

THE CATACOMB

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FADE IN:

EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - DAY

SUPER: SICILY REGION, ITALY, TEN YEARS AGO.

A lizard moves through the sand, restless, sniffing around. It stops next to a dead cockroach and quickly swallows it..

A sharp steel hand-pick flashes into frame and falls. A faint SQUEAK is heard.

Seated on a rock in an excavation site located in a rocky valley, a bald, bearded man with an eye patch looks at the reptile impaled on his hand-pick while smoking a cigar. It's FRANCESCO, 45.

**Italian.*

FRANCESCO

*Good news! We'll have carpaccio
for dinner!*

Francesco removes the dead lizard from the hand-pick and drops it to the ground.

A few yards away, a strong, tall man, ANGELO, 35, works in the trench with a hand-pick and a shovel. Francesco walks towards him.

FRANCESCO

*This is nonsense, Angelo. We're
wasting our time.*

Angelo doesn't answer. Francesco clicks his tongue.

FRANCESCO

*Did you really believe we'd find
archaeological remains in this
damn desert?*

Angelo keeps working in silence.

FRANCESCO

*C'mon, the rumors were false, you
have to accept it! It'd be easier
to find a fucking oilfield here!*

Francesco hears no response. Then he tosses his cigar to the ground, tramples on it and leaves. Angelo wipes the sweat from his face with a cloth and keeps working hard.

EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - NIGHT

Seated at the top of the site, Angelo drinks from a metal water bottle. After standing up, he accidentally kicks it and the bottle rolls down into the trench..

A CLANK is heard.

Intrigued, Angelo peers down into the site. Then he goes back down into it..

After picking up the metal bottle, he looks around with curiosity. Then something catches his attention..

A strange stone tablet partly buried in the sand. There's a painting on its visible part.

Without wasting a second, Angelo kneels down next to the tablet and uses a brush to remove the earth from it.

There's a complete old painting on the twenty square feet stone tablet. It depicts the primitive Christian figure of the Good Shepherd.

Angelo smiles incredulously..

Suddenly, the ground shakes under his feet and the tablet breaks in half. Angelo is swallowed up by the earth.

INT. GROTTA - NIGHT

Angelo is lying on the ground, unconscious, a trickle of blood running down his forehead. A few moments later, he slowly opens his eyes and stands up, staggering.

Still dizzy, he unclips a flashlight from his belt, turns it on and starts walking through a dark, narrow grotto.

A few yards ahead, something on a wall catches his eye..

It's an old painting depicting the biblical story "Daniel in the lions' den". Strangely, Daniel is smiling while the beasts threaten to devour him.

A small part of the painting chips away and a trickle of thick gold-colored liquid starts oozing through a crack.

Angelo, intrigued, takes a sample of the liquid with his finger and smells it. He wrinkles up his face in disgust.

A faint METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE coming from the end of the grotto is heard. Angelo turns towards the noise..

There's nobody.

Angelo has the spine-chilling sensation of being watched by the old painting and gazes frozen stiff at Daniel..

The metallic screeching noise is heard again, louder and longer than before.

Angelo turns again and takes some steps towards there..

ANGELO
Francesco? Is that you?

Nobody answers.

ANGELO
Francesco?

No response. Angelo takes another step forward.

ANGELO
Hello?

An upside down HANGING BODY drops down just in front of him..

It's Francesco, totally disemboweled.

Soaked in blood, Angelo jumps back while suppressing his shout. His foot steps on a loose stone tile, which sinks on one side..

A couple of big stone blocks shift away from the walls, trapping him by his feet. Angelo looks down in shock.

ANGELO
What...?!

The screeching noise is heard again. Angelo turns again towards the end of the tunnel..

A DARK SHADOW is coming through the grotto while scraping something along the wall; sparks fly around.

Angelo nervously crouches down and tries to break free from the trap, but the stones don't move an inch.

Filled with panic, Angelo pushes the stone blocks with all his might but there's no way to move them.

The shadow keeps approaching..

Angelo starts to unlace his boots. After a few moments, he manages to free his feet and jumps out of the trap. Then he turns again towards the dark end of the gallery..

No shadows, no metallic screeching noises.

Angelo lets out a brief sigh and turns around to head back towards the beginning of the grotto..

A thick, long steel L-shaped hook strapped to a muscular bare arm is stuck in his face.

Blood spatters the smiling figure of Daniel.

FADE TO:

EXT. SECONDARY ROAD - DAY

SUPER: SICILY REGION, ITALY. PRESENT DAY

It's a sunny day. A minibus travels along a sandy road through a mountainous landscape.

INT. MINIBUS - BACK SEATS - MOVING - DAY

A woman's mouth with red lipstick kisses a flaming skull tattoo.

The mouth belongs to TINA, 18, an attractive and heavily made-up blonde girl with shifty eyes.

The tattoo is drawn on the neck of CHUCK, 18, a strong-looking man with a short haircut and flat nose wearing a football jersey. He suffers from a nervous tic in the upper lip.

Tina and Chuck, his gaze lost in the rocky landscape, occupy the back seats of the bus.

CHUCK

Enjoy the lovely Sicily.. This
shit is like the Mojave Desert.

TINA

How long before we get there? I'm
bored and my ass is sore as hell.

CHUCK

Yeah, me too.. We need some fun.

Chuck shifts his gaze to DEREK, 18, a thin, african-american classmate wearing a short sleeve shirt and glasses sitting in front of him.

CHUCK

Derek?

Derek turns his head to look at him.

CHUCK

Hey, little nerd, how much money
would you pay to have sex with a
Christian skeleton? Tell me, five
hundred dollars? A thousand?

Derek glances at him with indifference and turns around.

CHUCK

C'mon! Don't get angry, guy! I
support you! Many sexologists
recommend losing virginity with
experienced people!

Tina giggles. Derek puts some headphones on and turns on some music.

CHUCK

Yeah, it's time to delete all the porn from your computer and go a step further! What do you think?

Derek doesn't answer and gives him a finger.

CHUCK

(annoyed)

Damn freak...

Chuck reaches out to slap Derek on the back of the head, but a strong hand with gold rings firmly grips his arm.

The hand belongs to ANDREA, 18, a burly, dark-haired Italian-American student wearing a gold chain around his neck. Chuck stands up and faces him.

CHUCK

Wow! Mister Andrea Petrucci! The spaghetti-slurping hero is here!

ANDREA

Shut up, jerk.

CHUCK

Look at him, the golden boy feels stronger in his pathetic village...

Chuck draws his face closer to Andrea.

CHUCK

You're gonna be shitting gold for weeks after I make you swallow all your trinkets.

ANDREA

Die trying, asshole.

They glare at each other. Then somebody intervenes and separates them. It's MR. COLEMAN, 50, a tall, grey-haired and bearded man wearing metal-rimmed glasses.

MR. COLEMAN

Nobody's gonna die here, at least as long as I'm responsible for all of you. And now sit down.

Chuck and Andrea obey.

MR. COLEMAN

You know I don't like you being here, Chuck. I can't force you to go back home but I do expect you to behave like an adult.

Chuck looks away, his nervous tic showing again.

MR. COLEMAN

I trust you.

Mr. Coleman makes his way back to the front of the bus.

NORMAN, 18, a chubby, red-haired student sitting in a nearby seat starts mocking Chuck by imitating his tic and adopting the voice of John Merrick in "The Elephant Man".

NORMAN

I'm not a monster... I'm a human being..

Norman laughs with his classmates. Chuck glares at him and draws his finger across his throat.

DRIVER'S CABIN

Next to the bus driver's cabin, Mr. Coleman takes a look at a roadmap. PAOLO, 50, a plump Italian man with curly hair, is the driver. He happily hums while driving.

PAOLO

Chuck strikes again, huh? What's that boy doing here? I would bet he's not the first of the class.

MR. COLEMAN

His father is a lavish benefactor of our high school. In fact, he's paying for this trip for our six best graduating students... plus Chuck and his girlfriend Tina.

PAOLO

I see. So he has some privileges.

MR. COLEMAN

Wrong. Many privileges...

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The minibus passes the rusty remains of a crashed car: smashed front end, broken windshield, burned seats...

INT. MINIBUS - FRONT SEATS - MOVING - DAY

DENISE, 18, a pretty mulatto girl with an Afro hairstyle, stares at the crashed car as if hypnotized.

MAN (O.S.)

Denise?

Denise "wakes up" and turns to the voice. It belongs to SCOTT, 18, an attractive, boho boy with disheveled hair. They are seated at the front of the bus.

SCOTT

You okay? You looked like a zombie.

DENISE

Yeah, it was just... Well, I've just seen something that... Forget it, it's nothing.

SCOTT

C'mon, tell me.

DENISE

There was a crashed car on the side of the road and-

SCOTT

-Your father.

DENISE

Yeah, life doesn't stop reminding me of it every second of every day. Tomorrow will be six months.

SCOTT

I went through something similar after my mother's death. For two years, I was seeing and hearing the word cancer everywhere. I thought I was getting crazy.

They smile at each other. Then Scott takes Denise's hand. She looks at him in surprise. He drops her hand.

SCOTT

(embarrassed)

Sorry.

Denise shifts her gaze forward; there, Mr. Coleman keeps consulting the roadmap.

DENISE

Your father seems really excited about this trip.

SCOTT

Too much excited. He finished packing a week ago and then put his luggage away in a closet... I don't think he's changed his underpants since then.

Denise laughs.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The minibus passes a group of carrion birds feasting on a carcass.

INT. MINIBUS - FRONT SEATS - MOVING - DAY

Mr. Coleman takes a seat next to TRACY, 18, a pretty, brunette blind girl. Tracy closes a Braille book and smiles widely at him.

TRACY

The first visitors to Saint Lucius' catacomb... It's like a dream coming true. You're great, Mister Coleman.

MR. COLEMAN

Chuck's father is great. I'm just an intermediary, Tracy.

TRACY

As modest as ever, our only teacher capable of teaching without quoting himself.

MR. COLEMAN

Not for much longer, perhaps.

TRACY

(surprised)

What do you mean?

MR. COLEMAN

I'm considering some changes in my life. And I'm afraid that teaching is going to be left behind. Anyway, we'll see.

TRACY

I understand.

MR. COLEMAN

I hope you won't say anything to anybody.

(smiling)

I hate those horrible farewell dinners.

EXT. CATACOMB ENTRANCE - DAY

The minibus parks at the catacomb entrance, which is located among rocks at the bottom of a hill.

A plaque on a stone pillar outside the entrance reads:
CATACOMBA DI SAN LUCIO. ANNO CCVXXV

INT. MINIBUS - DAY

The students stand up and start walking towards the front door of the bus. There's nobody waiting for them at the catacomb entrance.

NORMAN

Wow! What a wonderful reception!
All the TV news channels, the
most important newspapers and...
Hey! What do I see there? The
King of Italy himself is here!

MR. COLEMAN

We're just a modest group of
students, not Metallica on Tour.

ANDREA

And there's no king in Italy,
Norman. It's a Republic.

Norman ducks his head, embarrassed.

EXT. NEAR THE MINIBUS - DAY

The minibus trunk opens automatically. There are several
oxygen tanks, flashlights, digital photo cameras, paper
notebooks, etc.

Mr. Coleman and the students get out of the minibus.

MR. COLEMAN

I'm gonna look for somebody. I
hope they haven't forgotten about
us. Get the stuff ready.

INT. LEVEL 1 - ENTRANCE FLOOR - DAY

Mr. Coleman goes into the entrance floor of the catacomb.
Nobody is there. He steps into the hall, decorated with
primitive Christian paintings and objects.

MR. COLEMAN

Hello?

Nobody answers. Mr. Coleman passes a stand with souvenirs
and an information desk.

MR. COLEMAN

Hello? Is anybody there?

No response. Something catches his eye on a wall. It's
the old painting "Daniel in the lions' den". A trickle of
thick gold-colored is oozing through a crack in it.

EXT. NEAR THE MINIBUS - DAY

The students start preparing their equipment. Scott helps
Denise to put on her oxygen tank.

SCOTT

Is this the first time you've
been to Europe?

Denise nods.

DENISE

Not only that, it's the first time I'm travelling without my parents too. My father was a bit... overprotective of me.

SCOTT

Well, some people say that every misfortune has its positive side.

DENISE

Yeah, I guess so. Somewhat, this trip means a lot to me, almost like a test of adulthood.

SCOTT

I'm sure you'll pass it with flying colors.

DENISE

I hope so.

They smile at each other.

INT. LEVEL 1 - STAIRCASE - DAY

Mr. Coleman walks down a stone staircase leading to the first basement, which is dimly lit by wall lanterns.

MR. COLEMAN

Hello?

Nobody answers. Mr. Coleman stops.

MR. COLEMAN

Great...

He turns to walk back up the stairs...

Suddenly, a man pops up in front of him. It's PIETRO, 50, a tall, gray-haired security guard.

Mr. Coleman steps back, barely suppressing his shout.

MAN (O.S.)

Sorry, sorry!

MR. SIMONETTI, 50, a thin and small well-dressed man, pops behind the guard and worriedly approaches him.

MR. SIMONETTI

I'm very sorry, Mr. Coleman. Are you okay? We didn't know you were here already.

Mr. Coleman takes a breath and sighs. Then he smiles.

MR.COLEMAN

Yeah, just a little scare...

MR.SIMONETTI

I'm Simonetti, the man in charge of the catacomb. We talked by phone. Pleased to meet you.

They shake hands. Mr. Simonetti points at the guard.

MR.SIMONETTI

Pietro, our security guard.

Mr. Coleman and the guard exchange smiles. Mr. Simonetti gestures for him to leave. Pietro obeys.

MR.COLEMAN

This place looks awesome. We'll never be able to thank you enough for this invitation.

MR.SIMONETTI

We just thought it was better for the first visitors to be students rather than politicians looking for a photo-op.

MR.COLEMAN

I agree with that.

MR.SIMONETTI

This is a unique place. It'll soon be one of the most important catacombs in the whole of Italy. Come with me, please.

EXT. NEAR THE MINIBUS - DAY

From the minibus door, Paolo looks at Tracy's body while the students keep preparing their equipment. He wiggles his tongue lasciviously and smiles. Then he looks away..

Andrea is staring seriously at him.

**Italian.*

ANDREA

Do you know what the Colombian necktie is?

Paolo shakes his head.

ANDREA

It's what I'll do to your tongue if I catch you doing that again. Google it.

Paolo's smile freezes. Then he nods, intimidated.

INT. LEVEL 1 - STAIRCASE - DAY

Mr. Coleman and Mr. Simonetti walk down the stone stairs leading to the first basement.

MR.SIMONETTI

The main charm of Saint Lucius' catacomb lies in its vast and complex structure. There are even parts that still remain hidden. We're planning to open in a few months but first we have to solve some problems.

MR.COLEMAN

What problems?

They stop on a staircase landing.

MR.SIMONETTI

Well, as we told you, our maps are still somewhat imprecise, especially those of the deeper levels. But don't worry about it...
(tapping his head)

This map is absolutely reliable.

Mr. Coleman looks at him with doubting eyes.

MR.SIMONETTI

Come along, follow me.

Mr. Coleman doesn't move.

MR.COLEMAN

You said "problems", in the plural.

MR.SIMONETTI

Oh, yes, you're right. There's another little problem. It's no longer important but I suppose...
(beat)

Some years ago, some incidents occurred during the excavations. In fact, work had to be stopped for long periods. Somebody was trying to prevent us from keep going. We suffered several acts of sabotage and explosions. And a couple of archaeologists were... Well, they disappeared.

Mr. Coleman's eyes open like saucers.

MR.COLEMAN

What?

MR.SIMONETTI

I admit that we omitted this when talking with you to set up the visit. We didn't want to worry-

MR.COLEMAN

-You wanna open a place where...? Have you gone crazy?

MR.SIMONETTI

That's history now.

MR.COLEMAN

I can't believe it! It's... It's incredible that your government-

MR.SIMONETTI

-Please, calm down.

MR.COLEMAN

This is completely incredible!

MR.SIMONETTI

-Stop talking nonsense! It's not the damn curse of Tutankhamun! This is a safe place right now!

After a few moments staring at each other, Mr. Coleman bows his head and sighs, trying to calm himself.

MR.COLEMAN

Sorry, I just don't wanna put my students in any danger.

MR.SIMONETTI

I understand, but you must trust me. Those acts were only isolated incidents carried out by some maniac. Now this place is totally safe. Besides, Pietro will be watching at the entrance all night. It's your decision.

EXT. NEAR THE MINIBUS - DAY

Standing next to the minibus, Mr. Coleman talks to his students.

MR.COLEMAN

It's your decision.

The students remain silent, thoughtful.

NORMAN

Well, honestly... Inaccurate maps... That doesn't sound very good to me. How about going back to the hotel?

CHUCK

Yeah, but first let's buy some beers at a gas station.

TINA

Great, let's go back! Last time I went to a museum, I spent a week with migraine.

DEREK

This is not exactly a museum, Tina. It's a catacomb, and a unique one.

TINA

It makes it worse.

Derek sighs, resigned.

ANDREA

C'mon, don't be hicks, this a must-see place. Let's go inside!

SCOTT

He's right. Besides, we've been in that bus for hours. I need to stretch my legs.

ANDREA

Game tied.

Andrea and Scott slap hands.

TRACY

(shyly)

Well, I... I would really love to enter but... I don't know, I have a strange feeling. Perhaps it's not a bad thing but... I prefer not to take risks.

Now it's Denise's turn. She hesitates.

MR. COLEMAN

Denise?

DENISE

You should also vote, Mister Coleman, shouldn't you?

MR. COLEMAN

Yes, I guess so.

Mr. Coleman hesitates.

SCOTT

C'mon, dad, don't back out now. Don't be yellow.

Mr. Coleman smiles at his son. Then he nods.

MR. COLEMAN

Tied again. It's all up to you,
Denise.

Denise hesitates again. Then he lowers her head.

DENISE

I don't have good vibes either.
I'm sorry.

MR. COLEMAN

Don't worry, I understand.
(to the group)
Pick up the stuff. We're leaving.

Chuck and Tina clap and cheer.

INT. MINIBUS - FRONT SEATS - DAY

The students get back to their seats in the minibus, some of them muttering in annoyance. Scott takes his seat next to Denise. He smiles at her.

SCOTT

You okay?

Denise nods, embarrassed.

DENISE

I'm sorry, I'd have loved to-

SCOTT

-You don't have to apologize. You
were within your rights.

DENISE

Yeah, I guess so.

SCOTT

Though it's also true that we've
had a great time down there.

DRIVER'S CABIN

Paolo starts the minibus.

PAOLO

Everyone ready? Let's go!

EXT. NEAR THE MINIBUS - DAY

The minibus moves away from the catacomb entrance.

INT. MINIBUS - FRONT SEATS - MOVING - DAY

Scott takes Denise's hand. She looks at him in surprise.

SCOTT

What do you think your father
would say if he were here now?

DENISE

Why do you ask me that?

SCOTT

Well, I think that sometimes life
tests us to show us where we need
to grow, and it's our duty to
pass that test.

DENISE

Yeah, maybe you're right but-

SCOTT

-You just need someone to push
you into the pool.

Scott squeezes Denise's hand while staring at her.

SCOTT

Would you do it for me? I promise
you that everything will be fine.

Denise hesitates.

INT. LEVEL 1 - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Mr. Simonetti and the student group come down the stairs
leading to the first funeral gallery. They carry small
oxygen tanks on the back, flashlights and maps.

Helped by Mr. Coleman, Tracy climbs down using a blind
person's cane.

Chuck, who walks next to Tina at the back of the group,
takes out a switchblade from his pocket and sneakily
slashes the breathing hoses of Scott's and Denise's
oxygen tanks.

TINA

(whispering)

What're you doing? Are you mad?

CHUCK

We're gonna spend a night more
boring than a snail marathon
because of them. It's fair.

EXT. CATACOMB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Pietro smokes a cigarette at the catacomb entrance while
strolling around.

Paolo gets out of the minibus carrying a plastic bag and
approaches smiling at him.

**Italian*

PAOLO

Hi, guy! How are things going? Do you feel hungry?

Pietro nods, smiling back. Then he tosses his cigarette to the ground and tramples on it.

Paolo takes out a couple of sandwiches from his bag and hands one to him. Pietro opens his sandwich to find an unappetizing green-colored paste.

PAOLO

It's my wife's special dietetic recipe: spinach and pea paste. Delicious and nutritious.

Paolo tastes his sandwich and smiles.

PAOLO

Mmm... Bocatto di cardinale.

INT. LEVEL 2 - GALLERY - NIGHT

The group walks through a dimly lit gallery.

NORMAN

It looks like a House of Horrors.

CHUCK

Nothing compared with your snoring in the bus. That's real horror.

NORMAN

Yeah, I'm sure you tried to feel me up while I was sleeping.

CHUCK

I'd rather feel a pig up than you.

Derek shushes them.

DEREK

Sorry to disappoint, men, but this is not a nursery outing.

EXT. CATACOMB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Pietro reluctantly eats his sandwich while Paolo talks animatedly.

PAOLO

I love my wife. She's the perfect woman: beautiful, smart and, as you see, a great cook.

(MORE)

PAOLO (cont'd)

I couldn't live without her. If you had seen her when she was younger... Mamma mia, she looked like Sofia Loren.

INT. LEVEL 2 - CUBICLE - NIGHT

The group comes into a large and well-lit space filled with wall paintings, funeral objects and sepulchers.

MR.SIMONETTI

This is the cubicle of Saint Lucius' family, the place where the saint's relatives rest.

The students contemplate the room in silence. Tracy runs her fingers over a tomb and then inhales deeply.

TRACY

Oh, how I envy you... I'd give anything to be able to see all this. It's like travelling through time.

Some feet away, Tina mocks her by imitating her refined movements and unfocused eyes. Chuck giggles.

MR. SIMONETTI

Please don't touch.

Mr. Simonetti approaches Tracy, gently takes her hand and guides her away from the sepulcher.

DENISE

Where's the saint buried?

MR.SIMONETTI

We haven't found his tomb yet. It could be hidden in some still unexplored part of the catacomb. We're working hard to find it.

SCOTT

Who was he?

MR.SIMONETTI

Saint Lucius, this Saint Lucius, not the famous successor to Pope Cornelius, is an unknown figure. He doesn't appear in any history book and his supposed sanctity hasn't received recognition yet. Judging by some paintings, it seems he was the leader of some kind of Christian cult that made him a martyr at his death. Take a look around.

The students start looking at the wall paintings in the cubicle. They depict the Good Shepherd and some biblical stories. Some of them are very macabre.

MR.SIMONETTI

These paintings' subjects are typical of any Paleochristian catacomb. But technically, these are very expressive and detailed.

DENISE

They look a bit sinister too.

MR.SIMONETTI

You're right. There's something strange, something disturbing and cruel in all of them. It's one of the subjects of our research.

EXT. CATACOMB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Paolo and Pietro finish eating their sandwiches.

PAOLO

You want another one?

Pietro politely shakes his head.

PAOLO

Right, no sooner said than done.

Under the surprised gaze of Pietro, Paolo pulls another two sandwiches from the bag and hands one to the guard.

PAOLO

(smiling)

Beet and artichoke paste. Food fit for the gods.

INT. LEVEL 1 - ENTRANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Somebody unseen walks through a dark room on the entrance floor. It's the PROWLER.

The edge of a thick and long L-shaped hook strapped to a bare muscular arm is dragged along the stone floor. It causes a faint METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE.

EXT. CATACOMB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Paolo eats his sandwich as he talks animatedly.

PAOLO

"You should lose a bit of weight, Paolo", she said, "One day when we're making love you're going to crush me like a cockroach."

(MORE)

PAOLO (cont'd)
*Yes, I'll be honest. That's the
 reason why we're eating this shit
 right now instead of some good
 pizzas. Love is bitter-*

A louder METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE is heard in the BG.

PAOLO
 (confused)
What was that?

Pietro turns back to look at the entrance floor...

PIETRO
*Go back to the bus and stay
 there. Surely it's nothing but
 one of those nasty fat rats. I'd
 kill them all.*

PAOLO
But-

Pietro comes into the entrance floor.

PAOLO
Hey, guy! Maybe I can help you!

INT. LEVEL 2 - HALLWAY OF CUBICLES - NIGHT

The students keep contemplating the wall paintings in some cubicles distributed along the sides of a central hallway. The oxygen tanks lie on the floor.

MR.SIMONETTI
 Members of important Christian
 families and some martyrs are
 buried in these cubicles. You can
 see the hierarchical order-

Tracy firmly grabs Mr. Simonetti by his arm. He turns, startled, towards her.

TRACY
 Did you hear it?

MR.SIMONETTI
 What?

TRACY
 It was a strange noise. I don't
 know, it sounded like a-

MR.SIMONETTI
 -You're in the kingdom of strange
 noises, girl. Don't worry about
 it or you'll end up going insane.

DENISE
Excuse me, Mister Simonetti. May
I take some photographs?

MR.SIMONETTI
Well, we didn't agree-

DENISE
-Please, just a few of them.

MR.SIMONETTI
Okay, but be careful with-

Norman, who stands next to Denise, quickly pulls out his
smartphone out and turns towards the other students.

NORMAN
-Didn't you hear? Draw your guns!

All the students except Tracy pull out their smartphones
and start taking photos of the paintings and tombs. Soon
the bright flashes blind Mr. Simonetti.

MR.SIMONETTI
(shielding his
eyes)
Be careful, please. Flashes
aren't good for the paintings.

The students pay no attention to him.

MR.COLEMAN
Don't worry, Simonetti, it'll
only take a few moments. They
just wanna make a photo report
for our high school.

Mr. Simonetti resignedly nods. Then Coleman approaches
Norman and Andrea, who are taking photos compulsively.

MR.COLEMAN
(in a low voice)
You look like Japanese tourists.

NORMAN
Yeah, I always wanted to feel
like one of them!

From the hallway, Simonetti looks at Tracy's body while
she makes her way through one of the cubicles. He smiles.

Tracy runs a finger over a wall painting..

A thin trickle of gold-colored liquid pours through a
crack and stains her finger.

Tracy smells her finger and wrinkles her nose.

INT. LEVEL 1 - ENTRANCE FLOOR/STORAGE ROOM 1 - NIGHT

Pietro inspects the main room of the entrance floor..

There's nobody.

He puts his unbitten sandwich into his shirt pocket and walks towards a door. He peers inside..

It's a dark storage room filled with all kinds of crates and piled rocks.

Guided by a flashlight and brandishing his nightstick, Pietro cautiously makes his way through the room..

PIETRO

*Come on, little fatty, come out
from your hiding place.*

Once at the back of the storage room, he inspects some shelves..

PIETRO

*I've got a big piece of cheese
for you.*

There is nothing. Pietro puts his nightstick away and walks back to the door. A few steps ahead, he pulls the sandwich out and takes a bite. He wrinkles up his nose.

PIETRO

Ugh!

He drops the sandwich to the ground. Then he looks down at it with disgust.

PIETRO

*Mother of God, this is the
worst-*

The METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE is heard again. It comes from some nearby room. Pietro gets startled.

INT. MINIBUS - DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Paolo tries to tune a portable TV. After a few attempts, he tunes into a channel showing an erotic movie.

He leans back in his seat and smiles. Then he takes a sip of a beer and puffs a cigar.

PAOLO

Yeah, better than home..

INT. LEVEL 1 - ENTRANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

From the center of the entrance floor, Pietro uneasily stares at the door of a second storage room.

PIETRO

Hello?

Nobody answers.

PIETRO

Is anyone there?

He hears no response. Worried, Pietro pulls a gun out and walks towards the second storage room.

INT. MINIBUS - DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Paolo keeps watching TV while drinking beer and smoking his cigar.

A CREAKING NOISE coming from the back of the minibus is heard. He turns towards the noise..

There's nobody.

Paolo turns back to the portable TV and keeps watching the movie.

The creaking noise is heard again, louder now.

PAOLO

What...?

He turns off the TV and puts it on the driver's console..

A big rat jumps from the console to the ground, SQUEAKING loudly. Paolo, startled, jumps in his seat too.

PAOLO

Shit!

The rat runs out of the minibus. He takes a deep breath and sighs, trying to recover from the scare.

PAOLO

Wildlife is not for you, Paolo.

INT. LEVEL 1 - ENTRANCE FLOOR/STORAGE ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Once in the doorway of the second storage, Pietro turns on his flashlight and peers inside the room..

There is nobody. After a few seconds inspecting the room, he turns off his flashlight and slips it into his pocket..

A CREAKING NOISE coming from the stand with souvenirs is heard.

Pietro approaches the stand and inspects it. He rests his hand on the information desk and bends down to look under the table..

There is a small rat. He smiles.

PIETRO
I got you, little bitch.

Suddenly, the Prowler's hook-arm STICKS into his hand.

Before Pietro can scream, a strong hand forcefully grabs him by his face. Then he's slowly lifted up into the air as he tries to break free from the Prowler's grip.

The Prowler slams him against the painting "Daniel in the Lions' Den", embedding his head into the wall. Pietro's stuck arm is horribly torn from his body.

The hooked tip of the killer's steel arm automatically retracts and is replaced by a sharp, semicircular blade..

The Prowler cuts off the guard's remaining arm. Then he drills his fist like a jackhammer into Pietro's back and wraps his fingers around his exposed backbone.

After pulling him backwards, Pietro's stuck head is torn from his body.

The headless, armless corpse is lifted up into the air as it frantically convulses like a dying fish.

INT. LEVEL 2 - HALLWAY OF CUBICLES - NIGHT

The students keep taking photos of the wall paintings and sepulchers.

MR. COLEMAN
Enough for now. Put away your cells and pick up your tanks, we have to keep going down.

The students obey. Mr. Simonetti approaches him.

MR. SIMONETTI
Well, maybe in the rest of the catacomb-

MR. COLEMAN
-Don't worry, Simonetti. There won't be any more photos.

EXT. CATACOMB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Paolo approaches the catacomb entrance and peers inside the entrance floor.

PAOLO
Hey, guy, have you found anything yet? What was that noise?

Nobody answers.

PAOLO

*I've just seen a rat out here.
That bitch was bigger than my
eldest daughter!*

He hears no response.

PAOLO

Where are you, guy?

Nothing.

INT. LEVEL 2 - HALLWAY OF CUBICLES - NIGHT

The students pick up their oxygen tanks, preparing to go down another staircase.

MR. COLEMAN

*C'mon, this place is much bigger
than you think!*

Mr. Simonetti approaches Tracy and helps her to put on her oxygen tank while looking at her sensual body.

MR. SIMONETTI

Is everything okay?

TRACY

*Yeah, great, but too bad I'm not
able to see things as well as
you.*

MR. SIMONETTI

*Don't underestimate yourself. You
have other many attributes to
compensate for that... You have a
very nice face, did you know?*

TRACY

(blushing)

Thanks.

INT. LEVEL 1 - ENTRANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Paolo comes into the entrance floor and walks towards the souvenirs stand. He stumbles over something on the floor..

It's Pietros's gun.

He picks up the gun and worriedly checks it out.

PAOLO

Are you okay, guy?

Silence is the only answer.

Paolo approaches the information desk and looks up in surprise at the big cracked hole in the wall painting.

A brief SPLASHING SOUND is heard. He drops his eyes to his feet..

Puddles of blood.

PAOLO

What the hell...

Scared, Paolo waves the gun and nervously looks around.

PAOLO

If.. If this is a joke, guy, it's not funny. It's not funny at all.

A LOUD SCREECHING NOISE coming from the second storage rooms is heard.

INT. LEVEL 2 - HALLWAY OF CUBICLES - NIGHT

The group starts walking down a staircase leading to the third level. Scott and Denise stay some steps behind, still in the hallway of cubicles.

SCOTT

You okay?

DENISE

Why wouldn't I be?

SCOTT

Well, this entire funeral stuff... It might be bringing you bad memories.

DENISE

Yeah, perhaps this is not my ideal scenario right now, but I try to overcome. Daddy's little girl has to grow up one day.

SCOTT

Glad to hear that.

They smile at each other.

INT. LEVEL 1 - STORAGE ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Paolo cautiously peers inside the second storage room.

PAOLO

(shyly)

Is.. Is anybody here?

A LOUD SCREECHING NOISE COMING from the back of the dark room is heard.

PAOLO
Guy, is it you?

Brandishing the gun, Paolo slowly walks towards the noise while straining his eyes to see.

A louder screeching noise is heard while sparks fly.

Paolo notices a tall, DARK SILHOUETTE standing motionless with his back to him.

PAOLO
Who... Who are you?

Paolo nervously points the gun at the figure.

PAOLO
*Don't... Don't move, man. I'm
 armed. Don't move or-*

Suddenly, the end of the Prowler's hook-arm emerges from Paolo's mouth. Then the hook is pulled back, dragging him into the darkness.

INT. LEVEL 2 - HALLWAY OF CUBICLES - NIGHT

Scott and Denise keep talking in the hallway of cubicles.

SCOTT
*I've always thought that weird
 things happen in places like
 this...*

DENISE
What do you mean by weird things?

SCOTT
*Well, I don't know exactly, but I
 suspect that something special is
 gonna happen in a few seconds..
 (smiling)
 Close your eyes.*

After some hesitating, Denise closes his eyes and smiles too. Then he gently takes her hand.

INT. LEVEL 1 - STORAGE ROOM 2 - NIGHT

With his face disfigured and covered in blood, Paolo crawls dying across the floor.

The hooked tip of the Prowler's steel arm automatically retracts and is replaced by a thick drill bit, which starts to rotate.

Paolo reaches out to take the gun on the floor..

INT. LEVEL 2 - HALLWAY OF CUBICLES - NIGHT

Scott closes his eyes and brings his lips close to the mouth of Denise, who keeps his eyes closed...

INT. LEVEL 1 - STORAGE ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Lying on the ground, his back turned to his aggressor, Paolo puts his finger on the gun's trigger...

The steel-arm drills into Paolo's nape, nailing him into the ground. An instant later, a big black boot stomps on his head, totally crushing it.

Paolo's finger pulls the trigger.

INT. LEVEL 2 - HALLWAY OF CUBICLES - NIGHT

A LOUD SHOT coming from the upper level is heard.

Denise and Scott, their lips brushing, open their eyes.

INT. LEVEL 1 - ENTRANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The shot fired causes a small, NOISY rock-fall in the entrance floor.

INT. LEVEL 2 - HALLWAY OF CUBICLES - NIGHT

Alarmed, the group quickly returns to the second level.

ANDREA

What the hell was that?!

SCOTT

(confused)

I don't know...

DENISE

It sounded like a shot!

The students start murmuring nervously.

MR.SIMONETTI

Please keep calm, we don't-

The students don't pay any attention to him and start talking agitatedly, almost panicked.

MR.COLEMAN

Shut up! Be quiet, all of you!

The students stop talking.

MR.COLEMAN

Simonetti and I are gonna take a look up there. Stay here and don't move.

INT. LEVEL 1 - GALLERY - NIGHT

Paolo's body is dragged through a dark gallery.

INT. LEVEL 1 - ENTRANCE FLOOR/STORAGE ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Mr. Simonetti and Mr. Coleman go into the entrance floor. There's nobody there.

Mr. Simonetti approaches the fallen rocks on the floor while Mr. Coleman heads towards the second storage room.

MR.SIMONETTI

A landslide. It's not the first time-

MR.COLEMAN

-I think you should see this.

Mr. Simonetti approaches him and peers inside the storage room. It is covered in blood.

MR.COLEMAN

Another isolated incident carried out by some maniac?

Mr. Simonetti bows his head and remains silent.

MR.COLEMAN

I can't believe I could be so stupid as to trust you...

A LOUD DRAGGING NOISE coming from the entrance is heard. They turn their heads towards there...

A huge smooth stone blocks the entrance now. There is a painting depicting a *fossor* (gravedigger of the Christian catacombs) on it.

MR.SIMONETTI

What kind of joke is this?

Mr. Coleman rushes towards the entrance door and pushes the rock, trying to move it.

MR.SIMONETTI

It's... It's impossible-

MR.COLEMAN

-Shut up and give me a hand here! Hurry!

Mr. Simonetti approaches the entrance and helps him but the rock doesn't move an inch.

MR.SIMONETTI

It's too heavy!

They stop pushing the stone.

MR.COLEMAN

Paolo and the guard have to be
out there... Paolo!

Nobody answers.

MR.COLEMAN

Paolo! Can you hear me?!

They hear no response. Mr. Simonetti pulls out a walkie-talkie and presses the talk button.

MR.SIMONETTI

Pietro?! Are you there?!

There is no answer, just a BUZZING SOUND. Then he pulls a cell phone from his pocket and checks it.

MR.SIMONETTI

No coverage. Shit!

Mr. Coleman also checks his cell phone. No coverage. He leans on the rock and sighs worriedly.

MR.SIMONETTI

I'm sure you'd like to kick my
ass right now, but perhaps it
would be better if we went back
down and looked for another exit.

MR.COLEMAN

What about my students?

MR.SIMONETTI

We'll tell them there's been a
landslide and the main entrance
has been blocked up by a rock-
fall. At least that won't make
them get too nervous.

INT. LEVEL 2 - HALLWAY OF CUBICLES - NIGHT

Chuck grabs Mr. Simonetti by the lapels of his jacket and violently shakes him.

CHUCK

What the hell are you talking
about?! We're not on the fucking
San Andreas Fault! We heard a
shot!

MR.COLEMAN

(separating)

I've seen those rocks, Chuck! The
entrance is blocked!

CHUCK

This guy is useless! He doesn't know shit about this place!

MR. COLEMAN

He's the only one who knows the catacomb. If you don't wanna rest eternally in one of these tombs, just obey him.

Chuck nods unwillingly, his nervous tic showing again.

MR. SIMONETTI

It was a slight tremor, almost imperceptible but strong enough to break some of the structural support beams. That's what you heard, not a shot. Is that clear?

The students nod.

DENISE

Where are Paolo and the security guard? Maybe they went to look for help.

MR. COLEMAN

We don't know. We couldn't contact them. There's no cell coverage down here.

The students check their smartphones. No coverage.

MR. SIMONETTI

Okay, listen to me. There are several emergency exits on the lower levels and I know well how to get to them. We'll be outside in less than an hour, alright?

The students nod.

INT. LEVEL 1 - ENTRANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The painting on the rock blocking the entrance: the *fossor* has a menacing look on his face.

INT. LEVEL 2 - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The group walks down a narrow staircase leading to a second basement where there are the galleries containing *loculi* (burial niches).

Tina, Chuck and Norman walk at the back of the group, some steps behind the others.

A FAINT SCREECHING NOISE is heard in the distance. Tina, Chuck and Norman stop.

TINA

What's that noise? Did you hear it?

NORMAN

Yeah, it sounded like someone-

The metallic screeching noise is heard again, louder, coming closer...

CHUCK

Damn! That shit is getting closer!

They race down to reach the group.

TINA

Hurry on down! Somebody's coming!

CHUCK

Hurry! Hurry!

Struck by panic, they push the group towards the end of the staircase, causing a small human avalanche.

INT. LEVEL 3 - GALLERY - NIGHT

The group comes stumbling into the second basement.

MR. COLEMAN

(to Chuck, Tina
and Norman)

Are you crazy? You almost killed us!

TINA

There was something up there! It was coming close!

Tracy sits on the ground and complains of her knee hurting.

TRACY

Oh, my God...

MR. SIMONETTI

What's happened to you?

TRACY

(sobbing)

It's my knee... I think I've sprained it.

Mr. Simonetti crouches down to examine Tracy's knee while Mr. Coleman scans the staircase with his flashlight.

MR. COLEMAN

There's nobody there.

NORMAN

That's impossible, we heard-

SCOTT

-Sometimes nervousness can cause hallucinations.

CHUCK

It wasn't a hallucination, smart ass. It wasn't something we saw, we heard it. It was like a screeching noise.

SCOTT

Hallucinations can also affect your hearing, Chuck.

CHUCK

Fuck off.

Mr. Coleman turns off his flashlight and approaches the students.

MR. COLEMAN

Okay, don't get nervous. From now on, we'll walk together side by side. That way, we'll all hear and see the same things.

Mr. Simonetti gently massages Tracy's knee. He smiles.

MR. SIMONETTI

You have very soft skin, you know that? It's like silk.

INT. LEVEL 2 - DARK GROTTO - NIGHT

The unseen Prowler walks quickly through a grotto. His breathing is intense and rough. He scrapes the hook-arm against the wall, causing a FAINT SCREECHING NOISE.

INT. LEVEL 3 - GALLERIES OF *LOCULI* - NIGHT

The group walks through the second basement. They use their flashlights to illuminate hundreds of burial niches housing old paintings and funeral objects.

NORMAN

If I'd known this was going to be like walking through a narrow and claustrophobic mouse maze, I'd have went on a diet weeks ago.

DEREK

Don't talk nonsense, Norman. Any archaeologist would give his soul to the Devil just to be where you are now.

NORMAN

Math is my thing, not this.

Tracy and Mr. Simonetti walk at the back of the group. She walks leaning on him and using her blind cane.

MR.SIMONETTI

(to the group)

These galleries contain the *loculi*, niches where common Christians who wanted to lie next to their leaders were buried. The paintings in them have symbolic meanings, they tell us-

TINA

-How far is the emergency exit, Simonetti? I'm really tired.

MR.SIMONETTI

It's just a few minutes from here. Be patient.

A BEEPING SOUND is heard. Mr. Simonetti's walkie-talkie is receiving a call. He quickly pulls out it and presses the talk button.

MR.SIMONETTI

Are you there, Pietro?! Can you hear me?!

A rough and heavy BREATHING is heard.

MR.SIMONETTI

Pietro?! Can you hear me?!

The hoarse breathing is heard again, louder now.

The group stops, expectant. Mr. Simonetti straightens in fear.

MR.SIMONETTI

Who... Who...?

ANDREA

What happens? Who's calling?

MR.SIMONETTI

I don't know. It's like...

Mr. Simonetti turns off the walkie-talkie.

MR.SIMONETTI

Nothing, just interference.

(beat)

C'mon, let's move on.

They resume their walk.

INT. LEVEL 2 - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The Prowler drops the walkie-talkie to the ground and stamps on it. Then he starts walking down a staircase leading to the second basement while scraping the hook-arm along the walls.

INT. LEVEL 3 - BLIND GALLERY - NIGHT

The group arrives at a stone wall at the end of a blind gallery. Denise illuminates it with his flashlight.

DENISE

There's no exit here.

SCOTT

Where do we go now, Simonetti?

MR.SIMONETTI

Look up there.

Denise illuminates the top of the wall. There is a square hatch eight feet above the ground.

MR.SIMONETTI

(approaching)

That tunnel leads to one of the emergency exits.

DENISE

You want us to climb up there?

MR.SIMONETTI

(looking around)

There should be a ladder around here somewhere...

A loud SCREECHING NOISE is heard in the distance. The students get scared.

CHUCK

That noise again!

MR.SIMONETTI

Don't be alarmed, it's just the noise of more beams breaking.

CHUCK

Stick your fucking beams up your ass! C'mon, Tina!

Chuck and Tina approach the wall. He helps her to climb up to the hatch. After opening it, she enters a narrow tunnel. Then Chuck turns to the other students.

CHUCK

Isn't anybody gonna help me out of here?

Scott quickly approaches Chuck and helps him to climb up the wall. Then the other students start climbing too.

INT. LEVEL 3 - GALLERY - NIGHT

The Prowler keeps scraping the hook-arm along the wall of another gallery. It causes sparks and a SCREECHING NOISE.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-FIRST SECTION - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman and some students scramble quickly through the narrow tunnel. They are scared.

BLIND GALLERY

Mr. Simonetti helps Tracy to climb up the wall but she isn't able to reach the tunnel.

MR.SIMONETTI

C'mon, Tracy! You can do it!

Tracy reaches the hole and enters the tunnel. Then Mr. Simonetti starts climbing up the wall, slowly because there is nobody to help him..

The METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE is heard again, getting closer.

GALLERIES OF *LOCULI*

The Prowler walks quickly through a gallery, scraping the niches and breathing heavily.

BLIND GALLERY

Mr. Simonetti reaches out towards the hole but he can't make it. Tracy stretches out a hand to help him.

TRACY

Take my hand, hurry!

MR.SIMONETTI

Don't worry about me! Keep going!
Get away now!

The Prowler comes into the blind gallery and runs towards the back wall. He scrapes the hook-arm along the wall of the gallery, causing more sparks and screeching..

Finally, Mr. Simonetti grabs Tracy's hand and enters the tunnel. Then he slams the hatch shut.

The Prowler furiously scrapes the hook-arm against the closed hatch.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-FIRST SECTION - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman and the students stop crawling.

MR. COLEMAN

Is everyone here?

ANDREA

What was that noise?

MR. COLEMAN

It was only the noise of the beams.

CHUCK

That's a lie! Simonetti doesn't know shit about that noise!

Mr. Simonetti and Tracy, terrified, approach them.

TRACY

There's something out there! It's something evil! I could feel it!

CHUCK

You see? There's a damn psycho in the catacomb!

MR. SIMONETTI

Hey, wait, wait a minute. She's very nervous. She doesn't know what she's saying-

TINA

-She's right! There's someone in here!

MR. SIMONETTI

Shut up! Shut up and listen!

The students obey him.

MR. SIMONETTI

(nervously)

I'm going to... I'm going to say it loud and clear. There's nobody in here but us. The beams, it's just the beams-

DEREK

-Why are you trembling?

Mr. Simonetti trembles like a leaf.

MR. SIMONETTI

I'm worried. The catacomb could collapse at any moment.

Derek lowers his eyes to Mr. Simonetti's hands. He holds a .44 Magnum revolver in his hand.

DEREK

And you're going to stop it with
a gun?

The students look at Mr. Simonetti in silence. He doesn't
answer. Then Mr. Coleman sighs resignedly.

MR. COLEMAN

Okay, you win.

The students stare at him in surprise.

MR. COLEMAN

You're right, there's someone in
the catacomb, someone who probably
has murdered Paolo and the guard
and has blocked the entrance. We
can't keep on lying to you.

DENISE

(puzzled)

But... Why didn't you tell us-?

MR. COLEMAN

-Frightened animals attract the
predators, Denise. If we had told
you the truth, perhaps we would
all be dead now.

The students lower their gazes. Tracy sobs.

MR. SIMONETTI

Some years ago, there were some
incidents during the excavation:
sabotages, explosions... And some
archaeologists disappeared.

CHUCK

(in anger)

You dirty motherfucker!

Chuck grabs Simonetti by his jacket but Mr. Coleman
quickly stops him.

Mr. Simonetti nervously aims his revolver at Chuck.

MR. SIMONETTI

Don't piss me off, boy... I'm tired
of you. I'm warning you.

MR. COLEMAN

Calm down, Simonetti. Calm down
and put your gun down.

Without looking away from Chuck, Mr. Simonetti slowly
puts his revolver down.

MR. COLEMAN

(remorseful)

It's not his fault. He told me about what had happened here but I didn't tell you anything, I thought it was a thing of the past. And it was an exceptional opportunity for us. I was wrong, and I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

(beat)

But now we must remain calm and united. That's the only way to escape from this place. Do you agree?

The students nod resignedly.

MR. COLEMAN

Okay, let's go then. The exit must be near.

TRACY

I can't move, Mister Coleman, my knee is very swollen.

Mr. Coleman approaches Tracy.

MR. SIMONETTI

(to Coleman)

Don't worry, keep going. We'll catch up with you in a while. The way to the exit is very easy to follow. You can't miss it.

MR. COLEMAN

Okay. We'll wait for you up there. Be careful.

The group leaves. Tracy and Mr. Simonetti soon lose sight of them. Then she sobs again.

TRACY

We're gonna die... That monster will kill us all...

MR. SIMONETTI

(caressing her face)

We'll escape, Tracy. Trust me. The exit is near here, all you have to do is make a last effort.

INT. LEVEL 3 - GALLERIES OF *LOCULI* - NIGHT

The Prowler furiously scrapes the hook-arm along the niches of a dark gallery, causing sparks and another METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

Led by Mr. Coleman, the students quickly scramble through the second section of the narrow tunnel.

MR. COLEMAN

C'mon! We'll soon be outside!

NORMAN

(joking)

Anybody ready to start planning our next trip?

CHUCK

I'll never come back to Europe, I swear.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-FIRST SECTION - NIGHT

Mr. Simonetti and Tracy slowly crawl through the tunnel.

MR. SIMONETTI

C'mon, Tracy. You're doing fine.

TRACY

I can't... I can't... The pain is unbearable...

Tracy stops. Mr. Simonetti massages her swollen knee.

MR. SIMONETTI

Don't worry, take all the time you need. We're safe here.

A couple of small wall lanterns blow out.

A strange CREAKING NOISE coming from the darkness ahead is heard.

TRACY

(scared)

What's that noise?

Mr. Simonetti tries to turn on his flashlight. It doesn't work.

MR. SIMONETTI

Don't panic. I'm sure it's only-

The creaking noise is heard again, louder now, coming closer...

TRACY

It's that monster again! I can feel it!

MR. SIMONETTI

Please, Tracy, don't-

TRACY
-Hurry up, shoot it!

The noise again, louder and closer..

TRACY
Shoot!

In a panic, Mr. Simonetti pulls out his revolver and shoots into the darkness.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman and the students suddenly stop crawling and turn around, alarmed.

ANDREA
Shots!

INT. LEVEL 3 EMERGENCY TUNNEL-FIRST SECTION - NIGHT

Mr. Simonetti stops shooting and stares at the darkness ahead. Silence. There are no more strange noises..

TRACY
(timidly)
Is it dead?

Suddenly, several rocks start falling from the ceiling of the tunnel.

MR.SIMONETTI
Watch out!

Mr. Simonetti wraps Tracy in his arms to protect her from the rocks. Some small stones hit him on the head.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman and the students hear the rocks falling.

ANDREA
What the hell is happening back there?

MR.COLEMAN
Let's go back! Hurry!

They start crawling back towards the first section.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-FIRST SECTION - NIGHT

The rock-fall ends. Now the stones completely block the tunnel, isolating Tracy and Mr. Simonetti from the group.

Slightly bruised, Simonetti approaches the rock barrier. Then something catches his attention on the ground..

There is a big dead rat next to the rocks.

MR.SIMONETTI

Here's your monster, just a damn rat.

Simonetti tries to remove some of the big stones. After a few attempts, he gives up.

MR.SIMONETTI

These rocks are too heavy. It'll take too much time to move them. We must go back to the galleries again. There's no other way.

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERIES - NIGHT

The Prowler keeps scraping the hook-arm along the niches. Then he stops.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman and the students arrive at the rock barrier.

CHUCK

How could he be so stupid as to open fire in here?

MR.COLEMAN

Maybe something scared them.

DENISE

They must still be there. Tracy! Simonetti!

There is no response.

ANDREA

There are too many rocks. They can't hear you.

NORMAN

Maybe they're buried.

DEREK

Don't be gloomy, Norman. C'mon, we can't leave them there.

They start removing the stones.

INT. LEVEL 3 - BLIND GALLERY - NIGHT

Mr. Simonetti helps Tracy climb down the hole-entrance. Then he gently takes her by the arm.

TRACY

That thing is still here. I can feel it.

MR.SIMONETTI

Considering what you sensed up there, it wouldn't be a bad idea if you stopped paying so much attention to your own feelings for a while.

TRACY

(ashamed)

I'm sorry.

MR.SIMONETTI

C'mon, trust me. We'll soon find another exit.

They start to walk through the blind gallery. Some steps ahead, Tracy stops.

TRACY

My knee... It's hurting too much.

MR.SIMONETTI

You must put up with the pain just a little longer. I know a place where we'll be safe. You can rest there.

Mr. Simonetti gently caresses her waist. Tracy seems to start feeling uncomfortable.

TRACY

Do you... Do you have something to do with all this?

MR.SIMONETTI

Why do you say that?

TRACY

This... This is too strange. I'm not sure if I should trust you.

Mr. Simonetti's hands slowly move to her belly.

MR.SIMONETTI

(whispering)

I just want to protect you, Tracy. Let me do it.

Feeling harassed, Tracy gently pulls away from him.

TRACY

My... my oxygen tank... It's too heavy. Maybe you can...

MR.SIMONETTI

No problem. I'll carry it.

He approaches Tracy to help her take off the tank.

TRACY

No, I can do it on my own.

MR.SIMONETTI

Okay, whatever.

Simonetti checks his gun as she takes off the cylinder.

MR.SIMONETTI

We'll be safe in a few minutes.
Don't worry-

Tracy hits him in the face with the bottom of the oxygen bottle. Simonetti collapses on the ground, unconscious.

Filled with panic, she moves quickly away from the blind gallery towards the *loculi* galleries.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

Andrea looks through a small hole in the upper part of the rock barrier. There is nobody on the other side.

ANDREA

They're not there. Tracy! Mister Simonetti!

Nobody answers.

MR.COLEMAN

They must have gone back to the galleries. We'll have to look for them there. Hurry!

They keep removing stones.

INT. LEVEL 3 - BLIND GALLERY - NIGHT

Lying down on the ground, Mr. Simonetti slowly opens his eyes; his face soaked in blood, his nose broken. He stands up staggering.

MR.SIMONETTI

Stupid bitch...

Mr. Simonetti picks up his revolver and checks it.

MR.SIMONETTI

(looking around)
Tracy? Are you there?

Nobody answers. He turns on his flashlight and walks towards the *loculi* galleries.

INT. LEVEL 3 - NICHE - NIGHT

Tracy is curled up in the fetal position inside one of the narrow niches. She trembles in fear.

MR.SIMONETTI (O.S.)
Tracy? Can you hear me?

LOCULI GALLERIES

Mr. Simonetti walks through one of the galleries with niches.

MR.SIMONETTI
Please, now is not a good time to
play hide and seek.

He comes into the gallery where Tracy is hidden.

MR.SIMONETTI
I'm not angry with you, Tracy. I
know you're frightened but you
must understand that I'm just
trying to protect you.

Simonetti stops right next to the niche where Tracy is hidden. She feels his presence close to her and remains motionless, scared.

He checks his revolver again and loads another bullet in the chamber.

MR.SIMONETTI
C'mon, Tracy. I know you're here,
I can smell your perfume.

Mr. Simonetti steps a little away from the niche. Then, in a panic, Tracy leaps out from her hiding place and goes limping along the gallery.

MR.SIMONETTI
(putting away
his gun)
Tracy! Wait! Don't get scared!

Tracy pays no attention to him and moves away from him, touching the wall of niches to find her way.

MR.SIMONETTI
(approaching her)
Be careful! You might hurt
yourself!

Suddenly, the hook-arm pierces Mr. Simonetti's right shoulder from behind.

The Prowler lifts him up and slams him against a wall.

The hooked tip of the steel arm automatically retracts and is replaced by a semi-circular blade.

Lying dazed on the ground, Mr. Simonetti pulls out his revolver and shoots twice into the darkness.

After a few moments in silence, the Prowler pounces on him and cuts off his armed hand with the blade-arm.

Mr. Simonetti curls up on the ground while screaming in agony.

The steel arm's semi-circular blade retracts and is quickly replaced by the hook again.

The Prowler pierces Simonetti's left shoulder with the hook-arm and slams him twice against the walls of the gallery. Simonetti falls to the ground, motionless.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

Alarmed by the shots, Mr. Coleman and the students stop removing stones.

SCOTT

More shots! He's gonna cause
another rock-fall!

NORMAN

That guy must think he's Dirty
Harry in person!

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERY- NIGHT

Paralyzed with fear, Tracy remains hidden in another narrow niche.

The Prowler walks through the gallery, slightly scraping the hook-arm along the wall of niches...

He stops abruptly right next to the niche where Tracy is hidden.

She seems to feel his presence. Then the Prowler softly scrapes the hook-arm against the frame of the niche...

Tracy remains motionless inside the tomb.

The hook-arm slightly scrapes the lower border of the niche. Then it stops just next to Tracy's face.

Seconds go by in silence. Tracy doesn't move an inch, an expression of extreme terror on her face...

Finally, the Prowler removes the hook-arm from the niche and leaves.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

The group starts removing the last rocks of the barrier.

DENISE

With any luck they've found
another exit.

CHUCK

Simonetti couldn't even find his own dick with a GPS. That moron doesn't know shit about this place.

MR. COLEMAN

Shut up and keep working. Hurry up!

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERY - NIGHT

Tracy cautiously comes out from the niche and touches the wall to find her way along the gallery. She pulls out her blind cane, opens it and starts to walk using it.

Some steps ahead, Tracy hits an ancient vessel placed on the ground with the tip of her cane. It BREAKS...

Two shining golden eyes appear in the BG behind Tracy's back.

The SCREECHING NOISE is heard at the back of the gallery. Startled, Tracy turns round towards it.

The Prowler starts walking towards her while scraping the hook-arm along the walls of the gallery, causing sparks and more metallic screeching.

Terrified, Tracy quickly puts away her blind cane and rushes limping along the gallery.

INT. LEVEL 3 - ANOTHER *LOCULI* GALLERY - NIGHT

Tracy comes running into another gallery. She trips over a rock and falls to the ground.

The Prowler comes into the same gallery and moves towards her. After a few tense moments, Tracy manages to stand up and runs away.

INT. LEVEL 3 - NARROW BLIND GALLERY - NIGHT

Tracy comes running into a narrow blind gallery. Once she reaches the back wall, she nervously touches it. There is no exit.

There is another old painting on the wall. It depicts the biblical story in which Samson slays the Philistines with an ass' jawbone.

Tracy starts hysterically scratching the wall with her nails while crying out in despair.

TRACY

God, help me... Please, help me...

Some trickles of thick gold-colored liquid start oozing through the wall, staining her fingers.

A METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE is heard. Tracy turns around.

The hook-arm pops out just in front of her face. Then it slowly approaches her as the Prowler's heavy breathing is heard..

Tracy trembles in fear. The tip of the hook-arm starts slowly caressing her chin and cheeks..

TRACY

Please... Please, don't hurt me..
I'll... I'll do anything you want..
But... but please, don't kill me..

The hook-arm caresses her temples and hair..

TRACY

Please, let me go... I beg you..

Seconds go by in silence, the hook-arm softly running along her face..

The Prowler removes the hook from her face. An instant later, a faint screeching noise moving away is heard.

After some hesitation, Tracy takes a step forward. Then she takes another step..

Nobody is in the gallery. The Prowler has disappeared.

Tracy keeps walking cautiously till she reaches the exit of the dead hallway. She pulls out her blind cane and opens it. Then she sighs, relieved..

Her foot steps on a loose stone tile, which sinks on one side..

A trap door opens beneath her.

Tracy falls in and is impaled on a long golden stake through her body and out her mouth.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

The students start crossing to the other side of the rock barrier.

MR. COLEMAN

We'll split up into two groups:
one will look for them and the
other will look for the exit. Any
volunteers for the first one?

No answers. Some students duck their heads. Denise makes a move to raise her hand, but Scott stops her.

DEREK

Okay, put me in the first group.

MR. COLEMAN

Great, Derek.

NORMAN

(resignedly)

Okay, me too... I guess I'd feel too guilty if anything happened to them. I'd spend a fortune on psychologists.

DEREK

Let's go.

Derek and Norman start crawling towards the beginning of the tunnel.

MR. COLEMAN

Anybody else?

CHUCK

(reluctantly)

Tina and me too.

MR. COLEMAN

Great. The rest of us will find the exit and call the police.

CHUCK

I didn't know our dear teacher was more cowardly than a hare.

MR. COLEMAN

What makes you say that? Why are you so sure that guy remains in the galleries?

CHUCK

Didn't you hear the shots?

MR. COLEMAN

The shots just mean that someone, probably him, is dead or wounded. If he's still alive, I'm sure he'll try to catch us before attacking you.

SCOTT

His priority should be to stop us from escaping, Chuck. Perhaps he's waiting for us at the exit.

CHUCK

I hope you're right.

Chuck and Tina leave.

INT. LEVEL 3 - DARK GALLERY - NIGHT

Tracy's body is dragged through a gallery.

INT. LEVEL 3 - BLIND GALLERY - NIGHT

Derek, Norman, Chuck and Tina walk through the blind gallery.

NORMAN

Tracy! Simonetti! Can you hear me? Are you there?

Nobody answers. They stop at the gallery entrance.

DEREK

Perhaps they went down to the next basement. We could use the map to look for them down there.

CHUCK

Do what you want, guys. Tina and I will look for them on our own.

TINA

What? Are you crazy?

NORMAN

We must stick together, guy. That maniac could be anywhere.

CHUCK

I don't need your help to kick his ass. Are you coming with me, Tina?

DEREK

I know you're not the owner of the most brilliant brain in the world, Chuck, but you're digging your own grave.

CHUCK

Get lost, pillow fucker.

Chuck steps into a dark gallery. Tina hesitates. Then she follows him.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman, Denise, Scott and Andrea crawl forward into the emergency tunnel.

DENISE

I feel like such a coward. I'm sure that maniac is out there.

SCOTT

He could be anywhere, Denise.
Don't torture yourself.

Mr. Coleman stops crawling.

MR. COLEMAN

Anyone of you having breathing
troubles? Are you getting enough
air?

ANDREA

My chest feels a bit tight.

SCOTT

Mine too.

MR. COLEMAN

The catacomb still hasn't got a
good air system, especially in
the lower levels. Let's use the
oxygen tanks.

Mr. Coleman opens the valve on his oxygen tank and places
the mouthpiece to his lips. The students do the same.

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERIES-EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Derek and Norman nervously walk along a dark and narrow
gallery, lighting the way with their flashlights.

DEREK

Tracy! Mister Simonetti!

There is no response.

NORMAN

If they're here, they seem to be
in no condition to answer us.

DEREK

Maybe they're scared.

Derek lights up one of the walls of niches. It is stained
with blood. The students stare at it.

NORMAN

(frightened)

Holy God... How about going back to
the tunnel?

DEREK

What? You wanna leave them here?

NORMAN

Nerds are supposed to be fearful
and cowardly people, Derek. Tell
me that it's true.

DEREK

It's true, Norman, but there's an exception to every rule... Guess who's the exception?

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERIES-WEST SIDE - NIGHT

Chuck and Tina walk along another dark gallery.

TINA

We'd be safer with them.

CHUCK

Are you kidding? Would you feel safer with those losers? C'mon, Tina, don't make me laugh.

TINA

May I remind you that there's a fucking psycho in here?

CHUCK

Don't worry about that. Right now he's probably chasing Coleman and those idiots. Trust me.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

The second group keeps crawling along the tunnel. Mr. Coleman lights a wall with his flashlight.

There is a dirty green sign showing a left hand turn. They follow the sign.

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERIES-EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Derek and Norman walk in single file along another narrow and shadowy gallery.

NORMAN

This is suicide, man. I don't wanna die like a damn hero.

DEREK

Do what you want. I can look for them on my own. Tracy! Can you hear me?

Unexpectedly, Derek's flashlight goes out.

DEREK

Damn it!

Derek tries to turn on his flashlight. It doesn't work.

DEREK

My flashlight's broken.

NORMAN

Don't worry, change places with me.

Norman and Derek change places and keep walking. Derek now walks at the back of the file.

INT. LEVEL 3 - CUBICLE - NIGHT

Tina and Chuck come into a small and well-illuminated cubicle filled with wall paintings.

CHUCK

Well, another damn work of art..

A trickle of gold-colored liquid starts oozing through a crack in one of the walls..

Chuck approaches the liquid and takes a sample of it with his finger.

CHUCK

What the hell is this shit?

He smells his finger.

CHUCK

Holy shit! It smells worse than my dog's farts!

Chuck wipes his finger on his football jersey. Then he grabs Tina round the waist and smiles naughtily at her. He tries to kiss her, but she stops him.

TINA

I'm scared, Chuck, totally shit scared.

CHUCK

I understand you, honey. But I'm tired of running away.

TINA

Please, Chuck..

Chuck shushes her. Then he kisses her.

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERIES-EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Norman and Derek walk through another gallery of niches. Norman looks sideways at him.

NORMAN

Are you still there, Derek?

DEREK

Yeah, don't worry, I'm still alive.

NORMAN

I don't wanna seem offensive at all, but you black people are a big problem in this kind of situation.

DEREK

Very funny, man.

A loud SCREECHING NOISE is heard in the distance. The startled students come to a halt.

INT. LEVEL 3 - CUBICLE - NIGHT

Chuck and Tina stop kissing. The METALLIC SCREECHING is heard again.

TINA

I wanna go back to the tunnel right now. Please, Chuck...

CHUCK

(mockingly)

Please, Chuck... Please, Chuck... Is that all you can say?

TINA

Please, Chuck...

CHUCK

Look, I'm sure that "ruthless killer" is just a retarded hick. You know, five feet tall, cross-eyed, with bushy eyebrows... I'd squash him like a bug. There's nothing to fear.

INT. LEVEL 3 - LOCULI GALLERIES-EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Norman and Derek walk through another dark, narrow gallery. The SCREECHING NOISE is heard again, louder, coming closer. They stop.

NORMAN

Shit! I can't stand this any more!

DEREK

Okay, you win. Let's go back.

They turn around and cautiously walk back...

A CRACKING NOISE coming from Derek's position is heard.

NORMAN

What's happening back there? I hope you haven't broken a relic or anything...

There is no response.

NORMAN

Is everything alright, Derek?

An incomprehensible MURMUR is heard.

NORMAN

What the hell did you say?

Norman stops walking and turn round. Then he shines his flashlights on Derek..

Terror and shock in Derek's eyes, some strange and deep lines around his neck..

NORMAN

(confused)

What... What...

Derek is with his back to Norman while looking in fear at him. His head has been twisted around.

NORMAN

(shocked)

Derek!

The hook-arm brutally pierces Derek's stomach and lifts him up. Then the Prowler starts slamming him against the walls while Norman runs away in terror.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

The second group arrives at the emergency exit, a small square hatch. Mr. Coleman opens it..

A smooth rock blocks the exit. There is an old religious painting on it, "The three Hebrews in the Fiery Furnace". Astonished, Mr. Coleman removes his mouthpiece and stares perplexed at the stone.

MR.COLEMAN

What...

Denise, Andrea and Scott remove their mouthpieces too.

ANDREA

What the shit is going on here?!

Mr. Coleman tries to push the rock but it doesn't move.

MR.COLEMAN

I can't believe it...
(banging the
stone)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

DENISE

He wants to keep us here.

MR. COLEMAN

Yes, he had everything perfectly planned.

Mr. Coleman bows his head and sighs in despair.

SCOTT

C'mon, we can't give up. There must be another exit somewhere.

ANDREA

Yeah, Simonetti said that there were several of them.

MR. COLEMAN

Okay, let's go back and meet up with the others.

INT. LEVEL 3 - CUBICLE - NIGHT

Chuck is seated on a stone altar with Tina seated astride him. They are kissing. Then Tina stops.

TINA

I'm really scared, Chuck.

CHUCK

C'mon, don't stop now. I don't wanna get angry.

TINA

I can't stand anymore!

CHUCK

Don't be stupid, Tina.

TINA

You're the stupid one! Fuck you!

Tina tries to stand up but Chuck grabs her by the arm. Then he takes out his switchblade and holds it to her throat, his nervous tic showing again.

CHUCK

Don't make me hurt you, bitch. Shut your mouth or I swear you'll regret it.

Paralyzed in fear, Tina nods in silence.

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERIES-EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Norman comes running into another gallery of niches. He stops and leans against a wall while trying to get his breath back.

NORMAN
 (whispering)
 Our Father, who art in heaven..

Norman opens the valve on his oxygen tank and places the mouthpiece to his lips. He inhales deeply. Then something catches his attention on the ground..

It's a trail of blood. He follows it with his eyes along the floor and the wall..

Pietro's dismembered body rests in one of the niches.

Norman spits the mouthpiece out while looking in shock at the corpse.

INT. LEVEL 3 - EMERGENCY TUNNEL-SECOND SECTION - NIGHT

The group quickly crawls back along the tunnel. Scott and Denise seem to be having breathing problems. They remove their mouthpieces.

SCOTT
 My oxygen tank isn't working properly.

DENISE
 Neither is mine.

Mr. Coleman removes his mouthpiece and approaches them.

MR. COLEMAN
 Let me see.

Mr. Coleman checks the oxygen tanks. Then he opens the valves a bit more.

MR. COLEMAN
 Problem fixed. Let's go.

The group keeps crawling back.

INT. LEVEL 3 - SMALL CUBICLE - NIGHT

Hidden inside a stone tomb while holding his oxygen tank in a defensive position, Norman trembles nervously.

He hears a NOISE and slightly moves the slab. Then he timidly looks out the sepulchre..

There is somebody at the cubicle entrance. It's a dark figure with its back to him. It seems a plump man with curly hair. It looks like Paolo.

Norman cautiously comes out of the tomb and approaches..

NORMAN
 Paolo? Is it you?

Paolo doesn't answer.

NORMAN
(taking him by
the arm)

It's me, Norman. Are you okay?

Paolo doesn't react. Norman slowly shines his flashlight on him...

It's Paolo's body: his head smashed, exposed brain, a long golden stake sticking out from his mouth while holding him to the ground.

Two shining golden eyes appear from the darkness behind Norman. A HOARSE BREATHING is heard.

Before Norman can scream, the steel arm silences him by pressing against his throat...

A strong hand sticks part of Paolo's brain into his mouth and forces him to chew it.

The Prowler pierces Norman's stomach with his hook-arm. Then he lifts him up and throws back him into the tomb.

INT. LEVEL 3 - BLIND GALLERY - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman and the students climb down the tunnel and remove their mouthpieces. Denise and Scott repeatedly cough.

SCOTT
These damned oxygen tanks are no good!

DENISE
I almost suffocated in there...

Mr. Coleman checks the oxygen tanks again. Then something catches his attention: the breathing hoses have been cut.

MR. COLEMAN
Somebody cut the breathing tubes.

SCOTT
What? Who was the son of-?

MR. COLEMAN
-It doesn't matter now. Leave them here.

Scott and Denise obey. Then the group starts to walk along the blind gallery.

ANDREA
Tracy! Derek! Norman!

Nobody answers.

DENISE
Tina! Chuck! Can you hear us?

Silence.

DENISE
Where can they be?

MR. COLEMAN
I don't know but we've no time to
look for them. We must find a way
to get out.

ANDREA
How? This is like a maze.

SCOTT
Two groups again?

MR. COLEMAN
I'm not sure that that's a good
idea. We'd be more vulnerable
like that.

SCOTT
But we'd have more chances of
finding an exit.

DENISE
Yeah, he's right.

MR. COLEMAN
Okay, whatever, we'll take the
risk.

Scott takes Denise by the hand.

SCOTT
I'm going with her.

MR. COLEMAN
Then you'll need this.

Mr. Coleman takes off his oxygen tank and hands it to
Scott.

MR. COLEMAN
Be very careful, Scott.

INT. LEVEL 3 - CUBICLE - NIGHT

While holding the switchblade to Tina's throat, Chuck
kisses passionately her neck.

TINA
Haven't you heard?

Chuck doesn't answer. He keeps kissing her.

TINA
I think they're looking for us.

CHUCK
Shut up, baby.

TINA
But-

Chuck presses the switchblade further into her throat.

CHUCK
Shut the fuck up.

Tina keeps silence. Then he starts kissing her breast while unbuttoning her blouse..

A SLASHING NOISE is heard.

Without opening his eyes, Chuck moves his hand towards her face and starts caressing her lips and..

There is no face above Tina's mouth. Her head has been horizontally split in half.

Covered in blood, Chuck opens his eyes and screams in horror.

The Prowler's arm impales Tina's body from behind and lifts her into the air. Then she is slammed against a wall like a rag doll.

Terrified, Chuck stands up brandishing his switchblade.

CHUCK
Son of a bitch!

The tip of the steel arm retracts and is replaced by the drill bit, which starts to rotate.

Chuck pounces on the Prowler, who quickly sticks the drill bit under his chin and lifts him into the air.

Chuck's body trembles spasmodically as blood starts dripping from his mouth.

The Prowler's free hand forcefully grabs him by his arm.

The arm's drill bit bursts from Chuck's face, splitting it in half.

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERIES-WEST SIDE - NIGHT

Scott and Denise walk along a narrow gallery. They share the oxygen tank as they consult a map of the catacomb.

SCOTT

According to this map, there are no more emergency exits in the catacomb.

DENISE

Pay attention to the structure, the blind galleries, Simonetti said-

Something on the ground catches Denise's attention. She covers her mouth to suppress her scream as Scott shines his flashlight on the ground..

Mr. Simonetti's severed hand is floating in a puddle of blood.

SCOTT

We're gonna need a lot of luck to get out of here in one piece.

INT. LEVEL 3 - DARK GALLERY - NIGHT

Chuck's and Tina's bodies are dragged through a gallery.

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERIES-EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman and Andrea walk through another corridor with niches. Coleman leads the way with his flashlight as the student consults a map of the subterranean galleries.

ANDREA

It's like finding a needle in a haystack. The remaining emergency exits could be anywhere.

The METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE is heard in the distance. They stop abruptly.

MR.COLEMAN

It's coming from near the tunnel.

ANDREA

I'd swear it's coming from the opposite direction. We're walking towards it.

MR.COLEMAN

It's only an illusion. Places like this have very special acoustics. Trust me.

INT. LEVEL 3 - CUBICLE - NIGHT

Denise and Scott enter the cubicle where Tina and Chuck were murdered. The chamber is covered in blood.

SCOTT
Jesus Christ..

DENISE
I'm scared, Scott.

SCOTT
I don't blame you, me too.

Something on the ground catches Scott's eye. It's Chuck's switchblade. He picks it up.

DENISE
What's that?

SCOTT
Well, it's not the ultimate weapon but it's better than nothing.

Scott puts the blade in his back pocket. Denise notices something at the back of the cubicle.

DENISE
Hey, look over there!

Scott looks at the back of the chamber: a narrow stone staircase seems to lead down to a lower basement.

INT. LEVEL 3 - *LOCULI* GALLERY-EAST SIDE - NIGHT

Andrea follows Mr. Coleman along another narrow gallery..

The METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE is heard again, coming closer. Andrea stops, scared.

ANDREA
We're going towards him! I'm completely sure!

MR. COLEMAN
He's trying to deceive us, Andrea! It's a trap! C'mon, hurry!

Mr. Coleman grabs Andrea by the arm and they continue walking forward.

INT. LEVEL 4 - DARK GALLERIES - NIGHT

Scott and Denise come into the third basement, another set of galleries. The darkness is complete here so they light their way with their flashlights.

Scott takes a breath from the oxygen cylinder and hands the mouthpiece to Denise, who starts inhaling.

SCOTT

As a kid, I had a recurring nightmare. I used to dream that I was in an old dark mansion and I couldn't get out. I ran through the rooms but I was never able to find the exit... Then I realized that there was no exit. The house was like a closed universe.

DENISE

And?

SCOTT

I'm feeling like that right now.

DENISE

(ironically)

Oh, that sounds very reassuring.. Thanks, Scott.

SCOTT

You'd feel safer with your father here instead of me, wouldn't you?

DENISE

Well, I don't wanna underestimate you, but he was a cop. He was not Superman, but at least he'd carry a gun instead of a switchblade.

SCOTT

Yeah, I'm sure I'm not as manly and protective as he was. But I'm also sure that you and I can make a good team against that damn psycho.

DENISE

I hope so.

Denise notices a very dim light in the distance.

DENISE

Hey, look over there! There seems to be a light!

INT. LEVEL 3 - NARROW BLIND GALLERY 2 - NIGHT

Coleman and Andrea reach the back wall of a narrow blind gallery. Andrea shines his flashlight on the top of it.

There is a closed hatch ten feet above the ground. It seems like another emergency tunnel.

ANDREA

It won't be easy to climb up there.

MR. COLEMAN

We have to try it anyway. Let's go.

Mr. Coleman takes a step forward and..

The hook-arm pierces his shoulder from behind.

He screams in pain. Then the unseen killer quickly drags him through the darkness towards the exit of the gallery.

Paralyzed in fear, Andrea soon loses sight of them. The screams of Coleman are heard in the distance.

A few instants later, the screams stop.

Silence.

Andrea stares at the darkness while trembling in fear..

The METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE is heard.

Andrea runs towards the wall and starts climbing up to the hatch.

The screeching noise is heard again, louder, coming closer.

After some tense seconds of climbing, Andrea reaches the hatch and tries to open it. It's jammed.

The screeching keeps approaching while Andrea struggles to open the hatch.

Finally, he manages to open it and jumps up to reach the emergency hole..

The Prowler's hook-arm sticks into the sole of his shoe.

Andrea howls in pain.

Making a supreme effort, the student manages to enter the tunnel as the hook tears his foot.

From the top of the wall, Andrea looks down disdainfully at the unseen killer. He makes a grimace of disgust and spits on him.

ANDREA

Vaffanculo, pezzo di merda!

Andrea slams the hatch shut.

TUNNEL

Andrea takes off his shirt and wraps it around his foot. Then he starts scrambling through the tunnel..

A CLICK SOUND is heard.

A sharp, jagged steel sheet comes out from the wall and horizontally slits Andrea's belly.

NARROW BLIND GALLERY 2

The hatch opens. Andrea, his guts hanging out, falls backwards from the hole to the ground.

The Prowler approaches him and pulls out his intestines. Then he starts wrapping them around his neck..

A few instants later, Andrea is dragged by his guts into the darkness while screaming in agony.

INT. LEVEL 4 - CRACKED WALL - NIGHT

Scott and Denise examine a wall with their flashlights. There is a mural painting depicting "The Raising of Lazarus".

SCOTT

The Raising of Lazarus... A miracle like that is just what we need.

Denise notices a small crack through which light is streaming. She looks through the crack.

DENISE

It looks like a room.

SCOTT

Let me see.

Denise moves aside. Then Scott hits the wall with the bottom of the oxygen bottle. Part of the wall collapses. He picks up a piece of fallen wall and checks it.

SCOTT

Plaster, a thin wall of plaster.

DENISE

Maybe it was built to hide something.

SCOTT

Let's have a look.

INT. LEVEL 3 - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The Prowler quickly walks down the staircase leading to the third basement. His heavy breathing is heard.

INT. LEVEL 4 - BURIAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

After demolishing part of the wall, Scott and Denise come into a dimly lit chamber.

The room houses half a dozen stone sepulchers and its walls are decorated with sinister paintings depicting Old Testament stories. They contemplate the paintings.

DENISE

They're terrifying. They seem to be worshipping violence.

SCOTT

That was common in those times.

DENISE

Yeah, but here it's different, it's more intense. It's... it's as though God was a real son of a bitch.

SCOTT

Maybe he is. If he was a good guy, he'd be helping us right now.

Scott steps away from the walls and enters an adjoining cubicle. Denise keeps staring at the paintings as if hypnotized by them.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Denise! Come in here! Hurry!

Denise wakes up from her "trance".

INT. LEVEL 4 - SAINT LUCIUS' CRYPT - NIGHT

Denise goes into a small crypt decorated with more religious frescos..

There is a stone tomb in the middle of the chamber. Scott smiles widely at her.

SCOTT

Are you ready to become a big name in the History of Archaeology?

Denise approaches the sepulcher and examines its sculpted letters and engravings.

DENISE

(amazed)

I can't believe it... It's... It's Saint Lucius' tomb!

SCOTT

Yeah, the bastard was well hidden.

DENISE

It's wonderful! It's-

Something catches Denise's eye in the tomb, a trickle of gold-colored liquid pouring through a small crack.

DENISE

What's that?

Denise takes a sample of the liquid with her finger and smells it. She wrinkles up her nose.

DENISE

It stinks. It smells like sulfur.

Scott smells her finger too.

SCOTT

Well, it doesn't smell so bad..

Denise wipes her finger on her jeans.

SCOTT

C'mon, stop wasting time. We've got to find an exit.

DENISE

Okay, but give me some oxygen first. I'm almost suffocating.

Scott hands Denise the mouthpiece and opens the valve of the tank. She inhales.

Meanwhile, Scott looks around at some paintings depicting scenes of Saint Lucius' life.

SCOTT

This guy wasn't exactly an angel. It seems he murdered his whole family as an offering to God.

Denise stops inhaling.

DENISE

He could have been the leader of some sort of sect.

Denise gives the mouthpiece back to Scott, who inhales some oxygen too. Meanwhile, she looks around.

DENISE

There's no exit here either.

Scott stops inhaling. He smiles.

SCOTT

It tastes like mint.

DENISE

What?

SCOTT
The mouthpiece, it tastes very good.

DENISE
Well, I don't like having bad breath.

SCOTT
(naughtily)
Can I taste it again?

DENISE
Can I remind you that a lunatic is killing people in here?

SCOTT
It'll only take a moment.

Scott draws near to kiss her..

The METALLIC SCREECHING NOISE is heard in the distance. They get frightened.

BURIAL CHAMBER/DARK GALLERY

Scott and Denise quickly go back to the first cubicle and approach the demolished wall. From there, they look at the dark galleries..

There is nobody.

DENISE
It seems to be coming from the upper floor.

Two shining golden eyes glint in the darkness ahead. They stare open-mouthed at them.

SCOTT
I'm afraid it's not.

The screeching noise is heard again.

The golden eyes quickly start approaching the chamber while sparks fly around them..

SCOTT
Follow me! Hurry!

SAINT LUCIUS' CRYPT

Scott and Denise nervously return to the crypt.

DENISE
What... What're you doing?! There's no exit here!

SCOTT
I know, let me think!

DARK GALLERY

The Prowler furiously scrapes the hook-arm along the walls, causing more sparks.

SAINT LUCIUS' CRYPT

Scott takes off the oxygen cylinder and holds it tightly with both hands.

SCOTT
I'm gonna try and knock him out
with this! Get behind me!

Denise obeys. Then something catches Scott's attention on the ground next to Saint Lucius' sepulcher...

It's a small three button control panel.

SCOTT
Wait, look down there!

Denise looks down at the button panel.

DENISE
What's that?

SCOTT
I don't know but it has to
activate something!

Denise crouches down next to the panel and pushes the buttons. Nothing happens. She pushes them again...

The crypt's back wall starts shaking.

BURIAL CHAMBER

The Prowler reaches the demolished wall and enters the burial cubicle. His breathing is intense.

SAINT LUCIUS' CRYPT/PASSAGEWAY

Denise keeps pushing the buttons while the back wall keeps shaking.

SCOTT
Let me try!

Denise moves aside. Then Scott hits the buttons with the oxygen tank. The control panel breaks and sparks come out of it. The crypt's wall lanterns start blinking.

A portion of the crypt's back wall partially slides open to reveal a hidden passageway.

SCOTT
Let's go! Hurry!

They enter the passageway. From there, Denise pushes the closing button of another control panel placed on a wall. The sliding wall slowly starts closing..

DENISE
Oh, c'mon, for God's sake!

The Prowler comes into the crypt and runs towards the back wall. Then he pounces on them..

The wall slides shut, trapping the Prowler's hook-arm. The students step back as they look scared at it..

There is a black Christian cross tattooed on the strong forearm.

After a few tense moments, the Prowler pulls back his arm and the sliding wall closes fully.

DENISE
Who... who was that man?

SCOTT
I don't know. I couldn't see his face properly.

The Prowler furiously starts hitting the back wall of the crypt with his hook-arm.

SCOTT
C'mon, let's go!

They start running through the passageway.

INT. LEVEL 4 - OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

An operating theatre equipped with operating tables and high-tech devices.

A metal door slides open. Scott and Denise enter the room. They look around, amazed.

SCOTT
What... What's this?

DENISE
The last thing I'd have expected to find in here.

Denise approaches one of the operating tables, which is stained with blood. Then she examines some surgical instruments, such as scalpels, clamps, scissors, etc.

DENISE
This doesn't look good.

Scott examines a machine emitting a low buzzing sound.

SCOTT

I'm not a high-tech expert but
this thing seems to be bringing
in oxygen from the outside.

DENISE

Yeah, I can breathe better in
here...

A metal door slides open at the back of the operating
room. The students jump in fright...

Mr. Coleman comes in, staggering, a bloody wound on his
shoulder.

DENISE

Mister Coleman!

SCOTT

Dad!

They quickly approach Mr. Coleman and help him to sit
down on one of the operating tables.

SCOTT

Look for something to clean his
wound! Hurry, Denise!

Denise obeys.

MR. COLEMAN

I managed to escape but Andrea
didn't. That guy is as strong as
a gorilla.

Denise hands Scott some iodine and cotton balls. He
starts cleaning the wound.

DENISE

You know anything about this
place? It seems very strange to-

MR. COLEMAN

-I just know that we have to
escape right now or we'll be
butchered like pigs in a
slaughterhouse.

Scott finishes bandaging his father's shoulder. Then Mr.
Coleman stands up and points at the sliding metal door at
the back of the operating theatre.

MR. COLEMAN

That door leads to a couple of
hallways.

(MORE)

MR.COLEMAN (cont'd)

One of them brought me here. Maybe
the other one will lead us to an
exit.

INT. LEVEL 4 - SAINT LUCIUS' CRYPT - NIGHT

The Prowler keeps hitting the back wall of the crypt with
his hook-arm.

INT. LEVEL 4 - MORGUE - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman and the students come into a large cold room
lit with blue fluorescent lights. Denise wrinkles up her
face.

DENISE

The smell of sulfur again...

A huge tapestry depicting a Paleochristian painting of
Adam and Eve hangs from the ceiling in the center of the
room.

Scott and Denise cautiously approach the tapestry. He
takes off his oxygen tank and places it on the floor.
Then he admires the painting.

SCOTT

Adam and Eve. Created to be holy,
and to live forever...

DENISE

Why are you telling me that? We
need to find-

Scott pushes the button of a pendant control and bows his
head in silence.

The tapestry slides open to reveal the back part of the
room...

The dead bodies of Chuck, Tina, Norman, Derek and Andrea
hanging head down from the ceiling, their wounds sewn up.

Several tubes have been inserted in the bodies, injecting
a golden fluid from embalming machines and draining blood
into a big bowl.

Completely shocked, Denise turns towards Scott, who keeps
staring at the ground in silence, seriously.

MR.COLEMAN (O.S.)

*Sanguis martyrum, semen
christianorum...*

Denise turns round to look at Coleman, who is standing
next to the door. He finishes engraving a sign of the
cross on his forearm with a scalpel.

MR.COLEMAN

Martyrdom is the essence of real
Christianity, Denise.

DENISE

(shocked)

Mr... Mr. Coleman... What... What have
you got to do with all this?

MR.COLEMAN

(smiling)

I am all this.

DENISE

No, no... It's... It's not possible
that you... Why? Why?

Denise takes a step towards Mr. Coleman but Scott grabs
her by the arm.

SCOTT

Calm down, Denise, please. Allow
us to explain ourselves.

Mr. Coleman cleans his bloody forearm with a cloth and
puts the scalpel in a pocket.

MR.COLEMAN

The first few years after my
wife's death were hard for us.
Anger and sadness tormented us,
gnawing at our souls. But one
day, we decided to make a trip.
"Italy, yes, it could be a good
place for us to forget our
misfortunes", I thought. We left
with no destination in mind but
something brought us here. And
then the miracle happened.

FLASHBACK - INT. DARK GROTTA - NIGHT

Guided by their flashlights, a YOUNGER MR.COLEMAN, 38,
and a YOUNGER SCOTT, 6, walk through a dark grotto while
looking at the niches on the walls.

MR.COLEMAN (V.O.)

From the moment we stepped into
this still unexplored place, we
heard his holy voice within us.
At first, I thought we had gone
insane. After the tragedy, I had
lost all faith in God but then...

FLASHBACK - INT. SAINT LUCIUS' CRYPT - NIGHT

They contemplate the religious frescos of the crypt while
smiling astonished.

MR. COLEMAN (V.O.)

Then I remembered that my dear wife had been a firm believer. I had no right to contradict her.

Younger Mr. Coleman approaches Saint Lucius' sepulcher and takes a sample of the golden liquid with his finger.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LEVEL 4 - MORGUE - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman, moved, wipes some tears away with the cloth.

MR. COLEMAN

That was when I realized that we were receiving a divine call from Him.

DENISE

You expect me to believe that God talked to you?

MR. COLEMAN

I'm not talking about God, girl, but about Saint Lucius; and not the Roman impostor, but the first and only Saint Lucius...

(beat)

His life is told in here. He was the true interpreter of God's and Christ's teachings, the one who unmasked the four evangelists. That was the reason why he was exiled here with his followers and forgotten forever.

SCOTT

The false Christians, Denise, the heretics, they were the guilty ones.

MR. COLEMAN

All these years, I've tried to keep this sacred place hidden, the place where true Christianity will be reborn from the ashes. I admit I've been strict but the new Good Shepherd must be strict.

DENISE

(furiously)

Good Shepherd?! You're nothing but a fucking psychopath!

Denise tries to approach Mr. Coleman again but Scott deftly immobilizes her.

SCOTT

Please, don't make me have to hurt you.

MR. COLEMAN

Don't get us wrong, Denise, we're much more than that. As you see, we've worked very hard over the years; the rebuilding of true Christianity is drawing near.

DENISE

What the hell has all the killing to do with true Christianity?

Mr. Coleman shakes his head. Then he smiles at her.

MR. COLEMAN

Wake up, girl. Jesus Christ was not a hippie.

SAINT LUCIUS' CRYPT

The Prowler bangs on the back wall of the crypt with his hook-arm.

INT. LEVEL 4 - MORGUE - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman and the students hear the banging on the wall in the distance.

MR. COLEMAN

Stop!

The banging stops. Then Mr. Coleman smiles again.

MR. COLEMAN

(to Denise)

Our dear *fossor*... Have you ever heard of the Paleochristian *fossors*, the gravediggers? They built and guarded the catacomb galleries.

DENISE

Who's that bastard?

MR. COLEMAN

I met him many years ago. He was an intrepid man who made the mistake of desecrating this place. I had to kill him but his death wasn't in vain. He became the third new disciple of Saint Lucius and the first human being purified by the Essence...

(beat)

You can call him Angelo.

FLASHBACK - INT. DARK GROTTO - NIGHT

The hook-arm is brutally stuck into the face of Angelo, who falls to the ground..

The CAMERA moves up to reveal Younger Mr. Coleman.

From the end of the grotto, a very scared Younger Scott stares at his father, who repeatedly sticks the hook-arm in Angelo's face and chest.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LEVEL 4 - MORGUE - NIGHT

Mr. Coleman glances down at his wounded shoulder.

MR.COLEMAN

As you see, he sometimes still makes mistakes.

SCOTT

He didn't recognize me either, Dad. We only just escaped from him. Damn idiot.

MR.COLEMAN

(annoyed)

That's your fault. If you drastically change your looks every year, he'll never be able to recognize you at first glance. Look at you! You look like a dirty hobo!

Scott lowers his head, ashamed.

MR.COLEMAN

Just try to be understanding with him.

(turning his head, loudly)

Are you okay, Angelo?

SAINT LUCIUS' CRYPT

ANGELO, 45, stands next to the closed sliding wall with his hook-arm down.

He wears a tight and sleeveless black robe and his head is shaved; deathly pale, cadaverous features, disfigured by a long scar, shining golden eyes..

Angelo breathes heavily. Then viscous white foam starts dripping from his mouth.

MORGUE

Mr. Coleman smiles at Denise.

MR.COLEMAN

He doesn't like talking too much.
He's very shy. But he'll soon
have new friends.

Mr. Coleman approaches the hanging bodies.

DENISE

What're you doing to them?

MR.COLEMAN

We're purifying them with the
Essence, the holy substance that
exudes from the catacomb's walls,
the physical incarnation of Saint
Lucius' soul. It will transform
them just like it did with
Angelo. They will be young and
healthy *fossors*, angels with no
free will carrying out the will
of God.

A HUSKY GRUNT is heard. They look at the hanging bodies.
Andrea's body quivers slightly.

MR.COLEMAN

The catacomb will open in a few
months and we need to recruit
people to prevent this massive
desecration. We must defend the
fort but it's also time to reveal
the Truth to the world.

SCOTT

We don't only need *fossors* but
also brilliant minds, Denise.
(smiling)
And you're the chosen one.

MR.COLEMAN

Yes, you're not like them. You're
different. And my son feels
something very strong for you.

DENISE

You're fucking crazy if you think
I'm gonna-

Scott covers Denise's mouth with his hand.

SCOTT

-Please, Denise, reconsider it.
You're Christian, aren't you?
This is the true meaning of our
religion.

MR. COLEMAN

Anyway, you're free to choose. We won't force you to act against your will. If you don't accept our offer, you'll be free to leave.

Mr. Coleman approaches her with a smile.

MR. COLEMAN

But Angelo will be free as well, of course. Yeah, it'll be funny, like one of those documentaries in which hungry cheetahs tear their preys to pieces. We got any popcorn, Scott?

Scott unwillingly smiles at his father.

MR. COLEMAN

The decision is yours, girl.

Scott slowly uncovers Denise's mouth. She lowers her head and looks down at the floor in dejection.

SCOTT

C'mon, I'm sure you're also hearing his voice within you. Listen to Him, Denise.

Denise hesitates. Then she slowly raises her crying eyes and stares at Mr. Coleman. She nods.

SCOTT

(smiling)

See? I was right, Dad! There is something special in her!

(to Denise)

I knew it from the moment I met you. You "shine" too. You "shine" like us.

Denise shyly smiles at him.

SCOTT

I love you, Denise.

Scott closes his eyes and brings his lips close to her mouth. They kiss.

Mr. Coleman looks at them with a proud smile on his face. Then he steps back towards a metal drawer and opens it, revealing Tracy's impaled body.

Scott and Denise keep kissing. She opens her eyes, tears running down her cheeks.

DENISE

Why? Why all this violence,
Scott?

SCOTT

It was necessary. Don't worry,
everything will be fine.

Mr. Coleman removes the golden stake from Tracy's body while humming The Beatles' song "All you need is love".

MR.COLEMAN (O.S.)

Love, Love, Love...

He cleans Tracy's bloody mouth while looking down at her blind blue eyes.

MR.COLEMAN

(to Tracy)

I hope you at least had a good
sense of hearing.

Mr. Coleman closes her eyelids and starts threading a suture needle.

Scott and Denise keep kissing. Then she slowly runs her hand down his back, the switchblade handle protruding from his rear pocket...

MR.COLEMAN (O.S.)

Love, Love, Love...

Denise gently takes the switchblade and slowly pulls it from the pocket.

MR.COLEMAN (O.S.)

Love, Love, Love...

Denise places the switchblade behind Scott's head, aiming it at the base of his skull. She opens her eyes again.

DENISE

I'm sorry, Scott.

SCOTT

(confused)

Why sorry?

Mr. Coleman turns to look at them. His smile freezes.

MR.COLEMAN

Watch out!

Denise flicks the switchblade open, sticking it into the back of Scott's neck.

MR.COLEMAN

No!

Scott stares at her for a few instants. Then he collapses on the floor. Denise steps away towards the side of the room as Coleman comes running to his son.

MR. COLEMAN

Scott!

Mr. Coleman crouches down next him and puts an arm around his shoulders. Scott's body shakes frantically as blood starts pouring from his mouth.

MR. COLEMAN

Keep calm, son! Just stay calm
and don't move! I'll cure you in
a few minutes... C'mon, you have to
be strong.

Scott abruptly stops shaking. Then he stops breathing.

MR. COLEMAN

C'mon, don't give up... Please,
Scott...

(shaking him)

Be strong, soldier! God is here!
God is here with us!

Scott doesn't react. Dejected, Mr. Coleman starts crying. Then he turns to glare at Denise.

MR. COLEMAN

You're dead, bitch.

Mr. Coleman stands up, pulls the scalpel from his pocket and starts walking towards her...

Denise nervously looks around. Then she picks up a big amputation saw from a medical cart.

MR. COLEMAN

Shit!

Mr. Coleman throws the scalpel to the ground and runs towards a nearby locker. He opens it.

There is a shining golden hook-arm in the locker. He quickly grabs it and straps it to his arm.

MR. COLEMAN

(smiling)

Have you got anything better than
this?

Screaming furiously, he runs towards Denise, who tries to defend herself with the amputation saw.

Mr. Coleman disarms Denise with the edge of his hook-arm, wounding her hand. Then he hits her in the face with the side of the hook-arm's end, sending her flying backwards.

Painfully, Denise slowly stands up next to the hanging bodies.

A deathly pale hand firmly grabs her by her arm.

The hand belongs to Tina, hanging head down, her face sewed up, who stares at her with shining golden eyes...

MR.COLEMAN

(approaching)

You like her eyes, don't you?
Soon you'll have a couple like
them!

Mr. Coleman stops in front of Denise.

MR.COLEMAN

You're lucky. Angelo would have
been much rougher with you.

The hooked tip of steel arm retracts and is replaced by a thick drill bit, which starts to rotate.

MR.COLEMAN

It'll be quick and-

The scalpel pierces Mr. Coleman's throat from behind...

His smile freezes, a trickle of blood runs down from his mouth. A moment later, he falls to his knees.

Mr. Simonetti is behind him, his shoulders bleeding, the stump of his right hand covered with his jacket. Denise pulls herself from Tina's grasp and hugs him.

MR.SIMONETTI

You okay, girl?

Denise nods.

MR.SIMONETTI

I wish I could say the same. Come
with me, I think I found an exit.

They head towards the opposite side of the morgue. He walks leaning on her.

A FAINT SCREECHING NOISE is heard.

Startled, they turn to look at Mr. Coleman, who staggers along the room. He smiles.

MR.COLEMAN

Are you... Are you leaving without
saying goodbye to him?

Mr. Coleman sticks his hook-arm in a wall push button. Then he collapses on the floor and dies.

SAINT LUCIUS' CRYPT/PASSAGEWAY

The back wall of Saint Lucius' crypt slides open...

Angelo comes into the passageway and starts running while he furiously scrapes the metallic walls with his hook-arm.

MORGUE/PASSAGEWAY 3

Mr. Simonetti grabs Denise by her arm.

MR.SIMONETTI

Follow me! Hurry!

They quickly cross a back sliding door. Then he reaches out to push a closing button in a control panel...

DENISE

Wait!

Denise comes back to the morgue and picks up the oxygen tank. Then she hits a button panel placed on the other side of the back door.

The panel breaks and sparks fly out. It causes a fire which starts to spread.

DENISE

(crossing the door)

He can't be so dumb as not to know how the door opens.

Mr. Simonetti pushes the closing button in the other panel. The thick sliding door doesn't move.

MR.SIMONETTI

It doesn't work! You broke it!

PASSAGEWAY 2

Angelo leaves the operating theatre and starts running through another passageway.

MORGUE/PASSAGEWAY 3

Mr. Simonetti pushes the button again. The electronic door slowly slides a few inches.

Angelo comes in the morgue and starts running towards them.

Denise notices Mr.Simonetti's Magnum revolver in his shoulder holster.

DENISE

Give me your gun!

She takes the revolver from him and aims at the oncoming Angelo. She shoots.

With a quick movement, Angelo protects his upper body by putting his hook-arm up. The bullet is repelled by the steel.

Denise fires another three times..

All the shots are repelled by Angelo's steel-arm with quick up and down movements.

MR.SIMONETTI

Shoot at his legs!

Denise slightly angles the revolver down and again pulls the trigger. No bullets.

DENISE

(checking the
gun)

What the hell...!

MR.SIMONETTI

Wait! I think I have some more
bullets!

Mr. Simonetti searches through his pockets but he can't find anything.

Denise desperately bangs on the buttons. The sliding door doesn't move.

Angelo reaches the back of the morgue and pounces on them..

The thick door slides shut with a HISS, trapping and immobilizing Angelo.

The growing fire reaches him and spreads through his robe.

Covered in flames, Angelo fights to free himself but the door presses strongly against him.

The CRACKING of his bones is heard. He growls in pain as the fire consumes him.

Finally, Angelo stops moving.

Denise and Mr. Simonetti let out a sigh of relief as they stare at his burned body.

EXT. VALLEY - DAWN

The sun rises behind the mountains of the valley.

INT. LEVEL 4 - MODERN HALLWAY - DAWN

Denise and Mr. Simonetti walk through a hallway decorated with some religious paintings.

They stop next to a painting drawn on a stone tablet. It depicts a man with long hair and beard and an expression full of hate.

DENISE
Saint Lucius?

Mr. Simonetti glares at the painting.

MR.SIMONETTI
Yes, more than likely.

Mr. Simonetti grabs the tablet and throws it on the floor, where it SHATTERS.

MR.SIMONETTI
I hope you burn in hell!

INT.LEVEL 4 - MORGUE - DAWN

Angelo, Scott, Mr. Coleman and the hanging bodies burn in flames in the morgue. The ceiling starts to fall down.

INT. LEVEL 4 - HALLWAY WITH STAIRCASE - DAWN

Denise and Mr. Simonetti arrive at a spiral staircase, which seems to lead to the upper levels.

DENISE
Can you feel a breeze?

MR.SIMONETTI
Yeah, it's coming from up there.
I'm looking forward to breathing
fresh air again.

They start to go up the staircase...

Suddenly, a hook-arm impales Denise from behind.

A bald, bearded man with an eye patch wearing a blood-stained lab coat over his black robe is behind her.

It's FRANCESCO, 55, Angelo's archaeologist colleague, turned into a *fossor*.

Mr. Simonetti shouts in horror. Francesco lifts Denise into the air and slams her against a wall.

After turning towards Mr. Simonetti, Francesco glares at him...

They stand face to face for a few instants.

Simonetti quickly turns round to continue going up..

With a fast movement, Francesco sticks his hook-arm into his left leg, ripping it open. Simonetti screams in pain.

Francesco sticks now his hook-arm into Simonetti's right leg. He screams again.

A bullet falls from his torn pocket and bounces away down the staircase..

The hooked tip of the steel arm retracts and is replaced by circular saw blade, which starts to rotate.

Francesco slowly brings the saw up to Simonetti's face..

MR. SIMONETTI

No... No... Please no...

The arm's saw blade falls on Simonetti's forehead..

A SHOT is heard.

Francesco's top of his head blows up.

An instant later, his shining eyes turn dull and foam drips from his mouth. Then he drops like a log to the ground.

Lying on the floor, dying, Denise drops the revolver.

Mr. Simonetti sighs, relieved. Then, making a big effort, he crawls towards her and takes her by the hand.

DENISE

I'm... I'm sorry. I forgot... to give you your gun back...

Mr. Simonetti smiles weakly.

DENISE

You... You're a tough guy. It's... It's amazing that... you're still alive.

MR.SIMONETTI

Well, probably not for much longer. I'm bleeding everywhere.

DENISE

You're... You're gonna be okay... You have to be...

(beat)

Someday this place... this place will become something great... something great and beautiful.

MR.SIMONETTI

Thank you, I hope so.

They smile at each other for a few moments. Then Denise dies. Simonetti gently closes her eyelids and kisses her forehead.

EXT. ROCKY HILL - MORNING

A square hatch slowly opens. Rays of sunlight hit Mr. Simonetti's face. He squints his eyes and sighs deeply, exhausted.

The hatch, the exit of another narrow tunnel, is located in the middle of a rocky hill, about seventy feet above the ground.

Simonetti wipes the sweat from his forehead and raises his eyes to the sky.

MR.SIMONETTI

*Thank you, Lord. In spite of
everything, thank you for letting
me get out of this place alive..*

FAST ZOOM IN - A pale, face-sewed and golden-eyed Chuck pops up behind him. He covers Mr. Simonetti's mouth with his hand and smiles, his mouth filled with white foam.

CHUCK

(with a hoarse
voice)

You don't know shit about this
place, Simonetti!

Chuck laughs. Then he reaches out and slams the hatch shut.

THE END