

SWEET SARAH

Written by

Night Train

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Every table is full, every stool at the long bar occupied. CONVERSATION is lively and almost drowns out a song playing on the jukebox -- something about crushing a broken heart with a Deuce and a half.

A women in her late 20s, AMY, makes her way through the room, looking for a landing spot. She's wearing a pantsuit and heels.

An island of light in a far corner draws her attention, so she wends her way to it.

THE TABLE

The man sitting at the table is GEORGE, early 30s, a furtive look on his face as he checks out the room between sips of his beer.

His eyes lock on Amy as she approaches. When she stops by the other chair, he gives her the once-over.

AMY
Mind if I sit here?

George shrugs, so she sits down. A WAITRESS appears out of the dark, pad in hand.

AMY (CONT'D)
Vodka martini.

Waitress scribbles on her pad as she walks off.

AMY (CONT'D)
Hi, my name's Amy Dunne.

She extends her hand across the table and George gives it a quick shake.

GEORGE
George Raynes.

AMY
Is this place always this crowded?

George goes back to casing the joint.

GEORGE
Yes. It has good atmospherics.

AMY
Atmospherics?

GEORGE
No ghosts.

AMY
Ghosts?

GEORGE
Right. Not even a rumor of a ghost.

Amy looks around for her waitress, hoping for a distraction.

AMY
You have something against ghosts?

She laughs, but he doesn't. He just nods. Amy sighs as the Waitress returns with her drink.

GEORGE
You new to the neighborhood?

Amy pays for the drink, and the Waitress moves off.

AMY
I'm just here for the weekend. I'm
doing an audit for a client.

GEORGE
An accountant?

AMY
Yep. CPA. What's your line?

A giggling couple pass by the table and George gives them a thorough examination.

AMY (CONT'D)
Why are you checking everyone out?

GEORGE
Am I? Yeah, I guess I am. Well, you
can't be too careful.

AMY
Too careful about what?

GEORGE
You have to make sure they're real
people.

Amy frowns, downs half of her drink.

AMY
So who is this ghost that's
bothering you.

George studies her intently for a few beats before answering.

GEORGE
My sweet Sarah. My wife. Five years
ago she was in an accident.

AMY
I'm sorry to hear that.

GEORGE
Thanks.
(shrugs)
It was my fault. We had another
argument. Anyway, she stormed out
of the house, said she was going to
her sister's.

He takes a pull on his beer. Amy finishes her drink, then
holds the glass up and signals for another one.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
The Highway Patrol said she swerved
to avoid hitting a deer and crashed
into a tree.
(beat)
That year I killed three deer out
of season.

AMY
Uh-huh. So what was the argument
about?

GEORGE
I don't even remember, now. We
argued all the time. Usually she
was bitchin' about the crummy job I
had, or screaming about this, that,
or the other. Who knows?

They both take a sip of their drinks.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
And she's haunted me ever since.

AMY
(to herself)
You'd think three deer would've
satisfied her.

GEORGE

What?

A burst of laughter in the room draws George's attention for a moment.

AMY

So you think she's following you?

GEORGE

From town to town. But that's not the worst of it.

AMY

It gets worse?

GEORGE

Yes. Other ghosts crawl out of the walls -- or wherever -- and help her. It's like they have a fuckin' union or something.

Amy finishes her drink and pushes away from the table.

AMY

Okay, I'm out of here. I'm going to my hotel room and sleep with all the lights on.

She disappears into the dark room. George raises his beer with a shaky hand.

GEORGE

The lights don't help. Nothing helps.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Streetlights illuminate a street empty of traffic and sidewalks free of pedestrians.

The door opens and Amy steps out, followed by the noise of the bar. She takes a deep breath, then makes a face as the door opens again and George emerges.

AMY

Are you following me?

George checks out the street before answering.

GEORGE

I thought I'd escort you to your hotel.

AMY

No way. You take your ghosts and go that way.

She points down the street and walks off in the opposite direction.

George casts a look at the bar door, then quickly follows Amy.

WITH AMY AND GEORGE

George catches up to Amy, who ignores him.

GEORGE

I'm pretty sure she was back there.
In the bar.

Amy automatically glances back at the bar, catches herself, and looks resolutely forward.

AMY

You belong in a nut bag. Get away from me.

She picks up her speed.

GEORGE

Oh shit, I can feel her getting closer...

He grabs her arm and urges her on.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hurry!

AMY

Let go of me!

She pries her arm free and shoves him away.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'll call the cops!

The streetlight above them BUZZES and goes out, leaving them in an island of darkness on the deserted street.

George starts running, and a spooked Amy follows him.

AROUND THE CORNER

Amy appears around the corner and screams when an arm reaches out of a black doorway and pulls her to a stop. She screams, until she sees it's just George.

GEORGE

Did you see her?

Amy smacks him with her purse.

AMY

You asshole! You scared the shit out of me!

George takes the purse away from her, looks back the way they came.

GEORGE

Why can't she just leave me alone?

AMY

What did you do to her?

GEORGE

(ignoring her)

She probably got herself killed just so she could come back as a ghost, and make my life a living hell.

Amy rips her purse out of George's hand.

AMY

That's stupid. First of all, you don't know it's her -

(stops herself)

Wait a minute, there's no such thing as ghosts! You're driving me crazy just like you already are.

She stalks off. George follows.

WITH AMY AND GEORGE

Amy tries to block George from getting next to her, but he fakes her out and takes the inside track.

Amy's attention is fixed on the streetlight up ahead, so is startled when George suddenly spins around with a yell and the store window beside him implodes.

George stumbles into the street, eyes bugging out as he stares at the broken window.

GEORGE
Did you see that?
(sneers at sky)
Is that the best you got, you
bitch!

Amy glares at him, breathing hard.

AMY
You broke that window, you crazy
bastard!

GEORGE
No way. She has her tricks.
Breaking mirrors, streetlights,
windows.

Amy digs into her purse and pulls out her phone.

AMY
If you don't go away, I'm calling
the cops.

George takes the phone out of her hand.

GEORGE
But you know what her favorite
trick is?

He lets Amy take her phone back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
She takes over peoples' minds.

Amy, about to punch in 911, looks at him, confused.

AMY
What?

GEORGE
That's right. Takes over their
mind. A neighbor. A shrink. A
complete stranger. Once even a
psychic -- can you believe that?

Amy whirls around and starts to run, but a heel breaks and she falls to the ground. She moans and scrabbles to get into a sitting position.

George sits down on the curb next to her, oblivious to her panic.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
She makes them say bad things about me.

Amy examines her broken shoe, tears in her eyes.

AMY
I don't want to hear any more, please.

GEORGE
You can see that I have no choice when that happens.

Amy unobtrusively grabs for her phone, that fell not too far from her.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Lately, she's been trying to take over their body, not just their mind.

Amy stares down at the broken phone and tosses it away angrily. She slumps down wearily.

AMY
Why the fuck would she want to take over a body?

GEORGE
So she can kill me.

AMY
Wow. Sucks to be you.

She tries to leap up, but George clamps a hand on her arm and forces her back down.

GEORGE
Sarah used to say smart-ass things like that, too.
(beat)
She's still saying bad things about me through women like you.

AMY
No, you're crazy!

GEORGE
You can't fool me, Sarah.

She starts beating on him with her other hand, but he ignores it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
All those other times you got away
before I could trap you in their
minds.

He places his free hand on her throat and chokes her. She
squirms and kicks and gasps for air.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Not this time...

He stares into her eyes until the life fades away from them.
He gently lowers her to the ground, then stands up.

He looks at the body and a smile suffuses his face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Rest in peace, sweet Sarah.

He walks away, a happy man.

He passes under a streetlight and it fizzles out.

George starts running.

FADE OUT.