

E-Ticket: Full Script

ACT I: THE BARRACKS QUEUE & PRE-SHOW

SCENE 1: THE GUILD'S MANOR - WEAPONS GALLERY

(A lavish but rugged manor hallway. Walls are lined with antique, oversized weapons, mounted monster heads (taxidermy/sculpts), and dusty portraits. One features a tintype of a group of hooded figures, labeled "The Congregation" with darts thrown into it and names scribbled over select figures. Oil lamps flicker.)

(QUEUE SOUNDSCAPE): Crackling fire, faint metallic rattling of chains, a distant, muffled monster growl. Murmured, ambient human conversation.

(AMBIENT DIALOGUE - Looped via hidden speakers)

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: Might wanna keep yer powder dry—the Jackelope been rootin' through the scrap heap somethin' fierce. Briggs! The varmints are at the chuck wagon again.

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: If those Congregation zealots catch wind of our job, we'll have bigger problems than a nest of ghouls.

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: Don't look at the claw marks on the door, look at the fresh dirt by the river. That's where the Congregation thanks their 'god.'

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: Ain't no better trapper than Briggs, I tell ya. Caught that Amalgam himself! Ugly beast.

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: That fever... that's what they said took my brother. But Cole swears he saw the robes leaving the woods, and I saw the symbol of their damn Hollow King carved into the trees.

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: You heard what Caroline's been spewing 'bout them Ridgebacks? God rest her brother's soul, but we all know he was a meal. He ain't no monster.

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: Calloway told me the worst of it. These 'pathetics can't see the bigger picture—we ain't taking their tax dollars for nothin'. There's things 'round here outside the good Lord's creation.

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: You got a problem with the process? The needy pay the mayor, the mayor pays Sheriff Wilson, we earn the bounty from Wilson! Keeps their children safe and our pockets full! It's the order of things. We're on the same side, last I checked.

SCENE 2: THE GUILD'S MANOR - THE FOYER

(A grand, high-ceilinged foyer. A massive chandelier, crafted from a taxidermied fleshwing, sways slightly. A large, heavily curtained cage sits center stage, vibrating violently. A balcony runs along the upper level. Rich, warm golden light from the lamps and chandelier.)

Guests gather in the foyer. The cage shakes again, accompanied by a low, powerful growl. A detailed animatronic of BRIGGS stands on the balcony, gesturing to guests, the magic lantern slides, the chalkboard, and the cage. He's boisterous, wearing heavy leather.)

BRIGGS: (clearing throat loudly) AHM! Alright, gather 'round, you dusty-boots! The name's Briggs! And you're standing in the heart of our Barracks—welcome to the true center of Silverhold!

(He looks around at the decorations.)

Don't mind the monsters. They don't bite... not anymore. On behalf of the Guild, it is my honor to welcome ya to our grand unveiling. Look around! This whole spread is dedicated to our spoils of yesteryear! First we unveiled the Moleman, then the Howler. I bagged that bugger with nothin' but a rusty Bowie knife! And that colossal lizard, who do you think took care of that? That would be the Silver Lariat Guild. We clear the filth, we earn the gold, and we keep your sorry hides safe! That is the covenant!

Alas, those common carcasses are nothing compared to my newfound glory—the very prize that separates a dime-store trapper from the master of the hunt!

(He whistles, signaling another Guildsman to operate the magic lantern.)

For years, that mad-dog Jesse would yammer about a theory: A man gets bit, he turns. He gets bit again by something else, he turns worse! Well, the hideous curio behind this veil is the bloody, screaming proof! It's somehow been infected by every last miserable varmint in this whole accursed Frontier! Every breed of filth rolled into one twitching carcass! This, my friends, is no monster! This is the impossible! The Amalgam!

(He flips the chalkboard from the blank white side for projected slides, to the green, chalk side where he has illustrated a scientific, labeled rendering of the creature.)

The specimen exhibits osseous growths and dermal plating akin to Ridgebacks. Here—(he strikes the chalkboard sharply)—a secondary jawline shows clear vampiric degeneration, consistent with the True—

COLE: (eager) Blast it to breakfast! Get on with it, Briggs!

BRIGGS: (laughing, breathless, drunk on discovery) In summation—fangs, scales, wings, spines, glands, and glands for the glands!

(The cage rattles louder. A deep, guttural growl. Subtle but distinct floor vibration felt by the guests.)

BRIGGS (forcing an uneasy grin) Heh—feisty one, ain't it? Alright then, let's show 'em, lads! Curtain!

(Spotlights rise on the cage. BRIGGS yanks a lever. The curtain drops. Inside, the Amalgam is obscured by heavy shadow and fog. Its brief, deafening roar shakes the walls.)

BRIGGS: (grinning madly) That's my girl. A temperament like this is a sign of vitality!

CALLAWAY: (concerned) She'll tear your arms off, Briggs.

BRIGGS: Then she'd better be quick!

(He prods the Amalgam with his pointer. A quick movement inside.)

BRIGGS: It's an honor, truly, to stand before something that should not exist.

(From the fog, two faint points of amber light appear, blinking with a slow, curious rhythm. They rise far above the balcony.)

BRIGGS: (softly, almost fondly) Look at that. It's... studying us.

COLE: (deadpan) More like deciding which of us is lunch.

(Some Guildsmen laugh nervously. Briggs joins them—too loudly, too long. Then, abruptly, his laughter dies as a single word drifts from the cage. It is quiet, and perfectly enunciated.)

AMALGAM: *Briggs.*

BRIGGS: (quietly, to himself) ...It learned.

(The sound of distant, low, and guttural chanting begins, growing louder. All candles and oil lamps flicker green.)

BRIGGS: (dropping the bravado, glancing around at the lamps) Well now... that's not part of the demonstration.

(From high above, a mechanical grind begins. The lookout tower—an iron-and-wood structure that has loomed proudly in the center of the foyer begins to lower down into the room.)

BRIGGS: (alarmed, shouting) Who's in the tower? That's—damn it, that's Reddick's post!

(Spotlights wobble from BRIGGS to the center, catching the descending platform as it settles just above the guests. As the tower locks into place with a metallic clunk, a figure becomes visible—a member of the Congregation. The Congregation member is dressed in ritual garb:

tattered crimson robes embroidered with silver runes, a mask of brass conceals their identity. They stand motionless at the center of the lowered platform, holding something limp by the collar. The Guildsmen gasp.)

BRIGGS: (voice cracking) ...Reddick? Boys, secure the perimeter.

(The supporting Guildsmen flee, leaving only Callaway, Cole, and Briggs. The Congregation member lifts their arm higher, and the light catches the dead body of the lookout, his eyes glassy, mouth frozen mid-warning. His coat glints faintly, now streaked with blood.)

CONGREGATION MEMBER (V.O.): (through a loudspeaker, resonant and eerie) Tonight, the Hollow King rises! Your monster, your pride—it belongs to the Almighty!

(A loud pyro pop simulates an explosion. The room explodes in crimson light. A section of the second story's ceiling collapses in a flash. The Amalgam's roar crescendos—and a sharp metallic sound of chains snapping is heard. We see the shadow of the beast escaping.)

CALLAWAY: (yelling over the chaos) It's loose! Get 'em to safety, Cole—GO!

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: Keep movin'! Don't stop to look, shaft three'll take you out past the Barracks!

ANONYMOUS GUILD MEMBER: Briggs said he'd hold the line... God help him if that thing's still breathin'.

(Cole opens a hinged portrait on the wall and pulls a lever, opening a secret passage to the mines. As guests approach the escape passage, it is blocked by a menacingly lit cast member dressed as a member of the Congregation.)

CONGREGATION CM: The Hollow King demands a tribute beneath the Blood Moon! You, the proud hunters of man and beast, shall be our sacrifice!

(The cast member 'captures' the guests, ushering them through the secret passageway and into the mines.)

SCENE 3: THE MINES

(A long, winding tunnel carved deep into the rock, its walls lined with timber and rusted steel. Evidence of the Monster Hunters' escape is scattered throughout with overturned carts, broken lanterns, and discarded weapons. As the tunnel descends, we see signs of their frantic retreat: bloodied bootprints and symbols etched into the cave's lining. CMs dressed as the Congregation block every viable escape route. The passage ends at the cage car lift shaft, a rusty maintenance elevator being controlled by The Congregation, taking you to your sealed fate.)

(AMBIENT DIALOGUE - Looped via hidden speakers)

(QUEUE SOUNDSCAPE): Threatening music, murmured clattering, and panic builds to low grunting and chanting, eerie music, a sound louder than silence.

CONGREGATION MEMBER (V.O.): We bleed so he may wake...

CONGREGATION MEMBER (V.O.): The red light guides, the red light binds...

CONGREGATION MEMBER (V.O.): All debts paid in blood, all blood his own...

SCENE 4: THE LIFT SHAFT

(Guests are herded into a cage lift suspended over an abyss and surrounded by projection surfaces above and below. Its walls streaked with blood and rust. The lift platform creaks underfoot, its grated floor revealing the maze of caverns below. The glow of the Blood Moon filters down through the shaft.)

CONGREGATION MEMBER: (snarling) Up, up—into the sky, where your blood will feed the dawn!

(Suddenly, the cage car shudders to life, beginning its ascent towards the mountain's peak. Above the guests, a glowing, menacing red moon is projected, rapidly filling the sky. Below, a vast cavern of shadowy monsters and horrors falls away.)

BRIGGS: Hang on! I'm gettin' you out of this coffin—here goes nothin'!

(A sharp whip crack! Immediately followed by a swooping lasso sound as BRIGGS throws his lasso out over the abyss, hooking a lever on the other side. The car's ascent screeches to a violent halt.)

BRIGGS: (smugly) Hold tight! The Guild's got you now!

(The cage car's doors burst open, revealing a dim cave alcove filled with supplies and manned by CMs dressed as Guildsmen.)

GUILDSMEN CM: Sorry about the rough rescue! Past those crates to the left you'll find your escape. More Guildsmen should be waiting for you there!

Looks like we got varmints between us and daylight!

SCENE 5: TRANSITION TO LOADING STATION

(A small series of natural caverns, dimly lit by red lanterns. Jagged rock formations close in tight, forcing guests into a zig-zagging escape route. On the walls are hastily abandoned emergency supplies: open ammunition crates, missing weapons from a case. As guests press onward, the cavern widens into a high-ceilinged passage where illuminated training plaques are mounted on the wall, scribbled Guild instructional graphics showing how to operate their weapons mounted on the incoming ride vehicles.)

(AMBIENT DIALOGUE)(OVERHEAD SPEAKERS)

BRIGGS (V.O.): Listen up, recruits! You're 'bout to hitch a ride straight through monster country, so keep yer heads low and yer irons high!

BRIGGS (V.O.): These shooters ain't toys, they're Guild-grade, kick like a mule, and jam if you breathe on 'em wrong. Treat 'em gentle, and they'll treat you alive.

BRIGGS (V.O.): Keep an eye out for weak spots; they'll glow green. Some got three. Some got none.

BRIGGS (V.O.): And if somethin' starts chanting at ya? SHOOT FIRST. Don't need those yapping blunderbusses messing up our plan.

(The cavern finally opens into a massive, torch-lit transport bay, where mechanical tracks, crates, and equipment border the evacuation mine carts. MONSTER HUNTER CM'S wave frantically, ushering guests forward.)

MONSTER HUNTER CM: Move it! Mount up! These carts'll get you topside, if the Hollow King don't get there first. Keep hands, hats, and boots inside the rig at all times! You lose it, we ain't stoppin'!

(As guests board the vehicle, they pull down their lap restraints, essentially engaging their shooter. In an eight-person ride vehicle, each shooter has a distinctive color, marking their pointer in the game. In front of all guests is a point counter, so they can collect their bounties later.)

BRIGGS (V.O.): Saddle up, hunters! We got monsters to outrun and a skeleton to put back in the dirt!

BRIGGS (V.O.): Shooters armed... carts primed... now go make me proud... or at least make it back in one piece.

(The carts launch sends them down a drop into a dark tunnel.)

ACT 2: RIDE EXPERIENCE

SCENE 1: JACKALOPES

(The carts roll out of the loading bay and coast around a sharp, rocky bend. Up ahead, embedded in the stone, a small overlook platform opens into a cavern. An animatronic BRIGGS stands atop a rocky ledge at eye-level, framed by collapsed timbers and scattered carcass remains.)

BRIGGS: There you are! About time you made your way up here. Just got to pull this lever here-

(On the screen a jackalope: oversized, and horned, lunges from the rockwork toward BRIGGS. He fires his revolver, sending a flare across the room. The creature bursts into a spray of swirling green mist, dissipating with a shriek. Then, hundreds of red eyes begin to appear in the shadows of the mines.)

BRIGGS: (smirking) Alright! Looks like it's time for a little target practice.

(He pulls the lever shooting the cart towards the next scene. The cart dips slightly and coasts into a wide-open cavern arena. Rocky shelves and screens wrap around the riders in a 270-degree projection. Jackalopes then begin to jump out and lunge, almost as if a stampede is coming straight for the guests.)

BRIGGS (V.O): Atta boy! Nice shot! Keep after 'em, they breed faster'n rabbits! Watch the ridgeline on your left, there's always a sneaky one there!

(A thunderclap is heard, paired with a visual shockwave in the digital media. The jackalopes disperse in fear as green mist begins blasting into the cavern from every crack.)

BRIGGS (V.O.): (nervous) Uh oh... that ain't no Jackalope.

HOLLOW KING (V.O.): (low, resonant, like thunder, echoing through the cavern) Crawl from the cracks, my wretched kin—the Hollow King hangs no more.

(BRIGGS shoots the skull apparition that has formed from the green smoke. It disperses and moves to the right. The motion of your vehicle follows, facing you towards a Davy Jones style mist projection.)

HOLLOW KING (V.O.): Bring me their blood!

(The cart accelerates wildly forward through the mist screen and down a drop followed by sharp, banked turns through dark tunnels. There are occasional strobe/smoke effects. We hear echoes of the Hollow King's incantation from his walking necromancy days fading in and out, struggling to compete with the heavy rock soundtrack. If guests fire their guns during this portion, they will hear the bullets making cartoon-y ricochet sounds, echoing into the distance.)

HOLLOW KING (V.O.): (faintly echoing in out, incantations from another life)

Dust to dust, bone to bone —
what the Lord cast down, *I call home.*

By gallows' shadow and graveyard's keep,
ye restless souls, rise from sleep.

Ex sanguine, ex cinere, surge et ambula.
(From blood, from ash, rise and walk.)

Let the clay remember its name,
let the sinner breathe through hollow flame.

By rope and rust, by sin and sign —
I bind ye back to this earth of mine.

SCENE 2: MOLEMEN

(The cart slows, turning into a cavern with piles of soft dirt and low ceilings. We hear a scurrying sound as the track simulates the ground rumbling.)

BRIGGS (V.O.): Molemen! Blasted tunnellers! Keep your aim steady!

(Mutated, spore-covered molemen claw up through the dirt from beneath the track. The carts shake violently as the creatures strike from below. When a Moleman is defeated, a burst of green mist is released, dissolving into glowing spores that float through the air.)

BRIGGS (V.O.): They're comin' from below! Keep firin', give those poor souls some damn peace!

(Each hit releases more souls, screams dissolving into drifting spore streams that illuminate the cavern. On the far wall, on a digital screen, a massive section of dirt bulges outward, then splits as a massive Moleman emerges. Twice the size of the others, it roars shaking the cavern.)

BRIGGS (V.O.): Aim for the green pustules! That big one's holdin' a lot of souls!

(The Moleman slams its claws into the floor. The entire track drops two feet in a sudden lurch, simulating the supports failing.)

HOLLOW KING (V.O.): (rising from below, voice deep and layered) Clay-born wretches...
scream their due and crumble to dust. Your souls are mine by ancient right.

(The pustules burst when hit, releasing dozens of souls at once, multiple overlapping screams that swirl together into one agonized wail before evaporating. The Moleman collapses, cracking the rock underneath it.)

BRIGGS (V.O.): The ground's given' way... HANG ON!

(The track "breaks" sending the riders down into darkness as the Molemen screech and claw behind them, their voices fading into an echo.)

SCENE 3: TRUEBLOODS AND FLESHWINGS

(The cart bursts from the tunnels into a towering cavern of stalactites and stalagmites. Stalactites drip with dark crimson, each drop sizzling as it splashes onto the pool below. The cavern smells metallic and ancient. Ahead, a narrow crevice appears to open to daylight, an exit. Just as guests approach it...)

(A Fleshwing drops from the ceiling, slamming onto a rusted track switch. With a screech, the lever flips. The track forcibly diverts the cart sideways, slamming it backwards back towards the caverns. On the screens, BRIGGS swings down from a frayed rope, landing on a ledge beside the cart as Fleshwings swarm above on the ceiling.)

BRIGGS: Damn. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO ESCAPE! (spins and fires at a swooping Fleshwing, which erupts into a green dust)

BRIGGS: Dang it, not THESE bloodsuckers... Listen up! Helpful tip: you shoot the Truebloods, you kill their Fleshwings! They're all linked like some sick ol' family tree!

(From the shadows a Trueblood emerges: tall, pallid, eyes like stagnant wine. More Truebloods perch on stalagmites and ledges, watching like predators at a feast.)

TRUEBLOOD: Warm-blooded trespassers... carried into our sanctum like offerings on rails. Your Guild slaughters the chaff... yet leaves the shepherds untouched.

(A Fleshwing swoops past the cart, then another, dipping and shrieking.)

BRIGGS (V.O.): There... there! Shoot that stalactite! Drop it on their wings!

(When riders shoot them, the stalactites break loose, plummeting and crushing Fleshwings below. A cluster of Truebloods screech as their minions die, recoiling violently as if shocked through a hive mind. A Trueblood emerges from a column of stone, its voice rattling the cavern.)

TRUEBLOOD: (furious) Children... take their vessel! Lift them to the altar! Let their blood greet the moon!

(The cart "rises" off the track, pulled upward by beating wings. Guests ascend rapidly onto the next scene.)

SCENE 4: THE SACRIFICE

(The cart is hauled upward, bursting out into a windswept mountaintop. The sky above churns with violent green clouds. The blood moon looms enormous overhead, bathing everything in crimson. The guests shooters vibrate as they pulsate with green veins, powering down. Tattered-robed CONGREGATION MEMBERS step from the shadows of broken pillars and jagged stone. Their lanterns grow with green flame. Their voices rise in a rhythmic chant.)

CONGREGATION MEMBERS: Blood for the moon...breath for the King...The hunters fall...the offering sings...

LEAD CONGREGATION MEMBER: (arms raised to the sky) Tonight, beneath his watchful eye, the marrow of the Guild shall feed the dawn!

(From the darkness of the surrounding precipices, Lighthowlers begin to creep forward: lanky, mutated creatures with black, hollow eyes. One tilts his head at the trapped riders, then another. They begin stalking forward.)

CONGREGATION MEMBERS: Feast...feast...feast...

(Gunfire erupts overhead. BRIGGS swings in on a rope, slamming into a CONGREGATION MEMBER, kicking him off the ledge.)

BRIGGS: NOT TODAY, YOU ROBED RAT-BAGS!

(CALLAWAY bursts from the opposite side, revolvers blazing.)

CALLAWAY: Back off, you moon-drunk bastards!

(Cole appears behind the riders, as the cart swivels around, blades drawn.)

COLE: (jokingly) Sorry we're late, had a little vampire problem downstairs.

(A full crew of Monster Hunters flood into the scene, tackling Lighthowlers, shooting them off ledges, driving them into a retreat. The CONGREGATION MEMBERS struggle to maintain the ritual. Immediate chaos. BRIGGS leaps onto the hood of the cart, grinning proudly.)

BRIGGS: We did it! We actually... (freezes)

CALLAWAY: (squinting at ground) Uh...Briggs? Why's that fuse runnin' straight under the cart?

(Everyone looks down, guests hear the sizzling of a burning fuse under the cart. BRIGGS' face drops.)

BRIGGS: SON OF A-

SCENE 6: THE AMALGAM

(BOOM. A massive explosion blasts the cart straight out, taking you on your victory lap. But yet, at the end of the tunnel, the cart begins to slow, and stop. They are in complete darkness. They hear a loud pounce behind them. A slow, warm, rattling breath on the back of their necks.

Guests can only hear guttural snarling. The cart turns itself, slowly, until they're rotated 180-degrees, face to face.)

(Standing in front of them is the Amalgam, a state-of-the-art Audio Animatronic, it crouches, and then launches towards you on an LSM launch track. Guests whip around in the opposite direction.)

BRIGGS: (With a bright torch, illuminating the cavern, laughing wildly.) Aw, GOTCHA! This here's old Bessie! (The Amalgam through digital screens, runs over to BRIGGS, curls up to him.) She's a sweetheart, honest! (Rubbing her belly.) Heh... alright, look, I mighta lied about the whole "unstoppable horror" thing.

(The Amalgam snarls, BRIGGS pats it like a horse.)

BRIGGS: Now, now, girl, easy! These fine folks are leavin'. Go on! Scoot! Git! The worst is behind ya!

(BRIGGS mounts the Amalgam, it starts to climb it's way up the wall. Breaking a portion large enough for the cart to exit.)

BRIGGS (V.O., DISTANT): Don't forget to collect yer bounty on the way out!

ACT 3: POST-SHOW

(As the cart moves toward daylight, intense, victorious rock music plays. But the cavern hums, the green veins follow them out. The HOLLOW KING calls out to them.)

HOLLOW KING (V.O.): (Soft, directly in your ear.) The hunt is not done... little thieves of breath. A debt of blood remains. A debt I will claim. (A low, ancient laugh reverberates from the cave walls, stretching into a rumble as guests make their way to the "makeshift" unloading bay.)

(Guests disembark and step back into the "preshow foyer", but it is now a completely transformed space. Deep claw marks rake across the wallpaper, portraits are slashed, frames broken. The once heavily curtained cage that held the Amalgam is now obliterated. A trail of dragged blood, and broken chains lead across the floor.)

(AMBIENT DIALOGUE AS THE GUESTS ARE LEAVING)(V.O.)

COLE: Somebody tell me how a beast with 4 legs got through a wall made o' STEEL.

CALLAWAY: I told BRIGGS not to poke it! I SAID THAT EXACT SENTENCE OUT LOUD!

COLE: If anybody sees BRIGGS, alive or in pieces, please report to the infirmary!

CALLAWAY: We are NOT cleanin' this up tonight. I don't care what the Sherriff says.

(Guests exit out into the Company Store located in Crowe Caverns. Their bounty score can be found attached to their picture from the attraction.)