

THE TRICK

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

JESS, 25, short and skinny, and MARK, 26, thin and gawky, walk down the street, passing hordes of kids in Halloween costumes. Mark appears nervous and agitated.

JESS

Come on, don't be such a baby.

MARK

I don't like this. Why can't we just go to a party or something?

JESS

Pssst. Boring! Everyone just gets wasted and you feel like crap in the morning. I'm saying let's go for some adventure, something scary...

She stops and points at a run down house at the end of the street. Straight out of the Addams Family. Even the trick or treaters cross the street to avoid it.

JESS (CONT'D)

Something like that!

MARK

You're kidding, right? There is no way I'm going in that place. That's not a house. It's an invitation to a horrible, diabolical murder. Don't you watch horror movies?

JESS

Only all the time! That's why we have to go there. It's the perfect way to spend Halloween for a horror movie fan like me.

MARK

It's a nightmare for a horror movie hater like me.

JESS

Oh, come on. It's just a house. What's the worst that could happen?

MARK

I don't know, maybe we get killed
by a psycho killer or a ghost or a
zombie or a...

JESS

Oh, stop being such a wimp. It'll
be fun, I promise.
(seductively)
I'll make it worth your while.

Mark considers it.

MARK

Fine. But only because I'm a guy
who makes decisions with my penis.

Jess claps excitedly as they walk towards the house.

INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

They enter the dilapidated house. It's dark and dusty, with
cobwebs and run-down antique furniture scattered about.

Eerie CREAKS are heard from somewhere in the house.

JESS

(whispers)
Wow, this is awesome!

She walks down a dark hallway.

JESS (CONT'D)

Look at me! I'm Jamie Lee Curtis!

No response. Jess turns and looks back. Mark is gone.

JESS (CONT'D)

Mark?
(louder)
MARK?

A loud SLAM emanates from elsewhere. Jess suddenly is
extremely nervous. She turns to head back down the hall, but
a SHADOW moves across the room in the distance.

Jess runs in the other direction, but TRIPS over something on
the floor. She gathers herself, only to see that there's a
headless body lying behind her.

She SCREAMS and runs quickly through the house. Another
shadow appears, looks to be moving in her direction.

Jess yanks open a door and enters.

INT. OLD HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

It's a dark room with a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling. In the center of the room is a large wooden table.

On the table is a woman, strapped down and covered in blood. She has wires attached to her head and chest.

Jess tries to scream, but nothing comes out.

The door SLAMS behind her. She wheels around to find--

Mark, his clothes soaked in blood.

JESS

Mark, what are you doing? This isn't funny!

Mark has a look of fake disappointment.

MARK

It's not? But I tried so hard. I guess I'm just not a funny guy.

He lifts up a blood-soaked remote control.

MARK (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll find this amusing!

Mark presses the remote and the body on the table convulses and the woman SCREAMS in agony.

Horrified, Jess tries to run for the door, but Mark grabs her and throws her on the floor. He pulls a rope off a nearby shelf and dangles it in front of Jess.

MARK (CONT'D)

Don't worry, this won't hurt. At least not at first.

He produces a blood-stained grisly smile.

MARK (CONT'D)

Still love those horror movies?

SMASH TO BLACK