

THE EXAMINATION

Written by

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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 the classroom desk she is sitting at.

Not just her hand as she tries standing up, with something holding her down. Lichele peers down to see shackles on both of her ankles.

JARMAL (O.C.)
Hey, get me out of This bitch!
Startled, Lichele turns her head
behind.

Behind her are 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
I'm not too sure about that.

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

Misty showcases her chained hand MISTY Bitch, there's nothing calm about this.

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

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE (O.S.)
(deeper more corrupted
voice)
Ah, I see you're finally awake.

KEISHA

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
was carefully selected to
participate in this activity.

LASHAWN
What the fuck is this activity?

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE (O.S.)
That information is confidential.
What matters is whether one of you
possesses the skills we identified,
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
Don't you about y'all, but I agree
with what she is saying. Show of
hands: who agrees to stick
together?

Only nine students raised their hands expect one, Cadeem.

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

He reaches into his pocket.

LICHELE
What are you doing?

CADEEM

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

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 empty as well.

KEISHA

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.

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.

He leaves the room.

KEISHA

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 the game, and then suddenly it all went dark.

KEISHA (O.C.)

That's odd...

KEISHA

Because I remember hearing a voice mentioning "Salvation."

LICHELE

Salvation?

(scoffs)

This sure ain't some fucking Salvation Army.

Jarmal puts his head down on the desk

JARMAL

Yo, wake me when this shit is done.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - LATER

Except Lichele, everyone else had snoozed off. LOUD SLAM! It's Cadeem again, but only this time, with his nose bleeding, pleading for help, which startles the others awake.

All of a sudden, 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 was happening on the other side, but they were pretty frightened by the sight of blood. THUD! CADEEM'S body falls on the floor. Then, the corpse was taken away.

MISTY

Okay...

(hesitantly chuckles)

we about to be unalive, y'all.

The lockpick is tossed onto her desk.

KEISHA

Well, what are you waiting around for? I'm getting out of this hellhole.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Keisha slips on a blood puddle.

KEISHA

Oh, hell nah, this was Gucci.

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

BACK TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - 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, in a blinding white pantsuit with matching heels), carrying 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
(nervous)
Uh...MISTY.

She drops the lockpick.

MISTY
Look, we 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.
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), who
appears to be a few inches taller than the woman, wearing
all-black leather attire and a black mask.

MISTY
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 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.

CLOSE-UP

On the tip of his left black leather glove: BLOOD.

BACK TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

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

LASHAWN

A test? But 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...

She slam-closes the briefcase.

THE TEACHER

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

She sets the KITCHEN TIMER for 1 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 - MOMENTS LATER

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

The kitchen timer counts down to ten minutes.:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Both kids are still fixated on each of their test.

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - SAME

Down to the last 30 questions. Lashawn looks around and sees that the Teacher is not in the classroom, 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
And what happens if we get the
answers wrong? Stay all you want,
but don't worry, I'll find help.

LICHELE

Also, 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 - LATER

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 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 - MOMENTS LATER

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 illuminated. 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.

He eventually feels the flashlight and, upon turning it back on, sees that the strange substance is glowing red, and he is horrified by the sight.

It is crimson 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 looks like something out of a failed Saw game.

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.

BACK 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 - SAME TIME

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

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

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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 - SAME TIME

DUTCH ANGLE

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

BACK TO:

INT. BLACK ROOM - SAME TIME

Doe continues to slash down on Lashawn.

CUT TO:

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

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

BACK TO:

INT. BLACK ROOM - 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 - SAME TIME

EXTREME CLOSE UP

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

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS -

Lashawn's intestines pour out on the floor. His corpse slides down against the wall, and as Doe stands over his body.

The lights instantly turn up. The door slams open, and in comes a group of people in white hazmat suits, carrying equipment.

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

GROUND LEVEL SHOT

A pair of black boots walk in.

The camera pans up to reveal a mysterious figure wearing black cloak-like 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.

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
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
I thought we agreed to never call me that.

She finally exits the place. The Head speaks to an hidden ear-communicator while overlooking the case file.

MYSTERIOUS HEAD OF
S.A.L.V.A.T.I.O.N.
Test #667 completed.
Subject #2110 has completed the
exam. Take her back to where she
was last seen. Begin project reset,
effective immediately.

They walk away, alongside Doe. Meanwhile, the white suited group continue cleaning the carnage.

FADE TO BLACK:

LIGHTS ON AGAIN!

INT. DECREPIT CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

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 who appear to be in their twenties. They all wake up and see that, like the group before, they 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 - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the room, a computer sits 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.

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

CUT TO BLACK