

DEADLY DUTCH HIGH™

SCENE: THE GATE OPENS / THE PATH / THE HOUSING OFFICE

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EXT. DUTCH HIGH - IRON GATES - MORNING

Fog clings to the ground, unmoving.

The IRON GATES tower overhead—ancient, twisted, wrapped in dead ivy that hasn't fallen in decades.

NOR FUNG (14) stands inches from the gate.

Up close, the metal isn't cold.

It's warm.

Nor raises her hand.

Places her palm against the SIGIL at the gate's center.

A LOW HUM answers her touch—soft at first, then stronger—traveling up her arm and settling deep in her chest.

Nor doesn't pull away.

Behind her, KIM FUNG (14) and EMA ROSE (14) stop short.

KIM Nor—

NOR I know.

The sigil BRIGHTENS—thin lines spreading outward like veins beneath skin.

Metal CREAKS.

The gates begin to OPEN—slow, deliberate—like something waking after a long sleep.

A breath of cold air spills through, carrying the scent of stone, moss, and something older... something that remembers.

Beyond the gates:

A winding stone path.

Unlit lanterns.

Statues with their faces worn smooth.

No students.

No staff.

No welcome.

EMA It doesn't feel like an entrance.

Nor steps forward.

NOR It's a test.

She crosses the threshold.

The air SHIFTS instantly—pressure rolling over her shoulders, down her spine.

Kim follows, eyes already mapping exits that don't exist yet.

Ema hesitates.

The gate emits a faint, impatient CLICK.

Ema swallows and steps through.

The IRON GATES SLAM shut behind them.

The echo rolls across the grounds like a verdict.

Silence rushes in.

EXT. DUTCH HIGH GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The fog reshapes itself around them.

A STONE WALKWAY stretches forward, narrow and uneven, bordered by moss and dead ivy.

Unlit LANTERNS hang at measured intervals.

Nor moves first.

NOR

Stay close.

They walk.

Each footstep echoes too long, as if the ground is listening.

Statues line the path—intact bodies, faces erased. Eyes smoothed away by design, not damage.

Ema avoids looking too long.

EMA

(low)

They're not broken.

NOR

No.

NOR (CONT'D)

They were made that way.

The path curves.

Trees press closer, branches arching overhead like ribs.

A faint WHISPER threads through the leaves—too deliberate to be wind.

Ema slows.

EMA

Did you hear— Nor stops instantly.

The whisper fades.

Kim listens, eyes unfocused.

KIM

It's counting.

Nor exhales slowly.

NOR

Then don't give it a reason to finish.

Ahead, the fog thins.

A LOW STONE BUILDING emerges—squat, ivy-covered, waiting.

A carved archway marks the entrance.

HOUSING OFFICE

The letters look freshly maintained... though everything else is old.

No windows at ground level.

No sound from inside.

EMA

That was fast.

KIM

No.

KIM (CONT'D)

It knew we were coming.

The lantern nearest the door IGNITES—cold light, no flame.

The others remain dark.

A choice made.

Nor steps onto the final stone.

The pressure in the air deepens—like a held breath.

She reaches for the door.

It OPENS inward before she touches it.

INT. HOUSING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dry air.

Old air.

The scent of parchment, dust, and something faintly metallic.

Yellowed SCROLLS line the walls from floor to ceiling.

A PALE MOTH drifts through a narrow shaft of light.

Behind the counter stands a TALL WOMAN.

Perfect posture. Unmoving.

Skin smooth as polished stone.

She does not look up.

The door closes behind them.

Click.

Her fingers TAP once against the counter.

Then—

HOUSING ATTENDANT Nor Fung.

Kim Fung.

Ema Rose.

Each name spoken slowly, deliberately—checked against an unseen ledger.

Kim stiffens.

HOUSING ATTENDANT (CONT'D) This is not a welcome.

She lifts her gaze.

Flat. Assessing.

HOUSING ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

You are late.

Nor meets her stare without blinking.

NOR The ferry—

HOUSING ATTENDANT Excuses are irrelevant to the system.

She reaches beneath the counter and places a KEY down.

Heavy. Tarnished. Bound with red thread.

It lands with a sound that echoes too long.

HOUSING ATTENDANT (CONT'D) Room Two-Nineteen.

Dormitory Two.

East Path.

Her finger stops the key before it can be taken.

HOUSING ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Curfew is dusk.

Lanterns mark safe paths.

Doors remain closed after nightfall.

Her eyes shift—lock onto Ema.

Hold.

HOUSING ATTENDANT (CONT'D) Not all doors are yours to open.

Ema swallows.

The woman releases the key.

Kim takes it.

The metal is warm.

Almost breathing.

The Housing Attendant turns and disappears into the shadows behind the shelves.

The moth lifts and follows.

The room exhales.

Nor looks at the door.

Then at the key.

NOR We weren't assigned.

Kim closes her fingers around the thread.

KIM We were placed.

Ema glances at the scrolls.

She could swear they've shifted.

Listening.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

DEADLY DUTCH HIGH