

THE 9TH STEP

HORROR SAMPLE

copyright 2006, Written By Clark

CONTACT:

J.T. CLARK

P.O. BOX 11714 NEWPORT BEACH, CA 92658
323.447.9676
jthomasclark@gmail.com
www.writtenbyclark.com

FADE IN:

EXT. 15TH CENTURY CHINESE MANSION - NIGHT

A luxurious three story manner with ancient Chinese architecture.

The courtyard in the center ties all the buildings together. It is full of lush greens and exotic plants and flowers amidst monuments and statues. Quiet. Still.

SOUNDS of choking, coughing, vomiting, struggling. Someone is in serious pain.

On the third floor. A bedroom window opens. A hand grabs the top of the window. Shaking. Twitching. An older Chinese MAID pulls herself up high enough to lay belly first on the window sill.

Smoke streams out the window. It is foggy inside.

SOUNDS of other people coughing, vomiting and struggling intensify. There must be half a dozen people now--all in serious pain.

The maid is pale, green and weak. Vomit and blood stains on her chest. She closes her watery eyes and screams, the best she can, out into the dark of the night, as if signaling. But she knows there is no hope. Her strength fades, she quickly surrenders.

The smoke streams faster now; darker, thicker.

The maid pulls herself up and over the window sill, falling forward, letting go of the window sloppily, fumbling.

She falls to the ground, three stories with a thud, her body left in a mangled position. Twitching. Head jerking. Her eyes close. Her body slows. Her wrists go limp. Dead.

INT. BEDROOM - THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Smoke fills the room. A small Caucasian GIRL, 8 dressed in Bug's Bunny PJ's from the 1940's. She has curly dark hair and stands in the doorway holding a gas can and a matchbook.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

HEAVY SOUNDS of people choking, coughing and suffering.

The girl exits the room and whistles as she slowly walks to the next bedroom doorway.

INSIDE THE ROOM

A German MAN, in his early forties is knelt on the ground. He arcs his back in pain, revealing his face. Veiny. Green. Puffy. Swollen throat. This man is dying from poison.

He reaches out to the little girl, now with tears in her eyes.

MAN
(throaty)
Baby...

The girl closes her eyes and swishes gasoline around the room.

The man is hit with splashes of gas. He wipes it off, in pain, anger, confusion, and disbelief.

The girl opens her eyes. Looks down to her hands. She holds a matchbook.

The man looks at her hands.

Both of them lock eyes. Each with hurt and confusion in their souls.

But nothing is going to change her mind.

The little girl lights the match, illuminating her milky white eyes dripping with thick mucus.

She tosses the match.