

INT. CHRISTOPHER'S LIVING ROOMN - NIGHT.

The living room is dimly lit, only illuminated by the faint glow of the TV, casting subtle shadows across the walls.

The atmosphere is a blend of romance and dread as a horror movie flickers on the screen.

Selene, a woman with soft features, lies casually across the chest of Christopher Fix, a 28-year-old detective with short blonde hair and striking green eyes.

Christopher's gaze is on the TV, but his hand slowly moves towards Selene's chest, seeking a deeper connection.

Selene gently grasps his hand, guiding it toward her chest, whispering softly

SELENE

Don't be afraid... touch me, I won't bite.

Christopher smiles, adjusting her position so she sits on his lap.

He leans in, kissing her passionately

CHRISTOPHER

I know, but I'm the one who'll be doing the biting."

Selene giggles lightly as Christopher begins to carefully remove her clothes.

Suddenly, the phone rings, breaking the moment.

Christopher pauses, looking at her apologetically

CHRISTOPHER

sorry, I have to take this.

He grabs the phone and answers.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah?

POLICE CHIEF (O.V)
Christopher, we've just received a special offer. You need to check your email now; there are sensitive details.

CHRISTOPHER
(surprised)
An offer? From whom?

POLICE CHIEF (V.O)
A mysterious client. They're willing to pay fifty thousand pounds for exposing illegal operations in a mental institution. It seems serious.

Feeling the weight of the situation, Christopher exchanges a glance with Selene, who listens with quiet anticipation.

He turns back to the phone

CHRISTOPHER
I'll check the details now. Thanks for the heads up.

POLICE CHIEF(V.O)
Don't waste time; this requires urgent investigation.

Christopher hangs up and looks at Selene with tension in his eyes

CHRISTOPHER
Looks like our night ends here. There's something that needs my immediate attention.

Selene smiles warmly, whispering

SELENE
It's alright... I promise we'll pick up where we left off later.

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF CHRISTOPHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

The front door swings open as Selene steps out, watching Christopher emerge, carrying a medium-sized bag over his shoulder.

He pauses at the porch, glancing back at her with a soft smile before leaning in to kiss her on the lips.

SELENE

(warmly)

Don't be long... I'll miss you so much."

Christopher smiles, stepping closer and gently holding her face in his hands.

CHRISTOPHER

(softly)

I'll be back before you even realize I'm gone.

SELENE

You always say that, but I feel your absence every time.

She places her hand on his chest, clinging to him as if reluctant to let him go.

They walk together toward the car parked outside, with Selene showering him with kisses on his cheeks, lips, and even his neck, as if trying to keep him close for just a little longer.

SELENE

(laughing tenderly)

Maybe I should come with you. I don't think I can let you go.

CHRISTOPHER

(teasingly)

I'm afraid you'd distract me too much.

He opens the car door and turns to her before getting in.

CHRISTOPHER

I promise, I'll be safe.

SELENE
(whispering)
Be careful... I don't want to lose
you.

She kisses him again on the lips before he finally gets into the car, closing the door behind him.

Christopher sits behind the wheel, looking at her through the window with a gentle smile as she stands by his side, waving softly.

The engine hums as the car slowly pulls away, and Selene watches him drive off.

After a moment of silence, she places her hand on her heart and whispers to herself

SELENE
(softly, with deep emotion)
May God watch over you and keep you
safe.

INT. CHRISTOPHER'S CAR - NIGHT.

Christopher drives at a steady pace, a cigarette hanging between his fingers as smoke drifts lazily out of the slightly open window.

The empty road stretches ahead, and his thoughts churn in the dim light.

He takes a long drag from the cigarette, muttering to himself with a hint of frustration

CHRISTOPHER
(under his breath)
You're an idiot, Christopher...
heading to the asylum with no clue
about it.

He takes another deep drag, exhaling slowly as his eyes stay fixed on the dark road ahead.

CHRISTOPHER
(mocking himself)
At least check your laptop... Nah,
I'll do a quick skim when I get there.

A small laugh escapes him, and his expression shifts into one of arrogance as he raises an eyebrow

CHRISTOPHER

(smugly)

Do you really think a bunch of lunatics can stop Detective Christopher?

His tone sharpens, filled with confidence

CHRISTOPHER

(with conviction)

I've taken down presidents... you think I'm scared of an asylum full of crazies?

Silence settles in the car, and Christopher continues driving, his gaze focused and unwavering on the distant horizon.

EXT.THE ASYLUM'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT.

The front yard of the asylum was a chaotic scene of horror.

Dim lights barely illuminated the pathways, and on either side of the road, some nurses were hanging grotesquely from lamp posts, their bodies swaying lifelessly.

The air was filled with erratic screams, while a group of insane patients ran across the yard, playing what seemed like a game of football.

Upon closer inspection, it became clear that their "ball" was a severed nurse's head.

PATIENT 1

(excited)

Throw it to me! I'm about to score!

PATIENT 2

(mocking)

You can't catch anything! You need to be faster, like Tom Brady!

PATIENT 3
(smacking the severed head)
Here's the ball! My turn to score.

Amidst the mad laughter and loud voices, another scene unfolded in a small garden nearby.

Chairs were scattered, and corpses lay around haphazardly.

A female patient sat hugging a headless nurse's body, speaking to it with an air of delirium

FEMALE PATIENT
(trembling voice)
Why did you betray me? Why did you
hide your head from me? You know I
love you... I adore your head.

Another patient stumbled towards her, walking erratically and muttering crazily

MALE PATIENT
(smiling)
How are you? How's your lover?

FEMALE PATIENT
(angrily)
He took his head off and hid it from
me!

MALE PATIENT
(surprised)
I don't think it was his fault.

FEMALE PATIENT
(shouting)
What do you mean?

MALE PATIENT
(insane)
Maybe he lent his head to those
playing with it over there.

The female patient stood up, enraged, and started marching toward the group playing with the head.

She ordered the male patient.

FEMALE PATIENT

(commanding)

Guard his body! Don't let him run
away!

MALE PATIENT

(curious)

Where are you going?

FEMALE PATIENT

(determined)

I'm going to get my lover's head back.

As she approached the players, she pulled out two swords from nearby dead bodies.

She screamed in madness.

FEMALE PATIENT

(furiously)

You idiots! Give me back my lover's
head! It's not a toy!

One of the crazed players, confused, stepped forward

PATIENT 1

We're sorry, we thought it was a ball.

He slowly handed her the head, but she surprised him by swiftly decapitating him with one stroke, tossing his head to the others.

FEMALE PATIENT

(calmly)

Here's a ball. Play with that and
leave my lover's head alone.

She took the head and walked away, leaving the group to resume their twisted game with the newly severed head.

Sitting beside her lover's headless body, she whispered tenderly to the head

FEMALE PATIENT

(softly)

Don't worry, my love. I won't leave you again.

The male patients returned, laughing.

MALE PATIENT

(playfully)

He grabbed my butt.

FEMALE PATIENT

(pushing him away)

Go grab someone else's butt! Stay away from my lover's!

MALE PATIENT

(crying)

It wasn't me! He's the one who grabbed my butt!

She screamed at him again, threatening.

FEMALE PATIENT

(furious)

I'm warning you!

The male patient ran off, crying hysterically, as she returned to kissing her lover's head gently.

FEMALE PATIENT

(lovingly)

Our wedding will be next month.

EXT. THE OUTSIDE THE ASYLUM GATE - NIGHT.

Christopher pulls up to the asylum gate, parking his car quietly on the side of the road.

He takes a deep breath, removes the car key, and slips it into his pocket.

Sitting still for a moment, he grabs his bag and pulls out a laptop.

He opens his email, a large message pops up on the screen, but the letters are blurred and unreadable in the faint light.

CHRISTOPHER

(muttering anxiously)

Damn... this is much worse if what he says is true.

Quickly, he shuts the laptop and tucks it back into the bag.

He pulls out a small handheld camera, checks his gun with a few rounds of ammo, and grabs a military knife, which he hides in his boot.

The gun is tucked behind his back, ready. Slowly, he heads towards the small side door and steps inside.

CHRISTOPHER

(shocked, whispering)

What the hell is this?

He opens the camera and starts recording.

The camera screen shows a full battery icon on the right, the date on the left, and the recording timer just below it.

He cautiously steps forward, documenting the madness unfolding around him. His breathing quickens, his voice shaky

CHRISTOPHER

(whispering to himself)

I'm a Christian man... but this is not the work of God.

He continues moving carefully until, out of nowhere, a brutal blow with a baseball bat strikes his back, sending him crashing to the ground.

He scrambles to pick up the camera, hands shaking as he crawls backward.

Through the lens, he sees an insane patient wearing a security guard's uniform, with two severed heads of other guards hanging from his shoulders.

INSANE PATIENT SECURITY GUARD

(maniacally, holding the bat)

Who are you?

The patient moves closer, the bat resting on his shoulder.

Christopher tries to sit up, crawling backward while still filming. His hands tremble violently, fear coursing through him.

INSANE PATIENT SECURITY GUARD
(calmly, menacingly)
Show me your security clearance.

Christopher says nothing, continuing to film, his breathing growing more rapid.

The insane patient swings again, but Christopher leaps up and runs.

He sprints as fast as he can, the camera recording everything, occasionally turning back to film the lunatics chasing him.

CHRISTOPHER
(panicked)
damn it... locked asylum... what the
hell do I do?

He turns to see the lunatics closing in. One shouts.

INSANE PATIENT 1
Come here, you bug!

INSANE FEMALE PATIENT:
Leave his head for me!

ANOTHER INSANE PATIENT
(laughing crazily)
my girlfriend's single! I need his
body for her!

Without thinking, Christopher jumps down the steps, running for his life.

CHRISTOPHER
(frantic)
fuck, fuck... they're insane.

He glances around frantically, spotting an open wooden door resembling a basement entrance.

Without hesitation, he dives in, crashing onto the ground,

groaning in pain. He lifts his head, surrounded by total darkness.

CHRISTOPHER
(whispering to himself)
I can't see a thing...

Suddenly, the basement door slams shut from the outside, leaving him enveloped in complete darkness.

INT. INSIDE THE DARK BASEMENT - NIGHT.

The basement is shrouded in thick darkness, so deep that nothing can be seen.

Christopher, sitting on the cold floor, is panting heavily, trying to calm his racing heart.

Realizing he can't stay in the dark like this, he quickly opens the handheld camera and presses the night vision button.

The screen glows faintly green, illuminating the surroundings just enough for him to see.

CHRISTOPHER
(talking to himself, breathlessly)
Okay... I can see now.

He starts walking slowly through the damp, musty basement, glancing around cautiously.

The place is filled with abandoned crates and rusty, old machines. As he moves, he hears strange whispers and muffled laughter echoing around him.

Suddenly, he spots a crazed man sitting in the corner, rocking back and forth, chuckling quietly to himself.

The madman's eyes are completely empty, as if lost in another world.

CHRISTOPHER
(terrified, whispering)
What the hell is going on here...?

He keeps walking, the sounds growing louder.

Every now and then, he sees other lunatics wandering nearby, but none of them attack him.

Just seeing them is enough to make his breathing grow heavier, his heart pounding harder, and sweat dripping down his forehead.

CHRISTOPHER

(muttering between shaky breaths)

I need to get out of here... I need to get out.

Suddenly, he hears the sound of a heavy door creaking open behind him.

He turns cautiously, only to see a massive figure stepping through. The man is over two meters tall, and disturbingly, instead of arms, he has two giant axes attached to his stumps. The madman stares at Christopher with wild, crazed eyes.

CHRISTOPHER

(in sheer terror)

Oh my God...!

The man starts running toward Christopher, raising his axes menacingly.

Without thinking, Christopher spins around and starts sprinting, the camera still rolling, his hand trembling, his breath coming in frantic gasps.

CHRISTOPHER

(while running)

shit, shit... I need to get out...!

He races through the basement, darting between narrow corridors and winding paths, hearing the heavy footsteps of the axe-wielding man closing in behind him.

Suddenly, he spots an open door in the distance, with faint light spilling out from it.

CHRISTOPHER

(with desperate hope)

That's it! The exit!

He runs as fast as he can toward the door, his heart filling with hope, but the sound of the axes gets closer and closer, as if the man is right behind him.

His breath is ragged, sweat pouring down his face, but he doesn't stop.

He keeps running until he reaches the door, clinging to his last hope of escape.

Christopher stumbles through the wooden door, slamming it shut behind him.

He barely catches his breath before dragging an old table nearby and pushing it against the door, blocking it.

The sound of axes clanging stops behind the door, and Christopher hears a low, frustrated groan on the other side.

Breathing heavily, he looks around. The place is horrific; bodies are scattered across the floor, blood splattered on the walls.

But the most unsettling sight is the group of madmen sitting quietly in the room, staring at him in eerie silence, as if they were watching a performance.

As he cautiously walks through the hall, he hears the soft, unsettling whispers of the madmen.

MADMAN 1

(whispering crazily)

Did you see?... He's not dead yet...
He'll try to run... But no one
escapes... No one...

MADMAN 2

(snickering)

His head's good... Perfect for our
next show... Maybe tomorrow...

Christopher swallows hard, avoiding direct eye contact, fearing they might suddenly turn violent.

Then, from the corner of his eye, he spots a man sitting calmly on an old couch.

He looks different from the others, suspiciously normal.

The man, of average height with dark brown eyes, sits with his legs comfortably propped up on a small table.

His gaze is fixed on Christopher, as if they were the only two sane people in the room.

Curious and wary, Christopher approaches the man.

CHRISTOPHER

(hesitant)

Who are you?... You're not like them.

The man smiles calmly before answering, as if he's heard the question a hundred times before.

SAMIR

(calmly)

My name's Samir. I'm not a patient here, if that's what you're wondering.

CHRISTOPHER

(surprised)

If you're not a patient, then what are you doing here?

Samir leans back against the couch and takes a deep breath.

SAMIR

(calmly)

I'm a journalist. I came here to write a story about this place. It was supposed to be a simple report... but things didn't go as planned.

CHRISTOPHER

(anxiously)

A journalist? Then why didn't you escape?

Samir smiles with bitter irony.

SAMIR

(with a wry tone)

Escape? No one escapes from here. Once you're inside, you become part of the place, whether you're a patient or not. I tried to leave, but... I was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Christopher feels a cold wave of fear creeping over him.

CHRISTOPHER

(softly)

What do you mean?

Samir leans forward, his gaze serious.

SAMIR

(warningly)

Listen to me, Christopher. This place isn't just a mental hospital. It's a trap. A trap for anyone who enters.

(as pull out cigarette)

I learned too much... far too much, and now I can't leave. My advice to you? Run before you become part of this institution... before this place becomes your prison.

CHRISTOPHER

(shocked, hesitating)

But... how? How do I escape?

Samir glances around cautiously, then whispers:

SAMIR

(in a low voice)

You'll need more than courage. You'll need luck. A lot of it. But don't trust anyone here... not even me.

Christopher stands still for a moment, his mind racing.

He feels time slipping away, realizing that what he's seen and heard is far more than he ever anticipated.

Samir lights a cigarette, smoking in a relaxed yet sadistic manner, staring at Christopher without breaking eye contact.

SAMIR

You better turn off the camera to save the battery.

He takes a drag from the cigarette.

SAMIR

You'll need it in much worse situations.

CHRISTOPHER

Are there worse situations than what happened to me?

Samir laughs mockingly.

SAMIR

What happened to you can be described as just a warm-up, or a

welcoming party.

Samir orders him to head toward the library as pointing with his hand.

SAMIR

The library is over there, down that hallway.

(as smoking)

You'll find Carolina... that sexual demon. She'll tell you what you need.

CHRISTOPHER

(surprised)

Sexual demon?

SAMIR

You'll figure it out later. Word of advice: don't touch her, don't sleep with her, and don't fuck her.

CHRISTOPHER

I have a girlfriend, I can't betray her.

SAMIR

(mockingly)

Yeah, I said the same thing when I first got here, before I realized that what I lived in reality was just an illusion, and this hospital reveals the naked truth about people.

Christopher thanks Samir for the advice and heads down the hallway.

The hallway shines, the light is on, and all the doors are locked. No matter how hard he tries, he can't open them.

Until he reaches the library, he looks up and sees a sign that says "Library." He knocks on the door.

Carolina responds in a soft, seductive voice

CAROLINA (O.S)

Come in.

INT. THE ASYLUM LIBRARY - NIGHT.

Christopher enters the library, feeling an eerie tension in the air.

The atmosphere is thick with dread, and the dim light barely illuminates his surroundings.

The place is in complete chaos; some of the bookshelves are toppled over and shattered, while others barely stand, books torn and scattered across the floor.

The furniture is dilapidated, and the scattered bodies of nurses add to the horrifying scene.

His slow footsteps break the silence, and his eyes scan the details of the abandoned library. Amid the destruction, he spots Carolina.

A 28-year-old woman, her beauty bold and her allure undeniable; blonde, with a voluptuous chest and a slightly large, curvy figure that draws his attention uncomfortably.

She stands with her back to him, wearing a dress that accentuates her seductive form.

Christopher whispers to himself as he stares at her backside.

CHRISTOPHER

It's... the biggest ass I've ever seen.

He lightly slaps his own cheek to regain focus.

CHRISTOPHER

Remember, you're with Selene.

Suddenly, a soft, undeniably seductive voice cuts through his thoughts.

CAROLINA

It's not polite to stare at a girl's ass when you don't even know her.

Christopher freezes in embarrassment, trying to respond with hesitation.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, I didn't mean... I mean, I'm sorry.

Carolina turns her head slowly, giving him a sly smile with a mysterious gaze.

CAROLINA

This place... don't look for its

details. Things here aren't what they seem.

CHRISTOPHER

What's happening here? What is this place?

Carolina slowly turns fully to face him, but her words remain vague and elusive.

CAROLINA

All you need to know is that you're here now, and that's all that matters.

Bit by bit, Carolina begins to approach him, her gaze piercing through his mind.

Carolina, with a seductive tone.

CAROLINA

Everything here... can be yours, if you know how to take what you want.

Christopher takes a few steps closer to her, as if under the influence of something he can't resist.

His body temperature rises with every step, his gaze locked on her alluring figure, but he struggles to fight it.

Christopher, thinking to himself.

CHRISTOPHER

Selene... I have to remember Celine.

Carolina gets even closer, gently placing her hand on his shoulder, her touch warm, igniting her desire for him.

CAROLINA

Why resist? No one will know. Here... we're in a different world.

Christopher tries to regain control of his mind, but her allure and magic are overwhelming.

Christopher, trying to gather his strength.

CHRISTOPHER

No... I can't. I have a girlfriend.

Carolina smiles wickedly, running her hand down his chest.

CAROLINA

Your girlfriend isn't here, is she?

Carolina, with a seductive bend, tries to pull down Christopher's pants, who seems paralyzed, unable to resist.

After successfully removing his pants, she moves closer, ready to start sucking his penis.

Suddenly, Johnny walks in.

A tall, moderately built young man, handsome with short brown hair and attractive brown eyes.

Johnny is always dressed in an Italian suit and has a crazed, insane demeanor.

Johnny , approaching with a sarcastic smile

JOHNNY

Did I come at a bad time?

Carolina looks at him with a sly smile as she stands.

CAROLINA

You sure know how to pick your moments.

Meanwhile, Christopher hurriedly tries to pull up his pants, as if looking for a way to escape.

He avoids Johnny's suspicious gaze and attempts to slip away.

Johnny Small grabs Christopher's shoulder as he tries to flee.

JOHNNY

Where do you think you're going?

Christopher, trying to act innocent.

CHRISTOPHER

I... I'm just sick, I need to go to my room. It's time for my meds.

Johnny laughs hysterically.

JOHNNY

You gave yourself away.

(evil laugh)

The meds here are way different from

what you're used to. Trust me, you wouldn't want our asylum's meds. Come with me."

They head towards the door, and Carolina bids them farewell with a devilish smile.

CAROLINA

I'll get you, whether you like it or not.

After they leave, Carolina heads toward another room in the library.

He opens the door to find James, a strong and dangerous soldier, but one who now looks terrified.

He's wearing a military uniform and sitting in the corner of the room.

JAMES

(pleading)

Please, leave me alone.

CAROLINA

(coldly)

It's your turn today, James.

JAMES

(trembling)

I don't want to do it. I'm starting to lose my humanity.

CAROLINA

(unfazed)

You either do it with me, or with Milena.

As soon as James hears Milena's name, his face turns pale.

JAMES

(as screams)

Fine, fine!

Carolina grabs his hand and leads him to the table.

She lifts her dress, and James lowers his pants.

CAROLINA

Alright, do it. Better than last time.

James begins to lose control of himself, his body trembling as he takes her from behind.

The violent motions and suppressed rage are evident in every thrust.

CAROLINA

(taunts him)

You're getting better.

After he finishes, Carolina pulls her dress back down, and James quickly pulls up his pants. On his way out, he listens to her words.

CAROLINA

Your time here has just been extended
after fucking me.

(evil tone)

You'll be here for 80 more years.

JAMES

(sarcastically)

I don't care. I've accepted that I'll
never leave.