

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 1

FREDERICK

Frederick turns to face Mrs. Slides who presents him with a glass of brandy. He downs it in one guy. Frederick then turns to Mr. Slides who pulls out a golden cigarette case and hands Frederick a cigarette. As Frederick clamps down on it, Mr. Slides pulls out a lighter. Frederick leans in, and before long, he's stuffing away like a chimney. The two bow and limp offstage. A cloud of smoke surrounds Frederick as he takes a long drag from a cigarette.

FREDERICK. *(Calmly but with just a hint of mischief.)* The ghosts are moving tonight. You can hear them, can't you? But of course you can. They're restless. Hungry. And I should think... in desperate need of some company. Fortunately for them, company is prominently featured on tonight's menu. Permit me to introduce myself — I am Frederick Lauren. You've no doubt read about me in the papers and such. None of it true, I assure you. But you're not here to talk about me. Least not entirely. No, you're here because you want to learn more about the strange goings-on that occurred at this century-old, chef-d'oeuvre of brick and slate simple known as the House on Haunted Hill. *(Lights rise on the interior of an old, Aztec-style — yet surprisingly modern — mansion, swathed in fog. He finishes his cigarette, tosses it to the ground, and stamps it out with his shoe.)* Built by the infamous miner, Byron Valifax, the house was meant to be a wedding present for his daughter, Rebecca. Poor Rebecca. Hers was a tragic story. Filled with lust, betrayal, violence... and all those other delicious little morsels that make ghost stories so appealing. But more on her later. All you need to know presently is that in February of '59, I rented the house so my wife could give herself a party. A haunted house party. She's so amusing, my wife. Or at least, she was... *(He loses himself in thought for a moment, then...)* Anyway, only five guests were invited, and as an incentive for staying until daybreak, they were each promised a party favor of fifty thousand dollars, cash. Now you might be wondering, who were these fortunate five? Why were they chosen? What made them so special? And to that I say... allow me to introduce you. *(He claps his meaty hands. Trancelike, and in single file, the partygoers enter. Dead-eyed, they face the audience. Frederick touches them. He moves their heads up and down, side to side, raises and lowers their arms, etc. They are his playthings. He approaches the dashing, square-jawed LANCE SCHROEDER.)* First was Lance Schroeder — young, rugged, and always lucky with the opposite sex. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for his gambling prowess. Lance was a test pilot, so purportedly a brave man... but I must ask, don't you think you can be a tad braver if you're paid for it? Something to chew on. *(Turns his attention to an older woman, RUTH BRIDGES. She's sporting*

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

a fire-engine red hat covered in so much plumage that it looks more like a ceremonial headdress.) Next was Ruth Bridges. A reporter and gossip columnist who, like an old basset hound I once had, was always sticking her nose where it didn't belong. Ruth claimed her reason for accepting my invitation was to write an article on ghosts. But I have it on good authority that she was desperate for money. Spendthrift. *(Moves to WATSON PRITCHARD.)* Watson Pritchard. He was the House's owner, but constantly swore he was too afraid to step foot in it. Here's what I don't understand — why would a man who claimed to live in mortal fear of a house risk his life by spending the night in it? One thing you should know about Pritchard, he was quite loaded... but not in the financial sense. *(Opens Pritchard's jacket. A shiny silver flask is visible. Moves to DAVID TRENT. He sports a bland, brown suit.)* Next, we had Doctor Trent. His friends called him David — or at least they would have if he had any. Trent was a psychiatrist who said my ghosts would help with his work on hysteria, and maybe they would have... but alas, we'll never know. Perhaps it's just me, but don't you see tiny little touches of greed around the mouth... and eyes. *(Notices NINA MEERS. He instantly lights up.)* And finally, we come to my personal favorite. A lost, wounded little bird known as Nina Meers. She was selected because she needed my money more than most. Wasn't she pretty? Soft eyes. Golden hair. Delicious red lips. It's hard to imagine someone so beautiful could have a past so tragic... *(Forgets himself for a moment and leans in — as if he's about to kiss her — when at the very last second, the old grandfather clock begins to chime — it's foreboding tone underscoring the following dialogue.)* Ah! Hear that? It means it's time to go back to where it all began. Time to reignite the flames of the past... and uncover secrets that have been buried for far too long. And this story, like all great ghost stories, begins on a dark and stormy night...

Claps his hands. A crash of thunder booms through the theatre as lights flicker. The sound of heavy rainfall is heard. A gleeful smile plays across Frederick's lips as he observes the audience once more, and then amid a second thunderclap, disappears.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 2

TRENT, LANCE, RUTH, PRITCHARD, NINA

SCENE ONE. THE DRAWING ROOM. A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

The House. A grand, multileveled mansion from yesteryear, with two great staircases, one leading to the second floor, stage left, and the other to the second floor, stage right. A grandfather clock sits, wedged between the two staircases on the first floor. The house is furnished with a few couches, a chair or two, a coffee table, and a credenza. A large portrait of Rebecca Valifax hangs over the fireplace. The members of the group attempt to dry themselves off.

LANCE. Well wasn't that something?!

RUTH. The worst! The absolute worst! I'm soaked! Completely!

NINA. (*Quieter.*) It was pretty bad out there...

RUTH. Pretty bad!? It's disgusting!

TRENT. Not much better in here. Where is everybody? Surely, we can't be the only ones.

LANCE. Only one way to find out — (*Calls out.*) Hello? ...Mr. Lauren?
Anybody? ...Hello?

Perhaps it echoes.

RUTH. I'm no detective but it appears as if no one's home.

TRENT. That'd be my diagnosis.

NINA. Somebody must be close by. The house is warm...and all the lights are on. If only this place weren't so menacing...

RUTH. (*Pats the sofa. Dust flies everywhere. She coughs.*) ...Or dusty. (*Ruth takes her hat off. It's a small, red pillbox hat covered in a red netting. A large, wilted ostrich plume ranges pitifully from it. She attempts to wring it out. Pritchard watches in amazement. Exasperated.*) Ugh. Will you just look at this hat? Ruined! Sixty dollars down the drain!

NINA. Sixty?!

RUTH. And worth every penny. Fashion is an art. And you can't put a price on art.

LANCE/TRENT. I can.

TRENT. Perhaps we'd better stay in here until someone comes and finds us.

RUTH. I hope whoever comes brings some warm towels and shows me where I can freshen up.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

LANCE. You got that right! (*The sound of thunder and rain continues for the rest of the scene. Lights occasionally flicker. Lance wanders about...*) You know your gotta hand it to this place. If I were a ghost, this would be the house I'd haunt.

TRENT. Embellishments aside, these certainly are not the accommodations one expects when dealing with someone as notable as Frederick Lauren.

RUTH. I always heard he lived in a mansion in Trousdale... not a dank old tomb in the middle of... where are we exactly? (*No one knows. They stare blankly at each other, hoping for an answer. Say things like "beats me," "I have no clue," etc.*) Oh, come now. At least one of us has to know. Anybody?

Pritchard, who has yet to speak and is sitting on a couch, far away from the rest of the group, pipes up.

PRITCHARD. ...Death Valley.

RUTH. ...I beg your pardon,

PRITCHARD. (*Jittery. Unscrewing the lid of a flask he normally conceals in his jacket pocket. Not three sheets to the wind yet... maybe one-and-a-half?*) That's where we are. Death Valley. About two hours outside of Vegas...give or take.

NINA. Vegas!

LANCE. Hey! Now we're talkin'! Maybe we can convince Mr. Moneybags to move this party from the desert to the Sands. Get a room. Shoot craps. I've been on a bit of a losing streak lately, but if Lauren's payin', I could play all night.

RUTH. And just how do you propose we get there? The procession of hearses that brought each of us here left without saying a word. No card. No number. Nothing. Besides, the last thing some of us need is to find ourselves in more debt...

NINA. ...They were rather disturbing, weren't they? The hearses. And that iron gate out front — it appeared to open all by itself.

TRENT. Just a simple party trick. Nothing more.

PRITCHARD. I, uh, hate to break it to ya, but uh... only ghosts have parties here.

No one is sure how to respond.

TRENT. (*Amused.*) Is that so?

PRITCHARD. Yes. But don't worry... my guess is we'll be joining them soon.

LANCE. (*Chuckling.*) In a drink?

PRITCHARD. ... In death.

A loud clap of thunder punctuates Pritchard's last line.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

RUTH. That was cheerful. Not to mention appropriately times. And you know all this because...?

PRITCHARD. Because I own this place.

The group is stunned.

TRENT. You mean to tell us that *you* live here?

PRITCHARD. No. Nobody lives here. They can try but... they won't last long. This place was my grandfather's. Then when he died... it went to me. Not entirely sure why. My whole life I've only spent one night here, and that was plenty. I was lucky to make it out alive.

NINA. ... What happened?

RUTH. Yes. What did happen?

PRITCHARD. I, uh... (*A beat. The group leans in, intrigued.*) I don't really feel comfortable talking about it, you know? ... Especially to strangers.

RUTH. He is right. Outside of introducing ourselves before the storm hit, we are all strangers to each other. Or at least, you're all strangers to me.

LANCE. None of you look familiar to me.

TRENT. (*To Nina.*) What about you, Miss? Do *you* recognize anyone here?

NINA. (*Hesitant.*) ... N — no. No.

We don't believe her.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 3

TRENT, LANCE, RUTH, PRITCHARD, NINA

Lightning. Again.

LANCE. I wouldn't be too discouraged, Pitch. Things like this happen to guys in the air force all the time.

RUTH. Walls crush their bones? What kind of planes are you boys flying?

LANCE. No, I mean — you work too many hours, don't get enough sleep... you start to see things. So I've been told...

TRENT. Lance is right. The power of suggestion can be a dangerous thing. The mind can play tricks on you.

PRITCHARD. And what are you? Some kind of doctor?

TRENT. Only Monday through Friday. And every other Saturday, eight to noon. (*Pritchard stares at him blankly.*) I'm a psychiatrist.

PRITCHARD. That so? Well then, I'll show you exactly where it happened — (*To Lance.*) I'll show it to you too. Maybe the walls will start moving and messing with your minds as well.

TRENT. Perhaps... but I think we all know that's highly unlikely.

PRITCHARD. You calling me a liar?

TRENT. Of course not.

PRITCHARD. (*Raising his voice.*) 'Cause it sounds like you are.

LANCE. Pritch, that's not what he meant.

TRENT. Not in the slightest. I was merely stating—

PRITCHARD. You were saying the same thing everyone says — that they're delusions! That I'm delusional. That I'm seeing things — that I saw things — that aren't really there.

TRENT. No, no. I'm saying that if you believe that you saw—

PRITCHARD. No, I know what I saw — and soon you will too. All of you. You'll see, and know, and fear the same things I've been dealing with for years!

TRENT. This has gotten out of hand. Please, calm down.

PRITCHARD. I am calm!

RUTH. Could've fooled me.

TRENT. Ruth!

PRITCHARD. I am!

LANCE. Look, Pritch—

PRITCHARD. And stop calling me Pritch!

BAM! His words are cut short as all the doors slam shut — one right after the other. The sound of doors slamming all over the house is heard. BAM! BAM! BAM!

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

RUTH. ... What was that?

Lance approaches the main door to the house and attempts to open it. He gives it a good pull. No luck.

LANCE. The doors, they're— (*Yanking on the doorknob. Furiously attacking it.*) Locked.

PRITCHARD. Who's delusional now?

RUTH. Oh sweetie, still you. (*To Lance.*) Try turning that harder.

TRENT. Let me see that... (*Trent approaches the door, also attempts to open it. No luck.*) It won't budge.

Bangs against the door with his fist.

LANCE. What kind of game is this?

RUTH. I'm not sure, but it's one I have no intention of playing. (*Shouting.*) Lauren, if you're there and this is your idea of a joke, you can just stop it. You hear me? It's over!

Tensions rise. Another thunderclap. Another flicker. Nina slowly creeps away from the group, clearly shaken. At some point during an earlier moment in the scene, Nina placed her purse down near the sofa. She now turns to approach it. The group barely acknowledges her. They continue to battle the door, ad-libbing dialogue.

LANCE. (*Fiddling with the handle.*) C'mon!

They begin talking over each other when— BOOM! Another loud clap of thunder! The loudest by far. This time, the lights go out completely. We're in complete darkness.

RUTH. And just when I thought this evening couldn't get better!

TRENT. Come now. Everyone, remain calm.

PRITCHARD. He's right.

TRENT. Thank you.

PRITCHARD. The ghosts are going to get us whether the lights are on or not.

RUTH/TRENT/LANCE. Shut up, Pritchard!

We hear heavy breathing.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

LANCE. Nina? Is that you?

NINA. *(Jittery. Through deep breaths.)* I— I'm all right.

TRENT. It'll be Ok, Nina.

LANCE. Doc's right. All we need to do is stay perfectly— *(Suddenly, another thunderclap, as the lights flicker back to life.)* still.

RUTH. *(Dryly.)* Well, let there be fright.

TRENT. There we go. See. Just a few twisted wires.

LANCE. If only we could get this—

Nina is looking about, somewhat frantically. She pipes up.

NINA. ... Have— have any of you seen my purse?

TRENT. What?

NINA. I set it down right here. I know I did. I saw it a moment ago... before the lights went out, but then it...

PRITCHARD. ...Disappeared?

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 4

FREDERICK, ANNABELLE

SCENE THREE. UPSTAIRS. ANNABELLE'S ROOM.

Frederick opens the door and steps inside an opulently decorated, but still gloomy, bedroom. Lights flicker a bit.

FREDERICK. Annabelle...dear...

ANNABELLE. *(Off.)* Who is it?

FREDERICK. It's me— your loving, faithful husband.

ANNABELLE. *(Off.)* ...You must have the wrong room, sir. I'm afraid I don't have one of those.

FREDERICK. Hilarious. Hurry up, will you. Our guests have all arrived and are unfortunately still breathing. *(He pulls back the drapes on the bedroom window. The thunder, though still rumbling, has softened.)* It looks as if the storm is finally dying down, though I doubt we've seen the last of it. You weren't frightened by that power outage, were you? What am I saying? Nothing frightens you... other than poverty, of course. *(He laughs to himself. Beat.)* ...Annabelle? What are you doing in there? You put your face on yet?

ANNABELLE emerges from a nearby bathroom. She's dripping in satin and privilege.

ANNABELLE. Of course. What do you think?

FREDERICK. *(He caresses her cheek for a moment.)* I think... you should try putting on another one. Cracks in your mask starting to show.

ANNABELLE. Why do I even bother?

FREDERICK. Beats me.

ANNABELLE. If only I could. *(She slinks over to an overnight case resting on a vanity.)* I swear, Frederick— you couldn't have found a worse place if you tried. Cobwebs and dirt everywhere. The sink barely trickles... and I refuse to step one foot in that rust bucket they call a bathtub.

FREDERICK. Atmosphere, darling, Atmosphere. When people think of a Frederick Lauren party, they think of style. Sophistication. Just like when they think of Frederick Lauren the man, they think finesse and flair.

ANNABELLE. Really? That's not the f-word I was thinking of.

FREDERICK. Don't be crass. *(Looking her up and down, eyeing her plunging neckline.)* Speaking of which... that's some outfit you've got on. But don't you

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

think it's time you shed your skin and slither into something a bit more appropriate? You know I don't like it when you dress this way.

ANNABELLE. I know— that's why I'm wearing it. And as far as the party is concerned... I already told you, dear. I'm not going.

FREDERICK. That you did, darling. But as I told you— that's not an option. The “spend the night haunted house” part was your idea after all.

ANNABELLE. Yes. An I was looking forward to it too... until that assistant of yours had to commandeer the guest list. Not that it should surprise me. She's rather excellent at taking things that don't belong to her.

FREDERICK. It wasn't Cassidy's fault. She was merely following orders. You know how she bends over backwards to please me.

ANNABELLE. ...As well as other positions.

FREDERICK. My, you are in rare form, aren't you? But not tonight. Not on your birthday. Now that you're getting along in years, you can't keep sneering at me every chance you get. Causes wrinkles.

ANNABELLE. *(A beat. Concerned.)* Frederick... why didn't you invite any of our friends? My friends? You're up to something, aren't you?

FREDERICK. Aren't I always? And I didn't know you had any friends left.

ANNABELLE. I would if it wasn't for your jealousy. *(Back to the matter at hand.)* What's your angle?

Frederick goes over to a champagne bucket on a nightstand. Pulls out an expensive looking bottle and begins shaking it.

FREDERICK. You're always so suspicious. If you must know, I had a distinct reason for inviting each person here. I told Cassidy I wanted a sort of cross-section, from psychiatrist to typist, drunk to jet pilot, See, they all share one thing— they all need money, You remember what that was like, don't you? Being so desperate for a few lousy dollars you're willing to do practically anything? Even trick a millionaire with a penchant for blondes who have more curves than Route 66 into marrying you,

ANNABELLE. *(Smiles a Cheshire smiles.)* I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about.

FREDERICK. Perhaps a glance at that ring on your finger will refresh your memory. And if that doesn't work, try a swig of this. *(Hands her a glass of champagne.)* Don't worry, it won't kill you. Less of course you've poisoned it... like last month's dinner.

ANNABELLE. *(To self,)* Not this again. *(To Frederick.)* The doctor said it was something you drank.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

FREDERICK. Right. Arsenic on the rocks. *(Hold the champagne glass out.)*
Here. Just a few sips. You'll enjoy the party more,
ANNABELLE. I said, no thank you.

She begins fussing with her hair in her vanity mirror, He places the champagne glass in her face.

FREDERICK. Come on, Annabelle? ...Annabelle? ...Annabelle.

ANNABELLE. What?!

FREDERICK. *(Firm. A far cry from the playful man we met at the top of the play.)* I'm not going to have any until you do. And you know how I love my champagne. Don't make me wait, Annabelle. *(Beat. Through gritted teeth.)*
Annabelle! *(Defiantly, Annabelle takes the glass, wraps her lips around the rim, and sips a few bubbles— locking eyes with him the entire time.)* That's a good girl-

He pats the top of her head like a cat or a dog. Immediately she swats him away.

ANNABELLE. Get off me, you—

FREDERICK. *(He grabs her hand. Laughing.)* Ha! There's the girl I married.
(Releases it.) Tell me, would you go away for five million dollars, tax free?

ANNABELLE. Only five?

FREDERICK. How silly of me. You want it all, don't you?

ANNABELLE. I deserve it all.

FREDERICK. Yes, I'm sure you think you do. *(Downs the glass of champagne.)*
Cassidy will be waiting for me.

ANNABELLE. Like the good little bitch she is...

FREDERICK. I expect to see you downstairs with a changed outfit and attitude.
Oh, and one more thing: happy birthday, darling. May you get exactly what you deserve. *(Places his hands on her shoulders and kisses her on the lips.)* Something to remember me by.

She flashes another Cheshire smile, then wipes her lips, attempting to wipe away every last trace of him. He exits. Blackout.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 5

CASSIDY, TRENT, LANCE, NINA, MR & MRS SLIDES, PRITCHARD

SCENE FOUR. THE DRAWING ROOM, A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

We quickly transition back into the drawing room. Nina is resting in a large easy chair, while Ruth is busy manning an old-fashioned hair dryer, attempting to keep her hat from molting. Cassidy enters carrying a large pile of folded towels.

CASSIDY. Here we are: warm towels fresh out of the dryer. *(She hands one to Trent.)* Here you go, Doctor.

TRENT. *(He takes one and wipes his brow.)* Thank you.

CASSIDY. Mr. Schroeder.

LANCE. *(Takes one.)* Oh. Swell.

CASSIDY. *(Hands one to Pritchard.)* And one for Mr. Pritchard... *(She sets one next to Ruth, who is busy at work.)* and Miss Bridges. And an extra fluffy one for Miss Nina.

NINA. *(Nina, who has been in a daze up until this point, is lulled awake by Cassidy offering her the towel. She takes one.)* Oh. Thank you. You didn't have to though.

CASSIDY. I was happy to. We need to keep you from getting sick. *(Almost whispering.)* You seem like the only normal one here.

NINA. I don't know about that.

CASSIDY. I do. Believe me. *(Points to Ruth playing with the feather in her cap. Nina laughs.)* That's a pretty fragrance you're wearing. What is it?

Nina opens her mouth to speak. Perhaps she even gets the word "oh" out, but she is quickly interrupted by Lance.

LANCE. Say uh, Cassidy, there wouldn't happen to be any food around here, would there? I know it's late, but with the long car ride...

TRENT. Yes, I'm rather hungry myself.

CASSIDY. Actually, as luck would have it, we— *(The doors to the dining room slowly creak open as Mr. and Mrs. Slides enter, standing in the doorway for a moment. The guests aren't quite sure what to make of them.)* Perfect timing. Everyone, this is Louis Slides and his wife, Eleanor— they're the house's caretakers. *(They enter the room, both wheeling in carts. Mrs. Slides wheels in a mini rollaway bar, while Mr. Slides wheels in a long room service tray with various dishes on it.)* I've been told Eleanor is an exceptional cook— so this should be a treat for everyone.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

The ghoulish couple works quickly and efficiently— every move done with purpose. It's evident they want to flee the scene as quickly as possible. Lance salivates as Mrs. Slides removes the lids from each dish.

LANCE. Wow. This sure is some spread.

CASSIDY. These are only the hors d'oeuvres. Wait until you see what they have planned for dinner,

LANCE. *(Lifting one of the lids by himself.)* If they have those little cocktail wieners, I'm going to— *(Mrs. Slides smacks his hand away.)* Ouch!

CASSIDY. Eleanor! *(To Lance.)* Sorry about that. From what I gather they're very traditional. Isn't that right, Mr. Pritchard?

PRITCHARD. Don't ask me. I barely know them. *(The Slides stop what they're doing and turn and stare at Pritchard. Perhaps they punctuate their turn with a low grunt. In unison, of course. An awkward beat. To the Slides.)* Well I don't.

The Slides finish what they're doing and begin to exit, dragging their bad legs behind them.

CASSIDY. Anyway, thank you, Mr. Slides— *(He nods his head, perhaps even grunts, but refuses to make eye contact with her.)* Mrs. Slides. *(She ignores her.)* Thank you, Mrs. Slides. *(Still nothing. A louder attempt.)* I SAID, THANK YOU, MRS— *(To Nina.)* She must be hard of hearing.

When Cassidy isn't looking, Mrs. Slides turns towards her and flicks her gnarled thumb from the back of her upper front teeth, as if to say... well, you know what she's trying to say. Like before, she grunts as she does this. She then drags herself offstage...

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 6

NINA, TRENT, REBECCA, RUTH, FREDERICK

TRENT. He is rather creepy, isn't he?

NINA. Dr. Trent. Has everyone else gone?

TRENT. Only for a moment. What are you doing here?

NINA. I've been wanting to ask you the same thing. I can't believe you're here—that we're here— together!

TRENT. I know. Strange coincidence.

NINA. Very. *(Beat.)* By the way, I want to thank you for not saying anything earlier. The last thing I want is everyone thinking that I'm... you know.

TRENT. Of course. How are you doing?

NINA. *(Beat.)* Fine. Though, to be honest— being here, around all this... it's bringing up a lot of memories.

TRENT. Yes, I suppose it would. Are you still taking your medication?

NINA. *(Nods.)* I was going to take one of my pills earlier, but—

TRENT. Your purse.

NINA. Right.

TRENT. *(He thinks for a moment, then...)* Nina, I know you're no longer my patient, but as someone who's not only familiar with your condition... but cares for you deeply... I think it's best you tell Mr. Lauren you want to leave.

NINA. I can't do that. I wish I could but... Barbara and I— things aren't good. And they're only going to get worse. I can't turn down an opportunity like this. Not when it could solve so many of our problems.

TRENT. I know what you mean.

NINA. You do?

TRENT. Just last year alone I—

Nina hears something. A scratching noise of some sort.

NINA. What was that?

TRENT. What was—

The noise again.

NINA. There is is again!

TRENT. Probably just another rat. *(The noise continues. He approaches a door.)* I believe it's coming from in here.

Slowly, hesitantly, he enters— disappearing into the darkness.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

NINA. What is it?

TRENT. It appears to be a— Hey! What the—

Then, odd, gurgling noises are heard. Noises that sound like someone being strangled. She takes a few steps towards the door.

NINA. Doctor? ...Doctor!

BAM! Like in the first scene, the door slams shut! She bangs against the door with all her might. In the distance, we can see the silhouette of a figure moving slowly towards her. Again, lights flicker. A chorus of GHOSTLY VOICES begins to hiss and coo...

GHOSTLY VOICES. Nina...

Nina...

NINA. ...What?

GHOSTLY VOICES. Nina...

She's coming Nina...

She knows what you've done...

And she's coming...

NINA. Who's comi—? What's going on? Mr. Lauren? Mrs. Slides? Is that you...?
(Turns back to the door.) Doctor! Doctor?!

Eerie, unsettling music is heard. Nina turns around. The lights dim, or perhaps even strobe. A spot shines down, illuminating THE BRIDE. Slowly, menacingly, she makes her entrance. A long, thick veil covering her distorted face. A bouquet of dead, wilted flowers in her hands. Splashes of blood strewn across her faded-white wedding dress.

GHOSTLY VOICES. Nnnniinnnaaaa...

Ninnnaaaa...

NINA. Who-who are you?! (It does not answer.) Go away, you hear me! Go away!

GHOSTLY VOICES. She's after you, Nina...

She knows...

NINA. Stop it! Stop it! HELP ME! PLEASE!! SOMEONE! HELP!

The Bride backs Nina into a wall, and reaches out to her with a gnarled finger...

GHOSTLY VOICES. Ninaaaa...

Ninnnnnaaaa...

RUTH. (Off.) Nina? Nina, are you in there?

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

NINA. Miss Bridges! Help me! Please!

The cellar door rattles as Ruth, and the rest of the group, attempt to open it. They shout over one another.

FREDERICK. *(Off.)* Nina? We're coming, my dear. Don't worry.

NINA. Hurry! *(The Bride touches Nina's face for a moment, then cocks its head to one side, observing her. As the cellar door begins to give way, it moves away from the girl and exits the scene. Suddenly, the cellar door bursts open as Frederick, Lance, and Ruth run into the room.)* Thank goodness you're here! There was a ghost... or something! I don't know what, but she— she attacked me and Dr. Trent. *(Realizes.)* Dr. Trent! *(Points to the closet door.)* He's in there! You'll have to break it down! It's locked!

RUTH. *(To Frederick.)* You people really need to invest in some door stoppers!

Lance gives the doorknob a good turn and as if by magic, it slowly swings open.

NINA. But it was locked. I swear!

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 7

NINA, ANNABELLE, CASSIDY

SCENE SEVEN. A HALLWAY, A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

Nina runs to a dark and poorly lit area of the house. She stops for a moment, breathes heavily.

NINA. Get it together, Nina. Get it together. You know what you saw.

She throws her head in her hands and begins shaking it for a bit. Annabelle enters, sporting a new gown. She's stunning. She watches Nina for a moment, then...

ANNABELLE. Are you all right?

NINA. *(Startled.)* Ah! *(Annabelle barely reacts—just stares at the girl.)*

I'm sorry. I'm a little jumpy tonight.

ANNABELLE. *(Looking her over.)* I can see. I'm Annabelle.

NINA. *(Realizing.)* Oh. Mr. Lauren's wife.

ANNABELLE. Unfortunately. And you are...?

NINA. Nina Meers. I'm here for your party.

ANNABELLE. Mm. That's sweet. But I'm afraid it's not my party. Not anymore.

NINA. What do you—

ANNABELLE. It doesn't matter. How long have you known my husband, Nina?

NINA. I beg your pardon?

ANNABELLE. You can't expect me to believe he invited you out of the goodness of his heart; that would require him having one. No, you two know each other...

NINA. I've never met him before. Honest.

ANNABELLE. *(Not buying it. She wasn't born yesterday.)* Of course you haven't. Why were you so upset a moment ago? What happened?

NINA. I saw—

ANNABELLE. *(Cocking her head to one side.)* Yes?

NINA. I thought I saw something.

ANNABELLE. In a place like this, that's bound to happen. *(Beat.)* May I give you a piece of advice, Nina? Don't go anywhere in this house by yourself. It's not safe.

NINA. What do you—

ANNABELLE. And don't ask questions. You won't like the answers—not that I have all of them. But I do have my suspicions, and those are bad enough. If you do as I say, you'll be fine. But if not... well, don't say I didn't warn you.

CASSIDY. *(Rushing in.)* Nina, there you are! Mr. Lauren told me that you— *(Eyes Annabelle. Caught off guard.)* Annabelle!

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

ANNABELLE. Cassidy Bowman. I mean, it's one thing to hijack my party, but to show up when nobody—

CASSIDY. Annabelle, there must be some mis—

ANNABELLE. *(Placing out her hand to shush her.)* And please refrain from speaking to me so informally. I am still your employer's wife, whether you like it or not. So, until the day comes we're no longer married— or you're no longer employed— I insist that you only address me as Mrs. Lauren. Think you can handle that?

CASSIDY. Of course. *(Annabelle smiles sweetly, waiting for Cassidy to say it...)* Mrs. Lauren.

ANNABELLE. That's a good girl. Well, Cassidy. Nina. I'd better go find my husband. And you two had better fix your faces... as best you can.

She exits. A moment.

CASSIDY. Are you all right?

NINA. Yes, I'm just... it's been a bad night. My heart's pounding.

CASSIDY. *(Touches her hand.)* Your hands are like ice. Here, let's get you a blanket.

She attempts to lead her off. Nina stops her.

NINA. Cassidy, do you think it's safe here? For me?

CASSIDY. What do you mean? You don't really think this house is haunted, do you?

NINA. Well, Pritchard said...

CASSIDY. Nina, Pritchard is nuts. You can't go listening to someone like him.

NINA. You're right. It's just— first my purse Then the blood. Then whatever was in that cellar... *(Lost in thought for a moment.)* We really need the money, but... maybe it's best I leave.

CASSIDY. I'd hate to see you miss out on an opportunity like this... but if you're that concerned, maybe you should leave. *(The sound of the clock chiming in the distance is heard. Cassidy looks down at her wristwatch.)*

Listen, dinner's about to be served. Have a hot meal. Relax. If after dinner you're still feeling anxious, then I say go. No amount of money is worth your sanity.

NINA. ...Thank you.

CASSIDY. It'll be all right. You'll see. Just try and avoid Annabelle. I'm sorry— Mrs. Lauren. *(She curtsies as she says it. They share a smile. And exit together.)* And I really do love that perfume.

NINA. Thanks...

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 8

ALL EXCEPT REBECCA & SLIDES

A loud, violent thunderclap. Cassidy enters holding a cake stand, a silver dome on top of it. She starts to sing.

CASSIDY. *(Singing.)* Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you.

FREDERICK. C'mon, everyone.

The group begrudgingly joins in.

GROUP. *(Singing.)* Happy birthday, dear Annabelle.

CASSIDY. *(Singing.)* Mrs. Lauren.

GROUP. *(Singing.)* Happy birthday to—

Cassidy lifts the lid off the stand. Instead of a cake... we see Ruth's pillbox hat. A few gasps escape the group. No one knows how to properly react.

LANCE. What kind of cake is this?

NINA. That's Miss Bridges' hat. *(Picks up the hat.)* But... where's she?

FREDERICK. *(Calling out.)* Ruth? Are you here?

LANCE. Hey, Ruthie!

PRITCHARD. They've taken her, haven't they? Just like your purse! I told you she was marked! That she'd be the first to die.

ANNABELLE. Cassidy, is this your idea of a joke?

CASSIDY. It wasn't me—

ANNABELLE. Please—

CASSIDY. The lid was on the cake stand when I went into the kitchen. I didn't know it was under there!

TRENT. Let's try and calm down, shall we? Wherever she is, I'm sure she's perfectly safe.

A wheezing sound echoes through the theatre. A bolt of lightning. Ruth enters— blood pours from her mouth. Nina screams!

ANNABELLE. My god!

LANCE. What the—?!

FREDERICK. Cassidy, go find the caretakers!

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

Frantically, Cassidy runs out of the room. Nina begins breathing heavily once more, just like she did during the first scene. Ruth stumbles into the middle of the room, gurgling loudly, perhaps even clutching her neck. Another thunderclap, and she collapses to the ground, face-first.

LANCE. Oh god! Oh god!!

PRITCHARD. *(Making his way to the mini bar.)* I'm not drunk enough for this.

TRENT. Everyone, quiet! It'll be all right! *(Rushing to Ruth's side.)* Lauren, help me! *(They do just that. Ruth begins to vomit out large chunks of blood—it oozes from her mouth. She begins to convulse.)* Miss Bridges! Miss Bridges! Can you hear me?!

FREDERICK. Do you understand us, my dear?

CASSIDY. *(Rushing in.)* They're gone, sir! The Slides, they're not here!

TRENT. Ruth, stay with me. Stay with me!

She convulses violently— low, horrific gurgling noises escaping her. Her face is stained in blood. And then... just as it begins to escalate, all is still.

CASSIDY. *(A beat. Quietly.)* Is she...?

FREDERICK. *(Kneels down. Feels her pulse.)* Dead.

NINA. *(Almost whimpering.)* No. No.

LANCE. What... what could've happened to her? Doctor?

TRENT. *(Examining her.)* This is outside my field of expertise but... it looks as if it was something she ate.

FREDERICK. That's impossible. She barely touched her meal. All she had was...

GROUP. Scotch And!

Pritchard immediately, and comedically, spits out the drink he was guzzling only moments before.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 9

NINA, PRITCHARD

NINA. What harsh truths?

Eerie, melodic tones are heard, like the sound of a music box forged in hell. Rebecca makes her way over to a small gilded cage with a yellow canary in it. She opens the cage door and cradles the bird in her hands.

PRITCHARD. Rebecca was... different. Not like most girls her age... or any age, really. My grandfather said the way he heard it, bad things always happened whenever she was around. Little stuff at first. Playing a bit too rough with the other kids. Talking back. But then... as she got older... things got worse. All of her pets went missing. The staff kept quitting. People started getting hurt. It was like she had this darkness inside her. This evil. *(With each description, Rebecca squeezes the bird's neck tighter and tighter, eventually...)* And the more she tried to contain it, keep it at bay, the more powerful it became... until eventually it would just overtake her, make her do things, horrible things, and... *(She breaks its neck—or pops its head off. Your choice. If you do go with the head-popping route, blood should squirt out from the stump where the head used to be.)* Another strange thing about her... every person who crossed her would eventually find some of their personal belongings would go missing. Or disappear. Some said it's because she used them for... spells.

NINA. Spells?

PRITCHARD. Apparently, she got a reputation for being some kind of witch, at least that's what everyone said. Everyone but Byron. He refused to admit his daughter was the cause of all these mysterious problems. A few years later, Byron hired a man from out of town to work for the family. He and Rebecca fell in love, and before long, he proposed. *(Lights shine down on a boy, around Rebecca's age, down on one knee proposing to her.)* Whatever evil was inside of Rebecca, this new fella helped her contain it. For a wedding present, she asked her father to build her a house, a mansion, out in the middle of the desert, with no one around for miles. That way, the two of them could have all the privacy in the world. Of course, Byron complied. Finally, the day of the wedding came, and the Valifaxs pulled out all the stops. My grandfather said they even arranged it so rose petals would fall from the rafters of the church as the bride made her way down the aisle. *(Rebecca reemerges wearing a long, flowy bridal gown.)* About an hour before the ceremony, Rebecca left her dressing room, having decided to share a private moment with her fiancé. But as she made her way past the church's reception hall, she saw, behind the wedding cake, her fiancé with another woman. *(Lights rise on*

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

her fiancé kissing another woman.) He tried to explain that there was nothing between them, but it didn't matter. All the darkness that had been kept at bay exploded out of Rebecca. *(She grabs a large, ornately decorated knife from the cake stand and begins stabbing the two of them.)* She grabbed a knife and began stabbing the two of them— over, and over, and over— until eventually... her wedding dress was covered in blood

NINA. That's horrible!

PRITCHARD. Get's worse. When she realized what she'd done, she fled... here. That night, during a thunderstorm, she placed a curse on the house, saying that if she wasn't going to get her happily ever after, then no one who stood within these walls would either. And then she took her knife— the very knife she used to kill her fiancé— and plunged it into her heart... dying in a pool of her own blood.

NINA. Wait... you mean, the blood that seeped through the floor, the blood of her first victim in this house was—

PRITCHARD. Her own. And now, a hundred years later, she still roams these halls, coming and going as she pleases, but usually, whenever she's near... dead flower petals start to fall from the rafters— like they were supposed to at her wedding. *(Pritchard speaks with growing intensity. As he does this, maybe the wall by Nina begins to move and contort. Shift. Almost as if the spirit of Rebecca is about to walk right through it. As if she's being summoned. Music builds.)* You can feel her presence, can't you. Like she's in this room with us? It just hangs there in the air. It's like all the light leaves the room. Your breath grows short. The walls begin to move. And you can feel her cold hands as they wrap themselves around your neck and— *(A woman screaming is heard offstage.)* What was that?

NINA. I— I don't know.

They hear the scream again, this time punctuated with a low, gurgling sound, as if someone is being strangled!

PRITCHARD. C'mon!

The pair grab their candles and scurry out the door and into the hallway where...

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 10

ANNABELLE, TRENT, LANCE

TRENT. *(Softly spoken.)* Annabelle. Time to wake up, darling. It's almost over. We've done it.

ANNABELLE. *(She wakes.)* David? What's happening? Has she done it? Has she killed him?

TRENT. Not yet, but she will. Frederick's on his way to the cellar as we speak.

ANNABELLE. And the girl?

TRENT. In her room.

ANNABELLE. We've got to hurry. We don't have much time. *(She's clearly uncomfortable.)* Get me out of this thing. This hanging harness. *(She climbs out of bed and unties her robe. Underneath it she is sporting a hanging harness. Trent immediately goes to work, unlacing it.)* What about the reporter? Has anyone confessed to killing her?

TRENT. Not yet.

ANNABELLE. I know it was Frederick. Death by poison? He's clearly trying to frame me. To this day he accuses me of attempting to do the same to him.

TRENT. But didn't you?

ANNABELLE. That's beside the point.

TRENT. Yes well, come tomorrow you'll never have to deal with him again. *(Annabelle reaches into her closet and pulls out a white wedding dress covered in bloodstains.)* And there's my beautiful, bloodstained bride! *(Trent helps her step into it.)* It truly is the perfect crime, you know. Luring an emotionally unstable girl here with the promise of money, only to scare her so badly she accidentally kills the great Frederick Lauren. Who would ever suspect we planned it? That we set her up right from the start?

ANNABELLE. It was almost too easy. The blood. The voices. *(Pointing to herself.)* The ghost.

TRENT. Not to mention the pills. *(He opens his jacket, pulls out Nina's purse, and hands it to Annabelle. She laughs and places it on her vanity.)* She'll be so jittery and nervous she'll shoot the first thing that scares her.

ANNABELLE. You did make sure she took the gun, didn't you?

TRENT. All taken care of. And if for some reason she misses, well then there's always Lance. You planted the seeds of doubt beautifully in that one.

ANNABELLE. I did, didn't I? We're just lucky he doesn't remember running into you at the casino.

TRENT. Drunkenly lamenting about his money problems and telling me he wished he could find a girl half as attractive as Annabelle Lauren.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

She gazes at her reflection in the mirror, pleased with what she sees. She grabs a nail file and begins filing her nails.

ANNABELLE. Well you can't say he doesn't have great taste.

TRENT. If Nina doesn't do Frederick in, I have no doubt Lance will take care of him.

ANNABELLE. And my suicide?

TRENT. A simple party game that went a few steps too far. Nothing more. We can't be held responsible for the actions of others.

ANNABELLE. My darling, you truly have thought of everything, haven't you?

TRENT. Before long we'll be off on a little island somewhere, sipping cocktails and spending Lauren's millions.

ANNABELLE. Sounds like heaven.

TRENT. I know,

They share a passionate kiss.

ANNABELLE. *(Something occurs to her.)* There's just one problem. Frederick's money.

TRENT. *(Playfully.)* Worried you won't be able to spend it all?

ANNABELLE. No. You see... I don't want to share it.

TRENT. What?

Quickly and forcefully, she stabs him in the chest. Trent falls to the floor.

ANNABELLE. Sorry darling, but I'm afraid you've worn out your welcome.

TRENT. *(With his last ounce of strength.)* Annabelle, no! No!

But her mind is made up. Again, she stabs his chest—presumably jamming the nail file right into his heart. He screams in pain, then his body goes limp. In a quick motion, she yanks the file free.

ANNABELLE. That is one tough nail file.

Lance walks in head lowered in reverence. He sees Trent's bloody carcass on the ground.

LANCE. What the—!? Doc! What happened to— *(Eyes Annabelle with the bloody nail file. All the color drains out of his face.)* Annabelle!! You're alive? But you—I, I saw you—

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

ANNABELLE. Lance, calm down. Calm down. It's Ok.

She approaches him; he jumps back, attempting to get away from her.

LANCE. Ah! Get away from me you ghost...or...whatever you are!

ANNABELLE. Don't be silly, Lance. It's me. I'm alive.

LANCE. You are? B—but how is that possible? I saw you hanging from the ceiling!

ANNABELLE. It was my husband—he and Trent drugged me.

LANCE. What?!

ANNABELLE. They're working together. They wanted to make it look like I hanged myself. They put me in a hanging harness, even dressed me in this ridiculous getup!

LANCE. That's terrible! But, if they wanted to kill you, why didn't they just—

ANNABELLE. Oh Lance, who knows! Who knows how their minds work! But at least you're here now, and we can stop Frederick together! You will help me, won't you? Lance, say that you will!

LANCE. Yeah, I... I will...

ANNABELLE. *(Burying her face in his chest.)* Thank god! Thank god!

She pretends to weep. It's an incredible performance.

LANCE. *(Still in a state of shock. Attempting to console her.)* Yeah... it's Ok. Everything'll be Ok.

ANNABELLE. I don't know what I'd do if you weren't here. I truly don't!

LANCE. Right... *(Notices something.)* Um, Annabelle...?

ANNABELLE. *(Wiping away her tears.)* Yes?

LANCE. *(Approaching the vanity.)* What are you doing with Nina's purse?

ANNABELLE. *(Caught off guard.)* What? That? No, I— Frederick must've brought it here. They uh, they've got all sorts of things down in the cellar. Check your pockets—they're robbing people left and right when they're not looking. Trying to trick everyone into thinking it's the ghost. Why, I even overheard the doctor say they're hiding all their stolen goods behind the furnace. Probably because they assume no one will think to look there.

LANCE. Oh. *(He knows.)* But I thought Cassidy said this house doesn't have a furnace...

ANNABELLE. *(A beat. A sigh.)* Damn.

LANCE. What?

ANNABELLE. Nothing. You're just smarter than you look.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

BANG! She shoots him. Music blares as we transition from Annabelle's room to...

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

SIDE 11

CASSIDY, FREDERICK, NINA, ANNABELLE, LANCE, REBECCA

CASSIDY. Nina, you said it yourself: you're drowning in debt. You're about to lose everything. Think about that for a minute. Think about your sister. Sure, fifty thousand dollars is great, but what about two hundred and fifty thousand? Can you imagine all the things you'll be able to give Barbara?

NINA. But... I can't murder someone! It wouldn't be right!

FREDERICK. I agree with her. *(Cassidy digs the blade in even deeper.)* Ow.

CASSIDY. Who's to say what's right?

ANNABELLE/CASSIDY. Men?

ANNABELLE. Please! They've had this game rigged against us from the start. They make the rules, and the rest of us are forced to play by them.

CASSIDY. Exactly. All you need to do to change your life is to take someone else's. I'd kill him myself, right here, but slashing his throat doesn't scream accident.

ANNABELLE. No. It just screams.

They share a laugh.

CASSIDY. But an innocent, troubled young woman mistakenly shooting a man in a dark cellar after a fuse was blown... no one could convict you, no matter how hard they tried.

ANNABELLE. She's right, Nina. Shoot him. Shoot him now.

FREDERICK. Nina, don't.

She digs the blade even harder into his neck.

CASSIDY. Yes, Nina. Shoot him.

CASSIDY/ANNABELLE. Give him something to remember us by.

FREDERICK. Wh— don't listen to them!

Cassidy and Annabelle begin shouting over one another, telling Nina to shoot Frederick. When he's able to, Frederick chimes in with a "don't do it." Or a "don't listen to them."

CASSIDY. Shoot him.

ANNABELLE. *(Overlapping.)* Shoot him.

CASSIDY. *(Overlapping.)* Shoot him!

ANNABELLE. *(Overlapping.)* SHOOT HIM!

CASSIDY. *(Overlapping.)* SHOOT HIM!

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

Cassidy, Annabelle, and Frederick's lines build and build, melting into one another, causing Nina to grow increasingly anxious. She's anxious. Exhausted. Jittery. Confused. And she can no longer hold it in.

NINA. Stop it! STOP IT!

BANG! A gun goes off. Nina's breath catches. The group looks around, confused. Suddenly, Annabelle clutches her stomach.

CASSIDY. Annabelle? *(A whimper begins to escape Annabelle when— BANG— another shot is fired. Annabelle falls to the ground, dead. Cassidy rushes to her side.)* No! *(She checks her pulse.)* She's dead. But who—
The sound of the floor creaking is heard. Followed by a low thud. Lance hobbles onstage.

NINA. ...Lance? Lance!

Nina up to Lance, hugging him a bit too tightly.

LANCE. Ow! *(Winching in pain, he drops the gun in his hand.)* Good to see you too.

While Nina's back is turned, Cassidy rips the gun out of her hand and kicks Lance's away.

CASSIDY. Now, where were we?

FREDERICK. It's three against one, Cassidy. It's over. You've lost.

CASSIDY. *(Pointing to Frederick and Nina.)* Please! You two are unarmed, *(Pointing to Lance.)* and he barely has one. Oh, I'm going to enjoy putting a bullet in you, Frederick. And Lance. And little Miss Nina. *(Shakes head. Dismayed.)* I am so disappointed in you. I practically handed this opportunity to you— this chance to rise up and take more control of your life. And you couldn't even do that. I suppose you were right all along. You aren't strong. You weren't strong enough to save your mother, you aren't strong enough to help your sister, and you'll never be strong enough to stop someone like me. *(She cocks the gun, ready to fire, when... the sound of something stirring is heard. Wails and moans echo throughout the theatre. And then... a series of dead rose petals begin to fall from the rafters.)* What's happening? *(To Frederick.)* What are you trying to pull?

FREDERICK. Me? How could I—

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

NINA. Look!

Rebecca appears. The real Rebecca this time. She glides onto the stage, soaked in blood— her gnarled fingers clutching a large kitchen knife. She opens her mouth and emits a terrifying guttural sound as she makes her way towards the group. The ghostly voices underpinning Cassidy's dialogue.

CASSIDY. Enough of this! *(BANG! She fires the gun at Rebecca. Nothing. She isn't fazed by it.)* What? *(Rebecca moves closer and closer towards Cassidy.)* What? Stop! *(BANG! She fires again!)* Stop!! *(BANG! And again! The bullets do nothing. She's unstoppable. Cassidy clicks the gun again, only this time, she's completely out of bullets.)* No! No!

She hurls the gun at the ghost, hoping to stop it.

GHOSTLY VOICES. Cassidy...

She knows, Cassidy...

She knows what you've done...

And she's going to kill you...

CASSIDY. What? Get away from me! Get away! Get—

GHOSTLY VOICES. Come with us, Murderess!

Cassidy, terror-stricken, backs away from the specter, not realizing what rests just a few steps behind her. She slips— and SPLASH!— falls backwards into the pit of acid. Steam rises from the vat as Cassidy's screams, like her, eventually melt away. Silence. Nina takes a small step forward.

NINA. Cassidy...

And then, in a quick motion, Rebecca turns her attention to Nina. A growl escapes the ghost.

NINA/FREDERICK/LANCE. Ahhh!

LANCE. *(Yanking on Nina's arm.)* Let's get out of here!

NINA. No. No more running. Not anymore.

Rebecca opens her mouth and shrieks.

FREDERICK. ...Suit yourself.

THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL

He makes a mad dash for the door, but Rebecca stretches out her hand, causing it to slam shut in his face.

LANCE. Ah! Now what?

Rebecca begins to approach Nina.

GHOSTLY VOICES. Nina...

It's time, Nina...

Time to die...

NINA. No. It's not.

GHOSTLY VOICES. *(Overlapping.)* Nina...

She's going to kill you...