CHRONICLE: CHAPTER 2

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Based on, Chronicle by Max Landis

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FROM BLACK:

A VIDEO CAMERA BEEP -- it's recording.

DOOR KNOCK.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Yeah--?

CUT TO:

INT. SEATTLE NEWS STATION - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

The fuzzy blur of a video camera coming into focus. The CAMERA OPERATOR adjusts the color-balance.

Crystal clarity.

We see a slanted door-frame leading inside--

-- where a young man sits at a vanity mirror. Hallowed in light bulbs, his back is to us, face unseen.

YOUNG MAN
I really have nothing else to say.

The operator rights the camera and we catch a reflection.

Dark hair, pale skin, grey-blue eyes.

It's MATT GARETTY(21).

He's dressed as a traveler -- snow cap, Northface jacket, worn boots.

He ZIPS UP a backpack resting by his feet.

WOMAN (O.C.)
Before you roll out, my producer just wanted me to get a follow up for the website.

Matt hangs his head, turns. He eyes the unseen woman warily.

This is TARA MEYERS (40's). She's a lean, hawklike reporter with a voice so sickly sweet it hurts the ears.

TARA
Come on, just a quick word. You've already done the hard part.

CUT TO:

INT. SEATTLE NEWS STATION - DRESSING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The camera zooms in close on Matt's face. Eyes pained.

MATT
--yeah, and I was pretty clear I'm not talking about Andrew anymore.

The camera zooms out. Matt stands, slings the backpack over his shoulders.

On the back wall, strange RECTANGULAR SHADOWS shift around him.

TARA
And do you always have these with you?

The camera tilts up. We see FOUR HANDHELD DIGITAL CAMERAS floating just above Matt's head.

MATT
I have to.

TARA
Because you think--

MATT
No, no. I know.

TARA
--that the government is after you.

Matt shakes his head, smiles sardonically.

MATT
Don't say the "government". As like the government is some group made up by conspiracy nuts. Ever since -- <u>what we did</u>. The NSA, CIA, they're tracking me.

TARA
And you believe that this protects you?

MATT
They've threatened my parents--

TARA
And you're girlfriend?

Matt leans back, sits on the counter in front of the vanity mirror.

MATT
Andrew's tapes were the only thing that proved that I wasn't trying to-

TARA
But you could hurt people if you wanted to. It's not like anyone can stop you, right?

Matt squints at her, hops up and steps forward.

INT. SEATTLE NEWS STATION - HALLWAY- SECONDS LATER

Floating around him, MATT'S CAMERAS have taken over as he leaves the dressing room.

The CAMERAMAN and Tara trail behind Matt as he looks for an exit.

MATT
Shit, which way is out?

He spins around and almost trips over the Cameraman.

MATT (CONT'D)
Dude...

Matt makes a shooing gesture. The Cameraman steps back.

TARA
Last thing, what are you going to do now that you're back?

MATT
I'm going to go home and pinch a loaf.

Gives a little mock salute, bushes past the Cameraman and Tara. Heads towards the doors as the opposite end of the hallway.

TARA (O.S.)
And then--?

MATT
(calling back)
I'm going to find out what happened to us.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Matt's CAMERA POV: he flies through sky, pulling clouds with his blinding speed.

Below his hometown zooms by in a smattering of houses and trees.

EXT. HAVEN HILLS - SINK HOLE - DAY

Like a meteor, Matt crashes into the grassy valley. Unhurt.

Tall ECLECTIC FENCES surround the sinkhole where Matt, Steve, Andrew received their amazing powers.

Matt pauses before it. Filled with reverence.

Then he raises up his arms and --

-- the ground explodes in a CLOUD OF DIRT and ROCK.

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