

DEATH POET CLUB - EPISODE 1

Written by

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Genre:  
Horror, Mystery.

Logline:  
Poets forced to live through supernatural yet poetic worlds to  
compose a perfect poem which reveals to be death, becoming one of  
those worlds.

Minutes:  
40 min/episode

Pages:  
40



FADE IN - BLACK

ISSAC

Dear ISSAC, if you are reading this letter, it means you are now officially a member of Dead Poet Club. As the president, I give you the warmest welcome.

INT.

A man (ISSAC) is sitting in an armchair next to a fireplace. His glasses are reflecting the flame, making it unable to see his eyes. Another man with beard stands besides him, bending over, looking at ISSAC worriedly.

There are some people in the room as well, sitting or standing. An old man peeks over curiously. The man with beard gestures him to stop.

ISSAC (CONT'D)

As a poet with a distinguishingly fruitless career, you, ISSAC, just like every member of our Club, chose to find another way to feed your bottom. And that breaks you.

INT.

Small, dark room in which ISSAC is bending over a table. A lamp is closely lighting up a spread-out blueprint full of room plans. There are capitalized words on the top, reading...

Escape Room No.32

ISSAC puts down the pencil in his mouth, rubs the paper in his hand and tosses it in the waste paper basket. On it reads,

Crow Lantern.

**BLACK**

ISSAC (CONT'D)

But lucky enough, as a member of Dead Poet Club now, you have unlimited resource to our collection of poems and monthly inspiration events.

(MORE)

ISSAC (CONT'D)

But it has to be reminded here  
that, as a Club event, every event  
is mandatory. Additionally...

INT.

ISSAC stops reading and looks at the man with beard with  
puzzle.

ISSAC

This seems just like a normal club.  
What's the big deal, JIM?

The man with beard (JIM) lifts his chin without a word,  
indicating ISSAC to carry on.

ISSAC (CONT'D)

...these events are meant to evoke  
your inspiration with extreme  
experience. You will have two  
choices to make them through: A,  
find a way to live. B, on the basis  
of A, find a way to wipe out the  
"being" ...

INT.

In a hall faintly illuminated by a high chandelier of  
candles, a woman with smoky makeup is running wildly, looking  
back from time to time. JIM is running ahead of her. Sound of  
bare foot on the ground rapidly approaching.

They run into a hallway and stops by the corner, breathing  
heavily with repression. Footsteps stop and dies down in  
another direction.

WOMAN (PANTING)

We gotta separate or end up dead  
together.

MAN WITH BEARD

Right. You take the stairs, I will  
try to find more clues in the  
hallway.

The woman has a sudden pause when turning around and wides  
her eyes with ecstasy.

WOMAN (SHUDDERING)

Moonlight! Why didn't I notice it  
earlier!

ISSAC (CONT'D)

...I have to make this point clear:  
the right way is not that easy to  
find. And if you use the wrong  
way...

INT.

The woman runs to the top floor out of breath and opens a tall, well decorated door. A huge room with high ceiling unfolds before her eyes. Before the French window lies a throne. A pale woman wearing a rotten robe is sitting on it.

WOMAN

It's ok. It's ok. Step in the  
moonlight and you will be just  
fine...just fine.

The pale woman doesn't move. Behind her a huge moon appears, projecting the shadow of window panes on the floor.

The woman grins and makes her decision to approach. She rushes into the moonlight, then...

Countless roses begins to grow out of her eyes, mouth and nose...

ISSAC (CONT'D)

...the event may end up too  
extreme...

INT.

The woman tries to shout but could only make a terrifying "hiss" sound. She starts to struggle in vain.

The pale woman finally moves: she gets out of the throne, crawling like a lizard, laughing weirdly.

Then she approaches the woman who is now lying on the floor motionless and picks a rose tainted by blood from the woman's left eye, sniffing.

ISSAC (CONT'D)

But if you are a poet desperate  
enough for inspiration, then after  
wiping out the "being", you may get  
a little hint for the next event: a  
famous poem and some tips from me.

INT.

JIM pants heavily as he sits on the same armchair on which ISSAC is now sitting, half of his body covered by blood.

Next second, the scene switch to...

The room inside where ISSAC is sitting. JIM unfolds his hand, in which lies a crumpled paper. It reads,

Do not go gentle into that good  
night,  
Old age should burn and rave at  
close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the  
light.

Though wise men at their end know  
dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no  
lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good  
night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying  
how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced  
in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the  
light.

Wild men who caught and sang the  
sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved  
it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good  
night.

Grave men, near death, who see with  
blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors  
and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the  
light.

TIP:

1. Dylan may not be a  
mentor reliable enough.
2. Without head and tail,  
this poem is worthless.

The "TIP" part is written in a childish handwriting ironically.

CUT TO:

INT.

JIM

And that was all it should be. Hell lotta worse than the paper, isn't it?

ISSAC shudders heavily. He takes off his glasses and buries his head in hands. JIM pulls an armchair over and sits in front of ISSAC. The old man tries to approach.

JIM

Just a minute for ISSAC to chill, shall we?

JIM turns back, opens his mouth several times. He finally sighs and puts his one hand on ISSAC's shoulder.

JIM (GUILTILY)

I should've... I didn't know you...

ISSAC

Cut it, JIM. I don't blame you. Just tell me something more solid than that.

CUT TO:

THE LETTER, CLOSE UP

You may leave the club only if you have composed a PERFECT POEM.

CUT TO:

INT.

JIM

Hey! Hey! Are you with me?

ISSAC

Eh... yeah. Where were we...yes, solid. Anything solid you can tell me about this, freaking...club?

JIM

Actually there is. There are some so-called "hidden rules" in this club. First, in those events, you may not kill a fellow member.

ISSAC

Or what?

JIM

He or she will become "it". One of those..."beings"...you can call them ghost. The murdered ghosts can hunt you down in an hour. I've seen people killed by someone he killed in several minutes.

ISSAC

Great. So they really don't think one ghost is enough, do they?

JIM

You don't get it...yet. People get a lot more horrible than you could've imagined in such situation.

ISSAC pulls out the letter again, pointing at the end of the letter.

ISSAC

Then what the freaking hell is a "PERFECT POEM", how do we even do that? On a paper?

JIM

Hey, old pal, one at a time, shall we? There is a second rule I haven't told you yet. It took me six events to figure that out.

ISSAC

Fine. What's it then?

JIM

You may turn any tools out of imagination. But it will have no effect on ghosts.

ISSAC stands up and melts down into his chair after JIM's last sentence.



OLD MAN  
No time for demon hunters and holy  
water, eh?

The old man approaches and lets out a big smile.

OLD MAN  
Name's coffin.

JIM and ISSAC look at each other, not knowing what to say.

OLD MAN  
Just kidding. I'm JOE. They call me  
Old Joke. Just don't get pissed.  
You know, coz they all do.

JOE walks away, whistling. Then he turns back suddenly as of  
suddenly realizes something

JOE  
And by the way, just go for your  
locker and imagine some beer, if  
that helps.

JOE turns back and continues whistling, it is the tune of  
Caldey by Manic Street Preachers.

JIM  
Let him be. He's just a hippie. And  
back to your question, nobody knows  
what a PERFECT POEM is.

ISSAC  
What? Nobody's escaped here...like  
ever?

JIM  
It's hard, but yes. But there are  
members who have been here for over  
3 years.

ISSAC sneers.

ISSAC  
Are they still in a human shape?

JIM  
Well, yes. That old joke that you  
just talked to, JOE, he's been here  
for 2 years. Still live and  
kicking, right?

ISSAC lowers his head and doesn't speak.

JIM

Don't worry. We will figure something out. Together. Come on, remember the locker the old joke just mentioned? Let's grab some beer, shall we?

They get up. Led by JIM, they come to the front of dozens of lockers. JIM squats and finds a locker with a golden name plate for ISSAC.

JIM

There, that's your locker. Just imagine anything you want. Like...your favorite booze, Bourbon whiskey, huh? Just imagine.

ISSAC closes his eyes. After a few seconds, he opens his eyes and opens his locker.

ISSAC looks at the dark green bottle in his hand with astonishment. He opens the bottle and sniffs.

ISSAC

What the...This is really it!

JIM curls his lips, opens his own locker and takes another bourbon whiskey and some glasses out with ice.

JIM

Guess it's the only good. Oh, by the way, they really get some killer collection, literally any poetry you wanna get.

JIM starts to fill the glasses up while speaking-

JIM

Can you believe I got real manuscripts from Shakespeare? Well, I didn't believe Shakespeare's ONE person, but seems like he is.

JIM cheers with ISSAC and drank his glass up.

JIM

I gotta say, Shakespeare's handwriting is the WORST. I mean it. Hardly to be read.

ISSAC laughs and gets choked by whiskey and starts coughing. JIM approaches and pats his back.

JOE sniffs and approaches.

JOE  
I knew I smelled something. Bourbon  
Whiskey? Good. Good.

JOE tries to get a glass but his wrist is grabbed by JIM.

JIM  
One more minute.

JIM says each syllabus slow and clear.

JIM  
How about distributing these  
glasses first? Just do me a favor.

JIM lifts his eyebrows. JOE mumbles for agreement and walks away.

JIM  
Bro, you gotta pour the whiskey for  
them. It's kinda a rule as well.

ISSAC agrees and walks away holding a whiskey bottle.

Camera follows ISSAC, he sees--

A sweet-looking young girl wearing a head band, she thanks ISSAC softly, smiling while looking at him.

SWEET-LOOKING GIRL  
I'm BELLA. Welcome, ISSAC, good or  
not.

ISSAC smiles back and carries on. Then he sees--

A silent woman wearing all black leather. She wears strong yet stylish makeup. She is sitting with her legs crossed, smoking a cig with no filter, not even giving a look at ISSAC. The only reaction she gives is stopping ISSAC from pouring whiskey. She takes out a flask from her coat and pours out the liquid. ISSAC smiles with a little awkwardness.

ISSAC  
Nice to meet you. I'm ISSAC.

SILENT WOMAN  
CHUAN.

ISSAC  
I'm sorry?

SILENT WOMAN  
My name.

ISSAC smiles and moves away quickly. Then he walks to the front of--

A middle-aged man with a belly. His shirt is soaked by sweat, sticking on his body like a swim suit. He drinks up the glass immediately and says--

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Another, please.

ISSAC hears what he says. As he is about to speak, JOE comes from behind and whispers to him.

JOE

Save your words, boy. He's not gotta make it next time.

ISSAC

What's wrong with him?

JOE

Two years, boy. I've been in this shit hole for two years. I know people. And I'm telling ye, he will take you with him if you show more bits of kindness.

JOE pats ISSAC's shoulder and leaves.

JIM claps shortly all of a sudden. He raises his glass, attracting everyone's attention and says--

JIM

Today we have a new member. As you all know from the name plate, he is ISSAC. Personally, ISSAC is my best friend. And I must apologize here for hiding the existence of the club from him. My apologies, ISSAC.

ISSAC lowers his head and lifts up his right hand.

JIM

ISSAC is a escape room designer with imagery mnemonics, which means he can memorize things with one look...

JOE suddenly cries "Sweet!"

FADE TO:

FADE IN - INT. DEATH POET CLUB

JIM  
...And in the end, something  
personal for the sneaky ones, if  
any one of you tries to hurt ISSAC  
in ANY event.

JIM stops and looks around the audience, some looks down a bit.

JIM  
I will track you down and make you  
disappear, in events or reality.

JIM smiles widely, showing his teeth.

JIM  
Let's meet next month.

He then raises his glass.

JIM  
To ISSAC.

EVERYONE  
To ISSAC.

JIM and ISSAC stays as everyone else leaves.

ISSAC  
So the event starts from next  
month, right?

JIM  
Yes. I need to show you something.

JIM takes out a piece of paper, on which it says a short poem and some childish marks.

ISSAC  
A clue? How did you...

JIM gestures ISSAC to be quiet, then slowly speaks,

JIM  
There maybe someone outside.

JIM points at the poem itself, it is a part of Emily  
Dickenson's Had I Not Seen the Sun:

Had I Not Seen the Sun,  
I could have borne the shade.

And the childish writing reads--

TIP

To know where you are is not only a philosophical question, it is a poetic and real question to ponder upon.

ISSAC

Is it about the event next time?

JIM nods slowly while looking at him.

JIM

ISSAC, this day next month will be your first time for the event. So don't think about wiping out the ghost so soon. It's important to fight but not so important as being alive.

ISSAC

I know. So what do you think is the implication?

JIM

Well, what do you think?

ISSAC stops for some time. JIM hands over a whiskey --

JIM

Take your time. You get one month to think.

JIM and ISSAC both laughs. ISSAC remain silent and drinks a bit. Finally he says,

ISSAC

Is the clue literal all the time?  
Are there connotations or contexts?

JIM nods and smiles to praise him --

JIM

The clue is good at playing word game. So do focus on the meanings of each word. And, no, for the second question: this is a game, not a college literature class. At least I have never seen clues that requires reading assignment.

ISSAC adjusts his glasses and has his hand on his chin for a second --

ISSAC

In this sense, there are several key words in this poem: sun, shade, place, or where you are. So my thinking is: there must be something important about our physical place in the event.

ISSAC suddenly stops and frowns. JIM slowly drinks whiskey with one arm on the table.

After few seconds, JIM puts down the glass.

JIM

That's enough for today. I mean, you got a tough day, isn't it? You come in and find yourself get trapped in this hell like, forever, and now you have to analyse a poem. One at a time, shall we?

ISSAC puts up a pale smile. JIM grabs his arm.

JIM

Enough college literature. Let's get out of here and do something fun, huh?

ISSAC stands up and looks around the room while he opens the door.

Close up: Door shuts.

**BLACK**

Starts playing *Regin* by Prinzhon Dance School.

ISSAC in his small bedroom alone. His face is lit by the laptop.

MUSIC

*Tears snaking down your skin,  
Do you feel lonely?*

ISSAC is calling his father over his phone.

ISSAC

I'm ok, dad, I'm ok. I just wanna call.

MAN (OVER THE PHONE)  
You sure? I...

Man's voice become inaudible.

MUSIC  
*Do you feel blue?*  
*Alright too.*

ISSAC hangs up the phone, takes off his glasses, covers his face and starts crying silently.

ISSAC walks alone in the graveyard, holding an umbrella. His boots are tainted by mud, stepping on the golden fallen leaves.

ISSAC stops in front of a tombstone, which reads,

James, H Smith

1989-2017

ISSAC (SPEAKING TO HIMSELF)  
Where are you James? All those years. Did you end up the same place I am?

MUSIC  
*Leaves dancing in the wind,*  
*Do you feel angry.*

ISSAC is sitting on the roof, looking at his phone. It has seven missed calls. He locks his phone and looks up at the stars in the sky.

He holds a cigarette to his mouth and takes a deep inhale. ISSAC coughs heavily, yet he keeps smoking the cigarette until tears cover his face.

Zoom out, a lonely figure sitting in the dark, a red point suddenly lights up, accompanied by a heavy coughing.

MUSIC  
*Do you feel lonely,*  
*Do you feel blue.*

ISSAC is drinking with JIM, shots after shots, in a noisy night club.

ISSAC  
How's your family...what about CATHY?



JIM

'Everything's great.' That's what I said. I broke up with CATHY though, like...long time ago.

ISSAC

But do you still love her?

JIM

...yes...

JIM ups his bottom and looks up, as if staring at something afar.

JIM

I will get out that club and win back her love.

ISSAC

Why don't you marry...sorry, forgot you're a DINK.

JIM forces himself to make a smile. He puts the glass down and lowers his head.

JIM

I said some pretty harsh stuff, you know. To force her to hate me.

ISSAC waves the tender to have a second round.

MUSIC

*No brakes in your broken world.  
Don't prey on lucky.  
Don't tell me I'm lucky.*

ISSAC and JIM are in JIM's living room, discussing the clue.

ISSAC

I thought about it for some time.

Various photos on the wall with JIM and Cathy in them. The furniture are all tidy yet old.

ISSAC

The key word - sun and shade - must be implying something. Based on your information, one of them is the shelter.

JIM nods to agree.

JIM  
You're really good. I'm telling  
you.

ISSAC  
And the other one will be ghost's  
playground.

MUSIC continues.

JIM and ISSAC are in a car driven by JIM. They stop by an  
alley and walks in.

The door of the Death Poet Club is opened.

MUSIC stops.

ISSAC looks around, everyone's here. JIM approaches and  
whispers to him.

JIM  
Remember what I told you?

ISSAC  
Yes. CHUAN is the oldest member.  
Keep an eye on BELLA and big belly.  
And we may get separated.

JIM nods and pats ISSAC on the shoulder. They sit on their  
armchairs and closes their eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT.

Darkness is everywhere in this woods.

MAN (SHUDDERING)  
JIM! CHUAN! Anyone? Anyone out  
there? I...I can't see!

Footstep appraoches.

JIM  
Shut up, CHARLIE! It's me! JIM!

A flame appears in the dark, illuminating a strange face and  
the pale face of CHARLIE.

CHARLIE (PANTING)  
Thanks god! JIM! What... No! You're  
not him! Who are you!!!

CHARLIE steps back and tries to run.

JIM

I'm JIM, why are you running?

JIM is still standing motionless. CHARLIE stops his movement and looks doubtfully at the person in front of him.

A voice from distant suddenly comes that leads CHARLIE to turn around his head.

JIM

CHARLIE? Are you there? What are you doing out there? Come back!

CHARLIE looks back with extreme terror; immediately, he attempts to run. But the face of the man behind him starts to twist like a turmoil.

He grabs the shoulder of CHARLIE, who strives to struggle but can not. The lighter is dropped on the ground, giving CHARLIE the chance to see the hole behind the man.

CHARLIE screams with his highest pitch --

CHARLIE

Hole! Hole!!!

His figure disappears, so does the man. The lighter goes off at the same time.

CUT TO:

EXT.

JIM is holding a match in his hand. There are several flames behind him as well, illuminating the faces of the same faces CHARLIE saw beforehand.

JIM

Did you hear CHARLIE over that direction?

ISSAC

Yes. And I also heard the scream. He's probably dead by now. Well, maybe not. I was terrified like him when I saw you as well.

JIM

Yeah, still no idea why we're having the same face. Anything pops up in your head, CHUAN?

CHUAN

No, but let's go for CHARLIE, that direction.

JIM

Let's go.

ISSAC

Shouldn't we head back, I mean, CHARLIE just...

CHUAN (INTERRUPTING)

Restriction.

As they walk on, ISSAC finds out they're stepping on rock instead of dirt. As he passes a dead tree and stops for second because of its weird shape.

JIM

When a member is killed, the ghost will stop killing for some time. Just like... digestion. Not to mention he might be alive.

ISSAC's face is pale, yet he forces himself to calm down by taking long and deep breaths.

CHUAN takes a glance on him.

ISSAC

Have you seen such trees before? They seem...

His voice is interrupted by JIM, who suddenly stops and lifts up another hand, gesturing them to stop.

JIM

Guess we've found something.

He kneels down and light up the thing in front of him:

A square stone.

Straight on the rock ground.

ISSAC kneels, trying to read the word on it --

ISSAC

CHARLIE, who will never see the sun again...

JIM

Didn't make it... damn... But do  
memorize that. THAT is a clue for  
sure.

ISSAC

What?

JIM

It's a game, remember? Say we don't  
have the clue beforehand, this will  
be our only clue.

CHUAN

Correct.

JIM and ISSAC stand up. ISSAC looks at JIM and CHUAN, saying -  
-

ISSAC

The match is put in our pocket when  
we got here. There are ten of them,  
I just counted, which implies the  
time limit of this place. I just  
tried to imagine matches or  
torches, anything that could flame  
but none of them worked. So the  
matches are our only options.

JIM

Right, after the matches burn out,  
we'll be in the dark to die for  
sure.

CHUAN suddenly speaks,

CHUAN

Did you notice the last word of  
CHARLIE? He said 'hole'.

JIM and ISSAC look down immediately. Soon they find a hole  
right behind the tombstone.

The moment CHUAN sees the hole, she runs back. Then JIM runs  
too. ISSAC follows them, puzzled.

They stops after few minutes, panting. JIM starts to explain.

JIM

There's a connection between the  
hole and CHARLIE's death. So just  
stay away from holes on the ground.

CHUAN  
Might be portals for ghosts.

A blast of wind comes through them, who shudder at the same time. The match in ISSAC's hand is dead.

He strikes another match and says,

ISSAC  
We must hurry up now. What've we got so far?

JIM  
Sun, shade, physical place. That's from our clue. And this event just gave us another clue of sun.

CHUAN  
We must be in a place with no sun. The clue just now clearly tells us that sun is the safe place. While we're in the shade, now.

ISSAC  
I thought of that too, but what to do? Create a sun? Or find a place of light like a hut?

JIM  
Events can't be that easy. Anyone would've gone for the light in the dark, even without the clues.

CHUAN remains calm while ISSAC looks around with fear. Suddenly, he sees the tree behind him, he turns around and steps closer to see it.

JIM  
ISSAC, we should go. It's much safer to remain moving.

ISSAC keeps murmuring the keywords while JIM comes nearer, grabbing him to move forward. CHUAN is still standing.

ISSAC  
Rock ground, shade, sun, hole and now strange trees...

He turns around and says to CHUAN and JIM --

ISSAC  
Don't you think the trees look strange yet kind of familiar?

This instant, a flame approaches from behind, lighting up an exact same face, who steps front and says --

JOE  
Hey, people! It's JOE! Didn't  
expect to see you here --

CHUAN, on the other hand, opens her arms to let ISSAC and JIM to step back.

CHUAN  
JOE, what's your favorite cig?

JOE shrugs his shoulders and replies --

JOE  
Well, lucky strike of course.

The instant JOE speaks his last syllabus, CHUAN yells --

CHUAN  
RUN!!!

ISSAC is still confused but he runs as well. The flame behind him quickly fades into darkness. Therefore, ISSAC asks CHUAN --  
-

ISSAC  
But that was JOE, right? He likes  
lucky strike...

JIM grins and yells --

JIM  
The real JOE will not reply! This  
is our code! Now keep running!

ISSAC lowers his head. A few seconds later, while passing a tree, he suddenly widens his eyes and shouts out loud --

ISSAC  
I knew it! Follow me!

As JIM and CHUAN slows a little bit and turns to ISSAC with confusion, a flame appears abruptly behind them.

JOE's face is illuminated in a weird way, he speaks with a twisted voice --

JOE  
Why are you running?

ISSAC runs without hesitation, JIM and CHUAN follows up a little later. The flame behind them quickly approaches, much faster this time.

CHUAN is finally a little nervous, screaming --

CHUAN  
Its restriction is wearing off! So  
whatever you've found out, just do  
it quicker!

She suddenly widens her eyes as well.

CHUAN  
That's it...

ISSAC runs the quickest, holding a compass in his hand. He looks at it from time to time while running. At last, a tombstone appears in front of them.

JIM  
What the fuck are you doing?!  
Attracting more of them?!

ISSAC doesn't respond but jumps into the hole behind the tombstone.

ISSAC  
Just do it! Trust me!

JIM looks back at the quickly approaching face of JOE. He stamps and jumps in the hole after CHUAN with a hardly audible curse.

**BLACK**

EXT - DAY

ISSAC, JIM and CHUAN sit on the ground, panting, surrounded by a dismal plain, which appears to be even weirder with the pale sun in the mid air. Behind them lies an old mansion.

JIM  
That's was a hell of a hole! Now  
you smart people, willing to share  
your discovery?

ISSAC looks at CHUAN and smiles. CHUAN fingers her hair to the back of her ear and smiles back. ISSAC stuns for a second, and speaks --



ISSAC

The whole point of the kill is to distract us in to the connection of hole and death, while it is the other way around, obviously.

JIM nods and says-

JIM

I got that, but how did you figure out we should jump?

ISSAC

First, based on all the clues we have, we cannot "make this place a shelter" so the only thing we can do is to escape.

JIM looks elsewhere and nods.

JIM

Yeah, the sun and shade becomes pretty obvious, but still, how...

CHUAN interrupts JIM --

CHUAN

The trees.

ISSAC laughs.

ISSAC

Exactly. We didn't get it at first. Because it's strange and familiar at the same time, oddly. Until I thought of...

JIM

Thought of what?

ISSAC

Root.

JIM remains silent and lets out a loud course --

JIM

I should've known that!

ISSAC laughs and JIM follows. CHUAN chuckles silently.

Voice of BELLA behind them speaks with repressed chuckles.

BELLA

Great job, guys!

They turn around and see a person with a same face standing against the sun, her hair dancing in the wind.

JIM  
Can't believe you are here already!  
Did you see JOE?

BELLA (CHUCKLES)  
Well, yes. But I'll leave the story  
for him to tell.

BELLA turns around and leads them into the mansion.

INT.

A man sits in a chair smoking. As he sees the members coming in, he puts down his glasses and papers in hand, puts out his cig and stands up, laughing.

JOE  
Hey, people! How ON EARTH are you  
doing, huh? And you!

JOE turns to ISSAC.

JOE  
Welcome to hell officially!

ISSAC gets a little confusion in his smile.

ISSAC  
It feels good to see you guys too,  
but is it the right time for party?  
I mean, we're still in the event,  
right?

JIM and JOE look at each other, the former says --

JIM  
I can explain. Well, technically we  
ARE still in the event. But  
remember the rule I told you? You  
either wipe out the being or live  
through, right? And now we've lived  
it through. So for sometime, if we  
don't piss off the being, we'll be  
safe until we're back.

ISSAC  
That's awesome. But what do you  
mean when you say "piss off"?

JIM smiles, showing his teeth.

JIM

That means when we plan to wipe the  
freaking ghost out.

JOE

Which is what we're doing now.  
Party's over, fella!

JOE looks around excitedly, then frowns.

JOE

Where's CHARLIE?

CHUAN

Dead. Nice cig, by the way.

BELLA

Right, I just saw the tombstones --

ISSAC seems to be curious about something, but he is  
interrupted by JOE.

JOE

Hey! Why don't you just use your  
Beat Poetry mind?

JOE is a little annoyed while CHUAN makes a huge puff and  
thumbs up.

BELLA

Alright, so far what we've got is --

She takes the papers handed over by JOE and says --

BELLA

A lot of poems in the bedroom  
upstairs, really vague ones, but we  
believe --

She turns the papers and continues --

BELLA

That the owner somehow was a broken  
artist until one day an old man  
found him and promises him to  
succeed if he gives the old man  
some parts of his life.

JIM

Classic demon tract story, go on.

BELLA

But somehow he regretted which led the demon, or the old man, either way, to hunt him down. That's all we have.

CHUAN

How much time left?

BELLA

One day. We've been searching for it all morning.

JIM

Wait a minute. We were underground only for almost twenty minutes, and you have searched the mansion for hours?

BELLA

What?

JOE

How... Have you seen the sun in the mid air? I mean, it's noon, right? Any way, What's more important is now...

CHUAN

Halt. How did you get out?

JOE shrugs.

JOE

We didn't see any of them down there but we found a hole behind a tree. And guess who got a lucky slip?

CHUAN

And how much time did you spend down there?

BELLA

I don't know... a few minutes maybe?

CHUAN

Damn.

They turn to CHUAN

JOE

What is it, boss?

CHUAN

There's a time difference here. I only got it once long time ago.

JIM

And why are you so nervous?

CHUAN

Because I was the only survivor in that event.

No more smiles and talking. There's a dead silence in this room. Bleak wind runs through the gaps of the window, making a weird sound. BELLA looks around and says --

BELLA

Hey! Hey! No need to worry this time. We're almost there, aren't we? And even if we were in danger, that the past! We are safe now.

JIM

BELLA's right. We can beat it this time. CHUAN --

He turns to CHUAN, who is still looking down in a panic way. JIM sighs and comes closer to her, putting his hand on her back --

JIM

CHUAN, whatever it is, WE are different this time. Have some faith, huh?

CHUAN nods quietly. BELLA approaches to comfort her.

ISSAC adjusts his glasses, seems to be pondering on something.

ISSAC

Is that EVERYTHING we can have or what we have NOW?

BELLA

The mansion is not that big, actually. But the poems are scattered everywhere. We got 4 poems in the bedroom, all the other 8 coming from different rooms.

ISSAC points to the words on the back of the door --

ISSAC

Have you checked that?

JOE  
 Oh, leave that. That's just some  
 safety... wait... this IS a poem.

JOE approaches. Everyone follows. The poem written on the  
 back of the door is in print font while the other poems are  
 hand written.

JOE  
 That's strange. Never seen any poem  
 like this.

CHUAN's voice comes from behind.

CHUAN  
 This is not a regular event. From  
 my experience, this is much harder.  
 Last time, all of the old members  
 got killed.

ISSAC  
 So it's a like a filter...

CHUAN  
 True. And what did you say after we  
 told you CHARLIE is dead?

CHUAN suddenly changes the topic, asking BELLA.

BELLA  
 I saw the tombstones... is that the  
 right one?

JIM  
 Hold on... tombstones?

Everyone swarms to the door. In front of them on the dead  
 plain, two tombstones are standing in the wind silently.

JIM runs out first.

Everyone stops in front of the tombstones. One of them reads -  
 -

CHARLIE, who will never see the sun again.

Another one, which is much older, some of which worn off by  
 the wind, reading --

JERRY, who will never see the sun again.

JOE  
 Have we got a invisible dead member  
 named JERRY?

Nobody talks. JOE curls his mouth downward shortly.

JOE  
Wrong time, my bad.

JIM gets a solemn look in his face, he turns around to face everyone --

JIM  
Get back to the mansion and search  
EVERYWHERE. We need more clues.

JOE (MURMURING)  
Or rotten in the middle of nowhere.

**BLACK**

INT.

Everyone sits or lies in the couch in the hall of the mansion. On the tables lies dozens of papers. Outside of the mansion is the setting sun, which pours shadows of the windowpanes on the ground.

JOE  
Everything we've got is on the  
table. Even words on the walls or  
something like that are copied on  
the paper. And... we've got three  
more hours to do this.

CHUAN takes a page and tries to read.

CHUAN  
This is too Gothic to read. Any of  
you?

ISSAC  
I can.

JOE raises his left fist.

JOE  
Read, ISSAC, read!

BELLA  
Well, we didn't know that. That  
took us tons of time.

JIM  
Let ISSAC read, please.

Everyone quiets down. Only ISSAC is reading in a low voice.

ISSAC (INTERMITTENT)  
Before... windowpanes... storms...

ISSAC stops after some time and says --

ISSAC  
And the demon started to haunt the  
mansion he bought later, and...

Suddenly, everything turns dark outside of the mansion. A huge, twisted red tornado is forming on the plain. A whisper in an increasing volume:

VOICE  
Why are you running?

Everyone covers their ears. JOE runs to ISSAC, yelling by his ear --

JOE  
DON'T STOP! WE'RE ALL ON YOU,  
NEWBIE!!

ISSAC, on the other hand, opens his mouth and does nothing but staring at the red tornado outside the mansion.

CUT TO:

EXT - BLEAK AFTERNOON

A family is running on the country road. The man is running in the front, while the woman and a boy are running behind him. The sky is heavily clouded, making everything hard to see. The boy turns back and sees --

A red tornado.

The woman turns around and grabs the boy to run forward.

WOMAN  
Don't see, ISSAC.

CHILD  
But I'm too tired to run.

The man running in the front runs back and holds the boy in his arms.

MAN  
We have to run faster! Don't look  
back!

The woman in the back looks terrified. She keeps murmuring.



WOMAN

It's coming for us... we can't  
escape.

The man yells without looking back --

MAN

Well, of course we can! Now run!

The woman doesn't reply but keeps murmuring --

WOMAN

It's all my fault... I shouldn't  
have called it... It yearns for me!

MAN

It's just a tornado! See the city  
ahead of us? We can make it!

The woman starts crying and speaks in a low voice.

WOMAN

You don't understand.

The man seems puzzled. He runs slower to let the woman catch  
up.

MAN

What did you say?

The woman suddenly raises her head and screams --

WOMAN

You don't understand. IT YEARNS FOR  
ME!

She abruptly stops and runs the opposite way. The man widens  
his eyes --

MAN

MEDDIE! NO!!

The red tornado swallows the figure of the woman and becomes  
slower.

The man grins hard and turns back to run.

The boy looks over the man's back and sees:

The red tornado leaving behind in the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT - MANSION

[silent]

JOE keeps yelling at ISSAC's ear. Outside of the window is still dark but the tornado is gone.

[sounds coming in]

JOE  
...get your head in your ass.

ISSAC  
Hey! What the fuck?

JOE takes a breath and turns to others --

JOE  
He's back.

ISSAC  
What just happened?

JOE  
Ask yourself, Allen Poe! You've been standing like a moron for ten minutes!

CHUAN exhales while everyone is silent. ISSAC looks at CHUAN, who starts to look elsewhere.

JIM  
Since you're back, just keep doing what you were doing. That thing could be back at anytime.

ISSAC opens his mouth but quits, looking back to the page in his hand.

ISSAC  
Therefore I wander as I wonder... mirror... Heaven and hell.

ISSAC suddenly looks up and says --

ISSAC  
That's the under earth space we've been!

JIM and CHUAN nods shortly and keeps looking at him.

ISSAC

And it says... "It" was searching  
for him all the time, in different  
faces... even he is in the middle  
of crowded metropolis.

CHUAN

And?

CHUAN is standing tight, ready to run at any second.

ISSAC

And it says... it will never stop  
hunting him until he's dragged into  
dirt!

The red tornado suddenly appears close to the window, on it  
appears numerous illuminated faces of various people, one of  
those being CHARLIE.

Next second, every face opens their mouth --

FACES

Why are you running?

The mansion starts to shake while dust and paintings on the  
wall falls off.

CHUAN yells --

CHUAN

We can't stay here anymore! Get  
out! Get to JERRY's tombstone!  
That's where he's dragged to dirt!

When everyone's running out the mansion, ISSAC suddenly  
screams in a desperate voice --

ISSAC

STOP! ALL OF YOU! COME BACK! NOW!

Everyone stops by the door. The tornado, on the other hand,  
makes the mansion seems even more vulnerable: paints cracks,  
bricks falls, the architectural structure makes a funny  
sound. JIM shouts --

JIM

WHAT DO WE DO?!

ISSAC yells at his highest volume to cover the sound of the  
wild wind and the noise of the mansion.

ISSAC

JERRY is the name of the demon! But  
I don't know what to do now! It  
says "die to live" in the end!

JOE leans on the wall and slides down slowly. BELLA keeps  
murmuring "no". CHUAN and JIM struggle to remain calm.

More bricks fall, hitting BELLA. She screams and cries. The  
red tornado starts to tear the door away.

JOE

IS THIS IT?! FUCK POETRY! FUCK IT!

His words turn to sobs as he finishes his sentence. ISSAC  
suddenly adjusts his glasses quickly and turns to the crowd --

ISSAC

I saw something when I was having a  
shock and I'll try it. Follow me if  
you believe me!

JIM

What can be worse than death! Come  
on, JOE!

CHUAN

What do you do!

The faces in the tornado scream in an even louder voice,  
ISSAC shouts with all he can --

ISSAC

STEP INTO THE TORNADO!!

He steps into the place where the door was and makes another  
step.

CHUAN (FAINTLY)

He's right, follow him...

**BLACK**

INT - Death Poet Club

ISSAC wakes up first in his armchair. He is about to jump up  
until he sees the ceiling and the fireplace by his side. He  
takes a deep breath and finds his right hand holding  
something. He stares at it without a word.

A voice suddenly comes --

JIM

A clue? But we didn't wipe out the demon in the end. We just escaped!

ISSAC turns back to see JIM, looking at him silently. So he lies back and replies in a tired tone, as if it is a torture to move a finger --

ISSAC

That was not the demon.

JIM

And how did you know that?

ISSAC

In the end, I got it in the poem.  
No time to explain, though.

Sound of clothes rubbing the armchair comes. They turn back and see CHUAN and JOE appear.

JIM

Let's just wait a minute. He'll tell you everything.

Soon BELLA appears and wakes up. JIM looks at ISSAC and says -  
-

JIM

Now you can tell us everything.

ISSAC sits up a little. He clears his throat and says --

ISSAC

The reason why we got a clue in the end is that I understood the poem in the last second. But I didn't get a chance to explain. The demon, whose name is JERRY, after discovering the mansion's owner has escaped, started to hunt him down. But the owner escaped every time, which made JERRY become even more furious. While at last the demon tracked the owner down to his mansion, leaving no room to escape. At the same time, the owner found that he could turn things into reality, just like what we could do in the event.

CHUAN

How could that happen?

ISSAC

I don't know, he didn't explain in his poems.

CHUAN

What about the tombstone? According to you, JERRY is already dead!

ISSAC

Yes. After the owner found out his ability, he created the underground world to trap JERRY. At the same time, he tried to attract people into that underground world.

CHUAN

What's the good?

ISSAC

JERRY could not disobey his own tract, which means if he gets the wrong person, he will vanish as well. The owner turns every one of us into the same face, which did trick JERRY and killed him. That's why we were seeing the tombstone writing his name: he accidentally got CHARLIE.

JOE

So JERRY was dead then.

ISSAC

Yes.

JIM

What about the thing haunting us underground after CHARLIE died? What about the red tornado?

ISSAC

It's... complicated. The thing underground after CHARLIE's killed and the red tornado are the same thing. But I'm not sure.

BELLA

Then how could you know what to do?

ISSAC

Well... you know the moment I had in the mansion when I was standing for ten minutes doing nothing, right?

JIM

Yes, and what was that?

ISSAC

I saw a memory that was... strange. You see, I lost my mother in my childhood in a car accident. But that... thing... I was seeing in the mansion was totally different: I saw my mother and father running with me on a country road, chasing by a red tornado just like we had in the event. And my mother kept murmuring something strange. Then she suddenly ran back to the tornado, which disappeared afterwards.

JOE

So what's that thing?

ISSAC

I have no idea either. But I got no choice when the tornado actually approached, so -- I stepped in.

BELLA

But... after you stepped in the tornado, it was gone.

ISSAC

What?

BELLA

So we stepped into the same ground you were standing and went back.

ISSAC

How could that...

CHUAN

Relax, kid. Events get strange all the time.

BELLA

The good thing is that you did get the clue, right?

ISSAC

Yes. And here it is.

ISSAC raises his right hand, in which lies a small piece of paper.

Everyone cheers.

JOE

That was BAD ASS! I can't believe a  
newbie saved everyone's ass!

BELLA wipes out her tears and laughs in a pleasant way.

JIM

CHUAN! See? I told you we're gonna  
make it!

But CHUAN is not laughing. She frowns and asks --

CHUAN

This is abnormal. This event is too  
dangerous... and unpredictable.

JIM

Well, things change, I guess.

Everyone stops for a minute and becomes quiet. JOE looks  
around and tries to break the silence.

JOE

A newbie is coming, probably. Let's  
see what we can get this time, eh?  
Hope it's another ISSAC!

ISSAC fakes a laugh. The air becomes even more awkward.

Soon a figure appears on the armchair and everyone comes  
close to see --

It's a pretty young girl. But ISSAC steps back with panic.

JIM

What's that, ISSAC?

ISSAC

It's my mother!

Close up, the girl opens her eyes --

Deep blue eyes.

CUT TO:



INT - ISSAC'S BEDROOM

ISSAC is in his bed, turning around again and again. It seems like he is having a nightmare. The rain slashes hard on the windowpanes.

CUT TO:

EXT - PLAIN IN FRONT OF THE MANSION

The red tornado closes up and every face on it opens its eyes and shouts --

FACES  
FOUND YOU!

**BLACK**

END