

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A bright yellow school bus pulls around a corner and comes to a stop. The doors open and out come give children, including WYATT, 11 and a little too mature for someone his age.

While the other kids are greeted by their parents, he sprints away, but not out of eagerness, out of desperation.

Wyatt approaches your typical white picket fence house, but the grass is far too overgrown and there are patches of yellow throughout the lawn.

He fumbles out house keys and unlocks the front door, opening to the cries of a baby.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt throws his backpack to the ground and immediately makes his way towards the back of the house where he finds ELLIE, his 6 month old baby sister, on the ground crying and alone.

She is surrounded by a variety of objects, from an empty bottle to several scattered toys and blankets.

Wyatt picks her up and she almost instantly calms down from his presence.

WYATT

Hi Ellie, how was your day?

She only gurgles in response.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Mine was great, thank you.

He picks up her empty bottle and carries them into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Placing her into a high chair takes significant effort because of his height, but it is an action that has clearly been repeated and mastered by him.

He places the empty bottle into the sink and pulls out a new bottle filled with milk from the refrigerator and sets it down on a counter.

After filling up a tea kettle with water and setting it to boil on the stove, he returns his attention back to Ellie and gives her a pacifier, which she happily takes.

Wyatt's familiarity with everything makes it clear that this is routine.

He sits down in front of Ellie and amuses her, letting her pull on his hair and poke at his face. When the phone starts ringing, he walks away from her and picks up the landline. She is visibly upset at the loss of his attention.

WYATT

Hello, Jones residence.

Wyatt walks around back towards Ellie.

WYATT (CONT'D)

No, she's not home right now.

The doorbell rings, eliciting a smile from Wyatt as he walks over to it, still on the phone.

WYATT (CONT'D)

I don't know when she'll be home,
you can try calling later tonight.

He opens the door to reveal a cardboard package on the ground. He puts the phone between his shoulder and head, and picks up the package.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Bye!

He places the package down on the kitchen counter and puts the phone back in its stand.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Ellie! Look what finally came!

He grabs a scissor and opens the box, pulling out a variety of toy cars.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Aren't these cool?

He places one on the tray in front of her, but she grabs it and throws it across the room below the stove.

WYATT (CONT'D)

I guess not.

As Wyatt bends down to pick up the toy car the tea kettle starts going off.

Ellie starts crying. Wyatt jumps and backs up, the back of his arm hitting the kettle. He screams in pain. Wyatt has tears in his eyes. Ellie cries harder.

He takes the kettle off the stove, instinctually grabs onto his arm and goes towards Ellie, picking her up from the high chair.

WYATT (CONT'D)

No, no, no, don't cry. Please don't cry.

He tries bouncing her and calming her down.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Look, look, the scary noise is gone. Right? And I'm okay too. It's okay.

Ellie's sobs die down and he places her back in the high chair.

Wyatt opens up a drawer, and pulls out multiple dish towels onto the counter until he finds one that isn't too large.

He wets the dish towel with cold water and holds it against his arm before pouring the hot water into a bowl, blowing on it hoping to cool it down.

After putting the new bottle of milk in the bowl of hot water, he picks up Ellie and they go upstairs.

The stove, however, is still on and the towels that Wyatt took out are close to the burner. The cardboard box is also nearby. The towels catch fire.

INT. NURSERY - DAY

Ellie is on a changing table, clean, while Wyatt, wearing a nose clip, is in the attached bathroom to throw away the waste and run his arm under cold water. Ellie starts whining

WYATT

I know you're hungry, but it isn't ready yet.

He turns off the water, carries Ellie to a blanket on the ground, and sits down next to her. After taking the clip off he picks up a toy and tries to play with her, but she doesn't respond.

Instead he lays down next to her and takes a deep breath. He pauses, and turns to look at Ellie

WYATT (CONT'D)

Do you smell that?

Suddenly alert, Wyatt bolts up and opens the door to the nursery.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt walks out of the nursery and looks down the stairs, only to see an orange glow. Alarmed, he runs down and the front door is consumed by fire, but there is still an opening to the back. He runs back upstairs and into the nursery.

INT. NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt runs into the nursery and tries picks up Ellie, but she starts crying.

WYATT

Come on Ellie, please work with me.

He manages to get her up and runs out again.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt comes down the stairs holding Ellie, but the back exit is now blocked off as well. Panic settles into his face. He's frozen while Ellie keeps crying.

Wyatt regains his senses and runs back upstairs into the room furthest away.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He holds Ellie tighter and starts tearing up as well.

He no longer has that confident, responsible exterior. He's just like Ellie, a child that's alone and afraid.

WYATT

I'm so sorry Ellie.

He shrinks himself into the corner of the room and closes his eyes while Ellie continues to cry.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The fire has died down, but police officers and firemen surround the area. The night time is illuminated by emergency lights.

Around the corner a black car pulls up across the street from the house. The driver is a woman in her late thirties with an uncanny resemblance to Wyatt, presumably their mother.

But she doesn't get out of the car. She stares at the house without a reaction except for mild annoyance, and drives off before any first responders see her.