

ZIBAHKHANA - HELL'S GROUND

PAKISTAN'S FIRST GORE FILM

Zibakhana – Hell's Ground is the first modern horror film to be shot in Pakistan. It breaks all of the rules of local productions and was made entirely independently with no film industry or government assistance.

In the spirit of the EC horror comics of old, the film tells the story of five teens who get lost on their way to a rock concert, are menaced by flesh eating mutations and then fall into the clutches of a family of backwoods killers. The film includes copious amounts of gore alongside a splattering of social commentary and several slices of dark humour. It's best seen as a tribute to the cinema of Lucio Fulci and George Romero, but viewed from a distinctly Pakistani perspective.

The film is directed and co-written by former film critic Omar Ali Khan. Its cast combines some of the country's most exciting new talent alongside Pakistani film veterans such as Rehan and Najma Malik. The gruesome make up effects were done by Nawab Sagar, another industry veteran who has worked on numerous mainstream productions. The film was shot by London trained cinematographer Najaf Bilgrami and was edited by the UK's Andy Starke.

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CAST AND CREW

Omar Ali Khan - Director/Producer/Co-writer

The co-producer, co-writer and director of the film, Omar Ali Khan, has been a film fanatic all his life. His earliest memories include being frightened as a child by the poster for *Zinda Laash (The Living Corpse; 1967)*, Pakistan's first – and only – vampire film. As a nod to those childhood memories and a tribute to that pioneering production, *Zibahkhana* features a cameo role for Rehan, the man who played the Dracula character in that long forgotten shocker. Omar Khan was born in the UK and attended film school at Emerson College, USA. He now lives in Islamabad. He is the co-founder and proprietor of the Hot Spot chain of restaurants in Pakistan. He also has a radio show (as Dr. Phibes) and writes on film for a variety of local publications. Having made a number of shorts, *Zibahkhana* is his first feature film.

Pete Tombs - Producer/Co-writer

Author of the books *Immoral Tales* and *Mondo Macabro*. Founder of the Brainiac Books imprint, which published, among others, Colin Wilson's *Adrift in Soho* and Gerald Kersh's *Night and the City*. Founder of the Pagan Films video label and co-founder of Boum Productions. Has variously written, produced and directed some twenty shows for UK TV on a variety of film related subjects.

Andy Starke - Producer/Editor

Former member of seminal rock/dance collective The Regular Fries. Fifteen years of experience in post production, editing and TV. Edited the film *You're Dead* starring John Hurt, Rhys Ifans and Claire Skinner. Founder of Target Records, original home of the High Lamas. Co founder and CEO of Boum Productions and the Mondo Macabro DVD label.

Najaf Bilgrami - Director of Photography

Najaf Bilgrami is a Karachi based film maker. He studied at the London Film School where his main interest was cinematography. Since then he has made a series of shorts, music videos and ads both as director and director of photography. He currently works extensively in Pakistan's busy TV industry.

Nawab Saghar - Special Make-Up

He started working in films in 1957 on *Ayaaz* as a make up assistant to Pir Shrif. He has since worked as principal make-up artist on over 400 feature films, TV and theatre productions. He was production assistant on the 1971 German co-production *Tiger Gang (FBI: Operation Pakistan)* which starred Tony Kendall and Brad Harris. He has worked on almost all the recent Pakistani horror productions including the zany Pushto monster movies. Currently busy working in TV.

Kunwar Ali Roshan – Vicky

Based in Karachi. A very experienced actor; having started performing as a child, he has matured into one of the country's leading young actors on the local TV scene. *Zibahkhana* is his first feature film role.

Rubya Chaudhry – Roxy

An upcoming singer, model and actress who has already created waves with lead performances in a variety of TV productions and as a games show hostess as well as on catwalk shows for top local designers. She is currently working on her debut music album. *Zibahkhana* is her first feature film.

Rooshanie Ejaz – Ayesha

Stage experience in her home city of Islamabad led to a successful screen test for *Zibahkhana*. Currently pursuing her higher education, Rooshanie is a very bright prospect on the media scene in Pakistan and a future “scream queen” in the making.

Osman Khalid Butt – OJ

Based in Islamabad, he has amassed a wide array of theatre experience and is regarded by many as one of his country's brightest upcoming young stars. *Zibahkhana* is his first feature film role.

Haider Raza – Simon

A university student with little prior acting experience, he screen tested for *Zibahkhana* without any serious expectations. Very natural and at ease in front of the camera he beat many much more experienced actors to the part.

Rehan - Deewana

A veteran of the industry, and one of Pakistan's most respected actors both on film and TV. Rehan was born in Amritsar (now in India) and educated in Lahore. He began his career in Mumbai, in India, having been discovered by director Mehboob (of *Mother India* fame) in 1946 for the films *Elaan* and *Anokhi Ada*. He made his Pakistani film debut in 1952 with *Naveli*. He achieved notoriety with his portrayal of the vampiric Dr Tabani in the 1967 shocker *Zinda Laash (The Living Corpse)* and went on to feature in a major role in Pakistan's biggest box office block buster, *Aina*, for which he won an award.. Rehan is now retired and *Zibahkhana* marks his final screen appearance.

Najma Malik- Old lady in forest

With a career dating back to the early 1950's, Najma Malik is one of the grandest old ladies of Pakistani cinema. She has played a wide variety of roles on both stage, screen and TV. Her performance in *Zibahkhana* is one of the highlights of the film and a perfect bridge between the old school “Lollywood” style and the contemporary world of horror.

Salim Meraj – The Faqir

Since 1997, he has worked in many theatre and TV productions, where he has made a name for himself as a serious character actor. His work includes some of the country's most acclaimed recent hits such as *Shahrukh Khan ki Maut*. *Zibahkhana* is his first feature film credit though he is set to follow up with a role in a forthcoming

production by Mehreen Jabbar, one of the most highly regarded of Pakistan's "new wave" of film makers.

INTERVIEW WITH DIRECTOR OMAR ALI KHAN

What do you do when you're not making films?

I run a chain of ice cream stores called The Hot Spot. They are located in the three main cities of Pakistan. We specialise in organic, home made produce and have managed to make a quite a name for ourselves. Check out our website at www.thehotspotonline.com. The restaurants are film themed, packed with posters and memorabilia from a wide range of movies – but largely from horror and thriller films.

Why did you want to make this film?

It had always been my intention to make a film from fairly early on in life. I had already directed a series of horror shorts and had also studied film at Emerson College in the States. The interest and desire has always been there but the opportunity never really materialized until affordable digital equipment made it finally possible to produce a film without ending up on the streets with a begging bowl. That also gave us the ability to shoot on a completely independent basis with no interference. Making a movie for me was something that had to happen at some stage; not doing so would have left far too many questions unanswered.

Why a horror film?

I've always been attracted to horror films ever since I started the movie watching experience as a toddler. I was blown away as a kid watching Margaret Hamilton in *The Wizard of Oz* on TV, and since then it's been a steady diet of movies, with a strong emphasis on suspense and horror along the way. I blame my parents for this affliction - must have been something they did to me as a child that has left me with this insatiable appetite for horror films. Now it's a habit that just won't go away, so I have learned to live with it rather than fight it!

Where did you get the idea for the story?

Basic (personal) childhood fears...the shrouded burqa clad figure that was so evident during my formative years but yet so dehumanised and, to me, terrifying. The actual story is a staple for the genre: kids do something they were told not to and end up in a terrible situation. It's perhaps not the most original story in the world but the characters and situations as well as the location and the culture give it a unique slant.

What sort of films and film makers have influenced you?

Like most horror film buffs, there are certain masters of the genre who have been inspirational; among them Tobe Hooper (not only for *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* but also for *Eaten Alive*), John Carpenter before he went bad, Brian De Palma and Dario Argento in their Hitchcock stage. Even David Schmoeller for his *Tourist Trap*. Terence Fisher and Hammer in general have also had an undeniable influence as has David Cronenberg.

What is the film industry in Pakistan like?

What film industry?! Cinema going in Pakistan is almost at a standstill. The local industry is bankrupt and production levels have dropped to an all time low. Old cinemas are being pulled down and turned into shopping malls. Once there were 2,000 screens now there are only 217. There is hope of a revival in the form of multiplexes being brought in by a multinational company. Unfortunately that will be

of no benefit to the local industry as these multiplexes will not screen anything but Hollywood fare. There are murmurs of a few well regarded ad-makers and TV serial makers about to venture into feature films. There's also the hope that the financial accessibility that High Definition shooting allows is going to spur potential film makers into giving it a shot. Commercial "Lollywood," as it has been known for the last half century, is all but over.

What's "Lollywood"?

The Indian film business was based in Bombay, so it became known as "Bollywood" – Hollywood with a "B". The Pakistan industry was based in Lahore...Hence "Lollywood". It's a pretty meaningless term, actually. Most Lollywood movies were musicals, as in India. Comedies, action films and social dramas.

Have there been many horror movies made in Pakistan before this?

Barely a handful over the years. The ones that have been made have mostly featured fanged or hairy creatures of the night. The most recent have only been in the Pushto language. Mind-boggling stuff equally horrible as horrifying. Nothing along the lines of "modern" horror has been attempted thus far.

How did you go about finding the cast?

We put the word out in the TV circles, in Lollywood and on the local theatre scene and held screen tests and auditions in Islamabad, Lahore and Karachi and again in Islamabad to discover our cast and crew. The cast turned out to be a blend of seasoned veterans and fresh undiscovered talent.

How long did it take to shoot the film?

The shoot lasted a very intensive four weeks in the worst heat of summer. It was very tough. For a variety of reasons, we were forced to shoot during the rainy season when temperatures rose as high as 140 degrees and humidity was crippling. It was exhausting and we had more than a few cases of people passing out from heat stroke and stress. Plus the flash floods from the rain would destroy the sets and the generator truck would get stuck in several feet of mud. It was a long way from Hollywood!

So it was a tough shoot?

It's difficult for me to say as I have never really been involved in another shoot for a feature length film. What I can say is that it was the most physically and mentally draining experience of my life. We ran into all sorts of problems along the way. Fortunately there were no major mishaps other than an outbreak of dengue fever and the director nearly being electrocuted to death on the very first night's shoot (I still wake up in a cold sweat thinking of that near miss!). Also, one of our prop makers developed a gangrenous leg that turned him into the Incredible Melting Man...I initially thought of casting him hastily, but then felt we ought to send him off to hospital as amputation loomed.

The script called for a lot of night shooting and sitting for hours in the jungle being gradually enveloped by bugs and cockroaches was pretty much a horror film in itself. A hot shower, a chilled air-conditioned room and a bed had never been more inviting. But unfortunately we were often shooting until four or five in the morning and then straight into preparation for the next day. All this gave an edge and intensity to the

performances that I think really helps the film – although I wouldn't recommend it as a directorial approach!

What was the best thing about making the film?

Being with hard working unheralded professionals from Lollywood was a pleasure. It was also a particular thrill to bring together the old and the new from the traditionally rival cities of Karachi and Lahore and get them to work in an environment that neutralized and focussed them here in Islamabad.

Working with the young actors involved in the film rekindled my hope in the youth of the country which had all but faded away. They were an exceptionally bright and likeable bunch of kids and their enthusiasm and attitude were infectious. Our crew of helpers were also tireless and their spirit and sense of fun helped to revive us when energy levels were dropping to an alarming low. The whole experience was an interesting example of how people come together as one when under siege. There were copious tears shed when the shoot was over and people said their goodbyes. The re-shoot was amusing, as much of our crew and cast treated it like one big reunion and were almost disappointed that it was not going to be the same all-night madness as the initial shoot.

What was the worst thing about making the film?

Apart from the weather, I'd say it was the red tape (that we mostly managed to discreetly circumvent), my own lack of confidence, and the discovery that taking short cuts is ingrained into our system and that nothing can be done about it. The idea that indiscipline is part of the package of local filmmaking and to accept that as a fait accompli was and is simply unacceptable. But the worst thing was falling out with people due to friction caused by the intensity and pressure of the situation. I finally reached a state of physical and mental exhaustion that required weeks of recovery.

Will the film be screened commercially in Pakistan?

We absolutely hope that it will be possible for the film to be screened for the general public here in Pakistan. I am fascinated to see how they will react to something as radically unrecognizable from the commercial cinema they have been weaned on. I am not sure the film will be easily digested by local audiences. That's not to demean the public or the film, it's just that people are comfortable with what they are used to and change is always going to challenge that comfort zone.

How has the film been received in Pakistan by the people who have seen it?

So far, the few people I've shared the rough cut with have reacted very positively to it. For most of the actors involved, including the extras, the film gave them a chance to do something unusual, and they relished the opportunity and got stuck in. I reckon that sincerity of effort and the sheer slog has made an impact.

Do you think this film will spark off a trend of horror film making in the country?

It really depends on how the film goes down, both financially and even critically. Horror films present their own set of challenges like all genre films and some of those challenges (special effects, make up) might be too daunting for many aspiring film makers to want to overcome. But who knows, there might be a budding Romero, Hooper or Carpenter out there buzzing with ideas, waiting to land a contract with Bubonic Films!!!

What are you working on next?

We have two films in development (if that isn't too grand a word). One is a kind of musical – a very twisted take on the sort of films that Lollywood used to churn out in the 60's and 70's. The other is a much grimmer and more serious piece based on the life of Pakistan's most notorious serial killer.

CREDITS

Title: Zibakhkhana
English title: Hell's Ground
Country of origin: Pakistan
Language: Urdu and English
Subtitles: English
Shooting format: HDV
Length: 80 minutes
Color
Projection ratio: 16:9 anamorphic; 1:1.78

CAST

Kunwar Ali Roshan	Vicky
Rubya Chaudhry	Roxy
Rooshanie Ejaz	Ayesha
Haider Raza	Simon
Osman Khalid Butt	OJ
Rehan	Deewana
Najma Malik	Old Lady in Forest
Salim Meraj	Faqir
Sultan Billa	Baby
Razia Malik	Ayah
Ashfaq Bhatti	Simon's father
Abida Shaheen	Simon's mother
Adnan Malik	First Victim
Shagufta Humayun	Ayesha's Mother
Mai Billi	Billo (Chai Lady)
Daisy	Tranny 1
Sharmilee	Tranny 2
Tariq Mehmood Virk	Leader of demonstration
Zarina Bibi	Diseased water carrier

CREW

Director: Omar Ali Khan
Producer: Omar Ali Khan
Producer: Pete Tombs
Producer: Andy Starke
Writer: Pete Tombs & Omar Ali Khan
Director of Photography: Najaf Bilgrami
Editor: Andy Starke
Production Managers: Malik Mushtaq and Adarsh Ayaz
Production Assistants: Fatima Ayaz, Naeem Khan
1st Camera Assistant: Salik Ahmed Sheikh
2nd Camera Assistant: Waqas Bin Ali
Gaffer: Irfan Raja
Focus Puller: Mohammad Tariq
Lenses provided by: Meraj Ahmed Siddiqui – Visions & Illusions
Lights and Lighting: Popa Lights, Lahore
(Mohammad Tariq, Abbas Ali, Akhlaq Ahmed)
Van Artwork: Mohsin Raza Artist

Design & Costumes: Fatima Baig & Anna Baig
Make Up and FX: Nawab Saghar
Sound Recording and Dub: The Snake Pit II (Islamabad)
Behind the Scenes/Making of: Shehryar Mufti
Storyboards: Barbara Bennett
Runner: Mir Shabbir
Driver: Tahir
Caterers: Kashif Mehmood, Mohammad Imran, Abdul Aziz

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CDA
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Imtiaz Rana
The Hot Spot Staff (Islamabad)
Felix & Steffi
Shehryar Mufti
Baku Mian
The Family
Ghulam Mohiuddin
Jamuludin

SYNOPSIS – NOT FOR PUBLICATION

ZIBAKHANA/HELL'S GROUND

A car speeds through the dark, lonely night. The driver seems edgy, tense.

Suddenly something seems to loom up on the road ahead of him. He tries to avoid it, loses control of the car and crashes through the trees.

Regaining consciousness, he hears a strange whirring sound. He gets out of the car but can see nothing in the pitch darkness. Resigned to a long wait for assistance he gets out a cigarette. A sudden light flashes into his face. He looks up in shock. A shovel is bashed down onto his head. Again and again as he falls to the ground

His body twitches in its death throes. Heavy footfalls through the undergrowth. The man's body is pierced with a large blood covered hook and dragged away through the trees.

As dawn comes the police find the crashed car but no sign of the driver. A TV announcer reports that another body has gone missing in the inhospitable territory known as "Hell's Ground". The police suspect bandits or kidnappers. But so far there have been no demands for ransom.

In a city far away, five young people meet en route to a rock concert out in the country. They are all acquaintances from college and have their own stories; Ayesha has lied to her mother and told her that she is going on a school trip. Roxy, whose wealthy father is away on business, has only had to tell her servant that she will be staying at a friend's. Simon, the poor scholarship kid, has told his parents that he is going to a society wedding – a story which infuriates his drunken father. OJ is a dope-head rich kid; a nice guy, but one untroubled by any deep thoughts about the world or his place in it. The final member of the group is Vicky. Slightly older than the others, he has been entrusted with hiring the transport to drive them to the concert.

Unfortunately, Vicky has let them down and forgot to hire the car in time. He arrives in a beaten up old van covered in hideous and lurid paintings of local film stars.

They set off up the highway for the five hour drive. OJ keeps the joints rolling while Roxy entertains them with her (bad) singing and attempts at movie star dancing.

They take a detour from the main road (at Vicky's insistence) to stop at a tea shop way out in the middle of nowhere. The shop is run by a strange old man who seems oddly familiar to some of the group. Ayesha, who is feeling rather guilty about lying to her mother, is upset by the old man's probing about what they are doing and why they are not getting ready for evening prayers. As they leave he shouts them a warning about getting lost in Hell's Ground.

Despite Roxy's valiant attempts to keep them entertained, the mood of the group darkens as the day wanes and evening arrives. OJ suddenly announces that he is feeling ill and they have to pull over. He has been eating the food they bought at the tea stall and it has made him sick. He rushes through the thick undergrowth to a river

bank where he is violently sick. The other four wait by the van for him but are alarmed by a sudden loud cry. They rush down and find OJ in a distraught state. He is shouting that he has been attacked by something. Something that looked like a man with a hideous disease.

His leg is bleeding badly and Vicky decides that they must cut their trip short and get OJ back to the city and a hospital as soon as possible. They carry on driving down the unfamiliar and now oddly deserted road that seems to be turning, as they drive, into little more than a dirt path.. Suddenly they appear to have awoken in the middle of a nightmare. Vicky stops the van in a state of shock. The road is blocked by a line of hideous creatures. Creatures that might once have been human but are now nothing but blood crazed animals. Before Vicky can gather his wits and drive on, the creatures have surrounded the van. In a panic, Vicky speeds forward, knocking the creatures out of the way.

They drive on through the night, getting deeper and deeper into the jungle and further and further from anything familiar.

Finally Vicky stops again. He has seen light through the trees. Could it be the tea stall again? Could they have made a huge circle and come back to where they started? He wanders off towards the lights but finds instead that it is a kind of small temple. Inside is a black robed chanting figure. Vicky asks the man to help them find the Jannat Pur road. With barely a word, the man follows Vicky to the van and gets in. Telling him to drive forward.

The group in the van, shell-shocked by their recent experiences, look glumly at their new arrival. Their mood turns to one of dismay and horror as he begins to rant and rave about blood. Then, giggling maniacally, he pulls out of his bag a severed, blood covered head which he brandishes gleefully in their faces.

The van skids to a halt and Simon hauls the maniac priest out of the van. As they attempt to drive off he looms up unexpectedly in the van's windscreen. There is a loud thump and a cry as they speed off into the night.

The mood of the five is now one of barely suppressed hysteria. OJ's condition has worsened and he is now delirious. Roxy is starting to break under the strain. The only one who seems to be coping is Ayesha. But even her calm exterior cracks when the van suddenly splutters to a halt and Vicky announces that they have now run out of petrol. He had spotted earlier that the gauge was low but was too nervous to mention it.

In the midst of the confusion and recrimination that follows, Ayesha points to more distant lights in the trees. Could it actually be the chai stall this time? Or at the very least a dwelling where they could find help.

Once more Vicky sets off, determined that he must make amends for his earlier blunders. He finds the building to be a large, rundown shack. There are lights on but no-one appears to be home. He enters and finds four bodies seated around a table. As he moves closer there is a terrifying roar and a figure wearing a blood stained burqa

and wielding a huge knife rushes towards him. Vicky falls to the ground as the figure slashes at him again and again...

Back at the van the four remaining friends wait. Simon has been for a walk and returns to the van. As he slams the door shut, the vibrations dislodge the severed head brandished earlier by the Faqir. When Vicky stopped the van to eject him, it had rolled under one of the seats and had been forgotten about in the subsequent confusion. Its reappearance is the final straw for Roxy who screams and runs out of the van into the night. Ayesha and Simon give chase but are unable to find her. Eventually they give up and return to the van. Only to find that OJ has now also disappeared.

Roxy is alone in the dark wood. Her mood of panic subsides, only to be replaced by a sort of numbing terror. She moves slowly forward. Drawn to the distant lights, she makes her way to the run-down shack. She enters. Inside, a figure cloaked in a blood stained burqa is sawing and hacking at what looks like a large piece of meat on a chopping block. Roxy looks round and sees, to her horror, the severed head of Vicky staring eyelessly back at her. She screams. The burqa clad figure looks up. As Roxy runs from the slaughterhouse the figure gives chase. In its hands it wields a huge mace, swinging it in the air and howling with bloodlust as it chases the terrified girl through the woods.

Roxy sees ahead of her what looks like a small cottage set in a clearing in the middle of the woods. She runs forward and stumbles into the hut. Falling to the floor, she passes out.

Unaware of anything that has been going on, Simon and Ayesha decide to head for the lights to try to find Vicky. When they reach the run down shack there is no sign of life. Then Ayesha spots, lying on the floor, the torch that Vicky was carrying, along with the keys to the van.

She picks these up and also finds a plastic canister that smells as though it contains gasoline.

Simon and Ayesha are debating what to do when they hear a strange whirring sound from outside. They emerge and look around. Suddenly Ayesha sees a terrifying figure bearing down on them. It's the burqa clad killer, wielding its dreadful weapon of destruction and screaming out in blood lust.

Simon cries out to Ayesha to head for the van. He runs off in the other direction, hoping to lead the killer away from Ayesha.

As Ayesha runs through the night she hears a terrifying cry that is abruptly cut off. The killer has caught Simon.

She reaches the van and, with trembling hands, attempts to pour the gasoline into the tank. She tries to start the engine, but in vain. There must be a blockage in the pipes. The fuel is not getting through. Remembering the times she helped her older brother with his cars, she opens up the bonnet and begins to check the engine.

Roxy has awoken in the hut. A kindly old lady beams down at her and helps her to her feet. She tells her not to worry. Nothing can hurt her now. Noticing that Roxy has a cut in her arm, the old lady tells her that she will go and fetch her son, the healer. He will be able to give her something to fix the wound. As the old lady puts on her burqa to leave, Roxy suddenly realises something: the killer who slaughtered Vicky and chased her through the woods was a man. A MAN IN A BURQA. That explains his heavy gait, his strength and his gruff cries.

The old lady admonishes her not to be silly. "Men don't wear burqas," she says as she heads off to find her son. She tells Roxy not to leave the hut and that she will only be a few minutes.

With the old lady gone, Roxy looks around the hut. In a cupboard, she finds a sort of photo album with pictures of what looks like a happy family. A mother, father and two sons. Subsequent shots show the mother with just the two boys, And then a final shot of the mother, one son and a figure clad in a burqa. Roxy remembers something the old woman said; that when a son marries: "You lose a son but you gain a daughter..."

She drops the book and backs away from it. The door of the cupboard behind her swings open and there inside is the desiccated corpse of a man. On its face is plastered a rough photograph of the father in the scrapbook.

Roxy cries out and runs from the hut.

The old lady has arrived at her son's temple. She finds him lying on the grass dying. He tells his mother that it was five city devils who killed him. He tried to show them the correct path and this was how they repaid him. Then he expires.

The old lady cries out in rage, calling for her daughter to come and avenge her brother's death. In the deep forest, the Burqaman, still searching for Ayesha, hears his mother call. He runs to her side. Roxy, crashing blindly through the trees, stumbles into the clearing where the old lady is cradling her son. Just as she arrives, so too does the Burqaman,. Roxy tries to escape, but the Burqaman grabs hold of her and snaps her neck in one firm twist.

Ayesha, having fixed the blockage, gets back in the van and turns the engine over. The old lady hears the sound and commands her son to stop them escaping. He races through the woods as the engine coughs into life.

Ayesha turns on the headlights. They reveal the Burqaman standing in front of the van. He swings his mace and smashes the van windows. Ayesha jumps out of the van and runs as fast as she can through the trees. The Burqaman chases after her and launches his mace through the air. It misses Ayesha and hits the ground.

Ayesha is younger and fitter than the burly Burqaman and manages to lose him. Just when it seems she is about to get away, she trips over some barbed wire hidden in the undergrowth. It's the remnants of an old fence. Recovering, she take one of the fence posts and painfully wraps the barbed wire round it. Then, hiding behind a tree, she calls out: "Help! Help me!".

The Burqaman hears her cries and comes running through the forest. He stops by the tree and looks round. Ayesha creeps up behind him and fells him with one tremendous blow from the barbed fence post. He falls to the ground.

Leaning down to hear if he is still breathing, Ayesha is grabbed by the Burqaman. As he tries to strangle her she reaches out for a large rock. She brings it down on his head. Again and again.

Finally he falls back, unconscious. Ayesha stumbles off. She comes across the Burqaman's discarded mace lying where he threw it. She hesitates. Then, making up her mind, she picks up the heavy weapon and drags it back to where his body is still lying. Falling to her knees she raises the sharpened handle of the mace high above her head and then brings it down with all the force she can muster, stabbing the prone figure in the chest. Again and again she does it, as the blood spurts over her.

Now, finally convinced that the nightmare is over, Ayesha rises to her feet. Dawn is breaking. She has survived the horror. She takes hold of the Allah medallion her mother gave her that hangs around her neck. She moves slowly forward, out of the trees.

Suddenly she hears a sound and looks up. It's OJ. He has stumbled onto the path ahead of her. He doesn't seem to have noticed Ayesha and carries on walking away from her. Amazed to see him and delighted that one of her friends has survived, she quickens her pace and comes up behind him. "OJ...?" she calls out. "OJ..."

She reaches out to touch him by the shoulder. He turns towards her....

OJ has transformed into a monstrous creature, just like the ones that attacked the van.

Ayesha screams.

Now she is lost in madness. For her the horror will never end and her cries of terror echo through the forest of Hell's Ground.

THE END

