

House of Horror
By Nina Crane

F/X: WE HEAR A HOWLING WIND AND THE EERIE SOUNDS OF CREAKING FLOORBOARDS. AN AMERICAN WOMAN IS NARRATING HER INTENDED ACTIONS IN A DRAMATIC AND BREATHY MANNER, BECOMING GRADUALLY MORE SCARED.

WOMAN: There's a very strange and creepy noise coming from the living room. I'm going to check it out but I'm not going to turn on any lights and just for good measure I'm going in backwards.

F/X: WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF DOORS BANGING. THEN FOOTSTEPS PICKING UP PACE.

WOMAN: I've heard some ungodly noises in the attic. I'm going to check them out, on my own and without any kind of weapon.

F/X: SOUNDS OF MORE DOORS BANGING AND FOOTSTEPS RUNNING MANICALLY AROUND.

WOMAN: Oh god, I've just seen a threatening message written in blood in the bathroom, but I've cleaned it up and I'm not going to tell anyone. I'll unfathomably carry on as though everything is fine and by doing so potentially put everyone's life in abject danger.

F/X: MORE DOORS BANGING AND THE SOUND OF THE WOMAN'S LOUD AND PANICKY BREATHING.

WOMAN: Now I'm going to go running through some nearby woods where I shall invariably take a completely avoidable tumble over nothing but leaves (*Beat*) but wait... (*GASPS*) Oh dear God, there's someone standing there at the end of the menacingly long hallway. (*BEAT*) Perhaps if I try to make contact with it...

F/X: SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS TENTATIVELY APPROACHING AND THE WOMAN'S EVER INCREASINGLY LOUD AND PANICKY BREATHING.

WOMAN: I'm close to it and I'm going to reach out and attempt to touch it, even though that's something no one would conceivably do in this situation.

F/X: SOUNDS OF THE WOMAN'S HEART BEATING LOUD AND FAST.

MAN: (*IMPATIENT*) Madam, I don't wish to hurry you but I do have another viewing at four.

END