

Bed of the Dead

by: Jeff Maher

Jeff Maher  
253 Westmoreland Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario  
(416)801-5713  
[jeff@blackfawnfilms.com](mailto:jeff@blackfawnfilms.com)

COLD OPENING

INT. SEX CLUB - NIGHT

The hallway is dark and decrepit; deafening music blares from who knows where. A couple makes out in a corner. At the end of the hallway is room #18. Inside the large room bits of flesh and blood stain the ceiling. Sprawled out on the floor a woman's body looks as if its been turned inside out; her hand outstretched holding onto the door handle as if she had tried to get out before meeting her fate. We move along the floor which is covered in blood extending out from under a massive gothic style bed. On the bed a young woman, SANDY, sits cross legged. She's crying but is trying to put on a brave face; in her hands a gold zippo. She lights the zippo and places it carefully on the polyester top cover. It catches easily and SANDY and the bed are soon engulfed in flames. She begins screaming; who could have imagined it would hurt this bad.

EXT. SEX CLUB - NIGHT

VIRGIL(40's), hard nosed homicide detective, pulls up in front of a grimy turn-of-the-century style building. He swallows a pill with a swig from his flask. It's 5 a.m. but it's still dark outside. The street is covered with onlookers, cops and fire trucks.

He steps out and is greeted by a REPORTER.

REPORTER

*Carter?*

VIRGIL

What?

He turns to see her approaching with a CAMERAMAN. He grabs the attention of a UNIFORMED COP.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

How does this happen?

UNIFORMED OFFICER.

(to reporter)

Hey!

He blocks the REPORTER from reaching VIRGIL ushering her and the CAMERAMAN behind the police tape.

VIRGIL enters the building unquestioned; everyone knows who he is. The REPORTER yells out to him as he disappears into the building.

REPORTER

It's nice to see you again Carter!  
Whenever you're ready to discuss  
Michael Louis I'll be happy to listen.

INT. SEX CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

At the top of a long stairwell VIRGIL'S partner, RIKO(20's), a tough looking Japanese woman, finishes questioning a MAN IN A TOWEL.

VIRGIL

Riko.

RIKO

Virgil. I told you ya didn't have  
to come in.

VIRGIL

Yeah well...couldn't sleep.

Behind the front desk RIKO scans through footage from a security camera.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

So what is this place?

RIKO

Owner runs the sex club down stairs.  
Pay eighty bucks, get a locker and a  
towel, walk around and try to hook  
up. Ladies get in free.

VIRGIL

Efficient.

RIKO

There's theme rooms, indoor pool.  
He bought the upper floor a few years  
ago and converted it into a hotel.  
Clients come up here when they want  
the night to keep going I guess.

RIKO finds what she's looking for in the security footage...

MONITOR: Two MEN and two WOMEN enter the the lobby of the club laughing hysterically, all except one of them, SANDY(23), who sits on a bench away from the others smoking a cigarette.

VIRGIL

Bridge and tunnel kids?

RIKO

Yeah.

He hones in on SANDY.

VIRGIL  
Where's the owner?

RIKO  
I've asked him to come it.

VIRGIL  
Let me know as soon as he gets here.

ELLIS(30's), a black uniformed cop, passes by RIKO ignoring VIRGIL.

ELLIS  
(to Riko)  
I'm going for coffee, you want your green thing?

RIKO  
Green tea soy latte...love one.

She hands him some cash. He refuses and heads for the stairs.

ELLIS  
I got it.

VIRGIL  
(to Ellis)  
You mind grabbing me one?

ELLIS pauses and turns around.

ELLIS  
Oh I'm sorry I didn't see you there sir. How do you take it?

VIRGIL  
Black...lots of sugar.

ELLIS just stares at him, blank faced.

ELLIS  
Right. No problem.

ELLIS leaves.

RIKO  
(to Virgil)  
*Told you to stay home Virge.*

CAMERA pushes through the low resolution security footage to earlier that night where FRED(20's), with model good looks, negotiates with the ELSIE, Elsie(30's), a busty woman dressed in black leather.

Beside him his younger girlfriend, NANCY, sips on a bottle of water and bobs her head to a loud beat coming from who-knows-where.

SANDY sits on the bench studying the gritty gothic decor, from its ornate wall sconces to the glossy black walls. REN(20's), one foot in one foot out kinda guy, takes a seat next to SANDY.

ELSIE

(to Sandy)

Hey...

SANDY knows it's about the cigarette.

ELSIE (CONT'D)

Put that out.

SANDY takes the deepest drag she can muster killing half the cigarette before putting it out on the floor.

FRED

(to Ren)

Couldn't you have just booked a Days Inn?

REN

City's booked bro.

REN watches NANCY who's clothing is barely doing it's job; namely covering her up.

REN (CONT'D)

(to Sandy)

She looks good tonight huh?

SANDY

Yeah. You said that earlier.

REN

Okay, just saying...you guys should hang out.

SANDY

Should we?

REN

It *is* my birthday.

SANDY grabs a nearly empty mickey of vodka out of her bag and takes a swig.

SANDY

Right, well...I already gave you your gift.

REN looks at the new watch on his wrist.

REN  
Yes. And...it's awesome.

SANDY  
Do they sell booze here?

REN  
You should slow down a little bit.

SANDY'S blank expression is enough to end the debate.

REN (CONT'D)  
Sorry...relax.

FRED turns to the others.

FRED  
So here's where we're at. The room  
only has *one* large bed.

ELSIE  
It's an emperor sized.

SANDY  
What is that?

REN  
Two extended king sized beds.

SANDY  
Wow...how did you know that?

REN  
There pretty common. Hey whatever,  
let's go somewhere else if you guys  
prefer.

SANDY  
But the city's booked *bro*.

ELSIE  
You'll lose your deposit.

FRED  
So...

NANCY  
I just want somewhere to sleep.

SANDY takes the last swig of vodka from her mickey.

SANDY  
Alright then...happy birthday.

ELSIE hands FRED the key to room #18.

INT. SEX CLUB(HALLWAY) - MOMENTS LATER

The four of them walk down the long hallway where they pass a couple, covered only by towels, quietly arguing. The WOMAN keeps trying to walk away but the TOUGH GUY won't let her; he's not physically stopping her, but he looks like he wants to. They stop arguing when they notice them passing.

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

The four of them enter the room and gasp...

In the middle of the room is a massive gothic style antique bed. The headboard is beautiful with ornate carvings of figures and animals. Each post is eight feet high of twisted knurly wood. The wood itself, oak, is stained a rich dark red and clear coated creating a high shine. It would be considered a thing of beauty if it wasn't so terrifying to look at.

FRED

Jesus.

REN

That's...pretty incredible.

NANCY backs away from the bed; there's something unsettling about it.

NANCY

It's terrifying. Is it clean?

SANDY

Who cares. I plan on drinking 'till I can't see.

NANCY

This is weird.

NANCY heads to the bathroom followed by FRED.

FRED

(to the others)

We'll be right out.

SANDY checks out the bed. The dark red stain is the color of blood.

SANDY

This is really old.

The carvings on the headboard are disturbing featuring animals being slaughtered and people being tortured.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Why would someone build this?

REN grabs the remote and turns on the wall mounted TV. Every channel is porn.

REN

Wow. Interesting viewing options.

SANDY tips her mickey catching the last few drops of vodka.

SANDY

I know it's your birthday, but try being more subtle.

INT. SEX CLUB(BATHROOM) - CONTINUOUS

NANCY changes into her pajamas and adjusts her makeup. FRED sits on the toilet having a pee.

FRED

So how are you feeling about this?

NANCY

I'm fine Fred. This is your guys thing.

FRED

But I want *you* to be into it too.

NANCY

As long as it doesn't affect how you see me I'll play along.

FRED

It won't...I promise.

NANCY

You'll say anything to make this happen. You don't mind you're best friend seeing me naked?

FRED

It'll be dark.

INT. SEX CLUB - CONTINUOUS

SANDY orders a 26 of vodka from behind the front desk. Before getting back to the room she's already cracked it open and is taking a swig. She sees the couple still arguing. The TOUGH GUY is getting more upset and is holding his arm against the wall preventing the WOMAN from walking away. SANDY stops to watch them. Her eyes widen.

SANDY  
 (to the man)  
 Hey!

TOUGH GUY  
 Yeah?

SANDY  
 Put your fucking arm down!

TOUGH GUY  
 What?

She approaches him and snatches his towel. He tries to cover himself as the WOMAN hurries away to her room.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)  
 Give me the goddamn towel!

REN comes out of the room to check out the commotion. SANDY is laughing at the TOUGH GUY who stops covering himself. He removes his hands and looks down at his dangling member.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)  
 You looking for something else?

She coils the towel and snaps it at his crotch.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)  
 Jesus!

REN snatches the towel from her and throws it at the TOUGH GUY.

REN  
 So sorry dude, she's super drunk.

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

SANDY finds a couple of plastic cups and fills them with vodka.

REN  
 What was that?

SANDY  
*What?* Fuck that guy!

REN  
 Why do you always have to drink so much?

SANDY  
 I thought we were celebrating.

REN

Anyway...it's not your business.

SANDY

Hey man...that was a sister in need of assistance.

REN

I love it...women get all drinky then yell at random men 'cause they don't have to deal with the consequences. We do.

SANDY

Nobody asked you to come out.

REN

I was worried.

SANDY

Worried? Is that as far as your nobility takes you?

REN

Nobility?

SANDY

What's being worried if you're too scared to do anything about it.

REN looks defeated.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Hey...

SANDY hands him a drink.

SANDY (CONT'D)

...you're right. I'm drunk. Sorry. It's your birthday.

REN

I wasn't scared.

SANDY

I know you weren't scared.

He takes the drink.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Seriously...I'm sorry.

REN

You're nuts sometimes.

SANDY

Yeah well...bottoms up.

They shoot their drinks as NANCY comes out of the bathroom dressed in a pair a mini shorts and a t-shirt. FRED follows behind with a dopey expression on his face.

FRED

Hey guys.

REN

You guys wanna drink?

NANCY

Sure.

REN looks over at FRED and the two exchange excited nods of approval. SANDY notices this as she pours NANCY a drink.

SANDY

Guys...just take ownership. Don't act like school boys.

NANCY

What are they doing?

NANCY approaches the bed and places her hand on one of the posts. As her hand makes contact the stain underneath seems to shift slightly as if still in liquid form under the clear coat.

SANDY

They're just excited.

FRED and REN suddenly don't know what to do and just stand there like two dummies.

SANDY (CONT'D)

We're all sleeping in the bed. Why don't we just all get in and have a drink first.

REN

Yeah that's cool.

FRED

Yeah...cool, let's do that.

They each take a drink and climb into the bed. With each new arrival the stain adjusts ever-so-slightly as if reacting to their presence.

FRED (CONT'D)

Happy birthday bro.

NANCY  
Happy birthday.

They all swig from their cups then sit around awkwardly.

SANDY  
So what are we suppose to do?

REN  
Okay just...why don't you guys, kiss  
a bit?

SANDY looks at NANCY.

SANDY  
(to Nancy)  
Okay?

NANCY  
Sure.

SANDY and NANCY move toward each other and place their hands on each others shoulders.

SANDY  
(to Ren)  
Okay, it's *your* birthday.

They exchange a few little kisses.

REN  
Awesome.

REN pulls out his iPhone and snaps a picture. SANDY grabs the phone from him.

SANDY  
Really?

REN  
Nope.

She throws it across the room. It lands and we see the picture; it's strange and distorted.

REN (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

SANDY  
(to Nancy)  
This okay?

SANDY'S face suddenly goes dark, as if the light hitting it were suddenly sucked away.

NANCY

Sandy?

SANDY face vibrates unnaturally then is replaced by an old woman's face, dead and decayed; screaming.

NANCY leaps back causing everyone to jump. SANDY'S face returns to normal.

REN

Holy shit!

FRED

What's wrong?

NANCY

Sorry. I must have just...passed out for a second.

FRED

What?

NANCY

I don't know. Maybe it's the blow.  
(to Sandy)  
You're face...got all weird for a second.

SANDY

I'm sorry?

NANCY has a little chuckle.

NANCY

No you look great. I'm just drunk and high. I feel like I'm asleep but that stuff is keeping me awake.

SANDY

Yeah...I'm exhausted too.

NANCY

Sorry guys. I'm good. I'm totally good.

REN fills up her cup.

REN

Here have a drink, it'll help you come down.

SANDY takes the cup from REN as he tries to hand it to NANCY and speaks to her very matter-of-factly.

SANDY  
Nancy...are you bi-sexual?

NANCY  
No.

SANDY  
Neither am I. I think you're really beautiful but I'm not attracted to you like that. How do you feel about me?

NANCY  
The same.

REN watches his meticulously planned scheme evaporate.

REN  
Okay...what's happening guys?

SANDY  
I think we're done for now.

NANCY  
Yeah can't we all just hang out?

SANDY drinks NANCY'S drink.

SANDY  
Show's over boys.

REN  
Seriously? That's it?

SANDY  
Well why don't you two dick heads make out.

FRED  
Whoa...dick heads?

REN  
Would that turn you on?

SANDY  
No.

NANCY  
I'm tired anyway.

NANCY gets under the covers on the other side of the bed.  
FRED follows.

FRED  
Let's just go to bed dude.

REN

*What?*

SANDY lies down beside REN and closes her eyes.

SANDY

I'm so drunk. Let's just crash for a bit okay?

REN

*(whispers)*

It was all happening and then...what happened?

SANDY

*(whispers)*

Come to bed.

With everyone falling asleep, REN lights up one of SANDY'S smokes.

REN

But it's my birthday.

He pounds his shot of vodka and slowly falls asleep, cigarette still burning in his hand.

INT. SEX CLUB(HALLWAY) - NIGHT

VIRGIL walks down the hallway where FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS take photos of blood and brain matter painted up the walls and ceiling. A MAN'S decapitated body lies in the middle of the hallway wearing only a towel.

He stops and follows the trail of blood with his eyes trying to figure out how the poor sap's head exploded.

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - NIGHT

The bed is now a collapsed pile of blackened ash. On the floor two incinerated bodies lie at the bed's center.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS collect blood samples and remove sections of blood stained wall. Tape outlines indicate where the victims died.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

So they called in the old dog to figure this mess out yeah?

VIRGIL

I read forty's the new thirty.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
I think it's the other way around in  
your case.

The two men seem generally happy to see each other.

VIRGIL  
So what happened? Kid fell asleep  
with a cigarette?

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
Possibly, but only one of them died  
of the fire.

VIRGIL traces NANCY'S steps from the bed to where she died.

VIRGIL  
So this one tried to get away from  
the fire. Smoke knocked her out?

The FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR lifts the cover off NANCY. Her face is twisted and distorted, as if it was turned inside out then right side out again. VIRGIL is hypnotized by her panicked expression.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
Pretty sure she died from smoke.

VIRGIL walks around the room trying to piece it all together. He approaches the bed where one of the two bodies, both mostly ash, seems to have its parts twisted awkwardly.

VIRGIL  
Okay so this one falls asleep with  
the cigarette and two of them burn  
to death.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
Okay...but this one was under the  
bed.

VIRGIL inspects the body.

VIRGIL  
He's got some broken bones.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
We've counted twenty-two breaks so  
far.

VIRGIL  
So he was murdered and put under the  
bed.

He heads over to NANCY.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

This one tried to crawl away from the fire but just before she made it to the door one of the others, maybe on meth, attacks her and kills her here.

VIRGIL steps into the hallway.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

The attacker then comes out here where...

The FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR joins him curious to see where this is going. VIRGIL looks up at all the blood on the walls.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

...he's attacked by someone else who somehow...crushes his skull expelling his brains all over the walls and ceiling.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

Okay. What about the last body?

VIRGIL points at the guts on the wall.

VIRGIL

This is the last body.

He walks back in the room followed by VIRGIL. He indicates up to where a tape marking outlines a body on the ceiling.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

That's your last body.

VIRGIL is stumped.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR (CONT'D)

I've never seen you look that way before.

VIRGIL

How's that?

He searches for the most appropriate word and smiles.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

Flummoxed.

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

The cigarette has burnt all the way down to REN'S finger. He bolts out of his sleep when the burner touches his skin.

Something brushes up against the door from the hallway. REN sits up in the bed and sees a shadow under the door; something's out there. He tries to wake the others but they're out cold. The door is nudged open by a massive American pit bull terrier. REN is scared at first, but then recognizes the dog.

REN

Rocky?

The dog whimpers easing the tension. REN slowly places a foot on the ground.

REN (CONT'D)

Hey boy...

He picks himself up by one of the bed posts. He removes his hand from the post finger by finger and walks away from the bed.

REN (CONT'D)

How are you here?

SANDY wakes up and watches him approaching the door. She sees no dog, only REN does.

SANDY

(to Ren)

Who are you talking to?

The dog's mouth is suddenly covered in blood. It begins growling at him.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Ren! You're freaking me out.

From behind him an invisible force grabs REN and violently pulls him under the bed. He screams and begs as he is thrashed by some unseen thing. The others wake up as blood explodes out from under the bed in every direction!

SANDY (CONT'D)

Ren!

FRED

What the hell is that?!?

SANDY

Something grabbed him!

NANCY

It's under the bed!

They collect in the middle of the bed as if the floor were on fire.

FRED  
*What grabbed him?!?*

REN (O.S.)  
 Help me! Please!

SANDY  
 Ren!

SANDY, undeterred, moves to get off the bed. FRED holds her back.

FRED  
 Wait!

REN (O.S.)  
 Guys! Help me please! It hurts!  
 Please!

SANDY  
 Get the hell out of my way or do  
 something!

FRED  
 Okay!

FRED carefully peers over to see what's left of REN under the bed.

REN is lying in a pile of blood and guts. His eyes are wide open, but he's dead.

FRED (CONT'D)  
 Dude...are you okay?

His mouth doesn't move when he speaks.

REN  
 Help me bro! Please!

FRED  
 What the hell?

REN is thrashed around again until his body explodes all over FRED'S face.

NANCY  
 Is he okay?

FRED rises up, face covered in blood and joins the others trying to erase the image out of his head.

FRED  
 Just don't get off the bed!

SANDY  
Who's got a phone?

Three phones sit charging on the bureau and the other is on the floor where SANDY tossed it early in the night.

NANCY  
What's wrong with him?

FRED  
He's...dead.

SANDY  
Well how the hell did he die?

FRED  
I don't know! There's an animal or something under there.

They all hold each other in the center of the bed.

SANDY  
Well let's make a run for the door then!

FRED  
We're not getting off this fucking bed!

NANCY  
Well what are we gonna do?

SANDY  
(screams)  
Help! Help us!

They all join in on the screaming but the reverberating music from the club below is too loud.

SANDY grabs a floor lamp and uses it to pull the curtains open on the nearby window. Across the street in the next building a MAN is drinking wine with his WIFE.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Guys!

They all turn and scream at the MAN. He soon notices them and heads to the window to get a better look.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Okay yes! Help us! Call the police!

The man just stares at them and appears confused.

FRED  
What's wrong with the guy. Hey!  
Help!

INT. MAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We see them in the room from the MAN'S perspective, only they're not screaming, they're calmly standing on the bed staring back at him.

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - NIGHT

NANCY  
Why isn't he doing anything?

SANDY  
I don't know. Hey! Please!

The MAN soon closes the curtains.

FRED  
What the fuck man?!?

NANCY  
Smash the window! Someone will call  
the cops.

SANDY grabs one of the table lamps and fires it at the window. The glass breaks launching out into the night where it disappears into an invisible rip in space.

The flying glass then reappears back in the room heading toward the empty window frame. It reassembles itself to form a complete window pane and fits itself neatly back into the frame.

FRED looks as if he's going to cry.

FRED  
Oh man. How...is that? Why did  
that happen?

NANCY  
I'm still high. I must be really  
high. That's not...you guys didn't  
see that right?

FRED  
What the fuck is this?

SANDY stares at the reformed glass window.

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Scaffolding has been brought in so FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS can cut through the ceiling around the body. It seems to have been squashed and is being held in place by flesh which has somehow become imbedded in the drywall.

ELLIS returns with VIRGIL'S coffee.

ELLIS  
Here ya go sir.

He's got a big grin on his face. VIRGIL hesitates, then takes the coffee.

VIRGIL  
Thanks.

ELLIS  
Anytime.

ELLIS leaves. VIRGIL takes the lid off the coffee. A cluster of bubbles swim on the coffee's surface. VIRGIL inspects the bubbles.

VIRGIL  
(to the forensic  
investigator)  
Hey...

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
Yeah?

He holds the coffee to him.

VIRGIL  
That look like spit?

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
No.

VIRGIL  
You got anything that can tell if  
it's spit?

They bring the body down on the cutout drywall.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR #2  
What happened to him?

His body appears to have been flattened and most of his organ removed.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR  
He's been eviscerated.

VIRGIL places the coffee down and puts on a pair of rubber gloves. He pulls a wallet out of the body's front pocket and removes out a student card.

VIRGIL  
Fred Wilson.

He makes a call on his cell.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)  
Riko you back at the office yet?

RIKO (O.S.)  
Yep.

VIRGIL  
Wanna check out a Fred Wilson for me? Date of birth...August 16th, 1990, Lansing, Michigan.

VIRGIL is interrupted by a commotion outside. He heads to the window to check it out.

EXT. SEX CLUB - CONTINUOUS

BRASS(30's), seven feet tall, shaved head, covered in tattoos, tears through the police tape. The gathering crowd gets excited by the new arrival.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Excuse me sir, get behind the line!

BRASS  
You're gonna have to blast me to keep me from my own place of business son!

The UNIFORMED OFFICER takes out his gun and gives chase but he can't catch up. BRASS is like JASON VORHEES, even when walking he moves faster than someone running.

BRASS (CONT'D)  
Ever used that thing before?

BRASS pushes past FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS dusting for prints on the stairs.

BRASS (CONT'D)  
You better clean that shit off when you leave!

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Sir! Stop!

BRASS

I'll see you upstairs officer! Don't worry...we'll talk! I have a few questions for you!

INT. SEX CLUB(HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS

BRASS passes the front desk where a POLICE OFFICER is speaking with the ELSIE.

BRASS

(to the Elsie)

What the hell happened Elsie? I left two hours ago!

The UNIFORMED OFFICER makes it to the top of the stairs.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Stop right now sir!

BRASS walks down the hallway and sees the blood and guts caked on the walls.

BRASS

What the hell is this shit? Elsie! Grab a bucket and mop. I want all this shit cleaned up before it stains.

He arrives at the room where he's greeted by VIRGIL.

BRASS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is going on in here?  
Is that my bed?

He looks over VIRGIL'S shoulder to see his once glorious antique reduced to blackened ash.

VIRGIL

Calm down! You the owner?

BRASS

You know how expensive that was?  
Somebody's gonna pay for it!

BRASS turns to the approaching UNIFORMED OFFICER and points at him.

BRASS (CONT'D)

You're gonna pay for the it!

The UNIFORMED OFFICER finally reaches BRASS and tackles him to the ground. Several other OFFICERS join in on the take down.

VIRGIL

Put him in the office. I'll talk to  
him in a minute.

The OFFICERS drag him away kicking and screaming.

VIRGIL turns to face the bed. He looks up at the ceiling  
which is covered with crisscrossing copper pipes and duct  
work.

He climbs the scaffolding and grabs hold of a pipe in direct  
line with the bed and the door. He gives it a little tug.  
The closest joint connecting it to the ceiling has been ripped  
out, as if by someone hanging from it.

He snatches a vile of finger printing powder from the FORENSIC  
INVESTIGATOR'S collection kit and heads back up the  
scaffolding.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

I'm borrowing this.

He dusts the pipe and finds two full hand prints wrapped  
around it. He then slides the scaffolding closer to the  
door and dusts the next set of pipes; again...set of hand  
prints.

His phone rings.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Yeah?

RIKO (O.S.)

I found your Fred Wilson.

VIRGIL

Has he got a record?

RIKO (O.S.)

Drinking and driving. Killed a five  
year old. Got five years probation.

VIRGIL

Thanks Riko.

VIRGIL hangs up and approaches the bed.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

He was trying to get away from the  
fire. It must have already spread  
along the ground so he climbed.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

We found no smoke in his lungs. He  
died *before* the fire.

VIRGIL looks back at the bed.

VIRGIL  
So what the hell was trying to getaway  
from?

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

The three of them sit back to back in the middle of the bed vigilantly watching the floor. SANDY throws cigarettes on the floor anticipating some wild animal jumping out at them; nothing happens. She removes the last one and pull out her gold zippo.

SANDY  
Seems like a good time to quite  
actually.

She puts the cigarette behind her ear. FRED holds onto NANCY who's crying.

NANCY  
You're boyfriend's dead. Why aren't  
you upset?

SANDY considers her response; at first she seems ready to lose on her but then opts for the calm approach.

SANDY  
I'm upset Ren is dead. I wouldn't  
exactly call him my boyfriend.

NANCY cries even more.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
(whispers to herself)  
Just 'cause I'm not crying doesn't  
mean I'm not upset.

Her expression, however, betrays her, as if she feels nothing.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Besides...we've got more immediate  
issues to deal with so shut the fuck  
up if you have noting constructive  
to add!

FRED  
Okay...calm down.

SANDY

Instead of hanging on your boyfriend like a helpless child why don't you do something?

NANCY

What am I suppose to do?

SANDY

I don't know! You got a theory? Let's figure out why this is happening.

NANCY

I thought there was an animal that got loose or something. But I don't understand the window coming back together. Maybe we all hallucinated it like...mass hysteria, 'cause we're all really scared or something?

SANDY

No...that was real. That *actually* happened.

FRED

Then we're fucked.

NANCY

Why?

FRED

Because we're helpless. We don't know what's going on. We have no recourse. That guy didn't react to us screaming at all.

SANDY

It's a sex club, he's probably seen all sorts of weird shit; he's just desensitized.

FRED

No...how could he not react at all. We weren't laughing and it's not like we were...flashing him or being assholes. We were terrified, and he didn't react at all.

NANCY

Maybe he's blind.

FRED feels something moving under the covers.

FRED

Shit!

He lifts up the covers and sees a pair of small bloody hands slide up from where the cover is tucked into the mattress!

FRED (CONT'D)

Jesus!

SANDY and NANCY scramble away from FRED pressing themselves against the head board.

SANDY

What? What is it?!?

FRED stands up and turns to the others but they've disappeared.

FRED

Guys? Nancy!

NANCY reaches out to FRED'S leg.

NANCY

We're here! What did you see?

FRED still can't hear or see them so when he feels a hand touching his leg but can't see the person doing it, he completely loses it.

Above them crisscrossing along the ceiling is a lattice work of pipes and ducts. FRED decides to use the ceiling as a means of escape. He launches himself up onto a pipe and begins moving, hand over hand, toward the door leaving SANDY and NANCY.

SANDY grabs the remaining table lamp and holds it above her head lifting the cover up with her other hand.

SANDY

What'd you see?!?

NANCY

Fred?!?

Without warning the pipe begins tearing out of the ceiling. FRED puts his foot on a tall floor lamp to take some of the weight off. He tries to calm himself down as the floor lamp shade crumples under his feet; the pipe tears out further!

He is soon able to find his footing on the lamp and takes some of the weight off the pipe. He breaths a sign of relief but then notices a movement on the other side of the room. Upside down, a small child runs along the ceiling; its face bloody and partially crushed.

REN screams and frantically pulls himself along the pipe.

SANDY and NANCY look at what he's "running" from but see nothing.

The sound of a deafening car engine coming from the other side of the room takes FRED'S attention away from the creepy kid. He turns to see a set of blinding lights racing toward him.

SANDY and NANCY scream up at him to snap out of it as, from their perspective, he's panicking for no particular reason.

FRED is suddenly hit hard by something arcing his body up and slamming him into the ceiling. His body is then pulled and crushed into the ceiling as if by some strange g-force. His bones crush, his eyeballs pop and his organs squash under the pressure.

He's completely flattened against the ceiling causing his chest to burst open. Blood rains down on SANDY and NANCY flipping out in the bed.

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - NIGHT

FORENSICS have collected everything they need and packing up for the night.

VIRGIL investigates the room where he finds one collection bag with a burnt piece of wood that they left behind.

VIRGIL

Amateurs.

VIRGIL gets a call from RIKO.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Hi.

RIKO

We've identified the hallway death.  
Allan Duke. 33...charged with sexual  
assault in 05. No conviction. The  
girl hung herself a month later.  
We're still trying to ID the others.  
Also we've found some additional  
blood.

VIRGIL

Where?

RIKO

In the samples from the bed's frame.

(MORE)

RIKO (CONT'D)

It's old but we've found over five different types, and there could be more.

VIRGIL

Old like how old?

RIKO

Over fifty years.

VIRGIL picks up the blackened sample and inspects it.

INT. SEX CLUB(OFFICE) - MOMENTS LATER

The office behind the front desk lacks the gothic charm of the rest of the place; it's purely functional. BRASS sits on a stack of tattered banker boxes handcuffed to a radiator.

VIRGIL enters and heads straight for the coffee maker.

VIRGIL

Coffee?

BRASS

I want to call my fucking lawyer.

VIRGIL finds a couple of mugs and some coffee grounds.

VIRGIL

Where are your filters?

BRASS

Fuck you!

VIRGIL laughs the comment off.

VIRGIL

Come on man...I'm not here to mess with your shit, I'm just tired. I just want some coffee.

BRASS

Above the sink.

VIRGIL finds the filters and prepares the coffee maker.

VIRGIL

You can call your lawyer but just so you know, regardless I've got you for resisting so at this point you're under arrest. But if you'd like to have a cup of coffee with me and chat a bit...that goes away.

BRASS  
You're a clever one.

VIRGIL  
No...I just really don't give a shit.  
I want to go home.

BRASS considers.

BRASS  
I'll take two milks.

VIRGIL finds a carton of almond milk in the small fridge.

VIRGIL  
Doesn't anyone drink regular milk  
anymore?

BRASS  
Uneducated people do. If I'm not  
under arrest can you take these off?

VIRGIL sits at the desk. The seat is set low so VIRGIL raises it.

BRASS (CONT'D)  
Don't mess with the settings.

VIRGIL  
Did you know any of the victims?

BRASS  
Nope.

VIRGIL  
You ever had any trouble here before?  
Rowdy customers?

BRASS  
Nope.

VIRGIL  
There are dead people out there. I  
need you to try to help me.

VIRGIL heads back to the coffee maker and pours two cups of coffee. On the wall he sees a photo of the room. In the bed BRASS is posing with another WOMAN in S&M gear. He pulls the picture off the wall.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)  
Is this the room?

He holds the picture up for BRASS to see.

BRASS

Yep.

He places a cup of coffee in front of BRASS and has a seat.  
He focuses on the bed in the photo.

VIRGIL

It's an antique?

BRASS

Yeah. Expensive.

VIRGIL pours sugar in his coffee. BRASS watches him  
practically empty the sugar dispenser.

BRASS (CONT'D)

You on a diet?

VIRGIL ignores the jab.

BRASS (CONT'D)

I picked it up at an estate sale.  
Dropped twenty grand. It's an  
Esherick.

VIRGIL

Should I know what that means?

BRASS

He was a German furniture maker from  
the early 20th century; made a lot  
of high end pieces. He was sought  
after. That bed was built large to  
support a German emperor and his  
eight wives.

VIRGIL

Lucky guy.

VIRGIL chugs his coffee and stares at the photo.

BRASS

Hey I always wondered...do you get  
to pick the cases you investigate?  
Like do you go by seniority?

VIRGIL

There's no order...we just take them  
as they come. It's a rotational  
system.

BRASS

Lucky you. This will be a career  
making case if you can figure it all  
out.

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

NANCY stairs up at FRED'S body mashed into the ceiling. She covers her eyes and talks gibberish to herself.

SANDY maneuvers the floor lamp to get a hold of the curtains. She then yanks them down so she can get at the curtain rod.

SANDY

Stop looking at him! I'm trying to concentrate.

She tries getting to REN'S phone on the floor. She uses the curtain rod to slide it back and forth, closer and closer but the it gets stuck when it slides under a cabinet behind one of the legs.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Shit!

NANCY is still crying so SANDY gives her a hug.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Listen...we're gonna get out of here. We have to stay positive and just be robotic about this. Divorce ourselves from emotion. 'Cause if we don't I'm gonna freak out. Okay?

NANCY

Okay.

NANCY notices the door handle, it's long and curved with an opening at the bottom.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Maybe we can open the door so someone can hear us.

SANDY

Good. How?

NANCY pulls one of the sheets out from under them and hands it to SANDY. She takes another and rolls it up from one corner to opposite corner as thin as she can.

NANCY

We'll make like...a lasso.

SANDY

Okay. Yeah!

They craft the makeshift lasso and NANCY throws it as close to the door as she can.

NANCY

Use the curtain rod.

SANDY carefully lifts the noose portion of the lasso up with the curtain rod looping it around the door handle. NANCY carefully pulls the lasso back. It falls a few times but together they manage to get it to tighten around the handle.

SANDY

Okay!

NANCY tries pulling the lasso but the door resists. SANDY joins in but it won't budge.

SANDY (CONT'D)

It's locked...there's no way it's gonna open.

They try one more time causing the bed to slide a little bit.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Okay wait.

They both pull harder dragging the bed along the floor.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Yes!

The massive bed along with their combined weight makes it practically impossible to move but they are relentless, fueled by fear and adrenaline. REN'S mangled corpse is revealed as the bed slides over him. NANCY looks back at him.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Don't look at him!

They continue pulling on the lasso, sweat beads dripping down their faces.

NANCY

Come on!!!

They finally make it a few feet away from the door. SANDY leans over, removes the lasso and opens the door.

SANDY

Help!

NANCY

Somebody help us!

The TOUGH GUY, who we now know as ALAN DUKE, has come up from downstairs and sees SANDY and NANCY as he passes.

SANDY

Oh my God! Please call the police!

He stops to look at them. From his perspective however they are no longer covered in blood and are in fact moving their bodies suggestively.

ALAN

Oh it's you again.

SANDY

(from his perspective)

That's right. We're bored. Wanna entertain us?

ALAN

Hell yeah.

The real SANDY, covered in blood, looks at the ALAN like he's nuts.

SANDY

Okay well hurry the fuck up and phone them...we got dead bodies in here!

BACK FROM HIS PERSPECTIVE:

NANCY

Why don't you hop in the bed with us so we can play with each other?

ALAN presses his hands against the bed frame. Underneath his hands the stain dances.

ALAN

Okay...let's play.

SANDY

What the fuck are you talking about?

SANDY taps at his hand to knock him out of his stupidity.

NANCY

What's wrong with you!?!

ALAN looks back at them but they've disappeared. He quickly pulls his hands away from the bed and looks into the room but only sees darkness.

SANDY

Hey! Snap out of it!

She slaps his face! He jumps back against the hallway wall unable to comprehend what invisible force just hit him.

ALAN

What is this?

Something moves along the floor. ALAN looks down and sees a rope coming from underneath the bed. He follows the rope down the hallway where it coils behind a YOUNG WOMAN sitting at the top of the stairs; the back half of her head the only thing visible.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

The YOUNG WOMAN leans back a bit. Her face is pale and filthy, her eyes almost completely white with pin pricks for pupils. She peers at him through stringy hair. We can now see that the rope is a noose wrapped around her neck. Her body flips upside down and rises up off the floor ten feet into the air!

ALAN tries to back away but he's somehow locked in place. The YOUNG WOMAN floats upside down toward him. He screams as she gets closer and closer until she stops right above him. Suddenly he feels something around his neck...something choking him!

SANDY

What the hell is wrong with you!?!

ALAN'S face is turning red as he grapples with the invisible noose tightening around his throat. He soon rises off the ground, his face getting closer and closer to the upside down YOUNG WOMAN'S face until eventually they are nose to nose. ALAN tries to scream but his larynx has been crushed. His eyes begin expanding as the invisible noose continues to tighten.

SANDY and NANCY are beside themselves as they watch ALAN magically floating two feet above the floor.

With the noose still tightening we can now see that his neck is much smaller under the invisible rope. Just before he loses consciousness his entire head explodes painting the walls, ceiling and NANCY and SANDY with blood and brain matter!

The door slams shut and the bed quickly slides back along the floor where it smashes against the wall in its original place.

SANDY and NANCY try to calm down from the ordeal.

NANCY

Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ what the hell is this!?!

SANDY  
We need the phone!

She grabs the curtain rod and tries to nudge the phone out from behind the cabinet leg but it won't budge.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Shit!

She picks up the lasso.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
How much do you weight?

NANCY  
I don't know. 105?

SANDY  
We need the phone.

NANCY  
And...

One of us needs to go get it.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
I'm not getting off the bed.

SANDY  
I'm just gonna throw out some deductive reasoning here. Wherever anyone gets off the bed they die. So it stands to reason that if we stay on the bed we'll be okay. I guess?

NANCY  
Okay.

SANDY  
Okay, so we won't leave the bed.

NANCY  
Good. Yes.

SANDY  
As long as your touching the bed you should be safe.

NANCY  
I don't know. Sure.

SANDY begins fashioning the noose into a makeshift harness.

NANCY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SANDY

One of us is gonna stand on the foot of the bed, stretch out our arms and the other will lower one of us to the phone.

NANCY

Okay.

SANDY

Okay so that's gonna be you. I'm gonna lower you down.

NANCY

No. No way!

SANDY

I weigh too much and no offense but your not as strong as I am.

MOMENTS LATER:

SANDY has crisscrossed one of the rolled up sheets on NANCY'S chest and around to her back to form a makeshift harness. The other rolled up sheet is attached to the harness with SANDY holding the other end. NANCY is standing on the frame at the foot of the bed.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Just try not to move.

SANDY grips the rolled up sheet tightly and begins lowering NANCY.

NANCY

Jesus.

SANDY

Just breath. I've got you.

At forty-five degrees NANCY is beginning to hyper ventilate.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Nothing's going to happen NANCY. I've got a good grip here.

SANDY continues lowering her until she is nearly parallel with the floor.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Grab it.

NANCY

Okay.

NANCY reaches out to grab the phone but it's a couple of inches too far.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I can't reach it!

She stretches out as far as she can.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Almost.

The sheet begins to unfasten from the harness.

SANDY

Don't move!

NANCY

I've got it.

NANCY grabs the phone as the sheet continues to loose.

SANDY

Don't move!

NANCY

What? What's happening?

SANDY is sliding along the bed trying to hold on as her strength weakens. NANCY'S face is getting closer and closer to the ground!

NANCY (CONT'D)

Sandy!!!

The sheet has nearly completely unfastened itself!

SANDY

Listen to me...put the phone in your pocket and carefully turn around. Just do it.

NANCY complies and tries to turn around.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Grab the sheet.

The sheet suddenly completely unfastens! NANCY grabs onto it just as she's about to fall to the ground. SANDY struggles to hold onto her as NANCY tries to grip onto the sheet. She manages to wrap it around her hand as SANDY pulls her back up and onto the bed.

NANCY  
Holy shit.

SANDY  
Give me the phone!

SANDY takes the phone and tries dialing 9-1-1 but there is only a strange static.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Shit!

NANCY  
Nothing?

SANDY tries texting her mom: MOM, CALL THE POLICE! I'M AT 11 FULSOME STREET ROOM #18. I'M IN TROUBLE!

She presses send. A second later the other three phones begin vibrating on the bureau.

SANDY  
Shit!

EXT. SEX CLUB - NIGHT

VIRGIL sits in his car smoking a cigarette. He opens the visor and looks at a picture of a young woman in a graduation gown. He has another swig of from his flask. He gets a call on his CB radio.

RIKO (O.S.)  
Virgil?

VIRGIL  
Yep?

RIKO  
I've been calling.

VIRGIL  
Left my phone upstairs.

RIKO (O.S.)  
Got an ID on the guy under the bed.  
REN DEBROWSKI, 24. Got six months  
probation for dog fighting in his  
basement. What a champ.

VIRGIL  
Nice. Anything else?

RIKO (O.S.)  
I'll keep you posted.

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

VIRGIL returns to the room where he finds his phone. He sees that he has one message: MOM, CALL THE POLICE! I'M AT 11 FULSOME STREET ROOM #18. I'M IN TROUBLE!

INTERCUT BETWEEN VIRGIL AND SANDY TEXTING EACH OTHER:

VIRGIL

(TEXT)

WHO IS THIS?

SANDY nearly falls out the bed when she receives a return text.

SANDY

Oh my god!

SANDY (CONT'D)

(TEXT)

MY NAME IS SANDY! I'M AT  
11 FULSOME STREET ROOM #18. PEOPLE  
HAVE DIED HERE! PLEASE HELP!

VIRGIL

What is this shit?

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

(TEXT)

WELL THAT'S FUNNY CAUSE I'M IN ROOM  
#18. I SHOULD MENTION THAT IT'S AN  
ARRESTABLE OFFENSE TO INTERFERE WITH  
A POLICE INVESTIGATION.

SANDY

(to Nancy)

He doesn't believe me!

NANCY

Why not?

SANDY

He says he's in this room!

NANCY

What?

SANDY

(TEXT)

ARE YOU A COP?

VIRGIL

(TEXT)

THAT'S RIGHT SANDY.

SANDY

(TEXT)

PLEASE HELP US! I'M NOT LYING! I'M  
IN ROOM #18!

INT. SEX CLUB(BEDROOM) - NIGHT

VIRGIL checks out the window to see if he can discover who it is. There are too many people on the street taking pictures and texting for him to finger anyone.

VIRGIL

This is bullshit.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

(TEXT)

FINE. PROVE THAT YOU'RE IN ROOM  
#18.

VIRGIL calls RIKO on his phone.

RIKO

Hey.

VIRGIL

Can we trace a text from an unknown  
name?

RIKO

Bring in a phone and we'll see what  
we can do. It'll take time though.  
Why?

VIRGIL

Well I've got this...

VIRGIL stops talking when he here's a scratching noise behind him. He turns around to where the bed is. On the wall behind it a name begins carving itself magically into the wall:  
SANDY.