

American Horror Story: Fort to Hotel

by

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TITLES UP: Fort Delaware, Pea Patch Island, 2007. The words dissolve and hold onto the blackness just before revealing the long road ahead.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

PUSH to a blue and rusted Ford truck, hauling three men, a black bag and recording equipment. LANCE - slightly balding and portly, shivers as the car shakes over a small hole. BEN wears a cap labeled "I want to believe" his red hair trailing behind, the dust kicking more so on Ben's end who looks bored and un-enthused. He lights a cigarette while MARCUS sneezes.

Everyone suddenly looks to MARCUS, a scraggly guy with a goatee -

MARCUS

Sorry, geez. It's just so damn dusty out here.

LANCE

You know what else is dusty? Our damn reel man! Look around, smell the cash!

(slight fist pump)

BEN

Guys, look. I said I was just here to help steer the camera alright? I didn't say anything about instant gratification.

LANCE

Course you didn't - otherwise a hand-job would have been in order, right Mark?

The truck's driver, UNNAMED, peers into his rear view mirror. He fixes it on this weird crew - ghost-hunters. Day in and day out, they sneak on boats with funds saved up, or a drunken night of dares to come to the island.

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

The truck finally pulls in front of it - fresh iron-wrought gates with a moat. All three passengers look in awe as the moon illuminates a slight glare of drool from Ben's face.

DRIVER/UNNAMED

Alright kids, dad's letting you go. Get out and be quiet.

The three men hop out the back, and drop down into the gravel. They haul their equipment while Ben walks to the driver who slowly pulls his window down.

BEN

K. Here's half - 150 now, and the rest when we come back.

DRIVER/UNNAMED

Huh? Kid - that's not what we agreed now is it?

Marcus and Lance stand with their arms outstretched in confusion - the hell is taking him so long?

BEN

Listen, I'm just trying to be smart. What if you don't come back?

ANGLE: Driver's cheeks raise slightly as he rolls up the window

DRIVER/UNNAMED

(whispers) I said the same damn thing.

The car swiftly pulls away, a cloud of dust leaving behind a confused Ben makes his way to the gate. Of course it's locked. They have to climb the fence. This isn't a problem, because these hunters came prepared. A bag is thrown onto the ground, unzipped and revealing a set of pliers, rope, and a flashlight.

BEN

(looks to either man)
Well, which one of us is making the climb?

LANCE

(hesitantly)
There's no holding, so... two of us has to lift the other up a bit.

Everyone quickly looks to Marcus who gulps softly. Marcus drags his feet to the gate, peering up as the fence reaches the night sky.

The two smaller-set men, give Marcus a head start as they prop their hands underneath is gravel-covered sole.

BEN

Ah shit! These rocks man, hurry up
and wrap the rope around, then
hoist yourself up!

MARCUS

(breathing heavily)
UGHH! OKAY, ALMOST THERE!

LANCE

Marcus I beg of you, hoist MORE!

As if he were being pulled, Marcus reaches on the top of the gate, his arms in between the spikes.

MARCUS

I got it, hey you guys I got it!
Guess that working out's been good
to me.

The lanky fellow lugs his left leg carefully, and straddles the metal bars and carefully breathes as he slowly tries to bring the other leg over.

BEN

(worried)
You better not fuck this up man!

LANCE

Okay dude, you're almost there,
nothing can stop us now. Just
climb down, drop down (beat)
something.

A slight wind rustles some nearby trees. The water under the moat bridge begins to ripple as if something trailed upon it...or in it. Marcus suddenly notices something moving in the water and leans, looking down slightly. Then the loose grip is completely lost. Completely.

MARCUS

Hey guys, are there fish in-

LANCE

Dude hold up!

BEN

(widens eyes)
Woah.

As he FALLS a spike catches his head - the rest of his body struggles to keep still. PULL, the two men stand in front

of the gate, as the body detaches, finally falling to the ground. They turn to each other in shock.

FADE TO BLACK

A SINGLE PHRASE POPS UP: JUNE 2009

EXT. DUSTY ROAD

An open tour van (jitney) filled with slightly sweaty and sticky tourists, sit as the breeze from the shore passes through. The tour guide, MARK, speaks into a wireless microphone as he quickly changes into his garb - colonial dress, red coat with navy blue pants. An unamused mom holds the microphone as he ties his pants around his thick waist.

MARK

And uh, as we pass through, I tell
ya the heat now is nothing
compared to like it must've been
back then. Or my pants right now
(a soft laugh tapering
off)

The mom purses her lips and grudgingly returns the microphone to him as he looks over to the view - the famous Fort Delaware. Hundreds of tourists, locals and non-locals alike, come to the famed place not just in the hopes of revisiting the state's prominent history, but to see the fabled wisps of its former inhabitants.

MARK (CONT'D)

Okay! We are now here, riders
gonna need you to grab the kids,
the keys the wallet - all that
good ol' stuff because this van
will not be the same one that will
take you back to the dock. We will
hop off and steady to the moat.

The begrudged mother is the last to get up, waiting until she got to the small step to give Mark a slight slap on the ass.

MARK (CONT'D)

(jumps slightly)
Okay...well - you're welcome!

Mark steps off the jitney and waves off the driver. The front of the Fort shows a gate-less prison - only the water and a stone moat bridge separates the land from the old

port. Mark walks to the front of the group and leads them across the stone walk-way and through the darkened arch.

The faces on the tourists are all looking at Mark. Mark looks at them.

MARK (CONT'D)

Okay everyone, we're at the entrance to the Fort. This is where I leave you. Please be reminded that this is a historical site, so treat all areas with respect and do not go past any ropes.

A tourist - chewing gum and inexpensive sunglasses pushes them to the top of her head and says

TOURIST 2

(slight drawl)

Can't have anymore accidents now can ya? Saw the holes from the old gate.

MARK

(gulps)

Well now safety is always important, and the park will do what it needs to do in order to think of the general public

TOURIST 3

You know, I wanna know if those punks thought of the general public when they tried to hop the damn fence. Ruined my Halloween

MARK

Okay! If everyone could just make it the main gate and start their tour. Feel free to roam around just remember the rules!

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Mark stands by the window, viewing the current rifle show about to begin, while viewers find shade against the prison walls. He turns slightly and sees a woman - MARCY, dressed in her garb for the summer. A nurse. Brunette, mid 30s and shapely, she folds various blankets setting up her section before the next group comes in.

Her eyes catch the glare from the window - Mark scratches his throat as he glides over.

MARK

(his arm around her
waist)

You know they say the summer heat
in these walls are a great way to
lose weight

MARCY

(wrenches hand down)

You know, I also want to keep this
job. I happen to like my weight
thank you.

MARK

You know that's not what I meant.

MARCY

I know...Then again, it's always
been the trouble with you. Hasn't
it?

Marcy walks over to another bed, and begins to fold another
blanket. She pretends to notice a piece of lint and starts
smoothing it away. She walks over to another bed and tries
to squeeze by Mark who won't let her.

MARK

You need to stop pretending like
it didn't happen. How am I
supposed to get through this
summer doing that?

MARCY

(averting his eyes)

I plan on getting a check. If I
need to relieve myself of any...

(whispers)

Frustration, I'll diddle myself in
the cells somewhere. Now leave it
alone.

JAMES - the doctor for the scene, strolls in and leans
against the doorway. Both adults suddenly break away from
their previous proximity. The doctor walks to Marcy - his
blonde short-cropped hair, brown eyes and chiseled face
scream "BRAWN AND VAPID."

JAMES

So...You're not a part of this set
are you? Uh...

MARK

(glancing at Marcy then
Ken-doll)

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Mark. It's Mark. And uh, no. I was just leaving.

JAMES

Good! I mean I'm sure you're good actor and all, but I can't have competition

(chuckles)

Otherwise I get a little gassy out of nervousness. And shame.

Marcy gives a nervous laugh, while Mark strolls out the door.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hey man -

(Shouts)

Let's grab a beer sometime!

Mark makes his way out the infirmary and through the small hallway and hears small bouts of laughter. He straightens his belt and readies his face for a beat, as the next group walks past him.

NO NOISE - A small blonde boy, with gray flannel shirt and brown woolen pants - walks slowly past him - staring hard as Mark walks out the door.

Mark looks back once more and doesn't see him any more.

We SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. FORT ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

JULIE - just turned 18, voice twittering with youth and acquired authority. She waves down the visitors for the day, shuffling a few in each jitney - a MONTAGE

JULIE

Alright! Thank you everyone for visiting Fort Delaware! We hope you had a good time, and that you also have all of your belongings

(quickly snatches a bag of chips from a child)

There is no eating in the jitney, no standing or swinging! Please be sure to climb on and off with care! Drive safely.

Julie waves the last jitney down the road, and readies to walk across the stone bridge. She stops just before the walkway, looking down at the stone.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 Stupid punks.

She walks across the bridge meeting the rest of the re-enactment workers and staff near the concession stand.

WORKER 1
 Yeah the stupid bitch asked if I was of age! I mean can you believe the boldness on the broad?

WORKER 2
 I could believe the rack if her padding wasn't so lumpy!

WORKER 3
 I just can't stand the material on these things. When are they going to get us non-flammable material?

WORKER 4
 Girl, when they get us some money! Least you don't have to hobble around making some folks uncomfortable and ashamed of being White for five seconds. Wish they'd move my set near the water or so

Julie walks over to the cashier and asks for a bottle of water. HOLDEN tosses her the bottle, while she opens the cap - chugging it back for good measure. It was brutally hot and the manager was taking their time.

HOLDEN
 Tired of this place yet?

JULIE
 No! Of course not - I love telling folks who pay the bare minimum and are entitled as hell, what to do. It makes me feel fuzzy inside.

HOLDEN
 You know what else makes you feel fuzzy inside?

JULIE
 Holden. Don't be gross.

HOLDEN
 (chuckles)
 I'm not I swear!

A man steps out from the prison cell hallways - his face hidden beneath a straw hat. His jean back-pockets are in full view as he strolls in between the gathering of workers. He stops and lets a small toothpick toss to the side. A small loogie is thrown just before Julie looks on in disgust.

OTIS/BOSS
 (heavy drawl)
 Thank you everyone for making today, such a smooth one. A nice one. I tip my damn hat to you. I tip it so damn hard, I'm gonna take each and everyone one of you out for a night at the bar. Delaware City is gonna be live with the joy we have, I'm sure.

WORKER 5
 (whispers)
 I can never understand a got-damn thing that comes out of his mouth.

Otis walks across the gravel and dirt as if it became a stage; the sun was setting on the field behind the group, some of them try side-step to get the sun out of their eyes. Mark makes his way toward the stand and leans against the wood. He hopes there isn't a call to start clapping and singing like his first day at Walmart; he hated that place.

OTIS/BOSS
 Alright. I know ya'lls tired of hearing me so I'm gonna just congratulate everyone. Holden, close up shop and I'll see whatever lovely participants wouldn't like to toast our opening down at the bar. Let's roll!

EXT. CONCESSION STAND - AFTERNOON

Everyone nearly pushed Marcy down as she struggled to get her purse tight around her. James rubbed her shoulder softly and she returned a soft smile. PULL AWAY

Mark notices this bullshit and turns to Holden.

MARK

Give me a bottle.

HOLDEN

Dude you got heat stroke? I'm closing up - boss man is giving out free drinks for you to cry into anyhow.

MARK

Not even two years since you've known me and you can't give me a break huh?

HOLDEN

The hell should I give you a break for?

JULIE

Can you hurry up Holden? I have to get down to the library to print some stuff

(beat)

You coming out this Sunday?

(looks to Mark)

MARK

Uh, yeah sure. Sure thing Julie, I'll be there.

Holden pulls the metal hatch down and walks out the wooden stand. His back faces the front of the entrance to the cells, the sun set illuminating certain cracks in the stone.

HOLDEN

I won't give you a break then. Here, there or anywhere!

MARK

Whatever.

Mark walks away while Julie looks at Holden in confusion.

HOLDEN

What? Why do you always look at me like that?

JULIE

(as she walks toward the entrance)

At least someone is looking at your ass...

HOLDEN
 Yeah so long as it's you...Or
 Marcy
 (he laughs but suddenly
 stops)

Holden feels a slight chill down his back. Bumps on his neck emerge quickly. ANGLE: Walking hard-footed toward the buff salesman. Coming closer, closer and closer until...

Nothing. No one is there

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
 (relieved sigh)
 Shit. I gotta stop the lines
 before I clock in.

Holden walks off to Julie who gives him a slight slap against the back and they walk to the jitney.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Otis sits at the bar. His hat sits on the counter, slightly moving as the A/C runs through the room. Various patrons receive their drinks, or pleasure from the music above or each other...

OTIS
 (slurring)
 Give me another then!

BARTENDER
 (cautiously)
 I think I'll slip some water in
 there a bit too...But sure sir.

OTIS
 Fucking kids these days. Aint no
 respect running through. Just
 about as dry as my pocket!
 (turns to nearby woman)
 I'd love to take you out darlin'
 You lonely?

WOMAN
 No just peeved. Hands off alright?

OTIS
 (leers)
 Yes ma'm!

The slim woman shakes her hair in his direction. Otis sniffs the air as she saunters over to a table by the door.

She sits down next to a man with reddish hair. A cigarette hangs from his mouth as his hands reach her face.

WOMAN

Mmmmm - you sure smell sweet
darlin'

The man's face, his lower half, is unenthused, yet aged...and familiar. ANGLE: He glances over at the bar before looking back to the woman.

MAN

Yeah I smell sweet. Not as sweet
as the promise of revenge.

The woman pulls back slightly - we reveal that it's Ben. He drags the smoke stick and glares at Otis who is passed out at the bar.

BARTENDER

Dude! Come on, not again...Sam!
Help me get this guy out of here.

A young man rushes from the side and walks over to the scene. They struggle to lift the boss up, as Ben nods his head over to the woman.

BEN

You ready love?

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

OTIS

(stumbles up steps)
I don't need no damn help! Leave
me alone!

OTIS' WIFE

(standing on porch)
What the hell is this now? I'm
trying to sleep damn it!

BARTENDER

Sorry Mrs. White! I couldn't get
him to get a ride on his own. And
you didn't answer the phone so...

MRS. WHITE

Oh hush up sonny and stop
mumblin'. You get on home now
before someone calls the cops.

BARTENDER

Yes ma'm. Again, I'm so sorry for
the trouble (beat) Feel better in
the morning sir!

The young man scrambles to his car and pulls away, while Mrs. White waves him off with a smile as if this was a daily occurrence. Well who are we kidding - it is.

MRS. WHITE

(guiding Otis up to the
front door)

Now when you're feeling nice and
rosy, you're gonna call that young
man and apologize. What do you
look like stumbling around like a
god damn baby deer at 2 AM?

OTIS

(labored breathing,
slight slur)

Susie baby I'm - mmm - I'm just
trying to make it up for those
kids. Those kids man
(begins to sob heavily)

MRS. WHITE

Oh you hush up fool and get to
bed.

The annoyed wife closes the door behind them as Otis' sobs carry through the door.

INT. CAR - DAY

Holden rubs his arms trying to calm the goosebumps. Julie drives the Honda Civic - a car she managed to save up for despite her own financial hardships. She makes a disgusted face (when does she not?) as Holden's arm-rubbing grows more intense

JULIE

Dude can you not?

HOLDEN

Can I not what? Can you ever speak
English?

JULIE

Okay can you ever stop doing the
white stuff? Can your skin keep
intact by the time you hit the
water?

HOLDEN
(cocks his head)
Oh wouldn't you like to know?

JULIE
(rolls down window)
Oh shut up. See? Now I have to
roll the window down due to sudden
nausea.

HOLDEN
(looks out his window)
I don't know if I can ever quit
this.

Julie looks to him slyly and turns up the radio. The song "Highway to Hell" raises over the sound of the wind rushing through the vehicle.

EXT. FORT DELAWARE - DAY

Marcy rubs underneath her bosom as the sweat dampens her costume for today - she's dressed in a maiden gown, making her ample chest bigger than it already seemed to nearly everyone who noticed her. She sits on the bench near the concession stand, circling job listings in a printed sheet. "AGENCY SEEKING - REAL ESTATE AGENTS WANTED, LOCATION: LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA."

MARCY
Sounds expensive.

Holden is setting up his stock for the day and notices Marcy circling things. He leans over the counter to catch a glimpse - of her chest.

HOLDEN
Sure looks mighty interesting.

MARCY
(not looking up)
Hmm? What's that now?

Holden gives a sly chuckle and grabs a bottle of water out the cooler. He sees a red-dressed man with a rifle walking past the gates.

HOLDEN
Ahh look who it is?

Marcy finally looks up and sets herself to move from the bench. Quickly - so quickly she nearly drops the papers to the ground.

A shadow dims her face - ANGLE: Peering down at the sweat beads on her smooth forehead, her mouth agape in confusion and nervousness - MARK bends down to help her. Marcy makes an attempt to avert her gaze.

MARK
 (nodding toward the
 papers)
 Making a move?

MARCY
 You know we can't stay here
 forever Mark. I can't.

MARK
 I happen to think this place is
 really special.

Marcy gulps softly and takes the final sheet from his hands and stands up. She smoothes her dress as Mark continues to look at her softly.

MARK (CONT'D)
 (nearly a whisper)
 I know it must be my age...and
 yours, but I don't think that's
 any cause for a seperation.

MARCY
 I believe I've told you -

MARK
 I know, I know. "I'm too young." I
 was a teenager during Y2K - I've
 seen some things!

Marcy chuckles and makes her way to the bastion for her scene today. Mark stands watching her walk on.

HOLDEN
 That's a woman to marry there.
 (spits loogie)

INT. CIRCULAR STAIRWAY - DAY

Holden paces back and forth, taking deep sniffs of cocaine flying from his hand. The wind barely allowing him to get anymore than he's used to on a day like this (when the sun is up)

HOLDEN
 Fuck! Just one more please!

A group of tourists walk up the stairs, passing through. A young girl, no more than 10 gets some of the drug into her eye. The wind howls through the staircase as she begins to cry

GIRL
 (rubs eye furiously)
 Mommy mommy!

The child's mother, a woman with high-waisted shorts and a V-neck glares at Holden, while she bends down to blow her eye.

MOM
 Shhh, hush now, we'll get it out.

Holden looks on in shame but then looks up and sees a man at the end of the stair hall - he wears a gray coat, his hair unkempt. He smiles at Holden. His teeth are brown and drool drips down his mouth.

NO NOISE

HOLDEN
 What the fuck...

The man walks slowly toward Holden. Suddenly there's no one around for Holden to grab onto.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
 Stay away man!
 (desperately)
 Stay the HELL away from me! I
 lift!

The man walks faster and Holden begins to scream. CUT Holden screaming while breathing on the floor. The tourists surround him while Otis makes his way over.

OTIS
 Alright now, thank you everyone!
 Back up, back up! Please leave the
 area
 (laughs nervously)
 I've got it under control.

The tourist family walks away mumbling their displeasure and frustration while Otis bends down to get Holden together.

OTIS (CONT'D)
 Hey - Hey son.
 (SMACKS Holden's face,
 low drawl)
 (MORE)

OTIS (CONT'D)
 You stop it right now. Okay? Get
 it together.

Holden manages to stand, still glancing at the area from
 which the man appeared. There's no one there now.

HOLDEN
 Sir, I just
 (stammers)
 I - I - I was having a moment and
 -

OTIS
 Yeah you fucking were. You fucking
 -
 (stops himself)
 How many times have I told you, to
 keep that SHIT off of this
 property?

Holden rubs his nose and looks at his boss - now red-faced
 and eyes slightly yellow.

HOLDEN
 Sorry boss. I'm sorry.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Otis sits in his creaky office chair. The tag from the
 thrift store he purchased it from, still swings to the beat
 of his old A/C unit.

He raises his arms above his head and stares at the
 ceiling. His eyes close

ANGLE: Inside of Otis' eyes...opening lids to reveal the
 face of a scraggly gotee-wearing man

OTIS
 JESUS CHRIST!

The door barges open revealing the worried face of Julie,
 who carries a notebook. A few pages fall to the floor as
 she closes the door behind her.

JULIE
 Hey...Are you okay?

OTIS
 (slowly)
 Yeah...I'm fine darlin'
 (beat)
 Now, what can I do you for?

Julie looks confused but straightens it out.

JULIE

I actually just wanted to talk to you about my check.

Otis begins moving a paper weight to various points on his old desk. Methodically.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(hesitatingly)

Anyway...I really would like to know how soon the increase may start because -

The door knocks once more and Julie looks annoyed.

MARCY

I just wanted to - Oh! I'm sorry! I didn't know you had an appointment already.

OTIS

Oh it's nothing, Julie was just leaving.

Julie tries to hide her frustration and shakes her head before shutting the door behind her.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Julie sits on the stone bench, watching the tourists awe at every sound of gunpowder escaping into the atmosphere.

Holden grabs a spot next to her, munching in a bag of chips.

JULIE

Thought you don't get hungry?

HOLDEN

I'm gonna pretend that wasn't a jab.

(offers bag)

Want some?

JULIE

I want money Holden. And Otis is too busy playing lover-boy to even care.

Holden puts the bag into his pocket.

HOLDEN
 (quietly)
 If you ever wanna sling
 some...Just say the word girlie.

Julie shakes her head and walks off. Holden sniffs loudly.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Otis quickly fixes a lens and nearly knocks down a woman entering.

OTIS
 Just checking the pipes darlin'

INT. WHITE HOME - DAY

Mrs. White sits at the dining room table with a well-dressed, attractive gentleman while a serious-faced but still soft-faced woman, walks toward the living room. These two are serious and reminiscent of an old 90s sci-fi duo...

MRS. WHITE
 So what you're sayin' is...Otie is responsible for that night?

DETECTIVE 1
 Mrs. White we're just trying to get to the bottom of it...and it seems like the entire operation of the gate was a violation of the state's responsibility toward guarding the site

MRS. WHITE
 (chuckles)
 I hardly think an iron fence isn't guarding! I mean what else could it be?

The female detective re-enters the room and glances at her partner.

DETECTIVE 2
 Mrs. White, we believe the gate was more of a plan. A murder.

Mrs. White stands up and walks away from the table. The detectives glance at each other once more.

MRS. WHITE
Well, what the hell are you
waiting for? Arrest him.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Ben sits on a stone bench beside Holden. He begrudgingly offers a chip.

BEN
(ignoring him)

HOLDEN
Look man, the place is closing
soon and you've been sitting here
for the last few hours. You crazy?

Ben looks at him and walks out the cell.

EXT. ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Otis walks by the gathering of workers and quickly heads for the awaiting jitney.

JAMES
What's got that guy so up? I mean
- what's the hold up? Wait...

Mark doesn't hide his eye rolling and walks to the jitney that's speeding away.

MARK
What an asshole! I've got yoga in
ten

Marcy makes her way across the stone bridge and looks on in indifference.

MARCY
Well, if you're up to it, a nice
walk can't hurt

MARK
It's the middle of summer in
slower lower...I'll catch a heat
stroke.

James saunters up slowly and puffs his chest. He's been lifting and wants to be seen.

JAMES
Ain't nothing. Hell, ma'm I'd be
honored to carry you.

Marcy chuckles and walks away from the two young men.

MARCY
Now boys, be nice!

Mark walks closer to James who moves back with a start.

MARK
I really, really dislike you.

JAMES
Man, America is the land of the
free! I still got love for you
though!

Great - another jitney just pulled up.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Clothes are seen tossed onto the lawn, the sound of a dog barking greets the truck that pulls up to the curb.

OTIS
What the hell...

Otis steps out of the vehicle and walks up the stairs.

OTIS (CONT'D)
The hell you doing Susie?

MRS. WHITE
(Yells from doorway)
Kickin' your son-of-a-bitch out of
my house!

OTIS
Keep it down now! Don't want the
cops to pull in, huh?

With that statement, Mrs. White hurriedly stomps down the front porch and reaches her husband.

MRS. WHITE
The cops! Ya' idiot the cops just
pulled up earlier today...Isn't
that why you're later and sober?

Otis walks past her.

OTIS
I don't owe your ass nuthin but
love and respect.

Mrs. White tries to bypass and block his way from the door.

MRS. WHITE

And for the last eighteen years
your ass hasn't given me any of
that soft shit anyhow!

More dogs begin barking.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes are scattered on the floor, a small television illuminates the room. A hand turns on a bedside lamp - Marcy checks the clock next to it. A hand wraps around her waist as she turns over.

MARCY

I can't believe this.

Mark kisses her shoulder - he wishes she would.

MARK

You're not too good to be loved
Marcy.

Marcy sits up in the bed and covers herself as if almost ashamed.

MARCY

You are too young for me Mark...
(quietly)
There's no future for us here.

Mark sighs and gets out of bed. He searches the ground for his shirt while his naked body shines in the lights.

MARK

I will follow you - wherever you
go, I'm devoted. That's my future;
with you.

Marcy sighs in exasperation and looks toward the clock face.

EXT. FORT - NIGHT

Ben stands at the stone bridge. He kneels down to the ground and begins sobbing.

BEN

(choking in tears)
I swear - I swear I'll catch him
for you...

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Julie exits her car, and walks to the dock. The attendant waves to her but she ignores him.

JULIE
(while boarding boat)
Time for a new dress.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

Otis sleeps on the grass, the sun hitting his face revealing a growing bruise.

He wakes up with a start and gets up for the car, nearly tripping along the way.

His wife watches him from a window...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Julie barges into Otis' office and is shocked when no one is there.

She is about to leave...when she notices a small panel behind the desk - security cameras?

JULIE
(whispers to herself)
What the hell is this?

She bends down closer and notices the outlines of stalls.

She tries to ignore a slight chill, as if she herself was being watched...

JULIE (CONT'D)
(slowly realizing)
Oh my God...

She runs out of the office and shuts the door behind her.

Whatever was in the office with her causes the camera wires to fray and fizzle.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Julie runs over to the concession stand nearly barreling a small child - blonde and in a gray wool coat.

JULIE
Sorry!

She hurries over to Holden who quickly hides a vial from his face.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Will you put that shit down?!

HOLDEN
Jeez what the hell? There's kids around.

JULIE
I need your help.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Marcy watches Julie and Holden through the window. They run off away from the stand and she walks toward James. He sits scrolling through his phone.

MARCY
Those kids are something else huh?

JAMES
(barely looking up)
Yeah, sure are...
(beat)
Hey - what do you know about free clinics?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CAR - DAY

Ben waits in his car - plain and unmarked and outside an ice cream parlor. He shuffles in the glove compartment for his equipment: his smartphone, a pair of gloves, and a small handgun.

A small thud hits his windshield - a crow.

BEN
(takes a swig of soda)
Whatever.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ben sits waiting for the next boat to the island, he sits away from the crowd and scratches his head. He tries to tuck away a small bag.

ATTENDEE 1
Alright riders! If everyone could please have their tickets ready and available! This boat leaves for Fort Delaware! All Fort Delaware riders please have your tickets ready!

A couple walks past Ben, and give each other soft kisses before glancing at him.

Blood suddenly runs down their faces.

Ben spits on the dock before storming past them.

BOYTOY
What the hell is his problem?

GIRL 1
I don't know...Maybe he's high.

INT. BOAT - DAY

The boat ride is choppy, and the guide tries to hype the crowd's excitement by pointing out various wildlife along the way.

ATTENDEE 2

And here we have an osprey! They sure do like it out here with the plenty of fish available in our waters!

Ben can't wait to get to the island fast enough. The boat slows down to show off a crab trap set-up.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Two women talk to one another from the stalls. A woman with a light shirt and jeans emerges to wash her hands.

LADY 1

(turns faucet)

I think it's a great thing that's here! Think of the costumes for the little ones...

A second woman emerges - she straightens out her hair in the mirror.

LADY 2

Oh! I heard their Halloween celebration is a great turn out. Nothing too scary either and educational...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Two women are seen exiting the bathroom from the screen of a live feed. Julie uses her phone to record its footage.

HOLDEN

Gross. That lady better not touch me.

JULIE

(turns to Holden)

Shouldn't you be guarding the door?

HOLDEN

Oh right!

Holden stands up from below the desk and waits outside the office door.

JULIE
 I wonder what color my dress
 should be?
 (whispers)
 You arrogant bastard.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Otis hops out of his car and walks over to the attendant.

OTIS
 (spits first)
 Tell me now...Uh, when's the next
 boat out?

ATTENDEE 1
 Out? Sir the shifts are nearly
 done for the day. All the boats
 will be returning from their
 places very shortly.

Otis tries not to lose his cool.

OTIS
 Look, I don't know how much ya
 want, but I'm gonna need someone
 to take my ass in. Right now.

The attendee notices a slight bruise on the man's eye...they back away slowly before repeating themselves.

ATTENDEE 1
 Sir I just told you; there are no
 more boats heading out.

INT. GLASS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The phone rings, and a early-thirties looking fellow picks it up.

ATTENDEE 2
 Hello?
 (beat)
 Sure...I see him, he's in our
 parking lot.
 (pauses)
 Okay, I'll try.

EXT. PARKING LOT - (LATER)

Otis and the attendant are in a heated argument. A boat pulls onto the dock.

ATTENDEE 1

Sir, Sir! You can't go on the boat
sir!

Otis continues walking toward the boat emptying from the hoards of families, bored teenagers and hungry children.

OTIS

I'm in charge of that damn island,
and I say what goes!
(beat)
Back up now!

Otis waves away some confused patrons who move past the confused attendant.

ATTENDEE 2

(whispers)
Don't worry; he'll be straightened
out soon enough.

ATTENDEE 1

What? The hell are you talking
about?

The second attendant walks back to the office while Otis screams at the boat operator to get a move on.

EXT. STAIRWELL - (LATER)

Julie paces back and forth while Holden looks on earnestly.

HOLDEN

So...what are you gonna do with
it?

JULIE

I'm gonna get what I was trying to
ask for. What he knows I deserve.

HOLDEN

(chuckles)
And what the hell is that Julie?

JULIE

Payment.

Holden scrunches his face.

HOLDEN
 Wait, wait, wait...You're gonna
 blackmail? OTIS?! Are you nuts?

Julie stops pacing and suddenly looks worried.

JULIE
 Yes. Why? Do you know something I
 don't?

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM

James washes his hands, using his damp hands to run through his hair.

JAMES
 (sings some unknown
 melody)

The sound of rumbling rattles from a stall.

James glances over then returns to his hair. A wispy shadow slowly appears behind him.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 (noticing)
 What the -

James' head is smashed continuously against the sink. PULL his body on the floor.

INT. CAR - EVENING

Mark sings along to Mama Cass Elliot's "New World Coming." He turns the dial and we see a bouquet of pink roses in the passenger seat.

MARK
 (loudly and on-key)
 There's a new world comin...the
 one WE'VE had visions of!

EXT. CONCESSIONS STAND - EVENING

MAMA CASS ELLIOT STILL PLAYS...

Holden is clearing out his little hide-out while Julie looks around nervously.

JULIE
 Holden, why are we still here
 again?

Holden searches through the shelves for a bag to shove all of his shit in.

HOLDEN
Because...We're in danger.

Julie pauses before coming up to the counter.

JULIE
Holden, you still haven't told me what you're so scared of.

Holden angrily turns around and gets close to Julie's face.

HOLDEN
THIS SHIT-HOLE! IT'S HELL ON EARTH!

JULIE
You're scaring me!

HOLDEN
God - why the hell do you think I stay HIGH all the time?!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. White sits drinking tea in her living room when a knock at the front door startles her. More like a bang.

VOICE
(loudly)
To the occupants of this home, I'm alerting you to the front door! We have a search and arrest warrant!

Mrs. White looks nervous yet satisfied. She opens the door slowly...

OFFICER 1
Mrs. White, yes?

MRS. WHITE
Yes. It is I
(laughs)
What can I do you for?

OFFICER 1
(looks confused)
Ma'm we have a court order to search your property. We also have an arrest warrant for your husband, for the murder of Marcus Voss.

MAMA CASS ELLIOT CUTS OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WHITE HOME - NIGHT

MONTAGE - The officers and search team look through every nook and cranny of the home. Mrs. White sits on the living room couch under supervision.

The television starts to flicker.

OFFICER 2

Hey I think I got something!

A few team members walk over - we see the plan for the gate, and submissions for a request to help build it. Also a strange symbol appears next to a series of emails...

OFFICER 3

Could it be our guy Benjamin?

Another office grabs the paper and chews gum loudly as he scans it.

OFFICER 4

(chewing and smacking)

Nah, see look here - MGhostie,
that's that Marcus fella. Think
they were uh, asking to come to
the fort for some work

OFFICER 1

And our Otis let them in himself -
I can do the math
(his gloved hands count
the bills he found)
This is half of what they agreed.

OFFICER 3

So...where's the rest of it?

Mrs. White looks to the group and then sighs to herself.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Mark knocks on the door while the sound of a television lowers down behind it.

MARK

It's me - I'm just dropping by!

It's Marcy who opens the door and gives a look of shock yet stifled joy.

MARCY

I told you not come here Mark.
It's not safe in this
neighborhood.

MARK

What are - I had to. I have to.
Marcy you are an upstanding woman.
You're open and tolerant of just
about anything -

MARCY

(giggles)
Well, I am a Christian so there
are some things I
(beat)
Oh go ahead Mark.

MARK

As I was saying...You're open. And
I do believe I've reached
something with you. I want to
reach other things with you.

Marcy looks on in awe - the young man tries not to withhold his bearing grin.

MARK (CONT'D)

Run away with me.

MARCY

Oh Mark I - do you really mean
that? But what about you future?

MARK

Marcy, I told you; my future is
anywhere I am with you.

Marcy walks to the closet, Mark slowly steps inside smiling at her antics. Marcy reveals a duffle bag and matching suitcase.

MARCY

Can we leave tonight?

EXT. FORT ROAD - NIGHT

Otis punches the gas and finally pulls up to the stone bridge. Just as Julie and Holden are about to leave

OTIS
What in the hell? I finally manage
to talk that bitch into letting me
off the boat, and hear I find you
two on my property.

Holden steps in front of Julie.

HOLDEN
It's not your property Otis.

OTIS
What you say boy?

Julie looks at Holden nervously and shrinks behind him.

HOLDEN
I said it's not your damn
property!

Otis shakes his head in amusement.

OTIS
You know...I always treated you
right.

HOLDEN
Like a smelling pile of shit!

OTIS
(laughs)

HOLDEN
They're looking for you Otis! I
heard it on the transmitter.

Otis straightens up and slowly walks toward Holden.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
You stay right there! I'm tired of
this, man! Otis, you're sick!
You're a sick murderer.

OTIS
The hell are you talking about?

HOLDEN
You killed him. You killed that
guy with the gate.

JULIE
Holden what the hell are you
talking about?

OTIS

You shut your damn mouth - I had
NOTHING to do with that! Julie if
you know better you'll get your
little ass on out of here!

Julie steps out from behind Holden.

JULIE

Oh hell no! I'm here to get what
you owe me before I do! I've broke
as hell.

OTIS

Aw! Cute little girlie looking for
a sugar daddy in the sweet heat?
(beat)
You're better off getting that
nose candy - I'm no cheap grab.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Ben sits on the ground - the sound of dripping fills the air as he begins to gasp and groan suddenly.

His hand grips on a gun.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT.

Mrs. White speaks with a few officers before they leave her home. Various odds and ends are being carried out in wrapped boxes or bags.

MRS. WHITE

Well? Have you heard any sign of him?

OFFICER 5

Ma'm we're doing everything we can to find your husband. We'll leave a few of us in case he shows up sometime later. If not, we'll alert any neighboring counties.

Mrs. White looks stunned.

OFFICER 5 (CONT'D)

Mrs. White? If you have any information about where he could be headed, we'd appreciate it.

Another officer suddenly appears while gasping for air.

OFFICER 6

The boating attendees found one of their own tied up. They did what we said, but believe he's armed and still on the island.

The officers get a move on to their cars.

EXT. FORT ROAD - NIGHT

JULIE

I found the camera Otis. I want more than what I earn, and then some. I also won't go to the police.

Holden looks to her in confusion and frustration.

HOLDEN
(whispers)
Don't do this.

Julie steps closer.

JULIE
I don't know what's going on, but
I think it'll be a great severance
package. For me and Holden. Okay?
So let's just head back to a place
where we can sort this out.

The sound of a gun cocking hits the air.

BEN
He's not going anywhere.
(points gun at Otis)

Ben walks across the stone bridge, standing behind the two
young workers with Otis on the opposite end.

OTIS
Ben? Ghost-tracker Ben? Well I'll
be! I thought you were in another
spot by now, hell maybe in
therapy.

Ben puts his hand on the trigger. Holden grabs Julie and
gets down to the ground.

BEN
Don't laugh yet old man! Therapy
is for pussies. I'm here to give
you what you deserve. Seems like
I'm not the only one huh?
(winks at Julie)

Otis puts his hands up.

OTIS
Look, I don't know what you're on
about, but let's put that shit
away huh?

BEN
Let's talk about my friend! What
happened to any compensation?
Lance has shit on his record
because of your bullshit lies! I'm
damn near a black sheep in our
region! No one will work with us
now!

OTIS

This place is damaged, what can I say?

BEN

Say "I'm a piece of shit and a liar." Say, "I sacrificed an innocent person for some freak pay-out!"

Otis tries to back away - the sound of sirens from a rumbling jitney, nears closer.

BEN (CONT'D)

Say it!

NO NOISE

Ben pulls the trigger and sees Otis fall to the ground. Marcus; head appears but swiftly changes to Otis' non-blinking and bleeding.

Holden lifts his head up and sees Ben pull the trigger to his mouth.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLES UP: October 2, 2011. Hold the words before they dissolve, showing an aged Marcy fixing her business suit in the mirror.

Marcy walks down the steps of her home - it's small yet livable. She walks past a closet and takes a deep breath; she can still smell the lingering smell of cologne.

A photo on the mantel shows her real estate ad photo and certificate. Nothing else lays near it.

She sits down for her cup of tea and turns on her small kitchen television.

NEWS ANCHOR 1

Reports have closed the case on the Fort Delaware Murders, police have quelled any rumors of blame to be placed on the wife of Otis White, saying that she has been completely cooperative.

Marcy looks up in disdain before staring down at her hand - it's bare with no sign of a ring.

NO NOISE

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Marcy is fixing her suit in the provided mirror. She scratches her throat before glancing at the welcome card: "CORTEZ WELCOMES YOU - ENJOY OUR FREE WI-FI."

She walks over to the bed and reaches in her suitcase; a book holding old rose petals and a dog collar.

MARCY

Oh for goodness sake!
(starts sniffing)

A knock on the door. Marcy places the book down, and walks over to open it and sees a small blond-haired child run down the hallway. She turns back toward her room and notices a portly woman with a strained smile.

IRIS

Can I get you anything? Are you settling in alright?

MARCY

(scared shit-less)
My goodness you have light feet!
(nervous laughter)
You'd be a good contender for a scalping contest if ever.

Iris does a dry chuckle and directs Marcy back into her room.

IRIS

Now we can't have you wandering around.
(beat)
Why don't you continue to get settled in, and I'll bring you up a drink from our open bar.

Marcy sits herself down in the chair. It was dusty and and uncomfortable. Iris notices this and tries to engage once more.

IRIS (CONT'D)

It's open today, just for you!

MARCY

Well, I'd like that, thank you miss?

IRIS

Iris. You can call me Iris.

Iris about to leave the room when Marcy speaks again.

MARCY

Iris? Iris have you ever - have
you ever lost someone and thus
yourself?

Iris rolls her eyes at the doorway, but turns to greet
Marcy with a soft smile.

IRIS

Of course! I'm a mother who has a
drug addict sap for a son - what's
your deal?

The door shuts behind her and the sound of scratching fills
the dimly-lit yet extravagant hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A bald-headed woman, or man...In a fabulous gown, saunters
down the hallway pushing a cart and collecting old plates
and bloody sheets....

LIZ begins to whistle, not noticing the whizzing of two
figures behind her.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- AFTERNOON

MARCY

And then he just said, "You're too
old-fashioned for me," and left!

(blows nose in tissue)

Iris walks over to Marcy in her
chair and pats her head like a
small dog.

IRIS

(straining to show
compassion)

There, there...Now I'll tell ya,
men can be awfully stupid when
they feel like. Hell they are
stupid.

MARCY

He made me feel young again!
Amidst this stressful and
dangerous job I keep.

IRIS

What are you a grave robber?

Marcy doesn't look amused.

MARCY

I'm a real estate agent. Have been since I've moved out west - nothing but plenty of sorrow and sadness. Even my dog couldn't stand it.

IRIS

Not a dog lover huh?

Marcy looks up at Iris in annoyance.

MARCY

No! I mean -
(sighs)
I could still use that drink you know?

Iris smiles and pats her shoulder. She exits the room without a word and shuts the door.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Lesbo.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

SIMULTANEOUS

IRIS

Selfish Jesus-freak.

Iris walks down to the elevator and presses the 'lounge' button. She sees two unfamiliar figures dragging themselves in the hallway just as the door closes.

INT. BAR - DAY

Liz stirs a drink while reading her novel for the week. A worried Iris walks up to her just before asking for a Long Island Iced Tea.

LIZ

Aw, who is this cheap little thrill for?

IRIS

It's for me.

Liz raises an eyebrow before reaching for a glass.

LIZ

Spill. It's obviously an unusual situation this lovely afternoon. Which means it's all the more ordinary.

IRIS

Yeah you're right - and it's all the Countess' fault.

Liz huffs in annoyance before raising a finger.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Why do you ever think nothing happens for a reason?

LIZ

You must take me for a fool darling! It's all because of the Countess, but what you're referring to I don't believe is her fault.

IRIS

Yet another damn person is gonna die in this hotel, and you don't think she has nothing to do with it?

LIZ

(playfully shrugs)

No! Do you suppose our canary would have wanted Diet or Regular?

IRIS

Stop playing games Liz - what do you know?

LIZ

(huffs)

Well, I know that the Cortez is no longer the Countess' In theory of course.

Liz slides the finished drink over to Iris' hand.

IRIS

Oh my God - please tell me he's not -

LIZ

She's playing 'beard' this year, and soon to be 'Black Widow.' I think it's charming.

IRIS
 I think he's a damn well idiot.
 (whispers)
 What makes her think she won't be
 caught or people start - I don't
 know. Poking around the damn
 place. Hard to conduct business
 from beyond the grave.

LIZ
 You know I can't read her mind,
 but I know her like the back of my
 hand with some fresh paint -
 she'll do it and get away with it.

Iris takes a sip of the tea.

IRIS
 Shit this is good.
 (recalling)
 You know I saw something odd as I
 was walking to the elevator.

LIZ
 Yes, were they dry and flaky?

IRIS
 So you do know.

LIZ
 Ah Ah! I can only guess this is
 one of the battle-ex's schemes
 again....I just hope whatever's
 roaming makes it quick.

IRIS
 Oh yeah...sure.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

ANGLE: Hallway is blurry while a set of eyes try to
 navigate through various bits of the sun-light. Its owner
 tries to lift their hands to block it away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Marcy is on the phone speaking with a co-worker.

MARCY
 Yes, yes! I'm in this little cozy
 room at the Hotel Cortez.
 (MORE)

MARCY (CONT'D)
I know, it's had low reviews for a while now, but I've been working on the transfer to a new owner.

She walks back to her suitcase, unloading various clothes items to the drawer. She wipes some dust off with her finger and gestures as if she remembers something.

MARCY (CONT'D)
(reaches for
disinfectant spray)
What's that now? How lovely! I know I hope to get Hallie something like that. She deserves it
(sprays the air)

The sound of a hard thud hits the room wall. Dust from the ceiling falls onto the bed.

MARCY (CONT'D)
You know something, I think you're right about old houses and the air. I've been getting that vibe since I walked into this place
(beat)
Yes just tragic and yearning!

The thud sounds again. Marcy begins to look concerned.

MARCY (CONT'D)
Yes I didn't get that piece of chocolate on the pillow. That's alright though, I'm working on a diet
(laughs)

The thud hits harder.

MARCY (CONT'D)
Listen, I'm gonna have to call you later, I'm getting quite irritated at the noise control here.

Marcy hangs up the phone, and puts one more thing into a drawer before she looks at herself in the mirror one more time.

MARCY (CONT'D)
Some people these days have no respect for peace and quiet.

Marcy walks over to the door and opens it wide.

Suddenly two figures - a man and a woman, bum-rush her body and knock her to the floor.

They are dressed in 1920s style clothing, but falling apart - including their bodies. They drain and rip Marcy's body as she screams in agony.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

PULL: Light from Marcy's room illuminating hallway, and splatters of blood hitting the door.

CUT TO BLACK

END ACT FOUR