

TIME TO GO

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ANA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANA (50's, overwhelmed and stressed female) sits in the corner of her makeshift "office", sorting through a pile of bills stacked on top of a foldout table in a room that looks like it's in need of repairs.

She takes brief moment from her work to look at the time on her phone, which shows 12:05 AM.

Frustrated, she whips out her cell phone and dials.

VOICE-MAIL (V.O.)

Hey, this is Kenny. Sorry I missed your call. Please leave a message.

ANA

You still at that party? It's already past twelve. Time to go!

(hangs up)

Damn him!

She hangs up and goes back to her bills when she suddenly feels ill and starts to WHEEZE. Ana struggles to her feet, gripping her chest as she trudges off to...

INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT

Ana grabs her prescription bottle from the medicine cabinet, takes a few pills and pauses in deep thought, then...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She enters and grabs her coat from the closet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ana walks in and is startled out of her wits to see on the other side of the room...

KENNY (18, male), who appears dead tired while slouched against the bean-bag chair with that "zoned out" expression and his arms folded.

ANA

And, when did you get in?

BEAT. Kenny looks over to his mom.

KENNY

Just now. Where are you off too?

ANA

I was about to go to Millie's to find you. Do you have any idea how late you are? You could have at least answered my calls!

KENNY

Sorry. Phone was off.

ANA

(mocking)

Sorry. Phone was off.

(normal voice)

You had me worried sick.

KENNY

You should stop worrying so much--

ANA

How about coming home early for a change so I'll have one less thing to worry about? You think I have a choice? You think I enjoy working three jobs while I try to salvage what's left of my health?

Ana snatches the bills off the floor...

ANA

God, I wish I didn't have to worry about any of this shit anymore!

Then tosses them onto the table with disgust.

ANA

Hell, I wish I could be like you, sitting there with that look...

That look. That blank, "zombified" look, which Ana now finds very troubling.

ANA

...What's wrong?

KENNY

Nothing. Just tired. Why?

ANA

How was the party?

KENNY

It was great.

But, Anna is not buying his bullshit. She waits for her son to tell him what she thinks is the "truth", but all she gets is silence.

Finally, Ana beelines to the front door.

ANA

Hopefully, Millie will tell me the same thing.

That got her son's attention.

KENNY

Mom, wait.. Fine! You remember Rayven?

ANA

The vampire? Yeah.

KENNY

It's called Goth. Anyway, she was at Millie's party, but she looked kind of nervous. So, I asked her what's wrong and she told me... she was going to die.

ANA

I'm sorry to hear that. Something wrong with her?

KENNY

She... She saw the ghost of one of her friends who passed away.

Ana tries to make sense of what Kenny just said.

ANA

She thinks she's going to die because she saw her deceased friend's ghost.

KENNY

She read somewhere about how, when someone is about to die, they see the spirits of their friends and relatives who passed away. She told me how, if she was going to die soon, she wanted to do it on her terms, which is why she came to the party, to see her friends one last time.

ANA

...What were these "terms"?

KENNY

...I saw a gun inside her coat pocket.

ANA

(gasps)

I hope you told someone!

KENNY

Mom, she was already a nervous wreck! I didn't want to draw any unnecessary attention and have her do something rash--

ANA

Rash? She brought a gun to the party!

KENNY

I tried talking to her. When that didn't work, I--I went for her gun--

Ana is beside herself.

ANA

Oh my god, Kenny! Why the hell did you do that?

KENNY

(defensive)

Maybe because, she's my friend--

ANA

And, you're my numbskull son! You could have gotten hurt and...

She takes a moment to compose herself.

ANA

And, I'm sorry. I know you were trying to help her. Just please be careful next time... and try to cut down on those wild parties.

KENNY

Don't worry. I will.

She chains the front door and walks out.

INT. ANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ana puts her coat back in the closet and prepares to go to bed when her cell phone RINGS. The Caller ID shows:

"KENNY"

ANA

(on the phone)

You must really be tired if you
can't even get up from that--

MILLIE (V.O.)

(trembling)

Mrs. Sanders, I'm Millie, from the
party. We need to talk about Kenny--

ANA

How did you get my son's phone?

MILLIE

I got it from his pocket--

ANA

You stole my son's phone?

MILLIE (V.O.)

Will you please listen? Your son is
lying on my living room floor next
to another girl! I saw your number--

ANA

Look, Millie, I don't know what
kind of game you're playing, but
it's not funny! You hear me? My son
is right here...

Hysteria as people are heard ARGUING and SCREAMING in the
background. Among the people arguing...

MILLIE (V.O.)

(to another person)

The hell you doing, Jed?

JED (V.O.)

What do you think? I'm trying to
save them--

MILLIE (V.O.)

Get away from them!

ANA

Hello? Millie...

Ana hears Millie arguing with JED and some other TEENS on the other line.

MILLIE (V.O.)
(to Jed)
Jed, no! Give me back the phone...

More SCREAMING and ARGUING, followed by a CLICK...

And then, a DIAL TONE.

ANA
Millie? Millie!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ana rushes back into the living room, her expression, a mix of fear and frustration as she calls out...

ANA
Kenny!

The room is empty. The bean bag chair looks like it was never sat on.

The door is chained.

The windows are locked.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ANA LOOKS AROUND HER APARTMENT.

-- Ana goes into full panic mode as she races from room to room. With each empty room, she looks more and more sick until she finally...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ana stumbles in, exhausted and sick. Summoning every ounce of her strength...

ANA
(cries out)
Kenny, where the hell are you?

KENNY (O.C.)
Over here, mom.

Ana spins around, knocking over a stack of bills in the process.

ANA
How did you...

She stops mid-sentence and reels back in horror when she sees...

Kenny, sitting the bean bag chair. Standing next to him is...

RAYVEN (female, 17, raven-haired Goth), her powder-white face is covered with blood that flows from the single BULLET HOLE in her forehead.

KENNY

I'm sorry, mom. I was just trying
to help her.

Kenny unfolds his arms to reveal the GUNSHOT WOUND on his abdomen as he rises from the couch.

RAYVEN

I'm sorry Mrs. Sanders. It was an
accident, I swear! I never meant
for the gun to go off on him...

They both walk right THROUGH the coffee table towards Ana, who backpedals in fear until she slips and FALLS over the bills.

She clutches her chest, struggling to breathe until finally, her hand relaxes and she closes her eyes for the last time.

Standing next to Ana's corpse is Kenny, Rayven and Ana... as ghosts.

Ana looks around in disbelief, trying to take it all in.

KENNY

Come on, mom...

He takes her hand.

KENNY

It's time to go.

Ana accepts her fate as she, Kenny and Rayven walk toward the door and disappear right through it.

FADE OUT.