



BLOODLIST 2009



BLOODLIST 2010



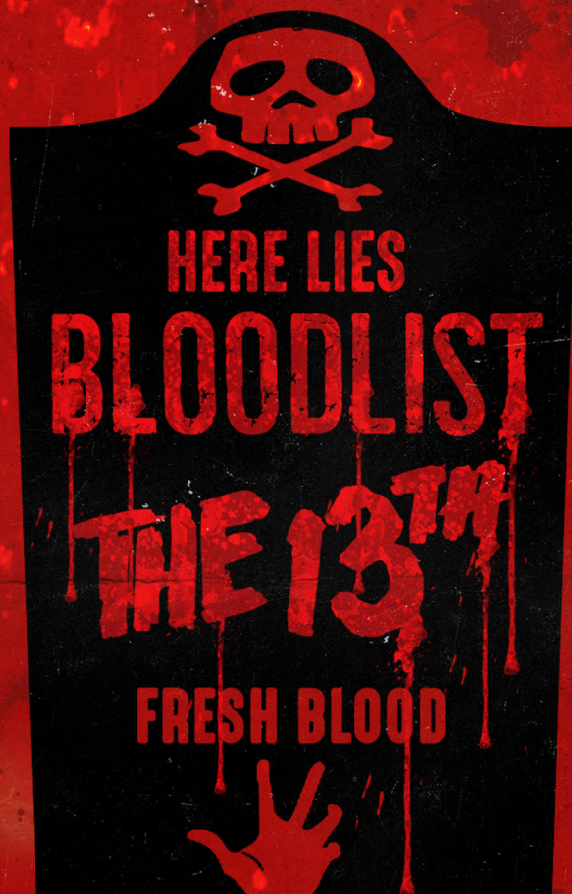
BLOODLIST 2011



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HIDE ME AMONG THE GRAVES

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FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Mist swirls over gloomy gravestones. Dead leaves float in the air like lost souls.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

DAN LUCAS (25, handsome and intense), SLAMS a shovel into the dirt of a fresh grave.

He digs like a man possessed, his eyes burning madly.

Finally, he finds what he's been looking for:

A COFFIN

Dan jumps into the grave and stares at the coffin for a long moment. Finally --

He opens the coffin, revealing...

The pale body of **KAREN LUCAS** (24, lovely even in death).

Dan caresses Karen's skin with trembling fingers, his face a white mask of anguish and loss. Then --

HE KISSES HER

Not a gentle kiss of goodbye. A kiss full of longing, as if he can suck death out of her.

GUARD (O.S.)

Hey, what's going on there?

Dan spins around, alarmed.

The silhouette of the cemetery's GUARD appears in the fog.

Dan takes a last look at Karen's body.

DAN

I'll bring you back. I swear.

And just as the guard is about to reach him --

Dan shuts the coffin, climbs out of the grave and disappears in the shadows like a ghost.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY IN NEW YORK, LAWN - DAY

A group of excited STUDENTS toss their caps in the air. The CROWD claps and cheers. The nearby sign reads:

"DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS - GRADUATION CEREMONY"

SUPER: 25 YEARS LATER

All the STUDENTS hug with their proud PARENTS, except...

CHRIS LUCAS (25). Dan's son. Quiet. Sensitive. Bright but insecure.

No one comes to congratulate him. He backs away from the celebrating families to a secluded corner.

Alone, Chris pulls something out of his pocket:

A PHOTO

Of a **YOUNG MAN** (25) who smiles in happiness and wonder as he holds a newborn **BABY** close to a **YOUNG WOMAN** (24).

These are DAN and KAREN, Chris' parents.

Chris looks with yearning at his father, who bears a striking resemblance to Chris.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Hey!

Chris hurries to put the photo away as he turns to --

OLIVIA REED (24). Cheerful. Lovely. Eyes sparkling with intelligence. She wears a MEDAL.

OLIVIA

You thought you could hide from me?

CHRIS

From the great valedictorian herself? No way. You gave a great speech.

OLIVIA

Ah, you know me. Just came up with it on the spot.

She blushes as her PARENTS wave at her with CAMERAS.

OLIVIA

I never understood the need to take a picture of everything.

CHRIS

I guess it's about capturing moments of happiness before they're gone forever.

Something in his tone makes Olivia look at him sadly.

OLIVIA

Do they always disappear?

CHRIS

That's how it was for me.

A moment of awkward silence. Olivia's parents signal her again and she sighs.

OLIVIA

See you later then? We should celebrate.

She gives Chris a quick hug and leaves. As he stares after her wistfully --

MATT (O.S.)

Will you ever get out of the friend zone?

Caught by surprise, Chris spins around to --

MATT PARKER (25). Handsome. Sarcastic. Looks like a jock but without the attitude. Chris' best friend.

CHRIS

I don't think she feels that way about me.

Matt nods at his PARENTS who marvel at his diploma.

MATT

My dad always says: "You can't expect to score if you don't play the game".

Chris flinches at the mention of a father's advice. His longing for a family is written all over his face.

MATT

Good thing he doesn't know who I'm scoring with.

Chris can't help but chuckle at his friend's wry grin.

MATT

All I'm saying is if I was into girls, Olivia would be at the top of the list.

Chris' gaze wanders to Olivia. From the look in his eyes, we can tell he wants so much more than friendship.

INT. CHRIS, OLIVIA AND MATT'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The apartment is small but has a warm homely feeling thanks to Olivia's stylish touches.

The three friends celebrate their graduation, raising toasts and exchanging gifts.

Olivia opens Chris' gift, revealing --

A BOOK OF VICTORIAN POETRY

Olivia examines its antique cover, clearly impressed.

OLIVIA

Wow, it's a really rare edition. Where did you find it?

CHRIS

It was my late mother's favorite book.

Olivia's eyes widen in realization.

OLIVIA

Wait, you mean it actually belonged to her? I can't take it. It must mean a lot to you.

CHRIS

So do you.

Olivia freezes with the book half-way back to Chris.

CHRIS

Please. I want you to have it.

Touched by his gesture, Olivia takes the book back.

OLIVIA

Thank you. I love it.

She notices an old BOOKMARK marking one of the pages. Curious, she opens the book on that page and reads.

OLIVIA

"And mother dear, when the sun has set and the pale kirk grass waves, then carry me through the dim twilight, and hide me among the graves".

Chris seems like he's seen a ghost. Something about the poignant words touches his very soul. Then --

MATT

To us!

The spell is broken as Matt raises his glass. He gulps down his drink and rises from the table.

MATT

Well, this was nice, but unlike you two, I have a date.

He gives Chris a mischievous wink as he puts on a coat.

MATT

Have fun. I plan to celebrate tonight, so don't expect me back before morning.

OLIVIA

Can you believe this guy? Ditching us like that.

But Chris still seems shaken by the poem's haunting words.

CHRIS

I think I'll call it a night.

He doesn't notice Olivia's expression of disappointment as he turns to his bedroom.

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The time on the clock is **1:55**, but Chris can't sleep. He sits on the bed and leafs through --

A JOURNAL

With the name "*DAN LUCAS*" on the cover.

The dense scribbles seem like the ramblings of a madman. As Chris turns the pages, we catch glimpses of sentences:

"I can save her"...

"Tesla's time-travel machine"...

"The Columbia University tunnel system"...

Chris shakes his head, mystified. Suddenly --

OLIVIA'S TERRIFIED SCREAM

Comes from somewhere in the apartment.

His heart racing, Chris **SPRINGS** out of bed.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris BURSTS inside to find Olivia alone in her bed, breathing hard and SHAKING uncontrollably.

CHRIS

It's alright, I'm here.

He remains calm as he soothes her panic. *Like he has done this before.*

CHRIS

Slow, deep breaths, remember?

Olivia's hyperventilation relaxes.

CHRIS

Better?

Olivia nods, unable to speak. Slowly, the color returns to her deathly pale face.

CHRIS

The nightmare again?

OLIVIA

Trapped, in the darkness, no air...

CHRIS

It's okay. You're safe.

OLIVIA

I don't know why it keeps coming back. It feels so real. Not like a dream. Like... like a memory.

Tears shine in her eyes as she looks at Chris.

OLIVIA

Can you stay here with me? Just until I fall asleep again.

CHRIS

Of course.

He sits by the bed and squeezes her hand reassuringly, wondering if that pang of pain he feels is love.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

As the first light of day penetrates the room, Chris still watches over the sleeping Olivia.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Chris stares at a GRAVESTONE with the words:

KAREN LUCAS

1971 - 1995

CHRIS

Hi mom. I graduated yesterday. I wish you could have been there.

He trails off, seeming lost. Suddenly --

His phone RINGS. He takes it out and answers.

CHRIS

Hello?

The deep voice on the other side is ominous.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

Chris Lucas?

CHRIS

Yes.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

Agent Joe Morgan, FBI.

Chris swallows hard, shaken.

AGENT MORGAN (O.S.)

I need to see you immediately. We think you can help us with an investigation.

CHRIS

What's it about?

AGENT MORGAN (O.S.)

We found a body.

All the blood drains from Chris' face.

CHRIS

Who... whose body is it?

Morgan's confident voice wavers for the first time.

AGENT MORGAN (O.S.)

Well... it appears to be yours.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

AGENT JOE MORGAN (40, intimidating) raises his gaze from a COVERED BODY on a cadaver drawer and examines Chris.

AGENT MORGAN

A couple of years ago you provided a sample of your DNA to the National Missing Persons Database.

CHRIS

I thought it might help me find my father. He's been missing for 25 years.

AGENT MORGAN

What we have here is closer to 125 years.

He FLINGS the body's cover aside, revealing --

HUMAN REMAINS

Chris flinches at the ghastly sight.

AGENT MORGAN

You're a student at Columbia University, right? Maybe you're familiar with the new building project near the Low Library.

Chris nods distractedly, mesmerized by the grim skull.

AGENT MORGAN

The body was found deep in the Columbia tunnels during the excavation works. Forensics date it from the 19th century.

He gives Chris an unreadable look.

AGENT MORGAN

Imagine my surprise when the body's DNA matched your DNA.

CHRIS

But how is that possible?

AGENT MORGAN

You tell me.

CHRIS

It must be some sort of mistake.

AGENT MORGAN

Yeah, right? I mean, here you are, alive, and this poor bastard has been in the ground for over a century.

Chris tenses, sensing something bad is coming.

AGENT MORGAN

So, a glitch in the system. Case closed.
There's just one thing that bothers me...

He pulls something out of a plastic bag and puts it on the table in front of Chris:

A CRUMBLING NOTEBOOK

With the name "DAN LUCAS" on the cover.

Chris' jaw drops.

It's the same journal Chris read, but in a much worse condition, all moldy and decayed.

CHRIS

My father's journal...

AGENT MORGAN

It was found on the body, along with this.

Beside the journal, Morgan lays --

A PHOTO OF KAREN LUCAS

Chris stares at it, his mind and soul in turmoil.

CHRIS

My mother. It doesn't make any sense...

AGENT MORGAN

"When you have eliminated all which is impossible, then whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth".

Chris raises his eyes to meet Morgan's penetrating gaze.

CHRIS

Sherlock Holmes.

AGENT MORGAN

Your father rambles on all about time-travel and Nikola Tesla in his journal. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

Chris keeps an innocent face as he shakes his head.

CHRIS

I don't have a clue.

INT. CHRIS, OLIVIA AND MATT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Olivia and Matt stare at Chris incredulously.

MATT

Your body in a 19th century grave? It's some kind of prank, right?

OLIVIA

It can't be your DNA, that's impossible.

Chris hesitates, as if struggling with an inner barrier.

CHRIS

You know I was raised by my grandparents, but I never told you about my parents.

He pulls out the PHOTO of his dad holding him as a baby.

CHRIS

My mom died of a rare hemorrhage as a result of my birth. Dad was devastated. He disappeared shortly after. My grandparents think he didn't want the responsibility of a baby, so he ran away somewhere, changed his name or something.

He shows Olivia and Matt his father's JOURNAL.

CHRIS

When my grandparents died, I found the journal my dad left behind. It's about Tesla's time machine being hidden in a secret lab in the Columbia tunnels.

MATT

You mean those conspiracy theories about Tesla working for the army, experimenting on soldiers, turning them into zombies?

CHRIS

Yeah. My dad became obsessed with changing mom's fate. He believed that he'd be able to save her if he could go back in time.

Olivia bites her lip in compassion at the tragic tale.

CHRIS

I always thought her death drove him mad and it was all nonsense. Until now.

MATT

That's crazy. You don't really believe your dad traveled back in time?

CHRIS

I don't know, but if there's a chance he's out there, I have to find him.

MATT

So what's your plan?

CHRIS

I'm going down there to search for him.

Chris points to a MAP on the journal's final page.

OLIVIA

What is this?

CHRIS

The uncharted part of the Columbia tunnels. There's an entrance that leads to it in Pupin Hall's basement.

OLIVIA

You can't do this on your own. What if you get lost and never find your way back?

CHRIS

I'm already lost.

The pain in Chris' voice breaks Olivia's heart. She comes to a decision.

OLIVIA

I'm coming with you.

This time, it's her who squeezes Chris' hand to reassure him. He looks at her gratefully.

MATT

Are you two nuts? This could be dangerous. You have no idea what's down there.

OLIVIA

Didn't you always want to go on an adventure? Besides, think about it: if we find Tesla's legendary time machine, we'll become legendary ourselves.

Matt considers the possibilities, then grins impishly.

MATT

So, when are we going on this search... expedition... thing?

INT. CHRIS, OLIVIA AND MATT'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

The sun sets as Chris, Olivia and Matt load their backpacks with EXPLORING EQUIPMENT:

First aid kit, flashlights, a flare gun.

EXT. PUPIN HALL - NIGHT

Under cover of darkness, the three friends sneak inside.

INT. PUPIN HALL, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Chris leads Olivia and Matt down dark, spiral stairs.

CHRIS

Nobody ever uses the basement anymore.
Come on, piece of cake.

MATT

When people say that in movies, it's
always a sign that something really
terrible is about to happen.

INT. PUPIN HALL, BASEMENT - NIGHT

They emerge into a neglected, moldy place. A pit in the floor is blocked by a GRID.

Chris pulls out a saw and begins CUTTING it.

SNAP!

The grid BREAKS and Chris removes it, revealing --

A ladder leads down into the depths. Murky walls close in on it, like a gaping maw about to swallow them.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia climb down the slippery ladder to the pit's bottom.

As their feet touch the ground, Matt GASPS.

CHRIS

What is it?

Matt stares in disgust at all kinds of cockroaches and worms, sliding over their shoes.

OLIVIA

Really, a big boy like you is afraid of such small things?

MATT

Indiana Jones has a phobia of snakes.

He looks like he's about to vomit as he turns to Chris.

MATT

Okay, please tell me there are no spiders in there.

CHRIS

Nah, the giant rats ate them all.

MATT

You're joking, right?

CHRIS

Only one way to find out.

He points beyond the pit:

A NARROW TUNNEL

Leads into the darkness. Rusty PIPES extend along its cracked ceiling.

Olivia slaps Matt on the shoulder in encouragement.

OLIVIA

Come on, Indiana.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia struggle to find their footing in the inky blackness.

They continue down the tunnel until they reach --

A JUNCTION

Three gloomy tunnels lead in all directions.

MATT

Damn, if we get lost here we could wander around forever.

Chris produces his map, then points at the right one.

CHRIS

This way.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris waves his flashlight, trying in vain to penetrate the deep gloom.

Olivia takes out her cell phone, its pale light almost swallowed in the darkness.

OLIVIA

No signal. Why am I not surprised?

DRIP!

Scalding-hot water leaks from the pipes above.

Chris gasps for breath in the humid air, wipes sweat from his brow: it is unbearably hot.

HISS!

A cloud of HOT STEAM suddenly bursts out of a broken pipe, straight at Olivia, but --

WHOOSH!

Chris pulls Olivia back at the last moment, both barely escaping it.

She coughs, tears in her eyes.

OLIVIA

This is fun.

Chris assists Olivia back to her feet, awkwardly aware of his hands around her slender waist.

OLIVIA

Your hand's shaking.

CHRIS

Yeah, well, this place gets to you.

Olivia smiles to herself as --

Matt calls to them from the tunnel's end, where...

A DOOR

Stands open.

MATT

Hey, lovebirds, come and take a look at this.

INT. SIGNATURE ROOM - NIGHT

Chris and Olivia follow Matt into the room...

And freeze in astonishment as they look at the walls.

CHRIS

Unbelievable.

DOZENS OF SIGNATURES

Cover the walls, many accompanied by DATES. Some are recent, while others range from the 90s to the 60s.

OLIVIA

Who left these?

CHRIS

All the explorers who have been here through the years.

He hurries to inspect the signatures and dates, searching among them feverishly.

OLIVIA

What are you looking for?

He's too preoccupied to answer. Finally, his shoulders slump in defeat.

CHRIS

I don't see anything...

Suddenly, something almost hidden in the cracked bottom of one wall catches his attention.

Chris' eyes widen in wonder at the sight of four words carved on the wall:

DAN AND KAREN FOREVER

Chris runs his fingers across it, as if somehow feeling a message across time.

CHRIS

He was here.

OLIVIA

Who?

CHRIS

(softly)
My dad.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia push forward through the narrow, suffocating tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

They emerge into yet another tunnel in the endless maze. But this one is different: CELL DOORS line the walls.

OLIVIA

Where are we?

CHRIS

In the 19th century, this used to be the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum.

They peek through a door's barred window and see --

A small, abandoned cell. Cobwebs and mold cover the cracked, ancient walls.

CHRIS

The worst criminally insane were sent here, such as the infamous Broadway Butcher, a combination of Jack the Ripper and Hannibal Lecter.

Olivia stares at the gloomy cell, chilled.

CHRIS

In 1873, there was a violent riot in the asylum, some of the inmates escaped and murdered the staff.

Suddenly, Matt catches something in the corner of his eye and spins around as --

There is a hint of MOVEMENT at the shadows in the tunnel's far end.

MATT

Did you see that?

They exchange spooked glances, then advance down the tunnel, listening intently for any sound, when --

CREAK!

A half-hidden door SWINGS OPEN, as if by a ghostly touch.

They freeze in place, scared stiff.

For a long moment, they stare at the swinging door, half-expecting some apparition to appear.

Finally, they gather their courage and approach the door, holding their breath.

Chris opens it, revealing a SHADOWY STAIRCASE leading down into inky blackness.

SCREECH!

Chris almost jumps out of his skin, waving the flashlight wildly in the dark.

The grating SCRATCHING sound comes from below, like fingernails on the floor.

MATT

What the hell is down there?

Their nerves on edge, they step into --

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

CREAK!

The broken old stairs GROAN under their weight, they have to tread carefully to keep their footing.

Suddenly, they catch sight of --

PALE FACES

Right beside them!

They gasp and spin wildly to discover --

A MIRROR

Where their reflections stare at them from broken glass. They let out a collective sigh of relief.

OLIVIA

Why would there be a mirror here?

Chris shakes his head, mystified.

Finally, they reach the stair's bottom and stare at the murky opening in amazement.

The door has been ripped off its hinges.

MATT

Who could have done that?

OLIVIA

I'm not sure we want to find out.

They follow Chris into --

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Gloomy and dank, with old household objects covered in dust and cobwebs.

As they survey the shadowy room, they notice --

A wooden TRAPDOOR in the floor, with a rusty lock.

THUD!

The trapdoor TREMBLES ever so slightly.

OLIVIA

Something's in there!

CHRIS

(grimly)

Or someone.

He takes a deep breath and steps forward.

CHRIS

Let's take a look.

MATT

Yeah, cause that's always a great idea.

Chris crouches by the trapdoor and examines the lock.

All is silent. The strange sounds from within seem to have ceased.

Chris pulls the lock powerfully and --

SNAP!

It breaks in his hand with a cloud of rust.

CHRIS

Ready?

He grabs the trapdoor and swings it open, revealing --

OLIVIA

Oh my God...

The flashlight exposes a blood-curdling sight:

AN EMPTY PIT

Below the floor, tiny and suffocating.

The hole's walls are covered with SCRATCH MARKS, left by broken, bloody fingernails.

Olivia stares aghast at the dreadful dungeon.

OLIVIA

Who would place a human being in such a place?

MATT

The more important question is what made those sounds.

CHRIS

Probably rats.

He looks into the pit's pitch black darkness, as --

A faint, metallic GLINT flashes in the shadows below.

CHRIS

There's something there!

They lean over the pit to get a better look at whatever it is, but it's too dark.

CHRIS

We have to get down there.

MATT

Any volunteers?

Olivia tries to keep a brave face and a steady voice as she steps forward.

OLIVIA

I'd fit in there much better than you big boys.

Before they can stop her, she jumps inside.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Chris and Matt watch anxiously from above as Olivia searches the pit's slimy, filthy floor.

OLIVIA
You won't believe this.

CHRIS
What is it?

Olivia shakes her head in confusion and shows them what she's found:

A PUPPET

Rotten with age. The glass beads that make its eyes glint in the dark. Old, dry BLOOD is smeared all over it.

MATT
Damn, that's the creepiest puppet I've ever seen.

CHRIS
But how did it get here?

Olivia shivers as she climbs out of the pit.

OLIVIA
I don't think we want to know.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia cross another tunnel in the serpentine, nightmarish labyrinth.

Chris stops to consult his map, and that's when --

A strange RUSTLING SOUND echoes eerily out of the darkness ahead of them:

STATIC

They exchange anxious glances.

MATT
What the hell...

As they advance cautiously down the tunnel, the creepy noise grows in volume, until finally --

The flashlight reveals the noise's source lying on the tunnel's floor:

AN OLD WALKIE-TALKIE

Half-broken and battered, but still emitting a low HUM.

Chris picks it up and listens to it closely, but there's nothing but weak white noise.

Olivia points at the dirty floor.

OLIVIA

There's something else there.

Chris steps aside and discovers --

A PHOTO

Of a soldier in 40s uniform, holding a rifle.

An eerie GAS MASK covers the soldier's face. His clothes are splattered with stains of BLOOD.

There is something sinister about the photo. A dark, forbidding presence that makes the skin crawl.

Chris stares at the odd photo, as if mesmerized by an inexorable force, when all of a sudden --

HISS!

A weird WHISTLING SOUND comes from the walkie-talkie, sends a chill down everyone's spine, as --

DISTURBANCES

Interrupt the static.

They all tense, hunch closer to listen intently. For a long moment nothing happens, then they hear it.

WHISPERING

It's barely audible, so low they would miss it if the tunnel wasn't dead silent.

A GHOSTLY MAN'S VOICE

Murmurs through the white noise.

Weakly. *Painfully.*

MAN'S VOICE

*And now I see with eyes serene, the very
pulse of the machine...*

Chris freezes in place, his body turns to stone.

CHRIS

It can't be...

MATT

What is it?

Chris motions him to stay quiet, when --

MAN'S VOICE

*A being breathing thoughtful breath, a
traveller between life and death...*

Olivia pales visibly, shuddering.

OLIVIA

Someone's trapped here...

Stunned, Chris turns to her.

CHRIS

That's my father's voice. He's quoting a
poem from my mom's book.

His hand trembling, he presses on the speaking button.

CHRIS

Dad?

For a long moment there is silence. Chris swallows hard,
choked with emotions.

CHRIS

Dad, can you hear me?

Just the static again. Chris looks at the walkie-talkie
in panic. *Is he gone?*

CHRIS

Please, just tell me where you are...

All of a sudden --

A TERRIFYING SCREAM OF AGONY

Comes from the walkie-talkie, a tortured cry from the
depths of the soul.

MATT

Holy shit...

A moment of silence. Then --

THE SOUND OF BREATHING

Comes through the walkie-talkie.

Heavy, raspy, ominous.

Like someone breathing through a GAS MASK.

His face a white mask of horror, Chris waits for something, anything, more.

But there's nothing but the breathing's fading echo.

Olivia looks around, spooked.

OLIVIA

Maybe we shouldn't have come here.

CHRIS

I have to find him.

MATT

This is crazy. You only heard your father's voice on video recordings, it could be anyone...

CHRIS

It's him, I'm sure of it.

MATT

But how can that be? He was gone 25 years ago, why would he ask for help now?

Chris stares at the walkie-talkie, his mind racing.

CHRIS

Maybe it is now for him, if he's somehow stuck in another time.

MATT

If that's true, then how can we hear him in our time?

Chris turns a determined gaze to Matt.

CHRIS

I don't know, but I'm gonna find out.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia stare at a cracked GATE covered with cobwebs at the end of the tunnel.

CHRIS

It's the entrance to the uncharted portion of the tunnels.

He opens it, revealing a TUNNEL leading into blackness.

Chris hesitates for a moment, as if somehow sensing this is a point of no return.

Finally, he crosses the threshold into the darkness.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia limp into another tunnel, with a large IRON DOOR at its end.

Something is painted on it, but it's covered by dust. Chris wipes it away, revealing --

The word "LABORATORY" beneath it.

This is it.

MATT

We found it. We actually found it.

A key is lodged in the keyhole. Chris tries to turn it, but it won't budge.

He takes it out, peeks through the keyhole.

CHRIS

Something's stuck in there, but it's hard to see.

Chris peeks through inside the keyhole, when --

For just a split second, blink and you'll miss it, something FLASHES inside:

A PALE EYE

Stares straight at him from the other side!

Chris jolts with a YELL.

OLIVIA

What is it?

CHRIS

Someone's there!

MATT

No way...

Olivia gasps for breath, the panic is catching.

OLIVIA

Maybe we should go back.

Chris summons his courage, forces himself to take another look inside the keyhole and --

The eye is still there. But after a few seconds it becomes clear it's not blinking. Or moving.

CHRIS

Dead...

Letting out a long breath, he puts his finger inside, finds a metal shard jammed in the hole.

After a few failed attempts, he manages to pull it out.

This time, when he tries the key --

CLICK!

The lock opens. Chris' nerves are on edge as he reaches for the handle, opens the door and --

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

As the door swings open, the eye's owner slumps down to the floor...

A ROTTING BODY

Of a dead soldier in 40s uniform, an expression of absolute terror on his decomposed face.

They wave the flashlights around, revealing --

A RAVAGED RUIN

Scientific instruments and equipment are smashed to bits, the floor is covered with broken glass.

More DEAD SOLDIERS lie among the debris. Bullet holes and dried blood cover the walls.

MATT

What the hell happened here?

Chris inspects a JOURNAL lying on a table.

OLIVIA

What is it?

CHRIS

The commander's log book.

As Chris turns the pages, he pales visibly.

CHRIS

"The experiment was more successful than we could have hoped for, and more disastrous than we could have imagined".

He examines the journal's blood-spattered pages.

CHRIS

"Tesla promised us a dream, but instead we got a nightmare. His cursed machine works, but not as anyone could believe".

Matt looks above: from an upper level of the lab, more bodies dangle on ropes.

CHRIS

"Everything has gone horribly wrong, the troops were supposed to become invincible, but they became inhuman".

Olivia stares at the hanged soldiers: their bodies are mutilated, as if they were killed by monsters.

CHRIS

"They have turned against us. There is no reasoning with them, it's like the only thing they know is killing".

Chris reaches the last page, whispering as the awful tale unfolds to its conclusion.

CHRIS

"We're under attack... we've lost all communication... there is no escape".

(beat)

"God help us all".

A moment of silence, as they realize the experiment's terrible fate.

MATT

But where is the machine?

CHRIS

Look!

Hidden in the shadows at the lab's back, there is a table with an object covered by BLACK CANVAS lying on it.

Chris pulls the canvas away with a cloud of dust, and --

A SUITCASE

Rests on the table, marked with the initials "N.T.".

OLIVIA

This is it...

Chris swallows hard, then SWINGS it open in one swift motion, revealing...

A STRANGE MACHINE

An intricate contraption with a look both archaic and futuristic, like some steampunk invention.

MATT

I thought it will be bigger, like the Delorean or something.

Chris stares at the machine in wonder, mesmerized.

MATT

So how is it supposed to work? I don't see anything here to set the date we want to jump to.

Chris' hand hovers over a LARGE SWITCH.

CHRIS

I think you just turn it on.

MATT

Let's say this thing actually works, which I seriously doubt. Then how do we know when we'll end up?

CHRIS

We don't.

He turns from the machine to Olivia.

CHRIS

I have to do this. But you and Matt can still go back.

Olivia stares at the machine for a long moment, torn between fear and the need to know. Finally...

OLIVIA

If this is real, it could change the laws of physics forever. I've come this far, I won't back down now.

Chris turns to Matt, who chuckles with false bravado.

MATT

Nobody calls a McFly a chicken, right? And besides, you really think I'll let you have all the fun?

Chris smiles in gratitude, relieved he's not alone.

CHRIS

All right, here we go.

As he turns to the machine, Olivia taps her feet tensely, both with anxiety and excitement.

Chris takes a deep breath... and turns the machine on.

For a long moment, nothing happens. Then --

HISS!

The machine suddenly comes to life as --

SPARKS

Ignite within its circuitry, as a low HUMMING sound builds ominously.

The three friends exchange awed glances when suddenly --

ELECTRIC CURRENTS

Shoot out across the lab, engulfing it in a blazing, seething dome!

MATT

What the...

BOOM!

The lab begins to SHAKE, cracks spread across the walls like dark spiderwebs.

Olivia struggles to keep her footing, when something drops on her head: a shower of dirt and stones.

Alarmed, she looks up... and her eyes widen in dread:

The ceiling begins to cave in.

OLIVIA

Run!

But before she can follow her own advice, another tremor sends her to her knees.

CHRIS

Hold on!

Swaying unsteadily, he reaches desperately for her, as --

CLANK!

A pipe falls from above and lands with a metallic clink on the floor, missing Chris by a hair's breadth.

MATT

Let's get out of here!

Olivia shouts as she slides across the floor towards the blazing electricity, but at the last second --

Chris LEAPS and grabs her.

CHRIS

Come on!

They make a run for the door, dashing between falling stones and jumping over debris.

It seems they're going to make it, and that's when --

FLASH!

A blinding BRIGHT LIGHT engulfs everything, and then...

SILENT DARKNESS.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris comes slowly to his senses, disoriented, to find himself lying on the floor with Olivia in his arms.

Still stunned, he looks around to discover --

A tunnel lit by flickering FLUORESCENT bulbs, their strobe giving everything an eerie, hallucinatory look.

Olivia opens her eyes, staring at him in confusion.

OLIVIA

What... what happened?

Chris blinks, trying to make sense of it all.

CHRIS

I'm not sure. I just remember a white light, and then...

An awkward moment as they lie there entangled together.

Olivia smiles faintly, trying to relieve the tension.

OLIVIA

Me in your arms?

Chris blushes, hurries to get up and help Olivia to her feet. He examines her in concern.

CHRIS

Are you alright?

OLIVIA

I think so.

MATT (O.S.)

So am I, thanks for asking.

Matt appears from nearby, pale and shaken.

MATT

Guys, we're not in Kansas anymore.

CHRIS

Where, or when, are we?

MATT

If the machine actually worked, it must have some insanity side effects, because this is crazy.

The tunnel is nothing like the tunnels they saw before:

Apart from the lighting, the walls are fortified with steel plates.

Olivia points at a SYMBOL painted on the wall:

THE U.S. ARMY'S INSIGNIA

OLIVIA

It's a bunker.

MATT

How did we get here?

CHRIS

I don't know...

He falters as he notices something at the tunnel's end.

Olivia and Matt follow his gaze to --

THE GATE

They passed earlier, the entrance to the uncharted part of the tunnels.

Only now it looks different.

New, with no cracks or cobwebs, as if it was built just recently.

MATT

Holy shit...

Chris and Olivia exchange astonished glances, thinking the same thing.

CHRIS

Wait, let's not jump to conclusions...

Suddenly, Matt jolts in alarm.

MATT

Do you hear that?

Bathed in the otherworldly flickering light, Chris and Olivia listen for a moment.

Nothing but silence.

And then they hear it --

MURMURING

From somewhere down the tunnel. A droning, almost mechanic sound.

Olivia gestures at the corridor's far end:

A door stands half-open, letting out a faint light.

OLIVIA

It's coming from there.

As they approach the door anxiously, strange stains become visible on it:

BLOODY HANDPRINTS

As if a raging, bloodthirsty horde beat on the door time and time again.

MATT

I have a bad feeling about this.

He swings the door open, and --

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia enter a deserted small room.

On a table lie the remains of a half-eaten meal, as if the person dining was interrupted in the middle.

The sound they hear comes from --

AN OLD RADIO

On a shelf, transmitting something unintelligible through the static and disturbances.

Olivia examines the radio curiously.

OLIVIA

This one belongs in a museum...

HUM!

Suddenly, the hiss of the white noise intensifies, as --

The faint voice of a BROADCASTER can be heard:

BROADCASTER

War...

Chris and Olivia exchange mystified glances, as --

For a split second, the broadcast is clear:

BROADCASTER

President Roosevelt announced...

OLIVIA

My God...

BROADCASTER

The Nazis...

The broadcaster's voice fades back into static, leaving them in stunned silence.

MATT

Guys, take a look at this!

Shaken and speechless, Chris and Olivia follow Matt to a nearby table, where they discover...

A NEWSPAPER

Its front page reporting on the war in Europe.

MATT

It can't be...

They're all transfixed to the newspaper's date:

January 15th, 1943

Olivia shakes her head in denial, deathly pale.

OLIVIA

Either someone's playing a really elaborate prank on us, or...

CHRIS

We're in 1943.

As Chris and Olivia struggle to accept the impossible, Matt chuckles almost hysterically.

MATT

We have to climb up to ground level,
imagine what we could see: the Upper East
Side in the 40s!

He shakes his head, as if making sure he's not dreaming.

MATT

I knew I should have brought a camera.
Imagine how many hits this would have
gotten on Youtube.

OLIVIA

If you ever want to see Youtube again, we
should look for the machine. If we won't
find it, we can't go back.

Chris looks at the newspaper and the radio, his mind and
soul in turmoil.

CHRIS

Maybe that's what happened to my dad. He
couldn't find the machine and got stuck
here. He could be out there.

Olivia looks at Chris in compassion: finally there's a
chance his father didn't abandon him.

CHRIS

If we find him and the machine, we could
bring him back with us to 2020.

His eyes shine with such hope that Olivia finds it hard
to burst his bubble.

OLIVIA

You're forgetting one thing: even if we
find the machine, we have no idea how to
set it to bring us back.

MATT

Or if it's here in 1943 at all.

Chris' shoulders slump, but he won't be deterred.

CHRIS

We'll figure something out. The first
thing we have to do is find the lab and
the machine.

MATT

Then what are we waiting for?

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia make their way in the abandoned tunnel, listening for signs of life.

Nothing but the echo of their footsteps.

They stop when they reach --

A JUNCTION

The tunnel to the left is dark, its light bulbs dead.

Suddenly, they freeze in place as --

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS

Can be heard from somewhere in the tunnel's darkness.

Distant... but getting closer.

Something about the sound is wrong: like the one making it is dragging his feet, shuffling.

CHRIS

We should take cover.

They hide in the shadowy tunnel, waiting tensely as the footsteps slowly, menacingly approach.

THUD!

The footsteps land sluggishly on the floor, like military boots in a slow motion march.

Chris, Olivia and Matt hold their breath as --

A SHADOWY FIGURE IN UNIFORM

Crosses the adjacent tunnel, walking erratically, its feet BENT in a grotesque manner.

The figure's silhouette is misshapen, almost inhuman.

Chris squints, trying to get a good look at its face, but it's hidden in darkness.

The figure shambles forward, when suddenly --

IT STOPS.

Slowly, it turns its deformed head back toward them, as if sensing something.

Then, it begins to slither back in their direction, making a strange sound...

SNIFFING

Chris, Matt and Olivia don't dare to move a muscle, their hearts almost beat out of their chests.

HISS!

The figure GROWLS softly as it reaches the junction, just a few feet from their hiding place.

A moment of dead silence, as the figure turns to look straight at them.

TWO GHASTLY EYES

Glow faintly in the dark.

BEAT.

For a moment it seems like the figure has discovered them, but then --

It turns its chilling gaze back to the tunnel, and --

It plods along the tunnel on its crooked feet, moving like a broken mannequin, until...

Finally, the thing fades in the darkness.

They all let out a collective sigh of relief, Olivia barely stifles an hysterical giggle.

OLIVIA

I felt like Frodo hiding from the Nazgul in Lord of the Rings.

MATT

You're a real geek, aren't you?

CHRIS

If this is really 1943, Tolkien hasn't even wrote it yet.

They exchange wide-eyed looks: the incongruity of the situation dawning on them.

OLIVIA

Okay, someone mind tell me who, or what, was that thing?

Chris swallows hard, a dreadful realization in his eyes.

CHRIS

The conspiracy theories say that the soldiers who traveled in time became deformed, insane zombies...

MATT

But that doesn't make any sense. I mean, we travelled in time, and nothing happened to us.

CHRIS

Not yet.

Olivia's gaze darts around the walls closing on them, sudden claustrophobia taking over.

OLIVIA

Great, so we're stuck here with a bunch of crazy zombies...

The words die on her lips when --

A SCREAM

Echoes in the tunnel, a distant tortured cry.

Chris' face goes white.

CHRIS

Dad!

OLIVIA

Chris, wait!

But before anyone can stop him, Chris SPRINTS down the tunnel into the darkness.

MATT

Damn it...

He and Olivia race after their friend.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Matt and Olivia burst into a room equipped with a large CLOSET to find --

Chris crouching beside a MAN lying on the floor.

But it's not his father. It's a **YOUNG SOLDIER** (19), badly wounded, breathing fast and moaning in agony.

Chris tries to stop the bleeding, but it's useless: the soldier's chest is punctured with bullet wounds.

The soldier's lips move, he's trying to say something.

SOLDIER

Please...

Chris can't take his eyes off the soldier's pleading, desperate gaze.

SOLDIER

Kill me...

Shaken, Olivia joins Chris beside the dying soldier.

OLIVIA

He's just a kid.

Matt spins around as he senses something...

SHADOWS

Moving on the tunnel's wall outside.

Someone's coming.

MATT

We have to get out of here!

Chris stares at the mumbling soldier, conflicted.

OLIVIA

We can't just leave him!

Chris hesitates as the shadows loom out of the dark.

MATT

They're getting closer!

Chris comes to a decision: he grabs the soldier and begins to drag him to the door, but --

MATT

Chris, it's too late!

He's right: the coming figures are almost upon them.

And they carry RIFLES.

Chris looks feverishly around the room for somewhere, anywhere, to hide...

And that's when he sees it.

CHRIS

Into the closet!

Matt and Olivia rush after him into --

THE CLOSET

Where they all try to wedge into the tiny space.

Chris struggles to carry the soldier inside but it's impossible, there's not enough room.

And just as the figures enter the room --

Chris shuts the closet's door...

Leaving the soldier outside.

OLIVIA

No...

They peek through the cracks in the closet, as --

TWO SOLDIERS

Limp into the room, GROWLING and drooling.

Their faces are horribly disfigured, their bodies twisted in unnatural angles.

And their eyes are completely devoid of sanity.

MATT

They're zombies...

At the soldier's sight, the two zombies HISS.

It takes a moment for Chris, Olivia and Matt to realize they're CHUCKLING.

The two zombie soldiers lay down their rifles and crawl like starving dogs.

The young soldier WHIMPERS in terror as --

The two zombie soldiers GRAB him viciously with twisted, broken claws.

OLIVIA

We have to do something.

The two zombie soldiers open their mouths hungrily, revealing bloody maws, and --

To Chris, Olivia, and Matt's horror, they sink their teeth into the soldier's flesh...

And feed.

CHRIS

No!

BOOM!

The closet's door SLAMS open as Chris bursts outside!

MATT

You crazy son of a...

With a defiant YELL, Chris KICKS the zombie soldiers off the young soldier, and --

They roll across the floor, taken by surprise.

One of them SNARLS savagely at him, spitting saliva, and reaches for his rifle...

But Chris gets to it first. The zombie soldier is almost upon him when --

BANG!

Chris SHOOTS him point blank.

MATT

Look out!

The other zombie soldier BELLOWS and attacks Chris, striking the rifle from his hand.

CRUNCH!

The zombie soldier's claws close around Chris throat, crushing his windpipe.

Chris fights desperately but the zombie soldier is choking the life out of him, and that's when --

Matt fumbles through the closet, grabs an empty ammunition BOX, throws it and...

WHAM!

The box HITS the zombie soldier in the face, knocking him out momentarily.

Matt surges forward toward the zombie soldier, and before the thing can evade the attack --

SLAM!

Matt SMASHES into him, driving him against the wall.

The zombie soldier may be slower than Matt, but he's stronger. He recovers and --

WHOOSH!

With one brute blow of his elongated arm, the zombie soldier sweeps Matt off his feet.

Matt rolls painfully on the floor, as --

The zombie soldier grabs one of the RIFLES and points it at Matt and Chris.

He grins madly as his finger closes on the trigger, and that's when --

BOOM!

He drops dead, a smoking bullet hole in his head.

Breathing hard, Chris and Matt turn stunned gazes to stare speechless at --

OLIVIA

Who holds the second rifle with a shaking hand.

MATT

Nice shot, Princess Leia.

Chris goes to her and gently takes the rifle from her.

OLIVIA

I... I didn't know what else to do.

Chris hugs her comfortingly.

CHRIS

It's alright.

Matt turns to the young soldier: his chest is motionless, his eyes wide-open.

MATT

He's gone.

Chris kneels by the young soldier and closes his eyes.

CHRIS

We should be gone too. That gunfire is bound to draw some attention.

He hoists the rifle on his shoulder and looks grimly at the two dead zombie soldiers.

CHRIS

I have a feeling they are not alone.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia trudge wearily in the flickering, dying light.

CHRIS

We should rest.

They sit with their backs against the wall, breathing hard and exhausted.

MATT

Is it just me, or does it feel like we've been walking for hours?

Olivia squints at the tunnel, as if it looks familiar.

OLIVIA

The tunnels all look the same, for
all we know we could be going around
in circles.

CHRIS

At least we didn't see any more of those
zombie soldiers...

All of a sudden --

SOBBING

Can be heard from somewhere in the darkness.

They exchange alarmed glances at the ominous sound.

CHRIS

Where did that come from?

MOANING

Echoes in the shadows, like a mournful chorus of
tortured souls.

MATT

There!

He gestures at a DOOR at the tunnel's end.

They pick themselves up and hurry down the tunnel, only
to stop cold at the familiar IRON DOOR.

CHRIS

It's the lab!

INT. LAB - NIGHT

The door swings open in silence as Chris, Matt and Olivia
sneak cautiously inside.

This time they find themselves on --

THE UPPER LEVEL

The GROANING sounds intensify, seem to come from below.

They take cover behind the rail and peek down at the
lab's ground level, where --

A DOZEN ZOMBIE SOLDIERS

Stand guard, eerily motionless and silent.

The armed soldiers encircle --

THREE SCIENTISTS

Bound to chairs, their eyes wide open in mortal fear.

OLIVIA

The machine...

On a nearby table, the SUITCASE containing the machine lies, closed.

MATT

What's going on?

And that's when they hear it --

HEAVY FOOTFALLS

Different than the zombie soldier's shuffling. Full of power and purpose. Imposing.

And then a DARK FIGURE materializes out of the shadows:

THE SOLDIER IN THE GAS MASK

In the photo he seemed menacing. In real life, he radiates an almost palpable aura of evil.

GASMASK

Approaches one of the captive scientists, his breathing heavy and distorted through the mask.

The zombie soldiers begin to snarl and HISS, they don't seem to be capable of speech.

But Gasmask is. He grabs the trembling scientist's chin and examines him pitilessly.

GASMASK

You knew, didn't you?

His voice is metallic and inhuman, like every syllable climbs up his throat from the depths of hell.

The scientist shakes his head vehemently.

SCIENTIST

No, I swear, it was supposed to be completely safe. Please, you have to believe me, I didn't know...

Gasmask turns to his minions.

GASMASK

Do you believe him?

The zombie soldiers all begin to turn berserk, baring broken teeth as they SHOUT incoherently.

GASMASK

Neither do I.

Gasmask turns back to the deathly pale scientist, who begins to SHIVER uncontrollably.

GASMASK

You did this to us. You must pay.

The zombie soldiers HOWL maniacally, as --

SCIENTIST

No, please, I have a family...

Gasmask points at the zombie soldiers.

GASMASK

So did they.

With a sudden violent movement, Gasmask grabs the shrieking scientist...

SNAP!

And BREAKS his neck.

Olivia turns her head away in horror, almost retching.

MATT

Son of a bitch...

As Gasmask turns to the second scientist, Chris whispers urgently to Matt.

CHRIS

We have to stop this madness.

MATT

Are you crazy too? You want to attack them with one rifle? What chance do you think we'd have against these bastards?

Chris points at Gasmask, who drops the scientist's body on the floor without a second glance.

CHRIS

The Gasmask guy is the brains. He's the one giving orders. Without him, the others are just mindless pawns.

Below, the second scientist begins to mumble feverishly as Gasmask approaches him.

SECOND SCIENTIST

Wait, let us try and fix the machine, maybe we can use it again and turn it all around...

Gasmask's misshapen, horribly scarred hands close on the scientist's throat.

GASMASK

Haven't you done enough?

As he begins to CHOKE the scientist mercilessly --

UP ON THE SECOND LEVEL

Chris aims the rifle straight at Gasmask.

CHRIS

I'm going to take him out.

MATT

So you're a sniper now?

Matt turns to his friend. From below, the scientist's strangled WHIZZES can be heard.

MATT

Chris, think about it! If you shoot, they'll all be on us in an instant.

Chris hesitates for a long moment. Meanwhile, the second scientist's body goes limp.

Gasmask turns to the third scientist, who whimpers pitifully, begging for his life.

THIRD SCIENTIST

No, listen to me, I wasn't part of this, I'm innocent...

GASMASK

There are no innocents.

As Gasmask grabs the scientist's throat, Chris comes to a decision.

CHRIS

What if this monster killed my dad?

Chris carefully aims the rifle at Gasmask.

Matt and Olivia hold their breath as Chris' finger closes on the trigger, and --

CLICK!

No more bullets.

But the sound draws Gasmask's attention.

He drops the choking scientist like a broken doll and looks up straight at them.

CHRIS

Shit...

GASMASK

Intruders...

Gasmask gestures at the second level. The zombie soldiers all follow his gaze.

GASMASK

Get them!

And all hell breaks loose as --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The zombie soldiers open deadly fire, bullets BUZZING by the three friends.

CHRIS

Run!

Matt and Olivia race after Chris toward the door as --

BOOM!

Scientific equipment EXPLODES all around them in a shower of blazing sparks and --

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia BURST into the tunnel, running like the devil is after them.

Chris glances over his shoulder as --

WHAM!

The door SLAMS open and the zombie soldiers break out, coming after them in hot pursuit.

They move on their disjointed limbs awkwardly, yet surprisingly swift.

Chris, Matt and Olivia dash ahead and reach --

A JUNCTION

Chris turns right, just as --

OLIVIA

Look out!

BLAM!

A bullet HITS the wall beside him.

CHRIS

Come on!

They keep running down the tunnel, bathed in cold sweat and breathing fast.

Suddenly, there's a hint of MOVEMENT ahead.

They stop in their tracks, as --

SILHOUETTES

Appear before them, unidentifiable in the dark tunnel.

MATT

Maybe they're soldiers who weren't part
of the experiment...

THUMP!

A deadly BAYONET flashes before Matt's face, almost
impaling him to the wall!

CHRIS

More of them!

The pursuing zombie soldiers come closer while those
ahead push forward toward them, HISSING.

OLIVIA

We're trapped!

Chris looks around desperately, there's no way out...

CHRIS

There!

He points to an almost hidden OPENING in the wall, more a
crevice than a tunnel.

Their enemies are almost upon them, laughing madly, and
at the last second --

The three of them escape into...

THE CREVICE

Where they wedge between the narrow walls, pressing
forward with everything they've got.

OLIVIA

I suppose this is the wrong time to tell
you I'm claustrophobic.

Matt spins back: the pursuing zombie soldiers appear at
the crevice opening, and --

CRUNCH!

A crooked hand closes like a vise around Matt's ankle, he
gasps in pain.

A zombie soldier tries to drag Matt, his misshapen face contorted in a bloodthirsty snarl.

MATT

Let go of me, you freak!

Matt shakes his foot free and KICKS him in the face.

As the zombie soldier falls down, Matt follows Chris and Olivia into --

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

They emerge into another tunnel, this one with no signs of life... or half-life.

They twist and turn through the labyrinth of tunnels, like rats in a maze, until finally...

They come to a stop, gasping for breath and looking back in dread.

There's no sign of their pursuers. They listen intently, but all is silent.

CHRIS

I think we've lost them.

OLIVIA

Maybe, but we also lost our only way out of here.

MATT

What do you mean?

OLIVIA

Haven't you heard that scientist talking about fixing the machine? Something's wrong with it.

Chris bites his lip, realizing their plight with a pang of guilt.

CHRIS

I'm sorry I dragged you into this.

Olivia shrugs tiredly, a wan smile on her lips.

OLIVIA

It's not your fault. I wanted in, remember? I guess that's why they say curiosity killed the cat.

MATT

Well, this cat ain't dead yet.

Matt looks back where they came from, thinking.

MATT

What if we sneak back into the lab to fix the machine? You're a genius, Olivia, maybe you can do it.

Olivia seems doubtful, but she nods slowly.

OLIVIA

I guess it's worth a shot.

CHRIS

There's just one problem: we'll have to go back to where that Gasmask freak is lurking.

MATT

Well then, it will be the last place they'd be searching for us, right?

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia tiptoe toward the lab's door, glancing in every direction.

Taking a deep breath, Chris pushes the door open.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia slip silently into the lab, this time on the lower level.

The place seems deserted except for the dead: the slain soldiers, the butchered scientists.

All is still. *Too* still. Like the silence of a graveyard.

They slowly approach the suitcase with the machine, half-expecting a horde of zombie soldiers to jump on them.

Olivia opens it: the machine seems intact. She examines it, running her fingers over it carefully.

MATT

What's wrong with it?

OLIVIA

I don't understand, everything looks properly wired, I don't see anything broken or damaged.

MATT

Maybe that scientist was bluffing.

CHRIS

Or maybe he knew something we don't.

Olivia's hand hovers over the operating switch, she contemplates it in confusion.

OLIVIA

But if the machine works fine, why didn't the gas mask guy try to use it?

GASMASK (O.S.)

Because I already made that mistake.

They spin around and find themselves staring right at --

THE BARREL OF A GUN

Which Gasmask points straight at them.

GASMASK

I had a feeling I'd find you here.

Chris swallows hard, trying to keep a steady voice.

CHRIS

We just want to get back home.

Gasmask cocks the gun.

GASMASK

Nobody gets back home.

Chris tries not to look away from his chilling gaze.

CHRIS

Why do you want to kill us? We had nothing to do with the experiment.

Gasmask CHUCKLES, a choked, terrible sound.

GASMASK

Because you're normal.

The three friends are helpless as Gasmask's finger closes on the trigger, but --

He freezes, his eyes locked on Chris.

GASMASK

Who are you? You look familiar.

CHRIS

I'm Dan Lucas' son. You've seen him, haven't you? What did you do to him? Did you kill him too?

There's a flash of recognition in Gasmask's gaze.

GASMASK

Where did you come from?

Chris braces himself, as --

CHRIS

A future you'll never see.

Taking advantage of Gasmask's momentary distraction, Chris snatches the suitcase and SWINGS it --

SLAM!

The suitcase SMASHES into Gasmask, sending him to crush against the wall.

CHRIS

Come on!

Chris leaps with the suitcase toward the door, Matt and Olivia behind him.

They're almost there when --

CRUNCH!

Gasmask's hand closes around Chris' foot with brute force, tripping him.

Rolling on the floor, Chris and Gasmask STRUGGLE for control of the suitcase.

Matt and Olivia race to help him, but that's when --

BANG!

The lab's door SLAMS open and --

THE ZOMBIE SOLDIERS

Pour in, pointing their weapons at them.

Chris has only a split second to decide what to do before they'll be shot dead.

With a mighty BLOW, Chris pushes Gasmask away from the suitcase, opens it and --

URNS ON THE MACHINE.

ZAP!

Electricity shoots out around them and everything becomes a hectic BLUR.

Gasmask TEARS the suitcase away from Chris and takes hold of it, just as --

A glowing PULSE spreads across the room...

And time slows by.

BLAM!

The zombie soldiers FIRE, but --

The bullets HANG in the air, like raindrops, as time stands still.

The frame FREEZES, and then --

FLASH!

A blinding BRIGHT LIGHT before we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Matt slowly comes to his senses, in a daze. He fumbles for his flashlight and turns it on, revealing --

A dim, small chamber. The only light comes from a barred window in the door.

Behind him, Chris and Olivia are sprawled on the floor, their eyes closed.

Matt looks around in suspicion, something in the place seems familiar...

And then he drops the flashlight as a stunning, dreadful realization dawns on him.

MATT

Guys, wake up!

He shakes Chris and Olivia urgently. They open their eyes in confusion, alarmed by his tone.

MATT

Look!

He points at the barred window. Chris' jaw drops.

CHRIS

The Bloomingdale Asylum...

Matt hurries to try the door: it's LOCKED.

MATT

Yes, but it's different...

Olivia scans the cell: even in the gloomy darkness, it's apparent that --

OLIVIA

It's new...

The cobwebs and mold of a century of abandonment are gone, as are the cracks in the walls:

This place has been in use for only a few years.

CHRIS

My God...

(beat)

We're sometime in the 19th century.

They stare at each other in shock. Even Matt seems to start losing it.

MATT

No, no, this is not happening.

CHRIS

Wait, let's not panic, Gasmask took the suitcase before the jump...

He thinks, trying to recall the bleary events.

CHRIS

Which means he and his minions must have travelled here too. We can still find the machine...

MATT

Yeah, because that worked out so well last time.

CHRIS

There has to be a way back.

OLIVIA

But what if there isn't?

For a long moment, they just sit there in the darkness, completely lost.

OLD VOICE (O.S.)

What's that?

They all JOLT at the sudden sound, almost jumping out of their skin.

A pale, wrinkled hand reaches from the shadows and picks up Matt's flashlight.

OLD VOICE (O.S.)

I've never seen anything like it.

MATT

Hey, give me that!

Matt snatches the flashlight back and turns it at the voice's owner, revealing --

A BEARDED STICK OF A MAN

Wizened and old as time itself, dressed in filthy rags and looking like he hasn't seen the sun in ages.

MATT

Who the hell are you?

OLD MAN

I might ask you the same question.

Chris smiles bitterly at the irony of the situation.

CHRIS

We're time travelers from the future.

The old man doesn't seem surprised, he just nods.

OLD MAN

I've heard worse.

MATT

Listen, we have to get out and find the machine that brought us here.

OLD MAN

Why, you certainly belong in here.

CHRIS

Look, you know this place, the guards' routines. Tell us how to escape, we'll take you with us.

But the old man shakes his head sadly.

OLD MAN

It's too late for me. It's too late for any of us.

Olivia takes the old man's frail hand.

OLIVIA

Please, can you help us?

The old man stares at her for a long moment. And then his eyes well with tears.

OLD MAN

You remind me of my daughter.

He caresses Olivia's hair gently, then sighs.

OLD MAN

Very well.

(a faint smile)

Have you ever read "*The Count of Monte Cristo*"?

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Chris, Matt, and Olivia hide in the shadows near the door, holding their breath.

The old man lies on the floor in the dim pool of light from the window, his eyes closed.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

A callous voice comes from the door's other side.

GUARD (O.S.)

Come on, grandpa, take your supper.

The guard peeks through the bars, but the old man lies still, playing dead.

GUARD

For God's sake, the geezer has to die in my shift...

They hear the RATTLE of keys, as --

CLICK!

The lock opens and a BURLY GUARD carrying a tray with food enters the cell.

The guard puts down the tray and bends over to inspect the old man, and that's when --

BOOM!

Chris bursts out of the dark and CRASHES into the guard, knocking him against the wall.

SLAM!

Chris grabs the tray, SMASHES it into the dumbfounded guard's belly.

The guard GRUNTS in pain, but he's fighting back: his fist PUNCHES Chris straight in the jaw.

As Chris reels back, bleeding, the guard draws his heavy, wicked-looking TRUNCHEON and --

WHOOSH!

He swings the truncheon in a powerful arc toward Chris' face, but...

Chris ducks under the attack, grabs the guard's hand and tries to wrestle the weapon from him.

For a moment they're locked in combat, but the guard is stronger, he's going to win...

And that's when the old man rolls over and TRIPS the guard, who falls backwards on the floor.

Before the stunned guard can recover, Chris raises the truncheon high and --

WHAM!

Chris brings the truncheon down on the guard's head, knocking him senseless.

Breathing hard, Chris drops the truncheon and crouches to inspect the guard.

MATT

Wow, didn't know you had it in you.

Chris rises with the guard's set of KEYS, looking surprised at himself.

CHRIS

I didn't know it either.

Matt picks up the truncheon, feels its weight.

MATT

In this place, it could be handy.

Olivia examines Chris' jaw in concern.

OLIVIA

You're bleeding.

Chris winces, looking at the guard.

CHRIS

Yeah, well, this guy could have been a heavyweight boxer.

As the old man picks himself up, Chris turns to him.

CHRIS

Thank you for your help, Mr...?

The old man chuckles wryly.

OLD MAN

Call me Ishmael.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They sneak down the corridor, when suddenly --

A DEMENTED SCREAM

Echoes in the corridor, a hollow cry of misery.

MATT

It's coming from there.

Chris turns to look at the small, familiar door at the corridor's end.

CHRIS

The cellar.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

Someone's knocking from below.

OLIVIA

What is it?

ISHMAEL

Oh, that's just Puppet.

Olivia exchanges a perplexed look with Chris.

OLIVIA

Puppet?

ISHMAEL

That's where they keep her.

Olivia's eyes turn as big as saucers.

OLIVIA

Her? What are you talking about?

ISHMAEL

Look, you want to escape, right? We don't have time for it.

Olivia can't believe what she's hearing.

OLIVIA

It's not a thing, it's a person.

Ishmael shakes his head, a warning in his gaze.

ISHMAEL

Don't be so sure.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Ishmael leads them down the stairs, which are in a much better shape now, mumbling softly to himself.

They pass by the mirror they saw earlier, when it was broken. Now it's whole and gleaming.

ISHMAEL

They put it here so she could look at herself and see what she's become.

BANG!

That knocking sound again.

Tense and alert, they follow Ishmael into --

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

They enter through the door that was ripped off its hinges earlier and discover the banging's source:

THE TRAPDOOR

Chris inspects the lock: it's much stronger than it was when he broke it previously.

He tries several of the guard's keys, until...

CLICK!

The lock opens.

ISHMAEL

You may not want to see this.

Olivia ignores him and raises the trapdoor, revealing --

A sight that chills them all to the core:

A HORRIBLY MUTILATED WOMAN

Lies in the dark, suffocating dungeon, clutching a ragged PUPPET in her scarred hands.

She softly HUMS an eerie, chilling lullaby.

Through the torn, filthy hair that covers her face, two blood-shot, utterly mad eyes GLEAM at them.

When she notices them, she GROWLS like a feral beast, more animal than human.

CHRIS

Who is she?

ISHMAEL

A few years ago, some of the most sadistic, lusty guards brought her here in secret.

Puppet caresses her dirty doll with long, broken nails.

ISHMAEL

They keep her down there so the warden won't know about her.

Olivia's eyes well with tears.

OLIVIA

What did they do to her?

ISHMAEL

She's the only female in the asylum, you can probably guess.

His voice turns to a whisper, Puppet's torment too monstrous even for a hardened man like him.

ISHMAEL

Sometimes the guards let the most psychopathic prisoners take part in the rapes and torture too.

Olivia stares appalled at Puppet: years of abuse have made her a grotesque, ghastly creature.

OLIVIA

We have to get her out of there.

ISHMAEL

I wouldn't advise it.

OLIVIA

I don't care.

Olivia crouches by the pit, offers her hand to Puppet.

OLIVIA

Come, I'll pull you out.

Puppet hesitates, then slowly takes Olivia's hand.

Gasping with effort, Olivia pulls Puppet and drags her out of the dungeon.

Puppet stares at her in eerie silence.

OLIVIA

Don't be afraid...

And all of a sudden --

Puppet LEAPS straight at Olivia, SHRIEKING horribly, clawing madly at her!

Olivia falls down, the raging Puppet on top of her.

OLIVIA

Chris!

Chris jumps on Puppet's back, struggles to tear the berserk woman off Olivia.

But Puppet's madness gives her an inhuman strength: she shakes Chris away from her, and --

He rolls on the floor and his head HITS the wall, momentarily knocking him out.

Puppet clutches at Olivia's face, her fingernails an inch from Olivia's eyes, when...

SMASH!

Matt brings the truncheon down on Puppet's head, and --

Puppet passes out, her insane screaming cut short.

Ishmael looks at Puppet sadly.

ISHMAEL

I was afraid of this.

Chris rises painfully from the floor, then helps the shaken, gasping Olivia to her feet.

OLIVIA

What did she want from me?

MATT

What can you expect, she's crazy.

CHRIS

There's nothing we can do for her now,
we have to go.

Olivia doesn't move, can't take her eyes off Puppet, who lies like a broken doll on the floor.

Chris gently puts a hand on Olivia's shoulder.

CHRIS

I'm sorry.

Olivia slowly follows them out of the cellar, all the while looking back at poor Puppet.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ishmael leads Chris, Matt and Olivia to a large door at the corridor's end.

ISHMAEL

That's the stairs to the upper level,
where the staff's quarters are. From
there, you should be able to find the
Asylum's entrance.

As Chris tries the guard's keys on the lock, Ishmael begins to hobble back to the cells.

MATT

You're not coming with us?

ISHMAEL

This is as far as I go.

OLIVIA

But don't you want to go home?

ISHMAEL

This is my home.

As the lock finally opens --

ISHMAEL

I hope you find yours.

Ishmael fades into the darkness, like a ghost.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia emerge into a carpeted hallway, lit by soft gaslight.

OLIVIA

Where are all the staff?

As they look around for signs of life --

BANG!

The sound of distant GUNFIRE comes from somewhere in the asylum. The three friends tense, as --

SCREAMS OF ANGUISH

Echo down the hallway, like a chorus of suffering.

MATT

What's going on?

Chris swallows hard, a frightening idea forming.

CHRIS

I don't like this.

With a sinking feeling in his gut, he leads his friends down the hallway, which ends in a --

T JUNCTION

They turn to look at the crossing hallway, and freeze in horror at the sight of --

A MASSACRE

Blood stains spread across the carpet, ORDERLIES lie lifeless with their throats slit open.

CHRIS

The riot of 1873...

He surveys the carnage, awestruck, when --

A DEMENTED ROAR OF RAGE

Breaks the silence, a chilling sound of victory.

OLIVIA

Someone's set the prisoners loose...

Matt examines more bodies: GUARDS, with bullet wounds.

MATT

Yeah, Gasmask and his minions. I don't think the prisoners have guns.

Olivia stares aghast at the bloodshed.

OLIVIA

What are we going to do?

MATT

If the insane are running the asylum now and those zombie soldiers are out there, we have to get out of here.

CHRIS

But then we'd never find the machine.

MATT

Better to be stuck in the past than dead, right?

CHRIS

There's just one problem: according to history, when the riot erupted, the police put the asylum on lockdown.

MATT

So you're saying...

CHRIS

Yes, if we tried to break out we'll most likely get shot.

MATT

Maybe there's a secret escape route, some underground tunnel for emergencies or something.

CHRIS

If so, there's just one person who knows about it.

As more SHOUTS and GUNFIRE can be heard, Chris points at the crossing hallway.

Matt follows his gaze to the fancy door at the far end. The title on it reads:

WARDEN'S OFFICE

CHRIS

The warden.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chris pushes open the door and enters to discover --

An elegant room adorned with Victorian paintings. A dim chandelier casts eerie shadows on the walls.

GHOSTLY PIANO MUSIC

Plays from a gramophone, an otherworldly dirge.

CHRIS

Hello?

There's no answer except the mournful echo of his voice.

They search across the office: it seems empty. And that's when they notice --

A SILHOUETTE

Of someone sitting on a couch hidden in the shadows, his back to them.

With growing dread, they slowly approach the couch.

CHRIS

Sir, can you hear me?

Nothing but silence.

They reach the couch, turn around it and find...

THE WARDEN'S BODY

His mouth open in a silent scream, a bullet hole in the center of his forehead.

Chris touches the warden's limp hand.

CHRIS

Still warm.

Matt turns to a nearby cabinet:

Within, there's a display of KEYS, each with a title written above it.

MATT

One of the keys is missing...

The name belonging to the missing key is:

EMERGENCY PASSAGE

CHRIS

You were right, there is a secret way
out of the asylum.

OLIVIA

Only Gasmask has taken the key to it.

And suddenly the color drains from Chris' face, as he
sees something on the wall beyond the warden.

MATT

What is it?

CHRIS

Impossible...

Matt and Olivia follow his astonished gaze to --

Scrawled on the wall in BLOOD are the words:

DADDY'S WAITING FOR YOU

OLIVIA

I don't understand.

Chris struggles with all the emotions and thoughts
flooding him.

CHRIS

Neither do I.

He raises a determined look to his friends.

CHRIS

But I know one thing: Gasmask holds my
father, the machine and the only way out
of here. We have to face him.

Matt inspects the asylum's MAP on the wall:

Deep within the labyrinthine building, one cell is marked
with a bloody "X".

MATT

I think I know where we might find him.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia hurry down a shadowy corridor where the gas lamps have been smashed.

A WAIL OF TERROR

Echoes from the darkness, before it stops abruptly with a sickening GURGLING sound.

Alarmed, the three friends run forward by the light of candelabra, only to discover --

DROPS OF BLOOD

Spilled all over the floor, disappearing beyond a bend in the corridor.

With growing dread, they follow the trail of blood as --

CAKCLING, MAD LAUGHTER

Comes from somewhere near.

They turn around the bend to discover --

A MURDERED NURSE

Lying in a pool of blood.

OLIVIA

Who did this?

Chris examines the two letters CARVED on the nurse's body with a knife:

BB

CHRIS

The Broadway Butcher...

And suddenly, the crazy chuckling is right there, as --

In a flash, a dark figure materializes out of the shadows, a gleaming KNIFE in his hands...

And grabs Olivia, holding her captive.

THE BROADWAY BUTCHER

Looks surprisingly ordinary, wearing the pleasant smile of a quiet, shy clerk...

Only his murderous eyes reveal the hellish chasm of insanity inside his soul.

Olivia gasps in terror as he slowly slides the knife across her throat.

Chris reaches for the truncheon, ready for attack.

BUTCHER

I've slashed so many throats I've become quite an expert. She'll be dead before you take one step.

Chris freezes, realizing it's pointless.

CHRIS

What do you want?

The Butcher's decaying lips part in a villainous grin.

BUTCHER

To offer you a choice.

The butcher draws ANOTHER KNIFE, tosses it to Chris.

BUTCHER

I used to ambush couples on their way out of the theater. I always offered the men a chance to save themselves.

Chris picks up the knife, bewildered.

BUTCHER

If you kill yourself, I'll let the girl go. If you don't, I'll kill her, but you can go free.

Chris looks at the sly Butcher in suspicion.

CHRIS

You expect me to trust you?

The Butcher just shrugs.

BUTCHER

If you don't, I can just kill her right now.

Chris thinks feverishly, considering his options.

BUTCHER

You'd be surprised how many men chose to escape and leave their ladies to their fate...

The butcher pokes Olivia's throat with the knife, drawing a little BLOOD. She cries out in pain.

BUTCHER
Which wasn't very nice.

The Butcher's eyes bore into Chris.

BUTCHER
So, what's it going to be?

Chris raises the knife with both his hands above his head, as if ready to plunge it into his heart.

OLIVIA
No, Chris, don't do it...

Chris clenches his teeth, and in a sudden motion --

He draws something out of his backpack:

THE FLARE GUN

Before the Butcher can react, Chris SHOOTS and --

FLASH!

The flare BUZZES through the air, slams into the Butcher and IGNITES!

The Butcher SHRIEKS in pain, and that's when...

Chris surges forward, frees Olivia from the Butcher's hold and pushes her to safety, just as --

SLASH!

The Butcher sends his knife wildly in a deadly arc toward Chris' throat, but --

Chris flinches back, the knife missing him by an hair's breadth and CUTTING his arm instead.

Before the Butcher can recover, Chris rushes forward with all his might and --

WHAM!

Chris SMASHES into the Butcher, sending him crushing against one of the candelabra.

The Butcher HOWLS in terrible agony as his clothes catch fire, and turns around to flee.

Burning like a human torch, the Butcher runs amok and disappears down the corridor.

Breathing heavily, Chris hurries to Olivia.

CHRIS

Are you alright?

Olivia nods, speechless and in shock.

MATT

You're cut pretty bad.

Chris' arm is bleeding, he winces in pain.

CHRIS

You should see the other guy.

Olivia examines Chris' arm in concern

OLIVIA

That was really brave of you. Why didn't you just run away?

Chris looks at her, but his eyes have a far away look.

CHRIS

One woman has already died because of me.

Olivia bites her lip, realizing who he means.

OLIVIA

Your mother.

Chris doesn't say anything, his lifelong pain and guilt written all over his face.

OLIVIA

It wasn't your fault.

Chris looks at her with gratitude, but it's clear he doesn't believe in it.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Matt examines Chris' slashed arm in concern.

MATT

Wait here, I'll go look for something to bandage it and stop the bleeding.

He hurries out of sight, leaving Chris and Olivia alone.

They sit together in silence for a moment, each lost in dark thoughts.

Then Olivia's eyes well with tears.

CHRIS

What is it?

OLIVIA

Even if we find the machine and use it, who knows where we'll end up.

CHRIS

Hey, living in the past can have its advantages. You could meet Marie Curie, or Thomas Edison...

OLIVIA

Maybe, but not my family, my friends... I'll be alone.

Chris hugs her gently as the tears flow down her cheeks.

CHRIS

Hey, listen to me.

He looks deep into her beautiful, luminous eyes.

CHRIS

You'll never be alone. Never.

Suddenly they are face to face... and KISS passionately, as if to remind themselves they're still alive.

MATT (O.S.)

Yeah, now is the perfect time to make out.

Matt returns, looking at Chris with a faint hint of his cocky old smile.

MATT

I said you'll score if you play the game.

CHRIS

It seems like ages ago.

MATT

It was ages ago.

Matt tosses Chris a bandage and helps him to his feet.

MATT

Come on, let's find the bastard and get it over with.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chris, Matt and Olivia approach an open door at the corridor's end.

MATT

This is where the "X" marked the spot on the map.

A pale CLOUD of frozen air drifts ominously from beyond the door. Only one word is written on it:

MORGUE

Olivia trembles at the sight, hugging herself as a chill goes down her spine.

OLIVIA

We shouldn't go in there...

Suddenly, a TWISTED HAND closes on her mouth, as --

ZOMBIE SOLDIERS

Rush out of the shadows to attack them.

CHRIS

It's a trap!

Chris HITS one of the assailants and sends him to his knees, but...

MATT

Look out!

Another zombie soldier jumps on Chris from behind, trying to strangle him.

Chris' face reddens, he desperately fights to breathe.

And then he swings his head backwards powerfully --

BANG!

He HEADBUTTS the soldier, who drops to the floor.

A zombie soldier comes SCREAMING at Matt, but he swings the truncheon and --

BOOM!

The soldier falls down.

But the zombie soldiers are too many: they SWARM all over Chris and Matt, until --

Two of them lock Chris' arms tight while a third raises his fist and --

WHAM!

A savage BLOW to the head knocks Chris out.

Other zombie soldiers storm Matt and tear the truncheon away from him.

SLAM!

They BEAT him with it cruelly again and again, until he drops down, bleeding and unconscious.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Chris returns to consciousness to find himself in --

A gloomy and morbid place of death, with the macabre display of CADAVER DRAWERS.

He, Matt and Olivia are seated before a table, all three of them trapped in STRAIGHTJACKETS.

GASMASK (O.S.)

I thought this is an appropriate place for our meeting.

Carrying the suitcase with the machine, Gasmask enters the room and sits opposite the three captured friends.

He lays the suitcase beside him and looks at Chris.

GASMASK

Let me tell you a story.

Chris SPITS on his sinister mask.

CHRIS

What have you done to my father?

GASMASK

Me? Nothing. The question is what have you done to him.

As Chris blinks in confusion, Gasmask pulls out something and puts it on the table:

A CHESSBOARD

GASMASK
Courtesy of the late warden.

Gasmask picks up a WHITE PAWN.

GASMASK
Imagine a simple pawn, with not much
expectations in life.

With his other mutilated, horrid hand, Gasmask reaches
for the WHITE QUEEN.

He caresses the queen, surprisingly gentle.

GASMASK
But one day, he meets the queen and falls
in love with her. It's like a fairy tale.

Gasmask places the queen back on the chessboard, near
a BLACK PAWN.

GASMASK
Until this little black pawn comes
and kills her.

Gasmask removes the queen from the board and looks at her
for a long moment.

His cold, inhuman voice changes to something that sounds
almost like sadness and regret.

GASMASK
The white pawn is lost... until he comes
up with a plan.

Gasmask takes the white pawn and advances him toward the
other side of the board.

GASMASK
If he goes far enough, he can do
anything... even bring the queen back
from the dead.

As the pawn reaches the last row on the chessboard,
Gasmask removes him from the board.

BEAT.

And then he replaces the pawn with --

THE BLACK KING

GASMASK

But what if instead, the pawn turns into
a monster?

Gasmask's nails claw at his own mask.

GASMASK

Such a monster that he cannot bear to
have his face be seen by anyone.

Chris can barely breathe, realizing the unimaginable yet
inevitable truth.

CHRIS

Who are you?

Gasmask clutches Chris' hand in an iron grip.

GASMASK

You know who I am.

Chris shakes his head in utter denial.

CHRIS

No, no, it can't be...

Gasmask begins to remove his mask. Chris flinches back
from him in terror, closes his eyes.

CHRIS

Wait, please, I don't want to see...

But it's too late, always has been.

GASMASK

Look at me!

The mask comes off, revealing --

A HORRIBLY MUTILATED FACE

Ravaged and scarred, like a grotesque Frankenstein's
creature, but there's no denying who it belongs to:

DAN LUCAS

His deranged eyes burn with hatred, his mouth twists in a
malignant, sick grin.

DAN

Hello, son.

CHRIS

What... what happened to you?

DAN

The machine is like a Russian Roulette:
you never quite know to what time it will
send you... or how you'll turn up on the
other side.

Dan points at the soldiers standing guard.

DAN

Those poor guys turned into catatonic,
mindless zombies, only capable of
following basic orders.

Dan smiles a bitter, hideous smile.

DAN

I got lucky: my body was ruined, but my
mind wasn't all gone, even if it became
quite insane.

Dan nods at the suitcase with the machine.

DAN

Imagine how much more mad I became when I
discovered the machine can only send one
backwards in time, and I was never going
to save Karen, or myself.

Dan looks at the zombie soldiers with something that
resembles pity in his eyes.

DAN

So I took command of those damned souls
and exacted revenge on the bastards who
sent them to their doom.

Chris stares at his father in stunned silence.

DAN

But that's history.
(a ghastly grin)
No pun intended.

Dan sighs in mock regret and gets up.

DAN

I'd love to stay and chat, but I've got
things to do, places to go.

In a sudden motion, he draws a GUN.

CHRIS

Wait...

Nonchalantly, Dan cocks the gun and...

BOOM!

He shoots Matt in the chest.

CHRIS

No!

Matt stares in utter shock at the smoking bullet hole, then slumps in his chair.

CHRIS

You son of a bitch...

Dan takes the machine and grabs Olivia.

CHRIS

No, leave her out of this!

Dan ignores him, turns to his minions and gestures at the cadaver drawers.

DAN

Put him in there.

Chris struggles to free himself of the straightjacket, but it's useless.

The zombie soldiers grab the squirming Chris and drag him toward an open cadaver drawer.

CHRIS

No, please...

As they push him mercilessly inside, Dan stops to take a last look at his son.

DAN

Here, take this, so you won't be completely alone.

Dan pulls out something out of his jacket, tosses it inside the drawer and leaves.

Chris has only a split second to see it's --

A PHOTO OF HIS MOTHER

It's the same one that Agent Morgan showed him.

And then everything disappears as...

INT. CADAVER DRAWER - NIGHT

BOOM!

The drawer's door SLAMS shut behind Chris.

Chris' eyes widen in terror as --

CLINK!

His captors BOLT the drawer from outside, entombing him alive.

The blackness and closeness of the drawer choke Chris, his heart threatens to beat out of his chest.

He looks frantically at the locked door, and --

BANG!

He desperately KICKS the drawer's door again and again, but it won't open.

Chris is losing it: hyperventilating, suffocating, in complete panic.

DARKNESS

Engulfs him, terrible and complete, the utter absence of life.

We only hear his frantic HEARTBEAT.

He can't see, can't breathe, he's going to die...

Then, when all is lost, his palm closes around his mother's photo.

BEAT.

Chris takes a deep breath and summons his remaining strength, as...

He puts all his weight and power behind one single, last KICK, and --

SMASH!

The drawer's door SLAMS open!

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Chris CHAFES the straightjacket on the table's corner until finally --

It tears apart and he wriggles out of it.

He hurries to Matt, searching desperately for a pulse.

CHRIS

Hold on, you have to hold on.

Matt's breathing is shallow, his face deathly pale.

MATT

Chris...

He tries to speak, but only blood comes out of his mouth. Chris hushes him.

CHRIS

Don't waste your breath. You're going to be alright.

Matt shakes his head weakly, murmuring softly.

MATT

I thought it would be like Back to the Future...

Then he draws his last breath and dies.

Chris SOBS, stricken with grief.

Then he raises his head. His eyes are now different: burning with a hunger for revenge.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

BOOM!

Chris bursts out of the morgue right into a zombie soldier standing guard.

Before the soldier can defend himself --

Chris snatches his rifle from him and...

BANG!

Chris BLASTS the zombie soldier to pieces.

Chris spins around as more zombie soldiers come running toward him...

BLAM!

He opens deadly fire, killing them all.

Then he catches sight of --

DAN

Dragging Olivia beyond the corridor's end.

CHRIS

Olivia!

He sprints in pursuit.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris runs, looking feverishly for signs of his father and his captive.

He spots them at the far side of the hallway and surges after them, but suddenly --

ANOTHER ZOMBIE SOLDIER

Attacks him from the shadows.

Chris aims the rifle at him and --

CLICK!

No more ammunition.

SLASH!

The zombie soldier tries to cut Chris down with his bayonet, but Chris ducks and --

WHAM!

Chris swings the empty rifle and BASHES the zombie soldier's face, taking him down.

Blood on his face and clothes, Chris keeps running.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chris scans every darkened corner for the slightest trace of movement. Suddenly...

A WOMAN'S FIGURE

Passes across the tunnel's end, disappearing like an apparition into the adjacent tunnel.

CHRIS

Olivia?

He hurries forward, reaches the junction just in time to catch sight of --

The edge of the woman's skirt as it vanishes beyond the turn of another tunnel.

CHRIS

Olivia, wait!

He dashes after her.

INT. ADJACENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chris presses forward, following Olivia's elusive figure.

He reaches a set of stairs that descend into darkness. Olivia is nowhere in sight.

CHRIS

Olivia, where are you?

The mournful echo of his voice is the only answer.

Frustrated, Chris turns to walk back the way he came from, when a distant voice stops him cold.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Chris...

Chris spins around in excitement.

The voice drifts from down below.

He stares into the shadowy staircase for a long moment: it looks like a descent into hell.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

I'm here...

Chris hurries down the stairs.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Chris runs into the corridor, gasping for breath.

He comes rushing just in time to see the edge of Olivia's skirt disappear around the corner.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Help me!

Chris turns around the bend in the corridor to see --

Dan dragging the captive Olivia toward a large door at the corridor's end.

Chris races feverishly after Dan and Olivia as they disappear beyond the door.

HISS!

Flashes of ELECTRICITY flicker from within.

Dan operated the machine.

Chris doubles his efforts, runs in desperation.

He's almost at the door when --

FLASH!

The familiar BRIGHT LIGHT glows from within, as...

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Marble pillars support a high ceiling shrouded in shadows.

Chris BURSTS inside, panting, only to discover --

Dan, Olivia and the machine are GONE.

CHRIS

No...

He falls to his knees and buries his head in his hands.

Then, out of nowhere, the sound of --

CLAPPING

Comes from behind Chris. He turns around as a dark figure enters the hall:

DAN

Steps inside, applauding in mockery.

Strangely, he seems a few years OLDER.

DAN

I always wondered how you looked like
after me and your lovely girl jumped back
in time.

Chris stares at him, stunned.

CHRIS

I don't understand...

DAN

You see, the machine took us a few years
back. I've waited patiently all this time
just for this night...

(a cruel grin)

Just for you.

Chris is baffled, completely in the dark.

CHRIS

Where is Olivia?

DAN

Oh, I think you've met her already.

Dan gestures to --

A SHADOWY FIGURE

That creeps toward them from the darkness.

DAN

I gave Olivia to the most sadistic,
cruel guards. They didn't need much
encouragement to rape and abuse her,
but I paid them anyway.

Chris breaks down, the awful truth dawning on him.

CHRIS

Oh my God...

His eyes well with tears.

CHRIS

What have you done?

DAN

Me? Nothing.

(beat)

I even gave her a puppet.

The shadowy figure steps into the light, revealing --

PUPPET

Only now, with her dirty hair pushed back, we can see traces of the girl she once was...

OLIVIA

Chris is so shaken with grief and guilt, he can barely whisper hoarsely.

CHRIS

Why?

DAN

I saw how you looked at her. You cared for her, maybe even loved her... and now my revenge is complete.

Chris' voice breaks with pain.

CHRIS

What have I ever done to you?

Dan stares at Chris with such burning hatred it almost scorches him...

Then he loses it and freaks out.

DAN

Don't you understand, you fool?

He grabs Chris, nails biting into his flesh.

DAN

I never wanted you. But Karen was the love of my life, and you took her away from me...

Dan gestures at his own deformed, twisted body.

DAN

And condemned me to this living hell.

Chris flinches back from the sinister monster that used to be his father, when --

SOBBING

Turns his attention to Puppet.

She WHIMPERS pitifully, limping toward him with ruined arms stretched forward, as if for a morbid hug.

As she comes closer to him, moaning in torment --

A SINGLE TEAR

Slides down her dirty, scarred cheek, as if triggered by the sight of Chris.

DAN

That's strange. All those years, she never cried.

And that's when something breaks inside Chris.

He raises a gaze full of fury and meets his father's baleful, insane glare, eye to eye.

CHRIS

I'll kill you.

With a YELL of pure rage and hate, Chris rushes straight at Dan, and --

CRASH!

Chris SMASHES Dan against a marble pillar.

WHAM!

Chris swings and PUNCHES Dan again and again.

But Dan recovers, ducks under Chris' fist and --

BOOM!

He KICKS Chris viciously in the stomach. Chris doubles over in pain, groaning.

Dan sends his fist toward Chris' face, but Chris evades the attack and --

SLAM!

Chris ELBOWS Dan in the groin.

With a SCREAM of agony, Dan falls to the ground.

Chris is on him in an instant, clawing at his face, trying to gauge his eyes out.

Chris and Dan struggle furiously, rolling on the floor, locked in mortal combat.

Blood covers both of them, dripping from the hideous wounds they inflict on one another.

But Dan's insanity gives him the edge, a power born of mad fury burns in him.

SMASH!

Dan CRASHES Chris against the floor, almost knocking him senseless.

Chris tries to struggle, but it's hopeless.

Dan pins his beaten son to the floor, looking at him with no remorse or pity.

His hands close on Chris' throat, CHOKING the life out of him mercilessly.

Chris' eyes bulge, he can't breathe, he's going to die.

DAN

Any last words?

CHRIS

(a choked whisper)

Yes.

There's a sudden clarity in Chris' eyes, an epiphany that comes only when facing your own mortality.

CHRIS

Mom's death wasn't my fault.

And it seems as if only now that he says it out loud, he finally sees the truth of it.

And with the last of his strength, Chris pulls out the Butcher's KNIFE...

AND STABS DAN IN THE CHEST

Dan convulses in shock, then rolls over to lie motionless on the floor.

Chris rises painfully to his feet and grabs the dying Dan, shaking him feverishly.

CHRIS

Where is the machine?

Dan spits blood, his eyes locked on his son.

DAN

You think you can go back, save her?

Dan whizzes, laughing madly.

Chris POUNDS him against the floor.

CHRIS

Tell me, damn you!

Dan's eyes lose focus, he's fading fast.

DAN

I destroyed it.

A faint smile plays on Dan's lips.

Chris meets his father's gaze for the last time, realizing the full extent of his madness.

And then he leans on the knife...

And PLUNGES it all the way through Dan's chest.

CHRIS

Go to hell.

Dan's mouth twists in a bloody grin.

DAN

Well done, son. Now I'm finally proud of you.

He breathes his last tortured breath and dies.

Chris takes a last look at the man who was his father, the shadow that haunted him all his life.

He turns to Puppet, who stares at him with vacant eyes, her ruined face expressionless.

As he approaches her, she growls, crawling on the floor like the wounded animal she is.

Chris kneels beside Puppet and hugs her, TEARS streaming down his face.

CHRIS

I'm sorry, Olivia, I'm so sorry...

In the broken, tortured voice of a damned soul, Puppet whispers in Chris' ear.

PUPPET

My... name... is... Puppet.

With a sudden motion, Puppet snatches the knife and...

SLASH!

She SLITS Chris' throat wide open.

Chris stares at her in shock, then slumps to the floor.

He convulses and gurgles, choking on his own blood.

Then he lies still, finally at peace.

Puppet looks at Chris' body for a long moment, eerily silent and still.

Then she crawls toward him, moving with jerky, grotesque motions, like a broken marionette.

She lies on the floor beside him and caresses his face with a bloody, scarred hand.

With her other hand, she pulls out something from her filthy, torn rags:

HER PUPPET

Puppet's deranged eyes glitter in the gloom as she strokes the puppet, smearing Chris' blood all over it.

Then she begins to softly HUM to herself, a chilling, ghostly lullaby.

PUPPET

(whispering)

*"And mother dear, when the sun has
set and the pale kirk grass waves,
then carry me through the dim twilight,
and hide me among the graves".*

Alone in the dark, Puppet weeps as she sings a haunting lament for the dead.

FADE OUT.