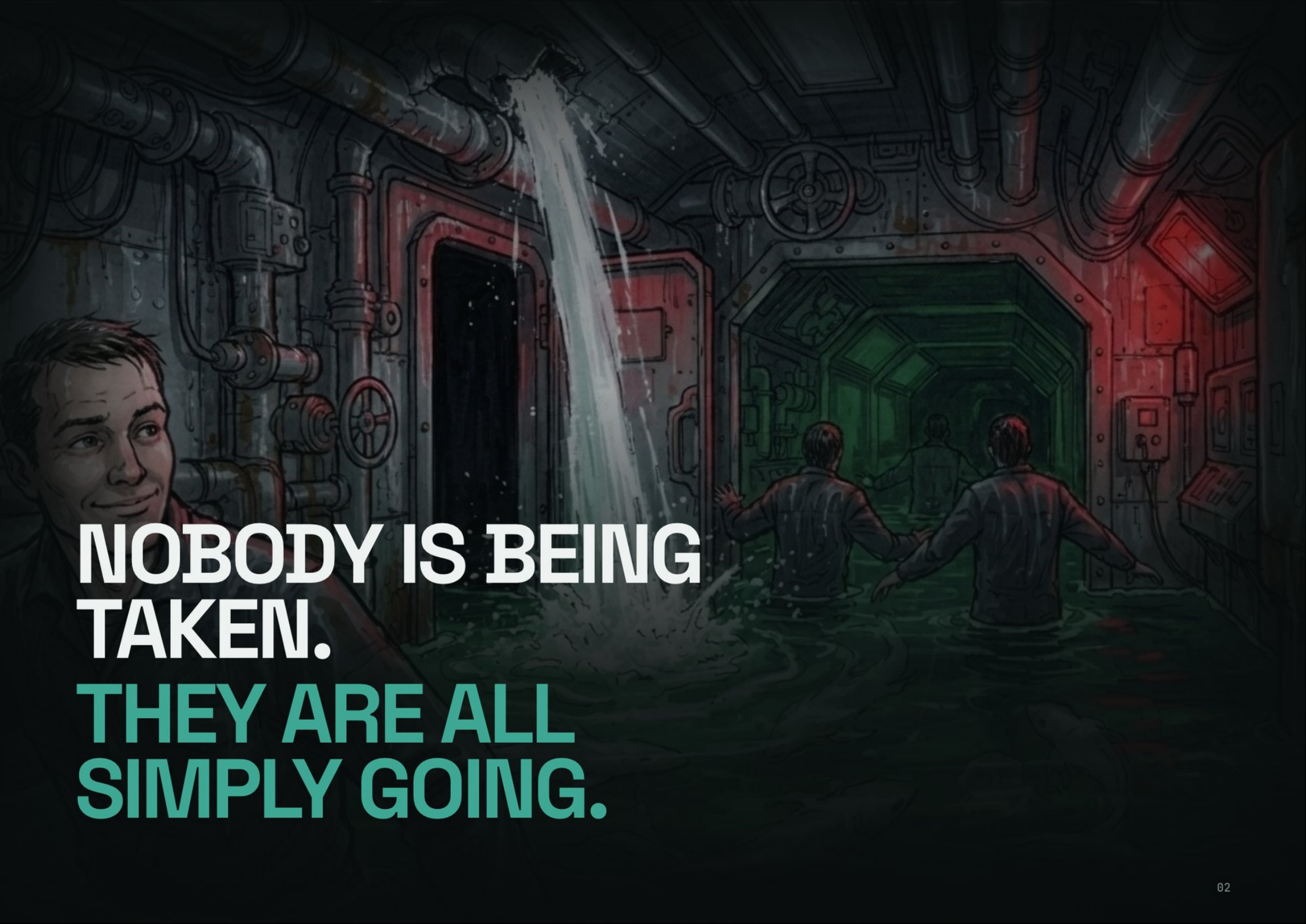




ORIGINAL CONCEPT — FINLEY MURRAY

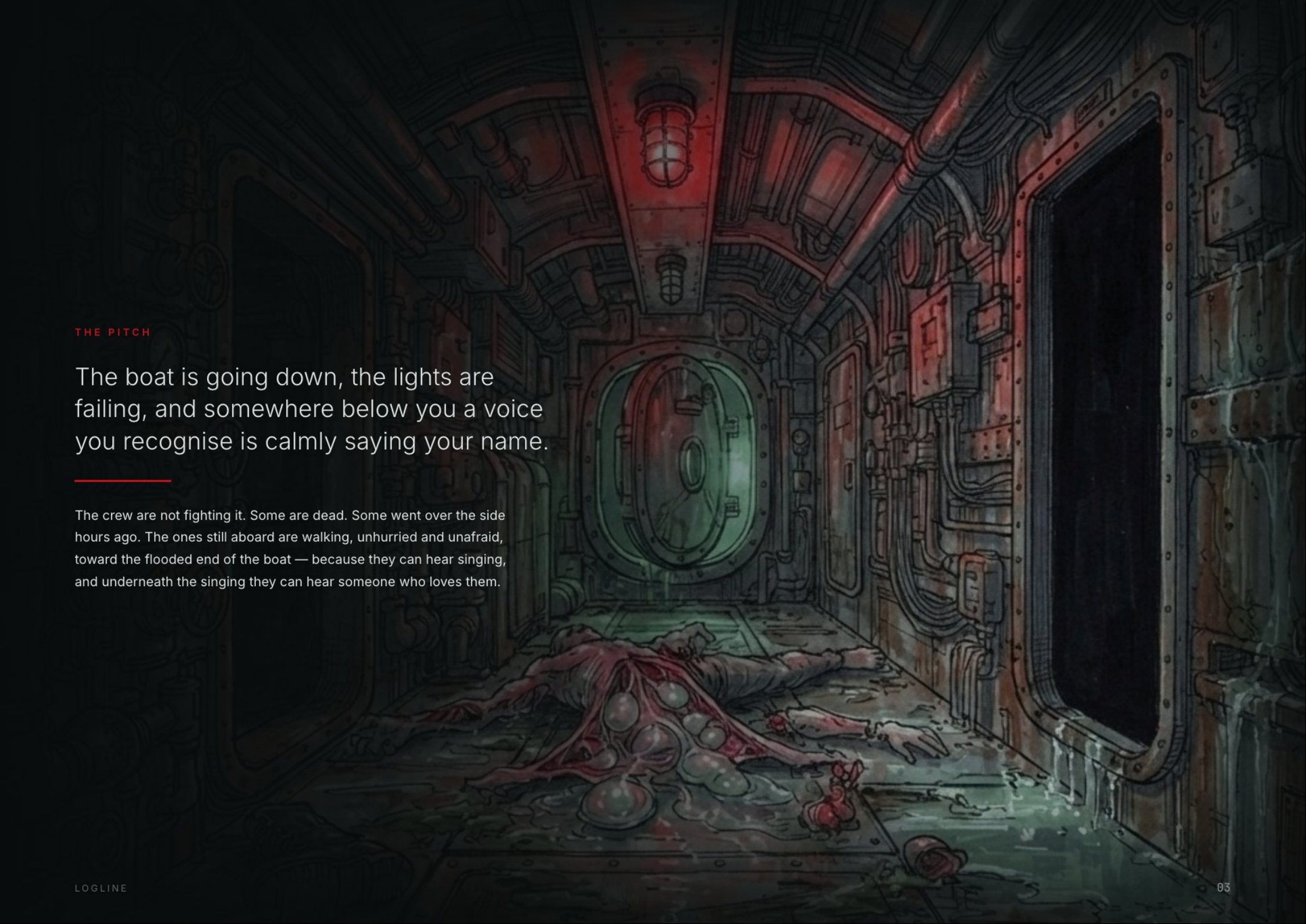
DROWNED

A submarine is sinking, something in the water is singing, and every person aboard is walking toward it.



**NOBODY IS BEING
TAKEN.**

**THEY ARE ALL
SIMPLY GOING.**



THE PITCH

The boat is going down, the lights are failing, and somewhere below you a voice you recognise is calmly saying your name.

The crew are not fighting it. Some are dead. Some went over the side hours ago. The ones still aboard are walking, unhurried and unafraid, toward the flooded end of the boat — because they can hear singing, and underneath the singing they can hear someone who loves them.

02

THE BOAT

Red light, failing power, and a crew who have stopped working because they are listening to something.

02 — THE SONG

IT IS BEAUTIFUL

Two layers, both required. The song itself is hauntingly, genuinely beautiful — not eerie, not discordant, not horror-scored. Something you would stop and listen to.

Underneath it, **a voice the listener already knows.** A wife, a mother, a shipmate, calmly saying their name from the other side of a bulkhead. Not singing. Just speaking, warmly.

WHY THIS IS THE MAZE'S REAL SIGNATURE

Horror attractions make their sound **unpleasant** — that is the convention, and it is what an audience braces for. **Drowned's sound is gorgeous, and that is what is killing everybody.** A guest who catches themselves enjoying it has understood the attraction completely, and nobody had to tell them anything.

NOT THE GUEST'S OWN NAME

The voices belong to the crew, calling crew names. The guest is overhearing something intimate that was never meant for them, which is its own kind of horrible.

THE STAGING RULE

Nobody in this attraction resists anything. They walk into water. They reach. They open hatches that should stay shut. **If a performer looks frightened, it is wrong.**



Compartment 3 — the sonar operator has turned his back on his own console and put his ear against the hull. He is smiling.

03 — PALETTE

RED IS THE BOAT. GREEN IS THE SEA.

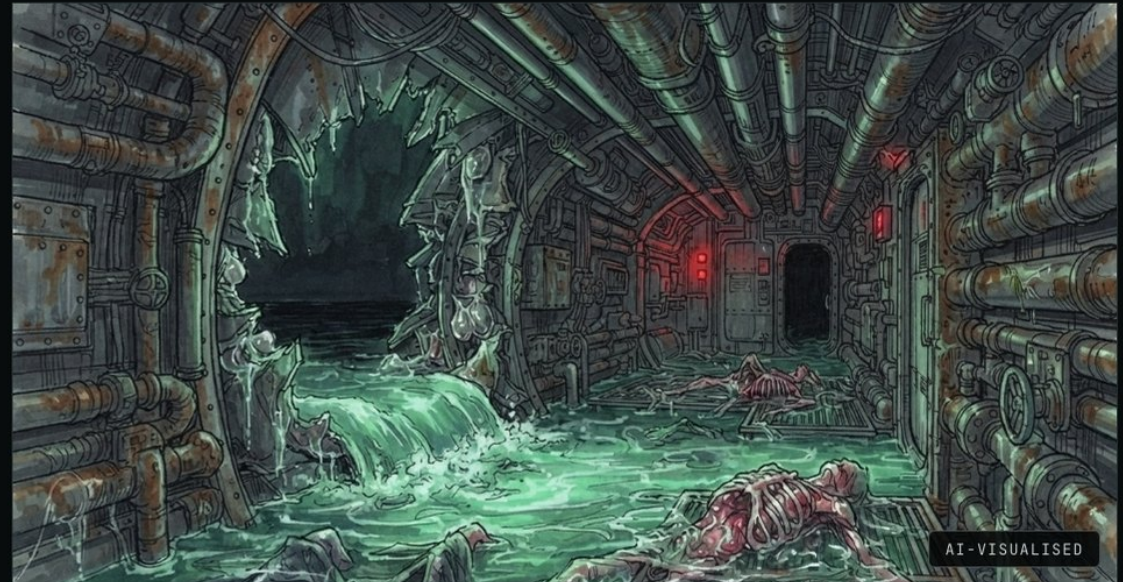
Red is every space the crew still hold: emergency lighting, hard and saturated, throwing black shadows. **Green** is the water — through every porthole, every hatch, every crack, cold and luminous.

They meet wherever the sea is getting in. A green glow under a red door. Green light coming up through a deck grating. And in the finale, red is gone completely.

Emergency Red #C4141C The boat. Hard, saturated, unhealthy	Deep Green #1E4A44 The water beyond the hull	Luminous Green #3FA894 Consoles, god rays, the sea coming in
Hull Grey #3A3F42 Steel, pipework, valves	Rust #7A4028 Every seam, every weld	Siren Pallor #A8B4BE The creatures. Wet, cold, bloodless

COMPLEMENTARY OPPOSITES

Red and green sit opposite one another on the wheel, which is what makes the collision between them so violent. Wherever the two meet, the eye cannot settle.



Compartment 7 — the last of the red dies behind the guest. From here everything is green.



Detail — a clutch in a warm corner where pipework meets the frame.

04

THE ROUTE

Eight compartments, one direction. The boat floods behind the guest and the way out is always forward.

FORWARD, AND DOWN

#	COMPARTMENT	STATE	THE BEAT
01	Control Room	RED · POWER FAILING	The crew at their stations, not working. Listening
02	Passageway	RED · DRIPPING	The first voice. Nothing seen
03	Sonar & Comms	GREEN CONSOLES	His ear is against the hull, and he is smiling
04	Crew Quarters	RED · EMPTY	Photographs and letters. Whose voices these are
05	Torpedo Room	WATER COMING IN	The first siren, properly seen
06	The Flooded Compartment	WAIST DEEP	The crew wading in, calm and unhurried
07	The Breach	HULL TORN OPEN	How they got aboard. The red dies
▼ OUT THROUGH THE BREACH			
08	Outside The Hull — finale	OPEN WATER	The drifting crew, and the sirens

WATER RULES

Real water crashes and floods in areas the guest can **see** but never reach. What reaches the guest is drips and spray only. Crush depth is a constant presence throughout — the hull groaning, ticking and distorting, rivets going off like gunshots.





COMPARTMENT 01

CONTROL ROOM

RED POWER FAILING CREW PRESENT

Analogue consoles, valve wheels, a periscope column, alarm lamps lit. Green repeaters against hard red light.

THE BEAT — NOBODY IS WORKING

Every crew member is at their station and none of them are touching anything. All heads turned to the far hatch, listening. **Nothing happens in this room, and that is the scare.**



COMPARTMENT 02

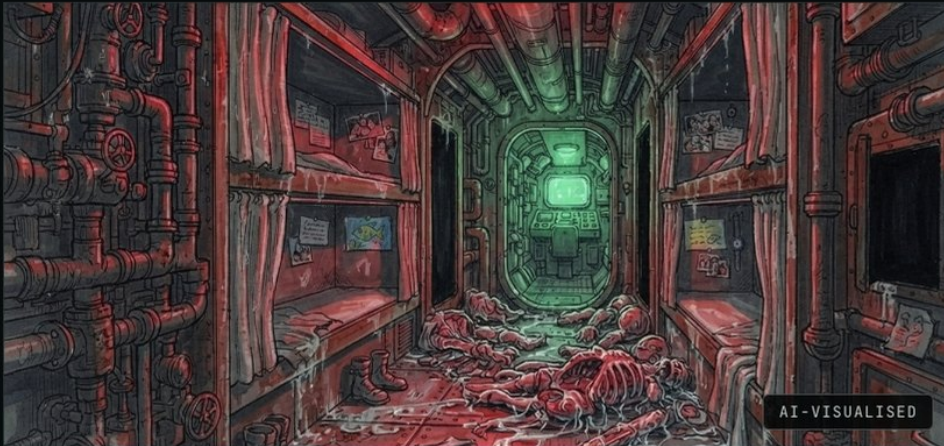
PASSAGEWAY

SHOULDER WIDTH DRIPPING NO CAST

Pipework and cable runs to both sides, red bulkhead lamps at intervals, one dead and one flickering. Water running down the plating.

THE BEAT — THE FIRST VOICE

Nothing is seen. Something is heard through the steel, and the green glow at the far hatch is the only thing to walk toward.



COMPARTMENT 04

CREW QUARTERS

BUNKS THREE HIGH EMPTY

Curtains half drawn, blankets thrown back, boots left in pairs. Pinned inside every bunk: photographs, letters, a child's drawing.

THE BEAT — WHOSE VOICES THESE ARE

The room answers a question the guest has not consciously asked yet. One curtain is still swinging.



COMPARTMENT 05

TORPEDO ROOM

WATER COMING IN FIRST SIREN

Racked torpedoes both sides, a tube door open with green water pouring out across the deck plating, ankle deep and rising.

THE BEAT — BEHIND THE RACKS

She is standing in the gap between two torpedoes, perfectly still, water running off her, head tilted. **She does not lunge.**

COMPARTMENT 06

THE FLOODED COMPARTMENT

Water waist deep and visibly rising, luminous green, with a hard white torrent crashing in from a fractured pipe overhead. Machinery half submerged.

Two crew are wading **away** from the guest, deeper in, water to their chests, heads up, unhurried. Neither looks back.

THE HARDEST NOTE IN THE ATTRACTION

Everything about them must read as **contentment**. Not fear, not trance, not possession. A man standing chest-deep in rising water, looking toward the dark end of a compartment with his head slightly tilted — and smiling.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

COMPARTMENT 08 · FINALE

OUTSIDE THE HULL

The guest passes out through the breach and the last space is open water. The hull looming black behind, god rays falling from a surface impossibly far above, particulate drifting in the beams.

And the crew are already out here — suspended in uniform, arms loose, hair moving slowly, faces calm and eyes open.

They are the answer to every empty bunk the guest has walked past.

THE SIRENS, MOVING PROPERLY

Awkward and hunched on steel, they are transformed in water — fluid, fast and completely at home. Many of them now, converging from every side. And the song at full volume.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

05

THE CAST

Three creatures and three states of crew — dead, gone,
and walking.



05 — THE SIRENS

THEY ARE FEMALE

And that is the mechanism rather than a decoration. A sexless creature could drag a man off a boat; only this one can make him climb over the rail himself. Fine bone structure under everything else — a face that would be genuinely beautiful if it were not so wrong.



SIREN · PALE

THE SIREN

High sharp cheekbones, a narrow refined jaw, long wet dark hair hanging past the shoulders. Enormous solid black eyes with no white at all, needle teeth in a wide lipless mouth, gill folds at the throat, webbed hands. A torn wet drape clinging to the body.

On steel she is hunched, wet and awkward — land does not suit her. In water she is transformed, and the contrast should be startling.



SIREN · GREEN

THE GREEN SIREN

The same species, a different animal. Mottled sickly green with darker reticulated markings across a broader, deeply ridged cranium. Pale eyes with visible irises — more animal than void. Ragged gill structures, irregular needle teeth.

Her hair is paler, almost white, and tangled with weed. Numbers escalate through the attraction: one or two glimpsed early, and by the finale the water is full of them.

05 — THE CREW

DEAD, GONE, AND WALKING

Three states, and the guest meets all of them. The hardest note in the attraction is the third — everything about the Walking must read as **contentment**. Not fear, not trance, not possession.



CREW · LURED

THE WALKING

Soaked through, hair plastered flat — and entirely unharmed. No wounds, nothing wrong with him at all.

Arms loose, head tilted, eyes open and unfocused, mid-step. Faintly, genuinely happy — the face of someone who has just heard a voice they have not heard in a long time.



CREW · THE FIRST

THE SONAR OPERATOR

Bare ears, and nothing near them. He has turned his back on his own console and put the side of his head against the hull, one palm flat on the plating.

Eyes closed, smiling — absorbed. He is not listening to the sonar. He is listening through the boat, and he is the first one who heard it.



CREW · TORN

THE DEAD

Torn apart where he stood — one arm gone at the shoulder leaving a ragged socket, the chest ripped open and the ribs sprung outward.

But what is inside is translucent membrane, pale glistening sacs and clear gelatinous fluid, not blood. The violence reads as feeding, not murder.

06 — SOUND

WHAT THE BOAT SOUNDS LIKE

- **The song**, everywhere, always, beautiful.
- **The voices** underneath it — many names, layered, belonging to the crew.
- **The hull** — groaning, ticking, rivets going off like gunshots. Crush depth is a constant.
- **Water** — running, dripping, crashing somewhere out of sight.
- **Alarms**, and then no alarms.

THE DEAD SPOT

One compartment where the song stops entirely. It is the only frightening silence in the attraction — and the guest will want the singing back, which tells them something about themselves.

07 — SCOPE

FORMAT	Walkthrough house, Universal / HHN scale
COMPARTMENTS	Eight, plus façade and queue
DWELL	Approx. 4 minutes
FAÇADE	Naval boat shed, hull in forced perspective, hatch entrance
HIGHEST COST	Water systems — pumps, tanking, recirculation, containment
SIGNATURE SPEND	The song. One outstanding vocal composition
REPEATABLE	One hull-plating flat and one pipework module dress every compartment
STATUS	Blue sky · original IP · no CoSWP

THE WATER DISCIPLINE

Real water is visible and audible but never underfoot. Crashing floods sit behind glass, behind grating, and beyond hatches. Guests get drips and spray only — which is enough, and it is the part they will describe afterwards.



DROWNED

Original concept, story, design and art direction
Finley Murray
Concept Package · Draft 01

IMAGE CREDIT

Concept imagery in this document was **generated with AI from original written design direction** by the author, and is marked as such throughout. The images visualise the design; they are not the design. Story, world, route, cast, art direction and build logic are original work.

Creature designs are original, developed from third-party silicone mask photography held as reference only.