

DIRECTOR' S CUT

Written by

ZOE RIMARACHÍN SAN MIGUEL

EXT. FOREST-NIGHT.

A film crew is shooting a movie in the forest. Lights, cameras, and cables are spread all around. The production team adjusts equipment and sets up the environment. Actors rest off to the side. ALICE (23), the director, walks to the center, visibly exhausted.

ALICE

Positions, everyone! Let's do one last take and call it a night.

Her phone vibrates. ALICE looks at the screen. Her expression changes; she becomes uneasy. She pauses for a few seconds.

ALICE

On second thought... you can all pack up. We'll shoot this scene at another location.

The crew looks confused but begins gathering their things. Cameras, tripods, lights, and props are packed up. The actors stand and collect their belongings.

The crew starts leaving, tired. The assistant director, SHAWN (25), approaches ALICE and pats her on the back.

SHAWN

Relax. We got good takes. That's enough for this location.

ALICE

You think so?

SHAWN

Yeah, and it's late. You must be exhausted. Go rest.

A brief pause.

SHAWN

Call me if anything happens, alright?

ALICE nods silently. SHAWN smiles and leaves. ALICE remains alone in the dark forest, visibly tired, with deep bags under her eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT.

ALICE enters her house and slams the door shut. She walks slowly, exhausted, drops her things on the sofa, and heads to her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT.

ALICE throws herself onto the bed. Arms spread; she occupies the whole bed. She stares at the ceiling. Silence. Gradually, she falls asleep.

Time later, a loud bang is heard, like something falling. ALICE wakes up with a start, sitting upright. Her eyes are red. She yawns and gets out of bed.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT.

ALICE enters the kitchen, approaches the coffee maker, takes a cup, and pours herself some coffee. She sits at a small table and drinks slowly.

When she finishes, she stands to wash her cup. Suddenly, she notices a small bloodstain in the sink. She frowns, turns to get a towel. When she returns, the stain is gone. She freezes.

ALICE

(to herself)

That's weird... I must be sleep-deprived.

She sets the cup aside and leaves the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT.

ALICE returns to the living room. She sees a decoration knocked on the floor, picks it up, and then collapses onto the sofa. She grabs her phone and starts scrolling. Silence.

Suddenly, she hears a noise in the hallway. She lifts her head. Silence. She returns to her phone. The TV turns on by itself, displaying only static. ALICE frowns, sits up, and approaches the TV. Just before turning it off, for a split second, an image of the forest where they were filming flashes on the screen. It disappears instantly; the TV returns to static. ALICE turns it off.

ALICE

(to herself)

Great... now the TV too.

She returns to the sofa and grabs her phone. Suddenly, the screen changes on its own. A video opens in her gallery: a clip from the forest shoot. In the background, a figure is standing among the trees, staring directly at the camera. ALICE watches, confused. She rewinds the video, but now the figure is gone. She stares at the screen.

ALICE

(with a hint of fear)

I don't remember filming this...

She sets the phone down and stands.

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT.

ALICE walks down the hall. The lights flicker, then go out. She presses the switch. The lights return. She walks a few steps,

and the lights go out again. She checks the switch—it was already off. ALICE swallows hard, fear evident in her eyes.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT.

ALICE enters to get a glass of water. She opens the fridge, grabs a bottle, and closes the door. A blanket lies on the floor. She pauses, picks it up, and puts it back. She leaves the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT.

ALICE walks a few steps. She hears three sharp knocks from the wall. She approaches and places her ear against it. Silence. When she steps back, the knocks come from a different wall. ALICE steps back, alarmed.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT.

ALICE returns to the living room hurriedly. She sits on the sofa, breathing deeply, trying to calm herself. She grabs her phone and calls SHAWN.

ALICE

(nervous)

Come on... pick up... pick up...

SHAWN answers.

SHAWN

(yawning)

Alice... it's 3 a.m. Why are you still awake?

ALICE

Shawn... something weird is happening in my house.

SHAWN

Weird how?

ALICE

I see and hear things. Blood... noises...

Silence.

SHAWN

(concerned)

Alice... you haven't slept in days. Must be stress from the shoot.

ALICE

But it feels real, Shawn. I'm scared...

SHAWN

Try to sleep. You need it. We'll talk tomorrow,

okay?

He hangs up. ALICE lowers the phone slowly. Silence returns. Suddenly, she hears slow, heavy breathing right behind her. She freezes, then spins around. Nothing. The breathing starts again—this time from the hallway. ALICE rises slowly.

INT. HALLWAY-NIGHT.

ALICE walks cautiously. Passing a mirror, she sees a figure standing behind her for a second. She spins around—empty hallway. She looks back into the mirror—only her reflection, breathing heavily.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT.

ALICE returns to the living room. Near the table, she notices muddy footprints across the floor leading to the studio. She follows them slowly. They stop just outside the studio door, slightly ajar. Silence.

INT. STUDIO-NIGHT.

ALICE enters the studio. A soft whisper freezes her in place.

FIGURE 1

Alice...

Figures appear from the darkness, pale faces, empty eyes, moving slowly toward her.

FIGURE 1

You killed us.

Another voice repeats.

FIGURE 2

You killed us.

The voices multiply.

EVERYONE

You killed us!

ALICE backs away in terror.

ALICE

No... no... this isn't real...

The figures attack her. She screams.

EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE-DAY.

Police lights illuminate the house. Neighbors watch from afar, alarmed. Sirens wail in the distance.

INT. ALICE'S HOUSE-DAY.

Officers enter. The house is in total disarray: overturned furniture, mud and blood footprints, objects scattered, TV still on static. They move toward ALICE'S bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM-DAY.

Officers enter. The bed is empty, sheets rumpled. Blood stains on the walls. Cameras, recording disks, and documents are scattered on the floor. Bodies lie on the floor.

OFICIAL 1

We've got... multiple bodies. All crew members... and the director... she's dead too.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE-DAY.

On a neighbor's TV, the news is live.

NEWS ANCHOR

This morning, renowned film director Alice Scherbakova was found dead in her home. Several bodies were discovered in the residence, all members of her film crew from her latest project.

Pause.

NEWS ANCHOR

Authorities indicate preliminary investigations suggest Alice may have been involved in a ritual connected to her film, resulting in the deaths of the victims and her own. The case has shocked the film industry and the local community.

FLASHBACK: INT. ALICE'S HOUSE-NIGHT.

In various parts of the house, living room, bedroom, studio, and kitchen, blood stains appear and disappear mysteriously.

Pale figures watch ALICE from the shadows.

Objects move on their own, falling to the floor with sudden crashes.

Whispers and heavy breathing echo from behind her.

Blood and mud footprints are scattered across the floors, leading through every room.

The TV turns on by itself, showing a video of all the film crew in the forest, sitting in a circle around a campfire—ritual-like, cult-like.

In the bathroom, written on the wall in blood: "YOU KILLED US"

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE-DAY

The house from a distance. Clouds cover the sky. Soft, distant whispers echo around.