

FADE IN:

EXT. OBVIOUSLY HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

In a nice, suburban neighborhood lies one house on the corner: the scary house. The one where the hinges creak, windows randomly shatter, and kids swear they hear strange whispers. Tonight, even the adults hear the screams.

INT. OBVIOUSLY HAUNTED HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

STEFFANEE (30s) yells and dodges a vicious GOLF CLUB swing. She runs up the --

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

-- as a translucent GHOSTLY FIGURE chases her. Like the spelling of her name, Steffanee is unbearable. You can tell from her DESIGNER CLOTHES and aggressively white VENEERS that she's a cutthroat businesswoman.

At the top step, Steffanee trips and falls on her face. She looks back. A VASE is flying directly at her head.

STEFFANEE

Ahhh!

Steffanee uses her LOUIS VUITTON TOTE to block the vase. It shatters on the ground.

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)

Can you stop throwing things and just listen to me for a second?!

The ghost growls and charges up the stairs.

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)

Guess not.

Steffanee crawls into the first doorway she sees.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Choosing this room was a mistake. It's small and windowless. Nowhere to run.

STEFFANEE

Damn!

The door creaks open, and the ghost enters. It is a five year old boy stabbed in the back of the head with a MEAT CLEAVER. This is BILLY (5).

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)
Billy, hear me out.

Billy yanks the meat cleaver from his own skull and points it at Steffanee's heart.

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)
Okay, that's not listening.

Billy stalks closer --

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)
You're taking your anger out on the wrong person.

-- lifts the cleaver --

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)
I wasn't the one to kill you!

-- readies his swing --

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)
It was your uncle!

-- and pauses.

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)
I'm not lying! Look at the engraving on the knife! They're his initials.

Steffanee points to the handle of the cleaver. She's right.

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)
Are you listening now?

Steffanee goes to pull something out of her bag. Billy holds up the knife again, but Steffanee just scoffs.

She pulls out a BUSINESS CARD. "Steffanee Miros: Real Estate agent specializing in haunted houses. Can't sell your murder property? Call Steffanee"

BILLY
You want to sell my house?

STEFFANEE
I'm not here for charity. Look at this as a win-win.
(MORE)

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)

You get to complete your unfinished business and move onto the afterlife and I get a nice, ghost-free house to sell in a trendy neighborhood. First things first...

Steffanee pulls out a LAPTOP and opens a POWERPOINT entitled "Proof that Peter Laurent was a murderer. " It has a cutesy pink color scheme, like when middle school girls take aesthetic notes on the Holocaust.

Steffanee scrolls through NEWS stories, DNA TESTS, and POLICE REPORTS.

BILLY

But Uncle Peter was so nice to me!

STEFFANEE

I'm sure he was.

Steffanee clicks the next slide to reveal HEADSHOTS of a bunch of little boys. All look like Billy.

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)

He killed 19 throughout his life. Most were boys your age, but he did murder a 16 year old girl for getting his coffee order wrong. They call her Olivia the Outlier.

Billy stares at the laptop, the last slide showing his uncle's OBITUARY.

BILLY

What do I do now?

STEFFANEE

Easy: revenge.

EXT. BACKYARD OF OBVIOUSLY HAUNTED HOUSE - LATER

Steffanee and Billy dig until they hear a dull thud. A COFFIN. They lift up the lid to reveal Uncle Peter's SKELETON. Steffanee wipes the sweat off her brow.

STEFFANEE

Ready?

Billy nods and takes a deep breath.

BILLY

Aaaaah!

Billy plunges the cleaver directly into his uncle's skull. It shatters under the force, getting powder on Steffanee's shoes. Billy starts to laugh.

Steffanee watches as Billy's body melts into the wind, his unfinished business on the Earthly plane complete.

EXT. OBVIOUSLY HAUNTED HOUSE - DAY

The house is neater than last night. Cobwebs swept, bloodstains bleached, and a "For Sale" sign standing proudly in the front yard.

INT. OBVIOUSLY HAUNTED HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Steffanee leads a NAIVE YOUNG COUPLE (20s) through the house. She's tidied herself to look like a respectable real estate agent. A real estate agent who's sickly sweet and viciously charming to cover up her ambition.

STEFFANEE

Here's the kitchen! Lots of cabinet space and marble countertops...

(pretending to get choked up))

Oh no, here comes the waterworks!

NAIVE LADY

What's wrong?

STEFFANEE

(preparing to lie her ass off)

I just -- I feel like I should be open and honest with you.

NAIVE MAN

Of course!

STEFFANEE

I really REALLY care about this house. I've been fending off offers left and right to keep the property available for the perfect couple. And I truly believe you two are it.

NAIVE LADY

Omg really?!

STEFFANEE

Definitely.

NAIVE MAN

You know, I wasn't going to mention it, but I really feel connected with this place.

NAIVE LADY

I feel the same way!

STEFFANEE

I'm glad we're all on the same page. Unfortunately, the other offers drive the price up --

NAIVE MAN

-- Doesn't matter. Since you were so honest with us, I'll be honest with you. My great grandfather just passed and left me with a sizable inheritance.

STEFFANEE

(definitely knew about this beforehand)
Oh? What a miracle!

NAIVE LADY

It really is!

The three hug. Behind the couple's backs, Steffanee rolls her eyes. Such easy targets. Steffanee schools her face as the hug ends.

STEFFANEE

Sorry for getting all emotional.
How 'bout we continue that tour?
Where were we... the kitchen?

Naive Lady smiles encouragingly.

STEFFANEE (CONT'D)

The kitchen is quite large, especially considering when this place was built. The family were butchers --

NAIVE LADY

-- Oh! How quaint!

STEFFANEE

I'm sure you guys will love the cabinet space. Stores all kinds of things.

The couple look around the kitchen, unaware of its dark history.

NAIVE LADY
Beautiful countertops!

NAIVE MAN
I love the view out to the
backyard. Look here, Dear, you can
keep an eye on the kids while
you're cooking.

NAIVE LADY
Oh, that's wonderful. Hmmm...

STEFFANEE
What's wrong?

NAIVE LADY
Do you see that bump in the grass?

Naive Lady points at the spot Steffanee dug last night. The hole is gone, but the dirt on top definitely looks sus.

STEFFANEE
No worries! The neighbors are
having their septic tank repaired.

NAIVE LADY
Oh! Well, hopefully they don't take
too long.

STEFFANEE
I can contact the HOA for you. You
know what, you'll probably need
their number anyways. Let's get
that all set in your phone.