

EXT. ABANDONED STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cold moonlight outlines a rusty skeleton of fence surrounding a run-of-the-mill, piss-your-pants-scary abandoned lunatic asylum.

INT. ABANDONED STATE HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA

More than a match for the exterior- a cavernous, rubble-strewn disaster area with tables and chairs piled in corners.

Something CREEAAKS.

COSMO
(long, protracted yawn)
NNNNMmmmmmmggggh!

COSMO KIRBY(20s) sits in a camp chair surrounded by electronics equipment, fighting off sleep. He reaches for a bottle of soda-- empty.

COSMO
Shit.

He stands and stretches. Realizes something and frowns.

COSMO
Dammit, that was me yawning... again, 252 minutes- diligent observer Cosmo Kirby on night six... seven? Whatever, at the State Lunatic Hospital. Which, despite wonderful aesthetics and all anecdotal accounts, remains a complete bust.

He crosses to a battered DAT recorder & microphone, fiddles with some of the levels and checks the needle on the meter as he talks.

COSMO
If I could just get something empirical... Or dinner.

He pulls a spoon and pop-top tin of pork 'n beans from a pack.

COSMO
Ugh. You could save me some trouble and get this over with. Doesn't have to be kinetics- I'd be happy
(MORE)

COSMO (cont'd)
with some EVP! I mean, I'm sick of
cold beans. What about you? You
like beans?

He watches the audio meter a beat.

COSMO
Yeah, me neither. So what did they
serve you guys here? Oatmeal?
Pudding?

The needle drops to '0' as his voice stops.

COSMO
(annoyed)
Lithium?

Cosmo leaves the recorder and turns to an INFRARED display--
everything appears orange and toasty. Setting the beans
aside, he lifts one of the SLRs around his neck, snapping a
few shots off, shutter WHIRRING.

COSMO
So, I didn't catch your name, but
I'm deaf in one ear, hence the
equipment. No need to be shy. Is it
cold in here to you? I'm pretty
damn cold. Too much to hope you
guys could hang out in Hawaii.

And still no one answers. Cosmo lowers his camera.

COSMO
Should have brought some beer.

Cosmo plops back down in the middle of the electronics
array, and pulls out a transistor radio. He switches the
device on, rolls the turner-

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
-fantastic play by Patterson brings
the Sox up at the top of the 8th.
The Cubs are still alive-

COSMO
Hey, at least someone's having some
luck. Go Cubs.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP! Cosmo freezes.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
-from the bullpen and it's really
been a banner season for the
Cubbies-

Another ALARM joins the first. He peers at the device and then slowly reaches to turn off the radio. Chances a look around.

He is completely alone. The BEEPING fades. Silence.

COSMO
The Chicago Cubs?

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

COSMO
Batter up?

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP- the device really starts jumping. Cosmo lurches to his feet.

COSMO
(awed)
You like baseball? You like
baseball!

Another meter chirps in and the incessant BEEPING answers in the affirmative. Cosmo runs to the Infrared, where the oranges have faded to yellow and green in a few spots.

COSMO
Cubs, right? The White Sox?
Pittsburgh? Detroit? Uh, The Braves
you like the Braves?

The BEEPING gets happier and happier. Cosmo jumps around snapping pictures and checking meters.

COSMO
Dodgers? How 'bout the Orioles?
Hah! This is great!

He laughs as all his equipment flashes and CHIRPS.

COSMO
I can't believe this, baseball! I
been out here nine nights in a row
and you like baseball! Hell, who
doesn't like baseball? I mean
besides the Yankees, but nobody
(MORE)

COSMO (cont'd)
like that group of overpaid divas.
Unbelievable, 19 milligauss!

Gradually the BEEPING starts to fade.

COSMO
But talk about overrated, who cares
if they had Ruth and Mantle.
They've been buying championships
for 80 years! I mean the Giants
before they moved west- that's a
team. Ruth's lifetime records are
full of holes and no self
respecting player today would be
caught dead in the shape he was in-

Cosmo doesn't notice but the alarms have completely
silenced. The only noise comes from the baseball game and
his camera as he continues shooting film.

COSMO
-I mean given if 'the Babe' played
now, please- BALCO? And everyone
knew-

Suddenly from the far side of the room, something CRASHES to
the floor. This catches Cosmo's attention, he frowns, breath
coming out in clouds of condensation.

COSMO
...he corked his bat.

BEEPBEEPBEEPBEEP- The alarms screech, only this time far
more menacing. The INFRARED is nearly all blues now.

COSMO
I mean... you know-

BANG! One of Cosmo's devices explodes in a shower of sparks.

COSMO
Come on! You don't seriously like
the Yankees?!

The answer comes in the form of ALL of his equipment and
lighting SHUTTING OFF. The radio SQUAWKS horrendously and
dies.

COSMO
Okay. You're right, I'm sorry.

WHAM! Cosmo jumps as something SMASHES to the floor on his left. He looks at his camera and then around the dark room, snaps a few shots before reaching for a backpack.

Around him CHAIRS begin flying towards him, colliding, hurtling into the walls, raining to the floor in pieces.

COSMO

Okay, shit!

He haphazardly shoves gear in a pack, but the radio EXPLODES in his hands.

COSMO

Shit!

He drops the pack and moves for the exit doors as they swing shut and are instantly blocked by two large TABLES.

COSMO

Oh Shit!

Cosmo spins and spots the Kitchen entrance. He runs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cosmo plows through the ancient swinging door and collapses against a rusty service cart, panting.

Inside the kitchen is deathly quiet. Cabinets and filthy preparation tables line the perimeter. An industrial Fridge stands next to an empty space where stove once was. A few large pipes and wires protrude from the wall.

Across all the obstacles is freedom- an EXIT that shines in the pale moonlight.

COSMO

Holy shit.

Cosmo swipes at his forehead. As soon as his eyes fall away from his surroundings the menacing SHADOWS MOVE.

When he looks back up everything is back to normal. He starts towards the exit, FOOTSTEPS echoing.

Across the room, unseen, a drawer slides open slowly, SQUEAKING, in time with his footsteps. Cosmo stops, the drawer stops. He starts again, slowly until the first drawer SQUEAK reaches him, and he speeds up, until he's dashing toward the door. He's almost there-

--SHHHHKNK! A terrifyingly rusty BUTCHER'S KNIFE embeds itself in the wall beside Cosmo's head.

COSMO

SHIT!

He backpedals, reversing and running toward the Refrigerator until it TOPPLES toward him.

Cosmo dives, sliding under the possessed fridge, narrowly avoiding being crushed. A tattered YANKEES PENNANT floats to the floor beside him.

Pipes BANG furiously and he scampers to his feet as--

--A FIREBALL EXPLODES next to him from the old stove hookups. Cosmo dodges, leaping over the fallen fridge and staggers toward the EXIT.

Behind him the SHADOWS squirm and lurch as he reaches the door, throwing his shoulder into it--

--but it doesn't move! He tries again with all his weight, but it won't give. Looking down Cosmo spots an ancient rusty padlock and absurdly large chain holding the door securely in place. Cosmo spins--

To where the shadows are getting closer. To the left- to the right they close in...

Cosmo clutches at his camera, raising it to protect himself, but he cringes, knowing the gesture is useless. His finger trembles over the trigger, the FLASH EXPLODES--

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Cosmo jerks awake.

NURSE

Is something wrong, Mr. Kirby?

COSMO

My cameras- where are- wait...

NURSE

If you're done with dinner?

Cosmo looks down at a plate of half-eaten beans.

COSMO

(confused)

I hate beans.

NURSE

Very well. Let's move along then, I believe some of the other patients have your sporting event tuned on the wireless in the sunroom.

COSMO

My...?

He double-takes as the Nurse carries his plate away.

INT. SUNROOM - DAY

Cosmo plops down next to a radio, disturbed by the PAJAMA'D PATIENTS around him, but not sure why.

RADIO

...fine day at Ebbetts field as the Dodgers hope to hold off the Yanks just one more game...

The pajama patrol BOO and HISS, cheering the Yankees. Cosmo frowns, spots a wall calendar for OCTOBER 1949.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: "The New York Yankees won the world series five consecutive times beginning in 1949."

(Cue the WILHELM SCREAM.)