

CHUCK MASTERS'
BODY OF WORK

Written by

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FADE IN:

A WHIR and a CLICK.

A slideshow begins as if projected through a Kodak Carousel.

SLIDE #1: The mundane exterior of the stucco-and-spackle Royal Eugenia hotel.

ERASMUS has a sharp voice, somewhere around 30, youthful but masculine in a higher register with a posh, not-quite-upper-crust British accent.

ERASMUS (V.O.)

The Royal Eugenia in Old Downtown is a perfectly serviceable five-floor hotel sandwiched between an unimpressive corner store and a small park nobody asked for and nobody visits. The apartment buildings nearby are all brick with a storied sense of history, and if you drove by quickly, you'd be certain to miss it, but I assure you it is there - all six stories of it.

SLIDE #2: Taken from across the street. The hotel really does have a way of hiding amongst the other buildings.

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

The Royal Eugenia is a six story hotel with only five serviceable floors. Its top floor, what you'd assume to be its most impressive floor, has been out of commission for years and there doesn't appear to be any action to put it back into use. This hotel has something of a ghost problem. Whether or not you believe in ghosts, the rumor got around and guests stopped staying there. The owners tried their hand at the ghost tour circuit, but it was too dangerous inside, too unimpressive outside, and so the owners quietly shuttered its doors. These days, the sixth floor is, for all intents and purposes, abandoned. Which is perfect for Chuck Masters' glorious return to the spotlight.

SLIDE #3: CHUCK MASTERS, then 24, photographed in 1987 at a midnight screening for "*THE BAD DADDIES FROM OUTER SPACE*." He has his arm around someone.

ERASMUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Chuck is a filmmaker, if he can still wear the label. Inspired by schlocky '50s sci-fi and the blaxploitation films of his youth, Chuck found something like fame when he directed his first movie, *The Bad Daddies from Outer Space*, an empirically bad film that found its home on the midnight circuit for fans of bad cinema. Chuck still has no idea that this is a bad film.

SLOW PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Italian immigrant ROLLO PALOMA, the film's DP, is the other person in the photo.

ERASMUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He is proud of his work, proud of his Director of Photography who went on to have an impressive career, and often talks of both while shuttling actors to and from set during his day job as studio transportation - a "transpo" driver. Chuck doesn't want to drive a van. Chuck hates driving a van. But Chuck drives a van. And by driving that van he discovered the Royal Eugenia...

SLIDE #1: Back to the start - the mundane exterior.

ERASMUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Discovered what it would cost to rent out the entire sixth floor for production...

SLIDE #2: Across the street.

ERASMUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And has since reverse-engineered a story to take place on that floor.

SLIDE #3: Chuck and Rollo in 1987. SLOW PUSH IN on Chuck.

ERASMUS (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 One film to thrust him back into the spotlight. One film nobody asked for and probably no one will
 (MORE)

ERASMUS (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
see. This is the story of that
film... Sort of.

The slide **MELTS** to white.

INT. THE ROYAL EUGENIA - SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

The shuttered and abandoned top floor of a private hotel. Doors locked. Lights overhead **BUZZING**. Perforated wallpaper, the color of bleached bone, stained yellow and peeling.

CHUCK MASTERS (54) stands alone in the rundown hallway. His tattered New Balance sneakers **RUFFLE** against the indeterminate gray/green/blue of the dusty hallway carpet.

The cuffs of his jean shorts have left lines like cat scratches on his impressive calves, built up to counterbalance the paunch he's put on over the years.

His heart rate is up and his face is flushed. The pits of his flannel shirt are damp. Chuck scrutinizes the empty hallway as if trying to access a memory just out of reach.

CHUCK
Hey, Woods!

He looks back over his shoulder and shouts again.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Woods, get up here!

The elevator beside him has one long piece of tape strung diagonally over its doors signalling: **OUT OF ORDER**.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

A dozen feet **ECHO** up the cramped and cold concrete-and-metal steps.

Bodies **GRUNT** and equipment **BANGS** into the rough metal banister: camera bags, sound equipment, lighting kits, flats of water, bags of snacks, the day's lunch and dinner. Everyone has their hands full.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

All except for Chuck, who carried nothing.

The stairwell door thrusts open, and out steps:

WOODS MASTERS-HOLBRINK (20). She takes after her father in build, resents him for it, and the fact that they're wearing similar flannel is absolutely driving her nuts.

CHUCK
Isn't it cool?

Chuck not so much asks as begs her validation, and Woods is not going to give it to him.

WOODS
It smells up here.

She dumps her armload and strips herself of the flannel to reveal a hip (but not too hip) band tee underneath in a size she's afraid is too small and therefore feels the need to tug it away from a slight belly she fears is starting to look just like Chuck's.

Chuck returns his attention to the stairwell.

CHUCK
Hey, c'mon, you slow pokes! Letting
a fat old man beat you!

ROLLO (O.S.)
You are not old! We are same age!

ROLLO PALOMA (54) -- Italian, hair speckled gray and white -- appears out of the stairwell lugging a gear bag in each hand.

PIETRO (72) can barely keep up. Plagued by a wheezing emphysema from years of smoking, he uses an INHALER to breathe life into his beaten passageways.

CHUCK
(joking)
Ahh! It's the ghost everyone's been
talking about!

PIETRO
(SOMETHING SNARKY IN ITALIAN)

Chuck stares blankly.

ROLLO
(translating)
He says he's not a ghost. He says
other things, too. Not nice things.
Pietro, be nice.

Pietro GRUMBLES more not-nice things in Italian.

Chuck turns to Woods.

CHUCK

C'mon, you have to admit being on a haunted floor is pretty cool.

WOODS

I'm not twelve, Dad. I don't believe in that shit.

CHUCK

Then why are you scared?

WOODS

Fuck off.

She turns her back.

CHUCK

Hey, I got you and your friends this gig, so play nice.

WOODS

Oh wow, the gift of slave labor. How thoughtful. Thanks, Dad.

Woods checks her phone. The service is bad and fading.

WOODS (CONT'D)

We're in the middle of the city. How am I losing bars?

TY (O.S.)

Holy shit, this place sucks.

TY FYRE (31) emerges from the stairwell. Polished loafers, pressed slacks, a Gucci bag over his shoulder and eyes hidden behind amber sunglasses, Ty is the picture of a movie star.

TY (CONT'D)

Tell me again why I'm doing this?

CHUCK

'Cause you're a piece of shit, Ty, and no one will work with you.

TY

Fuck you, Chuck, you correct motherfucker. Let's bang this out and get out of here. This place gives me the creeps.

CHUCK

See, Woods, Ty's scared.

TY

I ain't scared, Chuck. I just don't like it. Allergies and shit. Look at this dust.

Ty scrapes the side of his shoe against the rug, kicking up a plume of dust.

Pietro DRAGS on his inhaler.

Next up the stairs are HOLLY (35) -- an earthy Hollywood Cinderella tired of waiting for her Prince Charming moment -- and RICHARD (50) -- a happy-go-lucky former corporate accountant. Richard is here to act in his first film, but arms full of Holly's things, he comes off more as her baggage handler.

RICHARD

Wow, now isn't this neat?

Holly drops to the floor and begins a stretching routine. Like yoga but clearly something she made up herself.

TY

Chuck, where'd you find these guys? Craigslist?

CHUCK

They're great. It'll be great for you.

TY

Uh huh. I'll be in my room.

CHUCK

Nope. Unh-uh. No one's going to their room.

TY

Excuse me?

CHUCK

Hey, Woods, what's your little boyfriend's name?

WOODS

Colin.

CHUCK

Colin has the keys.

TY

Well, where is Colin?

A few more bodies file out the stairwell door:

HMU (20), the bitchy hair-and-makeup girl.

PD (20), the quiet, wiry and scared production designer.

And BOOM (20), the sound man who is tall and lanky and seemingly very stoned.

They all have to dodge Holly and her stretching routine.

HMU
 (not entirely under her
 breath)
 The fuck's with her?

CHUCK
 Colin is with Ms. Humholtz.

TY
 And who is Ms. Humholtz?

CHUCK
 Our financier, so be nice.

TY
 What, you don't think I can be
 nice?

CHUCK
 No.

Chuck unfolds a shooting schedule from his back pocket.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 (announcing)
 Alright, when Colin gets up here,
 we're going right into production.

Everyone is taken off-guard. No one was prepared for this.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 We're shooting chronologically, so
 whatever you're wearing, that's
 your Day One attire. Remember that.
 Hair and Makeup, can we get that
 done in the hallway?

HMU
 Whatever.

CHUCK
 Perfect, let's keep up the
 positivity.

Ty takes off his sunglasses.

TY
This is some bullshit.

WOODS
Tell me about it.

Richard timidly approaches HMU, who is rooting around in her makeup kit - one of those clunky, multi-tiered professional setups that looks like a plastic toolbox.

RICHARD
Hope I don't take too long.

HMU glances up.

HMU
Ugh.

RICHARD
That bad, huh?

HMU
Here.

She powders his face like a tired school teacher seeing to one of her problem students.

HMU (CONT'D)
You're done.

RICHARD
That's it?

HMU
Chuck wants you looking like shit.

RICHARD
Oh. Okay then. But maybe--

HMU
Next!

Holly doesn't break her stretch routine.

HMU (CONT'D)
I said next. That means you, sweetheart.

HOLLY
I do my own makeup.

HMU
Whelp, I'm done.

She CLOSES up her kit.

HMU (CONT'D)
When's lunch?

CHUCK
It's ten in the morning. We just
got here. Where the hell is Colin?

COLIN (O.S.)
One more step, Ms. Humholtz.

MS. HUMHOLTZ (O.S.)
Really? We're here?

COLIN (20), a strapping if not sallow young man, guides the hunched and fragile MS. HUMHOLTZ (89) through the stairwell door and onto the sixth floor.

CHUCK
Finally.

He hustles to her side.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Hello, Ms. Humholtz, how are you?

MS. HUMHOLTZ
Huh?

CHUCK
How are you, Ms. Humholtz?!

MS. HUMHOLTZ
I'm fine, dear. What's wrong with
the elevator?

CHUCK
Old hotel!

MS. HUMHOLTZ
Huh?

CHUCK
Colin, do you have the keys?

Colin digs into his backpack for a packet of envelopes with room numbers.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Good. Take her to her room. And put
on some Shakira. She loves Shakira.

Colin finds the right envelope, the one listing "614."

Ms. Humholtz has distracted herself reading the panel for
room 601. All it says is "601."

COLIN

Come on, Ms. Humholtz.

MS. HUMHOLTZ

It smells up here.

COLIN

Ms. Humholtz. Ms. Humholtz!

Colin CLAPS his hands trying to get her attention. He has to
physically grab her.

COLIN (CONT'D)

This way, Ms. Humholtz! Let me show
you to your room!

MS. HUMHOLTZ

Oh. Alright.

Colin guides her down toward the other end of the hallway.

WOODS

(to Chuck)

Cute girlfriend.

CHUCK

She's not my girlfriend.

WOODS

But you fucked her for the budget.

CHUCK

I will not have this conversation
with my daughter.

Woods raises an eyebrow at him, now more curious than ever.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I don't know what your mother's
said about me, but that is a sweet,
sweet old lady who is very excited
about the filmmaking process...

Colin has gotten the door open to room 614, but Ms. Humholtz has again become distracted and wandered away from him. Colin catches her and physically guides her into her room.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

...Something I thought my daughter, a film student, no less, I thought would appreciate, too.

WOODS

Are you done?

Chuck gives up. He changes the subject.

CHUCK

Production meeting! Everyone gather around.

Everyone gathers by the door to room 603.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Alright, when we get in there, we're going right into the first scene. Ty, Holly, that means your entrance to your first day at this couples' retreat.

TCHCK! TCHCK! -- an unholy rattle, a penetrating metallic click that reverberates in Chuck's skull, drowning out all other sound.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

What is that *noise*?

PD is at the door, rattling the handle. Everyone stares.

PD

(shrinking)

I thought I'd prep the room.

CHUCK

Does that door look unlocked? Does it look fucking unlocked to you? Do you think we're all hanging out in this awful fucking hallway because that door is fucking un-*locked*?

The outburst takes even Chuck by surprise. He LAUGHS it off.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Stress. I love you, I appreciate you, wonderful to have you here. Colin! Colin, can we get the fuckin' key to 603, please?!

ROLLO

What do you say we let this go, eh?
Get settled. Take a breath. It was
a long trip up those stairs.

CHUCK

(holding back rage)
Rollo, we have twelve days to shoot
this film. Twelve. Days. We cannot
waste a second on comfort.
Filmmaking is not supposed to be
comfortable; it's supposed to be
fun!... Woods, call sheets.

Woods dives into her messenger bag, removes the call sheets,
and offers them to Chuck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

To them. Give it to them.

Woods hands them out to the cast and crew, then takes a
chance to peek at her own.

Her name should be listed as "WOODS MASTERS-HOLBRINK," but
the "HOLBRINK" has been crossed out in black Sharpie.

Woods steals a glance at the other call sheets.

Sure enough, there's a line through "HOLBRINK" on every copy.

She shoots her eyes up at her father, who fails to notice.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Colin! The fuckin' keys, please!

COLIN

(at a distance)
Coming!

Colin closes the door to 614 and runs back to them, backpack
flopping with every step. He swings his backpack around front
and digs into the envelope pocket.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Okay, yeah, the key... It's not
here.

CHUCK

It's not what?

COLIN

Hold on, it must be somewhere else.
I know you said it was important so
(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)
I put it in an important place
and... Here.

Colin hands him the envelope.

CHUCK
(through clenched teeth)
Thank you.
(then, putting on a smile)
Here it is, everyone.

Chuck puts the key in the lock upside down.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Fuckin' thing.

He reverses it. It doesn't work either.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(to Colin)
Are you sure this is the right one?

COLIN
603.

Chuck tries it again.

TA-CLICK!

The door opens...

A wave of death-smell hits everyone in the face.

TY
(holding his nose)
Holy sweet mother of Jesus, what is
that?

RICHARD
A body.

HOLLY
A what?

Richard points.

Sure enough, there is a BODY with two-day bloat lying smack
dab in the middle of the floor in room 603.

INT. ROOM 603 - DAY

Fluids have leaked into the carpet and evaporated, leaving a
salty ring around the corpse.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Pietro GAGS. Chuck is speechless. This is his one chance and he will not let anything fuck it up. And so he gets an idea.

CHUCK
Surprise! Oh man, you should've
seen your faces. We got you, didn't
we?

Chuck pulls PD over, gripping him around the shoulder like a co-conspirator.

PD
What?

TY
Yeah, what?

CHUCK
It's production design.

TY
Doesn't smell like production
design.

RICHARD
What I think Ty is getting at, if I
may, is the question of why there's
a body at a couple's retreat.

CHUCK
It's a surprise.

Pietro CONSULTS HUSHEDLY with Rollo in Italian.

Woods stares at the body. She can't look away.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Okay, alright, if you *must* know...

TY
Do please enlighten.

CHUCK
I thought it would be a great
metaphor for the relationship.

TY
A metaphor.

CHUCK
You, as a couple, are like a
bloating, rotting corpse, and you
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 are together trying to breathe life
 back into your love life... Right?

Chuck draws a deep breath to make a point. The sickly green
 air catches in his throat and he GAGS.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Alright, no one breathe too deeply.
 (to PD)
 Boy, you really did a number with
 this one. Let's hear it for
 production design.

A scattered, confused APPLAUSE. PD blushes. This is more
 attention than he's ever gotten, and from pros, no less.

ROLLO
 Ooph, Chuckie, maybe we let the
 room air out for a bit.

CHUCK
 And ruin the effect? C'mon, Rollo,
 you're better than that.

ROLLO
 Okay. Do what you want. This is
 your set.

CHUCK
 Thank you.

Chuck stares at the body on the floor. Jesus, it's upsetting.

He turns his back, trying to think of his next move.

Woods sidles up to him, keeping her voice down.

WOODS
 Dad.

CHUCK
 Not now.

WOODS
 Dad, why does it look like Mom?

CHUCK
 What?

WOODS
 The body. It looks just like Mom.

CHUCK
 It's a coincidence.

WOODS

Coincidence? What did you do to my call sheet?

She shows him the second half of her name crossed out.

CHUCK

Woods, I don't have time for this right now. I'm working.

WOODS

No, of course not. How wrong of me to interrupt.

CHUCK

Hey, you're my 1st A.D. I need you unified behind me.

WOODS

Yeah, real unified.

She moves away from him.

Chuck's mind turns. The body. The smell. The incompetence. The ticking clock to get all this done in an impossibly short amount of time. His hope is slipping away. His chance for redemption, actualization, validated - slipping away.

CHUCK

(announcing)

Alright, let's shoot!

TY

Hey, whatever gets me out of here.

HOLLY

Wait, now? I'm not ready.

CHUCK

Then that's the perfect time. Let's go.

Chuck retrieves a headset and, while doing so, catches another glimpse of the body. He shudders and shuttles his actors out of the room.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Christ, it really does look like Mary.

INT. ROOM 603 - DAY

Colin helps Rollo and Pietro build the camera.

Boom gets the sound up and checks the feed by SNAPPING his fingers. The sounds levels spike. Good to go.

Chuck, with a headset worn down around his neck, meets with his actors outside the open door.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Holly, Ty, and Richard stare back at their director. Holly is distracted, Ty is bored, and Richard is super-into it.

CHUCK

Alright, simple scene. Ty, Holly, you're here on a couple's retreat to repair your marriage.

HOLLY

Can you call me Mary?

CHUCK

What?

HOLLY

The character name. Can you call me by my character name?

INSERT: A flash of the corpse on the floor, its face that looks so much like his wife.

Chuck forces a smile.

CHUCK

Sure. "Mary." "Huck," your marriage isn't going well. You've come to this place. This is your last chance.

HOLLY

What about the body?

CHUCK

Forget about the body. Pretend it isn't there, okay? Richard?

RICHARD

This is so cool.

CHUCK

Yes, very cool. Okay. You open the door, you say, "Welcome" or whatever your line is, and you exit. Everyone got it?

HOLLY

What's that noise?

Chuck pricks up his ears.

MUFFLED MUSIC floats up the hallway. A pop-y sound. Upbeat and cheerful. Music you can dance to.

CHUCK

Shakira. Don't worry about it.

HOLLY

What about the soundtrack? Isn't that gonna pick up on the boom?

CHUCK

You let me worry about that. Colin! Hey, Colin!

Colin joins Chuck outside the door to 603.

COLIN

Yes, sir, what do you need?

CHUCK

Can you go turn down the music in Ms. Humholtz's room? Tell her we're shooting.

COLIN

You got it, Mr. Masters.

Colin strides off.

CHUCK

Run, please!

Colin runs. Chuck turns back to Holly, Ty, and Richard.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Alright... In we go.

INT. ROOM 603 - DAY

Rollo's camera holds on the door.

Pietro pulls focus.

Boom is in place.

The body that looks mysteriously like Chuck's wife lies undisturbed on the floor.

Chuck, headphones on, basks in the moment, the fine point of tension before all the gears start turning. He has waited so long. It all has to happen now, and it has to be perfect.

CHUCK

Action.

Nothing happens.

Rollo looks to Chuck.

Boom looks to Rollo.

Woods rolls her eyes.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I said ac--!

Richard opens the door.

RICHARD

I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you.

CHUCK

Take it back! Rollo, don't cut.
Keep filming.

RICHARD

So go outside then?

CHUCK

Go!

Richard starts to go, but turns back, still confused.

RICHARD

Wait, go out and wait or...

Chuck's face is turning red. He is visibly shaking.

CHUCK

Just go out and come back in!

Richard gets a bug up his ass and weasels out the door. As soon as the door CLOSES, he OPENS it again.

RICHARD

(in character)
Your room.

Ty and Holly, now Huck and Mary, enter at his beckon.

TY
(offering a tip)
Here.

RICHARD
No tips. This is all-inclusive. We
are here for you.

Richard, surprised he was able to get the line out right, smiles at himself, spikes the lens, and exits without closing the door.

Chuck could kill him but insists on continuing to roll on their first take.

Ty picks up Richard's slack and closes the door.

TY
(to Holly's Mary)
Well, I guess this is it.

Holly takes an unnaturally long pause.

TY (CONT'D)
Honey?

HOLLY
Fuck! I can't do it with a fucking
body!

CHUCK
Cut!

Chuck throws his headset.

HOLLY
Like, why is it here?! What is it
doing?! Why does it smell so bad?!

Ty tries to console her.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
No! Fuck!

Chuck approaches.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I just... I can't.

CHUCK
You can't, you can't - how about
trying fucking "can," sweetheart?
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You were hired for a job and you *do*
- *your* - *job*. What, this fucking
body is upsetting you? This-- This--
This... Whatever the fuck it is?
It's not even *real*!

Chuck KICKS the body. It shudders with a nauseating thud.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

PD took the time to make this a
phenomenal addition to the set, but
no, it's too much for you. So you
know what? You're right. It's gone.

HOLLY

What?

CHUCK

Yep, body's gone. Holly wants it
gone-- Excuse me, "Mary" wants it
gone, it's gone.

Chuck gets his hands under the corpse's armpits and struggles to lift it. The more it wiggles, the more that sickeningly sweet smell of death infects the hot, stale air. He gets his end halfway up and drags the bloated mess toward the closet.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Open the door. Somebody open the
fucking door!

Colin, shielding his nose with the top of his shirt, hops to it.

Chuck wrestles with the corpse like a mad man, trying and trying again to shove it into the closet. Rigor mortis has set in and bending the body has proven a chore.

Chuck sweats while the rest of the crew watches in horror.

WOODS

The real Chuck Masters, ladies and
gentlemen.

After three attempts, Chuck finally gets the door shut.

CHUCK

(lashing, out of breath)
Happy now?

The fluid stains are still on the floor. And that smell. That unholy smell.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Let's do it! Let's shoot! Let's
shoot the fucking thing!

Everyone is speechless, terrified, and embarrassed.

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

HMU, perched outside the door, fixes her nails with a file.

HMU
(sotto)
What an asshole.

INT. ROOM 613 - NIGHT

A handheld camera CLICKS ON, perched atop a wood dresser in desperate need of renovation.

The room is a mirror-flipped version of room 603. The curtains are drawn, too long for their rod and pooling on the floor of the same indeterminate gray/green/blue. The camera's user steps back TO REVEAL:

Chuck Masters, dressed down to an undershirt and sweatpants. He slouches while finding his mark in the middle of the room. Even when making a video diary, Chuck is a director.

CHUCK
What did I do?... I had one goal:
just stay positive, Chuck.

Standing is too much. He sits on the edge of the bed strewn with clothes in a beaten search for his comfort wear.

He glances at the alarm clock on the bedside table.

The glowing red display reads something like "9:03," but a few of the light bars have burnt out, and the '0' looks more like an upside-down 'U.'

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Nothing's going right. I have no
service. No one at the front desk
is answering. I thought keeping
everyone on this floor would build
community but... Why the fuck did
it look like my ex-wife?... It's
not her. I know it's not her. I
don't know who it was. Maybe I
should've said something, but what
difference does it make? It's not
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

going to bring that person back...
So why do I feel guilty?
What the hell am I guilty of, huh?
Trying to tell a good story? Trying
to do something good for my
daughter and her friends? I'm a
filmmaker, not a fucking mortician!
(beat)

Maybe I'm not a filmmaker. Maybe
this was all a huge mistake... I'm
gonna end up like that corpse. No
identity, no one giving a *fuck* what
happens to me. I drive a van. For
twenty years! Who gives a fuck
about the transpo driver? That was
me down there on the floor. That
was me.

Chuck SNIFFS back the pooling mucus and wipes his face with
both hands.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Get a grip, Chuckie. There was a
body. Jesus Christ, there was a
body. It's not right. No one should
have to die like that, alone in a
room with no one to claim who they
are or what they've done. No one
should die like that. Oh God, what
have I done?

(then)

What if someone finds out?

Chuck paces. The clock clicks over close to, but not quite
displaying, "9:04."

CHUCK (CONT'D)

They're not gonna find out. I told
everyone to stay on the floor. I
told everyone to stay in their
rooms. Shit. Shit! What if they
don't listen? I'll be implicated.
They'll say it was me. Nobody here
is on my side. *Nobody*. Alright,
c'mon, Chuck, think. Think! They're
gonna think it was you unless you
can figure out exactly what
happened. You're a good detective.
You've been good at finding angles
your whole life. You're a *director*,
Chuck Masters. Use your smarts. You
can do this. Figure out where that
body came from, acquit yourself.
Tell that story. Yes, yes, that's

(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 it! Tell the story of the body.
 Find the killer. Capture it on
 camera. Re-work the script. Don't
 tell anybody what you're doing.
 You're the director; they have to
 listen to you; it's in their
 fucking *contracts!* Tell that story.
 Bring peace to the body. I'm gonna
 be famous for this.

Chuck runs to turn off the camera.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 I'm a genius. I'm a fucking genius.

WOODS (PRE-LAP)
 He's an asshole.

INT. ROOM 611 - NIGHT

In the room next door, identical in layout to their filming location in 603, Woods sits with one leg tucked under her on the edge of the bed.

WOODS
 He's always been an asshole.

COLIN
 Yeah, but he's your dad.

Colin brushes his teeth in the bathroom with the door open.

WOODS
 Just 'cause he came in my mom does
 not make him my dad. I mean, what
 was with that body? Are you kidding
 me? Designing it to look like my
mom? And then crossing out half my
 name on the call sheet? It's some
 weird, possessive shit.

COLIN
 There's a light out in here.

Woods can't believe him.

Colin SPITS in the sink, RUNS the tap, and then comes out to be met by Woods' death-stare, perfected over the years.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 I'll call down about that.

Woods flops backward on the bed.

WOODS

Good luck. There's never any answer.

COLIN

Let me try.

Colin sits down beside the old chorded phone on the bedside table -- a beige apparatus that has yellowed over the years, black dirt jammed in its creases -- and lifts the receiver.

Woods slides over to him.

WOODS

Do you know he locked us in here?

COLIN

In our room?

WOODS

On the floor. The doors at the end are locked. For real.

COLIN

Isn't that a fire hazard?

WOODS

Like that's his concern. I swear, he'd be perfectly fine if all of us died up here as long as he got his dumb fuckin' movie. Which you know is going to be awful, right?

COLIN

There's no dial tone.

He replaces the receiver.

WOODS

Colin.

COLIN

What?

Woods' half-closed eyes and dangerous smirk can only mean one thing. Her hand on his thigh cements it.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Are you crazy? Your dad is one room over.

Woods doesn't relent. Her hand continues to massage and pet, sending shivers and making Colin's heart rate quicken. Most of all, it makes him very, very uncomfortable.

WOODS
He's not my dad.

COLIN
He's not?

WOODS
He is, but you know what I mean.

COLIN
I'm not so sure I do.

A KNOCK at the door. Woods stops and looks over.

WOODS
Stay here.

She slides across the musty comforter and lands on her feet on the other side. Colin tries to hide his relief.

WOODS (CONT'D)
(before reaching the door)
What?

CHUCK (O.S.)
It's Dad.

Woods stops. She looks back at Colin...

Who urges her to answer it. If nothing else, it buys him time to figure out how not to do what she wants him to do. Not that she's unattractive. She's not. A little bullish. Pretty hair. Her eyes are nice, if not a little cold. He's not gay, he doesn't think. He doesn't know what he is. Which, he tries to convince himself, is perfectly fine for a 20 year-old.

Woods opens the door on Chuck, who now also sports an unzipped hoodie that makes him look like an overgrown dweeb.

WOODS
What do you want?

CHUCK
Just came to say goodnight.

WOODS
Goodnight.

She tries to close the door on him. Chuck blocks it with his bare foot.

CHUCK
Argh, my toe... I just wanted to add-- Ow, shit, that really hurt.

WOODS

You shouldn't go jamming your toe
into doors.

CHUCK

Thanks for the advice.

Woods flashes a sarcastic half-smile, hoping it will drive
him away. It doesn't.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I wanted to say thank you for
putting up with me today. I know it
can't be easy.

WOODS

No. It can't.

CHUCK

But I think it can. And I'd like to
try.

WOODS

Hm. Sure. Goodnight.

CHUCK

Yeah, good--

Woods CLOSES the door harder than Chuck thinks she needed to.

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chuck limps across the hallway. He stops to check on his toe.

CHUCK

Ugh, feels like it should be
bleeding.

Chuck RAPS on the door to 612 with the back of his knuckles.
No answer. Not right away. But he hears a STIRRING.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Ty?

Ty answers the door.

TY

What do you want, Chuck?

CHUCK

Smoking in your room?

TY
You won't let us go outside.

CHUCK
Well, if you're going to be "under the influence" best you stay inside. No more incidents, right?

Ty stares him down.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Uh, yep, okay. Just wanted to say goodnight. If you need anything--

Ty CLOSES the door in Chuck's face.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Guess I'll go fuck myself.

INT. ROOM 612 - NIGHT

Ty leans his back against the door.

TY
Fuck this place. Ty Fyre does not belong in some musty-ass room in a half-abandoned hotel with depressing-ass curtains and a weird-ass smell... Oh shit!

The wastebasket in the bathroom is smoking.

Ty runs in. Crouches to blow it out. Ashes kick up and a flame POPS to life. Ty COUGHS and lifts the wastebasket into the tub. Turns on the TAP. DOUSES the flame.

He sets the wastebasket beside the tub and sits on the rim.

His eyes catch his reflection in the mirror. The humiliation. The defeat. His eyes fall to the wastebasket.

A Rolling Stone magazine has been scorched TO REVEAL: the pages beneath. The headline - that awful headline that has stalked him, haunted him since the incident eight months ago - is perfectly pristine, if not a little damp:

"TYRE FYRE: The Rise and Fall of Actor/Singer/Songwriter Ty Fyre."

"...drunk driving..."

"...video..."

"...homophobic and xenophobic remarks..."

"...stinging precision..."

"...anti-black rhetoric..."

And under a political cartoon of Ty roasting like a pig:
"CHECK THE SPIT - HE'S DONE."

Ty can't believe it. He must be hallucinating. He lifts the magazine out of the wastebasket and shakes it off. Sure enough, it's the article that pinpointed the death of his career. What is it doing in his room?

TY (CONT'D)

Did you do this, you piece of shit,
Chuck Masters?!

No answer. Of course not. He's alone in here.

He's never been more alone.

INT. ROOM 613 - NIGHT

Chuck enters through his door.

CHUCK

No response from Ms. Humholtz. At
least someone isn't complaining.

He CLOSES the door and then pauses, heavy with thought.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Fuck Pietro.

Chuck takes a seat at a sad schoolhouse desk in his room.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Okay, paper, paper.

He gathers paper from his bag on the floor, and arranges a stack of clean sheets on the desk. Finds his pen. Gets himself ready... Nothing comes.

The clock advertises something close to, but not quite,
"9:38."

The room hangs still. Absolute silence.

WAHK-WAHK-WAHK!

An alarm blares. Horrific. Ear-splitting. It just won't end. The alarm clock, Chuck realizes. It reads something close to, but not quite, "9:39."

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(getting up)
Seriously? Now? At 9:39 p.m.? Stop!
Shut up!

He can't find the off switch.

WAHK-WAHK-WAHK!

He turns it over and over.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Ah fuck it, I'll just unplug the
fuckin' thing.

He rips the chord out of the wall.

The red display goes black - a soulless, lifeless black. Chuck can see himself distorted in the plastic covering and hates everything about his reflection.

He returns to the desk, but sitting down, his eyes drift back over to the clock. The room seems somehow more vacant without it, somehow more silent, crushingly so.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Shit.

Chuck gets on all fours to plug it back in.

WAHK-WAHK-WAHK!

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Why are you still going off?!

Chuck examines the clock radio.

Two click wheels on one side, one for volume, the other for the radio dial. A button to toggle between AM and FM. A time set button with accompanying hour and minute selections.

"SNOOZE." He hits it.

Silence, but only for the next 9 minutes.

He flips the radio around to discover "ALARM SET ON/OFF" is tucked in the back beside the power chord.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
What genius...?

He FLIPS it to "OFF." Peace. Peace at last.

The display flashes "12:00" (or something close to it).

Chuck checks the time on his phone.

"9:43pm." 9:43 and not a lick of service.

Chuck gets to CLICKING the minute button over and over.

He places it back on the nightstand. Now he's ready to work. But after all that excitement, it's too quiet in here.

He picks back up the clock and switches the toggle to FM. A SCRATCHY HUM comes through the old speakers.

He fingers the click wheel. A yellow meter at the bottom of the display flows back and forth, but no music comes through. Nothing beyond that same scratchy buzz.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Piece of shit.

He CLICKS off the radio and replaces it on the nightstand, then trundles back to the desk and sits down again. He has to figure this out. 11 days. The clock is ticking.

The SCRATCHY BUZZ comes back on the radio.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
You've gotta be kidding me.

Chuck pushes back from the desk and charges over. ON - OFF - ON - OFF. No change.

ELMO (V.O.)
(coming through the radio)
Chuuuuck.

A distant voice.

ELMO (V.O.)
Chuuuuuck.

A voice droning like a man lost, a man who has been wandering for a long time without food or water, a young man with the youth sapped out of him by harsh days and bitter nights.

The voice CLEARS ITS THROAT and returns with a crisp:

ELMO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Chuck!

Chuck looks around the room. Alone. All is still. The curtains are drawn; the bed, still made.

ELMO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Chuck, are you there?

There's no mistaking it. The clock radio is talking to him.

CHUCK
Y-Yes?

ELMO (V.O.)
Oh, thank God. I thought I was going mad.

The voice sounds like the V.O. from the beginning: sharp, somewhere around 30, British.

CHUCK
(to self)
You thought you were going mad?

ELMO (V.O.)
Chuck, listen to me. You're all in a lot of danger.

CHUCK
Yeah, no shit. I'm talking to a clock.

ELMO (V.O.)
I'm not a clock, Chuck. I'm talking *through* the clock. Can you tell the difference?

Chuck thinks for a moment.

CHUCK
No.

ELMO (V.O.)
I'm a spirit, Chuck. You heard this place was haunted? They weren't lying to you.

CHUCK
Woods?!

ELMO (V.O.)
Shh. Keep your voice down. It's very dangerous out there. We don't want what's out there coming in here.

CHUCK
What's out there?

ELMO (V.O.)
I will get to that, but first I
need you to understand that I am on
your side.

CHUCK
Why?

ELMO (V.O.)
Because it's going to be a lot to
take in.

CHUCK
No, why are you on my side?

Chuck immediately regrets asking the question.

ELMO (V.O.)
Because certain events have been
set in motion, Chuck, and you are
the only one who can fix it.

CHUCK
What events?

ELMO (V.O.)
The body, Chuck. You moved the
body. You walked into her trap,
Chuck.

CHUCK
Whose trap?

The voice on the radio pauses. And then, with tremendous
weight:

ELMO (V.O.)
She doesn't have a name. She's not
really a "she" at all.

CHUCK
Mm. One of those he-she's.

ELMO (V.O.)
Chuck, I can understand why a lot
of people have been calling you an
asshole.

CHUCK
Hey, fuck you.

ELMO (V.O.)
 No, fuck you, Chuck. You set this
 in motion. It's up to you to fix
 it.

CHUCK
 No, fuck you, I'm gonna unplug you.

Chuck reaches for the chord.

ELMO (V.O.)
 Don't-don't-don't-don't-don't-don't-
 don't! Do you love your daughter,
 Chuck?

Chuck pauses.

ELMO (V.O.)
 She's coming for her. She's coming
 for all of you.

CHUCK
 Why?

ELMO (V.O.)
 Because you-- Do you really not get
 it yet?

CHUCK
 Because I moved some weird,
 decrepit corpse? I feel bad, okay?

ELMO (V.O.)
 Don't feel bad-- Well, yes, feel
 bad. You should feel bad. But,
 Chuck, you're tangling with forces
 that are beyond this plane. We're
 not even technically "on this
 plane" anymore. When's the last
 time you looked out your window?

Chuck checks the window. The curtains are still drawn.

ELMO (V.O.)
 Why don't you have a look?

Chuck tries his legs. They move like he's in quicksand. He
 walks as lightly as he can, afraid to make a sound.

Chuck DRAWS BACK the curtain.

There is nothing on the other side of the window. No city
 lights, no evident sky. Black. The light from the room spills
 onto the windowsill, but beyond that there is nothing at all.

CHUCK
W-What's going on?

ELMO (V.O.)
Shh. She prowls.

CHUCK
She--?

ELMO (V.O.)
Shut up!

TCHCK...

The sound like the door handle this morning. But it's not his door. No, it's somewhere further down the hall.

TCHCK...

It's getting closer.

CHUCK
(whispers)
What's that?

TCHCK...

Closer still. A cold sweat breaks out on Chuck's skin and a shiver runs down his spine. The hair on the back of his neck stands on end.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Should I crouch?... I'm going to crouch.

And so Chuck crouches.

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Outside his door, the repeating, grating, penetrating sound continues with A RHYTHMIC CONSTANCY. Enough time passes between clicks to believe the next one isn't going to come.

But it does.

Past the elevator, out of service.

Past the room in which they filmed.

Past Ty's door.

And Woods'.

Past Chuck's door and farther still up the hallway.
The lights brown out as the spirit passes.
The locks on the doors accumulate frost.
It stops in front of room 614.
The lock builds up ice and more ice until it CRACKS!

INT. ROOM 611 - NIGHT

Colin lifts his head off the pillow.

COLIN
Did you hear that?

He is trapped underneath Woods.

WOODS
Hear what?

COLIN
I don't know, it was like a pop.

He worms out from underneath her, and checks the peephole.
Woods remains in bed.

WOODS
If you don't want to have sex with
me, just say it.

She wraps herself in the bedspread, but smelling the musty
comforter she pushes it down away from her face.

COLIN
I heard something.

WOODS
Uh huh.

COLIN
Woods, this is weird for me, okay?
Your dad is right there.

WOODS
Oh my God, not this again.

She shoves her head under the sheets. Colin comes over.

COLIN
It's just not the right time.

He tries to get back in bed, but Woods holds down the sheets, locking him out.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Would you let me in?

WOODS
I tried.

COLIN
Oh har har, very funny.

Woods pokes her eyes over the lip of the covers.

COLIN (CONT'D)
You really do have very nice eyes.

WOODS
Nice try, asshole.

She rolls over.

INT. ROOM 613 - NIGHT

Chuck rises from his crouch.

CHUCK
I want to check on Woods.

ELMO (V.O.)
For the love of God, do not move.
Don't breathe if you can help it.

Chuck waits in silence for what feels to him like an eternity. He was never one for patience. At last:

ELMO (V.O.)
Okay. Okay, now. Yes, I think we're safe.

CHUCK
Who are you?

ELMO (V.O.)
Oh. Right. Introductions. How rude.
Name's Elmo.

CHUCK
Elmo.

ELMO (V.O.)
Yes.

CHUCK
Like the Muppet.

ELMO (V.O.)
Well--

CHUCK
The one who molested all those
kids.

ELMO (V.O.)
The Muppet didn't-- Is that what
you think happened?

CHUCK
I read about it.

ELMO (V.O.)
No, a Muppet doesn't-- It can't--
It's a name, okay? It's my name.

CHUCK
Elmo.

ELMO (V.O.)
Yes.

Chuck CLICKS HIS TEETH while he thinks.

CHUCK
Nice to meet you.

ELMO (V.O.)
Yes, charmed.

CHUCK
So what do we do now?

ELMO (V.O.)
You created this. You fix it.

CHUCK
Okay, but how?

No response.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
How?

Nothing.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Elmo. Elmo!

The clock displays something close to, but not quite, "9:53." Chuck realizes he is alone in his room talking to a clock and the pages on his desk remain entirely blank.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY - DREAM SEQUENCE

A heavenly park with buoyant green grass divided by a small, snaking brook. A tiny, white footbridge spans the water.

Chuck is on one side.

His GRANDMOTHER, who passed away some years ago, is coming across the footbridge to greet him. Chuck regards her with a worried, confused apprehension.

She embraces him, and it feels so good to be embraced.

Then she kisses him. On the lips. And she holds his head so he can't pull away. They fall sideways through the grass...

INT. ROOM 613 - DAY - DREAM SEQUENCE

And land in Chuck's hotel room bed. She, with her summer dress and light sweater and slight hump to her back, continues to kiss him on the lips, firmly.

She places her hand at the crown of his head with such pressure as to suffocate him. Not touching his throat or chest, but still Chuck squirms as if he is suffocating.

He tries to move her off of him gently -- it is his grandmother, after all -- and yet she doesn't move, so Chuck does the next logical thing...

He bites her lower lip.

The woman that is his grandmother and at the same time not FLARES UP and becomes this GLOWING DEMON SPIRIT, lifting off of him, but not entirely, for he still clenches her lip in his teeth, and her body is glowing and her hair is glowing but her eyes are these HORRIBLE DARK PITS --

INT. ROOM 613 - DAY

Chuck wakes up exhausted in his lumpy, musty bed just after dawn, shaken by the dream. He whips his vision to the window.

The curtains are drawn. The early morning sunlight pools around its edges and down its seam.

Chuck approaches the window slowly, as if to outsmart the dark beyond, closes his eyes, and THROWS BACK the curtain...

The warmth of the sun falls on his face. He opens one eye. Then two.

Outside the window is the normal view of the city from the sixth floor of the Royal Eugenia. Dingy. Gray and brown. Fading pink dancing on clouds that drift into infinity.

He checks the clock. Although the display still fails to light up the entirety of its numerals, it is, as much as it can be, a very normal 7:03 in the morning.

CHUCK
(parched)
I hate hotels.

Chuck snags a water bottle from the stash by his bed, chugs a third of it, and sits down at the desk. He opens his laptop, readies a stack of hand-scrawled notes, and gets TYPING.

INT. ROOM 605 - DAY

Woods' phone reads, "8:41am."

WOODS
Where is he?

She stands with her arms folded by the bathroom of a room converted into a hair-and-makeup station.

WOODS (CONT'D)
Has anyone knocked on his door?

Holly leans over the bathroom counter, doing her own makeup, while HMU sits on the rim of the tub, compulsively looking through her phone despite the lack of service.

Ty and Richard wait in the room as well, sipping coffee, and everyone, especially Colin, pretends to not have heard the question.

WOODS (CONT'D)
Fine, I'll find him.

Woods barrels out of the room...

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

But before she can take two steps out the door, Rollo catches her from behind.

ROLLO
Woods, have you seen your father?

WOODS
I'm on it.

ROLLO
It's okay. Mornings can be hard on someone... in his condition.

Woods stops and whirls around.

WOODS
Condition? What condition?

ROLLO
He has not told you?

WOODS
Told me what?

ROLLO
Ooh, huh, it is, uh, really not my place to say. It's okay. I go back and get ready.

WOODS
No, hey, what is it?

ROLLO
Yeuph... It's, uh... Well, you know he is not so young anymore.

WOODS
Okayyy.

Rollo bobs his head from side to side, weighing his words.

ROLLO
It's his health.

WOODS
He's a fat piece of shit.

ROLLO
And there are certain issues associated with... that.

Chuck disappears inside the 'green room.'

CHUCK (O.S.)
And tell the actors to come in
here!

COLIN
They're in hair and makeup.

CHUCK (O.S.)
Well, when they're done, bring 'em
in here!

INT. ROOM 607 - DAY

Ty is skeptical.

TY
Are you serious?

CHUCK
Don't I look serious?

He looks giddy. Holly is worried, sitting beside Ty on the edge of the bed. Chuck sits across from them in a desk chair.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Not that much is changing. You're
still a couple, and you're still on
a couple's retreat.

TY
But now we're detectives.

CHUCK
Yes.

TY
And there's a body in our room.

CHUCK
You got it.

TY
And we're trying to solve this
murder, but without leaving the
room.

CHUCK
Exactly.

TY

And how did the body get in the room?

CHUCK

That's what you're solving.

Richard, standing beside them, leans in to interject:

RICHARD

And I'm the helpful innkeeper.

CHUCK

Yes, and you're also the killer.

TY

Who checked in two detectives, who are here to repair their marriage on this couple's retreat, into a room with a body he killed.

CHUCK

Well, he killed the *person*. The body's what remains.

TY

Chuck?

CHUCK

Yeah?

TY

This is fucking stupid.

Ty tosses his new script on the floor.

CHUCK

It's not. It's genius.

He shoves the script back into Ty's hands. Ty looks around. He can't be the only one feeling this.

He's not. The whole room is jammed with the rest of the crew feeling the same sense of discomfort. There's not much room for personal space, and the air is tense.

TY

Why--?

(struggling to keep his opinions to himself)

Help me God, I need this film.

(centered, to Chuck)

Why would the innkeeper do that?

CHUCK
Isn't it obvious? He wants to get caught.

RICHARD
I do?

CHUCK
Yes, you do.

Richard is sold. His role just went up considerably.

HOLLY
Chuck, can I speak with you privately?

CHUCK
No.

TY
Okay... So then what's the story?

CHUCK
Story's the same. Two people in a troubled relationship learning how to work together again.

TY
While investigating a dead body.

CHUCK
Yes.

TY
And not leaving their room.

Chuck nods.

TY (CONT'D)
So then what's the mystery?

CHUCK
The mystery is *why*.

TY
Yeah, I'm starting to feel that.

HOLLY
Why?

CHUCK
What?

HOLLY
Why did he do it?

Richard perks up. It's an important question for him.

CHUCK
*That is to be revealed. Let's
shoot!*

Confusion and apprehension continue to permeate the air.
Rollo CLAPS his hands in one loud pop.

ROLLO
Okay! You heard your director. In
we go.

He shoos everyone out of the room, winks at Chuck, and places
a supportive hand on Woods' shoulder on his way out.

Woods is still contemplating what Rollo told her earlier.
It's getting more and more real for her. She SIGHS and
follows behind the others.

INT. ROOM 603 - DAY

Chuck makes PD help him restore the body to the same spot on
the floor. It smells even worse than yesterday. Everyone
reels from the stench.

COLIN
How does Ms. Humholtz feel?

CHUCK
What?

COLIN
About the changes. How does she
feel about the movie changing?

Chuck GROANS as they finally get the body in place. He is
sweating and out of breath.

CHUCK
Who cares?

COLIN
I just think she might if, you
know, she's paying for everything.

CHUCK
Yeah. Alright. Why don't you grab
her?

COLIN
Where is she?

CHUCK
Her room? I don't know. That's your
job.

Chuck searches for a water bottle.

COLIN
So I'll get her then?

CHUCK
Yeah, whatever.

Colin leaves the room, keys JINGLING and FADING into the distance as he makes his way up the hallway.

Chuck CRACKS a water and starts to chug.

WOODS
Hey, Dad?

CHUCK
(dismissive)
Yeah.

Chuck catches himself. His daughter just spoke to him with sincerity. Maybe she's coming around, he thinks. And so he puts on his most endearing gaze, his most fatherly voice, his most heroic and open posture, and corrects with a:

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Yes, Woods, you have a question?

Woods thinks - how does she breach this here?

WOODS
Rollo told me.

CHUCK
Told you what, sweetheart?

WOODS
About--

Colin runs back in, visibly shaken.

COLIN
Mr. Masters.

CHUCK
Yes, Colin?

COLIN

We...

Colin waves for Chuck to join him outside.

CHUCK

(to Woods)

One second, sweetheart. Daddy's gotta take care of something.

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Chuck tails Colin out of room 603.

CHUCK

What is it? Can't you see I was having a moment there?

COLIN

I'm sorry, Mr. Masters, it's...

Colin signals up the hallway at room 614, the door still slightly ajar.

CHUCK

What? Ms. Humholtz? What's she doing?

COLIN

It's more what she's not doing.

CHUCK

What's she not doing?

COLIN

Living, sir.

CHUCK

She's dead?

Colin purses his lips and nods. He's afraid he might be sick.

COLIN

Her door was broken. The lock mechanism is, I don't know, cracked or something. She was lying on her bed on top of the sheets.

(then, whispering)

I think she died in her sleep.

Chuck checks over Colin's shoulder at the open 603. Eyes come back to meet him, Woods' with the most urgency.

Chuck shuffles Colin away from the open door.

CHUCK

I need you to take care of it. Take her out of her room, take her downstairs, let them deal with it at the front desk. Wrap her in a sheet so no one sees. Can you do all that? You can handle it by yourself. She's a small woman.

COLIN

But, sir--

CHUCK

Listen, Colin, I need her off this floor. Here's your filmmaking lesson for the day. Don't ever interrupt production, ever. If you've got a problem, take it somewhere else. Are we clear?

Colin doesn't like it, but he submits.

COLIN

Yes, sir.

CHUCK

Good boy. I can see why Woods likes you.

Colin mopes up the hallway toward Ms. Humholtz's room.

Chuck, EXHALING, shaken but satisfied with the way he handled things, turns around, and nearly bumps square into Woods.

WOODS

What was that about?

CHUCK

Nothing, nothing.

WOODS

You took a meeting in the hallway over nothing, but you can't talk to me about how you're dying?

CHUCK

I'm not--

Chuck catches himself. And then, putting on all the disgrace he can muster:

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... I wasn't ready to tell you.

WOODS

But you told Rollo.

CHUCK

Rollo has been my friend for a long time.

WOODS

I'm your daughter.

Chuck spins them around seemingly in a gesture of confidence, of privacy, of 'this moment is just for you and me.' Really, it's to position her back to Ms. Humholtz's open door.

CHUCK

I didn't want you to worry.

WOODS

You didn't think I could handle it?

CHUCK

I didn't want it to change things.

WOODS

But it has, Dad.

Wood drops her eyes, not as good at handling this as she thought she would be.

And in that moment, Chuck breaks his façade, flashing the self-satisfied smile of a man whose lie has worked out better than he intended. Then his face falls.

Down the hallway, Chuck spots Colin's butt poke out of 614, followed by his hunched posture, extended arms, and the sheeted corpse of Ms. Humholtz being dragged out her door.

Chuck waves for him to go back inside. Colin gets the message and shoves her back into her room.

WOODS (CONT'D)

What is it?

Woods checks over her shoulder, but sees nothing except an empty hallway.

CHUCK

(covering)

It's this arm. Keeps tingling. The

(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)
doc says it's my heart, some kind
of blood flow issue.

WOODS
Can't they do anything?

CHUCK
Let's make the most of the time we
have, okay?

Woods gives her dad a big hug - probably the biggest one in her life.

Colin pokes his head out of 614. Chuck gives him a thumbs up, maintaining the hug, making sure to give Colin a clear exit.

Colin drags the body toward the second stairwell at the far end of the hallway while Chuck guides Woods back into 603, holding her head to his side to keep her from turning around.

INT. ROOM 603 - DAY

The camera is set. The lights are hot. Boom is very stoned. Chuck meets with Ty, Holly, and Richard in the open doorway.

CHUCK
Okay, same basic shot as last time.

Holly has a pursed frown, the kind of look people have at the top of a ski slope before tackling a run they know is out of their league.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
What is it?

HOLLY
I, ugh...

CHUCK
Out with it.

HOLLY
I don't know how to be a detective.

CHUCK
Just be you.

HOLLY
But I'm not a detective.

CHUCK

I hired you for a reason. Just hit your mark, let the words do the work.

A thousand thoughts flit through Holly's brain - all the questions she wishes she had answers to. And then her whole expression slackens. Her eyes widen. Her lips part in shock.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

What now?

Holly points.

Chuck follows her finger.

Everyone else in the room is deathly silent.

The body on the floor is levitating.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

TY

What the fuck?

Not high, but certainly no longer on the ground and now rising higher. Knee high. Waist. Chest. Eye level.

CHUCK

(covering, shaky, to PD)

Okay, you can let her down now.

PD frowns and shakes his head violently.

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Something flies toward the open door of room 603 with a tremendous, WIND-WHISTLING velocity. A white sheet tails in its wake.

INT. ROOM 603 - DAY

Holly backs toward the door.

HOLLY

Chuck, I'm-- I'm not comfortable with this.

Richard, on the other side of Holly, glimpses what is coming toward them from down the hallway.

RICHARD

Look out!

He pushes his compatriots further into the room and away from the doorway. Holly resists.

A SHEETED FORM, like a cheap ghost suspended from some unseen wires, rounds the corner and SLAMS into the open door.

Richard, Ty and Chuck all duck the form as it spins and spirals into the room, but Holly isn't so lucky.

She takes a sheeted knee to the back of the head - WHAM! - and falls flat on the fluid-stained carpet.

The end of the sheet catches a corner of the door hinge, and PULLS OFF TO REVEAL:

Ms. Humholtz's flying corpse, her eyelids slightly parted to show the lifeless whites of her rolled-back eyes.

Her body travels across the room and SMASHES into a lighting rig. The c-stand holding up the light COLLAPSES. The bulb EXPLODES.

The curtains beyond FLING OPEN AND CLOSED on their rod until the whole rod COLLAPSES.

At the same time, the original corpse falls from its levitated state...

LANDING SQUARELY on Holly's upper back and head.

And, as a button on the whole ordeal, the room's clock radio CLICKS ON and PLAYS SHAKIRA.

Colin runs in, having been chasing but clearly outpaced by (and clearly in shock from) Ms. Humholtz's sudden departure from the other end of the hallway.

CHUCK
(to Colin)
What happened?!

ROLLO
You planned this?!

Rollo holds the fragile Pietro clear of the fallen light rig and, beyond, Ms. Humholtz's twisted, lifeless corpse.

TY
(still crouching)
What the fuck is going on?!

HOLLY
Somebody get this off of me!

Those who can muster themselves to move rush to her aid.

Chuck, meanwhile, stalks toward the clock radio, its display fully-functioning as it blasts out happy Latin rhythms. He grabs the chord and UNPLUGS it.

The MUSIC CUTS OFF and the screen goes black.

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

While the commotion of Holly's CRIES and those assisting her continues, the next door over (Room 605) is propped open. HMU sits inside wearing noise-cancelling headphones.

INT. ROOM 605 - DAY

HMU listens to her MUSIC far louder than is sane for the safety of her ears. She nods her head to the music, dead to the world. Her music SKIPS, JUMPS, then CUTS OUT.

A rhythmic -

TCHCK...

TCHCK...

TCHCK...

- comes through her headphones like a skipping disk.

Her phone screen glitches out. Green, purple and black lines cut arrhythmically through the display until it POWERS DOWN.

She lowers her headphones, and finally overhears the commotion next door.

Her blood chills.

Her neck hair stands on end.

She senses she is not alone in this room anymore.

INT. ROOM 603 - DAY

Richard helps console Holly while Colin and Woods huddle around. There's no way Ty is going near anyone else and makes sure everyone keeps their distance from him.

HMU (O.S.)

Help!

Everyone's ears pricks up. HMU SCREAMS.

HMU (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Somebody help me! Please!

603 empties as everyone runs out.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

They round the corner to the next room over --

The door to 605 SLAMS in their faces. A POUNDING on the inside. Fingernails SCRAPING. A shoed foot KICKING.

HMU
Help me! Get me out of here!
Get me--!

Silence.

Silence.

The worst kind of silence.

CHUCK
Get this door open. I want this
door open *now*.

Rollo, Boom, Pietro, Richard, Woods, and Colin are frozen stiff.

AT THE STAIRWELL:

Ty, Holly and PD gather to BANG on the nearest stairwell door. They want off this floor. They want off it *now*.

But for as ramshackle as the Royal Eugenia is, the door is surprisingly sturdy. Thick, metal, and certain to muffle their cries for help.

Ty yanks on the handle. He can't even get it to budge. Almost as if the door was never meant to be opened.

OUTSIDE 603:

WOODS
Colin!

Colin snaps out of it.

COLIN
Yes, sir, right away.

Colin steps forward, reaching for the key chain on his hip. His hands shake as he finds the right key.

CHUCK
I thought I told you to keep these doors open.

COLIN
I did. I-I-I thought I did.

Colin slips the key in the lock. Turns it. The paint on the door frame emits a POP like cracking bone.

Colin looks back at the others. No one else dares to move.

Chuck pushes on the door. It rotates silently on its hinges.

The room is devoid of life. The only evidence of HMU is the dead phone and semi-coiled chord of her headphones resting ever so gently on the sad schoolhouse desk.

Chuck glances back while holding the door open.

No one knows what to make of it. And yet their morbid curiosity keeps them from looking away.

Chuck ventures inside, alone.

CHUCK
Hello?

No answer. The tub DRIPS.

Chuck ventures further in, allowing the door to slip from his fingers. Its hydraulic hinge pulls it closed at his back.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
No-no-no-no-no!

Chuck runs back for the closing door.

WOODS
Dad!

The door CLOSES on him.

Everyone is frozen. Everyone assumes the worst.

CHUCK (O.S.)
(eerily calm)
Somebody wanna get the door for me?

Woods indicates for Colin to do it. Colin pleads with his eyes. Woods doubles-down on her urging. Colin, hating her for it, relents. He tests the handle. It turns.

He pushes the door in slowly.

Fingers wrap around the edge of the door.

Colin SCREAMS and pulls the door closed, CRUSHING Chuck's fingers. Chuck SCREAMS, and slips his fingers back inside.

The door closes with a heavy THUD and RATTLE.

CHUCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Colin?

COLIN
Yes?

CHUCK (O.S.)
The door, please.

COLIN
Sorry, Mr. Masters.

Colin re-opens the door. Chuck stands just past its opening arc, cupping his fingers.

WOODS
Did you find her?

Chuck shuffles his feet out into the hallway. He nods to Colin. Colin CLOSES the door.

CHUCK
Everyone take five.

WOODS
What is it?

CHUCK
Rollo.

He waves for Rollo to join him.

Rollo doesn't want to go, but he takes a deep breath and joins anyway. Chuck and Rollo enter room 605.

CHUCK (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Should we take her down?

INT. ROOM 605 - DAY

On the inside of the door, in bloodless crucifixion, hangs HMU. It's as if something has sucked her dry. Rollo crosses himself.

CHUCK

I mean, how's she even staying up there?

ROLLO

Chuckie, this is not normal.

CHUCK

No shit.

ROLLO

We need to shut down and leave this place.

CHUCK

How? Take the doors that won't open? The elevator that's broken? We're stuck here, Rollo. Stuck here 'til we're done.

ROLLO

Chuckie, be sensible.

CHUCK

This is an opportunity, Rollo. An opportunity for something bigger than all of us.

ROLLO

Chuckie...

Rollo stares at Chuck in a mix of horror and confusion.

CHUCK

You know I'm right, so do your job and stick it out.

(leaving)

We're breaking for lunch, everyone!

Colin opens the door at his command. Chuck strides out.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Lunch! C'mon, everyone! Into 608!

Chuck disappears up the hall and out of Rollo's view. Rollo's disbelieving eyes watch as Chuck strides away. He's lost it, Rollo is certain. He's lost it, and they're all doomed.

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Chuck leans into the closed door of room 612.

CHUCK
Ty, open up.

TY (O.S.)
Unh-uh.

CHUCK
C'mon, Ty, we're all having lunch.

TY (O.S.)
Bullshit. What are y'all eating,
Fritos and jerky?

CHUCK
It's better than nothing.

TY (O.S.)
No, it's not, Chuck. I'm perfectly
fine with nothing.

CHUCK
Ty, open up!

TY (O.S.)
Fuck you!

Chuck RATTLES the door handle.

CHUCK
Ty!

Woods comes out of 608 to check on the commotion. She
CRUNCHES into a green apple.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Woods, grab Colin. Bring me the
key.

TY (O.S.)
Chuck, I swear, if you open this
door, I will kill you myself!

CHUCK
Fine, starve to death! See if I
care!

Chuck storms off.

INT. ROOM 613 - DAY

Chuck sets his handheld camera on the dresser like his last confessional. He stands motionless for some time, eyes focusing on nothing. A haunted look. A hollow stare.

CHUCK

I didn't want this. If I make it out of here, if any of us make it out of here, I want you to know that this was never my intention.

He checks the window behind him. Still the same view of the city baking under the twelve o'clock sun.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Yes, I knew this place was supposedly haunted. Yes, I put us in danger. But what grown person actually believes in that stuff? Whatever is going on, I'm going to get us out of here. I don't know how, but I'm going to do it.

(beat)

At the very least, it's pretty compelling, isn't it?

Chuck smiles to himself. It may not be what he set out for, but there's definitely something here.

A CRACKLING STATIC. The clock radio reads something close to, but not quite, "12:04."

Chuck sneaks a peek to make sure his camera is still recording. He cheats out to his handheld.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Hello?

CRACKLING, as if the voice behind it is camera-shy.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Elmo?

ELMO (V.O.)

Are you filming me? Are you really filming me at a time like this?

CHUCK

Well, I thought--

ELMO (V.O.)

What? What did you think?

CHUCK

That getting it on camera would help me piece it all together.

ELMO (V.O.)

And what, pray tell, is there to piece together? That there are two dead by your hand?

CHUCK

I didn't kill them.

ELMO (V.O.)

Didn't you?

Chuck thinks.

CHUCK

No!

ELMO (V.O.)

And are you even going to tell the others about what's happened to the most recent? A young woman, Chuck.

CHUCK

I will.

ELMO (V.O.)

You brought them here. You caused this.

CHUCK

You mentioned.

ELMO (V.O.)

Do you want them all to die?

CHUCK

Of course not.

ELMO (V.O.)

And what are you doing to fix it?

CHUCK

I...

Chuck trails off. How is he supposed to finish that sentence? That he's capturing it on camera? That he intends to sell it to the world and make a name for himself?

ELMO (V.O.)

She has a name.

CHUCK
Come again?

ELMO (V.O.)
The spirit responsible, she has a name. Solve that, Chuck. If you know it's name, you can control it.

CHUCK
Find her name.

Chuck ponders then looks into the camera.

ELMO (V.O.)
Find it, Chuck. It's not too late to save the rest.

CHUCK
It's not too late to save the rest.

Chuck runs forward to end the take.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
(to self)
What a closing line.

The camera blinks off.

INT. ROOM 603 - DAY

As they left it. The fallen light. The former Ms. Humholtz. The original corpse now flipped and twisted from how they rolled it off of Holly.

Chuck peeks in the room. Likes what he sees. Pulls his head back out. The DING of a camera record button...

Chuck reappears, guiding his handheld before him.

He pans the lens over the floor, over the rug of indeterminate color, the shattered glass, the body that, even face down, reminds Chuck of his ex-wife. All the way over to Rollo's camera resting safely in its tripod.

Chuck accesses the viewer on the back of the camera rig.
"MEMORY CARD FULL."

CHUCK
(sotto)
Rollo, you beautiful son of a bitch.

Chuck sets down his camera, accesses the viewer, selects playback, and begins to rewind.

The image on the viewer hangs in stillness. And then everyone runs backwards into the room at 4x-speed. Ms. Humholtz lifts off the floor and flies backwards out the door, regaining her sheet in the process. Holly stands from being knocked over. Ty, Chuck, and Richard assume their positions by the door.

Chuck pauses the playback. He lifts his handheld camera, trains it on the viewer, and lets it play.

With both bodies in frame while the horror of the incident plays out on the viewer, Chuck knows he's capturing gold.

ROLLO (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Chuck jumps.

Rollo stands in the open doorway. Chuck turns off his camera.

CHUCK
Oh, you know, just... making sure
everything's still... here.

Rollo nods with a certain detached sincerity.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
You left the camera running. The
card's full.

Rollo GRUNTS and navigates the room. He accesses the viewer, sees that indeed it is full, and discharges the card from the back of the rig.

TCHCK, TCHCK.

Chuck perks up. His bowels loosen.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Did you hear that?

Rollo is busy placing the memory card in a plastic case.

ROLLO
Hear what?

TCHCK, TCHCK.

CHUCK
There it is again.

ROLLO
I don't know what you're--

CHUCK
Shh.

Silence.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Go back to 608. Tell everyone to
stay there.

ROLLO
I don't think they're going
anywhere, Chuck.

CHUCK
Good. Go. Go!

Rollo hustles out the room while Chuck readies his camera, training his eyes off in the distance, straining to hear a sound. Rollo turns back.

ROLLO
There was no sound.

Chuck waves him away. Rollo leaves further doubting Chuck's sanity.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Chuck steps out into the hallway with his camera held level, crouching like a commando behind enemy lines.

The door to 608 CLOSES, then silence.

TCHCK, TCHCK.

It's coming from across the hall. One of those rooms.

Chuck moves even slower, wary not to make a sound.

TCHCK, TCHCK.

604. He's certain of it.

He sidles up to the door. Not a sound inside.

TCHCK, TCHCK.

Yes! It's definitely inside 604. Chuck struggles to swallow. With one hand balancing the camera, he reaches out with the other to test the handle. Unlocked.

He throws open the door and bursts in.

INT. ROOM 604 - DAY

PD throws up his hands and SCREAMS. He drops his maracas.

TCHCK-A-TCHCK-A-TCHCK-CHCK-CHCK, they rattle and roll to rest on the floor.

CHUCK
What the hell are you doing?

PD
Packing.

CHUCK
Maracas?

PD
You told me to bring everything.

CHUCK
But maracas?

PD shrugs.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Why aren't you in 608?

PD
I was. I want to get out of here.

PD retrieves his maracas and resumes packing.

CHUCK
So you're shaking maracas alone in your room?

PD
The sound is really soothing to me, okay?

Chuck turns off his camera.

CHUCK
Alright, well, come to 608 when you're ready.

He turns to leave.

TCHCK.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

And knock it off with the fuckin'
maracas.

PD looks at the maracas in his suitcase. He didn't touch them.

The door CLOSES behind Chuck. He's alone in here.

TCHCK.

It sounds like it's coming from the closet.

The sliding door is open just a crack.

PD peeks in, trying to make out anything in the darkness...

A FACE -- gray and cracked with wrinkles and an eye like a black hole -- thrusts forward to fill the crack. From the creature comes A HIDEOUS, INHALING WHEEZE like the powering up of a jet engine, louder and LOUDER AND --

INT. ROOM 608 - DAY

Boom MOUTH-BREATHES while MUNCHING mindlessly on a Red Vine from a tub on the sad schoolhouse desk, dragged to the middle of the room like an undersized, makeshift dinner table.

WOODS (O.S.)

(to Holly)

Don't take it personally. He's like that to everyone.

The bed has been pushed to the wall to make the most of the space.

HOLLY (O.S.)

Crazy?

Rollo CONFERS IN ITALIAN with Pietro, who has laid himself up on said bed, and Richard watches them from the corner, pretending to comprehend what they're talking about.

In the bathroom, Holly sits in the bath tub, Woods on the rim, and Colin on the counter with his back to the mirror.

WOODS

Passionate. This was, like, *it* for him. He's...

HOLLY

He's what?

Woods doesn't feel like telling her that Chuck is dying. What does it matter now? Surrounded by so much death today, what difference would it make? Would it even mean anything?

The door to the room OPENS. Fearful eyes shoot over.

Chuck walks in.

CHUCK

What?

Everyone settles.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Richard, Holly, I want to shoot something.

HOLLY

No. Uh uh.

CHUCK

We can shoot in this bathroom. Rollo, grab the camera. Boom, put down the Red Vines. Give him a hand.

WOODS

(Re: Boom)
He has a name.

CHUCK

Uh huh.

Rollo and Pietro head out past Chuck, and Boom follows. Richard comes over.

RICHARD

What do you want to shoot?

HOLLY

Ty's not even here.

WOODS

He won't come out of his room.

CHUCK

Still?

WOODS

Let me check... Yeah, still.

CHUCK

Woods, get up. Richard, get in there where Woods was sitting.

Richard does as he's told.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I want to shoot a later scene.
Richard has just revealed himself
as the killer and Holly, you want
to know why he did it.

RICHARD

Is there a script?

CHUCK

Improvise.

HOLLY

What's the point?

CHUCK

The point is we're making a movie.

HOLLY

We can't make a movie when
everyone's dying, Chuck!

CHUCK

We sure as hell can! We're gonna
salvage what we have 'cause that's
what professionals do! Are you a
professional, Holly?

HOLLY

Mary!

CHUCK

Bullshit!

HOLLY

Fuck you!

Holly stands with a newfound vitality born of hate, high-
steps out of the tub, and storms out of the room.

CHUCK

Where are you going?

The door across the hall OPENS, CLOSES then LOCKS.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Colin, go unlock 609.

WOODS

Dad...

Rollo, Boom and Pietro re-enter with the camera.

PIETRO
(ASKS WHERE HOLLY WENT)

CHUCK
Woods, go talk to her.

Woods pleads with her eyes, but Chuck won't have it. She leaves the room in a huff.

WOODS
C'mon, Colin.

COLIN
Outside?

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Woods KNOCKS on the door to 609. No answer. She signals for Colin to use the key. As soon as Colin has the key inserted, Holly opens the door.

WOODS
Can we talk?

Holly looks at Colin like he's an accomplice of the devil, then waves Woods in. Woods glances at Colin apologetically, then enters solo.

INT. ROOM 609 - DAY

Holly throws in the chain lock.

HOLLY
Thanks for coming. I really didn't want to be alone.

WOODS
Don't mention it.

Holly sits down on the bed. Woods doesn't know where to take the conversation from here. A beat. Holly SIGHS.

HOLLY
This was supposed to be my big break. I know it's wrong to think that, but I'm thirty-five, I have no family, no boyfriend, not even a cat. And for what? To be locked in a hotel on some crazy fucking haunted floor? And-and-and-and now your dad wants to shoot? Now? I
(MORE)

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 mean, what the fuck am I supposed
 to do?

Woods thinks for a moment.

WOODS
 Do what you want.

HOLLY
 I want to shoot.

WOODS
 Then shoot.

HOLLY
 Is that wrong?

WOODS
 I think, um... I think doing
 anything less than what you came
 here to do is, *could be*, maybe,
 like, a disservice.

Holly considers. Then a sad smile breaks on her face - sad
 but appreciative. She gets up and gives Woods a hug.

HOLLY
 Thanks for listening. You're
 nothing like your father.

But Woods doubts her. Did she really listen, or did she just
 do exactly what Chuck wanted her to do?

Holly reaches for the door handle.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
 Coming?

WOODS
 Yeah.

Woods follows Holly out.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DUSK

A few rooms along the street-side of the building have their
 doors propped open.

Inside, strung over the windows, are bedsheets moored with
 gaffer tape, block-lettering to hang their cries in place.

WOODS (V.O.)
 We tried the windows....

INT. ROOM 611 - DUSK

SIGN #1: "HELP US"

WOODS (V.O.)
 ...Tried opening them. They
 wouldn't budge...

INT. ROOM 609 - DUSK

SIGN #2: "WE'RE TRAPPED"

WOODS (V.O.)
 ...Tried breaking them. They'd self
 repair...

INT. ROOM 607 - DUSK

SIGN #3: "PLEASE SEND HELP!"

WOODS (V.O.)
 ...No one has come...

EXT. THE ROYAL EUGENIA - DUSK

From street level the windows on the sixth floor appear to be clear. No signage. No sign of breakage. No signal whatsoever.

WOODS (V.O.)
 No one has seemed to notice.

INT. ROOM 608 - DUSK

The window is blacked out with curtains. Rollo sets up a projector aimed at the blank wall opposite the bed.

CHUCK
 Cut.

He had been recording Woods' audio confession with Boom's help.

The others have before them paper bowls of a hodgepodge dinner comprised of what's left of their snacks: Chex Mix, the remainder of the jerky, diced-up Kraft singles, assorted raw veggies, and a bit of water to turn the whole thing into a salty mush.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Rollo, how are we looking?

Rollo plugs his computer into the projector.

Picture comes up: the scene of Holly and Richard - Richard's characters' confession. The footage looks great.

Chuck is giddy. He lays a proud hand on Richard's shoulder. Richard looks up at him, smiling weakly through his mouthful of food.

A KNOCK at the door.

Rollo pauses the video. They hang in silence.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Colin... Go see who it is.

Colin looks around from over his half-eaten bowl.

Woods makes no move to make him stay. He gets up, resenting her and everyone else in this room, and leans into the peephole. Everyone waits with bated breath.

Colin throws open the door TO REVEAL: Ty.

TY
Hey.

Ty scans the half-eaten bowls of some bizarre amalgamation. Anything even resembling food looks good to him right now.

CHUCK
Woods, get him a bowl.

Ty takes a seat at the table with Rollo, Pietro, Boom, Richard, Holly and Chuck.

Woods sets a bowl before him, adds water, and mashes it up.

WOODS
Trust me, it's better this way.

COLIN
(taking his seat)
She's right.

CHUCK
We've been watching dailies.

Ty offers a hollow nod and tries his food. Then shovels more. Chuck signals for Rollo to restart the video. He cranks up the VOLUME.

RICHARD
 (on-screen dialogue)
 Sometimes who we are in life takes
 a little prompting to come out, a
 little push...

TY
 (between bites)
 What's that on the soundtrack?

Listening closely, there's a repeating DOUBLE-SCRATCH every
 second-and-a-half.

TY (CONT'D)
 It's like a "scurrr-scurrr."

RICHARD
 More like a "reeek-reeek."

Boom shrugs. He hadn't heard anything weird while recording.

COLIN
 It's like, "TCHCK."

The sound cuts through Chuck's mind like a electricity.

CHUCK
 What'd you say?

COLIN
 TCHCK?

CHUCK
 Of course. Her name.

Chuck beckons for Colin to repeat himself.

COLIN
 TCHCK?

CHUCK
 TCHCK.

The air appears to thicken. Chuck beckons him again.
 Everyone's heart rate accelerates, but they don't know why.

COLIN
 TCHCK.

CHUCK
 TCHCK.

The closet door opens...

HOLLY

Isn't anyone else coming?

No one else moves from their places in the hallway. They've seen too much.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Woods?... Fine.

She presses the button marked "L." Nothing happens. She presses it again. And again. And AGAIN --

The elevator plummets.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DUSK

The doors stay open so everyone can see that final look on her face, her hair lifting and floating as gravity, in her world, no longer applies. She's in free fall. And then gone.

The horrific SCREECHING of the emergency brakes sparking and failing. As a final punctuation, a CRASH as the elevator impacts the bottom of the shaft at terminal velocity.

Chuck, Rollo, Pietro, Richard, Boom, Colin, Woods, and Ty stand at the top of the open elevator shaft. Dust and ozone waft up at them.

TY

Is she dead?

Everyone ignores his redundant question.

COLIN

Why'd she get on? She knew it wouldn't work. Why'd she get on?

Woods can't take it anymore. The dam bursts. Her tears come forcefully and painfully. Colin hovers over her, staring. He looks at Chuck. Chuck shrugs. Woods cries and cries alone.

A CLANGING deep in the shaft.

ROLLO

Do you hear that?

Woods cuts off her sobs.

RICHARD

Probably just debris.

ANOTHER CLANG. Then ANOTHER. As if something is climbing up the shaft.

CHUCK

Holly?

Silence. Nothing. No signs of life whatsoever.

CLANG... CLANG.. CLANG!

Higher and higher. Whatever it is, it's coming for them. The lights in the hallway *FALTER*. Dimming. Flickering.

TY

That's not Holly.

CHUCK

To my room. Now!

The survivors make a break for the other end of the hallway.

The *CLANGING* becomes more furious, more desperate, as it nears the top of the open shaft.

The hallway floor buckles.

The walls seem to breathe.

CRACKS in the floor rip through the indeterminate carpet and nip at their heels.

Chuck *OPENS* the door to room 613, and ushers the rest inside.

A pressure increase *RIPS* toward them up the hallway like a rushing wind. Chuck gets a good grip on the door and --

INT. ROOM 613 - DUSK

SLAMS the door. *FLIPS* the lock. *THROWS* in the chain. The wind outside *SUBSIDES*. The pressure returns to normal.

The clock in the corner reads something close to, but not quite, "6:13."

The survivors are bathed in the blood red of a fire-season sunset. Pietro *PRAYS IN ITALIAN*.

ROLLO

Che cavolo! Che cazzo! I did not sign up for this. This is not filmmaking. I do not care if you are dying.

All eyes on Chuck. This is news to most of them. Chuck leans his forehead against the inside of the door.

CHUCK
I'm not dying.

WOODS
What?

Chuck turns around.

CHUCK
I'm not dying. I just didn't think you'd come aboard if I wasn't.

ROLLO
Chuckie...

CHUCK
No, it's true, Rollo. Not one of you cares about me. No, you're here 'cause you think you can get something out of me.

(to Ty)

You, some kind of redemption.

(to Rollo)

You, some clearing of you conscience.

(to Colin)

You... Maybe not you. You're actually pretty nice.

(back to Rollo)

But you, do you know how many hours I spent sitting in a van? Days, weeks, *months* of my life, biding time, trying to start over, when all you had to do was pick up the phone and reach out to the guy who gave you a shot, who let you move in with him when you couldn't even get an apartment for yourself.

Where were you, Rollo? I gave to you, and the only thing you gave back was a fuckin' knife in my back.

Rollo frowns and drops his head. There are a lot of other factors at work, a lot of other bits of information he could bring up -- how Chuck was selfish, how Chuck was tyrannical, how he never took notes or advice or even a simple friendly reminder to be humane, grateful, present, and for God's sake *patient* -- but none of that would change the fact that, at the most fundamental level...

ROLLO
You're right.

It catches Chuck off-guard. It's been a long time since anyone's told him he was right. 3 days ago he thought that was what he wanted more than anything, but hearing it now, it makes him sad, guilty, a sense of failed responsibility.

TY

As long as we're doing confessions,
I have one.

He draws a DEEP BREATH.

TY (CONT'D)

Ty Fyre... It's not my real name.

Silence in the room.

CHUCK

Yeah, no shit.

ROLLO

We all know that.

COLIN

It's on Wikipedia.

TY

(trying to save face)

Oh... Yeah, I know. I just wanted
to make sure you knew, too.

WOODS

Dad... You're not dying?

Chuck can barely look at her. He shakes his head. Woods storms to the door.

CHUCK

Where are you going?

She UNDOES the chain, then the LOCK.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Woods, get back here!

She FLINGS open the door and exits into the hallway...

It looks like any other rundown hotel hallway. No cracks in the floor. No evidence that anything is amiss. The hydraulic hinge pulls the door closed with a CLICK and a RATTLE.

ROLLO

I will talk to her.

CHUCK
No, I need you here.

ROLLO
For what?

CHUCK
For my plan. I'm going to save us.

ROLLO
Save us? How?

CHUCK
I know the spirit's name.

Pietro cuts off his prayer.

PIETRO
(QUESTIONING CHUCK'S SANITY)

Rollo waves Pietro's question away.

ROLLO
(to Chuck)
What do you mean by this?

CHUCK
TCHCK.

A *SCREECHING WAIL*, like nails on the chalkboard, sends shivers down their spine.

FOOTSTEPS run up the hallway. Woods flies in the door and closes it with her back.

WOODS
The fuck was that?

CHUCK
Our way off this floor.

The others still don't get it.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Classic exorcism rules. If you know the demon's name, you can control it. Now, all we need is a setup.

Chuck slips over to his desk, picks up pen, a fresh sheet of paper, and furiously SCRAWLS a map.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
A new scene--

ROLLO

Aw, Chuckie.

CHUCK

Hear me out. A new scene so she doesn't know what we're up to. It will look like we're filming, but we're not; we're setting her up. Ty, Richard, I need you in on this.

TY

(stammering)

I don't know, Chuck.

Chuck gets up to rally him and the others.

CHUCK

You can do this. We all can. But we have to work together. We have to trust each other.

No one is ready to make the leap.

WOODS

Okay.

Chuck smiles at his daughter. He might have fucked up before, but for this one moment of understanding, this single moment of unification --

WOODS (CONT'D)

I don't forgive you, if that's what you're thinking. But if it means no one else... If we get to go home, I say we do it.

The rest agree. What else do they have?

CHUCK

Okay. Here's the scene...

They gather around his overhead map of room 603.

The clock turns over to something close to, but not quite, "6:17."

INT. ROOM 613 - NIGHT

Chuck once again sets up his camera on the dresser.

CHUCK

I sent everyone in to prep the room. We've got one chance at this
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)
and, uh, I think it's gonna work...
It has to.

ELMO (V.O.)
Does it?

CHUCK
Huh?

Chuck whirls to face the clock radio.

ELMO (V.O.)
Does it *have* to work?

CHUCK
I don't-- I don't know what you
mean.

ELMO (V.O.)
Piss off. You're filming a scene,
Chuck. Why are filming a scene?

CHUCK
Well, to trick her.

ELMO (V.O.)
Trick her? Does she need to be
tricked?

CHUCK
You said if I had her name--

ELMO (V.O.)
Yes, Chuck, but when did I say
anything about filming?

CHUCK
I just thought--

ELMO (V.O.)
Thought what? That you could get
another scene out of it? That you
could add this to your movie for
your own personal gain?

CHUCK
Now hold on there, Elmo. I'm doing
the one thing I know how to do. I'm
providing a structure. People find
comfort in structure.

ELMO (V.O.)
Comfort? Just where in the hell do
you find comfort in doing anything
(MORE)

ELMO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
on this floor besides getting off
of it?

CHUCK
That's what I'm trying to do! So
shut your stupid, malfunctioning
face 'cause I'm handling this,
Elmo.

A long silence.

ELMO (V.O.)
Alright then. Handle it, Chuck. But
just how will you keep her once you
have her?

It dawns on Chuck.

CHUCK
You can help.

ELMO (V.O.)
I can what?

CHUCK
You're like her, right?

ELMO (V.O.)
I'm like *her*?

CHUCK
Aren't you?

ELMO (V.O.)
No! Good God, do you see me going
around killing and terrifying
people?

CHUCK
Well, to tell the truth, it is a
little unsettling what you do.

Silence. Chuck is worried he's offended his one true ally.

ELMO (V.O.)
You've got a point there. But I
don't know how I can help.

CHUCK
I thought you knew everything.

ELMO (V.O.)
 I'm in a bloody clock radio.
 Clearly I don't have this all
 figured out.

CHUCK
 What do you know? About the spirit,
 I mean.

ELMO (V.O.)
 Well, she's ghastly.

CHUCK
 I thought maybe, like, a ring of
 salt or--

ELMO (V.O.)
 A ring of salt? What is this, some
 adolescent sleepover? Shall I break
 out the Ouija board?

CHUCK
 Well, how'd you get in there?

ELMO (V.O.)
 I... Huh.

CHUCK
 What?

ELMO (V.O.)
 No, it's just... This might be a
 little weird...

INT. ROOM 603 - NIGHT

Colin helps Pietro adjust the settings on the camera. Boom
 gets the sound up. Ty and Richard confer quietly in the
 corner, going over doubts and psyching each other up.

Rollo comes up to Woods.

ROLLO
 Can we talk for a minute?

WOODS
 (hesitant)
 Sure.

Rollo guides her into the bathroom to give them some privacy.

ROLLO
 I have my suspicions.

WOODS

About what?

ROLLO

About your father. Ghosts?
Hauntings? Let's be honest with
ourselves. People have *died* here.

WOODS

Yeah, a lot's been happening. Can
we not talk about this right now?

ROLLO

No, Woods, listen. You know more
than I do how your dad is, eh, eh,
not exactly stable.

WOODS

So?

ROLLO

So, think about it. We did not
witness any of the deaths, we only
took your father's word for it. Ms.
Humholtz, H.M.U., P.D., None of
these people we *saw* get killed.

WOODS

But what about everything else: the
sounds, the--?

ROLLO

Woods, think back. What do you
really remember? The only thing for
sure without explanation was Ms.
Humholtz, but you saw Chuck check
in with P.D. Like he *planned it*.
Woods, I think your father has
locked us up here, drugged us, and
is *killing everyone*.

Woods studies her hand to check her sobriety.

CHUCK (O.S.)

I've got it!

Woods hears Chuck enter the hotel room. She drops her hand
and 'acts natural' - which is to say she adopts a stiffness
that isn't natural at all.

Thankfully Chuck is completely in his own world, arriving
with an unplugged clock radio, the chord dragging behind him.
He carries it with the care of a living thing.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Team, meet Elmo. He is going to help us. Now, only I can hear him, but I promise I will be repeating exactly what he says.

Woods and Rollo make eye contact. How could he not be right?

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Colin, grab me a stinger. And take a look through P.D.'s bag for candles. I want a ring right here on the floor. Let's get this up, people! Ty, Richard, with me.

Ty, Richard, and Chuck confer. Woods regards her father from afar like a dangerous stranger.

INT. ROOM 603 - NIGHT

A ring of candles burns in the center of the room. Into its center Chuck places the clock radio, lifeless and dark.

He plugs it into an extension chord that runs around the lights, under Boom's feet, and into an outlet in the wall.

The screen comes to life, flashing something close to, but not quite, "12:00" ... "12:00" ... "12:00" ...

ELMO (V.O.)

Alright... Bring her in.

Chuck perches behind the camera between Rollo and Boom.

CHUCK

(repeating)

Alright. Bring her in.

Ty and Richard, dressed in their wardrobe, wait on their marks beside the ring of candles.

TY

...How?

CHUCK

Oh. Um, say her name.

TY

Chuck, I'm not really comfortable with this.

CHUCK

It's okay. We've set it up. All you have to do is say her name.

TY

But what if she, you know, goes on a rampage? I don't want to be responsible for a rampage, Chuck.

RICHARD

He could be responsible for a rampage.

CHUCK

No one's responsible for anything. Elmo's taking care of it. Isn't that right, Elmo?

"12:00" ... "12:00" ... "12:00" ...

TY

Just double-checking, Elmo is...?

CHUCK

The clock-- Well, *in* the clock.

TY

And that's the story.

CHUCK

...Sure.

Ty draws a shaky breath.

TY

I hate ghosts.
(mutters, barely audible)
Check.

Chuck waves for Ty to say it again. Bigger this time. Louder.

TY (CONT'D)

(barely louder)
Check...
(voice cracking)
Check.

RICHARD

(whispers)
That's not the name.

TY

What?

CHUCK

Cut!

Rollo and Boom cut.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Ty, what's wrong?

TY

Richard says it's not the name.

CHUCK

Of course it's the name. Say it.
Let me hear you say it.

TY

"Check."

CHUCK

Oh, no, that's not the name. It's,
uh... TCHCK.

A *HIDEOUS WAIL* from down the hall. Hairs stand on end.

TY

TCHCK.

THAT WAIL AGAIN, that scratching, grating, scrapes-up-from-the-base-of-your-spine wail.

CHUCK

(whispers)

Roll, roll.

Pietro corrects the camera's focus. Woods and Colin huddle off to the side, waiting, preparing for its appearance.

And yet Wood's eyes fall to the floor, unable to ignore Rollo's confiding theory that eats at her, nags at her, makes her feet cold and stomach knot.

TY

TCHCK!

The *WAIL* comes again and *DISSOLVES INTO A GROWL*.

The pressure changes. Like a wind it *RIPS* down the hallway.

Overhead bulbs in the hallway *BLOW OUT ONE BY ONE*. The light fixtures catch the *TINKLES* of glass.

The actors hold their marks. The candles on the door-side of the circle *PUFF OUT*.

CHUCK

Now, Elmo!

The clock screen flashes through *SHAPES LIKE RUNES*.

No one breathes, as if the air itself has been sucked out of the room.

The clock screen goes blank.

Boom shifts his foot atop the extension chord...

The rubber insulation *SQUEAKS* against the sole of his shoe.

The clock screen comes back on, each light bar full and shining with tremendous strength: "88:88."

ELMO (V.O.)

Chuck, the boom!

A surge like a glowing distortion slides up the boom toward its microphone tip, exposed and looking an awful lot like a medieval weapon, like a pole-axe or a scythe.

Chuck grabs the boom handle. It wrenches forward all on its own.

Boom releases, thinking Chuck is behind the wrenching force.

The boom pole has come under possession, Chuck is sure. It whips like a fishing rod that has hooked a marlin.

First forward, in toward the ring of candles, then, with tremendous force, whipping back again, wind *WHISTLING* over the sharp metal casing.

The mic, its tip like a spear, *PIERCES* Pietro's eye and buries deep into his skull.

Standing a moment dumb, nobody moves. Chuck realizes his hands are still on the boom handle. He releases.

Pietro *COLLAPSES*.

ROLLO

Pietro!

Boom backs away. This wasn't his fault. They all saw. Chuck grabbed the boom.

TY

Fuuuuck this shit.

Ty bounces back a few steps, then bolts out of the room. The clock radio flashes "88:88" ... "88:88" ... "00:00" ... then goes dark.

CHUCK
Ty, get back here!

He chases after him.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Everyone, take five!

And disappears up the hallway. Rollo sobs over the body, his hands shaking as they hover near his friend's face.

ROLLO
Pietro...

Blood drips from Pietro's eye and nostrils.

Rollo, not knowing what else to do with his hands, brings them back to his own face. Covers his mouth. Hides his eyes.

Woods knows she should help console him. She knows she should do something, but she just, without a doubt, witnessed her father kill this poor, old man and then run off telling everyone to, "Take five." She has to get out of here... She has to get away.

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door to Ty's room is closing. Chuck runs and jumps in what he hopes will be a graceful flying kick to keep it from shutting...

INT. ROOM 612 - NIGHT

But in practice is more like a foal's first failed attempt at running as Chuck SMASHES into the door, sending it SLAMMING knob-first into the wall. It leaves behind a sizable dent.

Ty, consolidating his belongings, shouts over his shoulder:

TY
Get out of here!

CHUCK
It's not safe for you to be running off, Ty.

TY
Fuck you, Chuck, you murderous
motherfucker. We all watched you
kill that guy. Get out of my way.

Ty pushes past Chuck into the bathroom.

CHUCK
Is that what you think happened?

TY
No, it was someone else whipping
the boom around at eye level.

Ty takes an armload of toiletries out of the bathroom toward
his suitcase by the bed.

CHUCK
It was. I was trying to restrain
it. I was trying to save all of
you!

TY
Yeah, good go--

A *SKITTERING* on the ceiling. Ty's words catch in his throat.
His eyes pull upwards. Chuck looks up, too.

INT. ROOM 603 - NIGHT

Woods hunkers down beside Rollo, doubled over on his knees,
locked in shock and guilt over his best friend's corpse.

WOODS
You have to get up, Rollo. C'mon.
If my dad locked us up here, then
he has to have the stairwell key.
It's probably in his room.

Woods tries to drag him up. Rollo relents, leaving his dead
friend behind.

The clock remains dark, reflecting in its slightly bubbled
glass Woods and Rollo, followed by Colin, Boom and Richard,
as they exit room 603, hopefully for the last time.

INT. ROOM 613 - NIGHT

Woods enters first, makes sure it's empty, then waves the
others in.

WOODS

Check everywhere. Colin, you're sure you don't have it?

COLIN

I'm sure.

WOODS

Okay, just checking.

They fan out to search everywhere they can think of. Richard checks the sad schoolhouse desk. Woods dives into Chuck's luggage. Colin checks the bathroom drawers. Boom gets on the floor to peer under the bed.

Rollo hovers in the middle of the room, unable to hang onto any clear thought... Until he notices the handheld camera on the dresser.

He turns it ON. Scrolls back. Stops. Runs the footage.

CHUCK (V.O.)

(on camera)

Now hold on there, Elmo. I'm doing the one thing I know how to do. I'm providing a structure. People find comfort in structure.

No one else is on the tape. No other image. No other voice.

CHUCK (V.O.)

That's what I'm trying to do! So shut your stupid, malfunctioning face 'cause I'm handling this, Elmo.

As far as he can tell, Chuck is talking to himself. One half of a desperate and confused conversation that, when taken in its entirety, is wholly and completely batshit insane.

CHUCK (V.O.)

You can help... You're like her, right?... Aren't you?

There is no more doubt in Rollo's mind. This seals it.

CHUCK (V.O.)

Well, to tell the truth, it is a little unsettling what you do.

CHUCK (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Chuck appears in the doorway, splattered in Ty's blood.

WOODS

Dad!

Woods, Richard, Boom and Rollo all collect around each other. All except for Colin, whose exit from the bathroom Chuck unwittingly blocks. He's trapped.

Seeing Chuck draped in the evidence of his latest victim brings Rollo around with a sudden violent energy, a parental instinct, a need to protect the young ones around him.

ROLLO

You stay back!

CHUCK

(re: the blood)

What, this? It's not mine.

ROLLO

We didn't think it was, you freak!

WOODS

Let us go. We didn't do anything.

CHUCK

You think this is my fault?

WOODS

Dad, we know it is. Just let us go. Please.

CHUCK

I would if could, Woods. Believe me.

But she's done believing.

An energy shift takes place in the room. They all turn at once to look over at the presence of something new by the sad schoolhouse desk. It's Richard, only it's not.

His expression has changed to something at once slack and hyper-aware. His eyelids are peeled all the way back and his mouth has been pulled into a thin line, somewhere between smiling and strain. His whole visage hangs like a mask.

Richard takes a jerky step forward, each muscle appearing to operate independently, each not quite communicating properly with the rest of the body.

Richard lunges.

The others step back. But Boom is slow. Boom is stoned.

Richard (that is not Richard) takes him by the hair. Grips him around the Adam's apple. And RIPS out his throat.

COLIN
Oh fuck this!

Colin runs out of the bathroom, grabs Woods as he goes, and pulls her out the door into the hallway. The others follow his lead.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Colin drags Woods by the arm. Rollo and Chuck follow steps behind. They all flee Richard, jerking and lunging like a zombie.

Woods' eyes mist and her legs grow heavy. Rollo and Chuck overtake them. Colin notices they're slowing down.

COLIN
Woods!

No response.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna do this for your own good. I'm dumping you.

WOODS
What?

It snaps her back. Colin tugs, and they pick up speed.

INT. ROOM 603 - NIGHT

The clock radio comes back online - a blinking "00:00" that self-corrects to "9:53."

ELMO (V.O.)
Chuck!

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chuck overhears Elmo's shout.

CHUCK
Elmo?!

ELMO (V.O.)
I can help you, Chuck! Duck into 608!

Check gets an image of 608 --

INT. ROOM 608 - NIGHT

Scattered bowls of bloody flesh and PD's body still hanging in the closet.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHUCK

Not 608!

ELMO (V.O.)

605, then!

INT. ROOM 605 - NIGHT

The resting place of HMU, drained and crucified.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHUCK

Nope!

ELMO (V.O.)

603, then! Back to me!

CHUCK

You said you'd get me off this floor!

WOODS

Who are you talking to?!

CHUCK

Elmo. He's been helping me.

WOODS

Oh, come on! Just drop it already!

ELMO (V.O.)

Tell them I'm a good spirit!

CHUCK

He's a good spirit.

ELMO (V.O.)

Tell them Richard will kill himself!

CHUCK

Richard will kill himself?

Richard (that is not Richard) runs, hobbles, limps and flails past them, and throws himself down the open elevator shaft.

ELMO (V.O.)

And now Rollo will die, too!

CHUCK

And now Rollo...

They've made it to the end of the hallway, the locked stairwell door just beyond them. Rollo, who reached it first, turns around at the sound of his name.

Chuck looks at him with sad, apologetic eyes.

The stairwell door BURSTS OPEN with unnatural force.

The edge CONNECTS with the back of Rollo's head.

He is flung forward onto the floor. A deep gash in the back of his head seeps a deep red, almost black, into the otherwise indeterminate color of the hallway carpet.

Chuck looks with horror upon his fallen friend. He drops to the floor, shaking Rollo, trying to rouse him. But the damage is too great. The man is dead.

WOODS

Dad, dad, look. The door's open. We can go.

Chuck doesn't budge from his post over his dead friend, so much a mirror of how Rollo clung to Pietro.

Elmo's voice ECHOES out from room 603. A ROLLING LAUGH. A deep, throaty, lavishing sound.

For the first time, Chuck is not the only one to hear it. Woods hears it, too, and Colin as well.

A shadow forms and flows out the open door of room 603. It peels and becomes two.

Through the doorway steps A WELL-DRESSED BRITISH MAN. Polished shoes. Khakis, pressed and cuffed. Collared shirt under cotton vest. Brushed hair. Forgetting the circumstances, he would have a certain comforting air, a knowledgeable and caring presence. And, in another life, that is perhaps exactly what he would represent.

The other shadow belongs to a form that not so much walks as floats. Its gray skin. Its black hole eyes. In spite of the evident horror, there is a lost beauty underneath. She looks, Chuck and Woods notice at the same time, like the corpse. She looks, Chuck hates to admit, just like Mary.

ELMO

Chuck Masters, welcome to your life.

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Woods blinks away her fog. She's horizontal. Must have fainted, she realizes. She sits up and takes stock.

Rollo: dead. Her father: paralyzed. Colin: beside her, standing, and no longer her boyfriend.

And then these two entities before her: the dapper one and the phantom with the black hole eyes who looks so much like her mother it must have knocked her off-line. Woods struggles to make sense of it.

CHUCK

Why can't I see? Why can't I see?!

Chuck pulls his hands away from his face.

Woods GASPS. Where Chuck's eyes should be is a swirling black mass, a compounding of matter, the formation of a black hole in a each socket.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(begging)

Elmo... Elmo!

ELMO

I think he means me.

CHUCK

Of course I mean you. We've been in this together. I've done everything you told me to.

ELMO

Have you, Chuck? Have you really?

Chuck strains to find the direction of the voice. He pushes off the floor, but TRIPS over Rollo's remains and CRASHES back down.

ELMO (CONT'D)
What's my name, Chuck?

Chuck crawls toward the sound of Elmo's voice.

CHUCK
Elmo.

ELMO
What's my *full* name?

Chuck reaches out. Elmo kicks Chuck's hand aside.

ELMO (CONT'D)
Get off'a me. It's a nickname,
Chuck. You know what it's short
for?

Chuck rolls onto his back. A growing pressure as his chest cavity FILLS WITH SAND like an hour glass, displacing the blood and shoving it up into his skull.

CHUCK
(strained)
Elmira?

ELMO
No, Chuck, the name's Erasmus. I
believe you already know my
colleague. Together, Chuck Masters,
we are you.

Chuck doesn't get it. He's too focused on the pain in his head. Erasmus leans over him to scream in his face.

ELMO (CONT'D)
It's an anagram!

INSERT: the screen on Chuck's bedroom blinks "ERASMUSTCHCK"
... "TCHCKERASMUS" ... "CHUCKMASTERS" ... "CHUCKMASTERS" ...

ELMO (CONT'D)
Christ, so bloody dense all the
time. Can't stand it.

COLIN
(whispers, re: the open
stairwell door)
Woods, c'mon.

But Woods, seeing her father suffer, realizes she really does care about him. Though the door is open, her exit clear, she can't bring herself to leave him behind.

ELMO

Pity, really. We thought we could do so much better. And then you went and made a real mess of everything. All well and good, we suppose. Our job goes on. And so, Chuck Masters, may we welcome you, properly.

Before Chuck can respond, he is flung through the floor...

INT. THE OTHER SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Chuck finds himself standing in the same hallway - same but different somehow.

The pressure from his head and chest is gone. The stairwell doors are open. As is every other door Chuck can see.

The entire floor has a flat, blue-gray sheen and feels cold, both preserved and dilapidated, devoid of life, devoid of warmth, wholly unwelcoming, and completely nightmarish.

And he is alone. So terribly alone. He takes a step forward.

CHUCK

Hello?

No response.

A *SKITTERING* in an open room. 603. Perhaps he is not so alone after all. And that thought, Chuck realizes, is even worse.

He has no inclination to venture anywhere beyond the hallway, and so he continues further down, reluctantly glancing into the open rooms, their beds undisturbed, their sheer curtains drawn so they glow with an otherworldly light.

SKITTERING. This time on the opposite side of the hall. 608.

FLASH! -- PD on the hook. The bowls of flesh and blood.

Chuck recoils from the memory.

One door sits firmly closed in its frame: 614.

Chuck feels compelled to stand before this door.

It *CRACKS* open on its own.

It's dark inside, yet not dark enough to miss a silhouette, the one not quite standing in the middle of the room.

A flowy outline at the floor. A draped bedsheet. The sheet slips off and pools at the floor.

Ms. Humholtz hovers, just as she did in her last moments before being flung into the production room. Her head tilts to one side and her jaw hangs slack, almost out of place.

Chuck can't move. Can't speak. Can't even seem to breathe.

Ms. Humholtz's eyes open.

Her head CREAKS upright. She hovers forward as if on a track. Her slack expression transforms into a maddening gaze, a CRAZED GROWL, a bearing of flesh-tearing teeth, jaw lowering, unhinging as if to consume Chuck in one bite.

Chuck's eyes shake in their sockets, A SCREAM FROM WITHIN, trapped somewhere deep inside.

WOODS (PRE-LAP)

Dad!

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Woods tries to call over CHUCK'S SCREAMING, but his screaming is too much, a rhythmic holler that exhausts and recharges like a fireplace bellow.

Chuck stands in the doorway to the empty room 614. What were once black hole eyes have now become a solid milky-white.

Woods pulls back on his arms, desperate to snap him out of it, but he is moored solid as if set in concrete.

WOODS

(to Colin)

Why's he screaming like that?

Colin stands beside her.

COLIN

He reminds me of you. A second ago when you were, like, out of it.

WOODS

You mean when you dumped me?

COLIN

Alright, you know, not the best timing, admittedly, but this is

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)
probably not the best time for this
conversation either.

Woods circles Chuck to assess him face-to-face, where he continues to stare past her, unaware of her presence and screaming into the empty room. Colin leans around Chuck.

COLIN (CONT'D)
It's just, Woods, you're my best
friend, and I don't know what I am.
I need time to figure that out. And
even if there is no time left, even
if this is the end for us, I'm not
okay dying without being honest
with myself.

Woods SLAPS Chuck's face. Chuck's screaming pauses.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Was that for me?

WOODS
No, Colin. I respect that. I'm
sorry if you felt pressured.

Chuck looks confused, no more aware of their presence but certainly more aware of himself. He staggers back a few steps, and then takes off, drunkenly careening down the hallway toward Elmo. TCHCK, however, is nowhere to be seen.

INT. THE OTHER SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

The door to 614 SLAMS SHUT on Ms. Humholtz. The rest of the doors SLAM SHUT, too. Chuck, sweating, winded, having exhausted every last ounce of energy to escape her spell, dogs it down the hallway.

Something is coming for him in this hallway. He can feel it. Something is coming.

605 is open just a crack.

INT. ROOM 605 - DAY

Chuck careens into the room and SLAMS the door closed.

The back of the door! HMU hangs in a crucifixion no longer discreet and without mess. She drips with a perverse amount of blood. Her eyes roll about in her head. Her throat catches in epiglottal CLICKS and POPS as she chokes on blood.

Chuck stares at her. There is nothing he can do.

He reaches for the doorknob and eases the door open slowly, apologetically, and, feeling guilty, backs into the hallway.

INT. THE OTHER SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Chuck can still see the dripping blood, can still hear the SCRAPING of her squirms against the inside of the door. He closes his eyes, desperate to put it out of mind.

TCHCK takes him around the back with a sudden jarring force and shoves him into the opposite wall. Not just into, *but through...*

INT. ROOM 604 - DAY

A crushing, throbbing pain, and then he's through the wall. But to where? It's dark... A sliver of light. A crack in the closet. A scrawny arm. A familiar sound: *THCK, TCHCK*.

It's PD and his fuckin' maracas, Chuck realizes.

He's in the closet of room 604.

PD drops his maracas and addresses... Chuck. A different Chuck. A Chuck from earlier, from before all this. Through the crack, the Chuck in the closet, the present Chuck, watches his past self berate this poor kid.

CHUCK, PAST

So you're shaking maracas alone in your room?

PD

The sound is really soothing to me, okay?

The Chuck out there shakes it off and turns off his camera.

CHUCK, PAST

Alright, well, come to 608 when you're ready.

He turns to leave. *TCHCK* -- the sound right in the present Chuck's ear.

CHUCK, PAST (CONT'D)

And knock it off with the fuckin' maracas.

CHUCK

(to self)

But he never shook the maracas.

An eye. PD's eye in the crack of the closet.

Chuck finds himself, under no control of his own, flying out of the closet to catch PD around the throat. Ringing his neck until blood vessels burst. Strangled, but not quite to death.

TCHCK takes Chuck and PD from behind and shoves the two of them through another wall...

INT. ROOM 606 - DAY

Through Rollo and Pietro's room, temporarily abandoned...

INT. ROOM 608 - DAY

And into the closet of room 608. A hook PIERCES PD's back. PD's eyes light up with a final burst of life before darkening forever. Chuck pries his hands away.

PD hangs from the meat hook.

Chuck feels something in his hand. He looks down to see:

A carving knife.

He glances back at TCHCK. Even in the darkness, he can see her tree bark face, feel and taste her acrid breath. He shakes his head, desperate to get out of the task.

She nods, and he is compelled.

Chuck, as if possessed once again, begins carving. Blood rains and pools about his feet.

MUFFLED CONVERSATION regarding his own sanity floats in from the gathering of one-time survivors in the former craft services room of 608.

The hook groans with his sawing: *TCHCK, TCHCK, TCHCK...*

INT. ROOM 608 - NIGHT

And now, suddenly, it is night. The closet door is open. Chaos in the room. Chuck didn't even feel the time shift. Holly bursts out of the room...

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

She flees down the hallway.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

DING! Chuck discovers himself standing on top of the elevator. He grips the cable suspending it. A light comes on beneath his feet. Holly steps inside.

The cable releases from the elevator. He hangs on while the elevator falls further and further away from his dangling feet. He is slipping. He struggles to pull himself up --

INT. ROOM 603 - NIGHT

The cable becomes the boom. His grip on it and the sudden floor beneath his feet throws the boom into Pietro's eye.

INT. ROOM 612 - NIGHT

Chuck is the interloper on the ceiling that jumps down Ty's throat, *SPLITTING* him open from mouth to navel.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chuck is the possessor hovering over Richard's shoulder that flings Richard to his demise down the open elevator shaft.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

And it is Chuck who *FLINGS* open the stairwell door to take Rollo's life. He collapses as he comes through, his vision blurring, and everything fading to black.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE OTHER SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chuck lies on the floor where he fell.

WOODS (O.S.)
(distant)
Dad?

It's like waking from a bad dream.

WOODS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(distant)
Dad!

Chuck lifts his bleary eyes. No sight of her. No sight of anyone.

WOODS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (sharp, cutting)
 Dad!

It's coming from directly behind him.

Chuck turns, and there she is, standing in the stairwell door. Colin stands behind her with his back against the wall, checking down the steps, making sure the coast is clear.

WOODS (CONT'D)
 C'mon! C'mon, hurry up!

Chuck pushes himself up onto his feet. He nearly faints, but he presses on. If only he can get through that door. If only he can get through to his daughter.

Chuck steps through the stairwell door...

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAWN

And arrives back in his body on the sixth floor as he remembered it. Woods holds him as if everything is forgiven, holds him like a daughter would her father.

The stairwell door behind them remains open. Their exit, their escape, is waiting for them.

A force RIPS Woods out of Chuck's arms.

WOODS
 Dad!

CHUCK
 Woods!

The invisible force DRAGS her into the first room on the floor. The door SLAMS SHUT with a certain finality. "601," the placard advertises.

Chuck runs to it. He pulls on the handle. POUNDS on the door.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Colin, the key to 601.

COLIN
 There is no key to 601.

CHUCK
 What?

COLIN
 Managers said it was out of order.

Chuck KICKS the door. KICKS it again - CRACK! The door splinters a little at the bolt. It gives him confidence. He takes a running start, and nearly shoulders it off its frame.

INT. ROOM 601 - DAWN

It looks like a hospital room. In the corner, propped up in a hospital bed, lies MARY. She is IN LABOR.

Chuck finds himself dressed in scrubs.

MARY

How is she? Woods, how is she?

The child is crowning. The top of his little girl's head. Chuck is witnessing the birth of his firstborn, of his only child.

His eyes water. His face reads pure devotion, unconditional love. The gift of a second chance.

ELMO (O.S.)

Chuck.

On the opposite side of the room, Elmo holds Woods hostage, one hand over her mouth. Tears pool at the corner of her eyes.

ELMO (CONT'D)

There are no second chances.

Chuck looks back at the hospital bed.

CHUCK sits in Mary's stead. The crowning child is not Woods but Chuck, Chuck in the body of a newborn, dangerously premature, dying on the hospital bed.

Its head lolls over so Chuck can see its purpled sockets, the whites of its awful, rolled-up eyes as its tiny chest quivers as it suffocates.

ELMO (CONT'D)

There are no second chances, Chuck!

Woods' eyes are lit up with fear and confusion. She cries for her father's help. It lights a fire inside Chuck.

CHUCK

Let her go.

ELMO

You're dying, Chuck. You're dying on the table.

CHUCK
That isn't me.

ELMO
Isn't it? Save yourself, Chuck.

The infant has a seizure, going into shock. Realization dawns on Chuck.

CHUCK
The infant is you, too.

Elmo's face falls. TCHCK *HISSES*, wraps up and around the bed, swaddles the babe and flies them to the ceiling. She retreats to the corner, *HISSING* and *SPITTING* like some awful spider.

Chuck lunges for a scalpel on the table.

ELMO
Chuck, what are you doing?

Chuck puts the scalpel to his own throat.

Woods *SCREAMS* for him to stop, her cry *MUFFLED* by Elmo's hand. She lashes against his grip, but Elmo is immovable, watching with the stoicism of a seasoned poker player.

TCHCK *SHRIEKS* in the corner, an awful banshee wail.

CHUCK
Woods, go for the door. Take Colin.
Get out of here.

She continues to *BEG* and *SCREAM* against Elmo's hand.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
I love you.

Looking Elmo square in the eye, Chuck *SLICES* his throat open.

Woods' tears flow freely now. The resentment she remembers, but also the love she feels, the desire to forgive, the chance to start over. She watches as he falls to his knees.

The blood from his neck soaks his flannel shirt, soaks down to his jean shorts and drips on the floor.

Woods feels, behind her, a wetness from Elmo's throat, split and leaking black blood.

TCHCK falls from the ceiling to the floor. The infant that was in her arms is gone, leaving nothing but empty cloth.

Elmo falls to the floor, releasing Woods.

Woods runs to her dying father. She throws her arms around him, and hugs him for the last time.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 601 - DAWN

Chuck is surprised to find Woods with her arms around him, her face buried in his chest.

Surprised to find the door to 601 open.

Surprised to find the whole room empty and himself cleaned of any of the previous days' wear and tear.

His throat is uncut.

Everything is, as much as it can be, normal.

WOODS

I'm sorry.

She peels her face back to look him solidly in his eyes.

CHUCK

Let's get out of here.

With Woods' help, Chuck lifts himself on shaky legs.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Dying sure isn't easy on the knees.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DUSK

Woods guides Chuck to the open stairwell door. Colin waits for them to enter, then follows behind.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Woods, Colin and Chuck wind down the stairwell steps.

ELMO (V.O.)

Leaving so soon?

Chuck looks for the source.

WOODS

Ignore him.

ELMO (V.O.)

'Fraid you can't do that, mate.

Black water BUBBLES up from the lower levels, filling to the second floor and rapidly approaching the third.

WOODS

In here.

She ducks through the door leading to the third floor hallway.

WOODS (CONT'D)

Follow me!

INT. THIRD FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

This floor has twists and turns. The layout makes no sense.

The carpeting is colorful, and at every bend fresh flowers on tall stalks sit in stone vases that give the whole place an air of class and dignity.

Chuck runs, trying to keep pace with Woods and Colin. They bend left. Bend right. Chuck is falling further and further behind.

CHUCK

(parched)

Woods!

Woods calls back, now out of view:

WOODS (O.S.)

Dad! Keep up!

CHUCK

Woods!

He has to stop to catch his breath. His lungs are on fire. His calves are stone. A stitch on his left side. It feels like he's been sprinting for miles.

Chuck limps in the direction he last saw her.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Woods?... Woods! Colin!... Woods!

Nothing. He takes the next bend, and comes to a dead end. The placard beside the door reads, "STAIRS."

Chuck debates what to do. He glances back. They must have taken this door. This door is the only choice.

Out of breath, Chuck enters through the door...

EXT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

And exits into the familiar hallway. His tattered New Balance sneakers RUFFLE against the indeterminate gray/green/blue of the dusty hallway carpet.

The cuffs of his jean shorts have left lines like cat scratches on his impressive calves, built up to counterbalance the paunch he's put on over the years.

His heart rate is up and his face is flushed. The pits of his flannel shirt are damp. Chuck scrutinizes the empty hallway as if trying to access a memory just out of reach.

CHUCK

Hey, Woods!

He looks back over his shoulder and shouts again.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Woods, get up here!

The elevator beside him has one long piece of tape strung diagonally over its doors signaling: OUT OF ORDER.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

A dozen feet ECHO up the cramped and cold concrete-and-metal steps as bodies GRUNT and equipment BANGS into the rough metal banister: camera bags, sound equipment, lighting kits, flats of water, bags of snacks, the day's lunch and dinner.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Chuck stands alone in the rundown hallway.

The stairwell door thrusts open, and out steps Woods, once again in her flannel that is all-too-similar to Chuck's.

CHUCK

Isn't it cool?

INT. ROOM 613 - DAY

The clock radio flashes something close to, but not quite, "88:88" ... "88:88" ... "00:00" ... "--:--" ... "9:59" ... "10:00" ... "10:00" ... "10:00."

FADE OUT.