

FADE IN:

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Dim lighting. Dust hangs in the air. The wooden floor groans beneath every step.

Two striking women who look like they stepped off a Charlie's Angels poster, MARY and KATE, stand back to back, guns raised.

MARY (early 30s, brunette, perpetual furrow and radiating skepticism) clutches her gun like she expects it to turn on her.

KATE (early 30s, blonde, annoyingly self-assured and quick on her feet) sweeps the hallway with sharp eyes, moving like she's played this game before.

MARY

Why the hell are we even here,
Katie?

KATE

I'll tell you when we're done.

MARY

Oh good, a mystery through a death
trap. My favorite.

A draft whistles through the rotting walls. Mary shudders, muttering to herself.

MARY

Why did I trust a blonde to plan
anything?

KATE

I heard that.

MARY

Then maybe next time, plan a spa
day instead of whatever this is.

A floorboard CREAKS. Mary tightens her grip on her gun, scanning the dark corners.

MARY

So what's the deal? What's so
haunted about this place?

KATE

It duplicates people.

MARY
Of course it does.

KATE
It's gonna be exact copies. They
know what we know, do what we do.

MARY
Awesome. We finally meet someone as
unbearable as you.

Kate smirks, but before she can reply—

A shadow moves. The air thickens.

FAKE MARY and FAKE KATE step forward from the gloom. Their
faces are identical. Their eyes too knowing. Their hands
clutch the same damn guns.

MARY
Nope. Nope. Nope.

The fake Mary raises her gun.

A shot rings out. Mary and Kate dive behind a broken table as
bullets rip through the wood.

KATE
Stick together!

MARY
That's your great advice? Not "run
for our lives"?

More shots. Splinters rain down.

KATE
Just stay close—

MARY
Fucking power of three!

And...

Mary vanishes.

Kate ducks as another shot whizzes past her head.

MARY (O.S.)
I had to - I was about to get shot!

Kate rolls, sliding behind an old cabinet. The Fake Kate
advances, gun trained forward.

FAKE KATE
You can't hide.

Kate waits until the last second, then springs up, firing.

Fake Kate staggers, dropping her gun. Kate doesn't stop, she fires again. Fake Kate collapses, dissolving into nothing.

Silence.

Then...

Two Mary's step into the dim light. Identical. Chests rising and falling in sync.

MARY #1
Katie, it's me.

MARY #2
No, it's me. I'm Mary, come on.

Kate grips her gun, jaw clenched.

Both Marys drop their weapons, stepping forward carefully.

MARY #1
You know me, Kate.

MARY #2
Exactly. That's why you know it's me.

KATE
Oh, this is so stupid.

MARY #1
Remember the pizza?

MARY #2
Yes, remember when you ate all of it and left me the crust?

KATE
Wow, okay, both of you are the same level of annoying.

Kate shifts, finger twitching on the trigger.

MARY #1
Fucking power of three, Katie.

Kate doesn't hesitate—she shoots Mary #2.

Fake Mary crumples, dissolving into nothing. The real Mary exhales, then gives Kate a sharp, almost surprised nod.

KATE

That's why you said it before you vanished. She couldn't know it.

Mary squints at her, tilting her head.

MARY

Huh. Didn't think you'd piece that together, Goldilocks. Guess miracles do happen.

Kate rolls her eyes as they step over the bodies, making their way toward the exit.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate and Mary head toward a sedan park next to the house, guns at the ready just in case.

KATE

Why "fucking power of three," though?

MARY

Ugh, Zack's obsessed with it. Three's a magic number, blah blah. Three kills, three births, some cosmic balance nonsense.

Mary eyes Kate suspiciously.

MARY

Speaking of things that don't add up, tell me again—why the hell did we come here?

Kate exhales as they push open the front door.

KATE

Zack asked me to.

MARY

Zack? My Zack? What for?

KATE

Well... technically, I work for him.

Mary stops walking.

MARY

The hell does that mean?

Kate shrugs, raising her gun.

KATE

I was kinda hoping the evil ones
would handle it for me. But they
didn't.

She pulls the trigger.

FADE OUT.