

OVER BLACK:

1 STU MACHER (VO)  
"Surprise Sydney!"

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE FOUR, RIALTO VISTA-LATE NIGHT

1

CLOSE UP ON TOM (EARLY 20s), tired eyes sparkle with amusement through a mess of dark hair, slick with sweat from a hard shift. His uniform, a grey polo on straight cut black trousers, are creased and stained - though, not necessarily from this shift. They hang loosely from his slim frame.

ANGLE ON the projector screen. Scream is being played, as a part of a promotional event being run for the franchises sixth instalment, and we're at the climax. BILLY LOOMIS and STU MACHER are cornering SYDNEY into the kitchen.

WIDE of the theatre seats. They're red velvet, classic, worn from years of use and littered with all sorts of debris left over from customers. Sitting on the front row, Tom is alone until SYL (EARLY 20s) enters through one of the side doors.

ANGLE ON SYL and TOM. Syl - platinum hair, dark eyes, covered in tattoos - looks just as tired as Tom if not more so. Her presence draws Tom back into the real world, begrudgingly.

A beat. They writhe in their silence. Unspoken words fester in the air like a putrid miasma.

2 SYL  
Hey.

3 TOM  
Hey.

The tension is cut with a blunt knife.

4 SYL  
(Gesturing to the screen)  
This the one where they give Courteney  
that whack ass fringe?

5 TOM  
Nah, it's the good one.

Beat.

6 SYL  
Tab's looking for you.

7 TOM  
Figures.

Beat.

Syl's hand hesitantly slips over Tom's. Something dawns on his face: dread.

Beat. This is wrong.

8 SYL  
Tommy. . .

The boy almost looks afraid. Syl retracts her hand.

9 SYL  
Let's get a move on before the old  
crone bollocks the both of us.

10 TOM  
Yeah.

WIDE, they leave through the same door Syl entered. Both oblivious to the shapeless figure emerging from the shadows of the back row.

ZOOM on this.

**TITLE OVER BLACK:**

**FLICKS**

**CUT TO:**

INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-LATE NIGHT

2

HIGH, Tom and Syl enter the cinema's main area together. The rest of the crew are cleaning up the aftermath of the day's shift; NAVI (LATE TEENS) is stocking up the snacks, TABITHA (EARLY 50's) is tapping away at a tablet behind the counter and HARV (MID 20'S) is mopping the floor.

Remains of scaffolding and other renovating equipment litter the room like old discarded bones. Forgotten but ever present. There have been many a project abandoned here.

MEDIUM, A stern look from Harv pries Tom and Syl apart. The latter greets him with a kiss on the cheek and they begin chatting off screen. Tom shuffles over to Tabitha.

11 TABITHA  
Enjoying ourselves were we?

Two prominent lines are etched at the corners of her mouth, like a bleating puppet. Round rimmed glasses sit at the end of her nose and her hair, highlighted to conceal her greys, is held up in a tight ponytail. Her voice demands attention.

12 TOM  
Sorry Tab I just needed a break-

13 TABITHA  
(Scoffing)  
A break? I was on the frontlines today  
at the hospital before I clocked in  
and you don't see me kicking up my  
feet.

14 TOM  
I wasn't-

15 TABITHA  
(Angry)  
Don't interrupt me! What if a customer  
had seen you? Do you understand how  
unprofessional that is? We haven't  
been working this hard just for you to  
ruin our theatre's image. Get your act  
together, yeah?

16 TOM  
Yeah. . .Sorry.

17 TABITHA  
(Sighing)  
You're cleaning back of house tonight.

18 TOM  
By myself?

19 TABITHA  
Take Harv with you. He's nearly  
finished here.

Harv and Syl are still talking. He is stocky, bald but bearded and dazzled with jewellery. His smile is disarming, comforting for everyone except Tom.

20 TOM  
No it's okay. . .I got it.

21 TABITHA  
Take those banners down too. It's  
doing nothing for us.

**CUT TO:**

INT. HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-LATE NIGHT

3

Tom is mournfully looking at the banner strung between the entrance of theatre one and two. It reads: HORROR GAUNTLET: CLASSICS. GHOSTFACE and MICHAEL MYERS are badly photoshopped on either side of the title.

HIGH MEDIUM, Navi walks up on Tom's side - nudging him.

NAVI

(Sarcastic)

22 Don't mind sergeant major. Must've  
been bloody on the "frontlines" today.

She has tanned skin and black hair, styled in short curls. Besides Tabitha, her uniform looks the most presentable; ironed, neat and free of stains. Laid back, smiles come to her easily.

TOM

23 I don't know how much action a caterer  
sees these days.

NAVI

24 Don't be disrespectful. Prepping ping  
meals is risky business.

Beat. Navi gets a half-hearted laugh out of Tom. He's still looking up at the banner.

NAVI (CONT'D)

25 Sorry. I know you were excited about  
this.

TOM

(Shrugging)

26 Oh well. At least she tried it. And  
she's still listening to us about the  
tablets.

NAVI

(Excited)

27 Yeah. . . Oh that reminds me, she lost  
her shit earlier. Come find me after  
lockup and I'll tell you about it.

TOM

28 Sure, sure. . .

Navi exits and, while still focusing on him, Tom rips down the banner - blanketing the screen in darkness.

**QUICK CUTS - VARIOUS:**

- INT.MENS TOILETS, RIALTO VISTA-LATE NIGHT 4

LOW, Tom is leaning into a cubicle. His face contorts as he beholds the horrors within.

- INT. THEATRE THREE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 5

LOW, Tom is digging out gum from underneath the seats.

- INT. HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 6

LONG, we see Tom at the end of the hallway, grimacing as he mops an ambiguous stain out of the carpets.

- INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 7

WIDE-SIDE, Tom is dumping his findings in one of the bins. As he moves away his shoe gets stuck on the sticky floor, he struggles for a moment before we cut to the next scene.

INT. HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-LATE NIGHT 8

MEDIUM, we focus on Tom as he trudges towards the next theatre, plainly over this shift. The radio strapped to his belt buzzes to life.

TABITHA

29 Thomas?

He curses the woman before grabbing his radio.

TOM

30 Got a straggler in four. Can you go sort them out?

Beat.

Tom looks unsure. He's never had to kick someone out before.

TABITHA

(Annoyed)

31 Thomas?

TOM

(Worried)

32 Yeah I got it. No worries.

TABITHA

33 Hurry up, yeah? We're behind enough as it is tonight.

INT. THEATRE FOUR, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 9

Torch in hand, Tom creeps into the theatre, every step wrought with uncertainty.

ANGLE-ON HIGH, Tom slowly sweeps each row - the light of his torch cutting through the thick of the dark. The silence is suffocating.

MEDIUM, he makes it to the back row. The impression of a lumpy shape, slumped on the seats, stands out in the shadows.

34 TOM  
(Nervous)  
Hello?

His own voice startles him. The lump writhes about in response. Tom has seen enough movies to know how this goes. He starts to back up but before he can get out of the row the figure leaps to its feet, rough hands latch onto him in the dark. They struggle and shout until Tom's torch illuminates the figure's face, revealing LINUS (early 50s).

35 TOM  
Linus? Jesus. . . You scared the shit  
out of me! What are you doing here?

36 LINUS  
I'm trying to enjoy a film, obviously.

Tom cringes at the stench of alcohol on Linus' breath.

37 TOM  
We're closing and you know it. We only  
have to tell you every other night.

Linus shrugs him off with a grunt, flattening out his shabby clothes. His bronze skin is etched with a web of creases and streaks of white zip through his dark hair.

38 TOM (CONT'D)  
(Gentler)  
You know you can't keep doing this.

39 LINUS  
(Slurred)  
Don't do this, don't do that. Everyone  
on this high street is always pushing  
people about. Just leave it alone for  
a second and let me enjoy myself.

Tom glances over his shoulder at the patchy blanket, makeshift pillow (fashioned from flattened popcorn boxes) and then the blank screen. Ostensibly, Linus had not been watching anything at all.

40 TOM  
Alright, come on. You need to start  
making your way out.

**CUT TO:**

POV, we're suddenly watching the men from the back corner of the theatre. Borrowing the eyes of something unseen. Linus follows Tom as he ushers him along, cursing and grumbling in acquiescence.

SFX:Static fizzes and underlines the audio.

Both men are oblivious to the silent observer.

INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-LATE NIGHT

10

Back in the main area, the rest of the team are still cleaning up. Tabitha spots Linus from the counter and storms over.

TABITHA

41 Linus! For god sakes, how many times  
do we have to bloody do this?

LINUS

42 Until you stop being such a b-

Harv is suddenly by his side, arm sliding around the man's shoulder.

HARV

43 Alright, mate?

The older man lights up.

LINUS

(Laughing)

44 Harvey? Where the bloody hell you  
been, man?

HARV

45 Messed up my ankle from rugby. Been  
wasting away at home for the last  
month and a half. Miss me did ya?

Linus grumbles an inaudible response.

HARV (CONT'D)

46 Awh, come here-

Harv leans over, jokingly puckering his lips and trying to kiss Linus' cheek.

LINUS

(Pushing Harv off)

47 Ger'off you twat. What would the  
missus say?

SYL

(Approaching)

48 That you're lucky. I haven't seen  
action like that in weeks.

All three laugh. Tabitha barges between them, face blood red.

TABITHA

49 Excuse me but this isn't the time for  
chit-chat! Harvey, get him out of here

or I'll be alerting the authorities  
again, yeah?

HARV  
(Calmly)  
50 Come on, mate - it is late.

Linus rumbles with more grumbles but waddles along behind Harv. Off screen, a metal door thuds against its lock.

HARV (OFF-SCREEN)  
51 Who's got the keys?

Tabitha pats around her utility belt, realising her keys are missing.

TABITHA  
52 Thomas go get my keys from the office,  
yeah?

TOM  
53 Yeah.

INT. OFFICE, RIALTO VISTA-LATE NIGHT.

11

The office is a cramped and dingey space, suffocating with piles of unorganised papers and overflowing folders. Cold, blue light spills into the office from three monitors. The computer beneath the desk screams as its fans work overtime.

Tom enters and begins pawing through the drawers, brushing aside more documents to reveal all sorts of odds and ends. He stops as something on one of the monitors catches his eye. Tabitha has left her emails open. Messages in all capitals ominously warn of debt collection, conversations with realtors lay unread and amidst it all sits an invoice for a mysterious but very expensive order.

TOM  
54 Typical. . .

NAVI  
55 Whatcha looking at?

Tom jumps, bashing his knee on the desk. For someone who loves horror movies, Tom has quite a few shot nerves.

TOM  
56 God Navi, you scared the shit out of  
me.

NAVI  
57 Not like it's particularly hard to do.  
. .Snooping on the boss then?



58 TOM  
No, I'm looking for her keys.

59 NAVI  
Sure. . .

Navi nudges Tom aside and skims through the messages.

60 NAVI  
Tsk, looks like we're in trouble.

61 TOM  
Tabitha is in trouble.

62 NAVI  
(Wryly)  
You idiot. This means our jobs are on  
the line too. Since her sisters backed  
out we're the only branch left.

Tom shrugs. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad thing, losing his  
job. Navi shakes her head.

63 NAVI  
That must be why she's had me on so  
many weekends. . .

64 TOM  
Aren't her kids supposed to be here on  
the weekends?

65 NAVI  
Yeah, but I know they needed the help.

66 TOM  
Is she paying you for it?

67 NAVI  
Well. . .

Beat.

68 TOM  
Dude.

69 NAVI  
She said she would eventually. Anyway,  
my dads always said you've gotta show  
you're willing to put a little extra  
effort into anything. Helps you out in  
the long run.

70 TOM  
This place clearly-

He gestures to the monitors.

71 TOM  
-doesn't have much track left. What's  
the point?

Beat. Both look uncomfortable.

72 TOM  
Anyway. . .What happened with Tabitha  
earlier?

73 NAVI  
(Excited)  
Oh-

74 TABITHA (OFF-SCREEN)  
Navi!

75 NAVI  
(Annoyed)  
Later.

76 TOM  
Sure.

Navi exits and Tom reclines against the desk.

CLOSE, he pulls out his phone and we see his recent texts with Syl. A chain of forgotten plans, awkward hellos and paper thin worries.

77 SYL (TEXT)  
*You free friday?*

78 TOM (TEXT)  
*Not sure, I'll let you know soon.*

79 SYL (TEXT)  
*We on for today?*

80 TOM (TEXT)  
*Hey, sorry I'm still feeling kind of  
ill. What about Monday?*

81 SYL (TEXT)  
*Sure!*

82 TOM (TEXT)  
*Hey! You okay? Where are you?*

83 SYL (TEXT)  
*Can we talk after work?*

Beat. Tom stares at his phone for a while, thumbs twitching over the keyboard. Nothing comes to him.

VOICE (V.O.)

84

*"You know you can't keep doing this."*

A VOICE, distorted and crackly but eerily close in annunciation to Tom's, blares from the computer's speakers.

It scares Tom off his feet, the familiarity of the VOICE is lost to him in his fright; his main concern is where the hell it came from.

Instincts, honed from years of watching gruesome flicks, kick in. He scrambles to his feet and rushes out of the office.

INT.HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

12

Tom stumbles into the hallway - only to stop as he catches sight of something at the end of it.

LONG, the lights outside of theatre 4 are dead, shrouding the end of the hallway in darkness. Tom is staring into a cavernous maw, drawn in by its yawning abyss. A light penetrates the veil, white and flickering with static like an old television set.

SFX: Static fuzzes in Tom's ears. He is suddenly oblivious to the rest of the world.

It takes him a while to realise the light is mounted to the impression of a body, pressed against the dark. Blacker than black. Nothing at all.

TABITHA

85

Thomas!

Tom jumps again, dragging his eyes away from THE FIGURE. Catching his breath and stuttering, he glances back down the hallway only to find it empty.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

86

Hello? Thomas? Keys?

TOM

87

Y-you didn't see that?

TABITHA

88

What?

TOM

89

The fucking man at end of the hall!

Tabitha is taken aback. Face dented with the invisible imprint of Tom's hand.

TABITHA

90

How dare you! I don't know what's gotten into you tonight, but you never

- EVER - talk to me like that! Am I clear! Honestly I-

91 TOM  
I heard them from the office! I don't know what they were saying but I definitely heard and saw someone.

92 SYL  
What's going on? Syl, drawn by the shouting, enters and joins Tabitha's side. The sight of her sobers Tom, giving him his second wind.

93 TOM  
There's someone else in the cinema.

94 SYL  
A customer?

95 TOM  
No. I don't know. They were wearing all black. They might've been a burglar I-

96 TABITHA  
Woah, woah. Before we go making any wild theories, why don't I just check the cameras, yeah?

97 TOM  
Yeah. . . Sure.

98 TABITHA  
Go and calm down before you burst into tears. For crying out loud. . .

Tabitha exits, heading towards the office, while Syl and Tom walk back into the main area.

INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

13

HIGH ANGLE, Tom and Syl enter, sitting down by one of the drink dispensers. Harv and Linus are back, the former pointedly glancing over in the other two's direction. Navi is nowhere to be seen.

MEDIUM, Syl pours Tom a drink.

99 SYL  
Did you actually see someone?

100 TOM  
(Frustrated)  
Yes!

Beat.

101 TOM (CONT'D)  
Sorry. . .It just kind of freaked me out.

Syl hands him the drink.

102 SYL  
What'd they look like?

103 TOM  
I don't know. It was hard to make them out. They had some sort of torch on their head.

104 SYL  
A torch?

105 TOM  
Yeah. . .Like I said, I don't know.

He sips. Calming down. Then cringing.

106 TOM  
Soda water?

107 SYL  
(Indignant)  
It's good!

108 TOM  
Just like how pickle juice is good?

109 SYL  
(Folding arms)  
I don't appreciate you constantly picking fault with my, exceptional, beverage preferences.

110 TOM  
I wouldn't if you weren't such a wrongun. This stuff tastes like static. Your bladder's going to look worse than the pinot monster's over there.

He gestures to Linus. They laugh. Briefly.

CLOSE to WIDE, their laughter fades as Tom's eyes catch Harv's from across the room.

MEDIUM, Tom gets up to leave.

111 TOM  
I should go and see if Tab found

anything.

SYL

(Smirking)

112 Sure you aren't going to faint?

He sticks two fingers up at her. Syl smiles back but once Tom is out of sight her expression turns to one of worry.

INT. OFFICE, RIALTO VISTA-LATE NIGHT

14

TOM

113 Anything?

Tom is peering over Tabitha's shoulder at the monitors. The tab with the emails has been closed.

TABITHA

114 Would you give me some space? I can't focus with you breathing down my neck.

Tom backs up, suppressing a sneer.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

115 And no, there's nothing.

TOM

116 I definitely saw someone.

TABITHA

117 Well, I don't know what to tell you. Nothing is coming up on the camera's, no one else has mentioned anything and you yourself swept the building and only saw Linus (Underbreath) the freeloading drunk. . .

TOM

118 What. . .What about blindspots? Maybe they're just hiding. We should call someone-

Tabitha lets out an exasperated sigh.

CLOSE, Tabitha scrutinising gaze is uncomfortable.

TABITHA

119 We have too much work to do for you to be jumping at shadows.

TOM

120 I'm not-

CLOSE, tighter shot on Tabitha.

TABITHA

121 Have you been out on the town again?  
Staying up doing god knows what?

TOM

122 I-

DUTCH CLOSE, the shot is almost entirely on her mouth.

TABITHA

123 This is what happens when you don't  
make work a priority. Waltzing your  
way through life, not a care in the  
world. I gave you this job as a favour  
to your mother and how do you repay  
me? Showing up to work hungover and  
half asleep. It's a wonder you haven't  
been imagining worse.

TOM

124 I'm not imagining things!

Cut back to MEDIUM. That imperceptible imprint marks  
Tabitha's face once again.

TOM

(Incredulous)

125 And I'm not hungover. I even heard  
this guy talking. Why are you just. .  
. dismissing this so quickly? What if  
there really is someone else here?

Beat.

TABITHA

126 I will look again. But you and I are  
going to be having a conversation  
about your attitude as of late, yeah?

TOM

127 Fine. I'm going to take a breather.

TABITHA

(Derisive)

128 Another one?

Tom ignores her and exits. Tabitha angrily shakes her head  
before turning her attention to her desk.

TABITHA

(To herself)

129 Where are those bloody keys?

INT. BACK EXIT, RIALTO VISTA-LIGHT NIGHT

15

WIDE, Tom is quickly walking towards us. Determined and self-

assured. He isn't taking a "breather," he's leaving. Before he finds himself in a horror show.

OVER-SHOULDER, Tom throws his weight into the fire exit bar, ready to swing it open and step into the night. But he bounces off it. He tries again, less carelessly, and still it won't budge. It's blocked from the other side.

CLOSE on Tom, panic rises in his body once more and the colour in his face vanishes.

WIDE, he spins around and gazes at the empty space behind him. Feeling exposed. It's not long before he breaks into a run, rushing back to the lobby.

INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

16

WIDE, Tom nearly falls into the room, breathing hard.

LINUS

130                   What's the lad pissing himself over  
                          now?

MEDIUM, Syl steadies Tom. Harv is close by, protectively hovering over her shoulder.

SYL

(Worried)

131                   Woah, cool it. What's going on?

TOM

132                   Fire exit. . .Blocked. . .Someone's  
                          done this on purpose.

SYL

133                   What do you mean?

She shuffles closer. Is she checking his breath? Tom steps back, composing himself by himself.

TOM

134                   The person I saw. They must have  
                          blocked the exit. Trapped us.

Harv scoffs from behind Syl. Tabitha enters, looking annoyed - as per usual.

TABITHA

135                   What's the matter now?

TOM

136                   The fire exit has been blocked from  
                          the outside.

Beat. They're looking at him expectantly. He's really going to have to spell this out for them.



TOM (CONT'D)

137 I heard a voice in the office. I saw a stranger in the hallway who hasn't turned up since. And now the only other exit besides the front door is blocked. (Looking at Tabitha) Speaking off, did you ever find the keys?

TABITHA

138 No. . .

They all exchange glances. They get it, finally.

Beat.

LINUS

139 Welp, despite always wanting to be famous, I ain't sticking around to be in tomorrow's newspaper. In a bit.

He waddles down the stairs leading to the front entrance. After some hesitation, they all follow. No one wants to be alone now.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

17

The entrance is small but easily the fanciest part of the cinema. Big windows, leather sofas and a gallery of the latest and greatest posters. Outside the night is dark. Dark even for the winter months.

OVER-SHOULDER, Linus lazily tugs on the glass doors to no avail.

MEDIUM, Tom is biting his nails.

TOM

(Quickly)

140 Break the glass.

Harv, even after their revelation, laughs at him. Syl is quiet.

TABITHA

141 Ah, I don't bloody think so!

TOM

142 We need to get out.

TABITHA

143 Right, but we won't be doing it by crippling my bank account.

She begins pulling out her phone.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

144 Let me call Charlie. We have a spare set of keys at home, he can bring them to us. There's no need for all this drama.

VOICE

145 "Don't do that-"

Another voice. Broken and distorted like the last but closer to Linus' than Tom's. It buzzes from Tabitha's phone, causing her to shriek and throw it across the room.

Beat.

LINUS

146 Now I know what people say about imitation, but that was not at all fucking flattering.

HARV

147 That was your voice?

LINUS

148 Course it was. I'm not stupid. I can recognise my own golden pipes even with all that garbled shit over it.

SYL

149 Tom. . . Who did that other voice sound like?

TOM

150 I-I don't know. It was hard to tell.

Tabitha slowly approaches where her phone landed.

LOW-ANGLE, she cautiously peers over the screen.

CLOSE, the phone, ostensibly, is fine.

LOW-ANGLE, the others join her, looking too.

CLOSE, the screen suddenly fizzes with static and in that mess is the faintest outline of an bulbous eye - almost bulging out of the screen. Then, as quickly as it appeared, it was gone. WIDE, they all jolt back.

HARV

151 Break the glass.

QUICK CUTS:

- Syl and Tom charge at the glass with one of the sofas like a battering ram.

- Harv impressively hefts a stanchion over his shoulder, spinning away from each heavy wack against the glass.

- Linus, brandishing an empty bottle that had been stashed away in his coat, chips in too.

MEDIUM, Tabitha wrings her hands.

TABITHA

152           This has to be some sort of practical  
              joke. Thomas, you and Navi are good  
              with these things.

TOM

(Panting)

153           Are you saying I did this?

TABITHA

154           Well you are the only person to have  
              seen this mystery man.

Before this can escalate further, Syl interrupts.

SYL

155           Speaking of, has anyone seen Navi?

HARV

156           Not since she went to do stock up.

SYL

157           We should go and find her. If there is  
              someone else in here with us, she  
              shouldn't be alone.

TABITHA

158           Maybe it's her doing this!

LINUS

159           Look outside. Blacker than black out  
              there. I don't see no light , no  
              buildings - hell I barely see the  
              floor outside this window. WIDE, they  
              all look outside, gazing into the  
              unnatural dark. The void. Linus is  
              right, they can barely see the ground  
              six feet in front of them.

TOM

160           We haven't even scratched the glass  
              either. . .

TABITHA

161           Don't tell me you're all going to  
              start raving on about ghosts now!

Beat. No one responds.

SYL  
162 I'm going to find Navi.

Harv grabs her arm, stopping her.

HARV  
163 Hang about, we're not going to start  
scooby doo-ing this.

TOM  
164 He's right. We should stick together.

There's a moment's silence as everyone processes that Tom,  
for once, agreed with Harv.

SYL  
165 Well then we'll all go.

Tabitha is the first to step back. The rest don't move.

SYL (CONT'D)  
166 Seriously?

TOM  
(Nervously)  
167 I-I'll go with you.

HARV  
(Quickly)  
168 Me too.

TOM  
169 Tab you should really come with us.

TABITHA  
170 I'll stay here-

She grabs Linus who was about to join the others.

TABITHA (CONT'D)  
171 With Linus. We'll see if we can get  
anyone's attention outside.

LINUS  
172 Will we?

Tom and Harv look unsure. Despite the odds, another -  
wordless - agreement is shared between them. Syl, however, is  
in a hurry to leave - starting up the stairs into the main  
area. Tom and Linus, with a healthy amount of space between  
them, follow along.

INT. STOREROOM, RIALTO VISTA-MIDNIGHT

18

The basement storeroom hums with kegs being fed to the taps  
upstairs. Garish white light flickers overhead, casting harsh

shadows against the concrete walls. It's surprisingly spacious compared to the rest of the cinema, likely serving another purpose in the building's past life.

Syl and Harv are up ahead searching the room and calling out for Navi. Tom meanwhile has hung back, checking his phone.

CLOSE on phone, no static or strange eyes like Tabitha's. No service either.

Still Tom seems hesitant to use it, each tap on the screen delayed and deliberate.

MEDIUM, Syl and Harv return.

173 HARV  
She's not here.

174 SYL  
I don't know where else she could be.  
It's not like Navi to be left in her  
own company for longer than five  
minutes.

175 HARV  
(To Tom)  
What are you doing?

176 SYL  
Not exactly the time to be looking at  
smut.

She tries to joke, but it crashes against the wall of anxiety closing in around them.

177 TOM  
I was checking that my phone wasn't  
going to freak out like Tabitha's.

178 HARV  
Maybe it was just a virus. Navi's  
always going on about the amount of  
times she's had to lecture Tab about  
that stuff.

179 SYL  
What's the point of a virus that just  
fucks with you?

Beat.

180 SYL  
Let's check upstairs, maybe we missed-

The lights go out. The hum of the kegs ceases. The three of them are left in pitch black, the sounds of their frightened

breaths are ear splitting.

SFX: Struggling, the rustling of clothes as Tom scrambles to activate the torch on his phone. Hurried footsteps sporadically thud around us, panicking Tom even more.

CLOSE, the light illuminates Syl and Harv - both of whom are tightly holding onto each other.

181 TOM  
Jesus. . .There you are. Grab your phones.

They do so, and two more lights fill the room. They huddle close together.

ANGLE-ON LOW, we focus on the ceiling as muffled voices trickle through.

182 HARV  
(Whispering)  
What the fuck?

183 SYL  
(Whispering)  
What's above us?

184 HARV  
(Whispering)  
Screen room four I think.

185 TOM  
(Whispering)  
Is someone playing a movie?

186 SYL  
(Whispering)  
I think there's only one way to find out.

They share a glance, resigned to the task ahead.

INT.THEATRE ROOM FOUR, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

19

They creep into the theatre as a unit, the barriers between them forgotten for the time being.

187 MOVIE VOICES - HALLOWEEN (2019) - LAURIE STRODE  
*"He's waited for this night."*

Voices blare from the speakers, still operational in spite of the lack of lights.

188 MOVIE VOICES - SCREAM (1997) - DEWEY  
*"You're not scared are ya?"*

WIDE REVEAL, the projector flickers with images from different films. Crazy light dances over the chairs. The trio looks up, disturbed.

189 HARV  
Navi!

190 SYL  
(Whispering)  
Shut the fuck up!

Harv shrugs her off.

191 HARV  
Navi! Come out now, this isn't funny!

192 MOVIE VOICES - INVISIBLE MAN (2020) -  
CECELIA  
*"He's listening, he's in this room."*

193 HARV (CONT'D)  
I'm coming up to the projector room.

Tom is backing away. Whatever the horror equivalent of spider senses were, they were screaming.

194 MOVIE VOICE - SCREAM (1997) - KENNY  
*"Behind ya kid!"*

Harv and Syl zip around to see the outline of THE FIGURE. Emptiness against the shadows.

195 MOVIE VOICE - ALIEN (1979) - RIPLEY  
*"I got you, you son of a bitch."*

The projector turns off, washing them in darkness once more. The light Tom saw, mounted atop the shoulders of THE FIGURE before them, appears once more - crackling with static.

196 THE DIRECTOR  
Auditions are over.

THE FIGURE, THE VOICE, THE DIRECTOR - speaks with stitched together tones, all clambering over one another for control. The light atop this person's, this thing's, shoulders rises. They're tall.

It stalks forward.

197 HARV  
Stay back! I swear to god, I'll cave your head in!

Syl shakily pulls Harv back by the arm while Tom inches further and further out of the room.

The Director pauses before lunging at Harv headfirst, throwing the weight of its own body about effortlessly. Harv is slow to react, the creature is on top of him - spindly hands pinning his arms to the floor.

Tom is gone. He runs for the exit without hesitation. Syl sees him go, her anger fleeting in place of pure horror. Stunned, she watches the struggle.

CLOSE, The Director leans in close to Harv - the light of his faceless visage blinding the man. Its head tilts and static, like a hiss, whirrs from its mouthless chin.

WIDE, Syl's boot thwacks the side of the Director's head sending it rolling off of Harv. The buzz of its face sizzles in an angry cry.

Syl helps Harv onto his feet.

198 SYL  
Get up, get up, get the fuck up!

Behind them The Director recovers, mounting the back of one of the chairs and perching on it like a bird of prey. In a twisted mockery of Harv's voice it shouts:

199 THE DIRECTOR  
*"I'll cave your head in!"*

200 SYL  
Run!

They turn and flee, barreling through the theatre like their lives depend on it - because they do.

They take up the foreground of the shot while, in the back, The Director leaps from its perch and breaks out into a run after them.

INT. HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

20

The duo burst into the hallway.

POV, a searching shot of the hallway. Tom is still nowhere to be seen.

201 SYL  
Tommy!

Nothing. The door behind Syl and Harv swings open - knocking them apart. The Director had already caught up.

Harv reels and twists his ankle, crying out in pain as an old injury resurfaces. He hits the ground hard and The Director focuses his attention on him.



LOW-ANGLE, he stalks towards Harv.

HIGH-ANGLE, Harv desperately tries to crawl away.

LOW-ANGLE, it stops to caress the head of a nearby stanchion. With a grunt of effort that sounds like garbled interference, it hefts the stand over its shoulder.

HARV

202 No, god, please no!

Syl's eyes widen and she rushes forward.

LOW-ANGLE, The Director gets ready to swing.

HIGH-ANGLE, Harv sobs and holds up his arms.

HARV (CONT'D)

203 No, no, no, no-

Syl is too slow.

The stanchion falls on his face with a sickening squelch. Blood splatters across The Director's black robes.

Syl stops in her tracks, her scream choked by violent shuddering breaths.

CLOSE, The Director looks back at her over its shoulder.

THE DIRECTOR

204 Take five.

It turns back to the bloody mess at its feet and gets ready for another swing. Uninterested in Syl for now.

She turns and runs, shadowed by another grotesque squelch. Suddenly a hand shoots out from someone unseen, and pulls her into a different room.

INT. WOMENS TOILETS, RIALTO VISTA- CONTINUED.

21

CLOSE, she struggles in the dark, a hand that is not her own clamped over her mouth. Eventually, the light of her phone illuminates the owner: Tom.

He shushes her and the two of them fall still, listening to the hallway outside of the room. For a moment there's nothing, until they hear the wet and heavy footfalls of The Director as it creeps past their hiding spot.

Beat.

SYL

205 (Whispered - calm)  
Where were you?

Beat.

SYL (CONT'D)  
 (Whispered - angry - betrayed)  
 206 Where were you?

Beat.

SYL (CONT'D)  
 (Whispered - sobbing)  
 207 Harv is dead. He killed him. He killed  
 him-

She trails off into her cries. Tom pulls her in close and buries her face into his chest. Comforting her or trying to keep her quiet? The true realisation of her words and his situation settles on his face - painting a picture of pure fear.

They stay like that for a short while. Holding onto each other in the dark.

The clank of metal, like a lock being undone, echoes out from the back of the room. Tom and Syl separate and aim their torches into the dark.

They see the furthest cubicle from them ever so slowly creak open. The two tense and back up towards the door, ready to run from whatever else was hiding in this cinema.

A face, familiar and frightened, appears from behind it.

SYL  
 (Whispered)

NAVI?

NAVI  
 (Whispered)  
 208 What the hell is going on? What  
 happened to the lights?

TOM  
 (Whispered)  
 209 Have you been in here the whole time?

Beat. She looks embarrassed.

NAVI  
 (Whispered)  
 210 I was hiding from Tab and watching  
 TikToks. Then the lights went out and  
 I was too scared to come out. Have. .  
 .Have you guys been crying?

She steps out fully and joins Tom and Syl on the other side of the room.

SYL  
 (Whispered)  
 211 Harv is dead.

NAVI  
 (Laughing - nervously)  
 212 What? Is this-

TOM  
 (Whispered)  
 213 It's not a joke. There's someone else  
 in the cinema. He attacked us and. . .

He trails off and they marinate in the silence. Navi clamps her hand around her mouth, tears welling in her eyes and chest starting to heave.

NAVI  
 (Whispered)  
 214 We have to call the police right? Get  
 out of the building?

TOM  
 (Whispered)  
 215 We can't. There's no service, the  
 exits are blocked and we can't break  
 the windows.

NAVI  
 (Whispered - panicking)  
 216 Then we're trapped? Oh god, we're  
 trapped aren't we? What are we gonna  
 do? Just sit here until we get picked  
 off? Shit, shit, shit. . . Today was  
 supposed to be my day off, I shouldn't  
 even be here!

Syl steps forward and grips Navi's shoulders.

SYL  
 (Whispered)  
 217 You need to keep your voice down. We.  
 . .We are going to get through this.

She sounds like she's trying to convince herself more than she is Navi.

SYL (CONT'D)  
 (Whispered)  
 218 Harv was right. We should have never  
 split up. We need to get back to the  
 others.

NAVI  
 (Whispered - afraid)  
 219 And go out there?

SYL  
(Whispered)

220 Yes.

Beat. Uncertainty racks their faces.

**CUT TO:**

CLOSE, all three of them are huddled together, ears flat on the door.

NAVI  
(Whispered)

221 I don't hear anything.

TOM  
(Whispered)

222 Neither do I.

They step back and wait another moment.

CLOSE on Syl's hand as she slowly reaches for the handle.

MEDIUM, we're on the other side of the door as it slowly opens. Syl's head pokes out and scans the darkness.

POV, Her light illuminates the end of the hall leading to the lobby. Warm orange light is spilling out from its archway door. Slowly, we pan to the other side. Where Harv was killed.

CLOSE, Syl braces herself for what she's going to see.

POV, the light creeps over the end of the hall. But there's nothing. The only trace of his body is the maroon pool of blood soaked into the darkness.

CLOSE, she's frozen. Staring at it. Maybe the attack wasn't as bad as she thought. Maybe he was alive. Maybe he recovered.

MEDIUM, Tom's head pokes out the toilet. He conducts a quicker scan before ushering Navi out.

TOM  
(Whispered)

223 Syl, let's go.

She follows along.

WIDE - LONG, they shuffle through the hallways towards the orange glow.

CLOSE, Tom hesitates by the archway, looking back in the direction Syl had been staring.

WIDE - LONG, seeing nothing he walks into the main area.

PULL BACK into OVER-SHOULDER, the silhouette of a figure much wider than the director steps into the frame.

INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING

22

The three sprint past the finish line and rush in the room, into the only semblance of safety they had left. Candles have been lit and placed around the room, finally granting them light.

TOM

224 The dispensers!

The women knew what he was talking about immediately. They close the archway doors and then - with all three of them using their combined strength - heave the drinks dispensers in front of them, creating a makeshift blockade.

TOM

225 We need more.

SYL

226 The sofas!

They rush down the stairs to the front entrance.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS.

23

The entrance has been lit with candles too, more so than the lobby upstairs.

The trio reach the bottom of the stairs and stop, suddenly realising something.

TOM

227 Where's Tab and Linus?

They glance around for a moment before, jumping up from behind the largest sofa, Linus appears.

LINUS

228 They're alive! You owe me a drink, Tabby.

Tabitha slowly gets up from behind the same sofa.

TABITHA

(Somewhat contrite)

229 We heard shouting and assumed the worst.

SYL

(Bluntly)

230 You'd be right.

TABITHA

231           What do you mean? And where's Harv-  
oh.

The colour drains from Tabitha's face and a look, other than contempt, spreads across her face - guilt. Linus, through his drunken stupor, looks mournful too. TOM

We need to block the doors upstairs. Someone is here with us.

Tabitha's only reply is a nod. Together they begin carrying the sofas upstairs to reinforce the barricade.

CLOSE LOW-ANGLE on Tabitha's phone, still discarded and forgotten. It buzzes to life with that static image from before, the shape of the eye appearing again too. But this time, it really is bulging out of the screen. Warping the glass like paper, trying to tear through it.

**CUT TO:**

INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING.

24

WIDE, the graveyard crew are resting around their work: a barricade assembled from Pepsi dispensers, sofas, chairs, boxes and bits of scaffolding. Tabitha is sitting on the only chair that hasn't been put towards their defences, likely spared on her orders. Linus is sprawled on the floor, breathing hard. Navi is perched on the side of the till counter and Syl and Tom have taken positions leaning against walls on opposite sides of the room.

MEDIUM, Navi is wiping sweat from her brow.

NAVI

232           Think it'll hold?

LINUS

233           It's only one man right? Surely he  
isn't knocking this down anytime soon.

TOM

234           This isn't an ordinary person.

TABITHA

235           What do you mean?

SYL

236           He moved like an animal. And his face.  
. .It was just. . .Static. Like an old  
TV.

TOM

237           It was either the most detailed mask  
in the world or. . .

238 SYL  
Something else entirely. Beat.

239 NAVI  
What do we do now?

240 TABITHA  
I say we wait until the morning,  
someone is bound to come looking for  
us soon.

241 LINUS  
(Mumbling)  
If the sun ever comes back out.

Beat.

242 TOM  
We should be ready in case they get  
through.

243 TABITHA  
What are you suggesting?

244 TOM  
I don't know. . .We should find some  
weapons. Something to defend ourselves  
with.

245 NAVI  
Weapons? Here? What are we gonna fight  
back with? A popcorn scooper?

246 TABITHA  
There's a bat in the office but-

They all look at the barricade. The office was on the other  
side.

247 SYL  
We need to make do with what's in  
here.

**QUICK CUTS - VARIOUS:**

- INT. BACK ROOM, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING 25

Tabitha arms herself with a mop.

- INT. FRONT ENTRANCE, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING 26

Linus goes to the entrance to recover one of his empty  
bottles, smashing it against the stairs to make a weapon.

- INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING 27

Syl smashes Tabitha's chair (whom we see annoyed in the background) and turns one of its legs into a makeshift bat.

- INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING 28

Navi arms herself with a metal popcorn scoop.

- INT. STORE ROOM, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING 29

LOW-ANGLE, in the basement Tom finds a rusty box opener.

INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING 30

The crew regroup and assess their pitiful armourary.

LINUS

248 We're so fucked.

Navi groans plops on the floor, burying her face into her knees. The rest disperse and assume their distant positions - each contemplating their situation in silence.

CLOSE, Tom is glancing at Syl from across the room. His face is indecisive and ashamed. He doesn't know, after everything, if he should be there by her side.

Their gazes meet, but Syl quickly looks away - following Navi's lead and resting her head into her knees.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-ONE HOUR LATER 31

The crew hasn't moved much. They're still sitting about, awaiting their fate.

CLOSE, Tom - in all this madness - is somehow close to drifting off, when he is stirred by the thudding of Linus' head against the wall.

LINUS

249 If this walking, talking Christmas  
light isn't going to kill me, boredom  
surely will.

He paces about, stopping occasionally to hit the wall and then nurse whatever part of his body he used.

Tabitha is squinting at him, watching because there was nothing better to do. On the fourth or fifth time his head hits the wall, something smacks into the front of hers.

TABITHA

250 The false wall!



They stir, looking at her.

Tabitha awkwardly scrambles to her feet.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

251 This cinema used to be a part of the furniture place next door before it was shut down in 2010. Something to do with unpaid staff but I say it was because of poor coordination. Anyway my sisters and I couldn't afford to buy the whole complex so we only took a piece. A false wall was built to separate the two halves and knowing Sofia, that stingy hag paid for the cheapest job. If we find it-

SYL

252 We might be able to break through it.

TABITHA

253 It will cost me a small fortune to replace-

A collective look stopped that tangent dead in its tracks.

TABITHA (CONT'D)

254 But that's besides the point I suppose. Drastic times call for drastic measures and all that, yeah?

TOM

255 Where's this wall?

TABITHA

256 Well. . .I don't remember. Like I said, Sofia was in charge of all of that.

LINUS

257 Brilliant.

Beat. Hopelessness starts to rear its ugly head once more.

NAVI

258 The floor plan. . . There's a floor plan in the office, a blueprint of the renovations made before you moved in. I remember seeing it when I was reorganising your invoices.

TOM

259 (Underbreath - unsurprised)  
Of course. . .

Tabitha shoots him a disdainful look.

NAVI

260           The point is, if I can get the plan  
              from the office we can find the wall.  
              But. . .

Once again, they turn and look at their defences.

NAVI

(Afraid)

261           That means going out there.

SYL

262           We go together. All of us. Then none  
              of us can be caught out on our own.  
              Like Harv. . .

CLOSE VARIOUS, one by one they each gesture a hesitant agreement, all except Tom who is conspicuously lingering on the outskirts of the huddle.

They don't seem to notice.

We see various shots of the group preparing themselves. Tabitha makes sure the head of her mop is secure to its body; Linus cracks his knuckles then his neck, wincing in pain as he accidentally pulls something; Navi anxiously twirls her scooper; Syl fashions a grip for her chair leg after tearing part of her sleeve off.

SYL

263           Right, let's get a move on.

WIDE, they all work together to start pulling down part of their barricade.

THUD, THUD, THUD, THUD, THUD.

Knocking in rapid succession rattles the doors behind the defences. Somehow it sounds wrong. Breaking the universal rhythm most of us share.

They back off, staring at the door.

HARV?

(Anguished)

264           Syl!

Syl gasps.

HARV? (CONT'D)

265           Syl! I'm hurt real bad, Syl. Help me.

The voice sounds like Harvs. But the inflection is off. Too high pitch, drawn out but abrupt at the same time.

HARV? (CONT'D)

266 Please, Syl. Please.

They're all looking at her, waiting for what she might do.

She puts down her weapon and steps forward, tears welling in her eyes.

SYL

267 Harv, is that you?

HARV?

268 Please, Syl. Please.

She grabs another portion of the barricade.

TOM

269 Syl, don't.

She snaps her head to Tom, angry.

SYL

270 Don't? It's Harv, we have to let him in. We can't leave him out there with that maniac.

TOM

(Softly)

271 You said he was dead.

SYL

272 Everything happened so fast. I must have- I-

TOM

273 Don't open that door, Syl.

SYL

274 Of course you want to leave him out there! You've done nothing but try and keep him out of your way.

TOM

275 Syl, we're in this together.

They're starting to talk about something else.

SYL

276 You've done nothing but run and hide.

Not just this night, but many others.

TOM

277 What did you expect me to do? You think I'm equipped to deal with any of this?

SYL  
278 I expected you to try, not to just  
leave me in the dark alone.

TOM  
279 Alone? Alone! You were and never are  
alone. Everyone flocks to your every  
whim. I just finally had the sense to  
think of myself for once.

SYL  
280 That's bullshit and you know it. You  
wanted it more than I did and then  
left me nothing to hold onto after.  
What did you think was going to  
happen?

TOM  
281 Don't. Open. That. Door.

She ignores him, tearing down the barrier with greater  
intent.

Tom starts to back away, slipping behind the counter.

SYL  
282 Someone help me!

Navi and Linus, despite themselves, are by her side. Tabitha  
stays where she is.

Eventually they removed enough for the door to open part way.

CLOSE, we - very briefly - see half of Harv's face peeking  
through - the other half lost to the shadows. At first glance  
it looks like him, not so well but alive.

SYL  
(Relieved)  
283 Harv! Just hold on for a few more  
seconds. We've almost moved enough.

HARV?  
284 Please, Syl. Please.

SYL

286 I know, bear, I know.

HARV?  
287 Please, Syl. Please.

Syl looks back up to meet his face.

SYL  
288 I-

CLOSE, something's wrong. Harv's smiling, a wide and toothy grin that uncomfortably stretches his face. His visible eye is missing its eyelid, bulging from his skull intensely. He turns his head to the side, illuminating the side lost to dark. It's not there. All that's left is a mess of flesh pooling over splintered bone.

Before Syl can scream the awful visage before her flickers like a faulty projection and a pair of bone white hands shoot out through his face. Spidery fingers clamp around her throat and the image of Harv's corpse disappears.

THE DIRECTOR

289 Casting call!

The Director attempts to squeeze the life out of her, but Navi is there smacking his hands with the scooper.

Tom and Tabitha have fled.

NAVI

290 Get off, get off, get off!

LINUS

291 Get out of the way-

Linus shoves her aside and stabs the disembodied hands with his broken bottle. A scream, garbled with static, bellows from the dark and the hands retreat.

HIGH-ANGLE, Syl collapses, holding her throat and Linus and Navi rush to try and get her back on her feet.

LOW-ANGLE, The Director's arms slither through the door, laying its hands flat against either side for leverage. With distorted grunts of effort, it begins pushing the rest of the barricade away.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BACK ROOM, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

32

Tom stumbles into the back room behind the counter. His head darts about, frantically looking for a hiding place. Sounds of the struggle from the other room can be heard.

**CUT TO:**

INT.FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

33

HIGH-ANGLE, Syl - still coughing - scrambles to grab her chair leg. The three of them turn to run.

CLOSE, The Director's hand shoots out and buries itself into Navi's curls. Her head violently jerks back, part of her scalp ripping from her head.

WIDE, The Director wriggles the rest of its thin body out from behind the barricade. Its other arm slides across her throat, holding her in a chokehold.

Linus yells and drunkenly swipes with his bottle - slashing The Director's arm. It lets out that strange cry of pain once more and releases Navi, sending her stumbling away and causing her to drop her scooper.

MEDIUM, Syl, still trying to recover, pulls Navi behind the counter.

Linus goes for an underarm jab but The Director grabs his wrist, twisting it away. It throws Linus, sending him crashing into a nearby wall.

CLOSE on The Director's hand as it picks up the scooper.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BACK ROOM, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

34

Tom slips into an empty storage cabinet. POV, we have a view of the front house through the slits of the cabinet door. We see Navi and Syl - both injured - barreling behind the counter and desperately squeezing into one of the cupboards beneath it. They close the doors, the only sign that they were there being Navi's bloody handprints.

POV, we also see Tabitha, further back, hiding amongst the scaffolding. Mop pressed against her breast.

POV, we pan to The Director and Linus. The latter, a drunk in his 50s, is clumsily using the wall to stand up after a hard fall. The former stalks towards him, armed with a scooper.

**CUT TO:**

INT.FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

35

MEDIUM, Linus steadies himself and runs.

He speeds around the corner and sees the all access lift for the entrance.

LINUS

(Triumphantly)

292

Ah-hah!

He slams his fist on the button to open the door and rushes inside, smacking another button to take him down. Nothing happens. Smack. Nothing Happens. Smack, smack, smack. Nothing happens. He squints and examines the controls.

CLOSE, in bold letters that surely no one could miss, a sign taped to the controls reads: "OUT OF ORDER."

## LINUS

293                   You've got to be joking.

MEDIUM, a shadow darkens his face. The Director is at the door.

QUICK CUTS back and forth, in a messy scuffle Linus goes for a few more jabs with his bottle. He misses the first, the second The Director diverts and the third is cut short when it smashes his knee with its foot.

The old man howls in pain and sinks to the floor.

CLOSE, The Director leans in close. Static face lighting Linus'.

## THE DIRECTOR

294                   You haven't got the guts to be a star.

CLOSE, with incredible force The Director lodges the scooper into Linus stomach. He draws in a final breath, unable to even cry out in pain.

CLOSE, the Director jerks its arm, scooping out the man's guts in a gory mess.

Linus looks down at his insides, choking on pitiful, pained gasps. Mercifully, the light leaves his eyes quickly.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BACK ROOM, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

36

POV, we see The Director step out into the lobby. Black robes splattered with bits of Linus and Harv. It throws aside the bloody and bent scooper and steps into the centre of the room. Head like a spotlight, it scans the room - searching.

POV, It begins twisting its head in various directions, as if reacting to a noise. Slowly it inches past the counter and towards Tom's hiding spot, as if guided by some clairvoyance.

CLOSE, he panics - realising he's cornered. He clamps a hand around his mouth to stifle his frightened breaths. But in his panic a thought crosses his mind. He paws around for his phone and finds that the screen has been possessed of those same garbled images that appeared on Tabitha's earlier in the night.

POV, The Director is still far enough away for him to do this without giving himself up.

CLOSE, he removes the phone and bends it against his knee, breaking it.

POV, The Director's head twitches the other way and slowly it





right for danger.

INT. FRONT OF HOUSE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

39

WIDE, Tom surveys the carnage with a clear view. He sees droplets of blood, outlining The Director's path out. He sees their defences scattered and glimpses the mess in the lift. He looks away out of fear of puking.

MEDIUM, he shuffles behind the counter and towards the girls hiding spot.

HIGH-ANGLE POV, he reaches down and opens the cupboard. Syl, with Navi clutching her side, whacks Tom in the face with her bat - splitting the bridge of his nose and likely breaking it. He takes his first hit.

TOM

296 Oof! Fuck!

He collapses into one the fridges behind him.

SYL

(Genuine)

297 Sorry! I thought it was him.

Her voice is rough and coarse. Some serious damage has been done to her throat.

**CUT TO:**

The three of them are sitting in a row behind the bar, backs against the wall, looking defeated and lost. Tom, on the left, is holding a bundle of tissues to his bloody nose; Syl, in the middle, is rubbing ice into her bruised neck; Navi, on the right, is holding a towel against her bleeding scalp.

We linger on this shot for a while, hearing every sniffle, rustle of clothes and hiss of pain.

SYL

298 He's going to come back.

TOM

299 I know.

SYL

300 And either kill us or do whatever he did to Harv.

TOM

301 I know.

SYL

302 We need to do something.

TOM  
(Quieter)  
303 I know.

NAVI  
304 Look how that turned out last time.

Syl looks away, a pang of guilt crossing her face.

TOM  
305 He should be distracted for a little  
while.

He swallows his own retch of guilt.

TOM (CONT'D)  
306 We might be able to make it to the  
office.

All three nod, eventually, and start to stand up - leaning on each person to do so. They walk out of shot and we hold on the empty frame for a moment.

**CUT TO:**

OVER-SHOULDER, our three survivors are peering into the dark of the hallway past their demolished barricade.

TOM  
307 Hold on.

He takes one of the discarded legs from the chair Syl used to make her bat and tears off a bit of his shirt to wrap around the end of it.

SYL  
(Tiredly)  
308 What are you doing, Tommy? We don't  
have much time.

TOM  
309 I know, I know.

He approaches the lift and takes a deep breath before braving the scene within.

CLOSE, Linus' mangled body had already started to fade to a colourless grey. Dead eyes glare at Tom.

LOW-ANGLE, The stench is revolting. Tom can't even cover his nose because it hurts to touch. He leans out of the lift and pukes. After a few moments to compose himself he goes back in, frisking the corpse until he finds an unlabeled bottle filled with a clear liquid. Vodka.

Back by the barricade he douses the rags at the end of the

chair leg.

310 TOM  
(To Syl)  
Got a light?

She hands him one.

He delicately lights the makeshift torch and a healthy blue flame blooms, almost snatching his eyebrows.

He tears another bit of his shirt and stuffs it into what was left of the bottle.

311 TOM  
Need every upper hand we can get  
right?

312 NAVI  
(Concerned)  
I think you're more likely to melt  
your own hand off with that.

313 SYL  
Or us and the whole building.

314 TOM  
It's a last resort only. Besides, I  
won't be the one using it.

He holds his new arsenal out the Syl.

315 TOM (CONT'D)  
I'm not final girl material.

She almost looks touched as she accepts the weapons, wielding the torch with her bat and stuffing the molotov into her back pocket.

316 TOM  
You need to destroy your phones too.

317 NAVI  
(Confused)  
What?

318 TOM  
I think it's tracking us through it.  
Earlier. . .When I was hiding. . .The  
image that appeared on Tabitha's phone  
appeared on mine. It was coming right  
for me, like it was a signal, before I  
destroyed it.

319 NAVI  
I had my phone, why didn't he find us?

320 TOM  
I distracted it.

321 NAVI  
How?

Beat. He goes quiet.

322 SYL  
The logistics aren't important. Even  
if he's wrong, what's the point in  
taking the risk?

Syl takes her phone from her pocket, throws it on the ground,  
and stomps on it.

Navi mournfully looks at hers.

323 NAVI  
Can't I just leave it here?

324 TOM  
(Shaking head)  
This thing is controlling electronics  
somehow. The lights, the projector,  
our phones. We can't trust any of it  
and we can't trust what else it might  
be able to do with them.

325 NAVI  
(Resigned)  
Fine.

She follows Syl's lead and stamps on her phone. As if to  
soften the blow, Tom discards his radio.

326 SYL  
Let's go.

With Syl taking the lead they step into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING

40

Syl, a beacon in the dark, creeps towards the office. Tom and  
Navi flank her left and right.

We pass the pool of blood left by Harv again. Syl pointedly  
avoids looking at it but Tom can't help but stare. Navi is  
too busy checking behind them.

INT. OFFICE, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

41

We're in the office. We see the door open as Syl pokes her  
head inside.

She ushers the other two inside while she keeps watch by the

door.

VARIOUS shots of Tom and Navi searching the office to find the plan. They gut file cabinets, pull out draws from the desk and begin looking between the pages of books laying about.

SYL  
(Whispered)  
327 Anything?

TOM  
(Whispered)  
328 Not yet.

SYL  
(Whispered)  
329 Navi, I thought you organised this place yourself?

NAVI  
(Whispered)  
330 I did! But Tab's always moving things about without telling people.

Muffled, boomy voices echo from Theatre 4 once again.

SYL  
(Whispered)  
331 Hurry up!

NAVI  
(Whispered)  
332 I'm trying, I'm trying- ah-hah!

She holds up a large crumpled piece of paper.

NAVI (CONT'D)  
(Whispered)  
333 I need the light.

Syl leaves her post and illuminates the paper.

CLOSE, the plan is detailed and accompanied by notes, but so old that parts of it have started to fade. All three search for a while until Navi excitedly points out a spot.

NAVI  
(Whispered)  
334 There! That's where the wall is, at the end of the hallway by screen room four.

SYL  
(Whispered)  
335 Let's get a move on then.

INT. HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING

42

LOW ANGLE FRONT, the trio are moving as quickly and as silently as they can through the hallway. Inevitably, they reach a dead end - theatre 4 looming behind them.

MEDIUM, Tom steps forward and knocks on the wall. Hollow.

TOM

336           Hollow! Hand me the leg.

Syl passes over the chair leg. With an overhead strike he dents the wall. He focuses that area on successive strikes, hitting the wall over and over again.

MEDIUM on Navi, she's watching their backs and notices one of the monitors mounted outside the screen rooms begins to flicker.

NAVI

337           Something's happening.

Tom is lost in his work, Syl is focusing on angling the light.

The screen flickers into a solid image. Static. Ingrained in that haze is the faint outline of a head.

NAVI

338           Something's happening!

The other two finally turn around. The outline in the monitor moves, popping out of the screen.

Then the rest of the monitors ignite, blaring to life with the same impossible image.

THE DIRECTOR

339           The set is closed. No one goes out, no one comes in.

Its voice seems to come from everywhere. Through the walls from the speakers in the theatres, through the monitors, inside their skulls.

SYL

340           Hurry up Tommy!

He turns back around and hits the wall, ferociously.

Navi is backing up, trying to escape the inescapable. Garish light shines above her head, she's right by one the monitors - one of the faces.

She snaps. Before she can even process what she's doing, she grabs part of the discarded wall and slams it into the

monitor - yelling and cursing with each crazed hit. The rubble in her hand eventually crumbles into nothing and she reds her fists with her own blood.

On one of those hits a hand, constructed from static like the face, shoots out of the part of the monitor that was still intact.

Navi, Syl and Tom freeze. Deers caught in the headlights. The hand yanks Navi off her feet and begins pulling her through the screen. She kicks and screams but can't free herself from the grip.

SYL

341 Break the rest of the screen!

Tom thaws from his shock and does as he's told, hammering the screen with the same wildness as before.

The monitor completely falls off its hinges under such an attack and the rest of them suddenly turn off - leaving them to the mercy of their torch's light once more.

Tom is breathing hard, hunched over by Syl and the light.

SYL

342 Navi?

Nothing.

She inches forward, holding out the torch.

SYL (CONT'D)

343 Are you okay?

The light rolls over a pair of legs ending in heap of blood and viscera. The rest of Navi was on the other side of wherever the monitor went.

Syl puts a hand to her mouth, vomiting through the slits of her fingers. She backs up, stumbling.

TOM

344 Syl, don't!

The monitors light up. Syl is standing underneath one. Another hand whips out and yanks her up by her hair, pulling her into the screen.

Tom watches on helplessly. He can't do anything, lest he subject Syl to the same fate as Navi.

So he watches her go, along with the light.

INT. PROJECTOR ROOM 4, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING

43

Syl falls out of another wall mounted monitor, hitting the floor hard.

POV, she looks up and tries to blink through her daze and figure out where she is.

It's dark, like everywhere else in this damn building, save for a light shining through a gap in the wall. A projector.

She blinks again and things start to clear. She wishes they didn't.

REVEAL, the machine before her is no normal projector. It is an amalgamation of machinery and flesh. Long biomechanical tubes snake up from the floorboards and coil around themselves to form a brooding throne. Atop it sits a vintage projector. It's black casing expands and deflates as if they house a pair of lungs. The reels working tirelessly on its head spin with film and tendons. Its lens twitches and blinks like an eye.

Operating this creature is another, The Director.

Syl scurries back, hitting a wall. Slumped next to her is the rest of Navi. She screams and moves even further back into a corner.

LOW-ANGLE, The Director, almost with gleeful intent, turns around to face Syl. Its hood is down, the static image that makes up its face wraps around its entire skull.

It stalks towards Syl and crouches down in front of her.

CLOSE, Syl tries to flatten herself against the wall. The Director leans in and inspects her.

THE DIRECTOR

345                   Finally, a star. You'll shine so much  
                      brighter than all the others.

It goes to cradle her face but Syl bites its hand. It roars in pain and yanks its hand away.

LOW-ANGLE, The Director stands back up and cradles the wound.

CLOSE on hand, Syl took a good chunk out of it.

CLOSE on Syl, she spits out its hand and shoots it a bloody sneer.

THE DIRECTOR

346                   You require discipline. All leads do.  
                      You are lucky you have talent.



SYL  
347 What are you talking about?

THE DIRECTOR  
348 My masterpiece. The perfect film. What we've all been working so hard to create together.

SYL  
349 You. . . You murdered my boyfriend. My friends.

THE DIRECTOR  
350 I removed the directions. I cast the rest.

CLOSE, it digs its spindly hand into the coiling tubes beneath the projector, pulling them aside to reveal Tabitha's face - nestled deep within. The crack from where her head hit the wall is visible and strings of dried blood matt her face. Her jaw is dislodged and snaking out of her mouth is another tube.

Syl screams again.

INT. HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-EARLY MORNING

44

VARIOUS, chaotic shots of Tom pulling apart the false wall with his bare hands. He is lit by the flickering lights of the monitors lining the hall, the faceless figures on their screens mocking him.

Eventually he can see into the other room. Dusty, forgotten and ancient. Blanketed pieces of furniture litter the place, forming shapeless figures. Above them is the roof access, open. A slither of encroaching dawn shines through. He is so close.

TABITHA?  
351 Your shift isn't over yet, Thomas.

Tom pauses his frantic destruction and slowly turns around.

REVEAL, before him stands Tabitha, bloody from the split in her head. Her proportions are off, arms slightly too long, legs bending awkwardly and mouth full of too many teeth.

TABITHA?  
352 I always knew you were a slacker.

She stomps closer.

TABITHA? (CONT'D)  
353 No ambition.

Closer.

TABITHA? (CONT'D)

354 No team spirit.

Closer.

TABITHA? (CONT'D)

355 A good for nothing-

She's right in his face. Her visage morphs into the twisted form of Harv's.

HARV?

356 Backstabber.

Tom cowers beneath the projection.

HARV? (CONT'D)

357 You were my friend, Tommy-boy. I took you under my wing, I introduced you to our friends, I opened my home to you. And you repaid me by ruining everything.

He leans back, becoming Tabitha once more.

TABITHA?

358 It's all your fault, Thomas.

TOM

359 I'm sorry, I'm sorry. . .

HARV?

360 A chicken-shit like you is going to be the perfect foil.

TABITHA?

361 Stop running, Thomas.

HARV?

362 Submit-

TABITHA?

363 -to the role of a lifetime.

Syl's scream cascades through the hallways. Tom perks up, starting to snap out of his self-pity. He pinpoints where it's coming from: projector room 4.

TABITHA?

364 There's nothing you can do now.

Tom starts to stand up, using the wall for leverage.

HARV?

365 Not that you would even try. His footing is firm.

TABITHA?

366 She's going to shine.

He walks forward, reaching for something in his pocket.

HARV?

367 You won't be worth more than the dirt  
beneath her feet.

He slashes the creature's face with his box cutter. The image of it burns away like faulty film, its twisted scream ringing in his ears.

TOM

368 I'm sorry. I'll do something right  
tonight. I promise.

He takes one last look at the broken wall. His escape.  
Safety.

He turns away.

Conscious of the monitors, he breaks out into a run but the hallway suddenly stretches out before him into an impossible length. The musty, paint cracked walls flicker into a pristine version of themselves before fading away in the same burning effect as fake Harv/Tabitha. Another aberration?

INT. PROJECTOR ROOM 4, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

45

LOW-ANGLE, Syl is watching The Director as it tampers with the fleshy reels on the projector. The room around them seems to be changing somehow. One moment the walls look how they always have and the next they appear immaculate. Syl forces herself to look away, saving herself the headache.

SYL

369 What are you doing?

THE DIRECTOR

370 Refurbishing the set. It won't take  
long.

It isn't looking at her, focused on its delicate work. Syl sees an opportunity. Carefully, she pulls out the molotov.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAYS? RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS

46

Tom braves the unnatural hall, sprinting down it as fast as he can. Behind him, the monitors throw frenzied light into the hallway, a swarm of arms and hands bursting through the screens to grab Tom.

He narrowly avoids them.

CUT TO - VARIOUS:

- INT. PROJECTOR ROOM 4, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 47

CLOSE on Syl as she tries to get a flame from her lighter.

- INT. HALLWAYS? RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 48

Tom slashes a hand that he wasn't able to dodge and keeps running.

- INT. PROJECTOR ROOM 4, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 49

CLOSE, Syl is still trying. More desperate now that The Director has started to turn around.

- INT. HALLWAYS? RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 50

Tom finally sees the door leading to the projector room.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTOR ROOM 4, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 51

Syl gets a light. The fuse sparks.

SYL

371 You know something-

She stands up.

SYL

372 I think I prefer books.

THE DIRECTOR

373 NO!

In a SLOW-MO shot The Director bounds forward to stop Syl, but it's too slow. The molotov leaves her hand and smashes on the projector, engulfing the room in fire.

REGULAR SPEED, the sheer intensity of the heat sends Syl off her feet again as she tries to shield herself.

The projectors casing melts away and the twisted organs within pop and bubble. The flicker effect of the wall ceases, replaced instead by hungry licks of flame.

The Director is caught in the blast, robes alight with blue flame. It bellows with horrid, distorted screeches of pain as it rolls about in a craze.

Syl, with great effort, clambers to her feet. But the decrepit room is already falling apart. She gets a few metres before part of the ceiling collapses, trapping her legs.

Desperately, she tries to heft the weight off of her, all the while trying to avoid the ever expanding fire.

LOW-ANGLE, The outline of a figure appears in the smoke. For a moment she thinks it's The Director, having recovered already.

But Tom soon steps into view, coughing up his lungs.

TOM

374                   Come on, we need to get out of here!

He crouches down and together they remove the debris. Tom helps her up. Another figure appears in the smoke.

SYL

375                   Behind you!

Tom doesn't move fast enough and is battered with a flaming piece of wood. Standing over him is The Director. Its robes are gone, revealing its spiny, skeletal body. Parts of its white skin are scorched while other parts have disappeared entirely, replaced by chunks of fizzing static.

It steps over Tom and towards, Syl.

THE DIRECTOR

376                   My art, my life - gone!

It swings, Syl ducks.

THE DIRECTOR

377                   I'll start again. That is the way of an artist.

Another swipe catches her in the side. She falls, crying out in pain. The Director stands over her, gloating.

THE DIRECTOR

378                   You are replaceable. You people are nothing without me. Tools that need a guiding hand. Clay waiting to be molded.

POV, through the creature's legs she sees Tom getting back up. She needs to buy some time.

SYL

379                   Y-you. . .You're amateur at best.

It pauses.

THE DIRECTOR

380                   What?

381 SYL  
Any sixteen year old with an iphone  
can do better than you.

382 THE DIRECTOR  
You-

383 SYL  
You're schlocky, January filler and  
nothing more.

384 THE DIRECTOR  
I am going to rip out your tongue-

Tom charges The Director and shoulder barges him out of the projector window.

It twists its body, just barely managing to hold on. Syl stands up and together she and Tom push it all the way.

The Director wails with another cry as it falls into the theatre, its head cracking against the stairs.

385 SYL  
Is it dead?

386 TOM  
I don't know but we don't have time to  
double tap. We need to go before the  
building falls on top of us.

Leaning on each other for support, the duo hobble as quickly as they can out of the theatre.

**CUT TO - VARIOUS**

- INT. PROJECTOR ROOM 4, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 52

They barrel down the stairs out of the projector room.

- INT. HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 53

They run through the hallway, no longer possessed of its warped layout. Fire chases them.

- INT. HALLWAYS, RIALTO VISTA-CONTINUOUS 54

They are at the broken wall. They help each other cross it.

- INT. WAREHOUSE, ABANDONED FURNITURE STORE-CONTINUOUS 55

They hobble through the dilapidated warehouse, the light shining through the roof hatch cheering them on. They help each other up to the roof.

EXT. ROOF, ABANDONED FURNITURE STORE-CONTINUOUS

56

They dive onto the roof and roll onto their backs. Fresh air floods their lungs, winter wind caresses their hair and the rising sun warms their soot and blood stained faces.

An inferno continues to rage beneath them, the crackle of fire shadowing them, threatening to swallow them whole. But for a moment, they are safe.

They cover their faces, both letting out their own anguished cries. Neither seek the other out for comfort.

Tom eventually rolls over and perches himself on the edge of the roof, looking out into the town. Syl follows suit, pointedly leaving a wide berth between them. They sit like that in silence for a while.

PULL BACK to WIDE, sirens resound through the town. Help is coming.

**CUT TO CREDITS**

**END**