

HELL

A Thriller / Horror

Written by

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(WRITING SAMPLE)

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FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD THROUGH A BADLAND LANDSCAPE - DAY

A modern 4x4 pickup truck with a mining company logo on the door follows the road.

INT. THE MODERN PICKUP TRUCK

The driver, DEVEON SCHULTZ, 39, good looking, but rugged in appearance, an obvious mining executive, drives lost. The truck sputters and slows down. Deveon sees the truck is out of gas.

DEVEON  
Great. This is just great.

EXT. A CROSSROADS INTERSECTION

The truck rolls to a stop at the intersection.

INT. THE MODERN PICKUP TRUCK

Deveon dials his smart phone. It is silent and doesn't ring as it tries to connect his call.

DEVEON  
Come on Raymond, pick up. You sent me out here. Where the hell am I?

No answer. He looks at his smart phone and discovers there is no reception. He gets a map from the backseat and opens it. He traces his trail to a far lower corner of the map, but the road ends. He needs another map to see where it leads to.

DEVEON  
Not even on the map.

He exits his truck.

EXT. THE CROSSROADS INTERSECTION

Deveon aggressively kicks the gravel road in frustration. He calms and looks at the badland landscape that surrounds him.

Suddenly, the sky begins to quickly darken, everything becomes night. Deveon sees a solar eclipse taking place. He turns his eyes away from the bright ring of the moon moving across the sun as it burns in the sky.

He then sees the headlights of a vehicle coming towards him on one of the gravel roads. As it gets closer he sees it is an old passenger bus from the 1940's-50's era.

The bus stops at the crossroads and opens its door. Deveon cautiously goes to it. The BUS DRIVER, 45, a clean cut appearance of someone right out of a 1950's ad campaign, looks at Deveon with a smile.

BUS DRIVER  
Need a ride? Climb on board.

DEVEON  
I just ran out of gas.

BUS DRIVER  
Out of gas. Happens a lot on this route. Easy to misjudge how far you're going when you're out in the middle of nowhere. Where you headed?

DEVEON  
A small mining town called "Pylox", but I can't seem to find it on the map.

BUS DRIVER  
You're in luck. That's my next stop.

DEVEON  
You're kidding.

BUS DRIVER  
Seems we crossed paths at just the right moment. Hop in and I'll take you there.

Deveon hesitates before stepping on.

DEVEON  
What about my truck?

BUS DRIVER  
Don't worry, no bad will come of it. You can do your business and I'll bring you back.

Deveon steps onto the bus. It drives off with the solar eclipse still occurring in the sky.

## INT. THE PASSENGER BUS

It is empty with no passengers. Deveon sits up front near the driver, eyeing him closely.

DEVEON

How did you know I had business there?

BUS DRIVER

Where? In Pylox? I saw your truck. You work for a mining company obviously. Pylox used to have a mine so why else would you be going to that ghost town.

DEVEON

There's nothing there?

BUS DRIVER

The place went bust ages ago. Only a handful of devoted folk continue to stay. Everyone else left.

DEVEON

Why is that?

The Bus Driver doesn't answer. He just drives with a bright smile on his face. The sky is still dark from the eclipse.

DEVEON

Strange this eclipse suddenly occurring.

BUS DRIVER

Ah, it happens.

## EXT. THE PASSENGER BUS FOLLOWING THE GRAVEL ROAD

The moon moves away from the sun as the bus drives into a large valley. Everything lights up into day and reveals a small town below. The bus follows the road down towards it and passes an old rusted fallen over highway sign that reads: TOWN OF PYLOX.

## EXT. THE TOWN OF PYLOX

The bus drives into town. It is a small community of old derelict houses with a main street. The bus stops at an old two story western hotel freshly painted white.

INT. THE PASSENGER BUS

The Bus Driver opens the door.

BUS DRIVER  
Here's your stop.

Deveon is now hesitant to step off.

BUS DRIVER  
Don't worry. You'll find the people here very friendly. They've been expecting you I think. I haven't seen "Lucy's" looking so pretty for a long time.

DEVEON  
Lucy's?

BUS DRIVER  
The hotel in front of you.

Deveon is second guessing his situation.

BUS DRIVER  
Do your business and I'll take you back.

Deveon is unsure, but takes the final step out the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET AND LUCY'S HOTEL

The bus door shuts and the bus drives off. Deveon stands alone. He breathes deep and looks at his phone. He still has no reception and is worried.

Old time band music begins to play in the distance: a tuba, trumpet and drum. Deveon sees a small group of people marching onto the main street from an intersecting side street. They are dressed in old civil war clothes, playing the instruments, and following a portly person with a top hat, THE MAYOR, who seems to be lost.

They stop in the middle of the street and look around. They focus on Deveon. The Mayor points to him.

MAYOR  
He's over there.

The band plays and they run to Deveon who is bewildered as to what is happening. The group come to him and stop, out of breath. The Mayor, a rosy fellow in his fifties, then strikes up the band again and shakes Deveon's hand.

MAYOR  
Mr. Schultz I presume?

Deveon is too baffled to respond.

MAYOR  
As the Mayor of this humble town I greatly appreciate the presence of you and the company you represent to come to us and offer your services.

Deveon gives a weak smile and takes his hand away.

DEVEON  
Is there a gas station here?

MAYOR  
Don't worry about that. We have petrol and everything else you need to make your stay comfortable.

DEVEON  
Just the gas is fine.

MAYOR  
You sound in a hurry...

The band music is distracting. The Mayor gives the band members a quick look.

MAYOR  
Shut up.

The band putters out and goes quiet. The Mayor is concerned as he turns his attention back to Deveon.

MAYOR  
Everything alright?

DEVEON  
I just want my gas and I'm out of here.

MAYOR  
What about the mine?

DEVEON  
Show it to me and then I'll go.

MAYOR  
But you must visit our town first.

DEVEON

I think I've seen enough.

MAYOR

I know what you're feeling. You're in a desert and run out of gas, then that sun thing happens and now you meet this fat old man with his horrendous band that plays dreadfully.

He glares at the band members and they lower their heads in shame. Then back to Deveon.

MAYOR

But the bus doesn't return until tomorrow.

Deveon pauses, tired and confused. The Mayor motions towards the white painted hotel.

MAYOR

So please. You must meet Lucy.

Deveon breathes deep.

DEVEON

Alright.

They enter the hotel.

INT. LUCY'S HOTEL LOBBY

It is a typical old western hotel/saloon. The main floor is open with a bar and tables, but no customers. A staircase leads up to the second floor rooms.

LUCY, 55, a redhead with looks that tell you she was once a beauty, but instead is an end of the road hotel owner, stands behind the main counter, quickly adjusting her hair. She turns around to face Deveon and the Mayor with a big gracious smile. The Mayor addresses her.

MAYOR

Mr. Schultz, meet the purest diamond you'll ever find anywhere, the lovely Ms. Lucy.

Lucy blushes.

LUCY

So this must be our striking man from the mining company?

DEVEON

Deveon.

LUCY

Deveon. Never heard it before. What a wicked devilish name. I love it.

MAYOR

He needs a room. Tomorrow we'll be showing him the mine.

LUCY

I'll give him our best room in the house. The Presidential suite. I believe Martin Van Buren stayed in it once.

The Mayor nods.

MAYOR

He did.

LUCY

That was well before my time of course. The way we carry on in this town you'd think we still lived in the eighteen hundreds.

DEVEON

Well, you need cell phone service that's for sure.

The Mayor bangs his fist on the counter in agreement.

MAYOR

Exactly. That's what we need. That's why we came to you and your company. Cell phones.

LUCY

Hush, don't talk business, not now anyways. Deveon looks tired. We'll get him to his room so he can rest.

DEVEON

Thanks. Let's get this over with.

Lucy calls out.

LUCY

Violet.

Deveon is suddenly stunned by the beauty that enters from a back door.

VIOLET, 26, a buxom dark haired knockout that would bring all men to their knees, comes to the counter and stands next to him. He is speechless.

LUCY  
Are you a married man Deveon?

Deveon is distracted by Violet.

DEVEON  
Ah... Yes, and I have a son.

LUCY  
Really, you must show me pictures.  
I love children. Violet is my  
daughter.

Lucy looks over the counter at the floor.

LUCY  
And your bags?

DEVEON  
I didn't bring any.

LUCY  
Oh?

VIOLET  
You're not staying long?

DEVEON  
For a day or so. Until the bus  
takes me back to my truck.

LUCY  
Well, that's tomorrow.

MAYOR  
Look, he's here for business and  
must see the mine.

Lucy beams a smile.

LUCY  
Yes, of course. Violet, show Mr.  
Deveon to his room.

Violet goes to the staircase and Deveon follows.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HOTEL HALLWAY

Violet leads Deveon to one of the room doors. She unlocks the door and they enter.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

It is small, no frills, big bed. Violet stands next to the bed as Deveon takes in his situation. He sees an old plaque on the wall commemorating President Martin Van Buren's stay.

VIOLET  
Do you like the room?

DEVEON  
It's fine.

VIOLET  
Did you want to test the bed?

DEVEON  
Pardon me?

VIOLET  
I find customers want to test the bed before they're satisfied with their room.

DEVEON  
I'm sure it's good.

VIOLET  
How do you know? You didn't sit on it.

Deveon sits on the bed. Violet smiles.

VIOLET  
Do you like it?

DEVEON  
It's great.

VIOLET  
Then we'll see you tomorrow when you look at the mine.

She is about to leave when he stands and stops her.

DEVEON  
I got to know something, what's up with this mine? This whole place?

VIOLET

There were apparently some diamonds found, but it was a long time ago... The story of this place is... dark.

Lucy suddenly cheerfully enters.

LUCY

So how do you like the room?

DEVEON

It will do for the night.

LUCY

You sit on the bed?

DEVEON

It's perfect.

LUCY

Good. You'll sleep like a baby I promise you. And I see you're making conversation with Violet. She is such a good hostess. Which reminds me that she is needed downstairs.

Violet leaves. Lucy addresses Deveon.

LUCY

I'll leave you to make yourself comfortable. It's probably been a long strange day for you.

DEVEON

It's been different, but I'll be fine. Thanks.

Lucy leaves. Deveon stands alone. He goes to a window that looks out over the small town. Other than the handful of people he just met, the place seems void of any other life.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEVEON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Deveon can't sleep. The town outside is dark and quiet. His room creaks with the eerie sounds of an old wood building.

He suddenly hears the faint sobbing of a female voice. He gets out of bed and goes to the door. The crying is coming from the hallway.