



ORIGINAL CONCEPT — FINLEY MURRAY

THE BUNKER

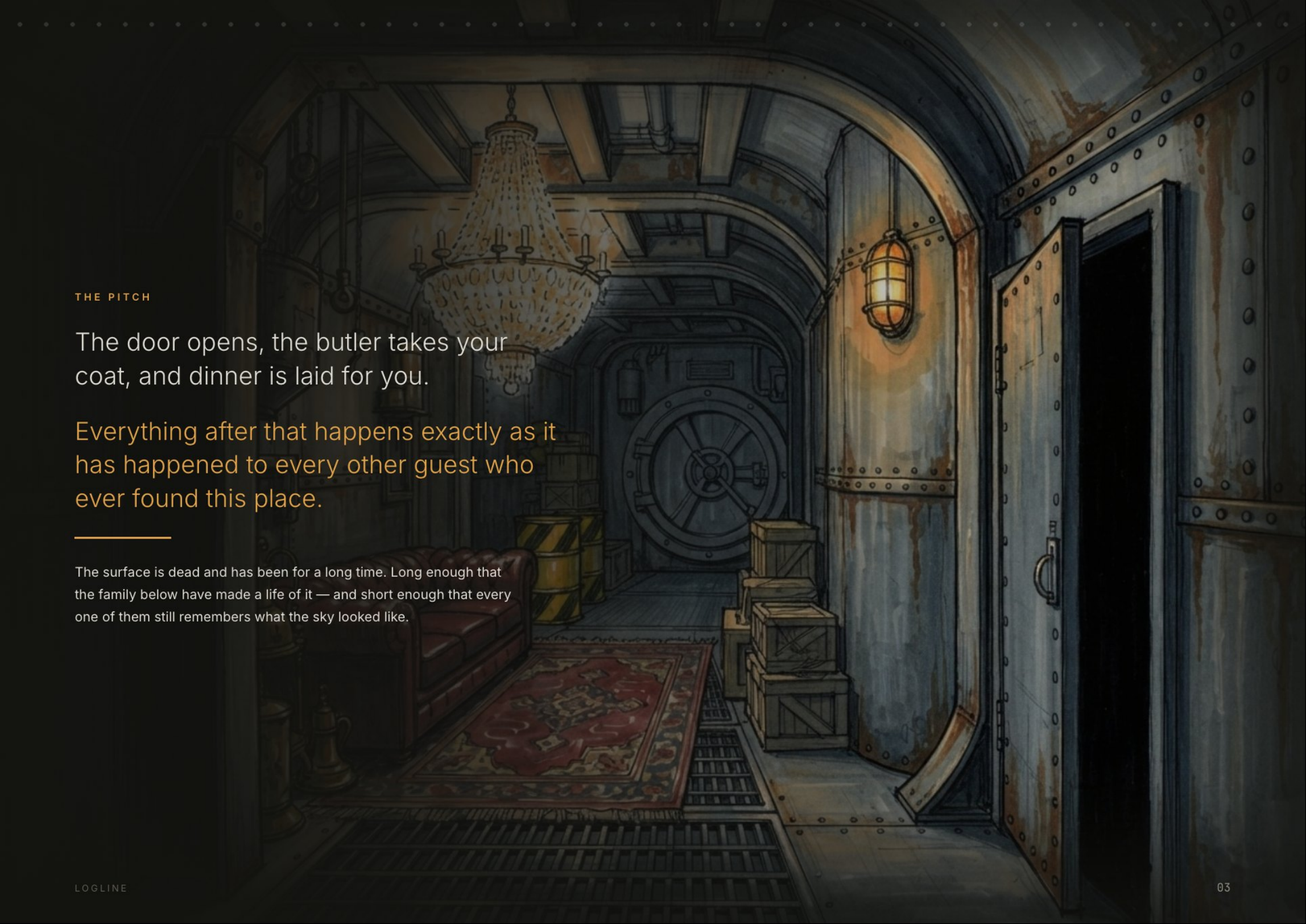
A rich family bought their way underground before the end of the world. They are still down there, still dressing for dinner — and you have been invited.

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.

03 — ROUTE

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.

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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

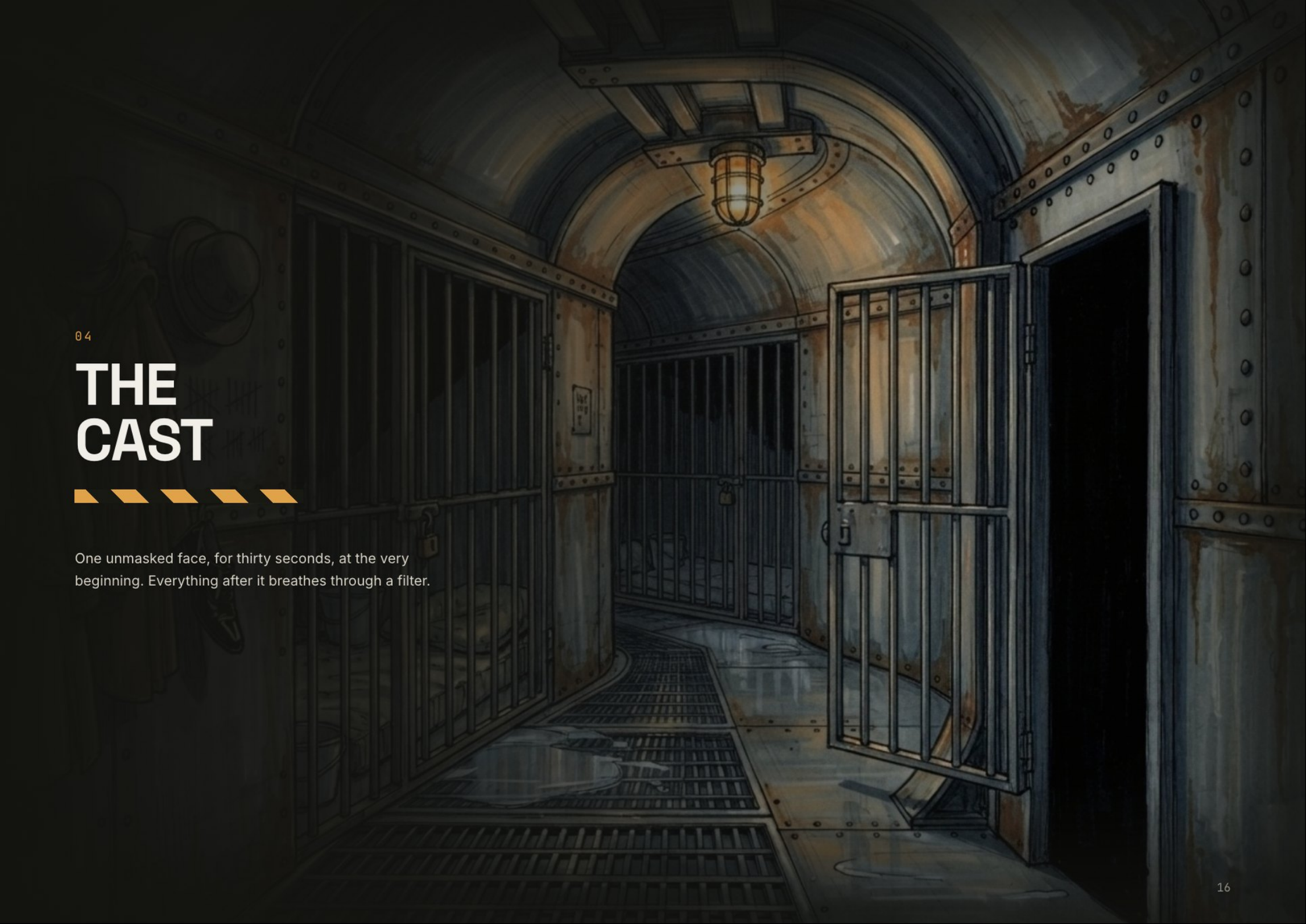
A stretch of bunker stripped bare and arranged as terrain — structural steel, gantries overhead, crate stacks and oil drums forming blind corners, hanging chains, haze.

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

#E8A34A

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

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.