

THE LUCKY LADY MASSACRE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - DAY

A rising sun barely lights rugged mountains that form a backdrop for gentler rolling slopes melting into a wide valley of foothills.

A trio of horses snort and prance around their rail fence corral, nervous under a threat.

Outside gray ghost-like shapes slink out of undergrowth.

The lead ghost comes into sharp focus within the lines of a rifle sight - a coyote.

BANG!

The leader drops and the pack scatters into the brush.

EXT. MAGGIE'S RANCH - DAY

MAGGIE SULLIVAN (45) lowers her rifle with the casual satisfaction of protecting her stock.

She drags the carcass well away from the corral, petite frame equal to the task, moving with athletic grace.

The coyote is tumbled into a pit on top of old skeletons. Lime ash is tossed to cover.

As she heads for a compact ranch house, Maggie reaches over the fence to a quivering snout to console a grateful horse.

Her watch DINGS an alert. She checks the time, hisses dismay and picks up her pace.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DEN - DAY

Simple ranch style, immaculate rustic decor. A wall of photos - Maggie's acting and stunt career and a wedding collage.

DAVID (42), once upon a time the polished groom, now a scruffy homebody working at a computer.

OS doors open, close. Footsteps don't break his focus.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
David, this trash has to go out.

DAVID

Right.

MAGGIE

The laundry still needs to be folded and put away.

DAVID

Got it.

She comes in behind him, gauges his lack of attentiveness, tiptoes up behind him.

MAGGIE

David!

He startles badly, spins around. Offers a weak smile that gets an impatient shake of Maggie's head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It's not like I'm asking you to do EVERYTHING around the house. I only have so many hours in a day.

He catches her around the waist, tugs her close. Maggie squirms, mentally ticking off minutes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Stop. I don't have time.

DAVID

You have time enough for this.

He snags a sheet of drawing paper off the desk.

A series of graphic novel style drawings depict various death traps, all with David being dispatched.

Maggie takes it from him.

MAGGIE

This is practice. I would be much more creative dispatching you for real. The trash and laundry please.

DAVID

Okay, okay. I'll get stuff done. I love you.

He comically purses his lips for a kiss. Maggie groans, busses a kiss, finally gets free.

MAGGIE

There's chili in the fridge.

She heads out and the door slams behind her. David returns attention to the computer screen.

EXT. LUCKY LADY AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

The entrance is a timber stockade guarded by sentry posts. Screams and laughter punctuate old time piano music.

Attendants work in 1800s western costumes.

Opposite the stunt stadium, a carnival style midway opens up with thrill rides, game booths and food stands.

Backed into the mountain, the guts of a long gone mining operation hide behind a canvased fence.

Painted images on the canvas of gold miners and desperados and a bold legend: HAUNTED MINE EXPERIENCE opening soon.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE

A VIP group of 10 men and women in business casual, park name tags and IDs on lanyards, passes through the fence.

Maggie, in Annie Oakley leathers, and DEREK (30s) a Gary Cooper look-alike in good guy cowboy duds bring up the rear.

The two story refinery has been fitted with time weathered Old West facades - assay office, bank, saloon, hotel. Torn curtains in the false windows, broken glass, bullet holes.

REFINERY

Ancient ore processing equipment, rusting carts and rails, stacks of shrouded crates form a serpentine path through the building.

LULU GOMEZ (40), once dainty, now stuffed into a dress too small, hurries through the run to catch up.

She teases fingers along Derek's arm as she edges by.

Derek holds a poker face, brushes his arm where she touched, slows to let her get out of earshot.

DEREK

Yuch, I hate it when she does that.
Can you believe they let her
rewrite our script?

MAGGIE

Read it. Reminds me of a movie.

DEREK
The Good, the Bad and the Ugly?

MAGGIE
Titanic.

He stifles a snicker, cringes as metal beams creak overhead.

DEREK
God, I don't want to be here.

MAGGIE
Afraid Lulu will jump you in the
dark?

DEREK
No. But spiders and scorpions might
and I'm allergic.

EXT. MINE ADIT - DAY

A canvas canopy runs from the rear door of the building to the ancient oak beams that frame the 6x8 mine entry.

Tumbleweeds and artfully placed dummies enhance the carnage effects of a massacre beside rusting ore carts.

At the entrance, Lulu preens with self satisfaction. ASST. STAGE MANAGER NIKKI (28), mousy deference hiding a steel ambition, consults a Tablet that seems permanently attached to her hand.

NIKKI
This house is based on the legend of Black Bart. Black Bart and his men slaughtered the miners for the gold and were killed in turn by Indians. Not all the effects are in place, but you'll get the idea.

The group strings out as they head in.

A deranged gold miner SCARE-ACTOR lunges from hiding.

IRA MASON (50s), a stunt man whose best years are long gone, jumps with a strangled cry. Derek pulls him back, laughing.

DEREK
You chicken-shit. Come on, Mags and me will protect you.

Maggie falls in on the other side.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

The mine tunnels have been converted into a haunted house warren of tight rock walls, sharp turns and wood panels depicts 1800's mine life.

Naked hanging bulbs cast wavering shadows.

Piped-in sound effects: CREAKING ROPES, RUSTY MACHINERY, RUNNING WATER, MOANING, HOWLING.

Piles of miner tools and rough furniture. Dummies in various states of gruesome, bloody death.

Gold miner and desperado SCARE-ACTORS menace from nooks and boo holes. A masked BLACK BART villain threatens.

LULU

We put solid artwork into this, not like Maggie's cartoon doodles.

They turn a blind corner to the gate of a freight elevator. She smiles ever so sweetly at Maggie as a Scare-actor raises the elevator gate.

INT. MINE ELEVATOR - DAY

The group crams in. The gate comes down and the elevator JERKS into motion, GRINDS down to a lower level.

Lulu plays up fright, clings to Derek, moving to unnecessarily squeeze Maggie hard against the cage side.

Centered in the group CEO JOHN AKINS (36) carelessly formal, no name tag, focuses on his cell phone.

AKINS

What's our liability on this?

NIKKI

Grandfathered in under general indemnity.

IRA

All the cables and machinery were refurbished. Load in and off just under two minutes. Twenty bodies or 3000 pound load a run.

Akins frowns at the math. VP TOM (37), a weasel in business casual, flips out his phone calculator.

TOM

Six hundred an hour. We could squeeze in ten more per trip.

IRA

These rigs have a weight limit for a reason.

Tom tries to intimidate with scorn. Ira stares him down with gunfighter cool. The elevator gate goes up.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - DAY

Akins steps into the rough cave. The group files out behind him. Last in the car, Maggie sketches in her book.

INT. MINE SHAFT - ANIMATED

Strings of naked light bulbs run along heavy oak braces in the mine shaft of scarred rock.

Lulu stumbles as she shambles through, frazzled, terrified, keeping watch over her back trail.

DEREK (O.S.)

Boo!

Ira howls his fright.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - DAY

Maggie jerks alert. Ira holds his chest under Derek's laughter. Annoyed, Nikki aims for the main tunnel.

NIKKI

We used the main circle around the central core for the run. Off shoots cordoned off. Ore cart tracks taken up and filled in to avoid trip hazards. Air shafts and fans provide air flow.

Lulu looks for a partner. Derek avoids her by busying himself with tying his shoe.

She huffs, finds Tom glaring and softens him up with a smile as she takes his arm into the tunnel.

Derek falls in with Maggie.

MAGGIE

Oh Derek, you big strong man, save me from the ghosts.

Derek fakes vomiting. He eyes the rock walls with unease.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Come on, big man. I'm sure they cleaned out all the bugs.

AKINS (V.O.)

Ira, are you out of your mind! How deep is this pit?

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT - DAY

The cave is circular, with rough-hewn furniture indicating living quarters. Multiple tunnel off-shoots cordoned off.

Derek and Maggie come in to Ira and Nikki restringing police warning tapes onto their posts gating off a hole in the floor at a down sloping off shoot.

Lulu has her back to the opposite wall, feigning a faint. The rest of the group huddles in the middle of the room.

IRA

We're installing a permanent cover.

Akins finally keys in to his surroundings.

AKINS

How far down are we?

NIKKI

One story, twenty feet. This level offered the most options for a ready-made maze. That ..

(indicates the pit)

..caved in yesterday.

AKINS

So that elevator could go down further?

IRA

To the bottom, another eighty feet.

AKINS

That is definitely out. So is this. Main level only. Which way out?

Nikki takes the point. Tom's quick to tag along.

TOM
I said this was a bad idea from the
beginning, Mr. Akins.

With no one minding her, Lulu drops her act, hurries to push
ahead to Akins' side.

Ira glares daggers at Tom's back.

MAGGIE
Chill, Ira. He's bound to suffocate
sooner or later with his head that
far up Akins' ass.

IRA
You guys go ahead. I have to round
up the actors, give them the news.

He heads into a boo hole. Derek drops a pebble in the pit. It
bounces off a slight ledge, drops a long before it pings.

Maggie lingers over the pit.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT (ANIMATED)

A pick-axe grinds along rock walls.

Lulu squeaks fear. She rounds a curve --

-- careens into the roundabout, trips on a stool and staggers
toward an inky black pit of a hole in the ground.

She catches hold of a beam to stop herself, gasps for breath,
stares into the pit at her feet.

Gloved hands reach to shove her screaming into the void.

Derek yelps.

INT. MINE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Derek high steps around a scorpion. Maggie stifles a laugh,
pulls on a glove to pick the bug up and carry it out.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - DAY

Cream-colored slat-board walls frame out an Old West general
store, saloon, sheriff's office, livery.

Cheering encouragement comes from the audience in stadium style seating at the near end of the set. The partially covered arena can hold three thousand. It's barely half full.

A trio of BAD MEN line up. Black coats, gun belts slung low, faces hard under Stetsons. They face four GOOD GUYS, light-toned leathers and denim, gun belts, white hats.

Somewhere the "THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY" theme wafts.

Saloon bat wing doors slam open. Six COWBOYS tumble out in a brawling free-for-all of broad punches and prat falls.

3 SALOON GIRLS in fancy dresses and feathers stream out, hitting with breakaway chairs, throwing punches.

Bad Men and Good Guy cowboys defend themselves against the melee. The music switches to a rousing "Hang 'em High".

Charging in on horseback, Maggie brings a rifle to her shoulder for some sharpshooting.

Bad Men pitch off second story balconies onto fall pads. Final aim is at a Bad Man climbing the church bell tower.

The high fall gives a Good Guy victory that ends the show.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for the Lucky Lady stunt team. So we may safely reset our stage, please gather all your belongings, take small children by the hand, and watch your step as you exit the theater.

The audience shuffles out.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Our actors will be out momentarily to sign autographs and take pictures. Enjoy the rest of your day at Lucky Lady Ghost Town.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - GRANDSTANDS - DAY

Akins and Ira have seats midway up.

AKINS

How old is this set?

IRA

Twenty-five years. We used existing buildings as facades with show elements built behind them. It only looks dilapidated.

AKINS

It looks dirty. Get painters in.

Ira stares at him, aghast.

IRA

Its a ghost town. Its supposed to look faded.

Akins looks over the set without imagination.

AKINS

It could be a steel rail coaster and arcade.

IRA

Sure. If you want to drop us into the red for the next four years.

Indifference tweaked, Akins turns on Ira, gets a shrug.

IRA (CONT'D)

Just saying. New coasters means this area gets razed, meets EPA standards for pollution and building codes for quakes.

Akins doodles on his phone screen.

AKINS

Tom didn't say anything about demolition costs.

IRA

Of course not. He wants an easy gig overseeing the project.

Akins rises. Ira jumps up too fast, tweaking a bad back.

AKINS

I still want fresh paint.

Akins strides out. Ira eyes the set, memories of glory days bringing a sigh of misery.

LULU GOMEZ waits at the backstage gate with imperious confidence, arms full of notebooks.

LULU

John. Had I known you were auditing the show I could have talked you through my ideas for upgrades. I have everything here.

She shrugs her notebooks artfully. Akins manages a bland smile that doesn't quite cover his indifference.

AKINS

Not just now.

He checks his phone, starts past. Lulu dogs him, determined not to let him get away.

LULU

You'll see I compensated for the training budget by replacing some of the older actor salaries with entry level people.

That stops Akins, always ready to save a buck. He turns to her. Lulu flashes a winning smile.

LULU (CONT'D)

All in the interest of updating the show, of course. We have people who have been here 20 plus years. Maggie, for instance. She opened the show. We could get three new people for what she gets paid.

AKINS

Fine. Let's talk.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - BACKSTAGE - DAY

A framework of braces, false walls and stairs. Closets house rigging, harnesses, gun props, foam props, tools.

Tom eases through. He zeroes in on Maggie's backside as she digs in a closet.

A lecherous smirk widens and he closes in, checks for watchers, arm dropping to cop a feel.

Maggie's hand whips back, clamps on Tom's fingers, wrings his wrist as she comes up to face him.

Tom yelps, more embarrassed at being caught, jerks free.

TOM

Ow. Dammit, Maggie. That wasn't called for. It was a mistake.

MAGGIE

Reaching for my ass? Or checking the tack? Either way you don't belong back here.

Straightening to her full height she barely tops his chin, but the danger in her narrowed eyes makes him pause.

EXT. LUCKY LADY THEME PARK - BACK STAGE (ANIMATED)

Tom reaches for her. Maggie reaches into the closet, swings out a machete to chop off his hands.

EXT. LUCKY LADY THEME PARK - BACK STAGE (LIVE ACTION)

Tom takes a half step back.

TOM

You watch your tone. I could take you to HR.

MAGGIE

Name the day and time.

The stare down continues.

Derek saunters up.

DEREK (O.S.)

Hey boss.

He steps up to clean his pistol at the props table. Tom shakes himself, smirks at Maggie as he retreats.

Maggie taps out her anger with a hoof scraper.

He tugs over Maggie's sketch book, riffs through pages.

INSERT SKETCH -Storyboard scenes: Tom face-down across a table, hands out. Axe comes down. Hands lopped off.

Derek makes a face, shakes his head.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Too obvious.

MAGGIE
You haven't seen the gelding
scenario.

He shivers, automatically protecting his own crotch.

DEREK
Rumor is we're getting shut down.

MAGGIE
Old news. We've been hearing that
for the last twelve years.

DEREK
Yeah, but I can't afford to lose
this job now.

Maggie reads something in Derek's eyes, clucks disapproval.

MAGGIE
Seriously? Four kids on what you
make here?

DEREK
Like you can talk. You can't tell
me you gave up a Hollywood career
for this place.

Maggie looks away, swallows down the bile of disappointment.

MAGGIE
No, I gave it up for family.

INT. WESTERN STREET - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Dressed in street clothes, Maggie and DORCAS (27), a starlet
in the making, refresh their make-up in the mirrors.

Maggie opens a locker by her side to dig out a pack of make-
up wipes. The door is a collage of photos from the show.

A candid of 20-year-old Maggie with the opening cast. A
second has new faces with Lulu draped over hunky cowboy
DAVID. Third photo - about 10 years later - David now hugging
Maggie and Lulu obviously 20 pounds heavier and sour.

Maggie frowns into the mirror. The maturity is there. Not
overtly noticeable as aged, but as a depth of years.

The door opens. Lulu sashays in and into the back rest room.
Maggie and Dorcas both watch her in the mirror. Dorcas leans
to Maggie to hiss in a low voice.

DORCAS

She's been bad mouthing you to everyone.

MAGGIE

Since the day she got here. Pisses her off that they wouldn't upgrade her to actor A.

DORCAS

OMG, she wanted your role?

MAGGIE

Any starring role, but she couldn't ride, couldn't shoot, couldn't sell a punch. A non-starter from day one.

She shrugs. Toilet flushes OS. They wait out running water at the sink and Lulu's stroll back out the door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Losing David was icing on the cake of my having what she wanted.

DORCAS

I don't know how you take it. I'd have her ass to HR if she tried that shit with me.

MAGGIE

Wouldn't do you any good. Rumor has it she banged half of those guys and the other half believes her poor me bitch fests.

DORCAS

It's not who you know, it's who you blow. Gross. Changing the subject. How's Mom doing?

Maggie swallows a shudder of intense grief.

DORCAS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Give her my love.

Dorcas gives her a sisterly hug. Maggie nods her thanks.

DORCAS (CONT'D)

Don't say anything, but ...

Dorcas checks the door to ensure they're alone, whispers.

DORCAS (CONT'D)
I auditioned for a movie. I'm
waiting to hear.

MAGGIE
Oh my God, good for you. Let me
know how it works out.

DORCAS
Of course. Why don't audition? Pick
up that career you started.

She points at a mini-movie poster in the locker. Beaming
starlet Maggie featured. Maggie closes the door with a wince.

MAGGIE
I'm tied to Mom's care.

EXT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT

Maggie's truck is one of a handful of vehicles in the lot.

INT. NURSING HOME - HALL - NIGHT

A supply cart stands outside a room.

Inside Maggie gently cares for the frail 80ish wasted woman
nearly hidden under the lines and tubes.

MAGGIE
Oh Mom. Test results come back
tomorrow. We'll decide then, okay?

She bussess a kiss to the wrinkled forehead.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Gotta run. I love you.

INT. NURSING HOME - NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

Imperious HEAD NURSE ROSA (40s) looks up from paperwork as
Maggie comes past on her way out.

ROSA
Maggie. Did they send you anything?

MAGGIE
I'll have the check next week.

ROSA
 No, honey, the new certifications.
 There's a class at the end of the
 month.

She digs in folders, pulls out forms, passes them over.
 Maggie scans through to the last page, catches her breath.

MAGGIE
 Five grand!

ROSA
 Cheaper than full price on your
 Mom's bill, and you end up with a
 marketable skill.

She returns attention to her computer.

INT. MAGGIE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Maggie sits numb behind the wheel of her truck. Sketch book
 open beside her. Anger threatens to overwhelm.

A white figure cuts past the truck window.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT (ANIMATED)

Rosa runs into the desert, trips over uneven ground, bangs
 into rocks. Blood spatters her nurse's whites.

She scrambles toward a dark bulk that could be a house.

Truck engine GROWLS like a maddened beast. HORN BLARES.

HEADLIGHTS pierce the dark, pinpoint her.

Rosa falls, staggers back to her feet. She can't see anything
 in the glare of the lights.

The ground TREMBLES under her feet. The bulk of the truck
 looms up behind the BLINDING lights.

Rosa hits a smooth vertical wall of rock. Tries jumping for
 any kind of hold, slides back down.

She turns and the headlights GROW big. A MUSICAL HORN BLARES.

INT. MAGGIE'S TRUCK - LIVE ACTION

Maggie jolts alert, digs in her bag for her phone. The call
 drops before she can make the connection. From voicemail.

ASM NIKKI (V.O.)
 Emergency cast and crew meeting.
 Mandatory attendance for all
 contracted performers and techs.

MAGGIE
 Damn. Damn, damn, damn, damn.

INT. LUCKY LADY - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The room crowds with cast and crew sharing sofas, standing in knots, voices lowered as consternation rises.

Akins leads the group of executives out of the office. He doesn't clear the door, not looking at anyone.

AKINS
 I apologize for the short notice.
 This isn't easy and I'm sure you've
 all heard rumors.

Moans and protests overlap so that no one word is audible. He holds up his hand for quiet.

AKINS (CONT'D)
 Don't get ahead of me. We've put a
 lot of money into this show. I'm
 not about to write it off. So. We
 will close temporarily to revamp.

Hope lightens faces.

AKINS (CONT'D)
 Contract performers will do Meet
 and Greets. We're bringing in Butch
 Lassiter to rework the fights based
 on today's trends. All that crazy
 jumping, kicking stuff. What else?

Nikki leans in to whisper.

AKINS (CONT'D)
 Oh yes. The current contracts.
 Because we're making major changes
 you'll have to re-audition. But let
 me say this, we're not looking to
 let anyone go.

He tries a smile, which totally doesn't work as empathetic.

AKINS (CONT'D)
 Should be exciting. I'll leave you
 in your show director's hands.

He heads out the door. Lulu comes out of the office to take his place, shines a vacuous smile around the room.

Lulu's eyes fall on Maggie, smile taking on a nasty sneer.

LULU

It's going to be scary and crazy around here, but if we all work together we'll have a young, fresh show we're all proud of.

Maggie doesn't give her satisfaction of a reaction, pencil strangling in tightening fingers.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

David stretches out on a sofa watching sports. Remains of a junk food dinner on a plate in front of him. He startles when the front door slams.

Maggie goes straight to the desk, dropping her bags on the way, fires up the computer.

Alarmed, David shuts the TV and dives to a chair next to her.

DAVID

Mags?

MAGGIE

I need to check the bank.

DAVID

Why? What's ... Mom?

MAGGIE

The nursing home has a new certification requirement. Five grand to give them free help!

She frets, waiting for the screen. David sneaks in closer.

DAVID

Shit. Okay. And work? The show ...

Her energy evaporates and she slumps in the chair.

MAGGIE

We're closed. While they revamp the script.

He lets out a held breath.

DAVID
Okay. Not so terrible.

MAGGIE
Lulu's script with new fights and
(falsetto) a young, fresh cast.

She swipes at her eyes. David gets an arm around her to offer comfort. Maggie yields for a moment, returns to the computer which jacks up David's alarm.

DAVID
Hey. Listen to me. They're not
going to throw Mom out tonight, and
you're too upset to see straight.
We'll do the money tomorrow.

He positions himself so she has to look directly at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's better for you to calm down
and get some sleep. You still have
a contract they have to honor.

MAGGIE
For what its worth.

DAVID
Trust me. You can't do this when
you're rattled. Tomorrow?

Maggie rubs her temples. David leans in closer. She almost smiles, nods. He kisses her forehead.

DAVID (CONT'D)
That's my girl. Now hit the sack.

MAGGIE
Okay. Love you.

DAVID
Love you back. We'll get through
this. Promise.

He helps her to her feet, watches her out.

Listening to fading footsteps, he pulls out a cell phone, keeps an eye on the hall as he waits for connection.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Ernie. Dude. That money I lent you.
I need a miracle.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David sleeps, not a care in the world. Maggie's curled around a teddy bear, eyes wide open. Finds her alarm clock.

4:00 blinks back at her. She sighs, eases out of bed.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Maggie two fingers her way across the keyboard.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The sun barely brightens the curtained windows.

David stirs in his sleep. Comes abruptly alert when he can't move his arms. He tugs, cranes his head.

He's tied to the bed posts. Looks around, finds Maggie a few feet away, glaring her rage.

DAVID

Um. I guess you checked the bank.

MAGGIE

What did you do?

DAVID

You said I could have seed money.

MAGGIE

Three grand, one time. Where's the rest of it?

He squirms, tugs at the knots. No way is he wiggling free.

DAVID

If you would just ...

MAGGIE

David. Thirty grand. Where. Is. It?

DAVID

Ernie's other partners fell through. I floated the loan. We'll get it back.

Too incensed, Maggie heads out.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, you're not going to leave me like this.

MAGGIE

No, I'll be back to beat the shit out of you, then you can get that money back from Ernie.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - DAY

BUTCH (32) a muscular jock, full of himself, faces a crowd of young ACTORS and ACTRESSES dressed in casual work out gear.

He and assistant KATO go through a leaping, ducking, kicking par-kour routine that would look great in a kung fu movie.

IN THE STANDS

In costume, the regular cast watch from the grandstands as the newbies attempt the fight moves.

Maggie texts furiously on her phone. Derek plops down next to her, adjusting his vest buttons.

DEREK

I see we're recruiting out of middle school now.

MAGGIE

What are you worried about? Actors have a shelf life.

DEREK

They're not getting rid of you. That would be crazy.

She grunts. Derek winces, tries for an equitable remark.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You trained most of us. Did Lulu say something?

Maggie shakes her head, slides the phone into a pocket.

MAGGIE

Not to my face. How does that go? I got a bad feeling about this.

DEREK

Well, I got your back.

They watch an actress sprawl on her face.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Ow. That's going to leave a mark.

WESTERN STREET

Busty, soft CASSIDY (20s) keeps herself visible while letting others do the work. She chats up the wide-eyed newbies.

CASSIDY

I worked on Then I doubled.

Maggie passes her with a quick evaluating look, eases up to Dorcas, nods back at Cassidy.

MAGGIE

Girl's got a resume.

Dorcas makes a face.

DORCAS

Girl's got a big mouth. I know the people who worked on that picture. She wasn't one of them.

BUTCH

Maggie?

The girls gather around Dorcas as Maggie advances. Cassidy fits herself in like she worked as hard.

DORCAS

Now we'll see how its done. Maggie's the best.

CASSIDY

In a theme park.

DORCAS

If theme park work is so beneath you then why are you here?

Cassidy glares her down.

CASSIDY

Everybody needs to pay the rent. This job will keep me available for real gigs.

DORCAS

Film requires talent.

CASSIDY

And they're right here.

She gives her boobs a push up to create a Grand Canyon of cleavage. Dorcas shakes her head, looks away.

Butch struts like a peacock as Maggie closes in. Lulu watches from her post behind a podium and mike stand.

BUTCH
Do I need to run the routine?

MAGGIE
You better. You haven't timed it to our music.

Taken aback, Butch glances to Lulu.

LULU
One step at a time. We need to see who can handle the work first.

MAGGIE
It's running long. Better to fix it now.

Lulu steams, keys her radio.

LULU
Arthur, give us the music track for the bar spill out.

The music comes on. Butch sets himself.

MAGGIE
Doors open. We're in the street.

Butch and Kato go at it, nowhere near the music beats. The music stops before the last exchange.

Lulu steams under Maggie's told-you-so look.

BUTCH
It's a work in progress. Ready?

MAGGIE
Waiting on you.

He sets himself. Maggie blocks his slow jab, counters a reverse before he can finish it.

He comes in again, annoyed when she keeps up with every move, lands the last punch with a flourish.

BUTCH
Well. That's. Not bad for a --

MAGGIE
Professional. That's what you were going to say, right?

Butch smoulders. He looks to Lulu for help.

LULU
Thank you. You have a meet and
greet, I believe.

Maggie saunters out with the meet and greet actors.

LULU (CONT'D)
Oh, and Maggie.

She waits for Maggie to turn back.

LULU (CONT'D)
We won't be using the horses. You
can put the girls out to pasture.

Maggie smoulders, jaw working. Derek tugs to get her moving.

EXT. CANYON (ANIMATED)

A vast desert canyon of sheer walls. David, Butch and Lulu face in different directions as a vibration rattles stones.

David points down the gorge. All three run for their lives ahead of a stampede of wild horses.

Maggie rides the lead horse in the chase.

Lulu crams herself behind a boulder.

Butch falls, screams as he's overrun.

David leaps onto a ledge. A moment to breathe.

A lasso snugs around him. Maggie coils her end around the saddle horn, drags him off the rock.

David fights to his feet, finds a niche to tuck into as the herd thunders by.

Maggie loosens the rope, flings it out.

David has a bare moment of relief, then the loop settles over a horse's head. He's dragged into the sunset.

Lulu sneaks out of her hiding spot, runs up the canyon.

Rounding a curve, a ROLL OF THUNDER washes over her. She peers through a rising dust cloud, eyes going wide ...

At the herd of bison barrelling her way. HOOVES POUNDING.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - DAY (LIVE ACTION)

A PARK SERVICES ATTENDANT rumbles his cart past the actors. Maggie starts alert. Derek huffs a laugh.

DEREK
Ran her over with the horses?

MAGGIE
Buffalo.

DEREK
Even better.

INT. LUCKY LADY - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Maggie, in costume, brings a list to Nikki.

MAGGIE
Supply list.

Nikki takes it, barely looking away from her computer screen.

NIKKI
This isn't your job, you know.

MAGGIE
I've always helped with inventory.

NIKKI
Maybe your old coordinator needed
the help. I don't.

She finally looks up, peeved. Maggie snorts, walks away.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A FedEx truck is outside when Maggie pulls up. She greets the CARRIER at the door, signs for an official envelope.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

David's at the computer when Maggie charges in. She batters him with the envelope.

DAVID
Hey. Stop. I'm working on it.

She yanks his chair around, shoves papers at him.

MAGGIE

You put a lien on my house.

He juggles the papers onto the desk, faces her, determined to govern the conversation.

DAVID

Mags, it's not like I gambled --

MAGGIE

A hundred and fifty thousand!

He shrugs, nods. It's all Maggie can do not to strangle him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

How the fuck are you going to pay that back?

DAVID

Ernie says ...

Maggie slams fists into his chest, marches out. He follows.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So you're going to divorce me?

UPSTAIRS TO THE BEDROOM

MAGGIE

Ha! And give you half of what you haven't taken already? I'll hold you under the pool first and claim a fall while you were drunk.

He closes on her.

DAVID

Oh. Good, that's better than getting run over.

MAGGIE

I thought of that too, but getting you to lie down in the driveway was problematic.

She closes the door in his face, leans against it, strength evaporating, tears building.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM (ANIMATED)

Maggie against the door, seething. David, on the other side, smirking confidence.

DAVID (O.S.)
 What about Russ? He can get you
 work.

Maggie pulls a pistol from a drawer, aims at the door.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David POUNDS the door. It slams open. He back pedals under
 Maggie's ferocious anger.

MAGGIE
 Really? That's your answer?
 That was my money.

DAVID
 We're into possessives now?

MAGGIE
 David. That was MINE. My get out of
 this park and work in movies money.

DAVID (V.O.)
 Like that was ever going to happen.

Maggie's jaw drops, betrayed.

MAGGIE
 Get out. Get out of my house.

David backs up under her advance.

DAVID
 Our house.

MAGGIE
 There's not a thing here that
 belongs to you. You freeloader.

DAVID
 You're being irrational.

Maggie looks for something to throw, grabs a vase off a side
 table. David bolts down the stairs.

MAGGIE
 Get out or so help me God you're a
 dead man.

DAVID
 My stuff.

MAGGIE
I'll throw it out later.

The vase crashes inches behind his heels.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

On the phone with a lawyer, doodling in a sketchbook.

MAGGIE
I'm copying documents now. You'll have them in the morning. Will he go to jail?

LAWYER (V.O.)
Maybe. We start with civil suits against your husband and the bank. That will buy you some time. You're certain about this?

MAGGIE
I've been so busy between work and nursing home I let a couple of things slide. He took advantage. Hell yes, he's getting what's coming to him.

LAWYER (V.O.)
Give me a couple of days to go through the papers and contact the bank. I'll be in touch. Whatever you do, don't get physical.

MAGGIE
Not me. Thanks.

On the pad - a montage of gruesome deaths for David. She adds a broken heart to the page and shoves it away.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Neat stacks of resumes, head shots and papers. Maggie sorts a small pile of papers onto stacks or the trash.

On a Skype call, RUSS (48) rugged with a wide as Montana smile, works at something below the screen.

RUSS
I'll keep your res on my desk. Right now things are tight. I'm hustling myself.

MAGGIE
How about the horses?

RUSS
I heard a rumor last week. Maybe.
I'll call if it pans out. Stay
positive.

MAGGIE
He said to the captain of the
Titanic after it hit the iceberg.
Thanks, Russ. Later.

She breaks the connection. Listens to the silence, miserable.

INT. WESTERN STREET - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Lulu locates Derek at the gun cabinet. Derek tenses.

LULU
Derek, my love.

DEREK
Don't do that, even in fun. We're
not an item, Lu. Never were.

LULU
Since when do you care what the PC
police think?

DEREK
Since I knocked up Beth with number
four. I can't afford to lose my
job.

LULU
Ah. Well. I can help with that.

Derek eyes her with a rise of dread.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - DAY

The new girls rehearse their blocking for the saloon brawl.
Cassidy clearly unequal to the task of selling a punch.

On her way outside Maggie slows to watch the fighters.

Butch gets between her and Cassidy.

BUTCH
Go on, Cassidy, show us what you
can do.

In bad guy costume, a tired, wary Derek sets himself as Cassidy faces him.

They run through the punch sequence, right, left, right uppercut at half speed. Not bad. Derek nods.

Again, this time at full speed. Derek has all he can do to avoid her fist on the uppercut. He staggers for balance.

MAGGIE
Yeah, that will sell.

Butch glowers. Derek moves in.

DEREK
It's okay. I can adapt.

LULU
Everything's under control. We don't need you here, Maggie.

Maggie steams, looks to Derek. He avoids her eyes, miserable as she walks a gauntlet of hostile faces off the set.

EXT. LUCKY LADY THEME PARK - WESTERN STREET

Maggie watches fight runs from a low seat in the stands.

Next day, she's two more rows up. Fewer actors are on hand.

Next day, she's half-way up the stands, isolated, ignored, sketching out death scenes with a vengeance.

INT. WESTERN STREET - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Maggie's putting her make up away when Lulu enters. Lulu looks around for other bodies.

LULU
I have tried to make this as painless as possible, but there's only one chief here. We're not going to get the show we deserve with you questioning every change.

Maggie turns with deliberation.

MAGGIE
I'm ruining the show?

LULU
You're not helping.

Maggie gives that a moment.

MAGGIE

You are so full of shit. The script YOU wrote sucks ass. The fights YOU want are a joke. Only Jackie Chan can get away with martial arts in the Old West.

Lulu huffs, indignant.

LULU

Mr. Akins wanted to close the show.

MAGGIE

Yeah, we know that.

LULU

Well, I fought for it. And I got him to see how much it means to this park to have a stunt show. This is my baby now, so if I'm stepping on your toes, too bad.

MAGGIE

You could step on my toes all day long IF you knew what the hell you were doing.

LULU

I did this show for eight years.

MAGGIE

As a dancer. You never mastered stage fight blocking. And neither has that so-called stunt man.

LULU

He's worked in movies.

MAGGIE

So has half the state. What works for cameras on a sound stage won't work in front of a surrounding audience. And everyone has to throw a punch the same way. That's the only way to avoid broken noses.

Lulu pouts, feeling her inadequacy and hating Maggie for it.

LULU

We'll work it out. I came to tell you that once your contract runs out we won't be keeping you on.

Maggie's lips tighten. Something snaps under her hand.

MAGGIE

Who knows?

LULU

We're making calls now. Friday we'll be announcing the new cast.

MAGGIE

Bitch.

LULU

Don't blame me. I made something of myself. You're the one pretending you're still twenty-five. Try turning on the light when you look in the mirror.

INT. LUCKY LADY - GREEN ROOM - DAY

Lulu's out the door before something crashes into it. She smirks with satisfaction, settles her confidence in place.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Derek nurses aching muscles walking through. Maggie is suddenly in his path on her way out. She glares at him, disappointed, keeps walking. Derek slumps, miserable.

INT. LUCKY LADY THEME PARK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dorcias stops in the door.

DORCIAS

Nikki, we're out of foundation.

NIKKI

You can't be. I just did inventory.

DORCIAS

Did you account for all the new girls?

Annoyed at being caught by a stupid mistake, Nikki huffs.

NIKKI

Somebody should have told me.

DORCIAS

Maggie did, two weeks ago.

She pulls Maggie's list out of a pile, slaps it down in front of Nikki, walks out.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - DAY

The grandstands are empty but for a handful of executives midway up the center section.

Cowboys tumble out of the saloon in a brawling free-for-all of acrobatic tumbles.

SALOON GIRLS throw punches that obviously miss by a mile.

Maggie and Ira watch from the top of the risers. Maggie adjusts her gloves, emotionally shut down.

The climax gets all actors involved in martial arts chaos that's off time to the music.

IRA
Don't say it.

MAGGIE
So that's not what you wanted.

IRA
My ulcer is about to have an ulcer.

MAGGIE
You had the biggest mouth when you worked the show. What happened, Ira? Desk job make you soft?

She takes the stairs down the side.

Ira heads down the middle aisle, passing shell shocked executives fleeing up and out.

Below Lulu glows with accomplishment. Ira waves the performers away, gets Lulu alone.

IRA
Why isn't Maggie training the girls?

LULU
It's all new stunts.

IRA
In the same show. She can teach them the timing.

LULU
We're changing the timing.

IRA
No, you're not.

Lulu glares at him, irritated by this intrusion.

LULU
There are gags I'm adding.

IRA
Lu, there's a reason this format hasn't changed in twenty-five years. The music and effects are hard wired into the computer.

LULU
We can change all that.

IRA
Sure, if you want to double, triple the cost, making this revamp more expensive than putting up John's new steel rail coaster. Guess which one he'll go for.

Lulu pouts, hating his logic and he's not backing down.

LULU
I was given a free hand.

IRA
To update the gags and bring in new stunt work. That's it. Now Maggie knows the show inside out. You use her to get the girls up to speed and I'll see what I can do to massage your crappy dialogue.

LULU
This is blackmail.

IRA
No. This is being a team member. We all want this to work, right?

She looks anywhere but at him, her dream about to slip from her grasp. Lulu pulls herself together, nods.

LULU
Fine.

INT. LUCKY LADY - GREEN ROOM - DAY

The room is full as the cast gets their assignments.

LULU

A cast list will be posted. And I'd like to announce that the people we aren't keeping will get first crack at the Halloween houses once their contracts here have run out.

She beams a beneficent smile across the room.

In a corner, Maggie doesn't look up from her sketch pad filled with surgically intricate death scenes.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

2 a.m. Maggie sits by the window, blank eyes staring out.

The sketch pad lies open; torture scenes tumble over each other in a nightmare worthy of Dante's Inferno.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - GREEN ROOM - DAY

Maggie slows, reluctant to enter, hides red-rimmed exhausted eyes behind sunglasses.

INT. WESTERN STREET - GREEN ROOM - DAY

Maggie walks in to a chorus of "SURPRISE!"

A 25th anniversary banner is strung across the wall. A cake dominates the table, along with flowers and balloons.

Maggie barely retains composure under ad-libbed well wishes from cast members and crew.

WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM

Maggie withholds tears as she sets up in her corner, every move brittle and threatening breakdown. ASM Nikki enters.

ASM NIKKI

Maggie. Oh. What's wrong?

MAGGIE

Are you that dense? A party!

NIKKI

We thought it would ...

MAGGIE
 Would what? You kick me out of my contract, let Lulu walk all over me, and think a party makes everything all better?

ASM NIKKI
 You don't have to be bitchy about it.

MAGGIE
 Bitchy?

Maggie grabs an arm, marches Nikki out of the locker room.

INT. WESTERN STREET - GREEN ROOM - DAY

And into the main room. She picks up the cake, heads to the office and heaves the cake into the room, splattering over furniture and walls.

MAGGIE
 That's bitchy!

INT. WESTERN STREET - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Maggie empties her locker. Tom enters.

TOM
 Okay, Let's hash this out. Come to an understanding.

MAGGIE
 You can't force me to work where I feel uncomfortable.

TOM
 You signed a contract.

MAGGIE
 To act in the stunt show. Not watch from the sidelines, not go boo in a haunted house.

TOM
 I'll be blunt. You're too old to play an ingenue.

MAGGIE
 Bullshit.

Surprised he retreats a step when she turns on him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I passed all the stunt drills better than half those children. I can outride everyone here. And you didn't know how old I was until Lulu made it an issue.

TOM

So what do you want me to do?

MAGGIE

Move me into Tech Entertainment. I can carpenter.

Tom winces, unsure how that solves his problem.

TOM

Oh well. I don't know.

MAGGIE

Let me put it this way. I can provide HR details about what goes on behind your closed office door in your meetings with Lulu.

He loses what self assurance he had.

TOM

All right, all right. Go break your nails with the techs.

Maggie pulls a paper out of her bag, offers it with a pen.

MAGGIE

In writing.

Tom grabs the paper, scans through it, scribbles a signature.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You're not her first. As soon as you can't deliver what she wants she'll throw you under the bus.

He surrenders the paper. Maggie checks it carefully, slides the paper into safekeeping.

TOM

What am I supposed to tell John?

MAGGIE

I don't care. He probably won't care either since this doesn't affect his bottom line.

Maggie turns to her locker to pull out clothes. Lulu enters, frowns at Tom. He flusters, throws his hands up, heads out.

LULU
We need you on set.

MAGGIE
Nope. I'm Halloween now. Just clearing out my gear.

Lulu steams, adopts a fawning whine.

LULU
I'm sorry about the party. It was already in the works when Mr. Akins closed the show for upgrades.

MAGGIE
Whatever.

LULU
Okay. It was a bad idea. Ira wants you to run the girls through the roof top choreography.

Maggie looks at Lulu in the mirror, shakes her head.

MAGGIE
Derek can do it.

LULU
No. It has to be you.

Maggie looks again. Lulu fidgets unease expertly.

MAGGIE
Aw, did Ira pull on your spanks? Tough shit.

Ira barges in, ignores the simmering tension.

IRA
Is Maggie here? Maggie, the girls are waiting.

She eyes him coolly.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - ROOF - DAY

A three flight staircase hugs the back wall. Maggie leads the way. Cassidy's directly behind her.

CASSIDY

This is so bogus. What am I supposed to learn from some out-of-touch has-been?

On the roof, Maggie skirts a loose board. Her eyes close.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - ROOF (ANIMATED)

Maggie steps back, bumps the girl onto the broken board.

Cassidy flails for balance.

Maggie reaches a hand. Fingers tantalize scant inches away.

Cassidy growls and manages to catch Maggie's wrist. The boards splinter and she drops over the edge. SCREAMS.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - ROOF - DAY

Maggie braces herself on the unbroken rail. Holding tight to a wrist. Looking down.

Under Cassidy's swinging feet, it's a straight drop to a pile of jagged spent 2x4s and debris.

People lock on with horrified screams, scurry for help.

Cassidy's head comes up. Her fright boils into anger at Maggie's distracted stare.

CASSIDY

You bitch. You did that on purpose.
Pull me in.

Maggie doesn't seem to hear.

Cassidy wiggles, tries to get her other hand on Maggie's wrist but her boobs get in the way.

People below scramble - on phones, with inadequate gear. A few run up the stairs.

Cassidy realizes she's within reach of the stair hand rail, reaches. Gets fingertips on the bar, misses the grab.

Maggie's daze lightens as her grip slips a bit, just enough for her to size up Cassidy's dilemma.

MAGGIE

Don't move.

Cassidy sneers, kicks to get herself to the rail. Her fingers touch, pull away, then touch and catch.

The first two stagehands get to the third section of stair.

Cassidy throws a sadistic victory smile at Maggie.

CASSIDY

You are so going to pay for this.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - ROOF (ANIMATED)

Maggie snorts derision, pops a finger open. Then another. Cassidy's hand slips free. She falls with a scream.

EXT. WESTERN STREET - ROOF - DAY

Cassidy's grip on the rail holds. For all of a moment. Her hand slips off and Maggie's grip fails.

The stagehands cringe back as she falls past, screaming.

Cassidy lands dead center of the debris, pierced, broken.

People gather around the body. SIRENS in the background. An ASM frantic on her radio.

Eyes turn to Maggie as she lays over the rail, numb.

INT. LUCKY LADY - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Maggie slumps at the mirror, a study in shock. Ira enters, closes the door firmly, pulls up a chair next to her.

IRA

Maggie?

Maggie shakes herself alert, finds his eyes in the mirror.

IRA (CONT'D)

That board should have been fixed ages ago. Put all this away and go home. We're closed for the rest of the day, probably tomorrow too. I just wanted ... We'll get through this, Mags. I promise.

He squeezes her shoulder, exits.

EXT. MAGGIE'S RANCH - DAY

An S10 truck with horse trailer is parked in the drive. Maggie pulls alongside, panic breaking her disinterest.

She parks, barrels for her front door. It opens before she gets there. David, and Russ, mosey out.

DAVID
Speak of the devil.

MAGGIE
What's going on?

DAVID
I was picking up some stuff. Russ called about the horses.

It takes her a breath or two to calm down.

LATER

Maggie stands back as Russ guides the last horse into the trailer, barely in control of herself.

RUSS
Don't worry. They'll earn their keep. You good?

He comes out to face her. Maggie puts on a strong face.

MAGGIE
I owe you.

RUSS
This helps me too. Stay by the phone. I may have a gig for you.

He busses a kiss, locks the gate and heads for the cab. Maggie turns away as the truck leaves, looks at the empty corral. She slams a fist against a post, chokes back a sob.

David dawdles by his truck, moves to get her attention as she heads for the house.

DAVID
Your lawyer called. He wasn't very pleasant.

MAGGIE
Right now I'm not in much of a good mood either.

DAVID
Can't we work this out?

She stops, glares at him.

MAGGIE
You stole from me. You lied to me.
For all I know you've been
schtupping behind my back. There's
nothing to work out.

She turns on her heel, slams the door to emphasize her anger.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Maggie maintains a cool front as she works on set dressing.
The LEAD ATTENDANT (20s) comes through to inspect progress.

ATTENDANT
Maggie, help me cart this stuff
down below.

He points out boxes of assorted hand tools - props and real.
Maggie hefts a box, follows him to the rear stairs.

INT. MINE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

The decor hasn't been touched. They pile the boxes in the
"break room". Maggie takes a hand shovel out to inspect.

MAGGIE
Hiding the good china?

ATTENDANT
First rule of haunted houses. Don't
leave anything where a guest can
reach. Nothing but foam and plastic
and all of that nailed down.

Maggie drops the tool back in the box, follows him out.

INT. HR OFFICE - DAY

Cubicle partitions divide the room. Machines HUM and CLICK.
David works on a computer. On her way through, ERIN (30s),
fussing with papers, stops, gives him a hug.

ERIN
David. Long time no see. Are you
back with us?

DAVID
Temping. You take work where you
can find it.

ERIN
We heard Maggie threw you out.

He winces, annoyed. She sits on the desk by him, offers a too friendly consoling hand rub.

DAVID
Not exactly. I left to give her
time to cool down from all that's
going on. Between her mom's health
and losing her stunt job -

He leans in to Erin's side, the picture of dejection.

On the other side of the partition, Lulu passes by.

ERIN
Yeah. The writing was on the wall
as soon as they let Lulu change the
script. She'll be all right working
with the techs.

Lulu ducks down to avoid being spotted, leans in to listen.

DAVID
Sure. And she might have a lead on
a movie, working with her buddy
Russ.

ERIN
That's great. I hope it works out.
If you need anything, you have
plenty of friends here.

Erin slides to her feet, gives David a friendly kiss and heads out.

Lulu pouts, moves off, catching Tom outside his office.

LULU
Got a few minutes?

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

A small office, high school athletic trophies on the shelves.

Behind the desk, Tom reclines in a cheap rolling office chair, eyes half-closed. He twitches.

There are arms around him, hands low in his lap. Lulu leans in from her seat behind him, breathes in his ear.

He groans, so close to climax he's about out of his mind.

TOM
Uh. Uh. Oh my God, what do you call
this again?

LULU
Tantric sex. I need a favor.

TOM
Now?

Teetering on the edge of ecstasy, he has no focus.

LULU
Nothing catastrophic. You moved
Maggie to Halloween tech. I want
her back in costume.

TOM
She's not happy with that.

LULU
Exactly.

His eyes open, find her. She smiles a ferocious mania.

LULU (CONT'D)
Never mind why. Unless you don't
want me to finish here.

A deft move of fingers and he groans, eyes rolling up.

TOM
Okay. Sure. Whatever. Just please.
I'm ... I can't hold.

Lulu smothers him with a deep sloppy kiss. Tom writhes.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

Erin sighs at the groaning from inside, increases the volume on her radio. A silence then Lulu lets herself out.

Inside, Tom's limp in his chair. Lulu closes the door.

Her gaze lands on a publicity photo of the Western cast.

PHOTO - Maggie's front and center in her prime. Lulu to one side, starting to burst out of her showgirl costume. Her hand linked with goofy cowboy David.

Lulu beams a vicious canary-eating leer and she exits. Erin tuns her music back down.

INT. AKINS' OFFICE - DAY

A man's office - neat, brusque, professional with barely a personal touch. A few family pictures on the immaculate desk.

Akins uses the desk as a barrier, eyes on his computer as Maggie looms on the other side.

AKINS

No, we're not paying you out.

MAGGIE

You have the option.

AKINS

And I'm not taking it. You will fulfill your contract or I'll take you to court.

MAGGIE

Bastard.

He finally sits back, returns her look, coldly formal.

AKINS

I'm a businessman. I don't pay for services and get stiffed.

MAGGIE

Services! It's a theme park, and you better start caring about how you treat your actors. Wouldn't take much to get Equity in here on your ass. Or lawyers.

She storms out as he takes a moment to reconsider.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Nikki leads Maggie through the scare run. Maggie's dressed in a Black Bart outfit.

NIKKI

Look, take it up with her. All I know is you're replacing somebody we lost. There's nobody else.

Maggie's station is at the exit. Nikki pulls out a machete.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Okay. Real simple, step out and threaten them with the machete.

MAGGIE

Bad guys used guns.

NIKKI

Uh, yeah, well the guns won't even come out of the holsters.

Maggie tries, dislodges half of a pistol. She jams it back.

MAGGIE

Great. At least I should have a shovel.

NIKKI

Just do what we tell you.

Maggie's eyes narrow at Nikki's back.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - LONG SHAFT (ANIMATED)

Nikki runs through the maze in a frantic escape. Shrieking metal along rock walls follows her.

She rounds a corner, skids to a stop, face to face with Maggie's Black Bart swinging a shovel.

Nikki looks for a way out. Trips over a stray beam, falls face first. She twists around as booted feet come close.

Maggie stands over Nikki with the miner's shovel raised high.

The shovel comes down edge first. Nikki's scream is cut off by a sickly THUD of hands on a wall.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Maggie faces a handful of fellow ACTORS doing the run, doesn't move from her arms crossed posture.

They eye her with a mix of exasperation and boredom.

Maggie holds up a finger, shuffles back into her boo hole.

Seconds go by. The group grumbles impatience.

Maggie comes out behind them, charges with a guttural growl, machete ready to slash.

The group claw at each other to be the first to get away.

Maggie shakes her head, moves some of the prop furniture to give herself more hiding places.

LATER

Maggie lounges on the stairs to the lower level. She plays with the metal gate across the bottom step, considers the gate lock and ground points.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - EXIT STAIRS (ANIMATED)

The gate is drawn across the steps. Coming from the lower level run, Akins slams up against the bars. He pulls with all strength, can't budge the gate.

A HIDEOUS ANIMAL GROWL echoes through the lower run.

Frantic, Akins tries another grip, rips skin off his palms. He twists around, looking for a weapon. There's nothing.

PADDING FOOTSTEPS close. A huffing breath and another GROWL.

Akins grabs the end bar, braces a foot on the wall and tries to pressure an opening.

Keys dangle down in front of his eyes on the other side of the gate. Surprised, he looks up at Maggie.

She's on the step just above, a key ring dangling from lax fingers. He puts his arms through the uprights.

Maggie only smiles wanly, continues to dangle the ring.

AKINS

Please.

Heavy thudding footsteps and a loud hideous growl turn Akins to face his attacker. FOOTSTEPS CLOSE IN.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - EXIT STAIRS - DAY

Maggie reacts to footsteps, slips up the stair to her position, stands stone-faced, crossed armed. Nikki, Lulu and Tom come up. She eyes them coolly, not moving.

Lulu takes in the posture with a cool scowl, heads out.

EXT. MINE - DAY

Nikki turns to Lulu and Tom.

NIKKI

She's ruining the whole thing. Put her back to tech work.

LULU

No. She's contracted to perform.

NIKKI

I could put a dummy there for all the performance she's giving.

LULU

It won't reflect on you. She stays.

Lulu nods for Tom to follow, leaving Nikki fuming.

INT. AKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Akins meets with Lulu and Tom. A knock and Ira enters.

IRA

First projections on pre-sales.

Ignoring Tom and Lulu he crosses to the desk. Akins slides papers to the side as Ira lays out a spread sheet.

IRA (CONT'D)

We're talking save the year money if this trend continues.

Akins puts some effort into reading the sheets. Tom edges up to get a look.

IRA (CONT'D)

This is just locals buying in. If the reviews are any good word of mouth could put us on the map.

Akins drums fingers. Tom sits back, makes a money sign at Lulu. She leans in.

LULU
Oh. I know what we could do.

A shiver goes through her listeners.

LULU (CONT'D)
We could keep one of the houses
open year round.

IRA
As opposed to?

LULU
In addition to everything else we
already have.

A collective sigh of relief. She seizes the moment.

LULU (CONT'D)
The old mine would be perfect. We
can contract performers.

AKINS
First offers go to the people from
the stunt show.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

The phone rings. Listless at the desk with a half eaten
dinner shoved aside, Maggie checks caller ID, picks up.

MAGGIE
Please have good news for me.

LAWYER (V.O.)
As a matter of fact, lawsuits are
filed and proceeding. The lien on
your house is on hold until the
suits are settled.

MAGGIE
You're a godsend.

LAWYER (V.O.)
All I need for you to do is stay
employed. The judge will want to
see a steady income. Is there any
way to supplement your current pay?

MAGGIE
I'm working on it.

LAWYER (V.O.)
Work harder. I'll be in touch.

She tables the phone, pulls out a folder of head-shots.

LATER

Hair done up and make-up on, Maggie fields a Skype call.

CASTING DIRECTOR
How old are you?

MAGGIE
Thirty-nine.

He peers from the screen to a paper.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Last week you were forty-five.

MAGGIE
Well today I'm thirty-nine. Can you use me?

CASTING DIRECTOR
Can you be twenty-nine and five ten?

MAGGIE
(sighs)
No. You don't have anything.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Sorry. I'll call if I get any Mom roles.

MAGGIE
Mom roles.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Have some work done. Could get you a couple of years back.

MAGGIE
Are you going to pay for it?

She cuts the call.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie's sketch books are scattered across the bed. She lies awake, arms around a teddy bear.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - BOO HOLE - DAY

Nikki waits, foot tapping, while Maggie looks over contract papers. She leans on the wall to sign her life away. Nikki takes the paper back, stuffs it in a folder.

NIKKI
Welcome to Halloween.

INT. MINE MAIN LEVEL - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Maggie puts her stuff together. Lulu enters.

LULU
Of course, you're on top of the list for the extended contract.

MAGGIE
Don't want it.

LULU
It's done. Oh, one more thing. As one of the faces of Lucky Lady you can't take on outside work.

Maggie turns on her. Lulu takes in the festering rage.

LULU (CONT'D)
We added it to your contract. Now I'm bringing the executives through on employee preview. I don't want to see any of that shit you've been pulling with Nikki. You're mine. Get used to it.

She turns with a flourish. Maggie looks for something to throw. The door's already closing behind Lulu.

Her PHONE RINGS, once, twice. The noise finally gets through Maggie's fury.

She sits and digs the phone out of her purse. A glance at the caller ID and she fumbles the call on.

MAGGIE
Hello. Yes, this is her daughter, Margaret. How is ... Oh. Oh. Damn.
(choking up)
No, I'm sorry. Give me a minute. I'm at work now. I'll be there as soon as I can.

The phone drops. Maggie chokes back sobs, stuffs the rest of her gear into her bag and rushes out.

INT. NURSING HOME - SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

With forced calm, Maggie holds her mother's hand as Nurse Rosa disconnects various tubes and machines. Only the heart monitor stays attached, beeping a slow erratic beat.

ROSA

It shouldn't be long now. I'm sorry we couldn't do more.

She exits. Maggie brushes a stray hair off Mom's peaceful face, clears her throat.

MAGGIE

Oh Mom. I'm here. I wish ... It wasn't supposed to end like this. I don't want you to be gone. I don't want you to hurt either. So where's the middle ground? God, I wish there were a middle ground.

David eases in, hesitates. Maggie glances over, nods him to the bed. He moves up beside her.

DAVID

We're here for you, Agnes. I'm here for Maggie. Go with God.

MAGGIE

Tell Daddy I made good. I love you.

The heartline beeps slow, skip, pulse a triplet. A soft shuddering exhale. The monitor flat lines.

Maggie buries her face in David's chest. Rosa comes in to check the machines, leans over Mom with a stethoscope to double check, straightens.

ROSA

If you would wait outside, the doctor will be in to document the death certificate.

EXT. NURSING HOME - NIGHT

As they exit the front door, Maggie irritably shrugs off David's arm, heads for her truck. He trails after her.

DAVID
Maybe I should drive you home.

MAGGIE
I'm fine.

DAVID
Right, you're the strong and silent type. I loved her too. As much as I love you.

Maggie spins around to him.

MAGGIE
Really? Is that why you stole the money? You love me?

DAVID
Now isn't the time, but since you brought it up. What was I supposed to do? You have every nickel tied up like Fort Knox.

MAGGIE
For good reason. You go through cash like a sailor on leave. My father did the same thing. That's how Mom got stuck in this place.

She smacks him in the shoulder. David retreats.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You don't sneak behind my back and put a lien on MY house! I worked my ass off to have something to retire on and now its all gone.

Maggie turns back to her truck, bangs fists on the hood, loses her struggle to avoid a complete meltdown. Wails.

David takes a step closer, thinks again and stops.

DAVID
Look, I'm sorry, okay. It was a business deal. I'll have the money back as soon as we're rolling. If you could just drop that lawsuit --

Maggie screeches, yanks open the truck door and grabs for a rifle off the gun rack. Her fingers don't work right away.

Alarmed, David retreats to his vehicle.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Maggie, don't get crazy. I'm going.
I'm going.

He's behind the wheel and skidding out of the lot before she gets the rifle out and chambers a round.

Taking shaky aim through tears and sobs, her shot takes out a tail light. Maggie sits in the door frame, lets the rifle fall to the ground and sobs.

People run out of the nursing home to stare, not daring to get close.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT - DAY

In her Black Bart costume, Maggie balances on lip of the pit, grief in every muscle, ready to swan dive in.

An ALARM PINGS on her phone. With an effort she collects herself, heads out.

EXT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - EXIT STAIRS - DAY

Maggie trudges to the far side of the fence, slips through a gap to the stairs.

She almost steps on a scorpion. Stops, pulls on gloves and gathers it up without a fuss.

She takes a shoebox off a ledge above the gate lock, drops the insect in with a dozen others.

MAGGIE

Relax, You're safe. I'll take you
out to a new home after rehearsal.

The box goes back on the ledge, wedged against the gate.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Maggie emerges behind the dummy. Before she can move it, the Attendant and Lulu come through the run.

ATTENDANT

Look at this. If its not cartoons
of death traps, its this.

Maggie ducks out of sight. Lulu peers at the dummy, laughs.

LULU

Oh, this revenge business is better than I ever imagined. I bet I could even get David back, not that he's much of a catch now.

The Attendant eyes her, worried.

LULU (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll be sure to distract the boss on our walk-through so he doesn't notice this.

ATTENDANT

What time?

LULU

Eight. I'll need you to hold the line so we have the house to ourselves.

Maggie looks around for a weapon, anything. She grabs the machete, darts around the dummy to slash.

But Attendant and Lulu are gone around the last corner.

Maggie falls back, hyperventilating. She slumps head down against the dummy, exhausted.

Under her nose a sketch tacked to the dummy's back.

INSERT SKETCH - Lulu flailing backwards into a pit.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT (ANIMATED)

Lulu waddles through the dimly lit maze passage. A grinding of metal on stone follows her into --

--the roundabout. She trips on a stool and staggers toward an inky black pit in the ground.

Barely catches hold of a beam to stop herself, gasping for breath. Stares into the pit at her feet.

Gloved hands reach to shove her screaming into the void.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Maggie crushes the sketch, rage festering.

Dorcas, dressed as Black Bart, comes up.

DORCAS
I'm here. Sorry, I'm late.

Maggie stares at her without recognition for a moment, blinks back awareness.

MAGGIE
You didn't miss much. We jump out and go boo. The audition?

DORCAS
You know how when it rains, it pours? I got a callback to screen test with the lead actor.

MAGGIE
Oh? Great. Luck.

DORCAS
I wish. It's tomorrow night. There's no way I can be there and here. If I call in Lulu will make my life hell. What's that?

She points at the paper in Maggie's hands. Maggie smooths out the creases, studies the picture.

MAGGIE
This is.

And an idea sparks. She folds the paper into a pocket.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Nothing. Tell you what, you go to that audition. I'll cover for you.

DORCAS
I can't ask you to do that.

MAGGIE
It'll be fine. Look.

She wheels the dummy around, pushes it into place.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
When I need a break, I put him out.

Dorcias eyes the dummy, turns to Maggie.

DORCAS
Are you sure?

MAGGIE

I'd do it to screw with Lulu even
if you were here. Go, have fun and
kill that audition.

Dorcas beams, hugs Maggie.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - BOO HOLE - NIGHT

Costume racks, table and chairs. Maggie arranges sketches
across the table -

From The Good, The Bad and The Ugly - Tuco balanced on a
cross with a rope around his neck, but the face is Butch.

From The Magnificent Seven (Denzel version) - Lulu's Tom on
his knees shot through with arrows

From High Plains Drifter - The sheriff whipped to death with
David's face.

The torn strips of Lulu's ungainly fall into the pit.

Maggie turns to the crates of props.

She fingers a length of rope, looks around for anchor points.

INT. MINE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Using a hand drill, Maggie adds hinges to the false wall to
make it swing in and out. She's all efficiency and mania.

INT. MINE - LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT - NIGHT

Maggie rips down the passage signs, switches some of them
out, takes the rest with her into the boo hole access.

EXT. LUCKY LADY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Halloween opening night. Fog effects, strobe lights, eerie
old time music. Sets decked out in streamers and spiderwebs.

Ghost miners and bad guys come out of fog banks to attack
guests. Screams, laughter and chain saws fill the air.

Ira and Akins jockey through the crowded streets.

AKINS

You weren't joking about Halloween.

IRA

This is just the thing we need to get people to buy annual passes.

Akins checks his phone as Erin comes up behind with David.

AKINS

I reviewed Sullivan's contract with a lawyer friend.

Ira fidgets, worried. Akins puts the phone away.

AKINS (CONT'D)

He said we're facing a lawsuit that would shut this place down. Let Sullivan go if that's what she wants. I don't want to hear from her lawyer again.

IRA

We're better off bouncing Gomez and making Maggie stunt coordinator.

Akins considers, works his phone, frowns at the screen.

AKINS

Fine. Sullivan replaces Butch and the kung fu shit goes bye bye. It's on you to have the show up the day after we close this Halloween run.

IRA

Yes sir.

Akins heads for a bar. Ira lets relief wash over him, pulls his phone to call.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - BOO HOLE - NIGHT

Maggie's phone on her sketch book. No bars. She sleeps at the table, head down on folded arms. The phone beeps an alarm. Foggy eyes open.

EXT. LUCKY LADY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

David moves to draw Ira's attention as Ira pockets the phone.

IRA

Dave. Been a while.

DAVID
 Been busy. Got an invite to see
 Maggie's new gig.

IRA
 This way.

EXT. LUCKY LADY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Lulu and Derek stroll along, her arm twined around his. Not happy to be with her, he tries to disengage her hold.

LULU
 Good lord, I thought you'd be fine
 with the scare business.

DEREK
 It's not the park. It's the
 company.

LULU
 You promised.

DEREK
 I was bought.

She scowls at him. Tom gives Derek a sour eye as he closes.

Lulu gets distracted by a guest running from scareactors.
 Derek manages to free his arm. Tom sidles up.

TOM
 Just so you know, I don't share my
 action with anyone.

DEREK
 Barking up the wrong tree, boss.

TOM
 That's why you're hanging all over
 Lulu?

DEREK
 Get your eyes checked. I should get
 an academy award for this fake
 smile. I'm not stupid. I saw what
 you guys did to Maggie.

David, Erin and Ira navigate through the crowd to join them.
 Butch comes up, avoiding scareactors.

DAVID
 Derek. Is this a private party?

Erin sips her beer as Nikki and Akins come up.

NIKKI

Ready?

She heads up the street. Akins fields a phone call as the group starts to move off.

TOM

John?

AKINS

Go. I'll catch up.

Akins is deep in an argument. Ira takes command.

IRA

Go.

Nikki escorts them through the alleys to a side entrance to the Ghost Mine. Ira hangs back with Akins.

EXT. MINE ADIT - NIGHT

Idling near the mine entrance, Maggie sights the group as Nikki breaks the line of regular guests.

Maggie bolts into the mine proper ahead of Lulu's group.

INT. MINE ADIT - NIGHT

Erin crowds up on David and Tom. Lulu puts on a confident bravado, takes the lead.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - NIGHT

In bloody miner overalls and mask, Maggie opens the false wall in front of the elevator to close off the real hall, forcing direction into the elevator.

She has the gate up when the group rounds a corner. Nikki pauses, baffled.

LULU

Oh good, they put this back. It's such a neat effect.

They crowd into the car.

LULU (CONT'D)
I can't wait to see our star Maggie
in action.

DEREK
You are a first class bitch.

Back to the group, Maggie brings the gate down. Nikki ducks
in at the last second.

LULU
And don't you forget it.

With a jerk the car inches into motion.

INT. MINE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

David's unnerved by the clanking, rickety ride to the lower
level. He tries to get a look at their guide's face, but its
too dark to see well.

The car stops with a jolt. The cage door is raised.

Nikki steps out but only to turn back with raised hands.

NIKKI
This isn't part of the show.

LULU
Of course it is.

NIKKI
Lulu, I'm telling you, this isn't
right. Nobody authorized ...

Annoyed, Lulu pushes out.

LULU
Why else would you have a
scareactor here if we weren't using
this level? Come on, people, let's
not keep the ghosts waiting.

The group files out after her.

NIKKI
Would you listen to me?

Maggie brings the door down. BANG.

Everyone jumps. The car clanks its way back up.

LULU
Well, it's too late now.

Naked hanging bulbs cast wavering shadows over the staged piles of miner tools and dummies in various states of gruesome, bloody death.

INT. MINE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Up top, a pipe jammed into the cable locks the car in place. The false wall is pushed back across. No more elevator.

INT. MINE - MAGGIE'S BOO HOLE - NIGHT

Maggie maneuvers the dummy into place.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - NIGHT

The Attendant checks his watch, starts the flow of regular guests again. SCREAMS and LAUGHTER echo through the house.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - NIGHT

With multiple unmarked tunnels facing them no one wants to be the first to move.

TOM
Guess we're going forward. Which tunnel was it?

Lulu starts to point, reconsiders.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - BOO HOLE - NIGHT

Miner Maggie lingers over the box of tools.

INT. MINE - LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - NIGHT

A spring loaded effect lunges a dummy out of hiding.

Lulu screeches, bolts into a passage with Derek. Butch heads out. Erin looks for company, scurries after him.

David and Tom balk. Nikki frets, lost without her Tablet.

DAVID
You know what, I think I'll pass.

He turns, hits the elevator call button. Nothing.

Tom shoulders him aside.

TOM
I got this.

He tugs at the gate, then shoves it up. Hits the call button. Gears grind but nothing moves. He leans into the shaft to look up, can't see anything.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - CART STATION - NIGHT

Lulu stops, looks back for the others.

LULU
Oh come on, you scaredy-cats.

Miner Maggie waits at a boo hole, a pick axe in hand. She lines up a swipe at Lulu's back.

Erin and Butch pass, blocking her aim. She fades back.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - NIGHT

David sighs, heads for the passage.

Tom nudges Nikki into motion. He nonchalantly slows to put distance between them and David.

His hand on her shoulder slides suggestively down her back. Nikki slips out from under.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - BOO HOLE - NIGHT

Maggie listens at various tunnels for voices.

LULU (O.S.)
Dammit, where is everyone?

DAVID (O.S.)
We're coming.

She pulls out a double-headed axe.

NIKKI (O.S.)
Hands off, you creep.

Maggie freezes.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - NIGHT

Tom laughs, herds Nikki past a boo hole. He reaches for her.

An axe SWISHES DOWN. WHACK. Takes his hand off at the wrist.

Tom stares at his stump, spraying blood. He gags.

Nikki goes still, too horrified to scream.

Numb with pain, Tom reaches his good hand for her.

The axe comes down again. WHACK. His severed hand SKIDS across the floor.

Tom buckles, drops to his knees.

Miner Maggie steps out, axe swinging in slow arcs.

Nikki finds her voice, screams.

Maggie's focus jerks over to her. Nikki edges away, flees down an off-shoot. Maggie follows.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - PASSAGE - NIGHT

Lulu's group stops short as Nikki's scream underscores the screams from up top.

DAVID

Is that ... Down here?

ERIN

Can we hurry? This is getting really creepy.

Lulu nods, catches Derek close for comfort, moves on.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - DEAD END - NIGHT

Nikki slams into a solid wall. She feels over the rock, pushing as if it will move.

Behind her, the axe GRINDS along the wall.

The light fades in and out as Miner Maggie closes.

Nikki gropes until she finds a bare hollow at knee level, squeezes into it.

Miner Maggie stops to listen, backlit by the light into an ominous hulk.

She RAPS the axe head against the walls, looking for holes.
Nikki presses hands over her mouth to muffle her whimpering.
A step closer.

BANG.

Step.

SCRATCH as the axe head skims the wall.

Nikki curls into fetal position, biting her hand.

Step.

SWISH. SWISH. The axe head swings softly, then.

Soft footsteps retreat. The light returns.

Nikki doesn't move, frozen with fear.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - NIGHT

Tom's on his knees, in shock, arms cradled to his chest in an attempt to stem the bleeding.

Miner Maggie comes back, stops. The axe swings side to side.

He whimpers, unaware of her. The axe scrapes the wall and his head comes up. A flicker of reason sparks.

TOM

Why?

The axe stops moving.

TOM (CONT'D)

Why would you do this?

Miner Maggie turns for the boo hole.

TOM (CONT'D)

What did I do to deserve this!

Both hands close on the axe handle. She swings for the seats.

The blade catches Tom under the jaw, slices through his throat, nearly taking his head off.

He topples back, surprise widened eyes agape.

Miner Maggie retreats from the blood, listens for discovery.

Only dripping water to be heard. She considers Tom's body, sets the axe aside and steps up to drag him into the display.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT - NIGHT

The pit fence is still in place with extra guide ropes to maintain a safe distance from the edge.

Lulu stops. The group eyes the set dressing and small automated jump scare effects.

LULU
Why haven't we seen anyone?

DAVID
Maybe they're changing shifts.

DEREK
It's too early. Besides, listen.

They all quiet. Screams and sound effects barely filter down from up top. It's too quiet. DEREK (CONT'D)

I think Nikki was right. We're supposed to be down here.

LULU
Nonsense. We went through this level when they were building it.

Lulu marches to a boo hole curtain, pulls it back.

LULU (CONT'D)
Hey! You guys are on the clock.
Let's get some scares going here.

Erin huddles up to Butch, unnerved by the isolated DRIP DRIP DRIP of water somewhere.

LULU (CONT'D)
Nikki's going to get an earful about this. Where is that girl?

DEREK
Let's just finish the run.

LULU
You don't understand. I fought for this venue. If it tanks, its on me, and that's not going to happen. I worked too hard to get where I am.

Erin snickers.

ERIN
Hard. Right. Real hard.

Lulu rounds on her. David and Derek head into the passage.

Metal GRINDS on rock. They all look around.

Miner Maggie lunges out of the boo hole, axe held high.

Erin's closest. She shrieks, runs.

Lulu panics, looks for protection. She grabs Butch, angles him into the downswing. He startles, ducks.

Maggie pulls the strike and the blade whistles over his head. She retreats into the dark. Butch laughs off his fright.

BUTCH
That one worked. Whose idea was it to pull most of the actors? It's doubly creepy this way.

He escorts Lulu into the passage.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - BOO HOLE - NIGHT

Maggie pulls off the overalls, revealing her Black Bart duds.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - EXIT STAIRS - NIGHT

Derek slows to a stop, puzzled by multiple unlabeled tunnels. David tugs on the locked gate.

DAVID
Is this supposed to be locked?

Erin scurries in, followed by Butch and Lulu.

ERIN
I'm so over this. Which way out?

She rattles the gate, jostling the scorpion box on the ledge.

LULU
Why are we stopping?

DEREK
You tell me which way is out. Signs are gone.

He waves a hand at the three looming tunnels.

LULU
Well, that's rude.

ERIN
We're all going to die down here.

BUTCH
It's a haunted house. We're
supposed to get scared.

He stops pulling on the gate and the scorpion box settles.

LULU
Where's Nikki? She should have the
house map and a key.

They all look around, listen. Nothing but oppressive silence
and the hiss of electricity powering the lights.

DEREK
We're missing Tom too. It would be
just like that perve to be banging
her in a corner.

The lights go out. Erin sidles up to David, clings.

LIGHTS ON. LIGHTS OFF. LIGHTS ON. A STROBE EFFECT.

ERIN
Oh my God, I didn't want to come
here in the first place. Are we
losing electricity now?

DEREK
Strobe light. Standard effect.
Which way, Lu?

LIGHTS OFF.

Derek glares at Lulu. She flusters, uncertain.

LIGHTS ON.

LULU
I was only down here the once.

DAVID
Well how do the actors get in and
out and move around?

LIGHTS OFF.

DEREK

In the exit and through secondary passages to their stations. With the signs down we don't know which tunnel is which. Erin, you saw the designs.

ERIN

Not for the house, the original mining layout. The tunnels go every which way.

LIGHTS ON.

Black Bart Maggie stands at the far end of the hall, a kerchief tied over her face. Erin screeches.

LIGHTS OFF.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Something just brushed by me.

DAVID

That's me, you goose.

LIGHTS ON.

Black Bart's closer, machete swinging.

BUTCH

Stay together. We can rush him.

LIGHTS OFF. SWISH. SWISH.

LIGHTS ON.

Black Bart is gone. Derek and David spin, searching.

LIGHTS OFF.

DEREK

Duck!

The women scream as they're pulled down toward the floor.

SWISH. METAL SHRIEKS. The blade scapes rock, throwing sparks.

LIGHTS ON.

Butch runs back up the tunnel. Erin bolts after him.

David and Derek look at each other, at Lulu, then sprint.

LIGHTS OFF.

LULU
Don't leave me here.

She makes to run. Her shoe catches on a rock and she twists an ankle, goes down on hands and knees.

LIGHTS ON.

Booted feet are planted in front of Lulu. She looks up past the low slung gunbelt with prop pistol,

past gloved hands caressing the machete,

To the bandanna covering the mouth, the amused eyes above.

Lulu sobs, drops her head, rocks back on her heels.

LULU (CONT'D)
No. Stay back. This isn't funny
now. I'm hurt.

She lunges up hard and fast. The machete gets knocked to the floor. Black Bart Maggie staggers backwards for balance.

Lulu limps for the passage.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - NIGHT

Derek and David race in, gasping. They go straight to the elevator. Derek punches the call button.

Erin and Butch come out. A spring action effect pops a dummy up to menace.

Erin screeches, backpedals away. She slips in a pool of blood, looks down at a severed hand.

ERIN
Oh my God, was that here before?

Butch reaches for it, drops it like it was red hot.

BUTCH
Shit. That's real!

He leads Erin through the display to the elevator. Butch crowds David to the side to work the controls.

David retreats forcing Derek backwards into the blood.

Derek skids, catches himself on a toppled cart. He double takes at Tom's body, looks for better light and grabs a lantern over.

DEREK

Oh my God.

David peers over Derek's shoulder, gags.

He darts to the opposite wall to retch.

Butch and Erin look over as Derek yanks a cloth out of the display to drape over the body.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Found Tom. You don't want to see.

Lulu shambles into the hall, finds a low ledge to sit on, breathing hard.

LULU

Somebody, help. My ankle.

DEREK

Oh poor you. Tom's dead.

LULU

Be serious.

Derek glares his lack of sympathy, lifts a corner of the tarp to show her. Lulu gags, turns away. Derek drops the tarp.

BUTCH

What is wrong with this elevator?

DAVID

We tried before. It's locked out somehow. Call for help.

He pulls his phone, can't get reception.

ERIN

We're underground. No signal, dumbass. Don't you have radios?

Lulu and Butch go for theirs. Nope, not on hips. David sheepishly slides his phone away.

BUTCH

People saw us come in. They'll figure out something's wrong soon enough.

INT. MINE ADIT - NIGHT

Ira edges around a line of guests to the R&S Attendant.

IRA
How's it going?

ATTENDANT
Pretty smooth.

IRA
Lulu's VIP group?

ATTENDANT
You just missed them.

IRA
Oh. Darn.

The attendant laughs at the fake dismay.

ATTENDANT
I can take you through the actor's
run.

IRA
I'll catch them at the exit.

Ira startles at an effect, heads out.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - NIGHT

No one wants to move.

ERIN
Well, do something. There's
somebody stalking us down here.

DAVID
We should stay put. There's only
one way to get at us here.

But that means staying with the body.

BUTCH
We can take the lamps and weapons
and ferret this creep out.

DEREK
Go for it.

BUTCH
Why me?

DEREK
Your idea.

Butch balks.

LULU
Oh for God's sake. There has to be
a back door out.

She barrels into the passage. Butch and David grab the lamps.
David offers Erin an arm.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT - NIGHT

Butch shines his lamp around, crosses to the boo hole.

BUTCH
What about backstage? We could
ambush him. Stay here. I'll look.

He enters the boo hole tunnel.

EXT. MINE - NIGHT

Ira waits at the exit, idly marking the people coming out.
Akins comes up.

AKINS
Ira. You need to see this.

They head out into the park.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - BOO HOLE - NIGHT

Butch advances cautiously, uneasy in the close unfinished
tunnels. He follows one tunnel through curves that leads
right back to the central room.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - LONG SHAFT - NIGHT

Butch heads for the next tunnel off-shoot behind the lamp.

A heavy stick swishes out, knocks the lamp to the ground.
Butch lashes out, misses.

Maggie retreats under his advance, drawing him into an open
space. He misses the first few hits, muscle memory doing
stunt passes as Maggie connects hard shots herself.

After she draws blood from his mouth, Butch switches to full
contact mode. He backs her up with a flurry of hard hits.

Her kerchief gets pulled down. Butch gapes recognition, then anger flares and he strikes out again.

Maggie yanks a wire to kill the lights, retreats.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - BOO HOLE

She's gone when Butch feels his way into the narrow hall. He nurses the split lip, searches.

BUTCH
Not so smug now, are you, bitch?

He finds a broken axe handle, pokes into holes.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Come out, come out wherever you
are. Let's finish this.

Nothing. He slows, bravado undermined by the dead silence.

Pokes harder, more often. The dark seems to deepen.

Butch stops, listens. His breath rasps. An oil lamp sputters and pops somewhere. Anger spurts.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Just like I thought. Big bad stunt
girl runs at the first sign of real
combat. Hey, you want to know the
reason we dumped you?

He turns, peering hard into a dark he can't penetrate, stick held ready to strike.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
You're old.

As Butch faces away from the rear of the hall, eyes open.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Forty-five years OLD. Without that
boob job your girls would be
hanging to your waist.

He laughs, stops short, spooked by a whisper of a breeze.

He stabs the stick around. Feet skid along. Stubs toes on a projecting rock, steps onto a ledge of sorts.

Inching forward, stick swinging for obstacles, not realizing the floor is dropping below him as he follows the ledge.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Come on, show yourself.

A tiny RASP of noise. He stops. Sweating nerves.

A rope whistles, wraps around his left wrist.

Butch tugs, spins and strikes out at the same time. The rope pulls free of its anchor point.

The stick chops down, knocks his stick from his hand. Butch swings wildly.

More ropes fall on him. He spins, feet searching for solid ground. A noose drops close. He bats at it.

Then grabs the loop to yank. This anchor point holds and he can't let go, Krazy-glued to the twine.

Another rope whistles, snags his arm. Butch moves to put his back to a wall, except there is no wall. Only darkness, the tiny ledge and more ropes that adhere to his anatomy.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
What is ... Get off.

A whip wraps around his ankles, tugs tight. He wobbles, held upright by the dangling ropes.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
You're not going to get away with
this.
(yells)
Derek! Lulu!

A kerchief whips over his head and into his mouth, knotted before he can buck his attacker off.

A fresh noose drops over his head. Butch struggles and the noose pulls tight. He stops fighting.

A match flares, touches a lamp wick.

Butch blinks. When his sight adjusts he finds himself caught in a web of ropes, balanced precariously on a creaking crate.

Black Bart Maggie looks over her handiwork.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
(around the gag)
Untie me.

She tests a line here and there, adds another choke connection between neck and arm.

She picks up the lamp, heads out. The Good, the Bad and the Ugly theme plays.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 (around the gag)
 Maggie. Bitch. Come back here.

He wiggles and the noose tightens, jerking him up tight. Then the crate loses a side panel with a CRACK.

It's an effort to stop fighting, maintain his balance.

The light fades around a corner. The crate SNAPS, CRACKLES. Butch whimpers. Wobble. Shuffle. CREAK. CRACK. GRUNT.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - CART STATION - NIGHT

Erin meets up with David.

ERIN
 How do we keep winding up in the same room?

DAVID
 I don't know.

Black Bart Maggie appears, a shovel raised to strike.

Erin clings to David. He pries her off, shoves behind her.

It becomes a dance of who's going to sacrifice who.

Black Bart Maggie stops moving, disgusted.

ERIN
 Would you stop! You're the man.
 You're supposed to protect me.

DAVID
 So much for your MeToo membership.

Maggie shakes her head, fades back into the boo hole, shuffling over fallen ripped Shaft and exit signs.

EXT. MINE EXIT - NIGHT

Ira nods at the Attendant, edges in past exiting guests. He nods, smiles at the laughing, excited faces.

Wincing at the loud sound effects, he slips behind a curtain to the rear of Maggie's boo hole, comes up behind the dummy.

IRA

Mags.

He taps the shoulder. No response.

Moving further in to avoid the exiting guests, Ira finds room to move alongside.

Pats the shoulder, leans in to look into the face.

Glass eyes stare out behind the mask.

Ira gasps, shocked, looks harder to reassure himself this is a dummy. Puzzled, he backs off.

Triggering his phone flashlight he aims it down the steps. It doesn't reach very far.

Hesitating about going down into the dark, Ira heads out, scaring a distracted group of guests.

INT. MINE MAIN LEVEL - NIGHT

Ira comes around the line, pulls the Attendant aside.

IRA

Lulu's people. Could they have gone below?

ATTENDANT

Below? There's nothing below. How would they get there?

IRA

The elevator.

ATTENDANT

We have an elevator?

Huffing annoyance, Ira has him hold the line, heads inside.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - BOO HOLE - NIGHT

David eases along the passage, wary, agitated.

He finds Butch strangled in the webs. Frightened, he backs out, bumps a barrel of tools.

He looks hard, pulls one out. It has weight. He swings, gets a solid WHACK against the barrel.

He digs further, pulls out shovels, staves, finally a short pick axe. He takes that.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT - NIGHT

Lulu and Erin gasp for breath, totally freaked out.

LULU
What is happening here? Rational
people don't do this!

They both shriek when David comes out of a boo hole. He waves at them for silence.

LULU (CONT'D)
What do you think you're going to
do with that?

DAVID
Defend myself.

He bangs the haft against the wall.

ERIN
I want a weapon.

DAVID
Right inside. There's a whole
barrel of stuff.

Erin heads into the boo hole passage.

PASSAGE

She feels her way through the dark, guided by a tiny bit of light at the end.

The light goes out.

Erin stops, breathing hard.

ERIN
No. Oh no. Oh no.

She backs up step by step.

A pick axe GRATES along the wall.

Erin turns, stumbles her way out, crying.

ROUNDABOUT

Lulu and David startle when Erin bursts out. She grabs David, puts him between her and the boo hole.

ERIN (CONT'D)
 He's in there. Oh God, I hate this.
 I shouldn't even be down here.
 Stupid Tom.

LULU
 Did he follow you?

DAVID
 We'll know in a minute. You girls
 stay here. When I nod, hit him with
 the light.

He nudges Erin off, backs against the wall, pick at the ready. Lulu fumbles with her phone to ready the flashlight.

SILENCE weighs on their nerves.

FOOTSTEPS slide over gravel, slow.

David sets himself, nods.

Lulu beams the LIGHT down the passage.

Derek throws a hand up.

David swings.

LULU
 Derek!

ERIN
 Duck.

David pulls his arc up. Derek drops to his left. The pick whistles over his head, hits the wall. CLANG.

A moment of relief, then ...

Maggie appears behind David with a pick of her own.

Erin points, screams.

David evades the blow, barely.

Lulu squalls, grabs a prop rifle, charges. Maggie retreats into the boo hole with Lulu in pursuit.

ERIN (CONT'D)
 Please can we get out of here?

DAVID
Yeah. Back to the stairs.

DEREK
It's locked, idiot.

DAVID
So we'll force it.

Lulu limps back from the boo hole.

LULU
Why are you just standing here?

Scowling, the men turn to the passage.

Black Bart Maggie blocks the way, hands full of twin pistols.

ERIN
Fucking A.

She gropes for the chair, sinks down.

Maggie takes a step in, aim shifting from one to the other.

Lulu backs herself into a corner, realizes her mistake, looks for a distraction. She points to Erin.

LULU
There's your problem. Her and her boss authorized all script changes.

ERIN
Seriously? I need a raise if that's true. Everyone knew what you were really doing with that crappy script.

LULU
Like I could do anything I pleased without permission. Ask her who signed off on the show changes.

DAVID
How stupid are you? Antagonizing the person with weapons.

LULU
Oh please. They're blanks.

Maggie fires a shot at Lulu, missing just over her head. The bullet throwing up a shower of dust.

Lulu shrieks. Maggie advances on her, dead aims at Lulu's head, pulls the trigger. CLICK.

Pulls the trigger. CLICK. Empty chamber after empty chamber, pistol after pistol ala The Outlaw Josey Wales.

Lulu cowers. At the last CLICK, Maggie drops the guns.

DEREK

Ignorant twat. That's what we needed in the show, not kung fu fighting.

Lulu screams, lunges for Maggie's throat. They grapple and stagger for balance.

Lulu may be soft, but she's not helpless, and she's heavier, uses her weight to keep Maggie off balance.

They knock into the table, sending props jumping.

Erin screeches, cowers under the table. Derek bolts for the passage, dumping David on his ass as distraction.

INT. MINE - MAIN LEVEL - NIGHT

It takes a few passes but Ira and Attendant finally find the elevator behind the cover. Ira pulls the pipe wedge out.

Why? Think. Lulu's group - Lulu, Tom, David, Butch ... An awful thought hits him hard.

IRA

Oh shit. Listen. I'm going down there. Stay here and don't let anyone use this elevator.

ATTENDANT

What's going on?

IRA

Somebody's playing a perverse trick.

ATTENDANT

I should call security.

IRA

Just keep the house closed. We don't want to start a panic. I could be wrong. Wait for my call.

He pushes the gate up and steps in, nods encouragement to Attendant's worried frown.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - NIGHT

The gate grinds up. Ira takes a moment to look and listen.

Setting his phone as a flashlight he looks around. The beam passes over Tom's feet sticking out of the tarp, swings back.

Ira advances, raises a corner.

IRA

Oh God.

INT. MINE MAIN LEVEL - NIGHT

The Attendant fidgets. Several actors walk up.

SCAREACTOR

What's going on?

ATTENDANT

Just hold your positions. We'll be back up shortly.

SCAREACTOR

If we're stopped I need to hit the rest room but I don't know how to get out.

ATTENDANT

I'll show you. Anybody else?

The whole group grunt affirmatives. His eyes roll.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Fine. Come on.

He leads them up the hall.

MINUTES LATER

ATTENDANT 2 comes up, stops at the elevator.

ATTENDANT 2

Here's the problem. This is supposed to be locked out.

He snaps the lock in place, pulls the false wall over, keys his radio as he heads back to the entrance.

ATTENDANT 2 (CONT'D)

We're good. Let them in.

The sound effects come back on. He taps several boo holes to alert the actors that they're in play.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ELEVATOR BASE - NIGHT

The elevator gate drops, scaring Ira witless. The cage rises. He darts back to the controls, gets no response.

Tries his phone. The signal fades in and out.

No place to go but forward. He resumes flashlight mode, eases into the main passage.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - EXIT STAIRS - NIGHT

Derek skids out to the exit stair.

He tugs at the gate, muscling open a gap between the wall and the anchor points.

Another tug and he has clearance. At least he gets a head and arm through before getting stuck.

Derek pushes, pulls, wiggles. All he manages to do is wedge himself in tighter.

He opens his belt, trying for an extra inch of clearance at the waist, but his torso won't conform to the contours of the wall enough to scrape through.

He continues to push and wiggle.

The scorpion box shimmies closer to the edge.

Half-way over under the jostling.

Three quarters.

Falls.

Derek shrieks startled, then insects spill out.

They skitter over him. His frantic wiggling wedges himself in tighter instead of gaining freedom.

Sting after sting, he pushes the insects off, howls in pain.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT - NIGHT

On hands and knees, David tries to tug Erin from hiding.

Maggie catches up a heavy frying pan, smacks it against Lulu's head to knock her down.

A moment to get her breath back.

Movement out of the corner of her eye.

Her head snaps around, stopping David and Erin in mid-rise to their feet. David holds up a hand.

DAVID

Wait, wait, wait. Maggie. You don't have to do this. It's over. You won.

ERIN

Maggie!

DAVID

Who else could it be? All these death traps, straight out of her doodles. But it doesn't have to end here. Just listen for a minute.

ERIN

What are you doing?

DAVID

Saving our skins. Maggie. Ira saved your job.

ERIN

Oh no. No, don't do that.

DAVID

It's fine. It's fine. Maggie, listen. That one ...
(nods at Lulu)
is out on her fat ass and you're taking over.

Puzzlement gets through Maggie's rage. She blinks.

MAGGIE

When?

ERIN

Don't. David, please.

Erin tugs on David, covers his mouth, desperate for reprieve.

Maggie picks up an axe as she crosses to them.

Aims the blade at Erin to back her away from David.

Lulu sits herself up, shakes off the concussion.

MAGGIE

When did this happen?

DAVID

Tonight. Akins reversed himself
after your lawyer chewed him a new
asshole.

Maggie's eyes shift from him to Erin.

ERIN

It's true. Ira would have called
you right away.

Maggie works out the time. Her phone was off or out of
service down here. No message.

Lulu regains her feet.

LULU

Oh my God, it's too delicious. All
your hard work on this and all you
had to do was your damn job. I hope
you rot in a cell forever.

Maggie swings the axe. Lulu evades easily, too far away.

David lunges to grab the handle from Maggie's hand. Before he
can do anything else, she whirls, punches him in the face.

Lulu jumps her from behind. Maggie twists out of the hold.
They trade punches, circling the space.

David hesitates about jumping in.

Erin keeps to the wall as she skitters this way and that away
from the fighters.

Push. Hit. Back and forth across the space.

Lulu grabs up props and rocks to throw.

Maggie sweeps a pike from a pile of tools, swings at Lulu.

Lulu looks at the weapons hungrily, but she can't get close.

She stumbles, grabs the police tape for balance, teetering on
the edge of the pit.

Maggie reverses the pike to shove at her. Lulu catches the handle, forces Maggie back across the floor.

Maggie's foot catches and she staggers, barely avoiding a fall when the pike thuds home behind her. A strangled cry.

Maggie finds her footing, turns.

The pike head is imbedded in Erin's gut, pinning her to the wall. Erin eyes it dully, laughs.

Maggie yanks the pike free. Erin slides to the floor.

Lulu doesn't wait, grabs a shovel and swings wildly, catching Maggie in the hip. Maggie crashes to her knees.

Lulu swats her with the flat of the blade again.

Maggie rolls away toward the boo hole. David puts himself on the other side of the table.

Before Lulu can strike again, Maggie reaches into the boo hole, pulls out an axe. She blocks Lulu's downswing, snags a foot around a chair leg and shoves it into Lulu's shins.

Lulu howls, staggers backwards far enough for Maggie to regain her feet. Almost. Maggie favors her walloped hip.

They trade heavy awkward swings like a broadsword duel. Lulu realizes she has an edged blade, turns the shovel to rake.

Maggie ducks back, brings her axe up one handed to score a graze on Lulu's side.

David ducks away again, closer to the tunnel escape. He makes a break just as Maggie scores another shot to Lulu's side.

Lulu whirls. Her swing goes wide, scrapes the wall then thuds home edge-first in David's gut.

He staggers in disbelief, slides down the wall, blood cascading over his pressed hands.

Maggie goes to him. When she moves to stanch the bleeding, he shakes her off.

DAVID

Sorry, babe. I tried. I couldn't be as strong as you.

Lulu's hurting, bleeding. The shovel falls. She's too tired to pick it up, spots a length of rope.

The rope drops around Maggie's neck. She's pulled up and backwards as Lulu puts her weight behind the strangle.

Maggie gets two fingers under, but can't dislodge the rope. Choking, gasping, she still has presence of mind to force Lulu back step by step.

LULU

How do you like it? So smart, so strong, so beautiful. Not so much now, are you?

Another step closer to the police tape.

To the very lip, so focused on Maggie Lulu doesn't pay attention to the empty space under her heel.

Maggie raises one hand for attention. Lulu's surprised enough to let up slightly on her pull. Maggie wheezes for air.

LULU (CONT'D)

Well?

MAGGIE

You never could remember your blocking.

Maggie gives her the finger. Lulu's focus shifts past the hand and she realizes where they are in the room.

Maggie jabs in an elbow, shoves back.

Lulu flails on the edge, feet slipping into air. She grabs at Maggie for stability, squalls when Maggie doesn't resist.

Lulu goes in backwards, her last clutch at Maggie's vest dragging Maggie in after her.

David heaves a sob of despair, passes out.

Silence.

Then a gloved hand finds the edge of the pit.

A second hand grabs hold. Maggie worms herself up and over, rests to catch her breath.

Dead tired she manages to get to her feet, limps out.

EXT. MINE - NIGHT

The Attendant gets back with his bathroom run actors, horrified to see guests streaming out the exit. He pulls his radio. Nobody pays attention to the Black Bart dummy.

ATTENDANT

Close the house.

ATTENDANT 2 (V.O.)

But --

ATTENDANT

Close the doors now, dammit! You kids go back to the green room.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - EXIT STAIRS - NIGHT

Derek hangs limp in his trap, face raw and puffy with stings.

Maggie limps to the gate. She plants a key in the lock, drags the fence open letting him sag to the ground.

His fingers brush her ankle as she starts past him.

She stops, looks down.

Barely conscious, Derek pleads with his eyes. A photo peeks out of his breast pocket.

INSERT PHOTO - Derek with his wife and kids

Maggie blinks. A tiny flicker of empathy sparks to life.

She looks up the stairs, takes a moment, then grabs Derek under the arms and heaves, shudders under his weight.

INT. MINE - MAGGIE'S BOO HOLE - NIGHT

Maggie sits behind the dummy, numb. Dorcas slides in from outside, Black Bart costume haphazardly on.

DORCAS

Sorry I'm late. Why is it so quiet?
Oh my God, Maggie, are you hurt?

She kneels at Maggie's side, pulls her kerchief off to dab at the blood, revealing a sexy blouse under her half-buttoned costume shirt.

Exhausted, in shock, Maggie's out of it.

Dorcas looks up the hall for help, comes to a decision, gets up and tugs Maggie to her feet.

DORCAS (CONT'D)
Come on, let's get you over to health services.

Maggie limps two steps, looks back at the stairs. Dorcas puts an arm around her shoulders.

DORCAS (CONT'D)
I know, honey. You fell down the stairs. They should have put a gate across. We'll sue them later.

She leads Maggie out.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - ROUNDABOUT - NIGHT

Ira comes in, ashen behind his phone light. He goes to Erin to check for life. David stirs out of near death, groans.

Ira goes to him.

IRA
David. Who did this?

DAVID
Who didn't?

IRA
Hang in there. I'll get help.

DAVID
Sure.

Ira grabs decor material, bunches it under David's hands to stem the bleeding. It's hopeless but he's going to try.

IRA
David. Come on, focus. Where is everyone else? Lulu? Maggie.

DAVID
You'll stumble over them eventually. Girls. Pit.

He barely nods at the torn police tape.

Ira crosses over. Behind him, David breathes his last.

His phone light doesn't reach far into the depths, but he does find a scrap of cloth on the edge. Part of Maggie's Black Bart vest.

He goes back to David, feels for a pulse. Unnerved he exits.

INT. MINE LOWER LEVEL - EXIT STAIRS - NIGHT

Surprised to find the gate unlocked and rolled back, Ira heads up, high stepping over a few scurrying scorpions.

Halfway up he finds Derek passed out. Hesitates to feel for a pulse. Derek's eyes flutter. He shudders through a breath.

Ira gets Derek under the arms to drag.

EXT. MINE - NIGHT

Security guards help Ira carry Derek through a growing crowd of curious scareactors and guests to a waiting ambulance.

EMT

Do you know what happened?

IRA

Scorpions. He's allergic to insect bites.

The EMTs set to work.

Ira waits at the door as shock settles in. Akins pushes through the crowd, locates Ira and tugs at him.

AKINS

Ira! What?

IRA

It's a mess. Just a mess. The rage.

Aware of ears Akins pulls him to the front of the ambulance and relative privacy.

AKINS

Ira, focus!

He gives Ira a shake that doesn't snap him out of his daze. He signals a Security Guard over.

AKINS (CONT'D)

Get these people out of the area.
Have somebody walk Ira to Health Services. Don't talk to anyone.

SECURITY GUARD

Yes sir. The cops will be looking for you to ask about the bodies.

AKINS

Bodies?

SECURITY GUARD

Nobody's sure what happened. Gomez' group wound up below and some maniac tore through them.

He pulls his radio as he takes Ira by the arm and walks him off away from the crowd.

Akins shudders, reaches for his phone, shoves it back in his pocket, helpless.

Nikki is walked out by security, eyes blank with shock.

INT. HEALTH SERVICES - NIGHT

Dorcias fills in paperwork at the counter. The EMT more interested in her plunging neckline. Behind them Maggie stares out the darkened door glass.

DORCAS

I've been there all night. Everything was fine. Something must have spooked her this last set. When I came to tag out she was sitting there all banged up. You would think somebody would have gated those stairs top and bottom. There. That's everything. Okay, Maggie. We're ...

She turns. The EMT looks up. They're alone.

DORCAS (CONT'D)

What! Well, where did she go?

EXT. MINE - PEAK - NIGHT

Oh a hill above the park a figure limps up to the summit, silhouettes against the moon. It heads down the other side of the mountain and out of sight.

EXT. MINE (ANIMATED)

Black Bart walks into the sunset leaving weapons and the carnage behind.