

CALL OF THE VOID

One shot. A freshman college student, GENEVIEVE is walking down a path toward her dorm late at night. She's giggling to herself watching a friend's video on her phone and a little tipsy. The scene is near pitch black, except for the screen of her cellphone on her face.

MALE VOICE (*voice*)

Hey.

GENOVIEVE'S head snaps up. She pivots in the darkness.

GENEVIEVE

Hello?

Her eyes then settle on the owner of the voice, who remains entirely out of shot throughout the scene.

MALE

Heyy, I'm kind of-of fucked up and got lost. Can you help me get to the guys' dorm?

GENEVIEVE

Uh, yeah. It's back that way.

MALE

Could you...can you...*may* you help me get there? I'm seriously... so messed up.

GENEVIEVE

Um, you're really not that far- you go to school here?

MALE

Nah, I go to school out of state. Visited my buddy for the weekend and he to-totally ditched me.

GENEVIEVE

Oh, well. Good luck.

GENOVIEVE turns to leave, we hear a *thud* on the sidewalk. She whips back around and bends down to help him up. We see his hands in the frame.

Oh my gosh are you ok?

MALE

Uhhh...I smacked my head a little. I'm-  
I'm real fucked up.

GENEVIEVE

Ok, ok. Stay right here. I'm getting  
help.

MALE

No, no, please. I'm not- I could get in  
huge trouble. I can't- I could get  
expelled over this.

GENEVIEVE

It's fine- I drank too tonight. If you  
hit your head you really need help.

MALE

Nonononono- could you just-call my  
friend for me?

A phone enters frame and GENEVIEVE takes it.

GENEVIEVE

Yeah, of course. What's his name?

MALE

Matthew...Matt...no, call *Mike*.

GENEVIEVE turns aside and starts looking through his contacts. She hits a number and presses the phone to her ear. The phone rings and- *bam*. In a flash we catch the silhouette of the MALE throw a black bag over her head. Total blackout. There's a struggle and she guts him with her elbow. GENEVIEVE whips off the bag and begins running toward her dorm building. She is screaming for help. Finally, in the 'U' shaped courtyard of the building, she reaches the door. It's locked. She shakes it forcefully. Unsuccessful, she whips around. The attacker is nowhere to be seen, he didn't chase after her. Still, she's trapped in the center of the 'U.' She calls out for help a few times. Then, GENEVIEVE sees the faint silhouette of a group of people walking on the far side of campus. She makes a run for it. Just at the edge of the building, a hand from the bushes come out and yanks her down mid-run. We hear her scream as we pan over the otherwise sleeping courtyard, the dark windows of the building. Fade to blackout.

MALE VOICE (*voice*)

Hey.

2 INT. BUS. EVENING-

2

Light floods into frame as MILA opens her eyes to reveal a bus driver standing over her on the bus.

BUS DRIVER

Hey. You gotta get up. Last stop.

MILA

Oh shoot.

Scrambling out of her seat, Mila then scampers off the bus onto the campus of East Vernon University. She trots across the campus lawn, still in her white blouse and black tie from her catering job. She barely has a moment to envy the care-free college kids lounging around her as she walks through the courtyard of the girls' dorm where MR. DREW- a thin, nervous man- is waiting for her with the door open.

3 INT. FRONT LOBBY. EVENING-

3

MILA

Hi, sorry I'm late. The bus- I'm Mila.

MR. DREW

No problem, no problem. You're right on time. I'm Mr. Drew, we met at the interview.

MILA

Yes, well, if you had anything to do with me getting hired, thank you so much.

MR. DREW

Well thank you for jumping on board so quickly. I know the night shift can be a bit of a bummer. Ah, let's see. So that is your desk. Dana is the morning girl- she relieves of your post at 5am. Ah, bathroom is around the

corner. And, yeah. The job is pretty simple, just check everyone's I.Ds as they come in. East Vernon College is a very respectable college with deep Christian values. That means no boys in the girls' dorms. Not even for a second. They'll try to trick you, I promise you that. Girls have a strict midnight curfew. If anyone tries to come in after that you call campus police.

MILA

Ok, yeah. So what should I do between midnight and 5am?

MR. DREW

Just sit there and be ready to call campus police. If you see anything fishy at all you call campus police.

MILA

Fishy like how?

MR. DREW

Well that's a very good question. Ah, before you completely accept the position I have to warn you. There was a young girl murdered here about two weeks ago. Terrible tragedy.

MILA

Here?

MR. DREW

Just outside, actually. She was found by your predecessor as she was leaving in the morning. It was awful. The whole community is still very shaken.

MILA

Has the guy been caught?

MR. DREW

Not...yet. Unfortunately.

MILA

Aren't there cameras outside?

MR. DREW

No, the campus is very old. Historic. However, there is discussion about installing some now.

MILA

The old front desk girl... she didn't see anything? See anything?

MR. DREW

She admitted to dosing off. We both agreed it was best if she left. So, that's the bulk of it. Otherwise, it's a pretty easy ...ah, job. Will that be fine with you?

MILA

Um. Yeah. That's fine. I can just call campus police whenever? If I feel...weird...?

MR. DREW

Yes! May I ask how old you are?

MILA

25.

MR. DREW

I trust you know by now when something feels fishy. You call them right away.

MILA nods. MR. DREW checks his watch.

Well, I'm off the clock now, which means you're on. Ah, good luck.

4 INT. FRONT LOBBY. NIGHT

4

Montage of MILA on the job- checking I.Ds as groups of freshman girls pass by waving them. MILA can barely catch everyone as they shuffle past her. The night passes on and fewer and fewer students pass through. MILA sweeps through the lobby desk and finds a deck of cards. She's playing solitaire with

herself when the clock hits 1AM. Here, a sheepish Asian girl, RUTH enters the building and begins rummaging through her bag.

RUTH

Shoot- I'm sorry. Hold on, I know I have it.

MILA

Actually it's after midnight...I'm not suppose to let you in?

RUTH grows increasingly frustrated with herself as she digs for her I.D, then breaks down.

RUTH

Please just this once? I lost track of time at the art studio and I really just need to go to bed. Please?

MILA

Hey, I just got hired here. I really can't break the rules the first night on the job.

RUTH

Hear me out. This curfew is sexist. *The boys* don't have one. Which means *the boys* can work on their projects 24 hours if they want, and I only get so much time in the studio.

MILA

But that's bullshit?

RUTH

I know!

MILA

Ok, fine. Just this once. But let me...uh... walk with you to your room so I know you...actually live here?

5 INT. STAIRWELL. NIGHT.

5

RUTH and MILA climbing the stairs to the fifth floor. MILA is a step behind, panting.

MILA  
I'm Mila, by the way.

RUTH  
Ruth.

MILA  
You're an art student?

RUTH  
I'm in accounting but I want to minor in art.

MILA  
No shit? I was an art major. Printmaking.

RUTH  
You went to East Vernon?

MILA  
God, no. I mean...no I went out of state.  
How do you like East Vernon?

RUTH shrugs. They exit the stairwell and arrive at RUTH's door.

6 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

6

RUTH  
This is me.

She waves her key and unlocks the door, demonstrating her claim.

MILA  
Ok, cool. Just had to be safe.

The door swings open to reveal one-half of the room completely empty.

No roommate?

RUTH stares wide-eyed at MILA, then slams the door shut.

MILA  
No wonder.

At the far end of the hallway a very faint glowing blue glow hovers in the air out the window. MILA jumps back when she



notices, but then feels pulled toward it. It's beautiful, but not tangible. Actually, it's almost as if it's hardly there at all. MILA reaches the end of the hallway and looks out the window over the courtyard. The blue glow is gone. Pressed up against the window, MILA's eyes suddenly dilate and she smacks her head deliberately against the glass. Then...back to MILA, staring at the glass. It never happened. MILA shudders and steps back from the sensation.

MILA

Whoa...what the?

7 INT. LOBBY- MORNING

7

MILA is dosing off as DANA, the morning girl, enters the building.

DANA

Hey, I'm Dana. How was your first night?

MILA snaps awake.

MILA

Oh, hey, nice. It was ok. Kind of creepy though, you know? Not used to being alone all night. Especially with- you know- certain people still out there...

DANA (*nonchalant*)

Psalm 27:1. "The Lord is my light and salvation- whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life- of whom shall I be afraid?"

MILA

Right- yeah...Psalm 27... well, anyway I got to head out. Have a good one.

DANA

You too. You know, employees are welcome to breakfast in the dining hall until 8, if you want.

MILA

Are you serious? As in... free food?

CUT TO:

8 INT. DINING HALL- MORNING

8

MILA sits at a table, gorging herself on a tray of breakfast food, scanning the crowd. Well-mannered college kids convene in groups, some with open bibles out. RUTH enters the seating area by herself, looking shyly for a place to sit. MILA sees her and waves. RUTH sharply turns away and walks out. MILA munches on her cereal, confused.

CUT TO:

9 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

9

A few nights later. Timelapse of kids passing in and out of the dorm, then just passing in. Boys try to sneak in and MILA shoos them out. Kids continue to trickle in as the timelapse slows, then finishes on MILA, on her phone. Clocks strikes 1 am. RUTH enters again sheepishly, and MILA nods her in. After Ruth exits past the door, MILA notices the blue glow hovering in the center of the sidewalk in the courtyard, partially made fuzzy by the unclean sheen of the glass door. Her eyes dilate, MILA stands up and glides to the glass door. Then, she deliberately slams her head against the glass. Her head bobs and bounces off the glass, her eyes lock unblinking on the blue glow. Then...cut, and once again she's back at the desk, staring in horror at what she hadn't done. Immediately, she picks up the phone and calls campus police.

OFFICER #1

Campus Police, how can I help you?

MILA

Hey, my name is Mila. I work the front desk of the Girl's A Dorm. There a- a-

OFFICER #1

Do you need an officer out there?

MILA

Yeah- there's just this thing out in the courtyard.

OFFICER #1

Ok, someone is on their way. Can you describe it?

MILA

Um, yeah it's... it's just I keep seeing this blue light out the door... I don't know if it's a kid or... I have no idea if it's even a person but I'm just getting this really, really weird feeling...

OFFICER STEPHEN PHILLIPS (30) bursts into the lobby.

Oh...oh your guy's here.

MILA & OFFICER #1

That was fast...

MILA hangs up the phone.

PHILLIPS

Are you ok?

MILA

Yeah, yeah. Everything's fine, actually. I think it was just a false alarm. I saw this weird thing out in the courtyard but... I'm not sure it was really there.

PHILLIPS

What did you see?

MILA

Nothing. You didn't see anything in the courtyard just now, right?

PHILLIPS

No, nothing. Like what?

MILA

Sorry, I'm still adjusting to working nights. I'm seeing things.

PHILLIPS

Ok, well, don't hesitate to call again if you do see something. I'm Officer Phillips.

MILA

Mila. Thanks for coming.

She's still visibly shaken.

PHILLIPS

You want me to... hang around for awhile?

CUT TO:

Later that night: MILA and PHILLIPS playing cards at her desk.

MILA

So you're '*campus police*' but does that like, also make you a real officer?

PHILLIPS (*laughs*)

Yes, I'm a real officer.

MILA

That gun is real and everything?

PHILLIPS

Yep.

MILA

Have you ever shot it?

PHILLIPS

I have shot A gun before; I have not shot this gun before.

MILA

Forgive me for asking- maybe it's the fact that I'm beating you that's making me feel so bold but... if there's a girl murdered on campus and the murderer is still out there...why are you sitting here with me? Honest question.

PHILLIPS

You didn't hear? He's not still out there. He's in prison right now.

MILA

What?

PHILLIPS

I got him, actually. Received a tip on the campus voicemail. Tracked him down and found him cowering in his apartment a few miles out of town.

MILA

You...caught him? And you're still sitting here playing cards with me? I mean, shouldn't you be promoted or on vacation or have the key to the city or something?

PHILLIPS (*laughs*)

No, unfortunately. As they say, *just doin' my job.*

MILA

Now I feel like I should let you win. That's amazing. You realize how amazing that is? You *avenged* her death! You basically saved her...her whole life!

PHILLIPS (*grave*)

No. No I didn't do that.

CUT TO:

Out in the courtyard. PHILLIPS and MILA stand, staring down at two bushes. There's a small plaque between them that reads "IN MEMORY OF GENOVIEVE KITTREDGE. DAUGHTER. FRIEND. CHILD OF GOD.

MILA

Why did he do it?

PHILLIPS

That's a question for those F.B.I Mindhunters. To me he's just a monster.

MILA

That's insane. Well, thank you. For keeping us all safe. Everyone sleeping in there right now. For me. For her.

PHILLIPS

Want me to beat you in another game of poker?

MILA

No, thanks. I think I'll be ok now, chief.

PHILLIPS

Alright, well. Hold down the fort. Call again if need anything.

MILA bids him a 'goodnight' as PHILLIPS walks back to his patrol car. She looks back down at the plaque, then around the courtyard in the pitch-black darkness, imagining Genevieve's last moments.

MALE VOICE (*voice*)

Hey.

CUT TO BLACK.

10 INT. BEDROOM- MORNING

10

MILA collapses into her squalid bedroom in the morning, post-shift. She drops her bag at the door and immediately walks to her window to shut the blinds. She then curls up on her bed with a blanket. There is a half-empty glass of white wine from the day before balancing on a book by her pillow. Lying sideways, she squints her eye and looks through the glass-wine still swaying from her movement on the bed- and sees the blinking blue light of her internet modem on the other side of the room. She continues squinting, thinking, until her opened eye slowly closes and she fades into sleep.

11 INT. LOBBY- NIGHT

11

MILA back at work, reading a paperback. The clock strikes 12:15am. RUTH enters once again and immediately heads for the stairwell door.

MILA

You're home early.

RUTH

Yeah. My hand was cramping from painting.

MILA

Hold up.

RUTH

What?

MILA

Take a seat for a second.

RUTH gives a mixed expression, baffled and annoyed. She takes a seat across from MILA.

RUTH

Yes?

MILA

I checked the facility hours yesterday. The art studio closes at midnight. Even for the boys. So... where are you going every night from 12 to 1?

RUTH

Oh... uh... sometimes I stop by the chapel and-

MILA

Bullshit.

RUTH feigns shock at the allegation.

MILA (*cont'd*)

Look, I'm obviously not going to tell anyone. But I am putting my job on the line, waving you in. So I'm curious what I'm doing it for.

RUTH

It's...a... it's this guy.

MILA

Ooh. Nice.

RUTH

Not like...a boyfriend or anything. My parents would never allow that. But I have to allow myself...some moments of happiness. And those moments happen for just one hour every night.

MILA

What's his name?

RUTH

I don't even know. Again, this isn't a boyfriend thing. This is just...

CUT TO:

RUTH walking along a campus road, same angle following GENEVIEVE in scene 1. She then diverts to a cut-through path through a forest toward a building, every room of which turned dark for the night except one on the first floor. RUTH slowly approaches the window, just enough to still be hidden. Sitting in the office: Officer Stephen Phillips.

RUTH (V.O)

He's shy, you can tell. And frustrated. He caught her killer, you know, and still they put him back on the night shift, mostly desk duty. I feel for him. And I just like...looking at him.

So she does, but not quite in the way she describes to MILA. RUTH is staring at him, eyes dilated, wide mouth, as though in a trance. PHILLIPS paces around his office, then back to his desk, all while a stone pale RUTH is poised unmoving, unblinking outside his window, her black pupils locked straight ahead and do not follow him pacing.

He seems so gentle, not like an officer, when he's by himself. I like picking up on his little mannerisms. It's the closest I've ever been to seeing someone so...unguarded.



MILA, listening to RUTH.

MILA

Wow. Ok... But you're home early... I'm guessing he wasn't there tonight?

RUTH

Yeah, he wasn't there. I guess it was his night off. Please don't tell anyone. And please...don't tell me to stop.

MILA

No, no you do your thing. Just...be safe. Even if one killer's off the streets. There's plenty more out there. Ok?

RUTH nods knowingly and gets up to leave. MILA halts her on more time.

She was your roommate, right?

RUTH nods again.

What was she like?

RUTH

She was really nice. To me. To everyone. I wish... I was up when it happened. Like we are now. I could've heard...I could've saved her. She was a good person.

RUTH exits.

12 INT. DORM ROOM- NIGHT

12

RUTH lying in bed at night, eyes to the ceiling. Pull back to reveal she's lying on Genevieve's mattress, opposite her side of the room. Her eyes dilate.

CUT TO:

RUTH staring out the open window. Then, RUTH standing on the rail of the open window. Then, RUTH gone.

13 EXT. COURTYARD- MORNING

13

MILA exiting the lobby in the morning, feeling perkier than usual. She feels the sun on her face, smells the morning dew. Unbeknownst to her, behind Mila in the bushes lies the unconscious body of RUTH, long silky black hair masking her face.

13 INT. LOBBY- DAY

13

MILA bursts into the lobby, where MR. DREW, OFFICER HENRY, OFFICER PHILLIPS, and DEAN STRONG are convened.

MR. DREW

Ah, Mila. Thanks for coming in.

MILA

What happened?

OFFICER HENRY

A student ju-

DEAN STRONG

Ruth Lee fell from her window last night.

MILA

Oh my god. Is she-?

OFFICER PHILLIPS

She was rushed to the hospital. She's in stable condition now.

OFFICER HENRY

Did you know her?

MILA

Yeah, actually. We were talking just last night. She jut fell?

OFFICER HENRY

When you were talking, what kind of state was she in?

MILA

I mean, she was sober... if that's what you're asking?

OFFICER HENRY

What about her emotional state?

MILA

You think she fell... on purpose?

DEAN STRONG

No, we don't. What were you two talking about?

MILA

Um, just a guy she liked. I got to say- she did come in late last night. Just a few minutes after the curfew.

DEAN STRONG

That's completely unacceptable.

OFFICER PHILLIPS

Yes, it seems she was laying there for a more than a few hours. What time did she come in?

MILA

Um, maybe 12:15? 12:20 at the latest?

MR. DREW

Mila, you're entire purpose here is to enforce the curfew!

PHILLIPS

Better to let her in than turn her away. Thank you, Mila. That's all we need here.

MR. DREW

You've got about 2 hours until your shift starts...you're welcome to stay here until then. Gentlemen...

MR. DREW leads the men away. PHILLIPS looks back sympathetically at MILA.

14 EXT. QUAD- AFTERNOON

14

MILA walks aimlessly around campus. She watches a group play Frisbee and unbeknownst to her, her eyes dilate. Behind her atop of the Girls' A Dorm stands MILA, staring down at her. Someone screams and MILA whips around to see herself on the roof.

MILA

No- no- NOO!!

Oh well. MILA steps off the roof and pencil-dives to the ground. No one else notices or reacts to the scene, except to stare at MILA shouting. She silences herself, and briskly walks away.

15 INT. CAMPUS SERVICES OFFICE - DAY

15

MILA enters the waiting room and approaches the receptionist.

MILA

Is this Campus Counseling?

RECEPTIONIST

It is.

MILA

I don't have an appointment, but I wanted to see if you guys had an opening?

RECEPTIONIST

Hm. What's your student I.D. ?

MILA

I'm not actually a student- but I do work here?

RECEPTIONIST

Counseling services are only available to active students.

MILA

Ok, right. I just... I work at the Girls' A Dorm. I really need to talk to someone?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry to hear that ma'am but I just explained to you that-

DR. LAKE

It's fine, Marnie. I'm free now.

DR. LAKE, glasses hanging low and leaning out his office doorway beckons MILA in. MILA gives an eyebrow to the RECEPTIONIST as she passes.

16 INT. OFFICE- DAY

16

MILA enters DR. LAKE's office, gently adored with inspirational posters and various framed degrees. DR. LAKE has already seated himself. MILA bends to shake his hand.

MILA

I'm Mila. Thanks for seeing me.

DR. LAKE

Of course. Please sit. What can I do for you today?

MILA

I've just been feeling weird lately...really weird. I- sorry this is so strange. I haven't been to a therapist since I was a kid.

DR. LUKE

Sure, take your time. Why did you see a therapist as a child?

MILA

Um, when I was about 5 years old there was an old woman killed outside my apartment complex. I had heard her scream from my bedroom where I was

sleeping and looked down out the window right as it happened.

DR. LUKE

You witnessed her dying.

MILA

Yeah it was terrible. I was frozen- I didn't scream to turn away or go wake my parents. I actually didn't really put it together that she had *died* until my mom told me the next day. After that I started having these crazy nightmares and went to a counselor for awhile.

DR. LUKE

And you felt responsible?

MILA

Uh, yeah. In a way. And I just felt so stupid that I was watching her die and didn't know. I'm totally fine now, though. That was a long time ago.

DR. LUKE

But surely, the untimely death of our own student here on campus must bring back these memories for you?

MILA

I'm not...sure. I wasn't working here yet when it happened, and honestly I haven't heard much. Have a lot of students been coming here with issues since then?

DR. LUKE

Yes, we've held many grief counseling sessions and prayer groups. I always keep my door open.

MILA

And- I don't know if you can tell me this- but was Ruth Lee coming to you?

DR. LUKE

That's the poor girl who fell? No, she wasn't.

MILA

Oh. Ok. Just curious.

DR. LUKE

Do you know her?

MILA

A little. I was just talking to her a few hours before it happened.

DR. LUKE

Do you feel responsible for this too?

MILA

I mean, I work the front desk at the dorm, so I'm there to protect those girls right? I just don't understand...why she would fall?

DR. LUKE

You can't blame yourself for other people's accidents. Terrible accidents happen to even the most cautious people.

MILA

Right... I'm afraid... I might do the same one day. Have an accident. And be the one who caused it.

Dr. LUKE doesn't reply.

I swear I'm not suicidal but... sometimes this bizarre sensation washes over me where I'm tempted to just step in front of the bus or... bang my head against the wall... stuff like that. But I never want to do it to feel pain I just want to do it.. to do it?

DR. LUKE

But you say you don't think you are suicidal?

MILA

No, god, no. Depressed, sure. Yeah. I am. But never seriously like I want to hurt myself. Permanently.

DR. LUKE

Hm. There is a phenomenon called 'L' appel du vide.' Do you know what that is?

MILA

Like, the appeal of life?

DR. LUKE

Not quite. A better translation is 'the call of the void.' Something we all think, but never act upon. It may very well be the devil whispering temptations in your ear. It can range from the urge to drop something off a high building, or to not halt your brakes at an upcoming pedestrian. Have you ever acted on these impulses?

MILA

No.

DR. LUKE

Then there you go. That's because it's simply a thought in your head. It's not real and it doesn't ever have to become real.

MILA

True..

DR. LUKE

That's all it is. Feeling a little better now?

She's not.



17 INT. LOBBY- EVENING

17

MILA strides into the dorm lobby as the clock strikes 5pm. The DAY SHIFT GIRL collects her things from the desk and walks out without a word. Just after, NOAH LEE come out of the girls' dorm with a few boxes in hand.

NOAH

Hey...are you Mila? My name is Noah Lee, I'm just collecting my sister's things.

MILA

Oh my god. Oh my god- how is she?

NOAH

She's ok. She's awake. It's been a really long day.

MILA

I'm so sorry. Did she...say what happened?

NOAH

She said she was sitting by the window listening to the rain and slipped. She also told me to tell you hi, and sorry she won't be back.

MILA

She's going to take the semester off?

NOAH

My parents are afraid she might have a concussion.

MILA

Well, tell her I say hi back, and I hope she's ok. And I hope you're ok.

NOAH

Will do. Thanks, Mila.

As NOAH begins to exit, MILA stops him.

MILA  
Um, Noah? It didn't.

NOAH  
What?

MILA  
Rain.

NOAH looks at her confused, then his face drops. He exits.

18 INT. LOBBY- NIGHT

18

THE NEXT NIGHT. Past midnight. The campus is quiet- maybe one student runs across the yard. In the girls' dorm lobby, MILA and PHILLIPS sit playing cards again. They are pretty flirtatious.

PHILLIPS  
So you get your degree in...

MILA  
Printmaking.

PHILLIPS  
Right- then what? Nothing?

MILA  
Yeah, a lot of nothing. No job offers, no commissions, I couldn't even get a job in retail. So I had to move back home and bunk with an ex, which was terrible.

PHILLIPS  
Oof.

MILA  
Yeah. But eventually I said- screw this. I got out of that situation, moved into my own place, and then got a call for this gig. I couldn't believe my luck.

PHILLIPS  
I'm glad to hear something good came of such a tragedy.

MILA

Yeah... I don't know how I'd live with myself if a girl was killed while I was on the job. Oh- not you though- not-

PHILLIPS

No, it's fine. The night it happened was actually my night off. I was out of town.

MILA

How'd he look, when you busted his apartment?

PHILLIPS imitates a cowering, blubbering man with his hands up.  
MILA chuckles.

Good.

Just then, NOAH bursts into the lobby.

MILA

Noah? Is everything ok?

PHILLIPS

Sir, the dorms are closed at night. No boys allowed in here.

MILA

Phillips, this is Noah Lee. He's the brother of the girl who...

NOAH

Jumped. She jumped.

PHILLIPS

How do you know?

NOAH

She just told me, once my parents fell asleep. She looked so strange. Saying she's been haunted by her dorm room the past few weeks and a blue light coaxed her to jump. I have no idea what she was talking about, but I need to get

into that dorm room. Maybe see for myself what was tormenting my sister.

MILA

Ok.

PHILLIPS

I'm sorry but no. That's impossible.

MILA

I'll go with you.

PHILLIPS

I said no. That's prohibited.

MILA

Then arrest me, Phillips. Or do your job and come with us.

19 INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT

19

PHILLIPS, NOAH, and MILA stand in front of RUTH's dorm room. On the front, two happy hot air balloon cut-outs with the names "RUTH" and "GENEVIEVE" are posted, though now tattered and soon to fall. At the far end of the hallway, a girl in her short pajamas comes around the corner, sees them, and runs back. NOAH and MILA look concerned, PHILLIPS disturbed.

PHILLIPS

Ok, we're in here five minutes. Grab whatever you need to, Noah. Then you can come back in the morning.

NOAH opens the door, they all enter.

20 INT. DORM ROOM- NIGHT

20

PHILLIPS, NOAH, and MILA enter the dorm room, and PHILLIPS hits the light. RUTH's things sit on one side, while GENEVIEVE's side has remained empty. NOAH and PHILLIPS immediately start looking through RUTH's things. MILA goes to GENEVIEVE's side and something catches her eye on the beg post. An inscription, reading "Gene was here." Then, Ruth's digital clock loudly beeps "12:33pm."

NOAH

That's weird. Why'd she set her alarm  
for 12:33?

MILA

I don't know... she was never even here  
at 12:33. Except... the night she jumped.

PHILLIPS

This is really eerie – the coroner  
pronounced Genevieve Kittredge dead  
right around 12:30.

Just then, MILA double-takes at a sight out the window- a wavy blue  
light. Her eyes dilate and she starts walking toward the window.

PHILLIPS

Alright, I want all of out of here,  
right now. I don't feel comfortable  
being in a girl's room at night.

The lights flicker off. As does the blue light captivating MILA out  
the window.

PHILLIPS

Jesus Christ.

NOAH (*whispers*)

There's...someone at the door.

At the door is the dead, decomposing body of GENEVIEVE  
KITTREDGE. Her eyes are gone; her sockets completely black.  
Though her body remains still and her mouth doesn't move, her  
voice is heard all around them.

GENEVIEVE

Help.

MILA

Oh my god.

NOAH

Genevieve?

GENEVIEVE

Help me.

MILA

How?

GENEVIEVE

Save me. Help me. Please.

MILA

We can't... do anything.

GENEVIEVE

You could.

Blue flash. We're now in MILA's family's old apartment complex on the third floor. She's five. She stirs from her bed and peers on tip-toe out the window. An older woman is screaming for help as a masked man stabs her against the bushes in the courtyard. MILA looks on, wide-eyed but paralyzed with fear.

CUT TO:

Blue flash. NOAH is now talking to RUTH on the phone as she sets up her dorm room.

RUTH

I've just...I've just been feeling really down about myself lately. I don't...like myself, Noah.

NOAH

Come on, kid. You're just homesick. You'll feel better soon.

Blue flash. The night of the incident. GENEVIEVE is running out of the courtyard. Just at the edge of the building, a hand from the bushes come out and yanks her down mid-run. We hear her scream as we pan over the otherwise sleeping courtyard, the dark windows of the building. The man pushes her up against the wall and rips open her coat. She glances toward the lobby doors where the front desk attendant is sleeping. She screams.

CUT TO:

RUTH stirs from her sleep at the sound of the screaming. She grabs her pillow and covers it over her ears as she slips back asleep.

CUT TO:

PHILLIPS, half naked, in a girl's bed in a dorm on the third floor. He kicks off the covers, revealing a half-naked college student. He walks to the window and becomes paralyzed at the sight of the scene below.

COLLEGE GIRL (*groggy*)

What is it babe...?

His eyes are locked in shock- and a little intrigue- at GENEVIEVE fighting off her attacker. She looks around for help, then locks eyes up at a shirtless PHILLIPS in the window.

PHILLIPS

It's nothing. Go back to sleep.

CUT TO:

GENEVIEVE fighting, then the attacker stabs her in the stomach. She looks once more up at PHILLIPS, then over at the open campus quad. About a hundred feet away stands the emergency call campus pole, beaming with a blue light at its top. This is her last image as she fades away...

CUT BACK TO:

PHILLIPS, NOAH, and MILA in the dorm room. GENEVIEVE's body twitches.

GENEVIEVE

What is it babe...?

MILA

Stephen...?

PHILLIPS (*shouting, frantic*)

I didn't know! I didn't know she was dying! I thought maybe I was seeing things or...they were just dumb kids messing around...I couldn't get caught!

CUT TO:

PHILLIPS strutting into the girls' dorm lobby. He passes a six-pack off to the front desk attendant, puts his finger up to his lips in a 'shhh' and walks toward the stairwell. The front desk

girl immediately cracks open a beer. The clock strikes midnight.

CUT TO:

PHILLIPS kicking open the door to his hookup's room. She's ready for him at the door, and they begin making out.

CUT BACK TO:

PHILLIPS, now in panic.

PHILLIPS

If I turned myself in they'd fire me.  
But I caught your killer, Genevieve!  
Isn't that better??

GENEVIEVE's body juts toward him.

GENEVIEVE

I took care of him. You took the  
credit.

CUT TO:

The attacker in his jail cell, cowering in the corner.  
GENEVIEVE's body is there. He clutches his heart, as it goes  
into cardiac arrest.

CUT BACK TO:

GENEVIEVE's lifeless face looks up against PHILLIP's. He's avoid eye contact with her black sockets.

GENEVIEVE

You saw me then...why won't you look at  
me now?

PHILLIPS begins blubbering.

Too late to call for help now.

Her hands, manipulated by what looks like invisible strings,  
attack his throat. PHILLIPS screams.

MILA AND NOAH

No!



She releases, and PHILLIPS falls to the floor, bleeding pouring out of his slit throat. MILA's eyes dilate for a moment, and she's tempted to let Phillips receive his retribution. Then-

MILA

You're right, Genevieve. You're so right, but this is wrong. We can't stand here and witness more. Please! Let him go!

GENEVIEVE's body, now draped over PHILLIP's writhing body, snaps her neck up at MILA. She advances to her, faces pressed together. MILA's eyes dilate, black as Genevieve's sockets. Her hands press to MILA's temples. Instantaneously, GENEVIEVE disappears and the lights flicker on. Breathing heavily, MILA grabs RUTH's bedsheet and wraps it around PHILLIP's neck to stop the bleeding. In the background, NOAH is quietly on the phone with 911.

MILA

So you got an anonymous 'tip,' huh?

PHILLIPS gurgles. MILA leans in close to his face, as GENEVIEVE did.

MILA

You piece of shit.

PHILLIPS takes the bedsheet end and raises it above his head, trying to choke himself. The blood thickens on the sheet.

No- no- no! Stop.

PHILLIPS breaks into tears. Behind them out the window is a flashing blue light, which transitions into a flashing red light as an ambulance appears.

FADE TO BLACK.

21 INT. HOSPITAL- DAY

21

MILA and NOAH are hanging by RUTH's hospital bed, all in somber but grateful spirits. MILA is braiding RUTH's hair while she plays cards on her bed with NOAH. OFFICER HENRY enters.

OFFICER HENRY

Well, it looks like we won't need to bring you two in. He's awake and admitting to everything.

MILA

Really? What's he saying?

OFFICER HENRY

Ah...he's not really *saying* anything. He scratched his vocal chords pretty bad. But he woke up and just started frantically writing "I did this to myself, I did this to myself." We asked him some more questions...and that stupid kid wrote down everything he saw the night Genevieve Kittredge died.

NOAH

So, what happens now?

OFFICER HENRY

We'll take some more statements from Phillips then dishonorably discharge him. Ruth, you'll get the rest of your things back from your dorm. Noah, you should probably just hang with your sister. Mila, maybe take a few days off? I'm going home and watching some daytime television.

OFFICER HENRY nods to them and exits.

MILA

Well, I better get going. It's almost 5.

RUTH

You're going to work??

MILA

It won't be as fun without you there, but someone has to watch over those girls.

NOAH  
Come back tomorrow?

RUTH  
I'll sneak you some free hospital  
food?

MILA  
Hell yes.

CUT TO:

MILA walking down the hospital hallway to the exit. She glances into an open room and sees PHILLIPS in his bed- a wrap around his neck, swollen black eyes, dilated pupils. He sees her, tries to call out but is completely mute. MILA turns away from him, satisfied with the justice served, and walks out.

THE END.