

HUMONGHOST

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY - NIGHT

ERIC enters the foyer and slowly begins to look around. He has a hand held camera and is using it to record as he moves throughout the facility.

ERIC
(speaking into the camera)
Eric Adams here, scouting for the
infamous "Ghost Finders".

Eric pans the camera around the foyer.

ERIC (CONT'D)
We have here the first and only
footage of the long since abandoned
Canton Industrial Research
Facility. Scheduled for demolition
in a couple of days, the "Ghost
Finders" are going to finally
uncover the paranormal presence
that lingers in this place.

A bottle can be heard rolling on the floor in the next room.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Huh!?

Eric points the camera in the direction of the noise and sees nothing. He then turns the camera on himself.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(in a host kind of voice)
Or could it be that the young,
handsome, genius camera operator
Eric, will be the one to suss out
this mystery!

Eric slowly begins to move toward the sound that he heard, presumably in the kitchen.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eric slowly enters the kitchen. He pans the camera throughout the room. Aside from the noticeable grime and dust that occur from years of disuse, the kitchen is relatively clean.

ERIC

This camera operator is now bravely
scouring the kitchen in hopes of
finding the source of the noise.

The sound of bottles and things being moved around can be heard. Eric points the camera toward the refrigerator which is open and it looks like someone is rifling through it.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Shit, no one's supposed to be
here...

Eric moves slowly toward the open refrigerator. He lowers the camera.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Uhhhh... Hey man, I didn't know
anybody was here... I'm just trying
to film some stuff for... Uhhh... a
school project! Yeah, I have
permission.

Eric comes up behind the open fridge door. He peeks his head over it and sees nothing but an old bottle fall to the ground and smash.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(confused)

To... Be... here? Okay, that's
weird... must have been like a rat
or something.

Eric pulls the camera back up to his face.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(to the camera)

Sorry guys, Ha! Thought I had
something there. I guess it's just
rats or something. Either way, this
place is a great setting for a
shoot-

In the frame of the hand held camera behind Eric, a pale green blur falls from the ceiling and loudly crashes to the ground. Startled, Eric quickly turns the camera to the source of the noise.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

He points the camera at the floor and can only see a pale green blob. He pans upward and sees HUMONGHOST hunched over, out of breath.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(excited)

Holy shit guys! I think this is it!
Finally, some real paranormal shit.
It looks like some kinda blob with
a face-

Humonghost struggles and gets up. It fixes its focus on Eric.

HUMONGHOST

(belching and gurgling)

Eat... your... food... eat or be...
PUNISHED!

Humonghost extends its arms and plants them in the ground behind Eric, trapping him. Eric guards his face as Fat ghost falls down to eat him.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

An advertisement for MALCOLM and ALLEN's ghost hunting business is playing on TV. Malcolm is reading on his tablet and Allen is washing dishes. Their apartment is a dumpy one bedroom that they both split. Light is attempting to break through the windows but with very little luck.

ALLEN

I can't believe you spent what
little money we had on that stupid
ad. Especially when it could have
been spent upgrading some of our
equipment so we can maybe get paid
one of these days...

Allen changes the channel to the news. Somewhere mid ad.

MALCOLM

What did you want me to do? We
didn't have a whole lot of money
anyway and Eric said he had a guy
down at the TV station that could
get us some ad time on the cheap!

Allen puts down the dish he was cleaning and turns to look at Malcolm.

ALLEN

The LOCAL ACCESS station Malcolm.
Do you even know what channels our
local access stations are?

Malcolm puts down his tablet and looks at Allen.

MALCOLM

We were literally just watching it!
Clearly it has gotten us some
exposure!

ALLEN

(sarcastically)

That... Malcolm, is because we are
fortunate enough to not have cable
television. We don't have the
thousands of channel options that
Burden the people who can afford
it.

Malcolm stands up and begins to pace.

MALCOLM

(argumentative)

Well shit Allen, how do you expect
us to make any money if we don't
advertise our business? I am just
trying to get out brand out there.

ALLEN

I get it man, I am just frustrated.
I thought we would be up and
working by now. We went all in on
this thing and we are seeming to
come up empty. And now I have to
see our ad, bought with the last of
our money, on local fucking access!

MALCOLM

Well, what's done is done. We can
only look forward from here
otherwise we will never get
anywhere.

ALLEN

(sighing)

Do you even know how hard it is to
access local access channels when
you pay for cable?

Malcolm puts his hands down on the table and accidentally
hits the remote, causing the volume on the TV to go up.

MALCOLM

I feel like you are harping a little too much on the "Local Access" thing...

ALLEN

It's literally a menu within a menu! You basically have to "Incept" yourself into local access. It's not an easy feat...

By now Malcolm has stopped paying attention to Allen and focuses on the TV. The news is showing an abandoned facility that is scheduled to be torn down.

REPORTER

...As you can see here, the long since abandoned Canton Industrial research facility is being prepared for demolition tomorrow.

Malcolm and Allen both turn to watch the broadcast.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

It was shut down years ago after allegations of "Unethical" experiments and it's involvement in many local disappearances.

Case files and pictures flash on the screen. It goes back to a helicopter view of the facility.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Reports were never confirmed and the facility eventually shut down because of a massive industrial accident where several of the workers lost their lives. This reporter, for one, is glad to have this eye-sore out of our community! Back to you--

Malcolm hits the mute button and looks at Allen.

MALCOLM

Allen! Man, this is just the kinda thing we need!

ALLEN

(sarcastically)
Interested in buying real estate Malcolm?

MALCOLM

Funny... Look, there has got to be some paranormal shit happening there. It fits all the general tropes: Creepy abandoned facility, horrifying but vague industrial accident, and just a general shroud of mystery around the whole place. It literally screams "I am the plot of a horror movie".

ALLEN

Come on man, we're trying to establish ourselves in the paranormal community and you want to waste time skulking around some dusty old research facility?

MALCOLM

Come on Al, isn't this exactly the kind of place that we sent Eric out to scout for us?

ALLEN

We sent him out to find places that have evidence of paranormal activity. This place wasn't anywhere on our list.

Malcolm turns around and gestures to the shelf.

MALCOLM

Allen, what made us choose this career path?

ALLEN

(sighing)

We watched a bunch of--

MALCOLM

We watched ALL of the horror movies. All these scary "Based on a true story" movies. And do you remember what we said?

ALLEN

If it says based on a true story than it has to be true...

MALCOLM

If it says based on a true story than it has to be true!

Malcolm grabs Allen by the arm and brings him to their closet. He gestures to Allen to open the door and he reluctantly does.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

So we made a decision that night.
We sold everything we could and
bought every piece of ghost finding
equipment we could find! And we did
this Allen, so that we could once
and for all, confirm that ghosts
exist.

Malcolm turns on the light in the closet and inside are boxes labeled "Ghost Hunting Apparel" and "Ghost Hunting Gear".

On the shelves are EMF readers, audio recording equipment, expensive looking camera equipment, pop up security cameras and Walkie Talkies.

Also, a lot of things that look like they were clearly bought from some kind of 99 cent store that might not be "Ghost Hunting" quality.

ALLEN

You're right. We did. Though some
of this stuff I'm pretty sure we
could have done without...

Allen picks up a spray bottle labeled "Ghost Away" and puts it back.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

But what makes you so sure that we
are going to find something at this
place?

MALCOLM

Sure? Who said anything about sure.
We specifically deal in the unknown
and paranormal. Just the idea that
something could be there is enough
for me. And besides, there is a
fairly limited time frame for us to
check it out.

Malcolm points at the muted TV. The broadcast has moved on to some other segment. He stands up straight and puts his arm on Allen's shoulder.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Every movie we've watched, all the
research we have done, they all
have the same kinda reasons.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Unfinished business and anger are what keeps a person's spirit tethered to our world. If that's the case, this place is lousy with ghosts!

ALLEN

(pensive)

Yeah, but still...

MALCOLM

(reassuringly)

Look, the place is gonna be demolished tomorrow right? So worst case scenario, we don't find anything and they'll blow up the building tomorrow afternoon. But, best case... We do find something and we will be the only ones to have found something there... EVER. So let me ask you: Do you want to be a ghost finder?

ALLEN

Yes...

MALCOLM

Do you want to be the first people to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that ghosts and the paranormal exist?

ALLEN

Yes..

MALCOLM

And do you, worst case scenario, want to have an adult sleep over in an abandoned research facility!?

Allen steps back a little bit, concerned.

ALLEN

N-No.. Not really...

MALCOLM

Well, hey! Two out of three ain't bad right!? Lets get going!

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Malcolm and Allen gathering up pertinent equipment, air mattresses, food, car keys and heading out the door.

EXT. GARAGE - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

Malcolm and Allen quickly load their equipment into a beat up old two door sports car. There is very little room and some of the equipment spills out as they get in the car. Some of the equipment falls to the ground as they exit the garage.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Allen is driving the car while Malcolm is in the passenger seat looking at his tablet. A light drizzle is coming down and you can see the headlights of other cars passing into theirs.

ALLEN

Tell me again why we sold my car instead of yours?

MALCOLM

We needed the money Allen, how else would we have been able to pay any of our bills this month! I mean, we were pretty broke after we bought all the equipment.

ALLEN

Right... But I had a fully loaded SUV with plenty of storage and I'm pretty sure it got much better gas mileage than this POS.

MALCOLM

Allen, come on man. If you want to be taken seriously in this town you can't be taken seriously in a soccer mom mobile. Your car was super lame, mine is a classic!

The car goes over a bump in the road and equipment can be heard falling out of the car and into the street.

ALLEN

Your classic just cost us some of our equipment. And I'm pretty sure your bumper just fell off.

Malcolm ignores the comment and continues reading on his tablet. He points to the screen.

MALCOLM

Allen, I've been looking into this place.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

They weren't kidding when they were talking about all the shit that went down at this place.

ALLEN

Oh yeah?

MALCOLM

(scrolling through tablet)
Yeah. Nothing ever stuck against these guys but there are a bunch of lawsuits filed by families of employees who went missing. Apparently they thought the company had something to do with the disappearances but every suit was thrown out. There's conspiracy theories about it all over the internet.

ALLEN

(intrigued)
OK...

MALCOLM

And it turns out that the "Accident" that shut down the facility, was completely covered up. You can't find a single thing about what happened or even how many people died. If that doesn't sound like a hotbed for paranormal activity, I don't know what is.

ALLEN

It screams government cover-up to me... Just throwing that out there. But you're certain that this is gonna be the place to go huh?

MALCOLM

Whoa, there Allen, usually I am the one on the government conspiracy kick. All those things happened years ago. I highly doubt there is anything but dust there now. If we're lucky, we may come across something just creepy enough to constitute as paranormal and make some money.

Malcolm nervously clutches his "Ghost Repellent" and hides it away in his pocket.

ALLEN

You ever hear from Eric?

MALCOLM

Nope, with the amount of places that we gave him to scout, I think he'll be busy till the end of the week. Regardless, I'll call him tomorrow to check in and see how far along he is.

EXT. RESEARCH FACILITY DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The car is seen driving up the road toward the research facility. A light drizzle is turning into a heavy rain as they approach.

The car pulls up to the locked fence and Malcolm gets out, cuts the chain with bolt cutters, gets back in the car and they continue driving.

The car then turns off its lights, pulls up to the front of the building and the guys begin running their equipment in through the rain.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY FOYER - NIGHT

Malcolm and Allen are seen bringing in the last of their equipment. There are boxes of recording equipment, cameras, batteries and a few walkie talkies strewn hastily about the foyer.

Allen comes in last, closing the door and putting down the box with the air mattresses and food. Two floodlights light the foyer.

ALLEN

(shaking off the rain)
Jesus! That storm came out of nowhere!

MALCOLM

Well, it was drizzling almost the entire ride here... I wouldn't exactly say it came out of "Nowhere".

ALLEN

Okay! Well at least we managed to get all of the important stuff inside without it getting too wet.
(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I bet it's only going to get worse
out there from here.

The rain outside quickly comes to a stop and the night clears
up.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

(irritated)

Really!?

MALCOLM

Wow... We could have waited like
five minutes and we wouldn't have
had to rush at all.

ALLEN

(more irritated)

Yeah Malcolm I know!

MALCOLM

I mean, we literally could have
waited until the song on the radio
was finished and this would have
been a non-issue...

ALLEN

(shouting)

I KNOW MALCOLM!

MALCOLM

(taken aback)

Wow... Testy...

Malcolm takes a moment and looks around the foyer.

ALLEN

Regardless of the circumstances,
we're here! We should find
ourselves a proper base of
operations. Somewhere central to
the whole facility. First off, does
the power here still work?

Malcolm attempts a wall light switch but nothing happens. He
pulls out a laptop charger and leans down to plug it into the
wall but still nothing happens.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Well, it looks like we're stuck
with flashlights and battery packs.

(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I guess I shouldn't have expected
it to be on. This place has been in
disuse for years.

MALCOLM

(still crouching)

A man can dream...

Allen feels around for his cell phone. He doesn't find it. He
searches the boxes and still finds nothing.

ALLEN

Malcolm?

MALCOLM

What's up?

ALLEN

I remember asking you to grab our
cell phones.

MALCOLM

You did.

ALLEN

And did you?

MALCOLM

I did not.

ALLEN

Malcolm! What the fuck! Why in the
hell wouldn't you grab our phones?

MALCOLM

Because, in horror movies, the
people never seem to be able to use
their cell phones when things go
wrong.

ALLEN

(slapping his forehead)

Malcolm... Are you fucking kidding
me?

MALCOLM

No.. Also, there isn't any service
up here anyway.

ALLEN

And how do you know that with out
our goddamn phones?

MALCOLM

Well, before I dropped our tablet in a puddle outside... Oh, by the way, I dropped our tablet in a puddle outside... It said that we lost service about the time that we entered the grounds.

Allen is about to flip out at Malcolm, but he takes a few deep breaths and calms down.

ALLEN

(looking around)

Okay, like you said earlier, what's done is done.... So where should we set up?

Malcolm and Allen look around. Aside from the equipment they brought, it's fairly empty. From the door, hallways branch off to the left and right.

In the center is a receptionist booth behind safety glass. The left hallway says "Laboratories" and the right says "Kitchen". As their flashlights shine down the hallway, blood can be seen on the floor and walls, but neither notice.

MALCOLM

(thinking)

"Laboratories" sounds like a good start. Hey, if we don't end up finding a ghost, maybe we can at least shed a little light on what they did here.

Malcolm smiles and shines his flashlight toward Allen.

ALLEN

(not amused)

Wow... Just... Ok...

MALCOLM

Alright, let's set up in a decent size room. Somewhere we can access most of the facility, fairly easily.

ALLEN

I'll get the cameras, you grab the supplies. I really don't think we need half of this stuff, honestly.

Allen picks up a box of cameras.

MALCOLM
(snickering)
Yeah... It does kinda seem like
overkill... Get it? Over-KILL!?

ALLEN
(frustrated)
Yeah...

MALCOLM
(smiling)
Because we hunt ghosts!

ALLEN
(over it)
uh-huh...

MALCOLM
Which are dead!

ALLEN
(struggling to hold the
box)
Yeah Malcolm I understand. Now can
we please get going?

MALCOLM
Oh yeah man, no problem!

Malcolm picks up another box full of supplies.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
How don't we already have a TV show
with lines like that, I mean it
practically writes itself...

Allen and Malcolm take the stuff they grabbed and make their way through the foyer. Most of the equipment is left behind. The two head down the hall slowly, their flashlights illuminating the way.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Malcolm and Allen slowly proceed down the hallway. Doors line either side all labeled with different numbers and letters. Signs of a struggle that happened long ago are all around. Allen turns on one of the cameras and gets some shots.

ALLEN
Jesus...

MALCOLM

How do you think this all happened?

Allen stops and gets a full three sixty shot of the hallway.

ALLEN

Some kind of animal maybe? I can't tell, the marks are really old.

MALCOLM

I mean, they were doing some kind of crazy experiments here according to the internet. Maybe they made a weird crazy, hybrid, killer animal or something.

ALLEN

(condescendingly)

That seems a little bit to the right of extreme but okay. Whatever it was, it was super heavy to leave marks like this.

Allen points to indents in the floor and walls. They appear to be footprints, but of an unrecognizable species. It looks as if something really heavy walked, then rolled down the hallway.

MALCOLM

(Scared)

Shit Allen, do you think it's still here!?

ALLEN

I doubt it... I mean, realistically, I'm sure whatever it was would have starved to death a long time ago.

MALCOLM

There's something oddly comforting about that...

Malcolm and Allen get to a part of the hall that splits in three directions. To the left is a staircase down. Straight is a corridor and to the right there is a short hallway that ends at a rest room next to a maintenance closet.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

By jove I think we've got it!

ALLEN

Got what?

Malcolm points to the closet next to the rest room.

MALCOLM
That will make a halfway decent
B.O.O.

ALLEN
(puts palm on forehead)
B.O.O? Is that a-

MALCOLM
Base of operations.

Allen takes a sigh of relief.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
What?

ALLEN
I thought you were going to make
another stupid pun.

MALCOLM
First off, puns are are not stupid.
Second off, now that you mention
it...

ALLEN
(beginning to get
frustrated)
Malcolm...

MALCOLM
B.O.O is fairly on point...

ALLEN
Come on.

MALCOLM
You know, because ghosts say BOO!
So it's almost like we are paying
homage to ghost culture! Though...

ALLEN
What Mal, what?!

MALCOLM
Technically with BOO we are paying
homage to the perceived ghost
culture, considering there has
never been a confirmed instance of
a BOO coming from-

Allen is visually not pleased and gestures to Malcolm that he clearly wants to move on and set up.

ALLEN
(sighing)
Lets Go.

They head to the maintenance closet to prepare.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY B.O.O. - NIGHT

Malcolm and Allen clean up an area on the floor of the maintenance closet. It is a rather large storage room with shelves that line the walls stocked with general cleaning supplies and tools.

There are three chairs and a table with an ashtray on it. The guys set up the equipment they brought with them.

ALLEN
(Unrolling air mattresses)
Tell me again why we brought the
air mattresses?

MALCOLM
Because, if we don't find anything,
I'm not sleeping on the floor.

ALLEN
If we don't find anything, why
wouldn't we just leave?

MALCOLM
We only have tonight to find
anything here Al, I for one am not
going to leave after a few hours.
What if a ghost presented itself
right after we left? Or, think
about this: What if the ghosts
implants something in our dreams
and that is our only way of
communicating with it huh?

ALLEN
Why would you want that? That
sounds terrifying. Whatever, I just
want to get out of here before
someone shows up and toes my car.

MALCOLM
Al, can't you just enjoy the fact
that we are on the job finally?
Isn't this what we've wanted?

Allen pauses his mattress inflation for a moment and collects himself.

ALLEN

You're right man. For better or worse, this is what we chose to do.

MALCOLM

We didn't choose the ghost life...
The ghost life chose us!

ALLEN

I choose to ignore that statement,
lest it sour my mood once again.

MALCOLM

Noted!

They finish inflating their mattresses and sit down at the table.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

So, where do we start?

ALLEN

I figure we set up a camera in our general area here, one at the entrance and in the spot where the halls all branch away. That'll do for a beginning setup, after we investigate the facility, we can put more cameras where we think would be hot spots. This one though, we can take this one and-

Allen turns on a handheld camera and the POV switches to a hand held cam shot. (Like a found footage movie)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

-Bring it around with us to catch anything paranormal and to get a general layout of the place.

MALCOLM

(snapping)

Allen No! We aren't shooting some bullshit found footage movie where the camera just barely catches anything worthwhile. We're doing this right! I want this thing framed and white balanced on camera! I'm sure if there's a ghost here it will follow us back to one of our steady cameras!

The camera returns to normal.

ALLEN

That seems like an enormous missed opportunity, it wouldn't hurt to have some footage on the go.

MALCOLM

Those kind of things give me a headache man. I mean, how many times do you see those shows using handy-cam footage just being blurry and out of focus? It's just a cheap way to cover up whatever nothing you didn't find.

ALLEN

Yes. But, if we don't find anything here, like we haven't found anything anywhere, then at least we can sell some footage. Somebody will want footage of this place Malcolm.

MALCOLM

(frustrated)

Allen, look. We just aren't going to fall into the "Low budget horror movie" Trope. We are scientists-

ALLEN

Getting a mail order degree in ghost hunting does not make you a-

MALCOLM

Scientists Allen! Researchers of the paranormal! We are piercing the vale and bringing back proof of the unknown. Making it... The Known!

ALLEN

Whatever... Watch, we are going to go through this entire place and when we are "Ready" to record, it'll be about ten minutes from demolition time.

MALCOLM

Let's just look around first and see if we can't find anything interesting in the immediate area. Then, we can start shooting to at least get some B roll footage.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

We can figure out everything else later.

Malcolm and Allen leave the B.O.O and make their way back down the hall. They take a left down the only other hallway on their floor and begin to investigate.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Malcolm and Allen move through the hallway, taking note of the various rooms and their supposed purpose. The hallway opens up a bit into a reception/recreation room.

ALLEN

Alright. This looks like it used to be some kind of living or recreational area.

The hallway has doors lining either side all the way down. The two walk slowly down the hall flashing their lights in each and getting glimpses of various disheveled rooms.

MALCOLM

You think these rooms were for the staff or the "Research subjects"?

ALLEN

I can't tell, I guess I would have to say patience. The doors seem pretty heavy duty. But, it looks like someone trashed this whole place.

MALCOLM

(flashlight up to face)
Or some "thing"... This area is really giving off the "Abandoned insane asylum" vibe.

ALLEN

(Frustrated)
You just have to bring it there, don't you?

MALCOLM

I'm just saying, we don't know what they were doing here. You saw that hallway, it would be pretty hard for a human to make those markings.

ALLEN
I wouldn't know... I gotta use the
bathroom, you think they still
work?

The room next to the B.O.O has a posted rest room sign. Allen walks over to it, struggles with the door a bit but manages to get in.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is in fairly good shape. Allen tries the faucet and the water works. He looks to the stalls and they seem functioning as well.

ALLEN
(to himself)
Thank god DWP takes forever to turn
their service off.

MALCOLM
(from Outside)
Don't look away from the mirror
while you're in there, you might
get "Mirror Tricked" haha.

ALLEN
(flushes toilet)
Very funny.

Allen walks to the faucet and looks in the mirror. He laughs to himself and shakes his head.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
Mirror trick...

He bends down to splash water on his face and Malcolm is seen standing behind him holding a scary pose. Allen stands upright and jumps up, scared by Malcolm.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
What in the actual FUCK!

MALCOLM
(laughing)
Come on man, it was too easy not to
do it! Also, to be fair, I did warn
you that something like this could
happen. You just didn't listen...

ALLEN

(embarrassed)

You're an asshole Malcolm, you know that? An Asshole. Lets move on.

MALCOLM

Where to?

ALLEN

Lets move further in and see if we can't find something worth seeing!

MALCOLM

That's the spirit!

Malcolm is seen being barely being able to hold in his laughter. Allen walks out of the bathroom and slams the door behind him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Get it? Spirit? Allen! Come on!

Malcolm follows Allen out of the bathroom and both head further down the hall. The sound of sleep apnea snores can be faintly heard from toward the end of the hall.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

The snores get louder as they get to the end of the hall and go up the stairs. Malcolm stops Allen and both listen.

MALCOLM

(listening closely)

Do you hear that?

ALLEN

Yeah... What is it? I can't quite make it out.

MALCOLM

It sounds like someone's snoring, loudly.

The snores stop abruptly. Some gasping is heard, then the sounds continue.

ALLEN

(concerned)

Damn, that sound's a lot like sleep apnea. My dad had that.

MALCOLM

Shit, do you think someone like,
lives here?

ALLEN

I don't know, maybe a homeless
person or whatever.

The labored breathing stops and the struggle to breath
replaces it.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Mal, it sounds like he's dying!

MALCOLM

(unnerved)

I'm sure he'll be fine...

ALLEN

I don't need someone dying here
while we are trying to film!
Besides, our finger prints are all
over this place, if someone finds a
dead body here, I'm sure they are
gonna have some questions for us.

MALCOLM

(grossed out)

What if it's a really gross
homeless guy who decides to hobo
knife us as a thank you?

ALLEN

I'm going to try and wake him up,
come if you want.

The two rush into the room that they heard the snoring coming
from.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY DORMATORY - NIGHT

They see a bed with what appears to be an incredibly obese
man under the covers. The blanket isn't moving because
whoever it is isn't breathing. Struggling to breath is heard.

MALCOLM

(meekly)

Um, Sir...?

ALLEN

(creeping closer)

Hey guy... Get up! Shit, Malcolm do
something!

MALCOLM

What the fuck do you want me to do?

ALLEN

Pull off the blanket!? Hit him!
Something, he's dying!

MALCOLM

(frustrated)

Fine!

Malcolm creeps toward the bed. The struggling to breath is almost at the point where it's not breathing at all. He reaches for the blanket and pulls it off quickly. Nothing is there except for the groove imprint of what could have been a really obese person.

ALLEN

(confused)

What? That makes no sense!

MALCOLM

Dude something was definitely there! You saw how pushed up the blanket was? Someone was absolutely under it!

ALLEN

I saw it. Maybe our minds are playing tricks on us.

Allen moves closer to the bed and reaches for the groove in the mattress. It immediately springs into place as if someone just jumped off of it. Malcolm and Allen recoil.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Ok, wow. This is really strange.

MALCOLM

(frustrated and confused)

What the fuck is happening!? The bed, the blanket, something was there!

ALLEN

It certainly seemed like something was there. But where did it go?

MALCOLM

(in a spooky voice)

Maybe it disappeared into the ether...

ALLEN

I don't really have a better
explanation-

A loud crash is heard behind the two of them. It sounds like something really heavy falling to the ground. The room shakes.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

What the fu-

The two turn around quickly and are face to face with an incredibly large figure. It looks like a giant sphere with two arms and legs that look like pillow cases packed with pennies. Gurgling and belching noises are coming from what could be considered it's mouth.

MALCOLM

(stammering)

Allen, do you see this?

ALLEN

(taken aback)

Yes Malcolm, I see it!

HUMONGHOST

(out of breath)

Must... EAT!

Humonghost stretches out each arm wall to wall stabilizing itself and opens its large mouth, which covers most of the surface of its body when open and is full of jagged teeth. It leans down in an attempt to devour Malcolm and Allen.

MALCOLM

Allen, look out!

Malcolm grabs Allen by the arm and manages to get past Humonghost as it hits the floor, having missed its attack. The room shakes heavily, causing some debris to fall from the ceiling and things to fall off walls. Malcolm trips and falls down the stairs.

ALLEN

Malcolm!

Allen runs to help Malcolm who is at the bottom of the stairs, somewhat hurt. At the top of the stairs Humonghost can be seen curling into a ball and begins to roll down the stairs.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
(hurriedly)
Shit Mal! We gotta move, Now! GET
UP!

MALCOLM
(struggling)
I'm trying! I wrenched my leg, help
me up!

ALLEN
(pulls Malcolm up)
Come on!

After Malcolm struggles to get up but is fine for the most part, they both begin to run down the hall. Behind them, at the stairs, Humonghost is seen crashing to the ground causing the hallway to shake.

Malcolm and Allen stumble then stop to get their footing. Humonghost lies in the crater it made at the bottom of the stairs.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
(catching his breath)
Holy shit!

MALCOLM
What is that thing!?

ALLEN
I don't know. It could have been
whatever was under the blanket but
I'm not sure...

MALCOLM
It's big enough...

They step toward Humonghost to investigate.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(pleased with himself)
See, I told you that if something
were in here it would follow us
back to the cameras!

ALLEN
I don't necessarily think that
trying to eat us is the same as
"Following us back to the cameras"!

MALCOLM
Oh whatever! That thing has some
power man.

Malcolm looks closer at Humonghost.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
What is it doing?

ALLEN
It's not doing much of anything
right now...

Humonghost appears to melt into a goo puddle, then builds back up to it's normal form. It reaches out its arms and uses the walls to slowly lumber down the hall after them.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
Okay man, we gotta go!

MALCOLM
Let's get back to base. We can
figure this thing out there, but
maybe we will get it on camera!

The hallway shakes slightly with every step Humonghost takes, but he moves relatively slow.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
It's pretty slow. We should have a
good amount of time to prepare...

ALLEN
Lets go.

Malcolm and Allen run back to the B.O.O.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY B.O.O. - NIGHT

The guys arrive at the B.O.O and look behind them. They see no sign of Humghost.

MALCOLM
Wow!

ALLEN
Yeah, man we gotta get out of here!

MALCOLM
Come on Allen! That thing is super
terrifying, but it's also super
slow. We have plenty of time to
investigate what it is and where it
came from!

ALLEN

What do you mean? That thing is lethal! I mean, it tried to EAT us Mal! Eat us!

MALCOLM

We'll be fine. As long as we stay one step ahead of it... Which should be fairly easy... Because, you know, it's incredibly slow.

Heavy footsteps can be heard from the floor above slowly making their way towards the B.O.O.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Hear that? It went back upstairs.

Malcolm puts his hand on Allen's shoulder.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

This could be exactly what we need to start out careers, man. This is just the kind of thing we've been waiting for!

ALLEN

(pensive)

It is fairly slow... Fine! What do you think this thing is?

MALCOLM

Okay, well it can morph, and apparently be invisible, so maybe it's some crazy kind of ghost?

ALLEN

I've never heard of a ghost even remotely resembling this thing. I mean, it has weight! It was shaking the room and left a crater in the floor.

The heavy footsteps are growing closer. Malcolm goes to the table and leans on it.

MALCOLM

I'm leaning toward crazy ghost anomaly.

ALLEN

Maybe this is part of the experiments they were doing here...

MALCOLM

Let's look around and see if we can find some notes or anything that might clue us in on what they did here.

ALLEN

And then we get the fuck out of here.

MALCOLM

Agreed!

Malcolm and Allen leave the B.O.O and head down the hall and down the stairs they saw earlier. Meanwhile, back in the B.O.O goo slowly starts puddling on the ceiling until it gets big enough to fall to the ground.

Mid-air it forms to be Humonghost and crashes on top of the table of equipment, crushing it. Humonghost coughs, out of breath, and rests upon reforming.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY BASEMENT - NIGHT

Malcolm and Allen slowly walk down the stairs. The low hum of electricity can be heard and dim lights are on in the room. A mattress is on the floor and crumpled torn sheets are strewn about. The walls are cracked with scratches all over them, like someone trying to get out.

ALLEN

The power is still on down here?

MALCOLM

Looks like it, though it seems really weak... What do you think this room was used for?

ALLEN

This looks like some kind of containment area... They kept something in here against its will.

They look around the room and see various signs that say "Don't Forget to Eat" and "Remember the Consequences for Not Finishing Your food".

MALCOLM

What kind of signs are these?
"Don't forget to eat"? What were they doing here?

ALLEN
 (looking closely at walls)
 "Eat" is written all over the walls
 in...

Allen leans closer and the smell of human fecal matter is coming from the walls.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
 Shit!?

MALCOLM
 (startled)
 What!?

ALLEN
 No, actual shit! And maybe Vomit...
 This is so fucked up...

Heavy footsteps can be heard in the distance heading toward Malcolm and Allen. The two are frantically looking around the room for some kind of evidence. Allen finds a clipboard.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
 Malcolm, look at this. It's some
 kind of feeding schedule.

MALCOLM
 This can't be right. It shows a
 1000 calorie meal being served
 every hour...

ALLEN
 That's messed up. And look at the
 columns. it has the time, Fed,
 finished, punished, and rewarded.
 Each with a yes/no check.

MALCOLM
 So, what? They were working on some
 crazy fat person experiment?

ALLEN
 That's what it looks like...

The heavy footsteps are now at the top of the stairs and a huge belch can be heard, followed by mumbling about eating and food. The stairs are seen struggling under the weight of Humonghost.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
 Shit, it's here!

MALCOLM
We gotta move!

ALLEN
(looking around)
Where can we go? It's a dead end
down here!

They search the room as Humonghost is about halfway down the stairs. The room rumbles slightly.

MALCOLM
We're fucked man.

ALLEN
Keep searching, maybe there's
something hidden under all this
crap.

They search the entire room and find nothing. Humonghost gets to the bottom of the stairs and stops for a moment to rest.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
There's nothing here! We're
screwed.

Humonghost thrusts his arm out toward Allen.

MALCOLM
Allen, look out!

Humonghost's arm passes closely by Allen's head, but he ducks just in time. It's hand pounds into the wall and scratches down before being pulled back. The impact knocks over a bookcase that was hiding a bolted steel door.

ALLEN
(gesturing to the door)
Malcolm look!

MALCOLM
Just like in the movies!

Malcolm runs toward the door and struggles to try and open it. Allen gets up and makes his way over to help.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
It's jammed!

ALLEN
Come on man, push it harder!

Humonghost falls forward while throwing another punch right at the door. Malcolm and Allen duck and the door gives way with force of the hit.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Go!

Malcolm rushes in, followed by Allen. They close the door behind them and engage the lock. They both take a breath with their backs against the door.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY MONITORING STATION - NIGHT

The room is a small area with a large computer station that has several monitors on it. There is what looks to be blood stains all over the wall. Most of the monitors are cracked and broken as heavy footsteps can be heard in the other room.

MALCOLM

(sighing with relief)

That was close man.

ALLEN

I don't know exactly what to do from here, but at least we can collect ourselves and figure it out.

MALCOLM

Can't it just like, phase through the door? How are we protected in here? We are sitting ducks!

ALLEN

Look around!

Between them on the door, a small puddle starts to form.

MALCOLM

(looking around)

You think any of that still works?

ALLEN

Maybe, couldn't hurt to try.

Allen notices a dimly lit button on the wall labeled "G. SHIELDING". The puddle in between them quickly forms a hand that grabs Malcolm.

MALCOLM

(gasping in pain)

Allen! Fuck, HELP!

ALLEN
 (panicking)
 What am I supposed to do!

MALCOLM
 (gasping for breath)
 Something! Anything!

More of the arm comes through the puddle, strangling Malcolm. Allen looks around in a panic and moves to the button on the wall and hits it.

The sound of energy building in the walls begins, and after a moment, the room is bathed in a pale blue light. The arm strangling Malcolm is shocked and recoils back through the wall.

Pounding on the door begins, but it looks as if Humonghost can't get in for the time being. The sound of the door being bolted can be heard.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 (out of breath)
 Jesus man... That could have been
 it for me.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 And to think, that's just how that
 psychic I saw in middle school said
 I would go...

ALLEN
 (taking a sigh of relief)
 Apparently this button keeps that
 thing out.

MALCOLM
 Well that's helpful... Is there a
 portable one we can use to walk
 around here unencumbered?

ALLEN
 I don't see much of anything in
 here except for that computer, so I
 doubt it...

MALCOLM
 Maybe there's a game on this thing
 to help us pass the time... You
 know... Until they knock this place
 down tomorrow and we are smothered
 to death in debris...

ALLEN

Knock it off Malcolm!

MALCOLM

Jeez, just a little gallows humor...

ALLEN

Is this whole thing a joke to you? You have been making light of this whole situation from the start! That thing out there is dangerous and could kill us. You just sit there and keep making snarky jokes until we both die. I'm gonna try and figure out how to stop this thing.

Allen goes to sit at the computer in front of the only two functioning monitors. Malcolm walks to the middle of the room.

MALCOLM

Well Fuck me for trying to bring a little levity to the situation instead of wasting time stressing out.

ALLEN

My stressing out just saved your life, or did you forget that?

MALCOLM

(turning to Allen)

Look we need to figure a way out of this Allen, we can't turn on each other.

Allen hits a button on the console and an audio log begins to play.

DR. PREFECT

PROJECT: HITCHHIKER subject 42.
First attempt at a viable
transmutation of overweight
attributes to after-life. Code name
HUMONGHOST.

MALCOLM

HUMONGHOST!? Oh man, this is a guy
after my own heart!

Malcolm moves behind Allen and leans into the console to look at the monitors.

DR. PREFECT

The feeding schedule, at first, was difficult to get the subject to adhere to, but with the introduction of the punishment and reward system it seems to be progressing smoothly. Subject is gaining weight rapidly and is putting up little to no resistance.

The audio log finishes and Malcolm and Allen look at each other.

ALLEN

This sounds like they were making really fat people...

MALCOLM

See!? I told you that was what they were doing! What the hell was he talking about "transmutation" and "After-Life". Sounds pretty Ghosty to me!

ALLEN

Get on that computer and help me look.

Malcolm sits next to Allen and begins to look through the other computer. Heavy footsteps can be heard walking away and back up the stairs.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Some of these files refer to a "Consciousness Reanimation Project" AKA PROJECT: HITCHHIKER.

MALCOLM

"Consciousness Reanimation Project"? What the hell is that.

ALLEN

Not sure, but whatever it was, it looks like they did it in that room we were just in. Listen to this:

Allen pulls up a file that has day to day notations in reference to subject forty two of PROJECT: HITCHHIKER.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

January 14th - SUBJECT 42 completed 6 of 24 meals. Punishment enacted 18 times.

(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

January 15th - SUBJECT 42 completed
10 of 24 meals. Punishment enacted
14 times.

MALCOLM

Jesus, they forced this guy eat,
and if he didn't, they "Punished"
him?

ALLEN

What do you think the "punishment"
was?

MALCOLM

(laughing)

I don't know, maybe having to eat
your mom's cooking? BURN!

ALLEN

(not amused)

See if you can look it up on your
computer.

Malcolm finds a search function on his terminal and inputs
"SUBJECT 42 Punishment". A video reference comes up and has a
footer on it labeled SUBJECT 42 January 29th. The video shows
an average sized man with scars in several places along his
body, refusing to eat.

SECURITY FOOTAGE ONE BEGINS:

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY BASEMENT - PAST

Dr. Prefect brings out a bowl of food to the average sized
man.

DR. PREFECT

(condescendingly)

Now 42, you have to eat your food.
You know the consequences if you
don't.

SUBJECT 42

Fuck this. You all can't keep me
here. You said I could leave
whenever I wanted.

Subject 42 kicks over a bowl of food and flips off Dr.
Prefect.

DR. PREFECT
(into recorder)
Subject remains hostile and
completely unwilling to comply.

SUBJECT 42
Stop calling me "Subject". I have a
name, its...it's...I-I can't
remember!

DR. PREFECT
(into recorder)
Subject's sense of self is slowly
but certainly being overwritten.
Conditioning is recommended soon.

DR. PREFECT (CONT'D)
Now 42, it's time for your
punishment.

The restraints pull 42 to a standing position. Dr. Prefect
rips down one of 42's sleeves to reveal multiple scars.

DR. PREFECT (CONT'D)
I think we will take the hand this
time. Start severing right above
the wrist. Make it a clean cut.

Two orderlies come in. One holds out 42's arm, and the other
takes out a surgical saw and slowly begins to remove 42's
hand, just above the wrist. 42 writhes in pain and screams.

DR. PREFECT (CONT'D)
(almost fatherly)
Now 42, remember this pain. This is
what happens if you don't eat your
food.

The orderly finishes removing the hand as 42 passes out. Dr.
Prefect shocks him to wake him up.

DR. PREFECT (CONT'D)
Wouldn't want you to miss the
feeling of it being reattached now
would we.

DR. PREFECT (CONT'D)
(to the orderlies)
Begin reattachment now. Scrape away
damaged tissue and if he passes
out, make sure to wake him up.

Dr. Prefect walks out of the room to the monitoring station.
The orderlies begin surgically attaching his hand.

Subject 42
(screaming)
N-No...Nooooooooo!

SECURITY FOOTAGE ONE ENDS:

The security footage stops and the search function reappears.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY MONITORING STATION - NIGHT

Malcolm and Allen sit for a moment, mouths agape.

MALCOLM
Wow... Really takes the whole "Slap
on the wrist" thing too far huh?

ALLEN
(disgusted)
That was fucked up. These people
were fucking psychopaths! They
removed and reattached a part of
his body every time he didn't
finish a meal? How many times you
think it happened?

Malcolm searches his terminal.

MALCOLM
times... According to this, they
didn't start "punishing him for non
completion" for the first four
weeks. They warned him about the
"Consequences" but didn't do it
until then.

ALLEN
Jesus, you're telling me that they
cut off an reattached 27 different
pieces of him?

MALCOLM
Umm... They started by just cutting
into him and stitching it up but
moved to amputation sometime after.
And... uhhh... Some things didn't
take.

ALLEN
What do you mean "Didn't take"?

MALCOLM

Well, some of his parts didn't really reattach properly. It looks like 4 fingers, 5 toes and... Well...

Malcolm giggles a little bit and then shudders.

ALLEN

What?

MALCOLM

(quoting from the notes)
The subjects phallus failed to reconnect properly. A permanent catheter has been implanted.

ALLEN

(taken aback)
That's really messed up... What, they just didn't put them back on?

MALCOLM

No, they stitched them on... But the tissue, or the ligaments or some anatomy crap didn't really reconnect well and they just shriveled up and died i guess...

ALLEN

Why would anyone do that? Just to make someone fat? What's the end game?!

MALCOLM

Maybe there is some info on what this whole "PROJECT: HITCHHIKER" is.

Allen begins searching further in the archive.

ALLEN

I'm gonna skip ahead here a little.
March 6 - SUBJECT 42 Completed 21 of 24 meals. Reward granted. April 14th - SUBJECT 42 Completed 24 of 24 meals.

Allen scrolls down farther.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

From April 14th on, he finished 24 of 24 meals every day...!
(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

He must have literally just been eating and sleeping for the last few months of his life.

MALCOLM

Few months?

ALLEN

(Pointing at an entry)
August 10th - Subject 42 finished 3 out of 24 meals. Subject Deceased. Final weigh in: 638lbs.

MALCOLM

Pounds?! He would have been fucking massive! Like Jonah Hill late in his career fat. Or beginning of his career. Most of his career actually...

Allen looks confused.

ALLEN

If he died on August 10th, why are there months more of entries?

MALCOLM

What do you mean?

ALLEN

(pointing at the screen)
They are a different categorization, but it still says SUBJECT 42 research notes.

Allen reads further.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

(clicking the file)
That's strange... It says here that SUBJECT 42 was incinerated immediately upon death. Then notes specifically measuring activity levels begin. That thing has to have something to do with this. Which means there has to be more info on it in here somewhere!

MALCOLM

Maybe there's a way to fight or get rid of this thing? If we can't find something to get us out of this, we're fucked.

ALLEN

Can't we just get out of here? If we run fast enough, we can get out the front door and this thing could be someone else's problem.

MALCOLM

We can't just let this thing go free! Also, what if it follows us man? What if it is one of those "Once you see it, it follows you forever" kinda ghosts.

Allen eventually finds a project outline, after scouring many different files. Various other files named after whatever subject they were in reference to. He opens up the outline file and reads it aloud.

ALLEN

PROJECT: HITCHHIKER: After years of research into the afterlife, Canton Industrial Research (CIR) has proven life after death. Under certain circumstances, a semi-corporeal presence is left behind after death. This explains many of the haunting's that have happened throughout history.

MALCOLM

Whoa...

ALLEN

It was CIR's original goal to test the limits of how exactly a presence is left behind and what it was able to do. Through research it was concluded that a subject had to die under very extreme circumstances. CIR had a theory that with certain mental conditioning, since their research confirmed they carried over certain attributes when they passed over, it would be possible to control the subject, in its semi-corporeal form, after death.

MALCOLM

(flabbergasted)

Wait a minute, you're saying that they were trying to control ghosts?

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Oh, and hold on, they proved that ghosts exist!? Why would they keep that a secret?

ALLEN

Because it would seem that they are a secret group of researchers that are hell bent on making some kind of controllable ghosts.

MALCOLM

Like a ghost soldier! Or even a ghost army!

Malcolm gets up and starts pacing the room. Allen goes back to subject 42's file and scrolls to the end.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

This is definitely some "I'd tell you but then I'll have to kill you" type shit. But, then they just abandoned this facility with that thing still roaming around in it? That's just negligent...

ALLEN

(glued to the screen)
Check this out Mal.

Allen pulls up the last few notes on subject 42.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

These last few notes talk about the mental conditioning failing and subject trying to break containment. There's a video file at the end here followed by a note that just says CRITICAL FAILURE.

MALCOLM

Play that Bad Larry!

Allen stares at Malcolm for a minute in irritation. Malcolm turns around and looks at the screen. Allen plays the video file.

SECURITY FOOTAGE TWO BEGINS:

CUT TO:

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY BASEMENT - PAST

The video file plays. It's a split video of the monitoring room and same room as before, but instead of the averaged sized man, Humonghost is seen slamming his arms into the wall and attempting to break down the door to the monitoring room.

DR. PREFECT
(over loudspeaker)
Stop this immediately!

ORDERLY
The mental conditioning had
completely failed. We have no
control over him at all!

DR. PREFECT
(frantically)
Can we get him to cold storage?! We
need this anomaly taken care of
immediately. We cannot let the
board find out. We put too many
resources into this one, it needs
to be contained!

ORDERLY
He is putting too much strain on
the Ghost Shielding. It's not going
to last much longer!

Humonghost is pounding away at the door. It's clear the shielding is beginning to fail. Surges of electricity cause several of the monitors to break.

DR. PREFECT
How is this possible? This
shielding is supposed to be
impenetrable!

ORDERLY
We never tested it against a
specimen of this power level. This
is a first of it's kind!

The shielding powers off and the door to the monitoring room bursts open. Humonghost's arm comes in and smashes the orderly's head flat into the wall, then drags his body back and devours it. Humonghost lumbers into the monitoring room.

DR. PREFECT
(scolding)
Stop! Come no closer! I command you
to stop or you will be punished!

HUMONGHOST
 (belches up blood)
 I... Take... The arm... This
 time...

Humonghost pulls itself closer to Dr. Prefect by slamming its arms into the wall. It grabs Dr. Prefect by the arm and bites it clean off.

DR. PREFECT
 Ahhhhh! No... No... No more, please
 I beg you!

HUMONGHOST
 Gotta... Finish... Food...

Humonghost lets Dr. Prefect writhe in pain for a moment before grabbing him, ripping off each limb, and eating them one by one. The last thing recorded is Humonghost thrusting his fist into the monitoring room camera and it cutting to static.

SECURITY FOOTAGE TWO ENDS:

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY MONITORING STATION - NIGHT

Malcolm and Allen look at each other.

MALCOLM
 Holy Shit!

ALLEN
 That thing is way more dangerous
 than I thought. It's savage.

MALCOLM
 How are we supposed to stop
 something that literally ripped a
 guy apart and ate him? I feel like
 that it kind of has the advantage
 here...

Allen stands up and begins to pace. Both of them take a moment to think. Allen eventually breaks the silence.

ALLEN
 Cold storage!

MALCOLM
 What?

ALLEN

Cold storage! The scientist said something about cold storage when all hell was breaking loose. He wouldn't have said it if there wasn't some way to stop that thing in there.

MALCOLM

Let me see if I can find anything in this magical repository of information.

Malcolm searches the terminal for any info on cold storage and defense against ghosts.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(quoting)

Though there aren't currently any ways to destroy a ghost, extreme cold will slow them down to a stop. Couple that with the ghost shielding technology CIR developed and you can theoretically store a ghost indefinitely.

ALLEN

That's it! That's gotta be why he wanted subject 42 put in cold storage! It's the only way to stop them when they get out of control! Malcolm, where is it?

Malcolm looks through the files on his terminal and searches for cold storage. He brings up a map of the facility that has a location of both where they are, and where cold storage is.

MALCOLM

Well...

ALLEN

What!?

MALCOLM

I'm looking at the map here and you're not gonna like it.

ALLEN

I really don't see how that matters at this point.

MALCOLM

Okay, so you know where we woke the ghost up? Where we heard the snoring after we set up the B.O.O?

ALLEN

Oh god...

MALCOLM

Yeah, well it's about one floor up and down the hall from that room. Which means we are gonna have to literally backtrack through the entire facility just to get to it.

ALLEN

And that thing is going to be after us from the second we leave this room.

MALCOLM

(sighing)

Right. But technically that's not the worst part...

ALLEN

(shocked)

HOW!? How couldn't that be the worst part?

MALCOLM

This file says something about a puzzle coded lock.

ALLEN

Puzzle coded lock!? What the hell is that?

MALCOLM

It sounds like we have to solve some ridiculous puzzle, like we are in Resident Evil or something...

Malcolm shakes his head and laughs uncomfortably.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I guess I shouldn't have joked about it being like a "Game" earlier...

Allen slaps Malcolm on the head and looks around the room.

ALLEN

(confirming the obvious)
And there is nothing in here to
help us...

MALCOLM

Well, we can't just stay in here
forever. Either that thing will get
us, or they are gonna knock this
place down. Either way, we stand a
much better chance trying to get to
cold storage and put an end to this
whole thing.

ALLEN

You're right. You think that it's
close?

Both go silent and listen for the heavy footsteps of
Humonghost. They can hear him waning off in the distance and
getting farther away.

MALCOLM

I can barely hear them. I think now
would be a good time to make a
break for it!

ALLEN

First thing's first, we need to get
upstairs. At least then we have
options of where to go. Down here
we're trapped.

MALCOLM

Agreed.

Malcolm looks at the ghost shielding button.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

The general feeling of safety was
fun wasn't it?

Malcolm hits the button and the hum in the walls begins to
feign while the pale blue lights also begin to dim. The sound
of the door being unbolted is heard as one by one the locks
begin turning open. They both look a little apprehensive.

ALLEN

Listen, we can always run back in
here to regroup if things get
crazy. This is the one place in the
facility that still seems to work,
so let's do our best to remember
how to get here.

Allen pushes the door and it appears stuck. Malcolm joins in the effort and as the door begins to open. The rusted hinges give way and the bolted steel door comes crashing to the floor in a puff of dust and debris. They stare at it for a moment.

MALCOLM
(grinning)
Hey Allen...

ALLEN
(irritated)
Don't Malcolm...

MALCOLM
(chuckling)
Looks like a black Friday
"DoorBuster" deal... Huh?

ALLEN
Malcolm!

MALCOLM
(smirking)
You know, because we are in an
incredibly dark situation and the
door just got busted?

ALLEN
What the fuck is wrong with you?

MALCOLM
My humor is masking my terror...

ALLEN
Let's go...

Malcolm and Allen both walk through the threshold from the monitoring area to the basement cell. The power cuts and they are in pitch black for a moment as they scramble to get their lights on.

MALCOLM
(turning on his light)
Looks like we didn't have much time
anyway...

ALLEN
(making an effort)
Kinda like a black Friday
"Doorbuster" deal...

MALCOLM
Wow Allen... Not the time man...

ALLEN
(frustrated)
Dude what the fu-

MALCOLM
Let's move!

The two move toward the stairs slowly. Panning their lights around making sure there isn't anything there. As Malcolm reaches the stairs, struggling noises and an enormous crash is heard behind them.

ALLEN
What was-

Allen shines his light behind them to where the door fell. In a crater on the floor, Humonghost is attempting to get up. He see Allen's light and thrusts his arm toward him.

Allen ducks and Humonghost's arm slams into the wall shaking the room and staggering both of them, and knocking over Malcolm.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
Shit!

MALCOLM
(struggling to get up)
Fuck man, we gotta go!

Allen steadies himself and runs over to assist Malcolm. He helps him up and the two of them make their way up the stairs away from Humonghost.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

The sound of Humonghost lumbering after them is heard.

ALLEN
Lets go!

Humonghost's's arm is seen coming from up the stairs and shaking the hallway. Allen falls to the ground hard and twists his ankle.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
(grabbing his ankle)
Fuck!

MALCOLM
(attempting to help)
Come on man we gotta hurry!

Allen struggles to get up with Malcolm's assistance but fails. His ankle is hurt too badly. Humonghost is heard getting close to the top of the stairs, though it gasps and struggles to breath.

ALLEN

I can't walk!

MALCOLM

Try! You can lean on me, but we gotta go. NOW!

ALLEN

(tries again and fails)
No... No... Man you gotta go on without me.

MALCOLM

I can't let that thing get you!

Humonghost's other arm slams into the other wall and starts pulling itself up with both arms.

ALLEN

(chuckling)
I can hide. Maybe it'll go after you instead of me
haha... (winces in pain)

MALCOLM

Well that's morbid... But no! Dude, you gotta sac up and move out!

ALLEN

I am about as sacked as I can be man. I'm just gonna slow you down. Get this thing to cold storage and end this! I'm gonna try to hide at the B.O.O so If it doesn't eat me, come back and find me. Take these with you, they may help out...

Allen pulls out a small bag of hand warmers and hands them to Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Are these... Hand-warmers?

ALLEN

(wincing in pain)
Yeah, one of the few things we didn't leave behind.
(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Guess it's just luck that you're heading to cold storage. They are gonna do you a lot more good then they'll do me.

MALCOLM

Shit man, there's got to be another way. This feels wrong!

Humonghost reaches the top of the stairs.

ALLEN

(crawling away)
Just GO!

MALCOLM

(running down the hall)
Okay! Fuck! Allen, I'll come back for you man!

Allen starts crawling off toward the B.O.O and Malcolm bolts down the hallway. Humonghost heads toward Allen slowly as Allen can be seen entering the B.O.O.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY B.O.O. - NIGHT

Allen crawls through the door to the B.O.O. He attempts to cover himself underneath things around the room.

ALLEN

Fuck fuck fuck! What am I gonna do?

Humonghost can be heard just outside the room. His footsteps shake the room.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Shit! It's almost here!

Humonghost rolls though the door to the B.O.O and pins Allen to the ground. It belches and gurgles as it leans in to devour Allen.

HUMONGHOST

Eat... Eat... Eat or be punished!

Allen raises his arm to shield himself. We pan away as blood sprays over the walls as Allen screams. We pan back to see Humonghost lumbering out of the B.O.O trailing blood behind it.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Malcolm is seen running through the hallway, the heavy footsteps of Humonghost follow slowly behind him. Rolling can be heard from time to time as Humonghost attempts to speed himself up in the darkness.

MALCOLM

Shit, shit, FUCK! I gotta get up there!

Malcolm looks around in hurried confusion.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Is this the right hallway? Shit, where is it! None of this looks familiar...

Malcolm goes up the stairs to where they first encountered Humonghost. Right behind him both of Humonghost's arms plunge into the wall so he can pull himself up. Malcolm ducks as they barely miss him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(ducking)

Whoa!

HUMONGHOST

EEEEEEEEAAAAAATTTTTT!!!!

MALCOLM

(to himself)

Gotta keep moving, now where are the stairs?

Malcolm runs into one of the rooms as Humonghost can be seen reaching the top of the stairs. Humonghost collapses, appearing to rest as heavy breathing can be heard. Malcolm closes the door behind him.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

MALCOLM

Jesus! I don't think it saw me. I gotta lay low here for a minute. Maybe it'll pass by and look for me somewhere else...

Malcolm gets under a very damaged bed to take cover and looks around the room.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(whispering to himself)
Holy shit! This is the room where
we first found that thing.

Malcolm notices many scratches and broken things strewn about. But in the wreckage, many family photos and what looks to be a journal just out of reach.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Damn, these guys are sick... This
"Thing" had a family and was a
normal person at some point! Were
they just abducting people randomly
and experimenting on them?

Humonghost can be heard lumbering down the hallway closer and closer to the room he is in. Light is coming in through a viewing slit built into the door.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Shit... I really hope it doesn't
have some kind of "Ghost Radar" or
something...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(face palms his head)
You know Malcolm... Allen might be
right... You should probably see a
therapist... Especially since
you're talking to yourself in an
incredibly dangerous situation
where you should be silent. All you
need now to really solidify your
psychosis, is to have a vision of
your dad being disappointed in
you...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Well at least you're in some kind
of medical research facility where
they experiment on people... If you
can't be fixed mentally they can
probably turn you into some kind of
humongous, disgusting, mutilated,
abomination and haunt your friends
after you die... And that's
something...

Malcolm palms his head again. Slowly Humonghost begins to eclipse the light coming through the door and comes to a stop.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(putting his head down)
Oh no...

HUMONGHOST
(standing and gasping)
Food...

MALCOLM
(Bracing himself)
Shit, he found me!

Humonghost lets out a belch that rattles the whole room. A horrible smell creeps its way into Malcolm's nose as he covers it.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(trying not to breath)
Ugh... If that's what I have to
look forward to, I'm just gonna
pray that they knock this building
down and crush me to death.

Humonghost bursts into the room. He can't see Malcolm at the moment. He walks toward the bed and sits down. Malcolm is almost being crushed by Humonghost's weight as it lies down.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(struggling under the
weight)
Ugh... Shit...

Though Malcolm can move, he is too scared to do anything. He notices a journal next to him under the bed and he quietly begins to read it. Humonghost can be heard snoring above him in the bed.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(quietly)
What's this?

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(opening the journal)
The name is scratched out...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(reading quietly)
"They finally accepted me into the
sleep study. Five thousand dollars
to just sleep here a few nights?
(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Cake! This will show my Ex-Wife
that I am able to make enough to
support the kids! First night down,
seven to go!

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Patient 42 is seen resting in bed. It's clearly one of the first nights he spent in the facility. The room is clean and new and the facility is clearly functioning. Men in white coats are seen entering the room.

PATIENT 42

(startled)

What!? What's going on!?

DR. PREFECT

(condescendingly)

Hello Patient 42. How has your time
with us been so far?

PATIENT 42

(groggy)

Uhhh... This is my second night
here. So far so good I guess... by
the way, when do I get paid? I need
to start sending some money out
ASAP.

DR. PREFECT

You need not worry about that. It's
all being taken care of. In the
meantime, I wanted to let you know
that you've been selected for a
special program that we've been
running.

PATIENT 42

(curious)

Program? What kind of program?

DR. PREFECT

Well, it's confidential in nature
and it would require you to stay
with us for several months but I am
unable to disclose any information
until you agree to participate. I
assure you, the benefit following
would be well worth your time.

PATIENT 42

Months!? I have to get back to see my kids! I can't be gone that long.

DR. PREFECT

We see here that you are unemployed correct?

PATIENT 42

(embarrassed)

Well, yes... but I have a few things lined up!

DR. PREFECT

And divorced? Your ex-wife got full custody of your children.

PATIENT 42

What does that have to do with anything?

Dr. Prefect steps toward the bed. The other man is taking notes and remains silent.

DR. PREFECT

Well, the financial benefits would help a great deal towards the cost of lawyers when trying to get custody of your children back I assure you. Not to mention the potential medical benefits.

PATIENT 42

(apprehensive)

Yeah? How much are we talking about here?

DR. PREFECT

One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

PATIENT 42

Bullshit! A hundred grand? No way!

DR. PREFECT

One hundred thousand dollars, for just a few months of your time. What's a few months now, when you could be living with your children again for the rest of your life?

PATIENT 42

I don't know... I don't think I can just blindly agree to some kind of experiment. You can't even tell me what it is!

The man taking notes laughs without making eye contact with patient 42. Dr. Prefect walks toward the door, opens it and pauses.

DR. PREFECT

Well I am sure there are some other patients who are more than willing to take the pay day. Thank you for your time Mr...

PATIENT 42

(sits up straight)
Wait!

DR. PREFECT

(smiling)
Yes?

PATIENT 42

(to himself)
A hundred grand for a few months... and I can finally get my kids back from that bitch? I gotta do this...
(to Dr. Prefect)
Uhhh... you also mentioned something about medical benefits? What are we talking about here?

Dr. Prefect closes the door and turns around. He seems very pleased and exchanges a few glances with the man writing notes.

DR. PREFECT

Oh yes. I cannot yet go into detail with you, but I can say that the results parallel immortality...

PATIENT 42

(hesitant)
Whoa... okay... fine I'll do it!

DR. PREFECT

(to the orderly)
Excellent! Doctor, move patient 42 to the basement lab and begin preparations!

DR. PREFECT (CONT'D)

(To patient 42)

You've made a very wise decision here. You should be proud of yourself. What you're doing is going to greatly impact humanity.

PATIENT 42

Greatly impact humanity? Wow... finally, something I'm going to do will help people! So, what kind of program am I going to be doing?

DR. PREFECT

All will be revealed, in good time. Just relax. You begin immediately.

The other doctor pulls out a syringe, rushes over to 42 and injects him.

PATIENT 42

Wa... wait... what... I... I...

Patient 42 passes out. Dr. Prefect turns to the other doctor.

DR. PREFECT

Have his record erased. I don't want any trace of him in our files. Bring him to the cell on basement level 1.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Malcolm closes the journal, his face disgusted. He listens to make sure that Humonghost is asleep.

MALCOLM

(to himself)

That's some really fucked up stuff...

He slowly and quietly shimmies out from under the bed. Humonghost is snoring and making sleep apnea noises as well.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Damn, for a ghost, that thing sure does have some weight to it.

Malcolm slowly makes his way toward the door. He looks back at Humonghost.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

This thing would really benefit
from a zumba class or something.

As Malcolm slowly exits the room, a loose floorboard creaks under his feet. The sound of snoring abruptly stops and Malcolm freezes.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Shit.

Malcolm steps off the board and braces himself. The snoring continues.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(relieved)

Oh thank god!

Malcolm makes his way out of the room and begins to go down the hallway. He stumbles slightly and his spray bottle of ghost repellent falls to the floor. Humonghost can be heard stirring in the room.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Malcolm begins sprinting down the hallway and toward the stairs. He looks behind him and can see Humonghost slam his arms into the wall, pulling himself out of the room slowly.

MALCOLM

Fuck!

As he reaches the stairs he looks behind him to see Humonghost curling into a ball and beginning to roll after him. Malcolm runs up the stairs.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY CRYO-STORAGE ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

At the top of the stairs Malcolm enters a much cleaner room. It looks maintained and still relatively in good shape. A loud crash is heard at the bottom of the stairs followed by panting.

MALCOLM

This is it! I mean, it has to be...
It better be... Now the files said
something about there being some
kind of weird lock...

From the stairwell, projectile green vomit comes spewing up, almost hitting Malcolm. Then both of Humonghost's arms extend to the top of the stairs and begin to pull itself up.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Fuck, I gotta figure this thing
out. I'm at a literal dead end
here... Haha... Dead End... I need
to remember to tell Allen all the
good ones he's missed.

Malcolm runs up to the door. There is no keypad or visible
lock. Just a four by four grid of backlit buttons. He presses
one and the lights go out around it (think Light's Out game)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Who in the actual FUCK makes a door
locked by playing a game of Light's
out!? This is fucking ridiculous!

The sounds are getting closer and Malcolm is randomly trying
various patterns to try and open the door.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(almost defeated)
This is how I die!? Eaten by a fat
ghost while trying to figure out a
stupid puzzle? Jesus... That
psychic has just been spot on, now
that I think about it.

Malcolm is still attempting to solve the puzzle.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
I think I almost got it!

One by one Malcolm manages to turn out the lights in every
button. As he turns the last one off, the sound of locks
releasing inside the door can be heard.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Come on... Hurry, hurry up!

The door slowly opens just as Humonghost reaches the top of
the stairs and attempts to vomit on Malcolm again, missing.

Malcolm runs through the doorway and sees a large red button
on the wall next to the door. He pushes it and the door
closes right as Humonghost attempts another punch. The door
locks.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY CRYO-STORAGE - NIGHT

Malcolm rests with his back against the door and takes a sigh
of relief. The room is very cold as he can see his breath.

Lined up throughout the room are large cubes with glass faces and appear to be empty. Pounding is heard on the other side of the door.

MALCOLM
(laughing to himself)
I guess it was more of an Undead
end!

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(looking around)
Wow man, read the room...I guess
I'm safe for now. Now to find a way
to stop that thing!

Malcolm slowly walks through the room, looking for anything that can help. The sound of a rolling test tube startles him and a shadow is seen crawling quickly off screen.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Fuck! What was that? If that thing
falls through the ceiling one more
time, I'm giving up.

Malcolm goes to investigate the sound. Looking behind the cryo cubes very carefully. He is shivering. A faint voice can be heard whispering toward the back of the room.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
Alright! come on out! I am so
fucking done with this shit! Just
fucking eat me already!

Upon reaching the back of the room, Malcolm looks down and jumps backward. Eric is crawling on the ground missing an arm, foot and has a large bandage wrapped around his torso.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Jesus! Eric!?

ERIC
(coughing)
Malcolm! Is that you? Man, I
thought that thing finally made it
in here...

MALCOLM
What the fuck are you doing here!?

ERIC
(slowly talking)
I came here to check out the scene
for the show man. But, when I got
here that thing attacked me.

MALCOLM
Wow...

Eric props himself against the wall.

ERIC
That thing bit my fucking arm off!
And my foot! But, I managed to
crawl away and bandage myself up as
best I can. This room is protected
from that thing.

MALCOLM
You got past that stupid lock?

ERIC
Yeah... Fucking light's out! That
doesn't even seem like a secure way
to lock a door.

MALCOLM
Maybe they were just super bored in
here or something. It's Dumb right?

ERIC
Sooooo fucking dumb!

MALCOLM
Like, who decided that that would
be the best way to keep the room
secure?

ERIC
I feel like we are in Resident Evil
or something!

MALCOLM
That's what we said!

ERIC
(Laughing and coughing)
Wow!

MALCOLM
Anyway, what the hell are we
supposed to do now?

Eric looks around the room.

ERIC
Isn't Allen with you?

MALCOLM
(Looking dismayed)
He sprained his ankle downstairs
and couldn't keep up. He told me he
was gonna go to our B.O.O and hide
out. I don't know if he made it or
not.

ERIC
shit man...

They look at each other and then look away for a moment.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
Ha... B.O.O...

MALCOLM
I know! Like, we're ghost hunters
and we hang out at the B.O.O...
It's great!

Pounding can be heard on the door as Humonghost tries to get
though it. Eric and Malcolm look around the room for anything
useful.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Is there anything that can help us
in here? The computer in the
monitoring station said that cold
storage was the way to stop that
thing.

ERIC
I managed to boot up that computer
over there... I got some info about
what the deal is with this place,
but mostly it had info on this room
in particular.

MALCOLM
Anything particularly helpful?

ERIC
Well, it turns out they were doing
experiments on people. They found a
way for a subject's essence or soul
or whatever, to hang on after death
and with the right conditioning,
they would be able control it.

MALCOLM

Yeah, we read that downstairs. It ended up being a dead end but that thing was right behind us. Turns out that the room was protected somehow.

ERIC

(coughing)

Ghost Shielding! I couldn't get any info on how it works but they created a way to protect themselves from the ghosts. *ugh*

Eric gets weak and shudders for a moment. Malcolm kneels down and tries to assist him.

MALCOLM

Hey, hey guy... You gonna make it?

ERIC

(Struggling)

I'll...I'll be fine.

Eric sits himself up.

ERIC (CONT'D)

After several failed attempts to produce a viable subject, they finally got the process to work with this "Subject 42" guy.

MALCOLM

I wouldn't exactly say that they got it to "work" but who am I to judge, huh?

ERIC

Anyway, in order for a "Ghost" to stay around, it needs to die under extreme duress.

MALCOLM

Wouldn't everyone who died in this facility also have turned into ghosts? I would count being crushed to death and eaten "Stressful", wouldn't you?

ERIC

EXTREME duress. I'm talking months of torture, mutilation, psychological conditioning and experimentation. At least, that's how dickless out there was created.

Pounding is heard on the door and getting more and more furious. Malcolm chuckles a bit.

MALCOLM

You read the part in his file where his dick fell off huh?

ERIC

Yep... Ouch...

MALCOLM

I mean, just the thought of a permanent catheter...

Both Malcolm and Eric cross their legs uncomfortably.

ERIC

It did mention that they had hypotheses on other ways that a viable subject can be created. It would stand to reason that they didn't just stumble onto torture and mutilation first try, but the computer locked up before I could read more, or even find out how to escape!

MALCOLM

Yeah... Escape doesn't seem to be an option. Our options are limited to: Die or trap that thing here in cold storage.

ERIC

It sure is good that I ended up here, instead of somewhere else. I mean, If I followed the path that you guys took, I would probably be dead!

MALCOLM

(concerned)

But what are we supposed to do? Was there any info on how to trap that thing?

ERIC

(struggling)

Uh... Before the computer locked me out, I learned that this room was intended for the storage and shipment of ghosts.

MALCOLM

(looking around at the room)

Storage? Do you think there are other ghosts in the cubes here?

ERIC

I wouldn't know anything about that, but these cubes are cryo storage containment units with ghost shielding built in.

MALCOLM

We read downstairs that extreme cold can slow them down to a stop... But why? How?

Eric starts to speak, coughs up a little blood, wipes it away and continues.

ERIC

Well, apparently these ghosts are semi-corporeal. Meaning that they aren't just able to pass through things with ease. They have to use a fair amount of energy to pass through barriers and then they have to take time to recharge. At least, that's the case with this guy.

MALCOLM

That explains why every time that thing came through the ceiling or rolled after us, it stopped for a bit. So these things aren't considered ghosts then?

ERIC

Well, they are and they aren't.

The pounding on the door is getting much louder and the room is beginning to shake.

ERIC (CONT'D)

They are some kind of apparition bound by some vague restrictions.

MALCOLM

(panicking)

Okay Eric, I am so glad that you have all the knowledge of the thing that is about to KILL us, but we do need to start forming a plan here. I don't want to die here and I need to find out what happened to Allen!

ERIC

Damn Malcolm... You were the one asking all the questions, don't yell at me for doing what you asked of me!

MALCOLM

(embarrassed)

Oh... right... anyway...

ERIC

I do have a thought.

MALCOLM

Enlighten me!

ERIC

Alright. It seems to me from the notes that they already had a cube ready for Subject 42. It's right over there, open and ready!

Eric weakly points to a cryo cube that is open on the other side of the room, across from a computer terminal.

ERIC (CONT'D)

We just need to lure that fat fuck into in and push the execute button on the console.

MALCOLM

I thought you were locked out of the console?

ERIC

(getting weaker)

Ugh... Apparently the operation of the hardware is a different system altogether. That large, almost cartoon like, red button over there will close and lock the cube.

MALCOLM

Wow, this entire facility seems like it was designed by someone writing a low budget horror movie. Nothing in here seems to have any subtly or nuance...

The pounding stops. The sound of rolling can be heard followed by a loud crash. Humonghost breaks through the door destroying several of the cryo cubes in the process. It sits for a moment to rest.

ERIC

(under his breath)
Speaking of no subtlety or nuance...

MALCOLM

(enjoying the pun)
I knew I had you around for a reason!

Humonghost gets up and begins to lumber toward Malcolm and Eric a little slower than usual. Likely due to the temperature of the room.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Eric! How the FUCK are we gonna lure that thing into the cube?

Humonghost throws out one of its arms, just barely missing Eric and digs it into the wall behind them.

ERIC

(ducking)
Whoa!

Eric is seen taking a moment to think about what to do next.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Look, Malcolm, I'm gonna do something here and you just have to go with it okay? I don't have time to explain!

MALCOLM

(hurriedly)
Fine, just get the fuck away from that thing quick!

ERIC

(coughing)
Get to the console over there by the cryo cube!

Malcolm runs to the computer console where the execute button is. Eric begins crawling toward the open cube, avoiding several attempts to grab him made by Humonghost.

MALCOLM

Eric! What the fuck are you doing?

ERIC

(out of breath and
struggling)

I told you, no time to explain,
just trust me!

MALCOLM

Okay, well I am already at my area
so I feel like you have had ample
time to explain...

Eric is crawling as quickly as he can, leaving a trail of blood and wincing in pain as he moves. Fat Ghost turns its attention to Malcolm. Malcolm has nowhere to go.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(backed against the
computer)

Hey... Listen fella... I think you
look great, real great... Not fat
at all, slim even!... In fact... I
think, with a little cardio...

Humonghost throws out one of its arms and destroys one of the computer monitors.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Eric! Little help here! I think
it's time you share the plan with
me now!

ERIC

(getting weaker)

Just gimme a second!

Eric is on the ramp leading up to the inside of the containment cube.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(top of his lungs)

Hey! Subject 42!

Humonghost recoils and focuses its attention from Malcolm to Eric.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (mimicking Dr. Prefect)
 Don't forget to eat your food! You
 know what happens if you don't eat!
 What part should I take today?

Eric is now inside the cube, The amount of blood trailed behind him is massive. Humonghost curls up in a ball and prepares to roll after Eric.

MALCOLM
 (shouting)
 Eric! What are you doing man!

ERIC
 (weakly)
 Mal, I'm dead already. There's no
 way out of this for me *cough*. At
 least I can go out knowing that you
 owe me one! Get ready to push that
 button!

MALCOLM
 No way man! We can all get out of
 this!

Humonghost rolls toward Eric and into the cube. It barely misses him and takes a moment to rest.

ERIC
 (struggling)
 NOW!

Malcolm hesitates, but after a moment he reluctantly hits the button. It's frozen and unable to be pushed.

MALCOLM
 Uhhh... Eric, this button is
 frozen!

ERIC
 You better figure it out man,
 otherwise we are both dead!

Humonghost gets up and begins pounding the sides of the cube in rage. He is beginning to slow already because of the temperature of the room.

MALCOLM
 (pounding on the console)
 Why can't shit just fucking work
 like it was made to! I mean wasn't
 this console designed to be in a
 cold storage room!

Malcolm tries blowing on the button, nothing happens. He puts his hands in his pocket to warm them up and notices the hand warmers Allen threw to him earlier.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(excited)
The hand warmers!

ERIC
Come on Mal! Hurry!

Malcolm cracks open several hand warmers and places them on the console. Humonghost is shaking the room while pounding the cube's walls out of rage.

MALCOLM
(to himself)
Thank's Allen...

The ice surrounding the button melts.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Holy shit, it worked! Okay Eric!
Here we go!

Humonghost bends down and bites Eric up to the torso. Eric is still in his mouth as Malcolm manages to push the button and the door to the containment cube slams shut and locks. The hum of the ghost shielding can be heard as Humonghost and Eric are flash frozen.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(sighing in relief)
Damn....

A silence now falls over the facility. Malcolm leans against the console, recuperating from the whole ordeal. He looks at the cube.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(patting the cube)
Thanks Eric... Shit...

Malcolm looks down.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(pounding on the cube)
There wasn't anything I could do!
Maybe if you weren't so beat up
already... This whole situation was
fucked up... We never should have
come here...

Malcolm puts his back against the cube and slides to the ground with his head in his hands.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
First Allen... Now...

Malcolm jumps up.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Shit! Allen!

Malcolm runs out of cold storage, down the stairs, through the hallway and back to the B.O.O.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY B.O.O. - NIGHT

Malcolm hurries into the B.O.O and frantically begins looking around. Everything is trashed and there is blood everywhere. He calls out to Allen.

MALCOLM
(shouting)
Allen! Allen!

He starts pushing things around.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Allen! Fuck man, where are you?

Malcolm begins looking under all of the debris for about a minute. He sits down on the floor against the wall, defeated.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(Dejected)
Awww man. Allen. You didn't have to go like this brother. You were better than me. You could have done such great things and I know I held you back. Now you're gone and I'm just here alone. I never should have gotten you into this... I fucking needed you to check me on my shit. I-

Some of the debris shifts and a groan can be heard. Allen pushes up through the debris, his hand missing and fully wrapped up in medical tape. He pushes himself up against the wall.

ALLEN
(struggling to talk)
You... You're right...
(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I do check you on your shit... And right now, you are sitting on my foot so would you mind moving?

MALCOLM

(excited to see him)

Oh shit! Yeah!

Malcolm gets up in a fit of joy and rushes to Allen's side. Allen struggles to get up and fails.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(overjoyed)

Allen! You're alive! How the...
What the... What happened?

Allen holds up his stump.

ALLEN

Not all of me made it, but I'll survive... How did you manage-

MALCOLM

You'll never believe it!

ALLEN

What?

MALCOLM

Dude, Eric was in here the whole time! He came here to scout out this location for the show and he got attacked by that thing. He managed to get to cold storage before it... Oh man...

Malcolm looks down in dismay.

ALLEN

What? Is he hurt? How come he didn't come back with you?

MALCOLM

(not sure what to say)

Well...

ALLEN

(confused)

Where is he?

MALCOLM

(Holding in emotion)

He... He didn't make it, man...

ALLEN

(shocked)

What!? No... No... Man. Are you serious?

MALCOLM

He literally died to save me, uh, Us! The only way to stop that fat abomination was to lure it into a containment unit. He was already hurt pretty badly and wasn't gonna last much longer so he... He...

Malcolm pauses for a moment to collect himself.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

He used himself as bait, giving me time to seal that thing away so we could escape.

Allen takes a moment to process what has just happened.

ALLEN

So he's frozen in that-?

MALCOLM

Containment cube...

ALLEN

Containment cube? Is he... Dead?

MALCOLM

From how much blood he lost while crawling up to the cube, there's no way he survived. Also, the ghost bit into him when I sealed the cube shut... So... Probably.

Malcolm remembers the hand warmers.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Oh! Thank you for those hand warmers man! They were quite literally a life saver. Without them, none of us would make it.

Malcolm reaches out to give Allen a hand getting up. Allen reaches out his stump and smiles.

ALLEN

Hey Malcolm...

MALCOLM
(excited)
Oh man, here it comes!

ALLEN
(grinning)
Hey Malcolm, can you give me a
hand!?

MALCOLM
(laughing)
Who knew it would take you losing a
hand to finally find the humor in
the situation!

Both Malcolm and Allen erupt in laughter. Malcolm grabs Allen's remaining hand and pulls him to his feet. Allen's ankle is still hurting, so he leans on Malcolm for support.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
(struggling to pull up
Allen)
Here we go!

ALLEN
(wincing in pain)
Shit man, be careful with me, I'm
fragile...

MALCOLM
(indignant)
Oh, I'm sorry, did you want to
carry me through this nightmare of
a research facility? Seriously,
this is literally the place where
nightmares are made. And carrying
you out of it is currently part of
my nightmare!

ALLEN
OK! Jesus... Calm down...

Malcolm and Allen slowly make their way through the research facility and to the foyer.

INT. RESEARCH FACILITY FOYER - DAY

Malcolm stops for a minute to rest so he and Allen take a seat. Light is now pouring through the windows and the storm has completely passed.

ALLEN
Hey!

MALCOLM
What's up Al?

ALLEN
The footage! The cameras! Did we
get anything on the cameras we set
up?

Malcolm rubs the back of his head.

MALCOLM
(timidly)
Well... Here's the thing...

ALLEN
Malcolm...

MALCOLM
So... We never actually pressed
record on the equipment....

ALLEN
Malcolm! You moron!

MALCOLM
Come on, Remember!? We were going
to scout first and come back with
the cameras after. It's not my
fault that that thing started to
try and kill us before I had a
chance to frame up a good shot!

ALLEN
(snapping back)
Well, I would have had all kinds of
footage, but you made me put down
the hand camera because you didn't
want it to be one of those kind of
shows! Which, by the way, still
doesn't excuse you not doing
literally the easiest part of the
job! Do you know how much money we
could have made if we caught
literally ANY of this on camera!?
We would be rich!

MALCOLM
Or we would be dead!

ALLEN
What?

Malcolm leans forward with a matter of fact look on his face.

MALCOLM

(condescendingly)

What do you thing the company that abandoned this facility would have done huh? You think that us exposing a secret research facility's massive fuck up would, in any way, benefit us? I mean, they forced a guy to eat until he was DEAD! God knows what they did to subjects 1-41! And you think we would have profited from this in any way? Our bodies would be in a ditch before we got our first check.

ALLEN

(begudgingly)

Alright fine... I just wish all of this was for something man. I mean I lost my hand, Eric is dead and that ghost broke pretty much all of our equipment!

MALCOLM

Oh yeah, How didn't you get eaten to death by that thing?

ALLEN

Oh yeah! So, after it bit my hand off, it tried to bite me again. When it's mouth was open, in between me writhing in pain, I threw whatever I could at it.

MALCOLM

You fended it off with debris?

ALLEN

Well, one of the things I threw was the ghost repellant we bought from the discount store. It did not seem to like that at all. It made the big fat face of someone who just ate bug spray.

MALCOLM

(under his breath)

I'm pretty sure that stuff was bug spray...

ALLEN

Anyway, It rolled out of here, I assume after you, which gave me some time to take care of my wound and hide. Unless it killed you... Then I probably would have died shortly after.

Malcolm motions toward Allen's stump of a hand.

MALCOLM

Just throwing it out there Al. You are a really good field medic. The wrap job on your little stump there is pretty amazing!

ALLEN

Boy Scouts Mal, Boy Scouts.

MALCOLM

(making fun)

Strange... I wasn't aware there was a "Wrapped my severed hand" Badge.

ALLEN

(brushing it off)

Well, there is, and I got it so just drop it!

Malcolm shrugs it off and goes to get Allen back up so they can be on their way.

MALCOLM

Hey Allen?

ALLEN

Yeah Mal?

MALCOLM

(Grinning)

So, I think it worked out that we didn't end up making this a handy cam movie...

ALLEN

Why do you say that?

MALCOLM

(giggling)

Well, you know... You really can't do anything... Handy... anymore....

ALLEN
(not pleased)
Wow... Too soon Mal... Too soon.

Allen goes to slap his forehead with his hand but instead hits it with his stump. Malcolm and Allen both look at each other and burst out laughing.

MALCOLM
Come on Al, that was funny!

ALLEN
Okay, it was.

MALCOLM
I mean, you know... You lost your hand... so...

ALLEN
Yeah Mal, I get it!

MALCOLM
And then you tried to slap your head but instead hit it with your stump...

ALLEN
Malcolm!

MALCOLM
Well look, I can see you trying to figure out my humor, but it looks like you're... stumped!

ALLEN
I will kill you in your sleep!

Malcolm bursts out laughing and Allen stumbles along with him as they open the door. Malcolm's car is no longer there and there is a card of a towing company left behind.

EXT. RESEARCH FACILITY - DAY

ALLEN
Hey Malcolm?

Malcolm picks the card off the ground and starts swearing and kicking dirt.

MALCOLM
Shit man! What!?

ALLEN

Are you sure that you didn't lose a foot in there?

MALCOLM

(frustrated)

What the fuck? What are you talking about man!?

ALLEN

Cause it looks to me like you got... towed!!!

Allen bursts out laughing. Malcolm tries to remain angry but just can't help himself and joins in.

MALCOLM

(laughing)

You're a fucking asshole Allen!

ALLEN

(also laughing)

I learned from the best!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

An advertisement for Malcolm and Allen's ghost hunting business is on. Allen is reading the newspaper and Malcolm is doing the dishes. A week has passed since they were in the facility. Allen now has a prosthetic for a hand.

MALCOLM

You know Allen, this whole "I lost my hand, I can't do housework" thing is getting old real quick. Also, we need to start getting some kind of money coming in.

ALLEN

(holding up his stump)

Okay Malcolm, I am now officially disabled. You want me to injure myself further so that you can take a break from all the non-work you're doing? I'm paying all the bills now, so quit complaining!

MALCOLM

(frustrated)

Right... And how exactly are you doing that?

ALLEN

Yeah, apparently it's pretty easy to get disability when you come screaming into the emergency room missing a hand...

MALCOLM

What did you tell them happened?

ALLEN

Tiger attack!

MALCOLM

Wow... That sounds like something I would say. Also, I didn't think tigers were native to this area... Or even this country... Wow! Somehow, I have become the logical one in this relationship!

ALLEN

To be fair, I was on some heavy drugs... I guess it was just my luck that a Tiger recently escaped a nearby Zoo so win win...

MALCOLM

I can't believe they bought that.

ALLEN

Like I said, I was on a crazy amount of drugs, I lost a hand you know?

MALCOLM

Fair enough.

They both continue what they were doing for a few minutes until the TV cuts to breaking news.

REPORTER

Breaking news! The Canton Industrial Research facility is officially being torn down! After many delays and mountains of paperwork, this long standing eyesore of the community is being demolished. We go now to the live view of the demolition.

The broadcast cuts to a helicopter view of the facility. Malcolm and Allen both fixate on the screen.

MALCOLM

Oh shit! Do you think that knocking down the building will release that fat ghost into the world!?

ALLEN

(reassuring Malcolm)

No man, it's probably just gonna get buried and sealed in cement or something. Don't worry about it.

MALCOLM

That's assuming that the containment cubes have a decent battery...

They continue to watch the screen. They notice that by the entrance, a black van is parked and a few people in suits are scurrying around it.

ALLEN

(concerned)

Who do you think they are?

MALCOLM

Probably just the demolitionists... They are probably just setting the charges or something.

ALLEN

In suits Malcolm?

MALCOLM

(chuckling)

Dress for the job you want right?

On the screen, the guys see what has to be the containment cube that Humonghost and Eric were sealed in. They watch, mouths agape.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(in awe)

Is that...

ALLEN

(awe)

I think it is!

They pause the broadcast and take a closer look at the van. The letters C.I.R are written on the side of it. They look at each other in shock.

MALCOLM

Are they taking that thing!? What's the point? They couldn't control it before! How did they even know that it was all cubed up?

ALLEN

I don't know Malcolm, but this probably isn't good.

They continue the broadcast just in time to see the building being completely destroyed. A large cloud of smoke fills the screen as it goes back to the reporter.

REPORTER

And that about does it. Bye bye CIR, hello Super Starbucks.

MALCOLM

What the fuck is a super Starbucks?

ALLEN

Its like a regular starbucks, but I think you can also get your produce there.

MALCOLM

Seems unnecessary...

ALLEN

They demolished that whole building to make a coffee shop...

MALCOLM

I guess that's just the world we live in. How about we go get a coffee? I am strangely in the mood for some caffeine now.

ALLEN

You know Malcolm, even though I feel that there is something really sinister going on, and even though all that crazy shit happened to us inside the facility, and even though I am sure that this whole ordeal isn't over... I think I will join you for a coffee.

MALCOLM
(walking out of the room)
Wow... Way to bring down the
room...

FADE OUT:

AFTER CREDITS SCENE:

Eric wakes up in a containment cell similar to the one Humonghost was in earlier in the research facility. He is groggy and scared.

ERIC
Hello? Hello? Is anybody there?

The crackle of a loud speaker being turned on is heard throughout the room.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Is someone there? Malcolm? Allen!

A man comes on over the speaker.

SCIENTIST
Yes, yes. You're awake. We were
afraid that you wouldn't be a
viable specimen.

ERIC
Specimen? What are you talking
about?

SCIENTIST
Patience Subject 43. All will be
revealed in time.

ERIC
(panicking)
Subject 43!? What the hell? Am I a
ghost!? What's going on!?

SCIENTIST
Oh no 43, you are something quite
magnificent. All will be revealed
in due time, but for now, just know
that you are very special.

A light is turned on in the other room and Humonghost can be seen in a state of rest. Eric looks at himself using the glass of the divider and sees that he is partially see through.

Eric looks at his hand and it goes from solid to see through and back again.

ERIC
What is happening to me?

CUT TO: BLACK