

GHOSTCODE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - MORNING

The Chartersoft office in the heart of Downtown Savannah, Georgia, exudes modern sophistication.

Its lustrous, glass-and-steel high-rise façade glimmers in the morning sun, reflecting the teeming city life below.

INT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - STAFF OFFICE - MORNING

A large room with gleaming, minimalist furniture in muted grays and whites, complement the high-tech environment. A fair percentage of its workspace is adorned with many unoccupied cubicles fitted with workstations.

Floor-to-ceiling windows offer a panoramic view of the bustling city below, while state-of-the-art computers and holographic displays line the walls.

HANA YACKLEY(30), a determined American female programmer with long black hair neatly tied back and face free of makeup.

Her outfit, a simple red two piece skirt suit is wrapped around her slender build. possesses sharp, focused eyes and a calm demeanor.

A picture of calm concentration - She is driven by her passion for making transportation safe and aims to create a groundbreaking sat nav software that will revolutionize vehicle navigation.

She is seated at a pristine white desk, her fingers dancing across a glossy keyboard. A small cross pendant hangs from her neck, catching the light as she moves.

Her eyes, full of determination and intelligence, are fixed on the multiple screens before her, lines of code reflecting in her glasses.

On the main screen, a 3D rendering of Savannah's intricate road network slowly rotates.

HANA

(speaking softly)

Buddie, run simulation 0035. Let's see how the sat nav handles rush hour traffic on the West Bay Street.

A soothing, androgynous help ware's voice responds from the computer.

BUDDIE (V.O.)
 Certainly, Hana. Initiating
 simulation 0035 now.

The 3D map comes to life, tiny vehicles moving along the digital streets. Hana watches intently, her eyes darting back and forth as she analyzes the data.

Hana (nodding) Good, good. Now, let's increase the congestion by 45% and throw in a multi-vehicle accident on the Talmadge Bridge.

BUDDIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Adjusting parameters. Accident
 scenario added to Talmadge Bridge.

The simulation changes, the traffic patterns shifting in response to the new obstacles. Hana leans in, her brow furrowing slightly.

HANA
 (to herself)
 Come on, Infinity Sense. Show me
 what you can do.

She watches as the sat nav reroutes vehicles, clearing congestion with impressive efficiency. A small smile plays on her lips.

HANA (CONT'D)
 Buddie, did you catch that? The way
 it prioritized emergency vehicles
 while simultaneously optimizing
 civilian traffic flow?

BUDDIE (V.O.)
 Yes, Hana. The algorithm's
 decision-making process shows a
 11.9% improvement over the previous
 iteration.

HANA
 (excited)
 Excellent. We're getting closer.
 Let's run it again, but this
 time...

She pauses, her expression growing serious.

HANA (CONT'D)

Buddie, I want to talk to you about something important.

BUDDIE (V.O.)

Of course, Hana. I'm here to assist you in any way I can.

Hana leans back in her chair, her eyes still on the screens but her mind elsewhere.

HANA

You know that you're more than just a help ware to me, right? You're my fail-safe, my insurance policy on this project.

BUDDIE (V.O.)

I understand, Hana. You've entrusted me with a great responsibility.

HANA

(nodding)

That's right. And it's more important now than ever. Buddie, I need you to listen carefully. If anything happens to me - anything at all - you need to continue this work. Finish Infinity Sense. Make it everything we've dreamed it could be.

BUDDIE (V.O.)

Hana, your tone suggests concern. Is everything alright?

Hana hesitates, her hand unconsciously moving to her temple.

HANA

I... I'm not sure. But we can't take any chances. I'm going to back up all my latest code and designs to your memory. I want you to store them securely, and only access them if... if I'm no longer able to complete the project myself.

BUDDIE (V.O.)

I will do as you ask, Hana. But may I inquire about the nature of your concerns?

HANA
(sighing)
It's probably nothing. Just a
precaution. But lately, I've been
feeling...

She's interrupted by a knock at the door.

MR.YATES (45), the CEO of Chartersoft, enters. He's a tall, imposing figure, with brown eyes, black hair sporting an expensive navy suit, his face etched with the lines of stress and ambition, supported by a chin wrapped with grey beard.

Despite his authoritative presence, there's a nervousness in his eyes that betrays his concern.

YATES
(forcing a smile)
Hana, how's our golden goose doing
today?

Hana quickly straightens in her chair, minimizing some of the screens.

HANA
Mr. Yates, good morning. I was just
running some new simulations on
Infinity Sense.

Yates moves closer, his eyes darting between Hana and the screens.

YATES
And? Don't keep me in suspense. The
board is breathing down my neck,
Hana. We need this to work.

HANA
(cautiously optimistic)
The results are promising, sir.
We've seen a 11.9% improvement in
the sat nav's decision-making
process just this morning. The way
it handles complex traffic
scenarios is...

YATES
(interrupting)
Twelve percent? That's it? Hana, we
need more than promising. We need
groundbreaking. Revolutionary. This
company is hanging by a thread, and
Infinity Sense is our lifeline.

Hana nods, her calm exterior hiding her inner tension.

HANA

I understand, Mr. Yates. We're pushing the boundaries of what's possible with sat nav and traffic management. But these things take time. We can't rush the development or we risk...

YATES

(sharply)

Time is a luxury we don't have, Hana. Every day we delay is another day closer to bankruptcy. Do you understand what that means? Jobs lost, families affected, dreams shattered.

He paces the room, his agitation palpable.

YATES (CONT'D)

This isn't just about traffic. It's about proving that Chartersoft can innovate, that we can compete with the tech giants. It's about survival.

HANA

(calmly)

I know, sir. And I promise you, we're making progress. Infinity Sense isn't just a sat nav. It's a programme that learns, adapts, and grows, harnessing human emotion, mental state and judgement among many things. It will revolutionize how people move through cities. But we need to ensure it's safe, reliable, and...

She stops suddenly, bringing her hand to her nose. A drop of blood has appeared, stark red against her pale skin.

YATES

(concerned despite
himself)

Hana? Are you alright?

Hana quickly grabs a tissue, dabbing at her nose.

HANA

(embarrassed)

I'm fine, Mr. Yates. It's nothing.

YATES

(sighing)

You need to take care of yourself, Hana. I know you're working hard, but don't push yourself to the breaking point. We treat our employees well, even after they're gone - great benefits, generous gratuities. But I'd rather not see you enjoying those benefits from the grave. Understood?

HANA

(nodding)

Yes, sir. I appreciate your concern.

She hesitates for a moment, then speaks again.

HANA (CONT'D)

Mr. Yates, if it's alright with you, I'd like to take the rest of the day off to see my doctor. Just as a precaution.

Yates frowns, clearly torn between his concern for Hana and his desperation for results.

YATES

(reluctantly)

I suppose... if it's necessary. But Hana, we're on a tight deadline here. The board wants to see significant progress by the end of the month.

HANA

I understand, sir. I'll work from home if I need to. Infinity Sense is my priority.

YATES

(nodding)

Good. Take care of yourself, Hana. You're our ace in the hole. We're counting on you.

As Yates turns to leave, Hana calls out to him.

HANA

Mr. Yates? Thank you. For understanding.

Yates pauses at the door, his expression softening for a moment.

YATES
Just get better, Hana. And make
Infinity Sense the miracle we need
it to be.

He exits, leaving Hana alone in the office. She turns back to her computer, her face a mix of determination and worry.

HANA
(softly))
Buddie, initiate full backup of all
Infinity Sense files. Priority
level: maximum.

BUDDIE (V.O.)
Initiating backup now, Hana. May I
ask again... are you sure
everything is alright?

Hana stares at the screen, watching as her life's work is secured within Buddie's memory.

HANA
(with a sad smile))
I hope so, Buddie. I really hope
so.

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S/CANDLER HOSPITALS, SAVANNAH - DR. HUGO'S
OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The office is a picture of medical professionalism, with pristine white walls adorned with framed certificates and medical diagrams.

A large desk dominates the room, its polished surface holding a computer, neatly arranged files, and a small sculpture of the Hippocratic oath.

Behind the desk, a wall of windows offers a view of the buzzing city below, the afternoon sun casting lengthy shadows across the room.

To the side, a state-of-the-art examination table stands ready, surrounded by various medical devices - a blood pressure monitor, an ECG machine, and other diagnostic tools adorn the sterile environment.

Dr. HUGO JAMES (55), a man in his mid-fifties with salt-and-pepper hair and wire-rimmed glasses, sits behind the desk.

His white coat is crisp, a stethoscope draped around his neck. Across from him, Hana sits in a comfortable chair, her face pale and drawn with worry.

DR. HUGO
(his voice gentle but firm)
Miss Hana, I've received the results of your tests. I'm afraid the news isn't what we hoped for.

HANA
(her voice barely above a whisper)
How bad is it, doctor?

Dr. Hugo takes a deep breath, his eyes meeting Hana's with a mixture of compassion and professional detachment.

DR. HUGO
I'm sorry to say that you've been diagnosed with advanced stages of Leukemia and Thrombocytopenia. The combination of these conditions... it's very serious.

Hana's breath catches in her throat. She grips the armrests of her chair, her knuckles turning white.

HANA
(her voice trembling)
How... how long do I have?

DR. HUGO
(his voice softening)
Given the advanced stage of the diseases, we're looking at... weeks. Maybe a month or two at most.

Tears begin to well up in Hana's eyes. She blinks rapidly, trying to hold them back.

HANA
(choking back a sob)
Weeks? But... but I have so much left to do. My work at Chartersoft, the navigation software...

Dr. Hugo leans forward, his expression filled with empathy.

DR. HUGO
I understand this is a lot to process, Hana.
(MORE)

DR. HUGO (CONT'D)

But I want you to know that we're not giving up. We have treatment options that could help manage your symptoms and potentially extend your time.

HANA

(wiping her eyes)
What kind of treatments?

DR. HUGO

We'll start with aggressive chemotherapy to target the Leukemia. For the Thrombocytopenia, we'll consider platelet transfusions. It won't be easy, but we'll do everything we can to make you comfortable and give you as much time as possible.

Hana nods slowly, her mind racing with the implications of her diagnosis.

HANA

(her voice barely audible)
And what are the chances that these treatments will work?

Dr. Hugo hesitates for a moment, his professional mask slipping slightly to reveal a flicker of sadness.

DR. HUGO

(gently)
I won't lie to you, Hana. The prognosis is... challenging. But medical science is always advancing. We've seen miracles happen before.

Hana looks up, her eyes meeting the doctor's. She sees the truth behind his words - the slim hope he's offering.

HANA

(with a bitter smile)
But you don't really believe that will happen for me, do you?

DR. HUGO

(sighing)
My job is to give you the best care possible, to fight alongside you with every tool at our disposal.

(MORE)

DR. HUGO (CONT'D)

But you're right - I also have a responsibility to be honest with you. The odds are... not in our favor.

A heavy silence falls over the room. Hana's shoulders slump as the full weight of her diagnosis settles upon her.

HANA

(her voice breaking)

I... I need to call my mother. She needs to know.

Dr. Hugo nods, reaching for a box of tissues on his desk and offering it to Hana.

DR. HUGO

Of course. Take all the time you need. And Hana... I know this is overwhelming, but please remember you're not alone in this fight. We have support services available - counselors, support groups. Don't hesitate to use them.

Hana takes a tissue, dabbing at her eyes.

HANA

(with a weak nod)

Thank you, doctor. I... I think I need some air.

DR. HUGO

Certainly. Here's a list of your upcoming appointments - more tests, and we'll start chemotherapy as soon as possible. If you have any questions, day or night, don't hesitate to call.

He hands her a folder with appointment cards and information pamphlets. Hana takes it mechanically, her movements slow and dazed.

HANA

(standing, her voice distant)

Thank you, Dr. Hugo. I... I'll be in touch.

As Hana leaves the office, Dr. Hugo watches her go, his expression heavy with the burden of delivering such devastating news.

EXT. ST. JOSEPH'S/CANDLER HOSPITALS, SAVANNAH - AFTERNOON

Hana stumbles out of the hospital entrance, her face pale and tear-stained. She leans against a pillar, fumbling with her phone. With shaking hands, she dials her mother's number.

HANA

(her voice breaking)

Mum? It's... it's Hana. I... I need
to tell you something.

The sound of her mother's worried voice comes through the phone.

As Hana begins to explain, we hear her mother's anguished cry, a sound of pure heartbreak that echoes through the phone and across the hospital entrance.

She slides down the pillar, clutching the phone to her ear as she breaks down in sobs, the reality of her situation finally crashing over her in waves of grief and fear.

INT. CATHEDRAL BASILICA OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, SAVANNAH - DAY

The church interior is a breathtaking blend of modern architecture and traditional reverence, with soaring vaulted ceilings, stained glass windows casting colorful patterns on the polished marble floor.

Sleek wooden pews are arranged in perfect symmetry leading up to a grand, ornately carved altar bathed in natural light.

SUPER: "MONTHS LATER"

The church is filled with somber faces, all dressed in black. Sunlight filters through the windows, casting a kaleidoscope of muted colors across the pews.

At the front, a polished wooden casket rests, adorned with white lilies and chrysanthemums.

SIENNA YACKLEY(60) Hana's mother is a petite American woman with silver-streaked hair tied in a bun, dressed in a black funeral dress.

Her weathered face was before now adorned with kind, expressive eyes and a warm, nurturing smile.

She sits in the front row pew, her face etched with grief, eyes red and swollen from crying.

Beside her is her son, JORDAN YACKLEY(28) dressed in a plain black suit and a white shirt. He's a lean, dark-haired American young man with sharp features and a determined gaze.

He tirelessly navigates Savannah's bustling districts with a resume in hand, driven by a strong ambition to secure a stable job and prove his worth to his family.

He has an arm around his mother's shoulders, his own eyes glistening with unshed tears.

At the pulpit, is FATHER NOLAN JACKMAN(50) an American Catholic priest with graying hair and a stocky build, wrapped by purple priestly robes.

He possesses kind, weathered features, always exhibiting the mien of an empath, yet the firmness of a judge.

His voice resonates through the church as he begins his sermon.

FATHER NOLAN

(solemnly)

Beloved brothers and sisters in Christ, we gather here today to bid farewell to our dear sister, Hana.

He pauses, his gaze sweeping across the congregation.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

As it is written in Ecclesiastes,
"There is a time for everything.

Sienna lets out a muffled sob, leaning more heavily on Jordan.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

Hana was taken from us far too soon. A bright mind, a loving daughter, a caring sister. Her passing reminds us that our time on this earth is but a brief moment in the grand tapestry of eternity.

At the back of the church, YATES (45) shifts uncomfortably in his seat. He glances at his phone, then quickly back up, trying to maintain an appearance of attentiveness.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

But let us not despair, for Hana's death is not the end. It is merely a transition.

He steps away from the pulpit, moving closer to the casket.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

Yet, we must acknowledge that the journey into the afterlife is fraught with challenges, temptations, and trials.

Jordan nods solemnly, squeezing his mother's hand.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

In our tradition, we believe in purification where souls are cleansed before entering the fullness of God's presence.

He turns back to the congregation, his expression earnest.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

I urge you all to always keep Hana in your prayers.

Yates checks his phone again, his impatience barely concealed.

Father Nolan pauses, allowing his words to sink in.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

Now, let us pray together for the repose of Hana's soul.

The congregation bows their heads, a collective murmur of prayer filling the church. Sienna's sobs grow louder, her grief raw and palpable.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord.

CONGREGATION

(in unison)

Amen.

As the prayer ends, Father Nolan steps down from the pulpit. He approaches Sienna and Jordan, placing a comforting hand on Sienna's shoulder.

FATHER NOLAN

(softly)

Mrs. Yackley, Jordan, if you'd like to say a few words about Hana, now would be the time.

Sienna shakes her head, too overcome with emotion to speak. Jordan takes a deep breath, squeezing his mother's hand before standing up.

JORDAN
(voice shaky)
Thank you, Father. I... I'll say something.

Jordan walks to the front, standing beside the casket. He places a hand on the polished wood, taking a moment to compose himself.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Hana... my sister... she was more than just family. She was my hero.

His voice breaks slightly, but he continues.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
From the time we were kids, she always looked out for me. She was brilliant, kind, and had a way of making everyone around her feel special.

He looks out at the congregation, his eyes landing on Yates for a moment.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
She worked tirelessly, pouring her heart and soul into her work at Chartersoft. The various software she developed across the length of her career... weren't just money projects for her. They were her legacy, her own way of making the world a little bit better.

Yates shifts uncomfortably in his seat, averting his gaze.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
But more than her work, more than her achievements, Hana was a beacon of hope for our family. When things got tough, she was always there with a smile, a joke, or just a comforting presence that brought us goodluck.

He turns to look at the casket, his voice softening.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Sis... I don't know how we're going to go on without you. But I promise, we'll try to live in a way that would make you proud.

Tears begin to fall freely down Jordan's face.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I love you, Hana. We all do. And we'll miss you every day.

As Jordan returns to his seat, the church is filled with sniffles and muffled sobs. Father Nolan steps forward again.

FATHER NOLAN

Thank you, Jordan, for those heartfelt words. Now, as is our custom, I invite anyone else who wishes to share their memories of Hana to come forward.

There's a moment of hesitation, then a lady in green suit stands up. It's ELEANOR SANDERS (36), Yates' secretary.

She's a poised red hair with sharp green eyes and a willowy frame, always exuding efficiency as the one who moderates Yates' often erratic decisions.

ELEANOR

(nervously)

I... I'd like to say something, if that's alright.

She makes her way to the front, her hands clasped tightly in front of her.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I didn't know Hana for very long, but in the time I did know her at Chartersoft, she left an indelible impression on me.

She glances briefly at Yates, who's now sitting up straighter, his attention caught.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Hana was more than just a brilliant programmer. She was a kind soul, always willing to help others, even when she was under immense pressure herself.

Eleanor's voice grows stronger as she continues.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I remember one time, when we were all working late on a crucial deadline. Everyone was stressed, tempers were fraying. But Hana...

(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
 she brought in homemade kimbap for everyone, saying we needed to keep our strength up.

A faint smile appears on Sienna's tear-stained face at this memory.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
 It wasn't just the food. It was her spirit, her ability to bring light into even the darkest moments. She made us all feel like we were part of something important, something bigger than ourselves.

She pauses, taking a deep breath.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
 I... I wish I had told her how much that meant to all of us. How much she meant to us. I hope... I hope she knew.

As Eleanor returns to her seat, Yates' expression has changed. There's a flicker of something - regret, perhaps guilt - in his eyes.

Father Nolan steps forward once more.

FATHER NOLAN
 Thank you, Eleanor, for sharing those beautiful memories. Does anyone else wish to speak?

There's a moment of silence, then to everyone's surprise, Yates stands up. He makes his way to the front, removing his dark glasses as he does so.

YATES
 (clearing his throat))
 I... I would like to say a few words, if I may.

Father Nolan nods, gesturing for Yates to continue. Yates stands there for a moment, seemingly at a loss for words.

YATES (CONT'D)
 Hana was... she was an exceptional employee. Her work on the Infinity Sense project was... invaluable.

He pauses, his usual business demeanor faltering.

YATES (CONT'D)

But I realize now that I never really knew her as a person. I never took the time to...

His voice trails off, and for a moment, it seems he might not continue. But then he straightens up, his voice firmer.

YATES (CONT'D)

Hana's legacy at Chartersoft will live on through her work. The navigation software she was developing was meant to help countless people. It's a testament to her brilliance, her dedication.

He turns to look at Sienna and Jordan.

YATES (CONT'D)

To her family, I offer my deepest condolences. Chartersoft has lost a valuable asset, but you... you've lost so much more.

As Yates returns to his seat, there's a palpable tension in the air. His words, while seemingly heartfelt, have an undercurrent of something else - a hint of the business mindset that never quite leaves him.

Father Nolan steps forward once more, his expression solemn.

FATHER NOLAN

Thank you all for sharing your memories and thoughts.

He moves to stand beside the casket, placing a hand on it.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

Hana, may the angels lead you into paradise.

As he speaks these words, a strange silence falls over the church. The air seems to grow heavy, charged with an unseen energy.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blows through the church, despite all the windows being closed. The candles flicker, casting eerie shadows across the walls.

Sienna gasps, clutching Jordan's arm. Yates looks around nervously, his hand instinctively reaching for his phone.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)
 (voice wavering slightly)
 Let us pray for Hana's soul, that
 she may find peace in the embrace
 of our Lord.

As the congregation bows their heads in prayer, a faint, almost imperceptible sound echoes through the church. It's like a whisper, barely audible, but unmistakably there.

Jordan's head snaps up, his eyes wide. For a moment, he could have sworn he heard his sister's voice.

JORDAN
 (whispering)
 Sistah?

But as quickly as it came, the strange atmosphere dissipates. The candles steady, the wind dies down. Father Nolan, looking slightly shaken, continues with the final blessing.

FATHER NOLAN
 In the name of the Father, and of
 the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.
 Amen.

CONGREGATION
 (in unison)
 Amen.

As the funeral comes to an end, people begin to file out of the church, murmuring quietly among themselves. Some approach Sienna and Jordan to offer their condolences.

Yates lingers for a moment, seemingly torn between leaving and approaching the family. Finally, he makes his way over to Sienna and Jordan.

YATES
 (awkwardly)
 I... I'm truly sorry for your loss.
 If there's anything Chartersoft can
 do...

Jordan cuts him off, his voice cold.

JORDAN
 Thank you for coming, Mr. Yates. I
 think we've heard enough about
 Chartersoft for today.

Yates nods, looking uncomfortable, and quickly makes his exit.

As the church empties, Sienna and Jordan are left alone with Father Nolan. Sienna approaches the casket, placing a trembling hand on it.

SIENNA
(softly)
My baby... my precious girl...

Father Nolan places a comforting hand on her shoulder.

FATHER NOLAN
Let us pray she's finds peace now,
Sienna. And she knows how much you
love her.

Jordan joins his mother, wrapping an arm around her.

JORDAN
We'll get through this, Mum.
Together.

As they stand there, united in their grief, a single white feather floats down from above, landing gently on top of the casket.

Jordan stares at it, a strange feeling washing over him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Sistah... are you still here?

The feather quivers slightly, as if in response to his words. For a moment, the air in the church seems to shimmer, charged with an energy that's both comforting and slightly unsettling.

As they prepare to leave, Jordan can't shake the feeling that this isn't truly goodbye. Something tells him that Hana's story isn't over yet, especially as he spots a QR code pattern stamped across the feather.

EXT. COLONIAL PARK CEMETERY, DOWNTOWN SAVANNAH - EVENING

The sun dips below the horizon, casting long shadows across the rows of headstones in the cemetery.

A cool breeze rustles through the trees, carrying with it the faint scent of incense and the distant murmur of prayers.

A BURLY COUPLE in their late fifties, MR. and MRS. PALMER, make their way through the cemetery. Mrs. Palmer clutches a bouquet of wilted flowers, her face set in a permanent scowl.

Mr. Palmer lumbers beside her, his eyes darting nervously from gravestone to gravestone.

MRS. PALMER
(grumbling)
I can't believe we're doing this again. It's been five years, Fred.

MR. PALMER
(sighing)
I know, Brigid. But it's what's expected of us.

MRS. PALMER
Expected? By who? Our useless daughter-in-law is dead. She failed us in life, and now she's failing us in death.

They stop in front of a grave with a headstone bearing the name "MRS. JOAN PALMER" and a young woman's engraved face.

MR. PALMER
(squinting at the headstone)
Is this it? The grave looks different.

MRS. PALMER
(waving dismissively)
It's been five years. You can barely remember what you had for breakfast. This is it.

She tosses the wilted flowers onto the grave unceremoniously and spits on the gravestone.

MRS. PALMER (CONT'D)
(to the grave)
Here, Joan. Not that you deserve these. Five years of marriage to our son, and what did you give us? Nothing. No grandchildren, no legacy. Just an empty house and a broken family.

MR. PALMER
(shifting uncomfortably)
Brigid, maybe we shouldn't-

MRS. PALMER
(interrupting)
Shouldn't what? Speak the truth? She was selfish, Fred.

(MORE)

MRS. PALMER (CONT'D)
 Always putting her career first.
 "I'm not ready for children," she'd
 say. Well, look where that got her.
 Dead before thirty, with nothing to
 show for it.

Mr. Palmer remains silent, his eyes fixed on the ground.

MRS. PALMER (CONT'D)
 (growing more agitated)
 You know what? I'm glad she's gone.
 Our son can finally move on, find a
 proper wife who understands family
 duty. Not some career-obsessed girl
 who-

Suddenly, Mrs. Palmer's phone begins to beep incessantly from
 inside her bag. The sound echoes through the quiet cemetery,
 startling a nearby crow that takes flight with an angry caw.

MRS. PALMER (CONT'D)
 (fumbling with her bag)
 What in the world?

She pulls out her phone, the screen lit up with notification
 after notification.

MR. PALMER
 (peering at the phone)
 What is it?

MRS. PALMER
 (frowning)
 I don't know. It's just...
 messages. Dozens of them.

She swipes through the notifications, her frown deepening.

MRS. PALMER (CONT'D)
 Wait, there's something else. A QR
 code?

MR. PALMER
 (leaning closer)
 A what?

MRS. PALMER
 (irritated)
 A QR code, you old fool. Those
 square things you scan with your
 phone. Here, you do it. My eyes
 aren't what they used to be.

She thrusts the phone at Mr. Palmer, who fumbles with it for a moment before managing to scan the code with his own device.

MR. PALMER
 (reading from his phone)
 It says... "Don't look down."

They exchange a puzzled glance.

MRS. PALMER
 (scoffing)
 Don't look down? What kind of nonsense is that? Some new advertising gimmick, I bet. These companies have no respect, sending ads to a grieving family at a gravesite.

MR. PALMER
 (hesitantly)
 Maybe we should listen to it, Brigid. Just in case.

MRS. PALMER
 (rolling her eyes)
 Listen to what? A random message from who knows where? Don't be ridiculous.

She looks down at the grave, her face contorting with renewed anger.

MRS. PALMER (CONT'D)
 (to the grave)
 Is this your doing, Joan? Even in death, you're trying to manipulate us? Well, I've had enough of your games.

With a vicious motion, she spits on the headstone. The glob of saliva lands squarely on the engraved face, then slides onto the gravestone.

For a moment, nothing happens. Then, defying all laws of physics, the sputum begins to move. It quivers, then rises from the gravestone, hovering in the air like a malevolent jellyfish.

MR. PALMER
 (backing away)
 B-Bri-giid... what's happening?

Before Mrs. Palmer can respond, the floating sputum shoots towards her face with terrifying speed. It engulfs her entire head, clinging to her skin like a corrosive mask.

MRS. PALMER
 (muffled screaming)
 Aaaaahhh! Get it off! Get it off!

She claws at her face, but the substance only seems to burn more intensely with each touch. Smoke rises from beneath her fingers as her skin begins to blister and melt.

MR. PALMER
 (panicking)
 Bri-giid! Hold on, I'll-

His words are cut short as his own tongue suddenly elongates, stretching out of his mouth like a rubber band. It whips around wildly, as if possessed by an unseen force.

MR. PALMER (CONT'D)
 (garbled)
 Hnnngghh! Heeelllp!

He stumbles backward, trying to regain control of his tongue, but it's futile. The grotesque appendage wraps around his neck, choking him.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Palmer has fallen to her knees, her face a horrifying mess of melted flesh and bone. With a final, gurgling scream, she collapses face-first onto the ground, motionless.

Mr. Palmer, still struggling with his impossibly long tongue, is suddenly yanked forward by an invisible force. He resists, his feet scraping against the ground, leaving deep furrows in the earth. But the force is too strong.

With a sickening crack, his face is slammed into the gravestone. Blood and teeth scatter across the engraved name. The force of the impact causes the headstone to crumble, revealing another name hidden beneath: ISABELLE HUGHES.

As the dust settles, an eerie silence falls over the cemetery. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer lie motionless before the damaged grave, their grotesque deaths a stark contrast to the peaceful surroundings.

A soft wind blows through the cemetery, carrying with it whispered words that seem to come from everywhere and nowhere at once:

WHISPERED VOICE

Some secrets are meant to stay buried. Some disrespect cannot go unpunished.

The scene fades to black as night fully descends on the cemetery, leaving only the faint glow of distant lanterns and the lingering echo of the whispered warning.

INT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - STAFF OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is dark and silent, illuminated only by the faint glow of emergency exit signs and the occasional flicker of standby lights on idle equipment.

Rows of empty cubicles cast long shadows across the room, their occupants long since departed for the night.

Suddenly, without any apparent human intervention, Hana's PC powers up with a soft hum. The screen flickers to life, casting an eerie blue glow across her vacant workspace.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Buddie self-launches, displaying a profile picture of Hana as its splash screen. Her image smiles warmly for a moment before dissolving into a shape-shifting QR code that pulses and undulates like a living thing.

Buddie begins to analyze the PC's contents. File names flash by at dizzying speed until it pauses on a folder labeled "INFINITY SENSE PROJECT."

The folder opens, revealing a complex web of interconnected files and sub folders.

A command prompt appears, scrolling rapidly with lines of code. Buddie begins to write new lines of code at an inhuman pace, filling in gaps and expanding on existing frameworks.

A progress bar appears: "Project Completion: 48%"

As Buddie works, the percentage ticks steadily upward. 60%... 75%... 90%...

Finally, it reaches 99.9%. The screen shifts to display a 3D traffic simulation, showing a first-person view from inside a virtual car.

The user interface is sleek and intuitive, with QR code-themed tags popping up to identify various elements on the road - other vehicles, pedestrians, buildings, and potential hazards.

The simulation runs smoothly for several moments before a series of error messages flash across the screen.

Buddie immediately initiates a troubleshooting and debugging sequence, lines of code scrolling by as it hunts down and eliminates each problem.

At last, the progress bar fills completely: "Project Completion: 100%"

A dialogue box appears: "Send to Yates? Yes / No"

The cursor hovers between the two options for a tense moment before selecting "Yes."

A company-branded email interface pops up. Buddie types out a message: "Another is born as one is gone."

It selects Yates as the recipient and attaches a zip folder labeled "Infinity Sense 1.0 stable version." With a final click, the email is sent.

The screen returns to the shape-shifting QR code splash screen, pulsing softly in the darkness of the empty office.

INT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - YATES' OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is a sleek, modern space with floor-to-ceiling windows also offering a panoramic view of the city skyline.

A massive mahogany desk dominates the room, surrounded by minimalist decor accented by abstract art pieces and lush greenery.

Yates is working late, his face illuminated by the glow of his computer screen. He looks exhausted, rubbing his eyes and taking a sip from a lukewarm cup of coffee.

A notification chimes, alerting him to a new email. He clicks to open it with his mouse, his brow furrowing as he reads the cryptic message.

YATES

(muttering to himself))

"Another is born as one is gone"?
What the hell does that mean? Who
is it from?

He checks the sender.

YATES (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Oh its from her! But how? Could it
be an email server lag?

He hesitates for a moment before clicking on the attached zip folder. As it begins to download, a progress bar appears on his screen.

YATES (CONT'D)

(leaning in closer)

Infinity Sense 1.0? But that's
impossible... we were nowhere near
completion.

The download finishes, and Yates quickly extracts the files, then runs the installer which displays the shape-shifting QR code while it progresses.

On completion, a company branded vehicle navigation system user interface pops up. His eyes widening as he navigates it.

YATES (CONT'D)

(in disbelief)

This can't be real. It's... it's
finished. But how?

He pulls out his phone and dials a number.

YATES (CONT'D)

Eleanor? I need you here
immediately. Something's happened
with the Infinity Sense project.
(beat) I know it's late, but this
can't wait. Get here as soon as you
can.

He hangs up and turns back to his computer, diving into Infinity Sense with a mixture of excitement and trepidation.

INT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - YATES' OFFICE - NIGHT

One hour later, Eleanor bursts into the office, looking disheveled and out of breath.

ELEANOR

What's going on? Your message
sounded urgent.

YATES

(gesturing to his screen)

Look at this.

(MORE)

YATES (CONT'D)
 Someone sent me the completed
 version of Infinity Sense.

Eleanor leans in, her eyes widening as she scans the screen.

ELEANOR
 But... how is this possible? We
 were still months away from
 completion.

YATES
 I don't know. The email came from
 Hana's account.

ELEANOR
 (startled)
 Hana? But she's...

YATES
 (nodding grimly))
 Dead. I know. Her body is probably
 still warm in the ground.

They share a concerned look before turning back to the
 screen.

ELEANOR
 Could someone have hacked her
 account?

YATES
 Possibly. But who could have
 finished the project? This level of
 work... it's beyond anything our
 team was capable of.

ELEANOR
 (hesitantly)
 You don't think... it could be that
 AI program Hana was working on, do
 you?

YATES
 (scoffing)
 Buddie? That was just a hobbyist's
 helpware, like a digital Mickey
 Mouse. There's no way it could have
 done this.

ELEANOR
 But what if it did? What if Hana
 managed to create something more
 advanced than we realized?

Yates leans back in his chair, considering the possibility.

YATES

If that's true... do you know what this means for the company?

ELEANOR

(nodding)

It has saved us. The board has been breathing down our necks for months.

YATES

(standing up, pacing)

We need to run Quality Assurance Tests. Run it through every simulation, every possible scenario. If this is real, if it works...

ELEANOR

We could be looking at a revolution in navigation systems.

YATES

(grinning)

And the salvation of Chartersoft.

He turns to Eleanor, his eyes gleaming with excitement and a hint of something darker.

YATES (CONT'D)

Get the QAT contractors in here tomorrow as early as possible. I don't care what time it is. We need to do code reviews and start running QATs immediately.

ELEANOR

(hesitating)

Shouldn't we try to figure out where it came from first? If someone hacked Hana's account or something...

YATES

(interrupting)

My guts tell me this is legit, so that can wait. Right now, our priority is confirming that this software works without bugs and is release ready.

ELEANOR

But sir, if there's been a security breach-

YATES

(sharply)

I said it can wait, Eleanor. Do you understand? On a second thought, try and verify its authenticity?

Eleanor nods reluctantly and turns to leave.

YATES (CONT'D)

And Eleanor?

She pauses at the door, looking back.

YATES (CONT'D)

Not a word about this to anyone outside the company other than the QA guys. Not until we know what we're dealing with.

ELEANOR

(softly)

Understood.

She exits, leaving Yates alone in his office. He turns back to his computer, staring at the shape-shifting QR code on the screen.

YATES

(whispering)

What have you given us, Hana? Seems like your death is going to make me rich, very rich. Its a shame you had to die a wretch.

The QR code pulses once, almost as if in response to his question. Yates leans in closer, his face bathed in the eerie glow of the screen.

INT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - STAFF OFFICE - DAY

The office is a hive of activity despite the early hour. QA testers huddle around computer stations, their faces lit by the glow of multiple screens. The air is thick with tension and excitement.

Yates stands at the center of the room, he yawns, revealing he has had little or no sleep last night. He surveys the scene with a mixture of anticipation and anxiety.

Eleanor approaches, holding a tablet with the latest QA test reports.

ELEANOR

Sir, the test reports indicate that the tests cases, test plans and traceability matrix tests are good. The defect density is .05 percent, while the release readiness report shows it meets predefined acceptance criteria and that all quality indicators have been checked.

YATES

(eagerly)
And?

ELEANOR

(smiling)
It's... incredible. The software is performing beyond our wildest expectations and is ready to hit the market.

She hands him the tablet, and he scrolls through the report, his eyes widening.

YATES

These results... they're almost too good to be true.

ELEANOR

I know. We've run the simulations multiple times. It adapts to new scenarios faster than anything currently used by cars in the country.

Suddenly, one of the QA testers, KOBE (35) a burly nerd with horn-rimmed glasses calls out from across the room.

KOBE

Mr. Yates! You need to see this!

Yates and Eleanor hurry over to the developer's station. On the screen, a complex traffic simulation is running, showcasing the software's capabilities.

KOBE (CONT'D)

Watch what happens when I introduce a major accident into the simulation.

He types in a command, and on the screen, a multi-car pileup appears on a virtual highway miles away from the primary Infinity Sense driver.

Almost instantly, the software triggers a warning system, rerouting the primary user.

It then communicates with other drivers in danger proximity through a tiered Vehicle-to-Everything communication systems, rerouting traffic, adjusting signals, and alerting emergency responses.

YATES

(in awe)

It's handling the crisis in real-time.

KOBE

Not just handling it, sir. It's optimizing the response, analyzing real-time satellite imagery of the crash to inform its warning systems. Look at the projected casualty rates compared to our previous best simulations.

The screen splits, showing a side-by-side comparison. Infinity Sense's projections show significantly lower casualty rates and faster resolution of the traffic crisis.

ELEANOR

(softly)

This could save lives. Not just time and money, but actual lives.

YATES

(nodding)

This is it. This is what we've been working towards all along.

He turns to address the entire room.

YATES (CONT'D)

Listen up, everyone! I want a full release recommendation report on my desk by noon. Every thorough testing evidence, complete documentation, release notes, backup and rollback plan, version control, name it. I want it all documented and verified.(beat) We're about to change the world, people. Let's make sure we get it right.

The room buzzes with renewed energy as the QA teams return to their work with increased vigor. Yates pulls Eleanor aside.

YATES (CONT'D)

(lowering his voice)

Have you made any progress on tracing the source of the email?

ELEANOR

(shaking her head)

Nothing conclusive. The email definitely came from Hana's account, but there's no trace of who actually sent it. I can't find Buddie, just a slide of different QR code images.

YATES

(frowning)

Keep digging. And... see if you can find out more about Buddie especially signs of foul-play.

ELEANOR

Buddie? But you said-

YATES

(interrupting)

I know what I said. But after seeing what Infinity Sense can do... I'm not ruling anything out. Meanwhile prepare for a board meeting and send memos to the executives.

Eleanor nods and moves away. Yates turns back to watch the ongoing simulations, his expression a mixture of awe and unease.

INT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room is modest yet functional, with a rectangular table surrounded by mismatched chairs and a whiteboard covered in colorful scribbles of brainstorming sessions.

A projector hangs from the ceiling, casting a glow onto the screen where Chartersoft's logo is proudly displayed.

Yates stands at the head of a long table, surrounded by the company's board chairman YEOMAN (40 years), two top executives, two business stakeholders and the QA contractors.

The atmosphere is tense with anticipation. Yates holds up a hardware the size of a mini USB flash drive.

YATES

Ladies and gentlemen, what you're seeing represents not just the future of Chartersoft, but the future of safe urban transportation navigation. Tiny hardware powers the most advanced sat nav system which can work with any other in-built or standalone gps systems.

He nods to Eleanor, who dims the lights and runs the slides on the screen. The Infinity Sense interface appears, sleek and futuristic.

YATES (CONT'D)

Infinity Sense is more than just a sat nav. It's a comprehensive traffic management solution and collaborative traffic warning system that learns and adapts in real-time, harnessing road users emotional state, decision making, judgement and driving pattern history.

He demonstrates how the software uses driver data, highway data marked by QR codes to predict and manage traffic flow, reroute vehicles to avoid accidents, congestion, and even coordinate with emergency services.

YEOMAN

(skeptically)

This all looks very impressive, Yates, but how do we know it will work in real-world conditions?

YATES

(smiling confidently)

I'm glad you asked. We've run simulations and QA tests based on actual traffic and highway data from major cities around the country. The results have been... well, see for yourself.

Eleanor pulls up a series of graphs and charts, showcasing dramatic improvements in accident warning and aversion, traffic flow, reduced accident rates, and significant time savings for commuters.

YEOMAN

(leaning forward,
interested)

These stats are remarkable. But the development costs for something like this...

YATES

(interrupting)

Are already covered. In fact Infinity Sense benefited a lot from voluntary work. The core development is complete. What you're seeing is a fully functional, stable version.

The room erupts in murmurs of surprise and disbelief.

YEOMAN

How is that possible? Last month, you told the board we were at least six months away from a working prototype.

Yates hesitates for a moment, choosing his words carefully. Then looks at Eleanor.

YATES

We... had a breakthrough. Our late lead programmer on the project, Hana, volunteered to do the project for free and before she passed on us gifted us a completed version which went to a spam mail.

The executives exchange glances, some looking impressed, others suspicious.

YEOMAN

And you're certain this software is secure? Given recent high-profile hacks in the tech industry...

YATES

(nodding)

Of course. We've subjected Infinity Sense to the most rigorous QA and security testing available. Its encryption and protection protocols are unlike anything currently on the market.

As Yates continues his presentation, we see Eleanor slip quietly out of the room. She catches Yates' eye and gives a subtle disapproval.

YATES (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, Infinity Sense isn't just a product. It's a revolution in transportation planning and public safety. And Chartersoft is poised to lead that revolution.

He pauses, looking around the room with a mix of pride and determination.

YATES (CONT'D)

Any questions?

The room erupts with a flurry of questions and comments, the executives clearly excited by the potential of the software.

Yates fields their inquiries with confidence, but we can see a hint of unease behind his eyes.

AS THE MEETING CONTINUES, WE FADE TO:

INT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - YATES' OFFICE - EVENING

Yates sits behind his desk, looking exhausted but satisfied. Eleanor enters, carrying a folder.

ELEANOR

The board seems impressed. I think we've got their full support for a fast-track launch.

YATES

(nodding)

Good. We need to move quickly. The longer we wait, the greater the chance someone else beats us to market.

ELEANOR

(hesitating)

There's something else you should see.

She hands him the folder. Yates opens it and begins to read, his expression growing increasingly troubled.

YATES
 (looking up)
 Is this confirmed?

ELEANOR
 (nodding)
 As much as it can be. It seems
 Hana's AI pet was far more advanced
 than a bunch of QR code slides.

YATES
 (leaning back in his
 chair)
 So its really capable of completing
 and optimizing a project of this
 scale... it's unprecedented.

ELEANOR
 What do you want to do?

Yates is silent for a long moment, considering.

YATES
 Nothing. For now, we keep this
 between us. Let the dead bury the
 dead.

ELEANOR
 (surprised)
 But sir, if word gets out that an
 AI completed the project-

YATES
 (interrupting)
 It could tank our stock before we
 even get to market. No, as far as
 anyone else is concerned, this was
 Hana's final gift to the company. A
 posthumous breakthrough.

ELEANOR
 (uneasily)
 And Buddie?

YATES
 Keep monitoring it. I want to know
 everything it does, everywhere it
 goes in our system. But do not,
 under any circumstances, try to
 shut it down.

ELEANOR
 You don't think that's dangerous?

YATES

(smiling grimly)

Oh, it's hard to tell if it's dangerous. But right now, that AI might be the most valuable asset this company has ever possessed.

He stands up and walks to the window, looking out over the city lights.

YATES (CONT'D)

We're on the cusp of something world-changing, Eleanor. Sometimes, to change the world, you have to take risks.

Eleanor nods reluctantly and turns to leave.

YATES (CONT'D)

Eleanor?

She pauses at the door.

YATES (CONT'D)

Thank you for your discretion in this matter. I know I can count on your loyalty.

ELEANOR

(softly)

Of course, sir.

She exits, leaving Yates alone in his office. He turns back to the window, his reflection superimposed over the glittering city below.

YATES

(whispering)

What have we unleashed? Money!
Money! Money!

As if in response, his computer screen flickers to life behind him, displaying the shape-shifting QR code for a brief moment before going dark again.

INT. SIENNA'S APARTMENT BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - MORNING

Sunlight filters through thin curtains, illuminating a modest living room. Sienna frail and tired-looking, sits on a worn couch. Her son Jordan kneels beside her, holding her hand.

SIENNA

(weakly))

Jordan, I don't know how much longer I can go on like this. Since Hana... since we lost her, everything has fallen apart.

JORDAN

(squeezing her hand)

Mum, please don't talk like that. We'll get through this together.

SIENNA

(tears welling up)

But how? The medical bills keep piling up, and now the rent...

JORDAN

I promise you, I'll find a way. I've been looking into new job opportunities, and I'm not giving up.

SIENNA

(smiling sadly))

You're a good son, Jordan. But I worry about you too. You shouldn't have to carry this burden alone.

JORDAN

(determined))

It's not a burden, Mum. It's my responsibility. Hana would want me to take care of you.

A moment of silence passes between them as they both think of Hana.

SIENNA

(softly))

I miss her so much. Sometimes I think I hear her voice, or see her out of the corner of my eye...

JORDAN

(concerned))

Mum, have you been taking your medication? The doctor said those hallucinations might be a side effect if-

SIENNA

(interrupting)

I'm taking them, Jordan.

(MORE)

SIENNA (CONT'D)

But no pill can fill the hole in a mother's heart.

Jordan opens his mouth to respond, but is cut off by a loud, aggressive knocking at the door.

LANDLORD (O.S.)

Yah! Open up! I know you're in there!

Jordan squeezes his mother's hand reassuringly before standing to answer the door. He opens it to reveal MAX (50s), their portly landlord with a permanent scowl etched on his face.

MAX

(pushing past Jordan)

Where's my money? You're three months behind on rent!

JORDAN

(bowing slightly)

Mr. Max, please. We're going through a difficult time. If you could just give us a little more-

MAX

(interrupting))

More time? That's all I ever hear from you! Do you think I run a sanctuar?

SIENNA

(struggling to stand))

Please, sir. We've had some unexpected expenses. My daughter passed away recently, and-

MAX

(softening slightly, but still firm)

I'm sorry for your loss, but that doesn't change the fact that you owe me money. I have bills to pay too, you know.

JORDAN

We understand, Mr. Max. We're doing everything we can to-

MAX

(cutting him off)

I don't want to hear it. You have one month.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

One month to pay everything you owe, or you're out on the street. Understood?

SIENNA

(nodding weakly)

Yes, we understand. Thank you for your patience.

MAX

(heading towards the door)

Don't thank me yet. Just get me my money.

The landlord exits, slamming the door behind him. Jordan turns to see his mother swaying slightly, her face pale.

JORDAN

(rushing to her side)

Mum! Are you alright?

SIENNA

(pressing a hand to her forehead)

I... I think I need to lie down. My head...

JORDAN

(supporting her)

Of course, let me help you to bed.

As Jordan guides his mother towards her bedroom, we see the toll this stress is taking on both of them. The apartment feels emptier, the weight of their struggles palpable in the air.

INT. SIENNA'S APARTMENT BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - BEDROOM
- MOMENTS LATER

Jordan helps Sienna into bed, carefully arranging the pillows behind her.

SIENNA

(closing her eyes)

Jordan, what are we going to do?

JORDAN

(covering her with a blanket)

Don't worry, Mum. I'll figure something out. You just rest now.

As Sienna drifts off to sleep, Jordan sits on the edge of the bed, his face a mask of worry and determination. He pulls out his phone and starts scrolling through job listings, his jaw set with resolve.

INT. SIENNA'S APARTMENT BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - JORDAN'S ROOM - EVENING

Jordan sits hunched over a small, cluttered table, his face illuminated by the glow of his laptop screen. Stacks of papers and job applications surround him.

The room is modest, with peeling wallpaper and a few family photos on the walls.

We can hear the faint sounds of labored breathing from another room - Sienna's illness a constant, unseen presence.

Jordan sighs, rubbing his tired eyes. He clicks through various job listings, each seeming less promising than the last.

JORDAN
 (muttering to himself)
 Delivery driver... night shift
 security... Oh great, another
 unpaid internship.

He leans back in his chair, stretching. His gaze falls on a framed photo of Hana, smiling brightly in her graduation gown.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 I wish you were here, sistah. You
 always knew what to do.

Jordan returns to his laptop, scrolling aimlessly. Suddenly, a news headline catches his eye:

"CHARTERSOFT REPORTS RECORD PROFITS - EXECUTIVES CELEBRATE WITH MASSIVE BONUSES"

Jordan's eyes widen as he reads further. He clicks on an accompanying video, showing Chartersoft executives toasting champagne at a lavish party.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 The success of Chartersoft's new
 GPS navigation software, Infinity
 Sense, has propelled the company to
 unprecedented heights.
 (MORE)

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 CEO Yates announced today that all
 executives would receive
 substantial bonuses for their hard
 work...

Jordan's face darkens with anger. He slams his fist on the table, causing papers to scatter.

JORDAN
 (bitterly)
 Hard work? What about Hana's hard
 work? She poured her soul into that
 project and single-handedly
 delivered it! I thought she was
 entitled to gratuities or
 royalties?

He takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself. When he speaks again, his voice is quieter, tinged with sadness and frustration.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 If only there was some way... some
 way to make them pay what you are
 entitled, sistah. It could just be
 what we need to help mum.

Jordan stares at the image of Yates on his screen, a man living in luxury while his family struggles. The injustice of it all weighs heavily on him.

Suddenly, a pop-up ad appears on his screen. It shows a stern-looking man in clerical attire, holding a crucifix aloft.

The text beneath reads: "EXPERIENCING A STRING OF BAD LUCK? EVIL FORCES MAY BE AT WORK!"

Jordan's finger hovers over the "close" button, but something makes him hesitate. He leans in, reading further.

EXORCIST (V.O.)
 (from the ad)
 In these troubled times, many find
 themselves plagued by misfortune.
 But what if I told you that these
 hardships might not be mere chance?
 That dark, unseen forces could be
 working against you and your loved
 ones?

Jordan glances at the photo of Hana, then towards the door where his mother's labored breathing can still be heard.

EXORCIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 At the Christian Institute for Training Exorcists in Spiritual Warfare, we equip believers with the tools to combat evil in all its forms. Whether you seek to protect yourself or to join our ranks in the fight against darkness, we welcome you.

Jordan's expression changes. What started as skepticism slowly shifts to curiosity, and then to a spark of determination.

JORDAN
 (whispering)
 Maybe... maybe this is it. A way to change our luck, to fight back against whatever's been holding us down.

He reaches for his phone, hesitates for a moment, then begins to dial the number shown in the ad.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 I have to do something. For eomma. For Hana.

As Jordan waits for someone to answer, we see a mixture of hope and uncertainty on his face. He's stepping into unknown territory, driven by desperation and a desire to make things right.

INT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - YATES' OFFICE - DAY

The is bathed in the warm glow of success. YATES stands by the floor-to-ceiling windows, a thick bundle of notes in his hand. His face beams with pride as he gazes at the bustling Savannah skyline.

ELEANOR , enters the office, her usual professional demeanor tinged with excitement.

YATES
 Ah, Eleanor! Just the person I wanted to see. Come, come.

He waves her over, practically bouncing on his heels. Eleanor approaches, curiosity evident in her eyes.

YATES (CONT'D)
 Look at this.

He hands her a glossy magazine. The cover features a stylized image of a GPS navigation system with the headline: "Infinity Sense: Revolutionizing Road Navigation in the United States."

ELEANOR

(reading aloud) "Chartersoft's Infinity Sense GPS software takes the market by storm, promising safer and more efficient journeys for millions."

YATES (CONT'D)

(grinning)

Keep reading.

ELEANOR

(continuing)

"With its innovative technology, which harnesses a driver's emotions, sense of judgment, driving decisions and error, Infinity Sense has quickly become the go-to sat nav solution for safer driving across the country. Chartersoft's stock has seen a remarkable 200% increase since the software's launch..."

She trails off, looking up at Yates with wide eyes.

YATES

Two hundred percent, Eleanor. Can you believe it?

He fans himself with the bundle of notes, his excitement palpable.

ELEANOR

That's... incredible, sir.
Congratulations.

YATES

Oh, this isn't just my victory.
It's ours. The whole team's.

He pulls out a crisp note from the bundle and holds it out to Eleanor.

YATES (CONT'D)

Here. A little token of appreciation for all your hard work.

ELEANOR
 (hesitating)
 Sir, I... I can't accept this.

YATES
 (insisting)
 Nonsense. Take it. And there's more
 where that came from. We're
 implementing a new bonus structure,
 and you'll be seeing a nice bump in
 your salary too.

Eleanor takes the note, her fingers trembling slightly.

ELEANOR
 Thank you, sir. This is very
 generous.

She pauses, a shadow crossing her face.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
 Sir, I was wondering... about
 Hana's family...

Yates' smile falters for a moment.

YATES
 (carefully)
 What about them?

ELEANOR
 Well, given the success of Infinity
 Sense, and Hana's contribution to
 its development... I thought
 perhaps we might consider some form
 of compensation for her family?

Yates' expression hardens slightly.

YATES
 Eleanor, I understand your concern.
 But we need to be careful here. If
 we start "dangling money" in front
 of them, as you put it, we could be
 opening a very complicated can of
 worms.

ELEANOR
 (hesitantly)
 But sir, Hana's work was
 instrumental in-

YATES

(interrupting)

Hana was an employee, Eleanor. A valued one, certainly, but an employee nonetheless. She was compensated for her work while she was with us. If we start treating her family as if they have some kind of ownership stake in the company...

He shakes his head, his tone growing firmer.

YATES (CONT'D)

No. It sets a dangerous precedent. Next thing you know, they'll be making demands, acting as if they have a say in company decisions. We can't blur those lines.

ELEANOR

(quietly)

I understand, sir. It's just... her mother is quite ill, from what I've heard.

YATES

(sighing)

I sympathize, truly. But we can't let emotions dictate business decisions. The company may provided the standard bereavement package. Anything beyond that... it's just not feasible.

A knock at the door interrupts their conversation. Yeoman, enters with a broad smile.

YEOMAN

Yates! I just saw the numbers. Phenomenal work!

YATES

(brightening)

Yeoman! Come in, come in. We were just discussing our success.

Yeoman notices the slight tension in the room but chooses to ignore it.

YEOMAN

I can't wait to see what we do next. Have you given any thought to future versions of Infinity Sense?

YATES

(enthusiastically)

Oh, absolutely. We need to strike while the iron's hot. I'm thinking we could introduce specialized versions for different vehicle types - trucks, motorcycles, even boats.

YEOMAN

(nodding)

Smart. Diversify and expand. What about international markets?

YATES

One step at a time, but yes, that's on the horizon. We need to consolidate our position here first, become the undisputed market leader.

ELEANOR

(interjecting)

Sir, if I may... perhaps we could allocate some of our increased profits towards further research and development? To stay ahead of potential competitors?

YATES

(considering)

Not a bad idea, Eleanor. We'll need to crunch some numbers, see what we can afford without compromising our growth targets.

Suddenly, the lights flicker and go out. The room is plunged into darkness for a moment before emergency lights kick in, casting an eerie glow.

YEOMAN

(startled)

What the—

The main lights come back on just as abruptly.

YATES

(frowning)

That was strange. Eleanor, can you check with maintenance? Make sure everything's alright.

ELEANOR

Of course, sir.

As Eleanor moves to leave, Yates' computer screen flickers to life on its own. A series of QR codes flash across it, too fast to read.

YEOMAN
(pointing)
Yates, your computer...

They all turn to look. The screen goes black, then displays a single, pulsating QR code.

YATES
(unnerved)
What is this? Some kind of glitch?

ELEANOR
(hesitantly)
Should... should we scan it?

YATES
(sharply)
No! Don't touch anything. This could be a security breach.

He reaches for his phone, but as he does, it buzzes in his hand. The same QR code appears on its screen.

YEOMAN
(checking his own phone)
It's on mine too. What's going on?

The atmosphere in the room has shifted from celebration to tension. The three of them stare at the pulsating QR codes, a sense of unease growing with each passing second.

YATES
(quietly)
Eleanor, get IT up here. Now.

Eleanor nods and hurries out, leaving Yates and Yeoman alone with the QR code displays. The celebration forgotten, they exchange worried glances, the weight of an unseen threat settling over them.

INT. CHARTERSOFT COMPANY - YATES' OFFICE - DAY

Yates (45) sits at his expansive desk, the Savannah skyline visible through floor-to-ceiling windows behind him. His fingers dance across the keyboard as he reviews financial reports on his dual monitors.

A notification pops up on his screen: "New Email - Urgent"

Yates furrows his brow, clicks to open it. The subject line reads: "IMPORTANT - RE: INFINITY SENSE PROJECT"

As he moves to click the attachment, the cursor seems to glitch, moving erratically. Yates taps his mouse in frustration.

YATES
(muttering)
What the...?

The attachment opens, revealing a strange, shifting QR code. It pulses and undulates, almost seeming alive.

Yates reaches for his phone, hesitates. Something about this feels off. But curiosity gets the better of him. He punches the QR scanner app with his thumb and scans the code.

His phone screen flickers, then displays a video. The image is distorted, like found footage but unmistakably shows Hana. Her voice comes through, garbled at first, then clearing:

HANA (V.O.)
(distorted)
Mr. Yates... please... my mother...

Yates' eyes widen in shock. He quickly pauses and minimizes the video, glancing around as if someone might see.

YATES
(whispering)
This can't be real.

He takes a deep breath, then maximizes and continues the video again.

HANA (V.O.)
The royalties... the gratuities...
from Infinity Sense and Buddie. My
contract...

The image warps, Hana's face stretching unnaturally.

HANA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(continuing)
My mother, Sienna... she's sick.
She needs treatment. Please...

Yates leans back in his chair, running a hand through his hair.

YATES
 (to himself)
 This has to be some kind of scam.
 Hana is dead.

He picks up his phone, dials a number.

YATES (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Eleanor? Get me the head of IT
 security. Now.

As he waits Eleanor's reply, his gaze is drawn back to the video. Hana's distorted face seems to be staring right at him.

HANA (V.O.)
 You owe me, Mr. Yates. You owe my
 family.

Yates quickly ends the call, his hand shaking slightly as he sets down the phone.

YATES
 (muttering)
 This isn't possible. It's not real.

He stands, pacing behind his desk. The skyline behind him has darkened, storm clouds gathering.

YATES (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 It's her family. They're trying to
 squeeze more money out of us.

He stops, staring at the video again. Hana's face has morphed into something grotesque, barely human.

HANA (V.O.)
 (distorted, angry)
 Pay what you owe!

Yates stumbles back, knocking over his chair. He quickly rights it, smoothing his tie, trying to regain composure.

YATES
 (to himself)
 Get it together. You're the CEO of
 Chartersoft. You don't get rattled
 by cheap tricks.

He sits back down, takes a deep breath. With determination, he opens a new window on his computer and starts typing.

YATES (CONT'D)
 (muttering as he types)
 Fine. A small bereavement check.
 That should shut them up.

As he works, the video continues to play silently in the background. Hana's face cycles through expressions: pleading, anger, sorrow.

Yates finishes typing, hits send with a forceful click.

YATES (CONT'D)
 There. Done.

He looks back at the video, which has frozen on an image of Hana's face, tears streaming down her cheeks. For a moment, Yates' expression softens.

YATES (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 I'm sorry, Hana. I truly am. But
 business is business.

He closes the video, then the email. As he does, his computer screen flickers, just for a second.

A shape that looks like a hands bound by chains seems to press unto the monitor screen from inside, then vanishes.

Yates blinks, rubbing his eyes.

YATES (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 I need a drink.

He stands, straightening his suit jacket. As he heads for the door, he pauses, looking back at his computer. For a moment, he seems uncertain, troubled. Then he shakes his head, steeling himself.

YATES (CONT'D)
 (firmly)
 It's over. Move on.

His office phone rings, he stares at it for a while hesitating, before picking it up.

ELEANOR
 I got an authorization email to
 send Hana's family a check. Is that
 correct?

YATES
 Yes.

ELEANOR

Okay. I'll proceed at once.

He ends the call and exits the office, closing the door behind him. The room is silent, empty.

Then, faintly, almost imperceptibly, a whisper seems to come from the computer:

HANA (V.O.)

(barely audible)

It's not over, Mr. Yates. Not by a long shot. You dont know what is coming.

Here's a draft of the ninth scene, incorporating elements from the provided sources and expanding on the dialogue and action:

INT. SIENNA'S APARTMENT BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - DAY

A small, modest table is cluttered with medical supplies and unpaid bills. Sienna, now a frailty, sits at the table, her hands shaking as she holds a check.

Her landlord, MAX, putting up a stern-face, stands impatiently nearby.

SIENNA

(voice trembling)

Max, I... I received this check from my late daughter's former company. It's not much, but it should cover the outstanding rent.

She hands him the check, tears welling in her eyes. Max snatches it, his expression softening slightly as he examines it.

MAX

(nodding)

This will do for now. But what about your treatment, Sienna? You look worse than last month.

SIENNA

(coughing)

The amount... it wasn't enough for both. I had to choose.

MAX

(shifting uncomfortably)

I see.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Well, you should pray to God for healing. It would be terrible luck for you to die so soon after your daughter.

Sienna's eyes flash with a mix of anger and sorrow at the callous remark.

SIENNA

(bitterly)

If Hana is in a good place, she would help us. But it seems even the dead have no power over the living's greed.

MAX

(defensive)

Now, now, let's not speak ill of the departed. Or the living who are just trying to make a living themselves.

He pockets the check, already turning to leave.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'll see you when the next rent is due. Try to stay alive until then, eh?

As Max reaches for the door, Sienna is overcome by a violent coughing fit. She doubles over, gasping for breath. Max hesitates, his hand on the doorknob.

MAX (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Perhaps... perhaps I could speak to people at the health insurance service about a custom payment plan for your medical expenses.

SIENNA

(between coughs)

Don't... don't trouble yourself. We all have our burdens to bear.

MAX

(nodding awkwardly)

Right. Well... take care, Sienna.

He exits quickly, leaving Sienna alone in the oppressive silence of her apartment. She struggles to regain her breath, leaning heavily on the table.

Suddenly, there's a knock at the door. Sienna looks up, surprised.

SIENNA
(calling out weakly)
Who is it?

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)
Delivery for Sienna!

Sienna slowly makes her way to the door, opening it to reveal a young DELIVERY MAN holding a small package.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
(cheerfully)
Sign here, please.

Sienna signs for the package, her curiosity piqued. As soon as the delivery man leaves, she carefully opens it. Inside is a book, its cover adorned with intricate, Koine Greek letters.

SIENNA
(murmuring)
What on earth...?

She opens the book, revealing pages filled with QR codes. Intrigued, she reaches for her phone and scans the first code. A message appears on her screen:

"The veil between worlds is thin. Some souls linger, trapped between Heaven, Hell, and Earth."

Sienna's eyes widen. She quickly scans another code:

"The righteous may walk among us, seeking justice denied in life."

Her hands trembling, Sienna continues scanning the codes, each message more cryptic and unsettling than the last:

"The dead do not always rest. Some have unfinished business."

"There is an unearthly prison which is not a place, but a state of being. The soul must find peace to move on."

"Those who profit from the dead may find themselves haunted by more than memories."

As Sienna scans the final QR code, her phone screen flashes, and a map app installs and opens. A pulsing red dot appears, with a message overlay:

"Find Yates. Seek justice for Hana."

Sienna stares at the screen, a mix of fear and determination settling over her features.

SIENNA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Hana... are you trying to tell me something?

She clutches the phone to her chest, torn between hope and disbelief. The room seems to darken around her, shadows lengthening as if reaching out to embrace her.

SIENNA (CONT'D)
 (resolute)
 I will find him, my daughter. I will make things right.

As Sienna begins to gather her things, preparing to leave despite her weakened state, the lights in the apartment flicker ominously.

The air grows cold, and for a moment, Sienna swears she can hear the faint echo of her daughter's voice:

HANA'S VOICE (V.O.)
 (ethereal whisper)
 Be careful, mother. The path to justice is fraught with danger.

Sienna pauses, her hand on the doorknob. She takes a deep breath, steeling herself for whatever lies ahead.

SIENNA
 (determined)
 I'm not afraid, Hana. Not anymore.

She opens the door and steps out into the hallway, leaving behind the safety of her apartment and venturing into a world now tinged with supernatural possibility.

The door closes behind her with a soft click, as if sealing her fate.

INT. JAMESON RESTAURANT - BROUGHTON STREET - NIGHT

The opulent Jameson restaurant possessing a Victorian era feel buzzes with feasting customers. At a large, circular table, Yates sits with Yeoman and six corporate associates, all dressed in expensive suits.

The table is laden with a lavish spread of American delicacies and bottles of premium drinks.

YATES
 (raising his glass)
 To Infinity Sense, gentlemen. May
 our profits continue to soar!

The group cheers and clinks glasses. As they drink, we see Sienna enter the restaurant, clutching her phone tightly.

She looks worn and frail, her eyes darting nervously around the room until they land on Yates.

Sienna approaches the table hesitantly. Yates notices her and his smile falters.

YATES (CONT'D)
 (quietly to a nearby
 waiter)
 Security, please.

Sienna reaches the table just as two security guards appear behind her.

SIENNA
 (bowing slightly)
 Mr. Yates, I'm sorry to interrupt.
 I'm Mrs. Yackley, Hana's mother.
 You were there at her funeral and
 spoke in high regard of her.

The table falls silent. Yates' associates exchange uncomfortable glances.

YATES
 (coldly)
 How did you find me?

SIENNA
 (holding up her phone)
 I... I received a map. Please, Mr.
 Yates, I need to speak with you
 about my daughter's royalties.

YEOMAN
 (scoffing)
 Unbelievable. They're like
 vultures.

YATES
 (to Sienna)
 First it was those sick videos, now
 you are tracking my location.
 Madam, this is highly
 inappropriate. We've already sent
 your family a check.

SIENNA

(voice trembling)

But it wasn't enough. I'm very ill, Mr. Yates. I need treatment, and without Hana's full royalties...

YATES

(interrupting)

Your daughter's contract has been fulfilled. Chartersoft owes you nothing more.

SIENNA

(desperate)

But she worked so hard on Infinity Sense. It's making so much money now...

YEOMAN

(to Yates)

This is exactly why we need to cut all ties. They'll never stop coming back for more.

Yates nods, his jaw clenched.

YATES

(to the security guards)

Please escort this woman out before I do something I'll regret.

The guards move to take Sienna's arms. She doesn't resist but continues pleading.

SIENNA

Please, Mr. Yates. Hana would have wanted...

YATES

(sharply)

Hana is dead. And I won't have you sully my peace or our company's reputation with your greed.

Sienna's eyes fill with tears as the guards begin to lead her away.

YATES (CONT'D)

(pulling out his tablet)

We need to put an end to this once and for all.

CORPORATE ASSOCIATE 1

What do you mean?

YATES

I'm going to delete the entire database of gratuities and benefits for deceased staff. No more loose ends.

CORPORATE ASSOCIATE 1

(hesitating)

Is that... legal? You could face a lawsuit?

YEOMAN

(smirking)

Who's going to stop him? Dead employees?

Yates taps furiously on his tablet. Suddenly, his expression changes to one of confusion, then fear.

YATES

What the...

A ghostly, burning hand emerges from the tablet screen, grabbing Yates by the tie. It becomes more engulfed in flames and more solid by the second.

The other diners begin to notice, screaming and pointing.

Before anyone can react, the fiery hand SLAPS Yates across the face with tremendous force. There's a sickening CRACK as several of Yates' teeth are knocked loose.

In horrifying slow motion, we see the teeth fly through the air, trailing blood. They embed themselves deep in Yeoman's face with unnatural force.

Yeoman's eyes go wide with shock and pain. He tries to scream, but only gurgles as blood pours from his mouth and the new wounds in his face.

He collapses onto the table, scattering dishes and glasses.

The restaurant erupts into chaos. People are screaming, running for the exits. Yates sits frozen in his chair, holding his bleeding mouth, staring at Yeoman's lifeless body in disbelief.

CORPORATE ASSOCIATE 1

(panicking)

What just happened? What was that?!

YATES

(barely audible)

Hana... It can't be...

In the commotion, we see several corporate associates and diners slip out of the restaurant, a mixture of fear and vindication on their faces.

EXT. JAMESON RESTAURANT - BROUGHTON STREET - NIGHT

Police cars and an ambulance arrive with sirens blaring. Officers quickly cordon off the area and begin questioning shell-shocked witnesses.

Two PARAMEDICS rush into the restaurant with a gurney. Moments later, they emerge with Yates, who looks pale and disoriented.

As they load him into the ambulance, we hear snippets of conversation:

PARAMEDIC 1
... severe shock... possible
cardiac event...

PARAMEDIC 2
We're taking him to St. Joseph's
and Chandler's in Bucheon...

The ambulance doors slam shut and it speeds away, leaving behind a scene of confusion and horror.

INT. SIENNA'S APARTMENT BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - LATE AFTERNOON

The apartment is dimly lit by the fading sunlight filtering through thin curtains.

INT. SIENNA'S APARTMENT BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The bedroom features a neatly made traditional wooden bed adorned with floral-patterned blankets, accompanied by a small, well-worn vanity table cluttered with family photos and cherished knickknacks.

A low wooden cabinet stands against the wall, holding a modest collection of keepsakes and books, while a single potted plant by the window brings a touch of nature into the cozy space.

Drug packs and pill bottles vie for territorial space beside a worn but tidy bed where Sienna lies, her face gaunt and tired.

The door opens, and Jordan enters, his shoulders slumped from a long day.

JORDAN
(forcing a smile)
Mom, I'm home. How are you feeling today?

SIENNA
(weakly)
Jordan... Welcome back. Any luck with the job search?

Jordan moves to his mother's bedside, gently taking her hand.

JORDAN
(sighing)
Not yet. But don't worry, something will come up soon.

He pauses, a look of determination crossing his face.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Mom, I've been thinking... I think I know what I want to do with my life.

SIENNA
(curious)
Oh? What's that, my son?

JORDAN
(taking a deep breath)
I want to become a lay exorcist.

Sienna's eyes widen in surprise.

SIENNA
An exorcist? But why, Jordan?

JORDAN
(passionately)
Mom, look at everything that's happened to our family. Hana's premature death, your illness, our financial struggles... It's like we're cursed. I want to fight back against whatever dark forces are plaguing us.

SIENNA

(concerned)

Jordan, I appreciate your desire to help, but exorcism? That's a dangerous path.

JORDAN

(determined)

I know it sounds crazy, Mom. But I feel called to this. I want to protect people from the kind of suffering we've endured.

Sienna coughs, and Jordan quickly pours her a glass of water.

SIENNA

(after drinking)

I understand your feelings, but how would you even afford such training?

JORDAN

(deflating slightly)

I... I haven't figured that part out yet. But I'll find a way. I have to.

SIENNA

(sighing)

Jordan, I hate to crush your dreams, but we can barely afford my treatments. How can we possibly pay for exorcism school training?

Jordan sits on the edge of the bed, his face falling.

JORDAN

I know, Mom. I just... I feel so helpless. I want to do something, anything, to change our luck.

SIENNA

(patting his hand)

I know, my son. I feel the same way. In fact...

She trails off, her expression darkening.

JORDAN

(concerned)

What is it, Mom?

SIENNA
 (hesitating)
 I... I did something foolish today.

JORDAN
 (alarmed)
 What? What happened?

SIENNA
 (shamefully)
 I went to confront Yates... Hana's old boss.

JORDAN
 (shocked)
 You did what? Mom, you're not well enough to be going out like that!

SIENNA
 (defensive)
 I had to try, Jordan. We need the money Hana was owed. For my treatments, for our future...

JORDAN
 (softening)
 Oh, Mom... I understand. But it's dangerous. What happened?

SIENNA
 (bitterly)
 It was humiliating. I found him at a fancy restaurant in Downtown, dining with his rich friends...

JORDAN
 (furious)
 How dare they treat you like that! After everything Hana did for their company!

SIENNA
 (wearily)
 It's the way of the world, Jordan. The rich get richer, and people like us...

She trails off, coughing again. Jordan helps her sit up, adjusting her pillows.

JORDAN
 (determined)
 This isn't right, Mom.
 (MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to confront Yates myself.
Make him see reason.

SIENNA

(alarmed)

No, Jordan! Please, don't make things worse. We can't afford any trouble.

JORDAN

(insistent)

But Mom, we can't just let them get away with this! Hana would want us to fight! We are talking about life changing money here.

SIENNA

(pleading)

Promise me you won't do anything rash, Jordan. Please. I couldn't bear to lose you too. These corporations harbor dangerous men with strong financial interests.

Jordan looks conflicted, torn between his anger and his mother's plea.

JORDAN

(reluctantly)

Alright, Mom. I promise I won't do anything... rash.

SIENNA

(relieved)

Thank you, my son. Now, tell me more about this exorcism idea of yours. Where did it come from?

JORDAN

(brightening slightly)

Well, I've been doing a lot of research online. There's this institute in Mercy Boulevard that offers training...

INT. SIENNA'S APARTMENT BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - BEDROOM
THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Jordan is dressed and ready to go out, a determined look on his face. Sienna watches him from her bed, concern etched on her features.

SIENNA
Where are you going, Jordan?

JORDAN
(evasively)
Just... out for a bit, Mom. I need
some fresh air.

SIENNA
(suspicious)
You're not going to confront Yates,
are you?

JORDAN
(hesitating)
I... No, Mom. I promised I wouldn't
do anything rash, remember?

SIENNA
(not entirely convinced)
Alright. Be careful out there.

Jordan kisses his mother's forehead and leaves the apartment. As soon as the door closes behind him, his face hardens with resolve.

JORDAN
(to himself)
I'm sorry, Mom. But someone has to
stand up to corporate greed.

EXT. BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan flags down a taxi, climbing in with purpose.

JORDAN
St. Joseph's and Chandler's
Hospital in Mercy Boulevard,
please.

The driver nods and pulls away from the curb. As they drive, Jordan's eyelids grow heavy. He tries to fight it, but soon drifts off to sleep.

FADE TO:

EXT. CATHOLIC PASTORAL INSTITUTE FOR EXORCISTS, SAVANNAH -
LATER

Jordan jerks awake, finding himself standing outside an imposing stone building. A sign reads "Catholic Pastoral Institute for Exorcists."

JORDAN
 (confused)
 What the... How did I get here?

He looks around, disoriented. A few students in clerical attire pass by, giving him curious looks. Jordan shakes his head and flags down another taxi.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (to the driver)
 St. Joseph's and Chandler's
 Hospital, please. And I'm sorry,
 but could you make sure I stay
 awake?

DRIVER
 (chuckling)
 Sure thing, kid. Long night?

JORDAN
 You have no idea...

As they drive, Jordan fights to keep his eyes open, but once again succumbs to an inexplicable drowsiness. When he wakes, he's back in front of the Institute.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (frustrated)
 Not again!

This cycle repeats once more with a bus and then the train, each time Jordan finding himself back at the Institute's entrance.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (to himself, resigned)
 Fine. Maybe this is where I'm
 supposed to be.

He takes a deep breath and walks towards the entrance.

As he approaches, the doors swing open, revealing FATHER NOLAN (50), a kind-faced man in priestly black cassock with a clerical collar.

FATHER NOLAN
 (smiling)
 Ah, you must be Jordan. How are you
 and your mother coping with your
 loss?

JORDAN

(sighs)

Tough, but I have come here hoping to turn things around. May be the Lord is calling me to something big.

FATHER NOLAN

(reassuring)

The Lord works in mysterious ways, my son. Come, let's talk about your calling.

INT. CATHOLIC PASTORAL INSTITUTE FOR EXORCISTS - FATHER NOLAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The office is a serene and orderly space, with a large wooden desk, shelves filled with religious texts, and a simple crucifix on the wall, bathed in the soft light streaming through a stained-glass window.

The desk is covered with books on Irenaean theodicy and exorcism rites. Jordan sits across from Father Nolan, still looking bewildered.

FATHER NOLAN

So, Jordan. Tell me why you feel called to the path of lay exorcism.

JORDAN

(hesitating)

I... I'm not sure I do, Father. I mean, I've been thinking about it, but I ended up here by accident. Or maybe it wasn't an accident...

He trails off, confused. Father Nolan leans forward, his expression kind but probing.

FATHER NOLAN

There are no accidents in God's plan, Jordan. Although he may permit an accident if it will fulfill his plans. Why don't you tell me what's been troubling you?

JORDAN

(sighing)

It's my family, Father. We've been plagued by misfortune. My sister died, my mother is very ill, and we're struggling financially. It feels like... like we're cursed.

FATHER NOLAN

(nodding)

I see. And you believe becoming an exorcist might help you combat these dark forces?

JORDAN

(passionate)

Yes! I want to protect people from suffering like we have. But... we can't afford the training. I don't even know how I'd begin.

Father Nolan smiles, reaching into his desk drawer.

FATHER NOLAN

Perhaps this is the answer you've been seeking.

He hands Jordan an envelope. Inside is a letter with a QR code printed at the bottom.

FATHER NOLAN (CONT'D)

We received this from an anonymous donor. They're offering scholarships to promising candidates who feel called to our work.

JORDAN

(stunned)

A scholarship? But... how? Why me?

FATHER NOLAN

(gently)

Faith often requires us to take leaps, Jordan. Why don't you scan the code and see what happens?

With shaking hands, Jordan takes out his phone and scans the QR code. To his shock, a found footage video begins to play. It shows his sister, Hana, her image flickering and distorted.

HANA

(voice echoing)

Jordan... Stay away from Yates. This isn't the path. Danger...

The video cuts out abruptly, replaced by an online scholarship application form. Father Nolan didn't sense the phenomenon.

JORDAN

(pale)

Father... did you see that?

FATHER NOLAN

(calmly)

I saw nothing but the application form, my son. What did you see?

JORDAN

(shaken)

I... I saw my dead sister. She was warning me about something.

FATHER NOLAN

(leaning forward)

Jordan, visions like this are not uncommon in our line of work. They can be messages from beyond, or they can be tricks of dark forces. What matters is how we interpret and act on them.

JORDAN

(conflicted)

But if it really was Hana... shouldn't I listen to her warning?

FATHER NOLAN

Perhaps. Or perhaps this is a test of your resolve. The path of an exorcist is not an easy one, Jordan. You will face many challenges and temptations.

JORDAN

(determined)

I want to help people, Father. I want to understand what's happening to my family.

FATHER NOLAN

Then I suggest you pray on it, and if you feel called, fill out that application. The choice is yours, Jordan.

Jordan stares at the phone screen, torn between his sister's warning and his desire to make a difference. Finally, he begins to fill out the form.

INT. ST. JOSEPH'S/CANDLER HOSPITALS, SAVANNAH - PRIVATE ROOM
- AFTERNOON

The patient's room is a sterile yet functional space with white walls, a single bed surrounded by beeping monitors, an IV stand, and a small, uncomfortable chair for visitors, with a window offering a bleak view of the parking lot below.

The walls seem to close in on YATES, who lies restlessly on the bed. His face is a canvas of pain, marred by a vivid hand-shaped burn on a swollen cheek.

The rhythmic beeping of medical equipments provides an unsettling backdrop.

His wife, MOLLY-SHAW (35), sits beside him, her face etched with concern. She leans forward, her voice soft but insistent.

MOLLY-SHAW

Darling, please tell me what really happened. This doesn't look like a simple bar fight.

Yates shifts uncomfortably, wincing as the movement aggravates his injuries.

YATES

(irritably)

I told you, it was just some drunk idiots. Things got out of hand. Can we drop it?

MOLLY-SHAW

(sighing)

Yates, I'm your wife. We don't keep secrets from each other. Remember our vows?

Yates' expression softens slightly at the mention of their wedding.

YATES

(softening)

Molly-shaw, I appreciate your concern. But really, it's nothing to worry about. Just some hot-headed businessmen who couldn't hold their liquor.

MOLLY-SHAW

(skeptical)

And one of them happened to have a hand-shaped branding iron?

Yates attempts a weak chuckle, which turns into a grimace of pain.

YATES

You know how creative people can get when they're drunk.

Molly-Shaw stands up, shaking her head in frustration.

MOLLY-SHAW

I'm going to get some coffee. When I come back, I hope you'll be ready to tell me the truth.

As she walks out, Yates calls after her.

YATES

Bring me back one of those red bean buns from the cafeteria, will you?

Molly-shaw doesn't respond, leaving Yates alone in the room. He sinks back into the pillows, his facade of nonchalance crumbling.

Fear flickers across his face as he gingerly touches the burn mark.

YATES (CONT'D)

(whispering to himself)
What the hell is happening?

The door opens, and Yates quickly composes himself, expecting Molly-Shaw. Instead, a BLONDE NURSE (38) enters, pushing a small cart with medical supplies.

She is well built and wears a reassuring smile with a calming presence that matches her blue medical scrubs.

BLONDE NURSE

(cheerfully)
Good afternoon, Mr. Yates. How are we feeling today?

Yates eyes her warily.

YATES

Like I've been hit by a truck. When can I get out of here?

The nurse chuckles as she begins preparing an IV bag.

BLONDE NURSE

Not quite yet, I'm afraid. We need to make sure you're properly healed before we can discharge you. Now, let's get you some pain relief, shall we?

She hangs the IV bag and connects it to Yates' existing line. As she injects the medication into the bag, Yates' eyes widen in horror. The entire IV line suddenly bursts into flames.

YATES

(screaming)

What the—? Stop! What are you doing?

He frantically tries to pull the needle from his hand, the flames licking at his skin. The nurse's cheerful attitude vanishes, replaced by a terrifying visage. Her eyes turn pitch black, and her hands ignite with an otherworldly fire.

BLONDE NURSE

(voice distorted)

You owe me, Yates. You owe all of us.

Yates scrambles out of the bed, ripping the IV from his arm. Blood trickles down his hand, mixing with the burns.

YATES

(panicking)

Who are you? What do you want from me?

The nurse now clearly revealed as a GHOSTX lunges at Yates, her flaming hands outstretched.

GHOSTX

(screaming)

Everything you took from us!

She grabs Yates by the knees, her touch searing his flesh. Yates howls in agony, the smell of burning skin filling the room.

YATES

(through gritted teeth)

I don't know what you're talking about! Please, stop!

GHOSTX

(eyes blazing)

Liar! You know exactly what you did. To me, to all of us.

(MORE)

GHOSTX (CONT'D)

Did you think you could just erase us? Delete our lives like files on a computer?

Yates' eyes widen with recognition and fear.

YATES

(gasping)

Isabelle? But... but you're dead!

ISABELLE (GHOSTX)

(laughing maniacally)

Dead? Oh, Yates. Death is just the beginning. And your beginning of eternal torment starts now.

She tightens her grip on Yates' knees, the flames intensifying. Yates screams, his voice raw with pain and terror.

Suddenly, the door bursts open. JORDAN rushes in, carrying a fire extinguisher.

JORDAN

(shouting)

Let him go!

Without hesitation, Jordan unleashes a blast from the fire extinguisher, engulfing Isabelle in a cloud of white powder. She shrieks, her form seeming to waver and distort.

ISABELLE

(voice echoing)

This isn't over, Yates. We will have our revenge!

With a final, piercing scream, Isabelle vanishes, leaving behind a smoldering QR code burned into the floor where she stood.

Yates collapses, his legs buckling beneath him. Jordan rushes to his side, helping him onto the bed.

JORDAN

Are you alright? What was that... thing?

Yates stares at Jordan, his eyes wild with fear and confusion.

YATES

(breathing heavily)

Who are you? How did you know... how to stop her?

JORDAN

I'm Jordan, Hana's brother. I came here to talk to you about her, but then I heard the screaming...

Yates' face pales at the mention of Hana's name.

YATES

(whispering)

Hana... Oh God, what have I done?

Before Jordan can respond, Molly-Shaw rushes back into the room, followed by two PARAMEDICS.

MOLLY-SHAW

(panicked)

Yates! What happened? I heard screaming!

She sees the state of the room—the charred IV line, the burn marks on the floor, and Yates' additional injuries.

MOLLY-SHAW (CONT'D)

(to the paramedics)

Quick, help him!

As the paramedics move to assess Yates, he grabs Molly-Shaw's arm.

YATES

(urgently)

We need to leave. Now. It's not safe here.

MOLLY-SHAW

(confused)

What are you talking about? You need treatment! But who did this?

YATES

(insistent)

No! We're leaving. I'll explain everything later, but we need to go home now.

Jordan steps forward, his expression serious.

JORDAN

Mr. Yates, I think it would be best if we talked. There's more going on here than you realize.

Yates eyes Jordan suspiciously but nods.

YATES

Fine. But not here. We'll talk at my house.

Despite the paramedics' protests, Yates insists on leaving. With Molly-Shaw and Jordan's help, and accompanied by the reluctant paramedics, they make their way out of the hospital room.

As they leave, the TV in the corner of the room flickers to life. The screen distorts, and suddenly, papers begin to materialize, seeming to pour out of the TV itself.

They flutter to the ground, each one bearing a strange, shifting QR code.

The room is empty for a moment, the papers settling on the floor like bizarre technological leaves.

Moments later, the door opens, and a FEMALE JANITOR (50) enters, pushing her cleaning cart.

FEMALE JANITOR

(muttering to herself)

Aish, what a mess. These rich patients, always leaving their trash everywhere.

She begins to collect the papers, grumbling as she works. As she picks up one of the sheets, the smoking QR code catches her eye.

FEMALE JANITOR (CONT'D)

(curious)

Hm? What's this? They wanna burn down everybody?

She pulls out her phone and scans the code. For a moment, nothing happens. Then, the air in the room seems to shimmer and distort.

Suddenly, Hana appears—a ghostly figure, half-human and half-corpse, dressed in her burial gown with QR codes stamped all over her skin. The janitor stumbles back, her eyes wide with terror.

HANA

(gently)

Please, don't be afraid. I need your help.

The janitor backs away, her voice trembling.

FEMALE JANITOR

W-what are you? Stay away!

HANA

(reaching out)

I promise I won't hurt you. I just need to borrow your phone. It's important.

The janitor, overwhelmed by fear, nods frantically. She drops her phone and flees from the room, her screams echoing down the hallway.

Hana sighs, bending down to pick up the phone. She looks at it, then at the QR code still burning on the floor where Isabelle vanished.

HANA (CONT'D)

(determined)

I'm sorry, witch. But I can't let you hurt anyone else. Let alone burning down this hospital.

She holds the phone over the now burning QR code. The screen glows brightly, and the fiery symbol begins to fade. As it disappears completely, Hana nods, satisfied.

HANA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Now, to find Jordan and stop this before it goes too far.

With a shimmering distortion of the air, Hana vanishes, leaving behind only the scattered papers and the lingering scent of ozone.

FADE OUT.

INT. YATES' RIVER STREET RESIDENCE, SAVANNAH - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room exudes opulence with plush velvet sofas arranged around a marble coffee table, adorned with intricate American ceramics and art pieces.

Floor-to-ceiling windows overlook a meticulously manicured garden, while a grand piano stands elegantly in one corner, reflecting the CEO's refined taste and success.

However, The opulent mansion is a stark contrast to the tension filling the air.

INT. YATES' RIVER STREET RESIDENCE, SAVANNAH - BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom exudes opulence with its king-sized bed draped in silk sheets, intricate American artwork adorning the walls, beside a wall-mounted TV.

Floor-to-ceiling windows offer a panoramic view of the district's glittering skyline.

YATES lays stiffly on the bed, his face and hands still bearing the marks of his recent ordeal.

Molly-Shaw hovers nearby, concern etched on her face. Dr. Hugo stands by a large window, occasionally glancing outside as if expecting more supernatural trouble. Eleanor sits primly in an armchair, tablet in hand.

Jordan stands before them, looking out of place in his modest clothing. He takes a deep breath, steeling himself.

JORDAN

Mr. Yates, thank you for agreeing to see me. I know you're recovering, but this couldn't wait.

YATES

(irritably)

Get on with it. What's so urgent?

JORDAN

Sir, we already met at Hana's burial. I'm here about the money owed to her - the royalties and gratuities from the Infinity Sense project.

MOLLY-SHAW

(softly)

Honey, isn't that the programmer who passed away?

YATES

(shifting uncomfortably)

Yes, yes. We sent a condolence check to the family already.

JORDAN

(shaking his head)

That check was... it wasn't nearly enough. My sister worked herself to death for your company.

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The success of Infinity Sense you know is largely due to her efforts.

DR. HUGO

(turning from the window)

Jordan, I sympathize with you but I'm not sure this is the best time as the patient is in shock-

JORDAN

(interrupting, his voice rising)

With all due respect, Doctor, when is the right time? Our mother is dying. She needs treatment we can't afford because the money that should have come to our family is sitting in Chartersoft's accounts.

YATES

(leaning forward, anger flashing in his eyes)

Now listen here-

Suddenly, all of their phones chime simultaneously. They each pull out their devices, looks of confusion turning to horror as they see the screen.

MOLLY-SHAW

(gasping)

What is this?

On each phone screen is a bright red QR code. As they watch, text appears above it: "RUN." The message is quickly obscured as digital blood seems to ooze down their screens.

ELEANOR

(dropping her tablet)

Mr. Yates, what's happening?

Before anyone can respond, a chilling sight stops them cold. HANA, or rather her ghostly form, materializes in the center of the room.

Her appearance is both familiar and terrifyingly wrong - translucent yet solid, with an otherworldly glow about her.

YATES

(trembling)

Im-impossible!

The apparition of Hana doesn't speak. Instead, she tilts her head at an unnatural angle, then begins to walk. Not across the floor, but up the wall.

Her movements are jerky and inhuman as she crawls vertically with her hands, defying gravity with a horizontally inclined body.

MOLLY-SHAW screams. DR. HUGO makes a dash for the door, fumbling with his car keys.

DR. HUGO
(panicked)
This isn't- I can't- I have to go!

Moments later, the sound of screeching tires can be heard outside as the doctor peels away from the house in a silver Hyundai Kona Electric.

Hana's ghost reaches the ceiling, then simply vanishes. The room is left in stunned silence for a moment.

YATES
(breathing heavily)
What... what was that?

JORDAN
(his voice shaking
slightly)
That was a Ghostx - the vengeful ghost of someone who died with unfinished business. It's my sister's, haunting you because of the injustice done to her and our family.

MOLLY-SHAW
(turning to Yates)
Honey, is what he's saying true? Did you really withhold money from this poor family?

YATES
(defensive)
It's business, Molly-Shaw. You wouldn't understand. There are protocols, legalities-

ELEANOR
(interrupting)
Sir, if I may... perhaps we should reconsider our position on this matter. Given the circumstances...

YATES
(exploding)
Given what circumstances?
(MORE)

YATES (CONT'D)

Some parlor trick? A hologram? This is clearly a shakedown!

JORDAN

(stepping forward)

Mr. Yates, I assure you this is no trick. My sister's spirit is restless because of the wrong done to her. To us. You've also seen the other entity with your own eyes and the power it wields. Do you really want to risk further angering her?

MOLLY-SHAW

(placing a hand on Yates' arm)

Darling, please. Think about what's happened to you already. The incident at the restaurant, the hospital... we can't ignore this.

YATES

(deflating slightly)

I... I don't know what to believe anymore.

ELEANOR

(cautiously)

Sir, from a practical standpoint... settling this matter quietly might be in the company's best interest. If word got out about these... occurrences...

YATES

(rubbing his temples)

Fine. Fine! Eleanor, transfer the full amount of gratuities and royalties to Hana. Send it to... what was your name again?

JORDAN

Jordan, sir. But please, send it to our mother's account her name is Mrs. Sienna Yackley. She's the one who needs it most urgently.

YATES

(waving a hand dismissively)

Whatever. Just do it, Eleanor. I want this nightmare to be over.

Eleanor nods and begins tapping on her tablet. Jordan's shoulders sag with relief.

JORDAN

Thank you, Mr. Yates. I know this doesn't make everything right, but it will help my mother get the care she needs.

MOLLY-SHAW

(softly)

I'm so sorry for your loss, Jordan. And for what your family has been through.

YATES

(gruffly)

Yes, yes. Now, if there's nothing else-

Suddenly, the lights in the room flicker ominously. A chill wind seems to blow through the closed windows.

ELEANOR

(looking up from her tablet)

The transfer is complete, sir. But... something strange is happening with our systems.

Before anyone can respond, ghostly QR codes created with dripping black ink begins to appear on the walls, as if an invisible hand is scrawling a message:

"THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING."

YATES

(panicked)

What does that mean? What else could she want?

JORDAN

(backing towards the door)

I... I don't know. I thought this would be enough. I need to get back to my mother.

MOLLY-SHAW

(clutching Yates' arm)

Honey, maybe we should leave too. Go somewhere else for a while.

YATES

(shaking his head)

No. No, I won't be driven from my own home by some... some ghost!

As if in response to his defiance, every electronic device in the room begins to malfunction. The TV turns on by itself, cycling rapidly through channels.

Phones and tablets emit ear-piercing screeches.

ELEANOR

(covering her ears)

Mr. Yates, please! We need to go!

Jordan takes advantage of the chaos to slip out the door. As he leaves, he catches a glimpse of Hana's apparition in a mirror, her expression unreadable.

YATES

(shouting over the noise)

I do not want to go! Molly-Shaw, running will not help me or any one. If it is really a ghost then it can follow us anywhere.

The ghostly writing on the wall vanishes, halting the chaos

The scene fades to black as the cacophony of malfunctioning electronics ceases, leaving the characters' fates uncertain.

INT. CAB - EVENING

The soft glow of streetlights along River street flickers across Jordan's face as he sits in the back of a cab, his eyes bright with excitement.

The cityscape of Savannah rushes by outside the window, a blur of neon signs and towering buildings.

Jordan clutches his phone tightly, his thumb hovering over his mother's contact information.

JORDAN

(to himself, sotto voce)

Come on, Mom. Pick up. Please pick up.

He presses the call button and holds the phone to his ear, listening intently. The ringtone echoes hollowly, unanswered. Jordan's brow furrows with concern.

CAB DRIVER
 (glancing in the rearview
 mirror)
 Everything okay back there?

JORDAN
 (forcing a smile)
 Yes, thank you. Just trying to
 reach my mother. She's been ill.

CAB DRIVER
 (nodding sympathetically)
 Ah, I see. I hope she's alright.
 Where are we headed again?

JORDAN
 308 Broughton street, please. As
 fast as you can.

The cab driver nods and accelerates slightly, weaving through the evening traffic. Jordan tries his mother's number again, but there's still no answer.

He leans back in his seat, a mix of excitement and worry playing across his face.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 We did it, Mom. We finally got what
 Hana deserved. I can't wait to tell
 you...

INT. SIENNA'S APARTMENT BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - EVENING

The door to the modest apartment creaks open. JORDAN steps inside, his face etched with weariness from the day's events. The apartment is eerily quiet, shadows stretching across the worn furniture.

JORDAN
 Mom? I'm home.

No response. Jordan's brow furrows as he moves deeper into the apartment.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Mom? Are you feeling any better?

He rounds the corner into the small bedroom and freezes.

INT. SIENNA'S APARTMENT BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - SIENNA'S
BEDROOM - EVENING

Jordan's eyes widen in horror at what it beholds.

JORDAN
(whispered)
Oh God... no...

On the bed lies a body completely wrapped in bandages, like a mummy from an ancient tomb. Jordan rushes forward, his hands shaking as he reaches for the lifeless figure.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Mom! Mom, can you hear me?

He gently cradles her, tears welling in his eyes.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Help! Somebody help us!

His cries echo in the empty apartment. As he holds the body, something catches his eye - a small, square pattern on the bandages covering the face.

Jordan leans in closer, realizing it's a QR code.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(confused)
What the...?

With trembling hands, he pulls out his phone and scans the code. The screen flickers to life, revealing a haunting image: HANA, his sister, lying peacefully in an open coffin.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(breathless)
Hana?

He looks back at the bandaged figure, but it's no longer there. Instead, lying in his arms is Hana - or rather, a corpse version of her.

Her skin is pale, with an otherworldly shimmer. Before Jordan can react, Hana's eyes snap open, revealing pale, unseeing pupils.

HANA
(screaming)
JORDAN!

Jordan recoils, nearly falling off the bed in shock as he drops her.

JORDAN
 (panicked)
 Hana? How... what's happening? You
 are supposed to be dead.

Hana sits up, her movements jerky and unnatural. Her eyes
 lock onto Jordan, filled with a mixture of anger and concern.

HANA
 (furious)
 What were you thinking? I told you
 to stay away from Yates!

JORDAN
 (defensive)
 I was trying to get help! Mom
 needed the money, and you-

HANA
 (interrupting)
 I know you need the money but Yates
 is impulsive, Jordan! He's prone to
 overreacting. You have no idea what
 you've stirred up!

JORDAN
 (confused)
 What are you talking about? Where's
 Mom?

Hana's expression softens slightly, but the otherworldly
 pallor of her skin remains unsettling.

HANA
 Mom's been taken, Jordan. By a
 Ghostx - a vengeful spirit. I
 believe you've met her.

JORDAN
 (disbelieving)
 You mean the ghost from the
 hospital? Hana, this isn't funny.
 Where is she?

HANA
 (sighing)
 This is all real, Jordan. The
 ghost's name is Isabelle. She used
 to work for Chartersoft, just like
 I did.

JORDAN
(struggling to comprehend)
What does this have to do with Mom?
With Yates?

HANA
Everything. Isabelle is furious
with Yates for cutting off her
gratuities and royalties. She was
instrumental in the early stages of
sat nav.

JORDAN
(connecting the dots)
Infinity Sense?

HANA
Yes. Isabelle created the initial
concept designs and wireframes
before I even joined the company.

Hana's form oozes smoke. Jordan reaches out instinctively,
but Hana doesn't allow him touch her.

JORDAN
(concerned)
Hana, what's happening to you?

HANA
(grimacing)
I am in pains which you cannot
comprehend. Listen carefully,
Jordan. Isabelle was brilliant, but
she clashed with Yates. She
insisted on following her own
creative vision, which went against
the company's goals.

JORDAN
Let me guess - Yates didn't like
that.

HANA
(nodding)
His ego couldn't handle it. He
suspended her from the project.

JORDAN
(frowning)
But that doesn't explain why she's
so angry now. Why take Mom?

HANA

After her suspension, Isabelle started freelancing as a hacker for criminal gangs. When Yates found out, he terminated her contract completely to protect the company's reputation.

JORDAN

(realizing)

And without her initial work...

HANA

(finishing his thought)

I wouldn't have been able to progress as quickly with Infinity Sense. Her foundational concepts were crucial.

Jordan stands up, pacing the small room as he processes this information.

JORDAN

So this... Ghostx, Isabelle, she's taken Mom as revenge against Yates?

HANA

(shaking her head)

No. She's angry at all of us now. When you convinced Yates to pay out the royalties and gratuities to mum, it erroneously included what was owed to Isabelle.

JORDAN

(defensive)

But that's not mum's fault or ours, is it? We didn't take what she was owed!

HANA

(sadly)

It's not that simple, Jordan. Isabelle's spirit is consumed by vengeance. She doesn't just want money - she wants to make Yates suffer.

JORDAN

(frustrated)

Then why take Mom? She's innocent in all this!

HANA

Because Mom is our anchor, Jordan.
Her prayers are what's going to
free me from this prisoner state.

Jordan stops pacing, turning to face his ghost sister.

JORDAN

What do you mean?

HANA

I'm trapped, Jordan. Caught between
heaven, hell, and earth. Mom's
prayers are very important for me
to find peace.

JORDAN

(determined)

Then we have to find her. We have
to save Mom and stop this Isabelle.

HANA

(warning)

It won't be easy, Jordan. Isabelle
is powerful, and she's had an
eternity in hell to nurture her
rage.

JORDAN

I don't care. Mom needs us, and I'm
not going to abandon her. Tell me
what we need to do.

Hana's form smokes again, more violently this time from the
QR code stamps like vents.

HANA

(urgently)

We don't have much time. Isabelle
will be growing stronger by the
minute with each kill. We need to
find her lair - the place where her
spirit is anchored to this world.

JORDAN

How do we do that?

HANA

(grimacing)

We will wait for her to make
contact, but will need someone who
understands the spirit warfare
better than we do in case she opens
the gate of hell.

JORDAN
 (realizing)
 Father Nolan! At the exorcist training institute! He's an expert in things like this.

HANA
 (nodding)
 Contact him, he might be able to help. But be careful, Jordan. The spirit world is treacherous, and Isabelle won't give up Mom easily.

JORDAN
 (determined)
 I'll do whatever it takes. We're going to save Mom and put an end to this nightmare...

His eyes become fixed on Hana's QR codes.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (hesitantly)
 Sistah... those QR codes on your skin. What are they?

The codes on Hana's form lightens up like there're burning, she screams, her expression a mixture of agony and resignation.

She raises her arm, revealing more intricate patterns of QR codes etched into her ghostly flesh.

HANA
 (softly)
 Each one, Jordan... each represents an evil I've done. A mark of my sins.

JORDAN
 (shaking his head in disbelief)
 Evil? You? I've never seen you do anything evil in your life, sistah.

Hana lets out a bitter laugh, the sound echoing unnaturally in the small room.

HANA
 Oh, Jordan. You only saw what I wanted you to see. We all have our dark sides, our hidden depths.

JORDAN
 (leaning forward, earnest)
 But you were always so kind, so caring. How can these be evil?

HANA
 (sighing)
 Evil isn't always grand gestures or malicious acts, Jordan. Sometimes it's the small things. A lie here, a moment of selfishness there. They add up.

Jordan stands up, moving closer to Hana. His hand reaches out, hesitating just short of touching her.

JORDAN
 Does it... does it hurt?

HANA
 (nodding slowly)
 More than you can imagine. Each code burns with the weight of my actions.

JORDAN
 (determined)
 Let me feel it. I want to understand, to share your burden.

Hana's eyes widen in surprise, then soften with a mixture of affection and concern.

HANA
 Jordan, you don't know what you're asking.

JORDAN
 (insistent)
 Please, sistah. I need to understand what you're going through.

Hana hesitates for a moment, then slowly raises her hand to her forehead. She touches one of the QR codes, which glows faintly at her touch.

With a gentle motion, she places her hand on Jordan's right arm, stamping the code on it.

HANA
 There. Do you feel it?

Jordan looks at his arm, then back at Hana, confusion evident on his face.

JORDAN

I... I don't feel anything. Just the coldness of your hands.

HANA

(with a sad smile)

That's because the pain isn't designed for your mortal body, Jordan. It's not something physical.

JORDAN

(frustrated)

But I want to understand, Hana. I need to know what you're going through.

Hana takes a step back. She looks at Jordan with a mixture of love and regret.

HANA

Are you sure about this, Jordan?

JORDAN

(nodding firmly)

I'm sure. I need to know.

Hana takes a deep breath, then closes her eyes. The air in the room seems to thicken, charged with an invisible energy. Suddenly, she opens her eyes and moves towards a spot a few feet away from Jordan.

Another version of Jordan is standing there. This version of Jordan looks identical to the physical one.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(gasping)

What... what is this? What's happening?

HANA

This, Jordan, is your spirit. Your soul, separate from your corporeal form.

Jordan stares at his replicant, a mixture of fascination and terror on his face. He tries to move, but finds himself rooted to the spot.

JORDAN
 (voice trembling)
 How is this possible?

HANA
 In this out of body state, between
 life and death, many things are
 possible. Are you still sure you
 want to experience my prison?

JORDAN
 (swallowing hard)
 Yes. I need to understand.

Hana nods solemnly, removes the QR code from the corporeal Jordan, then approaches the spirit Jordan.

This time, when she places the code on the spirit Jordan's right arm, the effect is immediate and devastating.

The spirit Jordan's eyes widen in shock and pain. His mouth opens in a silent scream that quickly becomes audible, filling the room with a bone-chilling wail.

The corporeal Jordan clutches his head, overwhelmed by the excruciating sensations flooding through him.

The nearby TV screen cracks with a sharp sound, spider-webbing outward from the center. The lights flicker erratically, casting wild shadows across the walls.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
 Make it stop! Please, sistah, make
 it stop!

Hana quickly removes the code from the spirit Jordan, but the damage is done. The corporeal Jordan sways on his feet grabbing his arm, his eyes rolling back in his head.

He collapses to the floor with a heavy thud, unconscious. He has a nasty burn imprinted on the unfortunate arm.

HANA
 (watching)
 Jordan! Oh, Jordan, I'm so sorry. I
 shouldn't have...

She kneels beside him, her dead hand hovering over his face. The spirit Jordan has vanished, leaving only the unconscious corporeal form on the floor.

HANA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Please be okay, Jordan. Please.

The room falls silent, save for the faint buzzing of the damaged TV and the irregular flickering of the lights. Hana remains by Jordan's side, her pale form a stark contrast to his solid, unconscious body.

As the minutes tick by, Jordan begins to stir. His eyelids flutter, and a low groan escapes his lips. Hana leans in closer, relief washing over her features.

JORDAN
(weakly)
Sistah... what... what happened?

HANA
(softly)
You experienced a fraction of what these QR codes represent, Jordan. The weight of actions, the burden of consequences.

Jordan slowly pushes himself up into a sitting position, his body trembling slightly. He looks at Hana with new eyes, a mixture of awe and fear in his gaze.

JORDAN
Is that... is that what you feel all the time?

HANA
(nodding)
Every moment. Every second of this existence.

JORDAN
(voice breaking)
How do you bear it?

HANA
(with a sad smile)
Because I must. Because it's the consequence of my actions, my choices.

A look of frustration crosses Jordan's face.

JORDAN
There has to be a way to help you, sistah. To ease your pain.

HANA
 (shaking her head)
 This is my burden to bear, Jordan.
 My penance.

JORDAN
 (determined)
 There must be something we can do
 to alleviate it.

Hana looks at Jordan, a mixture of pride and sadness in her eyes.

HANA
 Oh, Jordan. Always trying to save
 everyone. But some things can't be
 fixed. Some consequences can't be
 undone. Just pray for me.

JORDAN
 (standing up, wobbling
 slightly)
 I believe that there's always hope,
 always a way.

HANA
 (softly)
 Sometimes, Jordan, the most we can
 hope for is understanding. And
 you've given me that.

Jordan looks at Hana, tears welling up in his eyes.

JORDAN
 Is that why you showed me? To make
 me understand?

HANA
 (nodding)
 Partly. But also to warn you,
 Jordan. Every action has
 consequences. Every choice leaves a
 mark.

JORDAN
 (wiping his eyes)
 I understand now. I really do.

HANA
 (with a gentle smile)
 Good. That's all I wanted. For you
 to understand, to be prepared for
 what's coming.

JORDAN
 (frowning)
 What's coming? What do you mean?

HANA
 The fight isn't over, Jordan.
 Isabelle is still out there, and
 she's growing stronger.

JORDAN
 (determination in his
 voice)
 Then we'll face her together. We'll
 find a way to stop her.

HANA
 (warning)
 It won't be easy, Jordan. The path
 ahead is deadly.

JORDAN
 (firmly)
 I don't care. You're my sister. I
 won't abandon you.

Hana reaches out, her hand touching Jordan's cheek in a ghostly caress.

HANA
 My brave little brother. Always
 ready to take on the world.

Suddenly, the room is bathed in the bluish glow of a flickering television. Jordan sits on the edge of a worn sofa, his eyes fixed on the screen. Hana, also stares at the screen which begins to show pictures.

The TV news anchor's voice fills the silence:

NEWS ANCHOR
 Breaking news: A devastating fire
 has consumed the home of Mr. Yates,
 CEO of Chartersoft. Authorities
 report no survivors...

Jordan's face pales as he listens, his hands gripping the armrest tightly. Hana moves closer.

JORDAN
 (voice trembling)
 No survivors... How is this
 possible?

HANA

(with a hint of sadness)
Isabelle's vengeance knows no
bounds, Jordan. She's growing more
powerful with each life she
extinguishes.

Jordan turns to face his sister, his eyes searching her cold
form.

JORDAN

But why? Why is she doing this?

HANA

(sighing)
Rage, pain, injustice... they're a
potent mix, especially for a
spirit. Isabelle feels wronged, and
in her anger, she's lashing out at
anyone connected to Chartersoft.

JORDAN

(standing up, pacing)
This is insane. We have to really
thwart her plans.

Hana's form smokes, her expression grave.

HANA

That's why I'm here, Jordan. As an
incomplete Ghostx, I can move
between realms. Time and space
don't bind me the way they do the
living.

JORDAN

(confused)
Incomplete Ghostx? What does that
mean?

HANA

(gesturing to herself)
Remember, I'm caught between
worlds. Not fully at peace, but not
consumed by wrath of the damned
like Isabelle. It's... complicated.

Jordan runs his hands through his hair, frustration evident
in his movements.

JORDAN

This is all so much to take in.
Ghosts, revenge, deaths...

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
it's like something out of a horror
movie.

HANA
(with a sad smile)
Sometimes reality is stranger than
fiction, little brother.

Suddenly, the lights in the apartment flicker, and a chill
wind sweeps through the room. Jordan shivers, looking around
nervously.

JORDAN
(whispering)
What was that?

HANA
(alert, moving closer to
Jordan)
Isabelle. She's growing stronger,
her influence spreading. We need to
act fast.

JORDAN
(voice rising)
Am afraid. What can we possibly do
against something like this?

Hana places a ghostly hand on Jordan's shoulder. He flinches
at the cold touch but doesn't pull away.

HANA
Finding a way to stop Isabelle
before she kills everyone. Each
death feeds her power, her rage. If
we don't act soon, she'll become
unstoppable.

JORDAN
(skeptical)
How can I reach the Exorcist
institute safely without falling
their prey?

HANA
(firmly)
Well, I may be a ghost, but I'm
still your sister. And I have
knowledge that can help us.

Jordan looks at her, waiting.

HANA (CONT'D)

I need to stay close to you. My presence can offer some protection against Isabelle, but only if I'm near.

JORDAN

(confused)
Protection? How?

HANA

(explaining)
Being an incomplete Ghostx, gives me certain... abilities. If I can access the good works I have done. I can unlock enough willpower to fight Isabelle. For now, I can shield you from some of her influence, but only if I'm close.

Jordan nods slowly, trying to process this information.

JORDAN

Okay, so you're my ghostly bodyguard. But what's our contingency plan in case we are unable to reach the exorcist? Which other ways can we stop a vengeful spirit?

HANA

(thoughtfully)
First, we need to understand her better and find a way to sever her connection to this world and the powers of hell.

JORDAN

(sarcastically)
Oh, is that all? Just understand and disconnect a murderous ghost. No problem.

HANA

(with a hint of a smile)
Your sarcasm hasn't changed, little brother. But this is serious. We're in real danger, and not just mum. Everyone connected to Chartersoft is at risk.

The TV continues to play in the background, now showing footage of the burned-out shell of Yates' house. Jordan stares at it, his expression hardening.

JORDAN
 (determined)
 Alright. I'm in. Where do we start?

HANA
 Contacting the exorcist...

Jordan nods solemnly.

INT. CAB - EVENING

The lights and neon signs of Broughton street flicker past the windows as Jordan sits in the back of a cab, his face etched with worry. Next to him, invisible to the driver, sits Hana.

JORDAN
 (whispering)
 Is this not spooky? I mean, you being here... like this?

HANA
 (with a sad smile)
 Spooky? No. Necessary? Absolutely.
 We don't know what we are up against, Jordan.

The CAB DRIVER, an older black man, glances in the rearview mirror, catching Jordan seemingly talking to himself.

CAB DRIVER
 You alright back there, son? Long night?

JORDAN
 (startled)
 Oh, uh, yes. Just... making a call.

HANA
 (to Jordan)
 He can't see or hear me. But you need to be discrete. We don't want him thinking you're crazy.

Jordan subtly slips a wireless earpiece into his right ear. He looks out the window, watching the bustling streets of Savannah pass by.

JORDAN
 (to Hana, quietly)
 I still can't believe this is happening. You're... here, but not here. And Mom...

HANA

(her voice tinged with
urgency)

I know it's a lot to take in, but we need to focus. Isabelle is our main concern. Every second we waste puts Mom in more danger.

As they speak, the cab's GPS system, displaying the Infinity Sense logo, flickers momentarily. The driver taps the screen, frowning.

CAB DRIVER

Huh. That's odd. Never had trouble with this system before.

JORDAN

(leaning forward)
Is everything okay?

CAB DRIVER

(shrugging)
Probably just a glitch. This new Infinity Sense system is supposed to be top-notch. Revolutionizing navigation, they say.

Hana's expression darkens at the mention of Infinity Sense.

HANA

(to Jordan)
That's my work. Or... it was. I never thought it would be tampered with like this.

JORDAN

(whispering)
What do you mean?

HANA

Isabelle is a top notch programmer... she has the ability to corrupt or hack software codes.

Suddenly, the GPS screen goes completely black. Cab driver taps it frantically.

CAB DRIVER

What the...? Come on, you piece of...

Without warning, the steering wheel jerks violently to the left. Cab driver struggles to regain control as the cab veers into oncoming traffic.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

(panicking)

I can't control it! The wheel's
moving on its own!

Jordan grips the seat, his eyes wide with terror. Hana's is calm, her face a mask of determination.

HANA

It's her. She's hijacked the
system!

The cab continues to swerve erratically, narrowly missing other vehicles. Horns blare and tires screech as other drivers desperately try to avoid collision.

JORDAN

(shouting)

What do we do?!

HANA

I need to interface with the
system. It's still my code, I might
be able to override it!

Hana shuts her eyes, seeming to pair with the cab's electronic systems. The GPS screen flickers to life, lines of code scrolling rapidly across it.

CAB DRIVER

(bewildered)

What's happening? I've never seen
anything like this!

As Hana battles with the corrupted system, a large delivery truck appears ahead, barreling towards them on a collision course.

JORDAN

(screaming)

Look out!

CAB DRIVER

(struggling with the
wheel)

I can't stop it!

HANA

(tensing)

Jordan, be ready.

The cab begins to accelerate, picking up speed rapidly. The driver's eyes widen in panic as he realizes he's lost control of the vehicle.

CAB DRIVER
 (struggling with the
 wheel)
 The brakes aren't working!

The cab weaves dangerously through more traffic, narrowly missing large delivery truck. Horns blare as they careen down the busy street.

Jordan's knuckles turn white as he grips the seat, his face a mask of terror.

JORDAN
 (panicking)
 We're going to crash! Please don't
 crash! I don't want to die.

HANA
 (her voice unnaturally
 calm)
 Focus.

JORDAN
 (panicking)
 I am focusing!

CAB DRIVER
 (shouting)
 Who are you talking to? Is that the
 police?

As the driver reaches for his phone, it suddenly bursts into flames. He yelps, dropping it to the floor.

HANA
 (to Jordan)
 Tell him not to touch any
 technology. It's not safe.

JORDAN
 (panicking)
 Sir, I think its unsafe to touch
 anything tech!

CAB DRIVER
 (hysteric)
 Not safe? Nothing about all this is
 safe either!

The cab continues to accelerate, weaving through traffic at breakneck speed. Up ahead, a larger delivery truck pulls out into their lane.

JORDAN
 (screaming)
 Look out!

The driver tries desperately to swerve, but the steering wheel is locked. The cab hurtles towards the truck, seemingly unstoppable.

HANA
 (her eyes teary)
 Brace yourselves.

In a blur of motion, Hana's body releases white flames which expand, enveloping both Jordan and the driver in a cocoon of harmless inferno.

The cab smashes into the truck with a deafening crash of metal and shattering glass.

Time seems to slow as the cab crumples like a tin can, metal twisting and glass flying.

But within Hana's protective bubble, Jordan and the driver remain unharmed, suspended in an otherworldly calm amidst the chaos.

As quickly as it began, it's over. The wreckage of the cab comes to a rest, smoke billowing from its crumpled hood in sync with the screams of an undying car horn.

Hana's flame dissipates, leaving Jordan and the driver sitting dazed but unharmed in the back seat.

CAB DRIVER
 (in disbelief)
 How... how are we alive?

JORDAN
 (looking at Hana with a
 mix of awe and fear)
 It is a miracle.

HANA
 (her voice strained)
 We need to move. Now.

They scramble out of the wreckage.

EXT. BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - NIGHT

The driver stumbles in shock as Jordan tries to help him. Around them, half a dozen persons are gathering, some calling for help, others filming with their phones.

JORDAN
 (to the driver)
 Are you okay?

CAB DRIVER
 (nodding, still dazed)
 I... I think so. But how?

HANA
 (urgently)
 Jordan he's okay. We don't have
 time to explain.

CAB DRIVER
 (grabbing Jordan's arm)
 Wait! What's going on? Who are you?

JORDAN
 (hesitating)
 It's complicated. But you're in
 danger if you stay with us.

HANA
 (her eyes scanning the
 gathering persons)
 Jordan.

CAB DRIVER
 (his voice rising)
 Danger? What kind of danger?

JORDAN
 (turning to the driver)
 Just count your blessings and flee.

The driver's eyes scans the forming crowds, he stumbles back,
 looking confused.

CAB DRIVER
 (dazed)
 I... where am I?

As sirens wail in the distance, Hana grabs Jordan's arm and
 pulls him away from the scene.

JORDAN
 (looking back at the dazed
 driver)
 We can't just leave him like that!

HANA
 (her voice firm)
 He'll be okay, its just a mild
 concussion.

They disappear into the gathering crowd with quick paces, leaving behind the chaos of the crash site. As night falls over the city, the siblings press on, their destination clear but the path ahead fraught with unseen.

EXT. BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY - DAY

The teeming streets of shops and antiques are in chaos. Cars swerve wildly, crashing into one another with sickening crunches of metal.

Amidst the mayhem, Jordan walks briskly along a pedestrian walkway, seemingly talking to himself. But we know he's not alone - the ghostly form of his sister Hana walks beside him, invisible to all but Jordan.

JORDAN

(nervously glancing
around)

This is insane, Hana. Look at all these crashes. How many more people is Isabelle going to hurt?

HANA

(grimly)

As many as it takes to get what she wants. She's beyond reason now, consumed by vengeance.

They pass a particularly nasty pile-up. Jordan winces at the sound of screams and breaking glass.

JORDAN

Where could she be now?

Suddenly, the janitor's phone in Hana's hand buzzes. A QR code flashes on the screen.

HANA

(urgently)

Jordan, quick - scan this.

Jordan pulls out his phone, hands shaking slightly as he scans the code.

A video begins to play, showing Isabelle in a demonized form standing between two coffins in a dimly lit cemetery.

ISABELLE

(on video, voice
distorted)

Time is running out.

(MORE)

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
 Come to the Colonial Park cemetery
 by midnight... or your mother's
 soul is mine to drag to hell.

The video cuts out abruptly. Jordan looks at Hana, horror etched on his face.

JORDAN
 (panicked)
 Mom! Mom! We can't let her-

HANA
 (interrupting)
 Calm down, Jordan. We need to think
 this through.

The QR codes lining Hana's hand bleeds, and suddenly a large QR code appears on her right palm. She gestures for Jordan to scan it.

HANA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Use this to communicate. We can't
 risk Isabelle overhearing us.

Jordan scans the code, and a text appears on his phone screen: "We go now. Take her by surprise. Midnight too dangerous - her power grows stronger."

JORDAN
 (nodding)
 Smart.

Another QR code appears on Hana. Jordan scans it: "I'll engage her. You find Mom and get her out."

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (worried)
 That's too risky, Hana.

HANA
 (with a sad smile)
 I'm already dead, little brother.
 But you and Mom still have a
 chance.

They continue walking, weaving through panicked pedestrians and skirting the edge of the chaos on the streets. Jordan's face is rank with determination, but his eyes betray his fear.

JORDAN
 (suddenly)
 Wait. Before I forget, I need to
 stop by the institute.

HANA
 (surprised)
 For the exorcist?

JORDAN
 (grimly)
 Yes. If we're going up against a
 such a demon, we need all the help
 from those spirit hunters.

Hana nods, understanding dawning on her face.

HANA
 Hurry up.

They pass a group of people huddled around a public TV
 screen, watching news reports of the widespread accidents and
 strange occurrences plaguing the city.

NEWS ANCHOR
 (on TV)
 ...authorities are advising all
 citizens to stay indoors and avoid
 cars and the roads...

JORDAN
 (to Hana)
 We are in for one hell of a night.

HANA
 (grimly)
 We can defeat her by fighting with
 what she can't control - our will,
 our faith, and the love ties that
 binds us. I must head for the
 cemetery. Be careful.

They change direction, Jordan heads north towards the
 institute while Hana just disappears.

EXT. BROUGHTON STREET, SAVANNAH - NIGHT

The once-thronging street is now a chaotic scene of twisted
 metal and shattered glass.

Two overturned vehicles litter the road, their alarms blaring
 in a discordant symphony. Smoke rises from crushed hoods,
 mixing with the misty night air.

Amidst the wreckage, a lone male figure stumbles along the shoulder of the street. He's entire head wrapped in bandages, leaving only a small slit for his eyes. He moves erratically, disoriented and vulnerable.

From the shadows, Hana materializes. She observes the figure with a mix of pity and determination.

HANA (V.O.)
(whispers)
Another victim.

The figure in all black suit, stumbles further, where cars swerve dangerously to avoid auto-crash debris. A truck horn blares as it barrels towards the figure.

HANA
(urgently)
Its not yet your time. Your part
isn't finished.

In a blink, Hana appears beside the figure. She grabs him, pulling him back just as the truck roars past, missing him by inches.

He struggles against her grip, panic evident in his muffled cries.

HANA (CONT'D)
(softly)
Shh... I'm not here to hurt you.
Let me help.

With gentle but firm movements, Hana begins to unwind the bandages from his head. As his face is revealed, we see it's Dr. Hugo's, bruised and swollen, but intact.

He looks around terrified but sees no one.

DR. HUGO
(gasping)
Whose there? Who helped me? What's
happening?

Suddenly, Dr. Hugo's phone buzzes in his pocket. With trembling hands, he pulls it out to see a QR code displayed on the screen.

INT. RIVER STREET, SAVANNAH - NIGHT

The neon-lit streets of Downtown, usually thriving with nightlife, are eerily quiet.

Eleanor, stumbles down the sidewalk, dragging a large suitcase behind her. Her eyes dart frantically from side to side, searching for unseen threats in the shadows.

ELEANOR
(muttering to herself)
Just keep moving. They can't get
you if you keep moving.

Suddenly, the screech of tires fills the air. Eleanor freezes as a car careens towards her, its headlights blinding.

At the last second, it swerves, crashing into a storefront. Eleanor screams and runs, dragging her suitcase.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
(panting)
This isn't happening. This can't be
happening!

As she rounds a corner, another car spins out of control, narrowly missing her.

The streets are becoming a demolition derby, with vehicles smashing into each other and buildings. Eleanor presses herself against a wall, trying to catch her breath.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
(whimpering)
Please, ghosts just leave me alone.
I have done you no wrong.

A whirring sound approaches. Eleanor looks up to see a delivery robot rolling towards her at high speed. She tries to dodge, but it's too late. The robot slams into her leg with a sickening crunch.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
(screaming in pain)
Ahhh! My leg!

Eleanor falls to the ground, clutching her broken leg. The robot continues to bump against her, its red sensor light blinking ominously.

In a fit of rage and fear, Eleanor reaches into her purse and pulls out a computer mouse.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Get away from me!

She swings the mouse like a weapon, smashing it into the robot's sensor.

Sparks fly as the robot's movements become erratic. Eleanor continues to hit it until it finally stops moving.

Panting heavily, Eleanor tries to stand, but her broken leg gives way. She starts to crawl.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

Please, I was just doing my job. I am innocent... I didn't take your money...

Suddenly, a chilling voice fills the air, seeming to come from everywhere and nowhere at once.

VOICE

(menacing)

Your job? Your very hands stopped our money. You think that absolves you?

Eleanor freezes, her eyes wide with terror.

ELEANOR

(trembling)

Who... who are you?

VOICE

(laughing coldly)

We are the ones you wronged. The ones you dismissed. And now, we're here to collect.

Eleanor tries to crawl faster, her broken leg dragging uselessly behind her.

ELEANOR

(pleading)

I'm sorry! I'll make it right, I promise!

VOICE

(ominous)

It's too late for that. You got in over your head, Eleanor. You got that pay rise you've always wanted. Now you'll pay the price.

A high-pitched whine fills the air. Eleanor looks up to see a delivery drone descending rapidly towards her. She screams and tries to shield herself with her arms.

The drone crashes into her head, its rotors tangling in her hair. Panicking, Eleanor swings the computer mouse wildly, trying to knock the drone away.

ELEANOR
(hysterical)
Get off me! Get off!

As she struggles with the drone, its rotors spin faster, becoming a blur of deadly motion. In her panic, Eleanor's hands get too close. There's a sickening sound of flesh being torn.

Eleanor stares in horror at her severed hands, still clutching the computer mouse.

Blood spurts from her wrists as she tries to scream, but only a gurgle escapes her throat. The drone's rotors have sliced through her neck.

Eleanor collapses to the ground, her life quickly fading away. The drone, damaged but still functional, reboots itself. Its rotors spin up again, and it begins to rise into the air.

As it ascends, we see that one of Eleanor's severed hands, still gripping the computer mouse, is tangled in the drone's landing gear.

The macabre sight disappears into the night sky, leaving behind a scene of carnage on the once-thronging street. The voice speaks one last time, fading away like a whisper on the wind.

VOICE
(satisfied)
Welcome to hell.

EXT. COLONIAL PARK CEMETERY, DOWNTOWN SAVANNAH - NIGHT

The silence of the cemetery is broken by Hana's supernatural arrival, her pale form absorbing the moonlight. Her eyes widen as she spots two coffins, their lids slightly ajar.

HANA
(whispering)
Mother? Yates?

She rushes to the coffins, her hands trembling as she lifts the lids. Inside, Sienna and Yates lie motionless, their hands bound with thick cords.

HANA (CONT'D)
 (voice breaking)
 No, no, no...

With a determined look, Hana grabs the cords. To her surprise, they snap easily in her hands. As Sienna and Yates stir, Hana steps back, a mix of relief and apprehension on her face.

Sienna's eyes flutter open, focusing on Hana. Tears immediately well up in her eyes.

SIENNA
 (sobbing)
 My child... my beautiful
 daughter...

Yates regains consciousness, his face contorting with guilt and fear as he sees Hana.

YATES
 (voice trembling)
 Hana... I'm so sorry. The
 royalties, the chaos... Please
 forgive me.

Hana reaches out to comfort them, but as her hands make contact, an otherworldly shriek pierces the air. Flames erupt from Hana's body, engulfing her in a fiery cocoon.

HANA
 (screaming in pain)
 What's happening?!

Before her eyes, Sienna and Yates transmute to reveal two grotesque figures: YORK SIMMONS (35) a zombie-like ghost groom in torn white suits and BESS CARTER (30) a zombie ghost woman in a black wedding dress.

YORK
 (cackling)
 Surprise, little ghost!

BESS
 (sneering)
 Did you really think rescuing mummy
 would be that easy?

Hana stumbles back, confusion and horror etched on her face.

HANA
 (gasping)
 Who... what are you?

A chilling laugh echoes through the cemetery as Isabelle emerges from an unmarked grave, her form shimmering with malevolent energy.

ISABELLE

(smirking)

Allow me to introduce my associates, Hana. York and Bess, the unsung heroes behind Infinite Sense. I call them the code couple.

Hana's eyes widen with recognition.

HANA

The original programmers... but how?

ISABELLE

(circling Hana)

We were quite talented freelancers, weren't we? Hacking criminals' accounts, living large... until the Blood cyber gang caught up with us.

York and Bess flank Isabelle, their ghostly forms radiating malice.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

But that's old news. Let's talk about you, Hana. Do you know what your ambition cost me?

Hana shakes her head, still struggling against the flames.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

(voice filled with bitterness)

My son. He was sick, dying. The money from Infinity Sense could have saved him. But you took my place, and he...

Hana's face crumples with guilt and horror.

HANA

(desperately)

I didn't know! I'll transfer the royalties to your family, I swear!

Isabelle's laughter turns cold, her eyes gleaming with a terrifying intensity.

ISABELLE

Oh, Hana. It's far too late for that. What I want now is worth more than all the money in America.

She points to a massive, ornate gate that seems to have appeared out of nowhere.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

You see that? That's the gate to hell. And I'm going to drag an innocent soul through it - your mother's.

The gate creaks open, revealing a swirling vortex of darkness and tormented screams.

HANA

(voice rising in panic)
No! You can't!

ISABELLE

(grinning maliciously)
With her soul, I'll gain unimaginable power. A fair trade, don't you think?

Hana's face contorts with fury and determination. With a primal scream, she focuses on the flames engulfing her. To everyone's shock, the fire begins to recede, absorbed into her.

HANA

(voice booming)
NO!

She thrusts her hands forward, unleashing a torrent of purified white fire. The blast catches Isabelle, York, and Bess off guard, sending them flying in different directions.

As the echoes of the blast fade, Hana stands tall, her hands now glowing with an intense, pure fire like empyrean gauntlets.

Her eyes, filled with resolve, scan the cemetery for her next move.

EXT. BROUGHTON STREET/PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY, SAVANNAH - NIGHT

The darkness of the night envelops the illuminated street, casting long shadows that seem to move of their own accord.

Jordan races towards the exorcists institute's entrance which can be seen some feet away, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

Suddenly, an unseen force violently throws him off the pedestrian walk onto the empty road.

JORDAN
(groaning in pain)
What the...

As he tries to rise, he realizes with horror that his body has been severed below the torso. Strangely, there's no blood.

Panic sets in as he frantically scans the area, spotting his lower half lying motionless on the pedestrian walk.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(voice trembling)
This can't be happening... This
can't be real!

Disembodied, snarly voices begin to taunt him, their words a cacophony of malevolent whispers.

VOICE 1
(mocking)
Poor little Jordan, all torn apart.

VOICE 2
(sinister laughter)
Did you really think you could
escape us ghost hunter?

Jordan attempts to hand-walk towards his lower half, but suddenly drops stone cold, his consciousness engulfed by darkness.

A moment passes, and then his lower half twitches, rising to its feet as if possessed. Jordan's soul has inexplicably transferred to it, leaving his upper body lifeless.

JORDAN
(from the lower half,
disoriented)
What's happening to me?

The lower half attempts to walk but quickly collapses. In an instant, Jordan's soul snaps back to the upper body, which resurrects and rests on the abdomen.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (gasping, looking around
 wildly)
 Is anyone there? Please, somebody
 help me!

Realizing he's alone, Jordan screams out in desperation.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Michael, Archangel, save me!

The soul-switching cycle repeats, each time leaving Jordan more terrified and confused. With great effort, he manages to reposition both halves of his body so they face each other.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (panting)
 I have to... I have to put myself
 back together.

He makes short, agonizing leaps, inching the two halves of his body closer together until they meet at the corner of the road. Jordan examines the lower half, noting the neat severance laceration, still bizarrely free of blood.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (sobbing)
 Please... please work.

He tries desperately to join the two halves, but they refuse to reconnect.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (crying out)
 Christ, deliver me by Your cross!

The taunting voices intensify, their cruel laughter echoing in the empty street.

VOICE 1
 (sneering)
 Your God can't help you now,
 Jordan.

VOICE 2
 (hissing)
 You belong to us, just like mum.

In a final act of desperation, Jordan pulls out a rosary from his pocket.

JORDAN
(whispering)
Madonna the Virgin!

The moment the words leave his lips, the taunting voices abruptly fall silent. To Jordan's amazement, the rosary beads begin to sprout red and white rose flowers.

These blossoms burst into illuminated beads of light, filling his face with a warm, divine glow.

The voices return, but this time in agonized screams.

VOICE 1
(shrieking)
No! The light... it burns!

VOICE 2
(wailing)
We can't... we can't stay!

The malevolent presences flee, leaving Jordan alone in the radiant light. As the glow fades, he feels a warmth spreading through his body.

Looking down, he sees his two halves miraculously re-joining, the laceration disappearing without a trace.

Just then, Father Nolan hurries onto the scene, his face a mixture of concern and relief.

FATHER NOLAN
(breathlessly)
Jordan! Are you alright? I heard screaming.

He helps Jordan to his feet, steadying him as he sways slightly.

EXT. COLONIAL PARK CEMETERY, DOWNTOWN SAVANNAH - NIGHT

The moonlight casts unforgiving shadows across the tombstones as Hana grabs Isabelle by the throat, her eyes blazing with determination.

HANA
(fiercely)
Your darkness has no power over me,
Isabelle.
(MORE)

HANA (CONT'D)

My good works - they're my strength. I'm not damned like you.

ISABELLE

(struggling, voice raspy)
Good works? Empty words in the face of true suffering. I know your dark deeds unlike your mother!

HANA

(tightening her grip)
Where is my mother? Tell me!

ISABELLE

(laughing bitterly)
Why should I? Your deeds won't save her from what's coming.

Suddenly, York and Bess lunge at Hana, their hands aflame. They grab her, trying to choke her.

Hana struggles, her flames flickering as she fights against their burning grip.

YORK

(snarling)
You think you can escape us?

BESS

(hissing)
Your faith is nothing against our rage!

Just as Hana seems overwhelmed, a blinding light erupts from behind them. York and Bess are thrown back, tumbling towards the dark, ominous gate.

JORDAN (O.S.)

In the name of Christ, be gone, wicked demons!

Jordan steps into view, wielding a glowing cross. His face is etched with determination and fear.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(continuing, voice trembling but strong)
Return to the hell that spawned you!

Hana and Jordan lock eyes, a moment of relief passing between them.

HANA
 (breathlessly)
 Jordan... you came.

JORDAN
 (nodding)
 I couldn't leave you to face this
 ghoulish goons alone. (pausing,
 looking around) Where's mom? Is
 she...?

Before Hana can answer, Isabelle's cruel laughter cuts through the air.

ISABELLE
 Alive? Oh yes, for now. But not for
 long.

With a wave of her hand, two coffins suddenly burst from unmarked graves, sending pillars of sand into the air.

The coffins are covered in screens, each displaying flashing images of Sienna and Yates' lives.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
 (smugly)
 Watch as I drag them into the
 darkest recesses. Their souls will
 fuel my vengeance for eternity! Its
 really hot down there you know?

The coffins begin to move towards the hellgate. Hana and Isabelle clash, engulfing themselves in contrasting flames.

Meanwhile, Jordan races towards the coffins, desperately trying to pry them open.

JORDAN
 (grunting with effort)
 Mom! Mr. Yates! Can you hear me?
 Hold on!

York and Bess, recovering from Jordan's earlier attack, lunge at him.

YORK
 (snarling)
 Your pathetic attempts won't save
 them, boy!

BESS
 (sneering)
 Let's see how strong your faith is
 when you're burning in hell!

Jordan whirls around, thrusting the cross forward.

JORDAN
(shouting)
Begone!

Light explodes from the cross, even more intense than before. York and Bess scream as they're hurled through the hellgate, which slams shut behind them.

Jordan turns back to the coffins, which are now moving faster. In desperation, he places the cross on top of one.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(praying)
Please, God, give me strength...

The coffin lid suddenly bursts open. The screens flicker and die, save for one displaying a QR code. Jordan quickly scans it with his phone.

PHONE SCREEN
Don't look back just duck now!

Without hesitation, Jordan drops to the ground. A split second later, a drone hurtles from the sky, Eleanor's severed hands still clutching its controls.

It smashes into the coffins, reducing them to splinters. As the dust settles, Jordan looks up to see his mother Sienna and Yates, battered but alive, lying amidst the wreckage.

JORDAN
(voice breaking with relief)
Mom! Mr. Yates!

He rushes to help them, as Hana and Isabelle continue their fiery battle in the background, the fate of all their souls hanging in the balance.

The cemetery becomes shrouded in a sinister mist, illuminated only by the pale moonlight filtering through the clouds.

Suddenly, Hana's QR codes start to erase, her corpse form begins to heal. She gasps as color floods back into her pale skin. The transformation is striking - she now appears fully human.

ISABELLE
(shocked, stumbling backward)
Impossible! How...?

HANA
 (looking at her hands in
 wonder)
 It's my mother's prayers. Her
 love... it's purified me.

JORDAN
 (eyes wide)
 Hana... you're alive?

HANA
 (smiling softly)
 I am glorified. (turning to
 Isabelle) Your time is over!

An unseen force suddenly grabs Isabelle, dragging her towards the hellish gate. She claws at the ground, leaving fiery trails as she screams.

ISABELLE
 (terrified)
 No! This can't be happening!

The gate slams shut with a thunderous boom, cutting off Isabelle's screams. A collective sigh of relief echoes through the cemetery.

JORDAN
 (helping Sienna to her
 feet)
 Mom, are you okay?

SIENNA
 (nodding weakly)
 I think so... Hana, is it really
 you?

Hana embraces her mother and brother, tears streaming down their faces.

HANA
 It's me, Mom. I'm here.

YATES
 (standing awkwardly to the
 side)
 I... I don't understand. How is
 this possible?

SIENNA
 (touching Hana's face)
 But your skin... it's so cold.

Before Hana can respond, a familiar voice cuts through the night air.

MOLLY-SHAW (O.S.)
Yates? Is that you?

Yates whirls around to see his wife, Molly-Shaw, standing a few feet away. Her clothes are so new, and her skin resplendent like that of a model.

YATES
(rushing to embrace her)
Oh Darling! You're alive! I thought
I lost you in the fire!

He turns to leave, holding her hand, but she remains rooted to the spot.

MOLLY-SHAW
(in a demonic voice)
Where do you think you're going?

Yates turns back, horror dawning on his face as Molly-Shaw's ignites with flames, her eyes glowing with an otherworldly light.

YATES
(trying to pull away)
No... no, this can't be happening!

MOLLY-SHAW
(grabbing Yates with
burning hands)
You're coming with me, my love. To
hell!

With lightning speed, she drags a screaming Yates towards the gate, which has reopened. As they disappear into the fiery depths, more figures emerge - Isabelle, York, Bess, and six other ghostly personages covered in flames.

JORDAN
(grabbing the cross)
Mom, Hana, quick!

They join hands, holding the cross before them like a shield.

JORDAN, HANA, SIENNA
(in unison)
Begone!

The ghosts advance, their faces twisted in malevolent grins. Just as hope seems lost, a booming voice echoes through the cemetery.

FATHER NOLAN (O.S.)
Stand firm in your faith!

Father Nolan appears, leading a group of three EXORCISTS. They form a circle around Jordan, Hana, and Sienna, adding their voices to the chant, with more crosses beaming blinding light from the combined power of their faith.

ALL
Begone! In the name of Christ and
all that is holy, return to the
depths!

The ghosts shriek and wail as they're forced back into the gate. With a deafening explosion, the hellish gate shatters, revealing a narrow glittering golden door.

As the light fades and the mist dissipates, Hana's form begins to change once more. She glows with a warm, peaceful light.

HANA
(smiling sadly)
It's time for me to go.

SIENNA
(clutching Hana's hand)
No, please daughter... we just got
you back!

HANA
(stroking her mother's
cheek)
Don't be sad mum. We'll meet again
someday. I promise.

She hugs Jordan and Sienna tightly, then steps towards the golden door.

HANA (CONT'D)
(looking back)
I love you both. Live well.

As Hana disappears through the golden door, it fades away, leaving behind a sense of peace and closure.

FATHER NOLAN
(approaching Jordan)
You've shown great courage and
faith, young man. The scholarship
is yours. We'll be expecting you at
the institute soon.

As Jordan nods, still processing everything that's happened, the sound of sirens fills the air. An ambulance arrives, and Doctor Hugo approaches Sienna.

DR. HUGO
Your daughter asked me to help
treat you. She saved my life.

As Sienna, Jordan, and Doctor Hugo head towards the ambulance, we see the female janitor standing nearby with a cleaning brush, looking lost and terrified.

DR. HUGO (CONT'D)
(handing her a new
smartphone)
There's a new position for you at
the hospital if you'd like to
accept it. You come highly
recommended.

The janitor takes the phone, a mix of confusion and hope on her face as the scene fades to black.

FADE TO BLACK