DEATH COMES AT NIGHT

TYPEWRITER SFX. Sultry SAX MUSIC. White type on black.
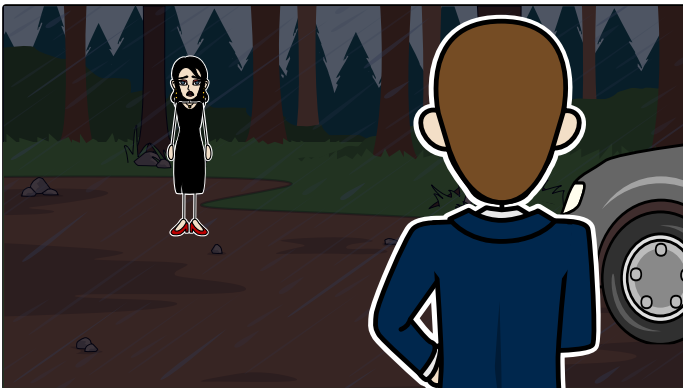GUNSHOT SFX

JD plunks an old typewriter. Camera pushes in.
V.O. It was dark, and, it was raining. Daniel Monson was driving, tension stretching him out like taffy. He felt like he couldn't breathe.
There she was, standing in the road.
Daniel slammed on the brakes. She just stood there.
He swerved and stopped.
When his heart rate slowed, Daniel stepped out of the car and into the mud.

Headlights catch rain. A WOMAN stands in the road. Daniel SHOUTS.
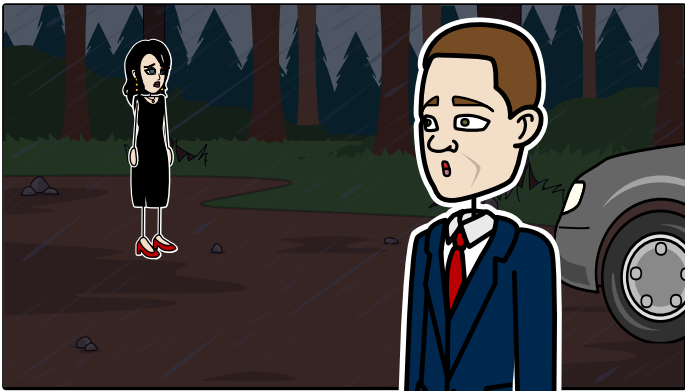DANIEL: Are you Crazy? What are you doing? You could get killed.

The woman turns slowly toward Daniel.
VO: She was barefoot, in a black dress, soaked to the skin.

VO: Daniel took a step toward her.
The woman SCREAMS.

JD TYPES OUT THE WORDS ON THE TYPEWRITER. SHADOWS ARE DARKER..
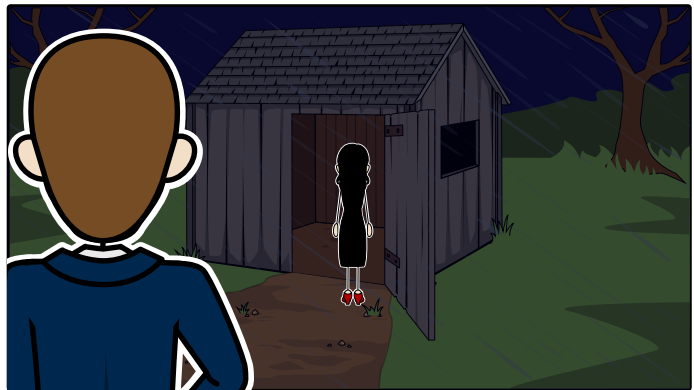DANIEL: I won't hurt you.
WOMAN: Help me.

Daniel and the woman stare at each other in the rain.

Then the woman runs into the darkness.
VO: As raindrops danced on the blacktop, Daniel followed her into the darkness.
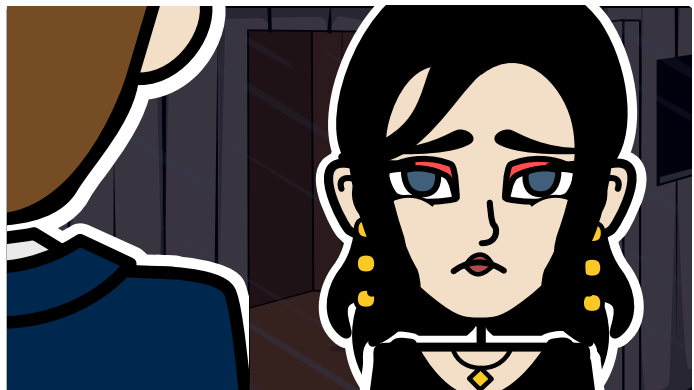

JD typing. Darker.
JD VO: The woman seemed to float along.
Daniel rounded a corner and saw her, silhouetted in the light of an open barn door.
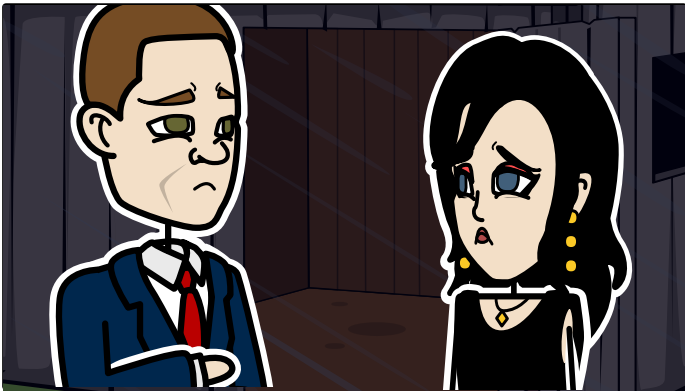

The woman is silhouetted as Daniel approaches.
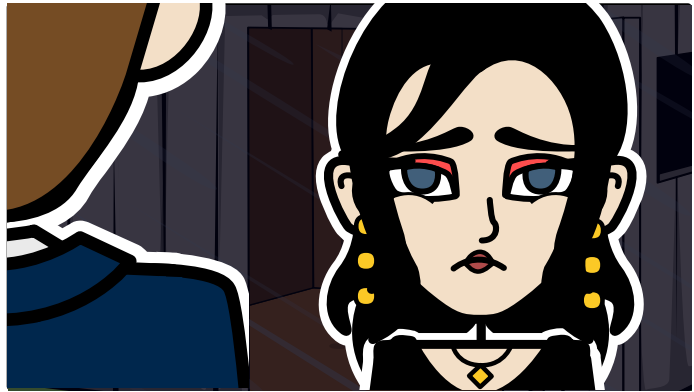VO: Daniel slowed, then stopped, breathing hard. The woman was staring into the barn.

VO: She turned to look at Daniel and their eyes met.

VO: She had the most compelling eyes he had ever seen. Deep pools that seems to glow.

VO: He couldn't look away.

Woman: In there.

Daniel looks into the barn.
VO: Daniel Monson had a normal life, a perfect life. Until now.

Daniel steps into the barn. The woman is visible in the doorframe.
VO: Daniel stepped out of the blackness into a light much darker.

The woman is dead, on the floor of the barn.
VO: There she was. The black dress was torn from her shoulder. A trickle of blood dripped from the corner of her ruby lips, and she was staring up at him.

Daniel turns to look back at the doorway. It's empty.

DEATH COMES AT NIGHT
by James Dalrymple

Available at Amazon.com, Barnes & Noble, and other fine
booksellers.
Contact: DeathComesAt NightNovel@gmail.com for more
information.

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