

CREWELL BRITANNIA

Written by

George Basiev

Bad Babies Films
137 Java street
Brooklyn, NY 11222

C R E W E L L B R I T A N N I A

SUPER: *"Sleeplessness befogs the reason, undermines the will, and the human being ceases to be himself, to be his own 'I'" - Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn - 20th century novelist, Russia.*

Somewhere in Great Britain, November 1944.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Rain and thunder roars through the night skies. A few strokes of light peeks in through a rusted set of bars.

A group of ten MEN and two WOMEN are held captive, one of which holds a crying BABY. Some wear nazi uniforms, some civilian clothed.

They are prisoners of a war-torn land.

Two GUARDS, armed with sub-machine guns enter with Lieutenant General GORDON CREWELL (50's), the leading man in charge of the operation; a stern and convincing presence.

He wears a tweed three piece suit snug under his white lab coat and carries a clip-board.

The baby continues to wail as they enter.

Gordon proceeds with a head count of everyone in the cell.

GORDON
(under breath)
1,2,3,4,5...11,12.

At number twelve he reaches the woman and her baby, he motions to one of his guards.

Guard steps in the cell and escorts the mother and her child out.

Gordon nods to the woman and waits for them to walk further, turning a corner.

GORDON (CONT'D)
There is no such a thing as God.

A SHOT rings out through the cement walls, baby stops crying; the mother begins.

Another SHOT is fired.

GORDON (CONT'D)

However, sometimes another man will smile down upon you with such great luck and opportunity, that you just might believe in one.

The guard returns, affirming to Gordon the job is done with a simple nod of the head.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Do not be afraid, we are here conducting an experiment that could revolutionize the entire field of medical and scientific research. I need five extraordinary subjects who are willing to experience a journey in the name of science. You will be remembered. An inspiration to your families. You will also be fed, which I can't promise here. If you pass this thirty day trial, your freedoms will be granted.

All remaining prisoners raise their hands.

Gordon shows a cheerful grin as he begins choosing his subjects.

GORDON (CONT'D)

You, two, three, four, and five.
Yes? Step lively, come, come.

The chosen prisoners sign their name in Gordon's clip-board and exit one by one.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Jolly good. Easier than we thought.

Gordon and his guards exit, the prison door is shut once again.

INT. GORDON'S STUDY - UNKNOWN

Gordon inserts a small key and opens a large wooden cabinet.

The cabinet unfolds into a working station with all sorts of surgical tools, pipets, jars of powders and liquids, glass tubes and a machine quietly pumping blood into a rather large box.

Gordon opens the box and inserts a syringe.

He extracts a thick liquid, filling the syringe.

He closes the box and locks the cabinet promptly.

The contents of the box are not revealed.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - UNKNOWN

The chosen five are washed down with high pressure water hoses and soap by doctors in protective gear.

The subjects are not the least bit enthused.

CREDIT ROLL

SUBJECT #1 - *FRITZ VON GREISER* (41), A tall and slender man with what you'd call an important nose. He takes the cold water like a champ.

SUBJECT #2 - *DOUGLAS HOUSE BRIDGES* (32), Muscular and large, a man built for war. The rush cold water doesn't seem to bother him either.

SUBJECT #3 - *WARREN BAKER* (29), The smallest of the bunch, not exactly what you would call a perfect military specimen. He shivers from the high pressure water.

SUBJECT #4 - *MAURICE RAMSEY* (27), muscular and quite fit with a scar on his right cheek and a tattoo on his forearm that reads: "Love". He eases into cold, quickly showering himself.

SUBJECT #5 - *WILLIAM CHESTER* (24), Average build man with glaring big eyes and a familiar face. William is completely numb to the cold water.

The doctors turns the water hoses off.

SUPER: DAY 1

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

The chamber's heavy bronze door is shut tight and locked from the outside.

The living area is a modest rectangular room, equipped with a speaker up above, microphones on each wall, and an intricate ventilation system.

The subjects do not seem fond of their new living quarters.

The room consists of a sink with a toilet in the corner, a barrel of dried food and magazines along with newspapers for reading pleasure.

It has three large port-hole mirrors for twenty-four hour monitoring consisting of thick glass for scientists' protection and added benefit of being double sided for purpose of anonymity.

A few taps on the microphone are heard through the speaker in the room.

GORDON
(over intercom)
Can you all hear me quite clear?

They look up and around, looking for Gordon, instead seeing themselves in the mirror and a speaker up above.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Yes, yes. I'm right here. And we will be communicating with you through these microphones for the duration of the trial. Can one of you say something to test our levels?

WILLIAM
Piss off!

GORDON
Could you repeat that please?

MAURICE
Twat!

GORDON
Crystal clear. I'll be enjoying my time here, on this side of the chamber.

Gordon places the needle on his phonograph. Classical music starts to play.

The subjects see the sink leaking water and all rush to it.

Fritz opens the lever and cold water rushes out.

The rest of the subjects all crowd in to get some.

FRITZ
Water is good.

Fritz wipes his face with freshly wet hands, runs it through his greasy hair.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

Gordon and his team watch on from the monitoring room as the subjects indulge themselves.

Gordon then motions to his operations specialist, ALAN BURGESS (30's), who sits by a control panel across from the port holes. He wears thick vision glasses, your stereotype studious type who never gets the girl and doesn't care much.

Alan proceeds to turn a lever.

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

The faucet leaks to a stop, dripping its last few drops.

WILLIAM
Son of a bitch--

WARREN
--Turn it back on!

MAURICE
You bastard--

DOUGLAS
--That was much needed, mate.

GORDON
(over mic)
There ya go. Before I was rudely interrupted the good news is there is food and water. Not the filet mignon you're used to in Berlin, number five, but you know the ol' saying.

WILLIAM
Fuck off.

GORDON
(over mic)
Precisely so. You will find yourselves quite accommodated as I'm sure you all have plenty to think about. A tremendous amount of paper to get you through the boring periods, I myself like to be entertained.

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

I tried to get you all a radio set
but one man can only do so much.

FRITZ

Why the fucking mirrors?

GORDON

I'd like to think it's a perfect
time to reflect--

WARREN

--Any chance of getting some
tobacco?

GORDON

Cigarette smoke will damage the
entire integrity of your
environment. In thirty days time
from now gentlemen you will be
enjoying hand rolled cigars on the
finest beaches of England.

WILLIAM

Finest beaches of England!

MAURICE

Wanker.

William throws some dry food across the room, it hits Fritz.

FRITZ

Try it again, island monkey.

MAURICE

All right, this will be
interesting, the world's upstanding
citizens all in one room.

GORDON

(intercom)

Very good gentlemen. Carry on then.

DOUGLAS

What a rat bastard.

WILLIAM

He's more than just that.

MAURICE

You know this twat!?

WILLIAM

You've never heard of Crewell?

MAURICE
Who the fuck is Crewell?!

DOUGLAS
Not one bit.

WARREN
He was all over the papers.

FRITZ
Yes I've heard of him.

WILLIAM
Of course the nazi wanker knows of
him.

WARREN
Isn't he the doctor who severed a
man's head--?

DOUGLAS
--Jesus man--

MAURICE
--Why the fuck did he severe the
man's head?

DOUGLAS
I don't fucking know mate, why do
people do stupid fucking things?!

FRITZ
In the name of science.

WARREN
That man's body was paralyzed, he
needed a new body.

DOUGLAS
Who was the donor?

WILLIAM
Is that the part that you're
interested in most?

FRITZ
Genius man, if you ask me.

MAURICE
That's a sick man--

WARREN
--Fine line, no?

DOUGLAS
How do you know of him?

WILLIAM
I.. I know. He was all over the
papers, like I said.

William turns around from the others and looks into the
mirror.

DOUGLAS
So what's our plan?

WILLIAM
Our plan?

MAURICE
There's no way out. We're in a
fucking sealed gas chamber. Let's
just stick it out for thirty days,
we signed off on it. We'll make it
out if we stick together.

WILLIAM
Are you that naive Maurice?--

DOUGLAS
--I suddenly feel a deep disregard
for my own self.

MAURICE
Well fuck off mate, what'd you want
me to do?

WILLIAM
There has to be another way.

WARREN
There is no way.

FRITZ
The only way out would be to
suddenly become a ghost.

Fritz laughs.

William stares up into the speaker, then through the port
hole mirror at his own reflection.

MAURICE
They're watching our every move.

WILLIAM
We'll find a way.

Fritz watches on with a mixture of amusement and suspicion.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A grand oval table sits snug in a two tone concrete military bunker room. A few light bulbs hang from the ceiling.

A large painting of a priest, child and mother praying in a church hangs on the wall.

Around the table are scientists and researchers alongside Gordon Crewell himself.

He stands up to address the table.

GORDON

You might look around and recognize some familiar faces, but I think a proper introduction is in order. From my left, Donald Berry, one of Britain's renowned chemists and neuroscientists.

DONALD BERRY (50's), a Professor at one of London's top medical universities. Donald has slick grey hair and is in his lab coat. He shows a steady hand as he smokes his cigar.

DONALD

The pleasure is all mine, Doctor. It's an honor to be a part of this intriguing endeavor.

Donald puffs on his cigar.

GORDON

Of course we have Alan, better than my right hand, Alan is our operations specialist. If Alan can't fix it, well then I'm afraid we will have to make sure Alan does fix it.

Alan stands up to address the table, proudly.

ALAN

Pleased to meet you all, it's a honor to be here.

Gordon clears his throat.

He sits down, not as enthused as previously.

GORDON

Clive English, the illustrious surgeon. A brilliant man, and truly one of a kind.

CLIVE ENGLISH (40's). He's dapper in his three piece suit and carries himself with great dignity.

CLIVE

Good day Doctor. Thank you for having me.

GORDON

I feel at ease in your presence.

CLIVE

Are you trying to seduce me Gordon?

GORDON

Life is a game of seduction isn't it? You stick your tongue wherever you may find something sweet. Geoffrey, thanks to you our young men on the battlefield have forty percent increase in mortality. Your breakthroughs in biochemistry are astounding. It's our privilege to have you with us.

GEOFFREY BACON (50's), stands to address the table, a man who looks like he's seen it all by the sound of his calm voice and reassuring presence.

GEOFFREY

Gordon my life's work has led me here. Let our collaboration continue, it's been some time.

GORDON

Wendy, I don't know where I'd be without you, you are a remarkable individual.

WENDY FOX (40's), quite simply the most attractive of the bunch, is the only female doctor participating. She's no smiles when even complemented by Gordon. Wendy is a tough cookie.

WENDY

Thank you Doctor. I look forward.

GORDON

Your energy and insight into the mind is exactly what we need here.

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

Wendy is an esteemed psychologist,
whose third eye is the last piece
of the--

--GENERAL BROOKE (60's), barges in with two MILITARY GUARDS.
His uniform is decorated with many colorful achievements,
making him seem much bigger than his actual 5'5 posture.

His voice is hoarse with history and gin.

GENERAL BROOKE

I'm not interrupting anything of
importance?

GORDON

And of course, General Brooke, who
needs no introduction--

GENERAL BROOKE

--Crewell. Let not your past
incompetence influence the present.
I'm here on strict order--

GORDON

--General Brooke, let me assure you
we are perfectly equipped--

GENERAL BROOKE

Perfectly equipped?!

CLIVE

You should trust the Doctor--

GENERAL BROOKE

--And who the bloody hell is this
bellswagging faggot?

Clive is taken a back with that comment.

CLIVE

Clive English, is the name--

GORDON

(saving Clive's ass)
--General, I assure you, my team of
the finest doctors--

GENERAL BROOKE

--If these are your finest doctors
you'd better start looking for a
new team. I hope you do realize the
sensitivity of this operation, and
that is exactly why I've come.

Gordon fixes his lab coat while General Brooke approaches the front of the room.

He motions to his guards and they post five pictures on the wall with pins.

They are the chosen five prisoners.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

I am already not looking forward to spending the next thirty days in this man hole.

GORDON

The easier we make it for all of us, the less of a dog's dinner this will be.

GENERAL BROOKE

I've heard enough outta you, Crewell.

Brooke exhales a thick cloud of smoke as he addresses the room.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

Four of our subjects are part of "the big five". "The big five" as in the five leading, and founding members of the British Free Corps. Hitler's English sector of the SS; British soldiers, turned against their own land. The land their mothers and fathers bled and cried for. Aiding the Nazis, and spreading their fascist propaganda. These men were captured by our boys on the eastern front, they should all consider themselves lucky to be here.

GORDON

And where's the fifth of the big five?

GENERAL BROOKE

Don't play smart with me, doctor. We have Major Fritz Von Greiser, our first subject. Luftwaffe. A highly praised and decorated arse hole from hell. A recorded three hundred and fifty-nine kills, and that's only what the R.A. is willing to admit.

Fritz is seen sitting comfortably on the floor, not looking bothered.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

Subject number two is Douglas House Bridges. Defected. Captured in 1943 by the Germans. He eventually joined the ranks of the Waffen SS, and is a founding member of the British Free Corps. He has been on our list for some time.

Douglas is seen standing next to the sink, he doesn't look happy.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

Subject number three, Warren Baker. An American born, British national. Defected. This scum was captured in France by our boys, broadcasting his nazi lovin' shite, and proving to be quite an asset to the reich.

Warren is seen eating some dry food sitting on the floor.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

Subject number four is Maurice Ramsey. He too turned sides when captured. He aided in transcribing and translating for the Germans who quickly found a use for an intellectual traitor.

Maurice is reading a newspaper and chewing on dry food quite comfortably.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

And last but not least, number five is William Chester. This load of filth is believed to be the founding member of the miserable British Free Corps, recruiting traitors and perverting our nation.

William stands, leaned up against the wall, staring at the port hole mirror.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

Welcome back, bastard.

GORDON

Quite the roster, yes?

GENERAL BROOKE
I'd have them all hanged.

GORDON
Let us not waste precious life, but
learn from it, test its limit and
dissect it.

GENERAL BROOKE
Do not forget why we're here.

GORDON
It would be highly distasteful of
me--

GENERAL BROOKE
--I need soldiers, Crewell. Strong,
healthy men that will kill without
mercy and bloody emotion.

GORDON
We are all in this war together.

GENERAL BROOKE
I'm glad you've been reinstated
again. Off the field, of course.

GORDON
It's where my work serves her
majesty best.

GENERAL BROOKE
Get your tongue out of her arse--

GORDON
--It's always a pleasure to see you
Bernard, now If you'd be so kind,
time is not on our side.

General puffs on his pipe and takes a seat in a chair.

Chilling silence ensues. The rest of the room also lights
their smokes.

GENERAL BROOKE
Don't worry. I don't plan to stay
for supper.

ALAN
(timidly)
Doctor can you please go over our
procedure--

Gordon motions to one of his guards.

GORDON
--Alan, please, call me Gordon.

The guard rolls in a television set on wheels and positions it for everyone to see.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Since some of you just cant bare to
hear me talk...

The guard turns the dial on and the television set plays what looks to be an animation.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Let us watch something instead.

A man is seen walking down a street. A voice speaks.

VOICE
Do you feel tired often? Sometimes
even when you've just awoken?

The man goes to work at a desk, he falls asleep easily.

VOICE (CONT'D)
And do you come home exhausted,
most likely not willing to do it
all over again?

The man sits in his arm chair, watching television.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Has your life and career gone dull?

The man is in bed wishing he could be happy in a cloud of thought.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Are you just about ready to give
up?

The man holds his head, another person comforts him.

VOICE (CONT'D)
What if I told you, you could feel
young again?

The man is surprised, he doesn't think it's true.

VOICE (CONT'D)
What If I told you, you could never
feel tired again.

The man runs down the street and is surprised that he is not tired.

VOICE (CONT'D)
What If I told you, you never had
to sleep again.

The man stays up all night working, painting, and partying.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Think of all the things you've
wanted to accomplish. Think of all
the possibilities.

The man is seen climbing a mountain and raising a British flag.

VOICE (CONT'D)
How many days can you go without
sleep?

General interrupts:

GENERAL BROOKE
--Six long days, it was hell.

The tone in the room changes.

GORDON
Impressive.

GENERAL BROOKE
Are you wasting my bloody time,
Crewell?

GORDON
May we continue?

The General looks at everyone else, who give him a cold stare.

The video continues to play.

The man inhales a cloud of smoke.

VOICE
With just one small dosage a day,
the average mans life will
drastically change.

A man hops and skips down the street.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Harry has been awake for thirty days, and he feels not the least bit tired.

He finishes his work and makes love to his wife.

DONALD

Thirty days?!--

GENERAL BROOKE

--Nonsense!--

Gordon pauses the video.

WENDY

--The human brain will sustain massive amounts of damage--

DONALD

--That's impossible--

GEOFFREY

--Thirty days and nights?!--

CLIVE

--The effects of sleep deprivation are irreversible--

GENERAL BROOKE

--And what exactly is in this gas?--

GORDON

--Gentlemen, and ladies, please, I can perfectly explain any and all of your legitimate concerns. These subjects of ours are in fact murderers, traitors to our great King and Queen, and it shocks to see such compassion, however, this is exactly why I chose you all.

Gordon pulls out a small vial from his lab coat pocket.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I introduce to you, Agent S. An inhaled stimulant designed to keep an organism awake.

WENDY

For thirty days?

GORDON

Forever, I intend.

GENERAL BROOKE
Interesting form of torture.

GORDON
It's not torture in the slightest.
Can we continue now?

Gordon continues with his animation.

VOICE
After exactly ninety days the
treatment stops. Harry will no
longer ever feel tired or want to
sleep, for the rest of his long and
fruitful life.

Harry rides a bicycle from day to night.

Animation stops.

GEOFFREY
So essentially you're making them
stronger?

GORDON
A bullet will stop anyone. We're
after information, knowledge, no?

DONALD
I'm not sure I know how this makes
me feel.

GORDON
In thirty days time we will unlock
one of life's biggest secrets.
Thirty more days and we will have
the worlds greatest army.

Gordon looks to the General who shows a slight smirk.

WENDY
Doctor, what are the psychological
effects--

GORDON
--Eternal life, my dear Wendy.
After this is all done we will not
only enjoy a case of the finest
champagne and a good night's rest,
but our names will forever be
engraved in the books of history.
From now on, our work here is
monumental.

CLIVE

Just one last question Gordon, what was the use in promising freedom for the subjects? We all know that is definitely not the truth.

The table finds it funny, blowing smoke in the air.

GORDON

Well let me ask you Clive, aren't you much happier and eager to go through life knowing there's a light at the end of your tunnel? Their state of mind is of the essence. And it doesn't hurt to perhaps have something in between, Clive.

GENERAL BROOKE

I could say the same about you, Crewell.

Gordon reacts to Brooke as one reacts to a sore on their lip.

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN

Classical music plays through the room's speakers.

Subjects do push ups, eat their dry food and indulge in some reading.

FRITZ

Ah, this isn't so bad. I've always thought if there was no Leopold, there would be no Mozart. It's a shame some fathers do not get the respect they deserve.

WILLIAM

Your English is quite good, innit?

FRITZ

My German is better.

WILLIAM

You seem important but then again a uniform can make any two bit wanker look important.

FRITZ

Fritz Von Greiser, Luftwaffe. I am German and I was captured honourably, not like traitors, that I killed so many of, Wilhelm. You're quite famous in the reich. And what are all your names?

WILLIAM

How do you know my name?

FRITZ

Like I said, you are quite famous.

William isn't pleased.

DOUGLAS

We have royally fucked up, gentlemen.

FRITZ

I beg to differ. The English are charming fellows.

Fritz finds it funny.

WILLIAM

You fancy a sausage down your fucking throat? Perhaps with a cup of tea?

MAURICE

At least we are not with the Soviets.

FRITZ

I was well informed of you, you stay close to your stereotypes.

WILLIAM

Your face will be real close to my fist, that I can promise you.

Fritz laughs.

MAURICE

This is cute. I can already feel we will all be quite good friends.

WARREN

Warren Baker here. All we have to do is get through twenty-nine more days--

DOUGLAS

--And then what? They'll hang us
the first chance they get.

MAURICE

We survived Stalag camps, we can
handle this. These are our people.

WILLIAM

The only thing we have left that's
British are our tongues and those
will be cut soon enough.

DOUGLAS

That is the least of my worries.

WILLIAM

What is your worry?

DOUGLAS

Not being able to fucking sleep.

MAURICE

Does sound a bit mad--

WARREN

--I've gone a week without any
sleep. I began seeing famous faces
all around me, politicians,
celebrities--

MAURICE

--Was this on your expedition in
Colombia?

Warren doesn't find it funny.

FRITZ

Hallucinations. Quite common side
effect.

WILLIAM

I know what he's doing.

MAURICE

Who?

WILLIAM

Crewell.

FRITZ

You and the good doctor are quite
familiar with each other, no?

William hesitates to respond.

MAURICE

You should cease from talking.

DOUGLAS

We will soon enjoy the sunshine my brothers.

FRITZ

I am not your brother. You and your lollipop sucking queens will never be German and great no matter how many SS uniforms you own.

WARREN

Sunshine.

WILLIAM

He's killing us off. One by one.

DOUGLAS

We are traitors, that's what we are.

FRITZ

Sounds like you might know something we don't Wilhelm.

WILLIAM

What the hell you talkin' about?

FRITZ

You know quite well.

William doesn't respond, but thinks about it.

DOUGLAS

My name is Douglas House-Bridges. I am a traitor to my nation, the nation of Great Britain.

FRITZ

There you go. Tell the world how you feel.

WARREN

I feel...

MAURICE

And what makes you so fucking high and mighty?

WILLIAM

Your kind deserves to burn in hell
like the women and children--

FRITZ

--You should also be ashamed of
yourself, Wilhelm. Have you not
seen the rest of the world? We
Germans are by far the most
sophisticated on this planet. I
know you all saw that, otherwise
why join us?

WILLIAM

We had no choice.

MAURICE

We always have a choice. Sometimes
not the best of options, of course.

FRITZ

You are all an embarrassment to
your maker, thirty nine year old
fucking babies. Have you ever had
to kill a man, who wanted nothing
more than to kill you?

DOUGLAS

I've heard the cries of my brothers
as their flesh burnt, melting off
their skin.

WILLIAM

You may have witnessed the horrors
on the outside... I have seen the
demons from the inside who want
nothing more than to be let out.
You think you scare me?

FRITZ

I can kill you with my bare hands.

WARREN

Do it. I'd like to see you do it.

Fritz and the rest are surprised at Warren.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN

Alan, Donald and Geoffrey sit by a control panel with
headphones on.

Wendy, Clive, Gordon and General watch the subjects.

Alan turns a knob to the right, a number of yellow lights turn green.

ALAN

All levels check, doctor.
Administering agent S.

The General notices a subtle smile on Gordon's face.

GENERAL BROOKE

You're quite proud of yourself.

GORDON

As proud as anyone else here.

GENERAL BROOKE

Well it's your head, not theirs.

GORDON

No need for cruel predictions, I am certain we will achieve fascinating results.

WENDY

(sarcastic)

They're getting along well.

GENERAL BROOKE

I long for the moment to see them suffer. They are too relaxed.

GORDON

I don't know if I would say that.

GENERAL BROOKE

They're bloody cowards.

GORDON

I prefer to call them subjects, General. You see, what they have done in the past will remain in the past. It's their future I'm looking forward to, they will make their country proud again.

GENERAL BROOKE

As you did so gallantly in your career.

GORDON

History is history. We all strive for a better tomorrow.

GENERAL BROOKE
And what will happen if you fail?

GORDON
Well then, like you said, it shall
be my head.

GENERAL BROOKE
I hope you've learned from your
mistakes.

GORDON
Life is precious to me. I would not
dare to waste a single ounce of it.

GENERAL BROOKE
Is that something you say to make
yourself feel better?

GORDON
Bernard. You and I both know, I
gave it all.

GENERAL BROOKE
Your all wasn't enough.

GORDON
I cannot forgive myself.

GENERAL BROOKE
Neither can I.

General leaves the room abruptly.

WENDY
He sure has it in for you.

GORDON
We all make mistakes.

WENDY
What happened?

GORDON
His son, I could not save him.

WENDY
I see why they stuck you in this
bunker now.

GORDON
They trust my work is pushing all
the right boundaries.

WENDY

I'm not sure the world's boundaries conform to yours, Doctor. I do appreciate your choice in music though.

SUPER: DAY 3

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN

The subjects all seem calmed by Gordon's classical music that plays in the chamber.

Some eat, some read.

Maurice throws dry food into his mouth, catching every piece.

Fritz stretches out his muscles, feeling every stretch.

William reads a newspaper, Warren and Douglas enjoy a game of chess.

WILLIAM

The Battle of the Bulge. That's what they're calling it.

MAURICE

What you goin' on about?

WILLIAM

Americans are outnumbered in Ardennes.

DOUGLAS

It's all politics--

WILLIAM

--It's all madness.

FRITZ

Germany will be great again. Heil Hitler!

MAURICE

For Christ's sake!--

DOUGLAS

--Don't you fucking say that, I will tear that bloody tongue right out of that filthy mouth of yours.

FRITZ

He has led our people to victory,
blissful victory.

MAURICE

--Fucking wanker--

WARREN

--So for you all to be great,
everyone else has to be dead.

MAURICE

I'm inclined to purposely and
elegantly knock your teeth in--

WARREN

--Hitler has made a grave mistake.

MAURICE

You're damn right he made a
mistake, They should have never
pissed the Americans off.

WILLIAM

The Americans have arrived four
years too late and are scrounging
up on left overs. The Russians we
will all have to thank. And
Hitler's lack of historic
knowledge. Don't fuck with the
Soviets.

Fritz sneers at the thought.

WARREN

You're all wrong.

Warren takes out a coin out of his underwear.

It's a ten cent Reichmark.

Warren turns it around and rubs the Swastika emblem along
with the eagle on the back of the coin.

WILLIAM

Do you always keep a fucking
Reichmark in your arse, Warren?

WARREN

He started printing money.

WILLIAM

So bloody what.

MAURICE

What kind of crack you on?

FRITZ

It was our great tragedy to have that slimy midget Goebbels as the military spokesperson.

DOUGLAS

It's a great tragedy that you're still alive.

WARREN

How do you think he's funding the war?

WILLIAM

With blood.

WARREN

You do not start printing your own quid, not without their permission.

DOUGLAS

Who's permission exactly?

WILLIAM

Don't be daft.

MAURICE

Off you're spinnin' tops, the lot of ya.

Warren looks into the mirror.

WARREN

It's hard to swallow.

FRITZ

He's talking about the illuminati.

MAURICE

The fucking Illuminati?!

WARREN

You don't have to believe me.

MAURICE

Fuckn' Illuminati, I think the gas is getting to you mate. Do you feel stimulated Warren? Are you already on your journey through science and masturbation?!

DOUGLAS

Warren is right. We are the men that lost everything of value in their lives. Some of us, honest people, robbed. Forced out of our homes and onto the battlefield in the name of our so called nation.

MAURICE

Bankers and politicians own our lives. But they are the few. The weak.

WARREN

They should fear us.

FRITZ

Big talk for a small man.

Maurice shares an asshole's laugh as they shrug it off, but William isn't so keen to.

MAURICE

Fuckin' Illuminati.

WILLIAM

Perhaps if we confess our wrong doings our punishments will be absolved.

FRITZ

He's a spy. I knew it.

WILLIAM

Fuck off you Nazi shite!

FRITZ

You hop around like a frog, finding your place wherever it suits you best.

MAURICE

Is this true?

WILLIAM

Of course not. Don't you think we should?

MAURICE

We are screwed no matter what.

DOUGLAS

There is no saving us, now.

MAURICE

Whatever they're giving us, it's working. We haven't slept for three days.

FRITZ

Three long days.

Warren uses the coin to etch into the wall.

He carves a swastika.

William sees this and grabs Warren, throwing him back down on the floor.

WILLIAM

Have you lost your damn mind?

FRITZ

A man with good taste.

WARREN

It's a sign of peace, William.

WILLIAM

Not right now it isn't.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

Gordon and General Brooke are alone in the room. The General smokes his pipe, looking over maps of Europe.

Gordon is turned away, staring at the painting before him, hung on the wall, almost as if in a trance.

GORDON

Perception is key.

GENERAL BROOKE

Say what?

GORDON

Do you know why I chose this painting?

GENERAL BROOKE

Because you have nothing else better to spend your money on?

GORDON

Have you no soul?

GENERAL BROOKE
It's a painting. Nothing special.

GORDON
Most people think it is the mind connected to our bodies, but I'd like to think it's the other way around.

GENERAL BROOKE
Sometimes I wonder if you've lost your mind.

GORDON
In order to create something new, beautiful and take a step forward in evolution, one must break and destroy what it is one wants to change. Order out of chaos.

GENERAL BROOKE
The motto of the United States.

GORDON
Perhaps.

GENERAL BROOKE
I don't see the correlation.

Gordon takes a close look at the painting from an arms reach away.

GORDON
This was the artist's first painting. He was just fourteen years of age. Beautiful isn't it? Inspired jealousy in the likes of mature, renowned painters with his skillful brush strokes, his use of color and light to induce an emotion, or a memory. Yet good ol' Pablo was not happy with himself, he knew if he wanted to be great, he must sacrifice what he was.

GENERAL BROOKE
Pablo... Picasso?

GORDON
Pablo Picasso.

GENERAL BROOKE
That's a Picasso?

GORDON
It's a Ruiz.

GENERAL BROOKE
Go on.

GORDON
He wasn't always Picasso.

Gordon continues to ponder over the painting along with General Brooke who seems much more interested now as he gets up and stands next to go Gordon.

GORDON (CONT'D)
We should think of our subjects as young skillful painters. They've been painting wonderful portraits, they've even been recognized for their talents. But they have reached the crest of the mind. We must help them evolve.

GENERAL BROOKE
And how do we accomplish such a task?

GORDON
We shall paint a Picasso.

GENERAL BROOKE
I was correct in my assumptions. You have lost your mind.

SUPER: DAY 5

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN

Warren makes a mark on the wall, a line cutting through four lines, marking the fifth day with his coin.

William and Fritz play a game of chess.

MAURICE
Counting makes it worse.

WILLIAM
It's the only thing keeping us sane in here. Knowing there will be an end.

Warren starts tearing up pages to a news paper, they all watch him nonchalantly.

FRITZ

Bad news?

DOUGLAS

Is there ever any good?

WILLIAM

Twenty-five... more... days.

FRITZ

You're the one who started it all, they say.

WILLIAM

I was merely a...

William moves a pawn.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

A pawn.

FRITZ

A pawn who conducts other pawns is highly unlikely, and no longer a pawn.

Fritz moves his horse to attacking position next to a pawn.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

You have been a great help to the reich. I am sure you will awarded accordingly.

WILLIAM

I don't want anything.

FRITZ

Well, your family must be proud.

WILLIAM

I have no family. Not anymore.

FRITZ

Surely you must have been raised by a man with equal cowardice. Isn't your father proud?

William smashes the chess board. All the pieces fly everywhere.

They get up and stare each other down, animal like.

Warren starts to cry.

WARREN

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

MAURICE

What are you sorry for?

WARREN

They didn't have to die! I was told to kill them. I killed them. And I did.

MAURICE

You think you're the only one?!

WARREN

I deserve to die!

MAURICE

Here we go.

DOUGLAS

Take it easy, mate.

MAURICE

We're all sinners here.

WARREN

(to God)

Why did you let me live?

MAURICE

There's a reason for everything.

DOUGLAS

We actually all deserve to die.

FRITZ

Speak for yourself.

WILLIAM

What we deserve is a fair fuckin' trial--

MAURICE

--Yea, a fair, fucking proper hanging--

DOUGLAS

--We are in a race...

FRITZ

How I long to see the oceans
horizon.

DOUGLAS

--To our own deaths.

FRITZ

You cannot fool me, Wilhelm.

William, still breathing heavily, looks over at Fritz with menacing eyes.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

How could I have forgotten. You are
the famous Wilhelm Crewell.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

General Brooke watches this interaction closely. He's very interested in what William could say.

Alan, Donald and Geoffrey monitor the subjects as well.

GENERAL BROOKE

William Crewell.

DONALD

That doesn't make any sense. Is it
an after effect of the drug?
Perhaps we should--

GENERAL BROOKE

--Don't do anything. Let them
continue.

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

William and Fritz are still in stand-off mode as they gaze down each others eyes.

WILLIAM

You don't fuckin' know what you're
talkin' about.

FRITZ

I am sure you will be a good little
boy and listen to your father?

William attempts to go at him but Maurice stops him and holds him back.

MAURICE

What the hell is he talking about?!

WILLIAM

The man is a fucking Nazi.

WARREN

So were we.

Maurice shies away from responding, his thoughts confused.

FRITZ

The world's oceans will soon dry
and all of its secrets revealed.

WILLIAM

Shut your mouth!

FRITZ

Don't lie to your brothers, they
will find out eventually.

MAURICE

What the fuck is he talkin' about
mate? Is that your fuckin' old
man?!

WILLIAM

Are you takin' the piss?!

MAURICE

Don't get so defensive, mate.

FRITZ

Yeah, don't get so defensive, mate.

MAURICE

(to Fritz)

And where did you get this
information from?

WILLIAM

Do you actually believe this
shite?!

FRITZ

Before the war started, I remember
quite clear. I attended one of
Crewell's live surgeries, along
with my own father.

(MORE)

FRITZ (CONT'D)

You were the boy he took on the stage and proudly introduced as his son, or is my memory failing me already.

WILLIAM

The gas is getting to you mate.

FRITZ

Perhaps. Perhaps. Perhaps.

WARREN

Doug, you all right?!

Warren notices Douglas is staring into the wall very intently.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Doug?

Douglas gets up slowly and begins to approach the wall with gleaming eyes.

FRITZ

Look at wonder boy, heading to the theatre, are we?

Douglas does not even hear him.

MAURICE

The hell's the matter with him?

Douglas continues to walk towards the wall until he smacks his face into it and snaps out of it.

WARREN

(grabbing Douglas)
House.

He sees the wall for what it is, disappointed he goes back to his corner.

FRITZ

The theatre was closed?

DOUGLAS

You did not see that?

MAURICE

Nothing but you hitting the wall, mate.

DOUGLAS

There was a forest, the greenest
I've ever seen.

Fritz finds it funny.

FRITZ

I can't wait to see four beautiful
English whores in paradise.

MAURICE

I hope they drown you.

FRITZ

Drown me in their sweet wonderful
breasts, and I will tell them of
all of my great victories seen
under the beating sun.

WILLIAM

You call this victorious?

FRITZ

I call this Argentina.

Fritz begins his own imaginations.

WILLIAM

What?

FRITZ

I'm sorry, you are not invited.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

General Brooke watches on with great interest.

Alan, Donald and Geoffrey have their headphones on,
monitoring.

GENERAL BROOKE

(to himself)

William Crewell.

ALAN

Should we notify Gordon--

GENERAL BROOKE

--You will not speak of this to
anyone.

DONALD

I'm sure it's just nothing.

GEOFFREY

I wasn't aware of the doctor having any children.

ALAN

He's not married, is he?

GENERAL BROOKE

He's widowed.

DONALD

He had four sons in the war. I thought they all perished.

GENERAL BROOKE

Apparently not.

General stares through the portholes at William.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

Don't you worry William, your secret is safe with me.

SUPER: DAY 7

INT. LAB - UNKNOWN

Gordon, Clive, Alan, Donald, Geoffrey, Wendy, and General Brooke attend one of Gordon's live experiments.

An intricate maze made out of cardboard sits on a table.

A fully matured cat MEOWS from another cage.

There are test tubes, glass equipment, various lab gadgets and two cages each with one mouse in it.

GORDON

I do not believe in miracles. But this, ladies and gentlemen, will arouse even the dullest of eyes.

Gordon takes a nice chunk of yellow cheese and places it in the middle of the maze.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Meet Edward. Now Eddy here, is not your average mickey.

Edward is full of energy running on the hamster wheel at full speed.

GORDON (CONT'D)
And you wouldn't even know by just
looking at him--

Gordon puts on a heavy leather glove, takes Edward out of his cage, and puts him in a small blocked off compartment of the maze.

GENERAL BROOKE
Edward?

GORDON
I thought it was fitting. Now
Marvin here, is just another bottom
feeding house rodent.

Marvin the mouse sleeps in his saw dust when Gordon opens the cage, he handles Marvin with his other hand that has no glove and puts him in the maze as well.

WENDY
What's so special about Edward?

Gordon checks his watch.

GORDON
He hasn't slept in exactly eight
hundred and twenty-three hours, or
just about thirty-four days.

Gordon releases the tiny cardboard door and lets Edward and Marvin loose in the maze.

Edward is faster and more receptive to the smell of the cheese, he follows his powerful scent.

The team watch as Edward clearly finishes first to the cheese, while Marvin still sniffs around with not much luck.

ALAN
That's remarkable.

GEOFFREY
Quite interesting, yes indeed.

DONALD
Astounding, little fella'.

GENERAL BROOKE
And what about the other rodent?
What's wrong with him?

GORDON

Marvin is normal. That is precisely what is wrong with him.

Marvin is still lost in the maze.

GORDON (CONT'D)

He's just a regular ol' mouse. One that has not succumb to my agent.

CLIVE

Gordon, this is quite brilliant. It's hard to believe there's no side effects--?

WENDY

--Yes, it's quite a miracle you've found here, doctor.

GORDON

There are always side effects, but at a proper dosage you can greatly outweigh any negativity life throws at you.

Marvin has finally found the cheese, which Edward is almost finished eating.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'd like to now introduce you to a feisty feline friend of mine.

Gordon opens the Cat's cage and places Edward in it.

The Cat is very cautious, steps back and it's tail puffs in freight. It hisses at Edward, who freely walks around the cage without being bothered by the cat.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Edward is the king of every castle.

GENERAL BROOKE

How the hell did you do it Gordon?

Gordon removes Edward and puts Marvin in the cage with the Cat. Things are drastically different.

The Cat, suspicious at first but then approaches Marvin instantly and sniffs him all around. Marvin attempts to run but the Cat stops it with his paw.

Gordon removes a tired Marvin from the cage and raises him up for everyone else to see.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)
What sort of cheese did you use
Crewell.

GORDON
Romano of course. The finest of
Italy.

WENDY
Poor Marvin, he missed out on that.

GENERAL BROOKE
The hunger I am feeling is now
explained.

The crew shares a laugh.

ALAN
What do you hope to achieve with
this experiment, doctor?

GORDON
Have you not been listening to a
word, Alan? Have you not been
watching?

ALAN
I just think eventually an organism
must sleep. I don't know if the
mouse can survive much longer.

GORDON
Alan, where would I be without you?
Edward is a very happy mouse. He
eats well, exercises, mates plenty,
and as you can see is very
intimidating. Which is more than I
can say for most of us here.

WENDY
And you want this to go to human
trials?

GORDON
It already has. Welcome to day
seven! Spectacular isn't it? An
alpha race. Can you all imagine
what that could mean for humanity.
Don't get me wrong, I do appreciate
a man that bleeds--

GENERAL BROOKE
--Even if it's your own son?

Gordon is taken a back with that comment.

GORDON
Shall we monitor our real subjects?

The crew all stand up, on their way out.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Did you enjoy the show, General?

GENERAL BROOKE
It is a show. This is one big show,
and you and Edward are the fucking
stars of it.

Gordon fixes his vest. He's enthused as he flips the light
off and exits the lab.

SUPER: DAY 9

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN

William, sits on the floor, rocking back n forth. He turns to
his left and sees Gordon Crewell standing right next to him
with glaring eyes.

WILLIAM
How-- Wha-- What do you want?!

GORDON
What do I want? I want you to cut
off your right arm because a finger
wouldn't do justice.

WILLIAM
Is that what you want?!

Gordon nods.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I loved my country. I loved my
family.

GORDON
You'd be better off dead to me boy.
But there are consequences you must
experience and learn from first.

WILLIAM
I had no choice!

GORDON
Is that your excuse?

WILLIAM
It was life or death.

GORDON
Wouldn't you now rather be dead?

WILLIAM
I wish this bloody war never
happened.

GORDON
You are weak, that is all.

WILLIAM
How can you not understand?

GORDON
I understand everything and more.

WILLIAM
Shut up! Shut up! I can't listen to
you anymore!

Fritz, Maurice, Douglas, and Warren all turn to William.

MAURICE
Mate, you OK? No one said anything.

William no longer sees Gordon, he has vanished.

WILLIAM
Life or death! Life! Or Death!

William smashes his face against the mirror. It does no damage to the glass, he does it again and again until Maurice grabs him and pulls him away, wrestling to the floor.

MAURICE
There's no use now, brother. Let it
be.

Blood stains the porthole mirrors.

WILLIAM
I wanted to live...

MAURICE
I know mate, I know.

WILLIAM
I'll tell them what they want to know.

MAURICE
There's nothing to tell Will.

WILLIAM
There is, there is a great deal--

MAURICE
--It won't help brother.

WILLIAM
Forgive me.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

Gordon sits down in thought of what just happened, the rest of the team are there monitoring as well.

The General stands close by, watching.

GEOFFREY
Is this kind of behavior normal?

GORDON
For guilty men there is no telling.

WENDY
It seems to me they are experiencing heavy psychological changes. Their behaviors, I must say have increasingly become aggressive and secluded.

DONALD
Oxygen stabilized.

GORDON
Let him be. We all must learn our lessons. Alan, administer more agent. I want a constant flow, if you will.

ALAN
Are you sure, Doctor?--

GORDON
--Alan, do you not trust me by now?

ALAN
Of course, Doctor.

Alan releases the gas lever to a full throttle.

GENERAL BROOKE

We need this to work. Mankind
relies on it.

GORDON

An apple a day, General, an apple a
day.

GENERAL BROOKE

Let there be no more of your
perverted science, Crewell.

General leaves without warning.

Donald and Alan notice it and exchange a look.

GORDON

I assume It was something I said.

WENDY

No need to worry, doctor. The trial
is showing tremendous success.

GORDON

I'll be in my study.

Gordon leaves as well.

WENDY

I'm afraid to say it, but I think
he will drive these men to their
insanity.

ALAN

That is not for me to judge. Did I
not hear you just praise the
doctor?--

WENDY

--Nevertheless, I can't help but
notice, the General's presence has
made the situation a bit more
complicated.

ALAN

If this upsets you so much why
don't you do anything about it?

WENDY

Nothing can make me happier than
seeing these men suffer.

They continue to watch the subjects.

SUPER: DAY 10

INT. GORDON'S STUDY ROOM - UNKNOWN

Gordon and the General play a game of chess.

The room is quiet and secluded in the bunker. It has a bed, a desk with Gordon's belongings, notes and books, and a wooden closet.

Gordon places a horse close to the General's queen.

GORDON
How's Lucille?

General saves his queen but sacrifices his horse.

GENERAL BROOKE
You have no bloody right to ask
about my wife. I'd watch my king if
I were you.

GORDON
Many kings were admired, until the
day they are no longer.

GENERAL BROOKE
You mean until the day they were
hanged?

Gordon moves his bishop to an attacking position.

GORDON
Correct.

GENERAL BROOKE
You're a twisted man Crewell.

A framed picture of Gordon and a golden retriever sits on his desk.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)
I know what you did to that poor
beast.

GORDON
That was the past.

GENERAL BROOKE

It's the madness lurking inside of you.

GORDON

It's also my desire.

Gordon glances at the photo with dismay.

GENERAL BROOKE

Your desire to chop off dogs' heads and glue them back together?

GORDON

It wasn't just a dog. It was a great friend, and a greater specimen. Not a wasted canine like the dynamite dogs of the soviets.

GENERAL BROOKE

What do you know about the Soviets? They're just as rotten as the Germans!

GORDON

Her name was Betty. She was critically injured. Smashed by a car. I thought I'd lost her.

GENERAL BROOKE

So your dog runs out in the middle of the road, gets hit by a fucking car, correct?

Gordon doesn't respond, staring at the General.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

And at which point did you decide to chop off its fucking head? Before, or after the accident?

GORDON

It all came to me in a dream...

GENERAL BROOKE

I don't dream.

GORDON

I can see that. Which is why I severed and reattached her head on another dog of a similar breed, it was a complicated and tremendous process, but she awoke only a few hours after surgery.

GENERAL BROOKE
Jesus bloody Christ.

GORDON
The trick was all in timing. Life,
is about timing.

GENERAL BROOKE
Sick man, you are.

GORDON
After the operation she was no
longer Betty. She had to be
Lazarus.

GENERAL BROOKE
You must've thought quite highly of
yourself.

GORDON
She lived for another eleven
months, produced a whole litter of
puppies.

GENERAL BROOKE
Lazarus? A bit on the nose there.
Then again, you make this all seem
very on the nose, Crewell.

GORDON
Our biological roots are very much
misunderstood.

GENERAL BROOKE
I know very well what is and what
isn't. My eyes and mind don't lie.

Gordon makes a move against General's king and checkmates
him.

GORDON
It is not your eyes that you must
cherish, or the soul to relish.
It's what's in that head of yours
that really matters, that is the
source of all mankind. Imagine the
world's greatest minds living on
forever. That is our next
evolutionary step.

GENERAL BROOKE
The only thing I give a bloody damn
about is Victory. Victory at all
costs.

GORDON
 Victory in spite of terror,
 victory, however long and
 hard the road may be, for
 without victory, there is no
 survival.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)
 Victory in spite of terror,
 victory, however long and
 hard the road may be, for
 without victory, there is no
 survival.

GORDON
 Checkmate.

GENERAL BROOKE
 I know about your son.

GORDON
 My son?

GENERAL BROOKE
 Subject number five. William
 Chester Crewell.

GORDON
 Nonsense--

GENERAL BROOKE
 --Is it now?

GORDON
 Have you been drinking?

GENERAL BROOKE
 You're not fooling anyone here,
 Crewell.

GORDON
 My sons are dead, General.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN

Gordon enters the monitoring room to see everyone working,
 watching the subjects.

Clive on the other hand has taken it upon himself to nap,
 Gordon sees this and clears his throat.

GORDON
 See anything worth telling me
 about?

Clive awakens.

CLIVE
 Gordon?

Clive fixes his hair, waking up immediately.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

It seems we've been calmed--

ALAN

--Its been quiet here, all levels check.

DONALD

They seem tired, a bit worn out.

WENDY

Subjects may be in close proximity but they do feel quite secluded.

GEOFFREY

I've heard nothing really in the last two days--.

WENDY

--They have been too quiet.

GORDON

I'd say they've gotten quite comfortable. Steady dose, Alan.

ALAN

Roger.

INT. LAB - UNKNOWN

Gordon proceeds to unlock the wooden cabinet with a key.

Gordon opens the large wooden box and enjoys the sight for a moment, before inserting a syringe and extracting his beloved substance, his agent S.

He examines it, proud.

Gordon quickly brushes one of his fingers on a white powder nearby and places his hand in the box.

Gordon cleans his hand and closes the box gently, locking it.

The contents of the box are still not revealed.

He closes the entire cabinet back up and locks it with his master key.

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

Fritz paces back and forth, he cannot rest.

William gets up and heads for the sink.

He opens the faucet and drinks some water until Fritz shoves him away.

FRITZ
Traitors drink from the toilet.

WILLIAM
Piss off!

William goes for sink again, but Fritz pushes him away again.

FRITZ
How easy was it?

WILLIAM
If you don't move out of my way--

FRITZ
--Hearing your lover and child--

WILLIAM
--What?!--

FRITZ
--Murdered--

WILLIAM
--Don't you bloody say it--

FRITZ
--Right in front of you--

WILLIAM
--Don't!--

FRITZ
--While you sat and watched--

WILLIAM
--I will murder you--

FRITZ
--I feel sorry for your dead child.
And you speak of having no choice.

WILLIAM
--You twat!--

William lunges at Fritz with uncontrollable rage.

MAURICE

--Cut his bloody throat!

A battle ensues.

Fritz retaliates and they get into a heavy bare knuckle brawl.

Both landing many punches on each other, wrestling to the ground.

Fritz gets an upper hand in the fight and lands a good one right in Williams face.

FRITZ

My grandmother his harder than you.

Maurice steps in and helps William overtake Fritz, punching him over and over again.

MAURICE

How's this? This hard enough for ya?!

Fritz lands a good punch on Maurice, knocking him back.

William continues to attack Fritz when Warren jumps in, letting out all his pent up rage on Fritz.

WARREN

Die! Die you worthless shite!

Maurice gets back in the action, all three are giving their everything, Fritz manages to stand up for himself.

He's quite strong, built like a wall.

Douglas simply watches the brawl from a distance,

Fritz gets an upper hand again with William and manages to land a good one in the nose.

Blood pours out of William's nose, Maurice and Warren are still trying to put Fritz down with not much luck, Fritz at one point gets up, holding the both of them on each arm, as a father does with his children.

Fritz, bloody and bruised, his eyes swollen, still fights with ferocity, beating Maurice and Warren to the ground.

Douglas steps in now and with all his might he punches Fritz in the chest and kicks him in the abdominal region, sending Fritz flying to the other side of the room.

William gets up, bleeding heavily, Maurice and Warren too wipe away blood off their faces.

Fritz is heavily beaten but still conscious.

FRITZ

My only fear is fear itself.

WARREN

Feels good, doesn't it?

DOUGLAS

(breathing heavily)

Feels like... Amphetamine?

MAURICE

I feel pumped.

FRITZ

I will never be considered an Insalaffe. I am ready to rule in hell.

DOUGLAS

This is your hell, krout.

Douglas gives Fritz a devastating kick in the face, cracking the concrete with Fritz' skull.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

I like this music. I like this music a lot.

Douglas punches Fritz in the face, again and again, but it doesn't seem to phase Fritz, who's having the time of his life.

Gordon watches intently.

Douglas halts his beating.

Fritz glances at the rest who look like they've seen a ghost and have showered themselves with blood.

WILLIAM

I need to sleep. I must--

WARREN

--Who needs any sleep?!

FRITZ
I feel great.

MAURICE
Starting to forget what it feels
like--

WILLIAM
--This is mad, fuckin' mad--

Douglas looks at William and punches him in the face,
knocking him on the floor.

DOUGLAS
I don't know you.

Maurice and Warren look at each other in shock.

SUPER: DAY 11

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNWON

Warren etches an eleventh line in the wall, right next to
some fresh blood splatter.

Silence. All subjects are quiet, in their own space.

William, Maurice, Douglas, Fritz and Warren are all
separated, giving themselves as much distance as possible
from one another.

A cold and unfriendly tone sets in.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

The team observe the subjects, but it's been quiet and the
researchers can't help but be relaxed.

GORDON
Anything?

ALAN
Except a bloody mess? Nothing at
all.

GEOFFREY
Silence here.

DONALD

All quiet.

Clive sits in the back with his hat tipped over his eyes, he's catching some z's.

Gordon shakes his head at him and leaves.

INT. GORDON'S STUDY - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

Classical music playing in the chamber and monitoring room is subtly heard in the background.

General Brooke slams down an almost empty bottle of gin on the Gordon's desk and rummages through the drawers, looking for something. He opens each drawer but doesn't find anything of interest. Nothing on the desk itself.

General Brooke turns his attention to a wooden cabinet on the other side of the room.

It's finished wood cabinet, General attempts to open it but it is locked.

He tries with all his might but it wont budge.

A knock on the door is heard, Brooke scrambles back to the desk.

The door opens, It's Wendy.

WENDY

General Brooke?--

GENERAL BROOKE

--Wendy, is it?

General is a bit drunk, he weans to one side.

WENDY

Is everything all right?

GENERAL BROOKE

How are our subjects?

WENDY

They've seen better days, I didn't mean to disturb, I was looking for Gordon...

Wendy notices the bottle of gin on the desk and Brooke's gleaming grin.

GENERAL BROOKE
Let me tell you something about
Gordon...

General lights a cigar.

WENDY
Have you been drinking?

GENERAL BROOKE
Are you my bloody wife?

WENDY
You shouldn't be here.

GENERAL BROOKE
No, as a matter of fact, I
shouldn't, that's besides the
point...

WENDY
If there's something I should know
about Gordon, I trust he would
speak to me himself.

GENERAL BROOKE
Take a seat, Wendy, is it?

WENDY
I should really get back--

GENERAL BROOKE
--That is an order.

Wendy, a bit confused takes a seat.

General sneers, taking another puff.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)
Did you know Wendy, if this goes
all as planned, Gordon will be a
famous man. And so will you, my
dear.

WENDY
That's merely a consequence of--

GENERAL BROOKE
--And the war will be won, Our
queen will live to see another day--

WENDY
--Excuse me General, I don't see--

General pulls out his pistol, as if bothering him, and drops it on the table.

GENERAL BROOKE

--On the other hand, if we lose, we will lose it all.

WENDY

That would be very unfortunate--

GENERAL BROOKE

--Are you merely along for the ride? Or fight for the cause, shall you?!

General lifts up the pistol and points it at Wendy.

WENDY

Are you mad?--

GENERAL BROOKE

--Yes, Wendy, I am mad. I am very mad.

WENDY

And you're piss drunk--

General points his gun at Wendy's head, his gun cannot stand still, the gin is getting to him.

GENERAL BROOKE

--So fucking what...

Wendy, shaken up at this point, tries to get up.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

There's just this one little thing, you wouldn't happen to have the key to that cabinet would you dear Wendy?

Wendy is visibly uncomfortable, her eyes tear.

WENDY

Please, put that gun down...

Clive steps in and sees Wendy in a bit of a panic, along with General Brooke pointing his pistol at her.

CLIVE

General Brooke?

Clive sees Wendy is there against her will, he approaches General Brooke.

GENERAL BROOKE
Did I call you?

Clive punches the General in the face, knocking him out cold.

CLIVE
I believe you've out-stayed your
welcome.

INT. LAB - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

General Brooke wakes up in a dog cage.

Clive, Wendy, and Gordon watch the General as he comes back
to life.

GORDON
Good morning sunshine.

GENERAL BROOKE
What is this?

GORDON
Old habits, heard to break, General-
-

GENERAL BROOKE
--Get me out of here!

GORDON
Not until you apologize to Wendy.

GENERAL BROOKE
You bastard son. Where's my gun?!

GORDON
Waving your pistol around, at my
doctors, with no disregard.

GENERAL BROOKE
Do you have any idea what I will do
to you?!

GORDON
Hasn't your mother taught you it's
not very nice to go rummaging
through other peoples belonging.
And drinking, have we? Isn't that
the same ol' story.

Gordon takes out a syringe and pushes it, a few drops squirt
out.

GENERAL BROOKE

You--.

GORDON

--Whoops. Looks like General Brooke had a slight bit much too drink this time around and suffered an unfortunate stroke. Perhaps the trial was a bit too much for the seasoned General's frail heart to handle. He should've retired early when he had the chance.

GENERAL BROOKE

You wouldn't.

GORDON

Wouldn't I?

Alan rushes in the room.

ALAN

Gordon!

He stops in his track of thought when he sees the situation before him.

GORDON

Yes, Alan?

ALAN

They're back.

GORDON

Yes?

ALAN

Your presence is much needed.

GORDON

And?

ALAN

Well I thought you should know...

GORDON

Thank you Alan, I will be right with you.

ALAN

What's happened to the General?

GORDON

He's been a bad boy, and right now is a crucial moment for him. He's reached the fork in the road. Will he repent? Or will he be a stubborn goat.

Gordon raises the syringe, pointing it right at him.

General Brooke grimaces at Gordon, then hesitantly looks over at Wendy.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Well?

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

The team all listen in on Warren through the loud speaker, who's screaming at the top of his lungs, while the rest are all indifferent.

GORDON

How long has this been going on?

ALAN

Eighteen minutes and counting.

GEOFFREY

We've got to do something--

GORDON

--He will stop eventually. I guarantee that--

WENDY

--He will sever his vocal chords if he continues any longer.

Gordon glances through the porthole window and sees Douglas with his back towards him, huddled over one of the microphones in the wall.

GORDON

Check microphone four. Subject seems to be talking.

Donald turns a switch and listens in on his headphones.

DONALD

A lot of mumbling, hard to make out, sounds like kneel to the Queen-

-

GORDON

--I'm sure if Edward the mouse could speak he'd also be reciting Shakespeare.

WENDY

They have begun showing mild signs of paranoia.

Warren screeches to a halt with his screams and loses his voice.

Geoffrey sighs with relief.

GEOFFREY

I did not know how much longer I could take it.

DONALD

I can finally hear myself think.

Douglas now begins to scream at the top of his lungs.

Donald, Geoffrey and Alan are forced to take off their headphones.

WENDY

Fuck me!

Gordon turns on his record player and turns the volume to full notch. Classical music beams.

GORDON

The first phase has begun.

WENDY

Is this absolutely necessary?

WENDY (CONT'D)

Turn it off!

All that can be heard are the lung collapsing screams of Douglas and classical music in the background.

GORDON

The screams you hear are the painful cries of a man who has lost everything.
It's all going as planned.
The subjects are going through a transformation.

WENDY

A transformation?!

GORDON

Yes.

CLIVE

Sounds like a bloody rectal surgery!

GORDON

These are condemned men. It is no easy task.

William begins to whisper heavily into his microphone.

Donald and Geoffrey jot down quickly what he's saying.

ALAN

Whispering, lots of it.

CLIVE

A change of will you say?

DONALD

(reciting)

Love is land, God is country, kneel
to the queen, give your life for
her, kneel to the queen, give your
life for her... over and over--

Clive feels an uneasiness within him.

GORDON

They are artists now, speaking with great poetry. Soon they will be showing us everything we want to see.

WENDY

The German is at our doorstep and you're speaking of artists?

GORDON

The German will be terrified after they see what we have done here.

WENDY

You think these loonies will scare them?!

Douglas continues to scream at the top of his lungs, as if being torn apart by a wild animal, accompanied by classical music.

Gordon takes it in for a moment.

CLIVE
We're on thin ice.

GORDON
Clive--

DOUGLAS
--It's non stop-- the whispering...

More whispering is being heard by Geoffrey who jots it down.

WENDY
What's he saying now?

Geoffrey turns on the speaker.

DOUGLAS
(over mic)
Love is land, god is country, kneel
to the queen, give your life for
her--

Gordon turns the speaker off, music shuts off.

GORDON
I think we've heard enough. I want
it all transcribed.

GEOFFREY
Of course doctor.

GORDON
How's their appetite?

WENDY
Suppressed I'd say--

ALAN
--I haven't seen any of them eat in
the last three days.

Gordon has a look of concern as he checks his

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - UNKNOWN

General wakes up and notices a can of tuna fish next to him
with a note that reads "Dinner. Crewell"

Gordon's cat meows and meows, annoying the General.

GENERAL BROOKE

Oh, shut up!

General throws a water bowl at the cat's cage.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

Crewell!

The bowl ricochets off a working table and knocks over a pair of scissors.

General Brooke sees them and attempts to reach but doesn't quite make it.

He leans back in his cage and gives a loud huff.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

I know you'd help me if you could,
cat.

CAT

Meow.

SUPER: DAY 12

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN

Warren has carved the twelfth line.

The subjects are all still heavily separated, each in his own world.

Maurice is humming a tune, huddled in a ball next to one of the microphones.

Warren is rocking back n forth, whispering incoherently as he stares on the wall.

Douglas has torn his shirt and pants, sitting in underwear, whispering into the microphone constantly.

William sits perfectly still staring into the distance sitting around a bunch of torn pages of newspaper,

And Fritz drenches himself in water, abusing the faucet as if he's addicted.

The room is also a complete mess, there's dry food on the floor, ripped up mattresses and torn pages of newspaper.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

The Pablo Ruiz looms on the back wall as a roasted pig is brought in and served on the table.

Bottles of wine and champagne litter the table along with all other British cuisine such as meat pies, potatoes, and fish.

Gordon, Clive, Wendy, Geoffrey, Alan, and Donald are all present.

GORDON

As a token of our great work so far, a grand dinner was prepared in our name.

All the food looks delicious.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'd like to make a toast to you all. Because I know more than anyone else, it takes two to tango. And six to change the world. Sorry Bernie.

Everyone laughs and claps.

ALAN

And General Brooke?

GORDON

Do not fret, our esteemed General is enjoying a fine tuna himself.

All kinds of food is passed around by the researchers as they make themselves hearty plates.

Wendy passes a plate of meat, not serving herself.

WENDY

I've never heard anyone scream like that before.

GEOFFREY

Consider yourself lucky.

Gordon takes a huge piece of lamb shank.

WENDY

It will induce nightmares, that's for sure.

GEOFFREY

He tore up his own vocal chords.

DONALD

What possesses a man--?

WENDY

--I can't imagine how painful that must be.

GEOFFREY

I hope this is all part of your master plan Gordon.

GORDON

My plan.

Gordon cuts through a tender piece of steak.

GORDON (CONT'D)

My plan is to show the world that we've all been consciously living only half of our lives. At the age of forty the average man is only conscious for twenty-five of those years.

DONALD

That is quite intriguing, but it is written in our blood.

GEOFFREY

It's simply difficult to imagine any other way.

WENDY

Dreams are a place of solace, lacking any could bring madness, no?

GEOFFREY

They can also be nightmares, that one is happy to call just a dream.

WENDY

Perhaps so, it just seems impossible--

GORDON

--We will rewrite all present assumptions, being left with nothing but the universal truth.

CLIVE

The good news is I believe we are heading in the right direction.

Gordon raises his glass.

GORDON

Raise your glasses. This moment will forever be remembered.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN

William looks up and sees the large porthole window in front of him, his own reflection, staring back at him.

WILLIAM

(whispering)

Lies. All lies. All lies.

William walks over to the toilet and spreads feces over pages of newspaper.

He then uses the smeared newspapers to cover the porthole windows fully, blocking the view for the researchers.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

All fucking lies.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

Gordon watches William methodically covering up the windows.

GORDON

Brilliant. Just brilliant.

CLIVE

I think they're doing us a favor.

Maurice joins in and covers the remaining port hole with newspaper covered feces.

Gordon sees the last bit of sight into the chamber before it's fully covered.

ALAN
This is mad--

WENDY
--What are they trying to
accomplish here?

The porthole windows are now fully covered with feces smeared
newspapers.

GORDON
They're having fun.

CLIVE
Very interesting, indeed.

ALAN
I don't hear anything.

GEOFFREY
Nothing here.

Gordon and the crew are left a bit speechless.

WENDY
Can we not get inside the chamber?

ALAN
Impossible at this stage--

GEOFFREY
--We might as well halt the entire
process then--

GORDON
--We will not be breaching the
chamber.

WENDY
What's the fucking use if you can't
go in?

ALAN
What should we do, doctor?

GORDON
We will play their little game.

Gordon sees nothing but newspapers and feces now in the
porthole windows.

Gordon looks over at Alan.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Turn it off.

ALAN
The water?

GORDON
The lights too.

Alan turns off the lights in the chamber.

The newspapers on the windows are no longer illuminated.

Gordon waits for a response of some kind but doesn't get any.

WENDY
We shouldn't deprive them of water.

GORDON
We will do whatever is necessary to
continue this experiment, doctor.

CLIVE
Are they saying anything?

DONALD
Nothing.

GEOFFREY
Negative.

Gordon and the crew watch helplessly at the covered portholes
in silence.

WENDY
Well. At least the shouting ceased.

Gordon is not the least bit amused.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

The team is gathered round the table, energies are high and
some frustrations are present.

DONALD
--It's proving to be quite a
challenge to conduct a full
analysis with no visuals--

ALAN
--All of our equipment is fully
operational, yet we are in a
handicap--

CLIVE

--We cannot allow this minor
riffraff jeopardize the entire
operation--

WENDY

--They're showing immense signs of
change--

GORDON

--We will be patient, ladies and
gentlemen. It's all going as
planned. We knew this. We were
ready for this.

CLIVE

I hope I speak for everyone here,
and to abort now would prove futile
for all of our careers.

Gordon takes a moment as he looks on at the Pablo Ruiz once
again.

GORDON

We've come too far. What's our
analysis?

ALAN

Since the moment they've covered
the windows their oxygen intake
levels have been higher than usual.

GEOFFREY

The microphones have been utterly
silent--

WENDY

--It's imperative I monitor their
behaviors up close for a full
examination, doctor.

GORDON

It's these sort of insecurities--.

CLIVE

I highly doubt shitting in your
hand and sticking newspaper with it
is an insecurity.

Gordon digests the comment and gathers himself before
responding.

GORDON

If the subjects do not respond, I assure you precautionary measures will be taken.

ALAN

They must be addicted to the agent, Doctor. Perhaps we should ease the dosage--

GORDON

--On the contrary, we must increase the dosage--

WENDY

--I'm sure you are very aware at what's at stake here--.

Gordon isn't at his most confident moment in time, he checks his time piece.

GORDON

We will proceed monitoring them through the night and I assure you they will uncover themselves.

DONALD

You mentioned change, evolution. What if an introvert personality was the subject of change?

ALAN

You're saying they've become shy?

WENDY

That's quite possible, they have gone into hiding--

GEOFFREY

--I can't believe there's no way to clear the windows.

GORDON

Perhaps so, we're not all perfect.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN

Gordon stands over Alan, Wendy, Donald, Clive and Geoffrey, staring at the newspapers which cover the porthole windows.

The mood is grim.

Gordon looks over at Alan, who shakes his head, as do Donald and Geoffrey who show no signs of life from the chamber.

Silence.

SUPER: DAY 13

INT. LAB - UNKNOWN

Gordon turns on the light and sees General Brooke sitting in his cage. Wide awake.

Gordon looks over at Edward's cage and sees blood.

There is no kind of movement from Edward.

He looks over at the Cat and sees it resting.

Gordon takes a closer look inside Edward's cage again, and sees that Edward has died, as there is a large chunk of flesh missing, and a large amount of skeleton revealed.

GORDON

Edward?

Gordon looks over at the General.

GENERAL BROOKE

Seems like ol' Eddie finally got himself some sleep.

Gordon notices the water bowl on the floor and his pair of scissors not too far.

He picks them up and places them back on the table.

GORDON

Bernard, you may think you're smart, but you're not.

GENERAL BROOKE

Here, here. Now I know I've acted an arse. If I could apologize, I would.

Gordon takes a seat on his lab stool.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

You can't keep me in here.

Gordon cuts the tip off a cigar and lights it.

General sits opposite of him in his cage.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)
It's the one thing I hate to admit.
You're a good man, Crewell.

GORDON
Bernard--

GENERAL BROOKE
--And this is why I'm warning you.
All your life's work will go down
the drain. They will laugh at you,
parade you across town and I can
assure you, you won't look as trim
as you do now. And when we win this
war and life goes back to normal
you will be stripped of your
license and allowed to only wash
the floors--

GORDON
--If we win the war.

GENERAL BROOKE
It takes hard work!--

GORDON
--Hard work?! I've poured my life
into this very moment we're in.
Everything I have, everything I am,
is right here in front of you. Now
in the words of a sincere and
desperate man, piss off.

Gordon takes a deep drag of his cigar, feeling tension.

GENERAL BROOKE
They will shit on you--

GORDON
--I've made my decision. I am still
in charge of this operation. If I
fail, then sure, I'm all yours.
Crucify me, but until then--

GENERAL BROOKE
You're not worthy of remembrance,
It's essential we go on and I'm
gonna give me a bloody heart attack--
-

GORDON
--Essential to who exactly?

GENERAL BROOKE
Are you trying to insult me?

GORDON
You cannot change my mind.

GENERAL BROOKE
If you do not obey command I will see to it that the rest of your life will be confound to a box no bigger than the coffin they've laid my brothers in.

GORDON
You mean like the one you're in now?

Gordon takes a puff of his cigar, General watches him enviously.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I cannot go on ignoring the facts, blind to any kind of research, ignorant to any progress, wasting precious time, and most of all losing everything we've worked so hard for?

GENERAL BROOKE
You're making me very uncomfortable, Crewell.

GORDON
A problem I was not expecting has surfaced...

GENERAL BROOKE
And what problem is that?

GORDON
Edward.

GENERAL BROOKE
The bloody mouse?!

GORDON
We are terminating the procedure at o six-hundred hours.

Clive enters at this moment.

CLIVE

--Gordon? May I have a word?

GORDON

Not right now.

CLIVE

They've started again.

Gordon's and the General's attention is caught.

GENERAL BROOKE

Started what?!

CLIVE

They're making noise. Odd sounds from inside the chamber.

GENERAL BROOKE

--Have they shown face?--

GORDON

--More whispering, is it?

CLIVE

I wouldn't call it that. You'd have to hear it for yourself, and no. We are still at a loss on visual.

GENERAL BROOKE

Well then what the blood is it?!

General has a tight grip on the cage bars.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN

Gordon stands by his team, watching over the porthole windows which are still covered in feces and newspaper.

Alan presses PLAY on the tape recorder machine.

A horrifying mixture of groans and animalistic sounds are projected through the speakers.

ALAN

Not really sure what to make of it.

Everyone listens in.

WENDY

It's quite possibly the most frightening thing I've ever heard--

--The tape stops.

DONALD
Doctor, we await your orders.

Gordon looks over at the newspapers smudged all over the portholes, refraining from answering.

Alan, Donald and Geoffrey check their headsets.

ALAN
Sounds almost like lots of heavy breathing...

GEOFFREY
I think I can hear water, as well.

WENDY
I thought you turned the water off?

Alan checks the water pump.

ALAN
It is off.

DONALD
They must've clogged the toilet.

GORDON
Turn the lights back on.

Alan flips a switch and the newspapers are once again illuminated with fecal matter stains.

GORDON (CONT'D)
(over mic)
Attention subjects. If you do not uncover the mirrors, this trial will be terminated and your death sentences will be awarded.

ALAN
CO2 levels are staggering.

DONALD
What could they be up to?

WENDY
Whatever they've preoccupied themselves with is obviously straining, we must do something.

GEOFFREY
More of what sounds like subtle
water...

Gordon checks his time piece, it is 5:58 am.

GORDON
(over mic)
Do you all not want your freedom?

After a few beats...

MAURICE
(through mic)
We no longer want to be freed.

The team is a bit taken back by that response.

Silence.

Geoffrey, Alan and Donald all shake their heads, nothing can be heard through the microphones.

Gordon grabs the microphone.

GORDON
(over mic)
Prepare yourselves for the
consequences you've all
delightfully earned. We are
flushing the chamber and breaching
the door. Stand back with your
hands above your head or you will
be shot.
(to Alan)
Prepare the chamber.

Alan turns a few switches and turns a lever to stop the gas.

The microphones all go haywire, subjects express strange sounds, not pleasant to the ear at all.

ALAN
They're coming back.

GORDON
Turn the loud speaker on.

Alan presses a button on the recorder and the speaker in the room goes on.

Subjects shout, pleading as if with a lover.

VOICES
(through speaker)
More. Gas.

WENDY
What in God's name...

CLIVE
...Not God's.

Alan, Geoffrey and Donald take off their headphones.

ALAN
Impossible!--

GEOFFREY
I can't--

DONALD
--It's too much.

WENDY
(to Gordon)
We must get inside.

Gordon listens to the screams and cries of the subjects.

GORDON
Turn it off.

Geoffrey turns off the speaker.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Unlock the doors.

DONALD
We've released the lock, it's
jammed!

GORDON
You're no good to me Donald. Not
right now.

GEOFFREY
Gordon, perhaps we can continue
without--

--Gordon slams the machine that unlocks the chamber's doors
and it suddenly sounds the alarm.

GORDON
Alan prep for surgery--

CLIVE

--Surgery? Get your guns ready.

The horrifying screams continue, subjects continue to plead.

GORDON

I need three men with me now. Suit
up.

Gordon takes a protective suit and zips up.

INT. HALL - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

Gordon stands tall in his protective suit and gloves along with Donald, Clive and Geoffrey.

One of the guards proceeds to spin a large lever.

The heavy chamber door slowly opens.

A large pool of blood water rushes out.

Gordon's polished shoes are hit with a wave of it.

The door opens fully, revealing for the team.

The guards shriek in disgust and shock, backing away.

One starts vomiting.

Clive, Geoffrey and Donald all take a step back in horror and shock as well.

Gordon stands still.

Motionless.

His eyes begin to swell and tear from the sheer power of what he witnesses.

He takes small splashy steps inside.

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

Fritz, Maurice, Warren, Douglas and William are all carnivorously feasting upon themselves as if starved, chomping away at their own flesh and skin.

On the wall, written in blood and for everyone to see:

" PICASSO " .

Chunk after chunk of human flesh is being torn away by each subject.

Massive amounts of blood cover the floors and walls.

The drain is clogged with flesh, creating about four inches of thick blood water, with more amounting.

Subjects have fully revealed chest cavities, organs, intestines and irreplaceable amounts of tissue and flesh missing.

Gordon walks inside the room, witnessing the horrors as the subjects continue to tear through themselves, almost as if in a race.

Guards follow suit, rifles pointed, wiping away the vomit off their face.

Douglas' rib cage is revealed and heart and lungs can be seen still working, pumping away.

He tears out his own liver and devours it.

Warren's abdominal region is completely torn out, just as the others, he's mesmerized at his own doing.

Intestines are all over the floor and can be seen still digesting.

Maurice and Fritz have missing chunks of flesh on their arms and on their stomachs, eating away maniacally, they tear through skin with their fingers and nails.

GORDON

I need these men in the operating
room, at once!

William tears up his whole chest cavity in one swipe.

Clive, Geoffrey and Donald storm in with stretchers.

Donald and Guard#1 attempt to restrain Fritz who puts up a serious fight.

Gordon approaches William with caution.

GORDON (CONT'D)

William?

Fritz grabs Guard #1's arm, pulling him closer and tearing away his Adams apple with one swipe, sending him into a frenzy.

Guard #2 shoots Fritz multiple times but doesn't kill him.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Cease fire!

Clive rushes out of the room.

Gordon and Geoffrey attempt to restrain Douglas who in turn rips Geoffrey's arm off along with a large chunk of flesh, Gordon shrieks with freight.

Guard #1's gun goes off and bullets ricochet all over the room.

Fritz, still alive, immediately rips the guards testicles off.

Guard #2 responds with fire, killing Fritz. Maurice pounces on the him from behind and attacks as well, killing the guard with animal like thirst.

William comes back from a daze of flesh eating and notices Gordon. He stands up and begins to approach him.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Stand back!

One of Guard #2's bullets hits Gordon in the leg right before Maurice finishes off Guard #2 with a final tear through the neck.

Clive and Wendy rush in with syringes in hand, Clive stabs William in the back before he could attack Gordon.

William falls to floor like a puppet that's no longer being used.

Wendy stabs Maurice and Douglas, Clive injects Warren, who tries to attack him with no luck.

Subjects are now all under a heavy dose of paralytic that renders them motionless.

Except their eyes.

Clive gives a helping hand to Gordon, who limps from his wounded leg.

CLIVE

Bloody hell...

Don't give up on me, now.

GORDON
(to Clive)
Anaesthetics are useless...

CLIVE
Paralyzing them is the only way. We
need you now more than ever.

Gordon finds the power to get back up on his feet thanks to Clive.

Donald approaches the portholes and quickly swipes the stuck newspapers away.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

The crusted pages are swiped away by Donald who gives view to Alan to see.

Both guards dead.

Geoffrey is dead.

Fritz is dead.

Remaining subjects are seen being taken away on stretchers.

INT. CHAMBER - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

Guard #2 suddenly moans with life, he's still alive.

Gordon approaches him, takes the guards pistol and delivers the final bullet.

Gordon proceeds to strap Douglas onto the stretcher.

DOUGLAS
More.

Gordon, in his what was once white lab coat that is now blood red, watches the chaos around him for a moment. Douglas is being taken out of the room.

Gordon sees the lifeless bodies scattered around.

GORDON
(to himself)
Sacrifices must be made.

Gordon notices the water is all spewing from the toilet.

He approaches it and sees that it's clogged with flesh and blood.

INT. LAB - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

GENERAL BROOKE
The hell with this.

General Brooke manages to escape his cage with the help of forceful kicking.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - UNKNOWN - CONTINUOUS

The remaining four subjects, Maurice, Douglas, Warren and William are on operating tables, with their hands strapped by thick leather bands.

Gordon and Wendy operate on William.

Donald and Alan operate on Douglas.

Maurice moans and groans in the background along with Warren.

GORDON
The paralytic is already wearing
off--

WENDY
I've never seen anything like this.

William shakes his head, twitches his body, constantly trying to break free. All he can do is make slight moans and groans.

DONALD
Subjects have sustained massive
tissue damage.

WENDY
What have we done to them?--

GORDON
--Falling asleep now we is fatal...

Clive puts on his surgical mask and grabs stitching materials, he proceeds to pull back skin and begin sowing it together on William's chest.

CLIVE
Subject's strength is unbelievable.
How is this possible?

William fights to stay awake, making it harder for Clive to operate.

DONALD

These men should not be alive.

Wendy examines Warren's torn abdominal cavity.

WENDY

Subject shows full cognitive response--

GORDON

--Time is of the essence now. We must work quickly.

Clive and Gordon attempt to place William's intestines back into his abdominal cavity.

WILLIAM

No. Sleep.

Douglas breaks free of the leather strap and rips the face off Alan with his bare hands, sending him into hysteria.

General Brooke interjects with his pistol and shoots Douglas and Alan numerous times in the head.

The crew is left in a bit of shock.

GORDON

If you kill them, we lose everything!

GENERAL BROOKE

No reason for them to be in pain.

Donald rushes over to Maurice whose EEG monitor goes flat as if he died, then comes back to life and his brain waves are back to normal.

GENERAL BROOKE (CONT'D)

What have you done?

DONALD

Subject is flat lining and regaining--

MAURICE

--More. I need more.

GENERAL BROOKE

They are unrecognizable...

Clive, Wendy and Gordon continue to operate on William.

CLIVE

Exposed peritoneal cavity,
extensive damage on organs, lower
abdomen and genitalia have been
severed--

GORDON

--Wound repair could compromise
skin's closure.

CLIVE

Performing bilateral incision in
standard fashion--

WENDY

Vascular structures identified,
prepare reformative tissue--

DONALD

--Estimated blood loss--

CLIVE

--Subject has lost almost three
quarters of blood.

Douglas' EEG machine flat lines, but he too regains
consciousness.

DONALD

He's coming back...

GORDON

Stitches!

William, Warren and Maurice are still alive, silently
pleading to stay awake.

MAURICE

Help. Me.

DONALD

Rib cage is fractured, severe
internal damage, hemorrhaging--

GORDON

I need them alive!

Maurice's EEG monitor flat-lines.

Donald rushes over.

Maurice is dead.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Alive!

Donald and Wendy begin surgery on Warren who starts to blink his eyes non stop.

Warren reveals a grand smile when Donald pulls out a large scalpel.

He attempts to talk with his mouth, but only faint whispers can be heard.

General watches as Warren pleads for more gas, his skin has turned a pale blue, eyes have enlarged and his body mass is dangerously low.

GENERAL BROOKE

Crewell I want them all back in the chamber.

DONALD

I think he's trying to say something.

Donald gets a piece of paper and pen and hands it to Warren who writes, hand shaking.

Donald reads the text: CUT

Donald, left a bit uneasy, proceeds to operate on Warren.

Gordon monitors him diligently, watching his heart rate and EEG monitor.

GORDON

What happened in there? What on Earth persuaded you to do this to yourselves?

William grinds his teeth, he's in obvious discomfort.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Answer me.

WILLIAM

So. Nearly.

From a distance Douglas can be heard screaming.

GENERAL BROOKE

Crewell!

GORDON

Now is not a good time.

GENERAL BROOKE

I don't give a damn what you think!
And you know what else, I want one
of your dandy doctors be locked in
there with 'em.

All of a sudden the three remaining subjects, Warren, Douglas
and William all stop their whining and twitching, the room
falls silent again.

GORDON

These men need our attention!

General Brooke walks up to Douglas.

GENERAL BROOKE

You will obey my command.

Douglas starts humming a tune, Gordon approaches him and sees
his eyes fluttering.

DONALD

General, we have this under control-

-

General Brooke shows a bit of surprise.

GENERAL BROOKE

Are you just going to fucking stand
there?!

GORDON

We're very close, very close--

Douglas' EEG monitors goes flat line, then comes back to
normal, as does his heart rate monitor.

DONALD

I have never seen anything like
this before. He's dying and coming
back to life every thirty seconds.

DOUGLAS

More. Gas.

General takes a step back and witnesses all the horrors
around him.

GENERAL BROOKE

(to Gordon)

Well. You've earned your ranks in
the nut house for this one.

Douglas flutters his eyes a few more times, straining his muscles.

CLIVE
He's lost too much blood.

The EEG monitor and heart rate monitor go flat line again.
Douglas has passed.

DONALD
We've lost another one--

GENERAL BROOKE
--Send them back into the chamber,
that is an order!

General grabs his gun and aims at Gordon.

Warren, who still can't speak because he's lost his voice earlier twitches his muscles and attempts to break free of his restraints.

GORDON
We need to operate on them!

William and Warren show extreme strength by breaking free of the paralytic and attempting to break away.

WENDY
Inducing patient with additional
paralytic--

GENERAL BROOKE
Their fates are sealed, Crewell.

Warren snares at General Brooke, who immediately draws his gun at him.

GORDON
Do not shoot.

Clive takes out his pistol and points it at the General.

GENERAL BROOKE
Are you bloody you mad?!

CLIVE
You will drop your gun and leave
this room, General.

Clive pulls back the trigger on his snub nose.

The General now aims his gun at Clive.

GENERAL BROOKE

Do you have any idea what will happen to you!?

GORDON

This is why I never invite the military.

GENERAL BROOKE

This isn't science. This is madness. Can't you see?--

CLIVE

--This is war.

Clive shoots him square between the eyes but not before Old Bernie got one of his bullets out.

They both fall, the General being fatally wounded.

WENDY

Are you OK?

CLIVE

Better than him.

Clive grabs his shoulder which is now bleeding.

Warren's EEG machine is heard flat lining and coming back.

DONALD

We need to give them the agent, it's the only way!--

Clive quickly rejoins the surgery even though he's bleeding.

GORDON

Keep operating!

Warrens EEG monitor flat lines again and doesn't return.

CLIVE

Number four is gone.

Warren is dead.

All subjects are dead except William.

Gordon still operating on William, who's still fighting for his life by flexing his muscles, grinding his teeth and humming.

GORDON

William?

CLIVE

He's not going to make it.

William breaks free of his right hand leather strap and grabs Gordon's arm.

Clive points his gun at William.

GORDON

No! Don't. I beg you.

William brings his face close to Gordon's.

WILLIAM

(whispering)

Must stay awake.

GORDON

I promise!

It's hard for him to speak. It's hard for Gordon to realize the madness around him.

GORDON (CONT'D)

What happened in there? What drove you all to this?

William speaks with much pain and a voice of anguish.

WILLIAM

Have you forgotten so easily? We are merely you. We are the madness that lives inside you all. Begging to be set free, begging to be let out. We are what you hide from your family. We are what you sedate into silence when you tread the haven we can not. Help me stay awake. Witness--

--Gordon manages to escape William's grip.

WENDY

Subject has almost no blood left--

William flutters his eyes.

GORDON

--William?!

WILLIAM

So. Nearly. Free.

DONALD

I don't know how much longer he can
take it--!

--William's EEG flat lines as Gordon and Clive stitch him up.

The crew stays motionless.

A few seconds later he comes back to life with a gasp of air.

WILLIAM

Father...

CLIVE

Subject is regaining conscious--.

Gordon thinks for a moment as he stares down into William's
eyes.

GORDON

--Forgive me, son.

CLIVE

You failed to mention number five
was your son.

The generator in the bunker goes out, all lights and
equipment turns off.

Darkness.

DONALD

Shit.

William is heard attacking, people and things falling and
crashing.

Emergency lights flicker on, revealing everyone on the floor
except William and Gordon.

He stands over Donald, who he rips a large chunk of flesh and
guts from.

Gordon is horrified as he holds on to a stretcher, unscathed.

He sees William has killed Clive and Wendy too.

William stands up in all his terrifying glory.

GORDON

No, no, no.

Clive chokes on his own blood.

CLIVE
Gordon...

WILLIAM
I am your son.

William steps on Clive's head, crushing him.

GORDON
What have I done?

WILLIAM
Embrace me.

William is a stitched skeleton of terror.

Gordon notices Clive's pistol laying close to him.

He quickly grabs it and points it at William, who is not the least bit phased.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You were wrong, father.

Gordon squeezes the trigger but it jams instead of firing.

William lunges at him.

Gordon pulls the trigger again, it shoots.

The emergency lights flicker off.

Sounds of bone crunching ferocity.

Generator comes back on, and with it all of the lights and machines in the facility.

William holds Gordon's severed head up high.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
There is a God.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END