



CONCEPT PORTFOLIO

SIX ORIGINAL SCARE MAZE CONCEPTS

Finley Murray · Concept, story, design & art direction

2026 edition

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Six original haunted attractions, each delivered as a complete Concept Package — story, guest journey, art direction, cast and build logic.

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Each Concept Package is also available as a standalone document. Concept imagery generated with AI from the author's written design direction and marked as such throughout; story, world, route, cast, art direction and build logic are original work.



ORIGINAL CONCEPT — FINLEY MURRAY

THE BUNKER

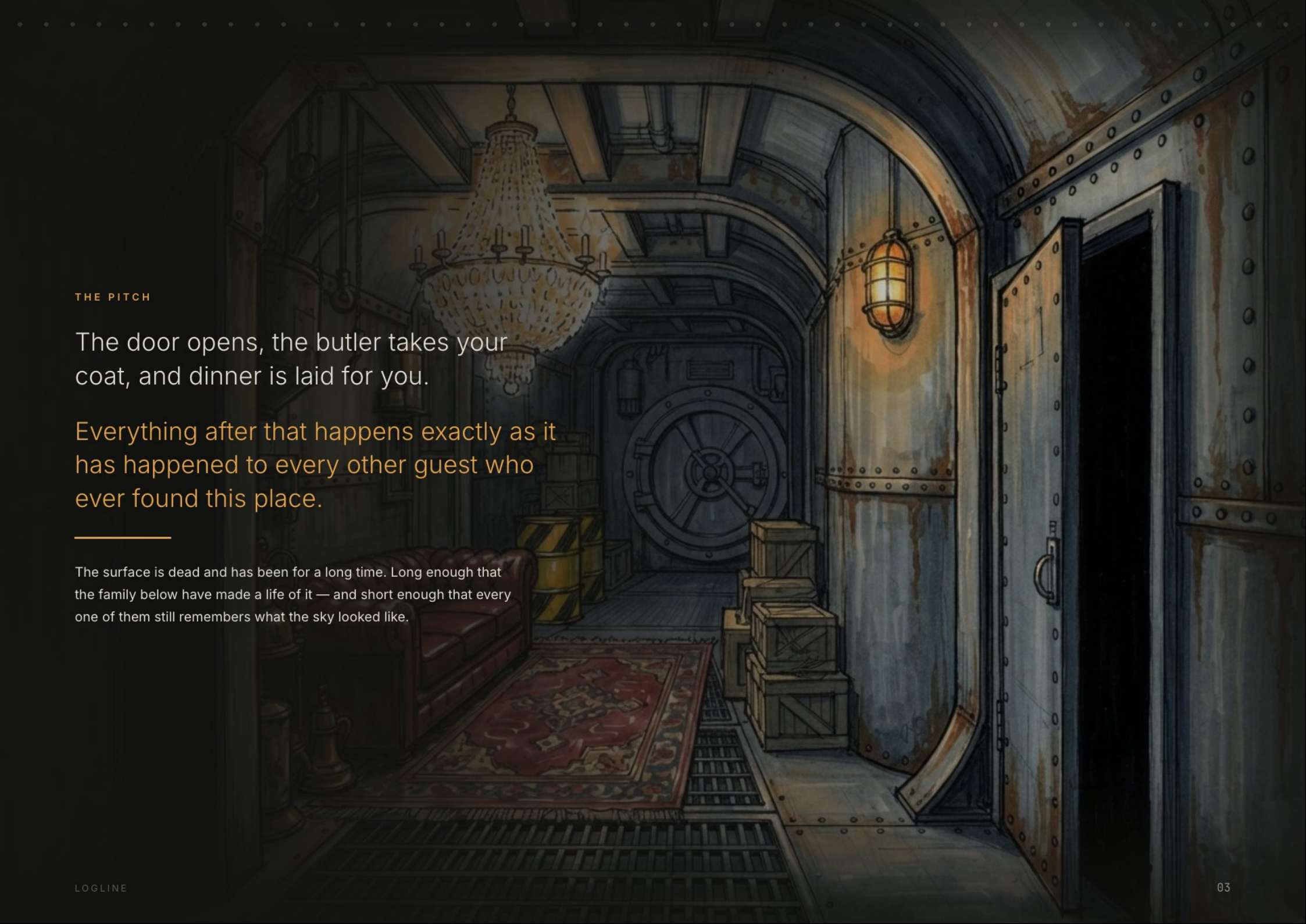
A rich family bought their way underground before the end of the world. They are still down there, still dressing for dinner — and you have been invited.

CONCEPT PACKAGE

DRAFT 01



THE TABLE IS LAID.
THERE IS A PLACE FOR
YOU.



THE PITCH

The door opens, the butler takes your coat, and dinner is laid for you.

Everything after that happens exactly as it has happened to every other guest who ever found this place.

The surface is dead and has been for a long time. Long enough that the family below have made a life of it — and short enough that every one of them still remembers what the sky looked like.

01

THE FAMILY

They were rich when it happened. Rich enough to have somewhere to go. They took the furniture, the paintings, the silver and the staff, and they sealed the door behind them.

01 — THE WORLD

THEY WERE RIGHT

The surface really is uninhabitable. This is not a maze about a family who got it wrong. It is about a family who got it **right** — and what several decades of being right has done to them.

They are entirely human. No mutation, no transformation, nothing under the masks but people. What has changed is not their bodies.

WHO IS IN CHARGE

Not the Duke. **Grandad and Grandma**. The Duke has the title, the tailoring and the shotgun; the grandparents have the actual power. The most dangerous person down here is an old woman with knitting needles who speaks softly and finds the hunt amusing.

THE GUEST

Not an intruder. **An invited guest** — expected, welcomed, seated. Which is exactly what every Outsider in Zone 7 was, once.



Façade — the bunker portal, with the shell of the family's house as a scenic cut-out on the bank above it. The only warm light on the midway comes up out of the doorway.

WHAT YOU SEE FROM THE MIDWAY



Colour elevation — a scenic frontage roughly ten metres wide. Board-marked concrete, rust-streaked, with a heavy lintel and earth spilling over the top. A circular riveted blast door about twice human height, standing part open, with steel steps and a handrail up to it.

The cut-out above — the ruined house sits on the bank as a shallow scenic flat, not a structure. It gives the guest the whole premise — what they had, and what they built to keep it — before anyone is through the door.

The invitation — everything above ground is cold and dead. The only warm light on the midway comes up out of the doorway. **From out here, down looks better than up.**

01 — THE TWO RULES

EVERYTHING COMES FROM THESE



1 • THE MASK IS HUNTING KIT

The air down here is fine. The masks are not protection — they go on when the family is going to work. Nobody in the attraction is ever seen without one, except once, for about thirty seconds, at the very start.

The armoury rack is sorted by size, descending to very small. **Somebody** looks after this room.



2 • EVERY WEAPON IS A HOUSEHOLD OBJECT

Knitting needles. A butler's sabre. A carving knife. A chainsaw from the workshop. A spear. **Nothing here was made to kill; everything here has been used to.**

The same logic runs through the dressing. In the nursery every doll wears a tiny hand-sewn gas mask, cut and stitched to fit a doll's face. **Somebody** sewed those.

02 — THE TURN

THE BUTLER PUTS HIS MASK ON

He receives the guest **unmasked** — a real face, calm and courteous, in a black tailcoat and white gloves. He shows them the house and seats them for dinner. He is the only human face anyone sees in the entire attraction.

Then, without hurrying and without a word, he puts his gas mask on and leaves the room.

PLAY IT STRAIGHT

He must be entirely genuine up to that point — no wink, no menace, no foreshadowing. The mask goes on **slowly and correctly**: straps adjusted, seal checked. A man getting ready for work. Nothing in the attraction needs to explain itself after that.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

03

THE GUEST JOURNEY



Eight zones. You are shown round the house, and then you are shown what the house is for.

EIGHT ZONES

#	ZONE	CAST	BEAT
01	Entrance Hall	The Butler — unmasked	You are received. Coats taken
02	Hallways	—	The luxury runs out
03	Dining Room	Butler, Duke, Wife, Twins	The mask goes on
04	Nursery	The Daughter, the Twins	Children were raised here
05	Allotment	—	A rest. Nothing bad happens
06	Armoury	Grandad, Grandma	The scale of it
07	Outsiders	The Twins, an Outsider	The reveal
08	Hunting Ground	All of them	The hunt

ONE REST, ON PURPOSE

The Allotment is the only room where nothing is happening — and it is the room that proves how long they have been down here. It resets the guest before the Armoury.

THE REVEAL IS A PERSON

In Zone 7 the guest meets a living Outsider, hiding. He is **dressed for dinner** — because he arrived exactly as they did.



01 HALL



02 HALLWAYS



03 DINING



04 NURSERY



05 ALLOTMENT



06 ARMOURY



07 OUTSIDERS



08 HUNT



ZONE 01

ENTRANCE HALL

~40S THE CLASH BUTLER, UNMASKED

Crystal chandeliers hung from steel roof beams. Gilt-framed portraits screwed to riveted plate. A Persian rug over deck grating, a chesterfield beside a radiation drum.

THE BEAT — HOSPITALITY

Everything the family owns, in a room built to survive a bomb. The Butler takes your coat. **Nothing here is threatening yet, and it must not be.**



ZONE 02

HALLWAYS

~30S BARE STEEL NO CAST

The decoration stops. Riveted plate, cable trays, bulkhead lamps mostly dead, blast doors, a floor you can hear yourself on.

THE BEAT — THE BUILDING ITSELF

This is what the place actually is, underneath everything they put on top of it. The only zone with no luxury in it at all.

ZONE 03

DINING ROOM

A long polished table under a chandelier, laid properly — cloth, silver, cut glass, candles. The nearest place is set and the chair is pulled out. The food on the plates is not right.

THE BEAT — THE TWINS ON THE TABLE

Two boys in matching ruffled shirts and tartan shorts are **dancing on the dinner table**, mid-leap, delighted, entirely at home. Nobody stops them. The cloth is dragged under their shoes and everything else is still perfectly laid.

AND THEN

The Butler seats you, and puts his mask on.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION



ZONE 04

NURSERY

~35S DAUGHTER, TWINS

An iron cot, a rocking horse, children's drawings pinned to riveted steel — and every doll and stuffed animal wearing a tiny hand-sewn gas mask.

THE BEAT — TWO SHAPES

At the end of the room, backlit in a doorway, two small identical silhouettes stand side by side with their heads tilted at exactly the same angle. No detail. Just outlines.



ZONE 05

ALLOTMENT

~30S REST NO CAST

Racked fungus trays, potato clamps, hydroponic troughs under low grow-lamps. Watering cans, hand tools hung on a board, a compost heap.

THE BEAT — NONE

Tended, orderly and completely innocent. **The only room where nothing bad is happening** — and the room that proves how long they have been here.



ZONE 06

ARMOURY

~35S GRANDAD, GRANDMA

Racked weapons, clean and oiled. A workbench with whetstones and gun oil. Webbing and ammunition squared away. Spare masks on numbered pegs, sorted by size.

THE BEAT — THE TIDINESS

The horror is that it is immaculate. The building is rotting and this room is swept. Somebody comes down here and looks after it.



ZONE 07

OUTSIDERS

~40S THE REVEAL TWINS

Steel cage pens against riveted plate. Coats and hats still hanging on hooks outside them. A tally scratched into the steel. One pen open and empty.

THE BEAT — THE ONE STILL ALIVE

A man crouched in the gap between two pens, hand raised for quiet, begging. **His face is bare** — the only unmasked face down here — and he is dressed for dinner.

ZONE 08 · FINALE

HUNTING GROUND

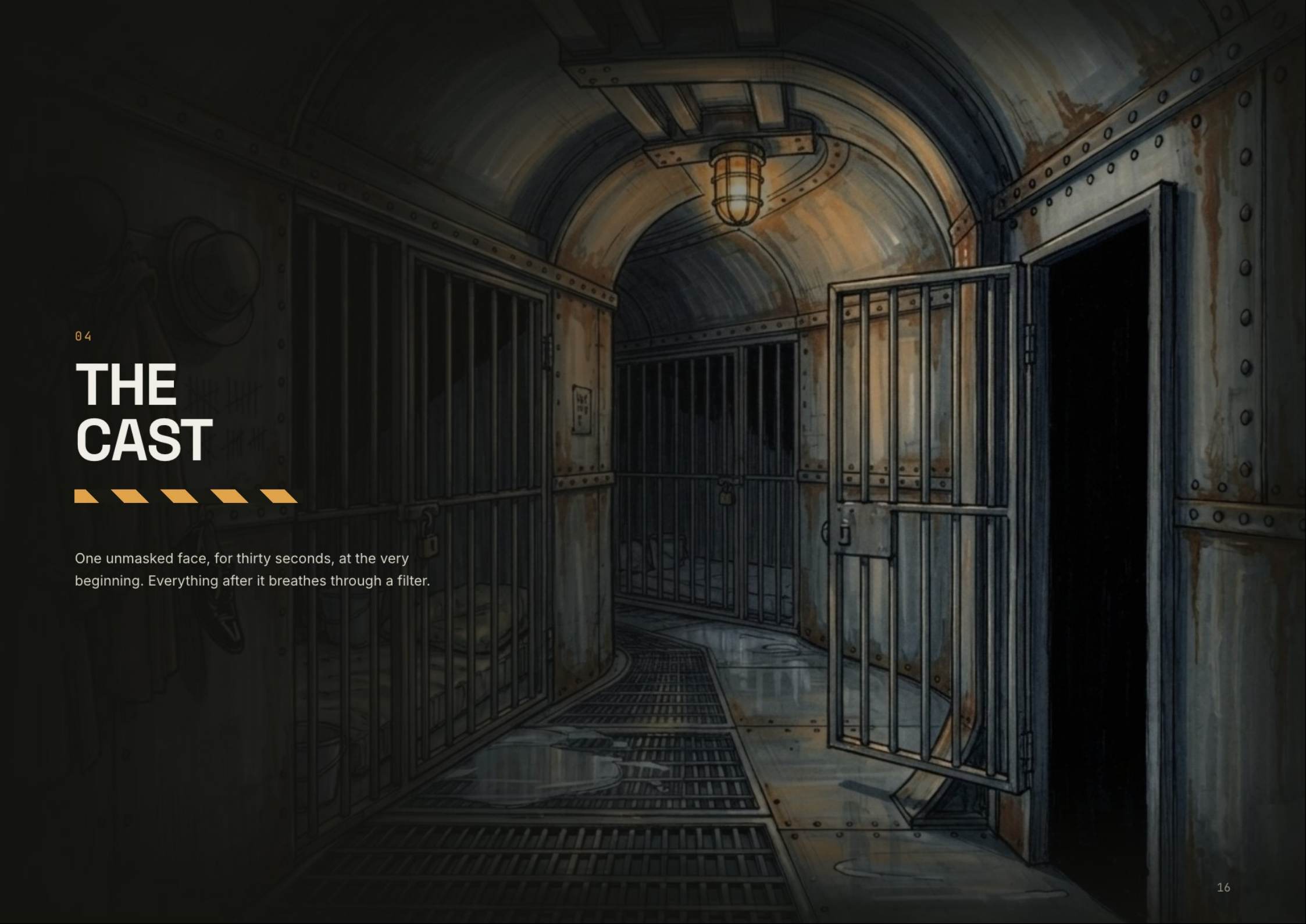
A stretch of bunker stripped bare and arranged as terrain — structural steel, gantries overhead, crate stacks and oil drums forming blind corners, hanging chains, haze.

The family are not standing in the open. **Every one of them comes out of cover** — a shoulder past a stack of drums, a spear through a gap in the crates, a figure crouched on the gantry looking down through the grating.

VERY SLASHER

This is the bloodiest zone in the portfolio and the only one where the violence is **casual**. It is what this family does on an evening.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION



04

THE CAST

One unmasked face, for thirty seconds, at the very beginning. Everything after it breathes through a filter.

04 — CAST

ONE MAN, TWICE

The same costume, the same posture, ninety seconds apart. Nothing about him changes except the mask — which is the point.



ZONES 01-03 · UNMASKED

THE BUTLER

Tailcoat, wing collar, white gloves, sabre at the hip. The mask is in his hand, not on his face. Calm, courteous and completely genuine. **The only human face in the attraction.**



ZONE 03 ONWARDS · MASKED

THE BUTLER

Not one thing about the clothing or the bearing has changed. The sabre is drawn and there is old blood on the gloves. He sees the hunt as part of his duty.

04 — CAST

THE FAMILY

Every weapon is a household object. Nothing here was made to kill.



ZONES 06, 08

GRANDAD

Military fatigues, welding goggles, a bulkier older-pattern mask he has had since the beginning. Chainsaw and a rusty bayonet.

Real authority. He taught them all to hunt.



ZONES 03, 06

GRANDMA

A patched high-collared floral gown over webbing and ammunition pouches. Knitting needles and an engraved antique revolver.

Real authority. Croons lullabies. Finds the hunt amusing.



ZONES 03, 08

THE DUKE

Tweed and velvet cut for a country estate, over military boots and a shell bandolier. Shotgun.

Has the title and the tailoring. Warns you about the Outsiders.



ZONES 03, 04

THE WIFE

A once-luxurious dress under a rugged coat, ammunition at the waist. A long spear.

Nurturing hostess and calculating hunter, in that order.

04 — CAST

BORN DOWN HERE

And the person they invited last time.



ZONES 04, 08

THE DAUGHTER

A frilled party dress over combat boots several sizes too big.
A dagger, held the way a child holds a toy.

Lost innocence. She giggles about the hunt.



ZONES 03, 04, 07

THE TWINS

Matching ruffled shirts, tartan shorts, bow ties, knee socks. Machetes. Their postures mirror each other precisely — the same tilt of the head, the same weight on the same foot.

Gatekeepers. They toy with you first.



ZONE 07

AN OUTSIDER

A surface survivor. A good evening suit, now filthy and torn.
Bare-faced and terrified.

He was invited too.

05 — LOOK & FEEL

ROT THE ROOF, POLISH THE SILVER

Two layers, and the gap between them is the entire art direction.

The bunker is old and flaking. Rust weeping from every rivet line, paint blistering off steel, concrete spalling, damp bloom in the corners. Nobody maintains the building.

Their luxuries are polished. The table gleams. The silver is clean. The brass is bright. **A family who let the roof rot and polish the cutlery.**

Olive Drab

#4A4E33

Webbing, fatigues, masks

Rust

#7A3B23

Weeping rivet lines

Bunker Grey

#4B4F52

Structure, plate, cold

Tarnished Brass

#8A6E3C

Fittings, candlesticks, frames

Oxblood

#4E1417

Upholstery, rugs — and blood

Lamp Amber

#E0A34A

The one warm light in every room

TEMPERATURE RULE

The cold comes from the bunker itself — steel, concrete, damp. The warmth is entirely theirs, laid over the top. **Wherever they have decorated it is warm. Wherever they haven't it is cold.**



AI-VISUALISED

Warm — everything they own, immaculate.



AI-VISUALISED

Cold — the building they let rot around it.

06 — HOW IT GETS BUILT

CORRIDORS, BOO HOLES, COVER

Every space here is drawn as it would be constructed: a guest path about a metre and a half wide between full-height walls, set dressing packed against both sides, and a sightline that stops at a blind bend within a few metres.

SIGHTLINES

Every bend shortens the sightline. That hides the next scare — and lets groups be dispatched closer together. **Sightline control is a capacity decision as much as a creative one.**

BOO HOLES

An actor in open floor cannot scare anyone. Each position is built into the scenery: an offset gap behind the dressing, a shadowed recess, a hinged panel ajar onto blackness.

COVER IN THE FINALE

The Hunting Ground is arranged as terrain, not a stage. Crate stacks, drums and bulkhead recesses give every performer a concealed position to come out of.

OVERHEAD

The gantry above the Hunting Ground is a working actor position. Guests do not look up, which is exactly why it works.



Above: the armoury as built — path squeezed between racks, dark offset gaps on both sides.



Above: the Hunting Ground — blind corners between crate stacks, gantry overhead, recesses at floor level.

07 — SOUND

YOU HEAR THEM BREATHING

The bed. A deep building — ventilation plant, water in pipes, steel ticking as it cools, and the sub-bass of a room with a great deal of earth on top of it.

The luxury layer. A wind-up gramophone somewhere, playing something charming and far too old, always at the edge of hearing.

THE SIGNATURE SOUND

Amplified respirator breathing. Every family member breathes through a filter, so you always hear them before you see them — and in the Hunting Ground you hear several at once, from different directions, none of them visible.

THE BUTLER

The only person who speaks clearly, because he is the only one not wearing a mask. Everything after him is muffled.

08 — SCOPE

FORMAT	Walkthrough house, Universal / HHN scale
ZONES	Eight, single level, plus façade
DWELL	Approx. 4–5 minutes
BATCH	Up to 14 guests — a large group suits the hunt finale
FAÇADE	Scenic frontage approx. 10m wide: concrete portal, blast door, ruined house as a shallow cut-out above
HIGHEST COST	Zone 1 — chandeliers, gilt frames, upholstery and rugs against full riveted steel
CHEAPEST ROOM	Hallways. Bare steel, and it earns its place by making the luxury mean something
STATUS	Blue sky · original IP

MAKEUP & EFFECTS

Latex prosthetics and heavy blood throughout. The gore is slasher — arterial, wet and casual — and it is worked into costume rather than applied per show.



THE BUNKER

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

IMAGE CREDIT

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ORIGINAL CONCEPT — FINLEY MURRAY

STRINGS OF CONTROL

A derelict marionette theatre has started advertising shows again. You have come to watch one.

CONCEPT PACKAGE · DRAFT 01





**EVERY SEAT
IS TAKEN.
ONE OF THEM
IS YOURS.**

THE BILL

The posters went up last week. The theatre has been shut for years — but the posters are new, the doors are open, and a warm voice is telling you where to sit.

The guest arrives as an **audience member**, holding a ticket to a show that is genuinely about to be performed. The route to their seat runs the length of the workshop, through every stage of how a marionette is made, **in order**.

By the time they reach the auditorium the Puppeteer has stopped calling them the audience.



ACT ONE

THE THEATRE

Abandoned long enough to rot, and recently taken over. Something in the building has started making puppets again — and has started advertising.

ACT ONE — THE WORLD

THE POSTERS ARE NEW

It answers the question every attraction has to answer — **why is this person here?** — without a word of exposition. The guest is not trespassing, not investigating, not lost. **They bought a ticket.**

The building is open because it wants an audience, and an audience is raw material.

It also gives the façade its entire job: a derelict, rotting theatre frontage with brand new, clean, brightly printed bills pasted across the whole of it.

NO PERIOD

Deliberately timeless — no telephones, no switches, no printed dates, no vehicles, no era-specific costume. Gaslight and candle where light is needed. This is the one attraction in the portfolio with no period at all, which means it can sit in any park in any territory without a single change.

TWO AGES OF DIRT

Abandoned long enough to rot, then reoccupied. The old damage, and the new work laid over it: fresh sawdust on rotted carpet, clean tools on a ruined bench.



Zone 1 — the Rotting Vestibule. A fallen chandelier with candles burning in it where it lies, and a rack of marionettes where the cloakroom should be.

ACT ONE — THE PROCESS

THE ROUTE IS A PRODUCTION LINE

The six zones are not rooms. They are the six stages of making a marionette, walked in order by a guest who does not realise they are on a production line until it is far too late.



ZONE 1

ARRIVAL

Stock is delivered.
You hand over your ticket.



ZONE 2

SIZING

Timber is measured and cut to a body.
You are looked at, and assessed.



ZONE 3

JOINTING

Limbs are given their joints.
You see what jointing costs.



ZONE 4

STRINGING

Control lines are attached.
You walk through the strings.



ZONE 5

FINISHING

The face goes on.
You watch someone stop being a person.



ZONE 6

PERFORMANCE

It performs.
You take your seat.

NEVER EXPLAINED

The route does not announce itself. No signage, no exposition, no reveal scene. The guest works it out somewhere around Zone 4 — **and the realisation is the scare.**

ACT ONE — PALETTE

NOT ONE COLD COLOUR

There is **no blue, no green, no daylight and no electric light** anywhere in this attraction. Every light source is flame, candle, oil or gaslight.

It makes this the warmest-looking maze in the portfolio and the most unpleasant, and **those two facts working against each other is the art direction.**

Gesso Bone #E3D9C4 Cracked paint, faces, raw timber	Gilt #C9A227 Proscenium, frames. Tarnished, never bright	Warm Timber #6B4A2F Everything structural
Blood Velvet #6E1218 Curtains, seating, the auditorium	Sawdust #D6BE8F Floor, air, light	Varnish Amber #B5762A Zone 5, and every practical light

MATERIALS

Carved and turned wood, gesso, horsehair, cord, canvas, iron eyelets, varnish, sawdust, moth-eaten velvet, cracked gilt, water-stained plaster.



Above — the finishing bench. Faces laid out in rows, blank timber at one end and glass eyes at the other.



Above — the cutting patterns. Drawn full size, and the shape of a person.

ACT TWO

THE WORKSHOP

Sawdust, timber, tools and patterns. Four zones of being made into something, walked in the correct order.

ACT TWO — RUNNING ORDER

SIX ZONES, ONE LEVEL

ZONE	SPACE	STAGE OF MANUFACTURE	WHAT IS IN IT
—	Façade & Queue	—	New bills on a dead theatre
01	The Rotting Vestibule	ARRIVAL	Front of house, decades gone. A rack of marionettes
02	Sawdust & Sizing Room	MEASURING · CUTTING	Benches, patterns, a person with lines drawn on them
03	The Articulation Ward	JOINTING	Lathe, vices, racked limbs, straps worn smooth
04	The Tangled Rigging	STRINGING	Dense hanging cord. Things hang in it
05	Varnish & Paint Vats	FINISHING	Open vats, drying racks, a bench of faces
06	The Master's Stage	PERFORMANCE	A full house, and the fly tower above it

ONE LEVEL, ONE DIRECTION

No branching, no choice, no backtracking. The guest is moved along a line at a set pace, which is exactly what happens to stock in a workshop. The route's rigidity is the theme.

WHERE THE RESTS ARE

Zone 1 has no scare at all and Zone 3 holds on a single figure. Everything else escalates. A maze with no rests has no scares.





ZONE 01 • ARRIVAL

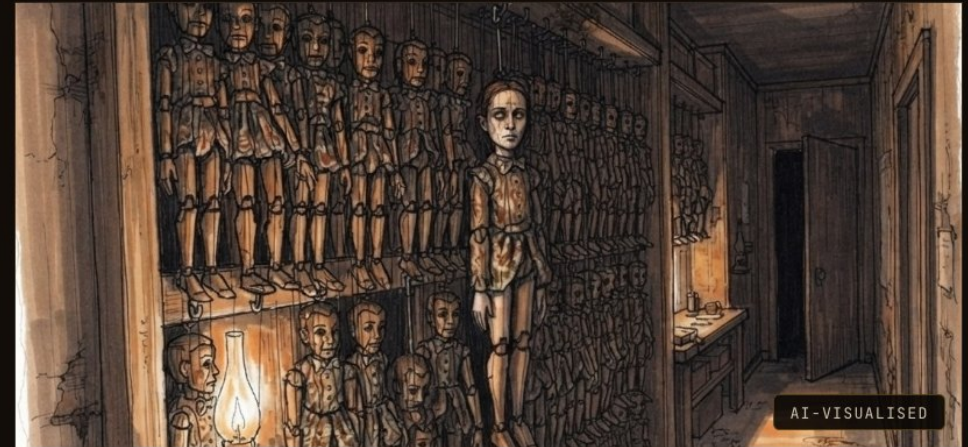
THE ROTTING VESTIBULE

~40S FRONT OF HOUSE NO CAST

Swollen carpet, torn flock wallpaper, a collapsed box office, a fallen chandelier lying broken across the floor with candles burning in it where it lies.

THE BEAT — NONE

The voice welcomes the guest, and it is genuinely warm. Where the cloakroom rail should be, forty marionettes hang tangled on hooks at head height.



ZONE 02 • MEASURING

SAWDUST & SIZING ROOM

~50S SAWDUST FLOOR STAGE 0 & 1

Benches, saws, calipers, timber to the ceiling, sawdust ankle-deep. Body patterns pinned across the back wall.

THE BEAT — THE ONE THAT IS BREATHING

A rack of hanging marionettes, all identical, all wooden. **One of them is a person**, hung on a hook in the same posture and costume, with measuring lines drawn on their face.

ZONE 03 · JOINTING

THE ARTICULATION WARD

A treadle lathe, bench vices, mallets, drawers spilling wooden ball joints and iron pins. Carved limbs racked along the wall by size, sorted like stock.

It is not a hospital. Nothing about it is clinical except the word — somebody has started calling a workshop a ward, and that is the disturbing part.

THE BEAT — IT ASKS FOR HELP

On the bench, a person whose limbs have been amputated at every joint and rebuilt in wood. Their face is completely untouched and entirely human. The straps are unbuckled. It is reaching for the guest.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION



ZONE 04 · STRINGING

THE TANGLED RIGGING

A real backstage rigging passage, hung floor to ceiling with control line, cord and wire on their pins — some racked tidy, most fallen and knotted together in masses.

Near-zero visibility. Single file, walking pace. Dense enough that the guest is **pushing through it** rather than walking past it.

THE BEAT — THINGS HANG IN IT

Marionettes are caught in the lines throughout, at head height and above, limbs at wrong angles. At least one of them is not a marionette, and it moves as the guest passes.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION



ZONE 05 · FINISHING

VARNISH & PAINT VATS

Open vats of amber varnish, drying racks of figures hanging glazed and wet, faces laid out on a bench in rows. Strong fumes, honey light, everything sticky.

THE BEAT — GOING QUIET

A figure lowered into the vat on a chain hoist, hanging by the hooks in its shoulders. One half of its face is still skin and screaming; the other half is already glazed hard and shining, that eye already a glass bead, that side of the mouth sealed shut mid-scream.

The most upsetting moment in the attraction, and it is entirely silent. This is the one room where the voice stops talking.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION



ACT THREE

THE STAGE

The guest reaches the auditorium, and the auditorium is full.

ZONE 06 · PERFORMANCE

THE MASTER'S STAGE

The guest enters the auditorium from the back and walks down the centre aisle. **Every seat in the house is occupied by a seated puppet**, all facing the stage. The curtain is up. The lights come on hot and blinding.

Puppets drop from the fly tower on bungee cords over the guests' heads.

THE HEADS TURN

Simple motors in the necks of the seated puppets, so a portion of the house turns to follow the guest down the aisle. Cheap, entirely practical, and **the strongest image in the attraction**.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

ACT THREE — THE CAST

THE CONVERSION

Every wound in this attraction is a **manufacturing step** rather than an act of violence. That is what earns the body horror its place — and it maps directly onto the zones.



STAGE 0 • ZONES 1-2

STOCK

A genuine marionette. Carved wood, hinged, lifeless. Not a performer at all.

Dressed identically to Stage 4, so the guest can never be certain which figures are props and which are breathing.



STAGE 1 • ZONES 2-3

SIZED

A person, marked up in carpenter's pencil — rule marks, every joint circled, dotted cutting lines, a numbered tag tied to the wrist.

The first cut has been made and pinned open. Fully conscious, entirely lucid, looking straight at you.

ACT THREE — THE CAST

THE CONVERSION



STAGE 2 • ZONES 3-4

ARTICULATED

Limbs amputated at every joint and rebuilt with wooden ball joints nailed into the stumps, skin peeled back and tacked to the timber.

The face is completely untouched. It still knows exactly what it was.



STAGE 3 • ZONES 4-5

STRUNG

Iron eyelets driven through the shoulders, collarbones, spine and skull, with control lines rising into the dark.

The body hangs from its own wounds. It moves only when the strings move.

ACT THREE — THE CAST

THE CONVERSION



STAGE 4 • ZONES 5-6

FINISHED

Varnished and sealed — including all the damage, still visible under the glaze. Painted face, carved smile, glass eyes.

No distress whatsoever. It is finished, and that is the horror.

THE RULE THAT MAKES IT WORK

Stage 0 props and Stage 4 performers are dressed and finished identically. A rack of forty hanging marionettes contains one that is breathing, and the guest has no way to tell which. Every room in the attraction uses this.

ACT THREE — THE PUPPETEER

A VOICE, AND NOTHING ELSE

Never seen. Never sourced. Never explained. Warm, friendly and welcoming — and commanding and stern at times. A theatre manager who is pleased you came and will not tolerate being interrupted.

It addresses the guest as **the audience** throughout, and increasingly as **the next project**, without ever changing tone.

IT IS A RECORDING

Played from speakers above the guest. It cannot respond, it cannot improvise, and it never reacts to anything that happens.

Which means it was recorded before the guest arrived. The show already has a script, their part in it was written in advance, and nothing they do will change a word of it. The warmth is pre-recorded. So is the sternness.

SOUND

- **The bed.** An old building. Timber ticking, rope creaking under load, something wooden knocking somewhere else in the dark.
- **The signature sound: wood on wood.** A marionette's joints clacking. It should be what the guest hears before they see anything, in every zone.
- **A wind-up mechanism** through the workshop zones — a music box movement, slightly slow, running down and being wound again.
- **A theatre organ** in the auditorium. Full, warm, slightly out of tune. The wind-up is the maze; the organ is the show.
- **Dead air in Zone 5.** The one room where the voice stops talking.

SCENT

Pine, sawdust and varnish, zone by zone. Almost no attraction designs smell deliberately.

HOW IT GETS BUILT

CORRIDORS AND BOO HOLES

Every space in this package is drawn as it would actually be constructed: a guest path roughly a metre and a half wide, full-height walls so nothing beyond is visible, and a sightline that stops within a few metres. What reads as a room is a corridor with a façade along it.

SIGHTLINES

Every jog and blind corner shortens the sightline. That hides the next scare — and lets groups be dispatched closer together, which raises throughput. **Sightline control is a capacity decision as much as a creative one.**

BOO HOLES

An actor standing in open floor cannot scare anyone. Each position is built into the scenery: a gap behind a bench, a shadowed alcove, a panel ajar, a corner boo just past a turn.

RESET

Every position must let the performer pop, retreat and be back before the next group arrives. Seconds, not minutes.

RIGGING

The finale needs a fly tower, rated anchors and harnessed performers. Zone 4 needs every line tested for free movement before each show.



Above: the Articulation Ward drawn as built — the path squeezes past the bench, racked limbs break the sightline, and a dark opening sits beyond.



Above: the Tangled Rigging — the hanging lines are themselves the sightline blocker, and performer positions sit within them.

DESIGN REFERENCES

BUILT FROM REAL PLACES

Every set here starts from a real, photographable building and a real object. The design is not invented out of horror — it is invented out of carpentry and architecture, and then something is let into it.



R1 • STAGE 0

Antique carved faces in warm low light. The rack in Zones 1 and 2.



R6 • THE JOINTS

The ball-joint construction the entire conversion is based on.



R2 • SCALE

A large figure handling a smaller one — the relationship the finale inverts.



R3 • ZONE 6

Seat rows and the true state of an abandoned house.



R4 • ZONE 6

Ornate boxes and tarnished gilt. Two ages of decay in one frame.

WHY R6 IS THE IMPORTANT ONE

A marionette's ball joint is a beautiful, ordinary piece of woodwork — turned, socketed, designed to move. The whole attraction is that object being fitted to a person who is still awake. The horror is manufacturing, not magic.

SCENIC & SCOPE

WHAT GETS BUILT

DECISIONS THAT PAY FOR THEMSELVES

- **No period.** Nothing dateable anywhere, so no era-specific sourcing, no vehicles, no signage — and the attraction exports to any territory unchanged.
- **Stage 0 is a prop, not a performer.** Racks of real marionettes cost nothing to staff and do half the work, because the guest cannot tell which are breathing.
- **One material palette.** Timber, gesso, cord, canvas, iron. A single scenic shop can build almost the entire attraction.
- **Motorised heads** in the finale seating: a small motor per neck, no performer, and the strongest image in the show.

THE ATTRACTION

FORMAT	Walkthrough house, Universal / HHN scale
ZONES	Six, single level, plus façade and queue
DWELL	Approx. 5 minutes
HIGHEST COST	Fly tower, rated anchors and bungee rigging for the finale
ALSO SIGNIFICANT	Zone 4 — thousands of individually hung lines, tested before every show
SCENT	Pine, sawdust, varnish. Designed, not incidental
CHEAPEST ROOM	The Rotting Vestibule. No cast at all, and it sets the entire tone
STATUS	Blue sky · original IP



STRINGS OF CONTROL

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

IMAGE CREDIT

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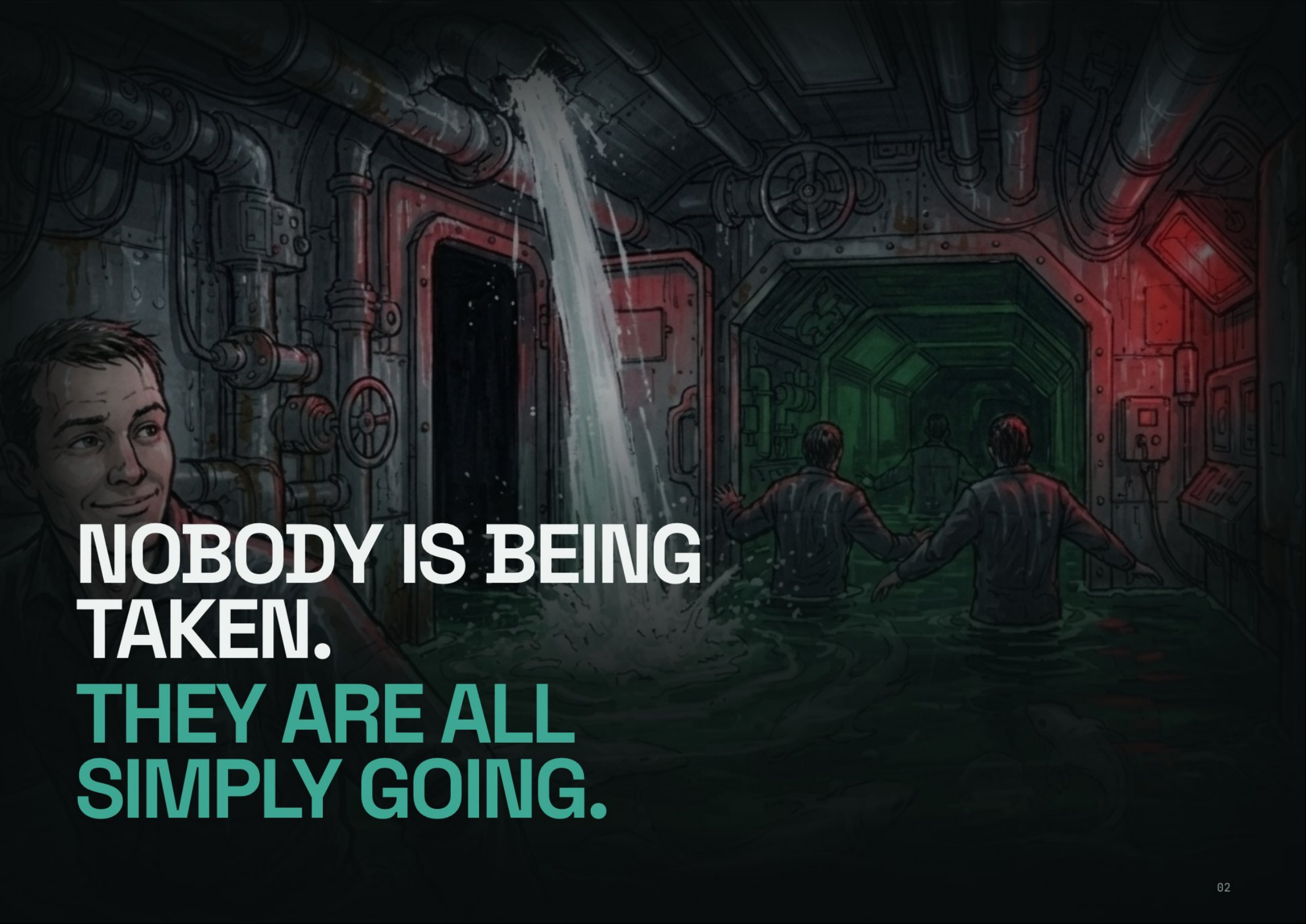
Reference photographs on page 21 are third-party material, reproduced for design reference only.



ORIGINAL CONCEPT — FINLEY MURRAY

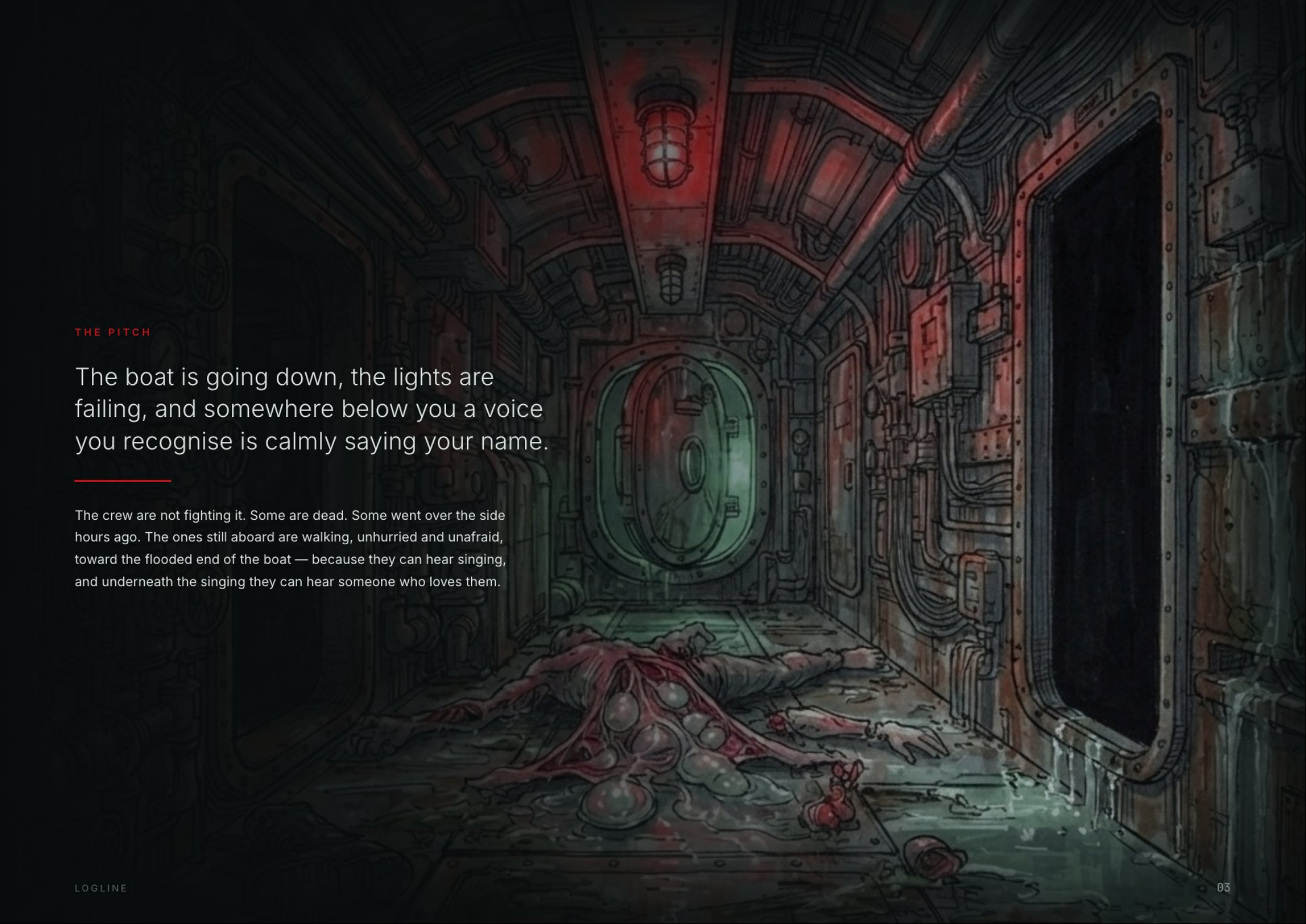
DROWNED

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.

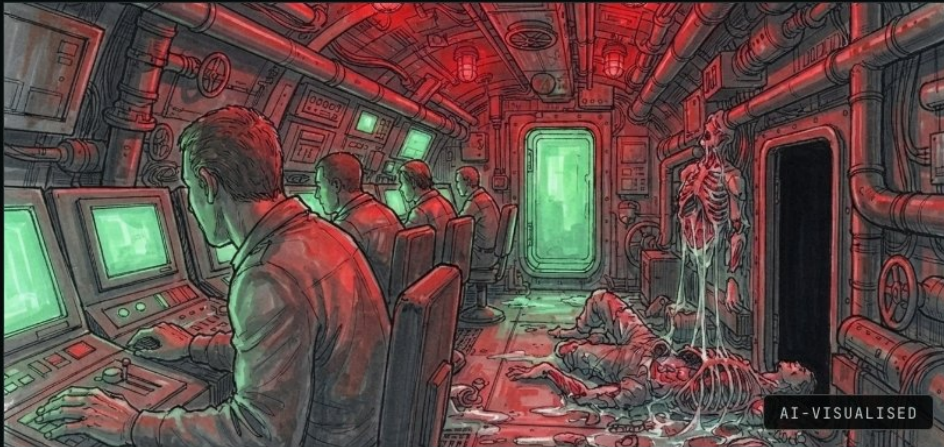
FORWARD, AND DOWN

#	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

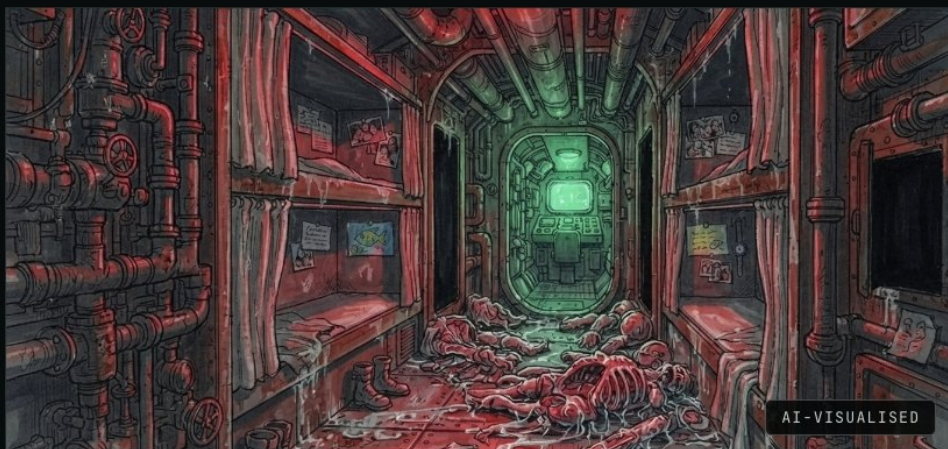
PASSAGEWAY

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

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



ORIGINAL CONCEPT — FINLEY MURRAY

WESTLAKE WITCH TRIALS

A town that puts its witch trials on television, and the coven that has been living underneath it the whole time.



**THE TRIAL IS ON
THE TELEVISION.
NOBODY LOOKS UP.**

THE PITCH

Westlake, 1987. The trials go out live on Channel 12 every night, and the town is certain it is doing the right thing.

It is also completely wrong about who it has caught.

Westlake is right that there are witches. It has simply never caught one. The coven has been under the graveyard since long before the town, and it has watched the entire run.

01

THE TOWN

Magnolia walls, parquet floors, stacked chairs and a gallows in the village hall. The horror above ground is that it all looks like local government.

01 — THE WORLD

WESTLAKE, 1987

An ordinary English market town with an ordinary regional television station. Since the spring, **Channel 12** has broadcast the trials live — no edit, no delay, no studio audience. The audience is at home.

The convicted are not executed on air. They are **taken away**. Away means down, and nobody has ever asked where the stairs go.

NEVER EXPLAINED

The maze opens with the trials already routine. What set the panic off is deliberately never said — nobody remembers, and nobody asks. That is the point.

ONLY THE WITCHES SCARE

anchors, judge and floor manager are calm, professional and entirely uninterested in the guest. Every scare in the attraction comes from below. The upper level runs on tone alone.



Zone 2 — welded steel holding cages bolted into painted breeze block, with the first of the sigils burning on the corridor wall.

01 — THE TELEVISION RULE

TWO ROOMS, THEN GONE



THE BAR

A pub in Westlake. Sticky carpet, mirrored back-bar, jukebox, fruit machine — and the trial playing on two sets bracketed above the optics while people drink through it. One drinker glances up. Nobody comments.

The most damning room in the attraction. It does the exposition in ninety seconds and establishes the real subject, which is not witches but the ease of not looking up.



THE STUDIO

Out the back, across a wet service alley, in through a propped fire door. The two anchors are here **live** — the same two the guest was watching ninety seconds ago.

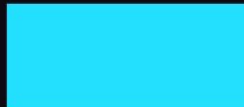
You watch it, then you walk into it. **After this room there is no television anywhere in the attraction** — no cameras, no cable, no monitors, no crew. Nothing left between the guest and what Westlake does.

02 — PALETTE

MUNICIPAL, THEN NEON

Above ground the palette is 1987 local government — magnolia, beige, parquet, wood veneer, strip light, sodium. Deliberately drab. The only saturated colour is the neon, and above ground there is barely any of it: a sigil sprayed on one wall of a corridor, glowing where it has no business glowing.

Below the graveyard the neon takes everything. Every surface daubed in UV-reactive pink, acid green and cyan, blazing under blacklight.

 Magnolia #CFC4AE Walls, ceiling tile, the town	 Sodium #E8A04A Streetlight, pub warmth, torchlight	 Veneer #7A6A58 Panelling, benches, parquet
 UV Pink #FF2D95 Primary neon. Sigils, glow, the coven	 Acid Green #7CFF3F Secondary neon. Paint, nails, marks	 Cyan #24E0FF Sparing. Depth in the underground

THE RULE

Nothing above ground is lit by flame. Nothing below ground is lit by anything the town installed. The staircase is the only place both exist.



Below — UV-reactive graffiti on every surface of the undercroft.



Above — the same neon, reduced to one wall of a village hall.

03

THE GUEST JOURNEY

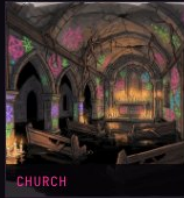
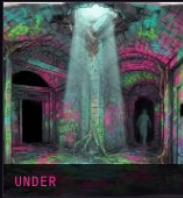
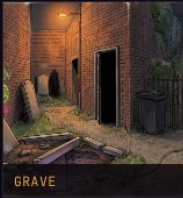
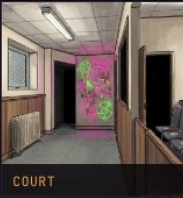
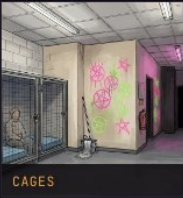
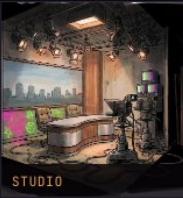
Bar, studio, town, graveyard — and then the ground gives way.



03 — ROUTE

ABOVE, THEN BELOW

#	ZONE	WORLD	CAST	NEON
—	Façade & Queue	TOWN	—	Pub frontage only
—	The Bar	TOWN	Drinkers	Window tubing
01	The Studio	STATION	Anchors, floor manager	None
02	Holding Cages	TOWN	The accused	One wall
03	The Courtroom	TOWN	Judge, accused	One wall
04	Dunking Stool & Gallows	TOWN	The convicted	Spreading
05	The Graveyard	TOWN	—	Rising from the hole
▼ THE COLLAPSED GRAVE · THE DESCENT				
06a	The Undercroft	UNDERGROUND	Coven	Total
06b	The Hex Lab	UNDERGROUND	Coven	Total
06c	The Drowned Church	UNDERGROUND	Coven	Total
07	The Neon Coven — finale	UNDERGROUND	Coven, the accusers	Total





ZONE 02

HOLDING CAGES

~35S BACK OF HOUSE THE ACCUSED

Breeze block painted magnolia, vinyl floor, strip light, a mop bucket, a fire extinguisher — and welded steel mesh cages bolted along one wall, padlocked, thin mattresses inside.

THE BEAT

Someone has done the accused's makeup for the cameras. They are ordinary townspeople in ordinary clothes, and they are in cages in a corridor that smells of floor polish.



ZONE 03

THE COURTROOM

~40S MUNICIPAL NO CAMERAS

Wood veneer to dado height, carpet tiles, a raised bench, a public gallery with a reserved card on every empty seat.

THE BEAT

No cameras, no cable, no crew. The trial is happening whether anyone is filming it or not, and that is considerably worse than if they were.

ZONE 04

DUNKING STOOL & GALLOWS

A village hall. Parquet floor, stacked plastic chairs, a serving hatch, a noticeboard with a jumble-sale poster on it, a wall heater.

And in the middle of the floor, a riveted steel water tank with a dunking chair on a pivoting arm, and a timber gallows standing on the parquet.

WHY IT WORKS

Nothing here is theatrical. It is a room that hosts a coffee morning on Tuesdays. **The ordinariness around the apparatus is the whole horror of the zone** — somebody booked this hall, and somebody will put the chairs back afterwards.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

ZONE 05 · THE DESCENT

THE COLLAPSED GRAVE

The town graveyard at night. Municipal railings, a gravel path, a wheelie bin by the gate, a sodium lamp over the wall.

One plot has given way. The earth has subsided, the kerbstone is broken, a headstone has tipped in at an angle — and there is a hole with old brickwork in its sides, clearly far older than the graveyard above it.

THE TURN

This is the last zone in the town, and the first place the neon comes from underneath rather than off a wall. **The reveal is the geography.** Nobody tells the guest the coven is real — they walk into it.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

04

THE UNDERGROUND

Stone, timber, iron cages, standing water and root —
and every surface of it burning under blacklight.
Centuries older than the town, and it has been
watching the whole run.



ZONE 06A

THE UNDERCROFT

~40S BRICK VAULTING COVEN

The stairs land here. Wet brick, roots through the masonry, black earth, standing water — and a shaft of pale light falling from the collapsed grave overhead.

THE BEAT — THE CAGES

Iron cages hang on chains at head height. A face presses hard against the bars of the nearest one, close enough to touch. Beyond it, more cages, each with a shape in it. One is open and swinging.



ZONE 06B

THE HEX LAB

~35S WORKING ROOM COVEN

Where the coven actually works. A long timber bench crowded with glass jars, clay pots, tallow candles, coils of hair, bundled herbs, animal bone and wax figures. Bones hanging from the roots overhead.

THE BEAT — A REST

Nothing jumps here. The guest reads the room instead, and works out that these people have been living down here for a very long time.

ZONE 06C

THE DROWNED CHURCH

The old Westlake chapel, buried when the town built over it. Gothic stone arches going down into black water, rotted pews breaking the surface at angles, candles on the ledges above the waterline.

THE BEAT — THE WATER

The water is mirror-still except in one place, where a single ring of ripples is spreading outward from a point midway down the nave. No figure is visible anywhere in the room. **Something has just gone under.**

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

ZONE 07 · FINALE

THE NEON COVEN

A cavern under the graveyard. Iron cages on chains, straw over flagstones, torches in brackets, and enormous sigils burning across the whole floor.

The coven is gathered in a ring around a raised stone slab, backs to the guest, motionless. On the slab, in 1987 clothes that do not belong down here — **the judge, and the two anchors.**

THE MATRON

One figure stands apart from the ring, facing the guest, completely still. She is the only one not looking at the slab. Calm, and entirely unafraid.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

05

THE CAST

Two worlds, two costume languages, and one rule: the crew never scare.

THE ANCHORS



STATION · PRE-SHOW & ZONE 01

HE

Boxy grey suit, wide lapels, patterned tie, large square glasses. Immaculate, symmetrical, hands folded. Played completely straight — a real regional news programme with a real regional tone.

Blinks slightly too slowly, and not quite in time with her.



STATION · PRE-SHOW & ZONE 01

SHE

Magenta shoulder-padded blazer, pussy-bow blouse, heavy set hair, pearl earrings. The same immaculate stillness — no fidget of any kind.

Holds the smile after the sentence has finished. Eyeline a fraction past the lens. **Nobody should be able to say what is wrong.**

THE ACCUSED



TOWN · ZONES 02-04

THE ACCUSED

An ordinary townswoman in a cardigan and sensible shoes, with full television studio makeup applied properly over the top — heavy foundation, blusher, hair set for the cameras. A paper number card pinned to her chest.

She is entirely innocent, and so is every other person Westlake has ever convicted.

STAGING

WHERE SHE WAITS

The accused are held in welded steel cages in a back-of-house corridor that smells of floor polish, under a flickering strip light, with a mop bucket by the wall.

Nothing about the room is theatrical. Somebody built those cages, bolted them into the breeze block, and then went home.

THE WITCHES



UNDERGROUND · ALL ZONES

MALE WITCH

Layered sacking, hide and rough wool hung with bone and iron charms, patched over generations. Bare feet, skin darkened with earth, hair matted and bound with cord.

Men as well as women. The real English trials hanged men too, and almost no witch maze in the country remembers that.



UNDERGROUND · ALL ZONES

FEMALE WITCH

The same garments, hooded. Every inch daubed in UV-reactive paint — pentagrams and symbols in hot pink, acid green and cyan, glowing nails, marked face, neck and forearms.

Crude and hand-applied, like graffiti, not neat body art. In firelight it is nearly invisible; under blacklight the costume reads before the person does.

05 — CAST · THE COVEN

MATRON & MINION



UNDERGROUND · ZONE 07

THE MATRON

Very old, tall, and completely still. Sacking and oiled leather worn smooth, a wide dark shawl, bare feet black with earth.

The least painted of the coven — a few sigils on the hands and forehead, nothing more. Authority through restraint. The only one the maze treats as a character rather than a presence.



UNDERGROUND · ZONES 06A, 07

THE MINION

Hunched low with the weight forward onto long arms, close to all fours, head carried below the line of the shoulders and turned up. Barely clothed, caked in black earth.

Moves fast and low, and always leaves the frame in a different direction from the one it entered. Still recognisably a person underneath, which is the disturbing part.

06 — HOW IT GETS BUILT

CORRIDORS AND BOO HOLES

Every space in this package is drawn as it would actually be constructed: a guest path roughly a metre and a half wide, full-height walls so nothing beyond is visible, and a sightline that stops within a few metres. What reads as a room is a corridor with a façade along it.

SIGHTLINES

Every jog and blind corner shortens the sightline. That hides the next scare — and lets groups be dispatched closer together, which raises throughput. **Sightline control is a capacity decision as much as a creative one.**

BOO HOLES

An actor standing in open floor cannot scare anyone. Each position is built into the scenery: a hinged panel, a shadowed alcove, a gap behind a set piece, a corner boo just past a turn.

RESET

Every position must let the performer pop, retreat and be back before the next group arrives. Seconds, not minutes. A position with no fast way back does not work.

BACKSTAGE

A black crew corridor runs behind the sets throughout, so performers reach every position without crossing the guest path.



Above: the courtroom drawn as built — the path squeezes past the bench, the walls run full height, and a dark panel stands ajar beside the gallery.



Above: the coven — timber posts break the sightline and conceal actor positions on both sides of the route.

07 — SOUND

TWO ROOMS OF BROADCAST, THEN WATER

Above. The bar is warm room tone, a jukebox, glasses, conversation — and under it the trial audio from two small speakers, too quiet to follow. The studio is dry, close and dead: talkback bleed and a floor manager's count.

The bridge. On the stairs the broadcast mix degrades into VHS wow-and-flutter, then tape hiss, then nothing at all. The guest walks out of the signal.

Below. Everything wet. Dripping, breathing, low choral, and earth swallowing the reverb tail. Synthesised bass under all of it.

THE CHANNEL 12 STING

A cheerful 1987 regional-news theme, heard clean in the bar, then recurring through the maze increasingly degraded — and playing over the finale. It costs nothing and it is horrible.

08 — SCOPE

FORMAT	Walkthrough house, Universal / HHN scale
ZONES	Eleven spaces across two levels, plus façade
DWELL	Approx. 5 minutes
LEVEL CHANGE	Staircase descent — no step-free route past Zone 05
HIGHEST COST	The drowned church — standing water, floor tanking, pump plant
SIGNATURE SPEND	UV rig and reactive scenic paint throughout the lower level
CHEAPEST ROOM	The bar. Also the most important one.
STATUS	Blue sky · original IP

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

The upper level is deliberately cheap — magnolia paint, carpet tile, stacked chairs, strip light. Almost the entire build budget sits below the graveyard, which is exactly where the guest's attention is by then.



WESTLAKE WITCH TRIALS

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.

ORIGINAL CONCEPT — FINLEY MURRAY

NIGHT TERRORS

Every nightmare you have ever had, in a row, and no way to wake up.

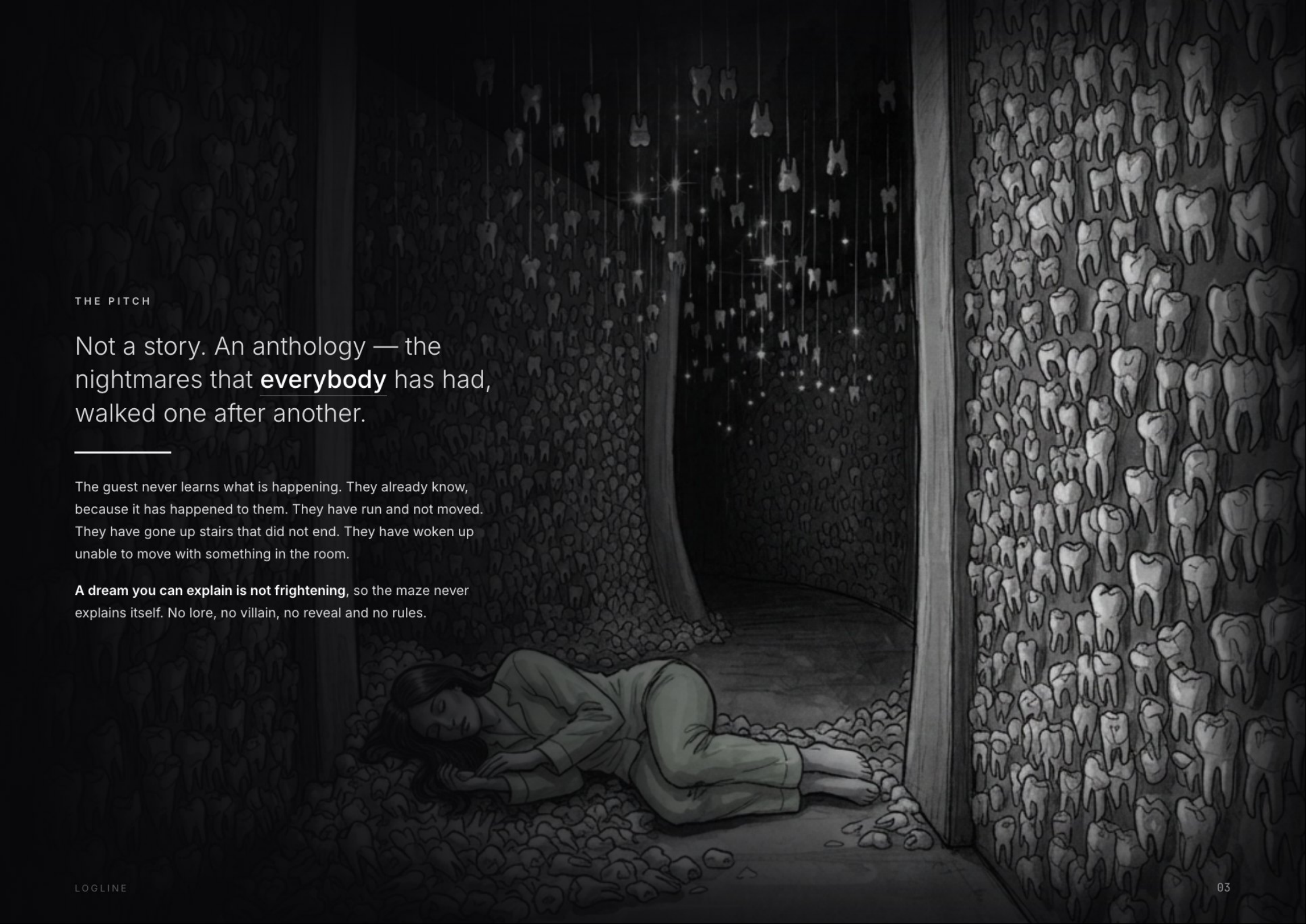
CONCEPT PACKAGE



DRAFT 01



**YOU HAVE HAD
THIS ONE BEFORE.**



THE PITCH

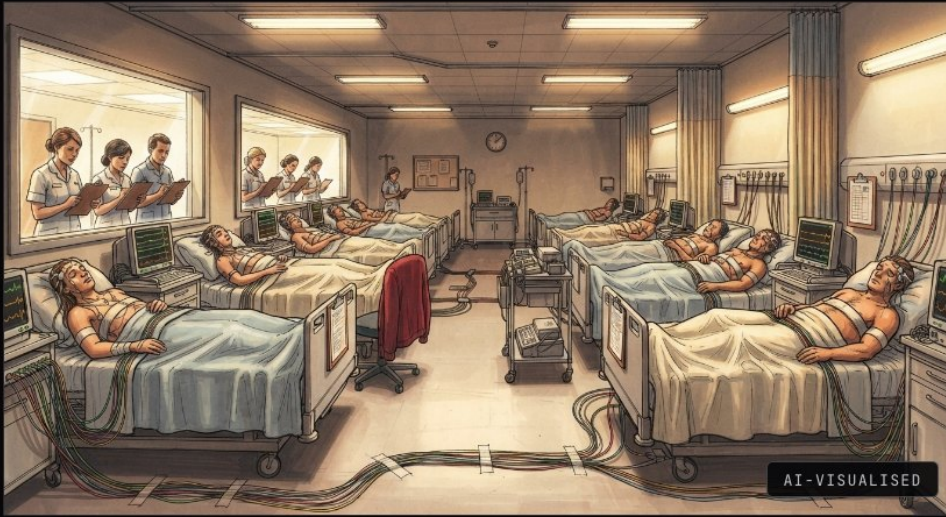
Not a story. An anthology — the nightmares that **everybody** has had, walked one after another.

The guest never learns what is happening. They already know, because it has happened to them. They have run and not moved. They have gone up stairs that did not end. They have woken up unable to move with something in the room.

A dream you can explain is not frightening, so the maze never explains itself. No lore, no villain, no reveal and no rules.

01 — THE COLOUR RULE

YOU WATCH IT LEAVE



Room 1 — the Sleep Lab. Eight beds, eight sleepers wired to monitors, staff watching through the glass. In full colour, and completely benign.

The Sleep Lab is the waking world: warm skin, pale blue blankets, a green monitor trace, a red cardigan over a chair. Ordinary, unremarkable, real.



Room 1b — the Breach. The colour stops at the edge of the tear and bleeds out along the cracks.

Then the wall opens, and **the colour is gone and never returns**. Not a blackout — a hole, with fog rolling out of it and something standing in the dark beyond.

WHY THIS BEATS A BLACKOUT

A blackout tells the guest the lights changed. A breach tells them **the world changed, and something made it happen**. They see both worlds at once and step across on purpose. These two pages are the only colour in the entire attraction — and in this document.

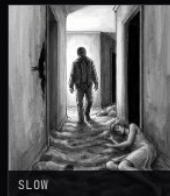
02

THE ROUTE

Ten nightmares, and the guest recognises every one of them. That recognition is the whole attraction.

TEN NIGHTMARES

#	ROOM	THE NIGHTMARE	THE EFFECT
01	The Sleep Lab	<i>the threshold</i>	Colour · programmed blackout
01b	The Breach	<i>the crossing</i>	Colour drains at the tear · fog
02	The Bedroom	<i>sleep paralysis</i>	Stillness, one hard light
03a	The Bathroom	<i>teeth falling out</i>	Mirror, sink, a cupped hand
03b	The Teeth Corridor	<i>the same dream, past logic</i>	Walls of teeth, thousands hanging
04	The Stairs	<i>stairs that never end</i>	Sloped floor, mirrors, angled walls
05	The Doors	<i>the room you can't find</i>	Endless identical doors
06	The Slow Run	<i>running but not moving</i>	Deep memory-foam floor
07	The Shadows	<i>something behind you</i>	Hard light, white wall, scrim
08	The Fall	<i>falling</i>	Strobe, suspended overhead pieces
09	The Deep	<i>drowning</i>	<u>No water</u> — everything drifts upward
10	The Faces	<i>nobody recognises you</i>	Dense white fog, blinding light



ROOM 02 · SLEEP PARALYSIS

THE BEDROOM

A person lies in the bed **awake** — eyes open, rigid, breathing too fast. They can see the guest. They cannot move and they cannot speak.

Standing over the bed, close and unhurried, is something that does not move either.

THE RULE FOR THIS ROOM

Nothing happens in it. No score, no stinger, no motion. It is the quietest room in the attraction and it should be the one people describe in the car park.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION



ROOM 03A

THE BATHROOM

~25S DOMESTIC TEETH

Small, tiled, cramped. One mirror, one sink, a dripping tap. Teeth in the basin. Teeth on the floor. A figure at the mirror with a cupped hand raised to its mouth, not turning round.

WHY NOT A DENTIST

In the actual dream nobody is doing it to you. You are at a mirror and they come away in your hand. Making it a surgery would lose that — and put a second clinical room in a maze that has exactly one.



ROOM 03B

THE TEETH CORRIDOR

~35S PUSH-THROUGH DREAM LOGIC

The bathroom opens into a passage where the dream has stopped obeying its own rules. Walls packed with teeth like the inside of a jaw, and thousands more hanging on threads at head height.

ONE NIGHTMARE, TOLD TWICE

03a is the dream as you have it. 03b is the dream continuing after logic has left, which is what dreams do. And the sound of the second room is free — thousands of small hard objects knocking together in the dark.



ROOM 04

THE STAIRS

~40S SLOPED FLOOR MIRRORS

Flights running upward, downward and sideways, joining where they should not. Mirrored panels repeating them away into infinity. The landing underfoot is visibly out of level.

THE BEAT

The Tall One is always one flight above. Never closer, never further, and always climbing.



ROOM 05

THE DOORS

~35S NO SLEEPER WRONG ARCHITECTURE

Identical doors, too many and too close together. Some open onto brick. One opens onto a landscape far too large to fit inside the building.

THE ONLY ROOM WITH NOBODY DREAMING IT

Every other nightmare here belongs to a named sleeper. This one has none — which makes it the only room the guest might be having themselves.

ROOM 06 · RUNNING BUT NOT MOVING

THE SLOW RUN

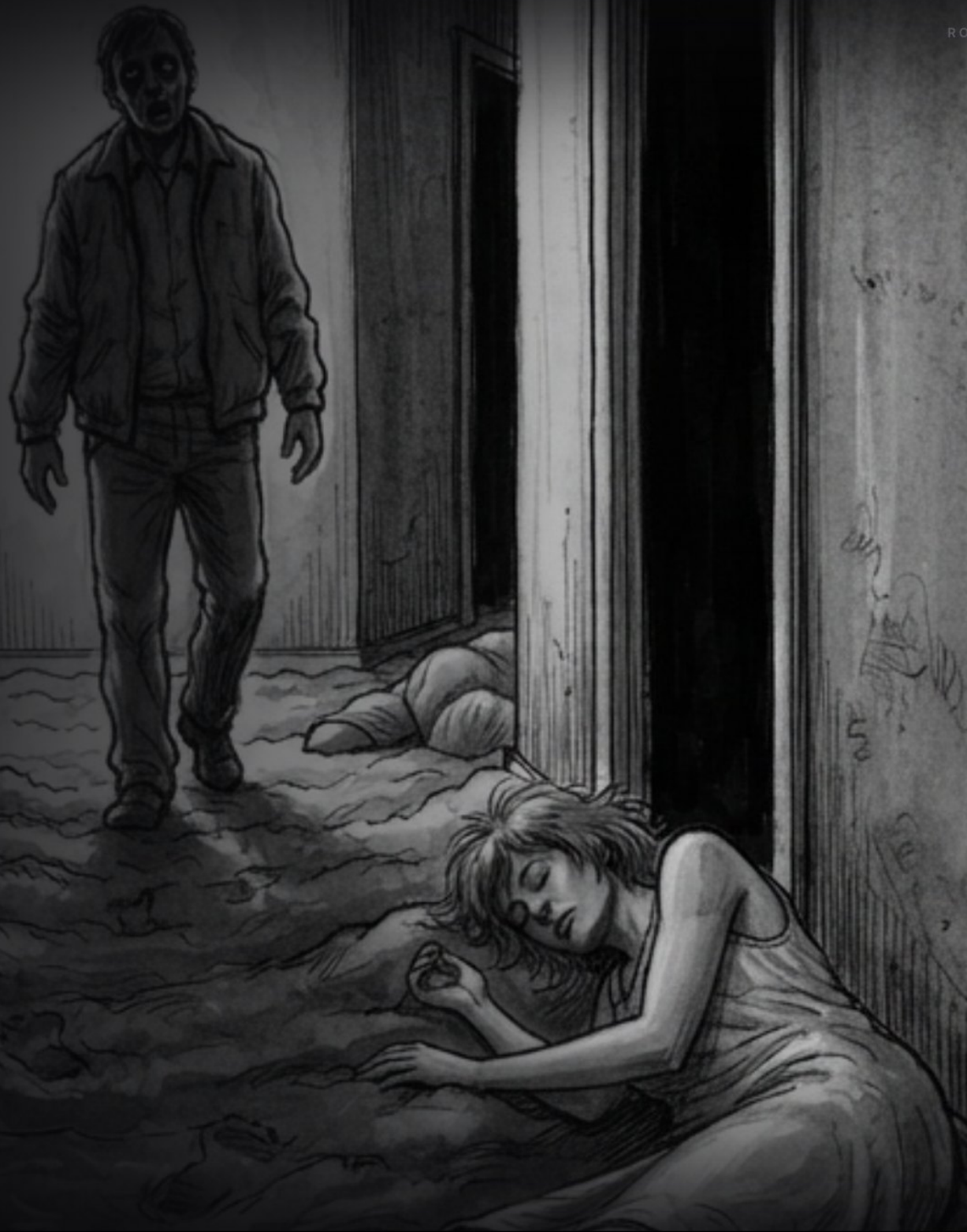
Deep memory foam underfoot. Something is coming, and the guest physically cannot get away from it.

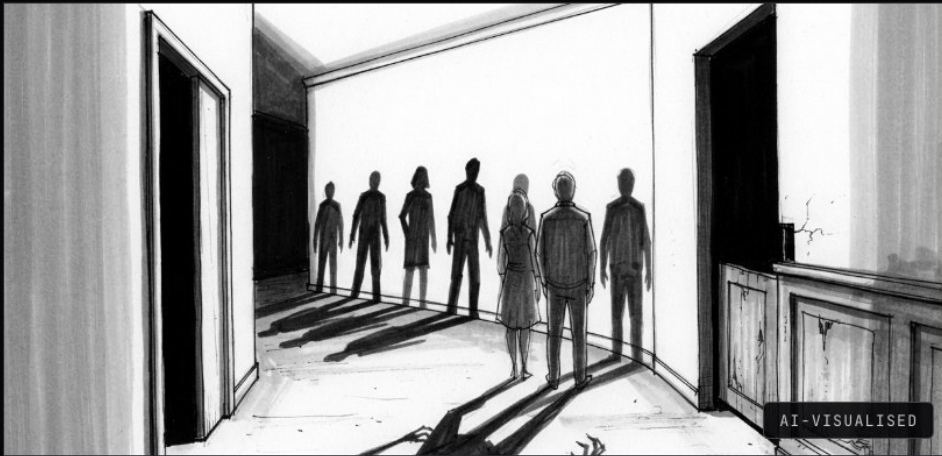
The most universal nightmare there is, delivered entirely by the floor. **The Slow One walks.** It never runs — it does not need to.

AND THIS IS WHERE SHE WAKES UP

By room six the guest has stopped checking the sleepers, because every one so far has been a prop. Sleeper 4 is lying in the soft floor as they wade past — and she opens her eyes. Used exactly once in the attraction.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION





ROOM 07

THE SHADOWS

~30S ONE HARD LIGHT NO CREATURE

A bare white room, brilliantly lit from one hard source. The far wall is covered in the long black shadows of standing people.

THE BEAT — THE COUNT

There are more shadows on the wall than there are people in the room.

Nothing is revealed and no creature appears. The guest does the arithmetic themselves.



ROOM 08

THE FALL

~30S STROBE OVERHEAD SUSPENSIONS

Domestic furniture suspended overhead on wires at conflicting angles — a bed, a wardrobe, a staircase — hanging above the guest path as though the room is tumbling.

THE BEAT

The Hanged turns slowly on its wire among the furniture, head down, hair hanging straight toward the floor.

ROOM 09 · DROWNING

THE DEEP

There is no water in this room. Guests cannot walk through water, and they do not need to.

Everything simply behaves as though submerged: fabric, hair and paper drift upward instead of hanging down. Dust hangs and turns rather than falling. Light arrives from above in rippling bands. Sound goes thick, slow and far away.

THE CHEAPEST ROOM IN THE ATTRACTION

And probably the most unsettling, because the guest's own body is the only thing in it still obeying gravity.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION



ROOM 10 · NOBODY RECOGNISES YOU

THE FACES

Dense white fog and blinding white light. No walls, no ceiling, no floor line — just white in every direction.

Figures loom close out of it, and every face is **blank** — smooth skin drawn over where a face should be. They look straight at the guest with nothing to look with.

THE EXIT

The guest walks out still inside it. They do not wake up — and they were never going to, because it was never their dream.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

03

THE SLEEPERS

Eight people are asleep in room one. You will meet every one of them again.



WHOSE NIGHTMARE IS THIS?

Every sleeper in the attraction is a mannequin, and every one of them was in a bed in the Sleep Lab. The guest walks past all eight on the way in and thinks nothing of it.

Then each reappears — asleep, exactly as last seen — in one of the nightmare rooms. One per room. Which means the room you are standing in is that specific person's nightmare.

AND THE IMPLICATION IS THE DESIGN

You cannot wake up, because it is not your dream. The guest is walking through eight other people's nightmares while those eight lie wired to monitors in a room they have already left. Nothing needs to explain why there is no escape — there is no waking from someone else's sleep.

01	Young man, cropped dark hair, grey t-shirt — The Bedroom
02	Woman, 30s, long dark hair — Bathroom & Teeth Corridor
03	Older man, bald, striped pyjamas — The Stairs
04	Woman, 40s, red hair — The Slow Run · the one who wakes
05	Young man, ginger beard — The Shadows
06	Elderly woman, floral nightgown — The Fall
07	Man, 40s, navy pyjamas — The Deep
08	Young woman, dark bobbed hair — The Faces



Above: the sleeper mannequin. Ordinary, peaceful, undistorted — and the only undistorted human face in the attraction.

DESIGN RULES

Mannequins must read as props on close inspection — the trick only works if the guest was correct every previous time. The live one is used exactly once. Twice and it becomes a mechanic; once and it stays a memory.

04

THE CAST

Nightmares do not contain monsters. They contain
people who are wrong.



04 — THE CAST

STRETCHED PEOPLE

Silicone prosthetics of the stretched human type — distortion, never damage. The body stays completely ordinary: plain shirts, real hair, nothing wrong below the neck. Several of them are smiling. And every creature is deformed in the shape of its own nightmare.



ROOM 02

THE WEIGHT

Oversized bulbous skull, eyes sunk into pits, wide lipless mouth. Heavy, squat, built to sit on a chest.

It does not move. That is the entire performance.



ROOMS 03A-03B

THE GRIN

Mouth pulled enormously wide and low, crowded with far too many teeth. Plain blouse, long hair.

Cups a hand to its mouth and offers you what is in it.



ROOM 04

THE TALL ONE

Skull elongated upward, features pulled long and thin. Impossibly tall and narrow — built for a stairwell.

Always one flight above.



ROOM 05

THE DOORWAY

Face spread laterally, features too far apart, mouth stretched across the whole width. Broad enough to fill a frame.

When you look back, it is in the door you came through.



ROOM 06

THE SLOW ONE

The **least** distorted face in the maze — ordinary proportions, hollowed eyes, mouth slightly open. Ordinary clothes.

It walks. It never needs to run.

04 — THE CAST

AND THE REST

Everything must read in value alone — there is no colour to work with. Skin bone-white to mid-grey, never warm. Hair pure black or pure white. Eyes either the darkest thing in frame or entirely absent. **Nothing bleeds anywhere.**



ROOM 08

THE HANGED

A face seen inverted — jaw slack, hair hanging straight toward the floor, arms dangling.

Turns slowly on its wire, overhead, among the furniture.



ROOM 09

THE DROWNED

Skin drawn tight and waterlogged, eyes clouded pale, mouth open. Hair streaming upward.

Never touches the floor. Carried rather than walking.



ROOM 10

THE BLANK

Featureless. Smooth skin drawn across where a face should be. No eyes, no nose, no mouth.

Finale only. Appears nowhere else in the attraction.



EVERY ROOM

A SLEEPER

A mannequin of an ordinary person, asleep, peaceful and completely undistorted.

The control group. Without them there is nothing to measure the wrongness against.

04 — THE CAST

THE SHADOW

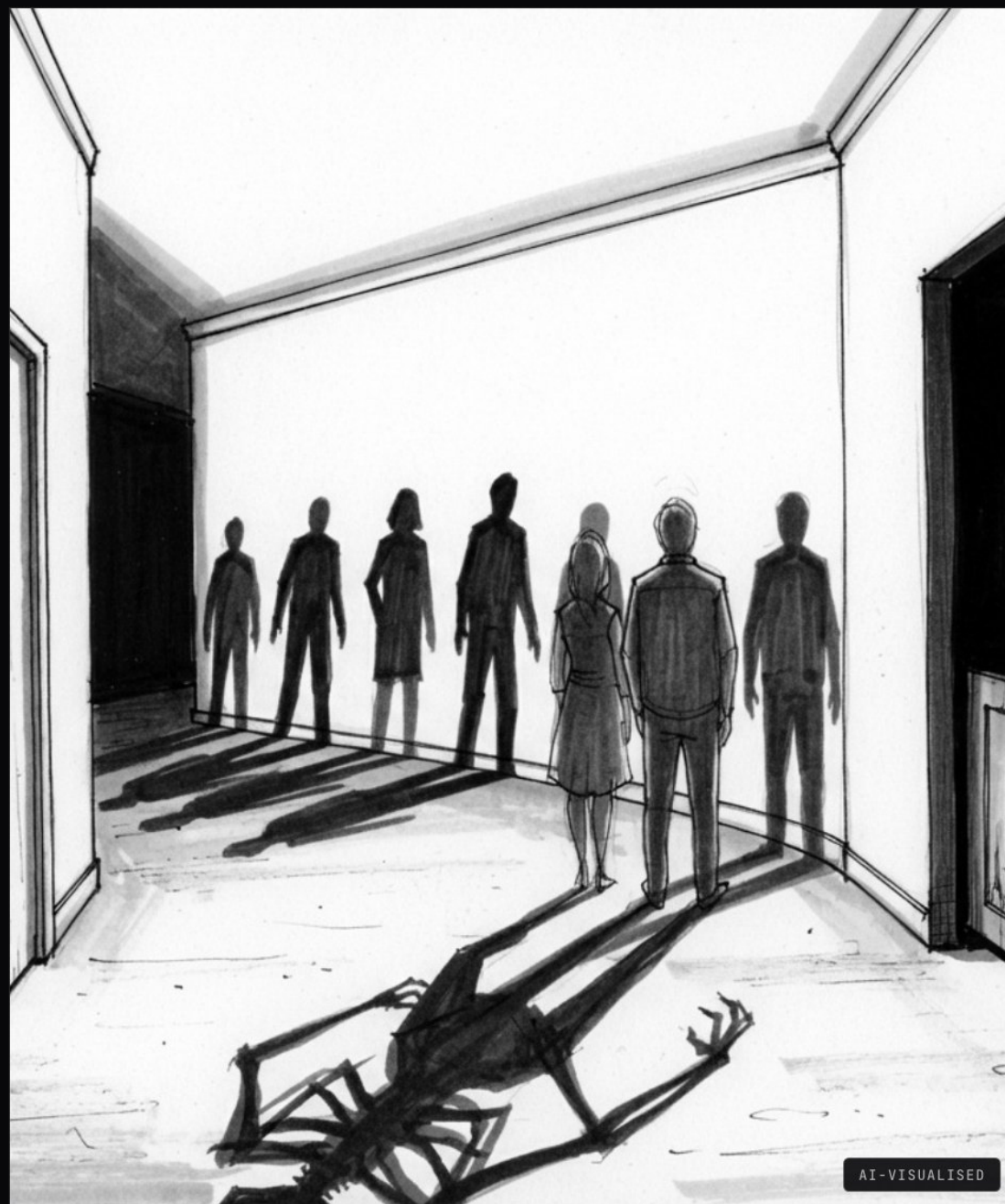
There is one more character in this attraction and **it has no design.**

No mask. No costume. No makeup. No prosthetic. It is never lit, never resolved and never given a face — not in the maze, and not on any page of this document.

It exists only as a silhouette on a white wall in Room 07, and as the arithmetic the guest does when they realise there are more shadows than people.

WHY IT STAYS UNDESIGNED

The moment a shadow is given a body it stops being a shadow and becomes a costume. Everything this character does depends on never being seen — so the discipline has to hold in the design document as well as in the building.



AI-VISUALISED

Above: Room 07. Count the figures, then count the shadows.

HEARD THROUGH SLEEP

The bed. Heartbeat-slow room tone, and the specific muffled quality of hearing through sleep — everything one wall away.

Breathing. The Bedroom is nothing but breathing, and no score at all.

The Teeth Corridor costs nothing: thousands of small hard objects knocking together in the dark as the guest pushes through.

The Deep is built in sound — everything thick, slow and far away. That room works through the ears more than the eyes.

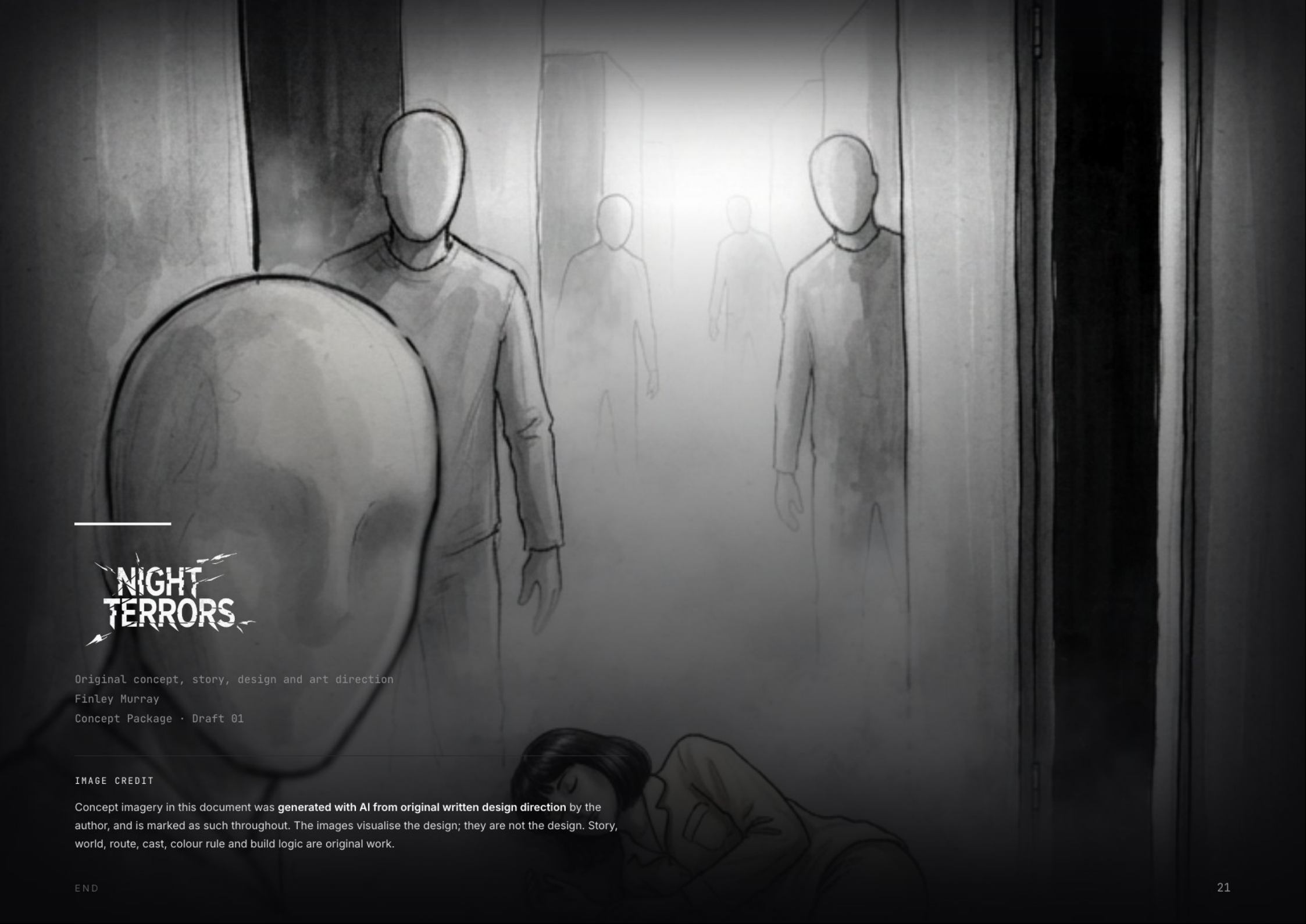
FROM THE COSWP

Klaxon in the Fall. Ear-piercing shrieks in the Faces. Both retained.

FORMAT	Walkthrough house, Universal / HHN scale
ROOMS	Twelve spaces, single level, plus façade
DWELL	Approx. 5 minutes
COLOUR	Two rooms only. Everything else pure monochrome
HIGHEST COST	The Stairs — sloped illusion floor, mirrored angled walls
ACCESSIBLE ROUTE	Bypasses the sloped floor and the soft floor, rejoining at Room 07
CHEAPEST ROOM	The Shadows. One light, one white wall, and a scrim.
STATUS	Blue sky · original IP

WHERE THE MONEY ISN'T

Three of the strongest rooms — the Bedroom, the Shadows and the Deep — are among the cheapest in the building. None of them contains a single effect. They work on stillness, arithmetic and gravity.



NIGHT TERRORS

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

IMAGE CREDIT

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END



ORIGINAL CONCEPT — FINLEY MURRAY

SIGNAL LOSS

|||||

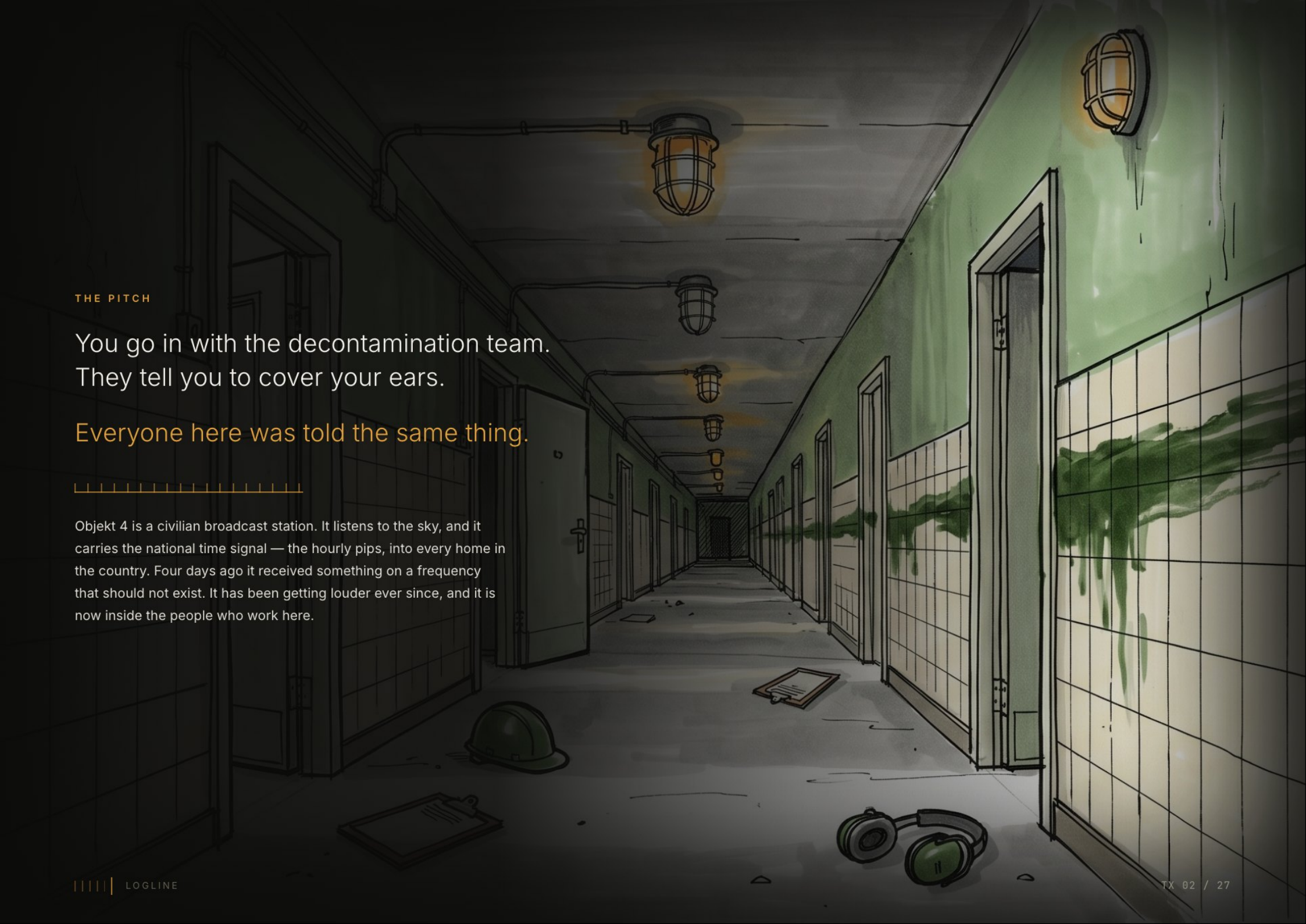
A 1960s broadcast station, four days into an incident nobody outside the fence knows about.

||||| CONCEPT PACKAGE

DRAFT 02



**THREE HUNDRED
PEOPLE WORK HERE.
FOUR DAYS AGO THEY
STOPPED ANSWERING.**



THE PITCH

You go in with the decontamination team.
They tell you to cover your ears.

Everyone here was told the same thing.

Objekt 4 is a civilian broadcast station. It listens to the sky, and it carries the national time signal — the hourly pips, into every home in the country. Four days ago it received something on a frequency that should not exist. It has been getting louder ever since, and it is now inside the people who work here.

01

THE WORLD

No soldiers. No weapons. No enemy. Just the most ordinary machine in the country, pointed at everyone.

OBJEKT 4

A civilian broadcast station. Ionospheric research, deep-space listening, and the transmitter that carries the **national time signal** — the hourly pips, into every kitchen radio and railway clock in the country.

Three hundred people work there on a three-watch rota. Engineers, not soldiers. Institutional tea, service-issue chairs, a rota pinned to a noticeboard. Eight hundred more live in **Zarya-4**, the closed town built beside the fence — flats, canteen, crèche, swimming pool.

WHY A TIME SIGNAL

It gives the story its stakes without a war. The hum doesn't need an army — it needs a transmitter, and this building is one. Every hour, on the hour, aimed at everybody.

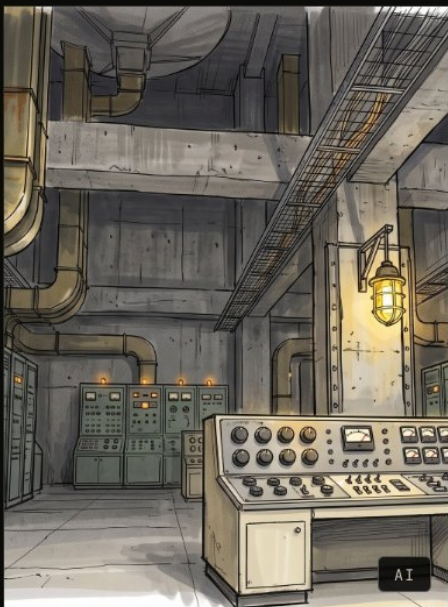
THE DESIGN RULE

The horror is institutional. It only works because the place is ordinary, so every scenic decision protects the ordinariness. The tea urn matters as much as the transmitter.



Room 2 — green paint to dado height, a dropped hard hat, ear defenders on the floor, and the first of the green on the tile.

FOUR DAYS



DAY 0

RECEPTION

The array logs a carrier on a frequency that shouldn't exist. No message. No origin. No direction. Duty staff write it up as a fault and swap the feedhorn. It is still there.



DAY 1

OCCUPATION

It stops being something they can hear and becomes something they can feel — through the floor, the desks, their teeth. Ear defenders are issued from stores. Ear defenders do nothing.



DAY 2

CHANGE

The first workers produce a dark green discharge and stop being able to finish sentences. Nobody leaves. The station keeps running, because the people running it no longer know how to stop.



DAY 4

TRANSMISSION

It stops arriving and starts leaving. Something in the signal chain has reversed. The station is no longer receiving it — the station is **carrying** it, and the amplifier hall is running at a level nobody set.

NEVER EXPLAINED

The maze never says what it is or where it came from, and never gives it a motive. It is **indifferent** — not hunting anyone. What it does to these people is a side effect of it being here and getting louder.

03

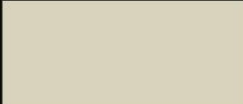
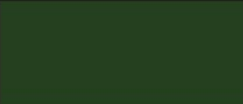
LOOK & FEEL

Four days, not forty years. Freshly destroyed and still inhabited.

03 — PALETTE & MATERIALS

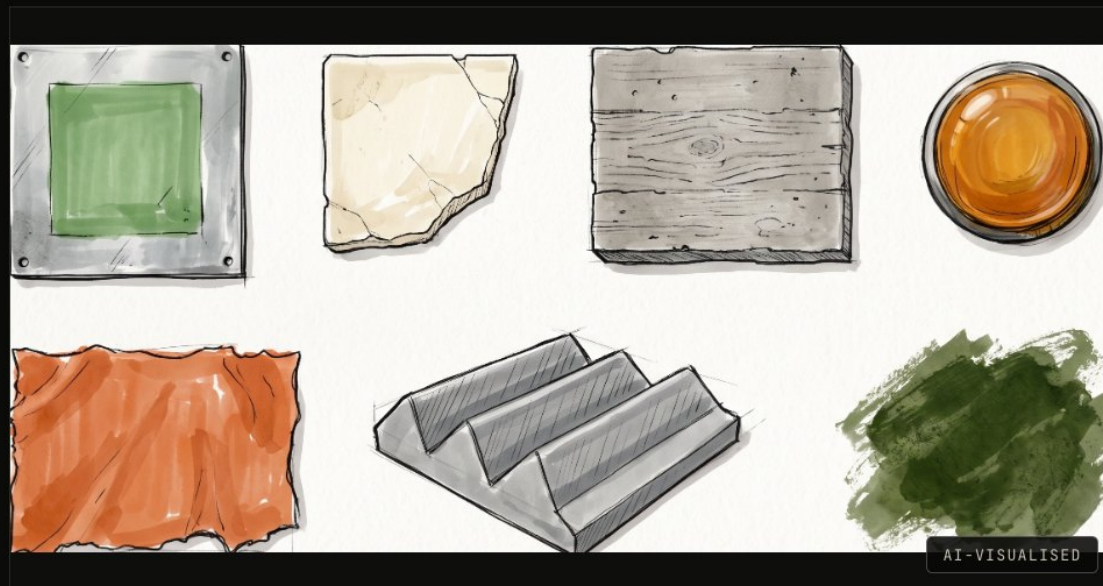
AMBER IS THE HUM

Green is the institution. Bile-green is what the institution became. **Amber is the thing doing it.** Every meter, lamp and indicator tied to the signal reads amber, and amber gets brighter room by room as the hum gets stronger.

 Institute Green #6F7D55 Wall paint, hard hats, doors	 Bone Cream #D9D2BD Tile, upper walls, paper	 Signal Amber #E0A03C Lamps and meters. The hum.
 Bile #24401F The discharge. Never scenic.	 Concrete #4A4A46 Structure, floor, mass	 Warning Red #B23A2E Hazard only. Rare.

FOUR DAYS, NOT FORTY YEARS

Food still on trays. Cigarettes recently stubbed out. Lights on, machines running. No rust, no overgrowth, no dust. Every other maze buys decades of decay — this one doesn't, which makes it stranger and cheaper at the same time.



Materials — painted steel, ceramic tile, board-marked concrete, amber lens, orange sheeting, acoustic foam, bile.



The motif — ear defenders turn up in six of the nine rooms. Everyone here tried to block it out.

04 — DESIGN REFERENCES

BUILT FROM REAL PLACES

Every set here starts from a real, photographable building. The design isn't invented out of horror — it's invented out of architecture, and then something is let into it.



R1 • FAÇADE

Relay station and horn-antenna mast. The whole façade is this photograph.



R2 • THE OPERATOR

Console operator in a headset. The headset and its cable became the character.



R5 • ROOM 7

Horn antennas on a lattice mast — the scale of the exterior room.



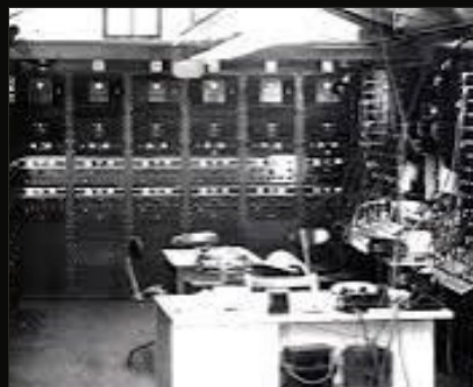
R4 • ROOMS 3-4

Institutional plant room. The exact colour and clutter of the machine spaces.



R3 • CIRCULATION

Riveted blast corridor with a carpet runner down it. Domestic dressing inside hardened structure.



R6 • ROOM 9

Archive control room — desk geometry and panel layout for the finale.



R7 • THE HUMAN LAYER

Coat hooks with painted wooden balls, on bare concrete.

WHY R7 IS THE IMPORTANT ONE

Numbered hooks, each with a different coloured ball so a worker could find their own coat. Somebody chose those colours. That's the whole idea in one photograph — this was a workplace first, and the maze only frightens if you believe the workplace.

COLOUR ELEVATION



AI-VISUALISED

The building — low board-marked concrete block, flat roof, heavy canopy. Bone-cream tile to dado height, institute green steel doors. Lattice mast with horn antennas and dish behind.

The incident on top — an orange decontamination tent zip-tied over the right-hand doors. Modern emergency kit bolted onto a 1960s building. Chain-link fence, amber beacon, cables running out of the open door, ear defenders piled by the entrance.

05 — FAÇADE

ENTRANCE CONCEPT

The queue runs in sight of the mast, under amber lamps pulsing up its height, while decontamination staff work the line and tell people to cover their ears. The pre-show does the most important job in the attraction before anyone is through the door.

GENERATIVE AI USED FOR CONCEPT VISUALISATION

06

THE GUEST JOURNEY

Nine rooms, in the order a broadcast travels.
Received at the start, transmitted at the end, and the
guest walks the whole length of it.



SIGNAL PATH

#	ROOM	SIGNAL	STAGE	THE HUM	INTENSITY
—	Façade & Queue	OUTSIDE	—	Audible at the gate	----
01	Decontamination	ENTRY	0	First floor-pulse	---
02	Tiled Corridor	—	0-1	Rising	----
03	Receiving Hall	RECEIVE	none	Steady	----
04	Computer Hall	PROCESS	1-2	Pulsing	----
05	Test Chamber	ISOLATE	2	Silence — floor only	---
06	Canteen & Mess	OFF PATH	0-2	Close, domestic	---
07	Mast Base	—	2	Huge, open	----
08	Transmitter Hall	AMPLIFY	3	Violent	----
09	Control Room	TRANSMIT	3	Overwhelming	----

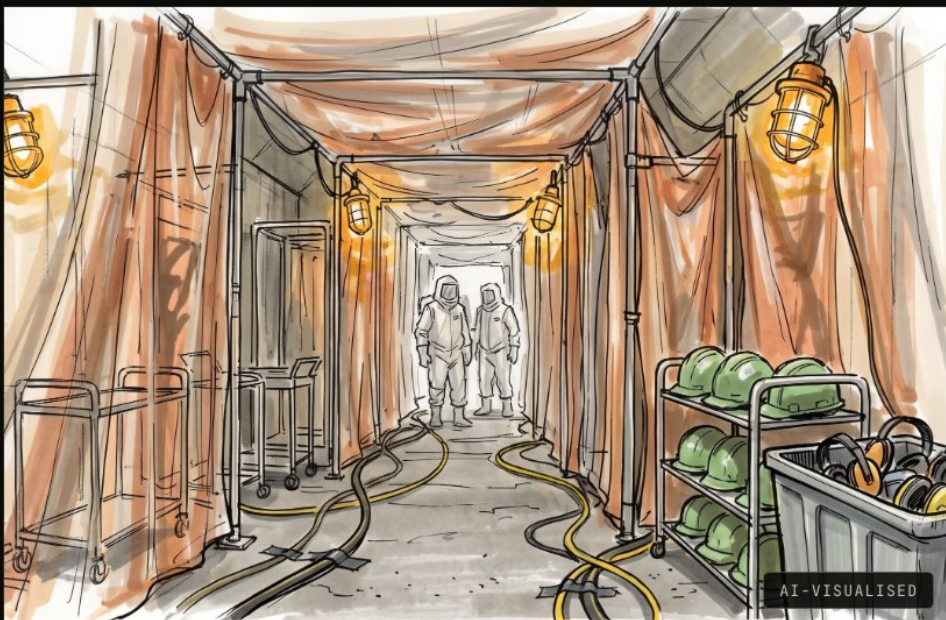
TWO RESTS, ON PURPOSE

Rooms 3 and 5 are quiet. A maze with no rests has no scares — guests saturate by room four and walk the rest of it flat. The Receiving Hall is empty and wrong for it. The Test Chamber takes the sound away entirely.

ONE ROOM OFF THE PATH

Every other room is part of the machine. The canteen isn't. It's the room full of what the machine cost, and the only domestic space in the attraction.





ROOM 01

DECONTAMINATION

~40S SHEETING AIRLOCK STAGE 0

Hanging plastic, portable showers, a rack of green hard hats and a bin overflowing with ear defenders. Hazmat crew process the guest through.

THE BEAT — A PROMISE

No scare here. The room exists to tell the guest to **cover their ears**, so the floor can betray them two rooms later.



ROOM 02

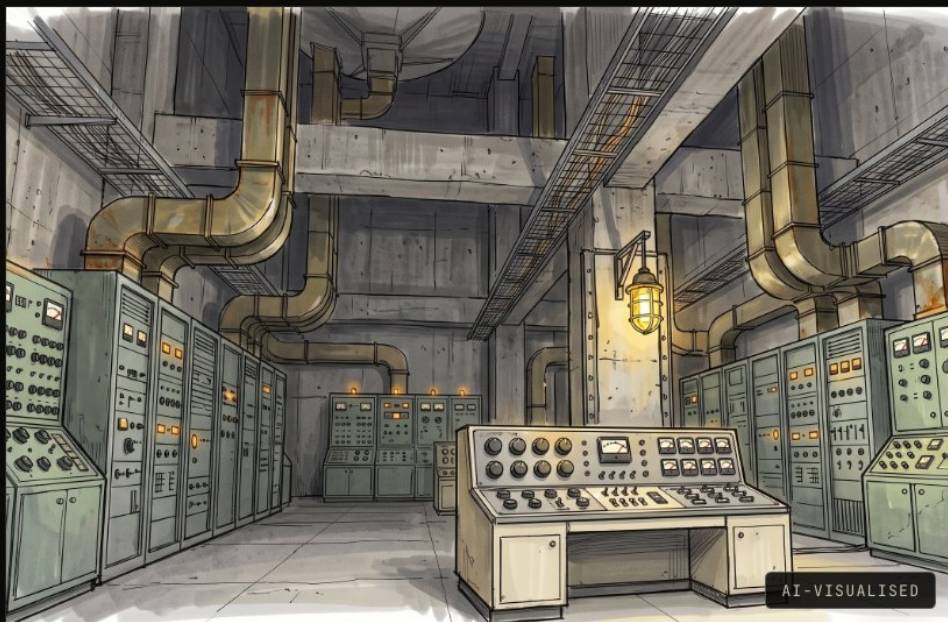
TILED CORRIDOR

~35S INSTITUTIONAL STAGE 0-1

Cream tile, green above, caged bulkheads alternating live and dead down its length. A dropped clipboard, a hard hat, ear defenders on the floor.

THE BEAT — THE ONE WHO WON'T MOVE

A worker standing far too close, arms dead at his sides, head tilted onto one shoulder. He doesn't lunge. **The stillness is the threat.** Another waits in the black at the end.



ROOM 03 • RECEIVE

RECEIVING HALL

~35S REST NO CAST

Waveguide ducting comes down from the ceiling and into the racks. This is where it came in. Every meter pinned hard right.

THE BEAT — NONE

The room is empty, and wrong for it. Straight after a corridor with two bodies standing in it, an empty room does a lot of work.



ROOM 04 • PROCESS

COMPUTER HALL

~45S TAPE REELS STAGE 1-2

Floor-to-ceiling cabinets, tape decks, punch card. Floor panels lifted and thrown aside, printout spilling across everything.

THE BEAT — THE GAP

A face forced into the narrow space between two cabinets, close, with one hand out into the guest's path. Lit from below by the machines' own amber lamps.

ROOM 05 · ISOLATE

TEST CHAMBER

Anechoic wedges on every surface. Sound dies. Footsteps stop arriving and the guest's own ears start ringing.

And the floor is still humming. Every audible layer drops away and the physical one stays — the moment the guest works out, in their body, that the ear defenders in room one were never going to work.

THE DETAIL

Foam clawed off the lower walls in handfuls and stuffed into a hard hat. The chair's straps are torn open and whatever was in it isn't there. The isolation attempt didn't just fail — you can see how badly someone needed it to work.



Above: The chair, the torn straps, and foam pulled off the walls by hand.

ROOM 06 · OFF THE SIGNAL PATH

CANTEEN & MESS

Trays still out, food gone bad, cigarettes burned to the filter, a dark green film across the surface of the tea.

The whole workforce is sitting at the tables, and every one has stopped eating and turned to face the guest. They're at different distances from gone depending on how far back they're sitting — **the room is the whole infection in one glance.**

THE ONE WHO HASN'T TURNED ROUND

Closest of all, right in front of the guest, one worker still faces the far wall. Green runs steadily down the back of his neck into his collar.



AI-VISUALISED

Above: The moment the room turns. Nobody moves.



ROOM 07

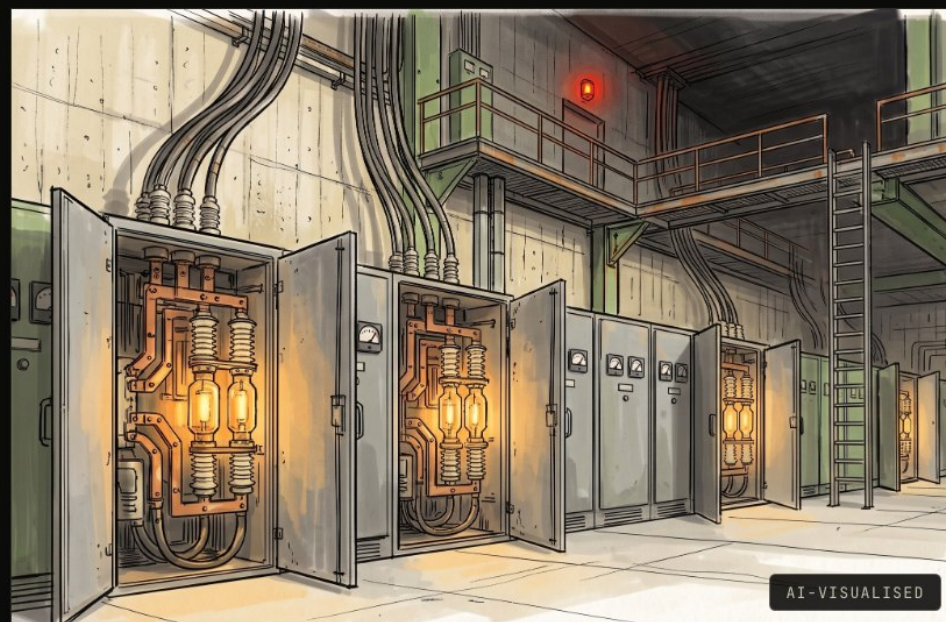
MAST BASE

~30S EXTERIOR STAGE 2

The route steps outside. A lattice mast fills the sky with amber lamps up its height, a field of dishes behind it, everything enormous and the people tiny.

THE BEAT — A BREATH

The only open moment in the attraction, and the only time the guest sees the scale of what is transmitting. Then straight into the last two rooms.



ROOM 08 ■ AMPLIFY

TRANSMITTER HALL

~35S VALVE RACKS STAGE 3

Cabinets standing open, copper busbar and glass valves the size of a forearm glowing hot amber. Running at a level nobody set.

THE BEAT — FULL SPEED

The first of only two moving threats in the whole attraction. Everything held back for eight rooms arrives at once.

ROOM 09 · TRANSMIT

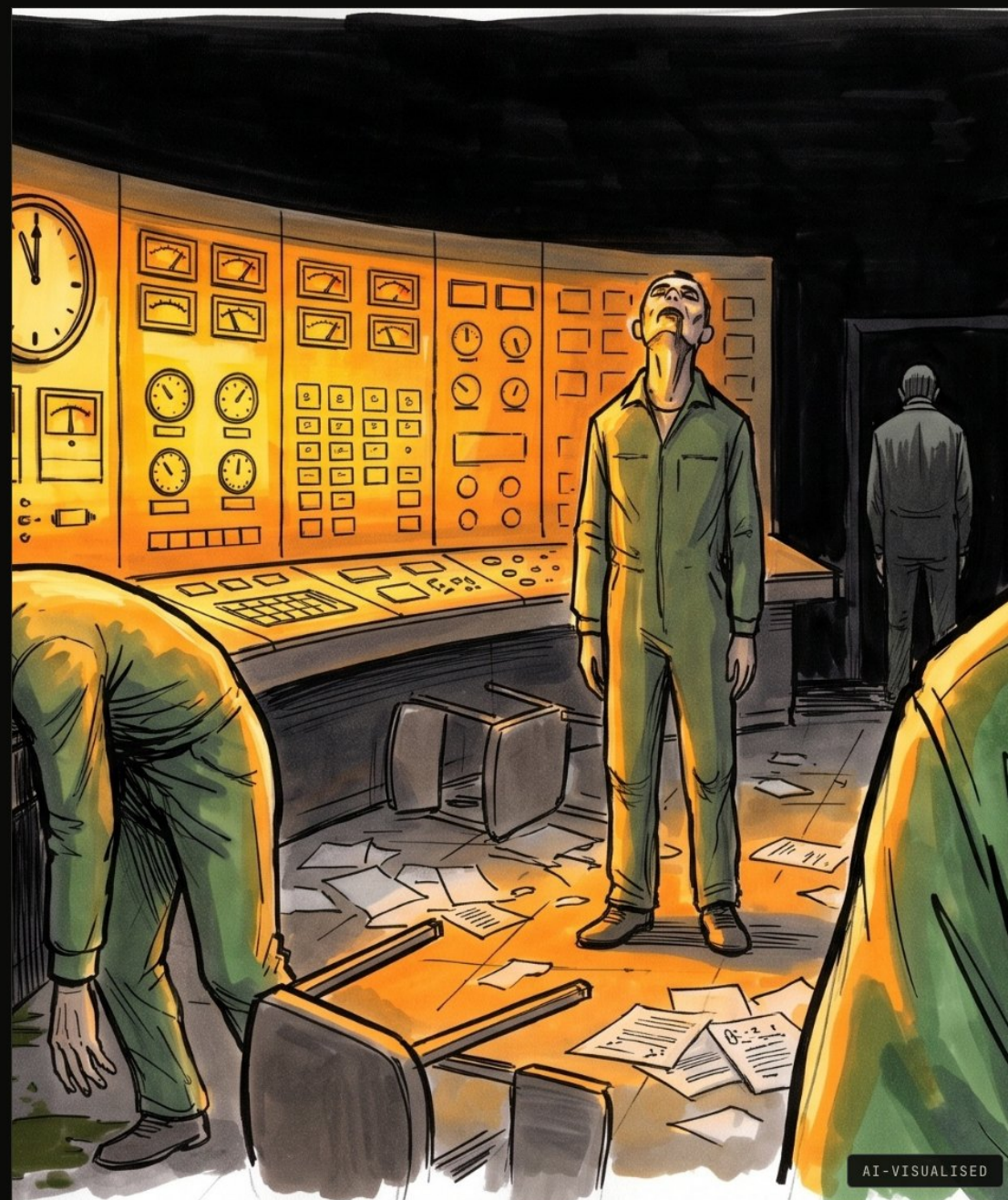
CONTROL ROOM

Every meter on the panel wall pinned hard right. The clock reads exactly on the hour.

The hum goes out on the pips, into every kitchen radio and railway clock in the country. No reveal, no creature, no explanation — just the most harmless sound in the world, carrying it.

THE EXIT

The hum builds into something overwhelming and the guest is put out of the building in the middle of it. Nothing is resolved. It is still transmitting.



AI-VISUALISED

Above: The finale. The desk crew turn as one.

YOU CANNOT COVER YOUR EARS

What it is. Low-frequency tactile transducers in the floor plates, the handrails and the wall skins of every room. The hum isn't delivered as sound alone — it's delivered into the body. Chest, feet, teeth. It climbs room by room on a fixed curve, so the guest is measurably more uncomfortable at the finale than at the door, and nobody ever told them it was happening.

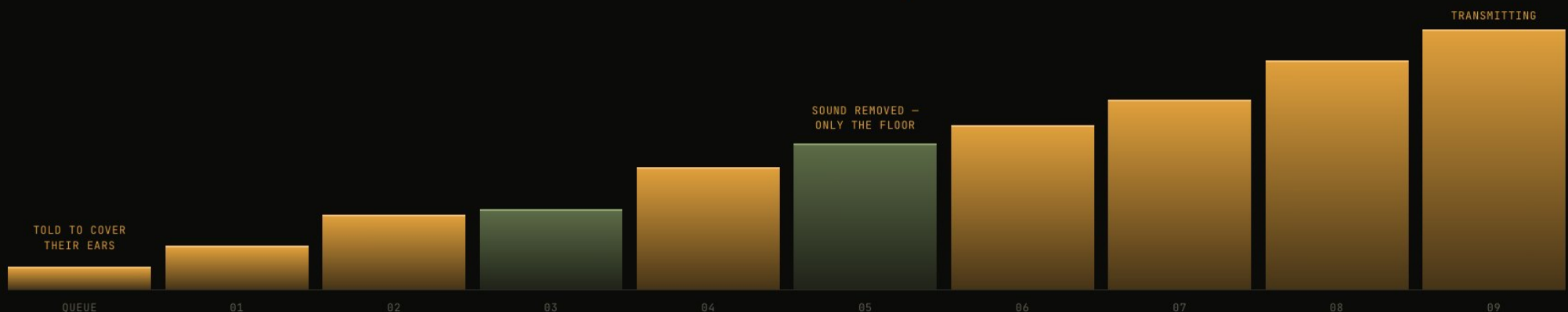
Why it's the signature. The pre-show sets it up: decontamination staff tell every guest to cover their ears. Every guest tries it. It does nothing — because by room three it's coming up through the floor and through the rail they're holding.

In about four seconds, without a word of exposition, the guest learns exactly what happened to the three hundred people who worked here.

- **It's the story, made physical.** The workers covered their ears too. It didn't help them either.
- **It climbs instead of firing,** so it never gets used up the way a jump scare does.
- **It works on people who've decided not to be scared.** You can't opt out of feeling it.
- **It's cheap.** Transducers are standard concert and theme-park hardware. The signature effect is the least expensive thing in the build.
- **It gives marketing one line:** **you'll feel it before you hear it.**

THE CURVE

Six stages mapped across nine rooms, tied to the amber level so what the guest feels and what they see rise together.



Tactile intensity delivered through floor plates, handrails and wall skins. **Green** marks the two rooms where the audible hum drops away and only the physical layer remains.

08

THE CAST

Four stages of one illness, crossed with four jobs.
Nine rooms populated without repeating a costume.

FOUR STAGES

The same illness at four distances from gone. One costume base serves all nine rooms — the stage is makeup and dressing.



STAGE 0 · ROOMS 2, 6

UNTOUCHED

Clear-eyed, no discharge. Lucid and terrified. Working, hiding, or trying to shut it down — wearing ear defenders that aren't working.

The scariest thing in the maze. A lucid woman asking for help, in a room where two colleagues are already gone.



STAGE 1 · ROOMS 2, 4

CARRYING

Sweating, grey-pale, hands clamped over the ear defenders. Still talking, but loses the end of sentences. Eyes just greening at the edge.

Still a person, and already lost. Doing exactly what the pre-show told the guest to do.

FOUR STAGES / CONTINUED



STAGE 2 · ROOMS 4, 5, 6

RESONANT

Green bloodshot eyes, discharge at the corners of the mouth. Twitches in short bursts, then goes completely still. Repeats one work phrase.

Movement: burst, freeze, burst. Never a steady walk.

STAGE 3 · ROOMS 8, 9

BROADCAST

Gone. Discharge down the front of the boiler suit. Fast, jerking, screaming, no language left.

Held back until room eight. There are only two moving threats in the entire attraction.

FOUR JOBS

Each role sits at a different stage, and each has a silhouette you can read at three metres in near-darkness — the only test that matters for a maze cast.



STAGE 0/1 · ROOMS 2, 6

THE CLEANER

Hunched and low, widened by a mop and bucket — the only figure with a prop touching the floor.

She's still mopping up the green. It's soaked her tabard and gone up her sleeves to the elbow. She's losing, and she hasn't stopped.



STAGE 1-2 · ROOMS 3, 5

LAB TECHNICIANS

Tall and vertical, long cream coats over green — the most upright figures in the attraction.

They work in pairs, one stage apart — this is the further-gone of the two, coat hanging open, badge torn off, ear defenders pushed down around her neck and useless.

FOUR JOBS / CONTINUED



STAGE 3 • ROOMS 4, 9

THE OPERATOR

Defined by the headset and its coiled cable, still plugged in and trailing across the floor behind her. She is tethered to her desk.

The only one who bleeds from the ears. She had the headset on when it arrived, so it went in at

volume. ROLE CHARACTERS — 2 OF 2



STAGE 2 • ROOM 9

STATION DIRECTOR

The only person here not in a boiler suit. Suit, tie, square shoulders — reads as authority in silhouette alone.

Discharge down his collar and across his glasses, and he hasn't noticed. Still giving instructions, calmly, to nobody. **Never move him quickly.**

09 — SOUND

THE HUM

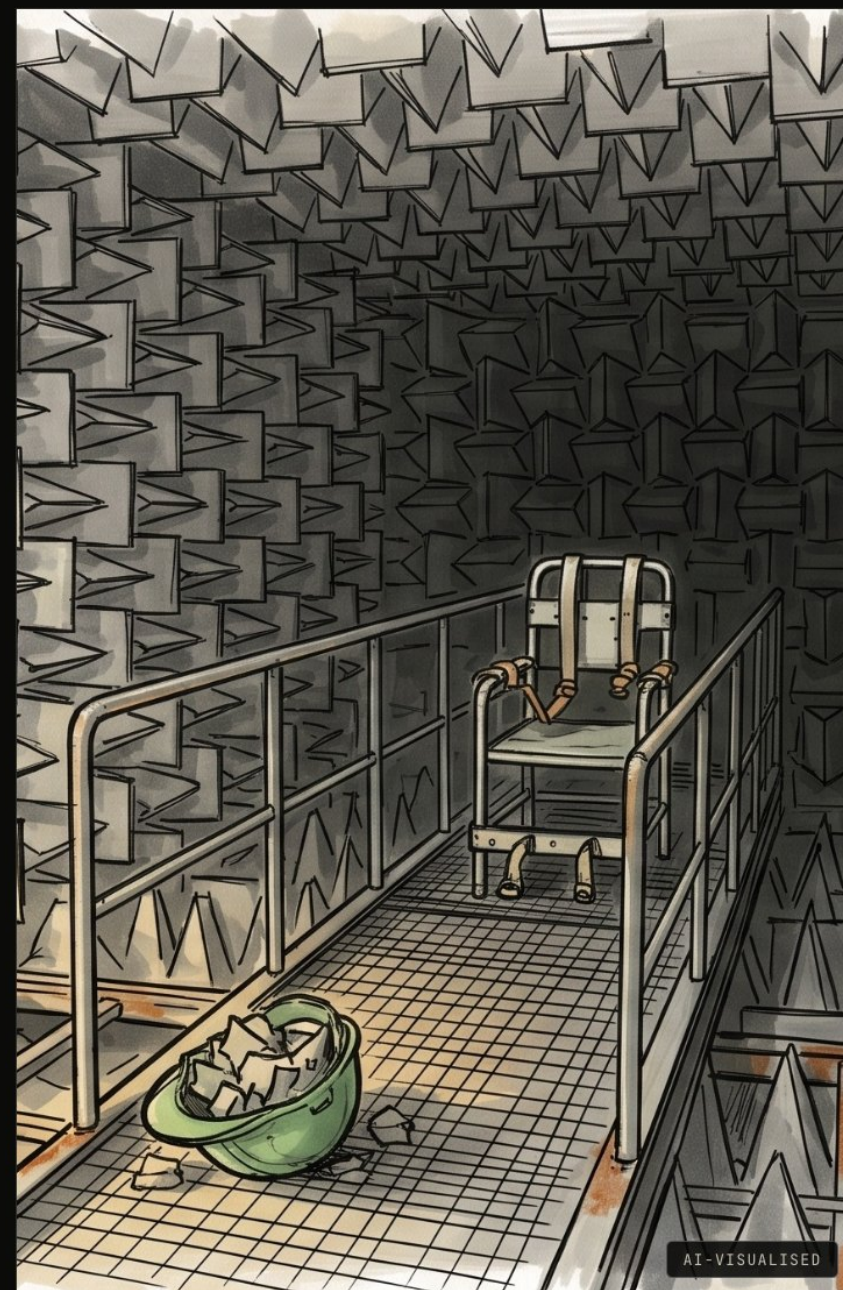
A low pulse, there from the queue line, climbing all the way to the control room. Never absent — **except in the Test Chamber, where only the floor keeps it.**

The arc. Pure tone, then a hum with structure inside it, then notes of a voice in the noise for the last two rooms. The guest never hears a word. They hear something that is almost about to be one.

The pips. The station's own time signal — clean and ordinary at the queue line, recurring through the maze more corrupted each time, and going out over everything in the finale.

DEAD AIR

Room 5 takes airborne sound away completely. Nobody builds silence into a maze. It costs nothing, it resets the guest's ears so room 8 lands at full force, and it's the best audio decision in the design.



Room 5 — the anechoic test chamber before incident dressing. Wedges on every surface, including the suspended floor.

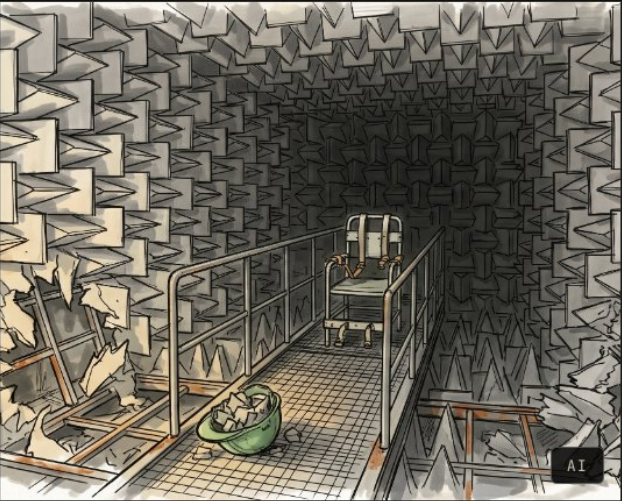
WHAT GETS BUILT

DECISIONS THAT PAY FOR THEMSELVES

- **Four days, not forty years.** No rust, no overgrowth, no dust layer, no water damage. The most expensive treatment in horror is age, and this design doesn't buy any.
- **One costume base across nine rooms.** Green boiler suit and hard hat. Stage is makeup and dressing; only the four role characters are bespoke.
- **The signature is the cheap part.** Transducers are off-the-shelf concert hardware.
- **One accent colour** means one lamp spec, bought at volume, doing all the work.

THE ATTRACTION

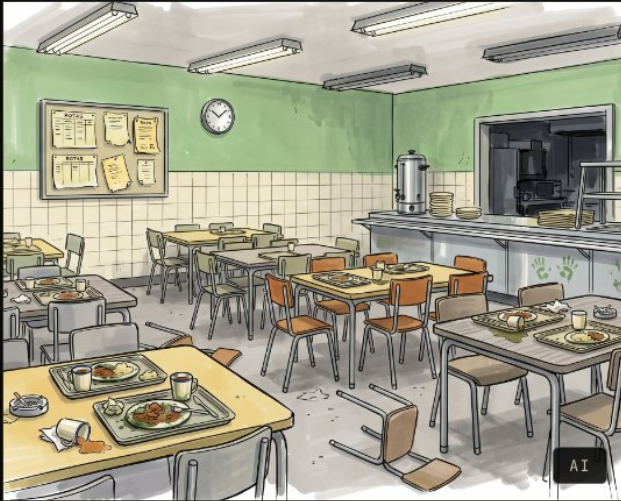
FORMAT	Walkthrough haunted house, Universal / HHN scale
ROOMS	Nine, plus façade and queue
DWELL	Approx. 4 minutes
HIGHEST COST	Anechoic test chamber — wedge lining, suspended floor, specialist supplier
EXTERIOR	Mast and dish field — scenic steel, forced perspective
CHEAPEST ROOM	The canteen. Formica, tubular steel, a tea urn — and one of the two best rooms in the maze.
STATUS	Blue sky · original IP



Highest cost — the anechoic test chamber. Wedge lining and a suspended floor, from a specialist supplier.



Biggest build — the mast and dish field. Scenic steel and forced perspective, carrying the only exterior beat.



Cheapest room — the canteen. Formica, tubular steel and a tea urn, and one of the two best rooms in the maze.



SIGNAL LOSS

Original concept, story, design and art direction
Finley Murray
Concept Package • Draft 02

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, mechanic, art direction, cast and staging are original work.

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