

THE HAUNTING OF ALCATRAZ

Written by

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Based on the novel
The Haunting of Alcatraz

FADE IN:

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DUSK

A thick mist shrouds Alcatraz Island as it looms in the distance. The rocky shores are battered by relentless waves. The storm clouds above churn, dark and foreboding, as the wind howls with an eerie whistle. In the sky, a partial solar eclipse begins to take shape, casting an unsettling shadow over the infamous prison. The lighthouse beacon atop Alcatraz Island sweeps the darkness with cold, clinical flashes, each one briefly illuminating the jagged contours of "The Rock."

A low rumble of distant thunder echoes as we hear the faint hum of an approaching motor.

EXT. FERRY - APPROACHING ALCATRAZ - CONTINUOUS

A weathered ferry cuts through the choppy water, headed directly for the island. Onboard, five figures stand, each staring out at the island ahead. The wind whips at their clothes, the sea spray hitting their faces.

The guard, a stern-faced man in uniform, grips a metal railing, eyes focused on the prison as if it's an old adversary. Beside him, the four others—TWO MALES and TWO FEMALES: JAKE, MARCUS, EMILY, and SAMANTHA—exchange uneasy glances.

JAKE MALONE, thirty-something, stands at the edge of the boat, his hands gripping the rail as he attempts to peer through the fog. At six feet tall and broad-shouldered, Jake has an air of quiet authority, his sharp blue eyes narrow as he assesses their surroundings. His dark hair, streaked with early hints of gray, is neatly cut, giving him a rugged but polished look.

As the leader of their paranormal investigation team, Jake has faced many locations known for strange phenomena, but Alcatraz is different. It wasn't just a location that intrigues him professionally—it is personal. Jake had lost a close friend in an investigation involving a similar case of unexplained occurrences.

One of the females, EMILY(early 30s), visibly shivers, her gaze locked on the imposing silhouette of the prison. Beside her, SAMANTHA (mid-30s), with auburn hair tied back in a loose braid, stands quietly, her sharp gray eyes taking in the sight with a mix of fascination and apprehension. Rounding out the group is MARCUS, twenty-something, a computer wiz.

MARCUS
(half-joking, nervous)
Looks like we picked the perfect
day for a haunting.

No one laughs. The tension is palpable. The wind howls louder as the ferry draws closer, the dark shape of the prison growing larger, almost swallowing the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALCATRAZ DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

The ferry thuds against the dock. Chains rattle as it is secured. The guard steps off first, gesturing for the others to follow.

GUARD
(gruffly)
Welcome to Alcatraz or as some call
it, The Rock. Stick together, and
maybe you'll make it out. You won't
have any cellphone service on a
night like tonight.

After the four leave the ferry, the guard climbs back on board and signals to the captain to return to the shore. He turns one last time and addresses the group.

GUARD (CONT'D)
You've got the whole place to
yourselves tonight, but if you hear
anything... strange, don't go looking
for it. Not alone. We will return at
day break.

He turns away from them and goes inside the cabin. The storm worsens with a few lightning strikes and thunder.

Emily moves closer to Jake and whispers.

EMILY
You okay? You look a little spaced
out.

JAKE
Yeah, I'm okay. Alcatraz is my
chance to redeem himself, to prove
that there is always a logical
explanation behind such events.

But even he couldn't deny that tonight, standing at the edge of this infamous island, something felt... off.

CUT TO:

EXT.INT. ALCATRAZ ENTRANCE-NIGHT

The group hesitates for a beat, exchanging uneasy looks as they glance up the ramp to the ominous prison that looms ahead, silhouetted against the last sliver of light before the eclipse consumes the moon.

The sound of the waves fades, replaced by an eerie silence as they step further up the ramp to the cell block. The group walks through the fog, heading for the main building of Alcatraz. The wind picks up so they run the rest of the way to the entrance. The door is slightly ajar, creaking as they burst inside and slam it shut behind them. The wind howls outside rattling the old windows.

The group leans against the door, breathing heavily. The sound of the wind and ghostly whispers echoes through the building.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. ALCATRAZ PRISON - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

The team walks cautiously through the winding corridors of the prison. Every creak of metal and rustle of clothing seems amplified by the eerie silence. Their flashlight beams bounce across the walls, casting long, wavering shadows.

MARCUS

(fiddling with his phone)
Still no signal... that guard was right..it's like this place is eating all the tech. So much for live streaming this.

JAKE

(smirking)
We're not here for the WiFi, Marcus. Guess you'll have to rely on something other than your toys for once. Let's get moving.

MARCUS

We'll see how much you like my
'toys' when they catch something
your eyes can't.

JAKE

All right, let's set up the
equipment. Marcus, you take the
east wing. Emily, you and Samantha
handle the solitary cells. I'll
check out the main block.

EMILY

Shouldn't we stay together? Like
the guard said?

JAKE

We'll cover more ground this way.
Stay in pairs. Radio in if you find
anything.

Reluctantly, the group split up, their footsteps echoing as they disappear into the labyrinthine corridors. Jake moves deeper into the main block, the oppressive silence wrapping around him like a shroud.

Emily lags behind, her vivid green eyes scanning the darkness, as if she can sense something unseen moving just out of the light's reach. She stops in front of a particular cell, her breath catching.

A sudden clang rings out from somewhere ahead, sharp and metallic. Jake freezes, his flashlight darts toward the sound. The corridor is empty, but the hair on the back of his neck stood on end.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(To self) Just the wind.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY-NIGHT

EMILY

(softly, almost to
herself)

This was it... Cell 13.

Samantha approaches her, her notebook in hand, filled with scribbled notes and historical facts. Her sharp gray eyes lock onto Emily's, a knowing look between them. Unlike Jake, Emily isn't here to debunk anything. She didn't need proof; she has known the supernatural her whole life. She has inherited this sensitivity from her grandmother, whose stories of spirits had shaped Emily's worldview.

Alcatraz, however, had a personal pull on her—her great grandfather had been a guard here.

SAMANTHA

Your great-grandfather was a guard here?

EMILY

(nodding, whispering)
He said something happened here...
but he never told me what.

Samantha looks down at her notes, flipping a page.

SAMANTHA

Emily, I found some old records in the library section over there.

She points off in the distance.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

They detailed prisoner punishments, some of them... unsettling.

EMILY

Unsettling?

SAMANTHA

(Nodding) Punishments that went beyond confinement. It's said that some prisoners were left here in complete darkness for days, even weeks. Solitary confinement that broke their minds before it broke their bodies. They called it the Hole

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

The punishment cells. Yes, I remember my great grandfather talking about them. Total darkness for days. They said some men went mad from just a few hours in here.

Emily reaches out, her hand hovering near the bars. A chill runs down her spine, and she jerks her hand back, looking uneasy.

EMILY

I can feel something... something's still here. I think... something of them stayed behind?

Samantha looks into a cell.

SAMANTHA

With that much suffering, it's hard to believe there wouldn't be an imprint, something left of the ones who endured it.

Jake moves forward to look inside one of the cells. They fall silent, each lost in their own thoughts.

JAKE

Gee, they have a hole on the floor for a toilet, but with it being dark in there, a prisoner had to feel themselves around to find it.

SAMANTHA

I read some stories that an inmate sent to solitary, would quickly pull a button from their shirt and to keep their sanity, would throw it into the darkness and then spend days trying to find it.

Suddenly, a loud metallic clang echoes through the corridor, sending a jolt of fear through the group. They all whip around, flashlights pointing in every direction. Static on the radio and then Marcus's voice.

MARCUS

Jake, you there?

JAKE

Yeah, what's up?

MARCUS

I'm picking up... something strange coming through the static interference, and it's not coming from the equipment. It's almost like a faint voice—garbled, but there.

Jake raises an eyebrow, skeptical but intrigued.

JAKE

A voice? Could be radio interference.

MARCUS

Maybe, but it doesn't sound like that. It's... eerie. Hard to explain.

Before Jake can respond, a heavy clang reverberates through the hallway. The sound seems to come from the strip cells, a metallic slam like a door shutting by itself. Emily and Samantha exchange glances, their eyes widen, and turn in unison toward the source.

EMILY

That was real, right?

Samantha nods, her hand tightens on her notebook. They hurry to where Marcus is, finding him standing rigidly by his camera, his face drained of color.

MARCUS

Did you hear that?

JAKE

We all heard it.

He moves to inspect the cell door, his steps cautious but resolute. When he reaches it, he finds it firmly shut, bolted in place, and unmoved. He tugs on it, testing its weight. It feels heavy, resistant, impossible to have moved on its own.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Could be a shift in the structure.
Old buildings make noises.

Emily stared into the cell, her heart pounding.

EMILY

I don't think this was the
building, Jake.

Marcus nods slowly, swallowing hard as he adjusts his glasses.

MARCUS

I've got the audio running. Maybe I
can catch whatever made that noise.

As he rechecks the settings, a faint whisper cuts through the static on his recording device. It is barely audible, but unmistakable—a low, guttural sound.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You guys had to heard that.

Samantha leans closer, straining to hear.

SAMANTHA

It's like... someone's breathing.

Jake shakes his head, his skepticism hanging by a thread.

JAKE

It's interference. Nothing more.

They all fall silent, listening as the faint whisper continues, growing clearer yet remaining hauntingly indistinct.

Emily turns to Jake, her eyes wide with something between fear and exhilaration.

EMILY

You still don't think there's anything here?

For a moment, Jake doesn't answer.

JAKE

Let's keep going. We've got a long night ahead.

They move deeper into the prison, the weight of Alcatraz presses down on them with every step. And as they venture further, the whispers seem to follow, growing louder, drawing them into the shadows of Alcatraz's forgotten past.

Marcus finishes setting up his final camera, its blinking red light casting eerie reflections on the damp walls. Jake stands a few feet away, scanning the map of the prison with his flashlight while Samantha thumbs through her notebook of Alcatraz lore. Emily lingers near the solitary cells, her eyes fixed on the shadows that seem to breathe and pulse with unseen energy.

MARCUS

This is it.

He steps back to admire his equipment.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

We're officially live. Well not really, but we are recording.

Emily's voice breaks through the silence, soft but resolute.

EMILY

Before we split up, we should do something.

Jake looks up from the map, his brow furrows.

JAKE

What do you mean?

Emily turns to face them, her green eyes gleaming with an intensity that made the others pause.

EMILY

A seance. We need to connect with whatever's here—to understand it before it decides to understand us.

Marcus groans, already shaking his head.

MARCUS

Come on, Emily. A seance? That's—

JAKE

(Interrupting) Ridiculous. We're here to investigate, not play pretend.

Emily steps closer, her voice rising above their objections.

EMILY

(Upset) It's not pretend, Jake. You've felt it, haven't you? This place... it's alive. And if we don't reach out to it first, it'll come for us.

Samantha, ever the observer, glances at Jake before speaking.

SAMANTHA

She might have a point. The stories about this place—it's like it feeds off fear. Maybe acknowledging it will keep it at bay.

Jake sighs, rubbing his temples.

JAKE

Fine. But make it quick.

They gather in the center of the room, the oppressive silence pressing in as they sit in a loose circle on the cold, cracked floor. Emily places her hands on the table Marcus had cleared earlier, motioning for the others to do the same.

EMILY

(Authoritatively) Close your eyes And don't break the circle, no matter what happens.

The others obey, their breathing shallow as Emily begins to speak.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Spirits of this place, we call to you. We seek only to understand your pain, your suffering. If you are here, give us a sign.

The silence that follows is deafening. For a moment, nothing happens. Then, the temperature plummets, and a faint whisper fills the air, unintelligible but undeniably real.

MARCUS

(Shaking) Did you hear that?

EMILY

Stay focused.

Emily grips the table tighter.

EMILY (CONT'D)

If you are here, show yourself.

The whisper grows louder, coalescing into words that seem to come from all around them.

GUTTURAL VOICE (V.O.)

You... don't... belong... here.

Jake's jaw clenches, but he doesn't pull away. The shadows in the room deepen, curling like smoke around their circle. Samantha shivers as a faint figure begins to materialize in the corner—a guard, his face contorted in fury, his uniform tattered and bloodstained.

GUARD SPIRIT

Leave, or pay the price.

Emily's breath hitches, but she keeps her voice steady.

EMILY

What price? What do you want?

The guard's form flickers, his eyes lock onto her.

GUARD SPIRIT

(Hissing) Blood. This place... needs... blood.

The table trembles beneath their hands, and Jake pulls back, breaking the circle. The moment he does, the figure lets out a deafening roar, its form surges toward them before vanishing into the walls. The oppressive energy in the room lifts slightly, but the air is still heavy with dread.

Emily gasps, her hands trembling as she pulls them from the table.

EMILY
We've made contact.

Jake stood, his face pale but his expression determined.

JAKE
Then we'd better figure out what it
wants—and fast.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR-NIGHT

Jake leads the way, his flashlight casting long shadows along the narrow corridor. The beam flickers, and he pauses, tapping the flashlight with irritation.

JAKE
Old batteries.

He glances back at Emily, who has been watching him with an unreadable expression.

EMILY
You okay?

Her hand lightly touches his arm, and he feels an unexpected surge of energy at the contact, something that unsettles him in a way he hadn't expected.

JAKE
(Hesitates) Yeah, I'm fine. You're...
good at this. I mean, you seem at
ease here. How?

Emily shrugs, her hand lingers just a moment too long before she pulls it away.

EMILY
I don't know if I'd say 'at ease,'
but I feel... connected. Like I
understand this place.

(Pause)

EMILY (CONT'D)
Sorry, I know you don't believe in
that stuff.

JAKE

Hey, it's okay. Maybe I don't believe in it, but I can tell it's real to you. And who knows? Maybe I'm wrong. No matter how I try to explain to myself what we just witnessed, I can't.

His words surprise him, but it feels good to admit a tiny crack in his skepticism, even if just to her.

Their eyes meet, and for a brief moment, the heavy silence of the prison fades, replaced by an unspoken understanding.

Startled by Marcus's voice crackling through the radio, they both turn.

MARCUS

Did you guys hear that? Something just moved near the guard's quarters.

JAKE

Yeah, we heard it. We're on our way.

Jake, Emily and Samantha head back to the former guard station and found Marcus staring at one of his screens.

INT. GUARD STATION-NIGHT

MARCUS

(Whispering) I swear I saw something move in there.

He lifts a camera, replaying a brief clip in which a faint, shadowy figure flickers on the screen before vanishing into the darkness.

JAKE

Could be a trick of the light.

SAMANTHA

I found this earlier when I passed by here.

She holds up some old records.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

It's an account of a former guard's death—apparently, he went mad after being assigned here for several years.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

He claimed to hear voices, to see figures moving in the shadows. One night, he locked himself in the guard's quarters and they found him the next morning. He'd hung himself. His face was twisted, they said, like he was still screaming when they cut him down.

Marcus swallows hard, glancing nervously at the dark corner where he thought he saw someone.

MARCUS

So... you're saying his ghost is hanging around here?

Samantha shrugs.

SAMANTHA

I'm saying this place has a history of madness and despair. Who's to say what might be left behind?

Jake forces a laugh, though it sounds hollow even to his own ears.

JAKE

Or it's just a creepy old prison that's gotten into our heads.

But as they turn to leave, Emily pauses, looking back at the corner, her gaze intense.

EMILY

I think there's something here. I can feel it. It's... angry.

Jake watches her, torn between his instinct to protect her and his disbelief in what she senses. But there is something in her eyes, a vulnerability that makes him hesitate.

JAKE

Hey, you don't have to face this alone.

He places a hand on her shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze. She looks up at him, her eyes search his, and for a moment, the weight of the prison's dark history seems to fade.

EMILY

I appreciate that.

INT. STAIRCASE -NIGHT

As they descend a narrow staircase into the lower corridors, the temperature seems to drop even further, and a thick, metallic scent fills the air. Samantha wrinkles her nose.

SAMANTHA

Do you smell that? It's like...
blood.

JAKE

Old pipes.

INT. LOWER LEVEL-NIGHT

They reach the lower level. They round a corner, and Emily freezes, her eyes widen as she stares at a dark stain on the wall, smeared and jagged as though made by a desperate hand.

EMILY

(Whispering) That wasn't here
before.

Marcus raises his camera, capturing the dark, reddish-brown stain, its shape disturbingly human.

MARCUS

Are we sure this place isn't just
playing tricks on us?

Emily steps forward, her hand reaching out instinctively, stopping just short of the stain.

EMILY

"It's... it's recent.

Jake grabs her wrist, pulling her back gently but firmly.

JAKE

Don't touch it. We don't know what
we're dealing with here.

As they stand in the dim light, surrounded by the ghosts of Alcatraz's past, the sound of a whisper echoes down the hallway. Low, guttural, filled with something dark and primal. The voice seems to seep through the walls, slipping into their minds like a cold hand reaching for their souls.

Emily clutches Jake's arm, her face pale, her eyes wide with fear.

EMILY

It's here... watching us.

Jake tightens his grip on her, pulling her close as he scans the corridor, his pulse pounding in his ears. Samantha gets closer to Marcus who loves it, showing a broad smile on his face.

SAMANTHA

Don't get excited, buddy.

They stand together, their bodies close, united by a shared fear and the unspoken tension that hangs heavy in the air. And as the whispering fades, it is replaced by a thick, unnatural silence.

INT. PRISON MAIN HALL-NIGHT

After a brief and unsettling exploration of the prison's notorious areas, Jake and his team find themselves back in the main hall, standing together in a quiet moment of reflection. The silence feels heavy, broken only by the distant creaks and groans of the ancient building.

JAKE

Let's take a break.

(Pause)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Alright, Samantha, give us a history lesson of this place. We're deep enough in this place, might as well learn something about it while we're here.

Samantha blinks, a slight smile curling on her lips as she turns toward him. The others gathered around, their curiosity piqued.

SAMANTHA

Alcatraz, or 'The Rock,' as it's often called, has a long and tortured history. It's been a military fort, a notorious federal penitentiary, and now a symbol of mystery and hauntings. Its story began in 1850, when the U.S. Army established a fortification on the island. It was strategically located, sitting between San Francisco and the Pacific, guarding the bay from any potential invaders. But that's not what most people remember about Alcatraz now.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Over time, it became far more than just a military outpost.

She pauses to catch her breath before continuing.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

But even before it became infamous, the Miwok Indians have always considered Alcatraz, the barren sandstone rock in San Francisco Bay, inhabited by evil spirits. They must have been petrified with fear when the U.S. Army brought them to the rock in chains and shackles in 1859, the first year that Alcatraz was used as a prison.

She pauses, watching the group closely, noting their rapt attention, before continuing.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

In 1934, Alcatraz was officially converted into a federal penitentiary. The government needed a place to house the nation's most dangerous criminals. It was the ultimate maximum-security prison, designed to break even the most hardened men. It wasn't just about the bars and locks, though. It was the isolation. The prison was surrounded by the cold waters of the San Francisco Bay, making escape near impossible. The weather was treacherous, and the waters were filled with strong currents. If you made it out of the prison, you had no chance of surviving the swim.

Jake and Marcus exchange a glance. The magnitude of the island's isolation is starting to sink in. Samantha's words are resonating with them, building an eerie sense of understanding.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

But it wasn't just the criminals who made Alcatraz famous. Some of the most notorious figures in American criminal history passed through its gates, and it became a living museum of crime and punishment.

She glances at each member of the team, gauging their reactions before speaking again.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Take, for instance, the infamous Al Capone. A notorious gangster from Chicago, Capone was convicted of tax evasion in 1931 and sent to Alcatraz in 1934. He had been running wild in Chicago, a kingpin in the underworld, and his capture was a monumental moment in law enforcement history. But when he arrived here, it wasn't as easy as just throwing him in a cell. Capone was notorious for his ability to charm those around him, and his status made him a target. He spent his days in the prison's more luxurious cells, though his time at Alcatraz didn't go smoothly. Over time, the isolation and the harshness of life on the Rock began to take its toll on him. His mind, which had once been sharp and manipulative, started to crack. It was here, in the isolation of Alcatraz, that Capone's decline into a paranoid and ill man began.

Samantha's eyes grow darker as she speaks of Capone, clearly understanding the gravity of what has unfolded on these very grounds.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Then there was Robert Stroud, better known as 'The Birdman of Alcatraz.' Stroud was a murderer, sentenced to prison for the killing of a bartender, and eventually sent to Alcatraz after his violent behavior in other prisons. He is perhaps one of the most famous, but there's an irony to his story—he was never allowed to keep birds on the island.

MARCUS

Hey, I heard of him.

SAMANTHA

The 'Birdman' name came from the time he spent studying and breeding birds during his incarceration in Leavenworth. But when he came to Alcatraz, the authorities didn't permit him to keep any. Despite his violent tendencies, he became somewhat of a figurehead in prison lore—known for his writings and his ability to tame the birds he was so fond of, even if he never got the chance to do so at Alcatraz.

JAKE

A strange irony, huh? He was famous for something he never even did here.

SAMANTHA

Exactly. Alcatraz's history is full of contradictions. It was a place where the worst of the worst came to rot, but it was also a place where men tried to make a name for themselves, even if it meant being known for the strangest of things.

She pauses and moves closer, her voice drops to a conspiratorial tone.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

And it wasn't just the inmates who were notorious. The guards here had their own dark stories, too. Many of them came from outside, but life in the prison changed them. There are rumors of corrupt officers, even of guards who became involved in shady dealings with the criminals they were supposed to be keeping under control.

She pauses sensing the group is totally engaged.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

One of the most chilling stories comes from a guard who lost his mind after too many years on the Rock, claiming that he started hearing voices coming from the walls of the prison. He was eventually found dead under mysterious circumstances.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

It's one of those cases that was never fully explained. But if you ask any old-timer, they'll tell you—there was something off about the place.

The air in the cellblock seemed to grow heavier as she spoke of the prison's darker history, as if listening to Sam's story while the group exchanges uneasy glances.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

And of course, there's the matter of the hauntings. Alcatraz has become notorious not just for its history of crime and punishment but for the spirits that supposedly still linger here. It's said that the restless souls of the prisoners, and even the guards, never left.

Silence fills the room until she continues.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I've heard the rumors. Some say it's not just the spirits of the prisoners who haunt the place—it's the very essence of the island itself. Alcatraz has absorbed all the pain and suffering of its past, and that energy lingers in the air. It's said that some people who come here feel it, like a weight pressing down on them, making it hard to breathe, to think.

MARCUS

So, you think all those rumors are real? The hauntings, the curses?

Samantha meets his gaze.

SAMANTHA

I can't say for sure. But what I do know is that there's something different about this place. Alcatraz isn't just a prison; it's a symbol of isolation and suffering. It's soaked in blood, in pain, and in fear. And sometimes, I think those feelings—those memories—don't just disappear when the prison closes. They linger.

(Pause)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

But in our little group here, I think Emily is the one most qualified about it's haunting.

The groups turns to Emily who is still lost in thought.

EMILY

I've studied this place for years, but I still don't fully understand it. It's more than just ghosts. It's... something else. Something dark, and powerful. As far as how many people died while at Alcatraz. There were eight people murdered by inmates on Alcatraz. Five men committed suicide, and fifteen died from natural illnesses. The Island also boasted it's own morgue but no autopsies were performed there.

Marcus looks at both Emily and Samantha.

MARCUS

Did anyone every escape from this place?

Sam looks at Emily who nods that Sam should answer.

SAMANTHA

Alcatraz is surrounded by treacherous waters, outfitted at the time with the latest security technology, and strictly managed, and was reputed to be "escape-proof." A successful escape has never been confirmed. There were 14 separate escape attempts involving 36 inmates. Of course the most famous escape was depicted by Clint Eastwood in 1979, called Escape from Alcatraz. In that movie the viewer was left with the impression that the three inmates made it to freedom, but most doubt it.

MARCUS

What about sharks?

EMILY

Boy, you are really into this history stuff. I'm impressed.

Marcus blushes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Yes, the waters surrounding Alcatraz Island, located in San Francisco Bay, are known to have shark populations, but the term "shark-infested" can be a bit misleading. The most common sharks in the area are primarily smaller species, including Leopard Sharks. These are the most commonly seen sharks in the bay and are generally harmless to humans. They are known for their distinctive spots and are often found in shallow waters. Then there are Hammerhead Sharks who are not as common as leopard sharks, but they can occasionally be found in the bay. Great White Sharks are present in the coastal waters of California, and although they have been sighted in the bay, it is rare.

(Pause)

EMILY (CONT'D)

But, I need to add that the guards never downplayed the existence of sharks patrolling around the island.

JAKE

Any other famous escapes?

SAMANTHA

One of the worst incidents was an attempted escape in May 1946, that turned into a bloody standoff and left three men dead. C Block is where the inmates died and some National Park employees believe that because of that, it is haunted. They claim over the years of hearing clanging noises break out at night from the empty corridor, but then stops as soon as the watchman opens the door.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Cell blocks A and B also are said to have their shared weird incidents with employees having heard mysterious screams, running footsteps, chanting, and loud crashing sounds.

INT. EAST WING - NIGHT

When the history lesson ends, the team heads off to the East Wing where the strip cells were located.

JAKE

Let's head to the East Wing where the strip cells are located.

Emily walked along side Jake who notices a difference in her.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You sure you're okay?

Emily hesitates, then nods.

EMILY

I'm fine. It's just... this place. It's like it remembers. I can feel it.

She glances at him, her green eyes wide and haunted.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I know you don't believe in all this, but it's real. There's something here. Something... angry.

Jake reaches out, his hand resting on her shoulder.

JAKE

I don't have to believe in it to believe you.

She manages a small smile, grateful for his support, even if he doesn't understand. Their moment was interrupted by a sudden, sharp noise—a metal clang that echoes through the hallway, sending both of them whirling around.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

Emily's face had gone pale and she screams. Her eyes fix on a dark shape shifting at the end of the hall. She feels a chill crawl up her spine, and a whisper, low and guttural, seems to slip through the air, reaching her ears alone.

GHOST APPARITION (V.O.)

(Hissing) Get out...

EMILY

Did you hear that?

Jake shakes his head, his jaw set in determination.

JAKE

I didn't hear anything. But I saw that shadow... something's down there.

Emily took a shaky breath, clutching the flashlight tighter.

EMILY

I think... I think it knows we're here. It doesn't want us here.

Jake clenches his jaw, torn between his skepticism and the fear creeping up his spine.

JAKE

Look, if you want to go back-

EMILY

(Interrupting) No. I need to see this through. We're here for a reason.

He gives her an appraising look, respect flickers in his eyes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Then let's keep going.

They move forward, closer to the shadow at the end of the hall, their footsteps echoing in the silent prison.

INT. OTHER PART OF PRISON-NIGHT

On the opposite side of the prison, Marcus and Samantha are setting up their audio and video equipment near the solitary confinement cells. Marcus is hunched over his camera, checking the settings while Samantha scans the area, her gray eyes sharp and focused.

MARCUS

(Excited) This place is something else. Can you imagine what we could capture here? There's so much potential.

Samantha gives a slight nod, her gaze distant as she absorbs the weight of the space around them.

SAMANTHA

The stories alone are enough to haunt you. I read about inmates who were driven to madness in these cells. They were locked in the dark for days, left with nothing but their own screams.

As if on cue, the temperature in the hallway drops sharply. Samantha's breath mists in front of her, and she feels a chill spread through her body.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(Whispering) Marcus... do you feel that?

He looks up from his camera, frowning as he notices the sudden drop in temperature.

MARCUS

Yeah... that's not normal.

He grabs his audio recorder, turning it on to capture any potential sounds, his excitement mingles with a touch of fear.

A faint whisper drifts through the air, indistinct but filled with something cold and malicious. Samantha's eyes widen, her hand going to her throat as if she could feel the chill seeping into her lungs.

SAMANTHA

It's like... someone's breathing down my neck.

Before Marcus can respond, a sudden, violent slam echoes down the hallway. They both jump, turning to see one of the cell doors swing shut with a deafening clang, even though no one had touched it.

MARCUS

What the hell?

His hand shakes as he adjusts the camera to capture the movement. Samantha stares at the cell door, her face pale.

SAMANTHA

I think we're dealing with more than just echoes. This place is... alive.

INT. EAST WING-NIGHT

Jake and Emily continue down the corridor, the air growing colder with every step. They reach a small alcove, and Emily freezes, her eyes widen as she stares at a figure standing in the shadows. It is barely visible, a dark shape with indistinct features, but she can feel its presence, its anger radiating toward her. The figure moves slightly, as if reaching out, and she gasps, stumbling back.

Jake catches her, pulling her close as he scans the shadows.

JAKE
What did you see?

EMILY
There was... something there.

She clutches if arm.

EMILY (CONT'D)
It was watching me, reaching for me.

He holds her tightly, his skepticism faltering as he feels her tremble against him.

JAKE
Hey, it's okay. I've got you.

He brushes a strand of hair from her face, his gaze lingers on her, and for a moment, he feels a fierce protectiveness welling up inside him.

But before either of them can speak, a harsh, grating sound fills the air—a scream, raw and filled with agony, echoes through the corridors. It seems to come from everywhere and nowhere at once, surrounding them in a wave of chilling despair.

Emily buries her face against Jake's chest, her body shakes as the sound fades. Jake holds her as he glances around, unable to shake the feeling that something had just brushed past them, unseen but terrifyingly real.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(Urgently) We need to get out of here.

Emily nods, her face pale as she looks up at him.

EMILY
But... I don't think it's going to let us leave.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR-NIGHT

The group gets back together. Jake leads the way to the main corridor. His flashlight cuts a narrow beams of light through the thick shadows. Behind him, Emily and Marcus follow closely, their movements tense and deliberate. Samantha brings up the rear, her notebook clutched tightly in one hand, her flashlight in the other. Periodically, she makes a quick stop and check behind them.

EMILY

It's colder down here.

Her breath visible in the frigid air.

JAKE

That's just the damp.

His tone betrays his uncertainty. He glances at the map Samantha had found earlier, its edges frayed and yellowed. The layout doesn't match the corridors they were navigating now.

SAMANTHA

This section isn't marked.

Samantha murmurs, running her fingers over the brittle paper.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

It's like it doesn't exist.

MARCUS

Well, it exists.

He gestures to the dim corridor ahead.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Question is, why isn't it on any map?

The group pauses at the mouth of the hallway. The cells here are smaller, their walls stained with dark streaks that look like rust but carry the unsettling suggestion of something far more sinister. The bars are bent and jagged, as though some force has twisted them from the inside.

EMILY

This doesn't feel right.

She instinctively moves closer to Jake, her flashlight trembles in her hand.

Jake stops and turns to face the group, his expression serious.

JAKE

We stick together from here on out.
No splitting up. Everyone got it?

Marcus's usual smirk is absent as he nods.

MARCUS

Fine by me.

Emily and Samantha nod in agreement. They press on. Their footsteps muffled by the damp floor. The silence is almost deafening, broken only by the occasional creak or drip of water. As they pass one of the cells, Emily freezes, her light catching something etched into the wall.

EMILY

Wait.

She steps closer. The others stop and turn as she illuminates the crude carvings scratched into the stone.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Look at this.

SAMANTHA

Numbers.

She leans forward to look closer.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Dates, maybe? They don't make any sense.

MARCUS

Could be tally marks. You know, to keep track of days.

Emily shakes her head.

EMILY

They're too random. Look.

She points to a section where the numbers seem to spiral inward, forming a chaotic vortex. Jake frowns, running his fingers over the markings.

JAKE

Whatever it is, it's not just a prisoner counting days. This... this looks deliberate.

Before they can speculate further, a sudden, sharp sound echoes through the corridor.

It is a metallic clang, followed by a low, guttural moan that seems to emanate from the very walls. The group freeze, their eyes dart toward the source. Emily grabs onto Samantha.

MARCUS

(Shaking) What the hell was that?

JAKE

Stay close.

He motions for them to move. He leads them toward the sound, his flashlight beam darting nervously over the walls and floor. As they turn a corner, they find themselves facing a heavy steel door, its surface covered in rust and grime.

EMILY

(Hesitates) Do we really need to go in there?

JAKE

We came here for answers. If we turn back now, we might as well leave the island.

Reluctantly, Emily nods, and Jake pushes the door open. The hinges groan in protest as the door swings inward, revealing a small, windowless room. The air inside is even colder, carrying a faint, acrid smell that stings their noses.

In the center of the room stands an old chair bolted to the floor. Its leather straps hang loosely, frayed and brittle with age. Surrounding the chair are more carvings, etched deep into the stone floor and walls. They radiate outward in intricate patterns, converging beneath the chair like the center of a spider's web.

MARCUS

Is that an electric chair?

SAMANTHA

There were not executions here on Alcatraz. Executions were carried out in San Quentin Prison about a half hour from here once you took a boat back to San Francisco.

(Pause)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

This looks like it was used in some kind of ritual.

She kneels to examine the markings more closely.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I've seen symbols like this before.
They're not random. They're meant
to... contain something.

MARCUS

Contain what?

His voice is tight as he glances down Samantha's blouse
without her catching him.

SAMANTHA

I don't know. But whatever it was,
it wasn't good.

A sudden crash from behind them makes the group spin around,
their flashlights sweeping the hallway. The door they had
entered through is now shut, the sound of heavy footsteps
echoing from somewhere beyond it.

EMILY

Jake!

She grips his arm.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I feel the presence of something
out there.

JAKE

Stay calm.

He motions for the group to back away from the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We'll find another way out.

As they turn back toward the room, the carvings on the walls
and floor seem to shimmer, as though the stone itself were
alive. A low hum fills the air, growing louder with each
passing second.

MARCUS

What the hell is happening?

His voice is nearly drowned out by the sound.

Emily's flashlight flickers, then went out completely. The
others' lights follow suit, plunging the room into darkness.
Panic surges through the group as they huddle together, their
breathing rapid and shallow.

And then, the voice came. It is low and guttural, speaking in
a language none of them recognized.

The words seem to vibrate in their skulls, filling their minds with a nameless dread. Emily clutches Jake's arm, her nails digging into his skin.

EMILY

We need to get out of here.

Jake reaches for the radio, his fingers fumbling in the dark.

JAKE

Marcus, get the thermal camera. We need to see what we're dealing with.

Marcus doesn't respond. Jake turns toward him, his heart pounding as he reaches out, but his hand meet only empty air.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Marcus! (Voice rising)

The hum grows louder, almost deafening, and the voice begins to laugh—a deep, mocking sound that sent chills down their spines.

SAMANTHA

(Whispering) He's gone. Jake, he's gone.

Before Jake can respond, the hum stops abruptly, leaving the room in an eerie, suffocating silence. One by one, their flashlights flicker back on, their beams illuminating the empty room. The chair stands in the center, undisturbed, but Marcus is nowhere to be seen.

JAKE

We have to find him.

JAKE, EMILY, SAMANTHA

(In unison) Marcus! Marcus! Marcus!

He turns toward the door, now slightly ajar, and motions for the others to follow.

They step into the hallway, the oppressive darkness pressing in on all sides. Somewhere in the distance, a faint sound echoes—a voice, calling for help. It is Marcus. Without hesitation, Jake leads the way, his flashlight cutting through the shadows as they follow the voice deeper into the unknown.

Samantha pauses by an old guard station, her flashlight beam illuminating a tarnished brass plaque mounted on the wall. The engraved text is weathered but legible:

(POV) United States Penitentiary: Alcatraz Island.

SAMANTHA

This place wasn't built to rehabilitate. It was built to break people.

Emily steps closer to Samantha.

EMILY

You've studied this place for years, right? What do you think really happened here?

Samantha's gray eyes narrow as she turns toward the rows of empty cells.

SAMANTHA

There's what the records say, and then there's what the stories say. Alcatraz was a fortress of isolation, designed to crush even the most hardened criminals. But... there are accounts of things that don't make sense. Prisoners disappearing from locked cells, guards hearing voices when no one was around. Officially, it was all dismissed as hysteria, but...
(trailing off)

Jake leans against a nearby railing, his flashlight aimed downward as he considered her words.

JAKE

What about the inmates who didn't make it? Any stories about them?

JAKE, EMILY, SAMANTHA

(In unison) Marcus! Marcus! Marcus!

SAMANTHA

Plenty.

She pulls her notebook from his jacket. She flipped through the worn pages, stopping at a dog-eared section.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

There was Robert Stroud, the 'Birdman of Alcatraz.' He was infamous, but not for keeping birds here. That was at Leavenworth.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

On Alcatraz, he was isolated, locked away because he was too dangerous to be around other inmates. Some say he'd scream in the middle of the night, claiming he saw shadows crawling through the walls.

Emily shivers, hugging her arms to her chest.

EMILY

What about Capone?

Sam nods.

SAMANTHA

Al Capone's time here wasn't like the movies make it seem. He went from a confident kingpin to a broken man. Toward the end, he was paranoid, babbling about hearing banjo music in his cell. They say it drove him mad.

JAKE

Do you believe it?

SAMANTHA

Who knows. On November 16, 1939, Al Capone was released after having served seven years, six months and fifteen days, and having paid all fines and back taxes. He was suffering from paresis derived from syphilis, he had deteriorated greatly during his confinement.

Everyone takes turns calling out for Marcus. Their calls echo through the complex. They continue their search. Jake glances at Emily, his expression softens briefly before turning back to Samantha.

JAKE, EMILY, SAMANTHA

(In unison) Marcus! Marcus! Marcus!

(Pause)

JAKE

What's the worst story you've come across?

Samantha hesitates, her fingers brush the edge of the notebook.

SAMANTHA

There's a legend about an inmate known only as Inmate 47. He was thrown into solitary for weeks. The guards said he started speaking in tongues, scratching symbols into the walls of his cell. One morning, they found him... gone. The door was still locked, but he'd vanished. All that was left were the carvings and... She hesitated, her voice dropping. Blood.

The group falls silent, the gravity of Samantha's words settling over them. Jake's jaw tightens, and he pushes off the railing.

JAKE

Okay. Enough stories. We need to find Marcus.

GROUP IN UNISON

Marcus! Marcus! Marcus!

The group moves deeper into the prison, the air grows colder with each step. Emily's flashlight catches a plaque near the entrance to Cellblock D, the infamous solitary confinement wing. The words etched into the metal were simple but chilling:

(POV) Abandon All Hope, Ye Who Enter Here.

After reading, Jake chimes in.

JAKE

Nice touch. Bet that did wonders for morale.

Samantha chuckles softly, though the sound is devoid of humor.

SAMANTHA

It was never about morale. This was a place to erase hope, to make men believe there was no way out—not even in death.

Emily's gaze drifts to the cells beyond the plaque. The shadows seem thicker here, darker, as though the light can't penetrate fully.

EMILY

Do you think Marcus came this way?

Jake hesitates, then nods.

JAKE

(Shouting) Marcus! (Pause) If I know him, he'd go straight to the places with the worst reputation. Let's check it out.

(Pause)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Marcus! Marcus! Marcus! I swear to God. If that asshole is playing a game, I'll strangle him and leave him on this rock.

INT. CELLBLOCK D-NIGHT

The air in Cellblock D is oppressive, pressing against their lungs like a physical weight. The cells are narrow and claustrophobic, their walls covered in a mix of graffiti and claw marks. Emily shines her flashlight into one, her breath catching as the beam illuminates a small pile of old, rusted shackles in the corner.

EMILY

These cells are too small for a person to move. How did anyone survive this?

SAMANTHA

(Bluntly) They didn't. Not really. Men who came here either broke or... disappeared.

Jake moves to the end of the corridor, stops in front of a cell with its door ajar. The number 13 is scratched into the stone above it. He pushes the door open, revealing a dark interior. The air inside is colder than the rest of the wing, and a faint whisper seems to emanate from the walls.

JAKE

Hear that?

Emily and Samantha nods, stepping closer. The whisper grows louder, though the words are indistinct, like a chorus of voices speaking over each other. Jake reaches for his radio.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Marcus, if you're there, respond.

The radio crackles, a faint, distorted voice breaking through.

MARCUS (V.O.)
 (Faintly) Help... me...

Emily's eyes widen.

EMILY
 (Excited) That's him. He's alive.

JAKE
 Stay behind me. We don't know what
 we're walking into.

Jake grips the radio tightly. As they move toward the source of the voice, the carvings on the walls seem to shift, their glowing lines forming new patterns. The hum returns, louder than ever, and with it comes a deep, guttural growl that reverberated through the chamber.

EMILY
 It's watching us. I can feel it.

MARCUS (V.O.)
 Jake....help....

JAKE
 Where are you, Marcus? Give us
 something.

INT. SMALL ROOM NEAR D-BLOCK-NIGHT

They follow the sound into a smaller room, its walls devoid of carvings but stained with dark streaks that look unsettlingly fresh. In the center of the room lays Marcus, his body curled into a fetal position. His clothes were damp, and his face was pale, his eyes wide with terror.

JAKE
 (Excited) Marcus!

Jake rushes to his side, kneeling to check his pulse.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Hey, can you hear me?

Marcus blinks slowly, his lips move but no sound comes out. Jake leans closer, trying to make out the words.

MARCUS
 (Barely audible) It's... in... the
 walls. (Pause) It won't let us
 leave.

Emily crouches beside him, her hand on his shoulder.

EMILY

We're getting you out of here. Just hold on.

As Jake and Emily help Marcus to his feet, the room begins to vibrate violently. The dark stains on the walls seem to spread, oozing downward like thick oil. The guttural growl returns, louder and more menacing, filling the air with a palpable sense of malevolence.

JAKE

(Shouting) We have to go. Now!

Emily glances back at the chair, which now seems to pulse in time with the vibrations.

EMILY

It's coming from that thing. Whatever's happening, it's tied to the chair and it's markings.

Samantha nods, her voice barely audible over the noise.

SAMANTHA

If those symbols are containment... destroying the chair might stop it.

Jake hesitates, glancing at Marcus, who is barely conscious.

JAKE

We can't risk it. We need to get him out first.

EMILY

(Demanding) And then what? If we leave it, it might follow us!

Before Jake can respond, the growl intensifies, and the walls themselves seem to close in. The group bolts for the staircase, the roar chasing them like a living thing. As they climb, the vibrations grew weaker, the air less oppressive, but the sense of dread lingered.

INT. UPPER LEVEL OF CORRIDOR-NIGHT

When they finally emerge into the upper levels, they collapse against the cold, damp walls, their breaths come in ragged gasps. The hum is gone, replaced by an eerie silence that felt just as unsettling. Jake looks at the others, his expression grim.

JAKE

We're not done here. Whatever that thing is, we have to stop it.

Emily shakes her head, tears brimming in her eyes.

EMILY

Jake, it nearly killed us. We barely made it out, and look what it did to Marcus.

JAKE

Exactly. If we leave now, someone else will come here. Someone who doesn't know what they're dealing with. We have to end this.

The group falls silent, the weight of his words sink in. Marcus, his voice weak but steady, speaks up.

MARCUS

It's not just the chair. The whole place... it's alive. If we're going to stop it, we need to destroy more than that chair.

Jake nods, determination hardens his features.

JAKE

Then we go back. But we do it smart. We plan. And this time, we end it for good.

The team exchange uneasy glances, each of them know the risk but understanding the necessity.

INT. UPPER LEVEL GUARD STATION-NIGHT

The team gather in the upper-level guard station, their breaths still labored from the frantic escape. The room is cold and cramped, its windows streaked with grime that mutes the pale light of the moon. Jake paces back and forth, his jaw clenched as he weighs their next move.

Marcus sits slumped in a rusted metal chair, his face pale and glistening with sweat. Samantha wraps a blanket from their gear around his shoulders, her fingers brushing against his as she whispers words of reassurance.

Emily stand by the narrow window, staring out at the impenetrable darkness.

EMILY

It feels like the island's waiting for us. Like it knows we're not done.

Jake stops pacing and turns to face the group.

JAKE

We're not. Marcus was right. The chair— and the symbols around it—are just part of this. The whole place is tied to whatever's down there.

MARCUS

(Coughing) It's the walls. The carvings aren't just decorations. They're channels, like veins. They're feeding whatever that thing is.

Samantha kneels beside him, her notebook balanced on her knee as she scribbles notes.

SAMANTHA

That would explain why the symbols shift and glow. They're drawing power from somewhere... or something.

Jake crosses his arms, his brow furrow.

JAKE

Then we cut it off. Destroy the symbols, destroy the source.

Emily turns from the window, her eyes wide with disbelief.

EMILY

Jake. Like I said before. Look at Marcus. How do we even fight something like this?

JAKE

(Firmly) We've got to try. If we don't, someone else will come here, unprepared. We can't let that happen.

Samantha glances between them, her expression thoughtful.

SAMANTHA

If the carvings are channels, then destroying them should disrupt the flow of energy. But we need to be careful. If the energy is trapped... it could lash out before it's fully contained.

JAKE

Meaning what?

SAMANTHA

Meaning it could get worse before it gets better.

Jake nods slowly.

JAKE

Then we focus on the chamber. We hit it fast, destroy the chair and the symbols, and get out. No splitting up, no hesitations.

EMILY

What if it doesn't work? What if it's not enough?

Marcus coughs again, drawing their attention.

MARCUS

(Raspy) It's not just the chamber. Like I said, the energy... it's everywhere. It's in the cells, the corridors, even this room. Destroying the chamber might weaken it, but it won't stop it completely.

Jake's fists clench at his sides.

JAKE

So what are you saying? That we can't stop it?

Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS

I'm saying we'll need to do more. We'll have to sever its connection to the whole island. And that means hitting every place the symbols appear.

Emily sink into a chair, her face pale.

EMILY

That could take hours. Days, even.
How do we even know where they all
are?

Samantha's gaze drops to her notebook.

SAMANTHA

I might be able to map them. The
symbols follow patterns, like
circuits. If we can identify the
main pathways, we can target the
critical points.

Jake exhales slowly, his mind racing.

JAKE

Alright. Samantha, start mapping.
Marcus, rest up. Emily, you and I
will gear up and check our
supplies. If we're doing this, we
need to be ready for anything.

Montage:

The group moves with purpose, each member suppressing their
fear as they prepare for the next confrontation. Samantha
pores over her notes, her pen moving furiously as she cross-
references the carvings they'd seen. Marcus sits quietly, his
eyes closed, while Emily and Jake organize their equipment:
flashlights, ropes, tools, and the few makeshift weapons they
had.

Emily looks at Jake and whispers.

EMILY

This feels insane.

JAKE

It probably is. But we've come this
far. We finish what we started.

Samantha stands, holding up her notebook.

SAMANTHA

I've got it. There are five
critical points, all leading back
to the chamber. If we hit them in
sequence, it should sever the
connection.

MARCUS

(Weakly) And if it doesn't?

Sam shakes her head before responding.

SAMANTHA

Then we'll have to find another way.

JAKE

(Commanding) We stick to the plan. No matter what happens, we keep moving. We've got one shot at this.

The group exchanges tense nods, their resolve solidifying. Armed with Samantha's map and a newfound determination, they set off into the depths of Alcatraz once more, ready to face whatever horrors awaited them.

Samantha lags behind the group, her fascination with the prison's layered history drawing her toward the solitary cells. Her flashlight flickers as she shines it along the corroded bars. The narrow corridors are eerily quiet, save for the faint whispers that seem to follow her. She realizes she has separated herself from the group.

INT. SOLITARY CELLS-NIGHT

Her flashlight flickers as she shone it along the corroded bars. The narrow corridors were eerily quiet. Before she realized, she has separated from the group.

Something feels different here—heavier, darker. She shivers but doesn't call out to the others. She reasons she could catch up with the group before they even noticed her absence.

As she turns a corner, her eyes land on a rusted plaque beside a heavy iron door: Cell 14-D. This was one of the notorious punishment cells—the hole.

INT. SOLITARY CELL-NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Samantha enters one of the cells. Her flashlight reveals the graffiti etched into the walls—desperate carvings, tally marks, crude drawings, and scrawled words that spoke of despair and madness. Before she can take another step, the door slams shut behind her with a deafening clang. Samantha spins as she lunges for the door, but it wouldn't budge.

SAMANTHA

(Screaming) Jake! Emily! Marcus!

She pounds on the iron door with both of her fists. The temperature plummets further, and her breath mist in the frigid air.

The whispers she'd ignored before grow louder, sharper, surrounding her. She turns, her back pressed against the unyielding door, as shadows begin to move within the cell.

Figures emerge, translucent at first but growing more defined with every passing second. Inmates. Their faces are gaunt and twisted, their eyes hollow. Their uniforms are tattered, hanging from their skeletal frames. The stink of rot fills the air, and Samantha gags, pressing her sleeve to her nose.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(Screaming) Get away!

She swings her flashlight wildly. The beam passes through them, illuminating their decaying forms but doing nothing to stop their approach.

One spirit lunges, its bony hand grasping at her arm. Samantha shrieks as a searing cold shot through her, the touch like ice burning her flesh. She stumbles backward, her flashlight clattering to the ground, its beam casting frantic shadows along the walls.

Another inmate reaches for her, his hands tearing at her coat, pulling at her sleeves.

SPIRIT #1

We paid the price. Now you will,
too.

The others joined in, their ghostly hands clawing at her clothes, ripping at her blouse, exposing her black bra, tugging her hair, dragging her down to her knees. She fights back, screaming and thrashing, but her movements are sluggish. One of the ghosts climbs on top of her while the others hold her down ripping her bra exposing one of her breasts. The others began to hoot and holler.

From outside the cell, Jake's voice echoes faintly.

JAKE

(Calling out) Samantha! Where are
you?

SAMANTHA

(Shouting) Help me!

The spirits freeze for a moment, their heads snap toward the door as if they, too, had heard the voice. Their faces contort with rage, their forms flicker violently.

The heavy door creaks open, and Jake, Emily, and Marcus burst in, their flashlights sweep the cell.

The beams pass through the spectral figures, illuminating their rotting faces before they dissolve into the shadows with guttural howls.

Jake rushes to Samantha, who is trembling on the floor in shock. Her clothes disheveled and Jake pulls her bra over her exposed breast and then her jacket. Her face is streaked with tears. He kneels beside her, gripping her shoulders. She starts fighting him, still in shock.

JAKE

Samantha, are you okay?

SAMANTHA

(Barely a whisper) They were... they were everywhere. They were trying to take me. They were animals.

Emily crouches beside them, her green eyes wide with fear.

EMILY

They're gone now. You're safe.

Jake helps Samantha to her feet, his grip firm and protective.

JAKE

We need to get out of here. This place is more dangerous than we thought.

Marcus hovers near the doorway, his camera clutched in his shaking hands.

MARCUS

I think I got some of it.

He glances at the device.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

But I'm not sure I want to look.

As they exit the cell, the oppressive chill begins to fade, but the scars of the experience lingers. Samantha clings to Jake's arm, her legs trembling with every step. She doesn't look back at the cell, afraid of what she might see.

Jake leads them back toward the main corridor, his jaw clenched.

JAKE

As I said before. We stick together from now on. No one goes off on their own. Got it?

The group nods silently.

INT. STAIRCASE TO LAUNDRY ROOM-NIGHT

The team descends once more into the labyrinth of Alcatraz, their flashlights pierce the dense shadows. Samantha's map leads them toward the first critical point, a cluster of symbols they'd identified in the old laundry room. The air grew heavier with each step, the faint hum from before returning, louder and more resonant.

JAKE

Everyone stay sharp. We hit these points fast and keep moving.

Emily walks closely behind him, her fingers grip the strap of her gear bag. She is shaking with fear.

EMILY

(Voice trembling) Are we sure this will work?

Jake glances back at her.

JAKE

It's the best plan we've got. Trust Samantha. She hasn't steered us wrong yet.

Samantha, walking just behind Emily, adjusts her notebook.

SAMANTHA

The symbols in the laundry room should be a main junction. If we disrupt them, it should weaken the energy flow to the rest of the island.

MARCUS

(Trying to joke) "Should? That's comforting."

The group stops at the entrance to the laundry room. The double doors hang askew on rusted hinges, and the darkness beyond seems to pulse with a life of its own. Jake pushes the door open, the creak echoes unnaturally.

INT. LAUNDRY-ROOM -NIGHT

Rows of rusted washing machines line the walls, their surfaces streak with grime. The floor is littered with debris, and the faint glow of the carvings can be seen on the far wall, their sickly green light casts eerie shadows.

Samantha points to the symbols.

SAMANTHA

There. That's the junction.

Jake approaches cautiously, his flashlight sweeping the room.

JAKE

Alright, Marcus. What do we need to break this?

Marcus pulls a crowbar from his bag, his hands trembling slightly.

MARCUS

Disrupt the carvings. Smash them, scrape them off. Just make sure they can't complete the circuit.

Jake nods and takes the crowbar.

JAKE

Emily, cover me. Samantha, keep an eye on the map. Marcus, stay near the door and let us know if anything changes.

Emily drew her flashlight and stood close to Jake as he approached the glowing symbols. The hum grew louder, vibrating through the floor as he raised the crowbar.

The first strike shatters the stone, sending a ripple through the room. The hum falters, then grows louder, angrier. Jake swings again, the sound of metal against stone ringing out sharply.

SAMANTHA

It's working.

Samantha's her eyes fixed on the map.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

The energy flow is weakening.

But as Jake delivers a third blow, the room seems to react. The air grows colder, and a low growl resonates from the walls. Emily's flashlight flickers, and she tightens her grip on it.

EMILY
(Scared) Jake, hurry.

A sudden crash echoes from the far side of the room. Marcus turns his flashlight towards the noise, revealing a dark, shifting figure emerging from the shadows. It moves unnaturally, its form flickers like a distorted projection.

MARCUS
(Shouting) We've got company!

Jake swings the crowbar with renewed urgency, smashing the remaining symbols. The glow dims, and the hum falters again, but the figure continues to advance.

Emily steps forward, her flashlight trained on the entity.

EMILY
(Shouting) Stay back!

The figure pauses, as if considering her command, before letting out a guttural roar that shakes the room.

SAMANTHA
(Urgently) We need to move.

She grabs Marcus by the arm.

MARCUS
Jake, is it done?

Jake delivers one final strike, shattering the last carving. The glow vanishes, and the hum ceases abruptly. He turns to the group, his face set with determination.

JAKE
It's done. Let's go.

The entity lets out another roar, its form growing larger and more defined as the team scrambles for the door. Emily glances back, her stomach churning as she catches a glimpse of its eyes—burning with an unnatural light, filled with malice.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR-NIGHT

The team bursts into the main corridor hallway, slamming the door behind them.

The growling persists for a moment before fading into silence. They don't stop moving until they reach a junction farther down the corridor.

JAKE

(Breathing heavily) One down, four to go.

Marcus leans against the wall, his face pale.

MARCUS

If they all react like that, we're in trouble.

SAMANTHA

(Unease in voice) We expected resistance. But the disruption worked. We have to keep going.

Emily nods, though her hands still tremble.

EMILY

Let's just hope we're not waking something up by doing this.

Jake adjusts his grip on the crowbar, his jaw tightens.

JAKE

We stick to the plan. Move fast, hit hard, and don't stop. Whatever this thing is, we're not giving it the chance to win.

INT. CAFETERIA-NIGHT

The group finds themselves in the cafeteria, the cold, empty expanse lit only by their flashlights. Long metal tables stretched across the room, their surfaces scarred by years of use and neglect. Along one wall hangs the final menu for the inmates on March 21, 1963.

EMILY

It's like they just... left.

Her flashlight catches a row of dented tin trays stacked precariously on a counter. The air feels denser here, heavier, as though the room remembers every meal, every whispered argument, every act of violence.

Marcus raises his camera, the red recording light blinks in the dimness.

MARCUS

This place could tell a thousand stories.

He moves toward the serving line, scanning the trays and utensils as if expecting something—or someone—to appear.

Samantha lingers near the center of the room, her gaze fixed on the menu board. Her fingers trail over the edge of a table, the cold metal sending a shiver up her spine.

SAMANTHA

I've read about this place. The cafeteria was one of the most dangerous areas in the prison. It's where tempers flared, fights broke out, and lives were lost. They had guards stationed here at all times, shotguns ready.

Jake frowns, his flashlight sweeping across the room.

JAKE

Well, it's quiet now. Let's keep moving—

Their lights flicker. Everyone freezes. Jake's flashlight beam wavers as the room is briefly bathed in a faint, ghostly glow. The menu board shimmers, the date shifting, transforming into something unreadable—a series of jagged scratches that seem to claw at the surface. The air grows colder, and the distant hum of voices begins to fill the room.

EMILY

Do you hear that?

She clutches Jake's arm. Her wide eyes scan the darkness, her breath visible in the icy air. The hum grows louder, morphing into the indistinct chatter of a crowded room. One by one, ghostly figures begin to materialize, seated at the tables. Prisoners in tattered uniforms hunched over their meals, their heads bowed. Guards stand at the perimeter, rifles in hand, their eyes scanning the crowd.

At first, the figures appear almost solid, as if the cafeteria has been transported back in time. But as the group watches, the scene shifts. The prisoners' skin begin to pale, their flesh rotting away to reveal sinew and bone. The guards' faces contort, their features hollowing out until only empty sockets remained where eyes had been.

Marcus stumbles back, his camera trembling in his hands.

MARCUS

What the hell is this?

Samantha's voice is barely audible, her hand covering her mouth.

SAMANTHA

It's... them. The prisoners. The guards. They're all here.

One of the prisoners lifts his head, his hollow eyes lock onto Emily. His lips pull back in a grotesque grin, revealing decayed teeth.

DECAYING INMATE

(Raspy) Fresh blood!

The room erupts into chaos. The ghostly prisoners begin to rise from their seats, their movements jerky and unnatural. The guards raise their weapons, aiming at nothing, their skeletal fingers twitch on the triggers. Plates shatter on the ground, the sound echoes like gunfire. The walls seem to pulse, the temperature plummets further as the spectral figures advance.

JAKE

(Shouting) Run!

Jake grabs Emily's hand and pulls her toward the door. Samantha and Marcus follow, their footsteps pounding against the tiled floor.

As they reach the exit, the ghostly prisoners lung forward, their skeletal hands clawing at the air. One grabs Marcus's sleeve, its icy grip burning through the fabric. He lets out a strangled cry, yanking himself free as Jake kicks the door open.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CAFETERIA-NIGHT

The group stumbles into the hallway, slamming the heavy metal door shut behind them. The muffled sound of screams and clattering trays fade, leaving only their ragged breaths and the oppressive silence of the prison.

Emily leans against the wall, her chest heaving.

EMILY

What the hell was that?

Jake glances at the door, his hand still on the handle.

JAKE

I don't know. But we need to keep moving. This place... it's trying to kill us.

The dim corridors stretch endlessly as the team presses on, the tension between them palpable. The faint hum had returned, now more insidious, worming its way into their ears and rattling their nerves. Samantha's map guides them towards the second critical point, deep in the bowels of the prison—the old infirmary.

INT. INFIRMARY-NIGHT

SAMANTHA

This is where they treated prisoners who went mad. Or at least, that's what they claimed. A lot of men died here.

Emily pulls her jacket tighter.

EMILY

Feels like their pain's still here.

JAKE

(Forceful) Focus.

He grips his crowbar tighter.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We've got to stay sharp.

Rows of rusted beds line the walls, their frames twisted and broken. Medical equipment, long abandoned, is scattered across the floor. The symbols they are looking for glow faintly on the far wall, their sickly green light reflecting off the shards of broken glass.

SAMANTHA

There.

Samantha points to the carvings.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Same pattern as before. This must be another junction.

Jake nods and hands her the map.

JAKE

Keep an eye on the layout. Let us know if anything changes.

He motions for Emily to stay close and approaches the wall.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Marcus, you good to cover us?

Marcus, who is leaning heavily against the doorframe, gives a weak thumbs-up.

MARCUS

Just don't take too long. This place gives me the creeps.

Jake raises the crowbar and swings it into the first symbol. The stone shatters, sending cracks rippling outward. The hum grows louder, vibrating through the floor.

SAMANTHA

(Excited) Keep going. It's working.

Jake swings again, smashing another symbol. The glow dims slightly, but the air around them seems to ripple, like heat rising off asphalt. Emily flinches as the room grows colder still, her breath forming visible puffs in the dim light.

EMILY

Something's happening.

The growl begins low and deep, reverberating through the infirmary. Emily's flashlight flickers, the beam waveres as if fighting against an unseen force.

MARCUS

(Panicked) Jake, hurry!

Marcus aims his flashlight toward the far end of the room, where the shadows seem to coalesce into a dark, writhing form.

Jake smashed another carving, but the dark figure began to move, its shape flickering like a broken projection.

JAKE

(Shouting) We got company!

Emily steps forward, her flashlight trained on the figure.

EMILY

(Commanding) Stay back!

The figure hesitates, its form wavering as if uncertain.

SAMANTHA

(Realization) It's reacting to the light. Keep it on it!

Emily nods, her beam steady as she advances another step. The figure snarls, a guttural sound that sent chills down her spine, but it doesn't move closer.

EMILY
(Shouting) Jake, finish it!

She does not take her eyes off the entity. Jake swings the crowbar one final time, shattering the last carving. The glow disappears, and the hum ceases abruptly. The figure lets out a deafening roar, its form collapsing into a swirl of black smoke that dissipates into the air.

The infirmary falls silent, the oppressive weight lifting slightly. Jake lowers the crowbar, his breathing heavy.

JAKE
Two down.

He turns to the others.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Everyone okay?

Marcus slumps against the wall, his face pale but determined.

MARCUS
Define 'okay.

Emily lets out a shaky breath, lowering her flashlight.

EMILY
That thing... it felt like it was
inside my head.

Samantha approaches the wall, examining the shattered carvings.

SAMANTHA
The energy's disrupted, but it's
not gone. We're weakening it, but
we're not done yet.

Jake nods.

JAKE
We stick to the plan. Where's the
next point?

Samantha consults the map, her finger tracing the lines.

SAMANTHA
Oh my God!

JAKE

What is it?

SAMANTHA

We have to return to the cafeteria.
It's on the other side of the main
block. We'll have to move fast.

EMILY

We barely got out alive last time.

MARCUS

I'm not sure if I'm ready to go
back there with all those inmates.

JAKE

We have to. Let's not waste time.
We know what we are looking for and
smashing the symbol should weaken
them. Everyone stay close. We've
got three more to go.

INT. OUTSIDE OF CAFETERIA-NIGHT

The group gathers waiting for instructions from Jake. They
were silent for a moment until broken by Samantha.

SAMANTHA

For what it's worth, the cafeteria
is one of the oldest parts of the
prison. They tried to modernize it
over the years, but the original
structure still exists beneath the
surface.

MARCUS

Great. More layers of creepy. Just
what we need.

Jake glances over his shoulder at the group with his hands on
the door to the cafeteria.

JAKE

Stay focused. We're halfway there.

SAMANTHA

(Excited) Look!

She points under the door leading to the cafeteria. A faint,
greenish glow seeps from the cracks, casting eerie patterns
on the floor.

EMILY

Jake. Please, don't go in there.

JAKE

We have to.

Jake pushes the door open, the hinges groan again in protest. Inside, long tables still stretch out in neat rows, their surfaces coated in a thick layer of dust. The carvings glow faintly along the walls, their intricate patterns shifting as if alive.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We need to move fast before they materialize again.

Samantha points to a section on the wall.

SAMANTHA

There. That's the next junction.

Jake nods and tightens his grip on the crowbar.

JAKE

Marcus, stay by the door. Samantha, guide us if anything changes. Emily, you're with me.

Emily steps forward, her flashlight trained on the glowing symbols.

EMILY

Let's get this over with.

As they approach the wall, the hum returns, louder and more invasive than before. Jake swings the crowbar into the first carving, shattering the stone with a sharp crack. The air around them seems to ripple, and the hum shifts to a low, resonant growl.

SAMANTHA

Keep going. The energy's destabilizing.

Jake swings again, smashing another carving. Emily flinches as the air grew colder, her breath visible in the dim light. A sudden crash echoes from the far end of the room, and she spins around, her flashlight catching movement in the shadows.

EMILY

(Trembling) Something's here.

MARCUS

Uh, guys? We've got a problem.

Jake pauses, his grip tightens on the crowbar.

JAKE

What is it?

MARCUS

(Panic) The doors on the other side of the cafeteria...they're... they're closing on their own. And I... I can't stop them!

JAKE

That's okay. We can leave by the door we entered.

Jake turns to Emily.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Stay on the carvings. I'll deal with the door so we can get out. Just keep chipping away.

Emily hesitates but nods, raising the crowbar striking the remaining symbols. As Jake runs toward the entrance, the growl deepens, and the shadows along the walls begin to shift and coalesce. At the door, Marcus struggles against the heavy metal frame, his face pale with effort. He looks at the approaching Jake.

MARCUS

It's like something's pushing back.

Jake braces himself against the door, adding his strength to Marcus's. The metal groans but refuses to budge. Behind them, Samantha's voice rises in alarm.

SAMANTHA

(Shouting) Jake, look out!

He turns just in time to see a dark, amorphous shape surging toward him. It slams into him with the force of a freight train, sending him sprawling across the floor. Marcus shouts, his flashlight flickering wildly as the entity swirls around them.

Emily's voice cuts through the chaos.

EMILY

I'm almost done! Hold on!

Jake scrambles to his feet, the crowbar clutched tightly in his hand. He swings it at the entity, the metal passing through it as though it was smoke. The entity recoils slightly, its form flickering, but it didn't dissipate.

SAMANTHA

It's reacting to the carvings.
Emily, hurry!

Out of the corner of his eye, Jake sees several inmates from earlier trying to appear at various tables. It appears that they cannot fully appear because of the action of Emily.

JAKE

Keep going Emily. The inmates from earlier are trying to reappear but your smashing of the symbols is preventing them.

With a final swing, Emily shatters the last carving. The glow vanishes, and the growl turns into an earsplitting shriek. The entity convulses, its shape twists and collapses in on itself before disappearing entirely.

The doors creak open, and the oppressive weight in the room lifts. Jake leans against the wall, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(Strained) That's three. How many more?

SAMANTHA

Two.

Samantha glances at her map.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

The workshop and the isolation block.

Marcus slumps against the doorframe, his face pale but resolute.

MARCUS

Great. Let's get it over with.

Emily helps Jake to his feet, her hands trembling.

EMILY

That thing... it was stronger this time. It's like the more we weaken it, the harder it fights back.

Jake nods, his jaw set.

JAKE

Then we don't give it the chance to
recover. Let's move.

The group file out of the cafeteria, their resolve unshaken despite the mounting danger.

INT. CELL BLOCK D ISOLATION WARD-NIGHT

The group advances to Cell Block D. As the team steps into the dim corridor, the temperature drops sharply, and a biting chill settles over them.

MARCUS

Where are we now? I'm so turned
around.

Samantha's flashlight beam sweeps over the rusted cell doors, the peeling paint revealing the harsh iron underneath. Her voice trembles as she answers.

SAMANTHA

Cell Block D. Solitary confinement
or Isolation Ward. They called it
both. This is where they sent the
ones who disobeyed... or broke
down.

Emily walks ahead, her flashlight catching a faded sign reading D-HOLE.

EMILY

Why does it feel so much worse
here?

Samantha hesitates, glancing at her notebook.

SAMANTHA

Because this is where they kept the
worst of the worst. Not just the
most violent criminals, but the
ones they wanted to forget. The
ones they... broke.

Jake leads them further into the block, the echo of their footsteps swallowed by the dead silence. The team comes to a stop in front of a particular cell, its number etched crudely above the iron door: 14-D.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(Whispering) This is it. The most notorious cell in Alcatraz.

Marcus aims his camera at the cell door, the red recording light blinks like an ominous warning.

MARCUS

What makes this one so special?

SAMANTHA

(Gravely) Perpetual isolation. They called it 'The Hole.' Inmates were left here for days, sometimes weeks, in total darkness. No light. No sound. Just... themselves.

EMILY

(Barely audible) And something else. It doesn't feel empty.

Jake steps closer to the cell, peering into its dark interior. His flashlight reveals a cramped space, barely large enough for a grown man to stand. The walls are scarred with deep gouges, scratches that spoke of desperate, maddening attempts to escape. The chill in the air grows more pronounced the longer they stand there.

SAMANTHA

They say Rufe McCain spent three years in this cell.

Samantha scans the room.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

He tried to escape, and as punishment, they threw him in here. By the time he got out, he was... changed. A few weeks later, he stabbed another inmate to death and claimed this cell had driven him insane.

Jake's brow furrows.

JAKE

What happened to him after that?

Samantha hesitates, her fingers brushing the notebook in her hands.

SAMANTHA

He was acquitted. The court believed the isolation had destroyed his mind. But some say it wasn't just the cell—it was something in the cell.

Emily steps closer to the door, her green eyes wide as she stares into the darkness.

EMILY

It's still here. Whatever it was that drove him mad... it hasn't left.

As if on cue, the door to 14-D creaks open, the sound grating and unnatural. The team freeze, their breath visible in the freezing air. Emily clutches Jake's arm, her fingers digging into his jacket.

MARCUS

Did you see that?

Marcus whispers his camera fixed on the cell.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It just opened by itself.

Samantha steps forward cautiously, her flashlight trembling in her hand. She peers into the cell, her voice low.

SAMANTHA

It's colder in there. I can feel it from here.

Jake steps in front of her, his protective instincts kicking in.

JAKE

Stay back. I'll check it out.

EMILY

No, Jake. Don't go in there.

Her grip on his arm tightens. But Jake ignores her warning. He steps inside, the beam of his flashlight cutting through the darkness. The air inside the cell is icy, and his breath fogs in front of him. A low hum fills his ears, like a distant whisper just beyond comprehension.

Then he sees them—shadows moving along the walls, dark and writhing like smoke. They twist and stretch, forming shapes that resemble human figures.

A guttural growl rumbles from somewhere deep within the cell, reverberating through Jake's chest.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Jake!

Emily's voice cuts through the growing tension.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Get out of there!

INT. 14-D CELL-NIGHT

Before he could react, the door slams shut with a deafening clang, plunging him into darkness. Jake's heart pounds as he bangs on the door, his voice echoing in the confined space.

JAKE

(Shouting) Open it! Now!

Outside the cell, the team scrambles to force the door open. Emily is frantically pulling at the handle, her fingers numb from the cold. Samantha is reciting a prayer under her breath, her face pale. Marcus aims his camera at the cell, the lens capturing the distorted shadows flickering on the walls.

EMILY

(Shouting) Jake! Jake!

Inside, Jake feels the temperature drop even further, his breath freezing in the air. The whispers grow louder, incomprehensible but filled with malice. He turns, his flashlight reveals a figure in the corner of the cell—a man hunched over, his face obscured by the shadows.

JAKE

(Demanding) Who's there?

The figure doesn't move at first, but then it slowly lifts its head, revealing hollow eyes and a twisted grin.

D-14 GHOST

You shouldn't have come. You bring
free blood to the Rock.

Jake stumbles back, his flashlight flickering. The shadows in the cell coalesced around the figure, wrapping it in a suffocating darkness. The growling intensifies, and the cell feels like it is alive, pulsing with an ancient, malevolent energy.

Suddenly, the door flies open, and Jake stumbles out, gasping for air. Emily grabs him, pulling him away from the cell as Samantha and Marcus slam the door shut.

MARCUS

What the hell was that?

Jake looks back at the cell, his face pale.

JAKE

It's not just ghosts. There's something else here. Something worse.

The team stand in stunned silence, the air around them still heavy with the lingering presence of whatever was in 14-D. They know they had disturbed something they couldn't understand, something that had been waiting for decades in the darkness.

As they turned to leave, the whispers returned, louder this time, following them down the corridor.

GHOSTLY VOICE (V.O.)

You won't leave... not alive.

INT.WORKSHOP-NIGHT

The workshop looms ahead, its heavy double doors warped from years of neglect. The faint hum that has followed them throughout the prison seems to grow stronger as they approach, vibrating in their ears like a wasp's nest ready to erupt.

Samantha's finger trace the map.

SAMANTHA

This is it. The fourth junction. If we disrupt this one, the energy flow to the last point should weaken significantly.

Jake adjusts his grip on the crowbar, his knuckles white.

JAKE

Let's move quickly. The longer we stay here, the more dangerous it gets and the more time whatever this thing has to regain its power.

Emily pushes the door open, the hinges shriek in protest. The room inside is cavernous, lined with rusted machinery and decayed workbenches.

Tools hang haphazardly on the walls, their edges dulled by time. The carvings glow faintly on the far wall, their sickly green light casting eerie shadows that seemed to shift on their own.

Samantha points to the symbols.

SAMANTHA

There. That's the junction.

Jake nods and turns to Marcus.

JAKE

You stay by the door. If something happens, call out immediately.

Marcus give a weak nod, his face pale but resolute.

MARCUS

Got it.

The rest of the team moves cautiously toward the glowing wall, their footsteps echo in the vast space. Emily shines her flashlight over the carvings, her stomach churns as the symbols seem to writhe under the beam.

EMILY

They're... alive.

SAMANTHA

It's the energy. These carvings are channels. Disrupt them, and the flow stops.

Jake raises the crowbar and swings it into the first carving. The stone shatters, sending a shockwave through the room. The hum intensifies, resonating through their bones. He swings again, his movements deliberate and forceful.

Emily flinches as a low growl echoes through the workshop, growing louder with each strike. The air grows colder, and the shadows on the walls begin to shift, coalescing into a dark, undulating mass.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(Warning) Jake. We've got company again.

Jake doesn't look back, focusing on the carvings.

JAKE

Keep them off me. I'll finish this.

Emily steps forward, her flashlight trained on the mass. The light causes the entity to recoil slightly, its form flickers like a poorly tuned signal.

EMILY

It doesn't like the light.
Samantha, help me hold it back.

Samantha nods and raises her flashlight, the two beams piercing the darkness. The entity lets out a guttural snarl, its shape writhing as it retreats to the far corner of the room. But it doesn't disappear. Instead, it begins to multiply, smaller shapes splitting off and skittering along the walls.

SAMANTHA

(Shouting) It's dividing! We can't
keep them all back!

Jake shatters another carving, his breath coming in ragged gasps. The glow dims slightly, but the mass of shadows surges forward, as if enraged by his actions. Marcus's voice echoes from the door.

MARCUS

(Panicking) We've got movement out
here! Something's trying to get in!

JAKE

(Shouting) Hold the door! We're
almost done!

Emily turns her flashlight to one of the smaller entities, her hands trembling as it hisses and recoils.

EMILY

(Crying) Hurry, Jake!

With a final swing, Jake shatters the last carving. The glow vanishes, and the hum ceases abruptly. The entities let out an earsplitting shriek, their forms collapsing into black smoke that dissipates into the air. The tension in the workshop remained.

Jake leans against the wall, his chest heaving.

JAKE

That's four. One more to go.

Samantha lowers her flashlight, her hands shaking.

SAMANTHA

The last one is in the isolation block. It's the last junction. The core.

Marcus stumbles into the room, his face pale.

MARCUS

Something... something was out there. I held the door, but...

He trails off, his eyes wide with fear.

Emily placed a hand on his shoulder, her voice soft but firm.

EMILY

It's gone now. You did good, Marcus.

Jake straightens up, his grip tightens on the crowbar.

JAKE

We've come this far. Let's finish it.

The path to the isolation block feels different from the rest of Alcatraz. The air is colder, the shadows denser, and even the sound of their footsteps seem swallowed by the oppressive silence. Samantha's map trembles in her hands as she tries to steady her breathing.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Final stretch.

He leads the group with the crowbar slung over his shoulder, his flashlight beam pierces the murk.

JAKE (CONT'D)

No mistakes. We go in, hit the carvings, and get out.

SAMANTHA

The isolation block was built to break people. No light, no sound. Just cold and darkness. It's where they sent men to disappear.

Emily shudders, gripping her flashlight tighter.

EMILY

Sounds like the perfect place for whatever this thing is to hide.

INT. ISOLATION BLOCK-NIGHT

The group reaches the entrance to the block, a heavy steel door that hangs slightly ajar. Jake pushes it open with a loud groan, revealing a narrow corridor lined with small, rusted doors. The walls are coated in a slick, dark residue that reflected their flashlight beams in strange patterns.

MARCUS

This place is worse than the others. Feels... wrong.

Samantha glances at her map.

SAMANTHA

It's because we're close to the core. The energy's strongest here. The final junction is at the far end.

Jake motions for the group to move forward.

JAKE

Stay close. Eyes on each other at all times.

As they venture deeper, the hum grows louder, vibrating through the floor and into their bodies. The walls seem to pulse with the same rhythm, as if alive. Emily stops suddenly, her flashlight catching something on the floor ahead.

EMILY

It's blood.

A dark trail leads down the corridor, vanishing into the shadows. Samantha crouches to examine it.

SAMANTHA

It's not fresh, but it's recent enough to be worrying.

JAKE

Let's keep moving.

The group follows the trail to a larger cell at the end of the corridor. Inside, the carvings glow brighter than they had anywhere else, their patterns more intricate and chaotic. The hum is deafening now, filling their heads with a relentless, pulsating rhythm.

SAMANTHA

(Barely audible) This is it. The core junction.

Jake steps inside, his flashlight sweeps the room. The carvings cover every surface—walls, ceiling, even the floor. The glow pulses in time with the hum, casting eerie shadows that seem to move independently of the light.

EMILY

(Depressed) How do we break all of this? There's too much.

Samantha points to a large, circular carving on the floor.

SAMANTHA

We focus on the central patterns. That's the primary channel. Disrupt it, and the rest should collapse.

Jake raises the crowbar, his expression grim.

JAKE

Then let's get to it.

He swings the crowbar into the center of the circle, the metal striking stone with a deafening crack. The glow dims slightly, and the hum falters, but the walls tremble violently in response. The carvings on the walls seem to writhe, their patterns shift as if in agony.

SAMANTHA

(Shouting) Hurry! It's reacting!

Jake strikes again, shattering another section of the circle. The air grows colder, and a guttural roar echoes through the block, shaking the walls. Emily and Marcus train their flashlights on the entrance as shadows begin to coalesce, forming into a massive, writhing figure.

EMILY

It's here!

her hands tremble as she tries to steady the beam.

Jake swings the crowbar again, the floor cracking beneath the force of his blows. The figure lunges toward the group, its form flickers like a dying flame. Emily and Marcus hold their ground, their flashlights burning into the entity, forcing it to recoil.

MARCUS

It's not enough! It's still coming!

Samantha grabs a heavy wrench from her bag and run to Jake's side.

JAKE

We need to finish it now!

Together, they strike the center of the circle, their blows synchronized. The carvings shatter, and the glow fades to nothing. The hum stops abruptly, replaced by a deafening silence.

The entity lets out a final, ear-splitting shriek as it collapses in on itself, dissolving into black smoke that dissipates into the air. The room falls still, the oppressive weight lifting.

Jake drops the crowbar, his chest heaving.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Is it over?

Samantha examines the broken carvings, her hands shaking.

SAMANTHA

The energy's gone. We... we did it.

Marcus slumps against the wall, his flashlight slips from his hand.

MARCUS

Thank God.

Emily sits down heavily, her flashlight still clutched in her hands.

EMILY

(Trembling) "Let's get out of here.
I never want to see this place
again."

Jake nods, his expression weary but resolute.

JAKE

We're done here. Let's go home.

The group files out of the isolation block, their steps unsteady but filled with relief. The battle for Alcatraz is over, but the scars it left behind would stay with them forever. The walk back to the surface is silent, save for the faint creak of their footsteps and the occasional drip of water echoing through the hallways. Emily clutches her flashlight, the beam steady but dim as the batteries neared their end.

Emily's voice breaks the silence.

EMILY

It's so quiet now. Too quiet.

JAKE

It's over.

His tone carries more exhaustion than certainty.. He leads the way, his crowbar dragging lightly against the floor.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Whatever was here, we destroyed it.

Samantha walks a few steps behind him, her notebook presses tightly against her chest.

SAMANTHA

Destroyed it, or sent it somewhere else? Places like this... they don't just let go of their history.

Marcus, leans heavily on Emily for support, shakes his head.

MARCUS

I don't care where it went, as long as it's not here anymore.

INT. CENTRAL GUARD STATION-NIGHT

The team regroup in the dimly lit remnants of what was once Alcatraz's central guard station. The air is thick with tension, every shadow seemingly alive with malice. They are all exhausted. A loud sounds comes for below them.

SAMANTHA

It's still here. We're running out of time.

Samantha clutches an aged journal she had discovered earlier. The pages are crumbling, but the desperate scrawls of its long-dead author were unmistakable.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Guys. I have some bad news. This journal I found earlier says that if the final seal is broken, the guardian of Alcatraz will be fully unleashed. This entire island... maybe even beyond.

EMILY

(Screaming) What? Shattering all those symbols was for nothing? In fact, we made it worse.

SAMANTHA

(Crying) I'm so sorry. I should have looked at this journal earlier but after we destroyed the last symbol it seemed it was over.

JAKE

It's not your fault Samantha. We have to stop it. We can't let it get out. We just have to finish the job.

(Pause)

JAKE (CONT'D)

We head down. Together. No splitting up this time. Got it?

The descent into the lower levels of Alcatraz is like stepping into another world. The air grows colder, heavier, as if the island itself is trying to crush them. The stairwell's walls are slick with moisture, and the smell of decay is overwhelming. The flickering beams of their flashlights did little to dispel the oppressive darkness.

They reach the bottom, their footsteps echo in the cavernous space. The lower levels weren't on any of the official maps, a fact that had unsettled Jake since the beginning of their investigation. The ground beneath their feet is uneven, a mixture of stone and ancient wood, and the walls seem to pulse faintly with an otherworldly light.

SAMANTHA

This wasn't just a prison.

She continues to flip through the journal.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

It was a place of... worship. Sacrifice.

MARCUS

Worship of what?

Samantha's hands shake as she turns the journal toward them. The sketches on the page are crude but unmistakable: twisted, inhuman forms surrounded by symbols that seem to shift and writhe on the paper.

SAMANTHA

Something ancient. Something that shouldn't exist.

Jake steps forward, his flashlight illuminates a massive iron door at the far end of the chamber. The door is covered in intricate carvings, the symbols etched deep into the metal. It radiates a faint heat, despite the chill of the room.

EMILY

(Trembling) That's it. That's where it's being kept.

JAKE

How do you know?

Emily's gaze is distant, her hands clutching her arms as if to keep herself from falling apart.

EMILY

I can feel it. It's calling to me.

MARCUS

(Voice rising) Calling? That doesn't sound good.

SAMANTHA

It's not.

She steps closer to the door. She traces her fingers over the carvings, her face pale.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

These symbols... they're holding it back. But barely.

She turns to Jake, her gray eyes fierce.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

We'll need to strengthen them. Reinforce the seal.

Jake's lips press into a thin line.

JAKE

How?

Samantha hesitates, then holds up the journal.

SAMANTHA

There's a ritual. It's risky... but it's our only shot.

Before Jake can respond, a deep, guttural growl reverberates through the chamber. The ground trembles beneath their feet, and the iron door shudders as if something massive is slamming against it from the other side.

EMILY

(Fearful) We don't have much time.
Let's do this.

Samantha quickly outlines the ritual, her voice steady despite the terror etched on her face.

SAMANTHA

We need to draw the symbols
again—perfectly. One mistake, and
it could make things worse. And...

She hesitates, glancing at Emily.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

We'll need a blood offering to
power it.

MARCUS

(Shaking his head) Of course we
will. Why not? Nothing else about
this night has been normal.

EMILY

(Without hesitation) I'll do it.

Jake grabs her arm, his expression hard.

JAKE

Are you sure?

She meets his gaze, her eyes steady.

EMILY

I'm sure. If this thing gets out,
none of us will survive. I'm not
letting that happen.

Jake releases her, his respect for her courage evident in his eyes.

JAKE

Alright. Let's move.

As Samantha begins drawing the symbols around the door, Emily uses a small blade to slice her palm, letting her blood drip onto the carvings. The symbols glow faintly, their light pulses in time with the creature's pounding against the door.

Jake and Marcus stand guard, their flashlights trained on the shadows that seems to creep closer with every passing second. The growls have turned into furious roars, and the temperature in the chamber continues to drop.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(Tense) Hurry!

SAMANTHA
(Frantic) Almost there.

Samantha moves her hand frantically as she completes the final symbol.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Emily, start the chant.

Emily begins to recite the incantation Sam had given her. Emily's voice is shaky at first but grows stronger with each word. The air in the chamber seems to vibrate, the oppressive energy building to a crescendo.

EMILY
From stone to shadow, bound by
flame, Ancient curse, reclaim thy
name. Chains of silence, seal thee
deep, Eternal prison, never to
reap.
By blood, by will, the door stays
closed,
Return to darkness, where none have
roamed!

The iron door glows red-hot, the carvings blazing with light. The creature on the other side lets out a deafening scream, its rage palpable. The ground shakes violently, cracks spidering across the walls as the prison seem to fight against their efforts.

SAMANTHA
(Shouting) Keep going!

Emily's voice rises, the ancient words spill from her lips with a power that doesn't seem her own. The symbols flare brighter, their light piercing the darkness.

With one final, shuddering roar, the creature's presence recedes, sucked back into the depths of the door. The chamber falls silent, the oppressive weight lifting as the symbols dim and fade. Emily collapses to her knees, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Jake is at her side in an instant, his hand on her shoulder.

JAKE
(Relieved) You did it.

Samantha slumps against the wall, her face pale but triumphant.

SAMANTHA

It's sealed. For now.

Marcus sinks to the floor, his camera hanging limply in his hand.

MARCUS

Let's get the hell out of here.

INT.MAIN CORRIDOR-NIGHT

As they make their way back to the surface, the weight of what they had faced settled heavily on them. They had survived, but Alcatraz's darkness had left its mark on each of them. The island's secrets are far from fully uncovered, and the whispers of its malevolent past would haunt them forever.

The team's pace slows as the prison itself seems to warp around them. But what should have been a straightforward path through the labyrinth of Alcatraz now feels like a shifting, malevolent maze.

Jake leads the group cautiously, his flashlight slicing through the thick darkness. Emily follows close behind, clutching her own light like a lifeline, while Samantha and Marcus trailed, their steps hesitant.

MARCUS

What the hell is happening?

His camera bounces against his chest as he scans the walls, which appear to ripple, their surfaces slick and glistening like wet stone. The air grows heavier, charged with an unnatural energy that prickled their skin.

EMILY

Oh my God! The prison is...
changing.

Her flashlight illuminates a section of the corridor that now bore ornate carvings where there had once been cracked, barren walls. The designs are jagged, almost ritualistic, and pulse faintly as though alive.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It wasn't like this before. I
swear.

Jake stops, his flashlight aims at the carvings. His jaw tightens as he reaches out cautiously, running his fingers over the strange patterns. The stone is unnaturally warm, almost feverish.

JAKE

It's like the walls are breathing.

He pulls his hand back.

SAMANTHA

Or watching.

Samantha fixes her gaze on the carvings.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

These symbols... they're not
random. They're part of
something—something old.

The air shifts again, and the walls around them seem to swell outward, their surfaces bubbling and contorting. The corridor narrows abruptly, the shadows pressing closer. Behind them, the distant sound of metal scraping against stone echoes ominously, growing louder with each passing moment.

Emily turns, her flashlight trembling in her grip.

EMILY

(Whispering) We're not alone.

The shadows ahead of them begin to writhe, taking shape—elongated figures that stretch unnaturally, their forms flicker like static on an old television.

JAKE

(Shouting) Move!

He grabs Emily's arm and pulls her forward. The team break into a run, their footsteps pounding against the uneven floor. The walls around them continue to shift, the carvings melting away and reappearing further down the corridor, as though the prison itself is trying to trap them.

They round a corner and stumble into a large, open space. Jake skids to a halt, his flashlight revealing a grotesque tableau. The cafeteria, once a mundane relic of the prison's past, has transformed into a nightmarish scene. Long, decayed tables were filled with ghostly figures—prisoners and guards frozen in macabre reenactments of their final moments. The figures twitch sporadically, their faces contort in grotesque expressions of pain and fury.

Emily stifles a scream as one of the figures—a guard with hollow eyes and a shattered jaw—turns its head slowly toward her. Its mouth opens in a silent scream, black ichor dripping from its broken teeth. The other figures begin to stir, their movements jerky and unnatural, as though controlled by invisible strings.

MARCUS
This can't be real.

He lifts his camera, but the lens fog over, obscuring his view.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
It's not real. It's not real.

SAMANTHA
It's real enough.

Samantha takes a cautious step forward, her eyes locked on the writhing figures.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
They're showing us what happened here. What they endured.

As if in response to her words, the figures begin to decay before their eyes. Flesh peels away from bones, leaving sinew and muscle exposed. The stench of death fills the room, choking the team as they watch the horrific transformation.

Jake's voice cuts through the oppressive silence.

JAKE
We need to move. Now.

The group turns to flee, but the doorway they had entered through is gone, replaced by a solid wall. The cafeteria dissolves into a swirling mass of darkness, the figures disintegrating into ash that float in the heavy air.

Emily grabs Jake's arm, her voice desperate.

EMILY
We're trapped.

JAKE
(Firmly) No.

Jake sweeps his flashlight across the space.

JAKE (CONT'D)
There has to be a way out.

As if mocking his determination, the walls begin to close in, the shadows press closer. The carvings reappear, pulsating with a malevolent light that bathes the room in an eerie red glow. Samantha's voice breaks the growing panic.

SAMANTHA

The symbols—they're part of it. If
we can destroy them...

She doesn't finish her sentence. A guttural roar erupts from the darkness, and a massive shadowy form begins to take shape in the center of the room. Its body is an amalgamation of the twisted figures they had seen, its limbs too long, its eyes burning with an unnatural fire.

The team freezes as the creature lunges toward them, its roar shaking the very foundation of the prison. Samantha and Emily scream.

JAKE

(Shouting)Run!

He grabs Emily's hand as they bolt toward the far wall. Marcus and Samantha follow, their breaths ragged as the creature pursues them, its massive form crashing through the narrow space with terrifying speed.

The team reaches another doorway, this one flickering in and out of existence like a glitch in reality. Jake shoves Emily through first, then Samantha and Marcus, before diving in himself. The instant they cross the threshold, the oppressive darkness lifts, and the air around them feels almost normal—almost.

They collapse against the cold stone floor, gasping for breath. The door behind them is gone, leaving only a blank wall where the creature's roar still echoes faintly.

Samantha is the first to speak, her voice trembling.

SAMANTHA

It's not just ghosts. This place...
it's alive.

Jake nods, his jaw clenches as he looks at the others.

JAKE

And it's not going to let us leave.

INT. MAIN CELLBLOCK-NIGHT

The group's progress through the labyrinthine halls of Alcatraz is slow, each step measured, as if the walls themselves were conspiring against them. Emily, her sharp green eyes scan every corner, pauses suddenly.

EMILY

(Barely a whisper) Wait.

Her flashlight beam catches a faint disturbance in the floor—a barely perceptible seam in the cracked concrete.

Jake moves to her side, crouching down to inspect the area.

JAKE

Looks like... a hatch?

Samantha, who has been trailing slightly behind, steps closer, her historian's curiosity piqued.

SAMANTHA

It's not on any of the prison's official blueprints.

She brushes dust from the edges of the seam.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

But I've read theories about hidden tunnels beneath the island. They predate the prison, built during the Civil War.

Marcus joins them, his camera already rolling.

MARCUS

Hidden tunnels? This could be huge. Think of what might be down there.

Emily's unease deepened as she studied the hatch.

EMILY

Or what might still be down there.

Jake finds a rusted metal ring embedded in the hatch and, with a grunt of effort, manages to pull it open. The hinges groan in protest, the sound echoes ominously through the corridor. A narrow stone staircase spirals downward into blackness.

INT.STAIRCASE TO TUNNELS-NIGHT

EMILY

(Voice tight) Anyone else getting a bad feeling about this?

Jake stands, his flashlight aims at the dark opening.

JAKE

We didn't come here to play it safe. Let's see where it leads.

Reluctantly, the group descends, the staircase creaks under their weight. The air grows colder, more oppressive, as if they are stepping into another world. The walls are damp, their surfaces slick with condensation that glimmers faintly in the weak beams of their flashlights.

When they reach the bottom, they find themselves in a narrow tunnel lined with crumbling brickwork. The space felt ancient, its age apparent in the uneven floor and the worn, almost organic texture of the walls. The faint sound of dripping water echoes through the darkness.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What the hell is this place?

Samantha runs her fingers along the wall, her expression thoughtful.

SAMANTHA

If this is part of the Civil War fortifications, it's been long forgotten. But... these markings.

She points to faint carvings in the brick, symbols that twist and spiral in patterns that make Emily's stomach churn.

EMILY

Makes me nauseous.

SAMANTHA

They're similar to the ones we've seen upstairs. But these feel... worse. Like they've been here much longer.

As they venture deeper, the tunnel begins to widen, revealing a larger chamber with a domed ceiling. The air here is thicker, laced with a metallic tang that clung to their tongues. In the center of the room is a stone pedestal, its surface etched with more of the twisted symbols.

JAKE

Looks like some kind of altar.

Jake mutters, stepping closer to examine it. He hesitates before brushing his hand over the stone, his skin prickles at the unnatural cold radiating from it.

MARCUS

An altar for what?

Samantha's gaze darkens as she pieces together the fragments of history she has uncovered.

SAMANTHA

(Quietly) Sacrifices. Whatever rituals they performed here—they weren't meant to protect. They were meant to summon.

EMILY

(Breath quickening) Summon what?

Before Samantha can answer, a low rumble reverberates through the chamber. The walls seem to pulse, their surfaces writhing as if alive. The symbols begin to glow faintly, an eerie red light that flickers like embers.

EMILY (CONT'D)

We need to leave. Now.

Jake turns, his flashlight cutting through the dark.

JAKE

Agreed. Let's—

The ground beneath them buckles violently, and a deafening roar fills the chamber. From the far wall, a shadow begins to stretch and expand, its form twisting into something massive and grotesque. Limbs that defied logic unfold from the darkness, and glowing eyes pierce through the gloom.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(Shouting) Run!

He grabs Emily's arm and pulls her toward the tunnel. Samantha and Marcus are close behind, their breaths ragged as the monstrous shadow pursues them, its guttural growls reverberates through the narrow space.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR-NIGHT

The group stumbles back up the stairs, the ancient structure groans under the strain of their frantic escape. As they emerge into the relative safety of the prison's main floor, Jake slams the hatch shut and throws his weight onto it.

For a moment, the group stands in silence, their chests heaving as they try to catch their breath. The hatch rattles beneath them, but the ancient mechanisms holds, trapping whatever horror lurks below.

MARCUS

What the hell was that?

Jake shakes his head, his hands still gripping the edges of the hatch.

JAKE

I don't know, but it wasn't human.

Samantha kneels, her eyes scan the carvings that frame the hatch.

SAMANTHA

That wasn't just a monster. That was a warning. Whatever they summoned... it's still here.

Emily shivers, her arms wrap tightly around herself.

EMILY

Please God. Help us get out of here alive.

Screams begin coming from the walls. The decayed stones of Alcatraz vibrate with a tortured, guttural howl as though the prison itself has come alive. Shadows seep from every crack, coalescing into the forms of guards and inmates. They emerge one by one: some dragging heavy chains, others with faces frozen in eternal rage or agony. Their mouths move, but their voices are a cacophony, layered upon one another until it became a deafening roar.

Emily screams.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Jake!

She clutches his arm as the first of the spirits lung toward them. Its translucent form shimmers, the outline of its face splitting into a grotesque grin before vanishing into the wall again. Samantha scrambles to retrieve the papers from her bag.

SAMANTHA

We have to finish the ritual! It's the only way to stop this!

Her voice shakes, but her hands work frantically to unfold the crumpled pages.

Marcus is pinned against a cell door, his eyes darting from one specter to the next.

MARCUS

There's too many of them!

Jake swings his flashlight in wide arcs, the beam illuminating grotesque, decayed faces peering from the cells. The spirits are relentless, their ghastly forms move through the walls, the ceiling, even the floor. But the worst was yet to come.

The ground beneath them trembles, and a low, bone-chilling rumble emanates from the darkness beyond. A fissure cracks through the center of the corridor, spilling forth a shadow darker than anything they'd seen before. From it, the creature emerged—its massive, sinewy body seeming to writhe and reform with each step. Its face is a grotesque amalgamation of human and beast, its mouth filled with jagged, blackened teeth.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?!

Marcus screams, his camera falls from his trembling hands.

SAMANTHA

It's what they summoned. It's what's been feeding on this place.

The creature roars, a sound so primal it seems to vibrate the air itself. Its glowing, hollow eyes lock onto the group, and it charges.

JAKE

(Shouting) Move!

He pulls Emily out of the creature's path just as it slams into the wall with enough force to crack the stone. Dust and debris rain down, mixing with the unrelenting wails of the spirits. Samantha stands frozen, clutching the ritual papers. The creature's attention turns to her, its hulking form advancing with terrifying speed.

Jake shoves her out of the way at the last second, his flashlight smashing against the ground as the creature's massive claw swipes inches from his head. He turns back to Emily.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(Shouting) Keep going! Finish the damn ritual.

Emily grabs the fallen pages and begins chanting, her voice faltering but steadying as the strange, guttural words take form. The symbols Samantha has deciphered earlier begin to glow faintly on the walls, pulsing with an eerie light.

The creature screams, its form rippling and writhing as though the light burns it. The spirits around them grow more frenzied, their attacks more desperate. One ghost—a guard with empty eye sockets—grabs Marcus by the throat, his spectral fingers sinking into his flesh.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Get off him!

Jake swings a piece of broken piping through the ghost's form, dispersing it momentarily. The creature bellows, swiping at Samantha again. She dives behind a row of rusted cell bars, the iron groans as the beast claws at it furiously.

SAMANTHA

(Yelling) We're running out of time!

Emily's voice rises as she starts the incantation again slowly and deliberate.

EMILY

From stone to shadow, bound by
flame, Ancient curse, reclaim thy
name. Chains of silence, seal thee
deep, Eternal prison, never to
reap.
By blood, by will, the door stays
closed,
Return to darkness, where none have
roamed!

The glowing symbols grow brighter, spreading across the walls like veins of molten light. The creature howls, its grotesque body spasming as the prison itself seems to react. The floor cracks, and the entire structure begins to quake.

SAMANTHA

We need to seal it!

Samantha shouts, scrambling to Emily's side.

Jake grabs the shard of broken glass from earlier and plunges it into his palm, smearing his blood onto the final unmarked symbol. As his blood touches the wall, the glowing symbols flare brilliantly, blinding them all.

The creature lunges one last time, its roar echoing through the prison as it is pulled back toward the fissure. Its shadowy form twists and distorts, its claws digging into the stone as it fights against the pull.

The spirits follow, their anguished cries filling the air as they are dragged into the glowing symbols.

EMILY

Almost there!

Emily cries, her hands trembling as she traces the final line of the incantation.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Return to darkness, where none have
roamed!

The creature's body explodes into a cloud of dark energy, the force throwing the group against the walls. The fissure seals shut with a deafening crack, the glowing symbols fade into darkness.

Silence fills the room.

The group lays scattered across the corridor, their breaths ragged and shallow. The oppressive weight is replaced by an eerie stillness. Jake sits up, blood streaking his face.

JAKE

Is it over?

Emily nods weakly, tears streaming down her face.

EMILY

I think... I think it's gone.

Samantha pulls herself to her feet, her entire body trembling.

SAMANTHA

We sealed it. Whatever it was...
it's trapped.

The four of them huddle together, their eyes scan the ruined corridor. The prison is still once more, but the lingering darkness in the air is a reminder: Alcatraz would never truly be free of its horrors.

As they stumble toward the exit, the faintest of whispers follow them, carried on the cold wind.

GHOSTLY VOICE (V.O.)

We'll be waiting.

EXT. BOAT DOCK-DAYBREAK

The sun is just beginning to rise, casting the San Francisco Bay in hues of pale gold and muted gray. The ferry rocks gently against the dock as Jake, Emily, Samantha, and Marcus stumble aboard, their bodies battered and their minds haunted by the events of the night. The air carries the crispness of dawn, but it did little to clear the suffocating weight that lingered in their chests.

The captain, an older man with a weathered face and a kind but skeptical smile, helps them aboard.

CAPTAIN
Rough night, eh?

He eyes their disheveled appearances.

JAKE
You could say that.

Jake glances back at the island. Alcatraz stands in the distance, its crumbling silhouette looming like a predatory beast. Even in the light of day, it seems alive, watching, waiting.

The captain motioned for them to sit as he untied the boat.

CAPTAIN
I gotta say, you folks look like
you've seen a ghost—or fifty.

Emily, still pale and trembling, leans forward, her voice barely above a whisper.

EMILY
The guard who let us onto the
island last night... where is he?

The captain pauses, a puzzled look crossing his face.

CAPTAIN
Guard? What guard?

SAMANTHA
(Irritated) You know, the one who
met us at the dock and escorted us
to the prison. Big guy, gruff
voice.

The captain chuckles, shaking his head.

CAPTAIN

I think you've been on that island too long. There haven't been guards on Alcatraz in decades. The Park Service has rangers during the day, sure, but at night? It's empty.

The group exchanges uneasy glances, a ripple of dread passing through them.

JAKE

(Firmly) No. He was real. He talked to us, unlocked the gates..."

The captain's expression softens into one of bemusement.

CAPTAIN

I've been running this ferry for twenty years. Trust me, there's no one stationed out there at night. If you saw someone..."

He shrugs.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Well, that's just Alcatraz for you. It's always messing with people's minds.

The boat's engine rumbles to life, and the dock begins to shrink behind them. Emily clutches the railing, her knuckles white as she stares at the island.

EMILY

It's not just in our minds.

She murmurs, more to herself than anyone else.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's real.

Jake glances at her, his hand resting lightly on her shoulder.

JAKE

We made it out.

His voice lacks conviction. He turns to Marcus, who was clutching his camera tightly.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Did you get it? Any of it?

Marcus hesitates, his face pale. He powers on the camera and scrolls through the footage.

MARCUS

(Whispering) There's... nothing.
It's all static. Every single
frame.

Samantha's jaw tightens, her mind racing.

SAMANTHA

They didn't want anyone to see it.
Whatever's on that island, it's
protecting itself.

The captain laughs lightly from his spot at the helm.

CAPTAIN

I hear that all the time. Folks go
out there, think they see
something, but it's just the island
playing tricks. It's full of
stories, that place. You're not the
first to come back shaken up, and
you won't be the last.

The group falls into an uneasy silence as the boat cuts through the water. The captain whistles a jaunty tune, completely at ease, while the four of them stare at the receding island, its dark shape blending into the morning mist.

As they neared the mainland, Samantha reaches into her pocket absentmindedly. Her fingers brush against something cold and metallic. She pulled it out, her breath catching in her throat.

It is a tarnished badge, the kind a prison guard would wear. The name engraved on it was illegible, worn down by time, but the insignia of Alcatraz was unmistakable.

SAMANTHA

(Whispering) Jake

She holds the badge up for him to see.

He stares at it, his face going pale.

JAKE

Where did you get that?

SAMANTHA

(Trembling) It... it wasn't there
before, I swear.

The captain glances back at them, his brow furrowed.

CAPTAIN
You folks alright?

Samantha quickly shoves the badge back into her pocket.

SAMANTHA
Yeah. We're fine.

But they weren't. None of them were. As the boat docks and the captain ties it off, they step onto solid ground, feeling the weight of the night still pressing on their shoulders. The world around them is bright and alive, but Alcatraz had left its mark on their bodies, on their minds, on their souls.

And as they walk away from the ferry, none of them dare to look back. But if they had, they might have seen the shadowy figure of a guard standing on the dock, watching them with hollow eyes, his form dissolving into the mist as the sun climbed higher into the sky.

FADE OUT