

Samuel Hadida presents

SILENT HILL : REVELATION 3D

by

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(Based on the best selling Konami videogame)

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France

The first thing we HEAR against the darkness of the screen is a...

...HEARTBEAT.

Racing, pounding.

Now joined by...

BREATHING

Rapid, desperate.

CRASH CUT INTO:

Bare feet running across the broken asphalt of...

1 LAKESIDE AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

1

HEATHER MASON, pretty, feisty, short dyed blonde hair and nearly eighteen years old, but right now, looking like she's not going to make it to her birthday. At least, not unless she runs MUCH faster...

Dressed only in a loose-fitting night t-shirt and jogging pants she dashes past the broken down arcades and rusting rides of Lakeside Amusement Park. Long since abandoned and left to rust and decay.

Heather stops running for a moment to look back at whatever it is that is hunting her in the shadows. Sees nothing but HEARS the SOUND of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS and the SCRAPING OF METAL AGAINST CONCRETE.

She dives down for cover behind a derelict KIOSK. The leering face of a clown painted on the front stares down. Long dead goldfish float in discolored bowls. Prizes nobody won. One of the fish, upside down, still twists in its death throes.

Nearby is the crumpled body of the GIANT PINK RABBIT mascot of the park. It stares, glassy eyed, into space.

Now she hears FOOTSTEPS and heavy breathing. Closer now.

When she looks back at the rabbit - its head is now turned to stare at her.

Stifling a scream, Heather scrambles away from the shelter behind the kiosk and dashes up onto a...

2 EXT. CAROUSEL - CONT

2

...CAROUSEL.

She slides in behind the horses and other mounts on the carousel. They seem alive, moving slowly and morphing from innocent child's ride to misshapen horrifying things. Almost as if HUMAN BODIES have been bound and forced to become the rides.

She crawls between them, cries and moans of their agony rise all around her.

Glancing out again, she realizes PEOPLE DRESSED IN DARK ROBES MARKED WITH OCCULT SYMBOLS are appearing from the shadows and surrounding the carousel.

CHANTING VOICES

Come back to us. Come back. Come back...

Now she HEARS a great metallic grinding and sees the monstrous form of PYRAMID HEAD at the centre of the carousel. It is CHAINED TO A MECHANISM at the centre of the ride and slowly begins to turn a huge crank-handle.

With an agonizing squeal of metal cogs, the carousel begins to turn.

The faces of the PEOPLE beginning to blur as it travels faster. But their voices are ululating and rising higher and higher.

CHANTING VOICES (CONT'D)

Come back...Come back...

She turns to the watchers.

HEATHER

Help me. Someone help me, please.

Heather tries to crawl towards them but suddenly a dark figure appears before her on the carousel. She looks up into the horrifically burned and blackened face of a girl. This is DARK ALESSA. Cruelty and malice fill her broken voice.

DARK ALESSA

Do not return. Do NOT go to them.

She reaches out a hand towards the cloaked figures and, as if by sheer strength of will, she seems to bring a WALL OF FLAME up to engulf them. The fire surrounds the carousel and cuts off Heather from the rest of the world.

DARK ALESSA (CONT'D)

Do NOT return.

Flames race towards the carousel and begins to burn towards Heather.

DARK ALESSA (CONT'D)
 You cannot defeat me, there is no
 place for you here.

The flames engulf the horses and the twisted, bound people
 on the ride until finally it reaches Heather herself. She
 begins to burn...

Heather screams in agony.

3 INT. HEATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

3

Screaming louder and louder in pain and fear...

The door to Heather's bedroom bursts open as HARRY MASON,
 rushes in to his screaming daughter. He nearly trips on
 unopened boxes and piles of clothes in the darkness.

HARRY
 Heather!

Harry's in his late 40's, handsome but looking tired and
 worn, cradles Heather.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 Heather! Honey, it's okay. I'm
 here.

Heather is almost rigid with fear in her sleep but as he
 embraces her, she slowly relaxes and opens her eyes.

HEATHER
 Dad? I was burning...

HARRY
 Hey kiddo. Just a dream. You're
 okay.

She takes a breath. Sweat beading on her brow.

HEATHER
 Oh... god. Dad...It was...

HARRY
 They're just dreams. They can't
 hurt you.

He lets her go and she sits up on her own.

HEATHER
 They feel so real. It's getting
 worse.

HARRY
 It's always like this after we've
 moved.

HEATHER

This is different. They're calling me.

HARRY

Look, once we've unpacked; given this place a lick of paint, it'll feel more like our home. The dreams will fade. Tell you what; I'll...

Harry's face suddenly twists in surprise and pain.

HEATHER

Dad!?

HARRY

Heather, I...

He twists and groans for a moment and then bucks once more as...

...a VICIOUSLY CURVED KNIFE BLADE BURSTS THROUGH HIS CHEST.

Heather watches Harry gasp for his last breath as a MONSTROUS DEMON RISES BEHIND HIM. It lifts him up on the end of the blade which then SLICES UPWARDS, SPLITTING HIM IN TWO.

Heather, sprayed in blood, screams and backs away, terrified. She scrambles from her bed and begins to stumble and crawl across the room towards her windows.

The demon, THE MISSIONARY, an assassin from the darkest corners of Heather's nightmare, prowls towards her.

Heather struggles to open her windows but THEY ARE PADLOCKED SHUT...

She is trapped. Screaming and rattling on the window handles...

The horrifying creature looms over her, the slicing blades that seem grafted onto the exposed bones of its arms, now ready to cut her down...

HARD CUT TO:

4

INT. MASON HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

4

Pop tarts, POPPING up from a toaster.

Harry, dressed in a ratty bathrobe, takes the pop tarts and puts them on a plate next to a cup of black coffee on the breakfast table for Heather. She looks pretty wasted. Her short blonde hair is unkempt - her natural dark roots growing through.

Thrift store clothes have been fashioned to her own quirky, independent style. She stares at the dark coffee.

HEATHER

Dad... I don't want to do this again.

HARRY

I know.
(searching boxes)
Where did you pack the spoons?

He's trying to be 'up' and create a positive vibe as he looks around the apartment; It's small, grey and filled with unopened boxes. Clearly they've just moved in. Heather looks around and points at a box marked 'silverware'.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Duh.

HEATHER

Heather? Why 'Heather'?

HARRY

It was my grandmother's name. You can change it if you don't like it.

HEATHER

No, Heather's okay. I'll get used to it. Doesn't matter what name I use - I know who I really am anyway.

He opens a box and takes out a soft parcel wrapped in gift paper. He hands it to her.

HARRY

Happy birthday baby.

HEATHER

Oh dad...Thanks. But you're way early.

HARRY

Just a few days. Can't a dad indulge his soon-to-be-eighteen-year-old daughter?

She unwraps the parcel and takes out a sleeveless hoodie-type jacket. Tries it on. It looks good and fits well.

HEATHER

It's great. I love it.

HARRY

It is the one I saw you looking
at in the mall?

HEATHER

Yes.

She kisses her dad on the forehead. Brushes some wayward
hair from his brow.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

A little bit more grey hmm?

HARRY

(smiling)
Your fault.
(looks at her dyed blond
hair)
And your roots are showing.

HEATHER

I know. I'll fix it.

HARRY

You know what; I think this place
is going to be good for us. Maybe
we even put a few roots down.
Whaddya think?

She shrugs, not convinced.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Oh come on. Once I've unpacked,
given it a lick of paint, it'll
be just like...

HEATHER

(cutting him off)
Don't Dad.

HARRY

What?

HEATHER

That's just what you said in my
dream before... the thing killed
you... just don't.

HARRY

Just dreams. They're always worse
in a new place.

HEATHER

Not like this one. This was...so
vivid. Voices. Always calling me.
Monsters... just horrible.

He hugs her.

HARRY
 Dreams can't hurt you.

HEATHER
 And next you're going to say
 monsters aren't real?

HARRY
 No. No, I'm not going to do that.

HEATHER
 That's what most dads tell their
 daughters.

HARRY
 (quietly, to himself)
 Most dads lie.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. CITY STREETS. BUS STOP - DAY

5

A weak winter sunrise fails to melt the ice on the sidewalks as KIDS congregate at a bus stop, waiting to go to school. There's the usual goofing around, pushing, shoving and noise as they climb aboard the transport.

ANGLE ON THE STREET:

A hundreds yards up the street Heather, wearing her new jacket, makes her way towards the bus stop.

She stops to look at the kids gathered up ahead, clearly she's nervous and reluctant. She looks down at her boots. Wet from the snow. Lifts her foot and looks at the sole of her shoe - there's a hole in the tread.

HEATHER
 Shit.

She steals herself and prepares to walk on when she realizes there's a HOMELESS MAN lying amongst a mess of packing cases, newspapers and boxes nearby. He's wrapped in shredded newspaper, trying to keep out the cold and has stuffed some into his clothes, giving him a strangely distorted shape. He has his back to Heather but is twitching and jerking strangely.

Fascinated and repulsed, she watches as slowly, the twitching man turns to her - HE HAS NO FACE, just a smooth visage of dirty skin, stitched together like butcher's meat.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 Oh...god.

Heather is horrified but rooted to the spot as the disfigured man blindly casts about as if trying to smell her. His wide nostrils expanding and contracting. He reaches out with a filthy, clawed hand towards her and speaks with wet, laborious sibilance.

HOMELESS MAN

You cannot escape your fate. You will go back.

HEATHER

What...What do you mean?

Suddenly she JUMPS IN SHOCK as a HAND TOUCHES HER SHOULDER.

She turns to see a MIDDLE-AGED, UNSHAVEN, THICK-SET MAN in a TRENCHCOAT. He smiles, friendly enough.

TRENCHCOAT MAN

Oh I'm sorry; I didn't mean to scare you. Are you okay?

HEATHER

What? Yes, I'm fine.

TRENCHCOAT MAN

It's just, you don't want to be messing with the vagrants, Miss.

HEATHER

I wasn't... I was just... I thought he might need some help.

She turns back to the Homeless Man who now seems NORMAL ONCE MORE - just a ragged, beggar reaching for a handout.

TRENCHCOAT MAN

Some people need help more than others.

The Man reaches into his pocket and hands the vagrant a few dollars.

TRENCHCOAT MAN (CONT'D)

(to the vagrant)

Here you go. Get yourself something warm to drink buddy.

He turns to look at Heather. Studies her.

TRENCHCOAT MAN (CONT'D)

Do I know you?

HEATHER

No. I don't think so.

TRENCHCOAT MAN

No? I'm sure we have. What's your name?

A beat.

HEATHER

I have to catch my bus.

She pushes past the man and hurries for the bus. He watches her go.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BUS [TRAVELLING] - DAY

6

Standing room only on the bus. But Heather's managed to get a seat, crammed up against the misted window. A CHUNKY GIRL, with a friendly, open face and a retainer on her teeth, is squeezed in right beside her, texting furiously on her phone and munching on M&Ms.

Heather isolated from it all, listening to her ipod, turns from the chaos on the bus and watches the grim, winter-world of the city slide past outside. It is hazy and indistinct through the condensation and dirt on the window. Abstract art, passing for real life.

HEATHER

(to herself)

What a dump.

Heather's sleepy observation of the world becomes suddenly more alert as she sees THE TRENCHCOAT MAN standing on the sidewalk, watching her bus go by. She loses sight of him and then sees, even more fleetingly, the DARKLY ROBED FIGURES FROM HER DREAM WATCHING FROM THE MOUTH OF AN ALLEY. But before she can really understand what she's looking at, the view is blocked by passing traffic and they move on. The bus jolts suddenly, horn blaring...

Heather SUDDENLY OPENS HER EYES - she'd drifted off to sleep for a moment. Rubbing her face, she turns back to look around the bus and sees...

...the chunky girl next to her smiling and offering an M&M from a giant bag.

FAT GIRL

Hi.

HEATHER

Hi.

KEISHA
 (about the offered M&Ms)
 Not the yellow ones.

CUT TO:

7 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

7

A full CLASSROOM OF 17-YEAR-OLD TEENS. Mixed races, mixed genders and most clearly don't want to be there. Heather, sitting at the back, tries to be invisible. The middle aged FEMALE TEACHER, wearing wooden beads and polo neck sweater, claps her hands and gets her student's attention.

TEACHER

Welcome back everyone. I hope you had a good vacation. Now, before I start, I want to welcome a few new faces joining us this semester.

(she checks her register)

Okay...Heather Mason? Could you say hello to the class Heather?

Reluctantly Heather stands up. She turns to her fellow students and sizes them up just as they judge her. Neither party seems impressed.

HEATHER

I'm Heather. I'm new. I just moved to town. So...

She shrugs, trails off and sits down.

TEACHER

Oh come on Heather, share a little about yourself. Everyone has a story; tell us yours.

HEATHER

What is this, third grade?

The teacher raises her eyebrows. With a sigh of resignation Heather stands again.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Whaddya wanna know?

PRETTY BITCHY GIRL

You buy all your clothes from goodwill?

Her pretty, designer-dressed friends laugh. So do the rest of the class. Clearly about to enjoy ragging on the new girl.

Heather, takes a breath, stifling anger and embarrassment. Defiantly she looks about the class.

HEATHER

Okay. You know what, let me make it easier for you; this is the fifth school I've been to since I was eleven. Me and my dad, we move around. I do this...

(indicates the class)

...a lot. So, don't bother trying to remember my name because I know you won't and I'm sure as hell not going to remember yours. Don't talk to me, we won't be friends. I won't IM you, Facebook you, Tweet you or read your blog. Don't waste your sarcasm or smart ass comments, you can't get a rise from me. Whatever you're thinking of saying or doing, don't waste your time because I've seen it before and -I'm just guessing here - but I don't think there are too many original minds in this room.

I don't care about your pretty-girl bitchy cliques or you jocks, geeks, homies, gangstas, goths or any other anthropological subdivision you want to box yourselves into. And by the time any of you figure out anything about me that's worth knowing, I'll have moved on.

(to the teacher)

How was that?

The class is silent and stunned for a moment. Then a few of students give approving 'Hell yeahs' and others whoop. It's followed by a ripple of cheers and applause. Heather doesn't acknowledge it.

TEACHER

Er...fine. Thank you Heather.

Heather sits as the teacher, a little more subdued now, looks to her register again.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Okay...Another new addition to our class; Vincent Carter.

VINCENT, handsome, dark-haired and with sparkling, intense eyes looks up from his magazine.

VINCENT
 (about Heather)
 You gotta be kidding me; I can't
 follow that.

CUT TO:

8 INT. MASON HOUSE - DAY

8

HARRY sits before his laptop scanning the WEBPAGE OF AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY. The jobs are all basic, menial physical labour. Frustrated, he flips down the laptop lid and gets up.

He looks around the small house. At the still-packed boxes and uncleaned dishes on the sideboard.

He opens one of the boxes - there's a framed PHOTOGRAPH of Harry, a pretty woman and young dark-haired girl of about nine years old. A FAMILY PORTRAIT from happier times.

Harry picks up the picture. Clearly filled with great sadness and loss.

HARRY

Hey Rose.

He takes it to a mantelpiece beneath a large MIRROR and sets it down. He looks at himself - weary, tired, greying...

A SUDDEN FLARE OF LIGHT AND SOUND...takes us into...

FLASHBACK:

9 INT. DASILVA HOUSE. SIX YEARS EARLIER - DAY

9

The white, modern architecture of the house that Harry and ROSE lived in all those years earlier.

Harry, a little younger, less grey and ragged but now choking back emotion as he desperately talks to his wife, ROSE...

They seem to be standing shoulder to shoulder and oddly disconnected but it suddenly makes sense when we REVEAL:

That ROSE DaSILVA is actually within a large MIRROR. In the reflection Harry and Rose are side by side but in the 'real' world, Harry is alone.

Both are fighting back their emotions but there is urgency and determination in Rose's voice, even as she chokes back her tears.

ROSE

Harry, you have to do what I ask.

HARRY

Let me help you!

ROSE

No! I'm trapped here. There's nothing you can do for me. Protect her. That's what matters now.

HARRY

Why can't you come back too?

ROSE

It was her or me. I had to choose. If you love me, do what I ask.

HARRY

I love you.

He reaches for the mirror. She reaches out too and tries to touch his fingertips but they remain separated.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I don't understand.

ROSE

They'll come looking for her. They need her. Never let that happen. Swear to me. Whatever you have to do; you'll never let them take her.

HARRY

I swear.

Rose starts to fade into the swirling mist of her Fog World.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Don't go!

ROSE

Goodbye, my love.

HARRY

I'll find you! One day, I'll find you!

But Rose has gone and Harry is alone, staring at his own reflection and that of the room he's in.

In the reflected room he sees a YOUNG GIRL of maybe 11 years old, ASLEEP ON THE WHITE COUCH. He looks as the girl opens her eyes and speaks.

SHARON

Daddy?

Harry realizes the voice is coming from behind him. He turns and sees that THE LITTLE GIRL IS IN THE REAL WORLD TOO.

She's waking slowly, confused, frightened.

He turns and rushes to embrace her.

HARRY

Oh my god...Sharon, baby. I'm here, it's okay.

SHARON

What happened?

HARRY

You...you were in an accident. You're home now.

SHARON

I don't remember anything.

HARRY

It's okay. It's okay.

SHARON

Where's mommy?

HARRY

Mommy saved you.

SHARON

Where's Mommy?!

HARRY

She's gone, honey. She's gone.

As they embrace, Sharon clinging desperately to her father, the little girl drops something that she was holding: one HALF OF A BROKEN METAL SEAL.

CUT TO:

10 INT. MASON HOUSE [PRESENT] - DAY

10

Harry opens another box. This one is smaller, made of dark wood carved with occult symbols and spells.

On top of a pile of papers and notebooks is the BROKEN METAL SEAL, that young Sharon held. It is intricately carved metal representation of one of the symbols in Harry's notes. Clearly once entire and circular but now broken in half.

Beneath it are NOTEBOOKS AND FILES. He lifts a notebook out and some loose papers slip out. They've got rough, hand-drawn symbols and arcane writing on them. Some crossed out, others circled in red. One is clearly a MAP OF A TOWN. He carefully replaces the papers in the notebook - inside the name 'SILENT HILL' is visible.

There is also a plain, white envelope with the words 'FOR SHARON' inside.

CUT TO:

11 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDORS - DAY 11

Heather walks amidst a crush of students rushing to their next classes.

She's clearly not sure where to go and walks the hallways trying to orientate herself, looking at her workbooks where a plan of the school has been pasted. Whilst her head is down, everyone else drifts away and she's the only one left in the hallways.

HEATHER

Shit.

She HEARS A NOISE from a classroom nearby. High-pitched screaming and chanting from obviously very young students.

She peers through the thick, distorting door glass and is confused to see...

12 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY 12

HEATHER'S POV: A GROUP OF GIRLS, maybe seven or eight years old, surrounding a fellow student. They're clawing at her and pulling her long black hair.

STUDENTS

(chanting)

Witch! Witch! Witch! Alessa is a witch!

13 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDORS - CONT 13

The name strikes Heather as familiar.

HEATHER

Alessa?

Now she turns from this classroom because she HEARS MORE NOISE from another classroom opposite.

She peers into this room and sees, impossibly, THE SAME EVENTS that are happening in the other room.

Once more, a young girl, ALESSA, being cruelly bullied by her classmates. Their voices falling together into the same relentless chanting of abuse...

VOICES O/S

Alessa is a witch! Witch! Witch!

Heather runs to the other classrooms that line the corridor and SEES THE SAME THING HAPPENING IN EVERY CLASSROOM...

As she approaches the final door of the corridor, it opens suddenly and she's confronted with a severe-looking WOMAN dressed in what looks to be some kind of strange NUN'S HABIT but with unusual symbols embroidered on.

NUN

Alessa Gillespie! Get into class this instant!

HEATHER

What?

The woman smacks Heather around the head.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Hey!

NUN

You will learn obedience Alessa!

HEATHER

I'm not Alessa.

NUN

Don't be ridiculous, of course you are!

She grabs Heather and tries to drag her into the classroom but Heather struggles and breaks from the Nun's grasp.

Heather races down the empty school corridor, turning a corner...

14 INT. LONG CORRIDOR - CONT

14

She stops at the end of a very long, dark hallway. It seems to stretch endlessly into shadowy nothingness.

And those shadows are spreading along the corridor towards her. Just at the head of the Darkness is a TWITCHING, LURCHING MONSTER - humanoid but still indistinct in the overwhelming shadows. And behind it there are other things beginning to form....

VOICES O/S

Alessa...must...burn...

In fear and panic, Heather turns and RUNS...

...RIGHT INTO VINCENT.

She hits him hard, knocking him back and falling herself, cracking her head on the floor.

They're both winded for a moment. Heather seems dazed.

VINCENT
Are you all right?

He grimaces and rubs his bruise.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
You should try out for the
football team. You'd make a great
tackle.

Heather, still breathless and disturbed looks around and sees that the school corridors are COMPLETELY NORMAL.

He reaches to help her up but she ignores his help and gets up by herself. He doesn't take offense and remains effortlessly charming and friendly.

HEATHER
What are you doing here?

VINCENT
You know what; I'm lost. Can't
find math. Any ideas?

HEATHER
No. I'm lost too.

She seems a little wobbly for a moment. This time she does take his hand as he reaches to help.

VINCENT
Are you okay? You hit your head
pretty hard. Maybe you should see
the nurse?

HEATHER
I'm okay.

VINCENT
Nah. Let's go. I hate math
anyway.

15 INT. HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER. DAY

15

Heather, still a little unsteady, walks beside Vincent.

VINCENT

I know I'm not supposed to remember your name but it's Heather, right?

HEATHER

Yeah.

VINCENT

You've given that speech before, I guess.

HEATHER

A few times.

VINCENT

Impressive. Does it work?

HEATHER

Mostly. Not on you.

VINCENT

That's because I'm not like everyone else. I'm not a goth, geek, nerd, jock or pretty girl.

HEATHER

No kidding?

VINCENT

Hard to believe, I know.

HEATHER

So what are you?

VINCENT

I guess I'm just your average tall, dark, handsome stranger.

He tries out a winning smile. She's not buying.

HEATHER

Definitely 'stranger'.

They pass a JANITOR moping up some BLOOD and VOMIT from the floor. He watches them pass. His name badge reads 'COLIN'.

JANITOR

Hey. Have you got a hall pass?

VINCENT

Yeah, just going to see the nurse.

They walk on.

16 INT. NURSES STATION

16

They stop outside the nurse's station. There are a few students waiting on plastic chairs. One is vomiting into a bucket whilst another is trying to staunch a relentless river of blood pouring from his nose.

The school NURSE appears at her door and appraises Heather and Vincent. She does not seem to be very sympathetic to her patients.

NURSE

What's wrong with you?

HEATHER

You know what, nothing; I'm fine.

Heather turns away.

VINCENT

Good call.

17 INT. CORRIDORS OUTSIDE NURSE'S STATION - CONT

17

Vincent hurries after Heather.

VINCENT

Hey, you wanna go get a coffee?

She stops and turns to him.

HEATHER

Now? We've got class.

VINCENT

Okay then, maybe later?

HEATHER

No.

VINCENT

Why not? We're both new. We don't know anyone else.

HEATHER

Look Vincent, that speech I gave, the one that impressed you so much; I gave it for a reason. I really don't want to know anyone here. Including you.

She turns and walks away. Vincent, by turns impressed with her candour and strength whilst being insulted at the brush-off, watches her go. Clearly he's not going to give up.

MIX TO:

18 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

18

School is out and the students hurry home, hoods and jackets pulled up against the biting winter winds.

Heather, walking towards the bus stop outside the school gates.

She stops short when she sees THE TRENCHCOAT MAN waiting there.

She turns and heads back against the tide of humanity and back into the school.

Vincent watches her re-enter the school with curiosity. He looks to see what spooked her and notices the dark figure of the Trenchcoat Man.

For a moment, their eyes meet. The Trenchcoat Man turns away quickly.

19 INT. HALLWAYS - CONT

19

Heather moves swiftly. Takes out her cellphone and dials.

HEATHER
(into phone)
Hi Dad...

20 INT. MASON HOUSE - CONT

20

Harry, with the phone cradled against his shoulder is typing on his laptop.

HARRY
(into phone)
Hey Honey. How was your day?

HEATHER O/S
It's good dad, it's just...

HARRY
(sensing something)
What? What's wrong?

HEATHER
I think there's someone watching me. What should I do?

Harry is suddenly alert.

HARRY
Okay...uh...Don't come back here. Not yet. I'll meet you somewhere; The Central Square Mall. Then we can be sure.

HEATHER O/S
 Okay. I'll wait at the Happy
 Burger place.

HARRY
 I'll be there as soon as I can.

He gets up goes for his jacket as he speaks there's a KNOCK
 ON THE DOOR. Harry stops and listens, he's suddenly REALLY
 suspicious about that sound.

HEATHER O/S
 Do you think he knows?

HARRY
 No. No one knows. I'm so careful.
 It's going to be fine baby. See
 you soon.

The knocking comes again, LOUDER.

Harry moves through the house, away from the front door.
 Towards the back exit.

HEATHER
 Love you dad.

HARRY
 Love you too.

Harry, pulls open the BACK DOOR and stops dead, his eyes
 suddenly widening in fear.

We DON'T see what he sees.

CUT TO:

20A EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE MALL [ESTABLISHING] - DAY 20A

A sprawling urban mall on the edge of grey city blocks.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CENTRAL SQUARE MALL. HAPPY BURGER - LATER. DAY 21

There are long queues at the counter, with GROUPS OF TEENS
 and YOUNG FAMILIES filling the place with chaos and noise.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY nearby is raucous. Crying babies and
 scolding mothers jar Heather's hearing as she finds a seat
 with a view of the door.

Heather is stressed and tired. Rubs her face and eyes.
 Closes them for a moment, trying to find a place of calm in
 her mind. Looks around again. Faces and movements seem
 blurred and indistinct to her now.

She checks her phone for messages. Nothing. Looks up to see that a FAT, SWEATING BUSINESS MAN has taken the seat across from her.

BUSINESS MAN

D'ya mind?

She smiles and shakes her head, 'sure'. Peers round his bulk but still, no sign of her father.

The business man opens his burger and starts to remove the items he dislikes. The ketchup seems coagulated. Thick black clots of blood and the burger seems to be made of uncooked offal, not mincemeat. His thick fingers, with dirty, broken nails are slick with blood and flesh now.

Heather turns in disgust and sees...

...THE TRENCHCOAT MAN, watching her again. Eye contact. He starts towards her. His mouth moving, saying something that she can't hear.

Panicked now, Heather lurches out of her chair. The sweating businessman looks up from his flesh burger, blood and offal stuck around his mouth.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Heather turns and pushes through the crowd and away from the MAN. As she runs she sees that EVERYONE IS EATING BLOOD AND OFFAL and FLIES seem to be buzzing all around the meat.

She can hear The Trenchcoat Man calling out to her now.

TRENCHCOAT MAN

Heather! Wait. I need to talk to you.

Heather barges through a 'STAFF ONLY' security door...

22 INT. MALL. BACK CORRIDORS - CONT

22

...knocking over a FEMALE HAPPY BURGER WORKER.

HEATHER

Sorry.

Heather reaches to offer help but then recoils as, for a moment, the BURGER WORKER IS SOMETHING OTHER THAN HUMAN - Her face is scarred and disfigured with a wide, Happy Burger smile carved into her face.

Heather screams and stumbles away.

Further down the narrow, grey corridors. Slams through some swinging DOUBLE DOORS and...

...passes the KITCHEN ENTRANCE TO THE HAPPY BURGER, glances in and sees FLAYED HUMAN BODIES HANGING FROM MEAT HOOKS. THE HAPPY BURGER BUTCHER is slicing strips of meat from the carcasses and tossing them onto the griddle.

The EYES OF THE BODIES ARE OPEN WIDE IN AGONY, mouths stitched closed. They are still alive.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Jesus.

The BUTCHER turns from his task and watches as Heather stops, horrified and stunned by what she sees. His mouth too, has been crudely stitched closed. He puts a bloodied finger to his ragged lips in a 'silence' gesture.

Completely freaked out now Heather rushes on. She takes out her cellphone and speed dials her father but the phone just spews out loud screeching static. Regardless, she tries again and speaks.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Dad? Dad?... I don't know if you can hear me. I waited for you but ...Something's happening. I don't know what to do.

No reply. Just another burst of white noise from the phone.

Behind her she sees A FIGURE coming through the doors behind her - The Trenchcoat Man.

TRENCHCOAT MAN

Sharon! Wait.

She turns a corner and RUNS DOWN A FLIGHT OF STAIRS...

23 INT. LOWER LEVELS - CONT

23

Darker down here. Flickering fluorescent tubes. Walls dirty with peeling paint and dark stains. Exposed super-structure shows through.

She turns and hears footsteps. The Trenchcoat Man is coming down the stairs. He's heavy-set, a little seedy but somehow not actually threatening.

Heather, snatches up a metal bar and swings it, holding Trenchcoat Man at bay.

HEATHER

Keep away from me!

TRENCHCOAT MAN

It's okay.

She backs away slowly.

HEATHER

It's not okay. *Nothing* is okay.
Who are you?

TRENCHCOAT MAN

My name is Douglas Cartland.

HEATHER

Why are you following me?

She's backing away now. Up against the metal grill of a FREIGHT ELEVATOR. He opens his hands. Non-threatening. For a man following Heather, he has a human warmth about him.

CARTLAND

Take it easy, okay? I'm a private investigator.

HEATHER

What do you *want*?

CARTLAND

I'm paid to find people; Someone wanted you found Sharon.

HEATHER

That's not my name.

CARTLAND

Yes it is. You're Sharon DaSilva - or at least, you think you are. I tracked you down after you left Portland. You got away from the police but I found you.

HEATHER

What my dad did...that was self-defense.

CARTLAND

I don't care who Harry killed. I'm trying to help you.

HEATHER

Why?

CARTLAND

Because I didn't know who I was working for back then but I do now.

HEATHER

Who?

CARTLAND

They're called The Order - religious fanatics, into some weird occult shit. But powerful, dangerous people. They want you. Your father knows it, that's why he killed that man in Portland - he was one of them. He'd been sent for you. It's why you've been on the run your whole life. But you can't run forever.

She tears open the elevator grate and steps back into the car, slamming the grate and locking it from the inside.

HEATHER

Yeah? Watch me.

Cartland rushes to her, grabs the bars. Urgency in his voice now.

CARTLAND

You don't understand; I...I told them where you were moving to. They know you're here. They're coming for you. You have to get away.

HEATHER

Don't worry, I will.

CARTLAND

Everything your dad ever told you is a lie.

She bangs her metal pipe on the metal. Cartland jumps back.

HEATHER

Fuck you! He told me the truth.

CARTLAND

Not the whole truth. Not who you really are. Do you know why you don't remember anything from your childhood?

HEATHER

I was in a car crash. It killed my mother. I lost my memory.

CARTLAND

No. There was never a crash. Ask your father. He knows that...

Then from behind Cartland the terrifying figure of Heather's nightmare monster - The Missionary - rises. It seems to be born from the shadows themselves.

Cartland turns in terror. It advances on him. Huge blade raised. As it sweeps down...

...Heather YANKS OPEN THE METAL DOOR OF THE ELEVATOR and DRAGS CARTLAND BACK IN. The blade misses Cartland's throat but slices him across the chest. Cut but not fatal.

24 INT. ELEVATOR - CONT

24

Before the creature can react Heather pulls the security doors back shut and stabs the 'SUBWAY LEVEL' button. The gears begin to grind and the elevator slowly shudders into motion.

The Missionary charges at the doors. Metal twists and bends inwards...

The elevator slowly drops out of reach and into the gloomy, flickering half light of the shaft.

Cartland is stunned, clutching his wounded chest in pain.

CARTLAND

Oh...god. Thank you.

HEATHER

Tell me who I am! What do you know?! Please.

CARTLAND

What the hell is that thing?!

Above them, The Missionary begins to RIP OFF THE SECURITY DOOR.

HEATHER

I don't know but I've seen it before. In my dreams.

CARTLAND

That's what I'm trying to tell you - they're not dreams. It's all real. You make it real.

HEATHER

What do you mean? What are you...

They look up at the sound and both watch in horror as it climbs into the elevator shaft.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

...Oh no.

...and then jumps down onto the top of the car.

The impact makes the whole car shake. It slices through the top of the metal elevator car and begins to peel back the wire and steel cage.

Heather and Cartland press themselves against the back wall but there's nothing they can do to stop the inevitable now.

The Missionary reaches down towards them...

...the elevator shudders to a halt. They've stopped at a floor. The doors unlock.

Heather scrambles forwards to slide them open again but as Cartland tries to escape, The Missionary SKEWERS CARTLAND.

Screaming, he is lifted up and away from Heather.

Blood splatters down into the elevator car as she scrambles away and backs into...

25 INT. MANNEQUIN STOREROOM

25

...a huge storeroom. She stands a few paces back from the closed elevator door. No movement. Silence.

Cautiously she takes another backwards step away from the elevator. Waiting. Nervous.

There's a FIGURE BEHIND HER. She whirls just in time only to realize it's...

...just a dusty SHOP MANNEQUIN.

Relieved, she looks around. She's in a LARGE STOREROOM FILLED WITH DUSTY MANNEQUINS. Heads, arms, torsos.

A maze of TALL METAL SHELVES ahead of her, all piled high with MANNEQUIN torsos and body parts. Some in plastic wrappers, others on stands and still others just cast aside in piles of tangled limbs.

ANGLE ON THE ROOM:

Heather makes her way along a corridor created by the shelves. She glances nervously at the limbless torsos on the shelves.

As she passes by one, IT TURNS AND OPENS ITS EYES. Pleading and suffering written in them. Its sealed-up mouth struggling to open but Heather doesn't see, she's already moved on...

But now others begin to twitch and move.

And Heather finally sees, backing away sharply only to realize that ALL THE MANNEQUINS ON THE SHELVES ARE TWITCHING. Their MOANS OF SUFFERING BUILDING IN VOLUME.

HEATHER

Oh god...no...

Horrified at what she's seeing she begins to RUN desperate to get out but caught, like a rat in a puzzle, in the maze-like walkways of the storeroom.

The MOANING of the mannequins and RATTLING of metal shelves as they twitch and shake fills the room. Overhead lights crackle and flicker.

She turns a corner and runs into a SHEET OF PLASTIC, stumbles and falls. Knocking over a BOX OF ARMS, spilling the content. Under the plastic sheet the HANDS, drag themselves towards her. Alive and human and yet also plastic and artificial. On some of them the armature wire inside is visible at the joints. They scratch and scuttle towards her.

A few grab at her but she kicks them away and runs headlong now, trying to get to the EXIT SIGN that she can see flashing ahead through the metal shelving. But she can't find a route there.

She makes another turn and sees...

... a PRETTY TEENAGE GIRL bound to a table at the end of the corridor of shelves.

The area is draped in strings of strange gossamer threads, and sheets of billowing plastic.

As Heather approaches she realises it is THE BITCHY GIRL FROM HER CLASS.

BITCHY GIRL

(whispering)

Heeelp meee. Help me.

The girl is struggling to form words as Heather draws slowly nearer and sees...

...that THE GIRL IS GRADUALLY BEING TRANSFORMED into a mannequin. The lower half her body has become the shiny vinyl-plastic texture. Her limbs are being fixed in a pose, rigid and robotic. Slowly, relentlessly the rest of her is being consumed too.

HEATHER

I'll help you...

Off to one side are several other OF THE BITCHY GIRL'S FRIENDS IN A CAGE. All silent and resigned to their fate.

The Bitchy Girl's eyes plead in terrified agony. Words impossible to understand except for one last word as the plastic slowly fills her mouth... only her eyes now left alive now.

BITCHY GIRL

Run...

A SOUND FROM ABOVE Heather makes her look up and now she is utterly horrified by a CREATURE ABOVE HER.

Clinging to the ceiling like a huge obscene spider in its web is a MANNEQUIN MONSTER. Made of a jumble of female legs, torsos and waving arms that hold mannequin heads like a hydra.

One of the head-arms looks at Heather and screeches.

Heather backs away, then turns to flee as...

...the Mannequin Monster drops down from the ceiling, rears up for a moment to reveal strange pulsing orifices beneath its belly, and then scuttles after Heather OVER THE RECENTLY TRANSFORMED GIRL...

...it pauses and then SNAPS THE GIRL'S NOW PLASTIC HEAD from her neck. The hand grabbing the head holds it up and THE EYES OPEN. The girl's mouth opens and screams an inhuman wail.

Heather just RUNS.

But can hardly keep ahead of it as it sprints after her. Up walls and over shelves.

Heather runs blindly trying to find her way out of this maze.

Losing sight of the creature there is sudden silence.

Worse than the chaotic pursuit.

But the exit is ahead of her. She runs to it, slams into the door only to find it LOCKED.

HEATHER

No! No....please.

She can't get out. Turning around, she can still see no sign of the creature.

Cautiously now, Heather SLIDES BEHIND A ROW OF SHELVES. Not much space but enough to hide herself. She sees, set into the wall, A LARGE VENTILATION SHAFT.

Inching her way towards it, she doesn't realize that THE CREATURE IS UP ON TOP OF THE SHELF WAITING FOR HER.

A noise from above draws her attention and she finally looks up to see THE GIRL'S HEAD, CLUTCHED IN A HAND PEERING DOWN AT HER. It screeches, hideously...

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Shit!

...then SWINGS DOWN, APE-LIKE AND SLAMS INTO THE SHELVES, rattling them. Reaching for her with its many arms, it can't quite reach her as Heather squirms and fights to reach the air vent.

Heather is horrified as it presses its strange belly mouth parts against the shelves and sees, TWO ARMS SLIDE OUT FROM INSIDE THE MOUTH to reach for her.

With a massive effort Heather SHOVES THE TALL SHELVES with all her strength and manages to TOPPLE THEM ON TOP OF THE MANNEQUIN MONSTER. It is CRUSHED.

Not defeated but contained for a moment. It flails about wildly as...

...Heather now has enough space to get to the air vent. She tears off the cover and scrambles into the dark tunnel.

26 OMITTED 26

27 INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - CONT 27

Heather drops down from an air vent to find she's in dimly lit subway tunnels. The sound of the Mannequin monsters' screeching echoes down the tunnel for a moment but then is suddenly SILENCED. Now it is really eerie.

28 INT. SUBWAY STATION 28

Heather emerges onto the SUBWAY STATION PLATFORM. The world seems almost 'normal' again.

Her platform is deserted but on the opposite side are A DOZEN OTHER PASSENGERS.

HEATHER

Hey! Help me! Please.

There's no response from anyone no matter how loudly she screams.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you!?

A NOISE FROM one end of the platform draws her attention. She sees a SWELLING SHADOW OF DARKNESS engulfing the walls and floors. They crackle and peel as some CREATURE moves within, advancing on her.

Looking across at the OTHER PLATFORM again she now sees VINCENT entering.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Oh thank god! Vincent!

No response. The Darkness is growing nearer.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
VINCENT!!!

He looks across as if he might have heard someone calling his name and he seems to LOOK RIGHT AT HER but somehow just doesn't connect. Heather is nearly weeping now.

Especially as she sees the creature in the darkness - RED PYRAMID. It is dragging the DEAD MANNEQUIN CREATURE behind it in one hand and its MASSIVE BLADE along the concrete with the other.

Heather has nowhere to run and RED PYRAMID is TOWERING OVER HER NOW...

She crouches to her knees, bows her head and closes her eyes, waiting for the inevitable.

A ROARING NOISE OVERWHELMS HER as...

...A SUBWAY TRAIN blasts into the platform, throwing newspapers and other trash into the vortex of disturbed air.

When Heather looks up she catches the last moments of the form of Red Pyramid falling into a thousand sheets of newspaper and no other sign of the horror she's just been through.

The doors to the subway train slide open, brilliant fluorescent light welcoming her to safety.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LATER

29

Still looking dazed and distracted Heather has a graffiti-covered carriage to herself.

She's holding her cellphone in her hand looking at the NO SIGNAL indicator.

But then the carriage blasts out of the underground tunnel and into the BLINDING WINTER SUNLIGHT. The contrast is sudden and stark. Heather blinks against the light and sees the SIGNAL BAR rise to full.

She speed dials. We HEAR Harry's answerphone kick in.

HARRY
(phone)
Harry Mason. Leave a message.

HEATHER

(into phone)

Dad...where are you? I'm not at the mall any more. Something happened. There was this guy and then... Christ, I don't even know. I'm coming home. If you get this call me. Please.

A shadow falls across her. She jumps. Nervous.

VINCENT

Hi Heather.

HEATHER

Vincent?

VINCENT

Yeah, hey. You remembered my name.

HEATHER

Yeah I remember.

She's not the confident girl he met in school.

VINCENT

Are you okay? What's wrong?

He sits opposite her, concerned.

HEATHER

I can't tell you.

VINCENT

It's okay, you can tell me.

HEATHER

No, really, *I can't*. Because I have absolutely no fucking idea what's going on in my head.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SUBWAY STATION - LATER

30

Vincent and Heather walk together across the platform to the turnstile exits. Winter mist hangs in the air. It's cold.

On a walkway bridge over the train tracks Heather sees FOUR DARKLY DRESSED FIGURES quietly watching her and Vincent. They're the same people she saw in her daydream on the bus. She glances at them nervously and watches, amazed, as a JOGGER comes across the bridge and RUNS RIGHT THROUGH THEM as if they are not there.

Vincent looks at her, then looks to see what she's looking at.

VINCENT
What's the matter?

HEATHER
(about the figures)
D'you see them?

Vincent looks up at where Heather is pointing. The Watchers don't move, they could be statues.

VINCENT
See what? The runner?

HEATHER
No the... Never mind. Just another thing to prove I'm going nuts.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. HOT DOG STAND/STREETS - EVENING

31

Vincent hands some money to a Hot Dog Vendor and takes two dogs. Hands one to Heather who is just hanging up her cellphone.

HEATHER
Thanks.

VINCENT
No reply?

HEATHER
No.

VINCENT
Maybe his battery went dead?

She watches as Vincent puts every flavour of ketchup and chilli garnish as possible on his dog. He grins at her as he takes a bite.

HEATHER
Maybe. I think I'm just gonna head home. Sorry I was freaked out before. Thanks for, you know, being there.

VINCENT
S'okay.

As Heather sets off at a brisk walk. He catches up and walks alongside her.

HEATHER
What are you doing?

VINCENT
Walking you home.

HEATHER
No.

VINCENT
I just want to make sure you're
okay. Okay?

She takes a moment to consider.

HEATHER
Okay.

32 EXT. STREETS - A LITTLE LATER

32

Walking together through the urban streets. Finishing their
hotdogs.

VINCENT
So where's home?

HEATHER
Couple of blocks away.

VINCENT
No. Before. Where d'you come
from?

HEATHER
(avoiding giving an
answer)
Nowhere really. Travelled a lot
with my Dad. No roots. You?

VINCENT
I've got roots; family,
tradition, church, real values.
The whole thing.

HEATHER
Picket fences?

VINCENT
Er... not quite.

HEATHER
How did you end up here?

VINCENT
Moved here for work.
This is the first city I've been
to.

HEATHER

Yeah? Whaddya think?

VINCENT

I could learn to like it but I don't think I'll be here much longer.

HEATHER

Why?

VINCENT

Job's almost done. Time to move on.

They walk on in silence for a moment.

HEATHER

Do you think there's a difference between reality and dreams?

VINCENT

Woah, what happened to the small talk? No, what's your favorite band? Do you Facebook? Nothing like that.

HEATHER

Fuck Facebook. Do you?

VINCENT

I've never thought about it.

HEATHER

Everyone thinks about it.

VINCENT

Not me. You should ask my grandfather; it's all he thinks about. It drove him crazy.

HEATHER

Really?

VINCENT

Yeah. Full-on crazy.

(off her look)

Back in my sweet little home town. Old Man Leonard drools in his padded cell. He'll tell you there are no dreams just endless realities all piled on top of each other. Sometimes we see them and call them dreams. He says some people can control them, sometimes they control you.

HEATHER
And he's locked up?

VINCENT
My mother had him committed.

HEATHER
Jesus. Your mother had her own
father committed?

VINCENT
She's... kinda intimidating.

HEATHER
And he really doesn't know the
difference between reality and
fantasy?

VINCENT
It's not that he doesn't know the
difference; he doesn't think
there is a difference. At all.
But I'm pretty sure I'm real. How
about you?

He pokes her in fun, trying to lighten the mood.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Yep. Pretty real. Or just...
pretty.

HEATHER
(laughing)
That's a lousy line. Does it ever
work?

VINCENT
Never tried it before. How d'it
go down?

HEATHER
(smiling)
It's a crime against pick up
lines.

VINCENT
You're kinda funny Heather.
You're pretty fucked up but, I
dunno, I think you're goofy fun
inside.

HEATHER
Goofy fun? That'd be nice for a
change.

He gently takes her hand. She doesn't really know how to
respond and gets a little flustered.

They're at a junction. Heather checks the street sign.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Oh...This is me.

She withdraws her hand and points to a small single-story house a few doors away.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Thanks for walking me back.

VINCENT
No problem. I'd like to do it again sometime.

HEATHER
Vincent... I like you but...I don't think you want to know me.

VINCENT
I do.

HEATHER
No you don't. You seem like a nice guy. Me? I'm trouble.

She walks away from him.

VINCENT
I'm gonna call you later!

Turning to walk backwards, to see him.

HEATHER
I didn't give you my number.

VINCENT
Then you'll have to call me.

HEATHER
I haven't got your number.

VINCENT
Sure you have; check your pocket.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a piece of paper with a phone number scrawled on it. She smiles and turns away.

Vincent watches her go; confused emotions wrestling inside. Finally he turns from her.

The DARKLY CLAD FIGURES are watching from across the street. The street lights seem to shine THROUGH THEM.

CUT TO:

33 INT. MASON HOUSE

33

Heather enters the house. Shakes off her jacket, stamps the snow off her shoes.

HEATHER

Dad?!

Heads into the....

KITCHEN...

She opens a cupboard, takes out some Cheerios and munches on a handful. Then notices that Harry's cellphone is on the side. That's not right.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Dad?

She picks up the phone, it's indicating '2 missed calls from Heather'

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Dad!!

She looks around the room. Moves into the...

LIVING ROOM...

...and stops dead in her tracks.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Oh god.

There is BLOOD EVERYWHERE. The walls have been daubed in ELABORATE, OCCULT SYMBOLS.

Now she sees HARRY'S BODY on the floor.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Dad!

Rushes to him. He is a bloody mess. Stabbed and slashed. Massive wounds pouring his lifeblood away. She cradles him and he stirs.

HARRY

(weakly)

Honey...

HEATHER

Oh god. Yes, dad I'm here. I'm getting help.

She snatches out her phone and dials 911.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Yes. Help me please. My dad, he's
 hurt. I need an ambulance
 at...Christ, what's this
 address?...yeah, uh 2112, Garland
 Street. Please hurry.

He grabs her and speaks weakly but urgently.

HARRY
 Listen to me; they're here. They
 found us... want you back.

HEATHER
 Don't talk. You're going to be
 fine...

He coughs up blood. Slowly fading. Tears are pouring down
 Heather's face. She's devastated.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 Please dad...don't go.

When Harry speaks again, he's barely audible.

HARRY
 The Order wants you back... Need
 you to go...I'm... uh... sorry I
 never told you the truth... I
 promised Rose I'd protect you...I
 failed.

HEATHER
 No you didn't. You looked after
 me. Dad...

HARRY
 Everything you need to
 know...wrote down. Please
 forgive me.
 Listen....Don't... don't go back
 to Silent Hill.

And then, he's gone.

Heather howls in pain and loss as she cradles the body of
 her father.

As she cries A DARKNESS swells and grows with her agony. It
 boils and swirls, like a creature lurking in the corners
 and shadows, not moving nearer but present and potent.
 Feeding from her pain.

MIX TO:

34 INT. MASON HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

34

Heather, still covered in her father's blood, perches on a chair as MEDICS pull a white sheet over Harry's body. The MEDICAL EXAMINER nods to his people and they bring in a body bag and stretcher.

Heather turns away as they begin to move Harry's body.

There are a few UNIFORMED COPS standing around, CSI OFFICERS and TWO PLAIN CLOTHES HOMICIDE DETECTIVES working the scene. The oldest, DETECTIVE SANTINI, maybe in his mid 30's, with a goatee beard, short hair and a crumpled suit kneels beside Heather.

SANTINI
Miss Mason? Heather? I'm
Detective Santini.

She finally looks up.

SANTINI (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for your loss.
(a beat)
Is there anyone we can call? Your
mother?

HEATHER
My mother... she's gone. It's
just me and my dad.

Across the room, the younger detective, CABLE, late 20's. Long hair in a pony tail hangs back a little. He's looking at the symbols painted on walls in Harry's blood. He makes little sketches of them in his notebooks. His eyes drift down to the shadowy corners of the room and he sees the THICK TWISTING MOVEMENTS OF THE DARKNESS, like a boiling black smoke that's just holding itself back. He can't figure what the hell it might be.

CABLE
(to himself)
I hate this serial killer crap.
(to a photographer,
about the symbols)
Make sure you get all of this.
(about the Darkness)
And that, whatever the fuck it
is.

He kneels next to Heather besides Santini.

CABLE (CONT'D)
Hey Heather, I'm Detective Cable.
You don't want to be in here any
more. Let's talk outside.

Heather is focused on the medics removing Harry's body.

HEATHER
I want to stay with him.

SANTINI
I don't think that's a good idea.

HEATHER
I'm going with my dad!

She gets up and follows the gurney out.

SANTINI
Okay, wait. They won't let you go
in the wagon. We'll take you.
Come with us.

CUT TO:

35 INT. HOMICIDE CAR [TRAVELLING] - LATER. NIGHT

35

Heather sits in the back of Cable and Santini' unmarked
police car. She stares out the window, utterly
disconnected to the world.

CABLE
You just moved here?

Heather doesn't seem to hear or care.

CABLE (CONT'D)
Heather.

HEATHER
Huh?

CABLE
I know it's hard but you gotta
talk to us. You just moved here?

HEATHER
Yes. A few weeks ago.

CABLE
Where from?

HEATHER
We moved around a lot; last place
was Wishobi Falls.

CABLE
Is there any reason why someone
might want to hurt your father?

Heather thinks about her answer.

HEATHER
No. He didn't know anyone here.

SANTINI
Did you and your dad get along?

HEATHER
Yes.

SANTINI
Never argued?

HEATHER
Well, yeah, sometimes.

SANTINI
How about today?

HEATHER
What?

CABLE
Just asking. Did you have a fight today?

HEATHER
No. No way. You don't think...

CABLE
No. Nothing like that. Just trying to establish some things.
(a beat)
Where were you this evening?

HEATHER
At the mall.

CABLE
The mall; okay. Did you see anyone there?

HEATHER
No.

CABLE
Not this guy?

He hands Heather a picture of DOUGLAS CARTLAND. Heather smothers her reaction but Cable picks up on her sudden tension.

CABLE (CONT'D)
Don't know him?

HEATHER
No.

CABLE

Funny. He knows you. Or he did.
Had your picture in his pocket -
when he was found with his head
smashed in with a metal pipe at
the mall a few hours ago.

HEATHER

Okay. Should I care?

CABLE

Maybe not. Depends if your
fingerprints are on the murder
weapon. Time will tell.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT 36

The weather has become harsh; snow turned to sleet and
snow. The homicide police car pulls up outside the imposing
building of the City Morgue.

37 INT. HOMICIDE CAR - CONT 37

Santini turns to Heather. He's clearly playing good cop.

SANTINI

Why don't you hang on here; I'll
go see what's going on.

But Heather yanks open the handle of the door and surges
out suddenly. She races towards the morgue entrance.

CABLE

Wait! Stop.
(to Santini)
You didn't lock it?! Shit.
Should have taken her straight to
the precinct.

SANTINI

Shut up and go get her.

They follow her out of the car.

38 INT. MORGUE RECEPTION - CONT 38

Heather pushes through the heavy doors and dashes up to the
reception desk.

Half a dozen PEOPLE wait in plastic chairs in reception.
The place is cold and clinical, painted a calming green
that only serves to make the place feel somehow less
calming.

She tries to play calm for the RECEPTIONIST but Heather can hardly get her words out.

HEATHER

My father was just brought in.
Where can I find him?

The receptionist is in no hurry at all. Her DISPATCH RADIO, chatters quietly picking up the police bands.

A BIG SECURITY GUARD, lazing at his post nearby, comes alert at Heather's panicked tone. He puts down his tabloid and watches.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay - what's his name?

HEATHER

Christopher DaSilva... no, no;
Harry Mason. He'll be called
Harry Mason.

The receptionist gives Heather a puzzled look but turns to her computer.

ANGLE ON THE ENTRANCE:

Santini and Cable come in together and see Heather.

Heather sees them too but holds her ground. Her tension now is unbearable. She blinks hard as THE WORLD SEEMS TO SURGE IN ON HER. When the receptionist speaks next, her words seem slurred and distorted for a moment.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, Mason did you say?

HEATHER

Yes, he was brought in just now.
I need to see him.

RECEPTIONIST

(a pause)
I'm sorry honey. It's police
case, you can't.

HEATHER

No! I want to see him!

The RADIO SIGNALS SUDDENLY DISTORTS TO SQUEALING STATIC and white noise. The security guard gets to his feet and starts to saunter over.

Santini approaches Heather as Cable heads off the big security guard and flashes his badge.

CABLE

We've got this, big guy.

Santini pulls Heather away.

Now the TV mounted on the wall in the corner cuts to rolling static too.

SANTINI
You've gotta come with us
Heather.

She turns on him, angry.

HEATHER
No! I want to see my father.

SANTINI
He's dead. There's nothing you
can do except help us.

HEATHER
Help you? You think I'm involved!

SANTINI
No one said that.

Cable comes up behind Heather. Takes a hand and pulls out his handcuffs.

CABLE
Yeah, actually I did.

Violently she twists herself free and begins to back away from them.

CABLE (CONT'D)
What good is this going to do
you?

HEATHER
Keep away from me!

Now, pretty much everyone in the reception area is staring at Heather.

Santini, Cable and the big security guard are closing in on her. Another GUARD comes through the SECURITY DOORS and begins to approach.

Heather is soon going to find herself surrounded. Desperation and fear seem to overwhelm her. She squeezes her eyes shut like she's fighting off a migraine.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Leave me alone!

The fluorescent overhead lights begin to BUZZ and FLICKER. Momentarily plunging the room into darkness.

And in those flashing moments of darkness and light the face of the SECURITY GUARDS CHANGE TO SOMETHING DEMONIC and cruel as they approach.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Keep away. I can see what you are!

The people in the waiting are transforming too - now they're a mass of deformed and agonized victims.

Santini and Cable remain human though - confused at Heather's apparent psychotic break.

SANTINI
It's okay. We can just talk.

But Heather sees the boiling darkness beginning to creep up the walls, slowly spreading like an unstoppable slick of cruel energy.

She knows what's about to happen.

HEATHER
(to the cops)
You have to run.

CABLE
What?

HEATHER
It's coming. Get away, now!

CABLE
What's coming?

SANTINI
If you...

HEATHER
Get out now. Run. Please.

...THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

SCREAMS in the darkness.

Then, strobing, flashing sickly yellow lights and in what could almost be A SERIES OF STILL FRAMES we see a MONSTROUS CREATURE tearing one of the security guards into shreds.

When the lights come back on again, they are dim and flickering, revealing that the morgue has been transformed into a HELLISH WORLD.

The bloody remnants of the security guard are splashed about. A creature with blades for arms, dashing away down a corridor, howling and screeching.

Other PEOPLE, NURSES and PATIENTS scream in sudden fear as CREATURES EMERGE from the shadows. Slowly at first, then more boldly - moving in on the terrified humans.

Cable and Santini pull their weapons as they see scuttling, grey forms approaching from the shadows.

Heather DASHES PAST Santini and Cable and slams through the broken security doors. Heading down a long, dark corridor.

But they barely pay her any attention as A CREATURE leaps at Santini...

39 INT. MORGUE CORRIDORS - CONT

39

She hears SCREAMS and GUNSHOTS ring out behind her.

Running desperately down the hospital corridors with the Darkness seeming to chase her and transform the corridors and wards as she passes them.

The SCREAMS AND CRIES OF FEAR fill the building.

40 INT. MORGUE CORRIDORS - CONT

40

Peeling, rust-coloured walls, strange organic structures, every fixture and fitting distorted and changed. The same but somehow as if the nightmare world is overlaid and grafted on top.

There are BODIES IN BAGS lined up on gurneys along the walls. Some of them are beginning to twitch and convulse.

Moving more cautiously now she passes by a viewing window into a room with SEVERAL CORPSES on steel tables... And sees the nightmare happening within...

HER POV:

CREATURES - 'SLURPERS' are squatting over the corpses. Long phallic snout pushing to the inert flesh of the corpses. Feeding.

Disgusted, Heather turns away and moves on.

Stalking nervously down flickering, dark corridors.

Then she sees...

HER FATHER

...emerge from a corridor intersection some 20 yards ahead of her. He's looking lost and desperate. Running from something.

HEATHER

Dad! Oh god.

He sees her.

HARRY

Heather! Oh baby.

HEATHER

I thought you were dead?

He's still covered in blood from his injuries but apparently alive, at least in this strange otherworld of darkness and fear, he stumbles forwards.

They run towards each other but suddenly HUMAN FIGURES IN STRANGE, HEAVY RUBBER SUITS AND GAS MASKS, all marked with complex runes and occult symbols emerge from the shadows of corridors and alcoves. They cut him off and block his path to her.

HARRY

(to his attackers)

No! Get away from me!

He tries to fight them off but they are relentless and overwhelming.

HEATHER

Daaad!!

Heather rushes to help him.

HARRY

Keep away baby. Run!

They drag Harry away...

She still rushes towards them now, trying to reach them before they vanish into the blackness.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Don't follow. Forget me baby.

HEATHER

No! I'll find you.

HARRY

Don't try. Don't come to Silent Hill! That's what they want. Forget me. Save yourself!

And finally he vanishes into the shadows in the grip of the strange figures.

Heather desperately runs after her father but, The MISSIONARY DROPS DOWN FROM THE CEILING SPACE.

It stalks menacingly forwards. It seems to be clothed in the ragged remnants of the cowls and cloaks of the men taking her father away with the same occult symbols and markings.

Brandishing its cruel, curved blades it peers at her with an eyeless face that seems stitched together from other faces, but clearly able to 'see' her every move.

No choice. Heather turns and runs.

The Missionary stalks after her. Not rushing, just relentless and deadly.

She sees A DARK HAired LITTLE GIRL, aged 9 or 10 wearing an old-fashioned blue school uniform, standing in front of her. It's the same girl she saw in her daydream at school. She seems perfectly calm and unafraid.

HEATHER

Run! You have to run.

The dark haired little girl darts through a doorway. Heather follows. It leads her down...

41 INT. MORGUE STAIRWELL - CONT 41

BODIES, - vivisected, Y-incisions opening them from stem to stern - hanging from the stairwell ceiling. Heather swallows her fear and heads down a level.

42 INT. SUBLEVEL MORGUE CORRIDORS - CONT 42

Heather runs blindly through the morgue. Totally lost now. All sense of direction or purpose beyond escape gone.

She passes by the flayed body of DETECTIVE SANTINI hanging from a wall. He's alive and weeping in pain.

SANTINI

Heeelp me... dear god...

Alessa is ahead of her again. Beckoning once more.

The SOUND of the creature approaching but the child simply smiles and beckons to Heather to follow her and she dashes through some swing doors with a sign above them marked 'AUTOPSY ROOM'.

Glancing back to see The Missionary following, Heather barges through the doors.

43 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - CONT

43

The moment she passes through the doors Heather stumbles into a GROUP OF SURGEONS. But these are no longer men and women, they have BECOME SURGICAL CREATURES. Organically designed to slice open and operate on human cadavers...

But they're not all dead.

VICTIM

I'm not dead. Please...I'm alive.

The sound of A BONE SAW drowns out his cries.

They surround Heather trying to take hold. Several of them try to press anaesthetic masks to her face but she fights them off.

Pressing onwards she barely glances at the horror taking place on the operating tables. Thankfully the flickering lights and deep shadows hide the full terror of the operating theatre.

But she glimpses the Little Girl ahead of her. Seemingly waiting for Heather before leading her onwards.

Heather dodges past NURSES and SURGEONS to rush after the little girl.

44 INT. SUBLEVEL CORRIDORS - CONT

44

Heather follows the girl down a LONG DARK CORRIDOR.

As the girl gets further ahead, she is lost in the shadows. The sound of her FOOTSTEPS stops and Heather realizes she's alone.

But now, at the far end of the corridor, she sees A DOOR WITH A GLOWING 'FIRE EXIT' SIGN.

She breaks into a sprint and races for the door.

Hits it hard.

Locked.

HEATHER

No!!

A SOUND from down the corridor. Rustling, clicking noises approaching.

She turns. The walls seem to be moving. It's a tide of insect CREEPERS, scurrying towards her.

She GRABS A FIRE AXE from its alcove nearby and starts to swing furiously at the door. The door yields like flesh. Each slash and hack rends it like meat. Blood pours out.

Pausing to look back is a mistake - RED PYRAMID is slowly stalking towards her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
I just want this to end. Why
won't it stop?

SWING.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
WHY!

SMASH

HEATHER (CONT'D)
WON'T

SLICE

HEATHER (CONT'D)
IT

SMASH

HEATHER (CONT'D)
STOP!!?

And the door bursts open.

45 EXT. MORGUE GROUNDS - NIGHT

45

Heather tumbles out of the morgue into the cold brittle reality of the night air. She overbalances and falls, landing hard. Winding herself and sprawling in the slush.

But she has sense enough to turn to kick the door shut behind her. Expecting to see a monster approaching, there is nothing behind her. No horrors. No monsters. Just an empty, plain hospital corridor.

But there is BLOOD ON THE AXE.

POLICE SIRENS fill the air. SHOUTING in the distance.

VOICES O/S
Where is she? Did you see where
she went?

COP O/S
She's armed and considered
dangerous.

Heather scrambles to her feet and limps desperately away as the sirens continue to wail.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 46

Keeping to the shadows now Heather hurries along the inner city streets.

Every shadow, every movement, makes her tense.

The face of an innocent PASSER-BY flickers between the human and demonic.

PASSER BY
Are you okay?

HEATHER
Get away from me!

Her world is turned on its head. Her anchor in reality is completely coming adrift.

Up ahead, a POLICE CAR turns onto the street and she immediately ducks down a dark alley.

47 EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONT 47

She watches from the shadows as the prowler slides by. Inside, the faces of the POLICE OFFICERS are twitching, horrific creatures.

Heather begins to sob. Finally overwhelmed by everything.

HEATHER
Why is this happening to me?

Hands pushed deep into her jacket pocket against the cold. She pulls out a crumpled piece of paper with Vincent's phone number scrawled on it. After a moment's thought she takes out her cellphone and begins to dial the number.

After a moment, the call is answered.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Vincent? I need help..

VINCENT O/S
What's wrong? Where are you?

CUT TO:

48 EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT. LATER

48

A beaten up STATION WAGON pulls up slowly at the entrance of the alley. VINCENT gets out and peers into the gloom.

VINCENT
Heather? It's me.

Slowly Heather emerges from her hiding place behind some trash cans. She looks broken.

Vincent hurries to her, puts his arms around her. She collapses into him, desperate for some comfort.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
What happened? I heard crazy things on the news. What's going on?

HEATHER
No.... I don't know. Vincent, I think I'm going mad. I don't know who I am. I'm seeing things... terrible thing.

VINCENT
You've gotta go to the police.

HEATHER
No! They're after me. They think I killed my dad.

He leads her to the car.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Is this your car?

VINCENT
My mom's. I can take you where you need to go. Out of town?

HEATHER
Yes.
(a beat)
No. Take me home first.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. MASON HOUSE - NIGHT. LATER

49

Vincent's car cruises slowly past Heather's house. There's A POLICE PATROL CAR parked out front with two cops inside. One reading a newspaper, the other seemingly asleep. Crime scene tape cordoning off the perimeter to her house.

50 INT. VINCENT'S CAR - CONT 50

Heather is hunkered down as Vincent drives.

VINCENT
Police car out front. Do you *have*
to go inside?

HEATHER
Yes. Go round the back.

51 INT. MASON HOUSE - NIGHT 51

Cautiously Heather leads Vincent through the house. It's dark but she grabs a FLASHLIGHT from a box in the kitchen and shines the light cautiously around, keeping the beam low.

They pass through the LIVING ROOM...

For a moment Heather illuminates the blood-spattered furnishings and marks on the walls.

VINCENT
Do you know what those are?

HEATHER
Whoever...killed my dad left
those.

VINCENT
Do you know what they mean?

HEATHER
No but I'm going to find out.

She moves on into...

52 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - CONT 52

Harry's small bedroom. Single bed. Unopened boxes. A few family pictures on a plain sideboard.

Vincent looks at the pictures.

VINCENT
Your mom?

HEATHER
My adopted mom. Rose.

VINCENT
You were adopted?

HEATHER

Yeah. I never knew my real parents.

VINCENT

You don't know who you are?

She thinks on this.

HEATHER

I thought I did... but now...I don't think I do. Not yet. Harry was all I had.

VINCENT

I'm really sorry he's dead.

HEATHER

He's not.

VINCENT

What? I thought...

HEATHER

I know it's crazy but I saw him. Alive.

VINCENT

Heather I don't think...

HEATHER

No listen; sometimes, sometimes things change around me. I see other worlds. You know like your grandfather said. I see those other worlds. They spill over into this one. And in one of those worlds he's still alive, I'm sure of it.

Vincent is not sure what to make of this.

She turns from him and carries on searching through Harry's room.

VINCENT

What are you looking for?

HEATHER

Answers. I loved my dad but now I know he didn't tell me the whole truth about myself.

She opens the closet and searches through everything inside. Finds HARRY'S WALLET - MONEY AND CREDIT CARDS INSIDE. She takes them.

Next she finds a box, pulls it down and opens it. There is a HANDGUN and AMMUNITION INSIDE. She takes it out and stuffs it into her belt.

VINCENT

A gun? Come on.

He takes a step towards her and THE FLOORBOARD SQUEAKS. Heather looks down at where he's standing.

MOMENTS LATER:

THEY'RE TEARING THE CARPET back to reveal the loose floorboard. It has a complex symbol painted on it - very similar to the markings daubed on the living room walls in Harry's blood.

Heather pries open the floorboard to reveal a SECRET COMPARTMENT. And inside it; A BOX. She lifts it out and opens it.

HEATHER

This is it. This is what he wanted me to find.

Beneath the papers is the BROKEN SEAL. She takes it and looks at it. Beautiful, intricate. Broken.

VINCENT

D'you know what that is?

HEATHER

No.

Suddenly, they're distracted by the SOUND of the FRONT DOOR opening.

CABLE O/S

There should be someone *inside* the house not out front yanking his dick.

Heather and Vincent freeze. Uncertain what to do.

53 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT

53

Cable and two UNIFORMED PATROL COPS stalk through the room. One of the uniformed guys flicks on the light in the other room.

CABLE

No, you fool; light off!

UNIFORM COP #1

She's not coming back here. No way is anyone that stupid.

CABLE

Where else can she go? Young girl
on the run? Citywide patrols have
got her ID. She's got no chance.

54 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - CONT 54

She and Vincent exchange a look. Silently, Heather gathers
up the box. The FLOORBOARDS CREAK under her feet.

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT 55

Cable and his cops hear a SOUND from one of the back rooms.
Suddenly alert, they draw their weapons.

CABLE

Stupid huh?

Cable silently directs the cops forwards and they prepare
themselves. A moment later Cable, KICKS THE DOOR WIDE
OPEN.

56 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM - CONT 56

With his weapon raised Cable peers into the gloomy room. It
is empty. The window is wide open.

CABLE

God damn!

He races to it and looks out.

CABLE'S POV: He see Vincent's station wagon peeling away up
the back streets. Licence plate and make are clear to him.

CUT TO:

57 INT. VINCENT'S CAR. CITY [TRAVELLING] - NIGHT 57

Driving fast out of the city, Vincent behind the wheel.
Heather beside him with the box containing her father's
notebooks and paperwork. She lays the gun down by beside
her. The 'map' of silent hill and apparent directions are
open on her lap.

They share a look.

VINCENT

What do you want to do?

HEATHER

My father warned me not to go.

She doesn't reply. Thinking. Looking at the notebooks in her hand.

VINCENT

If you want answers; there's only one place you're going to find them.

She's so conflicted. Frightened but knowing what has to happen.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It has to be your choice. No one can make you go there.

HEATHER

I'm scared.

VINCENT

I'll be with you.

A beat.

HEATHER

Take me to Silent Hill.

58 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT 58

Vincent's car pull onto the freeway and they leave the city behind.

MIX TO:

59 INT. VINCENT'S CAR [TRAVELLING] - NIGHT. LATER 59

Heather is holding Harry's notebook. When she opens it the ENVELOPE WITH HER NAME ON slides out. She stares at it for a moment, almost nervous, before finally tearing it open and unfolding the hand-written letter inside.

MIX TO:

60 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 60

Harry, working quietly at the kitchen table. Surrounded by his notebooks. Writing out this letter.

HARRY V/O

"These are the hardest words I've ever written, but you deserve to know the truth. You deserve to know who you are.

(MORE)

HARRY V/O (CONT'D)
 I've tried to protect you but I
 know I failed.
 The man I killed in Portland...

HARD CUT TO:

61 INT. DIFFERENT APARTMENT - DAY. YEARS EARLIER

61

Harry and Heather - just fourteen years old here - enter their apartment carrying bags of groceries. Laughing at some bad joke.

There is A MAN waiting in the shadows. Messily shaven head, intense, crazy eyes and a complex pattern cut into the flesh on the side of his scalp.

He LEAPS AT THEM WITH A KNIFE raised, but Harry blocks him. The two fall crashing to the floor as Heather screams.

They struggle for a moment but Harry takes the knife from him and STABS IT DOWN INTO THE ATTACKER'S CHEST.

HARRY V/O
 ...He wasn't just a random thief;
 we're not running to keep ahead
 of the police... he was a member
 of The Order; the same group of
 people who have been hunting us
 all these years. They want you.

Heather studies the markings on the man's head and neck - they are the same runic marks that are occurring everywhere else in her life now.

Harry looks up at young Heather from the bloody corpse.

HARRY
 Grab your things - we're leaving.

HARRY V/O
 If I'm gone, they may have found
 you. You have to protect
 yourself; get as far away as you
 can.

62 INT. VINCENT'S CAR - NIGHT

62

Heather reading on in silence.

HARRY V/O
 "You'll find the truth in these
 notebooks - as much as I could
 find out. Silent Hill stole my
 wife from me. Left you without a
 mother.

(MORE)

HARRY V/O (CONT'D)

When you read them you will finally understand who you really are. Please don't hate me for lying to you all these years. I did it to protect you. Silent Hill is an evil and cruel place; it is no home for a gentle soul like yours."

Heather closes her eyes and chokes back more tears.

VINCENT

You want me to stop? Pull over?

HEATHER

No. I'm okay. Just keep going.

She stares out the window, watching the world drift by.

63 EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

63

The car slides on into the night. A roadside sign reads: "YOU ARE ENTERING WEST VIRGINIA - The Mountain State"

MIX TO:

64 INT. VINCENT'S CAR - NIGHT. LATER

64

Now HEATHER OPENS THE NOTEBOOK and flicks through it. Many pages of writing, some legible but other passages incoherent scribbling. There are drawings and sketches of HORRIFIC LOOKING CREATURES, diagrams of symbols and all the occult imagery.

There are NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS and PHOTOCOPIED ARCHIVES. One headline reads: SILENT HILL: THE GHOST TOWN THAT BURNS FOREVER. The sub heading is 'Underground coal fires drive residents from town.'

One page has a detailed diagram of the BROKEN SEAL. It's called 'The Seal of Metatron'. Harry has written "Reveals the Truth of things" and "Is this the key to the Otherworld?" Then "Find Other Half!!!" beneath it.

VINCENT

What does it say?

HEATHER

So much. He was...I knew he was running from something. I knew he was frightened but this is crazy.

(reading)

"Silent Hill was originally a prison colony built on ground taken from the native Indians.

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)
They called it 'The Place of
Silent Spirits'

VINCENT
(joking)
Never build on ancient Indian
burial grounds - I thought
everyone knew that.

HEATHER
(flicking through more
pages)
Religious zealots called 'The
Order' secretly ran the town for
the last hundred years. They were
"waiting for the time when their
god would be reborn and make the
world anew". Seem like one of
those crazy doomsday cults.

VINCENT
Sounds like it.

HEATHER
And, no way, "Human sacrifice and
witch burning took place right up
to when it was abandoned thirty
years ago."

VINCENT
Does it say what why?

She unfolds a newspaper clipping and looks at it.

HEATHER
It says that a fire in the coal
mines got out of control. The
whole place is still burning deep
underground. Everyone had to
leave.

There's a PICTURE of the main street of the town, with
dense smoke everywhere. Local residents stare mournfully
out of the picture. Sombre, serious people with haunted
eyes.

Heather turns to the notebook again and looks at a page
where Harry has written 'ALESSA'S CURSE'.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
My dad doesn't believe that
though.

VINCENT
No? What does he think?

HEATHER

He says... okay, he says the town
was cursed by the power of a
demon child...

VINCENT

(suddenly)
Shit!

HEATHER

What?

VINCENT

Look.

Coming from the opposite direction a POLICE PATROL emerges
from the night.

HEATHER

Just... just keep going.

VINCENT

We've gotta get off these main
roads.

65 EXT. HIGHWAY - CONT

65

Vincent's car turns sharply down an off-ramp and onto
smaller, unmarked side roads.

MIX TO:

66 EXT. BACK ROADS - NIGHT. LATER

66

Sliding through the rain soaked countryside. Thick forest
closing in. Heather's pale face visible, staring out as the
car rolls by. She closes her eyes...

67 EXT. MAIN STREET. SILENT HILL - DAY

67

Dreamlike. Unreal.

The main street of Silent Hill.

A HUGE BANK OF FOG ROLLS DOWN THE MAINSTREET, engulfing the
whole town.

Walking just ahead of it is the small figure of YOUNG
ALESSA. She's still in her schoolgirl uniform but it is
dirty and singed. Her eyes are PURE BLACK, her face
DEATHLY PALE, LONG DARK HAIR hanging in greasy strands.

She is CONTROLLING THE MIST. It boils and swells behind
her.

PEOPLE run screaming from houses and shops. Terrified of what's coming.

Alessa raises her hands and SENDS THE MIST CHASING AFTER THE PEOPLE. And we can see, as the mist rushes forwards there are CREATURES in the mist. Lurking, HORRIFIC THINGS that catch and slaughter any of the townspeople they catch.

One woman, seems so close to escaping, but she is grabbed and her agonized screams fill the world...

68 INT. VINCENT'S CAR - NIGHT

68

Heather wakes with a start. Shocked.

HEATHER

Oh god...How long was I asleep?

VINCENT

Not long. You were crying.

HEATHER

I dreamed of Silent Hill. That little girl was taking over the town, covering it in fog and filling it with cruelty and horror. But it didn't feel like a dream...more like a memory.

Vincent looks at her.

VINCENT

We're close, I think. But...

He yawns. Clearly exhausted.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

...I'm all in. Can you take over?

HEATHER

Dad never taught me to drive.

VINCENT

Oh. No problem.

The car moves through wisps of hanging mist, like ghost flickering across the road.

69 EXT. ROAD BRIDGE - NIGHT

69

They pass over a rusting, cast iron road bridge. The sign by the road reads 'ROAD AHEAD CLOSED'. Vincent either doesn't see or ignores it.

70 INT. VINCENT'S CAR - CONT 70

Vincent squints his eyes, trying to keep himself awake and see clearly ahead. The road ahead just seems endlessly dark but then through the mist...

...the BROKEN NEON SIGN of a MOTEL - "ACK'S INN". Appears in the distance.

VINCENT
I gotta stop for a while.

71 EXT. MOTEL FORECOURT - NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER 71

They pull up into the forecourt and park outside one of the rooms.

72 INT. VINCENT'S CAR - CONT 72

VINCENT
Wait here; I'll get the room.

HEATHER
D'you need money?

VINCENT
No. I've got this. Don't worry.

73 INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT 73

Vincent approaches the reception desk. The place seems deserted. A wall-mounted TV silently plays old movies, the picture rolling and flickering.

VINCENT
Hello?

A shambling GREY MAN emerges from the back room.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I need a room.

74 INT. VINCENT'S CAR - CONT 74

Heather watches, nervously, as Vincent talks to the man. Above her the huge broken 'J' of the 'Jack's Inn' sign flickering on and off. She turns on the radio but it gives off nothing but static, no matter where she turns the dial.

Vincent gets the room key and smiles to Heather as he emerges.

75 INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

75

They look around the small room. Just about as low-rent and seedy as possible.

HEATHER
Even this looks good to me right now.

Vincent pulls back a blind and looks outside. Heather flops down onto the creaking bed.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
You think they'll find us?

VINCENT
Someone will. Eventually.
(he lets the shade drop back)
I don't think you should go.

HEATHER
What?

VINCENT
Your dad was right; you shouldn't go to Silent Hill.

HEATHER
It's the only chance I have to save him.

VINCENT
Maybe he doesn't want saving? He knew how dangerous it is. You've read his notebook, you know it too.

HEATHER
Vincent...

VINCENT
No. Listen to me; The Order, they want you. That's why they took Harry, to make you come back.

HEATHER
I have no choice.

Vincent reaches for her hand. Pulls her close. They are almost embracing.

VINCENT
Heather...I don't want anything bad to happen to you.

She's looking up into his face now. He's tender and sincere.

He leans in to kiss her and tentatively at first but then with increasing passion. Heather responds with her own desire and need...

SLOW MIX TO:

76 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT. LATER

76

Raining outside now. Vincent stares through the rivulets of water running down the window at the flickering neon motel sign. He reads Harry's notebooks and turns the broken seal over in his hand, deep in thought.

Heather is asleep on the bed, wrapped in the dishevelled sheets.

VINCENT
(gently)
Heather.

He approaches and sits on the bed beside her. She stirs.

HEATHER
What are you doing?

VINCENT
Just watching. Thinking.
(a beat)
You mustn't go any further.

HEATHER
We talked about this. I have to.

VINCENT
I know it's a mistake. Why can't you just trust me?

HEATHER
How do you *know*?

A long moment passes as Vincent wrestles with the truth.

VINCENT
I am a child of The Order.

HEATHER
You're *what*?

He draws a deep breath and pushes on with his confession.

VINCENT
I was born and raised in Silent Hill. And I was chosen to go into the world to make sure you came back.

HEATHER

No... That's not possible. The Order are trapped in Silent Hill; the notebooks said so.

VINCENT

It is possible to escape, just for a while, but it requires sacrifice...

He opens his shirt to reveal an intricate and cruel scar on his chest and belly. The markings are the same design as the seal that Heather carries and the same as the man who Harry killed all those years before.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

...and suffering.

SMASH CUT TO:

77 INT. DARK CHAMBER

77

Vincent SCREAMING IN PAIN as his body is CUT WITH A BURNING KNIFE with the symbol by the PRIEST-LIKE figure of a BEAUTIFUL BUT FEARSOME WOMAN. She is so pale, with white-blond hair as to be almost albino - CLAUDIA WOLF.

VINCENT

No! No...please...

CLAUDIA

Now you will be able to pass into the world. You have been chosen for this task. Do not fail us.

78 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

78

He stands before Heather, trying to make her understand.

HEATHER

How could you do this to me?!

VINCENT

Listen to me, please; My whole life, all I've been taught is that Alessa is the great evil of the world. She trapped us; her demons torment us and you are part of that evil.

He approaches her. She withdraws in horror.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

...But I know that's not true. I know you're not evil.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Even if you are part of Alessa,
you are the innocent part.

HEATHER

You lied. Every step of the way,
you lied.

She backs away. The lamps in the room start fizz and flicker as her anger and distress rises.

VINCENT

I had to...They were watching;
projecting their spirits into the
world - you saw them. It was my
job to bring you back to Silent
Hill.

HEATHER

Then why not just take me? Why do
that to my dad?

VINCENT

We couldn't just take you. We
can't force you. You had to
choose to come back of your own
free will.

HEATHER

Why? Why do I matter so much?

VINCENT

Because The Order cannot defeat
Alessa without you. She needs to
be whole - the two halves
rejoined.

He holds up the half of the broken seal.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You are a part of her and she has
to be whole for them to destroy
her.

HEATHER

And destroy me too?

This question hangs in the air as the SHADOWS OF THE ROOM SEEM TO THICKEN. The cheap wallpaper begins to peel away. Vincent notices and he's afraid.

VINCENT

But it's not too late for you to
turn around.

HEATHER

Is my father still alive?

VINCENT
In the Otherworld.

HEATHER
How can I find him?

VINCENT
Join the two halves of this Seal
of Metatron and it will give you
the power to find him.

HEATHER
Where is the other half?

VINCENT
My grandfather is the keeper of
the seal. Holding it drove him
insane.

HEATHER
Why?

VINCENT
Because it reveals the truth of
all things. Let me help you.

He reaches for her but she fights him off.

HEATHER
Don't touch me.

She slaps him again, her anger swelling. The Darkness is
closing in ever more strongly.

VINCENT
Don't... Heather... don't. Don't
bring the Darkness.

HEATHER
It's not me.

VINCENT
It *is*. You have her power, you
control it.

Flickering, pulsating darkness begins to transform the
world. The TV bursts to life - spewing out a noisy, howling
static signal.

HEATHER
(shouting at the living
shadows)
Stop! Please stop!

But it makes no difference, the process has begun.

The walls of the motel crumble away to reveal the
Otherworld.

VINCENT

We have to get out of here. It's
not too late to turn back.

They don't notice THE MISSIONARY UNFOLDING FROM THE SHADOWS
right behind them.

Lightning fast it lashes out and SKEWERS VINCENT THROUGH
THE SHOULDER WITH A VICIOUS BLADE

The Missionary draws him close, like a bug on a pin, and
sniffs him. Their faces almost touching - its skin clearly
made from the flesh of many others.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

No, please...

HEATHER

Vincent!

Heather tries to pull Vincent but The Missionary hurls her
to one side. She lands hard, hitting her head. Blacking out
struggling for consciousness.

She sees the Missionary loping away with Vincent in its
clutches. The MASKED human figures she saw in the morgue
are waiting to lay hands on Vincent. His screams are the
last thing she hears before she falls into unconsciousness.

FADE TO BLACK

79 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

79

Heather slowly opens her eyes. She's still on the floor
where she fell. Was it a dream?

She slowly climbs to her feet, looking round. No sign of
Vincent.

The broken seal is on the floor. She picks it up.

Harry's notebook is still on the bed. She picks this up
too. Checks that the gun is still tucked into her pants and
then pushes open the motel room door.

Outside is a GREY MIST FILLING THE LANDSCAPE. Ash drifting
down from a featureless sky.

The world has changed into something post-apocalyptic and
ominous.

80 EXT. MOTEL FORECOURT - CONT

80

Heather steps outside and looks around. The motel is completely fogbound - no horizon, no sense of place, just the gray road curving away towards the vaguest sense of buildings in the distance.

She walks a little way out of the parking lot and onto the empty highway.

At the side of the road is a sign that slowly becomes clear as she draws closer.

"WELCOME TO SILENT HILL"

Heather regards this for a moment and then starts walking towards the town.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. SILENT HILL. MAINSTREET - FOGWORLD

81

Eerily quiet, hanging fog, drifting ash. It seems like this limbo world is holding its breath as Heather walks down the streets.

She glimpses PEOPLE moving about inside the buildings but they are gray and insubstantial. Not quite ghosts but not wholly there either. They seem to be drawn to watch Heather as she passes by.

It makes her nervous but she walks on until SHE COMES TO A JUNCTION and looks around unsure.

As she glances around she catches her reflection in a broken shop window... but it's not her that is being reflected, it is ALESSA.... She approaches, confused and REACHES OUT TO TOUCH THE GLASS.

The little girl reaches out too. When their fingertips touch...

FLASHES TO:

82 EXT. SILENT HILL BEFORE THE FOG. MAINSTREET - DAY

82

CHILD'S POV: Looking into the same shop window but now, three decades earlier. Young ALESSA only sees her self reflected back.

Walking down the mainstreet. Glancing into a shop window and see the reflection of the little girl ALESSA staring back. She's holding a WOMAN'S HAND. They're both dressed in severe, almost puritan clothes - the clothes of The Order.

Across the streets are a GROUP OF SIMILARLY DRESSED MEN AND WOMEN - led by a younger incarnation of CLAUDIA. They are surrounding three women and their children who are 'normal' in appearance. They are shouting and cursing the normals. Damning them to hell and for their lack of faith.

The little girl looks up to her mommy - DAHLIA GILLESPIE, a pretty but pale and waifish woman in her 20s.

ALESSA

Why doesn't everyone believe?

DAHLIA

They will. When the god returns to make the world anew - they will believe.

ALESSA

And if they don't?

DAHLIA

They will be punished.

ALESSA

When is the god coming?

DAHLIA

With your help, my special child, soon. Very soon.

Alessa looks back at herself in another storefront window and now sees Heather reflected. The little girl smiles at her.

83

EXT. SILENT HILL. FOGWORLD. MAINSTREET - CONT

83

Heather - her head spinning with these sudden flashes or memory or hallucination - turns from the shop window and stumbles into the path of A SHAMBLING GREY MAN. He seems like a lost soul, hardly even present but his eyes widen in horror when he looks at Heather.

GREY MAN

The demon is here. Walking among us!

HEATHER

No, no, wait.

GREY MAN

The DEMON!!
(screaming now)
Demon! Demon! Call the High Council!

More of the grey people come from the buildings. They close in on Heather and join in the cry of the man.

Heather turns and runs. The shouts of DEMON! DEMON! DEMON!
Following her down the street.

84 EXT. SILENT HILL. BACK ALLEYS - CONT

84

Heather runs through narrow, gloomy back alleys until she
has left the cries behind her.

She catches her breath for a moment, trying to get her
bearings and nervous of pursuit. Being alone is almost more
disturbing

Once she's sure she's alone she takes out Harry's notebook
and turns to a hand-drawn MAP of the town. It is crude but
gives her a sense of orientation.

CUT TO:

85 INT. THE SANCTUARY

85

A darkly lit chamber with high vaulted ceiling covered in
complex carvings and symbols - a devotional place with a
sombre sepulchral air to it.

But whatever this religion is, it's clearly about suffering
and death more than life. There is a BOUND BODY on an altar
which has been ritually sliced open to allow BLOOD to run
along channels cut into the stone altar and down to a
complex pattern carved into the floor. There are OTHER
SACRIFICIAL VICTIMS bound in small cells beyond.

In one of the cells is HARRY MASON. He is pale and dead
eyed. Close to utter spiritual defeat.

VINCENT is on his knees in the center of the chamber. He
too is bound; with wire that cuts his flesh. The wound in
his shoulder is untreated and thick with coagulated blood.
He is not yet defeated; there is still a spark of defiance
in his eyes.

His mother, CLAUDIA WOLF stands before him. The rest of the
COUNCIL OF ELDERS is at her shoulder. They are dressed just
as the 'Watchers' were.

Claudia kneels before her son. Her normally stern face is
now softened with maternal emotion. She is gently weeping.

CLAUDIA
My own son...

VINCENT
...Mother, please...

CLAUDIA
...tried to betray us?

VINCENT

She is not evil.

CLAUDIA

Your mind is corrupted by her darkness. I understand.

VINCENT

No. She is innocent! You created Alessa; the darkness is your own evil reflected back at us.

The Council draw collective breath in shock and horror at this.

CLAUDIA

Innocent?! You are insane. Just as your grandfather is insane. But...

COUNCIL MEMBER O/S

Burn him.

Others agree.

CLAUDIA

No!

(they quickly silence)
But you succeeded, even in your madness, you brought her to us. Our salvation is at hand. And...

She looks up at other FIGURES. Four MEN and WOMEN dressed in rough, bloody medical garb.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

(softly)
...a broken mind can be fixed.
(to the medics, about Vincent)
Cure him of his madness.
(to the Council)
Find the girl. You know what to do.

CUT TO:

86

EXT. STREET. WATERFRONT - FOGWORLD. MOMENTS LATER

86

Heather emerges from a back-street onto a WATERFRONT PLAZA. Lake Toluca is glass-flat to one side, mist hanging over the waters, curling slowly in some unfelt wind.

Still consulting her map, she passes BOARDED-UP BUILDINGS with marks and symbols of The Order everywhere. Some of the buildings are burned out wrecks and have words like 'SINNER' and "VALTIEL WILL DELIVER YOU" daubed on them.

She looks down at her map again. Tracing her proposed route to 'BROOKHAVEN ASYLUM'.

87 EXT. WATERFRONT PLAZA. SILENT HILL - FOGWORLD 87

A little further along waterfront there is evidence of what looks like a medieval WITCH BURNING. Several BLACKENED BODIES, still tied to stakes in the smoking remains of bonfires.

Hand painted signs before each one read 'UNBELIEVER' or 'DAMNED SOUL'

She peers, horrified, at the burned faces caught in a rictus of agony.

SMASH CUT TO:

88 INT. BURNING HOUSE - YEARS EARLIER 88

A CHILD'S POV: Looking through FLAMES that are burning close and fierce. A sudden crack to one side draws her attention to a MIRROR breaking. In it, we see Alessa staring back, terrified.

GIRL
Mommy! Mommy!

Now we RUSH THROUGH THE FLAMES to a WINDOW and look out from the BURNING HOUSE to see members of The Order gathered outside. Dahlia is being restrained by members of The Order. Claudia is there - younger but still dominant and powerful. As is an OLDER MAN, LEONARD, who we will meet soon enough...

DAHLIA
Alessa!!
(to the Order)
Stop this, you're killing her!

LEONARD
The fire will purify her.

CLAUDIA
It has to be her. Only she has the power.

ALESSA
Mommy! Mommy! Help me.

Dahlia watches and slowly stops struggling.

We see the HANDS AND ARMS OF THE LITTLE GIRL holding onto the burning window frame. HER SKIN IS BEGINNING TO PEEL AND MELT with the heat. Her screaming rising higher and higher over the roar of the flames.

Running through the room again...coming to a halt before the cracking mirror. Alessa burning still now but now clenching her fists, not in pain but anger.

Her eyes sudden become bottomless black pits of fury. She spreads her arms and the FLAMES WITHDRAW FROM HER, pushed back by her sheer strength of will.

CUT BACK TO:

89

EXT. WATERFRONT PLAZA

89

HEATHER catches her breath a little at the intensity of the memory and images.

She's still standing before the charred bodies. She sees a movement beyond the charred remains; a RAGGED, BROKEN WOMAN slowly shuffling towards her. This is the woman from her vision - DAHLIA GILLESPIE.

DAHLIA

Do you know me?

She reaches out a shaking hand to touch Heather but she pulls away in disgust.

HEATHER

You let them burn her.

DAHLIA

I had no choice. She was chosen because she was so powerful. Born with gifts like no other. Destined to be the vessel to bring forth the birth of our god.

Dahlia hangs her head in shame.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

It only brought our damnation. I am the mother of the devil, just as you are her daughter.

HEATHER

I'm not.

DAHLIA

You were born from her suffering.

HEATHER

What do you mean? How?

DAHLIA

Alessa did not die in the fire. But her pain and torment were matched only by her consuming rage.

(MORE)

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

And her powers had grown beyond
all comprehension. She opened
the door to the darkness that
traps us. We are prisoners of her
nightmare.

HEATHER

How is she my mother?

CUT TO:

90 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FLASHBACK

90

Hazy confused images but enough for us to understand what
we hear Dahlia describing.

DAHLIA V/O

In her madness she knew there was
still some part of her that could
be free from pain. A part that
could live without the rage
burning forever inside.

IN A HOSPITAL BED IS THE STILL LIVING FORM OF ALESSA.
Horribly burned and disfigured but with those dark,
cruel eyes shining with malice.

A NURSE, LISA GARLAND, enters the room. Pretty, blond but
looking around nervously - clearly concerned about
witnesses. She's carrying a small bundle wrapped in a
blanket.

DAHLIA V/O (CONT'D)

Alessa divided her soul and
placed it in a newborn orphan
child - you.

The nurse unwraps the swaddled bundle to reveal a NEWBORN
BABY. She offers the child to Alessa, who reaches out her
blackened, skeletal hand and places it on the child's head.

DAHLIA V/O (CONT'D)

You are the only part of her that
feels love, You balance her
hate.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. WATERFRONT PLAZE - CONT

91

Heather is stunned at what she's hearing.

HEATHER

No...

DAHLIA

Yes. And you should not be here.

There is movement beyond the plaza. FIGURES APPROACHING.
Members of The Order hunting Heather.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

You've given them what they could
never have - a way to destroy
Alessa.

Heather looks urgently around but sees they are closing in
on her from every direction now. But as her panic grows at
their slow and sinister approach...

A SIREN begins to sound. Echoing mournfully across the
town. The members of The Order turn in panic and begin to
flee.

HEATHER

Why are they running?

DAHLIA

The Otherworld is coming.

The world is changing again, the fogworld is swept away as
Darkness rolls in. Corrupting and changing everything it
touches. Transforming the world into a foul distortion of
reality.

HEATHER

Why aren't you scared?

DAHLIA

My daughter would never harm me.
Nothing here will hurt me. My
punishment is to live.

Heather waits for a moment and then decides to run while
she has a chance.

Dahlia laughs and raises her face to the falling ash as if
she's enjoying warm spring rain.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Rain down your anger on us my
daughter. Punish us all.

CUT TO:

92

EXT. BROOKHAVEN ASYLUM. SILENT HILL - OTHERWORLD

92

Heather running fast. Trying to keep ahead of whatever
creatures lurk in the shadows.

STRANGE SCREAMS and other unearthly sounds echo across the
transformed world.

She comes around a corner to see "Brookhaven Hospital for the Insane". Grim, imposing and fortress-like. The fences surrounding the perimeter are broken and rusting. A few bodies hang from the fence posts, like grim scarecrows. They are twitching, alive and in torment.

A HYSTERICAL SCREAM echoes across the grounds.

Heather looks around her and sees strange SHUFFLING CREATURES approaching her. She's in open ground and vulnerable so she runs for the front doors of the asylum and pushes them open.

93

INT. BROOKHAVEN ASYLUM. ENTRANCE HALL - OTHERWORLD

93

The building is ancient, poorly maintained and seems abandoned.

There's no one behind the RECEPTION DESK but disturbing white noise spews from the PA system. FOOTSTEPS and MOVEMENT can be heard but she sees nothing. It's as if ghostly memories just hang in the air.

She looks behind a desk. Filing cabinets lie open on their side. Patients files, spilled out across the floor.

Heather crouches behind the desk to search through the papers. The records of dozens of patients are scattered everywhere.

HEATHER

Leonard Wolf...Leonard Wolf...

Until finally, she sees what she's looking for.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

She stands up and sees...

...A CREATURE lunging towards her. It's thin, pale and sinuous with long arms and a skeletal, eyeless face. A soft, yet ominous moaning escapes it's wet mouth. An obvious unfinished LOBOTOMY OPERATION has been performed on it head; the skull is open, brain exposed - this is the Otherworld's sick twist on the asylum patients. Tiny sparks of electricity crackle across the exposed brain surface as if some kind of SHOCK THERAPY has once been used on it.

Heather falls back and scrabbles away, kicking out at the grasping hands. But it grips her leg and pulls her back towards it. Looming over her, dripping ooze from its flesh.

She reaches into her belt and DRAWS THE PISTOL. And, as the slimy mouth opens and seems to just keep growing impossibly wider as it readies to engulf her, she shoves the pistol, arm-deep into the maw and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

The GUNSHOT BLOWS THE BACK OF THE CREATURE'S HEAD OPEN. It flops down, twitching for a moment before lying still. Black blood bubbling from it.

She can see through the broken glass front doors of the hospital MEMBERS OF THE ORDER IN THE PROTECTIVE SUITS begin to approach the building.

But some of them are ATTACKED BY CREATURES.

Heather grabs a FLASHLIGHT from the nurses station and runs through the open metal gates into the PATIENTS' AREAS.

Stuffing the gun back into her belt and gripping the flashlight tightly she looks at Leonard's file one more time, checking the room number, then starts moving cautiously forwards.

94

INT. BROOKHAVEN HOSPITAL. CORRIDORS - DARKNESS

94

With the flashlight barely reaching a few yards ahead of her, Heather moves cautiously down the corridors.

In places the walls seem to have been torn away to reveal a plunging abyss into a darkness far below. The dripping water is everywhere. Noises and screams echo around.

HEATHER

(whispering)

Alessa? Can you feel me? You know
I'm here, don't you?

Suddenly a LUNATIC lunges from his padded cell window. Arms desperately trying to grasp her. She pulls back, only to be GRASPED BY HANDS reaching from a cell behind her. She's pulled close enough for a LEERING, INSANE FACE to be visible from the cell within. The Lunatic has a messy, dripping lobotomy scar and crazy staring eyes.

They grasp her hair and yank her back. She drops her torch and it spins crazily away.

LUNATIC

I've got her! She's mine!

OTHER LUNATICS

Share her! We want her too!

Leaving a handful of her blonde hair behind, Heather tears herself free and dives to grab the flashlight and just catches it before it falls over a ledge and into the nothingness below.

Shining the flashlight around she sees there are endless rows of patient's 'cells' - all with hands reaching out desperately.

She has to crawl and crouch to move forwards keeping beneath the hands. The screaming of the inmates is overwhelmingly loud and intense and the PA System howls static. Each now hammering on the doors, trying to get out.

It overwhelms Heather for a moment and she simply cowers, trying to cover her ears.

From her prone position she sees something moving towards her through the darkness:

RED PYRAMID, striding forwards, slicing the grasping arms with his massive blade.

Even more frightened of this approaching monstrosity, Heather sees a metal ladder, leading down and scrambles to it.

She descends a few rungs and hunkers down watching as Red Pyramid lumbers past, holding the twitching body of a BUBBLE-HEAD NURSE to him.

95 INT. BROOKHAVEN HOSPITAL. LOWER LEVELS - DARKNESS 95

Heather descends.

The floor beneath her is WIRE MESH WITH TORMENTED FIGURES trapped behind it. Distorted bodies crushed together, moaning and hissing their desperate need to Heather.

Ahead of her is another doorway. In the flickering lights she catches glimpses of the THE SEAL OF METATRON CARVED INTO THE DOORWAY.

She takes out her own broken half as she approaches. The door is firmly closed. No handle. No lock.

She presses the seal against the door.

It swings open with a grinding of tortured metal.

96 INT. LEONARD WOLF'S CELL - DARKNESS 96

Heather steps inside. The dark room seems empty but her flashlight beam doesn't reach the back wall, so it's impossible to know just how big this space is.

Flicking the light beam up to the ceiling she sees the metal grating as strangely organic.

Another cautious step further into the room.

Then, suddenly, the SOUND of a metal chain unfurling. Fast.
And a FIGURE is RUSHING AT HER out of the darkness.

An OLD MAN, unevenly shaved grey hair, blank milky pale eyes, mouth open in a snarl.

Heather doesn't have time to react, he's coming so quickly, but the old man is snapped to a standstill by the metal DOG COLLAR ATTACHED TO THE CHAIN around his neck and IRON MANACLES ON HIS WRISTS that halt him.

He stops just inches short of her. His naked torso is covered in half healed scars and marks - all the complex symbols that we know belong to the religion of The Order.

Heather holds her ground and looks into his PALE EYES. He is BLIND. He sniffs the air.

HEATHER

Leonard?

LEONARD

Hello child. Come closer...so I can touch you.

She holds her ground.

HEATHER

No...I don't think so.

He relaxes against his chain. Paces away into the shadows again.

LEONARD

Did Claudia send you?

HEATHER

Claudia? No. Why did she put you here?

LEONARD

She says I have been corrupted by the Darkness. But Valtiel knows I am a true son of god. I see the world for what it is. I just want to show her the error of her ways. I want to save her. Any father would do the same.

A beat.

HEATHER

Vincent said you might be able to help me.

Leonard spits his fury at the name.

LEONARD

The traitor!! My own grandson. If you listen you may hear his cries of torment.

HEATHER

Vincent is *here*?

LEONARD

His mind must be made right.

HEATHER

Like yours?

LEONARD

I am... an ongoing project.

He strokes his stubbly head and it becomes clear that his skull has been surgical opened, many, many times.

HEATHER

He told me you would know where I can find the other half of this.

She takes out the Seal of Metatron.

LEONARD

Please, I am blind, child, I cannot see. You must...

He extends his open hand. His chains rattle.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

... place it in my hand, if I am to help you.

Heather hesitates and then places it in his hand. At the same time, she silently takes the gun from her waistband and levels it at Leonard's head.

Leonard touches the broken seal with shaking hands. His cracked lips break into a smile.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Ahhh yes. Yessss.

He's like a junky preparing for his fix.

HEATHER

You know what it is?

LEONARD

I was the Master of the Order, how could I not know the Seal of Metatron? Two broken halves waiting to be joined.

(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

"We who hearken to the voice of god will be given the keys to paradise."

HEATHER

It's a key? What does it unlock?

LEONARD

The true nature of all things.

HEATHER

Then I need to find the other half.

LEONARD

But you already have.

Leonard starts to laugh with insane glee and suddenly STABS THE EDGE OF THE SEAL INTO HIS CHEST. He cuts and gouges at himself...

HEATHER

No! Stop!

...slicing open a huge wound in his chest so he can PUSH THE BROKEN SEAL INSIDE HIS BODY.

And when he looks up at Heather again; HIS EYES ARE NO LONGER BLIND. He may still be insane but now it is a cold, cruel and vicious madness.

LEONARD

You are the demon! I will destroy you and I will return to my rightful place in the eyes of the god.

HEATHER

Not today.

Heather raises the pistol, pulls the trigger and SHOOTS LEONARD IN THE FACE.

With barely a grunt, he flies backwards into the shadows and out of sight.

Heather turns urgently and tries to open the door, but just like on the outside, there is no handle or way to open it - only a contoured indentation in the door, about the size of the Seal of Metatron.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Shit.

She uses her flashlight to examine every part of the door frame but clearly she can't leave this way.

Now a NOISE FROM BEHIND HER. A growling, snarling, wet guttural voice barely recognizable as human. It isn't any more.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Oh...

LEONARD O/S

This is the true nature of me.

Leonard Wolf steps out of the shadows. He has TRANSFORMED INTO A GROTESQUE HUMANOID CREATURE. Callused and twisted with long bony structures stretched over with thin suppurating skin. It is still clearly Leonard but as if all the madness and poison in him has become manifest.

Far taller than before he charges towards Heather. Once again though, he is checked by the CHAINS ON HIS WRISTS AND AROUND HIS NECK. But only for a moment. With a fierce twist he snaps the chains.

This moment gives Heather a chance to race past him and into the black depths of the cell.

Her flashlight playing crazily over every wall and ceiling area as she searches for a way out.

Leonard stalks after her.

She turns and fires her gun. Again and again. Until the chamber is empty. Each shot, tearing huge chunks of flesh from him. But he doesn't fall.

Heather sees a GAP IN THE GRATING of the floor. Just big enough for her to squeeze through. There are LOST SOULS clamoring and crying for her to join them.

She dives for it, clawing urgently, trying to get through but SCREAMS IN PAIN...

...as one of Leonard's blade-like BONE CLAWS slices into her. She is pinned down and then FLIPPED OVER to face the monstrous image of Leonard.

LEONARD

With you in our power Alessa's
will cannot hold us here. Our god
will finally be reborn to make
the world anew.

He lifts Heather up. Claws slicing into her flesh.

Leonard SMASHES through the doorway...

97

INT. BROOKHAVEN ASYLUM. CORRIDORS - DARKNESS

97

...and strides down the corridors, clutching Heather. No matter what she does she cannot fight his huge strength.

LEONARD

Glory in your fate. Rejoice that you have found a purpose.

She's almost passing out from the pain but she sees - exposed by the volley of bullets that ripped into him and through his TORN CHEST CAVITY - THE COMPLETE SEAL OF METATRON.

HEATHER

You're right, I do know my purpose.

With a massive effort of will, Heather PLUNGES HER HAND INTO LEONARD'S CHEST, GRASPS THE SEAL AND TEARS IT OUT OF HIS FLESH.

Leonard screams in agony and flings her away - she lands hard and is dazed.

She HEARS HIS SCREAMS and sees him flailing around in the darkness - clearly BLIND ONCE MORE. He stumbles away, screaming in rage.

Heather lies, shaken in the awful silence of the asylum.. She's clutching the restored SEAL OF METATRON in her hand. Looks at it.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

The truth of things huh?

The SOUND of echoing footsteps and rattling wheels coming around the corner at the end of the corridor. Approaching fast.

Heather scrambles out of sight into an alcove just as TWO FACELESS ORDERLIES wearing robes of The Order and heavy breathing masks, enter pushing a GURNEY WITH A PATIENT STRAPPED DOWN on it.

Heather watches as they pass her by and sees that the patient is VINCENT. He's looking about wildly, clearly terrified and trying to break his restraints but there's nothing he can do.

98

INT. SURGERY. ASYLUM - MOMENTS LATER

98

A surgical room of the hospital. Sickly green, peeling paint, flickering fluorescent lights revealing blood spatters and body parts as well as ten BUBBLE-HEAD NURSES, standing, statue-still.

Blind heads bandaged and hanging as if somehow broken, tight fitting uniforms and shapely figures betray their deadly nature.

At the SOUND of the gurney's arrival the Nurses snap to sudden attention. They each carry blades and other lethal medical instruments and begin to close in on the Orderlies and the gurney.

One of the Orderlies uses a long prod to keep the nurses at bay as the other ORDERLY parks Vincent in the midst of the nurses.

ORDERLY #1

(to Nurses)

Keep back, bitches. You'll have your fun.

(to his colleague)

Come on, hurry up.

ORDERLY #2

Nearly done.

(to Vincent)

You sit tight; the doctor will be here soon.

(a beat)

And I suggest you don't make too much noise - traitor.

Orderly #1 shoves his prod into a Nurse as she lunges for him but he overbalances, slipping on some wet entrails on the floor. He comes into range of the nearest Nurse who BURIES A BONE-SAW INTO HIS NECK. He goes down screaming.

Foolishly his colleague tries to rescue his companion. As he stoops to help, A NURSE PLUNGES A HUGE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE INTO HIM. He squeals in pain and turns away, right into another nurse who stabs him through the eye-socket with a scalpel. He falls and is cut and stabbed to a bloody death by the nurses.

When the orderlies are silenced, the nurses resume their statue-like appearance.

Vincent, wide eyed with fear, tries to silently strain against his bonds. As he makes the tiniest noise they 'look' up. He stops and they relax.

Only his fevered breathing sounds in the silence.

Then there's a movement immediately to one side of the gurney. Heather is there.

HEATHER

(whisper)

Do you know how I can find my father?

VINCENT
 (pleading whisper)
 Heather? Help me.

HEATHER
Where's my father?

VINCENT
 Please help me.

One of the nurses swings her 'broken neck' around as if she's heard a noise. They all start swinging their bodies and shuffling around as if trying to locate the sounds.

HEATHER
I have the seal. Tell me where he is.

VINCENT
 Free me and I'll help you, I swear.

HEATHER
 I'll rattle this fucking bed until they've sliced you to bits unless you tell me now.

VINCENT
 The Sanctuary; it's beyond the amusement park. I can show you.

They hold each other's gaze for a moment and then Heather starts to free Vincent, unstrapping the thick leather wrist buckles that confine him.

Vincent watches Heather desperately untie the buckles but every little noise alerts the nurses no matter how careful she is. Like a horrific game of 'What's the Time Mr Wolf', whenever Vincent looks from Heather to the nurses, they are a little nearer.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 Hurry.

HEATHER
 This is hurrying.

Then, with just one wrist left attached to the gurney, Vincent knocks against the bed frame with a loud CLANG.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
 (working on the straps)
 Hold still. Just hold still.

VINCENT
 I'm trying!

And now when he looks at the nurses ONE IS LOOMING RIGHT OVER HIM.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Vincent rolls off the bed, dodging a stabbing scalpel and brings the WHOLE BED CRASHING ONTO ITS SIDE.

They back away from the advancing nurses, dragging the metal frame with them. Spinning it and trying to keep it between them and the attacking nurses.

Vincent snatches up the PROD dropped by the orderly and swings it at the nurses. He knocks a heavy surgical blade from a hand.

Heather scrambles forwards and grabs the fallen blade. A nurse swipes down at her but she rolls and dodges out of reach.

Heather and Vincent now engage in a deadly dance, trying to keep the bed frame between them and the nurses. Finally Heather manages to slice the bonds enough...

HEATHER

Got it.

...to allow Vincent to twist and tears his hand is free.

Together Heather and Vincent scramble towards the doors, leaving behind the wildly stabbing and slashing nurses.

CUT TO:

99 INT. BROOKHAVEN ASYLUM - DARKNESS 99

Heather and Vincent sprint away down the dark corridors together.

100 EXT. BROOKHAVEN HOSPITAL - DARKNESS. MOMENTS LATER 100

The Darkness still fills the world, even outside now. A fetid angry sky boils above the town.

Terrible shambling creatures stalk the shadows. Cries of pain and torment echo between the buildings.

Heather and Vincent emerge from around the back of the asylum building. Vincent looks around nervously.

VINCENT

The Darkness should have faded by now.

HEATHER

Why hasn't it?

VINCENT

I don't know.

(a beat)

Because you're here. So close to Alessa. It's changing the world again.

HEATHER

What's going to happen?

Vincent shrugs and tries to smile.

VINCENT

I think that's up to you.

HEATHER

Which way?

VINCENT

Lakeside amusement park; this way.

He sets off down a narrow alleyway between derelict buildings.

101 EXT. SILENT HILL. STREETS - DARKNESS. CONT

101

In the perpetual twilight Heather and Vincent walk together.

HEATHER

How can you live like this; the Darkness, those creatures?

Vincent shrugs it off.

VINCENT

It's all I've ever known.

(a beat)

The elders remember the time before the demon. But this is our world until Alessa is destroyed.

HEATHER

The Order made her; they took a little girl, tried to burn her alive to bring about their god and made a demon instead.

VINCENT

Yeah.

HEATHER

Punishment for their sins.

VINCENT

Don't you think they know that?

As they reach a junction there is movement up ahead.

HEATHER

Wait.

They see A SMALL GROUP OF THE ORDER patrol the street. In their strange rubber aqualung outfits. Some of them are carrying cruel looking weapons.

Heather and Vincent keep hidden as The Order pass by.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Why are they dressed like that?

VINCENT

They're the Brethren; the most devout servants of The Order. They believe breathing the air of the Darkness corrupts them. Those markings on their clothes hide them from Alessa's demons.

HEATHER

What are they doing?

VINCENT

Looking for you. Come on.

They hurry across the street and towards... the ENTRANCE TO THE AMUSEMENT PARK.

102

EXT. LAKESIDE AMUSEMENT PARK - CONT

102

The long abandoned entrance to the amusement park.

Turnstiles twisted into a semblance of metallic, clawed fingers barring the way. The giant painted clown face over the entrance and MASCOT BUNNIES are all distorted into nightmare visions.

VINCENT

Beyond the park is The Sanctuary, the holiest place of The Order. Alessa's power doesn't touch there. That's where Harry will be.

HEATHER

How can I get in?

VINCENT

The Seal of Metatron will open the way. It shows the truth of things.

HEATHER

That's what Leonard said. It showed the truth of what he was.

She takes it out and holds it out for Vincent.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Here, hold it.

VINCENT

Why?

HEATHER

Because I want to see what you really are.

VINCENT

Don't you trust me?

Her gaze doesn't waver from him and slowly, reluctantly, Vincent reaches for the seal. He holds it in his hand, not sure what to expect himself. Nothing happens.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Satisfied?

HEATHER

Yes. I'm sorry.

He takes her hand.

VINCENT

It's okay.

They approach the turnstiles and clamber over.

103

EXT. LAKESIDE AMUSEMENT PARK. CENTRAL ARCADE - CONT

103

Once past the turnstiles Heather and Vincent are in the gloomy main concourse of the park. Crumbling amusement rides and booths are ahead and beyond that is the rusting track of a rollercoaster, lying like a pile of bones.

All silent. All utterly still. Deep shadows.

They move on through the park.

HEATHER

I've been here before - in my dreams.

Between the stalls.

Past broken rides.

VINCENT

Do you think you can save him?

HEATHER

I have to try. He spent his life protecting me.

VINCENT

I think he'd want you to leave.

HEATHER

You don't know that.

VINCENT

If he loved you he wouldn't want you to be in danger. The Order want to kill you.

HEATHER

What would you do for the people you love?

The concourse opens into a wide walkway now.

VINCENT

Stop.

Vincent pulls Heather back behind a stall. They peer out and see HALF A DOZEN MEMBERS OF THE ORDER fanning out through the amusement park behind them.

And ahead, standing in the middle of walkway is the Missionary. Head bowed, blades crossed over in repose.

HEATHER

I've seen that thing before.

VINCENT

The Missionary; he is The Order's assassin.

HEATHER

How can we get past it?

Vincent turns to Heather, urgency in his voice.

VINCENT

Okay, listen; run straight ahead, maybe a hundred yards, beyond the carousel.

HEATHER

What are you talking about?

VINCENT

There's a building beyond. It looks abandoned, it's not. Use the seal to find the entrance; the Sanctuary is deep underground beneath that.

HEATHER

Vincent...

VINCENT

Get ready to run. I don't know
how long you'll have.

HEATHER

Don't...

VINCENT

You asked what I'd do for someone
I loved. Now you know.

He snatches a kiss from her and then DASHES OUT INTO THE OPEN, right in the sight of the Missionary.

Instantly the creature comes to life leaps into action, sprinting towards Vincent. Moving with deadly speed. Scraping its blades along the asphalt, flinging up sparks. Vincent is shocked at the speed.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Oh fuck...

He sprints between the rides leading the creature away and leaving the way open for Heather. It gains on him rapidly.

Heather watches them vanish into the darkness. After a moment of uncertainty she makes a break from her cover and races across the concourse.

Stops dead as The Order's soldiers are closing in on her. They've spread out and formed a wide circle which is slowly tightening.

She looks around; where to go?

Dodges between some rides and RUNS...

...HEARTBEAT pounding in her ears, BREATHING hard.

Feet hitting the broken asphalt hard.

Behind her, the SOUND of PURSUIT.

Heather dives behind a DERELICT KIOSK. The leering face of a clown painted on the front stares down. Long dead goldfish float in discolored bowls. Prizes nobody won. One of the fish, upside down, still twists in its death throes.

Silence.

Then suddenly a soldier of The Order LUNGES FOR HER from around a corner.

Thick, gloved hands grab hold but she fights and kicks. Managing to RIP HIS FACE MASK OFF to reveal his pale, thin face. His eyes go wide with fear as he draws in his first breath of the Darkness.

VILE BLACK FLUID STARTS TO BUBBLE UP FROM HIS MOUTH. Like an acid it eats away at his face, rendering his flesh to nothing but bloody pulp.

Heather pushes him away and scrambles to her feet.

Now running once more but seeing other pursuers hunting her she darts to one side and scrambles up onto...

104 EXT. ROLLERCOASTER TRACK. DARKNESS - CONT 104

... the ROLLERCOASTER TRACK. Rusting and lethal, like a deadly pile of bones, she climbs up and away from her pursuers.

Higher and higher up the curving trackway. Some of it crumbles beneath her but she holds on.

But now, the track begins to vibrate and she hears the rattling rumble of the ROLLERCOASTER CARS approaching.

The blinding headlight of the lead car swings into view, moving so fast.

About to run her down but she blindly...

...JUMPS from the track and lands hard on the ROOF OF THE CAROUSEL. It slowly begins to CRACK under her weight and she falls again through the roof.

105 EXT. CAROUSEL. DARKNESS - CONT 105

She lands hard. Winded and disorientated but when she looks around she sees nothing but the demonic looking horses and other twisted, misshapen creatures that make up the ride.

As she tries to pull herself back to her feet she sees The Soldiers of the Order approaching the carousel. Now she really is surrounded.

The lights on the ride flicker and then, with a grinding, lurch THE MACHINE BEGINS TO MOVE. She looks to see that at the centre of the machine is a GREAT WHEELHOUSE WHERE RED PYRAMID is turning a huge handle, driving the mechanism.

The Order rush for the carousel but as they approach a WALL OF FLAME rises in front of them, consuming them with fire that seems to be almost alive with its desire to kill them. Wrapping them in its burning tendrils, peeling away their protection to see their flesh rent from their bodies.

Heather turns away from their agonized screams, looking to make her escape but STOPS DEAD because...

...A FIGURE standing before her. A LITTLE GIRL - ALESSA - in a child's pinafore dress. But as Heather rocks back in surprise she sees another image flickering in and out of existence superimposed over the child - A BURN VICTIM. Hideously injured and blackened.

Ultimately the little girl image fades and only the charred burn victim remains, standing before Heather.

HEATHER

Alessa.

Alessa's voice is cracked, quiet and sinister.

ALESSA

Daughter.... Sister...self.

HEATHER

No.

ALESSA

You know the truth. You know what you are.

HEATHER

I am my own person.

And now, crazily, it seems as if the CAROUSEL IS STATIC AND THE WORLD IS SPINNING AROUND IT.

ALESSA

You're the part of me that could be free of this pain. The part that could live and feel love. But if you think I won't destroy you, just as I made you then you are wrong.

HEATHER

Do you feel nothing?

ALESSA

Nothing but hate.

HEATHER

They say you are a demon.

ALESSA

They are *right*.

Heather looks about her at the world spinning past. RED PYRAMID still relentlessly turning the handle.

HEATHER

You made this nightmare?

ALESSA

Everyone has a different
nightmare in Silent Hill. This is
theirs. Their own cruelty made
their prison.

HEATHER

I have to save my father.

ALESSA

If you enter The Sanctuary you
will be doing exactly what they
want.

HEATHER

Help me save my father.

ALESSA

He's not my father. Or yours.
And sacrifices have to be made.

HEATHER

Got to hell.

The cracked, blackened lips of Dark Alessa break a smile.

ALESSA

We're already here.

And suddenly, Alessa is RIGHT IN FRONT OF HEATHER'S FACE.

Heather hardly has time to recover from the shock before
Alessa grabs her by the throat. Squeezing hard.

ALESSA (CONT'D)

And you are not welcome.

Heather chokes but fights the tunnel vision that's closing
in on her. She gets a hand to Alessa fingers and uncurls
them. Bits of flesh tear from the burned hand as she
struggles.

She manages to pry off Alessa's fingers and push her away.
They face each other once more.

HEATHER

Let me go.

Alessa stands silently, unmoving.

Heather tries to break past her but Alessa appears in her
way again.

Wherever Heather moves to Alessa appears.

ALESSA

I will see you die before you go
to them.

A beat. Heather makes her decision.

HEATHER

Then kill me.

Heather tries to push past her alter-ego one last time but Alessa grabs her. And now as she puts her hands around Heather's neck THE SKIN CHANGES AND MOTTLES INTO A DEATHLY PALLOR - all the color and life being drained out.

Alessa is draining Heathers' life force away.

But Heather doesn't fight.

Instead, SHE EMBRACES ALESSA and hugs her blackened twin tightly. She clings on with all her strength as more and more of her life-force is taken into Alessa.

As each drop of energy pours from Heather into Alessa, she begins to regenerate... Little by little the terrible burns begin to heal...

But now Heather looks deep into Alessa pitiless black eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

My love is stronger than your
hate.

And slowly the energy transfer reverses and Heather becomes healthy once more. SHE IS DRAWING THE LIFE FORCE FROM ALESSA.

Alessa screams in agony and anger as her flesh becomes as foul and corrupt once more.

They stare into each other's eyes - Heather's still bright and full of life, Alessa's black and cruel. As more and more of Alessa's life is pulled into Heather, it is clear that the demon is losing.

Alessa's cracked voice is weakening.

ALESSA

We are one again.

Finally the black fury in Alessa's eyes fades.

For a moment Heather cradles the limp body of Alessa but then it just crumbles in her arms. Shattering into flakes of ash and dust that simply drift away.

Heather collapses to the ground, desperately weak.

The carousel slows, Red Pyramid has vanished and the flames die back.

Heather closes her eyes.

HEATHER
 (whispering)
 Love is stronger than hate.

Heather, senses movement around her but is too weak to fight. She looks up to see that she is surrounded by MORE MEMBERS OF THE ORDER, all wearing robes and masks.

They reach down and grab her...

CUT TO BLACK:

Now, disjointed, abstract images and feelings...

Hooded figures leaning over.

Hands reaching.

The sensation of being lifted.

Carried through doorways, passages... flickering lights overhead.

106

INT. THE SANCTUARY - LATER

106

Heather opens her eyes slowly to find herself tied to a large stone in the middle of a huge sepulchral, underground space. Her body is roped to the stone, her hands tied in front of her.

Though her vision is still hazy she can see the complex symbols and imagery on the walls and high, carved ceiling and the sacrificial altar. There are BALCONIES high on the walls with PEOPLE staring down at her. Rough stone STAIRS descend from doorways many floors above.

From the high balconies looking down onto the SANCTUARY FLOOR we can see that it is a series of CONCENTRIC CIRCLES, each with complex symbols carved in. It is nothing so much as a huge version of the SEAL OF METATRON.

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR:

Blood has run down complex grooves in the carved surface to gather in large pools cut into the stone floor.

There are SIX HIGH PRIESTS OF THE ORDER in ornately embroidered robes watching Heather. Beyond them are gathered at least a dozen OTHER DISCIPLES along with OTHER VICTIMS waiting to be sacrificed. One is being ritually cleansed before sacrifice. She doesn't seem reluctant or afraid.

Then Heather's gaze falls on HER FATHER. He is still contained within a makeshift cell near the back of the sanctuary.

She tries not betray her shock as their eyes meet for a moment. He seems dismayed at his daughter's fate.

Their leader is CLAUDIA. Bone white face and impossibly pale eyes that seem to glow with fervour.

She approaches Heather.

CLAUDIA
We praise the god that you are
here and have delivered us.

HEATHER
I've done nothing for you.

CLAUDIA
You've done everything; Defeated
Alessa, reunited the Seal of
Metatron. You are the saviour.

As Heather looks around the shadowy space she sees VINCENT silently stalking in. Clearly injured and bloody but he moves slowly towards Harry and the bound captives.

Now Heather knows she must distract Claudia and the others. She struggles against her bonds and shouts angrily.

HEATHER
What do you want from me?!!

CLAUDIA
We want to praise you.

HEATHER
If I've done so much, let my
father go.

CLAUDIA
No. His blood will feed the
newborn god. Just as your body
will be its incubator.

HEATHER
What?

Claudia advances nearer.

CLAUDIA
You are the vessel. The mother of
our god, who will be born through
your flesh. He will free us from
our prison and cleanse the world.
All we need is...

Claudia draws a LONG CEREMONIAL DAGGER from her robes.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
...your life.

HEATHER

No! You're wrong, it's not me.

Claudia comes closer.

CLAUDIA

It is. Don't be afraid; you'll be worshipped. You will be *loved*.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

There's just one more thing I want from you - give me the Seal. I know you have it.

Disciples come forward to menace Heather but she doesn't flinch. She only glances away for a moment to see Vincent step from the shadows by Harry's cell and begin to open the door.

Heather stares with burning hatred at Claudia and slowly, with her hands still tied, reaches into her pocket and takes out the artefact.

HEATHER

Take it. I want to see the truth of what you are.

She offers it to Claudia but the priestess doesn't take it instead she simply freezes in horror, staring at Heather.

CLAUDIA

No...

The other priests and believers suddenly seem disturbed and frightened.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

How is this possible?!

PRIEST O/S

What have you done?! She is here!

CLAUDIA'S POV: Looking at Heather, holding the seal, she sees HEATHER STARING AT HER WITH ALESSA'S BLACK EYES. Heather's image and Alessa's seem to be bound together now. They are one.

CLAUDIA

You are Alessa!

HEATHER

You wanted me to defeat Alessa but I didn't defeat her. I became her and she became me. And you've given her the only thing she couldn't have; a way into here.

Heather speaks very quietly.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I told her that love was stronger
than hate but I was wrong.
There's something more powerful
than both...vengeance.

PRIEST

Kill her! Do it now!

Claudia raises the dagger. But stops as a subsonic rumbling
fills the vast cavern. She looks around and sees...

...The BLOOD POOLS AROUND THE ALTAR START TO SPILL OVER.
There is something emerging from the largest pool...

...dripping in thick coagulating blood but clearly
discernible is the shape of RED PYRAMID's head.

The DARKNESS begins to swallow up the Sanctuary. Disciples
begin to panic.

CLAUDIA

No...

Heather smiles, her eyes glowing with black fire.

HEATHER

Yes. You have brought about your
own destruction.

As if it is being born from the blood of the sacrifices RED
PYRAMID rises from the pool until it is standing, dripping
gore and towering before the cowering disciples of The
Order.

Red Pyramid who turns its blind head to Heather and bows.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Judge them all.

Red Pyramid raises its vast blade and makes to slaughter
the members of the Order who are scattering in fear from
the Darkness which swells and bubbles all around them OTHER
CREATURES emerge. Hungry, cruel creatures.

ANGLE ON VINCENT AND HARRY:

With everything suddenly breaking into chaos, Vincent
swings open Harry's cell and frees him. He's so weak he
collapses into Vincent's arms.

VINCENT

Just hold onto me, come on.

HARRY

I have to help her.

ANGLE ON RED PYRAMID:

But as Red Pyramid begins his attack, the MISSIONARY appears and blocks his path.

Red Pyramid swings its massive blade but the Missionary dodges and leaps forward to attack. It stabs and cuts at Red Pyramid, climbing up onto its back...

CLAUDIA
(to the Missionary)
Destroy the demon!

The Missionary drives one of its blades down into Red Pyramid's metal helmet, slicing a section open. It begins to PEEL THE HELMET OPEN like a tin can. Viscous, organic fluid starts to bubble out...there's the sense of some strange skull within...

Red Pyramid drops its blade and reaches up and GRABS THE MISSIONARY, tearing it off his back and slamming the other creature down onto the ground.

Then RED PYRAMID PICKS UP THE MISSIONARY and holds the struggling assassin out in front of it for a moment and THEN TEARS IT APART.

ANGLE ON HEATHER AND CLAUDIA:

Claudia is still standing before Heather, stunned by this. She's holding the long sacrificial knife in her hand.

Claudia, filled with anger grabs Heather and prepares to strike her down.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
This is over.

Claudia lunges for Heather but she stops dead, the knife falling from her hand. She jerks in shock and pain.

BLOOD DRIPS FROM HER MOUTH and she shudders again as a BLADE BURSTS FROM HER CHEST.

Harry is standing behind her. A long ceremonial blade from the altar, in his hand. It is buried up to the hilt in Claudia's back.

As Heather watches Claudia crumple to the floor the girls' black eyes return to normal. She looks down at the dying woman and seems genuinely conflicted by this violence.

Vincent is with him. He hurries to Heather and quickly cuts her bonds.

HARRY
Are you okay baby?

HEATHER

Oh dad...

She hugs him fiercely.

HARRY

I told you not to come for me.

HEATHER

So, ground me.

HARRY

Come on.

Vincent is staring down at the body of his mother.

HEATHER

Vincent...

He looks up at her and smiles sadly. She offers her hand and he takes it.

As they walk away through the vast chamber of the Sanctuary it is clear that the Order have been decimated. Those that could flee have escaped. The rest are dead.

Vincent leads them to the doorway but Red Pyramid blocks his path, dragging the huge bloody blade behind it.

Vincent stops, in fear.

But the creature does nothing until Heather approaches.

Then it KNEELS BEFORE HER, bowing its vast head.

She reaches out to touch the blood-spattered metal.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

You are no longer a slave. You are free.

And from the point of her contact the creature it begins to crumble away until it is nothing but shadow and wisps of smoke.

MIX TO:

107 EXT. SILENT HILL - FOGWORLD. DAY 107

Drifting over the town, quiet. Almost peaceful and yet still shrouded in its own otherworldly blanket of mist.

108 EXT. SILENT HILL. MAIN STREET - FOGWORLD 108

Heather, Vincent and Harry walk down the main street of Silent Hill.

It is utterly still and quiet but faces peer from the windows in fear - they don't know that they are free.

As they walk, the ASH STOPS FALLING. Vincent looks up.

VINCENT

It's stopped.

(to Heather)

Is it you doing this?

HEATHER

No. But I think things are going to be different here now. The Order's power is broken.

HARRY

But it's still a world of lost souls.

HEATHER

I think that's what this place is; what it will always be. You said your grandfather believed that worlds crossed over each other. Maybe this is one of those places.

There is a DEAD BODY curled up in a doorway. A mass of ragged clothes and wild hair. Heather recognizes it as Dahlia.

HARRY

You know her? Who is she?

HEATHER

Alessa's mother.

HARRY

Poor woman.

HEATHER

No. I think she finally got what she wanted. Peace.

They walk on from her body.

But Harry now stops.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

HARRY

I'm... I'm not coming with you.

She clutches his arm.

HEATHER

What? Why?

HARRY
I'm going to stay here.

HEATHER
Why?

HARRY
Because I can't go back,
remember? I died out there, in
the real world.

HEATHER
No. You can come back, I'm sure.

HARRY
Maybe. But even if I could, I
wouldn't. I want to stay. I have
something to do.

HEATHER
What? We're free.

She takes his hand, willing him to change his mind.

HARRY
I'm going to find Rose. She's
still here somewhere.

This stops Heather. She understands what he needs now.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I swore to her that after I'd
made sure you were safe, I'd come
back for her. Now I can.

It's hard for Heather to accept this after everything she's
been through but she does, finally, reluctantly.

HEATHER
I understand.

She hugs him.

HARRY
I love you. You were everything I
could have ever wished for.

She reaches into her pocket and takes out the Seal of
Metatron. She offers it to her father.

HEATHER
Take this. I think it will help
you find your way.

Harry takes the artefact.

With tears filling her eyes, she turns and walks back to
Vincent. He takes her hand and they slowly walk away.

HARRY

Vincent!

The young man turns.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You look after my little girl,
you hear!?

VINCENT

You know, I don't think she needs
me for that.

He salutes Harry and walks on with Heather.

As they walk away a WIND begins to ruffle their hair. It
builds in strength until THE FOG OF SILENT HILL STARTS TO
SLOWLY BE BLOWN AWAY.

When Heather turns back to her father - he's only a vague
shape in the fog now and as the wind builds he is BLOWN
AWAY WITH THE FOG THAT SURROUNDS HIM.

Now the town is just another empty, abandoned town. Plain
and normal.

Heather and Vincent look about them. He takes her hand and
they head out of the town together.

MIX TO:

109 EXT. SILENT HILL. HIGHWAY - LATER 109

Heather and Vincent hitchhike out of town along the empty
highway. They've got a long way to go.

A BIG-RIG TRUCK rumbles up behind them and Heather,
hopefully, sticks her thumb out.

The rig comes to a halt a little way ahead of them and the
young couple run to catch.

110 INT. BIG RIG CAB - CONT 110

Heather and Vincent climb into the rig to greet the smiling
driver. A rough diamond in his 40's who clearly spends
weeks at a time on the road. His cab is a home from home.

DRIVER

Hi.

VINCENT

Thanks.

DRIVER
No problem. You were lucky I came
by. Don't normally come this way.

HEATHER
We're glad you did.

DRIVER
I'm Travis Grady.

VINCENT
Vincent.

HEATHER
Sharon.

DRIVER
Where are you lovebirds heading?

HEATHER
Just take us as far away from
here as you can.

VINCENT
Amen to that.

DRIVER
You got it.

Travis shoves his rig into gear and with a roar of his engines and black cloud of exhaust, the rig pulls back onto the highway.

Heather and Vincent sit, arm in arm. So relieved and pleased to be getting away.

Out the windshield they see a ROAD SIGN looming:

'YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SILENT HILL. COME AGAIN SOON'

As they pass TRAVIS'S RADIO STARTS TO HISS STATIC and white noise. Heather and Vincent share a worried look.

111 EXT. ROADSIDE - CONT

111

WE HOLD on the other side of the sign as the truck passes by. It just says WELCOME TO SILENT HILL.

A moment later another vehicle approaches and head towards the town - A PRISON BUS.

And the SIRENS START TO SOUND AGAIN...

FADE TO BLACK

CREDITS. END