

NOT AN EXIT

Written by

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Short Horror

30 Pages

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FADE IN:

1 INT. STORAGE BUILDING - DARKROOM - NIGHT - TITLE MONTAGUE 1

A wooded crate sits in an old red brick building, down below in the dark basement surrounded by dusty brick walls. The view pushes in to get a better look. Someone is there too.

MONTAGUE:

DISSOLVE IN MAIN TITLE: NOT AN EXIT

White titles continue over the scene.

-An old wooden crate, three feet by three feet by three feet, sits in the middle of a dusty room. It has an attached lid, now open. But what's inside can't be seen.

-A man's stubby hands wrap rags around an old soiled burlap bag. It contains something the size of a melon. He carefully places it into the box.

-From over the unknown man's shoulder, this view shows the inside of the crate. Within are piled with like items. Maybe a dozen of these small wrapped ball shapes packages.

-The man in the dark closes the lid of the box, secures the latch, and padlocks the latch. He pulls up chains around it and locks them.

-The crate is shoved into a corner covered with canvas. Pieces of junk are put on top to hide it. Pulled in front of it is a rolling rack of yet more useless and discarded items.

DISSOLVE TO:

-Time passes, and the crate is undisturbed. Dust and cobwebs accumulate as time goes by.

END MONTAGUE.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

TITLE: TODAY, HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE

2 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - DARK LONG HALLWAY - NIGHT 2

Two men walk along, talking of the business of the day. They are in an odd and strangely decorated hallway.

The owner of the haunted house, a heavysset, silver-fox-looking gentleman, pushing his late fifty's is concerned with the house this year. He stops.

MR. HASTINGS

Look! We need something new this year, something that will give this place a real punch.

He looks at his manager—a forty-ish tall man whom loves what he does.

MR. HASTINGS (CONT'D)

You love to scare the hell out of people. Don't you?

JESS

Why sure. But we have the best haunted house in the valley. Why change it if it ain't broken?

MR. HASTINGS

I want it. Make it so. You got two weeks before we open. I think-

Suddenly from out of nowhere, a man appears holding a broom. Both men are startled. The grizzled old janitor stares at the two men wide-eyed.

MR. HASTINGS (CONT'D)

-Damn-it. You scared the living hell out of me.

The janitor only nods, shrugs his shoulders, and goes on about his duties. He quickly backs off a few paces.

MR. HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Say something when you come around a corner like that. Damn.

JESS

I'm still shaking myself. Maybe I should just add the janitor into a new room. -You know he doesn't talk.

MR. HASTINGS

Sure, I know. The old guy has been around here for years.

(MORE)

MR. HASTINGS (CONT'D)
The best thing I ever did was have
him be the caretaker too.

The two men continue down the hall away from the janitor.

MR. HASTINGS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
He is sick. He was supposed to die
last year. He's got cancer. But I
think he is too tough to die.

JESS
You don't say. I had no idea.

MR. HASTINGS
Well, let's keep it that way. He is
kinda temperamental about his
illness and name, so we call him
janitor.

JESS
Will do. But still, the janitor
would be great in the haunted
house.

MR. HASTINGS
True, he does scare the hell out of
anyone trying to break in... I will
miss him when he is gone.

The janitor watches Mr. Hastings and the manager disappear
around the corner of the long hallway. He has an odd feeling
and shudders. The view draws to his eyes locked in a distance
staring like he knows something is coming.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

DISSOLVE IN TITLE: 26 YEARS EARLIER

3 EXT. DESERTED DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

3

On a deserted highway, with the lights of a small desert town
in the rearview mirror, a man with stubby hands drives an old
model car.

The moonlit desert night engulfs the car as the road
disappears off in the distance. The wheels whine on the
pavement.

The man driving the car is all in darkness. No interior lights are working, and he checks his rearview mirror. The man's stubby hands grip the wheel tightly.

When the driver looks back at the road, there is a man in his headlights. No time to react he runs him over.

The car screeches to a halt and backs up to the man lying on the asphalt. The rear bumper is covered with bumper stickers one, readable states: Browns Mortuary - *PAINLESS* crematorium.

As the car backs into a close-up view of the plate, it is a noticeable Arizona license plate with registration tag, 1994.

Only seeing the driver's feet, he goes to the body. He bends over, looking at the bloody dead man's face. Suddenly the accident victim's one good eye flashes open!

The man is alive! The driver runs back to the trunk of his car for anything to help the injured man. He gathers up an arm full of stuff, a first aid kit, a blanket, water, *duct tape*, and jumper cables?

When he returns to the hurt man, the injured man grabs the driver's ankle. Startled, the driver drops the gear from the trunk, and folded in the blanket is a hatchet. It falls to the asphalt glistening in the moonlight.

Like a person drowning, the injured man clings and paws at his would-be helper. His face and wounds are terrifying! His jaw has broken loose, and he can't talk, and only horrid screams come for his blood-spitting mouth.

The driver scrambles to be free and panics. Fighting to be clear of the grip, he reaches for anything to help him escape. His hand lands on the ax. Grabbing it, he raises it high in the starry night sky.

The injured man's eye bugs out as he watches the ax coming down at his neck!

Blood squirts across the back of the car as the ax sound can be heard, chop, chop, chop!

FADE OUT:

TITLE: 6 MONTHS LATER

4 INT/EXT. - HEAVENLY HILLS APARTMENTS - OFFICE - NIGHT 4

A middle-aged woman with wild long red hair sits in front of a small black-and-white television.

She watches the local news with her cat in her lap. The story is about a serial killer on the loose in her county.

ANNOUNCER

-To date, there have been eleven killings, and still, the authorities have no leads to go on. The victims have disappeared without a trace.

AGNES, the old apartment owner and manager twirls her red hair in one of her fingers. She hears a car pull into the courtyard. She goes to the window and peers out through the blinds holding her cat in her arms.

Behind her on the kitchen table is the local paper opened out. The headlines reveal the same news.

5 EXT. - HEAVENLY HILLS APARTMENTS - COURTYARD - NIGHT 5

The old model car is familiar. Once it pulls up to one of the doors, it is the vehicle used in the first murder. With bumper stickers and all.

It is very dark and sparsely lit in the courtyard, but by the driver silhouette, it appears to be the man with stubby hands who drives that car.

On the door of his apartment is a pinned note. The man pulls it off and reads it holding it up to a blue bug-light.

It says, Mr. Selmer, you are 15 days late. Pay now, or I will have to evict you. Going to the casino tomorrow, and I need my cash.

He unlocks and enters his apartment, slamming the door behind. It would have woken any of the tenants. But the only other person in the six-unit building is a nearly blind and deaf woman with three cats.

The three cats, two doors down, start making cries and pitiful shouts now he is home, disturbing the quiet night.

6 INT/EXT. - HEAVENLY HILLS APARTMENTS - OFFICE - DAWN 6

Before the sun is up, a stubby rubber-gloved hand wraps on the wood door of the manager's office.

The door opens, and Agnes appears with big pink curlers in her hair and clenches a cigarette between her teeth.

AGNES

It's early... Do you have the rent money?

The man pulls an envelope from his back pocket, showing her. She waves him in.

AGNES (CONT'D)

I need my morning coffee.

Agnes returns to her office kitchen. And pours herself a cup, not offering one to her tenant. She points to a chair across from her, and he takes a seat.

Newspapers cover the kitchen table. They are showing the news articles about the murderer at large.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Mr. Selmer, it's RANDY, right?

RANDY

Yes. (looking at the papers)
Keeping up with the news?

AGNES

What else is there to do in this town.

RANDY

I guess, gambling over on the Rez.

AGNES

Right you are. So, pay what you owe me and be on your way.

RANDY

Let me get this straight. You hassle me with the rent money. That you are going to gamble away at the casino?

AGNES

What I do with your rent money is my business. Now hand it over.

Randy stands up from the chair, pulls the envelope out of his back pocket, and tosses it at the manager.

The white envelope with Agnes' name on it slides across the newspapers. It lands just below the headline reading; WHO WILL BE NEXT?

Randy and Agnes' eyes meet. He slowly reaches out to push the envelope closer to her.

For the first time, she notices the man is wearing natural colored rubber gloves.

After a beat, Agnes picks up the envelope and looks at the money inside. She slowly pulls out the play money.

AGNES (CONT'D)
Is this some kind of joke? I'm
calling the police! You're out of
here!

RANDY
No joke! You won't need real money
where you're going!

Stubbornly she turns and grabs the phone. She begins dialing by pushing buttons slowly. In defiance, she still holds the play money in her clinched hand...

RANDY (CONT'D)
He's right under their nose. (he
points at the paper) They're
looking in all the wrong places.

Agnes hits another number. She is stalling, trying to think.

Randy goes on talking casually.

RANDY (CONT'D)
It is easy to get rid of the bodies
if you work at a mortuary.

Agnes hits another number. Five more to go.

RANDY (CONT'D)
No one can tell the difference.
Ashes are ashes.

Agnes' hands are shaking with three numbers to push. She looks at cleaned utensils in the dish rack by the sink. She notices a large kitchen knife there.

She tries to stall more, looking at her side door. Two numbers to push. Her finger hovers above the next number. Her voice shaking.

AGNES
Are you him? You are him.

Not waiting for an answer, she suddenly makes her move to toss the phone and the play money at Randy.

She turns toward the side door within a cloud of the play money floating in the air.

But Randy is ready for her. He moves quickly like a cat. Before she could have pushed the last number. He has the knife from the sink thrust deep into her back.

Agnes slides to the floor, unbelieving her fate. But she is tough and has some will to fight left in her.

Randy is amused and watches with great interest as the woman clings to the last moments of life. She claws her way back up by the stove.

AGNES (CONT'D)
I don't know how, but someday I
will have my revenge.

Unknown to her killer, she has turned on the gas but cannot light the burner. She screams.

AGNES (CONT'D)
You will be next!

She raises her finger into the air, but she says nothing more. She silently falls over her chair with the knife in full view sticking out of her back between her shoulder blades.

RANDY
I think not, I am very smart. I
have gotten away with 12 murders
including you. A nice clean dozen.
People who looked down on me,
thought they were better me. The
authorities have no idea...

Suddenly her cat lunges onto the table. Startling Randy. With an arched back, it hisses wildly showing its teeth at the man. But to no effect, he grabs the cat and throws it into the oven slamming the door.

Randy pulls the knife out of Agnes and goes to her neck. He severs her jugular vein. But now hidden from view, blood scatters across the newspapers and walls.

Randy smells the gas and turns off the gas coming from an unlit burner. The gas gives Randy an idea.

He finds the grease jar under the sink. He puts a pan on the stove and fills it with the grease. Then, he turns the gas on high and lights the burner.

Randy puts his prize in a black plastic bag and promptly exits.

The grease gets hot quickly and will soon catch fire.

7 EXT. - HEAVENLY HILLS APARTMENTS - COURTYARD - DAWN 7

Randy closes the manager's door behind him and returns to his car. He leaves the apartment courtyard for the last time. As he pulls away, the apartment building explodes into flames.

RANDY
(smiling) I forgot about the cat...

8 EXT. DESERTED DESERT HIGHWAY - DAWN 8

On a deserted highway, with a small desert town and billowing black smoke in the rearview mirror, a man with stubby hands drives an old model car.

The desert sunrise and amber skies engulf the car. It disappears in the distance. The sound of the wheels whining on the pavement fades away till only the desert wind can be heard.

FADE OUT.

DISSOLVE TO TITLE: 26 YEARS LATER

JUMP CUT TO:

9 EXT. PROP RENTAL HOUSE - DUSK 9

Next door to the old five-story beet factory is another old brick building where two men stand out front talking and drinking *beer*. The sun has just set, leaving the sky as orange as a pumpkin.

The owner of the prop rental house pops another beer. He offers another beer to the Hasting's Haunted House art director.

DANIEL
You know I have just about
everything you might use in a
haunted house.

MATT

I know, but I'm looking for something special, something different. I'll know it when I see it.

Nearby a pickup truck sits with an advertising logo on it, with one of those magnetic signs on the door it reads. Hasting's Haunted House - Best in the Valley!

10 INT. PROP RENTAL HOUSE - DUSK 10

The men walk through a packed building filled with lots of stuff. There is an assortment of tools, miscellaneous furniture, racks of props, and all kinds of items.

The building houses dressing pieces rented for décor sets in a film or used in some stage play.

The men pass a door leading to a basement.

MATT

What have you got down there?

DANIEL

Hell, if I know. That's old storage down there left by my father's previous partner.

MATT

Could I have a look?

DANIEL

Sure. It's kind of creepy down there, but I'm sure for a haunted house guy like you, it is no big deal.

Matt opens the door and peers down the stairs into the basement. Stale air escapes from below.

Seeing a switch on the wall, he flips it, nothing happens.

MATT

Don't kid yourself. I love to create one and scare the dickens out of people, but I hate to go through a haunted house I haven't built myself.

Daniel plugs in a dusty extension cord into a nearby wall socket.

DANIEL

Tell you what, anything you want to haul out from down there, it's yours. You'll find a lift on the far side of the building.

Matt sees the glow of light in the middle of the basement. But the stairs are still dark. He pulls a small flashlight from his coat and starts to head down.

MATT

Are you coming?

DANIEL

(chuckling)

Hell no, it's haunted down there.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 11

Storm clouds build over a windy land. They are making the night darker than usual. There is lightning above as thunder crackles across the sky.

The Art Director for the haunted house backs the truck up to a roll-up door. He hops out and flips down the tailgate on the truck.

The back of the truck is piled high with wrought-iron fence pieces and all sorts of dressing items.

The janitor comes out to help, holding a mug of *coffee*. They begin to unload the fence pieces.

The janitor cut himself badly on one of the fence panels. Blood drips from his hand. He wraps it up as best he can and continues to unload the truck.

Jess arrives in his car to see what great treasure Matt has found. He looks over the load.

JESS

So, what is so special about a bunch of old rusty fence panels?

The janitor swings around with a fence panel, nearly hitting Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)

Hey! Watch what you are doing.

Matt rolls his eyes at the janitor and directs him to stop a moment.

MATT

Go and get the dolly! (beat)
Please.

The janitor leaves, nodding his head.

MATT (CONT'D)

Old rusty panels, yes, but not the
panels. It is what is underneath!

Matt removes some chains lying on top and slides off a canvas cover revealing a wooded crate, the last item hiding under all the other stuff.

The old box measures three feet by three feet by three feet and sits in the middle of the truck bed. It has an attached lid, latched and locked.

The janitor returns with the dolly and his hand bandaged up.

JESS

Let's get it inside, so we can see
this amazing find you discovered.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE, ART DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 12

In the Art Department workshop, the crate is moved into the center of the room, rolling on a two-wheel dolly pushed by the janitor.

Matt and Jess make room for the large wooden box. Left out *Tools* are moved and *paint* cans returned to their selves.

Before the janitor sets the box down carefully, it gets away from him. He tries to catch it, but due to his hurt hand, it slips free.

The crate slams down with a thud. Both men's backs are turned at that moment, and jump at the shocking sound in the silent night. Dust flies up around the crate.

MATT

Damn-it Janitor. You scared the
shit out of me. I told you to be
careful.

The janitor jumps back from the outburst from Matt. He tries to pantomime 'sorry' but only irritates the situation.

The janitor accidentally knocks some tall poles down, and one of them hits the lamp above, making it swing.

With only a few lights are on, and most of the rest of the room is in darkness.

JESS

If you don't watch what you are doin', I will put you in the haunted house.

The janitor backs away into the darkness, apologizing with his hands.

The industrial light hanging above them rocks back and forth. Matt unlocks the *padlock*, flips the latch, and carefully opens the lid, with the old hinges creaking.

Viewed from over the shoulder of Matt, he pulls out one of the wrapped items. He gently lifts it and removes the outer layers of old rags.

Reveled is a small burlap bag with something in it the size of a melon. Just before pulling it clear, Jess steps in front of it and blocks the view.

The two men discuss the find in Matt's hands, still hidden from view behind the crate's lid.

MATT

What did I tell you? How cool is this? Check out the artistry.

JESS

Your right. It is truly amazing, so lifelike. It must have been from some old horror movie.

Matt carefully unwraps another one.

MATT

It was maybe, lost for years down in that basement. I have a great idea of how to use them.

JESS

How many do you have there?

MATT

It looks like twelve, prefect for the room I have in mind.

Not far away, the janitor listens from the darkness.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'll add a couple of actors in a cage-like room with a big table in the center. It should creep people out.

JESS

Ah, the fence panels, very creative. Well, we open in a week. I'll tell the big boss he has his new room. And that you assured me it is going to be a hit!

As the men leave, switching off the lights, the wooden crate is left unlocked in the middle of the darkroom.

The storm rages outside as lightning flashes through the skylights above. The constant drip of water sounds in the otherwise silent room.

The janitor creeps back into the room with only a flashlight. He moves silently towards the wood box.

A sudden noise rattles him. He wheels the circle of light on the sound, but alas, it is only a rat. But in doing so, he has caused his hand to bleed again.

Thunder crashes again as he opens the lid pushing it back slowly. The hinges creak. The bleeding from his hand is worse. But he ignores the wound, excited to see the treasure.

He lifts out one of the burlap bags within the box and holds it in his hands. Opening it carefully, he peers in with the flashlight. The bag soaks up blood from his hand.

At that given moment, lightning hits the skylight above, shattering the glass. The brilliant blue-white light runs down the industrial light cord and breaks the light bulb.

The janitor tries to protect himself by raising the burlap bag above his bald head during this flash where the lightning bolt strikes it.

Something mystical happened here. The blood from the janitor and the lightning blast have woken something in the bag. It glows in a strange light all of its own.

The janitor drops the glowing-smoldering bag back into the wooden box. He slams the lid closed and runs from the room without his flashlight.

The box remains in the middle of the shop, with rain falling in from the shattered skylight above. Lightning continues to flash above the Hasting Haunted House workshop.

The flashlight left behind illuminates the box where a rat has climbed on top. The scruffy fruit rat hisses up at the stormy night. It looks around with suspicious eyes as all goes dark.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

TITLE: LATER THAT NIGHT

13 INT. HASTINGS HAUNTED HOUSE - JANITOR'S ROOM - NIGHT 13

In the janitor's apartment, the older man sleeps in a small twin bed. From high above, the view looks down on the janitor.

As the janitor comes into full view and the details of the wrinkles on his face become clear, he noticeably moves in his sleep.

A woman's voice calls to him... There is no vision of what he sees.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. Janitor. Oh, Dale. Hello Dale,
may I call you Dale? It is your
name, right?

The sleeping janitor nods fretfully, pulling the covers up tightly under his whiskered chin.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE
My name is Agnes. I have no idea
why I am stuck here? But it is for
some reason. We will work that out
together. If you can help me, I
will help you and you...

The voice fades away as the sleeping janitor rolls over to face the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. JANITOR DREAM - DARK RELM - STARRY NIGHT 14

The janitor comes face to face with the voice-a dark place with millions of stars above on an endless plain the ground covered with fog.

JANITOR

Help me? How can you help me?

AGNES

I will help you find your voice
before you die.

JANITOR

Well, it better be soon. Doctors
give me only a few months to live.

AGNES

I will get what I need to pass on,
and you will have the last laugh.

Agnes' image breaks apart, swept away like a dust devil.

The janitor is still in the dream as he wakes up and rolls
back over. He sits up, looking off into the mist. His bed is
still on the foggy plain.

JANITOR

To talk would mean everything. I'll
do what Agnes asks.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

15 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - DARK HALLWAYS - NIGHT 15

A door suddenly slams open as a gothic-looking woman fly's-
out dressed in black. She screams a blood-curdling cry. She
fills the view lunging forward.

HELEN

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Strange loud music plays, and the sound of a beating heart
drums through the halls.

The screaming seems never to stop. The view swings away from
the woman.

Above the hallway, ghouls taunt through a grid of iron bars,
trying to grab hold but just out of reach.

At the end of this hall, it appears it is blocked. A tiny
door drops down in the wall, and there she is again.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhh!

The view moves on, dodging through the only opening there is then pushing through something that might be snakes and spider webbing.

The hissing of the vile creature's hot breath low on the walls is relentless.

The screaming stops, and a wall slam's down behind, trapped.

The ticking of a clock echo's along with the beating heart now somewhere in the background. The view pushes forward only to be confused in an endless maze.

The view weaves thru the passage between stone walls.

Suddenly a gargoyle jumps down from his perch. He loses his head; the gargoyle costume's head. The actor begins to laugh out of character once his costume has malfunctioned.

Not far away is the talent coordinator, a small petite woman. Wearing a ballcap turned backwards, she squints at a video monitor talking into her headset.

VICKI

We have a problem, Amanda; the Gargoyle has lost his head again.

From a hidden door behind the Gargoyle actor, Amanda steps out and picks up the Gargoyle mask. She talks into the headset she is wearing.

AMANDA

On it.

The house lights flick on, and the effects sounds and music goes off. Now it is clear it is a full-dress rehearsal of the Hasting's Haunted House.

Vicki steps out into an open area, followed by Matt and Amanda.

Vicki nods to Matt, smiles at the great work her haunters are doing. Helen steps up near her as the other actors gather around.

VICKI

Great job, everyone. Opening night is tomorrow, so get some rest tonight.

MATT

Not bad, not bad at all. But, be careful on the sets.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

They're not real. I don't want to repair them every night.

AMANDA

Yes, same for the costumes you wear. Would you please mark your wardrobe check-out slips if you need alterations or repairs done?

HELEN

Those of you who need makeup, see you at 4 o'clock sharp.

VICKI

We open at 6:30, be in your place and ready to scare the hell out of our guests!

From behind them all, up above on a raised platform.

JESS

This year is going to be a great season so be safe and have fun.

The haunters cheer, clap, whistle, and howl like wolves.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

16 EXT. ARIZONA DESERT HOME - BACK YARD - DECK - DAWN 16

A man with stubby hands is finishing burying something in the backyard. He packs down the earth with a shovel.

He heads back to his sister's back porch. Along the way, he picks up two plastic tubs that the new plants had come in from the nursery.

The man meets his sister Joy coming out on the deck. She has brought him *coffee*.

JOY

Morning Randy.

RANDY

Morning Sis. I thought I would get some planting done before it gets too hot.

JOY

The yard is looking great since you have come to stay with us. (handing him a coffee mug) Thanks for all your hard work.

RANDY

No problem! Glad to be of help. Thanks for taking me in.

JOY

I am glad you are here. You have done so much around here. (sips coffee) I got discount coupons for Hasting's Haunted House tonight, and I want you to go with us.

RANDY

It's not my kind of thing-

From in the house is heard two girls calling for their cat.

PAM

-Sophie. Oh, Sophie.

CINDY

Kitty, kitty. Where are you?

Two pre-teen girls bust out onto the back porch deck.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Mom! We can't find our cat.

PAM

She's not anywhere. You got to help us find her.

JOY

Oh, I'm sure she is just hiding. With that dark fur of hers, she can be hard to see. We'll find her later, I'm sure.

RANDY

Yeah, cats do that. Hide and sometimes just wander off.

The mother tries to console her daughters.

CINDY

You would like that if Sophie got lost. You hate our cat.

RANDY

Now, why would you say that?

The mother and her daughters return inside the house. Randy turns his head and looks back to the rear of the yard. A sinister smile comes over his face.

There are two newly planted bushes in the backyard, and next to them is an area where the ground has been disturbed.

Blowing on a slight morning breeze, a tuft of dark fur rolls across the gravel ground and gets stuck to a cactus.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - DAY 17

A Pizza delivery person pulls up in front of the two-story haunted house building. It looks more like a medieval castle built out of rock and stone with a large wooden massive door.

The whole place is bustling. As gardeners rush around cutting the grass and clipping shrubs, workers puts finishing touches on the Hasting's Haunted House entrance.

Matt directs the leveling of a banner hanging above it all. The vinyl canvas sign reads Opening Weekend - Hasting's Haunted House - Best in the Valley!

The pizza person has four boxes of *pizza* to deliver. He knocks on the big door. It creaks open just like a haunted house door should.

He walks in, surprised that the door opened by itself. He looks, and no one is behind the door.

From his blindside, a deep voice startles him scaring the delivery person half-to-death.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you?

PIZZAMAN

Holy shit! What the Frick.

CUT TO:

18 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - MANAGER OFFICE - DAY 18

Helen sits on the corner of the manager's desk and hops off as the pizzaman enters, followed by Matt. Jess and Helen acted like something was going on.

HELEN

Shit. You guys could have knocked.

Before the pizza boxes hit the table, Matt grabs a piece out of the top box, balanced by the delivery person, trying not to drop them.

MATT

Pay the man. I got some last-minute addons I need to complete. No time to chat. Opening day and all.

Matt grabs the box off the top, and he rushes out the door.

All in the room are staring at the door for a beat. But in moments, Matt pushes it back open sticking his head back in.

MATT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Next time lock the door-

Jess tosses some cash at the pizzaman while still smiling at Helen.

JESS

Where were we?

The pizzaman turns to leave, followed by the makeup girl who stays in the room and pushes the delivery guy out.

She locks the door.

HELEN

Yes, where were we? Aw yes, talking about my raise.

JESS

Oh no, (looking down at his lap) we are talking about my raise.

HELEN

(laughing)

In your dreams. That'll be the day...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

19 EXT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE, HAUNTED FOREST - NIGHT 19

Three teenage girls huddle together, walking along a dimly lit path. Trees blot out the night sky. They walk, holding on to each other afraid of what might be around the next corner.

There is the gate they have been searching to find. They look about, but nothing is there. The frightened teenagers timidly move forward through the gate.

But their worst fears come true as the sound of a chainsaw fires up. The three girls scream and fall all over themselves, trying to escape.

Behind them is a greasy backwoods hick in overalls wielding a chainsaw over his head! His crazy eyes flash in the spooky light as he chases the girls.

CHAINSAW MAN
Ahaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! Gerrrrrrr!

CUT TO:

20 EXT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - FRONT COURTYARD - NIGHT 20

The chainsaw madman chases the teenagers out the exit and into the crowd waiting in line to go into the haunted house.

He raises the chainsaw into the air, revs the engine a couple of times, and returns to the exit gate.

Standing by the fountain in the courtyard's center across from the exit where the girls came out, Mr. Hastings and Jess watch, laughing at the girls.

MR. HASTINGS
It works every time.

JESS
They even know he is there, but the chainsaw still scares them.

In the background, the teenagers are happy to be out and safe from the horrors within the Hasting's Haunted House.

MR. HASTINGS
Well, it appears we are going to have another great season.

JESS
How do you like the new room?

MR. HASTINGS

I just love it! Very creepy and funny at the same time. It is just what we needed to create quite a vibe and chatter about the house.

The girls are sad it is over. But they quickly decide to buy more tickets and do it again.

Another group of visitors blasts out of the exit gate, again chased by the mad chainsaw guy.

21 EXT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - TICKET WINDOW - NIGHT 21

Joy buys tickets at the window, off to the side, her daughters wait with RANDY.

JOY

Four, please.

RANDY looks around uneasily and sees the other guests running out the exit of the haunted house.

Pam and Cindy ignore their uncle and talk to themselves about how scary and fun it will be to experience the haunted house.

RANDY

I'm going to hate this.

Joy walks up and hands them their tickets.

JOY

Here you go.

They head for the line to enter the haunted house. Joy and her daughters are excited to go through it.

PAM

I want to see it, but I'm a little scared at the same time.

CINDY

Don't be silly. You're supposed to feel that way.

JOY

She's right, and it's like standing in line for a roller-coaster. That feeling is all part of the fun.

RANDY joins in the conversation, talking to Pam as well as convincing himself.

RANDY

Yeah, it is all fake. Just a bunch of props and kids dressed up in costumes- nothing in there to truly be afraid.

But as he says that, a chilling breeze blasts out of the night, tossing up dust across the courtyard. RANDY has an odd feeling and shutters his shoulders.

As they walk to the line, some thirty people wait to go in. They are cut in front by the three teenage girls that came out of the exit earlier.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Hey. What's the big idea.

But that wasn't the end of the line. The Security Guard points to the side of the building, where more than one hundred exciting haunted house fans wait to go through.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 MONTAGUE: VARIOUS SHOTS; THE LINE, EXIT GATE, ENTERTAINMENT 22 IN THE COURTYARD, AND GUESTS ENTERING THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

23 EXT/INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - ENTRANCE - FIRST ROOM - 23 NIGHT

Joy, her daughters, and Randy give their tickets at the door. The girls quickly grab onto their mother. Randy follows behind.

The group of four enters into a dark entry room, eerie sounds engulf them, and in the background is the thump of a beating heart. Not far away, they hear a plea.

GHOUL EASTWOOD

Help me! Help me...

24 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - HAUNTED ROOMS - NIGHT 24

They walk down a dark rock-walled passage where torches mounted on the walls burn.

The walls start wide apart then close in on each side as they exit through a stone archway. The doors are held open by graveyard headstones.

They exit a mausoleum and out into a cemetery. In the grass, ghouls and tormented spirits dance around them. The dancers come close but don't touch the visitors.

The graves on each side fly open, the many undead try to crawl out or grab them. This action creates a thrilling bit.

They stay on a stone path as Joy, her daughters, and Randy move toward another gate, the entrance to the cemetery.

A smoke-filled haunted forest lay beyond. A sign reads- The Forest of NO Return. They leave the cemetery gate, and it mysteriously closes behind them.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 MONTAGUE: VARIOUS SHOTS; ODD ROOMS, AND ENVIRONMENTS IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

As Joy and her children are having a screaming good time, Randy is getting more and more on edge. He is not enjoying the haunted house experience.

26 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - ASYLUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT 26

Joy and her daughters slowly walk up a ramp toward the door. They are followed a few feet behind by Randy.

The door opens, and they enter. It slams behind, and Randy jumps.

27 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - ASYLUM HEAD ROOM - NIGHT 27

RANDY

Shit! I hate this. Why did you talk me into coming.

Walking down a hall, the group turns into a big room. It opens up to a cage-like room with bars on the walls and a big table in the center.

Two actors, a mad scientist and a crazy doctor argue about the best way to bring people back from the dead. They tell bad jokes about getting ahead, and another joke ending like, "He shoulda stopped when he was ahead."

Mounted on the table, it looks like twelve heads. The necks propped up on stands keeping the heads upright. The heads are all looking away from the group, not a face seen.

The scientist and doctor continue arguing as the group makes their way around the room. From this view, the group sees the many horrific-looking faces, including one with a broken jaw.

The actor's conversation gets violent as they try to choke each other. Evidentially all part of the act.

Randy is engulfed in an odd feeling and doesn't look at the table. He instead looks at the cage walls surrounding them.

JOY

Those guys are funny.

PAM

Maybe, but those heads are creepy.
They look so real.

Pam hides her face in her mother's side.

CINDY

Something more is going to happen.
I just know it. Too bad the heads
don't move or do something. Those
guys are dumb.

Nothing happens to the mother and her two daughters as they pass around a corner and disappear down another dark hallway. But Randy is not with them.

28 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - HEAD ROOM - HALLS - NIGHT 28

Randy is separated from the others and stuck in the room. His legs won't respond. Sweat breaks out on his head as the thumping sound grows louder and louder in his ears.

The room seems to tilt to Randy, and it becomes a blur as the actors disappear as if swept away by some unseen magic.

Then Randy does imagine seeing something move, although he tries not to look. Somewhere far off, he hears a woman calling his name.

AGNES (V.O.)

Randy Sellllllmer, yes, Randy
Sellllllmer.

The heads all turn on their necks towards the petrified Randy. All the head's eyes remain tightly closed.

The cage bars separate from the walls as each section of bars fly about the room. The bars push in, making the room smaller and forcing Randy closer to the table.

Randy clenches his own eyes shut and covers his ears with his hands, trying to block out the calling woman.

But it doesn't work. The female head on the end of the table, with wild red hair, calls his name. Her lips move.

AGNES

Randy Selmer, oh Randy Selmer.

Randy can't keep his eyes closed, but now they are stuck wide open in fright.

Randy is drawn closer, pushed till his face is only inches away from Agnes. Her eyes flash open.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Hello, Randy Selmer.

The bar sections fly back to the walls, snapping into place. All the tormenting sounds stop except the voice of Agnes. She is laughing, taunting, and calling. Randy staggers back, unbelieving his own eyes.

Randy can't take anymore, and his feet feel free. So, he runs out of the room the way his sister had gone.

After making a few frantic turns, he finds himself right back where he started. The heads seem to sense his presence and turn toward him. At this moment, their eyes flash open.

Agnes' head has left the table, and now with her whole, but transparent body, she floats before him. Her glowing long red hair stands out in all directions.

AGNES (CONT'D)

We have all been waiting for you,
Randy. (threatening deeper voice)
It's time to pay the piper!

He runs out the way they had come in, but he is right back at the starting point after running down two long hallways.

AGNES (CONT'D)

There's nowhere to go, Randy. I
need your help; I have an itch I
can't scratch.

Agnes turns, revealing a large kitchen knife protruding from the middle of her shoulder blades.

Randy stares wide-eyed and stutters.

RANDY

I, I, I...

AGNES

Cat got your tongue? You don't
remember putting it there?

Randy turns away and runs for the third door and hallway.

The knife once in Agnes' back, still transparent, slams into the doorjamb with all the destructive power of a real knife.

Randy makes it through, the blade just missing him.

29 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - MIRROR HALL - NIGHT 29

Randy's escape leads him to a hall of mirrors. Images of his tormented self are everywhere. The floating ghoulish figure of Agnes is there and everywhere. Beacons, taunting, and slashing at him with the knife. But when he finds his way out, he is back where he started.

30 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - HEAD ROOM - NIGHT 30

Stumbling back into the head room, Randy freezes.

All the heads are now floating about the room with their ghostly bodies, including one with a broken jaw passing close with one good eye. They are laughing and enjoying the freedom, drinking in robust revelry having a cocktail party.

HEADS

(all together)

Let's drink a toast to Randy.

After the toast, they throw their empty glasses at Randy.

Randy dives out to fourth and final hallway, as glasses break around him. His last hope for escape.

31 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - HALLS - MAZE - NIGHT 31

Randy hysterically runs around a few turns, runs down two long hallways, past the hall of mirrors, and runs into an endless maze.

In this maze, Randy sees the gruesome acts of his past and is scared by them. He stumbles this way and that. He relives each murder he committed and sees the bloody mess of each.

Then in a wicked twist of fate, the tables are turned, and the very same acts happen to him. He screams in torment feeling the pain of each violent act.

Finally, Randy finds a last dark hallway in the maze.

This time he finds a door. Maybe this is the way out. He pulls and pushes at the door, but it will not move. He claws at it like a wild animal.

Now exhausted and crying pitifully, he slides to the floor at the bottom of the door.

His eyes bug out, seeing Agnes floating over him with the knife.

AGNES

(smiling)

Randy Selmer, happy to meet you again. So glad you came to visit us! All back together again. (she laughs) Ha ah ha haaaaaaa!

RANDY

(sobbing)

But how could you have known... That I would be here?

AGNES

Let's just say; a cat told me.

A killer pain grips his chest. The pain tears at his heart.

Agnes slashes out with the big heavy kitchen knife.

JUMP CUT TO:

At the end of a long foggy hallway, Randy's dead body crumpled on the floor at the foot of the door. Above the lifeless body, there is a sign on the door, NOT AN EXIT.

DISSOLVE TO:

Through the fog walking down an endless hallway, the janitor carries a large knife in one hand and a severed head in the other. His eyes glisten in the strange light. He turns into the 'head' room.

32 INT. HASTING'S HAUNTED HOUSE - ASYLUM HEAD ROOM - NIGHT 32

The twelve spirits are all there.

JANITOR

I always wanted to be in the haunted house. (smiling wickedly) Now the killer is stopped (lifting head) that he is a head.

The ghosts of the murder victims nod in appreciation and disappear one-by-one until only Agnes' spirit is all that remains.

AGNES

Thank you, my friend. We all thank you. We now can be released from this place.

With that, she faded and is swept off like the others. While on the table, the heads dissolve into ash swept clear by a supernatural wind. Nothing of them is left behind.

JANITOR

Agnes and the others have their revenge... Did I said that?

He has found his voice at last. He laughs, a sinister laugh. It evolves into a loud booming cry of triumph.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

Ha-ha-haaaaaa!

The laughter diminishes as he moves out of the room and down a long hallway.

Blood drips from the head onto the floor as Randy's head and the janitor disappears into the mist that fills the corridor.

DISSOLVE TO:

PUSH IN: RANDY'S DEAD BODY. CLEARLY WITH NO HEAD ATTACHED.

PAN UP TO SIGN: NOT AN EXIT.

LONG PULL AWAY FROM THE BODY. LIFTING ABOVE A MAZE VISUALLY BIGGER THAN THE HAUNTED HOUSE THAT SUPPOSEDLY CONTAINS IT.

DISSOLVE TO TITLE: THE END

FADE OUT: