

The Prophetied Script

written by

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EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - SUNRISE

SUPER - 1975

A mist sweeps above the famous canyons of Sunset Blvd towards a sprawling luxurious mansion.

The remnants of last night's party linger- empty champagne bottles, scattered confetti in the pool- and an OSCAR statue that sits on a glass table beside a half drunk glass of champagne.

On a lounge chair **MOLLY RIVERS (23) Hollywood's new starlet**, barefoot, in a silk robe, mascara slightly smudged, sipping a cocktail. The glow of her Oscar night victory hasn't faded as she stares over the city basking in the moment.

MOLLY  
(to herself, half drunk laughing)  
I'm a fucking star...

Her maid CARMEN (50's) a kind hearted old school housekeeper emerges from the back kitchen with a thick manila envelope.

CARMEN  
Morning Miss Molly.

MOLLY  
Ugh, is it even morning?

CARMEN  
A driver just dropped this off for you.

Carmen cleans away some empty glasses as Molly takes the envelope.

On the front- HER NAME SPRAWLED IN FADED BLACK INK.

MOLLY  
From who?

CARMEN  
Didn't say.

Molly tears it open.

Inside a SCRIPT.

The title page: **The Prophesised Script-written by...**(the name is missing, faded away)

A **yellowed note** slips out from between the pages.

She picks it up.

**NOTE: Congratulations on your award. Now it's time for your final performance.**

MOLLY

What the hell is this?

She flips through the pages, one passage catching her eye.

**PASSAGE DESCRIPTION: She came to Hollywood to make a splash, but this town doesn't just drown it's darlings, it spits them out.**

Molly laughs nervously.

MOLLY

Spits them out?...God, these writers are desperate.

She tosses the script on her lounge chair and removes her robe.

MOLLY

Carmen, I'm getting in the pool- if my agent calls, tell him Hollywood ate me up and spat me out.

Carmen nods uneasy, enters back into the house.

A strong breeze blows through the garden.

Then- **something in the pool.**

A page of paper, floating.

Molly frowns, steps closer. More pages drift in.

One, two, three...forming a circle in the water.

As she kneels down to the edge fishing one out- **the water shimmers unnaturally, bending like heatwaves on asphalt. A shape lurks beneath nearly invisible, transparent but solid.**

Molly SCREAMS as the unseen force YANKS her down.

**UNDERWATER POV-** Molly's body is dragged down violently, **deeper, deeper.** She trashes, arms flailing, kicking against something that isn't there. The script pages swirl around her

face, twisting, clinging to her skin. She claws at that them, but as she fights to the surface for air, YANK- something grips tighter. Won't let go.

A shadow shifts above her- **and she see's it**. Pure horror as her wild eyes come face to face with it's presence. No, no, no...

It continues to taunt/toy with her...

INT. MOLLY'S KITCHEN

Fresh coffee, fruit and hot pastries on a breakfast tray. Carmen sways and hums to the soft crackle of a vinyl record spinning on a vintage turntable, filling the kitchen with the soulful sound of Etta James, as she prepares breakfast.

On the floor, near her feet, **MILLO, Molly's tiny white Pomeranian**, scratching and whining at the glass patio doors which lead to the pool.

CARMEN

Ah, Niño, what's the fuss now?

She scoops some kibble into his dish but Milo doesn't budge, just stares out, ears perked- **as Molly is FLUNG UPWARD, LAUNCHED FROM THE WATER LIKE A RAG DOLL.**

Carmen still unaware.

EXT- POOL

Molly's body flies through the air, high, **UNNATURALLY HIGH, CRASHING** down onto the sleek pool deck- **BONE SNAPPING IMPACT.**

As she lands on the patio with a sickening thud, a single page of the script falls down, landing squarely over her face, inches away from her golden OSCAR.

Carmen steps outside.

CARMEN

Alright princesa, I got your-

Stops cold. Tray slipping from her hands, smashing on the tiles.

CARMEN

Miss Molly???

Molly's mangled body lies on the wet concrete. Twisted.

Lifeless. Dripping.

# MAIN TITLES

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS- DAY

SUPER-2025

Excitement in the air for a new semester. Bruins Cheerleaders gather at the main doors. Handsome Jocks practice ball on the grass.

INT. ARTS CENTER HALLWAY - MORNING

**JAX- AKA JACQUELINE (23, a sharp talented film student with real ambition)** is the kind of girl who slips through the cracks, not because she's invisible, but because she's learned to survive by dimming her light. Beautiful in an effortless 90's kind of way, with olive skin and wavy brunette hair, she often hides beneath thrifted denim jackets and black chokers. She listens more than she speaks, especially to 80's music. And when she does speak it cuts. There's a calmness to her, not passive, but watchful, like she's always measuring the world around her, deciding what part of herself to reveal.

As she gets books from her locker--Bobby arrives.

**BOBBY (23, a horror nerd, thick glasses that makes him look like Clark Kent)** sneaks up behind her yanking out her earplugs. If Kent spent more time obsessing over Tarantino than saving the world, this would be him.

BOBBY

REM again? Jesus, you really are stuck in another lifetime.

JAX

Maybe I just like the world better back then.

He stares at her, amused, but there's an unspoken chemistry there, just a flicker.

BOBBY

You gonna make it to the auditorium, or you gonna stand here romanticizing the past all day.

JAX

Depends. Are you gonna spend the next seven hours flexing your IMDB knowledge you accumulated this past Winter break.

They make their way towards the auditorium doors.

JAX

Besides, it's called *good music*.

BOBBY

No. It's called final semester.

(Arrive at doors.)

You ready for our final masterpiece?

Only genre left is your favourite.

She winces as she opens the doors--

INT. UCLA ARTS CENTER LECTURE HALL- MORNING

A massive auditorium. Rows of film students slouch in their seats, some engaged, others half asleep. A large projector displays a still from *The Exorcist*.

The energy in the room shifts as **PROFEESSOR CRANE (50'S)** enters- tall, sharp, a scarf draped over his shoulders like he belongs on a 70's film set. He steps onto the stage with the grace of a man who believes he's the most important person in the room.

PROFESSOR CRANE

**Horror.** The only genre that forces it's audience to feel. Laughter? You can fake it. Tears? You can hold them back. But fear-fear is primal. Fear is real.

A murmur ripples through the class.

JAX

(whispers to bobby)

Great. The one genre that actually hijacks my nervous system.

BOBBY

I know this stuff freaks you out, but that's exactly why you should write it.

(flirts)

Don't worry I'll hold your hand. You

jus bring the genius - and I'll bring  
the flashlight.

A seat behind sits **TAYLOR (21, an LA influencer, self  
entitled, spoiled, glued to her phone) barely paying  
attention.**

PROFESSOR CRANE

Why do we watch horror films? Is it  
the adrenaline? The thrill of  
survival? Or is it because, deep down,  
we love to be scared shitless.

Bobby raises his hand excited.

BOBBY

Because it's the one genre that never  
dies. Think about it, every decade  
reinvents it, so it's forever right.  
It combines the ordinary with the  
shocking. The unnatural and the  
grotesque. We went from universal  
monsters, to slashers, to elevated  
horror, focusing more on art house  
concepts.

PROFESSOR CRANE

You know Bobby, if Tarantino ever did  
get his hands on a horror script, I  
think you'd be the first one to  
analyse every frame. It's clear you've  
devoured the horror canon as eagerly  
as a zombie at an all you can eat  
brain buffet...

Class laugh.

PROFESSOR CRANE

But lets not get ahead of ourselves.  
We're talking true horror here. The  
kind that seeps into your bones. No  
witty one-liners to save the day.  
Leave that cheesy bullshit at the  
door. Just pure unrepented dread.  
Think you can handle that?

BOBBY

As long as there's a killer  
soundtrack.

PROFESSOR CRANE

Just remember, horror isn't just about what you see. It's about what you don't see...

**MIKEY, (23, buff, head bandana, action hero addict, always snacking) leans over to best friend Ryan.**

MIKEY

But I wanna see blood, tits and ass.  
Boom- box office smash right there!

**RYAN, (24, good looking, trust fund baby, casually arrogant) smirks.**

RYAN

Dude, forget just one- I'm casting the entire cheer squad. Give the people what they want right...

PROFESSOR CRANE

Your final semester assignment- write your own horror screenplay. Make no mistake. If it doesn't scare me...you will fail.

The room buzzes. Some excitement, some horrified.

HOT FEMALE VOICE

(climaxing voice)

Freddy Krueger is my sugar daddy!

TAYLOR

(approaches Crane)

Professor...can I just do like a haunted influencer house. That's scary enough... right?

PROFESSOR CRANE

Be my guest. Just make sure it's terrifying.

BOBBY

Eh, Professor Crane, any restrictions? Gore? Supernatural? Psychological?

PROFESSOR CRANE

No rules. The only thing I require is using your authentic voice. Believable dialog. Find what truly scares you.



INT. ARTS CENTER HALLWAY - MORNING

Jax, Bobby, Taylor, Ryan and Mikey chit chat as they make their way down the hallway together.

TAYLOR

You guys, this horror script assignment is giving me the heebie jeebies. I will PAY one of you to write this for me...

Ryan and Mikey scoff.

MIKEY

Sure, I'll write something terrifying. Like you getting a real job.

TAYLOR

Okay. *First* of all, I have a job-

MIKEY

Hold up Tay- Influencing isn't a job, come on. It's taking a few selfies in good lighting.

JAX

Guys, stop. Writing's not easy. Especially when you're performing for an audience every day.

The group quietens. Taylor is unsure if that comment was shade or support.

JAX

(genuine)

Just maybe give yourself one night off from posting on IG. You might be surprised what you find when no one's watching.

RYAN

(arm around Jax)

I know what you do when no ones watching.

JAX

Oh yeah. What's that?

RYAN

Stare out the window like you're the lead in a French art film.

Jax grins because she knows how Ryan flirts.

JAX

Cute.

RYAN

(raises his hands in surrender.)  
Touché.

BOBBY

Ladies...gents, let me give you all a little screenwriting Masterclass. Remember the movie IT from the 90s? That was a movie about a child killing clown, right...A CLOWN!

RYAN

(over Bobby's shoulder)  
Takes one to know one.

TAYLOR

Ew, clowns are creepy.

BOBBY

That's my point. That script was in development for seven years.

TAYLOR

Why so long...

BOBBY

Well, that's what all the girls say...

Taylor and Jax roll their eyes.

BOBBY

Anyway my point is...executing your story takes time. Take the writer of 'Scream'. He said he was alone in his house one night watching a documentary about a bunch of college kids- who all got murdered in this small town right. Anyway, he start hearing this loud banging noise downstairs. So he goes down, and realizes he left his living room window wide open ALL WEEKEND! He got so freaked out, he called his buddy up and they spoke on the phone for like seven hours...each asking each other what their favourite scary movie was just like like Ghost face

did with Drew Barrymore in the opening scene...

MIKEY

Man, I loved how ghost face killed her *first!*

RYAN

Wasn't that the shocker, killing her off in the first five minutes.

BOBBY

Yes bro. Professor Crane wants us to write *what scares us*. So ask yourself how the greats did it before us.

TAYLOR

Fuck, I really can't flunk this class.

They arrive at the main school staircase.

RYAN

I'll help you brainstorm if you want.

A beat. No one saw that coming.

TAYLOR

Really? Aw, you're the best.

Taylor, Ryan and Mikey head up a level. Jax and Bobby continue in the opposite direction towards their lockers.

JAX

Remind me again on why she's even in film school?

BOBBY

Because her grandmother paid tuition, and called it character development.

(beat)

Speaking of real characters, did you know Casablanca just made it into the library of congress. They called it culturally, historically and aesthetically significant.

JAX

To who, old Humphrey Bogart fans... nobody born in our generation even knows who he was.

They arrive at their lockers. Jax looks genuinely worried.

JAX

You ever stop and think that most of us will be on a flight back to our home towns in less than a year.

Bobby looks at her, catching the weight of her words.

BOBBY

Hey...that's not like you...you gotta keep the dream live...otherwise, what the hell are we doing here?

JAX

You're right...sorry. I'm just not looking forward to diving into Horror.

BOBBY

Then we do it together. You write. I scream. We'll survive.

(beat)

Besides, you're the only chick I know a UCLA who's managed to land a real internship before graduating.

JAX

Guess some of just thrive in the fast lane...

She throws him a cute look over he shoulder, and struts off down the hall, headphones back in.

BOBBY

(to himself smiling)

One day you'll see me.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD- DAY

Jax drives down Sunset Boulevard, past towering palm trees, luxury cars, movie billboards. Tourists, business moguls and influencers blur the glamorous city of dreams. This is Hollywood.

RYAN SEACREST V/O

You're listening to your favourite radio station KISS FM. Good morning Los Angeles, I'm Ryan Seacrest. Happy Friday. Hey, have you guys felt the heat outside today. This is why I'm never leaving LA. Never---

INT. ADAMS BLACKS LITERARY AGENCY-DAY

A modern office full of chaotic ambition. Assistants dart between cubicles, clutching stacks of scripts, headsets chirping, coffee cups sloshing. Phones ringing off the hook.

INT. ADAMS OFFICE - DAY

**ADAM BLACK (69) a hot shot producer full of self importance goes over some paperwork.** His Miami vice style makes him attractive however most women would only sleep with him because he's rich.

**STACEY (30) Adam's overworked sharp tongued assistant, arrives with three scripts.**

STACEY

Couple more comedy scripts for the weekend. Oh and your dry cleaning order is already in your car. Also, Joan Turner called *three more times*.

ADAM

Damn, she's really riding my dick these days.

STACEY

(smirking)

At 75. That's a lawsuit waiting to happen.

ADAM

Her dying wish to get her thirty year old script sold.

STACEY

Oh no...better hurry up before she flatlines. Maybe slip a contract in with her next life alert refill.

ADAM

Jesus, you're bad.

STACEY

Want me to keep dodging her or-

ADAM

Just tell her I'll read it *again*, so she can at least die in peace.

STACEY

(at the door)

Oh, almost forgot. That back office is drowning in old scripts. Want me to have somebody clear it out?

ADAM

Please. Toss anything pre 2000.

STACEY

Okay gotta run- its my sisters engagement party.

ADAM

Have funnn.

EXT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Jax passes the copy room door, massive industrial copier machines churning out pages upon pages of scripts. Something about the relentless printing unnerves her. The mechanical rhythm sound almost *alive*.

She keeps going down the hall until she comes to the-

STORAGE ROOM

Jax enters to find stacks of dusty script box's scattered across the floor. She rolls up her sleeves, kneels over an open box flipping through a random script.

Stacey storms in sipping her iced coffee, eyes already rolling.

STACEY

Jacqueline, what the hell are you doing?

JAX

Just going through the archived--

STACEY

(cutting her off)

Yeah. No. We don't go *through* anything without permission. Luckily enough, Adam requested you clear this place out like yesterday. Everything pre 2000 in these box's gets shredded.

JAX

But some of these are original copies-

contracts with notes attached?

STACEY

Oh wow. You found a contract. Do you want a cookie or medal?

Stacey throws a heavy box from the top shelf into Jax's hands.

STACEY

Box, label, toss. Not sort, not read. This is not a Sundance discovery mission. It's a storage closet. You're an intern- so intern.

Jax stares at her. Want to say something but doesn't.

STACEY

And close the door when you're done. Adam's allergic to dust...and excuses.

Stacey struts out, already on a call.

Jax stares at the piles of old scripts, forgotten projects- some with big studio names, others lost to time.

She kneels, prying open a battered box labelled 1975. Pulls out a few yellowed coffee stained screenplays. Titles long faded, nothing standing out.

Then, at the bottom of the box- she pulls out a thick tattered script. No cover page. No credited writer.

Just a title, barely legible- **THE PROPHESED SCRIPT.**

She flips through the pages, typed but warped. Ink smudged in places. Jax's hands tremble...she thinks she hears a whisper, spins around. Nobody there.

Then quickly tosses it into the trash with the others. Dusts off her hands and locks up.

EXT. ADAMS HOME- HOLLYWOOD HILLS- NIGHT

A sensational bachelor pad right out of a James Bond universe. Panoramic views from the city to the ocean.

The Hollywood sign so close you can touch it.

INT. ADAMS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam steps into his walk in closet, changes out of his suit into *gym sweats*.

He grabs a towel and enters-

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

He cracks open a cold beer, takes a long sip. Fires up the stovetop, tossing a thick steak onto a sizzling pan. The house is eerily quiet. No family photo's, no signs of a personal life, just art and minimalist wealth.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Adam sits on his bed, laptop open, phone in hand. He dials **RONNIE VEGA, an 80's washed up actor/old friend.**

INTERCUT PHONECALL #1

**RONNIE (50's) gravelly voice, bitter, chain smoker, answers.**

RONNIE

Jesus Adam, it's late-what do you want?

ADAM

That's no way to greet a friend.  
Relax, I think I got something for ya.

RONNIE

Bullshit. You've been saying that for years. Meanwhile I'm signing autographs at monster con for fifty bucks a pop.

ADAM

You know I feel bad about that.

RONNIE

Yeah, well, where's my damn role!

Adam sighs, rubs his forehead.

ADAM

Listen. Let me get you a room at the Conrad- on me. Take a day at their spa. It's right in your neighbourhood and the views are spectacular.



RONNIE  
What's the catch?

ADAM  
Nothing. You've been a good client,  
and friend. And I got a script I'm  
reading tonight. I'll fed-ex it to  
your suite in the morning.

Ronnie hesitates.

RONNIE  
For real?

ADAM  
Yeah man. Let me make it up to you.

RONNIE  
Fine. But if this is another dead end,  
I swear to god...

ADAM  
It won't be...

Call ends. Dials again **JOAN TURNER - (75, Hollywood legend,  
UCLA's Taylor's grandmother.)**

INTERCUT PHONECALL #2

Joan rests in her armchair drinking a late night cocktail.  
She's sharp but frustrated. Still carries herself as a  
starlet from another era. She answers immediately like she's  
been waiting by the phone.

JOAN TURNER  
You finally remembered I exist.

ADAM  
Joan, I was going to call...

JOAN TURNER  
Save it! I'm at my wits 'end, Adam.  
These tabloids are already writing my  
obituary. *I'm not dead!* But my career  
sure as hell is!

ADAM  
Come on, you're still a legend.

JOAN  
You have no idea what it feels like to

be a washed up star in this town, it's embarrassing. I *need* this comeback. I need my script produced, you promised me.

ADAM

Joan, I gotta be honest with you, here's the truth. Your script awful.

JOAN

*Excuse me?*

ADAM

The pacing is a mess. Dialog's stiff. It's just dated.

Her voice shakes, not with sadness, with fury.

JOAN

You bastard!

ADAM

But all is not lost. I may have something else for you. A comedy.

A beat.

JOAN

I'm listening.

He smirks, glances at the pile of scripts Stacey gave him.

ADAM

I'm reading through some tonight. I'm thinking you, Jane Fonda, Carroll Burnette, all back together, just like old times.

JOAN

Those bitches....sure why not.

ADAM

I'll call you Monday. Promise.

JOAN

(icy)  
You better.

She hangs up.

He leans back, grabs the stack of scripts Stacey gave him. He

flips through them unimpressed.

ADAM

(to himself, scoffing)

Grandma's dirty weekend...you're kidding me.

(2nd script)

The rabbit who stole Christmas...what the actual fuck Stacey.

He tosses them aside. The last script catches his eye. It's old, dirty, faintly visible.

ADAM

*The Prophesied Script*...? No author?

He freezes. A flicker of recognition. For a split second his vision swims with his past. It's familiar, but he swallows it down. "Just another old script, nothing more"

He flips through the first few pages, brows furrowing, his fingers grazing the rough aging paper.

**He reads the home gym scene page 11.**

ADAM

(whispers to himself)

Interior - Home gym - Night. A talented agent arrives home from work, runs on his treadmill and dies.

(scoffs-chuckles)

Ha! Oh come on. *Really? Please.* Nice one Stacey. Next time, find me a finished script.

He tosses the script aside, grabbing his towel.

GARAGE GYM - NIGHT

Adam walks on his treadmill, earbuds in, lost in thought.

Behind him, now the ***Prophesised Script*** sitting on a chair, WIDE OPEN.

The empty space below the last written line begins to fill in.

THE SCRIPT

(writing itself)

*The man who sold dreams to the highest bidder, will now be swallowed by his*

*own false steps...*

A faint buzzing noise from the treadmill but Adam doesn't notice as he cranks up the speed.

The belt moves faster. *The script keeps writing.*

THE SCRIPT

*You ran once, lets see how far you can  
run now...*

But the speed is now too fast as danger beneath him ignites. Suddenly the treadmill malfunctions, jolts, the machine bucks violently- too fast now, no way to stop it.

Sparks fly underneath. Adam stumbles, grips the handles.

Bolts now loosen. He hits the STOP BUTTON but nothing.

His breath thickens as panic sets in.

He's flung into the air, against the wall- neck snapping.

His head whips back.

The treadmill slows to stop.

The script flips shut.

EXT. CONRAD HOTEL - DAY

A upmarket five star hotel in the heart of Downtown LA.

INT. CONRAD HOTEL - DAY

The lobby luxurious, with contemporary designs, buzzing with business types and tourists.

At the front desk a sealed **FED-EX PACKAGE** sits beside the concierge keyboard. The label reads- **TO RONNIE VEGA- FROM: ADAM BLACK**

Behind the desk **THE CONCIERGE male 40's, polite**, scrolls through the system as Ronnie Vega slouches at the counter, duffel bag slung over one shoulder.

CONCIERGE

Welcome to the Conrad Sir, one king  
suite, fully comped.

RONNIE

Thank you.

CONCIERGE

(remembers the package)

Oh and this arrived for you earlier today.

He slides the package across the counter.

RONNIE

That was fast.

CONCIERGE

(slides key)

Enjoy your stay.

He slides in the elevator up to --

INT. RONNIE'S SUITE - DAY

A beautiful room with a stunning view of the city. Ronnie drops his bag on the bed, turns on the TV, rips open the package.

Inside- *The Prophesied Script*.

He flips through the pages smirking, as he lands on a **HOTEL**  
**SCENE PAGE 15.**

RONNIE

(reading loud amused)

Hotel sauna- night. A washed up actor, takes full advantage of a comped stay- heads downstairs for a sauna sesh.

(laughs, shaking his head)

No way- this is great!

He dials Adam's number.

VOICEMAIL:

ADAM VM

This is Adam. You know what to do.

RONNIE

Dude- this script is weird is fuck, its got pages missing, but I like it. On my way down for a swim, might grab a full body, thanks man.

He tosses his phone aside, heads to the bathroom, shutting the door fully.

OUR POV- ON TV SCREEN- BREAKING NEWS ALERT

NEWS ANCHOR

This just in, Hollywood agent, Adam Black was found dead in his home earlier this morning...

INT. HOTEL SPA- DAY

Ronnie, now in a plush hotel robe, is guided toward the Spa area by a **YOUNG MALE SPA ATTENDANT (20's, stoner surfer vibe)**

SPA ATTENDANT

Wait dude...are you *the* guy from that 80's sci-fi movie?

RONNIE

(grinning)  
Yeah dude, that's me.

SPA ATTENDANT

Man, didn't you like, fuck up hotel rooms back in the day?

RONNIE

I guess.

SPA ATTENDANT

Nice. So, what's it gonna be, Swedish massage- deep tissue, or sauna, for deeper detoxification?

**Two pretty blonde women, MOTHER 50's, and DAUGHTER 30's, walk past into the sauna.**

RONNIE

(almost insinuating a threesome, smirking)  
Little sweat never killed anyone.

SPA ATTENDANT

You got it.

Ronnie removes his robe and settles opposite the two women, his towel wrapped around his waste.

Attendant taps a code into the timer.

SPA ATTENDANT  
I'll just set the timer for 20  
minutes. Enjoy.

Attendant shuts the glass door and leaves down the hall.

INT. THE SAUNA - DAY

Ronnie smiles at the ladies.

RONNIE  
Hi.

MOTHER  
Hi.

DAUGHTER  
Hey.

RONNIE  
Vaca?

MOTHER  
Shopping for bridal gowns.

DAUGHTER  
Getting married next month.

RONNIE  
A wedding huh. Congrats.

Ronnie settles back, letting the heat do its job, but the  
heat intensifies.

MOTHER  
Wow that's HOT.

DAUGHTER  
He must have turned it up a little.

A beat. Her mothers right, it is REALLY hot.

DAUGHTER  
Maybe we could get him to turn it down  
a little...

Daughter looks through the glass. Attendant nowhere to be  
seen.

DAUGHTER  
Hmm, I don't see him anywhere. Must

have gone on his break.

Ronnie glances at the thermostat outside the door, numbers climbing rapidly. Then a buzzing sound, as the electrical lock mechanism clicks shut.

Ronnie stands to open the door but IT WON'T BUDGE.

RONNIE

Shit- we're locked in. Not possible?

DAUGHTER

(panicked-trying the handle)

What? Why would he lock it??

MOTHER

Is everything's okay honey?

DAUGHTER

Yeah mom, no need to panic, we're fine.

But as the heat rises and their skin reddens, mom finds it hard to breath. A look of pure terror flashes across he daughters face.

DAUGHTER

(banging on glass)

SOMEONE GET US OUT OF HERE-HELLO?!

RONNIE

YO DUDE- CAN YOU HEAR US?? HELLO!

Ronnie slams his fist on the glass. Then see's the *Propheied Script* Adam sent him, just a few feet away, outside the sauna door, next to his robe.

RONNIE

What the??

It's pages flip open. New text writing itself on the page.

THE SCRIPT

*Play dirty...die dirty...*

INSIDE SAUNA

The heat becomes unbearable, stripping them down to the bone.

SCREAMS as their flesh starts to sear, scorching the surface of their skin. Steam chokes their lungs as the **thermostat**



**screen flickers- 200c-230c-260c.**

The glass warps. Their bodies blacken.

The last thing Ronnie see's is *The Script*.

He groans, collapses-skin burnt to his bone.

INT. UCLA CAFETERIA - MORNING

A packed cafeteria, buzzing with students chatter. Jax, Bobby, Taylor, Ryan and Mikey sit at a round table, trays of half full, coffee everywhere, laptops open with script pages scattered between them.

The tension of deadline lingers but they keep it light.

MIKEY

So, I'm two acts in. Cross between  
Paranormal Activity and Hereditary.  
But elevated, you know?

RYAN

Nice. Mine's a slow burn cult thing-  
real A24 energy, but with goats.

TAYLOR

Goats?

RYAN

It's his favourite animal.

Jax forces a smile, but her hands fidget with a napkin.

MIKEY

(to Jax)

What about you Jax, O, genius one? Bet  
you're writing something terrifying.

RYAN

Or she's already done with the first  
draft and just waiting for the rest of  
us to catch up...

Jax shrinks a little in her seat...then quietly:

JAX

I...haven't started.

Silence.

MIKEY

Wai...what?

RYAN

Come on Jax, you're joking, you live for this stuff.

JAX

(soft laugh)

Actually I don't. Horror messes with me. Always has...

MIKEY

No way...I thought you were fearless.

BOBBY

Hey, back off guys. She's allowed to take her time. Not everyone wants to open a portal to hell over lunch.

Jax looks over at Bobby, grateful, maybe a little surprised.

TAYLOR

(scrolling through phone)

I should just write about my followers dropping dead.

MIKEY

I like that...and because they're all dead, your Instagram drops below 10k followers. How terrifying.

She pulls a face as Bobby finds news about Ronnie Vega.

BOBBY

Oh shit! Guys, check this out.

He turns his computer around to a streaming video of NEWS CASTOR reporting outside THE CONRAD HOTEL.

NEWSCASTER

Authorities are investigating the tragic deaths at the Conrad Hotel, Downtown LA yesterday, where 80'S actor Ronnie Vega died in a tragic accident inside this hotel sauna, along with a mother and daughter visiting from Florida-

The group leans in, curiosity turning to unease.

## NEWSCASTER

This comes just twenty four hours after the shocking discovery of Hollywood talent agent Adam Black, found dead in his home gym. Sources confirm that Black and Vega were lifelong friends, leading many to speculate if these deaths could be related. An investigation is now underway to determine whether there was a technical failure in the sauna system or if it was inadequate care of the guests by the hotel staff.

Bobby slams shut his laptop as Jax stiffens. The group watch her closely.

## MIKEY

Damn- Hollywood's really cursed.

## JAX

(barely audible- still processing)  
Can't be real- I just saw him Friday.

## TAYLOR

Nanna always says this town is a nasty business.

## RYAN

(sincere to Jax)  
Guess you should count your lucky stars it wasn't you.

Jax gabs her things, leaves abruptly.

## BOBBY

(catching up with her)  
Yo Jax, wait up!

They exit out some doors to the cross section opposite the library when **SUDDENLY-A DEAD BABY SPARROW** falls onto the ground on front of them.

## BOBBY

Shit, isn't that a bad omen.

## JAX

Don't touch it.  
(she looks up)  
They don't just fall out of the sky like this...

BOBBY

This is content. Adam, the bird. Maybe you should put this in your horror script?

They continue walking.

JAX

Are you hearing yourself Bobby.

BOBBY

Fuck!! Sorry...are you okay? You always said he was an asshole.

Stops dead in her tracks.

JAX

I may not have liked the guy, but he was still somebody's son.

BOBBY

I understand. And on top of your boss dying, you've got a professor breathing down your neck with this damn horror assignment.

She arrives at her car, climbs in.

JAX

(emotional)

I don't want to go digging into death...I don't want this to be my story.

BOBBY

It's not. It won't be. Just go home and write truth. Write what scares you.

JAX

Right now everything scares me.

Jax speeds off. Bobby is genuinely concerned.

EXT. ADAM'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOME - DAY

Jax slowly drives past Adam's home. Flashing police lights surround the property, the entire street almost sealed off.

A handful of reporters linger beyond the barriers, shoving microphones at a stoic detective. A forensic team move in and

out of the house, loading evidence bags into a white truck.

POLICE OFFICER  
Move along please.

Jax pulls away, his house in the rear-view.

INT. ADAMS BLACKS LITERARY AGENCY-DAY

Jax silently walks towards her desk, the usual chaos of the office now muted. A heavy tension lingers as some staff whisper in corners, their faces pale from shock.

She spots Stacey at her desk, clutching a coffee cup like its a lifeline.

JAX  
Stacey...I just heard. About Adam. is  
here anything I can do?

Stacey doesn't look up.

STACEY  
Yeah you can pack up your things and  
leave.

JAX  
Stacey, look, I can't believe it  
either...one minute he's here, the  
next--

STACEY  
(looks up)  
Adams dead. And so is this office.  
You're final check will be in the mail  
next week after his burial. And that  
too is a closed ceremony. Only family.

JAX  
So that's it...just--

STACEY  
Just what? You though because you're a  
film student at UCLA, you could claw  
your way in here and get your work  
read?

JAX  
That's not fair. I cared about this  
job.

STACEY

Save it. I don't give a fuck what you cared about.

JAX

(stunned)

I just wanted to make sure you were okay.

Stacey stares at her blankly. Cold. Then grabs her coat, walking to the door.

STACEY

No Jax. I'm not okay. And now I have to deal with Joan fucking Turner and her team of vipers clawing for answers.

JAX

(expression shifts)

Joan Turner? That's my friends grandmother.

STACEY

Poor friend.

(icy)

Nice meeting you Jacqueline. Oh and remember...you may have a pretty face and a schoolbag full of dreams... but this town eats girls like you for breakfast.

Stunned, Jax swiftly exits.

EXT. JOAN TURNERS MALIBU HOME -MORNING

A sprawling castle style home perched above the pacific ocean. An architectural masterpiece.

INT. JOAN TURNERS MALIBU HOME- MORNING

Custom teak doors, dry-aged oak walls with several GOLDEN GLOBES and ACADEMY AWARDS on a shelf above the stone fireplace.

Two delivery men struggle to carry a **six-foot-tall MEDIEVAL KNIGHT STATUE** through the grand entrance.

DELIVERY GUY

Where would you like it Ma'am?

Joan Turner, waves her manicured hand in the air.

JOAN

How about by the door.

The men position the knight upright beneath a glass case of six sharp swords mounted to the wall.

The statue's hinged helmet and ancient armor make it look eerily lifelike.

JOAN

Perfect.

From the grand staircase **BUDDY TURNER (80's, Joan's fifth husband, former TV heartthrob)** descends in tennis clothes holding a **Fed Ex package**.

BUDDY

Darling, what on earth is this?

JOAN

Isn't he cute. He's from Italy.

They enter the--

KITCHEN

**A PRIVATE CHEF 50's** prepares a light breakfast.

BUDDY

(grabs an OJ)

I thought we agreed- no more statues.  
Looks a little creepy to me.

JOAN

Creepy keeps people away. And with you out of town for two days, I'll need company.

(grabs morning papers)

Come on, let's eat breakfast before my tennis lesson.

BUDDY

Sure, I've got an hour before my airport pick-up.

EXT. BACK TERRACE - MORNING

A breakfast ocean view stretches before Joan and Buddy as they relax over an elegant breakfast.

JOAN  
Can't believe you're leaving me for  
two whole days.

BUDDY  
I'll be back in no time.  
(opens package)  
This arrived this morning. From Adam.

Joan stiffens as she picks up

JOAN  
How is that possible...if the son of a  
bitch is dead?

BUDDY  
Must of sent it *before* he croaked it.

JOAN  
I always told him-don't *flaunt* your  
*wealth* but he never listened.

BUDDY  
So you really believe thugs got him-  
for money?

JOAN  
Why else darling.

BUDDY  
Listen sweetheart, if this script from  
Adam is bad, I don't want you to get  
upset. You can always take up pottery  
or plant some flowers.

JOAN  
*I wanna act!*

Before Buddy can respond, Taylor arrives, in denim shorts,  
tank top, barefoot, Cali casual.

JOAN  
Angel.

TAYLOR  
Hey nanna. Mind if I crash for a  
couple days, my apartment is being  
fumigated, and I need to vent.

BUDDY  
That's my cue.



(kisses Taylor on the head)  
See you girls before I leave.

Buddy heads down to the tennis court as Taylor drops a dramatic sigh.

TAYLOR  
This assignment is gonna kill me-  
literally. Professor Crane has asked  
us to write a horror script for our  
final semester, but everybody's  
writing cool shit...and I just keep  
getting stuck after the first act.

Joan pulls out a hidden joint from under her blouse. Sparks  
it up.

JOAN  
Come here angel...  
(leans closer)  
Let me tell you a little secret every  
screenwriter does, but never talks  
about.  
(take a drag)  
This town has been recycling ideas  
since before I was a size two.  
(exhales)  
The trick isn't finding something  
new... it's making the old, feel  
fresh.

TAYLOR  
Ugh- you make it sound so easy.

JOAN  
That's because it is honey. Horror is  
about one thing only- suspense.  
(another drag)  
If you can suspend those mother  
fuckers breath long enough-up in the  
air...the payoff...*doesn't even  
matter.*

TAYLOR  
Payoff?

JOAN  
Don't overthink it. You'll figure it  
out.

TAYLOR

(gets up)

Can my new guy stayed over tonight?  
Just, you know, with Buddy being gone  
and all, I'd feel safer.

JOAN

Fine, fine, just don't let him touch  
my wine collection.

TAYLOR

You're the best nanna. And smoking  
that shit, you're lungs will cave in.

Taylor skips off into the house.

INT. JOANS LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

Joan lounges in front of the TV, sipping a cocktail, flipping  
through *The Prophesised Script*. Pages are missing which is  
unusual.

Her **CAT ELLIE**, purrs at her feet.

JOAN

(reads to herself)

Interior- Night. Grandma's alone in  
the crib. Ha! The crib.

(beat)

Little does she know, she's about to  
be terrorized by her cat.

She glances down at Ellie.

JOAN

You hear that kitty.

Ellie purrs louder, rubbing against her leg. Joan stands,  
stretches, placing the script on the chair.

JOAN

Alright, I hear ya, lets go.

She enters the-

KITCHEN

Opens a can of cat food. As she finishes feeding Ellie, she  
turns to find *The Prophesised Script* now on the island, WIDE  
OPEN.

Joan freezes. Glances back towards the living room as a cold gust of air sweeps through the house.

JOAN  
That's not where I left you.  
(beat)  
Smoking too much doobie.

She shuts the script, grabs Elle's food bowl.

JOAN  
Ellie baby. Foods ready.

But Ellie is now purring in the front foyer. Joan follows the purr to the front door, where Ellie suddenly jumps onto the knights right arm.

JOAN  
Ellie down! Get down right now!

But Ellie climbs higher, perching herself in the knights helmet like an angel on top of a Christmas tree, right below the six sharp swords hanging inside the glass case.

JOAN  
You are a very bad girl tonight. I got your food *right here!*

But Ellie doesn't budge.

JOAN  
Okay fine, I have no choice.

Joan grabs a small stool from under the piano and carefully steps up. Shaky but manageable. She glances at the swords- if they fall, she's toast.

JOAN  
That a girl. Stay right there...

Ellie suddenly leaps onto the knights left arm- the knights right arm shooting up forward, smashing the glass case.

One by one the sharp swords slide out, stabbing the oak wood floor- except one sword, still in the case....*phew.*

Joan's heart races. That was close. Ellie leaps back onto the floor but now Joan is furious.

JOAN  
BAD GIRL! YOU ALMOST HURT MOMMA- DON'T

MOVE!

Joan steady's herself as she slowly lowers her good leg first- but the stool rocks back and forth suddenly giving way.

Joan collapses, falls, knocking the handsome knight over, it's steel frame crashing onto the glass table shattering it.

This impact shakes the wall- dislodging the last sword from the case. Plummeting downwards it slices Joan's head off-clean, rolling it to the floor, coming face to face with the knight.

On the piano top, The Prophesised Script. Pages flutter violently. New words burning onto the page in real time.

THE SCRIPT

*The grand dame meets her fate- the  
knight bows to no one.*

INT. HOLLYWOOD NIGHTCLUB -NIGHT

A high-end LA club, velvet ropes, flashing lights, pulsing bass. In a VIP corner booth, Jax, Bobby, Mikey, Ryan and Taylor drinking bottles of champagne and vodka.

Taylor is sloppy drunk, clinging to Ryan.

Jax sips her drink, leaning against the wall, watching it all with a tight smile.

RYAN

You not gonna dance.

JAX

I'm pacing myself...and don't really  
feel like I wanna impress anybody.

Their eyes linger on each other- just long enough to say there's history there.

RYAN

(into her ear)

This whole thing reminds me of that  
night in laurel canyon, remember.

JAX

(blank stare)

No...

Ryan revers back to drunken Taylor.

BOBBY

(to Jax)

Since when are they besties?

JAX

Their not, it's an act.

MIKEY

(drapes over Ryan)

Guys, we're out in *Horrorwood*-

(looks around)

Look a this place. Fake people. Fake bodies. Fake dreams. This place is already a fear trap.

RYAN

(takes a shot)

You know brother, for once, you might be right.

MIKEY

Well think about it, how many souls have come to this town only to die a slow death when their dreams get crushed by reality.

RYAN

Yeah, and wanna know the worst part. Nobody hears their screams. My father says it all the time, you could be drowning in a sea of monsters, begging to be saved, and all they do is smile for the cameras.

Taylor stumbles into Ryan's arms.

TAYLOR

Uh... I think I'm gonna hurl, can you drive me home?

RYAN

Ugh yeah. Sure thing.

JAX

(suspicious)

Thought we were having a good time?!

RYAN

We are but Taylor's not. I wouldn't be

a gentleman if I didn't make sure she  
got home safe. You good.

JAX

Fine!

Jax watches them disappear thought the crowd.

JAX

(to Bobby)

Would Taylor really do that to me?

BOBBY

People will do anything for fame.

EXT. JOAN TURNERS MALIBU HOME -NIGHT

Ryan's sports car glides though the gated entrance, winding  
up the cobblestone driveway.

RYAN

Jesus...it's Dracula's Airbnb.

He parks, glances at Taylor, who's half asleep.

RYAN

Tay-wake up. Home sweet castle.

She stumbles out and he helps in through the back door.

INT. JOANS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ryan escorts Taylor inside and they kick off their shoes. As  
she starts to come around, she noticing the dimply lit  
chandelier slightly swaying, as if something disturbed it.  
Ryan glances around too. Something feels off.

RYAN

You sure it's okay I stay?

TAYLOR

Yeah- I told her we need a *man* in the  
house.

Taylor notices her grandmothers reading glasses and half  
drank cocktail on the island.

TAYLOR

(brushes it off)

*Huh. Strange.*

Also on the island the Prophesised Script, wide open, which Ryan picks up.

RYAN  
(playfully)  
Ooh. Is this your *horror script* for Crane?

TAYLOR  
Ugh yeah. Finished up early.

RYAN  
(flips through)  
Bullshit. This looks like Grandma's from way back...

TAYLOR  
Do you know how old nanna's printer is, it's like ancient! Lets go- and be quiet.

INT. TAYLORS ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan sits awkwardly on the edge of the bed, as Taylor undresses, scrolling on his phone, trying not to stare.

TAYLOR  
Les take a selfie...

RYAN  
(half laughs)  
Seriously?

TAYLOR  
Yeah, you look hot. And I wanna show my friends how lucky I am...

She leans onto the bed, takes a snap.

RYAN  
Since when do you care about getting me in one of your photo's?

TAYLOR  
Since I start dating a studio prince...

He looks surprised.

TAYLOR  
Oh come on, everyone knows who your

dad is...you're practically industry royalty. I'd be stupid not to show you off a little.

RYAN

Tay, we're not....dating...

TAYLOR

Okay then, fucking...

He loosens up a little, leans back onto her bed intrigued by *her script*.

RYAN

(reads out loud)

Hot influencer brings secret boyfriend home. She takes a shower, while he makes cocktails in the kitchen. Wow, compelling stuff.

TAYLOR

(snatches it from him)

Hey, I'm still working on it, okay.

RYAN

Sure, sure, but like, points for realism.

(pulls her close)

So you actually want me to be your boyfriend?

TAYLOR

(strips into undies)

Don't you wanna touch me...

His jaw drops as she kisses him with fuck me eyes. He goes to rip her panties off but she pushes him away...

TAYLOR

Uh Ugh---not yet. I'm gonna go wash this club residue off me.

RYAN

(looks down)

Damn, do you know how stiff this thing is!

TAYLOR

Well don't just stand there, go make drinks. And stay away from nanna's wine cellar.



INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ryan rummages through the cupboards. Pulling out a frosted bottle of vodka from the freezer. He checks the label, nods approvingly.

RYAN  
Nanna's got taste.

He slices a fresh lime with a large kitchen knife, as a soft purring noise catches his attention.

He looks down to see Ellie the cat crouched under the kitchen table.

RYAN  
Hey kitty...what's up?

Ellie's eyes are wide, unblinking, like she's scared.

RYAN  
Hungry?

He tosses her some potato chips when a faint noise rustles from the hallway. He turns, but nothings there.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Taylor stands under the shower, rinsing her hair.

She doesn't notice but the water at her feet has risen to her ankles. Dark clumps of her fake tan and strands of hair have clogged the drain.

TAYLOR  
Ugh. Gross.

She steps out, wraps herself in a towel, steam choking the air. She can barely see the sink.

She wipes the mirror. For a moment her reflection stares back.

She plugs in the hairdryer, and just as she flicks it on- her towel slips.

She reaches down to grab it- see's *The prophesised Script* now on the toilet seat behind her.

Confused she thinks- *Did Ryan put it there?*

She picks it up, flips through. Pauses on a blank page, only to watch as ***ink bleeds through the paper, words etching themselves in real time, forming letters before her wide drunken eyes.***

THE SCRIPT

*She steps out. Wipes the mirror, but it fogs again. Because something is breathing with her.*

Frightened she spins around. And just like the script says the steam begins to fill the mirror again.

She picks up the script once more, baffled...

THE SCRIPT

*She plugs in the dryer but fate has already plugged into her...*

She drops the script, her face twisted in confusion and fear. With the hairdryer still in her hand she glances down at her feet, slicked with water and panics.

Oh shit. She SLIPS AGAIN, loses her grip, her body launching backwards, her hand still gripping the hairdryer.

This time, her body hits the tub water- BRIGHT FLASH!

Sparks EXPLODING. The hairdryer surges with electricity convulsing her body violently.

The lights in the bathroom flicker as she's fried to a crisp.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ryan sips his perfectly mixed cocktail as Ellie suddenly MEOWS LOUDLY. He looks down- Elle's now moved. She's now perched in the dark hallway leading to the foyer.

She hisses. Ryan steps forward.

RYAN

Kitty- what's wrong girl?

He moves down further, his bare foot stepping into something sticky.

He winces, looks down. His toes covered in dark thick liquid.

RYAN

The hell...??

He flicks on his I-phone flashlight to see a river of crimson trailing down the hallway. His eyes follow the path to the front door where something shiny and wet lays in the shadows. He kneels, squinting- his fingers graze something cold. He flicks his light directly on it and see's Joan Turners severed head staring back at him. Her mouth still open.

A SCREAM frozen in time.

RYAN  
TAYLOR!!! No, no, no...

He stumbles backwards, slipping in the blood.

RYAN  
(hysterical)  
TAYLOR!! TAYLOR!!

INT. BEDROOM-BATHROOM - NIGHT

Music plays softly from Taylors blue tooth speaker.

Ryan BURSTS into the room.

RYAN  
TAYLOR- WE GOTTA GO GET HELP--

He stops cold at the bathroom door. Taylors lifeless body submerged, hair risen in the air, eyes wide open.

RYAN  
NOOOO!!!

INT. JOAN TURNERS MALIBU HOME- NIGHT

A massive crystal chandelier glimmers above, casting off soft prismatic lights over the luxurious décor.

**Two uniformed officers, OFFICER HARRIS (male, late 60's, hardened, tired of this shit) and OFFICER SAUNDERS (female, 40's, sharp by the book) stand over Joan Turner's severed head, surrounded by a pool of dark blood.**

SAUNDERS  
Holy fuck.

Harris crouches, examining the twisted position of the lifeless head.

HARRIS  
Christ.

SAUNDERS

Who is it?

HARRIS

Joan God damn Turner.

SAUNDERS

Who?

HARRIS

(cannot fathom)

Hollywood royalty.

SAUNDERS

Killed in the most gruesome- way-  
imaginable. Ouch.

(beat)

Bet you regret not retiring this year  
huh, H?

Harris glances around, his gut unsettled.

HARRIS

This town doesn't allow you.

INTERCUT TO BATHROOM - CONT'D

A third officer DELGADO (Male, 30's, Latino, ex military)  
stands by the doorway, gun at chest, but still tense.

Across from him, Ryan, rattled, barefoot, curled up in the  
corner. Next to him, the lifeless body of Taylor lies in the  
bathtub.

DELGADO

(into radio)

*Suspect holds no weapons. Upstairs  
secure!*

SAUNDERS

(radio response)

*Copy!*

DELGADO

(to Ryan)

Who is she?

But Ryan is too shook, no response.

DELGADO

I -SAID -WHO -IS -SHE?!

RYAN  
F-film...S-S-Student...U-C-UC-L-LA...G  
-grand-daughter....

DELGADO  
(into radio)  
*Girl in bathtub was film student over  
at UCLA. Her boyfriend- suspect-  
pretty shook- not talking.*

INTERCUT BACK TO FOYER

HARRIS  
(into radio)  
Cuff'em.

INT. INTEREGATION ROOM- NIGHT

4am on the clock. **DETECTIVE KAUFMAN (50's, no nonsense)** leans forward eyes locked on Ryan.

**A second detective SIMPSON 40's his partner of 20 years** stands by the door.

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
Lets go over this again. You took her home. She was wasted. You put her to bed--

RYAN  
No, she had a shower first-

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
Right, she showered. You made drinks downstairs. Then you found her grandmother?

RYAN  
(rattled)  
What was left of her...

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
Listen, I've been around long time son. Two people, same house, dead within minutes of each other. That doesn't happen by accident?

RYAN  
(panics)  
You think I did this? I didn't kill them!

Kaufman studies him- then slowly reaches under a file folder.  
*The Prophesised Script*. He flips to page 25.

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
That's not what this tells us.

Ryan leaps from his chair, against the wall.

RYAN  
No, no, no, where did you get that?

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
You *know* exactly where we got it Ryan  
because these pages described exactly  
how Mrs Turner and her granddaughter  
Taylor died.

RYAN  
That thing is cursed! Don't read that!

Kaufman gives Simpson a look.

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
*Cursed?*  
(scoffs)  
Well then, I guess I'm next.

Terrified, Ryan starts sobbing like a baby.

RYAN  
I -just -wanna -g-go home, please. I'm  
begging you.

Simpson nods to Kaufman.

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
Alright. My partner Detective Simpson  
will drive you, okay.

RYAN  
Please- I'd like to be driven to my  
parents house.

Kaufman nods to Simpson, who then escorts him out.

INT. POLICE STATION -SIXTH FLOOR- NIGHT

Detective Simpson walks Ryan down the dimly lit hallway to  
the elevator. The station is eerily quiet now, most desks are  
empty. Ryan is jittery, his eyes flickering to every shadow.

DETECTIVE SIMPSON

You know some people say when bad things happen, they happen for a reason.

RYAN

Yeah, well I don't believe in that shit. And if I did, what the hell did Taylor do to deserve this?

DING

The elevator doors slide open. Ryan lingers in the doorway.

RYAN

Can we just take the stairs, please.

DETECTIVE SIMPSON

Relax, I take this fifty times a day.  
Now get in.

Ryan steps fully in, then Simpson. Doors shut and the descend.

INT. POLICE STATION -SIXTH FLOOR- NIGHT

Detective Kaufman stands at his desk, hands on his hips, staring at *The Prophesised Script* wide open on his desk.

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN

(half laughs)

Cursed script...Christ, I've heard it all now.

He flips the cover shut closed with two fingers but then a rustling sound, as the pages of the script flip open again on their own.

Rattled he steps forward, squinting to see closer.

THE SCRIPT

(writing itself)

*Detective reads the pages. And then...  
a whisper.*

**A deep guttural whisper-right by his ear.**

THE SCRIPT VOICE

(whisper)

*Step forward...*

He spins but there's no one there.

His body stiffens.

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
What the fuck- who's there??

He whips out his gun as overhead lights start to flicker.

Then, a single sheet of paper slides off the desk landing at his feet. He picks it up...

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
(reads to himself)  
Detective enters the elevator...it  
waits for him.

His stomach drops. He throws on his jacket, grabs car keys, and walks down the dimly lit hallway towards the elevator.

But instead of pressing the elevator button he goes straight for the staircase door instead.

**Shit- it's locked.**

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
Oh, come on...

**DING.**

The elevator door slides open. He hesitates but what choice does he have?

He pulls out his gun again and slowly steps inside.

Doors shut.

He presses the ground floor button as the gears above start to groan- the old metal cage begins to rattle around him as it gradually descends.

His grip tightens on his gun.

**FLOOR INDICATOR READS 6- 5- 4...**

Elevator jerks. Slows. It's walls groan like their breathing.

DETECTIVE KAUFMAN  
Come on, come on...

**3- 2...**



Metal screeches above. THEN A LOUD SNAP.

Elevator drops as Kaufman's stomach lurches to his throat. He grabs the handrail as the box plummets.

But then suddenly all movement stops.

Silence.

The elevator shudders. A creaking noise from below. **He looks down, as the floor beneath him begins to change.**

**TILE BY TILE- IT DISSOLVES, MOPHING INTO DARK, GAPING SPACE.**

**LIKE A TRAPDOOR TO NOWHERE.**

He scrambles to the side, pressing himself against the wall, but there's nowhere to go.

**The entire floor melts into blackness, revealing an empty elevator shaft below.**

His boots skid on the last solid inches, toes dangling over the abyss.

A single line of SCRIPT TEXT etches itself onto the elevator wall.

THE SCRIPT  
(writing on wall)  
*The detective falls...*

His eyes widen in terror as he plunges into darkness, falling, screaming, his body disappearing into the endless shaft.

INT. RYANS CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAWN

Ryan lies in his old twin bed, curled under a thick comforter like a scared child, clutching his mother's rosary beads, gripping them so tight his knuckles are white.

On his lap- an open bible.

**MRS BERSTEIN (50's) a loving traditional woman** sits at the edge of his bed with deep concern.

MRS BERSTEIN  
Sweetheart, I know you had nothing to  
do with what happened.

He doesn't respond- just stares blankly at the crucifix on the wall.

RYAN

Do you think... people can be...  
punished... after they die??

MRS BERSTEIN

Punished? By who sweetheart?

RYAN

I don't know...maybe something worse  
than hell.

She pushes his hair back, like she did when he was a boy.

MRS BERSTEIN

Ryan, you've been through a terrible  
shock, you're not thinking straight.

RYAN

(glances at his bible)  
If ghosts are real mom...then what  
else is?

Deeply concerned, she tries a different approach.

MRS BERSTEIN

Hey...look at me...the suns coming up.  
How about I make you your favourite  
breakfast...waffles...eggs, fresh O.J.  
What do you say?

RYAN

(calms)  
With cinnamon?

MRS BERSTEIN

Extra burnt.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A warm golden light floods the kitchen.

Ryan sits at the table nook visibly calmer now. Watching his  
mother whisking eggs, moving around the kitchen makes him  
feel safer.

He smiles. Maybe he is safe. For now.

INT. POLICE STATION - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - SUNRISE

**A SECURITY GUARD (40's)** on his usual morning rounds, sips his morning coffee, yawns.

He stops. Notices something. Points his FLASHLIGHT at Defective Kaufman's car.

A dark steaming mass, sprawled across his hood.

At first it looks like burnt meat.

THEN- a face begins to form. He gasps, stumbles backwards.

What's left of Detective Kaufman's face is embedded into the melted hood of his car.

His jaw twisted open in a SCREAM.

His eyes burnt into hallow sockets.

his flesh fused into the metal, as if his entire body, liquefied, poured onto the vehicle.

Even his gun is melted.

The security guard glances up the gaping hole with his flashlight to see the bottom half of the elevator car, partially embedded in the ceiling, warped, twisted, the metal crunched in from impact.

A tail of Kaufman's remains dripping down.

The Security guard's horrified face as he reaches for his radio. Incomprehensible.

INT. 24 HOUR DINER - MORNING

A jukebox delivers some golden oldies as Jax, Bobby and Mikey sit in a booth littered with waffles, fries and coffee.

MIKEY

There's no way he did this right. He just dropped her off... right?

BOBBY

You'd have to be a sick fuck to fry your own friend in the bathtub.

JAX

I know Ryan- he's wouldn't do this.

BOBBY

Okay, so lets lay this out. Talent agent Adam black dies. His client Ronnie dies. His other client Joan dies. Then Joan's granddaughter, Tay...

(hits him hard)

I can't even believe I'm saying these words.

MIKEY

(spooked)

What if it's some weird payback thing? We've all heard about people *selling their souls* for fame. Getting caught up in *weird cult shit*. Maybe Tay's Grandma got into some funny business back in the day with the *illuminati*?

BOBBY

The illuminati? You're an idiot you know that.

JAX

Guys stop!

A weird silence as she stares out the window, knowing something weird is happening.

JAX

This isn't just a horror assignment anymore...this is real. Tay is gone. People I know are actually dying.

BOBBY

We're just trying to figure out why Tay, why her grandma.

(ouches her hand)

It's okay. We know it's effecting you.

MIKEY

And *me*!

BOBBY

All of us!

JAX

(fearful)

Whatever this is, I don't want to be involved. We need to just accept what's happened. That bad things

happen to good people...and bury it.

Bobby and Mikey give each other a look.

BOBBY  
(straight in the eyes)  
We're going to Ryan's.

JAX  
Aw jesus...

BOBBY  
Now you don't have to come but... we'd like you to.

MIKEY  
What if Ryan's in trouble?...and I'm not talking about with the cops.  
(serious)  
He was there...he must have seen something.

JAX  
(reconsiders)  
Lets go...

Bobby throws down some cash and they rush out the door.

EXT. RYANS FAMILY ESTATE- PASADENA- DAY

A massive iron gate looms at the end of a long driveway, flanked by tall hedges and towering palm trees. The epitome of old money Hollywood.

Jax, Bobby and Mikey are sat in Bobby's beat up Mazda across the street.

BOBBY  
Yep, trust fund baby confirmed.  
(leans forward squinting)  
This place is nuts. Pretty sure the gate alone costs more than our entire tuition.

JAX  
(unsure)  
It's too quiet, we shouldn't be here.

BOBBY  
No, wait. Rich people don't cause much chaos, unless they're partying out in

St Tropez....look!

Bobby points to **two surveillance camera's** mounted on a brick pillar. Red light blinking. Watching.

MIKEY

Okay, so how do we do this?

JAX

What do you mean how? We're not breaking in, this isn't mission impossible Mikey.

BOBBY

Yeah, we just wanna talk. Make sure he's okay.

Down the driveway, their garage door opens up.

MIKEY

Look. Movement. Somebody's definitely home. Could be his mom.

BOBBY

(crawls out)

Only one way to find out.

Jax and Mikey follow Bobby across the street to the **intercom**.

Bobby presses the **CALL BUTTON**.

Static. Then-

GENTLEMENS VOICE

The Bernstein residence. State your name and business.

BOBBY

Uh- Hi. Um. It's Bobby King. I go to UCLA with Ryan,. I was just wanting to check in on him.

A long pause. Then-

GENTLEMENS VOICE

Ryan isn't accepting visitors. Please leave.

Intercom clicks off.

BOBBY

Well that was short and sweet.

Mikey nudges Bobby.

MIKEY

Yo, look!

They all turn. In the second floor window, Ryan's silhouette appears, standing completely still, watching them.

BOBBY

Ryan!

All three wave up but Ryan doesn't move.

MIKEY

Yo homeboy is like a mannequin?

BOBBY

Ryan, down here!

But Ryan disappears behind the curtain.

MIKEY

Shit! Now what do we do?

JAX

Class starts in twenty, I'm going.

They return to the car and drive off.

BOBBY O/S

Don't worry, we'll figure something out.

INT. RYANS PASADENA HOME - MORNING

A sprawling mansion. Luxury 90's décor, well kept, but eerily quiet. The kind of house that echoes.

Ryan's bedroom door is cracked open. We move inside to see his room properly his time.

Posters of old sci-fi movies, a few dusty sports trophies.

Ryan sits hunched on his bed, thumbs tapping away at a vintage arcade style controller connected his 90's computer.

The screen flickers. Ryan groans.

RYAN

Come on, don't glitch on me now.

The game stalls. Then freezes completely. Mouse stops responding.

RYAN

Goddamn Wi-fi!

He taps the keyboard. Nothing. Bangs it hard.

Then- on the screen words start to type out.

COMPUTER SCREEN

*T.R.U.S.T--*

He freezes, stars down at the keyboard, watching the keys move themselves.

Now a full sentence.

COMPUTER SCREEN

*T.R.U.S.T. F.U.N.D B.A.B.Y...C.A.N.T  
B.R.E.A.T.H...*

His stomach drops as he reaches into his drawer, shoving a decent **6-7 Adderall pills** down his throat.

He dash's out of his room, sliding down the stairs. He reaches the foyer but his gaze snaps to the front door.

And there it is- **a package. Unopened. RYAN's name on it.**

Beside him a mirror catches his reflection, which seems to be glitching. His body flickers out just for a split second.

He slaps his face, must be the pills. Then rips the package open to find **The Prophesised Script.**

Pages flip open on their own to a scene page 50 which reads.

THE SCRIPT

*Trust fund baby see's his reflection  
one last time...*

He looks at himself in the mirror again, all color now drained from his complexion.

He manages to snap a quick picture on his phone and bolts though the house running with the script in hand.



MRS BERSTEIN O/S  
(from the kitchen)  
Ryan...is that you? Honey??

He knocks over furniture, rugs skidding beneath his feet falling flat on his face. Desperate he crawls to the burning fireplace, throws the script inside the flames, the pages curling, blackened. He even stabs it with the fire poker, flames roaring higher, just to be sure.

He sighs, relieved, shaking. It's over. It's gone.

Then a hand touches his shoulder-**BRITISH HOUSE MANAGER KENT (50's)** deeply perplexed.

KENT  
Ryan, what on earth are you doing?

RYAN  
Kent. I need to see my dad. **Now!**

KENT  
Your father is in the middle of a meeting, perhaps I can arrange a car for after lunch-

RYAN  
**NOW!**

Kent studies him. He's never once seen him this wired, this pale.

KENT  
Very well.

EXT. FILM STUDIO GATES - BURBANK - DAY

Ryan's SUV pulls up to the front gate.

**A SECURITY GUARD RODGER 50's**, steps to the window, squinting. See's Ryan. Allows him to pass.

Ryan's car passes through the barrier towards the main office building.

INT. EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM - STUDIO- DAY

A sleek modern conference room. Floor to ceiling windows overlooking the studio lot.

A group of five high-level executives sit around a glass

table pitching a new film idea. At the head- **BRUCE BERNSTEIN (late 60's) a towering presence. Crisp suit. No nonsense demeanour.**

EXECUTIVE

Right...and at least with this new budget, we have room to spend on post and marketing--

SLAM. Boardroom door bursts open with Ryan looking totally dishevelled.

RYAN

Dad...can we talk.

BRUCE

(excusing himself)

MY son...gentlemen, if you'll excuse me for a moment.

Bruce guides Ryan into the--

HALLWAY

BRUCE

What's going on? You look like you haven't slept in days.

RYAN

Dad...something seriously wrong. I can't explain it but...it's like I'm being followed.

BRUCE

What?

RYAN

Not by a person...by something else.

BRUCE

Take a breath son. What do you mean?

Ryan pulls out his phone, shows him the **photo** he took of **The Prophetised Script.**

RYAN

This script...showed up at our house today.

BRUCE

Okay. And?

RYAN

Bad things are written in that script dad. It predicted Taylors death out in Malibu. And now its saying I'm gonna die too.

BRUCE

(pulls him away from the glass window)

Are you fucking high?

RYAN

No dad, please, you've gotta believe me. I know it sound crazy, but this is real. Something dark... is inside *that script*.

BRUCE

Something dark? Ryan...did you not just tell me a week ago that your school professor asked you to write a horror film? Now you've probably been up late at night with Mikey watching old horror movies, haven't you. That's why we away from that genre, me and my team, we don't fuck with that paranormal shit, we stay on gods side.

(beat)

Now you've just lost your friend son, and that's really shook your reality, because you found her in the tub... It's tough, I know, I get it...but we've all lost people we care about, it doesn't mean we crumble, or take our eyes off the ball. I raised you to be strong did I not. Yes sir.

RYAN

(perplexed)

Yes sir.

BRUCE

Now you know what's gonna happen when you graduate this year. You're gonna be in here with your pops, signing deals with the big boys...because, look at me...

(ryan's looks him dead in the eyes)

that's how much power I hold son. Now, whatever's scaring you, it's just fear, but le me tell you

something...fear...can get really  
ugly, real fast...

Ryan desperately wants to believe him.

Bruce reaches in his pocket, pulls out a thick stack of crisp  
hundreds.

BRUCE

So I want you to go take a walk...go  
to Beverly fucking hills, do whatever  
the fuck you want, okay.

Ryan takes the cash, walks away, but for the first time in  
his life, money doesn't mean a damn thing.

RYAN

Sorry dad...

BRUCE

It's okay...you're my boy.  
(under his breath)  
Everything is fine.

INT. STUDIO BACKLOT - DAY

Ryan wonders through the studio lot. Stage 1 and 2 closed  
sets in progress. His nerves are shot, as he grips the stack  
of hundred dollar bills.

He passes a **couple of YOUNG PA's** lounging near a grimy food  
truck.

RYAN

(holding up cash)  
Yo, you guys got any weed?

PA 1

No dude, sorry.

PA 2

We're good.

RYAN

(continues walking)  
Yeah well, fuck you too.

He turns a corner and arrives at--

EXT. FAKE NEW YORK STREET SET - CONT'D

Brick facades. Fire escapes. Yellow cabs parked on tracks.  
This artificial city is eerily empty.

RYAN

Yo, hello?...Anybody know where the  
fucking cafeteria is, fuck!

A light breeze blows through, rustling some paper debris  
along the fake subway stop.

Around a second corner, he arrives at a MASSIVE SOUND STAGE.

He steps through two half open warehouse doors and finds  
himself inside a BEACH SET.

BEACH SET- SOUND STAGE

A fake shoreline, complete with a wooden dock, beach chairs  
and a glass tank brimming with water.

Above the glass tank, three large sandbags perched on a  
balcony.

RYAN

No fear man, just a set, it's all  
fake...like everything else in this  
shitty world.

He pulls out his phone, **texts the photo of *The Prophesied Script* to Jax**, with the words...

RYANS TEXT

**This was sent to my house today.  
Recognise it? I'm scared Jax,  
something not right. I don't want to  
die...please tell me you believe me.**

Hits send and waits.

A low creek echo's through the sound stage. He spins but  
see's nothing.

RYAN

Hey...somebody there??

Nothing. He falls onto a deck chair when a GUST OF WIND rips  
through the set.

**FOOM!**

A radio switches on- playing the song **MR SANDMAN**

**The Prophesied Script** appears in the beach chair beside him.

Flips open- etching words in real time on the page.

THE SCRIPT

*Trust fund baby takes a final swim.*

Ryan falls back on his chair...his eyes widen in horror, petrified.

RYAN

No..no...

(crying)

I BURNED YOU! I FUCKING BURNED YOU!!

WHAT -DO -YOU -WANT!!

He snaps his head up- as the water in the tank starts to ripple, a clear shadow moving beneath the surface.

He turns to leave but his feet won't move from the sand beneath- the sand is pulling him in.

RYAN

NO...NO!!

He fights against it, manages to pull himself out, falling towards the glass tank.

**A whisper slithers through the sound stage.**

THE SCRIPT VOICE

*Take a swim...*

Ryan shakes his head violently, hyperventilating.

RYAN

I DON'T WANNA DIE- I DON'T WANNA DIE!

He tries to escape but his legs go the other way.

RYAN

NO- STOP, PLEASE!!

but it can't- it won't. Something *unseen* is now controlling him. His feet shuffle forward, his hands tremble at the realisation he's actually trapped.

The force pushes him to steps onto the dock above the tank. One foot on front of the other. **Unwillingly.**

RYAN  
DAD!!! DAAAADDDDD!!! HELP ME!!!

Ryan's body betrays him as he steps off the dock.

SPLASH.

He hits the water-rippling violently as he trashes inside.

He tries to climb out using his hands, but as he comes to the surface gasping for air, bubbles escaping, he see's his very fate as the sandbags overhead tremble and plummet--

**CRASH!**

The glass tank shatters, gallons of water bursting across the soundstage, sweeping Ryan's lifeless body away, his face planted across the fake sand.

INT. UCLA HALLWAY - DAY

Jax walks down an empty hallway. Pulls out her phone, see's the text from Ryan with **The Prophetised Script photo.**

She zooms in on the photo, freezes, blood drains from her face.

**She's seen this script before.** The same one from the storage room.

She rounds a corner, bumps into the **SCHOOL NURSE NANCY(40's, friendly, trusting)**

NURSE NANCY  
Jacqueline...everything alright?  
Shouldn't you be in class.

Jax just stares.

NURSE NANCY  
Sorry to hear about your friend  
Taylor. Tragic.

Jax tries to respond but nothing comes out. Deep inside something is trying to break through. **She knows The Script means something.**

NURSE NANCY  
(concerned)  
Are you okay? Why don't you come to my  
office. We can have a chat. Maybe talk

about about getting you some  
counselling.

JAX

No, please, I'm fine. I gotta go.

Jax turns on her heels and is gone in the opposite direction,  
past her classroom just as Bobby pops out.

BOBBY

JAX!!

EXT. UCLA PARKING LOT- DAY

Jax sprints across campus, jumps into her car and peels out  
onto the main street.

EXT. RYAN'S FAMILY ESTATE - DAY

Jax skids to a stop outside the gates of Ryan's Pasadena  
home. She hits the intercom- frantic.

Static. Then...

KENT

Yes?

JAX

Please- please, I need to talk to  
Ryan's, he's in big trouble!

KENT

Miss, Ryan is not here. He's at his  
father studio...

But before he can finish she's on her heels...

KENT FADED

I tried to stop him- said it wasn't  
safe...maim...maim???

EXT. STUDIO GATES - BURBANK - DAY

Jax's car jerks to a stop outside the studio gates as  
flashing cop cars and news crews swarm the entrance. In the  
distance though the gates an ambulance sound echo's.

She leaps out rushing towards the entrance security.

JAX

Sir, please...what's happened??



**A FEMALE REPORTER 40's** flips open her notebook, barely glancing up.

REPORTER  
Accidental death on set.

Jax worst fear has just come true.

INT. BEACH SOUND STAGE - DAY

A crew of paramedics and cops hover over a mangled sand covered corpse.

Bruce Bernstein, Ryan's father pushes through the crowd as his face contorts in horror as he finds his sons deceased body.

BRUCE  
(dropping to his knees)  
RYYAAAAAANNNNNN!!!

INT. JAX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dimly lit studio. A half eaten bowl of ramen noodles on the coffee table. The only light coming from the glow on the TV.

Jax sits curled up on the couch in baggie sweats and a hoodie, hair messy, looking like she hasn't slept. The weight of her boss and two friends dying, pressing down on her.

A live news broadcast comes on the TV.

**A MALE REPORTER (30'S)** stands outside the red brick entrance of UCLA, students in the background being turned away by security.

REPORTER  
After the shocking death of UCLA film student Ryan Bernstein, school officials have decided to temporarily shut down the campus until further notice-

Some students behind the reporter react, some confused, some filming on their phones, others just looking numb.

The camera suddenly zooms in on Professor Crane, who's exiting the building, looking pissed off and exhausted. A MALE REPORTER 30's shoves a microphone in his face.

REPORTER

Professor Crane. You've been teaching these kids film studies at this school for over 30 years- did Ryan Bernstein say anything strange in class, give you an indication that his life was in danger? How do you feel about the two dead students coming from your class Professor?

PROFESSOR CRANE

Get that camera out of my face, kids are dying!

**BACK TO JAX - APARTMENT**

She clicks the TV off.

Grabs her laptop- starts searching.

**GOOGLE SEARCH BAR- Adam black death**

**GOOGLE SEARCH BAR- Ronnie Vega death**

**GOOGLE SEARCH BAR - Joan Turner death**

The connection is obvious- all are Adams clients.

Except Ryan and Taylor. Her mind races.

Finally she types:

**GOOGLE SEARCH BAR- Cursed Hollywood Script?**

Nothing.

She sighs, leans back, then suddenly a result catches her eye.

**A 1975 newspaper clipping.** She clicks it open.

It's old and grainy- but the headline send a chill down her spine.

**HOLLYWOOD CURSE? UNKNOWN SCREENWRITER CLAIMS "SCRIPT WILL KILL THOSE WHO TOUCH IT"**

Stomach drops. Deep breath. Leans in reading further.

JAX

*"In 1975, a struggling screenwriter*

*named Scherrye Walker submitted a horror script titled The Prophesised Script to multiple studios. After being rejected, she made an ominous statement: 'If Hollywood won't let my story live...then it will make them die'*

Jax freezes. Clicks on the writer's name Scherrye Walker.

A single profile listing pops up with one location.

She grabs her phone- dials Bobby.

JAX

I think you guys need to get over here.

JAX'S APARTMENT - LATER

Every single light in the apartment is ON. The charger for her phone, wires to her TV, microwave and fridge- yanked out, unplugged. She leaves nothing to chance.

We move into the -

BATHROOM

The steam from the bath curls around her, but she just stares at the water barely breathing, eyes red. All she can think of is Ryan.

She closing her eyes, sinks lower, ears underwater. Just for a second.

Comes back up and remembers his voice...

RYANS V/O

(soft, familiar, in her memory)  
You always had something the rest of us didn't...it wasn't just talent...it was truth...you see the world different Jax, don't let anything crush that...

Now she's crying...

RYAN'S V/O

Even if we break-up...I'll always root for you...just promise me you won't stop writing...even if it hurts...

JAX  
I promise...

A beat of silence-then KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the bathroom door.

Her eyes snap open.

JAX  
Bobby...?

No answer. Her heart races as she scrambles out of the tub with her robe, yanks the door open- nothing there.

She quickly changes into sweats, unlocks her front door then grabs a bottle of vodka and three glasses.

Her door buzzer goes off.

JAX  
Who is it?

BOBBY  
We're downstairs, buzz us up.

She buzzes them in. Pours drinks.

Bobby and Mikey enter, dropping on the couch.

MIKEY  
What the fuck.

BOBBY  
(to Jax)  
You wanna say something?

JAX  
(deadpan)  
Cheers to being alive.

All three drink.

BOBBY  
Feels like we're in a bad dream we can't escape from...

MIKEY  
Yeah the director's cut...where all the deleted scenes are just people getting butchered.  
(bothered)

I just can't stop thinking about  
Drowning like that. In a fake fucking  
ocean. He must have lost his frickin  
mind.

They finish their first vodka fully. She pours three more.

BOBBY

He didn't just drown Mikey, he  
suffocated...buried alive in his  
fathers back yard.

JAX

He went there for help.  
(beat)  
but nobody would help him.

MIKEY

That's gotta be one of the worst ways  
to go dude--

JAX

There's something I need to tell you.  
(turns phone screen towards them)  
Look at this...

The eerie photo of **The Prophesised Script** stares back at  
them, the title bold, almost mocking.

BOBBY

Wait, what is it, his horror script  
for Crane?

JAX

No, Ryan didn't write this. It was  
sent to him, before he died.

BOBBY

I don't follow?

JAX

(takes a breath)  
I've seen this script before, in  
Adam's office, the day Adam died.

Bobby and Mikey gulp down their second drink.

MIKEY

Hold the fuck up. *Prophesised*?  
Prophesied what-like a prophecy? Like  
in the future?

BOBBY

Yeah what is it?

JAX

You know the way Professor Crane always tells us to foreshadow in our stories, tell the audience what's going to happen, without directly telling them--

MIKEY

You know what you do Jax, you talk in riddles. What the fuck are you talking about?

JAX

I was cleaning out storage...at the office...there it was, buried in a box, old as hell...no writers name. Just a title and date- 1975.

(beat)

Adam, Joan Turner, Tay, Ryan...they all read it...and now they're all dead.

Bobby looks at Mikey.

MIKEY

(to Jax)

You're joking right?

(to Bobby)

Yo, you believe his shit man?

Bobby...come on...

BOBBY

What's happened isn't normal Mikey-

MIKEY

No shit.

BOBBY

These accidents aren't a random chain of events- this is some *Final Destination* shit going on.

MIKEY

You man some sicko roaming the streets. And you know what Bobby, these sicko's never stop- Bundy, Dahmer, Ramirez, guys like that, they keep going and going and going...

JAX

Listen to me...

(pulls out laptop)

I did some digging. Turns out there was a writer in the 70's, a woman, Scherrye Walker, who wrote horror movies.

(beat)

Only she never made it. She never got the big break. So she disappeared. No one knows what happened to her.

MIKEY

Nah, man. No. I'm out. I don't wanna hear any more of this crazy fucking shit.

Mickey knocks back his third vodka.

BOBBY

What, you're just gonna bail? Leave us questioning everything, alone?

MIKEY

You're damn right I am. *Hello!* Our two friends are dead! And now we have to bury them... and even worse, now school has shut down, so all my hard work on this horror assignment has all gone out the window. You just can't write this shit.

BOOM! A massive gust of wind SLAMS against the window. The vodka bottle breaking shattering the glass coffee table.

MIKEY

(towards the door)

I'm outta here man!

Mikey bolts. Door slamming behind him.

Jax panics, instinctively grabbing at Bobby's shirt.

JAX

Don't leave me, please.

Bobby stiffens for half a second. He looks down at her hands gripping his arms, his heart pounding, but not just from fear. For the first time Jax is really looking at him, needing him.

BOBBY  
I wasn't planning on it.

He leans in, whispers, half joking, half terrified.

BOBBY  
Also, I'd rather die *with someone* than  
alone. Wouldn't you...?

INT. DIRECTORS OFFICE - STUDIO BACKLOT- DAY

**A Hollywood director (50's)** stressed out, silver hair tousled, sits in his messy lavish studio. Scripts, production schedules, call sheets, litter hit desk.

He leans forward, gripping his forehead, screaming down the phone.

DIRECTOR  
You don't think I know- everybody's  
scared shitless! My lead actress just  
made me postpone my own god damn movie  
for another month! A *MONTH!*

A framed poster behind him. A high profile award winning horror movie with a tagline "Fear is only the beginning".

INT. LUXURIOUS HIGHRISE PENTHOUSE - DAY

Floor to ceiling windows overlooking Wilshire Blvd. **Up and coming model/ actress ELSA (mid 20's stunning, high strung)** wearing head to toe ALO BRAND, sits crossed legged on the low white couch sipping a green matcha.

**Her assistant AMBER (early 30's, overworked, tired of her shit)** walks in holding a **Fed Ex package addressed to Elsa- "CONFIDENTIAL"**

AMBER  
Another package...think it's your new  
draft before the shoot--

Elsa leaps up almost spilling her smoothie, staring at the package like its a bomb.

ELSA  
Get it out of here Amber- I said no  
packages! I don't care what it is, I  
don't want it!



AMBER

Alright...I'm sorry.

ELSA

No scripts. No deliveries. Not until they find this creep. Okay.

AMBER

Got it.

INT. TIK-TOK SLEUTH - HOLLYWOOD

A ring light illuminates a young **TIK-TOKER'S face, (25, sharp minded, popular)** as he investigates the latest Hollywood mystery live streaming to thousands of his viewers.

A collage of headshots behind him. Adam Black. Ronnie Vega, Joan Turner. Bruce Bernstein. Ryan. Taylor. Red string connecting them all.

He leans into his camera, low voice, dramatic.

TIK-TOKER

Alright you guys, lets break this down. First, talent agent, Adam Black. Then Hollywood legend- Joan Turner. Then Joan's granddaughter Taylor. Then the granddaughters lover, who happens to be the son of mega film producer Bruce Bernstein.

(scoffs)

If you ask me, we're looking at something *a lot deeper* here my loves. Somebody send an SOS, because if UCLA has officially closed down-I'm sorry *Hollywood but you have blood on your hands*. Come on. Four industry deaths in one week? Coincidence? Or is somebody picking off Hollywood elite one by one?

Comments section explodes:

**USER123:** This is literally scream but IRL!

**Moviebuff1000:** WTF is happening in LA rn??

**Conspiracyqueen:** What if there's a cursed script circulating?

The Tik-Toker blinks twice. Pauses.

TIK-TOKER

(chuckles)

*A cursed script? Oh no honey. No conspiracyqueen. This is a crime channel not supernatural.*

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES APPEARS ACROSS SCREEN

**. HOLLYWOOD MELTDOWN- BERNSTEIN'S SON DIES ON SET, FATHER DEMANDS ANSWERS**

**. STUDIO'S TIGHTEN SECURITY AMID INDUSTRY FEARS**

**. TINSELTOWN IN TERROR- EVERYONES ASKING, IS NOBODYS SAFE? WHO'S NEXT??**

EXT. RYANS FUNERAL - PASADENA

A funeral procession full of dozens of Hollywood Elites, standing solemn, under black umbrella's in torrential rain.

Bruce Bernstein and wife Mrs Bernstein, grief stricken, sTand at Ryan's casket.

Jax, Bobby and Mikey linger in the back, feeling out of place.

Paparazzi stalk, hide behind tree's, trying to snap a best selling photo.

**FEMALE REPORTER (30'S) AT FRONT GATE (ON LIVE TV)**

REPORTER

A tragedy in the industry today as Hollywood says goodbye to Ryan Bernstein, the latest in a string of shocking deaths rocking Tinsel town.

Jax watches Bruce, broken, devastated as the casket lowers. A gust of wind blows past, sending a single funeral programme fluttering to the ground at Jax's feet. Ryan's face on the cover, an eerie sense of dread creeping in.

INT. BRUCE BEIRNSTEIN'S OFFICE- EVENING

Burbank studios. Bruce's executive assistant **LILA (30's, sharp, polished, a total bitch)**, tidy's up Bruce's cluttered desk. Production notes, contracts, funeral arrangements.

LILA

This place is a fucking disaster...

She accidentally knocks over a stack of papers- groans, bends down to pick them up. Among the fallen papers, an unmarked screenplay ***The Prophesied Script***.

She frowns- it wasn't there before.

LILA  
A horror script?  
(sighs)  
What's gotten into you Bruce...

She flips through, a few pages in, until something catches her eye page 75.

LILA  
Attractive studio assistant, lonely,  
in need of connection, meets an old  
friend for dinner.

She stiffens, because that's literally *her*. She shuts the script, throws it in her bag- when her phone buzzes. A text from SILVER FOX.

SILVER FOX TEXT  
Running late. Meet you at our usual  
spot around 8pm.

She exhales, grateful for the distraction. Grabs her jacket, locks up and leaves.

INT. UPSCALE RESTUARANT - NIGHT

A chic steakhouse in Beverly Hills. The kind of place industry types make deals over \$500 bottle's of wine. A soft jazz trio play in the corner. Lila sits at a table alone looking elegant, nursing a glass of white wine.

Professor Crane, (Silver Fox) rushes in out of breath, shaking off the cold drizzle.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
Sorry, sorry, traffic was a nightmare.

LILA  
Traffic's the least of our worries.

He catches her expression, as she signals the waiter needing a drink **now**.

**YOUNG WAITER (28)** arrives.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
Macallan 18. Double please.

Waiter nods, walks away.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
Tell me you've been following the  
news.

LILA  
Of course.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
How's the big guy holding up?

LILA  
Well, he buried his only son today,  
I'm sure he's drowning in unfathomable  
grief.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
(emotional)  
That's two of my students...

LILA  
(takes his hand)  
Don't look at the news or the  
internet...

PROFESSOR CRANE  
I don't...but I keep thinking about  
how I survived my own horror movie  
once. Seems like I'm reliving it all  
over again...

A beat. She shouldn't ask but...

LILA  
You never said...how did she-

PROFESSOR CRANE  
Fire.  
(beat)  
Was fast. By the time it reached  
upstairs, I couldn't get to her.

LILA  
I'm sorry. Accidents happen. Even  
random ones.

PROFESSOR CRANE

What's happening now  
feels...*different*. Like chaos  
repeating itself in patterns or  
something. Not random.

LILA

You mean fate? Come on Crane, you're  
too involved. You're *not* the main  
character.

PROFESSOR CRANE

Its just the timing of it all...

LILA

(touches his hand again)  
You just need a little attention.

Waiter arrives back with his Macallan 18.

PROFESSOR CRANE

A vacation.  
(to waiter)  
Thank you.

Waiter leaves.

LILA

Somewhere hot and sexy. No students,  
no scripts.  
(suddenly remembers)  
Oh. Speaking of scripts...

She unzips her bag, pulling out *The Prophesised script*.

LILA

Found this on Bruce's desk today,  
listen to this...  
(reads from script)  
Attractive studio assistant, lonely,  
in need of connection, meets an old  
friend for dinner.

PROFESSOR CRANE

(picks up script)  
What's the problem?

LILA

It's *me*.

Crane flips through that scene.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
Sounds like you have a fan.

LILA  
Or a stalker.

**He arrives on the death scene similar to the way Ryan died.**

PROFESSOR CRANE  
Wait, where did you get this?

LILA  
I told you. Bruce's desk. Why?

PROFESSOR CRANE  
(blood drains from his face)  
Have you read this?

LILA  
No, that's what I'm saying, it's  
freaked me out.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
How many interns do you have? Are any  
of them my students?

For the first time she see's real fear in his eyes.

LILA  
What? Will you calm down, you're  
scaring me.

CRANE  
(louder, demanding)  
I NEED NAMES.

LILA  
Jesus Christ. What the hell has gotten  
into you? We have three, maybe four,  
and I don't *know* any of their *names*,  
you think I pay attention to a stupid  
intern, have the time to remember  
their fucking names.

He leans back in his chair, rubbing his face.

LILA  
I'm sorry.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
Me too.

(leans across the table)  
I don't mean to scare you but this  
describes my two students deaths.

LILA  
(flips through the script)  
What?

Lila slams the script shut.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
Let me take it home.  
(certainty)  
I have a feeling I may know who's done  
this.

She slides the script back to him.

LILA  
Okay. But go easy, their just kids.

He places the script in his briefcase under the table.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
Lets eat.

INT. LILA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A sleek modern high rise apartment. Lila enters through her front door, tosses her bag onto the counter, kicks her heels off, the weight of the day still lingering.

She passes a large ornate mirror hanging on her wall in the hallway and enters the-

BATHROOM

Lila stands at the sink freshly showered, towel wrapped around her body. She wipes the fogged up mirror with her palm.

No reflection. **Her reflection is gone.**

She blinks, stomach tightens. Steps back, steps forward, waves. Still nothing staring back.

Now panicked, she grabs her cell, takes a selfie-

But the photo on her phone reveals **just an image of her empty bathroom.**

She's not in the picture.

She lets out a guttural whale scream, her phone slipping from her hands. Trembling she picks it up again, refreshes the camera- checks her photo gallery but still nothing.

**She slowly turns back to the mirror and that's when it moves.**

**The glass warps, shifting like a liquid metal- a ripple, slow at first, then like molten mercury, bending inward.**

**A HAND- shiny, smooth, not human, shoots out.**

Lila SCREAMS as it clamps around her wrist.

LILA

No....stop it...let me go! HELP!!

She struggles, yanking, kicking, but the mirror begins swallowing her inside-first her shoulder, then her neck.

But she fights, claws at the air-her nails scraping against the sink. Then a final muffled scream-

And she's gone.

The mirror ripples back into place, perfectly still.

Lila Montgomery no longer exists.

INT. SMALL CAFE - MORNING

A quiet tucked away earthy café in Loz Feliz. The kind of place people go to journal about their existential crises.

Jax sits alone in the back corner, stirring a coffee she hasn't touched, just breathing, watching the world move around her.

Outside life continues, but there's a darkness over LA. A man in a suit talks down the phone, looking grim, uncertain. Across the street a group of early yoga risers sipping matcha's. Each girl looking more fearful.

At the counter two young women (30's) maybe assistants or influencers, we're not sure, whisper anxiously.

YOUNG WOMAN 1

No, I knew Lila. I mean- not *knew* knew her, but we had coffee once. This is insane.



YOUNG WOMAN 2

My old roommate worked for Bruce Bernstein's company. She said Lila was like- his right hand. Like she practically ran the studio, while he was flying around the world making movies. And now she's just gone.

YOUNG WOMAN 1

First his son, now his assistant. Something weird is happening.

Jax tightens her grip around her mug.

YOUNG WOMAN 2

They're saying it's like bad luck. Like *Hollywood bad luck*. Cursed scripts, haunted sound stages, all that shit. You ever heard of the poltergeist curse?

YOUNG WOMAN 1

Uh, yeah, didn't like three people die?

YOUNG WOMAN 2

I think it was four. I know the young girl who played Carol-Anne was only like twelve when she died from septic shock on an operating table...and then the older girl who played her sister, her ex-boyfriend butchered her the day after the movie premiered...

YOUNG WOMAN 1

Oh god, I don't wanna know, it freaks me out.

Their voices fade as Jax quickly leaves.

EXT- CAFE PARKING LOT - MORNING

Jax leans against her car, still rattled by the influencers gossip. Her phone buzzes- it's Bobby.

JAX

Hey...

BOBBY

Where are you?

JAX

Nowhere.

BOBBY

What do you mean 'Nowhere'? The whole town is shutting down, last time this happened was COVID.

JAX

I know.

BOBBY

Lila Montgomery vanished- like straight up GONE. No body, no blood, no trace. And guess who she worked for?

JAX

Bobby...

A tense beat.

BOBBY

What?

JAX

I think I found the woman who wrote the script.

BOBBY

No you didn't.

JAX

Okay, maybe I didn't, but I need to see for myself.

BOBBY

Jax, you're chasing old ghosts here...

JAX

You think I want this to be real? I'm going to meet her. It's the only thing that makes sense...

BOBBY

What makes sense is we shut up, lay low, and stay the hell away from this thing.

JAX  
(exhales, torn)  
I can't.

BOBBY  
Why not?

JAX  
Because I held it Bobby. That day in  
Adam's office, before all of this ever  
started...I was the first one...

Jax climbs into her car, pulls out.

BOBBY  
Jax, listen to me. Don't be the girl  
in the horror movie who *has* to know  
how the story ends. Just walk away.

JAX  
I don't think I can.

BOBBY  
(gives in)  
Send me your location.

EXT. SOUTH LOS ANGELES - DAY

Jax's car passes a row of weathered houses, with sagging  
fences and rusted out cars.

Through her windshield- a GROUP OF MEN gather outside a  
corner liquor store, watching her car pass. She tightens the  
grip on her wheel. This was not where she expected to be  
today.

HER GPS  
ARRIVED AT DESTINATION.

EXT. SCHERRY WALKERS HOUSE - DAY

She parks outside just as Bobby pulls up in his Volkswagen  
Beetle. He climbs into the passenger seat of Jax's car.

BOBBY  
So this is the witches manor. Nice  
shrubs.

JAX  
You think I'm insane don't you.

BOBBY

I'd rather be wrong with you than  
right with you. Go on, go, I'll just  
wait here with the gangsters and  
racoons.

JAX

Thanks Bobby...

Jax climbs out, walks towards a small run down house, tucked between two abandoned lots. Tall weeds creep over the front walkway with paint peeling off the walls in patches. The windows- covered in yellowed newspapers from the inside and a faded red tricycle sits overturned in the dirt yard, long forgotten.

This is it- **Scherrye Walkers house.**

She reaches into her bag, pulls out the printed article.

CLOSE UP ON ARTICLE

A black and white photo from the 70's- a young **Scherrye Walker about 20**, standing next to a smiling **Joan Turner 23**, and **a much younger junior assistant Adam Black 19**, at a Hollywood party.

She tucks the paper into her bag and climbs up the front steps.

Knock, knock.

Nothing.

Knocks again. Louder.

Then shuffling inside. The chain lock slides.

Th door cracks open, revealing **SCHERRYE WALKER (80's) a frail but sharp-eyed woman, hair wrapped in a silk scarf.**

Her eyes meet Jax's and for a brief moment- recognition.

Scherrye doesn't blink, doesn't even ask who Jax is.

SCHERRYE

Took you long enough.

JAX

(stunned)

Excuse me?

SCHERRY  
(unlocks chain, swings door open)  
You coming in, or not?

Jax swallows hard. Then steps inside.

INT. SCHERRY WALKERS HOUSE - DAY

Curtains are drawn tight. The scent of old books, dust, and something faintly herbal- like burnt sage.

Stacks of old yellowed scripts, **yellow letterhead paper (remember this)**, newspapers and film reels piled on top of boxes. Hollywood relics.

Jax glances around, taking it all in as Scherry shuffles to a wooden chair. She doesn't invite Jax to sit. Instead just watches her, measuring, calculating.

SCHERRY  
Well I'm glad you're not a reporter.

JAX  
Film student.

SCHERRY  
(huffs a laugh)  
I know.  
(lens forward, eyes sharp)  
You get close enough yet?

Jax tenses.

JAX  
To what?

Scherry gestures towards Jax's pocket, where she stuffed the printed article.

Jax hesitates then slowly pulls it out, holding it up.

JAX  
This says you were supposed to be the next big thing.

SCHERRY  
I was never suppose to be anything sweetheart. That was the problem. And that was a lifetime ago...  
(beat)  
and a death sentence.

JAX

They black listed you, didn't  
they...the script... you wrote *The  
Prophesied Script*?

SCHERRY

I didn't write shit-  
(beat)  
I bled for it...

Jax stomach knots as Scherrye looks at her as if seeing a  
younger version of herself.

SCHERRY

I was the nicest kid....all I ever  
wanted was to see my stories on the  
big screen. To be taken seriously as a  
writer...to walk into a room and have  
them see me for my talent... not for  
my skin... not my gender...just my  
words, my voice.

(bitter)

But that isn't how this own works is  
it.

(smiling venom)

You see, Hollywood doesn't break you  
all at once... no, no, no...it makes  
you believe first...builds you up  
first, feeds you a few scraps...makes  
you think you're special...

(softer)

And then right when you're at the top  
of the hill--

(snaps her finger)

It cuts you're fucking throat.

JAX

People are dying...how do I stop this?

Scherrye tilts her head amused.

SCHERRY

That's what you wanna know?

Jax nods.

SCHERRY

Tell me something Jacqueline. You ever  
wonder why some people fall apart  
after trauma, while others, transform?

SCHERRY

(chuckles)

You think I danced under the moon and chanted some ancient curse? No, no, no.

(eyes glinting)

All I did was stop waiting for karma. Why wait... when you can start making it yourself.

JAX

How??

SCHERRY

Hurt is a funny thing. You hold onto it long enough, it starts to listen.

(beat)

***The only way I could escape my own nightmare, was to become the villain.***

(grins)

***Of course, everything you want in this town, always comes at a price...***

(scorned smile)

This is the point in your story where you've gotta decide baby...

(beat)

Sacrifice...or allow it to keep on moving...

JAX

(freezes, quietly)

What does that mean?

Scherry gestures to her stacks of scripts.

SCHERRY

It means what it's always meant. Blood feeds the story. Always has. Always will.

JAX

No...

SCHERRY

You think stories come without consequences? You want to end it? You want to rewrite the curse? Then some ones gotta bleed for it sweetheart!

(angry)

This isn't just a screenplay anymore kid...it's a story that wants to be

told, and well...you know how  
Hollywood works--  
    (smiling dark)  
Nothing stops a story once its in  
motion.  
    (evil laughing)  
*The -motion- picture- business.*

JAX  
I didn't ask for this!

SCHERRY  
None of us do.  
    (beat)  
But the page don't care who holds he  
pen...there's other things writing  
this shit, don't you understand!

Scherry shrugs, unconcerned. Calms.

SCHERRY  
So it's doing, what it wants to do...

Scherry lets out a small knowing smile, gestures to her  
coffee table, more scripts, but unfinished.

SCHERRY  
You wanna know how scripts get made in  
Hollywood honey?  
    (beat)  
First, they gets stolen.

Jax freezes as Scherry flicks the flame on an old lighter,  
watches it dance.

SCHERRY  
And then if you're lucky, it gets  
rewritten in blood.

She stares at Scherry, her mind racing.

JAX  
You knew Adam didn't you?

SCHERRY  
Oh him. Just another Hollywood  
parasite. He was nobody back then.  
Fresh out of college, fetching coffee,  
hoping to leech off somebody else's  
success. But he had eyes everywhere..  
    (scorned beat)



Always watching. Always listening. And when it was time to pick a side, he knew exactly which way the wind was blowing.

JAX

So you knew this would all happen?

SCHERRY

Wouldn't be much of a prophecy if I didn't, now would it?

Scherry leans forward. For the first time, we see something different in her eyes.

Not fear. Not regret.

Satisfaction.

SCHERRY

I'm just hurt that it took this long. But then again you were always scared to speak up, weren't you sweetheart...

JAX

You know nothing about me.

SCHERRY

I know you want what I wanted...

(loud / aggressive)

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING- IT WAS MY POWER HEY STOLE! MY STORY MATTERED!

Jax flinches at the explosion of truth.

JAX

I won't end up like you, if that's what you think...

SCHERRY

Oh yes you will...

(venom in her voice)

You'll spend your whole life trying to write your way into Hollywood. And when Hollywood rejects you...when they smile and pass you by...

(beat)

You'll turn to the dark side...just like me.

Jax backs away utterly petrified.

SCHERRY

You should probably get going...the script doesn't like to wait...

One more attempt...

JAX

I'll stop it. I'll find a way.

SCHERRY

(Scherry walks to her at the door)

**The only way-**

(deep into her eyes)

**Is to take control-**

Scherry slams the door in Jax's face, hard and final.

Now she knows Scherry isn't just being cruel. She means it. There is a way, but it's worse than death.

INT. UCLA HALLWAY - MIDDAY

The eerie half empty halls of UCLA feel like a ghost town. Students who have returned whisper amongst themselves, eyes darting around, paranoid.

Jax, Bobby and Mikey walk side by side, their voices low.

MIKEY

Why are we back here.

BOBBY

What do you mean?

MIKEY

This feels wrong man. How the hell are we supposed to finish our assignments?

BOBBY

Don't you wanna graduate?

MIKEY

Yeah sure, lemme just serve up a thesis film, a true story about my two friends getting murdered- I'm sure I'll get an A.

BOBBY

Dude we paid a lot of money to be here, they can't just close down an

entire campus.

MIKEY  
They did in *scream*.

BOBBY  
(slows)  
You wanna tell him now, shut him the hell up.

She hesitates for a second- staring at Mikey.

MIKEY  
Tell me what?

JAX  
I...found her.

MIKEY  
(loud)  
Found who!?

JAX  
Keep your voice down.  
(ushers them towards the auditorium doors)  
Scherrye Walker. The woman who wrote *the script*.

MIKEY  
(scoffs)  
Oh yeah, great. Lets bring some washed up horror writer into this. What's she gonna do, bring Tay and Ryan back to life?

JAX  
No. But she told me things.

BOBBY  
Tell him..

JAX  
She told me why this is happening.

MIKEY  
You know what you do Jax, you talk in riddles.

BOBBY  
Just listen Mikey.

JAX

Anybody who reads her script *dies*.

A beat.

MIKEY

BULLSHIT!

JAX

Mikey. Ryan text me that photo, said nobody would believe him, you saw it!

MIKEY

Yeah, AND! What if some pyscho saw it too, and thought- hey lemme go murder this dude Ryan just because he's freaked out! Don't you get it- all of this started as soon as Crane asks us to write this horror shit-therefor some sicko in our class is getting off on playing a fucked up script game!

JAX

She said it *travels*...from person to person... fast.

MIKEY

Oh God. So what are you saying, this is like some kind of *disease*, like *HERPES*? It travels...

BOBBY

Tell him the rest.

JAX

She said...

(hesitates, frightened)

it doesn't like to be ignored...that it *finds* people because it *needs* to be fed on blood.

MIKEY

Fed on blood. What is this little shop of Horrors...no wait, little school of horrors...is that the name of your script Jax? Are you the killer?

BOBBY

(grabs him by his neck)

It has a life of its own asshole! Now if you don't believe her that's fine,

but don't you dare accuse her of anything...

MIKEY

Alright, relax BOBBY!

(pulls out his cell phone)

I believe her. Excuse me while I just dial up Ghostbusters- I'm sure they have a department for sexually cursed screenplays.

(starts vaping)

Wow, U.C.L.A is just fantastic man...if you're into the whole haunted asylum vibe.

BOBBY

(over her shoulder)

Crane, twelve O'clock. Shit. Act normal.

Professor arrives at the auditorium doors looking wrecked. Deep bags under his eyes, unshaven.

PROFESSOR CRANE

You three inside-- NOW!

INT. AUDITORIUM - MIDDAY

Jax, Bobby and Mikey follow Professor Crane to the main stage. You can cut the tension with a knife.

Crane pulls **The Prophesised Script** from his case, holds it up.

PROFESSOR CRANE

Which one of you wrote this?

Jax, Bobby and Mikey share a look.

PROFESSOR CRANE

Afraid to speak are we?

A beat. Terrified.

PROFESSOR CRANE

You have to admit the timing is... awful convenient. I assign my students horror scripts. A week later people start dying in ways straight out of a horror movie. But, not just any horror movie, one that describes in detail,

exactly how Taylor and Ryan were killed! Exactly how that cop was pulverised. And now Lila Montgomery, my only real friend...vanished, into thin air!

His voice falters.

Jax launches forward, slaps the script from his hands.

It hits the floor. Crane stares at her stunned.

JAX

You can't read that Professor... it's dangerous.

PROFESSOR CRANE

Dangerous? In what way Jacqueline? How do you know?

Beat. She doesn't want to say it out loud.

BOBBY

What she's trying to say is...

MIKEY

If you read it- you basically die Professor. At least that's the *urban legend* going around campus sir.

A long weird beat.

PROFESSOR CRANE

You kids have lost your damn mind.

JAX

We didn't write that sir...I swear.

They exchange uneasy glances.

PROFESSOR CRANE

So how do you suppose it was written... *by itself*? You should be ashamed of yourselves, these disgusting murder scenes word-for-word?!

A long beat- none of them know what to say.

PROFESSOR CRANE

Get out!

They don't move.

PROFESSOR CRANE  
*I SAID GET OUT!!*

They scramble to their feet out the main doors.

EXT. UCLA PARKING LOT- DAY

Jax, Bobby and Mikey walk to their cars.

Bobby still rattled. Jax quiet, her mind working overtime.

BOBBY  
Man, we need to shut this thing down.  
Go back and tell Crane to burn the  
thing!

JAX  
And what, pretend it doesn't exist.

MIKEY  
We don't have to do shit dude. Look- I  
know you don't wanna hear this Jax,  
but this old warped ass witch has  
pulled the ultima card...made up some  
crazy story that you seem to believe,  
all because this murder stuff is  
suddenly all over the news, and now  
she wants her fifteen minutes of fame.

A cold forceful breeze cuts through the air. A beat.

C/U on Jax's eyes as she stares back at the school.

JAX  
It'll find him.  
(beat)  
Just like it found the rest.

INT. UCLA AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The university halls are eerily still. Professor Crane sits alone at his desk facing the empty seating, a massive white projection screen looming behind him.

As he takes a gulp of his half empty whiskey glass, he pulls out *The Prophesised Script* from his case, muttering to himself--

PROFESSOR CRANE

This piece of shit...

He flips through the script, lands on a scene description.

PROFESSOR CRANE

A professor, alone in a dark  
auditorium, questions his own past,  
when a familiar voice, calls out to  
him on the...screen?

At first he hears the faint click-clack of film reels  
spinning, but assumes its just the old building making  
noises.

Then- the light flickers across the walls as **the projector  
booth above the back rows comes to life.** The machine whirs as  
a black and white home movie starts playing on the white  
screen behind him.

The glow of the screen in his peripheral vision catches and  
he slowly turns his head.

His breath catches as **the face of his wife appears across the  
screen. Alive. Smiling. Sitting at her vanity in their  
bedroom, looking so beautiful, untouched by time.**

Cranes face goes white. This isn't just a movie, this is the  
night she died.

PROFESSOR CRANE

...No.

She picks up her hair brush, smooths her hair, turns slightly  
gazing at the audience, then tilts her head as if she see's  
him.

CRANE'S WIFE

*Oh honey, why did you give those kids  
that assignment. That's too much  
pressure.*

Crane jolts up, his chair screeches back.

PROFESSOR CRANE

(breathless)

Marie???!!

The reel skips, glitches, for a second, then she stands, a  
faint frown, fingers resting on her collarbone.



CRANE'S WIFE

*What's that smell honey? You smell something?*

Her face darkens. Her eyes hallow, frightened, when suddenly the film fast forwards, shuttering and flickering.

BOOM. The bedroom door BURSTS open- a wall of FLAMES surging inside.

She SCREAMS, clawing at the window latch, but it's JAMMED.

CRANE'S WIFE

*No, no, help me, somebody help me please!*

Crane reaches out instinctively- his hands pressing against the screen, trying to save her.

PROFESSOR CRANE

Marie- please! GET OUT!! JUMP!

But she's trapped. The flames consume their bedroom walls as her eyes lock with his.

CRANE'S WIFE

*Why did it have to end in fire??*

The corners of the screen catch fire at the edges- REAL FIRE. Spilling outward into reality.

Crane stumbles back, knocking over his desk as the fire consumes the stage.

He rushes to the door but it SLAMS SHUT.

Th flames engulf the rows of seats, walls, everywhere. Smoke choking the air as he looks back at the movie still playing.

His wife reaches out to him.

He reaches back.

PROFESSOR CRANE

(traumatized)

I'm sorry....I'm so sorry.

The flames engulf crane to BLACK.

EXT. UCLA CAMPUSS - MORNING

The quad is chaos. Students huddled in clusters, whispering, crying. Faculty with the help of police, usher students off campus.

JAX  
(approaches)  
What happened?

A random student, skater boy, hoodie, smoking a vape looks at her like she's an idiot.

RANDOM STUDENT  
Some asshole burned the auditorium  
down.

Jax stomach drops. She looks past him through the gates, see's a distant haze of smoke.

JAX  
Shit.

INT. MIKEYS APARTMENT. MIDDAY

A cramped film students crash pad. Movie posters of DIE HARD AND THE TERMINATOR peeling off the walls. A cheap IKEA couch and a photo of Mikey and Ryan on the fridge.

On the coffee table, some beers, a nearly empty bottle of tequila and a couple lines of coke cut up on a blue ray case.

Jax sits slumped in the armchair, eyes hallow. Bobby and Mikey both on the couch, wired with fear.

MIKEY  
Yo, who the fuck would set fire to the  
school man?

BOBBY  
Someone who really doesn't wanna turn  
in their final.

TV BROADCASTER  
(distorted, crackling)  
...word just in. A body has been found  
inside the burned remains of this  
school auditorium behind me. It is  
unknown who it is at this time, but  
officials are saying it's an older  
male figure, possibly a member of

faculty.

Bobby and Mikey exchange a slow horrified look.

Jax doesn't flinch. She already knows.

BOBBY

Jesus fucking Christ...

MIKEY

(leaps up)

Dude, there's no frickin way, we were  
just with him yesterday!

Jax swirls the bottle of Tequila, her eyes fixed on the grey  
sky out the window.

MIKEY

Shit man, we were five feet away from  
that script when Crane had it, we're  
all fucked!

JAX

(aggressive)

Oh- so now you believe me asshole?!

BOBBY

Alright- STOP! You guys...lets be  
rational here.

MIKEY

Rational? They just scraped our  
professor off the fucking auditorium  
floor dude.

Jax snorts a line. A deep inhale. She leans back numb,  
licking the residue from her thumb.

JAX

*It's waiting...watching...*

Boys shoot a sharp look.

BOBBY

(terrified)

Don't say that...

MIKEY

(petrified)

Yeah shut the fuck up Jax...

JAX  
It's already chosen...

MIKEY  
Chosen who motherfucker- NOT ME!

Mikey whips the curtains closed. Snorts a massive line.

MIKEY  
Nah, fuck this man!  
(denial)  
It's a KILLER! Has to be! A PSYCHO!  
Some sicko who saw the script and  
thought- 'Hey, lemme go kill a  
professor, exactly how it's written!'  
(grabs a kitchen knife, swear  
dripping off his face)  
Which one of you fuckers wrote it-  
that's the question--

Jax leaps up, circles him calmly.

JAX  
Give me the knife Mikey...

Silence.

Mikey leans forward, coked out of it, paranoid.

MIKEY  
We have to destroy it...or I'll go out  
of my fucking mind bro...

BOBBY  
But we don't have it bro...

MIKEY  
Then we find it- burn the  
motherfucker!

Jax eyes scan the room, landing on the photo of Ryan and  
Mikey on the fridge. Tears come rolling down.

JAX  
Think of Ryan...he wouldn't want this,  
for any of us...

BOBBY  
She's right...give me the knife...

MIKEY

Yo- fuck this! I'm not waiting for nothing man. I'm heading over to the school now. I need to clean out my locker, and I'm on the first Amtrak back to my grandma's in Wisconsin. Fuck film school- I'm out!

JAX

The school is a crime scene Mikey, you can't go there!

He shoves past he, knife in hand, almost tripping over his own two feet.

MIKEY

Watch me!

And just like that, he's gone. A long beat.

JAX

Fuck!

BOBBY

Don't hate me... but I gotta go too.

JAX

What, go where??

BOBBY

(grabs his jacket)

I booked something. Can you believe it. Small role. Shoots tomorrow.

JAX

A movie? In the middle of all this?

BOBBY

(dry laugh but fear in his eyes)

Guess some directors choose dollar signs over death.

Both at the door.

JAX

Wait, you're really leaving me?

BOBBY

(wipes under her eye)

I don't want to...but I need this Jax.

He kisses her gently on the forehead, disappears out the door.

She stands there now alone, the apartment eerily quiet. The weight of everything slamming down on her all at once.

She knocks back another shot of tequila, pulls out Ryan's final text he sent her.

Then- a hard knock at the door.

She doesn't move.

Knock, knock.

She walks to the door, her heart hammering as she looks through the keyhole.

**A Fed-Ex delivery guy (20'S)**, staring blankly. She opens, just a crack.

FEDEX GUY

Howdy.

He lifts a medium size package with a name written in thick ink- **MICKEY CARTER**.

FEDEX GUY

Just need a quick signature.

Her stomach drops.

JAX

He's not here.

FEDEX GUY

Okaayyy...well then, I'll just sign his signature myself...

(signs)

And be on my way.

He throws the package in her hand and off he goes.

FEDEX GUY

You have a good day now.

She closes the door, slowly opens the package- Inside...**The Prophesised Script**.

She drops it on the coffee table and right on front of her it flips open, with **words beginning to etch themselves into the**

**paper- in real time.**

JAX  
(horrified)  
What the...no...no...

THE SCRIPT  
*The real movie buff is about to  
encounter his biggest fan...*

JAX  
MIKEY!!

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - DAY

Yellow police tape cordons off the front entrance, where security guards and news vans with reporters have gathered.

The school looks eerily dark, except for a few faint flashlights coming from inside.

Across the street Mikey looms in the shadows, hoodie up.

He edges towards a low chain-link fence near the faculty parking lot, leaps up, gripping the metal fence. He swings his legs over landing inside the grounds. Then slowly moving through, he passing a row of cop cars and enters the school through the Janitors door slightly ajar.

INT. UCLA HALLWAY - DAY

The school is dead silent. Mikey barrels down an empty hallway, moving fast, dodging corners, paranoid as fuck, constantly looking over his shoulders.

He reaches his locker, pops it open. Grabs some books- then reaches into the back.

**Pulls out a small DIAMOND BACK DB9 PISTOL handgun.**

MIKEY  
Oh you think you got me huh...no  
fucking way motherfucker- no *fucking*  
way!

He turns to leave but see's two cops down the hall. He pivots, goes the other way, down a dimly lit hallway.

He reaches a vending machine with a loud humming sound coming from it. Stomach growling, he pulls out a few crumpled dollars- shoves them in.

The machine whirs.

He punches the buttons- D7.

A snickers drops.

He punches again- C5, a bag of chips drop.

He bangs on it. Slaps for his change but nothing.

MIKEY  
(irritated)  
Come on man...

EXT. UCLA FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Jax parks across the street, climbs out, hugs the shadows of the reporter vans at the entrance and scales the same wall as Mikey.

BACK ON MIKEY- HALLWAY

The vending machine makes a grinding noise.

Like metal scraping.

The change slot opens- but instead of coins a **THICK JAGGED STEEL ROD PLUNGES OUTWARDS, SLAMMING DEP INTO MIKEY'S GUT.**

Mikey chokes with pain, stumbles backwards, gasping, blood gurgling from his throat.

He walks a few steps, reaches for his gun, lifts it to his temple- CLICK. Nothing. Empty.

He now staggers forwards in the cops direction, reaching for his kitchen knife, gritting his teeth, trying to breath, trying to think-

Then- a whisper right behind him...

THE SCRIPT VOICE  
*Biggest fan...*

He jumps from his skin, then see's it, right above his head- the massive industrial fan on the ceiling, spinning its blades.

It's humming, vibrating, its bolts rattling.

He tries to run, but his legs give out.



Now on his knees, blood pooling beneath him, **the fan bolts snap loose.**

One, two, three.

MIKEY  
(gurgles)  
*No...!!*

The fan cashes down, it's BLADES SPLITTING HIM INTO PIECES.

Down the hallway we hear Jax's sneakers SQUEAK on the linoleum as she moves past classrooms.

JAX  
*Mikey...where are you?*

She turns a corner to a loud hum...a FLICKERING LIGHT FROM THE VENDING MACHINE.

She steps forward but her shoes stick.

She looks down. See's blood.

Then see's him, **Mikey's mutilated body** sprawled beneath a ceiling fan, limbs at grotesque angels. His face slashed beyond recognition. His gun lying nearby.

Suddenly Mikey's change drops into the vending machine tray.

She turns and runs.

EXT. UCLA FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Jax falls over the wall, gasping for air, rushing towards her car. Through the car window in her bag, she see's the script.

And knows exactly what it is now.

She slides in, grabs her cell, dial's Bobby.

JAX  
(panicked)  
Pick up Bobby, please, please, please!

It rings. And rings. And rings. VOICEMAIL.

BOBBY V/O  
*Yo, this is Bobby, leave a message!*

She slams the gas, speeds off down the street.

INT. JAX'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Jax sits at her desk frozen. The Prophesised Script on front of her. The color of it, the eerie weight of it, she feels it breathing.

She grips the pen shaking in her hand.

JAX  
(to herself, whispering)  
How do I stop this?

A big exhale with no answer. She opens her drawer, pulls out a photo of the UCLA group all huddled together- a candid shot from their first week at film school.

Taylor with her signature 'I'm too cool look'. Ryan and Mikey pulling ridiculous faces. Bobby's arm slung around Jax's shoulder, and Jax- looking happy, genuinely happy. All full of life and ambition. Professor Crane standing behind them, grinning, his hands resting proudly on their shoulders.

Jax stares at the photo's, her thumb grazing over each of their faces, the longest on Bobby's.

She then drifts to Scherrye Walker's voice...

FLASHBACK- INT. SCHERRYE WALKER'S HOUSE

SCHERRYE'S VOICE  
***Everything you want, always comes at a price...a sacrifice.***

Jax stares, confused.

SCHERRYE'S VOICE  
***The only way to escape the nightmare, is to become the villain in the story...***

BACK ON JAX

Her eyes snap open. She looks down at the script, its blank last few pages waiting. She presses her pen against the paper, but nothing comes out.

Then suddenly...the pen comes alive, still in Jax's hand, with it's ink starting to flow, letters etching themselves, shifting under her grip.

## THE SCRIPT

*Bobby King, young actor, full of promise, steps onto set, unknowingly stepping into his own grave...*

JAX

(she jerks back)

No!

She throws the pen down, but knows deep down, **she has no choice. The script has already writing his death.**

She breaks down, falling onto her bed exhausted, unable to forgive herself.

INT. JAX'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jax wakes. Draws her curtains....to finally some sun on her face. She turns on her coffee machine, walks to her desk and there it is...the script- the grim reminder that the nightmare isn't over.

She adds sugar and creamer to her coffee...sips it down, the only moment of normality she has left.

She basks in the sunshine for just a moment's peace, then turns on the TV- a few sports reports, no news of Mikes death just yet. She sighs, dials bobby.

INTERCUT JAX AND BOBBY

Bobby's STARWAGON on set. He too is dinking coffee. He picks up immediately.

BOBBY

Morning.

JAX

Hey...

BOBBY

You calling to apologize, or to tell me you're finally coming to terms with my stardom?

JAX

You know me, always gotta give a shit first. Sorry about yesterday...I'm happy for you.

Beat.

BOBBY

No need to apologize. Yesterdays blow was tough. You okay?

Beat.

JAX

Yeah...you?

BOBBY

I've got my mind on other things. You coming to visit me on set later.

JAX

Maybe...you allowed visitors?

BOBBY

I'm allowed A special visitor.

She walks to the script on her desk, an icy determination behind her eyes.

JAX

Where the shoot at?

Bobby steps out of his Star wagon trailer, lands right next to the Hollywood sign.

Around him some assistants, set designers moving props, and costume ladies all setting up for the first scene of the day.

BOBBY

The one and only legendary landmark, holy grail of this ghastly town- the Hollywood sign baby. I'm telling ya, this movie's huge. Director's a total dick, but they've got half of Mullholland Drive shut down. Lake Hollywood park is jammed with star wagons right now, even one for me.

Jax grips tight to her phone, her gaze flickering to the script as she swallows hard.

JAX

Bobby...you sure you wanna do this?

BOBBY

Of course. This is my break.

(beat)

Besides, I'm sick of *not deciding my*

*fate. I'm sick of not taking control.  
And I'm sick of being broke. I'm not  
gonna be one of those kids on a plane  
back home Jax. I want more.*

JAX  
(gripping her pen)  
Bobby...

BOBBY  
Our friends dreams may have died...  
but I'm doing this for them. This  
scene they've cast me in, it's small,  
but it means something to me. I'm  
already over here in hair and make-up.

He stares down down at the city of LA.

BOBBY  
You know how many lost dreams linger  
up here? I'm not gonna be one of  
those. I'm gonna make it.  
(stares up at the large H)  
As long as there's the Hollywood  
sign...the spirit of Hollywood can  
neve die...

FLASHBACK: SCHERRY WALKERS HOUSE

Scherrye leans forward, those dark haunted eyes, her voice,  
velvet, final.

SCHERRY'S VOICE  
***The only way to stop it...is to take  
control of it...***

BACK ON JAX IN APARTMENT

BOBBY  
Jax, you there??

JAX  
Yeah...I'm here.

BOBBY  
I've left you a pass at security. Just  
go straight to craft services and wait  
for me, okay. I should be done around  
eight.

JAX  
Okay. See you then...

CLICK.

She grips her pen, and this time SHE WRITES.

JAX WRITING  
*FADE IN. HOLLYWOOD SIGN. - NIGHT.  
Blinding stage lights. Electrical  
grids. A struggling actor stands in  
the glow of his big role...his best  
friend just a few feet away...too bad  
it's his last...*

She slams the script shut, deeply troubled by her decision.

EXT. MULLHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

Jax's car cuts through the night- it's headlights  
illuminating the eerie twisting curves of Mullholland Drive.

EXT.HOLLYWOOD SIGN - NIGHT

Jax arrives at the security checkpoint gate. The iconic  
letters glow ahead under massive floodlights which illuminate  
the entire set- cranes, camera's crews scrambling.

**A YOUNG SECURITY GUARD (20's)** leans down to her window,  
clipboard in hand. **Looks at her bag, which carries the  
script.**

SECURITY GUARD  
You with production?

JAX  
(forcing a smile)  
Bobby King left me a pass.

He checks clipboard, finds Bobby's name.

SECURITY GUARD  
You're clear. Follow the path up.  
Craft services to the right.

She drives through, past parked star wagon trailers and crew  
vans. She's in.

EXT. FILM SET - NIGHT

This isn't just a set. It's massive.

Jax makes her way past blinding floodlights as towering cranes lift enormous key lights over the sign.

Wind machines rattle like angry ghosts, all connected to the ELECTRICAL CENTRALIZED GRID.

Grip guys and Gaffers rush around in raincoats, dodging cables and equipment, all walking over rubber mats. Under these mats- an ELECTRICAL GRID, connecting hundreds of feet of THREE-PHASE- SEAWAY CABLES, transmitting power to the entire electrical system, fuelled by FOUR LARGE 400A DIESEL GENERATORS humming like sleeping monsters, which emit a noise level of 73 scribbles, and 2.6KG of burning COPPER DIESEL.

**If these were to explode, it would be a disaster.**

Jax is truly stunned, overwhelmed. The size, the energy, the feeling of utter doom ahead.

Somewhere in the middle of this, Bobby is living his dream, with no idea what's coming. Jax pulls her hoodie up over her head blending in with the crowd next to craft services.

INT. BOBBY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Bobby sits in a make-up chair, eyes on his reflection.

**A STYLIST TINA, 30's**, sprays his hair, smoothing it back.

BOBBY

Still can't believe they cast me in this thing.

TINA

Why not. You got the right look.

BOBBY

I'm just nervous. That girl Jax is coming.

TINA

Ahh the one from school. She smart?

BOBBY

Oh yeah...but wise. Like she never makes poor choices.

TINA

So you're in love with her.

BOBBY

(eyes dancing)

She's the one person I trust the most.  
She doesn't just see the world...she  
feels it. Like deep down- even the  
broken parts.

TINA

Damn boy, you got it bad...you need to  
tell her...

BOBBY

You think?

TINA

Oh yeah. My grandmother always said,  
find somebody who you truly like, that  
way if they ever hurt you, most likely  
it's not intentional.

(dusts him off, smiling)

Now, look at that leading man's bone  
structure. Handsome or what.

Knock. Knock.

**A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (20's)** sticks her head in, hands Bobby  
his sides.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Alright man, you're up!

He looks at Tina, smiles, genuinely grateful.

BOBBY

Thanks, I'll see you later.

TINA

Knock'em dead.

EXT. FILM SET - HOLLYWOOD SIGN - NIGHT

Bobby slides across the bustling set with the Production  
assistant. He's buzzing, eyes scanning the massive lighting  
rigs, the Hollywood sign towering in the background.

BOBBY

You smell that? That's the scent of  
cinematic history.



PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Alright De Niro, lets not get ahead of ourselves. You're a day player. Say the line, hit your mark and don't piss off the director.

BOBBY

Copy that. Uh, what kind of director is he exactly.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

The total pyscho kind.

BOBBY

That's comforting.

ON JAX

As she moves through the maze of cables and crew towards crafts services. She picks up a bag of chips just as Bobby tips her on the shoulder.

BOBBY

You came...

JAX

Promised you I would...

BOBBY

You know I've never said it but...I care about you Jax.

Guilt crashing all over her, her eyes dart to her car...

BOBBY

Better go shoot this...see you after.

Bobby walks to the director's tent, flipping through his sides- his face like an excited kid.

And she see's it-the electrical grid beneath the rubber mats. The massive generators feeding power to the set. The crane swinging above him. The trap.

Her stomach turns.

She rushes back to her car. **Grabs the Prophesied Script from her bag, starts scribbling out the death scene she wrote for Bobby with a black sharpie.**

JAX  
Come on, come on, come on...delete  
delete!!

INT. DIRECTORS TENT - NIGHT

BILLY GREY, 49, grips his headset screaming at his crew.

BILLY GREY  
Okay, crane level looks good!

1ST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (40's) approaches him with notes.

1ST AD  
CRAN LEVEL PERFECT- day player has  
arrived.

BILLY GREY  
Get him on his mark.

1ST AD  
Bobby, stand here please.

Bobby nods as he stands on his mark.

1ST AD  
(into megaphone)  
ALL RIGHT...ROLL SOUND!

SOUND GUY  
ROLLING!

Right then Bobby hears a whisper, low, sinister, in his left ear.

THE SCRIPT VOICE  
*Lights...camera...action...*

A shiver creeps up his spine. He glances around, confused, searching for the source of the voice.

BOBBY  
What? Who said that?

A horrible silence falls over set. Then A SPARK.

Jax eyes widen as she feels the curse working- deep in her gut. She rushes back towards Bobby, but the electrical grid has already triggered the generators, which trigger the wiring right beneath Bobby's feet IGNITING EVERYTHING.

**THE GENERATORS EXPLODE.**

**CRANES SNAP LANDS.**

**LIGHTING RIGS DETONATE LIKE FIREWORKS**

Everybody on set including Jax is thrown back- HARD.

Jax hits the ground with a brutal thud, skidding across the dirt and gravel, arms scraped, wind knocked out of her.

Her ears ring. Smoke clouds her vision. Coughing, wheezing, her face streaked with ash and tears.

JAX  
Bobby....bobby...

She blinks upward, dazed, watching the entire set erupt into chaos with the fire latching fast onto the Hollywood sign.

**The whole Hollywood sign now up in flames.**

JAX  
(devastated)  
No...I'm sorry...Bobby...

Screams coming from all directions. Flaming debris raining down as the set collapses.

And it hits her- the weight, the grief, the loss of Bobby.

She crawls forward, collapses, broken by what she's done.

Her hands dig into the earth as she SCREAMS, a raw guttural cry, nobody hears. She thought she save him.

JAX  
*MOTHERFUCKER! KILL ME INSTEAD!*

The flames around her roar higher.

The sound of death all around her.

**A hand appears on her leg...she turns to see Bobby- bruised, battered, covered in black soot.**

BOBBY  
Those damn generators almost got me...

JAX  
Bobby...

She hugs him like never before. He's alive.

MOMENTS LATER

Flashing red and blue lights paint the scorched remains of The Hollywood Sign as first responders and Cops swarm the area. A frenzy of voices, orders shouted and radio static.

Jax and Bobby sit together in the open back of an ambulance, legs dangling, faces streaked with ash and sweat. The distant wail of sirens fading into the distance.

**A male EMT 30's** hands them two foil blankets, bobby wrapping hers first around her body as she stares down the hill, vacant, hollow, guilty.

EMT

Lucky escape guys, huh?

She barely blinks.

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS- GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

Proud parents. Smiling grads. The atmosphere buzzes with relief, hope and the promise of a new chapter.

A row of empty chairs.

Taylors.

Ryan's.

Mikey's.

Jax and Bobby sit next to each other with Bobby's mom and dad **MR AND MRS KING (60'S)** next to Jax's proud **NANNA ELEANOR MILLER (70's)**.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

So I leave you today and say this...you came here to learn how to tell stories. You took risks. You challenged yourselves and you triumphed. And through it all, lost good people.

Jax looks at bobby, her pained eyes glistening at the memory of their three friends.

UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

But this industry was never for the

faint of heart. You'll walk out of  
here into a world full of  
rejection...but remember this- cinema  
has always been a mirror...but the  
best films are windows- daring us to  
look beyond.

(beat)

So keep looking.

(beat)

Keep dreaming. Congratulations- class  
of 2026!

Applause. Cheering. Hoots. Confetti.

Jax and Bobby rise together with her fellow graduates.

She pulls off her hat, stares at it, as Bobby toss's his high  
into the air with a big cheesy smile.

Only time slows for Jax- *as the guilt of Bobby's death scene  
still haunts her.*

She tosses her hat high into the sky- its arc beautiful.

Yet...as it falls, her smile fades.

MOMENTS LATER

Bobby's parents hug him by the front gate.

BOBBY

(to parents)

I'll catch up with you guys back at  
the car.

Mr and Mrs King walk ahead.

ELEANOR

Your folks are lovely people Bobby.

BOBBY

Thank you Mrs Miller.

JAX

Nanna I'm just gonna talk to Bobby  
real quick.

ELEANOR

I'll have the car pull up dear.

Eleanor walks towards her car.

BOBBY

So. What's the plan?

JAX

Well, I think I've done all I can here.

BOBBY

Well wherever you go, just know the world could use more people like you.

(beat)

Good luck sweet talented Jax.

They hug, go their separate ways but she turns...

JAX

Bobby...

(rushes to him)

Come with me, to my nanna's lake house. We can go fishing, lay out under the stars...just for a couple weeks. Just you and me.

BOBBY

You sure? You want *me* to come?

JAX

(big grateful smile)

Positive.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE- NORTHERN CALI- DAY

Golden sunlight streams down over a glassy lake, like something out of a dream.

A stunning mid century lake house rests peacefully a the shoreline, embraced by pines.

Jax sit with nanna Eleanor, regal in linen, sipping a cocktail, chatting to an old friend **JONATHAN (50's) her loyal and fabulous camp best friend.**

From beneath the surface a ripple. A breath. Bobby emerges climbing up a wooden ladder to meet them. Jonathan hands him a towel, admiring his ripped body.

JONATHAN

You always manage to outlast the fish?

BOBBY

Swimming since I was a kid.

(to Jax smiling)  
It's quiet down there. Peaceful.

JAX  
(offers bobby a cocktail)  
Two limes, extra sweet.

BOBBY  
(grateful)  
Thank you.

He settles beside Jax. The moment- warm, effortless. Finally connecting with her like he's always wanted.

ELEANOR  
Now I *know* you said no fuss...

She hands Jax a gift wrapped box.

JAX  
Nanna...you really didn't have to.

ELEANOR  
Happy birthday, my darling girl.

Jax smiles. A rare one. She opens it slowly. Inside- a sleek new laptop.

ELEANOR  
I know you said you were taking a break...but the muse always returns. And when it does, you'll be ready.

JONATHAN  
When the spark arrives, a true artist must follow it.

JAX  
Thank you.

Eleanor reaches into her cardigan pocket, pulls out a vintage looking envelope.

ELEANOR  
Oh and this came for you this morning.

JAX  
(confused)  
That's impossible, no one knows I'm here...

Jax opens it and inside—handwritten in black ink, unmistakably Scherrye's handwriting.

SCHERRYE'S V.O

*Fooled you darling. You don't get to  
decide how the story ends...I do.*

Her heart sinks. Her breath catches as her eyes scan the horizon, the stillness of the water suddenly feels deadly.

How did Scherrye know where to find her?

She thought it was over, thought she was safe.

But this letter is something else entirely.

Bobby studies her, concerned.

BOBBY

What is it?

JAX

Nothing. Just some asshole messing around. Excuse me for a moment nanna, Jonathan.

She rushes towards the main house. Bobby right on her tail.

BACK GARDEN

Bobby catches up...

BOBBY

Jax...are you alright?

JAX

Fine, just this letterhead is the exact same as the one in Scherrye's home. I remember the yellow paper...

Bobby examines the letter, scoffs.

BOBBY

Hey...my mother uses yellow paper, so does half of America. Now you know as well as I do, this is just some jerk from class, trying to get you all fired up.

JAX

I'm sorry.



He rips it up, places his 6foot arms around her.

BOBBY

Don't apologize. Now let's shake this  
off and go for a swim.

(takes her hand)

The sun is setting, its beautiful.

They run back down towards the dock, barefoot, laughing,  
alive and cannon ball in- a splash of joy and light.

#### **UNDERWATER**

Their bodies float and twist, weightless in the glow.

They surface together grinning, laughing.

BOBBY

Okay okay, you were right, this is way  
better than therapy.

He splashes her, she retaliates.

BOBBY

You're the worst.

JAX

But I'm still your favourite.

They drift closer, water shimmering between them. He brushes  
her hair from her face.

BOBBY

You're more than that.

A soft kiss. Tender. Real. Maybe the first moment in her life  
she's ever felt safe.

JAX

Wait...you feel that? Somethings on my  
foot...

BOBBY

What?

#### **HE DIVES UNDERWATER**

See's a **THICK ROPE** tangled around her ankle, knotted beneath  
a piece of rotten driftwood wedged in lakebed mud.

Bobby pulls- but it won't budge.

He surfaces gasping.

BOBBY

You're stuck, hold on-

Panic rises as she kicks at the rope but it only tightens.

Then a low mechanical growl of a **MOTORBOAT in the distance.**

They both freeze.

JAX

Oh my God, hurry, try get it lose.

BOBBY

Shit...

He dives back under, once last yank to unravel the rope but it's no use. Comes back up.

BOBBY

I can't get it!

The boat gets closer, fast now, no lights, cutting straight toward them.

JAX

Bobby- GO- SWIM!

BOBBY

No, I'm not leaving you!

JAX

Please, please, you have to! Let me go!

BOBBY

Not without you!

Now their both panicking, water coming into their lungs, gasping for breath.

JAX

Don't do this...please...

But he warps his arms around her and she clutches him back.

ELEANOR

(shouts over)

Jax honey?? Bobby?? Get out of the water!

JONATHAN

Guys, get out of the water! SWIM!

David dives in as the boat ROARS TOWARDS THEM.

BOAT HITS

WATER EXPLODES

TIME STOPS. SILENCE.

Eleanor collapses on deck in shock and horror.

Jonathan emerges from the water, face white as a ghost.

The script claimed them. Just like Scherrye said.

**FADE TO BLACK.**