

Someone is Waiting

Written by
Kaitlin Dugdale

BLACK SCREEN / FADE IN:

1 INT. JULIANA'S DESK - NIGHT

The darkness lingers for a beat.

JULIANA (V.O.)

They say write what you know.

But what happens when you can't even do that?

A blinking cursor appears against a blank laptop screen, its steady pulse echoing like a heartbeat.

Juliana, early 20s, sits hunched at her desk. The glow of the laptop reflects in her tired eyes. Her hands hover over the keys, frozen.

JULIANA (V.O.)

I've been staring at a blank page for hours now. I only have two days left to meet my deadline.

(beat)

I call myself a writer, but I can't write.

Don't I have a story to tell?

Ehh, who would read it anyway?

It would be too real, too sad.

No one would read that.

INTERCUT WITH:

- Her hand raking through her hair.
- A CALENDAR on the wall, a circled deadline.
- The relentless blinking cursor.
- Her CHAIR spinning, restless.

Juliana whirls back toward the screen, then freezes. A spark of inspiration flickers—she starts typing.

But doubt floods in. She stops. Erases everything.

She drops her forehead onto the desk with a muffled groan.

JULIANA

(muffled, frustrated)

Ugh, why is my brain so empty?

She lifts her head, eyes hollow, and catches her reflection in the MIRROR propped on her desk.

At first, it's only her face. Then—something else. A shadow. A presence behind her.

Juliana spins around.

Nothing.

Her breath shakes. She exhales and turns back to her laptop.

Her eyes widen.

Words appear on the screen, typed by unseen hands:

YOU ARE NOT EMPTY.

She leans closer, her chest rising and falling. More words spill across the page:

YOU'VE LIVED A STORY WORTH TELLING.

WHAT FEELS LIKE AN ENDING... IS WHERE YOU MUST BEGIN.

WRITE WHAT ONLY YOU CAN TELL.

SOMEONE IS WAITING FOR YOUR STORY.

Juliana's fear softens into wonder. Her lips part.

JULIANA

Really? Who?

The screen flickers. A final phrase appears, chilling:

TURN AROUND.

Juliana's body stiffens. Her breath hitches.

A hand rests gently on her shoulder.

She freezes. A voice, soft and familiar, whispers in her ear:

BEN

Only you can tell our story.

Her eyes well up. A single tear trails down her cheek.

JULIANA

Ben?

He leans closer, voice a tender echo.

BEN

Don't be afraid to tell it, Juliana.
Someone is waiting... and so are you.

CUT TO:

2 INT. JULIANA'S DESK - DAY

Juliana jolts awake at her desk, breathing hard. The night before lingers like smoke from a dream.

She looks at her laptop. Her fingers hover over the keys—then, with a trembling smile, she begins to type.

Behind her, Ben appears for just a moment. His face radiant, his smile gentle.

He places a hand on her shoulder. She gasps.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN / FADE OUT