

HORROR HOUSE

Written by

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Version 2

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FADE IN

EXT. FREEWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

A Sheriff's cruiser, jacked in the air with a flat tire. A DEPUTY's hat next to his dazed body. A tire tool nearby. He clutches a smoking pistol. 18-wheelers roar past.

Across the median grass, an orange-jumpsuited figure staggers towards a darkened parking lot, crowded with cars. This is HAINES, 35, limping, bleeding. A line of people wait to enter the decrepit old house. Haines veers toward the back alley.

EXT. HORROR HOUSE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

The back door opens and the two shapely women step into the backlight yellow glow of a bug light. STREETWALKERS in miniskirts and torn fishnets. Bare shoulders. They light cigarettes.

HAINES POV moves towards the two women. His hand reaches for a shoulder and spins the nearest one around.

She's hideous. A zombie with brains oozing from the horrific gash in her forehead. Haines recoils, grabs the doorknob and flings himself through the doorway and into the darkness.

STREETWALKER

Dude - you're late. Benji's gonna be pissed.

The closing door's sign says "HORROR HOUSE - Employees Only."

EXT. HORROR HOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Two couples leave the ticket booth. DUSTIN, 20, tall, geeky, hands a ticket to SAVANNAH 19, girl-next-door cute.

DUSTIN

30 bucks? Really?

SAVANNAH

Told you it'd be scary.

DUSTIN

I bet we're bigger than most of the zombies.

JOSH, 17, stocky, short, pays for BAILEY's ticket. She's 16 with braces.

JOSH

What do you think is first? Surgery
Gone Wrong, or the hockey mask guy
with the chainsaw?

DUSTIN

It's a State Law. They have to have
the hockey mask guy.

BAILEY

Last year they had a girl in a
bathtub full of blood. It was
overflowing. That was cool.

SAVANNAH

Yeah, her throat was cut --

DUSTIN

And somehow she had eighty five
gallons of blood in her body.

INT. HORROR HOUSE - NIGHT

They enter a flat black room with a pulsing strobe light. The doorway out is bordered with yellow paint that glows under a blacklight. The strobe stops. Blackness.

The strobe fires again and a headless figure stands near the door, startling the group. BORIS, 15, in black robes, cradles his fake head under an arm. He is not a good actor.

BORIS

Welcome. I am Boris. Your guide. I
am cursed to roam these halls until
my death is avenged. Stay close -
try not to lose your way. Or your
head. Bwhahahaha.

He steps through the doorway and the four shuffle behind. As they do, a panel moves and the group is separated. Boris, Dustin and Savannah enter a dimly lit room. A parlor.

Two chairs face a vintage console TV, the screen snowy with static. A DISMEMBERED ARM twitches on the floor.

BORIS (CONT'D)

We seem to be missing someone.

INSIDE THE CLOSET, dozens of pairs of tiny red eyes blink in the dark. Josh and Bailey are close together. The walls of the closet are mummified skeletons with plastic spiders crawling all over them. Spiders dangle from the ceiling.

BAILEY
This is cool.

The door swings open to the parlor. Boris motions them in.

BORIS
Join us.

They step out. Quickly. Boris closes the door and steps away. There's a THUMP from within the closet.

The door flies open and a WILD-EYED MAN in a wig and ragged clothes leaps out. A hangman's noose around his neck, the rope appears to have broken. He darts to and fro then bolts from the room.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Uncle Benson - always hanging
around.

The four share an eye roll.

Another door bursts open and a ONE-ARMED MAN in a dark suit runs into the room laughing maniacally. He holds an oversized TV remote. His shoulder bleeds for the arm on the floor.

A WOMAN races in after him, slinging a large cleaver. She swipes at him as the two dodge between the chairs. The man tosses the remote to Dustin and bolts from the room.

The woman looks to Dustin and hoists the cleaver.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Mother - They're guests...

He takes the remote and hands it to the woman, she runs after the man.

BORIS (CONT'D)
They've been like that ever since
the Palin girl made "Dancing with
the Stars."

EXT. THE SHOULDER OF INTERSTATE 20 - NIGHT

The deputy struggles to his feet. Woozy. A blood trail leads towards the haunted house. He keys his shoulder mic, steadies himself against the cruiser

DEPUTY
Haines is loose. Central. Unit Six.
Repeat. Haines is loose.
(MORE)

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
Exit four seventeen. By the haunted
house. Send backup.

His hand goes to his head. He turns. There's a gash on his skull. The entire side of his face is covered in blood. He looks to the Glock in his other hand, then heads for Horror House. A bloody handprint remains on trunklid.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
Central. I think he's wounded.

INT. HORROR HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

COUNTING MONEY at a salvaged desk is a balding man, BENJI, 35. He wears a mic and headset. Against one wall, a table is piled with props. Arms, spiders, cleavers, knives and a large chainsaw.

A dusty closed-circuit TV monitor shows six different rooms of the house. On screen, Boris's group leaves the parlor.

Haines stumbles through the door. A stain of blood spreads across his jumpsuit. Benji, counting cash, doesn't look up.

BENJI
If you make me lose count, I swear
I will kick your ass...

Haines looks from the cash to the chainsaw. Another felony appears in his eyes. Benji finally looks up.

BENJI (CONT'D)
We're not doing the convict this
year.

Haines grabs the chainsaw and squares off to Benji.

BENJI (CONT'D)
(Still distracted)
I mean, it's an OK look, but you
need more realistic blood to really
pull it off.

Haines yanks the starter cord. The engine doesn't catch. He tries again. And again. And again. And again... Benji stands and puts the money in a metal box.

BENJI (CONT'D)
Hell-lo. It's broke. That's why
it's in here. Look, are you --

Haines dumps the chainsaw on the table and grabs a giant knife. He leaps for Benji, slashing him across the torso.

BENJI (CONT'D)
What the hell?

The knife is rubber.

Haines looks to the knife in disbelief. Benji reaches into the money box and produces a small revolver. Haines' eyes go wide. He leaps back through the door.

BENJI (CONT'D)
Bastard!

Benji fires. The bullets miss Haines but slam into the breaker panel on the wall. Sparks. The lights go out.

BENJI (CONT'D)
Oh, terrific.

INT. HORROR HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pots burble on the stove, dry ice smoke rolling from beneath the lids. An agonized face and hands scratch at the window inside the oven door. Machine-made fog is knee deep. THREE FIGURES slump at the table. One is a GUY WITH A KNIFE IN HIS BACK.

A GUY'S HEAD rests on the platter on the table

BORIS
It seems we are late. Mother always likes to have guests for dinner. She says --

The lights go out.

BORIS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
She says... Hey, that's not supposed to --

Battery powered red emergency lights flicker on.

THE HEAD ON THE TABLE
Great. The power went out.

The guy with the knife in his back sits up.

GUY STABBED IN BACK
Oh man, I thought they fixed this.

DUSTIN
Happen often?

THE HEAD ON THE TABLE
 First time this year. Last year it
 happened a lot. They were supposed
 to fix it.

One of the Streetwalker Zombies walks through with a
 flashlight.

STREETWALKER
 If you can please make your way to
 an Emergency Exit. We've had an
 electrical problem. We need to
 clear the house.

EXT. HORROR HOUSE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The crowd in line screams in delight as the lights go out and
 the bloodied deputy appears at the ticket booth.

DEPUTY
 I need you to get these people out
 of here.

BOOTH WORKER
 Who the hell are you?

DEPUTY
 Sheriff's Department. We've had an
 escape. These people need to clear
 out! Now!

BOOTH WORKER
 Wow. Benji is really on his game
 this year.

DEPUTY
 Benji? Who the hell is Ben --

The emergency lights flicker on. The crowd cheers.

The door opens. Benji leads as the cast members file out.
 Zombies, people missing limbs, covered with blood or
 spiderwebs mixed with guests in street clothes.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
 You in charge?

BENJI
 Yeah, what's up?

DEPUTY
 We've had an escape. I need you to
 clear the house.

BENJI
Workin' on it. We've lost power.
The PA system is out.

INT. HORROR HOUSE - NIGHT

INSIDE Boris leads them through an empty dining room.

BORIS
There's an exit this way.

SAVANNAH
Wow, this looks really cheesy with
the lights on.

BORIS
Yeah, the dark helps us --

Haines storms into the room. He roughly shoves Boris out of the way and grabs Bailey.

DUSTIN
Hey, watch it.

JOSH
Asshole - the show's over.

Haines is frantic. He pulls Bailey to him - his arm closing around her throat.

EXT. HORROR HOUSE - NIGHT

AT THE ENTRANCE Benji explains.

BENJI
This happened a lot last year. The
staff will clear the house. We
practice it.

The Streetwalker appears.

STREETWALKER
We're missing Tommy and his group.

Benji turns to the group of Zombies and Guests.

BENJI
Anyone see Tommy? Anyone in Boris's
group?

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Boris stands up, his prosthetics slumping.

BORIS

Hey, you don't work here.

Bailey's eyes go wide. Haines is deadly serious.

She stomps down on his instep and snaps her head back. His nose CRACKS. She then spins inside his grasp, elbowing him in the ribs and shoving him towards Dustin.

Dustin takes a martial arts stance and delivers a round house kick that would make Chuck Norris proud. Haines stumbles towards Josh, his arms flailing. Josh grabs a wrist, pivots into a hip throw. Haines goes flying, crashing through --

EXT. HORROR HOUSE - NIGHT

THE FRONT DOOR explodes out as bleeding and battered, Haines flops unconscious at the feet of the Deputy. There's a dramatic pause and the crowd erupts in applause.

Benji takes it in. He gestures to the deputy's head.

BENJI

That looks pretty good. Did you do that yourself?

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Red and blue strobes light the sky as the four kids walk through the parking lot.

SAVANNAH

Well, that was lame. At least it's still early. Wanna hit Dr. Plasma's Hospital of Horror?

JOSH

Or Demonville, downtown, maybe?
It's open till one...

DUSTIN

Sure. We have to put gas in the van though. Otherwise Dad'll be ticked.

They pull away in a white van. The side panel reads: "Rising Sun School of Jujitsu and Mixed Martial Arts."

FADE OUT