

Tales of Horror presents: The Game Room forth ed.

By

Godzilla loves virgins + Debra Desch

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FADE IN:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Welcome to Tales of Horror, I'm your host, the Invisible Man. Many years watching all the atrocities humans do to each other has led me to chronicle everything.

(beat)

Our story centers on Rick, who claims to love the thrill of hunt. Sadly, his obsession with the sexual highs of conquest have led him to terrible extremes. This is his latest thrill.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

A door opens as RICK GOODWIN (20s), white, fit as an ox, really good looking with blonde hair, blue eyes, in army fatigues, steps through the door.

On one shoulder, he carries a sack, while singing "Love, Reign O'er Me" by the Who. His British accent matches Daltrey's spot on. He closes the door.

The warehouse's walls are barely lit as the door opens. Once the door closes, you can barely see two feet around you.

He walks past an old freight elevator to the other end of the huge warehouse. He swings the sack from his shoulder and gently rests it on the floor, releasing a beautiful woman (20s), thin, dark hair, brown eyes, pale skin, in a tank top and short shorts.

He bends down, reaches into his pocket and pulls out a package of smelling salts. He breaks it near her nose, causing her to regain consciousness almost instantly. She gasps for air. Here lies Amber.

RICK

Hello hottie. What's your name?
Hottie's so informal.

AMBER

(speaks in Gaelic accent)
AMBER. Why am -

RICK

(cuts her off)
Why are you here? I know, it's always their first question. I'm shocked it's never who are you?

Amber stares at him.

RICK

We're gonna play a game. There an old elevator that leads to upstairs. IF you can get upstairs before I kill you, you're free to go.

AMBER

(begs)

Oh, please -

RICK

(slaps Amber in the face)

Stop, begging isn't allowed. It won't get you anywhere. The rules are simple. You get upstairs, you win. You live. I find you, I kill you, I win. Got it?

AMBER

How is that fair? You'll kill me right away.

RICK

Nah, I'm gonna give you a sixty second start. In the dark. I'd say good luck, but, we both know I don't mean it.

Rick looks at his watch.

RICK

Time starts NOW. Run, run, run.

Amber takes off running. He watches her. He laughs the entire time, until she fades from view.

RICK

Fifty.

Amber only sees a few feet in front of her. She walks with groping hands.

Her shin catches the side of a small table. She lets out a scream, she quickly covers her mouth.

Rick quietly moves to the right.

RICK

Forty.

Amber regains her composure. She feels the table for anything she can use as a weapon. It's bare.

She takes off headed straight.

RICK
(in front of her)
Thirty.

AMBER
That's not fair. You're moving
around.

RICK
Sorry dove, you got turned around.
Good on you for using my voice as a
beacon. Twenty.

Amber turns back around and runs into the table again. Through tears, she muffles a scream.

RICK
Hit the table again? That's too
bad. I'm gonna enjoy fucking you
up in every way, Amber. Ten.

Amber runs past the table. She trips over a metal bucket. She falls to the floor and scrapes her knees. She screams and swears again.

RICK
Time's up sweetie. Here comes
Ricky.

Rick reaches into the bag, grabs, puts on NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. He purposely walks heavily as he approaches her.

Amber hears his footsteps at first, until they fade out.

She crouches down to avoid any other obstacles.

She spots something on the floor. Slowly, she crawls up to it. Another bucket.

AMBER (V.O.)
You fucker. That's there to
pinpoint my location.

She picks up the bucket without making noise. She stops, ponders her next move.

AMBER (V.O.)
Two can play the location game.

She closes her eyes, musters up all her strength and throws it behind her. It flies through the air and hits the floor.

RICK
Nice try sweetheart. My turn.

Rick swings his knife that grazes her arm. She screams.

Amber grabs her arm, looks at the flesh wound. She shakes it off, runs away, her foot hits the bucket.

It slides across the floor until it hits something, a hollow metal sound.

The elevator.

SALVATION.

Amber carefully collects her wits. She heads towards the sound.

She measures each step, not to give away her position.

A floorboard creaks close to her. She stops. Another floorboard creaks further away.

She moves closer to the elevator.

After each step, she listens for movement.

Silence. No movement. The elevator must be close.

Another step.

The elevator comes into view.

Silence.

She makes her way to it. Quietly, she pushes the door open.

INT. ELEVATOR LIFT - SECONDS LATER

She slides in and closes the doors. Blackness envelopes her.

She feels for the control pod on both sides of the door. Nothing.

Her hands search all four walls. Still nothing.

She touches the doors again.

She panics.

So close to freedom.

She steps backwards.

She feels a blade enter her back.

She spins around. The blade enters her stomach.

She drops to one knee holding her stomach.

RICK

Lets go upstairs.

Rick pushes a cord that hangs from the ceiling.

The elevator rises to the next floor.

He looks down, an evil smile crosses his lips.

RICK

Oh, we're gonna have such fun.

The lift comes to a stop. Rick opens up the doors.

RICK

Oh, and I lied, the door is downstairs. This is where I savor my victory from the hunt.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS - SECONDS LATER

Rick grabs Amber by the hair and pulls her out of the elevator. Blood pours from her wounds.

A stench forces Amber to gag. Bodies of dead women cover the floor.

AMBER

(gags and coughs up blood)
What's that stench?

RICK

That's the sweet smell of pure fun.
Welcome to the GAME ROOM.

Rick spins Amber around so she's on her back. He uses his blade to cut off her blood-soaked tank top, exposing her naked chest. He lowers his goggles to his neck.

He bends down and licks her bloody chest.

RICK
 I hope I didn't cut you too deep.
 (looks her over)
 Damn, might have to do first aid.

Amber's eyes slowly close. The look of death covers her.

Rick recognizes this look. Panic covers his face.

RICK
 No! You will NOT die before I've
 had my fun!

Out of frustration, he stabs her in the chest over and over. He sticks his hand over her mouth and forces her neck backwards and slices her throat multiple times. Her hands fall limp to their sides.

Rick slides down to her legs and looks at her short shorts. He stands. Drenched in her blood, he lets out a blood-curdling scream.

The thrill of the kill taken from him.

RICK
 (screams at her)
 You took the thrill from me. You
 denied me fucking you as you died.

Rick drops the knife, stares at the other corpses. He kicks them over and over.

He stops. He covers his face with his hands.

Behind him, Amber's eyes jolt open. She sits up.

Something about her seems different.

AMBER
 Well, that was extremely
 anti-climatic.

Rick turns around. He can't believe his eyes.

RICK
 You were dead.

AMBER
 It's my turn to have some fun,
 lover boy.

She kicks him in the face, forces him back towards the elevator. Amber rises to her feet.

Amber stands over him.

AMBER
I should explain.

With her wounds healed, Rick's eyes are filled with confusion.

AMBER
My real name is PERCHTA, GODDESS OF THE HUNT. My human name, Amber, means fierce. Like me.

RICK
I don't care who you are.

Rick picks up the blade and lunges at her. She blocks his clumsy attack, controls his wrist with her hand, and forces him to drop the blade.

As she turns his wrist further, he growls as he drops to one knee. Rick screams. His wrist breaks.

PERCHTA
Real hunters don't need weapons,
nor do they need to cheat.

Rick remains on one knee. She removes the goggles, looks at them with disgust. Tosses them away.

PERCHTA
You like to strip them? Your
"prizes."

Perchta releases Rick's hand. He pulls it back and cradles his broken wrist. Perchta's brings him closer. She smells his fear.

PERCHTA
Mmmm, the sweet smell of fear.

Her other hand slices through his clothes. His clothes fall away from his body. He tries to cover himself.

PERCHTA
You still horny? Do I still turn
you on?

Rick tries to speak, but, no words escape his mouth. Perchta laughs at him, then flings him to the floor.

PERCHTA

I was a fool to think that a primitive like you could thrill me. I wanted to feel your fire, your power, your insight to the true meaning of the hunt.

She grabs his other hand.

RICK

Please don't -

She slaps him so hard, he spits out two teeth, blood seeps from his mouth.

PERCHTA

Gander, meet goose. No begging, right? Instead, all I got was a liar, cheater, and a necrophiliac.

RICK

I have money.

PERCHTA

I'm a fucking god. What do I need money for? Ricky, Ricky, Ricky, we are going to have such fun. I came here to see a self-proclaimed master. Instead, I got a weak man who only thinks he's in control. A man who only hunts people who have no chance.

RICK

I'm sorry?

She laughs heartily.

PERCHTA

You haven't figured out the best part, have you?

Rick stares at her. She pulls his other arm towards her mouth. She gouges his wrist with her grip, forces his hand to open wide as she seductively sucks his thumb.

Gentle, slow, she moves up and down on his thumb.

Then, she bites it off. He emits a blood-curdling scream. He tries to draw his hand back to his chest to protect it, but, her strength overpowers him. She spits out his thumb.

PERCHTA

Look at your hand, Ricky.

Rick looks at the hand. No blood. HE'S NOT BLEEDING.
Rick's eyebrows come together in confusion.

PERCHTA

Benefits of being a god.

(She looks around the room.)

You know, it's too dark in here.

Perchta's eyes glow red, intensely bright lights flood the room, Rick squints.

Once lit, she sees has every torture device made. From the usual to the outright strange.

Perchta slugs him in the stomach, grabs his leg and drags him through the game room. Stops at the thumbtacks, which cover part of the floor.

PERCHTA

Thumbtacks. How quaint.

She slams his leg against the floor. Puts her foot on his throat.

PERCHTA

Do you know where to use these to inflict the greatest pain? Similar things existed in Austrasia, umm, what you now call Germany.

She picks up a thumbtack and shoves it into his armpit. Rick cries out.

RICK

Just get it over with and kill me.

PERCHTA

Kill you? You're screams delight me. You insulted me with the way you hunt. You, my dear Rick, are gonna entertain me.

RICK

Fuck you. I'll kill myself first.

He tries to bite his own tongue off, but, can't.

PERCHTA

Still don't get it do you? I own every part of you. Only I can let

(MORE)

PERCHTA (CONT'D)
 you feel the sweet release of
 death.

She spots bloody pliers on the floor. She grabs them and shoves it into his mouth, closes it on his tongue, and gives him a forked tongue.

He writhes in agony on the floor turning back and forth. His hands cover his mouth.

PERCHTA
 Forked Tongue. Poetry in motion.
 Or is it fact imitating fiction?
 Oh, you humans have far too many
 expressions to keep track of.

Perchta steps on Rick's foot, shatters the bones. The sound of bones crushing delights her. Sadly, Rick passes out.

PERCHTA
 (frowning)
 Well, we can't have that.

Her eyes glow white, Rick's body responds like he's getting shocked from a defibrillator, forcing him to wake.

PERCHTA
 The real use of the hunt was to
 give a Being a chance at freedom or
 redemption if they won. But, if
 the hunter won, then you OWN them,
 all of them, the soul, everything.

He tries to crawl away. She stalks him in cat-like fashion.

PERCHTA
 I own the air you breathe. The
 length of your fingers. How much
 blood you have in your body. I own
 it all. Eventually, I'll tire of
 you, but, until then, you're mine.

She grabs his other foot, drags him towards her. She kneels and licks his mouth. His blood rests on her tongue.

PERCHTA
 Like the drugs, huh? Like to feel
 unnatural highs or lows? I
 guarantee you, I will take you
 places you couldn't have fathomed.
 I claim you for ONE THOUSAND YEARS.
 (beat)

(MORE)

PERCHTA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take you home where all
my realm can practice, play, cook
and serve you, over and over.

A cheese grater catches her eye.

PERCHTA

Oh, look a cheese grater. I bet
you had a ball with this. The
problem is they tend to bleed out.
That won't be a problem for you.

(beat)

You still "horny?" Still got a
hard on? I'm gonna show you how to
use this, to stop those.

Rick's blood curdling screams fade away as we fade to black.

NARRATOR (V.0.)

Don't you hate when fantasy gets
interrupted by reality? Rick sure
does.

(beat)

Tune in next time for another Tale
of Horror where we show you death
isn't the worst thing that can
happen to you.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.