

Massacre at Oak Hills Penitentiary

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OAK HILLS PENITENTIARY - C BLOCK - HALL - DAY

Deserted for decades. Crumbling rock walls. Cement floors. Cells with rusty doors. There's something eerie, something unnatural in the air. A very creepy atmosphere.

Overhead lights suddenly switch on. A rat, startled by the light, scampers into a cell.

MAX, wearing an official blue prison tour guide uniform with "Max" written on the pocket, leads a small group of TOURISTS around the corner. The sight-seers look around them as they walk, trying to take in every bit of this spooky ambiance.

MAX

I hope you have enjoyed your tour today. Are there any questions?

A LITTLE BOY, very intellectual-looking with his expensive glasses, speaks up.

LITTLE BOY

I heard there are ghosts here.

Max stops the group.

MAX

That's not a question, and where would you hear something like that?

LITTLE BOY

From my friends.

MAX

I find that hard to believe.

LITTLE BOY

That there are ghosts?

Max leans in to a MAN in his group and whispers:

MAX

That he has friends.

He chuckles at his own humor. The man he spoke to glares. Max straightens.

MAX  
(to Little Boy)  
Completely false. Sure, there are  
unexplainable noises sometimes, but  
the building is two centuries old.

He leads the group down the hall to the...

MAIN ENTRANCE

... where he opens opens one of the double doors.

MAX  
Be sure to tell your friends.

As the group passes by to exit:

MAN #2  
(mumbling)  
What a rip-off.

When the last of the group exits, Max waves briefly.

MAX  
Come again!

He closes and locks the door, his happy-go-lucky enthusiasm  
instantly fading.

MAX  
(under breath)  
This job sucks.

A loud CLANK from the hall in D Block causes Max to jump.  
He peers into the long hall, where overhead lights illuminate  
it up to the curve so far away.

MAX  
Billy?

The CLANK repeats itself. Max is unsure whether he should  
worry or not. He takes slow steps into...

D BLOCK - HALL

... his eyes trained straight ahead, specifically to the  
curve. SCUFFLING in the distance is now audible. Still,  
Max continues his walk toward the bend, although he looks  
scared out of his pants.

MAX  
Hello?

A dark shadow creeps across the floor from the cross hall.

Max stops, his eyes large with fear. He swallows hard.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Max charges up to the doors in heavy panic mode. He makes frequent looks back to the hall he came from as he fumbles through a pants pocket.

Finally, his hand pops out with a key. He trembles while trying to unlock the door. Success. Max bolts outside like an Olympic runner.

A man's LAUGHTER, very eerie sounding, echoes from somewhere down the hall.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A bit cluttered with some articles of women's clothing strewn about, along with several sheets of newspaper.

EMILY MARTIN, little make-up but pretty anyway, messy hair pinned back in a ponytail, strands falling down around her face, straightens up around the room.

Underneath a small stack of newspapers, Emily finds a frame with a picture inside of a clean-cut man with an innocence to his appearance. This is Paul. He holds a smiling Emily in his arms.

Emily stares at the picture, her demeanor turning glum. Without looking behind her, she plops down on the couch.

From the hall, MIRANDA, cute with an eyebrow piercing and tattoo of a rose on her upper arm, enters.

MIRANDA

Hey, Emily.

She turns on the stereo to some heavy rock MUSIC, bounces to the beat like a true punk rocker.

Emily ignores her initially. She touches Paul's face in a loving manner. Miranda bounces over to her and takes notice. She has to yell as she speaks due to the stereo's loudness.

MIRANDA

Where was that? I haven't seen it in weeks!

Her interest in Emily only lasts a brief moment as she's quickly back to dancing around the room. Emily looks up.

EMILY

It was on the...

Miranda fails to hear her over the noise.

EMILY

(louder)

It must have gotten knocked off...

Frustrated over going unheard, Emily sets down the frame rather hard on the end table, then jumps up to turn off the stereo. Miranda whirls to her.

MIRANDA

Hey!

EMILY

I'm trying to talk to you.

MIRANDA

Why?

EMILY

Why? That's what friends are for... listening.

MIRANDA

Look, I know you're hurting over your break-up with Paul. I still don't understand what happened with you two, but you have to get over it.

EMILY

What kind of future could I have with a "ghost hunter"? He refuses to get a real job.

Miranda stands before a wall mirror and primps with her hair - makes it even messier like a rock star's.

MIRANDA

I happen to think his job is cool.

EMILY

Yeah, cool for a sixth grader.

Miranda faces her.

MIRANDA

You need to get that stick out of your ass and accept him for what he is. If you don't want him, throw him my way.

Miranda turns the STEREO back on, as loud as before. Bobbing her head to the beat, she sits down on the couch and paints her nails - classic black.

Emily looks over at the picture of Paul. Her eyes water. She wipes them with the back of her hand.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In an older neighborhood. An eerie appearance with its primitive architecture. It's dark inside, except for a small light that shines in an upper window.

INT. HOUSE - CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Decorated for a little girl with pink and white walls, a twin bed, a dollhouse, and a small rocking chair.

Lights off, CHARLIE ANDREWS, long hair held back in a ponytail, stoner, holds a video camera with a light beaming off the front of it to illuminate the area directly ahead.

Before him, KURT WILLIAMS, a preppy look with his name brand clothing, including a button-down shirt and dress pants, every hair in its place, holds a thermal imaging camera. He uses it to look around the room.

Off to the side, PAUL SANDERS, the man from Emily's picture, casual dress, chews gum as he scans the room with an electromagnetic field detector.

Each carries a flashlight and voice recorder on his belt.

Kurt's imaging camera turns to the rocking chair. On the screen, mostly yellow and green covers the chair, except for some slight red on the seat.

SAMANTHA (SAM) RIVERS, tomboyish but VERY cute, enters with a digital thermometer in her hand. She studies the reading.

SAM

No temperature change to speak of.

PAUL

(dryly)  
Big surprise there.