

'Little Janey'

by

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EXT. RED ROAD COUNCIL FLATS, CAR PARK

A near empty car park stretches before a young girl (LITTLE JANEY), who stands underneath a street light. The young girl cradles a parcel in her arms.

On the parcel's brown paper, the words: 'John Chapman, Flat 13F, Red Road, URGENT' are written.

Little Janey checks her pink plastic watch. '23:45'

LITTLE JANEY(TO HERSELF):  
...fifteen minutes.

She peers upwards at an imposing concrete building. We see a caption: 'Red Road Council Flat'. Little Janey creeps towards the building.

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROAD COUNCIL FLATS, ENTRANCE

The walls are stained and grimy.

A single cylindrical light flickers above.

Little Janey edges further into the empty building, glancing a half-faded sign for an elevator.

She follows the direction of the sign's provided arrow.

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROAD COUNCIL FLATS, REAR ENTRANCE

We see two rusted metallic elevators, each with a sign that reads 'Out of Order'.

Little Janey grimaces.

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROAD COUNCIL FLATS, STAIRWELL

The stairwell is filthy.

Stepping in a puddle, Little Janey looks up at the endless flights of stairs.

She raises her soggy foot, grips her parcel slightly tighter and begins assailing the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROAD COUNCIL FLATS, FLOOR 13, HALLWAY

Above, a cylindrical light, humming, illuminates the room.

At the end of the corridor, an OLD MAN sips at a bottle of whiskey.

Little Janey enters the long corridor of Floor 13.  
She inspects various doors and points at each room.

LITTLE JANEY:  
Thirteen dee... thirteen ee...  
thirteen eff.

Her finger lands on a door labelled '13F'.  
The Old Man peers at the young girl before him.

OLD MAN:  
Don't see many little girlies like  
you round here, let alone at this  
time.

Little Janey glances at the OLD MAN. Unsure how to reply.

OLD MAN CONT'D:  
What's your name little girl?

Little Janey hides her parcel behind her.  
The Old Man clearly notices.

LITTLE JANEY:  
Janey... my names...Janey.

The Old Man steps forward.

OLD MAN:  
What kind of parcel you got there  
Little Janey?

LITTLE JANEY:  
None of my business.

OLD MAN:  
Clever, though you should really be  
careful little one, there's strange  
folk round here at this hour.

The Old Man sips from his bottle, chuckles, and limps away  
down the hall.

Little Janey glares at his back and scoffs.

LITTLE JANEY:  
Little?

She pivots, now facing the door of Flat 13F.

CUT TO:

INT.FLAT 13F, ENTRANCEWAY

Old, musty and extravagant: the inside of Flat 13F appears  
more like a Georgian house than a council flat. The

entranceway is far longer than expected.

We see a closed mahogany door and hear a knock.

The door opens, Little Janey, now almost hugging the parcel, steps in.

Numerous paintings hang along the long entranceway, Janey peers at each as she passes.

We linger on a few of the paintings. They depict portraits of people from various time periods. Each painted face shows signs of terror.

The girl smiles and gallops on.

CUT TO:

INT.FLAT 13F, LIVING ROOM

The room holds various trinkets also from various time periods, as well as the strange paintings.

Little Janey stands before two of the trinkets: a Greek vase and an Egyptian sculpture of a black cat.

She examines the vase, and peers up at another painting, the women depicted is hiding her face.

A beep sounds from Little Janey's watch and she glances the time.

Little Janey, off schedule, skips to the back door of the room.

LITTLE JANEY:

Mr.Chapman! I've got your parcel!

No one replies.

She opens the back door to be met by a wall of darkness.

The darkness fades.

Little Janey enters the back room.

CUT TO:

INT.FLAT 13F, BACK ROOM

MR.CHAPMAN sits strapped to a chair, with a drip feed containing dark liquids. He breathes heavily, the sound of which joins the tick of a georgian clock.

Rotten, skeletal and decrepit: Mr.Chapman is alive but appears close to death.

We see a caption: 'The Back Room'

Little Janey tears into the parcel, revealing a diary and a vial of black liquid.

She leaves the diary on a coffee table next to an armchair opposite Mr.Chapman and takes the vial in hand.

LITTLE JANEY:

I hope this is enough, we don't  
want a repeat of last month.

Janey stares into the puffed eyes of Mr.Chapman.

LITTLE JANEY CONT'D:

Do we Mr.Chapman?

Little Janey pours the liquid into Mr.Chapman's open mouth.

Mr.Chapman's heavy breathing becomes more frequent.

Stepping back, Little Janey splutters and coughs and moves to the armchair as she does so.

Her cough worsens and she throws up a black and red substance onto the floor.

In the process of expelling the strange vomit from her body, Little Janey's health deteriorates.

Her eyes glance to her watch: it reads near exactly midnight.

LITTLE JANEY:

We're late again Chapman.

She throws up again.

The Georgian clock chimes for midnight.

Little Janey's plastic watch beeps as an alarm triggers.

Bursting into a fit of contortions, Mr.Chapman screams in pain.

CUT TO:

INT.RED ROAD COUNCIL FLATS, FLOOR 13, HALLWAY

The hallway is silent and vacant.

Now flickering, the cylindrical light fixed to the ceiling glows brighter and flashes.

The hall falls between illumination and darkness sporadically.

CUT TO:

INT.FLAT 13F, BACK ROOM

MR.Chapman's head ferociously twitches back and forth.

A foul, red smoke billows from his eyes, nose, and mouth as he does so.

Little Janey proceeds to opens her mouth unusually wide to inhale the crimson smoke.

CUT TO:

INT.RED ROAD COUNCIL FLAT, FLAT 13F, LIVING ROOM

The room is silent, the chaos ensuing in The Back Room unheard.

We see the painting with the hidden face.

CUT TO:

INT.FLAT 13F, BACK ROOM

Mr.Chapman stops exhaling the crimson smoke and falls silent.

Little Janey finishes inhaling Chapman's smoke.

Mr.Chapman, flesh discoloured and grey crumples in his seat.

Little Janey stands up, her health and look rejuvenated. She appears younger than before, her face no longer demented but more youthful.

Turning to her diary, we clearly see that the cover reads: 'Jane Wenham - 1712'. Then, with hands covered by sleeves too long for her arms, Little Janey picks up the diary and writes an entry.

Finished, Janey smiles, wraps the book in her baggy clothes and edges out of The Back Room.

The wall of darkness reappears behind her as she leaves.

CUT TO:

INT.FLAT 13F, ENTRANCEWAY

Once more examining the rows of terrified paintings, Little Janey raises a frame leaning against the wall.

Stretching onto her tip-toes, she hangs the frame next to the others.

We see that the painting depicts Mr.Chapman with the same visage of horror as the others.

Little Janey steps back, examines the art and beams with delight.

She then skips away, closing the door to Flat 13F behind her.

THE END