

OUTS IN FREE

INT./EXT. OLD SHED/FOREST - NIGHT

WREN, late teens, optimistic, logical, rummages around inside a shed while JAY, late teens, pessimistic, mordant, and ROBIN, late teens, relaxed, scatter-brained, are sitting on the ground outside. Jay is cradling a small ham radio. Robin calls through the shed door to Wren.

ROBIN

Find anything useful?

WREN (O.S)

Nope, nothing. Just more broken radio equipment.

ROBIN

Great, the only time I get to kick down a door and it's for nothing.

JAY

I thought you said you were good with radios and tech and all that stuff.

WREN (O.S)

I said I LIKED old radios, not that I could magically create one out of old broken junk. I just like old shit, okay?

Wren exits the shed and collapses onto the ground next to Jay and Robin. She grabs the radio from Jay. Jay scowls.

WREN (CONT'D)

I'll try scanning for something that could help us.

Wren turns the dial back and forth. she settles on a radio frequency with SOFT STATIC. Beat. Jay groans and buries his face in his hands.

JAY

(frustrated)

I can't believe this. I thought you guys came here all the time. When I accepted your invitation to this island I never thought I'd be running away from zombies or ghosts or monsters.

(beat)

Or whatever the hell is after us.

WREN

Jay, we would never have come here tonight if we knew this was going to happen. Me and Robin thought this was gonna be fun. We're all in the same boat here, come on. Buck up a little.

JAY

(sarcastically)

Sure, I'll just do that.

ROBIN

Yeah, don't worry, man. I mean, kind of a bad way to start off the night, but we'll find a way out of this and be back home in no time. As long as we--

A DISTORTED RADIO SOUND BUZZES. Startled, Wren, Jay, and Robin flinch.

ROBIN

Holy Christmas!

JAY

Jesus, Wren, turn that thing off.

Wren turns off the radio with shaking hands and nearly drops it on the ground.

JAY (CONT'D.)

(growls)

What is with this friggin' radio static? Why does it keep spitting out weird noises?

(sighs)

I just want to leave this place.

WREN

Relax, guys. The radio's just picking up garbled junk from weird frequencies. We probably won't find a use for it anymore tonight, anyway. Let's try to think of something else to get us out of here.

Jay fiddles with the radio. He turns the dial back and forth, finally turning it off. The three stare at the ground dejectedly.

RADIO

IS. LEAVE. POSSIBLE.

Wren, Jay, and Robin jump to their feet. Jay drops the radio on the ground. Wren puts her hands to her mouth. All three are wide-eyed, staring at the radio.

ROBIN

What was...?

Wren turns to Jay.

WREN

Jay, what... what did you--

JAY

I didn't do anything! The radio... it just--

RADIO

DO NOT. WORRY. BE. HERE. SOON.

(beat)

TAG. YOU. IT.

THE RADIO MAKES LOUD STATIC NOISES. Wren picks it up and turns it off again.

ROBIN

(frazzled)

What the hell was that all about?

WREN

I don't know. But it can't be good.

JAY

So... now what? Do we just stand here and wait for some radio ghost to come and kill us all?

ROBIN

Radio ghost? Oh no... no,no,no--

WREN

C'mon guys, it's all gonna be fine--

JAY

Holy shit.

ROBIN

I'm, like, allergic to ghosts. I can't do it. Can't. I'm gonna--

Wren slaps Jay and grabs Robin by the shoulders.

WREN

(shouting)

Shut up! Both of you, listen to me.

(softer now)

There has to be a way off this island
without waiting for tomorrow's ferry.
We are getting out of here, now,
before whatever that was finds us. We
can come up with a plan as we go, all
I know now is that we have to move.
Are we in agreement?

ROBIN

(hesitates)

Yes, sir.

JAY

(sighs)

Yeah, sure.

Wren pockets the radio. The three walk hurriedly away from
the old shed along an undeveloped trail.

JAY

Wait. Wren, did you slap me back
there?

WREN

You were spiralling. What else was I
supposed to do?

JAY

Robin was spiralling, but you didn't
slap him!

WREN

Robin's bones are made of glass. He
wouldn't survive a slap.

ROBIN

Don't worry, dude. It's just her way
of complimenting you.

JAY

(under his breath)

Whatever.

They eventually reach a large steel sign. It reads "FORT
ECHO." They stop before it.

ROBIN

Oh, I remember this! We went on a field trip here in, like, the fifth grade. The fort used to be an army communications station during World War Two, but it's derelict now. I'll bet there's still a radio in there that we can use to call home, or the Coast Guard, or something.

WREN

That's... something. Let's head there.

JAY

But the war was, like, so long ago. How do we know that anything will still work?

WREN

Got any other ideas?

JAY

(sighs)
I guess not.

ROBIN

Great! We'll go with my plan, then.

Jay groans and pinches the bridge of his nose. The three follow a beaten path towards Fort Echo.

EXT. FORT ECHO - NIGHT.

Wren, Jay, and Robin pass through a torn chain-link fence to enter the fort. They scan their surroundings. There is a watchtower, several rows of barracks and garages, and a communications tower. Robin points to the communications tower in the distance.

ROBIN

There's the comms tower. If there's anything here that'll help get us home, it'll be in there.

JAY

Here's hoping.

They walk past the barracks. Wren stops to read graffiti on the barracks wall.

WREN

"See a man about a dog." Huh. Any thoughts?

ROBIN
Nope. Too weird for me.

They continue toward the communications tower. The three reach the tower and Wren tries the door.

WREN
It's locked.

ROBIN
Aw.

JAY
Just hold on. I might be able to do something.

Jay kneels in front of the door and starts picking the lock. Wren and Robin watch from behind.

WREN
What are you doing?

JAY
Picking the lock.

ROBIN
Whoa! Where'd you pick that up?

JAY
A couple years ago, back in my hometown. Skills of a misspent youth, and all that.

WREN
You never told us you were a badass, Jay.

JAY
I'm not. Don't make it a thing.

ROBIN
(giggling, under his breath)
So badass.

Jay spends a few moments picking the lock. The lock pops and he pries the door open.

WREN

Nice! Now let's see what we have to work with.

The three enter the communications room.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Robin finds a light switch and turns it on. Wren and Jay explore the room. Wren settles on an old radio setup and flicks a switch. A green light turns on.

WREN

I'll see if I can relay a message to... something. Hopefully someone out there is listening.

Wren flicks some switches and pulls the microphone to her mouth.

WREN (CONT'D)

Hello? Is anyone out there? We're trapped on Rerun Island, there's something on the island with us, we don't know what it is. We need help.

Wren hesitates, listening, then turns the system off.

JAY

Any luck?

Wren shakes her head.

WREN

Nope. I think this is a low-frequency radio, it doesn't beam out. I'll try a different one.

ROBIN

Sorry, but the other setups are busted. Looks like we'll be stuck here 'till morning.

JAY

(defeated)

Great. Let's just stay here and wait it out, and hopefully we won't meet any more weird monsters or ghosts that want to suck us into the radio.

ROBIN

Haunted sleepover! Eh?

JAY
(annoyed)
Just... don't.

Robin and Jay sit on the floor. Wren digs into her coat pocket and pulls out a deck of cards, then passes them to Jay. Wren takes the radio out of her other pocket and lays it on the floor. Jay starts to shuffle the card deck. Wren shoves her hands back into her pockets.

WREN
I think I'm gonna look around a bit more, see if I can find anything useful... like maybe a working radio, or some nasty old military rations to get us through the night.

JAY
Sounds good, thanks.

ROBIN
If you meet any new ghosts, don't tell me, 'cause I don't wanna know.

Wren rolls her eyes, gives a thumbs up, and walks to the opposite end of the room. She touches the dusty old equipment and slowly scans the yellowed posters on the walls. She stops at an empty space on the wall with large red letters painted on it.

WREN
(thoughtfully)
"Saw the man but not the dog"...
(beat)
Wait. Hey, guys, didn't we just--

THE RADIO SCREECHES to life. Robin and Jay jump and cover their ears with their hands. Wren runs to join them. THE SCREECHING BLURS INTO STATIC and the three teenagers huddle together.

RADIO
YOU WILL. NOT. ESCAPE. JUST. LIKE. US.
HERE. FOREVER. REPEATING. FOREVER.
REPEAT. FOR.

Robin and Jay are pulled apart from Wren by an invisible force.

JAY
Oh God--

WREN
(voice breaking)
Robin! Jay...!

Robin and Jay lock eyes with Wren before disappearing. Wren is left alone in the communications room. She is shaking. THE STATIC CEASES.

RADIO
ALL. THE OUTS. IN. FREE.