

THE MUTILATOR

written by

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FADE IN:

1 **EXT. RURAL BACK ROAD - NIGHT** 1

Pitch black. The only light—HEADLIGHTS cutting through thick fog.

BREATHING. Deep. Rhythmic. Inhumanly calm.

POV — THROUGH A CRACKED, SCRATCHED MASK

We're watching a lone YOUNG MAN (20s) jogging along the edge of the wooded roadside. Earbuds in. Oblivious. Free. Vulnerable.

The breath becomes sharper. Hungrier.

MATCH CUT TO:

2 **EXT. DITCH NEAR THE TREE LINE - CONTINUOUS** 2

A figure moves behind the trees. Just shadows. Fast. Calculated. We glimpse flesh-colored **stitched leather**—a mask? A face?

The man jogs past.

Suddenly—

A CRACK. A SNAP.

He stops.

YOUNG MAN
(pulling out earbuds)
Hello? Who's there?

Silence.

Then...

SCHHHHT. A jagged blade slides from a sleeve.

Before he turns around—

WHAM! A BONE SAW slams into his collarbone.

He SCREAMS—but it's cut short by a **boot to his throat.**

EXT. GROUND - LOW ANGLE

The killer straddles him, breathing steady. We see nothing but the silhouette of a hulking figure and a glint of steel.

SAWING.

SCREAMING.

GURGLING.

Blood splashes on fallen leaves.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - EARLY MORNING

The drone of the engine hums as trees rush by. Overcast skies press down.

LENA GRAVES (28) stares out the window. Hollow eyes. Pale. A woman who's already lost too much.

GRACE (17), next to her, scrolls on her phone. Headphones in. Chewing gum like it's armor.

LENA

Are you sure you're okay with this?

GRACE

We're not exactly going to
Disneyland.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)

Next stop—Black Hollow.

3

EXT. BLACK HOLLOW - BUS STOP - MORNING

3

The bus pulls away in a puff of diesel.

Lena and Grace stand with two duffel bags. The town is quiet. Too quiet.

Rusty signs. Closed storefronts. Locals glance from porches, windows. Eyes linger too long. Faces disappear too fast.

Grace looks around.

GRACE

Welcome to Hillbilly Hell.

(CONTINUED)

LENA

Don't say that here.

GRACE

Why? Is somebody going to hex me?

Lena notices an OLD MAN watching from a gas station. His stare—icy, deliberate.

They walk off toward a beat-up pickup truck parked nearby.

INT. GRAVES FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Still covered in white ash. **FIRE DAMAGE** on the upstairs ceiling. Photos warped. The smell of smoke lingers.

Lena opens a cabinet. Finds an urn. Her fingers tremble.

GRACE (O.S.)

This is... so fucked.

LENA

That's where he died.

GRACE

Are you sure it was just an accident?

LENA

Get some rest.

4

INT. LENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

Dark. Quiet. Then—

A faint CREAKING SOUND from above. A groan in the walls.

Lena, half-asleep, stirs.

DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. CHILDHOOD HOME - FLASHBACK

She's 8 years old. The wallpaper peels. Her father SCREAMS from another room. A SHADOW moves behind her bed.

The closet door CREAKS open—

CHILD LENA

Who's there?

A face. **A face stitched together from human skin.** Then—

INT. LENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

She GASPS awake. Covered in sweat.

She sits up, breathing hard.

RING.
Her phone buzzes.

A message: "**It's done.**"

No sender.

She gets up and walks to the front door.

Opens it.

ON THE PORCH:

A RABBIT. MUTILATED. SKIN FLAYED. EYES MISSING.

Lena backs away, hand over mouth.

EXT. TOWN CHURCH - MORNING

Lena walks into the chapel. Empty pews. Dim light.

REVEREND SLOAN (50s) emerges from the shadows like he's been waiting.

SLOAN

I was sorry to hear about your brother.

LENA

He was a good kid. Didn't deserve—

SLOAN

No one does. But Black Hollow...
We don't bury the past. We trap it.

Lena squints.

LENA

What does that mean?

SLOAN

Just... don't go digging, Miss Graves.
Some truths are better left rotting.

5 **INT. ATTIC - THAT NIGHT**

5

Grace climbs through dust and boxes. She finds a cracked box labeled "1977 - TOWN FILES."

She opens it.

Inside-newspapers, photos... and a small child's **diary**.

She flips it open. The first page reads:

"He's still in the walls. I hear him breathing when I sleep."

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GRAVES HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Grace flipping through the diary, her face pale. The pages are **childlike but chilling**.

"He cried all night. He said he didn't want to be touched anymore."

"Daddy said if I told, I'd end up like Miles."

"Miles is gone now. But the walls still breathe."

Grace gulps.

GRACE

What the hell is this?

Suddenly—

A faint SCRATCHING. Somewhere **behind the attic wall**.

Grace freezes.

GRACE (CONT'D)

...Lena?

She slowly walks to the wall. Listens.

SCRATCH. SCRATCH. SCRAAAAAAPE.

She backs away fast—
THUMP. A loud bang from behind the wall.

She drops the diary.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE (CONT'D)
Nope. Absolutely not.
She bolts out.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Grace slams the attic door shut. Lena sits at the table, drinking wine, staring at a faded family photo.

GRACE
I found something in the attic. A diary.

LENA
What kind of diary?

GRACE
Old. Like from the seventies. It talks about a kid named Miles... and—
(hesitating)
—hearing breathing in the walls.

Lena stares at her.

LEF.
That's not funny.

GRACE
I'm not joking. Something's off here. Real off.
That's not funny.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I'm not joking. Something's off here. Real off.

6

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT

6

ASHLEY (20s)—Grace's thrill-seeking friend is walking home from a bonfire, drunk and laughing on FaceTime.

ASHLEY
Nah girl, I'm fine. I'm cuttin' through the trail.

Saves me twenty minutes.

Her screen freezes. Signal weak.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Yo—

(CONTINUED)

Is someone there?

She flips her camera around—blurry trees, fog—

BAM! A gloved hand grabs her phone, yanks her sideways off the trail.

EXT. ABANDONED HAY BARN - NIGHT

Ashley's tied to a rotted wood beam. Gagged. Eyes wild with fear.

The MUTILATOR stands in front of her—motionless. Breathing steady.

He raises a sharpened tool—a custom claw made of rusted saw teeth welded together.

He carves her stomach with surgical precision. Slow. Deliberate.

Blood sprays the wooden walls.

She tries to scream, but it's muffled. Her body trembles violently.

One final THWACK.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LENA'S ROOM - MORNING

Sunlight peeks through the cracked blinds.

Grace bursts in—panicked.

GRACE

Ashley didn't come home.

Lena rubs her face.

LENA

Maybe she crashed at—

GRACE

Her phone was found in the woods.

Cracked. Covered in blood.

Lena shoots up. Alarmed now.

(CONTINUED)

LENA

Maybe she crashed at-

GRACE

Her phone was found in the woods.

Cracked. Covered in blood.

Lena shoots up. Alarmed now.

LENA

Call the sheriff.

GRACE

He's already brushing it off.
"Probably a bear."

LENA

She didn't get mauled by a fucking
bear.

7

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

7

Lena confronts **DEPUTY KELLER** (40s), tired and sarcastic.

KELLER

You've been back two days and
already stirring shit up.

LENA

A girl's missing, and there's a
mutilated animal left at my door.

KELLER

This is Black Hollow, Ms. Graves.
Weird is normal.
Lena stares at him, furious.

LENA

If you're not going to do
something, I will.
She storms out.

Keller watches her leave. Then... picks up the phone.

KELLER

Yeah... we've got a problem.

8

INT. TOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY - LATER

8

Grace meets **MRS. BARTLETT** (70s), the town's reclusive
historian.

(CONTINUED)

She shows Grace clippings from a locked archive box labeled:
"PROJECT BLACK HOLLOW - CONFIDENTIAL"

MRS. BARTLETT

Miles wasn't just a ghost story.

He was real. A ward of the state.

He lived in a halfway house behind the chapel.

She shows a black-and-white photo: A small, hollow-eyed boy in torn overalls.

MRS. BARTLETT (CONT'D)

They found him... or what was left of him.

Said it was an accident.

GRACE

Was it?

Mrs. Bartlett looks away.

MRS. BARTLETT

That boy never had a funeral.
Nobody. Just... a room full of blood.

Grace shivers.

9

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

9

Keller returns to his desk. A box is waiting for him.

He opens it.

Inside: his badge, his photo... and a piece of freshly sliced HUMAN SCALP.

He barely reacts.

Then he looks at a dark corner of the office.

KELLER

Took you long enough.

WHACK!

A hook rips across the frame.

BLOOD SPLATTERS the walls.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Lena lights a candle. Sloan appears behind her.

SLOAN

He doesn't forgive, you know.

LENA

Neither do I.

SLOAN

Then maybe you're no different than him.

10

INT. GRAIN MILL - MUTILATOR'S LAIR - SAME NIGHT

10

Ashley's body. Stripped. Drained. Hung like a slab of meat.

The Mutilator sits in silence. Watching.

In his hand—a photo of **Lena's family**.

He circles **her father's face** in red.

FADE IN:

EXT. BLACK HOLLOW - DOWNTOWN - EVENING

Dim streetlights cast long shadows. A hollow breeze moves through the decaying town. Locals glance up from porches, then quickly back down. Conversations die when Lena passes.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

LENA and GRACE sit in a booth. The clink of forks and faded 1950s music in the background. A WAITRESS pours coffee, watching them too long.

GRACE

You feel that, right?

Like we're not supposed to be here.

LENA

(nods)

Like the town's holding its breath.

GRACE

Maybe it knows we're digging where we shouldn't.

Lena stirs her coffee, eyes on the dusty window.

(CONTINUED)

LENA

We're not digging. We're uncovering.

GRACE

(sarcastic)

Oh, well. That makes mutilated rabbits on the porch okay then.

INT. GRAVES HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A dim, flickering bulb. Lena opens an old chest. Dust swirls. Inside: her father's documents. Schematics. Letters marked CONFIDENTIAL.

She pulls one labeled: "BLACK HOLLOW FACILITY - PHASE II."

FLASHBACK: SUPER 8 FOOTAGE - 1970s

CHILDREN in lab-like classrooms. Needles. Strapped beds. Therapists observing behind mirrored glass.

INT. GRAVES HOUSE - BASEMENT - PRESENT

Grace appears behind Lena, holding the diary.

GRACE

(reading)

"He comes through the cracks. When the lights go out."

LENA

I think our father worked there.

GRACE

Jesus...

LENA

(pained)

I think he helped build it.

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY - DAY

The town historian MRS. BARTLETT sets a box down. Clippings, blueprints, censored reports.

MRS. BARTLETT

Black Hollow was a project.
A rehabilitation center. At least,
that's what they said.

(CONTINUED)

LENA

What was it really?

MRS. BARTLETT

A place to hide children nobody
wanted to claim.

GRACE

You mean orphans?

MRS. BARTLETT

Worse. Kids they experimented on.

Lena pulls out a photo—several doctors. One is clearly **her father.**

INT. LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lena stares at the photo. Her hands tremble.

GRACE

He knew what was happening. Didn't
he?

LENA

He didn't just know. He helped.

GRACE

(disgusted)

God...

A long silence.

GRACE

Do you think the killer... was one
of the kids?

LENA

Or maybe... he never left.

INT. BLACK HOLLOW ELEMENTARY (ABANDONED WING) - NEXT DAY

Dust chokes the air. Faded murals. A hall lined with lockers;
half ripped from the walls.

They find a **sealed steel door**. Painted over. Lena wipes it
with her sleeve.

Paint flakes off revealing: **WARD C.**

LENA

Help me open it.

(CONTINUED)

Grace hesitates.

GRACE

What if we're not supposed to?

Lena meets her eyes—hard, determined.

LENA

We already crossed that line.

INT. WARD C - INSIDE THE SEALED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A time capsule of horror. Old medical chairs. Child restraints. Bloodstains. Names scratched into walls.

GRACE

(whispers)

Jesus. This is a fucking tomb.

They approach a back room.

INT. ISOLATION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

One rusted chair. One tiny bed. Chains bolted to the floor.

On the wall: drawings. Dozens of them. Violent. Frantic. A tall, stitched man. Watching.

LENA

He was kept in here...

GRACE

Like a thing. Not a person.

Lena finds a name etched in the wall.

CLOSE ON: **MILES.**

INT. GRAVES HOUSE - NIGHT

The women return. Silence. Tension.

LENA

Our father—he buried this. Paid people to keep it hidden.

GRACE

And what if Miles didn't die there?

LENA

What if he became something else?

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly—THE LIGHTS FLICKER.

CRASH! Upstairs. Footsteps. Heavy. Deliberate.

They grab kitchen knives.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

They creep toward the noise.

A SHADOW darts past.

GRACE

(shaking)

He's here.

They burst into the guest room—nothing.

But scratched into the windowpane—"I **remember you.**"

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVINE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

JASON (17), a loner and conspiracy vlogger, hikes alone with a headlamp and GoPro. He narrates into the camera.

JASON

Local legends say Black Hollow was built over something older. Something... evil.

He approaches an old drainage tunnel. Graffiti: "YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT."

FLASH CUT TO:

JASON'S POV - THE CAMERA

In the lens reflection: a tall, cloaked figure—behind him.

JASON (CONT'D)

What the f—

The GoPro drops. Screams. Wet tearing. The audio gurgles.

INTO THE DARKNESS.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Lena storms in, throws the diary onto the desk.

LENA

Look at the date. Look at the names.

KELLER (who survived but is now shaken and bandaged) glances at the diary, pale.

KELLER

I warned them to burn this place to the ground.

GRACE

But you stayed. Why?

KELLER

Because someone has to keep watch. Someone who remembers what it did.

LENA

"It?" You mean Miles?

KELLER

No. Miles was a vessel. Something took him. Something we buried alive.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOAN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

SLOAN kneels in prayer. The candles blow out.

SLOAN

(intensely whispering)
Forgive me. I failed you, Miles.

Behind him, the confession booth creaks.

FLASH CUT TO:

INSIDE THE BOOTH - A dark silhouette inches forward. Breathing. Watching.

SLOAN doesn't move.

SLOAN

I gave you the names.

No answer.

(CONTINUED)

Then—metal hooks SLASH through the wood.

CUT TO BLACK:

INTO THE DARKNESS.

11 **INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

11

A community memorial is held for JASON. Townspeople gather with candles. A slideshow of Jason's vlogs plays silently.

MAYOR LIDDELL (50s), stern and cold, takes the podium.

MAYOR LIDDELL

Jason loved this town, even if his
ways were... unconventional.

(pauses)

We ask for privacy. And strength.
And silence.

LENA and **GRACE** stand near the back, watching the townspeople more than the slideshow.

GRACE

Look at them. No one's crying.
No one's shocked.

LENA

They know. Or they remember.

MAYOR LIDDELL

We've seen tragedy before. We will
overcome it again.

LENA

(over it again?)
How many times has this happened?

12 **INT. BLACK HOLLOW LIBRARY - ARCHIVES ROOM - LATER**

12

Dimly lit. Rows of microfilm and old town ledgers.

GRACE

So many missing persons reports...
over the decades.
Kids. Teens. Even adults. All
"unsolved."

(CONTINUED)

LENA

Look at this. 1978. "Five teens
vanish after exploring Ward C."
Then again in '84.
Then '95.

GRACE

Why didn't anyone ever do anything?

LENA

Because they're too afraid of what
they'll find.

13

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

13

A couple of teens—**TANNER** (18, stoner) and **BRI** (19, goth)—
sneak off from the memorial. Flashlights bobbing.

BRI

This is dumb. You know someone
really died.

TANNER

C'mon, you don't believe that
folklore shit.
Jason probably got eaten by a bear.

They arrive at an abandoned fire watch tower, half-collapsed.

BRI

You hear that?

A **metallic dragging noise** echoes in the woods.

TANNER

Just the wind.

Suddenly—**HOOKS FLASH** through Tanner's neck from behind. He's
yanked up and away.

Bri SCREAMS. She runs.

She trips. Crawls.

And then—

SILENCE.

Just her breathing.

She looks behind her.

No one.

(CONTINUED)

Turns back—

MILES (THE MUTILATOR) looms in front of her. Seven feet tall. Patchworked skin. Hooks dangling from his arms like dreadlocks.

SMASH CUT TO:

FADE IN:

14 **EXT. ABANDONED TRAILER PARK - NIGHT**

14

The wind groans through a dead tree. One flickering streetlight struggles to stay alive. A lone trailer sits crookedly on concrete blocks. Inside: a faint yellow glow.

15 **INT. TRAILER - NIGHT**

15

An ancient TV plays static. **MRS. WORTHY** (70s, hoarder) rocks in a creaky chair, surrounded by religious candles and doll heads.

She clutches an old rosary with bloody fingers.

MRS. WORTHY

(whispering)

I told them he'd return. Told 'em
God ain't the only one who hears
prayers...

SLAM TO:

16 **EXT. TRAILER - SAME**

16

A tall, black figure looms in the fog behind the trailer.

Something drags.

Metal on pavement.

A HOOK.

17 **INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS**

17

The TV flickers harder. Candles go out. The rosary shatters in her hand.

She gasps.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. WORTHY (CONT'D)
Miles...

Suddenly, the door **BLASTS** open.

A loud **WAIL** echoes through the night.

CUT TO:

18 **INT. LENA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

18

Lena jolts awake, drenched in sweat.

She grabs her journal and flips through it—sketches of the tall figure, timelines, newspaper clippings. One page reads in jagged ink:

"BURIED BUT BREATHING."

GRACE enters holding her phone.

GRACE
It happened again.

LENA
Mrs. Worthy?

GRACE
Gone. No body. Just blood.

LENA

(shaking)
He's accelerating. He's not hiding anymore.

GRACE
Then we can't either.

CUT TO:

19 **INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY**

19

Lena slams the diary, VHS tape, and crime scene photos onto **Keller's** desk.

LENA
Stop pretending this is a coincidence. You know this town's dirty.

KELLER
Lower your voice.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

People are dying.

KELLER

They've always been dying here.
Long before you were born.

LENA

Then why didn't you stop it?

KELLER

Because we couldn't.

Keller leans in, voice low and shaking.

KELLER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

There's something buried under this town that was never meant to be found.

GRACE

Then why the hell is it back now?

Keller turns to a locked drawer. Unlocks it. Pulls out a black-and-white photo.

CLOSE ON:

A group of **seven children**. All expressionless. One circled in red: **Miles**.

KELLER

Because he was waiting.

LENA

For what?

KELLER

For revenge.

SLAM TO:

20

EXT. BLACK HOLLOW WOODS - DAY

20

The sun fights through the trees.

Lena, Grace, and Keller hike deep into the forest, following an old trail from the VHS footage.

KELLER

They said the facility was shut down in '84. But no one ever checked Ward D.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

Wait... Ward D?

KELLER

The final wing. Where the worst experiments were moved.

LENA

And where they buried Miles.

GRACE

If this is a trap...

KELLER

Then it's already too late.

Suddenly, they arrive at a rusted iron **hatch**, half-covered in moss.

GRACE

It looks like a goddamn bomb shelter.

KELLER

That's because it *was*.

Keller pries it open with a crowbar. A stairwell descends into darkness.

KELLER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

We go down. We face what they left behind.

GRACE

You sure he's down there?

LENA

I'm sure he never left.

CUT TO:

21

INT. WARD D - UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

21

Pitch black. Flashlights barely penetrate the suffocating dark.

Rusty pipes groan above them.

LENA

How far does this go?

(CONTINUED)

KELLER

Beneath the town. Some say the tunnels run all the way to the church, the school... even under our homes.

They pass **scratched writing** on the wall:

"THE DEAD REMEMBER."

GRACE

God, I hate this place.

Suddenly—a **shriek**. A metallic rattle. Something is down here.

They whip around—light catches a **blood trail** that wasn't there a second ago.

KELLER

We're being hunted.

LENA

Then let's give him something to hunt.

CUT TO:

22

INT. CHURCH - BASEMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

22

A trap is set.

Candles arranged. Sound triggers. Cameras on tripods.

Grace rigs wires to an old church bell. Lena loads a revolver. Keller holds a flare.

GRACE

You think he'll come?

LENA

He never left.

(low beat)

This is his altar.

Suddenly—all candles extinguish.

Silence.

Then—

Chains rattle.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE
(turning slowly)
Behind you...

THE MUTILATOR rises in the back of the room. Towering.
Decomposed. Hooks clicking against the floor.

He steps into the candlelight-stitched eyes, inhuman breath,
a child's voice layered with a growl.

THE MUTILATOR
You... let them hurt me.

SLAM TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

23 **EXT. BLACK HOLLOW CEMETERY - NIGHT**

23

A storm brews overhead. Thunder rumbles. A crooked sign
reads:
"Elysium Memorial - Est. 1888."

LENA, soaked in rain, follows **KELLER** toward an overgrown
crypt, flashlight in hand.

GRACE trails, uneasy.

GRACE
Tell me again why the hell we're
here.

KELLER
Because Miles wasn't born... he was
made.

LENA
What?

KELLER
The town called it a medical
miracle. But it was really the
beginning of the curse.

They stop. A massive mausoleum looms, iron door ajar.

KELLER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
This is where they buried the first
body.

GRACE
Whose?

(CONTINUED)

KELLER

The mother who died giving birth to him. The one that shouldn't have been pregnant in the first place.

GRACE

...Come again?

KELLER

Her name was Miriam. Comatose. No family. Brain dead. But... her body carried to term.

LENA

That's not possible.

KELLER

Exactly.

CUT TO:

24

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

24

They step inside. Cold. Damp. Walls lined with urns and decaying caskets.

LENA'S FLASHLIGHT catches a wall carving:

"Suffer Not the Spawn"

GRACE

What the hell does that mean?

Keller kneels and pries open a floor hatch, revealing a rotted wooden crate. Inside: torn pages of a **diary**, faded **birth records**, and a worn **photo of Miriam**—young, emaciated, lifeless.

INSERT - DIARY PAGE:

"He doesn't cry like a normal baby. He *smiles* when he's alone. I swear I heard him speak my name... before he ever spoke a word."

LENA

These are records... from the early '80s.

GRACE

You're telling me this town hid a demon child?

(CONTINUED)

KELLER

Not hidden. Raised. Fed. Watched.
Then feared.

FLASH CUT TO:

25 **INT. BLACK HOLLOW MEDICAL - ARCHIVE FOOTAGE - VHS POV** 25

Dr. Graves films an infant lying in a glass crib. Electrodes on his head. Arms restrained.

DR. GRAVES (V.O.)

Subject 11 exhibits zero attachment responses. No tears. No recognition.

Yet... when left alone with small animals, they always turn up dead.

Quick flashes:

- A cat's body.
- Nurses whispering.
- Strange **symbols** drawn in blood on a mirror.

DR. GRAVES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Is this nature? Or nurture?
Either way... it's no longer human.

SMASH CUT TO:

26 **INT. GRAVES HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT** 26

Lena stares at the old footage, trembling. Keller and Grace exchange silent glances.

GRACE

How did no one know?

KELLER

People did. They just lied. They buried the truth with everybody.

LENA

So how did Miles survive the fire?

KELLER

Because Miles can't be killed—not the way we understand death.

He pulls out a **black-and-white autopsy photo** of **Miles**, age 10.

(CONTINUED)

KELLER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 They burned him. Injected him.
 Drowned him. Every time—he came
 back.

GRACE
 That's not science. That's
 something else...

KELLER
 That's what this town tried to
 cover up. They made a monster.
 And now... he's come home.

THUNDERCLAPS. The power **DIES**. Total blackness.

LENA
 He's here.

SLAM TO:

27

INT. OLD CHURCH - CONFESSORIAL BOOTH - NIGHT

27

PRIEST ROURKE (60s, guilt-wracked) whispers prayers, drenched in sweat. He holds a rosary tight.

A **DISTORTED VOICE** speaks from the other side of the screen.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
 Bless me, Father. For I never
 sinned. They did.

PRIEST ROURKE
 (panicking)
 Who's there?

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
 Do you remember me? You baptized me
 in a basement.
 You burned my name from the
 records.
 You told the town to forget me.

PRIEST ROURKE
 (palms bleeding)
 It wasn't supposed to go this far.

The screen between them slowly begins to **MELT**—boiling into ash.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
 But I remember.
 All of it.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, a HOOK pierces through the confessional wall—pulling the priest into the shadows with an ungodly SNAP.

SLAM TO BLACK.

28

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

28

Lena stands under a flickering lamp post. Everything's changed. The town is quiet. Too quiet.

She dials on her phone.

LENA

(to voicemail)

This isn't about ghost stories.

It's not a curse. It's a consequence.

We created him. And now we all have to pay.

She turns and sees something—a hook hanging from a tree, dripping with fresh blood.

Carved into the tree's bark:

"Born from silence. Raised in pain. I AM THE SIN."

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. GRACE'S TRUCK - NIGHT - MOVING

Rain pelts the windshield as **LENA** and **GRACE** drive in silence. The air between them is thick, haunted by everything they've seen.

GRACE

What if he's not just here to kill?
What if he's trying to make us feel what he felt?

LENA

Good. Then I know exactly where to start.

GRACE

Where?

(CONTINUED)

LENA

Where they ended him the first time.

SLAM TO:

29

EXT. BLACK HOLLOW MEDICAL - DEMOLISHED WARD D - NIGHT

29

They pull up to a field of overgrown weeds and barbed fencing. The old psych facility—now half-collapsed—looms in the fog.

A "CONDEMNED" sign sways in the wind.

30

INT. WARD D - BASEMENT RUINS - MOMENTS LATER

30

Cracked tiles. Bloodstains decades old. An operating table flipped on its side. Chains dangle from the ceiling like vines.

LENA

This is where they did it.
This is where they made him bleed
until he stopped moving.

She crouches by a **burned outline on the floor** — vaguely human-shaped.

GRACE

You think this is where he... died?

LENA

He didn't die.
He became.

Suddenly—A LOUD BANG. A metal cabinet flies open across the room.

GRACE

We're not alone.

They back into the hallway, flashlights shaking.

SCRATCHING SOUNDS echo around them.

The corridor stretches like an endless throat. Blood symbols coat the walls now—pulsing faintly.

And then—A CHILD'S VOICE.

CHILD (O.S.)

Why did you leave me here?

(CONTINUED)

LENA

Grace... did you hear that?

GRACE

We need to go. Now.

The lights flicker. **One by one**, they burst.

LENA'S FLASHLIGHT catches a glimpse of **MILES** at the far end of the corridor. Still. Watching.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Run.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - NIGHT**

31

KELLER flips through old yearbooks and sealed police files. Candlelit. Sweat on his brow. The storm outside howls.

He stops on a torn page.

INSERT: BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTO

A ritual circle. Seven people.
Robes. Masks. One figure is tied in
the center.
A child.

Keller mutters to himself:

KELLER

They didn't just study him.
They *sacrificed* him.

THUNDER CRASHES.

Suddenly, the bookshelves rattle violently. Files explode into the air.

Then-silence.

KELLER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I was wrong.
He didn't survive the rituals.

A whisper in the dark:

MILES (O.S.)

I *became* them.

SMASH TO:

32

INT. LENORA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

32

Lena returns home alone. She locks the door, breathing hard. Grace dropped her off and peeled away.

She pulls out her father's old medical journal.

VOICE MESSAGE PLAYS (O.S.):

"Hi Lena, it's Mom. Don't come back here. They know you're looking into it. They'll come for you, too. Just like they did for your father—"

BEEP.

Lena shuts her eyes.

Then the floor creaks.

She looks up.

A HOOK dangles from the ceiling fan, spinning slowly.

LENA

No... no...

Suddenly—**THE LIGHTS EXPLODE.**

She grabs a fireplace poker and creeps through the dark hallway.

She turns a corner—and finds a mirror. Her own reflection is there.

Then slowly—**Miles appears behind her in the mirror only.**

LENA (CONT'D)

(turns—nothing)

You're not real.

MILES (V.O.)

I never was. You made me real.

The room freezes. The mirror CRACKS.

SLAM TO:

33

EXT. BLACK HOLLOW - MONTAGE - NIGHT

33

— Children sleep while Miles watches through their windows.

— Police scan crime scenes, find **burned handprints, twisted hooks, and disemboweled corpses**.

(CONTINUED)

- The **Mayor** prays in her office. Behind her, **blood starts dripping** from the ceiling tiles.
- In the church, the crucifix turns **upside down**.

MILES (V.O.)
You buried me in the dark.
Now I've become your shadow.

34 **INT. LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

34

Lena opens the diary. A final page reveals itself—freshly written, though it hadn't been before.

"The bloodline begins with you.
And it ends when the last of you burns."

CLOSE ON: LENA.

She stares forward, realization dawning.

LENA
I'm the final piece.

A CRASH is heard downstairs.

She doesn't flinch. She **grabs her father's revolver**.

LENA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Come and get me.

SLAM TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

35 **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

35

Music thumps in the distance. Teenagers party near a bonfire. Beer cans. Weed. Laughter echoing into the trees.

Among them: **ASHLEY** (17, cheerleader, cocky), mid-laugh, wanders off into the woods—tipsy, texting.

ASHLEY
(into phone)
I swear, Jay, if this is another
prank—

She stops.

Ahead: a **cracked porcelain mask** nailed to a tree. Below it, a dead crow. Gutted.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Gross.

She turns—a hook flashes across her face, yanking her out of frame.

CUT TO:36 **EXT. BONFIRE PARTY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

36

Screams erupt. Teens scatter. Flashlights bob wildly. Someone finds Ashley's limp body dumped on a picnic table—

GUTTED from neck to hip. Her mouth was sewn shut with **black thread**.

On her chest, carved into her skin:

"THE BLOOD IS NEVER FORGOTTEN."

SMASH TO:37 **INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

37

GRACE stares at the diary on the metal table. Pages open. Rain taps the window.

She flips to a page with a childish drawing of a boy in chains beneath a church.

GRACE
(mutters)
Mrs. Bartlett...

38 **INT. BARTLETT HOME - NIGHT**

38

Creaky. Cluttered. Candles lit.

MRS. BARTLETT (70s, sharp but shaken) sits across from Grace.

GRACE
You ran the youth shelter back
then.
Tell me about Miles.

MRS. BARTLETT
Miles wasn't his real name. They
gave that to him when he arrived.
No papers. No records.
Just scars... and eyes that never
blinked.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

What happened to him?

MRS. BARTLETT

He tried to speak. They punished him.

When he started showing... signs—
The church and hospital called it
blasphemy. He said he was "the
devil's echo."

GRACE

Signs?

MRS. BARTLETT

He knew things. Told secrets. Drew
death before it happened.
He *predicted* his own disappearance.

GRACE

So, what did they do?

MRS. BARTLETT (V.O.)

They made him vanish.

39

FLASHBACK - INT. ABANDONED CHAPEL - 1990 - NIGHT

39

Men in medical coats and church robes circle a child bound to a table.

Among them: **YOUNG DR. SLOAN**, **LENA'S FATHER**, and **MAYOR LEXINGTON**.

They chant. Inject. Slice.

The child—**Miles**—screams, but not in pain—in laughter.

BACK TO SCENE:**GRACE**

Jesus Christ...

MRS. BARTLETT

No, child.
Jesus turned away from that place a long time ago.

40

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

40

JAY (18, sweet but reckless) corners **LENA** by her locker.

(CONTINUED)

JAY

Hey, hey—wait. Look, I know you're going through it—

LENA

You don't know shit, Jay.

JAY

I'm not trying to fight.
Just talk. Let me help you.

LENA

Everyone who tries to help ends up dead. You want that?

She storms off.

Jay watches her go—guilt-stricken.

41

INT. JAY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

41

Jay works on his motorcycle, headphones in.

A low creak behind him.

He turns—no one.

Back to work. Suddenly—**CHAIN WHIPS AROUND HIS NECK.**

Jay struggles, choking.

In the mirror, he sees **Miles** behind him, face hidden by blood and shadows.

Miles whispers:

MILES

You should've listened.

The chain **tightens**—until Jay's neck **snaps**.

42

INT. LENA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

42

Lena stares at an old **family photo**—her father, her mother... and a man in the background she hadn't noticed before:

DR. SLOAN.

She digs through the box of her father's files—finds a sealed envelope marked "**REDWOOD - TERMINATED**".

(CONTINUED)

Inside: **photos of Miles** strapped to a chair. Notes on "neural distortion," "behavioral response," and "purification protocols."

Lena's hands tremble.

GRACE (O.S.)

They all knew.

Lena turns. Grace stands in the doorway.

GRACE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Your father. Sloan. Bartlett. The sheriff.
All of them.

LENA

They buried it.

GRACE

They buried him.

LENA

And now he's unearthing all of us.

43

INT. HOSPITAL ARCHIVE ROOM - NIGHT

43

Lena sneaks in with Grace. They find a file stamped "**RESTRICTED - MILES PROJECT.**"

She opens it.

A birth certificate.

NAME: UNKNOWN
MOTHER: MIRIAM CLAYTON
GUARDIAN: HENRY WILKES (Lena's father)

GRACE

Wait... Your dad was his legal guardian?

LENA

No... no, this is a mistake.

Another document—**Death Certificate for Miles**. Signed by **Sloan and Henry Wilkes**.

LENA (CONT'D)

They killed him.
They signed his fucking death warrant.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

No, Lena. They didn't kill him.
They *created* him.

MIRRORS SHATTER around them. Blood trickles from the file cabinet. They are backing away.

The lights flicker.

Whispers fill the air:

"The blood remembers."

44

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER THAT NIGHT

44

Lena stands alone at her father's grave. Rain pouring.

She clutches the diary. Her eyes are empty. A revelation boiling inside her.

LENA (V.O.)

He didn't come after me because I
was in the way.
He came because I'm part of the
story.

She looks down—**Miles' hook** is embedded in the dirt before her. A gift.

LENA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm not just a victim.
I'm the last thread in the rope
they used to hang him.

Thunder **cracks**. Her face hardens.

LENA (CONT'D)

Then I'll finish what they started.

SLAM TO BLACK.

45

INT. LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT

45

Maps. Notes. The diary. Files on every town leader. Lena, haggard, strings everything together on her wall. Red thread connects each name to one word:

"WITNESS."

GRACE enters, soaked, eyes bloodshot.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

Two more bodies. Kids from the library club.
One had his eyes stitched open. The other... they can't even identify.

LENA

He's accelerating. The closer we get to the anniversary...

GRACE

...the more he remembers.

46

INT. TOWN HALL - EMERGENCY MEETING - NIGHT

46

The Mayor, Pastor, Sloan, and Bartlett sit in a dark room, hushed and terrified. A generator hums.

MAYOR LEXINGTON

We can't keep this under wraps. The FBI's sniffing around.

PASTOR RIGGS

We built this town on silence.
Don't start screaming now.

SLOAN

If the girl finds out the truth—

BARTLETT

She already has.

Beat.

MAYOR LEXINGTON

Then we end it.
Before she becomes like him.

47

INT. LENA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

47

Lena lays out a **ritual circle** based on notes from the diary. A mix of salt, blood, iron, and ash.

GRACE

You're not doing this without me.

LENA

I need you outside the circle. If I don't come back, burn it all.

GRACE

Lena—

(CONTINUED)

LENA

I'm not scared of Miles anymore.
I'm scared I'm like him.

48

EXT. BLACK HOLLOW - NIGHT - MONTAGE

48

- Doors slam. Lights flicker. Townspeople arm themselves with shotguns and Bibles.
- A **shadow** glides across rooftops.
- Children wake screaming, their walls written in **blood language**.
- A **corpse** swings from the old water tower—**SLOAN**, crucified upside down.

Carved into his chest:

“ONE OF THE SEVEN”

49

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

49

Grace drinks alone. Thunder outside.

Suddenly — A SCRATCHING SOUND AT THE BACK DOOR.

She grabs a bat.

Opens it—no one there.

She turns around—

MAYOR LEXINGTON hits her with a taser. Grace collapses.

50

INT. BASEMENT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

50

Grace wakes, bound. Mayor stands above her. Candlelit.

MAYOR LEXINGTON

You think Miles is the only ghost
this town birthed?
He was just the beginning.

Behind her: **The surviving council members**—all branded with **ritual markings**.

PASTOR RIGGS

We kept the darkness quiet for
thirty years.

BARTLETT

And now it speaks.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE

You tortured a kid. Turned him into a curse.

MAYOR

No, we *fed* the curse. It was always here. He was the vessel.

51 **INT. LENA'S ROOM - SAME NIGHT**

51

Lena, in a trance, reads the final page of the diary.

A **warning**:

"The true rot isn't beneath the ground.
It walks in daylight.
And it still wears skin."

The circle around her ignites—**Miles appears behind her**, fully visible now: part child, part flayed horror, eyes glowing.

He doesn't attack. He *kneels*.

MILES

You read it.
You know.

LENA

You weren't the evil.
They were.

MILES

Now you see.

Images flash in her mind—not just his death, but the **rituals done after him**.

Children burned. Mothers buried. "Failures" erased.

She collapses, screaming.

52 **EXT. CHURCH - LATER THAT NIGHT**

52

Lena arrives, bloodied, holding the diary.

She finds the survivors gathered for a "cleansing ceremony."

She throws the diary into the aisle.

LENA

You want absolution?

(CONTINUED)

She lifts her shirt — reveals the same **ritual symbol carved into her back** as Miles had.

LENA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You already offered me.
When I was *five*.

Gasps. The crowd turns on the council.

Then—

DOORS SLAM SHUT.

MILES APPEARS in the stained glass. The windows explode inward.

Chaos.

53 **INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER**

53

Screams. Blood. One by one, the corrupt fall — Mayor, Pastor, Bartlett — dragged into the dark.

Lena confronts Miles in the sanctuary.

LENA
You can stop now. They're dead.

MILES
Not all of them.

He looks at her.

MILES (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You're not done yet.

54 **EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAWN**

54

Lena drives away, alone. Grace, bloody but alive, in the passenger seat.

GRACE
Where now?

LENA
To find whoever's still alive who knew what they did.

GRACE
You think he'll stop?

(CONTINUED)

LENA

He's not the one who needs to.

She opens the glovebox — inside: **Miles' diary**, still glowing red.

FADE TO BLACK.

55

EXT. OFF-HIGHWAY DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

55

A rusty **sign** barely visible through the overgrowth:
"BLACK HOLLOW WASTE MANAGEMENT - PRIVATE PROPERTY"

A weathered **SUV** bumps down the trail, headlights cutting through fog.

Inside:

- **TANNER** (20s, adrenaline junkie)
- **MIA** (19, his girlfriend, sarcastic goth)
- **DEMARCO** (21, comic relief, wannabe podcaster)
- **ZOLA** (18, quiet, observant, new in town)

They're filming a **TikTok-style urban explorer series**.

DEMARCO (filming)

Yo, yo, welcome back to "Freak Zones Unfiltered."
Tonight—we're breaking into Black Hollow's secret waste site.
Local legend says it's where the rich dumped bodies... and secrets.

MIA

That's comforting.

TANNER

Relax. If it's locked, it's gold.

56

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

56

They approach the **steel-walled structure**, half-sunken into the earth, surrounded by **barbed wire and dead trees**. One door slightly ajar rusted but functional.

ZOLA

(softly)

I don't think we should go in.

TANNER

You're cute. That's adorable.

He kicks the door in.

57

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

57

Total silence.

Metal walls lined with **rusted hooks**, dried blood stains on the concrete floor.

They step inside, camera lights on, illuminating **a maze of tight corridors**.

MIA

Why does it smell like iron and piss?

DEMARCO

Classic serial killer vibes.
Jackpot.

They push deeper.

They pass:

- A **soundproof door** with a latch system from inside.
- A **chilling mural**: etched into the wall, names and dates of victims.
- **Surveillance monitors**, still powered, running on backup battery.

One screen flickers:

A LIVE VIEW OF THEM.**ZOLA**

(whispers)

Guys... he's watching us.

58

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DEEPER INTO THE LABYRINTH

58

The group panics and splits up.

TANNER AND MIA stumble into a **meat locker**, lights flickering. The door slams shut.

LOCKED IN.

They scream, pound on it. Mia begins to cry.

MIA

This isn't a game anymore.

Suddenly, overhead:

A CHAINSAW WHIRRS TO LIFE.

(CONTINUED)

TANNER
WHAT THE FUCK!?

They turn—a steel trapdoor drops from the ceiling.

From the shadows behind the meat hooks...

THE MUTILATOR EMERGES.

Wearing **stitched leather**, a metal mask, and dragging a **gut-streaked chainsaw** with one arm, a **cleaver grafted to the other**.

Tanner charges—

CHAINSAW THROUGH HIS SHOULDER.

Mia screams.

Tanner twitches as blood sprays the freezer.

Mia slips—crawls behind carcasses.

The chainsaw hums louder.

Offscreen:

SPLAT.

Then silence.

59

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

59

Zola finds Demarco—both watching the monitors.

ZOLA
They're dead. We're next.

DEMARCO
No—no. If we stay smart—there has
to be a way out!

He flips a switch.

Nothing.

A low **hum** begins.

CAGES rise from beneath the floor. Some are occupied by **past victims**, decomposed. Others... **fresh**.

Then—a new revelation.

A shelf of VHS tapes. Marked by dates. Years.

(CONTINUED)

She pulls one:

"3/22/1995 - MILES: TEST A13."

They stare in horror.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

These aren't supernatural.
They're... experiments.

They dig deeper:

- Audio files of **torture sessions**.
- Blueprints of the "SLAUGHTERHOUSE DESIGN: Soundproof, Surgical Waste Access."
- Footage of **Dr. Sloan, Mayor Lexington, Pastor Riggs...** operating on children.

DEMARCO

This whole town... this isn't about ghosts.
It's *human evil*.

Suddenly, the screen flickers to life:

LIVE FEED - Zola and Demarco.

Voice from speaker:

MAYOR LEXINGTON (O.S.)

You're trespassing on the past.
Now you're part of it.

GAS IS RELEASED.

They cough. Stumble.

Zola tries to smash the screen-

A METAL DOOR OPENS BEHIND HER.

She turns—Mutilator stands there, motionless.

But his chest rises. Breath. Not a ghost. A man.

He steps forward.

FADE TO BLACK.

Lena and Grace drive. Sirens in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

LENA

Something's changed.
He's moving bodies now.

GRACE

Where?

LENA

Someplace they hid long ago.
Someplace they built. Not him.

GRACE

You don't think this was ever just
about revenge?

LENA

No.
It was always a machine.
They just gave it a face.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

61

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

61

ZOLA wakes up, hands chained above her, mouth duct-taped,
eyes swollen.

Across from her, **DEMARCO** — hanging by the shoulders on meat
hooks, still alive but barely breathing.

ZOLA

(muffled scream)

Mmrrph!

A floodlight clicks on above.

From the darkness:

THE MUTILATOR enters — dragging a **steel mop**, blood dripping
from the bristles.

He doesn't speak. He doesn't flinch. He watches.

A speaker crackles on.

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.) - MAYOR

LEXINGTON

You're witnessing the rebirth of
order, Miss Zola.
Truth doesn't need to be believed
to be effective.

(CONTINUED)

ZOLA
(sobbing)
Go to hell.

MAYOR LEXINGTON (O.S.)
We're already here.

SLAM CUT TO:

62 **INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - OBSERVATION DECK - SAME TIME**

62

Monitors display past experiments.

GRACE and **LENA** burst in from a hidden tunnel, flashlights sweeping the decay.

LENA
Holy shit. They kept *everything*.
Photos. Tapes. Rituals.

GRACE
(reading logbook)
"These were authorized tests."
"Miles was the first success."
"The girl will be next."

LENA
That's me.
They were preparing to make me the
next fucking vessel.

GRACE
We've gotta find the survivors. If
there's anyone left.

LENA
(flipping switch)
Then we end this.

POWER GRID ACTIVATES. ALARMS WHIRR TO LIFE.

63 **INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS**

63

ZOLA sees her chains loosen as the ceiling lights cut on.

She tears the tape off, drops down, lands hard.

DEMARCO moans.

ZOLA
You're okay. I got you. Hold still—

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly—CHAINSAW BLARES BEHIND HER.

MUTILATOR CHARGES.

ZOLA GRABS A BONE SAW OFF THE TABLE.

ZOLA (CONT'D)
(screaming)
FUCK YOU!!

She slashes — catches his shoulder. Sparks fly.

He stumbles — not dead, but shocked.

She hauls Demarco off the hooks. Blood sprays.

ZOLA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
We move NOW.

JUMP CUT TO:

64 **INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - MAZE CORRIDORS - SAME TIME**

64

Lena and Grace push deeper.

Grace picks up a knife from the wall.

GRACE
Why would they record this shit?

LENA
Control. Legacy. Insurance.
The kind of people who think hell
is a boardroom.

They stop. A mural ahead:

A MASSIVE IMAGE OF THE MUTILATOR — MASKLESS.

And underneath it, painted in dried blood:

“MONSTERS ARE BORN. NOT MADE.”

LENA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I've seen that face before.

GRACE
Who?

LENA
My father.

SMASH CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

FLASH BACK:

65

INT. TOWN MEETING ROOM - TWENTY YEARS AGO - NIGHT

65

Council members sit in robes. A young boy - **MILES**, bloodied and terrified - is on a slab.

SLOAN (YOUNG)

He's unstable.

MAYOR LEXINGTON (YOUNG)

He's pure.

Let's make history.

LENA'S FATHER nods, expression blank.**BACK TO PRESENT DAY:**

66

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

66

Zola and Demarco stagger into a surgical chamber - floor sloped, walls covered in **soundproof foam and surgical steel**.

On one side: a **table with six heads**. Real. Preserved.

On the other: a **mirror**, showing a small red blinking light. **A camera is watching**.

ZOLA**(panting)**

They're still fucking watching us.
Live feeds. What the hell is this?

DEMARCO**(groaning)**

This isn't a haunted house. It's a
reality show for psychos.

The intercom clicks on again.

MAYOR LEXINGTON (O.S.)

If you're hearing this,
congratulations.
You've outlived every subject
before you.

MUTILATOR CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL BEHIND THEM.**CHAINSAW RIPS THROUGH A STEEL TABLE.****ZOLA** grabs a medical saw. **DEMARCO** throws a lamp. Sparks fly.

(CONTINUED)

ZOLA

Come on, motherfucker!!

They run. One wrong turn-

They land in the PIT.

A shaft of darkness with walls of spikes. A trap.

They hang on the edge.

CHAINSAW WHIRRING AT THE TOP.

Suddenly - **GUNSHOT.**

LENA APPEARS ABOVE.

LENA

Run!

67

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - EXIT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

67

Grace throws gasoline across the floors.
Zola, Demarco, and Lena all run past her.

MUTILATOR LUNGES.

LENA TURNS FACE-TO-FACE.

He stares. Then...

He drops the chainsaw. Kneels.

LENA

(shaking)

Why? Why now?

MUTILATOR

(rasping)

You saw.

You know.

End it.

He lifts his mask.

It's not Miles.

It's Lena's father.

LENA

(sobbing)

No. No...

(CONTINUED)

LENA'S FATHER (O.S.)

He was never the killer.
 He was the scapegoat.
 I made him a mask so the world
 wouldn't see us.

SLAM TO BLACK:68 **INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - FINAL ROOM - NIGHT**

68

Grace drops the match.

FIRE ENGULFS THE WALLS.

MUTILATOR does not move.

The others escape into the woods.

69 **EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BLACK HOLLOW - PRE-DAWN**

69

Ambulances. Sirens. Black SUVs. Journalists flooding in.

ZOLA and DEMARCO are wrapped in blankets.

GRACE stands with officers.

Lena, covered in ash, stares at the horizon.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Authorities confirm the facility
 has been operating since the early
 90s.
 The victims span three generations.
 No confirmation yet on whether the
 man inside was Miles Ketchum.

MATCH CUT TO:

A POLAROID from the files:

MILES—Age 11—Subject A13. Status: Missing. Presumed dead.

FADE TO:70 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAYS LATER - NIGHT**

70

Lena lies awake. A knock.

A nurse enters—closes the door behind her. Doesn't speak.

She walks closer. Removes her hat.

(CONTINUED)

It's Bartlett. Her eyes glowing faintly red.

BARTLETT

You stopped a monster.
But you didn't stop *the Order*.

SLAM TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

71

EXT. BLACK HOLLOW WOODS - NIGHT

71

The forest is thick with fog. Sirens faintly wail in the distance.

LENA, GRACE, ZOLA, and DEMARCO rush through the underbrush, their breaths ragged, faces smeared with dirt and ash.

GRACE

We're not out yet. That place is a fucking tomb.

ZOLA

(panting)

That wasn't Miles. It was him. The real fucking monster.

LENA

(shaking her head)
My father? Goddamn it.

DEMARCO

So the whole town's been covering that up? What the hell does that make me, a fucking idiot for coming here?

LENA

We all got played. But now we know.

CUT TO:

72

INT. BLACK HOLLOW POLICE STATION - NIGHT

72

MAYOR LEXINGTON and **CHIEF SLOAN** watch security footage. The flickering images show the slaughterhouse engulfed in flames.

CHIEF SLOAN

She's tearing down everything we built.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR LEXINGTON**(grim)**

Sometimes the mask has to come off.
We need to control the narrative—before *she* exposes the whole
damn Order.

SMASH CUT TO:73 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

73

LENA lies awake, eyes wide open.

The door creaks.

BARTLETT steps in, face unreadable.

BARTLETT

You think burning down that pit
stopped anything?

LENA

It was a start.

BARTLETT**(cold)**

It was *their* start.

LENA

Who?

BARTLETT

The Order's roots run deeper than
you know.
You're not done yet.

SLAM TO BLACK:**DISSOLVE TO:**74 **EXT. BLACK HOLLOW - DAWN**

74

News crews flood the streets.

ZOLA watches the reporters.

REPORTER (V.O.)

What was uncovered at Black Hollow
is being called one of the most
horrific conspiracies in recent
history.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Officials are investigating ties
between local government and
decades of abuse.

ZOLA
(murmurs)
This town is bleeding out secrets.

CUT TO BLACK:

75 **INT. LENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

75

LENA and **GRACE** sit over old photographs and newspaper clippings.

GRACE
Your family's history runs straight
into this shitshow.

LENA
It's why my father disappeared.
Why Sloan was always so damn
protective.

GRACE
They weren't protecting you. They
were protecting *themselves*.

LENA
(grim)
Then I'm done being the victim.

JUMP CUT TO:

76 **EXT. BLACK HOLLOW WOODS - NIGHT**

76

LENA stands alone, staring into the darkness.

LENA (V.O.)
The monster's mask was made to hide
them—not him.
Now, it's time to rip that mask
off.

FADE TO BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

FADE IN:

77

EXT. BLACK HOLLOW - MAIN STREET - DAWN

77

The town is buzzing with activity. Yellow tape cordons off the road. Reporters shout questions at officials.

LENA stands slightly apart, hands clenched, face grim.

GRACE approaches, notebook in hand.

GRACE

So this was it. The heart of the beast.

LENA

Not the heart. Just one damn artery.

GRACE

We need to figure out who's still involved.
If the order's still active.

LENA

(cold)

There's no "if." They never stopped.

CUT TO:

78

INT. BLACK HOLLOW POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 78

MAYOR LEXINGTON sits across from **OFFICER HARPER**, a young cop visibly shaken.

MAYOR LEXINGTON

You've been part of this cover-up from day one.
You're either with us - or you're a target.

HARPER

(voice shaking)

I'm just a cop trying to do my job...

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR LEXINGTON
(leaning in)
Your job is to protect the Order.
You fail, you're dead.

SMASH CUT TO:

79 **INT. LENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

79

LENA and **GRACE** pore over old town records.

LENA
My father. Sloan. Bartlett. They're all connected.

GRACE
This is bigger than we thought.
The Order controls the entire town.

LENA
Then we need to hit their fucking core.

GRACE
Which is where?

LENA
(holding up a photo)
The old church.
It's been abandoned for decades.
But this is where they performed the rituals.

DISSOLVE TO:

80 **EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT**

80

The moon hangs heavy as **LENA**, **GRACE**, **ZOLA**, and **DEMARCO** approach the decrepit building.

ZOLA
(whispering)
I don't like this. Feels like walking into a trap.

DEMARCO
Every step we take in this town is a trap.

(CONTINUED)

LENA

Well, then it's time to set one.

CUT TO:

81

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

81

The group steps inside. Dust motes float in the pale moonlight streaming through broken stained glass.

GRACE shines a flashlight on an altar smeared with dried blood.

GRACE

Goddamn.

Suddenly, footsteps echo from the balcony above.

LENA

Get ready.

SLAM CUT TO:

82

INT. CHURCH BALCONY - SAME TIME

82

MAYOR LEXINGTON and **CHIEF SLOAN** emerge from the shadows, flanked by armed men.

MAYOR LEXINGTON

(smiling coldly)

We've been expecting you.

SMASH CUT TO:

83

INT. CHURCH MAIN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

83

A firefight erupts.

Bullets rip through wood and plaster.

ZOLA ducks behind a pew, firing.

DEMARCO yells, dragging **GRACE** behind a fallen statue.

LENA takes cover, eyes burning with fury.

LENA

(shouting)

This ends tonight.

(CONTINUED)

She charges toward **LEXINGTON** and **SLOAN**.

JUMP CUT TO:

84 **INT. CHURCH - UNDERGROUND CRYPT - LATER**

84

The firefight subsides.

LENA confronts **LEXINGTON**.

LENA

Why, Dad? Why drag all of us into
this nightmare?

LEXINGTON

(smirking)

You think I wanted this?
I did what was necessary to protect
the town...
and our legacy.

LENA

Your legacy is a fucking curse.

FLASHBACK:

85 **INT. CHURCH - 30 YEARS AGO**

85

A YOUNGER **LEXINGTON** leads a ritual.

The terrified **MILES** is tied to the altar.

LEXINGTON

(chanting)

Let the sins of the few cleanse the
many.

BACK TO PRESENT:

86 **INT. CHURCH CRYPT - CONTINUOUS**

86

LENA

(voice trembling)

You used Miles as a scapegoat...
a sacrifice to keep your secrets
buried.

LEXINGTON

(laughing bitterly)

Sacrifices are part of every
kingdom, princess.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE
(stepping forward)
Your kingdom is built on blood and lies.

CUT TO:

87 INT. CHURCH MAIN HALL - CHAOS

87

Gunfire resumes as armed men storm in.

ZOLA and **DEMARCO** fight desperately.

ZOLA
(yelling)
We're not going down without dragging you bastards to hell!

FADE TO BLACK:

88 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

88

LENA lies bandaged, bruised, but defiant.

BARTLETT visits, eyes burning red in the dim light.

BARTLETT
You stopped the *surface*...
but the Order runs deeper than bones and blood.

LENA
Then I'll tear it out by the roots.

SLAM TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

89 EXT. OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT - A FULL MOON BLEEDS RED 89

The burned ruins of the slaughterhouse smolder in silence.

Charred debris litters the ground. A hollow echo resonates, something metallic shifting beneath the wreckage.

CAMERA DESCENDS into the earth—where twisted tunnels snake far beneath Black Hollow.

90

INT. SUBTERRANEAN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

90

The air is moist, suffocating. Blood trails streak the dirt.

Flickering fluorescents buzz above.

Chains *clink* in the dark.

A door at the end of the corridor—steel, bolted, stained—slowly creaks open.

91

INT. THE NEW SLAUGHTER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

91

A massive chamber lined in **SOUNDPROOF METAL WALLS** and **RUSTED HOOKS**. Bodies hang. Barely recognizable.

Steel tables, black plastic bags. The hum of a *chainsaw* revving low, mechanical and alive.

MILES—unrecognizable now, shirtless, skin pale, covered in cuts and burns—sharpens a blade on a bone saw.

But **he's not alone.**

Standing in the shadows:

A WOMAN in a long black coat.

UNKNOWN WOMAN

(whispering)

You've done well.

MILES

(ragged, possessed)

They all are fucking lied.

They let me rot.

UNKNOWN WOMAN

Good. Let your rage grow.

But Miles—remember—you're not the only monster born here.

She steps into the light.

It's MRS. BARTLETT—but her face is different. Cold. Deformed. **Burned long ago.**

MRS. BARTLETT

(softly)

I gave you your vengeance. Now give me their blood.

SMASH CUT TO:

92

INT. LENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

92

Lena jolts awake—**a nightmare or a memory**. She's drenched in sweat, breathing hard.

A newspaper article sits crumpled in her hand:

"Miles Kensington: Boy Presumed Dead in Church Fire 20 Years Ago."

PHONE CALL: INTERCUT

GRACE (O.S.)

You up?

LENA

(shaky)

I think I saw him. Not a dream.
Like... a fucking vision.

GRACE (O.S.)

What?

LENA

Miles isn't the real threat.
He's the weapon.

GRACE (O.S.)

Then who's holding the fucking
leash?

SLAM TO:

93

INT. BLACK HOLLOW CITY HALL - SECRET VAULT - NIGHT

93

MAYOR LEXINGTON stares at a large portrait—his ancestors in robes.

He peels back the painting, revealing a sigil burned into stone:

"FOR EVERY SIN, A SACRIFICE. FOR EVERY SECRET, A SHADOW."

A small child's shoe rests on the altar beneath.

LEXINGTON

(whispers)

It's not about stopping him.
It's about keeping the cycle alive.

JUMP CUT TO:

94

INT. UNDERGROUND SLAUGHTER ROOM - LATER

94

ZOLA—chained to a wall, blood dripping from her head—wakes up in the chamber.

She screams.

Miles stands over her, mask on, revving a chainsaw.

ZOLA
(spitting blood)
 You wanna kill me? Do it.
 But you're just their fucking
 puppet.

Miles pauses. Breathing hard.

From the shadows—BARTLETT steps forward.

MRS. BARTLETT
 Finish her. Or I finish you.

DISSOLVE TO:

95

EXT. BLACK HOLLOW - WATER TOWER - DAWN

95

LENA stands atop the tower. Looking over her cursed town.

LENA (V.O.)
 Every family has secrets.
 But mine? Buried them alive.

She loads a shotgun, her face hardening.

LENA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You want a monster?

She turns, eyes burning.

LENA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Then you've fucking got one.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

96

INT. LENA'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

96

Thunder cracks. Rain SLAMS against the windows.

(CONTINUED)

LENA stalks through the hallway, loaded shotgun in hand. Her face is bruised, with blood on her temple.

CUT TO:97 **INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

97

The lights flicker.

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

Blood seeps from the ceiling—splattering the floor beside her boots.

LENA looks up—just as a BODY crash through the ceiling.

SLAM TO:98 **INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

98

The front door EXPLODES inward.

THE MUTILATOR storms in—CHAINSAW roaring, mask soaked in fresh blood.

LENA rolls across the floor as the blade RIPS into the wall where she stood.

LENA
(screaming)
Come on, you motherfucker!!

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT ensues. Lena SLAMS him with a fireplace poker—he SHRUGS it off.

He grabs her by the throat—

FLASHBACK:

YOUNG MILES, bloodied and screaming, tied to the church altar.

LEXINGTON (V.O.)
He was never a monster. We made him one.

BACK TO PRESENT:

LENA smashes a broken mirror into the Mutilator's side.

(CONTINUED)

He screams—not just pain, but memory.

MATCH CUT TO:

99 **INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - GRAIN MILL - NIGHT**

99

GRACE hangs from meat hooks—barely conscious, bleeding.

The walls are plastered with photos of the **Order's sacrifices**—including children.

A camera watches her. Recording.

INTERCUT TO:

100 **INT. VAN - OUTSIDE THE MILL - SAME TIME**

100

LENA gears up: black vest, boots, machete, shotgun. Her eyes are steel.

She loads rounds with shaking but steady hands.

LENA
(whispering)
You wanted a reckoning?

She COCKS the shotgun.

LENA (CONT'D)
Here it fucking comes.

DISSOLVE TO:

101 **INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER**

101

The mill is a goddamn *cathedral of blood*.

Screams echo. Meat hooks sway. Industrial saws grind.

LENA moves like a predator.

A cultist jumps out—she blasts his head off.

Another cultist tries to stab her—she plunges the machete into his throat.

102

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - MAIN ROOM

102

GRACE screams as **MILES**—grotesque, face half melted, ribs exposed, chains embedded in his arms—approaches with surgical tools.

He whispers to her, lovingly:

MILES

They fed on my pain. Now I feed on theirs.

DOORS BURST OPEN.

LENA enters like fucking judgment day.

LENA

Let her go!

MILES

(turns slowly)

You came home.

Chainsaw roars. **LENA** and **MILES** charge.

FIGHT IS BRUTAL, ANIMALISTIC.

LENA is thrown across a table of bones.

MILES is stabbed in the side—he PULLS the blade deeper, laughing.

He SLAMS her into a pillar—but she grabs a loose rebar and IMPALES his chest.

He drops the chainsaw.

She grabs it.

LENA

You're done.

She REVVS it—drives it into his chest.

Blood SPRAYS like a geyser.

MILES

(gurgling)

You think you stopped it?

This town... was built... to feed.

Suddenly—he VANISHES into the shadows.

LENA stumbles, wounded but alive.

(CONTINUED)

She lifts GRACE off the hooks.

FADE OUT:

103 **EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAWN**

103

LENA and GRACE limp out, bodies broken but standing.

POLICE ARRIVE-late.

SLOAN emerges from his cruiser. He's in full priest's robes.

SLOAN
(preaching aloud)
In blood we are reborn.
In pain, we are purified.

LENA
(to Grace, whispering)
He's not a cop.
He's a priest in their cult.

GRACE
Then who the hell's left to save
us?

CLOSE ON, Grace face...

FADE TO BLACK:

104 **EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS - LATER**

104

The sun rises.

Crows scatter from the trees.

A silhouette stands watching from the darkness...

It's MILES. Face covered. Silent. Motionless.

Or is it?

SMASH CUT TO:

105 **EXT. BLACK HOLLOW WOODS - JUST BEFORE DAWN**

105

CLOSE ON:

The MUTILATOR'S EYE twitches. A slow breath. Then-

CRUNCH. CRUNCH.

(CONTINUED)

Dragging sounds.

WIDE SHOT:

The MUTILATOR hauls a body through the brush—a WOMAN, fresh, bleeding, legs twitching in spasms.

Her hands dig at the dirt.

WHIMPERING WOMAN
(weakly)
Please... please...

The MUTILATOR says nothing. Just keeps dragging.

106 **INT. THE NEW HOUSE - STEEL DOORWAY - NIGHT**

106

The door opens with a violent *METALLIC CLANK*.

The inside of the house is industrial hell—**steel walls, steel ceilings, and steel floors**. No windows. No way out.

The MUTILATOR throws her body into the center of a room marked with numbers and blood.

A speaker in the corner CRACKLES.

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Message sent.

The room goes black.

107 **INT. THE HOLDING ROOM - SHORTLY AFTER**

107

GRACE is shackled to a table. She's dying.

Cuts line her arms. Her breathing is shallow. Her eyes flutter open. She sees the walls...

Names carved into steel. Dozens. Maybe hundreds.

GRACE
(barely)
Lena...

FOOTSTEPS approach.

The MUTILATOR enters.

He kneels. Stares at her like a specimen.

(CONTINUED)

GRACE (CONT'D)
(weak smile)
You think... you're righteous?
You're just their garbage disposal.

CHAINSAW REV'S.

GRACE SCREAMS.

SMASH CUT TO:

108 **INT. CONTROL ROOM - LATER**

108

The MUTILATOR walks in, blood dripping. He throws a severed limb onto a pile of body parts.

SLOAN (O.S.)
It's done?

THE MUTILATOR nods.

SLOAN steps out of the shadows, holding his Bible, trembling.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
We gave you redemption! This wasn't supposed to be—

THE MUTILATOR charges.

SLAM!

Grabs Sloan by the throat—lifts him in the air.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
(gagging)
I saved you!

SNAP!

NECK TWISTS SIDEWAYS.

The MUTILATOR rips his head clean off.

CLOSE ON: His bloodied hands—one clutching Sloan's body, the other gripping the head by the hair.

109 **INT. THE BODY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

109

The MUTILATOR walks through a long corridor of death.

Bodies hang like artwork. Some still twitch. Some... whisper.

(CONTINUED)

He slams Sloan's headless corpse down in the center of them all.

SLAM!

Steel door closes.

SLAM TO BLACK.

110 **INT. METALLIC HALLWAY - LENA AND GRACE - EARLIER THAT NIGHT** 110

They sprint through cold, steel corridors—panic in every breath.

The walls begin to close in-literally.

LENA

Fuck! Go left—GO LEFT!

GRACE

There IS NO LEFT!

They stop—the hallway has shrunk behind them. Solid steel. No way back.

They turn forward—**just darkness.**

111 **INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

111

They step inside. Trapped. Airtight.

No lights.

GRACE

What is this?

INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)

You thought you could outsmart me?

SILENCE.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

(low, almost mocking)

But I outsmarted you.

Nowhere to go.

No one can hear you.

We are... alone.

CLICK!

The walls glow a faint red.

112 INT. THE LONG RED HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

112

A steel wall slides open-

A **long, narrow hallway** stretches before them. Red emergency lights flicker and BUZZ. Wires hang from above.

At the far end—**A BLACK FIGURE STANDS.**

Faceless. Masked. **CHAINSAW ROARS TO LIFE.**

LENA

RUN! FUCKING RUN!

They take off in the opposite way.

CAMERA TRACKS THEM in a panic sprint—but the hallway *shortens* as they run.

The MUTILATOR APPEARS IN FRONT OF THEM.

GRACE

(screaming)

NOOOO!!!

A door to the right **BLASTS OPEN.**

Another to the left.

TWO METALLIC ARMS shoot out—grabbing them.

LENA and **GRACE** are **RIPPED APART** pulled in OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

SLAM CUT TO:

113 INT. TWO SEPARATE STEEL ROOMS - INTERCUT

113

LENA slams against the floor—alone. Her leg is broken. She crawls to the corner.

GRACE slams into another chamber—lights spinning. Blood coats the walls.

LENA (V.O.)

We swore we'd finish this together.

GRACE (V.O.)

We will. Even if it kills us.

CHAINSAWS REV IN BOTH ROOMS.

(CONTINUED)

DOORS SLAM SHUT.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

114 INT. STEEL HOUSE - HALLWAY OF BLOOD - NIGHT

114

CAMERA WHIPS around blood-soaked steel.

ZOLA limps through a corridor—crying, clutching her stomach, her shirt drenched in red.

ZOLA

(sobbing)

I didn't even know the fucking kid!
I didn't know what they did!

FOOTSTEPS.

She spins.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

(screaming)

I DIDN'T KNOW!!!

SLAM CUT TO:

A chain pierces through her back—pulling her into the wall.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

(choking)

Plea—

CRACK!

HER NECK SNAPS as the wall crushes her body.

BLOOD SPILLS DOWN METAL.

115 INT. STEEL ROOM 13 - MOMENTS LATER

115

GRACE lies on the floor, her face beaten, blood dripping from her nose.

A monitor on the wall flickers to life.

ON SCREEN:

Mrs. Bartlett.

Tied. Gagged. Crying.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (V.O.)

Remember the boy you locked in the basement?

GRACE (breathing hard)

What are you talking about?

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're all guilty. Every. One. Of. You.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - MONITOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MUTILATOR flips switches.

Footage of each victim—dying, gasping, begging—**overlays one another.**

He watches. Feeds on it. Becomes it.

MUTILATOR (low growl)

Let the cleansing begin.

SMASH CUT TO:

116

INT. MRS. BARTLETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

116

She screams as she's lowered into a tub of bleach and bone fragments.

MUTILATOR (O.S.)

How many secrets can bleach wash away?

MRS. BARTLETT

PLEASE—MILES—I—

MUTILATOR

Say his name again.

MRS. BARTLETT

Miles!

CHAINSAW BLASTS ON—SWING—

BLOOD SPRAYS the ceiling.

117

INT. OBSERVATION CORRIDOR - LENA CRAWLING

117

LENA pulls herself across the floor.

Her ankle is broken. Her face is slashed.

(CONTINUED)

SHE SEES:

GRACE on the other side of a glass wall.

LENA

GRACE!!!

GRACE

(**crying**)

Lena-Lena we have to—

GLASS WALL SLAMS DOWN.

STEEL ROOF OPENS ABOVE GRACE.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(**screaming**)

LENA! IT'S RIGHT ABOV—

A SPINNING MECHANICAL ARM drops—impales her through the mouth.

SPASMS. TWITCHES.

She dies with her eyes locked on Lena.

118 **INT. LEXINGTON'S CHAMBER - SECONDS LATER**

118

LEXINGTON, bruised and staggering, stares at a **row of crucifixes** on the wall.

LEXINGTON

(**praying**)

Deliver us from evil... deliver me—

MUTILATOR appears in silence. Slowly lowers a massive, rusted **axe**.

LEXINGTON (CONT'D)

(**not turning**)

You're the devil's echo... I knew it.

MUTILATOR

No. I'm what the devil fears.

SWING!

LEXINGTON'S HEAD splits in two—half stuck to the wall.

119 **INT. STEEL HEART - CENTER ROOM - LATER**

119

The WHIMPERING WOMAN. Still alive. Alone.

(CONTINUED)

Room is silent. Dim.

CAMERA PUSHES IN slowly, as her eyes scan the walls.

Numbers... blood... twitching shadows.

WHIMPERING WOMAN

(to herself)

Please God... please... anyone... I'll never do anything wrong again...

VOICE (V.O.)

Everyone says that when they're last.

STEEL DOOR SLAMS OPEN.

The MUTILATOR enters.

He drags a sack. Throws it in front of her.

The severed heads of Lena, Grace, Bartlett, Lexington, and Zola spill out.

WHIMPERING WOMAN

(screaming hysterically)

NO! NO! NOOO!

MUTILATOR

(calm, cold)

Your sin? You watched it all...
... and did nothing.

She tries to crawl—his foot SLAMS her spine.

CHAINSAW BLASTS.

MUTILATOR lifts it, blade spinning inches from her face.

WHIMPERING WOMAN

(sobbing)

Please... I didn't mean to—

MUTILATOR

Too late.

SWING—

BLOOD SPLATTERS THE CAMERA.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK.

120 INT. BODY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

120

The mutilator stands in the center—dozens of bodies in a circle around him.

He breathes.

Silence.

He places each head at a number. 1 to 66.

66 NAMES. 66 HEADS.

He steps back.

MUTILATOR
(softly)
Complete.

JUMP CUT TO:

121 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - FOLLOWING DAY

121

SCREAMS from dispatch.

COPS monitor missing persons reports. Dozens.

COP #1
Where the hell is Lexington?

COP #2
No trace of any of them.

COP #1
Something's not right out in Black Hollow.

FADE TO:

122 EXT. BLACK HOLLOW - NIGHT

122

Fog rolls.

The house is silent. Steel doors sealed.

No sounds. No birds. No movement.

CLOSE ON:

A BLOODY HAND pressed against the inside of the steel wall.

(CONTINUED)

Still twitching.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

123 **INT. STEEL CORRIDOR — SUBLVEL 4 — NIGHT**

123

WHIMPERING WOMAN'S remains are dragged down the corridor.

A trail of blood behind her... eyes frozen in pure terror.

THE MUTILATOR drops her head into a burning incinerator.

FLAMES ROAR.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hell has no fury like a child
ignored.

METAL CLANGING echoes.

SMASH CUT TO:

124 **INT. ARMORY ROOM — UNKNOWN VICTIMS — NIGHT**

124

Four NEW FACES — **MARKUS**, **VEE**, **DREW**, and **TONYA** — appear in a locked-down bunker-style room, breathing heavily.

Each wears remnants of their original clothes, now torn and soaked.

MARKUS

(sweating)

Okay—okay—he can't get in here. We
locked it. Right?

TONYA

Why are we here? Why US?

DREW

We all got the letter. The same
fucking letter.

VEE

(snaps)

I never touched any damn kid, man!

MARKUS

(eyes narrowing)

It's not about touching. It's about knowing—and staying
silent.

(CONTINUED)

The room suddenly darkens.

SPEAKER (V.O.)

If silence is consent... then you all
consented.

A PANEL ON THE WALL OPENS — GAS HISSING.

TONYA

(screaming)

NO! GET US OUT! GET US OUT!

DREW POUNDS on the door.

MARKUS tries to override a keypad.

VEE claws at her own face.

GAS FILLS THE ROOM.

ALL SCREAMING.

CLOSE ON: TONYA'S FACE melting into blistered skin.

VEE convulses and vomits blood.

MARKUS slams his head against the wall to escape the pain.

**DREW'S eyes pop from the sockets as the gas warps the
pressure in the room.**

SMASH CUT TO:

125

INT. CONTROL ROOM — MUTILATOR WATCHING

125

Monitors flicker between feeds of each kill.

He leans forward. Breathing calm. Precise. Cold.

ON MONITOR:

A young BOY'S PICTURE — *Miles, age 10.*

Then another feed — a FLASH of a man **beating Miles behind a
church.**

Another monitor — **town council members covering it up.**

The Mutilator stares... shaking with rage.

(CONTINUED)

MUTILATOR
(whispers)
They forgot me.

INTERCUT TO: FLASHBACK

126 **INT. BASEMENT OF CHURCH - NIGHT (YEARS AGO)**

126

Little MILES screams, chained to the floor.

A pastor above him - his face never fully seen - swings a belt, over and over.

MILES (crying)
I didn't do anything! Please!

BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

INT. BODY ROOM - NIGHT

The **MUTILATOR** walks through it, now near **70 bodies** stacked or strung.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MEMORIAL SCHOOL GYM - FILE FOOTAGE

The same victims. Class of 2010. The ones who knew. The ones who didn't speak.

127 **INT. BOILER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

127

AUDREY - late 20s, frantic - limps with a crowbar. Alone.

AUDREY
(to herself)
He's not a man. He's not fucking human.

She reaches a breaker box, yanks it open - hands trembling.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Come on. Come on - power - open something -

CHAINSAW ROAR BEHIND HER.

She turns.

The MUTILATOR lunges.

(CONTINUED)

Crowbar SWINGS – he blocks with one arm.

He grabs her throat, lifts her off the ground–

AUDREY (CONT'D)
(choking)
Do it... if you're gonna do it–

MUTILATOR
(growling)
No one gets the easy way.

He SLAMS her body against the boiler door, opens it–

STUFFS HER INSIDE.

AUDREY SCREAMS, clawing the inside.

DOOR SLAMS.

FLAMES IGNITE.

HER SCREAMS FADE INTO STATIC.

SLAM TO BLACK.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR – FINAL VICTIM – UNKNOWN GIRL (SARAH)

She runs. Blood pouring from her legs, limping, crying.

SARAH
Please... I didn't even live here
when it happened. Please...

A SHADOW DROPS behind her.

She stumbles. A hand grabs her ankle.

She KICKS, SCREAMING.

She crawls into another room–

128

INT. FINAL CHAMBER – NIGHT

128

A room of white.

Clean.

Walls polished.

Nothing but a TV screen and one steel chair.

The door slams behind her.

(CONTINUED)

The screen comes to life:

FOOTAGE OF HERSELF—holding her phone, recording Miles being beaten.

SARAH

(sobbing)

No... no no no no no...

VOICE (V.O.)

You filmed. You laughed.

SARAH

(screaming)

I was thirteen!

MUTILATOR (O.S.)

And he was ten.

HE STEPS INTO THE ROOM.

SARAH

I'm sorry... please... I swear, I'm
sorry—

He raises the chainsaw.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(crying)

I didn't know what would happen.

MUTILATOR

Neither did he.

SWING—

Blood splashes across the pristine white wall.

SLAM TO BLACK.

129

INT. BODY ROOM — NIGHT

129

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH the final display:

100 HEADS. 100 NAMES.

The final one: *Sarah Bell* — Class of 2010.

The MUTILATOR walks out. Slow. Controlled. Breathing steady.

130 **EXT. BLACK HOLLOW - LATER THAT NIGHT**

130

The house—still. Silent. The steel doors now welding themselves shut.

A SHADOW SLIPS INTO THE WOODS.

Gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

131 **INT. STEEL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

131

Dim red lights flicker overhead.

LENA and **GRACE**, battered and breathless, lean against opposite sides of the hallway. Their skin is torn, their minds breaking.

GRACE

(muttering)

They knew... They all fucking knew...

LENA

(shaking)

My father... Sloan... they signed it. The report. They fucking buried him.

GRACE

And now we're all buried with him.

A low mechanical HUM pulses through the wall.

They stand, pressing forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

132 **INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

132

They descend a tight, spiral staircase. It's coated in dried blood and soot. A burned Bible is pinned to the wall with a rusted knife.

GRACE

(reading)

"The Lord is my shepherd... he maketh me lie down..."

(CONTINUED)

She trails off.

LENA

(softly)

He didn't lie down. He was put down.

GRACE

(snaps)

You think this is just revenge?

LENA

It's justice. It's rage. It's... too late.

Suddenly—

VOICE (INTERCOM, DISTORTED)

Closer... you're almost there...

SLAM TO:

133

INT. RUSTED CATHEDRAL ROOM — NIGHT

133

A room built like a church—charred pews, stained steel walls, hanging nooses, and broken angel statues.

A projector clicks on.

Home video plays:

Lena's father and Sloan—speaking at a town hall.

YOUNGER FATHER (ON TAPE)

This town will protect its legacy, not its ghosts.

SLOAN (ON TAPE)

No one needs to know what happened to that boy.

GRACE

Oh my God...

LENA

(screams)

TURN IT OFF!

She throws a metal rod—shatters the projector.

JUMP CUT TO:

134 INT. KILL ROOM A - ELSEWHERE - SAME TIME

134

One of the "survivors" - CAMERON - stumbles in.

An old TV plays on loop:

A teenage boy, locked in a cage, screaming.

CAMERON

(crying)

Please, please, I'm sorry-

Suddenly:

HATCH DROPS FROM THE CEILING - CHAINS DESCEND.

MUTILATOR'S SHADOW appears behind Cameron.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

No-NO-

CHAIN WHIPS OUT - WRAPS HIS NECK - DRAGS HIM INTO DARKNESS.

SLAM TO:

135 INT. CONTROL CHAMBER - NIGHT

135

A wall of screens shows every room.

The MUTILATOR sits calmly. Watching. Waiting.

He breathes in and out. Slowly.

On the screen: Lena and Grace walking down the next corridor.

He presses a button.

136 INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

136

The FLOOR DROPS beneath Grace.

GRACE FALLS - VANISHES INTO DARKNESS.

LENA

(screaming)

GRACE!!!

BACK TO:

137 **INT. GRACE'S TRAP ROOM**

137

A square steel room.

Padded walls. Chains. Photos of Miles everywhere.

GRACE
(hyperventilating)
Let me out... LET ME OUT!

VOICE (INTERCOM)
You all let him stay in there.

Suddenly:

FLAMES IGNITE around the base of the room.

GRACE BACKS UP – PANICKING.

138 **INT. LENA'S HALLWAY – SAME TIME**

138

LENA stares at the grate where Grace fell.

She SLAMS it, over and over, with a crowbar.

LENA (screaming)
COME BACK!! GRACE!! NO!!!

FLASHBACK:

Miles as a child – bloody, hiding under a church pew.

Voice whispers: "They let it happen. They all did."

BACK TO PRESENT:

139 **INT. LENA'S ROOM – NOW TRANSFORMED**

139

The hallway closes behind her.

TVs flicker on – images of all the victims. Each one... known to her.

Friends. Neighbors. Her teachers.

LENA stares in disbelief, slowly realizing—

She is next.

Then the final screen appears.

Her own face.

(CONTINUED)

Text under it reads: "ENABLER."

SLAM CUT TO:

140 INT. ROOM OF NAMES - NIGHT

140

Hundreds of names carved into steel.

Lena runs her hand over one.

"MILES R. KINGSTON."

She drops to her knees.

LENA
(whispers)
I'm sorry...

VOICE (INTERCOM)
Sorry doesn't bring bones back
together.

A door creaks open behind her.

141 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - MUTILATOR'S LAIR - NIGHT

141

Chains dangle. Walls blood-streaked.

A single chair.

A body bag in the center.

LENA
(tears streaming)
Please... I'm not like them.

VOICE (O.S.)
You just forgot.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

142 INT. SUB-BASEMENT - THE FORGOTTEN ROOM - NIGHT

142

A long, black corridor. Water drips from overhead. The walls are rusted metal - names etched into every inch, scratched with fingernails.

(CONTINUED)

LENA walks, barefoot now, bleeding from her arms and legs. Her clothes are torn, soaked in grime and dried blood. She holds a crowbar like it's her last friend.

She sees something ahead—

A CHALK DRAWING.

Stick figures. Crude. One is circled in red. It's her.

VOICE (INTERCOM, LOW AND TAUNTING)

You've been here before, Lena.

LENA

(weakly)

No... I haven't...

INTERCOM

Haven't you?

FLASHBACK:

143 **INT. ELEMENTARY CLASSROOM — DAY (YEARS AGO)**

143

Little **Lena**—age 7. Clean. Smiling.

In the corner: a lonely, pale boy — **Miles**. His hand is raised.

The teacher ignores him.

Little Lena glances over — sees him. Looks away.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

144 **INT. FORGOTTEN ROOM — NIGHT**

144

LENA chokes on a sob. Her hands tremble.

LENA

(to herself)

I didn't do anything...

VOICE (INTERCOM)

Exactly.

SLAM CUT TO:

145

INT. GRACE'S ROOM — THE DOLLHOUSE ROOM — NIGHT

145

GRACE, barely alive, stumbles through a space filled with hanging marionette puppets.

Each one wears a mask of someone she knows—mother, teacher, pastor, ex.

They begin to twitch.

GRACE
(screaming)
STOP IT! STOP!

She kicks one. It lets out a sound — **a human wail**.

She freezes.

A puppet's belly tears open — revealing a human eye blinking inside.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(softly)
No... no, this isn't real...

DISSOLVE TO:

146

INT. CONTROL ROOM — SAME TIME

146

The MUTILATOR sits in silence, watching the feeds.

Behind him, the walls are lined with **SKULLS**, each meticulously labeled:

SLOAN. ASHLEY. JAY. CAMERON. OFFICER MARVIN.

The **next shelf** is prepped.

Two nameplates sit blank.

He begins carving names slowly...

GRACE
LENA

SLAM TO:

147

INT. LENA'S PATHWAY — NIGHT

147

The hallway lights flicker red and white.

At the far end, a door slowly opens with a **creaking groan**.

(CONTINUED)

Inside: a bed, made up like a child's room.

A teddy bear.

A small TV plays an old **birthday video**:

MILES (AGE 9) in a party hat. Alone. The cake has **one candle**.

No one else is present.

MILES (ON VIDEO)

I wish I wasn't here.

The candle blows out by itself.

LENA (O.S., TREMBLING)

Why show me this?

MILES (O.S.)

(finally speaking, real
and present)

Because now you are.

SMASH CUT TO:

148

INT. GRACE'S ROOM — NIGHT

148

The walls begin **closing in**.

A **buzz saw starts up**, just above the ceiling, **descending**.

GRACE tries to pry the floor hatch. Nothing.

GRACE

(yelling)

LENA! LENA!!

She looks up at the saw. Her last tears fall.

JUMP CUT TO:

149

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM — CONTINUOUS

149

LENA sees **GRACE** on a monitor, screaming.

She **SLAMS** her fists on the screen.

LENA

NO! GRACE! NOOO!

She looks around — a **control panel**.

(CONTINUED)

One button says: "**STOP SAW.**"

Another says: "**TRADE PLACE.**"

LENA slams the **TRADE PLACE** button.

SLAM CUT TO:

150 **INT. GRACE'S ROOM — JUST AS THE SAW DESCENDS**

150

The lights flash.

LENA appears in her place.

The saw stops inches from her face.

GRACE (O.S., FROM BEHIND GLASS)
NO!! **LENA!** YOU STUPID FUCKING
IDIOT!

LENA
(softly)
You have a family. A life. You
don't die down here.

BACK TO:

151 **INT. CONTROL ROOM**

151

MUTILATOR watches the switch. His head tilts — intrigued.
Perhaps... surprised.

He walks over to a red lever.

Pulls it.

The steel walls rotate again.

152 **INT. GRACE'S NEW ROOM — NIGHT**

152

She's alone. Quiet. Dark.

Until a light shines in the corner.

A mirror.

GRACE walks up slowly.

In the mirror: **a figure behind her.**

She turns. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

She turns back — **her own reflection is gone.**

INTERCOM VOICE

You thought you were the final
girl?

The lights go black.

SLAM TO BLACK.

153 **INT. LENA'S ROOM — NIGHT**

153

She's been moved again. Now in a hallway of **death masks** — each one a real preserved face, mouths agape in eternal horror.

At the end of the hallway, **a door**.

It opens slowly.

She enters...

154 **INT. MASS GRAVE ROOM**

154

All the bodies.

Lined up.

All victims.

Each laid like a ceremony.

One space remains empty.

LENA stares at it.

Footsteps behind her.

MUTILATOR (O.S.)

We keep one open... just in case.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

155 **INT. MUTILATOR'S MIND ROOM — UNKNOWN TIME**

155

CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY toward a wall covered in **child-like scribbles**—blood-red drawings of cages, knives, churches, and screaming faces.

(CONTINUED)

We hear a soft humming.

The mutilator's voice—unfiltered, human. Not distorted.

MUTILATOR (V.O.)
(calm, almost poetic)
They think monsters are born.
They're wrong.
We're made in silence.
Baptized in pain.
Crowned in your ignorance.

SMASH CUT TO:

156 **INT. CHAMBER OF ECHOES — LENA'S POV**

156

LENA walks slowly. Her bare feet splash into a shallow pool of water. The walls pulse like a living thing, veins under metal.

She hears it—

CHILDREN LAUGHING.

She looks up—

TV MONITORS ABOVE HER show scenes from her life. School hallway. Church pews. Town hall meetings.

All the times she looked away.

VOICE (INTERCOM)
A look away is a knife in the dark.

Suddenly—

A NEW IMAGE.

Grace.

On her knees.

CHAINED.
GAGGED.
A BLADE hanging overhead.

157 **INT. GRACE'S EXECUTION ROOM — SIMULTANEOUS**

157

GRACE struggles—screaming behind the gag.

(CONTINUED)

A timer begins ticking down. 00:59... 00:58...

BACK TO:

158

INT. LENA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

158

A red button on a podium lights up: "**SACRIFICE SELF TO SAVE GRACE**"

Next to it: "**LET HER GO.**"

LENA
(screaming at the air)
YOU SICK FUCK! This isn't justice!!

MUTILATOR (O.S.)
It's the only kind that listened.

VOICE (ECHOING OVER SPEAKERS)
Choose.

LENA stares. Then... slams her fist into the red button.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. GRACE'S ROOM - IMMEDIATELY

The blade locks in place.

Chains fall.

GRACE COLLAPSES, weeping.

She's free.

BACK TO:

159

INT. SACRIFICE CHAMBER - SAME TIME

159

A mechanical chair unfolds.

Needles. Straps. Electrodes.

LENA walks slowly toward it.

She doesn't cry. She doesn't beg.

She **sits**.

Chains lock her in.

(CONTINUED)

MUTILATOR (O.S.)
You broke the cycle.
But it still ends the same.

LENA closes her eyes.

Suddenly—

POWER SHUTS OFF.

The whole system goes dark.

SLAM TO: BLACK.

BACKUP POWER KICKS IN — RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS ONLY.

160 **INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR — UNKNOWN TIME**

160

GRACE is crawling through vents now, covered in dust, trembling.

She holds a broken piece of pipe like a weapon.

Suddenly—

She drops into a utility room.

She sees something:

LENA'S BAG. Her recorder. Her map. Her notes.

She kneels.

GRACE
(softly)
She was trying to tell the story...

FLASHBACK:

161 **INT. DORM ROOM — WEEKS AGO**

161

LENA showing Grace newspaper clippings.

LENA
(younger)
If we don't say something... no one will.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY:

GRACE clenches her jaw.

(CONTINUED)

She picks up the recorder.

Presses RECORD.

GRACE

(into mic)

This is Grace Everly...
If you find this, tell the world—
this place isn't haunted.
It's fucking built for murder.
And the ghosts? We made them.

Behind her...

THE SOUND OF METAL DRAGGING.

Sparks fly.

The mutilator is near.

SMASH CUT TO:

162

INT. TUNNEL OF BONES — NIGHT

162

GRACE runs. The walls? Entirely made of **human ribs** and broken femurs, welded together.

She trips. Crashes into a pit.

Bodies again.

She climbs out — screaming.

GRACE

COME ON THEN!
FUCKING FINISH IT!

She holds the pipe like a spear.

A door opens behind her.

LENA... emerges.

Alive. Bloody. Shaking. But alive.

LENA

No more deaths. No more blood.

GRACE

(choking)

Lena...

Behind them...

(CONTINUED)

The **MUTILATOR** walks slowly out of the darkness.

No chainsaw.

No weapon.

Just himself.

He takes off the mask.

A normal face.

A man. Sad. Tired.

MILES.

MILES

(quietly)

I waited.

For someone to care.

But caring never stopped it.

He kneels. Puts the mask down.

LENA

(softly)

You don't have to do this.

MILES

I already did.

He looks at Grace. Then Lena.

Then he slits his own throat with a knife he hid in his hand.

GRACE

(screaming)

NOOO!!!

LENA catches him — tries to stop the bleeding. Too late.

He dies smiling.

SILENCE.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK.

163

INT. MASS GRAVE ROOM — MINUTES LATER

163

Lena and Grace drag Miles' body into the same chamber of corpses.

They lay him down.

(CONTINUED)

Cover him with cloth.

They light the tapes, the files, and the names on fire.

A fire of truth.

They walk out together.

Up the stairs.

Out the steel door.

The sun is rising.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

164

INT. STEEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

164

STROBING RED LIGHTS pound against the dark, distorting every shape into a blur of nightmare.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED - GRAINY, INTERMITTENT

CAMERA 1:

A SECURITY GUARD, mid-40s, cautiously walks down the corridor, flashlight trembling.

VOICE (INTERCOM)

You should've never come here alone.

JUMP CUT TO:

A steel cable **WHIPS out from the darkness** - wraps around the guard's neck - **yanks him offscreen**.

THUD. SNAP.

Blood splatters across the lens.

CAMERA 2:

A FEMALE JANITOR in her 30s. Frozen in place.

Suddenly—

The MUTILATOR appears **behind her**.

She turns.

(CONTINUED)

SMASHES HER HEAD repeatedly against the concrete wall.

One.

Two.

Three.

Until the bone cracks, brain matter leaking down the cinder block.

CAMERA 3:

A DETECTIVE pulls his gun. Breathing hard. Panicked.

He fires blindly.

FLASHES OF LIGHT reveal flickering shadows moving around him.

He spins—sees nothing.

Then—

THE MUTILATOR DROPS from the ceiling, plunges a **rusted drill** into his chest, and twists.

BLOOD SPLATTERS the walls like a Jackson Pollock painting.

SLAM CUT TO:

165 **INT. CORRIDOR — LIVE ACTION — NOT CAMERA FEED**

165

LENA and **GRACE** are sprinting.

GRACE

(panicking)

WE'RE NOT ALONE! I JUST SAW HIM! I
SWEAR TO GOD!

LENA

(desperate)

We never were!

JUMP CUT TO:

CAMERA 4:

A COP holding a crucifix, whispering prayers.

VOICE (INTERCOM)

Even God won't save you here.

The lights flicker.

The crucifix is ripped from his hand and shoved through his eye socket.

(CONTINUED)

He drops—screaming in guttural horror until his body convulses into stillness.

BACK TO:

166 **INT. STAIRWELL — LENA AND GRACE'S POV**

166

THUD. THUD. THUD.

They reach the top.

A door opens.

Bodies **hang from hooks**, skin flayed open like butchered pigs.

A gurgling sound behind them—

A SURVIVOR — barely alive.

Jaw missing. Fingers snapped backward.

He **grabs Grace's leg.**

SURVIVOR
(wet whisper)
Don't... let him... play...

Suddenly—

A blade **slices down from above**, cleaving his head in two.

LENA AND GRACE SCREAM.

SLAM TO:

CAMERA 5 — MONITOR CRACKLING

A WOMAN IN A SECURITY UNIFORM is running.

She turns a corner—

And sees her **own body**, laid out, eyes removed.

She freezes.

MUTILATOR (O.S.)
We're just watching reruns.

He **appears—throws a hammer full force.**

CRACK.

Her skull caves in.

167

INT. HALLWAY OF SCREAMS — CONTINUOUS

167

LENA and GRACE run. The hallway narrows.

STROBE LIGHTS go full blast.

Every flicker shows a different body:

Arms nailed to crosses.

Heads sewn to torsos backwards.

Intestines arranged like a child's drawing on the walls.

JUMP CUT TO:

CAMERA 6 — BATHROOM STALL

A VICTIM hides, sobbing. Breathing through their hands.

Blood trickles in from the next stall.

Then a loud scraping.

A chainsaw revs.

The stall is cut open like a can of tuna.

MUTILATOR
(gleefully)
Peek-a-fucking-boo.

He splits them from groin to chin.

168

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT — NIGHT

168

Another survivor climbs the ladder.

Hand shaking.

Suddenly—

An AXE DROPS onto their hand.

They scream — dangle.

Then the mutilator drops in from above, holding the severed hand.

MUTILATOR
(laughing)
Need a hand?

(CONTINUED)

He kicks them down the shaft.

SPLAT.

INTERCUT WITH:

CAMERA 7:

Two victims try to **barricade themselves** behind steel lockers.

One whispers a prayer.

Then—

The ceiling breaks open.

MUTILATOR dives down, wielding a **circular saw**.

One scream.

The screen goes red.

BACK TO:

169 **INT. FURNACE ROOM — NIGHT**

169

The mutilator drags a body. Still twitching.

Tosses it into a burning furnace.

He **closes the iron door**.

Watches.

Smiles.

MUTILATOR
(softly, to himself)
Ashes to ashes...

JUMP CUT TO:

170 **INT. MEDICAL BAY — NIGHT**

170

A survivor is strapped to a gurney.

Above them: surgical tools.

The mutilator steps in like a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

MUTILATOR
(mocking)
Let's perform a little operation.

He peels off their skin like paper.

They never stop screaming.

171 **INT. CONTROL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

171

All the monitors glitches.

Every camera cycle through chaos.

Bodies twitching.

Organs dragged across tile floors.

Someone's still alive—

SCREAMING.

Until **static consumes it all.**

SLAM TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

172 **INT. STEEL CORRIDOR - SUBLVEL 4 - NIGHT**

172

The CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN...

THE MUTILATOR'S BACK FACING US.

A steel-toothed **CHAINSAW DRAGS** behind him, the tip chewing the metal floor, sparks spitting up.

BLOOD TRAILS streak the corridor-soaked, dried, fresh—all layered.

His BOOTS CLANG with purpose.

The sound of **sobbing** echoes faintly.

CUT TO:

173 **INT. SLICE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

173

A MAN — only known as "**THE PREACHER**", face bruised, eyes swollen — kneels.

(CONTINUED)

He's muttering scripture through broken teeth.

PREACHER

Psalm... twenty-three... The Lord is my

—

CHAINSAW WHIRRS LOUDER.

The MUTILATOR appears behind him.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

(whimpers)

I was trying to save you...

MUTILATOR

(raspy)

Save yourself.

CHAINSAW RIPS INTO HIS NECK.

Blood **splashes the steel walls** like red mist.

The MUTILATOR grips the preacher's decapitated head.

He walks away — one hand dragging the chainsaw, the other gripping the head by its gray hair.

174 **INT. FURNACE ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

174

The door to the **burn pit** opens.

THE MUTILATOR tosses the **headless corpse** inside.

The door **SLAMS SHUT.**

FLAMES IGNITE.

SLAM CUT TO:

175 **INT. SURGICAL BAY — NIGHT**

175

LENA lies motionless on the table.

GRACE, tied down beside her — bloodied, broken.

LENA'S eyes twitch open. Slowly. Weakly.

GRACE

(sobbing)

He's coming back. I can hear the fucking saw.

(CONTINUED)

LENA
(dry throat)
We still... we still got time.

The sound of **footsteps**.

The door **CREAKS**.

GRACE
(screaming)
No! NO NO NO—!

THE MUTILATOR enters.

He walks to Grace.

Raises a spiked mallet.

LENA
(screams)
GRACE!

SKULL SHATTERING CRACK.

Blood SPLATTERS across LENA'S face.

Grace is gone.

The MUTILATOR turns to Lena.

LENA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
...Just fucking do it.

MUTILATOR
No.

He walks over... injects her with something from a syringe.

Her body seizes.

Her scream is frozen in her throat.

MUTILATOR (CONT'D)
(calmly)
You'll feel every second.

He lowers the chainsaw toward her stomach.

REVVVVVVV—

SLAM TO BLACK.

176 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

176

Monitors now show only **static...** and **death.**

Bodies twitching.

Limbs severed.

Guts spilling like spaghetti.

On one screen, the last **unseen** hallway.

Blood flows like a river.

177 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

177

The MUTILATOR walks slowly, every kill behind him.

A ROOM opens:

ALL VICTIMS STAGED LIKE ART.

Heads on mannequins.

Eyes in jars.

Flesh sculpted into letters:
"YOU LET ME BURN."

MATCH CUT TO:

178 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - FLASHBACK

178

Little **MILES**, chained.

His screams echo.

The door closes on his **tear-streaked face.**

BACK TO PRESENT:

179 INT. FINAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

179

SARAH BELL sobs on the white floor.

The chainsaw blade still dripping.

MUTILATOR
(quietly)
 Forgiveness is a myth.

(CONTINUED)

He leaves her **split body** where it falls.

180 **INT. BODY ROOM — LATER**

180

Now—a **museum of death**.

Rows of names. Faces. Yearbook photos.

All connected.

All complicit.

181 **EXT. BLACK HOLLOW — FINAL MOMENTS**

181

THE MUTILATOR steps out into the moonlight.

No police. No sirens. No rescue.

The house groans behind him.

STEEL WALLS SEALING. FOREVER.

He walks into the woods.

Disappearing into darkness.

FADE TO BLACK:

FINAL TITLE CARD:

THERE WAS NEVER A SUPERNATURAL FORCE.

ONLY A BOY WHO REMEMBERED.

AND A TOWN WHO FORGOT.

(CONTINUED)

CREDITS BEGIN TO ROLL - IN SILENCE.

One by one, white serif letters crawl up a black screen.

The silence becomes a **hum**.

Then a **low metallic drone**.

Then...

CHAINSAW REV - faint, distant.

Like it's still running. Somewhere.

Halfway through the credits, an abrupt-

SLAM CUT TO:

POST-CREDIT SCENE

182 **EXT. BLACK HOLLOW WOODS - NIGHT**

182

A dense thicket. Moonlight bleeding through skeletal branches.

THE CAMERA MOVES slowly along a narrow deer trail.

Branches CRACK underfoot.

We hear **breathing** - not heavy... just controlled.

Someone's watching.

The camera pushes through brambles and brush until it reaches
—

183 **INT. ABANDONED TRAILER - DEEP IN THE WOODS - NIGHT**

183

Dust floats in the moonlight.

Inside is a **makeshift workstation**.

TVs flicker with static.

A corkboard.

Photos of **everyone who died** - connected by string, notes scribbled:

"Class of 2010"

"Pastor still missing"

(CONTINUED)

"Councilman Palmer = covered it up"

"One still unaccounted for..."

Below the photos — one **POLAROID** remains unclipped:

LENA.

Burnt around the edges.. but the eyes still intact.

Suddenly—

A GLASS JAR rattles.

Inside: **A HUMAN EYE. Still fresh.**

BACK TO THE BOARD:

Another hand reaches into frame.

Clips up a NEW photo:

"MS. ALDERSON - TOWN PSYCHIATRIST - DECEASED."

Red line connects her to Miles.

Then—

A metallic **BANG**.

A SHADOW rises behind the board.

We never see the face.

But we hear the **chainsaw click**.

Not revving. Just ready. Waiting.

SLAM TO BLACK.

FINAL TITLE CARD — BLOOD RED FONT:

THE MUTILATOR WILL RETURN.

BLACK HOLLOW: NEVER FORGIVEN.

THE END