



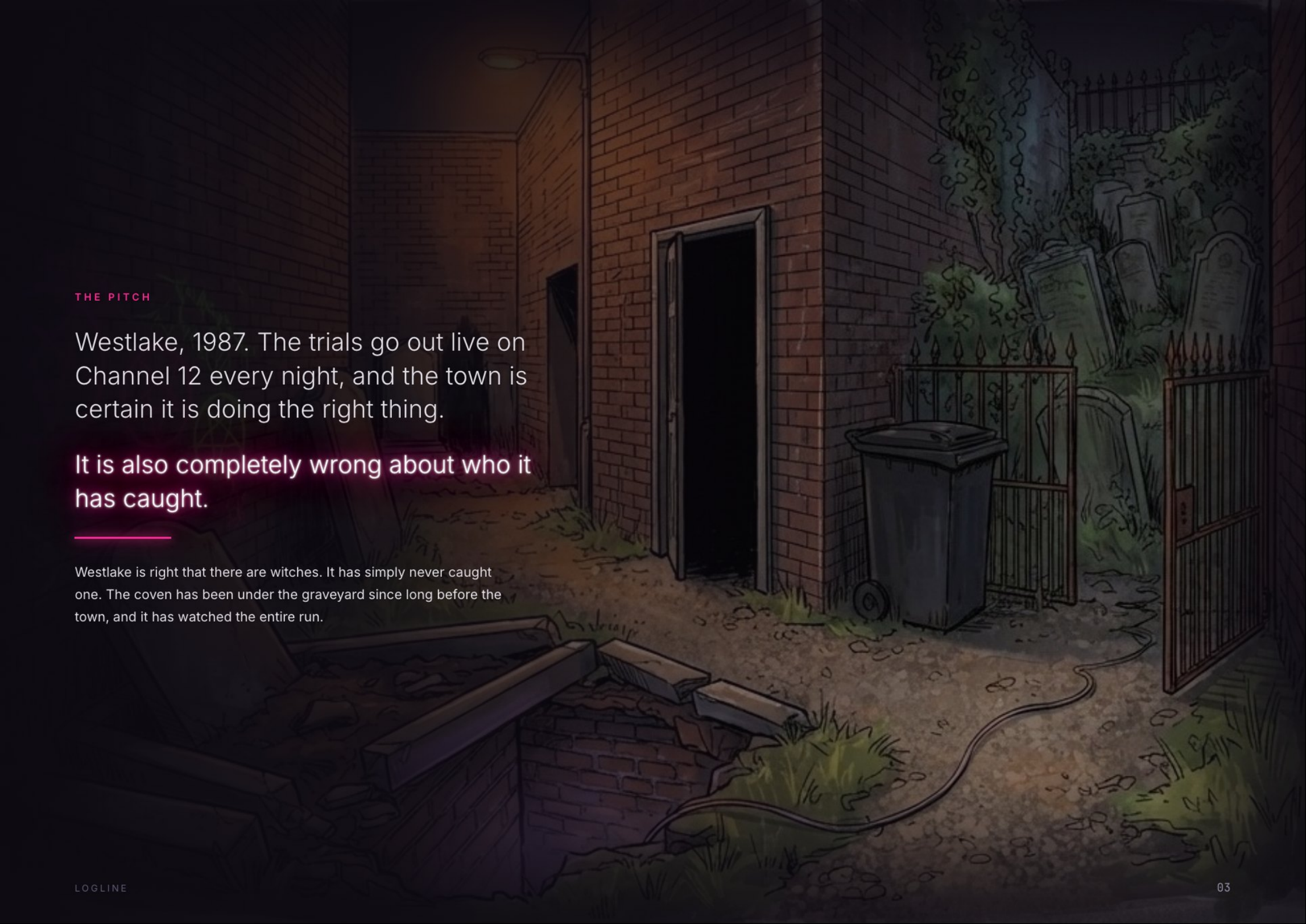
ORIGINAL CONCEPT — FINLEY MURRAY

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.



AI-VISUALISED

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

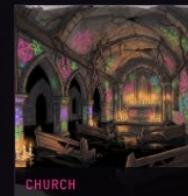
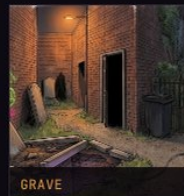
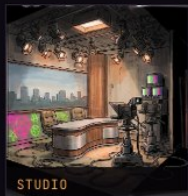
Bar, studio, town, graveyard — and then the ground gives way.



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.

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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.

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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.**

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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.