

ECHOPRAXIA
OR
AN INTERDIMENSIONAL COMING OF AGE GHOST STORY

Written by

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I/E. CAR - MORNING

BIANCA(19), drives down a quiet residential road in Liberty, Tennessee - a suburb of Memphis. One of those neighborhoods where all the homes look eerily similar.

She turns on the corner of Fourth and Lake. It is early - the sun is just rising.

Bianca is pretty, but nondescript, with a face you could forget. She Flicks through radio stations as she watches the goings on of the neighborhood but doesn't settle on a channel for more than a few seconds at a time.

A child runs into the street for a ball. *Flick*. Squirrels chase each other up a tree. *Flick*. A man and his wife shout indistinctly behind an open window. *Flick Flick Flick...*

The radio settles on something soothing. Classical.

Bianca stares ahead as an intersection approaches. She notices the stop sign. Turns up the volume. Tightens her grip on the wheel and presses harder on the gas. She closes her eyes and lets go of the wheel.

A growing HORN over the sound of the radio. Bianca smiles as approaching headlights illuminate her face.

CRASH.

Time slows almost to a stop as Bianca's car crumples around her. She opens her eyes in real-time.

The world around her stutters - one moment, the horror of destruction around her - airbag growing, debris cutting her skin, the music from the radio slow and distorted. The next, all things float gently as if in some equilibrium. The sky is a beautiful, *ghoulish purple*.

The music crescendos as these two worlds begin to rapidly replace one another.

As reality shifts, images flicker - two buildings fuse together, as if *glitching*. Bianca. A closeup eyeball darkening into hemorrhage. Bianca. A dripping needle. Bianca. The body of a mangled squirrel.

Time returns to normal when the airbag hits her --

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

A few minutes later. Birds eye view. A CURIOUS CROWD gathered around the site of the crash. POLICE OFFICERS and PARAMEDICS.

A dog BARKS and runs in circles. One vehicle is on its back. The other one totally crumpled from hood to shattered windshield. They are both gray 2004 Ford Fiestas. Rising smoke. SIRENS WAILING --

BIANCA (V.O.)
Sometimes I wonder if I have a
personality.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A paramedic pulls Bianca from the overturned vehicle. A BEARDED POLICE DETECTIVE watches --

BIANCA (V.O.)
Or if I'm only bones in a bag.
Shuffling from one empty space to
another.

A SECOND DETECTIVE, this one with glasses, approaches. She hands the bearded detective a to-go cup of coffee --

GLASSES DETECTIVE
Get an ID?

BEARDED DETECTIVE
Bianca Armitage. Nineteen. No
criminal history. Family's being
alerted.

GLASSES DETECTIVE
She gonna make it?

BEARDED DETECTIVE
Seems mostly stable. You been
briefed on the other body?

GLASSES DETECTIVE
It's the strangest thing.

They walk over to the crumpled vehicle and peer inside. There isn't a body --

BEARDED DETECTIVE
No blood, no torn clothing,
jewelry. Nothing. Airbag didn't
even go off.

GLASSES DETECTIVE
And the plates?

BEARDED DETECTIVE
That's where this goes from weird
to weirder.

They take a look at the back of the car to see the plates.
They are blank --

BIANCA (V.O.)
When I was a little girl I was
afraid of dying.

GLASSES DETECTIVE
Just when you think you've seen it
all...

BIANCA (V.O.)
But you can't kill something that
doesn't exist.

BEARDED DETECTIVE
Real head scratcher.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A REPORTER monologues to a CAMERA CREW. The crowd has grown.
Police officers about --

REPORTER
Thank you Richard. Behind me is the
site of an ugly car crash which
occurred here on Fifth and Lake
only a few hours ago. Paramedics
have confirmed only one body has
been recovered. Police detective
Jeremy Whitacre has refused to
comment...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The reporter is on a television in the corner of the room.
Bianca is in the bed, hooked up to all sorts of medical
equipment. She looks worse for wear --

BIANCA (V.O.)
I thought I was going to die. I was
supposed to...

Her eyes open --

BIANCA (V.O.)
But I didn't.