

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

THE EXAMINATION

Written by

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08/11/2025

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LIGHTS ON!

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Through someone's point-of-view, eyes opening up. A young woman (LICHELE, 18, Black, casual clothing) begins waking up.

LICHELE

(drowsy)

Where am I?

She finds that she is unable to lift her hand to run her sore hand. She sees that her right hand is chained to a classroom desk that she is sitting in. Not just her hand as she tries standing up. Lichele peers down to see shackles on both of her ankles.

JARMAL (O.C.)

(shaking his chains)

Hey, get me out of This bitch!

Startled, Lichele turns her head behind.

Behind her is 13 more guests who appear to be in either their mid or late teens. Some are fully awake (CADEEM, JARMAL, and MISTY, all African American, late teens). Others also start to gain consciousness (KEISHA, 15, African American).

LICHELE

Cadeem? Keisha? Misty? Jarmal?

KEISHA

Lichele? Why are you-

(Tries moving but

sees that she is

also chained down)

Wait, what the hell?

CADEEM

Nah, I don't remember signing up for this night school shit. Wait a sec, does our school even do night school?

JARMAL

(observing the room)

I'm not too sure about that.

LICHELE

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LICHELE (cont'd)

Well, for now, I think we should stay calm-

MISTY

(showcasing her
chained hand)

Bitch, there's nothing calm about this.

Suddenly, the TV hanging in front turn on to nothing but STATIC AMBIANCE. Within the static, a shadowed figure appears among the static screens. Who is this being?

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE (O.S.)

(speaks in a deeper
more corrupted voice)

Ah, I see you're finally awake.

KEISHA

(fighting against the
chains)

Who fucking cares, let us out! I didn't sign up for this shit.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE (O.S.)

I'm afraid not, as every one of you were carefully selected to participate in this activity.

LASHAWN

What the fuck is this activity?

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE (O.S.)

That information is confidential. What matters are if one of you possess the skills according to our studies along with your cooperation. A proctor will soon arrive.

The TV switches off.

LICHELE

Okay, I guess all we have to do is wait.

LASHAWN

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LASHAWN (cont'd)

Don't you about y'all, but I agree with what she is saying. Show of hands who agree to stick together.

Only nine students raised their hands expect one, Cadeem.

CADEEM

Nah, fuck this "I wanna play a game" shit.

(Reaches into his pocket)

LICHELE

What are you doing?

CADEEM

(lockpicking the cuffs)

What does it look like I'm doing? I'm escaping.

Using a LOCKPICK, he successfully unlocks his restraints. Cadeem then rushes over to the door to unlock it, which he does.

CADEEM (cont'd)

(checking his pockets)

What the hell, where's my phone?

Using their unshackled hands, the other students do the same. They check each of their pockets. However, all are completely empty, too.

KEISHA

(referring to the lockpick)

Then how the hell did you sneak in that in?

CADEEM

I don't think you want to hear where it's been.

LICHELE

(revolted)

Nasty.

JARMAL

Hey, you gonna do what you gonna do.

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LICHELE

Wait, where the hell you're going?

LASHAWN

Yeah, what about us?

CADEEM

Hey, chill man, I'm gonna get help.
Y'all stay put till I get back.
(leaves the room)

KEISHA

(sarcastically raising
her chained hand)
Oh right...right, we'll stay put...oh
wait...we are!

LICHELE

He'll be fine...right?

MISTY

(skeptical)
Probably 50-50.

JARMAL

Well, while that's happening, does
any of y'all remember how we got
here?

LICHELE

I actually don't know.

LASHAWN

Actually, all I remember is being in
the locker room after game and then I
suddenly, it all went dark.

KEISHA (O.C.)

That's odd...

KEISHA

Because I remember hearing a voice
mentioning "Salvation."

LICHELE

Salvation?

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(scoffs)
This sure ain't some fucking
Salvation Army.
(putting his head
down on the desk)
Yo, wake me when this shit is done.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - LATER

10 minutes later...

Except Lichele, everyone else had snoozed off. LOUD SLAM!
It's Cadeem but only this time, with his nose bleeding,
pleading for help which startles the others awake. Suddenly,
a strange figure appears behind him stabs him in the back as
he bleeds profusely from his mouth.

Everyone in the room could barely see what's was happening
on the other side but are pretty frightened by the sight of
blood. THUD! CADEEM's body falls down on the floor. Then,
the corpse taken away.

MISTY

Okay...
(hesitantly chuckles)
we about to be unalive, y'all.

The LOCKPICK is tossed onto her desk.

KEISHA

(going out the door)
Well, what are you waiting around
for? I'm getting out of this
hellhole.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HALLWAY - NIGHT

Keisha slips on a blood puddle.

KEISHA

Oh, hell nah, this shirt was Gucci.

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She tries rubbing the blood off her hands on the walls and makes a run for it.

BACK TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Misty finishes unlocking the handcuffs and leg chains on the other students and goes to unlock Lashawn's and Lichele's.

LASHAWN

Nah, I don't think so.

MISTY

Why, you want to end up like Cadeem?

LICHELE

That's because he tried to escape.

MISTY

Look, I'm trying to do what is sensible in horror movies which is escaping.

LICHELE

I get what you're saying but-

The door opens and in comes a woman (THE TEACHER, aged mid 30s, blinding white pantsuit with matching heels), carrying both a briefcase. She places down a HEAVY SUITCASE and a HARD COPY of 1984.

THE TEACHER

Cheerio students, I am here to-

Sees the unchained students and Misty holding the LOCKPICK in her hand.

MISTY

Oh shit, it's not what it looks like!
We were-

THE TEACHER

(calmly)
What's your name, young lady?

MISTY

(nervously
uncomfortable)
Uh...MISTY.

(MORE)

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MISTY (cont'd)

(drops the lockpick)

Look, we just want to go home.
Someone put us in this dollar store
Squid Game shithole and our friend
just got fucking gutted like a fish-

THE TEACHER

Gutted where? I didn't see anyone.

MISTY

Are you kidding me?! But we just
saw -

THE TEACHER

But if that's the case, I do
apologize for the intrusion,
love and you're welcome to excuse
yourself.

MISTY

Wait, hold the fuck up...you're
seriously letting us go?

The door opens again and in walks a heavy man (DOE) appearing to be a few inches taller than the woman, wearing all black leather attire with a black mask.

MISTY (cont'd)

(referring to the
masked man)

Who the fuck is this?

THE TEACHER (O.S.)

Meet Doe, my assistant.

JARMAL

Yo, bitch, what's up?

Doe stands there, silent. Slowly turns to stare at Jarmal, sending chills down his spine. As he is not sure what kind of facial expression he has on due to his mask.

THE TEACHER

Doe, would you please escort this
Miss Jones and the rest of the
students out of the building?

MISTY

Wait, how the fuck you know my-

Doe roughly grabs Misty's and Jarmal's right shoulders. He then escorts them and the other unchained students out of the room.

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CLOSE-UP

LICHELE catches a glimpse towards what appears to be red stains on his tip of his left black leather glove.

BACK TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He closes and locks the door behind him. Now, it's just Lichele, Lashawn. The enigmatic woman hands out stapled packets and No.2 sharpened pencils to the two kids.

LASHAWN

A test? Nigga, I didn't even study.

THE TEACHER (O.C.)

This is a different kind. More like to determine your skillset.

LICHELE

What kind of skillset?

THE TEACHER

I'm afraid that is classified.

LASHAWN

Wait, what the fuck...classified? I knew it. See, I was right on the money about that CIA deepfake conspiracy.

THE TEACHER (O.C.)

Let's just say...

THE TEACHER

(slam-closes the
briefcase)

it's a bit of an independent field.

She places the SCANTRONS on Lichele's and Lashawn's desks. The Teacher walks back to the front desk.

LICHELE (O.C.)

Independent?

THE TEACHER

(sitting down)

No more questions. Now then, let the simulation begin.

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She begins setting the time on the KITCHEN TIMER for one hour. After setting the timer, The Teacher opens up her book and starts reading. The two remaining students start writing down their answers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS - MOMENTS LATER

50 minutes later...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

The kitchen timer counts down to ten minutes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Both kids are still hyper-fixated on each of their test.

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Down to the last 30 questions. Lashawn looks around and sees that the Teacher is not in the classroom with her book, open. Lashawn, spotting the dropped LOCKPICK that MISTY was holding earlier, loudly scoots over and using one free hand, picks it up.

LICHELE

Wait, what are you-

LASHAWN

(in a state of panic)
I can't take it! I'm out of here!

LICHELE

But if we finish, she'll let us go.

LASHAWN

(picking the lock)

And what happens if we get the answers wrong? Stay all you what, but don't worry, I'll find help.

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LICHELE (O.C.)

(referring to the
lockpick)

Plus, do you really want to know
where that's been?

Lashawn stops for a moment at the mention of that comment, recalling what Cadeem said earlier. He spits on the lockpick and wipes it clean by using his jacket. Lichele appears disgusted. Lashawn rushes out of the room, leaving Lichele behind, still chained to the desk as she continues the test.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lashawn is carefully sneaking around trying to find the way out. The place is completely deserted and quiet. Not a single person in sight. There are dirty and bloody handprints and claw marks on the walls of the hallways.

Right behind him at the end of the hallway is The Teacher's assistant. Lashawn spots him.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

On his hand, blood is dripping from them.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Doe charges toward Lashawn full speed. Lashawn makes a run for the sake of his life through the halls, trying to open a couple of doors but to no avail as all of them are locked. Eventually, he manages to find somewhere to hide.

INT. BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

LASHAWN

Just relax... get your shit together.

His foot hits something on the ground but it's too dark to see. He reaches around in the dark, and feels soft and squishy buttons. A FLASHLIGHT illuminates. He shines it around and sees Misty's face which makes him drop the flashlight in shock.

He crouches down to try to find it in the pitch-black darkness.

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He eventually feels the flashlight and upon successfully turning it back on, he sees that the strange substance was shining red and is horrified at the sight of it. It is blood. He trips over something else. Upon lighting up the FLASHLIGHT again, he sees Misty's mangled corpse.

Misty's isn't alone. Lashawn moves the flashlight and sees a gruesome scene: it looked like something out of Saw. As he sits up, the door behind him opens up, with the hallway lights letting a little light in. It's Doe. He has found him. Lashawn is still frozen with fear and the flashlight shuts off again. He seems to understand that he is next as Doe pulls out a SWITCHBLADE and slams the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

The tip of the pencil is filling in a few more bubbles on the SCANTRON.

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Only 30 seconds left on the timer as Lichele is rushing to finish the test.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

The light of the flashlight flashes, sprayed with blood, illuminating the room with a crimson red color. Lashawn tries to fight back but is no match against Doe's brute strength as he pins him against the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT

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DUTCH ANGLE

20 seconds left and Lichele is down to the last 20 questions

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

Doe continues to slash down on Lashawn

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

Only 5 more questions left on the timer. 4...3...

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Raising a bloodied and grimy switchblade, Doe brutally slices into Lashawn's abdomen, blood puking out of his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

EXTREME CLOSE UP

2...1...the KITCHEN TIMER RING! In slow motion, Lichele fills in the last question. She is finally done with the test, at last!

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

At the same time, Lashawn's intestines pour out on the floor. His corpse slides down against the wall and on the as Doe stands over his body. The lights instantly turn up. The door slams open and in comes a group of people sporting white hazmat-related suits carrying equipment.

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They begin cleaning up the corpses. They do this by hack-sawing the bodies into several pieces and stuffing them into black bodybags

GROUND LEVEL SHOT

A pair of black boots walk in.

The camera pans up to reveal a mysterious figure wearing black cloak-ese attire and a black LED mask holding a file folder in his right hand. This must be the MYSTERIOUS HEAD OF S.A.L.V.A.T.I.O.N.

**MYSTERIOUS HEAD OF
S.A.L.V.A.T.I.O.N.**

Has the task been completed?

Doe turns and nods his head in agreement.

**MYSTERIOUS HEAD OF
S.A.L.V.A.T.I.O.N.** (cont'd)

And the girl?

THE TEACHER (O.C.)

She has finished...

The Teacher walks in.

THE TEACHER

Only just.

The woman pulls out both a LIGHTER and CIGARETTE and lights one up.

THE TEACHER (cont'd)

Although I have to say, based on her background, I can see her future potential with the agency. Maybe even taking your place.

**MYSTERIOUS HEAD OF
S.A.L.V.A.T.I.O.N.**

Don't get too cocky Liza.

The Teacher blows out a puff of smoke, drops her cigarette, puts it out by stomping it with her heel and walks away.

THE TEACHER

(stops in the
doorway)

I thought we agreed to never call me that.

She finally exits the place.

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**MYSTERIOUS HEAD OF
S.A.L.V.A.T.I.O.N.**

(Speaks to an
earpiece)
Test #667 completed.
(
(looking over the
file)
Subject #2110 has completed the exam.
Take her back to where she was last
seen.

(walking away with Doe)
Begin project reset, effective
immediately.

Meanwhile, the white suited group continue "cleaning".

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT

LIGHTS ON AGAIN!

POINT OF VIEW CAMERA SHOT

Eyes flicker open.

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NIGHT - LATER

A man in his twenties begins to wake up in a familiar setting. It's the same exact room again. This time, filled with new people appearing to also be in their twenties. They all begin waking up and see that they, like the group from before, are chained to the desks.

Only this time, they're all chained on both of their arms and legs. Like the previous group, they're also confused as to how they got there. The camera zooms out to reveal that they're being monitored on a computer screen

INT. OFFICE SPACE - NIGHT

Inside the room is a computer in front of a chair. On the screen is the latest group. Next to the chair is a BLACK OFFICE PHONE on a PEDESTAL. A black gloved hand picks up the phone.

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MYSTERIOUS HEAD OF
S.A.L.V.A.T.I.O.N. (O.C.)
Begin re-initiating Operation
SALVATION.

CUT TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS