

The BOX

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A house. Maybe 100 years old but well kept with modern surroundings.

A pickup truck rolls into the driveway. Two men are in the cab.

They park in front of a large pile of antique junk.

BRAD, 20's, emerges from the driver's side. TERRY, 20's, gets out from the passenger side. Both men are dressed in camouflage hunting attire.

They eye the pile of junk with dubious looks.

BRAD

Is this the right address?

TERRY

Positive.

BRAD

And you told him today is the last day?

TERRY

I e-mailed him several times this week.

BRAD

Great.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT

DAVID, 20's, works to clear out the basement. Piles of junk and garbage scattered about.

Wearing gloves, he shoves boxes aside. He reaches for a tall frame shelf and pulls it aside to reveal a cobbled stone wall.

David pauses. One of the stones on the wall is marked with a faint reddish 'X'

Just as he crouches down to examine the brick, the basement light flashes.

David gets up and heads to the stairs.

Terry and Brad are at the top of the steps.

BRAD
What are you doing?

DAVID
Spring cleaning. C'mon down.

Brad and Terry reluctantly head down the steps.

David wrestles with the brick on the wall. He scrapes the sides of the brick until the plaster crumbles.

DAVID
I wanna see what's behind this brick.

BRAD
We're wasting time. I wanted to hunt quail in the morning not in the afternoon.

DAVID
Just a moment, okay?

TERRY
What's this place anyway?

DAVID
It used to belong to my Grandfather.

David wrestles the brick loose. He peers into the opening but it's too dark.

He goes over to a tool bench and picks up a flashlight.

He flicks on the light and shines it into the new hole.

Brad and Terry crowd behind him.

Inside the wall, a faint metallic box gleams.

David pulls aside several more bricks. He reaches into the wall and tugs. The box is stuck.

He grimaces as he tries again. No luck. Brad is exasperated.

BRAD
C'mon. Move.

Brad reaches into the wall and makes several attempts to pull out the box. No go.

Exasperated, Brad straightens up.

BRAD

Look. It's stuck, okay? I wanna
hunt before it gets dark and not
spend the day pulling a box out of
the wall.

David looks back at the hole in the wall with a longing
expression.

DAVID

All right. I'll take care of it
when we get back.

The men exit the basement and the light flashes off.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

David pulls on his camouflage hunting jacket and cap. He
pulls out his rifle from the closet and box of bullets from
the top shelf.

Last, he scoops his iPhone from the dresser and shoves it
into his breast pocket and exits the room.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The truck with the three guys races down the country roads.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Brad driving. Terry rides shot gun. David in the back.

BRAD

Did you bring your camera?

David wiggles his iPhone.

TERRY

Why'd you bring it for? You haven't
shot anything in two years.

BRAD

I almost shot you.

TERRY

That doesn't count.

BRAD

David - what's up with the house?

DAVID

My grandfather died several weeks ago and left me the house.

TERRY

Did you find Jimmy Hoffa yet?

Laughs from Brad as David makes a face.

EXT. STATE PARK - DAY

Wearing orange vests, the three men prepare to fan out across the field.

Terry holds up his iPhone.

TERRY

C'mon - group picture!

Everyone crowds together. Terry holds up his iPhone and snaps a pictures.

David holds up his iPhone and takes a group picture, too. He frowns at the battery indicator.

DAVID

Forgot to charge this last night.

He stuffs the iPhone back in his pocket.

BRAD

All right. You know the drill.

DAVID

Split up. Meet at the lake.

TERRY

And don't get killed.

The three men fan out across the field. They blend in and out of the trees and bushes.

David scans the tree line. Terry crouches by some bushes with his rifle. No sign of quail.

Frustrated, the men regroup.

DAVID

Where are they?

BRAD

If we had started earlier, we might have bagged a few by then.

DAVID

You're blaming me?

Terry bends down and picks up a spent shell.

TERRY

Someone got here before us. They could have flushed them out to the other fields.

BRAD

If we don't see anything by the time we get to the lake, we'll call it a day.

The men split again, each one disappearing into the shrubbery.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Terry and Brad stop at the shore.

BRAD

Anything?

Terry shakes his head.

BRAD

Crap.

The men scan the fields in front of the lake.

BRAD

Where'd he go?

TERRY

I'm sure he'll be along in a minute.

Time passes. The sun sinks lower and the sky turns pink.

BRAD

Maybe he's at the car.

A worried look crosses Terry's face.

TERRY

This isn't like him.

Both men move along the shoreline then stop. In the sand, David's camouflage cap sits.

Brad scoops it up. Scans the area. He glances back at Terry with a confused look but Terry is not staring at Brad - he's staring PAST Brad.

Brad turns. A set of footprints in the wet sand. The footprints end at the cap. There are no return footprints going anywhere else - it just ends - as if in mid-stride.

BRAD

What the hell?

Terry stuffs David's cap into his jacket.

TERRY

He was on his way here and...

BRAD

Poof?

The men circle the footprints then follow them back to the field.

Frustrated, Terry and Brad look over the empty field.

TERRY

Do you think he's messing with us?

BRAD

We've been coming here for years.
This isn't him.

The darkness slowly creeps in.

BRAD

Let's go.

TERRY

But...

BRAD

Let's go!

Brad starts forward. Terry follows reluctantly.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Brad and Terry stand in front of the truck's headlights. They scan the dark fields anxiously.

TERRY

Maybe he went home?

BRAD

How?

TERRY

Hitch hiked?

BRAD

Why after three years would David
just decide to hitchhike back home?
He knows that if we get lost we
meet back at the truck. See if you
can page him.

Terry whips out his Blackberry and lets his fingers do the walking.

BRAD

Let's go.

The men pile into the truck.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

As Brad drives, Terry keeps his eye on the side of the road.

BRAD

Did he email you back?

Terry glances at his BlackBerry. Shakes his head. Brad's face darkens.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad pulls the truck up the driveway.

Something is wrong.

The pile of junk in the middle of the driveway is gone.

The men just stare out the windshield. Brad clicks on his flashlight and kicks open the door.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Terry joins Brad with his flashlight in front of the truck. They play their lights all over the driveway.

TERRY

How did that pile of junk disappear
so fast?

Brad is confused. He glances past Terry.

TERRY

What?

BRAD

Look.

Brad and Terry play their flashlights over a For Sale sign stuck in the middle of the lawn.

TERRY

Are you telling me that David came home, cleared up the junk, and stuck a For Sale sign in the middle of his lawn?

Brad plays his light over the dark house.

BRAD

There's only one way to find out.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Brad rings the doorbell. Nothing happens. He pounds on the door. No answer.

Terry hops down the steps. Brad follows.

The two men peer into the windows. They shine their lights through the bare rooms. Completely empty.

TERRY

No way!

Brad struggles to open the window.

TERRY

What are you doing?

BRAD

What does it look like?

TERRY

Do you want to get us arrested?

Brad pushes the window open.

BRAD
You see anyone?

Terry looks around.

TERRY
No.

BRAD
Then no.

Brad climbs through the window. Terry hesitates then climbs in as well.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad shuts the window. Terry shines his light around the room until it rests on the switch. He tries to turn the light on.

No power.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad opens the door. Shines his light into the room.

Empty.

INT. DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

Terry scans the room with his flash light. Also empty.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brad looks around the room. Empty. He opens the cupboards one by one. Also empty.

INT. BASEMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Brad and Terry meet at the door.

TERRY
If he's not here then what?

BRAD
We can always call the cops.

Brad opens the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brad shines his flashlight down the steps. Slowly he descends the stairs with Terry behind him.

At the bottom of the steps, the two men scan the basement.

Completely bare except for the furnace.

TERRY

This is freaking me out. I mean where's all the stuff we saw this morning? I think we need to go to the cops.

BRAD

Wait.

Brad lets his flashlight drift over the walls. He stops on a brick with a red X marked.

The wall is perfectly intact.

TERRY

What the hell? I'm getting out of here!

BRAD

Calm down. We'll figure this out.
Hold this.

Brad gives his flashlight to a nervous Terry. He kicks the brick marked 'X'. It gives away a bit. Another kick pushes the brick deeper into the wall. The third and final kick sends the brick into the wall.

Brad gets down on his knees and pulls aside the remaining bricks on the ground.

He snatches the flashlight from Terry's hand and peers into the wall.

Inside the hole, the faint gleam of a box can be seen.

TERRY

Well?

Brad reaches into the wall. He grimaces a few times as he struggles with the box. After several moments, he slowly pulls out a metal box measuring six inches wide and six inches deep.

Brad wipes the dust off the top of the box. Engraved on the box is a date:

03/20/2010

Terry's eyes widen.

TERRY
That's today's date.

Brad wrestles with the lid. After several moments, he manages to pull off the top.

Terry shines his light into the box.

A rag stuffed into the box. Brad slowly pulls it out and holds it up in the flashlight.

The remains of an Army camouflage jacket.

Terry recoils.

TERRY
That looks like David's jacket.
How...?

Brad doesn't answer. He reaches into the box and pulls out a wallet. He lowers the empty box to the floor.

He gives the bundled cloth to Terry. He opens the wallet and pulls out a faded driver's licence. It's a picture of David.

TERRY
It looks...

BRAD
Old. I know.

TERRY
It's not possible.

Terry squeezes the bundle of clothing, Carefully, he unwraps the cloth.

An iPhone. But it looks old and rather faded. Worn with time.

BRAD
Think it still works?

TERRY
The charger's in the truck.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Brad starts the truck. Terry plugs the charger into the socket and starts up the iPhone.

It works.

Terry presses on the icon for videos. A movie starts to play.

INT. VIDEO - DAY

A pair of hands adjusts the video and a face backs away from the camera.

It's David.

DAVID

I don't know if this will work. I only have several minutes of power left. I don't know what happened after we split up in the field. I looked all over and I couldn't find you guys. I couldn't find your car. I walked all the way back to town and the town...the town...it's different.

Tears stream down David's face.

DAVID

I'm stuck in the past. I'm stuck in the year 1867. Please...I just want to come home...

The video ends.

Terry and Brad can only stare at one another with growing horror.

FADE OUT:

