

# **THE BREATH BEFORE TIME**

Written by

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1 BLACK SCREEN 1

A strange noise. Barely there.

FADE IN:

2 EXT. SKY - SPRING MORNING 2

A soft, open blue. Still. Endless. Morning in Northern California.

It's something.

A murmur. A whisper. Not language. Not quite sound. Like wind brushing a forgotten frequency.

(It will return later - and we'll know its name.)

THE CAMERA BEGINS TO TRACK BACK - SLOW, SILENT, UNINTERRUPTED.

The sky remains a moment... then the top of a tree enters frame. Palm trees. Pines. A jacaranda in bloom.

As the camera continues drifting back:

We descend into a suburban street.

SPRINGWOOD. Fifteen thousand people. None of them here right now. Just empty sidewalks. Quiet houses. A pickup parked crooked. The rhythm of a sprinkler. A curtain flutters. A single bird overhead.

Not a soul in sight.

The camera glides past the hedges, crosses the yard, rises -

And slips through the second-floor window of a modest home.

3 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. GINNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

Still no cut. Just silence.

A small, cluttered room. Posters in Spanish. A telescope. A skateboard. Taped drawings. Old glow-in-the-dark stars. And at the window:

GINNY BARRONS (12) Dark, straight hair in a messy ponytail. Green eyes. A tomboy from head to toe - wiry, sharp, with a wry sense of humor baked into her posture- seen from behind.

(CONTINUED)

She stands barefoot. Motionless.

Wearing an old Real Madrid jersey, oversized on her narrow frame.

She does not blink.

Ginny stares at the same sky we just left. As if waiting for it to speak back.

The whisper continues, soft, like breath on glass.

Then—

ALICIA  
(O.S.)  
Ginny!

Ginny doesn't answer. Not yet.

She keeps staring, and the camera holds. Pure blue. Pure girl. Unmarked.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
(O.S.)  
¡Ginny! ¡Vamos, vístete! ¡Que llegas tarde!

GINNY  
(quietly, without turning)  
You say that every morning. And yet... here I am. Alive and dressed. Sort of.

ALICIA  
(O.S.)  
¡Virginia! ¡Que bajes ya, coño!

GINNY  
¡Ya voyyyy!

Ginny snaps out of it.

Trips over a pile of clothes, grabs a hoodie off her bed. Slings on her backpack — beat to hell, covered in stickers. One reads: "ALIENS EXIST (AND THEY'RE BORED)."

GINNY (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
Siempre grita como si estuviera en la ópera...

4

INT. BARRONS HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

4

Ginny bursts in, grabs a Pop-Tart, kisses her mom ALICIA (42, española, puro nervio) on the cheek.

PETER (44), her father, is scrolling through the digital newspaper on a tablet, still in his bathrobe.

He winks at Ginny – and she returns the wink, like it's their secret handshake.

GINNY

No hay leche. Y las galletas esas  
con chía sabían a cartón.

ALICIA

Pues mejor. Así no te hinchas como  
tu padre.

PETER

(without looking up)  
I'm literally right here, ladies.

GINNY

Don't worry, dad. Mom still thinks  
you're hot.

ALICIA

¡Gin!

GINNY

Amor verdadero, daddy.

SUSANA (15), Ginny's older sister, walks down the hallway in her high school uniform – fully made up and already stressed.

SUSANA

Llevas la camiseta del revés...  
again. And those are literally boy  
shorts.

GINNY

Your fashion opinions have been  
noted... and ignored.

SUSANA

You're gonna look back at pictures  
of this day and cry.

GINNY

Not unless I die. Then you'll cry.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA

Promise?

ALICIA

¡Niñas!

Ginny grabs a baseball cap hanging from a hook – it says: “QUEEN OF NOTHING.” She puts it on, heads for the door.

Just before leaving, Susana steps forward and straightens Ginny’s hoodie wordlessly – a sister’s ritual.

Ginny doesn’t resist. Just smirks, and marches out.

EXT. BARRONS HOUSE. FRONT PORCH – MORNING

The door swings open – Susana steps out first, already glowing with high school polish.

Ginny follows behind, half a step slower, dragging her bike down the porch steps with one hand and adjusting her cap with the other.

SUSANA

(glancing back)

¿Llevas los calcetines iguales?

GINNY

Nope.

SUSANA

¿Te importa?

GINNY

Nope.

They both hop onto their bikes.

Susana rides off with effortless confidence.

SUSANA

Bye, enana. Y ten cuidado.

Ginny pedals harder– hoodie flapping, backpack bouncing, her cap askew.

GINNY

(ironic)

Yes, mom!

The image of chaos on wheels.

(CONTINUED)

At the corner, JACK SMITH (11) is already waiting on his bike.

Round-cheeked, soft around the edges, big blue eyes, hair gelled flat – the kind of kid who still smells faintly of baby shampoo. Clothes picked by his mom, maybe even ironed. Except for his beat-up basketball cap, slightly crooked.

He shifts on his seat, one hand holding a juice box like it's a grenade.

JACK  
You're late.

GINNY  
You're eleven and drinking apple  
juice like it's whiskey.

JACK  
(shrugs)  
Builds character.

Ginny smirks and pedals ahead.

Ginny and Jack fall in behind her – two kids wobbling down the street into the day.

Ginny rolls ahead on her bike. Jack pedals next to her on a beat-up bike covered in Pokémon stickers. They ride in rhythm – this is a ritual.

GINNY  
I swear to God, if Ms. Keane gives  
us one more reflection journal  
today, I'm gonna write "fart" on  
every page and submit it with a  
glitter bomb.

JACK  
You did that last week.

GINNY  
I upgraded. This time I add sound  
effects.

JACK  
What kind?

GINNY  
Wet ones.

(CONTINUED)

Jack laughs through his nose. Then:

JACK  
You think she hates you?

GINNY  
No, she's just emotionally  
constipated.

JACK  
That's not a real thing.

GINNY  
Yes it is. I read it on Reddit. Or  
maybe Tumblr. Somewhere that starts  
with an R and smells like trauma.

JACK  
You're gonna get expelled one day.

GINNY  
I'm too funny to expel.

They pass a barking dog. Ginny barks back. Jack doesn't even  
blink. He's used to this.

JACK  
So... Heather McGee posted that  
TikTok.

Ginny slows down slightly, casual.

GINNY  
The volleyball thing?

JACK  
The volleyball thing where her  
shorts were like... illegal.

GINNY  
(shrugs)  
Meh.

JACK  
You watched it like fifteen times.

GINNY  
I was analyzing her form. She has  
excellent lateral movement.

JACK  
You drooled.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

I didn't— My juice box exploded.  
Shut up.

They laugh. Jack swerves a little.

JACK

You ever think about... high  
school?

GINNY

Ew. Why?

JACK

Just... you know, you'll be there  
soon. And Barbara. And Carol Anne.  
Carol Anne next year.

GINNY

I'm gonna drop out and live in the  
woods.

JACK

With who?

GINNY

Me. You. And an army of squirrels.  
We'll teach them to fight fascism.

JACK

I give you two days before a  
raccoon steals our shoes.

GINNY

Joke's on you, I don't wear shoes.

A moment. Ginny and Jack cruise under a big oak tree. Dappled  
light flickers over their faces.

JACK

I hope we're always friends, you  
know?

Ginny looks at him — just for a second. That look. Half love,  
half pity. All fire.

GINNY

Who else is gonna carry ese culito  
gordo when the aliens come?

(CONTINUED)



JACK

Did you call me fat ass? That's the  
nicest thing you've ever said to  
me.

GINNY

I called you "little fat ass",  
baby.

They near the school. The bell rings in the distance.

JACK

Race you to the bike rack.

GINNY

(grins)  
You're on, slowpoke.

They take off – Jack pedaling furiously, Ginny kicking hard  
on her board.

7

EXT. SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL – LATER

7

A banner over the entrance reads: SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL –  
HOME OF THE WILDCATS

Kids pour in. A wave of color, noise, backpacks, cliques.

Our two weirdos park side by side. Jack's out of breath.  
Ginny pretends not to be.

JACK

You cheated.

GINNY

I'm just built different.

JACK

Built like a goblin.

GINNY

Goblin queen, thank you very much.

They bump fists. Sincere. And then... Jack freezes.

Just off to the side, BARBARA SMITH (12) – lip gloss perfect,  
hair braided – is watching them like they're something she  
stepped in.

BARBARA

Ugh. This day just got worse.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

And here I thought birdsong and  
sunlight made it a perfect morning.

JACK

(to Ginny, sotto)

Abort mission. B.'s in attack mode.

BARBARA

I'm not in the mood for swamp  
creatures.

GINNY

Swamps are thriving ecosystems,  
Barbara. Unlike your TikTok.

Barbara GASPS, dramatic. Turns on her heel and struts away.

JACK

That was savage.

GINNY

That was mercy.

The bell rings again.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Come on, little hobbit. Let's go  
get emotionally traumatized by  
institutionalized education.

Ginny and Jack disappear into the crowd.

The yard buzzes with energy. Kids everywhere. Noise.  
Hormones. Overheated backpacks.

Jack and Ginny lean against the bike rack. Barbara has just  
walked off in a cloud of eye-roll.

JACK

Little hobbit? I'm taller than you.

GINNY

You wish!

Then—

A subtle shift in the world.

CAROL ANNE FREELING (13) walks into frame like she owns it.

(CONTINUED)

That strawberry-blond hair falling over her eyes, denim jacket, the warm gaze, the scent that never changes, the smile always waiting for you. The kind of girl everyone has fallen for at least once.

Not trying. Just shining.

ANDY (14) —absurdly handsome, with curly hair and jet-black eyes. He's a football player — of course he is. The question is whether it's what he wants... or what his father needs him to be— across the yard literally forgets to finish his sentence as she passes.

ANDY

...wait, what was I saying?

FOOTBALL KID #1

Something about how you were gonna shoot your shot?

ANDY

Yeah bro, blink twice if you're still breathing.

They laugh. Andy glares but doesn't take his eyes off Carol Anne.

Nearby, Barbara clocks the stares and huffs.

BARBARA

She probably uses angel tears as shampoo.

POPULAR GIRL

Even her socks are smug.

Back at the bike rack, Ginny squints as Carol Anne approaches.

GINNY

Uh-oh. Incoming celestial being.

JACK

Act natural.

GINNY

Too late. I just farted... emotionally.

Carol Anne arrives, deadpan, pulling one AirPods out.

CAROL ANNE

Smells like sarcasm and Pop-Tarts?

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

That's just Jack. I'm pure elegance.

CAROL ANNE

You're wearing two different socks, Ginny.

GINNY

It's a political statement.

CAROL ANNE

Against hygiene?

GINNY

Against conformity.

CAROL ANNE

You literally have a sandwich in your hoodie pocket.

GINNY

Emergency ham. Don't shame me.

Carol Anne plucks the sandwich out, sniffs it.

CAROL ANNE

Is this from... yesterday?

GINNY

Maybe...

CAROL ANNE

That sandwich is a war crime.

They all laugh. Carol Anne gives Jack a soft shove.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)

You laugh now, but she's gonna eat it at lunch.

GINNY

Probably.

Ginny nudges Carol Anne with her shoulder, affectionate.

CAROL ANNE

Thought you were skipping the last day. Going full rebel.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

And miss the thrill of standardized  
testing and lukewarm cafeteria  
pizza?

CAROL ANNE

Plus, the gossip.

GINNY

Exactly. I live for chaos.

Ginny looks at her. Just a second too long. Then—

GINNY (CONT'D)

Your hair looks like you brushed it  
with a unicorn.

CAROL ANNE

Your face looks like you lost a  
fight with a weed whacker.

JACK

OHHHHHH SNAP!

Ginny opens her mouth—

GINNY

Okay. That was solid.

Carol Anne smirks. Jack is still laughing.

JACK

You guys are messed up.

GINNY

You love it.

Bell rings in the distance.

CAROL ANNE

Come on, weirdos. Let's go pretend  
we care about math.

GINNY

Pretend? Speak for yourself. I'm  
fully committed to failure.

JACK

I packed extra snacks.

Jack, Carol Anne and Ginny walk inside together. Three parts,  
one unit.

9 EXT. SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL. GYM - DAY 9

Sweaty chaos. Balls flying. Whistles blowing.

JACK stands at the free throw line.

Everyone watches.

Nobody's betting on the round kid.

He shoots.

SWISH.

COACH DAVIS  
That's what I'm talkin' about,  
Smith! You got game when you're not  
eatin' your own shoelaces!

Jack GRINS, red-faced but proud.

Just for a second, he feels seven feet tall.

10 INT. SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL. MATH CLASSROOM - DAY 10

The teacher, MS. MORALES (35), walks the rows handing back papers.

One lands in front of Carol Anne: A+, red ink, smiley face by her name.

MS. MORALES  
Nice work, Carol Anne.

Carol Anne gives a small, polite smile. Tucks a loose strand of hair behind her ear. That's it.

Behind her, HEATHER MCGEE (13) sits quietly. Says nothing. Just there. Watching. Writing something in the margin of her own test.

Carol Anne doesn't look back.

11 INT. SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL. SCIENCE CLASS - DAY 11

ANDY stares at the paper on his desk. C-, circled in red. Off-center. Judgy.

ANDY shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND

You still get more likes than  
everyone here.

ANDY

Yeah but... whatever.

ANDY crumples the paper into a tight ball. Doesn't throw it.  
Just holds it.

12 INT. SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL. SPANISH CLASSROOM - DAY 12

The classroom is trying to hold it together. Barely. Papel  
picado flutters under the ceiling fan.

Students are half-zombies. The clock ticks slower than death.

Ginny slouches in her seat, chewing a pencil cap. Next,  
Barbara is writing in her color-coded planner like it's a  
sacred text.

MR. SANDOVAL (38), weary but noble, writes on the board:

MR. SANDOVAL

"Yo tengo una hermana." Let's  
repeat. Todos juntos.

CLASS

(mumbling)

Yo tengo una hermana.

MR. SANDOVAL

Virginia.

GINNY

Present and mostly attentive.

MR. SANDOVAL

Say the sentence, please.

GINNY

What? No... I don't think so.

MR. SANDOVAL

Please, Señorita Barrons.

GINNY

Yo tengo una hermana-

(smirking)

-que tiene el culo gordo como un  
pandero.

(CONTINUED)

Half the class LAUGHS.

Barbara does not.

BARBARA  
You're literally a feral child.

GINNY  
I'm cultured, gracias.

MR. SANDOVAL  
That's not how we use "gracias."

GINNY  
That's how I use sarcasmo.

MR. SANDOVAL  
Señorita Barrons, less sarcasmo,  
more respeto.

Mr. Sandoval moves on to the next sentence.

MR. SANDOVAL (CONT'D)  
"Mi hermana vive en Bogotá." Let's  
try that. Bogotá.

GINNY  
Technically, it's pronounced Bo-go-  
TAH. With the emphasis on the last  
syllable.

MR. SANDOVAL  
Yes. In Spain. Here we use Latin  
American pronunciation.

GINNY  
Yeah. Well, in Spain we also don't  
call "coger" a bad word.

TENSION. The class collectively holds its breath.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Which is why when I told my cousin  
in Mexico I was gonna "coger el  
autobús"... she thought I was about  
to screw a Greyhound.

Gasps. One kid CHOKES on a gummy worm.

MR. SANDOVAL  
Virginia!

(CONTINUED)



GINNY

¿Qué?! ¡Estoy contextualizando  
diferentes usos del idioma!

Mr. Sandoval approaches her desk. He's done laughing.

MR. SANDOVAL

Señorita Barrons, do you even  
realize how many of your classmates  
speak Spanish at home? That they  
live that "context" every day?

GINNY

Yeah, well... I speak REAL Spanish.

SILENCE. Something shifts. Even Ginny feels it.  
Eyes narrow. Awkward coughs. Uncomfortable shifting.

From across the room, a girl mutters:

STUDENT GIRL

The hell is that supposed to mean,  
pendeja?

Ginny blinks. Slight confusion. Her smile fades.  
Realization sinking in too late.

MR. SANDOVAL

That's enough. Take your sarcasmo  
and your sandwich and go see  
Principal Hutchins.

GINNY

Wait, I didn't- I wasn't trying to-

STUDENT BOY

Always got something to say, huh?

MR. SANDOVAL

Go, please.

Ginny sighs, grabs her backpack (and the emergency ham), and  
trudges toward the door.

GINNY

This feels culturally repressive...

MR. SANDOVAL

Out.

The door closes behind her.

13 INT. SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY 13

Ginny sits in a plastic chair. Legs swinging. Unapologetic. Through the window, Mr. Sandoval speaks with the PRINCIPAL. Ginny turns to the SECRETARY.

GINNY

On a scale from detention to we're  
calling the Pope... how bad is it?

The secretary doesn't even look up.

SECRETARY

Go ahead and warm the chair. It  
remembers you.

GINNY

That's comforting.

Ginny leans back, completely relaxed. Pulls out the leftover sandwich from her hoodie and takes a bite.

SMASH CUT TO:

14 EXT. SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL. BACK LOT - AFTERNOON 14

Final bell.

Kids flood out - yelling, laughing, filming TikToks, texting.

Ginny and Jack head toward the side gate, backpack straps swinging.

GINNY

You think they'll mail me a plaque?  
"Most Likely to Start an  
International Incident in Spanish  
Class"?

JACK

I think they'll name a bench after  
you. "Do Not Sit - Ginny Was Here."

They laugh. They're happy. For a second. Until-

RYAN

(O.S.)

Hey, Smith! You bringing your  
babysitter to high school too?

(CONTINUED)

Ginny and Jack stop.

RYAN (14) and JOSH (14) lean against the fence with two other meatheads. Football boys. Too big for their own egos.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You wear diapers under those shorts, or just emotional support underwear?

Ginny steps in front of Jack before he can say a word.

GINNY  
Wow. You spent all recess thinking that up? I'm embarrassed for your neurons.

RYAN  
Whoa, language, little boy.

JOSH  
Wait. That's not a boy. She's a lesbian. The one who eats glue and punches walls.

GINNY  
(grinning)  
Only when provoked. Wanna test it?

JACK  
Ginny, don't—

Too late.

Ginny throws her backpack down and steps toward Ryan.

GINNY  
Say one more thing about him. Go on. Make my fucking day.

MURMURS. GASPS.

Other kids start watching from the edge.

JOSH  
You kiss your mommy with that mouth?

GINNY  
I kiss your mom. Every Tuesday. She makes soup.

Laughter from the crowd. But Josh's not laughing.

(CONTINUED)

He pushes Ginny — hard.

She stumbles back, but doesn't fall. Ginny lunges, throws a wild punch that misses by a mile. Josh catches her by the collar and shoves her to the ground.

Ginny hits the pavement hard. A scrape on her knee. A shock to the pride.

RYAN

Jesus, she really thought she could fight.

JOSH

What's the matter? Gonna cry?

GINNY sits up, breathing hard. Hands shaking.

She wipes her arm across her face—

Her eyes are glassy. Ginny hates this. Hates them. Hates crying in front of them.

Then Josh leans in, quiet, just for her:

JOSH (CONT'D)

Fucking dyke.

That one lands.

Ginny doesn't reply.

Doesn't move.

Just looks down...

And starts to cry.

Not loudly. Not theatrically.

Just that quiet, horrible kind of crying that only comes when you've got nothing left to fake.

Carol Anne arrives like a storm front.

CAROL ANNE

Hey. Back off.

RYAN

What are you gonna do? Give us detention?

(CONTINUED)

CAROL ANNE  
I could ruin your entire reputation  
with one post. Try me.

Ginny looks up. Carol Anne kneels beside her.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)  
You good?

Ginny nods, barely.

Barbara comes barreling in.

BARBARA  
Jack?!

Barbara rushes past Carol Anne, shielding Jack with her body.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
Are you hurt?

JACK  
No. Ginny...

BARBARA  
(to Josh and Ryan)  
Dickheads.

JOSH  
Jesus, what is this? Feminist  
Voltron?

And then... Andy appears.

BOOM.

Andy punches Josh square in the face.

Josh hits the ground. Clean. Sudden. Real.

RYAN  
WHOA—

Andy grabs Josh and shoves him hard. Ryan stumbles backward.

ANDY  
You wanna hit someone? Try me.

Silence.

The whole crowd freezes.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL ANNE

Andy!

ANDY

No. These assholes have been doing  
this all year.

CAROL ANNE

This doesn't help.

Ginny stares at Andy from the ground. Her lip is bleeding.  
Her pride is shattered. Ginny doesn't thank him.

She just stares.

Cold.

Barbara, on the other hand, looks at Andy like a sunrise.

BARBARA

That was... really brave.

ANDY

(still fired up)

Yeah. Well. Someone had to.

Silence. The five of them -

CAROL ANNE, GINNY, JACK, BARBARA, and ANDY - look at one  
another. None of them planned this. But now... they're  
together. A group forged by fire.

CAROL ANNE

Come on. Before someone calls the  
cops.

Ginny limps slightly. Carol Anne helps her. Jack trails  
behind. Barbara sticks to Andy like a shadow.

JACK

(to Ginny)

You were amazing.

GINNY

I cried.

JACK

Still amazing.

GINNY

If he says one word to me, I swear  
I'll vomit in his shoes.

(CONTINUED)

Ginny nods toward Andy.

JACK  
Jealous?

GINNY  
Of that overgrown Action Man?

Beat.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
...Maybe a little.

JACK  
He's kinda cool.

GINNY  
You're cooler.

Ginny, Jack, Carol Anne, Barbara and Andy walk off into the golden light.

The first five. Together now.

FADE OUT.

15 EXT. SPRINGWOOD. BACK ALLEY BEHIND THE DELI - LATE AFTERNOON

Golden hour. The heat's settled. Trash cans, cracked pavement, the smell of fryer grease from the deli next door.

Ginny, Jack, Carol Anne and Barbara sit on a low brick ledge. Ginny winces as Carol Anne dabs her scraped knee with a napkin soaked in soda.

GINNY  
Ow.

CAROL ANNE  
Hold still, crybaby.

GINNY  
That's not medical advice, that's torture.

CAROL ANNE  
You cried like a baby.

GINNY  
Lair.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL ANNE  
Your eyes did the Niagara Falls.

GINNY  
That was rage sweat.

JACK  
Is rage sweat a real thing?

GINNY  
It is when you're twelve and full  
of vengeance.

Carol Anne, Ginny and Jack laugh, a little. Even Barbara smiles.

Andy returns, holding a plastic bag full of ice wrapped in paper towels.

ANDY  
Found this at the gas station. Told  
the guy it was for my little  
sister.

He hands it to Ginny.

GINNY  
Ew. Thanks.

ANDY  
You're welcome, Queen Goblin.

Ginny narrows her eyes, but takes it. Presses it to her knee.

JACK  
That was pretty epic, what you did.

BARBARA  
It was stupid.

Beat.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
But... brave. You didn't have to  
stand up for him like that.

GINNY  
Sure I did. He's my best friend.  
And also, I'm reckless and lack  
impulse control.

JACK  
She really doesn't have a filter.

(CONTINUED)



CAROL ANNE

She doesn't even have a lid.

They all chuckle.

BARBARA

Still... thanks. For Jack.

Ginny shrugs, a little embarrassed now.

GINNY

Don't make it a thing.

ANDY

So what now? We all get suspended?

CAROL ANNE

Probably. But we also scared the  
crap out of Ryan and Josh. That's a  
win.

Beat.

Carol Anne glances at Andy. Not a smile, exactly. Just... a  
shift. A first crack.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)

Thanks for showing up.

ANDY

Anytime.

They all go quiet for a second.

The sun catches Ginny's face. Her scraped knee. Jack's grin.  
Barbara twisting a strand of hair. Carol Anne brushing dirt  
off her hands. Andy looking up at the power lines above.

This is it. The start of something.

GINNY

We're like the worst Breakfast Club  
ever.

JACK

Except with more injuries and fewer  
detentions.

GINNY

Give it time.

(CONTINUED)

They sit there, letting the moment breathe. Five kids. One summer. And something in the air that none of them understand yet.

FADE OUT.

16 EXT. SPRINGWOOD. OLD QUARRY PARK - EARLY EVENING

16

Golden hour. Shadows stretch across cracked pavement and overgrown weeds. A rusted swing groans in the breeze. Graffiti covers an old security shed.

The five of them lounge on a low stone wall. Ginny, bruised and scuffed, presses a melting bag of ice to her knee. Jack sits beside her, legs swinging. Barbara scrolls through her phone. Andy paces nearby, flicking a rock back and forth. And Carol Anne stands, arms crossed, watching the town below.

GINNY

If I die of tetanus from this knee,  
bury me in my Real Madrid jersey.

JACK

The pink one?

GINNY

Obviously. I'm not a barbarian.

ANDY

You really went feral on that guy.

GINNY

He said Jack still wears diapers...  
and said I was a dyke. What was I  
supposed to do, knit him a sweater?

Barbara lets out a dry laugh. Still scrolling.

BARBARA

Oh no...

CAROL ANNE

What?

BARBARA

Someone posted the fight. It's  
everywhere.

Everyone leans in.

(CONTINUED)

On her screen – the video: Ginny lunging at Ryan. Andy punching him in the face. That's it. No context. No insults. No shove. Just violence.

JACK

Shit...

BARBARA

It's in the eighth-grade group chat. Caption says: "Ginny Barrons goes berserk." And they added the crazy emoji.

GINNY

(quiet)

Are you freaking kidding me?

ANDY

That's not what happened.

JACK

But that's what it looks like.

GINNY

I—I was defending you.

BARBARA

That's not what the video shows.

Ginny stands, pissed – but rattled.

GINNY

Great. So now I'm the lunatic who attacks people for fun.

ANDY

Welcome to the club.

GINNY

Don't. You and I are not the same.

JACK

Guys—

GINNY

No, screw this. This is total bullshit.

BARBARA

You did throw the first punch.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Because he was being a dick! And I failed!

ANDY

And now we're the dicks. Fantastic.

Silence. The air's gone sour. Carol Anne steps forward. Calm. In charge.

CAROL ANNE

Enough.

They all shut up.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)

This is how it starts. One video, no context – and suddenly we're villains. So here's what we're gonna do.

Beat.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)

Tonight. My house. All of you.

JACK

Like... a sleepover?

CAROL ANNE

Like damage control. We figure out what we say, what we don't. We stick together. No one goes rogue.

Beat.

GINNY

You're inviting him too?

CAROL ANNE

Yes. He had our backs.

GINNY

You like him or something?

Carol Anne gives her a sly smile. Knows exactly what she's doing.

CAROL ANNE

I like having my people in one place. Is that a problem?

Ginny bites her lip. No good answer.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

No. Whatever.

BARBARA

Can we order pizza?

ANDY

I need, like, three pizzas.  
Minimum.

JACK

She's paying, right?

CAROL ANNE

You're lucky I'm not charging rent.

Everyone laughs. The tension breaks.

GINNY

Just saying - if anyone touches the  
last slice of pepperoni, I will  
stab you with a spoon.

ANDY

Dibs.

GINNY

Bring it on, Action Man.

CAROL ANNE

God help me.

Ginny, Jack, Carol Anne, Barbara and Andy walk off together  
into the dusk.

The group. Formed by chaos. United by choice.

FADE OUT.

The front door creaks open.

Ginny limps in - scraped, dirty, and emotionally wiped out.  
Her backpack dangles from one arm. Her eyes are tired. From  
the kitchen:

ALICIA

(O.S.)

Ginny, cariño ¿Y esas pintas?

Ginny winces.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

It's a long long story, mamá.

Alicia enters and looks at her daughter up and down with a heavy sigh.

ALICIA

¿No me digas que te has peleado...?  
¿Otra vez?

GINNY

I... didn't. Mostly...

ALICIA

¿Y entonces que le ha pasado a tu rodilla? ¿Y a tu cara?

GINNY

Mamá...

ALICIA

¿Qué ha pasado esta vez?

GINNY

Ryan y Josh se metieron con Jack, como siempre. Y yo, pues... alguien tenía que defenderle.

ALICIA

¿Y ese alguien tenías que ser tú?

GINNY

Of course! He's my best friend. ¡Y esos dos son unos gilipollas de campeonato!

ALICIA

¡Virginia!

GINNY

¿Qué? Es lo que son.

ALICIA

¿Y qué pasó después?

GINNY

Tiré la mochila y me lancé a por Josh. Iba a pegarle pero... me pegó él a mi. En toda la cara. Y luego todos grabando, como si fuera el Circo de los Horrores.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

¿Te metiste tú sola contra dos tíos  
de catorce?

GINNY

(soft)

Maybe...

ALICIA

Cariño, tienes más ovarios que  
sentido común... anda ven.

Ginny tries to take off her sneaker but winces. Alicia sighs  
again and gestures toward the steps.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Siéntate. Déjame ver eso. Y no  
protestes, que te conozco.

Ginny sits. Alicia disappears into the bathroom and returns  
with a first-aid kit. Alicia kneels and starts cleaning the  
wound.

GINNY

Mamá... No me eches la charla. Ya  
me han echado muchas.

ALICIA

Yo no te echo solo la charla. Yo te  
curo. Y luego te echo la charla. Es  
mi trabajo como madre.

Ginny winces again as Alicia dabs her knee.

GINNY

¡Ay! ¡Escuece!

ALICIA

No seas llorica.

GINNY

Eso dice Carol Anne... que soy una  
llorica cuando...

Silence. Just breath.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Mamá, do you think I'm like a...  
weirdo or something?

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

¡Nooo!

(Alicia smiles)

Eres... Ginny.

GINNY

Ya, pero... a veces me siento rara.  
Como que no encajo. No del todo.

ALICIA

¿Y que tiene eso de malo?

GINNY

Es que algunos me llaman... cosas.

ALICIA

¿Y sabes qué pienso yo?

GINNY

¿Qué?

ALICIA

Que el mundo no está preparado para  
ti. Y eso no es culpa tuya.

Ginny lowers her head. Alicia watches her carefully.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

¿Tú te crees que no sé lo que hay  
en esa cabecita tuya?

GINNY

No tienes ni idea...

ALICIA

¿No? ¿Y esa carita que pones cuando  
ves a Carol Anne? ¿O a esa  
pelirroja del voley, cómo se llama?

GINNY

(blushing)

Heather.

ALICIA

Heather. Muy mona. Pero no tiene tu  
arte, cariño.

GINNY

Mamá...

ALICIA

Mira, tú sé tú. Habrá quien no  
entienda nada.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



ALICIA (CONT'D)

Pero los que sí lo entiendan...  
esos son los que importan.

GINNY

¿Y si me equivoco?

ALICIA

Pues te equivocas. Y aprendes.

Ginny nods. Alicia touches her cheek, gently.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Anda, sube a ver a tu hermana. Está  
cabreada contigo por el "incidente  
internacional" de tu clase de  
español.

GINNY

¿Se lo has contado tú?

ALICIA

No. Pero Susana se entera de todo.  
Siempre. No se como lo hace.

Ginny laughs. She gets up, limping.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Ginny.

GINNY

¿Qué?

ALICIA

Te quiero. Pero no vuelvas a decir  
algo así en clase del señor  
Sandoval. No es... ni medio justo.  
Y además, no es verdad.

GINNY

Cerraré esa boca. Lo prometo.

ALICIA

¿Tu? ¡Imposible!

GINNY

Es porque soy intensa.

ALICIA

Lo se. Eres mi hija.

Ginny heads upstairs.

18 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. SUSANA'S ROOM - NIGHT 18

Dim light. Susana lies on her bed, earbuds in, staring at the ceiling.

Knock-knock.

Susana doesn't answer.

The door opens anyway. Ginny enters. Her knee is bandaged, her face still flushed from earlier.

GINNY  
Mamá dice que no has cenado.

Susana pulls out one earbud.

SUSANA  
I'm not hungry.

GINNY  
Too bad. I brought chocolate.

She holds up two Kinder Bueno like it's a peace treaty.

Susana sits up.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Are you mad at me?

SUSANA  
No. Of course not. You punched someone?

GINNY  
I threw a punch. Didn't exactly land.

SUSANA  
¿Y eso?

GINNY  
They were picking on Jack.

SUSANA  
So you turned into Rambo?

GINNY  
More like... Rambo's weird cousin with asthma.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY (CONT'D)  
They called me a dyke.

SUSANA  
A dyke who fights for her friends.  
I'd watch that movie.

Ginny almost smiles.

GINNY  
Everyone saw me cry.

SUSANA  
You think that makes you weak?

GINNY  
I think it makes me a joke.

SUSANA  
No. It makes you you.

Susana sits beside Ginny on the bed. Their legs barely touch.

SUSANA (CONT'D)  
Gin... people suck. And middle  
school is like... the Hunger Games,  
but dumber.

GINNY  
You never cried.

SUSANA  
Please. I cried every day. I just  
did it in Spanish, so no one  
noticed.

Ginny laughs – a small, tired laugh. The kind that hurts.

GINNY  
Sometimes I wish I were like you.

SUSANA  
Ew. Why?

GINNY  
You're... normal. Pretty. Popular.  
You know what you're doing.

SUSANA  
I trip over air and cried last week  
watching Encanto. You sure about  
that?

(CONTINUED)

Beat.

SUSANA (CONT'D)  
You're not supposed to have it  
figured out yet.

Susana looks at her. Eyes soft.

SUSANA (CONT'D)  
You don't have to get it. Not now.

Beat.

SUSANA (CONT'D)  
But if you ever wanna talk about...  
you know... aliens...  
(Smiles)  
Or girls... or whatever—

Ginny's head snaps toward her.

SUSANA (CONT'D)  
Chill, baby goat. I said if.

GINNY  
I didn't say I like girls.

SUSANA  
And I didn't say I care.

They lock eyes. Ginny looks away first.

GINNY  
There's... maybe one girl. Not  
sure.

SUSANA  
Let me guess.

GINNY  
No.

SUSANA  
Starts with a C?

GINNY  
I swear to God, Susana, I will kill  
you with this Kinder Bueno.

Beat. Susana just smiles.

SUSANA  
You're the coolest weirdo I know.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

You're the lamest big sister in the galaxy.

They lean against each other. Not a hug. Not a moment for the scrapbook. Just... closeness. Real. Warm.

SUSANA

¿Mejor?

GINNY

Un poco. Pero solo porque tengo un Kinder Bueno.

FADE OUT.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack and Barbara sit at the table with a mouthful of spaghetti. MARTHA SMITH (45) and JACK SR. (49, huge mustache, ex-linebacker) look skeptical.

BARBARA

Just one night. Carol Anne's house. There's adult supervision.

JACK

Probably.

MARTHA

Are there boys?

JACK

...I'm a boy.

JACK SR.

He has a point.

MARTHA

That's not what I meant. Are you actually sleeping, or just gossiping till 3 AM?

BARBARA

Sleeping, duh.

(beat)

...And gossiping till 3 AM.

JACK

Come on, Mom. I survived middle school. I can survive one night with snacks.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

If you puke, don't blame the pizza  
rolls.

20 INT. ANDY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 20

Aandy slouched on the couch, PlayStation controller in hand.  
The room is dark. TV glows. A pizza box sits open. He speaks  
to someone off-screen, not even looking up.

ANDY

I'm sleeping at Carol Anne's  
tonight.

A beat. We hear a voice from another room - tired, distant:

ANDY'S DAD

(O.S.)

Don't wake me when you come back.

ANDY

Got it.

Andy hits "Resume Game."

21 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. GINNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 21

Ginny paces while Alicia stands at the door, arms crossed.

GINNY

Mamá... por favor. Carol Anne es mi  
mejor amiga. Jack y Barbara van.  
Hasta el subnormal va.

ALICIA

¿Qué subnormal?

GINNY

Andy.

ALICIA

No le llames así.

GINNY

Vale. El subnormal guapo.

ALICIA

¡Virginia!

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Voy a estar bien. No me voy a pelear con nadie. No voy a insultar a ningún profesor. Ni voy a montar un... incidente internacional.

ALICIA

¿Y vas a dormir algo?

GINNY

Eso ya no te lo puedo prometer.

Alicia sighs in defeat.

ALICIA

Lávate los dientes. Ponte pijama de verdad. Y si haces una videollamada a Marte, me avisas antes.

Ginny squeals with joy and runs to hug Alicia.

Hardwood floors. A staircase with fairy lights. The scent of lavender and fresh-baked cookies. Everything neat. Lived-in. Loved.

Carol Anne's house glows like something out of a movie. White siding. Fresh paint. Perfect lawn. Fairy lights around the porch. The kind of house you only see in Hallmark Christmas specials.

Five bikes skid to a stop at the curb. Ginny hops off first, limping slightly. She wears an oversized Real Madrid jersey and mismatched socks.

GINNY

(to Barbara)

You're gonna love this house. It smells like cookies and witchcraft.

BARBARA

(looking up, wide-eyed)

Holy crap. She lives here?

GINNY

Yes! It smells like... like someone left the oven open on purpose.

JACK

And Carol Anne's mom keeps almond milk just for me!

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

You two are so weirdly  
domesticated.

ANDY

(to Ginny)  
Real Madrid, huh?

GINNY

Got a problem?

ANDY

Nah. Just... didn't expect it. But  
it's cool.

GINNY

You're wearing Nike socks and  
Crocs. You don't get to speak.

Barbara laughs too hard. Jack looks at her, surprised.

The front door opens. Carol Anne steps out in pajama shorts  
and an oversized hoodie. She smiles when she sees them. It's  
not a big smile. Just a quiet one – warm and confident. The  
kind that makes everything feel okay.

CAROL ANNE

Took you long enough.

Ginny grins and breezes past her into the house.

GINNY

¡Mamá de Carol Anne! ¡Estoy en  
casa!

JACK

We brought snacks... and chaos.

Carol Anne holds the door for the others.

Barbara hesitates for a second – then steps inside.

Andy hangs back.

ANDY

So... your parents cool with this?

CAROL ANNE

They're out for tonight.  
Anniversary thing, so...

GINNY

And your brother?

(CONTINUED)



CAROL ANNE  
College. He hasn't slept at home  
since Trump got reelected.

Beat.

Their eyes linger a moment longer than they should.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)  
Are you cool with this?

ANDY  
(softly)  
Yeah.

CAROL ANNE  
Cool.

She turns. Andy follows her in. The door swings shut. From outside, we hear the muffled sounds of laughter, music, and footsteps thudding up the stairs.

23 INT. FREELING HOOUSE. CAROL ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 23

Massive, cozy, expensive. Lights dim. Empty soda cans. Pillows everywhere. Phoebe Bridgers plays low, mixing with the sound of five unsupervised teenagers losing their minds.

Ginny sits cross-legged in front of Jack and Andy, holding up her phone.

GINNY  
Okay. So. Would you rather- shit  
yourself every time you sneeze, or  
cum every time someone says your  
name?

JACK  
What the fuck, Ginny!?

GINNY  
Ooooh! I'm cumming!!

Jack dies laughing.

ANDY  
Jesus Christ!

GINNY  
He said my name, so...

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

You are literally the reason  
abstinence exists.

GINNY

Don't slut-shame my imagination,  
Barb. It's beautiful.

CAROL ANNE

Beautiful's a stretch.

GINNY

You're just jealous I peaked at 12.

JACK

Wait, this is your peak?

GINNY

I have tits and trauma. That's a  
combo meal.

Andy, still chuckling, throws a pillow at her.

BARBARA

You're insane.

GINNY

Takes one to know one, mannequin  
girl.

Everyone laughs. It's chaotic. Wild. Real.

INT. FREELING HOOUSE. CAROL ANNE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Fairy lights glow across the ceiling. Sleeping bags. Pillows.  
Half-eaten snacks. The floor is a battlefield of Skittles and  
spilled popcorn.

The five of them sit in a loose circle.

Ginny is criss-cross applesauce, hair in a messy bun, holding  
a flashlight like a scepter. Carol Anne leans against the  
bedframe, knees pulled up. Barbara lies on her stomach, feet  
in the air. Jack picks at the last of a pizza roll. Andy  
leans back on his elbows, trying to look cooler than he  
feels.

GINNY

Okay. I declare this circle cursed.  
No one leaves until the spirits are  
satisfied.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Spirits?

BARBARA  
She means us, genius.

GINNY  
We begin: Truth or dare?

Ginny spins the flashlight like a bottle. It lands on Jack.

JACK  
Oh no.

GINNY  
Truth or dare?

JACK  
Truth.

GINNY  
Coward.

JACK  
I'm alive. You're bleeding. I stand  
by my choice.

GINNY  
Fine... Who in this room do you  
trust the most?

Jack glances around. His eyes stop on Ginny.

JACK  
You.  
(beat)  
Obviously.

Ginny almost smiles. Carol Anne notices. Just barely.

The flashlight spins again. It lands on Barbara.

BARBARA  
Truth.

GINNY  
What's your biggest secret crush?

Barbara hesitates. Eyes flick to Andy. Then Carol Anne. Then down.

BARBARA  
Taylor Swift.

(CONTINUED)

Laughter.

JACK

What? That's not a real answer!

BARBARA

Ginny didn't say it had to be  
someone here. And Taylor Swift's  
powerful, okay?

More laughter.

The flashlight spins again. This time, Ginny.

GINNY

Oh hell no. I wrote the rules. I'm  
exempt.

JACK

Too bad. You're in the circle.

Ginny considers it.

GINNY

Truth.

BARBARA

Have you ever kissed anyone?

Beat. Ginny shrugs.

GINNY

Nah. Unless you count that one  
dream with Billie Eilish.

Laughter explodes. Ginny covers her face.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I was confused, okay?

As they laugh, Carol Anne gently touches Andy's arm, amused.  
Andy glances at her. They both laugh at the same moment -  
eyes locked just a second too long.

The flashlight spins. Lands on Andy.

BARBARA

Truth or Dare.

ANDY

Dare.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY  
Ooooh. Brave boy.

BARBARA  
I dare you to... let Ginny draw  
something on your face with  
eyeliner.

ANDY  
That's it?

GINNY  
Oh no. I draw with purpose.

25 INT. FREELING HOOUSE. CAROL ANNE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 25

GINNY drawing cat whiskers and a little heart on Andy's  
cheek.

ANDY  
This is a hate crime.

GINNY  
This is art.

ANDY  
A dick, isn't it?

GINNY  
Dripping and proud.

Carol Anne watches. Smiling. There's something in her eyes -  
pride maybe. Or amusement. Or something warmer.

Ginny notices. And keeps drawing.

Flashlight spins again. It slows. Lands on Carol Anne.  
Silence.

ANDY  
Truth or dare?

Carol Anne lifts her chin.

CAROL ANNE  
Dare.

Everyone oooohs. Ginny narrows her eyes.

ANDY  
I dare you... to kiss someone in  
this room.

(CONTINUED)

Beat.

Carol Anne freezes. Eyes widen.

Carol Anne's eyes flick to Andy.

He's already watching her.

Then she looks at Jack.

His mouth is full of Sprite.

Ginny watches all of it – every glance, every hesitation.

Carol Anne leans toward Jack and plants a soft, quick kiss on his lips.

Jack nearly chokes.

JACK

Okay. Yep. I'm dead now.

Everyone laughs – including Carol Anne, red as a cherry.

GINNY

Ha sido precioso.

CAROL ANNE

Shut up. You. Evil. Spanish.  
Princess.

JACK

Can I spin now?

BARBARA

After a kiss like that? I think you  
earned it.

Jack spins the flashlight.

As the game continues, Carol Anne shifts closer to Andy, subtle but deliberate. They don't touch. But her knees brush against his. He doesn't move away. The circle continues. Laughter rises again. But something has changed. Something subtle and irreversible.

We stay on Ginny, as the light flickers over her face – watching, smiling, hiding.

FADE OUT:

26 INT. FREELING HOOUSE. CAROL ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 26

Makeup bags explode across the floor. Brushes, lipsticks, glitter palettes.

Ginny sits on a puffy beanbag, legs outstretched, her knee still bandaged. She's in her Real Madrid t-shirt, clearly out of her element.

Barbara hovers like a TikTok-certified makeup artist.

Carol Anne stands behind Ginny, hairbrush in hand, beaming with mischief.

GINNY

Just to be clear, I'm only letting you do this because I can't move. At all. My kneecap looks like Freddy Krueger's nutsack.

CAROL ANNE

You're being dramatic.

GINNY

If you paint me like a Vegas hooker, I'll shit in your mom's Birkin.

CAROL ANNE

My mom doesn't have a Birkin.

GINNY

Then your dad's Tesla. Right in the frunk.

Barbara flicks her with a brush.

BARBARA

Relax. You've got killer cheekbones.

GINNY

You're blending highlighter into my eyeball.

CAROL ANNE

Hold still, gremlin. We're creating a masterpiece.

Barbara lines her lips, bright red. Ginny pulls a face like she just licked a lemon. Carol Anne hands her a small mirror.

Ginny looks. And for a split second, she freezes.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Holy shit... is that me?

BARBARA

Told you. You're hot.

CAROL ANNE

Now you really are the Princess of Spain.

Ginny blinks, smirks.

GINNY

The real princess is blonde. Like you. I'm brunette. So imagine the hair on my pussy.

Andy walks in just in time to hear that — and chokes on his soda.

ANDY

Jesus Crist! Again?

JACK

Oh my God.

BARBARA

You're so... disgusting.

GINNY

You're welcome.

Carol Anne leans in close, mock-whispering:

CAROL ANNE

When your ironing board of a chest starts growing, maybe you'll get a hair or two down there... Malibu Barbie.

Barbara gasps.

GINNY

Says the girl who still pees with the door open...

CAROL ANNE

(mocking)

Yeah, yeah. Keep talking, Rosalía...

(CONTINUED)



GINNY

Rosalía's not a princess. She's a queen. And she's brunette. So imagine her pussy hair!

Carol Anne throws a pillow at her.

They all burst into laughter.

A beat. Then Carol Anne, more thoughtful:

CAROL ANNE

(softly)

You know... Heather McGee's gonna freak when she sees you like this.

Ginny stiffens. Face flushed instantly.

GINNY

But... I-I... I don't like Heather.

BARBARA

Mhm.

GINNY

I don't! I mean, sure, she's cute, but I'm not gonna, like... tongue her in the cafeteria.

CAROL ANNE

Literally no one said that.

ANDY

She's cool, though. Heather. Everyone knows she's gay. She's been out since third grade.

Ginny glances at him. Grateful. Mortified.

GINNY

Good for her. I'm not gay.

CAROL ANNE

No one's labeling you, Ginny.

GINNY

I just... don't like anybody. Yet. Maybe I'm a rock. Emotionally... and sexually.

A long beat.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

If you ever wanna talk to her, I  
can intro you. She's chill. And  
crazy good at volleyball.

GINNY

Great. Now she's talented? That's  
worse.

A beat. Only Carol Anne speaks.

CAROL ANNE

You okay?

Ginny exhales.

GINNY

I'm fine. I just... don't wanna  
make out with anyone. Especially  
not someone who can spike a ball  
through my skull.

CAROL ANNE

It's okay, sweetie.

GINNY

I need this shit off my face. I  
feel like I'm in drag.

Carol Anne wipes Ginny's lips gently with a makeup wipe.  
Leaves just a hint of color.

CAROL ANNE

Still you. Just a little shinier.

Jack peeks through the door holding a Switch. He sees Ginny —  
stops short. Eyes wide.

JACK

Whoa...

Beat. Honest.

JACK (CONT'D)

You look... kinda cool.

GINNY

Shut up.

JACK

You said it first.

Ginny shoves him playfully on her way out.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)  
Mario Kart time. Loser drinks  
pickle juice.

GINNY  
I'd rather make out with Heather  
McGee.

ANDY  
That can be arranged.

Ginny scowls, but she's smiling underneath.

GINNY  
Let's play before you people ruin  
what's left of my dignity.

Ginny gets up, still a little stiff, and she takes one last  
look in the mirror... She frowns. Not because she looks bad.  
Because, somehow... she looks kind of beautiful.

FADE OUT:

27 INT. FREELING HOOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 27

Soft shadows stretch along the hallway. The house quiet now -  
wrapped in that particular silence only a sleepover can  
bring.

The door to CAROL ANNE'S ROOM creaks open. Barbara slips out,  
barefoot. She whispers over her shoulder:

BARBARA  
Be right back.

She pulls the door closed gently behind her and starts  
walking.

The hallway is wide and dimly lit, the walls hung with framed  
photos and soft lights. Barbara walks slowly, taking in the  
house - elegant, lived-in, bigger than hers.

Barbara rounds a corner- Then stops.

Just ahead, in the glow of a side lamp- Carol Anne and Andy.  
Close. Whispering. Laughing, maybe. Breathless.

Then-movement. Subtle. Deliberate.

Andy's arm shifts behind her back. Carol Anne leans into it.  
Her head tips, lips parted. Eyes flutter. The kiss  
begins-slow, soft- But it deepens. His shoulders tense.

(CONTINUED)

Hers rise. A hitch in breath. A stifled sound. Carol Anne's hand claws gently at the hem of his hoodie— And disappears under it.

Barbara doesn't move. Her eyes fixed. Breathing shallow. Barbara can't quite hear what they're whispering now. But she knows. She knows.

Then—

A sharp inhale from Carol Anne. Not pain. Not laughter. Something between surrender and surprise. A tiny, breathy moan.

Barbara closes her eyes. And in the hush of that perfect hallway, Something she will never unsee settles quietly in her bones.

CUT TO BLACK.

28 INT. FREELING HOOUSE. CAROL ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 28

All five in sleeping bags. Lights off.

Just the occasional flicker from a lava lamp in the corner.

ANDY

There's a place near the lake. Not many people know it.

JACK

Is it where you take girls to make out?

ANDY

I take myself there. I'm a great date.

GINNY

You make out with yourself?

ANDY

Better than with... Ryan.

Laughter.

BARBARA

Ew. I kissed Ryan once. His tongue was like a dying fish.

GINNY

That's oddly specific. I love it.

(CONTINUED)

Beat.

ANDY  
I've never really... had friends  
like this. You guys are kinda  
fucked up. I like it.

GINNY  
That's our charm.

Another beat.

JACK  
(impatient)  
Can we go tomorrow?

ANDY  
If it doesn't rain.

GINNY  
If it rains, I'll bring a chainsaw  
and cut the clouds.

BARBARA  
That's... the dumbest thing I've  
ever heard.

GINNY  
And yet, you smiled.

Barbara smirks. Just a little.

They all lie in silence, staring at the ceiling.

Carol Anne shifts slightly. Her hand brushes against Ginny's.  
She doesn't pull away. Together. Freaks. Heroes. Best  
friends. The lava lamp glows faintly. A cocoon of color and  
shadows. Then—

A long, slow \*PPPPPPFFRRRRRRRTTTTT\* rumbles through the  
sleeping bags.

Silence. Everyone freezes.

A beat.

ANDY  
...What the actual fuck?

BARBARA  
Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
(sniffing)  
Okay-WHAT was that?!

All heads turn toward Ginny.

GINNY  
(defensive)  
Don't look at me! That was not my  
brand!

ANDY  
Your brand?

GINNY  
Mine are shorter. Sharper. That  
was... orchestral.

BARBARA  
It's spreading...

Jack pinches his nose. Andy hides under his blanket.

JACK  
Nope. Nope. That's... that's toxic.  
That's bioweapon level.

GINNY  
That fart had layers. Like,  
emotional trauma. And Taco Bell.

BARBARA  
V., girl... just admit it.

GINNY  
(mocking)  
B., girl!!  
(serious)  
I swear on my hamster's grave it  
wasn't me!

All eyes turn to Carol Anne. She stares at the ceiling.  
Still. Serene. Suspiciously perfect.

JACK  
Carol Anne?

No answer.

JACK (CONT'D)  
C'mon, just say it.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

We all saw you shift.

CAROL ANNE

(still not looking)

It could've been... the air  
mattress. Air shifting. It happens.

ANDY

You're not even on an air mattress.

Beat.

CAROL ANNE

(small)

Maybe it was a... floorboard?

GINNY

It smelled like regret and boiled  
broccoli.

Another long beat. Carol Anne exhales. Surrenders.

CAROL ANNE

(faintly)

Okay. It was me.

Total silence. Then—

They all explode in LAUGHTER.

JACK

No way! The golden child dropped a  
death bomb!

GINNY

This is the happiest moment of my  
life.

BARBARA

Carol Anne Freeling farts. I can  
die now.

ANDY

Can we please bottle that and mail  
it to Josh?

Carol Anne hides under her blanket, red as a beet.

CAROL ANNE

I hate all of you.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Too late. You're one of us now.

Laughter fades into warm silence. Five kids. One secret. One fart. One night closer to growing up.

Beat.

JACK

(quietly, nose still  
pinched)

Still smells...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. LAKE SPRINGWOOD - EARLY AFTERNOON

The sun glitters across the water like scattered diamonds. A perfect day. Not too hot. Not too cool. Early summer day. A narrow dirt path winds down to the lake.

The gang appears - five silhouettes against the gold.

Jack and Andy lead the charge, carrying backpacks, towels, and a cheap cooler. Ginny, muddy from somewhere, slides down the hill on her butt like a lunatic.

GINNY

Parkour, bitches!

Barbara sighs, but she's laughing.

Carol Anne walks behind, barefoot, holding her flip flops. She's glowing. The wind loves her hair.

They reach the shore.

Ginny doesn't wait. She rips off her shirt (bathing suit underneath, of course), drops her shorts and runs straight into the lake, screaming with joy.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I'M FREEEEEEEE!

SPLASH.

Jack follows, cannonball-style.

JACK

I REGRET NOTHING!

Andy drops the cooler and jumps in after them.

(CONTINUED)



ANDY

Don't die without me!

Barbara peels off her sundress, reveals a perfect bikini, and tosses her hair.

BARBARA

This water better be filtered, or  
I'm suing.

She wades in. Slowly.

Only CAROL ANNE is left on shore. She looks at them — her mismatched crew. Laughter echoing over the lake. She smiles.

CAROL ANNE

Cannonball, mothertruckers!

Then runs. Full speed.

SPLASH.

GINNY

That's my girl!

They swim. They dunk each other. They scream and laugh and float. It's dumb. It's pure. It's everything. This is the moment they'll all remember. Not what came before. Not what comes after. Just this.

Summer. Freedom. Friends.

Cicadas hum in the background.

They sit on towels and blankets, post-lunch. Wrappers everywhere. Someone's opened a pack of cookies. Ginny picks dirt from under her nails with a stick. Jack draws in the sand with a bottle cap. Andy is lying on his back, shirt off, hat over his face.

Barbara and Carol Anne share a towel, soaking up the sun.

BARBARA

Sooo... You like Andy.

CAROL ANNE

(half-asleep)

What?

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

Don't play dumb, Barbie Malibú. I  
went to pee the other night  
and-boom-smack in the hallway.

Carol Anne bolts upright.

CAROL ANNE

You saw that?!

BARBARA

Just a little. Not the whole rom-  
com. But yeah. The kiss.  
(grinning)

She clocks Ginny's face too late. Then back at Carol Anne.  
Like she's deciding something.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

So? How was it?

CAROL ANNE

It was just a kiss.

BARBARA

Sure. But was it like, fireworks  
and rainbows and angels singing...  
or like kissing your cousin after  
too much soda?

CAROL ANNE

(blushing)

B.!

BARBARA

(whispering)

Did he try to reach second base?

Carol Anne throws a towel over her.

CAROL ANNE

You're insane.

BARBARA

So...? Second? Maybe... third?

Ginny suddenly sits up.

GINNY

Wait. You made out with him?

Everyone freezes.

(CONTINUED)

Carol Anne stammers.

Andy sits up, slowly removing his hat. He looks between the girls - completely lost.

CAROL ANNE  
Ginny, it wasn't-

GINNY  
Jesus Christ. One punch and suddenly he's Ryan Gosling?

BARBARA  
(trying to laugh)  
Chill. It's not like they got married.

Ginny stands.

GINNY  
Yeah. Yeah. But...

She glares at Carol Anne. And at Andy. Her ears are bright red.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
But... next time just write me a damn newsletter.

CAROL ANNE  
Ginny...

But Ginny's already walking away. Fast.

Carol Anne hesitates, then follows.

Jack watches Carol Anne go after Ginny. His eyes widen. Something sinks in. Jack stares after them, confused.

Barbara watches, biting her lip.

Andy sighs. Lies back down, unsure what just happened.

The trees rustle. Birds chirp softly in the distance.

Ginny is sitting on a mossy log, hugging her knees. Her cheeks are flushed. She's been crying, but won't admit it. She balls her fists against her knees.

(CONTINUED)

Carol Anne appears behind her, slow, quiet. She doesn't sit right away. She just watches Ginny for a second.

CAROL ANNE  
You ran like someone set your butt  
on fire.

Ginny wipes her face, rough.

GINNY  
Shut up.

CAROL ANNE  
Not happening.

Carol Anne sits next to Ginny.

Silence. The kind that stretches just enough to feel safe.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)  
You wanna tell me what that was?

Ginny shrugs. Doesn't look at her.

GINNY  
I don't know. I'm just... pissed  
off.

CAROL ANNE  
At me?

GINNY  
At everyone.

CAROL ANNE  
Because of a kiss?

Ginny's jaw tightens.

GINNY  
Maybe. Or maybe because  
everything's changing and I didn't  
get the fucking memo.

Carol Anne watches her. Carefully. Kindly.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
You like him. He's taller.  
Stronger. He knows where to put his  
hands. I still wear cute undies  
with little drawings.

Carol Anne smiles, soft. Ginny stands. Kicks a rock.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Maybe I'm broken.

Carol Anne stands too. Puts a hand on Ginny's arm.

CAROL ANNE  
You're not broken.

Ginny finally meets her eyes. And there's so much swirling there - confusion, fear, longing.

GINNY  
What if I'm weird?

CAROL ANNE  
You are weird.

A beat.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)  
You're also brave. And funny. And disgusting. And the best person I know.

Ginny looks away again.

GINNY  
You're gonna grow up. You're gonna kiss boys. And I'm just gonna stay this... idiot.

CAROL ANNE  
You're my idiot.

She nudges Ginny with her shoulder.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)  
I don't care what you are, or what you like. You're my best friend. That doesn't change.

Ginny swallows hard.

GINNY  
You swear?

CAROL ANNE  
On everything.

They sit again. This time closer. Carol Anne puts her arm around Ginny's shoulders. Ginny leans her head against her.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

If he breaks your heart... I get to  
punch him, right?

The trees sway above them. The lake glitters in the distance.  
Just two girls. On the edge of something huge. Still holding  
on to each other.

32 EXT. LAKE SPRINGWOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

32

The light is golden. The sky softening. The lake ripples like  
melted glass. Ginny, Jack, Carol Anne, Barbara, and Andy are  
back in the water - laughing, dunking each other,  
cannonballing from a low rock outcrop. It feels like the end  
of a coming-of-age movie. Perfect. Carefree. The kind of day  
that gets remembered forever.

Then-

Sunlight catching water droplets. Bare feet splashing.

A scream of joy from Ginny as she leaps in again, backwards.

A beat of stillness.

Carol Anne climbs out of the lake. She walks up onto a half-  
submerged rock, her back to the others. Her hair drips. Her  
chest rises and falls. She pushes her wet bangs from her  
forehead.

Smiles.

Until something shifts.

Her smile fades. She blinks. Tilts her head slightly. Looks  
down. And sees it.

She stares. Frozen. A shaky breath. Her hand twitches. She  
presses her palm to her leg - but it's no use.

She looks around. The edges of her vision pulse slightly.

A soft panic. Her knees go weak. She stumbles slightly on the  
rock.

From the water, Ginny sees it all. The stumble. And she  
knows. No hesitation.

Ginny swims fast. Breaks the surface.

Climbs out.

(CONTINUED)

No words.

Ginny grabs a towel – someone's – doesn't matter. Wraps it around Carol Anne, gently, firmly. Protective.

GINNY  
(sotto, for her only)  
I got you. Come with me.

Carol Anne blinks, dazed. She doesn't speak.

From the water:

JACK  
Where are you going?

GINNY  
Bathroom. She's helpless without me.

Jack rolls his eyes.

Ginny guides Carol Anne away, arm around her shoulder. Ginny and Carol Anne disappear behind the trees.

Dappled light. Damp grass. A soft rustling breeze. Carol Anne leans back against a tree. Her hands grip the towel at her chest. Carol Anne's trying not to cry.

GINNY  
You okay?

Carol Anne doesn't respond.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
(soft)  
Hey. It's okay. You didn't explode or anything.

Carol Anne gives a weak laugh. Tears brim in her eyes.

Beat.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
You got anything in your bag? Like... one of those... absorb-y things?

Carol Anne shakes her head, embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL ANNE  
I didn't even know it would feel  
like this.

GINNY  
You've never...?

Carol Anne nods — just once, small.

CAROL ANNE  
I feel like an idiot.

GINNY  
You're not. You're amazing. You're  
like... the most amazing idiot I  
know.

Beat.

Carol Anne laughs again — more real this time. Ginny crouches  
in front of her.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Do you want me to go get your  
backpack?

CAROL ANNE  
Just... stay.

They stay like that for a second. Quiet. Still. Carol Anne  
leans her forehead against Ginny's. Carol Anne closes their  
eyes. No words. Just breath. A perfect, sacred silence.

Until—

GINNY  
If you bleed on my soccer shorts,  
I'm suing.

Carol Anne laughs through her nose. Sniffling. Crying.  
Laughing again.

CAROL ANNE  
You're a menace.

GINNY  
Takes one to know one.

They smile.

And we...

FADE OUT.



34 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET

34

Ginny, Jack, Carol Anne, Barbara and Andy walk back from the lake. Still wet. Still glowing. Still whole.

Carol Anne, towel around her waist, hair dripping. Ginny trails behind, cheeks flushed, hoodie tied like a cape. Andy walks shirtless, carrying both his and Jack's backpacks with ease. Barbara laughs at something Jack says. Jack looks like he's floating, head in the clouds.

This is childhood. Right now. Right here.

The road curves ahead.

Birds chirp lazily.

There's no rush.

35 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD INTERSECTION - DUSK

35

Ginny, Carol Anne, Jack, Barbara and Andy slows as they reach the edge of town.

A stop sign. A fork in the road. The light fades from gold to purple.

Everyone's tired, sun-kissed, content. No one wants to be the first to leave.

ANDY

Same time next weekend?

CAROL ANNE

If the lake doesn't run out of water.

JACK

Or if Barbara doesn't sue it.

BARBARA

No promises.

They all laugh. A soft, warm ripple. That kind of goodbye that tastes like summer.

Barbara nudges Jack.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Come on. Mom'll want to hose us down.

(CONTINUED)

Jack groans, but goes with her. Their silhouettes disappear down a side street.

Andy turns to Carol Anne. He smiles. No words. Just a small, meaningful smile. Then Andy turns and walks away.

Now it's just Ginny and Carol Anne.

CAROL ANNE  
Walk me home?

GINNY  
Always.

They look at each other. Then start walking. Side by side.

The sidewalk glows orange from the streetlamps. Ginny and Carol Anne walk in step. The world is quiet around them.

GINNY  
So... real question.

CAROL ANNE  
Uh-oh.

GINNY  
Do you think it's weird that I  
still look like a Ken doll down  
there?

CAROL ANNE  
Ginny!

GINNY  
I mean, like-nothing. Not even a  
polite hint.

CAROL ANNE  
Mine showed up like a stray cat.  
Quiet. Scruffy. Refused to leave.

Carol Anne laughs. A real one.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)  
What about Barbara? She probably  
gives hers pep talks.

GINNY  
She probably brushes it and feeds  
it vitamin gummies.

(CONTINUED)

They're cracking up now.

CAROL ANNE  
Or has it trademarked.

GINNY  
Patent pending.

They double over laughing.

CAROL ANNE  
God, we're disgusting.

GINNY  
Correction. I'm disgusting. You're  
just my emotional support pervert.

They keep walking. Shoulders bumping. A perfect ending to a perfect day.

FADE OUT.

37 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. FOYER - NIGHT 37

The front door CREAKS open. Ginny steps inside, muddy socks, tangled hair, bruised knee still wrapped in a sloppy Batman bandage.

ALICIA  
(O.S.)  
¡Nena! Those shoes, por el amor de  
Dios!

GINNY  
I'm not bleeding on your tiles,  
promise.

She kicks off her shoes. They land with a squelch.

38 INT. BARRONS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 38

On the couch, Susana looks up from her phone, eyes Ginny with playful disgust.

SUSANA  
Ugh. You smell like fish and pond  
scum.

GINNY  
You smell like capitalism and fake  
tan.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA

You're just mad 'cause I have boobs  
and you don't.

GINNY

Boobs are just fat that decided to  
party.

A beat—then they both grin.

Peter enters from the hallway, tie undone, holding a can of  
soda.

PETER

Hey, hey, hey... look who's back  
from the wilderness.

Ginny drops her backpack and runs straight to him, her whole  
energy softening. She wraps her arms around his middle like  
she's five again.

GINNY

Daddyyyyyy.

PETER

Whoa. This is either genuine  
affection... or you broke  
something.

GINNY

Nothing major. Maybe a kneecap. Or  
a federal law.

PETER

Sounds like a good day.

Peter kisses her forehead. Alicia appears behind them, arms  
crossed, but amused.

ALICIA

Tu. Ducha. Ahora. Before you infect  
the furniture.

GINNY

Yes, madre suprema.

Ginny salutes. Marches off toward the bathroom.

As she goes, she leans in to Peter again, lowering her voice  
to a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY (CONT'D)

(Sweetly)

Hoy he saltado al lago. He salvado una vida ¡Y he nadado más que nadie!

PETER

Obviously. You want a statue or a cookie?

GINNY

Both.

Peter winks. Ginny disappears down the hallway.

ALICIA

¿Tú le ríes las gracias y luego me toca a mí poner límites?

PETER

I'm the good guy. You're la madre malvada. That's how it works.

Alicia rolls her eyes. But she smiles.

39

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

39

Steam fogs up the mirror. Ginny under the shower, eyes closed. For once, she's quiet. Calm. Alone with her thoughts.

Water runs over the bruises.

Over the smile that still lingers on her lips.

FADE OUT.

40

INT. BARRONS HOUSE. GINNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

40

Darkness.

Stillness.

Ginny sleeps curled up, hugging a pillow. Her room is a storm of childhood – soccer posters, worn books in two languages, a Real Madrid flag tacked crooked above the bed.

Outside – the crickets stop. The silence grows too quiet.

A dim pulse appears on her ceiling. A COLOR NOT FOUND IN THE SPECTRUM. It thrums like a heartbeat. Not quite light. Not quite sound. Something older. Pre-language. Pre-matter.

(CONTINUED)

Ginny stirs. Then—

HER EYES SNAP OPEN. She gasps quietly. Sits up.

The pulse flashes again — stronger. Her walls shimmer for half a second, then stop. But the feeling remains. Like pressure behind the eyes.

Ginny rises, barefoot. Moves to the window as if pulled.

41 INT. GINNY'S POV - WINDOW - CONTINUOUS 41

Across the distant woods, the sky splits. Not torn — unzipped. A RIFT IN REALITY. A vertical wound. Inside, a depth that hurts to look at. From it descends a shape, slow and weightless. Wrong. Like it doesn't belong to physics. The trees bow away as it passes, though no wind stirs. The pulse intensifies — now felt in the bones.

42 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. GINNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 42

Ginny grips the windowsill. Her jaw slack. A single tear slides down her cheek — and she doesn't notice. A flicker of something beneath her.

Ginny glances down —

—just for a second.

No sound. No words. But a shift in her body. A quiet surrender. Shame blooming like heat.

Then—

THE SOUND. Not through the ears. Not music. Not voice. Something ancient and layered — like machinery whispering prophecy. Like bone snapping in reverse. And in it — a message:

ENTE  
(O.S., multiple voices;  
cracked, guttural) )  
You... are... a wrong embedding...  
a fissuere we cannot... assimilate.

Her pupils dilate. Her eyes wide. Her lips move, but no words come. Her eyes roll white. Her head tilts as if listening to an impossible frequency.

(CONTINUED)

The room vibrates slightly – her drawings flutter, her lamp flickers. A faint drip. Nothing more.

Then–

Susana appears at the door. She freezes. Ginny is silhouetted in front of the window. Barefoot. Soaked in moonless light. Her stance... unnatural. Still.

SUSANA

Ginny...?

No answer.

Susana steps in – careful. As she approaches, her foot nudges something slick. She glances down. Pauses. Takes it in. Then lifts her hoodie. Wraps it gently around Ginny's waist. Touches her shoulder–

GINNY GASPS. Like waking from drowning. The light dies. The rift vanishes. Ginny collapses into Susana's chest. Shaking. Pale. Breathing fast.

GINNY

(whispers, terrified)

It talked to me.

SUSANA

Who?

GINNY

I don't know.

Susana holds her tightly. One hand stroking her hair. The other steady at Ginny's back.

SUSANA

Tranquila, enana. Ya está... ya  
está... No pasa nada...

She doesn't flinch. She just holds her. Firm. Warm. Shielding. Behind them, the window now black –

–a pale, elongated figure stands in the yard. Faceless. Blurred. Watching.

Then, gone.

CUT TO BLACK.

44 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

44

Quiet.

Too quiet.

The kind of quiet that makes the skin crawl.

A single streetlamp flickers overhead as Josh, the bully, hoodie up, walks home alone, kicking a rock. He's muttering to himself.

JOSH  
Stupid fucking town. Stupid kids.  
Like I'm the problem. They're the  
ones who started it.

A dog barks in the distance. Josh flinches. Looks over his shoulder.

Nothing.

Josh picks up the pace.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Buncha losers anyway. Especially  
that... dyke. Ugly little bitch-

He stops.

Josh hears something. Like... a whisper. But it's under his skin.

ENTE  
(O.S.)  
No eyes... no eyes... no eyes...

Josh turns in a circle.

JOSH  
Yo, who's there? Not funny.

Branches rustle. But there's no wind.

The streetlight flickers again. Then- DIES. Total darkness.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Okay-nah, fuck this. I'm calling my  
mom.

Josh pulls out his phone.

(CONTINUED)



The screen glitches. Then goes black. Then... red. Static. A face with no face appears for a split second on screen. The glow lights up his face. For a second, it's not his face looking back.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
What the hell—?

Suddenly, the street behind him bends. Ripples. A tall shadow with impossible joints steps forward. No face. No feet. Just an outline. A shape. Something wrong.

Josh runs. Fast.

He cuts through a backyard gate. Tries to scream—his voice won't come out. Like something's pressing on his chest. On his throat. Josh trips. Hits the ground.

Looks up—

—The Ente is standing over him.

Silent.

A voice—inside his head.

ENTE  
(V.O.)  
You breath like a pig...  
(beat)  
What's a pig?

Black tendrils reach from the trees.

The ground opens beneath Josh, swallowing him whole in a sudden collapse of space.

Gone.

Silence again.

The streetlamp flickers back to life in the distance. A faint trail of blood leads to... nowhere. Just the rock he kicked earlier... now resting in the blood.

CUT TO BLACK.

46 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING 46

Ginny, still in pajamas, munches cereal at the kitchen table. Alicia reads a local paper. Peter flips pancakes at the stove.

Susana storms in, phone in hand, jaw tight.

SUSANA  
(holding up her phone)  
Ginny... ¿qué cojones es esto?

Ginny frowns and takes the phone.

On screen: a short clip. Ginny looks rabid, shoving Ryan. Andy grabs Josh like he's about to slam him into the pavement. Screams echo - distorted. The angle's off. The context is gone.

GINNY  
That's not what happened! That's  
not how it—  
(softer)  
Who filmed this?

Alicia and Peter approach.

ALICIA  
¿Qué pasa? ¿Qué es eso?

Ginny lowers the phone, her face falling. She doesn't know how to explain something that makes no sense.

GINNY  
It's fake. I swear, it's edited or  
something. That's not what—

PETER  
(quiet but firm)  
Ginny. Did you hit first?

GINNY  
They were bullying Jack! You didn't  
see what happened before!

SUSANA  
Yeah, well... no one's seeing that  
part now.

They all fall silent. The video keeps playing.

47 INT. SMITH HOUSE. JACK BEDROOM - SAME TIME

47

His phone vibrates.

Then again.

And again.

Jack checks.

A TikTok message.

A WhatsApp forward.

A text. All with the same clip.

On screen: a short clip. Ginny looks rabid, shoving Ryan. Andy grabs Josh like he's about to slam him into the pavement. Screams echo - distorted. The angle's off. The context is gone.

Jack reads the comments:

"WTF is wrong with Ginny and Andy???"

"She's insane ??"

"Locaaaa"

"Lmao the dyke and the musclehead attacking kids in broad daylight"

His shoulders slump. He sinks onto his bed. Stares. Doesn't blink.

48 INT. FREELING HOOUSE. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

48

Carol Anne brushes her hair.

Her phone buzzes. She glances at the screen.

Text from: Heather McGee

"U seen this?"

Carol Anne hits play.

On screen: a short clip. Ginny looks rabid, shoving Ryan. Andy grabs Josh like he's about to slam him into the pavement. Screams echo - distorted. The angle's off. The context is gone.

(CONTINUED)

Her face stays still – but her eyes lose focus.

CAROL ANNE  
Bullshit.

She narrows her gaze.

Rewinds.

Listens.

The audio. The lighting. The framing.

Too clean. Too calculated.

Carol Anne stares at her own reflection. And for a second...  
doubt creeps in.

INT. BARRONS HOUSE. SUSANA'S ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Susana scrolls.

The video has exploded. Comments. Memes: Ginny photoshopped  
as a UFC fighter. Andy hulking out. Susana types a comment.  
Defending her sister.

Stops.

Deletes it.

A new DM pings: "Tu hermana necesita medicación lol."

She deletes that too. But her hand trembles.

SUSANA  
(quiet, bitter)  
Niñatos de mierda...

INT. SCHOOL BUS – MOVING – MINUTES LATER

Andy sits in the back. Hoodie up. Earbuds out.

But he hears it all.

Laughter.

Murmurs.

Eyes cutting toward him.

A RANDOM KID leans over the seat ahead.

(CONTINUED)

RANDOM KID

Hey Andy, how many kids you gonna  
body slam today?

The row erupts in laughter.

Andy doesn't flinch. But his jaw tightens. He puts in his  
earbuds. Presses them in like armor. Stares out the window.  
Furious. Silent. Boiling.

51 INT. SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL. HALLWAY - LATER THAN MORNING 51

The hallway is a minefield. Eyes track them. Whispers follow.  
Ginny and Jack walk side by side.

GINNY

Dude, last day of school.

JACK

Yeah. We survived.

Carol Anne and Barbara wait by their lockers. Andy slams his  
shut and joins them. They meet halfway. An uneasy knot of  
five.

Tension. Eyes. Silence.

GINNY

(sarcasm as armor)

Well. At least I went viral.

No laughs. Just more silence.

Jack shifts uncomfortably. Andy looks one second from  
punching metal. Barbara bites her lip, avoiding Ginny's gaze.  
Carol Anne folds her arms. Her look isn't accusing. But it  
searches.

CAROL ANNE

Someone's behind this.

GINNY

Yeah. And I'm gonna find out who.

Off their uncertain faces...

FADE OUT.

52 INT. SMITH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

52

Dimly lit. Tense. Formal.

(CONTINUED)

Peter and Alicia sit on one couch. Jack, Sr. stands near the fireplace, arms crossed, seething. Martha hovers beside him — visibly uncomfortable, trying to keep the peace.

Across the room, on the stairs, Barbara, Jack and Ginny peek down. Listening.

MARTHA

Alicia, Virginia's a menace. She dragged Jack into a fight, and now he's on that damn video like some delinquent!

JACK SR.

(low, arms crossed)

I just think kids these days are too confused. Back in my day, you were a girl or a boy and that was that.

(beat)

Now it's all drama and excuses and nobody takes any damn responsibility.

ALICIA

Ginny was defending him. Did you even ask what happened before the recording?

MARTHA

(scoffs)

I saw what I needed to see. And now half the town thinks Jack's running with a pack of lunatics.

PETER

(calm but firm)

Jack's not a follower. He's a good kid. And so is Ginny. This—this mess—isn't on them.

MARTHA

You think I'm stupid? That kid shows up out of nowhere, starts throwing punches. Your daughter jumps in like she's Rambo. And my son? He's stuck in the middle!

JACK SR.

(to Martha, gently)

Maybe we should listen. Just for a second.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

(voice rising)

Ginny is not the problem. The problem is this town has kids bullying other kids and no one's doing a damn thing about it!

MARTHA

(sharp)

Don't you come into my house and talk to me like that.

PETER

Then talk to us like adults. Not like someone who's already picked a villain.

Beat. Martha glares.

MARTHA

My son comes home crying. He's afraid to go to school. And now his name's being smeared online — because of your little crusader.

ALICIA

(snapping)

She's twelve. Not a crusader. A child — who saw your son being attacked and did something about it.

On the stairs, Jack shifts. Ginny stiffens.

JACK SR.

(quietly)

Maybe the video isn't the whole story.

MARTHA

Jesus, Jack!

PETER

Look—none of this helps the kids. What do you want? For Ginny and Jack to stop being friends?

MARTHA

If that's what it takes to keep my son safe... then yes.

That lands. Heavy silence.

(CONTINUED)

Ginny stares down at her feet. Jack glances at her — hurt.  
Torn.

ALICIA  
(slowly, with steel)  
You're wrong about her.

Martha rises.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
She's wild, yes. Mouth like a  
sailor. But loyal. She'd die for  
her friends. Including Jack.

Beat.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
Your mistake is thinking that's a  
weakness.

Alicia turns to go.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
Come on, Ginny.

Ginny stands. Head low.

Jack doesn't move.

MARTHA  
(to Ginny)  
Don't come back unless you've  
learned some manners, young lady.

The Barrons leave.

Jack stays frozen, watching them disappear.

The front door slams.

Modern. Tidy. Quiet.

STEVE FREELING (50, still handsome in a dad-joke way) pours  
himself a whiskey. DIANE (late 48, radiant but no-nonsense)  
chops vegetables with surgical precision.

Carol Anee leans on the kitchen island, scrolling her phone.  
Silent.

(CONTINUED)



STEVE

Did you talk to Ginny?

CAROL ANNE

Not really. She's in deep crap with half the school. That stupid video...

Carol Anne trails off. Diane glances at her.

DIANE

You don't think it's true?

CAROL ANNE

I was there, mom. And you've met Ginny. What do you think?

Steve chuckles softly. Diane doesn't.

STEVE

There's "passionate," and then there's "aggressive." I don't know. Some of the parents are saying—

CAROL ANNE

(interrupting)

She didn't start it.

Beat.

DIANE

Andy was in the video too.

STEVE

(sighs)

Of course he was.

Steve sips his drink. Diane gives him a look.

DIANE

What?

STEVE

He's a good kid, just... lost. His mom took off last year, remember? Carol Anne and Ginny are probably the first persons who are been nice to him in months.

DIANE

And now he's tangled up in drama.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL ANNE  
(sincerely)  
None of this is his fault.

DIANE  
I believe you. But that doesn't  
change the fact that something ugly  
is stirring in this town.

Steve nods. He's watching his daughter carefully.

STEVE  
Are you okay?

CAROL ANNE  
Yeah.

DIANE  
You'd tell us if something wasn't,  
right?

Carol Anne hesitates for half a second. Then nods.

CAROL ANNE  
Of course.

Carol Anne walks off with her phone.

Steve and Diane exchange a look. They know that wasn't a real answer.

54 EXT. SPRINGWOOD STORM DRAIN - DAY

54

The trees creak in the wind. Cicadas scream. The edge of Springwood: wild, forgotten. A storm drain gapes like a wound in the earth.

JOE CARLMICHAEL (57), wiry and leather-tough, crouches beside a patch of broken brush and damp grass. Aviators. Hat low. He's a man built from ashtrays and old regrets.

Beside him, HARRY TOZIER (25), clean-cut, overdressed, eager. Snapping photos with his phone.

CARLMICHAEL  
Where'd they say he was headed?

HARRY  
Home. Alone. Texted his mom around ten. Never made it.

(CONTINUED)

CARLMICHAEL

And we're knee-deep in poison ivy  
because...?

HARRY

Little brother says he saw Josh cut  
through here. Called it a shortcut.

Carlmichael grunts. Stands. Scans the treeline.

HARRY (CONT'D)

There's a missing kid, Joe.

CARLMICHAEL

There's always a missing kid.

Harry moves closer to the drain entrance. Something's caught  
in the grate.

HARRY

Hold up. That-

Harry yanks out a shredded backpack. Mud-caked. Water-logged.  
Inside: cracked phone. Blood on the zipper.

Carlmichael eyes it.

CARLMICHAEL

Josh Anderson's bag.

(beat)

But no Josh Anderson.

HARRY

You think he fell in?

CARLMICHAEL

Drain's too damn shallow. Unless it  
swallowed him whole.

Carlmichael lights a cigarette. Eyes narrow at the tunnel.

CARLMICHAEL (CONT'D)

You hear that?

HARRY

What?

CARLMICHAEL

Exactly.

The woods are dead silent. No birds. No wind. Just the black  
mouth of the drain. Harry peers in. A tunnel. Endless.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Want me to check it out?

CARLMICHAEL

What is this, Scooby-Doo? You got a death wish, Tozier?

Carlmichael flicks his cigarette into the dark.

CARLMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Nah. Let the rats deal with their own kind.

Harry doesn't move. Eyes fixed on the drain. Something shifts inside. Subtle. Like... breath.

HARRY

...Joe?

Carlmichael's already walking off.

CARLMICHAEL

Grab the bag. Call the school. I want names. Every damn kid who saw him yesterday.

Harry gives the darkness one last look. Then follows.

CUT TO BLACK.

A quiet street dipped in golden light. Birdsong. A sprinkler ticks lazily in a front yard.

Ginny walks alone. Hoodie tied at her waist. Tossing Skittles into the air and catching them with theatrical effort.

Backpack swinging. Soul storming.

HEATHER

(O.S.)

You're walking like the world just ended.

Ginny turns.

Heather McGee jogs up, CHOMPERS—her tiny white dog—in one hand and a gym bag slung over her shoulder. Still in volleyball shorts. Hoodie loose. Hair damp from a shower.

Sunlight hits her like a filter. Effortlessly cool.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

H-Heather! Didn't see you there.  
You... jogging or stalking?

HEATHER

Little bit of both.

They fall into step, side by side.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Rough couple days, huh?

GINNY

What gave it away? My charming  
posture or the general fuck-the-  
world vibe?

HEATHER

The video's trash.

Everyone with a brain knows it's fake.

GINNY

Yeah, well... most people seem to  
be operating on dial-up lately.

(beat)

Thanks, though. For not being...  
y'know. A jerk.

Heather glances at her. Soft.

HEATHER

You're kind of hard not to notice,  
Ginny. Even when you're trying to  
vanish.

Ginny stumbles slightly on a crack in the sidewalk. Plays it  
off.

GINNY

I'm loud. I'm weird. I'm not  
exactly prom queen material.

HEATHER

Nope. You're not.

Beat. Ginny blushes. Tries to fight it. Fails.

GINNY

I saw that clip of you playing last  
month. The slo-mo one. With the  
shorts that should be illegal?

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

(laughing)

Oh, my highlight reel. Yeah. That thing has more views than our school board meetings.

GINNY

Jack made me watch it... fifteen times. For, uh... research purposes.

Heather raises an eyebrow. Smirks.

HEATHER

Ginny?

GINNY

Yeah?

HEATHER

When you're ready— Not now. Not tomorrow. Just... when you are? I'm a yes.

Silence. The world exhales.

GINNY

...A yes to what?

HEATHER

Whatever it is you're figuring out. Whatever you're scared of. I'm still a yes.

They reach the corner. Heather pulls her hoodie tighter. Chompers yawns like a diva.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Anyway. This was nice. You're a good walker.

GINNY

(awkward)

Yeah. You too. With the... dog. And the shorts. And the... yeah.

Heather smiles. That quiet, brave smile of someone who's been there and survived.

HEATHER

See you, Ginny Barrons.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY  
Bye, Heather McGee.

Heather crosses the street.

The light catches her in profile—like a poster for the kind of movie Ginny doesn't believe in yet. She doesn't look back.

Ginny stands still. Just for a moment. Then walks on. Straighter. Quieter. A little less on fire.

FADE OUT.

Heather still jogs up, Chompers in her hand and her gym bag slung over her shoulder.

Carol Anne and Andy walk side by side. Carol Anne's hands are deep in her hoodie pockets. Andy messes with a busted zipper.

HEATHER  
You two are terrible at being subtle.

CAROL ANNE  
We're just walking.

HEATHER  
Uh-huh. After hours. Zero touching.  
Maximum tension.  
(sips imaginary tea)  
I observe. It's like my gay superpower.

ANDY  
Please don't tell anyone.

HEATHER  
It's cool. I'm happy for you.

Heather gives Carol Anne a subtle thumbs-up as she turns to go.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Later, lovebirds.

Heather pops in her earbuds. Walks off like she owns the frame. And for a moment... she does.

57 EXT. SPRINGWOOD. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 57

A quiet cul-de-sac. Sprinklers hiss to a stop. Porch lights flicker. Somewhere far away, a dog barks.

Heather now walks alone. Hoodie sleeves tugged over her hands. Volleyball duffel slung across her back. One red volleyball shoe tied, the other loose and slapping the pavement.

Her dog, Compers, trots beside her, tongue out, leash slack. Earbuds in. A Billie Eilish remix thumps, muffled. Her phone buzzes. She glances down.

ON SCREEN: A TikTok. Frozen on Ginny's face, mid-fight. Distorted. Pixelated. Viral.

HEATHER  
(soft chuckle)  
Ginny...

Heather locks the screen. Keeps walking.

58 EXT. GREENBELT EDGE - CONTINUOUS 58

They approach the end of the street. A narrow patch of grass and woods. The final bit of suburbia. A broken streetlamp buzzes overhead, casting weak amber light.

CRACK.

Heather steps on a crumbling bit of sidewalk.

Chompers stops cold. Growls. Ears up. Muscles tight.

HEATHER  
Easy, boy...

Heather pulls out one earbud. The music cuts.

THE NIGHT GOES DEAD SILENT.

No bugs. No breeze. Not even her breath.

Just the faint electric hum of the flickering lamp. The lamp shifts hue-violet. Not purple. Violet like it doesn't belong in this world. The exact wrong color Ginny saw.

Heather frowns. Looks up.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
What the hell...?

(CONTINUED)



Her necklace floats—just barely. A shimmer in the air. Like heatwaves. But freezing. The world warps ahead—

The trees seem to breathe. Bend. Pulse in on themselves.

CHOMPERS  
(barking feral)  
WOOF! WOOF! WOOF WOOF!!

Heather stumbles back.

Then—a VOICE. But not sound. A pressure in her skull. Ancient. Hungry. Like meaning without language.

Her phone vibrates violently. She lifts it, hits RECORD.

ON SCREEN: Only darkness. Glitches. Shadows with edges that don't match their shape.

The sky above looks... torn. Not clouded. Torn.

HEATHER  
(breath shaky)  
What the hell is this...

She turns—

Runs.

Heather stops. Same lamp. Same crack. Same damn corner.

HEATHER  
(panicking)  
No. No no no—NO!

Heather sprints again. Harder.

The night blurs. Her own breath ragged in her ears.

She ends up— Back again. Same place. Same lamp. Same tree stump. Same hiss. Heather drops to her knees. Screams.

Chompers pulls hard at the leash, whimpering, teeth bared, trying to flee.

Heather lifts her phone—full vlog mode now.

60 EXT. POV CELL PHONE CAMERA - NIGHT

60

HEATHER

(TO CAMERA)

If anyone sees this- I can't get  
out. It's like a loop. Something's  
here. I can feel it. I-oh God-

A HUM. Low. Sub-bass. The air thickens.

Heather blinks-

And gravity flips for a frame. Hair floats. Her shoelace  
rises. A TENDRIL-LIKE CREASE in space touches her ankle.

Heather opens her mouth to scream-

NO SOUND COMES OUT.

Her face frozen in silent horror.

WHOOSH-

SHE'S YANKED BACKWARD.

UP.

OUT.

Like a glitch in reality just erased her.

HER PHONE HITS THE CONCRETE.

Crack. Skids across the pavement. Lands crooked. Still  
recording.

ON SCREEN: -glitch-

Heather's eye in extreme close-up, mid-terror.

-a swirl of black voids, rotating like a kaleidoscope of  
pupils-

-static-

Chompers sniffs at the phone. Whines. He paws it once.

Then-silence.

POP. The flickering streetlamp explodes in sparks.

CUT TO BLACK.

61 INT. SMITH HOUSE. JACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

61

Dark. Still.

Jack sleeps, tangled in a mess of sheets and sweat. His breath stutters. A low, almost imperceptible BUZZING builds — like distant bees in a jar. Then — a VOICE. Not heard. Injected. A hissing presence, slithering straight into his mind.

ENTE

(V.O.)

Your mom wanted a real son. Not a crybaby.

Jack twitches. Covers his ears. The shadows in the room deepen, stretch unnaturally.

Suddenly, he's FIVE YEARS OLD again. Now he's YOUNG JACK (5). Pajamas soaked. Face red. The bed cold and wet.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Not a piss-stained coward.

Young Jack gasps as the darkness swallows him.

CUT TO BLACK.

62 INT. SMITH HOUSE - BARBARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

62

Moonlight leaks through the blinds.

Barbara stands in front of her mirror. Frozen. Barely breathing. Her reflection smiles. But she doesn't. It laughs. A cruel, breathy cackle. Not her laugh.

BARBARA

Stop it...

The mirror warps. Her body in the reflection bloats. Skin blossoms with acne. Hair frizzes. Makeup smears. Old thrift-store clothes cling to her like punishment.

A voice coils in her mind. Sickly sweet. Rotten.

ENTE

(V.O.)

Carol Anne touched him, you know.  
Or maybe he touched her.

(CONTINUED)

Her reflection starts to cry. Snotty. Ugly. Loud. Barbara watches, horror-struck, as her worst version crumbles.

THE ENTE

(V.O.)

She even moaned. Wet.

Her real eyes well with tears. She reaches for the glass—  
—and her reflection doesn't move. Just stares. Judging.

CUT TO BLACK.

Dark. Still. Heavy silence.

Andy bolts upright in bed. Sweat-soaked. Breathing hard. He punches his pillow. Hands shaking.

Across the room — a full-length mirror. But it doesn't show him. It shows ANDY'S DAD.

Staring back. Cold. Disappointed. Almost... ashamed.

ENTE

(V.O.)

You think he cares about you?  
You're a placeholder. An accident.

Andy blinks.

CRACK.

The mirror shatters outward — without touch. And now, standing there, in the shards—

JOSH'S MOM. She looks directly at Andy. Eyes hollow.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

She left because of you.

Andy screams—

—but no sound comes out. His throat moves, mouth wide...  
silence. His own reflection never comes back.

SMASH TO BLACK.

64 INT. FREELING HOOUSE. CAROL ANNE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 64

Stillness. Perfect. Pristine.

Carol Anne lies on top of the sheets. Motionless. Eyes open. Breathing slow. Too slow.

DRIP. A drop hits her cheek.

She blinks.

DRIP. Another. From above.

She looks up. A dark stain spreads across the ceiling. Blood. Dripping. Thick. Steady.

She blinks again... and she's no longer in her bed.

65 EXT. TREELINE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 65

Near the lake. Cold air. Moonlight through leaves.

Carol Annes's barefoot. In her pajamas. Alone. Then—

A voice. Gentle. Familiar.

ANDY  
(O.S.)  
Carol Anne...

Carol Anne turns. Andy stands ahead — half-shrouded in shadows. His shirt is wet. His smile soft.

CAROL ANNE  
Andy?

She steps toward him. Heart racing.

FLASH MEMORY —

Hands fumbling under fabric. Laughter. Breathless. Kisses in the hallway. Carol Anne pressing closer. Not pulling away.

BARBARA  
(V.O.)  
Did you do it? Second base? Third?

FLASH —

Andy's hand sliding under her pajama pants. Carol Anne letting it. Frozen now. Trembling.

(CONTINUED)

ENTE

(V.O.)

You lied. You said it was just a  
kiss.

Carol Anne turns to run... but Andy is right in front of her  
again. Not Andy. It's FAKE ANDY A shape. Faceless. Grinning.

FAKE ANDY

But it wasn't. You let me. You  
wanted more. You moaned. Wet.

Carol Anne gasps. Realizes—

She's shirtless. Arms crossed over her chest. Exposed.  
Ashamed.

ENTE

(V.O.)

What kind of girl does that make  
you?

The figure leans in.

FAKE ANDY

(snarling)

A dirty slut.

Carol Anne opens her mouth to scream— Nothing. No sound. She  
covers herself, sobbing.

The dark tightens.

SMASH TO BLACK.

Stillness. The kind that listens.

Ginny lies curled under the covers. Her breath is shallow.  
Eyelids twitching.

Flicker. The nightlight dims. Then turns red.

A SHADOW creeps across the wall — long, boneless, slithering.  
Like ink in water. WHISPERS fill the room. Not words. Not  
quite song. Alien. Infantile. Mocking.

ENTE

(V.O.)

Who's gonna love you, Ginny? Loud.  
Gross.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ENTE (CONT'D)

(pause)

Weird.

CLICK.

The light turns blood red.

In the corner – FAKE HEATHER. Or something wearing her shape.  
Slumped. Staring. Eyes like empty signal.

FAKE HEATHER

Wanna kiss me, you dyke freak?

GINNY

Stop...

The figure rises. Takes a step – and now she's FAKE CAROL  
ANNE. Hair just right. Smile just wrong.

FAKE CAROL ANNE

Still no flowers, huh? Still smooth-  
Still... nothing down there.

Ginny tries to move. Can't. Paralyzed.

The figure climbs onto the bed. Straddles her. Leans down.

FAKE CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

When you bleed... you'll belong to  
me.

CRACK. The walls groan. Family photos rot on the shelves. One  
of her and Carol Anne shatters on the floor.

The air grows wet. The light flickers– The shape dissolves.

Ginny GASPS – awake. Soaked in sweat. Her breath shakes. Eyes  
wide. Heart hammering. She clutches the sheet to her chest.  
Just a room again.

But something's been left behind.

FADE OUT.

-- INT. JACK'S ROOM – NIGHT

Jack lies frozen on his side, eyes wide. The air hums  
faintly. His desk lamp flickers... violet. Jack curls in  
tighter, a fist pressed to his chest.

(CONTINUED)

-- INT. BARBARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

BARBARA sits at her vanity. Wipes off her lip gloss. In the mirror, her smile lingers longer than it should. She touches her lips. Her finger comes back red. Blood.

-- INT. CAROL ANNE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Carol Anne jerks awake. A thin stream of blood trickles from her nose. She grabs her phone - black screen. Dead. Carol Anne turns to the window. The trees sway. But there's no wind.

-- INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andy shadowboxes shirtless, music blasting. Suddenly: the beat glitches. He turns - nothing. But the punching bag behind him swings gently. Like it was just hit.

-- INT. GINNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ginny wakes with a start. Her sheets are soaked in sweat. She stumbles to the window. Stops. The pane glows violet. She peers out. Only her reflection stares back - but it doesn't blink. It just smiles.

END MONTAGE.

INT. BARRONS HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Warm and quiet. Alicia sets down a tray with coffee. The cups clink faintly. A single spoon stirs. Slow. Precise. Too loud in the silence.

Peter watches from the archway, arms crossed.

Across from them, Martha Smith sits stiffly. Purse in lap. Back straight. Ready for war, but pretending diplomacy.

ALICIA

Sugar?

MARTHA

No, thank you.

Beat. Sip. A silence thick with tension.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I want to be clear--this isn't about blame.

(CONTINUED)



PETER  
Sounds like it is.

MARTHA  
It's about Jack. And Barbara. And  
their safety.

ALICIA  
(careful)  
Is Ginny threatening them?

MARTHA  
(avoids)  
I didn't say that. But ever since  
the fight —and now this video—  
Virginia is...

ALICIA  
Ginny.

MARTHA  
Okay. Ginny's... unpredictable.  
Intense. And maybe it's not just a  
phase.

ALICIA  
(still, dangerous)  
What do you mean, not just a phase?

MARTHA  
I mean... she's very attached to  
Barbara. And Carol Anne. And that  
Heather girl. I'm just saying, some  
kids... experiment. Act out.

PETER  
(tense)  
Martha, we're old friends. Please.

MARTHA  
And Ginny— she's always been...  
masculine. Loud. Bossy. And...

ALICIA  
(snarling)  
Say it.

MARTHA  
(soft, but cutting)  
Maybe she's confused. Or  
worse—confusing others. Jack's  
young. Impressionable. I don't  
want—

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA

(snaps)

You don't want your son hanging out  
with a 12-year-old lesbian. That  
it?

MARTHA

(caught)

I didn't say that.

ALICIA

But you meant it.

Silence. Peter moves slightly-too late.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

(rising)

Get out of my house.

MARTHA

Alicia, please. I didn't mean-

ALICIA

(deadly calm)

Get. Out.

Peter looks between them. Then sighs, resigned.

PETER

You better go. Please.

Martha, and Jack Sr. gather their things. Martha's shame  
hidden beneath years of practiced righteousness.

MARTHA

I was just trying to protect my  
family.

ALICIA

(cold)

So am I.

Martha and Jack Sr. walk to the door. Peter follows.

JACK SR.

I'm sorry, Peter. You're raising a  
brave kid, but...

PETER

I'm sorry too, Jack.

69 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. HALLWAY - SAME TIME 69  
Behind the banister, Ginny stands in the shadows. Frozen.  
Silent. She heard everything.

70 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. GINNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 70  
Door closes. Click.  
Ginny stares at her reflection. Unblinking. Mouth tight.  
Tears rise—she wipes them hard. Grabs her headphones. Heavy  
music surges. Not loud enough.

71 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. KITCHEN - SAME TIME 71  
Alicia stares at two untouched coffee cups. Hands trembling.  
Rage barely contained. Peter enters. Doesn't speak.

ALICIA  
(quiet)  
She heard that, didn't she?

PETER  
(nods)  
Yeah.

Alicia closes her eyes. Swallows it all. The shame. The fury.  
The heartbreak.

CUT TO BLACK.

72 EXT. WOODS BEHIND HAWTHORNE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON 72  
Yellow police tape flutters in the breeze. A row of orange  
cones marks off a muddy stretch of trail. The sun hangs low,  
painting the trees in dying amber.  
Sheriff Joe Carlmichael crouches beside a patch of disturbed  
leaves. Boots caked in dirt. In his gloved hand: a broken  
phone, screen shattered like a spiderweb.  
Nearby, Deputy Harry Tozier leans against a tree, scrolling  
his own iPad. Watching. Thinking.

CARLMICHAEL  
Dog didn't pick up a scent. Again.

HARRY  
And no prints. Not even hers.

(CONTINUED)

CARLMICHAEL

Like she got sucked up into the  
goddamn sky.

Carlmichael stands with a grunt. Back cracks audibly.

HARRY

You buy that?

CARLMICHAEL

Kid runs. Trips. Drops her phone.  
You want ghosts, call Spielberg.

HARRY

Josh disappeared two nights ago.  
Same woods. Same nothing.

CARLMICHAEL

Josh was a punk. Probably halfway  
to Bakersfield by now. With a vape  
pen and a fake ID.

Harry doesn't argue. Keeps scrolling.

CARLMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Her folks still here?

HARRY

Down by the cruiser. Mom's praying  
she shows up on Snapchat.

Carlmichael sighs. Starts to walk off. But Harry stops.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Hold up.

Harry tilts his iPad toward Carlmichael. A grainy PDF loads.  
Old newspaper scan. Cracked headline: "THREE YOUTHS VANISH  
NEAR HAWTHORNE - JUNE 1936"

CARLMICHAEL

What the hell's that?

HARRY

Same woods. Same month. No bodies.  
No leads.

Harry scrolls. Reads aloud.

HARRY (CONT'D)

"Sole clue was a melted flashlight  
and scorched earth." Guess what  
EMTs found this morning?

(CONTINUED)

Carlmichael turns. Looks at the dirt. A blackened burn mark under the leaves. He stares. Silent. Something shifts behind his eyes. Then—he shakes it off.

CARLMICHAEL  
Campfire stories. Nothing more.

HARRY  
Then why's it happening again?

Carlmichael doesn't answer. He just points at the article.

CARLMICHAEL  
Print that. You want to chase  
spooks, we'll chase 'em tomorrow.

HARRY  
Tomorrow's Sunday.

CARLMICHAEL  
Then wear your church shoes to the  
goddamn library.

Harry lets out a quiet breath. Carlmichael lights a cigarette. Watches the trees.

FADE OUT.

73 INT. SPRINGWOOD PUBLIC LIBRARY. LOCAL HISTORY ROOM - NIGHT 73

FLUORESCENT TUBES snap on overhead, casting a sterile glow. A hum. Electric. Constant. The room is windowless, lined with metal stacks and card catalogs. Dust motes drift like static.

Harry wheels in a cart of archived boxes, eyes alert. Carlmichael follows behind, muttering to himself.

HARRY  
The McGee girl's phone led me here.  
Same coordinates. Same month.  
Eighty-nine years ago.

CARLMICHAEL  
Let's hope we find fingerprints,  
not fairy tales.

Harry opens a dust-caked file box. Paper rustles. He pulls a brittle newspaper clipping:

HEADLINE (1936): "THREE TEENS GONE IN NIGHT OF PURPLE LIGHT"

(CONTINUED)

Harry keeps digging. More fragile pages. Typewritten in old Spanish script. Byline: J.A. IBARRA PRADO.

HARRY

He fled Franco's Spain. Ended up in Springwood. Wrote one book. Self-published. No ISBN.

Harry pulls a thin black paperback from the box: Cover: a chalk spiral nested in a larger spiral. Eyeless figures orbiting a central void. Title: "THE BREATH BEFORE TIME".

Harry flips to a chapter: "THE FIRST ONES"

CARLMICHAEL

"First" as in what, cavemen?

HARRY

As in before the Big Bang. The book is written in Spanish...

Harry reads aloud, translating the Spanish text:

HARRY (CONT'D)

(reading)

"They are not gods. Gods are stories children tell around their fire. The First Ones are the fire."

Carlmichael snorts. But Harry keeps flipping.

An illustration: a humanoid silhouette—but inverted. The white is black. The black is white. Eyes like vortexes.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Ibarra catalogued types. Colossal. Human-scale. Some without form. Says one... "¿atravesó?" Um... slipped into... our reality in 1936... fed on fear until the townsfolk burned the woods.

CARLMICHAEL

And he wrote this on moonshine.

Harry smirks.

HARRY

You like Marvel movies, Sheriff?

CARLMICHAEL

Granddaughter made me watch that blip-snap one. Twice.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Think of those Infinity Stones as Nerf toys. Thanos as the school bully. These "First Ones"? They built the playground.

Carlmichael raises an eyebrow. Doubt cracking. Harry flips again—finds a TRIPLE SPIRAL symbol. Carlmichael leans in.

CARLMICHAEL

That's the same mark. Burned into the ground near Heather's phone.

A long beat. Harry lowers his voice.

HARRY

The book mentions a name: Kehyn... or Kayenne. Nicknamed "The Warlord."

Carlmichael stiffens.

CARLMICHAEL

You're saying this Warlord... might be slipping into our reality?

HARRY

Or something from the same nursery.

A fluorescent light overhead buzzes. Then flickers violet—just for a beat—then normal.

CARLMICHAEL

Bag the book. Full chain of custody.

(beat)

And, Harry—?

HARRY

Yes, Joe?

Carlmichael doesn't smile.

CARLMICHAEL

From now on... we listen to the kids. Every word.

FADE OUT.

74

EXT. MAIN STREET. SPRINGWOOD - MORNING

74

A postcard street glazed orange-pink. Indie shops shutter for the night; a neon DONUTS sign flickers to life. Muted traffic, distant lawn-sprinklers—otherwise still.

Carol Anne steps out of Walden's Pharmacy with a small paper bag tucked under one arm, hoodie up, earbuds dangling—moving fast, head down.

From the opposite sidewalk Barbara spots her, crosses without looking for cars.

BARBARA

Gonna keep ducking me forever?

Carol Anne pretends not to hear. Barbara plants herself in the way.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

No bullshit, Care Bear. Truth time.

Carol Anne sighs, pulls one earbud.

CAROL ANNE

About what?

BARBARA

Andy. In your place. After the lake.

Carol Anne's knuckles whiten on the bag.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You said just a kiss. But I saw you. Third base.

Carol Anne doesn't answer — which says enough.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Seriously?

CAROL ANNE

I didn't plan it, B. It... happened.

BARBARA

Third base isn't a sneeze. You wanted it.

CAROL ANNE

(meets her eyes)  
Yeah. I did.

(CONTINUED)



Barbara recoils like slapped.

BARBARA  
Cool. So the shy saint act is fake.

CAROL ANNE  
Private.

BARBARA  
Private until it wrecks everyone  
else. Ginny worships you, y'know.

Carol Anne flinches.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
You let Action-Figure Andy climb  
Mount Carol Anne.

Carol Anne's composure cracks.

CAROL ANNE  
It's not your business, you...  
pathetic...

BARBARA  
You're a slut.

Barbara spins, heads toward the glow of the donut sign.

Carol Anne remains rooted in the street's afterglow—paper bag  
crumpling in her fist, eyes glassy. The last slice of  
sunlight slips behind the roofs; neon purples the pavement.

FADE OUT.

Sunset bleeds across the cracked asphalt. Chain-link fences  
rattle in the breeze. One rusted hoop dangles overhead, net  
half gone.

Andy kicks a crushed soda can against the fence. Again and  
again.

Jack approaches from the sidewalk. Hesitates. Then—

JACK  
Hey...

No response.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)

You okay?

ANDY

(not looking up)

Do I look okay?

JACK

Just asking...

ANDY

Then stop.

Jack fidgets. Swallows his words.

JACK

I thought maybe we could talk.

ANDY

About what?

JACK

About the video. Everything going to shit.

Andy finally stops. Turns slowly.

ANDY

You think we're buddies now? Just 'cause I threw a punch?

JACK

You saved us.

ANDY

No. I fought. For her. I wanted Carol Anne. Not Ginny. Not you. Her.

Jack falters.

JACK

I thought we were friends...

Andy scoffs.

ANDY

You're pathetic.

JACK

What?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

You... following Carol Anne around like a dog. Always looking. Always clinging. You think she did that for you?

JACK

I—I didn't—

ANDY

You worship her, huh?  
Newsflash—she's not a saint.

JACK

Shut up.

ANDY

I got her. All of her. Every inch.

Jack freezes.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You wonder what she sounds like when she moans? I don't have to wonder.

JACK

You're lying.

ANDY

You want details? She was—  
(leans in)  
... wet!

JACK

Fuck you.

ANDY

(shrugs)  
Thought so.

Jack turns away, voice cracking.

JACK

She'd never do that... with you!

ANDY

She already does!

Jack walks off, sneakers scraping the asphalt.  
Andy watches him go. Smirking—until he glances up.

(CONTINUED)

THE MOON hangs over the court - faintly glowing violet.  
A sub-audible HUM rises under the silence. Low. Wrong.

CUT TO BLACK.

Bright fluorescent lights. Walls plastered with superhero posters. Pop vinyl figures. Manga. Dice sets. A couple of local teens browse near the back.

The bell above the door dings as Jack enters, breathless. He spots a familiar figure hunched near the graphic novels shelf.

Ginny.

JACK

Ginny!

She doesn't turn.

Jack steps closer, hopeful. Her eyes stay fixed on the carpet.

JACK (CONT'D)

I just talked to Andy. He said  
awful things about Carol Anne.  
About what they did.

GINNY

I know what he said.

JACK

But it's not true. She's not like  
that. Right?

Beat.

GINNY

Maybe she is.

JACK

What?

GINNY

Maybe she let him. Maybe she wanted  
it. Maybe she liked it.

JACK

She wouldn't. Not Carol Anne.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Why? Because she's your little dream princess? Your perfect blonde angel?

JACK

That's not— I just know her, okay?

GINNY

You think you know her. You think you matter to her.

JACK

I do.

GINNY

No, Jack. You don't. You're a fan. That's all you are.

JACK

Why are you being like this?

Ginny finally looks up. Her voice — sharp as glass.

GINNY

Because I'm sick of being second choice. Always second. Always behind her.

JACK

You're not second.

GINNY

Oh, save it. You follow her like a puppy, and I'm just the weirdo with the loud mouth.

JACK

I never said that.

GINNY

You didn't have to. You only care about me when she's not looking.

JACK

That's not true! You're my best friend!

GINNY

Bullshit.

JACK

Ginny...

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

And what, now you want to be some big hero? Come tell me what Andy said, so I'll what- fall at your feet?

JACK

I came because I care about you!

GINNY

No. You came because she's slipping away. And you think I'm your backup plan.

That hits.

JACK

That's not what this is...

GINNY

You know what your problem is, Jack? You think you're the good guy. The sensitive one. The nice little guy who gets the girl in the end.

JACK

I didn't-

GINNY

You're eleven, Jackie. No one wants the soft boy. She wants the fighter. The one who takes what he wants. Andy knows that. Andy has her.

JACK

Shut the fuck up!

GINNY

He did it, Jack. Third base. Maybe more. And she let him.

(beat)

And she moaned.

JACK

(cracks)

You're lying.

GINNY

Am I? Or are you just too much of a baby to handle it?

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Why are you doing this?

Beat.

GINNY  
Because you think you love her...  
But she's never going to love you  
back.

Jack's lips tremble. He's trying to hold it in.

JACK  
I just wanted you to tell me I  
wasn't crazy...

GINNY  
You are.

That's it. Jack collapses emotionally. Knees buckle slightly. He tries to hold it together — fails. The sobs come all at once. No volume control. No air. Full-body. Public.

The kids nearby turn to look. No one laughs. They just watch. Frozen.

For a moment, Ginny's face wavers. Something cracks... Then she shuts it down.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Grow the fuck up, Jack.

Ginny walks out the front door, the bell dings behind her.

Jack's left standing in aisle three, surrounded by rows of comics and all eyes on him.

The fluorescent lights buzz overhead.

Outside, the clouds churn like ink in water. The violet hue pulses deeper. Something smiles.

FADE OUT.

Deserted. Closed for the season. The chain on the gate hangs broken. Moonlight reflects on the stagnant water of the main pool.

Ginny sits at the edge, feet dangling in the water. Her reflection ripples, distorted.

(CONTINUED)

Empty Powerade bottles nearby. Wet sneakers tossed beside her.

She is alone.

A figure approaches from the opposite end — Carol Anne. She walks slowly, hands in the pockets of her hoodie.

CAROL ANNE

There you are.

Ginny doesn't turn.

GINNY

There I am.

CAROL ANNE

Jack's in tears. Barbara's ready to murder me. And Andy... what a jerk!

GINNY

Sounds like I missed a hell of a party.

Carol Anne crosses the diving board, stops near her. She stares at the water, not at Ginny.

CAROL ANNE

Why'd you do it?

GINNY

Why'd you do it?

Silence.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I mean, I don't care if you let Andy into your panties, but... why lie?

Carol Anne flinches. Her voice drops.

CAROL ANNE

It's not your business, Ginny.

Ginny looks at her. Carol Anne, barely audible:

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)

What if I let him put his hand down there? Underneath.

GINNY

But I—

(CONTINUED)



CAROL ANNE

What if I liked it, Ginny? What if  
I moaned? What's wrong with that?  
Tell me. What's wrong?

(beat)

You think I'm a slut? Say it. Go  
on.

A beat.

GINNY

I thought we trust one each other.  
You and me.

Carol Anne strikes back, cold and sharp:

CAROL ANNE

Trust a little girl? Please... go  
play with your Barbies.

(beat)

Well, in your case, with... your  
boy stuff.

Ginny swallows.

GINNY

Heather talked to me.

Carol Anne tenses. Cautious now.

CAROL ANNE

So?

GINNY

That night. She said... she said  
she knew it wasn't me in the video.  
She said I'd know when I was ready.

CAROL ANNE

Ready for what?

GINNY

Her. I think.

(a breath)

I thing she liked... me. Maybe. I  
don't know.

Carol Anne stares at her. Her voice turns to ice.

CAROL ANNE

So what now? You're a little  
lesbian, huh? You gonna eat my clam  
too?

(CONTINUED)

Silence. Like a car crash. Ginny's body goes stiff. The words hit like a slap. Carol Anne's face crumples the second she hears herself say it.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)

Ginny, I-

GINNY

Don't.

CAROL ANNE

I didn't mean-

GINNY

Please. Don't.

Ginny stands. Shoulders rigid. Her voice trembling, but sharp as a blade.

GINNY (CONT'D)

You think you're clever. You think you know how to hurt people without leaving bruises.

(beat)

Congratulations.

Carol Anne stands too, guilt pouring from her.

GINNY (CONT'D)

You think I don't know what I am? I'm loud. I'm weird. I make poop jokes. I can't shut up and I've got no boobs... and...

(Ginny breaks)

I cry too easy-

Real tears now. Her voice shakes.

GINNY (CONT'D)

But you... you were supposed to be my person.

Carol Anne's cracks too.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Why'd you shoot me in the heart?

Carol Anne has no answer. Ginny walks toward the fence. Passes Carol Anne without looking back.

GINNY (CONT'D)

You wanna know the worst part?

(CONTINUED)

Carol Anne doesn't reply.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
I still love you. But you're a real  
slut.

And she's gone.

Carol Anne remains, frozen, at the pool's edge. The water below lies still - until a SINGLE DROP OF VIOLET RAIN falls from the sky.

Then another.

And another.

VIOLET RAIN.

THE SKY ABOVE SPLITS OPEN.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jack sits alone in the treehouse. Legs dangling. He holds a flashlight in his lap. Click. On. Click. Off. Click. On. Off. On. He doesn't blink.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARBARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barbara lies on her back. Eyes wide. Hands folded tightly on her stomach. Her ceiling fan spins without a sound. Her mouth opens like she wants to scream- But doesn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FREELING HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carol Anne sits cross-legged on the couch. The only light comes from the TV, flickering static blue. She hugs her knees. Staring, unseeing. Silent tears run down her cheeks. Her fingers dig into her legs. She doesn't notice.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 EXT. BARRONS HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

81

Ginny perches on the roof outside her window. A hoodie swallowed over her head. Ginny clutches a ragged plush rat to her chest like armor. Her lips move – silently mouthing something. A prayer? A curse?

DISSOLVE TO:

82 EXT. SPRINGWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

82

Andy walks down the sidewalk. Shirt half-buttoned, blood at his collar. Andy passes under a flickering streetlamp.

Stops.

Punches a STOP sign with everything he has. His knuckles split. He wipes them on his jeans and keeps walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 EXT. SPRINGWOOD SKYLINE - NIGHT

83

A quiet, perfect suburb. Above it, the sky stirs. The stars twist ever so slightly–

Like something vast, ancient, curious, is beginning to wake. We hear it now. A voice. The voice of The Ente. No longer whispering.

ENTE

(V.O.)

Break the bonds. Break the names.  
Break the hearts. Fall alone.

A long, terrible silence.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

You're mine.

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy lies on his bed, arms behind his head, eyes wide open. Silence. Then–

a low hum. So faint it could be the fridge downstairs.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Dad?

Andy sits up. Rubs his face. His phone buzzes. A TikTok notification. He ignores it.

The hum grows deeper. Lower. Like it's under the world.

Andy's eyes flick to the corner of the room.

A SHADOW.

Just a patch of darkness where the light doesn't fall right. But it moves.

ENTE

(V.O.)

Andy...

Andy stares.

ANDY

(whispering)

Who's there?

Nothing.

Andy gets up. Barefoot. Crosses the room.

The shadow doesn't move.

ENTE

(V.O.)

I am the First One.

The Ente reaches toward it – fingertip first. And then –

A FLASH –

Andy stands in nothing. Not dream. Not night. Nothing. The hum becomes music. Discordant. Beautiful. Wrong.

Shapes move around him. Too fast. Too big. Too much.

ENTE

(V.O.)

Come with me.

Andy clutches his head. Screams – no sound.

(CONTINUED)

A FACE appears. Not a face. A suggestion of one. It smiles.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

I was alone.

A FLASH —

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy's room again. He stumbles backward, hitting the dresser. Breath ragged. Skin pale. Eyes twitching.

He looks at his hands like they aren't his. His reflection in the mirror... smirks. Now he's FAKE ANDY.

FAKE ANDY

This is it.

His pupils dilate. His shoulders relax. He lies back down.

From outside, a faint thunder roll. A flicker of violet in the sky. The hum fades.

Andy smiles in the dark. Not his smile.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BARRONS HOUSE. GINNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silence thick as wool. Moonlight stripes the cluttered room: ALIEN poster, string-light constellations, the battered skateboard under the desk.

Ginny sleeps curled around her stuffed Rat. A bead of sweat rolls down from her hairline.

The air HUMS — sub-bass, at the edge of hearing. Her poster of RATATOUILLE lifts from the wall as if by static.

Ginny's eyelids flutter. She exhales a sharp breath.

ON THE CEILING. A hairline CRACK of violet light appears, stretching, spidering outward. Plaster dust drifts down in slow motion.

Her bedside clock flickers: 03:33 ... 03:34 ... 03:33 ... time glitching.

The HUM drops half an octave.

(CONTINUED)

Ginny's eyes SNAP OPEN — pale blue, glowing in the darkness. She is awake yet not awake. She floats six inches above the mattress, arms dangling. The stuffed rat slips from her grasp, frozen mid-fall. A single tear lifts FROM her cheek, rising toward the ceiling crack as if gravity has reversed.

The crack blossoms into a STARFIELD — DEAD BLACK studded with impossible colors.

All sound cuts.

A last flicker of lilac light SWALLOWS the room. Everything — Ginny, bed, posters, dust — dissolves into the void.

TOTAL BLACK.

Then—an explosion of COLORLESS LIGHT: negative galaxies, as if the film were flipped inside-out.

Ginny drifts, weightless, hair haloing around her. Her pajamas ripple like fabric in zero-g, but there is no wind, no up, no down.

GINNY  
(a breath—more felt than  
heard)  
¡Mamá!

Her voice is swallowed. No echo, just silence that presses.

Shapes coalesce: FRACTURED PLANETS; CLOCK GEARS the size of cities; a SCHOOL CHALKBOARD covered in moving equations that erase and rewrite themselves.

They orbit Ginny, but at impossible angles, as if each object obeys its own private physics.

A THREAD OF LIGHT snakes toward her—white, then violet, then pitch. It twines around her wrist like liquid neon.

ENTE  
(V.O., layered  
male/female/other)  
Who are you? Why are you here?

Ginny's lips move. No sound.

The chalkboard flashes IMAGES instead of words:

(CONTINUED)

- Ginny's BIRTH CERTIFICATE (DATE unreadable, numbers corrupting)
- A FAMILY PHOTO, but Ginny's face is smudged out.
- The SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL YEARBOOK, her page BLANK.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Echo-less. Forecast-less.

The thread tugs. Ginny's wrist glows where it touches. All around, MASKS rotate—stone, wood, metal—each with a hollow mouth that whispers without noise.

GINNY

(finally finding voice)

Let me go!

Her shout ripples the void: color fractures into prismatic shards, then re-fuses. The thread releases. Ginny tumbles—head over heels—yet never moves from the center.

A SHADOW forms before her: NOT a figure but a NEGATIVE SPACE in the shape of shifting limbs, wings, tendrils—always almost recognizable, never the same for two frames.

ENTE

You are afraid of me.

The shadow pulses. Where its "heart" should be, entire constellations implode and re-ignite.

ENTE (CONT'D)

Why am I here with you?

Ginny tries to cover her eyes—there is no shielding from this.

GINNY

(scared, crying)

Noooooo!

Silence.

A single IMAGE fills the void behind the Ente:

- Carol Anne on a morgue slab, skin grey, eyes open but lifeless.

Ginny screams.

(CONTINUED)



86 CONTINUED: (2)

ENTE

She has all inside her.

Ginny floats, tiny against the endless corruption of starlight.

ENTE (CONT'D)

You are the key.

87 VOIDSPACE - CONTINUOUS

87

CLOSE ON GINNY - suspended in nothingness.

A translucent film envelops her face - pulsing like something alive, tightening over her mouth and nose. It tightens. She gasps.

FLASH - a MONTAGE of lives that could've been.

88 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

88

Alicia, Peter and Susana eat dinner. The table has ONLY three plates.

No sign of Ginny.

89 INT. SPRINGWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL. HALLWAY - DAY

89

Carol Anne is alone. She looks sad, but doesn't know why.

90 BACK TO VOIDSPACE

90

Ginny gasps for air. The membrane retracts like jelly, slurping into the darkness.

ENTE

(V.O., layered, softer  
now)

Sister, mother, father, your best  
friend...

A spinning WHEEL appears, massive and metallic - like a cosmic typewriter carriage. It clicks through REALITY SLICES, scenes from Ginny's life, as if they were just drafts:

- Young Ginny (5) meeting Young Carol Anne (6) on the first day.

- Ginny punching Ryan and Josh.

(CONTINUED)

- Ginny laughing with Jack riding their bikes.
- Ginny crying in Susana's arms.
- Carol Anne gently tending to Ginny's scraped knee in the treehouse.

The wheel STUTTERS and it BURNS.

ENTE (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
This is you.

The void lights up with visions - REALITIES THE ENTE OFFERS:

- Jack and Ginny playing basketball.
- Ginny with Susana, Peter and Alicia in their home together.
- Ginny with Carol Anne dancing under the stars.
- Carol Anne smiling.

ENTE (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
Bring me her.

Ginny floats toward the light. Her eyes water. Her hand rises... Then - A VOICE. Faint. Real.

FAKE CAROL ANNE  
I'll be yours... I let you touch my  
third base.

The light flickers. The visions shake. Ginny clenches her fist.

GINNY  
(furious, defiant)  
Get out of my head!

The void cracks. A thunderclap of black lightning.

ENTE  
(like tearing silk)  
Then you'll be erased...

Ginny SCREAMS as the entire dimension implodes around her.

Darkness. Silence.

(CONTINUED)

Ginny lies flat on her back, eyes shut. Still as a corpse.

Then—

She jerks awake with a VIOLENT SCREAM.

GINNY  
NO! NO NO NO GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

ALICIA  
(O.S.)  
¡Virginia!

PETER  
(O.S.)  
Ginny?

Footsteps.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN. Peter, Alicia, and Susana storm into the room.

Ginny thrashes in her bed, panicked, disoriented, drenched in sweat.

GINNY  
He's inside me! I'll be erased!

Alicia runs to her daughter, trying to hold her still.

ALICIA  
(soft, trembling)  
Soy yo, mi amor. Estoy aquí. Mamá  
está contigo...

GINNY  
ANDYYYYY!!

Ginny suddenly goes quiet — frozen in place, trembling. And then... a spreading wet stain appears on her bedsheets. She looks down. Sees it.

She's awake. Aware.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry... I didn't mean to...  
I'm sorry... I... Andy?

Alicia freezes. Her face contorts — shock, not disgust.

(CONTINUED)

ALICIA  
(whispers)  
No pasa nada, cariño. Vamos a  
limpiarte y-

Then-

Ginny's body seizes. Her spine arches.

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
¡Ginny!

Ginny's arms and legs go stiff. Fingers claw the air. Foam  
bubbles at the corners of her lips.

SUSANA  
¡¡MAMÁ!!

PETER  
Jesus Christ—!

ALICIA  
¡Mi vida! ¡Vuelve conmigo! ¡Ginny!

Blood from her nose. Her eyes roll back.

PETER  
(into phone)  
Emergency! My daughter—twelve—she's  
seizing, foaming at the mouth—we  
need an ambulance now!

Susana kneels by the bed, trembling, crying, frozen.

Alicia clutches her daughter, tears falling onto Ginny's  
face.

ALICIA  
(shaky, trembling)  
¡Por favor, amor mío! Virginia, no  
me hagas esto...

The bedroom pulses with dim RED LIGHT from the window.

Sirens wail in the distance. Lights snap on across the  
neighborhood. Doors creak open.

NEIGHBORS step out in pajamas and robes, dazed and confused.  
Eyes turn skyward.

(CONTINUED)

The stars are wrong. The sky is bruised – swirling with purples and sick greens. As if the night itself is bleeding.

Electric poles HUM. The wind stands still.

Children point upward, silent.

PARENTS pull them back inside.

A WOMAN on her porch drops her coffee mug. It SHATTERS on the steps.

And up there, in the deepest part of the sky, something moves behind the stars.

SMASH CUT TO:

A small American town waking up.

Coffee shops open.

Kids wait for the school bus.

A jogger runs past the park.

But something's off.

The sky isn't blue. It's a shade too dark – tinged with greenish-purple, like a bruise spreading across the clouds.

A STRAY DOG stands in the middle of the road, howling softly.

ANGLE ON a LOCAL MAILMAN, shielding his eyes from the sky.

MAILMAN

(to no one)

That ain't normal...

A CROWD gathers near a café. People whisper. Point.

BARISTA

Was there a fire? Chemical spill?

OLD MAN WITH BINOCULARS

No planes all morning. Not one.

KIDS on scooters stop and look up. One holds a smartphone.

TEEN GIRL

My compass app's glitching. Look.

(CONTINUED)

The needle spins wildly.

A GROCERY STORE OWNER rolls down a metal gate. His radio plays a morning show—

RADIO HOST

(V.O.)

—power outages in half the county  
and growing reports of satellite  
disruption. If you're seeing  
something strange in the sky,  
you're not alone.

ANGLE ON: A CHURCH SIGNBOARD: "LOOK TO THE HEAVENS. REPENT."

Someone has spray-painted over it: "TOO LATE."

A BABY in a stroller begins crying. Inconsolable. A WOMAN covers the baby's eyes with a blanket.

WOMAN

(soft)

Shhh... don't look.

A sudden GUST whips through the street — papers swirl, signs rattle —

Then stillness.

WIDE SHOT — The town holds its breath. Every head tilted skyward. And high above, in the deepest fold of the clouds—  
  
a shimmer.

A glitch. Like a tear in the sky slowly sealing itself.

SMASH TO BLACK.

94 EXT. SPRINGWOOD. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) — MORNING 94

A patrol car rolls through the quiet streets of Springwood. The town looks normal...

Except for the sky. Bruised purples. Sick greens. The clouds don't move.

95 INT. POLICE CRUISER — CONTINUOUS 95

Carl michael drives. Harry sits in the passenger seat, scrolling through a tablet. The tension is unspoken.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

The Barrons girl. The one who collapsed last night.

CARLMICHAEL

Yeah. I saw the report. Seizure, fever, incoherent screaming. Poor girl.

HARRY

The EMT report says she kept yelling a name.

CARLMICHAEL

(glances over)

What name?

HARRY

"Andy." Over and over. The paramedics logged it.

CARLMICHAEL

Andy's a common name, Harry. Don't go chasing ghosts.

HARRY

Not when it's the same name tied to a missing kid.

Carlmichael exhales through his nose. Eyes on the road.

CARLMICHAEL

Hospital cleared her. She's stable. We'll talk to the girl. No pressure.

HARRY

You think she saw something?

CARLMICHAEL

I think she's twelve. Probably had a nightmare.

And I think we're running out of explanations.

Beat. Long enough to grow uncomfortable.

CARLMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Let's just ask questions. See what shakes loose.

They drive on.

(CONTINUED)

OUTSIDE - A church sign flashes glitchy digital letters:  
"PRAY FOR RAIN - PRAY FOR TRUTH"

96 INT. SPRINGWOOD GENERAL. RECEPTION - MORNING

96

The automatic doors slide open and Carlmichael and Harry step inside, brushing snow from their coats.

Fluorescent lights buzz overhead. A local news broadcast plays on the TV near the reception desk - showing footage of the strange sky over Springwood.

CarlMichael and Harry approach the RECEPTION NURSE.

CARLMICHAEL

Sheriff Carlmichael. This is Deputy  
Tozier. We're here to see Virginia  
Barrons.

RECEPTION NURSE

(polite)

I'll page her attending physician.  
Dr. Patel.

97 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. PEDIATRIC WING - MOMENTS LATER

97

DR. PATEL (55), calm but visibly tired, joins them near the  
nurses' station.

DR. PATEL

Officers. I'm Dr. Patel. Virginia  
Barrons is in Room 214. She's  
stable, but... it was a rough  
night.

CARLMICHAEL

We're not here to push. Just hoping  
to ask a few questions, see if she  
saw or heard anything unusual.  
There've been other kids missing  
this week.

DR. PATEL

(skeptical)

And you think a twelve-year-old who  
had a seizure and wet the bed might  
be your missing link?

HARRY

We're looking for any thread we can  
follow, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)



DR. PATEL

(sighs)

Well... there's something odd, yes.  
This wasn't Virginia's first  
episode.

(beat)

Her older sister mentioned a  
smaller incident about a week ago.  
Night of the light storm - same  
symptoms, milder. The family  
thought it was a fluke. This time  
was different. Severe tonic-clonic  
seizure. She lost bladder control,  
screamed incoherently for almost  
two minutes... then went catatonic.

CARLMICHAEL

Catatonic?

DR. PATEL

Eyes open. Non-responsive. EEG came  
back clean. MRI too. We're...  
puzzled.

HARRY

And this morning?

DR. PATEL

She's awake. Quiet. Alert but  
emotionally shaken. We haven't  
pressed her. She hasn't said much.

CARLMICHAEL

Is she under medication?

DR. PATEL

Just fluids. No sedation since last  
night. She's lucid, if withdrawn.

(beat)

She hasn't mentioned any names...  
if that's what you're wondering.

HARRY

(careful)

Just checking.

DR. PATEL

You can ask the parents. If they  
say yes, you can go in. But go  
slow. She's not just scared.  
She's...

(chooses words carefully)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. PATEL (CONT'D)

...like someone who saw something  
she shouldn't have.

Patel glances out the window. A murky greenish hue stains the clouds. A lone crow lands on a lamppost. It caws once – then flies away.

DR. PATEL (CONT'D)

And frankly... she's not the only  
one.

98 EXT. SPRINGWOOD GENERAL. WAITING AREA OUTSIDE ROOM 214 - 98  
MORNING

Muted light filters through gray-tinted windows. A soft BEEP from a heart monitor pulses somewhere nearby. Peter and Alicia sit side by side on a padded bench.

She grips a cold coffee cup. He watches the door to their daughter's room like it might vanish.

Carl Michael and Harry stand across from them – respectful, composed.

CARLMICHAEL

Mr. and Mrs. Barrons... I know this  
isn't a good time. We'll keep it  
brief.

PETER

She had a full seizure last night.  
We're still waiting for the  
neurologist. No one knows what the  
hell it was.

ALICIA

She's twelve. Es mi niña. And you  
want to go in there and interrogate  
her?

HARRY

Not interrogate. Talk. Just...  
talk. Something might've scared  
her. She might've seen something.

CARLMICHAEL

She said a name. "Andy." In front  
of the paramedics.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Andy's a... new friend. From school, I think. We've never met him. The kid's not missing, is he?

CARLMICHAEL

We're not sure. He hasn't been seen since yesterday.

ALICIA

That doesn't mean she knows anything. She was delirious. Fever, shaking, hallucinating...

HARRY

That may be true. But if she can help us see the bigger picture — even a tiny piece — we owe it to her. To all of them.

A beat.

Peter looks down. Silent. He wants answers but fears the cost. Alicia studies Harry carefully. Then—

ALICIA

(softer now)

If... if you talk to her... don't mention what happened on the sheets. Not a word. She's... mortified.

Harry nods, solemn.

HARRY

Understood. Not a word.

PETER

(sighs)

Alright. We'll see if she's up for it.

Alicia stands. Hesitates. Looks Harry in the eye.

ALICIA

If anyone's going to talk to her, it should be you.

(beat)

I don't know why. Just... hazlo con cariño.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY  
(gently)  
I will. I promise.

A beat.

ALICIA  
(quiet, dead serious)  
And if you make her cry...  
(tilts her head)  
I'll kill you.

Harry almost smiles. Almost.

Peter opens the door to Room 214. They head inside – slowly, reverently – like stepping into something sacred.

99 INT. SPRINGWOOD GENERAL. ROOM 214 - CONTINUOUS 99

Muted light; the TV murmurs.

Ginny sits propped up, pale but alert, hair a mess. Susana scrolls her phone beside the bed, still rattled.

The door opens. Harry and Carlmichael enter. Alicia and Peter hover just inside the threshold.

Ginny studies the group, eyelids heavy–no sparkle.

GINNY  
So ... family and cops – awesome.  
Which meeting is this? The "Why'd I  
wet the bed?" club or the "Scream-  
till-3 AM" fan-con?

Harry almost smiles.

HARRY  
Only here to ask a few questions,  
Virginia. If that's okay.

GINNY  
My mom calls me Virginia–usually  
when I've screwed the pooch.

CARLMICHAEL  
Mind if we sit?

GINNY  
Free country, right?

Harry and Carlmichael take the chairs.

(CONTINUED)

Susana shoots Ginny a worried look, then slips toward the door. Alicia bends, kisses Ginny's forehead.

ALICIA

We'll be right outside, vale?

GINNY

Relax, Mamá. I'm not confessing to espionage.

Peter touches Ginny's ankle—a silent behave—then he, Susana and Alicia exit. Door closes.

A heavy beat; Harry searches for the temperature.

HARRY

Last night was rough. We just want to understand what you experienced.

GINNY

Which highlight? The grand-mal flop? The banshee soundtrack? The midnight watersports?

CARLMICHAEL

We're not here to embarrass you.

GINNY

Good — I'm Olympic-level at that solo.

Ginny shifts, gathering courage.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I saw something when the sky lit up—and again last night. It burrows into your skull.

CARLMICHAEL

"Something" meaning Andy?

GINNY

No. Andy's not... It's like... something else. Whatever's riding him is... not-Andy.

Harry and Carlmichael trade a glance.

HARRY

How can you tell?

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Because I saw the driver. Dream,  
vision, cosmic malware—pick a  
label. It's ancient, wrong—older  
than physics.

Carlmichael's skepticism shows; Harry leans in.

HARRY

Did it speak?

GINNY

Images. Feelings. Like a download  
my brain isn't built for. Said I'm  
a key... It wants to erase me.

CARLMICHAEL

Erase... you?

Ginny nods.

Harry pulls a cracked-leather booklet from his coat, sets it  
on the tray.

HARRY

Local archive. Talks about "First  
Ones". Some kind of entities before  
time. Anything ring a bell?

GINNY

That—on steroids.

A beat —Ginny steels herself.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I'll keep talking, but only with  
him.

CARLMICHAEL

(rises)

I'll wait in the hall.

Carlmichael exits. Harry stays.

Ginny sinks into the pillow, voice small but steady.

GINNY

Ever wonder if we're side  
characters in somebody else's  
draft?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY  
(quiet)  
More lately than I'd admit.

GINNY  
Well, the author's in the room—and  
it thinks it's winning.

Harry holds her gaze, tape rolling.

FADE OUT.

100 INT. SPRINGWOOD GENERAL. ROOM 214 - DAY 100

Only Ginny and Harry remain. The door clicks shut. Harry sits, waiting. Ginny doesn't speak right away. She looks out the window. Her voice is quieter now.

GINNY  
I lost them, you know?

HARRY  
Your friends?

She nods. Her throat tight.

GINNY  
We hurt each other. All of us. Said  
things you can't take back. Things  
that cut... right to the bone.

Harry waits.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Andy really did get to third base  
with Carol Anne. And instead of  
helping her deal with it... we  
turned on her. Started calling her  
names. "Slut." "Bitch".

A sharp silence.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Then Carol Anne turned on me.  
Called me a little lesbian. Said,  
"You gonna eat my clam too?"

Her mouth tightens. She blinks back tears.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
I know it doesn't sound like much.  
But...

(CONTINUED)

Beat.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I made Jack cry. I think I broke his heart.

HARRY

Why?

GINNY

Because he tried to protect Carol Anne. Told me the truth. And I... I tore into him. Told him he was in love with Carol Anne and she'd never look at him 'cause he's soft. And fat.

She rubs her face. Exhausted.

GINNY (CONT'D)

We were friends. Soulmates, even. Now I'm here, pissing the bed like a baby and screaming about gods from before time.

Harry opens the book gently. On the cover: THE BREATH BEFORE TIME by J.A. Ibarra Prado.

HARRY

It's all connected, Ginny. This book talks about the First Ones. One of them's called The Entity... El Ente. That thing is here. With us. In this town. Right now.

Ginny's breath hitches.

GINNY

He's inside Andy now. Not fully, but... growing. Like a tumor made of stars and nightmares.

She looks directly at Harry now.

GINNY (CONT'D)

He called me a key. He told me she has all inside her.

HARRY

Who?

(CONTINUED)



GINNY

Carol Anne. He wants her... by  
erasing me. Not killing - erasing  
me!

A long, chilling silence.

GINNY (CONT'D)

He showed me worlds where I was  
never born. Where Carol Anne dies.  
Where my mom cries and no one knows  
why. And one where we're all alive-  
but I said yes to him.

HARRY

So what now?

Ginny exhales. Looks down at her hands.

GINNY

Now? I get out of here. I find my  
friends. I go into the dark and fix  
what's broken.

HARRY

You just had a seizure. You need  
rest.

GINNY

No. I need answers. I'm tired of  
being scared, Harry. I've pissed  
myself twice, watched the sky go  
cancerous, and got called a dyke  
before even knowing if I am one.

HARRY

Ginny, please... not now. Try to  
get some sleep. Things might feel  
different in the morning.

Harry stands up to go.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Rest well, Virginia.

Ginny's eyes flick up.

GINNY

It's just Ginny.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY  
Got it, Ginny.

He gives her a half smile and walks to the door.

As it closes behind him, Ginny lies back in bed. Eyes wide open.

Then—

She pulls the blanket to her chin. Silent.

Outside the window, the sky is still wrong. Purple. Sick. Watching.

CUT TO BLACK.

101 INT. SPRINGWOOD GENERAL. WAITING AREA OUTSIDE ROOM 214 - 101  
COTINIOUS

Harry approaches — composed, but clearly affected.

CARLMICHAEL  
Well?

HARRY  
She's exhausted. Spoke a little.  
Nothing urgent for now.

Peter, Alicia and Susana lean in, anxious.

PETER  
Did she say anything we should  
know? About last night?

HARRY  
She's scared. But she's strong.  
Right now, she needs rest more than  
anything.

Alicia wipes her eyes, trying to hold herself together.

ALICIA  
And now... What do we do right now?

HARRY  
Go home. Get some sleep, take a  
shower. She's stable. We'll come  
back when she's stronger.

(CONTINUED)

CARLMICHAEL

We'll monitor her chart. And the station line's open. If anything changes, you'll be the first to know.

Peter still hesitates. Alicia takes his hand.

SUSANA

I'll stay.

They all turn to her.

SUSANA (CONT'D)

She's my sister. She'd do it for me.

Beat.

Peter nods. Alicia hugs Susana tightly.

ALICIA

Cualquier cosa... nos llamas.  
Estamos de vuelta en un par de horas ¿vale, cariño?

SUSANA

No te preocupes, mamá.

Peter and Alicia walk off down the hallway - tired, slow, heavy. Carlmichael follows after a brief glance toward Harry. Harry lingers.

Through the window, he watches Susana step quietly back into Ginny's room.

Harry exhales.

HARRY

(quiet, to himself)  
She's in the eye of the storm...

Harry turns. In his hand: THE BREATH BEFORE TIME by J.A. Ibarra Prado.

He walks away.

Darkness. The soft BEEP of monitors. A distant hum from outside. Ginny lies in bed, eyes open, staring at the ceiling. Awake.

A beat.

GINNY

Susi?

Susana doesn't move. Curled up on the visitor chair with a hoodie as a pillow.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Are you awake?

A long pause.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Susana. ¿Que si estás despierta?

SUSANA

(mumbling)

Ahora sí...

Ginny smirks, just a little.

GINNY

Cool. I'll just talk to you then.  
You're nicer when you're asleep.

Silence. Then:

GINNY (CONT'D)

Do you think you'll still love  
me... even if I'm a clam muncher?

Susana opens one eye.

SUSANA

You're such an idiot...

GINNY

¿Pero tú me vas a querer si... si  
como almejas?

SUSANA

¿Sabes lo que eres? Eres mi goblin.  
Mi enana. Mi tormento. Y el amor de  
mi vida. I'd love you even if you  
voted for Trump, became a  
metalhead, and rooted for Barça.  
And that would be truly  
unforgivable.

Ginny lets out a soft snort-laugh.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

You know what Carol Anne said to me?

No answer.

GINNY (CONT'D)

She asked if I wanted to eat her clam. Like—seriously.

Silence. Then, barely above a whisper— Susana turns her head. Looks at her.

SUSANA

You called her a slut too, didn't you?

Ginny nods, eyes glassy.

SUSANA (CONT'D)

My first year in high school... I let this asshole touch me behind the gym. You know... "third base." Didn't even like him. I just wanted people to leave me alone.

Ginny looks at her, surprised.

GINNY

Third base?

SUSANA

Didn't tell anyone. Not even my best friend. Not even... you.

A silence falls.

GINNY

Why are you telling me now?

SUSANA

Because you already know everything about me. Even what I did to Elsa's doll.

GINNY

You tore her head off and left it in Dad's bed.

SUSANA

¡Fue una advertencia!

(CONTINUED)

They both laugh quietly. Then Ginny speaks like the little girl she once was—fragile and frightened all at once.

GINNY  
¿Te puedo pedir una cosa?

SUSANA  
Si no implica sacrificar una cabra  
en un altar o algo así...

GINNY  
¿Me acaricias el pelo? Como cuando  
estoy mala. No puedo dormir.

Susana gets up and sits on the edge of the bed, gently  
stroking her sister's hair.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I feel I don't fit...

SUSANA  
Of course you don't fit in. You're  
weird. And annoying. But brilliant.  
And mine.

Ginny closes her eyes, soaking in the comfort.

GINNY  
Promise me something.

SUSANA  
¿El qué?

GINNY  
If something weird happens to me...  
you won't leave me alone.

SUSANA  
Gin... iría a las puertas del  
infierno a luchar con el mismísimo  
diablo si algo te ocurriera.

Ginny lets out a small, tired laugh.

GINNY  
Te quiero.

SUSANA  
Y yo a ti, enana. Even if you pee  
the bed. Even if you cry. Even if  
you're a hopeless little drama  
queen.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY  
Even if I'm a tragic lesbian?

SUSANA  
Especially if you're a tragic  
lesbian.

They both smile in the dark. Ginny's breath begins to slow. Susana strokes her hair in silence, like she's done since they were small.

The night outside is chaos. But here, for a moment—peace.

FADE OUT:

103 INT. DREAMSCAPE - NIGHT (DREAM)

103

Absolute darkness. Then—

A heartbeat.

Another.

Then hundreds. Thousands. The sound of blood rushing through infinite veins.

Ginny floats in a void of shimmering black. Her hospital gown flutters in a wind that doesn't blow. She looks down. There is no ground. Only constellations breaking apart beneath her feet.

The stars are melting.

Behind her, a voice that isn't a voice — a feeling that rattles inside her bones.

ENTE  
(V.O.)  
You are not supposed to be here.

GINNY  
(fearless now)  
Yeah, well... here I am, freakface.

Suddenly— the void RIPS OPEN. A tunnel of sewage and stone. Springwood's underground.

104 INT. SPRINGWOOD UNDERGROUND - NIGHT (DREAM)

104

At the far end: Andy, back to us, walking barefoot through the sludge... carrying Carol Anne in his arms. She's unconscious. Limp. Her blonde hair drips with water.

Ginny tries to run toward them - but the space stretches. For every step she takes, the tunnel doubles in length.

ENTE

(V.O.)

She will be mine now. And you're my key.

GINNY

You don't scare me.

The tunnel COLLAPSES-

105 INT. HALL OF MIRRORS - NIGHT (DREAM)

105

-a new space.

Walls of mirrors. Cold. Endless. In each reflection: a different Ginny. One with short hair and braces. One with no eyes. One drowning. One burning.

ENTE

(V.O.)

Maybe you are not the Key. Maybe you are the fracture. The anomaly.

A final mirror appears. In it, Ginny sees herself... as she is now. But utterly alone.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

The breath that never should have been taken.

The corridor EXPLODES in sound -

-a noise like all mothers weeping at once.

Ginny falls backward into nothingness.

FADE TO WHITE.



106 INT. SPRINGWOOD GENERAL. ROOM 214 - NIGHT

106

Dim moonlight filters through the blinds. A faint BEEP from the monitor. Susana sleeps in the visitor chair, curled up, hoodie over her knees.

Ginny lies in bed. Eyes wide open. Still. Breathing quietly. Her hand slowly reaches up to touch her forehead. Then her chest. Then her belly. Almost checking if she's still herself.

Then, she stands. Wobbly. Still weak. But clear-eyed.

GINNY  
(whispering)  
He's got her.

Ginny swings her legs off the bed, wobbly but clear-eyed. As she stands, the hospital gown gapes open in back, a full moon of pale kid-butt catching the cold air.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
(disgusted, yanking it  
closed)  
Who designed this ass-cape? -  
Satan?

Ginny finds her clothes on the chair's armrest.

SUSANA  
(murmuring, half-asleep)  
What are you doing?

GINNY  
(getting dressed)  
He's got her, Susi.

SUSANA  
What...?

GINNY  
Carol Anne. I saw it. He took her.  
The "Ente"... It wasn't a dream.

Susana rubs her face, slowly sitting up.

SUSANA  
Ginny, you're not even supposed to  
be standing.

GINNY  
I don't care.

(CONTINUED)

She zips up her hoodie. Struggles a bit, breathless, but finishes.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
I'm going after her.

SUSANA  
Ginny...

GINNY  
She's my friend. And I'm not  
letting that thing erase her.

Ginny moves toward the window.

SUSANA  
Wait. You're serious.

GINNY  
If I stay, I'll just keep being  
scared. And she'll be gone.  
Forever.

Susana hesitates. She looks at her little sister – small,  
pale, stubborn as hell.

SUSANA  
You're not doing this alone.

GINNY  
Susi—

SUSANA  
You'll get lost. Or pass out. Or  
fall in a sewer and break your  
neck.

Susana grabs her shoes and jacket.

SUSANA (CONT'D)  
I'm coming with you. End of story.

Ginny's eyes well up for a second – from exhaustion, from  
love. She nods.

GINNY  
Okay. Let's go.

SUSANA  
Do not fall off the roof.

GINNY  
No promises.

(CONTINUED)

They slide the window open. A cold breeze rushes in.

107 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

107

The girls, Ginny and Susana, drop down behind a hedge and crouch for a beat.

Ginny catches her breath.

They sneak along the edge of the building toward the street.

The sky above is getting worse – pulsing purple clouds, no stars, no wind.

SUSANA

Where are we going?

GINNY

To the Smiths'. Jack and Barbara.

SUSANA

Will they help?

Ginny doesn't answer at first. She stares at the cracked pavement beneath her shoes.

GINNY

Maybe. I hurt Jack. Pretty bad.

SUSANA

Then say you're sorry.

GINNY

Yeah.

Ginny nods to herself. Convincing herself more than Susana.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Yeah. I will.

They start moving again. Lights flicker in the hospital windows above them.

The wind picks up. A low HUM vibrates in the wires overhead.

Ginny and Susana disappear down the street. Two sisters alone in the night.

FADE OUT.

108 EXT. SMITH HOUSE - NIGHT

108

A quiet suburban street. Lawn sprinklers ticking in the distance. A cat slips between trash cans. Ginny and Susana crouch beneath the window of a two-story house.

All lights are off. Dead quiet.

GINNY  
(whispering)  
This is it. Jack's room.

SUSANA  
Are you sure?

GINNY  
He has that stupid Baby Groot  
poster—

Ginny picks up a pebble.

SUSANA  
Wait. You're not gonna—

TING! The pebble hits the glass.

SUSANA (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Ginny!

GINNY  
(shrugging)  
Subtle's not really my brand.

Another pebble. Another TING.

Upstairs, a light flicks on. A shadow moves behind the curtain.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Jack? It's me! Ginny! Open up!

The window cracks open. Jack peers out, bleary-eyed, hair a mess.

JACK  
What the hell, Ginny?

GINNY  
Hi. Sorry. Can you come down?

JACK  
It's 1 a.m.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA  
(O.S., from inside)  
Jack? Who are you talking to?

JACK  
(whispering back)  
No one!

Barbara's head pops into the window frame. Sleepy. Not amused.

BARBARA  
Are you kidding me?

GINNY  
I know I'm the last person you want  
to see right now. But it's Carol  
Anne. She's in trouble.

Beat.

BARBARA  
(in a low hiss)  
Did you seriously come all the way  
here to play hero now?

GINNY  
I came because I can't do this  
without you.

Barbara and Jack exchange a glance. Jack disappears without a word.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Jack...? Don't...!

109 EXT. SMITH HOUSE. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

109

A few moments later, the side door creaks open. Jack and Barbara step outside in hoodies and sneakers.

JACK  
You've got two minutes. Start  
talking.

Dim streetlight. The four kids stand awkwardly near the curb. Ginny and Susana on one side. Jack and Barbara on the other.

Tension.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY  
(small voice)  
Thanks for coming down.

JACK  
Didn't come down for you. Just  
wanted to see if you'd say  
something real for once.

GINNY  
Okay, starting strong.

JACK  
You called Carol Anne a slut. You  
called me a crybaby... you're a...

GINNY  
She called me a clam muncher!

JACK  
You said I was a loser who couldn't  
even kiss a girl without crying. In  
front of everyone.

GINNY  
Because you told me Carol Anne let  
Andy touch her in her... you know,  
her... pussy! Or something...

BARBARA  
We all did. For a second. But you  
went nuclear.

GINNY  
I was scared, okay? ¡Y de mala  
hostia! And I said things I didn't  
mean.

JACK  
You always do.

GINNY  
And you always act like I'm the  
screw-up. Like I'm just the baby  
who can't shut up and ruins  
everything.

SUSANA  
(stepping forward)  
Enough.

They all freeze. Susana's voice is low, but sharp.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA (CONT'D)

You three. You've known each other since daycare. Barbara, who was your first friend in the world when you were three?

BARBARA

(sullen)

Ginny.

SUSANA

Ginny. Who introduced you to Jack when you were five?

GINNY

B.

SUSANA

And Jack's been what to you since?

GINNY

...Everything.

SUSANA

Jack. Bro. You know more about Ginny than I do. You're her soulmate. Don't look at me like that - yeah, I said it. You showed her your weenie in first grade and she showed you her chichi - don't play shy, that's soulmate behavior.

GINNY

Susi-!

SUSANA

Girl, everyone knew. Even Mom and Dad. You two swapped pee-pees like Pokémon cards. Venga, tía. No tiene nada de malo. A ver si pensabais que fuisteis los primeros niños en jugar a médicos, joder.

Jack turns purple. Barbara groans.

SUSANA (CONT'D)

Barbara... you love that blonde idiot.

BARBARA

No, I-what?

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA

Don't play dumb. You'd do anything  
for her. Even when she tries too  
hard. Even when she talks too much.  
Even when she's too perfect. You  
think you were chasing her?

(beat)

No. She's been chasing you. She's  
always just wanted to be your  
friend.

Barbara's mouth tightens. That hits hard.

JACK

(silent beat)

We've seen things too.

BARBARA

Felt it. The sky. The...  
everything.

GINNY

He's real. And he's got them. Andy.  
Carol Anne. Maybe more. We have to  
go. Now.

Silence. The wind picks up slightly.

JACK

Where?

GINNY

Springwood Water Treatment. The old  
tunnels behind it. He's down there.

BARBARA

And Carol Anne?

GINNY

We get her back. Or we die trying.

JACK

Wow. Dramatic much?

GINNY

(soft)

I'm serious.

Jack looks at her for a long beat. Then nods.

JACK

I still hate you a little.

(CONTINUED)



GINNY  
That's fair.

Barbara nods too. They're back. Not whole. Not healed. But back.

SUSANA  
Alright, Power Rangers. Time to  
save the world.

They look at each other – bruised, exhausted, still kids – but somehow ready.

GINNY  
Let's go!

FADE OUT.

110 EXT. SPRINGWOOD – NIGHT

110

The town sleeps.

Empty storefronts. Porch lights flicker. A lawn sprinkler hisses and sputters in the distance.

From the cul-de-sac, four bikes emerge, wheels humming over cracked asphalt. Ginny, Jack, Barbara, and Susana –backpacks loaded, faces set, silhouetted by moonlight.

They ride.

A stop sign flickers red. They don't stop.

Springwood Middle School. No lights. No voices. Just brick and old stories.

The Old Quarry Park – where they once played tag – now warped by long shadows.

The Deli. Neon buzzing. Empty inside.

Jack leads. Ginny rides beside him. No one speaks. The only sound is the wind in their spokes.

They pass an open garage: An old man watches TV alone – static blue glow spilling into the night. It catches on the kids as they glide past like shadows.

Not running. Not sneaking. Just moving forward – one block closer to the dark.

111 EXT. WATER TREATMENT PLANT - NIGHT

111

A rusted chain-link fence. The sign reads: SPRINGWOOD MUNICIPAL WATER TREATMENT - CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. Beyond the gate - a sprawling industrial facility swallowed by weeds and shadow.

Ginny, Jack, Barbara and Susana squeeze through a gap in the fence, stepping into the tall grass.

Above them: the sky is wrong. Purple clouds. No stars. A low-frequency HUM in the air, like the world's holding its breath.

They walk in silence. Only their footsteps on gravel. Their flashlights barely cut the dark.

SUSANA

(quiet)

Remind me why we're not calling the cops?

GINNY

'Cause we already did. Remember? Hospital? Epilepsy? Bed pee?

SUSANA

Right. Stupid question.

BARBARA

It smells like something died out here.

JACK

That would be the water.

They round a corner. A massive metal door hangs off its hinges - bent from the inside.

SUSANA

I have a bad feeling about this...

JACK

I understood the reference.

SUSANA

(scrunching her nose)

What reference...?

GINNY

This place smells like monkey butt.

Ginny, Jack, Barbara and Susana enter.

112 INT. WATER TREATMENT PLANT - CONTINUOUS

112

The interior is cavernous, industrial — rows of rusted tanks, broken consoles, and collapsed catwalks. Pipes snake across the ceiling like dead veins. Dust hangs in the air. Every footstep echoes. A faint HUM pulses from below. It's not mechanical. It's alive.

JACK  
(whispering)  
This place is a nightmare.

GINNY  
It's a crack. A crack in the world.  
Like something pushed from  
underneath.

BARBARA  
Why would the Ente be down here?

GINNY  
Because this is where the rot  
starts.

Ginny, Jack, Barbara and Susana move deeper.

Susana's flashlight lands on a wall panel. Old, brittle maps of the facility.

One corner is blacked out with permanent marker — ZONE C — DECOMMISSIONED.

SUSANA  
Of course. "Decommissioned." That's  
where we're going, right?

GINNY  
Obviously.

They descend a grated staircase. At the bottom: a sealed metal hatch. It's huge. Old. No markings.

JACK  
There's no way this was on any  
blueprint.

Ginny kneels, brushing off grime. There's a thin line of red light pulsing from the seams.

GINNY  
Found it.

She looks up.

(CONTINUED)

GINNY (CONT'D)

This is it. No going back after this.

They all hesitate.

SUSANA

Okay. So... who's going in first?

A long silence.

Barbara steps forward. Quiet. Determined.

BARBARA

I'll go.

Everyone turns to her.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Carol Anne's in there. She'd go for me.

Barbara grips the wheel on the hatch and starts to turn. The metal GROANS. A wave of hot, fetid air hits them. The HUM grows louder.

From below, a voice – not spoken, but heard:

ENTE

(V.O.)

Jack.

Jack flinches.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

You remember what your mother said, don't you?

They all freeze.

GINNY

Jack. Ignore him.

Silence. The hatch opens with a SCREAM. A tunnel stretches into darkness.

BARBARA

Everyone heard that, right?

JACK

(shaken)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA

Then let's go. Before it gets worse.

BARBARA

Okay. I'll go first...

Barbara, Ginny, Jack and Susana step into the tunnel. One by one. The hatch slams shut behind them.

CUT TO BLACK.

113 INT. SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL - NIGHT

113

The tunnel goes on forever. A rusted steel pipe above their heads drips something dark. The concrete walls are covered in stains - not quite mold, not quite blood. A low HUM pulses from deep within the earth.

Barbara, Jack, Susana and Ginny walk in silence. Their flashlight beams shake in their hands.

The air is thick. Too warm.

Breathing becomes harder. And then-

A VOICE. Not heard - felt. Deep in the skull. Custom-tailored to each.

Ginny stops mid-step. Eyes wide.

ENTE

(V.O., soft, intimate)  
She doesn't love you. Not like that.

Ginny shivers. The voice sounds like Heather McGee's.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O., Heather's voice)  
You've barely even started. And already you're wrong.

FLASH:

Carol Anne laughing with Barbara.

Carol Anne hugging Barbara.

Carol Anne, whispering, "You're my best friend."

Ginny bites her lip. Tears forming.

(CONTINUED)

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

They'll never say it to your face.  
But they know. Come-almejas.

Ginny stumbles, breath trembling. She almost drops her flashlight.

Jack grips his own flashlight tighter. Then-

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O., his mother's voice)

She's corrupting you.

FLASH:

His mom in the kitchen, whispering to his dad. "Jack's too soft. She'll turn him into something he's not."

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

You're the last. The baby. No one  
takes you seriously. Not even her.  
You think she's your soulmate?  
She's already outgrown you.

Jack hears Ginny laugh in his memory.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O., Ginny's voice)

Crybaby little bitch...

Jack flinches.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

You'll always be the spare. The  
tagalong. And soon... not even  
that.

Then Barbara walks faster. Trying not to hear. But the voice creeps in anyway.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O., Carol Anne's voice)

So much want. So little will.

FLASH:

Andy smirking, bragging.

Carol Anne's face. Disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

You wanted to be her. But she  
pitied you.

Barbara winces.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

She used you. To reach him. Andy.  
You know it. She has everything...  
and she wants it all."

FLASH:

Carol Anne and Andy kissing hard.

Barbara's jaw clenches. Her hands tremble.

Susana slows down. Listening.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Where were you when it started?

FLASH:

Ginny on the floor at school, bleeding from the nose.

Ginny in bed, trembling after the seizure.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

You weren't there. And when you  
were, it was too late.

Susana blinks rapidly, trying to suppress the emotion. But it  
keeps going:

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

You're not her mother. You're a kid  
pretending to be a shield. What  
happens when you fail?

FLASH:

Ginny alone in the dark. A shape closing in behind her.

Susana clenches her fists.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA  
(under her breath)  
No. No, no.

Ginny, Jack, Susana and Barbara all walk in silence now. Pale. Shaken. No one speaks. But something has shifted. They know the Ente is in their heads. And it's only the beginning.

CUT TO BLACK.

114 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

114

The tunnel grows narrower. Moisture drips from rusted pipes. The concrete sweats. Every step echoes like a heartbeat.

Ginny leads the way now. Susana behind her, flashlight jittering in her shaky hand. Jack and Barbara follow.

The ZUMMMMM grows louder. A low-frequency vibration that seems to resonate inside their bones.

GINNY  
(quiet, to herself)  
It's like we're walking through  
something's throat.

SUSANA  
Please don't say that.

Jack stumbles slightly. Barbara grabs his arm, steadying him.

BARBARA  
You okay?

JACK  
Yeah. Just—  
(beat)  
The humming's in my spine.

They stop at a fork in the tunnel. One path is flooded with an inch of still, black water. The other is dry... but smells like copper and rot.

GINNY  
Which one?

SUSANA  
Neither gets five stars on Yelp.

GINNY  
Piedra, papel o tijera.

(CONTINUED)



SUSANA

¿En serio?

GINNY

(sincere)

It works for me.

Susana gives her a look. Then—

SUSANA

Left. Always left in a maze.

Ginny, Susana, Barbara and Jack take the left tunnel. The air is thicker here. Suddenly—

A SHIMMER in the air. Like heat over asphalt. Reality twitches.

The tunnel walls ripple. A faint whisper:

ENTE

(V.O., whisper, layered.

Alicia's voice)

Ginny... Ginny...

Ginny freezes.

GINNY

Did you hear that?

SUSANA

What?

GINNY

My name. It said my name.

SUSANA

I didn't hear anything.

GINNY

It said it like mamá.

Susana grabs her sister's hand.

SUSANA

Hey. Look at me. That's not her.

¿Vale?

GINNY

(small voice)

Vale...

Susana and Ginny move forward again.

(CONTINUED)

Ahead – the tunnel opens into a larger chamber. The air buzzes. The geometry is wrong – walls tilt at impossible angles, like a painting trying to fall off the wall of reality.

Susana, Ginny, Jack and Barbara enter.

INT. NEXUS CHAMBER - NIGHT

The room is circular. Pipes everywhere. Ancient machinery half-consumed by moss and time. In the center, a grate leads down into darkness. The HUM is strongest here. Almost musical. Almost alive.

JACK  
This place isn't real.

BARBARA  
It's too real. Like something  
dreamt it and forgot to wake up.

Ginny crouches by the grate. She places her palm on it.

GINNY  
She's down there.

SUSANA  
Are you sure?

GINNY  
¿De que eres una pesada? Always!

Susana smiles, despite everything. Then—

GINNY (CONT'D)  
We go down.

Barbara, Jack and Susan hesitate.

SUSANA  
How?

A rattling METALLIC LADDER descends into the dark. They exchange glances.

GINNY  
I'll go first.

JACK  
No, I will.

BARBARA  
Guys—

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA

Enough.

Susana steps forward and grabs the ladder.

SUSANA (CONT'D)

I'm going. I'm the oldest. I don't  
care if it smells like Satan's  
toilet down there.

Susana starts climbing. Jack follows. Then Barbara. Ginny is  
last. Before she climbs, Ginny looks down into the abyss.

GINNY

(softly)

Wait for me, Carol Anne.

She descends.

115 INT. LOWER TUNNELS - NIGHT

115

Susana, Barbara, Jack and Ginny walk in single file. The  
tunnel is smooth now. No bricks. No concrete. Just something  
like bone. Like they're inside a ribcage. The flashlight  
beams flicker. Batteries dying faster than they should.

GINNY

It's not just under the city.

SUSANA

What?

GINNY

These tunnels... They weren't  
built. They were grown.

They keep walking. Suddenly — the flashlight flickers  
violently and DIES. Darkness.

JACK

(panicking)

I can't see. I can't see!

BARBARA

Jack, baby... It's okay! I'm here.  
With you!

Then — a low GLOW begins. Faint, like phosphorescence on  
skin. The tunnel lights itself, breathing. And in front of  
them—

A WALL OF FLESH.

(CONTINUED)

Pulsing. Blocking the tunnel. The wall TWITCHES – and from it, a face emerges. Heather's face. Soft. Pale. Lips moving, but no sound.

GINNY

Heather...?

She reaches out—

SUSANA

Ginny, no!

Ginny's fingertips barely touch the surface AND THE WALL SPLITS OPEN. A SCREAM, not from a throat but from the walls themselves. Inside: not Heather. A thing wearing her face like a mask. It speaks with a dozen voices, all intimately familiar:

ENTE

(V.O.)

You wanted her to kiss you, didn't you? But she laughed. And disappeared. I will kiss you!!

Ginny backs away, eyes wide.

JACK

Don't listen to it!

But the wall shifts again – now it's...

Barbara's bedroom. Her stuffed animals. Her mirror. A girl stands inside. It's Barbara, but twisted. Older. Perfect. Covered in makeup. Boobs too big. Lips too red.

ENTE

(V.O.)

You'll never be her. You'll always be the girl in Carol Anne's shadow. You also want Andy to caress your pussy too.

BARBARA

Shut up! SHUT UP!

Barbara throws a rock at the image.

It ripples – and laughs.

117 INT. SMITH HOUSE. JACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

117

Now it's Jack's bedroom. A tiny bunk bed. Posters. A picture of Ginny stuck to the wall. A voice: his mom.

ENTE

(V.O., Martha's voice)

You hang around that Barrons girl  
too much. She's going to ruin you.  
People will think you're... soft.

Jack cracks.

ENTE (CONT'D)

(V.O., shadow-Jack's  
voice)

Maybe she already did. Maybe I am  
soft. A fag.

Jack starts to cry.

GINNY

(V.O.)

NO!

118 INT. LOWER TUNNELS - NIGHT

118

Back to lower tunnels, Ginny moves between Jack and the wall.

GINNY

(to the Ente)

He's not soft. He's strong.  
Stronger than you'll ever be.

She grabs his hand. Barbara wipes her eyes, furious.

BARBARA

We're not afraid of you.

A beat.

And the wall... retracts. Flesh folds away. The tunnel opens.  
Silence again. Just the low hum.

SUSANA

Everyone okay?

They nod. Still shaken.

SUSANA (CONT'D)

Ginny?

(CONTINUED)

GINNY

Yeah.

(beat)

I'm ready now.

She means it. And they all see it. The four walk forward, shadows stretching behind them.

CUT TO BLACK.

119 INT. MAINTENANCE SHAFT - NIGHT

119

A circular opening yawns in the concrete floor of the abandoned treatment plant. No hatch. No ladder on any blueprint — just a gaping shaft that drops into black.

A faint, sub-audible HUM rises from below, vibrating in bone, not ear.

Susana shines her phone-light down. The beam bends, swallowed by the dark. Rock here isn't poured or dug; it's grown — smooth, vein-like striations, faintly phosphorescent.

SUSANA

This isn't on any map.

Symbols — like twisted triangles — ripple along the rim.

Ginny, Jack and Barbara shift if stared at too long.

Jack swallows hard.

JACK

I'll go first.

Ginny blinks.

GINNY

Jack, baby—

JACK

I'm tired of being the soft kid. If  
I fall...

GINNY

You're not soft. Believe me.

Jack forces a grin, grips the slick rock — and starts down.

Barbara takes a breath, touches one of the symbols. It pulses under her fingers and descends. Susana follows, steady but tense.

(CONTINUED)

Ginny lingers, hand on the rim.

Purple lightning flickers in distant clouds beyond the broken roof.

GINNY (CONT'D)

(soft)

Let's go.

Ginny swings over the edge.

INT. VERTIGO SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The walls curve at impossible angles, then straighten, as if the tunnel is deciding how Euclidean it wants to be.

Jack climbs; gravity tilts - turns ninety degrees - yet his feet somehow stay on rungs that were never welded. The HUM grows. No source. It's in their teeth.

Lightless - yet a sickly teal glow seeps from the stone itself, just enough to see one another's faces haloed in sweat. Halfway down, the shaft twists a full spiral.

Ginny, Susana and Barbara cling, breathless; their bodies stay upright while perspective corkscrews around them.

Jack reaches the bottom - a narrow stone ledge. He steadies himself, looks up.

JACK

Okay... okay, I'm on something- Whoa-

The ledge slides sideways, becoming a ramp. Jack skids - Susana drops beside him, catching his arm. Barbara lands, knees buckling.

GINNY is last - she jumps the final meter, boots hitting stone that pulses once beneath her soles.

They stand in a low corridor of bone-white walls, faintly luminous, curving out of eyesight in both directions. The air tastes metallic. Sweet. The HUM resolves - half harmonic, half heartbeat.

Off-screen, a distant, wet CLICK.

They turn toward it... and step deeper.

120 INT. LIMINAL TUNNELS - NIGHT

120

The passage widens into a chamber — not carved, but shaped. The walls ripple, like something just beneath is breathing.

Four tunnels branch out. None are straight. One loops up. Another dips in a spiral. A third vanishes into a shimmer. The fourth hums.

Ginny, Jack, Barbara and Susan stand still.

The air here VIBRATES. Symbols are etched across the walls — jagged, organic, impossible. Not decoration. Not language. More like memory, carved into matter.

Ginny's fingers drift over one. It flickers under her touch.

GINNY

He lives here...

A beat. They all look at the four tunnels. Then—

The HUM intensifies. One of the tunnels BREATHES IN. They all turn. Silence.

Jack takes a step forward.

JACK

We came this far.

Ginny, Jack, Barbara and Susana walk forward, into the tunnel that chose them. The HUM softens. But now the walls whisper.

And the tunnel swallows them.

INT. ROUND CHAMBER - NIGHT

The tunnel narrows, then opens into a perfect circle. Smooth walls. No seams. No corners. The air here is thicker. Like breathing through syrup.

Barbara slows down.

The others walk ahead — just a few steps — but when she looks back... Ginny, Jack and Susana are gone.

She's alone now.

BARBARA

Guys?

Her voice ECHOES too much. Like it's being chewed. Then — FOOTSTEPS behind her. She turns—

(CONTINUED)



FAKE CAROL ANNE stands there. Beautiful. Composed. Distant.

FAKE CAROL ANNE  
You always hated me, didn't you?

Barbara freezes.

BARBARA  
You're not real.

Fake Carol Anne steps closer.

FAKE CAROL ANNE  
But I was, once. The one everyone  
wanted around. The one they  
listened to. You were just...  
background noise.

Barbara tries to step back, but her feet DON'T MOVE.

FAKE CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)  
You called me a slut. A bitch. A  
liar. But you'd have given anything  
to be me.

Barbara clenches her fists.

BARBARA  
You don't know anything.

FAKE CAROL ANNE  
He put his fingers inside me.

Suddenly—

Fake Carol Anne's face twists. Her skin peels back — not  
blood, but light and rot beneath. Now it's just a CORPSE.  
Eyes open. Pale lips.

ENTE  
(V.O.)  
She never liked you. She pitied  
you.

Barbara SCREAMS. Falls to her knees. Hands over her ears.  
Then—

A hand on her shoulder. Ginny.

GINNY  
It's not her.

(CONTINUED)

Barbara looks up, trembling. The room is empty again. No corpse. No Carol Anne. Just silence.

Ginny, Susana, and Jack are back again. The kids don't speak. They don't need to.

Barbara gets up and sees Jack, Ginny and Susana walk together now.

121 INT. TWISTED CORRIDOR - NIGHT

121

The passage spirals like a seashell. The walls curve inward, pressing close, then outward, expanding like lungs. Gravity slips. The floor tilts.

Jack trails behind the others. Determined. Small fists clenched. He doesn't complain. Then—

A metallic WHINE rises. Subtle at first. Then sharper. Like a tuning fork vibrating in bone. The corridor ahead begins to stretch, farther... farther, until the others are gone.

Jack spins around.

Darkness.

JACK

Gin? B.?

No answer. Only static—like an old TV between channels. Suddenly—two floating PHONE SCREENS blink to life in the air. One shows Ginny and Andy, faces smashed together, laughing, cheeks flushed.

The other: a text thread typing itself.

GINNY (TEXT): lol remember when Jack cried in gym?

ANDY (TEXT): Kid still wets the bed.

Jack's expression crumples. Then—his mom's voice leaks from the dark.

MARTHA

(V.O.)

You are so soft. People are gonna talk.

The screens multiply, orbiting Jack in a tightening ring. New messages. New images.

GINNY (TEXT): Fag.

(CONTINUED)

Fake Ginny and Fake Andy whispering and laughing in the shadows.

FAKE GINNY  
(TV screen)  
You're my charity case.

Jack claps his hands over his ears. Eyes wide. He crouches, trembling—about to break, when a voice cuts through—sharp, furious:

GINNY  
(O.S.)  
NO!

REAL Ginny storms into view. Flashlight beam trembling. She marches right into the circle of screens, grabs one— THROWS IT. It bursts like a bubble.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
That's not true!  
(to Jack)  
Jack. Look at me.

Jack's head lifts.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
You're not soft. You're kind.  
You've always been kind. That's  
what makes you stronger than  
anyone.

JACK  
(quiet)  
Thanks.

GINNY  
You're welcome, dumbass.

Ginny smiles. Jack almost does too. Ginny and Susana walk together now. Ginny leading this time.

The stone steps spiral downward. Damp walls shimmer with condensation. There's no source of light, yet everything glows faintly, like moonlight beneath water.

Susana walks ahead. Ginny's footsteps echo behind her. But slowly, those echoes begin to distort. Stretch. Lag behind.

Susana stops. Looks over her shoulder. She's alone.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANA

Gin?

ECHO: Ginny- inny- nyyy!

The air goes cold. Her breath fogs.

ENTE

(V.O.)

You were supposed to protect her.

A flicker of movement ahead. On the landing below – a small body lies motionless. Face down. Familiar pajamas soaked in blood.

Ginny.

Susana stumbles down the steps.

SUSANA

No. No no no...

She kneels beside her. Hands trembling. Tries to roll her over– Ginny's eyes are open. Glass eyes. Empty. Smiling.

Behind her – another figure materializes from the shadows: FAKE PETER, their father. Ashen. Silent. His eyes burning with blame.

FAKE PETER

You let her go. She was your little sister. She was my little baby... and you killed her!

Susana shakes her head, backing away. Tears spill down her face.

SUSANA

No... she's alive. She's alive...

The stairwell begins to twist. Stretching vertically. Folding in on itself like a spiral shell.

Voices fill the air–

Ginny screaming. Alicia sobbing. Sirens blaring. All warped like a broken cassette.

Susana clutches her head, sinking to her knees.

SUSANA (CONT'D)

Make it stop... please...

(CONTINUED)

Then—a small hand grabs her wrist.

GINNY  
(O.S.)  
Hey.

Susana looks up. Ginny stands there. Pale. Wide-eyed. Real.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
You're not allowed to go crazy on  
me, okay? That's my job.

Susana stares at her. Breathing hard. Tears streaming. Susana collapses into her, holding her tightly. Shaking.

SUSANA  
I thought I lost you.

GINNY  
Yeah, well... You'd have to try  
harder than that.

They breathe together. The vision fades. The stairwell becomes just a stairwell again.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
I've got a monster to punch in the  
dick.

Susana laughs through tears. Ginny descends alone

123 INT. SIDE CHAMBER. DEEP BELOW - NIGHT

123

Ginny walks last. The tunnel grows tighter behind her. The walls swell and contract, almost breathing. She passes through a narrow gap, and—

124 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

124

Ginny's in her kitchen. Early morning light slants across the floor.

A FAKE ALICIA sits at the table. But something's wrong. Her blouse is stiff, starched. Her hands folded. Too still.

FAKE ALICIA  
She's defective, Peter. We  
should've noticed sooner. She  
doesn't even like boys.  
(beat)  
It's disgusting.

(CONTINUED)

Ginny freezes.

GINNY

Tú no eres mi madre, monstruo.

Fake Alicia flickers. Eyes twitch. A beat. Then collapses into black dust.

125 INT. BARRONS HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT

125

Now Ginny's in a bathroom. Fluorescent lights BUZZ above. In the mirror: Fake Carol Anne. Short skirt. Chewing gum. Cold eyes. Lip gloss. She leans against the counter, eyes Ginny.

FAKE CAROL ANNE

You wanted me, didn't you?

Fake Carol Anne lifts her hand. Middle finger extended.

FAKE CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)

Touch me, Ginny. Here. Look. It's soft. I'll moan for you...

Ginny stares. Then - she laughs. Shakes her head.

GINNY

You... You don't even sound like her.

The image glitches - and Fake Carol Anne disappears.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

Now Ginny's on a football field. Bleachers. Lights too bright. A boy approaches from the far end. Tall. Seventeen. Handsome. Kind smile.

It's FAKE TEEN JACK. Older. Handsome. Confident. Charming. Too perfect.

FAKE TEEN JACK

Remember when we used to be friends?

(steps closer)

Now look at you. Still a flat-chested dyke with monster fantasies.

Ginny backs up. Trembling. He reaches for her, and everything freezes. A sound breaks through - not a word. A crack in space.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

Then a WHISPER. Not from the Ente, from inside Ginny.

126 INT. SIDE CHAMBER. DEEP BELOW - NIGHT

126

Back in the chamber.

GINNY

You don't know me, First One.

Ginny clenches her fists. She SCREAMS—

—and everything fractures. The fake Teen Jack melts. Walls dissolve. Air turns purple. And ahead—

A DOORWAY, breathing. Twisting geometry.

Now Ginny's alone. Ginny wipes her nose. Gathers herself.

GINNY (CONT'D)

You tried, asshole. But I'm not  
your key.

Ginny walks into the next chamber.

127 INT. IMPOSSIBLE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

127

A space that argues with itself: convex and concave at once, colors that click like Geiger counters, time stretching, then snapping back.

Ginny steps in. The floor is stone-warm, breathing.

ENTE

(V.O.)

I was waiting for you.

Ginny keeps walking.

CENTER OF THE ROOM - a suspended COCOON, black-violet, wet-shining. It beats like a heart. Inside: a silhouette.

GINNY

Carol Anne... Let her go!

ENTE

(V.O.)

Of course.

The cocoon SPLITS with a slick rip. Carol Anne tumbles out, coughing.

(CONTINUED)

Ginny runs to her without hesitation, drops to her knees, and takes her by the shoulders. Her eyes search Carol Anne's face—urgency, fear, relief—all at once.

Carol Anne's dressed, damp and clinging to her like she never left. Ginny's hoodie comes off in one motion; she wraps it around Carol Anne's shoulders, tightens the sleeves like a harness.

CAROL ANNE

(hoarse)

You came.

GINNY

Couldn't let you hog all the trauma.

Ginny and Carol Anne half-laugh, half-sob.

Above them the ceiling peels away: a VAST LIMB of the ENTE, shifting geometry, starless and raw.

ENTE

(V.O.)

I erase what should not be.

The walls tilt inward.

GINNY

Move!

A fissure IRISES open - not a door, a wound in space. It PULSES, waiting.

Carol Anne falters; Ginny locks elbows with her.

CAROL ANNE

Together!

GINNY

ALWAYS!

Carol Anne and Ginny step into the wound. The chamber collapses behind them.

CUT TO BLACK.

Emergency lights glow dimly. MONITORS BEEP in vacant rooms. Beds are unmade. One IV swings, abandoned.

(CONTINUED)



Deputy Harry Tozier walks fast and focused, flashlight raised. Behind him: Sheriff Joe Carlmichael, grizzled, skeptical, and already annoyed.

HARRY  
(checking doors)  
No forced entry. But they're gone.

CARLMICHAEL  
(grunts)  
Girl's twelve. Had a seizure  
yesterday. You think she just  
skipped out for milkshakes?

Harry crouches near an open exit. The metal frame is slightly bent. On the floor – faint spiral markings, charred into the linoleum.

HARRY  
(softly, to himself)  
The Breath Before Time...

CARLMICHAEL  
You reading this old book again?

HARRY  
I'm thinking about those First  
Ones.

Carl michael snorts. Doesn't care. Keeps walking.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Alicia burst through the doors. Rain-soaked. Angry. Alicia rushes to the front desk, blurting rapid-fire Spanish that overwhelms the Receptionist.

ALICIA  
¿Dónde está mi hija? ¿Dónde están  
mis hijas? Virginia está enferma.  
¡Estaba ingresada, por el amor de  
Dios!

PETER  
(calm but urgent)  
Ginny Barrons. Room 214. She was  
admitted yesterday. Now she's not  
in her bed – and neither is her  
sister.

The Receptionist freezes. Harry approaches, badge out.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Mr. and Mrs. Barrons. Deputy  
Tozier. We believe your daughters  
left the building just over an hour  
ago.

Alicia goes cold with rage.

ALICIA

She had a seizure! You were  
supposed to watch her!

Peter steps forward, voice like steel.

PETER

Where did they go?

Harry hesitates, but then—softly:

HARRY

There's only one place Ginny  
mentioned. Old Creek Road. The  
water-treatment plant. It's  
condemned. Should be locked up...  
but I'll take you there.

Carlmichael storms in behind him.

CARLMICHAEL

Harry, goddammit. This isn't  
protocol.

HARRY

Protocol's not helping a missing  
twelve-year-old girl, is it?

A beat.

Outside, a low HUM builds—subtle at first, then eerie. Glass  
panels in the doors VIBRATE. They all turn: The sky is  
purple. Not night purple – wrong purple. With veins of light,  
like blood in the clouds. Insects hit the windows like rain.

Peter stares. Alicia crosses herself, eyes wide.

ALICIA

Oh, my...

PETER

I'm going with you.

ALICIA

Me too.

(CONTINUED)

Carlmichael's face hardens. But Harry nods.

HARRY  
Then let's move.

Harry, Peter, Alicia and Carlmichael head out the door, into the storm. Carlmichael lingers. Looks up at the sky. Mutters.

CARLMICHAEL  
This town's always been cursed.

Carlmichael follows them out.

129 INT. FREELING HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

129

Dim light. A digital clock ticks on a side table. 1:36 AM.

Diane Freeloing, sits curled up on the sofa, robe tight around her, staring out the window. Steve Freeling, paces behind her, agitated, holding a mug of untouched coffee.

Outside, the sky glows wrong. Red veins pulsing through purple clouds. Streetlights flicker. A low-frequency hum fills the air - just on the edge of perception.

DIANE  
Where is she, Steve?

Steve slams the mug down on the table - not breaking it, just enough to rattle nerves.

STEVE  
This doesn't feel like a runaway.

Diane turns her head, eyes haunted.

DIANE  
No.  
(beat)  
It feels like... before.

Silence. Steve closes his eyes. Then:

STEVE  
It can't be.

DIANE  
The sky, Steve. The air. The static  
in the walls.  
(soft)  
She's gone. But not gone.

(CONTINUED)

They lock eyes. Then, Diane stands. Determined.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Peter and Alicia. If something's  
happening... Ginny's part of it.

STEVE  
Let's go.

130 EXT. FREELING HOUSE. FRONT YARD - SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT 130

The world is falling apart.

Steve and Diane burst out of their house, breathless.

The sky pulses above - wrong and alive. Veins of red crackle  
through purple stormclouds. Electricity stutters. Sirens  
wail, then die.

Chaos all around them.

Neighbors scream. Someone runs into the street in pajamas.

A car crashes trying to reverse.

Sprinklers activate on dead lawns.

Dogs bark at nothing.

Steve checks his phone.

DIANE  
What's happening?!

STEVE  
This is insane!

Steve types furiously into his phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN: "Where are you? Is Ginny with you?  
Carol Anne's missing. We're heading out.

Beat.

VIBRATION.

Message from PETER: "Going to the water plant. Harry thinks  
it started there. Be careful."

Steve shows it to Diane.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look!

DIANE

The plant? That's out past the  
industrial park, right?

Steve nods.

A distant rumble. They both turn- A plane, commercial-sized,  
circles low in the sky. Lights flickering. No engine sound.

Diane grabs his hand. Tight.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Oh my...!

STEVE

Let's find our daughter.

Steve and Diane run toward their SUV. Behind them, the  
horizon tears open with silent lightning.

INT. SMITH HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The house is a mess. A cold casserole untouched on the table.  
The news murmurs in the background - static, emergency  
warnings, incoherent symbols.

Jack Sr. stands by the counter, checking his phone. Across  
the room, Martha, tight posture, judgment in her eyes, folds  
laundry. Angry, mechanical.

MARTHA

They ran off. That's what happens  
when you let them run wild. That  
Barrons girl is trouble. Always has  
been.

JACK SR.

That "Barrons girl" is the reason  
your son smiles.

MARTHA

She's a bad influence. She turned  
Jack against us.

JACK SR.

No, Martha. You did that.

Silence. She stiffens.

(CONTINUED)

JACK SR. (CONT'D)

You shamed him for playing dress-up when he was four. You told him only girls cry. You laughed when Barbara said she liked that boy, but didn't say a word when he ghosted her.

(beat, steps closer)

You want to talk about Ginny Barrons?

(small smile)

That girl hasn't touched a doll in her life. She and Jack used to hide under the stairs and show each other their... whatever. They were eight. And honest. And happy.

MARTHA

That's not—

JACK SR.

And what if Jack's gay?

(beat)

What if Ginny likes girls? They're kids. They're figuring it out. And they're better people than most adults I know.

Jack Sr. reads a message on his phone.

JACK SR. (CONT'D)

Peter Barrons. They're heading to the water plant. Something's wrong down there.

Jack Sr. grabs his coat.

JACK SR. (CONT'D)

I'm going after them.

MARTHA

Jack—!

JACK SR.

If you want to stay here and pretend nothing's happening, fine. But I'm going to find our children.

He heads for the door. Stops. Looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

JACK SR. (CONT'D)

And if something happens to them,  
and all you ever gave them was  
shame... you'll have to live with  
that. Not me.

Jack Sr. leaves.

CUT TO BLACK.

132 EXT. WATER TREATMENT PLANT. PERIMETER ROAD - NIGHT 132

The convoy stops in the shadow of the massive facility. A chain-link gate, bent open. Beyond it, only darkness and the skeletal silhouette of the plant.

The sky above pulses with unnatural color — veins of crimson swirling through sick violet clouds. No stars. No moon. Just wrongness.

Peter Barrons climbs out of his truck. Alicia beside him, tense, arms crossed. Steve and Diane Freeling pull up behind, headlights OFF. Martha and Jack Smith Sr. park beside them, silent.

Harry steps forward. Jacket open, flashlight in hand. Next to him, Carlmichael — heavier, older, silent. All the adults converge near the gate.

A beat. Then:

HARRY

Wait.

They stop. Uneasy. Wind picks up. Alicia's hair whips across her face. Martha clutches her purse.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Before we go in there, you need to  
understand what we're dealing with.

Harry pulls out the small paperback book: *The Breath Before Time* by J.A. Ibarra Prado.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This book was buried in the  
basement of the old library. No  
barcode. No ISBN. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

You're wasting time. Our daughters are in there.

HARRY

I know. And that's why I'm telling you. What's inside this plant... it isn't human. It isn't alien. It isn't even alive the way we understand it.

(beat)

It's something old. Not old like ancient - old like before time began. Something that was here before sound. Before light. Before thought.

A deep, distant rumble. The group stiffens.

STEVE

Are you saying it's... what, a demon?

HARRY

It's a First One.

Silence.

ALICIA

What's a First One?

HARRY

There are millions of them. Billions. Spread across space and time. Some are the size of cities. Others smaller than a whisper. Some inspire music. Others consume galaxies.

(beat)

Most of them never notice us. We're insects to them. Less than insects. But this one noticed something in Springwood. Something... anomalous.

Alicia stiffens, eyes narrowing.

ALICIA

Ginny.

HARRY

It wants her. I don't know why. Maybe it doesn't know why.

(CONTINUED)



Carlmichael steps forward. Takes a look at the gate, then back to the group.

CARLMICHAEL  
You heard him. It's your call. But  
if we go in there, we might not  
come back.

Martha takes a shaky breath. Jack Sr. grabs her hand.

JACK SR.  
I'm going. My son's in there.

Alicia steps forward. Calm. Focused.

ALICIA  
I raised two daughters in a country  
that wasn't mine. I've faced  
language, distance... — you name  
it. And through all of that... I  
was never afraid.  
(beat)  
Until tonight.

Alicia looks at Peter. He nods.

PETER  
We're going in.

STEVE  
Us too.

DIANE  
Carol Anne's in there. We're not  
leaving her.

All eyes go to Carlmichael. He sighs.

CARLMICHAEL  
Then let's move.

They push through the gate — one by one — into the storm,  
toward the main building.

Behind them, the gate SLAMS shut on its own.

A space that should not exist. Stone and void woven together.  
The walls shimmer, convulse — wrong angles, impossible  
symmetry. Black stone. Breathing walls.

Angles that shouldn't meet but do. The geometry here breaks the mind – too many dimensions, not enough gravity.

Ginny and Carol Anne stand at the edge of a massive sanctum. In the center: Andy. Suspended in midair. Cocooned in a translucent membrane that pulses like a heartbeat.

GINNY

Andy...?

Carol Anne pulls Ginny back instinctively.

CAROL ANNE

Don't. We don't know what this is.

A HUM builds. Low, resonant. The architecture twists inward – forming a THRONE of writhing light, bone, memory. The ENTE emerges. It has no single form. Bits of faces, voices, limbs. A child's laugh. A soldier's scream. Heather's eyes. Diane Freeling's hand. Jack's crooked smile.

It speaks in unison.

ENTE

Let her go. Come with me, Carol  
Anne. You can have peace. She'll be  
safe. You don't need to fight  
anymore. You've done enough.

Ginny looks to Carol Anne. Eyes wide. Unsure.

ENTE (CONT'D)

She's the flaw. The glitch in your  
story. She doesn't belong here.

The walls tighten. Ginny winces – pain behind her eyes.

ENTE (CONT'D)

Give her to me. Leave her. And  
we'll give you peace. Parents.  
Friends. Home. The life you were  
meant to have.

Carol Anne stares forward. Silent. Ginny turns to her, eyes wide.

GINNY

Carol...?

Carol Anne doesn't move. Doesn't blink.

(CONTINUED)

ENTE

She's not your blood. Not your  
sister. Maybe she's not even real.

The room goes quiet. Carol Anne takes one step forward. The  
Ente pulses. Watching. Waiting. Carol Anne turns back. Looks  
Ginny in the eyes.

A beat.

Then another.

Then—

Carol Anne smiles. A tiny, defiant smile. She takes Ginny's  
hand.

CAROL ANNE

You're right.

(beat)

She's not my sister. She's not my  
blood. She's not even real...

(beat. A breath.)

She's my best friend. The one who  
saw me.

Ginny gasps. A tear breaks loose. Carol Anne turns back to  
the throne.

CAROL ANNE (CONT'D)

You don't get her. You don't get to  
have her. Not ever.

ENTE

I am what remains. I am what's left  
when all else burns.

Carol Anne steps in front of Ginny.

CAROL ANNE

Then burn alone.

Carol Anne's eyes narrow. Resolute. Fierce

CUT TO BLACK:

134 INT. LOWER TUNNELS. ENTRANCE TO THE NEXUS - NIGHT

134

Dim light from phones and flashlights barely penetrates the  
darkness.

(CONTINUED)

Peter, Alicia, Steve, Diana, Sheriff Carlmichael, Harry, Martha and Jack Sr. emerge from a dripping corridor.

Barbara, Jack and Susan appears – shaken, breathless, but alive.

BARBARA

Dad!

JACK

Mom!

PETER

Where's Ginny?

SUSANA

She went deeper. With Carol Anne.

DIANE

Carol Anne? Is she okay??

JACK

There's something down here.  
Something awful.

The tunnel GROANS. The walls start to bleed light – violet, red, orange. The air ripples, like heat over asphalt. The floor trembles.

HARRY

(whispers)  
It's happening.

The ground shakes violently. Screams echo from deeper in the tunnels. Stone fractures. Water rushes somewhere far off.

STEVE

Jesus. What is this?

HARRY

Reality collapsing.

CARLMICHAEL

Everyone out. NOW!!

They all turn–

BLACK STONE. BREATHING. CRACKING.

(CONTINUED)

Carol Anne stands alone, radiant and terrifying. Her eyes GLOW like molten gold. Her hair rises, weightless. Light and shadow spiral around her in violent harmony.

The impossible cathedral trembles under her power.

The Ente writhes in front of her — a collapsing storm of faces and limbs, choking on its own existence.

ENTE

PLEASE—  
STOP—  
I DON'T UNDERSTAND—  
WHAT ARE YOU?

Carol Anne doesn't answer. Her hand rises. The air ripples. The Ente SCREAMS — a kaleidoscope of agony.

ENTE (CONT'D)

IT HURTS!  
WHAT IS THIS?!  
NO. NO. NO.

Carol Anne steps closer. With every step, the ground splits beneath her. The walls moan. Geometry collapses.

Carol Anne is no longer a child. She is wrath. She is judgment. She is an anomaly.

Ginny, broken and breathless, drags herself across the fractured floor. Blood on her lip. Tear-streaked cheeks. Her tiny body dwarfed by the cosmic horror. She sees Carol Anne. And she is terrified.

GINNY

Carol Anne...? Please... That's  
enough. Please come back.

Carol Anne doesn't hear her.

ENTE

YOU'RE NOT HUMAN. YOU'RE NOT MEANT  
TO BE. YOU'RE... A MISTAKE.

Carol Anne raises her hand again. The Ente WRITHES — losing cohesion. It bleeds starlight.

ENTE (CONT'D)

I WAS FIRST.  
I AM WHAT'S LEFT WHEN ALL ELSE  
BURNS!

(CONTINUED)

Carol Anne SMILES – cold. Cruel. She tightens her fist. The Ente SCREAMS. A thousand voices. A million souls. All begging. And then–

GINNY SCREAMS BACK.

GINNY  
(yelling)  
NO!! STOP!!! PLEASE!!! IT'S OVER!!!

Carol Anne flinches.

Ginny stands – shaking – and RUNS toward her.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
YOU'RE HURTING IT BECAUSE IT HURT  
YOU– BUT YOU'RE NOT THAT PERSON!  
YOU'RE NOT A MONSTER!

Carol Anne turns. Her face is glowing. Cracked. Almost unrecognizable. She looks at Ginny like a stranger.

Ginny keeps coming.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
YOU THINK I'M NOT REAL?! THEN WHY  
DO I FEEL THIS?! WHY DOES THIS  
HURT?!

Ginny's voice breaks.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
(sobbing)  
I LOVE YOU, OKAY?! I LOVE YOU, YOU  
STUPID JERK. YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND.  
MY SOULMATE. AND WITHOUT YOU I'M–  
(beat)  
I'M NOTHING.

A pause.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
DO YOU HEAR ME?! WITHOUT YOU I  
DON'T EXIST. YOU ARE MY ANOMALY!

Silence.

Carol Anne lowers her hand. The glow fades – just a little. She trembles. Tears spill from her burning eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Ginny steps into her light.

Carol Anne collapses forward—

—and Ginny catches her.

They fall together. Carol Anne sobs into her shoulder, broken. Ginny holds her. Tight.

GINNY

(soft, whispering)

You're okay. You're not alone. I've got you.

Behind them, The Ente, now a swirling black void, takes its true form: A starless shape. A hollow being. A galaxy of sorrow.

It IMPLODES.

Light devours shadow.

The cathedral COLLAPSES in silence.

A SHOCKWAVE.

Ginny is BLASTED BACK into darkness.

CAROL ANNE disappears in light.

BLACK.

The WATER TREATMENT PLANT is a broken husk. The sky has calmed — soft blue returning where chaos once ruled. Birds chirp, tentative. Smoldering debris. Twisted metal. The ground still breathes heat.

Carl michael and Harry pick through the rubble.

JOE

Carol Anne!

HARRY

Ginny! Anyone!

Nearby, Jack Sr. clutches Barbara and Jack. Martha stands beside them, silent. No judgment. No scorn. Just a mother — changed.

(CONTINUED)

Steve and Diane call out, frantic:

STEVE  
Carol Anne!

DIANE  
Where are you, baby?!

Peter, Alicia, and Susana comb through the ruins from another side.

PETER  
Ginny! Come on, sweetheart!

ALICIA  
Ginny!!

SUSANA  
Please...

INT. CAVERN RUINS - DAWN

Silence. Smoke drifts through the fractured chamber. The remnants of the impossible cathedral now a scorched womb of stone and ash.

Ginny lies unconscious, half-buried in dust and debris. Her fingers twitch.

She stirs.

Eyes flutter open. She coughs. Sits up, groggy, bruised, but alive. Then—

She feels something.

Looks down.

Ginny touches between her legs. Fingers come back red.

She freezes. A long beat.

GINNY  
(softly)  
Oh, come on... fuck me.

She laughs. It starts small. Then she laughs harder. Raw. Real. Alive.

A voice above, gravelly and dry:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CAROL ANNE

(O.S.)

You rang?

Ginny looks up — Carol Anne descends from a shattered ledge, scraped and battered, but upright. Her silhouette against the morning light. She jumps down, lands beside her.

GINNY

I save the universe and this is my reward?

(beat)

I'm bleeding. From my vagina.

Ginny shakes her head, almost impressed.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Guess that's it. Childhood over. Somebody bring me chocolate. And a fucking therapist.

Carol Anne crouches beside her. Sees the stain. Raises an eyebrow.

CAROL ANNE

Wow. That's... adorable. You're like a baby shark. All bite, no uterus—until now.

GINNY

I'm officially a woman. Hay que joderse...

CAROL ANNE

Then we celebrate. Step one: find civilization. Step two: acquire snacks. Step three: burn your underwear. Like, with actual fire.

GINNY

And then?

Carol Anne reaches out her hand.

CAROL ANNE

I think I've got a pad in my bag somewhere.

GINNY

You could've warned me about the cramps!

They help each other up. Stumble toward the light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 WELL, FUCK. NOW I'M OFFICIALLY A  
 WOMAN. I'M BLEEDING. SOMEONE GET ME  
 A CHOCOLATE BAR, PLEASE?!

They walk hand in hand toward the shattered mouth of the  
 tunnel - toward daylight.

FADE TO:

137 EXT. WASTELAND - CONTINUOUS

137

Ginny and Carol Anne emerge - hand in hand. Covered in dust.  
 Glorious. CHEERS erupt around them.

Steve and Diane sprint to Carol Anne, grabbing her in a  
 tight, desperate hug.

Peter, Alicia, and Susana reach Ginny. She stumbles into  
 their arms, clinging to them, trembling.

GINNY  
 (half-laughing, half-  
 crying) )  
 Me ha venido la regla ¡Y me duele  
 la tripa! Y...

ALICIA  
 Está bien, mi niña. Está todo bien.

GINNY  
 (with a snuffle)  
 Y... creo que estropeado estos  
 pantalones...

They all laugh, even as tears stream.

SUSANA  
 ¿Quieres una compresa o un abrazo?

GINNY  
 (grinning)  
 ¡Las dos!

They embrace her tighter.

Nearby, Jack approaches with shy joy. Ginny pulls him into a  
 massive hug.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 YOU OWE ME LIKE A HUNDRED CHOCOLATE  
 BARS, JACK SMITH.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
Make it two hundred.

They both burst into laughter.

Martha watches from a distance, her eyes red. She looks to Jack, then Barbara.

MARTHA  
(soft, to Jack)  
Be whoever you need to be,  
sweetheart. I'll love you the same.

Jack nods. It lands.

Barbara stares at Carol Anne. They don't speak – just fall into a long, genuine hug.

138

EXT. WASTELAND - MOMENTS LATER

138

The sky is calm. The world – tender again. People cry. Laugh. Dance. Shake off the nightmare.

139

MONTAGE - UNDER MUSIC:

139

– GINNY spins in circles in the sunlight, holding hands with SUSANA, both collapsing in giggles.

– CAROL ANNE sits in the rubble with STEVE and DIANE, their arms wrapped around her, watching the sunrise.

– ALICIA gently brushes debris from GINNY's hair as PETER wipes a scrape on her knee with a damp cloth.

– JACK stands between MARTHA and JACK SR. For the first time, he doesn't flinch when MARTHA lays a hand on his shoulder.

– BARBARA, barefoot, dances through the ruins. She grabs CAROL ANNE, pulling her into the rhythm – both girls laughing uncontrollably.

– CAROL ANNE and GINNY, shoulder to shoulder, sit atop a crumbling pipe. They pass a chocolate bar back and forth, grinning.

– HARRY TOZIER lights a cigarette. He exhales slowly, nodding to no one. A quiet moment of peace.

– SHERIFF CARLMICHAEL surveys the survivors. Dusty, bleeding, joyful. He tips his hat, just slightly. His eyes shine.

(CONTINUED)

— ALL OF THEM — clustered together now. Worn, bruised, beaming. Laughing. Crying. Alive.

Then—

ANDY

(O.S.)

HELLO? ANYONE? NOT TO BE DRAMATIC,  
BUT I'M TRAPPED UNDER A ROCK AND NO  
ONE CARES?

Everyone turns.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'M FINE. REALLY. THANKS FOR  
ASKING.

Harry, Carlmichael, Carol Anne, Jack and Barbara rush to help him.

140 CLOSE ON GINNY.

140

She pauses. Breathes. Then smiles — not for anyone else, just for herself. She stands alone. Looking up. Eyes shining.

A final breath. A final smile.

She winks.

FADE TO BLACK.

## MAIN CREDITS SEQUENCE

FADE IN.

141 EXT. MAIN STREET. SPRINGWOOD — EARLY MORNING

141

The town is still wiping sleep from its eyes. SUNLIGHT slants through dusty shop-windows. A lone delivery truck rumbles off.

Ginny Barrons, hoodie up, Real Madrid cap backwards, limps along the sidewalk sipping an iced coffee. Bruises still purple but healing. She hums to herself, content.

Up ahead: THE MAJESTIC THEATRE. Retro marquee lights burnt out. Doors chained. "COMING SOON" letters hang crooked. Ginny pauses, peers through the glass.

142 INT. MAJESTIC THEATRE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

142

Empty. Popcorn machine dark. Posters half-peeled. A hush thick as dust. In the far corner—A SHADOW MOVES. A slow, deliberate SCRAPE of METAL ON METAL echoes from the dark.

Ginny's brow creases.

GINNY  
(under her breath)  
Great... another haunted building.  
Pass. She takes a step back.

Inside, the darkness bulges. MOON-CURVED BLADES (four of them) catch a sliver of light—GLINT. A faint, CHILDLIKE LULLABY (OFF-KEY, DISTANT) drifts under the scrape.

Ginny FREEZES—eyes widening.

The blades slip back into black. Silence.

Ginny exhales, forces a grin.

GINNY (CONT'D)  
Okay... that's not my problem  
today.

She turns, limps off down the sidewalk—quickenning her pace.

The CAMERA PUSHES INTO the theatre's darkness. A RAGGED FEDORA just visible in silhouette. Then a LOW, GUTTURAL CHUCKLE.

CUT TO BLACK.

## END CREDITS ROLL

143 EXT. OUTER ORBIT - EARTH'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE - TIME UNKNOWN 143

Silence.

Stars stretch across a sky that doesn't exist yet. We pull back—farther, farther—until Earth becomes a sphere of blue and green, floating alone in the dark.

And then—metal. A THRONE. Hanging in the void. Vast. Silent. Anchored to nothing.

Sitting on it: A FIGURE. Enormous. Cloaked in shadow and steel. Face unseen. Only fragments visible: Long fingers of obsidian. Armor fused with bone. Eyes like dying stars: crimson, unblinking.

(CONTINUED)

Before him: a floating PROJECTED IMAGE of Earth.

It turns slowly in the hologram. The figure says nothing. He watches. He raises one hand. Just slightly. He leans forward. We still don't see his face. But we hear something. A whisper. A breath:

KEHYN

Shall we begin?

The stars go dark.

CUT TO BLACK.

**"THE WARLORD WILL RETURN"**