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Evidence

By John Swetnam

Reporter:

of dead bodies and zero leads.

We're still processing
the crime scene.

When we have that information,
I'll let you know.

- (Reporters clamoring)

- How many victims? Do you have any leads?

Slow down, slow down.

We're getting reports that
there are multiple survivors.

- Can you confirm that?

- (Clamoring continues)

We'll be releasing
those details when we're ready.

Is it true you discovered cameras
at the scene of the crime?

As soon as we have answers,
I'll let you know.

Next question.

(All talking
at once)

...can you explain that?

As you know,
from the record
of this department,
we will not stop
until justice is served.

That's all
we have time for.

- (Clamoring continues)

- We'll release more information later.

When we know more,
you'll know more. Thank you.

Man:

folks, thanks for coming.

There'll be another press conference later.

Thank you very much.

I wanna watch these videos.

What have we got on those bodies?

- Explosion corrupted half the forensics.

- Okay, what about I.D.'S?

Can't tell if the ones we do
have are male or female.

- Well, figure it out.

- Yes, ma'am.

Jesus.

- Go home, Reese. You're on leave.

- I want on the case.

I have enough on my plate.

I can't deal with your baggage.

Baggage. Is that

what you're calling it?

- I can help.

- We're doing fine.

- Yeah, 'cause Gabe called...

- you're not ready.

I spent three years

in the V.U.

I practically

wrote the manual.

You're not ready.

You need me.

You know what I can do.

Alex...

I need this.

Cavalry's arrived.

What's the eta

on the capture?

Reese, thought I was gonna

have to do this one on my own.

I got your back.

Where we at with the video?

Capture complete

in five minutes.

- How many hours are there?

- About three.

Formats?

Four cameras,

but the fire damage

is glitching the video.

I think it's

slowing down the capture.

Next time, copy it

to the hard drive

before the server,

it's faster.
Right. Yeah. Yes, sir.
Update on
our survivor?
Still unresponsive.
Third-degree burns,
massive lacerations to the head and neck.
I got a uniform standing by.
- The other one still with psych?
- There were two survivors.
Looking for some answers,
but it's gonna take a while.
Testimony after trauma
like this is useless anyway.
Witnesses lie,
the camera doesn't.
Capture's complete.
Popcorn's hot.
- Let's hope they caught something.
- They better have.
We got a pile of
dead bodies out there.
These videos could be
the best evidence we've got.
Okay. Do it.
(Garbled audio)
...is the man that holds
the power of God.
That is true greatness.
Oh, that wasn't
good, was it?
(Second woman
talking and laughing)
Is it too much?
I can't tell.
I'm a terrible actor.
Leann, if I was watching it,
I'd eat it up, so...
- Really?
- Literally. I would totally believe it.
Good. Then we got it.
You promised me
at least...
no, no, leann.

You said at least five.
You said...
All right, all right.
Hold on.
(People talking
indistinctly)

Woman:

What are you playing there?
- (Man answers indistinctly)
- What's it called?
- It's called...
- shit! Put it down!
- (Knocking on door)
- (Woman laughing)
(Footsteps approaching)
Surprise!
Oh, my God!

Man:

you got the part.
Oh, my God!
You're a shining star.
- Surprise!
- Surprise!
A little late,
but better late than never, right?
Did you do this?
Yeah. All single-handedly,
I might add.
Oh, really?
Oh, my God,
this is amazing, you guys.
Leann, you look
beautiful.
Such a nice light.
It's perfect.
What are you
thinking about?
Huh?
That just two years ago,
I was back home
in Kansas,
working at my dad's

flower shop.
I remember dreaming
of this moment.
Being up on the stage
was all I ever
thought about.
All those acting classes...
Then you
met me.
Now look at us.
I mean, you're filming
this documentary,
and if this play
goes well, this could be it.
What's the matter
then?
- Leann?
- Hmm?
- Give me that.
- No, no, no.
Last time,
you nearly broke it.
Okay, fine. Hi.
- Hi, Rachel.
- Hello, everyone.
Oh, is little
director shy?
- A little bit.
- Oh, but you're so cute.
You're so annoying.
Nobody wants to see me.
Oh, wow!
Don't get that close.
I see something
on your head.
There's all kinds of
disasters happening here.
Please let me just
film you again,
because you're what
everybody cares about.
No, but you're
so frickin' cute.
Compromise. We'll both

get in there, okay?
At least
you're in it.
Even though I look like a
goddamn goblin next to you.
Okay, so, America,
are you ready...
Oh, God.
For the story of
leann hookplat...
From the girl
next door...
- To America's...
- (Static)
Okay,
what's the deal?
The fire corrupted
a lot of the video.
Okay, fast-forward it to the truck yard.
That's all that matters.
No, no, no.
- We need to see the details,
the relationships. - It's not relevant.
- It doesn't matter.
- Everything on this tape matters.
You heard him.
All right.
The truth had cut me like
the grim reaper's blade itself.
Any man who wields
the power of life and death
is a man that holds
the power of God.
That is true greatness.
And though life
may be short,
and death sudden,
true greatness
lasts forever.
(Applause)
Oh, my God! There's
my little superstar.
Did you like it, really?
Of course. Look, I've got goosebumps.

I'm proud of you.
Do you think any of
this footage is gonna be good?
Are you kidding?
This is gonna be a priceless documentary.
You're gonna be
really famous.
Rach, you and me are gonna
make a movie together one day.
Just you and I.
It's gonna be a masterpiece.
- (Audience applauding)
- Get back out there. Take another bow.
- You gonna film it?
- Of course. Don't be stupid.
(Applause continues)
and I just wanna
take you away
can't wait
one more day
be your lover,
be your friend
be your everything
till the end
just let me
take you away
Will you make me
the happiest
musician in L.A.?

Audience:

(Whispering)
What are you doing?
I'm asking you
to marry me.
- What?
- Leann.
No, I can't.
(Audience members
groaning)
- Tyler, I'm... Ty...
- No, I'm fine.
Just talk to him,
I guess.

I'll make sure
that it gets to him, okay?
Hi, Tyler.
I tried to call you,
and Rachel said
you would watch this,
so... I'm sorry.
You just,
you caught me off-guard,
and I panicked.
I...
I didn't know
what else to do.
Um... hi.
I really think that
you should come,
and I simply can't
take no for an answer.
This is supposed to be
our big celebration.
I think it would be a real
shame to waste these tickets.
Um... I don't know.
I think we've got the room,
we've got the bus.
It'll all be
really fun.
I think you'll forget
about it in an instant,
and I know
she's really sorry.
She's been
really boring.
Um, please come.
I promise I'll be more
tolerant of your singing,
which I find
really hard, but okay.
Um, look,
I know you probably
hate me,
and I don't blame you,
but this trip just
won't work without you.

Please come.
Just...
I'm not ready
for marriage right now,
but maybe I will be...
One day.
I still love you.
You gonna film this?
Yeah, I've gotta
film everything.
That was
the deal, remember?
But if he doesn't come,
I look like a loser.
Leann, that's the whole point
of documentary filmmaking.
You've gotta get everything.
We had a deal.
I guess he still has time to make it,
do you think?
Not as much time
as you'd think.
Oh, he looks
friendly, doesn't he?
Yeah.
- (Rachel laughs)
Do you know
what time it is?
Here's the luxury vehicle
we've been supplied.
- Oh, hello.
- Travel in style.
Is there gonna be
a problem?
It's a camera,
not a gun.
I'm gonna grab these.
We gotta get on. Running late.
- Tyler's here.
- Ooh, is that him?
Perfect.
Mmm, he looks
jolly.
Fantastic.

Oh, he brought
his guitar. Great.
Well, viva Las Vegas,
everybody.
Hi, Tyler.
Oh, charming.
Here is the happy,
happy couple.
Does she have
to be here?
Can you turn
that thing off?
Hi. I don't know
if we've met before,
but I'm Rachel.
And I like to film things.
Incredibly uncomfortable
things, so, no.
I said I was sorry,
all right?
I showed up,
didn't I?
Yeah, but can't we just go
back to the way things were.
Please.
Huh. All right,
well, I guess
I'll just cut this part out then.
That's fine.
You can't fix this
with editing.
I can fix anything
with editing.
You know what?
Just because he doesn't wanna have fun
doesn't mean that we
can't have fun for him.

Rachel:

- No. No fun ever.
 - Ever.
 - Ever.
 - Ooh, time to meet the cast.
- (Rachel humming)

fanfare)

She's cute.

First stop.

(Leann laughing)

- What are you doing?

- I'm filming.

Vicki, where are you
from originally?

From Russia.

- What brings you here?

- I'm dancing.

Cool. You look
like a dancer.

I love your camera.

My son, he would like
something like this.

Is it heavy?

It's actually
not that heavy.

Hello. It's actually got
really good quality picture,
so it's worth
the weight.

I'll take it back.

He skateboards.

Him and his friends
always take pictures and stuff.

So what's this for again?

Um, it's for my friend back there, leann,
who is gonna be a ultra-famous movie star,
and it's kinda like
one of those

"before they were famous"
type shows.

Do you have that
in Russia?

- Before they were stars?

- I love the show, yeah.

Yeah. We're
all fans.

Including you,
Tyler.

So Vicki, tell us more about this
show you're auditioning for.

It's the new cirque
extravaganza.
Oh, wow, you must be
so thrilled.
I'm a pisces,
so this is like
the universe and the stars
are perfectly aligned
to give me the job.
I was born for it.
It's my dream.
That's great.
Very exciting.
Ooh, is that
a present I can see?
Is it your
birthday?
No. It's my son's.
What'd you
get him?
I'm sorry,
it's personal.
Oh, it's okay.
- Should we cut?
- Yeah, all right.
(Tyler strumming
guitar)
Got another one.
He looks
quite sweet.
(Leann and Rachel
laughing)
- Hi.
- Hey.
- Say hello.
- Hello.
- What's your name?
- Steven.
- Where you from?
- Wait. How old are you?
- Sixteen.
- You can't even work yet.
- What are you gonna do in Vegas?
- Be an apprentice.

Does your mom
even know you're gone?
Do you wanna see
a trick or not?
Yeah, okay.
So we're here with Steven Lee,
or should I call you
the great Stefan?
(Laughter)
I can show you guys
the morph and match,
or maybe even
the coin...
God, did you see that?
That was crazy!
Oh, my God, you have to show Tyler.
Tyler, come here.

Rachel:

You'd get a million hits.
Seriously, that's amazing.
Will you do it one more time, please?
Okay.
Freeze frame.
Go back.
Stop the tape.
Who's that?
Go back
a few frames.
There's only three women
on the passenger list...
Rachel Brody, Vicki maracova,
and leann hookplat.
She wasn't
supposed to be there.
Advance forward
three frames.
- Capture that frame and advance one more.
- Sure.
Got it.
Capture again
and then overlay.
Zoom 35 %.
- And what's that inside?

- Pan the image.
- Wow.
- That's gotta be 100 grand easy.
We may have found
our motive.
But if he wanted the money,
why not kill her and take it?
Why slaughter
all the others?
Go over to the dog carrier
on the edge of the bag.
That's army issue.
And capture that frame.
"G. Fleishman."
I don't know,
maybe Gina or glenda.
Call fort irwin, have them
run it through their database
of reserved and retired
military personnel
in California
and Nevada.
Let's see
what they've got.
Keep going. I want to see
who this woman is.

Leann:

Will you do it one more time, please?
(Tyler singing)

Rachel:

Whoo! All right!
(Light applause)
All right,
just a quick thought.
Should it be
taking this long?
I don't know, but I've been
to Vegas 100 times,
and I've never seen
this road before.
I'm gonna go and have a
word with what's-his-face.

Excuse me. Sorry.
Hello.
So, um, much longer?
What's with the camera?
I'm a director.
You been paid
to direct anything?
No, not yet, but...
So you're a girl
with a camera.
Right. Can I ask why
we're going this way,
because it's not
actually a road out there.
That's a dirt track,
by the looks of it.
I have another pick-up
past kidwell.
This is the only way in.

Woman:

complaining!
Excuse me. I was
only asking.
Get that damn thing
out of my face.
What? Sit down.
Out of my face!
Oh, my God!
You fucking psychopath!
- Jesus Christ.
- You all right?
Are you okay?
(Loud crashing)
(Distorted snippets
of conversation)

Driver:

Get out of
the mini-van.

Rachel:

it might explode.
It could be

dangerous.

What were you

expecting out here?

What about the radio?

Driver:

was pulled a year ago.

We gotta use

the cell phone.

What do you mean,

they pulled out the radio?

Brilliant.

Brilliant news.

Okay, what are we gonna do?

What are we gonna do?

Fuck me.

Leann:

is that?

Driver:

Looks like barbed wire.

It came from

that fence over there.

Oh, my God!

Why didn't you drive around it?

I couldn't see it, could I?

Stop fighting.

This isn't helping anything.

Leann:

we gonna do?

We can't go anywhere.

Look at Vicki's leg.

- I'm fine.

- You're not fine. You're bleeding.

There's an emergency phone.

There has to be one

at that truck repair shop.

I didn't see

a truck repair shop.

We just passed it.

Look, I believe him.

If he says there's

a truck repair shop...
I haven't seen anything
this entire journey, Tyler.
Let's just try
and walk down there.
I haven't seen another
fucking living person.
It's not that far back.
Let's go.
Let's go.
Wait, I'm not leaving
without my son's present.
Vicki, come on,
we don't have time.
(All talking
at once)
It's not safe
in there!
You can't
be serious.
- Vicki!
- It's not worth it.
Get the fuck
out of there!

Driver:

I'll go.
I don't trust
this guy.
We're not quite
in Vegas yet,
but we'll get there
eventually.
It's a bit of
an adventure.
And there's our
now-destroyed bus,
which is fantastic
news for us.
Okay. Here we go.
I'm thinkin',
what if I died?
I won't ever see
my mom again.

What happened?
Did you run away?
Yeah.
Nick happened.
Who's Nick?
An asshole who was
ruining my life.
Huh.
My mom, she just lets him
do whatever he wants,
and I got pissed
and I just left
without saying
anything.
She's probably worried
sick about you.
Yeah, I need to tell her
I'm sorry.
Leann, leann,
come here for a second.
With everything
that's happening,
does it put everything
into perspective?
Does almost dying kind of put
everything in perspective?
That's right.
We all could've...
Jesus.

Tyler:

hit this place.
As long as they didn't
bomb the damn phone.
Come on.
- How's your leg?
- It's fine.
Are there, like,
faucets or something?
It's all rusted over.
The new favorite
holiday destination
of most people.
Over here we have, um,

dilapidated office.
Crazy broad,
and, um...
Abandoned trucks.
Everything you could want
in a prime holiday
destination. Fantastic.

Vicki:

a figure skater.
Ah. Bet she won gold
in Torino.
We got a phone in
this building back here.
It's gettin' too dark.
Wires are all jumbled up.
Does that thing
have a light on it?
Yeah, it's got a light,
and it's got night vision,
so it'll
be perfect.
That's for her movie.
Use mine.
Are you sure?
I put batteries in this
stupid thing three times.
Press "record,"
and the light should come on.
I'm happy someone's
using it.
How you like it, huh?
Not so much fun
like this, is it?
Hm. It's fine.
Just more proof for when I sue you.
Find everybody,
tell 'em to meet here.
I don't wanna be out here
any longer than we have to.
Okay.
Leann.
Leann, Ben's
found a phone, so...

He wants me to
get everyone.
Can you...
Are you in here?
(Loud static)
(Rachel shrieks)
Oh, my God,
what happened?
Where are
you going?
Steven, wait.
Someone!
Anybody, please!
What's going on?
I don't know.
I don't know what happened.
(All yelling
at once)
I just found him.
(Rachel crying
and speaking incoherently)
He just came
out of nowhere.
Oh, my God, you guys,
I see somebody.
Oh, my God,
he just ran across.

Tyler:

Everybody inside.

Ben:

come on, come on.
First victim,
Steven Lee.
Sixteen years old.
Got him.
It's not her name, it's his.
Gerald fleishman,
retired army sergeant.
Photo lab found
these online.
- That's our girl.
- His wife, Katrina fleishman.

Married for 20 years,
but looks like Gerald had some problems
when he got back
from Iraq.
They called it
post-traumatic stress.
He spent a year at Crescent
park mental institution.
Get this, we just
ran financials.
His entire account
cleaned out two days ago.
Over 90 grand.
Gabe, pull up the mini hd camera
the driver took around back,
- and see if he got any clear shots of it.
- Okay.
How do you like it, huh?
Not so much fun
like this, is it?
Hm, it's fine.
Just more proof
for when I sue you, so...
Find everybody,
tell 'em to meet here.
I don't wanna be out here
any longer than we have to.
Okay.
Step over door.
What have we here?
(Loud popping)
Goddamn it!
(Generator powering up)
Son of a bitch...
- Is that it?
- Uh, there should be more.
It's still rolling.
We should be
seeing something.
- (Woman moaning)
- That's not our driver.
- Who is it?
- A better question is when is it?
(Screaming)

(Agonized screaming
continues)
- (Screaming continues)
- Geez.
(Moans quietly)
(Screaming continues)
- All right, that's enough.
- Fuck!
I am gonna
nail this bastard.
Um, Gabe, go back
a few frames.
Keep going.
Keep going.
In the reflection.
His face is in the glass.
It's too dark.
Get in closer.
Isolate the sharp
edges of the face.
The wrinkles, the teeth,
the facial hair.
- Okay, what is he doing?
- The shadows will give us a clean outline,
- then we'll invert the color.
- Okay, I got it.
Reverse it again.
- A mask. - That's the welder's
mask we found at the scene.
You work the 91-a.
- What's a 91-a?
- He was a machinist.
Fleishman's unstable,
he has a history of violence,
his wife robs him blind,
he goes mad with revenge.
- Circumstantial.
- Get it out to P.R.
I want his picture on
every news outlet.
We need to keep
checking the video.
You find me some
indisputable evidence,

'cause I'm taking this prick
straight to the chair.

You heard her.

- Let's go.

- Rachel's camera coming up.

(All talking
at once)

(Rachel sobbing
and speaking incoherently)

Tyler:

stay quiet.

Ben:

They killed him.

I didn't see anybody
from this end.

You see anything?

Why did they kill Steven?

He was just a kid.

Ben:

that goddamn camera off?!

The cops will need this
to identify who did this.

(All talking at once)

They have to know

what happened to us!

What are we gonna do?

What are we gonna do, what are we gonna do?

Tyler:

should run for it.

Run for it?

Have you seen Vicki's leg, Tyler?

We're, like, 40 Miles
away from anything.

Ben:

pitch black out there.

We could fall into

a 40-foot ditch,

and never even know it, not to

mention the coyotes, the rattlesnakes.

No, you said there was
an emergency phone.
You said there was an emergency phone.
Can't you fix it?
The wires are split
pretty bad.

Leann:

on the bus,
any wires, tools,
anything you can use?
I might be able
to rig something.
You just said
it was too dangerous.
But if there's something we can use,
he has to go out there.
Take my camera,
use the light.
I might as well put a bull's-eye on my ass.
My camera has night vision.
If I come with you,
we could do that and
be totally undetectable.
I'll take your camera.
Give me...
I'm sorry if I was
a prick earlier.
You? Never.
I guess it's my turn
to be a hero now.
They tell me I look
like tom cruise.
Oddly enough,
I can see that.
I saw him, I saw him.
He's on the other side of the yard.
You have to go.
Follow me.
Can you take that?
Go, go, go, quick!
Rachel!
Oh, my God.
Ben. Okay, okay.

Come here.
(Rachel whispering
indistinctly)
Okay, just
go straight.
Straight. Just keep going straight.
You're fine.
(Eerie sound)
Oh, my God.
Did you hear that?
(Rachel whimpering)

Ben:

The bus should be
right down this hill.

- Okay.

- Let's keep going.

Wait.

Wait.

Is that it?

I can't tell.

Is it just...

That's it,

that's it.

Oh, thank God.

Oh, my God.

Rachel.

(Rachel sobbing)

I can see

the bus from here.

Ben, Ben,

please.

Please slow down.

You don't know what's out there.

What are you

waiting for? Huh?

I just...

I'm gonna need

some light.

Okay.

I'll figure it out.

Watch yourself.

Are you okay?

Just hurry up, please.

I need to find my tools
so I can pull those speakers.

Careful,
careful.

Wires.

Up here, up here.

- Yeah.

- Hurry.

- Shit.

- What, what?

There was a flare gun.

Why didn't you
say something?

I forgot.

Where is it?

(Crashing)

(Screaming) Oh,
my God! Oh, my God!

Who's out there?

Can we please go?

Please, let's just go.

- Wait here.

- Ben, please.

You don't know
who's out there.

(Rachel whimpering)

You wanna fuck with me?

(Screaming)

Oh, my God!

Oh, my God!

(Shrieking)

Please, please,
please.

Vicki:

- What?

- Ben's dead.

(Sobbing)

Where's leann?

Her and Tyler...

her and Tyler

leann. Leann!

Where is she?!

(Screaming

hysterically)
Stop that. She went
looking for you.
But they...
They didn't come back.
(Crashing sound)
My son turned ten
last week.
This was supposed to be
his birthday present.
When me and his dad
got divorced,
he had to choose
between us.
He chose his dad.
Yesterday,
I was right there,
at the front
of his house.
And I didn't have...
I didn't have balls
to walk up and give him
his present.
I should tell him...
How sorry I am.
How I love him.
And I'm so damn scared.
What are we
gonna do?
He's here.
What?
He's here.
Get the shot of him.
He's here.
(Shrieking)

Vicki:

No, not yet.
Not yet,
not yet.
Wait.
Okay, now. Now.
Leann, leann.
Oh, my God, oh, my God!

(Both sobbing)

I heard Tyler screaming,
and when I turned around, he was gone.
He was gone.

(Sobbing)

It's pretty beat up.
I don't know how much
longer it's gonna record for.
Do you really think filming
this matters anymore?
Of course it does.
He has to pay for what he did.
And what he's
going to do.

(Whispering)

I know why you're here.

What are
you doing?
Just sayin'
my piece.

Do you know
something?
If you know,
you better tell us.
Or what?

You gonna kill me?
You're completely
mad.

(Laughing)

You think stayin' here's
gonna change something.
Now who's crazy?
Where are you going?
Come back.
Shut the door!

Leann.

I can't see her anymore.
Where'd she go.
For God's sake, here, here.
Turn on the night...
maybe she's pregnant.

Leann:

I think I see something.

It looks like...
I think it's a flare gun.
Where? He just
dropped it there?
We could use it.
We have to go get it.
Are you insane? If we
go out there, we're dead.
What are we gonna do?
We can't just sit here.
She's right. We have
to do something.
- What if he has a gun? - If he had
a gun, he would have shot us already.
This is gonna even out the field.
We need to get this.
Okay, you really wanna
go out there
after what's happened
with Tyler?
Is that what
you wanna do? Hm?
We have
to get it.
- What then?
- I'll go.
Vicki, I don't think
this is a good idea.
My son will get
his present.
No, wait,
wait, wait.
Wait.
Take this,
for luck.
Quick. Shut the door,
shut the door.

Rachel:

Oh, there she is.
Okay.
Why is she moving so slowly?
Hurry up.
Oh, my God.

No. Vicki!
(Screaming)
Come on, leann. Run!
Leann, get out
of there, quick.
Leann!
Where is he?
Is he outside
the door?
- Leann.
- No, not yet.
Which door
is he at?
Where the fuck
is he?
Hurry up.
I wish he'd
just do it.
Don't say that.
(Both women crying)
I'm scared.
I'm so fucking scared.
(Loud banging)
Oh, my God! Quick.
Ben! You're alive.
I saw you. He grabbed you.
What happened?
He got me in the back.
He left me out there
to die.
Let me see.
Oh, my God!
Fuck that guy.
I'm not dyin' today.
And I got these.
- What is that?
- From the speakers.
I can fix it now.
Red to red, green to green.
The emergency phone.
We can call for help.
We better be gettin' this.
We gotta go.
Hey, I'm checkin' footage

from Katrina's camera,
and, uh, you're gonna
wanna see this.
They found him.
Hotel manager in Hollywood
saw fleishman
on the news, said he's been
staying in room 315 for a week.
LAPD's sending grab team to pick him up now.
- Whose camera is this?
- Told you you'd wanna see it.
(Whispering)
I can't hear this.
You watching, pigs?
Yeah, you.
Bunch of pork,
scramblin' all over the desert,
tryin' to piece
this shit together.
Time to make
my dyin' wish,
and all that.
I don't want much.
Just wanna be with
the one that I love.
His name is Gerry.
Gerry fleishman.
You make sure
I'm in the same plot.
You bury me in
the same plot, you understand?
We had our ups and downs
like any couple,
but after he got
back from Iraq,
he was sick.
He was real sick.
I tried to reach him,
to help him,
but the old Gerry
was gone, just shut down.
On top of that,
the doctor told him
that he had cancer.

Said he was
gonna rot away
like some piece
of old fruit.
Gerald fleishman, LAPD.
Open the door.
Fleishman, LAPD.
Open the fuckin' door.
It's like the reality stars
you see on TV.
There ain't no reason
for them to be famous,
but they are.
Break it down.
Drop the gun!
Drop the gun!
Like God just reached down
and touched 'em.
Changed their whole lives
forever.
Well, he done the same
thing to my Gerry.
But it wasn't no touch.
It was a stomp.
Looks like God's got
his stompin' boots on again.
See ya soon, baby.
File's corrupted.
Whoa. Dude, how'd he
get the camera?
That's the guy.
There you are.
I've been waiting for you.
It's you.
(Phone ringing)
Stop it.
Burquez.
So we got a positive I.D.
On fleishman.
But I guarantee you,
this guy,
he didn't kill
anybody yesterday.
And why is that?

Because he's been
dead at least a week.
Apparent self-inflicted
gun wound into the mouth.
Did leave a note, though.
Says for Katrina,
take all of my money
out of the bank
and go to Vegas.
Says 'cause he's dead anyway,
she should have
the time of her life.
Anyway, I'll call you if
we get anything else.
So if it's not
fleishman,
uh, who is it?
It's him.
Play it.
- What was that about?
- Rewind it.
Reverse it
and play it again.
He knew
we'd be watching.
He's challenging us.
This whole thing
was planned.
The torch, the mask...
It's some sort of fantasy,
a ritual.
- Are you saying... - I'm saying
we're dealing with a serial killer.
- Smart, meticulous, this wasn't his first.
- It won't be his last.
How can he have
planned all this
- when the bus wreck was an accident?
- Unless he knew...
the driver mentioned a stop
outside of kidwell.
Could've buried
the fence wire.
Shuttle company said

it was a nonstop trip.
Then why go down the road
in the first place?
Driver. Get me his file. I want
everything we can find on this guy now.
Play back
the girl's camera.
Quick.
Ben, are you sure
you're okay?
Told you, I'm fine.
I can't believe
you're still alive.
I can't believe
he left you out there.
- Oh, my God!
- The juice is low. Hurry.
No. That lady
might still be alive.
We haven't got
time for this.
We can't just ignore this.
We have to go in.
I'm going in.
Oh, my God.
(Girls retching
and screaming)
Leann,
where is he?
Leann.
Leann!
Oh, my God.
Leann!
Please help me.
(Door bangs)
- (Women scream)
Seen enough?
Wait, wait, wait.
Are you okay?
I'm fine.
Okay. Just go.
Ow. Fuck!
Run for the fuel house.
I'll be right behind you.

Are you ready?
Go, go. Go.
Nobody's gettin' in here now.
Phone's back that way.
Ben?
He was right behind me.
Ben?
- (Screaming) Run!
- Leann!
Leann?
It's okay.
It's okay.
Okay, I just
have to get out...
I just have...
(Metallic clattering)
Ben?
Ben.
Come on,
come on.
Okay, green to green.
Green to green,
green to green, red to red.
Red to red.
(Muttering incoherently)
(Shrieking)
(Screaming)
(Agonized screaming)
Keep going.
That's it.
No more video.
That's the end.
Fuck!
We have one more phone.
- Okay, play it.
- Haven't you seen enough?
Okay, so, mom, this is
where we're at right now.
Um, takin' a little break.
I just wanted to let you know
that I'm okay,
and on my way to Vegas.
Uh, I shouldn't have left
like that.

I was just mad and...

Tyler:

trust you anymore.

Leann:

How is this a matter of trust?

We didn't talk
about this.

You didn't
ask me first.

You didn't
prepare me.

You just came up on my big moment
and asked me to marry you.

(Both arguing)

Stop being so needy.

What are you doing right now?

We almost have a near-death experience,
and you bring me
in here to do this?

Oh, my God,
grow up! Stop!

...my priorities
in life.

- Your priorities?

- Yeah.

I don't wanna
marry you.

Get it through
your skull.

I don't want
to marry you! God!
Go write a fucking
song about it,
and pretend to be
good at something.

Jesus Christ!

What the fuck
are you lookin' at?

- Are you fucking kidding me?

- What?

I don't... I don't know.

There should be...

There should be
more memory on the hard drive.

It must've got, I guess,
erased or something.

- Erased?

- There should be a memory card here.

It's not...

Okay, the memory card's
not in there and...

- okay, where is it?

- Gabe.

- I don't know.

- Gabe, sound. Sound on the TV.

- I don't know.

- Sound.

- Uh, okay.

- Oh, shit.

- Reporter:

- Shit!

The leaked footage is,
in fact, genuine.

It's being called
a snuff film.

And others on the web are
calling it an instant classic.

What we know for sure
is that this video

has gone viral,
with over 3 million hits
in the last hour alone.

We're attempting to trace
the original...

How the fuck
did she get that?

...Las Vegas
police department,
and how this will affect
their investigation.

Who had access
to those tapes?

We uploaded the videos
to the server.

It could've been

hacked by anyone.

- Fuck!

- I.T., I.T.

Yeah, how come everything I sent you in the past four hours ends up on TV?

I don't know, turn it on.

It's everywhere.

Gary, why are you asking me this?

I'm asking you.

It's your whole department.

Burquez:

because this whole thing is just a big fucking game.

(Phone rings)

Gabe:

We're not just idiots running around.

Check the fiber...

Burquez.

Man:

in his office right away.

(Gabe continues talking)

Shit!

Yeah, yeah. No.

I'm comin' down.

I'm comin' down.

I'm gonna

find out, man.

It is crazy out there.

Every channel's showin' that video.

Tell me

you found something.

Um, just initial

background.

William gentry.

Bus driver Ben tuttle, wasn't even his real name.

Turns out he did three years for grand larceny.

Tried to rob a bank
from the inside out.
Shit. This guy went in
dressed like an armored guard.
It was working until
the real guard showed up.
Two people
ended up dead.
It's too bad
we saw him die.
He was staggering around
covered in blood,
but we don't know
he was dead.
You think
he did it?
What?
Where you going?
Flynn.
I didn't know
you were back.
How's our witness?
Barely said a word,
but this kind of trauma
can really fuck your memory.
Mind if I take a shot?
Go ahead.
I'm detective Reese.
How you holdin' up?
I thought you might
like this back.
Luck of the Irish?
Mine's for luck, too.
It was
my daughter's.
Gracie.
You know, after
something like this happens,
they say that
things will be okay,
that it just
takes time,
and life will
go back to normal.

But it's not true,
ya know.
Things can't be normal.
They just
keep going.
Maybe that's good
enough, ya know.
Tyler?
He's in the hospital.
The doctors are doing
the best they can.
What happened to her?
Your daughter.
We were just
shoppin' at the mall.
She was in one of
those little play areas...
You know, with the slides
and the bean bags.
And I turned around
for a few minutes,
and when I looked back
in on her, she was gone.
Six months later,
they found
her little body
behind a truck stop
in barstow.
Just like that,
somebody changes
your life forever.
Did you find out
who did it?
No.
I just don't...
I don't understand
how someone can do
something like this
to innocent people
like it's nothing.
To a serial killer,
murder is an art.
Or sport.
They wanna

be the best.
It's their way
of getting attention.
Showing the world
what they're capable of.
The power that they have
over life and death.
In their minds,
they're different from
the rest of us.
They feel like
they're gods.
And they never stop.
And that's why
I need your help.
You gotta try
and help me.
I don't think I can.
If you can remember
something about what happened,
they maybe I can stop him
from hurting anyone else.
You understand
that, right?
The driver, Ben.
Did you see him again after you
went into that last building?
I don't remember.
I don't know.
He was in that room.
The one with
the broken-down truck.
We just... we ran inside.
Me, Rachel and Ben.
Yeah.
When I turned around, he wasn't
there anymore. I tried to find him.
I know you did. You went down the
hall, right? You walked down the hall.
And you saw something
that scared you, right?
I saw him.
Yeah. Was it Ben?
He was wearing a mask.

He came after me.
He grabbed me.
And did you see
anything at all?
Did you see
any defining marks?
- I mean, it could be a scar, a tattoo.
- No.
And he must've hit me,
because when I woke up,
I didn't know where I was.
I was just in a room.
I could see Rachel
through a crack,
and she was fighting.
And then,
she ran outside,
and I saw
the welder's torch
banging against
all the gas tanks.
I broke through a window,
and I crawled out,
and there was
an explosion.
I remember...
Steven, he was
trying to scream,
but he was choking.
He just kept choking.
There was so much blood,
and everything
was burning.
Wait a minute.
Steven was still alive?
Please, I just wanna go home.
Please.
I know, I know.
You should go.
You've been through
enough.
We're gonna get him.
- Hey.
- The autopsy report.

I didn't finish yet.

After lunch.

- Reese, where the hell...

- She saw him. He was alive.

Saw who?

What are you talking about?

- Are these the only bodies? - It'll take another day or two to compile all the remains.

- There was a kid, about 16, brown eyes.

- Yeah, right there.

He put all the bodies
in the fuel house,
then he blew them up
or dragged them into the fire.

Leann was locked up,
but she managed to escape.

So he moved the bodies.

We know that.

This body should be burned
beyond all recognition,
but it wasn't because
he was still alive.

Are you saying
he tried to run?

Or he was trying
to hide something.

- What are you guys looking for?

- What have you found?

A deck of cards,
pack of marlboros,

- some dice.

- Have you checked everywhere?

- I said I have not finished yet.

- What have you got?

- What are we looking for?

- Hold on.

Oh, shit.

I need some forceps.

- Communicate.

- You're gonna need some gloves, too.

Basic communication.

Four years gets me
more than this.

She said he was

choking on something.

What the hell?

Gabe, got the chip.

Go. It's ready.

Spark it up.

Gonna clean this.

- Okay, go.

- Yeah.

Go to where it cut out.

- Go back and clean it.

- I can't. The resolution sucks.

- Let me...

- Yeah, yeah. Start.

There's something

in those glitches.

I see four frames

I need to extract.

- I almost got him.

- What are you doing?

Increasing the D.P.I. Detail

and adding a de-blur filter.

- That must be right when he got stabbed.

- Go to the next one.

Shit.

There's another one.

He's taking off the mask.

Come on. Come on.

There's one last one.

Come on. It's too dark.

I can't see it.

There!

The boyfriend.

He has a broken heart.

That's a hell of a motive.

We got him.

I would like to inform you
that we have just received
substantial video evidence
that implicates Tyler Norris
in all of these crimes.

It was nice

having you here today.

If it was just

me and burquez,

I would've died.
What are you
gonna do now?
I don't know.
Finish my leave.
I could use a holiday.
Stop it.
Did you see something?
Play it again.
- This is Rachel's camera, right?
- Mm-hmm.
Again.
The glitches, they...
Play it again.
Timecode. Again.
What do you see
in here?
Zoom in on the timecode.
What are you
looking at?
The timecode
is not breaking...
With the glitches.
Tyler Norris is currently
in custody in county hospital.
His condition is critical,
but we will keep you posted
as we get updates.
(Multiple cell phones
ringing)
I'd also like to take
a moment to mention
that we were able
to accomplish this...
They're not glitches.
They're edits.
Reese. Reese.
Word on a new video
that's just hit the web.
They're outtakes
and deleted scenes
of some kind.
Sources are
still trying to...

What the hell
is going on?
...part of the earlier
released tapes.
Yes, we can now confirm
the video is genuine,
it is real.

- Put out an A.P.B.
- They left here hours ago.
- They could be anywhere.
- Jesus Christ.

I need an A.P.B. Out on
leann hookplat...
Rach, you and me are gonna
make a movie together one day.
It's gonna be
a masterpiece.
I don't get this.
We saw the whole goddamn thing.

- How did we miss this?
- We saw what they wanted us to see.

Put the fuckin' camera down
and help me get this set up.
Yeah, just past kidwell.
Pay you triple,
in cash.
You have to get more
on that one.
Fuck! You could ruin
everything.
Just get through it.
Hey, Tyler.
What kind of
trick is this?
Trust me.
You're gonna love it.
Can't fix this
with editing.
I can fix anything
with editing.
Oh, you fucking bitch.
Ben.
Nope.
Still in shot.

Make him look like
he swallowed it.
Shove it in there.
This is our little
editing suite,
we'll get video later
when Stacey gets out...
Jen. Yeah.
- How was it?
- Oh, man.
That's it.
Thanks for watching.
Remember, the next time
someone's filming you,

both:
in the sequel.