

SAPPHIRE RING

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

IKE, 12, sits across the kitchen table from BARNABY/DAD, 42, ready to explode but restrains himself.

DAD

I spoke with Aurora Nimue. She says you took something of hers and wants it back immediately.

IKE

She's a witch and a liar.

DAD

Ike... Try that again.

IKE

Why do I always get blamed for stuff in this neighborhood? What is she accusing me of now? Huh!

DAD glares at Ike.

DAD

A gold ring with a skull carved into the redish-blue sapphire stone is stolen. Where is it?

IKE

Anyone could have taken it.

DAD breaths in and out heavily. From his back pocket, he pulls out a baseball cap and tosses it on the table. "FUCK" is written across Ike's face as he recognizes it as his.

A long silence.

Ike searches his mind for a suitable answer.

IKE (CONT'D)

She probably found it on the sidewalk.... She hates me because I know her secret.

DAD pulls out his phone. Scrolls to the text message from Aurora with a picture of Ike's cap on Aurora's armchair that is out of place. He widens the pic and slides the phone across the table to Ike.

Ike looks.

Silence lingers.

"Aw Shit" flashes across Ike's face. The realization sets in. Head still down, only his eyes look up.

DAD
She knows your habits quite well.
Where is the ring?

Ike looks at the phone.

He looks at his cap.

Ike puts his cap on backwards.

IKE
It's a setup.

With a penetrating gaze, Dad grabs the sides of the table and his muscle's flex as though the table will be squeezed into explosive splinters.

IKE (CONT'D)
Fine! I was there. Only looking. I
didn't take anything. I swear.

DAD
Why were you there?

IKE
To find proof.

DAD
Proof!?

IKE
I told you. She's a witch.

DAD
You are lucky that she won't press
charges for B and E. She just wants
the ring back. So, Where's the
ring?!

IKE
I don't have it.

DAD
She told me the ring is cursed and
that she was keeping it safe.
Personally, I think that is
horseshit. Since you believe in
fairies and monsters, I think it
appropriate that you know you have
evil in your possession.

IKE
I don't believe in fairies and
monsters. That's kid stuff.

DAD
Until the ring is returned, you are
grounded.

IKE
But what about the championships
this Saturday.

DAD
Your team can do without you. Now
go to your room.

IKE
That's not fair.

DAD
GO!

Ike storms out of the kitchen and through the house and
stomps up the stairs.

TOP OF STAIRS

Ike screams at the top of his lungs.

IKE
I wish I was somewhere else!

DAD (O.C.)
I don't hear your bedroom door
closing Ike.

Ike storms off to his room and slams his door shut.

INT. HOUSE - IKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ike storms to his vanity desk and plunks himself down on his
chair. Ike's room is messy with clothing on the floor.
Posters of super hero's and rock bands canvases the walls.
Ike's reflection in the mirror grimaces back at him.

He breathes heavily exasperated. Outside, the wind rustles
the leaves. A sigh of resignation as he watches the night
that reflects his mood of darkness in the mirror.

The mirror reflects his shirt yanked under the bed.

Startled, he stands to look.

His shirt is still there.

He checks the mirror.

The mirror's reflection: The shirt is gone.

Slowly, he walks to the shirt.

Slowly, he reaches for the shirt.

Slowly, he grabs the shirt.

Yanked out of his hands, the shirt disappears under his bed.

Ike yelps jumping back.

From a distance, he looks under the bed.

His shirt is there and nothing else.

IKE

I didn't like that shirt anyways.

A redish-blue glow from his center drawer in his vanity desk. Ike opens the drawer. No light glow. He reaches deep in. The sound of TAPE being ripped off.

In his hands, a golden ring with an carved skull in the sapphire. Ike pulls the tape off the ring.

Mesmerized by the ring, Ike doesn't notice the mirror's reflection of a shadow leaving from under the bed to the disheveled closet.

WHISPERING VOICES

Put on the ring.

In a trance like state, Ike obeys.

He pauses.

The ring looks too big for his fingers.

He ponders as to which finger it should be.

WHISPERING VOICES (CONT'D)

Any finger will do.

Ike smiles.

The middle finger is raised.

The ring is almost on the finger.

The mirror SHOUTS.

MIRROR
DON'T PUT ON THE RING!

Ike's trance is broken as he tosses the ring back.

The ring rolls under the bed.

The mirror's reflection is AURORA NIMUE, 30s, wearing witch's attire and stringy hair that distracts from her beauty. She scowls her venomous gaze at the wide eyed Ike.

AUROA NIMUE
YOU LITTLE SHIT! DID TAKE MY BOOM
TOO?!

Aurora Nimue's image fades from the mirror. Ike's terror is reflected back to him.

Ike paces back and forth deciding what to do next with occasional glances at the mirror.

He opens the bedroom door. He pauses.

IKE
Daaad!

DAD
I really don't want to hear
anything more from you. Just go to
bed. You better be in bed by the
time I come up there!

Ike looks over shoulder at the mirror back down the hall. He ponders. Gently closes the door.

A redish-blue glow from under the foot of the bed. He looks. The rings glow fades.

The ring is within reach but his t-shirt is next to the ring.

Disconcerted he pauses and sits up. Sees his hockey stick in the closet.

At his closet, he grabs his hockey stick.

His SUIT sleeve is placed on his shoulder.

He jumps back followed by his possessed Suit.

Ike fends off his attacker.

Other CLOTHING one by one from his closet attacks Ike.

BANGING, CRASHING, SMASHING Ike is finally brought to the floor. His suit disarms Ike of his hockey stick and tosses it across the room.

Ike SCREAMS.

His Suit grabs his dirty underwear and stuffs it in Ike's mouth.

Muffled SCREAMS.

Little by little,

Ike is dragged under the bed head first.

Little legs kicking.

UNDER THE BED

Eyes wide, Ike's watches his t-shirt move the ring to Ike.

Other articles of clothing wrap around his arm forcing Ike to reach for the ring that is glowing bright and brighter as it gets closer.

The ring is almost on his finger.

WHISPERING VOICES

Put on the ring! Ha Ha Ha!

Suddenly, Ike is yanked out from under the bed.

DAD

What the hell KID! Look at this mess you made.

Ike's room much messier than before. Ike spit out his underwear.

DAD (CONT'D)

Why the hell are you eating your underwear. Actually, I don't want to hear it. Not a single word. Clean this mess up.

Without hesitation, Ike grabs his clothes and everything else off the floor and throws it in the closet with haste. Closes his closet.

DAD (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

Ike ignore his Dad and barricades his closet door with his chair and trunk. His Dad watches dumbfounded.

DAD (CONT'D)

Enough!

Breathing heavily Ike stops. He wants to tell his Dad everything but the look on his Dad's face stops him dead in his tracks.

DAD (CONT'D)

Just go to bed.

IKE

Can we at least leave night light on.

DAD

Aren't a little old for that?

IKE

I I I am scared!

DAD

(softening)

Didn't you tell me that those night lights are for kids?

IKE

(reluctantly)

I was wrong.

Ike's Dad sees the terror in his son's eyes.

DAD

Very well. I'll get the night light. But you better be in bed when I get back.

Dad leaves.

The bedroom is wide open. Temptation to run.

Ike grabs his bat and hockey stick and stuffs them under the blanket.

Footsteps approach.

Ike jumps into his bed pulling the blankets over him.

Dad walks in and plugs in the night light near the closet.

DAD (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear another peep out of you. Don't make things any worse than it is already.

Before he exits the room, Dad takes one last look at his son, turns off the light and closes the door.

The night light yellowish glow creates shadows.

He lays there in silence.

Looks around his room.

All is quiet.

The wind rustles outside.

He pulls out his bat.

A reddish-blue glow from under his bed.

A muffled BANG in the closet.

A SHADOW pokes out from the closet. Waves to Ike with a smile. Slinking across the wall to the night light, the Shadow unscrews the night light. With each twist, the light bulb SQUEAKS. The shadow's smiling gaze stays focused on Ike.

The night light goes out.

The shadows comes alive.

The baseball bat yanked out of his hand.

The blankets pin Ike to his bed.

The right arm is free and flails in terror.

The T-shirt from under his bed creeps up at the foot of his bed with the rings.

Little by little, the t-shirt creeps closer.

Another squeak as the window opens. Fingers under the window pulls the window fully open. In steps Auroa Nimue. Wind tosses her string hair about.

AUROA NIMUE
You Stupid boy!

She pulls out a wand. An intricate pattern and a flash of blinding bright light.

Ike's room is clean and organized.

The ring floats to an ornate ring box littered with symbols.

AUROA NIMUE (CONT'D)
Had you put this ring on... It
would have sucked your soul dry.
Sucked your blood out of your
shriveling body. Sucked you into
the ring along with your stupidity.
Forever trapped.

She glares at Ike with eyes like saucers. She steps through
the window onto her broom.

AUROA NIMUE (CONT'D)
Don't worry you little shit! I
believe you! (smiles)

Auroa's CACKLE fades as she flies away.

The wind rustle's the leaves.

All is quiet.

The bedroom door opens, the light flicked on and Dad walks in
and sits on Ike's bed. Ike still wide eyed.

DAD
Ike, Auroa Nimue called. She said
she found her ring. I am sorry I
didn't believe. So many weird
things happen in this neighborhood
and somehow you are involved one
way or another.

Ike is silent.

DAD (CONT'D)
She said she wants the star player
to be in finals this Saturday. So
you are no longer grounded. It
would please her greatly to see her
home team win this year.

Ike is still silent.

Dad looks around the room and is impressed at how clean it
is.

DAD (CONT'D)
Wow! You really cleaned this room
up.

Ike is silent.

DAD (CONT'D)
Do you think she is still a witch?

Ike ponders

IKE
Yes. But I think she might be a
good witch.

Dad ruffles Ike's hair and leaves turning off the light.

DAD
See you in the morning kiddo. Get
some rest.

Ike sits up in the darkness. Scans his room.

The wind rustles outside.

The mirror flashes Auroa Nimue's image.

AUROA NIMUE
DAMN RIGHT I AM A GOOD WITCH!

Ike jumps.

AUROA NIMUE (CONT'D)
Get some rest. We will talk later.

Ike stares at the Auroa Nimue's image fading in the mirror.

He stares at the mirror for a long while.

The wind rustles.

The night light turns on.

A witches CACKLE in the mirror.