

PANDORA

Written by

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FADE IN:

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INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

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VIVI (18) exports footage to her hard drive. Vivi's hair is done up in a tight bun that has gotten messier throughout the day. She looks like someone you'd see rushing on the subway, never knowing when to stop.

Vivi drafts an email to college admissions while she waits on the footage. She attaches her college essay to the drafted email but she never sends it. \*

After the footage is done exporting, she puts the SD card back into her camera and packs up her belongings. \*

Before she closes her laptop, she stares at the drafted email again.

VIVI  
I'm being silly.

She closes her laptop. She picks it up but instead of putting it in her bag, she puts it back down on the table. \*

She opens her laptop.

CLICK! She sends the email.

SLAM! She closes her laptop.

ZIP! She seals her backpack and walks to the classroom's door.

She shakes the door handle but it is locked. She rattles the handle with more force.

She knocks against the door and calls out.

VIVI (CONT'D)  
Hello! Hello! I'm in here and the door is locked. These windows don't open, it's the sixth floor. Hello! Can anyone hear me? I'm here volunteering for the Yearbook Club under Mrs. Ross. She's usually still here. Anyone? \*

She kicks the door now. She slams and screams to make as much noise as possible. Her hair becoming more undone and messy as she does so.

VIVI (CONT'D)

Hello!!!!

Vivi's hands and feet begin to hurt.

VIVI (CONT'D)

Forget this.

Vivi takes off her backpack. She kneels down in front of the locked door and removes a bobby pin from her disheveled hair.

She breaks the pin into two halves. Vivi slides one half of the pin into the lock and maneuvers the other half above it. She cannot pick the lock.

Sweat slides down her forehead while she blows stray strands of hair out of own face. Frustrated, Vivi accidentally snaps one of the bobby pins in half.

VIVI (CONT'D)

Fuck.

She turns around with her back against the locked door and slides down it. She looks ahead of her and notices her backpack is not where she left it... \*

It is back on the chair, and it has been unpacked. Her laptop sits on the table. Next to it, her camera.

Vivi slowly rises to her feet in disbelief of what is in front of her. She clears away any hair from her eyes to make sure she sees correctly. \*

VIVI (CONT'D)

What the--

Vivi walks around the table and looks at her supplies. She opens her laptop. The screen is black. She types on the keyboard. She tries the power button.

The screen remains black so she closes her laptop and pulls out her phone.

It won't turn on.

She grabs the camera. She flips it open. It works. Before she can do anything with it. A picture appears on the camera's tiny screen in front of Vivi.

It's a picture she does not recognize. A picture of an OLD WOMAN seated in on a rocking chair, looking out the window.

VIVI (CONT'D)

Who took this?

Vivi goes to the next photo.

VIVI (CONT'D)

What is this crap?

A picture of wilting flowers in a dry vase. Vivi goes to the next photo.

VIVI (CONT'D)

Oh.

Vivi's expression is earnest and tender as she gazes upon the photo of a silhouetted COUPLE kissing.

Vivi goes to the next photo. It a picture of the door she cannot open from the other side.

She clicks to the next photo. It is a picture of her, now, in this moment, taken through the window, showcasing her hunched over looking at the camera. \*

She drops the camera onto the table. She turns and stumbles to the windows. She cannot open them.

VIVI (CONT'D)

No one can take that photo. Not from up here. Maybe a drone, but... how would it get on that camera. \*

(a beat.)

I took none of those pictures... I've never even seen those photos... The dead flowers... I don't know those people.

Vivi rises and tries the door again. Locked. She bangs and screams.

VIVI (CONT'D)

Hello! Please can anyone hear this, I need somebody to hear this. PLEASE!

(exhaustedly.)

I just want to leave.

A beat.

VIVI (CONT'D)

What if it wasn't my SD card?

A new energy flows through Vivi as she rushes to the camera.

VIVI (CONT'D)

That would explain the photos. I just got mixed up and pocketed the wrong SD card.

She grabs the camera and opens the slot. It is empty.

VIVI (CONT'D)

No, no, no. It can't be empty. It can't be empty. The camera wouldn't have saved any of these.

Vivi opens the camera again. The pictures appear once more and the camera begins to flip through the photos on its own. \*

Vivi throws the camera at the door. The camera falls to the floor, still skipping through the photos.

Vivi sits down and rocks in her chair. She cannot remain still. She tries her laptop again except when she opens it

BLOOD POURS OUT OF IT.

Vivi jumps out of her seat and clings to the back of the wall.

VIVI (CONT'D)

No, no, please, no. Why is this happening?

She buries her head in her lap.

VIVI (CONT'D)

I can't see it. I can't see it. It's not real if I can't see it. There is no blood. There is no blood.

She rocks back in forth as she wilts away in the corner.

VIVI (CONT'D)

Please, please, please don't be real. Be a dream. Be asleep. Please be asleep. Please have fallen asleep editing. I wanna go home. Let me go home. Please.

After a few moments, Vivi raises her head from her lap and looks at the room.

Her bag, her camera, her laptop, all of her items are gone. But, she remains in the room.

She exhales a sigh of relief.

VIVI (CONT'D)

I was just having a nightmare.  
That's all it was. Just a trick my  
mind is trying to play on me.

The creaking of a rocking chair can be heard. Vivi looks  
towards to the sound and sees, in a dark corner of the room,  
the previous image brought to life. A FIGURE rocks HARDER AND  
FASTER in the chair. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*

Who are you? What do you want? \*

Vivi rushes to the rocking figure as the chair swings in and  
out of the darkness. She reaches her hand out and grabs the  
rocking chair but no one is in the chair. \*

Vivi walks over to the door. She jingles the handle. The door  
remains locked. \*

On the table behind Vivi, sit the wilting flowers from the  
photograph. \*

She turns around and walks back to her seat when she notices  
the flowers. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*

How? \*

Vivi reaches for the flowers. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*

I want answers. \*

Just as Vivi is about to grab one of the dead petals, a  
polaroid photograph flies underneath the locked door and  
stops her. \*

Vivi picks up the photo and notices it is of a crime scene in  
the very same room she is locked in. Worse yet, there seems  
to be a body covered with a blanket on the floor. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*

I don't care if this is some kind  
of sick practical joke. Just let me  
out of this room. \*

Vivi bangs on the door. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*

Whoever is behind this, you fucking  
theatre kids, this I swear to God  
when I get out of here I am going  
to shove my foot so far up your  
enormously large, tactless asses. \*

The second polaroid flies underneath the door. Puddles of  
blood make up this photo. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*

What is all this-- \*

The third polaroid comes flying out underneath the door, and  
then the fourth, and the fifth, and finally the sixth slides  
underneath the door. \*

Vivi scatters to pick up all of the photographs. She rushes  
over to the table and lays them out. She shoves the vase off  
the table to make room. It SHATTERS! \*

Vivi inspects each photograph. The third polaroid walls  
splattered with blood. The fourth polaroid is of a bloody  
handprint on the door. The fifth polaroid is of Vivi's bloody  
laptop at the crime scene. \*

The sixth and final polaroid showcases the flowers from  
earlier in full bloom next to a framed picture of Vivi. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*

This doesn't make any sense. This  
is all absurd. Open the fucking  
door! Giving me these pictures  
instead of letting me out, I'm  
gonna have my family sue the school  
out the ass. And all your families  
too! You are all done. The cameras  
in the hallway? Ever think about  
that. \*

Vivi walks over to the photos. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*

And these photos are clearly  
fucking fake. You photoshop like  
someone's senile, cataract ridden  
boomer-ass granny. \*

Vivi picks up a polaroid to rip it and in doing so, she sees  
the letter on the back of it: "R" \*

Vivi flips over all the photographs until all remaining  
letters are revealed: "R", "A", "D", "E", "U", "D". \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*  
 Radeu--Radeud. Is that even \*  
 English? \*

Vivi plays around with the arrangement of the letters. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*  
 D-R-E-A-U-D. A-R-U-D-E-D. \*  
 D-R-A-U-D-E. D-U-D-E R-A. \*  
 (a beat.) \*  
 D-E-A-D. U-R. \*

Vivi's jaw hits the floor as her breathing hastens. She backs \*  
 away, stumbles against the chair until... \*

A RED LIGHT BURSTS the door open and PULLS Vivi out of the \*  
 room. She fights it off but succumbs to its power. \*

VIVI (CONT'D) \*  
 Let me go! \*

The door SLAMS shut behind her. The red light lingers \*  
 underneath the closed door. \*

FADE OUT. \*

THE END