

PINK FEET

Written by

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**OVER BLACK:**

GORDON (V.O.)  
You ever hear of the story of Pink Feet?

**EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY**

Three boys face a DISGUSTINGLY DECREPIT HOUSE.

KIT (14), as plain as they come, shakes his head "no".

GORDON (15), hair slicked back and a punk wannabe, and TAYLOR (14), with a mullet and a hundred pimples, turn from Kit to the old house.

GORDON  
This place was built by a man who practiced witchcraft. Cult gatherings and shit, you know. He believed that these woods had a certain...power.

Kit looks from Gordon, to the house.

Quiet WHISPERS carry with the breeze through the trees.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
He needed a son to sacrifice to the land, but all of his wives only had daughters. Until one woman became pregnant with his first male.  
(beat)  
Then, one day she just...left. Ran away. Probably knew what was gonna happen to her child. So, the man built this house, all on his own, to live here, and offer himself as the sacrifice.  
(beat)  
He grew old and alone here, cursed. At night, he walks barefoot through the trees, and returns back here when the sun rises. If you're lucky, you'd catch the bloody footprints from his nightly trek. That's why they call him Pink Feet.

Kit looks from the house to Gordon, skeptical.

KIT  
Have you been inside?

GORDON  
Yeah. Taylor, too.

TAYLOR  
Yeah.

KIT  
(under his breath)  
Big whoop.

GORDON  
So? You in?

Kit looks from the house to Gordon.

KIT  
I do this and I'm for sure in? And  
I get all the booze I want?

GORDON  
My dad's stocked to the brink.

He looks back at the house, then steps forward.

#### **INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY**

Dusty furniture, tipped over and trashed, and broken decor clutter the inside. Wallpaper peels from the walls. Ceiling fixtures hang lopsided.

Kit walks through the dilapidated house.

He finds the stairs, walks up the squeaky steps to the dark upstairs hallway.

Kit reaches the top of the steps and stops. He gulps, looks down the hall.

An open door leading to another stairwell sits at the end of the hallway.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Inside the attic, Kit enters from the stairwell.

The attic is very dark, empty, and open. A window sits at the other side of the room, covered by blinds.

He walks through the attic slowly.

He reaches the window, opens the blinds. The sun shines through.

Kit taps on the window glass.

KIT  
Hey! Guys!

Gordon and Taylor look up at the attic window.

Kit smiles, waves at them.

KIT (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
This wasn't so bad.

PINK FEET (V.O.)  
(raspy)  
...leave...

He stiffens up.

PINK FEET (V.O.)  
(raspy)  
...leave now...

Kit turns around, completely afraid.

The sound of WET FOOTSTEPS catches his attention. He looks down before him.

**KIT'S POV:**

BLOODY FOOTPRINTS WALK TOWARD HIM, made by someone invisible.

PINK FEET (V.O.)  
(raspy)  
...leave now...

Kit looks up--

Nobody's there--

AN OLD, GROTESQUE, HAGGARD MAN, manifests from the darkness before him!

PINK FEET (V.O.)  
--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

Kit SCREAMS!

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Gordon and Taylor look up at the attic window at Kit's screams.

GORDON

Oh shit!

TAYLOR

Let's get outta here!

They run away.

**INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY**

Kit holds his breath with his eyes closed.

He opens his eyes, releases his breath.

Nobody stands before him.

He looks further on into the attic, YELPS. He covers his mouth.

A SKELETON lies on the attic floor. Clothes drape over it, as if the body were never touched.

Beneath the skeleton is the drawing of a pentagram, crudely carved into the wood.

KIT

Oh God, oh God, oh God.

Kit steps on the floor to leave--

He becomes stuck.

His other foot falls on the floor to catch himself.

That foot becomes stuck too.

His shoes seem glued to the floor. He attempts to pull them away, but it's no use.

KIT (CONT'D)

What the hell? What's happening?!

Kit breathes heavy, pulls at his feet, but he can't seem to lift his shoes off the floor.

He thinks, then unties his shoes. He steps out of them and onto the floor with his socks on--

They, too, become stuck to the floor.

KIT (CONT'D)

Shit...

Kit looks around the empty attic. There's nothing to grab to help him to the stairs. The skeleton lies on the floor, spread across as if caught in a struggle.

KIT (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He pulls his foot out of his sock and steps on the floor with his bare feet.

No use. His bare foot is now STUCK TO THE FLOOR.

He YELPS, loses his balance. His other foot slides out of the sock--

He catches himself, regains balance, both feet now stuck.

Kit YELPS as he attempts to pull his bare feet away, but they seem FUSED to the floor. He whimpers in fear, looks back at the skeleton, which watches with a nightmarish smile.

KIT (CONT'D)

No! Help! God, help me! HELP ME!

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Kit's muffled screams emit from the old dilapidated house, which only echo away with the wind that whispers through the trees.

**FADE OUT.**