

CROPSEY

(Based on a True Urban Legend)

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INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

SHANA CLARKE, 30s, black, strong with haunted eyes, fingers two OBJECTS in her hands. One is a '**One Year of Sobriety' Alcohols Anonymous Coin**, the other is a LETTER.

She glances out the window, a SIGN passes that reads:

**Thank you for visiting Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love!**

She looks down at the letter and reads it again to herself...

SHANA (V.O.)

Dear Miss Clarke. I am writing to offer you a lucrative opportunity and although this may sound like a scam, I assure you it is not. All I ask of you is forty-eight hours of your time.

INT. TRAIN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

GRACE BUKOWSKI, 30s, white, with a delicate naïveté about her, sits on a train. She gazes at the EMAIL on her phone and then opens her Chase Bank APP and punches in her PASSCODE.

GRACE (V.O.)

For that, I will pay you \$275,000 dollars. I realize that you have no reason to trust the word of a total stranger...

Her **Checking Account Activity** reveals a recent **DEPOSIT:**

**\$25,000 - Western Union Wire Transfer - Source Unknown**

GRACE (V.O.)

...so as a show of good faith, I have deposited \$25,000 into your bank account.

As she KISSES the crucifix around her neck, we see old and recent TRACK MARKS on her arm. She gazes out her window in time to see the GATEWAY ARCH of St. Louis pass by.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A SIGN reads: **Detroit Police Department, Precinct 313**. The building's doors OPEN and out walks LEXI LI, 20s, Asian, shifty and shoddily dressed with bloodshot eyes.

She ambles out and finds a SUNGLASSED MAN in a suit standing in front of a black SUV. He hands Lexi an ENVELOPE and she peers inside.

LEXI (V.O.)

If you do not have a bank account,  
you will be paid in cash.

Her jaw drops when she sees a thick STACK OF \$100 BILLS.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MILAGROS JIMENEZ, 20s, Latina, feisty, sexy, laughs when she sees that her DOOR has been PADLOCKED and an **EVICTION NOTICE** taped across it. Beside the notice is an ENVELOPE.

She opens it and smirks with bewilderment when she sees a BANK CHECK for **\$25,000** and a PLANE TICKET that goes from **LAX to JFK**.

MILAGROS (V.O.)

For two days of your time, you will  
make enough money to settle your  
debts, burry the sins of your past  
and procure a better future for  
yourself.

Milagros' eyes fill with heavy contemplation as we hear the ROAR OF A JET ENGINE TAKING OFF and...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATIN ISLAND FERRY - DAY

The enormous ferry's ENGINE'S ROAR and the WATER CHURNS as the boat leaves the dock. We PULL OUT to see the orange **STATEN ISLAND FERRY** slowly making its trip to the island on the other side of The Narrows.

Manhattan gets further and further away as the ferry approaches a Staten Island that is enveloped in STORM CLOUDS.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

The FOUR WOMEN sit quietly and awkwardly, staggered around a bright, antiseptic waiting room. The walls are barren, no magazine rack and no indication of what kind of office it is.

Milagros, scantily clad in a cleavage-revealing tank, eyes the other women. She taps her gaudy FINGER NAILS anxiously.

MILAGROS

So...any of yous wanna comment on how this is the weirdest Doctor's Office ever, or should I?

GRACE

Yeah. It's...it's a little off.

LEXI

Just a smidge.

MILAGROS

Receptionist is a cunt, too.

Everyone LAUGHS nervously, except Shana who stares suspiciously behind the DESK. Where a receptionist would normally sit, A MOTORIZED CAMERA ROTATES in a semi-circle, eying the four of them.

SHANA

I take it you all got letters too?

The other three NOD or AFFIRM in the positive.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Good to know. Then I take it you're all as broke and desperate--

MILAGROS

--and batshit crazy--?

SHANA

--and batshit crazy as I am to come here and participate in God knows what with God knows who?

An awkward silence. Grace is about to respond when A DOOR OPENS. The 'SUNGLASSED MAN', BYRON, 40s, poker-faced and humorless, removes his glasses and addresses them dryly.

BYRON

My name is Byron. I work for the Doctor. Please come with me.

He disappears and after glancing at each other awkwardly, the four women STAND and shuffle after him into...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LABORATORY - DAY

The four women sit in reclining dental chairs, skimming through DOCUMENTS on the CLIPBOARDS they hold. Shana glances down, notices the RESTRAINING STRAPS that lie, unused, at the arms and legs of each chair.

Shana scans the forms and we see portions of the text:  
**"NonDisclosure Agreement", "...any bodily injury or death",  
 "...voluntarily submit to the experiment."**

Byron stands robotically at the front of the room. All the women are noticeably disturbed by the documents and Shana finally shakes her head with exasperation.

SHANA

This is bullshit.

BYRON

I'm sorry you feel that way.

SHANA

I do 'feel that way' and if you think I'm signing this without a lawyer, you must be crazy.

BYRON

Actually, you are the 'crazy' one with Lithium in her pocketbook and one year of sobriety under your belt since your third relapse. Congratulations on that by the way--

SHANA

How do you know that I--?

BYRON

That is as irrelevant as your griping. Fill out the forms or leave. But know that if you leave now, your \$25,000 payment will be withdrawn just as quickly as it was deposited.

A silence. Shana softens.

BYRON (CONT'D)

You'll have plenty of time to voice your concerns to the Doctor. But for now, I recommend reading, signing and shutting your fucking mouths.

The women's jaws drop. Byron flashes a FAKE SMILE to Shana and she is about to respond when he turns on a large LED SCREEN mounted to the wall with a REMOTE CONTROL.

BYRON (CONT'D)

You'll see here, the bank account information for Miss Clarke, Miss Bukowski and Miss Jimenez.

The LED displays **ACCOUNT NUMBERS, ROUTING NUMBERS, BALANCES.**

MILAGROS

Yo, that's my private info--!

GRACE

I don't believe you're actually showing all these people my--

SHANA

Holy shit, look!

Everyone clams up when they notice that their accounts all feature a new item: **Deposit - \$250,000 - Pending Approval**

Lexi is about to object when...

BYRON

Miss Li, your deposit will be held in cash until the contract is honored.

He OPENS A BRIEFCASE on the desk to reveal STACKS OF CASH.

BYRON (CONT'D)

And, might I suggest opening a savings account? I believe the term is 'adultering.'

Lexi eyes the cash and is too flabbergasted to respond.

BYRON (CONT'D)

Anyone need help with their signature?

We hear SCRIBBLING as everyone signs eagerly. Shana finally signs hers reluctantly while incredulously eyeing Byron.

SHANA

There, signed. Now you wanna tell us what this is all about?

BYRON

No.

MILAGROS

No?

BYRON

No. But he will.

A DOOR OPENS and DR. SMITH enters. In his 70s, his face is covered with SCARS that appear to be BITE MARKS.

His eyes burn with a mischievous intensity as he hobbles to the front of the room. Aided by a CANE, he walks with a considerable limp. They stare each other down for a long beat.

DR. SMITH

Thank you for coming...as I trusted that you would. It's strange but...I feel like I already know you all very well.

An awkward SILENCE. The women glance around nervously.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

My name is Dr. Smith and I ask that you reserve your inquiries for after the presentation that--

MILAGROS

What presentation?

Smith's eyes flash with impatient rage. Then he GRINS.

DR. SMITH

This one.

He NOTIONS to Byron who FINGERS THE REMOTE. The LIGHTS DIM and the LED SCREEN awakens again. On it WE SEE:

A MONTAGE of 80s and 90s NEWS CLIPS and INTERVIEWS. A CHORUS of REPORTERS and INTERVIEWEES address the camera.

REPORTER 1

It is Staten Island's oldest and most infamous urban legend. The Legend of Cropsey, the escaped mental patient who stalked the woods surrounding the many abandoned and functioning psychiatric hospitals in the area--

INTERVIEWEE 1

I believe in him, absolutely. A lot of women and children disappeared and nobody ever got caught for it--

REPORTER 2

A documentary on Cropsey released in 2009 highlighted the fact that between the years 1978 and 1990, there have been twenty-four unsolved murders and another eighty-nine missing persons that--

INTERVIEWEE 2

Who then? How do you explain all these people gone? All these kids dead? If not Cropsey, then who--?

REPORTER 3

Where the legend originated, no one knows. But the bedrock of the folklore was laid in 1972 when a young Geraldo Rivera exposed the atrocities at the Willowbrook School--

We see FOOTAGE from GERALDO'S 1973 EXPOSE'; a NAKED BOY sits in his own feces, A NAKED MAN bangs his head on the wall.

REPORTER 1

--a story that revealed the systematic abuse that occurred at Willowbrook--

REPORTER 3

--the rumors were further fueled by anomalies such as the tunnel system under Willowbrook that spans across much of the island--

INTERVIEWEE 2

--and there's all sorts of dark shit goin' on down there that no one wants to talk about. There's Satan worshipers conducting Black Masses, there's crazy homeless people, there's--

We see SATANIC GRAFFITI on the abandoned buildings of Willowbrook. We see ten PEOPLE in BLACK CLOAKS huddled around a PENTAGRAM of LIT CANDLES. We see HOMELESS PEOPLE FIGHTING EACH OTHER.

REPORTER 2

--along with the rumors of summer camp atrocities and countless unsolved missing person cases that lead one to conclude that although the legend of Cropsey may not be proven, it can not be ignored.

The LED screen BLACKS OUT and the LIGHTS COME BACK UP.

Dr. Smith looks over the faces of the four women who stare back at him with confusion. A long silence.

DR. SMITH

An urban legend? Media fear mongering? Mass hysteria? Are we really in control of our own thoughts and actions? Or are we captive to our 'id', to our most primitive thoughts and fears? That is why you are here, Miss Clarke.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LABORATORY - DAY

The four women are STRAPPED DOWN to dental chairs, their EYELIDS propped open with 'Clockwork Orange Eye-Lid Apparatuses' as they are INJECTED with NEEDLES hooked to IVs.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

This experiment has two phases. The first will consist of auditory and visual conditioning to induce a Pavlovian response to stimuli that will evoke fear and panic.

MILAGROS

I have no idea what that means.

DR. SMITH

You will.

SMASH CUT TO.

MONTAGE. The LED SCREEN flashes HORRIFYING IMAGES that are accompanied by AUDITORY CUES blasted from SPEAKERS in the room's four corners and VISUAL CUES flashed from LIGHTS that are mounted on both sides of the LED screen.

The barrage of IMAGERY plays in conjunction with FLASHES OF RED LIGHT and GRUNTS OF PAIN. More HORRIFYING IMAGERY is accompanied by A THUNDER CLAP and a FLASH OF LIGHTNING. The women STARTLE and GASP.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

How will you respond to unimaginable terror? With natural impulses? Or by the manner in which you are now being nurtured.

They see PEOPLE MUTILATED, RAPED, DISMEMBERED at the same time they HEAR THUNDER CLAPS with FLASHES OF LIGHTNING.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

I believe we are animals. And if our survival instinct is strong enough, we will steal, rape and kill our fellow man. Or woman.

They see images of FREDDY KRUEGER, JASON VOORHEES, MICHAEL MEYERS as they hear GRUNTS OF PAIN and see FLASHES OF RED LIGHT. The women FLINCH and GASP with increased horror. Grace tries to BREAK OUT of her restraints but can not.

CLOSE ON a WALL CLOCK that DISSOLVES from **1:30** to **3:30**.

The IMAGERY on the screen continues and they see SHARKS ATTACKING, ZOMBIES STALKING, VAMPIRES BITING. They hear THUNDER CLAPS and see FLASHES OF LIGHTING. Lexi SCREAMS and Shana SHAKES HER HEAD in terror.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

We all have the capacity to become the worst version of ourselves. All it takes is the right circumstance, the right catalyst...and the right breaking point.

The CLOCK again DISSOLVES from **3:30** to **5:30**. The four women SHRIEK, SCREAM and WRITHE in the chairs they are BOUND TO. The IMAGERY and AUDIO/VISUAL CUES proceed with increased RAPIDITY and with HIGHER VOLUME.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

Where is that precise moment? The demarcation line that separates our humanity from our primal rage?

As the 'treatment' progresses, Lexi CRIES, Shana SCREAMS, Milagros SOBS and BEGS FOR IT TO STOP. Grace GAGS and frantically WAVES HER HANDS at Brantley. He rushes over and UNSTRAPS her just before she VOMITS ON THE FLOOR.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LABORATORY - DAY

The four women GUZZLE from BOTTLES OF WATER, their EYES REDDENED, DAZED. They gulp breaths of air in attempts to stabilize themselves. Lexi's HANDS SHAKE uncontrollably.

GRACE

I feel sick.

LEXI

I feel like my brain just got gang-raped.

GRACE  
I'm serious.

LEXI  
So am I.

GRACE  
I think I'm gonna throw up again.

SHANA  
You're okay, just breathe. You hear me?

Grace NODS.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
Long, deep breaths. In...out...

Shana BREATHES deeply and Grace follows suit.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
Good.

GRACE  
That was...that was wrong.

LEXI  
Abnormally 'wrong.' That is not something that normal humans do to other humans, it's not.

The DOOR OPENS and Dr. Smith enters. He stands for a moment, eyes them with faux sympathy.

DR. SMITH  
I have endured that myself so trust me when I say that I know how difficult that was for you. Please hydrate and take a moment to digest everything you just experienced.

They DRINK more water. Lexi CLASPS HER HANDS together to stifle their SHAKING, Shana eyes Dr. Smith venomously.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)  
'Phase Two' of the experiment will be easier...and harder. You will set out on an expedition through the bowels of the Staten Island institutions that now lie in ruins.

The four women stare at him, hang on every word.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

You will explore them in the dead of night; accompanied by your inner demons and your darkest fears...both real and as imagined as the urban legend you just learned of.

Laid out on a TABLE, various ELECTRONICS are laid out.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

You will leave your purses and cell phones here. You will each--

MILAGROS

Seriously? We can't bring our phones? I'm not going anywhere...

Milagros is silenced by Smith's icy glare.

DR. SMITH

You will each be supplied with a bottle of water, energy bars, a Go-Pro camera, a two-way radio...

We PUSH IN on the table to see GO-PRO CAMERAS, HEADLAMPS, RADIOS, GPS MONITORS and ENERGY BARS.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

...a headlamp and a GPS monitor that will guide you to your 'objectives.'

Dr. Smith AWAKENS the LED to reveal a MAP featuring a ROUTE across part of Staten Island. He ZOOMS IN on the route's THREE DESTINATIONS, each marked by a YELLOW DOT.

DR SMITH (V.O.)

You will visit the tuberculosis wing of Fort Wadsworth Military Hospital, the abandoned wards of Seaview Psychiatric Hospital and finally, the disgraced buildings of what was once the Willowbrook School. All of them connected by an intricate maze of underground tunnels dug during World War Two.

The women are all baffled. Milagros HANDLES the FitBit-like BRACELET around her wrist, one THEY ALL WEAR.

MILAGROS

And what is this?

DR. SMITH

A digital leash. So I know your exact whereabouts at all times.

SHANA

What do you expect to learn from all this?

He stares at them intently.

DR SMITH

Who are we, really?

No one responds. Finally...

LEXI

Like...existentially?

DR. SMITH

Are we as civilized as we like to think we are? Or are we just animals playing 'make believe'? Masquerading in a perpetual costume party to conceal our true nature?

Smith NOTIONS to Byron, who FINGERS THE REMOTE and TURNS THE LIGHTS BACK ON.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

I believe we are inherently selfish creatures that will abandon social niceties and prey upon each other when we are frightened and desperate to insure our own survival. You will help me prove this theory.

MILAGROS

How? By going hiking in the woods on this armpit of an island and--?

DR. SMITH

By confronting your fear. By discovering precisely who you are when you are afraid. And trust me, you will be afraid.

A tense silence laced with apprehension.

GRACE

Afraid of what, exactly? This... this made-up boogie man?

LEXI

Yeah, I stopped believing in Santa Claus and boogie men when I was nine years old so--

DR. SMITH

'Shark Week', horror movies, urban legends...they have all left us disproportionately afraid of the ocean, strangers and the dark. And you may not believe in 'the boogie man', but I assure you, you are most definitely afraid of him. Now.

Silence. The women's faces contort with confusion.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

'Phase One' was not done for my amusement. It was a Pavlovian conditioning exercise combined with the Ludovico Treatment portrayed in "A Clockwork Orange" and they will insure that with the proper stimuli, you will be frightened and at times...positively horrified.

A long, uncomfortable silence.

MILAGROS

What kind of fucked up 'doctor' are you?

He GRINS dismissively.

DR. SMITH

I have never been 'in want' financially so I have had the luxury of exploring the darkest corners of abnormal psychology which has been the primary focus of the last thirty years of my life will. Three decades of work that will culminate with the results of this experiment.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SECRET LABORATORY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE. Using a MEDICINE DROPPER, Brantley pours LIQUID from SEVERAL BOTTLES labeled with words we do not see, into a BEAKER. He STIRS the cocktail and uses a SYRINGE to extract it and INJECT IT into FOUR SEALED WATER BOTTLES. He then picks up a stack of ENERGY BARS.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

I yearn to understand the nature of evil...if and where it resides in all of us. You will help me unravel this enigma. Tonight.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LABORATORY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Smith stares at the fear-stricken women with conviction.

DR. SMITH

Regardless of what happens tonight, you will press on. You will hit every 'destination', every stop on the route I have set out for you. If one of you fails, none of you get paid. You are all in this together. You will face your fears together. And if you conquer them, you will each leave this island tomorrow with a quarter of a million dollars. Any questions?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Brantly's SUV PEELS OUT and takes off down a DIRT ROAD. The four women watch him leave, standing at the entrance of a HIKING TRAIL. THE SUN SETS just beyond the tree line.

Staring into the ENDLESS FOREST that unfolds before them, each woman wears A SMALL HEADLAMP, a GO-PRO CAMERA strapped across their chests, a GPS MONITOR that dangles from their belt and a LITER OF WATER in a SLING around their shoulder.

GRACE

I don't feel...'right.' Anybody else not feel 'right'?

LEXI

I haven't felt 'right' since puberty.

GRACE

I'm serious, I feel...'wrong'--

SHANA

You're just a little shaken up. We all are.

LEXI

'Shaken up'? By that super-fun video-collage of the most awful moments in human history? Nah.

A silence as they survey the picturesque woods.

MILAGROS

So now, what? We walk...how far?

Shana glances down at her GPS MONITOR. She sees FOUR BLUE DOTS clustered together and a ROUTE outlined in GREEN that leads to the first of three YELLOW DOTS. Text on the monitor reads: **2 miles to 1st destination.**

SHANA

Two miles.

MILAGROS

We gotta walk two fuckin' miles to this first spot? Why?

LEXI

To make sure it's dark by the time we get there.

MILAGROS

How the hell do you know that?

LEXI

Night time is scarier.

Silence. Nobody disputes this.

MILAGROS

Is that your theory or did you hear that from Dr. Mindfuck McGee?

She LAUGHS at her own joke when suddenly...

A HOMELESS MAN jumps out from behind a tree and TACKLES Grace to the ground. He wears only TIGHTY-WHITEYS as filthy as the rest of him and SCREAMS into a horrified Grace's face.

HOMELESS MAN

Where are they?! Where are my pants you fucking bitch?! Where are they?! Where aaarrreee tthheeyy?!

Grace SHRIEKS in terror as the other three women rush over and THROW THE MAN off of her.

SHANA, MILAGROS, LEXI  
Get off! Stop! Get the fuck off of  
her! Get away from her!

The Man LEAPS TO HIS FEET, GIVES THEM THE FINGER and RUNS OFF. He is gone just as quickly as he came. A moment passes and the women erupt into hysterical LAUGHTER though GRACE'S is a combination of laughter and tears.

SHANA  
You okay?

GRACE  
I...I don't know, maybe? I...was...  
was that part of the 'scare tour'?

MILAGROS  
Probably. Or that could just be--

LEXI  
New York City?

MILAGROS  
Exactly.

They share a chuckle and Shana helps Grace to her feet. Grace desperately grabs her WATER BOTTLE and takes a long GULP. Milagros is about to do the same when...

SHANA  
You might want to pace yourself  
there ladies.

Milagros gazes at her water bottle for a contemplative moment and puts it away without a sip. SHANA confidently walks off and the others look at each other, SHRUG and follow her lead.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SECRET LABORATORY - EVENING

We see four EMPTY BOTTLES with LABELS that read: **Psilocybin, Mescaline, Ayahuasca, D-Lysergic Acid**. A HAND appears and SWIPES THEM off the counter and into a GARBAGE CAN.

EXT. FORT WADSWORTH MILITARY BASE - EVENING

The women slink through a HOLE in a CHAINLINK FENCE and approach the decrepit remnants of the OLD STONE FORT. The last rays of the setting sun illuminate portions that have collapsed and those that have barely survived the years.

They eye each other trepidatiously and then trek up to the TWIN OAK DOORS that are twelve feet high; worn away but still standing resolute. They stare at it for a moment.

LEXI  
Should we knock?

A nervous chuckle.

GRACE  
It's not...it can't just be open.  
This is, like, a hundred-year-old  
archeological relic...

Milagros PUSHES one of the doors and it CREAKS OPEN.

LEXI  
You've got to be shitting me.

Milagros shrugs and laughs.

MILAGROS  
Come on. Two hundred and fifty  
large is waitin' for us in there.

She heads in and after contemplating, the others follow.

INT. FORT WADSWORTH MILITARY BASE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The four enter the main corridor, a majestic stone lobby with twenty-foot ceilings. IVY crawls up the walls and various shrubs have sprouted throughout the deserted space.

Trickles of remaining sunlight ooze in through a gaping HOLE in the ceiling. Shana eyes her GPS MONITOR, glances around and spots a DOOR on the far side of the expansive room.

SHANA  
According to this, there's a  
stairwell behind that door.

GRACE  
Okay. And...?

SHANA  
And we take it down.

Shana crosses, reaches the door and PULLS. Nothing. She pulls again, harder, still no movement. She HUFFS, exasperated, grabs with both hands, throws her weight behind it and...

THE DOOR EXPLODES OPEN, SENDS HER SPRAWLING ON HER BACK as HUNDREDS OF BATS FLY OUT.

The women SCREAM, HIT THE DECK and COVER UP as the bats FLY PAST THEM, soar toward the hole in the ceiling and escape into the night.

A long silence before the women finally erupt into nervous laughter. Milagros helps Shana to her feet and grins.

MILAGROS

Great job. So great that I think you should open every door from here on in.

SHANA

Yeah, I'll open 'em. But your ass is walking through 'em first!

She laughs and playfully SHOVES Milagros inside.

INT. FORT WADSWORTH MILITARY BASE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

FOUR HEADLAMPS light the stone staircase as the women slowly descend it. Shana glances down at her GPS monitor.

SHANA

Left when we get to the bottom.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

They emerge from the stairwell into the narrow, pitch-black stone hallway that seems to stretch on forever. They turn left and inch forward through the blackness.

The SILENCE is powerful, all we hear is BREATHING.

GRACE

So what...what does it say?

SHANA

It says...walk.

A frightened silence.

GRACE

Okay. For...for how long?

Shana IGNORES HER, continues on. They walk past GRAFFITI of PENTAGRAMS and other SATANIC IMAGES. Grace stares at a painting of THE DEVIL and...

**VFX: the Devil's EYES OPEN and it GNASHES ITS TEETH at Grace**

She JUMPS BACK and looks at the others. No one else saw. Her breathing QUICKENS, panic floods her.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
How long? Tell me, now, please--!

SHANA  
You okay?

GRACE  
No, I'm scared already and I don't feel right and I just want to know how much longer until--

SHANA  
It's okay, I think there's a door coming up on the right.

GRACE  
Super. Fantastic. Okay, thank you.

Their HEADLAMPS scan the wall on the right. Nothing.

MILAGROS  
Where? I don't see shit.

They eventually STOP and face a STONE WALL with NO DOOR.

SHANA  
According to this, there should be a doorway right...

She SLAPS A STONE and THE WALL COLLAPSES INTO A HEAP OF RUBBLE. The women FALL to the ground as a blanket of dust envelopes them. We hear COUGHING and the DUST SETTLES to reveal the four women EMBRACING each other.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
...here.

Shana STANDS, the first to gaze into THE SECRET ROOM that hides behind the fallen wall. The others gather behind her.

GRACE  
Whoa.

LEXI  
I can't tell if I'm scared shitless or sexually aroused.

MILAGROS  
You're a weird bitch.

LEXI  
I think I'm both.

They walk in and Shana scans the room with her headlamp. She spots WORDS ETCHED into the wall, brushes DUST off of them and STAGGERS BACKWARDS. The words read: **Tuberculosis Ward**

MILAGROS  
This is it?

SHANA  
Yeah.

GRACE  
Okay, so now what? What do we...do we go in? What are we looking for?

SHANA  
Maybe we'll know when we find it--

She STEPS FORWARD, her ankle SNAGS A TRIPWIRE and...

A LARGE BEAR LUNGES AT THEM. We hear THUNDER and see a FLASH OF LIGHTING.

The women SCREAM and fall backwards, tripping over the fallen rubble. The DEAD BEAR is half-decomposed, MAGGOTS ooze out of its eyes and nose. The women SCREAM some more and FLAIL about frantically.

Shana collects herself and notices that the bear is MOUNTED to a STEEL BAR that protrudes from an OPENING in the wall. She STANDS and GRINS as she glances down at the TRIPWIRE. She scans the room and eventually spots SOMETHING ELSE.

She walks up to the BLACK BOX mounted to the ceiling that houses a LIGHT, SPEAKER and CAMERA. She shakes her head.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
Check this out.

Milagros ambles over for a look, the others follow.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
That there is your standard issue trip wire.

Lexi flicks the limp wire, the others watch with intrigue.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
And...

She NODS to the BOX in the corner and they all gaze up at it.

MILAGROS

That sick fuck.

LEXI

He can probably hear you.

MILAGROS

Good. (YELLS) You're a sick fuck,  
Doc!

GRACE

Wait...what just happened--?

LEXI

Wow, he's good.

GRACE

Good at what? I don't understand--

LEXI

Pavlov trained dogs to salivate by  
ringing a bell.

GRACE

What's that got to do with us?

LEXI

We're the dogs.

GRACE

How are we the dogs--?

MILAGROS

He 'trained' us to be afraid by  
showing us all that crazy shit--

SHANA

--and now he's triggering it with--

Grace staggers backward, starts to unravel.

GRACE

What do you mean 'triggering'--?

MILAGROS

The thunder, the lightning--

GRACE

What about it?

SHANA

It's an audio-visual trigger  
designed to scare us so--

GRACE

A dead bear just jumped out of the wall crying tears of maggots! I don't need 'a trigger' to--!

Shana gently grabs her by the shoulders.

SHANA

Hey, hey, hey. It's okay.

GRACE

It's not okay! I'm seeing things and I don't know what's real! Did we actually just see that bear--?!

SHANA

We did. You're not seeing things. It's all real but it's fake, it's just to scare you. Look. See the camera, the light? It's all staged, it's okay.

GRACE

It's not okay, this is all wrong--!

SHANA

It's okay. You know how I know that? Because we're all fine and we're all one step closer to a quarter million dollars.

She GRINS knowingly at Grace who, after a long beat, laughs and EMBRACES Shana. Milagros walks over and joins them.

GRACE

Sorry. I'm just, this is just--

MILAGROS

'Wrong'? No, this is 'fucked up.'

GRACE

Um, I wouldn't put it like that but-

MILAGROS

Come on, Church Mouse, say it. Put it exactly like that and you'll feel a whole lot better.

GRACE

You want I should--?

MILAGROS

Say it. 'This is fucked up!'

Grace giggles nervously and hesitates before finally...

GRACE

This is...this is fucked up.

MILAGROS

Yes! Again, girl, with gusto!

GRACE

This is fucked up.

SHANA

Come on, you can do better than that!

GRACE

This is fucked up!

LEXI

What? I can't hear you?!

GRACE

(SCREAMING) This is soooooo fucking fucked up!!!

MILAGROS

You're goddamn right it is! Now let's go get paid, bitch!

They erupt into uproarious laughter and walk off until they disappear down the hallway.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dr. Smith walks slowly toward a LARGE RUSTY STEEL CAGE.

DR. SMITH

Tonight. Tonight will be different.

A loud, aggressive GRUNT pierces the silence.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

Tonight you...I... we...will get what we have always wanted. I promise you.

Smith stares into the cage. We do not see who he is speaking to but we hear his LABORED BREATHING.

INT. HALLWAY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The four women reach an INTERSECTION that spreads out endlessly in four directions. Shana looks down at her GPS.

SHANA

We go right from here. I think.

LEXI

I'll take your word for it, I have no idea how to read that thing.

Lexi STARES down at her GPS and sees:

**VFX: the ROUTE and the FOUR GREEN DOTS DANCE, WIGGLE, WARP**

Shana CLOSES HER EYES, SHAKES HER HEAD and looks around. She takes a SIP of water, tries to collect herself.

MILAGROS

What is this, some kind of Underground Railroad?

GRACE

He said all these places were connected by tunnels but he never said why.

MILAGROS

He never said allota things. Like why he chose us.

SHANA

Yeah, he somehow tracked me down the day before I got discharged.

GRACE

Discharged?

Shana continues studying her GPS.

SHANA

Rehab.

MILAGROS

No shit. What's your poison?

SHANA

Tequila. But anything that blacks me out will do in a pinch.

A brief silence.

GRACE

My poison works better.

She SHINES her headlamp on the TRACK MARKS on her arm. Shana NODS compassionately.

MILAGROS

Great. So, an alchy, a junky, a stripper and...what about you, what's your story?

She looks over at Lexi who UNWRAPS AN ENERGY BAR.

LEXI

My story is a real page-turner, let me tell you. You'll laugh, you'll cry, the ending has a nice twist that you'll never see coming--

MILAGROS

Come on.

LEXI

My story is long and shitty, okay?

She TAKES A BITE of the energy bar.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Like my rap sheet.

Another silence.

MILAGROS

Wow. We got us a real fuckin' all-star team here, I love it!

Nervous LAUGHTER.

LEXI

That why he chose us? Because we're all world-class fuck ups?

MILAGROS

Maybe. We ain't got nothin' else in common.

SHANA

You girls want to chat all night or you want to get movin'?

MILAGROS

We waitin' on you! None of us know how to read that thing!

Another LAUGH and Milagros is about to walk off when her headlamp illuminates A BLOODY PENTAGRAM ON THE WALL.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

The women SHRIEK and JUMP BACK.

DEAD, DISEMBOWELLED ANIMALS are NAILED to every triangle in the pentagram; a rat, a squirrel, a possum, a mouse and a raccoon. All DECOMPOSING with FLIES buzzing around them.

SHANA

Jesus Christ.

GRACE

Guess again.

Grace studies the pentagram and her eyes widen when she sees:

**VFX: the dead animals WRIGGLE TO LIFE and VOMIT OUT BLOOD**

Grace GASPS in horror, teeters on the brink of a breakdown when Shana gently grabs her and ushers her away.

SHANA

Come on, let's go.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The four women walk, slowly and deliberately. The blackness stretches out before them, dimly LIT by their headlamps.

MILAGROS

So, you ever hear about this Cropsey before today?

SHANA

No.

MILAGROS

Stupid urban legend bullshit. Every town got 'em.

SHANA

Yeah, it's definitely a local thing. Maybe if I stuck around, I'd have heard about it.

LEXI

Stuck around?

SHANA

I was born here actually. But my dad moved us to Philly when I was five or six.

MILAGROS

No shit? Why'd you leave?

SHANA

No idea. My dad died two years after we did and never knew my mom.

GRACE

Sorry.

SHANA

So am I.

MILAGROS

Never knew my folks either. Dad died when I was young, too. Mom dumped me in a foster home soon after sooo...fuck 'em both.

Milagros takes a SIP of her water and then offers the bottle to Shana. She GRINS with gratitude and takes a SIP.

SHANA

Wow, look at us. Sharing our water bottles, comforting each other.

MILAGROS

Yeah, so much for Dr. McFuckenstein's theory, huh--?

We see A FLASH OF RED LIGHT, we hear A GRUNT OF PAIN and...

A MAN WITH A MACHETE ATTACKS THEM, HIS OPEN MOUTH UNLEASHES A SCREAM, HIS EYES ARE GLOWING RED ORBS.

Milagros and Shana SCREAM, FALL backwards, land on Lexi and Grace. They all SCREAM as the Machete Man SWINGS over them, then BACKWARDS, then FORWARDS.

The 'Man' SWINGS like a pendulum...BACK and FORTH...hanging by the ROPE tied to his waste that protrudes from a TRAP DOOR on the ceiling.

Shana is the first to realize that the Machete Man is a MANNEQUIN. The others watch, baffled, as Shana approaches the PROP that wears a FREDDIE KRUEGER MASK.

She RIPS THE MASK OFF to reveal the TWO RED LIGHTBULBS that are his eyes and his small SPEAKER of a mouth. Milagros LAUGHS, STANDS and SHOVES IT. It SWINGS back and forth.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

Oh come on!

Lexi WALKS OVER, tears a NAME TAG STICKER off the mannequin's tattered shirt. It reads: **HELLO My Name is: Cropsey**

LEXI

That's funny.

MILAGROS

Hilarious.

Grace surveys the ground around them.

GRACE

There's no tripwire. How did...?

Her voice trails off when she spots the MOTION DETECTOR attached to the STROBE LIGHT/CAMERA BOX mounted to the ceiling in the corner.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What is that? Is that...?

SHANA

A motion detector. Wow, this guy's not messing around.

The four women LOOK UP at the contraption and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SECRET LABORATORY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A MONITOR captures the four women as they stare into the camera. They are the LARGER CENTRAL IMAGE among an array of TWELVE MONITORS that Dr. Smith and Byron watch curiously.

The other SMALLER MONITORS feature various dimly lit locations, including the FIRST DESTINATION where THE DEAD BEAR still hangs in view.

BYRON

Good start.

DR. SMITH

Yes. But now the true test begins.  
Where is...?

BYRON

Close.

Byron NOTIONS to another MONITOR; a DIGITAL MAP of Staten Island. We see SCATTERED BUILDINGS with THREE YELLOW DOTS in them. We see FOUR BLUE DOTS in one location and then we see a RED DOT inching closer to them. Dr. Smith GRINS.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Milagros and Shana have Grace up against a wall.

GRACE

Please stop telling me to relax--!

MILAGROS

We gonna keep tellin' you to relax until you fuckin' relax--!

GRACE

This isn't right! You have to see it! This is all very, very--

SHANA

'Wrong,' yes, we established that. But we know what this is now--

GRACE

We don't know anything--

SHANA

We do! This is all just a haunted house at a carnival--

LEXI

A very good haunted house--

MILAGROS

At a really fucked up carnival--

SHANA

Yes! And it's all designed to scare us--

GRACE

Well, it's working! I'm scared! I'm hallucinating and I'm really, really scared and I want to go home! Right now--!

A SLAP TO HER FACE silences her. Milagros gets in Grace's face, her eyes filled with rage.

MILAGROS

Oh no you're not. You listen to me  
you 'poo-butt born-again bitch.'  
You ain't gonna screw me outta my  
money, outta this last chance I  
got. You gonna finish if I gotta  
drag your pasty white ass every  
step of the way, you hear me?!

Shana and Lexi watch in horror as Grace eventually NODS and Milagros lets her go. Milagros walks off angrily and after exchanging concerned looks, the others follow.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shana catches up to Milagros and eyes her for a moment.

MILAGROS

You gonna yell at me, Momma?

SHANA

No. I just think we gotta handle  
her differently. She's scared.

MILAGROS

Ya think?

SHANA

And...she's not gonna get through  
this unless we support her. And  
each other. Yeah?

Milagros rolls her eyes but eventually acquiesces.

MILAGROS

Yeah.

SHANA

Yeah?

MILAGROS

Yeah. I got it.

Shana eyes her with playful incredulity. Milagros SHOVES HER and laughs.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

I said I got it, bitch!

Milagros turns and wraps her arm around Grace. They walk.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. I'm just...I'm really tired of dry-humpin' hedge-fund managers to keep my ass from gettin' evicted. I need this. So... you gonna be my wing-bitch?

GRACE

'Wing-bitch'?

MILAGROS

Yeah, girl, my wing-bitch.

Grace laughs nervously.

GRACE

Sure.

MILAGROS

Atta girl. How about you, Rap Sheet, you got my other wing?

Milagros wraps her other arm around Lexi.

LEXI

It's 'Lexi.' And...sure.

MILAGROS

Great. And I know Momma Bear got me too so we're like a squadron now. So how we beat this thing, huh?

LEXI

Well, we know that at any given moment, we might hit a tripwire or walk past a motion detector that'll result in something fairly awful.

SHANA

We do. What else? Grace?

GRACE

Ummm, we know that'll happen at the same time that we see something, some light or lightning and...

SHANA

And...?

GRACE

And...we'll hear something too. Either a thunder clap or...I don't know what that other one was--

MILAGROS

It was like a grunt. Like the sound  
of a--

LEXI

--a guy getting his dick chopped  
off with a machete?

A tense silence.

SHANA

Something like that.

MILAGROS

Cool. So we know what's waiting for  
us and we just...what, Church  
Mouse?

Shana SLAPS Milagros' arm.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

Sorry, what's your name again?

GRACE

Grace.

MILAGROS

What do we do now, Grace?

GRACE

We...go to the next spot?

Milagros EMBRACES HER emphatically.

MILAGROS

Atta girl. Momma Bear, whattaya  
got?

Shana eyes her GPS MONITOR.

SHANA

Looks like there's a staircase up  
on the left that'll take us back  
above ground for a while.

LEXI

Good. It'll be a nice change of  
pace to get the shit scared out of  
us out in the open air.

Milagros LAUGHS and they continue on.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A SMALL SHED with a rotted WOODEN DOOR sits beneath a tangle of vines and branches. We hear MUFFLED VOICES and sporadic THUMPS until the DOOR EXPLODES into a blizzard of SPLINTERED WOOD and the four women TUMBLE OUT.

They STAND UP, dust themselves off and glance up at the FULL MOON peaking through the trees. Lexi shakes her head.

LEXI

Of course there's a full moon. I'd laugh if I wasn't--

A HORRIFIC BARKING YELP pierces the silence.

LEXI (CONT'D)

--scared out of my tits.

ANOTHER BARKING YELP, louder and closer than the first.

GRACE

What is...what is that--?

SHANA

Just coyotes. It's okay.

LEXI

Promise?

SHANA

Yeah. They rarely attack people.

LEXI

Super. Didn't know coyotes lived in New York City but...okay.

Grace looks up at the moon and from her POV:

**VFX: the MOON SWELLS and PULSATES.**

GRACE

Where are we? Where are we going? I don't know where we--

Shana PUTS A COMFORTING HAND on Grace's shoulder.

SHANA

I do know. It's not far from here.

Shana leads the others into the woods, their headlamps barely illuminate the hiking trail. They pass a decrepit WOODEN SIGN covered in leaves and ivy. Milagros BRUSHES THEM aside and the sign reads: **Seaview Hospital - Childrens Ward**

MILAGROS  
Fuck me. Is this it?

SHANA  
It is.

GRACE  
'It'? Like, we have to go in there?

SHANA  
Yeah.

Grace stifles a few tears and feels SOMEONE TAKE HER HAND. It's LEXI and they walk on together, following Shana.

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Shana leads them through the OPEN DOORWAY of a decrepit wood building. The doorway and most of the front wall is gone. They walk past SATANIC GRAFFITI and a dead, decomposing DOG. Grace GAGS but continues on. Shana eyes her GPS.

SHANA  
Second floor. This way.

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The others follow Shana into a rickety stairwell. The termite-infested wood CREAKS under every step they take. The frequent CRACKS OF SPLINTERING WOOD suggest that they may never make it to the top. They do however, and exit into...

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The women emerge from the stairwell and shuffle forward, sidestepping HOLES in the floorboards that reveal the ground below. Shana EYES HER GPS and turns LEFT into a ROOM. The others follow her past a SIGN that reads: **Nursery**

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - NURSERY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The women enter the room, flanking an OBJECT at the center of it and encircling the remnants of what is a dilapidated BABY CRIB. Though terrified, they inch closer to it, eyeing an OBJECT in the middle of the crib. They lean in and...

We hear A THUNDER CLAP and see A FLASH OF LIGHTNING that illuminates a BABY HUMAN SKULL.

The women SHRIEK and JUMP BACK as they hear A MAN'S BLOODCURDLING SCREAM. A brief, terrified silence follows. Nobody breathes or moves.

After a few tense moments, Grace LEANS IN and glances down at the baby skull and from her POV we see...

A small BABY'S SKELETON is attached to the skull.

A MOP HANDLE is stabbed into its ribcage like a steak through a vampire's heart. Written on the mop handle in FADED WRITING is: **Property of Gus Bukowski 1979**

Grace SHAKES HER HEAD in disbelief, looks at the skull and...

**VFX: the SKULL OPENS HER EYES, HER MOUTH OPENS AND SHE SAYS:**

SKULL

Mom?

Grace SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY. Shana RESTRAINS HER the best she can and drags her, FLAILING and SHRIEKING, into the hallway.

SHANA

Come on, let's go! Come on!

Milagros watches Shana and Grace exit. She hyperventilates as her and Lexi struggle to keep it together.

LEXI

No, that can't, that can't be real.

MILAGROS

It ain't. Of course it ain't. How the fuck they gonna get a baby's...

She GRABS THE SKULL and quickly DROPS IT with revulsion.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

Shit, it's real!

LEXI

No it's not--!

MILAGROS

It's fuckin' real!

LEXI

No way that is a real skull--!

MILAGROS

It is! Jesus muthafuckin' Christ, man! What is happening--?!

LEXI

What was that scream?! That wasn't  
from this room, someone out there--

MILAGROS

Shut up, just shut up for a second!

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shana CRADLES Grace, who SOBS in her arms.

GRACE

I'm sorry.

SHANA

Nothing to apologize for.

GRACE

I just, I never--

SHANA

I know. I've never seen anything  
that awful either.

Grace collects herself and gazes off in remembrance.

GRACE

I have, actually. In a way. Worse  
than that because...

She trails off, CRIES again.

SHANA

What?

A long silence, Grace searches for the words.

GRACE

That could have been my daughter.

Shana's BROW FURROWS with confusion.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Two words I wish were not in my  
vocabulary... 'still born.'

SHANA

Oh my god. Grace, I'm...so sorry.

Grace takes a deep BREATH, continues.

GRACE

It's kinda funny. I never knew my parents so I never wanted to be one. But...of course I lose my virginity to and get pregnant with the first guy I fall in love with. He was...well, almost as devout a Christian as me so he proposed after we found out but...we never actually got to...

She slips mournfully into remembrance.

GRACE (CONT'D)

He held my hand the whole time. Twenty-six hours of labor. He was right beside me when she was born...and when she died.

Shana covers her mouth mournfully.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It hurt him so bad that...he could never even look at me again. After he left, I needed something to take the edge off and my faith only got me so far so...I picked up the needle. Haven't put it down since.

Shana eyes her with compassion but says nothing.

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - NURSERY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Milagros scans the ceiling frantically.

MILAGROS

Nothing.

LEXI

What do you mean, 'nothing'?!

MILAGROS

Nothing! No motion detector, no lights, no speaker--

LEXI

How? How could there be nothing--?

MILAGROS

I don't fuckin' know! Where the hell are...Momma?! Momma Bear, where you at?!

SHANA (O.S.)  
Out here.

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Milagros storms out with Lexi in tow.

MILAGROS  
There ain't no electronic shit!

SHANA  
What do you mean, no--?

MILAGROS  
No camera, no lights, no, no--

LEXI  
No motion detector, no speaker--

MILAGROS  
Nothing!

GRACE  
Seriously?

MILAGROS  
Yeah, seriously!

Grace stands in a panic, Shana does too.

GRACE  
Wait, I heard...I heard a thunder  
clap and, and--

MILAGROS  
And we saw lighting--

LEXI  
And that was before the scream!  
Any, any, anybody else happen to  
catch that, that ungodly,  
bloodcurdling scream?!

GRACE  
Yes. And the mop. It said--

MILAGROS  
I heard it too but I'm tellin' you,  
there ain't nothin' in there!

SHANA  
There has to be.

LEXI  
There isn't. Just a...a--

MILAGROS  
A baby's skull!

GRACE  
And the mop, it said--

SHANA  
It's probably a fake skull--

MILAGROS  
It's real! It's a real fuckin'  
baby's skeleton!

SHANA  
Okay, okay, okay!!!

Her raised voice silences them.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
We can discuss this further but  
let's do it somewhere that isn't a  
goddamn 'nursery cemetery,' that  
sound good to y'all?

A symphony of SILENT NODS and Shana walks off. The others follow and pass a CONCEALED CAMERA EYE that watches them.

EXT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - NIGHT

They stagger out of the building, into the moonlight. Silence as they struggle to get their bearings. Grace and Lexi suck heavily from their nearly empty water bottles. Shana SIPS conservatively from hers.

MILAGROS  
What now? How do we explain the  
fact that--?

SHANA  
We don't gotta explain anything, we  
just gotta keep on.

MILAGROS  
'Keep on keepin' on'?

SHANA  
Exactly.

MILAGROS  
I was being sarcastic--

SHANA

We keep going, that's all we can do.

Grace glances up at the sky.

GRACE

Look.

They gaze upward, the MOON DISAPPEARS BEHIND A STORM CLOUD.

LEXI

Okay. So maybe that was just...?

A silence. Shana fills it.

SHANA

Yeah. It was exactly that. It'll start raining and storming any second now and when it does, we're all gonna be laughing about this.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

IT IS POURING RAIN. The four walk, DRENCHED, dredging through THICK MUD, following Shana as she consults her GPS.

MILAGROS

I ain't laughin', Momma. Grace, you laughin'?

GRACE

No.

MILAGROS

Lexi?

LEXI

Nope.

MILAGROS

Yeah. Me neither. I definitely ain't laughin'--

SHANA

I heard you the first time.

Milagros clams up and they press on. On Shana's GPS MONITOR, FOUR BLUE DOTS approach the YELLOW DOT located within the DESTINATION. She glances around and eventually spots A BRICK BUILDING covered in ivy and overgrowth.

She is about to put the GPS away when she sees a RED DOT inside the DESTINATION. She SLAPS the monitor and the RED DOT disappears for a moment. She SHAKES HER HEAD dismissively and glances away just as the RED DOT reappears. She puts the GPS away and leads them toward the building.

LEXI

Alright. Next stop on 'the scariest night of your fuckin' life' is...?

Shana's headlamp illuminates a SIGN above the building. It reads: **Seaview Hospital - Morgue**

LEXI (CONT'D)

Boom. Right on cue.

Silence as they stand, paralyzed.

LEXI (CONT'D)

You think girl scouts stop here when they sell their cookies? Or they just say, 'Let's skip the morgue at the abandoned asylum and go to the old folks home instead'?

A few NERVOUS CHUCKLES.

SHANA

Look on the bright side, it'll be dryer in there.

LEXI

Definitely.

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - MORGUE - NIGHT

A HEAVY STREAM OF WATER pours directly onto Milagros' head.

MILAGROS

None of you bitches should speak again for the rest of the night.

The others ignore her, wade through the weeds and shrubbery that have sprouted throughout the corridor. GRAFFITI lines the walls, WATER POURS in from various holes in the ceiling.

GRACE

I'm cold.

LEXI

Me too.

SHANA  
We're all cold.

MILAGROS  
Where we goin'?

Shana consults the GPS. She sees the FOUR BLUE DOTS and for a moment, sees THE RED DOT FLICKER IN AND OUT. She shakes her head, dismisses the *red dot glitch* and looks up.

SHANA  
This way.

She leads them through an archway. We hear RAINDROPS and their BREATHING, nothing else. Their HEADLAMPS create the only light we see and they eventually enter...

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - CREMATORIUM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana eyes what looks like a FURNACE overwhelmed with rust and weeds. She looks away and spots a RED GLOW in the far doorway. Lexi spots it too.

LEXI  
What is that?

Shana swallows with fear, then looks down at the GPS.

SHANA  
It's where we have to go.

LEXI  
I vote we skip this one. All in favor?

MILAGROS  
Aye.

GRACE  
Aye.

LEXI  
Great, so that's three 'ayes'--

Shana SHUSHES HER and walks forward. The others follow her into the SUB-ROOM and find FIVE LIT RED CANDLES. They walk slowly, deliberately, until they are close enough to see that the five candles lie atop FIVE MOUNDS. Five SMALL GRAVES.

Each GRAVE features a different MARKER; a BABY SHOE, a TOY BOAT, a CRAYON DRAWING, a LINCOLN LOG HOUSE, and the last one...A CRUCIFIED SEWER RAT ON A CROSS. Grace stares at the rat and from her POV, we see:

**VFX: the RAT LIFTS HIS HEAD TO THE SKY AND SPEAKS**

RAT  
It is finished.

**VFX: the RAT HANGS HIS HEAD AND DIES**

Grace starts to SOB. The other women stare in horror, though none of them have seen what Grace did. The RED CANDLES FLICKER, create a subtle STROBING EFFECT. TEARS pour down Grace's cheeks, RED LIGHT dances on her face.

GRACE  
Jesus. Fucking. Christ--

A FIGURE WRAPS HIS ARMS AROUND GRACE'S MOUTH AND WASTE AND YANKS HER VIOLENTLY OUT THE DOORWAY, INTO THE SHADOWS.

Grace unleashes a MUFFLED SCREAM but by the time the others turn to see what happened, SHE IS LONG GONE.

MILAGROS  
Church Mouse? Hey? Hey?!

SHANA  
Grace?

LEXI  
What the fuck?

Silence. We hear their BREATHING escalate, their headlamps survey the doorway, the walls and ceiling. There is no motion detector, no camera, no sign of Grace. Nothing.

SHANA  
Shit.

Silence. Lexi is about to say something when we hear GRACE SCREAM AN UNGODLY SCREAM.

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A SWAYING RED LIGHT illuminates the legs of a large FIGURE dragging a barely conscious GRACE into a cluttered room. Half the ceiling has collapsed in on itself.

The FIGURE sets a LIT RED LANTERN down on the ground and during a choppy MONTAGE, we see: GRACE TOSSED INTO A GYNECOLOGY CHAIR, HER LEGS SPREAD, HER ANKLES TIED TO STIR-UPS, HER WRISTS TIED DOWN.

CLOSE ON Grace as she STIRS and eventually OPENS HER EYES. They WIDEN in terror as she sees the Figure looming over her.

GRACE

Please. Please, no. I'm...I'm...I  
don't want to...please, I don't...

The Figure PICKS UP AN OBJECT. SHADOWS ON THE WALL reveal A  
SUDDEN MOVEMENT and we hear GRACE SCREAM OUT IN AGONY.

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - CREMATORIUM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

GRACE'S SCREAM echoes through the deserted building. Shana,  
Lexi and Milagros glance around, their eyes wide and frantic.

LEXI

Where is she? What happened to her,  
where is she--?

SHANA

I don't know.

LEXI

Where is she? She screamed, you  
heard it right? You both heard--?

MILAGROS

Yeah, we heard it, would you shut  
up, please?

LEXI

She's dead, isn't she?! She has to  
be dead--!

SHANA

We don't know that--

LEXI

Did you hear that scream?! Nobody  
screams like that unless they're  
dying and dying horribly--!

MILAGROS

Shut your goddamn mouth--!

LEXI

But if she's dead then one of us is  
gonna be next--!

MILAGROS

I said, shut the fuck up, bitch!

Milagros PUNCHES Lexi. She falls to the ground and Milagros  
leaps on top of her and PUNCHES HER again.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)  
 Shut up! Shut up! Shut your goddamn  
 muthafuckin' mouth!

She is about to hit her again when Shana TACKLES Milagros and wraps her up in a RESTRAINT that restricts all her movement.

SHANA  
 That's enough! Easy, girl! Easy!

MILAGROS  
 Get the hell off me! Get off--!

SHANA  
 I'm off you the second you chill!  
 So chill the fuck out! Now!

Milagros buckles under Shana's display of rage and strength. She GASPS for breath, NODS and WHIMPERS in surrender.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
 You cool?

She NODS again so Shana rolls off her and leans against the wall. She sighs with exasperation.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
 Goddamnit.

A tense silence. Everyone exhales, relaxes. Lexi takes a deep breath and slowly walks over to the GRAVES. She gets closer and closer, breathing heavier and heavier. She is right in front of the graves when, from her POV, sees:

**VFX: A BABY SKELETON CRAWLS OUT OF THE DIRT, LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR, GRABS LEXI BY THE THROAT AND SCREAMS**

LEXI  
 What the fuck?! Get off of me! Get  
 it off, get it off of me!

Milagros and Shana see Lexi WRESTLING WITH NOTHING. They stand and eye each other, baffled. From Lexi's POV, we see:

**VFX: THE BABY SKELETON SHRIEKS AND GNASHES ITS TEETH AT HER**

Milagros and Shana RUSH OVER AND PIN LEXI AGAINST THE WALL.

SHANA  
 You're okay, you're fine--

LEXI  
 Get it off of me! Get it off--!

MILAGROS

It's off, it's off! There's nothing  
on you, see? Look! Look!

Lexi looks around and SEES NOTHING. She glances over at the graves to see that all five are UNDISTURBED. She gasps in shock and then starts to LAUGH in bewilderment.

LEXI

I am officially losing my shit,  
man! My eyes are broken, my brain  
is broken. I am off the  
reservation, never to return,  
unless someone can tell me what's  
happening! Can someone tell me what  
is happening? Even if it's a lie,  
just tell me something...

Lexi folds into herself, slinks to the ground, her laughter turns to SOBS. Shana eyes Milagros for a moment and then pulls out a TWO-WAY RADIO the size of a hockey puck.

SHANA

Dr. Smith, this is Shana Clarke,  
can you hear me? Can you hear me?

A silence. Shana is about to TRY AGAIN when...

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

I hear you.

SHANA

Good. Then you can tell us what the  
fuck is going on and you can tell  
us right now.

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

Well, judging from your GPS  
locators, you are right where you  
are supposed to be--

SHANA

The hell we are. Grace is gone!

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

Gone?

SHANA

Gone! Someone took her. We heard a  
scream and--

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

'Someone'? Who?

SHANA

We don't know 'who.' We heard screams and we haven't seen her--

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

So you never saw anyone actually take her?

SHANA

No but...we...we heard screams, we all did--

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

You heard a fragile woman panicking who ran away because she was too afraid to continue--

MILAGROS

No. No, that is not what happened--

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

Of course it is. You have been pacifying her all night, being her nursemaid.

SHANA

Someone took her. And--

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

Who? Nobody saw another person, did they? Did they?

A heavy silence.

DR. SMITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No. Nobody saw anything. And even if you did, you could hardly trust your senses after what I've given you.

The women eye each other, befuddled.

SHANA

Come again?

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

You have all been ingesting micro-doses of a hallucinogenic cocktail.

Lexi STANDS and reengages in the conversation.

LEXI

We've...what?

DR. SMITH

The 'Phase One' IVs, the water, the energy bars, all laced with a very necessary psychedelic blend of--

MILAGROS

What the fuck does that mean?  
'Necessary' how--?

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

Your senses have been disinhibited to further expand the possibilities of this experiment.

SILENCE as the women process this.

LEXI

You drugged us?

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

I opened your minds. And now they must fend for themselves and resist the temptation of mass hysteria.

Lexi SLUMPS TO THE GROUND again, floods with panic.

DR. SMITH (O.S. (CONT'D))

Numerous studies have validated Mass Hysteria and Group Think but none have proven how significantly those phenomena drive individual behavior. Or to what extremes one might be driven.

Shana and Milagros HUDDLE around Lexi, comforting her.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

Until tonight. You will provide additional credence to these theories while proving mine and that is what you are being paid handsomely for. If you finish by sunrise and you must all finish--

MILAGROS

Grace is gone! We ain't all gonna finish shit--

DR. SMITH

The three of you will get paid if you finish. I shall grant you that leniency.

A SILENCE. The women eye each other.

SHANA

We have your word on that?

DR. SMITH

Yes. So I suggest you pull yourselves together and do whatever is necessary to accomplish this task. Given your DNA, you are all capable of doing just that.

The RADIO BUZZES WITH STATIC and CUTS OUT. The three women stare at each other in shock. A long silence. Finally...

MILAGROS

What the hell did he mean by that?

SHANA

I don't know.

An excruciating silence.

LEXI

Are we gonna die out here?

SHANA

No.

MILAGROS

No way.

LEXI

How do you know--?

SHANA

Because I won't let us. We're gonna keep goin', we're gonna finish this, we're gonna get paid and we'll never look back. You hear me?

Lexi NODS. Shana GRINS and helps Lexi to her feet.

LEXI

What about Grace? Something happened to her, we have to--

MILAGROS

What? Wander around the dark all night and hope we stumble across her--?

LEXI

We can't just pretend she's fine, we have to--

MILAGROS

She got scared and she ran off,  
just like the Doctor said--

LEXI

Yeah, we can totally take his word  
for it because he's been soooo  
trustworthy. He drugged us! He--

SHANA

There's nothing for us to do but  
finish.

Silence. Milagros NODS and Lexi contemplates.

SHANA (CONT'D)

I don't know what happened to her.  
All I know is that we have keep  
moving and we have to stick  
together.

MILAGROS

Absolutely.

Shana NODS at Lexi, takes out her GPS and WALKS OFF.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

They descend the last few stairs and enter an even more  
dilapidated underground hallway. Portions of the ceiling have  
collapsed, littering their path with debris.

They gaze down the hallway, A SOFT RED GLOW emanates from  
around the corner. We hear their BREATHING as well as the  
CREAKING and GROANING of the support beams above them  
buckling under the pressure of the world above.

MILAGROS

Great. Another joyride on the  
Underground Railroad to hell.

Shana STARTS WALKING and the others follow. After a few  
steps, they round the corner and JUMP BACK when they see:

FOUR BLOOD-SOAKED DOLLS hang from the ceiling over FOUR RED  
CANDLES. The FLAMES LICK THE DOLLS' FEET.

The dolls are hand-made, poorly at that. One is dressed like  
a DOCTOR, another like a NURSE, the third wears a BUSINESS  
SUIT and the the forth is COMPLETELY ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)  
That's some sick shit. Why are  
they...why are they dressed like--?

SHANA  
I don't know and I don't want to.

Lexi stares at the FLAMES and from her POV, she sees:

**VFX: the flames FORM HANDS and REACH OUT TO HER.**

Lexi SCREAMS and Shana and Milagros USHER HER away and they  
continue down the hallway. A shaken Lexi hyperventilates.

LEXI  
You saw that, right? What the hell,  
what was that--?

SHANA  
Kids, probably.

LEXI  
Yeah? Just some, some kids doing a  
little 'pyromaniacal arts and  
crafts'? Down here--?!

SHANA  
Just some bored kids bein' stupid.

LEXI  
I get bored all the time but I  
don't make voodoo dolls and light  
them on fire in abandoned mine  
shafts just for shits and giggles--

SHANA  
Yeah, well these kids were really  
bored.

MILAGROS  
This is Staten Island after all.

SHANA  
Let's just keep moving.

LEXI  
And pretend that none of what is  
happening is actually happening?

SHANA  
Exactly.

They continue WALKING. A few moments pass.

LEXI

I still don't understand why these tunnels exist.

MILAGROS

Well, my theory is that somewhere in the middle of World War Two, some sick motherfucker built tunnels connecting the loonie bins so all the psychos from all the different hospitals could have 'play dates' with each other.

Lexi manages a petrified CHUCKLE.

SHANA

And one of those psychos went and got his Psychology Degree, cooked up this fucked up experiment and fifty years later, here we are.

Lexi and Milagros both LAUGH a little easier.

LEXI

Here we are. Four guinea pigs.

She glances at the others and HER SMILE EVAPORATES.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Well...three...now--

SHANA

Try not to think about it.

Milagros STOPS WALKING, shakes her head and TAKES HER SHIRT OFF, revealing what are obviously large FAKE BREASTS. She WRINGS HER SHIRT OUT and SHAKES IT DRY.

MILAGROS

I'd love to dry out, is there a laundromat on this walking tour?

SHANA

Yeah. Right between Dr. McFuckenstein's office and the ferry terminal.

Her and Lexi follow Milagros' lead and wring out their shirts as well. Lexi eyes Milagros enviously.

LEXI

Your tits are spectacular. How much were they?

MILAGROS

Bitch!

They share a brief chuckle.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

Five grand. But they pay the bills.  
Well, sometimes. I kinda miss my  
real boobs actually. They ain't me,  
you know? Ain't the 'me' I used to  
be and...definitely ain't the 'me'  
I wish I was.

Remorse flashes over her for a moment but she walks off, away from it. Shana and Lexi follow but STOP when they see GRAFFITI that reads: **Cropsey was here.**

Lexi's breathing intensifies and Shana puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

LEXI

'Bored kids being stupid'?

SHANA

Definitely.

LEXI

I hope I have ten just like 'em--

Shana LAUGHS just as...

THREE TEENAGERS RUN OUT OF AN ADJACENT TUNNEL, SCREAMING.

Shana and Lexi FALL DOWN as the high school-aged kids rush by with FLASHLIGHTS, HOOTING, HOWLING, SHRIEKING. Milagros CHASES after them briefly, SCREAMING.

MILAGROS

You're parents should have aborted  
you, you fuckin' degenerates!!!

Shana helps Lexi to her feet with a grin.

SHANA

I hate to say 'I told you so'  
but...

Lexi shakes her head as they resume walking. She stares over at Shana with equal parts admiration and confusion.

LEXI

How come you never get scared?

SHANA

You kidding? I'm scared shitless.

LEXI

You don't show it.

SHANA

Yeah, well, I guess I know how to compartmentalize.

LEXI

Sounds nice. Can you teach me how to do that in the next five minutes?

SHANA

Just keep your feet movin'.

LEXI

Yeah I've been doing that but...

Shana glances at Lexi and her eyes fill with sympathy.

SHANA

Talking helps.

LEXI

Okay. What do you want to talk about? Pop culture? Our 'first times'?

SHANA

I don't know. Tell me what you're gonna do with a quarter million dollars.

Lexi contemplates.

LEXI

Honestly? I'd find the most boring suburb of the most boring town where I'd buy the most boring house and...I'd do everything I could to make a nice, boring life for myself.

SHANA

Wow. That's...ambitious.

They share a laugh.

LEXI

I've been on the streets since I was twelve.

SHANA

You don't act like it.

LEXI

Yeah, well, you have to be a chameleon to survive in Detroit. Being versatile helps. Hook, hustle, scam, steal, deal, whatever it takes.

Lexi grins, slips into remembrance.

LEXI (CONT'D)

There was this whole year where I had this great scam where I would go to church and fake a seizure right in the middle of communion.

Shana erupts into hysterics.

SHANA

You did not!

LEXI

I certainly did.

SHANA

And...what happened after--?

LEXI

Some Jesus Freak would come to my rescue, stick a pencil or a hymnal in my mouth to prevent me from biting my own tongue off and--

SHANA

A hymnal?!

LEXI

On more than one occasion.

Shana LAUGHS HARDER.

LEXI (CONT'D)

And after my 'seizure' subsided, they would offer to take me to the hospital, I would play the 'poor girl without insurance' card and get a nice breakfast from them instead. At least. Sometimes money, sometimes a place to stay for a day or two. One family let me live with them for two months.

Shana is beside herself with laughter.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
 Christians. So compassionate. And  
 soooo dumb. But yeah, that was,  
 that was my best year. All the  
 others were...considerably worse.

Shana eyes her compassionately before glancing down at her  
 GPS. She SCANS around and spots a DOORWAY with STAIRS.

SHANA  
 This is it. Hey, this is it.

Milagros walks over to them.

MILAGROS  
 I can't wait.

Shana enters and starts UP the stairs. The others follow and  
 pass another hidden CAMERA EYE that tracks their movement.

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The three emerge from a stairwell and meander down the  
 hallway. Shana leads them past a barely legible sign that  
 reads: **Obstetrics and Gynecology** and then they enter...

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They walk toward the center of an empty room with an OBJECT  
 at the center of it. WATER DRIPS from the ceiling, a LIT RED  
 LIGHTBULB dangles above the object. It is DIM and FLICKERS ON  
 AND OFF but it still burns in the long-abandoned room.

Their BREATHING QUICKENS, RED LIGHT STROBES across their  
 frightened faces. They inch closer, realize that the OBJECT  
 is in fact, a HUMAN SKELETON IN GYNECOLOGY STIR-UPS.

As they get closer, they see a RED GLOW emanating from WITHIN  
 the skeleton. Closer still and they see, LONG LOCKS OF BROWN  
 HAIR attached to the still-decomposing corpse that has a  
 SMALL RED CANDLE BURNING in the female skeleton's groin.

MILAGROS  
 Oh my holy god.

Shana glances around the room and sees no camera, no speaker,  
 no motion detector. Lexi is mesmerized by the SKULL and  
 notices that it is wearing a tattered white NURSE'S CAP. The  
 cap has faded writing on it that reads: **M. Li 1981**

Lexi's jaw drops, she stares at the skull and from her POV...

**VFX: the skull TURNS toward Lexi and SMILES slightly**

LEXI

Why is my last name on the...? And why isn't she screaming? She looks...she almost looks like she's happy. Like she knows she is about to die and...she welcomes it.

A subtle empathic SMILE unfolds on Lexi's face and...

We hear A WHIPPING SOUND, A GRUNT and A WHOOSH as A ROPE TIGHTENS AROUND LEXI'S LEG, HOISTS HER IN THE AIR and pulls her into a hole in the ceiling.

One leg ENTERS THE HOLE behind her, the other is stuck against the ceiling in front of her. Before a horrified Lexi can even react, she is YANKED VIOLENTLY until her LEG SNAPS like a wishbone and she is DRAGGED OUT OF SIGHT.

We hear Lexi's SCREAMS get further and further away until suddenly, SILENCE.

Shana and Milagros stand, shellshocked, staring up at the hole in the ceiling. The RAINDROPS fall in synchronicity with their POUNDING HEARTS. The LIGHT BULB and red CANDLE FLICKER.

MILAGROS

What was that? What the fuck was that?!

SHANA

I don't know. But I'm pretty sure it wasn't her running away because she was scared--

MILAGROS

No shit!

SHANA

This is, okay, this is...I think--

MILAGROS

What?! You think what?!

SHANA

It's pretty clear that someone is down here with us.

MILAGROS

Again, no shit!

SHANA

And it's probably not that eighty-year-old shrink--

MILAGROS

What are we gonna do?!

SHANA

I don't know. Just...let me think.

MILAGROS

Okay, you 'think'! I'll shit my pants and have a heart attack but you 'think'!

Shana sits to contemplate as Milagros paces frantically.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - E.C.T. ROOM - NIGHT

The FIGURE sets down his RED LANTERN and SLAMS LEXI DOWN ON A STEEL TABLE. He RIPS the GPS bracelet off her wrist, throws it on the ground and STOMPS ON IT, shattering it to pieces.

He shuffles about as a barely conscious Lexi glances around, tries to get her bearings. She SITS UP on the table and SHRIEKS out in pain, holding her broken leg.

LEXI

Oh my God, my leg. Please, please stop. Please don't do...please just, just let me go--

A PUNCH TO HER STOMACH SILENCES HER. She FALLS BACK on the table and COUGHS, GASPS FOR BREATH. The Figure FLICKS A SWITCH and SPARKS FLY from a MACHINE that HUMS TO LIFE.

LEXI (CONT'D)

What...what is that--?

A PUNCH to the face silences her again. We see the Figure GRAB AN OBJECT, walk over to Lexi and APPLY THE OBJECT TO HER. Her EYES WIDEN with terror and she SCREAMS.

LEXI (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing to meeeeeee?!

INT. SEAVIEW HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A DEATHLY SCREAM echoes through the hospital. Milagros and Shana hear it and flood with fear.

Milagros stares at the corpse in stir-ups and with a gust of rage, BLOWS OUT THE CANDLE between her legs. Shana takes out her RADIO.

SHANA

There's someone down here with us  
'Doctor.' But you already know  
that, don't you.

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

That is irrelevant. You have a very  
simple task to complete--

MILAGROS

And what if there ain't no one  
alive to complete it?

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

Well, as long as you and Miss  
Clarke don't turn on each other,  
you both stand to do quite well.  
However, Miss Jimenez does have a  
healthy dose of 'narcissistic  
personality disorder' coursing  
through her veins so--

MILAGROS

Fuck you, you sick mother--!

SHANA

Easy. You said 'we both stand to do  
well.' What did you mean--?

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

If you had actually read the forms  
you signed, I stated quite clearly  
that the entirety of the \$1,000,000  
will be split evenly among those  
that complete the experiment.

Silence. Shana and Milagros eye each other and contemplate.

SHANA

So...you're telling me that if--

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

If Miss Bukowski and Miss Li do not  
return, the million dollars will be  
split entirely between either  
yourself and Miss Jimenez.  
Or...yourself or Miss Jimenez.

Milagros' eyes widen, she looks over at Shana. They eye other  
with intrigue, suspicion. Shana is about to respond when...

DR. SMITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 However, you must hit every stop.  
 And you must survive the night.

MILAGROS  
 What the fuck do you mean  
 'survive'?! Hey?!

She RIPS THE RADIO out of Shana's hand.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)  
 Hey?! What do you mean by that you  
 sick fuck?! Hey?! Hey?!

SHANA  
 Don't waste your breath.

Shana STANDS and crosses to the corner where WATER TRICKLES down from a hole in the ceiling. She TASTES IT, EMPTIES her water bottle and FILLS IT. Milagros THROWS HER WATER BOTTLE on the ground and stalks toward Shana.

MILAGROS  
 So what the fuck we do now?! Just  
 keep goin' like two girls weren't  
 killed right in front of us and--

Shana gets right in her face, firm but under control.

SHANA  
 Listen to me. We don't know that  
 they're dead. We know that someone  
 is fucking with us or worse. So we  
 either wait for them to come back  
 or we move forward. We can't panic  
 and we sure as shit can't hang  
 around here feelin' sorry for  
 ourselves. So move your feet.

She WALKS OFF.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE GPS MONITOR. We see TWO BLUE DOTS moving slowly in the direction of a YELLOW DOT. The pitch black hallway is DIMLY LIT by Shana's headlamp. Milagros' eventually catches up and studies her with intrigue.

MILAGROS  
 You're not normal.

SHANA  
 Ummm...thank you?

MILAGROS

I mean it. The way you respond to things that get everyone else scared shitless? Not normal. How'd you get like this?

Shana reluctantly opens up.

SHANA

I was in the Marines.

MILAGROS

No shit?

SHANA

Yeah. Afghanistan. Two tours before I...

MILAGROS

Before you what?

Shana hesitates, chokes on the memory, then continues.

SHANA

I went AWOL after I...after I decided we were doin' more bad there than good.

MILAGROS

How so?

SHANA

You remember Abu Ghraib?

MILAGROS

I'm a millennial so...

SHANA

So, 'no?'

MILAGROS

Yeah, 'no.'

SHANA

Well, some pictures surfaced from an Iraqi prison 'in Abu Ghraib' showing what American troops were doing to POWs and they weren't good-

MILAGROS

Oh, the torture pics?

Shana NODS.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

Yeah, I seen those. So what's that got to do with you--?

SHANA

Let's just say those pictures were mild compared to the things I saw. Things my superiors did to any Afghan they caught...women and children included.

MILAGROS

Jesus. So you what...quit?

SHANA

Pretty much. But you can't 'quit' the Marines mid-tour. If you do, you get court-marshaled and, in some cases, you spend two years in a military prison. And when you get out, you also got a really shitty resume. And what you don't got is a lot of appealing options in life. I didn't have any family left and even if I did, I couldn't have looked 'em in the eye anyway so...I relocated, dislocated, disappeared.

A heavy silence as they walk.

MILAGROS

Well, I ain't no Marine or nothin' but I'm not about to go quietly.

SHANA

No?

MILAGROS

No. I'll do whatever I got to do to get paid. Anything. Believe that.

Shana steals a look at Milagros, whose eyes burn with conviction and also something darker.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Shana and Milagros BURST THROUGH a termite-infested wooden door and they are back outside. The rain has stopped and the FULL MOON lights the rain-soaked forest.

MILAGROS

Fresh air.

SHANA  
Yeah, drink it in.

They share a silence, take a moment to decompress.

MILAGROS  
I feel safer out here. Less  
claustrophobic than in those  
tunnels anyway.

SHANA  
Yeah.

Another silence. Shana's brow furrows as SHE HEARS SOMETHING.  
She steps forward into the night, LISTENS.

MILAGROS  
Don't get me wrong, I hate the  
outdoors but I--

Shana SHUSHES her. They stand, listening. They hear the SOUND  
OF SCAMPERING PAWS on WET LEAVES. They get LOUDER and CLOSER.  
Shana is about to say something when:

FOUR COYOTES ATTACK.

They FLY THROUGH THE AIR, SNAP THEIR TEETH, BARKING, YELPING.

Milagros and Shana stand, BACK TO BACK as the coyotes circle  
them. The GNASHING OF TEETH and BARKING continue until  
Milagros loses it. She LUNGES, PUNCHES one coyote in the  
face, KICKS another in the stomach and SCREAMS HER WAR-CRY.

The coyotes WHIMPER and SCAMPER OFF in defeat. Shana stares  
at Milagros in awe as they both catch their breath. They  
finally look at each other and Shana GRINS.

SHANA  
Damn, girl!

MILAGROS  
I got money to make, I can't be  
wastin' my time with no wild dogs.

SHANA  
Those weren't 'dogs,' they were--

MILAGROS  
I don't give two fucks what they  
were, we got places to go.  
So...where we goin?!

Shana LAUGHS and consults her GPS.

SHANA

We're uhhh...looks like we're heading to Willowbrook. But we got a little walk.

MILAGROS

Great. Let's go.

Shana SHAKES HER HEAD in bemusement as they walk down a moderately clear hiking path. Milagros GRABS Shana's GPS.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

May I?

SHANA

Sure.

Milagros studies the GPS closely.

MILAGROS

So these 'two blue dots' are us?

SHANA

Yup.

MILAGROS

And this 'yellow dot' is where we're going?

SHANA

You got it.

She hands the GPS back to Shana.

MILAGROS

Might as well know how to use mine in case...in case--

SHANA

In case Cropsey gets me?

A silence. Shana studies Milagros, who doesn't respond.

MILAGROS

So...Willowbrook. I remember that from the fucked up video.

SHANA

Yeah, it was pretty awful. Inhuman the way they treated those people.

MILAGROS

Maybe Cropsey was one of 'those people.'

SHANA

Nah, Cropsey isn't real. He can't be. If he was, he'd be--

MILAGROS

A monster?

Shana contemplates and is about to respond when...

MILAGROS SLIPS, SCREAMS AND FALLS FROM VIEW.

We see a flurry of HEADLAMP FLASHES, FLAILING LEGS, TWO HANDS INTERTWINED. We hear Milagros' desperate SCREAMS.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

Don't drop me! Don't you fuckin' drop me!

SHANA

I got you! I got you!

Milagros DANGLES OVER A DUG-OUT PIT with SHARP WOOD STEAKS protruding from the ground below. SHANA, on her stomach, HOLDS MILAGROS' HAND as she FLAILS frantically.

MILAGROS

Don't fuckin' let me go! Don't--

SHANA

Shut up and listen to me!

Milagros calms a bit and LOCKS EYES with Shana.

SHANA (CONT'D)

I got you but you gotta stay still!

Shana's left foot is HOOKED AROUND A TREE STUMP, holding her weight. Her GRIP ON MILAGROS' HAND STARTS TO SLIP. Milagros EYES WIDEN with terror.

MILAGROS

I'm slippin'! Momma, I'm slippin'--

SHANA

I know, I need your other hand!

MILAGROS

I can't--!

SHANA

You can! I need your other hand, girl and I need it right now! Now!

Just before THEIR HANDS SEPARATE, Milagros THROWS HER OTHER HAND UP and SHANA CATCHES IT. Shana GRIPS THE TREE STUMP WITH BOTH HER FEET now but the muddy terrain shifts beneath her.

SHANA (CONT'D)

I got you! I got your weight but I need you to pull yourself up!

MILAGROS

How?! How do you have my--?!

SHANA

Shut up and pull! Now! Pull yourself up!

Milagros GRUNTS, SCREAMS. Tears stream down her cheeks as she slowly CLIMBS, grasps Shana's arms, neck, yanks violently on her hair, whatever it takes.

She finally PULLS HERSELF OUT but the last violent grapple unwraps Shana's FOOTLOCK on the tree stump, her LEGS SQUIRM in the mud and just as Milagros collapses safely on the ground...

SHANA SCREAMS, SLIDES INTO THE PIT and DISAPPEARS. We hear a GRUNT OF PAIN just as Milagros sees a RED LIGHT FLICKER in the distance. Her eyes WIDEN with terror as she CRAWLS along the ground, peers into the pit and SEES SHANA.

She is MOVING, barely, her body having landed fortuitously BETWEEN THE WOODEN SPIKES. She GASPS FOR BREATH, LOOKS UP at Milagros and REACHES OUT.

Milagros peers over her shoulder to see another flicker of RED LIGHT. A MAN SCREAMS. She whimpers, glances down at Shana, panic-stricken. She SHAKES HER HEAD frantically as Shana pleads with her eyes. She glances behind her, takes one last conflicted look at Shana and RUNS OFF into the night.

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

No. Nooooooooo!!!

Milagros LOOKS BACK to see the RED LIGHT following her. She RUNS further and faster, further and faster.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

Shana HEARS FOOTSTEPS approaching and her eyes fill with fear before she regroups. She GLANCES AROUND and spots a WOODEN SPIKE lying on the ground. She GRABS IT, HOLDS IT OVER HER STOMACH and PLAYS DEAD.

The FOOTSTEPS APPROACH and STOP at the mouth of the pit. From her POV, out of the corner of her BARELY OPEN eye, she sees a SWAYING RED LIGHT and a LARGE FIGURE looming over her.

She HOLDS HER BREATH for as long as she can. Just when she is about to desperately INHALE, she sees the Figure WALK AWAY. She INHALES as quietly as she can right before her EYELID DRIFTS SHUT and we FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Milagros SPRINTS, glances behind her and runs until she COLLAPSES into a heap. She pulls out her GPS monitor and TURNS IT in various directions, tries to get her bearings.

She eventually does, stands and takes a long GULP from her water bottle. Remembering its contents, she SPITS OUT the water, THROWS THE BOTTLE and SCREAMS.

MILAGROS  
Motherfucker--!

She MUZZLES HERSELF with her hand, gets up and RUNS. Soon after, her eyes catch something and she STOPS when she sees a LARGE BOARDED-UP BUILDING. She GLANCES at her GPS, shakes her head and after a few beats, wills herself to JOG INSIDE.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON SHANA'S EYES OPENING quickly and alertly. She turns her head and SHINES HER HEADLAMP around the mouth of the pit. *The coast is clear.* She STANDS and GRIMACES, holds her left knee in pain but continues surveying the pit.

SHE JUMPS WHEN HER HEADLAMP ILLUMINATES THE FACE OF A DEAD DEER IMPALED ON A SPIKE. MAGGOTS crawl out of its mouth and eyes.

With no way out, she is about to give up when her eyes flicker with revelation. She looks down at the WOODEN STAKE in her hand and GRINS.

CUT TO:

Shana GRUNTS as she bends a VERTICAL SPIKE back and forth until IT SNAPS OFF. She looks at the TWO SPIKES in her hands and NODS with conviction.

CUT TO:

Shana BURIES A SPIKE in the dirt wall of the pit, LIFTS HERSELF and then BURIES THE OTHER SPIKE in the wall above her. She repeats, spike by spike, pulling herself up, her BICEPS BULGING.

She STRAINS and GRUNTS as she CLIMBS upward, bit by bit. She finally reaches the top, STEPS ON THE TWO SPIKES to propel herself the last few feet before she collapses on the wet ground in a panting heap of sweat.

She GASPS FOR BREATH and when she finally catches it, she SITS UP arduously and glances to her right to see:

A COYOTE BARKS AND GNASHES ITS TEETH, INCHES FROM HER FACE.

Shana reflexively CLOCKS the animal with a right cross. The coyote WHIMPERS and scurries off. She SIGHS with exasperation and steals a look at her GPS before she briskly LIMPS OFF, careful to walk AROUND THE PIT.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Milagros scurries through a large lobby overgrown with shrubs and ivy. She WALKS BACKWARDS, glances around and stumbles into a rusty old STRETCHER WITH A HUMAN SKELETON on it.

She SCREAMS, FALLS DOWN and scrambles back to her feet. She eyes her GPS and RUNS frantically down an adjacent hallway.

EXT. WILLOWBROOK - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Shana LIMPS past a SIGN overgrown with weeds. It is badly faded but it still reads: **Willowbrook State School**

SHANA  
'School.' Right.

She gazes up at the same large brick building Milagros just entered, takes a deep breath and STAGGERS INSIDE.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana walks past the same STRETCHER Milagros saw but ignores it, continues and quickly veers down the same hallway.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Milagros ambles slowly down the dark hallway and eventually reaches an INTERSECTION.

She consults with her GPS, TURNS RIGHT and heads into an even darker hallway with a DOOR at the far end of it.

She approaches the door with a LARGE WOODEN CROSS mounted on it and TURNS THE KNOB. LOCKED. She glances around and spots a RUSTY AXE hanging on the wall. She GRABS IT and CHOPS wildly, angrily until the DOORKNOB FALLS OFF.

She KICKS the door open and steps into...

INT. WILLOWBROOK - CHAPEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Milagros enters and STOPS when she sees MOONLIGHT pouring in through a SHATTERED STAIN GLASS WINDOW, casting a soft RED GLOW on what appears to be a WEDDING ALTAR.

She walks around the room, slowly, inspects the PEWS that, like everything else, are rotted and overgrown with plants. She PICKS UP an old BIBLE and it FALLS APART in her hands.

She circles the altar at the center of the room but STOPS when she spots something on it. Her eyes crinkle with intrigue as she approaches a LARGE INVERTED CROSS PAINTED WITH DRIED BLOOD.

Scattered at the base of the cross are SMALL BONES and other OBJECTS. Milagros LEANS FORWARD, eventually realizes that the OBJECTS are TEN SEVERED NIPPLES in various states of decay.

MILAGROS SHREIKS AND FALLS BACKWARDS. She stumbles to her feet and a familiar voice behind her STARTLES HER...

SHANA (O.S.)

I'd keep my voice down if I were you.

She SPINS AROUND and her headlamp illuminates SHANA'S FACE. She is not happy.

MILAGROS

You...you're alive? How did you--?

SHANA

You knew goddamn well I was alive. And you still left me there.

Milagros DROPS THE FACADE and speaks in an honest tone.

MILAGROS

Sorry. But I told you. I'll do--

SHANA

'You'll do whatever you gotta do to get paid.' Does that include killing me?

Silence. They stare each other down.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SECRET LABORATORY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Smith's MONITOR shows an elevated shot of Shana and Milagros eyeing each other. He watches, with Byron beside him.

DR. SMITH

So close to tearing each other apart. Where is he?

Byron glances over at the GPS MONITOR.

BYRON

Five minutes out. Far enough for you to have a little fun.

Dr. Smith GRINS and TYPES on a keyboard.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - CHAPEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana takes a step toward Milagros and she JUMPS BACK.

MILAGROS

Stay the fuck away from me!

SHANA

What are you afraid of?

MILAGROS

What did...what was I supposed to do, climb down there--?

SHANA

You could have done anything. After I had just saved your life? Yeah.

Shana and Milagros CIRCLE each other, the WEDDING ALTAR separates them.

MILAGROS

He was out there, he was coming! I saw the red light and I, I--

SHANA

You ran away and left me for dead. I know.

MILAGROS

Oh fuck you! You're a Marine, I'm just a, a--

SHANA

A piece of shit that'll do whatever she has to do to get paid. I know that too.

Milagros crosses toward her, unknowingly settles directly under the WEDDING ALTAR.

MILAGROS

What options I got, bitch?! Tell me! Evicted stripper with fifty 'G's of credit card debt?! What I got?! I'm a cum-dumpster for any man with enough money to piss away on disposable pussy like me. I'm a fantasy or a fucktoy for hire if the price is right...depending on my mood because sometimes I like to pretend like I actually have some dignity...

She fights back TEARS.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

...like I ain't a piece of shit with no hopes, no dreams, no nothing! But I got this! I got this chance! This one muthafuckin' chance for a new life! My only chance to start over...

She crumbles to her knees and SOBS. Filled with equal parts sympathy and disgust, Shana meets her under the altar, kneels and puts a gentle hand on her shoulder.

SHANA

I'm gonna give you 'a pass' because you're scared. But you cross me again, I can kill you with my bare hands six different ways. You got me?

Milagros stifles SOBS and NODS with wide-eyed sincerity.

MILAGROS

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry--!

SHANA

I know. It's done so let's go. We got one more stop and then we get paid. Can you suck it up?

Milagros NODS and Shana HELPS HER TO HER FEET. Suddenly aware of where they are standing, Milagros jokes.

MILAGROS

I guess we're married now.

SHANA

Not all women in the Marines are gay, bitch.

MILAGROS

Well, it's gonna be a shitty, sexless honeymoon then.

They LAUGH a little, embrace the well-needed levity.

MILAGROS (CONT'D)

Could you at least just cuddle me and tell me 'everything's gonna be alright'? I'm scared as shit!

SHANA

You can cuddle yourself and then you can fuck yourself, alright?!

Milagros erupts into HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER and then:

THE ALTAR BURSTS INTO FLAMES and A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD RAINS DOWN ON THEM. They both SCREAM.

We hear A CLAP OF THUNDER AND SEE A FLASH OF LIGHTING.

We hear A GRUNT OF PAIN and see A RED STROBE FLICKER along with RAPID LIGHTNING FLASHES. Shana and Milagros SCREAM again. Panicked and drenched in blood, they dodge the FLAMING TINDERS that nearly crush them as they RUSH OUT.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The women ROUND A CORNER, hyperventilating, their headlamps barely light the way. They run faster, breathe heavier, as they ROUND ANOTHER CORNER. They finally STOP, survey their surroundings, attempt to catch their breath.

MILAGROS

What the fuck? What the fuck?! What is, is this blood? Is this blood?

They WIPE THEIR FACES frantically, stare at their BLOOD-SOAKED HANDS.

SHANA

It can't be. It can't...

She studies it and then SMELLS IT.

SHANA (CONT'D)

It might be...fuck, it is.

MILAGROS

God damnit! What the fuck, Momma?!  
What is, what are they, why are  
they...?

Milagros clutches her head and SCREAMS as loud as she can. Shana GRABS HER SHOULDERS and tries to calm her.

SHANA

I don't know! I don't know but hey!  
Hey! Hey!

Milagros finally looks up at her.

SHANA (CONT'D)

We're still standin'! This isn't  
our blood and we're still standin',  
right?!

Milagros NODS, tries to overcome her own terror.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Yeah. So if we're still standin',  
we still got a chance, right?

Milagros NODS again, but with less conviction.

SHANA (CONT'D)

So we see this thing through and...  
maybe we die, maybe we don't. But  
we are not gonna lie down, are we?

Milagros SHAKES HER HEAD 'NO.'

SHANA (CONT'D)

Are we?!

Milagros SHAKES HER HEAD 'NO' again with gusto.

SHANA (CONT'D)

No! No fuckin' way! So what do we  
do?

MILAGROS

We...go?

SHANA

We go! We keep our feet movin'.  
Forward. Onward. Okay?

MILAGROS

Okay.

Milagros BLINKS hard and as blood seeps into her eyes, Shana  
WIPES THEM CLEAN.

SHANA

I can't do this alone so you my  
wingbitch, right?

MILAGROS

Yeah. I'm your wingbitch.

SHANA

Good. That's good. Look.

She walks over to a HOLE IN THE CEILING where a steady pour  
of RAINWATER trickles down. Shana washes the BLOOD from her  
face, hair and body the best she can.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Come on.

Milagros staggers over and does the same. With her face clean  
of blood, she looks up at Shana pleadingly.

MILAGROS

Now what? Where do we...?

Shana pulls out her GPS, eyes it and looks down the hall.

SHANA

That way. One more stop and this  
nightmare is over.

MILAGROS

Do you really believe that?

SHANA

I have to believe that. We have to  
believe that. Yeah?

Milagros NODS and they WALK OFF.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - PSYCH WARD - NIGHT

They walk through a pair of DOUBLE DOORS that hang limply from their hinges and enter a ROOM scattered with rotting furniture and debris. They survey the landscape and as they do, their EYES WIDEN with remembrance.

DISSOLVE TO:

**VFX: their POV DISSOLVES TO BLACK AND WHITE footage of the same room in 1978. We see the Geraldo EXPOSE' of Willowbrook; the room filled with PATIENTS, some NAKED, all disturbed.**

DISSOLVE TO:

Shana looks at the current room and it all clicks.

SHANA

This is it. Do you recognize it?

MILAGROS

Yeah. This is...this is--

SHANA

This is where all those kids and all those sick men...

Her eyes fill with TEARS. She SHAKES HER HEAD, walks over to the wall and finds a haphazardly done FINGER PAINTING that looks disturbingly recent.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Look at this.

Milagros walks over and eyes it curiously. From her POV, we see: a PAINTING of a MAN WITH WINGS, the name **Jorge** scribbled above him. He is FLYING AWAY from a WOMAN named **Nina** and a YOUNG GIRL with the name **Minagross** written above her.

MILAGROS

What is this? It's...my mom's name was Nina. Who...who painted this--?

She eyes Shana pleadingly just before we hear A THUD and a GRUNT OF PAIN. A SPLASH OF RED BLOOD SPRAYS THE PAINTING.

Shana watches BLOOD POUR down Milagros's face. Her EYES ROLL BACKWARDS as she COLLAPSES. A shocked Shana stumbles backward, FALLS TO THE GROUND.

She scans upward with her headlamp; sees ENORMOUS BOOTS, then filthy, tattered PANTS and then a ragged, unbuckled STRAIGHT JACKET. She then sees a LARGE HAND with filthy, overgrown FINGERNAILS clutched around a RUSTY LEAD PIPE.

Then she sees the face of CROPSEY. He is filthy and disfigured with scraggly, disheveled hair. His face is marred by SCARS and FACIAL DEFORMITIES.

He locks eyes with Shana and we hear them both BREATHING. She gulps desperate swallows of air, he wheezes laboriously but calmly. He stares at her, into her, and finally...HE SMILES, revealing a mouthful of ROTTED BROWN TEETH.

He GRUNTS as he GRABS MILAGROS by the HAIR and WALKS OFF; dragging her MOTIONLESS BODY behind him. Shana watches them disappear down a hallway and, after a few beats, she GASPS, SOBS and SHRIEKS, unable to comprehend it all.

She finally SPRINGS TO HER FEET and SPRINTS with a limp in the opposite direction. Then she suddenly STOPS, TURNS and takes a step towards the hallway Cropsey disappeared down.

*Can I save her? Should I?*

She contemplates for a moment, then TURNS and scurries off in the opposite direction, disappearing into the blackness.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Cropsey SLAMS Milagros' body down on a rusty steel OPERATING TABLE. The room is lit by his RED LANTERN and FIVE RED CANDLES placed throughout. They reveal a room seemingly abandoned mid-surgery; littered with MEDICAL EQUIPMENT and GURNEYS that have rusted over or become infested with weeds.

He BREATHES HEAVILY as he WHEELS OVER a TREY of MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS; scalpels, forceps, retractors, all RUSTY antiques, fifty years old. He STOPS and stares at Milagros. He CARESSES her unconscious face and RUBS HIS OWN CROTCH.

His hand ROAMS over Milagros' neck and breast. He GRUNTS, his BREATHING intensifies for a few beats when he suddenly SCREAMS and PUNCHES the unlit OVERHEAD LIGHT.

IT FLIES INTO THE WALL. We hear GLASS SHATTER, and a LOUD METALLIC CLANK as it FALLS TO THE GROUND.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shana PACES and chokes back tears as she wrestles with herself. Finally, she makes a decision, pulls out her GPS, studies it, NODS and then takes off in the DIRECTION from whence she came.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Cropsey STARES down at Milagros for a long moment before he GRABS THE SCALPEL. Without hesitation, he SLICES ACROSS HER FOREHEAD. BLOOD SEEPS from the wound.

We see him HUNCHED OVER HER and hear RUSTLING and GRUNTING as he does unseen things to her MOTIONLESS BODY.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana tiptoes through the darkness, her headlamp OFF. She inches toward the DIM RED LIGHT emanating from the doorway before her. She reaches it and sees Cropsey working on Milagros. She takes a DEEP BREATH and enters...

INT. WILLOWBROOK - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cropsey SAWS back and forth but we see nothing. Over his shoulder, SHANA'S SHADOW lurks in the darkness. She glances around and bends down to pick up a RUSTY FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

She inches forward, CONTROLS HER BREATH. She is within striking distance when she STEPS ON A BROKEN LIGHT BULB and SHATTERS IT.

CROPSEY TURNS HIS HEAD just in time to see the FIRE EXTINGUISHER SMASH INTO HIS FACE.

He STUMBLES, KNOCKS HIS LANTERN OFF THE TREY. The LANTERN SHATTERS as he HITS THE GROUND with a THUD. Shana tosses the fire extinguisher aside and when she reaches Milagros, SHE NEARLY VOMITS.

The top of Milagros' SKULL has been removed. Most of HER BRAIN lies in a rusty steel dish on the instrument tray. Milagros' LIFELESS EYES stare up at Shana.

Shana GRABS A BLOODY SCALPEL off the tray and SLIPS IT INTO HER BACK PANTS POCKET. She turns to RUN but TRIPS. She TURNS ON HER HEADLAMP to see Cropsey CLUTCHING HER ANKLE. She KICKS HIM IN THE FACE repeatedly and when he RELEASES her, she scrambles to her feet and SCURRIES OUT.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana SPRINTS, limp and all, down one hallway, TURNS, runs some more, TURNS AGAIN, runs some more. She GASPS FOR AIR, STIFLES SOBS and eventually slows to get her bearings.

She glances around frantically, consults her GPS but can't focus. She is about to START CRYING when she spots a DIM RED LIGHT, GLANCES behind her and hesitantly limps toward it.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - COURTYARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana walks through a doorway into the courtyard at the center of the complex. Overgrown with vegetation, it is enveloped by the encircling buildings that loom over it.

She makes her way to the center where FIVE RED LANTERNS BURN. Each rests on a MOUND OF DIRT, some higher and more recently dug than the others.

She GASPS when she sees a HUMAN SKULL resting on each mound along with BOUQUETS OF DEAD FLOWERS. She stares at them with shock, tries to make sense of it when she HEARS A BUZZ come from her radio and then, after a moment...

DR. SMITH (O.S.)

He has had six 'wives' over the years. Five of them are buried here. Perhaps the seventh time will be the charm--

SHANA

Fuck yyyooooouuuuuuu!!!!

She THROWS THE RADIO and it SHATTERS against the wall. She RUNS OFF, fueled by rage, thirsty for vengeance.

EXT. WILLOWBROOK - NIGHT

Shana RUNS, still limping, stifling SOBS every step of the way. She glances frantically behind her and down at her GPS.

SHANA

One more stop, 'Doctor.' And your sick ass better be there!

She continues and eventually spots the most dilapidated building yet. She takes a deep breath and marches past an old SIGN that reads: **Willowbrook: Ward for the Criminally Insane**

INT. WILLOWBROOK - CRIMINAL WARD - NIGHT

Shana staggers into the main lobby and glances around. She hears Cropsey SCREAM from the woods behind her, looks down at her GPS and scurries down a hallway.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana LIMPS desperately, STUMBLES, FALLS. She stands immediately, grits her teeth and presses on. She eventually reaches her destination and ENTERS, walking past a sign that HANGS SIDeways reading: **Medical Records and Accounting**

INT. WILLOWBROOK - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana staggers in and stops when she sees a rusty STEEL DESK top-lit by a RED LIGHT BULB that has clearly been installed recently. A small PHOTOGRAPH lies on the table.

Shana inches toward it and her face contorts with shock and denial as she slowly PICKS UP the photograph. TEARS stream down her face as she processes it.

SHANA

No. No way.

The old, faded PHOTO features a lovely thirty-year-old BLACK WOMAN holding an adorable INFANT.

SHANA (CONT'D)

It can't be. This...this doesn't make any sense...

WRITTEN on the bottom of the photo is: **R.I.P. Shanita Clarke.** Shana's eyes fill with rage and she SCREAMS...

SHANA (CONT'D)

What the fffuuuuucccckkkkk?!

We hear DOORS OPEN and a WHOOSH as:

A DECOMPOSED FEMALE CORPSE FALLS AND LANDS ON THE STEEL TABLE

Shana JUMPS BACK, SHRIEKS and DROPS THE PHOTO right before a BABY CORPSE LANDS ON THE TABLE with a thud. It ROLLS OFF the table but, still attached to her mother by the umbilical, SWINGS LIKE A PENDULUM off the side of the table.

Shana is horrified, about to scream when CROPSY RUNS IN, unleashes a SCREAM of his own and LUNGES toward her. He SWINGS his lead pipe and SHANA DUCKS at the last moment. Cropsey FALLS TO THE GROUND.

Shana LEAPS TO HER FEET, GRIMACES IN PAIN, clutches her knee and RUSHES OUT. Cropsey LUMBERS AFTER HER.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana runs, stumbles, FALLS INTO THE WALL, runs some more. Her HEADLAMP DIMS, FLICKERS ON AND OFF. She SMACKS it desperately as she TURNS LEFT, TURNS RIGHT. She's lost but she keeps her feet moving.

She GASPS for breath, stifles sobs, glances over her shoulder but with HER HEADLAMP DIMMING, sees little. Just when she is at the end of her rope, she RAMS INTO A DOOR and COLLAPSES into...

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana HITS THE GROUND with a THUD, wastes no time and jumps back to her feet. She realizes that she is in a PADDED ROOM just as HER HEADLAMP DIES. PITCH BLACK. SILENCE.

Shana BREATHES HEAVILY. In and out. For what seems like an eternity. And then we hear something else. It's faint but we hear the FOOTSTEPS; far away at first but they get closer. And closer. And closer still until finally we hear TWO PEOPLE BREATHING. The second person's breath is WHEEZY and LABORED.

Shana's breath QUICKENS, interspersed with frightened WHIMPERS. She is about to lose it when suddenly...

DR. SMITH (O.S.)  
Not yet, my child. Not yet.

SILENCE. STILLNESS. We finally hear Cropsey GRUNT with resignation.

DR. SMITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Good boy.

Another long silence and then a SIX-FOOT LED SCREEN on the wall COMES TO LIFE with a live feed of Dr. Smith STARING at them. A REMOTE CAMERA mounted beside the TV ROTATES and captures everything in the padded room. Smith SMILES.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, Miss Clarke. You have proven yourself worthy...like your mother before you.

SHANA  
How do you know who my mother is and where'd you get that...that--

DR. SMITH  
That photograph? Such a lovely picture, don't you think?  
(MORE)

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

The only one of the two of you that exists, I do believe--

SHANA

Where did you get it?!

DR. SMITH

I think the answer to that question is at the end of this particular story. And perhaps we'd be better served starting at the beginning--

SHANA

Fuck you, tell me!

DR. SMITH

Trust me, you should listen--

SHANA

Tell me now!

Cropsey GRUNTS AGGRESSIVELY and STEPS toward her.

DR. SMITH

No! Not yet, son.

Cropsey GRUNTS again and BACKS OFF. Shana eyes him curiously and looks up at Smith on the screen.

SHANA

Why does he listen to you? And why did you call him 'son'?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SECRET LABORATORY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Smith GRINS as he gazes at the PADDED ROOM, the center of the array of multiple VIDEO FEEDS. He fingers a JOYSTICK and ZOOMS IN on Cropsey, who SHUFFLES anxiously in the shadows.

DR. SMITH

Our story starts in 1967. It's about a little boy...named Crosby. He was a happy child but born with a crippled brain and a face so wrought with deformities, it seemed as if God was punishing him. Which may have been the case since he was born from sin.

SHANA

You want to spare me the biblical bullshit and tell me what--?

DR. SMITH

His parents were brother and sister. But we'll get back to that. Crosby had...problems. So many that he had to be placed in a facility capable of handling a child that was handicapped in every conceivable way. But the only one of these 'special schools' that his mother could afford was not a very good one. It was called--

SHANA

Willowbrook.

DR. SMITH

Very good. Crosby grew up there.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - PSYCH WARD - DAY - 1977 - FLASHBACK

We see FOOTAGE of the Geraldo expose' and then CUT to a developmentally disabled NAKED TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY who suffers from facial deformities. He BANGS HIS HEAD ON THE WALL, leaves a SPLATTER OF BLOOD on it.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

He was neglected there, abused there, raped there, tortured there.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SECRET LABORATORY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Smith stares into the monitor with haunted remembrance.

SHANA

What does any of this have to do with my mother or any of the other women you killed tonight?!

DR. SMITH

They were all bound to him by fate. Just as you are.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A baffled Shana stares into the camera.

DR. SMITH

Miss Bukowski or...Church Mouse as your late friend called her.

(MORE)

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)  
Her father was a custodian at  
Willowbrook.

SHANA  
Bullshit.

DR. SMITH  
He was. And he was sicker than most  
of the patients there.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - DORM ROOM -1979 - FLASHBACK

GUS BUKOWSKI, a shifty pervert in his 40s, wheels his MOP  
BUCKET into a patient dorm room and SHUTS THE DOOR. A twelve-  
year-old CROSBY lies on the door, naked, filthy.

A flurry of IMAGES: GUS ROLLS CROSBY ONTO HIS STOMACH, GRABS  
HIS MOP, on it is written: **Property of Gus Bukowski 1979**. He  
SPREADS CROSBY'S LEGS, THRUSTS THE MOP and CROSBY SCREAMS.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana SHAKES HER HEAD in disbelief.

SHANA  
No. No way--

DR. SMITH  
Yes. And Miss Li? Her mother  
Melinda was a nurse there. A very  
busy nurse.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - CAFETERIA - DAY - 1975 - FLASHBACK

We see a young CROSBY SPIT OUT FOOD and a frustrated MELINDA  
LI, a jaded woman in her 30s, THROW HIS TREY OF FOOD ON THE  
FLOOR in a rage.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

The type that, after refusing to feed special-needs patients like Crosby...would administer electroconvulsive therapy to them. But Melinda Li was a bit of a sadist...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - E.C.T. ROOM - NIGHT - 1975 - FLASHBACK

A young Crosby FLAILS, STRAPPED DOWN to a steel table. MELINDA LI glares at him with contempt, GLANCES at a JAR labeled: **Conductant**, IGNORES IT, fixes the clamp around his head and GRINS as she THROWS THE SWITCH.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

...and she took great pleasure administering shock without first applying the conductant that made the procedure more efficient and less painful.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - PSYCH WARD - NIGHT - 1979 - FLASHBACK

A slightly older, dead-eyed Crosby GNAWS ON A RAT'S CORPSE. He then approaches a barely-conscious SICK YOUNG BOY lying on the ground. He GNASHES HIS TEETH and LUNGES FORWARD.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

It takes an army of monsters to turn a child into an animal. But create one they did. One monster at a time.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - OPERATING ROOM - DAY - 1983 - FLASHBACK

A sixteen-year-old CROSBY lies unconscious on a SURGICAL TABLE, his BRAIN EXPOSED. DR. JORGE JIMENEZ, an icy man in his 40s, surgically REMOVES BRAIN TISSUE.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

Another one of them was Dr. Jorge Jimenez...Milagros' father.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - PSYCH WARD - DAY - 1983 - FLASHBACK

Crosby, with GAUZE WRAPPED AROUND HIS SKULL, FURIOUSLY ASSAULT A NURSE. Dr. Jimenez eyes him with concern...and a bit of guilt.

DR. SMITH

Suing for malpractice was not very common in 1983. Even for something as flagrant as a botched lobotomy.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

An enraged Shana stalks toward the camera.

SHANA

No way. None of those girls had ever been to this shitty island, let alone knew that their parents--

DR. SMITH

Of course they didn't know. Gus Bukowski died of Myocardial Infarction when Grace was three, Melinda Li committed suicide when Lexi was six and the good Dr. Jimenez left his wife Nina when Milagros was an infant. She never knew her father and never wanted to.

Shana PACES, struggles to make sense of it all.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

You see a trend emerging here? Women who didn't know their parents very well--

SHANA

Yeah, and I never knew my mother. Never even met the bitch so--

DR. SMITH

You did, actually.

SHANA

When?

DR. SMITH

Ten minutes ago. Same time you met your sister.

Her JAW DROPS. A long silence.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)  
She was the last one I found.

SHANA  
What are you talking about--?

DR. SMITH  
In the seventies, health insurance adjusters determined who was worthy of what level of care.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY - 1973 - FLASHBACK

SHANITA CLARKE, who we recognize from the photograph, peruses a FILE with a small PHOTO of a six-year-old CROSBY attached to it.

DR. SMITH (V.O)  
And in 1972, an ambitious adjuster named Shanita Clarke decided that due to the incestual nature of Crosby's ancestry, he was worthy of the lowest caliber of care available. At Willowbrook.

Shanita STAMPS the file and SCRIBBLES a few words into it.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)  
A 'school' where he 'learned' how to be raped, starved and tortured. Your mother played a key role in 'teaching' him to become what he is.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana RUNS toward the door but Cropsey BLOCKS HER PATH. Shana retreats and tries to make sense of it.

SHANA  
This is, this is insane--

DR. SMITH  
No. Crosby is insane. He had no choice but to become so. All your parents saw to that.

(MORE)

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

Which is why I brought you  
here...to allow Crosby to do to you  
what was done to him.

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK to earlier. Grace lies in the gynecology chair, her feet in stir-ups. A hand grasps a HUMAN FEMUR BONE sharpened to a point, THRUSTS IT between Grace's legs, she SCREAMS.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

A colonoscopy worthy of the one he  
received from Gus Bukowski at the  
age of ten.

FLASHBACK to earlier. Lexi is barely conscious as Cropsey places A CLAMP WITH TWO MOLDY PADS onto her temples. Cropsey FLICKS A SWITCH. SPARKS FLY, a WHISP OF SMOKE, Lexi SCREAMS.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

One thousand volts of payback for  
Melinda Li's 'special therapy.'

FLASHBACK to earlier. Cropsey SCOOPS OUT a large chunk of BRAIN from Milagros' skull and DUMPS IT into a rusty steel bowl.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

And a more effective lobotomy than  
the one performed by Dr. Jimenez.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana shakes her head with outrage.

SHANA

No. No--

DR. SMITH

Yes. Each of you are atoning for  
the sins of your parents.

Cropsey GRUNTS, LUNGES, WRAPS HIS ARMS AROUND Shana. She HEADBUTTS HIM IN THE FACE and scurries away. Cropsey regroups and is about to ATTACK AGAIN when...

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

Be patient, my child!

SHANA

What do you want from me?!

DR. SMITH  
You saw the graves...and your  
unburied mother?

SHANA  
I saw it all you sick fuck--

DR. SMITH  
And you saw their children?

SHANA  
Yeah, the children this psychotic  
asshole killed just like--

DR. SMITH  
No! He would never. Your mother  
died during childbirth. The others  
refused to allow their children to  
be raised by him. So...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - PSYCH WARD - 1990S-2000S - FLASHBACK

MONTAGE of terrifying imagery: One WOMAN SOBS as she  
SUFFOCATES HER BABY with a pillow. Another WOMAN SETS A CRIB  
ON FIRE as SHE SITS IN IT, HER CHILD IN HER ARMS. Another  
SLIPS UNDER THE WATER IN A BATHTUB, CRADLING HER CHILD.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Shana stares at Smith on the LED screen, horrified.

SHANA  
They killed their own...?

DR. SMITH  
Along with themselves.

Shana GASPS. Cropsey GRUNTS with despair.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)  
He may be disturbed. But he is  
still human. And his instinctual  
needs and wants are in tact.

SHANA  
Meaning...what?

DR. SMITH

He wants a family. A wife and a child. Just as I would very much like a grandchild.

Shana ERUPTS INTO LAUGHTER that quickly morphs into rage.

SHANA

Aw, hell no! You expect me to believe that you, that he...how did you actually become this fuckin' nuts?! Please tell me--

DR. SMITH

My sister Kendall and I were living in Vallejo, California and...

EXT. CALIFORNIA RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY - 1966 - FLASHBACK

A MONTAGE of a YOUNG DR. SMITH and KENDALL, both in their 20s and radiating with young love. They walk along a picturesque riverbank. They KISS under an oak tree. He PULLS OFF her shirt and gently climbs on top of her.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

...we fell in love. But she was so ashamed of the one time we did what we did...on the banks of the Napa River...that she ran as far away from me as possible.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A noticeably morose Smith continues.

DR. SMITH

She ran all the way to Staten Island. And she was with child when she got there.

Shana's EYES WIDEN with disbelief.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

As a Catholic, she refused to abort him but once she realized who and what he was, she believed Crosby was cursed. Born of an unforgivable sin. So she dropped our son off at Willowbrook...and never returned.

Cropsey lurks in the corner, GRUNTS with sadness.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

It was only when she received a fatal prognosis of glioblastoma that she told me about him. Soon after I lost...the only woman I'd ever loved...I worked up the courage to go and meet him. And...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK - PSYCH WARD - DAY - 1985 - FLASHBACK

A MUCH YOUNGER DR. SMITH speaks with a teenaged CROSBY who is deformed and wild-eyed. Crosby POUNCES on Smith, GNAWS on his face until ORDERLIES restrain him, leaving a bloodied Smith writhing in agony.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

I learned quite painfully that we would never be a normal family.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - BASEMENT - DAY - 1987 - FLASHBACK

Dr. Smith clasps a thick PADLOCK on a large CAGE just as Crosby BANGS HIS HEAD up against it angrily. Smith looks at him, his eyes heavy with guilt, the bite marks on his face settling into the SCARS that will permanently mar him.

DR. SMITH (V.O.)

So...I gave him the only life suitable to him. And tried to make amends for the life he was denied.

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Shana shakes her head in disbelief.

SHANA

This fucked. This is so fucked. Y'all are both so unbelievably fucked!

DR. SMITH

You never knew your parents, Shana. You have the same hole in your heart that we have...a hole that only a family could fill.

She scurries forward, STARES right into the camera lens.

SHANA

You two are so beyond batshit crazy! There ain't even a word for how crazy you two assholes are if you think I would ever--

DR. SMITH

Okay, son. You can take her.

CROPSEY RUSHES ACROSS THE ROOM and before Shana can react, HE HAS HER PINNED AGAINST THE PADDED WALL. They are FACE TO FACE. She GAGS at the sight and smell of his filthy, deformed face. She CHOKES on his HOT BREATH.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

You have three choices. You will succeed where your mother failed and give my son an heir.

Shana's EYES fill with disgust, she CLOSES THEM.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

You will kill my only child and prove that when frightened, even the most noble soul is capable of psychotic slaughter.

Shana SHAKES HER HEAD. Cropsey LEANS IN CLOSER.

DR. SMITH (CONT'D)

Or...you will die. Right here and right now. And just like your mother, you will never know the joy of 'motherhood.'

Cropsey is inches away from her. She BREATHES HEAVILY, contemplates and then finally musters the strength to look Cropsey in the eyes. She SWALLOWS HARD.

SHANA

Well, in that case...

She SMILES WARMLY...and then LIFTS HER KNEE. It connects with Cropsey's crotch and he SCREAMS IN PAIN. She SHOVES HIM and RUNS toward the door but when she reaches the doorway, he GRABS HER SHIRT and HURLS HER back inside.

He SLAMS HER against the crusty, blood-soaked padded wall and WRAPS HIS HANDS AROUND HER THROAT. He LIFTS HER UP and THROWS HER across the room again. She lands on her back and GASPS for the breath knocked out of her.

Cropsey LEAPS ON TOP OF HER and unleashes a FLURRY OF PUNCHES to her face. Blow after blow.

She is powerless to escape the weight of his body and his blunt strength. Finally, just when he is about to beat her to death...

SHANA (CONT'D)  
No, Crosby. Stop.

Her voice is barely above a whisper; her face BATTERED and BLOODY.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
That's your name, right sweetie?

He UNCLENCHES HIS FISTS, his eyes soften and he NODS.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
I...I like that name. Crosby.  
What's your last name? Tell me?

He GRUNTS indecipherably. Dazed but determined, Shana ROLLS HER HEAD, looks at Smith on the LED screen.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
Please. If...if I am going to be a part of this family, I want to know. It's not 'Smith,' is it?

Dr. Smith eyes her for a long moment and then GRINS.

DR. SMITH  
Our last name is Cambria.

SHANA  
Crosby Cambria? That's nice. That's real nice.

She MUSTERS A SMILE as he TILTS HIS HEAD with intrigue.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
Can you be nice? I'll bet you can.  
I'll bet you just want someone you can be nice to. Isn't that right?

She gently CARESSES his leg with her left hand.

SHANA (CONT'D)  
You do. You just...you just want someone to love...and someone you can love back. Don't you?

Her HAND wanders up his leg and ONTO HIS CROTCH. A subtle MOAN of pleasure escapes his lips as Shana's hand MASSAGES his groin. Her BREATHING quickens, as does his.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Yeah. I know what you want. It's what we all want.

Her voice turns overtly SEXUAL and BREATHY.

SHANA (CONT'D)

We all want to be loved. Yeah.

She UNBUTTONS HIS PANTS and SLIPS HER HAND inside them.

SHANA (CONT'D)

We all want it. We all need it.

She LIFTS HER SHIRT with her LEFT HAND, reveals her breasts. He PANTS and MOANS as she TAKES HIS HANDS WITH HER LEFT HAND and GUIDES THEM onto her bare breasts.

Her LEFT ARM reaches for his crotch and he PANTS and MOANS as he CARESSES her breasts. He also fails to notice Shana's RIGHT HAND DRIFT TO HER BACK PANTS POCKET.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Yeah, we all need it. But you'll never get it. It's kinda hard to do it without...this.

We hear A SLASH AND CROPSEY GRUNTS IN PAIN. He looks at Shana with shock before he ROLLS OFF HER and SCREAMS in agony.

Shana struggles to her feet and WAVES A BLOODY SCALPEL at Cropsey, who ROLLS AROUND ON THE FLOOR, clutching his groin, SCREAMING IN PAIN.

SHANA (CONT'D)

Sorry. There aren't any more children in your future. And you..?

She GLARES into the LED screen for a moment and walks slowly and deliberately toward it.

SHANA (CONT'D)

You'll never be a 'Pappy' you sick son of a bitch. Your sister-fuckin', psycho-baby-makin' bloodline ends right! Fuckin'! Now!

She HURLS Cropsey's DISMEMBERED PENIS and it BOUNCES OFF THE SCREEN with a BLOODY SPLATTER.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SECRET LABORATORY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Cambria panics, FINGERS THE JOYSTICK with desperation, ZOOMS IN on Cropsey, who HOLDS HIS GROIN, writhes in pain.

DR. CAMBRIA

No! No, what have you done?! What have you done, you bitch?!

Shana STOMPS DEFIANTLY up to the camera and STARES INTO IT.

SHANA

You're next asshole. I'ma do to you exactly what I did to him. But I'm gonna feed you yours till you choke on it you sick motherfucker!

She raises her hand and STABS HER SCALPEL INTO THE CAMERA'S EYE. Cambria's monitor CUTS OUT. NOTHING BUT STATIC.

Dr. Cambria POUNDS HIS FIST on the image repeatedly.

DR. CAMBRIA

No! No! Noooooooo!!!

INT. WILLOWBROOK - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

Shana stands before the LED screen where Dr. Cambria SOBS into his hands. She EXHALES with exhaustion and is about to walk out when...

A FIST TO HER FACE sends her SPRAWLING TO THE GROUND, THE SCALPEL FALLS FROM HER GRIP. Cropsey pounces on top of her, WRAPS HIS HANDS AROUND HER THROAT. She GASPS FOR BREATH and FUMBLES around on the floor with her hand.

Her HAND grasps left, right, up, down. SHE GASPS, her EYES ROLLING BACK INTO HER SKULL as her hand REACHES AROUND some more. She is about to LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS when her hand finally GRABS THE SCALPEL and BURIES IT IN CROPSEY'S THROAT.

He SCREAMS, BLEEDS PROFUSELY FROM THE THROAT as well as from the crotch. His EYES SOFTEN, START TO FADE, but he clutches her neck TIGHTER. She TWISTS THE SCALPEL in his throat and when the strength leaves her, HER ARM FALLS to the ground and HER HAND RELEASES THE SCALPEL.

They stare into each other's eyes...knowing that whoever runs out of blood or air first...will be the one who dies. Both their BREATHING SLOWS. Both their EYES SOFTEN, ROLL BACK and EVENTUALLY CLOSE. Cropsey COLLAPSES ON TOP OF HER and we...

BLACK OUT.

EXT. WILLOWBROOK - MORNING

The first rays of the sunrise fall upon the haunted remains of WILLOWBROOK'S BUILDINGS. We PUSH IN and then pass the SIGN that reads: **Willowbrook: Ward for the Criminally Insane.**

We settle on the door-less doorway and after a few moments, We hear SHUFFLING FEET. And eventually, we see MOVEMENT from within the dilapidated building.

Shana finally STAGGERS OUT.

SOAKED IN BLOOD and exhausted, she limps through the doorway, clutching SOMETHING in her hand. She reaches the open air and glances around at the new day dawning around her.

A GLIMMER OF RAGE creeps across her face and she glances down at the GPS in her hand. She studies it for a moment and a defiant SMIRK spreads across her face. She STARTS TO WALK, LIMPS down the trail with purpose.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Shana ambles through the last bit of brush and relief washes over her as she sees a RESIDENTIAL STREET unfold before her. Her eyes fill with HOPE and she steps back into civilization.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

COPS and EMTs SCURRY around Shana, who sits on the curb, WRAPPED IN A BLANKET. Her face is clean with several FRESH BANDAGES. She lowers the ICE PACK from her face so an EMT can SHINE A LIGHT IN HER EYES.

Several DETECTIVES hover over her. One of them JOTS NOTES on a notepad, the other DUSTS her GPS MONITOR for finger prints. UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS pour in and out of the office.

The SUN has now completely RISEN. Shana looks up at it, CLOSES HER EYES and basks in its rays; contemplative and grateful.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LABORATORY - MORNING

Shana stands, bookended by TWO DETECTIVES, stares at the laboratory that has been COMPLETELY CLEANED OUT. There is nothing there, no sign it was ever occupied. Her eyes fill with a swarm of conflicting emotions.

DETECTIVE

You say his name was 'Smith'?  
That's it, that's the only name he  
gave you?

Shana contemplates but doesn't respond.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to pretend to  
understand what you said you went  
through tonight. But what you tell  
us today will help us catch him  
tomorrow. And bring him to justice.

A long silence.

SHANA

'Justice'? Yeah, I'm familiar with  
that concept.

The Detectives look at each other with confusion. Shana's  
eyes rage with conflict and she finally gazes up at them.

SHANA (CONT'D)

It's been a long night and a real  
shitty one. I'd like to get some  
sleep. If I think of anything  
else...I'll let you know.

The two Detectives look at each other for a beat and then NOD  
in acquiescence. Shana turns and LIMPS OFF.

DETECTIVE

We need to take you to the  
hospital, Miss Clarke. Check you  
for a concussion and do an MRI on  
that knee...

She CONTINUES WALKING into the distance and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - DAY

A Lexus drives down a scenic stretch of California highway.

INT. CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An older and more frail Dr. Cambria (Smith) COUGHS a chronic  
cough as he glances out the window at a sign that reads:  
**Vallejo and Napa River - Next Exit**

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The car EXITS the highway and heads toward a gorgeous stretch of the Napa River. A few moments pass and then ANOTHER CAR gets off at the same exit.

EXT. CALIFORNIA RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY

Dr. Cambria limps gingerly with his cane along the same stretch of river he walked with Kendall decades prior. He walks until he reaches a PATH at the bank of the Napa River. He walks past a tree and STOPS when he sees **Martin Loves Kendall 1967** CARVED into it.

He GLANCES AROUND nervously for a moment, then continues down the path. He only gets a few steps when he sees a MEDICAL BRACELET lying on the ground.

He PICKS IT UP and his breathing escalates. It reads:  
**Kendall Cambria - Deceased - Glioblastoma - 1981**  
**Crosby Cambria - Deceased - Castration - 2018**  
**Martin Cambria - Deceased - I.E.D. - 2023**

He GASPS, THROWS the bracelet into the river and walks as BRISKLY as he can until he reaches a PARK BENCH. He STOPS suddenly and clutches his heart when he sees...

A PHOTO STABBED TO THE BENCH WITH A BLOODY SCALPEL.

He limps toward it and, overwhelmed, collapses into the bench. He looks down at the FADED PHOTO that features a YOUNG MAN and a YOUNG WOMAN, both in their late teens.

We recognize them as the YOUNG MARTIN and YOUNG KENDALL from the earlier flashback. He hesitantly removes the scalpel and picks up the picture with reverence as FOOTSTEPS APPROACH from behind him.

SHANA (O.S.)

Such a lovely picture, don't you think? The only one of the two of you that still exists, I believe.

SHANA STANDS BEHIND HIM. Cambria doesn't even turn around to look at her.

DR. CAMBRIA

It is. Where did you...?

SHANA

Kendall's daughter gave it to me.

He glances over his shoulder incredulously.

DR. CAMBRIA  
What? She...she never--

SHANA  
She did, actually. She lived, she loved, she married, she mothered. She did everything you never would.

DR. CAMBRIA  
I...I had no idea that she--

SHANA  
Of course you didn't. But I thought I'd tell you because I really want the last moments of your life to be spent reflecting on all the decisions you made...and how they contributed to your sad, lonely and violent death.

A long silence. He gazes sorrowfully at the photograph.

DR. CAMBRIA  
That bracelet...it said I died from 'I.E.D.' I don't know what that means.

SHANA  
You're about to find out. Goodbye Doctor.

She flashes a glare laced with satisfaction and WALKS OFF. As he sits in his sorrow, we TILT DOWN to reveal an IMPROVISED EXPLOSIVE DEVISE with a BLINKING RED LIGHT that is DUCT-TAPED to the bottom of the bench.

Shana WALKS with casual determination, further and further from the riverside bench. She finally pulls a small REMOTE DETONATOR from her pocket.

She stares at the BUTTON, soaks in the moment and then PRESSES IT. The EXPLOSION behind her sends FIRE and DEBRIS everywhere. Loud SQUAWKS as BIRDS FLY frantically from their perches.

Shana does not even glance behind her. She just ambles with the serene conviction of a woman that is finally at peace. And as the FIRE rages behind her, SHE FINALLY SMILES.

BLACK OUT.