

## LITTLE BROTHER

(FIRST TEN PAGES)

Written by  
Adam Cosco

**FADE IN:**

**INT. ADAMS RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

A bay window looks out on a suburban street at night.

Curtains blow in the wind -- a sink DRIPS.

The HUM of a slow-moving car. Its HEADLIGHTS illuminate the interior of the home -- shadows dance along the walls.

The passing light shows brief glimpses of cow figurines, a sign that says: "Bless This House."

The light shifts to reveal LESLIE ADAMS, 12, dressed in a pink T-shirt and pajama pants.

She stands there -- a statue in the dark, slowly rocking back and forth -- back and forth.

Her arms stretch out in front of her. Her eyes roll back in her head. Her arms twitch.

She sleepwalks her way to the screen door, pushes it open --

**EXT. ADAMS RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Leslie drops on all fours like some wild animal. She skulks across the lawn, monkey-striding to a BIG PIECE OF CHALK.

She clutches the chalk in her hand and scrawls on the cement, MOANING like a DE-TUNED RADIO STATION.

She traces a circle on the driveway. Round and round. Faster and faster -- violent scribbles.

The screen door CREAKS open behind her.

MARK (O.S.)

Les?

Leslie twists over her shoulder to see her father, MARK, 40's, by the back door.

Her eyes roll back to normal -- she blinks, looks around as if waking from some nightmare.

Leslie sees the chalk in her hand. She lets it drop.

**INT. ADAMS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Leslie bites into a cupcake -- washes it down with cold milk.

Leslie has freckles and baby blue eyes; she's a bit of a tomboy, still uncomfortable in her skin.

Her father watches her chew the cupcake.

MARK  
Feeling better?

LESLIE  
I guess.

MARK  
Just needed a midnight cupcake.

LESLIE  
Why do you talk to me like I'm still a little girl?

MARK  
You're wearing a pink T-shirt with a pony on it.

Leslie looks at her shirt; *he's not wrong.*

MARK (CONT'D)  
Think about it.

Mark takes her plate.

LESLIE  
Dad, is something wrong with me?

MARK  
You were just sleepwalking.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Leslie wraps her lips around a SPIROMETER MOUTHPIECE. Her FAMILY DOCTOR, 60's, sits on a stool beside her.

FAMILY DOCTOR  
Deep breath in, and blow, blow,  
blow.

Leslie blows all the air out of her lungs.

FAMILY DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
And, good.

**INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Leslie fiddles with an ETCH-A-SKETCH in the tiny lobby.

ANGELA, 40's, Leslie's mother, stern and a tad naggy, watches the Doctor rip off a PIECE OF PAPER and write a prescription.

FAMILY DOCTOR  
Probably a mild case of asthma.

ANGELA  
How do we know for sure?

FAMILY DOCTOR  
I'll set you up with a specialist,  
but for now, we'll get her an  
inhaler to see if that helps.

ANGELA  
She's been having the pains in her  
belly and now the sleepwalking.

The Family Doctor whispers:

FAMILY DOCTOR  
That's puberty. It makes young  
bodies go a little crazy.

**INT. SPENCE RESIDENCE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT**

CHEESY POP MUSIC blasts. A banner hangs above a door that reads: "Happy Birthday Tommy."

Some KIDS, including birthday-boy TOMMY SPENCE, 12, rummage through the last gifts from a dwindling pile.

On the other side of the room, a GLASS COKE BOTTLE SPINS.

GIRLS sit in a circle, watching as the bottle stops. It's pointing right at Leslie.

The boys HOOT and HOLLER. They eye Leslie like hawks. She pulls up her dress, covering her chest.

TALIA, 13, Leslie's bestie, holds her finger to her lips.

TALIA  
Guys, shhhhhhh.

Talia tip-toes up the basement stairs. She peeks through the door crack, seeing GROWN-UPS nibbling on wine and cheese.

Talia moves down the stairs.

TALIA (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Alright, now just the boys.

The Girls move out, and the Boys form a circle. They're nudging each other, horsing around, masking their nerves.

Talia whispers in Leslie's ear.

TALIA (CONT'D)  
See, they all like you.

LESLIE  
Only 'cause I'm starting to get  
boobs.

**INT. SPENCE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Upstairs the PARENTS are having a quainter party.

BRANDY SPENCE brings out an opulent charcuterie board.

TWO FATHERS huddle around Mark. He's playing "Operation."

MARK  
I haven't done this in years.

FATHER  
Easy, easy.

Mark holds tweezers steady as he finagles the liver out from the little Operation guy.

Meanwhile, Angela speaks with CYNTHIA, 30's, quite pregnant.

CYNTHIA  
I've just read so many terrible  
things on the internet.

ANGELA  
That's all garbage.

CYNTHIA  
It doesn't feel natural.

ANGELA  
I'm telling you, it's just a pill,  
better safe than sorry.

**BASEMENT**

The bottle stops on Tommy.

STEVEN, 13, Tommy's best friend, rushes to Leslie.

STEVEN

Oh my God, he likes you, he never  
shuts up about you!

Tommy wrestles Steven to the ground. The girls grab Leslie,  
the boys Tommy. They shove them into the --

**GAMES ROOM**

Leslie and Tommy are alone. The cheesy pop music is now a  
muffled thump in the background.

The room is filled with action figures and game consoles.

**BASEMENT**

The boys hold the door shut. They fight to press their ears  
to the hard-wood.

**GAMES ROOM**

Tommy awkwardly moves to Leslie. He pokes her on the  
shoulder.

TOMMY

Wanna dance?

LESLIE

We can barely hear the music.

Tommy takes her hand -- puts it on his waist.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

TOMMY

Well, we gotta do something.

LESLIE

Can't we just say we did?

Tommy steps closer to her. He forces her hand to his crotch.

TOMMY

Ever felt one?

LESLIE

You're sick.

Leslie moves for the door. Tommy grabs her arm, yanks her.

Leslie loses her balance -- stumbles -- lands on her back.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

### **BASEMENT**

The kids listen with smiles plastered on their faces. Boys bang on the door -- it's all fun and games.

### **GAMES ROOM**

Tommy straddles Leslie and holds her arms down.

TOMMY

C'mon, try and get up.

He presses his pelvis into her.

LESLIE

Stop it!

TOMMY

Just try and get up!

Leslie grits her teeth and WALLOPS TOMMY ACROSS THE FACE.

Tommy rolls to his side.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell, man?

He grabs his jaw.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It was just a game.

Tommy looks at Leslie on the floor; she's not moving.

He takes a step to her. Creeping closer and closer, and then:

Leslie jolts like she's being zapped with shock paddles.

She seizes and trashes like she's having a seizure.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Leslie?

She shakes. Her back arches. Head twists. And then --

She goes still once again.

Leslie slowly rises. She scans the room till she's looking at Tommy. Her eyes roll back in her head.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Stop trying to scare me!

Leslie rises to her feet -- she's in her sleepwalking state.

She feels the wall, not seeing, but touching where to go. She bumps into a dresser where a gift-wrapping station is set up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me?

Leslie sweeps her hands across the dresser knocking over wrapping paper and tape.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?!

Leslie feels a drawer handle -- yanks it open -- shoves pencil crayons aside -- pulls out an EXACTO KNIFE.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Leslie!

Leslie encroaches on Tommy -- feels around for him.

She touches his shoulder.

Her eyelids flutter.

Her shoulders twitch.

Her breath SIMMERS as she growls:

LESLIE  
*I'mmmm nooooooottttt Lesssssslie.*

## **BASEMENT**

A HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM. The KIDS jump back.

## **LIVING ROOM**

The PENETRATING HOWL travels all the way upstairs.

Mark flinches, BUZZES the Operation guy -- the nose goes red.

Parents all turn to the basement door --

**BASEMENT**

The Parents rush down the stairs. The kids wait at the base, some covering their faces in shock, others crying.

Mark makes his way through the sea of kids and opens the door to the --

**GAMES ROOM**

Tommy lays dead on the floor.

His throat slit -- torso covered in cuts.

Leslie is nowhere to be seen.

The Kids freeze at the grisly sight. Their parents pull them away and usher them upstairs.

Brandy moves through the crowd of parents and children.

BRANDY

Tommy? Where's my Tommy?

She sees the body and lets out a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Ohhh nooo, what did you dooo? Oh my God. Oh, my God. Nooo. My baby. My baby. Oh nooo, Nooooo, Ohh myy gooodd. Oh, I only have one. My baby, oh nooooo.

Mark and Angela move through the crowd.

MARK

Leslie? Les?!

He kneels beside Talia.

MARK (CONT'D)

Where is she?

Talia points to an open door leading to a staircase.

**EXT. SPENCE RESIDENCE - ROOF - NIGHT**

Moonlight.

Leslie walks barefoot across roof tiles.

Her dress covered in blood -- an open window behind her.

Leslie steps to the edge -- the driveway below her. POLICE SIRENS WHIR in the distance.

Leslie whimpers, closes her eyes, holds her arms out and leans forward.

**EXT. SPENCE RESIDENCE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS**

DARREN, 12, pale and wearing big red glasses, cradles a wrapped gift. CHRIS, 12, joins him.

They approach Tommy's house through the brush. TWIRLING RED AND BLUE POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

CHRIS

Darren, let's go back, man!

DARREN

Let's see what happened.

Darren and Chris move past the tree line to see --

Leslie perched on the roof. She leans forward and falls.

**SLOW MOTION**

Darren runs to Leslie as she plunges -- he drops his present.

Leslie falls through the air -- her hair blows wildly.

Darren sprints -- shrieking -- "NOOOOOO!"

**BACK TO SCENE**

Leslie smacks the side of a car and rolls onto the driveway.

The CAR ALARM BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEPS.

Darren stops over her, breathless.

DARREN

Oh, my God.

Leslie rustles -- still alive. She looks at Darren. They share a fleeting glance. And then --

The front door swings open -- Mark trips and falls to Leslie.

He hugs her, he lifts her shirt up, checking for cuts.

MARK

Baby? Baby, what happened.

No cuts. Leslie looks at him with watery eyes.

LESLIE

Dad, I think there's something  
wrong with me.