

A NIGHT OF TERROR
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BASED ON A TRUE STORY

INT.-A TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT-OUR MAIN CHARCTHERS BEDROOM-NIGHT
He is at his computer listening to music his homework is on planets in the solar system he looks down on the clock on his computer he sees it will be an hour until his roommate gets home he gets up he walks to the kitchen

INT.-THE KITCHEN- COUTNOUS
he opens the fridge up he grabs a soda he closes the door he opens the soda he notices something at the corner of his eye he looks towards the living room he sees a shadow of face smiling though he doesn't hear any words the shadow fades away he takes a drink of the soda he walks into the living room

INT.-THE LIVING ROOM-COUTNOUS
he looks around he sees nothing that can create the shadow he looks on the wall the clock isn't there he knows nothing could knock the clock down and there is nobody else in the apartment with him its very weird he looks down at the table he sees the clock he puts the soda on the table he puts the clock back on the wall he grabs the soda he walks back his room

INT.-HIS ROOM- COUTNOUS
He puts the soda on his desk
Ok

the main character hangs up the phone he puts the phone on desk he picks it up again he looks the time on it, it's the same time as on his computer he has an expression on his face where nothing is right he gets up from his chair he walks to his roommates room

INT.-THE AREA BETWEEN HIS ROOM AND HIS ROOMATES ROOM-COUTNOUS
He opens his roommate's door he turns on the light he sees nothing he walks into the room

INT.-HIS ROOMMATES ROOM- COUTNOUS

He looks around the room he looks around the bed

His roommate

What the fuck do you think you are doing?

The main character looks up from the bed he sees his roommate in the doorway

The main character

When did you get home?

His roommate

I've been home

The main character

No you've haven't

His roommate

Yes I have sleeping on the couch

The main character

You never sleep on the couch

His roommate

Yes I do every day after I get off work

The main character

(With a confused look on his face)

Since when?

His roommate

Since junior high now get the fuck out of my room

The main character walks out the room

INT.-OUTSIDE OF HIS ROOMMATES ROOM-

His roommate turns to him

His roommate

You know you are not allowed in my room

The main character
I know that

His roommate
Then why were you in there

The main character
I heard a noise

his roommate just walks into the room without saying a word the main character sees the light the door close without his roommate closing the door he looks down on the floor he sees the light off underneath his roommates door looks towards the living room he sees nothing that suggest his roommate has been home he walks in the living room

INT.-THE LIVING ROOM-

He looks around doesn't see his roommates keys, his backpack he is puzzled of what's going on he looks up at the clock he sees an evil face smiling at him in it he looks out the window he is nothing that could create the face he looks back at the clock the face is gone he walks back into his room

INT.-HIS ROOM-

He sits down to finish his homework he looks down at his computer where the taskbar is pure black

The main character
What the fuck is going on?!!

He suddenly feels like someone is watching him from the bathroom he turns around in his chair he looks at the bathroom he sees something not right deep in the tiles he gets up he walks a bit closer to see the tiles he sees some of the tiles have really distorted reflections like the tiles are really messed up he walks to the bathroom he turns the light on everything is fine he turns the lights back off tiles are normal he goes back into his room he sits down he looks at his computer everything is normal he hears the door unlock he hears his roommate walk in

His roommate
(o.s.)
Hi Chester

Chester gets up from his chair he walks out of the room

INT.-THE LIVING ROOM-COUTNOUS

Chester sees his roommate put his stuff down

Chester
You now just got home?

His roommate
Of course this is time I always get home

Chester looks at the clock quickly his roommate goes in the kitchen to get something to drink

INT.-THE KITCHEN- COUTNOUS

His roommate
(Looking in the fridge)
Oh do you know what happened at school today?

Chester
No what happened?His roommate
(Getting juice out of the fridge)

Mr. Robinson got into a fight with Chris

Chester
How come?

His roommate
(Getting a cup out of the cabinet)
Because mr.robinson is a douche bag also Chris is just a pure asshole

Chester
That's true, how was work?

His roommate
(Pouring juice in a cup)

It sucks

Chester

Why?

His roommate

Because Mrs. Ann almost made me late

Chester

What a bitch

His roommate

I know

His roommate takes a drink out of the cup he puts it down on the cabinet he walks out the kitchen

INT.-THE LIVING ROOM-COUTNOUS-

He walks towards his room Chester follows him his roommate stops he turns to Chester

His roommate

We both shall die in hell tonight

Chester

What?

His roommate

I didn't say anything

Chester

Yes you did

His roommate

What did I say?

Chester

You said we both shall die in hell tonight

His roommate

I did not say that are you on drugs again?

Chester

No I've been clean since we started high school

His roommate

Well anyway I'm going to bed

They both walk to their rooms

INT.-THE AREA BETWEEN CHESTERS ROOM AND HIS ROOMMATES ROOM-
COUTNOUS

His roommates open his door up he goes into room he closes the door

INT.-CHESTERS ROOM- COUTNOUS

Chester walks into his room he sits down at his computer he doesn't notice it at first there's a painting of a ripped apart severed green hand touching a door bell he turns around the painting is gone he is thinking to himself he got rid of that painting a long time ago he turns back around he looks down on his computer looks at the time he realizes it's getting late he gets up from his chair

INT.-THE KITCHEN

Chester walks his room he walks towards the kitchen he sees his roommate at the table eating he stops his roommate looks at him

His roommate

Who are you?

Chester

Oh no this can't be happening

His roommate

What do you mean by that?

Chester

You are not really here

His roommate

Yes I am this is the place I live

Chester

This can't really be happening

His roommate

That's because I don't know who you are

Chester

You are just a warning about what's to come

His roommate

Are you on drugs kid if you are get the fuck out?

Chester

You're a demon aren't you?

His roommate

Look behind you

Chester looks behind him he sees his roommate's door closed he looks back at table no one is there

Chester

(To himself)

This can't be the night

he walks to the cabinets he opens one to get a cup out he walks to the sink he puts water his cup he drinks it he puts the cup down he feels trapped he looks up he sees there is a wall where the entrance of living room is it the same color as the wall facing the living room

Chester

What did I do to deserve this?

He turns around he sees the

He turns around he sees the wall is very pinkish-red he also that part of the kitchen is a bit smaller

Chester

Why me?

He hears all the doors open and shut very quickly he looks the other way there is no wall he turns the light off

INT.-THE AREA BETWEEN CHESTERS ROOM AND HIS ROOMATES ROOM
Before he walks into his room he listens and looks around for anything else that is horrifying he walks into his room he closes the door

INT.-CHESTERS ROOM
He turns the light off he sits down at his computer he turns the music off he looks up his cousins name he clicks on the first link that reads: 2005 high school party turns unexplainable

INT.-HIS ROOMATES ROOM
The closet near his TV opens up a woman in a cape walks out of it towards his roommate

CUT TO:

INT.-THE HALLWAY-OUTSIDE OF THE APARTMENT
The lights go out thousands of people scream in terror a red glow appears in the back fog shoots out from the doorway covering the floor the floor drops out as the fog roams a man walks up from the where the floor dropped out as he does this the glow gets brighter revealing this man is the hell lord he is wearing a black bondage shirt with the sleeves cut off with black pants, black boots his face has sharp blades stuck in it his skin is pure bleached white he is carrying a blue bright cube he puts his hands together the cube shoots out of his hands.

INT.-CHESTERS ROOM
He gets up he walks to his door he opens it

INT.-THE AREA BETWEEN CHESTERS ROOM AND HIS ROOMATES ROOM
He knocks on his roommate's door

The woman in the cape (o.s.)
Come in

He opens the door he sees her near his roommate rubbing his
roommates forehead

Chester
Who are you?

The woman in the cape
I'm here to take care of him he is not feeling good

Chester
Where did you come from?

The woman in the cape
I'll just say this I escaped from death

Chester
Wait I know your voice

The woman in the cape
You do?

Chester
Yeah your voice was heard on the recordings on night of that
high school party

The woman in the cape
You better close the door

Chester
Why?

The woman in the cape
Just trust me you don't want to know please close the door

Chester
Ok

He closes the door he turns back to his room he sees the light
from his computer is brighter

INT.-CHESTERS ROOM

He walks in he sees an blood stained envelope and a neckless
with something that looks like a magnify glass he picks the
envelope as he does this the ancient ones hand with a burning
wrist grabs him from under his bed he hits the floor screaming
he pulled under his bed

INT.-HELL

Chester sees pure darkness around he starts to spin fast he
looks down he sees a red burning lake he suddenly drops into the
lake he sees a large circler dark lit cave he falls further into
the cave

An evil voice
Welcome Chester

Chester
Who are you?

The evil voice
(As everything lights up red)
All your friends have told you about me

Chester
No it can't be

He floats towards a cliff with black covering the top of it

Chester
So you are you?

The evil voice
Go ahead and say it

Chester
(Floating towards the black)
The devil

The devil
That's right

Chester

What is this place?

The devil

Well isn't it obvious you in hell

Chester

But I don't believe in any of this

The devil

So in your disbelief isn't doesn't matter if you believe in this or not the real hell is on earth which I will make you believe in more

Chester

How come I'm in here?

The devil

It's your time to pay the price that's on your head

Chester

What price on my head?

The devil

Well it's your night of terror

Chester

I have never done anything really exstreame and I gave up the drugs years ago. And I don't belive in you

The devils eyes glow red through the black

The devil

Wrong you just don't you admit what you

Chester

Who?

The devil

Someone yesterday that gave you rent money to pay that rent with but you didn't

Chester

What do you want from him?

The devil

Oh nothing he doesn't matter right now tonight if you pass all the trials that begins tonight you and him will be set free and I will stay out of your life

Chester

What did do to deserve this that so bad?

The devil brings out his hand out of the darkness on his arm has like sleeve covering it with slight triangle at the wrist
Chester floats close to his hand

The devil

(As touching Chester's chin)

In first grade you killed a rabbit and told no one about it after that things you've done that brought you down here

Chester

What happens if I don't pass these trials?

The devil

Then you and your roommate die in my domain

Chester

Are you trying to make a deal with me?

The devil

No I just interfere when people have done very bad things I want you to face your fears

A flame hits Chester's chest the ring of fire transforms into a pool of black liquid

The devil

Good luck

Chester drops into the liquid the devil laughs

EXT.-PARK

He is launched out of the river that goes through the park the water throws him on the grass he gets he turns around and sees a circle of people in black hoods

Chester

Oh no its one of the cults, this is bad. I wonder if they have something to with whats going on?

The cult breaks up the circle they all look towards him, he is frozen with fear. One of the cult members walks closer to the river and signals him to come closer. He begins to walk towards the cult member he turns around he sees three people

Person #1

What are you doing here at this time of night?

Chester

(His voice sounding echoing and hollow)

I was.....dont you see the cult?

Person #2

Do you have a problem with your speech or something and what cult?

Chester

The cult that is on the other side

Person #3

What cult? you might want to look under the bench

Chester

Why?

Person #3

Just trust me

He looks under the bench and sees a giant crab the size of his torso he quickly moves from the bench and looks around for the three people he looks down at the crab it walks towards the front of the bench and he sees it's not really a crab its lots

of worms crawling all around a dead bloody crab he closes his eyes and says: to himself this can't be real he opens his eyes back up and sees the crab there but dead with no worms he notices there is hardly any sound he looks down at his watch it reads: 1:30am he hears the sound of plastic being ripped apart he looks up and sees a man wrapped in green saran wrap with his behind his back the man bends his head the top of his explodes blood sprays everywhere Chester pushes the man he runs out the other way he runs towards a community center he stops at a sign it reads: meadows park. He sees a hooded man walk up to him the man spins around really fast the man the man stops spinning the man isn't a man anymore the man has transformed into what looks like the grim reaper that can fly Chester runs across the park as the entity chases after him he trips as he does he closes his eyes.

He opens his eyes he looks to see if there anything he has encounter is near him at all. He checks out the play ground he hears something moving in front of him he looks up and sees a large cloud of fog the fog wraps around the playground a large dark red dragon emerges from the fog, Chester cant believe what he is seeing the dragon hovers up the play ground Chester turns around and runs

horror. You're stacking creepy moments back-to-back with no breaks – the **cult**, the **illusion of normal people**, the **worm-filled crab**, the **saran-wrapped man**, the **Grim Reaper transformation**, and now a **dark red dragon rising from the fog**? It's like Chester is stuck

when he gets up and looks around he sees the cult hes a wooden figure walk out of the drakness on the left. the woonden figure takes off its head and screams. he the cult on the other side of the park and he sees the hat man standing about two feet away from the cult with his red glowing eyes and also he sees the grey ghost who is a ghost covered in a grey sheet walking on the basketball court

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Chester slowly lifts his head off the ground, still shaking from the dragon. His breath is ragged. His hands dig into the grass. He blinks, trying to refocus.

He looks around.

The **cult** is still there – silent and watching from the shadows at the far end of the park.

Then, from the **left**, something moves – slowly, unnaturally.

A **wooden figure** walks out of the darkness. It moves like a mannequin, stiff, twitchy. Its body creaks like old floorboards with every step.

It stops. Lifts its hands to its neck.

With one slow pull, the wooden figure **removes its head** – and lets out a **high-pitched, shrieking scream** that doesn't sound human at all. It's like a broken siren fused with a child's cry.

Chester covers his ears, stumbling backward.

Then he turns his head –

He sees the **cult** again, standing like statues on the other side of the park, still watching.

About two feet in front of them, partially obscured by fog, stands a **tall figure** wearing a black wide-brimmed hat.

The **Hat Man**.

His eyes glow a **deep red**, not blinking, burning like coals in the dark. He doesn't move. Just watches.

And then – off to the right –

On the **basketball court**, a **ghostly figure** moves slowly across the concrete.

*The **Grey Ghost**. A full white shape beneath a tattered **grey sheet**, dragging across the court with no feet visible. The way it moves makes no sound – just wind.*

Chester looks between them. Cult. Hat Man. Grey Ghost. Wooden screamer.

All surrounding him.

EXT. PARK – NIGHT

Chester is launched out of the river, coughing and gasping. The water hurls him onto the muddy grass. Soaked, trembling, he wipes his face and tries to breathe.

He turns—and freezes.

A circle of figures in black hoods stands beneath a flickering streetlamp, like shadows that forgot to disappear.

CHESTER

Oh no... it's one of the cults. This is bad.

(beat)

Do they have something to do with what's going on?

The cult breaks formation—jerky, insect-like. Then, all at once, they turn their heads to face him.

Chester doesn't move. Doesn't blink.

One cultist steps forward, raises a hand, and beckons.

Chester hesitantly steps—

VOICE (O.S.)

What are you doing here at this time of night?

Chester jumps. Turns. Three people stand a few feet away under a tree. Normal. Friendly even. But too calm.

CHESTER

(distorted voice, echoing)
I was... Don't you see the cult?

PERSON #2

Do you have a problem with your speech
or something? What cult?

CHESTER

The cult... right there. On the other
side!

He turns to point.

Nothing. Just the empty lamp. The cult is gone.

PERSON #3

What cult?

(beat)
You might want to look under the bench.

CHESTER

Why?

PERSON #3

Just trust me.

Chester crouches. Peers beneath the bench.

A massive crab-torso-sized-clutches the dirt. Its shell is cracked and oozing. Worms crawl in and out of the openings like it's breathing through its wounds.

CHESTER

(to himself)
This can't be real...

He shuts his eyes. Breathes. Opens them.

The crab is still now. Dead. No worms. Just a normal, rotting crustacean.

He looks up.

The three people are gone.

The park is dead silent. No wind. No crickets. Not even distant traffic.

He checks his watch. 1:30 AM.

A sharp plastic-tearing sound splits the silence.

He whirls around—

A man wrapped in green saran wrap stands twitching in the field. His arms are bound behind his back. His body convulses like he's glitching out of reality.

The man's head jerks upward—

SPLAT! *His skull explodes. Blood showers into the air like a firework from hell.*

Chester screams. Shoves the body aside. Runs.

He tears through the fog, chest pounding.

Up ahead, a sign glows through the mist:

"MEADOWS PARK COMMUNITY CENTER"

He stumbles to a stop. Gasping. Trying to make sense of it all.

A hooded figure steps out of the darkness. Calm. Too calm. He starts spinning. Slowly. Then faster. Unnaturally fast. Like he's being twisted out of existence.

Chester doesn't wait.

He bolts.

The fog thickens.

His foot catches on a root—

THUD.

Face full of dirt. Grass in his teeth.

His eyes shut for just a second.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Chester opens his eyes.

He's near the playground now. Swings creak softly, untouched.

Something shifts in the air.

*Fog slithers like a creature over the jungle gym. Wrapping it.
Claiming it.*

And then—rising from it like a nightmare—

*A massive, black dragon emerges. Wings unfurling. Its red
glowing eyes lock onto Chester like it's already decided how he
dies.*

CHESTER

Nope.

He bolts.

EXT. LONG STREET NEAR A SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

*Residential homes blur past as Chester sprints for his life. A
school looms in the distance.*

A car comes screaming around the corner—headlights blaze—

Chester dives forward just before it would've hit him—

EXT. PARK - NIGHT (SPREAD LOCATIONS)

*The black dragon explodes out of the fog behind him. It roars—
raw and guttural—tearing into the sky with fire and fury.*

As Chester runs—

He glimpses them:

*A wooden figure standing near the swings. Still as a statue.
Watching.*

*The grey ghost floats silently above the picnic area. Its mouth
stretched wide in a scream you can't hear.*

*Another hooded cultist peeking out from behind a bathroom
building... but its legs bend backwards.*

They're everywhere.

Chester doesn't stop.

He runs like it's the only thing keeping him alive..

INT. HIS ROOMMATE'S ROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT

—And crashes through an invisible wall.

He lands *hard* on his roommate's bed. Dazed. Soaked in sweat.

But something's wrong.

The room is **pure white** — floor to ceiling. Too clean. Too empty.

He stumbles to the window. Opens the blinds.

Just inches away: a **white brick wall** covered in *vile graffiti*:

"FUCK YOU." "I HATE YOU." "PIG." "666."

He shivers — the room turns *ice cold*.

He wraps the blanket around himself, sees a **laptop** on the bed.
He grabs it instinctively and walks to the door, hoping for
answers.

INT. STRANGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He opens the door.

No apartment. Just a narrow white corridor stretching endlessly forward.

He walks. Another hallway branches off to the left. He follows it.

A **single door** waits at the end.

He opens it—

INT. ROOM WITH THREE DOORS - CONTINUOUS

Three identical doors. No signs. No logic. No help.

Then—

A **1940s phone rings**. Loud. Jarring.

He looks around. No phone in sight. The ringing comes from the wall on his right.

Click. A small compartment opens. A rotary phone stares at him.

He picks it up.

CHESTER

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

The painting is ruined. She is dead.

The hounds of hell are coming for you.

Get to the police station.

Click. The line goes dead.

Chester stares, unsettled.

CHESTER

Yeah... okay.

He turns back to the doors.

Picks the middle one.

Opens it—

A giant four-armed clown steps out, grinning from ear to ear.

The clown *throws a knife* between Chester's hands with surgical precision.

Chester dives left, opens the nearest door and hurls himself inside—

INT. GIANT WHITE VENT - CONTINUOUS

He's sucked into a **massive white vent**, sliding down it like a waterpark gone evil.

He twists — spins — slams against the sides —
Then is **launched out** the other end—

INT. CAVE - NIGHTMARE REALM - CONTINUOUS

THUD.

He crashes into a **pool of blood**, deep
in a dimly lit cavern.

He gasps, pulls himself up, red dripping from his hair and shirt.

The cave is massive. Silent. But not empty.

He looks up.

Bat-like humanoid creatures hang from the ceiling — dozens of them — eyeless, pale, folded into themselves like cursed origami.

They twitch.

They *drop*.

Screeching.

CHESTER

Come on, man. Come *on*.

They descend like a swarm. Chester turns to run—

But the **ground erupts** beneath him, launching him into the air—

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He *slams* into the carpet of his living room.

He coughs. Shakes. Covered in blood and sweat. He blinks.

The thermostat is back. The couch. The lamp. Normal.

Almost.

He looks at the **vent above the TV** — *it's dripping red.*

The TV turns on.

Black screen.

Red text types itself:

"TRIAL ONE COMPLETE."

"TWO REMAIN."

Chester stares. Breathing heavy.

CHESTER

(laughs bitterly)

Awesome. Just... awesome.

He looks toward the hallway.

It's back to normal.

But *he knows better now.*

This apartment is lying to him.

Everything is a test.

And he's only survived the *first one.*

*Instead of the street, Chester is suddenly **smashed through a wall**, landing hard on a bed — his **roommate's bed.***

*He groans and sits up. Everything is wrong. The room is **pure white** – floor, walls, ceiling.*

*He stumbles to the window. Opens the blinds. He sees a **white brick wall** right outside with hateful words scribbled all over it:*

"FUCK YOU." "I HATE YOU." "SLUT." "PIG." "666."

The room turns ice cold. He grabs the blanket off the bed. Sees his roommate's laptop. Takes it.

Walks to the door. Turns the knob. Opens it slowly.

INT. AREA BETWEEN ROOMS – CONTINUOUS

*Everything in the apartment is white. The same **white brick wall** is visible out the living room window.*

SURREAL ROOM – UNKNOWN

Chester watches, paralyzed, as the white-skinned man RE-EMERGES from the floor... now pulling something with him.

TWO WHITE LEGS rise from the floor, attached to a FEMALE FORM identical in color and strange energy.

The figures begin a bizarre, inhuman display:

The man FLOATS upside-down, feet skyward, spinning like a top with his HEAD against the floor.

The woman suddenly appears LAID OUT on a BED that wasn't there before, gazing up at nothing.

A SNAP—and she's gone. The man is now BACK AGAINST THE WALL, motionless.

A BLINK—and she's seen SNEAKING PAST him, as if they're trapped in a never-ending loop of strange rituals.

Chester breathes heavily, shaking his head, trying to make sense of it.

CHESTER

What the actual hell is this...?

The scene shifts again—

The woman and the man now move in unison, CRAWLING ON ALL FOURS, their hands dragging across the floor, heads twitching side to side. They pass by a wall that now bears a TREE WITH A SLIT DOWN THE CENTER, like it's been cut open.

The figures vanish into the slit.

He RUNS toward the wall with the tree. As he SLAMS into it— ok after this scene he is back in his apartment he quickly turns on all the lights though in his roommates room everything is gone also in his room the window is on the wrong side his bed is flipped upside down on the ceiling and his tv is stuck in the floor though everything else is normal he walks into the living room he hears the shower turn on he looks in the bathroom there is no one there. the shower turns off he hears the water moving he turns off the light and closes the door he turns around and sees his room disappear and reappears for about 3 mins he walks carefully in the living room all the furniture vanishes then appears randomly all the lights go out he hears different growls and howls he sees two glowing green eyes on at a lower angle from him he says what the fuck are you? the eyes jump over to the right he hears a loud growl all the lights go back on the eyes are gone everything is a frosty white he looks towards the window he sees a huge white fog he hears something crack he looks down the floor cracks like ice he falls as it cracks as he falls. its just a repeated a pattern of the walls and the window as he falls he keeps falling untill he hits the floor in his apartment he falls a sleep, he wakes up he with a sound of a chainsaw coming from the hallway

INT. THE SURREAL ROOM - UNKNOWN

Chester watches, frozen in place.

*The white-skinned man **re-emerges** from the floor — but this time, he's **not alone**.*

TWO WHITE LEGS rise next. They belong to a **female form**, matching the man in color, stillness, and eerie presence.

They begin a **bizarre, unholy ritual** of movements.

The man FLOATS upside-down, his **feet skyward**, his **head on the floor**, spinning like a top. His body doesn't obey gravity.

The woman is suddenly **laid out on a bed** that wasn't there before, her eyes staring straight up, unblinking. Emotionless.

A SNAP — and she's gone.

The man is now against the wall, arms to his sides, **motionless**.

A BLINK — and the woman is seen **sneaking past him**, both of them caught in a loop of **silent, unsettling ritual**.

Chester stands there, breathing hard, trying to hold it together.

CHESTER

What the actual hell is this...?

The scene **shifts** again—

The man and woman now **crawl on all fours**, hands dragging across the floor, heads **twitching side to side** like glitching animatronics.

They pass by a wall, now etched with a **tree**, and a **long slit** down its middle like it's been cut open.

The two figures **vanish into the slit**.

Chester steps back, horrified.

CHESTER (snapping)

Nope. I'm out.

He **runs straight toward the tree wall** and SLAMS into it—

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chester GASPS as he stumbles back into his apartment.

*He immediately flips on all the **lights**—every switch he can find.*

*But something is off. **Very off.***

INT. ROOMMATE'S ROOM

Chester opens the door to his roommate's room.

*It's **empty**. Everything is gone.*

No bed.

No TV.

No rug.

*Just **walls and silence.***

INT. CHESTER'S ROOM

*He walks into his own room—and **freezes.***

*His **window is on the wrong side.***

*His **bed is flipped upside down**, bolted to the ceiling.*

*His **TV is embedded in the floor**, screen still flickering faintly.*

Everything else? Normal. Perfectly normal.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

*Chester hears the **shower turn on.***

He walks toward the sound.

Opens the bathroom door.

No one is there.

*The shower suddenly **turns off** on its own.*

*He hears water **sloshing**, like something is still moving.*

*He slowly **reaches for the light.***

Clicks it off.

Closes the door.

He turns—

*His **room disappears.***

Then reappears.

Then disappears again.

*The apartment glitches for a full **three minutes**, flickering in and out like a broken simulation.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chester carefully walks into the living room.

*Suddenly — ALL THE FURNITURE **VANISHES.***

*Then — it **reappears**, in **random places.***

A chair is on the wall.

The couch is upside down.

The TV is half melted into the window.

*Then — **darkness.***

Every light goes out. Total blackout.

He hears GROWLS. HOWLS. Whispering.

*Then — two **glowing green eyes** appear at a low angle. Watching him. Unmoving.*

CHESTER

What the fuck are you...?

*The eyes **jump instantly** to the right.*

A guttural GROWL echoes across the room.

*The lights **flicker back on.***

The eyes are gone.

*Everything is now **frosty white.***

*The room looks like it's been trapped in **ice.****

Chester looks to the window—

*A **massive white fog** swirls outside. Silent. Cold.*

CRACK.

He looks down.

*The **floor is cracking beneath his feet** like ice on a frozen lake.*

It gives out—

*Chester **plummets through** layers of his apartment repeating over and over—*

Walls.

Windows.

Walls.

Windows.

Walls.

Windows.

*He falls **endlessly**, until—*

INT. APARTMENT FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

*—he **SLAMS** into the floor of his apartment with a bone-rattling thud.*

He doesn't get up. He just lies there.

Exhausted.

Broken.

His eyes slowly close.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

*Chester is jolted awake by the **sound of a chainsaw—***

*coming from the **hallway.***

Close.

*Too close.**

he gets up he opens the door and he sees a man wearing nothing but a raincoat chasing a woman down the hallway with a chainsaw

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The roaring sound of the **chainsaw** buzzes through the air like a mechanical scream.

Chester, eyes wide and heart pounding, **gets up** from the floor and stumbles toward his door. He **throws it open**.

The hallway outside is dim, flickering with that same **sick yellow light** you see in dreams you can't wake up from.

Then—he sees it.

A **man**—completely **naked except for a soaked yellow raincoat**, drenched, skin glistening, hair wild—

—**is chasing a screaming woman** down the hallway with a **revving chainsaw** in both hands.

The woman runs barefoot, wearing what looks like a hospital gown. She turns a corner and vanishes. The man chases after her, laughing like it's a game.

The chainsaw's roar fades as they disappear down the corridor.

Chester stands in his doorway, completely still, mouth half open.

CHESTER (whispers)

What the fuck is this place?

A beat of silence.

Then the hallway light **flickers** again.

Something **scuttles across the ceiling**, just barely out of view.

Chester SLAMS his door shut. Locks it.

Leans his back against it. Heart pounding.

make that scene connect with this iNT.-THE HALLWAY- He walks in the hallway he looks right and left, everything looks normal.

INT. APARTMENT - DOORWAY - NIGHT

The sound of a **chainsaw** buzzes louder and louder.

Chester, still shaken from falling into the apartment, **forces himself up**. He **opens the door** to the hallway, and what he sees makes his stomach twist.

A **man**, wearing **nothing but a soaked yellow raincoat**, is **chasing a woman** down the hallway with a roaring **chainsaw**, his bare feet slapping against the tile.

The woman is in a hospital gown, screaming, arms flailing as she turns a corner and vanishes.

The man's face is hidden by tangled hair, his mouth wide open in sick joy as he follows her, the chainsaw dragging sparks against the wall.

The chainsaw noise fades as they disappear down the corridor.

Chester stands in the open doorway, stunned.

And then—

Everything changes.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The hallway resets — **completely normal** now. No chainsaw. No blood. No woman. No raincoat man.

Chester steps out slowly.

He looks **right**, then **left**. Nothing. Empty hallway. Light hums from above.

He glances down at the floor – clean.

Then – he turns around.

*His apartment door is now **fully rebuilt**, as if nothing ever happened.*

*A **voice** cuts the silence.*

MAN (O.S.)

Ten to fifteen years... they were gonna
lock me in a 4-by-3 cell. But they let
me out. Ten years for good behavior.

Chester turns his head left.

*A **man leans against the wall**, lighting a cigar. His face is
tired, dark bags under his eyes, wearing a plain brown jacket.*

CHESTER

Do I know you?

THE MAN (cigar in mouth)

Don't you remember me?

CHESTER

I don't know who you are.

THE MAN

Yes you do.

I went to prison because of **you**.

CHESTER

I'm in high school. I've never been
involved with the system at all.

THE MAN

Don't fuck with me.

You sent me to hell, you stupid shit.

CHESTER

Sorry, sir... but you've got me mistaken
for someone else.

THE MAN

Don't play dumb with me, you stupid
fuck!

*The man grips the handle of a **knife** tucked into his belt.*

THE MAN

Maybe this'll jog your memory.

He pulls the knife and steps forward.

CHESTER

Sir... please. Just put that down.

The man pauses. Smirks.

THE MAN

Maybe you're right.
Maybe you're not the one I thought you
were.

Chester slowly turns and starts walking down the hall.

THE MAN

No... I'm wrong.
I got the right person.

*He throws the knife – Chester ducks, but it grazes his **left shoulder**, slicing through his shirt.*

The knife clatters to the floor.

The man begins walking toward him. Calm. Steady.

*Chester **bangs on a nearby door**. A woman opens it – terrified.*

*The man picks up the knife. **Pulls out a 9mm**.*

THE MAN

Ma'am, close the door.
If you call the cops, I'll blow your
fucking brains out.
Give me all your goddamn phones. Now.

The woman, trembling, hands him her cell phone.

THE MAN

Is this your only phone?

She nods.

THE MAN

Good.

Now die.

He pulls the trigger.

She's shot in the forehead.

Drops. Dead.

CHESTER

She was innocent!

THE MAN (coldly)

No one is innocent.

He turns the gun to Chester.

THE MAN

Now get up.

Chester stands slowly, blood from his shoulder soaking into his shirt.

CHESTER

What do you want from me?

THE MAN

I want you to suffer like I did.

CHESTER

Seriously... I don't know who you are.

I've never seen you before.

THE MAN

Maybe you remember my name.

CHESTER

What's your name?

THE MAN

Max Bickle.

CHESTER

Never heard of you.

MAX

Really?

Do you remember this?

*Max lifts up his left sleeve – a tattoo of a **king's crown** on his arm.*

CHESTER

No. You've got the wrong person.

Max stares at him. Beat.

MAX

Come to think of it... I do.

*Max backs up, confused. Chester notices a **dark shape of a man on the door** behind Max.*

MAX

Y'know what? I'm sorry.

I got kicked in the head by my dad when

I was six. Sometimes I mix up faces.

CHESTER

It's okay. Just put the gun away, man.

Relax.

MAX (calmly)

Before I do that...

Do you know any women that want to be raped?

CHESTER (disgusted)

I'm sorry... what?

MAX

There's a lot of bitches that **want** it.

I used to rape girls all the time.
They **loved** it.

CHESTER

I... I wouldn't know anything about
that.

Max looks to his left.

MAX

What are you three looking at?

Chester turns.

Three **cult members** stand silently in the hallway.

CHESTER

What do you want from me?

MAX

I'll take care of them for you.

CHESTER

No... I got this.

Chester walks toward the cult members.

CHESTER

What do you want from me?
Just tell me.

One cult member raises a hand... then lowers it.

CHESTER

What did you just do?
Because I don't feel anything.

MAX (raising his gun)

Fuck this.

Max fires.

All three cult members drop.

CHESTER

Why did you do that!?

MAX

Because these are wannabe
motherfuckers.

This ain't no real cult.

CHESTER

They are a real cult.

MAX

No.

Real cults are in prison. These...
these are some—

CHESTER

Some what?

*Suddenly, the three cult members **rise**.*

Unharmmed.

Eyes glowing dark.

Max steps back, his hands shaking.

COP #1 (O.S.)

Max!

Chester turns.

Three police officers are standing behind him.

*Max's face **begins to split apart**.*

Yellow claws burst from inside his skull.

His head **rips in half** as a **massive creature** explodes from his
body.

*A **yellowish, mutated bug with red spots, legs like a crab**, the
body of a **spider-grasshopper hybrid**, and a mouth that drips
black tar.*

*The creature **ROARS** and charges.*

The cops pull their guns—

—Too late.

The creature slices them in half.

Limbs fly. Screams echo.

CHESTER (screaming)

I RENOUNCE EVERYTHING!!

Suddenly – silence.

The cops are gone.

The creature is gone.

The cult members are gone.

Chester is left standing alone in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

Chester is alone. Breathing hard. The hallway is silent after the chaos – no creature, no blood, no cops, no cult.

*A soft **click** behind him – a door opens.*

HIS ROOMMATE (O.S.)

What are you doing out here?

Chester turns around slowly.

His **roommate** stands in the doorway of their apartment.

Expression calm. Voice neutral.

HIS ROOMMATE

Come in.

Chester walks slowly to the door, cautious like a man about to step into a trap.

CHESTER

Are you... him?

HIS ROOMMATE

What are you talking about?

Just get in the place.

Chester steps inside.

His roommate shuts the door behind him.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The apartment looks... normal.

Too normal.

Lights on. TV glowing faintly.

Chester closes the door behind him.

HIS ROOMMATE

Do you want to have dinner with me?

Chester stops in his tracks. That's a sentence his roommate has never said to him - ever.

CHESTER

Why are you asking me that?

HIS ROOMMATE

Because I'm going to make dinner.

CHESTER

Okay, demon.

Whatever you want to do to me, go ahead.

HIS ROOMMATE

I'm not a demon.

Are you high?

CHESTER

No, I'm not.

I'm trying to test the devil.

HIS ROOMMATE (laughs slightly)

Really? The devil?

That's a myth the cult worships.

*Chester walks over and **sits down at the table**, eyeing his roommate suspiciously.*

CHESTER

What do you know about the cult?

HIS ROOMMATE

Everyone knows about the cult.

Chester looks over toward the kitchen. His eyes narrow.

CHESTER

Why is the fridge on the other side?

And why is it **green**?

HIS ROOMMATE (without hesitation)

It's always been green.

Are you feeling okay?

*Something's off. The voice. The body language. The normalcy is **too clean**. Too scripted.*

*Chester slowly **gets up** and walks toward the kitchen.*

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The light buzzes faintly overhead.

Chester walks to the fridge.

He opens it.

*It's **completely empty**. No food. No drinks. No shelves. Just hollow green light.*

CHESTER

There's nothing in here.

He closes the fridge slowly... then looks up—

*—**His roommate is gone.***

Completely vanished.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chester steps back into the living room.

It's silent. Still.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

*A sudden, sharp **knock at the door.***

Chester walks to it, cautious.

He opens it. Standing in the doorway is a **well-dressed man** in a fitted suit, polished shoes, clean-shaven.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Get ready. Let's go to the party.
He wants to meet you.

CHESTER

Wait—who are you?
And who wants to meet me?

WELL-DRESSED MAN

You know who I am, Simon.
We talked on the phone.
And **he** really wants to meet you.

CHESTER

I'm not Simon. I'm Chester.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (calmly)

That's not your name.
Did you have memory loss or something?

Chester backs up slightly. Confused.

CHESTER

What year is it?

WELL-DRESSED MAN

2009.

Chester freezes. Eyes wide.

CHESTER (stunned)

I'm... back in time?

*The hallway outside the door has changed. The walls look **newer, cleaner**, like the past is physically real now. Chester slowly steps forward, caught between confusion and fate.*

INT. APARTMENT - DOORWAY - NIGHT

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Get ready. He's waiting to meet you.

CHESTER

Okay...

Chester turns and walks down the hallway toward his bedroom. He opens the door to his room—

INT. CHESTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's not the same room.

There's no computer.

No posters.

No clutter.

*Just a **PlayStation**, an old **TV**, and a **bed** neatly made.*

*He walks to the **closet**, opens it—*

*Inside is a **sharp, formal suit**, already hanging, as if it were waiting for him.*

Chester slowly pulls it out.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

*Chester steps out of his room now **wearing the suit**.*

CHESTER

Seriously... I don't know who Simon is.

And I don't know who you are.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Don't be vague now.

Let's get in my limo and go to the party.

CHESTER (half-shrugging)

Yeah.

The party sounds good.

*Chester **closes the apartment door** behind him.*

*As they walk down the hall, the overhead lights **shift to a dark blue hue**, humming low like old neon.*

EXT. OUTSIDE - NIGHT

*The two exit the building. The city feels **off**-too quiet, streets too empty, air too clean.*

*A **sleek black limo** waits at the curb.*

The well-dressed man opens the door. Chester climbs in.

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

The man knocks on the dark divider window.

*The limo **starts moving** in silence.*

Chester stares out the window, unsure.

CHESTER

I just came along because...
it felt right.

But seriously—I don't know who you are.

Are you the devil? A demon? Part of the cult?

WELL-DRESSED MAN (chuckling)

Devil? Demons? That's hilarious.

And there hasn't been a cult in these parts in over a hundred years.

CHESTER

Then who are you?

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Simon... you know me.

We work together.

We're always waiting for the full moon.

CHESTER

I'm not this Simon.
Somehow, I ended up in this universe
where you think I'm him.
Here's what happened—

Chester leans forward, serious.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I was at home. Doing homework. Waiting
for my roommate to get back.
I went to get something to drink and...
weird things started happening.

Then I saw this **woman in a cape** in my roommate's room.
Then I was dragged into hell.
I met the **devil**—he told me if I didn't pass these trials,
my roommate would be trapped there forever.

Then I was thrown into a park.
Then back to my apartment—except it wasn't my apartment.
It was like a fever dream.

I ran into a guy named Max.

Then... you knocked on my door.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (raises an eyebrow)

Are you doing drugs again, Simon?

CHESTER

I told you.
I'm not Simon.
And I'm not on drugs.

Why don't you believe me?

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Do you have a tattoo? On your left arm?

CHESTER

No.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Huh... You really do look like Simon.
But you're right. You're not him.
He's got the same tattoo I do.
And you...
you don't act like him either.

This is... bizarre.

CHESTER

And I told you about Max.
He's dangerous.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

No, he's not.

CHESTER

I mean the guy I met—he threatened me.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

That's not the Max I know.

CHESTER (sighs)

Well, either way—it doesn't matter.
What matters is:
I don't belong in this universe.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Just... have fun at the party.
Don't act like a douche.
And... I hate that tie.

CHESTER (genuinely confused)

I'm not being a douche.
And what's wrong with the tie?

WELL-DRESSED MAN

To me... it's the wrong color.

CHESTER

I don't care.

When are we getting to this party?

WELL-DRESSED MAN (grinning)

We're almost there.

EXT. GIANT MANSION - NIGHT

A sleek limo pulls up in front of a giant, imposing mansion. The vehicle doors open and the WELL-DRESSED MAN and CHESTER step out.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Let's go in.

They walk toward the mansion.

INT. GIANT MANSION - GRAND HALL -
CONTINUOUS

The pair enter a vast room teeming with elegantly dressed guests. The atmosphere buzzes with anticipation. The Well-Dressed Man scans the room.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Let's find him.

Chester glances around, confused.

CHESTER

Him?

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Yes. He wants to meet you.

They weave through clusters of guests. Suddenly, a MAN with a white, pallid face that resembles a vampire approaches.

WHITE-FACED MAN

(in a chilling tone)

Are you sure this is Simon?

The Well-Dressed Man nods emphatically.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Yes.

The White-Faced Man smirks.

WHITE-FACED MAN

Well then, Simon—shake my hand.

Chester hesitates; he and the Well-Dressed Man exchange a handshake with the White-Faced Man.-----

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

A dim, dusty attic. In a forgotten corner, a corpse suddenly reanimates, its eyes snapping open as it lets out a bloodcurdling scream.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GIANT MANSION - GRAND HALL - NIGHT

The festivities resume. The White-Faced Man steps back to the centre of the hall.

WHITE-FACED MAN

(projecting his voice)

Are you ready, Simon?

Chester, now forced into the role, responds hesitantly.

CHESTER

Ready for what?

The White-Faced Man picks up a glass and taps it sharply. The clink echoes throughout the hall.

WHITE-FACED MAN

(declaring)

Everyone! Everyone, our guest of horror is here!

Boys, bring them out!

Two MEN dressed in grey coats step forward. They haul out two women—one appears to be about 29 years old, the other clearly homeless—toward Chester. As the scene unfolds, Chester looks around in horror, catching sight of a mysterious HAT MAN and a spectral GREY GHOST lingering in the background.

WHITE-FACED MAN

Here we have the whore and the
helpless.

Now, Simon, I'm going to hand you my
[redacted] knife—
and you are going to use it to...

(pauses, sinister)

...rape them both and then kill them so
we can...

INT. GIANT MANSION - GRAND HALL - NIGHT

The WHITE-FACED MAN stands center stage among a throng of masked partygoers. His voice, cold and commanding, rings out:

WHITE-FACED MAN

Eat them, Chester. What?

Chester, visibly shaken, stammers:

CHESTER

Wait a minute—you aren't Simon... I...
I... I'm...

(breaking) I'm trying to save my
roommate from hell!

The White-Faced Man moves in close, his gaze unyielding.

WHITE-FACED MAN

(hissing)

Don't lie to me. You never cared for
your roommate.

You wouldn't care if he died of an
overdose or lost his job.

To you, he's just someone who pays his half the rent.

Chester, desperate yet defiant, replies:

CHESTER

I'm disconnected—that's true—but I do care about him!

The White-Faced Man produces his knife with a flourish.

WHITE-FACED MAN

Don't lie to us.

Chester pushes him away and whirls around—quietly noting that everyone has vanished. His eyes catch movement: the HAT MAN is ascending a staircase. Without a moment's hesitation, Chester follows.

INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chester enters a shadowy room, eerily similar to one he'd seen before. In the sparse gloom, the Hat Man appears again. Chester, emboldened yet trembling, questions him:

CHESTER

Who are you?

The Hat Man remains silent, simply pointing to his right.

CHESTER

(raising his voice)

Can you speak?

The Hat Man points once more to his right. Unsure but compelled, Chester follows the direction and soon finds himself entering a bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the dim light, Chester surveys the room. The Hat Man appears in the bathtub and directs Chester's attention to a mirror. Curious, Chester opens the mirror cabinet to reveal a dark void inside.

CHESTER
(confused)
This doesn't explain anything..

Gesturing wildly, Chester waves his finger up and down at the Hat Man.

CHESTER
What do you want me to do, you fuck?

In a demonic voice reminiscent of Freddy Krueger—scary and distorted—the Hat Man begins to climb onto the sink.

HAT MAN (V.O.)
(in demonic cadence)
You worthless slave...

With a shuddering urgency, the Hat Man crawls into the void. Chester, terrified, scrambles to follow. As he climbs onto the sink, he too begins to crawl into the endless darkness.

INT. THE VOID - CONTINUOUS

In the void, chaos erupts. As Chester falls, a skull-faced BAT swoops down, brandishing a shotgun. Its raspy voice echoes:

Chester, trying to grasp a dropped gun, finds himself struck by the bat. The impact sends him spiraling.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHTMARE STATE - UNKNOWN TIME

THE HAT MAN — a towering figure in a black brimmed hat, his face cloaked in static — looms over Chester, cornering him against the sink.

With no warning, the Hat Man *lunges* forward, *grabbing Chester by the shirt*, and violently **shoves him backward**—

INT. THE VOID - CONTINUOUS

Chester is *falling*.

Endless darkness.

No gravity. No direction. Just the *feeling* of descent, deeper and deeper into something ancient, angry, and alive.

He screams, twisting in midair.

Suddenly — a **SKULL-FACED BAT** swoops past him, wings slicing the void like blades. It screeches —
Its bony hand grips a *rusted shotgun*.

BAT (raspy voice)

You don't *deserve* to land.

It *fires*.

A deafening BLAST — Chester *spins out* in the air, screaming—

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

CRASH.

Chester BURSTS through his apartment door into the hallway, slamming it shut behind him.

Breathing heavily. Terrified.

Behind the door — *BOOM!* A masked killer slams against it.

Chester stumbles backward, eyes wild. He looks down the hallway—

His **sister** stands at the far end, bathed in flickering light.

SISTER

You raped me.

CHESTER

No-what? That's not true. I-

(pauses, voice trembling)

Wait... I didn't. I swear I didn't.

Suddenly - a **knife** appears in his hand.

He tries to drop it.

Too late.

His hand moves on its own.

He *slashes her throat*.

She disappears into ash.

The knife *clatters* to the floor.

Chester stumbles back in horror.

CHESTER

This... this isn't me. I don't even
feel real.

He touches the wall, confused, disoriented.

CHESTER

Where even *am* I?

WHOOSH.

Something metallic *whirs* through the air.

Chester turns - just in time to dodge a **spinning metal sphere**
flying down the hall. It SMASHES into the stairwell wall,
embedding itself like a cannonball.

From behind him, a **menacing voice** growls:

VOICE

Boy...

He whirls around.

A massive **shadow unfurls** from the hallway floor. It grows, stretches, and slowly takes shape – into a **Tall Man**, impossibly old, clad in dark robes, with piercing, hollow eyes.

CHESTER

Who... who are you?

TALL MAN

Don't *fuck* with me.

CHESTER

This isn't right. I don't think I'm really here...

The Tall Man *snaps his arms forward* – and **metal snakes** burst from his sleeves, *hissing and slithering* through the air toward Chester.

Chester runs, frantic, pounding on a nearby apartment door.

CHESTER

Please! Please help me!

The door swings open. A middle-aged man in a bathrobe stares, irritated.

MAN

What the hell-?

CHESTER

There's someone after me. Please, just let me in!

MAN

(getting serious)
Get in here.

Chester rushes inside—grateful—until he sees what's waiting.

INT. STRANGE APARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Nothing.

No furniture.

No walls.

No rooms.

Just an **endless white space**.

CHESTER

What the hell is this place?

No answer.

The door disappears behind him.

He turns in circles – breathing fast – trapped again.

INT. THE VOID – CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, he's falling again.

Back in the **void**, as if the apartment was only a pit stop on the descent.

His scream echoes louder this time. **He's deeper now.**

The **Skull-Faced Bat** swoops back in – this time **closer**.

Chester sees a gun spiraling through the air near him. He GGRGRGreaches for it–

TOO LATE.

The bat slams into him mid-air.

Everything spins. His vision blurs.

He's tossed like a ragdoll into the darkness again–

EXT. GIANT POOL – DAY (FLASH)

Chester plunges into a giant pool of water. The sunlight glints off the surface as he gasps for air. A door slams open at the pool's edge–someone emerging from the water.

He surfaces to see a MAN in a white shirt, wearing sunglasses and sporting grey hair. The man quickly helps him onto the pool ledge.

CHESTER
(gasping)
Thank you...

MAN
(calmly)
You're welcome.

Chester, still disoriented, looks into the man's eyes.

CHESTER
How do you know my name?

MAN
(smiling cryptically)
Why don't you sit down on that chair?
I'll explain.

Chester, apprehensive but curious, sits on a nearby beach chair.

MAN
I'm the Ring Master. I can change
things around in this realm,
when barriers are up, so the Devil
can't touch us.

Chester eyes the man closely.

CHESTER
Hey, you look like the Ring Master.

RING MASTER
(with a wry smile)
I know who I look like—I even got his
scar on the chin.

CHESTER
Are you a demon?

RING MASTER
(laughing softly)
No, I'm what you might call an angel...
sort of.

CHESTER
An angel?

RING MASTER
I was once human until He came and
decided I should work for Him.
I've made a lot of mistakes in my life.

CHESTER
Who is Him?

RING MASTER
The Devil. I was homeless, I murdered,
I dealt drugs.
I was on my way to prison when He found
me—
though I didn't know it was the Devil.

CHESTER
(incredulous)
How did you not know?

RING MASTER
He looked like a normal person.

The sky darkens as Chester glances up; the distance beyond is
turning ominously black.

CHESTER
Look.

RING MASTER
(ominous)
He's coming.
So you need to run—jump in the pool
before something happens.

CHESTER
(desperate)
Are we going to meet again?

RING MASTER
(firmly)
You need to go now.

Chester, without another word, bolts, plunging back into the pool. With a disorienting flip, the world turns upside down.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The water cascades over him. Chester finds himself in his bathtub—everything appears normal. He sits up, exhales shakily, and steps out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT-

Chester hears the TV humming. He opens the door to his room—everything seems exactly as before. He changes his clothes and leaves his room, but an uneasy feeling clings to him.

In the living room, he spots his ROOMMATE at the kitchen table.

CHESTER
Are you real?

ROOMMATE
(monotone)
Yes.

CHESTER
(pressing)
Are you, you?

ROOMMATE
Yes, what's going on with you?

CHESTER
(wearily)

I had a nightmare...

ROOMMATE

Everything is green... pink... blue...
everything is 0, everything is 1...

CHESTER

What the hell are you talking about?

The Roommate falls silent. Chester examines him—his roommate has become nothing more than a cardboard cutout.

CHESTER

(resolute)

I have to find the cult. They can stop
this nightmare.

Chester turns around and notices the living room has transformed into a giant cardboard wall. He tentatively touches it—it feels just like cardboard.

CHESTER

This is beyond possible. Am I in my
world or somewhere else?
Is this real? Am I real?

He takes a deep breath.

CHESTER

Get a grip. A supernatural being is
doing this—
just wait until something happens.
Don't yell
or anything... because you don't.

He kneels, touches the floor.

CHESTER

This is real tile.

He scans the room: the cabinets, the tables—everything is gone. The walls and ceiling have turned into cold, unyielding tile.

CHESTER

What the fuck is going on?

This isn't supernatural... this is just weird.

Before he can process further, a massive rush of water surges in, pulling him back into an abyss. He floats and resurfaces in the shadowed black void.

INT. THE VOID - CONTINUOUS

The air ripples like heatwaves in pitch black.

Echoing footsteps circle Chester. He turns, trying to lock onto them—but there's nothing. Just darkness pressing in.

Then—

A flicker. A giggle.

WHAM!

A DEMONIC KID slams into him—a grotesque parody of a children's puppet, face twisted in a perma-smile stitched too tight, eyes wide and glassy.

It snarls and lunges, mouth stretching open like a torn sock puppet from hell.

Chester wrestles it, and they tumble down—

SPLASH.

They're submerged. No sound. No light. Just pressure and panic.

The kid claws at him underwater—

Kick. Kick.

Chester grabs it by the throat, pulling it deeper.

Then—he surfaces—

INT. DARK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chester bursts through the surface of a still pool. He's not in the void anymore.

Across the water stands an OLD MAN. Pale. Soggy. Eyes hollow like he's already drowned.

The man speaks slowly, voice dripping with certainty:

OLD MAN

The lambs have passed the killing
floor...
The whores will die...
Everything will be cleansed...
And don't trust *him*.

CHESTER

(confused)
What are you talking about?

The old man steps closer, never touching the water.

OLD MAN

Don't trust the devil.
And the whores... are you and your
roommate.

Chester's breath catches.

CHESTER

What are you trying to say?

OLD MAN

I'm trying to save your life.

CHESTER

How?

OLD MAN

Listen to my words again.
You and your roommate are going to die.
Don't trust the devil.

CHESTER

So... if I *don't* trust the devil, I *don't*
die?

The old man's mouth cracks into something resembling a smile—but
it doesn't reach his eyes.

OLD MAN

Well... everyone dies.
Just try to avoid the devil.

He fades like mist in sunlight.

INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chester turns—

*A massive painting looms on the wall again. But this time... the
fire moves.*

*A man and woman—burning alive, reaching out in agony, skin
melting into ash.*

A woman tied in ritualistic sticks—her mouth open mid-scream.

*A half-buried corpse with ribs like jagged teeth, pointed
upward, as if it tried to claw out from hell.*

The flames lick at the canvas.

The woman in ropes turns her head—just a little—toward Chester.

CHESTER

(whispering)
No. No, no, no.

Behind him, a whisper.

VOICE (O.S.)

You've already seen this, Chester.
But you didn't listen.

He turns—

Nothing.

Just his reflection in the water.

Except his reflection *smiles back at him.*

Chester walks toward the painting.

*Behind it—a **white light glows.***

Somehow... he knows to go through it.

He steps forward—into the light—

EXT. FOGGY TOWN - NIGHT

A **decaying, fog-soaked town** surrounds him.

Dead silent. Buildings crumbling.

Empty streets.

A **bus stop** sits ahead.

A faded **map** is posted on the glass.

Chester walks to it.

He scans the map.

The **church** is a mile away.

He looks down—

A **revolver** lies on the ground.

He picks it up. Loaded—**3 bullets.**

*Suddenly, a **hooded figure** sprints behind him.*

Chester spins around—nothing there.

On the map, red letters appear:

GO TO THE HOTEL FIRST BEFORE THE CHURCH.

*Chester searches the area—finds a **lighter** and a **small hook.***

*Then sees a **metal box** chained shut.*

But the chain has no lock.

He removes it. Opens the box.

Inside—more bullets and a **note**:

"Dear Jennifer,

*I'm not the person you think I am.
I have killed. I have molested a kid.
I have done drugs.
I ran away to this place...
because it's where I belong."*

CHESTER (whispers)

Who wrote this?

He reloads the gun. Pockets the note.

*He begins to walk down a foggy path.
Bar signs flicker. Pharmacy windows shattered.
Ghostly **eyes** stare down at him from every building window.*

They never blink. Never move.

*Somewhere...
Something begins **dragging** across pavement.*

A wet, scraping, mechanical sound.

Chester tightens his grip on the gun.

CHESTER

Something's coming...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

CHESTER walks slowly down a dark alley. The buildings loom ominously above him.

To his right, a MAN IN A BLACK COAT struggles with a fire escape ladder.

After several attempts, the ladder slides down. The man jumps, slips, and the ladder comes crashing down.

Chester's eyes widen in horror as the ladder impales the man's head.

A WOMAN WITH LONG WHITE HAIR, dressed entirely in black, approaches Chester.

WOMAN WITH WHITE HAIR

A stranger who is here. Are you the one
from Jennifer?

CHESTER

(confused)

No. Where am I?

WOMAN WITH WHITE HAIR

We don't speak its name.

(looking around anxiously)

Have you seen my daughter?

CHESTER

No, I haven't seen your daughter. I
need to get to the hotel.

WOMAN WITH WHITE HAIR

Go west, then north, and east of the
cross.

Suddenly, an AIR RAID SIREN blares. The buildings around them
begin to warp and twist, the paint bubbling on their surfaces.

WOMAN WITH WHITE HAIR

You better get to the shelter. It's a
block away from here. Hurry! *(terror in
her eyes)*

They are coming.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Chester runs as blood rains from the sky. NIGHTMARISH CREATURES emerge:

People engulfed in flames Lizard-like beings crawling out of the sidewalk and up buildings In the distance, Chester spots a farmhouse with a graveyard. The DEAD rise from their graves.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Chester races toward the farmhouse, dodging the rising dead.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Chester slams the door shut behind him. Complete darkness.

CHESTER'S DREAM - TRUCK - NIGHT

CHESTER'S POV: He's in a truck at night. The DRIVER backs up as people run from their homes. A plane crashes into a nearby house.

People jump onto the truck as it turns around.

CHESTER

What is happening?

DRIVER

It's the end of the world. Everything on this earth is going to die.

CHESTER

(horrified)

Everything is going to die?

DRIVER

First it was Japan—people died in a power plant accident, then they were wiped out by a tidal wave. Then New Zealand caught fire, killing everything and everyone. *(grim)*

And we're next... unless we go underground.

The truck is suddenly rammed from the right. It flips multiple times.

CHESTER'S DREAM - AIRPLANE - DAY

Chester finds himself in the back of an airplane. Looking out the window, he can see all around the aircraft.

His POV shifts to the cockpit. A massive metal blade crashes through the glass, killing the PILOT instantly. The CO-PILOT is sucked out through the broken glass.

The plane nosedives and explodes.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Chester wakes up, sweating and panicking. Light filters into the room, but he knows he's still in the strange town.

He opens the door, staring out at the unfamiliar landscape. Realizing he's lost, Chester walks around the farmhouse, searching for a map.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Chester discovers THREE GREY FIGURES resembling the wooden figure he saw before.

On an old rocking chair, Chester finds a MAP with a skeletal hand resting on it.

CLOSE ON MAP

Chester slowly reaches for the map, his hand trembling.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Chester cautiously steps away from the rocking chair after retrieving the map. The eerie silence of the foggy night presses

down on him. He keeps glancing at the map, trying to make sense of the cryptic directions.

The map shows the hotel as his next destination, but the path marked is twisting and unclear. A faint red arrow seems to pulse on the map, pointing him westward.

EXT. FOGGY PATH - NIGHT

Chester follows the map's directions. A CHILD-LIKE FIGURE emerges from the fog, gesturing Chester to follow.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Child-like Figure guides Chester to a small table with food. As Chester eats, he notices the Child-like Figure's strange movements.

Chester slowly turns around and sees the Child-like Figure hiding a knife behind its back.

CHESTER

(drawing his gun)

Don't even think about it. I'll blow
your head off if you try anything.

Chester continues eating, gun trained on the Child-like Figure. The moment he finishes, the Child-like Figure lunges at him.

BANG! Chester fires. The bullet tears through the Child-like Figure's head. YELLOW BLOOD spatters the wall.

CHESTER

What the hell?

Chester kicks the motionless figure and runs out.

EXT. BLACK APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Chester finds himself in front of a dark apartment building. A YOUNG MAN (19) with black hair and a black coat stands outside.

YOUNG MAN

You're running from Leather Head too,
huh?

CHESTER

(catching his breath)
You know about that thing?

YOUNG MAN

Come inside. It's not safe out here.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Chester and the Young Man climb the stairs.

INT. YOUNG MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As they enter, Chester's vision suddenly shifts.

INT. BLUE ROOM - VISION - DAY

A RED-HAIRED WOMAN lies on a table. A DOCTOR enters the room,
speaking in an unintelligible language.

Chester watches in horror as the Doctor slices the woman's
throat and sexually assaults her.

EXT. PARK - SUNSET

Chester blinks, finding himself in the park from before. The sun
is setting slowly. People mill about.

He spots his ROOMMATE walking toward a pavilion, then
mysteriously disappearing inside.

Chester approaches the pavilion cautiously.

INT. PARK PAVILION - SUNSET

Chester searches the empty pavilion. He discovers a DIAMOND-
SHAPED BOX under a table and picks it up.

As he twists the box, the park SHIFTS. He's facing the direction
he came from, but now there are no people and a RUST-COLORED
DOOR stands where he was before.

Chester looks around and sees all exits from the park blocked by a massive gate.

CHESTER

(to himself)

I never really liked my roommate. We don't connect. Why should I save him? I don't care about hell and all that. I don't believe in it. *(looking at the blocked exits)*
But how do I get home?

With reluctance, Chester approaches the rust-colored door and opens it.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Chester enters a dimly lit auditorium.

DEVIL (O.S.)

Welcome, Chester. Enjoy the show.

CHESTER

(shouting)

I haven't done anything that fucking horrible! I've never killed anyone or assaulted anyone! Yes, I've made mistakes, you fuck! Tell me what the fuck you want!

DEVIL (O.S.)

Just sit down and enjoy the show.

Chester reluctantly sits. The curtains open.

A DARK MALE FIGURE stands on stage. Two spotlights illuminate the figure's mask.

The Figure turns around and performs a series of mask manipulations: gold to white, red to white, then red to green.

MASKED FIGURE

I know why you're here. I'm going to lead you to the Doctor. He will help you.

CHESTER

How come you won't show me your face?

MASKED FIGURE

Do you really want me to show you?

CHESTER

Yes.

The Masked Figure slowly turns around. Chester gasps in horror.

The Figure's face is a nightmarish vision: purple rotting skin, yellowed-red eyes, dripping flesh, and holes in the cheeks.

MASKED FIGURE

Do you like what you see, Chester? This is what happened to me. Don't you remember? You left me in that house...

Chester sprints to the exit and bursts through the door.

EXT. BRIDGE - HELL REALM - NIGHT

Chester finds himself on a bridge suspended above a medieval hellscape. A massive pyramid spins in the air above the infernal landscape.

Chester stares in disbelief at the nightmare below him.

EXT. BRIDGE ABOVE MEDIEVAL HELL - DAY

The wind howls. Flames twist far below. Chester catches his breath on the narrow stone bridge, the spinning PYRAMID still hovering above.

Suddenly, a low mechanical GROAN echoes through the air. A BLACK COFFIN with gold, spiraling designs slowly rises from a hidden platform in the center of the bridge. It hovers inches above the stone.

The coffin's lid unlatches with a CLICK... then CREAKS OPEN.

A man steps out – his skin a sickly shade of BLUE, his face torn and scarred like cracked porcelain, with hollow eyes that don't blink.

CHESTER

(uneasy)

Are you... the Doctor?

The Blue-Faced Man turns slowly. His voice rasps, almost distant.

THE DOCTOR

Yes. And I hesitated.

As he steps fully from the coffin, a thick, pulsating WORM TAIL rises from behind him—ending in a metallic SPIKE. It spirals, spinning faster and faster.

Before Chester can react, the tail dives straight down—IMPALES the Doctor's head from above. But instead of falling, the Doctor convulses, arms out like a puppet on strings, jittering unnaturally as the spike drills into him.

Chester SCREAMS and bolts down the bridge—but the stones beneath his feet crumble.

He PLUNGES downward—

—until a MASSIVE BLACK SNAKE erupts from the Doctor's arm like a whip of flesh and shadow. It coils through the air and SNATCHES Chester mid-fall, catching him by the waist.

The snake REELS Chester back up like a hooked fish. He lands hard near the Doctor, panting, stunned.

THE DOCTOR

You're not going to die... not yet.

I have a question for you, Chester.

CHESTER

(shaken)

What... what is it?

The Doctor steps closer. His skin writhes as if something moves beneath it.

THE DOCTOR

Do you like sleep?

Chester hesitates... then nods silently.

THE DOCTOR

Then I'm going to make you fear it.

(beat)

Tell me... why are you here?

Chester opens his mouth—but stops. He glances to his left—

—A CULT MEMBER stands on the edge of the bridge. Cloaked in black robes, face hidden. Slowly raising their hand.

The air begins to shimmer around them.

THE DOCTOR

(irritated)

You can't help him.

The Cult Member performs a strange, flowing motion with both arms. Thin black lines crackle in the air.

Suddenly, a RETANGULAR FRAME made of sharp, interlocking METAL PLATES bursts into existence—and LAUNCHES itself toward the Doctor—

—CRASHING into him, sending sparks and blood as it knocks him backward.

The snake around Chester unravels. Chester collapses to the stone.

The Cult Member RUNS to him and grabs his arm.

They both SPRINT toward the end of the bridge, just as the Doctor begins to reassemble himself behind them like a broken machine rewiring itself.

The Cult Member holds up a palm—TWO BLACK CIRCLES shoot outward, slamming into the Doctor and buying them time.

Together, Chester and the Cult Member LEAP into a black square-shaped portal that suddenly opens midair—

—BLACKOUT.

Let me know if you want to continue from there or have a specific vision for what happens in the next realm!

You said:

the cult member does weird movemts with his hands and creates a retagle made from metal plates and shoots it at the doctor
chester is relesead from the snake he runs towards the cult
member they both run down the bridge and jump into a giant black
squire

ChatGPT said:

Absolutely! Here's your next sequence written cinematically, keeping the surreal horror tone and visual style intact:

EXT. BRIDGE ABOVE MEDIEVAL HELL - CONTINUOUS

The DOCTOR twitches unnaturally, the spike still embedded in his head, twisting like a grotesque antenna. The black snake coils tightly around Chester's torso, holding him in place like prey.

Suddenly, the CULT MEMBER steps forward from the haze at the end of the bridge. His movements are slow, methodical—almost like a dance.

He raises his arms, fingers contorting in strange, impossible gestures.

The air around his hands ripples. With a sharp jerk—

FWUMMM!

A MASSIVE RECTANGLE made entirely of METAL PLATES spins into existence, its edges sparking as if pulled from another dimension. It hovers midair for a second—then launches forward like a missile.

CLANG!!

The metal rectangle SLAMS into the Doctor's chest, pinning him against a stone column. Sparks and black ichor explode outward. The Doctor SCREAMS as the spike retracts from his skull with a wet snap.

The snake unwinds violently, releasing Chester. He crashes to the bridge.

CHESTER

(panting)

Holy shit...

He scrambles to his feet and bolts toward the Cult Member, who has already turned and is sprinting down the bridge.

Behind them, the Doctor twitches, reassembling—his bones CRACKING, his skin sealing shut in reverse.

Chester catches up just as a MASSIVE BLACK SQUARE opens at the end of the bridge—floating in midair, swirling like a pool of liquid shadow.

Without hesitation, they leap—

WHOOSH!

—and disappear into the void just as the Doctor lets out a shriek of rage behind them.

INT. GREEN WOODEN ROOM – UNKNOWN TIME

The silence returns first. Then—color.

Chester and the cult member materialize in a dim, green wooden room. The walls are warped and splintered, as if grown rather than built. A single lightbulb swings from the ceiling, casting flickering shadows like hands trying to grab them.

Chester stumbles back, breath ragged. The cult member stands calmly, still hooded.

CULT MEMBER

I'm glad I found you, Chester.

CHESTER

(eyes narrowing)

How do you know my name?

The cult member pulls down his hood—revealing a face Chester hasn't seen in years.

CHESTER

(confused, stunned)

Paul?

PAUL

Yeah. It's me.

CHESTER

What the hell is going on?

PAUL

It's... our fault. We did a spell. It wasn't meant for you. It was supposed to target someone who actually deserved

it—someone who's done real damage. But something went horribly wrong.

CHESTER

What kind of spell?

PAUL

A cleansing. We were trying to burn off our sins. Push it all onto someone darker. Someone worse. But instead, we opened a door. And we couldn't close it.

CHESTER

So your little spell summoned *whatever that thing is*—and it's coming after *me* and my roommate?

PAUL

(somberly)

Did the devil say anything to you about the pills?

CHESTER

Yeah. It asked if we were taking them... Why?

PAUL

Then your roommate's already screwed.

CHESTER

How? What's in the pills?

PAUL

It's not about what's in them. It's who they're *meant* for. Those pills aren't for the unclean.

CHESTER

The... unclean?

PAUL

Your roommate probably hasn't done anything—*anything*—to redeem himself. No guilt, no apology, no attempt at change. Just sin layered on sin.

CHESTER

(uneasy)

So... what does that mean?

PAUL

It means he's never been forgiven. Not by anyone. Not even himself.

Chester rubs his face, trying to wrap his mind around it.

CHESTER

Okay... okay... Where are we now?

PAUL

We're in a safe place. For now.

(beat)

We're in an attic. But not just any attic. One that exists outside of their reach. Temporarily.

The wooden floor creaks under Chester's feet, like it's breathing. Outside, nothing but static hums through the walls.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The wooden room creaks with every breath, dim light flickering overhead. Chester eyes the worn door across from them.

CHESTER

What's through that door?

PAUL

Probably the rest of the attic.

CHESTER

You... don't know where we are?

PAUL

The portal dumped us here at random. I don't know where exactly this is. Just that it's safer than where we were.

Chester hesitates, then grabs the doorknob. It's cold—unnaturally cold.

CLICK.

They step into—

INT. EXPANDED ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

The attic stretches out in impossible directions—walls leaning inward like they're eavesdropping, the wood pulsing faintly. Shadows coil in the corners.

In the center:

A floating glass square, suspended midair, turning slowly.

A cluster of dim candles forming a circle around it.

A red box, small and smooth, sitting alone like it's been waiting.

Chester approaches the box, kneels beside it.

CHESTER

There's some weird design on this...

He runs a thumb over the carved pattern—twisted geometry, a shape that seems to move when he blinks.

He presses a button.

FLASH—

A horrifying vision floods his mind:

A figure with pale white skin, a grid of scars across his face—

*-twenty metal spikes protruding from his head.
His hand lifts... and spikes grow from it too.
Dark eyes. Empty. Eternal.*

CHESTER

(startled)
I just saw something.

PAUL

What?

CHESTER

Someone. With spikes... coming out of
their head. Their *hand* too.

Paul's face drains of color.

PAUL

Be careful. That's not something you
want to get the attention of.

He looks toward the attic window—and freezes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do you see that?

*Chester turns. A doll stands at the window—porcelain, cracked.
Its face—*

*—it looks exactly like the woman from the painting, the one
bound in sticks.*

Its glass eyes glisten. Then it twitches.

CHESTER

We need to go. Now.

CRACK—

*The walls behind them snap open like they're made of dry bark.
Splinters rain down.*


The place where they first entered splits open violently—

CRASH!

The DOCTOR barrels through, coat flapping, syringe gleaming in one hand, his face a mask of surgical madness.

DOCTOR

Time to take your medicine, Chester.



END OF PART 1