

DAY 2

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FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPUS - MORNING

New England. Ivy League. Globe lamps line deserted walkways.

A lone figure runs through the empty quad. **LIZZY MACGREGOR**, 21, is late.

She reaches a massive brick building. Takes the stairs two at a time, dead leaves crunching underfoot. Yanks open the heavy wooden doors.

Next to them, chiseled into the stone: ALLEN LIBRARY.

INT. ALLEN LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The low murmur of studying students. The rustle of pages turning.

Lizzy enters with a swirl of crisp air. Exhausted. Beautiful. Radiates a determined energy.

The **LIBRARIAN**, 40's, glances up sharply. Pulls her sweater tight. Dabs her runny nose with a tissue.

THOMAS ALLEN, 21, waves to Lizzy from a far corner.

Eyes on Thomas, Lizzy doesn't see the figure in an elaborate 19th century costume and hideous Devil's mask observing everyone from the shadows of the second floor balcony.

She weaves through the rows of large communal tables spread over the main floor. Slides into a chair across from Thomas.

Drops her backpack. Shucks off her coat, revealing green hospital scrubs.

THOMAS

That's a good look for you.

LIZZY

Get your lit test back?

Thomas flips through his notebook. Slides out a paper.

She snatches the test. B Minus. Drops it on the table in disgust.

LIZZY

Your father isn't paying me to help you be average.

Lizzy digs through her bag. Pulls out a small bottle of hand sanitizer. Works some between her palms.

She offers some to Thomas as she nods in the direction of the sickly Librarian.

THOMAS
(declines)
Hypochondriac.

LIZZY
That's an awfully big word for
someone who just got a B.

THOMAS
Minus.

LIZZY
I'm working a double at the lab
tonight. So...

She pulls out a textbook. Slaps it down on the table. A shushing echoes around the room. The Librarian glares at her.

Thomas catches movement off to the side. A student shuffles in from one of the far hallways.

THOMAS
Time off might be good for you.

The heavy front doors to the library open. Another student getting out of the cold. Head down. Hood up.

LIZZY
I can't afford it.

Another hooded student comes in from outside. Two more lurk in the shadows. Close to a dozen in the room.

The students at the communal tables have begun to notice the new arrivals.

THOMAS
Not even one night?

Lizzy looks at him as if he suggested she cut off her right arm. Realizes he's distracted by something behind her.

She turns, concerned.

The hooded students slowly close in on the seated students.

Two more stand by the front doors, swaying slightly.

LIZZY
...How long have they been here?

The Librarian comes out from behind her desk, uncertain.
Calls to the nearest hooded student.

LIBRARIAN
(keeps her distance)
Can I help you?

The hooded student ignores her. Keeps moving forward.

Lizzy turns back to Thomas.

A hooded student looms behind him.

The figure **wraps his arm around Thomas's neck.**

LIZZY
Thomas!

The hood falls back. The student's face is covered in peeling skin. Eyes filmy with cataracts.

He drags Thomas off the chair.

The other hooded figures rush the students as Vivaldi's The Four Seasons - Summer, III: Presto plays on hidden speakers.

Lizzy stumbles back out of her chair.

The ghoulish figures attack the students as the melody cascades. Screams ring. Blood spurts.

A diseased student jumps out at Lizzy from the stacks. Then another. Another. They herd her back toward the room.

Lizzy searches for cover. Glimpses the Devil, wicked and gleeful, darting between the spinning couples.

She sprints past the tables. Heads for the Librarian's desk.

The Librarian is huddled underneath, wheezing. No more room.

Lizzy stands. The figures close in on her. She's backed against the wall. Trapped.

A bloody hand reaches out. Grabs her. Lizzy wrenches away.

The screams cuts off as the attack abruptly stops.

Each hooded figure clutches their "victims" to them. Begins spinning in an elegant, macabre dance.

From the shadows along the far wall, Thomas appears. Smiles. Holds an iPod. He presses a button to decrease the volume.

THOMAS

Come to my Halloween party?

Lizzy's jaw drops, dumbfounded.

THOMAS

Masquerade-themed. Renaissance-y.
In case you couldn't tell by the
waltzing corpses.

The Librarian crawls out from underneath the desk, hacking into her handkerchief. Stares at the mess.

The hooded students and the victims glide between the tables. Lovely. Blood-soaked.

THOMAS

An interactive invitation.

The students twirl, smearing red on the polished hardwood.

LIBRARIAN

And who is going to clean up this
interactive experience?

THOMAS

Cleaning crew's outside. They're
the best at getting blood out of
stuff.

LIBRARIAN

And who do you think you are, that
you can get away with...

THOMAS

(interrupting)

Thomas Allen, ma'am. You might know
my father.

Allen Library. **His father's name is on the building.**

She scowls. Coughs wetly. Scuttles away.

THOMAS

(to Lizzy)

They'll keep dancing until you give
me an answer.

LIZZY

Aside from lab work, I have a
Haunted House I volunteer at every
year...

But he waves her off. He's got an ace in the hole.

THOMAS

Networking is work. Kind of. Right?

(beat)

So, if I were trying to get into
Johns Hopkins, med school of my
dreams, and a charming, handsome
man asked me to a party where his
friend Ben, who's on the admissions
board at said med school was going
to be, I'd say...

Excitement sparks in Lizzy's eyes.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Lizzy stands in the doorway.

LIZZY

But I can't, right?

CINDY, 21, Lizzy's flashier best friend, stands at the door.
Blocks her from entering.

CINDY

Have you lost your mind?

Lizzy gives her the eye. Cindy moves aside. Lizzy drops her
backpack on the bed, then flops next to it.

LIZZY

There's no way this is gonna fly
with my mom. And Erin...

CINDY

Talking to that Ben guy for fifteen
minutes will do more for you than a
hundred hours in the lab.

(beat)

This wouldn't even be an issue if
you lived on campus.

LIZZY

If the Allen family gets mentioned,
it's an issue.

INT. ALLEN PHARMACEUTICALS - LAB

Stainless steel glints under bright fluorescent lights.

Clad in a white lab coat, **ERIN MACGREGOR**, 25, pipes liquid onto a glass slide. Sets it under a microscope.

It comes up on a large projected screen in front of her. Cells maneuver around other cells.

Erin furtively glances toward the door to the lab. Quickly types up some data on a spreadsheet marked "FINAL TRIALS".

The door bursts open. She jumps, jostling the lab equipment.

SECURITY GUARD 2

Miss MacGregor? Your sister's in the lobby.

The cells projected onto the wall begin to engulf other cells. Erin keeps her eyes on the guard.

ERIN

I'll be right up, thank you.

He disappears with a nod. Erin turns back to the projected slide. The cells move lazily around one another.

She swipes the slide from the microscope. Boxes the samples she's been testing and closes the lid.

Marks the label on top of the box: **COUNTY HOSPITAL - RUSH.**

INT. ALLEN PHARMACEUTICALS - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Erin pulls on her coat as she emerges from a bank of elevators.

Past the huge front desk, she spots Lizzy speaking with **PHILLIP ALLEN**, 50. He radiates class, sophistication, and icy power.

LIZZY

...I was flattered that he'd go to so much trouble.

PHILLIP

He goes after what he wants. Like his father.

Erin rushes up, obviously unhappy that Phillip is speaking with her sister.

PHILLIP

Erin. Lizzy here was just telling me she'll be attending my son's Halloween party tonight.

ERIN

First I'm hearing of it.

Lizzy won't meet Erin's eyes.

PHILLIP

(to Lizzy)

See? That's what I'm talking about. She's so focused on her work the world could end right outside these doors without her being the wiser.

He claps his hand on Erin's shoulder. Her teeth set on edge.

PHILLIP

Work ethic just like your father had.

Erin tenses. He's hit a nerve, but it's hard to tell whether he's oblivious to it, or enjoys it.

PHILLIP

I don't want to keep you two.
(shakes Lizzy's hand)
Always good to see you, Lizzy. Keep my son in line tonight.

LIZZY

Yes sir, Mister Allen.

PHILLIP

(backing away)
Phillip. Please.

A wolfish smile and he's gone.

INT. LIZZY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lizzy slips into the driver's seat. Erin gets in the passenger side. Slams the door.

LIZZY

I didn't say I was going.

Lizzy fires up the car. Pulls out and onto the road.

LIZZY

It's not like I want to ditch out
on working at the Haunted House
tonight. I love the kids.

Lizzy's phone buzzes. A text from Cindy. "Are we going or
what?!"

LIZZY

I know we do it every year...

Lizzy's really talking to herself.

LIZZY

And where would I get a costume?

While Lizzy mumbles, Erin silently stews.

INT. LIZZY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Neat. Orderly. Various science awards and academic plaques
adorn the walls.

Only one thing remains from her childhood: a partially
completed doll house sits in a far corner, gathering dust.

Lizzy enters. Jumps when she sees Erin sitting on her bed.

ERIN

Since when are you and Thomas Allen
friends?

LIZZY

Here we go.

She squirts more sanitizer in her hands. Snatches a wrinkled
set of scrubs from a pile of clothes on her floor.

ERIN

Are you his date?

Lizzy nearly tumbles as she tugs on her scrub pants. Ignores
Erin.

LIZZY

You don't even know him.

ERIN

I don't need to. I know his father.

LIZZY

Yet you still work for him.

ERIN
Half the town does!

Erin bleeds disgust and betrayal.

Lizzy stares at her, fuming. Erin storms toward the door.

ERIN
Don't come running when your
carriage turns into a pumpkin at
midnight.

Lizzy snatches up her backpack. Dumps the contents on her bed. Grabs her phone. Angrily dials Cindy.

LIZZY
(into phone)
Call Greg and Katie. We're going to
a party.

EXT. ALLEN MANSION - AFTERNOON

A Mercedes rockets up a long drive lined by thick forest.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED flips every few seconds.

THE PERIMETER / FRONT YARD: A thick stone wall circles the property. The mansion looms in the distance. The view pans from the front lawn to the forest just outside the wall.

THE PERIMETER / BACK YARD: Perfectly trimmed hedges forming some sort of huge topiary maze. The stone barrier continues until it's lost in the distance.

THE DRIVE: The car slows as it reaches the massive iron gates topped with wicked spikes.

GATES: The driver, Thomas, punches a remote. The gates open.

FRONT DOOR: Looks out onto the circular drive packed with delivery trucks. The Mercedes parks behind one of them.

Thomas hops out. Disappears up the steps, through thick wooden doors and into the

FOYER: Decorators buzz about, busy transforming the already imposing structure into a breathtaking 19th century palace.

MELINDA, 30, Thomas's advisor, friend, and most trusted associate, greets him at the front door. They step inside.

BACK PATIO: Decorators set elaborate candelabras on huge banquet tables. Hang tapestries.

BALLROOM: The floor is being polished. Huge planters line the room. Workers flitter about.

HALLWAY: Melinda and Thomas push into a room where they drop from the security feed.

INT. THOMAS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The man cave you'd build for yourself if you had a few hundred grand to blow.

THOMAS
...MacGregor. With an M-A-C.

They walk past an entire wall dedicated to security monitors. Each screen flips every few seconds.

Thomas can keep an eye on every inch of the property from here.

Melinda jots notes on a clipboard as Thomas sits behind his desk.

THOMAS
Just let the guys at the gate know
I sign off on whoever Lizzy shows
up with.

MELINDA
(intrigued)
Bending the rules for a girl?
That's new.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - EVENING

An orderly pushes a cart with a large box on it through an empty hallway.

Fluorescents flicker. Wheels squeak on linoleum.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy sits hunched at a work station sorting rows and rows of blood-filled test tubes.

The orderly, **ELTON**, 40, parks the cart next to the table full of testing equipment.

Sets the box in front of her. It's marked **COUNTY HOSPITAL - RUSH**. The samples Erin marked earlier.

ELTON

They need these processed right
away.

Lizzy doesn't even glance over. Scared she'll be tempted to
stay.

LIZZY

I can't. I'm leaving early.

She begins gathering her things.

ELTON

It's a rush, Lizzy. They want a
full battery of...

LIZZY

Any other night, I'd do it for you.
Happily. But I can't tonight.

Elton tries to get a word in but Lizzy plows on. Refuses to
be deterred or made to feel guilty.

LIZZY

I called Craig to cover. He should
be here...

(frowns down at watch)

Five minutes ago. But he'll be
here. And these will be first
priority.

She yanks on her coat. Grabs her bag. Heads toward the door.
Chin up. Will not turn back.

ELTON

But there's another cart coming
down...

The door closes on him.

HALLWAY

Lizzy leans back on the door. Hesitates. Lets her hand slide
onto the door handle. Holds it there for a long moment.

Makes up her mind. Walks away quickly.

She turns the corner just as another orderly pushing a cart
full of blood samples approaches the Lab.

INT. LIZZY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lizzy stands in front of a full-length mirror. Nervously tugs at her costume. She looks like an extra from Les Miserables.

A car horn beeps outside. She grabs her bag and her mask.

INT. LIZZY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy runs down the stairs. Erin trails, oozing disappointment.

ERIN

You're making a huge mistake.

Lizzy hits the foyer. Grabs a coat. Yanks open the front door.

Her first step outside feels like freedom.

EXT. LIZZY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy hurries out into the brisk fall night. Trees up and down the block are roped with toilet paper.

Costumed kids with plastic pumpkins hold their parents' hands as they walk from house to house.

Erin sticks her head out the door. Anger and worry flicker on her face. Finally, she ducks back inside.

Lizzy nearly runs into **MRS. HENDERSON**, 50, as she makes her way up the front walk. The neighborhood busy-body.

MRS. HENDERSON

Lizzy! You're awfully dressed up for the Haunted House.

LIZZY

Afraid I'm not going to make it tonight, Mrs. Henderson.

MRS. HENDERSON

(frowns, judging)

Oh, but I think they were counting on you to...

Lizzy's apologetic, but will not be deterred.

LIZZY

I know mom and Erin can handle it.

Lizzy won't turn back.

Leaves a shocked Mrs. Henderson looking like she just ate a lemon.

ON THE STREET

Cindy stands by a car parked at the curb.

CINDY
(to Lizzy)
You raid the costume closet in the
theatre department?

Cindy spins, flaunting her sexy masquerade dress. Long in back, cut high above her knees in front.

LIZZY
Tasteful.

Hoots and hollers come from the inside of the car.

GREG, 21, doofy and sweet, sticks his head out the back window. Bangs on the door.

GREG
Let's go, bitches!

KATIE, 21, the group's good-natured voice of reason, leans forward from the back. Both decked out in masquerade attire.

LIZZY
Katie, you're on Greg duty. When we
get there don't let him talk to
anyone.

GREG
I'm right here.

LIZZY
(ignoring)
I actually need to impress people
tonight.

GREG
Didn't you already? Else we
wouldn't be playing this gig.
Hanging with the big boys, y'all.

Lizzy gets shotgun. Cindy jumps behind the wheel.

LIZZY
(to Greg)
Are you done?

GREG
(totally normal)
You guys are no fun.

WHAM!

A man slams into Greg's door.

Greg shrieks. Flinches back, crushing Katie against the far side of the car.

Only visible from the neck down, the man slides forward. Trails a grimy hand over Greg's window. Then Lizzy's.

Three laughing, squealing teenagers run out into the street. Another ragged figure chases after them.

The man peels himself off the car. Runs after the teenagers. The group finally gets a glimpse of his face.

Flushed. Smearred with sweat and dirt. Eyes glassy.

Greg stares in horror at the streak left on the window.

Cindy bursts into adrenaline-fueled laughter.

CINDY
(to Greg)
You scared me more than he did.

GREG
Whatever. Dude's costume wasn't even good...

The girls' laughter drowns out his continued protests as they pull away from the curb.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Cindy hunches forward. Squints into the darkness as her car slowly climbs a hill on the outskirts of town.

Lizzy glances out the back window. The town's lights twinkle in the valley below.

KATIE
Look.

Just ahead, hundreds of candles in hurricane vases line the sides of the road like lights on a runway.

The estate looms in the distance. Cindy turns down the illuminated path. Thick forest lines the drive.

Lizzy peers out into the trees. Tendrils of fog slink and wrap around the trunks.

CINDY

What the...

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Cindy's car rolls to a stop. Valets in elaborate 19th century costumes help the group exit the car.

Their faces are painted bone white to mimic skulls. Black hollows around their eyes. Dark slashes across their mouths.

One pulls Cindy's car off the path toward an open field where rows of parked vehicles gleam in the moonlight.

Another ushers the group to a horse-drawn carriage that stands at the ready. Candles flicker, casting eerie shadows.

VALET

Name, please.

LIZZY

Lizzy MacGregor. And friends.

He marks their arrival on his tablet. Surreptitiously eyes Cindy's outfit. She smiles at him.

He points to the carriage. Gives Lizzy a skeleton smile.

EXT. CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Horse hooves clop against the stone drive. More hurricane vases line the road leading to the mansion.

The wheels of the carriage spin long shadows. It's otherworldly.

The thick stone wall circling the Allen estate becomes visible.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

THE DRIVE: The carriage emerges from the gloom.

GATES: The horse and driver pull through.

THE PERIMETER / FRONT YARD: The forest outside is shrouded by the thick fog.

The view pans, following the carriage as it rolls toward the mansion.

Dark shapes dart at the edge of the frame. Something outside is moving toward the carriage. Fast.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

A distant scream cuts the silence. Greg jumps. Looks around.

CINDY

We're going to have serious
problems with you tonight, aren't
we?

Katie rubs Greg's arm.

KATIE

It's just part of the fun, honey.

WHAM! THUD!

The carriage shakes violently as something lands on the roof.

Greg grabs the window well for support. Cindy knocks into the wall. Lizzy and Katie grab hold of each other.

A growl rumbles. A massive clawed hand swipes through one of the windows.

Greg scrambles away from the window. The girls shriek.

The carriage rocks as the creature on the roof jumps. Sounds of a struggle filter in.

Thrashing. Snarling. The driver screams in agony.

Blood splatters into the carriage. Lands on Greg.

GREG

What the...

Greg throws open the door. Jumps. Terror in his eyes.

KATIE

Greg!

The carriage jolts to a stop. The group peers out. A moment of silence.

THUD. The driver's bloody body flops onto the driveway with a sickening thunk.

The creature on the carriage jumps off. Snatches the body in a blur of movement. Disappears into the fog.

A howl cuts through the night.

Greg scrambles to his feet. The group spills from the blood-spattered carriage, stunned.

Bits of torn clothing lie on the grass.

GREG

Was that a werewolf?!

LIZZY

Yes. They're real.

He scowls at her. His eyes widen as he catches sight of a dark, blood-like smear on the hem of her costume.

Lizzy grabs the fabric. Sniffs.

LIZZY

Chocolate and red food coloring.

Another carriage quickly rumbles up behind them. Stops.

DRIVER

Hurry. Get in.

The carriage horse stomps its hooves. Restless.

DRIVER

Before it comes back.

Lizzy squints into the fog where the creature disappeared.

Cindy climbs up and in. Katie follows.

DRIVER

Was anyone harmed?

Greg points both index fingers toward himself. *Me, I'm harmed.*

Lizzy is about to climb into the carriage when her cell rings.

ERIN CALLING. Lizzy picks up reluctantly.

LIZZY

Yes?

ERIN
 (on phone)
 Are you there yet? At Allen's?

Metal shrieks as the massive iron gates to the property begin to swing shut.

Greg pokes his head out of the carriage window.

GREG
 Are they locking us in here?

Its candle-lit castle windows glow eerily through the fog. Imposing. Extravagant.

Lizzy sits. The carriage jerks forward.

IN THE CARRIAGE

There's a crackling. A deep, haunting voice floats from hidden speakers.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
 Welcome to the Allen estate.

ERIN
 (on phone)
 ...a couple of our usual volunteers
 are out with the flu...

Lizzy's barely listening. Enthralled by what's happening around her. The atmosphere here is intoxicating. Magical.

Ahead, carriages are stopped around the circular drive, depositing party guests.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
 You'll have free run of the grounds
 and the residence.

ERIN
 (on phone)
 ...We need the help.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
 Live like it's your last night. It
 just may be.

The voice trails off on dark laughter.

The carriage rolls to a stop. Skull-faced Valets open the doors.

Her friends filter out, buzzing with excitement.

Lizzy hesitates. Torn between a sense of duty to her sister and the expectations she has for tonight.

Her friends look back in at her expectantly.

LIZZY
(into phone)
You'll survive. I'm staying.

She clicks the phone off. Throws it in her bag. Grins at her friends as if she can't believe what she's just done.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mounted torches light the thick wooden front doors.

The Valet helps Lizzy step out of the carriage.

VALET
You're quite lucky, you know. The
last ones through.

GREG
So we're trapped.

Just past the Valet, Lizzy catches sight of Guards clad in contemporary black gear and headsets patrolling silently through the shadows.

VALET
On the contrary. You are in the
safest place you could be. Never
know what could be lurking outside
the grounds on such a night.

He climbs back aboard the carriage. Pulls away.

A bell tolls.

An excited hush falls over the guests as an enormous figure in a black cloak emerges from the estate's entrance.

Flickering shadows play over him, but his face remains hidden in inky blackness.

The same deep voice from the carriage ride booms from the shadows underneath his cloak.

CLOAKED MAN
It has begun. May all your wildest
nightmares come true.

The front doors swing open. The cloak collapses in on itself. Floats to the ground. There was never a man inside at all.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

An elaborate chandelier topped with candles hangs over the massive foyer. Heels click on marble floors.

Costumed guards discreetly stand watch near the doors. Blend perfectly with the incoming guests.

Hostesses in sexy, risqué period costumes, short skirts, plunging necklines, lead the guests to a large banquet table lined with black lock boxes.

A double staircase leads up to the second floor, where Thomas looks down on the revelers. The king of his castle.

THOMAS

Welcome to the Nineteenth century.

The milling guests quiet.

THOMAS

We only have one rule tonight.

Some brave guests boo. He hushes them with a wicked smile.

THOMAS

All personal items get deposited into one of the boxes. Phones, watches, cameras, everything. Nothing that happens here will be uploaded for the world to see. You'll get everything back at the end of the night. Or, you can keep your phone and I can have the boys in black toss you over the fence.

Laughter ripples through the crowd.

THOMAS

The gates are closed, so that's the only way in or out. Enjoy the evening. Watch out for each other.

Thomas disappears back into the shadows.

Lizzy and Katie drop their phones into lock boxes.

KATIE

Spooky.

LIZZY

Part of the interactive experience.

She drops her watch into the box.

Cindy hides behind Lizzy. Shoves her cell phone into her cleavage.

LIZZY

(re: the phone)

Really?

Cindy adjusts her boobs.

CINDY

What're they gonna do, take away my birthday?

GREG

Over the fence.

CINDY

I'll take my chances.

A hostess comes over to the group. Slams down the lock box lids. Turns the key with a smile.

INT. MAIN GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Tapestries hang. Ancient wooden tables are topped with candelabras. Soft string music is piped in through hidden speakers.

Katie grabs hold of Greg.

KATIE

Greg duty.

Drags him toward the bar against the far wall.

Cindy and Lizzy stares in awe at the lit torches wedged into iron holders on the walls.

LIZZY

He told me the party wouldn't be "over the top."

Greg and Katie return. Hand drinks to Cindy and Lizzy.

Cindy holds hers up.

CINDY

To Lizzy.

The group toasts. Drinks.

There's a shout. A commotion from the center of the room.

Clanging. Shuffling. Grunts and groans.

Suddenly, Lizzy and her friends are at the edge of the circle of people.

Two costumed noblemen, one in black, one in white, clash in the middle of the room. Swords drawn in an epic battle.

The crowd cheers. Takes sides. The fight is brutal.

CINDY

This doesn't seem safe.

KATIE

It looks so real.

LIZZY

That's the point.

The man in white lunges forward. Slices the arm of the black warrior.

Blood splashes onto the floor. Swords crash. Metal rings against metal.

KATIE

I can't watch.

She peeks through her fingers. Cindy grabs her other arm, excited.

The wounded man spins. Slashes. Drives his sword deep into the abdomen of the man in white.

He drops. The man in black pulls back his sword. It's coated in blood.

A roar goes up from the crowd.

Costumed guards rush in. Drag the body of the man in white away. A smear of blood trails the body on the floor.

The wounded man in black limps toward a back room. Waves triumphantly to the crowd before he disappears.

KATIE

I think that's real blood.

CINDY

Does he pull this in your study sessions?

LIZZY

Last time we got together the library ended up looking like a slaughterhouse.

Lizzy takes a nervous sip of her drink.

INT. GREEN ROOM - LATER

Delicate vines hang from candle-lit chandeliers. Fresh flowers spill from massive planters.

Lizzy and the group grab lime-green drinks from the bar.

CINDY

You do realize we're standing on actual grass, right?

The heavy vines behind Cindy rustle softly. Katie's eyes go wide. Tongue-tied, she reaches out to move Cindy away from the wall.

Bloody hands shoot out from behind the vines. Grab Cindy around the waist. She shrieks. Drops her drink.

Just as abruptly as they grabbed her, the hands let Cindy go. She spins, laughing in a rush of adrenaline.

Lizzy pushes her out of the way. Parts the vines.

There's a solid wall behind them. No arms. No blood. She turns back to the group. Greg stares at the wall, shaken.

GREG

Let's check out another room...

He pulls a laughing Katie toward the doors.

CINDY

I'm with them.

Cindy moves to leave. Lizzy snags her arm.

LIZZY

Nope. If you have to get eaten by a vampire or dragged to hell through hidden doorways to get me into Hopkins, I'm willing to make the sacrifice.

CINDY

So long as you don't forget where
you came from.

Lizzy puts her arm around Cindy. Nods to the main foyer. They walk out.

CINDY

And if I ever need free liposuction
or something...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy and Cindy stand at the mouth of a seemingly endless hallway. Torchlight flickers but can't beat back the darkness.

The distant sound of cheering echoes off the stone.

CINDY

(hesitant)

That sounds like a good time.

A suit of armor stands at attention halfway down the hall. Battle axe at the ready.

LIZZY

(stalling)

We should head down there.

More faint cheering.

They grab hands. Cautiously step forward.

LIZZY

This is what we came here for,
right?

Tapestries hang from the walls. Scenes of witches burned at the stake. Beheadings. Grotesque rituals.

CINDY

I came here to drink expensive
champagne and find a trophy
husband.

They hug the wall. As far from the suit of armor as they can get.

CINDY

Halloween is a time for slutty
costumes and no-guilt candy binges.

(MORE)

CINDY (cont'd)
It's not actually supposed to be scary after you turn twelve.

LIZZY
Tell that to Thomas.

They slide past the giant suit of armor.

Cindy exhales explosively, releasing tension.

CINDY
God, are you as excited as I am right now? Not excited, but, like, *excited*.

Lizzy can't help but laugh.

LIZZY
One: you're always excited. Two: that's just your body's response to fear...

A faint creak echoes behind them. They freeze.

CINDY
Don't look.

Both girls turn. The helmet on the suit of armor has turned to watch them.

They flee toward a glowing orange light at the end of the hallway and burst into

THE ORANGE ROOM

An elaborate living hell.

The Devil figure gestures wildly on stage. Miniature explosions send up sparks and clouds of black smoke.

Ragged tangerine fabric creeps up the walls like fire. Rivers of molten lava flow between jagged faux boulders that seem to splinter up from the floor.

Lizzy tries to get her bearings.

Turns to Cindy, but she's gone. Swallowed up by the cheering crowd.

LIZZY
Cindy!

She spins wildly, searching.

INT. THOMAS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas puts the finishing touches on a jester costume. Picks up his mask.

There's a rustling at the windows behind his desk. He turns. The thick curtains hang limp.

He stalks over. Throws them open. There's nothing there. Just the valets bustling around the driveway below.

He smiles at his skittishness. Then stills. Spins.

Yelps as he comes face to face with a ghastly figure. The form bursts into girlish laughter.

Melinda pulls off the mask.

THOMAS
I will retaliate.

He affixes his mask.

MELINDA
The guards at the gate are reporting some uninvited guests.

THOMAS
We always get crashers.

MELINDA
It's more than usual. A lot more.

He grabs a remote off of his coffee table.

Turns to the wall of monitors. Points the remote and presses a few buttons.

Several monitors blink. Change views.

BACK PATIO: Guests sip drinks, dance, and mill about the grounds.

FRONT YARD: Guards patrol, hidden in shadow. Guests wander.

THE DRIVE: Tendrils of fog sweep along the empty asphalt.

THOMAS
Any security breaches?

MELINDA
No. But they're not coming up to the gate.

Thomas turns to her. What?

MELINDA

I know. Apparently they're moving
in the forest. The guards are just
getting glimpses of them.

Thomas manipulates the remote. The monitors fill with shots
of the perimeter of the estate.

Outside the fence, the forest seems still.

Just before the picture shifts to a new view, there's a flash
of movement at the corner.

Thomas clicks the remote back to the previous view. Squints.
Whatever was there is gone now.

THOMAS

You see that?

Melinda shakes her head.

MELINDA

Your last minute addition's here.
She's cute.

Thomas perks up. Sets down the remote. They both head toward
the door.

THOMAS

She's beautiful. Smart. Funny...

They leave the room.

The monitors on the wall continue to flip views of the
property.

Perimeter. Kitchen. Foyer. A room draped in blue. Another in
vibrant violet.

Off to one side, a monitor focuses in on the Devil figure
flitting about on stage, riling up a group of guests. Orange
drips from the walls like liquid flame.

The view fades in to

INT. ORANGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy pushes through groups of costumed revelers.

LIZZY

Cindy!

Someone grabs her shoulder from behind. She spins.
Cindy's there holding up a bright orange drink.

CINDY
Mimosa?

Lizzy snatches it. Downs half to soothe her nerves.

LIZZY
How about you don't disappear on me
ever again? That'd be great.

The Devil works the crowd. The guests are enthralled.

DEVIL
The Devil knows all of your past
lies, your present treacheries, and
your future deceptions.

Cheers and hollers from the audience. One man in particular
is louder than the rest.

Thomas enters. Surveys the scene. Pleased with himself.

DEVIL
It's all laid out before me. Such a
burden.

Thomas catches a glimpse of Lizzy and Cindy near one of the
freestanding bars.

DEVIL
You, brave soul.

The Devil points to the loud man in the audience. He's cocky.
Eggs on the attention.

DEVIL
So handsome outside. So ugly
inside. Does your girlfriend know
where you were last night? The
Devil can tell her. Or maybe her
best friend should?

The pretty girl next to him looks shocked. By the stunned
look on the man's face, he just got caught cheating.

The girlfriend melts down. Rushes out. The guy chases after
her. The best friend trails behind.

The crowd goes wild. The Devil points out an elaborately
dressed woman.

DEVIL

I wouldn't cheer so exuberantly if
I were you, my dear. Wouldn't want
to spill anything on the lovely
dress you stole.

The woman slinks into a darkened corner. Disappears. The
crowd howls.

Thomas keeps his eye on Lizzy, clearly enjoying how much fun
she seems to be having.

Cindy leans in to Lizzy. Whispers.

CINDY

He'd better not call on me. I've
got a walk-in closet for my
skeletons.

DEVIL

And you.

His gaze bores into Lizzy for a long moment.

DEVIL

What's this?
(seeming to talk to
himself)
Such a good girl. Straight and
narrow for you. High road.
(thoughtful)
Are we trying to impress someone?

Lizzy shifts, uncomfortable in the spotlight, but game to
play along.

DEVIL

Someone who might be...watching
over you?

Lizzy jolts. It's subtle, but Thomas notices.

DEVIL

I'm sure he likes what he sees.
Keep up the good work, my dear. Or
don't. That's so much more fun.

The Devil turns to his next victim.

CINDY

That was weird. You okay?

Lizzy fidgets. Glances for the exit.

LIZZY
I'll be right back. Bathroom.

She practically runs toward the doors. Bursts out into

HALLWAY

And runs smack into Thomas.

LIZZY
I'm so sorry...

For a moment, she doesn't realize who he is. He pulls down his mask.

THOMAS
This is not the face of a girl
who's having fun. Come with me.

INT. TURRET STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Candles on the risers provide just enough light.

Thomas leads Lizzy up a set of narrow spiral stairs. Their footsteps echo off the stone.

She gasps as they push in to

THE TURRET

At the top of the castle. The small, circular room is hushed. Cool. Lizzy shivers.

Thomas puts a hand on the small of her back. Leads her toward the windows.

The town spreads out below them in the distance. Streetlights twinkling like gems.

A royal's view of a kingdom.

LIZZY
This where you take all your girls
to impress them?

THOMAS
Car usually does that.

Lizzy's too lost in her own thoughts to laugh.

She motions to the world below.

LIZZY

What are you going to do with all of this?

THOMAS

No idea. I know what I'm expected to, but...

He turns from the window to look at her.

THOMAS

You wanna tell me what happened down there?

She tenses. He gently rubs her back.

LIZZY

He said someone was watching over me.

THOMAS

I think he caught me staring at you. Hard not to.

She's distant. Fails to respond to his playfulness.

LIZZY

It just threw me. I...I thought he was talking about my dad...

Thomas senses her struggle with what she's about to say.

LIZZY

He died when I was young. He was building me a doll house. Cut his hand bad enough to need stitches.

Her eyes shimmer.

LIZZY

Should've been no big deal. But when he got home from work the next day it was infected. It spread so fast...he was dead two days later. Nobody could do anything. The doctors. The nurses. I just watched, helpless.

THOMAS

I'm sorry.

She fights to regain control.

LIZZY

When you're a kid you think your
parents are always going to be
there.

THOMAS

Not always.

Thomas gazes down at her. Her profile lit by silver
moonlight.

LIZZY

I never want to feel that way
again.

THOMAS

Having Doctor in front of your name
doesn't mean you can control
everything. Sometimes people die.

LIZZY

Never had me for a doctor.

Confidence and humor break through her sadness.

He smothers his worry. Gives her a sly smile. Begins
loosening the waistband of his pants.

THOMAS

Doctor, now that you mention it,
I've got something...think you
could take a look at it for me?

LIZZY

I don't mix business with pleasure.

THOMAS

You're officially fired as my
tutor.

She elbows him in the ribs. They both collapse into laughter.
It cleanses the room.

His phone rings.

LIZZY

The nineteenth century has great
cell service.

He pulls a key out of his pocket. Hands it to her. Puts a
finger to his lips.

THOMAS

For your lock box.

LIZZY
You're bribing me?

THOMAS
(yes)
Never.

He smiles and motions for her to give him a moment. Answers the phone quietly.

Lizzy turns toward the window to hide her beaming smile. Tucks the key into her dress.

Thomas hangs up. Turns to her, his smile gone.

THOMAS
What do you say we head downstairs?

LIZZY
Is something wrong?

Thomas snags her hand.

THOMAS
One of the guests isn't feeling well.

Leads her out of the turret and down the spiral staircase.

THOMAS
I need to help Melinda take care of it.

They head down a dim hallway.

LIZZY
What can I do to help?

He stops on the landing. Guests mill around below, laughing and chatting.

THOMAS
I have a medic on staff. This is a party. You're here to have fun. And I have a promise to keep.

INT. VIOLET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BEN, 35, Thomas's friend from Johns Hopkins, stands with a crowd talking to several people. A hand taps him on the shoulder. Ben turns.

He and Thomas fall into a quick embrace.

THOMAS

Ben. This is the woman I told you about. Lizzy MacGregor. She's brilliant and you're brilliant and you two should have a brilliant conversation.

BEN

Brilliant.

THOMAS

(to Lizzy)

I'll catch up with you later?

Lizzy nods, trying to appear cool and professional. He smiles at her. Points to Ben as he walks away.

And he's gone. Swallowed by the masses.

BEN

Thomas told me I'd be crazy if I didn't recommend you for admission to Hopkins.

He eyes her over a long drink of champagne.

BEN

Tell me why he's right.

Lizzy calms. Zeroes in. She's been ready for this conversation for twenty one years.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

A burst of party noise follows Thomas into the massive room. He shuts the door quietly behind him.

Turns to see a Medic crouched next to a woman sprawled on a thick oriental rug in the middle of the floor.

Melinda's off to the side trying to calm the sick woman's friend. He heads toward them.

THOMAS

(to Melinda)

When you told me someone wasn't feeling well, I thought you meant they had too much to drink...

FRIEND

She just collapsed. I mean, she was a little tired when I picked her up for the party, but it was no big deal...

THOMAS

(to the friend)

Why don't you just have a seat right over here and we'll be right back.

The friend sits. Nervously fiddles with her costume.

Thomas and Melinda move toward the medic, speaking quietly. He gives a worried glance at the woman on the floor.

MELINDA

I know as much as you. She passed out in the Violet room. I got her out of there as quickly as possible. Told everyone she was drunk...

The Medic looks up at them.

MEDIC

I can tell you right now it's not alcohol.

The woman's teeth chatter. Eyelids flutter. She twitches.

THOMAS

Well what is it?

MEDIC

I don't know, but whatever it is it came on awfully fast. She needs to be in the hospital.

MELINDA

I've got an ambulance on the way.

THOMAS

Use the service entrance.

Thomas and Melinda speak out of earshot of the Medic, the friend and ill guest.

THOMAS

Check with the kitchen staff. I don't need any lawsuits. And radio the guards to report anything out of the ordinary.

INT. MAIN GALLERY - NIGHT

Cindy, buzzed, comes flying out of a room draped in blue fabric. Spots Lizzy and Ben in the hallway. Races toward them.

CINDY

You left for the bathroom an hour ago. Something you want to tell me?

LIZZY

This is *Ben*. Thomas's friend who works at *Hopkins*.

Cindy eyes him appreciatively.

CINDY

Hello, Mr. Hopkins. You certainly know how to rock a costume. And is that champagne? I was just telling Lizzy how I love a man who loves cham...

Ben stifles a laugh as Lizzy snags Cindy by the arm.

LIZZY

(to Ben)

She needs some air. It was so nice to have met you.

Lizzy sticks out her hand. Instead of shaking it, he hands her a business card.

BEN

I'll be expecting your application.

Lizzy's in. She beams. Drags Cindy away.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

FOYER: Lizzy pulls Cindy through a crush of people.

FRONT DOOR: They duck past a couple of costumed guards. Head around the side of the house.

BACK PATIO: Guests laugh and drink. In the distance, nearly shrouded by darkness and fog, a vehicle moves toward the mansion. The guests seem not to notice.

BACK ENTRANCE: The ambulance pulls up. No sirens. No headlights.

Melinda and the Medic wheel the ill woman out to the waiting paramedics. Her friend jogs after them.

The woman begins shaking violently. The paramedics strap her in. Load her into the back of the ambulance.

Melinda steps away. Answers a cell phone call. Runs out of frame.

EXT. SIDE YARD - NIGHT

Melinda runs down the long drive toward the stone perimeter.

Thomas is there with a guard, Greg, and Katie. She walks into the middle of a heated discussion.

GREG

I don't give a shit what you said about the gate. I want out of here. What the hell kind of party locks its guests inside?

THOMAS

It's all part of the night, guys.

KATIE

Was this part of the night, too?

Katie gestures to her costume. It's dirty, torn and twisted.

HEAD GUARD

They were attacked over near the tree line...

KATIE

We just wanted to get away from the party for a few minutes...

She starts to cry. Greg pulls her tighter.

GREG

Some asshole jumped out at us! Started tearing at my clothes...

KATIE

(to Thomas)

I thought it was one of your guys...you know...like a vampire or something.

HEAD GUARD

Whoever it was took off when he saw us coming. We swept the perimeter. No sign of anyone.

MELINDA

(quietly, to Thomas)
Doesn't sound like something one of
our guys would do...

THOMAS

(talking over her; to the
group)
I try to put the horror back in
Halloween, but sometimes our people
take things a little too far. Just
give me a moment.

GREG

Take your time. It's not like we
can go *anywhere*.

Thomas pulls Melinda aside.

THOMAS

I thought these guys were
professionals.

MELINDA

Could've been a crasher.

THOMAS

Yeah, but people crash parties to
you know, party. Not attack people.

Thomas turns back to Greg and Katie.

THOMAS

You two are Lizzy's friends, right?
Allow me to make this incident up
to you. Why don't you head inside
with Melinda? She'll take good care
of you.

Melinda covers her concern masterfully.

MELINDA

Right this way.

Greg glares at him once more, but it's clear Thomas is not
letting them leave the grounds.

She ushers them toward the mansion. Shoots a quizzical,
worried glance back toward Thomas, but he's deep in
conversation with the Head Guard.

THOMAS

Sweep the lawn and perimeter again.
The fence. The tree line.

(MORE)

THOMAS (cont'd)
 Report anything. Everything. This
 is unacceptable. And if it's one of
 our guys, get their ass in line.

They move off toward the security shack a short distance from
 the mansion.

HEAD GUARD
 We've had a lot of activity outside
 the gates tonight. Someone could've
 crawled over. Got spooked when he
 ran into those two.

Thomas seems more angry than worried.

HEAD GUARD
 I think we should play it safe
 here, sir.

Thomas holds for a long moment. Scowls like his favorite toy
 has been snatched from him.

THOMAS
 Fine. Let's start moving the guests
 inside. There's plenty to keep them
 busy.

He stomps toward the house.

THOMAS
 Whatever happened to people's sense
 of adventure?! Jesus.

EXT. HAUNTED MAZE - NIGHT

Lizzy and Cindy cross the back yard. Follow a torch-lit
 pathway.

Just ahead, a giant maze stretches out before them. Seemingly
 endless. Walls made of thick shrubbery.

Shrieks and ghoulish howls emanate from within.

Guests exit, laughing. Crying. Terrified. Excited. They each
 hold half-lit glow sticks.

Lizzy pulls Cindy up to the front of the line.

CINDY
 Five minutes ago I was sipping
 champagne with SexyPants Hopkins.
 Now I'm outside. In the cold. In
 the dark.

But Lizzy's flying on adrenaline and happiness.

LIZZY

This is the best night of my life,
and I'm going to experience
everything.

An elaborately dressed maze attendant in full skeleton makeup hands an un-cracked glow stick to each woman.

MAZE ATTENDANT

I can assure you that nothing
untoward awaits you inside, my
lady. Simply the bodily
incarnations of your worst fears.

(beat)

Your glow stick, once cracked, will
last for fifteen minutes. Good
luck, and good bye.

He slowly waves his skeletal fingers.

INT. HAUNTED MAZE - CONTINUOUS

The shrubbery wall towers over the girls. Swallows the light.
Muffles the sounds. Mist swirls around their feet.

Cindy snaps her stick. Shakes it vigorously. The dreary green
glow barely cuts the darkness.

LIZZY

It's not going to get any brighter.

CINDY

Crack your thing then.

LIZZY

I'm saving it. In case yours dies
before we gets out of here.

Cindy hands Lizzy the glowing stick.

CINDY

Ladies first.

They creep forward. Come to a corner.

Lizzy peers around the sharp edge, alert. An empty, dark
pathway stretches out before her.

She grabs Cindy's hand.

A few paces more. The maze splits again.

More corners. Long corridors. Damp grass swishes underneath their feet, the breeze through the leaves like whispers.

CINDY
Something should have happened by
now.

LIZZY
Tempt fate. Good idea.

Despite all the guests in the maze, silence presses down on them.

CINDY
Seriously, why is it so quiet?

They round another corner. A hazy shape floats at the far end. Illuminates the mist around it with an eerie blue glow.

CINDY
Other way. Go the other way.

The shape moves toward them.

Fast.

They run. The ghost on their heels.

Just as it reaches them it bursts into a thousand balls of white light. Enveloping them.

They blindly race around a corner. Then another. Completely turned around.

A scream of shock rips from somewhere in the maze.

Cindy races past Lizzy.

Something shoots out from the bottom of the bushes. Slams into Cindy's legs. Knocks her to the ground.

Lizzy's too close to slow down. Topples over her.

The bush next to them rattles. Something on the other side growls.

Cindy takes off.

LIZZY
Cindy, wait!

Lizzy lurches to her feet. Sprints after her.

Cindy turns a corner. Runs straight into a giant spider web.

She's caught. The harder she fights, the more she's ensnared.

Lizzy tears at the web. Works Cindy free. They both stumble back, breathing hard.

They stop just short of a massive dark form looming a few feet behind Cindy, nearly obscured by the mist.

Cindy dances around, slapping at her back and torso.

CINDY

Spiders! They're on me. They're on me!

LIZZY

It was just a web! Relax!

Cindy holds up her glow stick. It's fading fast.

CINDY

Crack yours. Let's get the hell out of here.

LIZZY

I dropped it when I fell over you.

CINDY

What?...

But Lizzy's not paying attention. She's staring just beyond Cindy's shoulder.

LIZZY

Come this way.

That's when Cindy notices the faint sound of breathing behind her.

Cindy slowly reaches for Lizzy's hand. The figure behind her reaches a pale hand forward.

LIZZY

(whispers)

Run.

They take off. The dark figure lunging at them as they go.

A scream from somewhere in the maze shatters the quiet.

GUEST IN THE MAZE

No! Nooooo!

The scream cuts off.

Cindy sprints faster. Lizzy a few steps behind.

Cindy blows through an intersection. As Lizzy enters something slams into her from the side. Knocks her to the ground.

She blinks once. Twice. Cindy's glow stick lies in the grass just in front of her.

Cindy screams.

LIZZY

Cindy...

She grabs the quickly dimming glow stick. Gets to her feet.

Cindy is gone.

She's alone.

Lizzy stumbles a few feet. Spins. Searches.

LIZZY

Cindy!

There's a moaning from around the far corner. She races toward it. Just as she reaches it, it stops. The corridor is empty.

More rustling and moaning ahead in the dark. She runs and

DROPS OUT OF SIGHT

Fallen face down into a shallow pit filled with hundreds of foam pumpkins.

She rummages around for the glow stick. Finds it. Holds it up.

She's three feet below the surface of the maze.

She struggles to get out. Each movement swallowed by the soft pumpkins.

Just as Lizzy reaches for the edge of the hole, there's movement from above.

She gingerly pulls her hand back.

A soft moaning floats down to her. The crunching of cold grass.

Something about the noise keeps Lizzy from hoisting herself up and out.

She crouches down. Quiets her breathing. Buries the glow stick underneath the foam balls to snuff out the light.

The shuffling gets closer. Uneven footsteps. As if the person is having trouble staying upright.

Lizzy tries to make herself as small as possible.

The figure moves along the side of the pit. Leaves swish, as if the figure is swiping along the edge of the shrub barrier.

Silence falls. The footsteps have stopped directly above Lizzy. There's a wet cough.

The shuffling resumes. Get quieter as the figure moves off down the corridor.

Lizzy lets out a shaky breath. Pulls herself up out of the pit. Holds up the glow stick.

The last of the juice runs out, leaving her in darkness.

Soft footsteps fall on the other side of the barrier.

LIZZY

Cindy?

The footsteps fall silent. Lizzy creeps closer toward the wall.

The bushes directly in front of her shake violently. Someone's trying to fight their way through.

She runs. Rounds corner after corner. Every corridor looks the same in the dark. Lizzy begins to hyperventilate.

She stops. Tries to get her bearings. There are faint noises on the other side of the barrier she faces. They almost sound like voices.

LIZZY

Help!

The voices quiet.

LIZZY

Can you hear me? I'm right here!

She shakes the bushes in desperation. Punches her fist through. It knocks into a metal post.

The fence surrounding the outer perimeter of the property.

LIZZY

Hello?!

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

THE PERIMETER / BACK YARD: Lizzy inside the property. Her hand waves in the open air on the outside of the property for a long moment.

There's a flash of movement in the forest outside. Leaves rustle. A twig snaps.

INSIDE THE MAZE

Lizzy pulls her hand back. Nearly clears the bushes when she's violently yanked forward.

She struggles. Digs in. They're going to rip her arm off.

Arms grab her from behind. She jerks. Fights against both forces.

THOMAS

It's me!

He gives one last heave. Lizzy breaks free from whatever was trying to pull her through the bushes.

They tumble backward. She hunches over, trembling.

THOMAS

What the hell was that?

Lizzy looks up at him, more scared than angry. He's wide-eyed. Seemingly at a loss.

LIZZY

You tell me, Thomas!

THOMAS

Let me see your arm.

The sleeve of her costume is torn. Scrapes run up and down her forearm.

He reaches for her, but she flinches back from him.

LIZZY

Never mind my arm. What the hell is going on?

THOMAS

There was an... incident earlier. We're getting everyone inside.

LIZZY
Just tell your actors to take it
easy.

She gestures to where she was almost pulled through the
barrier.

It's gone quiet on the other side.

THOMAS
I don't have anybody out there.

LIZZY
Sure you don't.

But Thomas has gone deadly serious.

THOMAS
All of my people are inside the
grounds. Besides we called them off
twenty minutes ago.

Lizzy registers his words. Swallows her fear.

LIZZY
Where's Cindy?

Thomas give her a blank stare.

LIZZY
My friend. We were in here
together. Something grabbed her.

THOMAS
C'mon, we've gotta get inside.

He tries to grab Lizzy's arm, but she pulls away.

LIZZY
Not without Cindy!

THOMAS
I don't know where she is! That's
part of the problem! I thought it
was just some of my guys going
overboard, but now...

He radiates frustration and concern. Slowly losing control.

THOMAS
Do you want to stand around talking
about it or do you want to get the
hell out of the maze?

EXT. HAUNTED MAZE - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas and Lizzy spill out of the maze.

LIZZY

If you're screwing with me I swear
to God I'll never forgive you.

Thomas simply moves faster.

Black-clad guards are quietly rounding up the guests milling
around outside. Herding them toward the mansion.

The Head Guard jogs up to Thomas. Joins the pair as they walk
toward the main drive.

HEAD GUARD

Rounding up the last of the guests
now.

THOMAS

Are the grounds clear?

HEAD GUARD

We're working on it.

THOMAS

Work faster.

Another guard runs up to them.

GUARD 2

(to Thomas)

I think there's something you
should see.

INT. SECURITY SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The group stands in front of the security monitors.

They stare at the feed coming in from the far corners of the
property.

THOMAS

So what am I looking at...

GUARD 2

Sector four. Give it a sec.

The perimeter seems empty. Just thick forest giving way to
the massive stone barrier.

LIZZY

There.

Someone's walked out of the woods. The disheveled figure stands facing the wall.

He shakes his head as if trying to clear it. Tears at his hair as his agitation rises.

Then he launches himself toward the wall. Desperately trying to climb.

THOMAS

Zoom in.

Guard 2 manipulates the controls. The monitor fills with the man's frantic scrambling.

He finally gets a toe hold. Nearly reaches the top of the fence when he tumbles backward. Lands hard.

The figure hauls himself up. The camera catches a quick glimpse of his face.

Skin scratched and bleeding. Hair plastered to his head. Eyes feverish and glazed.

LIZZY

He looks... sick.

She gasps as he launches himself at the wall again. Even Thomas flinches.

Enthralled by the man at the fence, they don't notice the

FRONT DOOR FEED: A bunch of guests walk outside. Head down the driveway.

Thomas pulls back. Looks at the group, incredulous.

THOMAS

These the crashers from earlier...?

GUARD 2

Actually, they are.

He points to the monitor.

GUARD 2

I recognize that one's shirt. We thought it was just a few jackasses, same as we get every year. But now these guys...

(MORE)

GUARD 2 (cont'd)
 (gestures to the figure)
 ...Are different.

Lizzy's mesmerized by the figure. His mindless attack on the wall.

THOMAS
 Can you run those cameras back?

Thomas points to the screen that shows the side of the house.

THOMAS
 We had some guests attacked
 earlier.

The Head Guard begins fiddling with the controls.

Thomas's attention turns to the

FRONT GATE FEED: A police car has pulled up outside, lights flashing.

THOMAS
 Shit.

The Guards and Thomas are about to take off when

LIZZY
 Thomas.

Fear in her eyes, she points to the monitor where the man claws at the wall.

Three more figures have emerged from the forest. All agitated and fidgety. They stare at the barrier with glazed eyes.

EXT. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy, Thomas and the Guards sprint toward the front gate.

A group of guests has gathered there. Curious. Confused.

Guards usher a few stragglers toward the mansion.

AT THE MANSION FRONT DOOR

A bottleneck. The waiting guests watch the front gates. Guards keep them from wandering.

ON THE LAWN

Thomas sees the crowd at the front door. He waves at two guards in the yard.

THOMAS
 (re: the guests)
 Get them inside!

The guards take off at a run.

ON THE DRIVEWAY

Some guests are heading down toward the front gate. Thomas yells at them to head back up to the house.

AT THE FRONT GATE

Thomas, Lizzy and the two Guards push their way through the crowd. Burst to the front of the pack.

The red flashing lights paint them a blood red. Lizzy squints. Makes out two figures sitting in the squad car.

The loudspeaker affixed to the squad car crackles.

OFFICER 1
 (over loudspeaker)
 Move back from the gate.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

THE PERIMETER / SIDE YARD: The sickly figures have stopped trying to climb the wall. They stand motionless, as if listening for something.

THOMAS (V.O.)
 My name is Thomas Allen. This is my house.

OFFICER 1 (V.O.)
 (over loudspeaker)
 Take your guests inside. Lock yourselves in immediately and stay there until further notice.

One by one, their heads turn toward the sound of the loudspeaker.

AT THE FRONT GATE

THOMAS
 Why? What's going on?

OFFICER 1
 As a precautionary measure, the town is being quarantined.

The crowd starts to rumble.

LIZZY
Against what?

OFFICER 1
Ma'am, we're just following orders.
Spreading the word.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

THE PERIMETER / BACK YARD: Another figure emerges from the woods. Two more follow behind. Then two more.

GUEST 1 (V.O.)
I want to go home.

GUEST 2 (V.O.)
What happened in town?

AT THE FRONT GATE

A couple of guests have heard enough. Peel off. Run toward the mansion.

The crowd starts to get agitated. Pushes forward. Nearly crushes Lizzy and Thomas into the metal gate.

THOMAS
(to crowd)
Back off...
(to Lizzy)
Lizzy...

He tries to reach her. Can't get his hand to her.

BOOM!

A shotgun blast. Ear-shattering.

Screams burst from the crowd. Thomas and Lizzy spin to face the gates.

Both officers have stepped from the squad car.

They wear surgical masks.

Officer 2 holds a smoking shotgun. Officer 1 pulls the mic for the loudspeaker out of the car.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

BACK ENTRANCE: Just outside the stone wall and back gates.

The ambulance that picked up the ill woman lies on its side. Windows smashed. Smoke billowing from under the hood.

The back doors open. The inside empty.

Sickly figures swarm over it. At the sound of the blast, they all go motionless.

Turn in unison. Race toward the front of the property.

OFFICER 1 (V.O.)
 (over loudspeaker)
 We have no further information at
 this time.

AT THE FRONT GATE

The crowd gets rowdier. Calls out for answers.

Lizzy's attention snaps toward the corner of the iron gate. A bit of snagged fabric twists in the breeze.

THOMAS
 These people are guests in my
 house. Their safety is my
 responsibility.

A piece of torn costume. Cindy's costume?

OFFICER 1
 Then get them inside.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

THE PERIMETER / SIDE YARD: Feverish figures sprint around the corner of the stone wall.

Barrel toward the flashing lights in the distance ahead of them.

AT THE FRONT GATE

Something beyond the gate has Lizzy's attention. She squints into the darkness.

Someone is watching them from just inside the tree line.

LIZZY
 Thomas...

She instinctively takes a step back.

Another figure becomes visible at the tree line. And another.

OFFICER 1
 ...We'll know more in the morning.

THOMAS
(to officers)
I'll need to tell them something!

His anger silences the crowd. The officers stare at him blankly. Clearly they've said as much as they're going to.

There's a distant thudding. The swishing of grass. Lizzy and Thomas cock their heads, listening.

The Officers look to one another. Peer into their surroundings.

The thudding gets closer.

It's the pounding of feet.

LIZZY
Behind you!

Pressed to the gate, Thomas glimpses the man they'd seen on the monitors moments ago sprinting down the fence line.

He's trailed by a hoard of snarling figures.

THOMAS
Get back!

He frantically pushes at the crowd.

Officer Two lifts the shotgun just as dozens of figures burst from the tree line.

Headed straight for the Officers.

Clothes dirty. Hair plastered to their faces with sweat. Eyes glassy.

These are the INFECTED.

The spinning red lights of the squad car paint them in a bizarre strobe effect as they race toward the officers.

OFFICER 1
Stop right there...

Officer Two fires. Drops one of the Infected. The rest keep coming. He fires again. Hits another. She drops.

The crowd erupts in screams.

Officer One pulls his revolver. Fires over and over.

More Infected fall.

INSIDE THE GATE

The crowd flees toward the mansion. Lizzy and Thomas scramble back. Can't take their eyes from the scene unfolding just outside the iron bars.

Guard 1 and 2 fire again and again at the Infected.

OUTSIDE THE GATE

Officer Two has to stop to reload. An Infected launches itself at him. Catches him around the neck.

They both topple to the ground. Obscured by the police car. Officer Two's screams devolve into gurgles.

Officer One fires again. Again. Click. Click. Ammo's gone.

He runs for the open car door. Nearly manages to slam it shut.

An Infected slips its arm in. Latches on to the Officer and won't let go.

With one hand Officer 1 starts the car. Holds the door closed with his other hand.

He throws the car in gear. The car lurches back a foot.

The door flies open. Before he can hit the gas he's yanked from the car.

The Infected swarm. Drag Officer One out and descend on him.

INSIDE THE GATE

Lizzy, Thomas, and the Guards watch on in horror. Unconsciously backing away.

An Infected slams against the gate. Glares at them with fury.

OUTSIDE THE GATE

Three of the Infected stand. Shirts and hands stained with blood.

Eyes crazed and unfocused, they rush the gates. Smash into the cold metal.

INSIDE THE GATE

The Guards drag Lizzy and Thomas toward the house.

GUARD 1

Our guns...they didn't even slow
them down...

Ahead of them, terrified guests storm the front doors of the mansion.

People trip. Fall. Are nearly trampled.

The bottleneck clears and guests are spilled into the

MAIN FOYER

Where the guests who remained inside still hold their cocktails. Confused at all the commotion.

Lilting violin music is drowned out by the shrieking crowd tumbling in from outside.

Thomas and Lizzy are among the last inside. One, two more people streak in.

Thomas and the Guards push the heavy wooden doors shut.

Bolt them, slamming multiple locks home with a heavy THUNK.

He turns.

It's a madhouse.

The guests who were outside are frantic. The guests who were inside are startled. Trying to piece together information.

Melinda fights her way through the crowd. Nearly knocks Lizzy over as she finally reaches the doors.

THOMAS

Melinda. Get everyone into the ballroom. Now.

MELINDA

What the hell is going on?

THOMAS

Just go.

He looks at the increasingly wild crowd.

THOMAS

We're gonna have a riot in here if we don't get everyone to calm down.

Lizzy grabs Melinda's arm.

LIZZY
I'll help. Let's go.

Melinda gives Thomas a long look. Finally turns to the crowd.

MELINDA
Everyone! I need you to move this
way! Now, please!

She moves off, grabbing two guards to help her.

Thomas catches Lizzy's eye. Mouths *thank you*.

THOMAS
(to Guards 1 & 2)
Radio the other guards. I want all
entrances and exits locked down.
(to Lizzy)
I'll be right behind you.

He takes off with the guards. Disappears into the crowd.

Lizzy grabs the people nearest to her. Pushes them.

LIZZY
Let's go. C'mon.

The main foyer begins to clear.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

HALLWAY: Guests race down darkened passageways.

ANOTHER HALLWAY: People are nearly crushed against the walls.
A torch falls. Sparks fly and sputter. Are snuffed out by
trampling feet.

FOYER: Guests drain out.

BACK YARD: Acres of empty lawn. The Haunted Maze sits silent.

FRONT DOOR: The drive sits deserted. Black clad guards point
their guns into the distance. Aiming at the fence.

GATE: Swarms of Infected stand just outside the thick iron
bars. Some pace. Some tear at their own clothes. Others seem
to be mumbling to themselves. All feverish and pale.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

A mass of people spill into a grand ballroom. Guests and
costumed employees alike. Vampires. Werewolves.

Crystal chandeliers hang from soaring ceilings. Candlelight plays off of polished marble floors.

GREG

Lizzy!

Lizzy searches the crowd. Sees Greg and Katie pushing past the crowd to get to her.

They all crash into each other, hugging.

LIZZY

Have you seen Cindy?

KATIE

She was with you!

The glimmer of hope Lizzy was holding onto for her friend dies.

LIZZY

We were in the maze. She just disappeared.

GREG

Jesus, they got her too.

LIZZY

You saw the people outside?

KATIE

They attacked us! We tried to get out but Thomas wouldn't let us go!

GREG

But the cops are here, right? We heard gunshots...

LIZZY

People came out of the woods. They couldn't fight them off...

Katie bursts into tears. Greg's two seconds away from a complete mental breakdown.

GREG

We've got to get out of here.

LIZZY

That's exactly what we don't need to do.

People push and jostle them. Some mumble about Halloween pranks. Still not convinced of the danger.

LIZZY

The people outside the gates...

GREG

What, the zombies...

LIZZY

Can you stop being an idiot for five seconds?!

GREG

What would you call them, Lizzy?!

LIZZY

I wish they were zombies! That would be fantastic! Then whatever's going on wouldn't be real!

People in the crowd around them have turned to stop and listen to her.

Fear rockets through them like an electric current. Anxiety builds. Tempers flare.

Someone calls out for their phone. Their car keys. A way out. Demands for information echo across the room.

The music goes silent. A low murmur and clinking glasses fill the empty space.

Thomas enters the far end of the room.

THOMAS

Listen up!

Thomas jumps up on the long banquet table. He's disheveled. He's never disheveled.

Melinda and the Guards stand a few feet away. Keep an eye on the guests.

Thomas whistles. Ear-piercing.

Silence falls.

THOMAS

This is safest place for everyone to be. We have a situation outside...

RANDOM GUEST

Bullshit!

A few worried chuckles from the crowd.

THOMAS

Tell that to the two dead cops at
the gate.

The laughter trails off.

THOMAS

It's not safe outside.

The guests who were inside still hold on to hope that this is
all some game.

RANDOM GUEST

Right. Can we get back to drinking
now?

Random cheers.

RANDOM GUEST

Shots!

He's losing them. Frustrated, he jumps down from the table.
Rushes to the side of the room.

Pulls a large framed painting off the wall, revealing an
electronic panel. He presses a few buttons.

Across the room, a giant screen comes up out of the floor.
Guests move back. Squeeze out of the way.

Melinda tosses Thomas a remote control. He jumps back up onto
the table.

Lizzy grabs Greg and Katie's hands.

LIZZY

C'mon.

She pushes through the crowd. Tries to get closer to Thomas.

The large screen locks into place.

Thomas hits the remote. The screen comes to life. He stops on
the local news station. The sound pops on.

ON THE SCREEN

The same Anchor who reported the news on the TV in Lizzy's
kitchen earlier. Except now he's pallid. Sweating.

ANCHOR

We're still waiting for an official
statement from the Governor's
office...

The anchor listens to his producer through his ear piece.
Coughs. Wipes his mouth with a rag.

ANCHOR

Once again, we want to replay the
incredible footage from earlier
tonight.

The feed cuts to a news clip.

A reporter on the street. All smiles. Fluff piece.

REPORTER

As you can see the locals here
have...

A shriek cuts through her broadcast. She ignores the
distraction. Professional.

REPORTER

...Really embraced Halloween this
year. It seems the most popular
costume is...

A scream from off camera. Closer. She trails off. Her face
falls.

REPORTER

(to cameraman)
Charlie. What is that...

She points. The camera swings around. Three figures are
heading straight for them.

Teenagers. Sneakers slapping on asphalt. Sprinting out of the
darkness toward the camera. Flushed. Dirty. Terrified.

TEENAGER 1

Run!

The camera swings back around to the reporter. She's baffled.

TEENAGER 2 (O.S.)

Go! Fu(beep)ing go!

The reporter instinctively moves backward a few steps. Then
she sees what they were running from.

REPORTER

Aren't you guys a little old for
that?

Charlie swings the camera back toward the teens just as two
streak past him, nearly knocking the Reporter over.

Charlie focuses in on the straggler.

Behind the Teen, a pack of Infected give chase, fury burning in their eyes.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Nice costumes...

The pack of adults is getting closer. Moving fast.

The last Teen finally reaches them. Grabs Charlie's arm. Tries to drag Charlie toward the Reporter.

TEENAGER 3
You've gotta run...

His face is streaked with tears.

TEENAGER 3
They killed my mom.

Anguished and terrified, he sprints after his friends.

Charlie holds on the Infected.

REPORTER (O.S.)
What did he say to you? Charlie?

TEENAGER 3 (O.S.)
Run!

Charlie turns.

The face of an Infected fills the camera screen. Slams into Charlie like a truck.

The camera goes flying. Charlie's screams rip through the air.

The camera lands on its side. Films the fleeing Teens. The Reporter chases after them.

The pounding feet of the Infected race past the camera.

IN THE BALLROOM

A sea of stunned faces. Lizzy wipes tears from her eyes with a shaking hand.

The image on the wall flickers. Cuts back to a live feed.

ON SCREEN

The anchor leans heavily on his desk. His shirt is soaked through with sweat, though he's shivering.

He's having trouble focusing. He holds his hand to his ear, as if receiving an update from a producer.

ANCHOR

We have Phillip Allen on the line.
CEO of Allen Pharmaceuticals.

IN THE BALLROOM

A murmur of confusion rolls through the crowd.

Lizzy spots Thomas. He's talking quietly to Melinda. Shaking his head. He doesn't understand what's going on either.

ON SCREEN

ANCHOR

Mr. Allen, what can you tell us about the theories that whatever's going on in town has something to do with your company?

Phillip Allen's face appears on half of the screen. The Anchor on the other.

PHILLIP

At Allen Pharmaceuticals, your health and safety is our top priority.

The Anchor nods. Begins fiddling with the papers on his desk. Tearing tiny pieces off.

PHILLIP

I'm here tonight to tell you that there's been an accident at the labs.

IN THE BALLROOM

A collective gasp. Thomas is horrified.

ON SCREEN

PHILLIP

We've got our best people working tirelessly to contain it. As a precaution, we ask that you and your families stay indoors tonight.

There's a thump from off screen in the news studio.

The Anchor looks off toward the noise. Wipes his sweaty brow with his sleeve.

PHILLIP

If you or your family members begin to exhibit extremely high fever, joint pain, trouble focusing, or excitability, we ask that you quarantine them immediately...

There's more pounding. The Anchor stands, his interview with Phillip Allen forgotten.

The Anchor runs around the side of the desk. Just off screen.

The anchor desk sits empty for a long moment as Phillip Allen continues.

PHILLIP

...Consider them dangerous, and...

There's a terrible shriek from somewhere in the studio.

The camera goes flying. Slams into the floor.

The feed goes black.

IN THE BALLROOM

If there were any doubts about the validity of what's happening, it's gone now.

The crowd is stunned silent for a long moment.

Then they turn to Thomas, erupting in a roar of confusion and panic.

GUEST 1

What did your dad mean, "contain it?!"

GUEST 2

I want my cell phone!

GUEST 3

We have to get out of here!

More demands for phones. Car keys.

THOMAS

Please. Guys. Stop!

Nobody's listening.

A mass of people rush toward the doors. Guards barricade them. Struggle to push the group back.

Other guests shrink toward the back, trying to get as far from the doors as they can.

The guards are overpowered. People slam through the doors and spill out into the darkened hallways.

Lizzy is torn from her friends.

LIZZY

Katie!

Katie's swept away in the crowd. Greg's gone.

Lizzy's pulled into one of the

HALLWAYS

And is pulled along by the crush of people. To turn back would be to get trampled.

A bunch from the crowd break off. Flood into the Orange Room. Hoping to barricade themselves inside.

People spill out into the

FOYER

And Lizzy manages to grab one of the massive bannisters of the double staircase leading up to the second floor.

She scrambles up. Gets above the crowd. The massive room begins to fill.

People search for hostesses. Demand their lock boxes.

Others try the doors. Guards stand two deep. A human wall keeping them from leaving.

Lizzy runs up the stairs. Disappears down a long hallway.

INT. TURRET STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

She sprints up the narrow stairs. Turns the last corner into

INT. TURRET - MOMENTS LATER

Lizzy bursts into the small room. Her breath fogging in the frosty air.

Up here, the screams of the crowd fall silent.

She rushes to the windows. Peers out.

The back yard is quiet. Dark. The Haunted Maze deserted.

Lizzy moves to look toward the front of the estate.

The yard is empty, but black-clad guards stand at attention. Weapons pointed toward the front gate.

Just outside the iron bars, the police car is now tipped over.

Its flashing lights still spin, painting the ground red.

Illuminating the horde of Infected that are climbing over each other to try and reach through the gate.

As the bodies pile up, the Infected get closer to the top of the gate.

They're inches from being able to tumble over.

There's the soft pop of gunfire. Some of the Infected fall back. The Guards won't be able to hold them for much longer.

Lizzy sprints from the turret. Winds her way down the narrow circular staircase. Hand sliding against the cool stone.

Hits the landing at a run.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

She's nearly trampled as she runs headlong into the crowd.

People pound on the front doors, but they won't budge. Reinforced locks.

LIZZY

You can't go out there!

Half of the crowd flooding the foyer below turns to her. Others continue trying to force the guards away.

Some of the crowd pushes away from the doors. Disappearing down dark hallways, desperate for a place to hide.

Lizzy spots Melinda pushing through the crowd.

Then Thomas with the guards at the door. Shoulder to shoulder. Doing their best to hold off the crush of guests.

Fear twists his face. This is out of control.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

THE GATE: Infected climb on one another. Reach desperately for the top of the iron gates.

Guards pop off shots. Infected fall.

IN THE MANSION

Greg leads a crowd. They rush for the door. Katie tries to pull him back. He's lost to panic.

Some of the guards have fallen. Been shoved to the side. Greg pushes his way between Guards.

THOMAS

Listen to me... it's not...

Thomas is crushed against the wall as more panicked guests push forward.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

THE GATES: An Infected tumbles over the gate. Crashes to the ground.

The Guards try to mobilize. Another Infected throws itself over.

Bodies push against the gate. It begins to bow inward.

IN THE MANSION

Greg reaches the door. Begins tugging. Another guest reaches for the lock. Thomas grabs him. Throws him off.

THOMAS

Back up! Get back!

IN THE CROWD

Lizzy pushes harder. Breath crushed from her in the mass of people.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

THE GATES: Dozens of Infected have toppled over the gates.

They stumble to their feet. The Guards are now outnumbered.

IN THE MANSION

Greg works on the heavy locks. Katie tries to stop him. He won't listen.

Thunk. One pops open. Thunk. Another.

Lizzy bursts to the front of the group just as the final lock is snapped open.

The guests overwhelm Thomas and the guards.

Greg grabs the handle. Flings open the massive wooden doors.

LIZZY

No!

Everyone spills outside. Greg and Katie are pushed out with the crowd.

Some at the front trip. Fall. People swarm over and around them in a frenzy to escape.

Lizzy manages to keep her footing. Ride the wave of people.

She glimpses Thomas in the crowd for a single moment. Reaches for him.

LIZZY

Thomas!

But he's gone. Swallowed in the stampede as they flood into

EXT. THE FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Lizzy is thrown forward. Tumbles. Lands sprawled out on the cool, damp grass.

Guests stream past her. Costumed noblemen. Vampire actors.

She looks up. The Devil stands above her. Offers her a hand.

DEVIL

You can't save everyone. Best save yourself.

He disappears into the swarm of terrified guests.

Lizzy stands for a moment. Unsure. A scream from somewhere snaps her back to the present. She races for the front.

LIZZY

Get back inside!

Near the side of the mansion, guards try to stop the carriage horses from stampeding.

She stumbles to a stop, realizing the crowd has slowed around her.

They're staring past her. Toward the front gates. She pushes past a guest to get a better view.

There's a wave of black coming toward them.

Fear and realization dawns in her eyes.

It's the Guards from the gate. They're racing toward the safety of the house.

GUARD
Go back! Go back!

The Infected are on their heels.

People realize the horrible mistake they've made. They slip and slide back up the lawn.

It's too late to escape. Their only chance is to get back indoors.

More Infected pull themselves to their feet. Begin sprinting toward the retreating guests.

Eyes glazed and unseeing. Blinded by rage and fever.

The crowd pushes and shoves to get back into the mansion.

The Infected race closer.

Not everyone's going to make it inside.

Lizzy gets shoved off to the side of the crowd. She trips. Slides on the grass and nearly falls.

Someone grabs her around the waist.

LIZZY
No!

She claws at her attacker.

THOMAS
Lizzy, stop!

He half-lifts, half-drags her away from the frantic mass of people at the front door.

Other people have splintered off as well. Realized that there's not enough time to make it back inside.

Thomas and Lizzy join two other fleeing guests. They circle the mansion.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

BACK YARD: Thomas, Lizzy and a handful of guests run toward the Haunted Maze.

The only place in the massive, open back yard that they might be able to find cover.

THE PERIMETER / BACK YARD: A dirty pant leg. A muddy shoe. An Infected slides over the top of the stone wall and drops to the ground.

Another follows. Knocks into the camera. It breaks from its perch. Dangles upside down inside the fence. The Infected fall past.

IN THE BACK YARD

Two of the guests sprint away from Lizzy and Thomas. Taking their chances at the far end of the property.

Four Infected descend on them. Two tackle the guy. One snakes his arm around the girl's waist. Trips her up and takes her down.

Thomas drags Lizzy toward a tree. Hides them behind its massive trunk. Lizzy tries to pull away.

LIZZY

We have to keep going!

He surveys the lawn. The absolute chaos.

THOMAS

This is out of control. I'm so sorry.

LIZZY

Sorry for what?

Thomas's eyes go wide. Infected sprint toward them.

THOMAS

Run!

They run for the cover of the maze.

THOMAS

Faster!

An Infected SLAMS into Thomas. Knocks him off his feet. He's in a struggle for his life.

A Guard rips the figure from him. The Infected launches himself at the guard. They go flying.

Thomas scrambles away. Lays back on the grass. His neck bloody. His shirt soaked.

Lizzy drops to her knees. Reaches down with shaking hands. Wills her training to kick in over her fear.

LIZZY

I'm here...don't worry.

She touches his neck. Looks for a wound. Risking infection to try and save him.

Thomas grabs her hand. About to say something when someone bumps into Lizzy as they run past.

She lifts her head to the chaos. Screams cut through the night as Infected tackle guests.

One in particular catches her eye. Coming right at her.

It's...Cindy?

But not the Cindy she remembers.

Her torn costume reveals ugly scratches and bites. Her skin covered in a sheen of sweat. Her eyes glassy. And they're locked on Lizzy.

Cindy launches herself at Lizzy. Lizzy screams like the doomed.

LIZZY

No!

Cindy crawls up Lizzy. About to tear into her throat. Lizzy throws up her arms to protect her head.

A bell tolls.

Cindy's snarls morph into giggles. She rolls off of her friend and collapses into a fit of laughter.

Lizzy's curled into the fetal position.

She slowly drops one arm. Then the other. Looks over at Cindy. Unable to comprehend what's happening.

She scrambles backward. Puts distance between them. Dew soaking through her costume and chilling her to the bone.

Thomas is on his feet. Hunched over laughing. The Haunted Maze looms behind him.

She turns back to Cindy. Confusion fades. Anger blossoms.

CINDY

Oh my God we so got you!

LIZZY

You were gone. I looked for you...

CINDY

Some dude tackled me in the maze.
Dragged me off! Your boyfriend
here...

She points to Thomas. Behind him, more Infected filter out from the Haunted Maze.

CINDY

Had this whole room set-up in the
basement. Make-up artists. I swear
to God they must work on movies or
something because is this not
amazing?!

Cindy turns slowly, showing off. A gruesome mirror of the twirl when she picked Lizzy up for tonight.

Lizzy looks down at her bloody hands. Fake blood, she realizes.

LIZZY

What the fuck is the matter with
you?

Cindy stops. Frowns.

Lizzy's staring at Thomas.

LIZZY

You were scared. I saw your face.

THOMAS

It didn't go exactly as I thought,
but you can't plan for everything.

Thomas moves toward her. She steps back.

THOMAS

I wanted to tell you. There was just too much going on. We snatched Cindy because we thought if a few guests turned up as Infected it'd be more authentic.

LIZZY

How could you think for one second that any of this was a good idea?

THOMAS

Look around.

The guests screams of fear have dissolved into shouts of amazement and relieved laughter.

THOMAS

They love it.

LIZZY

But your dad...

THOMAS

In on it! I mean, how obvious, right? A pharmaceutical company causes some crazy outbreak? We filmed his "announcement" right after you picked up your sister from work.

Lizzy's hit with a sinking realization.

LIZZY

I should've known. You have no off switch. No sense of right and wrong. How could you, with a father like yours.

THOMAS

What's that supposed to mean?

LIZZY

Nothing. Just forget it.

He's still trying to charm her.

THOMAS

Hey, it was just some innocent fun...

LIZZY

Erin was right. This was crossing the line. This whole night...

THOMAS

...Is my greatest interactive
experience to date. C'mon
Lizzy...weren't you even a little
impressed?

He doesn't want to believe that she might be seriously upset
by something he's done.

He slams forward as one of the Infected that stumbled out of
the maze tackles him from behind.

He goes sprawling onto the grass. Gets the wind knocked out
of him.

THOMAS

(wheezing)
Easy, buddy...it's over.

Lizzy radiates a cold fury. Spins on her heels.

CINDY

Lizzy, wait.

Lizzy blows past the party guests and "Infected" milling
about on the lawn.

Cindy trails behind, her tattered costume tripping her up.

CINDY

Lizzy. C'mon!

Cindy grabs her arm. Lizzy jerks away as if she's been
burned. Doesn't slow. Cindy's genuinely stunned.

Behind them, Thomas calls out to Lizzy.

CINDY

This was supposed to be fun.

Tears of rage spill down Lizzy's face.

LIZZY

I get it, Cindy. But a sickness?
That consumes people? That you
can't outrun and can't escape? No,
I can't see why that would bother
me. And then seeing you...like
that...

Pain laces her words. Realization washes over Cindy.

CINDY

Your dad...

LIZZY

Don't even say it. I'm done.

Cindy finally slows. Let's Lizzy go on without her.

INT. BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lizzy moves through a crowd of party guests and "Infected." Searches for the hostess.

Melinda stands on the second level overlooking the foyer. She motions for the group to quiet.

MELINDA

Glad you enjoyed our Halloween treat.

Cheers and whoops go up from the guests.

MELINDA

Too much?

Shouts of "no way" and "hell, no!" peppered with grumbling.

It's a mixed bag.

MELINDA

I'd like to introduce you to the stars of our little production here.

She motions for someone off to the side to come forward.

It's the Anchor from the newscast that Thomas played in the ballroom.

The three teenagers from the "live footage" come out next, followed by the Reporter and Charlie the Cameraman.

They all take bows, eating up the applause.

Lizzy refuses to acknowledge them.

MELINDA

And let's not forget our brave officers.

The policemen who were attacked outside the gates come out. Wave to everyone.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

And finally, the man of the hour. Thomas? Come take your bow.

The crowd roars. Melinda looks off to both sides. No Thomas.

MELINDA

Don't be shy...

Still no Thomas. The crowd quiets.

Lizzy stares daggers at Melinda.

LIZZY

Sorry, but your "man of the hour"
is outside showing off. He'll have
to take his bow from there.

The audience peppers her with boos. Melinda registers Lizzy's anger.

MELINDA

Well that's very unlike him.

The crowd laughs.

MELINDA

Everyone. Get back to it. The
night's barely begun!

Music cranks up. Guests give one last cheer. Filter off into other parts of the estate to continue partying.

Lizzy stomps up to one of the Guards.

LIZZY

Can you please tell me where I can
find the hostess with the lock
boxes?

Melinda appears behind her.

MELINDA

(to guard)
I've got it.

Lizzy follows as Melinda moves down a dimly lit hallway.

Down a set of stairs. Opens a door off to the side.

MELINDA

Not a big fan of surprises?

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's massive. Dungeon-like. Lock boxes are shelved along the thick stone walls alphabetically.

LIZZY
That's one way to put it.

Melinda moves along one wall.

LIZZY
It's Cindy Jones.

MELINDA
Aren't you Lizzy MacGregor?

Lizzy eyes her, wary.

MELINDA
Last minute addition to the guest list. Thomas made me triple-check that your name was down.

LIZZY
(refusing to soften)
My friend drove.

Melinda moves to a different part of the wall.

Lizzy searches for her own name. Pulls out her lock box.

MELINDA
He gave you your key?

LIZZY
Should I be flattered?

Melinda pulls Cindy's lock box from the shelf. Pops it open.

Hands Lizzy Cindy's keys. Holds onto them when Lizzy tries to move away.

MELINDA
He likes you. A lot. I'm sure it was never his intention to make you upset.

LIZZY
Sometimes actions have unintended consequences.
(beat)
Besides, everyone else seemed to have a great time tonight.

MELINDA
He does like to entertain.

LIZZY

Well here are a few things I *don't* like: being lied to, feeling stupid, being manipulated... making mistakes. Which is what coming here tonight was.

MELINDA

Why? You haven't done anything wrong...

LIZZY

Actually, I did. And I have to try and make up for it.

Melinda finally lets go of the keys.

Lizzy walks toward the door. Stops. Seems to be debating with herself.

LIZZY

Tell Thomas I'll see him on Tuesday. First floor. Allen Library. As usual.

INT. MAIN FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lizzy moves through the revelers.

GREG

Lizzy!

Katie and Greg burst through the crowd.

GREG

Is this not amazing?!

LIZZY

Totally amazing. Totally.

Greg's too excited to realize it's sarcasm.

KATIE

Did you find Cindy?

LIZZY

She's outside.
(begrudgingly)
She looks great.

Katie sees the car keys and cell phone in Lizzy's hands.

KATIE
You're leaving?

Greg tugs on Katie. Pulls her into the crowd.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

FOYER: Greg and Katie disappear out the door.

Lizzy stands for a moment. Alone in a sea of people.

FRONT DOOR: Lizzy passes underneath the camera. Avoids the revelers.

"Infected" and guests laugh and party around her. She moves through them like a ship through a storm.

EXT. GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Lizzy's met by a black-clad Guard. He punches in a code.

THUNK. The gates unlock. Slide open.

GATE GUARD
Walk you to your car?

LIZZY
I'll be fine.

GATE GUARD
You never know what could be out there.

LIZZY
Actually, I do. A bunch of actors in elaborate make-up. But thanks.

Lizzy steps outside. Jumps as the guard yells.

GATE GUARD
Hey! All you actors in elaborate makeup! It's party time!

Nothing but the soft rustling of leaves.

The guard pins her with a stare and a smile that doesn't quite reach his eyes. Leaves the gate open as he walks away.

GATE GUARD
(over his shoulder)
Guess you're safe.

PERIMETER / FRONT YARD: The camera pans from the yard, over the wall, and toward the forest.

A glimpse of Lizzy through the trees as she walks alone.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Lizzy walks down the long drive toward the cornfield. Most of the candles have burned out.

Light fog still swirls between the trees. Her footsteps crunch on gravel and dirt.

There's a flapping in the trees.

The hoot of a lone owl searching for prey.

She tilts her chin higher, as if in defiance. Though her pace does pick up.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Lizzy stands at the edge. Rows and rows of vehicles stretch out before her, hoods glinting in the moonlight.

She presses the button on Cindy's key fob. Yellow lights flash twice in the distance.

She weaves her way through the parked cars and trucks.

There's a small movement in the distance. A dozen rows away, a man turns toward her.

Her head down, she doesn't notice.

She lifts the fob again. Yellow lights flash. Closer now.

Up ahead, another figure turns toward her. A woman. Begins moving in her direction. She bumps into a parked truck. Its alarm begins going off.

Lizzy startles. Realizes that the two figures are coming toward her.

LIZZY

Party's up that way, guys!

Movement off to her other side snaps her to attention. Another man a few rows away.

She hits the fob again. She's two cars away.

She jogs to it.

She turns on the headlights. Another figure stares at her. Hair wild. Eyes glazed.

She throws the car into reverse. Backs out recklessly. Nearly hits the woman.

Lizzy glances into her rearview mirror. In the blood red light of the tail lights, the woman looks hideous.

Her pocket buzzes. She pulls out her phone. **CINDY CALLING.**

She silences the call. Tosses the phone onto the passenger seat. It stops ringing.

She doesn't see the screen revert back to: **ERIN - 16 MISSED CALLS.**

Anger returning, she punches the gas, leaving the figures running in her wake.

SECURITY CAMERA FEED:

DRIVE: In the distance, Lizzy's headlights disappear as she turns out of the cornfield.

A few stragglers move out of the forest. One knocks over a hurricane vase. It shatters on the road.

THE GATES: More people move out from between the trees. Slip through the open gate.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

The houses lining the street are dark. The streets empty.

Smashed eggs glint on the asphalt. Shattered pumpkins litter the gutters.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

Lizzy pulls up in front. Exits the car.

Looks from the parking lot to the school and back again with confusion.

The lot is still full of cars, but the windows of the school are dark. The school grounds are silent.

A cold breeze kicks up. Leaves skitter and scrape along the sidewalk.

Lizzy walks toward the entrance. Suddenly eager to be inside. Less exposed.

The double-doors sit open. She squints into the darkened hallway. It's empty.

LIZZY

Hello?

She jumps when her pocket buzzes again. Cindy. She mutes it.

One more glance over her shoulder. The grounds are empty. The street deserted.

She steps into

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

And cautiously makes her way down the hallway.

LIZZY

Erin...?

She rounds a corner.

Erin stands at the far end, motionless. Barely visible in the shadows. The only illumination from red EXIT lights.

Tension drains from Lizzy as she starts toward her sister.

LIZZY

Where is everybody?

ERIN

You're supposed to be at your party.

(beat)

Locked inside.

She sounds oddly strained. Lizzy doesn't notice.

LIZZY

The party wasn't what I expected.

ERIN

You need to go.

LIZZY

I'm sorry I left you guys...

ERIN

Now!

Lizzy halts. Shocked.

There's a scuffling from somewhere behind her. Echoing from another one of the hallways.

Her phone buzzes again. Cindy. She's just not going to let up. Lizzy answers.

LIZZY

What?

A sob bursts from the phone.

CINDY

(on phone)

You have to come back for us!

LIZZY

(into phone)

I have to help clean up first. I'll come back later.

Erin still hasn't moved.

CINDY

(on phone)

Lizzy they're everywhere!

A dark form SLAMS into Lizzy from behind. Launches them both into the lockers.

The phone goes spinning across the tiles into the darkness.

Lizzy struggles as the person on top of her tears at her clothing. Swipes and claws at her face.

It's Mrs. Henderson. Her face contorted with rage.

Erin collides with the older woman, knocking her off Lizzy. They roll across the tile. Crash into the bottom of the lockers.

Lizzy crawls to her knees. Sucks in a breath.

Turns to see Erin grab Mrs. Henderson by the sides of her face and crack her head against the floor.

Mrs. Henderson goes limp.

Hunched over, breathing hard, Erin turns to Lizzy. Face sweaty. Hair stringy. Hands streaked with blood.

Lizzy crawls back instinctively. Dread exploding through her system.

They lock eyes as Erin pulls herself to her feet.

ERIN

Run.

And Erin loses the struggle with herself. *Sprints at Lizzy.*

Lizzy *runs*. Erin's right on her heels.

She turns a corner. There's a set of double-doors at the end.

She puts on an extra burst of speed when Erin dives and takes her out at the ankles.

They crash to the floor. Roll into

AN EMPTY CLASSROOM

Packed with cheerful decorations and tiny desks.

Erin's surprisingly strong. Lizzy fights with everything she has left in her.

Lizzy kicks at her sister. Erin flies back into the teacher's thick wooden desk. Cracks her head.

Lizzy uses the one moment of confusion. Races for the door. Erin lunges for her.

Lizzy trips. Twists. Uses the momentum to swing Erin around and force her out into the hallway.

Lizzy grabs the classroom door. Slams it shut. Locks it.

Erin pounds on it from the other side.

Lizzy stares at her sister through the small square of glass in the door, tears streaming down her face.

LIZZY

Erin, please!

Erin's eyes clear for a moment. She's somewhere near lucid.

ERIN

I reanimated the virus Phillip
Allen was testing for a vaccine.

Erin beats her bloody fist against the glass. Lizzy backs up.

ERIN

He needed to pay for dad. Lose
everything. It must have mutated...
I didn't want to hurt anyone...

She tugs at her hair. Her control slipping.

ERIN

I feel like I'm on fire...

She beats her hands against the door. Screams with fury and agony. Throws herself against it, rattling the lock.

There's a crash from somewhere in the school.

Erin's head snaps toward the noise. Completely mindless. She sprints away.

Lizzy backs away from the door.

There's a scraping behind her.

She spins.

The classroom is empty. But a door on the far wall linking this room to the room next door sits open. Pitch black beyond.

Shaking with fear, eyes locked on the open doorway, Lizzy moves toward the windows. It's her only escape route.

There's a crash from the darkness. The rapid slap of footsteps on tile.

An Infected BURSTS through doorway and launches itself at Lizzy as we

SLAM TO BLACK

*