered the shotgun seat, Nick  
relegated to a tight squeeze in the back seat. Dead silence. She's  
slightly unnerving. Finally:

COTTER  
So, I hear you're from New Mexico!

DOMINI  
Sometimes.

ANNA  
Her father's Sheriff of Taos  
County.

DOMINI  
Sometimes. Where are we going?

NICK  
Ruins of the Rustin Parr house.

DOMINI  
Guy who killed all the kids in the  
'40s.

COTTER  
("Outer Limits" tremolo)  
"The Voiiiiices made him do it."

ANNA  
The Witch's voice.

HEATHER  
She wasn't a witch.

NICK  
Whatever.

DOMINI  
I hear voices all the time.

That pretty much kills the rest of the conversation.

EXT. THE VAN - LATER - AFTERNOON

Parked at the edge of the woods. Back-packs being hauled out of the rear, camping gear, video equipment.

DOMINI  
What is all this shit?

NICK  
We're doing dusk-till-dawn taping of all the places where there've been alleged Blair Witch "sightings" --the Parr House, Coffin Rock, Tappy Creek.

DOMINI  
Why?

NICK  
See what turns up--which I guarantee will be nothing. Some of the rest of the party are more hopeful--

HEATHER  
--or incredibly fucking naive.

ANNA  
Hey, folklore--

NICK  
--myth--

ANNA  
--doesn't just pop out of thin air. It spins off of real events. At some point there was a Blair Witch--

NICK  
--or one huge attack of group hysteria.

COTTER  
(snide)  
Either way, maybe there's a book in it, and they both make a ton of money.

NICK  
(snapping)  
It's a serious sociological study.

DOMINI  
The four of you really have too much spare fucking time on your hands, don't you?

HEATHER  
And what's your excuse for being here?

NICK  
She got paid.

DOMINI  
(shrugs)  
I thought the movie was bitchin'.

EXT. THE WOODS - SOON AFTER

Mammoth backpacks strapped on, the five begin walks into the forest.

COTTER  
Wait a sec!

He spins and runs back towards the Van.

NICK  
What?

Through the trees, they see Cotter place a pint of bottled water on the roof of the Van. Starts video-ing it as he walks away.

HEATHER  
He really is a fucking idiot.

EXT. DEEPER IN THE WOODS - LATER - AFTERNOON

Slogging up a 45-degree angled hill. This is not exactly Sir Edmund Hillary and Co.--the five of them already look exhausted.

HEATHER  
Didn't we already do this hill?

Nick is staring at three different maps at once as he walks.

NICK  
No.

ANNA  
You sure?

NICK  
Yes.

COTTER  
Terrific: an hour, we're already lost--

--and then a look of trepidation crosses Cotter's face--

FLASH TO:

Footage from "Blair Witch Project"--panic, as Heather, Josh and Mike realize they've spent all day walking in a circle.

NICK (V.O.)

Cotter?

CUT BACK TO - PRESENT

Nick's glaring at him.

COTTER

What?

NICK

Look over there.

Cotter looks up: less than 500 yards ahead can be seen the ruins of an Old House.

COTTER

Okay, but--

NICK

--now there.

--Nick is pointing behind him. Cotter looks. From the atop the hill he can see down to the road--and his Van with the water bottle on the roof.

COTTER

Oh. Cool.

EXT. THE PARR RUINS - SHORTLY AFTER

All the backpacks and miscellaneous tonnage is already dumped on the ground. The five of them stretch their legs, massage sore shoulders and lower backs, while sightseeing the remnants of the old house and its environs.

Cotter, not surprisingly, is taping everything.

POV CAMCORDER

a huge bite taken out of one of the walls of the foundation, stone, brick and soil strewn everywhere around it.

COTTER (O.S.)

Where they found the backpacks and all the film a year later.

ANNA (O.S.)

Buried deep under 200 years worth of soil, ash, and compost layers.

DOMINI (O.S.)

Yeah, that was a cluster-fuck for the mind.

NICK/HEATHER (O.S.)

If it happened at all.

Suddenly, the camcorder image starts shaking wildly.

CUT BACK TO - FILM

Cotter seen running full-tilt towards Heather, who's facing one of the interior foundation walls. He's jiggling the camera like he's got St. Vitus dance.

CUT BACK TO - VIDEO

We hear Cotter doing a passable Heather Donahue impression-- screeching as the shaking video image PUSHES IN right towards Heather Arendt's face.

COTTER (O.S.)

Mike! Miiiiiiiike! Noooooo!

Heather turns, scowling, and puts her hand over the lens.

CUT BACK TO - FILM

Heather pushing the camcorder out of her face.

HEATHER

You're not only an idiot, you're a goddamn child.

COTTER

Why does everyone here but me have have a gigantic stick up their ass?

DOMINI

Hey! Check this out!

CUT TO - CAMCORDER POV:

On one of the foundation's interior walls: a gobbledygook of tiny handprints and strange, angular glyphs.

DOMINI (O.S.)

Look at those marks--just like in the movie.

NICK (O.S.)

Ancient runes--

COTTER (O.S.)

--what the fuck's a "rune"?--

CUT BACK TO - FILM

Nick erasing half the marks with one sweep of his palm.

NICK

--chalked just hours ago by ancient adolescents. It's called vandalism.

ANNA

What is this?

All turn. She's pointing to the large, leafy tree with branches stretching everywhere above them.

COTTER

Oak?

ANNA

No. What's it doing here in the middle of the foundation?

HEATHER

Growing. This place burnt down 50 years ago. Trees happen.

Nick flips through a voluminous loose-leaf notebook--points out a page to Anna.

NICK

Look it's right here--from the Blair Witch "Dossier"--the sketch the anthropology students made of their dig when they found the backpack.

The sketch shows a spindly growth in the middle of the foundation, no more than six feet high.

ANNA

That's a sapling--this mother's got to be three hundred years old, minimum.

NICK

It's a sketch, Anna--it's not to-scale cartography; the tree was not the kids' focus--

ANNA

--do you agree it's that old, Nick?

NICK

Okay, fine, whatever, yes--it's an old tree.

HEATHER

Why don't you just cut it down and count the goddamn rings--who cares?

ANNA

Because it means the tree is older than the house.

COTTER

Yeah, so?

ANNA

So whoever built this--

--Nick rustles through the loose-leaf--

NICK

--brother of Rustin Parr's maternal grandfather, somewhere after 1858--

ANNA

--whoever--they built an entire house around a tree. Sticking up right through the living room. Somebody like to explain that to me?

NICK  
The rest of the family was  
crazy as Rusty Parr.

ANNA  
Oh, c'mon--even you have to admit  
this is weird.

NICK  
No--this is weird.

He reaches down and picks one of the now infamous wooden "stick  
men" off the ground.

POV - COTTER'S CAMCORDER - CLOSE UP

Sudden, stunned silence as the camera examines it fore and aft.

And then Nick's hands are seen removing the material that secures  
the Stick Man's "arms" to his "torso." Torso and legs fall to the  
ground, leaving Nick holding a piece of--

CUT BACK TO - FILM

NICK  
--sacred and occult Scotch Tape.

DOMINI  
Rusty Parr had the right idea on  
child care.

EXT. THE PARR RUINS - DUSK

By flashlight, Cotter's fiddling with five vid-cams on tripods that  
have already been set up.

Domini lies within the foundation walls staring up at the sky.  
Finishes the last of Cotter's beer and discards the empty.

Not far from there, Heather's already got her simple one-person  
tent erected.

Adjacent, Nick and Anna are wrestling with the nightmare of trying  
to put up some Barnum & Bailey-size number.

NICK  
Your parents didn't have a bigger  
one?

ANNA  
It was free--I recall that was  
the chief selling point for you.

NICK  
No offense, sweetheart: fuck you.

ANNA  
You know, Nick, you've been  
something of a total asshole  
the past few days.

NICK  
Pardon me, I've had a few things

on my mind--like putting this safari together.

ANNA

Like how weirded-out you are with this pregnancy thing.

NICK

Let's just leave it at: it was one hell of a surprise.

ANNA

You don't want it though.

NICK

Your body, your call.

ANNA

Why is there no "our" here?

NICK

Could we take this up later--like indoors, without half the world listening?

ANNA

You feel no need to get married or anything.

NICK

Anna--

ANNA

--fine, later, fine.

COTTER (O.S.)

Sonovabitch!!

All eyes turn: Cotter's standing 20 feet away with rotted wooden tentpoles and a piece of grommeted canvas that's literally mildew-disintegrating in his hands.

HEATHER

Nice tent.

COTTER

Hadn't even opened the thing since Cub scouts.

HEATHER

Never would've guessed.

COTTER

So where the hell am I going to sleep?

HEATHER

If you're looking at me, look elsewhere.

COTTER

I've got the Panasonic Portable DVD player.



Beat. She stares at him.

HEATHER  
What movies?

COTTER  
Ask me what I don't have.

INT. HEATHER'S TENT - NIGHT

Heather and Cotter jammed in there like Spam, sharing a joint, and watching "Curse of the Blair Witch" on DVD:

The Interview Sequence with folklorist CHARLES MOOREHOUSE, explaining the "origins" of the Blair Witch story--Elly Kedward's banishment, etc.

HEATHER  
What I never could figure about  
the movie?

COTTER  
What?

HEATHER  
Three people: two guys, a girl--  
sleeping in the same motel room,  
the same tent night after night.

COTTER  
Yeah?

HEATHER  
No fucking.

COTTER  
No.

HEATHER  
Made no sense. Scared out of their  
minds, and the greatest stress  
reliever in creation right at  
their fingertips. Nada.

COTTER  
No sense at all.  
(beat)  
I'm a little stressed.

HEATHER  
Try a long walk.

INT. NICK AND ANNA'S TENT - SIMULTANEOUS

It ain't the Ritz, but they did come prepared: air mattresses, big Coleman lanterns, a kerosene heater--and heaps of books and brimming file folders.

They're sitting up in their respective mummy-style sleeping bags, studying documents, making notes--

--when this high-pitched MOANING can be heard outside the tent.

Nick and Anna looks at each other. Nick grabs one of the lanterns

and dashes for the tent door.

EXT. THE TENT - CONTINUOUS

He shines the light slowly out into the foundation ruins--

--and there's Domini, still lying on her back, staring up, cooing:

DOMINI  
Oooh. Oooh.

NICK  
Ah, Domini?

DOMINI  
What?

NICK  
You planning on sleeping out there?

DOMINI  
Not planning on sleeping at all.

She points up into the big oak in the middle of the foundation.

DOMINI  
Oooh. Oooh.

The call comes back to her from the tree: "oooh-oooh."

Nick sees perched high up on one of the branches: A GREAT HORNED OWL. It's staring down at them.

DOMINI  
I figure I lie here long enough,  
maybe he'll swoop down and carry  
me off in his talons.

Nick rolls his eyes and goes back into his tent.

COTTER AND HEATHER

are also watching this from their tent.

HEATHER  
We should be so lucky.

COTTER  
Butt-ugly owl.

They duck back into the tent.

The Owl keeps watching.

FADE TO BLACK.

Several beats. And then in the darkness, a rustling sound is heard. A whisper that sounds like:

VOICE  
...see if it's alive--

CLICK! Then Anna's hand seen--she's just turned on one of the lanterns. Sits up in her sleeping bag. Listens. The sounds have

stopped.

Beat. She gets out of her bag, grabs the lantern, and goes to the tent flap--

EXT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

--and just as she steps outside--

--something strikes her hand--

ANNA

--shit--

--the lantern goes flying into the dirt--

--and suddenly out of the darkness come flying--

LITTLE HANDS

wielding small sharpened sticks--or are they tent pegs?--

--and they stab into Anna's belly again and again, accompanied by shrieks of delight.

Anna screams--

NICK (V.O.)

Who's James?

ANNA TURNS

and finds she's inside the tent, wrapped tight in her sleeping bag. Staring at Nick, who's propped up on his air mattress with a book and a lantern, staring quizzically back at her.

ANNA

(disoriented)

What?

NICK

You said the name "James."

ANNA

I don't know.

She pulls her sleeping bag down, looks at her belly--unmarked, unharmed, bloodless.

NICK

Baby names?

ANNA

I don't know. Nightmare.

NICK

You want me to scooch over next to you?

ANNA

Yes.

EXT. THE RUINS - NIGHT

Domini is still supine, staring upwards.

DOMINI  
This place is like a regular  
K-mart of bad vibes, ain't it,  
pal?

The Owl doesn't respond.

MAN'S VOICE  
(distant)  
Please, someone, help me--

SMASH TO

a static shot of dark, dark woods. The Voice continues to be heard from somewhere deep in there:

MAN'S VOICE  
--somebody, please!

PULL BACK

It's coming from the DVD of "Blair Witch Project."

HEATHER DONAHUE'S VOICE  
Josh?!?

PULL BACK FURTHER

Cotter and Heather Arendt are fast asleep. Must have drifted off during the umpteenth viewing.

MAN'S VOICE  
(much louder)  
Heather???

Heather Arendt is up like a shot.

MAN'S VOICE  
Heather?? Josh???

Mild snort of amusement when she sees the movie's still playing on the DVD. She buttons it off. Starts to lay back down--

MAN'S VOICE  
(loud)  
Heather????

--bolts right back up on the verge of a coronary.

The Man's Voice screams:

MAN'S VOICE  
They're pulling my teeth out!!

Heather literally punches Cotter awake.

COTTER  
Wha' the--

She clamps her hand over his mouth. Beat. They listen--

--suddenly, SCURRYING FOOTSTEPS heard; giggling--

COTTER  
(through her hand)  
--o-fug-me--

MAN'S VOICE  
Heaaaaather???

Cotter wrenches himself away, grabs his little 8mm camcorder--

HEATHER  
(scared)  
What're you, crazy??

COTTER  
(exhilarated)  
What're you, nuts?

He lunges out of the tent, camera already whirring--

EXT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

--and right into a blinding, light-up-the-night battery of halogen lamps.

COTTER  
Jesus!

Halo-ed in the glare of those lights stand

FOUR LARGE TEENAGERS

in various states of grunge. They all but scream of STONERS. One of them's got a huge running Beta-Cam on shoulder, another's hefting a DAT recorder and shotgun mic.

We see Cotter from the POV of these guys camera:

POV BETA-CAM - VIDEO

Cotter shooting back at them with his puny-by-comparison camcorder, his thermal long-johns halfway down his legs.

STONER #1  
Check this out: Burkittsville's  
Funniest Home Videos.

Cotter's still shaking.

COTTER  
Jesus-Jesus-Jesus--

A furious Heather can be seen scrambling out of the tent. Gets right in the lens:

HEATHER (O.S.)  
What the fuck?!?

CUT BACK TO - FILM

The Stoner Cameraman snaps the Beta away from her.

STONER CAMERAMAN  
Hey, that's 50K worth of hi-tech,

chickee.

HEATHER

You gave me a fucking heart attack!

STONER #2

Oh, and you boogied all the way up here to get a good night's sleep.

STONER #3

We just made your every dream come true, darlin'.

HEATHER

Get out of here!

COTTER

What're you doing with all this shit?

STONER #4

Shootin' "Blair Witch II," man-- what's your excuse?

COTTER

Shooting "Blair Witch II."

STONER #2

Oh, dude, I don't think so--that is just not happening.

STONER CAMERAMAN

This is our gig.

STONER #3

We got jurisdiction, man--we got fuckin' permits to be here.

HEATHER

Oh, yeah? Let's see 'em.

STONER #4

They're, uh, like, in the car.

HEATHER

Bullshit.

STONER #2

Let's put it this way: one of us is going, and it's you.

NICK (O.S.)

What's the hassle here?

Nick and Anna appear from their tent.

STONER #2

You and the Brady Bunch, Mr. Scorsese.

STONER CAMERAMAN

You're interfering with the commerce of independent film!

Cotter asides to Nick.

COTTER  
They're making "Blair Witch II," too.

NICK  
No problem, just give us 'til dawn  
and we're gone.

COTTER  
What?

NICK  
Look, guys, we're cold, we're tired  
we're shook--we just want to get out  
of here as soon as there's light.  
We saw something up at Coffin Rock  
today--

ANNA  
(catching on)  
--or someone--

NICK  
--scared the living shit out of  
us.

STONER #3  
What?

NICK  
I don't know, I don't know--

HEATHER  
--yeah, a hand or something--

COTTER  
--coming out of the water--

Now even Domini joins the prevarication party, popping up from  
inside the foundation:

DOMINI  
--stop it! Stop talking about it!  
I'm gonna freak!

ANNA  
(tearing up)  
I just wanna go home.

STONER #3  
(impressed)  
Whoa.

STONER CAMERAMAN  
You didn't get it on tape, didja?

NICK  
Tried, but--

Stoner #2 starts barking orders to his crew:

STONER #2  
Strip it down and ship it out!

Coffin Rock!

They're packed up and ready to move in a flash. Stoner #4 turns as they trot off:

STONER #4

Any other voices or noises you hear tonight--it ain't us.

The Stoners make Josh Leonard-like cries as they disappear back into the darkness;

STONERS (O.S.)

Heather??? Mike???? Somebody???  
Please????

NICK

They were never seen again. Their footage was found a year later--underexposed and useless.

Tired laughter.

NICK

How're the cameras doing?

COTTER

Due for a re-load and battery check. I'll get on it.

HEATHER

'Give you a hand. I think my sleep for the night just ended.

ANNA

Join the club.

NICK

Well, everybody grab a coat, and pull up a rock for a night of witch-watch.

The four campers proceed to their respective tasks.

Domini stays perched on the foundation, watching where the Stoners disappeared. To herself:

DOMINI

Something....really twisted...is going to happen.

She looks up. The Owl's gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

Birds heard in the darkness. And snoring.

FADE UP ON:

INT. NICK AND ANNA'S TENT - DAWN

Cuddled together, fast asleep.

EXT. THE PARR FOUNDATION - SIMULTANEOUS - DAWN



Domini conked out on the grass, curled in a fetal position.

INT. HEATHER'S TENT - SIMULTANEOUS - DAWN

Ditto Heather, sprawled half-in/half-out of her sleeping bag.

Only Cotter is awake--well, making an attempt at it, anyway.  
Squints at his digital watch: 5:45am.

COTTER  
Jesus...wha' happened...

He groggily gets to his knees and dog-walks out of the tent.  
Several beats.

And then we hear outside the tent:

COTTER (O.S.)  
Oh, fuck me! Oh, Jesus!

The cries wake Heather--

INT. NICK AND ANNA'S TENT - SIMULTANEOUS

--as well as Nick and Anna--

EXT. THE PARR FOUNDATION - SIMULTANEOUS

--even Domini, who pops her head up and starts to ask:

DOMINI  
What happ--

--and then she sees; they all see--

COTTER  
--they're all gone!--

--five tripods, all minus the Video cameras they used to support--

COTTER  
--and none of 'em were mine!  
I-am-so-fucked, I-am-so-fucked--  
where the hell was everybody???

NICK  
Asleep--

COTTER  
--what happened to the goddamn  
"Witch-watch???"

NICK  
--I dunno, I just woke up--

DOMINI  
--last thing I remember were those  
four clowns shooting the movie--

COTTER  
--yeah, the goddamn stoners! Who  
you think stole the stuff!?

NICK

Yeah. Got to Coffin Rock, found zip, and came back, ripped off the cameras.

Domini looks at one of the mangled tripods.

DOMINI

Ripped? They look like they were bit off.

NICK

Smells Like Teenage Spirit.

COTTER

This is funny?? This is tens of thousands of fucking dollars!  
(shouts into the woods)  
You pricks! I'll see you in fucking court!!

ANNA (O.S.)

Not the only things missing, Nick.

Nick turns. Anna's at the tent door holding a pile of empty file folders and two looseleaf notebooks that have somehow been torn clean in half. Now Nick's incensed:

NICK

That's almost a year's worth of work!  
(into the woods)  
Scumbags! Oh, Jesus, Jesus....

DOMINI

At least you still have the tapes.

COTTER

One set. Everything from midnight on--

DOMINI

--no, I think they're all in there.

She's pointing to the collapsed section of the basement foundation where the original "Blair Witch Project" Tapes were found.

The other four stop and stare at her.

And then Cotter goes diving in the hole. Beat.

COTTER (O.S.)

Sonovabitch!

And emerges with two grimy handfuls of VHS, Beta, and 8mm video tapes.

HEATHER

Those ours?

Cotter brushes dirt from them; holds them up for inspection.

COTTER

My handwriting on the face

labels.

And then his excitement switches to confusion. Turns to Domini:

COTTER

How'd you know they were--

DOMINI

(shrugs)

--hunch. Just sort've saw 'em there.

COTTER

My ass--you saw those four fucking baboons put 'em there!

DOMINI

No.

NICK

Cotter, I think she's right. Why would those guys go to all the trouble of stealing the camera and all this other stuff and leave the tapes?

COTTER

Spite.

NICK

They were making a movie--if they were going to steal anything it'd be just the tapes, to see if we had anything they didn't.

DOMINI

I don't think it was them.

COTTER

Oh, who did then? Blair Witch? Snatching equipment to make her own sequel?

DOMINI

I don't know yet.

COTTER

Well, please keep me fucking informed!

HEATHER

Those four guys--it's the only thing that makes sense.

She looks over at Domini, who says nothing--just stares into the woods.

NICK

This is a goddamn disaster. Let's just pack it up and go.

ANNA

I want to see the tapes.

NICK

And what do you possibly think  
you're going to fucking see there?

ANNA

No idea. But if that's all we've  
got left--

COTTER

--nothing left to play 'em on,  
honey.

ANNA

Oh, sorry, right.

COTTER

You can be goddamn sure, though,  
I'm going to be looking at every  
second of 'em when I get back  
to Baltimore--I get proof who  
stole my shit and I call the cops!

ANNA

We're ticketed to fly back from  
Baltimore, anyway.

HEATHER

Me, too.

COTTER

Hey, I got a whole editing suite  
in my loft--more the fucking  
merrier.

NICK

Pointless.

DOMINI

No. I don't think so.

EXT. STREET IN N. BALTIMORE - SEVERAL HOURS LATER - AFTERNOON

The Van pulls up to the curb in a savagely decrepit and extremely  
desolate old industrial section of North Baltimore.

COTTER

403 41st Street, kids: home.

NICK

I dunno it's safe to even get out  
of the car.

COTTER

By day? No sweat.

HEATHER

What about night?

COTTER

Not a great idea. Especially  
'cross the street.

All four look: a thickly wooded area that looks like mostly sumac.

COTTER  
Druid Hill Park.

ANNA  
That's a joke?

COTTER  
That's its name. A pastoral  
glade gamboling with crackheads  
and homeless and averaging at  
least one homicide a week.

NICK  
Let's get inside.

COTTER  
First enormous brick warehouse  
on your right.

INT. COTTER'S BUILDING - JUST AFTER

Four of the five of them ride nervously in a huge, ancient elevator  
that ascends in a series of jerks. Cotter's oblivious.

COTTER  
Used to be a meat-packing plant.  
Slaughter on the ground floor--  
carcasses schlepped up on this  
thing for dissection and grinding  
and--

HEATHER  
--Cotter: shut up.

COTTER  
What?

INT. DOOR TO COTTER'S LOFT - JUST AFTER

Cotter opens the elevator grates, revealing a metal door with a  
single lock. He fits a key into it

NICK  
Just one lock in this neighbor-  
hood?

COTTER  
All I need--

--throws the door wide--

--the LOUD BARKING of what sounds like a pack of pit-bulls greets  
them.

COTTER  
Get inside quick, they'll stop.

HEATHER  
Too busy eating us?

COTTER  
Just go.

INT. COTTER'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

He shuts the door; the BARKING stops. Everyone's eyes zapping all 360 degrees around them: no dogs.

Cotter taps a small speaker above the door;

COTTER  
Baltimore's cheapest burglar alarm.

He re-opens the door a crack--the BARKING starts anew. Closes it. Nothing.

COTTER  
Had the door jimmied a few times.  
Nobody's yet made it inside.

He ushers them into a huge

DOUBLE-STORIED SPACE

easily 30 feet high. Exposed brick walls--massive iron roof beams.

And crammed to bursting with bizarre esoterica everywhere:

--carousel horses, huge airplane propellers, a bowsprit from an old clipper ship, lawn jockeys, a set of bunkbeds made entirely of wagon wheel parts, bowling balls, cannonballs, pinball machines.

COTTER  
Mi casa y su casa!

HEATHER  
Su casa y shit-o hole-o.

COTTER  
Hey, hon'--this is what pays the rent and tuition.

NICK  
Running a junk yard.

COTTER  
A Cyber Entrepreneurialship.

HEATHER  
English.

COTTER  
I spend a lot of time on e-Bay.  
Buying, selling--sometimes buying then re-selling at substantial mark-up, sometimes just selling crap I find in the street.

ANNA  
Looks like business is booming.

COTTER  
There's some stuff that's hard to part with. Editing's stuff's up there--

--he points to a loft overhanging the big room--a thin wooden railing separating the work space from a sheer 20 foot drop.

COTTER

--stairs are back through the kitchen--and a ton of bedrooms, you wanna dump your stuff or catch a nap--

INT. COTTER'S LOFT WORK SPACE - A WHILE LATER - DUSK

Cotter's running tape through his new video iMac. The rest of them are gathered around the screen in various degrees of discomfort.

They look like they've been there for some time. A lot of yawns. Nick's rubbing his temples like somebody's pounding a marimba inside his head.

ON SCREEN: they're all watching minute after minute of nothing. Darkness. The outlines of the Parr Foundation. Trees in the background. Silence.

Several beats as they continue to watch this stasis. Then:

NICK

I think we get the gist.

ANNA

We've looked at half of one tape.

COTTER

There's four other angles, man, we haven't even--

NICK

--great: we can watch Domini sleep for hours--or, shit, maybe if we stay at it for a couple of days, maybe a deer'll dash by!

ANNA

For once could you just sit down, shut up, and give something a chance?

NICK

We're leaving--case dismissed for lack of evidence. Maybe on the ride home we can figure how the fuck we're going to graduate with no thesis.

ANNA

I'm not going anywhere, 'til--

NICK

--bullshit!

COTTER

Hey, chill, man--

DOMINI

--there's something here, Nick--

NICK

--fuck you--all off you--

--he grabs Anna by the wrist and yanks her up--

NICK

--now c'mon!

ANNA

Get your goddamn--

--and suddenly Anna stops. Doubles over, clutching her abdomen.

NICK

What--

COTTER

--oh, Jesus--

--blood can be seen soaking through her jeans.

ANNA

I need to go to a hospital.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE - NIGHT

Domini, Heather and Cotter standing grimly in the Waiting Area. Finally, they see Nick exiting a Trauma Room, looking even grimmer.

DOMINI

She lost it.

Nick nods.

INT. TRAUMA ROOM - JUST AFTER

Anna's lying on a OB/Gyn table in a johnnie, clearly sedated, but with a face and eyes still soaked with tears. An E.R. INTERN (Female) is cleaning her up.

ANNA

Why?

INTERN

Any number of reasons--pick one, it's as good as the other.

ANNA

I was out hiking, camping the past two days--that's what did it--I killed it--

INTERN

--doubtful, Mrs. Leavitt. The main thing to remember is, whatever the reason, it was for the best-- it meant something was wrong.

ANNA

Something was wrong.

INTERN

Look, this is not my field of expertise. You seem stabilized,



but why take any chances? Let's  
keep you overnight and have the  
Staff obstetrician do a follow-up  
tomorrow.

ANNA

I guess--

--and then Anna sees what the Intern is writing on her chart:

**To see     Boyd Kurth**  
**5/26/00**

Anna's eyes go wide.

INSIDE HER HEAD

she flashes on the grave marker that Domini laid on in the  
Burkittsville Cemetery: same name, same date.

BACK IN THE TRAUMA ROOM

Anna yells:

ANNA

No!

INTERN

Mrs. Leavitt--

ANNA

--I'm not staying here!

INTERN

Let's talk to your husband--

ANNA

--he's not my husband!

She's flails at the Intern, trying to get up, tearing pages from her  
chart.

ANNA

Where are my clothes??

EXT/INT. COTTER'S VAN - LATER - NIGHT

They all sit silently as Cotter drives. The now-fully clothed Anna  
just sits in back like a zombie.

NICK

(softly)

We'll stay overnight, get a hotel--

ANNA

--Cotter's--

COTTER

--whatever you want, no problem--

NICK

--still go see the OB in the morning--

ANNA

--no.

Anna tosses a crumpled ball of paper into Domini's lap. She opens it. It's the top page of Anna's chart. Domini looks at the Intern's jotting "see Boyd Kurth--"

--her head snaps up. Beat.

DOMINI

Nick. Do what she says.

INT. COTTER'S LOFT - BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Nick tucks her into an elderly four-poster bed. Colonial in style. Another one of Cotter's "finds."

NICK

What can I get you?

ANNA

Sleep.

She closes her eyes.

INT. COTTER'S WORK SPACE LOFT - SIMULTANEOUS

Domini, Heather and Cotter gathered around his iMac, drinking beer.

DOMINI

Something happened to Anna in Burkittsville, in the woods, I don't know.

COTTER

What? That made her lose the baby?

DOMINI

Something. Someone.

HEATHER

Who? What?

Domini just shakes her head.

HEATHER

Women miscarry all the--

DOMINI

--no.

COTTER

This is a little nuts.

DOMINI

Turn the tapes back on.

COTTER

Fine.

He goes to it. Without even looking, Domini pulls the shoulder of her shirt down, rubs something on her upper arm. Heather sees it: a good-sized burgundy-colored mark, oblong, vaguely spidery in shape.

HEATHER

What's that?

DOMINI

Hmm? I dunno. Chafing from the backpack, something.

HEATHER

That'd be up on your shoulder, maybe your lower back.

DOMINI

Then I have no idea.

And now Cotter's staring at it.

COTTER

Does it hurt?

DOMINI

Like hell. Play the goddamn tape.

The first image that pops up is Domini sprawled out on the grass of the Parr Foundation. Deep in REM sleep, her leg jerking like a dog's. Domini sees it--a snort of embarrassed laughter.

INT. NICK AND ANNA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick bolts awake to the sound of laughter. Looks next to him, Anna's fast asleep. He looks relieved--then clucks to himself when he sees that he's fallen asleep next to her on the big old four-poster with his clothes on.

Starts to take off his shirt--

--and then hears the laughter again. Louder. It seems to piss him off.

He gets out of bed, opens the door. Hisses:

NICK

Hey, knock it off, willya?

But there's nobody there. He walks down the hallway towards the kitchen.

INT. COTTER'S WORK SPACE - JUST AFTER

Nick appears on the stairs leading into the work-loft. Sees the three of them huddled over the iMac.

NICK

You wanna keep it down, she's trying to sleep.

COTTER

Sorry, I didn't think we were making that much noise.

NICK

It's not a real "funny" time for us, okay?

HEATHER  
(confused)  
No....it's not.

Nick just shakes his head, snorts with disgust. Goes back down the stairs--

INT. KITCHEN - JUST AFTER

--when he hears the laughter again.

NICK  
Christ almighty--

--he starts to storm back up the stairs to the loft--

--when he realizes he's walking away from the sound of the laughter. He stops. It's coming from the hallway--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--further down the hallway. Louder. He walks faster towards it.

It's coming from the open door of his and Anna's bedroom. Starts to trot. Louder. Takes the corner into--

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--the laughter stops--

--as does Anna, who appeared for a moment to be twirling round and around in the middle of the room.

NICK  
What's going on?

Anna looks down at herself and lets loose a giggle of astonishment.

ANNA  
Nothing. I dunno--

NICK  
--you should get back into bed.

ANNA  
I guess, yeah.

She does so. Nick once again tucks her in.

NICK  
Was that you laughing?

ANNA  
What?

NICK  
Just now?

ANNA  
No.

NICK  
Just...try and go back to sleep.

ANNA

I get dreams. I don't like 'em.

NICK

What'd you dream?

ANNA

Little boys. Looking up my skirt  
as I danced. Giggling.

NICK

Here.

He pops out two Xanax from a hospital sample bubble pack. Hands  
them to Anna.

NICK

This'll help.

She swallows them dry.

ANNA

Good.

She closes her eyes.

DOMINI (V.O.)

There--

INT. COTTER'S WORK LOFT - LATER - NIGHT

Domini's pointing to the iMac screen.

COTTER

There, what? I didn't see anything.

DOMINI

Back it up, rewind, whatever you  
call it.

COTTER

Fine.

He does so.

HEATHER

What'd you see?

DOMINI

Motion. Stop there. Play it again.

Cotter hits PLAY. They're watching tape from a camera that was  
placed almost to the ground, aimed upwards--

DOMINI

--there! In the tree.

Cotter freezes the image. The tree is so dark and so far in the  
distance of the shot, he and Heather have to put their eyes right  
up to the screen to even see it.

COTTER

Whatta you got, telescopic vision?

HEATHER  
Still don't see it--

DOMINI  
--that blur, right by that branch.

She puts her finger right on the screen. Cotter quickly removes it  
--squints.

COTTER  
Okay, a blur.

DOMINI  
Can you zoom it or something,  
make it real close, real big?

COTTER  
I'm the ebay Boy, remember? I can't  
exactly afford that kind of equipment.

DOMINI  
Who do you know who can? Where do we  
go?

HEATHER  
For a blur?

DOMINI  
There is something there--don't ask,  
just trust me.

COTTER  
Can't you like just divine it?

DOMINI  
If I could do that, I'd be at the  
goddamn racetrack, not here.

COTTER  
(sighing)  
I got a friend at a Lab. I could  
get the whole thing blown-up,  
enhanced--

DOMINI  
--go!

COTTER  
Four in the morning?

EXT. 41ST STREET - NIGHT

Cotter wearily unlocks the door to his Van.

He looks all around him--finally up:

There's an Owl staring down at him from a tree in Druid Hill Park  
across the street.

INT. COTTER'S WORK LOFT - LATER - NIGHT

Heather is bringing a cup of hot tea and 40 ounce bottle of Malt  
Liquor up the stairs. Sees Domini still in front of the iMac,  
trying to figure out how to work the thing.

HEATHER  
Cotter'll kill you.

DOMINI  
He'll never know.

HEATHER  
Two-to-one he dusts the keyboard for  
fingerprints the second he gets back.

She hands Domini the beer. Keeps the tea for herself.

HEATHER  
At least go drink it somewhere  
spilling it won't drive him  
to suicide.

DOMINI  
Okay.

Domini gets up and slumps down on the broken-backed couch in the  
work-loft.

HEATHER  
What is it you thought you saw  
on that tape?

DOMINI  
Still working on it.

HEATHER  
Elly Kedward?

DOMINI  
No. Elly Kedward's not the problem  
here, I don't think. She was just a  
good old-fashioned white witch--

PAGE 62 IS MISSING FROM THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT!

SID  
You're gonna owe me the rest  
of your life, bud.

COTTER  
I know, I know.

SID  
Beta Cam's still coming back  
tomorrow, right?

Beat. Cotter flushes for a moment.

COTTER  
Absolutely.

SID  
Before 5:00--

COTTER  
--hours before--

SID  
--Christ, they find out I let you  
have it for the weekend--

COTTER  
--no one'll ever know.

Sid pauses the tape.

SID  
This is what you wanted enhanced?

COTTER  
Yeah.

SID  
You mind me asking: why the fuck?

COTTER  
The, uh, blur there.

SID  
Looks like a rope.

INT. COTTER'S WORK-LOFT - NIGHT

Heather has apparently gained a tad enough mastery to run tape through the iMac.

She's playing and replaying a short section of Cotter's camcorder tape where the bunch of them were interacting with the Stoner Film Crew.

She keeps seeing a FLASH on the tape. Between two trees far in the background. But she can't seem to freeze the image inside the flash. It looks vaguely like a MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

HEATHER  
Does this look like a person  
stand there to you?  
(no response)  
Domini...?

She turns. Sitting on the couch where Domini was is now the very clear presence of

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN

in a topcoat. He says nothing, just stares straight ahead. There's



a horrible wound in his forehead.

Heather is mindboggled--and petrified. She manages to stammer out the word:

HEATHER

Dad...?

DOMINI (O.S.)

What'd you say?

Heather's neck snaps to her right. She's sitting on that same couch with Domini.

Her eyes scan the entire loft. There's no one there but the two women.

DOMINI

Are you alright?

HEATHER

....I don't know.

FADE TO BLACK.

Beat. And then in the darkness, a pack of dogs heard BARKING.

FADE UP ON

INT. COTTER'S ELEVATOR - DAWN

He's having trouble getting the key out of the lock. The door is wide open. The recorded pit-bulls bark and bark and bark.

INT. COTTER'S WORK - LOFT - SIMULTANEOUS

The barking bolts Heather and Domini up like a shot.

INT. NICK AND ANNA'S BEDROOM

Likewise Nick.

Anna doesn't seem to hear it--fast asleep.

As soon as Nick makes it to the door, the barking stops.

INT. COTTER'S WORK LOFT - JUST AFTER

Nick, Domini and Heather are gathered around him like kids on Christmas.

DOMINI

So lemme see it.

COTTER

Just let me get my coat off--I had eight cups of coffee, I'm wired for sound here.

HEATHER

Where is it?

COTTER

I got the tape enhanced--and I

managed to sleaze a photo blow-up.  
Jesus, he's gonna kill me when he  
finds out about the camera.

HEATHER

Gimme it!

Cotter throws her the 8"x10" blow-up of the frame.

Heather looks at it, her face falls.

HEATHER

Still looks like a blur, only  
bigger.

Domini grabs it. Stares at it, puzzled.

COTTER

My friend Sid said it looked  
like a rope.

And now Domini's eyes go wide.

DOMINI

Jesus.

HEATHER

What?

DOMINI

That's the reason.

NICK

What?

DOMINI

Why she kills children.

COTTER

The witch?

DOMINI

It's not about witches, goddamnit!

NICK

Someone want to tell me what's  
going on--

DOMINI

--and we brought it back with us!

HEATHER

What?

DOMINI

It touched me, don't you see  
it now?

She yanks down the shoulder of her shirt: the burgundy-colored mark  
on her arm has grown larger and more distinct. It seems to have  
finger-like tendrils spreading out from it.

DOMINI

Its fingers! Here. And here--

--she yanks down the front of her shirt: there's another burgundy mark there--

DOMINI

--and here and here and here!

She pulls back her hair: there are two more growing on the back of her neck.

DOMINI

I don't know how to stop it!  
I don't know how to kill it!  
But it's here right now!

Domini's head is in her hands. She's hyperventilating. Heather puts her arms around her.

HEATHER

Slow it down, slow it down,  
whatever it is, we'll figure  
it out.

DOMINI

That's why she kills children.

HEATHER

I know, I know--

ANNA (O.S.)

--you don't.

They all look up. Anna's standing in the doorway looking at Domini.

ANNA

They put their palms in the blood.  
And then they press them on your  
skin.

And Anna walks out of the room.

INT. COTTER'S BEDROOM - JUST AFTER - DAY

Domini's lying down, Heather beside her. She's drinking a beer, seems much calmer--though she's got an afghan cinched around her entire body, toes to chin.

HEATHER

You gonna be alright?

DOMINI

Sure. I'm sorry.

HEATHER

No big deal. I'm just trying  
to understand.

DOMINI

Get some more beer.

HEATHER

(laughs)

I think you closed the bar again.  
I'll have to go out.

DOMINI  
Go to the store. When you get  
back, I'll try to make sense  
of it for you.

Heather gets up, starts for the door. Stops.

HEATHER  
What're you afraid's going to  
happen?

DOMINI  
That they'll start touching  
us inside our heads.

INT. DELI - N. BALTIMORE - DAY

Heather sticks two six packs inside a car. Double thinks. Goes  
back and grabs two more.

AT THE REGISTER

Heather waits in line. She sees that across the street is Druid  
Hill Park. Stares aimlessly into the woods, chewing on a thumb  
nail. She looks seriously worried.

CHECK-OUT CLERK (O.S.)  
Sweetheart?

Heather shifts her gaze to the Check-Out Clerk--and she shrieks:

Standing behind the Clerk is

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN

she saw in the loft, with the wound in his head.

CLERK (O.S.)  
Miss?

Heather's eyes dart back to the Clerk.

CLERK  
Are you alright?

Heather's eyes dance around the deli. The Man is gone.

HEATHER  
You have a phone?

CLERK  
Just outside--

EXT. 41ST STREET - JUST AFTER - DAY

Heather stands at a payphone by the curb. We hear ringing on the  
other end. Finally a pick-up. But an OPERATOR'S VOICE is heard  
first:

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
You have a collect call from  
Heather. Will you accept the  
charges?

Long beat on the other end. Finally:

WOMAN'S VOICE (MOM)

...yes.

The Operator clicks off.

HEATHER

Mom...?

MOM'S VOICE

Yes.

HEATHER

I was just calling, I know it's been a long time--

MOM'S VOICE

--what do you need this time, Heather?

HEATHER

Nothing. It's nothing like that. I just wanted to know if Dad--

--a sound on the other line of the phone dropping, banging on the floor or against a wall--

HEATHER

--Mom...? Mom??

--a Voice comes back on the line. But it's MALE now:

MAN'S VOICE

She wants me to talk to you, Heather.

HEATHER

Who is this??

MAN'S VOICE

Your mother's pastor.

HEATHER

What happened to my Dad??

MAN'S VOICE

There was an accident early this morning. Another car. Your father's injuries were fatal.

HEATHER

Yes.

MAN'S VOICE

I'll tell your mother not to expect you at the funeral.

HEATHER

No.

The phone clicks dead on the other end. Heather lets the receiver just drop and begins walking, leaving her two bags of beer on the sidewalk, in a daze.

And then she starts running.

INT. COTTER'S ELEVATOR - JUST AFTER - DAY

Heather's banging like crazy on the door to the loft.

Finally, she hears the sound of Cotter snapping open the deadbolt. He opens the door. The recorded dogs bark. Heather slams the door behind her.

HEATHER

Where's Domini?

COTTER

My room, asleep, last I checked.

Heather barges past him and towards Cotter's bedroom.

INT. COTTER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Heather walks in. The bed's empty. The afghan's lying in a pile on the floor--

--along with all of the clothing Domini last had on.

HEATHER

Domini...?

She doesn't bother calling her name again, there's nobody in the room.

INT. KITCHEN - JUST AFTER

Nick and Cotter look up at Heather, confused.

NICK

Well, she's got to be somewhere here.

COTTER

No one's been in or out since you left. Would've heard the dogs.

CUT TO:

Heather dashing up the stairs into the work-loft.

HEATHER

Domini??

Empty.

CUT TO:

Cotter poking through the two hallway closets. Nothing.

CUT TO:

Nick looking in the closet and under the bed of his and Anna's bedroom. Nobody.

Anna sleeps through it all.

CUT TO:

Heather really starting to lose it. Rampaging through the big main room, pushing aside all of Cotter's huge carousel animals, looking behind those things she can't move, dumping things willy-nilly on the floor.

HEATHER  
Domini!!!!

CUT TO:

Cotter helping Heather open one of the windows in the big room. Looking out on the ledge. Looking down to the sidewalk, five stories below. Nothing.

HEATHER  
Fire escape??

COTTER  
Don't have one.

Heather screams out the window:

HEATHER  
Domiiiiiiiiiii!!!

INT. KITCHEN - SOON AFTER - DAY

Heather, Anna and Cotter sit at the table nervously. Heather is literally shaking.

COTTER  
She would've had to have a key,  
anyway, to lock the deadbolt  
behind her.

HEATHER  
Well, she got out of here some-  
how because she's not here!!

NICK  
Parents. She might've called--

SMASH TO:

Heather on the phone.

HEATHER  
Taos, New Mexico. The Sheriff's  
Office, please....thank you.

She hangs up. Picks back up. Punches in a number in a blur. Beat. Someone picks up on the other end:

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Good morning, Sheriff's Office.

HEATHER  
Yes! I need to speak to Sheriff Von  
Teer.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
He's in a meeting. Could I have him--

HEATHER

--it's urgent!

WOMAN'S VOICE

Could I tell him what it's  
regarding?

HEATHER

His daughter, for God's sake--  
I need to know if he's heard from  
her this morning.

Beat on the other line.

WOMAN'S VOICE

...the Sheriff is a widower. They  
never had any children.

Heather is struck dumb.

WOMAN'S VOICE

...Ma'am?

HEATHER

I'm talking to Taos, New Mexico--

WOMAN'S VOICE

--yes--

HEATHER

--the Sheriff's Office--

WOMAN'S VOICE

--yes, Ma'am, can I help you with  
anything else?--

HEATHER

--his name's Von Teer! His daughter's  
named Domini!--

WOMAN'S VOICE

--thank you for calling--

The line goes dead.

The three of them just stand there, staring at each other,  
petrified.

And then Anna walks in the room.

ANNA

I'm glad she's dead. She brought  
the thing that killed my child.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER - AFTERNOON

Heather sits at the table alone, staring at the 8x10 that Cotter  
made for Domini.

HEATHER

What did you see here that I  
can't see, damnit!



She runs a finger down the length of the blur in the branches.

HEATHER

What is it that scared you  
so much?

Nick enters, heads for the blotched, '60s vintage Mr. Coffee maker.

NICK

Finally got her back to sleep.

HEATHER

Nick, what you should do is get  
her back up and get her to a  
goddamn doctor.

NICK

Jesus, you don't think I know  
that? You don't think I've  
tried? She won't fucking go--  
she won't leave this place.

HEATHER

She's off her fucking rocker--

NICK

--I know!

HEATHER

I'm sorry.

NICK

Yeah, I know. It's...alright. We're  
all a little--

HEATHER

--a lot.

NICK

Heather.

HEATHER

Yeah.

NICK

Okay. Hypothetically.

HEATHER

Shoot.

NICK

You think....there could've been  
something up in those woods that  
Anna--

HEATHER

--it's not a could've--there was,  
Nick. And it fucked up Anna, and  
did something to Domini, and it  
caused my father to die, and it's  
here with us in this place now.  
And I don't have one single idea  
in hell what's going to happen  
next, just that it's going to

happen to one of us. And then  
the other. And then the other.  
It's going to get into our brains.

And Heather finally loses it and starts weeping--great wracking  
sobs. Nick's a little awkward at first how to comfort her. Finally  
just starts lightly massaging her neck.

NICK

There's explanations. Rational  
explanations for everything that's  
happened. We'll drive ourselves  
crazy if we keep obsessing on  
supernatural what-ifs.

HEATHER

That feels good. Lower--down  
into my neck.

Nick moves his hands down--

--and somehow the two of them are then guiding his hands down into  
her blouse, onto her breasts--

--and she's moaning, and grabbing hard onto his hair--

--and pulling his whole head down to hers. And their lips and  
tongues meet, and they're biting each other like animals--

--and his hands are yanking and twisting hard on her breasts,  
between her legs--

--and she's literally clawing him with her fingernails, drawing  
blood down the length of his chest--

--until she reaches a burgundy-colored mark right at his belt line  
with tendrils like fingers--

--SNAP!--it's like someone woke them from a dream. They both look  
at each other, baffled--what the hell just happened? But it wasn't  
a dream. Nick's chest is streaming blood; there's blood on  
Heather's lips--

--matching the color of the mark on Nick's waist, and the one  
Heather now sees inside her elbow.

They both move away from each other, uncomprehending--and scared.

INT. NICK AND ANNA'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Nick pacing the floor as Anna lies in bed.

NICK

I don't know what it is, but there  
is something happening here, and  
it's starting to scare the living  
shit out me, and look, I'm just  
not going to argue the point  
anymore--you want to stay here,  
stay, but I've got to get the  
fuck out of here, and I'm begging  
you to come with me.

ANNA

I can't.

NICK

Then I'm going--

ANNA

--no, you're not. You love me too much. You don't want to see them kill me.

INT. COTTER'S WORK LOFT - NIGHT

Cotter's behind the iMac, screening tape millimeter by millimeter, downing one Coke after another. He's so caffed-out, both his body and his voice is shaking.

COTTER

This could be something right here, do you think it's something, Heather--?

Heather doesn't even look up. She's just sitting on the broken-backed couch staring at Domini's 8"x10".

COTTER

--but that could be just a shadow, I think it's a shadow, it's nothing, Heather, do you think it's nothing--

--and he just keeps prattling on oblivious, eyes fixed on the tape moving at a snail's pace in front of him.

HEATHER

It's about the tree, it's something about the tree.

She puts it down on a cushion and snatches up the dog-eared copy of the "Blair Witch Dossier." Easily flips to the page Domini showed her: Elly Kedward trussed in the wagon in the woods.

Flips backwards in the book, looking for something--

HEATHER

--the goddamn tree, Domini, for chrissake, what?

--and then she stops on the page that shows the anthropology students' sketch of the Parr foundation; the skinny little sapling in the middle--

--then back to the woodcut of Elly Kedward in the woods--

--then back to Domini's photo of the foundation--the huge tree--

HEATHER

Same trees. They took Elly Kedward out to the same kind of trees.

COTTER

(still oblivious)  
--I look and look in the tree, all I ever see, he's always there watching, that stupid owl, over and over--

HEATHER

--Cotter, where can I get on-line?

COTTER

--anywhere, anywhere, all up and live,  
all the time--fucking owl--

Heather slips in front of one of Cotter's PC's.

TIME CUT TO

Heather on-line, in the middle of Blair Witch Chat Room, typing:

**WICCA GIRL: anybody know where tree is they  
tied Elly Kedward?**

Beat. And then a response.

**COFFIN ROX: Black Hills**

Heather responds, types:

**WICCA GIRL: thanx--anybody know where??? in Hills**

Beat. Response:

**TREACLE-TREACLE-LITTLE-EILEEN: My two cts? By Rusty Parr's  
house hadda be that close how else could  
she whisper into his ear?**

Heather stops typing; absorbs this.

HEATHER

Cotter?

COTTER

Fucking owl!

HEATHER

You think it's possible the tree  
in the Parr foundation is the same  
one they tied Elly Kedward to?

COTTER

No idea--goddamitt!

And then suddenly another response appears in the Chat Room:

**COFFIN ROX: Check BW Cult book, 1809--they have  
full account**

Heather grunts. Types back:

**WICCA GIRL: 1 copy in exist. you got it?**

**COFFIN ROX: no just seen it**

**WICCA GIRL: where**

**COFFIN ROX: one of us**

**WICCA GIRL: if you're out there and got it anybody,  
contact me this mailbx urgent**

**COFFIN ROX: location described pretty good in section about first boys disappeared after Elly dies - James Kurth & another kid**

Heather stops typing. To herself:

HEATHER

Boy Kurth.

COTTER

Heather, does that look like Domini there?

Heather doesn't look up from her screen. Impatient, trying to put pieces that don't fit together.

HEATHER

Where?

COTTER

Down there in the Park.

Heather looks up. Cotter is looking down through the big room's huge windows; he's waving to someone.

Heather gets up. Slowly peers over the loft railing. Squints.

HEATHER'S POV

A stark-naked Domini is standing in Druid Hill Park. Looking up at them.

EXT. DRUID HILL PARK - JUST AFTER - NIGHT

Heather and Cotter's pace slows drastically as they try and navigate the overgrown pathways inside the Park. The flora is dense below and above--moonlight barely penetrates where they're walking.

HEATHER

Domini...?

Cotter puts a finger to her lip. Whispers:

COTTER

Not the place you want to announce your arrival.

HEATHER

How's she going to know where to--

COTTER

--things got a way of finding you here.

They walk.

HEATHER

It's freezing.

COTTER

Next time try putting on shoes--

--the two of them stop dead in their tracks. Through the thicket ahead of them they can see a clearing. Illuminated by the moon is what appears to be an old

WOODEN OX CART

with SNOW drifted up nearly to the hubs of its wheels.

HEATHER AND COTTER

are suddenly so cold they can see their breath in the air.

HEATHER

What the fuck--??

COTTER

--I don't know.

He grabs her hand and pulls her through the thicket. They enter

THE CLEARING

the snow is now gone. Where the cart was is now just a stack of rotting cut brush. A clean-up effort someone must have started, then abandoned. Heather and Cotter stare at each other, baffled--and not a little afraid.

COTTER

The moon trying to shoot down through all these trees--can make things funky--

HEATHER

--I saw what I saw.

COTTER

Yeah. Me too.

HEATHER

The cart they brought Elly Kedward into the woods with--

COTTER

--into the Black Hills with--200-something miles from here--

HEATHER

--Domini!

They both see it at the same time:

A NAKED WHITE BODY

face down at the base of a tree. Heather races over, kneels down next to it.

HEATHER

Oh, Jesus, what happened, are you--

--and Heather lets out a screech. The face of the body reveals an ELDERLY MALE. Filthy, tongue lolling black out of its mouth. He's been dead for some time.

COTTER (O.S.)  
Be it still alive, James?

HEATHER  
What--

Heather turns--

A PACK OF LITTLE BOYS

wild-eyed and wielding sticks, RUSH AT HEATHER--

BOY #1  
--then finish the job, lads!

--Heather screeches again, throws up her arms to protect herself--

COTTER (O.S.)  
Jesus!

Heather looks up: Cotter's lying on the ground, holding his bleeding forehead.

COTTER  
What the fuck you do that for??

Heather looks at her hand. She's clenching a sharp stick in it. The Little Boys are gone. The body of the Dead Man is not.

HEATHER  
I didn't.

She grabs his hand, pulls him up. They start running.

INT. COTTER'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Heather and Cotter at the table, still out of breath and shaking, as they tell Nick what happened.

HEATHER  
--and one of the little boys,  
his name was James. As in the  
boy James Kurth--the first child  
to disappear from the town of  
Blair after they banished Elly  
Kedward.

A look of alarm comes to Nick's face. But he says nothing.

HEATHER  
What?

NICK  
I dunno it's anything. It's a  
name Anna's mentioned--from her  
dreams.

COTTER  
I can't handle this anymore.

He produces a large, thick spliff and torches it up. Big hit, and passes it to Heather, who takes an even bigger one.

NICK

How much of that stuff you guys  
been smoking?

COTTER  
Enough to keep sane.

NICK  
Enough to make shapes and shadows  
in the dark into something else.

HEATHER  
Spare me.

NICK  
Hey, chemicals, fear, sleep-  
deprivation--and a round-the-clock  
obsession with the occult--hell've  
a recipe for a mind-fuck.

COTTER  
Except we seem about 18 times  
more together than you.

Heather spit-takes a lung-full of smoke.

COTTER  
I'd strongly advise you to join  
us--

HEATHER  
--before you lose your emotional  
lunch.

NICK  
(shrugging)  
Yeah, what the hell.

He takes the joint, sucks in mightily--

HEATHER  
Atta boy--

--and then the whole kitchen seems to explode--

--GLASS and MULLIONS from the big window in the room come hurtling  
in shards at them--

--and then when the noise finally stops, and the flying debris has  
all hit the floor, they all look down and see:

ON THE PEELING LINOLEUM

A HORNED OWL

broken and bleeding from its header through the window. Spasming,  
and then dying. Eyes wide, staring up at them.

No one says a word. They just look at it.

INT. COTTER'S WORK-LOFT - LATER - NIGHT

A lot of chairs, but nobody's sitting down. Cotter, Heather and  
Nick all look like their nerves are fraying down to bare wire.



HEATHER

We are being fucked with here,  
someone or something.

NICK

Domini.

HEATHER

Why in the world would she--

NICK

--why in the world would she just fly  
the coop in the first place?

COTTER

Chrissake: why any of this?

NICK

I think it's time to get out  
of here.

HEATHER

Nobody's going anywhere--

COTTER

--hell, I don't think I'm ever  
leaving this place again--

HEATHER

--one of us, all of us--I have  
no idea--brought whatever this  
thing is back here. We're not  
going to go out there and spread  
it around like Typhoid Mary. We're  
gonna figure it out, we're gonna  
bring a goddamn end to it.

NICK

Domini's the only logical  
explanation.

HEATHER

We're not dealing with fucking  
logic here!

COTTER

It's Domini, it's not Domini, I  
don't care--all I know is I'm not  
dealing with something--anything--  
snuffing me in my sleep. I want to  
do what we did in the woods--  
surveillance of this whole place  
24/7, with somebody monitoring  
those cameras every second. There's  
something, somebody here, I want to  
see 'em coming.

NICK

I thought all your equipment got  
stolen.

COTTER

All the shit that was worth anything,  
yes. You'd be amazed, though, what you

can get free on the 'net.

He opens a desk drawer--there must be a dozen little palm corders in there.

INT. THE LOFT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

What Cotter lacks in other equipment, he makes up for with cable: huge SPOOLS of it--and he's running it from the various tiny vid-cams to a motley bank of monitors he's set up on the kitchen table.

HEATHER

duct-tapes one of the little units on the top of a closet door-frame in the hallway.

COTTER

sees he has an excellent angle on the front door/elevator.

ANNA

watches half asleep and befuddled in their bedroom as Nick aims a camera on a jerry-rigged broom-handle tripod.

COTTER

connects the cables in the kitchen--sees Anna and a clear view of the bedroom door.

NICK & HEATHER

collaborate on installing a camera from Cotter's work-loft that provides a view of the dark area under the work-loft. Nick lowers the camera on a rope, while Heather guides and supports the cables attached.

COTTER

watches the camera descend on one of the monitors. Satisfied by the view it's giving him, he yells:

COTTER  
That's good! Tie it off!

BACK IN THE WORK-LOFT

Nick does so. Ties the rope securely around the loft railing. Ties a slip knot in the loose end and lassoes it over one of the iron beams above to keep it from being a hazard. He has to jump to catch the rope as it comes down again from the beam--

--stumbles backwards slightly as he catches it--

--hitting the spindly loft railing--

--which suddenly SNAPS!

And Nick goes tumbling out into mid-air, the slip-knot in the rope in his hand the only thing keeping him from plummeting 20 feet to the floor below--

NICK  
--Jee-zus!!!--

COTTER

sees it happen on the monitor.

COTTER

--Christ!!

He dashes out of the kitchen.

BACK IN THE WORK-LOFT

Heather is trying to lift Nick back up by the rope by sheer physical strength she doesn't have--

HEATHER

I can't do it!

NICK

Don't! You're making me lose my grip.

COTTER (O.S.)

I'm coming! I'm coming!

And Cotter comes dashing in with a tall metal step ladder.

COTTER

Just hold on!

NICK

I can't!

Cotter splays the ladder open, starts clambering up it.

COTTER

Just let it go, I've got you!

NICK

What're you nuts--

COTTER

--it's less than four feet,  
just--

NICK

--shit!!!

Nick loses his grip--starts falling--

--Cotter snatches hold of him as he falls, pinning Nick between the ladder and his torso.

The ladder wobbles precariously--

COTTER

--don't move, don't even breathe--

--and then the ladder finally comes to a stable rest.

Nick is savagely shaken as he slowly climbs down.

NICK

Jesusjesusjesus....

Ditto Cotter:

COTTER  
Yeah--please don't do that  
again.

A giggle is heard from the doorway to the big room. They all look:

ANNA

is standing there, laughing with her hand against her mouth like a little child. She sing-songs:

ANNA  
I could see up your dress.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER - NIGHT

Cotter, Heather and Nick watch the monitors on the table in silence. Drinking coffee. They all look majorly exhausted--but none of them look in any immediate danger of falling asleep. Their eyes dart from monitor to monitor, relievedly seeing nothing--except Anna tossing restlessly in bed.

Heather sees that Nick is massaging something on his forearm that's making him wince. Without a word, she rolls his sleeve up:

A wine-colored mark that looks vaguely like a jagged J.

HEATHER  
Gothic rune--the letter "S."

NICK  
Or a blood blister--or a bruise.

COTTER  
Must be that blue collar life we  
all lead.

Cotter pulls up his pant leg: two blurry burgundy marks--crescent shapes overlapping each other.

HEATHER  
That's a "j."

COTTER  
For "James?"

HEATHER  
Goes right along with these two.

She pulls back her hair--where jaw meets neck: two smudgy marks that together look like badly-drawn lowercase "n"s.

HEATHER  
Put 'em together that's a "k."  
James Kurth--

NICK  
--or Lyme Disease or poison sumac,  
or God knows what-else we could have  
picked up in the woods.

HEATHER

You know what we picked up in the woods--

--and then there's a sharp knock at the door.

All three sets of eyes zoom towards the sound, but no one moves.

The knocking grows louder, more insistent. Still, they remain frozen. Frightened.

They look at the monitor giving an angle of the door/elevator.

Nothing can be seen--just a dark blur in the door's peephole indicating someone's standing in the elevator.

HEATHER

Who?

COTTER

No one ever comes here.

NICK

Have to open the door to find out.

The knocking increases, along with muffled shouts of:

VOICE BEHIND THE DOOR

Cotter...? Cotter...?

COTTER

....I'll....go.

Cotter gets up and slowly walks to the door. The rapping and shouting increasing in volume with each step.

Finally, a deep breath. And then Cotter looks through the peep hole. He sees:

SID

his Techie friend from the Film Lab glowering back at him.

SID

I know you're in there, you piece of shit!

COTTER

(quietly)

You have to go.

SID

Not until I get that Beta Cam back! We're both in a world of shit here!!

COTTER

(quietly)

I can't.

SID

It's my fucking job, man!!

COTTER  
I can't let you in.

Sid starts knocking again.

Cotter walks back to the kitchen. Sits down in front of the monitors. Watches as the knocking continues. Finally stops. The expression on Cotter's face never changes.

TIME CUT TO - THE SAME - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

So quiet, so tense, they can hear the clocks ticking all over the loft: 4:10a.m.

NICK  
I should check on Anna.

HEATHER  
Check the monitor, she's fine.

NICK  
She's far from "fine."

HEATHER  
You're needed here--keep watching--

COTTER  
--f'chrissake, Heather, it's not like the two of us are gonna doze off he leaves for two seconds--

HEATHER  
--I don't trust anybody, not even me, anymore--

COTTER  
--shhhh! #5, there's something up there!

Their eyes all go to the Monitor with the view of Cotter's work loft. Beat. They freeze.

A slight WHIRRING--then slow WHOOSHING heard. Movement seen in the darkness.

NICK  
What?

COTTER  
One of the printers.

Cotter gets up.

HEATHER  
No. We all go.

NICK  
Anna--

HEATHER  
--fuck Anna!

COTTER (V.O.)  
No, you--

INT. THE WORK LOFT - JUST AFTER

Cotter handing a sheaf of print-outs to Heather.

COTTER

--it's for you. Came through email.  
How it started printing without a  
command, though--

Heather looks up at them in astonishment; dithered:

HEATHER

--it's the "Blair Witch Cult"--a copy--  
some pages from--one of them on the site  
must've gotten my message--

COTTER

--who?

HEATHER

Doesn't say--it's just these pages.

She tries to make out the ancient, smeared scrawls of this nearly  
200 year old book.

HEATHER

(reading)

"taken by the witch as they were  
marked by her--first Jamie Kurth  
when the stain appeared on his  
brow that next summer--

--the next page is illegible, Heather flips forward:

HEATHER

"for t'was said he and Jon Edmunds  
and other boys who found Elly Kedward  
still on her tree in the snow. Poking  
her with sticks finding her still  
living. Taking her bonds and noosing  
them to her neck, hanging her from  
her tree until she perished."

Heather looks up at the others in wide-eyed.

HEATHER

That's the little boys. Elly Kedward  
didn't die from "exposure" out there:  
she was executed.

(resumes reading)

"Killing Elly Kedward, but not the  
witch herself, who floated from the  
mortal husk--"

Heather looks up; she echoes Domini's words:

HEATHER

"It's why the witch kills children."

NICK

I thought all witches were benign and  
good.

HEATHER

Not this one.

INT. NICK AND ANNA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Heather tries to rouse Anna in bed.

HEATHER

I need you to talk to me, talk  
to me about the dreams--about  
James, the other boys.

ANNA

I don't...I don't understand them  
myself.

HEATHER

Try, please, Anna--

ANNA

--bad boys, mean boys, cowardly  
boys--just like Domini.

HEATHER

What do you mean?

ANNA

A coward too. That's why she had  
to go.

HEATHER

What happened to her, where did she  
go?

ANNA

Don't know--just that she was afraid--

HEATHER

--Anna--

Anna winces.

HEATHER

What, are you alright?

ANNA

My eye, is there something in my  
eye?

Heather looks.

HEATHER

Not that I can see.

ANNA

Closer. Lift the lid and look--  
it hurts.

Heather lifts Anna's eyelid, gets close to her face and looks.

HEATHER

No.

ANNA



Closer.

And Anna gently guides Heather's face down. Begins stroking it. And the next thing Heather knows, her body is gravitating towards Anna's. She's kissing her, stroking and fondling her as Anna guides her fingers. Pulling down the covers, guiding Heather down the length of her body to--

--a spot on the mattress between Anna's legs that's soaked solid with fresh, gleaming blood.

Heather yanks herself away, now seeing that the entire mattress is blood-covered. Runs from the room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Heather stares at her face in the mirrored surface of a toaster. Blood blots on her cheek--vaguely in the shape of little palm prints. She's hyperventilating as she tells Cotter.

HEATHER

Remember....what Mary Brown said-- she could see the witch's hands on my face, her mouth sucking on mine.

COTTER

Anna's the witch.

Nick enters.

NICK

What the fuck's going on here?

HEATHER

Does she have marks, Nick--like the ones we have, that Domini had?

NICK

Why?

HEATHER

Does she, goddamnit??

NICK

Not that I've seen--but that has no meaning--that means nothing.

COTTER

Why was she exempted, Nick?

NICK

Maybe whatever they are, they just haven't appeared yet on her?

HEATHER

You really believe that?

Beat.

NICK

It's possible for chrissake--

HEATHER

--the marks appear, then you disappear. Like the little Kurth boy, like Domini, as soon as they come to full bloom--and mine are!

She pulls down her blouse--the marks on her neck have grown--they are the size of--and very clear image of--the palm-prints of a child, ringing around Heather's neck as if strangling her.

COTTER

Mine, too. And so are yours, pal.

He points to Nick's exposed midriff--the stains have spread up from his waist into his abdomen--

HEATHER

Like a blueprint for disembowelment.

NICK

There are other explanations! She is not the goddamn witch, that's insane!

HEATHER

Then just give me one of your explanations that all three of us'll buy.

NICK

I don't....

--and then Nick hears giggling. His eyes and everyone's eyes go to one of the video monitors:

THE BIG ROOM

of the loft. Where they see Anna twirling round and round on her tip-toes, laughing, as though she were simultaneously being hanged and looking up the dress and giggling at the person being hanged.

Now even Nick looks petrified.

INT. THE LOFT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - JUST AFTER

The Big Room. Nick enters on the run.

NICK

I want to see something!

ANNA

Whatever you want.

NICK

The clothes--take 'em off-- I want to see every square inch--

ANNA

--no, what's wrong with you?

HEATHER & NICK

Watch on the monitor: Nick showing the huge mark on his torso.

NICK  
Are you marked like this??

ANNA  
Why?

NICK  
I see for proof positive you're  
the goddamn witch--

Anna dashes from the room.

AT THE ELEVATOR

Heather grabs her, as Anna's trying to open the door to escape. The recorded dogs start barking madly.

HEATHER  
You killed Domini, didn't you,  
witch??

ANNA  
I'm not a witch, you're all crazy!

Anna runs panicked into the kitchen--and right into Cotter. He grabs her by the arms.

COTTER  
Just say you are--we won't hurt  
you--

--Heather runs in behind her--

HEATHER  
--we'll just make you go away,  
so you can't hurt anyone else--

--Nick enters the kitchen--

NICK  
--like you hurt the baby--

ANNA  
--what're you saying?? I didn't  
have anything to do with--

COTTER  
--the witch kills children--

ANNA  
I haven't killed any--

HEATHER  
--Jamie Kurth, Jonathan Edmunds--

ANNA  
(in terror)  
--my God, Nick???

NICK  
Just say the words, Anna.

She tries to dodge Nick and get back to the elevator, he cuts her

off.

Ditto, the other direction and Heather--

--Anna sprints up the stairs--

INT. COTTER'S WORK-LOFT - JUST AFTER

--and finds she's got nowhere to go but down--20 feet worth of down. And Nick, Heather and Cotter are closing in on her from the stairs.

ANNA

Please! Please...? I haven't done anything.

HEATHER

Bullshit! Talk!

ANNA

Nick!!

NICK

Out of my hands.

Cotter barges past them all, grabs the tope that Nick dangled from the loft space with--

ANNA

What're you doing??

--Cotter throws the slip-knot loop around her neck.

COTTER

Hang you like the witch you are, unless--

ANNA

--Nick!!

HEATHER

Confess!

Cotter tightens the rope.

ANNA

Alright! Fuck you, fuck all of you! I'm her.

Heather grabs the vid-cam from the railing and starts recording her:

NICK

Oh, Jesus, no--

ANNA

--fuck your bullshit pieties! You were the next to die, asshole!

PAGE 102 IS MISSING FROM THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT

INT/EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAYS FOLLOWING

A dizzying montage of video "real" footage much like the opening of the film.

TV Reporters telling us that "once again, like Columbine and "Basketball Diaries," life has imitated violent art. In this case, the Blair Witch Project," where, yesterday obsessed fans of the film performed ritualistic murder--"

Nick, Heather and Cotter seen: in cuffs, being led into the Baltimore Police Station.

Seen: grainy static-cam of them being interrogated.

Seen: news-film of the inside of the Loft--where Anna was found "murdered." And then a closet where an unidentified nude woman was found similarly "executed." The News camera zooms in on the nude body of Domini crumpled in that closet, visible rope burns on her neck.

Seen: Nick's confession. That Anna admitted to being The Evil.

Seen: the footage Heather shot of Anna "confessing."

But all the police and we see is Anna with a rope around her neck, pleading to Nick, Heather and Cotter not to kill her: "I haven't done anything!!! Why are you doing this??? Please, God--"

END