

## The Experiment

FADE IN:

INT. DARKENED CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Silence.

Then -- the sound of breaking glass.

Moments later two flashlight beams sweeps over the steel grey walls and floor.

ALEX'S VOICE  
(Hushed)  
This way!

A trio of black-clad figures move urgently through the blackness.

INT. LAB

The lab door rattles from an impact, then flies open -- the lock splintering and scattering across the room.

A man, dressed from head to toe in amateur black camouflage, steps through. He quickly surveys the room, then pulls off his balaclava to reveal an intense-looking guy in his 30s. This is ALEX.

ALEX  
This is it.

He sweeps a flashlight over the room, throwing the dim forms into sharp focus:

Empty animal cages line the walls. A number of operating tables are around, most covered in an array of surgical instruments -- most look fairly old-fashioned.

Two others, similarly dressed, follow him in. One of them, carrying the other flashlight, moves intently off to another part of the lab. The second remains by Alex's side.

She removes her balaclava: SARAH, 20s.

ALEX (cont'd)  
Okay, we've got to be fast.

The third balaclavered-figure, BEN, 20s, has found a filing-cabinet. He jimmyes it open with a crowbar. Begins flicking through the files inside.

Sarah begins inspecting some of the instruments.

SARAH  
This place is sick.

She takes out a camera, starts taking photos.

INT. OPERATION HQ

A cramped room illuminated only by the light from a bank of CCTV monitors. Each one show some part of the lab complex. A TECHNICIAN sits at a computer desk, managing it all.

FRANK KLARK (60s) enters with a cup of steaming coffee, takes his place in a seat overlooking it all.

TECHNICIAN  
They're in Lab 2A.

Frank leans forward, strains to see them on the monitors.

FRANK  
Already? Excellent.

He sits back and takes a sip of his coffee -- winces.

FRANK  
Why do they always make these things so damned hot?

INT. LAB

Ben slams the filing-cabinet shut in disgust. The noise booms out like a gunshot in the silence.

BEN  
There's nothing here!

Alex heads over.

ALEX  
What do you mean?

BEN  
There's nothing here..

ALEX  
Look again!

BEN  
I've looked three times. It's just old stuff. There's nothing current.

Alex rifles through the files himself. Draws a blank.

SARAH

Now what?

ALEX

Maybe they're just not using these labs at the moment. All the current stuff is probably elsewhere.

BEN

Where?

ALEX

(Thinks)

There are offices upstairs.

INT. DARKENED ROOM

Complete blackness -- nothing is visible.

From somewhere else in the building comes the sound of footsteps, indistinguishable voices...

Something stirs in the dark. Something animal. Something nightmarish.

Suddenly -- a pair of intensely red, almost glowing eyes open.

THE CREATURE is awake.

INT. OFFICE

Alex and Sarah search an expensive-looking oak desk. Ben uses his flashlight to apprise some of the ornaments lying around the room.

BEN

Some of these ain't half bad.

ALEX

Watch the door!

Ben reluctantly complies.

Alex tries to open one of the drawers, but it's locked. He pulls at it aggressively a few times -- it doesn't budge.

BEN

This is taking too long!

ALEX

There's got to be something.

BEN  
They're going to figure  
something's up soon.

ALEX  
Just a little more time!

SARAH  
There's nothing here.

ALEX  
Jennifer said that she'd seen the  
project files. They're here  
somewhere.

Sarah looks increasingly doubtful.

INT. OPERATION HQ

JENNIFER, 20s, arrives. Takes her place beside Frank's  
chair.

FRANK  
Ah, Jennifer. You've arrived just  
in time from the look of it.

Behind her is NEWMAN, 40s, suited and every inch a  
businessman.

FRANK (cont'd)  
Mr Newman. Ready to see the  
product in action?

NEWMAN  
I'm ready to be impressed.

FRANK  
(To the technician)  
Let's get things started.

The technician flicks an important-looking switch.

INT. DARKENED ROOM

Movement... The sound of claws tearing against metal...

Then -- the click of a lock.

INT. OFFICE

Alex and Sarah have moved onto the filing cabinets in the  
room -- but drawer after drawer are all empty.

SARAH  
This is useless.

ALEX  
There's got to be something here.

SARAH  
There's nothing.

ALEX  
Look, Jennifer said that they  
were still using this place  
illegally.

SARAH  
So far all we've got is some  
outdated lab equipment.

Alex desperately tries to think.

ALEX  
Look at this place though. Why'd  
they have all this stuff in here  
if the entire place was  
abandoned?

SARAH  
Using an office isn't against the  
law though! There's no sign of  
any animals here.

BEN  
That's it, I'm going.

ALEX  
You can't go!

BEN  
I'm not getting caught.

ALEX  
The proof we need is here. We-

He's cut off by the most blood-curdling screech/howl  
they've ever heard, echoing from somewhere further in the  
building.

Then -- silence.

The three remain frozen to the spot for a few moments.

BEN  
Fuck me.

INT. ANOTHER LAB

Ragged, animalistic breathing.

Something heavy and powerful moves in the darkness.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR

The three emerge cautiously from the office, Alex shines the flashlight around, but there's nothing.

BEN

We should go. Now.

ALEX

You heard that - there are definitely animals in here.

SARAH

(Trying to stay calm)  
He's right. We can't just leave without proof.

ALEX

We've come this far.

Ben hesitates, then reluctantly gestures for them to lead the way.

They creep along the corridor.

SARAH

Maybe they leave the bottom floor empty, so no-one gets suspicious.

ALEX

While they do any illegal experiments up here, where no-one can see them.

They spread out -- Alex and Sarah checking various doors while Ben hangs back.

Sarah moves up ahead of Alex. One of the doors she tries opens, revealing almost pitch blackness inside.

She sweeps the torch across the room -- but only finds discarded papers and broken-looking equipment.

Then --

SARAH

I think there's something in here!

A flash of movement: One moment Sarah is stood in the corridor, the next she barely has time to scream as something yanks her into the room. The door slams shut.

Alex and Ben can only stare in shock. From inside the room Sarah cries out in horrific agony -- then falls silent.

They listen in petrified muteness to the sound of flesh and bone being torn apart.

INT. OPERATION HQ

Neither Jennifer nor Newman are able to mask their discomfort at what they're watching. Frank watches on with a weary sadness.

FRANK

This part can be a little...  
distressing, I know. But  
unfortunately there's just no  
alternative to live testing.

INT. STAIRCASE

Ben and Alex run for their lives.

INT. DARKENED CORRIDOR

As they pass the doors to the lab, Alex grabs Ben and pulls him in.

ALEX

In here, quick!

INT. LAB

Alex drags Ben in.

BEN

What are you doing!

ALEX

We'll never outrun that thing.

BEN

So we're just going to sit in the  
lab and wait for it?

Alex looks around, trying to figure something out.

ALEX

Even if we'd got to the window,  
what then?



BEN

We run away!

ALEX

You saw how fast that thing was!

(Re: Operating table)

Help me with this!

They grab the table and begin to push it, with great difficulty, across the room. The noise is deafening: the table scrapes along the ground, complicated-looking instruments crash to the ground.

INT. SECOND OFFICE

Illuminated by the still working flashlight, which catches a glimpse of a muscular wolf-like leg and reptilian claw as the creature crashes through the door.

Blood and human remains are everywhere.

A remaining fragment of Sarah's face stares upwards mournfully.

INT. CORRIDOR

The sound of the table being moved echoes dimly through the building. The creature, almost completely hidden by shadow, sets off in pursuit.

INT. LAB

Gradually, they manage to get it up against the door. They stand back and admire their work.

BEN

That should keep it out.

There's a crash -- something throws itself against the door, rattling the wall and pushing the table back slightly.

Another crash.

Another.

The table is being moved back, inch by inch.

BEN (cont'd)

Oh, great plan.

INT. OPERATION HQ

Frank leans towards Newman.

FRANK

We managed to buy up the lab complex relatively cheaply. It's tax deducatable as well.

NEWMAN

And it's safe?

FRANK

Perfectly. Assuming you're not in the building while the project is awake, of course.

INT. LAB

Ben rushes to the other side of the room, begins searching frantically. He picks up a knife, considers it, then throws it aside.

Alex sweeps the flashlight over the room again.

Still nothing.

The creature continues to crash against the door. The gap gets wider... and wider...

Finally, the flashlight reveals another door, largely hidden behind a stack of crates.

Alex desperately knocks them away. He tries the handle -- it opens!

He heads through into

INT. LARGE STORAGE ROOM

He sweeps the flashlight over it: just shelves and a few empty boxes.

Fuck.

INT. LAB

The creature continues to throw itself against the door.

Ben picks up an electric saw. Likes the look of it. He searches for a plug socket and plugs it in.

The saw spins round with a satisfyingly intense buzzing for a few seconds.

Then:

Ben suddenly becomes aware of animalistic breathing behind him. His eyes widen.

INT. SECOND LAB

Alex's about to head back, when -- Ben cries out in terror.

The sound roots him to the spot.

ALEX

Ben?!

No response.

ALEX (cont'd)

Ben!

He shines the flashlight through the half-open door into one corner of the lab.

Silence.

Suddenly -- Ben's body flies through the air and slams into the lab wall with such force that a number of internal organs come flying out through the jagged tear running down his body, showering the area with human gore.

Alex is too terrified to move.

INT. OPERATION HQ

The sound is being relayed through speakers.

FRANK

I believe it's almost over.

Jennifer looks physically ill.

INT. LARGE STORAGE ROOM

Alex presses himself into the corner, terrified out of his mind. He points the flashlight at the door, as if it might protect him.

ALEX

Please, no! Oh God, no! This  
can't happen to me.

He pushes himself up against the wall as if he could push himself through it.

ALEX (cont'd)  
I'm just an IT salesman!

Heavy footsteps approach the door. Alex has almost gone crazy through terror.

For a moment, the creature is framed in the doorway. It may once have been just a wolf -- now scales, sinews and saliva compete to create a nightmarish vision.

ALEX (cont'd)  
Jennifer!

Then, in a blur of movement, it lunges at him.

He screams.

BLACKNESS

FRANK' VOICE  
(Subdued)  
It's done. Send in the team.  
Let's get this place cleaned up.