

(WHEN A GHOST CRIES FOUL)

by

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INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A gust of wind whistles through broken windows as Jeff Peters, confident and poised, pushes open the creaking front doors of Westbrook High School. He steps into the decrepit foyer, his athletic frame silhouetted against the dim light filtering in. Dust motes dance in the air around him.

JEFF
(to his friends)
This is it, guys. Westbrook's
haunted halls. Our ticket to the
truth.

Corey Janke follows, her blonde hair tied back, glasses catching the scant rays of light. She glances around with a mix of excitement and apprehension.

COREY
It's even creepier than the
stories say.

Domiciano Olvera enters last, camera in hand, already scanning the surroundings through his lens.

DOMICIANO
Every shadow could be hiding a
spirit longing for their story to
be told.

CLAIRE BRISAY, practical and steady, pulls out a flashlight, illuminating peeling paint and scattered debris.

CLAIRE
Or just decades of neglect. Let's
not jump to conclusions.

The four advance into the main hallway, their footsteps echoing. Suddenly, the FLASHLIGHT FLICKERS, casting an eerie strobe across the walls.

COREY
What the—?

DOMICIANO
Battery issue? Or something
more... spectral?

Jeff strides ahead, unwavering despite the chill that seems to settle over them.

(CONTINUED)

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JEFF

Keep rolling, Dom. This is pure gold.

Whispers emerge from the silence, incomprehensible but undeniably human. The group freezes, looking amongst themselves.

CLAIRE

Did you guys hear that?

SHADOWS shift along the corridor, as if something unseen darts past. A locker slams shut down the hall with a resounding metallic BANG.

COREY

Oh my god, this is real. It's actually real.

Domiciano adjusts his camera, trying to capture the inexplicable phenomena. His hands are steady, but his voice betrays a hint of fear.

DOMICIANO

This place has secrets... and they're not resting easy.

Jeff turns to his friends, his blue eyes intense, rallying them with a firm tone.

JEFF

We knew this wouldn't be easy. But we're here to find answers. Are you with me?

Corey nods, her curiosity stronger than her fear. Claire grips her flashlight like a talisman, her resolve hardening.

CLAIRE

Let's do this. Together.

They move deeper into the school, the whispers growing louder, as if urging them on. Corey peers into each classroom they pass, her mind racing with possibilities.

COREY

Behind every door, a new piece of the puzzle.

The atmosphere thickens, the pressure of unseen eyes upon them. They reach the gymnasium, where the darkness seems to swallow up the light.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly, a cacophony EXPLODES around them—the SOUND of basketballs bouncing, feet shuffling, echoes of a game long since ended. Then, as quickly as it began, SILENCE descends.

Domiciano lowers his camera, his breath visible in the cold air.

DOMICIANO

(softly)

We're not alone in this place.

Jeff steps forward, his presence commanding even amidst the chaos.

JEFF

This is just the beginning. We're going to uncover what happened here, whatever it takes.

The friends exchange determined looks. Despite their fear, they stand united, ready to delve into the heart of Westbrook High's haunting mysteries.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Jeff, his athletic frame casting a long shadow in the flickering light, directs his friends with purpose.

JEFF

Corey, set up the tripod over there. Domiciano, let's get those cameras rolling. We need eyes everywhere.

Corey nods, briskly unpacking equipment, while Domiciano fiddles with a camera, the red recording light blinking to life. Claire scours the perimeter, her flashlight revealing years of neglect—peeling paint and warped floorboards.

CLAIRE

(whispering)

There's history here... Can you feel it?

Jeff surveys the gym, his heart pounding not just from the adrenaline but also from the weight of expectation resting on his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF
(under his breath)
Can't let them down...

The SOUND of a DOOR CREAKING open interrupts their work. They turn, startled, to see an elderly woman stepping into the dim light. Eleanor "Ellie" Prescott, with her white hair like a halo in the darkness, regards them with faded blue eyes that have seen too much.

ELLIE
(softly)
You're searching for answers...
aren't you, children?

Jeff approaches cautiously, recognizing her as the key to unlocking Westbrook's secrets.

JEFF
You know this place?

Ellie smiles wistfully, the wrinkles around her eyes deepening.

ELLIE
Oh, yes. I watched these halls
fill with laughter... and tears.

Domiciano glances at Jeff, the camera momentarily forgotten, sensing the importance of this meeting.

DOMICIANO
(to Ellie)
What can you tell us?

Ellie's gaze drifts, lost in memories that cling to her like cobwebs.

ELLIE
Be careful, young ones. These
walls... they whisper truths
better left unheard. And lies...
so convincing you'll wish you
never listened.

Claire steps forward, her voice tinged with both fear and fascination.

CLAIRE
But we need to understand.

Ellie looks at each of them, a silent assessment. Finally, she nods, the decision weighing heavily upon her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELLIE

Follow me. There's much to be
shared... and much to be feared.

Jeff exchanges a look with his friends, a silent vow
passing between them. They gather their equipment and
fall in step behind Ellie, entering deeper into the
labyrinth of Westbrook High.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Domiciano crouches by a loose floorboard, his fingers
prying it up with careful determination. Dust particles
dance in the rays of light streaming through the broken
windows. The board gives way, revealing a hidden
compartment beneath.

Jeff, Corey, and Claire hover around him, their faces
etched with curiosity. Domiciano reaches in and pulls out
an ancient-looking YEARBOOK, its leather cover cracked
and worn.

DOMICIANO

Look at this.

He opens the yearbook with reverence, the pages yellowed
with age. As he turns the pages, ethereal images begin to
flicker across the photographs—ghostly students with
hollow eyes staring back at them.

CLAIRE

(whispers)

They look... so real.

COREY

(squinting)

It's like they're here with us.

Jeff steps closer, his camera capturing every haunting
detail. He looks at Domiciano, who is absorbed in the
spectral faces.

JEFF

We have to tell their stories,
Dom.

Domiciano nods, his eyes never leaving the page.

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CONTINUED:

DOMICIANO
(quietly)
We will.

CUT TO:

EXT. BABBITT COUNTY - HISTORICAL SOCIETY - DAY

The group stands outside a quaint building with a sign that reads "Babbitt County Historical Society." They share a collective breath before stepping inside.

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - DAY

MRS. EVELYN CHAMBERS, silver hair gleaming, greets them from behind a desk cluttered with books and papers. She adjusts her glasses, peering at the friends with keen interest.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Can I help you, dears?

Jeff steps forward, the leader of the pack.

JEFF
Mrs. Chambers, we're investigating Westbrook High. We need to know about its past.

She nods, understanding flashing in her eyes.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Ah, yes. That poor school has seen too much sorrow.

COREY
But we think the spirits there want justice.

Mrs. Chambers glances at the yearbook Jeff holds out to her. Her fingers trace the embossed letters, her touch almost reverent.

MRS. CHAMBERS
Then you'll need more than just my help.

She picks up the phone, dialing with practiced ease.

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MRS. CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Joe, it's Evelyn. There are some
kids here...

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - LATER

JOE WINTERS stands among the group, his burly frame dwarfing the surrounding artifacts. His voice is rough but tinged with emotion as he addresses them.

JOE
I know things. Things no one else
wanted to remember.

Domiciano listens intently, his camera lowered, his gaze locked on Joe.

DOMICIANO
We're ready to listen, Mr.
Winters.

Joe nods, a sad smile tugging at the corner of his mouth.

JOE
It's a long story. But if you're
set on this path, I'll walk it
with you.

Corey exchanges a hopeful glance with Claire, while Jeff's expression hardens with resolve.

JEFF
Let's get started. It's time for
Westbrook's secrets to come to
light.

Mrs. Chambers and Joe share a knowing look, aware of the journey these brave souls are about to undertake.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The air is heavy with dust and the echo of distant whispers. The light from Jeff's camera casts elongated shadows across the decrepit walls.

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CONTINUED:

JEFF
(pointing towards the
ceiling)
Did you guys see that?

A basketball hoop SWAYS ominously, though there is no breeze.

CLAIRE
(voice trembling)
Jeff, I don't like this...

Suddenly, a CRASH echoes as bleachers SLAM together by unseen forces. The friends FLINCH in unison.

COREY
(grabbing his camera)
We need evidence of all of this...

Corey's camera PANS to capture the chaos, but before he can focus, his camera is RIPPED from his hands by an invisible force and SMASHES against the wall.

DOMICIANO
(shouting)
We have to get out of here!

They make for the exit, but LOCKERS slam shut in a domino effect, blocking their path. A CHILL runs through them as they realize they're not alone.

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

PANICKED BREATHS fill the hall as they dodge FLYING objects. Richie, usually the bravest, now wears a look of GUILT.

RICHIE
Guys, wait! I have to tell you
something—

CLAIRE
(interrupting)
Now's not the time, Richie!

Richie grabs Jeff's arm, forcing him to stop.

RICHIE
(desperate)
No, you don't understand. I've
been messing with the equipment...
and the records... It was all just
supposed to be a joke!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF
(struggling to
comprehend)
What are you saying?

COREY
(angry)
You did this? You put us in more
danger?

RICHIE
(defensive)
I didn't think it would go this
far!

An UNHOLY SCREECH pierces the air, and they turn to see a
MALEVOLENT APPARITION forming at the end of the hallway.

CLAIRE
(screaming)
Run!

They SPRINT down the corridor, the spirit's WAILING
growing louder as it gives chase.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

They barricade themselves inside, panting and scared.
Richie leans against the wall, his facade crumbling.

RICHIE
(teary-eyed)
I'm so sorry, guys. My brother...
I just wanted some kind of
connection to him, but I never
meant for anyone to get hurt.

JEFF
(consoling)
We've all got our ghosts, Richie.
But right now, we need to fix this
mess.

COREY
(eyes narrowing)
And how do we do that when the
spirits are this angry?

As if in response, the LIGHTS flicker violently. The
group looks at each other, their resolve HARDENING.

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DOMICIANO
(determined)
We find the truth. We give them
justice.

They nod in agreement, knowing the road ahead will be
filled with both peril and purpose.

FADE OUT.

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The flickering of fluorescent lights casts an eerie glow
over the dusty tomes and abandoned desks. The group
huddles around a large, weathered book sprawled open on a
central table.

MEREDITH
(softly)
The rituals detailed here are not
for the faint of heart. They bind
the living to the dead, tethering
spirits to their earthly concerns.

Jeff examines the pages, his eyes tracing the arcane
symbols. Meredith stands behind him, her presence both
reassuring and intimidating.

JEFF
(focused)
So we perform these... and what?
We free the spirits?

MEREDITH
(nodding)
Yes, but it's more than just
incantations and offerings. You
must understand their pain, tell
their stories.

Claire shivers as she glances over the room, half-
expecting ghostly students to appear at any moment.

CLAIRE
(whispering)
But how do we even begin to
understand what they went through?

Domiciano leans in, pointing to a faded photograph of a
class from decades past.

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CONTINUED:

DOMICIANO

(curious)

Maybe by starting with them.

A gust of wind blows through the broken windows, flipping the pages violently. The friends jump, but Meredith remains calm, her eyes locked on the book.

COREY

(sarcastic)

Great, so we've got ourselves a supernatural book club.

Meredith smiles thinly at Corey's remark, appreciating the levity despite the gravity of the situation.

MEREDITH

(amused)

Humor in the face of darkness is a strength, not a weakness.

They refocus on the book, where the page has settled on a diagram depicting a circle of figures joined by lines of energy.

JEFF

(pointing)

Look at this... It's like they're all connected.

MEREDITH

(insightful)

Exactly. The bonds between them were never broken. Their stories remain untold, and that's why they're trapped here.

The group exchanges looks of realization; their mission now holds a deeper purpose.

CLAIRE

(determined)

Then let's give them a voice.

The tension in the room shifts as they rally around this new goal. Jeff steps forward, taking on the role of de facto leader.

JEFF

(resolute)

We'll need to document everything. Names, dates... every piece of their history.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Meredith nods approvingly, impressed by their collective resolve.

MEREDITH

(encouraging)

Good. And I will guide you through the rituals. But remember, respect and empathy are your greatest tools in this endeavor.

As they gather closer around the book, an unspoken bond forms among them. Together, they embark on a quest that transcends mere investigation - a quest for redemption, for the spirits and perhaps for themselves.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

The group walks down the hall, the air thick with the weight of the task ahead. Shadows dance along the walls, but the friends are no longer solely driven by fear.

CLAIRE

(optimistic)

If we can really do this...
imagine the peace it could bring them.

DOMICIANO

(reassuring)

And to the families who never knew what happened to their loved ones.

Corey scans the names etched into the lockers, each one a silent testament to a life interrupted.

COREY

(softly)

It's not just about hauntings or curses anymore. It's about closure.

Jeff stops, turning to face the group, his expression earnest and determined.

JEFF

(passionate)

We started this to uncover Westbrook High's secrets. Now, we finish it to honor its memory and those who've been forgotten.

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CONTINUED:

Meredith watches them, her cryptic eyes reflecting a glimmer of hope. She steps forward, addressing them with newfound warmth.

MEREDITH

(genuine)

I've walked many paths, seen many shades of darkness. But the courage you show tonight... it's rare.

The friends share a collective nod, ready to face whatever the night might hold, united by a cause greater than themselves.

FADE OUT.

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A cacophony of whispers and moans crescendos as the group sets up their last camera, their hands trembling with a mix of adrenaline and dread. The air is thick with the stench of decay, and the faint light from their flashlights casts monstrous shadows against the walls.

Suddenly, a violent force shudders through the room. The temperature plummets, breaths materializing in icy puffs. Claire gasps, her green eyes wide with horror.

CLAIRE

(shouting)

They're here!

Domiciano whirls around, his flashlight beam slicing through the darkness to reveal grotesque figures materializing from the ether—twisted visages of anguish contorting into vile expressions of rage.

DOMICIANO

(desperate)

Form a circle! Meredith, what do we do?

Meredith's voice is steady, but her eyes betray the gravity of their plight.

MEREDITH

(calmly)

Hold your ground! Remember the rituals!

The friends clutch hands, forming a fragile barrier between themselves and the encroaching horrors.

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CONTINUED:

Jeff's eyes blaze with determination, refusing to let fear paralyze him.

JEFF
(determined)
We can do this! For them!

One by one, the apparitions lunge, their movements erratic and savage. Corey stumbles backward, narrowly dodging a swipe from phantom claws.

COREY
(terrified)
They're so angry!

Meredith begins chanting in an ancient tongue, her voice rising over the din of the supernatural storm. The group echoes her incantations, hoping to quell the spirits' fury.

Amid the chaos, Claire steps forward, her voice slicing through the madness with a plea for understanding.

CLAIRE
(passionate)
We hear you! We want to tell your stories!

An otherworldly wail pierces the air, and a malevolent apparition lunges directly at Claire. She doesn't flinch, her empathy for the spirits leaving her exposed.

CLAIRE
(defiant)
Your pain won't be forgotten!

The specter collides with her, and she crumples to the floor with a blood-curdling scream. Jeff rushes to her side, his face pale, as he cradles her limp form.

JEFF
(fearful)
Claire! Stay with us!

Corey and Domiciano kneel beside them, their faces etched with despair. The ritual falters, the protective chants dissolving into whimpers of terror.

COREY
(voice breaking)
She's hurt... What do we do now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Meredith's expression hardens; they've reached a critical juncture, with dire consequences hinging on their next move.

MEREDITH

(fierce)

We fight! Or everything we've done
is for nothing!

Domiciano looks down at Claire, her red hair splayed like a pool of blood against the cold gymnasium floor, his own fear mirrored in her stillness.

DOMICIANO

(pleading)

Please, Claire... don't leave us.

The grotesque abominations close in, sensing the group's vulnerability. As the spirits converge, the friends brace for a final stand, their resolve the only shield against the encroaching darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - ABANDONED GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The gymnasium is eerily silent after the chaos. The group huddles in a circle, Jeff holding Claire's unconscious form. The others look on, fear apparent in their eyes.

JEFF

(determined)

We can't give up. Not now. Not
when Claire needs us most.

COREY

(angry and scared)

But look at her, Jeff! Look at
what this place did to her! We're
out of our depth!

Jeff's jaw clenches, his hands tightening protectively around Claire.

JEFF

(fierce)

Then we dig deeper! For Claire.
For all those spirits. We finish
this!

Domiciano nods, the weight of their plight etched into his face.

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CONTINUED:

DOMICIANO

(resolute)

He's right. We owe it to them...
to her.

Meredith steps forward, her face a mask of resolve.

MEREDITH

(calmly)

We know what's at stake. And we
know this school's dark heart.
Let's uncover it, once and for
all.

They exchange glances, the shared trauma binding them
tighter than ever.

CLAIRE

(weakly, stirring)

Don't let... my last act be in
vain.

Jeff's eyes soften as he looks down at Claire, her spirit
unbroken even in her weakened state.

JEFF

(gently)

You're going to make it, Claire.
Your bravery has led us here. Now
let us carry you through.

Claire manages a faint smile, her eyelids fluttering
closed again.

COREY

(reluctantly)

Alright. For Claire. For the
truth. What's our next move?

Meredith unfolds an old blueprint of the school, her
finger tracing along its lines.

MEREDITH

(strategically)

Below us, the foundation holds
more than concrete and steel.
Secrets are buried deep. It's
where we start.

They gather their gear, fortified by the urgency of their
mission. There is no turning back.

EXT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - FOUNDATION - NIGHT

The group makes their way to a hidden entrance, barely visible beneath overgrown ivy and years of neglect.

DOMICIANO
(with reverence)
This is it. The belly of the
beast.

Inside, they navigate with flashlights, the beams cutting through the darkness like swords.

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - SECRET CHAMBER - NIGHT

They arrive in a chamber, the air thick with the scent of mold and decay. The walls are lined with forgotten memorabilia, each piece a fragment of the twisted past they seek to mend.

COREY
(disgusted)
It's like a shrine to suffering...

Jeff approaches a dusty trophy case, his hand hovering over a tarnished plaque.

JEFF
(hushed)
These names... They're the same
from the yearbook Domiciano found.

Meredith examines an old photograph, her expression darkening.

MEREDITH
(somber)
And here lies the root of the
curse. This was no ordinary
school...

A collective shiver runs through the group as the gravity of their discovery sinks in.

CLAIRE
(strengthening)
Let's do right by them. Break this
cycle of anguish.

Her words echo in the chamber, a rallying cry that solidifies their resolve.

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JEFF
(to the group)
We've come too far to falter now.
For Claire, for these lost souls,
we end this tonight.

The friends stand together, a united front against the horrors of Westbrook High. Their journey has transformed them, and they are ready to face whatever darkness awaits.

FADE OUT.

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - SECRET CHAMBER - NIGHT

The silence of the chamber is shattered by a low, ominous hum. Shadows dance and twist around the friends, morphing into grotesque shapes that claw at the air.

JEFF
(urgent)
Get ready! This is what we
prepared for!

Corey clutches her research notes, eyes scanning the room for patterns, weaknesses in the swirling darkness. Domiciano raises his camera, the lens focusing on the ephemeral forms, as if trying to capture their essence and rob them of power.

COREY
(shouting over the
din)
According to the lore, these
spirits are bound by the pain they
endured!

DOMICIANO
(steady)
Then let's rewrite their story!

The spirits converge, a whirlwind of rage and sorrow. Jeff takes the lead, stepping forward with a fierce determination etched across his face.

JEFF
(defiant)
We hear you! We acknowledge your
suffering! But it ends tonight!

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CONTINUED:

The malevolent force at the heart of the maelstrom reveals itself—a dark figure, its edges bleeding into reality like ink in water. It towers over them, a manifestation of decades of unbridled malice.

COREY
(to the figure)
Your reign of terror is over!
We're not afraid of you!

Domiciano's flash ignites, momentarily illuminating the figure, causing it to recoil as if struck.

DOMICIANO
(tense)
Now, Jeff!

Jeff nods, his hands clasped around an amulet they had unearthed earlier—believed to be the key to binding the curse.

JEFF
(yelling)
By the forgotten voices of
Westbrook High, I command you—be
still!

The amulet glows, pulsing with a light that rivals the sinister darkness. The spirits pause, their forms wavering.

COREY
(excited)
It's working! They're listening!

The figure snarls, its form flickering, but the amulet's light spreads, casting a protective circle around the friends.

DOMICIANO
(emotional)
You are remembered! Let go of this
world!

A wind picks up, howling through the decrepit halls, as if the building itself were protesting the end of its haunting.

Suddenly, the figure lurches forward, breaking through the light. Jeff stands firm, staring down the darkness.

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CONTINUED: (2)

JEFF

(resolute)

For every soul you've trapped
here, for every moment of fear
you've fed on—we release you!

With a final roar, the figure dissolves into a myriad of soft, glowing orbs. The oppressive energy lifts, leaving behind a profound stillness.

COREY

(in awe)

They're free...

Domiciano lowers his camera, tears streaming down his face as the orbs ascend, their light dimming until they vanish completely.

DOMICIANO

(relieved)

And so are we.

The friends exchange looks of exhaustion mixed with triumph. They had faced down the very heart of Westbrook's curse and emerged victorious.

JEFF

(breathless)

We did it. It's finally over.

The chamber, once a prison for tormented spirits, now stands empty—a testament to the courage and resolve of those who dared to confront its secrets.

FADE OUT.

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The gymnasium is filled with remnants of their confrontation, equipment strewn about and papers fluttering in a gentle breeze that now sweeps through the broken windows. The group sits in a circle on the dusty floor, weary but alive.

Jeff leans against a stack of old gym mats, his athletic frame slumped in exhaustion but eyes alight with the reflection of victory. Corey, Domiciano, Ellie, and Joe are gathered around him, their faces etched with fatigue and relief.

JEFF

(looking around)

We've given them peace.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF (CONT'D)

But this isn't just their story
anymore—it's ours too.

COREY

(tentatively)

We've been through... so much. Is
it wrong to feel proud?

DOMICIANO

(shaking his head)

No, we should be proud. We faced
our fears to tell their stories.

Ellie nods sagely at Domiciano's words, adjusting her
glasses with a trembling hand.

ELLIE

You've all carried a heavy burden,
children. You've honored the lost
souls of Westbrook with courage
most would not possess.

Joe grunts in agreement, his voice a low rumble.

JOE

Stood up to things that should've
never been messed with. That takes
guts.

Jeff looks at each of his friends, his piercing blue eyes
meeting theirs.

JEFF

(sincerely)

We couldn't have done it without
each other. We're not just a team;
we're a family now.

Corey smiles weakly, pushing her askew glasses back into
place.

COREY

(humbly)

And we've learned so much—not only
about the school's history, but
about ourselves.

Domiciano lifts his camera, gazing through the lens at
the empty space where the spirits once roamed.

DOMICIANO

(reflective)

It's strange...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOMICIANO (CONT'D)
I feel like by setting them free,
we've also freed a part of
ourselves.

The group falls silent, contemplating the weight of their
shared experience.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

The group emerges from the derelict building, squinting
as they step into the bright sunlight. They pause at the
top of the steps, looking back at the forlorn structure.

COREY
(softly)
Goodbye, Westbrook...

Jeff places a reassuring hand on Corey's shoulder.

JEFF
(resolute)
We're taking more than memories
with us. We're carrying their
voices forward.

Ellie places a comforting arm around Domiciano's
shoulders.

ELLIE
(consoling)
The world needs to hear what we've
discovered here. You'll make sure
of that, won't you, Domiciano?

Domiciano nods, his camera hanging from his neck—a silent
testament to their quest.

DOMICIANO
(determined)
Their stories won't be forgotten
again. Not by us, not by anyone.

Joe gazes at the high school one last time, his
expression a mix of sadness and resolve.

JOE
(murmuring)
Rest easy now, Westbrook. Your
cries for justice have finally
been heard.

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CONTINUED:

The friends turn away from the school, walking down the steps together, their bond solidified by the trials they've overcome.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jeff Peters pushes open the rusty gate, the metal groaning a year-long protest. The once-daunting Westbrook High stands silent, its windows like hollow eyes. Leaves skitter across the cracked pavement.

JEFF
(looking back)
This place... it hasn't changed much.

Corey Janke steps up beside him, clutching a bundle of wildflowers in her hands.

COREY
(whispering)
But we have...

Domiciano Olvera's camera clicks, preserving the moment. He lowers it, squinting at the sun-drenched facade.

DOMICIANO
(somber)
Feels like coming home to a ghost.

Claire Brisay strides forward, her boots crunching on debris.

CLAIRE
(grinning)
A year later, and we're still the ones haunting it.

The group shares a knowing look, their smiles tinged with nostalgia and pain. They approach the school's entrance where Ellie Prescott and Joe Winters await, both holding candles.

ELLIE
(gently)
It's good to see you all here again.

Joe nods, his eyes reflecting the deep blue sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

(gruffly)

Figured it was the right thing to
do, paying our respects.

Jeff leads the way through the doors, each footstep
echoing in the vast emptiness. The sunlight streams in,
casting long shadows.

INT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

They gather in a circle at the center of the gymnasium,
the heart of their past confrontations.

JEFF

Every step we took in these
halls... they were heavy with
history. Now, I feel lighter. Like
we've done something important.

Corey places the flowers on the dusty floor, her fingers
lingering on the petals.

COREY

(softly)

These are for them. For all the
stories that ended too soon.

Domiciano raises his camera, capturing Corey's tribute.

DOMICIANO

(echoing Corey)

"Ended too soon" but not
forgotten. Not anymore.

Claire unfolds a piece of paper, her voice steady as she
reads a list of names.

CLAIRE

(reading)

"Sarah Bennett, James Porter,
Elizabeth Harmon..." We remember
you. We honor you.

Ellie wipes away a tear, her candle flickering in the
stillness.

ELLIE

(murmuring)

In words, in silence, in memory...
they live on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe places his candle next to Corey's flowers, his shoulders squared against sadness.

JOE

They can rest now. We made sure of that.

Jeff's gaze travels over his friends, pride swelling in his chest.

JEFF

We did this together. It wasn't just for them—it changed us. Forged us into something stronger.

Corey reaches out, taking Jeff's hand. One by one, the others join until they stand united.

COREY

(optimistic)

Maybe that's the silver lining. In facing the darkness, we found our own light.

Claire nods, folding the paper and tucking it into her pocket.

CLAIRE

We carry their stories... and our own. A part of this place will always be with us.

The friends share a moment of silence, paying homage to the spirits and to their journey. As the sun begins to set, they break their circle, leaving the gymnasium with a sense of peace.

EXT. WESTBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT STEPS - DUSK

The group pauses at the top of the steps, looking back at the school one final time. The building, bathed in the warm glow of dusk, seems less foreboding—almost serene.

JEFF

(affirming)

What we've done here... it'll echo in Babbitt County forever. We gave a voice to the silenced, and that's something no one can take away.

Ellie leans in, her arm around Domiciano.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLIE

(smiling)

And perhaps we've learned the
greatest lesson of all: our
actions ripple through time,
touching lives in ways we may
never fully understand.

Domiciano nods, his camera hanging from his neck—a silent
testament to their quest.

DOMICIANO

(resolute)

Their stories won't be forgotten
again. Not by us, not by anyone.

The friends turn, walking down the steps together, their
bond solidified by the trials they've overcome. As they
reach the bottom, they go their separate ways, carrying
the legacy of Westbrook High School with them into the
twilight.

FADE OUT.