

The House on Oliver Street

by

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INT. EVELIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A wall-to-wall bookshelf towers behind a chair, the shelves hold psychology and dream books, knick-knacks, and a name-tag reading, "Dr. Evelin Barns."

Opposite the bookshelf, a couch rests in front of large windows. Posters about healthy minds crowd every open space on the walls. The night sky blankets LILITH, 16-year-old, pale and disheveled, sitting on the couch.

EVELIN BARNS (O.S.)

I understand you're struggling with
a reoccurring dream. Can you tell
me more about it?

LILITH

It's more of a constant loop of
reality. Sometimes it plays out
differently, but it's always the
same ending... Everybody dies.

EVELIN BARNS, Late 30's, well dressed. She takes a sip of coffee from a "World's Best Mommy" mug and sits back in her chair.

EVELIN BARNS

Dreams are strong enough to confuse
the conscious mind through
feelings, touches, and smells. Real-
life is easily mixed up, and we
believe it's happened.

LILITH

Not mine. I know they're real.

Evelin smiles weakly at Lilith.

EVELIN BARNS

I'll help you pick them apart.
Should we start from the beginning?

LILITH

Alright. It starts when I wake up
in my room.

EXT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - DAY

A two-story Victorian house made from rotten wood creaks on dead grass. Rain clouds loom over the place. A dim light illuminates the open front door.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - THE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Candle lights drip from posts scattered down the hall. A staircase of warped wood climbs up the wall to the left. The floor CREAK's with abandoned FOOTSTEPS that lead right. Broken cupboards swing in a kitchen coated in rust.

The faucet DRIPS. Leaves skitter in from the front door.

LILITH (V.O.)
I suppose you could say I was
frightened.

A girl's QUIET LAUGH sounds at the top of the staircase.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The LAUGH carries upstairs to a dark hallway lit by two candles. There are four doors, all shut but one. The laugh enters the open room.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - LILITH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The LAUGH is significantly louder.

Vintage stuffed animals sit on a dusty desk, one halfway stitched. A candle on the desk smolders. A rusty metal bed rests beside an open window, where rain drips down the seal. The clouds cast shadows on the floor.

Lilith sleeps in bed, her nightgown tangles in the quilt. She breaths heavily as she moves in her sleep. WIND BILLOWS through the thin curtain. The wind amplifies the girl's LAUGH.

The bedroom DOOR SLAMS shut, and the laugh stops. Lilith gasps and sits up in bed, looking to the door.

LILITH
Dahlia?

Lilith moves the covers, stands, and steps towards the bedroom door.

LILITH (V.O.)
Whenever my sister would laugh, it
meant that something terrible was
happening... Or about to happen.

Lilith reaches for the handle.

LILITH
Are you still mad at me? I won't
let them take you away. We can fix
this.

A CAR DOOR SHUTS. MUFFLED VOICES follow. Lilith turns towards the window that looks out to the front lawn.

EXT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - DAY

Clear skies make the grass look like a sea of green. Two people get out of a parked car, looking like they walked straight out of a 50's summer magazine.

JANE, late 20's, curled blonde hair, shields her eye's from the sun and gazes at the house.

WALTER, Late 20's, dark hair slicked in style, leans against the car, watching Jane.

JANE
Oh, it's just beautiful, Walter!

Jane faces Walter. He smiles at her.

WALTER
And it's all ours.

Jane laughs. Walter stands and scoops her up in a spin. He sets her down and kisses her.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You'll love the kitchen.

He leads her towards the front door.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - LILITH'S ROOM - SUNSET

The front DOOR OPENS. Lilith turns from the window and freezes. All of her things have disappeared.

MUFFLED VOICES carry outside the door. It opens, and Jane walks in, a hand on her small pregnant stomach, her hair in a different style.

LILITH (V.O.)
I believed it was a dream then.

Jane points to Lilith.

JANE
Wouldn't it look just lovely under
the window?

LILITH (V.O.)
They didn't see me, and they wore
things I'd never seen before. I
thought I just fell asleep to
Dahlia laughing.

Walter walks in. He carries a box with a crib picture on it,
sets it down, and wraps an arm around her.

WALTER
We shouldn't put him in direct
sunlight. Placing the crib in the
corner will give him more space to
play.

Jane nods and looks around. Lilith backs away from the
couple, sneaks past them, and out the door.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The walls stain with bright colors, and electrical lights
replace the candles.

LILITH (V.O.)
Everything was different: the
walls, the lights, the way the
floor was supposed to creak. Time
seemed to jump.

Lilith stumbles down the hallway, clutching the bottom of her
nightgown.

LILITH (V.O.)
However, I couldn't shake the
feeling that it was real the more I
moved. So I went to my parent's
room, hoping they'd wake me up from
the strange feeling.

Lilith goes to the last door in the hallway and opens it.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - PARENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walter and Jane are in bed. Jane has bags under her eyes, and
her hair is flat and greasy. The room looks like 50's
traditional interior design.

LILITH (V.O.)
It was like I was intruding in a
home that was mine. I was alone in
there with people I didn't know.

Lilith stills in the doorway.

JANE

I had a dream about that girl
again.

WALTER

The one you think the toy belonged
to?

Jane turns on her side, her belly prominent. She dangles a stuffed animal with patched fabric and stains off the edge of the bed.

Lilith walks to the animal, crouches, and grabs one of its hanging arms. Jane gasps. Lilith looks up. Jane stares over Lilith's shoulder.

JANE

Dahlia.

LILITH (V.O.)

When she called her name, I knew it
was real.

Lilith startles and turns. A shadow rushes from the door. She chases after it.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Lilith bolts down the stairs, holding the railing as she descends.

LILITH (V.O.)

And whatever Dahlia was planning,
she wanted me to see it all.

A MUFFLED GIRL'S VOICE sounds down the hall.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lilith runs into the dark.

DAHLIA (O.S.)

I can show you something beautiful.

Lilith's attention snaps in the direction of Dahlia's voice behind a slightly open door. Moonlight wobbles from the crack. Lilith walks to it.

LILITH

Dahlia, whatever you're about to
do, please talk to me first.

Lilith opens the door, and a SPLASH echoes out of the room.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - POOL ROOM

Moonlight refracts off the pool water in the center of the floor— water SPLASHES against the edges and spills onto the tiles. A pool chair sinks to the bottom of the water. Lilith cries out when she enters.

Vines grow up the windows and hang from the ceiling— the shadow of Jane with her bulging belly swings with the vines on the wall. Lilith turns away before she sees Jane.

DAHLIA, 14-years-old, stands in the entry of the back door, smiling.

LILITH (V.O.)

Dahlia smiled at me like she did
when we were younger. When she'd
give me 'gifts.'

Lilith backs away from Dahlia.

LILITH

Why did you do that?

Lilith turns.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - POOL ROOM - DAY

Lilith turns fully. Dahlia no longer in the room. Walter screams and cries, clutching dead Jane close to his chest. His arm wraps tightly around her shoulders; the other cradles her stomach.

WALTER

Jane!

Lilith rushes out of the pool room.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lilith enters from the pool room, a lamp reddening the space. Walter sits on a single-seater sofa chair in front of the door. He drinks liquor from a glass. His hair is messy, and bags circle his eyes as he stares absently.

Lilith rounds the chair but stops as she passes Walter. A loading CLICK sounds, and Lilith turns.

BANG, a gun fires. Lilith flinches as blood hits her face. She whips it away frantically. Dahlia GIGGLES.

Lilith looks up. Walter's body slumps to the side, out of view. Dahlia stands in the entryway and tilts her head, smiling.

LILITH (V.O.)

It was her way of saying she did it
for me.

DAHLIA

Isn't it beautiful?

Lilith turns around and runs out of the room.

INT. EVELIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lilith closes her eyes and shakes her head. Evelin's notepad
rests on her lap. Her hand strains as she grips her pen.

LILITH

They were the first ones. Then it
was more families after them. All
were ending in different ways,
pills, knives, fires, all forced to
be intentional by her.

Lilith whips at her tears.

LILITH (CONT'D)

I'd wake up whenever someone new
came into the house, thinking I
just woke up from a nightmare. But,
it never ended.

Evelin jumps from her seat to grab a box of tissues from her
bookshelf. She takes a breath as she grabs them and sets them
in front of Lilith.

EVELIN BARNS

You're in my office right now.
Isn't this different from you're
dreams?

Lilith looks at Evelin.

LILITH

I have proof that it's real.

Lilith sits up and reaches for a bag next to the sofa. She
opens it.

EVELIN BARNS

Dreams can surface from fears.
What's the relationship you have
with your sister?

Lilith sits up and places cut-up news articles on the table.
The newspapers date from the 50's to the 2000s.

Each newspaper has a picture of different families. One of those families is Walter and Jane.

Evelin sits up and grabs a page. The article title reads, "Family Dies Suspiciously In-Home."

LILITH

Dahlia used to hide dead insects around my room. It was never just one either. They were always in pairs.

Lilith fidgets with her sleeves.

LILITH (CONT'D)

I kept it secret at first, thinking she was fascinated with bugs.

Evelin frowns and puts the page down, and spreads out the rest of them.

EVELIN BARNS

Do you think your sister is capable of doing this?

LILITH

I told my parents when I found two rotting animals in my room. They wanted to send Dahlia off. She got mad at me. Then I woke up.

Lilith points to the page with Walter and Jane's article. Evelin looks up.

LILITH (CONT'D)

The question isn't 'is she capable?' It's how do I stop it?

Evelin opens her mouth to speak, but a phone ALARM RINGS. Evelin flinches and turns off the alarm. She stands from her chair.

EVELIN BARNS

Those articles are coincidences that remind you of what you've dreamt.

Evelin gathers her things and the papers, putting them in a folder. She hands a card over to Lilith.

EVELIN BARNS (CONT'D)

Our Session is over, but call me if you dream of them again tonight.

Lilith takes the card and stands, grabbing her bag off the floor. Evelin leads her out the door.

EXT. EVELIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Evelin and Lilith step outside. Evelin closes and locks the door behind them.

LILITH

You don't believe me, do you? I
thought you could stop this.

Evelin walks to her car. Lilith's hand clenches around her backpack strap.

EVELIN BARNS

I believe your dreams surface from
a severe fear of your sister. We'll
dive deeper at your next
appointment. Have a good night,
Lilith.

LILITH

Oliver Street. The house on Oliver
Street. You just moved in with
you're husband and daughter.

Evelin turns to look at Lilith.

EVELIN BARNS

Are you trying to scare me?

LILITH

Yes. I need you to believe me so it
doesn't happen again.

Evelin sighs and walks to Lilith. She smiles weakly.

EVELIN BARNS

Go home, Lilith. Get some rest, and
in the morning call me. You can
come back to the office, and we can
talk more.

LILITH

Promise, I can call.

EVELIN BARNS

Yes. I promise.

EXT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - NIGHT

Evelin gets out of her car and locks it. She flips through the file of newspapers in her hands. She walks towards the door with her phone pressed between her shoulder and ear.

EVELIN BARNS
Will you be home soon?

She shuts the file, unlocks the door, and enters.

INT. HOUSE ON OLIVER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Evelin shuts the door.

EVELIN BARNS
I'm okay. My client just spooked me. She came in with newspaper clippings of people who died in the same home. She believes her sister killed them.

She sets her things on a small table.

EVELIN BARNS (CONT'D)
Alright, I'll see you soon. Love you.

Evelin hangs up the phone and walks down the hall.

EVELIN BARNS (CONT'D)
Sophia, I'm home. I was thinking we order--

SOPHIA, 10-years-old, holds onto Dahlia's toy in the living room. Dahlia stands in front of her, smiling. Evelin gasps.

EVELIN BARNS (CONT'D)
Oh, Hello. Sophia, who's your friend?

Sophia runs to Evelin and hands her the toy.

SOPHIA
She gave me this— her name is Dahlia.

Eveline pales and looks to Dahlia. Lilith walks in from the pool room door, crying.

LILITH
It's happening again.

Dahlia giggles.

END