

Passed Lives  
by  
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Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

EXT. DITCH - DAY

Snow whips around as the wind howls along a highway.

An old gray car sits with the headlights on and the wipers rapidly brush off the windshield. The tires sit crookedly, out of alignment with the frame.

An old yellow barn with a green silo stands twenty feet from the car.

INT. CAR - SAME

Sneakers and an open book bag clutter the backseat. A letterman jacket sits in the passenger seat before a hand reaches out and grabs it.

BOY, 17, jock, shivers as he pulls on the jacket. His breath puffs out as a white cloud.

He reaches forward and holds his hands in front of the vents. They tremble as goosebumps raise on his skin. He quickly pulls away and rubs his hands together.

He reaches for his phone and looks down at it.

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE

From Dad

"Just stay with your car. The storm should end soon. Stay warm. Be careful. People can lose themselves in these kinds of storms."

BACK TO SCENE

Boy's teeth chatter before he looks down. The dials for the heat and air point at full blast.

He glances behind him and squints at the yellow barn through pelting snow. He pockets his phone and snatches his wallet from his backpack.

He ~~nearly~~ rips the keys from the ignition before he climbs out of the car.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Boy enters and closes the door behind him.

Old hay~~s~~ litters the floor, a makeshift grout between the floorboards. A few old farm tools rest against the walls. A large hole in the wall by the rafters filters light in.

The floorboards creak under his feet as he walks in. He shoves his hands into his pockets and examines the barn.

He stops and stares at the far wall.

~~A~~ thin object hides under a tattered, dirty sheet as it leans against the wall.

Boy hesitantly walks over and pulls away the sheet. He uncovers a mirror with a crack from one corner down to another. Dirt and oil block the reflection in the top.

He bunches the sheet up in his hand and rubs it against the dirt and oil.

As he rubs away the grime, he begins to see the rafters up above through the reflection. He stops when he sees a rafter with a rope hung from it.

Boy wipes harder. He scrubs in large strokes three times.

When he brings his hand down the third time, he sees DEAD BODY, corpse, overalls. Dead Body hangs by the neck from the rope.

Boy jumps back with a scream. He stumbles to the ground and looks up to the rafters themselves.

No rope or Dead Body. ~~Only rafters.~~

He looks back in the mirror. Nothing.

Boy exhales in relief and pushes himself up to his feet. He kicks aside the sheet.

In the mirror, blood drips in streaks down his sneaker.

He looks down, outside the mirror. No blood.

In the mirror, the blood pools on the wood floorboards.

Boy crouches down. With shaky hands, he lifts up his pant leg. Outside the mirror, normal.

In the mirror, four fingernail cuts mark his ankle. Each one pushes out a small river of blood. His socks and shoes stain red. ~~along with his shoes.~~

He looks back down at his leg, outside of the mirror. He rubs his ankle. He lifts up his hand. Only a little dirt.

Boy rolls his eyes and straightens out his pant leg before he stands up. He looks back in the mirror. His eyes go wide.

Dead Body stands, eyes glazed over, behind Boy. His breath comes out heavy like a chorus of exhales.

Boy stands frozen. Dead Body raises his right hand. Blood covers his fingernails. He reaches out and brushes them against Boy's cheek. He leaves three streaks of blood.

Outside the mirror, nothing. The blood appears on Boy's cheek. Dead Body still shows in the mirror.

Dead Body lowers his hand and locks eyes with Boy through the mirror.

DEAD BODY

Run.

Boy screams and quickly turns.

DEAD BODY

Ru---

The moment Boy turns completely around, the voice disappears. No Dead Body.

Boy runs for the door.

Dead Body, in the mirror, but not outside of it, watches him run away.

Boy trips and tumbles back down to the floor. He groans softly and moves to push himself back up. Two feet from the door.

He freezes when footsteps scuff across the floorboards. Ten of them. They stop.

A moment passes before something creaks and thuds against the floor.

Boy trembles as he looks back at the mirror. Nothing moves inside the barn. Slowly, he stands up and tiptoes back to the mirror.

Inside the mirror, a trap door lays open a few feet behind him.

He looks back, outside the mirror. No trap door.

Two more footsteps. This time, from the rafters.

Boy looks up. Nothing.

He slowly looks back to the mirror. The trap door still lays open.

Dead Body, corpse again, rope around his neck, drops from the rafters and through the trap door.

Blood splatters back into the corner that Boy wiped off.

Boy jumps back. Another thud and creak against the floor. Nothing moves.

He looks back in the mirror. No Dead Body. No blood on his leg or on the mirror. No trap door.

Boy looks down at the floorboards, outside of the mirror. He steps forward a few feet and crouches down.

Two small rusted hinges sit on the floor. Four of the floorboards cut off at the same juncture. The trap door.

Boy slips his fingernails under the floorboards and pulls. The floorboards creak, but they don't move.

His fingers slip from the floorboards. He falls onto his back and groans.

He sits up and grimaces before he looks around. He spots a crowbar next to the door and scrambles for it.

When his hands wrap around it, he rushes back to the trap door. He slides on his knees across the floorboards before he shoves it into the crack.

He grunts as he pushes down. He uses his body weight. Once. Twice. Three times. The trap door flings open.

The crowbar falls to the floor with a clank.

Boy catches himself with his hands.

He pushes himself up onto his knees and looks down inside the trap door. He gasps.

EXT. BARN - LATER

No wind or snow whips around.

A black tarp lays out in the snow. The bones of a skeleton cover it. Rotted rope threads twist in the neck bones of its spine.

Three police cars and a normal blue car sit randomly along the highway and in the grass. OFFICERS rush around with gloves on. They take pictures and examine the bones.

Boy stands, dirt on his cheek, against his car as he watches the scene unfold.

DAD, 40s, bundled up, stands next to him. He shivers.

SHERIFF, 40s, police uniform, jogs over.

SHERIFF

I don't know how you found him. No one ever saw the trap door.

Boy continues to stare at the bones.

SHERIFF

We think he used to be the farmer here. He went missing back in '56. No one took over this place. Just turned to farmland.

She looks at Boy.

SHERIFF

You did a real service to this man.

DAD

What happens now?

SHERIFF

We'll test the bones as best we can to confirm its identity. But as of right now, you two are free to go.

BOY

Do you have a picture of the farmer?

SHERIFF

Not on me, no. But, I'll keep in touch.

Sheriff pats Boy's shoulder and walks away.

Dad wraps his arm around Boy and walks with him to his car along the highway.

INT. DAD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Clean interior, almost brand new. Boy's backpack sits in the backseat.

Dad climbs into the driver's seat while Boy climbs into the passenger.

Dad reaches over to the glovebox and opens it. He pulls out a box of wet wipes and sets it down on Boy's lap.

Boy frowns.

DAD

Look in the mirror.

Dad fires up his car and pulls onto the highway.

Boy lowers the vizor in front of him and looks at himself in the small mirror.

Three streaks of dirt cover his cheek.