

ANNA LOST IN THE WONDER WOODS

By

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FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN- CATTLE CARRIAGE- DAY

The rhythmic thumping of the train peppered with MOANS of the damned.

A trickle of light squeezes a ventilation slat, glows the YELLOW star of David on ANNA'S (9) dress.

She slips through sardined bodies, her bony body greased by their sweat.

Squats over the ragged hole in the floor.

Her shame blatant; flies molesting her.

Crushed PRISONERS' heads twist away in pledges of decency.

LATER:

Hunched on the floor, a wilted CHILD wedge between her knees.

Heat has vapourised sweat...condensed PEARL droplets on the metal roof,

a pearl hits her forehead bursts.

She looks up... positions her mouth to catch the next drop.

Catches it.



Nudges the child.

ANNA

(To child)

Thirsty?

Nudges her again, DEAD, the child's head flops; a preening fly BUZZS its annoyance, settles on the girl's eye.

EXT. WILDERNESS- SAME

Sunbeams.

Splash silver train tracks.

The TRAIN rifles them through a picturesque fir forest.

PRISONERS, tied like sandbags, shielding its engine.

GERMAN SOLDIERS man a Flak gun.

Scan the sky.

Share a bottle of vodka, its Russian red star tilting as a soldier swag from it.

Out the sun's glare, JAK-3 (Russian fighter plane) steam.

Painted blood red, their nose piece.



Guns unleash a bullet beat.

RAT, TAT, TAT, RAT, TAT, TAT.

INT. CATTLE CARRIAGE- SAME

The dead girl's head resting on her chest, Anna hears the gunfire.

An old MAN sinks down next to her.

OLD MAN

Come death now.

Bullets puncture flesh- explodes the old man's head,

his blood spraying Anna- brains force feeding her.

Chaos, the turmoil of savage death haunts the slaughterhouse pen,

prisoners' pandemonium crushing Anna,

shoes stamping her, heels egg shelling the dead child's face.

EXT. TRAIN- CONT'D

Jabo (Soviet fighter, bomber) releases a bomb... it whistles air... explodes a carriage... smoke, body parts, whisked away.



They litter the tracks; an arm and hand seemly waving as the train races away.

Jabo dodging the train.

Its bullets carving furloughs through its roof.

Flak gun swirling as its banging barrage punching the plane.

Igniting it.

Flaming oil spurting cooking the pilot.

A salvo of phosphorescent tracer as a J hunts the train-
launches its bomb

BOOM.

Somersaulting carriages flip free.

Flattening firs.

Skidding.

INT. CATTLE CARRIAGE- SAME

A fir tree ruptures the gate,

makes a human paste,

branches paint mincemeat onto the walls.



Anna flung out...

EXT. FOREST- CONT'D

Ears dazed.

Eyes glazed.

Bullets snaking the ground; raking escaping prisoner.

Trampled again.

She rise, watches as a plane, her death in its sights, fires away.

Bullets carving ground each side of her.

Soldiers unleash GERMAN SHEPARDS; huge, brutal beasts.

Tongues lolling, teeth thrashing, they sink their teeth.

Tear out the throats of prisoners.

Their BARKING stirs Anna's ears- she stumbles up, takes cover in the...

FOREST- CON'T

running for her life.



A rich tapestry of leaves camouflages her from the terrors of the sky.

Brambles thorns razor her as she battles through them.

Dogs growling.

Bullets barking.

She hides.

A child runs by- she grabs her, pulls her down; her hand silencing her mouth.

SS soldiers charge by.

They drag a woman (The child's mother).

The child squirms- bites Anna's fingers.

Flees.

Chases after her mother.

A CLICK of gun- sends her skirting underbrush.

SS MAN

Halt!

A bullet tugs at her dress but misses flesh.



Root flips her.

He stands over her... brotherly offers his hand.

Yanks her up.

SS MAN

You can't escape your fate.

(Beat)

Run child.

Anna runs.

His bullet's faster.

INT. WONDER WOODS- NIGHT

Anna lying, bloodstained her face.

A bullet has kissed a groove past her temple.

More slaughter near her.

Snarls of WOLVES as they tear human flesh.

Her eyes open.

She wanders... passes under the child and mother hanging from a tree.



LATER:

A small stream, she follows.

Moonlight tapers down into a clearing.

Anna picks, eats blackberries.

LATER:

Wolves tracking her.

She runs.

Struggles to climb a tree,

slings of her shoes,

feet slipping, flesh stripping, soles bleeding, she climbs... to safety.

The wolves circle her tree.

Strange, the moon must be playing games with her sight; for the wolves have silver eyes and teeth.

They HOWL,

ribbon words flutter from their mouths,

spelling: come down child, lets us eat,



they whirl around the tree.

RIBBON WORDS

Come down child, lets us eat.

INT. WONDER WOODS- DAY

Morning finds her, wedge in a branch, asleep.

She wakes.

Scans the woods- no wolves.

Descends.

Puts on her shoes.

Quiet not even birdsong.

Anna walks.

MUSIC rides a soft breeze rustles leaves, stirs the birds to sing along.

Their chirping joins the vibrant oom-pah-pah beat bewitching

Anna's tramping tread into a ballerina skip.

She capers around trees in adventures surges... plays hide and seek... giggles at her foolishness.



Finds the Oomphaband.

Starvation their sculptors theme.

Their wooden bodies emaciated, scrawny arms clash brass plates with tortured glee.

Trombones of welded scrap burp melodious barking; sharp knees creaking to the beat.

Flutes of flatten food cans, wedged in shrunken mouths, whistling.

Suitcase accordion, polished buttons the keys.

Their tuneful collaboration incongruous with their instruments.

Charmed, Anna wonders among them.

Rusted wind-up keys turn in their backs,

cheeks smeared with a circle of blood scream "I've got a healthy complexion".

dog-eared their "pyjamas",

frazzled string their belts,

frayed fabric- whipped by their movements- bare secrets of blue tattooed numbers on rippled scared arms.

The music fades as the wind-up springs runs out.



WOODWORM (O/S)
(Barely audible)
You're in danger.

Anna twists, searching for the voice's source.

She crouches ... head level with a puppet's.

ANNA
(Playful to the puppet)
Did you speak?

WOODWORM (O/S)
(Barely audible)
Dummies can't speak!

Woodworm holes tunnel its face and from an opening a WOODWORM wiggles- it has a HUMAN FACE.

WOODWORM
You're in danger!

A dozen WOODWORMS poke their human faces out their holes.

WOODWORMS
Danger!

WOODWORM
You flower for a poisoner!



WOODWORMS

Poisoner!

ANNA

I don't understand.

WOODWORM

Dummy!

WOODWORMS

Dummy!

ANNA

I bide you good day.

She rises.

The woodworm wriggle out their holes- leap onto her legs.

Wizz up it to the yellow star of David on her blouse.

WOODWORMS

(Singing)

We will fix it, we will
save the dummy.

They bite through its stitches; the yellow star falls to the ground.

They leap of her onto a puppet, wriggle into holes- excepts one who is plucked by leather gloved hand...



fixed to gnarled silver birch arm...

rooted to a wooden beer barrel body...

supported by ornamental varnished table legs...

booted in leather jackboots,

ZZ insignia.

BORIS'S wooden swastika eyes clatters as they swivel- splash
tears of rage onto the woodworm.

BORIS

(To the woodworm)

Cockroach.

He sweeps his thorned hair back, his "Hitler" brush moustache
bristling.

Boris squeezes the woodworm- its head pops.

Spots Anna's yellow star.

BORIS

(To Anna)

You've dropped your "lucky "star.

Woodworms pop out their holes.

WOODWORMS

(Barely audible hiss to Anna)



Say "it fell out the sky".

ANNA

(To Boris)

It fell out the sky.

BORIS

You think I was born yesterday?

WOODWORMS

(Barely audible hiss to Anna.)

Say "no, this morning".

ANNA

No, this morning.

Boris's moustache spikes a "Nazi" salute.

BORIS

Pick up the marker of the-

ARSMENSCH!

WOODWORM

(Barely audible hiss to Anna)

Say, "who made you the boss?"

ANNA

Who made you the boss?

Around his barrel hangs a holster with a P-38 (pistol) nesting in it.



He taps it.

BORIS

This.

He goose-steps around Anna as he rants:

BORIS

Orders are not to questioned,
deliberated, pondered!

He draws the pistol, points it at Anna's forehead.

BORIS

Orders are to be obeyed!

Anna picks up the star.

BORIS

It suits you, wear it- ARSMENSCH!

Anna's eyes drift to the woodworms.

WOODWORMS

(Barely audible hiss to Anna)
Say, "it suits you better".

ANNA

It suits you better.

Boris fingers tighten on the trigger; Anna sticks the star to her blouse.



It falls off.

BORIS
ULSLICK ARSMENSCH!

He plucks a BATH HOUSE MEDAL of his chest.

Using the safety pin from it, pins the yellow star to Anna's blouse.

His swastika eyes spin with wicked glee.

INT. WOODS- BATH BUNKER- DAY.

Painted in red, HAPPY BATHHOUSE on the steel door.

Boris unlocks it- drags in puppets, carrying one, Anna follows down the steps.

SHOWER ROOM:

Sunflower painted shower heads poke out the concrete ceiling,

butterflies painted on the walls,

a "submarine" round window, sealed by rubber, the only window.

They stack the puppets in the centre.



BORIS

Such a pretty place.
Arsmensch, you like healthy shower?

ANNA

I prefer to bath- once a month.

BORIS

After the SELECTION,
you will shower ARSMENSCH!

ANNA

(A whisper)

Not likely.

BORIS

Did the ARSMENSCH speak?

ANNA

I said "can you brush your ears
you're hearing things".

Boris's moustache does a "nazi" salute.

LATER:

The puppets now stacked in a pyramid.

BORIS

(To the woodworms)

Parasites- devourers of the father



wood- breathe the bubbling shampoo.

Boris goose-steps out the bunker.

The woodworms poke their heads out the puppets.

WOODWORM

Help!

WOODWORMS

Help!

ANNA

He just going to wash you.

WOODWORM

He's going to gas us.

WOODWORMS

Gas us.

BORIS (O/S)

ARSMENSCH! report!

ANNA

Quickly.

She opens her blouse and hundreds of woodworms wriggle out of the puppets- leap into her blouse- hide.

Anna darts out the bunker.

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EXT. BATH HOUSE- CONT'D

Anna fidgets as the squirming woodworm tickle her.

He goose-steps around her as he questions her.

BORIS

Has the ARSMENSCH! got ants
in her pants?

ANNA

No.

BORIS

Louse in her blouse?

ANNA

No.

BORIS

Fleas around her knees?

ANNA

No.

BORIS

Bedbugs on her back?



ANNA

No.

BORIS

Woodworm?

She fidgets.

Boris eyes spin.

ANNA

Woodworms live in wood!

BORIS

Then why are you glitter
bugging my little ARSMENSCH!

ANNA

I'm just excited

She does an excited woodworm scratching scuffle.

ANNA (CONT'D)

about the puppets getting
cleaned.

BORIS

(Rant)

They're getting liquated- GASSED-
filthy parasites have infiltrated
the "pure" of the father wood.



He pulls out red tablets from his pocket.

BORIS (Cont'd)

(Rant)

The final bath; the final
shampoo!

He slams- locks the bunker door.

Goose-steps to a steel slot, in the bunker, inserts the tablets.

Closes it.

Grabs Anna and shoves her to the circle window, pressing her
face against it.

BORIS

You will witness how the
brave ZZ deal with vermin!

Anna's POV through the window: a musty yellow gas creeps out the
shower head.

Her eyes dart over the puppets... spot a crippled woodworm hobble
out its hole,

using a walking stick, sees the gas, and shuffle back in.

She struggles in Boris iron grip.

ANNA

You got to stop it.

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BORIS

The final wash will be
carried out to its
conclusion.

Tears spring as she watches the gas seep into the woodworm's
holes,

mouth frothy, the crippled woodworm stumbles out... dies.

ANNA

You killed him!

BORIS

I exterminated cockroaches!

ANNA

You're a murderer!

BORIS

I follow orders.

ANNA

I order you to shower!

BORIS

ARSMENSCH! don't give orders.

ARSMENSCH! obey them!

(Beat)

The selection



LATER:

Blindfolded, Anna stands before the puppets.

In each of their hands they hold a flag with BATHHOUSE written on it,

except one: it holds a flag with GET OUT OF SHOWERING TODAY.

Boris sits behind a desk.

A folder on it is stencilled the SELECTION.

He opens it.

He twists a beer tap on his beer barrelled belly, fills a tankard with frothy beer.

Gulps from it.

BORIS

ARSMENSCH- pick a flag.

Holding her hands out in front of her, her fingers find a bathroom stencilled flag.

The woodworm inside her blouse tickle her; she fidgets.

WOODWORM

Not that one.

WOODWORMS

Wrong flag.

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ANNA

(Whisper)

I can't see.

Boris drains his tankard, fills it up.

BORIS

Who are you talking to?

ANNA

No one... myself.

WOODWORMS

(Singing)

We will help you...

WOODWORM

Go right...

Anna walks right.

WOODWORMS

(Singing)

go left...

Anna walks back to where she started from.

Boris drains his glass, fills it up.



WOODWORM
go right...

ANNA
(Whisper)
I just been that way.

BORIS
Is anyone giving the ARSMESCH
directions?

Boris pulls out his pistol, levels it at Anna.

ANNA
Just talking to myself.

Boris trains his tankard, fills it up again.

BORIS
(Drunk, singing Ein Heller and ein Batzen)
A heller and a batzen
they were both mine
the heller went for water
the batzen went for wine.
Heidi, heido, hedida, heida,
Hedio, heida, la la la la

WOODWORMS
(Singing)
We will help you...



WOODWORM

Go straight ahead...

Anna walks straight... past a couple of puppets one of them holding a get out of showering stencilled flag.

WOODWORM

Stop.

In front of Anna, a puppet with a bathhouse marked flag.

She reaches for it.

WOODWORM

Not that one- dummy!

ANNA

(Loud)

Stop calling me dummy!

Boris chokes on the beer he's swilling.

Drunk, he weaves a crazy goose-stepping path to Anna.

Press the pistol to her forehead.

BORIS

Stop cheating.

ANNA

I'm not.



His clanking head swivels several times; making him dizzy.

He dizzily goosesteps back to the table.

Slumps into his chair.

Fills his tankard.

Slurps the beer down.

Refills it.

BORIS

(Drunk, singing)

By the door to the back stairway.

Also called the backstairs door.

Lives a dirty great black tomcat.

And it sleeps upon the floor.

WOODWORMS

(Singing)

We will help you...

WOODWORM

Go back.

Anna steps back.

ANNA

(Whisper)



Now?

FAST FORWARD: Boris drinks seven more glass of beer,
Anna goes back and forward, left, and right amongst the puppets:
the woodworm are waiting for Boris to fall in a drunken slumber.

The woodworm vacate the puppets, except one, tunnel into the
SNORING Boris's body, legs, and head.

Anna stops- hands on her hips.

Tears off her blindfold.

ANNA

(Shouts at the woodworm)

You're messing me about!

Her fury has woken Boris from his drunken slumber.

His swastika eyes twirl a drunken swirl.

WOODWORM

Grab it.

The woodworm points at the get out of the bathhouse free flag.

Anna snatches it as Boris goose-steps stumbles to her.

She lowers the blindfold over her eyes.



ANNA

Did I guess right?

Boris studies the flag, waves drunkenly in front of her banded eyes to see if she can cheat.

BORIS

Did you cheat?

ANNA

No.

He yanks of her blindfold, ties it over his eyes.

BORIS

Lying ARSMENSCH! I can see
you.

He falls down, puts an arm around a puppet thinking it's Anna.

BORIS

(Drunken slur)

Arsmensch, Arsmensch, it pains me
to tell you- you've failed
the INSPECTION!

He lifts the blindfold.

BORIS

(Shocked drunken slur to puppet)

Comrade, fellow father wood...
forgive me.



ANNA

I'm free to go?

BORIS

After the final inspection.

ANNA

You're cheating!

He staggers to his feet.

Grabs his pistol- wildly swings it- aims it in Anna's direction.

His finger tightens on the trigger- snaps off.

Woodworm crawl out of his tunnel riddled hand.

Boris lifts his arm, examines his burrowed hand, watches woodworm mine it.

BORIS

Woodworm! Polluting
the father wood.
Impure! Impure!

His arm falls of, revealing woodworm cavities that vein his chest.

ANNA

You must taste nice.



She giggles.

BORIS

Silence ARSMENSCH!

He goosesteps to her, his leg chest high- snaps off- flies.

BORIS

(Drunk, to leg)

Traitor! Deserting me!

You're in cohorts with
the ARSMENSCH!

His other leg collapses, sinking Boris to his barrel belly.

He beats the other leg.

BORIS

(Drunk, to other leg)

Sabotage, you will go to
the bathhouse.

He flings the leg towards the bathhouse.

He cries.

BORIS

(Drunken rant, self-pitying)

A life of service I've
given them, polished them with
father wood varnish and at the



first chance- they desert me!

He turns on the tap to fill his tankard- dozen of wormwood holes pepper his body, beer sprouting out them.

Emptying his barrel

BORIS

The father beer- deserted!

His arm splinters into to sawdust as he swats at woodworm tunnelling his head.

His burrowed head erupts with them.

Spinning swastika eyes cartwheel away.

BORIS

Father wood, o father wood-
I'm blind.

ANNA

Serves you right.

BORIS

ARSMENSCH- you have failed the
selection. To the bathhouse!

ANNA

I'm going...



BORIS

Good. You have healthy shower.

ANNA (CONT'D)

to shower your dirty head.

BORIS

The father wood is clean- PURE!

She smears dirt on his head.

ANNA

It's filthy! The father wood
needs a good scrub!

She snaps of his head,

tucks it under her arm,

BORIS

I feel sick.

ANNA

You'll feel better after a
healthy shower.

enters the bath house... reapers without his head,
locks the door,

slides tablets into the slot,



smiles, as she watches through the window.

Joins the woodworm.

WOODWORM

Take an eye.

WOODWORMS

An eye.

WOODWORM

You'll need it for your escape.

WOODWORMS

Dummy.

Anna smiles.

Searches the sawdust... takes a swastika eye.

Walks.

LATER:

Eating blackberries.

One sprouts a face as she reaches for it- squirts her with currant juice.

BLACKBERRY

No, you don't.



ANNA

Sorry, I didn't know you
were alive.

All the blackberries sprout faces.

BLACKBERRIES

Liar!

ANNA

Not so.

BLACKBERRIES

You never tell fibs?

Anna thinks about it.

ANNA

Sometimes.

BLACKBERRIES

Liar!

ANNA

I'm not lying... I sometimes fib...
but I'm not fibbing now.

BLACKBERRIES

How do we know you're not
fibbing when you've admitted



to being a liar.

Anna thinks about it.

ANNA

You'll just have trust me.

BLACKBERRY

Trust a fibber-

BLACKBERRIES

No chance!

ANNA

Well, if that's how you feel,
I bide you a fond farewell.

BLACKBERRY

How do we know you're going to go.

BLACKBERRIES

You're probably lying.

ANNA

Am I?

BLACKBERRIES

We don't see you leaving- so
you're fibbing again.



ANNA

You didn't give me a chance to
leave.

Anna turns to leave.

BLACKBERRIES

Where are you going?

ANNA

Away from annoying blackberries.

BLACKBERRIES

You're fibbing.

ANNA

About what?

BLACKBERRIES

About going away.

ANNA

I am going away.

BLACKBERRIES

But you're still here.

So, you must be lying.

ANNA

I'm not going I'm going to
stay till I've eaten you all up.



BLACKBERRIES

(Worried)

Are you fibbing?

ANNA

Guess.

The blackberries talk amongst themselves.

BLACKBERRIES

We, think you're fibbing.

ANNA

About what?

BLACKBERRIES

About eating us.

ANNA

I never said I was going to eat you.

BLACKBERRIES

But you did.

ANNA

Liars!

Anna giggles.

Walks away.



INT. WONDER WOODS- DUSK

Anna sits under an oak, hand under chin thinking.

She studies the swastika eye.

A CROW lands on a branch above her.

It SQUAWKS.

Anna shushes it.

ANNA

(To Crow)

I'm trying to think.

Several more CROWS settle on branches.

Their CAWLING SHRIEKS annoying.

ANNA

(To Crows)

You grumble so much, yet
have nothing to moan about!

She slugs to her feet, stamps her feet, waves her hands to shush them away.

A dozen more land, their caws more like YELLS of rage.



ANNA

Have the tree- their plenty
more.

She skips away.

The crows fly, follow her, their SQUALLING pounding her.

ANNA

You're rattling my ears!

They circle her; their cries a whirlpool of sound- deafening
her.

She shoves her fingers in her ears- trots.

They follow- divebomb- discharging out RACKET BOMBS of ear-splitting
pressure.

Anna runs.

Closes her eyes with pain.

Doesn't see the ELECTRIFIED fence, she's charging to, metal
bolts of lightning, splitting metal skull and bones, warn of
DEATH.

The cage encompasses a massive TREE STUMP, a neon "hospital"
light on it blazes MERCY.

Running.

Death ahead.

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The crows terminate their squawking.

Heaving, Anna stops, opens her eyes- closes them as a SPOTLIGHT dazzles her.

It's nestled in a WATCHTOWER inside the cage.

WATCHTOWER #2 spotlight blinds her.

She closes her eyes.

MERCY (O/S)

My patient will raise her
hands and approach the fence.

Anna raises her hands.

MERCY (O/S)

Higher.

Anna raises them to the highest point over her head.

MERCY (O/S)

Higher!

ANNA

It's the highest.

MERCY (O/S)

Think- your life dangles
on your false conjecture.



(Beat)
Higher.

Anna thinks... stands on her tiptoes.

MERCY (O/S)
My adroit patient, relax.

Anna lowers her hands.

The spotlights dim.

She carefully opens her eyes.

Twenty beautiful eyes of different shades, jigsaw MERCY'S
bleached face.

A dainty nurses hat, cocked at a cheeky jaunt, MERCY written on
it.

A surgeon mask hides her mouth.

Slivery feathers, snowy cascades, veil her body.

Crisp, white, starched, her nurse uniform.

A DEATH HEAD nurse's badge.

She wrenches down a switch that turns off the electricity.

MERCY
Quickly, through the fence.



Anna's eyes dart to the fence, to Mercy's hand still on the switch.

MERCY

No time to ponder, dear
patient.

Anna scrambles through the fence- Mercy switches the electric on.

The fence BUZZS and CRACKLES with it.

Mercy holds out her white gloved hand... Anna shakes it.

MERCY

Welcome to mercy.

INT. MERCY'S TREE STUMP-

A table loaded with cakes- Anna devouring them.

Cream bubbling from her mouth as a chocolate éclair toboggans in.

Mercy tops up Anna's fizzy lemonade; bubbles rise... tickle Anna's nose.

She giggles.



MERCY

The patient rejoices but
she has a perilous ailment.

ANNA

I'm happy... but I'm not ill.

MERCY

Symptoms must be accessed,
quantified, catalogued,
enumerated.

ANNA

If you say so.

MERCY

I do. And as your doctor-

ANNA

I thought you was a nurse.

Mercy's calm eyes NOW spiteful pits of HATE.

Her surgeon mask sucks into the cavern of her hidden mouth.

Anna sees she's in danger.

ANNA

I'm sorry... forgive me... I'll
just a bit... short-sighted.
Doctor.



Mercy's eyes calm into pools of tranquil bliss.

MERCY

Your doctor absolves you,
short sighted is a blemish
easily rectified.

From a medical cabinet, Mercy selects a pair of thick lensed glasses.

Plonks them on Anna.

MERCY

Restored?

ANNA'S POV: several distorted Mercys.

ANNA

Much better... doctor.

Mercy checks the time on her nurse's watch.

MERCY

Then glutton, for soon
it's time for your treatment.

Mercy pours more lemonade.

Anna sips it.



ANNA

I feel dizzy.

MERCY

My dear patient, you've
been anesthetised.

(Of Anna's sleepy look)

For your operation.

INT. MERCY'S TREE STUMP- HELL WARD

Anatomical depictions of dissected Crows plaster the walls.

A nurses' station.

Crows' feathers fashioned into a stylish chair.

Mercy seated in it

Beaked, a fountain pen on the desk, she picks-up.

Dips in the shrunken crow's head ink pot.

Ticks death certificates forms.

Roams the room past iron beds screwed to the floor.

CROWS strapped to them, gagged, glazed marbled eyes follow her.

They all show benefits of Mercy's treatments: twisted legs,
broken wings, plucked of feathers.

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She stops at a dead crow shackled by its feet, hanging upside, its charred head inches above a burnt-out candle.

MERCY

(To dead crow)

Is my patient feeling better?

She checks another crow's twisted legs.

Snips them off using pliers.

Anna stirs in her bed.

Tugs at her restraints.

Mercy sits on a chair next to the bed.

Puts a thermometer in Anna's mouth.

Takes it out, checks Anna's temperature.

MERCY

You're running a high temperature.

She gently smooths Anna's brow.

MERCY

I have a remedy for your malaise.

ANNA

I feel okay.



MERCY

Nonsense, your doctor knows
what's best for you.

Your brain needs cooling.

(Beat)

I'll get my instruments.

She whistles a happy tune as she crosses to a filthy steel desk
littered with rusty scalpels.

Selects one... thinks about it- picks up a hammer and chisel.

Whistling, crosses to Anna.

MERCY

(About the tools)

I habitually use them for
amputations, but you're a
been a good patient.

She places the chisel against Anna's squirming forehead.

Raises the hammer to strike it.

MERCY

After your operation, I'll
make you a nice cup of hot
chocolate.

CLAXON BLARES.



MERCY

Crow attack.

(Smoothing to Anna)

Don't worry you'll be safe
in here: they can't penetrate
the electric fence.

Mercy walks to a wired window.

Her POV: the electric fence sparks as crows divebomb it-
unleashing stone bombs.

One mistimes it swoop- hits the fence; frazzled in seconds.

Mercy claps her hands with joy.

MERCY

(To Anna)

Rocket crows, they banger the
night, sparkle like...

ANNA

Sparklers.

MERCY

My dear patient diagnosed right.

ANNA

May I watch- please doctor.

MERCY

A patient should rest before



her operation.

(Beat)

You promise not to get to
excited?

ANNA

Cross my heart and hope
to die... doctor.

MERCY

Die, my poor patient, nobody
dies by Mercy's healing hands.

Crossing to her, Mercy stops at a bed.

Smiles at the crow in it.

MERCY

Your to be discharged.

She bashes the crow's head in with the hammer.

She frees Anna.

Grabbing Anna's hand with glee, she drags her to the window.

Their POV: spotlights crisscross the night- pinning crows in
their glare.

Blinding them.



They swivel to duck the searing light- crash into the cage - incinerate.

One skims it, its feathers alight... it burns like a shooting star.

MERCY

Isn't it fun?

ANNA

Wouldn't it be wonderful to
to go outside- doctor.

MERCY

You have a fever... your
doctor has recommended rest
and a craniotomy.

ANNA

Doctor knows best... but it such
a shame to miss all the fun.

Mercy smiles.

MERCY

Doctor prescribes pleasure for
her dear patient.

EXT. TREE STUMB- NIGHT



Her hand in Mercy's firm grip, Anna and Mercy exit the tree stub.

The crows go wild at the sight of Mercy.

Their SQUALLING thunderous as they circle the cage.

Spotlights nailing them.

Mercy points: a crow, wings thrusting, beak daggering towards her.

It's shocked, wedged, as it hits the fence.

Mercy releases Anna's hand as she darts to the burning crow, pokes its eyes out with a stick.

Anna sees her chance.

But she's full of fright, her head seesawing from Mercy to the switch.

She runs for it- dives it down: the buzzing, sparking cage NOW silent.

The crows swarm; their wing mass a cloud of danger.

MERCY

(Alarmed)

My patient will rectify the
power.



ANNA

No nurse- I won't!

Mercy's eyes red hot caldrons of hate.

MERCY

I'm your doctor!

ANNA

Nurse! Nurse! Nurse!

Mercy tears of her mask- her mouth a pit of blackened teeth
corkscrewing to a scalpel tongue.

She creeps to Anna.

MERCY

My patient will be pained!
Hot coals will be melting your eyes!
You'll be flayed alive!
Then, one by one, I'll will cut
out your bone but keep you ALIVE!

Lost in her argument with Anna, Mercy doesn't see the black
cloud of feathers pour.

Beak daggers thrusting, the crows breach the cage.

Mercy runs as they target her.

Beaks stabbing.



Claws tearing out eyes.

She heads for the hospital- Anna trips her.

A frenzy of feathers.

They eat her.

To the bone.

MORNING:

The crows have gone except one.

His beady eyes watch Anna.

She stands over the stripped body of Mercy.

Her picked clean ribs gleaming.

She toes a bone...uncovers Mercy's watch.

The crows lands on her shoulder.

CROW

(squawking)

Take her watch for your escape.

Anna picks up the watch.



The crow flies to a branch.

LATER:

Anna studies the watch as she wanders.

It shakes, the hour hand (scalpel) pointing a different direction to one she's travelling.

ANNA

You think I'm going the wrong way?

WATCH MERCY VOICE

(Chiming)

Doctor knows best, follow
her healing hand.

Anna follows the hour hand's direction.

Twisting through packed trees.

To a stream that is much deeper than it seems.

She drinks from it.

Jerks back as a giant CATFISH surface.

Bubbles, filled with the words it's saying, blow out its mouth.

CATFISH

Did I give you permission
to drink?



Anna pops the bubble containing the word DID.

ANNA

Thank you for letting me drink.

Bubbles, filled with the words it's saying, blow out its mouth.

CATFISH

Thief. Give me back my water.

Anna pops the bubbles containing the words: THIEF, BACK AND MY.

She splashes water into the catfish's face.

Bubbles, filled with the words it is saying, blow out its mouth.

CATFISH

I'll never let you cross my stream.

Anna pops the bubbles containing the word: NEVER.

She uses the catfish's body as a steppingstone, crosses the stream.

ANNA

Thankyou silly catfish bridge.

Bubbles, filled with the words it is saying, blow out its mouth.

CATFISH.

Me silly. I'll get you for this.



Anna pops the bubbles containing the words: ME, FOR, THIS.

Rearranges the bubbles so they say: I'LL GET SILLY FOR YOU.

She giggles.

Waltzes away.

Follows the direction the watch hand points to.

LATER:

Fowl smoke drifts through the canopy,

Anna pinches her nose, her chest gagging.

The watch hand points in the direction the smoke is drifting from.

ANNA

Are you sure, it's smelly.

WATCH MERCY

(Chiming)

Are you contesting, your
doctor's prescription?

ANNA

No... but-



WATCH MERCY

(Chiming)

Full steam ahead, my dear patient.

Anna heads towards the smoke,

to pits full of skeletons,

floppy eared, SOAP creatures drag out bones,

fill a cart with them,

they push it.

A steel wire is threaded through an iron ankle bracelet on them.

Anna checks the watch: it points in the direction the Soap creatures are going.

She follows them... catches up with a strangler.

DOVE (Same face as the girl that died on the train) is half the size of Anna.

The cable is knotted on her ankle as she is the last link.

ANNA

Where are you taking the bones?

DOVE

To superintend Baker.



ANNA

Why?

DOVE

To make bread.

ANNA

Bones can't make bread, you
need flour.

Dove's square, green, soapy eyes weep.

She wipes them with a snotty rag.

DOVE

Are you a baker?

ANNA

No.

DOVE

That's why you don't know
about bone bread.

ANNA

I know you can't make it
from bones.

DOVE

You'll see.



They walk together...

along a path gravelled with human teeth...

arrive at the SOAP FACTORY: it churns out the foul-smelling smoke.

ANNA

What's this place?

DOVE

The sweet factory

ANNA

Funny smelling sweets.

DOVE

Then sends us in for a treat.

ANNA

Have you been in there?

Dove shakes with fear.

DOVE

No... and I don't want to...
nobody comes out.

SUPERINTENDENT BAKER grabs her.

Diamonds and human teeth raisin his candle wax body and head,

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dozens of rings, jewelled, wedding, jelled into fat wax fingers,
red cummerbund, sashes his bloated belly,
lit candle wick pokes out the top of head.

Baker eyes scan her.

BAKER

Papers, blood certificate.

ANNA

I've lost them.

BAKER

Have ze any soap relatives?

ANNA

No.

BAKER

Maybe a great, great soap
grandmother hidden in the attic.

ANNA

Definitely not.

He pinches her skin.



BAKER

Ze not Soap.

I need a baker- you'll do.

He shoves her aside.

BAKER

(To the Soaps)

You're needed in ze sweet factory.

He attaches the wire chain to one leading into the factory.

With fearfully glances at it, the soap creatures toddle to it.

The Baker releases Dove boots her, his boot print tattooing her soap skin.

BAKER

(To Dove)

Hurry up- ze soap!

Anna watches as the soap factory's gate is swung open and soap creature are gobbled up into its dark interior.

Dove gives Anna a fearful look.

ANNA

I need a helper.

She points at Dove.



ANNA

She a good worker.

BAKER

The UNMICK has been assigned to
to ze sweet factory.

ANNA

She can suck sweets after a
hard day's work with me.

Melted wax runs the Baker's face as he thinks about it.

BAKER

The UNMICK will work hard!
Fetch it!

He gives her a key.

Anna charges to Dove as the steel wire tugs her into the
factory.

Anna follows her in.

The gate slams shut.

INT. SOAP FACTORY- CONT'D

Anna unlocks Dove's ankle chain.



ANNA

Come on.

She sees that Dove is frozen with fear.

The screaming soap creatures are being throw into a fiery furnace by demons.

Anna drags Dove out.

Piggybacks her to Baker.

BAKER

Put the UNMICK down!

ANNA

She needs to save her strength
for the hard work baking.

Burning wax runs down the Baker's face.

BAKER

Ze UNMICK will work hard.

LATER:

Baker, Anna, and Dove stand before a massive OVEN.

A pile of human bones is heaped before the grinder.

BAKER

You know how to make ze bread?

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They shake their heads.

BAKER

I will show.

Baker feeds bones into the grinder,

BAKER

(Singing)

Four and twenty soaps...

Rotating its handle: bones are grinded into a flour dust,

BAKER

(Singing)

baked in a furnace...

it is shoot out a funnel and collects in a bucket.

BAKER

(Singing)

when the soap was ze melted...

He tips the bucket into bread metal cases,

BAKER

(Singing)

it was poured into bars and sweets...

dons asbestos gloves,



BAKER

(Singing)

Oh, what a lovely soap to
wash ze, feed...

flips open the oven door and shoves the bread tin in.

A whoosh as he turns on the oven's gas to full heat.

BAKER

Now you know how to bake ze bread.

ANNA

Can you show once more, just
so, we're sure.

Baker sweats candle wax as he thrusts bones into the grinder.

BAKER

Ze bones go into the ze grinder.

He grinds them.

BAKER

Ze bone flour goes into ze bread tin.

He pours bone flour into a bread tin.

Dons asbestos gloves.



BAKER

Ze tin goes into the oven.

Not thinking, he opens the oven, and a blast of hot air melts his face.

It reforms as he cusses.

BAKER

(Cussing)

Ze busterd oven.

He boots the oven- shoves the tin in- closes it door.

BAKER

Now ze know how to bake bread.

ANNA

Not quite... one more time please.

LATER:

CAPTAIN: AFTER SEVERAL MORE DEMONSTRATIONS.

An exhausted Baker loads the last of the bones into the grinder,

grinds them,

pours the flour into a tin,

gets blasted by hot air as he opens the oven,



cussing,

pops the tin in.

BAKER

Now ze know how to bake bread.

Dove and Anna nod their heads.

ANNA

(To Dove)

Let's bake some bread.

They dash to the empty bone pile,

pretend to load bones into the grinder,

pretend to grind it,

pretend to pour flour into a tin,

Anna dons asbestos gloves,

Pretends to pop a tin into the oven.

BAKER

Tomorrow you and the UNMICK
will fetch more bones.

The oven timer RINGS.



Baker gets a metal bar and pulls a baked loaf out the oven.

He greedy eats the bread.

BARRACKS:

Dozens of grey builds, barred, meshed windows.

Baker pushes Dove and Anna in.

Locks the door.

INT. BARRACKS- CONT

Dozens of bunkbeds piled on top of each other to the ceiling.

A flimsy ladder stretching to the top.

NOTICES pinned to the walls: laughing any form of fun-
PROHIBITED. Penalty of DEATH!!

Anna sits on a thin straw mattress.

ANNA

At least it's roomy.

SOUND of feet stamping.

The door crashes open and hundreds of SOAP creatures rush in.



They pyramid their bodies to form ladders... soon every bunkbed is stuffed to the rafters with sardined Soaps.

A raucous chatter rattles the beds.

One set of bunkbeds collapses like dominos crushing dozens of Soaps.

Dove and Soap rush to help rescue them.

LATER:

The door is thrust open and a barrel, pushed by Baker, is rolled in.

It's loaded with "sweets" balls: made from melted Soaps.

BAKER

Ze sweets.

Baker leaves.

Heavy bolts lock the door.

They crowed the barrel... form a queue; each one taking one "sweet".

Horrified, Dove watches them.

She opens her mouth to warn them... but can't utter the words.

ANNA

(To Dove)



Better not to tell them.

Anna searches her pockets... shares a cake with Dove.

LATER:

In a piled high bunkbed, Dove, and Anna sleep.

A CLAXON blares and the Soap tumble out their beds- some falling twenty feet but their soft bodies just denting.

The door flies open, and they tumble out.

EXT: CONT

Baker grabs Dove and Anna as they watch the Soap form lines, thread a wire through their ankle bracelets.

March away.

Baker thrusts a whip into Anna's hand.

BAKER

You will make the USMICK work hard.

BONE PITS:

The snapped whip lies amongst the bones.

Dove and Anna load human bones into a trolley.



They rest.

The sun beats down on their faces.

ANNA

Do you want to come with me?

DOVE

Yes.

ANNA

I don't know where I'm going.

DOVE

Anna lost in the Wonder Woods.

Anna smiles.

She playfully tickles Dove.

They playfight.

ANNA

Let's go.

Leaving the bone trolley, they head for the woods.

SQUALKING fills the air.

The CROWS arrive.



Dove and Anna watch as they pick the bones out the trolley,
comb the pit for RIB bones,
load the trolley with them.

A CROW lands on Anna's shoulder,
in its beak, a vial of "yeast" POISON,
Anna takes it.

The crow flies, its squalling friends follow it.

ANNA

We can get lost later, we've
loafs to bake.

AT THE OVEN:

Baker grabs Dove.

BAKER

Before ze baking, the USMICK
will clean ze oven.

He yanks her into the oven.

Her terrified eyes seek Anna's.

He slams the door shut- reaches for the gas button.



Anna darts, climbs into the oven.

ANNA

Quicker, if I help... then
we can bake you a special
ribbed loaf.

BAKER

Special ribbed loaf?

ANNA

My mum's top -secret recipe, very tasty.

Anna smacks her teeth.

Baker sweats wax... he fingers itch to turn on the gas.

BAKER

Ze be quick.

He throws some rags in.

Slams shut the door.

INT. OVEN:

Shaking, Dove hugs Anna.



DOVE

Is he going to cook us?

Anna stares at the gas tubes... waits for them to ignite.

A WOOSH.

They close their eyes, cling to each other, slowly open them.

A WOOSH.

RAGS make WOOSHSING SOUNDS.

RAGS

Come on rags, we ain't
got all day.

Using the whooshing Rags, they clean the oven... to a sparkling shine.

RAG

Spick and span.

RAG#2

Just like the Baker likes it.

The door is flung open and the rags salute Baker.

RAG

Beg to report, oven is clean, sir!

Baker inspects... nods his approval.

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Anna and Dove slip out.

Load rib bones into the grinder.

Baker watches them.

ANNA

It's a top -secret recipe.

BAKER

USMICK!

Dove darts to Baker.

BAKER

(To Dove)

You will REPORT to me later-
tell me everything.

DOVE

Yes, Superintendent Baker- sir.

Baker sweats wax.

Sits.

Shoves a monocle into his eye.

Reads a Soap melting book.



Dove joins Anna.

As Anna lifts to put the poison in, Dove's hand joins Anna's.

They pour.

Grind the poison and rib bones,

pour the mixture into a baking tin,

Anna dons asbestos gloves,

pops the tin in the oven,

turns it on.

LATER:

Wick fibres, in Baker's nose, twitch.

He moseys to the oven.

Takes in a satisfying sniff.

BAKER

Ze smells goods.

ANNA

My mommy's secret recipe.



DOVE

Top -secret.

Anna opens the oven and abstracts the hot tin with a metal hook.

Tips out the golden bread onto a plate.

They gleefully watch as Baker tucks in,

breadcrumbs flying,

much blissful crunching,

slurping of a wax WINE,

burping,

licking crumbs up.

ANNA

Did you like it?

BAKER

Yar, ze bread was vandervar.

Heaven!

ANNA

(Whisper)

That's not we're you're heading.



BAKER

Is ze anymore?

ANNA

You've eaten it all.

BAKER

I ze snore then you fetch
more rib bones.

Baker relaxes... soon snoring.

DOVE

He's not dead.

ANNA

He needs to digest it.

Anna sneaks, steals Baker's keys.

The Soaps return from work.

Wait for the wire to be threaded out of their ankles.

Dove and Anna race round them freeing them from their ankle
bracelet.

DOVE

You're free.

Their fearful eyes clock the sleeping Baker- his big WHIP.



They gather around him.

Anna binds his arms and legs with the steel wire.

She points to the oven; the Soaps shake with fear.

She motions them to form ladders; they scaffold their bodies.

Help Dove and Anna winch Baker into the air.

He stirs as they shove him into the oven.

Slam, lock the door.

Anna turns on the gas but doesn't ignite it.

DOVE

Bread should be cooked slowly.

Dove turns the gas down.

BANGING on the inside of the door.

BAKER (O/S)

Ze Sweets will let me out- NOW!

ANNA

(Shout)

Not likely!

BAKER (O/S)

Who turned ze gas on?



SOAPS

(Shout)

We did!

INT. OVEN:

Baker extinguish the lit wick in his head.

BAKER

Ze Soaps will melt me.

EXT. OVEN:

Together, Anna and Dove ignite the gas.

INT. OVEN:

A ring of small blue flame circle Baker.

He blows at them.

Rivets of wax run of his body.

He thrashes at the door- booting it.

BAKER

Ze Soaps will turn of ze heat.

ANNA (O/S)

Did you say it's cold in there?



SOUND of Dove and Anna GIGGLING.

BAKER

No! no! no!

ANNA (O/S)

Is the bread baking?

SOUND of Dove and Anna GIGGLING.

BAKER

Ze is no bread!

ANNA (O/S)

Did you say the loaf's not rising-
it needs more heat?

SOUND of DOVE and Anna GIGGLING.

BAKER

No! No! No!

EXT. OVEN:

Together, Anna and Dove turn up the gas.

INT. OVEN:

The flames lick at Baker.



Greasy wax runs of him.

BAKER

I ze melting!

ANNA (O/S)

Did you say, the bread is cooking?

SOUND of Dove and Anna GIGGLING.

BAKER

There is no ze bread!

ANNA (O/S)

Did you say the bread is
golden brown, but a little more
heat is needed?

SOUND of Dove and Anna GIGGLING.

BAKER

No! No! No!

EXT. OVEN:

Together, Anna and Dove turn the gas up.

INT. OVEN:



Baker legs a sticky mess as the flames melt them.

Rings slide of his melting fingers.

BAKER

You're melting me!

ANNA (O/S)

We're making bread.

BAKER

There is no bread!

SOUND of Dove and Anna GIGGLING.

ANNA (O/S)

There is no more Sweets!

The flames die as the gas is switched off.

ANNA (O/S)

Is the bread cooked, or
should we turn the heat
back on?

BAKER

There is no... the bread is cooked.

SOUND of Dove and Anna GIGGLING.



ANNA (O/S)

Is it a golden brown?

BAKER

There is no... it's a golden brown.

SOUND of Dove and Anna GIGGLING.

ANNA (O/S)

We will taste the bread in a minute.

BAKER

There is no... the bread will be tasty.

SOUND of Dove and Anna GIGGLING.

EXT. OVEN:

Soaps hiding, peeping at the oven.

Together, Dove and Anna turn on the gas but DON'T ignite it.

They scramble to safety.

INT.OVEN:

A black gas slowly fills the oven.



BAKER

(Shout)

Ze bread is done, let me out!

The oven dark NOW.

BAKER

(Shout)

Ze bread can't see.

EXT. OVEN:

Dove and Anna giggle.

BAKER (O/S)

Ze bread can't see.

ANNA

(Shouts)

The bread needs to light its wick.

BAKER (O/S)

Ze bread will light it's wick.

Anna and Dove duck down.

ANNA

ka-boom!

INT. OVEN-SAME



Baker's wick ignites.

EXT: OVEN:

A fireball as the oven explodes,

flaming bit of wax shooting,

igniting the sweet factory,

Soaps fleeing into the woods,

Dove's and Anna's ears ringing.

RINGING sound fades.

Baker's wick lands next to them,

Anna coils it up.

ANNA

(About the wick)

We might need this.

DOVE

For our escape.

Holding hands, they skip into the Wonder Woods.



FADE OUT:

END.

