

The Cell

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. MIDDLETON COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY

The quiet chatter of students can be heard in the background. STEFANI and HARLEY sit at a long table in the back of the library, shelves behind them full of spiritual books and old newspaper articles. STEFANI is excited and impatient, HARLEY looks around, bored and annoyed while they wait for the others to arrive. ANTHONY walks in, camera in his hand, rolling.

HARLEY: (Aggravated)
Well, you took your sweet time! What's
with the camera Spielberg?

He turns the camera off and sets it down on table then sits down.

ANTHONY:
Testing it...I took it to my cousin's and
we almost destroyed it after we flipped
his Jeep...thankfully though, not broken!

HARLEY: (Aggravated)
Superb! Over the moon that it isn't
broken! Why did I need to be involved
with this again?

ANTHONY:
Simple, that is because you are the
most incredible, fantastic, greatest
girlfriend in the universe and would do
anything for me!

ANTHONY leans across the table for a kiss. HARLEY stops him with one finger to his lips and pushes him back.

HARLEY: (Humorously)
Hmhm...I wouldn't try it buddy boy...

ANTHONY slowly sinks back into chair. GWENTH walks up to the group, excited.

GWENTH:
You made it! Fantastic!

ANTHONY takes his camera and turns it back on, filming GWENTH. GWENTH walks to the head of the table and holds a folder up in hand. She opens the folder and pulls out some old newspaper articles.

GWENTH:

This is why I called you here today.
As you know, we need a project to
complete for the school year and unlike
you, I have thought outside the box...
I am doing a paranormal investigation.

STEFANI:

Really? That sounds interesting!

GWENTH: (Nods)

Mhm, here are a few news clippings I came
across on the inmates that were killed in
the infamous Woodrow Penitentiary.

STEFANI:

The Woodrow Penitentiary? Weren't there
over fifteen-thousand deaths there?

GWENTH:

No, no that's the number of the imprisoned.
But there were a high number of suicides or
murders of inmates.

HARLEY:

Fascinating...

GWENTH:

Yes it is...Woodrow was infamous for housing
some of the most notorious murderers and
rapists like Harrison Black, Chuckie
"Chuckles" Sheffield and the Golden Pond
Rapist...I've been looking into it, for the
past couple of months, people have been
going into the Penitentiary and coming
out...different...

STEFANI:

Different? Different...how?

GWENTH:

I can't say with a hundred percent...but
have heard of people leaving with cuts and/or
bruises. Thing about these people is that
they don't stay longer than an hour...but as
for us, we will staying all night, into the
morning.

ANTHONY:

Wait, us? Why us?

GWENTH:

Rumors have it, that the most paranormal activity happens at night. Perfect time to do it when creepy shit is happening right at its peak! Plus, how cool would it be? The first people to stay the night and document it? We are looking at some A+ extra credit! Not only that but to prove there is actual paranormal activity there...we'll be famous! I've studied all these books, it's time to get out there!

HARLEY:

Which is important to all of us...wait did you say famous?

GWENTH:

So, everyone's in?

ANTHONY and the camera nod, STEFANI nods too, all attention is turned to HARLEY, she rolls her eyes reluctantly nods.

HARLEY:

Well, I guess...since everyone's going...

GWENTH:

Excellent! We'll leave in an hour!

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

HARLEY sits next to ANTHONY in the back. STEFANI and GWENTH in front seat.

ANTHONY:

How much longer until we get there? Boredom is starting to set in...

STEFANI:

If you were just going to complain the whole time, why did you come?

ANTHONY:

Anyone that isn't me, I don't trust with the camera.

GWENTH:

I would have taken good care of it.

ANTHONY:

I don't...trust...anyone...

GWENTH: (Rolls her eyes)

Alright, fine...be that way.

HARLEY:

So what's the deal with this Woodrow place anyway?

GWENTH:

At the time, Woodrow Penitentiary was the oldest operational prison, it was built in 1745 and completed in 1750. Rumor has it that it was built a bloody battle site. Innocent Standing Mountain Tribes men, women and children were slaughtered...and a very powerful medicine man who cursed the land before he died.

HARLEY:

Cursed? Like black magic kind of stuff?

GWENTH:

Yeah, something like that...the rumor said the Standing Mountain medicine man enchanted an incantation of a demonic guardian to haunt those who killed his people.

STEFANI:

Standing Mountain Tribe? I've never heard of them.

GWENTH:

Not many have...unfortunately, the tribe was killed in the Battle of the Valley. There isn't much information known about the and there weren't many records. From what I could find about them is that they were a peaceful tribe, no weapons and didn't see the need for weapons...

ANTHONY:

Well if they died in battle, I'm sure they regret the peaceful ways now.

HARLEY hit him.

ANTHONY: (CONT'D)

What?! I'm just saying!

GWENTH:

Anyway, a group of soldiers came, wanting to make their land for soldier barracks but the chief of the tribe said no. The soldiers came back day after day, bargaining with money, jewels, weapons, clothes, anything ...but the chief was still not swayed. They came back with animals like chickens, cows and horses but the answer was the same. After a while, the soldiers gave up and threatened war. And in August 1745, the soldiers attacked and killed everyone then burned every trace of the tribe.

HARLEY:

Wow, that's brutal.

HARLEY picks up the folder and flips through it, pulling a photo out. Giggles and shows ANTHONY.

HARLEY:

Whoa-ho! Inmate 2530...wow, this guy needs a real makeover! Starting with that beard that's some real wicked shit right there! And those glasses...what did Benjamin Franklin give those to him?

GWENTH glanced back in the rear view mirror.

GWENTH:

Ah, yes...see you found "Chuckles" Sheffield...convicted of the murder of fourteen men, rape of five women and three arson charges...

HARLEY grew pale, she put the picture back and the folder back on the floor. A while later. ANTHONY was asleep with his head on window. HARLEY picks up his camera and starts filming, the prison comes into view.

HARLEY:

Is that...Woodrow?

GWENTH: (Nods)

Yep, that's it alright.

HARLEY turns the camera to herself and puts a finger to her lips.

HARLEY:

Shh.

She looks menacingly back at the sleeping ANTHONY. She yells.

HARLEY: (CONT'D)

Anthony!

ANTHONY: (Startled)

What?! What is it?!

HARLEY:

The plane has landed, please make sure your seats and tray tables are in the upright position.

ANTHONY:

We're here? Really?

STEFANI:

Yeah.

GWENTH:

Ladies and Gentleman...welcome to the Woodrow Penitentiary.

EXT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY - DUSK

They pull up outside the gates and get out. The building had a few broken windows, the building was somewhat weather wore with ivy crawling up the wall and dead trees around it, leafless with wicked looking branches zigzagging in every which way.

ANTHONY:

This is a massive place...

STEFANI:

This place looks like a freaky castle from some creepy vampire movie.

ANTHONY struggles but manages to push the uneven, rusted gates open, HARLEY, STEFANI and GWENTH start walking toward the building.

ANTHONY:
I'll be in, in a moment.

GWENTH: (Nods)
Ok, we'll be inside setting up.

EXT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: FRONT YARD - DUSK

ANTHONY wondered around the front yard of the prison. He goes up and bushes his hand against the building.

ANTHONY: (To himself)
Good condition considering it was
abandoned thirty years ago.

ANTHONY starts around the corner when a INDIAN MAN comes face to face with him. Startling him, ANTHONY falls to the ground.

ANTHONY:
The fuck?! What are you doing here? This
place is private property!

INDIAN MAN:
This place houses a great evil! Leave
while you still can...before it's too
late!

ANTHONY:
What? What are you talking about old
man?

INDIAN MAN:
Do not enter Cell 460...don't make the
same mistake I once made...you have
been warned...

HARLEY walks up behind ANTHONY, startling him. He looks up at her.

HARLEY:
Sorry babe, aren't you coming in with us?

ANTHONY:
Yeah, yeah I am...but this man was...

ANTHONY turned back around, but the INDIAN MAN gone. HARLEY looked around him.

HARLEY:

Man? Where?

ANTHONY:

I guess he left...anyway, yeah, I'm right behind you.

HARLEY helped ANTHONY up then walked in. ANTHONY glanced back one last time before making his way in.

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: ENTERANCE - NIGHT

It was dark and eerie inside the entrance, pieces of wallpaper was missing and falling off the walls, water stains above the door to the holding cells. The occasional creek could be heard as they talked. ANTHONY and HARLEY talk in the far corner while STEFANI helps GWENTH set up equipment.

GWENTH:

Check the items as I say them.

STEFANI: (Nods)

Will do.

GWENTH:

EMF Meter?

STEFANI:

Check.

GWENTH:

Video Camera with Night Vision?

STEFANI:

Mhm, got it.

GWENTH:

Thermometers?

STEFANI:

Got them.

GWENTH:

Digital Recorder for Audio?

STEFANI:

Yep, got that too...you can't afford this stuff, how did you get them?

GWENTH:

On loan from one of the professors who is a paranormal investigator in his free time.

STEFANI: (Looks around)

You honestly think this place is haunted?

GWENTH: (Nods)

I hope so. I believe that there is another worldly level we go to when we pass on...and if there is in here, I want to find it.

STEFANI:

Inspiring stuff Gwen.

GWENTH grins and playful hits STEFANI'S shoulder.

ANTHONY:

Listen, Harley...there is something I need to tell you...

HARLEY:

Yeah? What is it?

ANTHONY:

I'm...getting a transfer to a different school...I thought...you ought to know.

HARLEY: (Aggravated)

Seriously Anthony?

ANTHONY:

Relax babe, this won't be a problem. We can still make this work!

STEFANI walks up to them.

STEFANI:

Har, Tony...you guys ready? Or not?

HARLEY:

Hold your wad, we'll be there in a sec.

ANTHONY:

Listen, we don't need to talk about this right now, alright? We'll talk about it when we get back.

HARLEY nods and they walk over to GWENTH, who is setting up the Digital Recorder.

GWENTH:

Test, test...June 9th 2017, it is ten twelve and this is the first recording of Woodrow Penitentiary investigation, Gwenth Kitt speaking.

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: HALLWAYS - NIGHT

They walk down the dark, empty halls of the prison, ANTHONY recording everything. Everything virtually quiet, with the exception of the camera's buzzing as it recorded. Suddenly, there was a loud echoing scream that rang through the vacant halls. Everyone stops and looks around.

STEFANI:

The hell was that?

GWENTH:

Probably just an old rusty door creaking in the wind...come on, lets move on.

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: HOLDING BLOCK - NIGHT

GWENTH hands HARLEY the EMF Meter, gives the camera to STEFANI.

GWENTH:

Ok guys, we're gonna split up...Anthony, you take the floor cells, Stefani and Harley, you guys can take the second and I will take the third floor.

HARLEY, STEFANI and GWENTH walk up the stairs while ANTHONY wondered the bottom cells. STEFANI walked into the first cell, STEFANI films her, zooming in on the EMF Meter but it doesn't move.

HARLEY:

Stefani...do you think we will find any proof there is a spirit in this place? Personally I have my doubts...

STEFANI:

I think so...I believe in ghosts and spirits, afterlife and all that.

HARLEY:

I believe when we die, that's it... once dead, there is no heaven or hell, once buried, we are bug food, pure and simple...

STEFANI:

Fair enough...I guess everyone is entitled to their own beliefs.

GWENTH searches the third cell but doesn't find anything, as she leaves the cell, a loose brick falls to the ground. She turns around, looking at the brick then where it fell, revealing a hollow slot. She goes over to the slot, feeling around, she grabs something from it. She pulls it out.

GWENTH:

A book?

She opens it and reads from it.

GWENTH: (CONT'D)

The journal of Jonathan Pinkerton. January 18th 1975, Today is the day I've been incarcerated in Woodrow for the next eighteen years and for something I didn't even do... (Scoffs) Yeah right dude!

GWENTH flips through the next couple of pages.

GWENTH: (CONT'D)

May 27th 1975, today there was a new inmate, the injun, escorted to his new home...

BEGIN FLASHBACK: MAY 27th 1975

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: HOLDING BLOCK - DAY

JONATHAN sat in his cell, smoking. The sound of security doors opening, echoed through the hall. JONATHAN looked out from behind his bars. TWO GUARDS lead a INDIAN MAN down the row of cells.

GUARD #1:

Fresh meat! Come say hello to your new playmate!

The other prisoners start harassing him.

PRISONER #1:

You got the good stuff on you chief?
Me smoke 'em peace pipe.

PRISONER #2:

How you doing Redskin? I'll be your best friend, just stick with me!

PRISONER #3:

Caught stealing fire water? I'm in here for three murders!

The INDIAN MAN just ignores the insults hurled at him. He looks up at JONATHAN, who stares back at him. The GUARDS lead him to his cell and lock it down.

GUARD #2:

First level lock down, second level prepare for hour in the yard!

The Prisoners stand back as the cell doors side open. One by one, they emerge for headcount. When every prisoner is accounted for they are lead outside. On the way out, JACK walks up behind JONATHAN, puts his shiv into his side.

JACK:

Hey Jon...got something for me?

JONATHAN:

Told you Jack...I did what I had to do... worth it in the end...

JACK'S FLUNKIES appear on the other side of JONATHAN.

FLUNKY #1:

Oh please, you ratted out the boss to have brownie points in the hopes of an early release!

JACK:

He's right Jon...had you not squealed I would have been a legend! And because of your big mouth, I got three months solitary and an additional five years added to my sentence.

They walk over to their spot in the yard and throw him against the wall. JONATHAN turns to face them. JACK stands, staring at him, tossing his blade in the air.

JACK:

Alright boys...soften him up...

The TWO FUNKIES go over and throw him to the ground, beating him. Punching his face and kicking him in the chest. JACK watches then signals them off him. JONATHAN coughs, blood flowing from his mouth. JACK picks him up and punches JONATHAN, he hits his head against the wall. JONATHAN lays on the ground, wheezing, his clothes tattered and torn and a black eye from JACK'S PUNCH. JACK grinned.

JACK:

That should be it...for now, but don't worry Johnny boy...we'll be back, real soon!

The three of them laugh as they walk away from near dead JONATHAN.

END FLASHBACK: CURRENT DAY

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: HOLDING BLOCK - NIGHT

GWENTH flips through the next couple of pages.

GWENTH:

June 18th 1975, the injun came to me and said he had a solution to my problem...

BEGIN FLASHBACK: JUNE 18th 1975

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: CAFETERIA - DAY

JONATHAN sat at a table, eating his lunch, he looks over to see JACK tapping his watch and his FLUNKIES laughing. JONATHAN shook his head and continued to eat. The INDIAN MAN comes up to the table, looking at him, JONATHAN looked up at him.

JONATHAN:
Have a seat there chief.

The man takes a seat and starts to eat, JONATHAN watches him.

JONATHAN: (CONT'D)
You got a name chief?

The man just sits, eating.

JONATHAN: (CONT'D)
What are you in for?

Again, he doesn't say anything, just continues to eat.

JONATHAN: (CONT'D)
Ah, innocent...just like the rest of us.

The man sets down his fork and looks at JONATHAN.

INDIAN MAN:
That man Jack...giving you trouble?

JONATHAN nods and pokes at his food.

JONATHAN:
Yeah...gave me the shiner...last month he
and his cronies put me in the infirmary...

INDIAN MAN:
I can help you, Jonathan.

He looked up, taken back.

JONATHAN:
How...did you know my name?

INDIAN MAN:
Do you want my help? Get those men off
your back?

JONATHAN:
How can you possibly help me? No offense
but you wouldn't stand a chance against
one of them, little lone all three.

The INDIAN MAN stood up.

INDIAN MAN:

Come, follow me.

JONATHAN shrugged and followed.

JONATHAN:

Might as well...food sucks today anyway.

The two of them walk to his cell, he sat on his bed and from inside the pillow he pulled out a rolled up blanket. He slowly unrolls it, on it are an owl feather, a tortoise necklace, doll made of wheat and a red stone. He takes the red stone and hands it to JONATHAN.

INDIAN MAN:

Here...take this.

JONATHAN took the stone and gazed upon it.

JONATHAN:

What is it chief? And how will it stop Jack?

INDIAN MAN:

Look at the bottom.

JONATHAN turned the stone over, APHARA was written.

JONATHAN:

AP-

INDIAN MAN:

Sh, sh!

JONATHAN looked at him confused.

INDIAN MAN: (CONT'D)

Don't not say his name, not here, in your cell, tonight.

JONATHAN:

What is this?

INDIAN MAN:

Help.

JONATHAN pocketed the stone and walked out, down the hall. Later that evening, after lights out, JONATHAN removed the stone from his pocket and looked at it. He closed his eyes.

JONATHAN:

Alright chief...time to find out of you
were telling the truth...or you're full of
shit...Aphara.

After a while, JONATHAN opened his eye, glancing around the cell,
waiting for something. But nothing happened.

JONATHAN:

Full of shit! I knew it!

He threw the stone in the corner and returned to bed. At JACK'S CELL,
it was a different story. There was a gust of wind that woke JACK. He
sat up and rubbed his eyes, stretched and stood up. Sleepily, he
looks down the one row of cells then the other.

JACK:

Anybody got the time?

PRISONER #3:

Yeah, shut the fuck up o'clock!

JACK:

Screw you jag off!

He turns around when suddenly, out of the darkness, when a hand grabs
him by the neck and is lifted into the air. JACK, wide eyed, scraped
and scratches his attacker. He tries grab for his shiv but the
attacker reaches for it and plunges it deep into his chest. JACK
gasps as his attacker slices downward, cutting him open. The hand
releases him, JACK falls to the floor.

JACK:

Who are you?!

The rest of APHARA emerges from the darkness. Using his hands, he
rips JACK'S CHEST open. He reaches in his chest and removes JACK'S
HEART then squeezes, blood squirting from it. JACK'S EYES go lifeless
as he watched his heart wrenched from his body. APHARA drops his
heart and disappears back into the darkness. APHARA moves into the
FLUNKIES CELL next. They were poker by the moonlight.

FLUNKY #1:

Ha! Full house!

He starts to sweep the winnings over to him until FLUNKY #2 lays down
a Royal Flush.

FLUNKY #2:

See 'em and weep!

FLUNKY #1:

It's read 'em and weep you lucky idiot...
Well, I'm done losing to you for one night
let's hit the hay.

FLUNKY #1 climbs on the top bunk while FLUNKY #2 lays on the bottom. As they lay in their bunks, the light suddenly gets darker. FLUNKY #2 sits up and looks at the floor.

FLUNKY #2:

I thought was suppose to be cloudless
tonight.

FLUNKY #1:

Eh, what's it matter? Not like you haven't
seen it before.

APHARA appears, draws his blade and cuts the chains on the top bunk. FLUNKY #1 falls to the floor while FLUNKY #2 gets crushed by the bed swinging down on him. FLUNKY #1 opens his eyes, the feet of APHARA entering his view, he looks up and pull up. APHARA wraps the broke chain around FLUNKY #1 and drops him, he dies instantly. The next day, all the prisoners are lined up outside their cells for morning headcount.

GUARD #2:

Weston Wilker.

GUARD #1:

Present.

GUARD #2:

Jonathan Pinkerton.

GUARD #1:

Present.

GUARD #2:

Jack Preston.

GUARD #1:

Absent.

GUARD #2 walks over to JACK'S CELL.

GUARD #2:
Morning headcount, Preston, wake your lazy
ass up!

There is no sign of movement, the inmates next to JACK'S CELL look over.

GUARD #2: (CONT'D)
This is your second warning Preston! If I
have to give you a third there will be hell
to pay!

But still no sign of him. GUARD #2 makes his way up to his cell on the second level.

GUARD #2:
Damn it Preston! This is not the time to be
fucking around with me! You better be sick...

He enters the cell and sees JACK with his chest ripped open, GUARD #1 runs to the side and pukes, GUARD #2 stands in horror.

GUARD #2:
Or dead...holy shit...

Guard #3 runs up to him. He looks in the cell

GUARD #3:
Oh my...sir...we have a problem, two more
are inmates are dead.

JACK and the FLUNKIES BODIES are wheeled out of the block as everyone watches. The two cells were locked down for investigation. JONATHAN looks back at the INDIAN MAN.

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: CAFETERIA - DAY

JONATHAN sits across from the INIDIAN MAN and sets the stone in front of him, he looks at JONATHAN.

JONATHAN:
What is this thing?

INIDIAN MAN:
The help you asked for.

JONATHAN:

This isn't the help I asked for and it certainly isn't the help I wanted or even expected! You can have it back.

INDIAN MAN:

It's not mine anymore.

JONATHAN:

What? Yes it is! You gave it to me!

INDIAN MAN:

No, once you said the name, it became yours.

JONATHAN:

You tricked me!

INDIAN MAN:

No, gave you what you wanted.

JONATHAN:

Bullshit! I asked for help and got a curse! How do I stop this thing?

INDIAN MAN:

Can't help you...

JONATHAN grabs the INDIAN MAN and pulls him across the table.

JONATHAN:

How do I stop it?!

INDIAN MAN:

Alright, alright...meet me in my cell before lock down...and I will tell you.

JONATHAN lets him go and sits back down. Later that evening, the INDIAN MAN sits in his cell when the lights start to flicker. He looks around, in the corner, APHARA stands looking back at him.

INDIAN MAN:

I knew you would come for me someday...

JONATHAN made his way to the INDIAN MAN'S CELL, surprised to see that the light to his cell is off.

JONATHAN:

Chief? You in there?

He hears the sound of a blade cutting, then something rolling towards him. The head of the INDIAN MAN hits his foot, JONATHAN yells.

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: HOLDING BLOCK - NIGHT

GWENTH flips through the next couple of pages. ANTHONY wonders through the cells and walks into one and looks around. As he walks in, he trips over a piece of the cell floor and falls, falling into stone wall in the back. The force of his hit causes a piece of wall fall out of place and a red stone rolls onto the floor. GWENTH reads on.

BEGIN FLASHBACK: August 3rd 1975

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: HOLDING CELLS - AFTERNOON

JONATHAN walks down the empty hall, looking at the empty cells. A GUARD walks towards him.

GUARD #3:

Pinkerton, all prisoners have been instructed to make their to the yard. Warden wants to discuss recent events.

JONATHAN:

Alright.

He walks to the yard, joining the remaining prisoners that are waiting. The WARDEN walks us to the podium.

WARDEN:

Good afternoon. For the past three months, there have been well over a two dozen murders, suicides and disappearances. Despite extensive and exhausted investigation, we still remain at square one. Today, I have been talked to the Governor and we are in agreement...Woodrow is to be closed.

The PRISONERS start to boo and yell at him, he tries to calm the crowd.

WARDEN:

Now look, I don't know what else to do! This problem has gotten bigger than originally thought! This is what's best for your safety! You will be transferred to surrounding prison...maybe sure you have your belongings collected.

JONATHAN shakes his head and starts walking back to his cell. As he does, the lights in the hall start to flicker. As he enters the main holding area and he looks around.

JONATHAN:

Hello? Anybody in here?

One by one, the rows of lights shut off, leaving JONATHAN in darkness. He continues walking to his cell but grabs him by the leg and pulled down. He wraps his arms around the cell's bar, looking at his leg, APHARA has a hold of it. Frantically, he kicks him off and scurries in and starts looking for the stone. APHARA enters and grabs him. JONATHAN holds up the stone.

JONATHAN:

Return from once you came!

APHARA still stood, he drew his blade and held it high, about to plunge it into JONATHAN'S BODY.

JONATHAN:

Return to your prison...APHARA!

The creature swung down but stopped. APHARA disappeared, his blade fell on the floor then disappeared in a cloud of smoke. JONATHAN fell to the floor, he crawled over to the cell's wall and removes the false brick, putting the stone in it.

JONATHAN:

If this place is going to be abandoned
you might as well be abandoned with it...

He collects his things and leaves the cell.

END FLASHBACK: CURRENT DAY

INT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY: HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

ANTHONY rubbed his shoulder and looked at the red stone. He examines the stone and sees the name "APHARA" carved on it.

ANTHONY:

Aphara...

ANTHONY screams. HARLEY and STEFANI turn around, GWENTH jumped, dropping the book.

HARLEY:

Anthony?!

HARLEY and STEFANI race down the stairs, GWENTH meets them at the bottom.

GWENTH:

What happened?

HARLEY:

I don't know, we heard Anthony yell.

STEFANI:

Where is he?

HARLEY:

Oh...I bet this is just another one of his silly, childish tricks...come on, lets go find him.

GWENTH:

And kill him...scared the shit out of me!

They start to wonder around.

HARLEY: (Frantic)

Anthony? Anthony! I swear to god if this is one of your lame tricks, I'm breaking up with you!

GWENTH:

Maybe he got ahead of us...it is dark enough where he got ahead of us without knowing it...come on, maybe he's in the cell blocks.

They walked to cell blocks searching for ANTHONY. HARLEY searches the first cell while GWENTH and STEFANI search the ones after. Cell after cell they search. Finally they reach the last cell in the row, mumbling could be heard from it, the group of girls follow the sound. As they look in, they see a crouched figure in a cell. STEFANI shines her flashlight on the figure revealing that it's ANTHONY.

HARLEY:

Anthony?

HARLEY goes in and slowly approaches the figure, she reaches an arm out to him.

HARLEY: (CONT'D)

Anthony...is that you?

She touches his shoulder, ANTHONY turns to her, his face demonic and deformed. HARLEY shocked by his appearance, falls backwards and scrambles out of the cell. ANTHONY screeches and the flashlight shut off. STEFANI bangs on the bottom of it, it comes back on and she points the flashlight into the cell. ANTHONY was gone again and GWENTH had a slash on her arm.

GWENTH:

Dammit! My fucking arm!

GWENTH pulls out a handkerchief and wraps it over the wound, a few spots of blood drip from her arm.

STEFANI:

I think we should get the hell out of here, now!

HARLEY:

No way! I'm not leaving without Anthony!

GWENTH:

Are you completely insane?! Didn't you see...whatever that was?! It isn't Anthony...not anymore!

STEFANI:

We should go, get help and come back.

GWENTH:

That's a good idea Stef, Anthony clearly needs it...can't help him if we're dead.

HARLEY:

Fuck! Ok, ok, let's get the hell out of here!

HARLEY, GWENTH and STEFANI double back and head for the entrance but to their horror, the door is locked.

STEFANI:

What the hell?! What the fucking hell!

HARLEY:

Unlock the door!

STEFANI:

Gee, why didn't I think of that?

HARLEY:

Just trying to help.

STEFANI:

Thank you but that's not necessary!

GWENTH: (Weakly)

Both of you quit you damn bitching! And lets just get the hell out of here!

HARLEY:

I'm going to find another way out!

GWENTH:

Har, that's a terrible idea, we shouldn't split up.

HARLEY:

Oh well...

HARLEY walks off into the prison with flashlight in hand. GWENTH and STEFANI stand next to the doors. STEFANI trying to figure out what to do next.

STEFANI:

Let's find another way out...come on.

STEFANI and GWENTH go off to find another way out. They walk down one of the cell block halls, the flash lights guiding their way. Behind them, they hear a shuffling sound. STEFANI and GWENTH turn but see nothing but the empty hallway.

STEFANI:

Must have been like a rat or mouse
running by...

Relieved, they turn back to keep walking forward in search for a way out of the locked prison. ANTHONY emerges from the vacant darkness. Both STEFANI and GWENTH scream. HARLEY turns and listens to the darkness.

HARLEY:

Gwenth...? Stefani...?

Both GWENTH and STEFANI vanished, nothing but a puddle of blood remaining. HARLEY comes around the corner looking for them but only finds the camera on the ground, still recording, not noticing the puddle of blood inches from it. HARLEY picks up it up.

HARLEY:

What the hell? Why did they leave this
laying here? Probably found the way out.
And are just taunting me, ha, ha guys!
Very musing!

HARLEY heads back down the cell blocks to the exit she found. ANTHONY appears and swings at her, HARLEY falls to the ground, three strike marks across ripped in her shirt. She places her hand on the wound, blood stained on it. She looks up at ANTHONY who slowly approaches her, HARLEY starts to back up.

HARLEY:

Anthony...please! Don't you remember me?
Harley? You're girlfriend? You love me!

Stone faced, he continues towards her. She continues to back up but soon backs into the wall. ANTHONY lunges at her, digging his teeth into her shoulder, HARLEY screams. Feeling around on the floor she picks up a large rock and smashes him in the head. ANTHONY howls in agony, falling backward, HARLEY gets on top of him and continues to smashes his head. She stares at ANTHONY, his head caved in, oozing blood. Crying, she holds her arm and makes her way out of the building.

EXT. WOODROW PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

HARLEY calls her mother, she walks down the road, glancing back at WOODROW PENITENTIARY.

HARLEY:

Hi, mom...it's me...I'm fine, would you
come pick me up...something happened...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The camera is malfunctioning from the drop it took. HARLEY is in her mother's car explaining to her what all happened.

HARLEY:

So when I came back to find them...all
I found was the camera, they were gone
and I figured they left and didn't
bother to tell me...then Anthony attacked
me and I attacked him back...I found a
way out and I left...

MRS. QUAIL: (Shakes her head)
Super Harley...we send you to a good
college to try to make something of
yourself...and I get a call from my
daughter in the middle of the night
about some hazing prank she can't handle.

HARLEY:

But it wasn't a hazing prank! Something
was up there!

MRS. QUAIL:

I don't want to hear it! Ok? You can
stay at the house tonight but in the
morning you are going back and sucking
it up! Clear?

HARLEY: (Nods)

Crystal...

EXT. QUAIL HOUSE - NIGHT

HARLEY, walks up stairs, furious that her mother didn't believe her.

INT. HARLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

HARLEY sets the camera down on her desk and sits down, head down. She heard a buzzing sound, she looks up, realizing the camera is still on and recording. She picks it up.

HARLEY:

This is still recording...

She shuts it off and places it back on the desk, as she does, a spot of blood dots her hand. HARLEY looks up, ANTHONY stares back at her and gives her a sinister growl, she screams.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

THE END/CREDITS