

House Of Lost Souls

by
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Rough Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A desolate dust ridden road, surrounded by wind swept corn fields on either side.

A Ford Focus car shatters the peace as it passes by at break neck speed.

INT. FORD

Driving the car is STEVE CASEWELL, early 40s, bald on the top of his head with a long black ponytail. He has a fu Manchu style goatee and moustache. He is dressed in black trousers and jumper wearing a slim silver chain around his neck.

In the passenger seat is ERIC TYLER, mid twenties, handsome looking and dressed in a tracksuit.

Both look to be high on adrenaline, pumped up laughing and smiling like wild cats.

STEVE

Whoo hoo! Yeah, baby! That's how you do it, that's how it's done!

ERIC

I can't believe we pulled it off!

STEVE

Didn't I tell you? Have faith Eric, have faith. Man, this is what life is all about! You feel that? How do you feel?

ERIC

Like a rush... a real rush. I feel like everything is so clear-my mind, everything - but my heart hasn't stopped beating a million times a minute since you got back in the car.

STEVE

Enjoy it, you've just lost your cherry.

ERIC

I know I was only the look-out but -

STEVE

Hey, you drove us to the mansion and you were the look-out. You did great, man. Your bro' will be thrilled when I call him.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The Ford continues on at speed - it makes a loud spluttering sound.

It continues on at a rapidly dropping speed until it stops completely.

INT. FORD

Steve looks bemused.

STEVE
What the hell?

He checks the dials on the car - the fuel gage indicates it is empty.

STEVE
I thought you said this thing was full?

Eric shrugs, confused.

ERIC
It was! I put a full tank in just yesterday!

Steve sits back with a sigh and looks out of the windshield at the empty road ahead of them.

STEVE
SHIT!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Steve and Eric get out of the Ford with a large sports bag. They push the car into a ditch by the side of the road.

STEVE
The cops will be on our ass. We can't afford to leave any fingerprints.

He opens the back door and using a lighter, runs the flame across the backseats until a rug inside catches alight.

MOMENTS LATER

Steve and Eric, who is holding a sports bag, walk down the road.

The Ford in the background has become fully engulfed in flames and sounds of burning and crackling can be heard faintly.

LATER

Steve and Eric, visibly tired, continue to walk the country road. The road seems endless.

Steve stops and looks around.

STEVE

I have absolutely no idea where we are.

ERIC

Same here. I guess we just follow the yellow brick road until we get to Kansas.

STEVE

Or until we get busted on the spot. Look, we need to get off this road otherwise the cops are bound to catch up with us sooner or later. If they don't bust us for burglary it's gonna be for arson.

(sighs)

I was hoping we might have come across some kind of civilization by now.

ERIC

So what do we do now? I've never been to Kensingwood - And I'm not hot on taking a mystery tour of it right now.

Steve looks over at the fields on either side of the road.

STEVE

This wasn't part of the plan but...

(beat)

We're gonna head that way.

Steve points across to the field on the left.

ERIC

Walk across the fields?

STEVE

Either that or we get picked up by the cops and end up working in the fields.

EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

The fields are knee high, swaying from time to time with gentle gusts of the wind.

Steve and Eric trudge through the field.

STEVE

You know, if you paid more attention to how much gas you filled that thing up with, we wouldn't have to be going through all this right now.

ERIC

Steve, how many times do I have to tell you? I gave it a full service yesterday. There was nothing wrong with the car and the gas was full.

STEVE

Well, I'm just saying that I planned every thing to perfection. The mansion, the safe, the break in and the break out. I even gave you the directions to this country bumpkin outfit in advance so you'd know where we were going without any delays. I didn't expect to be walking through a corn field at this time of night.

ERIC

Maybe you should have looked into more details about the town if you planned everything so perfectly. And maybe you should have come up with a plan B.

STEVE

Maybe I should have. But hey, it's all water under the bridge now. Let's just get out of this place before farmer Giles spots us wrecking his crops.

LATER

In the distance - a long row of bushes and trees. Eric nudges Steve who is looking down to the ground as he walks.

ERIC

Salvation.

Steve looks up and smiles.

EXT. LANE - NIGHT

The lane consists of a winding road that is covered on either side by bushes and trees.

There is barely any light and it looks more like a dark tunnel.

Steve and Eric clamber out from the left hand side of the bushes and onto the road. They look round and check their surroundings.

They proceed to walk up the lane.

STEVE

Let's hope this leads us back to
the land of the living.

ERIC

Don't you find it a bit strange
we haven't seen any lights, heard
any traffic in ages?

STEVE

It's a small country town, what
did you expect? Don't get spooked
out Eric, we're gonna be looking
back at this and laughing about
it in no time.

Steve looks around to the other side of the road.

STEVE

(to himself)

Although next time I think I
might just call a taxi for the
getaway part.

Eric rolls his eyes but keeps quiet.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Steve and Eric emerge from the lane into a small street.

There is a row of four houses to their right and then a row
of nine to the left.

The houses look brand new by their exterior with small but
well maintained gardens.

All the houses look alike apart from the last house in the
row of nine furthest down the street.

It is dilapidated and boarded up. The street ends with this particular house and there is only bushes and trees past it, leading back into the corn fields.

Steve and Eric pause at the top of the street and look around.

It is eerily quiet, with no lights on inside any of the houses.

ERIC

Great. Now what? It's a dead end.

STEVE

Not necessarily, Eric. Looks like these are new houses and no one has moved in just yet.

ERIC

Are we here to buy a house? I don't follow you.

Steve pulls out a mobile phone from his trouser pocket.

STEVE

Well, let me put it like this. I'm not about to start on another cross country trek tonight.

(beat)

Damn it, I can't get a reception.

Steve looks to Eric.

STEVE

Hey, check your phone will ya?

Eric puts the sports bag down and pulls out a mobile from his jacket.

ERIC

Nah, same. Nothing.

Steve bends down and groans.

STEVE

That would just be too easy, wouldn't it?

(beat)

OK, here's my idea. I don't know how you're feeling -

ERIC

I'm knackered. And freezing.

STEVE

Likewise. So I think our best bet is to get in one of these houses and lay low until morning, get some rest and then figure out where the hell we are and how we can get back home.

Eric nods in agreement. He picks up the sports bag and continues to try his mobile with his other hand.

They walk up the street, looking around at the houses.

ERIC

(excited)

Oh shit, I got a reception!

Steve looks to Eric delighted. Eric's smile fades in a second.

ERIC

Oh shit, it's gone.

STEVE

Gone?

ERIC

I had a reception, I swear to God.

Steve pulls out his mobile and walks around in small circles trying to obtain a reception. Eric looks at Steve, silently amused at his walking patterns.

STEVE

Yeah...I had it for a second...now it's gone again. Shitting hell, what is with this place?

Steve looks at where they are in the street. Directly opposite the dilapidated house.

STEVE

Well, there was a signal...and it seems to be strongest here or hereabouts.

He looks at the house.

STEVE

It might be stronger inside there.

ERIC

Are you kidding me, Steve? Of all the houses in this street, you want us to spend the night in that wreck?

STEVE

It's not a matter of personal preference, Eric. But in case you haven't been keeping score, there is a possibility the phone signal is stronger inside there or in the back garden. Also, I seriously doubt anyone is living around here but if they are, I don't think they would be living in that shit heap.

Eric looks around the street and then at the house. To the left of the house are tall bushes and trees which continue down past the road and into a small green. The green then leads back into the corn fields.

ERIC

OK, I take your point and your the pro here.

STEVE

That's right.

ERIC

But don't you think it's weird? This street seems half built, no one lives here - or so we think - and the reception keeps going off and on.

STEVE

Weird? It's fucking ridiculous. But that's all it is - construction is probably not complete and they will end up digging up the rest of the fields around here and build some supermarket. But I'll tell you now, I'm not about to walk through another field tonight. If we can get a connection, I'll call some buddies and they'll come get us.

Steve grins.

STEVE

Besides, the cops are probably out looking for us in force right now.

STEVE(cont'd)

The last place they are gonna look for us is in some dump like this. This part of the job is called *laying low*.

ERIC

Like I said, you're the pro. Lead the way.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Steve and Eric walk up the small drive way of the house to the front door.

ERIC

You sure you know how to get in there?

STEVE

Am I sure? It's like taking candy from a baby.

(muttering to himself)

I've just broken into a high security mansion and he asks if I can get inside a place like this.

Eric looks at Steve struggling with the front door.

Steve is having problems with it, messing with the door knob and the hinges but to no avail.

Eric walks over and from his pocket takes one slim line piece of metal and a duplicate but with an L shape.

In a matter of seconds, he has tweaked the door and it opens.

Eric looks at a stunned Steve with a cocky raise of the eye brows.

STEVE

I left my kit in the car, OK?

Eric smiles.

STEVE

Or do we need to revisit that little episode?

(beat)

Just carry that around with you, do you?

ERIC

Steve, relax. How do you think I got the car in the first place?

ERIC(cont'd)

This might have been my first job with a criminal "mastermind" like yourself, but I haven't exactly been an angel all my life.

STEVE

Neither have I but you go to jail and you will see men being turned into angels. Now lets go, come on, go in.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DARK

There is a stairway directly in front of them, a closed door to their right and a slim corridor on the left. Although hard to see details in such darkness, it looks murky and dusty, decrepit.

Eric and Steve enter inside, Steve closing the front door behind his entrance.

Both cough slightly and squint at the dust that has been caused to rise from movement in the room.

Steve looks to the door on the right.

Steve touches Eric on his shoulder and makes him fall back so he can take the lead.

He looks back at Eric as he grips the door handle. Using his other hand as a countdown, he motions a 1-2-3 and opens the door.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DARK

Steve bursts inside the room, followed by a more relaxed Eric. Both display facially how bad the room smells.

There is no furniture inside the room. The floor is simply wooden floorboards with other fragments of wood and debris scattered across it. Dust is thick and prominent - rising from the intrusion of the new visitors.

There is a large fire place but the room itself is small. The walls looks as if the room has once suffered a serious fire accident and was never cleaned out.

Both Steve and Eric rush over to the large window to breathe in the fresh air. The window is boarded up with thick wooden planks - but there is enough gaps to gain oxygen and sprays of moonlight splinter inside the room.

Eric, relaxing, moves away from the window and walks to the far end of the room. He places the sports bag on the ground and sits carefully down, exhausted.

Steve looks around the room and to a closed door. He tries to open it but it refuses to budge. Apparently locked.

Steve smiles to Eric.

STEVE
Home sweet home.

He takes a hip flask from his pocket and takes a big sip before passing it over to Eric.

Eric sips, chokes and then takes another grateful swig before passing it back to Steve.

ERIC
You had whiskey the whole time?

STEVE
Yes my friend.

ERIC
Might have been a little useful in the fields, Steve. I was freezing out there.

STEVE
I only pull this sucker out when a job is well done. This is a celebration, pal. We've done it.

As Eric relaxes against the wall with his turn of the whiskey flask, Steve inspects the sports bag. He unzips it - revealing a full bag of cash and glittering jewels.

ERIC
(mimicking German
accent)
Iz it safe?

Steve smiles.

STEVE
Very.

Steve takes the flask from Eric and sits opposite him below the boarded up window, still smiling from ear to ear.

He takes another massive swig and throws it to Eric - who catches it.

STEVE
I would have stuck the Mona Lisa inside but I didn't have any room for it.

Eric chortles at the thought before taking a big swig of the hip flask.

LATER

There is a large but comfortable silence as the two share the flask.

STEVE
Hey, what is the time anyway?

Eric sluggishly checks his mobile.

ERIC
Eleven eleven exactly.

Steve nods relaxed.

STEVE
God, I feel pretty pissed already.

Eric laughs.

ERIC
Me too, but you've got an excuse.
You've only been out a week or so.

Steve is dozing off to sleep.

ERIC
(quietly)
Sorry about the car, man.

STEVE
(half asleep)
Don't worry about it.

Eric tries his mobile phone again. There is another slight reception but it fades.

Steve wakes and sluggishly takes his mobile and checks his. Same response.

Eric slumps back against the wall. Both him and Steve look lethargic and shattered.

A sound breaks the silence - a noise from upstairs, a loud CREAKING.

Steve and Eric look at each other alarmed.

The creaking sound becomes louder, followed by a piercing squeaking sound and loud banging. The sound builds louder and louder.

Steve and Eric get to their feet, both with faces of shock.

The sound subsides - gently fades until it disappears completely.

ERIC

Don't try and tell me that was a rat.

STEVE

(scared)

Of course it wasn't a rat.

(unconvincing)

Pipes. Water pipes. That's all.

A small moment of silence as the two both look up at the ceiling. Steve loses what composure he had and takes his mobile out.

He looks at Eric amazed and delighted.

STEVE

I've got a signal!

Eric looks relieved.

Steve dials a number. Waits patiently with a broad smile.

STEVE

(on phone)

Jerry! Hey, how's it going, man? -
It's Steve...Steve
Casewell...yeah, that son of a
bitch...

Steve feigns laughter.

STEVE

(on phone)

Listen, man, I've got some good
news for you. I've got your
money...yep, the whole
thing...tell you what, pick me
and my buddy up and I'll give you
double as a thank you, how does
that sound?

Steve gives a thumbs up to Eric.

STEVE

(on phone)

Where are we? That's kind of a
tough one...some where in
Kensingwood, in the sticks
actually. There's a few fields
and you'll probably come across a
burnt out car.

STEVE(cont'd)

We're in a kind of cul-de-sac of about twelve, thirteen houses...It IS weird, believe me...great, thanks Jerry.

Steve ends the call and breathes a sigh of relief.

ERIC

Well?

STEVE

We're gonna get picked up in a couple of hours.

(beat)

That's not too bad considering the circumstances.

ERIC

Tell me about it! With those directions he'll probably end up on the other side of the country!

STEVE

Don't worry, *Jackanory Jerry* always get's his man.

ERIC

Jackanory Jerry? Wasnt that a BBC TV show for kids? Why the hell do they call him that?

STEVE

I don't know - it's just a nickname. Probably some lame crap to do with telling stories to his victims before he kills them or some stupid shit.

Steve and Eric laugh.

STEVE

Seriously, I don't know. But from what I've heard, you do not want to be the last to hear what he says. Because you will not live to say what it was.

Eric looks a little concerned.

ERIC

Thanks for inviting him over.

LATER

Steve paces the room slowly, frequently looking through the small gaps in the boarded up window. Eric sits against the wall opposite.

ERIC

Relax Steve, it's only been ten minutes since you made the call.

STEVE

I'm fine - I'll just be glad to get out of this hole. This place is worse than the cell I had in jail.

ERIC

Do you feel bad about what you did? You know, earlier?

Steve stops pacing and looks at Eric.

STEVE

We did.

ERIC

OK, but doesn't it make you feel guilty just a little?

STEVE

That's because we are guilty. But let me tell you something. We didn't rip off some pensioner or a struggling guy working a nine to five trying to make ends meet. The guy we took from will be insured and will probably fiddle his forms so he gets back more than what was taken anyway. The poor might get poorer but it doesn't work that way for them people.

ERIC

Still, that guy earned his fortune.

STEVE

If you saw the Doberman in his back garden, believe me, I earned my share of it.

Eric shrugs.

ERIC

Sounds like your trying to be Robin Hood.

STEVE

Eric, that's life my friend. If you want to be a a good samaritan then carry on and do what you think makes you happy.

STEVE(cont'd)

Then die at fifty because you've been busting your balls working twelve hours a day and coming home to more stress.

ERIC

Hey, Steve, sorry I never meant -

STEVE

That guy we stole from is probably one of the biggest crooks going, it's how most of these assholes become rich in the first place. You don't get that way playing straight and narrow and being Mr. Nice Guy. You have to break rules on occasions.

ERIC

Steve, it's cool, really. It's my first gig and I just feel a bit weird about it, that's all. I wasn't taking a dig at you, it's probably just the booze talking.

STEVE

Well, just think about how much better your life is gonna be when we get home. I doubt you're gonna be feeling so bad then.

Steve sits down below the window and slumps against the wall. Eric looks sleepy, struggling to keep his eyes open.

Steve closes his eyes.

A thin misty vapor seeps from the fireplace and spreads into and across the room.

ERIC

(struggling to open his eyes)
Smell that?

STEVE

Yeah - smells like - burnt flowers...

As the vapor becomes thicker in the room, Eric and Steve fall asleep.

LATER

The vapor has vanished from the room.

Steve wakes up with a start. He stands up and looks around the room.

Eric is still asleep but the sports bag is missing. Steve looks open mouthed in shock.

Steve walks over to Eric and shakes him by his shoulders, waking him up.

STEVE

The bag, where is it? Where's the bag, Eric?

Eric wakes begrudgingly.

ERIC

What? I don't know? What are you talking about?

Steve looks frantically over the room for the bag.

Eric holds his head as if nursing a hangover.

ERIC

God, what the hell was in that whiskey?

Steve checks the fireplace for the bag but comes up with nothing but small spots of soot on his face.

Eric stands up and starts to look halfheartedly for the bag.

Steve stops his search, watches Eric.

STEVE

You stashed it when I was asleep, didn't you?

Eric looks stunned at Steve's accusation.

ERIC

What?

STEVE

Where did you put it, Eric. I'm in no mood for hide and seek or any other games right now.

ERIC

For God's sake, Steve, I was asleep. How do I know you didn't put it some place?

STEVE

How do I know you were really asleep?

ERIC

Well, you're the one who gave out the dodgy whisky! I don't know if you even drank it - you could have faked it and put the bag somewhere when I was out.

STEVE

Now you're being ridiculous. What the hell would I do that for?

ERIC

You promised that guy - *Jerry* - double of what you owed him. I don't know how much that is, but if anyone looks suspicious here, it's you, Steve. You were pretty keen on crashing out in this house, how do I know you haven't just lead me along the whole time?

STEVE

Goddamnit, *I* never took the bag! I'm Robin Hood, remember?

The two calm down for a moment.

STEVE

I suppose the tooth fairy came down and took it.

ERIC

Well it's looking true what they say. No trust amongst thieves.

Steve ignores the comment and looks around the room again, scratching his head in confusement. He stops and looks at Eric.

STEVE

Wait a minute. Wait just one goddamn minute.

ERIC

What?

Steve moves in closer to Eric.

STEVE

(half whispering)
That noise we heard? From upstairs? Remember that?

Eric nods.

ERIC

The gigantic rat upstairs that was scared of the about-to-explode-like a nuclear bomb water pipes, yep I recall that.

STEVE

The odd smell before we *both* fell asleep?

ERIC

So what? It -

Steve shushes at Eric and puts a finger to his mouth to tell him to keep it quiet.

STEVE

Someone else is in this house.

Steve points to the fireplace.

STEVE

That thing stinks of the same smell we both smelt before we crashed out. Someone upstairs - my God I can't believe we never even checked it out - sent some kind of drug down the chimney so we'd inhale it and fall asleep.

Eric looks around, nervously.

STEVE

Either they then came down here and took the bag and have left or they are still here.

ERIC

Why would they still be here after taking the bag?

(loudly)

FUCK! You're saying we did all that shit for nothing?

STEVE

Yeah...

Steve looks around the room. He grabs at his forehead as if searching for answers.

STEVE

But who knew? How the hell could anybody possibly know that we would end up here?

ERIC
Your friend, that guy you got to
pick us up? What if he got here
and just took it?

STEVE
Jerry?
(beat)
I wouldn't rule it out to be
honest. What time is it?

Steve takes his mobile and turns it on. He checks the time.

MOBILE PHONE: 11:11

STEVE
(confused)
What time did you say it was when
we first got here?

ERIC
Eleven eleven. I remember it
because it was so -

Steve shows Eric his phone and the time display.

STEVE
Odd?

Eric is taken aback. He quickly checks his mobile. It has
the same time. 11:11.

ERIC
That's not possible.

STEVE
OK, let's get the hell out of
Amityville - I ain't having no
shit pulled on me tonight.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Steve, with Eric close behind him, tries to open the front
door.

STEVE
You are not gonna believe how
well our night is going with this
new development.

ERIC
What now? Can it get any worse?

Steve searches up and down the front door, feeling it all
over with his hands as Eric looks on in bewilderment.

STEVE

This door has no handle.

ERIC

No handle? It did when we came in!

STEVE

No, it did on the *outside*. We never checked the *inside*.

ERIC

What kind of house has no inside door handle?

STEVE

Well, I might be stating the obvious here but probably one that would not want whoever came *in*, to get *out*.

Steve tries to push the door, Eric helps him. They try to grab the edges of the doorway but there is no room for fingertips to grip. They try to kick it down but the solid wood door remains.

STEVE

Can't you use that thing to get us out of here?

ERIC

What thing?

STEVE

The metal thing that got us in here!

ERIC

There's no lock to pick on this side of the door! It's covered up!

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Steve and Eric rush to the boarded up window.

They try to tear off the wooden barriers but it is hard to even slide a full finger inside the gaps.

They keep trying, Eric thumps at the wooden boarding to Steve's dismay as the two give up, catching their breath after such frantic attempts.

ERIC

Great, just great. What now?
Scream for help and hope a
scarecrow hears us?

Steve nods at the locked door.

STEVE

That door looks in bad condition.
We can kick it down and get the
hell out of this pit.

Both walk to the locked door.

Eric tries the handle - and it opens to both their
surprise.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Steve and Eric enter the kitchen.

A large room that is empty of furniture or any kitchen
appliance.

It has a window at the far end which is boarded up with
wood and a back door.

The back door's large window has also been boarded up but
small gaps of moonlight seep through both the door and
window, creating odd beams of light in the otherwise dark
and forboding kitchen.

Only small fragments of the decor of the room indicate it
to be- or have been - a kitchen.

Certain tiles placed on the walls above where an oven might
have been; likewise with a refrigerator.

Dust has gathered more so on the floor than anywhere else
and shapes of blocks where appliances may have been remain
in a more clear state and less dust filled than the rest of
the floor.

Eric tries the door - but it has no handle. Steve attempts
to pry the window boards but it is not possible.

The sound of movement above.

As if a heavy chair being dragged across a room.

Followed by a loud squeaking sound and the noise of pipes
being rubbed together.

Eric and Steve look above at the kitchen ceiling, circling
themselves unknowingly.

ERIC

What the fuck is that, man? And don't tell me it's water pipes.

STEVE

I - I don't know. To be honest, Eric, I don't want to find out.

Eric checks the walls of the kitchen with his fingers.

The darkness is so strong it is hard to see what is where in places.

His fingers etch over a hidden doorway.

ERIC

I've found it! I've found a way out!

Steve rushes over as Eric manages to pry open the door with his fingers.

STEVE

Good one, man. Knowing our luck it'll probably be a pantry.

The door opens and dust gushes out in the faces of both men, forcing them to cough and splutter.

Recovered, they both look in to the doorway.

The doorway opens to a stone staircase that leads downwards into a mass of darkness.

ERIC

I guess this is our way out.

Steve seems reluctant.

STEVE

Going down there?

He takes a coin from his pocket and tosses it down the staircase.

Both wait anxiously.

Moments pass.

Steve and Eric look to each other, then back to the doorway.

The sound of a coin finally hitting the floor echoes out.

STEVE

I'm in no real rush to try that route just yet.

A noise from outside the house. Steve and Eric pause and listen. A car. Approaching. Arriving. Arrived.

Steve and Eric look to each other. They rush to the door.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Steve and Eric rush inside the room and to the boarded up window.

They can make out car headlights outside, pulling up alongside the driveway.

Eric shouts out loud to grab their attention.

ERIC
HEY! YES! HERE WE ARE! HERE!

The car headlights turn off.

The car doors open and five men step out , three out the back and two out the front.

STEVE
Oh shit.

Eric looks at Steve.

ERIC
Oh shit? What do you mean, *oh shit?* That's Jerry, right? Your pal?

The group of five head to the front door.

STEVE
He's gonna be plenty pissed to have come all this way out here only to find we don't have his money.

ERIC
We'll explain what happened.

STEVE
Yep. That's not gonna go down so well.

The front door is heard opening. Steve urgently, suddenly realizing:

STEVE
Don't close the -

The door is heard slamming shut before Steve can finish his sentence.

JERRY (40's, medium build, wearing a suit and a hat and complete with classic gangster scarf) enters with his mobster buddies:

ERNIE, 40s, pencil thin with disturbingly tight gaunt facial skin.

FRITZ - 35, a rather eccentric snappy dresser; BASHER - 30-40, a muscular bald headed bodyguard type and -

CHICKOSKY, 30-40, a scarf wearing tall lanky type with a constantly blank expression and dull monotone voice.

BASHER - 30's, bald and tall, muscle man figure that has scars all over his head and face. Makes Jason from Friday the 13th look handsome.

Jerry stands in the centre of the room and lights a cigar.

Steve and Eric stand in the middle of the room as the goons stand around Jerry.

The atmosphere has become tense.

Steve facades a laugh and smile.

STEVE

Hey, you made it! Great! Love the hat by the way -

JERRY

Cut the shit, Steve. Where's my money?

STEVE

(nervous)

Oh yeah, the money. See, there's a bit of a problem..

Jerry walks close to Steve and calmly blows cigar smoke in Steve's face. Steve winces, fluttering his eyes.

JERRY

There's been a long running problem with you and owing back money, hasn't there Steven? I don't wanna hear about a fucking problem, I wanna see my money in five seconds.

STEVE

Look, we had the money here. Right here. In this room! Something happened, we dozed off for a bit, we woke up and the money has vanished.

Jerry smiles before breaking out into laughter.

The laughter catches on around the room with the mobsters.

Just when Steve and Eric express relief, Jerry squares up to Steve angrily.

JERRY

You think I'm fucking STUPID? You
insult my intelligence!

Eric tries to step in.

ERIC

Hey, listen, he's telling the
truth..

Ernie punches Eric in his face, knocking him to the ground.

STEVE

You weasel faced bastard!

Steve angrily retaliates and socks Ernie right on his nose, knocking him to his knees.

*A fight breaks out and amidst the confusion of Jerry dropping his cigar in surprise, Steve grabs Eric and the two bolt into the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Steve slams the door shut, and a lock falls down in place!

Both look amazed at their sudden good fortune.

No time to dither though as the door is slammed from behind by the mobsters attempting to break the door down.

The hinges become loose with each and every shudder of the door.

Eric locates the basement door and the two both head inside and close the door behind them.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DARK

As the door closes, Steve and Eric are forced to stand on a small platform that leads the descent down the steps.

STEVE

Well, looks like we either
voluntarily go to Hell or let
Jerry and his pacemaker breakers
send us there.

Eric begins to walks down.

STEVE

Agreed.

They both head downwards on the stone stairwell.

The descent is filled with only darkness. It is more like a tunnel, with stone walls on either side of the steps.

Both walk blindly, holding their hands against the stone walls for guidance and balance.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

The door is broken down and Fritz, Basher and Ernie search the kitchen - taking all of ten seconds to discover they are the only ones there.

Jerry walks in the kitchen.

BASHER

Man, what a hole!

Ernie, holding his bleeding nose that he received from Steve's punch, responds with slightly altered tone of voice:

ERNIE

Tell me about it. There's nothing in here at all and it's not even spacious.

JERRY

This ain't "Location, Location, Location" you imbeciles!

He turns to Fritz and Ernie.

JERRY

Fritz, Ernie - find me my goddamn money. They've stashed it somewhere in this fuckin' house.

Fritz looks for a way out that Steve and Eric could have used - there appears to be none as the window and door is blocked by wooden plank boarding.

FRITZ

There's no way out of here.

JERRY

Well they're not a couple of magicians! Find the fuckers!

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - STAIRCASE - DARK

Steve and Eric continue to walk down in darkness.

ERIC

This is getting ridiculous,
Steve. How long do you think we
have been actually walking down
here?

STEVE

I don't know - ten, maybe fifteen
minutes. At this rate, we'll make
it to the centre of the..

ERIC

DON'T - Just DON'T.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DARK

They reach the bottom of the staircase and to the basement
floor.

Unsurprisingly it is dark but as their eyes have grown used
to it, they are able to see their surroundings a little
better.

It is a large empty room, an open floor that has thick
cobwebs on every stone wall that surrounds it.

STEVE

OK, we have landed. Now let's
just try and find our way out of
here somehow.

Eric and Steve search the walls for a door, a window -
anything.

ERIC

It's impossible, man. There's no
way out of here. We're well and
truly in the mess. If - more
likely - when - them 'friends' of
yours find their way down here,
what do we do?

STEVE

If they make it down here, then
let's hope they're as knackered
as we are and they're in no fit
mood to fight. We can all have a
nice tea party together and sort
out our differences. Chances of
that are slim - so keep looking
for a way out!

Steve searches blindly at the walls from top to bottom. He touches what resembles an old unlit torch.

He yanks at it, trying to break it free and it triggers off a brief loud whirling sound.

ERIC
What did you do?

STEVE
I - I'm not sure.

The sound of SCRAPING.

The sound of jagged stone being scraped across stone.

One of the walls appears to be closing inwards. Steve and Eric notice it.

STEVE
That's a trick of the light,
right?

ERIC
What light?

They frantically search for a way out as the wall MOVES in closer and closer.

They rush to the staircase but as they get there, the steps CLIMB over each other UPWARDS - collecting themselves like magnets until they are beyond any possible reach, leaving only a gaping hole into darkness.

Stunned, they search for another way out as all the walls except one appear to be moving in on them.

The loud scraping sound is unbearable, and a RUMBLING sound seems to be the bass to the most ear piercing tune ever made.

Eric, searching his hands across the stone walls from the wall that does not move, inadvertently pushes INTO one.

ERIC
(shouting)
HERE - *HERE!!*

Steve and Eric feel over the wall - discovering the majority of the wall is made of fake stones - more like papier-mache.

They frantically smash through the mock stones as the incoming wall approaches closer - about to squash them.

They see a tunnel - darkness that leads diagonally upwards. They rush inside, Steve leading the way in the nick of time as the wall closes in.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DARK

Jerry looks on as Ernie and Basher try to break down the back door but it is pointless. The boarding is too hard to remove.

JERRY
(*fed up*)
I'm tired of this.

He heads to the living room.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Chickosky and Fritz quickly switch from standing chatting idly to looking all over the room as soon as Jerry enters.

JERRY
Fritz - search this entire place.
I don't want to see you back in
this room until you have my cash.

FRITZ
Sure thing - where do I start?

Jerry rolls his eyes.

JERRY
How about upstairs?

Fritz heads out the room to the hallway.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Fritz walks up the staircase. He looks down and notices it is made of stone. Shrugging his shoulders, he continues up.

Halfway up, Fritz realizes his feet are dragging. He looks down to find that they are encased in an ooze, leaking from the inner ridge of the stone steps.

He perseveres, having to trudge upstairs as each step is more ooze like than the last. As the ooze becomes thicker, Fritz stops.

FRITZ
Fuck this man, this ain't right.

He tries to walk back down but finds he is stuck to the step and cant remove his feet.

Fritz loses his balance as he tries to free himself from the continually submerging ooze and falls almost flat down on his face.

FRITZ
HELP! HELP! I'm STUCK on the
STAIRCASE!!

With his hands stuck in the ooze, he manages to free himself slightly using his upper arm strength. He tries to crawl his way to the top - only a few more ooze submerging steps away.

Fritz grips to a plain step to use it as leverage, but the step OPENS UP like a hollow box and the stone quickly retracts itself. He looks up stunned - before the STEP closes back with a GUILLOTINE-like JAGGED EDGE.

His fingers are sliced off - the blade retracts and returns to "normal" as blood flies out of Fritz's hand where his fingers once were.

Fritz screams out in pain.

Ooze emerges from the top step - a different color to the previous gunk - a slightly bright and sparkling yellow. Thin strides slide down at first - Fritz YELLS in agony as it makes contact, as if it were burning him.

His front is stuck to the staircase - as he tries to pull himself free, a tangled bloody mess of his clothing and his skin is removed in the process exposing his innards and organs.

He looks up - a small wave of the yellow acid ooze reigns down over him, melting him into a mass of blood and then bones before even they sizzle and begin to slowly disintegrate in a bubbling mess.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jerry and Chickosky look at each other with concerned expressions at the sound of Fritz's yells. Jerry rushes to the door of the kitchen.

JERRY
(urgent)
Basher - keep trying at that
door. Ernie, come with me.

Ernie and Jerry rush to the hallway followed by Chickosky.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - TUNNEL

Steve leads Eric as they clamber up their way through the dark gunk and cobwebbed tunnel. They look tired.

Unknown to Steve, a repetitive bright white light flashes from beneath the gunk for a few seconds right under Eric's face before it fades.

Eric pauses suddenly. He clenches his eyes shut as if hit physically by the blinding light.

FLASHBACK

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT

In the darkness - the basement is overcrowded with naked men and women. Skeletons align the floor with other bloody and violently contorted dead and dying bodies laying next to them as if being left to rot.

Some of the naked men are trying to scrape through large amounts of black gunk, a large thick layer of ooze, on the walls with the human bones at their disposal.

Their progress is minimal as the ooze seems to keep replicating itself once it seems some of it has been scooped away.

A BLINDING WHITE FLASH:

Screaming - of both women giving birth and the emergence in the basement of many babies.

The population in the basement now resemble Neanderthals, most of them looking as if they have been blinded by spending so much time in darkness and foul living conditions.

A BLINDING WHITE FLASH:

The babies have grown into young men and woman and wear the skin of the previous generation. Others feast on dead bodies.

Both men and women combine efforts using a now massive stockpile pyramid shaped collection of bones to force a way through the black gunk ooze covered wall.

Just when it looks as progress is being made, the ooze replenishes and all progress made is lost.

A BLINDING WHITE FLASH:

The basement is near empty but from the ever increasing pile of human bones and rotting corpses.

There are only two living humans left.

They stand opposite each other - two men with weapons made from bones. A brutal fight ensues - and the last remaining blood covered male walks away from his victim to the ooze covered wall.

He scrapes at it with his weapon and as he makes progress, he finds that the ooze no longer replicates itself. With hope and over a long time span, he digs his way through into a clearing.

END FLASHBACK

Eric wakes from his disorientation with Steve looking down at him.

STEVE

Hey, you alright man? What the hell?

ERIC

Didn't you see the light?

STEVE

In jail? Following tonight's little episode I'd say a resounding no.

ERIC

No - there was a light, a *flickering light*...

STEVE

Just now? I didn't see any light, pal.

(concerned)

What did you see?

ERIC

(confused)

I don't know - I saw - *pictures* - *images* - naked men and women - *something*...

Steve starts to crawl back up the tunnel.

STEVE

Well tell me about it when we're outta here. Before I took a trip to the barcode hotel I went to Amsterdam. I'll show you some similar pretty pictures when we're both in a more comfortable place, OK?

Eric nods, trying to knock the visions from his head out.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

In stunned awe struck unison, Jerry, Chickosky and Ernie look up at the staircase.

They watch the bubbling, frazzled remains of Fritz disintergrating into nothing. As if he were never even there. As if he had never even existed.

CHICKOSKY
Stairway to Heaven.

ERNIE
You what?

CHICKOSKY
It was the track I listened to
before I left tonight. Ironic.

JERRY
Shut the fuck up. We're outta
here.

Jerry tries to open the front door but finds no handle. He tries to push it but it wont budge. He tries repeatedly but the same result. All three try. It wont move. Kicking at it, slamming at it all provide the same result.

ERNIE
There's something seriously wrong
here.

Jerry and Chickosky look at Ernie.

JERRY
No shit, genius.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Basher, in a mad, crazy unstoppable psychopathic serial killer type of fit of rage way, finally breaks through the door barriers and into the garden.

EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Basher falls through and collides with the ground - a stone paved floor patio.

A metallic door SWINGS back and SLAMS shut in the barriers' place.

Basher, dazed from crashing through and hitting his head on the stone paved floor, fails to notice. He groggily stands up and looks around at the garden in front of him.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

The ooze on the staircase evaporates, making the staircase look normal once more. Jerry takes a handgun from out of his suit jacket. He looks to Ernie.

JERRY

Get up there.

ERNIE

You're having a laugh, Jerry. I ain't going up there!

Jerry looks to Chickosky who sways his head also in disagreement to the idea.

CHICKOSKY

Fritz' experience didn't really inspire me.

Jerry walks to the first step and looks up, pointing his gun at nothing in particular. He yells angrily:

JERRY

Alright you motherfuckers! You don't know what you've just started, you don't know who you're dealing with here! I'M Jerry the Jackanory, tell me a fucking story and you get a bullet in your head! Now come out you piece of shit!

Silence.

Then - a *cackle*. A menacing mocking male sounding giggle from upstairs - followed by a bright light that appears for all but seconds but one that lasts enough to allow a shadow of a figure to appear and vanish.

JERRY

(to Ernie and Chickosky)
That motherfucker's got my money.

EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Large amounts of greenery. Shrubs, bushes, trees with overhanging branches. Resembles more of swamp land than a residential house back garden.

From the shrubbery, a large flowerpot containing dead plants wobbles. It moves.

The flowerpot moves again until dirt covered fingers reach out from underneath it.

The pot is pushed aside onto the grass and from a large hole out crawls a dirt covered Steve and then Eric.

They lay on their backs momentarily, taking in breaths of heavenly fresh air.

Eric gets to his knees and looks around. The first thing he spots is BASHER, some twenty feet away from them at the house back doorway. He seems to be on the look out for them.

Luckily for Steve and Eric, they are hidden right at the back of the garden and the mass shrubbery and overhanging tree branches disguise their position.

Eric nods to Steve and motions him to rise up slowly and to see what he can see. Steve does so.

STEVE

(whispering)

Basher. That guy's a lunatic. There's a rumor that spread about him. He chewed on his own mother's neck until her head came off, covered it in tinfoil and cooked it. Then he smothered it in chocolate chip ice cream. All because she wouldn't let him cook his own dinner that one dark night.

ERIC

(whispering)

You seem to know the details.

STEVE

I'm the one who started the rumor
- I was there at the time.

A moment of silence.

ERIC

Well at least we're outta that damn house.

Steve nods.

STEVE

There's gotta be a fence or something we can climb over and get the hell out of dodge.

They look at the back of the greenery surrounding them. It is too dark and dense to tell what is beyond it.

Crawling slowly and silently they come to a fence.

It is not a fence, however. It is a solid stone barrier. As they both look up to see how tall this stone wall barrier is - it must measure at least 20 feet. Impossible to climb.

STEVE

I thought Alcatraz went out of business in the sixties?

Eric just looks stunned.

ERIC

What *is* this place?

Eric grabs a small twig from the ground.

STEVE

What are you doing? Trying to pole vault across? Not gonna work, pal.

Eric timidly stands up and tosses the twig up and attempting over the wall. It catches on an overhead tree branch and makes a crackling noise as it slowly falls back down to the ground. Both squint agonizingly.

STEVE

What was the *point* - what was the *objective* of that?

ERIC

I wanted to see how high that thing is - and if the wall was actually *real*.

STEVE

(*not impressed*)
You -

A noise of movement from nearer the house.

Through the bushes, Steve and Eric look at Basher noticing the sound of the disturbance in the tree. Basher seemingly looks towards them. He heads right for them - he's spotted them.

Basher heads menacingly across the garden to Eric and Steve.

STEVE

You fight him off, I'll run and look for a way out.

ERIC

Yeah, OK, only after you've dealt with round one.

STEVE
I don't think it's gonna last
half a round...

Basher heads across the garden - but he stops suddenly. As if he is stuck.

He begins to slowly sink in to the grass - a camouflaged bog/marsh. His vicious smile of intent to kill changes into one of confusion and then desperation as he sinks to his waist.

Steve and Eric watch on from hiding in shock and surprise as Basher slowly sinks down further.

ERIC
Shouldn't we do something?

STEVE
Push him in further?

ERIC
No! Help him, man!

STEVE
The guy was about to kill us,
remember?

Basher tries to use his arms as leverage out but it is only making him sink further and quicker.

EXT. BOG/MARSH - UNDERNEATH - DARK

Basher's lower body being sunk beneath.

Many rotting skeletons lull about, roots of odd looking plants, large tentacle plants that rhythmically wrap around Basher's legs to entrap him further. Tangled, there is now no escape.

EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Basher is sunken, dragged down, until only his neck and head remain above the otherwise normal grassy garden stretch.

Basher looks in horror as a slight whirling sound is heard. A swimming pool cover, disguised convincingly as grass - but with razor sharp edges - slowly descends on Basher's neck, closing in.

Basher's screams for help last seconds as the cover comes together and completes the job of decapitating his head in one bloodless swipe.

From their hiding place, Steve looks at Eric.

STEVE

Maybe this place does have it's plus points after all. It's growing on me.

Eric throws up in the bushes - returning to give Steve a look of bad taste.

They search their way for a way out, the wall, searching for hidden "walls" or any way they can climb over.

They try the trees but none of them are as tall as the wall. The trees seems to have no branches to climb on beyond a certain height.

Back on ground, they look broken.

ERIC

There's no way out.

STEVE

There *has* to be.

ERIC

From out here? We're surrounded by a wall we cant climb over. We cant go back down because that only leads to the basement so the only option is to - -

STEVE

- - Go back into the house. And the way we came *in*, was through the house.

ERIC

So what? We couldn't get *out* either. That was kinda the problem we started off with.

STEVE

Its a door, pal. Its a fucking *door*. It can be broken down. If not then we go upstairs. There's windows. A roof. A way out.

ERIC

You're saying we go back *IN*?

STEVE

Well, no. Its a choice. We could grow thirty feet tall and walk over this wall but its just the annoyingly slim chance of that actually happening that puts me off that idea.

ERIC

Well just in case you'd forgotten, your "pal" is also in there... I'm thinking more along the lines of becoming another of that wannabee Godfather's victims.

STEVE

All we can do Eric, is try and get the hell out here. Fuck Capone and his wannabees, we'll tell 'em the money's in the garden and they can go and collect it and join Basher in the pool party he just became a member of.

They walk along a stone stepped path which joins to the back door patio of the house - being careful not to step on the grass.

The metallic door knocks repeatedly against the house as if there were a wind blowing it - yet there is none.

At the back door of the house, Steve looks at Eric.

STEVE

To get out, we have to go in. Are you with me on this or what?

ERIC

What if we just wait until daylight -

STEVE

Wait where? And honestly, what difference is daylight going to make?

ERIC

I don't know - just maybe we could see more...if we slept for a few hours outside -

STEVE

And Jerry catches us? Look Eric, he wants *me* dead, meaning *you* too. This house, this place - I'm as lost as you are.

(beat)

STEVE(cont'd)

All I can say is, as a *pro*, someone that has *dealt* with similar types of situations as this...or has dealt with situations kinda similar to this... is let's just not *think* and lets just *act*, OK?

They walk inside.

The metallic door slams SHUT.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

They walk inside and the loud banging of the metallic door behind them makes them jump.

They slowly and cautiously walk past the debris of Basher's attempts of breaking the door down, trying not to make the wood snap beneath their feet.

Steve and Eric walk through quietly into the -

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

They head to the boarded up window after making sure the room is all clear.

ERIC

Maybe they left. Maybe the house didn't want them.

STEVE

Eric - This is not a horror movie. Houses do not live, they don't have feelings, grudges - whatever.

ERIC

Houses that I know of don't have moving walls that try to crush you and killer garden swamps that cut people's heads off when you step on the lawn.

STEVE

Don't underestimate the competition of real estate agencies. Especially in a recession.

ERIC

I'm serious, man.

STEVE

It's a government trap, some kind of shit like that. Something we have just unfortunately fell into. It's some kind of testing hole...I don't know, man.

ERIC

It's too convenient. It's too set up ...

Eric gazes out the window as he talks - as much as the barred window allows. He spots Jerry's car still parked on the driveway.

ERIC

And Jerry *is* still here.

Steve walks around the room in deep thought. *As if in deep thought.*

From out of the blue -

ERIC

(shouting)

HEY!

Steve looks back at him as if he has gone stark raving mad.

STEVE

(*bewildered*)

Keep it down, psycho - What the hell are you doing?

ERIC

(*excited*)

There's a guy out there - look!

Steve walks over and looks out through the window. A man dressed in a long dark dirty looking trenchcoat is dwardling outside the house. A tramp.

STEVE

Buddy! Hey! TRAMP!

The Tramp looks to the house - he has a long dirty grey beard and looks slightly out of it. Steve and Eric continue to yell at the Tramp.

ERIC

Look man, we've got food, drink and money - just open the door and it's yours!

STEVE

Yes , yes! Lots of naked ladies
too who love the elderly type -
they like dirty old men...Santa
Claus fetish lovers...

The Tramp approaches the door of the house. Steve and Eric look to each other in relief - they might actually get out of this hell hole.

The door is heard opening from the hallway.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Steve and Eric rush through to find that the Tramp has already closed the door behind him and is standing staring upwards at the staircase.

STEVE

You normally just walk in
people's houses, old man?

ERIC

He's not all there...

Eric waves a hand in front of the Tramps' face - he raises his hands up in the air as if about to be arrested. Tramp indicates with his eyes for the two to look upstairs.

Steve and Eric look to what the Tramp might be looking at - at the top of the staircase is Jerry pointing a handgun in their direction.

JERRY

I'd like to invite you up to my
party. Actually - I insist on it.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY

Jerry, Ernie and Chickosky wait as Steve, Eric and the Tramp walk up the stone steps and join them up in the hallway.

JERRY

Stand up against the wall. You
know the procedure, Steve.

They do so. The first floor looks like a dungeon, a castle with large stone walls and a long hallway that leads into darkness.

Two large wooden doors opposite each other. Further down, is a large lavish looking mat on the floor which separates another two doors that face each other.

JERRY

Now, watch this.

He seems to have discovered a small lever within one of the stone walls. He pulls it downwards - and from the staircase produces the ooze which leaks slowly downwards.

He pulls the lever down further and a larger gush of ooze rushes down. It clearly smells judging by the facial reactions of everyone.

Jerry pushes the switch back up and the ooze stops, retreating back inside the steps.

ERIC

What the hell is that stuff?
Acid?

JERRY

Seems so, hot shot.
Unfortunately, Fritz found out about this little trick the hard way. He's no longer with us and whoever is responsible will answer to me.

He brandishes the gun at the three against the wall.

JERRY

I'll get to that a little later but for now...where is my money?

STEVE

Come on! You still think we hid it?

JERRY

This little prank confirms it. You've set this all up, thinking I would come in and fall for this bullshit. Maybe even get rid of me in the process, huh?

STEVE

Man, Basher's dead too. There's some crazy shit going off all over the house - we damn near got crushed down in the basement...

JERRY

I don't wanna hear that crap!

TRAMP

Perhaps it may well be true and you would be wise to listen.

TRAMP(cont'd)

After all, there are people who, instead of listening to what is being said to them, are already listening to what they are going to say themselves.

Jerry turns and looks at the tramp.

JERRY

Who the fuck are you anyway?

ERIC

Look Jerry - Basher is dead, he got killed in the garden. You're other mate got...killed on a staircase. Doesn't that tell you something?

JERRY

Yeah. It tells me something here stinks and I wanna know what it is before a few more people start dropping off like flies.

ERIC

Our phones stopped at dead on 11:11. Does anyone have a cell phone, a mobile?

Chickosky takes out his mobile and turns it on.

ERNIE

I left mine in the car.

STEVE

What is the point of that?

ERNIE

So if anyone calls me and I don't answer they'll know I'm busy, dumbass.

STEVE

Masterstroke.

Jerry takes out his mobile. He looks at Chickosky unnerved.

JERRY

Chickosky, what time you got?

CHICKOSKY

All the elevens.

Jerry puts his phone away.

JERRY

What the hell is going on?

ERIC

We don't know, but there's obviously something about 11:11 that needs to be sorted out.

CHICKOSKY

So what is it? A year? A random number? A particular time and date? Some biblical chapter? What?

ERNIE

This just sounds like some *Da Vinci Code* type bullshit to me.

STEVE

I don't think it's even remotely that complex, Ernie. We're babbling on about nothing. I mean, honestly, what are we talking about here? Digits on our phones? Two people are dead, we're looking next on the menu and we're standing around talking about the *clock* on our *phones*?

ERIC

Steve - we've gotta try and weigh up what we know if we're gonna get out of here!

TRAMP

It could consist of many things. The numeral eleven is considered very special. 11:11 even more so. Perhaps it could mean something spiritual, something supernatural. One thousand, one hundred and eleven.

ERIC

You mean ghosts? Spirits?
(thinking back)
What I saw down in the basement tunnel...

The Tramp's eyes gleam.

TRAMP

You saw something? A tale told from those long lost?

Steve butts in.

STEVE

OK, *fine*. These spirits have made their presence known and what not. Wonderful and really nice of them. How about they let us out?

JERRY

If we're really to believe all this ghost, spirty supernatural crap - and this 11:11 bullshit - you're saying that something might have happened here in this house in the year 1111?

STEVE

I doubt this house was here that long ago! They were probably living in mud huts back then. Besides, the area is in development. This is not the only house on the block.

TRAMP

Yes squire - but how long has this development been taking place?

STEVE

Well, *squire*, why don't we just develop a plan to get OUT. That's the only development I want to be developing right now. *Shit's sake* - This is doing my head in!

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The street is quiet and desolate.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY

Steve, Eric and the Tramp remain against the wall. The Tramp has his hands in his pockets, tapping the floor with his feet apparently in boredom.

JERRY

(to the Tramp)

You wanna cut that shit out, old man? It's getting on my nerves.

The Tramp stops - only to restart his tapping again but softer.

Jerry ignores him.

JERRY

I'm not buying into this ghost bull. This lever right here -
 (Jerry motions the lever that produced the stairway ooze)
 - has nothing to do with any ghost. It's physical, meaning I can touch it and I can activate or deactivate it when I choose.

ERIC

But we didn't do it!

STEVE

Basher is dead Jerry -

Jerry brandishes his gun again at the three, just to impose himself and try to restore his apparent leadership status.

JERRY

SHUT UP! I don't wanna hear that crap.

He looks to Ernie.

JERRY

Go down and check out their story.

ERNIE

(nods)
 No problem.

Ernie heads off to leave.

JERRY

You better pray Ernie comes back with Basher because -

Ernie steps on a small button hidden in between the stone steps just above the staircase.

A LOUD THUNDEROUS noise - as a PORTCULLIS slams down and entraps Ernie into a small cage at the top of the staircase - and also bars off any exit for the rest of the group.

Mass confusement erupts amongst the group as the noise echoes around.

Jerry rushes to the portcullis and attempts to pull it up; Chickosky backs away and onto the hallway mat - which SINKS beneath his feet - he falls down into a pit.

The mat falls all the way down into a dark pit as Chickosky GRABS onto the ledge - the mat DISSOLVES in a bath of ACID below.

ERNIE
 (hysterical)
 HELP ME! HELP ME ! GET ME OUT OF
 THIS THING!

Jerry continues to try and push the portcullis upwards but with no success. He strains to help free Ernie but it is no good.

Chickosky tries to pull himself out of the pit, his face is emotionless. His fingers are slipping on the stone ledge.

With all the commotion, Steve opens one of the doors in the corridor.

STEVE
 (to Eric)
Come on, man!

Eric grabs the Tramp besides him.

ERIC
 In here, old guy!

They close the door behind them.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DARK

Steve, Eric and the Tramp find themselves in a dark small room. It is entirely made of stone but with an iron stairwell that leads winding upwards in a contorted shape.

Steve looks at Eric and nods at the Tramp.

STEVE
 Why did you bring him along for?

ERIC
 We couldn't leave him with them animals! We got him involved!

STEVE
 OK, whatever. He seems to know a bit more than he's letting on anyway - but for now, let's just try and get out of this hell hole without Jerry catching up with us.

Steve heads up the stairwell - cautiously.

ERIC
 Watch your feet.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY

Chickosky's grip on the floor is down to his fingertips -
Jerry pulls Chickosky from the pit in the nick of time.

They both end up on the ground.

Ernie continually yells for help from his entrapment in the
portcullis.

Jerry and Chickosky get to their feet. Jerry looks around.

JERRY

Where did the others go?

CHICKOSKY

I was too busy saving my ass from
being melted to notice.

JERRY

I KNEW IT! I TOLD YOU THEY'VE
STASHED IT! WE'VE BEEN SET UP!

CHICKOSKY

Bit elaborate isn't it? All this
for a few grand?

JERRY

Fuck you, Chickosky, you *piece of
shit!* That bastard Steve wants me
outta the way so he doesn't have
to pay his fucking debt! Well -
he's too late now. The collection
is overdue and it's time to
double the price.

CHICKOSKY

We've got more pressing points in
case you hadn't noticed, Jerry. I
almost took a bath in acid - and
Ernie over here....

Ernie continues to scream and shout for help, failing in
his frantic attempts to lift up the portcullis.

CHICKOSKY

...He's locked up in the tower of
fuckin' London.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DARK

Steve, Eric and the Tramp - in that order - continue to
climb the swirling stairwell in silence.

Steve stops - forcing the other two to stop also.

ERIC
What is it, man?

Steve looks down to the Tramp.

STEVE
Just what were you doing out here
this late anyway?

TRAMP
I get around and about when I
can. Not often these days.

STEVE
That doesn't answer my question,
pal.

ERIC
Steve - He's homeless.

STEVE
Ah, that answers it *all*. We have
no right to question the fact
this guy just turned up out of
the blue?

ERIC
Steve, there's no point getting
riled up. Be glad there's three
of us.

Steve moans as he grumpily continues up the stairwell.

ERIC
And in case you had already
forgot, we *did* get him involved
in all of this.

Steve restarts walking up the staircase.

STEVE
Maybe the Hilton hotel mistook
his reservation. Perhaps it
wasn't up to his standards and he
was just looking for somewhere
better.

ERIC
Dude - just get off his case.
Stop bitching and let's try and
get out of here.

STEVE
Whatever, man... *How many more
God-damn steps...*

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY

Jerry takes out his mobile. He checks the time and it remains reading "11:11". He attempts a call but there is no signal.

JERRY
(*under his breath*)
Shit.

Ernie , now much quieter, remains with his hands dangling out of the portcullis like a prisoner.

Chickosky stands looking at the acid pit. He coughs slightly.

CHICKOSKY
That acid - the fumes are gonna
do us in if we don't get outta
here anytime soon.

Jerry receives a call on his phone. He smiles at Chickosky.

JERRY
Never doubt the top man, never.

Jerry answers it - finding out it is just a voice message. He puts the phone to his ear.

Laughter - Crackling - Laughter.

Jerry hangs the phone up and angrily throws it into the acid pit.

JERRY
Piece of shit - Someone is
fucking with us.

Chickosky rolls his eyes in a *I-know-that* manner.

Jerry tries the door that Steve and Eric did make their exit through. It wont budge. Locked.

Jerry turns to Chickosky.

JERRY
Well, gives us only one option
then, doesn't it?

Chickosky nods.

JERRY
Open it.

Chickosky heads to the door opposite the one that Steve and Eric escaped through and opens it gently. Just a little.

He puts his hand inside and feels for something - he has it.

CHICKOSKY
We're OK. This one has a door
handle on the inside.

Ernie calls out from his entrapment in the portcullis -

ERNIE
Where the fuck are you going? You
might wanna get me outta here?

Jerry draws his gun and heads to the doorway. He peers back at Ernie who is straining to see what is going on.

JERRY
Once we have got the money and
figure out a way out of this
place, we'll be back for you
buddy. *Keep guard.*

Jerry sniggers as he opens the door wider and enters inside.

Chickosky follows - leaning backwards out the door to Ernie.

CHICKOSKY
Ernie - Don't go anywhere.

Ernie slams his fists against the bars of the portcullis.

ERNIE
Bastards.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM (1) - DARK

Jerry and Chicosky enter the room. The door closes behind them, locking itself.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRWELL - DARK

Steve leads Eric and the Tramp to a platform leading to a door. He looks back at the two. Eric nods.

ERIC
We have to, or else we have to go
back.

Steve looks to the Tramp - but he has vanished.

STEVE
What the hell?

Eric turns around.

ERIC
(shocked)
He was right *there!* Right behind
me!

Eric finds that one of the stairwell steps has vanished.

ERIC
The step he was on just a moment
ago ... its gone, man.

A few uneasy moments pass.

STEVE
I was right.

ERIC
Dude, the guy can't just vanish
like that. It's not possible.

STEVE
He must know all the rooms and
traps in here. He's probably got
this whole house hot-wired.

ERIC
He's a...a tramp!

STEVE
No, he wanted us to *believe* he
was and we *did*. Come on man,
lets just get on safe ground and
figure out a plan. I don't wanna
be where *he* knows where we are.

Steve opens the door and Eric follows him inside.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM (1) - DARK

Jerry and Chickosky are in a room that looks decrepit and
old.

Crumpled layers of rubble lay against the bottom of the
bare stone walls. The floor is made up out of stone slabs.

There is a door at the far end of the room. Jerry nods to
it.

JERRY
Through there.

They head over to the door.

Chickosky inadvetedly steps on a slab which slightly sinks - and resurfaces - but has triggered off *something*.

A THUNDEROUS noise in the room.

From the top corner of the room, piles of dust fall amidst a loud screeching sound of stone scraping against stone, of machinery being put into work.

Jerry and Chickosky look up at the ceiling in surprise - the ceiling is DESCENDING.

Two of the walls of the room also seem to have sprung into life - they are moving INWARDS.

JERRY

RUN!!

They run to the exit door but the incoming wall has covered over a quarter of it, making the door impossible to open.

The wall seems to be picking up speed, as does the descending ceiling.

Dust and loosened rubble fall from the ceiling, covering Jerry and Chickosky.

They run back to the door where they entered the room.

Jerry rushes to open it - but the door handle wont move. It is locked.

JERRY

(frustratingly confused)

What?!

CHICKOSKY

Th- that's impossible! We just came in through this damn thing!

Jerry tries to run at the incoming wall and push at it, obviously with no success.

The wall pushes him backwards as he and Chickosky strain to push it away.

A shooting sound - multiple times.

Thin SPIKES , two-three feet long, emerge at speed from various unseen holes in the wall and the ceiling.

Chickosky falls down to the ground - slashed through his arm and his thigh.

Jerry backs away in desperation.

Jerry takes his gun and FIRES at the door handle.

A lock is heard being split apart, separated.

Jerry kicks the door open, grabs Chickosky and helps him out of the room just in time as the spiked wall and ceiling pick up pace.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jerry slams the door shut.

He and Chickosky both move away to the other side of the hallway, trying to catch their breath - as SEVERAL spikes BURST through the door.

The device stops.

From beyond the impaled door, the sound of the machinery alters. It changes into the sound of it reversing.

The walls descend back to their previous position, taking the spikes with them.

Silence.

Jerry and Chickosky stare at the hole ridden door.

The remains of the door collapses from it's hinges barely millimeters away from where they are sitting - dust covering them yet again.

INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - ROOM (2)

Steve and Eric enter inside.

A BLINDING white light from above - reflecting dazzlingly from the walls, which appears to be made of mirrors.

Hundreds of mirrors, depicting Steve and Eric in all kinds of different shapes and sizes.

They look up, hundreds of different shaped mirrors are on the ceilings.

The floor is completely made up of a multitude of them, constantly reflecting back light which dazzles.

The mind bending room looks like one big glass bowl, reflecting Eric and Steve.

STEVE

Whoever owns this place sure has
one big vanity problem.

Both look around the room in awe. They search for a way out.

ERIC

Oh man, if I have to spend too much longer in here I'm gonna go crazy.

STEVE

I dunno. If I was you I might agree.

They try to push against the wall mirrors to see if there is a hidden door. Seems none except the door they came in through.

STEVE

In times like this, you need that tramp guy around.

ERIC

Why? So he can create one of these mirrors to move? One of those magic disappearing steps of his?

STEVE

No, because he was so damn ugly this room would have smashed to pieces by now and then we'd know how to get out.

They search high and low but the room is so disorienting, they lose sense of where they have and have not been.

STEVE

Looks like a dead end.

ERIC

You're saying we go back?

STEVE

Well, what other choice do we have?

ERIC

I just hope we can go back.

Steve realizes what Eric means. He heads to the door.

Steve grips at the door handle. He twists and turns it.

It wont move.

He repeatedly attempts to kick the door down, pull and push at the handle but to no avail.

He turns to Eric who is still checking out the room.

STEVE

I really wish you would have brought this up *before* we went inside.

ERIC

There has to be a way out- let's try thinking about...

Before Eric can finish, Steve KICKS at one of the wall mirrors and it cracks.

He kicks at it again and it shatters before another kick smashes it to small glass fragments revealing - another mirror underneath.

Steve clutches at his head in frustration.

STEVE

Mirror, mirror on the wall, tell me HOW THE FUCK TO GET OUT OF HERE.

A SMASHING sound.

From above.

One of the mirrors from the ceiling has cracked and glass falls to the ground.

Steve and Eric look at each other bemused.

ERIC

Nice one Steve. You managed to piss off *glass*. Must be a new one for you?

Another SMASHING sound, followed in quick succession by another - and another.

In a matter of moments, sharp shards of glass are falling from the ceiling from broken mirrors - only to be replaced by mirrors in their place, which break and shatter causing a rain of broken glass which is only getting stronger.

The room begins to rain down with glass shards.

Eric and Steve are cut, realizing the magnitude of the problem.

A large mirror on the wall EXPLODES, a foot away from Eric - narrowly missing him but covering the room in glass.

STEVE

We've got to do something - NOW!

The room is loud with the sound of shattering and exploding glass and the room becomes full of glass shards.

They continue to rain down from the ceiling, slicing Eric and Steve's faces and their covering hands and arms.

Eric covers his face to protect it as he looks up at the ceiling, he notices one mirror in the far corner looks slightly askew - one of the few mirrors yet to have exploded and then replaced itself.

Eric rushes over in agony as the glass rains down furiously, the floor almost a foot deep in shards.

Steve follows Eric.

STEVE
(shouting)
What is it - what've you found?

Eric points up at the askew mirror - about the size of an air vent.

ERIC
Give me a hand!

Steve cups his hands together and gives Eric a boost so he can get higher and inspect closer.

The mirrors on the walls begin to explode quicker and more violently.

Larger pieces of glass are flying everywhere.

Eric pushes the askew mirror aside - and it is indeed an AIR VENT.

ERIC
Hoist me up!

Steve does so, and Eric grips to the ledge of the vent and pulls himself up.

Steve looks up at the vent.

STEVE
ERIC!!

The room is furiously exploding with glass as if about to completely self destruct like a glass volcano any second.

STEVE
ERIC!! DON'T LEAVE ME!

Eric reappears at the vent and dangles down to help pull Steve up into the vent - just before the room EXPLODES in a mass of large glass shards in every direction that completely fills the room.

INT. HOUSE - VENTILATION SHAFT

The shaft is small and box shaped but extends in either direction.

Steve and Eric, cut, bleeding and stunned by what just happened, take a moment to catch their breath.

Steve shakes Eric's boots as a thank you.

STEVE

(catching breath)

Why- that was mighty nice of whoever built this funhouse to include a ventilation shaft.

ERIC

It got us out, didn't it? If not, we'd have been cut to pieces in there.

STEVE

I'm aware of that, Eric. I meant, what psychopath would build a room no one was ever meant to get out of and include a goddamn air shaft in the same place? If the idea is that you are gonna die in that place, does having oxygen really matter that much if you're dead already?

Eric pulls a large shard of blood stained glass from his chest. His facial expressions are of pain but he makes no sound and continues to crawl further up the air ventilation shaft.

ERIC

I don't know. I don't get any of this at all. Lets just keep moving.

INT. HOUSE - VENTILATION SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Eric leads, crawling slowly and uncomfortably in the tight space of the ventilation shaft.

STEVE

When I see that tramp next,
remind me which way it is back to
that room so I can toss the
little bastard inside.

ERIC

Just keep talk to a minimum -
it's hard enough to breathe in
here as it is.

They continue to clamber along.

STEVE

Yeah - now you mention it - for
an air shaft it is a little...

Eric sniffs.

ERIC

Smoky?

STEVE

Shit - that's the same damn smell
from the fireplace.

He looks behind at the shaft - small wisps of smoke are
heading their way.

STEVE

MOVE!!

They move at a faster pace - now travelling the pace of a
tortoise instead of a snail - as the smoke begins to become
thicker in the shaft.

ERIC

Just hold your breath for as long
as you can.

The shaft takes a left turn and then another turn right.

Eric finds a vent above him.

Eric pushes at the vent until it releases - easily - and he
clammers out.

Steve follows quickly behind him.

They clamber out into -

INT. HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY - DARK

Steve slams the vent back down in place.

They look at their surroundings - a dark passageway that looks seemingly endless.

ERIC

This cant be possible...for God's sake, the house ain't even that big.

STEVE

You sure when we went through that vent - we went upwards and not downwards?

ERIC

What?

STEVE

I know..it's ridiculous. But I couldn't tell where I was in that room once the place started chucking up glass at us. I'm just trying to put the pieces together.

ERIC

Anything seems -

A sound can be heard in the distance - something dripping, or something dropping. It echoes.

ERIC

We're gonna end up finding out what that is sooner or later. We may as well start walking.

Steve looks back at the vent.

STEVE

Not much of an option considering Mr. Sandman is on our trail.

ERIC

Anymore lines like that and I'm just gonna kill *myself*. OK?

He heads off, Steve follows.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY

Jerry and Chickosky stand at the acid pit - they have placed the spiked hole ridden door over it as a ramp.

They look at it, unsure of it's durability.

Ernie bangs on the bars of his portcullis.

ERNIE

I don't know what the hell you two are doing and I would love to help you out. But just in case you forgot - I'M STILL STUCK IN HERE.

Jerry and Chickosky blank him.

ERNIE

God, the fumes - that smell - it's making me feel sick, man - you've gotta get me outta this thing..

Jerry turns to Chickosky.

JERRY

Time to try or time to die.

Jerry tries first, the door wobbles underneath him as he crosses over.

Jerry keeps his vision straight ahead, holding his breath so he does not inhale the acid fumes from below.

He makes it and wipes sweat from his brow.

Chickosky, cool as ice, treads onto the door and walks across. The door splinters, wobbles and sways.

Chickosky makes it over the acid pit, just before the door breaks in half, falls and dissolves in the bubbling pit below.

There are two doors on either side. A window at the end of the hallway.

Chickosky notes the window before Jerry - and runs to it.

He grabs at the window handle to open it - SPIKED BARS quickly drop down - one SLICING through the palm of his hand and impaling it to the window ledge.

Chickosky yells out in pain - Jerry runs over to help him.

Jerry tries to PULL Chickosky free.

CHICKOSKY

(in agony)

NO- don't pull me, man! My hand!

JERRY

I'm not touching the fucking bars, Chicko! Same shit might happen to me!

A razor sharp guillotine blade falls down from the window in front of the bars and SLICES off Chickosky's impaled hand.

Chickosky falls down to his knees as his stub oozes blood before splurting the red stuff in masses.

The window is now completely blocked off by the large guillotine blade, which has imbedded itself into the ledge.

Jerry stands over Chickosky, who is holding his wrist and watching the blood continually spurt from the stub.

Chickosky looks at it, as if his pain has been subsided and removed by his curiosity of the bloody spectacle.

CHICKOSKY

Apart from that really, really hurting, I'm more worried about something else. There's a good chance I might bleed to death.

JERRY

At least you're free. Stop whining.

Jerry takes Chickosky's scarf from his neck and wraps it round the bleeding stub, tying it tight.

Chickosky takes deep breaths.

CHICKOSKY

Just as well I never took a look at the view outside first, huh?

Jerry slaps his back with a grin.

JERRY

That's more like it, Chicko.

Chickosky looks down at his unwanted amputation. The scarf is full with blood already and small drips drop down on to the floor.

CHICKOSKY

That scarf cost me a grand.

JERRY

That's an arm and a leg to some people. In your case, well, we won't go there.

CHICKOSKY

I don't mind losing my hand. I can get some robotic, bionic man type shit attached. But that scarf cost me a lot of cash.

JERRY

Well my socks cost more than that
and I was never gonna use *them*.
Now, come on. We've gotta get
moving. That acid shit is messing
with my head.

Jerry picks a room at random - the nearest one.

He takes out his gun. Chickosky rises to his feet.

JERRY

Stay close. And by all accounts,
keep the motherfuckin' door *open*.

INT. HOUSE - PASSAGEWAY

Steve and Eric continue down the dark and morbid
passageway. The floor is made up of black stone, full of
dust and the walls are the same.

The sound of dripping becomes louder, closer with each and
every step they take.

They continue onwards.

A bright glittering light in the distance. Not too far
away. Steve and Eric rush over to it.

The end of the passageway, which looks more like a blocked
up train tunnel.

A massive pile of gold coins.

Steve and Eric approach it, awestruck by the sight.

A gigantic pile that has formed from above - coins leaking
slowly through a bulging cracked slit in the ceiling, one
by one.

Steve looks ecstatic as he digs inside the pile.

Taking a handful of the heavy coins, he examines them as
best he can.

STEVE

Oh my ...do you know how old some
of these are? I'm talking
seriously *old*. *Ancient*.
Worth...Oh my holy shit and any
seat that I sat on...worth more
than any number I can think of
right now.

Eric looks up at the coins dropping from the ceiling.

ERIC

They're coming from up there -
must be so many they are weighing
the ceiling down.

STEVE

Now - finding *this*...
(*running his hands*
through the coins)
Finding *this*, makes all we've
been through kinda worth it, huh?

ERIC

It's a trap, Steve. It has to be.
It's just another trap.

Eric looks for a way out as Steve takes a clothed bath in
the golden treasure.

STEVE

A trap? This is the reward for
getting past all that crap! It's
like being on *Who Wants To Be A*
Millionaire times a gazillion.

ERIC

It's too good to be true. And in
any case, how are we supposed to
get all *that* out? We can't even
find a way out ourselves.

STEVE

Oh man, I don't think I even *want*
to leave.

Eric searches the walls. He tramples over the golden coins.
There is an open doorway that has a stairway leading
upwards.

ERIC

Steve...over here.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY

Ernie sits uncomfortably, entrapped in the portcullis.

He looks pale and disoriented - the fumes from the acid pit
have got to him.

A sound from above.

Ernie looks up.

A panel opens in the ceiling - and a BURNING piece of wood
falls down. Followed by another.

ERNIE

Hey! What the hell is this all
about!?

A large amount of burning wood descends down from the panel into the portcullis.

The burning slabs of wood catch alight to each other, creating large amounts of smoke and the fire spreads.

Ernie jumps up and yells for help as his clothes catch ablaze.

He can do nothing as the small space he is trapped in becomes lit with flames.

A liquid pours down from the panel - steam rising from it -
BOILING HOT OIL.

The liquid makes contact with Ernie's face, it scolds and melts his flesh.

Ernie tries desperately to grasp the oil from his face but he tears away loosened layers of his own facial skin.

His clothes catch light from the inescapable flames and, set on fire from the burning wood in the portcullis, Ernie flaps around the small cell like the Human Torch from Fantastic Four.

Ernie finally falls down to the ground as the portcullis rises in flames.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - ROOM (3)

Jerry and Chickosky are in a lavish room with demonic looking faces as plaques along the walls.

A dark purple carpet is spread out across the floor to the other side of the room where an open doorway is the prize.

Jerry looks back as he hears the door closing behind them.

CHICKOSKY

It slipped.

JERRY

Forget it. There was no other way
for us to go.

Jerry, gun in hand, takes a step on the carpet - immediately backtracking as if expecting it to be another acid pit trick.

CHICKOSKY

Look, I can't hang on much longer. I'm bleeding like crazy here, Jerry.

Jerry points his gun at the demonic figure heads with his gun.

JERRY

You think they're just decorative pieces? You walk past them, they'll shoot you, some shit like that.

CHICKOSKY

Really? I never thought of that. Never crossed my mind something like that was possible in such a *wonderful* place like this.

JERRY

Well what do you propose we -

Chickosky runs for it - Jerry is stunned.

JERRY

W- what the hell are you -

Chickosky dashes past the plaques - FLAMES fire out of the mouth pieces.

Jerry covers his eyes from the searing heat created. He opens them - the flames have returned inside the gruesome creature plaques mouths and only a blue gas light can be seen within them.

Chickosky has made it to the other side unscathed. He waves to Jerry triumphant.

CHICKOSKY

(shouting out)

Just run. Pretend you have had your hand cut off and you're bleeding to death - be surprised how quick you move.

Jerry psyches himself up.

He goes for it.

Jerry runs past the gargoyle head plaques - only a few light and they seem dimmed - burnt out, out of fuel.

He makes it over to Chickosky, breathless.

CHICKOSKY

Well done, boss.

(noting the dimmed
plaque flames)

Looks like whoever owns this
place forgot to pay the heating
bill.

Jerry stands up from his knees and points his gun at the doorway.

JERRY

Lets get this over and done with.

Chickosky approaches the apparent doorway but it actually is - a door, painted black.

CHICKOSKY

Oh - that's quite clever.

JERRY

(still catching his
breath)

What now?

CHICKOSKY

This is an actual door. It was an
illusion. Quite effective, I
might add.

He taps at it to make his point.

JERRY

So fuckin' what? Open the thing
and let's move on.

Chickosky opens the dark colored door, only to be SLASHED through his stomach by a single large swinging PENDULUM.

The blood drenched blade extends out of his back, swaying his dead body back and forth only to be slowed by the weight of his body and dragging of his lifeless boots.

Jerry struggles to pull Chickosky's body off the pendulum. In doing so he loosens the gun from his belt until it drops to the floor unnoticed.

He succeed in removing the body from the pendulum and looks down at Chickosky's bloody body on the ground.

JERRY

Sorry, Chicko.

Jerry tilts his hat.

Jerry pushes the pendulum out of the way and heads inside the doorway.

Suddenly, a furious sound of flames as the room sets on fire. The gargoyle heads BLAZE on full as if re-ignited with fuel.

Jerry flees, closes the door halfway behind him - suddenly realizing he hasn't got his gun.

The room is engulfed with fire and Chickosky's body is burning to ashes.

Jerry spots his gun and darts inside the room, grabbing the ash covered gun and swiping it through the doorway.

He closes the door behind him.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM (4)

The room is , at first , a blinding bright white. It looks similar to something you might find in a psychiatric hospital that had intentions on sending you deeper into insanity.

The walls are not padded, however, but made of stone. Two black colored doors are further down the room with two others at the top. Both are closed.

From one doorway emerges Steve and Eric.

Instantaneously, from another, emerges Jerry.

Both doors slam shut and the loud clicking of locks are heard.

All three close their eyes momentarily from the dazzling effect of the room.

Music - a short three decibel tune similar to those found in supermarkets just before a staff announcement is made.

An echoed voice tannoys over the room :

TRAMP (V.O.)

Welcome. Welcome to your destiny,
and ultimately, your fete.

STEVE

Is that - Vincent Price?

ERIC

I know that voice - it's the damn
tramp!

JERRY

I knew I should of wasted that
motherf-

TRAMP (V.O.)

Under normal circumstances, usually there should be only two left. Thus why there are only two exit doors which you might note are at the bottom of this room. *Three* changes things slightly.

(beat)

I will have to get back to you in a moment.

STEVE

Who is this guy? Who does he think he is? The Wizard of Oz?

Eric yells up at the ceiling, looking around for some indication of where the voice might be coming from.

ERIC

Why are you doing this to us?

TRAMP (V.O.)

You are all *lost*. *Lost souls*. Everyone who comes here is the same. And everyone who comes here must play by the rules of the house. This house attracts such types as you. *Lost souls...*

Jerry throws a mini tantrum.

JERRY

(yelling)

The only thing *lost* is your motherfuckin' mind, now either set me free or I'm gonna do some serious damage to your face.

Steve and Eric look at Jerry in astonishment.

STEVE

Dude, that sucked.

ERIC

We're dead.

TRAMP (V.O.)

With modified changes to the rules for this game, there can be only one of three. The one to collect and to have all the money, treasure and possessions of this house for themselves.

Steve's eyes gleam, Eric looks dumbfounded and Jerry looks plain agitated, waving his gun around and kicking at the walls.

ERIC

What if we don't want it? What if all we want is to be set free?

TRAMP (V.O.)

That is not what you came in here for. That is not what you will leave with.

STEVE

Excuse me, *God*, but we came in here to get some rest. We didn't get any of that so I think your policy around here is pretty damn lame and since a refund is out of the question, I'll settle for my bag back and an exit out of this shit hole.

Jerry looks at Steve.

JERRY

The bag with MY money in?

Steve nods.

JERRY

Look here old man, when I see you, I just hope you believe George Armstrong really did land on the moon because I'm going to throw you so far off this fucking rooftop you won't believe it.

STEVE

(to Jerry)

I think you meant Neil Arm---

JERRY

Whoever!

Jerry fires a gun shot at the ceiling in anger.

Air vents open in the top corners of the room.

TRAMP (V.O.)

You have...Four minutes to decide. The person remaining in this room will die from the poison I have now released in the room.

JERRY

If I shoot them both will I win?

TRAMP (V.O.)
No! Two lost souls must enter one
 room each. Two players. One
 winner, one loser.

Jerry points his gun to Steve and Eric.

JERRY
 Up against the wall!
(talking to the Tramp)
 What if I take one out? That
 leaves two, right?

No answer.

Steve and Eric stand against the stone wall, threatened by
 the gun in Jerry's hand. Yet time is ticking.

JERRY
 Game time is over. You two -
 take a door, one enters one
 leaves it open. I'll take the
 one where I don't die thank you
 very much.

TRAMP (V.O.)
 That is against the rules.

JERRY
(losing it)
 Well there are no fucking rules
 anymore! Only the rules that I'm
 making!

ERIC
 What if all three of us die? 'Cos
 that's looking more likely to
 happen with this countdown crap!

TRAMP (V.O.)
 Two must enter, one through both
 doors. The third person can be
 eliminated by other means. I have
 no care for how but the house
 demands only two remain.

Jerry laughs.

JERRY
 I take it I've just been given the
 all clear to deduct the numbers.

He aims his gun at Eric, then at Steve. Back at Eric.

JERRY

I don't like you. Only met you tonight, but this experience has really left me with a bad impression of you.

Jerry points the gun back at Steve.

JERRY

I've *never* liked you. Known you for years. Kinda means that you bite the bullet, Steve. I've always wanted to put a slug in you.

STEVE

Is that what they're calling it these days? I'm flattered...

JERRY

SHUT UP!

He moves closer and aims for Steve.

JERRY

Did I ever tell you why they call me *Jackanory Jerry*? I always tell a story to the person I'm about to kill. And that story is never told to anyone again.

Steve looks at Eric, before back to the gun toting Jerry in front of him.

STEVE

Better make it a quick one 'cos we've only got two minutes - counting down.

JERRY

Once upon a time there were three -

TRAMP (V.O.)

(*robotic sounding*)

Sixty Seconds Remaining....

JERRY

Fuck it, I'll tell you in Hell.

Jerry fires the gun at Steve - it misfires, clogged with dust, ash and bone fragments from his previous room.

Jerry shakes the gun - Steve lunges for it - Jerry FIRES, hitting Steve and sending him to the ground.

The bullet flies straight through Steve's shoulder, rebounds off the stone wall and hits Jerry in his shoulder.

Jerry drops the gun and falls to the floor in agony.

JERRY
(screaming)
I'm hit, I'm hit!

Eric kicks Jerry in his face hard. Jerry looks knocked out.

Eric helps Steve up.

ERIC
You alright, man?

Steve holds his shoulder with his hand, his face expressing pain.

Steve picks up Jerry's dropped gun. He points to the doors at the bottom of the room.

STEVE
Let's take this bastard and get
him in one of these rooms before
our time runs out.

Steve and Eric drag Jerry's unconscious body to the bottom of the floor.

They look at the two dark doors standing opposite each other.

ERIC
Well? Which door?

Steve randomly chooses the door to their right. He opens it wide and looks inside - there is a small room the size of an elevator space with another door ahead.

ERIC
Well?

Steve stares at the door opposite him and then back at the room and to Eric.

TRAMP (V.O)
Ten seconds remaining....

STEVE
(urgently)
Try the other door, man! Quick!

Eric rushes over and tries to open the door. It opens and it is a duplicate - a small elevator space with a closed door beyond it.

Steve drags Jerry and pushes him inside.

He runs to the door which Eric holds open - the two dart inside.

With not a second to spare - both doors automatically close and a loud locking sound is heard.

INT. HOUSE - SMALL SPACE (1)

Steve and Eric look at each other, both unnerved. The room they are in is dark with only one way out.

ERIC

Well...this is it, I guess.

STEVE

(breathless)

This is it, Eric. Our way out, which ever way you look at it.

ERIC

You just know we've picked the wrong room, right?

STEVE

We didn't have time to really weigh it all up - both looked the same, it's just chance.

ERIC

But going by the way tonight has been going - you wouldn't really fancy our chances would you?

STEVE

We're not dead yet.

INT. HOUSE - SMALL SPACE (2)

Jerry wakes.

He is dazed momentarily, quickly coming to his senses when he realizes he is in a small dark room.

Jerry gets to his feet and looks at both doors.

JERRY

You fuckers...

Jerry searches unsuccessfully for his gun.

Disoriented from where he is, Jerry panics.

JERRY

(yelling)

GET ME OUTTA HERE! GET ME OUT!

INT. HOUSE - SMALL SPACE (1)

Steve puts his hand on the door handle.

ERIC

Wait.

Eric offers Steve his hand to shake. He accepts it.

ERIC

There's probably a whole shooting range set up behind that door.

STEVE

Stay behind me. If it's just a single gun shot, maybe I'll get double lucky tonight.

ERIC

Meaning it would then hit me?

STEVE

Do you want to go first?

ERIC

I was joking, dude. Sorry.

STEVE

I think a shooting range would be too convenient. It's probably some nuclear missile or some sonic ray gun from Mars that will melt our -

ERIC

Can we just get this over with!

Steve twists the door handle slightly - before it automatically slides open.

INT. HOUSE - SMALL SPACE (2)

Jerry thumps his fists against the stone walls of the room in a tantrum.

JERRY

Tramp guy? If you can hear me - and I know that you can, *listen* to me. I'm gonna make you an offer. I'm a rich guy, I wanna buy myself out of this position. Name your price, old timer...

He waits for a response.

And waits. And waits.

Jerry loses it.

JERRY
Goddamn it, what do you want from
me!?

One of the doors automatically opens, as if set on a timer.

Jerry backs away.

JERRY
I ain't going in there, fuck that
and fuck you!

A slide in the ceiling opens above Jerry. He looks up.

Burning planks of wood are thrown down into the small
space.

Jerry jumps out of the way to avoid them, in doing so he
trips and falls into the room beyond, knocking his head on
the floor.

The door automatically closes behind him.

INT. HOUSE - PLATFORM - DARK

Steve and Eric exit their room. The door slides shut behind
them.

They are standing on a small stone platform with a winding
stairwell that leads downwards.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM (5)

Jerry sits up and holds his gashed head. He looks up to
find his bearings.

The darkened room is full of skeletons, some with ripped
clothing still on, piled on top of each other.

The many skulls all bare a resemblance - the jaws are open
as if the last thing they saw was hideous.

He searches frantically for a way out of the room. He tries
the door but there is no handle. He tries to kick at it,
punch at it, but it will not budge.

Jerry sinks to his knees.

JERRY
Help me! Help me! Please God -
Don't let me die in here!

INT. HOUSE - STAIRWELL (2) - DARK

Steve and Eric descend down the winding stairwell cautiously. The stairwell moves from side to side with a loud CREAKING sound with each step they take.

Steve keeps the gun ahead of him.

They reach the bottom of the stairwell and onto another small stone platform. Beneath them is a pit of darkness.

A single steel door with a handle is their only option.

INT. HOUSE - STEEL ROOM

A large steel door opens slowly - Steve, gun in hand, enters cautiously with Eric behind him.

The room is large, more like a giant vault.

Large computer screens showing multiple views and angles of the house; screens displaying the rooms of the house; a particular screen stands out with Jerry in a room full of skeletons trying to find a way out.

In front of all these monitors is a large desk with switches and buttons.

A large swivel chair faces it's back to Steve and Eric.

A slow, almost mocking clap of applause from the chair.

Steve, clearly fed up, FIRES the gun - smashing one of the many computer screens with the shot.

STEVE

OK pal, game's up. The next
bullet is in your beard. Now
where's the way out?

The swivel chair turns round - it is the Tramp - holding a shotgun aimed towards Steve and Eric's direction.

Steve points to the smashed monitor screen.

STEVE

I can fix that.

TRAMP

SILENCE.

The tramp beckons them both over with his hand. They walk over to the Tramp with their eyes fixed on his shotgun.

TRAMP

Drop the gun.

Steve reluctantly does so.

ERIC

Good move, now we're definitely dead. You should have at least caused a standoff.

TRAMP

And so there *is* two after all.
(*sighing*)
Ah well.

ERIC

Look, just let us free!

TRAMP

I want you to watch something.

He points at one of the large central screens, which is now showing Jerry in the skeleton room.

He flips a switch on the computer desk.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM (4)

Jerry has almost given up on his escape. He looks broken down.

Several stone slabs slide open from the walls.

Cockroaches - hundreds empty from the slabs into the room. Spiders from another. Large tarantulas follow.

From another slab falls out several hissing snakes.

Jerry screams in terror as the creatures and insects descend upon him.

INT. HOUSE - STEEL ROOM

Jerry and Eric watch on aghast as the Tramp laughs.

TRAMP

I assure you, none of these kill on contact or by biting. That is not the point of this at all.

The Tramp hits a switch on his control board.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM (4)

Other bugs descend from the released slabs in the walls - all crawling and squirming their way to a petrified Jerry.

A sudden noise - two air vents open in the top corner of the room.

A whirling sound.

Jerry begins to cough and splutter uncontrollably.

He falls to his knees, shaking violently.

The room looks like it is bubbling from severe heat.

The insects that have crawled on Jerry bubble and fizz on his skin, melted stuck to his flesh.

The other poor creatures and animals are burning just like Jerry.

A loud and horrid combined sound/mixture of death between human, insect and animal.

Jerry's skin scolds, bursting out into blisters as he gasps for air.

His skin peels from his body, revealing a bloody skeleton.

The blood is DRIED from the intense poisoned heat, leaving only Jerry's skeletal figure with dried organs inside as he falls to the ground in a heap.

The heated up cockroaches crawl over the remains.

INT. HOUSE - STEEL ROOM

Steve and Eric look away as the Tramp smiles at Jerry's fete.

TRAMP

Looks like you chose wisely.

He stands up, keeping the shotgun in their direction.

TRAMP

Follow me.

INT. HOUSE - TREASURE ROOM - DARK

A mountain of glittering gold, cash and various treasures.

Steve and Eric look at the mound astonished.

TRAMP

Those that have gone before me,
and those that will proceed
me...Visions that are often asked
for, even begged to a God, are
found here.

Eric takes a step back.

ERIC

I saw some visions...in the
basement...They felt *real*, I could
almost feel it.

The Tramp looks at Eric with a wry smile.

TRAMP

This house likes you. It plays it's
own memories to you sometimes, when
it feels it needs to. You should
feel privileged.

ERIC

I don't understand....

STEVE

Hey, hey! What If I said I saw some
shit too? What the hell, man?

TRAMP

The house makes the rules. When you
have been here long enough, it
takes a liking to you. Keeps you
alive. For it's own gain, of
course. But it keeps you alive.

STEVE

What the hell are you on about?
And how the fuck can you explain
all this super technology in your
master mind room here? Are you
gonna tell me this "house" has
connections with Wayne
Enterprises?

TRAMP

The many traps in this house are
triggered by vibrations. For
example, subtle tapping in a
particular place will cause a
reaction. There are routes and ways
to get around without the need to
enter a room, and there are ways to
make it seem as if you have just -
vanished.

ERIC

Like when you did on the stairwell.

TRAMP

When you have been here as long as I have, you will discover these things for yourself.

STEVE

Why are you telling us all this?

The tramp motions the treasure in the room.

TRAMP

Hope you like that sight because one of you will be looking after it for a very long time.

ERIC

What do you mean?

STEVE

Yeah, just come out and say what you mean, pal. Get to the point already.

TRAMP

One of you will be the lucky fellow to finally, at long long last, replace me as the housekeeper here. There is no escape, apart from becoming the new tenant. The new owner and protector of this very special place.

The Tramp points his shotgun at Steve and Eric closer.

TRAMP

You have always seeked money and gold, but only from others. You have never earned your own. Here, you get all this treasure. And you stay with it. You reap what you sow.

ERIC

I don't want the fucking money I just want to get out of this house!

The Tramp points the shotgun at Eric.

TRAMP

Then the decision has been made.

The Tramp FIRES the shotgun - BLASTING Eric in his chest and sending him to the ground.

STEVE

ERIC!

Steve kneels down at Eric's lifeless body.

STEVE

Come on , man, get up! Not after
all this - GET UP!

Steve looks up for the Tramp with anger in his eyes - he is nowhere to be found.

The shotgun is on the floor.

A door in the distance is heard closing and locking.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quiet.

Wind gently blows leaves across the desolate path and onto the road.

The houses look in great condition, all except the last house in a row of nine.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE

The room is dark. The stone staircase looks cold and forboding.

INT. HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - HALLWAY

The acid pit is covered over by a lavish dark purple mat.

EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

The garden is in a mess with greenery overflowing but there is life everywhere in the form of insects and plants.

A few birds flee from nests they have made in the tall trees.

INT. HOUSE - STEEL ROOM

Steve, now with a beard tired looking and in ill health, sits at the computer desk overlooking the monitors, shotgun by the side of the chair.

A handwritten piece of paper stuck on one the monitors reads "1,111. "

Steve takes it down and replaces it with his own. It reads "1,117."

LATER

Steve looks at the monitors - they show many rooms of the house from various angles. Most of the angles would seem to come from inside small cracks of the stone walls.

Steve takes down the piece of paper he placed there earlier.

He uses a pen to scrawl out the number and he rewrites it. He sticks it back up on the monitor.

He smiles.

Steve takes the shotgun and points the barrel at his forehead. He squeezes the trigger.

BAM!

Blood drips from the monitor and the post-it-note, which reads "1,118."

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE:

When a man tells you that he got rich through hard work, ask him: 'Whose?'

Don Marquis (1878 - 1937)

END