

Dialogue Driven Sample

by
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Context of the Piece:

This sample demonstrates my ability to write emotionally resonant, character-driven dialogue and create high-stakes, immersive narratives. I aimed to highlight the layered relationships and personal growth of the protagonist.

FADE IN:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Neon lights flash above the entrance as rain pours onto the slick street. KIRA TODD (mid-20s) strides up to the bar, her hoodie soaked and clinging to her frame. She steps inside, shaking off the rain.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bar is dimly lit and nearly empty. Kira scans the room with a sharp, focused gaze. Her eyes land on HENRY WILSON (early 40s), dressed in a cheap suit and nervously gripping a glass of water at a bare table.

Kira approaches, her footsteps deliberate. Henry looks up, relief flashing across his face.

HENRY

Kira Todd?

She sits across from him, leaning back with practiced ease.

KIRA

As far as you know.

HENRY

I wasn't sure you'd come.

KIRA

You wave money in my face, I'll come around.

Henry fumbles with his bag, pulling out a worn folder. He slides it across the table. Kira opens it, flipping through its contents—photos, receipts, timestamps.

HENRY

It's my wife. She's been... distant.
Says she's working late, but her
office says otherwise.

Kira rolls her eyes.

KIRA

She's cheating on you.

Henry stiffens, his grip tightening on his glass.

HENRY

How can you be so sure?

KIRA
Take a day to think about it.
You'll see I'm right.

She stands, but Henry reaches out, desperation in his voice.

HENRY
Wait! Please. I think... I think it's
something else. I'll pay double.
Just find out.

Kira pauses, then picks up the folder again with a shrug.

KIRA
If you insist. You'll have an
answer in a couple days.

Henry visibly relaxes, rising to shake her hand. Kira watches him leave, her expression unreadable.

From the bar, a gravelly voice cuts through the quiet

CAIN (O.S.)
New client?

Kira turns to see CAIN (mid-50s), a burly man nursing a whiskey at the bar. She joins him, sitting casually.

KIRA
Enthusiastic one.

Cain raises an eyebrow, studying her.

CAIN
He seemed a little too eager. Be
careful.

Kira scoffs.

KIRA
It's a simple job. Easy money.

Cain's voice lowers, carrying a weight of concern.

CAIN
Easy money's gotten a lot of people
killed. You're still on someone's
hit list, remember?

Kira's jaw tightens. She stands abruptly.

KIRA
I'm not that scared kid anymore,
Cain. I can handle myself.

She storms out. Cain sighs, taking another sip of his whiskey.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Kira's car idles across the street from a dingy, run-down motel. She watches through her camera as NADIA WILSON, a sharp-dressed woman, steps out of a car and enters a room on the first floor. Kira snaps a few photos and waits.

Hours pass. The motel parking lot remains eerily still. Kira's fingers drum against the steering wheel. Finally, she steps out of the car, tucking her camera into her jacket.

INT. MOTEL - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Kira pushes open a door behind the check-in desk, finding herself in a dimly lit storage room. A flickering bulb casts jagged shadows. Her eyes widen as she spots HENRY—his throat slit, lifeless on the floor. Beside him lies the clerk, equally lifeless.

Before Kira can react, a voice cuts through the silence.

NADIA (O.S.)

You are one tough person to find.

Kira spins around to face NADIA, who steps into the light with a knife in hand and a chilling grin.

KIRA

Who the hell are you

NADIA

The one cleaning up the mess you
left fifteen years ago.

Nadia lunges. Kira dodges, grabbing a hammer from a nearby shelf. She swings, connecting with Nadia's leg. Nadia collapses but recovers quickly, her grin unfazed.

NADIA (CONT'D)

You've got fight. I like that.

Kira doesn't wait. She bolts for the door.

INT. KIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kira throws open her closet, pulling out a duffle bag. Behind her clothes, a hidden safe holds cash and fake IDs. She stuffs them into the bag as Cain's voice startles her.

CAIN (O.S.)
Running again?

Kira spins around, her breath hitching.

KIRA
Jesus, Cain. Knock next time.

Cain steps into the room, arms crossed.

CAIN
What happened?

KIRA
It was a trap. You were right.

Cain tosses her a pistol.

CAIN
Take this. You'll need it.

Kira hesitates but accepts the gun, slipping it into her bag.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Kira steps into the shadows, a bus ticket in her hand. Across the street, she spots a shadowed figure watching her. Her grip tightens on the strap of her bag. Slowly, she turns and follows the figure into a dark alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Kira holds her pistol steady as she steps deeper into the alley. SNAP. She spins around to find Nadia grinning at her from the darkness.

NADIA
Boo.

Kira cocks the gun, aiming it at Nadia's head.

KIRA
It ends here.

Nadia laughs, raising her hands. Electricity crackles at her fingertips, lighting the alley with an ominous glow.

NADIA
Oh, darling. It's just getting started.

FADE OUT.