

THE PIT

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown."

- H.P. Lovecraft

FADE IN:

INT. CAVERN

The roar and blast of a HORN. Loud. Like that of a foghorn.

Cold. Damp. Suffocating darkness in an endless pit. Distant wails from suffering men and women echo from its depths.

Blood splatters onto a flattened stone bridge.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

The incessant faint ticks of a clock on the wall.

Plain cubicle walls form a bureaucratic maze. Dim lights buzz in the halls.

HARRY STANTON, early 30s, average height and modestly groomed, types at his work computer. His dark brown eyes appear despondent.

He sighs and glances at the picture frame resting on his plain desk.

The photograph shows his wife, STELLA, late 20s, petite, and his daughter TERESA, 5, embracing him. They all flash at the camera bright smiles.

Appear now as JUDGMENTAL STARES in Harry's mind.

Harry stops typing. Rises from his desk and glances at the empty cubicles.

HARRY

Alone again.

He tosses a empty soda can in the trash. Leaves his cubicle and heads down the hall.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The lone vending machine lights up the corridor. Harry slips a crisp dollar bill into the machine. Selects a drink.

Heavy footsteps sound in the quiet hall.

ANTHONY (O.S.)
Still here?

Harry turns and sees ANTHONY, 27, trimmed and muscular, one of his coworkers.

Anthony leans against the vending machine. Folds his arms in disbelief. Shakes his head.

HARRY
Finishing some overdue work.

ANTHONY
You're making things worse the longer you stay.

HARRY
Things at home have been... They've been difficult lately.

ANTHONY
Then talk to her.

HARRY
Supposed to visit them tonight.

Anthony walks away.

ANTHONY
(Over his shoulder)
Don't try going back to your desk.
Already shut off the computers.

HARRY
Bastard.

Harry pops open the soda he bought. Chugs it.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

Harry fumbles for his keys in the parking lot. Reaches his brown Honda Civic.

Glances at his phone. Notices a text message from Stella:

"When are you coming home?"

Loud crickets chirp around him. Harry ignores the noise and places his work bag on top of the car.

Finally swipes his cellphone with his finger.

Pulls up on the screen a picture of THOMAS STANTON, 86, his late father, posing in front of his workshop. Harry widens the picture with his fingers.

Mumbles to himself.

Harry swings open the driver's side door. Crawls inside. Slams the door shut.

The lights inside the vehicle shut off. Harry's veiled by the darkness. Whispers...

HARRY

The fuck am I doing?

POUNDS his enclosed fists on the steering wheel. The windows muffle enraged shouts.

INT. BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Polished floors. Walls of different colored lockers. Glass cases filled with golden trophies.

CYNTHIA KAMINSKY, 15, rebellious and distrustful, in punk clothes with long pink-tipped blonde hair, strolls through the hall. Checks each locker.

She passes a classroom in session. Glances inside to see organized desks occupied by fledgling teenagers.

Cynthia walks down another hall. Comes upon more lockers.

Stops at a green one and pulls from her pocket a crumpled note with the combination on it.

Pries it open.

Inside are old textbooks. Makeup supplies. Pictures on the locker door of her and HALEY BROOKS, 16, her bestfriend.

CYNTHIA

She kept them.

She yanks off the picture. Shows her and Haley at the beach wearing thick layers of sunscreen.

A small tear drips on the photograph. Cynthia takes a deep breath. Empties the locker into her backpack.

Slams the locker shut. Leaves for the exit. On her way out, a SECURITY GUARD passes her.

Cynthia never notices him.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Dead leaves cover yellowing grass. A white picket fence surrounds the yard. Teresa moves back and forth through the air on her new swing set.

She wears a frown on her adorable face.

Harry swings open the fence with a loud thud. Attempts to wave at Teresa.

Teresa doesn't respond. Keeps swinging. Kicks up dirt with her untied shoes.

HARRY

Hey sweetie, how are you doing?

She still doesn't answer.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm late. Thought we could maybe catch a movie after dinner with Mommy.

Teresa plants her feet on the ground. Hops off the swing. Briefly turns to look at Harry. Marches to the backdoor.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Honey, please.

His plea makes her stop. Teresa pivots to face him.

TERESA

Do you not like us anymore, Daddy?

HARRY

What -- no, honey, of course I do.

Stella slides the backdoor open. Glances down at Teresa. Forces a smile on her face.

STELLA

It's getting late. Hurry up inside for dinner.

Teresa looks back at Harry. Scurries past Stella inside.

HARRY
Sorry I missed your message.

STELLA
I'm sure. Come inside before the
food gets cold.

Harry's gaze travels downward. Makes out the tiny footprints
left on the ground by Teresa.

He stares up at the moon as dark clouds consume it.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry throws himself on the bed. Stella paces in the room.
Threads her short brunette hair and faces him.

STELLA
You barely come home anymore. You
ignore my text messages, and then
march in expecting a warm welcome.

HARRY
I thought you wanted me home.

STELLA
When you *do* come home, you act like
some zombie. You barely even look
at me anymore.

HARRY
That's not true.

Stella scoffs.

STELLA
I know what's it like to lose
someone you love.

HARRY
It doesn't have --

STELLA
-- But to let it tear apart your
family like this?

Harry gets up from the bed. Closes the distance between him
and Stella. Gently grabs her shoulders.

HARRY
Don't bring *him* into this.

Stella shakes him off. Pushes past him and sniffles.

STELLA
Fine, if this is how you wanna
live, have a good life.

She pulls two suitcases from the bedroom closet. Begins to
stuff clothes in them.

HARRY
Where are you going?

STELLA
To Mom's. I don't give a damn
anymore, but Teresa won't be part
of this sham any longer.

Stella lifts her packed suitcase. Storms out of the bedroom.
Heads to Teresa's room. Harry follows her into --

THE HALLWAY.

HARRY
You don't have to leave. We can try
and fix this.

STELLA
We're beyond that.

Stella switches on the lights in Teresa's room. Harry stands
behind her in the doorway.

TERESA
What's going on, Mommy?

STELLA
You and I are going on a trip to
Grandma's, Honey.

Teresa rubs her eyes.

HARRY
How long are you going to be gone?

Stella packs Teresa's clothes in a tiny pink suitcase. Throws
in a couple of stuffed animals.

STELLA
I don't know.

Teresa grasps Stella's hand. Follows her out of the bedroom
with her suitcase.

HARRY
Please... Don't go.

Stella refuses to answer back.

Harry watches them leave through the front door. Lingers back into his bedroom.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry stumbles out of his bedroom. Throws aside an empty beer bottle. The glass shatters on the kitchen floor.

He collapses on the couch. Picks up the remote control and changes the station to the local news.

Turns up the volume even louder. The voices of two reporters, LINDA AND JOHN, comes through the speakers.

LINDA (O.S.)

-- past several months, a string of disappearances across the greater Boston area has shaken the public, leading victims' families to demand answers from the authorities. Some of these families blame a religious organization whose unusual recruiting methods have garnered massive criticism.

The broadcast flashes a photograph on the screen of the cult's official logo for the church.

Plays stock footage of recorded ceremonies.

LINDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Way of the Paths, a self-described new-age religious sect that was mainly stationed in California over forty years ago, has spread across the country throughout the years.

JOHN (O.S.)

The church is led by a charismatic yet controversial figure by the name Louis Bear.

A picture of LOUIS pops up on the screen next to the anchors.

Harry slumps forward. Releases a groan. Pushes a stack of magazines off the couch.

LINDA (O.S.)

It's no surprise why some of their neighbors are horrifyingly reminded of Waco and Jonestown.

ON SCREEN:

DONALD, 40s, another reporter, walks down the sidewalk. Points behind him at the grandiose church.

DONALD

This compound is one of many headquarters throughout the east coast. While there's no accurate membership number, it's estimated to be somewhere around three hundred thousand.

Donald has the camera focus on him at the church's entrance.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Controversy isn't new for the Way of the Paths, with some previous members labeling the religion a cult. And while no evidence has linked the church with the disappearances over the months, locals say they wouldn't be surprised if some victims fell under their influence. In the past, the church *has* been accused of kidnapping and sending members to communes overseas. Authorities wouldn't comment if Way of the Paths was under investigation.

The feed cuts back to the newsroom.

LINDA

Thanks, Donald. We'll continue to follow this story as it progresses.

HARRY

(Slurs)

Bunch of bullshit.

The TV shuts off by itself. Harry bolts from the couch. Its speakers screech. Turns back on and fills with static.

Harry stumbles to the windows. Opens the blinds.

Rain pelts the glass. Thunder erupts. The lights in the living room flicker.

A KNOCK on the front door draws Harry's attention. He leaves the kitchen and approaches the door.

He peers through the peephole but sees nothing outside. Slowly opens it and steps outside.

EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry wobbles out into the front yard.

The streetlights near his house are off. Rain sprinkles on his head. He brings up Stella's contact info on his phone.

Stares at it for a minute. His brows are drawn together. He's trying to convince himself to call her.

Hidden in the shadows, a crouched ROBED FIGURE emerges from behind Harry's car.

HARRY

Hey, it's me. Call me when you're free. Give me a chance to explain.

The Robed Figure LUNGES at Harry. Covers his mouth with a damp cloth. Harry struggles in the figure's tight grip.

CLAWS at the Robed Figure's gloved hands. Harry slumps in their arms.

Harry's lain on the grass.

The Robed Figure stares at Harry's unconscious form in silence. Breathes heavily --

In and out. In and out.

ROBED FIGURE

We of old flesh, the blind sheep
whom endlessly wander. Accept this
humble offering.

INT. BOSTON COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

The room's empty, save for the few seats taken up by older men and women. On the whiteboard's a greeting:

"Boston City Grief Support Group"

Harry sits upfront with his arms crossed. Listens to the GRIEF COUNSELOR prattle on.

GRIEF COUNSELOR

How bout we take a moment to let
some of our members share their
stories? Let's start with Amy.

AMY KAMINSKY, 31, a conservatively dressed woman with short
dirty blonde hair, stands up from her seat and walks to the
front of the room.

AMY

Hi, I'm Amy.

The group greets her. The room falls silent. Amy turns and
stares directly at Harry.

AMY (CONT'D)

Why did you do this to me?

Harry's frightened gaze glances back and forth at the other
members in the room.

They are all STARING at him.

HARRY

I don't?

AMY

You left me. You left me to die.

HARRY

No... I wouldn't.

AMY

Look what you did to me!

Amy's voice reaches a low pitch. Transitions to a ghastly,
INHUMAN SNARL.

Blood trickles from two GAPING SLITS trailing down her
wrists. Splashes on the floor.

The lights in the classroom flicker on and off.

Members of the group are replaced by FRESH CORPSES. Flies
gather in the room. Buzz and feast on flesh.

INT. CAVERN

Water drips from the dark ceiling and echoes. Splashes onto
Harry's face.

Harry awakens with a groan. Sits up and massages his wet
forehead. Reaches into his pockets.

A bright flame comes to life from a silver lighter. Harry's hands tremble.

Complete darkness surrounds him. Harry stares at the uneven rocky ground. Finds himself on an island surrounded by water.

An ENORMOUS LAKE.

Harry manages to stand up. Takes a few steps forward. Reaches down to feel the island's surface.

There's a loud SPLASH in the distance. He walks to the island's edge. Kneels to take a closer look at the water.

The water babbles. Lets off an odd glimmer. Harry leans forward and...

FALLS IN.

Harry flails his arms. The lake swallows him. He reaches for the island. Hoists himself onto the surface.

Rolls on his back. Coughs up water. Harry touches his lips. Stares at his hand.

HARRY

Blood?

He pats his clothes. Picks up the lighter and dries it. Flicks it until the flame ignites.

His shirt's soaked with red blotches.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Anyone there?!

Only Harry's gravelly voice answers back.

Harry wipes blood off his wrinkled forehead. Shivers. Paces with the lighter.

He finds a pebble on the ground. TOSSES it into the overwhelming darkness.

It splashes after several seconds. Harry's shoulders slump in frightening realization.

The lighter's flame dies as he sits down. Harry checks his pockets again. Finds nothing.

A soft growl escapes from Harry. He approaches the island's precipice. Hovers the lighter inches above the lake.

The thick blood rises.

The RUMBLE of a blaring horn sounds. Loud. Piercing.

Cavern walls shake from the powerful vibrations. Harry tumbles forward but manages to keep himself from falling.

Jagged rocks break apart from the ceiling. Crash into the lake in pieces.

Harry covers his ears. Collapses on the rock floor.

The horn stops.

He rocks back and forth. His breathing's erratic. Harry searches for the lighter.

Finds it several feet away from him. Harry rubs his thumb against the flint wheel until it lights.

Climbs to his feet and stares off into the darkness.

Harry unbuttons his shirt. Shivers from the cold. Pockets the lighter in his front pocket. Wraps his shirt around his forehead and ties it with a knot.

He takes another deep breath. Places his leg into the lake. Slowly, Harry enters the blood. Allows his body to float.

The strong smell makes Harry gag, yet he forces himself to swim further into the cavern.

INT. CAVERN - LAKE OF BLOOD

Harry struggles with each broad stroke. Blood splashes into his mouth. He fights to keep his eyes open.

The blood soaks into his hair. Harry stops and allows the gentle current to drag him further out.

Heavy splashes drown out his ragged breaths. Harry raises his head to catch some air.

His eyes close as a FEMININE VOICE rings out in the void. The words reach him muffled.

Fade as Harry loses consciousness.

NADIA (O.S.)
He still alive?!

The world becomes dark.

INT. CAVERN

Harry's shaken awake. His eyes scan the new rocky island. There's a MIDDLE-AGED MAN hovering over him.

Across the island -- identical to his -- Harry catches glimpses of several other individuals.

DEBARE HAMZA, 37, considerate, a Nigerian man with delicate features in a pressed suit and bright red tie, flashes a bright light on Harry's face.

DEBARE
He's finally awake.

Light from the flashlight extends past the island and over the lake. Reveals thick cavernous walls.

NADIA KHATRI, 32, an impatient and tall Indian woman dressed down in scrubs, narrows her eyes in suspicion as Debare helps Harry onto his feet.

NADIA
Told ya he'd live.

Harry looks past them. Focuses his gaze on a young man dressed in a security guard uniform.

TIMOTHY WEI, 23, an attractive Chinese man prone to speaking his mind, fiddles with a pack of unopened batteries and curses under his breath.

TIMOTHY
Piece of shit plastic. Where'd you
find this stuff anyway?

He glances at RANDY TOMLIN, 28, bald and stocky, with pale features, the very image of a nervous wreck as he bites on his dirty fingernails.

RANDY
Found them along the trail after I
woke up.

NADIA
Pretty convenient. Without
flashlights, we'd be stuck blind in
the dark.

HARRY
What the hell's going on?!

The group around Harry falls silent.

DEBARE

You don't need to shout --

HARRY

-- Who are you, people? Where are we?! How can you be so calm?

Nadia releases an audible sigh.

NADIA

Shouting isn't gonna help. We've been stuck down here for hours.

HARRY

Hours?

ANGELA (O.S.)

Yet another graces us with his sinful presence to face the Lord's mighty wrath.

Harry discerns another silhouette away from the others near the island's western edge.

ANGELA DORINE, 64, fervent churchgoer with dark brown judgmental eyes and short curly hair, rocks back and forth in silent prayer.

She directs a wrinkly grin at Harry. Holds tight against her bosom a thick Bible. Traces her fingers across the worn hardback cover.

Nadia scoffs.

NADIA

Give me a fucking break, lady.

Harry unties his shirt around his forehead. Unfolds it. Pulls out the lighter from its front pocket and shows it to Debare.

Hears Nadia mumble under her breath.

DEBARE

I'm Debare by the way. Don't mind the others, we're all still a little...tense.

HARRY

You've all been here for hours?

Debare nods.

DEBARE

Longer even. Most of us woke up scattered across the cavern. It was only Randy's shouting that drew us to this island.

Harry glances at Randy.

HARRY

I woke up not too far from here. I just kept swimming.

NADIA

About to get some sleep till you started splashing like a madman in the lake.

Nadia reaches into one of the backpacks. Draws a cigarette free and walks up to Harry.

Holds the cigarette between her lips out for him.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Help a girl out?

Harry stares at her in exasperation. Flicks the lighter on. Nadia leans forward. She takes a long drag and exhales.

The smoke billows past Harry.

Blankets spread across the island act as makeshift beds. Next to Debare and Timothy are different-colored backpacks.

DEBARE

We're not exactly sure where all this came from.

RANDY

Had to be people here before us.

DEBARE

It's possible. I doubt some place this big hasn't been mapped out.

Debare heads to his bed. Motions for Harry to follow him. Fishes from the forest green backpack, a folded blanket.

Harry accepts it, his eyes still wide in disbelief. He finds an unoccupied spot on the island.

Lies the blanket on the bumpy ground. Flattens it.

ANGELA

Oh gracious God, who watches over us, bless these wretches souls and lead us out of this darkness.

Debare leans over and whispers to Harry.

DEBARE

She's been like this since we found her. We all have different ways of coping -- guess prayer helps.

HARRY

Sounds like you feel sorry for her.

Debare chuckles.

DEBARE

Maybe I do. Guess it's in my nature as a counselor.

HARRY

What kind?

DEBARE

I work mainly in high schools.

HARRY

Sounds rough.

DEBARE

Sometimes. I try my best to stay optimistic most of the days.

Harry turns around to speak with the others.

HARRY

Does anyone remember how they got here? I remember going outside and then --

NADIA

-- Isn't it obvious? We were probably kidnapped.

Everyone glances at each other in silence. No one refutes her bold statement. A light breeze snuffs Harry's lighter.

DEBARE

Is that what happened?

TIMOTHY

What other explanation is there?

DEBARE
 Could be several possibilities.

Timothy laughs. Fiddles with his flashlight. Directs the light at the ceiling.

TIMOTHY
 Always was the annoying optimist.

HARRY
 You know each other?

DEBARE
 In passing. He's a security guard at the school I work for.

Debare hears Timothy snicker.

TIMOTHY
 Know how many kids I bust every day? All you do is listen to them go on and on about their so-called issues. Give me a break.

DEBARE
 Maybe if you listened once in a while, they wouldn't be a nuisance.

An uneasy silence hangs in the air.

NADIA
 Like a bunch of children.

DEBARE
 Let's say we were kidnapped. For what reason?

RANDY
 And how do you explain that lake? It's made of... Made of blood.

Nadia approaches the island's edge. Places her hand into the lake cups it.

Pulls back her arm to allow the blood to spill on the island. Clicks her tongue.

NADIA
 Should be impossible for this much blood to accumulate and remain in liquid form.

HARRY
 What do you mean?

NADIA

Blood coagulates once it leaves the arteries at around twenty-five degrees Celsius. Yet, it has the same texture and metallic scent.

DEBARE

What kind of doctor are you?

Nadia wipes the blood off her hand.

NADIA

An emergency physician.

DEBARE

You're positive it's blood?

She glances at Debare and shrugs.

NADIA

Can't be sure. Could just be a thicker substance cut with water to mimic it. Don't think I'll find a lab around here to test it.

Debare sits himself down on his makeshift bed in disbelief. Takes a few deep breath.

DEBARE

Where the hell are we?

TIMOTHY

You don't think we're, you know?

NADIA

We're not dead.

A loud SPLASH.

HARRY

Hear that?

Harry steals Timothy's flashlight. Shines it on the lake and discovers CYNTHIA.

She flails in the dense blood. Struggles to stay afloat. Sinks below.

RANDY

Someone's drowning!

NADIA

Wait, look.

Although hidden by the darkness, the flashlight reveals a dark blob. The unseen figure darts through the lake.

It sinks below the surface.

Harry flings off shirt. Hands Timothy's flashlight to Nadia. Dives into the lake.

Debare and the others join Nadia at the island's edge.

Harry swims toward Cynthia, blind in the darkness. He reaches forward. Wraps her arm around his neck.

Swims back to the light. The lake splashes behind him. He quickens his pace.

Notices the silhouette RISE out of the lake. Yet, the darkness veils it.

Harry reaches the island. Debare drags Cynthia onto the surface. Wraps her body with a thick blanket.

The lake settles into GENTLE WAVES. Harry climbs over and glances back at the current. The dark blob's vanished.

Only ripples on the lake's surface...

Harry catches his breath. Lies on his back. Blood clings to his exposed chest as it rises and falls.

Cynthia draws the blankets closer and lies down.

Harry gets up and puts his shirt back on. Walks over to Cynthia with his mouth agape. She RECOILS in fear.

HARRY

Cynthia?! Is it really you?

CYNTHIA

Harry? How --- why are you here?!

HARRY

I don't know. I woke up and found myself here. Are you okay?

Harry reaches out to check on her. Cynthia SWATS his hand away from her.

CYNTHIA

Don't touch me. Surprised you even saved me.

HARRY

What? Of course I would.

Cynthia notices the others. Debare lies his hand on Harry's shoulder. Bobs his head at Cynthia.

CYNTHIA
You know her?

HARRY
The daughter of a close friend.

CYNTHIA
Friend? You fucked my mom. Who are you people?!

DEBARE
Calm down. We won't hurt you.

CYNTHIA
The water. It tasted almost like --

HARRY
-- Blood.

TIMOTHY
Great, another mouth to feed.

DEBARE
Back off.

NADIA
This doesn't strike anyone as odd? Debare knows Timothy from work, and now someone Harry's familiar with just shows up?

HARRY
You think we're all connected?

DEBARE
But in what way?

Cynthia lifts herself off the ground. Drops her blanket. Scrapes off dry blood with her black nails.

Harry approaches Cynthia from behind. Stops himself from placing a hand on her shoulder.

An awkward silence follows.

CYNTHIA
Don't think saving me means anything. You're still a bastard.

HARRY
I know.

Cynthia digs into her skirt pockets. Takes out a crumpled photograph. Turns it over.

Her face fills with DREAD.

CYNTHIA
You should see this...

Harry keeps his uneasy gaze on Cynthia. Accepts the picture.

It's the framed picture of Harry's wife and daughter. The one from his office building.

DEBARE
What's wrong? You look pale.

HARRY
It's a photo of my family.
(To Cynthia)
Why do you have this?

CYNTHIA
How should I know? I woke up
trapped on some island and tried to
swim until you found me.

Debare points at the back of the photograph.

DEBARE
Something's written on the back.

Harry turns over the picture. Gasps. His fingers quiver as the photograph falls to the ground.

Debare bends down. Picks up the picture. Turns it over. In bold letters, it reads:

"Do you love them now, Harry?"

Harry falls to his knees. Tears stream down his cheeks. He stares off into the darkness. Listens to the lake's waves.

HARRY
Please don't tell me their...?

NADIA
What's going on?

DEBARE
There's a symbol under the message.
It's hard to make out.

Debare hands back the photograph. Harry wipes his eyes. Turns it back over.

His eyes settle on the cryptic sigil. An abstract black spot surrounded by an upside-down star. It resembles a pentagram.

HARRY

This symbol, I know it.

NADIA

You know who kidnapped us?!

Randy leaves his spot on the island and finally joins them.

RANDY

What kind of symbol?

Nadia pushes Randy aside. Struts over with a pointed stare. Tosses her cigarette. Crushes it with her shoe.

NADIA

If you know something.

HARRY

I don't know them personally, only heard stories. Some kind of cult.

TIMOTHY

That Way of the Paths shit?

Harry stuffs the photograph into his pocket. Debare steps away and relaxes on his bed.

NADIA

You're sure it's them.

HARRY

Don't know. Remember seeing the symbol on the news whenever they talked about them.

RANDY

I saw the reports. They kidnap people and perform weird rituals and shit, allegedly.

TIMOTHY

None of this makes sense.

CYNTHIA

I remember now. When I was taken.

Everyone looks at her.

HARRY

Anything specific?

Cynthia shoots him a nasty glare.

CYNTHIA

I was walking down the street. It was dark out. I remember feeling like someone was following me.

She pauses.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Someone tackled me from behind. They were wearing long robes. Something like that.

The cavern becomes quiet.

NADIA

The hospital. I was leaving work for a quick dinner. Remember being in the parking garage, and then I blacked out.

Angela slams her Bible shut with a loud THUMP.

ANGELA

Wouldn't be the first time that's happened to you.

Harry and the others glance in Angela's direction. Angela stands up to face them. Spreads out her arms in a flourish.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

God will lead us through our tribulations. We have nothing to fear at all.

Nadia LOSES CONTROL. Charges at Angela. Debare rushes over. Grabs Nadia by the shoulder.

NADIA

Shut up with that Bible shit!

Debare waits until she calms down. Lets go of her. She pushes off him and glares at Angela.

Stomps past them to her corner of the island.

DEBARE

Maybe we should get some rest. Figure out what to do tomorrow.

Harry lies back on his bed. Takes one last glance at Cynthia. Closes his eyes.

INT. CAVERN - LATER

Pitch-black. An uncomfortable stillness. The lake's disturbed by powerful waves. Stalactites break apart.

The horn BLASTS throughout the cavern. Closer. Louder.

Everyone's shaken awake. The intense noise shakes the cavern. Harry covers his bleeding ears. Writhes on the ground.

Harry's vision blurs. He gasps for air. Claws at the ground.

The lake around them bubbles. Angela kneels with her hands folded in prayer. She grins.

Debare finds his balance. Makes his way toward Angela but is knocked down by VIOLENT TREMORS.

The horn fades.

Away from the island, the bubbling of the lake becomes louder and stronger. Amidst the crashing waves, a STRUCTURE rises.

Timothy bangs his flashlight until it turns on. The light shines on a...

STONE BRIDGE.

The surface is unusually smooth. Blood drips off the bridge. Harry and the others cautiously approach it.

Carved into the flagstones are ODD SYMBOLS.

Harry places his foot on the bridge. Nothing happens. Retracts his leg and places it back on the island.

NADIA

Where did it come from?

TIMOTHY

This can't be happening, right?

Debare lies his hand on the bridge. As he pulls it back, a thin layer of MUCUS stretches.

DEBARE

What is this? It almost feels...

RANDY

If you think I'm crossing that,
you're crazy.

HARRY

If we don't keep moving, we'll starve. Rather not spend another minute in this God-forsaken place.

Angela chuckles behind them.

ANGELA

This is the test God has laid out for us.

DEBARE

Please, not now.

NADIA

Probably should hurry in case it lowers again.

Timothy strides past them. Looks over his shoulder to stare at Debare. Walks onto the bridge.

Harry follows after him with Debare.

HARRY

We should really wait until the others are ready.

DEBARE

You're being rash, as always.

TIMOTHY

Got no reason to sit here and jerk off. If this leads out of this hellhole, then I'm leaving.

Nadia overhears him.

NADIA

Asshole.

DEBARE

Think about what you're doing.

Timothy comes to a stop.

TIMOTHY

School's out, *counselor*. Fucking can't tell me what to do -- your holier than thou attitude doesn't mean shit here.

DEBARE

What's wrong with you?

TIMOTHY
Hypocrites like you.

HARRY
This isn't helping!

The lake's calm waves replace the tense silence.

TIMOTHY
Screw all of you.

Timothy turns back around. Heads further across the bridge.

DEBARE
Can't you listen for once?

Harry glances back at the others. Focuses on Cynthia. He follows after Timothy. Hears a loud CRUNCH under his foot.

He looks down at the floor. CENTIPEDES wriggle across his feet. Slither back into the shadows.

TIMOTHY
Fuck off. It's every man for --

Timothy marches toward the middle of the bridge until...

TWANG!

His head's cleanly severed.

Timothy's clipped HEAD plops onto the bridge. Bounces and rolls backward to Harry's feet.

His expression unusually clam, as if he were STILL ALIVE.

Harry's jaw drops. He falls back. Crawls backward. Stammers as Timothy's body takes a few more unnatural steps.

The body appears under control.

Blood pools out from Timothy's severed neck. Harry scrambles to his feet. Runs off the bridge.

Debare remains locked in place. Frozen. Stunned. Harry leaps onto the island.

RANDY
Jesus Christ!

ANGELA
The Lord has rendered his judgment.

Angela's entire body SHAKES as she speaks. Nadia loses balance. Drops to her knees and chuckles.

CYNTHIA

This can't be real. This can't be real. This can't be real.

Harry breathes in. Breathes out. His shirt's stained with fresh blood. He collects himself. Walks back onto the bridge.

Debare keeps staring out into the darkness. His breath hitches. The hope of escaping gone from his eyes.

HARRY

You see what happen?

No answer. Harry grabs Debare's shoulders. Shakes him. Frees him from his terrified daze.

DEBARE

He was walking across the bridge and then...

HARRY

What'd you see?!

DEBARE

I don't know damn it!

Harry lets Debare go.

HARRY

Something was there. Go back to the others and wait for me.

Debare reluctantly nods. Keeps his gaze locked on the darkness. Walks back onto the island.

Harry picks up Timothy's flashlight lying on the ground next to his head.

He clicks on the flashlight. Trains the light on the bridge. Faint vibrations sound above Harry.

Harry slowly makes his way across the bridge. STEPS OVER Timothy's pale head. Flinches. Steps into a blood pool.

BLOODY FOOTSTEPS remain on the smooth flagstones.

He narrows his eyes. Makes out something faint near the middle of the bridge. Steadies the flashlight.

Harry notices faint blood droplets falling from mid-air.

Steps closer and discovers the outline of a METAL WIRE sharp enough to cut through skin.

The wires stretch up to the ceiling along the walls. Resembles an intricate cobweb.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Where's it coming from?

He directs the flashlight onto the ceiling. The wires slither across crevices. Twist around stalactites.

Harry rushes onto the island. Breathes heavily. Runs up to a visibly shaken Debare.

DEBARE
I should have stopped him.

HARRY
Saw something... Some type of wires on the bridge. Think there might be a way to get across it, but I need you to focus.

Debare nods in silence. Harry places Timothy's flashlight into his hands. Makes Debare grip it.

DEBARE
Feel like I'm going insane.

HARRY
Still gotta convince the others.

DEBARE
I'll try.

He gets up off the ground. The flashlight shakes in Debare's trembling hands.

Harry makes his way over to Debare's makeshift bed. Picks up the forest green backpack.

Removes several water bottles and a box of matches. Finds candy bars wrapped in tinfoil.

HARRY
Let's hope this works.

Debare walks up to others. Harry places the supplies he emptied into another backpack.

DEBARE
Harry says he found a way across.

RANDY

How? We saw what happened to...

DEBARE

Not sure. He wants us to join him on the bridge.

NADIA

Great.

RANDY

Should wait. Help still might come.

DEBARE

There's no guarantee help's coming. We don't even know where we are.

Randy curses under his breath. Heads toward the bridge with Nadia in tow.

Debare walks away from the others and waves to Angela. Hears the faint mumble of a prayer.

Angela embraces her Bible tight against her chest. SINGS a familiar hymn.

DEBARE (CONT'D)

I remember that song. We'd sing it in church when I was younger.

She ignores him and keeps grinning. Lifts her blanket over her shoulder. Faces Debare.

ANGELA

Do you believe in God?

Debare looks down as if in thought.

DEBARE

Yes.

ANGELA

Why care for the others so much? They're all nonbelievers. Not like you and I.

DEBARE

I *refuse* abandon anyone. Jesus never would.

ANGELA

Suit yourself. God won't forsake me so long as I keep the faith.

DEBARE
Then come with us.

Angela laughs.

ANGELA
Don't take me for a coward. I won't
deny God's trials. That man was a
heathen filled with sin.

DEBARE
Sound so sure of yourself.

ANGELA
Why else would he have died? Why
else would any of us be here in
this dark realm.

Angela gathers the rest of her things. Marches past Debare.
Resumes her hymn.

Her haunting voice ECHOES through the cavern.

Debare follows her to the bridge. Whispers to Harry while
keeping a suspicious gaze on her.

DEBARE
I'm worried about her.

HARRY
We're all a little on edge, but
keep an eye on her.

Harry leaves them and walks up to Cynthia with the empty
backpack still in hand.

She refuses to meet his gaze.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Still ignoring me?

Cynthia keeps quiet.

Harry gently pulls Cynthia back, so she's facing him. Mascara
streaks trail down her flustered cheeks.

CYNTHIA
Go ahead. Mock me.

HARRY
We can't stay here.

Cynthia rubs her eyes. Knock away his hand. Stands up to
follow him back onto the bridge.

Harry leads them across, stops in front of Timothy's head. Debare kneels to get a closer look.

His knees press into a dry blood pool. Timothy's head stares up at him.

Debare uses his fingers to close Timothy's eyes. Mumbles a quick prayer.

They walk over the head and travel further in the darkness. Debare shines his flashlight ahead.

The faint outline of the wires glint against the light.

Harry takes a deep breath. Carefully gets on his stomach. Crawls a few inches forward. Places the empty backpack under the wires.

Holds his breath.

Lifts the backpack. It buckles under the wire's weight. Creates a narrow opening.

THE WIRES SLICE INTO THE BAG.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Yes!

Debare runs to him in shock.

DEBARE

There's enough room to crawl through. You're a damn genius.

HARRY

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Harry's arms weaken under the weight. Blood drops splatter on his cheek.

He crawls back. Drags the ripped backpack with him. Stares back at others, wearing a grin.

RANDY

It's suicide. There's no way I'm doing this.

NADIA

We can't stay. There's no source of fresh water to drink from. We'd eventually die.

RANDY

There's water bottles in the bags.

HARRY
How long you think that'll last?

Randy grits his teeth.

RANDY
Shit.

Harry again lies on his stomach. Crawls under the wires and lifts the shredded backpack.

HARRY
Hurry.

Debare forces Angela through first. She reluctantly moves forward at a snail's pace.

Cynthia glances at Harry. Follows Angela close behind.

Once Cynthia's through, Nadia ties her hair in a bun. Quickly makes it across.

Randy SLIDES the maroon backpack filled with supplies to the other side. Mutters a few curses.

Traverses under the wires.

RANDY
This is crazy.

NADIA
Quit complaining and get your ass over here!

Debare gets on his stomach. Crawls halfway through. Signals Harry to switch places with him.

Harry loosens his grip. The torn backpack starts to SPLIT down the middle.

DEBARE
Move!

They trade places. Harry flips onto his chest. Desperately crawls forward. Blood drips on his back.

He makes it across.

Debare RELEASES the backpack. Harry pulls him out. The strings tighten.

The backpack's DICED into pieces. Left in shreds.

Puffs of cotton flutter to the ground and sprinkles the bridge like snow.

Harry rolls onto his back. Gazes up at the darkness. Debare and Nadia help pull him up.

HARRY
We made it.

He pats himself free of cotton. Angela, Cynthia, and Randy hesitate to move.

HARRY (CONT'D)
How many batteries do we have?

DEBARE
If we use the flashlights sparingly, there should be plenty.

Harry and Debare stare at Timothy's corpse.

HARRY
Should keep moving.

RANDY
How do you know there aren't more traps ahead?

Cynthia shoots Harry a pointed stare.

HARRY
I don't. But we've been over this.

RANDY
We were safe on the island.

HARRY
For how long? I rather die trying to escape than sit there and starve doing nothing.

Randy growls. Kicks some moss sticking to the bridge. Light particles SPURT and flicker.

Shine like fireflies in the darkness.

INT. CAVERN - LATER

Harry and the others travel deeper into the darkness. Every few minutes, they hear loud, momentary splashes.

Strange GUTTURAL CLICKS echo.

Cynthia shivers as a breeze sweeps over them. The wind WHISTLES in the cavern.

Harry offers Cynthia his blanket, but she refuses. Randy clears his throat.

RANDY

What did everyone do here before they were, you know, kidnapped.

NADIA

Already said what I did. I'm not repeating myself.

HARRY

Work for a real estate firm: nothing special, another boring office job.

RANDY

More glamorous than my stint at Home Depot.

DEBARE

I'm a guidance counselor at a high school. Planned on getting my Ph.D. in environmental history.

CYNTHIA

What high school?

DEBARE

Marilyn High, it's just outside of Boston City proper.

Cynthia stops mid-step. Garners the attention of everyone.

CYNTHIA

Are you... Are you Mr. Hamza?

Silence follows.

DEBARE

How do you know my name?

HARRY

You know him?

CYNTHIA

By reputation. I'm going to Marilyn next year.

Further in the cavern, they hear the faintest HOWL OF PAIN.

HARRY
Everyone hear that?

Harry catches a faint glimmer further up the bridge. Follows the trail and finds a rock-like pier housing a CHURCH.

A single-story building painted white. Aged wooden walls. Rusted metal doors.

Brittle vines make up the uneven path.

RANDY
The scream came from there?

HARRY
Looks like some church.

Debare covers his mouth and coughs.

DEBARE
What's that smell?

Harry borrows Debare's flashlight. Shines it on the church's roof. The light reveals spots of BLACK MOLD.

NADIA
Some type of growth?

Angela SPRINTS past them. Falls to her knees in prayer.

ANGELA
Praise the Lord, for he has
delivered unto us his holy temple.

DEBARE
Don't get too close!

Everyone stays on the bridge.

RANDY
She's insane.

Harry concentrates the flashlight on the church's entrance. The metal doors bear a CARVED SYMBOL.

The same one seen on the back of the photograph. Harry takes out the picture and compares them.

HARRY
It's the same.

RANDY
We should go inside.

NADIA

Where the screaming came from?

Debare shushes them.

DEBARE

Listen.

Another SHOUT muffled by the church's thick walls reaches them. Harry grips the door's handles.

Pulls and -- pulls and -- pulls. The doors won't budge.

Debare positions himself next to Harry. They apply pressure and PULL BACK at the same time.

Metal grates against rock as the doors finally open.

INT. CHURCH

A Spotless marble floor. Organized wooden pews separated by a red silk carpet. An extravagant GOLDEN ALTAR for worship.

Lit candles with dim flames flicker on the altar's surface. Harry and Debare fall forward through the entrance.

Debare helps Harry up and studies the church's interior. Doesn't see any windows.

Near the church's walls are miniature concave columns. Atop them rest gleaming gold chalices.

Behind the altar's a cracked mirror. Above it, beautiful yet horrific ILLUSTRATED PAINTINGS. The art's...

...bizarre...abstract...mesmerizing...

HARRY

Smell that?

DEBARE

It's oddly pleasant.

NADIA

Reminds me of incense.

Angela pushes Harry aside. Kneels in front of the altar. Bows her head in reverence.

ANGELA

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Tears spill from her eyes.

Harry walks up the church's steps and approaches the altar. Rubs the worn cloth between his fingers.

DEBARE
Place seems old.

HARRY
Think the cult abandoned it?

ANGELA
Those blinded by sin are not allowed in God's temple.

NADIA
Give it a rest.

TROY (O.S.)
We didn't abandon it.

Randy drops his flashlight. It clatters. Rolls across the carpet and shines its light on:

TROY IRVIN, 25, clean-shaven and pale, adorned in thick black robes doused in fresh blood.

He rises from behind the altar clutching in his trembling hands a SACRIFICIAL DAGGER.

NADIA
Shit, he's one of them!

Cynthia retreats toward the back of the church.

CYNTHIA
One of those psychos?!

DEBARE
Has to be. I remember those robes.

TROY
It had to be done.

Randy snatches up his flashlight. Shines the light on Troy.

RANDY
How many of you are down here?

Troy lifts his hypnotic gaze and stares at them, finally acknowledging their presence.

His face is stained with blood.

TROY

They told us to wait. To prepare
for the others. That it was time to
shed the old flesh.

HARRY

You're not making any sense.

TROY

We were supposed to learn the
truth. That true understanding lies
within its depths. They were all
wrong. God, we were all so wrong.

Nadia taps Harry on the shoulder and whispers.

NADIA

Guy's in shock, nothing he'll say
will make any sense.

RANDY

You said there were others. Where
are they?

TROY

I'm the only one left.

Harry wanders behind the altar, careful to keep his distance
from Troy. Shine's Debare's flashlight and --

Almost vomits.

The FRESH CORPSES of Troy's comrades lie on the floor.
Throats slit. Robes soaked in blood.

DEBARE

My God.

Angela stares at the bodies. Stomps over to Troy. SLAPS him
across the face.

ANGELA

How dare you disrespect God's
sacred temple. Have you no shame,
heathen?!

Debare drags Angela away from the altar. Troy massages his
flushed cheek. Breaks into a tearful laugh.

DEBARE

What are you doing?! He could have
killed you!

ANGELA
Let go of me.

Angela wrestles free of Debare's grasp. Races back behind the altar and points an accusatory finger at everyone.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
How can you all stand there and
balk at what's before us?

CYNTHIA
What's wrong with you?

ANGELA
No, no, the question is, what is
wrong with all of you?!

NADIA
I'm done with this bitch.

Debare raises his hands in a calming manner.

DEBARE
We're not against you.

ANGELA
Ever since we woke up, you've all
rejected our circumstances. We've
been chosen by the Lord to undergo
his tests.

NADIA
God, shut up!

Harry gets in-between Debare and Angela behind the altar.

HARRY
Stop arguing.

Troy's laughter fills the quiet church. He RAISES his dagger.
Harry and Debare back up.

TROY
This place... We are nothing but
it's guests. Everyone here is --

RANDY
-- He's lost it!

Another HORN blares throughout the cavern. The church quakes.
The sound pierces the walls. Everything within shakes.

Dust fills the room. The chalices tumble over. Shatter.

Harry covers his ears and falls. Blood seeps between his calloused fingers.

The horn fades. Echoes in the church.

DEBARE

What the hell is that?!

HARRY

Never heard anything like it.

NADIA

I think it's getting louder.

Harry dashes toward Cynthia to check on her. She pulls away from him. Takes a seat on pew near the entrance.

CYNTHIA

Stop. Leave me alone.

Loud RUMBLES erupt outside the church. Harry stumbles over to the door. Tightens his grip on the handles to remain up.

RANDY

Where are you going?!

Harry places his ear on the door. The quakes cease. He pushes open the now loose doors.

INT. CAVERN

Harry pokes his head out of the entrance. Directs the flashlight at the void.

The lake bubble and send CRASHING WAVES onto the shore. He sees there's no longer...

A BRIDGE from where they came from. It has sunk. Now lost to unreachable depths.

INT. CHURCH

Harry closes the door behind him. Takes a seat on a pew. Stares at the others in silence.

HARRY

The bridge... It's gone.

RANDY

What do you mean, gone?

HARRY
It sank into the lake.

DEBARE
We can't go back...

NADIA
Like we had much of a choice.

RANDY
Now we're stuck here.

Harry regains his composure. Gets up from the pew and closes in on Troy. His gaze falls to the dagger in Troy's hand.

HARRY
Where did the bridge come from? Why did you bring us here?

TROY
You were chosen. The final ones to achieve our salvation.

DEBARE
Chosen?

RANDY
Don't bother. It's bullshit. We'll get nothing out of him.

NADIA
He's right.

TROY
You're all connected. Linked by an endless chain of consequences.

Angela mumbles a prayer in front of the altar. Her voice rises with each verse.

Debare whispers to Harry.

DEBARE
What do we do with him?

HARRY
Not sure. Can't get close when he's got that dagger.

Troy shuffles behind the altar. Points the dagger at them. Opens a wooden case by the cracked mirror.

Inside is an empty PORCELAIN BOWL. Troy places the bowl on the altar.

TROY

They want it all. Every piece.
Every little drop.

RANDY

What's wrong with him?

The candles atop the altar flicker. Although there are no windows in the church, a soft breeze passes over Troy.

Troy unleashes a PLEASURABLE MOAN.

TROY

Such a lovely voice. Can you hear
it? The whispers?

HARRY

Whispers?

Harry steps back from the altar. Troy utters one last terrifying chuckle. Lifts the dagger. Places it to his neck.

Troy WIDENS his mouth. Points at them with his free hand. His voice comes out distorted.

TROY

Nothing but sacks of flesh. Measly
pawns. Vessels drowned in the
monotony of existence.

He falls silent. His face becomes stoic. Lifeless. In one swift motion Troy --

DRAGS THE BLADE ACROSS HIS NECK.

Blood sprays on the altar. Fills the bowl to the brim.
Darkens the once glimmering altar.

RANDY

Fuck! Fuck!

TROY

God's in his heaven... All's right
with the world.

Troy collapses. The dagger in his grubby hand leaves his fingers. Clatters along the floor.

Angela looks up. Her face is dotted with blood specks.

ANGELA

I tried to warn you.

Cynthia crawls across the pew. VOMITS. Coughs. Hacks. Wipes drool and spittle from her mouth.

Breaks down. Curls up into a ball with her blanket and mumbles to herself.

Harry reaches out to comfort her but stops.

CYNTHIA

Why's this happening. Why's this happening. Why's this happening.

Nadia tiptoes behind the altar. Examines Troy's body. Turns him over. Pries his eyelids open.

NADIA

Something's wrong with his eyes. They're hazy.

RANDY

Who does that? Slices their own damn throat.

NADIA

Nothing present in the jaundice of his eyes. He wasn't poisoned.

DEBARE

Then what happened?

NADIA

I don't know.

An uneasy silence.

HARRY

We should leave...

DEBARE

What hell is this?

Harry leads them to the exit. He's quiet. Cranes his neck and takes one last look at Troy's corpse.

Randy waits for the others to leave. Closes the doors behind them. Strolls toward Troy.

Collects the dagger. Stuffs it behind his waist.

INT. CAVERN

Harry wipes sweat from his brow. Sips on water. Notices everyone staring at him.

He stares at his quivering hands. Closes them to make a fist. Debare glances over his shoulder and focuses on Angela.

Angela READS ALOUD another verse from her Bible. Her boisterous voice bellows.

Harry whispers to Debare.

HARRY

We'll need to take as many breaks as we can. If we push the others too hard, they might snap.

DEBARE

You're right.

HARRY

Make sense of anything Troy said?

DEBARE

I don't know.

Randy loads his flashlight with new batteries. Takes a seat next to Harry and Debare. Scowls.

RANDY

Maybe he's right... Maybe we're already dead.

HARRY

What kind of God makes you slit your own throat?

Angela snorts at the comment.

ANGELA

Afraid to speak of God?

NADIA

Your preaching's making shit worse.

ANGELA

Of course, *you*, of all people, would say that.

Nadia glares at Angela.

DEBARE

Everyone settle down.

ANGELA

Don't silence me.

NADIA

What makes you so high and mighty?

HARRY

Stop!

Nadia disregards Harry's warning. Closes the distance between herself and Angela.

NADIA

Think because you cling to some Bible, it gives you the right to judge us?!

ANGELA

You have no right to assume what I know. I was once a heathen like all of you, drowning in excess. When my son was struck by some boozy degenerate, I stared into the deepest, darkest abyss.

NADIA

I... I didn't know.

DEBARE

We're sorry.

Angela tears up.

ANGELA

I wandered in the darkness for years, but then I saw his gracious light. It led me out of my hell. The Lord tests all of us in different ways.

She pauses to stare the Bible.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

This is another trial set before me. It's why you've been cast into this hell. To be judged for what you did to my son.

HARRY

What did you say?

DEBARE

Are you talking about Nadia?

Nadia glances at the others, speechless.

NADIA

I've never met you before.

ANGELA

But I know you, drunkard. You were supposed to save my baby boy, but you let him die that night on the operating table!

Tears stream from Angela's red face. Her grip loosens on the Bible. Slips out of her fingers.

She takes a deep breath. Musters enough strength to grin at Nadia. Picks her Bible back up.

NADIA

Are you --

ANGELA

-- When I saw your face, I knew God had listened to my prayers.

NADIA

I never meant to. I was sick. I couldn't stop drinking.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Nadia, dressed in scrubs, opens her locker. Looks to make sure no one's looking.

SWIGS on a half-empty bottle of scotch. Hides the drink back inside the locker.

BRETT, mid 20s, a nurse, rushes inside looking for Nadia. Spots her and shoots a curious glance in her direction.

BRETT

This where you've been hiding?

NADIA

Only place I can get a fucking break. It's been a madhouse last couple of days.

BRETT

How long's it been since you got a day off?

Nadia leans against her locker. Rubs her groggy eyes.

NADIA
Hell if I know.

Brett escorts Nadia back inside the halls of the hospital.

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The typical chaos of an average day. Nurses and doctors walk the halls. Patients sit uncomfortably in the waiting room.

EMTs rush through the sliding doors. Roll a stretcher with a man drenched in blood through the corridor.

Brett keeps pace with the stretcher. Nadia stops at the entrance to the surgery room.

Looks down at her hands to see they are JITTERY.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

ANGELA
May God rain his wrath upon you.

Angela stomps away from Nadia, leaving her in a daze.

Debare sits on the ground. Opens his mouth as if to speak. His voice comes out raspy and shaken.

DEBARE
If Angela knows Nadia, then Troy is right. We're connected.

Nadia fumbles with a water bottle. Chugs the drink. Sniffles. Holds back her tears.

NADIA
I tried to save him.

Her soft cry echoes.

INT. CAVERN - LATER

The group hikes through the darkness. Trudges through uneven, rocky ground. Reach the front of a NARROW CHAMBER.

The cavern walls meet at a small opening. A dreadful and silent void awaits them.

HARRY
We'll each have to go through it one at a time.

DEBARE

Someone should take the backpack with them first. Provide some light on the other side.

RANDY

I'll go first.

Randy hefts the maroon backpack off the ground. SQUEEZES through the narrow opening.

Harry and the others wait a few minutes.

RANDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Made it!

HARRY

I'll go next.

Harry takes a deep breath. Squeezes himself into the opening. Sucks in his stomach.

INT. CAVERN - NARROW CHAMBER

Unsettling darkness. A faint light creeps in from the exit.

Harry inches through slowly. One arm and leg at a time. Freezes as he hears what sounds...

Teresa's CHILDISH GIGGLES.

He climbs up. Forces his body to contort until he fits. Takes a few deep breaths. Moves forward.

INT. CAVERN

Harry emerges atop. Randy yanks him outside. The giggling fades from Harry's mind.

HARRY

Did you hear something inside?

RANDY

I... I thought I heard someone.

Harry stares back into the blackness of the chamber. Everyone begins their ascent. Climb one by one.

Angela reaches the top. Climbs out without Harry's help.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

I can't do it.

Harry leans into the opening of the dark chamber. Cups his hands and shouts back at her.

HARRY
Don't think about it -- only listen
to the sound of my voice!

INT. CAVERN - NARROW CHAMBER

Cynthia squeezes her tiny body through. Places her hands on the wall. Shimmies upward.

She edges her body further and further. The walls close in around her.

The entire passage is CLAUSTROPHOBIC. Cynthia's barely moves an inch. Her breathing becomes heavy and uneven.

Finds herself stuck halfway through the chamber.

Cynthia tilts her head up to look at the faint light guiding her. Closes her eyes. Scoots up.

HALEY'S soft-hearted laughter fills the chamber. Cynthia looks below her in the darkness.

CYNTHIA
Hello?

She's not given a reply.

HARRY (O.S.)
You okay?!

CYNTHIA
I'm stuck.

HARRY (O.S.)
Breathe slowly. In and out.

Cynthia follows his instructions. Takes a slow deep breath. Exhales through her nose.

Breathes in. Breathes Out. Breathes In. Breathes Out.

Resumes her climb. Digs her nails in rocks. Pauses every few feet and repeats Harry's advice.

SOMETHING giggles next to her.

HALEY (O.S.)
Don't leave me.

Cynthia climbs FASTER. Her breaths are erratic once again. She squeezes herself out the top. The laughter fades.

INT. CAVERN

Harry SEIZES Cynthia's thin wrist. Drags her out. She falls to the ground. Crawls away from the opening.

CYNTHIA

There was something in there. I heard it. Almost sounded like...

NADIA

The voices. It was people I knew.

DEBARE

I heard my wife and kids. How's that even possible?

HARRY

This cavern. It's messing with us.

Randy hands the backpack to Harry.

RANDY

I'm not sticking around.

Harry glances at the chamber. Picks up a faint giggle. Follows after the group.

Further in the darkness, water drips onto flagstones. Patters the top of Harry's head.

He's forced to step in deep, grimy puddles. Their raspy breaths cut into the void.

Debare's flashlight catches a thick GREEN MIST rising from the ground ahead.

HARRY

Smell that?

Randy covers his mouth with the sleeve of his shirt.

DEBARE

Some type of gas?

CYNTHIA

I don't think it's poisonous. It looks like the moss is producing it to expel waste.

HARRY

How do you know that?

Cynthia sighs.

CYNTHIA

My Mother taught me. I took an interest in botany, but I've never seen anything like this.

She points to the moss.

Harry borrows Debare's flashlight. Shines the light on the clumped patches.

Stares in awe as the moss SPURTS out the mist in slow, concentrated puffs.

HARRY

There's no way back.

RANDY

You want us to breathe in that shit? Because some little girl, says it's safe?

HARRY

What else do you suggest?

Randy grumbles.

NADIA

If it's an airborne contagion, we'll have to cover our mouths.

DEBARE

There's not too much to pass.

Cynthia wraps her blanket around her nose and mouth. Fastens a tight knot to keep it in place.

Harry steals a sip from his water bottle. Mimics Cynthia and uses his blanket to cover his mouth.

He moves into the mist first. Almost trips on a loose stone. Debare keeps him from falling.

In the mist, Harry makes out SOFT CLICKS. Rocks crumble from the cavernous ceiling.

HUSHED INDISCERNIBLE WHISPERS.

Nadia stares ahead and halts. Waving back at her on the other end is a PATIENT OF HERS WHO DIED.

She's shaken by Cynthia. When Nadia looks back, the individual's gone.

The blanket around Harry's face comes loose. Unfolds. Falls below his mouth as they reach the end.

HARRY

I heard them again -- the voices.

NADIA

Did anyone else see him?! There was someone here!

CYNTHIA

I never saw anyone.

DEBARE

This place is wrong.

RANDY

Holy shit.

Randy's exasperation draws their attention. Debare shines his flashlight ahead.

Several feet down from the SLOPED HILL, the ground gives way to a narrow rocky path.

Erected on both sides and rising out of the lake...

PRESERVED CORPSES. Their arms are tied to metal stakes. Legs crushed and nailed.

DEBARE

What in God's name?

ANGELA

God didn't make this.

The lone road can only be crossed in a SINGLE-FILE LINE.

HARRY

Stick close together.

Harry leads the group. Watches his every step. As they cross, they hear what sounds like the WHISTLING of hot steam.

At the end of the road, light flows out from the entrance to a KEYHOLE PASSAGE.

CYNTHIA

Do we have to go in there?

NADIA
It's the only way through.

HARRY
How's any of this possible?

ANGELA
You all refuse to see what's in
front of you.

Harry lies his palm on the SMOOTH rocky surface. Runs his hand down the wall.

RANDY
What are you doing?

HARRY
Feels unnatural. Sort of has a
leathery feeling to it.

DEBARE
Once we're through here, we'll get
some rest.

Debare hands Harry his flashlight to lead the way out.

INT. CAVERN - KEYHOLE PASSAGE

Expansive. Easy to walk through. Tiny, drilled holes cover the passage's walls.

Thick steam SHOOTs OUT. Fills the tunnel.

Harry steps inside and finds both his feet SINK into the deep muddy floor.

DEBARE
Heat's coming from these holes.

NADIA
Should hurry. We won't last long.

Sweat trickles down Harry's forehead. He advances further inside. The passage opens up.

SOFT CLICKS emit from the holes. Louder. Resembles the shrill made by cicadas.

RANDY
What is that?

NADIA
Insects?

Steam BLOWS out from the holes. Fills up the passage until Harry can't see in front of him.

HARRY

It's getting hotter, move!

Harry runs through the steam. The incessant CLICKS reverberate. Now unbearable shrills.

The mud they step in RISES with each step. Launches above their waists.

DEBARE

We're sinking!

Debare and Randy make it to a steep incline. Harry climbs up. Spots an exit with his flashlight.

Leans down and holds out his hand for Cynthia to grab. Pull her up, then reaches down for Randy.

The SHRILLS end.

NADIA

Hold on!

Harry slides down the incline. Focuses his flashlight on where Nadia's standing.

Angela's STUCK in the mud. It reaches almost to her neck.

HARRY

What happened?

NADIA

The mud kept rising. Barely escaped it myself.

ANGELA

It wasn't enough... My sins have caught up with me.

DEBARE

Don't talk like that.

Harry and Nadia take hold of Angela's arms. YANK with all the strength in them available.

She doesn't move.

HARRY

Shit. She won't budge.

NADIA
Have to keep trying.

DEBARE
Guy, listen.

The walls around them ERUPT in hurried clicks. Wriggling vines surface above the mud. Wrap themselves around Angela.

Debare joins Harry and Nadia in pulling Angela again. The vines constrict. Refuse to budge.

ANGELA
Think saving me will make you feel better? Cleanse your sins?

NADIA
Shut up!

ANGELA
What did he say before he died? Please tell me.

DEBARE
Pull!

Angela's body MOVES slightly through the mud.

NADIA
He asked for his mother.

ANGELA
No matter how hard I try, my hatred won't go away.

The vines drag Angela further down into the mud until only her face is present.

Nadia reaches forward, but Debare and Harry stop her. Pull back toward the incline.

NADIA
We can still save her!

HARRY
It's too late! We have to go!

ANGELA
Forgive me.

Steam fills the room. The vines quiver and tighten. Angela releases a BLOOD-CURDLING WAIL.

Angela's DRAGGED beneath the mud.

The outline of SHARK-LIKE FANGS appear. Blood bubbles to the thick surface.

Harry drags Nadia up the incline with Debare. Race to the passage's exit with the others.

INT. CAVERN

Nadia shakes off Harry. Wanders to the keyhole passage's exit but trips.

RANDY

What happened in there?

Harry helps Nadia to her feet. She pushes him away. Shouts.

NADIA

Leave us alone, God damnit!

The hatred in Nadia's voice carries in the darkness. Harry takes one last glimpse at the passage.

Steam escaping from the exit evaporates. Nothing remains of Angela or her thick Bible.

INT. CAVERN - LATER

Water drips on Harry's face. Wakes him. He leans up from the juttred rock he's rested against.

Massages his forehead and sees Debare further off in the cavern, hunched over.

Debare mumbles. His words come out sporadic.

Randy removes a candy bar from the backpack. Undoes the tinfoil wrapping. Tosses the garbage in the lake.

Harry gets up from his spot and heads toward Debare.

HARRY

Care if I sit here?

Debare doesn't answer.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Wasn't our fault she died.

DEBARE

Do you think we can escape?

He stares up at the ceiling without his flashlight.

HARRY

I don't know.

DEBARE

The people doing this -- it's not about religion to them. They enjoy torturing us.

Randy joins the conversation.

RANDY

You think this was all made by the those cultists?

DEBARE

Not sure. Maybe Angela wasn't insane. She said they were testing us... Perhaps it's true.

RANDY

So, what, God's doing all this?

Hunks of shattered rock break off from the ceiling. Fall into the lake. The impact creates powerful waves.

Debare shines his flashlight out onto the lake. Makes out the gentle ripples.

DEBARE

No, this place is alive.

HARRY

What Troy said back in the church. Could the cult have really made something so large? Maintaining all of this would take a lot of money and resources.

Cynthia tosses a pebble out onto the lake. The rock skips once. Twice. Sinks below.

DEBARE

I don't think they made it. This place, it's not natural. Nothing here is.

HARRY

I remember being attacked. They whispered something -- some language I couldn't understand. Like gibberish.

Harry recites the words the Robed Figure spoke. They echo in the cavern. Almost linger.

NADIA
Sounds like nonsense.

CYNTHIA
It's familiar.

Harry looks at Cynthia.

DEBARE
You've heard it before?

CYNTHIA
Some of the kids at school talked about it. Was used by the cult in weird promotional videos posted on social media.

Cynthia stares back at Harry.

NADIA
Angela wasn't lying. It's my fault her son died.

HARRY
You mean?

Nadia nods.

NADIA
He came in with a ruptured aortic valve from the crash. I made a mistake, and he went into cardiogenic shock. We couldn't pump enough blood. He died on the table seconds later.

DEBARE
It's not your fault.

NADIA
But it is. I'd been drinking. I see his face every night until I drink myself to sleep.

HARRY
Jesus. Then Troy's right, we're all connected somehow.

RANDY
I don't know any of you.

HARRY
Bullshit. Expect us to really believe that?

RANDY
Calling me a liar?

Cynthia's gaze lingers on Debare until he notices.

CYNTHIA
Mr. Hamza... I finally remember why
I know you.

DEBARE
What do you mean?

CYNTHIA
Haley mentioned you. That she went
to see you about what happened.

DEBARE
Haley? Haley Brooks?

CYNTHIA
Wasn't sure at first. But when I
heard your name, it bothered me.

Debare's face twists in shame. Falls to the ground. He's
unable to look her in the eyes.

DEBARE
She did see me. But I wasn't able
to help her.

CYNTHIA
Why? I don't understand?

DEBARE
I --

NADIA
-- Brooks. That name's familiar. I
feel like I saw someone recently
with that name.

CYNTHIA
She went to Marilyn High School.
Was a year older than me.

NADIA
Wait. I think I remember. The ward
was a nightmare, and we were
understaffed that night. They
needed someone for an examination.

CYNTHIA
You saw her?

NADIA

Had multiple contusions along her thighs. Sighs of forced... Penetration. Contacted the authorities about it, but she was gone from the hospital bed when I came back.

CYNTHIA

She ran. Thought no one would believe her. Guess she was right, Mr. Hamza. No one cared, did they?

HARRY

What's she talking about?

DEBARE

No, I did care. I believed her!

CYNTHIA

My friend went to you for help. All the school did was call her a liar and send her away. Everyone called her a slut, a whore. Because of you, she tried to kill herself!

DEBARE

I'm sorry. I never meant for...

Harry's gaze settles on the lake.

HARRY

That's enough. Should try and get some sleep.

They all return to their makeshift beds. Harry keeps an eye on Cynthia as she throws her blanket down.

Harry lies on his bed. Closes his eyes. Falls asleep to Cynthia's soft sniffles.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Country music plays from an old jukebox. Pool balls clack in the background. Harry's alone at the bar.

Amy walks through the entrance. Maneuvers past drunk patrons. Struts up to him. Takes a seat at the bar.

Harry chugs a whiskey shot.

HARRY

Surprised you came.

AMY
Ignored my messages for a week.

HARRY
I was scared.

AMY
Don't like being used.

HARRY
It's not like that. I can't go
home. Being there by myself makes
me feel lonely.

AMY
Then what am I?

HARRY
I don't know.

AMY
Another distraction?

The BARTENDER hands them both drinks.

HARRY
Wouldn't think of you like that.

AMY
Look me in the eyes.

Harry swivels in his seat. Stares at her.

HARRY
Is this what you want?

AMY
(Inhuman)
Why did you let me die?

Amy CLUTCHES Harry's wrist. Digs her nails into his skin
until blood is drawn.

Harry pulls away but can't move. Blood seeps from Amy's eyes.
Her pupils become smaller and smaller.

The jukebox in the bar SHRILLS. The song playing skips.

INT. CAVERN

The HORN BLASTS.

Harry's shaken awake. The cavern quakes. The lake rises and crashes against the shore.

He springs from his bed. Shields Cynthia from loose rocks. Randy bangs his flashlight.

A few CLICKS sound. The light flickers. Once it comes on, he shines it on the lake.

Traveling across the lake toward them, a WALL OF LIGHT. Blinding. The light swallows them.

Harry's blinded. Fumbles for anyone nearby. Grasps helplessly at nothing but air.

HARRY

Debare?! Nadia?! Cynthia?! Anyone?!

No one answers.

Within the light, he catches TORTURED MOANS. Harry muffles his ears. Yells. The voices laugh at him.

Laughter's replaced by the RASPS of blades. Bones cracking under the weight of blunt hammers.

Harry runs further in the light, still blind. Mumbles a few words but discovers his TONGUE is missing.

Stutters his wife's name.

The DYING SCREAMS fade. Harry opens his eyes and finds himself back in the cavern.

He feels for his tongue. It's still there. Spots Cynthia trembling on the ground in the fetal position.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Everyone okay?

DEBARE

What the hell happened? I heard...

RANDY

No, no, it was real. I could hear them. So many different voices. All at once.

NADIA

I could hear Angela's son. He was begging for his life. Pleading for me to save him.

DEBARE

This places want's us to suffer.

Harry collects his things.

HARRY

We shouldn't stay here.

Debare, Nadia, and Randy reluctantly gather their supplies. Harry checks on Cynthia. She uncurls herself.

Harry leads them further into the cavern. Shines his flashlight every so often back on the lake.

Debare joins Harry at the front of the group. Hands him a water bottle.

DEBARE

Getting low on supplies.

HARRY

Start rationing food and water.

DEBARE

Not sure how much more we can take.

HARRY

Wait, stop.

The path ahead lowers. Harry and Debare shine their flashlights down.

Their lights reveal a thick but narrow forest filled with FLESHY PODS growing like plants.

NADIA

What are those?

RANDY

Rather not find out.

Harry climbs down. Moves closer to a plant. Listens to its audible heartbeat but soft heartbeat. Like a gentle drum.

The pods glisten under his flashlight. Hundreds lie before them on the path.

He climbs back up and whispers.

HARRY

Have to be careful. Heard something in those pods, like a heartbeat.

DEBARE

Try not to make any loud noises.

As the others descend, Cynthia approaches Harry.

CYNTHIA

Why did you save me?

HARRY

What?

CYNTHIA

Why risk your life back there? You never gave a damn before.

HARRY

You're wrong I --

CYNTHIA

-- You never visited when she was gone. Never came looking for me.

Harry's at a loss for words.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Is that why you drove her away?
Left her alone?

HARRY

I felt ashamed.

Cynthia turns her back on Harry.

CYNTHIA

Don't pretend you care now.

Harry waits for Cynthia to reach the bottom. Takes a deep breath and follows.

INT. CAVERN - VESTIGIAL FOREST

Thick pods on thin stems. Viscous fluid drips from the slit openings. Debare enters first. Slides between a few of them.

Harry goes next. The constant heartbeats THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

With careful steps, they all maneuver around the pods like avoiding dense trees in a forest.

Not far ahead, Harry locates a clearing. He squeezes through a narrow opening and reaches the spot.

HARRY
Let's take a break.

RANDY
You want us to rest *here*?

NADIA
Nothing's happened so far. Should
be fine if we're quiet.

Harry sets the backpack down. Removes matchbooks. Candy bars.
Water bottles. Hands Cynthia a snack.

Cynthia tears apart the tinfoil. Devours it. Chocolate smears
her chapped lips.

Harry unfolds the picture of Stella and Teresa.

DEBARE
They're beautiful.

HARRY
Don't really deserve them.

DEBARE
I think it wants us to see the
worse in ourselves.

HARRY
This place?

DEBARE
The cavern. Where ever we are.

Harry pockets the photograph. Finishes the rest of his water.

HARRY
The reason I know Cynthia... I was
having an affair with her mother.

DEBARE
How long?

HARRY
Over a year. When my Father died,
spending time with my family made
me feel empty. Like I was going
through the motions.

DEBARE
I understand.

Harry chuckles.

HARRY

My wife recommended counseling, so I went to a group. That's where I met Amy. We were both so lost -- her husband died in a car accident. We both *needed* each other. It happened so fast.

DEBARE

You blame yourself for letting it happen.

HARRY

It took a toll on my family. I told her I wanted to stop, but she wouldn't leave me alone. And then she...

He sniffles.

HARRY (CONT'D)

They found her in a bathtub, both wrists slit. It's my fault. I drove her to it.

DEBARE

I'm sorry.

Debare pats him on the back.

HARRY

Cynthia was left alone. Didn't have any other relatives. We were close before she found out I had a family. Still thought about bringing her in, but she wouldn't have it. And every time I looked at her, I was reminded of what Amy did. So I let foster care take her.

DEBARE

You tried to forget about her.

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY

No, I constantly wondered if she was okay. But every time I thought about going to see her... It was too much.

He pauses and stares at Debare.

DEBARE

Cynthia's friend told me someone sexually assaulted her -- that it was someone who worked at the school. But she refused to tell me who it was.

HARRY

What happened?

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The typical office setup. Colorful motivational posters and advertisements for school programs are pinned to the walls.

At the desk, THE PRINCIPAL, sips on a mug filled with steaming coffee. Leans back in his chair.

Debare sits across from him, several folders in hand.

THE PRINCIPAL

And you think that's enough proof?
Some girl's word.

DEBARE

The details are vivid. I've seen enough trauma survivors to know when someone's telling the truth. Ms. Brooks isn't lying.

THE PRINCIPAL

But you don't *know* that. Something like this could shake up the school, especially with football season coming up.

DEBARE

We can't ignore this. There's an obligation to report this to the proper authorities.

The Principal gets up from his desk.

THE PRINCIPAL

How's those citizenship classes going? I hear you're pretty close.

DEBARE

Are you threatening me?

THE PRINCIPAL

I don't threaten people, Mr. Hamza. But consider what you and your family have gone through to stay in this country. Let this all go away. There haven't been any complaints against any of our faculty in the past. Besides, Ms. Brooks is a troubled child.

Debare stares at the file in his hands.

DEBARE

I... I understand.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

DEBARE (CONT'D)

I was scared for my family, of the life we built here.

HARRY

There's no shame in that.

DEBARE

No, I could have gone to the police. Have done *something* other than sit in my office.

Harry glances at Cynthia across the clearing.

HARRY

Where's the girl now?

DEBARE

She's in a coma. Tried to overdose on oxy. Because I failed to help.

Tears drip from Debare's flushed eyes.

HARRY

Both of us, even Nadia. We're connected to Cynthia.

DEBARE

Randy said he didn't know us.

Harry steals a glance at Randy, resting in the corner.

HARRY

Could be lying.

DEBARE

That still leaves Angela. She knew about Nadia.

HARRY

What you said earlier about this place being alive. What do you think it wants?

DEBARE

I'm not sure. But do we even want to know?

Harry rises from his spot. Sits down next to Cynthia. She doesn't bother to look in his direction.

HARRY

I keep having nightmares.

CYNTHIA

You deserve them.

HARRY

All the mistakes I've made. The hurt I've brought you, it'll never go away.

CYNTHIA

What do you want?

HARRY

For us to survive.

Cynthia finally stares at him.

CYNTHIA

Do you still think about my Mother?

HARRY

Every day.

CYNTHIA

Can you... Can you hold me?

Harry scoots closer to Cynthia. Allows her to lie her head on his shoulder.

Neither of them say a word to ruin the moment.

INT. CAVERN - VESTIGIAL FOREST - LATER

Harry fights to stay awake. His gaze is trapped on the pods. The closest one HISSES.

He lies Cynthia softly on the ground. Glances at the others. They are still asleep.

Takes a few steps closer to the pod. An ALLURING WHISPER calls out to him.

A SEDUCTIVE VOICE like Amy's.

SEDUCTIVE VOICE (V.O.)
*Don't be afraid. Come to us. Let us
 feel your flesh.*

Harry steps back. Falls back to where Debare is sleeping. Nudges him. Debare lies still.

The disembodied voice within his head whispers more indiscernible words. Harry loses his balance.

Frantic voices strengthen. Become louder. Louder.

HARRY
 Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

THEY resound within the forest like a beating drum.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Shut the hell up!

The others awaken in fright. Harry SCREAMS. Spasms on the forest floor.

Harry's shouts become delirious. He curls up. Shivers as blood trickles from his ears.

DEBARE
 What's wrong?!

HARRY
 Voices. Voices coming from the pods. They wouldn't stop.

Nadia lifts Harry's clammy hand. Places her fingers on his neck to check his pulse.

NADIA
 Breathing seems steady. Might have suffered a mild panic attack.

HARRY
 I swear I heard them.

DEBARE
 We believe you.

Harry slings the backpack over his shoulder. Stuffs their supplies inside.

HARRY
Let's move.

NADIA
You should rest.

RANDY
(Mumbles)
Gonna get us killed.

HARRY
I rather not spend another damn second here.

He enters back into the forest. Slips between pods. Traverse toward the exit.

As they near the end, the pods around them hiss. Plop open. Stringy vines SNAP FORWARD.

Wraps themselves around Nadia. Drags her toward an open pod. Harry snags her hand. Pulls back.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Don't let go!

NADIA
It's no use...

HARRY
Don't talk like that!

Harry's grip loosens.

Nadia's FLUNG into the pod. Harry's assaulted by more vines. They slither around his arms and waist.

Randy fights back. Swats at the incoming vines. Glances at Cynthia. LIFTS her up and tries to push her into the pod.

DEBARE
Bastard!

Debare leaps over a SNAPPING vine. Yanks her away from Randy. Randy's overtaken and pulled back.

RANDY
Fuck you! Why should I risk my own life for her?!

The vines draw Randy into the pod. Its flaps SLAM shut.

Harry pulls. Kicks. Watches as Debare makes it out of the forest with Cynthia.

HARRY
Take care of her.

DEBARE
I will.

The vines WHIP around him. Constrict. Raise him up. Drags him into another pod.

INT. HARRY'S FLESH POD

Pitch-black. Leathery. Harry yells. Bangs his fist against the thick interior.

He reaches into his front pocket. Manages to clasp his zippo lighter. His thumb struggles to ignite the flint.

The light SPARKS to life.

Its flame reveals the pod's smooth walls. There's barely any space inside. Harry's SMOTHERED.

Harry lies in the dark. Finds himself struggling to keep awake. The lighter drops from his hand as he...

FALLS ASLEEP.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry sits on the end of a luxurious king-sized bed. The only light in the room comes from a lamp on the nightstand. Gaudy window blinds are closed.

Rain pitter-patters against the windows. Harry stares at the open door.

Amy makes herself known in the doorway wearing a translucent, CERULEAN NIGHTGOWN trailing to the carpet.

She saunters inside. Flashes a seductive grin. Lies next to Harry on the bed. Caresses his bare arm.

Harry leans down to look at her.

Amy lifts her head. Places CHASTE KISSES on his neck. Harry pulls away. Hops off the bed.

AMY
What's wrong? You seem tense.

HARRY

I can't keep doing this. It feels wrong. I can't keep lying to my family like this.

Her lips brush against Harry's ear. She whispers.

AMY

She doesn't understand.

Amy continues to kiss him, but Harry pushes her away. She falls off the bed.

HARRY

Sorry.

AMY

I thought you loved me?!

HARRY

I do.

AMY

Then why?

HARRY

My daughter... I can't abandon her.

Amy throws off the bedsheets. Stands to face him. Their only inches apart.

AMY

Tell them the truth. Stop living a lie, for Christ's sake.

Harry relaxes under her gaze. Settles back onto the bed. Amy moves in closer. They embrace.

Engage in a PASSIONATE KISS.

INT. COFFIN

Harry awakens inside. Glazed worms crawl through shoddy wood. He pounds on the door.

The coffin shakes. His shouts come out muffled. Light pours in through TINY HOLES. Blinds him.

INT. NADIA'S FLESH POD

The interior's identical to what Harry experienced. Nadia pushes against the pod with her legs.

Loses her strength with each kick. Becomes drowsy. Her eyes flutter close. She falls asleep.

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Tiled white walls. Sterile surgical tools lie on a metal tray by the operating table.

Nadia stands over the table in scrubs with a mask on. Holds both hands up, wearing latex gloves.

Lying on the table is a body covered by a worn blue sheet. Nadia pulls it back...

On the table is ANGELA'S SON.

Bloodied. His chest is pried open by surgical equipment. Face scorched and bruised.

NADIA

I didn't mean to --

Angela's Son GRABS her trembling wrist. Sits up on the table.

ANGELA'S SON

You let me die. You let us all die.

Blood spills out of her eyes. Nadia wrestles free and is enveloped by darkness all around her.

PALE HANDS emerge from the blackness. Tug on her scrubs. Yanks her hair.

Nadia SCREAMS are muffled. She drowns in the void.

INT. HARRY'S FLESH POD

Harry jolts awake, his face pale. He claws at the walls. Punches and kicks. The pod HISSES open.

INT. CAVERN - VESTIGIAL FOREST

Harry slumps to the floor. His entire body's covered in gelatinous fluid.

Cynthia and Debare rush over. Help him off the ground and led him out of the forest.

DEBARE

We thought you were...

Harry gasps for air.

HARRY

The others, what about them?

The pod Randy was taken in SCREECHES open. Randy collapses in a coughing fit. Crawls across the dirt floor.

Nadia's pod unfolds. Steam from inside dissipates. There's a pained moan.

Nadia LAUNCHES FORWARD. Chain-like vines bearing glinting thorns hold back her bloodied body.

Sharpened hooks pull at Nadia's flesh. Stretch her cheeks. Blood drips on her welted skin.

NADIA

Submit. Submit yourselves.

Harry covers Cynthia's eyes.

HARRY

Don't look.

NADIA

The pain... Troy was right... It's truly divine.

The thorns jerk. Stretch her skin until her --

CHEEKS RIP OFF.

Her eyes pop out, hang limply. The thorns again tug back. Bisect Nadia's entire body. Her intestines plop free.

Nadia's corpse falls. The thorns retract into the pod with a soft clunk.

The two halves of her body flop on the ground.

RANDY

What the fuck?!

Powerful tremors shake the cavern. Pods rip up from the ground and are flung.

The horn blares.

Harry forces himself up. Hoists the backpack onto his back. Runs out of the forest with Debare and Cynthia.

INT. CAVERN

Harry sprint falters as the horn THUNDERS through the cavern. He stumbles and falls.

Blood flows from his ears. Loose debris breaks apart from the ceiling. Sinks into the lake. Crumbles.

He gasps for air. The horn recedes. Debare and Cynthia climb to her feet.

Randy catches up to them. Wears a creepy grin.

RANDY

I made it.

DEBARE

(To Harry)

You okay?

HARRY

My vision faded, but I think it's coming back.

Debare flicks blood off his ears.

DEBARE

How could it... She didn't *deserve* any of that!

HARRY

I know. But we can't dwell on it. Should keep moving.

RANDY

And then someone else dies.

Harry clenches his jaw. LUNGES at Randy. Snatches his collar and slams him against a wall.

HARRY

You were gonna kill her!

CYNTHIA

I can fend for myself.

Randy jerks free of Harry. Straightens his ruffled shirt. Scoffs at his accusation.

RANDY

So what? It's every man for himself in here.

DEBARE

Asshole.

RANDY

You're both delusional. How many people have died down here?!

HARRY

If we work together we can survive.

RANDY

Grow up. Think you're some kind of hero because you saved some girl in the lake?

DEBARE

What have you done this whole time? All you ever do is complain and blame others.

RANDY

It's called being realistic. I'm not dying here.

Randy shoulder-checks Harry. Walks further off into the cavern without them.

DEBARE

I don't trust him.

HARRY

Keep a close eye on him.

Harry, Debare, and Cynthia follow after Randy.

INT. CAVERN - LATER

An endless road made up of flagstones. The path twists and winds in the darkness.

Randy shines his flashlight ahead. Spots a fork in the path. The separate roads lead into different tunnels.

The right side leads to overwhelming darkness.

On the left, lanterns held up by wires light the corridor. The walls appear ORGANIC. Fleshy. Ribbed.

DEBARE

Which way should we choose?

Harry points his flashlight into the right tunnel. The interior's identical to the left.

HARRY
Should decide as a group.

CYNTHIA
I'm okay with that.

RANDY
Whatever.

HARRY
Let's take a vote, then. Who wants
to go, right?

He takes the initiative, raises his hand. Cynthia and Debare
also raise their hands.

Randy laughs at the results.

RANDY
I'm going left.

HARRY
We should stick together.

RANDY
No thanks, I'll be fine on my own.

HARRY
Fine, leave us.

CYNTHIA
Maybe we should follow him.

HARRY
No!

Cynthia backs up.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Sorry -- didn't mean to frighten
you guys.

CYNTHIA
There's something on your mind.

HARRY
I...

The horn ERUPTS in the cavern. Harry takes hold of Cynthia.
They stumble toward the lake.

A loud CRACK rings above them. Cynthia leaves Harry's grip.
Tumbles backward into Debare.

From the ceiling, an enormous piece of JUTTED ROCK breaks off and slams onto the path.

Harry pounds his fist against the rock. Pushes it. The boulder won't move. He shouts at the others.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You guys okay?!

The rock muffles Harry's voice.

DEBARE (O.S.)
Couple of bruises, nothing serious.

HARRY
Have to meet on the other side.

DEBARE (O.S.)
I'll take care of her.

Harry lies back against the rock. Slides onto the ground. Closes his eyes.

HARRY
Thank you.

The lake's ferocious waves calm. Splashes onto the path. Soaks Harry. He takes a deep breath.

Flicks his zippo lighter. Heads into the right tunnel.

INT. CAVERN - RIGHT TUNNEL

Harry's cautious steps echo. His every step sinks. Squishes like rotten fruit.

He raises the lighter to the wall. Juices drip across its ribbed surface.

Near the end of the tunnel, Harry sees a dim light.

Harry jogs forward but finds it difficult to run. Finally makes it to a raised platform.

VERMILLION LIGHT permeates from the oval-shaped exit.

INT. CAVERN - TEMPLE

Not man-made. Everything -- from the walls to the floor -- is organic in nature.

Chairs made of bones tied together by thin rope face an elaborate gold altar.

Lit candles in HOLLOWED SKULLS flicker. Bodies wrapped in bandages cling to the wall.

An elaborate tapestry of horror.

Harry steps further inside. Walks closer to the wall. The body he faces quivers.

The bandages keeping it bound RIP.

KALEB BERTOLINI, 33, drops to the floor. Slithers over to Harry like a wounded skin.

Stares up at Harry with SEWN EYES.

KALEB
(Raspy)
Help...me.

Harry lies Kaleb against the wall so he can sit up. Kaleb's bandages on his face slide off.

Expose skin and muscle SHAVED down to the bone.

HARRY
Who are you? What happened here?

KALEB
Water.

Needles pierce Kaleb's head. His arms are pulled back like a straitjacket. His skin has grayed.

Harry pulls out a water bottle from his backpack. Gently places the bottle up to his torn lips.

HARRY
Can you speak?

KALEB
Left to rot...

HARRY
These bodies. What are they for?

Around Kaleb's frail neck is a collar. Broken dog tags hang from it.

The name reads: "Kaleb Bertolini"

KALEB

Kill...me.

Kaleb's hands shiver. Reaches up to touch Harry's cheek, but the bones in his arm SHATTER.

HARRY

Who would do this?

LOUIS (O.S.)

They should consider it an honor.
As should you, Mr. Stanton.

Harry drops his lighter.

LOUIS BEAR, 44, cult leader, charismatic with sharp features, draped in thick black robes trailing to his feet, enters the temple from another passage.

A darkened veil conceals his face. Louis marches to the altar and lies a pristine cloth across its surface.

Lifts the veil from his face.

HARRY

It was you. I remember.

LOUIS

How ungrateful.

HARRY

Why did you take us?!

Harry searches for a weapon. Discovers a SPEAR jutting from a corpse on the wall.

Yanks the spear free and points it at Louis.

INT. CAVERN - LEFT TUNNEL

Debare and Cynthia walk ahead, maintain a favorable distance from Randy.

Cynthia places her hand on the slick, grimy wall. As she pulls away, mucus stretches back with her fingers.

RANDY

Amazing, isn't it? That such a
place could exist.

DEBARE

Sounds like you admire it.

Cynthia keeps quiet.

RANDY

It's been here forever. It's been waiting all this time. Starved for lost souls.

Debare and Cynthia step around a puddle.

DEBARE

What do you mean?

Randy chuckles. Draws the SACRIFICIAL DAGGER from the back of his waist without Debare noticing.

RANDY

Inside the pod, I saw everything. We were wrong... Wrong about all of it. We're all going to die.

CYNTHIA

What's wrong with you?

RANDY

Nothing's wrong with me -- I'm just sick and tired of babysitting you worthless pieces of shit.

Debare spins around in anger.

DEBARE

The fuck's your problem?!

RANDY

It's almost hilarious. To think it was all so pointless.

CYNTHIA

What are you talking about?

Randy's low chortle bounces off the tunnel walls. He stares at them with a frightful smile.

RANDY

Bringing you all down here. Such a waste of time.

DEBARE

What'd you just say?

RANDY

Too bad the security guard died. Would've been interesting with him still around.

DEBARE
Timothy? What about him?

Again, Randy laughs.

RANDY
Really didn't know?

He focuses his crazed gaze on Cynthia.

RANDY (CONT'D)
He was the one who raped your
friend. Found quite the video
collection when I broke into his
house. Didn't even try to hide it.

Cynthia's legs BUCKLE. She uses the ribbed wall to keep
herself up.

Debare's closed fists shake.

CYNTHIA
He... He was the one?

Debare whispers in disbelief. There's RAGE in his voice.

DEBARE
Damn it. He was in front of me all
this time.

RANDY
The look on your faces is
priceless. The despair. It's why we
were tasked to bring you down here.

DEBARE
Bastard!

He lunges at Randy. Throws a punch but misses. Randy THRUSTS
the dagger into Debare's stomach.

Pushes him to the ground. Blood spurts on the rubbery walls.

Cynthia stares at them in shock. Her voice stutters. The
words won't come out.

Debare releases a painful moan. Tears his shirt and applies
pressure to the wound.

RANDY
There's no point in keeping you all
alive. We were lied to. Everyone's
going to die.

DEBARE
(To Cynthia)
Run! Find Harry!

Cynthia stands still.

CYNTHIA
I can't.

RANDY
Doesn't matter where you run. It's
all hopeless.

Randy points the dagger at Debare. Closes in.

DEBARE
Go!

Cynthia snuffles. Runs off into the tunnel, leaving Debare on
the ground soaked in blood.

RANDY
Beg for me.

Debare SPITS blood in Randy's face.

DEBARE
Fuck you.

Randy smacks Debare across the face with the hilt of the
dagger. Clenches his hair. Pulls his head back.

RANDY
How does it feel to know you
couldn't save another girl?

DEBARE
You're a monster.

RANDY SLITS DEBARE'S THROAT.

Blood pools by his feet. He wipes the dagger free of blood on
Debare's shirt.

RANDY
This makes it more fun.

Cynthia follows the bend of the tunnel. She trips on the
floor. Fumbles on the ground and stands back up.

RANDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Why not make this easier?

CYNTHIA

Stay away!

Randy jogs around the corner. His face is drenched in blood. He wears a gleeful expression.

Levels the dagger on Cynthia.

RANDY

Don't worry -- I'll take my sweet time killing you.

He snatches the back of Cynthia's hoodie. Throws her on the ground. Stand over her.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Debare begged like a coward.

CYNTHIA

Liar!

Randy growls. Wraps his hand around Cynthia's neck. The puddles around them BUBBLE.

RANDY

You should thank me.

TENTACLES rise from the puddles. Randy's attention is drawn by their whipping.

Cynthia slips free. Slides back against the wall.

Randy SWIPES at the tentacles with the dagger. Misses. They wrap around his arms.

MELT THE SKIN they touch.

CYNTHIA

What... What really is this place?

The squid-like tentacles drag Randy toward one of the puddles. Force his legs inside.

Randy utters through the pain.

RANDY

Death.

He's SWALLOWED by the puddle.

The tunnel quakes. The lanterns above rock. Puddles overflow and splash on the floor.

Cynthia sprints further into the tunnel. The liquid in the puddles splashes on her right leg.

EATS away at her flesh.

She catches sight of a blood-red light emanating from the exit. Quickens her pace.

INT. CAVERN - TEMPLE

Louis wanders to where Harry is standing. Ignores him and picks up Kaleb. Carries him to the altar.

Lies him on the altar and removes the stitches on his eyelids. Kaleb's bloodshot eyes open.

Louis draws a curved dagger from his robes, identical to the one Randy stole. Holds it aloft.

Faint CHANTS south within the temple.

Lines of CULTISTS enter the main room from other passages. Hands clasped in prayer.

Harry backs up. Trips over a chair. The Cultists settle behind Louis. Get down on their knees.

ERUPT in a haunting melody. Their voices resonate in the room like a choir.

CULTISTS

We of old flesh, the herd of the
blind sheep. Those who wander in
with ignorance in the light. We
cast away our mortal coil and
embrace the abyss.

Louis THRUSTS THE DAGGER into Kaleb's throat. Slices his exposed chest. Tears his heart free.

HARRY

My God.

LOUIS

God can't help you here. All of you
were chosen for a glorious purpose.
You must satiate those who swim in
the dark cosmic seas.

HARRY

The hell are you talking about?

LOUIS

Sadly, few of you remain. But it shall appease them. You gave us what we needed. These events were ordained. Those in the dark will feast upon you. Wring you free of all your darkest emotions.

HARRY

Feed?

LOUIS

Do you still not realize why you were all chosen?

Louis SQUEEZES Kaleb's heart.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You are the final sacrifices. The ones who will usher in a new age where gods roam freely.

HARRY

Make some God damn sense!

LOUIS

This is the den of our Masters. They seek those in anguish ripe for the taking.

The Cultists sing an uproarious Gregorian chant.

HARRY

You're insane.

LOUIS

The others were linked to you by fate. A causal chain for the ceremony. All who died before you are merely appetizers.

HARRY

For what?

Louis cleans his dagger.

LOUIS

There were many others. The pain, the misery. All of those negative emotions and consequences were like an endless lake. Once we found the girl, we only needed to expand our search outward.

HARRY

Cynthia?

LOUIS

We started with a lost soul and found those connected to her. You should be honored.

Cynthia limps into the temple. Blood drips from her seared leg. Some of the Cultists get up and surround her.

Take her by the arms. Cynthia struggles under their grip.

HARRY

Leave her alone!

Harry pushes away the chairs. Raises his spear and charges.

The Cultists holding Cynthia hold up their daggers. Press them against Cynthia's throat.

LOUIS

Why rush it?

Harry's surrounded. He drops the spear. Allows them to restrain him.

They rip off his backpack. Toss the contents.

HARRY

Take me... Let her go.

Louis face his followers.

LOUIS

Finally we shall witness their birth and join them in the endless abyss. You are the chosen few, my most loyal followers. All pale in comparison to your devotion.

The Cultists force Harry and Cynthia to follow Louis. They enter another passage.

INT. CAVERN - GRAND HALLWAY

Harry and Cynthia follow the Cultists through vast and unnatural corridors.

Louis leads them to a massive stone door. The Cultists march up the entrance. Push the door open.

LOUIS

Such anger and sadness will please
our Masters.

They pull Harry off the ground. Force him to keep walking.

INT. CAVERN - TEMPLE LABORATORY

Tubes dangle from a ribbed ceiling. Pump strange fluids.
Empty vases caked in black goo take up the room.

Discarded rusted tools lie on a wooden operating table.

Cracked bones. Busted skulls. Remains marred by drilled holes
sit in mining carts.

LOUIS

So many experiments. So many
failures. We tried to adapt them
and make them ready for their
arrival. None ever took.

The operating tables are covered in fierce scratch marks.
Broken nails. Dried skin flakes. Blood streaks.

HARRY

What is this place?

LOUIS

A womb for our Masters.

The lab's makeshift exit is a wide opening leading back
outside to the pitch-black cavern.

Cynthia clings to Harry's hand as they are shoved into the
familiar darkness.

Harry whispers to her.

HARRY

Do you trust me?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

INT. CAVERN

Harry's eyes widen as they come face-to-face with a steep,
rugged hill.

Fragments from shattered bones. Craggy ledges. At the top is
an opening. Rays of sunlight peek through.

CYNTHIA

Is that?

LOUIS

Paradise.

Louis stops at the foot of the hill. Stares up at the opening and sees unmistakable clear blue skies. Puffy white clouds.

An unfathomable SHRIEK rings out. Reverberates through the entire cavern.

The Cultists holding Harry lurch back in pain. Harry covers his ears. Blood still escapes his eyes like tears.

Louis remains on his feet. He welcomes the sound. Opens his arms wide in a flourish.

The FRIGHTFUL HORN SOUNDS. An avalanche occurs on the muddy hill. Rocks and bones crumble.

Vestiges of the horn's rumbling originate from the opening.

HARRY

It's coming from there.

LOUIS

Do you hear it? They are calling.

Louis points at Cynthia and Harry.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Bring them forward.

The Cultists recover from the shock. Shove Harry toward the hill and make him climb.

Harry tears at the dirt. Crawls through soggy mud. Bones clatter underneath.

He glances down at Cynthia. Louis presses his dagger against Her neck.

Harry reaches the top and waits for Cynthia to help her up. Pulls her alongside him.

Turns around and stares at the opening.

CYNTHIA

Something's wrong.

The entrance reveals a lovely paradise. High above, the sun hangs in the crisp blue sky.

Harry's lips curl up into a smile.

Gigantic. The opening's wide enough for several cars to drive through. Cynthia stares up at Harry.

His eyes are hazy.

HARRY

This is it. We can go home. Back to our families.

Cynthia glances back at the Cultists as they reach the top of the hill with Louis.

They all stare at opening in a similar daze. Mouths agape.

CYNTHIA

It's not real.

HARRY

Don't you hear them? The soft whispers? It's all clear now.

CYNTHIA

I don't hear anything.

Louis loses his grip on his sacrificial dagger.

LOUIS

No, no, this isn't right.

Harry takes another step toward the opening. Cynthia grasps his wrist. WHISPERS bombard Cynthia.

Pleasurable moans. Sweet nothings. Painful cries. The weeping of tortured souls.

The sunlight coming through envelops Cynthia. She loses her balance. Crawls on her stomach. The voices disappear.

She grabs Harry again. Drags him away from the opening.

CYNTHIA

Wake up!

Cynthia catches a glimpse of Harry's milky eyes. Devoid of any true emotion.

Harry PUSHES her off. Stomps back toward the opening. Takes zombie-like steps.

The Cultists enter ahead of him.

She tightens her grip around Harry's leg. Yanks it back.
Sends Harry onto the ground face-first.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Please. Don't go.

LOUIS
You mustn't go inside!

Louis' followers are deaf to his pleas. Enter the opening.

Harry stares back at Cynthia. Dry blood underneath his
eyelids. Climbs onto his feet.

HARRY
What was I?

CYNTHIA
It's this place. I heard their
whispers. Heard their pain.
Thousands of lost souls.

The horn BLASTS again. Louder. Stronger.

Ravenous, high-pitch screams from the Cultists who entered
the opening fill the cavern.

LOUIS
Our Masters aren't satisfied. I'm
not wrong. *We're* not wrong.

He focuses his shaken gaze back on Harry and Cynthia.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
That's right -- the sacrifices!

Louis scoops up his dagger. Points it at Harry.

Harry pulls Cynthia into a tight embrace. Shields her from
Louis. Leans in and whispers.

HARRY
I'll buy you time.

CYNTHIA
No, don't. I was wrong. I don't
hate you.

HARRY
One of us has to go home.

Harry hands Cynthia the crumpled photograph of his family.
Closes her fingers around it.

Ensures her grip's tight enough.

CYNTHIA
I can't take this.

HARRY
Make sure my daughter gets this.

Louis closes the distance between them. The cavern shakes.
Makes him lose his balance.

Cynthia's lifted by Harry. He searches for a way to escape.
On a narrow path atop the hill, he spots a CREVICE.

Harry runs onto the trail. Lies back on the rock wall.
Shimmies across.

Pebbles SINK in the lake below.

He makes it to the crevice. Places Cynthia inside. Lifts his
legs and tries to climb in after her.

The crevice is too small...

CYNTHIA
Come with me...

HARRY
You won't be alone.

CYNTHIA
Don't do this.

HARRY
It was nice. Getting another chance
to see you again.

CYNTHIA
Please.

HARRY
You don't deserve this.

Harry turns his back on her. Jogs back to the opening. Steals
one last glance Cynthia.

Louis stares up at him, face covered in mud. He LUNGES at
Harry with the dagger.

They tumble to the ground. Harry PUNCHES Louis in the face.
The dagger clatters off the hill.

LOUIS
You must appease them!

Harry KICKS Louis off him.

HARRY

If you're going through hell, keep
going, huh?

He dashes at the disoriented Louis. TACKLES HIM and flings
them both into the opening.

The vermillion light blinds Harry and Louis.

INT. CAVERN - FISSURE

Cynthia lies down. Squeezes through a narrow passage. The
damp walls press against her.

She takes a deep breath. Feels something in her pocket. Pulls
free a BOX OF MATCHES.

CYNTHIA

Thank you... Harry.

Her fingers tremble as she opens the box. Cynthia takes one.
Strikes the tip until it sparks.

The flame illuminates the passage. Cynthia crawls forward.
Shields the lit match.

A SOFT BREEZE snuffs it.

Cynthia pulls another match. Drops the box. Watches as it
falls through a hole.

Lost to the darkness forever.

She follows the breeze. Spots a dim light coming from an
adjoined chamber.

Her heavy breaths fill the silence. Cynthia slides through
the claustrophobic opening.

INT. CAVERN - DARK CHAMBER

Cynthia falls on a pile of sand. The chamber's expansive.

She lies against the cold wall. Listens to the breeze's
whistle. Mumbles to herself.

CYNTHIA

I can't do this.

Cynthia stares at the photo Harry gave her. A TEAR DROP falls on the picture. She wipes her eyes.

Heads to the opposite side of the chamber. Climbs the wall. Manages to squeeze into another tiny passage.

INT. CAVERN - UNDERGROUND SPRING

Smooth walls. From the rock ceiling, a constant stream trickles in.

Cynthia frees herself from the hole leading inside. Reaches into the darkness for anything.

She tumbles on loose pebbles. Crawls to the spring. Above, a STREAK OF LIGHT shines on the water.

Cynthia feels for an opening on the slippery walls. Climbs. Forces herself into another enclosed tunnel.

Breathes in. Breathes out.

EXT. INFERNAL PIT

Harry clammers to his feet. Stares up at the welcoming sky. The sun blinds him.

The horn blares. Roars across the land and is heard for miles. The sky SHATTERS like a glass mirror.

Unveils a BLOOD-RED SKY. Visible cracks are seen across the fleshy ceiling.

Skeletal remains encrust distant mountains. Swarms of buzzing flies devour toxic sludge.

RIBCAGES tower over him. Sharpened bones cast shadows. Nests hang from thin membranes.

Endless flowers made of FLESH spurt, misty clouds. Corpses are raised as trophies on stakes.

They flayed skin is tied down by screws made from bone.

HARRY

This... This is their paradise?

Teresa and Stella's voices fill his mind.

TERESA (V.O.)

Daddy, stop fooling around!

STELLA (V.O.)

Slow down!

QUICK FLASHBACK - TERESA'S BIRTHDAY

-- Harry embraces Stella, they kiss.

-- Teresa rips open presents.

-- Someone in the back takes PICTURES.

BACK TO SCENE

Gastric lakes bubble. Fleshy, slender tendrils rise above the surface. Slither toward Louis.

LOUIS

It was all wrong... All so wrong.

The thick tendrils RUSH Louis and tighten around him. Constricts his body. Crushes bones. Drags him into the lake.

EXT. BOSTON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Birds fly across the blue sky. Wind blows through tall grass. Cynthia lies unconscious. Her clothes are stained in blood.

Her groggy eyes open.

Cynthia sits up with a wince. Stares wide-eyed at rows of expensive houses in a suburban neighborhood.

She stands up. Wobbles. Rubs her eyes to make sure what she is seeing is REAL.

Cynthia's uncertain gaze follows a YOUNG BOY riding a bicycle. The kid returns an odd stare.

CYNTHIA

Is this?

Cynthia shambles onto the road. Her bloody hands shake. An ONCOMING CAR screeches to a halt.

People outside their homes notice Cynthia. Start to whisper. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN exits the car to check on her.

Crowds of nosy onlookers gather. Cynthia stares at Harry in the photograph he gave her.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I'm home.

EXT. INFERNAL PIT

Harry takes uneven steps. Loses strength and kneels.
Sharpened hairs LAUNCH from the ground.

PENETRATE HIS BODY.

Blood spills out his body. More hairy tendrils rise from the
steaming lakes. Inch toward him as if curious.

He closes his eyes and smiles.

The tentacles RIP Harry free from the needles thrust deep
into his stomach.

Pull him apart limb by limb.

His grisly screams travel throughout the realm and fade as
the horn sounds.

The THUNDEROUS ROAR drowns out jubilant shrills.

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE -

Dark rolling clouds approach the city. Thunder rumbles.
Flashes of lightning reveal a SILHOUETTE.

It's barely visible. Inky darkness blots the sun. Through the
clouds, a BLOOD-RED MOON shines.

SIRENS BLARE.

FADE OUT:

THE END