The Comic Book

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK PLAYGROUND - DAY

The morning sun shines.

Children, age 6 to 8, fill up the park. Playing. CHORTLING.

A double swing set.

EMILY (7), playfully sways one of the seats back and forth. Her pink BACKPACK lies below her.

DONNA (8) perches on the other seat with a COMIC BOOK on her hands. She grins as her fingers flip through the pages.

She then bursts out a loud laughter.

Covers her mouth, turning down her voice.

Emily notices that.

She gets off her swing and approaches Donna.

EMILY
Hey Donna, what are you reading?

DONNA
Just a comic book.

EMILY
Can I read it too?

DONNA
But, I haven’t finished it yet.

EMILY
(disappointed)
Okay.

Emily returns to her seat. Donna continues with her reading.

Again, Donna bursts out laughing.

Emily strolls to Donna’s back and gazes on the comic book.

Donna flips to a page. Both girls chuckle.

Emily brings herself closer to the comic book.

Donna turns to Emily. Seems annoyed.

Pushes Emily away until she falls onto the ground.
EMILY
Ouch!

DONNA
Stop bothering me!

Emily stands up.
Puts her hands on her waist and stares at Donna.
She then turns around and plods toward her backpack.
Picks it up.
Opens it and slowly pulls out a HUGE BUTCHER KNIFE from inside.

EXT. PARK PLAYGROUND - LATER
Dark clouds cover the sky.
Children hasten out from the park. SCREAMING.
Emily sits on the swing with the comic book on her hand.
Blood drips from the corners of its pages.
On the ground, Donna lies face down on a pool of blood. Her body twitches limply.
The pool of blood widens.
Donna stops twitching. Now, she is completely motionless.
Emily flips through the pages of the comic book.
And laughs.

FADE OUT