

Chronicles of a "Ghost Writer"

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Date: December 10th, 2025

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EXT. SECLUDED VICTORIAN-STYLE HOME ON THE EDGE OF A FOREST
- EARLY EVENING -

Elia steps out of a rusted brown car. She pulls out a small pet carrier and a green fabric suitcase from the backseat. She stands still for a moment, staring at the old home sitting before her.

Elia
Well, Lincoln, maybe this won't be
so bad?

Lincoln meows back faintly as Elia walks toward the house. She digs around for a key in her pocket, unlocks the door, and enters the house, closing the door behind her. She sets her belongings down, releases Lincoln, and begins coughing.

INT. VICTORIAN-STYLE HOME WITH DATED FURNITURE, TORN
WALLPAPER, AND DUST COVERING EVERYTHING

Elia
(In between coughs)
It smells like mothballs in here.
Maybe I should just give up...

CUT TO: A SMALL GREY CORPORATE OFFICE. ELIA IS STANDING IN
AN OFFICE FACING A BALDING MAN WEARING A SUIT.

INT. DAILY NEWS CO- one week earlier, early morning

Davies
Your column is failing, Elia. No
one is interested in hokey zodiac
readings and what-if paranormal
sightings.

Elia
Sir, I know readership is down.
Please don't cut my column. It
will get better, I swear.

Davies
Look, kid, I don't want to cut your
column. This paper prides itself on
having something for everyone. Even
loonys. I'll give you one more
chance.

Elia
Thank you, sir. I'll do anything
to keep this job. I can look for

more possible sightings online,
something more believable.

Davies

No more online sightings. You and
I are similar, we don't fall for
fake videos or spoof articles.
I need you to find something concrete,
or *make* something concrete.

Elia frowns, clearly confused as to what he's asking.

Elia

Sir? I'm not sure what you mean.

Davies

The old house on Bakers Street is
for rent. Apparently, it's "haunted."

(he does air-quotes around haunted)

I may be a skeptic, but the stories
I've heard from that house are
strange. Move in there, create a
story that gets *me* to believe.
This is your last chance, or you're gone.

Elia nods as she turns and walks back to her cubicle.

Int. Elia's cubicle

Elia

I can't lose this job, I need the money.

(CUT BACK): INT. VICTORIAN-STYLE HOME

ELIA

(talking to Lincoln)

This is my last chance. If
If I lose this job, I won't be able
to afford my house payment.

Elia unpacks her belongings and begins to explore her new home.

ELIA

(to herself)

This house is gross, but ghosts?
I can't believe I'm stuck writing
about something I don't believe in,
thats what I get for going to writing
School.

Elia continues to walk through the house. Looking through closets, bedrooms, and musty bookshelves.

INT. OLD LIBRARY WITH AN ABANDONDED STUDY DESK LITTERED
WITH PAPERS - LATE EVENING

Elia peers down at an antique desk, covered in old estate papers and novels.

Elia

How odd. The papers are all still
laid out. The estate agent said the
previous residents' belongings had
been cleared out when they left.

A chill spreads across Elias's back as a cold tendril of
vapor swirls around her lower back, brushing gently.

Unknown

(in a soft whisper)
What if I never left?