

NIGHTCAP

SCREENWRITING SAMPLE:
HORROR GENRE

Written by

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Contact me to purchase my writing services, dialogue polishes and punch-ups, script notes & coverage, or to purchase my completed screenplays in both short & feature length. I also take orders to write original screenplays and/or teleplays based on your ideas.

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FADE IN:

INT. DELILAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Flickering candles casting eerie shadows on the walls.

The door opens and DELILAH, an elegant woman in her late 20s with a seductive air about her, leads a young man in his mid-20s, TOMMY, by the hand toward a couch in the living room. He does not sit, but stands and awkwardly watches her.

Delilah closes the HEAVY WOODEN DOOR behind them, securing it with MULTIPLE LOCKS. As each lock CLICKS into place, the loud sounds ECHO throughout the home, racking up the tension and suspenseful atmosphere.

Tommy stands behind Delilah, with an expression of unease written all over him. Delilah seems to notice this but continues with the last lock and then looks back at Tommy.

DELILAH

Sorry about all this... It's just that this neighborhood can be dangerous at times. Especially at night...

Tommy gives a tight-lipped smile and half-hearted nod, trying to look pleasant and non-chalant, tries his best to hide his unease as he glances around cautiously, but does it so uncomfortably stiff.

TOMMY

No, uh... No worries. Safety first, right?

He nervously chuckles, more to calm his own growing unease, but it's not working. He's beginning to wonder if coming here was such a good idea, after all.

They exchange reassuring smiles as Delilah nods and walks toward a vintage RECORD PLAYER in the corner of the room. She delicately places a VINYL RECORD on its turntable and lowers the needle onto it.

Hauntingly beautiful MUSIC fills the air, creating an enchanting ambiance.

DELILAH

Make yourself comfortable. I'll get us more wine.

Delilah disappears into another room, almost appearing to melt into the darkness, while Tommy sits on a worn-out couch.

Unease and dread fills the air and mounts in her absence, as he anxiously waits for her return.

INT. DELILAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Delilah pours two glasses of red wine with a mischievous smile.

INT. DELILAH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Delilah returns with the two full glasses gleaming red.

She seductively slithers toward Tommy, who is entranced by Delilah's beauty and the ethereal music surrounding them. The palpable tension builds to a crescendo like a spider spinning its web.

DELILAH

You'll enjoy this vintage. It's perfect for us to drown our worries.

TOMMY

...I... I'm not worried...

They clink their glasses together before taking small sips, their eyes locked in an intense gaze into one another.

As they drink more deeply from their glasses, something changes within Tommy -- his inhibitions weaken as if under a spell.

His eyes look half-sleepy, glazed, then he becomes emboldened... he begins taking off his jacket. Unbuttoning his shirt.

Delilah moves closer to him, her captivating eyes fixed on his every move, inviting him to go further down this road. Her intense eyes and piercing gaze look like they might as well be commanding him in a hypnotized trance to let go and give in to her enchantments.

Delilah's graceful and deliberate movements draw him deeper into her alluring web. As she leans in closer still, she begins to follow Tommy's lead and she slips off a piece of clothing here... a piece there...

The tension between them intensifies with each passing moment.

Their bodies gravitate towards one another, their excitement palpable and thick. Undeniable. Inescapable. Inevitable.

They give in to their primal urges, going at each other like the other is meat -- satisfying their mutual hunger.

The room seems to swirl with anticipation as their desires intertwine, serpentine.

The CAMERA PANS OUT from the entangle couple, revealing SINISTER OBJECTS scattered throughout the room -- ANCIENT ARTIFACTS and SYMBOLS hinting at something more ominous than mere seduction.

INT. DELILAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is adorned with RED SILK DRAPES and flicking neon lights from outside the window.

Incense smokes as Delilah guides Tommy towards the BED, their bodies swaying to the haunting music as they continue tasting each other sensually.

Slowly, she undresses him, revealing him in his most vulnerable state.

Tommy is momentarily broken out of his lustful trance, self-conscious again and slightly shaken from shyness, anxiety, and feelings of his unworthiness again...loneliness. He needs this so much. Wanted this for so long... His intense desire overrides any timidity he might still possess. For he has become possessed by a more powerful addiction that needs submitting to at this moment...

The room begins to spin slightly, as if reality is shifting on its axis under Tommy's feet. He looks at Delilah through half-closed eyes. She seems ethereal, her beauty amplified by some unknown force within him.

Suddenly, Tommy snaps out of the enchantment and pushes Delilah away. Delilah is taken aback by this action and she seems extremely concerned.

DELILAH

Tommy, what's wrong?

TOMMY

I'll... I'll be...back in a minute.

He stumbles into the bathroom, out of her sight.

She stands looking after him, wondering what is the matter. For the first time, we see this supremely confident woman genuinely look unsure of herself and this turn of events...

INT. DELILAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tommy looks into the bathroom mirror and speaks to himself.

TOMMY

Come on, Tommy, you've got this.
Just be yourself. It's been a
while, but you're still the same
charming guy.

He takes a few deep breaths.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Are you calm now, Tommy?
(beat)
Ok. Then it's time to go back in.

INT. DELILAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy re-enters the bedroom where Delilah awaits in bed,
under the covers.

DELILAH

Hey there, 'fraidy cat. Come say
Hello to my Kitty...

She smiles and unveils the covers.

Tommy stands transfixed, he has lost all courage again.

He is captivated with his whole attention devoted to her
majestic beauty in the flesh within his view... within his
reach... just within his longing touch...!

Tommy slowly slips completely into a trancelike state, wholly
under the woman's spell, unable to resist her. This is his
dream, coming true before his eyes. At long last!

Delilah seductively gestures for him to join her in bed.

He hesitantly does so. But as soon as he does, they
passionately embrace, fueled by desire and an otherworldly
connection, ignites and takes hold of them once more.

They sensually explore each other's bodies in carnal abandon,
entwining like two serpents dancing under moonlight. The
atmosphere crackles with desire as they explore each other's
flesh and their eyes search the depths of the other's eyes.

Delilah slowly goes down on Tommy, kissing his belly and
hips. Delilah's moans grow more intense, almost animalistic.
Her once-gentle touches become feverish, causing Tommy to
shiver with pleasure and unease.

SUDDENLY -- Delilah's TEETH sink into Tommy--! We hear the sound of her teeth sinking in hard and deep.

The bite sends jolts of PAIN through Tommy's body.

Tommy SCREAMS, shocked, nearly out of his mind reeling from the sudden pain and surprise and sheer TERROR.

He tries to pull away but he is pinned down by an unseen force.

TOMMY

Delilah! -- What the hell's going on?! What the hell are you *doing!*?

DELILAH

(whispers)

Close your eyes and let your skin tell you what I'm going to do...!

Her eyes flash an otherworldly shade of crimson as she pushes his hands forcefully towards the bed. Panic overtakes Tommy as he realizes he's in over his head, and she might very well be capable of taking his head off. LIGHT suddenly emerges from her mouth.

TOMMY

Oh, GOD! What the devil ARE YOU!?

Delilah hisses and laughs in sinister glee.

DELILAH

What's wrong, Romeo? Can't handle a woman like me? I'm the rarest breed there is...

With sheer determination fueled by fear, Tommy gathers all his strength and breaks free from Delilah's hold.

Pulse-pounding, heart racing, he wildly stumbles toward the bedroom door!

But Delilah is faster, her body shifting into animalistic fierceness and features, her once-alluring countenance twisted now with malice.

Delilah is now stronger. Her fingernails now longer and more like sharp claws.

Tommy is crying, hysterical, pleading, in denial.

TOMMY

This can't be real! It's the wine. You're drunk, you're just drunk.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh god, I wanna wake up any second
now, PLEASE! This CAN'T be REAL!

His sobering realization that this is real and that his doom is impending fuels his adrenaline to propel him forward in a last-ditch attempt to save himself!

She charges towards Tommy, but he his adrenaline-fueled fear makes him faster, too. Tommy dodges her attack, scrambling for safety.

He sees an eerie-looking vase on the floor, just beside the door. He swoops up the vase in a swift motion, swings it up, and SMASHES it on Delilah's head!

Delilah gives a loud, ghastly YELL as she falls to the ground.

Delilah growls and stands up abruptly and charges toward Tommy, enraged.

Tommy darts out of the room, narrowly escaping the clutches and claws of the nightmare hag when she swipes at him! He SLAMS the door shut in her twisted demonic face.

INT. DELILAH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy stumbles into the living room, gasping for air and fighting to regain control of himself and his senses.

He looks with fear and dread back at the closed bedroom door.

He looks with an expression like he's wondering if it's all just a hallucination -- or really fucking happening.

Is he out of his mind, or absolutely in over his head?

DEMONIC GROWLING AND SCREECHING, coupled with CLAWING SOUNDS against the door and walls tell him all he needs to know, SNAPPING HIM BACK TO REALITY!

He RUNS LIKE HELL and frantically fumbles with his hands to unlock all the multiple rows of locks on the big heavy front door.

TOMMY

Come on... come ON...! Open
the hell up!

He steals quick and frenzied glances over his shoulder back toward the darkness of the bedroom corridor as his hands blindly and wildly batter at the locks.

SUDDENLY: ALL THE LIGHTS INSTANTLY GO OUT, PLUNGING THE ROOM INTO TOTAL DARKNESS.

A SOFT RUSTLING SOUND catches Tommy's attention.

He turns slowly ... to see Delilah CRAWLING TOWARDS HIM ON ALL FOURS. HER MOVEMENTS ARE HAUNTINGLY GRACEFUL, HER EYES GLEAMING WITH A MALEVOLENT HUNGER.

Panic sets in for Tommy and he has a breakdown, breaking out into bone-chilling screams.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Help!!! Somebody help!!!

Tommy frantically keeps SCREAMING uncontrollably as she inches closer and closer towards him with each methodical step, toying with him, eeking out every drop of his intense FEAR which fuels her laughter all the more, the more Tommy SCREAMS!

Absolute and hopeless dread sets in, as Tommy REALIZES HE IS TRAPPED ALONE WITH THIS SUPERNATURAL ENTITY.

HIS HEART POUNDING AGAINST HIS CHEST LIKE A WAR DRUM, TOMMY STUMBLES BACKWARD UNTIL HE TRIPS OVER AND FALLS HARD ONTO THE FLOOR.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
GET AWAY! STAY A-WAY FROM ME-EEE!!

DELILAH'S GROWLS FILL THE AIR, ECHOING THROUGH THE ROOM.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Stay away from me! PLEASE! Please
get away! Stay away from me!
Please! STAY AWAY!!

Delilah tilts her head slightly, amused. She smirks, revealing UNNATURALLY SHARP TEETH.

SHE INCHES CLOSER TO TOMMY, HER GAZE FIXED ON HIM LIKE A PREDATOR STALKING ITS CORNERED PREY after it's done toying with it and it's time to go in for the kill.

Desperate for an escape plan, Tommy's eyes frantically scan the room until they land on a small window across it.

SNAP-ZOOM in on the WINDOW.

Eyes locked on his only salvation, adrenaline coursing through his veins, TOMMY DASHES TOWARDS THE WINDOW AND REACHES OUT FOR IT!

But just as his trembling hand touches the glass surface, he freezes in terror...

In the reflection of the window pane... Delilah's true form is revealed -- DISTORTED AND GROTESQUE BEYOND IMAGINATION. Her once flawless beauty now contorted into something nightmarish and demonic.

Tommy yells out loud in extreme fear as Delilah dashes towards him catches him at the window. Blood splatters all around the room and covers the camera.

CUT TO BLACK.

**** - THIS IS A WRITING SAMPLE FOR DOCTOR SPIN,
FREELANCE SCREENWRITER & AUTHOR, AVAILABLE FOR HIRE.
THIS EXCERPT IS FROM A LONGER WORK - ****