

The Kline Manor Pledge©

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. KLINE MANOR - NIGHT

Surrounded by a thick blanket of dead foliage, a charred shell of the dilapidated KLINE MANOR sits under a blanket of stormy cloud cover.

Like a whip, lightning CRACKS behind the eerie structure -- It strobos off the wet cobblestone walkway that leads directly to it.

GATED ENTRANCE

A broken beam of light illuminates a worn CREST that emblazons the rusty steel slats of the gate. A thick fog dampers the brightness.

With sporty good looks and a wealth of discontent, DYLAN YAEGLE, 19, emerges at the summit of KLINE MANOR. He carelessly tosses a duffle bag to the ground and cases the area with the flashlight.

He looks back the way he had come.

DYLAN

Hey, you two comin' or what?

Dylan shines the light directly on the odd paring of --

Studious, LINDSAY HYETT, 18, pushing a filthy HOB0, HAL, 50's, through the mud in a wheelchair.

LINDSAY

We're coming, we're coming. It's not exactly easy to push this thing you know.

DYLAN

You ever see the Texas Chainsaw Massacre? Franklin was all over the place in that wheelchair.

LINDSAY

He also died. Horribly.

DYLAN

Not until the end... Now where were we --

Dylan pulls a small sheet of paper from his back pocket. Riddled with left justified bullet points, it reads like a laundry list of things to do.

LINDSAY
This is so stupid.

DYLAN
(scratching off list)
Virgin...Check. Drunk, wheelchair
ridden, hobo...Check.

LINDSAY
Let's just go back.

DYLAN
Why, you forget something?

He looks up from the list -- Points to the CREST on the
GATE -- Looks deep into Lindsay's eyes.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(extends hand)
Screw me.

Lindsay, unimpressed by his wit, reaches down into the duffle
bag and produces a long screwdriver. She firmly plants it
into his hand.

LINDSAY
How long are you going to entertain
those guys? Seriously, this whole
production is sad.

DYLAN
Better than last time.

Dylan gets down to business -- One by one he CRANKS the screws
of the CREST loose from its housing.

LINDSAY
Last time they had you draining
toilets with cocktail straws. You
really can't scrape the bottom of
the barrel any deeper than that.

He stops mid turn -- His lost gaze tells all.

DYLAN
I would've won that game too. Damn
thing kept filling back up on me.

LINDSAY
Because they kept flushing it, genius.

Back to his senses, Dylan POPS the CREST away from its
enclosure -- His accomplishment diminished by the demands of
Hal, the wheelchair ridden HOB0...

HAL

When can I expect my booze for all this?

Dylan drops the CREST into the open duffle bag and pulls out a CROWBAR. With the tapered end, he sizes up the gate lock.

DYLAN

As soon as we're finished here.

THHHWHACK!

Easily buckling under the BLOW, the lock has been compromised. With a push, the aged security of the gate has been breached -- Eerily, it SQUEAKS open.

Dylan slides the effective tool through his belt loop -- Gives his list a once over -- Scratches off another entry.

LINDSAY

Dylan, this is nuts. No way I'm going up there. I mean, we could go to jail for this.

DYLAN

We'll be done in like ten, maybe fifteen minutes. It's in and out.

LINDSAY

Do you even know what you're doing?

DYLAN

(holds up list)

It's all right here. Now grab the bag and push him through.

Dylan ushers his hesitant companions through the gate.

LINDSAY

Dylan, it's Hallo --

DYLAN

Lindsay, don't you dare. You know better. Says it right here on the list.

LINDSAY

Like anyone's listening.

DYLAN

I'm not taking that chance.

(reads from list)

Use of today's holiday in spoken dialect will automatically result in your immediate disqualification for placement with our fraternity.

HAL
 What if you said Trick or Treat day?
 I bet you could get away with that.

DYLAN
 Sounds good, let's go.

Lindsay rolls her eyes -- She SNATCHES the duffle bag up and pushes Hal through the entrance.

A lone WOLF HOWLS in the distance.

LINDSAY
 Oh, my god, what was that?

DYLAN
 An Elephant. They're thick out here.

LINDSAY
 Funny. Sounded like a Wolf to me.

DYLAN
 Then why'd you ask? C'mon, stop stalling.

Dylan leads the pack up the walkway by flashlight. Tarnished by fire damage, the foreboding double doors stare them down as they approach.

HAL
 I think I've stayed here before.

A roadblock of stone steps impedes their progress.

LINDSAY
 Now what?

DYLAN
 To think you were Valedictorian.
 Step aside, small fry.
 (to hal)
 Hang on.

Dylan PIVOTS Hal around in his chair -- A bumpy ride, the two ascend the porch landing backwards. Victorious, they reach the top.

LINDSAY
 You make it look so easy. If only you would have helped push him here.

She joins them on the landing with bag in hand.

Tacked across the entrance, a wooden sign reads: "SURVIVORS WILL BE EXECUTED", in red paint.

DYLAN

Pay no attention to this. Probably the frat guys playing a little joke or something.

Lindsay and Hal exchange concerned looks. Dylan PRIES the sign loose with the CROWBAR -- A swift boot, sends it off the porch.

INT. KLINE MANOR (FOYER)

The large oak doors SPLINTER open.

Lead by Dylan, the trio enters the MANOR. Partial remnants of household items lay dormant in ashy debris. Burnt NEWSPAPERS litter the spacious floor plan unfolded.

LINDSAY

Ain't the Hilton.

HAL

Better than what I got.

DYLAN

See all these papers? All these burnt papers everywhere. You --
(to hal)

Sorry, I didn't catch your name in all this.

HAL

Hal...

(extends handshake)

Hal Ween.

Lindsay's mouth escapes into a taunting smirk.

LINDSAY

There goes that challenge.

DYLAN

That doesn't count. It's not even the same.

(to hal)

You, Hal, whatever, I need you to roll around down here and lay these out.

Dylan reaches into the duffle bag draped over Lindsay's shoulder -- He pulls out a stack of DAILY PRINT NEWSPAPERS.

He drops them into Hal's lap.

LINDSAY
Sounds complex. What's my job?

Dylan glances down at the list -- He marks off another entry.

DYLAN
You, you come with me.

He grabs Lindsay by the arm and WHISK her up the rickety staircase that centers the room.

HAL
Yuppies...

Hal, left to the task at hand, begins to unfold the PAPERS and place them about the floor.

INT. KLINE MANOR (SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY)

Dylan and Lindsay walk the narrow hallway. Pictures and portraits line both sides -- Weather, age, and smoke has damaged them beyond restoration.

DYLAN
I thought you'd be more scared than this.

LINDSAY
Like your mousy little valley girls? Hardly. It takes more than spooky houses and dim lighting to rattle my cage. I know none of it's real.

DYLAN
So, I guess you know the whole story then?

Careful in their steps, they make their way across the weak floor.

LINDSAY
About Kline Manor? Who doesn't? Every town has a Kline Manor story. It's boring.

DYLAN
They say, if you believe the stories that is, you listen close enough you can hear Orvil draggin' that pick ax down these halls at night. Looking for his next victim.

LINDSAY

I say the story ended with the fire.
People, like your would-be frat
buddies, just use it to their
advantage on nights like tonight.

Dylan brings them to a white door.

DYLAN

Brave girl. This is where you are.
Aubrey Kline's diary, I need it.
Find it.

Lindsay stammers in place. She bites her lip.

LINDSAY

Without a light?

DYLAN

So you are scared. Don't worry, I
don't think there's any Elephant
running around in here.

LINDSAY

Dylan, these floors are shot. I
could fall through.

DYLAN

One flash light. That's the rules.

Frustrated, she watches Dylan make his way down the hall. She
BARGES into AUBREY'S ROOM a swarm of emotion.

LINDSAY

Jerk...

INT. KLINE MANOR (FOYER)

Wall to wall, the downstairs is covered in fresh NEWS PAPER.
With Hal's stack nearly depleted, he drops them to the floor.

A LIGHT cast its presence over him. He CLENCHES the wheels of
his chair tightly and turns to confront the source -- It comes
from the KITCHEN.

HAL

What the... That you, kid?

Slowly, he rolls his way across the pristine PAPERS into...

THE KITCHEN

Underneath the source of light, a brand new bottle of WINE is showcased atop a burnt counter. A newspaper CLIPPING wrapped around it's base.

HAL (CONT'D)
Does this mean we're done?

Hal SNATCHES up the bottle -- He TEARS the CLIPPING away from the base and carelessly tosses it to the floor.

The headline reads: "NIGHTMARE AT KLINE MANOR; man kills sixteen rail workers after alleged rape of daughter."

INT. AUBREY'S ROOM (SECOND FLOOR)

Largely free from fire damage, Lindsay rummages a room fit for a little princess. Elegant gowns, stuffed animals, and dolls dress it out. A large oval shaped MIRROR rest in the corner.

Interest peaked, Lindsay saunters over to it -- She looks around -- No one is watching. She removes her glasses and begins to pose, blow kisses, and shoot proactive looks into it.

She grabs a SCARF slung over the MIRROR and drapes it around her neck. Having fun with it, Lindsay cracks a smile.

The sound of a finger TAPPING on glass stops the show.

LINDSAY
Dylan?

TAP...TAP...TAP...

She leans into the mirror, ear cocked for sound -- Her eyes widen. It comes from inside.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM (SECOND FLOOR)

A beam of light shines inside a filthy toilet bowl. Rusted, corroded, and caked in years of sediment, the water left inside GURGLES.

Dylan looks his list over, his face grows long. He rolls his sleeve up and slowly draws near the opening -- His face contorts in disgust.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
How dare you touch my daughter!

Startled, Dylan drops his light into the toilet -- It shorts out. The room goes dark.

DYLAN
Thanks a lot guys!

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I'll kill you all.

DYLAN
Guys? Guys is that you?

He steps towards the bathroom door -- With caution, he peers out into the hall. Not a soul in sight.

The sound of heavy STEEL dragging against WORN WOOD looms closer and closer. CHAINS RATTLE.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Funny, Lindsay... Hal.

The MIRROR mounted on the bathroom wall SHAKES uncontrollably -- Dylan steps back into the bathroom, he examines with suspicion.

Soaked in blood, Lindsay appears inside -- Her face riddled with agony.

In an outward BLAST, the MIRROR SHATTERS into a million pieces -- Lindsay SPEWS out in DICED CUBES along with shards of GLASS.

Showered, Dylan hits the deck a bloody mess -- In a rapid low crawl, he RACES out into...

THE HALLWAY

He regains footing -- To his left, a set of stairs lead up to the third floor. The familiar sound of STEEL dragging against WOOD slowly crawls down, the RATTLING CHAINS accompany.

THUMP...THUMP...THUMP... Down the stairs IT comes.

Dylan waste no time in sticking around -- In a mad DASH, he clears a path down the hall. His breathing, an uncontrolled GASP.

Around the corner, he is confronted with the stairwell leading down to the FIRST FLOOR FOYER. Dylan STUMBLES to the bottom. He stops cold -- Mouth agape.

Lightning FLICKERS through the sloppily tacked up planks that cover the windows -- In this moment the entire foyer is illuminated.

The newly laid PAPERS are covered in large POOLS of BLOOD.

A shadowy figure TEETERS in a wheelchair atop the stairs. He could very well TUMBLE at any moment. Dylan detects the presence -- He turns.

DYLAN
 (wiping face)
 Hal? Hal, how'd you get up there?

Down the stairs he goes. Up right for most of the trip, the figure eventually SPILLS out of his chair and lifelessly spirals out of control to the bottom. He lands face down.

Fear stricken, Dylan rolls him over -- It is Hal. A WINE BOTTLE has been shoved down his throat.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Alright, I don't wanna pledge no more. I'm done. You hear me?

Dylan SCRAMBLES to his feet and makes a bold move for the door. Nailed across, he is confronted by the very sign he tore off -- It reads; "SURVIVORS WILL BE EXECUTED".

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
 One...By...One by one.

A peculiar HUM, almost that of a helicopter blade, fills the air.

Dylan's body convulses, he's been struck from behind -- The SPIKE of a rusty PICK AX protrudes from his chest. He collapses atop the NEWSPAPERS.

The headline reads: "BOTCHED FRATERNITY HOAX CLAIMS THREE IN FATAL FIRE AT KLINE MANOR. OCT. 31st. 2010"

Dylan bleeds out over a captioned picture on the paper -- It is of KLINE MANOR, set ABLAZE.

EXT. KLINE MANOR

Rain showers over a fully restored KLINE MANOR. An oil lamp illuminates the third story window through the dewy haze.

The dragging of STEEL against WOOD -- CHAINS RATTLE...

FADE OUT.

THE END