

NOX'S SUPERNATURAL MENAGERIE

Written by

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ACT ONE

EXT. ABANDONED TOBACCO WAREHOUSE NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK -
EVENING

Guests arrive on the outskirts of New York City, walking towards an abandoned five story warehouse on the waterfront with a newly-polished sign reading, Nox's Supernatural Menagerie. Guests walk inside.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - WEATHERED LOBBY - EVENING

Dimly illuminated, guests timidly enter the warehouse, and are greeted by an old attendant sitting at the desk, whose smile spans the width of her face.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT

Greetings. He'll be with you
shortly. Wait here.

Guests turn to take a seat, but there are no chairs in the small lobby. With anxiety and curiosity building, guests congregate along the wall, watching other guests shuffle in and gather in the small space, nearly becoming claustrophobic.

With the clock ringing at 8 o'clock, the attendant stands.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

(creepily)

Your time has arrived. A word of
advice; before you begin your
journey up the stairs, do look at
the exhibits, for they may be the
key to your hasty exit. Please
proceed through the mist and enter,
his Supernatural Menagerie.

Guests file forward, and step through the mist.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - QUEEN MARY FIRST DECK - EVENING

Entering the lobby through misty doorways, guests are amazed when they're transported onto the Queen Mary. Guests walk forward, a velvet rope blocking access to the stairs, looking at the exhibits scattered across the first floor.

After a few minutes, Nox exits his lair and stands on the balcony, closely watching his invitees. He stands there, silent, until they notice him and look up.

NOX

(confident and happy)

Welcome my valued guests! Allow me to introduce myself, although, I'm sure we've already met. I have been called many names throughout my existence, and have worn many faces. The Watcher, the Goatman, Goody Cole, La Mala Hora, the Lady in White, even the monster lurking underneath your bed and hiding within your closet. But fret not, if any of these names are unfamiliar to you, they won't be for long. While these are only a few of my personas, I stand before you tonight as a humble host. I, am Nox.

(pauses)

Here you stand in the culmination of my life's work, and here, you will discover the depravity I have bestowed upon individuals throughout the centuries. Now, before I release you into my menagerie, I pose both a warning and a proposition. Everything you will experience is the result of my creation and influence and only I am responsible. These hauntings are my greatest achievements.

(straightforward)

Within you will encounter many docile spirits, who I assure will bring you no harm. But do not take these environments lightly. While many of the spirits within are passive, you may encounter those who are -- hostile. If you are insistent on leaving tonight, do try to avoid them.

(chuckles)

And now, for my proposition: in exchange for your exit, discover who I truly am. While yes, my name is Nox, that is not the answer I seek. I want you to discover my origin. What am I? Where am I from? Who was the first persona I adopted? Not a single soul has deciphered this mystery, so I do hope you're the first to do so.

(serious)

(MORE)

NOX (CONT'D)

Perform these tasks safely, for if you don't, my spirits will escort you from the premises swiftly. Do we have an understanding? --
Excellent. Explore my menagerie thoroughly, for you never know who, or what, you may find. I will see you all a little later.

Nox chuckles and disappears into his lair. The attendant strodes forward and unhooks the ropes prohibiting guests from ascending to the second deck.

Splitting up, many parties ascend the stairs, while a few guests remain on the main floor, continuing to look through the exhibits.

Remaining on the first floor, guests venture forward looking at the exhibits. Demonic paintings of a mysterious blackened figure, newspaper clippings, blurry photos and a random assortment of artifacts litter the cases. As guests continue, they recognize names Nox mentioned prior in the clippings and photos: the Spiteful Mermaid of Pyramid Lake, Charlie-No-Face, Cropsey, the Candy Lady, and more. Looking closely, guests see a mysterious man dressed in black lurking in the background of every photo: Nox. Looking at each other, guests realize these are some of Nox's personas.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - QUEEN MARY SECOND DECK - EVENING

After looking through the remainder of the exhibits on the first floor, guests walk up the stairs and find three options presented before them: the far left are doors from a 1900s mansion, the far right features another elegant stairwell and in the middle is a black door, leading to Nox's Lair with a devilish insignia stamped into the wood.

Guests reach for the blackened door and turn the handle, but the door remains locked. Guests walk to their right, up the stairs and enter the Grand Ballroom of the Queen Mary.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - QUEEN MARY BALLROOM THIRD DECK -
EVENING

Guests walk into the ballroom as a waltz concludes. Dancers, with costumes ranging from crewmen and sailors, to passengers wearing dresses and suits, take their final bow and disperse across the room to talk with other parties, while other guests venture to the exhibits in the back of the room.

As the guests talk to the varying dancers, Captain Kayne walks up to the guests, while orchestral music plays in the background.

CAPTAIN KAYNE

Welcome aboard the Queen Mary. My name is Wilfred Kayne and I'll be your captain for our voyage this evening. Are we enjoying our stay thus far?

GUESTS

We're on the Queen Mary?

CAPTAIN KAYNE

That you are. Our dear ship gets her name from the wife of King George, Queen Mary, and she's sailed for nearly 50 years, until docking for her final time in 1967. She's sailed through tough times, including World War II, where she was called the Grey Ghost because she was painted grey and allusive while transporting troops. Adolf Hitler actually offered the Iron Cross and \$250,000 to any captain that sink our beloved ship. Alas, she stayed afloat. And, the D-Day Declaration was signed by Winston Churchill on this very ship.

GUESTS

What else can you tell us about the Queen Mary?

CAPTAIN KAYNE

Our great ship made 1,001 transatlantic crossings and is 1018 feet long, compared to the Titanic being 883 feet long.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN KAYNE (CONT'D)

A darker side of the Queen Mary's history, in 1942, the escort ship, H.M.S. Curacoa was escorting the Queen Mary from Ireland. The Queen Mary was zig-zagging to confuse enemy U-Boats, while the Curacoa was maintaining a straight line. Before the ships' crews could take evasive action, the Queen Mary collided into the Curacoa, splitting it in half, sending it to the ocean floor. Although 100 crew members were rescued, 337 were killed. While this is only a rumor, do take it with a grain of salt, but sailors say the wheelman was possessed, almost trance-like. What's more frightening, is he was never seen again. No one knows what became of him, and all he is now is but a mere ghost story.

First Mate John Jones sits at the bar and falls off his stool, creating a loud thud. Captain Kayne sighs, disappointed.

CAPTAIN KAYNE (CONT'D)

If you'll please excuse me, I must convene with my first mate. If there's anything I can do to make your voyage more pleasant, please do not hesitate to let me know.

Captain Kayne tips his hat and walks with purpose to the bar. Curious, guests follow Captain Kayne.

CAPTAIN KAYNE (CONT'D)

You can't continue to drink yourself to death every night John. Please let me take you back to your cabin so you can get some sleep.

FIRST MATE JOHN

(frightened and slurring words)

Please n-not my room. She's t-t-there. I can't go in there. S-she said she'll take me away. No. No. No. I'm not going back there.

CAPTAIN KAYNE

Who's there John? Who do you speak of?

FIRST MATE JOHN
 (serious)
 You know exactly who I mean
 Captain.

Captain Kayne steps back, realizing who John is referring
 too.

CAPTAIN KAYNE
 (nervous)
 You're referring to the spirit I
 see when I'm alone on the bridge:
 the Lady in White.

John nods.

CAPTAIN KAYNE (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Is she here? We mustn't let her get
 near the passengers.

FIRST MATE JOHN
 (flabberghausted)
 The passengers?! We can't let her
 get us! Screw the passengers! If
 she gets us, we're-

Eerie music plays as fog emits from the staircase. The Lady
 in White slowly ascends the stairs, her face concealed.
 Captain Kayne and First Mate John quiver in fear as THE LADY
 IN WHITE walks toward them. Performers rush to the floor and
 a dance begins.

The dancers prevent the Lady in White from reaching First
 Mate John, but after a few minutes the Lady in White seizes
 First Mate John and takes him down the same staircase she
 entered from.

Orchestral music resumes and none of the performers are
 disturbed by the first mate's disappearance. Captain Kayne,
 disheartened, approaches guests and begin regaling about his
 time as captain, no longer concerned for First Mate John's
 wellbeing. Just another day aboard the Queen Mary.

Guests walk over to the bar, where Engine Room Worker and
 Gentleman sit in the middle quietly talking amongst
 themselves.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
 Something don't seem right. Ain't
 any of these fools concerned about
 that there first mate?

GENTLEMAN

Not like there's anything we can do. Just be thankful she doesn't take you next.

The men take a sip of their drinks.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

Have you ever tried leaving the ballroom? I couldn't seem to get out before.

GENTLEMAN

Yeah I went downstairs this morning. Wife and kids wanted breakfast.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

(confused)

You have a wife and kids?

GENTLEMAN

(nods)

Celebrating our tenth anniversary this year with our two boys.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

You pulling my leg?

GENTLEMAN

No.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

(makes air quotes with his fingers)

I ain't ever see your wife and kids with you. Where they at?

GENTLEMAN

They're back in the room sleeping. Too young to drink.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

Your wife or the kids?

GENTLEMAN

(laughs)

The kids, ass.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

(shrugs)

Just making sure.

Engine Room Worker gestures toward the bartender, requesting another drink, but the bartender pays him no attention.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER (CONT'D)

(mutters)

What does it take for a guy to get a refill around here?

Engine Room Worker finishes his drink.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER (CONT'D)

Anyway, back to my question, I don't think I've ever left the ship. I remember boarding, but that feels like an eternity ago. And yesterday, I tried to go through the doors over there...

Engine Room Worker points to the two doors on the wall opposite where guests came in.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER (CONT'D)

But they were locked. Then I see passengers I've never seen on this damned ship before easily walk through and when I try to walk through, it magically becomes locked again! What the hell's with that?

Gentleman sips his drink.

GENTLEMAN

Perhaps you should ease on the booze. Then your hallucinations may cease.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

I ain't halocina-hollowcin- whatever the damned word is! I ain't drunk and I ain't making this up! Something weird is happening on this boat.

GENTLEMAN

(beat)

Ship.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

What?

GENTLEMAN

Ship.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
That's what I said.

GENTLEMAN
No, you said boat. A boat and a ship aren't the same thing. We are on a ship.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
What does it matter? This ship is haunted and we need to warn everyone!

The bartender glances toward the two men, watching their conversation intently.

GENTLEMAN
You need to relax; you'll give yourself an ulcer.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
I'm not worried about something I don't know nothing about. And why you tryna change the subject so much.

GENTLEMAN
(faces Engine Room Worker)
(serious)
Because you're fighting for a pointless cause. There is no escape for us, so sit there and shut up. If you're lucky she hasn't heard you.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
What the hell are you talking about no escape?

The Bartender walks over carrying two glasses filled to the brim of a champagne-colored drink. The Gentleman sighs and nods, knowing what's to come. The Engine Room Worker looks confused as the Bartender places the two glasses in front of them.

BARTENDER
Evening gentleman, I saw you were in need of a fresh drink. These are on the house.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
(confused)
We didn't order these.

GENTLEMAN

Hence the phrase, on the house.
They're free.

The Engine Room Worker looks pleased and takes the drink.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

Well now, who can say no to a free
drink?

The Engine Room Worker drains his glass, sets it on the table and stops moving. He's frozen in place. The Bartender waves his hand in front of the Engine Room Worker's face with no reaction from the Engine Room Worker.

BARTENDER

That's the third time this month. I
thought he'd take the hint by now.

GENTLEMAN

Either he can't accept his fate, or
his spirit isn't broken yet. One of
the two will happen eventually. It
did for us.

The Gentleman raises the glass and toasts himself.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Here's to another wiping!

The Gentleman drinks the entire concoction and sets it on the table, freezing in place as well. The Bartender waves his hand in front of the Gentleman's face with no reaction. He takes both glasses, stowing them below the bar. He snaps his fingers simultaneously in front of both the Engine Room Worker's Face and Gentleman's face, awakening both.

BARTENDER

(addressing both men)
The usuals gentlemen?

GENTLEMAN

Please and thank you.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER

Sure.

GENTLEMAN

(addresses Engine Room
Worker)
Long day?

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
Everyday's a long day. Needed to
leave the engine room for a bit.

GENTLEMAN
Fresh air?

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
You could say that.

GENTLEMAN
Something else bothering you?

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
(chuckles)
You wouldn't believe me if I told
you!

GENTLEMAN
I'm always up for a harrowing tale!
Try me!

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
(takes a large swig of his
drink)
You believe in ghosts?

The Gentleman has a defeated look on his face, now realizing
what the Engine Room Worker is about to say.

GENTLEMAN
(purses his lips)
Can't say that I do.

ENGINE ROOM WORKER
Well, there's this woman, wearing
all white, kinda like a wedding
dress. She follows me around the
ship, just staring at me. I must be
seeing thangs!

GENTLEMAN
Sure sounds like it.

The Engine Room Worker and Gentleman continue talking about
the Lady in White, eventually repeating their previous
conversation, ending in their memories wiped.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - WINCHESTER HOUSE - MORNING

Guests continue across the dance floor, walking toward the two doors the Engine Room Worker was talking about.

Entering the door on the far right, guests find themselves in the conservatory differing greatly from the ballroom. They've entered the Winchester House.

Guests venture deeper into the Winchester House, encountering numerous rooms filled with exhibits, entering the Seance Room.

Guests look into the crystal ball as the smoke morphs into a demonic face demanding freedom. The table rises from the floor and a whirlwind consumes the room, pushing the tablecloth around.

Keeping their backs against the wall, guests inch their way to the other side of the room and quietly exit into the next room.

SARAH WINCHESTER

It's about time; I've been
expecting you for some time now.

Guests turn to see Sarah Winchester, rocking back and forth in her favorite rocking chair situated in the back corner. She beckons them forward.

SARAH WINCHESTER (CONT'D)

Welcome to my home. I hope she
hasn't given you trouble; she's
very protective of me.

The guests ask if she refers to the house.

SARAH WINCHESTER (CONT'D)

I am. It's quite lonely in this
room, so I refer to my house as if
she were a living being. Although
she may be. Seeing as how I'm
trapped in a demon's trophy case, I
suppose anything is possible. If
only I could walk those halls once
more.

(notices guests quizzical
expressions)

What? You haven't discovered he's
Sammuel Parris?

(MORE)

SARAH WINCHESTER (CONT'D)

Do read every placard in his exhibits. It's tedious but vital to your escape. Anyway, Samuel Parris was his first persona, during the Salem Witch Trials. While he sentenced many women to their deaths, he drove them to the brink of insanity, forcing them to confess to their crimes. He's a cruel, vile beast who loves to torture and punish the undeserving. My punishment is to remain in this room for the rest of eternity, or until he becomes bored of me. What a jackass.

Guests ask if she is referring to Nox.

SARAH WINCHESTER (CONT'D)

That I am. How are you enjoying his Supernatural Menagerie? And before you ask, yes, I know of his pitiful playhouse. Although if I was 500 years old I'd be desperate to find entertainment as well.

Sarah stands from her chair and paces around the room as guests ask her questions.

SARAH WINCHESTER (CONT'D)

Nox visits me from time to time. Whether it's to mock me or out of boredom, I do not know the reasons for his visits. Nox is able to come and go as he pleases, whereas for me, I am forever confined to this prison.

(pauses)

During my time among the living, Nox preyed upon me for 50 years, roaming these halls, trying to add me to his ever-expanding collection. One day, he stumbled upon me in the Seance Room, but I couldn't evade him. My joints aren't as healthy as they once were. He stalked me to this room, cornering me. As punishment, he has confined me to this room, unable to leave. But do not pity the dead, for my fate is sealed. Yours however, is not.

(MORE)

SARAH WINCHESTER (CONT'D)

So before he realizes the danger I pose, tell me how I can assist you in your journey?

Guests tell them they've been told to answer the question, who is Nox?

SARAH WINCHESTER (CONT'D)

(smirks)

He's still making life difficult for people I see. Well, if you were paying attention to my comments from earlier, you now know the answer. From the conversations we've had, he's only divulged that he's roamed the living world for 500 years. But that won't be the answer he's looking for. As much as you wish you wouldn't have too, I encourage you to venture forward. Within this meagerie of his, there must be a place he resides. Find his domain, and I'd start by looking for a black key. I discovered on once nearly a quarter of a century ago, but I thought nothing of it, and tossed it aside. Perhaps this is the key that will unlock the door to your freedom. Leave no stone unturned, and no door unexplored. This is a difficult task, but not impossible. I wish you luck.

Guests thank Sarah and exit the room, wander through a few more and find themselves in a small kitchen with two female servants, unaware of the guests' presence.

SERVANT 1

Can I confide in you?

SERVANT 2

Of course! You can tell me anything.

SERVANT 1

I think there's something wrong with this house.

SERVANT 2

You mean other than the random windows and doors and stairs leading to nowhere?

SERVANT 1

(nods)

I'm hearing strange voices coming from the walls. Maybe I just need to get some sleep.

Servant 2 looks around the room and steps closer to Servant 1.

SERVANT 2

You're not crazy, and those voices are real.

SERVANT 1

(surprised)

Really?

SERVANT 2

(nods)

We've heard voices here for years but they're docile. They're only after Mrs. Winchester.

SERVANT 1

You mean Ms. Winchester.

SERVANT 2

(shakes her head)

She prefers Mrs. Winchester. Even though she's a widow, she's vowed to never remarry or give up her late-husband's last name.

SERVANT 1

That's sweet. But why are they only after her?

SERVANT 2

According to Mrs. Winchester, they're the spirits of those killed by Winchester guns. She says they're responsible for the deaths of her husband and newborn child. That's why she moved out here, to get away from the spirits.

SERVANT 1

Did it work?

SERVANT 2

(sarcastic)

What do you think?

(MORE)

SERVANT 2 (CONT'D)

The reason she's always building is to confuse the spirits from finding her. No it didn't work!

SERVANT 1

So that's why there's random windows looking into other rooms and staircases that lead to the ceiling. How does she not get lost?

SERVANT 2

I'm not sure; she knows this place like the back of her hand. But I haven't seen her in a while. I know she usually stays in her room and occasionally goes into the Seance Room. Mrs. Winchester likes to keep to herself and interacts with the servants minimally. For the most part, I hear a lot of voices, but there's one spirit I've seen walk the halls.

SERVANT 1

Is it the man dressed in all black?

SERVANT 2

(nods)

I always hear him muttering about finding some lost key, which is odd because all of the doors in the Winchester House...

SERVANT 1

(finishes)

Don't have keys.

Servant 2 nods in agreement.

SERVANT 1 (CONT'D)

So what key is he looking for?

SERVANT 2

I'm not sure but we've been chatting for too long. We need to make sure the house is kept just as Mrs. Winchester likes. Come on.

Servant 1 and Servant 2 leave the kitchen. Guests follow closely, emerging into a room with two doors and a staircase with the window guests looked through before.

Servant 1 and Servant 2 disappear behind one door, as guests hastily walk up the staircase to the next level.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - EASTERN STATE PENITENTIARY -
AFTERNOON

Guests walk up the staircase and enter a cell at the Eastern State Penitentiary. They walk out of the cell and into the long expansive cellblock.

The Warden, flanked by two prison guards, approach guests.

WARDEN

Looky here boys! It seems we have a few wayward tour guests. Didn't your guide tell you to stay with your group?

LINCOLN

Um, sir. These are the guests allowed to roam freely.

WARDEN

(annoyed)

Tourists freely roaming my prison is the last thing I needed today. Nevertheless, welcome to the Eastern State Penitentiary. I am Warden Herbert Smith, and these are my lieutenants: Johnson and Lincoln. Before we let you loose, there are a few rules you must be aware of.

1. This is the only cellblock you are permitted in.

2. You may roam freely, but there are areas only myself and my men are permitted.

3. I do not believe in the theology of 'it's better to ask for forgiveness than permission.'

That's bullshit.

4. This is the most important rule: you will do what we say, when we say it. Do I make myself clear?

(guests nod)

Good. You break any of my rules,

(CONT'D)

(shouts)

I'll throw you in a cell! I don't care how much money you paid. Does everyone understand?

Guests nod in agreement.

WARDEN

Good. Johnson. Lincoln. Please give our guests a short tour of the area before you let them loose.

Johnson and Lincoln nod.

LIEUTENANTS JOHNSON AND LINCOLN

(together)

Yes sir!

The Warden walks into his office. Lincoln and Johnson face the guests.

LINCOLN

(cheery)

Welcome everyone to the Eastern State Penitentiary! If you have any questions please don't hesitate to interrupt us!

JOHNSON

(rolls his eyes)

This isn't your audition to become a tour guide, relax.

LINCOLN

(smiles)

Sorry everyone. I have an audition next week that I'm really nervous about, but by this time next week my life is going to change for the better. June 18, 1906, will be the day! Enough about me though, let's start with the best rooms in the cellblock: the torture rooms!

Guests follow Lincoln and Johnson as they walk down the cellblock, showing them a room with two chairs in the middle.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

This is our revered torture room for misbehaving inmates.

(MORE)

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Here, we strap inmates into a chair and bind their limbs so tightly that the circulation is cut off, and if they're bound long enough, they'll permanently lose the ability to use those limbs! How cool is that?

JOHNSON

You don't realize the different shades of purple a human turns, until you see it personally.

LINCOLN

(beat)

It's quite fascinating. And in this chair we tie inmates hands behind their backs, attach an iron palet to their tongue with a chain hooked up to their jaw, and it slowly tears their tongue in half! Cool right? Let's head across the way and show you another torture room.

Lincoln and Johnson led the guests to a cell across the hall. Lincoln opens the door and lets all the guests in before the guards enter themselves. Johnson stands guard at the door.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Welcome to the freezing room! Don't worry we won't stay in here long, but since we get really cold winters in Pennslyvania, we like to shackle prisoners, naked of course, throw them over the wall, and let them hang over night! If they freeze, we bury them and if they don't, we throw them back into their cell!

JOHNSON

We've been told these practices are barbaric, but these are criminals that deserve to be punished. So if you break any of our warden's rules, this could be you. So, until I get a nod from each and every one of you, we're not leaving this room. Does everyone understand?

Guests nod.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Good.

Johnson opens the door and guests shuffle back inside.
Lincoln and Johnson are unfazed by the cold.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Now that we understand each other,
you're free to roam. If there are
any questions you have for us, ask
Lincoln. Don't you dare bother me.

Guests quickly disperse across the cellblock, as Lincoln and Johnson begin patrolling the cellblock. Guests peer into the different cells, coming across a cell with a man sitting on his bed.

AL CAPONE

What the hell is yous looking at?

Al Capone pauses and rises from his bed.

AL CAPONE (CONT'D)

I asked yous a question. What the
hell is yous looking at?

Johnson walks over and bangs his baton on the cell door.

JOHNSON

Capone! What did we tell you about
being rude to our guests?

AL CAPONE

(smiles slyly)

You really think I'm going to
listen to you? Do you know who I
am?

JOHNSON

(chuckles)

Oh yeah, I know who you are. Al
Capone, the infamous Chicago
mobster that was too stupid to pay
his taxes. Funny, you can get away
with murder, but not tax evasion.
Pathetic if you really think about
it.

AL CAPONE

(stern)

Watch your tone Lieutenant Johnson.
I know people in high places. One
word from me and you're finished.

JOHNSON

(smiles)

I'm sure you can.

(MORE)

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You've got a cell fancier than my house, but I'm a vengeful man that craves chaos. So perhaps, I'll leave your cell unlocked when the lights turn out. I'm sure he'll love to pay you a visit!

Capone's smile disappears.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Think about that when you go to sleep at night and ensure you don't insult or piss me off again. Understand?

Capone nods begrudgingly and Johnson walks away, continuing his patrol.

AL CAPONE

That guy is a menace. Watch out for him. I may be the one behind bars, but he's the dangerous one. Threatening me with that twisted maniac. You people know who he's talking about?

Guests shake their heads.

AL CAPONE (CONT'D)

No one knows what he is or where he comes from but a phantom donning all black lurks the cellblock. Last week, Hymie Weiss, one of the scariest guys I ever met, wouldn't stop screaming in his cell. Yelling that a black blob wouldn't stop staring at him from the end of his bed. Docs say he died of insanity soon after. Watch your backs, cause no one else will.

Capone slams on the door.

AL CAPONE (CONT'D)

(on edge)

He's coming for me. I hear boots pacing up and down the hall, banging on doors and breathing heavy. I look at the foot of my bed and I see him staring at me from the corner; not saying a word. Please don't let him get me.

Alarms sound. Warden blows his whistle. The Warden, Johnson and Lincoln rush over to guests.

AL CAPONE (CONT'D)
 (frightened)
 Help me! Please! Help me!

WARDEN
 (shouts)
 Lockdown maggots! Get in an empty cell now!

LINCOLN
 (shouts)
 You heard him! Find an empty cell!

JOHNSON
 (shouts)
 Move it!

Guests are pushed into cells and the cells locked behind them.

WARDEN
 Lights out!

The lights in the cells extinguish and everyone is quiet. The guests can't see an inch in front of their faces.

A phantom enters the cellblock, making his presence known by breathing loudly and stomping his boots. He pounds on every door until he reaches Al Capone's. The phantom forces the door open.

AL CAPONE
 (raises voice)
 The hell you looking at ugly?

Silence.

AL CAPONE (CONT'D)
 (voice shaky realizing who is standing in his cell)
 You're the phantom aren't you?

Silence.

AL CAPONE (CONT'D)
 (yells)
 Whatever you're gonna do, do it! I ain't scared of nothin!

Silence.

AL CAPONE (CONT'D)

(yells)

Don't come any closer! Back off you
freak! No! No! Stop! No!

Al Capone goes silent and after a few moments, the lights come back on. The Warden, Johnson and Lincoln open the cell doors and allow guests to exit and rush over to Capone's cell to find it empty and with the numbers 666 etched into the floor.

LINCOLN

Warden, I found another key.

Lincoln presents a black key to the Warden. Warden takes it and shakes his head.

WARDEN

That's the second one in the past week. We're the only ones with the keys to open the cell doors.

JOHNSON

And yet this thing is still able to open the door. What are you going to do with the key?

WARDEN

I'll put it in my safe with the rest. And that damned thing wrote the combination on the floor again. Help me cover it.

Johnson and Lincoln assist the Warden with dragging a rug to cover up the 666. While they're in Capone's cell, guests go to the Warden's office, find the safe, insert the code and each grab a key.

Rushing down the cellblock, guests enter a zig-zagging staircase from the Winchester House.

Guests descend past the Winchester House and Queen Mary Ballroom and arrive on the Grand Staircase.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

Guests walk to the black door, insert the key, and step inside. They explore the many exhibits displayed as trophies, and gaze upon the stained glass depicting many supernatural figures from throughout history.

NOX

You've found my domain; consider me, impressed.

Guests turn to see Nox standing in the doorway. He walks forward and circles them.

NOX

Embarking on a journey that took you on a trip aboard the Queen Mary, where you learned and witnessed the lovely Lady in White. You heard tale of an apparition lurking the halls of the Winchester House, and felt your courage flee as the phantom of the Eastern State Penitentiary knocked on your cell door.

Nox stops and stands before the stained glass.

NOX

Many have come before, but few have come as far, and fewer have escaped. Your strength of will is considerable, but now, it's time for your test of mind. So tell me, who am I?

Guests tell Nox he was the spirits in the Queen Mary, Winchester House and Eastern State Penitentiary and his original persona was Reverend Samuel Parris. He was also all the myths and supernatural figures from throughout history. Nox claps slowly with delight.

NOX

(proud)

Very well done; you are correct. Consider me, impressed. I have adopted many personas throughout history, and I will continue to do so til the end of time. If you're lucky, perhaps you will encounter one in the future. One can only hope.

(MORE)

NOX (CONT'D)

Fortunately for you, I now permit your exit, but heed this warning: Never forget my name, because if you do, you'll be the next to join me in my Supernatural Menagerie.

The door swings open. Nox remains where he stands, with a smile etched into his face. Guests exit the room, walk down the stairs, exit through the misty doors and re-enter their world, relieved of their survival, but yearning to return.

THE END