

MALEVOLENT II  
THE INSANE ASYLUM

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

A shadowy figure breathes heavily as he makes his way up an embankment to an oak tree.

He holds on to it as if for dear life. His hands are covered in blood, shaking.

He stands there in the same stance for some moments, until his breathing becomes more slower, calmer, more relaxed.

Silence.

The figure stands up against the tree, revitalized. He is wearing all black, a costume of some sort. The moonlight shines on his face - a pull-over RED DEVIL mask with a sinister grin and grimacing eye holes.

He looks up at a wire fence that separates the woodland from a desolate looking field.

He limps toward the fence and grabs at it with his hands. He tries to tear the wire fence apart but to no avail.

He begins to climb it, his hands dig deep on barb wire that laces the top of the fence but he seems unaware of the pain. He climbs the fence and pulls himself over.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The Man In Black limps across the field to a solitary dead tree which he leans against and takes a breather.

He looks up at a massive desolate looking building ahead of him in the distance. He begins to limp towards it.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - REAR - NIGHT

There is a large field inside a barrier fence. There are various small huts, all of which look run down. There is also a small building which is separate from the main asylum and it has a large tower like chimney.

The Man In Black climbs over the fence. He looks around. It is deserted.

He limps to the small building.

INT. CREMATORIUM - DARK

The Man In Black enters and stands still. He breathes deeply. He looks around in the darkness. An empty doorway leads to more darkness.

A sound of running water. The Man In Black takes a cautious step back.

A small square gap in the floor - seaming with white light, only a few feet away from him.

Voices emerge from beneath the gap - mixed whispers entwined with the sound of running water.

VOICE

(whispering)

Come with us...Come with us...

The Man In Black takes another step back, clearly alarmed.

VOICE

(whispering)

This is home...home for you...come  
with us...come...with...us...

The Man In Black slowly walks toward the gap. He looks down at the white light. There is a ladder leading downwards.

The white light vanishes. The sounds and voices cease. Complete darkness once more.

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The Man In Black descends down the ladder.

VOICE  
(whispering)  
Welcome...welcome home.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE TOWN STREET - NIGHT

A small suburban town. Quiet and still apart from the sound of a gentle wind that scatters dead leaves along the empty road.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

The woodland leads to a wire fence which from beyond can be seen an overgrown and badly maintained field. This leads to a large and menacing looking old building.

A weather beaten sign welcomes you to a path which reads "CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL".

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - NIGHT

The building looms in the background, almost as if the desolate windows and large entrance door create a haunted facial expression.

Outside the asylum, a car pulls up and out steps a large fat man named WINSTON PUGGARD.

He is in his late forties, small, chubby and dressed in a rather flamboyant suit. He looks unsettled by the surroundings.

The giant entrance door of the asylum opens slowly.

Exiting the door and then closing it with a struggle, is a tall man , late fifties or early sixties, with a distinguished look. He has an old fashioned thin moustache. It is VINCENT JARO. He greets WINSTON with a handshake and a mile long smile.

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VINCENT

Everything is set, everything is fine and everything is ready.

WINSTON

(nervous)

I'm glad to hear it.

VINCENT

Winston, something wrong?

WINSTON

I'm not too sure about all this. I don't feel like this is -

VINCENT

Winston - How many times do we have to go through this? It's too late in any case. The invitations have been sent and the guests arrive in the morning. As my business associate and loyal friend, I expect you to go through with your part of the deal.

WINSTON

It's a tall order, Vincent. What if it goes wrong? What if -

VINCENT

What if you are to be guaranteed a little financial reward at the end of this experiment? And you do know how much we are talking here, don't you?

WINSTON

Yes. You're right. A deal is a deal.

The two shake hands before they both get in the car and drive off down the path.

Rain begins to fall, lightning flashes and a boom of thunder erupts from the sky.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

CLAIRE JOHNSON, 28, looks groggy as she walks into the kitchen where friend, SUE BRIDGES, 29, is cooking breakfast. SUE looks great, radiant and ready for the world even though she is still in her nightie.

CLAIRE takes a seat on a wooden chair and put her hands upon the table to hold her head.

SUE looks over at CLAIRE as she prepares cooking.

SUE

(joking)

Wakey Wakey, look who had a hard night on the town last night?

CLAIRE

Oh, don't even start. Please.

SUE

Well I have to start, it's part of being flatmates. You have to share *everything*.

CLAIRE

I regret it, lets leave it at that.

SUE

Claire, you've been hanging out with these ghost hunter friends of yours for way too long. You gotta let your hair down sometimes, enjoy it while your young, girl!

CLAIRE

You're right. I know, you're right.

SUE

Good! About time we went out together and had some fun for a change. And about time you paid for me.

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CONTINUED:

They both laugh.

SUE

So where is your little gang going ghost busting tonight?

CLAIRE

Candleclose asylum. I think you've probably heard of it.

Sue looks at Claire in shock and surprise.

SUE

Oh my God! No shit, you're allowed in there?

CLAIRE

Yep, spending the night. We were invited. All part of the ghost busters service. It's got its perks.

SUE

(joking)

Its unlike you to go ahead and sleep with someone you never met, Claire. Wow, what did you get up to last night?

Claire looks up, smiling at Sue.

CLAIRE

Ha Ha. Everyone in the group got the invite.

Sue hands Claire a steaming cup of coffee.

SUE

Oh, I checked out your website last night. They still haven't put you up on it yet. What's the deal with that?

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CLAIRE

I don't know. I don't care. I'm not in it for the fame, Sue. A desecrated, condemned mental asylum? If there are ghosts, and they think they can prove they exist, then why not?

SUE

You still say *they*, so I guess you ain't included in there tight little set up just yet. Maybe there's a ghost hunter ritual you need to go through first.

Claire looks at Sue frowning. Sue laughs.

SUE

If this one fails and you find no ghosts or ghouls...fancy coming back to planet earth with the rest of us? Maybe even, I dunno, get a job?

Claire drinks a sip of her coffee.

CLAIRE

You bet.

They both laugh before Claire comes to her senses. She looks for her mobile phone, finds it on the floor and dials a number.

CLAIRE

I gotta call my sis. Shit.

EXT. FLATS - DAY

A downbeat five story block of flats. Sun shines brightly.

INT. JOHNSON APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Sun shines dazzlingly through the kitchen windows as a kettle whistles loudly. Emma Johnson, an 18 year old cute curly haired brunette, is busy preparing breakfast.

She rushes from the stove to setting two dinner plates on a small table. The room is cramped with boxes full of household items.

A mobile phone rattle with a vibration as a ring tone calls out. Emma searches frantically for the phone. She finds it in amongst some cutlery on the draining board.

EMMA

(rolling eyes)

Hello?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Hey sis, you up and ready for school?

Emma cups the phone on her shoulder as she serves up breakfast on to the plates.

EMMA

Claire, can I call you back later?  
I'm really pushing it for time  
right now.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Ok, just make sure you get to  
school on time. Can I talk to Dad?

EMMA

Dad?

Emma accidentally pours some baked beans over the side of one of the plates and they droop over on to the floor from the table.

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EMMA

Dad's busy making breakfast at the moment. I'll get him to call you, I gotta go, bye!

Emma tries to quickly grab the phone but it slips from her hand and end up splatting in the plate full of beans. She looks up to the heavens.

EMMA

(shouting, fed up)

DAD! TIME TO GET UP!

She takes the phone from the plate and leaves it to one side. She looks at the mess on the floor and sighs.

Emma pours out a mug of coffee.

INT. JOHNSON APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Emma opens the door. A ray of sunlight seeps in through the half closed curtains. The room is a mess, cardboard boxes piled on top of each other, no furniture other than the bed on which a man sleeps, snoring loudly.

A large empty bottle of Jack Daniels sits next to a disconnected electronic alarm clock.

EMMA

Dad...time to wake up.

No response. Emma walks over and gives him a gentle push. FRED JOHNSON, late 40's, unshaven and looking hungover wakes up groggily. Emma replaces the empty Jack Daniels bottle with the coffee.

FRED

God...what time is it, Emma?

EMMA

Breakfast in ready, Dad, it's on the table. You might need to heat it up a little, I gotta go to school.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)                   EMMA(cont'd)

(pauses)

You gonna be alright?

Fred nods, squinting as Emma pulls the curtains open.

EXT. BATTERLEY HOUSE - MORNING

The large house is enriched by an orchard and overflowing trees and a drive in with two garages and a small collection of cars. Very posh and upmarket.

INT. BATTERLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN

The inside is very plush and full of furniture which only the wealthy could possibly own.

JOAN BATTERLEY, 63, rushes around opening cupboards and closing them erratically.

Her husband, REG BATTERLEY, 65, follows her in her trail like a lost puppy trying unsuccessfully to calm her down.

A suitcase is open in the living room area full of clothing and etiquettes, yet JOAN is still not convinced she has packed enough.

JOAN

I know I have forgotten something.  
And when I get to this damn place,  
I will remember what it is and then  
it will be too late.

REG

Joan please relax, I have already  
checked the case with the list you  
gave me last night. *Double checked.*  
Everything is there.

JOAN

No, damn it!

JOAN throws a small diva-like fit.

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JOAN

I forgot to buy a new toothbrush.

REG

I'm sorry? What did you say?

JOAN

TOOTHBRUSH! I never leave home without buying a new one. I won't take the one I use here in case it becomes lost, Reg. You know that.

REG

Joan - you don't even use a toothbrush. You have false teeth?

JOAN

Reg, I am fully aware of that. It is the picture you portray that makes you a true piece of art. Get me the phone you inept imbecile.

Reg fearfully does as he is told. He returns with a mobile which is snatched from him by Joan.

JOAN

It is what people think, not what they know, Reggie. Maybe if you had half of my brain power you might have been something other than my lapdog.

Reg nods and nervously struts off into another room.

Joan dials a number on the phone pad.

With a completely fake smile as if she is face to face with her, Joan talks on the phone.

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JOAN

Oh, Claire? It's Joan...Yes, so lovely to hear you're angelic voice...Yes...Listen, Claire...I am hoping from the bottom of my heart you could possibly do me a favour as I had a little dizzy spell earlier...Oh yes, I'm fine now thank you dear...Candleclose asylum, yes I'm very excited...But I need a toothbrush....

INT. FLAT - KITCHEN

Claire hangs up the phone, annoyed.

CLAIRE

God, that woman lives closer to town than I do.

Sue is lounging on the sofa bed.

SUE

That old bag again?

Claire nods, smiling.

SUE

You are being taken advantage of by some psycho?

CLAIRE

She's a psychic, Sue, a psychic. She's a medium and she has been teaching me a lot. I guess I can do a lot worse than do her shopping, she is getting on you know.

SUE

She remind you of your mom?

CLAIRE

That's not the reason.

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CONTINUED:

An uncomfortable silence.

SUE

So how you gonna get there now - to the asylum? Weren't they picking you up by limo? VIP?

Sue laughs.

CLAIRE

Was.

Sue gives Claire a blank expression.

CLAIRE

Joan said she would take care of it - meaning I now have to get there by myself.

SUE

What is it, a half hour walk from town?

CLAIRE

About that. I guess the exercise will do me some good - walk off my hangover.

Sue gives Claire a knowing look.

SUE

I got some things to do but I'll meet you in town. I'll give you a lift, but you owe me one.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - DAY

A black limo drives up the gravel path and stops at the gates of the asylum.

The large gates are opened by an tall slumped man. His name is IVAN and he is unshaven, droopy eyed and with a slumped posture.

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The limo enters and goes on its long trek up the road to the asylum itself.

The limo reaches the top of the path and arrives at the asylum itself. The limo driver steps out and opens the door for the passengers to get out.

JOAN BATTERLEY is first to step out. Followed by RUSS ANDERSON, 41, a tall and rather handsome looking man but with a poor dress sense.

From the opposite doors of the limo and opened by themselves, steps out GRAEME HICKLE, 36, and WENDY KAPLIN, 51.

The limo driver heads to the boot and drops the groups luggage onto the ground without much consideration. Various bags and cases spill open, inside are note books, camera equipment and other gadgets.

The limo driver steps back into the vehicle and proceeds to circle the grounds before driving off back down the track.

Ivan then walks from nowhere, surprising all of them. He speaks with a dull, sluggish foreign accent and looks completely unwelcoming.

IVAN

Welcome to Candleclose. Let yourselves in.

JOAN

Well I never. How rude. Some host this person must be to not even welcome us in himself.

INT CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - HALL

The hall is large with a church-like ceiling. There are mosaic tiles on the floor and the hall looks in immaculate condition.

The group enter inside.

GRAEME

Looks in a lot better condition then the outside suggests.

(MORE)

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GRAEME(cont'd)

I can almost feel the energy of this place already.

WENDY

It does look very nice in here I admit. A lot cleaner than I expected for a building that's about to be condemned.

Russ Anderson is already tinkering with his camera equipment.

RUSS

This is going to be great. If I film this in black and white, it'll look so damn creepy, some kind of old Dracula type flick from the early years of film!

JOAN

Well it's not very comfortable. Look at the dust. Where is the host of this place?

GRAEME

Joan, we knew this wasn't going to be the ritz hotel so stop moaning already, we just got here.

JOAN

(to Graeme)

You need to learn your so called psychic ability from me so I would be careful with your words.

GRAEME laughs mockingly.

GRAEME

You do make me laugh sometimes.

WENDY

You must admit Joan, we couldn't have expected the Ritz. What would be the point?

Joan shrugs and takes a seat, seemingly defeated in her argument. Everyone else seems to relax a little more.

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WENDY

Where is Claire?

GRAEME

It's unlike her to be late, isn't it? She's always been on time before.

RUSS

With plenty of time to spare I might add. She's always had a cup of coffee waiting for me. Mind you, Joan, didn't you have a word with the limo driver about Claire?

JOAN

I told him nothing of the sort, Russell and you would do well to make sure you are correct before laying the blame on a member of the elderly.

RUSS

Whoa there. Sorry, Joan. All I'm saying is Claire made a damn good coffee.

Everyone looks back at Russ as he cleans his camera lens.

RUSS

I was just slightly hinting a drink might be nice. You know, like today?

GRAEME

So where is Claire? Anyone got her number I don't have it -

Joan finally snaps out of her mood.

JOAN

Oh, you know what these young hussies are like. Always late.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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JOAN(cont'd)

Let's go with experience here and  
me being the experienced one, I say  
we carry on without her.

Vincent and Winston enter the room.

With a delightful expression and outstretched hands, Vincent welcomes the group as Winston remains standing in his position.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE TOWN STREET - DAY

The town is reasonably quiet with the small parade of shops closely together and opposite each other at such close proximity.

Claire walks out of a chemist store, trying to tuck in a newly brought toothbrush into an undersized bag given from the chemist.

Whilst walking along the street and fiddling with the bag, she BUMPS into a figure.

Claire picks up the dropped bag and looks up. It is her sister, Emma.

Behind her are three of her similar aged friend, laughing and smiling at the small incident.

LEONI JONES, 18, is an attractive cheerleader type blonde with figure hugging clothes but far too much make up slapped on her face. JAMES RICHARD, 18 has a handsome face with deep-set brown eyes. He has short dark hair. ERIC SOWNE, 18, has a gawky look to him compared to the others, an almost schoolboy look with messy brown hair.

CLAIRE

(surprised)

Holy sh- Emma -

EMMA

In a rush, sis?

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CLAIRE

Yeah, I've got to get to  
Candleclose asylum.

EMMA

What? Why?

CLAIRE

Oh...never mind, how's Dad doing?  
You both settling in your new  
place?

EMMA

Dad's fine, holding up...  
(quickly changing subject)  
So c'mon, spill the beans! Why you  
going up that old place for?

Claire rather embarrassingly gives in.

CLAIRE

I'm on another ghost hunt.

EMMA

Oh...right.  
(pauses)  
That place is meant to be haunted  
for real, I've heard stories.

CLAIRE

Yeah, well I'm kind of hoping they  
are. Listen, what are you doing  
here anyway? Don't you have  
college?

EMMA

Come on sis, don't be a drag. I'm  
just out doing some shopping with  
some friends, you know Leoni,  
right?

Claire waves to Leoni who returns a very much false smile and  
wave. Eric is hugging her from behind, kissing her neck.

A car pulls up alongside them. Sue calls out to Claire.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

Look, Emm, I got to go I'm late as it is. I'll call you when I get back OK. I'll come visit and see what Dad's done to the place.

Claire frowns at James and Eric.

CLAIRE

You keep out of trouble, OK?

Claire gets in the car. Emma is left with her friends who huddle around her laughing.

LEONI

C'mon where's your sis going!

JAMES

Give it up Emma, where's her latest ghost hunt at?

EMMA

OK, OK. She's got a thing going on at the nut house. You know, the asylum?

JAMES

No shit?

Eric and Leoni are kissing each other, when Leoni pauses.

LEONI

You know that needs to be done.

EMMA

What? What are you on about?

JAMES

We're going down there too! Scare the shit outta them! It will be so funny, us scaring these ghost busters. I ain't been down there in years, man, it will be classic!

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CONTINUED: (3)

EMMA

No way, are you crazy?

JAMES

OK, tell you what. Let's have a drink or something first - talk about it a little. Then see if we're still up for it. Alright, Emm?

Emma looks at James sternly.

EMMA

OK, one - I don't drink anymore.  
Two - there's no way I'm going down there.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - HALL

The group have settled in the hall and are sitting or lounging around in the massive room awaiting something or someone.

JOAN

Really...Claire needs to learn some timing discipline.

VINCENT

Calm down Joan, I'm sure she will be here.

JOAN

Well, I say you show us around now and if Claire decides to turn up then you can show her around personally.

VINCENT

No Mrs. Batterley, I will show you the asylum as a group not as individuals. In any case, let us make the most of it. Perhaps you could introduce yourselves to me whilst we wait.

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WENDY

Of course. I'm Wendy Kaplin and as well as organizing most of the day outs we have, I like to be the one that puts a little reality back in every one's mind if they think something out of the ordinary has happened.

GRAEME

They are scientific experiments, Wendy, not day out trips.

Graeme shakes Vincent's hand, coldly looking at Wendy.

GRAEME

Wendy is a sceptic, Mr. Jaro. About everything.

WENDY

This here is Graeme. Our psychic medium and paranormal investigator.

VINCENT

Pleasure is mine, I'm sure.

Wendy introduces Vincent to Russ, who eagerly shakes his hand and to Joan - who remains seated and merely nods.

WENDY

Russ is our camera man, and Joan, well Joan is Joan.

JOAN

(loudly)

I am Joan Batterley.

(over dramatic)

Paranormal investigator, psychic extraordinaire and medium to those trapped on the other side, stuck in the ever dark void of the afterlife.

Wendy looks at Vincent with an embarrassed smile.

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CONTINUED: (2)

WENDY

She takes notes.

A loud knocking at the door.

Winston walks over and answers it. A moment later, Claire enters the room with Winston leading her.

CLAIRE

Sorry everyone for being late!

Everyone welcomes her warmly. Claire fumbles with her handbag as she approaches Joan.

CLAIRE

Joan, I got you -

JOAN

(curtly)

That doesn't matter now Claire, we can sort that out a little later.

Joan notices everyone is watching.

JOAN

The main thing is you made it here safely. No one was rushing you and certainly no one would say a bad word against you.

Vincent looks at Winston, his eyebrow raised.

VINCENT

(sarcastic)

Well, shall we proceed or would you prefer we play a game of charades?

Joan slowly looks over at Vincent, silently seething.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - DAY

The asylum remains eerie looking, even in daylight as the large building looks desolate with the dead looking trees in the far background and the fields in the distance.

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Ivan, the bulky and stone faced looking gate-keeper, trudges almost mournfully along the outside of the asylum as if on some kind of security patrol.

EXT. TOWN - CAFE - DAY

A small cafe with a small amount of empty table and chairs outside.

INT. CAFE

A waitress who is in her 50's is slumped over the counter looking distant and bored, chewing on some gum in mind-numbingly slow fashion.

EMMA, LEONI, JAMES and ERIC are inside seated at one of the tables, drinking bottled beer. They are the only ones in the cafe.

Remains of fries and burger packaging are scattered on the plastic tables surface.

EMMA

I can't believe you guys have talked me into going up there.

ERIC

Scared?

EMMA

No, I just don't wanna get on the wrong side of my sister. I don't wanna wreck her plans.

Leoni is toying with a ring on her finger, pulling it off and on repeatedly.

LEONI

Oh yeah right, course. You're big sis is gonna be the next big world famous ghost hunter right? C'mon, Emma, you don't believe in all that shit do you?

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CONTINUED:

EMMA

It's nothing to do with what I believe, I don't want to mess it up for Claire that's all. She's still messed up about my mother, you know. She thinks there is an answer - some kind of like - I dunno. Joining them wackos, I think she can find a way to communicate with her again or find out if there really is life after death.

LEONI

Emm, sorry, I didn't mean it like that.

EMMA

I know, it's cool. It's been a while, I think its better to keep moving then to stand still. It's what she would have wanted.

JAMES

Look, Emma, don't worry about it. It will be a laugh, we'll take up some beer and get a little hammered and try and you know -

ERIC

Scare the shit out of your sister and her friends!

LEONI

It will be a blast.

JAMES

We've got to get there first. If we go through the woods and make it over the fence, there's got to be a way into the back entrance.

EMMA

You sound like you've been up there before, James.

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CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES

Years ago, I went up there with a couple of friends just having a look around. I mean, I don't even know if the fence is still there but I doubt they have reinforced it in any way. No one goes up there.

EMMA

Which means there must be a reason why that is.

LEONI

Chill out, Emma. It will be fun.

Emma looks over at the bored waitress, who is still leaning on the counter staring outside the window at nothing in particular.

EMMA

Fun is the one thing this town has in abundance.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - RECEPTION AREA

The reception area consists of a square counter with a solitary chair in the middle. There is a long corridor that leads down to a solitary door. The reception area and the corridor have been recently decorated - everything is a rather over the top blazing pure white and looks amazingly sterile.

The group are together with Vincent and Winston, all with hand held torch lights.

VINCENT

I have to warn you, from here on, things take a turn for the worse. I will try my best to give you a small tour of the areas that I know best. I would then like to invite you all to dine with me before you begin your experiments.

VINCENT leads the group down the long corridor.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - CORIDOOR - DARK

The long coridoor has wooden floorboards and concrete slabs mix-matched. There are small gaps in the floor.

Several rooms are on either side of the coridoor, some with closed doors, others without. Darkness seeps from inside those without.

Small pieces of rubble that has fallen from the floor above lay next to the walls that themselves look peeling and decayed.

MONTAGE OF GROUP EXPLORING CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM

1> A dark room with a solitary wooden chair in a corner. Iron bars block the only window of the room. A gaping hole is in the centre of the floor.

VINCENT

Rumour has it, this room held a small boy. Maybe nine or ten years old. He was committed here for having a mental disorder of some kind. Needless to say, back then, people were clueless and thought of him as evil. He is alleged to have been killed by the other inmates for fun.

2) BATHROOM

A disgusting dank room full of grime and sounds of dripping water.

A dirty toothbrush cabinet with some of the patients toothbrushes still in place with the inmates names on.

3) CORIDOOR

VINCENT points at some old alarm bells which are in the top corner of the room.

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VINCENT

They, needless to say, do not work very well these days. Overused I would have imagined.

CLAIRE

What kind of inmates were committed in here, Mr. Jaro? Obviously the insane, but murderers, rapists?

VINCENT

Built in the 1870's, the asylum catered for both male and female prisoners. They were segregated via the reception hallways as you saw.

4> ROOM - DARK

Another dark room with an old rusted bed frame in the corner.

VINCENT

Eventually, the males dominated the asylum and torture treatment was administered for the patients. This was a place for the criminally insane - the worst kind. There is an old rumor that the inmates actually took over the asylum, slaughtering the staff or locking them in the cells.

WENDY

(mocking)

I remember that. I believe it was on an episode of Tales Of The Unexpected a few years back.

VINCENT

Ahh but see it is only a rumor. They apparently committed a mass suicide ritual in the basement.

WENDY scoffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

Of course, I have no records or recollection of a discovery of that kind so once more, it is only a rumor.

5) CORRIDOR

Another dark and forboding coridoor, scraping and peelings on the walls, rubble on the creaking floor, gaps of miniature and medium sizes.

VINCENT

The asylum closed in the 1970's and the inmates were transferred to other hospitals. I purchased this place when I realized the giant statue of it and its possible potential. I admit, I haven't been in every room and I still have no clue to the maze that lies in the basement tunnels. Nor do I plan on finding out.

GRAEME

What about a map? Where is the map? Surely there is one?

VINCENT

None that I have found. When I purchased this "building", it was owned by the state. They seemed happy to off load it to me on the cheap. I never realized how big this asylum is - let alone the secrets the tunnels below may hold.

RUSS

Sounds creepy, Mr. Jaro.

WENDY

Nonsense, Russell. It's just a load of hocus pocus. It's an old building. Buildings don't have memories.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VINCENT

Ahh, Wendy of course. The sceptic in you would come out at the appropriate times wouldn't it?

WENDY

I admit it's a death trap. But that's not because of ghosts and ghouls. More like the gaps in the ground. I can't believe you expect us to investigate a place like this in this condition.

VINCENT

As was described in my letter that I sent out to you all, my invitation explained the risks of exploring such a building as this. A soon to be condemned building, at that. That's why I advise you to watch every step. Be careful behind closed doors, careful of the light as it plays tricks on the mind. You may think there is solid ground but it could be a reflection from some of the rain water that has seeped in. Nothing might be what it seems.

As the group walk off down the corridor, the shadowy figure of The Man In Black looks on from behind them.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - CAFETERIA

The cafeteria has been modernized and renovated to suit a particular taste. There are a couple of tables and comfortable looking chairs that resemble a 1950's style diner and the counter area is long and with an illuminating purple haze light that gives the area a cozy yet tasty look and feel.

Behind the counter is a male cook, a large tall burly and muscular man who has placed some plates of hot steaming food on a tray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A slim petite woman in her late-twenties, also dressed as a cook, takes the trays over and serves them to the group who are seated at the tables. Both cooks are dressed in traditional white chief costumes which have a 1950's look about them.

VINCENT

So, may I ask what your thoughts are?

GRAEME

I'm impressed. This cafe looks like it must have cost you a fair bit to do up. And just for us? I feel flattered.

VINCENT

I was referring to your thoughts on the asylum but yes, I have a fondness for the 1950s. I felt if I was to entertain guests at least once then they must at least eat in an hospitable atmosphere.

CLAIRE

You got all this built for us, Mr. Jaro?

VINCENT

Yes, please my dear, call me Vincent.

JOAN

I have to say, Vincent, rumors of your eccentric personality are beginning to show.

Vincent smiles as he looks at Joan.

VINCENT

I hope that is a good thing, Mrs. Batterley. I wouldn't want you to take down negative notes - or vibes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WENDY

So, Mr. Jaro, I'm curious. Why did you contact us, this group to come here and have a free run around of your building? Forgive my bluntness, but you have a reputation of being far from hospitable and you are very much seen by the media as a reclusive kind of fellow. You could have asked a high profile paranormal team here, people with extraordinary experience yet you call us?

VINCENT

Wendy, I prefer to deal with local people and since I am, after all, a local resident I feel obliged to put something back in that community. Giving you, and your team a chance of a lifetime gives me pleasure in my soul.

JOAN

(snide)

It's not exactly the tower of London.

VINCENT

So you will begin your experiments straight away?

GRAEME

As soon as we can, Vincent. I'm looking forward to it. And on that note, I don't think I need to remind you all, but it's collection time.

The group pull out their mobile phones and pass them to Graeme.

VINCENT

Oh, what's this may I ask?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Graeme collects the phones and looks over at Vincent.

GRAEME

I insist that no mobile phones are in distance of myself when I am conducting communication with the dead. It can cause problems and interference in the waves that I receive.

VINCENT

I see.

GRAEME

Is there , by any chance, a place we can safely store these until the experiment is over?

VINCENT

By all means. Give them to Ivan, he will store them safely for you.

EXT. WOODLAND - DUSK

The sun is beginning to set, the clouds in the sky have turned grey-dark and the evening is starting to set in. The woods start to take a turn in appearance - creating menacing shadows and the forboding figure of a large oak tree stands out almost in superiority amongst the smaller trees.

Leoni is the first to make it up a small hill inside the gloomy woodland and she pauses at the top, holding on to the hideous looking oak tree for stability. She checks to make sure her ring is still on her finger. It is.

James, Emma, and Eric join her at the top. They all have backpacks, containing bottled beer and torches.

They look out ahead of them. Trees. The skyline becomes darker.

JAMES

OK, whose great idea was it to do this shit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Don't tell me you're having second thoughts now we are actually here?

James looks around. Woods, trees. Impending darkness.

JAMES

I sure don't remember this place. A lot has grown let me tell you that.

LEONI

Oh great, so we're lost?

JAMES

No, no. Just a little - confused. I'm sure as hell there used to be a path that lead to the field, a fence.

EMMA

Fine, we go back and that's it.

ERIC

Go back? We can't go back now! This is the whole fun!

LEONI

I don't think being lost is fun, Eric. Now you either get us out of -

JAMES

LOOK!

The group huddle up to James, trying to see what he can.

JAMES

Ah, like I said, I knew where we were going.

James points to a direction and up further can be seen a wire fence.

They hurry up and scamper up the hill to the fence. It is about eight foot tall with barb wire at the top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

All four press against it, testing the strength of the fence. It leans back a little but is too strong to simply push over.

ERIC

So what now? We climb it?

LEONI

With barb wire on top? No thanks, Eric.

ERIC

Yeah, I guess you've had enough pricks in your life already.

Leoni looks at Eric with a shocked open mouthed expression.

LEONI

Yeah, and you're one of them needledick!

Leoni removes the ring from her finger and points it at Eric.

LEONI

If its not too small it's too big. An engagement ring that would fit would have been nice, cheapskate.

Eric feigns being offended.

ERIC

That cost me fifty bucks!

Leoni gives Eric a sly grin and puts the ring in her pocket.

JAMES

Hold up guys, wait a sec.

James attempts to pull up some of the fence from beneath a cluster of leaves that surround it. With his face tightening in effort, he manages to lift up a section of the fence.

JAMES

We can squeeze through underneath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEONI

I'm going to get dirty.

ERIC

I hope so.

The four squeeze there way underneath the fence and look ahead of them.

Candleclose asylum looms beyond a stretch of field with a few desolate, leafless and dead looking trees scattered around.

EMMA

Oh my God, it looks a lot bigger then I thought.

ERIC

I know - it's a big building too, huh?

JAMES

C'mon guys, lets try and find a way in before it gets really dark out here.

The foursome joke and laugh as they make there far from discreet trek across the field and to the asylum.

They pause at a slope just ahead of the asylum and duck down behind it once they spot Ivan making his gormless zombie-like patrol.

JAMES

I'm guessing that's security?

ERIC

That guy? Are you kidding me? What the hell is he gonna secure?

The four proceed to head further against a dilapidated old fence which has many holes and gapes. What formerly prevented anyone from getting inside or getting out is now just a wreck of a security fence.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - REAR - DUSK

The four squeeze through a gap in the fence easily, and head for one of the huts, in which they nervously hide behind.

LEONI

Why are we ducking and diving like this? That weird guy is on the other side, it would probably take him the rest of the year before he makes it round here!

JAMES

Yeah but we don't know if there is anyone else on site.

EMMA

So what now? How do we get into the asylum?

JAMES

Maybe we should check out that place first.

James points to a small building with a tall chimney.

ERIC

At least we can have a drink in there, figure out a way in the main place?

JAMES

That's what I was thinking, man.

INT. CREMATORIUM - DARK

The foursome enter in slowly, the large doorway allowing only the slightest rays of diminishing light inside.

Eric takes a torch from his jacket and flicks it on, directing over the walls of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The stone and brick walls are in bad condition; ridden with cobwebs and dust, empty wooden shelves, some have slanted to the side.

The stone floor is aligned with cracks and dust. A rat runs past them, making Leoni scream out in horror and kick a plank of wood that lay on the floor.

They venture further inside, sticking closely together and each of them pull out a torch, radiating the room with light.

There are three doorways, leading into dark and dingy rooms.

Eric stops hesitantly; there is a large gap in the floor. A hole descending into darkness. To the side of the hole are four stone slabs, piled on top of each other.

JAMES

Looks like these slabs would cover  
that hole.

James slowly peers down into the hole and shines his torchlight down. Eric kneels down next to James and takes a look.

A ladder leading downwards into darkness.

Leoni leans over too take a look. Eric moves his hand up to Leoni's ass and squeezes it. Leoni lets out a scream and jumps in shock - her ring falls from her pocket and down into the gap.

LEONI

You fucking idiot! Look what you've  
done!

ERIC

Hey, hey sorry! Jesus, I thought  
you liked the surprises!

LEONI

My ring! What are you gonna do now?  
Buy me a new one?

James ushers them to be quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES

Keep it down! God, you two are worse than any old married couple already.

LEONI

Well what about my ring?

ERIC

I thought you hated it?

LEONI

I don't give a fuck what you think, Eric, just get it back!

JAMES

Well, if one goes, then we all go down.

EMMA

Don't think for a moment I'm going down there, James. That's just not going to happen.

Eric takes a bottle of beer, unscrews the cap and then proceeds to down it in one go.

ERIC

Fuck it, I'll go down. I ain't got another thirty bucks to spend on jewellery right now.

EMMA

(dry)

Wow, you truly are the last of the great romantics, Eric.

Eric descends down the ladder slowly, his torch in one hand.

LEONI

(whispers to Emma)

Did he say thirty bucks?

INT. BASEMENT - TUNNEL - DARK

Eric shines his torch to check his surroundings once he makes it to the bottom of the pit. It is about twelve feet deep and he wipes his hands against his jacket to swipe some off the dust and muck accumulated from the ladder.

Eric is in a long narrow corridor which leads as far as can be seen. Old metallic pipes cover the walls and ceiling. A constant dripping sound can be heard in the distance.

Eric shines the torch on the ground and finds the ring.

ERIC

Hey guys, come down and check this place out.

LEONI (O.S.)

Did you find it?

Eric sighs.

ERIC

Yes, I found it now get you're ass down here!

The rest proceed to descend down the ladder and squeeze into the tight corridor, huddled against each other. Leoni snatches the ring from Eric and then gives him a long kiss.

JAMES

This must be the basement - I've heard about this place. Apparently, there's some kind of massive maze underneath the asylum - so this should lead us into the main building.

LEONI

You sure know a lot about this place, James. You're dad work here or something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

No he was an inmate.

LEONI

Hah - very funny. You an' Eric are a couple of comedians you know that?

James takes the lead and begins to walk down the corridor. Eric follows enthusiastically, swigging on a newly opened bottle of beer.

Leoni looks at Emma concerned.

LEONI

He was joking, right? About his Dad?

EMMA

God only knows, Leoni. But I'm regretting we ever came down here. Lets just keep up with the guys.

They rush to catch up with James and Eric.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - NIGHT

With darkness now covering the sky, the asylum looks even more morbid and forboding then ever. A solitary yellow light can be seen in one of the windows on the bottom floor.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - CORIDOOR - DARK

A shadowy figure walks out of one of the ward rooms. It is the Man In Black.

He is wearing his black costume but his face is hidden in darkness. He stands still momentarily, looking at something - but yet there is nothing there.

The glint of his eyes can be seen from behind the devil mask that he wears. Sounds of running water. Whispering voices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE  
(whispering)  
It is time.

The Man In Black begins to walk slowly down the corridor.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - RECEPTION AREA

Vincent, with Winston at his side like a servant, is standing with the group.

Russ has his video camera and is filming the group in front of him.

VINCENT  
Well, it's all yours. You have my permission to explore any part of the asylum.

GRAEME  
I definitely feel that the wards carry the stronger psychic vibrations. I would like to start there. I need to walk around various places, may take a few hours before setting up our equipment and conducting some experiments.

JOAN  
Are you not joining us, Vincent?

VINCENT  
I have other plans to attend.

JOAN  
Surely you will join us. What happens if we find something?

Vincent looks to Winston uncomfortably.

VINCENT  
Very well.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - MALE WARD - CORIDOOR

The group walk slowly down the coridoor, careful to watch they're step on the creaking floor.

The coridoor is dark, with only the group's flashlight and Russ' camera providing light.

Graeme, leading the group, stops outside a doorway which leads into one of the ward rooms.

Graeme shines his flashlight inside. The room is empty, with gaps in the ceiling and a window which has been boarded up with wood. The floor is covered in dust and a darkish residue stains the cracked surface.

GRAEME

I'm definitely feeling something  
from this room.

Claire proceeds to write down what is happening in her pocket-sized note pad. Joan, next to her peers over and looks at what she is writing.

JOAN

Perhaps we should set up the  
equipment now. I can use the laser  
therm and take down some detailed  
readings.

Vincent seems surprised.

VINCENT

You strike me as someone who would  
struggle with the term "Laser  
therm", Joan. I'm impressed.

JOAN

When you see what I can do with the  
equipment, you will be more then  
impressed. Just wait until I -

VINCENT

Yes, I will wait thank you, Joan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Graeme begins to walk down the corridor again, slowly peering into the various ward rooms that face opposite each other.

The lights from the group form a good light in some rooms; in others the sheer darkness seems impenetrable.

The group reach the end of the corridor and are faced with another.

Claire drops her pen accidentally and she goes to ground trying to find it. The group walk ahead, not realizing.

Claire finds it and calls out to the others, who are only a few feet ahead. She looks back at the corridor they have just walked through.

A BLACK SHAPE FLASHES from the end of the corridor - from one room to the other.

Claire is taken aback, she looks again but there is nothing there.

CLAIRE

Guys - HEY, GUYS!

The group stop walking - they are halfway down the current corridor.

JOAN

What is it, dear? You need the toilet?

Claire takes another glance down the corridor. Nothing.

Slightly embarrassed, Claire apologizes.

CLAIRE

Sorry, I just dropped my pen.  
Sorry.

As Joan begins going on about not having to apologize, Claire takes one last look before joining up with the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Graeme is talking to the "spirits" inside one of the ward rooms, Russ is filming at the doorway as Vincent, Winston and Wendy all watch on from the corridor.

INT. ROOM - DARK

Russ films Graeme as he circles the room, enlightened by the camera light.

Graeme exaggerates greatly as he spins round, bouncing gently from wall to wall.

GRAEME

(faking a soft voice)

I feel lost in here...yes troubled feelings indeed...Oh my...please don't touch me there...

Russ continues to film with a smile.

RUSS

Great, just great stuff Graeme.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - CORIDOOR

Claire catches up and looks at Joan.

CLAIRE

(whispering)

I thought I saw something.  
Something move.

JOAN

Well, what did it look like?

CLAIRE

Well - I'm not exactly sure. It was dark -

JOAN

Ghost's my dear. Spirits. They can feel my presence. They know Joan Batterley is here to talk to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Overhearing, Wendy sighs.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - CAFETERIA

The female cook is in the diner area, sweeping up the floor with a large wooden broom. The male cook is at the counter, removing his apron.

FEMALE COOK

Another busy night at Bates motel completed.

The male cook grins, lights a cigarette and turns off the purple haze lights.

MALE COOK

One of us has gotta stay on in case them nut cases get the munchies.

FEMALE COOK

That wasn't the contract I was given by the agency. One night's work - that's it. They didn't mention staying over.

MALE COOK

The agency wouldn't.

Looking frustrated, the female cook stops sweeping and removes her apron.

FEMALE COOK

I'm not staying over night in this place with a bunch of ghost hunters running around the place. I don't get paid enough for that kind of crap.

The Male Cook laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE COOK

Don't worry about it, I'll stay on.  
I ain't got shit else to do anyway  
and the money for this gig is what  
I normally get in a month.

He walks into the kitchen area and flicks off the light. He is about to turn back when he pauses.

One of the knives is missing from the rack. The butcher knife.

Puzzled, the Male Cook calls out to his partner.

MALE COOK

Hey, LIZ. What ya do with the  
butcher knife?

A few moments pass.

MALE COOK

LIZ? HEY - ELIZABETH!

With a fed up expression, he walks out of the kitchen and back into the diner area.

No sign of ELIZABETH the FEMALE COOK.

Arms folded, the Male Cook looks around, standing angrily at the counter.

MALE COOK

Bitch didn't even say bye.

He turns round to return to the kitchen - the BUTCHER KNIFE is SLAMMED into his CHEST. The sharp blade cuts deep, is pulled out and then SLAMMED again back into his chest area.

Horror is on the Male Cook's face as he is forced to the ground as the BUTCHER KNIFE is repeatedly brought down upon him with increasing force and speed.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - TUNNEL

James leads the way with Eric closely following him. Leoni and Emma keep up with them.

James stops at a point in the tunnel and looks up. He shines his flashlight to the wall. A ladder.

JAMES

Well, the only way is up, folks.

EMMA

Thank God for that.

Emma takes a look behind her, shining her flashlight at the tunnel. A constant DRIPPING sound remains, but there is nothing to be seen - just darkness and rusty looking pipes on the walls.

James steps onto the ladder and begins to climb up.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

James enters up from a square hole in the floor and carefully pulls himself out. He kneels down, shining his flashlight taking in the room.

The room is large, full of different sized pipes and two large boilers. Everything looks old, rusted and the shadows from the flashlight create bizarre illusions.

Eric is next to climb up, followed by Leoni and Emma. They stick close together as they begin to explore the room.

There is a large rusty looking stairwell leading upwards. A pile of discarded wooden beams lay underneath.

JAMES

Freezing in here.

Satisfied they are alone, they set up their beer on an old wooden box near one of the large boiler tanks and Eric shares the bottles out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

I really don't like it in here,  
creeps me out. I should have called  
my Dad, see if he was alri...let  
him know where I was going.

ERIC

We'll go looking for your sis,  
soon. Let's just neck a few of  
these first.

LEONI

I need another, this place is doing  
my head in. Got anything a little  
stronger then just beer?

Eric pulls out a joint from his pocket and lights it. He  
takes a couple of drags before passing it to Leoni.

Emma, constantly looking around, turns down the offer to  
smoke some.

LEONI

It's only weed, Emma!

EMMA

Makes me sick and paranoid and I'm  
already feeling that. I'll pass.

James shines his torch over to the stairwell.

JAMES

We'll check out what's up there.  
C'mon, let's go.

James leads the group up the cold and rusted stairwell. The  
steps make a CLANGING sound as they journey upwards. Keeping  
an eye on below, Emma and Leoni nip ahead of Eric so they are  
closer to James.

As they reach the top of the stairwell, James opens the door  
which leads to a coridoor. Eric flashes his torch back down  
to the boiler room before closing it with a LOUD BANG.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - MALE WARD CORRIDOR - DARK

A distant BANGING sound echoes from below.

Graeme looks up from a kneeling position to stare up at the bright light from Russ's camera.

Joan turns to Claire, both a little surprised by the sound.

Wendy's eyebrow raises as she looks at Vincent.

WENDY

Wind, Vincent, just wind.

VINCENT

Of course it is. Get used to the sounds - this place has it's own musical theme altogether.

Wendy rolls her eyes.

WENDY

Oh Jesus.

Graeme coughs to grab the groups attention.

JOAN

We are still listening, Graeme dear. I was very intrigued by what you were saying.

Joan looks back at Claire - rolls her eyes in a glance that tells she really couldn't care less for what he was saying.

GRAEME

Yes - as I was saying - I am feeling a sense of loneliness here in this corridor - a lady - no - an elderly man...

As Graeme goes on, Vincent takes Winston to one side, and into one of the rooms discreetly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT  
(whispering)  
What do you think?

WINSTON  
That this whole thing -

Vincent puts his hand over Winston's mouth to hush him.

VINCENT  
(whispering)  
Quietly - just whisper.

Vincent removes his hand, checks to make sure no one heard Winston.

WINSTON  
(whispering)  
I think this whole thing is crazy  
and I really don't enjoy walking  
around here in the dark with a  
bunch of people that probably  
should be committed in a place like  
this.

VINCENT  
(whispering)  
Yes, we share the same view,  
Winston. But that means everything  
is going to plan.

He checks to look again. Everyone seems preoccupied with Graeme and his wittering on.

VINCENT  
Just wait until you see what Igor  
has in store for these fools next.

WINSTON  
Igor? Who the -

VINCENT  
The gate-keeper, the hired help,  
the big guy doing the rounds  
outside?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT(cont'd)

I don't even remember his name, something foreign which I can't even pronounce. Igor seems like a suitable name.

WINSTON

Ivan? What about him? You're not seriously going to - You don't mean you -

Vincent smiles.

VINCENT

He should be getting ready right about now. He's our man to make sure these idiots actually believe there is something from another world in this place. Some kind of ghost or whatnot. Once he start prancing around in the darkness, these buffoons will truly believe this place is haunted. Imagine the press and the interest we will get from tourists if these fools end up running out of here, spouting off to everyone how haunted Candleclose asylum is?

WINSTON

Oh, Mr.Jaro, I really don't know. I mean, I didn't think you were serious when you mentioned that before. Things seem to going fine as they are -

VINCENT

Relax, Winston. Ivan should be getting ready about now. So the last thing I need is for you to start believing in any of this gobbledegook or any banging noises in the dark, understand?

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - LOCKER ROOM

The room is dark and damp with a constant and seemingly hypnotic dripping sound.

There are several tall metallic lockers, all old and rusted looking which are scattered around the floor or the room. Some are open, with empty shelves and cobwebs and dust the contents. Others remain closed but ridden in dust.

Ivan enters the room, sluggish and holding a plastic bag with mobile phones in and an old fashioned candle lamp in his other hand which makes his facial features look more disturbing in the flickering light. He places the lamp on the floor.

Ivan dumps the plastic bag with the mobile phones on the floor carelessly.

He opens one of the closed lockers and takes out a black bin bag which has something inside. Ivan pulls out a GHOST MASK and a black GRIM REAPER type costume.

With a rather unsatisfied grunt, Ivan pulls out a mouldy looking apple and takes a bite as he looks at the GHOST MASK.

BANG!

The sound echoes around the room - the sound of one of the lockers being slammed shut. Ivan, in surprise, drops his apple on to the floor and it rolls into the darkness.

He drops the GHOST MASK and the COSTUME and kneels down to pick up the candle lamp. Whilst in the kneeling position, Ivan notices something.

The flickering lamp light laminates a shape near one of the lockers. It is hard to make it out, seemingly round - seemingly with - hair.

Ivan stands up and approaches the locker, lamp in hand slowly.

The shape is now clear what it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The FEMALE COOK's decapitated head.

Before he has time to react, the LOCKER DOOR swings open with force, a TALL DARK SHAPE with ARMS GRABS at Ivan.

The candle lamp is knocked to the ground, it smashes and the candle inside flickers out as muffled sounds can be heard from Ivan.

HACKING sounds, STABBING. FAST and BRUTAL. More muffled noises, more urgent and desperate.

The candle light flickers out leaving the room in complete darkness.

Silence.

CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - MALE WARD CORRIDOR - SECOND FLOOR

The group ( Graeme, Vincent, Winston, Claire, Joan, Wendy, Russ ) are walking along another long dark corridor. The flooring is mostly made up of wooden boards and they creek loudly when crossed.

Graeme seems upbeat and full of adrenaline.

GRAEME

This will be ideal to start in these rooms, the spiritual vibes I was receiving were immense and strong...a whole host of those that have been here before were telling me of the awful things that happened to them...

Claire is at the back of the group walking alongside Joan.

CLAIRE

So now we bring the equipment up here and begin the experiments, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

Yes, my dear. Just watch and learn  
from me and you will be fine.

Wendy is squeezing herself unwanted in between Vincent and  
Winston.

WENDY

(slightly sarcastic)

So, Mr. Jaro, do you expect the  
group to find anything startling or  
spiritual tonight?

VINCENT

Well, you tell me Wendy. Do you not  
believe you will witness something  
supernatural one day? I'm sure a  
part of you would love to be proven  
wrong. After all, Graeme seems very  
optimistic.

WENDY

As friendship goes, I enjoy their  
company, but I doubt I shall be  
talking amongst the dead tonight.

VINCENT

(under his breath)

Shame.

WENDY

Sorry?

VINCENT

SAME, I will also be keeping an  
open mind, Wendy.

The floor continually creaks beneath them.

WENDY

There is one thing I would -

A MASSIVE CREEK and a SPLITTING sound, as a part of the floor  
gives way underneath. Vincent and Winston manage to jump out  
of the way, but Wendy is taken down with the flooring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The group are shocked and immediately gather around the gap, calling after Wendy.

Russ directs his camera light at the hole - it is only a few feet in size, dust momentarily covers the darkness that soon emerges from below.

CLAIRE

My God, Wendy, are you OK?

No answer.

Looking down into the hole, there appears another room. Wendy is on the floor, moaning softly with small pieces of floor board and dust around and on top of her.

GRAEME

WENDY! SAY SOMETHING!

CLAIRE

How are we going to get her out of there? Where is that room?

VINCENT

It's OK, nobody panic. We will get her out of there. Might I suggest three of you stay here and keep talking to her, I will go down and find her on the floor below.

JOAN

Graeme, you stay with me and Claire.

RUSS

I'll go with you Vincent, I've got the better light with the camera, it might help.

VINCENT

Very well.

Vincent, Winston and Russ head down the corridor carefully, leaving Joan, Claire and Graeme.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Claire looks down into the pit, Wendy moves slightly but seemingly in pain.

CLAIRE

Wendy, it's going to be OK, help is coming.

JOAN

Well I knew what was about to happen.

Graeme turns to Joan and gives her a scolding look.

GRAEME

Oh give me strength.

JOAN

I did, I tell you. And I tell you another thing, ever since she -

Joan looks directly at Claire, who is continually talking to Wendy below in the pit and trying to keep her calm.

JOAN

Ever since she joined with us, nothing has gone right. Things go wrong all the damn time. She's a bad omen, Graeme. She's a bad apple, a wrong 'un.

GRAEME

The hell are you talking about now Joan? You really are senile aren't you? Claire has been a breath of fresh air, she's eager to learn and wants to know about new things -

JOAN

Ahh, but that's it isn't it? You only placed that advert in the paper to attract a young girl without experience didn't you? Wow, you make me sick, Graeme.

Graeme looks stunned at Joan's outburst.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLAIRE

For God's sake you two knock it  
off. Wendy could be seriously hurt!

Joan and Graeme look at each other grumpily as Claire returns to giving comfort to Wendy from above the hole.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRWELL - DARK

Vincent leads Winston and Russ down an iron spiral stairwell that rocks and creaks gently.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - 1ST FLOOR CORIDOR - DARK

Vincent, Winston and Russ walk very slowly across the creaking wooden laced floorboards. Russ uses his camera to create light ahead of them - the doorless rooms of the wards are uninviting and the darkness inside them seems endless.

Wendy's soft painful moans can be heard, merely a few doors away.

INT. ROOM - DARK

Vincent, Winston and Russ enter the room. It is pitch black until Russ' camera light shines on Wendy. She is on her back with small amounts of rubble on top of her. She looks in pain.

Vincent looks up, and can see Claire looking down from above.

Vincent quickly kneels down beside Wendy and takes her hand as Winston begins to remove the rubble that is on top of her.

WENDY

My..my back...I can't move...

Vincent looks up again. Claire, Joan and Graeme are watching from above.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

She's hurt, but I think she's going  
to be OK.

Wendy looks up at Vincent surprised and shocked. She is in obvious pain but he is blocking those from above so they cant see her face. She is in too much pain to make a loud sound.

Russ looks around the room, his camera light catching the small edges of a door built into a wall of the room. It looks small, four feet tall.

Vincent talks softly to Wendy, holding her hand as Winston looks on nervously.

VINCENT

Wendy, it's OK. I'm going to get  
you help and you will be fine. I'm  
going to get you an ambulance so  
don't you worry about a thing my  
dear. Just try not to move, OK?

Wendy's muttering's are incomprehensible and Vincent does not seem too interested in any case.

He looks to Winston and he heads outside of the room. Vincent then looks back down at Wendy.

VINCENT

I'm going to tell Winston to call  
an ambulance and they will be here  
shortly OK? I'll be right back.

Vincent stands up and heads to the doorway where Winston stands. He looks over at Russ, who seems more interested in the small door he has discovered.

VINCENT

Russ, keep an eye on her please?

Russ, carrying on with his inspection of the door, agrees in a less then convincing tone.

RUSS

Sure thing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Loudly, Vincent instructs Winston to go down to reception and to call an ambulance.

At the doorway, safe from anyone hearing them, Vincent pats Winston on his shoulder before he leaves, stopping him in his tracks.

VINCENT

(whispering)

Go down there, call no one. We don't want a lawsuit on our hands here. Bad press is not what this is all about.

WINSTON

(whispering)

But what about the woman? Vincent, how do you expect to deal with -

VINCENT

JUST - do it. And find IVAN and find out what the hell he is doing, it's about time he showed up. If you can find that idiot, tell him to meet me in the hall. I have something else I need him to do.

Winston nods, and slowly makes his way across the creaking corridor floorboards.

Russ uses his free hand to draw open the secret door, pulling at it and it opens -

A long tunnel that leads downwards, with small narrow steps. There are light bulbs in rows on the ceiling, lit up.

Russ, excited, turns around and points his camera back on Wendy to give her some light.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR

Winston look at the long corridor ahead of him which leads to the reception desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The quietness, cleanliness and the sheer whiteness create a heavenly yet eerie appearance and feel compared the state of the rooms Winston has just been in.

Winston walks to the RECEPTION DESK when a LOUD BANG echoes behind him. The sound of the door he has just closed.

Winston nervously looks back down the long corridor he has just walked from - no one is there and the door is, indeed, shut.

WINSTON

Ivan? Vincent?

Nothing.

WINSTON

(nervous)

Ivan, quit the ghost act with me,  
I'm in with it for God's sake.

Winston turns back round - as a MEAT CLEAVER is SLAMMED right into his FACE.

The BLADE cuts deep, blood immediately runs and spurts out as the MEAT CLEAVER is pushed further into WINSTON'S FACE - almost chopping it in two pieces.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - WARD - DARK

An iron door creaks open slowly. James and Eric enter with Leoni and Emma closely huddled behind them.

On the left hand side are open door rooms, a stone wall opposite. A small tight corridor leads down into darkness.

A FLAPPING sound can be heard down the corridor.

EMMA

I don't like this. Not one bit.

ERIC

Ah, chill out Emm. There's nothing  
to be scared of.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC(cont'd)

Might be a few sex starved  
psychopaths somewhere down here but  
apart from me and James, you're  
pretty much safe.

EMMA

I mean it, I don't like it down  
here and I wanna go back.

Another FLAPPING sound.

JAMES

Shhh.

James shines his torch down the corridor. Empty darkened  
rooms.

They begin to walk further inside the room and down the  
corridor.

JAMES

(whispering)

Just keep it down a sec...

Another flapping sound. James' torchlight catches a white  
shape flickering quickly from outside one of the rooms  
further down the corridor, before it quickly vanishes back  
inside.

Emma and Leoni step backwards, startled.

LEONI

Oh my God...fuck was that?

JAMES

I...don't know. Stay here.

James walks down the corridor past the daunting looking  
rooms.

JAMES

(whispering to Eric)

I've got an idea. It's gonna be  
fucking hilarious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

James looks to realize Eric has stayed back with the girls.  
He tuts to himself.

JAMES

Pussy.

A WHITE SHAPE from inside a room engulfs James with a loud  
FLAPPING noise as James screams in terror.

Leoni, Emma and Eric all scream down the corridor.

The white shape moves backwards inside the room - and reveals  
itself to being nothing more than a plastic sheet.

JAMES

It's alright - it's a fucking  
curtain.

James shines his torch inside the room. There is an empty  
window inside.

James laughs to himself as the rest rush up to join him, also  
laughing at his misfortune.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - FIRST FLOOR - ROOM

Wendy remains on the floor but Claire, Joan and Graeme have  
now joined everyone else.

Wendy tries to move but Claire ushers her to stay still, her  
hands with Wendy's, keeping her comfort.

Russ, still aside the open door he found, listens in.

RUSS

I can hear something...voices.  
Sounds like it's coming from below.

Vincent, pacing the room, tuts to himself.

VINCENT

No, that's impossible, Russ. The  
room down there probably lead to  
the basement, the maze of tunnels.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT(cont'd)

All kinds of vermin could be living down there, hardly the place for a human being.

Graeme's ears pick up.

GRAEME

Then perhaps it is not a human being? This tunnel, this basement sounds like a very interesting place Mr. Jaro.

More muffled/stifled sounds from below are heard. Voices. Distant and unclear.

CLAIRE

My God...for a moment that sounded like my sister.

VINCENT

You're sister?

CLAIRE

Yes...I don't know, it just sounded like...I Recognized her voice, but it cant be.

VINCENT

I think everyone maybe getting a little too excited here. The water in the pipes may make some very strange sounds.

Vincent looks out at the open doorway as if looking to escape from what he clearly considers a bunch of lunatics.

VINCENT

(under his breath)

Goddamnit IVAN, where are you?

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - WARD - DARK

James, Eric, Leoni and Emma stand outside the room of the plastic door cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

James shines his torch inside and walks in.

EMMA

You think this a bit strange? Why  
are all these rooms down here in  
the basement?

Eric shrugs and follows James inside the room.

LEONI

This whole place is strange. Creeps  
me out.

JAMES (V.O.)

(excited)  
Hey, check this out!

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is small with an empty window which has metal bars  
blocking it. There is a wooden wall to the right with a  
protruding shape in the centre of it.

Leoni and Emma enter inside. James and Eric are looking at  
the shape on the wall.

It is a skull, embedded inside the wall.

EMMA

That is sick.

LEONI

What a fucked up place.

Eric looks excited.

ERIC

That is awesome!

James gets closer to the skull and has a closer look.

JAMES

It's not real, at least I don't  
think it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Will you just get away from that thing?

Eric moves up to take a closer look.

Emma notices SOMETHING whizzing past outside the room door.

It causes the plastic sheet to rattle.

EMMA screams - everyone looks back at her.

EMMA

There was something outside the door.

James walks back and comforts her as Eric examines the skull on the wall. Leoni walks up to Eric.

JAMES

Emma, relax. It's just the curtain.

EMMA

It was NOT the fucking curtain. I want to get out of here and I want to get out of here now.

James looks resigned to agree with her.

JAMES

Alright babe, we'll get out of here OK?

He looks over at Eric.

JAMES

C'mon man, Emma's had enough, let's bail.

Eric touches the skull, his other hand holds onto the wall.

ERIC

Hey man, this wall is thin - it's wooden.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC(cont'd)

And this skull - you can see  
through the eye holes...it the room  
next door.

Eric pokes his fingers inside the eye holes of the skull.

EMMA

(agitated)

Eric, leave that thing alone.

Leoni starts to back away a little from Eric.

LEONI

Yeah, maybe you should just  
like...leave it alone.

Eric looks back at the group smirking. He then suddenly yells  
out in horror as he struggles to pull his hand free.

ERIC

OH MY GOD! IT'S GOT ME, IT'S GOT  
ME! HELP ME!

LEONI screams, EMMA and JAMES are shocked.

As Emma and Leoni head for the doorway, Eric pulls his  
fingers from the skull.

ERIC

(laughing)

Hey! Hold up, I was joking!

EMMA looks furious, LEONI shocked as they pause near the  
doorway. JAMES is motionless, open mouthed.

EMMA

You...

ERIC

Emm, calm down...I was just skull-  
fucking around!

The wall EXPLODES, sending wooden debris flying. The Man In  
Black CRASHES through the wall, tearing through it in a  
titanic fit of rage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Eric is knocked to the floor; Leoni and Emma scream as James looks on in utter shock.

Emma and Leoni run through the doorway screaming.

JAMES

ERIC! GET UP!

The Man In Black looks at JAMES - JAMES runs for it.

ERIC scrambles to his knees below the debris and The Man In Black. He looks up in horror.

The Man In Black holds up a large butcher knife in a striking pose.

ERIC

No..no..wait...please!

The Man In Black STABS ERIC directly into the top of his head with fury.

The blade slices deep and easy, almost to the hilt of the knife. ERIC's eyes flutter momentarily before his pupils float upwards into death.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - FIRST FLOOR - ROOM

The group of Russ, Graeme, JOAN, Claire, Vincent and Wendy are startled by the screams they hear below them.

RUSS

Well, I know for damn sure I heard that.

CLAIRE

Me too. No doubt about it - downstairs.

GRAEME

I get the feeling something is wrong here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY

No shit. That something is my soon  
to be heavily compensated broken  
back.

Vincent looks down at Wendy, calmly seething.

VINCENT

OK, let's not get too excited here.

GRAEME

Well whatever that was down there,  
I want to see what it is.

WENDY

Thanks for the consideration.

VINCENT

Alright, we all heard it. I think  
Wendy is the top priority here. Her  
health is more important than  
creating another ghost around here.

RUSS

Well I'm not letting this pass! Are  
You mad? This is why I came here  
for, some action! We might actually  
find something worth while for a  
change!

VINCENT

Then we decide. Russ, you go. Who  
wants to go with him?

GRAEME

I AM the psychic here, and I will  
go down there.

Claire is astounded.

CLAIRE

Oh my God. What kind of people are  
you? There might be some real  
people down there hurt and you all  
care about -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

Enough talk. Let us get on with it.  
Russ and Graeme, check it out. But  
be careful. I want you back here in  
half hour.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - WARD CORRIDOR

Leoni, Emma and James huddle together at the bottom of the  
corridor.

JAMES

ERIC!

Moments pass.

EMMA

(crying)

He's dead, oh my God...

JAMES

We can't leave him in there.  
Maybe...maybe he's just hurt.

Leoni pulls at the iron door. It is hard to open.

LEONI

Fucking hell, help me!

Emma helps Leoni with the door and it opens with a piercing  
creak.

EMMA

James, come on, we've gotta get  
outta here. NOW!

James keeps his torchlight firmly down the corridor.

JAMES

(whispering)

W-What was that thing?

A figure in a black cloaked costume comes into JAMES  
torchlight, slowly and methodically walking towards him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emma and Leoni scream, head through the iron door followed by James - who drops his torchlight.

The iron door slams shut.

The Man In Black walks slowly down the corridor. He reaches the iron door and stops.

Sounds of running water, voices whispering louder, ever louder.

The sounds intensify second by second.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - SECRET DOOR PASSAGEWAY

Graeme and Russ descend down the passageway.

They arrive at the bottom of the steps, and there is a large solid iron door.

Graeme pushes at it but it refuses to budge. He tries again. Nothing.

Russ steps ahead of Graeme and PULLS the door inwards. It opens.

Russ chuckles - Graeme looks unimpressed.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - WARD CORRIDOR (TOP)

Graeme and Russ enter the room, and the door CLOSES SHUT with an echoing BANG.

Graeme shines his flashlight down the corridor as Russ films with his camera.

GRAEME

Let's take a look down here,  
there's more rooms.

RUSS

Great... More rooms.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

James, Leoni and Emma rush through the door, closing it behind them.

They make their way down the spiral staircase quickly, scared and shaken.

Leoni and Emma try and find the gap in the floor from where they entered. They start to panic.

James heads under the staircase and pulls out a two-by-four laying scattered amongst the pile of discarded wooden beams.

JAMES

Keep looking for that fucking hole!

James heads back up the staircase.

EMMA

What are you doing?

JAMES

Just keep looking! If that guy, that thing, comes after us then he's gonna get more than he bargained for.

James reaches the top of the staircase and positions himself by the side of the door ready to strike anyone that comes through.

Emma goes to her knees trying to find the gap in the ground, searching in the darkness. Leoni is walking around in panic.

EMMA

Leoni, help me for God's sake!

A shape moves slowly from the corner of the room.

James is sweating, nervously gripping to the two-by-four as he keeps his eyes locked on the door.

Emma searches the floor and finds the gap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

I..I found it! Come on!

James looks down and spots The Man In Black approaching Leoni.

JAMES

LEONI!

Leoni turns around - The Man In Black grabs her by her hair and pulls her into him. With his other hand, he SLICES Leoni's throat before releasing her onto the floor.

JAMES runs down the staircase, EMMA screams as she makes her way down the gap.

The Man In Black GRABS hold of EMMA's hair just before she can escape and begins to pull her up as she screams and cries.

JAMES approaches the Man In Black and lifts the two-by-four ready to strike.

The Man In Black quickly notices - drops EMMA - and STABS JAMES in his stomach.

The knife stabs deep inside JAMES stomach and a quickly growing mass of blood begins to form around the imbedded knife. Blood drips from JAMES mouth as he drops the two-by-four to the ground.

The Man In Black releases his grip on the knife and watches James.

James looks stunned as he drops to his knees before The Man In Black.

The Man In Black looks down, picks up the two-by-four and brutally HAMMERS at JAMES' head repeatedly, splattering it into a mess of blood, brain and skull.

He drops the two-by-four, and stands up proud.

The running water is loud and the whispering voices as mixed and distorted as ever.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - CORIDOOR

Russ and Graeme look at each other concerned.

RUSS

That didn't sound like no ghost.  
That sounded real.

GRAEME

Not far away either. C'mon.

The two rush down the coridoor.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - TUNNEL

EMMA runs down the tunnel crying. She reaches the end and grabs hold of the ladder.

EMMA

God, please help me.

EMMA climbs the ladder and to her distress finds the gap above has been blocked.

EMMA

NO!

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - CREMATORIUM

The gap is blocked by pieces of stone piled on top of each other.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - TUNNEL

EMMA keeps trying to push the blocking stone pieces but they won't budge. She panics, screaming and pushing with all her might.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - CREMATORIUM

The top piece of the stone wobbles, and then falls to the side. A moment later, the pile begins to begrudgingly move up but sinks back down.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - TUNNEL

Slow moving footsteps heard walking down the tunnel. EMMA looks but can't see anything in the darkness. She continues to push, straining hard to remove the stone blockade.

The footsteps become louder, closer.

Struggling, EMMA manages to PUSH the stone slabs away to the side. She panics, and desperately tries to push them more aside so she can fit through the gap.

The footsteps much louder, much closer.

EMMA grabs onto the edge of the gap and begins to pull herself out as The Man In Black REACHES out to grab her.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - CREMATORIUM

EMMA pulls herself out of the gap, struggles on the floor before getting to her feet and looking around distorted.

Sounds of someone climbing up the ladder from the gap in the ground.

EMMA makes a run for the door, breathless.

The Man In Black begins to climb out of the gap.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - REAR - NIGHT

EMMA runs from the crematorium, crying and screaming for help.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - FIELD - NIGHT

EMMA runs through the field, past the dead trees and heads for the fence in the distance.

She makes it to the fence and desperately tries to pull it up so she can climb underneath it. It wont budge.

Rattling the fence in frustration, EMMA looks back across the field.

The Man In Black is walking towards her across the field.

EMMA grips onto the fence and tries to climb it. Her trainers fail to get a grip.

She tries to pull herself up using her upper body strength but to no avail.

The Man In Black RUNS towards her, his jagged cloak flapping behind him. His red devil mask looks strangely blue in the moonlight.

EMMA makes a run for it across the line of the fence as The Man In Black closes in.

She trips and falls to the ground, smacking her forehead on a large piece of scrap metal pipe that extrudes beyond the fence.

EMMA begins crawling desperately, crying for mercy as The Man In Black slows down and hovers over her.

EMMA

Please...what do you want? Don't  
kill me please!

EMMA looks groggy, her vision fuzzy as blood begins to seep from her head wound.

She stops moving.

The Man In Black looks down at her. He gently taps her with his foot in her stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The running water fades, the whispering voices become quiet.

The Man In Black cocks his head to a side as if confused.

The running water stops. The voices fade into nothing. Only the sounds of the woods beyond the fence can be heard.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - FIELD - NIGHT

The Man In Black carries Emma in his arms as he walks methodically across the sparse field, headed back to the asylum.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

Russ and Graeme look on in horror at the bodies of LEONI and JAMES, whose body still has the butcher knife deeply inserted.

A large puddle of blood has formed around the two bodies.

Russ, despite the look of disgust on his face, starts filming.

GRAEME

We...We need to tell the others  
about this.

RUSS

No shit, just let me get this on  
film.

Russ directs his camera onto the bodies of Leoni and James, the pool of blood and then around the room. The light of his camera points out a doorway in the far corner, next to the stairwell.

GRAEME

(impatient)  
You got it?

RUSS

Yeah. I got it all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAEME

Good, let's get the hell outta here, tell the others and call the police.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - FIRST FLOOR - ROOM

Vincent and Claire are supporting Wendy in between them as they pick her up and then walk slowly out of the room. Joan annoyingly instructs them how to do it.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - CORIDOOOR - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT

OK, this is the plan. We get Wendy here to some place where she can rest, lay down in a little bit of comfort before the ambulance arrives.

CLAIRE

Let's just take her to the entrance, I mean it will be easier for the ambulance crew -

VINCENT

It will be easier for Wendy if we can get her somewhere to lay down. I believe it may be some time before the ambulance may actually get here. We've had some problems with the phone lines and you never know, they may well think it is a crank call.

JOAN

And why is that?

VINCENT

No-one knows anybody, let alone us, are here. It may take a little time before Winston can actually convince them to come down here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT(cont'd)

Let's not worry too much, I'm just taking Wendy's health into consideration.

WENDY

I bet.

JOAN

And what about Russ and Graeme? I thought you told them to meet us back in there in half an hour.

VINCENT

(snapping)

Look - just do as I say.

(calmer)

Once Wendy is in a more comfortable state, I will come back down here and tell them when they come back, OK?

CLAIRE

Vincent, one last thing?

He sighs.

VINCENT

Yes?

CLAIRE

Can you get our mobiles back for us? That Ivan guy has got them? I really need to call my sister.

VINCENT

I will. I need to talk to him myself.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - CORIDOOOR

Russ and Graeme walk slowly, cautiously close by each other as they pass the various rooms.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

The Man In Black carefully places the unconscious Emma down onto the ground near the massive unused furnace.

He looks at the bodies of Leoni and James.

He looks up at the stairwell - the door is ajar.

Suddenly, the sounds of running water are immediately raucous, the whispering voices intense.

The Man In Black grabs the knife that is imbedded in James' stomach and pulls it out angrily, blood splurting from the sliced gap.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - CORIDOOR

Russ and Graeme are startled by the flapping curtain from one of the ward rooms.

Graeme shines his flashlight inside and it reveals the debris from the broken wall and the dead body of Eric inside.

RUSS

Holy shit.

Greame stops himself from vomiting.

A door bangs shut. Slow footsteps from the bottom of the coridoor.

Russ drops his camera, grabs Greame by the arm and they run up the coridoor.

Both run to the top of the coridoor.

They stop at the tunnel door. The footsteps have stopped.

Graeme shines his flashlight down the coridoor. Only the frequently flapping curtain from the room.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the darkness behind Graeme and Russ can be seen the outlines of a figure wearing a devil mask. Watching.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - TUNNEL

Russ and Greame make there way through the door, closing it firmly with an echoing bang.

They both rush up the steep steps.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - FIRST FLOOR - ROOM

Russ shuts the door firmly behind him once Greame makes it into the room.

GRAEME

Great, man. Where is everyone? They said half hour right?

Russ looks lost.

RUSS

Maybe...maybe they're dead too.

They both look at each other for a moment.

GRAEME

OK, then we're getting the fuck outta here.

GRAEME walks towards the room door - a KNIFE savagely stabs into his stomach.

GRAEME falls backwards onto the floor, his hands holding his stomach as blood pumps out from his wound and his mouth.

RUSS is stunned as he backs up against the wall.

The Man In Black reveals himself at the panel of the door, butcher knife in hand.

Russ in panic heads back down the secret doorway as The Man In Black walks inside the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Man In Black looks down at Greame, squirming on the floor in obvious pain. Blood sprays from his cut up stomach, his hands only diverting the spray of blood through his fingers.

The Man In Black kneels down, and slices Greame's throat.

He stands up, looks down at Greame.

Content he is dead, he walks slowly towards the secret door.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - TUNNEL

Russ runs down the steps, falling down in his panic and haste.

He gets to his feet, looks back up at the steps.

The Man In Black is walking slowly downwards, blood dripping knife in hand.

Russ forces himself down the final few steps.

He gets to the door. Pushes it. It wont budge.

The Man In Black continues to walk down the steps.

As Russ panics with the door, he looks back at the Man In Black patiently taking his time to walk down the steps.

RUSS

Fuck do you want??

Russ pushes at the door, it moves. He realizes, pulls the door open and rushes inside closing it hard behind him.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - CORIDOOR

Russ runs down the coridoor heading for the door at the bottom.

He tries to open the door but it wont budge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS  
Come on Goddamnit!

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door at the top of the stairwell is tied at it's handle to one of the iron handles.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - CORIDOOOR - CONTINUOUS

Russ continues to try and force the door - it opens a little but not enough for him to enter.

He looks back down the coridoor. Unexpectedly, there is no one coming after him.

The coridoor seems quiet, eerie. Russ stops trying the door, he is sweating and breathing heavily.

A faint noise can be heard beyond the door, inside the boiler room.

Russ steps back from the door.

Footsteps down the coridoor - FAST.

Russ turns around quick.

The Man In Black runs at him, knife above his head.

Attempting to block the strike, Russ places his hands over his head in vain as The Man In Black brutally hammers down his knife repeatedly at Russ.

Russ gasps in pain, screams in agony as the knife cuts deep to his hands, wrists, arm and his face.

With a tightened grip, the Man In Black strikes down his knife directly in Russ' face. The blood soaked end of the knife splatters out the back of Russ' head.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRWELL - DARK

Vincent leads Wendy, Joan and Claire slowly up the iron railed stairwell. CLAIRE helps WENDY take each step at a time.

The wind can be heard through small gaps in the wall and the stairwell itself seems to shake and creak uneasily with each step the trio take.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - SECOND FLOOR - HALL

Double doors open and VINCENT leads WENDY, Joan and CLAIRE inside.

The room is large and spacious, with a large hole in the middle of the room. Various items of rubbish scatter the floor of the hall. Empty boxes, broken chairs.

The tear shaped windows are similar to those found in a church. The room has several small lights which are powered by a small generator at the end of the hall.

Behind a corner at the end of the hall is another small room but it is too difficult to see what is there.

WENDY is given help to sit down on one of the small crates in the room. CLAIRE and Joan sit either side to her as VINCENT surveys the room.

CLAIRE

How are you feeling, Wendy?

WENDY

A little better, thank you Claire.  
I will feel one hundred times  
better when I'm out of this place.

CLAIRE

I know what you mean. I just want  
to make sure Emma is alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY

You're sister? Are you still worried it may have been her down there?

CLAIRE

Yeah. I'm almost sure it was her. I should have gone down there, no matter what anyone said. When my mother was ill...I never came back to help her...I feel like I'm doing the same thing again.

WENDY hugs CLAIRE.

WENDY

Claire, I am truly sorry for the loss of your mother but I'm sure you're sister is not down here.

JOAN

What on Earth would she be doing down here anyway?

CLAIRE

I know...you're probably right. Just I want to be sure. I did tell her where I was going, and I don't exactly trust the people she hangs out with.

VINCENT

There is no way your sister would have been able to get inside the asylum, Claire. IVAN is really very good at - well, - he's good.

He walks over to Claire.

VINCENT

You are bound to feel some guilt for your mother's death, Claire. It is natural when you lose someone close to you, especially a parent.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT(cont'd)

You never really recover, but you need to be able to live for yourself. I'm sure it is what your mother would have wanted.

WENDY

Vincent is right, Claire, if not a little too forward. As soon as we get out of here, we'll have a good talk.

VINCENT

As for your sister, Claire, please do not worry. There is NO way she could be in here. Now, I need to use the phone. I wont be long.

VINCENT walks up the hall. The floor creaks with each step.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

Emma is by the furnace, tied up with rope as a gag tied round her mouth and head.

She struggles with her binds but it is useless.

She looks up at her surroundings.

The room is dimly lit by scattered candlelight, placed in various positions around the room. Most are round her and the furnace making the area look alter-like.

Emma screams through her gag but the sound is muffled.

The body of Leoni is tied to the bottom of the stairwell, her arms tied so that she looks like a sacrificed female Jesus.

The body of James has been sat up against the stairwell - minus his head.

Eric, his body is sat up in the corner of the room, behind the stairwell, where there is a tall dark room seemingly hidden beyond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The male and female cooks bodies, Ivan and Graeme. Their bodies are all over different areas of the room.

The Man In Black walks through the almost hidden door near the stairwell. He is carrying the body of Russ over his shoulders, blood covered knife in hand.

Emma cries in fear, tries to move and break free but her restraints only allow her to sit up.

The Man In Black casually drops Russ's body to the ground and looks around the room slowly, as if in a trance.

He walks to the stairwell, up and to the door. He cuts the rope that is attached to the handle, then slowly walks down the steps to the centre of the room.

He crouches down opposite Emma, who cries and moans behind her gag, looking terrified.

The Man In Black watches her for a few moments.

He reaches out to her face with his blood drenched hand. He strokes her cheek gently, leaving a small trail of smudged blood on her face.

Emma panics even more as The Man In Black removes his mask slowly.

Emma calms a little once she can see his face.

The Man In Black strokes Emma's hair gently. Once more sounds of running water and whispering voices start to fade.

MAN IN BLACK  
(calm, soothing)  
Sleep...

Emma instantly closes her eyes, they nervously flicker.

MAN IN BLACK  
Sleep...Go to sleep...

The sounds of running water and of the voices fade out completely.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - SECOND FLOOR - HALL

VINCENT walks to the end of the hall and turns into the small block. There is the small generator and next to it, is a mobile phone.

VINCENT tries to turn on the mobile but it is out of battery.

He curses WINSTON under his breath.

VINCENT looks to a door - the only other way in or out of the hall apart from the double doors they entered in.

VINCENT

I've got to find IVAN. That idiot  
is taking this ghost rubbish to  
heart.

Joan walks over from the bottom of the hall and approaches Vincent.

JOAN

Did you find the telephone?

VINCENT holds up the mobile in his hand.

VINCENT

Yes, I found the telephone. The  
problem is, it has no battery left.

JOAN

I thought you said it was an  
emergency telephone. Why did you  
let it get run out of battery if  
it's an -

VINCENT

JOAN! Just give me a minute to  
think here. Right, you go back down  
with Emma and Wendy.

JOAN

And where do you think you're  
going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCENT

To find Winston and Ivan,  
(to himself)  
you nosey old battle-axe.

Joan begins walking back down the hall.

VINCENT walks over to the door, and opens it.

VINCENT steps back SHOCKED.

Standing in front of him, in the doorway, is a tall figure draped in a black cloak with a gruesomely detailed red DEVIL mask.

The eyeholes are dark and slanted, a twisted looking smirk on the mask.

VINCENT relaxes a little.

VINCENT

Oh Jesus Christ, IVAN. You nearly  
gave me a heart attack.

No response from the figure.

VINCENT then notices a dripping sound. He looks down at the figure's feet. The tip of a blade can be seen hidden in the length of the figure's cloak.

The blade is dripping with blood onto the floor.

VINCENT

IVAN...what's with the knife?

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

Emma struggles with her roped restraints but to no avail. She holds back tears as she fights, gazing at the dead bodies stacked in the room with her.

Flicking her head back continuously, the gag in her mouth loosens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With open eyed hope, she continues until the gag slides away from her mouth a little. She takes deep breaths, and reaches almost to the point of being sick from the air of death that hangs over the room.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - SECOND FLOOR - HALL - TOP

Joan approaches the top of the hall looking at Wendy and Claire.

WENDY and CLAIRE remain sitting on the crates when CLAIRE notices something moving at the bottom of the hall.

CLAIRE

Who is that?

WENDY squints to try and see. The light at the bottom of the hall is dim and it is unclear.

CLAIRE

(calling out)

VINCENT? ANY LUCK ?

From the bottom of the hall, VINCENT is seen. But he is muffled by the The Man In Black who stands behind him, holding him in a stance.

He proceeds to SLIT VINCENT'S THROAT with his butcher knife and then releases VINCENT'S limp body to the floor.

Joan, WENDY and CLAIRE are shocked as the The Man In Black begins to walk slowly towards them.

CLAIRE

Oh my God!

CLAIRE struggles to help WENDY up. Joan stands shocked, staring as The Man In Black continues his slow walk towards them down the hall.

CLAIRE manages to help WENDY to her feet and they struggle towards the doorway. Claire looks back at Joan in panic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
JOAN! COME ON AND HELP ME!

Joan comes to her senses and rushes as quickly as she can to the doorway.

The Man In Black runs after them.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRWELL - DARK

CLAIRE helps WENDY down the stairwell, rushing in urgency. Joan follows quickly behind.

The double doors open at the top and The Man In Black rushes down the steps.

He GRABS Joan by her hair, pulling her down onto the steps.

CLAIRE and WENDY reach the bottom, stopping momentarily before heading out the door.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR- DARK

CLAIRE helps WENDY arm in arm across the corridor.

CLAIRE  
My God...Joan? What about Joan?

WENDY  
Keep going! Keep going!

Halfway down the corridor, WENDY's foot becomes caught in a small gap in the floor.

WENDY falls to the ground, sending CLAIRE tumbling down with her. CLAIRE gets up and desperately tries to pull WENDY's foot free but it is lodged in the gap.

INT. SPIRAL STAIRWELL - DARK

Joan has her neck locked tight in The Man In Black's arm as he raises his blood drenched knife in a striking poise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN  
(choking)  
No! No!

He brings the knife down brutally, stabbing her stomach. Blood flies as he tears the knife out and then viciously back down in her chest. He continues to hack at her bloody and torn body with similar thrusts, until her entrails are almost disgustingly exposed.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - FIRST FLOOR CORIDOOR- DARK

Claire and Wendy both panic and try desperately to free her foot but it refuses to budge.

The double doors open wide at the top of the coridoor - the Man In Black enters with his cloak flapping around him, knife by his side. He is covered in blood.

Both WENDY and CLAIRE scream for help as he walks methodically towards them, his knife gripped tightly in his hand.

WENDY  
(to Claire)  
GO! RUN!

CLAIRE  
Shut up and push you're damn foot!

WENDY's foot becomes loose - but her shoe remains lodged.

The Man In Black walks purposefully towards them - WENDY and CLAIRE stand up and just as they are about to run - WENDY's hair is GRIPPED by the Man In Black's hand.

CLAIRE drops to the floor - narrowly missing a SLICE from his knife.

The Man In Black pulls WENDY's head back and STABS her in the side of her stomach.

CLAIRE - shocked and shaking - gets on her feet and manages to run for it screaming deliriously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Man In Black SLICES his knife across WENDY's stomach, almost splitting her in two. She falls back and her stomach splits open as blood and guts drool onto the floor.

CLAIRE turns a corner at the bottom of the corridor and runs to the far end. She narrowly misses a small gap in the floor and trips.

CLAIRE gets up, looks back, but there is no sound of anyone following her.

She keeps her focus on the top of the corridor as she walks back slowly. On either side of her are doorless wards - dark and eerie looking.

A sound of something CREAKING in one of the rooms to CLAIRE's left grabs her attention. She looks quickly - nothing to be seen - and then looks back to the top of the corridor as she backs away.

From another room - a sound.

CLAIRE's face protrudes sweat. She looks at the top of the corridor - darkness.

Another sound in another room - this time, LOUDER CREAKING.

CLAIRE continues to back up, switching her sights to both sides of the dark and empty ward rooms.

A SCREAM. Distant.

CLAIRE looks to her left and finds herself looking in the room of the secret door, the room Wendy fell down into.

Another scream. Coming from down below. CLAIRE cant help but be distracted by it - it sounds familiar.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

Emma, screaming for help, is still fighting with her restraints but the gag is now completely out of her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA  
HELP ME! PLEASE! CLAIRE!

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - FIRST FLOOR CORIDOOR- DARK

Claire finally recognizes her sister's scream.

CLAIRE  
Emma...

At the top of the coridoor - the Man In Black appears.

CLAIRE seems frozen in fear. They both stand and look at each other from the long distance apart.

The FIGURE raises his KNIFE above his head, directing it at CLAIRE. He RUNS towards her.

CLAIRE turns and RUNS inside the door.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - ROOM - DARK

The outskirts of the SECRET DOOR can be seen as the light from behind it makes it laminate in the darkness.

CLAIRE hurries to open the door as the sound of running footsteps can be heard from the coridoor outside.

LIGHT suddenly shines brightly from the opened door.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - SECRET DOOR PASSAGEWAY

CLAIRE rushes down the steps, she trips under her feet and rolls to the floor.

She gets up, dazed and bruised.

The Man In Black is at the top of the steps.

CLAIRE opens the iron door and dashes inside.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BASEMENT - CORIDOOR

CLAIRE slams the door shut behind her, crying out as she does so.

CLAIRE  
(shouting)  
EMMA!

CLAIRE runs down the coridoor, following the ever present scream for help from Emma.

CLAIRE  
Emma, I'm coming, keep yelling!

CLAIRE makes it to the end of the coridoor.

The iron door at the other end opens and The Man In Black walks inside.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

CLAIRE enters the room, closing the door behind her. She is breathing heavily in panic, desperation and shock.

CLAIRE realizes she at the top of a spiral stairwell and below her is the large defunct boiler. Candles are lit in a poor resemblance to an alter - and Emma is tied to the gate of the boiler.

CLAIRE  
Emma? EMMA!

EMMA  
(crying)  
CLAIRE!

CLAIRE rushes down the stairwell.

CLAIRE reaches the bottom and is horrified by the bodies in the room. She has to pause momentarily before she gains enough strength to make it over to Emma.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

EMMA!

Claire instantly starts to untie her as Emma looks on nervously.

EMMA

(scared)

Is he coming?

CLAIRE

Who is it? What does it want?

Claire unties the last of Emma's restraints and helps her up.

EMMA

I-I don't know...the man in  
black...he's gonna kill us...

Claire holds Emma's face in her hands.

CLAIRE

How do we get out of here.

EMMA

T-there's a gap in the ground...we  
can get out there...

Emma's sudden optimism falls flat.

EMMA

But he still got me...

The door opens. The Man In Black walks inside the room and from the top of the spiral stairwell, looks down at Emma and Claire.

Claire grabs Emma's arm and looks around for an escape route.

Emma points at the doorway nearest the stairwell.

EMMA

There...there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Claire and Emma run to the doorway as The Man In Black walks down the stairwell.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - STAIRCASE

Claire and Emma enter the doorway, immediately confronted with a staircase that leads upwards. It is pitch darkness.

To the right is solid wall with windows further up. On the left are doorways that lead to the ward corridors.

They rush up the staircase.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

The Man In Black stands in the middle of the room.

Shadows emerge from darkness, where there should be no light. They seep from under the floor, and from inside the walls into ghostly cloaked figures.

Shadows of ghastly looking people emerge from the floor with tormented expressions.

They all chant an indescribable word. The running water serves as it's background. The melody seems complete.

The Man In Black looks around at his following. His arms are outstretched, as if proud and as if he were a leader.

VOICE

(whispering)

It is time...time to leave home.

The voice repeats itself over and over as the sound of the running water fades out and the shapes and the ghostly apparitions vanish back to where they came.

The Man In Black walks to the doorway near the stairwell.

MAN IN BLACK

(whispering)

It is time...time to leave home.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A large door opens banging against the brick wall of the rooftop vent. Claire and Emma breathlessly view the site in front of them.

There is a large flat open space, scattered wooden planks and small piles of brick, piping and litter. There are only a few guard-rails at the edge of the rooftop.

Claire quickly slams the door shut. The door is part of a small brick house.

EMMA

We're trapped!

CLAIRE

Look for a ladder - there's gotta be a way down off this roof.

They both rush to the ledges of the rooftop, no ladders only a sheer drop below.

EMMA

He didn't kill me.

Claire keeps looking around the ledges in panic.

CLAIRE

Well he will if you don't help me look for a way down!

EMMA

No - he never hurt me. He killed everyone else but not - not me.

CLAIRE

What are you talking about? We haven't got time for this Emma!

EMMA walks over to Claire, grabs her by her arm and turns her round to look at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA

I've got an idea. I need you to  
trust me.

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - STAIRCASE

The Man In Black walks up the steps, past various tear shaped windows that look out into the main grounds of the asylum.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The door opens and The Man In Black stands at the entrance looking out at the rooftop.

Only the sound of a gentle wind scattering the rubbish on the rooftop can be heard.

Emma is sitting down by the edge of the rooftop, against one of the guard-rails, the wind sweeping her hair slightly.

She looks at The Man In Black, scared but remains where she is.

The Man In Black slowly walks towards her, knife in hand by his side.

He reaches within a few feet of Emma - who looks increasingly alarmed.

EMMA

Don't hurt me...

The Man In Black stops and looks at her.

EMMA

Y-you wont hurt me, will you?

The Man In Black raises his knife above his head in striking poise - CLAIRE runs from behind the side of the brick-house and BATTERS the Man In Black over his head with a lead pipe.

The force and surprise of the blow knocks The Man In Black off balance, he drops his knife to the floor disoriented.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Screaming in anger, Claire swings the pipe at The Man In Black with a series of blows - connecting with his chest, his arm and his mask covered face.

The final blow knocks him off the top of the rooftop.

Emma rushes to hug Claire - who drops the pipe on the ground. They both break down and cry.

CLAIRE

It's over.

EMMA

What if he's not dead...I'm not walking back there again...I can't do it.

CLAIRE

It's OK Emma, it's OK. We'll stay up here until light - it will be morning soon.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - ROOFTOP - DAY

Darkness.

A distant horn noise.

Claire opens her eyes. Bright sunlight. The sound of morning birds chirping.

She wakes up alerted - Emma is asleep by her side, her head nesting on her shoulder.

The door has been barricaded up - wooden beams, planks of wood, pipes, barrels.

Claire wakes Emma.

A distant horn noise. Then another.

Claire gets up from the ground and walks over to a guard-rail, looking down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The limo is parked in the centre of the asylum grounds.

CLAIRE  
(rushing)  
Come on, we gotta go!

Claire and Emma start to remove the made-up barricade at the door.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - DAY

The massive doors open and Emma and Claire rush outside onto the gravel lined ground. The limo is waiting, engine running.

Claire and Emma run to the limo and open the door, clambering inside.

INT. LIMOUSINE

The back of the limo driver can be seen in the front of the car, his cap and eyes in the rear view mirror.

LIMO DRIVER  
Almost gave up. I've been waiting  
for you two for ages.

CLAIRE  
Thank God you're here, you've got  
to get us to the police station  
right away.

Emma starts crying almost hysterically, Claire tries to keep composed as best she can.

EXT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - DAY

The limo drives away from the asylum and down the long drive way.

It passes the main gates and heads down the road.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - DAY

The limo drives down a desolate road, blowing leaves from the ground.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Claire has her head in her hands sobbing, Emma looks groggy as she looks out of the window - watching the beautiful sunlit countryside pass them by.

She looks over to Claire, and then up at the limo driver. She catches his eyes in the rear view mirror.

Emma frowns.

FLASHBACK

INT. CANDLECLOSE ASYLUM - BOILER ROOM

Emma watches The Man In Black remove his mask. His eyes stare at her as he touches her face with blood drenched fingers.

END FLASHBACK

EMMA

(shaky)

Where are you taking us?

The Man In Black's eyes can be seen looking back at Emma in the rear view mirror.

He smirks.

MAN IN BLACK

Home.

END