

Guantanamo

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

A light grey mist hangs over the massive lake like a veil, eerie silent and serene green fields sprawl to the horizon and beyond. Water as motionless as a mirror, not a single ripple anywhere to be seen for miles.

At the edge of the lake, blue turns to silver, liquid reflects at ABBAD (30s), an Arab clad in a thawb and utter determination who stares at his clenched fist.

Fist eases its pressure, palm opens slightly, a shiny strange marble filled with a glittering dark liquid reveals within.

JOHN (V.O.)

Initiate simulation sequence.

Fist shuts, the marble crashes by the fist's pressure, the contained liquid makes its appearance, expands around his palm, slowly devours it.

A grin of decisiveness joins Abbad's face.

Green fields decompose rapidly, gravity looks to fail, the disintegrated particles rise high up the sky.

Abbad takes a step forward, shiny shoes step into the water.

A funnel shaped cloud shapes above the lake absorbing everything. The tornado cone's edge lands slowly on the lake's surface, a single ripple forms.

Abbad paces further inside the lake, half of his body looks covered by the black matter.

The ripple grows by leaps and bounds, nears Abbad.

Abbad steps into the unknown, water covers most of his body, just his head is out of it. Like it's programmed to follow Abbad's sinking pace, the black matter reaches for his neck.

Mouth and nose dive into the water, eyes turn black.

The ripple gets to Abbad.

Abbad is dragged violently downwards by an unseen force.

UNDER THE WATER

Abbad retires his stoic attitude, he looks in distress. He struggles to breath, he's drowning.

Abbad tries hard to swim up to the surface.

He fails. The force pulling him down cannot be countered.

Abbad inhales a huge chunk of water, his body flounders like a fish out of water.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Proceed to phase one.

Abbad stops fighting against the inevitable, he loses consciousness. His time is up.

Abbad's black matter-covered body drifts into the dark, lies gently on the bed of the lake.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Increase dosage by thirty percent.

Abbad's hand tremors vividly.

Sharp and abrupt violent shakes of his legs follow.

Body spasms uncontrollably.

Eyes open wide. Black.

Abbad appears to be back to his senses, choking still.

The water around Abbad changes colors, flickers like a tv set, multiple overlapping and incomprehensible images rock his surroundings.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Record.

INT. POOL ROOM - DAY

A small elevated indoors pool, see-through glass around it. Inside it, Abbad sits in a high tech immersed chair, various electrodes attached to his body and head, multiple straps hold him tight.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Bring him up.

The chair rises to the surface, Abbad is out of the water.

Water explodes out of his mouth, Abbad coughs and vomits.

With their back turned to us, a trio of army-clad GUYS stare at their computer screens.

JOHN (30s), a typical CIA looking spook beelines for the three, dragging along a steel trolley with four colored large marbles on it, from a slot-set of five.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Phase two.

Abbad screams his guts out, crying.

ABBAD

I don't know anything! Please no!

JOHN

Delete first layer, reset memory recording, restart.

Abbad's chair descends.

ABBAD

No!

EXT. LAKE - DAY

At the edge of the lake, Abbad eyes his fist, a marble with a golden liquid lies within.

His face looks so peaceful, he doesn't seem to remember anything.

JOHN (V.O.)

We have everything you saw, now let's see what you've heard, mother fucker.

Abbad steps into the water.

A tornado forms at the distance, draws his attention.

Eyes turn golden.

GENERAL (V.O.)

So, how does this thing work?

JOHN (V.O.)

The nanites scan his memory, copy everything registered, and replace it with whatever we want. Simple as that to be honest.

Water slowly covers Abbad, alongside the golden matter.

JOHN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
One set of nanites specifically  
engineered for targeting each one  
of his senses.

GENERAL (V.O.)  
I want to know every single detail,  
John.

Abbad descends rapidly, struggles to breath.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Don't worry, General. Unless his  
brain neurons fail to survive the  
trip...

Abbad fights for his life.

It looks like he fails. Again.

Continuous weird sounds of GUNSHOTS and people SCREAMING are  
heard at the distance. Among those, the crystal clear voice  
of Abbad.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Allahu Akbar!

Abbad's body shakes violently.

GENERAL (V.O.)  
I don't care if you do this a  
thousand times, you'll keep him  
alive even if his brain melts,  
until your machine tells us  
everything we need to know about  
the attack.

FADE OUT.