

Writing Deliverable

Team 8

Prompt: Literature

Haunt Comp 2024

LOGLINE

You are a reporter in the year 1888 tasked with investigating a slew of murders in Whitechapel, London. There, you discover a malevolent cosmic entity that inspires you to publish the legend: Jack the Ripper.

SYNOPSIS

You are an investigative reporter contracted to hunt down a hot lead in the slums of 1880's Whitechapel, London. Along the way, you keep a journal to chronicle your findings. You arrive to port at night via small sailing vessel, you discover just how far from humane the conditions are in this desolate hovel. You dive headfirst into the disrepair, and you follow the carnage of a methodical serial killer.

Throughout the city, a crazed mob of townsfolk have been driven to the edge with paranoia. You are able to pursue a killer, who is not a human, but a cosmic, Lovecraftian horror, that is harvesting citizens' souls. You return home with a story that your boss will never believe, you conjure up a scapegoat for the killings, and publish the legend: Jack the Ripper.

BEAT 1

INT/EXT. RIVER PORT - NIGHT

You enter through a menagerie of newspapers headlining the recent killings and hysteria in Whitechapel, London. As you delve into the pages, they begin to elongate. The pages stretch and form wood planks. A brisk wind bellows from above. The whip of raindrops pitter overhead. Saltwater perfumed throughout the wooden hallway. The space widens and you step onto a dock. before you is a shoddily-kept RIVER PORT in the slum district of London. A town crier relays the day's murders. **The lantern in your hand burns a warm orange, shining it upon the walls reveals strange, blue runes.** You emerge from the hull of a Brig class sailing vessel, and step onto a pier, before you, a twisted skyline of rotting slums.



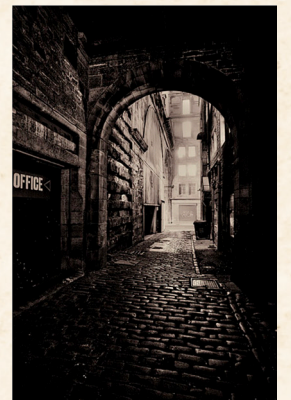
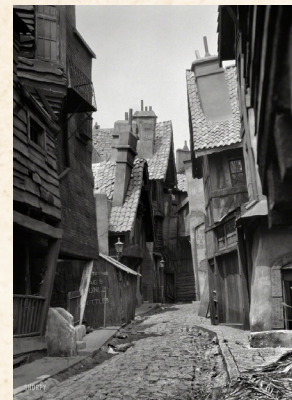
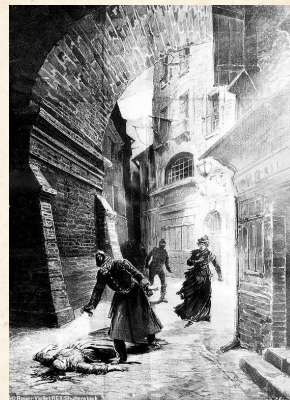
Red Text: Indicates Twist of the Knife

Bold Text: Indicates main events in the beat

BEAT 2

EXT. WINDING ALLEY - NIGHT

You venture down a WINDING ALLEY. Ahead, the shadow of a figure outlined in lamplight carves up a victim. As you creep closer, the shadow projection of a tall, humanoid figure stalks around the corner and disappears in a flash of blue light. **At the end of the alley is the Creature's victim, relieved of their organs, inside their chest glows a faint blue light.** A frantic Watchman emerges beside you shouting questions.



BEAT 3

INT. CHOP N' GRIND - NIGHT

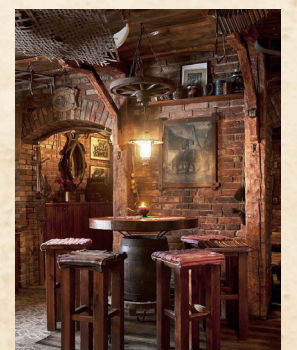
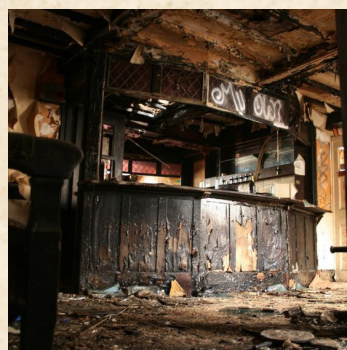
You continue down the alley and enter a ratty pub named "THE CHOP N' GRIND", missing persons posters tacked onto the door. Within the pub is a disheveled lot of town drunkards, incoherent and hysterical.

THE BARTENDER greets you at the nearest end of the bar. He polishes a glass and follows you from behind the bar.

THE BARTENDER

Now I've never seen the killer. Could be anyone.

As you approach the other end, a the TOWN DRUNK hammers on the window panes of the bar, shouting belligerent accusations. Then, SHATTERING GLASS behind the bar. The Bartender swings a bottle shard. You flee the pub through a ring of missing persons posters plastered on the backdoor, morphing into a hallway of papers.



BEAT 4

INT. WRITERS ROOM - NIGHT

You enter a small room, lit with warm gaslamp sconces. Pages of a journal manuscript carpet the floor. On the wall, an evidence board, grainy photos. Above, suspended pages hang like the sails of a ship. Upon them, a typewriter clacks hammer out as words are typed.

Arrived in Whitechapel Townsfolk, MAD! - A murderer loose

Your lantern causes some letters to glow blue.

You exit through a door layered with journal pages.



BEAT 5

EXT. ALLEY BACKDOOR - NIGHT

You press onward, out of an ALLEY BACKDOOR. RAIN pitters above. **The flame in your lantern reveals UV blue splatters on the wall.** Overhead hangs billowing clotheslines, forgotten wardrobe sets, and ornate mirrors strewn along the edges of the path increase as you reach the end. To your LEFT, seemingly a parallel alleyway (A mirror misdirection). Then, THE CREATURE appears, walks towards you and... lurches at you from behind! In front of you, THE RAGMAN whips open a set of crooked storm doors, he holds a LANTERN.

THE RAGMAN

Come quickly! It's safe in here!

The Ragman SLAMS the doors. **You turn RIGHT into the Ragman's home.**



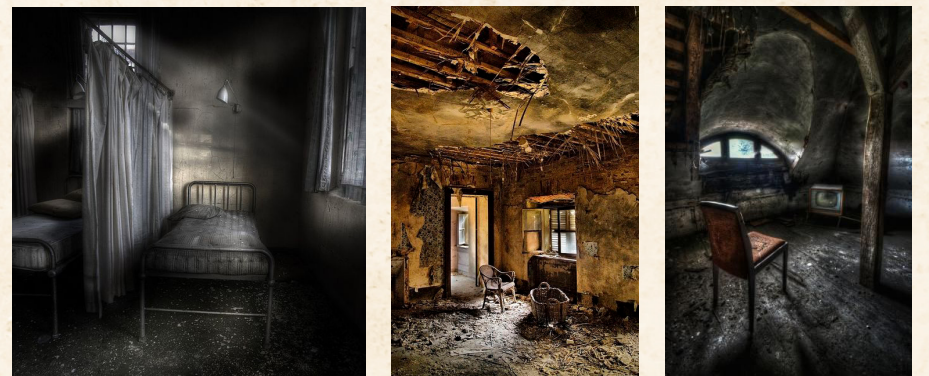
BEAT 6

INT. THE RAGMAN'S HOARDED HOVEL - NIGHT

You find safety in **THE RAGMAN'S HOARDED HOVEL.** **Your lantern fizzles out.** You push past moldy sheets, his voice beckons you further; to shelter. The Ragman emerges from sheets

"Come quickly, it's safe here!"

He falls back, behind a white sheet, his shadow projected on the fabric. Then, a flash of blue light, the Creature's shadow appears beside the ragman's silhouette and shreds him in two, he drops his lantern. The Creature slices the drapes between you, revealing the clawed, cosmic horror, its eyes a piercing blue. The Ragman's lantern catches the furniture on fire. **The Creature swipes at you and you flee through a crack in the wall.**



BEAT 7

EXT. COLLAPSED TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

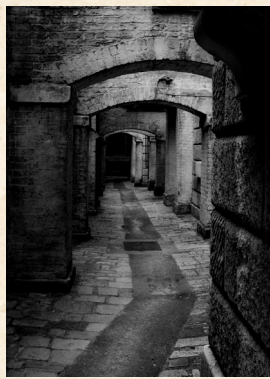
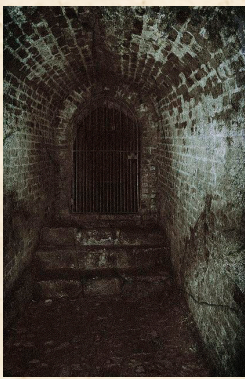
You stagger out of the shack and amongst the remains of a **COLLAPSED TOWNHOUSE.** The fire rages on, consuming the structure's remains. A group of orphans yank on the sleeve of a boy, trapped in the wreckage. A thunderous crack, and some pulleys give way. A blazing palette of bricks from a crane comes hurtling towards your head. But, it slams into another palette of bricks. **You pass through a birdcage of fiery beams, and into a stone foundation...**



BEAT 8

INT. DEATH ROW - NIGHT

You creep into a derelict concrete hallway. **Splatters of ultraviolet blood and hieroglyphics splatter the walls.** Both sides of the hallway lined with iron-barred cells. Dim streetlight trickles in through the cell windows. From your right, a condemned prisoner thrusts out a hand, he begs for mercy. Then, from within the cell, a flash of blue light and smoke, The Creature is inside the cell. The Prisoner disappears into darkness. Pushing on, from your left, another prisoner, wailing. A flash of blue light. He disappears. His scream silenced. You press forward, Prisoners' arms and heads flood from each cell, One by one, like dominoes, a blue flash, they perish. In the last cell its quiet... empty. The Creature teleports into the cell and pries apart the jail cell bars, and slashes at you. **You exit the Jail, through a large wooden door littered with wanted posters.**



BEAT 9

INT. WRITERS ROOM - NIGHT

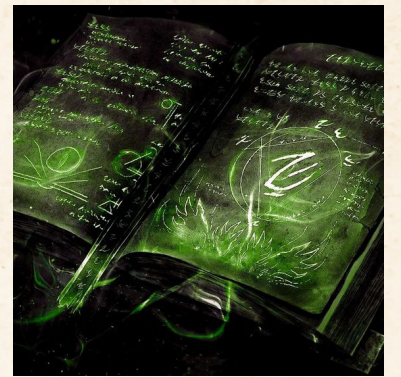
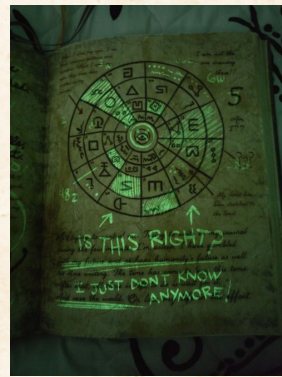
You enter your writers room. The flyers of wanted posters morph into your manuscript. The pages tower enormous, paper skyscrapers. The detective's moodboard devolved into an incoherent ball of yarn. Overhead the typewriter pages spit out manic non-sequiturs upon the parchment:

A MONSTER... INHUMAN HORROR - CONSUMED.

A crack of lighting, dozens of runes appear on the walls of your personal room. A final message circled in red, projected onto a page over the exit door:

THEY NEED A STORY.

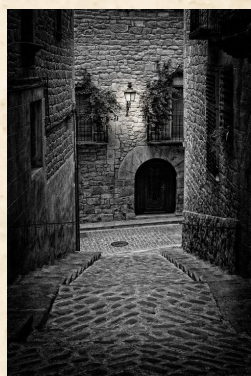
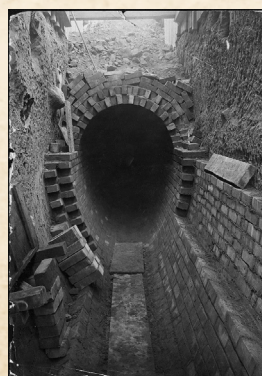
You exit your writers room.



BEAT 10

EXT. SEWER - NIGHT

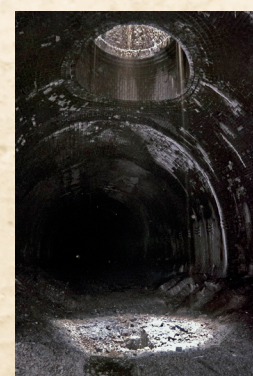
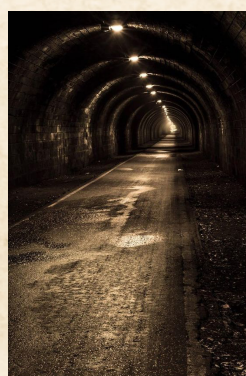
You stand before the gaping maw of a pitch black sewer water access way. **Your lantern burns blindingly bright, runes above the mouth of the sewer pulse an icy blue.** (With a faux elevation change), the sewer descends into the earth. The surrounding London skyline pierces the rainy moonlit sky. A warm wind belches out from within the sewer. **You enter the sewer.**



BEAT 11

INT. SEWER-NIGHT

As you fall further into the labyrinth, retching groans amurmur from ahead. **Your lantern dies.** Blue moonlight beams in from the grates above. You slosh through murky black water. Corpses hang out of pipes and from around corners. From around a corner, a reanimated corpse lurches out, their carcass is void of organs, the cavity glows a neon blue. Their eyes and veins emanate the sickly glow. You continue down the serpentine path. The caverns of the sewer open into a large expanse, at its center, a large blue portal. Piles of glowing victims lie before the portal. **You enter the portal.**



BEAT 12

EXT. NEW DIMENSION - LIGHTNING STORM

Stumbling through a blue portal, you've entered the **Creature's domain. Your lantern's flame turns blue.** Howling winds, wild cracks of lightning. Temple ruins littered with ancient symbols and impossible architecture, you witness the Creature, in pure form, upon the altar of souls. Countless runes pepper the stone columns, glowing blue like stars in the night sky. **You interrupt his sermon and he commands an army of the reanimated Whitechapel victims to usher you back to your realm.**



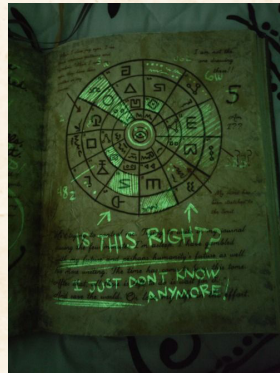
BEAT 13

INT. WRITERS ROOM - DAY

You enter your writers room once again. **The lantern returns to orange.** The flood of papers has subsided. A finished manuscript rests neatly on a desk in the center of an organized room. The Title reads:

A Monster in London: Jack The Ripper...

As you exit the room, nearing the door, a crack of Blue lightning, and the Writers Room illuminates with millions of the Creature's Hieroglyphics etched into the walls, the Creature emerges from a sheet of paper, ripping it in half, then returns. **You exit, as the Town Crier waves around newspapers proclaiming the killings to have been done by a man known as, Jack The Ripper.**



Photos Used

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BEAT 1

<https://evgmusienko.artstation.com/projects/bwNPo>
<https://www.stadtbild-deutschland.org/forum/index.php?thread/3102-hildesheim-historische-ansichten-galerie/>
<https://www.pinterest.com/pin/921900986218070062/>

BEAT 2

<https://www.shorpy.com/node/16903?size=original#caption>
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BEAT 3

<https://suburbanmen.com/dream-house-luxury-rustic-design-20151111/193843/>
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BEAT 4

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BEAT 5

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BEAT 6

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BEAT 7

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<https://www.thisiscolossal.com/2014/10/lost-castle-the-crumbling-ruins-of-the-castle-of-mesen/>

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BEAT 9 and 13

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<https://www.behance.net/gallery/4142167/Triora-the-country-of-witches>

BEAT 12

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