

HELL'S GATE

By

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**NOTE:** *this script is written for a cinematic style AND a found footage style. Unless otherwise specified, the script may intercut between the two to the director's liking.*

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. WOODS - DAY (DAWN)**

**IN SLOW MOTION:**

Gloomy. Fog and mist fill the air.

SUSAN SHIRLEY (late 20s) runs through the woods. She's bloodied, dirty, scratched, bruised, ripped clothes. She looks scared, as if she's being chased.

She comes to a stop at a large pond. Fog rolls along the surface of the water. Susan notices something.

Across the pond is a figure. Susan focuses in on the person. It's a WOMAN, dressed in a white nightgown and barefoot. Her hair is neatly parted down the middle.

The woman SCREAMS something, but it's inaudible.

Susan stares ahead, attempting to figure out what the figure is screaming.

The woman screams: "***Susan, look out!***"

Susan senses something behind her. Slowly, she begins to turn around.

Just as she sees what's behind her, she--

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

--wakes up! In a bed, the covers kicked off. Moonlight shines through the blinds onto her.

She hyperventilates, then realizes she's awake. Overcome with heavy emotion, she begins to cry.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
It's always the same. Every time  
I'm about to see what's behind me,  
I wake up.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY**

JEN MATTOCK (40s) sits in a chair, relaxed. Susan sits across from her on a couch. She looks anxious.

SUSAN

But just seeing...her, there. Every time. I'm just...hit with guilt every time. Like a bag of bricks. A bag of bricks I've carried with me ever since that night...it's been three years and it just feels like...I don't know. Is it normal to feel guilty? Like, I feel like it's all my fault. Is that selfish? I mean, I don't think it is, but at the same time I do?

JEN

Survivor's guilt is very common in cases like this.

SUSAN

Yeah, that. Survivor's guilt.

JEN

What do you think this dream means?

SUSAN

Probably just that, the guilt.

JEN

You must-*must*-remember that you should never feel guilty for something that is out of your control.

SUSAN

I could've made her stay five minutes later...

JEN

Yes, you could have. But did you know she would've been in a car accident?

Susan thinks.

SUSAN

Can you imagine her last moments? Enjoying a night drive, and the next moment you're...you're... apparently witnesses reported

(MORE)

SUSAN (cont'd)  
hearing her screaming for  
"minutes." God, it must've felt  
like...like years for her.

Jen notices Susan getting uncomfortable as she reminisces  
bad memories. She lights a pumpkin candle on the coffee  
table between them.

JEN  
Remind me again, when do you  
usually have this dream?

SUSAN  
Usually around this time of year. I  
guess it's just the holiday that  
sparks it. Everything reminds me of  
her.

JEN  
Like how?

SUSAN  
She'd dress up. Throw parties. Play  
scary movies all month. She was  
damn good at decorating her place,  
too. She loved haunted houses.

JEN  
Sounds fun.

SUSAN  
Can we talk about something else?

JEN  
Sure. Are you going to take time  
off again this year?

SUSAN  
I think so.

JEN  
How long?

SUSAN  
I don't know. How long should I ask  
for? A few days? The whole month?

JEN  
That's up to you. However long you  
need. Your boyfriend, Bobby, right?  
He does the whole haunted house  
thing, yeah?

SUSAN

Right. For her. It's a project he devotes in her memory.

JEN

You think you'll join him this year?

SUSAN

I don't know.

JEN

I think you should.

SUSAN

He usually takes the whole month.

JEN

So take off the whole month.

SUSAN

I don't know...

JEN

Remind me, you two met...

SUSAN

At her funeral.

JEN

How does he know her again?

SUSAN

Old school friend, I think? I can't remember. He only told me at her funeral.

JEN

The way I see it, the death of Vivian was the closing of one door and meeting Bobby was the opening of another. Kind of like starting a new life, or life path.

SUSAN

I wouldn't say Vivian's door is closed. I just think it's been pulled shut slightly. I'll never forget her.

JEN

Do you know about the holiday after Halloween, Dia de los Muertos?

SUSAN

What's that?

JEN

Day of the Dead. Where the dead are celebrated by friends and family. A wonderful holiday in Mexico with bright colors and skeleton decorations. Lots of food and dancing. Music. Laughter and love. Delicious sugar skulls, too.

SUSAN

(to herself)

She would've loved that.

JEN

She probably already knew about it.

SUSAN

What about it?

JEN

I think you should celebrate Vivian's life. What she really loved. Go out and do what she was passionate about. What are some of those things?

SUSAN

She loved the arts.

JEN

Visit an art museum.

SUSAN

She loved animals.

JEN

Volunteer at an animal shelter.

SUSAN

She always gardened.

JEN

Start a garden. Anything's possible. Have fun. Say yes. Do what she would. Celebrate her life by fulfilling yours. You've got this. Until next time, okay?

Jen stands up. Susan gathers her things and stands too.

JEN (cont'd)  
You're getting better, Susan.

SUSAN  
Thanks.

They hug.

JEN  
I'll see you soon.

Susan walks to the door but stops when--

JEN (cont'd)  
Oh, and Susan. Whenever you find  
out what's behind you, let me know.

Susan looks uncomfortable. She turns and walks out the door.

#### **EXT. 13TH FLOOR HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT**

##### **THROUGH VIDEO CAMERA:**

A bloodied haunted house ACTOR SCREAMS at the camera!

##### **BEGIN MONTAGE:**

1) More ACTORS performing for the camera. A clown, a horned demon, a grotesque ghoul.

2) Haunted house patrons waiting in line, waving to the camera, pretend screaming with haunted house actors.

3) Shots of the exterior of the haunted house as the camera inches through the line. It's decked out beyond belief.

##### **END MONTAGE**

RANDY ROGERS (early 30s) stands in front of the camera, with the haunted house behind him. He's sexy and he knows it, hair made to perfection and a smile that could kill.

RANDY  
(to the camera)  
Hey there, you sexy people, welcome  
back to another episode of Hell  
House Hunters, where we seek out  
the scariest Halloween haunted  
houses in America. We are here in  
Denver, Colorado at the 13th Floor  
and we are ready to shit. Our.  
Pants! Let's go!

**CUT TO:**

The camera faces Randy and HAUNTED HOUSE PATRON #1 and her FRIEND, both girls.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Have you been here before?

PATRON #1  
No, this is my first time!

FRIEND  
I had to drag her along because I  
sure wasn't going in here by  
myself.

RANDY  
So you've been to the 13th Floor  
before?

FRIEND  
Yeah, this is my third time here.

RANDY  
(to the camera)  
Third time, third time's the charm.  
Do they change up the theme each  
year?

FRIEND  
Yeah, last year it was a, uh, a  
mental hospital theme, I think, and  
before that, I...I can't remember!

RANDY  
Hey as long as it scares the piss  
outta ya, am I right?

PATRON #1  
Totally!

RANDY  
I should use the bathroom before  
going in.

**CUT TO:**

Randy with HAUNTED HOUSE PATRON #2, a young man.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Why do you go to these haunted  
houses?



PATRON #2  
I love the amount of effort they  
put into these things. The makeup,  
the decoration, just everything.

RANDY  
Do you get scared?

PATRON #2  
Nah, not really.

RANDY  
No?!  
(to the camera)  
Hey ladies, this guy right here  
is...  
(back to Patron #2)  
...wait, are you single?

Patron #2 LAUGHS.

PATRON #2  
Yeah.

RANDY  
Ladies, here you have a guy with  
balls of steel. Hell, can I have  
your number?

**CUT TO:**

Randy with a HAUNTED HOUSE ACTOR, a large man with a burlap  
sack over his head, eye holes cut out, chainsaw in hand.

RANDY  
So how long have you been a  
disgusting, deformed monstrosity?

The actor is quiet, stares at the camera menacingly.

RANDY (cont'd)  
(to the camera)  
He must be camera shy.

Randy looks from the camera to the actor.

The actor REVS THE CHAINSAW. It BUZZES to life!

Randy jumps back in complete shock. The camera follows  
Randy, who LAUGHS embarrassingly.

The camera looks back at the actor who REVS the chainsaw  
again and pretends to attack the camera.

**INT. 13TH FLOOR HAUNTED HOUSE - LATER**

**THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

Actors pop out at the camera with SCREAMS and SCREECHES, animatronics ROAR and CONVULSE shockingly, grotesque decor lines the walls and ceiling.

**HOLLY JACKSON BODY CAM:** In night vision, the camera faces HOLLY JACKSON (late 20s), the sexy scream queen. She SCREAMS as something pops out at her. She CUSSES in FEAR and FRUSTRATION. Then, LAUGHS.

**CLAYTON SPEARS BODY CAM:** In night vision, the camera faces CLAYTON SPEARS (40s), who drinks from a flask. He twists the cap back on, just in time to get SPOOKED by an animatronic.

CLAYTON  
Christ on a candlestick! God damn  
robots...

**RANDY ROGERS BODY CAM:** In night vision, the camera faces Randy. An ACTOR creeps behind him, unbeknownst to him. He slowly turns around and sees the actor.

RANDY  
Oh shit!

He rushes closer to the rest of the group.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Not cool! Not cool!

HOLLY (O.S.)  
Randy, let go of me!

RANDY (V.O.)  
Pause it right there.

The footage PAUSES on Randy's spooked face.

RANDY (V.O.)  
Damn, I look good.

**INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY**

Sitting at a desk in front of a computer is BOBBY NATHAN (early 30s). Next to him is Randy.

BOBBY  
Christ, Randy.

RANDY  
Just sayin'.

BOBBY  
We gotta step up our game from last year's season if we want to get more subscribers. Explore lesser known places, get our name out there.

RANDY  
Uh, hello, please? We wouldn't have this gig without me, ya know.

BOBBY  
I could've found any other person to host this.

RANDY  
Yeah, but you found me. I got us a private tour of the 13th Floor. I have the subscribers. I have the connections. And most importantly, I have the looks.

BOBBY  
Get a life.

RANDY  
What's wrong with doing the popular ones?

BOBBY  
They're nothing that The Travel Channel hasn't already covered. We gotta get fresh content, stuff that people haven't seen before.

RANDY  
I'll talk to some people, see what they recommend. What's our schedule again?

BOBBY  
It's our "Southern Horrors" episode. Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia.

RANDY  
That's gonna be Hell.

BOBBY  
You have no idea.

DING! A notification for something emits from the computer.

**INSERT - A MESSAGE**

It reads:

34.649334, -89.378823

OCTOBER 31

10:47 PM

<http://www.1047.com>

**BACK TO SCENE**

RANDY  
What the hell does that mean?

Bobby and Randy look at each other, perplexed.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Click on the link.

**STAY ON:** Bobby and Randy's faces as Bobby clicks the link.

(O.S.) the link loads. A VIDEO starts to play.

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.)  
(from video)  
Dare to enter...and never leave,  
Hell's Gate, the most frightening  
haunted house in the country.

RANDY  
Pfft, tryhard. We've never even  
heard of you!

Bobby SHUSHES Randy.

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.)  
Only open on Halloween night, this  
Hell house is for the bravest souls  
only. Let this be known as your  
invitation to the scariest place  
within Earth. Should you follow the  
coordinates, you automatically  
consent to a fate worse than death,  
and an agreement that you may never  
return. We look forward to your  
(MORE)

DEMONIC VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
eternal damnation beyond...Hell's  
Gate.

The voice LAUGHS menacingly. Randy rolls his eyes. The video seems to have ended.

RANDY  
The lengths some people will go  
to--

The video CUTS back on.

Randy and Bobby's faces drop as the video continues playing.

(O.S.) are the sounds of HORRIFIED SCREAMING; AGONIZED, TORTURED CRIES to GOD; WAILS of MEN AND WOMEN as the gross sound of LIQUID SPLATTERING seems to coincide with the PAINFUL MOANS.

It goes on for what seems like a long time.

The video CUTS off.

Bobby and Randy look at each other.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Holy. Shit.

BOBBY  
What the hell was that?

RANDY  
I think it was the haunted house?

Bobby plays the video back. Then pauses it.

BOBBY  
That's sick. Which is awesome.

Bobby excitedly copies and pastes the coordinates from the message into a search engine.

BOBBY  
Hey, look at that. It's in Fuck All  
Nowhere, Mississippi. Along our  
route back home.

RANDY  
Marvelous.

Bobby searches for "Hell's Gate haunted house Mississippi".

BOBBY

Weird, there's, like, nothing on this place.

RANDY

Scariest unknown haunted house, perhaps?

BOBBY

You think? They've personally invited us. We could check them out.

RANDY

I dunno, man. It could be a total bust. Besides, they're only open on Halloween night. We were reserving that for that place in Atlanta that uses the real rats and spiders.

BOBBY

I have a good feeling about this, Randy. That video alone proves it. If they had a big enough budget to produce effects like...those, then think of what the actual haunted house is like.

RANDY

I mean, you are the guy who's directing this shit. I'm just along for the ride.

BOBBY

Let me talk to Clayton. I'll convince him.

#### **INT. CASINO - DAY**

Flashing lights. Jingling slot machines. Cards get dealt. Poker chips are placed on tables. A roulette spins. The casino is jammin'.

Clayton sits at a roulette table and places chips on a number space. The croupier spins the wheel, then the ball.

Clayton watches in complete relaxation. He doesn't seem too worried about the outcome.

The ball lands in a slot.

CROUPIER  
Thirty-three black.

Clayton WHOOPS in excitement.

CLAYTON  
That's what I'm talkin' about!

Bobby maneuvers his way through the casino. He walks up to the roulette table, gently grabs Clayton's shoulder.

CLAYTON (cont'd)  
Bobby! Buddy! What are you doin' here?

BOBBY  
I came to talk to you about something.

CLAYTON  
Ah, not right now, buddy. Papa's on a roll!

BOBBY  
I'll give you an extra hundred in chips for two minutes of your time.

Clayton flashes a grin.

CLAYTON  
You're twistin' my arm here.

Bobby lays a hundred dollars worth of chips on the table.

BOBBY  
We've received an invitation to a haunted house in Mississippi and it looks legit.

CLAYTON  
Mississippi? Of all places?

BOBBY  
We're already touring Jackson, you know this.

CLAYTON  
What's it called?

BOBBY  
Hell's Gate.

CLAYTON  
Never heard of it.

BOBBY  
You've never heard of any of the haunted houses we tour. I'm telling you, this is an opportunity we can't turn down. They obviously want us to work with them. They might have connections.

CLAYTON  
I highly doubt that. How much is this gonna cost us?

BOBBY  
It's a personal invitation. They invited us.

CLAYTON  
How much?

BOBBY  
Not nearly as much as the rest of the trip. We'll stay under budget this time.

CLAYTON  
Hm.

BOBBY  
You're always taking chances, Clay. Why not take another?

CLAYTON  
Everything on red. I feel good about this.

BOBBY  
So you're saying that's a yes?

CLAYTON  
I wanna see this invitation. What was it?

BOBBY  
Just a short walkthrough of the haunted house. Haven't seen anything like it before.

The croupier spins the wheel and the ball.



CLAYTON

Do you have it on you right now?

BOBBY

I'm calling a meeting tonight  
before we head off. You'll see it  
then.

The ball comes to a stop...on RED. Clayton's eyes grow WIDE.  
He's in complete shock, and then HOLLERS in excitement!

CLAYTON

You're fuckin' with me! Ha-ha! Fuck  
it, buddy, you wanna see this  
haunted house, I'm all in!

**INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY**

A bulb FLASHES as a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos of Holly.  
She's nearly naked, and has a large snake draped over her  
shoulders. She rocks the camera with each photograph that's  
taken. Sexy. Beautiful.

One more photo snaps of Holly before the photographer  
finishes up.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Alright, that's a wrap.

HOLLY

Okay, seriously, someone please get  
this snake off of me.

An assistant rushes over and takes the snake off of her  
shoulders. The photographer walks up to Holly while  
scrolling through the photos.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You are goddamn sexy, Holly.

HOLLY

Happy to help.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Wanna grab dinner?

HOLLY

I told you this would be strictly  
business.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Come on, I'll make it worth your  
while.

HOLLY  
Awww...no.

Holly pulls out some clothes from her purse, inadvertently knocking out a photograph. The photographer bends down and picks it up.

The photo is of Holly at the age of eighteen. She was a very heavyset girl.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
This your sister?

HOLLY  
No. That's me.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
(chuckles)  
Yeah right. Were you really that--

Holly's phone RINGS. It's Bobby. She snatches the photo from the photographer.

HOLLY  
Buzz off, I've gotta take this.

She answers the phone while slipping on a light jacket and some pants.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
Hay, hay, hay.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
Hey, you busy?

HOLLY  
Nah, just finished a shoot.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
I wanna hold a meeting about our trip tonight. Everyone needs to meet me at my place so we can get everything prepared.

HOLLY  
We already talked about the trip though?

BOBBY (V.O.)  
There's been a slight change of plans.

Holly stares at the photo, reminisces memories...

BOBBY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
You there?

HOLLY  
Sorry. Change of plans? Again?

BOBBY (V.O.)  
This time it's worth it.

HOLLY  
Whatever you say. As long as it doesn't interfere with my shoots.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
It won't. See you then.

HOLLY  
See ya.

She hangs up and sticks the photograph back in her purse.  
The photographer approaches her.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Your boyfriend?

HOLLY  
More work. I'm a busy gal.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
When will I get to see you again?

Holly walks away, doesn't even look back.

HOLLY  
(jokingly)  
Never!

She walks out of the studio as the photographer smiles, admires her.

**EXT. PARK - DAY (EVENING)**

Susan sits on a bench surrounded by litter of fallen leaves.  
She speaks on a cell phone.

SUSAN

I just need some time off...a few weeks? I know, I know, but, please. Please. I haven't taken time off since this same time last year... You remember why...Thank you. Thank you so much. Mental days, ya know...? I really appreciate it. Thank you again...Bye.

Susan hangs up. She takes a DEEP BREATH and looks up at the overcast sky.

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (EVENING)**

Susan rounds a corner and walks down a neighborhood street.

She passes by an alleyway. Then, stops.

In the alley is a woman, now known as VIVIAN MARKHAM (late 20s), in a white nightgown. Far away but close enough to see the detail.

Susan stares at Vivian, then closes her eyes. She shakes her head, opens her eyes.

Vivian is no longer there.

Susan continues walking, albeit cautiously.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY (EVENING)**

Susan approaches her and Bobby's house, opens the door.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (EVENING)**

Susan stops in her tracks when she sees: Bobby standing in front of Holly, Clayton, and Randy.

SUSAN

Oh. Hey.

BOBBY

Hey honey.

SUSAN

Having another meeting?

BOBBY

Yeah, we just started. How was your day?

SUSAN

I'll let you guys do your thing.

BOBBY

You should join us.

HOLLY

Yeah, Susan. We ordered pizza.

CLAYTON

Really we're just here to shoot the shit.

BOBBY

You alright?

Susan shrugs.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Come on, sit down. Hang out with us.

Susan sits down in a nearby chair.

SUSAN

Well...what are you guys talking about?

CLAYTON

Yeah, show us the goods.

BOBBY

I'm getting there. I want everyone here to agree that what we're doing works for everyone.

RANDY

Oh come on, we all said we were fine with it.

BOBBY

Yes, but now we have a witness. Susan.

SUSAN

Oh, no, I'm just hanging out. I don't want to get involved with whatever you guys have planned.

BOBBY

You don't?

SUSAN

Bobby, if this is about a haunted house excursion, I've never tagged along.

BOBBY

Okay, okay...fine. So, I guess, without further adieu, the reason why I called you all here tonight. Earlier today, we received an invitation to tour a haunted house out in Mississippi along our route back home. It's called Hell's Gate, and as far as Randy and I know, nobody knows about it. Yet. This is our opportunity to get our name out there and promote this haunted house, because, from what you're about to see, this seems like the next big attraction. It could be a major hit, or a major flop. Either way, everyone seems to be in on checking it out. I just want everyone to agree, in person, with full witness report. All in favor, say "Yay".

EVERYONE

(unenthusiastic)

Yay...

BOBBY

Additionally, I've changed up the route that we're taking to save what I believe will be the best for last.

HOLLY

But, you said--

BOBBY

You'll still make your shoots. We're following the route as normal but we're cutting our days short. I want to make sure we get to Hell's Gate by October 31st. I feel good about this, you guys.

CLAYTON

With an introduction this long, it  
better be good.

Holly playfully slaps Clayton.

BOBBY

Alright, alright. Onto the  
invitation. What you're about to  
see may disturb you. Which it  
should, because it's a haunted  
house. If what we see in the video  
is what to expect in the haunted  
house, then we're in for a treat.

CLAYTON

Just play it already.

Bobby turns on the TV, which is connected to a laptop. He  
plays the video.

While the video plays (O.S.), Bobby kneels next to Susan.

BOBBY

Maybe this year is different?

SUSAN

Bobby, please. You know why I don't  
go with you to these things.

BOBBY

Just consider it this time. Like I  
said, maybe this time it's  
different? Why avoid doing  
something that...she loved doing?

SUSAN

Please don't bring her up.

BOBBY

Remember what your therapist said.

SUSAN

(caught off guard)

What?

BOBBY

I don't know? Doesn't she usually  
tell you how to cope with this kind  
of stuff? What did she say before?

Susan thinks.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Sometimes we gotta put ourselves in uncomfortable situations. Hell, Holly gets scared shitless and she still does it. Plus, you'd be a great addition to the group. A fresh face.

Susan looks away uncomfortably.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
Just think about it. Vivian loved them.

SUSAN  
They're haunted houses, Bobby.

BOBBY  
They encompass Halloween. Her favorite holiday.

SUSAN  
Yeah...

BOBBY  
Come with us. Think of it as a vacation. A trip with friends.

SUSAN  
Let me think about it.

BOBBY  
That's what I like to hear. Vivian would be all for it.

He kisses her on the cheek.

Bobby and Susan face the TV. Everyone's faces say it all. The video is definitely a gross-out video.

The SOUNDS of the video echo away as everything--

**FADES TO BLACK.**

**INT. VAN - DAY**

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

A LENS CAP twists off of the face of a **VIDEO CAMERA POV:**

1) The long stretch of land in the desolate nowhere of Texas. Wind turbines decorate the plains.



2) Various shots of the crew as they drive along, having fun, enjoying their time together.

**EXT. CITY (AUSTIN) - DAY**

3) Various shots of the city of Austin, Texas.

**EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE A - NIGHT**

4) The gang at HAUNTED HOUSE A. Exterior shots of the attraction, the actors, the visitors smiling and waving at the camera.

5) Randy with a couple and their kids.

RANDY  
You're seriously taking your kids  
into this haunted house?

MAN #1  
Hey, I'm sure they've seen worse on  
TV.

RANDY  
(to the camera)  
Great parenting. Great parenting.

KID #1  
I'm not even scared!

RANDY  
You say that now!

6) Randy fits Susan's body cam on her. She laughs at the camera with a big grin.

SUSAN  
This is silly.

**INT. HAUNTED HOUSE A - LATER**

6) The gang walk through the haunted house. The main camera on Holly, Clayton, Randy, and Susan; each with their own body camera facing toward them.

7) **HOLLY'S BODY CAM POV:** Holly SCREAMS.

8) **SUSAN'S BODY CAM POV:** Susan SHRIEKS and covers her head with a smile on her face.

9) **RANDY'S BODY CAM POV:** Randy runs through the haunted house, getting spooked at pretty much everything.

RANDY  
Nope! Nope! Nope!

10) **CLAYTON'S BODY CAM POV:** Clayton gets spooked, but finds it more annoying than scary.

CLAYTON  
God dammit.

**EXT. CITY (NEW ORLEANS) - DAY**

11) Various shots of New Orleans, Louisiana.

**EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE B - NIGHT**

12) Various shots of the actors at the haunted house acting spooky and scary for the camera.

**EXT. CITY (JACKSON) - DAY**

13) Various shots of Jackson, Mississippi.

14) Zoom in on Randy checking himself out in a mirror, fixes his hair. He winks at his reflection and smiles.

**INT. HAUNTED HOUSE C - NIGHT**

15) **RANDY'S BODY CAM POV:** Randy keeps looking over his shoulder.

RANDY  
Okay, seriously, I think something  
is following me!

He SCREAMS like a girl.

16) **CLAYTON'S BODY CAM POV:** Clayton LAUGHS at Randy.

**EXT. CITY (BIRMINGHAM) - DAY**

17) Various shots of Birmingham, Alabama.

**EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE D - NIGHT**

18) Randy standing with a COUPLE.

RANDY  
So is this how you win your girl  
over? By taking her to a haunted  
house?

MAN #2  
She's actually taking me here.

WOMAN  
I'm a mortician so I'm really into  
this kind of stuff.

Randy looks at the camera and GULPS.

RANDY  
Dude, you're into some kinky women.

The couple LAUGH.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

19) Randy takes a selfie. Then another. And another.

**INT. HAUNTED HOUSE E - NIGHT**

20) **THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:** Bloody bodies. Horrific and  
ghoulish actors. MICE and TARANTULAS.

21) **SUSAN'S BODY CAM POV:** Susan CRINGES.

SUSAN  
Ew, I hate mice.

22) **RANDY'S BODY CAM POV:** Randy looks afraid.

RANDY  
Oh, Hell no. Fuck mice. Fuck  
spiders. Fuck this.

23) **CLAYTON'S BODY CAM POV:** Clayton takes a sip from his  
flask, unmoved.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

24) A shot of Holly, Susan, and Randy in the back of the van, sound asleep. The camera swings to the driver, Clayton. He focuses on the road ahead of him. The camera looks back at the gang, and zooms in on Susan.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**END MONTAGE**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

**SUPER:** October 31

The van sits along the dark road that is surrounded by woods. A full moon shines down upon the van.

**INT. VAN - NIGHT**

The clock reads 10:17 PM. Everyone is quiet.

BOBBY  
We've got thirty minutes.

HOLLY  
I wonder why the time is so specific.

CLAYTON  
Who the Hell cares?

Holly playfully slaps Clayton.

SUSAN  
(to herself)  
It's just so familiar...

BOBBY  
What's that?

SUSAN  
Nothing. I'm going to get some fresh air real quick. It's getting stuffy in here.

HOLLY  
Need some company, girl?

SUSAN  
Nah, just gonna take a quick walk.  
I'll be back in ten.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Susan exits the van and walks into the dark woods.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Susan slowly walks through the woods.

She pulls out her cell phone and opens a search engine.

She types in: **VIVIAN MARKHAM DEATH OCTOBER 31ST 2016**

Search results pop up, including a news article. Susan stops and clicks on the link.

**INSERT - NEWS ARTICLE**

The text mentions "DRUNK DRIVING ACCIDENT" and "TWO DEAD" and "NO SURVIVORS".

A photo of Vivian overlays a photo of the car accident: a charred skeleton of a vehicle.

Susan scrolls through the article. She notices a section of the article that reads: "ACCORDING TO WITNESS REPORT, THE TIME OF THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED SHORTLY AFTER 10:45 PM ON OCTOBER 31, 2016."

**BACK TO SCENE**

Susan looks up from her phone in shock. That's when she realizes, before her is a large pond.

Fog rolls along the surface of the water.

It's very similar to her dream, if not the exact same.

Susan senses something behind her.

She begins to turn around. Behind her, is--

Bobby. With a smile on his face.

BOBBY  
Hey.

Susan looks into his eyes for a moment, then looks back behind her, across the pond.

She looks back at Bobby.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
You okay?

SUSAN  
You scared me.

BOBBY  
Sorry.

SUSAN  
This place...

BOBBY  
What?

SUSAN  
Nothing.

BOBBY  
We've been waiting on you. You've  
been gone for nearly thirty  
minutes.

SUSAN  
But...I just left the van?

BOBBY  
C'mon. It's time to go in.

Bobby leads Susan back toward the van.

SUSAN  
Bobby, something feels weird about  
all of this. That date and time on  
the invitation, is the same time  
when Vivian was in the accident.

BOBBY  
Babe, it's a coincidence. A weird  
one, yeah, but just a coincidence.

SUSAN  
No, Bobby. It's not cool. Is this  
some sort of sick joke?

BOBBY  
Of course not--

SUSAN  
Damn it, Bobby, will you stop and  
look at me when I'm talking to you?

Bobby stops and faces Susan.

BOBBY

Look, how else would you explain it? Like I said, it's a coincidence. What else do you want me to say?

SUSAN

I just don't get it.

BOBBY

There's nothing to get. It's a date and time. Weird stuff happens like this all the time. Deja vu, synchronicity, it's just that.

SUSAN

I think I might skip this one this time.

He gently grabs her shoulders.

BOBBY

Honey, Susan, there's nothing to be nervous about. It's just another haunted house, just like the rest.

SUSAN

Something just doesn't feel right.

BOBBY

Because you're thinking about... her.

Susan doesn't say anything.

BOBBY (cont'd)

I'm proud of you for doing this. This is a big step for you.

SUSAN

You think so?

Bobby leans in and kisses Susan.

BOBBY

C'mon, the gang's waiting.

He leads her toward the van.

**EXT. VAN - NIGHT**

The gang wait at the van, each in their body cam gear. Bobby and Susan arrive at the path.

Randy slides Susan's body cam over her.

Bobby gets his camera ready and points it at Randy, who fixes his hair, smooths out his eyebrows, CLEARS his throat.

BOBBY

Alright, camera rolling.

RANDY

Okay, in three, two, one...

**THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

RANDY (cont'd)

(to the camera)

We are here in God Has Abandoned Us Nowhere, Mississippi where our last tour, is just beginning. And now, the mother of all haunted houses, the grand finale, welcome to... Hell's Gate. Once you enter, you may never leave. Will we survive? There's only one way to find out. Let's go.

Randy spins around, leads the way toward a torch-lit path.

**EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS****THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

They walk for a while.

HOLLY

Are we the only ones? I didn't see any other cars.

RANDY

I wouldn't be surprised if we had our own personal tour, that's how badly they wanted to work with us.

CLAYTON

Or, maybe nobody else wanted to show up to a no-name, middle of God's nowhere, po-dunk haunted house. And yet, here we are.



BOBBY (O.S.)  
 Okay guys, I don't need your  
 commentary just yet.

HOLLY  
 It's weird is all. I guess there  
 were specific time slots.

SUSAN  
 Maybe a little too specific.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
 Susan...

SUSAN  
 Sorry.

They continue through the woods until they see something.

A figure. Dressed in a ringmaster outfit with a bag hanging  
 over his shoulder. This is BARNABY, pale skin, sunken eyes,  
 rather emaciated. Good makeup.

The way Barnaby moves is rather...robotic. Unnatural. Like  
 he struggles to act...human.

RANDY  
 (to the camera)  
 Look at this...we've ran into the  
 circus!

Barnaby STARES at Randy with wide eyes, then at the camera.  
 This lasts a moment.

BARNABY  
 Welcome! To, Hell's Gate. Enter...  
 and you may never...leave! My name  
 is Barnaby, and I will be your  
 personal host for tonight. And you  
 are...?

RANDY  
 Hell House Hunters. Randy Rogers.

Randy holds out his hand to shake Barnaby's, but Barnaby  
 doesn't reciprocate. In fact, he just STARES at Randy with  
 his wide eyes.

RANDY (cont'd)  
 Oh-kay...Barnaby, what are we in  
 for for tonight?

BARNABY

Ah! Yes. As you know, you've consented to eternal damnation and a fate worse than death.

RANDY

(to the camera)

Oh let me tell you, I signed that contract when I was born.

Randy CHUCKLES while Barnaby stares at him.

BARNABY

(matter of fact)

June 8th, 1984.

Randy STUTTERS.

RANDY

I, er...what? How did you--?

BARNABY

Enter! And you may never...leave! Hell's Gate. Witness the truest horrors and the most unimaginable terror. Follow the torch-lit path to your deepest, darkest secrets, and never stray, or the bowels of Hell themselves will swallow you whole.

CLAYTON

Sounds sexy.

Holly playfully slaps Clayton.

BARNABY

Ah, you must be the brave soul of the group.

Clayton holds up his flask.

CLAYTON

This helps.

RANDY

So...Barnaby...What should we be expecting once we go inside?

BARNABY

Now, now, you'll find out soon enough. I don't want to spoil the surprise.

RANDY  
 (to the camera)  
 And I do like surprises.

BARNABY  
 Now, hold out your hands.

Everyone gathers in and holds out a hand.

Barnaby digs into his bag. He pulls out a handful of coins.

BARNABY  
 These are your payment into Hell.

He drops one coin onto each palm.

BARNABY (cont'd)  
 Give them to the ferryman who  
 awaits you before...Hell's Gate.

Barnaby bows and shows the way.

Clayton SNORTS and shrugs, then turns for the attraction.  
 Everyone follows.

The camera stays on Barnaby, who remains in his bow gesture.  
 He STARES into the camera with his wide eyes. Then, the  
 camera pans away.

RANDY  
 (to the camera)  
 So, that was weird. Off to a good  
 start, I guess!

They approach a small bridge that crosses over a flowing  
 creek. Next to the bridge is a cloaked figure.

The camera pans back to Barnaby--who has disappeared. The  
 camera turns back to the gang.

As they near the bridge, the cloaked figure takes a step  
 forward. It's the FERRYMAN, with a bag over his shoulder.  
 His face is hidden within the flickering shadows. His  
 BREATHING is RASPY, AGED, TORTURED.

The Ferryman holds out a skeletal, pale hand; unravels long,  
 bony fingers with an outstretched palm.

FERRYMAN  
 Payment.

The gang each drop their coin into the Ferryman's hand. He  
 closes his hand into a fist and collects the coins.

The Ferryman steps aside.

The gang begin to cross the bridge. Randy looks over the side and at the creek.

RANDY  
(to the camera)  
Damn, River Styx isn't all it's  
cracked up to be.

They reach the other end of the bridge and continue to follow the torch-lit path.

Before them is a LARGE BUILDING. The faded word FIREWORKS stains one side of the building.

Upon closer inspection of the building, the entrance is decked out to look like the entrance to Hell. Stone archway, torch-lit wooden door, a large devil sits atop.

The camera points upward at the entrance decor of the haunted house. The devil stares down menacingly.

Inscribed into the entrance is the phrase: **ABANDON ALL HOPE  
YE WHO ENTER HERE**. Clayton points at it.

CLAYTON  
How original.

Holly playfully slaps Clayton.

Clayton tries the large wooden door, but it's locked, which annoys him. *What the fuck?*

Clayton tries the large, metal door knocker. It's LOUD, HEAVY, ALERTING.

A moment passes by. Then...the door slowly opens.

The inside is completely black. DISTANT SCREAMS and SHRILL SHRIEKS OF AGONY escape from the darkness.

Everyone looks at each other.

Randy looks at the camera.

RANDY  
We've paid our dues. We are now  
entering...Hell.

Holly walks into view.

HOLLY  
So spooky!

Clayton pushes the door open and the gang walk inside.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**INT. HELL'S GATE - NIGHT**

The door shuts behind them.

Darkness. The same distant SCREAMS and TORTURED SHRIEKING.

**HOLLY'S BODY CAM POV:** Holly makes her way through the dark.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
I can't see a damn thing.

HOLLY  
Just hang on to me, girl. Clayton,  
you good?

**CLAYTON'S BODY CAM POV:** Clayton rolls his eyes.

CLAYTON  
This is annoying.

**BACK TO SCENE**

In the distance of what appears to be this dark, narrow hallway, is a STROBE LIGHT.

**STANDARD HAUNTED HOUSE**

They enter a hallway of flashing STROBE LIGHTS. It's disorienting for everyone.

Animatronics POP OUT at the gang, spooking some, annoying others. The animatronics are of mutilated bodies, Hellish creatures and monsters, and skeletal beings.

Poorly made-up actors JUMP OUT in random sections, with pale faces and dark eyes. They don't seem to put in much effort in scaring the gang.

It's obvious that, so far, this haunted house is just another average haunted house. And not a very good one.

More animatronics CONVULSE to life! They try to be shocking and grotesque, but it doesn't affect the gang in any way.

Even Randy looks a bit bored.

Next, they enter another room filled with standing statues. They look ghostly, ghoulish, like lost souls. The camera walks up to one of them.

Upon closer inspection, the statues are ACTORS. They stand perfectly still, eyes wide open, never blinking.

**RANDY'S BODY CAM POV:** Randy looks at one of the haunted house actors, then looks away perplexed.

RANDY  
This is weird.

**SUSAN'S BODY CAM POV:** Susan cautiously observes the haunted house actors.

**HOLLY'S BODY CAM POV:** Holly looks unsettled.

HOLLY  
I bet they're all gonna come to  
life at one point and scare us.

#### **THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

Clayton SNAPS his fingers in front of one actor's face. The actor is unfazed.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
(hushed)  
Clayton!

Clayton raises his hands in defense.

The actors remain still as the gang maneuvers through the room. They approach the next room:

#### **MENTAL HOSPITAL**

White walls and mental hospital themed. Flickering ceiling lights. Blood-splattered walls, floors, ceilings.

The gang pass a doorway where they all look inside:

A DOCTOR wearing a surgical mask performs surgery on a convulsing MENTAL PATIENT while a NURSE observes. Blood GUSHES from the patient.

The doctor looks at the gang and RUSHES to the door. He SLAMS the door shut.

**SUSAN'S BODY CAM POV:** Susan FLINCHES at the door SLAMMING shut. Behind her, a door to a patient room with a window to look inside. A MENTAL PATIENT POUNDS on the door, SMASHES his face up against the window and SCREAMS.

Susan spins around and SCREAMS.

### **BACK TO SCENE**

Susan rushes away from the door and hides behind Clayton, who looks annoyed.

The gang slowly continue through the mental hospital theme. They pass multiple patient rooms, each with the doors open.

Inside each room is a mental patient, CHAINED TO THE WALL. They THRASH about, act CRAZY, pull at the chains in any attempt to escape.

More mental patient actors SMASH their heads against the wall, SELF MUTILATE, CRY and WAIL in HORROR.

**RANDY'S BODY CAM POV:** Randy observes the act.

RANDY  
This is more like it.

### **BACK TO SCENE**

The gang approach yet another themed part of Hell's Gate. It opens up to a massive space.

### **ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE**

A staged car accident. The CAR ALARM BLARES. GUNSHOT SOUND EFFECTS echo throughout the area.

The gang walk through a post-apocalyptic scene. Fire effects flicker throughout the scenery. Fake smoke billows from dilapidated small buildings. A simulated city street that looks like a bomb had hit it.

CLAYTON  
This is incredible.

Sprinkled throughout the scenery are more haunted house actors. They are made up to look like ZOMBIES. And each actor is chained to a nearby anchor.

The chains are just long enough for the actors to LUNGE at the gang and "attack" them, but stop them just short to where they cannot reach them.

Holly and Susan SCREAM at the lunging zombies.

Randy points at a group of zombies EATING a body. They rip the intestines out, chow down on a still-beating heart, the body, still alive, begs weakly for HELP.

RANDY

Okay, that's really good. Gross.

The zombies continue to SPOOK the gang as they make their way through the apocalypse, jumping out from behind cars, behind buildings, from the shadows.

The makeup looks much better than before. Almost a little too real. It impresses the gang.

They reach the next room of horrors:

### **TORTURE CHAMBER**

A grungy, steampunk type of scenery. Metal piping and steam, red lighting, dark and broody.

Mutilated bodies lay on tables, completely disfigured and still alive.

Skinned bodies PLEAD to God.

Tortured souls BEG for forgiveness.

Decayed people GRUMBLE through bloody GURGLES as they are tortured in front of the gang.

It all looks extremely lifelike. Everyone in the gang looks horrified. Holly covers her mouth.

HOLLY

This is disgusting.

Randy GAGS.

A tortured body VOMITS blood and bodily CHUNKS as if he is throwing up his insides.

Another prisoner of torture hangs from dozens of hooks, his eyes and mouth sewn shut.

The women look away in disgust.

Susan peeks into a torture room. Inside, she sees a woman hanging by her arms by chains attached to the ceiling. The woman is naked, and CRIES.

The woman raises her head, aware of another presence watching her. Her eyes are MISSING. Even worse: it's VIVIAN.

Susan GASPS.

Vivian SCREAMS.



Susan spins around and into Bobby. She looks back into the room and sees a "fake" body hanging from its arms by chains attached to the ceiling.

BOBBY  
Scary, huh?

Susan looks back at the torture room one more time. Nothing unusual about it.

The gang continue through the torture chamber and enter:

**HELL**

FIRE effects SPEW from hidden spaces and startle the crew.

Skeletons in cages hang from the ceiling.

Skulls line the walls.

Red lighting bathes everyone.

Everyone cautiously maneuvers through this Hell. SCREAMS OF AGONY fill the air. Maybe sound effects.

They come upon the exit.

RANDY  
Is that it?

Without questioning anything further, though confused, the gang continue through the exit.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Plain and average. White walls, tile floor, fluorescent (albeit, poor) lighting.

The gang enter the hallway.

RANDY  
Is it over?

CLAYTON  
I hope so.

RANDY  
That can't be it.

They look down the hallway. At the end is a door.

RANDY (cont'd)  
What a bust!

CLAYTON  
No offense, Bobby, but...that was awful.

HOLLY  
Yeah. I came here to get scared, not grossed out.

BOBBY  
Oh, c'mon you guys, it wasn't terrible.

RANDY  
Here, get the camera on me.

Bobby rolls his eyes and points the camera at him.

**THROUGH VIDEO CAMERA:**

Randy walks down the hallway with the rest of the crew toward the door at the end.

RANDY (cont'd)  
(to the camera)  
We just finished walking through Hell's Gate, and let me tell you... We survived, unfortunately. Lack-luster at best, this "haunted house" if you would even call it one, couldn't even decide what it wanted to be. We jumped from your average Joe haunted house, to a mental asylum theme, to a zombie apocalypse, and then a torture chamber, and finished off with the theme it should've gone with the entire time, a Hell theme because, well, you know, the whole Hell's Gate thing...It was like they were trying too hard, and fitting as much horror as they could into this joint. All I can say is, it can't get any worse than this.

They walk up to the door and open it.

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

The gang walk through the door. They stop at the top of the stairwell that only spirals DOWNWARD.

The door shuts behind them. They look back at the door.

IT HAS NO HANDLE. It's a one-way exit.

CLAYTON  
Welp, that sucks.

HOLLY  
You mean we can't get back inside?

Randy walks up to the door and POUNDS on it.

RANDY  
Hey! Hello!

He POUNDS on it some more. No answer from the other side.

SUSAN  
How are we gonna get out?

Silence from the group as they stare down the steps.

CLAYTON  
Looks like the only way out is by  
going down.

The gang look at the stairwell, and how it spirals down into a dark abyss.

RANDY  
Where do you think it goes?

CLAYTON  
Storage, probably.

Clayton looks at everyone; they stare down the steps.

CLAYTON (cont'd)  
I guess I'll lead the way.

Clayton begins his descent. The gang look at each other cautiously. One by one, they follow behind.

The gang descend flight by flight of the stairwell, but never seem to reach a lower floor. The stairs continue to spiral downward.

Flickering fluorescent lights poorly illuminate each stairwell platform.

This goes on for what seems like minutes.

RANDY  
(to the camera)  
Longest stairwell of my life.

Nobody says anything. Possibly out of caution, or confusion.

The stairs continue spiraling downward. The fluorescent lights have now stopped functioning.

Bobby turns on the LED light attached to his main camera. The light illuminates the darkening stairwell.

The cement walls grow dirtier and dirtier.

Stone bricks begin to decorate the walls.

HOLLY  
It's getting colder.

The steps turn to stone bricks as well.

The stairwell begins to show age, as if it were built in another era.

CLAYTON  
I wonder if this is still part of  
the haunted house?

SUSAN  
Clayton, stop. Everyone, stop.  
Guys, what are we doing?

RANDY  
She's right, this is weird. I get  
this is our only way out, but...are  
we really gonna see where this is  
taking us?

BOBBY  
We've been walking down for a  
while, yeah. But I really don't  
want to have to walk back up these  
stairs.

RANDY  
No, seriously. I'm usually the one  
who jokes around, but we've been  
walking for, what, ten minutes down  
these steps?

CLAYTON

It's gotta be some secret bunker.  
Some places had them built when Y2K  
and other dumb conspiracy theories  
were a thing. Bomb shelters and  
shit.

BOBBY

Sounds about right to me. Let's  
keep going so we can get the Hell  
outta here.

The gang continue their descent.

The stairwell becomes more and more dilapidated. The steps  
lose their organized structure, become more like rocky,  
uneven steps. The walls turn more cavernous. The space to  
walk becomes more narrow, claustrophobic.

The gang cautiously squeeze their way through the cave. The  
ceiling grows lower and lower, forcing the crew to squat and  
waddle their way through the cave.

Susan, frustrated, takes her body cam off. The rest of the  
crew do the same.

Clayton bumps into a WALL.

CLAYTON

Bobby, shine the light over here.

Bobby shines the camera lamp onto the wall.

CLAYTON

Shit.

Bobby points the light down at the ground, at a hole big  
enough to crawl through.

SUSAN

Oh, fuck that. I can't do that.

RANDY

Christ. That's a tight squeeze.

SUSAN

Fuck this. What kind of place is  
this?

Holly grabs Susan in reassurance.

HOLLY  
 Girl, you've got this. You can do  
 this. You've come this far.

SUSAN  
 It just doesn't make any sense?

HOLLY  
 It's our only way.  
 (to everyone)  
 Right?

BOBBY  
 Yeah.

SUSAN  
 I can't, I--I...

HOLLY  
 Look, just stick with me, okay?

BOBBY  
 I'll go first.

Bobby sticks the camera inside of the hole, then begins his  
 crawl into the cramped space.

**THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

The hole leads to an extremely cramped space. A  
 claustrophobe's nightmare. Slowly but surely, the camera  
 pushes its way through.

**HOLLY'S BODY CAM POV:** Holly pushes the camera in front of  
 her. It happens to face her, and shows her squished between  
 the ceiling and the floor.

**RANDY'S BODY CAM POV:** Randy faces the camera at himself.

RANDY  
 Alright. I'm about to get down and  
 dirty. Wish me luck.

He keeps the camera on himself and begins to crawl into the  
 hole. He quickly becomes cramped in the crawlspace. BREATHES  
 HEAVILY. Tries to keep calm.

**CLAYTON'S BODY CAM POV:** the camera faces in front of  
 Clayton, at the bottom of Bobby's feet. Bobby scrapes his  
 feet along the rocky floor of the cave. Clayton COUGHS  
 (O.S.) as dirt kicks up into his face.

**BACK TO SCENE**

The gang continue their way through this long, claustrophobic crawlspace.

**INT. CAVE - NIGHT**

Bobby emerges from the other side. He points the camera light down as each other crew member exit the cave.

Clayton brushes himself off.

Holly helps Susan to her feet and the two CHUCKLE nervously. They hug.

BOBBY  
Alright, cameras on everyone. This just got interesting.

Everyone unwillingly puts their cameras on.

SUSAN  
Where are we?

CLAYTON  
No bomb shelter, that's for sure.

A GHOSTLY MOAN ECHOES through the cave. Everyone freezes in absolute fear.

RANDY  
It's gotta be the haunted house...

BOBBY  
We should keep moving.

Everyone hesitantly gathers themselves and reluctantly move forward into the cavernous darkness.

The camera lights the way, until another light source FLICKERS in. A fire torch. Multiple ones. They light the cavernous "hallway".

A TORTURED SCREAM in the far distance ECHOES through the cavernous hallway.

HOLLY  
I'm scared, you guys.

Susan grabs Bobby's arm.

SUSAN  
Bobby...

BOBBY  
Stay close to me.

They continue walking through the cave. It twists and turns in a dizzying and disorienting manner.

The cave splits off into smaller chambers, but a main corridor is lit by torches.

The gang look into the smaller chambers.

SOUNDS of SOMETHING emits from each chamber; DISTANT SCREAMS, LOW GRUMBLES of a MONSTER, GURGLING SHRIEKS.

RANDY  
What's-his-face definitely said to stay with the torches, right?

Nobody says anything, because they all know. What lies in the darkness is very bad.

The gang come to a stop when Bobby notices something protruding from the rocky wall. It's a photograph.

In fact, it's the photograph of Holly when she was eighteen.

Holly's eyes grow wide, yanks the photo from Bobby's hand.

HOLLY  
What the Hell? Where did you get this?

BOBBY  
What?

HOLLY  
This is some kind of prank.

SUSAN  
Prank? What...?

HOLLY  
Do you guys think I'm stupid? Where did you guys get this?

Susan walks up to Holly and puts an arm on her shoulder.

SUSAN  
Holly, it's okay. Calm down.

Susan gently takes the photo from Holly and looks at it.



SUSAN (cont'd)  
Is this you?

HOLLY  
Yes, it's me. Where did it come  
from?

Susan looks back at the guys.

SUSAN  
How did it get down here?

She walks over to the guys and they all look at the photo.

RANDY  
Damn. You were really fat.

Holly is taken aback.

CLAYTON  
Anyone ever tell you to put down  
the fork?

Susan SNORTS like a pig. Randy LAUGHS.

HOLLY  
What's wrong with you guys?

RANDY  
I'd been with some big girls, but  
not that big. Even I have  
standards.

HOLLY  
Fuck you!

RANDY  
Hah, you wish.

SUSAN  
Aw, what's wrong, Miss Piggy?

HOLLY  
How did you...?

SUSAN  
You felt so sorry for yourself and  
ate to kill the feelings. Then you  
felt sorry for yourself for being a  
fatass. Which one is it, "girl"?

HOLLY  
Why are you doing...?

Holly fights back tears.

SUSAN  
Balemia. Anorexia. Diet pills.  
Drugs. You name it, you've tried  
it. Eventually it led to attempted  
suicide.

CLAYTON  
You tried killing yourself because  
you felt sorry for yourself? How  
selfish.

RANDY  
Pathetic.

SUSAN  
Yep. Read it in her diary during  
our road trip, while she was  
sleeping.

BOBBY  
How dramatic.

HOLLY  
Fuck you all!

Susan rests her hand on Holly's shoulder.

SUSAN  
It's okay, Holly. If it makes you  
feel better, you're not that fat  
now.

Holly SLAPS Susan. Susan grabs her cheek, and then LAUGHS.  
She CACKLES.

The guys LAUGH as well. They surround Holly and continue to  
LAUGH. Louder and LOUDER, their LAUGHS ECHO around Holly.

She covers her ears, squeezes her eyes shut, as she's  
surrounded by the maniacal laughing.

HOLLY  
shut up, Shut Up, SHUT UP!

Holly opens her eyes. Clayton and Randy stare at her with  
concern.

Behind them, Bobby consoles Susan, who holds her cheek.

CLAYTON  
You gotta chill, babe.

RANDY  
You're freakin' us out.

Holly uncovers her ears.

HOLLY  
What happened?

CLAYTON  
You were wiggin' out on us.

HOLLY  
Because you guys were...

They wait for her to finish, but she's speechless.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
What happened?

Bobby picks up his camera from the ground and replays previous footage.

**INSERT - THE CAMERA FOOTAGE**

Susan looks at the photo, then to Holly.

SUSAN  
Is this you?

HOLLY  
Yes, it's me. Where did it come from?

Susan turns to the camera.

SUSAN  
How did it get down here?

She walks over to the guys and they all look at the photo.

RANDY  
This is so weird.

CLAYTON  
What's going on with this place?

HOLLY  
What's wrong with you guys?

The gang look at Holly, who looks taken aback by them.

RANDY  
What?

HOLLY  
Fuck you!

RANDY  
Well fuck you too!

SUSAN  
Randy!  
(to Holly)  
What's wrong, Holly?

HOLLY  
How did you...?

SUSAN  
Are you okay?

HOLLY  
Why are you doing...?

Holly fights back tears. Susan slowly approaches Holly with an outstretched hand.

SUSAN  
Holly, what's wrong?

CLAYTON  
Babe, you're scaring us.

RANDY  
Yeah...

SUSAN  
You need to calm down...

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Jesus...

HOLLY  
Fuck you all!

SUSAN  
Holly, you're okay. Just calm down...

Susan lays her hand on Holly's shoulder. Holly SLAPS her. Susan grabs her cheek and backs away.

Bobby sets the camera on the ground to console Susan.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Holly wipes away her tears.

HOLLY  
But...that's not...

She looks back at the rest of the gang, backs away.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
That's not how any of it went.

The crew stare back at her.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
Don't look at me like I'm crazy!

RANDY  
The camera doesn't lie, sweetie.

HOLLY  
Shut up! What the Hell is this place? You all gotta admit that we're not in the haunted house anymore.

RANDY  
No shit.

SUSAN  
She's right. We took a wrong turn. Maybe we went through the wrong exit.

Another painful SCREAM ECHOES through the cave.

The sound of TORTURE.

The gang listen in TERROR.

BOBBY  
I say we just keep moving. There's gotta be another way out.

RANDY  
Fuck me.

The crew continue moving through the cave.

HOLLY  
Susan...

Susan looks back at Holly.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
I'm sorry...That wasn't me...

SUSAN  
I know...

They keep walking.

The gang comes to a stop. One last final torch is lit before darkness that swallows the cave whole.

Another long, painful SCREAM echoes through the cave. It comes from the darkness before them.

Bobby shines his camera light into the darkness, but it barely illuminates the inside.

He looks back at the gang in attempted reassurance, but it's no use. He leads the way into the darkness.

RANDY  
Wait!

Everyone stops and looks at Randy.

RANDY (cont'd)  
We're not seriously going in there?

Nobody says anything. They all look at each other.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Okay. Okay. I'll be the one to say  
it. I have a feeling that...that  
we're not...that we've entered...  
that...that...

CLAYTON  
Just spit it out already. We're all  
thinkin' it.

RANDY  
It's just so absurd!

BOBBY  
Look, we're not going to find a way  
out if we keep stopping and dickin'  
around. If we're going to get out  
of here, we have to keep moving.

RANDY  
You seriously want to go in there?  
After what Bartholomew said?

CLAYTON

Oh please, you seriously can't believe what he said is true--

RANDY

But you'll believe that we're in--

CLAYTON

I don't believe in that shit, okay?  
If I gotta lead the way, I'll do it. I'm not afraid.

Clayton looks into the darkness. Then, slowly, he disappears into the abyss.

One by one, they enter the darkness.

Randy's shoulders drop.

RANDY

Aw, shit.

He cautiously walks into the darkness beyond.

BLACK. AN ABYSS. A BLACK HOLE.

The light barely illuminates the cavernous chamber.

The walls are narrow. AND ARE MADE OF SKULLS AND BONES.

MOANS of AGONY echo throughout the darkness.

They get louder and Louder and LOUDER.

They approach something. A light. They walk toward it. Closer and closer and closer--

#### **INT. HALL OF MIRRORS**

SILENCE.

Lit well. Mesmerizing. Disorienting. Reflection upon reflection upon reflection. It's a dazzling sight.

The crew enter the hall of mirrors and immediately absorb their surroundings. Their reflections stretch for miles.

CLAYTON

This is trippy.

SUSAN  
It's beautiful...

Randy looks at his reflection. He fixes his hair, adjusts his collar. He notices he has dirt on his face.

RANDY  
Damn.

He licks his thumb and rubs the dirt from his cheeks.

Holly looks at herself in the mirror. She examines dark circles around her eyes. She looks a bit...thinner...

Bobby looks beyond the dizzying sight of the mirrors, searches for a way through.

HOLLY  
I'm confused. Is this part of the  
haunted house?

CLAYTON  
It has to be...

BOBBY  
This way.

The gang cautiously maneuver through the hall of mirrors. Randy is last, who continues to check out his reflection in each mirror.

Bobby BUMPS into a mirror, shakes his head, and moves in the right direction. The hallway seems to go on for forever.

Randy begins to lag behind as the gang continue through the hall of mirrors, distracted by his good looks.

The gang take a turn.

Randy checks his teeth as he slowly continues through the hall. He takes the turn.

The gang make their way to an exit.

Randy BUMPS into a mirror, LAUGHS in embarrassment. He takes a sharp turn, continues walking.



**INT. CAVERNOUS HALLWAY**

The gang reach the exit, a cavernous hallway with torches that lead the way.

Holly looks around.

HOLLY  
Wait, hold up. We're missing  
somebody.

They look around. Clayton's shoulder's drop.

CLAYTON  
God dammit, Randy...

They look back in the direction of the hallway of mirrors.

CLAYTON  
(annoyed)  
Where the Hell did he go?

BOBBY  
Yo! Randy!

HOLLY  
Randy!

CLAYTON  
Hey, Randy!

BOBBY  
Randy!

SUSAN  
Randy!

**INT. HALL OF MIRRORS - MOMENTS EARLIER**

Randy continues walking through the winding and twisting hallway of mirrors.

RANDY  
Yo, guys!

He frequently BUMPS into mirrors, becomes annoyed quickly.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Hello! Guys!

He continues twisting his way down the warping hallway.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Shit...Guys?!

He becomes panicked. He walks briskly through the hall.

He BUMPS into another mirror. SPINS AROUND and rushes forward, only to BUMP into yet another mirror.

Randy BREATHESES HEAVILY, exhausted, yet also out of fear.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Guys?!

He cautiously maneuvers through this maze. He SCREAMS for his friends, but gets no response.

RANDY (cont'd)  
Fuck, fuck, fuck...

He rushes through the hallway. Sharp turns and maneuvering in circles. Dizzying. Disorienting.

He stares deep into his reflections.

They WARP into MONSTROSITIES. Elongated teeth, sunken eyes, smiles that stretch across their faces.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
(echoed)  
Randy!

Randy rushes in one direction.

HOLLY (V.O.)  
(echoed)  
Randy!

Randy spins around and sprints in another direction.

CLAYTON (V.O.)  
(echoed)  
Randy!

Randy covers his ears. Spins in circles. He can't help but stare at his reflections.

They LAUGH MANIACALLY. Cartoonish faces. Surreal and horrific, monstrous.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
(echoed)  
Randy!

EVERYONE (V.O.)  
(overlaid echoes)  
RANDY!

His friends' CALLS ECHO throughout the hall of mirrors. His name repeatedly SHOUTED at him. Over and over and over and over and over...

Randy stands and SCREAMS at his reflection with his hands over his ears.

It's INSANITY.

**INT. CAVERNOUS HALLWAY - PRESENT TIME**

The gang as they stand in the hallway.

It is SILENT.

SUSAN  
Where did he go?

More silence. Clayton SIGHS.

CLAYTON  
I'll go get him.

Clayton walks into the Hall of Mirrors.

The gang wait a moment.

Holly looks back at Bobby and Susan in concern, then back at the hall of mirrors.

HOLLY  
Clay?

No answer.

Silence.

Clayton reappears from the Hall of Mirrors alone. He shrugs.

CLAYTON  
Couldn't find him.

HOLLY  
Maybe he found an exit?

CLAYTON  
I looked everywhere for another way out, there wasn't any.

SUSAN  
Well we can't leave him behind.

CLAYTON  
If he's too stupid to get lost in a  
Hall of Mirrors, then I'm not gonna  
go looking for his dumb ass.

Clayton begins to walk off.

HOLLY  
Clay, wait...

SUSAN  
We can't just leave him.

CLAYTON  
Look, we either wait for him, which  
God knows how long that'll be, or  
we keep moving and find a way out.

SUSAN  
Don't be an asshole. We have to  
stick together.

CLAYTON  
Sorry, hun, but Randy's on his own.  
I want to get out of here.

Clayton turns and walks away. Holly walks after Clayton.

SUSAN  
Holly?

Holly looks back. She seems conflicted.

HOLLY  
Sorry, girl. I'm with Clay on this  
one.

Holly walks down the hallway after Clayton. Susan looks on,  
mouth agape.

Bobby turns to begin walking. Susan gawks at him as he looks  
back at her. He stops.

BOBBY  
What?

SUSAN  
You're seriously going to leave him  
behind?

BOBBY  
He'll show up.

SUSAN  
What if he did find a way out?

BOBBY  
He'd come back and tell us.

SUSAN  
Then...what if...something happened  
to him?

BOBBY  
Like what?

SUSAN  
I don't know...

BOBBY  
Look, we have to stick together. We  
can't let Clayton and Holly get too  
far ahead.

Bobby turns and walks away.

Susan looks back at the Hall of Mirrors one more time before  
she turns and walks with Bobby.

The two catch up to Clayton and Holly, who slowly maneuver  
their way through the torch-lit hallway.

It twists and turns like a maze.

A distant SCREAM ECHOES through the hallway. The ECHO lasts  
a while.

They look down the hallway.

The torches BLOW OUT one by one.

The torch above them FLICKERS and EXTINGUISHES ITSELF.

Bobby turns on the camera LED lamp, but it quickly FLICKERS  
and DIES.

Each torch behind them FLICKERS OUT.

Pitch black.

Heavy BREATHING from the gang.

Chains RATTLE within the darkness.

**THROUGH VIDEO CAMERA:**

In night vision, the camera points at the gang.

Behind them appears a figure.

BOBBY (cont'd)  
(hushed)  
Someone's coming...someone's  
coming...

The gang press themselves up against the wall.

The figure emerges from the darkness.

It's a MAN. Starved and emaciated. Bound by chains around his ankles, his wrists, his neck.

His face has been SKINNED. Wide-eyed stare, permanent skeletal smile, missing nose.

He MUMBLES a PRAYER as he drags his feet along the ground past the gang.

The chains stretch back into the darkness, connected to... something. A low GRUMBLE emits from within the abyss.

Something BIG lumbers in through the hall.

The camera SHAKES in fear as an OTHERWORLDLY CREATURE emerges from the darkness. Piercing eyes glow in the night vision; WET, SLOPPY SOUNDS correlate with its movements.

The camera points downward.

**SUSAN'S BODY CAM POV:** her eyes are sealed shut, her mouth is covered. Behind her, the creature slowly slinks along.

**CLAYTON'S BODY CAM POV:** he has his eyes shut, a very calm look on his face, maintains composure rather well. The creature GRUMBLES as it passes by him.

**THROUGH VIDEO CAMERA:**

The creature's FEET DRAG by. Inhuman, yet human enough. The skin is dry yet slimy. The chains attach to the creature's ankles and wrists like a marionette master.

The creature moves beyond the gang and down the hall toward the hall of mirrors.

**BACK TO SCENE**

The torches light themselves one by one down the hall. The camera LED lamp flickers back on. It's as if the creature EMITS DARKNESS.

Susan HYPERVENTILATES.

HOLLY  
What the Hell was that?

Bobby consoles Susan.

BOBBY  
Calm down, Susan.

HOLLY  
Seriously, what the actual Hell was that?

BOBBY  
You need to breathe.

SUSAN  
We're dead...oh my God, we're dead!  
And we're in--

BOBBY  
Susan, Susan! We're not dead!  
We're...we're just...I don't know,  
but we're still here.

HOLLY  
What was that thing?

SUSAN  
Randy was right. This place is...  
And now he's gone. Something got  
him, and we're next.

CLAYTON  
Oh come on, you can't be serious.

HOLLY  
What would that...thing be?!

CLAYTON  
Come on, guys!

Everyone looks at Clayton, who struggles to speak.

CLAYTON (cont'd)  
You can't...you're not...Fuck it,  
I'm not waiting around to find out.

Clayton moves forward.

SUSAN  
I can't...I don't want to keep  
going...

HOLLY  
C'mon girl, we have to.

SUSAN  
But...I...

HOLLY  
Clay, wait!

BOBBY  
Clayton!

HOLLY  
Damn it...  
(to Susan)  
C'mon, stick with me. I've got you.

SUSAN  
No, I...

HOLLY  
Be brave, girl.

Susan looks beyond Holly at the hallway before them. She slowly gets to her feet.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
That's what I'm talking about.

Susan hangs on to Holly as they and Bobby maneuver down the decrepit hallway.

They turn a corner, then another corner.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
Clay!

BOBBY  
Clayton!

HOLLY  
Clay get back here! We need to  
stick together!

A SCREAM ECHOES through the hallway from the distance.  
TORTURE. AGONY. CONSTANT DEATH.

Susan covers her ears in FEAR.

**THROUGH VIDEO CAMERA:**



They turn another corner, then another. Clayton is nowhere to be found.

HOLLY (O.S.)  
No, no, no, no...We lost him!  
Clayton!

The camera turns to the two women.

SUSAN  
I feel like we're just getting  
deeper and deeper into this place.  
There's no way out!

HOLLY  
We have to find Clay.

Holly pushes past the camera.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Susan, c'mon.

HOLLY (O.S.)  
Clayton!

SUSAN  
I'm so scared.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
I know.

Susan takes Bobby's hand and they continue through the never-ending hallway.

Holly leads the way.

HOLLY  
Clayton!

The gang turns a corner and come to--

A cavernous room, with corridors that split off in multiple directions. One torch lights the room.

Clayton stands in the middle of it, his back to the gang.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
Clayton...?

He doesn't move. The gang move toward him.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
Clayton...

They get closer and CLOSER.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
Clayton?

Slowly, Clayton turns around. He has a thousand yard, glossy-eyed stare.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
Are you okay?

CLAYTON  
I...thought I found a way out.

HOLLY  
Which way?

Clayton looks at each of the corridors.

CLAYTON  
I...I can't remember...

He points to one.

CLAYTON (cont'd)  
That one, I think?

Holly pokes her head into the corridor.

Bobby hands the camera to Susan.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Hold this.

Bobby walks up to Clayton.

BOBBY  
Clayton, what happened?

CLAYTON  
I must've imagined getting out of here...

BOBBY  
What do you mean?

CLAYTON  
...And then I ended up back here...

He begins to CRY.

CLAYTON (cont'd)  
I fought through...so much...It  
was...horrible! And I got out!  
And...and...now I'm back...

BOBBY  
You saw the way out of here?

CLAYTON  
How did I get back here?

BOBBY  
What happened, Clayton?

CLAYTON  
I...I...was standing here...and  
then...I grabbed the torch...

He turns around and grabs the single torch in the room. It  
burns BRIGHT.

CLAYTON (cont'd)  
And you guys were here...Standing  
right where you're standing...And  
then...And then...

Clayton struggles to speak.

A SKINNED BODY DROPS UPSIDE DOWN FROM THE CEILING SCREAMING!  
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GANG.

The body knocks out the camera LED light.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

The gang SCREAM and SPLIT APART.

Clayton, with his torch, runs into one corridor.

Susan and Holly run into another corridor.

Bobby falls backward onto his ass.

#### **INT. FIRST CORRIDOR**

#### **SUSAN AND HOLLY**

Run through the cavernous hall.

SUSAN  
Wait! Wait!

They come to a stop.

HOLLY

The light! Turn on the light!

Susan FUMBLES with the camera LED lamp.

SUSAN

God dammit...I...I can't figure...

She feels the light, finds a knob, turns it. The LED lamp fades to life and illuminates the women. They huddle around the light.

Holly looks EVEN THINNER.

SUSAN (cont'd)

We lost Bobby and Clayton.

HOLLY

Oh shit...oh shit...what do we do?

SUSAN

We have to go back for them!

A TORTURED SCREAM ECHOES through the darkness.

HOLLY

...Oh fuck!

SUSAN

C'mon...we have to find them...

They slowly maneuver through the corridor.

Holly leans against a wall, out of breath.

SUSAN (cont'd)

You okay?

HOLLY

I'm fine.

SUSAN

You don't look so good.

HOLLY

Just exhausted. I want to get out of here.

**INT. CAVERNOUS HALLWAY**

Susan and Holly enter the cavernous room. Multiple corridor entrances line the walls. The skinned body is nowhere to be found. Neither is Bobby nor Clayton.

HOLLY  
They could be anywhere!

SUSAN  
Which way?

Holly points to a corridor.

HOLLY  
Isn't that the way Clayton said he  
saw a way out?

They look inside the dark corridor.

Faded SCREAMS emit from within.

SUSAN  
You think they went in there?

HOLLY  
I don't care at this point. Get me  
out of here.

They look at each other, then slowly travel into the dark.

**INT. SECOND CORRIDOR****CLAYTON**

Walks through the cavernous corridor, torch in hand.

A SCREAM ECHOES through the corridor. He stops and listens.

CLAYTON  
Fuck this...

He maneuvers through the corridor. The torch never seems to lose its flame.

He shines the torch up above him toward the ceiling.

Stone bodies remain frozen in the walls, their faces paralyzed with screams.

AGONIZED SHRIEKS echo from the darkness.

He stops.

Before him is a CROUPIER. Pale skin. Sunken eyes. Ghoulish and...soulless.

She motions with her skeletal index finger to Clayton to come with her. She turns and walks into the darkness.

Clayton GULPS. He reluctantly moves forward.

He moves through the corridor until he reaches a STAIRCASE. It's an old staircase, made of brick and stone.

He begins his ascent.

Slowly, the staircase turns into a modern staircase.

Clayton nears the top of the stairs, where he reaches a door. He looks back down the dark stairs, then at the door.

He opens it, and enters an--

#### **INT. UNDERGROUND CASINO**

His torch FLICKERS OUT.

The casino is jammin'. Everyone is having a great time at the slot machines, the poker tables, the various games.

It's rather dim in the casino, as if the lights are at a "mood setting".

Clayton looks around cautiously.

Before him, a straight B-line across the casino, is a roulette table. It's illuminated by a spotlight from somewhere up above.

Clayton walks through the casino and up to the table. The same croupier stands at the table with a stoic stare. She looks normal now. Alive.

CLAYTON

So, this is where the haunted house  
leads out? A casino?

CROUPIER

Congratulations. You survived.

She motions to the table.

CROUPIER (cont'd)

Place your bets.

CLAYTON  
I don't have any chips.

CROUPIER  
Are you sure?

Clayton checks his pockets and pulls out a handful of chips from one.

CLAYTON  
What the...? A thousand dollars!

CROUPIER  
Are you willing to play?

CLAYTON  
Hell, why not. Free money. Put it all on...red. I feel it's my lucky color.

The croupier spins the wheel, then the ball.

CROUPIER  
So sorry to hear about Randy.

CLAYTON  
What?

The ball BOUNCES along the deflectors, comes to a stop.

CROUPIER  
Thirteen black.

CLAYTON  
What did you say about Randy?

The croupier calmly takes the chips.

CROUPIER  
I'm sure he's somewhere.

CLAYTON  
Yeah...yeah...

CROUPIER  
It wasn't anyone's fault but his own.

CLAYTON  
I should get back to everyone.

CROUPIER

Ah, ah, ah...one more time. On the house. I'm feeling...generous...

Clayton checks out the croupier.

CLAYTON

Generous...how?

CROUPIER

One more chance. But this time, let's make it more interesting.

CLAYTON

Interesting?

CROUPIER

If you land on the double zero, you get everything you could ask for, whenever you wanted.

CLAYTON

Sounds nice.

CROUPIER

Tell me, what is it you desire the most?

CLAYTON

Why? You a genie?

Clayton looks around, LAUGHS.

The croupier remains unmoved.

He returns to the croupier with a smirk.

CLAYTON (cont'd)

Okay, okay, I'll bait...I desire... all the money I could possibly need...the fame I deserve...all the women in the world...a life of nothing but pure bliss...

The croupier LAUGHS. It sounds like SANDPAPER.

CROUPIER

Your greed is wonderful.

CLAYTON

And if I lose?

The croupier narrows her eyes. The lights around them grow dimmer except for the spotlight.



CROUPIER  
You're summoned to an afterlife of  
eternal damnation.

Clayton looks around.

It's now apparent that everyone in the casino is STARING AT  
CLAYTON. Nobody moves. All attention on HIM.

He SNORTS.

CLAYTON  
(to himself)  
Freaks...

CROUPIER  
So...Do you accept?

CLAYTON  
Whatever you say.

The croupier keeps her eyes on him. He smirks at her, then  
holds up his hands in fake fear.

CLAYTON (cont'd)  
Ooga booga!

The croupier doesn't take her eyes off of him as she spins  
the wheel, then the ball.

Clayton watches in pure anticipation.

CROUPIER  
Always taking chances, Clayton.

CLAYTON  
How did you know my name?

CROUPIER  
You think you could ever win a bet  
with us?

CLAYTON  
What?

CROUPIER  
You're in our world now. There is  
no "chance" here.

Clayton's face drops. He looks down at the wheel. The ball  
bounces along the deflectors.

It bounces towards the DOUBLE ZEROES.

Clayton stands up.

Everything around the roulette table grows dark. Just a spotlight on table.

The ball bounces to a stop.

It lands on ONE, RED.

Clayton looks up at the croupier.

She has transformed into her ghoulish, soulless self. She backs away into the darkness of the casino.

The spotlight slowly fades away, bathing Clayton in--

DARKNESS.

**CLAYTON'S BODY CAM POV:** in night vision; Clayton stares ahead of himself. He, for once, looks completely afraid.

(O.S.) the MOANS of AGONY of all of the casino patrons. They get louder and LOUDER.

Behind him, the ZOMBIFIED FACES of the CASINO PATRONS. Their eyes GLOW in the infrared light.

They lumber toward Clayton, unbeknownst to him.

DOZENS OF HANDS REACH FOR CLAYTON'S FACE.

He SCREAMS and fights the hands off.

Clayton is PULLED TO THE GROUND.

The hands GRAB AT HIS SKIN. Begin to RIP IT OFF.

Clayton SHRIEKS.

DECAYED FACES CHEW on Clayton.

His body cam is pulled away from his body.

CASINO PATRONS FEAST ON CLAYTON'S BODY.

#### **INT. THIRD CORRIDOR**

Susan and Holly maneuver through the rocky corridor. The LED light from the camera lights the way.

Holly is thinner than ever.

SUSAN  
I have no idea where we're going.  
(shouts)  
Bobby!

HOLLY  
I'm so tired.

SUSAN  
We're gonna make it out.

Holly TRIPS over herself. Susan catches her.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
You've got this. C'mon.

HOLLY  
I can't.

SUSAN  
You pushed me to keep going, I'm  
gonna do the same to you.

HOLLY  
I need to stop.

SUSAN  
No, we're not stopping. We have to  
get out.

Susan gives Holly a shoulder to carry her on and they slowly  
move forward through the corridor.

HOLLY  
I'm glad you tagged along, Susan.

SUSAN  
What?

HOLLY  
You were awesome to get to know.  
I'm happy we became friends, girl.

SUSAN  
Me too, Holly.

HOLLY  
Can we take a break?

SUSAN  
We've gotta keep moving.

HOLLY  
Just a quick minute.

**THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

The camera is set down onto the ground and faces a wall.

Susan sits Holly down against the wall. She looks anorexic.  
Susan sits down. Holly rests her head on Susan's shoulder.

HOLLY (cont'd)  
I'm dragging you down, girl.

SUSAN  
No you aren't.

HOLLY  
You need to find a way out.

SUSAN  
You never left my side, I'm not  
leaving yours.

HOLLY  
I can't go on any further.

SUSAN  
That's okay.

HOLLY  
I'm so tired.

SUSAN  
I know.

Susan caresses Holly's arm. She begins to SOB quietly. Holly  
closes her eyes.

A distant GHOSTLY MOAN fills the air.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
I'm so scared.

HOLLY  
Be brave, girl.

SUSAN  
I wish Bobby was here...I wish we  
could get out of here...

HOLLY  
We will.

SUSAN  
We're lost. We're never gonna find  
a way out.

Susan CRIES.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
And I fucking miss Vivian. This  
whole thing was about her.

HOLLY  
Do you think she still exists?

SUSAN  
I don't know...

HOLLY  
Like, after we die. Do you think  
there's something? And she's there?

SUSAN  
I don't know...

HOLLY  
I hope so...  
(beat)  
Talk to me, Susan...

Susan SNIFFS, composes herself.

SUSAN  
Vivian and I used to go out to the  
bars on the weekends. We'd rate  
guys we'd see on a scale of one to  
ten. We had a term called  
"ten-four." You know how it means  
OK? Well, Vivian would approach a  
guy who she thought was a ten from  
far away. But the closer she got,  
he would turn into a four, and the  
only way to get out would be to  
text me "ten-four" to let me know  
that the guy was just "OK." I'd  
come in and swoop her away with  
some bullshit excuse.

Holly smiles.

SUSAN  
We'd grab mac 'n' cheese pizza at  
Pete's and bar hop around the LoDo  
area, usually stay out until  
sunrise. Girl's night, ya know? You  
would've loved it.

HOLLY  
That sounds wonderful.

SUSAN  
She knew how to live it up.

HOLLY  
I'm sorry, girl.

SUSAN  
Me too.

HOLLY  
You'll be okay.

SUSAN  
We should keep moving.

HOLLY  
Go on without me.

SUSAN  
Bullshit. You're coming with me.

HOLLY  
Just think about Vivian. She'll  
have your back now.

SUSAN  
What are you talking about?

HOLLY  
I'm leaving, girl.

SUSAN  
What do you mean?

HOLLY  
It's time...

Holly begins to WITHER AWAY.

SUSAN  
Holly? Holly?!

Her skin TIGHTENS against her bones. She becomes more and  
more SKELETAL.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
No, no, no, please don't leave  
me...

Her skin PEELS AND FLAKES AWAY.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
Holly, please! Please! Don't leave  
me alone! Don't leave me alone!!!

She turns into a SKELETON and falls into Susan's lap. Then,  
her bones turn to ASH.

Susan stares at the pile of ash on her lap and around her.  
She CRIES.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
Oh God...oh God...

A TERRIFIED, AGONIZED SCREAM ECHOES through this Hellish  
place. Susan stares beyond the darkness before her,  
paralyzed with fear.

She slowly crawls to the camera and picks it up. She points  
it into the dark abyss in front of her.

Slowly but surely, she continues her trek through the  
corridor, terrified beyond belief.

Twisting and turning, she moves her way through the dark,  
rocky corridor.

Drip-drops of SOMETHING fall from the never-ending ceiling  
of the corridor. Susan holds out her hand.

Thick, RED LIQUID from above. Susan points the LED camera  
lamp up.

BLOOD RAINS from the abyss above her.

The further she traverses into the darkness, the more  
horrific it gets.

Wooden spikes jut from the rocky walls. DECAYED BODIES are  
impaled on the spikes, mutilated beyond recognition.

Susan slowly moves through, nearly scared stiff.

She walks through PILES OF BONES on the ground.

Up ahead, she hears something. Someone TALKING. A figure  
appears from within the darkness, wandering through the  
corridor. It's a LOST SOUL.

She begins to move toward the Lost Soul. They STARE at the  
camera with WIDE, NEVER-BLINKING, BLIND-WHITE EYES as Susan  
maneuvers around them very slowly.

## LOST SOUL

Crazy? I was crazy once. They locked me up in a padded cell. I didn't like it there. So I killed myself. They gave me a nice grave. Three flowers grew there. Two grew up and one grew down. It tickled my nose. It drove me crazy. Crazy? I was crazy once...

Susan passes by the Lost Soul and continues through the hallway. She keeps the camera on the Lost Soul, then turns it back ahead of her.

She approaches another figure. It's the LOST SOUL AGAIN. Wandering through the corridor with the wide-eyed stare in the darkness.

## LOST SOUL

Crazy? I was crazy once. They locked me up in a padded cell. I didn't like it there. So I killed myself. They gave me a nice grave. Three flowers grew there. Two grew up and one grew down. It tickled my nose. It drove me crazy. Crazy? I was crazy once...

She passes by the Lost Soul again and continues through the corridor...where she stumbles upon the same Lost Soul AGAIN.

## LOST SOUL (cont'd)

Crazy? I was crazy once...

The Lost Soul disappears into darkness as Susan rushes away.

Susan looks in front of her. She sees Bobby at the end of the rocky corridor.

## SUSAN

Bobby!

She approaches him. He looks stoic.

Just as she is about to reach him, he turns and walks further into the corridor. Susan turns and--

Bobby is at the very end of the corridor at the next turn.

Susan stops and stares at him. He stares back.



SUSAN (cont'd)  
Bobby?

She cautiously moves toward him. Just as she reaches him, he turns and moves beyond the corner. Susan turns the corner and Bobby is nowhere to be seen. Instead--

There's a door. An exit! A torch sits at one corner and illuminates it.

Susan rushes toward the door. She BURSTS through--

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

--and STUMBLES into the kitchen.

Before her is VIVIAN, alive and healthy. She looks up from her phone and CHUCKLES.

VIVIAN  
Testing gravity there?

SUSAN  
I, uh...

VIVIAN  
I found the info for The Ninth Circle. Listen to this--

Susan cautiously walks further into the kitchen, leans against a counter.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
--Supposedly, it's the scariest haunted house in America, like I believe that, and they even use real animals like snakes, gross, and actual pig's blood, wear a poncho. They also allow the actors to touch the guests and harass them. Uh, no thanks. This sounds awesome.

Vivian looks back at Susan, who still looks uncomfortable.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
You okay?

SUSAN  
Yeah...yeah...

VIVIAN  
I'm meeting with Marty and Tabitha  
there. You should tag along. I hear  
Jason might come, too.

Vivian winks and GIGGLES.

SUSAN  
I...don't think so...

VIVIAN  
Aw, come on. It'll be fun!

SUSAN  
I just...

Vivian waits for Susan to finish, but there's nothing.

VIVIAN  
You sure you're okay?

SUSAN  
I just feel weird. Something isn't  
right.

VIVIAN  
It's Halloween, of course nothing  
will feel "right." I gotta go. I'm  
already running late.

Vivian gathers her things and stands.

SUSAN  
Viv, wait--

They both stop. Susan STUTTERS as she fights for words.

SUSAN (cont'd)  
Can't you stay, like, five more  
minutes?

VIVIAN  
Or...you can come with!

SUSAN  
I just...think...

VIVIAN  
Duh, durr, derp. Come on, we're  
going to get our pants scared off.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

MUSIC BLARES from the speakers as Vivian drives down the highway. Susan sits in the passenger seat uncomfortable.

Vivian dances to the music. She looks over at Susan, then turns the music down.

VIVIAN

Okay, come on. Tell me. What's wrong?

SUSAN

I don't know. I feel like I've been here before.

VIVIAN

Deja vu. I get it all the time.

SUSAN

But...I don't know...

VIVIAN

You wanna know something? I'm having that Deja vu feeling too.

SUSAN

About what?

VIVIAN

I've never told anyone this before, but...I've had this dream. Ever since I'd met you, Susan, I'd have this recurring dream. You and I were right here, in the car. Driving a long stretch of freeway. Enjoying the music. It was so real. I could smell the air, and actually hear the lyrics to the song. This exact song, actually. And you were acting this way, all quiet and bothered by something, though you would never tell me what, no matter how many times I asked.

Susan looks extremely uncomfortable now.

SUSAN

And then what happened?

VIVIAN

Well, the freeway ends, right? And there's a stoplight...

Susan looks ahead. Before them, there's a STOPLIGHT at an intersection. It's GREEN.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
...and as I drive through it, I see  
bright lights...

They get closer to the stoplight. Susan looks down at the clock. It reads 10:47 PM.

VIVIAN  
...I never knew what happened after  
then...I would always wake up...

They reach the intersection.

SUSAN  
Vivian, stop--

BRIGHT LIGHTS. GLASS SHATTERING. THE CAR TUMBLES OUT OF CONTROL. STRAPPED BODIES SWING OUT OF CONTROL.

#### **EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

The car FLIPS a dozen times and lands on its side. The other car TUMBLES and smashes into the stoplight.

SILENCE.

Everything is still. GAS LEAKS from Vivian's car and snakes down the asphalt.

Susan stands a few feet from the accident scene. She is a ghost. An observer.

Vivian slowly wakes up. She MUMBLES incoherently.

Susan walks around Vivian's car and absorbs the scene. She covers her mouth in shock.

Headlights shine over them as another car approaches the intersection. A DRIVER jumps out and runs over to Vivian's car to help her.

DRIVER  
Are you okay? Are you hurt?

VIVIAN  
Please help me!

DRIVER

Okay...okay...hold on. I'm going to  
call 9-1-1.

The driver ignores Ghost Susan and calls 9-1-1.

Susan looks over at the other car and slowly maneuvers  
toward it.

As she gets closer to the other car, she recognizes the  
other driver--

It's BOBBY.

His forehead gushes with blood from a massive gash.

SUSAN

No...no, no, no, no...

Her surroundings grow darker.

Only the intersection is lit now.

The stoplight pole DISLODGEs from its base and falls to the  
ground. The stoplight lamp SPARKS as it SHATTERS and IGNITES  
THE GASOLINE.

The fire rushes toward Vivian's car.

SUSAN (cont'd)

No...

The fire ENGULFS VIVIAN'S CAR. Vivian SCREAMS!

SUSAN (cont'd)

No!!!!

Vivian continues to SCREAM.

Susan rushes up to Vivian's car but the fire is too much for  
her. She backs away from the heat and SCREAMS.

Vivian SCREAMS. The Driver SCREAMS. Bobby SCREAMS. The  
entire intersection is filled with SCREAMS OF AGONY.

### **INT. THIRD CORRIDOR**

Susan SCREAMS at a torch.

Bobby spins her around.

BOBBY

Susan!

Susan stops screaming.

BOBBY (cont'd)

You're okay! You're okay!

Susan realizes it's Bobby.

BOBBY (cont'd)

I almost lost you there.

SUSAN

It was you...

BOBBY

It was me? What?

SUSAN

That night...

Bobby's face drops.

SUSAN (cont'd)

You were the drunk driver...

Bobby walks toward her as she backs away, forces her further into the corridor.

BOBBY

Yeah. It was.

SUSAN

But...you died?

BOBBY

And came here.

SUSAN

I don't get it...how...why...?

BOBBY

You don't get it? You were supposed to be in the crash that night, Susan.

SUSAN

But...I...

BOBBY

...was supposed to die with Vivian. Come on, you can say it.

SUSAN

No...

BOBBY

This place...It cast me back to Earth to get you. To bring you to...It.

SUSAN

You lead us here...

BOBBY

I was just doing what I was told. I'm bound by duty in this realm to put everything in place to get us to come here. Us meeting at the funeral was no coincidence, Susan. I was there with a duty.

SUSAN

And Holly? Randy? Clayton? What about them?

BOBBY

We all have our demons.

SUSAN

I can't believe you would...that I...oh God...

Susan backs away further into the dark corridor. She begins to CRY.

BOBBY

I'm so sorry about Vivian.

SUSAN

You killed her.

BOBBY

It was an accident. A stupid decision.

SUSAN

There's no excuse for what you did.

BOBBY

Honey...

SUSAN

Don't call me that! I don't even know who you are anymore.

BOBBY

I'm the same person. I was the same as who I was when I was alive. I thought of it as my second chance.

SUSAN

The second chance to ruin someone's life? And I trusted you...

BOBBY

It was my duty.

SUSAN

Stop saying that!

BOBBY

I love you, Susan.

SUSAN

Stop it!

BOBBY

I know it wasn't real to you, but it was to me. The past three years have been the best years of my life. It made me feel alive again.

SUSAN

No...

BOBBY

And now you're here with me. I'm truly sorry, Susan. I know there's a part of you that will forgive me.

Bobby points at the NIGHT VISION switch.

BOBBY (cont'd)

You're gonna need that.

SUSAN

No!

Susan runs away, leaving Bobby in the dark.

She CRIES as she moves through the corridor, using the LED camera lamp to light the way.

**THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

Susan continues to run through the corridor. Finally, she reaches an open, cavernous space.



Inside the cavernous space, is a tipped over, charred vehicle. Still smoldering. In the driver seat, the CHARRED BODY OF VIVIAN.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Oh God...

Vivian's charred body COMES TO LIFE. Her eyes SNAP OPEN. Susan GASPS.

Vivian crawls out of the vehicle slowly. Susan backs away. She trips over a SKULL and some BONES, falls onto her ass.

Vivian slowly crawls toward Susan, who pushes herself back against a wall. Vivian grows closer, then stops.

She hands Susan a CROWBAR, posed as if giving an offering.

Susan stares at the crowbar, then Vivian.

Vivian doesn't move from her pose. Susan cautiously takes the crowbar. Vivian remains still.

Susan scrambles to her feet, backs away from Vivian. Then...

Behind her, a GHOSTLY MOAN ECHOES THROUGH THE CAVE. Susan turns around.

The darkness before her seems to MOVE.

RATTLING CHAINS ECHO from the distance.

The darkness GATHERS and COLLECTS.

The RATTLING CHAINS get CLOSER.

The LED camera lamp begins to FLICKER.

From the shadows emerges a SKULL. LARGE HORNS. HOOFED FEET.

DEVILISH.

The light FLICKERS DEAD.

Susan FUMBLES with the camera.

SUSAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

Oh God...oh God...

RATTLING CHAINS get closer. CLOSER.

She presses buttons. Flips switches. Finally, she finds the NIGHT VISION mode. Turns it ON.

The camera is pointed down, at someone's bare feet. She tilts the camera upward--

THE SKINNED-FACED MAN ATTACKS HER.

Susan SCREAMS.

He SCREAMS into the camera. Attempts to tackle Susan.

Susan uses the camera to SMASH it into his face. He falls backward onto the ground. Then he is YANKED into the darkness by the chains.

Glowing eyes. Long, gangling arms and legs. Other-wordly. The creature looms in from the darkness. GRUMBLES.

VIVIAN (O.S.)

Leave.

Susan turns around. She sees VIVIAN. Healthy. Normal. Dressed in the white nightgown with her hair parted, barefoot. She GLOWS.

VIVIAN

Now. Go!

Vivian walks past Susan toward the creature. She opens her arms, as if inviting the creature to her. The creature wraps its skeletal arms around her, pulls her into the darkness.

Susan RUNS.

She retraces her steps.

She RUNS through the cavernous corridor. Passes by the lit torch she was screaming at, the impaled bodies, the raining blood, the piles of bones. Twists and turns, zigzags, disorienting directions.

She reaches the--

#### **INT. CAVERNOUS HALLWAY**

#### **THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

--in the open space with multiple corridors. She takes the main hallway lit by the fiery torches.

More twists and turns as she follows the torch-lit hallway.

She approaches the--

**INT. HALL OF MIRRORS****THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

Susan zigzags through the hall of mirrors. She BUMPS into a mirror and nearly falls to her ass. She turns every which way, but can't seem to find a way out. A dead end.

She turns around and--

RANDY IS THERE. He is INSANE. He SCREAMS and GRABS SUSAN, presses her up against a mirror, CHOKES HER. She COUGHS.

Finally, she uses the crowbar to SMASH it into his head. He lets go of her, backs away with his hand to his head.

Susan RUNS.

Randy SCREAMS in INSANITY.

Susan looks behind her. Randy is after her!

She zigzags through the hall of mirrors, never-ending, as if she is lost herself.

She manages to get out. Randy stops at the entrance, anchored to the boundaries of the hall of mirrors.

He SCREAMS again.

**INT. CAVERNOUS HALLWAY****THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

Susan continues to run.

Through the darkness, the walls made of skulls and bones. MOANS of AGONY. They FILL THE AIR.

Susan maneuvers through the darkness until she reaches the hall of torches. She SPRINTS down the hallway until she reaches the small crawlspace of the cave.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Oh fuck...!

The creature ROARS from afar (O.S.)

She looks back.

As if a gust of wind blows through the hallway, the torches quickly blow out one by one. Even the LED camera lamp dies.

Engulfed in darkness.

SUSAN  
No, no, no...shit!

Susan turns on the NIGHT VISION and enters the crawlspace.

The camera pushes through backward, lens on Susan. She squeezes through the tight space.

The creature SCREECHES (O.S.)

Slowly but surely, Susan makes it to the other side.

The creature scrambles toward the crawlspace!

Susan maneuvers through the cave until she reaches steps made out of rocks.

She switches the night vision off.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Light! I need light!

The LED camera lamp flickers back on.

#### **INT. STAIRWELL**

#### **THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

Step by step Susan ascends toward the top of the stairwell. It takes a while, but then the rocky steps turn to brick steps. The walls turn from cavernous to brick. Then to cement. Cleaner and more modern.

She's quickly running out of breath. She BREATHES heavily.

She slows to a stop. Takes a quick breather.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Come on...Come on!

The creature SCREECHES (O.S.) from below. It ECHOES through the stairwell.

She continues, albeit slowly, up the steps. Exhausted.

She reaches fluorescent lighting.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
Almost there...Come on!

She TRIPS and falls onto the steps.

SUSAN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
God damn it...Come on, Susan!

She struggles to her feet and continues up the steps. Her BREATHING is fatigued beyond belief.

She continues up another flight. Then, reaches the top.

She falls to the ground and catches her breath in deep, heavy breaths. She drops the crowbar at her side.

The creature SCREECHES (O.S.)

Susan CRIES, exhausted.

RATTLING CHAINS ECHO through the stairwell, get CLOSER.

Susan POUNDS the floor.

SUSAN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Fuck...!

She BREATHES heavy, crawls to the door with no handle.

She POUNDS on the door in defeat.

SUSAN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
No...No!

She CRIES.

The RATTLING CHAINS get CLOSER.

Susan sees the crowbar and crawls back over to it. She picks it up and scrambles to her feet.

She wedges the crowbar into the door. Begins to lever, struggles. She attempts again, and again.

The creature SCREECHES (O.S.). Only a couple flights down.

The fluorescent lights begin to flicker until they BURN OUT. The LED camera lamp begins to die.

POP! Susan gets the door open!

She grabs the camera and runs through the doorway into the--

**INT. HALLWAY****THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

Crowbar in hand. Down the hall, she nears Hell's Gate's exit.

She reaches the exit, turns back.

The fluorescent lights flicker and die one by one down the hallway as darkness chases after Susan.

She runs through the exit and enters--

**INT. HELL'S GATE****THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:****HELL**

Fire ERUPTS across the ceiling of the haunted house. More fire BLOWS across the path.

Susan runs through, dodges fire, nearly gets scalded. She enters the--

**TORTURE CHAMBER**

All of the tortured bodies ARE LOOSE!

They stumble from their torture rooms, stand to their feet, or stubs, rip themselves from hooks, slide themselves off of stakes that had impaled them.

They chase after Susan!

She RUNS through the torture chamber, dodges the grasps of grotesque souls and horrific bodies. They SCREAM and GARBLE at the camera as she runs past them.

She TRIPS and FALLS. The camera slides. She gets YANKED by the tortured souls by her feet before she KICKS them off.

She grabs the camera as the light illuminates the way.

**ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE**

The ZOMBIES have BROKEN LOOSE from their chains. They stumble toward her, surround her.

Rotten, decayed faces engulf the camera screen. They CHOMP at the camera.

Susan SCREAMS. She pushes through the shambling zombies, fights off other stragglers.

She looks back. The horde shamble quickly toward her.

### **MENTAL HOSPITAL**

In each room, the mental patients RIP their chains from the walls, come LOOSE. They SCRAMBLE TOWARD SUSAN.

Zombies and tortured souls begin to spill into the mental hospital hallway.

The camera spins around to the--

DOCTOR AND NURSE. The doctor holds a BONE SAW, the nurse holds a MASSIVE SYRINGE.

They POUNCE at the camera. Susan YANKS the doctor's surgical mask off, revealing NO JAW. Just a bloody tongue that hangs from the mouth.

She SHOVES them off.

Susan turns back around to see the mental patients, tortured souls, and zombies even closer. Behind the patients, the creature emerges from the zombie apocalypse.

She spins back to the doctor and nurse, who attack the camera. She pushes them aside and RUNS.

She moves quickly toward the--

### **STANDARD HAUNTED HOUSE**

She approaches the room full of soulless beings that stand still as statues--

--THEY'RE RIGHT THERE WAITING FOR HER. ALIVE AND MOVING. WIDE EYES AND SCREAMS. HANDS OUTSTRETCHED.

Susan SCREAMS.

She quickly uses the camera as a battering ram and SHOVES her way through the group of lost souls. They yank at her, rip her clothes, scratch at her skin, bruise her with their grasps.

She manages to slip from their hands and stumbles through the room of strobe lights.

The animatronics HAVE COME TO LIFE.

Susan twirls around, disoriented by the flashing lights.

Everything moves like a stop motion film. The skeletons, the other-worldly monsters, the mutilated bodies, the "actors."

Susan turns one way, then another.

Lost souls, zombies, tortured souls, mental patients, living animatronics, all of them slowly shamble into the strobe light rooms and halls.

Then the creature enters the strobe light room. Smashes them aside to clear a path.

Susan RUNS wherever she can.

She takes a turn, leaves the room.

Runs down the dark hallway toward the entrance of Hell's Gate.

Gets closer. Looks back.

The creature rounds the corner and gains speed.

Susan runs to the door. Pulls it open. It's heavy.

She ESCAPES.

TRIPS. FALLS.

The camera SMASHES TO THE GROUND--

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**BACK TO SCENE.**

**EXT. HELL'S GATE - DAY (DAWN)**

The camera lies on the ground on its side. In the B.G., Susan runs blindly into the woods, forgets the path that they had taken.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY (DAWN)**

Gloomy. Fog and mist fill the air.

Susan runs through the woods, looks behind her in caution every so often. She's bloodied, dirty, scratched, bruised, with ripped clothes.

She comes to a stop at the large pond. Fog rolls along the surface of the water.



Across the pond is Vivian, dressed in a white nightgown and barefoot. Her hair is neatly parted down the middle.

VIVIAN  
Susan! Look out!

Susan looks at Vivian in shock.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
Susan! Look out!

Vivian continues to SHOUT.

Susan senses something behind her. Slowly, she begins to turn around.

Just as she sees what's behind her, she--

#### **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

--wakes up! In a bed, the covers kicked off. Moonlight shines through the blinds onto her.

She hyperventilates, then realizes she's awake. Overcome with heavy emotion, she begins to cry.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
It's always the same. Every time  
I'm about to see what's behind me,  
I wake up.

#### **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (EVENING)**

SUSAN (V.O.)  
But just seeing...her, there. Every  
time. I'm just...hit with guilt  
every time.

Susan rounds a corner and walks down a neighborhood street.

She passes by an alleyway. Then, stops.

In the alley is Vivian, in a white nightgown. Far away but close enough to see the detail.

SUSAN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Like a bag of bricks. A bag of  
bricks I've carried with me ever  
since that night...it's been three  
years and it just feels like...I  
don't know.

Susan stares at Vivian, then closes her eyes. She shakes her head, opens her eyes.

Vivian is no longer there.

SUSAN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Is it normal to feel guilty? Like,  
I feel like it's all my fault. Is  
that selfish? I mean, I don't think  
it is, but at the same time I do?

Susan continues walking, albeit cautiously.

# **INT. HELL'S GATE - NIGHT**

## **TORTURE CHAMBER**

JEN (V.O)  
Survivor's guilt is very common in  
cases like this.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Yeah, that. Survivor's guilt.

Susan peeks into a torture room. Inside, she sees a woman hanging by her arms by chains attached to the ceiling. The woman is naked, and CRIES.

The woman raises her head, aware of another presence watching her. Her eyes are MISSING. Even worse: it's VIVIAN.

JEN (V.O)  
What do you think this dream means?

Susan GASPS.

Vivian SCREAMS.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

## **INT. THIRD CORRIDOR**

### **THROUGH THE VIDEO CAMERA:**

Susan SCREAMS at a torch.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY (DAWN)****IN SLOW MOTION:**

Susan, bloodied, dirty, scratched, bruised, ripped clothes, comes to a stop at a large pond. Fog rolls along the surface of the water. She notices something.

Across the pond is Vivian. She's dressed in a white nightgown and barefoot. Her hair is neatly parted down the middle.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Probably just that, the guilt.

Vivian SCREAMS something, but it's inaudible.

She screams: **"Susan, look out!"**

Susan senses something behind her. Slowly, she begins to turn around.

Just as she sees what's behind her, she--

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

--wakes up! In a bed, the covers kicked off. Moonlight shines through the blinds onto her.

She hyperventilates, then realizes she's awake. Overcome with heavy emotion, she begins to cry.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
It's always the same. Every time  
I'm about to see what's behind me,  
I wake up.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

SUSAN (V.O.)  
But just seeing...her, there. Every  
time. I'm just...hit with guilt  
every time.

Susan looks up from her phone in shock. That's when she realizes, before her is a large pond.

SUSAN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Is it normal to feel guilty?

**CUT TO:**

Bobby leads Susan back toward the van.

SUSAN

Bobby, something feels weird about all of this. That date and time on the invitation, is the same time when Vivian was in the accident.

BOBBY

Weird stuff happens like this all the time. Deja vu, synchronicity, it's just that.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Vivian dances to MUSIC. She looks over at an uncomfortable Susan in the passenger seat.

SUSAN (V.O.)

I don't know. I feel like I've been here before.

VIVIAN (V.O.)

Deja vu. I get it all the time.

BRIGHT LIGHTS--

**EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

--TRANSFORM INTO THE GLOW OF FIRE, FLICKERING ONTO SUSAN'S FACE AS SHE SCREAMS IN HORROR.

**INT. THIRD CORRIDOR**

Susan SCREAMS at a torch.

Bobby spins her around.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY (DAWN)**

**IN SLOW MOTION:**

Susan, bloodied, dirty, scratched, bruised, ripped clothes at a pond.

She senses something behind her. Slowly, she begins to turn around.

Just as she sees what's behind her, she--

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

--wakes up! In a bed, the covers kicked off. Moonlight shines through the blinds onto her.

She hyperventilates, then realizes she's awake. Overcome with heavy emotion, she begins to cry.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
It's always the same. Every time  
I'm about to see what's behind me,  
I wake up.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Before Susan is a large pond. Fog rolls along the surface of the water.

It's very similar to her dream, if not the exact same.

Susan senses something behind her.

She begins to turn around. Behind her, is--

Bobby. With a smile on his face.

JEN (V.O.)  
Your boyfriend, Bobby, right? He  
does the whole haunted house thing,  
yeah?

**INT. HELL'S GATE - NIGHT**

**TORTURE CHAMBER**

Susan spins around and into Bobby.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Right. For her. It's a project he  
devotes in her memory.

**INT. THIRD CORRIDOR**

Susan SCREAMS at a torch.

Bobby spins her around.

JEN (V.O.)  
You think you'll join him this  
year?

**EXT. WOODS - DAY (DAWN)**

**IN SLOW MOTION:**

Susan, bloodied, dirty, scratched, bruised, ripped clothes  
at a pond.

She senses something behind her. Slowly, she begins to turn  
around.

Just as she sees what's behind her, she--

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

--wakes up!

**CUT TO BLACK.**

THE END.