

Draft 01

By

Open Nightmare Team

**(K1) DARK DANCE STUDIO [FIRST-PERSON]**

**[Play some huffs and puffs, and grunts with the HMO]**

RICH (as the camera) looks disoriented. He sees 10 or 15  
MUTANTS surrounding him. They appear to be performing a  
ritual with their dumbbells and syringes.

He hears a beastly VOICE from a distance.

VOICE  
Rich... Rich...

Rich can hear the owner the voice pacing around the  
perimeter formed by the mutants, as if trying to find an  
opening.

VOICE  
Rich... Argh! Rich!

The voice gets louder and louder, the mutants' grunts get  
quieter.

**(L1) THE BASEMENT**

DOC  
Richard! Wake up!

Rich wakes up, he sits on a chair in a dark basement. A  
giant mutant in a lab-coat with a very tiny head watches  
over him, it's DOCTOR AURELIUS ANTONINUS XXVI, M.D. ("Doc").  
He speaks with a British accent so posh the Queen herself  
would advise toning it down.

DOC  
Are you alright, young man? It  
seems you've passed out again.

RICH  
Again?

DOC  
Indeed. I believe we should let  
your body rest. At this rate you I  
fear you might have an overdose.  
It's a miracle you haven't died  
yet.

RICH  
How many bottles left, doc?

(CONTINUED)

DOC

Hmm... Three liters of muscle milk,  
five liters of hip fuel, and seven  
pints of water to go.

Rich walks in silence to a wall with a calendar.

DOC

Are you considering that rest now,  
young man? We have plenty of time.

(L2) DRIVE

BRO JOBAN

Rich! Wake the fuck up, man!

Rich wakes up, he is on the passenger seat of a car. A  
muscular manlet who can barely see over the steering wheel  
is the driver, that's BRO JOBAN, a Manlet Level IV.

BRO JOBAN

Fuck, man, you having those visions  
again?

RICH

Yeah. This time though... I could  
almost see it, Bro.

Bro looks concerned, he avoids making eye contact with Rich.  
A few seconds go by. Rich notices something outside.

BRO JOBAN

Huh, anything wrong?

RICH

It's nothing. It's just that...

BRO JOBAN

What?

RICH

It's just that I could swear we  
passed through that statue already.

Bro grips the wheel.