

OVER BLACK - ORIGIN OF AN EXPEDITION...

INT. MIAMI, FLORIDA - APARTMENT - NIGHT - 2015

A quiet, introspective twelve-year-old boy, **BRADLEY**, arrives at a new apartment complex with his mother. He's thoughtful, observant—his mind a mix of anxiety and curiosity.

Cardboard boxes sit unopened. The air feels heavy with change.

MADISON (35), a strong, nurturing single mother, helps lift furniture and set up their new place. Despite the chaos of moving, she radiates calm. She watches her son, sensing his unease.

MADISON

Sweetie, how do you feel about
starting at your new school
tomorrow?

BRADLEY

(softly)
Just... a little anxious. This
neighborhood seems peaceful though.

MADISON

It's what they say—when you're
transcending the old, stepping into
the new.

BRADLEY

But Mom... I'm really gonna miss my
old friends. I made some good
memories there. It was hard to
leave.

MADISON

I know.
(pauses, warm smile)
But one chapter closes, and another
begins. Let's make this one count.

Bradley nods, a small spark of hope behind his eyes.

MADISON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Alright—get some rest. Big day
tomorrow.

BRADLEY

Good night, Mom.

Bradley walks to his room with quiet determination. He closes his eyes and says a short, silent prayer: *"Let this be a good beginning..."*

FADE TO BLACK.

INT./EXT. SANTA CLARA ELEMENTARY - SUNRISE

The morning sun rises over **Santa Clara Elementary**, casting a golden glow on the school's artistic exterior. A mural of a **blue and orange lion mascot** stretches across the front wall, surrounded by vibrant **flowers**, freshly trimmed **grass**, and sleek black **gates**.

A car pulls into the parking lot. **MADISON** steps out, followed by **BRADLEY**, backpack over his shoulder. He gazes at the building—curious, nervous, hopeful.

INT. SANTA CLARA ELEMENTARY - MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Madison and Bradley walk through the warm, welcoming halls into the front office. Inside, walls are decorated with student artwork and motivational posters. A sense of comfort hums beneath the nerves.

Behind a desk sits **MS. WILLIAMS (42)** — dark-skinned, wearing glasses, calm and professional. She reviews a folder of paperwork, then looks up with a kind smile.

MS. WILLIAMS

Alright, Mr. Bradley. You're all set.

Your first class this morning is **Math** with **Mr. Molinari** — Room **1407**, upstairs.

She hands Bradley his schedule. He takes it carefully.

BRADLEY

(quietly)

Thank you...

MS. WILLIAMS

You're going to do great. Just remember—every student starts their story somewhere.

Bradley gives a small nod. Madison squeezes his shoulder gently.

MADISON

You've got this, baby.

They share a quick, reassuring hug. Madison watches proudly as Bradley takes his first step into this new world.

EXT. MR. MOLINARI'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bradley stands outside **Room 1407**, clutching his schedule. He takes a breath, raises his fist—**KNOCK KNOCK**.

The door creaks open.

MR. MOLINARI (38) — a tall, energetic teacher with a welcoming smile — opens the door.

MR. MOLINARI

(first impression, warm)

Good morning! You must be Bradley.

(extends hand)

I'm Mr. Molinari. Come on in.

INT. MR. MOLINARI'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bradley steps into the classroom. The air shifts. Students pause mid-conversation, eyes drifting toward the new kid. Whispers stir in the back—curiosity, judgment, interest.

MR. MOLINARI (CONT'D)

Alright, class—eyes up here.

We've got a new student joining us today—**Bradley**. Let's make him feel welcome.

A few scattered "**hi**"s and nods from the front rows. Bradley gives a nervous half-smile.

MR. MOLINARI (CONT'D)

Bradley, you can grab a seat in the back row for now. We'll get you caught up.

Bradley nods, walking toward the back as murmurs continue. He passes a few students who size him up, some curious, some indifferent.

He slides into a seat, trying to blend in—**eyes low, heart pounding**.

MR. MOLINARI (CONT'D)

(cheerful, back to business)

Now, where were we? Oh yes—fractions and how they ruin lives.

The class chuckles lightly. Bradley exhales quietly, still tense, but beginning to settle.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

The lunchroom buzzes with chatter. Trays clatter. Students laugh and shout over one another. BRADLEY makes his way through the lunch line, grabbing a chicken sandwich, school-made fries, an apple, and a carton of chocolate milk.

As he looks for a place to sit—

HECTOR (13) — tall, with a sharp fade and cocky attitude — strolls up with a pack of friends behind him, smirking.

HECTOR

(teasing)

Yo, newbie. I'm Hector. Gotta say—
I *really* like your shoes.

BRADLEY

(confused, but polite)

Uh... thanks?

HECTOR

(laughs, nudging his boys)

I'm just playin'. What'd you get
those at—the dollar store?

The group laughs. Bradley frowns, a bit embarrassed but trying to keep composure.

BRADLEY

(sincere)

I don't get it. What's so funny?

HECTOR

(sarcastic, showing off)

Check *these* out.

(points to his sneakers)

Limited edition red-and-white

Jordans. Got 'em yesterday—\$250.

Now, if you'll excuse me... I'm off
to sit with my dream girl, Karen.

Hector and his crew strut off like they own the cafeteria.

Bradley sighs, tray still in hand.

Then—**CHRISTIAN (13)**, dark skin, dreads, and a kind, laid-back demeanor—approaches with his own tray and genuine energy.

CHRISTIAN

Mind if I sit here?

BRADLEY

(relieved)

No, not at all.

CHRISTIAN

You're Bradley, right? I saw you in Mr. Molinari's class.

BRADLEY

Yeah—day one. It's been kinda crazy... but I'm getting the hang of it.

They share a smile. For the first time today, Bradley feels at ease.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - LATER

P.E. CLASS is in full swing. Students line up under the hot afternoon sun. The **P.E. COACH** stands in front of the group, whistle around his neck.

P.E. COACH

Alright, people! We're kicking off with a **push-up contest!**
Let's see what you've got!

EXT. SCHOOL FIELD - PUSH-UP CONTEST - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA MOVES across the rows of students in mid-push-up—grunts, sweat, determination. Some drop early, others power through. A **SCOREBOARD** is being updated on a clipboard by a **TEACHER ASSISTANT** nearby.

HECTOR finishes strong, pushing himself off the grass and flexing.

P.E. COACH (CONT'D)

Hector—twenty-seven. Not bad.

Hector smirks, eyeing Bradley from across the field.

P.E. COACH (CONT'D)

Next up—Christian and Bradley.
Let's finish strong.

CHRISTIAN
(turning to Bradley,
smiling)
You sure, man? Wanna go first?

BRADLEY
(grinning)
Nah, you go ahead. My arm fell
asleep in class.

CHRISTIAN
(chuckling)
Alright, don't let me show you up
too hard.

Christian drops down and starts. He's steady, confident, each rep clean. The class watches, impressed. Hector leans in from the sidelines, arms crossed.

P.E. COACH
Twenty-five... twenty-six... twenty-seven...

Christian strains a bit but pushes for more.

P.E. COACH (CONT'D)
Twenty-eight! That's it—nice job.

CHRISTIAN
(breathless, smiling)
Whew. Your turn, bro.

BRADLEY steps forward. Some of the class giggles. A few whispers—no one expects much.

He drops to the ground, locks into position.

P.E. COACH
Ready... go!

Bradley starts. Smooth. Controlled. Reps flying like he's been doing this for years. Students start to gather closer, surprised.

P.E. COACH (CONT'D)
Twenty... twenty-five...

Eyes widen—even Hector stops smirking.

P.E. COACH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Thirty... thirty-five...

Christian whistles, impressed.

CHRISTIAN

Yo! What planet you from?

BRADLEY

(grinning mid-rep)
I used to do these for fun back home.

P.E. COACH

Forty! That's enough! Alright—we've got a new top score!

The class claps and cheers. Hector sulks in the background, clearly annoyed.

CHRISTIAN

(slapping Bradley on the back)
Dude. You didn't just survive Day One—you owned it.

BRADLEY

(smiling, more confident now)
Yeah. I think I'm gonna like it here.

FADE OUT.

INT. MIAMI, FLORIDA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The front door opens. **BRADLEY** walks in, his backpack dragging slightly, school uniform wrinkled from a long day. He's **exhausted**, but there's a **flicker of pride** in his eyes from how the day went.

Suddenly—

MADISON (O.S.)

(angrily on the phone)
No, you don't get to walk away this time! I've handled enough without you!

Bradley winces at the sound of his **mom's raised voice** coming from the bedroom.

He quietly slips off his shoes, trying not to draw attention, and heads for the couch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bradley collapses onto the couch. He pulls out his **phone**, opens **Clash Royale**, and zones out.

The tiny battle animations flash on screen, a digital escape from the real-world tension around him.

Madison's voice grows louder, now pacing in the hallway—

MADISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You think you can just check out?
 You think this is easy for me or
 for him?

Bradley adjusts the volume on his phone, pretending not to hear. His fingers tap the screen with focused rhythm. **The sounds of swords clashing and digital chaos clash with the real-life chaos** behind the walls.

He lets out a soft sigh. A notification flashes across the game screen:

"Victory."

BRADLEY
 (murmurs to himself)
 At least I'm winning somewhere.

He closes his eyes for a moment. The phone screen fades to black in his hand.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: 4 YEARS LATER...

YEAR: 2019

INT. MIAMI, FLORIDA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Headlights flash across the driveway. A beat-up **UBER** car idles for a moment before **MADISON** (now 39, exhausted, wearing a work uniform) leans toward the passenger side.

MADISON
 Be good. Lock the door behind you.
 I'll be back after midnight.

BRADLEY (16) nods quietly, eyes distant. He grabs his backpack and steps out.

The car drives off. Red taillights fade into the night.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bradley enters the dim apartment alone. No voices. No warmth. Just the faint hum of a ceiling fan.

He closes the door behind him, then pauses—his face falls into a quiet stillness as **FLASHBACKS** rapidly flood his mind:

— *HECTOR laughing in the cafeteria.*

— *Kids whispering as he walks by.*

— *Sitting alone at lunch.*

He shakes it off.

INT. BRADLEY'S ROOM - LATER

He drops his backpack, kicks off his shoes, and flops onto his bed. He grabs his phone and scrolls.

TV GLOWS in the background—he's watching the **SCREAM TV series**. A masked killer chases teens down dark hallways, each scene heightening his sense of paranoia.

He throws on his headphones. **Music starts—"Lucid Dreams" by JUICE WRLD.**

The beat hits. The lyrics hit harder.

CLOSE ON Bradley's face as he lies back, staring at the ceiling. Eyes heavy with pain, his expression unreadable.

He's not scared of the horror on screen—he's already lived through something worse.

TV plays. Music plays. The world spins around him, but he remains still.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BRADLEY'S ROOM - BATHROOM - MIDNIGHT

Bradley stands in front of the mirror, **brushing his teeth**, half-awake.

CLATTER — The toothpaste slips from his hand and hits the floor. He bends down to pick it up, then slowly rises, catching a **glimpse of something off** in the mirror.

His **reflection isn't brushing his teeth** anymore.

It's grinning.

An **evil, unnatural grin.**

Bradley stares at it—frozen.

BRADLEY
 (whispers)
 What the hell... Who are you?

The reflection tilts its head, amused. Its **eyes glow subtly**, filled with menace.

BRANDON (16) – an identical version of Bradley, only colder, darker – **emerges in the mirror** like a shadow peeling off reality.

BRANDON
 (smirking)
 Hello, Brad-Boy.

I'm the conqueror of your dreams.
 And trust me—we haven't been *properly* introduced.

Bradley stumbles back, his heart racing.

BRADLEY
 How do you know my name?
 How the hell were you created?

BRANDON
 That depends... not on *how*, but *why*. You've lived a hard life. Trauma. Isolation. Anger. Logically—we *were* destined to meet.

Bradley rubs his eyes, overwhelmed, tired, doubting his reality.

BRADLEY
 (to himself)
 This isn't real... you're just in my head...

BRANDON
 (laughs darkly)
 If I was *only* in your head... how am I talking to you, *Dum-Boy*?

The mirror ripples. The lights flicker.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 You started this story.
 And I'm just here to finish what you never could. Good-night brother.

INT. BRADLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bradley **closes the bedroom door**, weary. He drops onto his bed and **drifts into sleep**.

Darkness takes over.

CREEEAK...

A faint sound of marbles rolling echoes through the dark room.

CLICK. The lights flip on.

BRANDON is now seated in Bradley's chair – calm, smug – sipping **red wine** from a glass bottle and **munching green apple slices**.

Bradley jolts upright.

BRADLEY

(startled)

What are you–

BRANDON

(interrupting)

I told you already... I'm your protector. Your adviser. I was born the same day as you. A mirror. A shadow. There must've been a genetic **manifestation...** maybe from your father–**Delvin**.

BRADLEY

(suspicious)

How do you know so much about me?

BRANDON

(smirks)

The question isn't *how*, Bradley. It's *why*.

You've got pain–real pain.

But that pain? It can be **rechanneled** into something... beautiful.

The question is: *Are you up for it?*

Bradley, seduced by Brandon's sinister charisma, rises slowly and **walks to the closet**.

He pulls out a **Scream mask**, dusty and forgotten.

INT. BATHROOM - MIAMI APARTMENT - MIDNIGHT

Bradley stands in front of the mirror, **mask in hand**,
breathing hard.

He slowly raises it to his face—

BRANDON suddenly appears in the mirror behind him — not in
real life — just in the reflection. Unblinking. Grinning.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Now...

I want you to make her **bleed out** —
Just like Piper Shaw did.

And when you do... whisper this line:

*"My father got lost. I got tossed. And you? You had the
perfect life."*

BRADLEY

(hesitates)

You're sure?

What if they recognize me?

It feels... wrong.

BRANDON

Trust me.

I know what's best for you.

Or have you forgotten what a deep
wound feels like?

I'm offering you an escape, **Bradley-Boy**.

Bradley stares at his reflection, mask now covering his face.

A deep breath.

Doubt flickers in his eyes.

But Brandon's voice echoes in his head...

Twisting. Pulling. Manipulating.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(Smirk, manic laughing)

Let the fun begin. ARUGH

HAHAHAHA!!!

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MIAMI, FLORIDA APARTMENT — MORNING

The front door creaks open.

Madison steps in, **exhausted** from her overnight Uber shift.
Her eyes are **red**, her posture slouched — barely keeping it
together.

She sets her keys down with a sigh... then freezes.

TV STATIC.

The faint **screams of a horror movie** echo from Bradley's room.

She walks in and finds **Bradley sitting eerily still**, face dimly lit by the glow of the screen. *SCREAM* plays in the background – loud, unblinking killers on screen. Something's off.

MADISON

(concerned)

Bradley? How are you still awake?

(sighs)

Don't tell me you've been up watching movies all night again...

That's not good for your brain – Your body needs rest, baby.

Bradley doesn't respond right away.

He just keeps watching.

Still. Quiet.

Expression unreadable.

Madison watches him, her maternal instincts prickling. She steps closer – something in her gut whispers: *Something's wrong.*

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. JACKSON SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL – NEXT DAY – MORNING

SUPER: "Monday – The day after Thanksgiving break"

Bradley walks through the school gates, his hoodie pulled up, earbuds in – the world around him blurry and numb.

Then...

He sees him.

HECTOR.

Standing by the entrance.

Laughing with friends.

Like nothing ever happened.

Bradley's heart **pounds**.

Flashbacks ripple through his vision – humiliation, laughter, betrayal.
His fists clench. His breathing shifts.

Suddenly–

A STRANGE PRESENCE brushes past him.

A girl.

Blonde hair. Green eyes.
Wearing a soft blue jacket and jeans.
She turns, briefly catching his gaze.

CAROLINA (16) –

An ethereal version of someone he's never met...
but somehow *knows*.

She looks like something out of his dreams –
or maybe a *memory* buried so deep he can't place it.

She smiles.

BRADLEY

(whispering)

Who...?

Before he can follow her–

LOUDSPEAKER CRACKLES:

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

(over the intercom)

Everyone, clear the hall! Get to
class – now!

STUDENTS swarm around a hallway fight.

Phones out.
Recording.
Posting.
Laughing.

Bradley turns away from the chaos, **ignoring the crowd.**

As he heads toward his **Pre-Algebra class**, he passes the
restroom.

He freezes.

Rolling marbles.

Faint echoes.

The hallway dims in his eyes, sounds muffled...

The marbles stop.

Bradley looks up – his reflection in the bathroom mirror just *barely moves differently*.

Something is beginning.

The line between his inner world and reality is breaking.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "LATER THAT NIGHT"

EXT. PARKING LOT - DOLLAR STORE - NIGHT

Streetlights flicker. A humid fog rolls in.

Bradley exits the store, holding a small plastic bag of snacks. His hoodie's up, face tired. He turns down a side street.

Behind him–

FOOTSTEPS.

HECTOR (O.S.)
Yo, slowpoke! You lost again?

Bradley turns – the gang approaches from across the street.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
(taunting)
Whatchu got there? Chips and soda?
(mocking)
Damn, what, your parents too broke
for real food?

BRADLEY
(quiet, firm)
Leave me alone.

HECTOR
(laughing)
Aww, he got a voice now?
(to his boys)
Yo, he trying to grow a spine!

Suddenly –

The streetlights above **buzz and flicker violently**.

Wind gusts through the alley.

A **gray mist creeps** along the sidewalk...
and from within it steps —

BRANDON.

Same face as Bradley.

But sharper.

Colder.

Eyes glowing with rage.

He holds a METAL BAT in one hand.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(startled)

The hell—?

BRANDON

(smirking)

You think you're bad?

Nah.

You're just loud.

He taps the bat on the ground — **CLANG** — and charges.

QUICK CUTS:

Brandon moves like smoke and fire — martial precision, raw power.

One kid tries to swing — Brandon ducks, twists his arm behind his back.

Another lunges — Brandon kicks him through a trash bin.

Hector stumbles back, terrified.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(staring Hector down)

This pain you feed off?

It's mine now.

He lifts the bat.

BRADLEY (O.S.)

(softly, from the fog)

Enough.

Brandon turns — sees Bradley standing still, watching.

For a moment, time stops.

Two sides of the same soul.

One bleeding. One burning.

BRANDON

You sure?
He deserves it.

BRADLEY

(quiet but firm)
Let karma finish the story.

Brandon breathes out – long and deep – and drops the bat.

The fog vanishes.

The bullies scramble, limping away.

Bradley picks up his bag... and walks home alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Bradley walks alone. His shoes scrape the pavement.
The **fog has cleared**, but the **weight of the moment** clings to him.
His breath is shaky. His eyes dart, trying to find normalcy again.

Suddenly–

A **WARM, BRIGHT LIGHT** glows ahead.

Standing under a flickering streetlamp is **CAROLINA (16)** – blonde hair flowing, green eyes glowing subtly, like they're made of stars.

She's calm. Almost **too calm** for this world.
Like something from a dream... or something he's lost.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

(staggered, breathless)
This...
This isn't real.
It's a dream. A trick from Brandon.
Right?

CAROLINA

(softly)
Does it matter?
Even dreams come from somewhere
real.

Bradley freezes. She walks toward him – barefoot, untouched by the world's grime.

BRADLEY

Why are you here?
How do you even know who I am?

CAROLINA

(smiling gently)
I've always known you, Brad.
Before the darkness... before
Brandon.

BRADLEY

(whispers)
Who are you?

CAROLINA

Your hope...
Your light...
Or maybe just your memory of it.

She touches his hand – a soft pulse of warmth flows through him.

Suddenly–

FLASHES OF HIS CHILDHOOD:

Laughter. A park. His father before the chaos.
A girl playing in the sunlight... Carolina?

CAROLINA (CONT'D)

You don't have to let the darkness
win. Even if it lives inside you...
You still get to choose.

Bradley blinks – overcome.

When he opens his eyes again...

She's gone.

The street is silent.
Only the distant sound of traffic.
But in his hand – a **green marble**, glowing faintly.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JACKSON SENIOR HIGH – CLASSROOM – NEXT DAY

The bell rings.

Students shuffle into class, buzzing with gossip and hushed conversations.

Bradley sits near the back – hoodie on, eyes low, introverted as ever.
He watches, silently.

Groups of students whisper, passing phones back and forth, showing something.

STUDENT #1

(low)
Yo, did you see Hector's face? His nose was crooked.

STUDENT #2

Dude got wrecked last night. And his boy Luis? Straight-up crying in the corner.

STUDENT #3

No cap – it was some dude in a mask or somethin'. Like horror movie sh*t.

STUDENT #1

Nah, I heard he was possessed or something. Like, the way he moved? That wasn't normal.

Bradley overhears bits and pieces.

Bradley's POV – his eyes drift to the window, zoning out... but deep down, a flicker of **uncertainty** in his chest.

He *doesn't remember* what happened after he walked home...

His hands shake slightly under the desk. He clenches them into fists.

The teacher walks in, slams the door shut.

TEACHER

Alright everyone, phones away.
Let's stay focused. I know there's rumors flying around, but this is Algebra, not TMZ.

The class settles – barely.

Bradley exhales slowly. He glances around, eyes briefly locking on the **empty seat** where Hector usually sits.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

(to himself)
If I didn't do it... then who did?

He looks down at his notebook.

A green marble sits in the middle of the page.

His eyes widen. He never put it there.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MIAMI, FLORIDA APARTMENT - MIDNIGHT

The room is dimly lit by the soft glow of a TV screen.
Bradley, alone, lies on his bed, headset on, controller in hand — deep into an online game.

JUICE WRLD plays faintly in the background.

TV CHATTER

(muffled)
Yo Bradley, cover me, they're
flanking left!

BRADLEY

(on mic)
Got it, got it — I'm pushing.

Suddenly —
KNOCK.

A sharp, deliberate knock at the **front door**.

Bradley freezes.
His controller slowly lowers.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

(startled)
What the—?

He removes his headset. The knock doesn't come again.

The AC clicks on.

A heavy burst of air kicks through the vents.
The temperature drops instantly.
Bradley shivers.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Why is it so damn cold all of a
sudden?

He checks the **thermostat**:
60° F.

His breath becomes visible — like smoke in winter.

He looks around. The hallway light flickers. A quiet creak from the back of the apartment.

He slowly stands, uneasy.
Something's off.

His shadow in the hallway begins to twist – longer...
distorted.

He whispers.

BRADLEY

(to himself)

I didn't set the AC that low...

Then –

Another knock.

Louder. Heavier.

He turns toward the door – then **a whisper echoes from behind him.**

BRANDON (O.S.)

(whispering)

I told you... this is just the
beginning.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MIAMI, FLORIDA APARTMENT – NIGHT

SUPER: FEBRUARY 28, 2019

Bradley's in his room, headphones in, music up – but he suddenly feels a draft. He checks the window – shut. He turns around –

A MARBLE rolls across the floor.

He doesn't move.

Another one.

Then – from the shadows of his closet... a slow, deliberate
CLAP.

BRANDON (O.S.)

(low, amused)

You thought you could forget me?

Bradley's breath hitches. He whips around. No one.

The mirror shows Brandon – **but not him.** Brandon's sitting casually on the edge of the bed, eating green apple slices.

BRANDON (Reflection Only)

We were doing so well. You even wore the mask.

BRADLEY

What do you want from me?

BRANDON

To finish what you started.

The reflection BLINKS – and now Brandon is behind Bradley in the mirror – but **when Bradley turns around...**

Nothing.

But on his bed... sits a **real apple core** and an open **closet** door.

INT. JACKSON SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL – HALLWAY – NEXT DAY

The bell rings. Bradley walks through the crowded hallway. Everyone's chatting, laughing – but their voices distort...

STUDENT #1 (V.O.)

Did you hear what happened to Hector?

STUDENT #2 (V.O.)

They say he saw something that wasn't *human*.

Bradley keeps his head low. Paranoia creeps in. He hears a voice – low, familiar – over the crowd:

BRANDON (O.S.)

They're all watching you now, Brad-Boy.

Bradley freezes. Turns.

No one.

Then – *his locker swings open by itself*. Inside?

A **burnt version of the Scream mask** from his closet, with a note pinned inside:

"Let's play again soon. – B"

Bradley slams it shut – his hands shaking.

CAROLINA (O.S.)

Bradley?

He jumps – turns – and there she is. Carolina. Blonde hair, green eyes – just like in his dreams. Standing right in front of him.

CAROLINA (CONT'D)

You okay?

BRADLEY

(guarded, confused)

How this is possible?

CAROLINA

Not yet know. But your visions and imaginary is bleeding into your reality, its like you were chosen for great things.

She hands him something: a **small red marble**.

CAROLINA (SOFT) (CONT'D)

He's not just in your head anymore.
Be careful who you listen to.

She walks away. The hallway is silent now. Students are gone.

Bradley stands alone, gripping the marble. The weight of it suddenly feels *real*.

INT. JACKSON SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL – BOYS BATHROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Bradley rushes in. Slams the door. Looks in the mirror – breathing heavy.

BRADLEY

(whispers)

This isn't real. It's not real...

The bathroom lights **flicker**.

A **shadow** crosses behind him – *in the mirror only*.

BRANDON (O.S.)

But it feels real, doesn't it?

Bradley spins around. Nothing there.

He looks back into the mirror – and now, **Brandon is standing behind him**, in full view.

Dressed in a sleek, all-black outfit. Calm. Confident. Holding a **blood-stained apple** in one hand, a twisted grin on his face.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I told you this would happen. You
opened the door — and now I'm here.
No more hide and seek.

Bradley backs into the stall — trembling.

BRADLEY

You're not... you're not real.

BRANDON

I wasn't. But I fed on your fear.
Your pain. Your *need* for someone to
understand you.

(beat)

You created me, Brad-Boy. Now you can't unmake me.

Brandon bites into the apple — *blood drips from his mouth instead of juice.*

BRANDON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Time to decide... Are you the
puppet — or the puppeteer?

The mirror **shatters** violently — but Bradley's face is
untouched. Brandon is **gone**.

Bradley breathes hard. Looks at his hand — he's still holding
the **red marble**.

It begins to **glow faintly**.

EXT. MIAMI LAKES NEIGHBORHOOD — LATE AFTERNOON

*Bradley walks home from school alone. Hoodie up. Head down.
The streets are quiet — almost too quiet. The kind of silence
that **builds pressure**.*

Suddenly — a figure steps out from behind a fence.

HECTOR.

His face is bruised, his knuckles cracked. Eyes bloodshot —
like he hasn't slept. He's not alone in his mind anymore.

HECTOR

(gritted teeth)

You punk... all my homeboys are in
the *hospital* 'cause your sick,
manic twin pulled them like
strings.

(steps closer)

But you? You're not going anywhere, nerd.

*Hector shoves Bradley with a vicious **kinetic slam** – knocking him to the pavement hard. Bradley winces, dazed, trying to breathe.*

HECTOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Get up, punk. Fight me.

(pauses, smirking)

Come on... *bitch-boy*.

Bradley struggles to sit up – the air thick with dread.

Then – the **wind stops**.

The **streetlights flicker**.

From behind Hector – **Brandon materializes**, walking in like a shadow that grew legs.

His eyes cold. No emotion.

Wearing black leather gloves. A soft metal bat dragging behind him on the concrete.

BRANDON

(quiet)

You wanted a fight.

(smirk)

Let's dance, tough guy.

Hector turns – and barely blinks before **Brandon strikes**.

A brutal blur of movement:

A blow to Hector's ribs – he gasps, drops to his knees.

A **kick to the chest** launches him back against a mailbox.

Brandon grabs Hector by the collar, stares into his soul.

BRANDON (LOW) (CONT'D)

You're not the first bully to break.

(whispers)

But I'll make sure you're the last.

He slams Hector down with a final strike. The bat clatters to the ground.

Bradley stands there – frozen. Heart racing. Breath shallow.

He looks at Brandon – who's now facing him. Calm. Almost proud.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(softly)

See what happens when you let me
protect you?

Bradley says nothing – just stares at Hector's bruised,
gasping body.

Then – Brandon vanishes into the **gray mist...** like he was
never there.

Bradley turns away, overwhelmed, shaken to his core.
His hand in his pocket – still clutching the **red marble.**