

SEPULTURE

By

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An original idea

Lee Bailes 2013
First draft 2000

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FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS

Dried and crusted arterial spray, that's run down and pooled, at the foot of a wall.

Blood flowing out along a clear flexible pipe. Colored fluid flowing through another.

Rivulets of chemically foamed water. Bloody stains are washed away with a sponge-like appliance. Loaded foamy water runs down into angled dents in the wall surface.

A human nail embedded in a dent in a wall - one that has been torn from its host.

A pair of human eye sockets. One eye is missing, the skin is crudely cauterized. The good eye flutters, about to open.

Gas hisses through pipes. The flow activates a series of fans, propelling it through open vents.

The fluttering eyelid, and eye movement beneath, becomes sluggish and eventually stills.

The wheels of a cleaning trolley move down a long shadowy corridor.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CELL #1 - DAY 0

A MAN wakes, naked. He's secured by a wound metallic rope, attached by an ankle cuff, to a bolt in the center of the floor.

The room's almost featureless; save for a blanket, a water bowl and a metal door.

His actions are sluggish. They improve slowly. Confusion becomes fear.

He covers his genitals. Looks around. No clothes. Unspoken questions on his lips.

He notices the rope. He struggles with it. Strains. Although flexible, able to coil in any direction, there is no give. It's too tough to snap, fixed securely.

(CONTINUED)

Frustrated. Mouth open, he tries to form a sound. A strained grunt. He touches fresh scar tissue at his throat. His eyes tear up.

He scratches the back of his neck. Feels an angry lump. Scratches harder.

Lying down. Straining, he tests how far he can reach. Full body length; arms outstretched plus the rope. The cell's too wide. Door's out of reach. Touches the opposite wall.

He picks up his bowl, tips the water out and bangs on the floor and wall to get some attention. Tires quickly.

A banging in reply. Somewhere next door.

He becomes excited. Bangs harder.

Small wall vents open.

INT. WALLS / MACHINERY - CONTINUOUS

Gas HISSES through pipes. Fans turn.

INT. CELL #1 - MOMENTS LATER

The Man hears HISSING - looks to the lights above, then the walls. Grows tired, almost woozy. Slumps down.

He hits the ground, already asleep. Lights dim.

A sliver of light sweeps the floor beneath the door. Movement beyond the doorway.

Shadows play over his sleeping form.

INT. CELL #1 - LATER

Lighting blinks on. He sleeps, unshaven, wrapped in a blanket.

Wakes gradually. Finds a bowl of raw meat before him.

Incensed and disgusted, he hurls it against the wall, futilely trying to shout.

His stomach GROWLS; he tries to ignore it. Lies down.

Eyes open. He stares at the upturned bowl, in hunger's grip.

INT. CELL #1 - TWO DAYS LATER

He wakes. The bowl of meat is back. It's full. Dust and debris now speckles the raw meat.

Pushing it away, he turns to face the wall.

A turn of his head. Grudgingly, he stares over his shoulder at the bowl.

His resolve weakens.

A sniff of the bowl. Nose wrinkles in distaste.

He sniffs again. Not such a violent reaction.

Snaps. He digs in with gusto, fingers and mouth tripping over themselves in a rush. Nibbling at first. Crying. Faster still, tearing at chunks like a wild animal.

INT. CELL #1 - THE NEXT DAY

A fresh bowl of meat.

He considers it, turning up his nose. Wipes his mouth, drooling.

He eats.

Pacing the room, occasionally pulling at the rope and trying to break it, he walks in circles.

Talking to himself, scratching - ape-like. He accidentally knocks his water bowl over; sends it clattering away. It strikes the wall.

He hears a metal tapping sound through the wall in reply. Moves to the wall to hear better. He hears another tap.

He grabs his bowl and bangs on the wall in reply.

The small amount of camaraderie is evident reassurance upon his beaming face.

INT. CELL #2 - MOMENTS LATER

An identical Cell. An emaciated ONE EYED MAN with long ragged hair bangs on the wall with his bowl excitedly.

MORSE CODE: "D - O - N - T -SPACE- E - A - T -SPACE- T - H - E -SPACE- M..."

(CONTINUED)

He hears hissing, tries to cover his mouth and nose with his long hair.

Reaching for his blanket, he is about to cover his mouth with it, but gradually succumbs to the gas.

INT. CELL #1 - MOMENTS LATER

Man taps on the wall, louder this time, trying to sound out an agitated Morse code: "W - H - Y"?

No reply.

He bangs harder in frustration. Repeats the question.

No reply.

He itches at the back of his neck. Hears the familiar hissing sound. Lights out.

INT. CELL #1 - THE NEXT DAY

He wakes and automatically digs into the meat before him.

He scratches at his skin, shivering and muttering to himself.

Curled up on the blanket, rocking.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We see inside the cell, through a hatch in the door. In the dim light, we see the man sleep.

The hatch is closed. Moving past it, we check on another door; this one is open.

A large, bloody smear decorates the floor in this other room. The smear runs out of the room into the corridor.

INT. CELL #1 - DAYS LATER

The Man wakes. He is gaunt now, sporting a beard and ragged hair.

Instead of the normal food bowl, there is a covered dish.

He stares at it, backs off against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

Gains confidence. Moves around it. Peers closely at it.
Sniffs it.

Confused. He removes the lid.

A human foot sits on a metal dish. It's been crudely severed
at the ankle. Fresh and bloody.

He drops the lid, scoots back against the wall. Dry retches,
disgusted.

He takes his water bowl and taps on the wall and listens for
contact.

Nothing.

He taps again. Still nothing.

INT. CELL #1 - THE NEXT DAY

He wakes, again in hungers grip. He rubs his stomach,
groaning. Wipes drool from corner of his mouth.

He curses and plays

INT. CELL #1 - THE NEXT DAY

He knocks the foot with the back of his hand. It falls
over. He pushes it away.

He leans over and sniffs it.

Sits back and cries.

Pulls it towards him. Sniffs the foot again.

Wipes his mouth free of drool. Cries again. Drooling.

He snaps and digs in, diving on it. Holds it in both hands,
gnaws on it. Tears pieces of flesh from the ankle.

INT. CELL #1 - DAYS LATER

A small hatch opens in the bottom of the door.

The Man dives across the floor, reaching for
freedom/contact/anything, but failing; fingers straining a
foot shy.

He cries out, bangs his fists on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Spinning back, he grabs the chain and tugs furiously, screaming soundlessly in frustration.

A two-fat-fingered gloved hand pushes a covered dish into the room. The hatch closes.

The Man removes the lid, drooling; his hand reaches but pulls back short. A meat cleaver. No meat.

He handles the meat cleaver. Hefts it.

Hacks at the metal rope. It holds; the cleaver is dented.

Tries again, same result. The rope is unharmed.

The cleaver's blade is slightly damaged. Blunted, jagged edges in places.

Throws the meat cleaver at the door; the dish follows. Both lying just out of reach.

He scratches at the back of his neck, muttering. The lump is much angrier now. Puss seeps from the boil-like wound.

Again he scratches. Blood wells from the angry mound.

He digs in with his fingernail. The lump gives slowly.

More blood oozes.

He digs in again, harder. A small metal capsule falls from the hole - unnoticed by him - to the floor.

The lights go off. The cell door clicks open and slowly falls ajar, revealing a lit corridor beyond.

He stares, dumbfounded.

INT. CELL #1 - THE NEXT DAY

Starving, writhing in hunger, driven to madness, he eyes up his own foot.

His eyes get a faraway look at the possible view beyond the door, which is still ajar. He tugs on the rope fruitlessly.

He reaches for the meat cleaver that lies just out of reach.

Lies prone, straining.

Takes the blanket and tosses it over the meat cleaver. Tries to snag it and pull it close.

The first attempt doesn't work. He tries again.

INT. CELL #1 - THE NEXT DAY

The door to his cell lies open.

A severed foot, partially gnawed, lies on the floor in a pool of blood.

The man lies next to it, unconscious. Hands extended, fingertips two inches into freedom. Bloody handprints on the door where he pushed it open wider.

A bloody trail gives away his last movements from the chain towards the door. Ankle swathed with bloody strips of blanket. A tourniquet on his thigh.

The body is dragged slowly out into the corridor. It moans.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A cleaners/medical cart does its rounds, full of bloody bits of flesh. Cleaning implements protrude from one corner.

We see a line of identical doors to identical cells.

EXT. CELL #1 - NIGHT

A POWER TOOL BUZZES.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A severed arm, cut cleanly beneath the shoulder joint, 'thwaps' into the cart.

INT. CELL #2 - CONTINUOUS

The cell door is open.

The One Eyed Man's body hangs unconscious from the ceiling, suspended by various tubes and wires, alive in a way.

His right foot is missing.

INT. CELL #1 - NEXT DAY

The Man wakes. His eyes flutter open groggily.

He moves his torso and right shoulder - sees he has no right arm, just a roughly sewn up stump.

There are tubes attached to his body, one for blood and one attached to his stomach providing nutrients.

He tries to struggle, but to no avail.

INT. CELL #3 - DAY

ANOTHER MAN lies naked, sleeping, bound to the floor.

His eyes open, focusing on a covered dish. Confused by the apparition, he approaches.

He removes the lid, sees a foot lying before him, partially gnawed upon.

He screams silently. His throat bears recent scar tissue.

INT. CELL #4 - DAY

A WOMAN screams silently.

The dish before her contains a single right hand.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.