

# **NIGHT STEAK**

by

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**FADE IN**

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Deserted. Howls come from a distance.

An OLD MAN(70s), grubby face, tattered clothes and bare feet, walks with a GIRL(10), who is in the similiar condition as that of the old man.

The girl frequently looks up at the old man but he does not reciprocate. They keep walking.

A stone pierces under the girl's foot, she winces. The old man picks it out, lifts her up and begins walking.

They reach outside a-

**RUNDOWN HOUSE**

The old man puts the girl down and knocks on the door.

A ROUGH-LOOKING MAN(40s), smears of blood on his forehead and palms, emerges from inside.

He stares at the old man's sagged physique and then at the girl. She rubs her hand on her belly.

The ROUGH MAN gestures the old man to come inside.

The old man ganders at the girl, smiles and goes in.

**INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT**

The old man is led up a flight of stairs by the rough man.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The girl limps back and forth, waiting. Blood trickles down her foot.

Howls get closer.

**INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Both the men reach to the top and enter a-

**CORRIDOR**

Faintly lit with bulbs. They sweep through and reach a door.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The girl stands timidly, weighs on the uninjured foot. On the other foot, blood almost stops but mud and dirt cake her wound.

Howls grow louder.

**INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT**

The rough man opens the door, shoves the old man inside a-  
**ROOM**

Brightly lit.

Four MEN working with their cimeters on big chunks of meat.  
Cutting and chopping.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The girl looks in the direction of the howls, nervous.

She slightly shifts her balance on her wounded foot, winces  
in pain.

**INT. ROOM - NIGHT**

ROUGH MAN  
How much more we need?

MAN#1  
Still need around twenty-four  
pounds for the lot.

The rough man looks at the old man, raises his brow,  
questioning.

OLD MAN  
One seventy-five.

ROUGH MAN  
How long?

MAN#2  
An hour utmost, not much on that  
sag though.

ROUGH MAN  
This is what we got. Wrap him up.

The old man is dragged across the room.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Howls get closer towards the girl.

The door of the house opens, the rough man comes out.

He hands her a piece of meat pressed between two loaves of  
stale breads. She devours on it.

Howls come again, much louder this time.

He looks at the direction of the howls, then down at the  
wounded foot of the girl.

ROUGH MAN  
You better get going.

He gets back inside, shuts the door.

The girl limps towards the opposite way of the howls,  
munching on her tidbit.

Two stray dogs pace on the street, sniff the blood on the  
ground and follow in the girl's direction.

THE END