

# DEAD SERIOUS

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Phone Number

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A dingy local supermarket, stuck in time. Muzak plays overhead.

Elderly cashiers barely keep their eyes open. A sleepy town with sleepy problems.

LUNA BISHOP (24) walks the aisles. Pale.

Dressed like she either forgot what decade it is or just doesn't care. She holds a shopping basket with... nothing but one lemon and a pack of funeral candles.

She stops near the frozen peas. Stares at an elderly man, MR. DORSEY (70s), trying to reach a frozen lasagna.

She blinks. Suddenly -

FLASH VISION - RAPID SHOTS

Mr. Dorsey slips on a puddle.

His head hits the freezer door.

Peas scatter like green bullets.

Ambulance lights.

A toe tag: "DORSEY, ARTHUR."

BACK TO SCENE

Luna sighs.

Puts the lemon back. Picks up a banana instead - looks at it, shrugs, then drops it into her basket. She walks toward Mr. Dorsey.

LUNA  
(casual)  
Hey, Mr. Dorsey. Maybe don't grab  
the top shelf today.

MR. DORSEY  
Why not?

LUNA  
Just a hunch. Eat something soft  
today. Like yogurt. Or air.

He scoffs. As she walks away, he mutters:

MR. DORSEY  
You know, it's exhausting trying  
not to die around you.

INT. LUNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Luna eats cereal from a coffee mug. News plays on a tiny TV  
behind her.

She's not watching, but it drones on:

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)  
Arthur Dorsey, 74, passed away  
earlier this afternoon after  
slipping on a grocery store floor  
and—

She turns off the TV.

LUNA  
(sighs)  
I literally told him.

She texts someone on her cracked phone:  
"U were right. He didn't listen. #GreenPeaSlaughter"

She looks at the funeral candles on the table. There's a  
small collection of them, like trophies.

Each one labeled with names and dates.

She lights one.

LUNA (CONT'D)  
(softly, sarcastic)  
Rest in peas, Arthur.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Luna walks down the street. People cross the road to avoid  
her. A woman clutches her baby tighter. A kid yells:

KID (O.S.)  
It's the creepy death witch!

Luna just waves.

LUNA  
(cheerfully)  
Tell your dad to check his brakes!

KID

Huh?

She keeps walking.

Smiling faintly.

Weirdly at peace.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

Luna walks with purpose — or what she *thinks* is purpose.  
She's eating from a bag of marshmallows. Her phone buzzes.

She checks a text from "UNKNOWN NUMBER":

"Meet me at Elm & 5th. She's in danger. DO SOMETHING FOR  
ONCE."

Luna squints.

LUNA

(under breath)

Okay, rude... but specific. I like  
that.

She shoves more marshmallows in her mouth and *jogs awkwardly*  
toward the intersection.

EXT. ELM & 5TH - MOMENTS LATER

A rundown street corner.

Trash bins.

A thin YOUNG WOMAN (20s) stands at a payphone, arguing with a  
man — BOYFRIEND (20s, muscle shirt, twitchy energy).

Luna stares at them from behind a bush. Literally crouching  
behind a bush. Eating marshmallows.

She blinks. A vision flashes:

FLASH VISION - SNAPSHOTS

The woman running.

Screaming.

A brick. Blood.

A hand around her throat.

A final breath. Silence.

BACK TO SCENE

LUNA  
(cringing)  
Oof. That's not good.

She stands, pats herself down like she's about to defuse a bomb. Drops the marshmallows.

LUNA (CONT'D)  
(pep talk)  
You got this. You're the hero. You  
save people now.

She walks up. Nervous smile. Too cheerful.

LUNA (CONT'D)  
Hi! Sorry to interrupt your...  
toxic red flag romance—

BOYFRIEND  
Huh?

LUNA  
I just wanted to let you know...  
you're about to kill her.

The boyfriend and woman both freeze.

YOUNG WOMAN  
What the hell?

LUNA  
Don't freak out, but I'm psychic.  
Not like tarot stuff — like death-  
visions. And you're going to murder  
her with a brick. Very graphic.  
It's a no from me.

BOYFRIEND  
Are you high?

LUNA  
Only on sugar and anxiety.

The woman pulls her arm away, suddenly spooked.

YOUNG WOMAN

Wait... are you that girl? The one  
from the deli thing?

LUNA

If you mean the cheese-slicer  
incident... yes. That was  
unfortunate. But I'm better now.

The boyfriend LAUGHS.

BOYFRIEND

Yo, get lost, Ghost Girl. You're  
the reason my cousin choked on  
hamsticks.

LUNA

That was not my fault. He refused  
the Heimlich.

Suddenly, he SHOVES Luna — lightly, but enough to make her  
TRIP over the curb and fall directly into a trash can with a  
*comedic clatter*.

LUNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Okay... rude and unsanitary...

The boyfriend grabs the girl's arm and walks away.

EXT. ELM STREET - LATER

Luna watches from across the street, brushing garbage off her  
shirt.

Her marshmallows are still on the ground.

Behind her... a SCREAM.

She turns just in time to see the girl running from the  
boyfriend... into an alley.

Luna starts to run... and immediately slips on her own  
marshmallows.

LUNA

COME ON!

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The boyfriend is gone. The girl lies on the ground. Blood on  
her head. A brick nearby.

Luna kneels beside her. Checks for breath. Nothing.

She sits. Defeated. Looks up at the sky.

LUNA  
(straight-faced)  
God, are you *punking* me?

She slowly pulls a funeral candle from her oversized coat pocket and sets it beside the body.

LUNA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I really thought this one was gonna  
work...

INT. LUNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She tapes a "Failed Attempt" label into a scrapbook titled "People I Killed by Accident (Kind Of)".

There's a section called "Almost Got It Right." It's empty.

She lights another candle.

LUNA  
Tomorrow. Tomorrow I'm saving  
someone. I *can feel* it.

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MORNING

Students swarm the quad. Sun is out. Hope is in the air. The smell of overpriced coffee and existential dread.

LUNA walks like someone who hasn't slept - messy bun, sunglasses on indoors, and a granola bar she's just chewing... without unwrapping the whole thing.

INT. LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

She slumps into her usual seat near the back.

Her two friends, FARRAH (the bubbly drama queen) and TASHA (the hot-goth weed enthusiast), slide in beside her.

FARRAH  
You look like a haunted sock.

LUNA  
Thank you. That's the vibe I'm  
cultivating.

TASHA

Let me guess. Dead again?

LUNA

Not me. But yeah. Brick to the head. Textbook domestic tragedy.

FARRAH

Jesus. What'd you do this time?

LUNA

Tried to help. Ended up in a trash can. Again.

TASHA

You're consistent. I respect that.

FARRAH

You need a hobby. Or a demon cleanse.

LUNA

I have a hobby. Dying inside.

Farrah starts scrolling her phone.

FARRAH

Oh. My. God. Did y'all hear? We have a new student. *Mid-term*.

TASHA

Who transfers mid-term? That's, like, socially suicidal.

FARRAH

No, girl. He's hot. Like... tall-hot. With a book. And cheekbones.

LUNA

(blasé)

Oh no. Not cheekbones. Somebody call the Dean.

Suddenly a murmur ripples across the lecture hall. Even the professor pauses his projector setup.

Everyone turns to the door.

ENTER:

CALEB (23) — tall, calm, effortlessly magnetic. Leather jacket. Slight stubble.



He walks like he knows he's being watched but doesn't care. He has a book in his hand, and somehow it's poetry. Of course.

He scans the room, smiles faintly... and heads to an empty seat beside Luna.

All the girls watch in synchronized disbelief.

FARRAH  
(whispers)  
Girl... he's sitting next to you.

TASHA  
What did you do? Summon him with sadness?

LUNA  
Maybe he's cursed too. Or blind.

Caleb sits down. Glances at Luna's granola bar.

CALEB  
You gonna unwrap that?

LUNA  
Eventually. Builds suspense.

CALEB  
Cool.

He opens his book. Doesn't say more.

Luna stares forward, blankly. Then leans toward her friends.

LUNA (CONT'D)  
This is a trap, right? Like...  
Satan sent him?

FARRAH  
If Satan looks like that, I'm ready  
to sin.

INT. LECTURE HALL - LATER

The professor lectures on existentialism. Luna doodles in her notebook: a stick figure with Xs for eyes, being hit by a brick.

PROFESSOR  
And Camus would say the absurd man  
embraces the inevitability of death  
without giving in to despair...

Luna underlines "inevitability of death" four times. Then stares off... vision hazy.

INT. VISION FLASH - BRIEF SNAPSHOT

Luna - bloody, breathless. A SHADOWY FIGURE looms.

BACK TO SCENE

She flinches. Caleb glances at her.

CALEB  
You okay?

LUNA  
Yeah. Just... thinking about death.

CALEB  
Cool.

He nods - like that was a normal thing to say. She stares at him.

LUNA  
You're weird.

CALEB  
Takes one to know one.

INT. CAMPUS CAFETERIA - LATER

Farrah and Tasha walk with Luna, whispering dramatically.

FARRAH  
Okay, what if he's a Russian spy?

TASHA  
Or a vampire. Like a hot, depressed vampire.

LUNA  
Or just another guy I'll accidentally get killed.

They stop.

FARRAH  
Jesus, Luna. You ever consider therapy?

LUNA  
I tried. Therapist moved cities  
after one session.

INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Luna sits in a beanbag, reading a book called "How Not To Die (Yet)" with a highlighter in her mouth.

Her phone is buzzing off the hook. She ignores it.

CALEB drops into the beanbag next to her — somehow calm, cool, and annoyingly graceful, like he was born with cinematic lighting.

CALEB  
That's an intense book title.

LUNA  
I skim for irony.

CALEB  
People keep asking if we're dating.

Luna raises a brow, doesn't look up.

LUNA  
We're not. Unless this is your way  
of proposing.

CALEB  
Just saying... the rumors are  
faster than the Wi-Fi here.

Luna finally looks at him. Smirks.

LUNA  
Look, I don't have the emotional  
capacity to be anyone's manic pixie  
death girl.

CALEB  
Noted. But you're less creepy than  
people say.

LUNA  
  
(highly sarcastic)  
Thank you. That means a lot.

CALEB  
So... what's your deal? Why all the  
death talk?

She looks at him. Hesitates.

LUNA

I have visions. People die. I try to help. They still die.

(pause)

Sometimes with more limbs detached than necessary.

He stares at her. Doesn't laugh.

CALEB

Cool. Wanna grab coffee?

LUNA

You're weird.

CALEB

We covered that.

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - EVENING

Luna exits the library alone, sipping iced coffee.

Suddenly - a CAR DOOR SLAMS.

Two plainclothes cops approach.

DETECTIVE RICHARD "RICK" DANFORD (40s) - gruff, tired of everyone's crap.

And OFFICER JAMIE (30s) - more cheerful, out of place in homicide.

DANFORD

Luna Bishop?

LUNA

(deep sigh)

Let me guess. Someone else died and I was... nearby?

DANFORD

A girl. Alley off Fifth. Brick to the skull.  
Farrah says you were there.

LUNA

I mean, not *during* it. I'm not Amazon Prime for murders.

OFFICER JAMIE  
You're not a suspect. Yet.

Luna gives them the most exaggerated poker face in history.

DANFORD  
Actually... I was hoping you'd help  
us.

Luna blinks.

LUNA  
Sorry, what?

DANFORD  
You see stuff before it happens.  
Farrah's uncle. She won't shut up  
about it. Figured... hell, why not  
try the local Grim Reaper for once.

OFFICER JAMIE  
He said that with love.

DANFORD  
I didn't.

He pulls out a photo of the victim.

DANFORD (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Ever see her before? Did you get...  
I dunno... a psychic death seizure?

LUNA  
Vision. Not seizure. Bit offensive.

She glances at the photo. Winces.

LUNA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Yeah. I saw her. Tried to help.

DANFORD  
What happened?

LUNA  
Trash can. Brick. Blood. Failure.  
You know, the usual.

OFFICER JAMIE  
Can you describe the killer?

LUNA  
Only in the blurry "Netflix intro"  
version.

Danford nods. Tosses her a card.

DANFORD  
Call me if you see something again.  
Or before someone dies.  
(pauses)  
Preferably *before*.

They leave. Luna stands there, sipping her drink.

LUNA  
I'm gonna need stronger coffee.

INT. LUNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A small, cozy space filled with strange décor.

One wall is all religious candles, the other has cat paintings, but they don't own a cat.

LUNA enters, completely exhausted. Drops her bag like it betrayed her. Collapses face-first onto the couch.

From the kitchen:

MRS. BISHOP (O.S.)  
Luna! We saved you soup. With  
vegetables you don't like!

LUNA  
Tell the soup I died. Heroically.

MR. BISHOP (O.S.)  
That's your third death this week.  
We're running out of tissues and  
sarcasm.

MRS. BISHOP enters holding a steaming bowl. She wears a t-shirt that says:

"I Survived Raising Luna (Barely)"

MRS. BISHOP  
What happened now?

LUNA  
Brick murder. Failed intervention.  
Cops think I'm helpful now.

MRS. BISHOP  
Jesus.

MR. BISHOP (O.S.)  
Don't bring Jesus into your mess,  
Marcy!

LUNA  
I'm going to Farrah's. For...  
*studying.*

Her phone BUZZES.

She checks it.

FARRAH: *Come NOW. Group project + tea. Also I found out why  
Caleb transferred !!*

LUNA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Also possibly Caleb-related gossip.  
But mostly... academic suffering.

MRS. BISHOP  
Not after dark. Remember what  
happened last time?

LUNA  
I didn't cause the explosion. I  
just predicted it.

MR. BISHOP walks in now, holding a baby monitor for no  
reason.

MR. BISHOP  
Who watches these kids? Huh?  
Nobody! That's who!

MRS. BISHOP  
She's twenty-one, Greg.

MR. BISHOP  
I know how numbers work, Marcy.

LUNA  
Please. I need this. My GPA depends  
on this.

MRS. BISHOP  
So does your soul.

MR. BISHOP  
Let her go. At least she has  
friends. Unlike our Alexa.

The Alexa beeps.

ALEXA  
I'm always listening.

LUNA  
That's not creepy at all.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Luna walks toward the main road, hoodie up, backpack slung.

It's quiet.

Too quiet.

She stops. Glances over her shoulder.

Empty.

Keeps walking.

A soft rustling in the bushes.

She turns again.

Still empty.

LUNA  
(quietly)  
If this is the killer... just know  
I'm broke and emotionally  
unavailable.

She walks faster. Pulls out pepper spray from her coat... but  
it's actually a mini perfume bottle.

LUNA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Okay. Wrong weapon. But you'll  
die... *fabulously*.

She sees her TAXI waiting up ahead. Relief.

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

She slams the door shut and locks it.

The driver turns around.

DRIVER  
Rough night?



LUNA  
I think I'm being stalked by either  
a killer... or raccoons.

DRIVER  
Cape Town?

LUNA  
Cape Town.

The car drives off. Behind them, someone steps out from the shadows...

A HOODED FIGURE, watching as the taxi fades.

CUT TO:

INT. FARRAH & TASHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A lively, slightly chaotic apartment. Fairy lights. Too many throw pillows.

A *life-sized cardboard cutout of Beyoncé* in the corner. Sage burning in an ashtray. A vibe.

FARRAH, in pajamas and face mask, opens the door for LUNA.

FARRAH  
Welcome to hell, sweetie. We saved  
you some anxiety and three Oreos.

LUNA  
As long as I die with dignity.

She steps in.

TASHA is lounging on the couch in an oversized hoodie, painting her nails black... with a knife next to her.

TASHA  
That's not for nails. That's just  
comfort.

LUNA  
Honestly, valid.

She throws herself onto the couch.

FARRAH  
So... spill. You were with Caleb  
today.

LUNA

He asked if I wanted coffee. Like a serial killer.

TASHA

Or like a guy trying to flirt with a girl who looks like she lives in a cemetery.

LUNA

I exude "do not approach" and yet... men persist.

FARRAH

He's hot. You need to risk it. What's the worst that could happen?

LUNA

Death. Pain. Brick to the head. Cursed romance. The usual.

TASHA

That's kind of her brand.

They laugh. Then:

FARRAH

But seriously... why are you still living with your parents? We literally have a third room.

LUNA

Because last time I lived here, someone died in the building. And the time before that. And I don't want to be a Netflix documentary title.

TASHA

You wouldn't be the killer though. You'd be, like... the weird medium people ignore until episode 6.

FARRAH

You should move back in. You know we love your creepy ass.

LUNA

That's the nicest death threat I've ever received.

They laugh again. The mood shifts slightly.

TASHA

You know, for real though... have you ever seen your own death?

Luna freezes. A long pause.

LUNA

I did. This morning. It was me. Not someone else. For the first time ever.

They all go quiet.

FARRAH

Damn.

TASHA

Are you scared?

LUNA

No. I'm pissed. I can't stop what's coming, but I'm gonna expose whoever it is. She kills me, I go viral.

FARRAH

Did you say "she"?

LUNA

Might be a guy. Or a demon. Vision was blurry. But hot hands. Like... *murder* hands.

TASHA

I hate how you make trauma sound like dating apps.

LUNA

It's how I cope.

BANG! BANG! BANG! — a loud knock on the front door.

They all jump.

FARRAH

Did anyone order food?

TASHA

I didn't.

LUNA

I swear to God if this is the killer with bad timing—

TASHA  
(genuinely excited)  
Can I stab him this time?

FARRAH  
Wait. Wait! Don't stab. Let me  
check.

FARRAH tiptoes to the door, peeks through the peephole.

FARRAH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
It's... a pizza guy?

LUNA  
We didn't order pizza.

She grabs the knife off the table. Slowly walks to the door  
behind Farrah.

FARRAH  
Jesus, Luna, we have pepper spray.

LUNA  
That won't stop a ghost in a  
tracksuit.

She yanks the door open — and a man in a pizza delivery  
uniform steps in. Tall. Silent. Staring.

Everyone freezes.

LUNA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Wrong house, buddy.

She raises the knife. He raises the pizza box.

A beat.

Then — *the lights flicker.*

STRIPPER GUY  
You ladies order extra... *meat?*

LOUD CLUB MUSIC BLARES from his phone as he rips open the  
Velcro on his shirt. CHEESY STRIP DANCE ENSUES.

FARRAH  
YESSS! Birthday prank success!

TASHA  
Wait, it's not even her birthday.

FARRAH  
Emotionally it is.

Luna stares in disbelief.

LUNA  
I almost stabbed Magic Mike with a  
garlic crust.

INT. FARRAH'S APARTMENT - LATER

The music is over. Stripper is gone. They're lying on the floor in a blanket pile, wheezing with laughter.

FARRAH  
Okay but be honest — how close were  
you to murdering him?

LUNA  
Knife was mid-air. My ghost  
would've gotten community service.

Suddenly — Luna's face shifts. Blank. Cold. A *flicker of something*.

She turns to the window. Nothing's there.

But she feels it.

TASHA  
You okay?

LUNA  
I think I'm being watched again.

They all go quiet.

Farrah slowly pulls down a blind.

FARRAH  
Maybe it's the stripper.

LUNA  
No. This one doesn't have cheesy  
music.

TASHA  
Then we're f\*cked.

INT. FARRAH & TASHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luna, Farrah, and Tasha are still in their blanket pile when a POP-UP MESSAGE flashes on Farrah's phone:

CALEB'S PARTY. TONIGHT. DORM COURTYARD. BE THERE OR BE EXILED.

FARRAH  
Oop. You're coming.

TASHA  
Caleb's dorm party. University legends are made there.

LUNA  
Cool, I can be a cautionary tale instead.

EXT. UBER CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

The girls sit in the back seat of a cheap, questionably-scented Uber. Ruby is in front.

UBER DRIVER, a silent, pale-faced man with unsettling eyes, drives. His stare lingers too long on the rear-view mirror.

FARRAH  
(to the driver)  
You good up there, my guy?

He doesn't answer. Just breathes heavily.

RUBY  
He's giving "kills for sport" vibes.

LUNA  
It's always the quiet ones with pine-scented trauma.

EXT. CALEB'S DORM COURTYARD - LATER

Lights. Music. People everywhere.

It's one of *those* college parties — too loud, too drunk, too many guys wearing fake gold chains.

As the girls step out:

FARRAH  
Party time, witches.

STRIPPER GUY reappears in the crowd — this time fully clothed, holding two Solo cups. He kisses Farrah.

LUNA

Wow. She really ordered pizza and found love.

TASHA

He's probably already saved as "Dominos Daddy" in her phone.

LUNA

As she deserves.

Luna breaks off from the group, wandering toward the quieter end of the courtyard, under string lights and ivy walls.

EXT. SIDE OF THE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

A quieter vibe.

Luna sits on a concrete edge sipping juice, observing. A young guy, 21, clean-cut, nerd-hot, walks over.

CALEB'S BROTHER (ZAYN)

Hey, you're Luna, right?

LUNA

Unless I'm hallucinating, yeah.

ZAYN

I'm Zayn. Caleb's younger brother.

LUNA

Didn't know he came in sequel form.

He laughs. It's awkward, but sweet.

Suddenly – Luna stiffens. Her drink slips slightly in her hand.

FLASH VISION:

Farrah dancing with her boyfriend. Laughing.

Tasha on her phone by the edge of the pool.

A HOODED FIGURE creeping behind her.

Tasha turns too late. The killer plunges a knife into her back.

Screams. Chaos.

Farrah's boyfriend turns – IT'S HIM.

Farrah sees him stabbing Tasha.

She runs. Screams. Slips—

Falls backward into the pool.

Cracks her head.

She's floating. Dead.

BACK TO SCENE

Luna GASPS loudly — drops her cup.

ZAYN

Hey — whoa, are you okay?

LUNA

Yeah... yeah... just got lightheaded.

ZAYN

You sure? You look like you just saw a ghost.

She stares at the crowd.

Eyes scanning.

Looking for Farrah.

For Tasha.

For the man from her vision.

The party is still alive and oblivious...

LUNA

(softly)

Not a ghost.

A killer.

INT. CALEB'S PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

FARRAH and her boyfriend (DOMINIC) are... well, *busy*. Shirt off. Mood right. Music muffled through the walls.

Her phone lights up beside the bed:

"TASHA - 1 MISSED CALL"

Farrah doesn't notice.



EXT. PARTY - BACK YARD - NIGHT

TASHA steps away from the crowd, into a dark side path near the garage. Phone in hand.

TASHA  
(texting)  
*"Where r u? By the pool?"*

RECEIVED:  
*"Yea. Come to the back. Have a blunt."*

TASHA  
Hell yeah.

She walks.

A shadow watches her from behind a shed.

INT. PARTY - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

LUNA, holding a cup of warm soda, scans the crowd nervously. ZAYN follows her like a confused puppy.

RUBY suddenly rushes up.

RUBY  
Tasha's not answering. I saw someone watching her!

ZAYN  
I'll check outside—

CALEB'S EX (LYRA, 22) appears out of nowhere. Dressed to intimidate.

Glitter on her eyelids and zero tolerance on her face.

ZAYN (CONT'D)  
Lyra. Wow. Didn't know you were—

LYRA  
It's a public party. I don't need a permission slip.

ZAYN  
Have you seen Caleb?

LYRA  
No. He's probably banging some idiot.

LUNA  
(chimes in nicely)  
Hi! I'm Luna. Nice to—

LYRA turns to Zayn, ignoring Luna entirely.

LYRA (CONT'D)  
Still picking up your brother's  
leftovers, huh?

Luna's smile dies.

EXT. GARAGE SIDE - NIGHT

TASHA opens a creaky side door. Enters a shadowy, silent storage area with tools, hoses, and paint buckets.

Door SLAMS behind her. She jumps.

TASHA  
Okay, not cute.

She grabs the doorknob. It won't budge.

TASHA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Hey! Hello?

From the dark — a SNEAKERED FOOTSTEPS approach.

Suddenly — a SILHOUETTE lunges!

Tasha SCREAMS — bolts deeper into the garage.

INT. PARTY - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Farrah's phone BUZZES again.  
"LUNA CALLING"

Farrah is straddling Dominic. She pauses.

FARRAH  
Wait. Cold air just hit my back.

DOMINIC  
Baby, that's just me breathing.

FARRAH  
You breathe like death?

She climbs off, grabs her phone. Missed call. Another one.  
Then picks up.

INTERCUT: LUNA OUTSIDE

LUNA  
FARRAH! HE'S HERE! THE KILLER'S  
HERE! Tasha's not safe—

FARRAH  
Girl, you need a nap or a drink.

LUNA  
LISTEN! Tasha called me, then  
stopped!

DOMINIC  
  
(barely dressed)  
C'mere babe—

FARRAH  
  
(shuts phone)  
False alarm.

She kisses him again.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

TASHA spots a tiny rectangular window high on the wall.  
She rushes for it, grabs a stepladder — climbs — struggling—  
THE KILLER GRABS HER LEG — YANKS HARD!

Tasha SCREAMS, her head now poking out of the window to the  
street.

TASHA  
HELP! HE'S CUTTING ME—OH MY GOD!!

Her leg BLEEDS as the killer slices — but she KICKS, gets  
loose — and LEAPS—

HER WIG TEARS OFF IN THE KILLER'S HAND.

She hits the sidewalk hard, laughing in pain.

TASHA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
NICE TRY YOU BALD-BITCH-MAKER!

Suddenly — BAM! A speeding car slams into her.

Tasha rolls to the pavement. Unconscious. Alive. Barely.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

FARRAH turns - Dominic is now lying weirdly stiff.

FARRAH

Dom?

Blood drips from his neck.

Farrah SCREAMS - and jumps back.

THE KILLER stands near the bed. Blood on their hands. Holding a knife.

CALEB'S EX, LYRA, walks in behind-

LYRA

What the-

They BOTH SCREAM.

Farrah sprints toward the window, tries to open it-

SWOOSH - THE KILLER THROWS A KNIFE.

It HITS her in the back - she stumbles - FALLS OUT THE WINDOW - into the pool below.

The water turns red.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

LUNA rushes in - sees the killer turn toward LYRA.

She GRABS a heavy candle holder from the stair ledge - SWINGS - hits the killer in the back - the killer stumbles down the stairs.

Luna stares in SHOCK.

LYRA

(hyperventilating)

How... how did you know?!

SCREAMS OUTSIDE.

LUNA

Tasha...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

Crowd gathers.

TASHA is moaning, surrounded by bystanders. Bloodied. Bare scalp. Leg torn.

LUNA runs to her, pushes through the crowd.

Tasha looks up – almost smiling – until she whispers:

TASHA  
He's... he's still... here...

LUNA looks back.

THE KILLER IS GONE.

EXT. PARTY - BACKYARD - LATER

The music is low. A hush has fallen.

People stare at Luna. Whispering. Confused. Scared.

She walks back toward the DJ booth.

CALEB is there – spinning a track – but his eyes lock on hers.

Expression unreadable.

Too calm.

Too focused.

LUNA stares back.

A long beat.

BLACKOUT.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

The once-rowdy party is now silent.

Police lights spin red and blue over confused college students wrapped in blankets and trauma.

Paramedics lift TASHA onto a stretcher.

She's bloodied, pale, but alive. She gives Luna a weak thumbs-up.

LUNA stands nearby, shivering under a metallic thermal blanket, sipping a juice pouch someone gave her.

She watches the stretcher roll into the ambulance.

LUNA  
(to herself)  
I saved someone... What the actual  
hell.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The body of FARRAH is being wheeled out in a black bag.

Detective GRAYSON, 50s, gruff but weirdly charming, walks in. He's trailed by OFFICER MEL FARLEY, 30s - uptight, suspicious, and unfortunately... Luna's uncle.

GRAYSON  
Body count's growing faster than  
student loans.

FARLEY  
My niece is here. Again.

GRAYSON  
(smirks)  
She's either cursed... or  
recruiting.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LUNA sits at the counter as Officer Farley walks in, arms folded.

FARLEY  
You know how this looks, Luna.

LUNA  
That I'm unlucky? Or psychic? Or  
maybe just stupid with great hair?

FARLEY  
You were in the room when the last  
one died. You called Farrah. You  
fought the killer.

LUNA  
I also saved Tasha. And Lyra.  
That's... like 2.5 people.

Farley stares at her.

GRAYSON (O.S.)  
Let the kid breathe, Mel. She looks  
like she's already halfway to  
trauma therapy.

GRAYSON enters with a dry cup of coffee and a croissant he  
probably stole from a victim's plate.

GRAYSON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Ms. Luna. Let's go through it again  
— calmly.

LUNA  
You're not gonna believe me.

GRAYSON  
Kid, I once arrested a mime for  
strangling someone during an  
invisible hug. Try me.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

CSI agents photograph the scene. Blood splattered on the  
walls.

Knife on the floor. Caleb's DJ booth unplugged.

Grayson and Farley observe.

GRAYSON  
You see that? Killer was surgical.  
Fast. Precise. No hesitation.

FARLEY  
But the girl had a weapon. A  
candelabra. She stopped him.

GRAYSON  
Then why didn't she report it  
before it happened?

FARLEY  
She always sees it after. Never  
before.

Grayson raises an eyebrow.

GRAYSON  
Sounds like a terrible superhero.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAWN

Luna sits on a bench outside the hospital, wrapped in a hoodie.

Zayn sits beside her.

They both watch the sunrise in silence.

ZAYN  
You okay?

LUNA  
I don't know. I feel like... I finally did something right. But it still got worse.

ZAYN  
Farrah's gone. But Tasha isn't.

Luna looks at him, deeply unsure.

LUNA  
It's like my visions — they always come true. But this one... Tasha made it.

ZAYN  
You changed fate.

She processes that.

LUNA  
Or fate's just slow... maybe it'll catch up later.

Zayn looks spooked.

ZAYN  
Okay... don't say stuff like that. I just started liking you.

LUNA  
You what now?

He panics.



ZAYN

I meant like, I respect your aura.  
Your psychic death energy. It's...  
hot in a terrifying way.

They sit quietly again.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATER

On a whiteboard:

"VICTIMS" - Clementine (from earlier), Farrah, Attempted:  
Tasha.

Photos. Timelines. Red yarn.

Grayson draws a circle around Luna's face.

GRAYSON

She's not the killer.

FARLEY

But the killer's obsessed with her.  
Or scared of her.

GRAYSON

Or... following her visions.

INT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MAIN HALL - DAY

A digital poster on the screen reads:

"In Memoriam: Farrah Jules (2004-2025)"

Students gather. Some are sad. Some are taking selfies with  
the memorial wall.

Across the quad, POLICE FLYERS go up with Luna's face on  
them:

"Have You Seen This Girl Near a Crime Scene? If so, Report to  
Campus Police."

LUNA passes by, wearing sunglasses, a hoodie, and trying to  
act "invisible"... failing horribly.

STUDENT #1

Isn't that her?

STUDENT #2

The girl who attracts death?

STUDENT #3

No, that's my ex.

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

RUBY drags Luna behind a bush.

RUBY  
Luna, you're like five posters away  
from becoming a TikTok filter.

LUNA  
I know! Everyone either wants to  
kill me or *date me*. Which is worse?

RUBY  
Depends. Are they hot?

INT. CAMPUS CAFETERIA - LATER

Luna and Ruby sit in a dark corner booth. Luna pulls out a tablet and slams it on the table.

LUNA  
Okay. Plan B: Track the killer.

RUBY  
Wait. There was a plan A?

LUNA  
Yes. Plan A was to stay alive and  
hope no one else died. It failed  
spectacularly.

RUBY  
(sips iced chai)  
Fair.

EXT. TRACK FIELD - LATER

CALEB, wearing a tight shirt, jogs up to them. He's too charming for his own good.

CALEB  
Luna... can I talk to you?

LUNA  
No. Absolutely not. If this is  
about "my powers," go ask the  
nearest horoscope app.

CALEB  
Look. I know you see things. And...  
my brother-he's been acting weird.  
Real weird.

LUNA

So is everyone on this campus. That includes me.

CALEB

Please. Just one reading. One vision. I'll trade you a hoodie and half a chocolate croissant.

Ruby leans to Luna.

RUBY

Chocolate croissant is tempting.

LUNA

I'm not a vending machine for death. Buzz off.

INT. LUNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Luna lies on her bed, headphones on, eyes wide open. A storm outside. Thunder.

She breathes deeply.

LUNA (V.O.)

You want visions? Fine. Let's play.

She closes her eyes.

VISION SEQUENCE - DREAMLIKE / SURREAL

-- RUBY running through the campus library, screaming.

-- Blood dripping on white pages.

-- A gloved hand smashing glass.

-- A KNIFE reflecting Luna's eye.

-- LUNA, gagged, in a chair, watching as THE KILLER removes their mask -

It's the same eyes from before.

FARRAH'S KILLER.

The killer stares at Luna.

KILLER  
(in vision)  
You're not supposed to be here.

Suddenly, Luna's body is thrown off a rooftop – SPLAT.  
She sees her own hand twitching... a phone nearby,  
recording... blood smearing a name...

"CALEB?"

INT. LUNA'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Luna bolts upright in bed, gasping.

LUNA  
No. No no no no no.

She grabs her phone. Dials.

LUNA (CONT'D)  
(panicking)  
Ruby. Stay home. Lock your doors.  
And delete all your dating apps.

RUBY (V.O.)  
You had a vision, huh?

LUNA  
You die. I die. Everyone dies.  
Also, I think the killer wears  
exfoliating gloves.

RUBY (V.O.)  
Oh hell no.

INT. CAMPUS POLICE STATION - NEXT DAY

Grayson and Farley stare at the new crime map. Luna's name is  
still underlined.

FARLEY  
We can't ignore it anymore. Either  
she's connected, or cursed.

GRAYSON  
Or... maybe she's the reason we're  
even catching glimpses of him.

EXT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - DAY

Luna exits the library, still in a half-daze from the vision. She glances at every student like *anyone* could be the killer.

Suddenly—

OFFICER DANFORD (40s) appears next to her from behind a pillar, sipping a Slurpee.

DANFORD

You look like a raccoon that saw a ghost in its taxes.

LUNA

Jesus! Are you stalking me?

DANFORD

Not officially. Not since I got fired.

LUNA

Wait—*what*?

He pulls out his badge. It's snapped in half.

DANFORD

Dismissed last week. Too close to the "vision girl case." Conflict of interest, they said.

LUNA

So you're... what, freelance now?

DANFORD

You ever seen a killer who *wants* to be caught, but slowly? That's what's happening. But he's using you.

LUNA

Thanks for the trauma dump, but I don't even trust my toaster anymore.

DANFORD

Luna, listen. You're not the final girl. You're the *perfect shield*. The fall girl. They'll keep using your visions to mask the real pattern.

Luna frowns.

LUNA  
But I saved Tasha.

DANFORD  
Or maybe the killer let her live.  
So you'd feel useful. So you'd keep  
watching while he kills the rest.

A long, cold beat.

LUNA  
That's... messed up.

DANFORD  
Welcome to messed up.

INT. RUBY'S ROOM - DAY

Ruby paints her nails, video chatting with Luna.

RUBY  
So this ex-cop tells you you're the  
killer's therapy puppet? Cute.

LUNA (V.O.)  
He said I'm a distraction. A decoy.  
What if he's right?

Ruby hears a THUMP in the hallway.

RUBY  
Hold up. Someone's at the door.  
Probably my UberEats guy again.  
He's lowkey hot.

She opens the door... no one.

She looks down. There's a single red rose with a ribbon.

RUBY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Either my secret admirer has  
style, or I'm about to be stabbed  
with class.

She shuts the door — but hears a soft scratching from the closet.

RUBY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Hello? If you're in there, I hope  
you have pizza or a knife.  
Actually... no knife.

She throws open the closet—

Nothing.

She exhales... then turns—  
A shadow in the mirror moves behind her.

She spins with her curling iron raised—

RUBY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Back off! I once fought a Karen in  
Target. I will *end* you!

Nothing. The shadow's gone.

INT. UNIVERSITY GYM - LATER

Students pile in for a wellness assembly. Caleb's DJ booth is  
set up again.

There's tension in the air.

Luna arrives with Ruby, both scanning every face.

RUBY  
What if the killer's here?

LUNA  
What if *everyone's* the killer?

RUBY  
Then I want a refund on humanity.

INT. GYM - STAGE - LATER

A guest speaker drones on about "Healing Through Group  
Therapy" while students yawn.

Suddenly—

A MASSIVE FIRE ALARM GOES OFF.

The lights flicker. Smoke bursts through a vent.

STUDENT 1  
Is this... a drill?

STUDENT 2  
That's not drill smoke. That's,  
like, budget horror movie smoke!

Panic spreads. Screams.

Luna and Ruby get shoved by a crowd stampeding toward the exits.

RUBY

Oh my god, I just stepped on  
someone's laptop!

LUNA

We're gonna die and someone's gonna  
Venmo request you after!

Suddenly – Luna trips. Hits the gym floor. She looks up–

A black-gloved hand just grazes her ankle – reaching –  
She SCREAMS – but security rushes in and grabs her.

SECURITY GUARD

You again?! Why are you always on  
the floor during a crime?

LUNA

It's my brand now, okay!?

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS POLICE OFFICE – NIGHT

Luna sits, wrapped in a blanket.

DANFORD walks in, unnoticed, and puts hot tea beside her.

DANFORD

Still think it's a coincidence?

LUNA

No. But if I die, I want "She Kinda  
Tried" on my tombstone.

Danford sighs.

DANFORD

Let's catch him. Your way.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – NIGHT

TASHA lies in bed, face bruised, leg in traction. She's  
barely conscious, eyes flickering open and shut.

OFFICER NATE (40s), Farrah's uncle, stands at her bedside  
with DETECTIVE LEWIS (30s) – more skeptical and annoyed.



NATE

Tasha. Blink once for yes, twice  
for no, okay?

Tasha barely moves. Her eyes flutter once. Then twice. Then once.

LEWIS

What the hell does that mean?  
That's like... one and a half.

NATE

She's trying. Just give her a  
second.

LEWIS

She looks like she's Morse-coding  
from a coma.

TASHA

(Hoarse whisper) C-c-c...

LEWIS

Cocaine?

NATE

Killer? Caleb? What's C?

TASHA

C...C-c-c...Cake...

A long pause. Tasha lets out a small groan and blinks rapidly.

LEWIS

Okay I'm writing "Cake" in the  
report. I hope to God it's a code.

NATE

Let's give her a minute. She's been  
through hell.

LEWIS

Yeah. So have I. I had to watch a  
freshman cry over a protein shake  
earlier. This campus is cursed.

INT. LUNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LUNA sits awkwardly between her MOM and DAD on the couch.  
They watch a church documentary, but her eyes are somewhere  
else.

MOM

Doctor says your blood pressure is too high for your age. Maybe it's time we move forward with the plan.

LUNA

You mean exile?

DAD

Sweetheart, it's called transferring. You'll have a quiet place. Less...murder.

MOM

Just two more weeks, and we'll get you out of this hellhole.

LUNA

I can't leave.

MOM

We already bought the ticket.

LUNA

Then refund it. Exchange it. Sell it on the black web. I'm not going anywhere.

Her parents exchange a look.

LUNA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I think it's Caleb. I think he's the killer.

DAD

The pretty one from the university?

MOM

Oh, the DJ boy?

LUNA

Yes, Mom. The "DJ boy." But behind those abs is a murder habit.

DAD

But didn't he give you a cupcake once?

LUNA

Serial killers have manners too!

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

Luna storms toward the music building, scanning shadows, muttering to herself.

LUNA (V.O.)  
I will not be the dumb girl who ran  
toward the danger. I will be the  
dumb girl who traps it.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Caleb's alone, fiddling with a synth. His shirt is off. Because of course it is.

Luna steps inside. She closes the door behind her, tense.

CALEB  
Whoa. You okay?

LUNA  
Define "okay." Like, normal okay?  
Or "I think you're a murderer"  
okay?

CALEB  
Luna, what's going on?

LUNA  
I think you killed Tasha.

CALEB  
She's alive.

LUNA  
But almost dead. Which is basically  
attempted dead. Which is murder's  
awkward cousin.

He slowly walks toward her.

CALEB  
Why would I hurt anyone?

LUNA  
Because you're hot and dangerous  
and mysterious. And I've seen,  
like, every episode of You.

CALEB  
You think I'm... stalking you?

LUNA  
Am I wrong?

CALEB  
Yes. I was trying to protect you.

Luna scoffs. But he's suddenly closer. His eyes soft.

CALEB (CONT'D)  
I heard what people say about you.  
I know what it's like to be  
doubted.

A long pause.

CALEB (CONT'D)  
Maybe we're both broken.

LUNA  
I'm not broken. I'm dented. Big  
difference.

They're inches apart now. Silence. A beat.

Suddenly – they kiss.

Then they break.

Then they kiss again – this time, harder. He lifts her  
slightly onto the synth table.

LUNA (CONT'D)  
Oh God... you better not stab me  
after this.

CALEB  
Only with love.

LUNA  
That's worse.

They kiss again.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT - MONTAGE

MONTAGE:

– DETECTIVE FARLEY drops a large crime board on the wall,  
strings photos with red yarn.

- GRAYSON flips through crime scene photos with a donut in his mouth.
- A shot of LUNA on a screen. BIG. Labeled: "INCONSISTENT WITNESS?"
- DANFORD, no longer in uniform, stands near the window. He sips black coffee and says nothing... watching them work.
- GRAYSON rolls his eyes.

GRAYSON  
Either she's cursed... or she's  
playing us all.

FARLEY  
The girl's got more dead bodies  
behind her than a meat truck.

- DANFORD leans in.

DANFORD  
Or she's the bait. And none of you  
realized the killer's using her to  
clean up his mess.

- Cut to:

CRIME SCENE PHOTO.

A bloodied poolside. A blurry figure in the background...  
Could it be Caleb?

INT. CALEB'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

LUNA lies beside CALEB, shirt on, but clearly post-makeout  
glow.

He's asleep.

She suddenly sits upright – EYES WIDE.

VISION FLASH:

INT. CAMPUS HALLWAY - NIGHT (VISION)

RUBY screaming. Chased. Her foot trips. A KNIFE slashes  
through the dark. Blood on her red hoodie.

BACK TO REALITY.

LUNA  
(Small voice)  
No. No no no...

She looks at Caleb sleeping, then at the time: 11:48 PM

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Luna sneaks out. Hoodie over her head. Phone in hand.  
Calling.

LUNA (V.O.)  
Okay. Ruby's fine. She's probably  
TikToking. Or journaling. Or  
watching another documentary about  
dead white girls.

She walks briskly.

Something... shifts in the shadows.

She stops. Looks back. Silence.

LUNA  
Great. Now I'm hallucinating  
stalkers. Probably just a raccoon.  
Or a ghost raccoon.

She keeps walking. Closer to the street now.

Suddenly - A RUSTLE.

She whirls. NO ONE.

She walks faster. Her breath heavier.

LUNA (V.O.)  
Please don't be a killer. Please  
don't be a killer. Please be a tax  
collector or something boring-

SLASH!  
A gloved hand SWINGS at her - SHE  
DODGES just in time.

KILLER - dressed in black, face obscured in shadows - chases  
her.

LUNA  
OH MY GOD YOU'RE REAL!?!?

She sprints.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

She ducks behind a dumpster, gasping, shaking. Her hand searches for something — ANYTHING.

She finds a broken selfie stick.

LUNA  
Weapon of Gen Z. Don't fail me now.

She peeks out.

KILLER quietly walks into the alley, knife out.

Her breath catches. She whispers.

LUNA (CONT'D)  
Okay, Luna. Time to NOT be dumb.

She FLINGS a trash lid. It clatters.

KILLER turns.

She SWINGS with the selfie stick — it breaks.

KILLER lunges — she ducks and PUNCHES HIM. (More of a slap-punch. But it lands!)

She runs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

She BURSTS out of the alley, nearly gets hit by a car. The headlights stop her attacker from following — they vanish back into the alley.

She runs, panting, to the next street over. Hides behind a mailbox. Calls Ruby.

LUNA  
(on phone)  
Pick up, pick up—

No answer.

INT. CAMPUS DORM - RUBY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

RUBY lays in bed, headphones in, vibing to lo-fi beats while journaling.

Behind her, a SHADOW shifts.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Luna, still catching her breath.

A buzz. A message from Ruby:

"Can u not call during my Lo-Fi hour? lol alive. ttyl"

Luna nearly screams in relief.

Then looks back at the alley.

No one's there. But a single object lies on the ground.

A silver bracelet. It has "F" engraved on it.

LUNA  
(whispering)  
Farrah...?

Her eyes widen. She backs away slowly.

INT. DANFORD'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

LUNA sits in the passenger seat, her hoodie half-soaked in sweat, eyes wide, shaken.

DANFORD (hardened with ghost stories in his eyes) drives in silence, the radio quietly playing a preacher ranting about the end times.

DANFORD  
You look like you saw a ghost.

LUNA  
Worse. I think I punched one.  
(pause)  
I didn't think I'd actually get  
attacked... I thought I was just  
the cursed girl who *predicts* death,  
not... the *final* girl auditionee.

Danford chuckles, glancing at her.

DANFORD  
You remind me of someone.

LUNA  
If you say your daughter, I swear  
I'll jump out.



DANFORD

No, she was my girl. Her name was Haley. Had visions like you. Said she saw her sister die before it happened.

LUNA

Did she save her?

DANFORD

No. And two weeks later, Haley died too.

(a beat)

She tried to warn people. Nobody listened. People don't like prophets, especially when they come with lip gloss and sarcasm.

LUNA

Relatable.

They drive in silence for a moment.

DANFORD

I've been off the force since then. Couldn't take watching girls like you die while people scroll past their cries on TikTok.

Luna looks at him. He's serious.

DANFORD (CONT'D)

You don't trust me. Fine. But what if we set a trap? Bait the killer. I'll be watching. You don't have to fight alone.

LUNA

(troubled)

I... I think I know who he might be.

DANFORD

Then give me a name.

LUNA

I can't. Not yet.

DANFORD

Why?

She looks out the window.

LUNA

Because the only guy who makes me  
feel safe... might be the one who's  
trying to kill me.

He doesn't respond. She exhales.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Montage: flyers, police tape around the dorm entrance, Farley  
and Grayson interviewing students.

CAMPUS SPEAKER SYSTEM (V.O.)

Due to recent events, evening  
classes are canceled. Stay in  
groups. Report suspicious activity.  
No party flyers will be tolerated  
on bulletin boards. Yes, that  
includes meme posters.

INT. RUBY'S DORM - NIGHT

RUBY, brushing her teeth with one AirPods in, throws on a  
hoodie.

A shadow MOVES behind her... she turns. Just her laundry.

RUBY

Jesus, Luna. Your paranoia's  
contagious.

She picks up her phone — sees Luna's message:  
"Stay in. I had a vision. Not kidding."

RUBY (CONT'D)

Girl, chill. I'm not dying tonight.  
I'm exfoliated and moisturized.

She walks out of her dorm... unaware that someone is  
following.

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - NIGHT

Ruby walks through the center of campus. It's eerily quiet.

A twig snaps.

RUBY

Okay. That better be a possum or a  
friendly murderer.

Suddenly, a gloved hand grabs her – she SCREAMS and bites down hard.

She RUNS – the killer CHASES her down a narrow path.

She stumbles, falls – KILLER looms – but just before the blade comes down–

SMACK! A CAMPUS BIKE GUY plows into the killer.

BIKER

DUDE! Watch where you're–OH GOD!

The killer groans and flees.

Ruby is left panting, alive... again.

INT. HOSPITAL – NIGHT

TASHA is unconscious in bed, tubes attached. Nurses speak outside the door.

Suddenly – her finger twitches.

She tries to speak but can't. Her eyes flutter.

She SEES something. A nurse enters, startled as Tasha strains to point.

TASHA

(whispering)

He... face...

NURSE

It's okay, baby. You're safe now.

TASHA

Knife... not done...

She convulses, alarms BEEP, the nurse rushes to call for help.

INT. LUNA'S ROOM – NIGHT

Luna opens a journal. Draws two stick figures. "Ruby" and "Me" – X marks on both.

She circles Ruby.

Then pauses.

She draws a new figure. "HIM?"

She draws a heart around it... then crosses it out.

LUNA  
I have to pick: Kiss or Kill.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Wide shot of the university courtyard. SIRENS echo faintly. Students whisper, phones out, TikToks filming.

BANNERS: "SAFETY WEEK - CANCELED."

A student sobs dramatically into a sandwich.

STUDENT 1  
This place is haunted. My professor  
didn't show up again. He's dead,  
right?

STUDENT 2  
No, just tenured.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

RUBY (arm bandaged, attitude intact) lies on a hospital bed.

NURSE steps in with discharge papers.

NURSE  
You got lucky. Someone up there  
must like you.

RUBY  
Probably someone *down there*. I  
party better.

She signs the form, sneaks her phone back from the tray, and texts:

TO: Luna  
*"Still here. Might swing by Tasha's room. Don't freak."*

She lies.

Doesn't send it. Just *thinks* about it.

Ruby gets up, slipping on fuzzy slippers like they're heels. Outside her door—

Danford (grim, pacing).

She doesn't see him.

INT. TASHA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tasha stirs. Pale. Weak. Her hands tremble on the blanket.

RUBY (O.S.)  
Damn. They got you lookin' like a  
haunted rag doll.

Tasha smiles weakly.

TASHA  
Still prettier than you.

Ruby sits next to her, checking around like they're being  
watched.

RUBY  
I didn't tell Luna I came. She'd go  
full Medium mode.

TASHA  
She should. We're being hunted... I  
saw his boots... size 11 maybe?  
Smelled like cheap cologne and gym  
socks.

RUBY  
Yup, we're dealing with a serial  
killer frat bro. Perfect.

EXT. ABANDONED FACULTY STORAGE - NIGHT

Luna, hooded up like she's starring in her own teen vigilante  
movie, sets up a hidden mic, a burner phone on "Live," and  
her smartwatch on record.

DANFORD joins her with a small pistol.

DANFORD  
You sure about this?

LUNA  
Nope. But if I wait any longer,  
everyone I love will be reduced to  
hashtags.

DANFORD  
We bait him. You scream, I run in.  
We corner him. Then—  
(pause)  
I buy you boba.

LUNA  
With pearls?

DANFORD  
You've earned it.

He smiles.

They set the final trap: a speaker playing a voice message of Luna crying, fake blood on the floor, and a torn jacket. Then

Footsteps.

A SHADOW moves past the window.

DANFORD (CONT'D)  
That's him. Stay here.

LUNA  
Wait—don't go—

He's already outside, flashlight up, gun ready.

EXT. ABANDONED FACULTY STORAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Danford creeps around the building.

Behind him—

CRACK!

He's hit from behind.

The flashlight rolls. We see feet in black boots.

Danford coughs blood. Reaches for his radio. The killer STABS HIM in the shoulder.

DANFORD  
(groaning)  
You're not after her... are you?

KILLER  
(masked)  
She thinks she's the final girl.

DANFORD  
She's not.

Killer raises the blade—

BANG!

Danford fires and wounds the killer in the leg.

The killer retreats into the darkness.

Luna rushes over. Sees Danford down, bleeding.

LUNA

Oh my god. Danford—!

DANFORD

(fading)

Listen to me...

(whispers)

Someone in the department... might  
be protecting him...

Luna's eyes widen.

DANFORD (CONT'D)

Be careful what you say... what you  
show...

(beat)

You're not the final girl, Luna...

LUNA

What?

DANFORD

You're the one who finds her.

She watches, horrified, as paramedics arrive and take  
Danford.

INT. CAMPUS QUAD - NEXT MORNING

A VIGIL is being set up again. Students hold candles like  
it's become a daily routine.

Luna walks through the crowd.

Her phone buzzes — an anonymous message.

"The one you're trying to save... already knows who the killer  
is."

Luna looks around.

Camera pans to:

Caleb, watching from a distance.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Tasha, barely mobile, breathes heavily, her face lit only by a flickering hospital TV.

Machines BEEP softly.

She hears something outside her door – soft SHUFFLING. She looks toward the door.

TASHA  
(weakly)  
Nurse...?

No response.

She slowly pulls her IV out with a wince, grabs the walker nearby, and stands.

The hallway is empty... until...

A shadow moves.

She slips into a storage closet, breathing hard.

Inside, she finds a phone left on a tray. She dials.

NURSE (O.S.)  
Room 408? Where are you? The meds–

TASHA  
(raspy)  
Someone's here... they're watching  
me...

Suddenly –

SLAM!

The closet door is pushed open – by the real nurse.

NURSE  
Jesus! You scared me. What are you  
doing in here?

TASHA  
...Hiding.

NURSE  
From who?

Tasha just stares.



INT. RUBY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Ruby checks her bandages in the mirror.

She winces — then reaches for her drawer, pulling out a small voice recorder.

She replays her visit with Tasha.

"Smelled like cheap cologne and gym socks..."

She fast-forwards.

"Saw his boots... size 11..."

Ruby thinks.

She opens a file labeled:  
"ZAYN — FOOTAGE (Feb)"

She clicks play.

A party video. Caleb's brother. Laughing. Flirting. Then walking away.

Behind him...

A man in black boots follows him into the dark.

RUBY  
...No way.

She dials Luna.

No answer.

INT. LUNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Luna stares at her laptop.

Photos of:

Caleb

Ruby

Tasha

Danford (hospitalized)

Lyra

...and then...

ZAYN.

Her cursor hovers over his name.

She opens her vision notes.

LUNA (V.O.)

"I never saw him die. Never saw him  
kill. But he's always... there."

Her phone buzzes — unknown number.

She picks up.

CALLER

(filtered voice)

Final girls don't win. They survive  
just long enough to be alone.

LUNA

Who is this?

CALLER

Someone you missed.

CLICK.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM — DAY

DETECTIVE GRAYSON and OFFICER FARLEY sit across from Luna.

A table of printed images — all the people she's connected to  
— some dead, some barely alive.

GRAYSON

Let's go over this slowly.

FARLEY

Every person you've had a vision  
about has either died or come  
close. Danford's in a coma. Ruby  
was stabbed. Farrah's dead. Tasha's  
critical. And Lyra's missing.

LUNA

Wait, what?

GRAYSON

Yeah. Her roommate said she never  
came back to the dorm.

FARLEY

And then there's Zayn. You didn't mention him.

LUNA

Because I didn't see him. That's the problem. He was always around, but I never saw what happened to him... or what he did.

GRAYSON

Which makes him the most suspicious one.

Luna shifts uncomfortably. Glances at Caleb's photo.

FARLEY

And Caleb?

LUNA

...I don't know yet. I keep wanting to believe he's innocent. But that's what makes him dangerous, right?

GRAYSON

We'll need you to sign off on surveillance for everyone on this list.

LUNA

Even if they're my friends?

GRAYSON

Especially if they are.

Luna hesitates, then signs the paper – but stops at Zayn's name.

GRAYSON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Why the pause?

LUNA

Because... he's never been in the vision. But maybe... he's behind it.

CUT TO:

INT. LYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Empty.

Light flickering.

We pan to her laptop.

Still open.

On the screen – a frozen video frame.

Lyra – before she vanished – filming herself.

She whispers:

LYRA  
(on screen)  
If I disappear... it's someone I  
knew.

Behind her in the frame...

A figure. Watching. From the shadows.

INT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

LUNA stands under the shade of a tree, watching students pass by. CALM PIANO MUSIC plays – unusually still.

From across the quad... CALEB walks toward her.

Same gray hoodie.

Same black leather gloves.

LUNA  
(softly to herself)  
No. No...

He walks slower now. Noticing her look.

CALEB  
You okay?

Luna doesn't answer. Her eyes are fixed on his gloves.

He notices, slowly removes them.

CALEB (CONT'D)  
It's cold.

Before she can respond—

SIRENS.

Two unmarked cop cars SCREECH in from opposite ends of the quad.

DETECTIVE GRAYSON and OFFICER FARLEY exit quickly.

CALEB (CONT'D)  
What the hell is going on?

GRAYSON  
Caleb Jordan, hands where I can see them.

CALEB  
For what?

GRAYSON  
We'll talk at the station. Don't resist.

CALEB turns to Luna.

CALEB  
You called them?

LUNA  
I... I saw—

CALEB  
(bitter)  
You always see something, don't you?

He's cuffed.

Her eyes water as he's escorted out. A heavy silence falls.  
Luna's vision blurs.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. UNIVERSITY - EXAM HALL - DAY

MONTAGE:

- Students filling the room.
- Teachers handing out papers.
- LUNA, sitting beside RUBY and TASHA, both in wheelchairs.

TASHA

We shouldn't be here. I'm still on pain meds and Ruby just got discharged.

RUBY

I'll write with my left foot if I have to. I'm not missing graduation.

LUNA

You two should've stayed home.

TASHA

We're not made of glass.

Luna nods quietly.

RUBY

The killer's arrested. You should relax for once.

Luna scans the room... uneasy.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

CALEB sits with arms crossed. DETECTIVE GRAYSON paces.

GRAYSON

Let's cut to it. You were at the party. You disappeared during the time of the first attack. You had gloves matching Luna's description.

CALEB

I have gloves? That's your smoking gun?

GRAYSON

You also have a past record sealed as a juvenile. Suspicion of assault.

CALEB

You mean the time I punched a guy who hit my sister? Nice detective work.

GRAYSON

(sits down, frustrated)  
(MORE)

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
You're either extremely unlucky, or  
very good at pretending you're  
innocent.

He gets a call.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Farley? Talk to me.

INT. ABANDONED CABIN - SAME TIME

OFFICER FARLEY stands over a body bag. Masked body. Brutally  
stabbed.

He holds the phone to his ear.

FARLEY  
We found a body. Buried. Mask still  
on.

GRAYSON (V.O.)  
Could be the other attacker?

FARLEY  
Maybe. But listen—if this guy's  
dead...

Farley kneels beside the corpse, pulls out a chain.

FARLEY (CONT'D)  
Then who stabbed Danford?

A long pause. Then the call cuts.

INT. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luna's pencil snaps.

She looks up — something off. Her gut tightens.

LUNA (V.O.)  
Two killers... one dead... one still  
watching?

INT. UNIVERSITY - EXAM HALL - LATE AFTERNOON

*The final bell rings.*

*Students exhale. Pens drop. The exam is done.*

RUBY rises from her wheelchair – slowly, but confidently. She stretches.

RUBY

Ugh, thank God that's over. If I die today, it won't be from a serial killer, it'll be from boredom.

TASHA

(chuckling weakly)

Speak for yourself. I need a nap, a priest, and a physical therapist.

LUNA

Let me walk you both to your rooms.

RUBY

(sweet but cold)

I'm good. You should go write your next vision in your diary or something.

*Ruby walks ahead toward the elevator.*

INT. UNIVERSITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tasha rolls down the hallway toward the restroom.

TASHA

I'll just wash up. Meet you guys later?

LUNA

You sure?

TASHA

Yeah. I'll scream if I need an exorcist.

Luna watches her disappear into the restroom. Her gut churns.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tasha wheels to the sink. The lights FLICKER.

The faucet SPITS aggressively before turning to a full rush of water.

TASHA

Okay... haunted plumbing. Cool-cool-cool.



Suddenly:

BANG! – the door SLAMS shut.

Tasha's face drops.

She tries to move – the wheels are stuck on wet tile.

Then... the light above starts to SPARK. Crackling, buzzing... deadly.

Tasha looks up. A pipe from the ceiling bursts – SHOWERING her with water.

TASHA (CONT'D)

No... no, no, no—!

She pushes toward the toilet cubicle – pulls herself up with just her arms, legs trailing, trying to climb onto the tank as electricity hisses from above.

INT. CAMPUS – DIFFERENT HALL – CONTINUOUS

Luna follows Ruby.

LUNA

Ruby, wait—please!

RUBY

Save your psychic guilt trip. You thought Caleb was the killer. He's literally back on campus. Walking free.

Just then, Caleb walks in through the side door – silent, cold. He locks eyes with Luna.

Ruby sees it. Smiles smugly.

RUBY (CONT'D)

See? You were wrong. Again.

She pushes the elevator button.

INT. ELEVATOR – MOMENTS LATER

Ruby enters the elevator. A man in a hoodie walks in with her, face turned away.

MAN

Floor?

RUBY  
Three, thanks.

He presses it.

RUBY (CONT'D)  
(sniffing)  
Weird. You wear... Sauvage?

The man doesn't answer. Just SMILES faintly.

Ruby's face falls. Something about the scent. Her brain clicks. Panic brews.

INT. CAMPUS HALL - CONTINUOUS

Luna freezes. Her head throbs.

VISION FLASH:

- Ruby SCREAMING in an elevator, blood smeared on the mirror...
- Tasha's body twitching in a flood of sparks...
- TWO DEATHS. ONE CHOICE.

LUNA (V.O.)  
Only one can be saved...

She breathes fast - staring at the elevator... then glancing toward the restroom hallway.

Her feet DON'T MOVE.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tasha grips the cubicle edge. Her hands are SLIPPING.

TASHA  
(sobbing)  
Please... not like this...

The light SNAPS loose - swinging.

Electric current begins to HIT the water.

Just as it sparks-

LUNA BURSTS IN.

Grabs the mop bucket, throws it at the panel.

\*SPARKS. SMOKE. BLACKOUT.

Everything goes dark.

INT. CAMPUS - ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

Ruby backs against the wall. The man is CLOSE.

RUBY

I—I think I forgot something.

MAN

You didn't.

Suddenly — the elevator JERKS.\*

His HAND reaches for her neck —

BANG!

The doors open prematurely — people waiting outside. He SLIPS OUT fast.

Ruby gasps. Saved... by luck.

INT. RESTROOM - LATER

Tasha lies on the floor. Alive. Shaking. Burned hands. Luna holding her.

TASHA

(hushed)

I thought... I was gone...

LUNA

I made a choice.

She looks back at the smoke and water.

LUNA (V.O.)

For once... I didn't run.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE GRAYSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Files, photos, a wall covered in names and red thread.  
Detective GRAYSON sits with coffee and exhaustion.

GRAYSON  
(low, to himself)  
There's no way this bastard's doing  
this alone...

He circles three names on a whiteboard: Tasha, Ruby, Caleb.

GRAYSON'S PHONE BUZZES.

He answers.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Yeah? What'd the autopsy say?  
(beat)  
What do you mean it wasn't a clean  
cut?

He stands now, alert.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
A second blade? Two styles of  
wounds?  
(beat)  
Jesus Christ... there's two of  
them.

INT. LUNA'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

LUNA drops her bag, weary, eyes hollow.

LUNA  
(quiet)  
It's almost over...

She looks at a photo of her and Ruby, Tasha, Caleb, Zayn.

Then — a CREAK from outside the window.

Luna peeks out... and freezes.

A figure walks across the yard. Wearing a jacket she  
recognizes.

LUNA (CONT'D)  
That's not possible...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

TASHA lies in her bed, IV attached. TV on low volume.

She glances at the door — it's open. A SHADOW in the hallway.

TASHA  
Nurse? Mom?

No reply.

The hallway light outside FLICKERS. Tasha frowns... reaching for the nurse call button.

She presses it once. Twice. No response.

Then she sees it: a figure outside the door, unmoving. Breathing.

TASHA (CONT'D)  
Who's there?

She unplugs her IV, reaches for her crutch... limps toward the door slowly.

INT. RUBY'S DORM ROOM - SAME TIME

RUBY looks over past messages with Luna. Sighs.

RUBY  
(muttering)  
I didn't even say thank you...

Her lights flicker.

She sighs, opens the door — hallway's empty.

She turns back—

A HAND GRABS HER MOUTH.

She STRUGGLES —

Knocks over a lamp —

CRASH!

The killer stabs her once — the blade glinting.

She twists violently — breaking free — blood pouring.

RUBY (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
HELP—!

But another hand grabs her throat.

STRANGULATION.

Blood on the carpet. Her body trembling, fading. Finally... still.

INT. HOSPITAL - TASHA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Tasha hears the floor creak behind her. She SPINS —  
It's Grayson. Gun drawn.

GRAYSON  
It's okay. I got the call.  
Tasha falls into his arms, sobbing.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER THAT NIGHT

Grayson slams a file shut. DETECTIVE FARLEY is on the other side of the table.

GRAYSON  
She's gone. Ruby's gone.

FARLEY  
But Tasha?

GRAYSON  
Safe. For now.

FARLEY  
What did the autopsy say?

GRAYSON  
Two blades. Two styles. Two  
killers.  
(beat)  
It's not just revenge.

He slaps down a file: "CASE 43-79: DEATH OF LYRA BENNETT."

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
It's legacy. Someone's continuing  
what the first killer started... or  
finishing it.

CUT TO:

INT. RUBY'S DORM - NIGHT (REVISED)

Post-party. Students gone. The dorm is quiet again.

LUNA helps TASHA get settled into RUBY'S old room, now  
cleaned up and dimly lit.

TASHA has her snacks – mostly hot chips and leftover cupcakes  
– and her phone with voice-to-text enabled.

TASHA  
I'm not saying I missed the trauma,  
but... the trauma missed me.

LUNA  
You're a magnet for it.

TASHA  
I'm basically a horror movie  
reboot. Disabled, funny, still fine  
as hell.

They laugh. Luna tries to relax, but keeps glancing at the  
door.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

LUNA heads out for tea. As she passes, she sees LYRA in the  
lounge playing a horror game with headphones.

LUNA  
(to herself)  
Alive and screaming at pixels.  
Okay, good.

She smiles faintly and heads to the small dorm kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LUNA places a mug under the hot water tap. It gurgles.  
Nothing comes out.

She opens the microwave. There's a mug already inside.

Written on it in Sharpie:

"DO NOT USE - Property of Tasha 'Unkillable' Brown"

LUNA  
(smirking)  
That's... concerningly optimistic.

She closes it, opens a cabinet—

A STUFFED PINK BUNNY FALLS OUT.

She jumps, letting out a small yelp.

LUNA (CONT'D)  
WHO THE—?!

A tiny voice plays from inside the bunny:

"You're next, cupcake."

She stares at it, wide-eyed. Just then, a SCREAM echoes faintly—

INT. DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TASHA is in bed, lights low. She's reaching for her phone charger under the bed.

Her hand brushes something SOFT... then WET.

TASHA recoils. Pulls out a doll. Her old childhood doll.

It's smiling. But the mouth has been stitched shut.

TASHA  
(dryly)  
Yay. Haunted hobbies.

Suddenly, she hears a CLICK from the closet.

She grabs her phone and texts LUNA:

"Closet just made horror noise. Come now or I'll pee the bed."

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

LUNA runs back toward the room but freezes mid-step.

Someone is walking slowly behind her. Not fast. Just... deliberate.



She turns — no one there.

When she enters TASHA's room, the closet is slightly open.

TASHA  
(sarcastic)  
There's a ghost in the closet, and  
I'm not talking about my ex.

LUNA pulls the door open — nothing. Just a coat.

A NOTE pinned to the coat:

"This time, you won't roll away."

TASHA picks up the bunny from earlier on the floor.

TASHA (CONT'D)  
So... I'm being taunted by a Build-  
A-Bear reject?

LUNA  
(serious)  
No. You're being warned.

INT. LYRA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

LYRA is still gaming. But her screen glitches. Her character dies, stabbed in the back by a figure in a hoodie.

She gasps.

A voice comes through the game headset:

"I'm right behind you."

She rips the headset off.

LYRA  
(to herself)  
Okay. No. Not today, Satan.

She grabs a baseball bat from under her bed and texts LUNA:

"Sooo... did the pizza guy leave a demonic curse or...?"

INT. DETECTIVE GRAYSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

GRAYSON stares at a wall of photos and red string. FARLEY stands behind him.

GRAYSON

One body. Two killers. But the DNA doesn't match anyone we've questioned.

FARLEY

Then one of them is still in play.  
And Luna?

GRAYSON

She's not the final girl... but she might be the bait.

The phone RINGS. Grayson answers. A distorted voice:

"You're getting close, detective. But so is the body count."

CLICK.

INT. DORM - BACK TO SCENE

LUNA stands in the hallway. The lights flicker again. She stares at the pink bunny in her hand. Turns it over.

Inside the stitching: a metal locker key.

TASHA rolls beside her, freaked but smiling.

TASHA

If that key opens your creepy basement, I'm officially out.

INT. CAMPUS - BASEMENT LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Dim light flickers.

LUNA and TASHA (still in her wheelchair but wheeling like a boss) navigate the eerie basement.

Luna holds the metal key they found inside the stitched bunny.

TASHA

You know, normal people find spare change in teddy bears. We find death keys.

LUNA

I miss normal people. Where are they?

They reach LOCKER #37 – covered in dust, untouched. Luna slowly inserts the key. CLICK.

The door creaks open... Inside:

A wall of printed photos of students – Ruby, Tasha, Lyra... even Luna's parents.

Notes, maps, and a chilling drawing: Luna dead, eyes open, surrounded by cameras.

A shelf. VHS tapes marked by name: "FARRAH", "TASHA - FAIL", "LYRA - COMPLETE?"

TASHA  
(terrified)  
Girl. why do I have a DVD?

LUNA pulls out a dusty, older student ID. It's LYRA... but the last name is different.

LUNA  
Wait... Lyra Howard?

TASHA  
No. She's Lyra Watts.

LUNA  
She's a twin.

INT. FLASHBACK – MORGUE ROOM – DAYS EARLIER

A coroner zips open a body bag. Inside: a girl resembling Lyra – pale, bruised. The tag reads "Jane Doe."

But her wrist tattoo is missing. The one Lyra always shows on TikTok.

INT. POLICE ARCHIVES – SAME NIGHT

DETECTIVE GRAYSON stares at the mortuary photo and notes. He circles the last name "Howard" and connects it to an old unsolved case from 8 years ago.

"Missing twin. One returned. One left behind."

GRAYSON  
We didn't find Lyra... we found her sister.

INT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LUNA steps out of the basement with TASHA. Suddenly, a car skids in front of them.

Out stumbles... DANFORD - bloody, limping, and missing a tooth.

TASHA  
Holy Shrek, he's alive.

LUNA  
(shocked)  
You're supposed to be...

DANFORD  
(cutting her off)  
Dead? Yeah, I get that a lot lately.

He tosses her a flash drive.

DANFORD (CONT'D)  
That locker you found? It was being monitored. I saw the footage. You're not the final girl, Luna.

LUNA  
Then who?

DANFORD  
Lyra. Or... whoever's pretending to be her.

INT. DORM ROOM - LYRA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

LYRA stands in the mirror.

She's smiling... brushing her hair. Her reflection isn't smiling back.

She opens a drawer. Inside is a driver's license:

"LANA HOWARD."

She places it back, and whispers to herself:

LYRA/LANA  
Time to finish what my sister started.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

GRAYSON and FARLEY stand before a board full of names.

FARLEY  
Danford's alive?

GRAYSON  
Barely. But the bigger question...

He flips a case file open. Shows an old murder-suicide of twins... but only one body had been confirmed.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
(grim)  
Did we ever really know which twin  
came back?

INT. RUBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

RUBY gets a call. She answers. No voice. Just breathing.

RUBY  
(nervous)  
Luna?

On her laptop, a pop-up appears:

"Should've believed her."

Suddenly, her room goes dark.

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The halls are quiet.

Overhead fluorescents buzz. DETECTIVE GRAYSON walks down the hallway, passing a nurse station. He arrives at RUBY'S ROOM.

RUBY lies in bed, pale but alive. Her side is bandaged. She glances up with half a smile.

RUBY  
Told them I wasn't easy to kill.

GRAYSON  
(softly)  
You're lucky to be alive.

RUBY  
(dryly)  
Debatable. Depends if Luna blames  
me for surviving.

He chuckles, then pulls a chair closer.

GRAYSON  
Tell me what happened. Everything.

RUBY  
(beat)  
I was leaving the elevator. Someone  
bumped into me. Said they'd help me  
carry my books... I didn't see the  
face.

GRAYSON  
Did you see anything else?

RUBY  
(closing eyes)  
Perfume. Sweet. Familiar. And they  
had a limp... not like an injury.  
More like... calculated. Like it  
wasn't real.

GRAYSON  
Voice?

RUBY  
No voice. Just whispers. And  
humming. Like... a children's song.

GRAYSON  
(thinking)  
So not the same one who killed  
Farrah or attacked Tasha. They were  
violent. Brutal. Too strong.

RUBY  
This one wasn't trying to kill me.

GRAYSON  
(leans in)  
Then maybe they wanted you to  
survive. A message.

INT. LUNA'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

LUNA types furiously on her laptop. On screen: her plan - a  
location, mapped out, near the university's abandoned theater  
building.

She writes a message:

"Come. I know who you are. Let's finish it."

She pauses... then hovers over two names:

Detective Grayson

Danford

She chooses: DANFORD.

SEND.

A moment later — POP!

CALEB: "I'm here. Where are you?"

LUNA swallows hard, then replies:

"I'm inside. She's coming. I need you."

INT. ABANDONED THEATER — NIGHT

The lights flicker. Stage curtains half-hung. Dust swirls in the air.

LUNA enters.

Her phone lights the way. On the stage: a setup. Cameras. A live stream device pointed directly at the floor — where she will stand.

She opens a trapdoor behind her, then covers it with a carpet. She places a sign beside the stage:

"I know your name, LYRA."

LUNA mutters to herself, psyching herself up.

LUNA  
If I die... I die dramatically.  
Like Shakespeare. Or Meryl Streep.

Her phone buzzes again:

UNKNOWN NUMBER: "Almost there. Hope you're dressed nice."

She freezes. That's not Caleb.

INT. RUBY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

RUBY, awake and alert, fidgets with her blanket. Her phone is hidden beneath her sheet.

She replays the perfume scent in her mind.

Suddenly—she gasps. On her phone, she types a message to Grayson:

\*"She's not Lyra. She's LANA."

INT. GRAYSON'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

GRAYSON reads the message and slams on the brakes.

GRAYSON  
She found the twin.

He dials DANFORD.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
She's walking into a trap. But not  
for the killer. For herself.

INT. ABANDONED THEATER - STAGE - NIGHT

LUNA stands on the marked X. She looks around.

From the shadows — a figure appears. Dressed like a college student. Hair pulled back. Familiar perfume fills the air.

It's LYRA... or LANA.

LANA  
(smiling, almost sweet)  
You should've just died the first  
time.

LUNA  
Yeah, well, I'm really bad at  
timing.

LANA steps closer. Luna eyes the trapdoor under her.

INT. DORMITORY BUILDING - ABOVE THE CAMPUS POOL - NIGHT

TASHA sits in her wheelchair holding a handheld camera. Her phone buzzes — Luna's latest cryptic message.



She rolls forward near a window that overlooks the university's dimly lit pool. A sound behind her.

TASHA  
(nervous)  
Hello? ...Luna?

She turns her camera toward the sound. Nothing.

She rolls closer to the hallway. Her wheels squeak. She takes a bite of a cookie she brought with her and whispers:

TASHA (CONT'D)  
If I die in a hallway eating carbs,  
tell the world I had dignity.

A LOUD CREAK echoes. Tasha spins her wheelchair, filming... the sound came from near the stairs by the pool.

INT. HOSPITAL - RUBY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

RUBY, dressed in a hoodie and jeans, sneaks out of bed.

She grabs her crutches and hobbles toward the door when DETECTIVE FARLEY steps into the frame.

FARLEY  
(startled)  
Are you out of your damn mind? Get  
back to bed!

RUBY  
Tasha's out there! Alone!

FARLEY  
(firm)  
No. No! If what Luna saw is right,  
you're the only one we can protect.  
If the killer thinks you're dead –  
it might be the only reason we  
catch them.

Ruby clutches her crutch with frustration.

RUBY  
I don't want to be the Final Girl.  
I barely survived Geometry.

EXT. CAMPUS POOL - NIGHT

TASHA, shaky but determined, wheels herself slowly to the poolside. Her phone buzzes again.

She lifts it.

TEXT FROM "LUNA": "Almost there. Don't trust anyone."

Tasha looks around. A sudden rustle. Then—

WHOOSH.

A BLACK-GLOVED HAND shoves her wheelchair. She SCREAMS as she tumbles into the pool.

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

TASHA flails, arms splashing.

The camera sinks below her. Her wheelchair hits the bottom, and she struggles to kick out of it.

She sees a figure above, watching. The silhouette walks away casually.

Tasha kicks off her sneaker, wriggles, starts to float up—but her wig starts slipping.

TASHA  
(muffled underwater)  
Not the wig—NOT NOW—

She finally frees herself just as her wig floats past like a ghost.

Her hands reach for the edge, trembling—

But her strength fails. She SLIPS below.

The water goes still.

INT. ABANDONED THEATER - NIGHT

LUNA and LANA (Lyra) circle each other on stage. The air thickens. A red floodlight washes over the curtain.

LANA  
(coldly)  
You really thought it was Caleb?

LUNA  
(defiant)  
I didn't. Not until I saw him wear  
your scent.

LANA  
He likes dangerous girls. I'm just  
better at it.

Suddenly – a LOUD CRASH! A side door bursts open –

CALEB rushes in, breathless.

From the opposite side – DANFORD, limping, wounded again, gun  
drawn.

CALEB  
Luna!!

DANFORD  
Get away from her!

LUNA  
(to Caleb)  
Don't come closer! She has a blade!

LANA  
(mocking)  
Why are we yelling? Can't we just  
dance?

She lunges at Luna – they STRUGGLE on the trapdoor.

LANA (CONT'D)  
I've been waiting for this.

Luna grabs the mic stand and swings – hitting Lana in the  
shoulder.

DANFORD  
Now, Luna! The floor!

Luna kicks the trapdoor lever – SNAP – the floor gives out!  
Lana FALLS halfway – then catches herself.

CALEB  
(rushing)  
Don't let her climb!

Lana grins, blood on her teeth.

LANA  
There's always another final girl.

Luna raises a foot and STOMPS – Lana falls into darkness,  
screaming.

INT. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

CALEB holds Luna tightly. DANFORD leans against the wall, bleeding again.

DANFORD  
(groaning)  
Next time... your plans need less  
falling and more bullets.

Luna chuckles, then breaks down, eyes wide.

LUNA  
Tasha... was alone.

CALEB  
Let's find her. Let's end this.

Then they find her death body floating on the water.

INT. POLICE STATION - GRAYSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective GRAYSON looks over crime scene photos, timelines, and student records.

A clue clicks — a student report from 3 years ago. He flips it open:

REPORT TITLE: "Student Suspension: Lana Evans / Formerly Lyra Dane"

GRAYSON  
(to himself)  
This was never about romance...  
this was revenge.

\*A file with multiple names: Farrah. Tasha. Ruby. Luna. Caleb.

All had minor disciplinary roles in an old hazing scandal — Lana was the target.

INT. ABANDONED GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

LUNA stares down at the killer's shrine. Polaroids. Bloody journal entries. One of her own family.

Danford and Caleb join her. They know the accomplice is still out there.

CALEB

(shaken)

She had help. Lana couldn't do all of this alone.

DANFORD

We've got a second name to smoke out.

LUNA

Then let's burn it all.

Suddenly—an EXPLOSION outside. They rush out. A fire... and screams.

Tasha's wheelchair lies broken near the flames.

Luna realizes: the killer wants everyone dead.

They were targets. Luna was bait, but also part of the punishment.

She makes a choice.

She sends Ruby away with Caleb. She walks back into the fire-ridden halls, knowing someone waits.

INT. BURNING GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

The accomplice is revealed: ZAYN. Calm. Calculated. Still in student uniform.

ZAYN

(softly)

She told me they laughed while she cried.

Luna doesn't flinch.

LUNA

Then finish it. But it ends here.

They fight — raw, vicious.

Luna grabs him, pushes him into the fire. But as he tries to pull her in—

She lets go.

FUNERAL DAY

EXT. CEMETERY - OVERCAST - DAY

A gray sky broods over rows of black umbrellas. Mourners gather around two caskets: Tasha and Luna.

Students, professors, and officers whisper among themselves. Ruby stands quietly with her arm in a sling.

She stares at Luna's casket - distant, unreadable.

FARLEY

(low, to Grayson)

Only three survivors. Danford's's missing. The girl saved everyone... and now she's gone.

GRAYSON

Maybe not everyone.

He watches RUBY closely.

Across the crowd, Detective LEWIS arrives, late, in uniform. No one seems to notice his sudden appearance.

He stands behind Ruby, a little too close.

LEWIS

(soft, almost kind)

You were lucky to survive twice. Some people just don't die easy.

Ruby turns, startled. Sees it's him. She shifts uncomfortably.

RUBY

You were at the hospital... after Farrah.

LEWIS

(nods slowly)

I've been following you. I need to finish what they couldn't.

She steps back, alarm rising. His hand slips inside his coat-

RUBY

(yelling)

GRAYS-

A HAND grabs Lewis's arm from behind, twisting it—he yells in pain. It's LUNA.

LUNA  
(calm but fierce)  
Miss me?

She punches Lewis HARD.

He hits the casket and drops a concealed blade. Gasps erupt.  
Grayson rushes over, cuffs him.

GRAYSON  
(to Luna, stunned)  
You faked your death?

LUNA  
(catching her breath)  
Didn't fake it. Just... delayed it.

Ruby breathes in shock, looking between Luna and Lewis being dragged off.

RUBY  
(whispers)  
I thought you were gone.

LUNA  
I needed them to believe it.  
You were the bait. I was the trap.

They look at the casket — still closed. It was never Luna inside.

INT. POLICE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Lewis, bruised and cuffed, sits silently as the van door shuts.

LEWIS  
(softly, to himself)  
She thinks this is over.

The engine starts.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Grayson, Ruby, and Luna watch the van drive away.

GRAYSON  
Why'd he do it?

LUNA  
He protected them... Lyra and Zayn.  
All because of a hazing no one  
remembers...  
Except the dead.

Grayson shakes his head.

GRAYSON  
And yet here we are.

Luna looks up at the sky, then down at Tasha's grave.

LUNA  
(softly)  
I hope she knows... we tried.

Ruby links her arm with Luna's.

RUBY  
So what now?

LUNA  
(smirking)  
Now? We finish the semester.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDIT ROLLS

EXT. LUNA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A quiet, calm suburban street.

The wind sways the trees gently. A moving truck is parked.

Boxes stacked outside the porch.

LUNA stands near the sidewalk, headphones on, phone in hand.

A VIDEO NEWS CLIP PLAYS:

ANCHOR (V.O.)  
Following the recovery of  
surveillance footage and Luna  
Delvin's testimony, police confirm  
Lyra Dane, under the alias Lana  
Evans, orchestrated the campus  
murders with an unidentified  
accomplice. Luna's actions saved  
multiple lives...



Luna pauses the clip and exhales.

She's finally cleared. Her suitcase clicks shut beside her.

CALEB approaches from down the street, calm but unreadable.

CALEB

So... you're really leaving?

LUNA

(guarded)

Yeah. Starting over somewhere that  
doesn't smell like blood and  
flashbacks.

Beat.

CALEB

(soft)

I didn't know Lyra and my brother  
were... whatever that was.  
I sensed something off. Just didn't  
think—

LUNA

—you'd be the last one standing?

CALEB

(smiles faintly)

Maybe.

They look at each other for a long beat. Then—

CALEB (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You forgot one thing though...

He steps close.

WHISPERS in her ear:

CALEB (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

This is for my brother.

STAB—

Luna GASPS, eyes wide.

She drops her phone.

BLOOD drips from her side.

INT. LUNA'S MIND - FLASH VISION

The stabbing rewinds in jerky slow motion.

We're in Luna's vision. A possible future. A warning.

BACK TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Luna blinks. She's still standing. Caleb is still in front of her. Calm.

Hands in pockets. Not holding anything.

CALEB

You okay?

LUNA

(quick breath, recovered)  
Just... deja vu.

CALEB

(smiling)  
Dinner tonight? My treat. Just us.  
No near-death trauma this time.

Luna opens her mouth, hesitates—

—A CAR HONKS.

RUBY waves from the backseat, LAUGHING. A new girl beside her with snacks on her lap.

RUBY

Luna, let's go! You're not escaping  
that easy.

Luna smirks. Looks at Caleb.

LUNA

Sorry... girls' night.

She rushes into the car. Doors shut. The car drives off, full of laughter and music.

CALEB stands still.

His smile fades.

He watches them leave...

ZOOM IN ON CALEB'S FACE.

Something dark lingers behind his eyes. Not regret. Not sadness.

But something else.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

Draft 5