

ORIGINAL FEATURE SCREENPLAY

• LIVE • 4,210,000 WATCHING

THE FEED

*She's streaming the perfect life.
She's living the perfect lie.*



LOGLINE

When broke **gig worker Emily** wins a month-long residency with the Internet's favorite **tradwife Rosa**, she discovers that, behind the apron, her flawless hostess is actually a **vampire** seeking a willing successor. She must decide between a cursed life of comfort, and the old life she was desperate to escape.



FORMAT

- Feature
- One primary location
- Four principals
- No VFX or set pieces

COMPS

The Substance meets *Fresh*, served at *The Menu*'s table.



You know the rule for a vampire story:
She must be invited in.

THE FEED takes this trope and turns it on its head, because it's the audience being invited in, via our protagonist, Emily, a former baking influencer and current burned-out Uber driver with an eviction notice on her door.

When Emily wins a one-month residency at tradwife influencer Rosa Bracco's homestead, she considers herself the luckiest woman in the world. Finally, she can get back to her roots, learn the secret to Rosa's perfect sourdough, and prove her talents to The White Picket Fence's 4.2 million fans.

But every offer comes with conditions, and Emily must decide whether her dream job in her dream home is worth sacrificing everything it means to be truly alive.



Who's at the table

PROTAGONIST • 20s

Emily Barrett-Kershing

@EBAKER: 41.2K FOLLOWERS
(DORMANT)

Recently broke it off with her fiancé, left his house, and is surviving by delivering food through gig-work apps.

She once had aspirations to build a name for herself through her passion, baking, but now she eats in the car while she works and her bills pile up. And, for extra fun, she just got an eviction notice.

BAKES FOR JOY
PERFORMS BAKING FOR RENT
BECOMES THE THING THAT EATS



“Having a nice house and making decent money can’t be your whole personality.”

Who's at the table

MENTOR • 30s / AGELESS

Rosa Bracco

@WHITEPICKETFENCELIFE: 4.2M
FOLLOWERS AND GROWING

Prairie wife, housewife, granola girl, tradwife...Rosa has worn the mantle of traditional womanhood through every rebrand, and has built an empire on it.

But existing isn't living, and she's tired of trying to keep herself composed and her greater desires suppressed. It's time to pass the apron, so she extends an invitation to her followers.

IS SHE THE ONE WHO CONSUMES?
OR IS IT THE AUDIENCE WHO IS
CONSUMING HER?



"I will teach you everything I know. And I do mean everything. I'm ready to share my secrets with someone like me, a woman who is ready to return to her roots future."

Who's at the table

THE PROVIDER • 40s

Richard Bracco

RESPECTED HEMATOLOGIST AND PHILANTHROPIST

Runs the blood bank. Runs the galas. Ran the numbers: It takes four units of blood per week for Rosa to be even slightly tolerable anymore, and he's tired of disposing of the aftermath when she's not satisfied.

He's ready to move on to a far less complicated life with a twenty-something marketing executive, and will do anything to make that happen.

THE WOMEN PASS DOWN THE CURSE.
THE MEN JUST GET BORED AND MOVE
ON.



“This world will eat you up and spit you out, Emily. Consider this an investment in your future.”

Who's at the table

THE TRUTHER • EARLY 30S

Jessica

@YESTOTHEJESS:
847 SUBSCRIBERS

Online truther who has been compiling evidence that not everything at White Picket Fence is what it seems.

A former follower of Emily's, she does her best to warn her off from the residency. And when no one listens, she shows up there...

THE ONE WHO APPRECIATED EMILY'S
WORK BEFORE—AND THE ONE WHO
WILL PAY.



“The White Picket LIE! It’s all fake. Part 6 is up.”

ACT 1: THE INVITATION

- We open **inside the feed**—full-screen vertical, Rosa’s hands moving efficiently in *The White Picket Fence* livestream making a perfect boule—until an overdraft alert pops up. We pull out to a cracked phone screen and a very different pair of hands: Gig-worker Emily is trading her hours—and her pride—to make ends meet. She, too, used to be a baking influencer, but her rise stalled and when she left her fiancé, she had to take whatever work she could. Now there is no time to do what she loves, baking, and there’s an eviction notice on her door.
- Then **Rosa announces a residency**: 30 days at her homestead, learning all the secrets to her 4.2-million fans at *The White Picket Fence*. Hundreds of thousands of women apply. Emily stages her sad kitchenette with strategic lighting and uses the last of her ingredients to send in her video application. And, somehow, she is chosen.
- **Emily shadows Rosa** night and day—well, really, just night, because Rosa is a night owl who does her best work when everyone is sleeping. Emily eats, sleeps, and breathes *The White Picket Fence*, learning all she can about Rosa’s tradwife empire. She is invited to join Rosa and her husband, Richard, in hosting their wealthy, accomplished friends for Thanksgiving, and her dessert is a hit—at least, according to the remaining guests (one disappeared during the evening). She’s living the dream.
- Then **Rosa offers Emily what she’s always wanted—to take over *The White Picket Fence***. Rosa is separating from her husband, and wants time away to reflect. Emily agrees, and they livestream the handover as a “Passing the Apron” Ceremony. In 30 days, Rosa will leave, and the whole thing, home and hearth, will be Emily’s.

LIVE CHAT

omg CHOOSE MEEEE

this is a cult
right. asking
for me

deleting my
whole life brb

KINDREDS RISE!
one of us is
about to live
the dream

my roman empire
is this woman’s
kitchen

wait... no one is
tagged

is it EBAKER?
IT’S EBAKER i
bet

long live the
hearth

@YestotheJess:
something is
very wrong about
this

fr fr this is
amaze

ACT 2: THE TRANSITION

- And **Emily begins to get everything she was promised**. Her debt is being paid off, her audience is growing, and she has all the time in the world to do what she loves best. It's the happiest she has ever been.
- **Small inconveniences** start to present themselves, but hey—nothing is perfect, right? Prepping and baking and shooting content all night is starting to take its toll, which must be why she's sleeping later each day, **getting up just around Golden Hour** to start her livestream. Foods no longer taste like they once did, and there is a particular **aversion to garlic**. And, seriously? When did the sun start being LOUD? She almost **can't be outside at all during the day**.
- Gathering herbs from the garden, **Emily discovers Richard's famed wine cellar**, but something is off. Half the room is dominated by empty wine bottles and blank labels and a resealing apparatus...and the shelves are **lined with bags from the blood bank**. She tries to run, but something odd happens—her feet are rooted to the ground. She cannot get past the white picket fence to the safety of her car.
- When she confronts Rosa about what she found, **Rosa tells her the truth: She's a sanguivore**. Richard is tired of “cleaning up” after her and wants to start a new life, and she's sick of subsisting on blood bank bags. She wants freedom to leave, to hunt for herself. And the only way to achieve that is to pass the apron to someone else. **Emily has until the 30 days are up to cut the apron strings** and leave.

ESCALATION POINTS

Emily is not roped into this situation against her will—she makes the choice freely. Rosa doesn't have to seduce her—the economy has already done it for her.

As new information comes to light, Emily continues to choose the homestead, again and again, each time with more blood on her hands.

You might even do the same.

That's the horror.

“The curse might not punish refusal. But the economy does.”

ACT 3: THE RECKONING

- Online Truther Jessica finds the homestead and starts filming from the road. Emily knows there is no signal out there, but **she unlocks the gate and invites Jessica in.** Starving and just 24 hours from freedom, Rosa no longer controls her urges, taking Jessica off-camera while Emily keeps the livestream running, calmly baking in the foreground, face perfectly serene.
- **At the full moon, the 30 days are up.** Rosa and Emily complete the blood ceremony and open a special bottle of “wine” and toast to their futures. Is it from the cellar, or from the visitor who arrived yesterday and never left? Nobody asks. Richard throws a small fit about having to deal with another of Rosa’s problems. The women exchange a smile. The transition is complete.
- **Richard leaves,** soft-launching a new relationship on Instagram and easing seamlessly into a new life, his reputation intact. **Rosa steps through the gate for the first time in decades,** reveling in her freedom—then feeds, violently and completely, on a stranger while **Emily watches through the fence.** “Don’t worry, darling!” she calls to Emily. “I’ll clean this up.”
- Emily is months into being alone in a house that photographs beautifully, creating mouthwatering creations she can’t taste for an **audience that keeps demanding more and more, feeding on her, bleeding her dry.** The “wine” cellar is running low because she has been binge-drinking from the bags to forget. But then the doorbell rings—it’s the grocery delivery. She goes to the door, smiles wide, and asks the driver: **“Would you like to come in for a drink?”**

“Come inside. I’ll give you an exclusive.”



Thanksgiving guests



It's a party of 9.
Until it's not.



Three key sequences: *A dinner party, a livestream, or both.*

THANKSGIVING

Nine people, one table, no phones. The dinner is shot as an orgy—the food sumptuous and unending. Every vampire tell is planted in plain sight with a charming explanation, and we laugh at all of them. It's an amazing night—maybe a bit too much for one guest, who disappears...probably sleeping it off somewhere.

ACT 1 CLIMAX

THE CUT, LIVE

312,000+ people are watching when the knife slices across Emily's hand. Blood runs onto the dough before she can staunch it. Behind her, in frame, Rosa is coming undone. Without missing a beat, Emily turns it into a bit, and the live chat explodes in adoration. She has protected the secret on camera. And she was good at it.

MIDPOINT

THE EXCLUSIVE

The Truther, Jessica, discovers the location of the homestead and shows up to livestream. Emily goes out to unlock the gate for the one person who had been trying to save her. In the foreground she bakes, serene, live on camera. Behind her, out of focus, something is happening to Jessica. We never cut to it. We never need to.

POINT OF NO RETURN



EACH SCENE COMPRISES A ROOM, A TABLE, AND ACTORS.
THE SCARIEST THINGS IN THIS FILM COST ALMOST NOTHING.

Shot like an ad for the life it's indicting.

- **Before:** Emily's life is shot in **dingy grays and chiaroscuro, clouds and rain**. The aspect ratio is often 9:16—vertical video, app UI, notifications.
- Rosa's world, by contrast, is lit exclusively with **gorgeous, honeyed Golden Hour light**. It's warm and enticing—and it's the visual opposite of what we expect for a vampire film. As Emily sinks further into the White Picket Fence life, sunlight becomes an assault on her eyes, but nothing has changed...except her. The house is shot wide and expansive, the opposite of vertical video, emphasizing the perceived freedom Emily is getting from the life she once lived.

PALETTE: BONE · BUTTER · BLOOD



Food is the centerpiece.

The meals are more than styling; they are **the central metaphor for the film**. These scenes entice the audience, luring them in, making them feel that they, too, would like to be at Rosa's table.

TONAL REFERENCES:

- *The Menu*
- *Hannibal*
- *Drops of God*
- *Chocolat*
- *Eat Drink Man Woman*



Nobody bites her.

The seduction is the curse.

Rosa's curse is the deal a lot of women are being sold right now, with the "return to family values" and "traditional homemaking" movements—stop hustling, stop fighting, find your roots, be provided for...and you'll never be alone. The feed sells it as respite, but it is, in fact, a job—and it's harder to maintain than most realize.

Emily is given three separate, fully informed chances to walk away from the invitation—and she refuses every time, because the alternative, to her, is worse. The story never lets her off the hook and never pretends that her choice was rational; instead, it asks the question of whether societal expectations, financial pressure, and the realities of struggling to survive can combine in ways that are darker than we realize.

Then it asks the harder question: You watched all of this happen, in real time, and you hit the "like" button. What did you think you were consuming?



The White Picket Lie

The economy is the coercion.

The world is not set up for a woman living on her own—it rewards marriage, and families, and a 9-to-5. The patriarchy means women will always be property, no matter how powerful they might be...and maybe that's the point.

The audience is the predator.

Four million people, taking constantly, and paying in hearts.

The comments are the Greek chorus.

On-screen UI—hearts, viewer stats, follower counts, comments—is a running character that praises every escalation toward damnation.



The tradwife movement sells a promise. This is the terms sheet.

- A generation that has been told to “hustle” is now being served, algorithmically, an alternative: **stop striving to break the glass ceiling** to buy a house you could never afford anyway; **let someone else take care of you.** It is the most seductive pitch on the Internet, yet nobody has yet addressed who, in the end, will pay.
- **The offer is real** because the homestead fantasy isn’t marketed as regression; it’s marketed as a respite to people who are exhausted and broke and rationing gas. THE FEED respects that offer by also showing audiences the cost.
- Everyone today runs a small, unprofitable content business—whether they know it or not—by the way they market themselves on social media. **We all know what it feels like to share what we love and be gratified by “likes” and comments.** That is the entire second half of this film.
- A drama about a woman choosing a gilded cage is a lecture; a vampire movie about it is a good time. And **audiences will leave arguing** about whether Emily was wrong, which is both the point and the entire marketing campaign—underscoring the film’s thesis.

“I was a prairie wife when the aprons were calico...and now they call it “tradwife,” and the aprons are linen, and the cameras are small enough to live in our pockets. The costume changes, darling. The job description doesn’t.”



Contained by design, not in compromise.

- **One location comprises 90% of the film.** A farmhouse with a kitchen, a garden, a fence, and a wine cellar, which can be a practical location or a single standing set that can be lit for both visual registers.
- **Two principals.** The two principals, Emily and Rosa, are on screen nearly every page. This is a two-hander with a great, gettable role for an established actress, and a career-making one for a newcomer.
- **Nine additional speaking roles,** all confined to a single sequence shot over a few days at one location.
- **No creature work. No transformation set pieces.** The vampirism is played through hints, a flickers, off-screen cues, hints of terror (cannibalism and dismemberment, done subtly) and one exquisitely violent act.
- **The vertical-video material is an asset, not a limitation.** Shot on phones, cut as real content, this doubles as a pre-release marketing campaign that runs on the exact platforms the film is about.
- **Sound does the heavy lifting.** Notification chimes, autoplay bleed, ASMR-like sound, a kettle, the growl of a stand mixer, a knife chopping on a board.
- **Acts 2 and 3 never leave the house.** We feel it viscerally as Emily's world grows smaller and smaller, and Rosa's liberation is set outside the fence with Emily watching. The most violent image in the film is the one we watch from behind a fence, retrained, unable to affect the outcome.



THE COMPS

Original, woman-led, single-location horror with something to say is the most reliable return in the business. THE FEED sits precisely in that lane—and its central image is the dinner table.

THE MATH

The Substance

2024 · MUBI · WOMAN-LED

\$17.5M

\$77M

Barbarian

2022 · 20TH CENTURY · ONE HOUSE

\$4.5M

\$45M

Get Out

2017 · BLUMHOUSE · ONE HOUSE

\$4.5M

\$255M

The audience.

- **Primary audience:** women 18–44 who are fluent in exactly this type of content; the same audience that made *The Substance* into a cultural movement.
- **Crossover audience:** Genre audiences who enjoy a good horror premise, especially when cleverly subverted.
- **Disagreement is the campaign.** “Would you have said yes?” Is a strong engine for discourse. Emily’s choice is relatable and defensible, and audiences will fight about it in the comments—underscoring the film’s thesis.



“Would you accept the invitation?”

The vertical video is the marketing.

- **@WhitePicketFenceLife** is available and can be styled as a functioning brand with a real aesthetic, a catchphrase, a community, and the founder's myth. It can exist twelve months before release as an actual feed—recipes, event posts, community build-up, a la *The Blair Witch Project*. The trailer is the reveal.
- In-world drama can be teased with companion account representing **@eBaKer**, as well as other character-driven accounts to build and sustain an authentic-feeling community.
- A “Truther” account can be established for **@YestotheDress** to begin to seed doubt and explore the hints planted in plain sight in the White Picket Fence social media, similar to true-crime-esque campaign conducted for *Longlegs*.

@WHITEPICKETFENCELIFE

4.31M

“One month. One of you. Here, with me, in this house. Fully paid—because a woman’s time is worth something, despite whatever else the world might tell you.”

omg CHOOSE MEEEE
deleting my whole life brb
this is a cult right. asking for me
KINDREDS RISE
fr fr this is amaze

Will you accept the invitation?

THE FEED is a contained, eminently castable, wickedly enjoyable tale about the most seductive offer on the Internet and the woman who reads the whole contract, understands every word of it, and signs anyway—because the alternative is worse.

Come inside. I'll give you an exclusive.

