

JINX

Written by

Jillian Murphy

Based on a boy who is trying to avoid a deadly suicidal virus that  
has broken out in the United States.

401 W Kennedy Blvd. Tampa, FL 33606  
732-539-8074

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The CAMERA jumps around, following one man. He is alone as he walks through the halls of the abandoned school building. We reveal WES (19). The man is exhausted.

INT. SCHOOL - SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

Wes places a bag with clothes piled inside. He appears to be dirty. He sits down and we see him begin to write in his journal.

WES (V.O.)

Day 185. Not much has changed since yesterday. I found more clothes today, but that means I found more bodies.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A single dumpster sits behind the school.

WES (V.O.)

I burned them in the dumpster with the rest. I'll need to empty that soon...

INT. SCHOOL - SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

WES (V.O.)

I am surely no closer to finding the virus than the doctors in D.C.

A beat. The room is completely silent.

WES (V.O.)

That is, if they're still trying to figure it out. The suicidal temptations had made me lose many loved ones.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Completely empty and quiet.

WES (V.O.)

I still say the best thing about this is the silence. No phones ringing, horns honking, no-

Wes pauses and looks around.

WES (CONT'D)  
-complaining. Just silence.

A beat.

Wes begins to hum a melody.

There's an INDISTINCT SOUND in the distance. He pauses for a beat looking in the direction of sound.

WES (CONT'D)  
I haven't interacted with another human in a month. I wonder how it hasn't gotten to me yet... Gee, I hope I didn't just jinx myself.

Wes giggles. He begins to cough.

He sets down the journal and gets ready for bed. He kneels down at his bed and begins to pray.

WES (CONT'D)  
Dear god, please keep me safe from this virus and allow us to figure out what the cause of it is. I pray that my family is safe up in heaven and...

The SOUND IS SLIGHTLY CLOSER. Wes quickly flinches. He gets up and creeps out the door, leaving the room.

INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Wes turns the corner and makes his way to the staircase. He does not appear to be the slightest bit worried by the noise. Rats running down a hallway.

WES  
Stinkin' rats.

Wes turns around to head back to the safe room. LOUD FOOT STEPS are heard. Wes turns back around and walks towards staircase.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Wes starts up the stairs. He looks up over the railing. The door at the top of the stairs has just CLOSED. Wes hurries up the stairs.

WES  
Hey! Hey. Stop!

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wes turns the corner and sees a well-lit hallway. Wes stops, dazed. A beat. He carefully makes his way down the hall, checking each room. SOFT MUSIC is heard.

We see a dark outline of a person that Wes does not notice.

WES  
Hello? Is anyone up here?

Wes stops and coughs vigorously.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Wes rounds the corner and stops in front of a small record player playing a melody. A beat.

WES  
This was Autumn's favorite tune.

Wes begins to hum the same melody as earlier.

He kneels down next to it and removes the needle. The LIGHTS SHUT OFF, but Wes is unfazed. He looks up.

The figure stands across from him. The figure is a young girl. AUTUMN (14). She smiles.

AUTUMN  
(sweetly)  
C'mon, Wes.

She holds out her hand. The LIGHTS FLICKER BACK ON. Wes stares at Autumn but says nothing.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
Wes, come on! Why don't we catch up.

He freezes. His eyes go wide.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)  
It's been too long. C'mon Wes, let's go home.

Autumn holds her hand out.

WES

You can't be here. You died... six months ago.

Autumn grabs his wrist and pulls him toward the edge of the balcony.

AUTUMN

Everyone's been asking about you. Don't you miss the family?

WES

Well, yes.

AUTUMN

Then let's go home Wes.

Wes puts his hands down and looks around. He looks over the edge. Autumn is standing behind him.

WES

How can we go home in this mess?

AUTUMN

There's only one way. I'll show you.

Suddenly, she pushes him. We see her disappear. Wes falls.

CUT TO BLACK

We hear Wes land with a THUD.

Roll credits.