

Cry no more

By

ThE StOryTeller

FADE IN:

INT. RESEARCH CENTER, SURGERY ROOM - NIGHT

A totally demolished laboratory. Machines are destroyed, papers are spread all over the floor and the pulsing flash of an alarm lamp is diving the place in a red light, while the alarm resounds loudly through the laboratory.

The grey metallic entrance door opens and two men in white doctor coats enter the room. Doctor RONALD SMITH (40), a serious-looking man with thin glasses and Doctor PETER BLAKE (30), a sympathetic-looking skinny guy, are looking at the mess.

RONALD

What in the good name of God?

PETER

We've come too late.

Peter and Ronald move through the room. Searching for hints of what's going on. Ronald is looking suspiciously at some ripped pieces of paper. On one of the pieces is written: **PROJECT 05-VI1.**

PETER (O.S.)

Ronald, over here.

Ronald moves to Peter, who is looking at something on the ground, hidden behind a metallic cupboard.

RONALD

(looking at Peter)

What's the matter?

Peter raises silently his arm, pointing at something. Ronald moves his glance to Peter's discovery. He winces back.

In front of Peter is the bloody remains, of something which used to be an arm. The hand is holding a KEY.

RONALD

(holding his hand in front of his mouth)

What the... Good God. No!

Peter kneels down and picks up the bloody key.

RONALD

We need to call the emergency and the police. Right now!

PETER  
 I don't got a phone with me...  
 (looking at the arm)  
 ...And I think that it is a little  
 too late for rescue.

Peter gets up and inspects the key.

RONALD  
 (looking around)  
 What happened here?... We've come  
 right after the call. How can we be  
 too late?  
 (looking at his cell phone)  
 Shit it's empty. In the office room  
 is a telephone, which we can use.

PETER  
 (looking at the key)  
 We should leave this place, right  
 now!

Peter looks at Ronald, who nods in agreement.

Both start moving to the entrance when--

CLANK!

Ronald's looks down at the ground. His foot has hit a small silver bracelet. He kneels down, picks it up and inspects the bracelet. It has three small pendants on it. Two silver hearts and a silver bear with a small pink jewel in it. His hands start to tremble as he gazes at the small bracelet.

PETER  
 Ron, what're you doing. Come on!  
 Let's get outta here.

RONALD  
 (trembling voice)  
 Eva... No. No. No. No.

PETER  
 What?

RONALD  
 Eva. I gave this little bracelet as  
 a present to my little girl on her  
 fifth birthday last week.

Peter looks at him puzzled.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 My little girl is here.

PETER  
 What are you talking, Ron? Why should she be here! This makes no sense at all. The only rational thing is to leave this place...  
 (looking at the scratched metallic walls)  
 ...And this as soon as we can.

Ronald moves his glance to a piece of paper, which is lying some feet in front of him. It's a red INVITATION CARD. He picks it up and reads it.

RONALD  
 That's it! Today was a special ceremony for the introduction of a new medical product.

PETER  
 And?

RONALD  
 All workers and family members have been invited to join this event.  
 (beat)  
 Oh my god, that means that Loren is also here. Both are somewhere here.

PETER  
 What are you talking? If it so, why haven't you been here?

RONALD  
 (looking at the ground)  
 I was busy.

PETER  
 With what?

RONALD  
 I don't know anymore, okay! The only thing that I know, is that both are somewhere here - all alone and under dangerous circumstances. My family needs me and I'm not going to leave them alone.

Peter moves his glance to the entrance door and then back to Ronald, who's looking at him helplessly and frantically.

PETER

What if they aren't here? What if this all is just a trap?

RONALD

What if they are and I'm their only chance?

Peter looks at the ground thoughtfully.

PETER

All right! We search them. But I have three conditions.

RONALD

All right.

PETER

First: We stay together, no matter what happened. Second: We don't put us under unnecessary danger and third: If we don't find them in one hour, we'll leave and get back with help.

RONALD

I'm in.

Peter nods and both move to a big metallic, heavy Gate at the other side of the room.

Peter stands in front of a keypad in the wall with a field of numbers on it.

PETER

(typing specific numbers in)  
I've got a bad feeling about this.

Ronald shoots a brief silent look at him and gulps.

The Gate opens and two slide doors moves under a mechanic sound. The corridor to Section B appears.

INT. RESEARCH CENTER, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A few stairs in front of them, lead down to a long metallic-grey hallway. The lights are pulsing and a bad stench is filling the air.

RONALD

(holding his arm in front of his nose)  
Jesus! Uff. What the hell is that?

Peter looks to his left. A bloody handprint is on the wall.

PETER  
 (looking at the handprint)  
 I think I'm going to change the  
 plan. Let's get the army first and  
 then come back.  
 (looking at Ronald)  
 Hey, where are you going?

Ronald is already moving down the few stairs to the dark hallway. Peter follows him reluctantly. The sound of dripping water is audible and the alarm resounds quietly from the distance.

RONALD  
 Where are all the people?

PETER  
 Why do I have the bad feeling, that  
 we don't wanna find out the answer  
 of that.

Both arrive in front of a metallic-grey gate. **SECTION B - NBD:** is written on the two slide doors.

PETER  
 NBD?

RONALD  
 Neurobiology-Department.

PETER  
 (looking at the bloody keypad  
 in the wall)  
 It has a good reason, why we both  
 work in different sections.  
 (typing some numbers in)  
 In my workplace - the baddest  
 accidents were spilled coffees or  
 empty toilet papers.

The door slides and reveals the view at the laboratory of Section B.

INT. SECTION B, LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

The room is - like the entire building - metallic-grey and has a row of windows on the walls, which are showing the view into small research rooms. Dozens of tables are placed in the middle of the laboratory. On them are research equipments like microscopes, glass bowls, syringes, scalpels and measuring instruments.

The floor is covered with blood stains and pieces of flesh.

Ronald is looking at all of this absolutely shocked.

Peter is standing some feet away looking into one of the windows.

PETER

Oh gosh! No! No! No!

Ronald looks at him fearfully. He moves slowly to Peter, who is staring steadily into the window. Ronald moves to his site and looks carefully into the window too.

His eyes widen, he falls on his knees and some vomit crawls up his throat and finds its way out, through his mouth.

Behind the window is a small white room. At the end of the room, right on the opposite of both, are two cables, hanging down from the ceiling. Both ends of the cables, are tied around the wrists of a man or better the absolutely dismemberment corpse of a pale man with brown hair. His lower body is ripped off, so that his innards protrudes. A big hole is in his left chest, which reveals the view on ribs, veins and flesh. His eyes and his mandible are ripped off.

Ronald gets up, cleans his mouth and gazes at the corpse.

RONALD

Who could do something like this?

PETER

The question is not who?

(looking at Ronald)

It's - what!

Peter moves away from this window to one at the other side of the laboratory.

Meanwhile, Ronald picks up a REPORT from the floor and reads it.

Peters looks into another small white room, filled with a bunch of bloody remains of people. Pieces of mutilated hands, legs and etc. are spread all over the small chamber.

PETER

(staring into the room)

I think we've found the answer to your question.

RONALD  
 (looking at the report)  
 Do you know a Professor R. S.  
 White?

Peter shakes his head.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
 She's writing in her reports about  
 this new medicament: Vita  
 immortalis one ... Today was the  
 first test with a human test  
 object.

PETER  
 Vita immortalis one... VI  
 One... Project zero five.

RONALD  
 (skimming through some sites)  
 This medicine were supposed to be a  
 solution against cancer.

FMRI pictures of brains and some measured data appears on  
 the sites of the report.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
 She wrote about a series of tests  
 with rats and monkeys.

Pictures of apes, behind silver steel cages, appear on the  
 sites of the report.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
 They were all under the diagnosis  
 of cancer...  
 (impressed)  
 ...and ninety-eight percent of them  
 recovered.

PETER  
 (looking at a bible, which  
 lays on the ground)  
 What happened to the other two  
 percent?

Ronald looks at the report fearfully.

PETER  
 Ronald?



RONALD  
They've developed aggressive  
manners and showed highly affection  
to cannibalism.

A picture of a screaming monkey with blood around his mouth  
appears on a site of the report.

Peter gulps.

PETER  
That's too much. We need to go!

CLANK!

Both move their glances to a gate on the end of the  
laboratory. The sound of slamming metal resounds, from  
somewhere behind the gate.

Ronald moves to the gate.

PETER  
What the hell are you doing?

RONALD  
This could be Eva and Loren.  
Calling for help.

Peter moves in front of Ronald.

PETER  
Or a monster. Calling for his  
dessert.

RONALD  
Step away, Peter! They need me!

PETER  
They need you alive! What ever is  
waiting behind this gate. It isn't  
your friend.

RONALD  
Okay... All right. You're right.

Peter relaxes.

PETER  
Good, then we'd...

Before Peter could finish his sentence, Ronald runs to the  
gate and pushes a red button on the wall.

PETER  
NO! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!

The door opens under a loud sound and reveals the view on a hallway.

CLANK! The slam of metal resounds again and this time louder, than before.

PETER  
Ronald, please come back.

Ronald moves into the hallway. Peter follows him reluctantly.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ronald follows the sound to the Gate to SECTION F. **SECTION F - TEST LEVEL - DANGER - ONLY AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ALLOWED:** is written on the two slide doors. The two doors are sliding steadily against an object, which is lying between them. It's the bloody remain of a leg.

PETER  
(looking at the leg)  
There's no way back, after entering this room.

RONALD  
(trembling voice)  
I'm coming honey.

This time, Ronald types the numbers in and the door opens.

In front of them, is the entry room of Section F. The whole room is a bloody grave yard. Dead people everywhere. Men, women and child's. Some more, some less mutilated.

Both step in.

INT. SECTION F, ENTRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Ronald are looking at the horrific scene in front of them absolutely shocked

RONALD  
(looking at the corpses)  
Frank, George, Hannah.  
(looking at a little boy)  
Oh no, Tim!  
(moving his look to a women in a red dress)  
No!

Ronald falls on his knees and shakes his head.

RONALD (CONT'D)

No! No! No!

He crawls slowly to the corpse of LOREN (36), his wife. She's lying next to some other corpses. Her beautiful face is turned to the ceiling and her blue eyes are wide open. Parts of her brown, short hair are covering parts of her face.

Ronald lifts her up and starts to cry and sob.

RONALD

(gazing at her)

Please don't do this to me Lory!

Please. I beg you! I'm here!

Please.

A small tear is lying on her left cheek.

Ronald touches her stomach and notice, that he can feel her ribs. He turns her to the side and sees that parts of her belly were teared-off.

RONALD

(trembling voice and sobbing)

Oh God, no!

(embracing her)

I'm so sorry, baby!

(looking angrily around)

WHERE ARE YOU? YOU BASTARD! FOR  
THIS YOU WILL BLEED! DO YOU HEAR  
ME?

PETER (O.S.)

Ronald!

Ronald moves his glance to Peter, who's standing in front of ad oor at the end of the entry room.

Ronald gives Loren a kiss, gets up and moves to Peter.

RONALD

We need to find this bastard! Do  
you hear me? Huh?

Peter looks quietly into a small chamber.

INT. SECTION F, CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The light is shining very brightly from the ceiling. A balded-man, PHILIPP (45), is lying there with a metal-pipe

through his stomach. His face and his clothes are covered with blood. He is slamming a pipe against the wall. Behind him is an old metal door with a door-handle and a door-lock. In front of him, a black PHONE is lying on the ground.

The man don't notices Peter, he looks dazzled at the wall and slams steadily the pipe against it.

Ronald moves slowly to the man.

RONALD

Philipp?

(looking at the pipe in  
Philipps body)

How did this happen? ... I'm going  
to get you out of here, my friend.

Suddenly, Philipp moves his look to Ronald. His eyes widen and he starts to scream like hell.

Ronald stops moving immediately and winces back. He gazes at Philipp shocked.

Philipp screams, turns the sharp pipe in his hand, points at himself and rams it into his head.

Ronald winces back.

Philipp stops moving.

Peter looks absolutely shocked.

RONALD

(whispering)

Philipp? Why?

Suddenly, sounds appear from the door behind Philip.

Ronald moves forward. Peter watches him silently without moving.

Ronald shoots a brief look at Philip, then he inspects the door-lock.

RONALD

Peter, the key you've found.  
Give it to me!

Peter looks around silently.

RONALD  
THE KEY, PETER!

PETER  
You're doing a mistake!

RONALD  
GIVE ME THE FUCKING KEY!

PETER  
You should have left! Now it's too  
late!

RONALD  
GIVE ME THE KEY! RIGHT NOW!

Peter pulls the key out of his pocket and throws it to Ronald, who puts the key nervously into the lock.

PETER  
Your doom is waiting behind this  
door, Ronald. Don't open the door.

Ronald ignores him and opens the door.

CLICK! The door opens and Ronald moves into the room.

INT. SECTION F, STOCKROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dark stockroom with dim lights appears in front of Ronald.

Rows of steel cages are on the left and on the right side of the grey room.

Ronald picks up a FLASHLIGHT from the ground and moves through the room.

He shines with the flashlight through some cages. In one of the cages, an ape is moving and screaming wildly, but by the sight of Ronald, the ape moves quickly to the end of the cage and holds his hands protectively above his head.

Ronald shoots a brief look at him and keeps moving, to the end of the room. He looks around until he finds something sitting in one of the cages, trembling and sobbing. He shines with the light at it. It's the little EVA (5). She's sitting there with her little white dress, which is covered with stains of blood. Her long dark hair are combed to her back and her blue eyes are full with tears.

Ronald kneels down. Tears of joy are running down his cheeks.

RONALD

Eva ... EVA! Oh god, I'm so happy to see you ... How did you get in there? Come on. Cry no more, baby. We get out of here!

Eva is shaking like crazy and she moves slowly to the end of the cage, far away of Ronald's reach.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Honey? What are you doing? Come to daddy.

(pulls out the bracelet)

I've found your bracelet. Come out, honey. We need to leave this place, right now!

Eva is trembling and looking totally scared at him.

RONALD

(whispering)

Eva?...

SLAM! The door opens and two police officer enter the stockroom. Both holding their guns up by the sight of Ronald.

POLICE OFFICER 1

HANDS UP, YOU CRAZY BASTARD!

RONALD

What?

POLICE OFFICER 1

I SAID - HANDS UP! MOVE SLOWLY AWAY, FROM THE LITTLE GIRL - AND LET THE KNIFE DROP!

RONALD

What are talking? That's my daughter in there and I've don't got a...

Ronald becomes silent by the glance at his right hand. It's holding a bloody knife.

RONALD

(looking at the knife)

What? How could that be?...

The police officers makes some steps forward, still holding up their guns.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
LET THE KNIFE DROP!

Ronald lets the knife drop.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
I want you to lay down on the  
ground with your hands above your  
head.

RONALD  
That's a mistake! Ask my friend  
Peter outside. He'll confirm what  
I'm telling you.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
(whispering to his partner)  
There is no one outside. I've  
checked everything. All people are  
dead.

RONALD  
HEY! What are you talking there!  
Help my daughter! HEY, ARE YOU...

BAM! Two strings, shoot out of the gun from police officer 1  
and send Ronald, under electric strokes, to the ground. The  
two officers approach to him and arrest him.

RONALD  
(trembling)  
What are you?...

Ronald becomes silent by the look into a shard of a mirror.  
He sees himself covered in blood, especially around of his  
mouth. His teeth are pointed and his eyes blushed.

EXT. RESEARCH CENTER, PARKING - LATER

Police and emergency cars are in front of the building.  
Medics are caring corpses, under sheets, around and  
reporters are shooting pictures. A black van is parked in  
front of the building. The two police officers are sitting  
inside, in front of an Laptop.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

POLICE OFFICER 1  
So, what's this big thing, you've  
talked about?

POLICE OFFICER 2  
(clicking on a key of his lap)  
Watch this.

A monochrome surveillance-tape is playing. Ronald is there. He is moving around crazily, killing and eating people. He seems to talk to himself in some parts of the Tape. While the video is playing, police officer 1 moves his glance to a report. He picks it up and opens it. He skims the first site and reads the name of the author: **PROFESSOR RONALD SMITH WHITE.**

FADE OUT:

**THE END**