

7 minutes in heaven

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INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Loud, bass-heavy music thumps. Bodies packed tight, dancing, yelling over each other. Red SOLO cups everywhere. The air is thick with the smell of cheap beer and sweat.

CHLOE (17) stands awkwardly by a wall, nursing a sparkling water. She glances around, clearly out of her element.

Across the room, LIAM (17) tries to engage a group of laughing football players, who ignore him. He sighs, adjusts his glasses.

BRAD (18), the host, jumps onto a coffee table, holding a bottle of vodka aloft.

BRAD

Alright, party people! Who's ready  
for a classic? Seven minutes in  
heaven!

A cheer goes up. TIFFANY (17), pretty and popular, giggles next to him.

TIFFANY

Ooh, pick me, Brad!

Brad grins, looking for his first victims. His eyes land on Chloe.

BRAD

Chloe! You're up!

Chloe's eyes widen in terror. She shakes her head, muttering.

CHLOE

Oh, no, I...

BRAD

No excuses! And... for your lucky  
partner... Liam!

Liam, startled, nearly drops his soda. A few laughs ripple through the crowd. Liam and Chloe exchange a mortified glance.

LIAM

Uh, sure. Okay.

Brad points to a small, dark closet door near the entryway.

BRAD

In the closet, lovebirds! Seven  
minutes on the clock!

He pulls out a small, red plastic kitchen timer from his pocket, the kind shaped like an egg. He sets it to "7" and places it on a nearby shelf.

Chloe, red-faced, slowly shuffles towards the closet. Liam follows, trying to look cool but mostly just looking nervous.

They reach the closet. Brad shoves them inside.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black. Cramped. Smells faintly of dust and forgotten coats. Chloe and Liam bump into each other. An awkward silence hangs between them. They can hear the muffled party sounds outside.

CHLOE

(Quietly)  
This is ridiculous.

LIAM

Yeah. I, uh... I guess we just...  
stand here?

More silence. The air is thick with a different kind of tension now - not just awkwardness, but a burgeoning, uncomfortable sexual awareness. Chloe can feel Liam's arm brushing hers.

CHLOE

My arm is itchy.

LIAM

Oh. Sorry.

He shifts, bumping her again. Suddenly, the muffled party music cuts out. An instant, unsettling silence from outside. Chloe and Liam freeze. Then - a distant, wet, thud.

Followed by a choked GASP.

Chloe's breath catches. Liam strains to hear.

More sounds. A low, guttural GROWL. A desperate SCREAM, abruptly cut short.

Chloe and Liam press themselves against the back wall, barely daring to breathe. Through a tiny crack in the door, a flickering, distorted shadow darts past. It's too quick to make out.

A heavy, dragging SOUND, like something being pulled across a floor. Then a sickening, squelching RIP.

Chloe clamps a hand over her mouth to stifle a whimper. Her heart pounds against her ribs. Liam is rigid, his eyes wide in the dark.

More screams. Not just one now, but several, fading into choked gurgles.

Chloe peeks through the crack. All she sees is a flash of sickly yellow fabric. Then, a shape, large and indistinct, moves past. A glint of something metallic - a HOOK - flashes in the low light.

The thuds and wet sounds continue. Muffled, terrifying. The sounds of breaking furniture. Of bodies falling.

A low, guttural moan. Then a wet, ripping sound, closer now.

Chloe's eyes well up. She wants to scream, but she knows she can't. They can hear everything. Every sickening detail. Liam reaches out in the dark, finds Chloe's hand, and squeezes it. It's a small, desperate act of comfort.

Through the crack, a dark, viscous LIQUID slowly begins to seep under the door. It gleams faintly in the distant, flickering party lights that are now strangely muted.

It's blood.

Chloe stares at it, transfixed by the crimson spreading slowly on the floor. Her original line, "We don't see the bodies, just blood everywhere," echoes in her mind.

A final, agonizing, drawn-out GURGLE. Then... silence.

Absolute, profound silence. The music is gone. The laughter is gone. Only the thumping of their own hearts fills the tiny space.

Chloe and Liam remain perfectly still, holding hands, listening for any sign of life, any movement outside. Nothing.

The blood continues to spread, a growing pool beneath the door. Then, a clear, sharp, mechanical RING.

It's the egg timer. Seven minutes are up. Liam and Chloe don't move. They just stare at the door. Liam slowly, cautiously, reaches for the doorknob. His hand trembles.

He turns it. Clicks.

He pulls the door open a crack.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sight that greets them is a nightmare.

Bodies are strewn everywhere, twisted into unnatural positions. The vibrant party lights are now a grotesque backdrop, casting long, distorted shadows.

Blood slicked on the floor, splattered on the walls, painting a gruesome tableau. Overturned furniture, broken bottles.

No sign of THE SLASHER. Only the horrifying aftermath.

Chloe stifles a cry, her hand still clutched in Liam's. Liam's face is pale, his eyes wide with unspeakable horror. They take in the carnage. The silence is deafening, broken only by their ragged breathing.

FADE TO BLACK.