

# HEY SARAH

by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A DOOR crashes open. A young Man enters, visibly upset. This is JORDAN (18) African American, soft features, he's dressed in formal attire. He quickly makes his way down the hall to his bedroom.

Shortly after, MOTHER enters. She's a strong African American Woman providing for her family.

MOTHER

Honey I got chicken in the fridge-

Jordan SLAMS his bedroom door shut.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jordan quickly removes his tie, untucks his shirt, and jumps on his bed. He stares up at the ceiling. Everything goes SILENT. Up from that, a STATIC sound builds, then --

RING!

Sounds is back. His phone goes off. A text message. He pulls it up to his face. It reads: *You we're great today. If you need anything...*

Jordan sits upward, he types: *Thanks*

And presses SEND. He navigates into recent calls -- all of them are outgoing. To the same person. A contact entitled: SARAH.

He opens the contact and stares at it. He presses the CALL button.

It RINGS, then quickly goes to VOICE MAIL:

SARAH (V.O.)

Hey it's Sarah. Why are you leaving me a voicemail? Text me dude.

BEEP!

Jordan quickly hangs up. He re-dials and it goes straight to voice-mail again.

SARAH (V.O.)

Hey it's Sarah. Why are you leaving me a voicemail? Text me dude.

BEEP!

Again Jordan quickly hangs up and re-dials. Voice-mail --

SARAH (V.O.)  
 Hey it's Sarah. Why are you leaving  
 me a voicemail? Text me dude.

This time Jordan takes a long pause. He cracks a smile, his eyes water and he begins to speak:

JORDAN  
 Hey Sar-

But he's cut off by an automated voice:

VOICE (V.O.)  
 I'm sorry the voice-box you've  
 reached is currently full.

Jordan stares at his phone in dismay. Confusion, anger swell within. He quickly re-dials --

VOICE (V.O.)  
 I'm sorry the voice-box you've  
 reached is currently full.

In a fit of rage, Jordan chucks his phone across the room. It SHATTERS a mirror.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
 The hell was that!?

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mother stops washing dishes. She moves toward Jordans' room to investigate the noise.

MOTHER  
 Jordan!? Jordan are you okay honey?

Jordan swings open his door. He quickly moves past Mother and heads for the front door.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 And where do you think your going?

But Jordan doesn't hesitate, he walks out the front door and disappears into the night.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 (Yelling)  
 Jordan!?!...  
 (MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Just cuz you hurtin' aint mean you  
can do whatever the hell you want.

EXT. JORDANS' NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Streetlights illuminate a lower class Los Angeles neighborhood. Jordan quickly looks both ways and crosses the street. In the distance, he see's a FRIEND. The friend approaches, a young black male. They do a handshake --

FRIEND

Yo shit was real today. You we're  
all like, poetic up there. It was  
touching man. Truely.

JORDAN

Yeah...

FRIEND

How you doin anyway?... You need  
Somethin'? I got you...

JORDAN

Nah I'm good. I was just headin' to  
Sarah's.

FRIEND

Word. Aight man. Be good.

They do the handshake again and part ways.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

At this time of night, there are only a few passengers.  
Jordan is one of them, he stares out the window.

EXT. SARAH'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A typical middle class suburban neighborhood. Jordan walks up a pathway to a cookie cutter single family home. He takes a deep breath and rings the doorbell. A few anxious beats pass, before --

A Man opens the door. Middle aged, white, glasses, sweater vest. This is LARRY. He looks surprised to see Jordan.

LARRY

Jordan?...

JORDAN

Hey Mr. Johnson.

LARRY  
Uh, come in. Come in.

Jordan enters.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A few FAMILY MEMBERS congregate in a formal living room. Larry escorts Jordan in.

LARRY  
Hey everyone. Jordan is here.

A middle aged Woman immediately gets up. This is SALLY, Larry's wife. She wraps Jordan up in a motherly hug.

SALLY  
Oh honey.

She holds him tight and *finally* releases him.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Are you hungry? I can make you something!?

JORDAN  
Oh-no I ate... Thanks though.

SALLY  
Come sit down.

She escorts him to the couches and everyone takes a seat. A few other family members are sifting through photos.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
We we're just talking about the ski trip last year. Here-

She hands Jordan a stack of photos. He takes them and looks down. It's a family. Sally and Larry included. As well as a YOUNG WOMAN.

He shuffles to the next. That same Young Woman. And another. The Young Woman posing atop a mountain.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
She was so beautiful...

Sally is cracking at the seams. She tears up, but quickly wipes away the water.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
 And just a good person... She never  
 once... (Dialogue Mutes)

That STATIC sound builds up again. TIGHT ON: Jordans' face.  
 His eyes fill with emotion. He can't take it any longer.

SNAP! The sound is back. Jordan jumps up. The chair SCREECHES  
 against the hardwood. Sally stops speaking. Everyone's  
 attention is on Jordan. Deer in the headlights...

Jordan drops the photos and begins backing away.

JORDAN  
 I'm sorry... I shouldn't of come  
 here.

SALLY  
 Honey!?

LARRY  
 Jordan we want you to be here-

JORDAN  
 I just, ... I came here to see if I  
 could get her cell phone.

Silence. The family stares at Jordan in be-wilderment. Larry  
 get's up --

LARRY  
 Wait here.

Larry leaves the room. Jordan looks down at the floor.

JORDAN  
 I'm sorry Ms' J I-

SALLY  
 Don't be honey. I know you just  
 miss her.  
 (Breaking into tears)  
 And your sad and afraid and  
 confused...  
 (She finally breaks down)  
 Oh, my baby...

Sally is full on crying now. Family Members swiftly move to  
 console her. After a beat, Larry re-enters...

He hands Jordan a bedazzled CELL PHONE. He doesn't say  
 anything, just nods. The two make eye contact. A mutual  
 respect and understanding.

Jordan looks too the family, but no words come out. He doesn't know WHAT to say. Instead, he motions for the door. Sally jumps up and wraps Jordan back up in that motherly hug.

She lets go and the two make eye contact. Sally wipes the rain from her eyes, quickly tries to fix her makeup.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Don't be a stranger!

JORDAN  
I wont...

EXT. JORDANS' NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Jordan walks down the street. He puts in headphones and chooses a song on his Ipod.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan enters. Mother is sitting on the couch in her PJ's, waiting up for him. Jordan tries to walk straight past her.

MOTHER  
Hey! Hey!

She stops him. Jordan takes one headphone out of his ear.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Where you been?

But she already knows the answer to that.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
... You okay?

JORDAN  
Yeah I'm fine.

MOTHER  
... Alright then.

Jordan throws his headphone back in his ear and heads for his room.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
You better not pull that shit again.

SLAM! The bedroom door shuts.

INT. HOUSE - JORDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Again, Jordan hops on his bead. He lays back and pulls out the bedazzled cellphone he got from Larry. The Voicemail is filled with dozens of messages from a contact entitled:  
*Jordan <3*

Jordan presses a few buttons, and the screen loads a message:  
*Delete Voicemail Inbox? Yes? No?*

He presses YES.

And quickly switches to *his own* cell phone. He navigates back to his recent calls and presses the phone button underneath the contact entitled: SARAH

It rings, and goes straight to voice-mail --

SARAH

Hey it's Sarah. Why are you leaving  
me a voicemail? Text me dude

A long beat. Tears swell up in Jordans' eyes... He cracks a smile.

JORDAN

Hey Sarah.

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END**