

DEADLY DUTCH HIGH™

SCENE: THE ARRIVAL / THE PATH / THE HOUSING OFFICE

Written by B.A. Sins

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN WATER – DUSK

Fog blankets the sea so thick it swallows the horizon. The world feels unfinished.

A SMALL PASSENGER BOAT cuts through the gray, its engine low and strained. The sound dies quickly in the mist, as if the fog absorbs it.

NOR (14) stands near the rail, steady despite the rocking. Her eyes scan the water, the shoreline, the fog itself – searching for threat, exits, angles.

This place already knows we're coming.

The BOAT SLOWS.

A SHADOWED SHORELINE emerges – crooked docks, gas lamps burning too low, buildings hunched like they're bracing.

The fog does not lift. It parts.

INT. BOAT – CONTINUOUS

KIM (14) tightens the strap of her satchel, gaze flicking between the other passengers. She notices what others don't:

– No one speaks. – No phones. – No one looks directly at the shore.

They've learned something. Or they've been taught.

Behind her, EMA (14) hesitates, fingers curled around her bag. The fog brushes the edge of the boat – slow, deliberate – and Ema stiffens.

Her breath catches.

It's close.

The BOAT GRINDS against the dock.

EXT. DOCK – CONTINUOUS

Nor is the first to step off. Her boots hit wet planks. She inhales – sharp, controlled.

The air smells briny... and old.

Kim follows. The dock CREAKS beneath her weight, louder than it should be.

Ema lingers at the edge. The fog coils near her boots, testing.

She steps down.

The fog withdraws.

A MAN becomes visible at the end of the dock – not approaching so much as allowed to be seen. His coat hangs heavy with moisture. His hat hides his eyes.

He studies them.

DOCK MAN Road's that way.

He gestures vaguely toward town.

Ema feels it – certainty. He's been waiting.

EMA (low) Does everyone– The man is already gone.

The fog closes where he stood.

EXT. HARBOR TOWN – MOMENTS LATER

The girls walk together through narrow streets of stone and gaslight. WINDOWS SHUT as they pass. A DOOR LOCKS.

Kim glances up – a curtain stirs. Someone watches.

Nor notes every sound, every reflection.

This place doesn't want witnesses. It wants records.

At the edge of town, a RUSTED SCHOOL BUS waits. Engine idling. Door open.

The DRIVER sits inside, pale eyes visible beneath a low hat.

BUS DRIVER You're late.

KIM Airport delay.

The driver's mouth twitches – not a smile.

BUS DRIVER Always is.

They board.

INT. SCHOOL BUS – MOVING – NIGHT

The bus lurches forward. Wet seats. Fogged windows. A metallic scent clings to the air.

No music. No announcements.

After a long beat –

BUS DRIVER (O.S.) If you hear laughter from the woods... don't look.

Ema grips her bag.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.) If fire comes to you in dreams, stay near the shore.

Kim closes her eyes.

Nor memorizes every word.

Through the window, EMA glimpses something – a PALE FIGURE at the treeline.

She blinks.

Nothing there.

The road narrows. TREES CROWD IN. SYMBOLS flash past – carved, painted, etched into stone.

Then –

The fog thins.

A STONE BRIDGE stretches ahead.

Beyond it – DUTCH HIGH.

The academy rises impossibly from the land – spires skewed at unnatural angles, walls grown into the earth, lanterns glowing with cold blue flame.

Ema presses to the glass, breath fogging.

It's not a school.

It's a decision.

The bus stops.

BUS DRIVER End of the line.

They step off.

The bus pulls away immediately, swallowed by trees.

The girls stand before the IRON GATE. Vines coil like veins. A SYMBOL glows faintly at its center.

Nor reaches out.

Her hand touches the mark.

A LOW HUM ripples through stone and metal.

The GATE OPENS.

They exchange one look - no fear, just understanding.

They step through.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

DEADLY DUTCH HIGH

END OPENING.