

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

We are given the POV of somebody frantically running through a dark forest at night. We hear HEAVY BREATHING of this person and a few others. Stray beams from following flashlights reflect off of the trees and shrubs providing minimal illumination. The POV stabilizes as our main character stops to gather his thoughts and his people.

MAIN

Is everyone alright?

We hear between 3-6 replies of YES between LABORED BREATHING.

MAIN

I can't see anything, who's here?

From the darkness we get the distinct sounds of each voice as they call out their names.

OTHER

Where are we?

MAIN

Hang on, let me get my flashlight back out.

It is now very dark and quiet as the following flashlights have stopped and our characters have caught their breath. We hear the sound of our main character fumbling through a backpack for his flashlight.

MAIN

Got it, close your eyes for a sec.

The light is blinding and the screen goes white for a moment. As the iris closes a bit we see that our characters have happened upon a scruffy-looking man. In a panic our main character jams the flashlight, throwing us into near-pitch darkness again. Everyone panics and bolts, and we remain in the POV of the main character.

SUPER: "While he was saying this, a cloud came and overshadowed them; and they were terrified as they entered the cloud. Then from the cloud came a voice that said, 'This is my Son, my Chosen; listen to him!'"

The shaky POV shot slowly fades to black.