

LITTLE SARA

Written by

Writer of Writers

EXT - RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

DILLAN, 30s, dressed in black with a heavy backpack on his back runs down the sidewalk. Police sirens WAIL in the distance. His Cell phone RINGS. Dillan stops and answers.

DILLAN
(panting)
Where to now? I can't keep running.

ERNESH (V.O.)
Where are you now?

DILLAN
Arcane Ave.

ERNESH (V.O.)
Good. Go to 1327 Arcane Ave. It's
an abandoned Victorian House. Call
me before you go inside.

SOUND of phone being hung up.

Dillan looks over his shoulder. He sees the flashing lights of a 2025 police cruiser drive through an intersection past Arcane Ave. Dillan ducks. He looks at the house number which reads 1204. He continues his labored run.

EXT. 1327 ARCANE AVE - NIGHT

WHEEZING, Dillan looks at the house. The dilapidated Victorian house has peeling paint and missing wooden cladding rampant on the house's exterior.

DILLAN
All hell no!

Dillan pulls out his phone and calls. Phone RINGS and RINGS and RINGS.

ERNESH (V.O.)
You there?

DILLAN
I am not hiding out in that creepy
ass house.

ERNESH (V.O.)
Did you forget what's at stake?

DILLAN
Come on man! There's gotta be a
better hideout.

ERNESH (V.O.)

You fucked up. You crashed the car.
You are out of options. Or did you
forget that I know where your
family is.

DILLAN

Man!

ERNESH

Wait for me in the house. No one
wants to go in there.

DILLAN

It's creepy as fuck.

ERNESH (V.O.)

That's why it's perfect. Once I get
the cash, your a free man. I will
be there in twenty minutes.

DILLAN

Twenty minutes!

ERNESH (V.O.)

And whatever you do, don't touch
the dead junkie and stay put in the
living room. Don't fuck up again.

Cell phone CLICK of being hung up.

DILLAN

WHAT!

Dillan just stares at the house. He opens his phone to look
at a picture of his family. He gives a concerned smile.

In the distance, a 2025 police cruiser turns into Arcane Ave
with it's emergency vehicle lights on.

Dillan runs to the Victorian house. He turns the nob. It
doesn't turn.

The police cruiser slowly approaches searching.

Dillan kicks the door open and SLAMS it shut.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dillan dashes to the living room and through the window, he
spots the police cruiser approaching. He drops down to hide.

Pressed against the wall, Dillan doesn't notice the decaying JUNKIE with a syringe needle sticking out of his head at the back corner of the mostly empty living room.

The living room is filled with red and blue lights from the passing police cruiser. The lights illuminates a child like SHADOW drift towards the junkie.

The police pass. The living is partially lite from the street light.

Dillan notices the dead body.

DILLAN

Jeez!

He pokes his head up and sees the police cruiser leaving.

Dillan slumps against the wall staring at the corpse.

Squinting his eyes, the body looks familiar.

He crawls to the body to get a better look.

Studying the face and the syringe sticking, he shakes his head. Dillan rummages through the coat pocket and finds the ID.

ID reads, "LIAM SMITH." with his picture.

DILLAN (CONT'D)

I fuckin knew it.

Dillan flicks the syringe. The syringe wobbles.

DILLAN (CONT'D)

You fucking deserved this you
double crosser.

The junkies head turns and a child's voice emanates.

JUNKIE

Let's play!

Dillan launches himself backwards landing on his ass. The Junkie falls forward and drags itself towards Dillan.

Dillan makes a B-line for the front door.

Door won't open.

The SOUND of the Junkie's body dragging itself closer.

The door knob RATTLES but it won't budge.

Panicking, at seeing the junkie pull itself into the hallway, Dillan runs the reaching Junkie down the hall.

HALLWAY

Dillan runs past portraits to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

He turns around to see the corpse lying motionless. A black Shadow leaves the body and disappears.

Fumbling through his pocket, he pulls out a mini flashlight and flicks it on.

The kitchen is disheveled, dusty and derelict. The light shines upon a backdoor. He makes for the door.

The door doesn't open.

DILLAN
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

Water from the faucet starts to DRIP.

The light is shone onto the sink. An old pot sits next to the sink. Above the sink, a window.

Carefully, Dillan scans the room as he makes his way to the sink. Water is pooling in what appears to be a clogged sink.

Dillan eyes the window and the pot. He takes the pot and SMASHES the window.

Crawling onto the counter over the sink, Dillan looks down into the sink to see a reflection.

The reflections is not his. The reflection is of the MAID.

Maid ghost hands reaches up grabbing Dillon pulling him into the sink. Flailing legs and arms, Dillion struggles to free himself.

Yanking himself out and the ghost Maid, they tumble to the floor. The MAID screeches in Dillon's face.

MAID
WHY!? WHY!? WHY!? I did as you
asked! I took care of her!

Dillan punches the Maid. The Maid splashes into water.

Wide eyed, breathing heavily, Dillan scrambles backwards.

From somewhere, A child's VOICE.

SHADOW (V.O.)
Bloody Mary. Hee Heh.

DILLAN
All hell NO!

Dillan scrambles to his feet.

SHADOW (V.O.)
Bloody Mary!

He sprints for the hallway.

HALLWAY

Dillan zips into the hallway like an Olympic athlete going for gold.

SHADOW (V.O.)
Bloody Mary!

Arms from the pictures grab hold of Dillan. Ghost FIGURES ooze out from the portraits.

Wide eyed, Dillan spins, twirls, elbows, punches his way through the phantom MOB.

SHADOW (V.O.)
Hee! Hee!

An opening to the front door.

Dillan breaks free.

He lunges for the door but is suddenly stopped.

SHADOW (V.O.)
Light as a feather. Stiff as a board.

Dillan begins to rise off the floor.

SHADOW
Light as a feather. Stiff as a board.

Higher and higher rose Dillan.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
Light as a feather. Stiff as a board.

Dillan slips out of his Backpack.

He lands on the floor with a THUD next to the Junkie!

The junkie moves.

Dillan stands and kicks the Junkie away.

He looks down the hallway at the approaching phantom mob.
Glancing at his backpack floating up the staircase and at the front door, a decision is made.

He scrambles up the staircase.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The backpack floats down the hallway into a bedroom.

Dillon follows in pursuit.

BEDROOM

The backpack lands on the bed.

Bursting into the room, Dillon is greeted to a scene.

MR. MILLER, 50s, ghost father, aims a gun at his sleeping ghost wife, MRS MILLER, 40s,.

SHOTS are fired.

The ghost wife twitches with each shot.

Mr. Miller faces Dillan.

The gun is aimed at Dillan.

MR Miller shakes his head no in a sorrowful manner.

He puts the gun under his chin and blows his head off.

Dillan recoils. The ghosts vanish.

It is eerily quiet.

He looks around the room.

Nothing.

Hesitantly, Dillan reaches for his backpack with a firm grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller suddenly appear tugging at the backpack.

MR & MRS MILLER

(rage)

We need the money!

A tug of war ensues. SCREAMING at each other Dillan wins.

Dillan flees.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

At the end of the hallway, the Junkie pulls himself up the stairs along with the phantom Mob.

A quick decision, Dillan rushes to a different room.

STUDY

A worn dusty room with a desk and chair that has seen better days. Strewn paper. The study is partially lit by the street light and moon. A mirror on the wall faces the window.

Dillan rushes in makes for the window. He looks out. He sees the porch roof below him. A NOISE behind him. He looks.

A Shadow enters. In the light, the Shadow becomes a little ghost girl SARA, 12, with a crushed neck.

Blue and Red lights flicker from outside. A quick glance, Dillon sees an 1980s police car parked out front.

SARA

Bloody Mary!

Dillon's reflection changes to a horrid female SPECTRE.

The Spectre grabs Dillon's backpack as he pulls away.

A new tug of war.

The Junkie drags himself into the room. The phantom Mob ambles into the room along with Mr. and Mrs Miller.

Sara smiles.

Time stands still as they get closer and closer.

Dillan closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK

Smiles from his daughter. Smiles from his wife. Warm embraces from both. Dillan closes his eyes with a tear.

BACK TO PRESENT

Opening his eyes with purpose, he tackles his own backpack forcing it into the surprised Spectre SMASHING through the window. All GHOSTS SCREECH.

ALL GHOSTS

Noooooo!

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Dillan smashes through the window with his backpack landing on the porch roof and rolls off landing on the unkept lawn.

He lands head first. An audible CRACK. His body crumples over next to the backpack.

The 1980s police cruiser fades. WAILS from inside the house fades into the night.

The silent night lingers on the motionless Dillan.

A car pulls up.

ERNESH, 30s, exits the car. He spots Dillan and hurries over.

Ernesh checks for a pulse but nothing. He opens the backpack. It's filled with bricks of cash. He stands to leave.

ERNESH

I told you to not touch the Junkie
dumbass. Sighs (exasperated)

Dillan's spirit stands from his body and faces Ernesh.

ERNESH (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Whoa! Whoa! It's done. It's done.
I'll even give your share to your
family.

Dillan walks forward.

ERNESH (CONT'D)

Your free man! Your family is safe.
Safe. I stake my life on it.

Dillan pauses. He smiles and walks into the house.

Trembling Ernesh dashes for his car and SCREECHES away.

Once more, the night silence encompasses the neighborhood.