

ONE HOUR TO EDEN

by

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FADE IN

EXT. A BROILING CITY STREET. DAY.

A steaming summer day. The sidewalks are a wall of humanity. TRAFFIC is nose to tail. The air is a DRAGON'S BREATH. Pools of surface TAR string out when stepped on.

SCHAFER [35; well-built but gone to seed; stained sleeveless T-shirt; **a silver pendant around his neck**; a weeks stubble; despite all this he still has presence] scurries through the crowd.

He collides with a **FAT, MIDDLES-AGED GUY**
[shorts; loud shirt; white socks; sandals; straw hat; shades]

MR LOUD SHIRT
What the.. ? Why the fuck don't
you look where you goin', boy?

Schafer shrugs an apology

MR LOUD SHIRT (CONT'D)
Gettin' to the point where
respect'ble citizens can't walk
down the street cos of bums like
you.

SCHAFER tenses. MISTER LOUD SHIRT'S's bravado suddenly evaporates.

Schafer's physical menace is ominous. He reaches out and slowly takes off Mr Loud Shirt's SHADES.

Schafer establishes eye contact and sees a COWARD.

Schafer folds the shades and puts them in Mr Loud Shirt's BREAST POCKET and pats the pocket.

Schafer walks on.

Mr Loud Shirt lets out a deep, relieved sigh.

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EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE SIDEWALK. DAY.

A wider part of the sidewalk. The CROWD has thinned out here.

A black woman, JAZZLYN [**JAZZ**; slim; attractive; wearing JEANS; halter-neck T-SHIRT; SHADES; SHOULDER-BAG] strides along the SIDEWALK.

A MALE MUGGER [20'S] suddenly runs past and snatches the BAG off her shoulder.

JAZZ
[yelling]
Hey! Stop!

The MUGGER weaves through the crowd. As he passes him, **SCHAFER snatches the bag back.**

This flurry of action has caused passersby to scatter.

The MUGGER skids to a stop.

He swaggers back to Schafer, who holds his ground and turns to face him, still holding the bag in his left hand.

The MUGGER pulls a **KNIFE**.

A CROWD gathers instantly like flies to a dead body.

There is an expectant HUSH.

Even the traffic noise seems muted.

The city holds its BREATH.

Nobody offers to help.

JAZZ and MR LOUD SHIRT look on from the back of the crowd. Mr Loud Shirt chews a cigar. His eyes light up.

Jazz produces a CELLPHONE from her pocket and dials 911.

MUGGER
[aggressively]
This ain't none of your business,
boy. An' now I'm gonna make you
pay for interferin' in my
affairs.
(MORE)

MUGGER (CONT'D)
An' none of these upright
citizens here are gonna do
nothin' about it.

The MUGGER slashes at Schafer who blocks the man's KNIFE
HAND with his left ARM.

In one rapid movement, he hits the MUGGER hard in the face
with the HEEL of his right HAND.

POW!

The MUGGER'S NOSE explodes in a fountain of BLOOD and he
collapses onto his back gasping for air.

BLOOD sprays the LEGS of the front row of the crowd. There
is a massed groan of disgust.

A SIREN can be heard, getting louder.

A POLICE CAR screeches to a halt and two COPS jump out and
run over.

One COP attends to the MUGGER, who is semi-conscious.

COP
Jesus! Anyone see what happened
here?

The crowd starts to disperse, suddenly BLIND.

MR LOUD SHIRT points as he speaks. He still has the CIGAR
in his mouth.

MR LOUD SHIRT
I saw it all. This bastard
grabbed that woman's bag and high-
tailed it....and that feller
grabbed it back. Then this
bastard pulled a knife....

He takes the CIGAR out of his mouth and spits on the floor.

COP
And there was a fight.

MR LOUD SHIRT
Couldn't rightly say it was a
fight. Biggest mismatch I ever
saw. The guy only hit him once.
(MORE)



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MR LOUD SHIRT (CONT'D)
Pow! Put this bastard's lights
out. Pow! Just like that.

He spits again.

MR LOUD SHIRT (CONT'D)
I never seen nothin' like it.

Further along the SIDEWALK, Schafer hands Jazz her bag.

Jazz thanks him with a smile. Schafer walks on.

JAZZ
[calling]
Hey! Wait!

Schafer turns back.

She fumbles in her PURSE and produces a DOLLAR BILL.

She offers it to Schafer at arms length with a smile.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Thanks

Schafer looks briefly at the NOTE.

His blank expression doesn't change.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
It's all I got.

Schafer gives an almost imperceptible SHAKE of his HEAD and walks on.

Jazz, still holding the NOTE, watches him go.

An AMBULANCE arrives at the scene, SIRENS BLARING.

INT. A RUNDOWN, SEEDY BAR [FRED'S BAR]. DAY.

In the bar, the WALLPAPER peels. DAMP stains the CEILING.

A NEON BEER SIGN flickers intermittently in its death throes; Schafer's FEET AUDIBLY STICK to the cheap flooring as he sidles in; an overhead FAN rotates, slowly and uselessly.

Shirts stick to backs in the heat.

A DOWN-AND-OUT sips a DRINK at a TABLE. Otherwise the joint is deserted.

The BARMAN [FRED; 60's; balding; WHITE, STAINED APRON] chews GUM. He opens a BOTTLE of BEER and thumps it on the BAR in front of Schafer. Schafer takes a swig.

FRED
Hot.....ain't it?

Schafer almost nods

SCHAFER
Seen Joey?

FRED
Not since...last week.

Fred chews ; Schafer swigs beer.

FRED (CONT'D)
Boss says I got to tell
ya....this is him talkin'...not
me.....you gotta clear your
tab.....he says...

The DOWN-AND-OUT looks towards them as if expecting trouble. He freezes.

TENSION suddenly fills the fetid air.

SCHAFER
Friday

Fred nods his head and shrugs.

FRED
Fine by me

The RELIEF is palpable. The DOWN-AND-OUT unfreezes.

Schafer picks up his BEER and strolls over to a TABLE in the far corner of the room where the lighting is DIM.

He sits.

A WOMAN cat-walks into the bar. She is dressed like what she is. A two-bit HOOKER.

The DOWN-AND-OUT leers as she passes his table.

DOWN-AND-OUT
Hey, baby. You got change for a
dollar bill?

The HOOKER doesn't pause.....

HOOKER
Screw you

DOWN-AND-OUT
That's the general idea

The DOWN-AND-OUT almost laughs at his own comment.

The HOOKER walks up to the bar and surveys the room.

She makes EYE CONTACT with Schafer, who BLANKS her. The barman gives her a DRINK.

HOOKER
The clientele in this shit-hole
gets worse every day.

FRED
Tell me about it.

The HOOKER glances at him through FALSE EYELASHES.

HOOKER
Fuck you.

The DOWN-AND-OUT grins to himself.

The HOOKER sits on a bar STOOL.

A SLEAZY-LOOKING, OVERWEIGHT GUY in a GREY RAINCOAT,
rumpled collar and TIE and HOMBURG HAT bustles into the
bar.

This guy would be sweating if it was minus five.

This is **JOEY WATTS**.

He glances around the room and waddles over and sits
opposite Schafer. FRED brings him a BEER.

JOEY pops a piece of CHEWING GUM, swigs beer and talks all
at the same time.

He chews with his mouth open. Schafer FROWNS although he
says nothing.

JOEY
I gotta 'nother account from
Weinberger. His interest rates
are higher than a smackhead on
acid. Dunno how they getta way
with it. An' she's bleedin' me
dry.

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)
I told her...you want the shirt
from off of my back....take
it...you had everythin'
else.....and these fuckin'
veterinarians bills....it's
fuckin' legal theft...licence to
print money....I tell
ya...they're worse than the
asshole lawyers.....

Joey takes a swig of his beer

SCHAFER
Thought you said nobody was worse
than the lawyers?

JOEY
That's before I got the bill for
the cat.

SCHAFER
Maybe the cat should pay the
bill?

JOEY
I wish

Schafer swigs beer and waits. Sweat drips. Joey scans the
room.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I think I gotta lead. The talk on
the street is that it was no
accident.

Schafer's expression doesn't change.

JOEY (CONT'D)
It was a hit. A guy called
DiMaggio.....original name for a
hitman, huh? Only trouble
is...it's a dead end...cos
DiMaggio himself never made final
base. He was run out a coupla
months back.

SCHAFER
Who was the pitcher?

Joey swigs beer again and shakes his head. Schafer passes
Joey some CASH which JOEY doesn't count.

SCHAFER (CONT'D)
Keep swinging.

JOEY

Trouble is...I dunno what I'm
batting against and I'd like to
be around to make a home run.
Know what I mean?

SCHAFER

What home? Thought your ex and
Weinberger had helped themselves?

JOEY

S'true. But I'd like to hang on
to my personal assets...the one's
I got left. From what I hear.....
this DiMaggio guy had his assets
cut off and stuffed in his mouth.

SCHAFER

We dealin' with a psycho here?

Joey shrugs.

JOEY

Who'd notice one psycho more or
less in this shit hole?

Joey drains his beer and stands.

He mops his brow and waddles out.

Schafer wanders over to the bar.

The barman gives him a SHORT.

HOOKER

If you're buying, Schafer...

SCHAFER doesn't respond. The HOOKER smiles at Schafer who
blanks her. He swallows his drink in one.

SCHAFER

I'll come back when it's quieter.

HOOKER

Fuck you too.

Schafer strides out. As he passes, Schafer stuffs a BANK
NOTE in the DOWN-AND-OUT'S top pocket without breaking
stride.

The DOWN-AND-OUT smiles to himself.

INT. A BUSY SUPERMARKET. DAY.

The HEAT is a BLANKET over the face.

JAZZ is working on the CHECKOUT. She is serving a YOUNG, BLACK, PREGNANT WOMAN.

JAZZ is ringing items through off the conveyor belt. The pregnant woman has two small children, ONE BOY [5] AND A GIRL [6] with her.

Jazz SMILES at the KIDS and they smile back.

They are well behaved. Jazz rings up the final TOTAL.

JAZZ
That's twenty seventy
five...please.

The WOMAN gives JAZZ a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL and fumbles in her PURSE for the rest.

A MIDDLE-AGED, WHITE WOMAN in the queue behind looks impatiently at her WATCH.

The PREGNANT WOMAN counts out her loose change.

PREGNANT WOMAN
Fifty....sixty.....sixty
five....

The woman looks embarrassed and desperately searches for more money.

A SUPERVISOR looks on. The middle-aged woman coughs.

PREGNANT WOMAN (CONT'D)
That's all I got. I guess I'll
have to put something back.

JAZZ
Forget the ten cents.

The SUPERVISOR looks concerned and moves away, towards the MANAGER'S OFFICE.

PREGNANT WOMAN
But....

Jazz takes FIVE CENTS from her own PURSE and puts it in the TILL drawer. The pregnant woman looks even more embarrassed. She opens her mouth to speak.

JAZZ
Give it to me next time you're
in.

The woman smiles. The day is even SUNNIER.

PREGNANT WOMAN
Thanks. Come on kids.

She and the kids move away.

JAZZ starts to serve the middle-aged woman. Jazz smiles at her. The woman blanks her.

Another member of staff, STELLA, walks up to Jazz.

STELLA
Manager wants to see you.

Jazz gives the middle-aged woman her change.

JAZZ
Have a nice day.

The middle-aged woman scowls and moves away.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
When?

STELLA
Right now.

Jazz moves out from behind the CHECKOUT as STELLA moves in.

JAZZ
He in a good mood?

STELLA
Is he ever?

As Jazz walks across the supermarket a SEEDY-LOOKING GUY[**EMMETT**; 30's; slim; greasy hair; twitchy]stacking shelves, smiles at her.

Jazz gives him a brief, plastic smile.

INT. DAY. IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY.

CARTER, [35; balding ; a SLEAZE-BALL] He is sweating profusely, even with a FAN in the corner of the room.

A CALENDAR on the wall has pictures of NAKED WOMEN in provocative poses. There is a knock on the door.

CARTER

Yeah.

Jazz puts her head around the door.

JAZZ

You wanted to see me?

CARTER

Take a seat.

Jazz sits in the chair in front of Carter's DESK. He watches every move. Her OVERALL rides up, exposing her legs.

Carter leers. Jazz pulls her overall down quickly.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You're out of order, Miss Smith

JAZZ

Huh?

CARTER

You can't go around topping up the till out of your own money. It's against company policy. An' it ain't the first time.

JAZZ

Just trying to help. Good PR for the company...I would have thought.

CARTER

Maybe. But it isn't your job...to think. Your job is to do as you're told.

Jazz looks pissed at this remark.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Anyways...the thing is....the company is cutting down on staff...times are hard....

JAZZ

(sarcastically)

I had no idea....

CARTER

So....as you are our most recent employee... it's last in, first out. Sorry.

Carter grins.

JAZZ
You firing me?

CARTER
Terminating your contract....it's
not quite the same.

JAZZ
Look, Mister Carter, I really
need this job.....

Carter grins again and shrugs. From Jazz's expression, she wants to slap him.

CARTER
It's outta my hands.

Jazz stands. Carter also stands and undresses her mentally.

CARTER (CONT'D)
There's a club that I know that's
looking for lap dancers. Your
kind would fit in OK. I could put
in a good word.

Jazz smiles SEXILY. She sashays to the door, turns the key in the lock and hands-on-hips catwalks back.

CARTER does an impression of a FISH out of water.

JAZZ
You know, Mister
Carter....there's always been
something I wanted to give you.

Jazz starts to UNZIP the front of her UNIFORM. She crooks her FINGER at Carter. He leans forward.

She suddenly PUNCHES him hard in the SOLAR PLEXUS.

WOOF!

Carter deflates onto his chair, like a burst balloon, holding his stomach. Jazz marches to the door and turns the key.

CARTER
[gasping for air]
I'll call the police.

JAZZ
[in a 'Deep South' accent]
An' tell 'em you was been beaten
up by a little-old black bitch? I
don' think so, honey chile.

She smiles sweetly, slamming the door on her way out.

INT. IN THE SUPERMARKET / STAFFROOM. DAY.

Jazz strides past the CHECKOUTS and into the STAFF ROOM.

She takes her OVERALL off and puts her COAT on. STELLA watches her.

STELLA
Not good, huh?

JAZZ
Cutting down on staff....so I'm out.

STELLA
Shit! It's more likely 'cause you wouldn't sleep with him.

JAZZ
I'd rather gargle with razor blades.

STELLA
Take care of yourself, hon.

JAZZ
You too.

They HUG each other briefly. EMMETT runs into the staff room.

EMMETT
Where you goin'?

JAZZ
I've been fired.

EMMETT
But that ain't fair.

JAZZ
Life rarely is. See ya.

EMMETT
I'll.....we'll... miss you

Jazz gives him a brief smile, KISSES him quickly on the cheek and walks out.

Emmett touches his cheek with his fingertips.

INT. DAY. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

DOBRINSKI [late 50's; confined to a WHEELCHAIR; always wears a WHITE COAT, SHIRT and BOW TIE; bald; glasses; has a thin MOUSTACHE and a SCAR on his right cheek] is on **SPEAKER-PHONE**.

There is a GLASS CASE teeming with COCKROACHES of all sizes. Also a GLASS AQUARIUM containing BABY CROCODILES.

Dobrinski studies a CHESSBOARD and pieces laid out in front of him.

The lab is as white and sterile as Dobrinski himself.

THE PROFESSOR [O.C.]
And how are our so-called
unfortunates today?

DOBRINSKI
I am told they are well.

THE PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Excellent. I think the time has
come for white to play pawn to
king four.

DOBRINSKI
At last. It will be my pleasure.

THE PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Make sure the names are implanted
in the receivers.

DOBRINSKI
Naturally.

The LINE is disengaged. Dobrinski smiles.

INT. NIGHT. SCHAFER'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

SCHAFER sits alone. He is sipping WHISKY. He wears the same clothes. The apartment is a mess. Schafer's CELL rings. He flips it open.

SCHAFER
Yeah.

JOEY
Schafer?

SCHAFER

Yeah.

JOEY

The word is that the guy pulling the strings goes by the name of Dobrinski.

SCHAFER

Dobrinski?

JOEY

Yeah. Ring a bell?

SCHAFER

No.

JOEY

Nor with me.

SCHAFER

That it?

JOEY

Only that this dude is a big noise in scientific research.

SCHAFER

Such as?

JOEY

You know...the usual....how we're maybe gonna survive after global warming has melted the ice caps and how we're all gonna be barbecued when the ozone layer has disappeared. Same old.

SCHAFER

Anything else?

JOEY

You wanna hear how much my boy's orthodontist's bill is?

SCHAFER

The excitement would be too much.

JOEY

That's what I thought. I'll keep digging.

SCHAFER

You do that.

Schafer rings off and stares into space.

INT. NIGHT. IN JAZZ'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

This is the opposite of Schafer's apartment.

Although poorly furnished the atmosphere is WARM and LOVING.

RELIGIOUS IMAGES and a CRUCIFIX hang on the walls. The CURTAINS have TIE-BACKS. There is a TABLECLOTH on the table and a vase of FLOWERS.

ELOISE [Jazz's Mom; 45; running to fat; always smiling] carries **POPPY** [Jazz's daughter ; 3 years old; she is wrapped in a bath towel] into the room and sits on the COUCH.

An old TV in the corner of the room is tuned to a childrens' channel.

ELOISE
There we are baby. All nice and clean.

POPPY
Where's Mommy?

ELOISE
Mommy should be home...let's see...

She looks at her WATCH.

ELOISE (CONT'D)
Any time at all now, I reckon.

They hear a KEY scratching in the lock.

ELOISE (CONT'D)
That sounds like her right now.
That was good timing, wasn't it, baby?

Poppy smiles. JAZZ drags in, dropping her HANDBAG on the floor and kicking the door shut. Poppy runs to her.

POPPY
Mommy.

Jazz picks her up, kisses her and forces a smile.

JAZZ
Hi baby.

Jazz sits on the couch with Poppy on her lap.

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ELOISE
Bad day, huh?

JAZZ
I've known worse.....just can't
remember when....

ELOISE
With your qualifications I
thought you'd.....

JAZZ
Jobs are as rare as gold dust.
And there ain't much of that
round here.

Eloise points to the crucifix on the wall

ELOISE
The Lord will provide

JAZZ
Well I sure hope he gets a move
on because the rent on this place
is due next week.

ELOISE
Ye of little faith. I reckon he
already has.

JAZZ
Huh?

Eloise points to a LAPTOP computer on a coffee table in
front of the couch. It is online.

Jazz puts Poppy on the floor in front of the TV and checks
out the computer.

ELOISE
I'll make some coffee.

INT. NIGHT. IN FRED'S BAR. NIGHT.

Schafer is sitting alone at the BAR, lost in his thoughts.

The TV is ON behind the bar. The DOWN-AND-OUT sits at his
usual table. Fred is polishing GLASSES. On the TV an
EMINENT SCIENTIST is being interviewed.

SCIENTIST

We have warned the US government on more than one occasion in the last few months that we have picked up warning signs that the earth could be in great danger of being imminently attacked

INTERVIEWER

Attacked? Who by?

SCIENTIST

This attack may not come in a form of conventional aggression...as we know it. A deadly virus or hitherto unknown bacteria could suddenly be released that would wipe out ninety per cent of the world's population.

INTERVIEWER

Sounds like a doomsday scenario. Some people watching this programme would say that you've been watching too many Hollywood films.

SCIENTIST

Some might say that. But myself and the rest of Doctor Dobrinski's team.....

At the mention of the name DOBRINSKI, Schafer snaps out of his reverie and pays attention.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

....have been warning for the last six months that a possible attack is imminent.....

Fred turns the volume OFF.

FRED

Crazy bastard.

SCHAFER

Leave it on.

Fred looks surprised by Schafer's tone of voice. He shrugs and turns the volume back up.

SCIENTIST

.....why we are undertaking an experiment. We are asking for volunteers. Details can be found in the press and online...

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The INTERVIEWER looks uncomfortable

INTERVIEWER

I don't think now is the right
time to advertise...if I may say
so.

SCIENTIST

Any other time may be too late.

INTERVIEWER

Yes, well. Thank you for your
time, doctor. This is Steve
Phelps reporting from the
Scientific Research Centre,
otherwise known as the Citadel.
Don't forget now folks...whatever
you gotta do....do it today
because we may not be here
tomorrow. Yeah, right. And now
back to the studio.....

SCHAFER

You gotta paper?

FRED

Sure.

Fred hands Schafer a copy of the NEWSPAPER.

Fred raises his eyebrows in mock surprise. He glances
across at the DOWN-AND-OUT who slowly shakes his head and
finishes his drink in one gulp.

Schafer leafs through the pages of the newspaper, scanning
each page quickly until he sees the ADVERT placed by the
SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE.

The ADVERT in the paper **SLOWLY DISSOLVES** into the SAME
ADVERT online that JAZZ is reading ONLINE.....

INT. NIGHT. IN JAZZ'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Jazz is still reading the AD. ELOISE brings her a coffee.

JAZZ

Thanks, Mom. Says here that
applicants must be between
eighteen and forty of either sex
and in good health.

ELOISE

I've read it. It also says that the experiment pays five thousand dollars for a weekend.

JAZZ

Sounds like a lot of cash for something that only lasts for the weekend.

ELOISE

I guess they need volunteers. People don't trust these scientists so they got to dangle a carrot.

JAZZ

I don't trust them either.

ELOISE

You trust in God.

Jazz sighs.

JAZZ

I guess.

ELOISE

And he's sent this opportunity just at the right time....

JAZZ

Oh, Mom....

ELOISE

Don't you 'Oh Mom' me, young lady. Why else should this happen now? Tell me that?

JAZZ

OK. OK. I'll phone...tomorrow. I couldn't leave you and Poppy on your own anyhow....

ELOISE

For five thousand bucks you can and you will. We'll be fine. Anyway....I already gave them a call....

Jazz sighs in exasperation. Eloise smiles, as does Poppy.

INT. IN DOBRINSKI'S LAB IN THE CITADEL. DAY.

DOBRINSKI sits in his WHEELCHAIR. A pure white CAT is asleep in his lap. This is SOCRATES. He strokes it.

The CHESSBOARD is in front of him. It is set up for the start of a new game.

Dobrinski is again on SPEAKER-PHONE.....

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
...make absolutely certain that
nothing can go wrong.

DOBRINSKI
Of course.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
All the pieces are in place?

DOBRINSKI
Like I just told you.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Make sure that there are no
mistakes this time. We don't know
what we are dealing with here.
These guinea-pigs are of unknown
aetiology.

DOBRINSKI
That's what makes scientific
research so exciting.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Remember that it will be
checkmate for you if you get it
wrong....and you will be the one,
amongst many others who will be
sacrificed.

The Professor rings off. Dobrinski curses quietly.

DOBRINSKI
Motherfucker

INT. IN SCHAFER'S ROOM IN THE CITADEL. DAY.

SCHAFER wakes up in a COMPLETELY WHITE ROOM.

He lies in what looks like a HOSPITAL BED, NAKED apart from the silver PENDANT around his neck, but covered to the waist with a WHITE SHEET. There is a CLOSET, a WASHBASIN, a TV monitor and a TELEPHONE on the bedside table.

The whole room looks ASEPTIC.

He is wired to a HEART MONITOR MACHINE which 'blips' quietly to his heart beat. Other WIRES extend to UNIDENTIFIED MACHINES.

A pair of CCTV CAMERAS mounted in the CORNERS of the room monitor his every move.

An attractive, blonde, female scientist [she wears a name tag 'ANGELA'] enters the room and starts to remove the wires from Schafer's body.

Schafer smiles at her and she returns his smile. He swings his feet off the bed so he is now sitting on the edge. He runs his fingers through his hair.

ANGELA
You can't remember?

Schafer shakes his head

ANGELA (CONT'D)
This is the Citadel.

She offers Schafer a couple of TABLETS in a small disposable PLASTIC CUP and a PAPER CUP of WATER. Schafer looks at the pills suspiciously.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
For your hangover.

Angela smiles. Schafer shrugs and swallows the tablets. He gives her the cup back.

SCHAFER
Where have you been all my life?

ANGELA
Right here.

SCHAFER
In that case, we must stop meeting like this.

Angela indicates a WHITE CHAIR with a pile of neatly pressed and folded WHITE CLOTHES on it.

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ANGELA
Time to get dressed.

SCHAFER
Shame.

Schafer looks under the SHEET, which is still wrapped around his midriff. He looks at Angela and raises his eyebrows. She smiles.

ANGELA
I'll be right outside.

Schafer points to her NAME TAG over her left breast.

SCHAFER
They spelt your name
wrong....they should have left
the 'a' off the end.

Angela smiles again and walks out of the room. Schafer watches her BUTT appreciatively as she moves away.

INT. LEVEL ONE THE CORRIDOR. DAY.

Schafer walks out of the room [dressed in a WHITE ONE-PIECE OVERALL and WHITE SNEAKERS] into an TOTALLY WHITE CORRIDOR that appears to be endless. Angela is waiting.

ANGELA
Follow me

SCHAFER
I thought you'd never ask.

Schafer follows Angela along the corridor. They turn a corner and the corridor opens out into a LARGE ROOM / HALL.

This is the **DINING AREA**. This is also completely WHITE. There are THREE WHITE TABLES.

THREE other people sit at one table. These are.....

[QUEENIE; 25; faded good looks; blue eyes]

KILLIAN; 21; tall; slim; athletic

and TRAVIS ; 38; well built ;stocky; arrogant; dark]

and TWO at another table[WANDA and EMMETT].

WANDA [30; short cropped hair; plain]

At the THIRD TABLE, JAZZ is sitting alone.

They are all dressed identically in WHITE OVERALLS, like Schafer.

Angela gestures for Schafer to take a seat at Jazz's table.

Angela brings him a plastic CUP OF COFFEE and then disappears. Jazz and Schafer recognise each other.

JAZZ

Hi

Schafer nods and sips his coffee.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Broken any more noses recently?

Schafer smiles and shakes his head.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

I never got a chance to thank you
for what you did.

Jazz leans across and KISSES him on the cheek. EMMETT sees this and frowns.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Is this a coincidence?

SCHAFER

I don't believe in coincidences.

JAZZ

Me neither. Or maybe we're both
desperate for five thousand
bucks?

SCHAFER

Could be.

Jazz offers him her hand.

JAZZ

I'm Jazzlyn. Jazz for short.

Schafer shakes her proffered hand.

SCHAFER

Schafer.

JAZZ

No first name?

He shakes his head.

SCHAFER

Just make it Schafer.

JAZZ

OK.

EMMETT strolls over to the table with a coffee.

EMMETT

Hi Jazz.

Jazz gives him a faint, plastic smile, which Schafer notices.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Aren't you gonna introduce me to your new friend?

JAZZ

Sure. This is Schafer....Emmett and me used to work in the same store....

EMMETT

Pleased to meet you, Schafer.

Schafer nods. Emmett offers his hand across the table which Schafer somewhat reluctantly shakes briefly.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Then suddenly we both turn up here....we both answered the ad in the paper...without the other knowing about it. Ain't that a coincidence?

JAZZ

Schafer doesn't believe in coincidences.

EMMETT

No? How else would you explain somethin' like that?

Schafer shrugs.

SCHAFER

Fate?

EMMETT

You believe in fate, Mister Schafer?

SCHAFER

No.

JAZZ

What do you believe in?

SCHAFER

Five thousand dollars?

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Emmett guffaws. Jazz smiles.

EMMETT

Now that's the sort of fate I
believe in. I'll drink to that.

Emmett holds his coffee cup out and sips from it. Jazz does
the same. Schafer reluctantly copies them.

Suddenly there are RAISED VOICES from one of the other
tables.

QUEENIE

Listen...I don't need a jerk like
you to tell me how to live my
life.....

KILLIAN

Who are you calling a jerk?

QUEENIE

You. Or are you deaf as well as
being an asshole?

KILLIAN

Just watch your mouth when you're
talking to me, bitch....

Killian and Queenie stand up, one either side of the table.
TRAVIS also stands and plays peacemaker.

TRAVIS

For Christ's sake. This is an
argument out of nothing.

QUEENIE

Might be nothin' to you. He
didn't call you a two-bit hooker.

KILLIAN

That's what you called
yourself...remember?

TRAVIS

Calm down. Remember why we're all
here.

QUEENIE

Yeah.....but what I choose to
call myself don't give you
permission to repeat it.

KILLIAN

That ain't reasonable.

QUEENIE

That so? Well, that's the way it
is, Mister College Boy.

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Killian shrugs. He suddenly backs off.

KILLIAN
Whatever you say.

The three of them sit down in an uneasy truce.

EMMETT
What the hell was that all about?

JAZZ
Sounds like he insulted her
pride.

EMMETT
You reckon?

JAZZ
And if we ain't got our self-
respect then we ain't got zip.

Jazz looks across at Schafer who meets her gaze briefly.

This look speaks volumes.

Emmett begins to notice that there is some sort of unspoken bond forming between Schafer and Jazz and he glances from one to the other, his usual pasted-on GRIN evaporating.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

DOBRINSKI sits and watches these events on his personal monitor. He smiles to himself.

He strokes SOCRATES which is asleep on his lap. In the GLASS CASE holding the COCKROACHES, **one of the larger ones is devouring a smaller insect.**

The SPEAKER-PHONE is on.....

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Everything going according to
plan?

DOBRINSKI
Naturally. A pecking order always
emerges in caged laboratory
rats....

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Your move.....

The CHESSBOARD with pieces in various positions can be seen in front of Dobrinski.

DOBRINSKI
Consolidating my defences....

Dobrinski moves a PIECE on the chessboard.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Not a bad move. Too early for a
sacrifice?

DOBRINSKI
Much too early.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. IN THE DINING AREA. DAY.

The SEVEN 'LAB-RATS' are still in the same positions around
their tables.

ANGELA appears.

A PA system bursts into life.

DOBRINSKI [O.C.]
Ladies and gentlemen. Thank you
for responding and taking part in
our little experiment.
Psychometric tests are about to
begin. I assure you that these
tests are completely harmless and
as far as you are concerned can
be viewed as just a bit of fun.
For us, however, there is a more
serious side....not that this has
to concern you. So, if you would
be good enough to follow
directions.....I will speak to
you again later.....

ANGELA now gestures that they should all follow her.

They follow her down the white corridor and into another
TOTALLY WHITE ROOM. This is the Test Laboratory.

INT. IN THE TEST LABORATORY. DAY.

There is a CIRCULAR TABLE with SEVEN COMPUTERS on it. There
is a WHITE CHAIR in front of each computer.

ANGELA indicates that the seven 'lab-rats' should each sit
in a chair in front of a computer.

JAZZ sits next to SCHAFER. EMMETT sits on the other side of Jazz.

The TESTS start to run on each persons individual computer.

We see that Schafer's monitor shows pictures of a 'VIRTUAL' MAN running through a building which is all white.

Schafer holds a CONTROL CONSOLE. On the screen, the virtual Schafer has to battle with weird looking MONSTERS and MUTANTS.

On their screens, the others are battling with their own personal demons.

JAZZ looks bored stiff. EMMETT has a big smile on his face and is really 'in to it.'

SCHAFER pays little attention to what is actually happening in his virtual world.

He scans the room. He sees that there are SEVEN CCTV CAMERAS in the room, directly behind each player.

He watches how the different people react to the events on screen. TRAVIS looks bored. QUEENIE thinks it is fun. WANDA is impassive. KILLIAN looks absorbed.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

DOBRINSKI sits and watches his MONITOR. He is particularly interested in what Schafer is doing.

Another MONITOR racks up the score of the number of times the virtual warriors have been killed.

The number of times the virtual Schafer has been killed is much higher than anyone else.

DOBRINSKI smiles. He talks to himself.

DOBRINSKI
He is clearly not trying. That is
very interesting. Very
interesting. We shall see how he
reacts when the illusion becomes
a reality.

INT. DAY. IN THE CITADEL. THE DINING AREA.

There are only TWO TABLES now.

The SEVEN LAB-RATS are again sitting drinking COFFEE.

SCHAFER, JAZZ and EMMETT sit at one table.

TRAVIS, KILLIAN, QUEENIE and WANDA sit at the other.

EMMETT

....that was great. I got one of
them at home. Play on it all the
time.

Jazz has a 'I'm not surprised' look on her face.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

I reckon I got the highest score.
Always do. What did you get,
Jazz?

JAZZ

Oh, I dunno. Those games don't
interest me. Probably came last.

EMMETT

Don't suppose it's a game for
girls, eh?

Jazz gives him a blank look.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

How d'you get on, Schafer?

Schafer shrugs.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Bet you didn't get more than me?

Schafer and Jazz exchange bored glances.

Suddenly voices are raised around the other table.

QUEENIE and KILLIAN are arguing again.

This time QUEENIE slaps KILLIAN who responds by hitting her
back. Queenie goes down but gets up immediately and pulls a
KNIFE.

They 'square off.'

SILENCE.

JAZZ

Someone had better break this
up.....

Schafer doesn't respond.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

DOBRINSKI watches the events unfold on his monitor. He sees TRAVIS again get involved and break up the argument.

He speaks into a MICROPHONE on the DESK in front of him.

DOBRINSKI

This sort of behaviour will not
be tolerated. Any recurrence will
cause you to be disqualified
immediately from this experiment
and you will ALL.....note that I
said all.....will forfeit your
five thousand dollar paychecks. I
hope this gives you food for
thought. Now you can all go back
to your rooms to rest. You will
be summoned when we are ready. I
assure you, the next test will be
much more exacting.

Dobrinski switches the microphone off.

On SCREEN we can see the SEVEN LAB-RATS moving out of the DINING AREA. QUEENIE leaves the KNIFE on the table.

As he walks past SCHAFER, in one deft movement, picks up the KNIFE and puts it in his pocket.

Dobrinski talks to himself.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)

Although they don't have the
faintest idea of just how
exacting.

He smiles and strokes SOCRATES.

DREAM SEQUENCE.

EXT. A BUSY CITY STREET. DAY.

The action takes place in SLOW MOTION.

An attractive BLONDE WOMAN of about 35 is driving an SUV with a pretty little GIRL of about 5 in the back.

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The girl is playing with a DOLL.

The woman pulls the CAR up and parks outside a STORE.

There is a DISTURBANCE in the STREET.

SHOPPERS scatter in all directions.

A POLICE CAR suddenly screeches to a halt.

TWO GUYS in GROTESQUE MASKS run out of the store.

They are both ARMED.

The cops jump out of their car and dive behind it. They level their GUNS at the ROBBERS.

The robbers open fire.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

PASSERSBY scream and run like hell.

The BLONDE WOMAN is caught in the crossfire.

A BULLET shatters the windscreen of the SUV and hits her in the neck.

BLOOD spurts from the wound. She slumps to one side.

The little girl SCREAMS, spattered with her mother's blood.

She jumps out of the car, still screaming.

She runs down the road still clutching her DOLL.

One of the robbers takes deliberate aim at the girl.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

The DOLL goes spinning into the air and lands in the middle of the road. The doll's head is split open.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. IN SCHAFER'S ROOM IN THE CITADEL. DAY.

SCHAFER suddenly wakes up from the dream.

He is soaked in SWEAT.

He eases himself off the BED and splashes WATER in his face in the washbasin.

He massages his eyes with the heels of his hands, trying to blot out the memories of the dream.

He checks his watch.

Suddenly the TV MONITOR in the corner of the room bursts into life.

It is a NEWSFLASH.

REPORTER

Local news now.....a man was killed this afternoon in a presumed hit and run road traffic accident although eye witnesses claim that the car deliberately swerved to hit the man. They also claim that traffic was light and road conditions were good at the time of the accident. Police say the circumstances of the man's death are being treated as suspicious and are appealing for witnesses to come forward. The dead man was identified as being a Mister Joey Watts, fifty three, who lived locally.

A photograph of JOEY WATTS appears on the screen. The screen goes blank.

Schafer riffles through his bag, which is in the CLOSET.

He finds his CELLPHONE and tries to get a line.

There is no service available. Schafer picks up the land line telephone receiver and dials a number.

OPERATOR

Can I help you, sir?

SCHAFER

Give me an outside line.

OPERATOR

Pardon me?

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SCHAFER
Give me an external line.

OPERATOR
Sorry, sir. No outgoing calls are allowed during the test process.

SCHAFER
This is an emergency.

OPERATOR
Sorry, sir. No external calls are allowed under any circumstances. You were informed of this before you signed up for the test process.

SCHAFER
I know all that, but.....

OPERATOR
I'm sorry, sir....it's out of my hands. Is there anything else I can help you with?

Schafer SLAMS down the receiver.

He stares up at the CCTV camera in the corner of the room.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

DOBRINSKI strokes SOCRATES, asleep on his lap.

He watches Schafer's reactions on a monitor.

DOBRINSKI
He's trying to work it all out... fascinating. Time to raise the stakes.....what do you think, Socrates? You agree? Of course you do. Great minds think alike.

INT. IN SCHAFER'S ROOM IN THE CITADEL. DAY.

Schafer continues to stare at the CCTV cameras.

The door of the room slides soundlessly open.

Schafer walks tentatively through the door and into the white corridor.

He is alert to anything unexpected. He makes his way slowly towards the DINING AREA....where the other LAB-RATS are already starting to congregate.

They all look lost. JAZZ walks over to SCHAFER.

JAZZ

What the hell's going on?

SCHAFER shakes his head. EMMETT approaches them.

EMMETT

Man, this is weird. The TV in my room came on and then.....

The FOUR MONITORS mounted in the four corners of the room burst into life.

The VOLUME is LOUD.

They show more BREAKING NEWS. The NEWS ANNOUNCER looks distressed and dishevelled.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

I have just been informed that a state of emergency has been declared all over the country. This is the highest possible alert. The stand-in government is attempting to restore some kind of order but the extent of this catastrophe is difficult to come to terms with. We have one of our chief science correspondents right here in the studio with us. For reasons that will become apparent...most of our roving reporters are...out of action...hopefully temporarily. What's the latest, Jim?

JIM is the SCIENCE CORRESPONDENT. The CAMERA swings over to him. He is dressed in a T-SHIRT and is UNSHAVEN.

JIM

As you so rightly said, Julie, the extent of this catastrophe cannot be overstated. As unbelievable as it sounds, it appears that at least eighty per cent of the population of the USA has gone blind in the last twelve hours. I'll repeat that....it seems that a high percentage of the population has gone blind overnight. This is giving rise, not surprisingly to a state of complete chaos on the streets.

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JULIE

Have you any idea what may have caused this blindness?

In the DINING AREA, JAZZ grabs SCHAFER'S ARM. It is an almost involuntary reflex.

JIM

Very early reports from the emergency scientific government forum suggest it has been caused by an airborne virus.

JULIE

And where has this virus suddenly come from, Jim?

JIM

The source has yet to be identified. But according to reports this blindness is affecting the entire world....not just this country. So, I think the idea that it might have been caused by an attack by another world power can be virtually ruled out.

JULIE

So where has it come from?

JIM

At this moment we simply don't know.

JULIE

And is this blindness temporary or permanent?

JIM

I'm afraid we don't know that either.

The MONITOR goes BLANK. SILENCE fills the room.

The seconds stretch like ELASTIC. They are all lost in their own thoughts.

JAZZ

I need a drink.

The others SMILE in turn except for TRAVIS.

KILLIAN

Where's the service in this place?

They look around and realise they are alone. EMMETT calls out.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)
Hey, baby! You with the nice,
tight butt.....

WANDA is not impressed by this remark.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)
We need coffee in here....now!

WANDA
What did your last slave die of?

KILLIAN
She didn't do as she was told.
How 'bout yours?

WANDA
Typical male macho pig.

A few of them shout 'HELLO!' to try and attract attention.

Their shouts ECHO off the EMPTY WALLS. They realise that they are now alone.

TRAVIS
Looks like we're on our own.

KILLIAN
Crap. They're probably on their
own coffee break.....

QUEENIE
Gotta be.

KILLIAN and WANDA walk a few metres down the white corridors which stretch either side off the dining area.

Again their SHOUTS reverberate to nothingness. SILENCE.

EMMETT
Shit.

QUEENIE
You got that right.

They all look at each other.

KILLIAN
So.....?

EMMETT
What do we do now?

QUEENIE
Good question.

KILLIAN

I'm gonna search this place.
There's gotta be someone here
somewhere.

WANDA

Maybe they've all gone blind?

EMMETT

Christ! You don't think...?

TRAVIS

I suggest that thinking is
exactly what is called for in
this situation. Panicking could
get us all killed.

EMMETT

Huh?

TRAVIS

You saw the news. Surely there is
one question that you all must be
asking yourselves?

QUEENIE

You mean like....where the hell
is everyone?

WANDA

He means....maybe THEY have all
gone blind...that's why they
ain't here. Am I right?

JAZZ

No, you're not. The question
is.....if over eighty per cent of
the population have gone
blind....how come we can all
still see?

TRAVIS

That's it.

EMMETT

Jesus. This is weird, man.

QUEENIE

And getting weirder all the
time....

TRAVIS

As I see it...if you'll forgive
the pun...there's only one
answer. If this virus is airborne
then this place must have its own
air-filtration system.

QUEENIE

Right. So we're safe....if we stay in here?

JAZZ

Maybe. But there's something that no-one has mentioned yet.

TRAVIS

Which is?

JAZZ

Maybe that newsflash was all a put-up job? Staged purely for our benefit.

QUEENIE

Weirder by the second....

KILLIAN

But why the hell would they want to do that?

WANDA

Yeah....why?

QUEENIE

Maybe they want to scare the living shit out of us.....

EMMETT

Yeah? Well, it's working.

JAZZ

Maybe the real test...the real experiment that we all signed up for....starts now.

Jazz looks at Schafer for approval. Schafer remains impassive.

They all look at each other, not wanting to believe.

The MONITORS suddenly come back on again. It is the same channel. The same NEWS REPORTER is still sitting behind her DESK. She looks even more FRIGHTENED than before.

JULIE

...latest reports indicate that those people that have gone blind apparently recover their sight after several hours.....

The SEVEN look at each other and smile. Relief floods the room.

JULIE (CONT'D)
.....however, although their
sight is restored a lot of these
victims seem to be dying
inexplicably shortly afterwards.
Either that or they turn into
what can only be described as
psychopathic maniacs. We can see
from one of our fixed external
cameras that the streets are now
lawless, no-go areas.

The MONITOR shows a CITY STREET.

WRECKED VEHICLES and RUBBISH is strewn everywhere.

The few people that can be seen are FROTHING at the MOUTH
and FIGHTING with each other.

One MAN STABS another MAN who is walking past.

Another MAN slits the THROAT of a young WOMAN passerby.

BLOOD spurts.

Back in the studio.....JULIE is still sitting behind her
desk.

LOUD BANGING and CRASHING NOISES.

GLASS shatters.

The CAMERA slews off to one side and stares at the ceiling.
Terrible SCREAMS can be heard.

JULIE (CONT'D)
What the hell? Get the fuck off
of me.....

There is another gut-wrenching SCREAM and the monitors go
blank.

A LONG SILENCE again floods the dining area. Shock creases
the faces of the seven. SCHAFER remains impassive.

EMMETT breaks the TENSION by bursting into laughter.

EMMETT
Haw! Haw! Haw!

The others all stare at him.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

It's obvious, ain't it?
Jazz....this little lady here, is
absolutely right. It's all phony.

WANDA

We don't know that for sure.

EMMETT

Sure we do. See that blood
spurting? That ain't the color of
any blood I ever saw. And them
two guys on there.....I seen them
before....I reckon they were in
that slasher film 'Halloween' all
them years ago.

KILLIAN

How old did they look then?

EMMETT

Dunno. Probly about thirty.

KILLIAN

And how old do they look now?

EMMETT

'Bout....forty.

KILLIAN

So they've aged ten years in the
last thirty?

EMMETT

I must be wrong about their ages
then...is all.

QUEENIE

We're missing the point. It could
still be a put-up job. To
frighten us. To see how we will
react.

JAZZ

It could be....but what if it
isn't? What if this is actually
happening.....to our families
...caught up in all that...my Mom
and my little girl are out
there.....

JAZZ turns away from the rest of them.

SCHAFER puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.

SILENCE.

TRAVIS

There is only one thing we can do. We must get organised. At this moment we seem to be safe in here from this virus. The thing is...what do we do next?

KILLIAN

Like I said...we gotta search the place.

WANDA

Then what?

QUEENIE

See what we can find, I guess.

KILLIAN

Maybe we can get outta here.

QUEENIE

And go where? If those pictures are real....maybe we're better off right here.

WANDA

And if we do get out....there's a city out there full of homicidal maniacs.

EMMETT

Ain't nothing new there, then.

A few of them smile at this comment. Jazz speaks, still with her back to the others.

JAZZ

If we stay here we would be thinking only of ourselves....only of our own survival. I gotta family out there...like a lot of you guys....we gotta get out and help them....

WANDA

If they ain't already past helping.

Suddenly the four MONITORS in the corners of the room come back to life.

DOBRINSKI can be seen sitting in his wheelchair with SOCRATES asleep on his lap.

DOBRINSKI
I am Dobrinski.

SCHAFER's eyes narrow in concentration.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
My name may mean something to one or two of you. But at this moment that is of no consequence. Your reactions to the TV news were entirely predictable. A genuine broadcast, I may add. Anarchy is now ruling the streets. And I should know....having been instrumental in the release of the virus that has triggered it.

The seven watch the TV monitors intently.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
But there is some good news. The virus is programmed to dissipate within the next ONE HOUR. The air will return to normal. Unfortunately the subsequent madness will not. Also....all the survivors bar none will be rendered sterile....they will be unable to breed. So....you are at an advantage in here. As one of you so correctly observed...this building has its own air filtration unit. So...the fact is....I could let you all out of here in one hour when the virus has dissipated....but for what reason? So you can re-populate the world with unhealthy genes? So that within a few generations we would be back in the same mess? I do not think so.

The atmosphere hangs heavy. The seven hold their breaths.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
We need a select few with the mental capability and the WILL to survive. A new Adam and Eve, if you like.....to create a new order of alpha-gene super men and women. A race of perfect human specimens.

JAZZ whispers to Schafer.

JAZZ
He's crazy.

DOBRINSKI

Don't misunderstand me. I don't want heroes. I want survivors. Pure and simple. This altruistic gene.....to die trying to help the weak..... that has been rampant for centuries in so-called human civilisations MUST be stamped out. You must all from now on think only of yourselves.....for this is the only way you will have any chance of surviving.

The seven exchange fearful glance.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)

You will soon be meeting the ones I call my 'unfortunates.' These are the ones who have had gene therapy to rid them of human failings and to merely act for themselves.....they have been bred purely to accomplish the mission I have implanted in their brains.....and, in the current jargon... to watch their own asses.

Dobrinski gives a brief laugh.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)

My 'unfortunates' however all turned out to be barren. They cannot breed. They cannot think for themselves.

QUEENIE

Sounds like most of the people I know.

DOBRINSKI

But they are perfect killing machines with no trace of compassion. And they are programmed to kill YOU. Only the fittest of you, the most selfishMAY survive to re-populate the earth. So....as the lady observed earlier....your real test starts now. The outside doors to this Citadel will open automatically in exactly one hour and you can walk out of here to begin to breed a superior race. If you can survive. Good luck.

The MONITORS go blank.

QUEENIE
He's a fuckin' lunatic.

EMMETT
Right.

TRAVIS
A very dangerous fucking lunatic.

EMMETT
So....what do we do?

QUEENIE
Like the man said.....survive.
Shouldn't be too difficult. I've
been doing it all my life.

KILLIAN
So far, so good, huh?

QUEENIE
You betcha, college boy.

The MONITORS now flicker back into life.

Dobrinski's 'UNFORTUNATES' ie. MUTANTS can be seen emerging
from their HOLDING BAY into a white corridor.

They look like FREAKS, which is what they are.

One has only ONE EYE. Another has only ONE EAR. Another's
face is terribly SCARRED. One has no nose or eyelids. They
all wear BLACK BOILER SUITS and they are all armed with
GUNS.

The SEVEN LAB-RATS stand transfixed at the sight.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

DOBRINSKI[V.O.]
These are my unfortunates.
Pretty, aren't they? And also
extremely deadly. They are on
Level Ten of the Citadel. You are
on Level One. I estimate you have
about ten minutes to take evasive
action before they find you.

The monitors go blank.

QUEENIE
He could be bluffing.

TRAVIS
Do we really want to take that
chance?

KILLIAN

So what are we gonna do?

WANDA looks at her watch.

WANDA

Whatever we're gonna do...we got fifty nine minutes and fifty seconds left to do it.

TRAVIS

Look. Think logically. This is all a game to Dobrinski. It wouldn't be any fun for him if those things find us and kill us in the next ten minutes.

WANDA

In the next nine minutes and forty seconds and counting...

EMMETT

So?

TRAVIS

He must have left us some sort of means to defend ourselves. We've got to find it.

KILLIAN

I'll come with you.

WANDA

Me too.

TRAVIS

I suggest you others go and look in the opposite direction.

QUEENIE

Right. What are we lookin' for?

TRAVIS

You'll know it when you see it.

QUEENIE

Sounds like my sex education when I was nine and I asked what a prick looked like.

TRAVIS, WANDA and KILLIAN head off to the right hand corridor.

SCHAFER, JAZZ, EMMETT and QUEENIE turn left.

They hear Dobrinski's voice through the PA system.

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DOBRINSKI[V.O.]
You now have eight minutes left.

QUEENIE
He might be a lunatic but he sure
knows how to scare the shit out
of you.

They walk down the corridor, opening the DOORS to the rooms
as they go.

The doors slide back easily when a button on the wall is
pressed. The first few rooms are exactly like Schafer's
room.

The same thing is happening to Travis, Wanda and Killian.

They again hear Dobrinski's voice over the PA system.

DOBRINSKI[V.O.]
You now have six minutes left.

QUEENIE
If I wanted someone to read my
kids a bedtime story I don't
think it would be that guy.

They open another DOOR.

INT. IN THE LEVEL ONE CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

This room is different.

There are several MONITORS on WORKBENCHES and what looks
like a MASTER COMPUTER.

EMMETT
Jeez...what is this place?

JAZZ
Looks like one of the control
rooms.

QUEENIE
You know something about this
sort of stuff?

JAZZ
Yeah. Something.

JAZZ powers up the computer and her fingers fly over the
keyboard.

DIAGRAMS of ELECTRONIC CIRCUITS begin to appear on the SCREEN. Meanwhile SCHAFER has opened another door off this room.

SCHAFER
Look what I found.

EMMETT and QUEENIE, closely followed by JAZZ peer into the tiny room [THE WEAPONS ROOM]

It is stuffed to the ceiling with WEAPONS of all shapes and sizes. Also GRENADES, GAS MASKS, FLAME THROWERS, WALKIE-TALKIE RADIOS, etc

QUEENIE
Wow. A real Aladdin's cave. Now
we gotta chance.

QUEENIE starts to expertly check out one of the MACHINE GUNS.

JAZZ
You know something about this
sort of stuff?

QUEENIE
Yeah, something.

QUEENIE and JAZZ smile at each other. SCHAFER starts to check the weapons. He also knows what he is doing.

SCHAFER
Call the others.

Emmett nods. Jazz goes back to the computer.

QUEENIE
It ain't the first time you've
handled an AK 47.

Schafer smiles.

EMMETT[O.C.]
Hey! You guys! We found
something! Come on!

QUEENIE
When?

SCHAFER
Does it matter?

DOBRINSKI[V.O.]
You have four minutes left.

QUEENIE
You can tell me your life story
when we have more time. And I'll
tell you mine.

SCHAFER
It's a date.

They smile at each other. TRAVIS, KILLIAN and WANDA come running into the room.

They see the weaponry. KILLIAN gives a low WHISTLE.

KILLIAN
Jesus Christ. There's enough
stuff here to start a war.

TRAVIS
That's exactly what Dobrinski has
planned for us...remember?

Schafer moves over to the computer and stands next to Jazz.

SCHAFER
Any way you can lock this door?

JAZZ
Sure. Unless they have a way of
overriding it.

SCHAFER
Let's hope not.

The others hear this exchange and now gather round.

QUEENIE
Are you thinking what I'm
thinking?

SCHAFER
Could be....but I ain't a mind
reader.

EMMETT
What the hell are you guys
talking about?

QUEENIE
We're gonna make a stand in
here...right?

Schafer nods.

TRAVIS
You're crazy. They'll be here
in.....

DOBRINSKI[V.O.]
You now have two minutes left.
Good luck. Or should I
say...goodbye.

Dobrinski laughs.

QUEENIE
Sick fuck.

TRAVIS
We'll be trapped if we stay here.
I suggest we make a run for it.

KILLIAN
I'm with Travis. I ain't being
caught here like a rat in a
barrel.

JAZZ
Listen. This is one of the main
computers. Give me time and I'll
be able to get a lot of
information about the layout of
the building.

TRAVIS
You may not have noticed....but
time is something we haven't got.

QUEENIE
You can't make a run for it
without knowing the position of
the enemy.... which direction
the attack is coming from. You
got two choices. East or West.
Maybe it's your lucky day and you
choose the right one....or they
could be coming from both sides
at the same time...

WANDA checks her watch.

WANDA
Sixty seconds.

They hear the THUNDER of COUNTLESS FEET, running on the
floor above them. They all look at each other.

QUEENIE
You still wanna make a run for
it?

Travis shakes his head.

TRAVIS
I'll take my chances with you.

QUEENIE
Good decision.

JAZZ presses a button on the computer KEYBOARD and the door slides shut. A red light by the door comes on, showing it is locked.

TRAVIS
Is there any way they can bypass
the locking mechanism?

JAZZ
Let's hope not.

They all look at each other.

QUEENIE
Just in case hope ain't
enough...give me a hand here.

They slide a large METAL FILING CABINET across the door. It fits neatly. They support it with chairs and anything else they can find. They 'tool up' with weapons.

EMMETT
It ain't gonna stop them for
long. That thing ain't bullet
proof.

QUEENIE
Sure. But bullets can travel both
ways.

KILLIAN
I'll give you one thing, lady.
You got balls.

QUEENIE
Sure. You only made one
mistake...

KILLIAN
What's that?

QUEENIE
I ain't no lady.

FOOTSTEPS can now be heard outside the door. SILENCE.

Then a LOUD BANGING can be heard on the door.

JAZZ
I think I can get the CCTV
cameras to.....

Suddenly the CAMERA in the corridor shows hordes of the MUTANTS around the door.

Looks of PURE HORROR spread over the faces of the seven as they see what is outside the door.

WANDA

Jesus!

In the room, they all take up defensive positions with their guns aimed at the door.

JAZZ continues on the computer.

The seething mob of mutants outside the door stare up at the CCTV cameras. They HAMMER on the door to no effect.

On the computer MONITOR one of the mutants can be seen unscrewing the door release button to try to override it.

The SEVEN look concerned. JAZZ programmes the computer.

Suddenly there is a BRIGHT FLASH.

The MUTANT is TRANSFIXED to the spot. FLAMES come out of the top of its head before it drops down dead.

Another MUTANT touches the wiring and the same thing happens.

EMMETT

Ha ha. And Dobrinski thought WE had a shock coming.

TRAVIS

Did you do that?

JAZZ

I reversed the current to cause a short circuit.

QUEENIE

Nice one, baby.

One of the MUTANTS shoots at the tangle of wires hanging out of the wall which explodes in a shower of SPARKS.

JAZZ

They definitely won't be able to open the door now.

TRAVIS
Can we open it....from here?

JAZZ
Of course.

QUEENIE
Did you ever doubt her?

Emmett shakes his head.

EMMETT
Uh-huh. Not me, Mam.

On the monitor the MUTANTS can be seen with a large electric DRILL. They now attempt to drill through the door.

KILLIAN
That won't work.

The drill throws up showers of SPARKS.

QUEENIE
You sure about that, college boy?

KILLIAN
Positive.

Queenie and the others look dubious. The drill BIT suddenly shears off, flies through the air and is embedded in the EYE of one of the mutants.

He SCREAMS. BLOOD spurts. He goes down.

QUEENIE
You were right. Guess that college education was worth it?

Killian shrugs.

KILLIAN
I'll let you know....if we get out of here.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski watches this happen with SOCRATES on his lap. He now starts to rave. The SPEAKER-PHONE is on.

DOBRINSKI
What the fuck do they think they're doing? Morons!

Socrates miaows and jumps off his lap.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Nice one, Dobrinski. A moron is exactly what you are..... for breeding such a race of imbeciles.

DOBRINSKI
I was under the impression, Professor, that you personally endorsed the breeding programme.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
And I was under the impression that I could rely on you. Seems like I was mistaken.

Dobrinski switches the speaker-phone off.

DOBRINSKI
Goddamn self-righteous bastard.

Dobrinski switches on the MICROPHONE. He speaks into it.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
Pull those stupid bastards out of there and give me time to think.

OPERATOR [O.C.]
Which stupid bastards would those be, sir?

Dobrinski sighs to himself.

DOBRINSKI
God save us from literal-minded fucking silicone-enhanced synthetic automaton schmucks!

He speaks into the mike again

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
Pull the mutants out of Level One. Tell them to wait on Level Two while I decide what to do next.

OPERATOR
Yes, sir.

Dobrinski simmers.

INT. IN THE LEVEL ONE CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

SILENCE. Jazz watches the monitor. She sees the mutants begin to move away from outside the door.

She uses the keyboard to flick from one CCTV camera to the next, all the way down the corridor and from room to room.

JAZZ

They've gone.

Schafer stands behind Jazz and watches the monitor.

TRAVIS

Gone..... where?

JAZZ

This computer only controls Level One. They're not on this level. That's all I can tell you for sure.

They all visibly relax.

EMMETT

What the hell?

TRAVIS

They're probably re-grouping. Dobrinski is pulling the strings. It's giving him time to consider his next move.

JAZZ

What do you think, Schafer?

SCHAFER

Sounds about right.

TRAVIS

And how long have you been an authority on military tactics?

SCHAFER

How long have you been an asshole?

TRAVIS

I don't need to take that from....

QUEENIE

Shut the fuck up. We're trying to survive in here, remember? Last thing we need is you fighting over who is going to be the biggest rooster in the farmyard.

EMMETT

Yeah. Ain't that a fact.

WANDA

And this farmyard is too small to
be swamped in male chicken shit.

QUEENIE

Right on. You tell 'em, sister.

Wanda and Queenie do a 'high five.'

KILLIAN

I think we should listen to
Travis. He was an officer in the
marines.

Schafer is checking out the weapons.

SCHAFER

An officer, no less. The chicken
shit gets deeper by the second.

TRAVIS and SCHAFER make eye contact. Travis flinches first.

The others notice. Travis decides not to respond to
Schafer's comment.

The tension relaxes. Jazz sighs and looks relieved.

WANDA

When you two are finished
comparing the size of your
dicks....maybe we can figure out
what we do next?

QUEENIE smiles at this comment.

SILENCE. They all look at each other.

QUEENIE

I think I've gone deaf.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

He is on SPEAKER-PHONE again to the PROFESSOR. The
CHESSBOARD is in front of him. A chess CLOCK is running.

THE PROFESSOR [O.C.]

You're running out of time,
Dobrinski.

DOBRINSKI

Nonsense. Time is such an
abstract concept, wouldn't you
say, professor?

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Dobrinski makes a move.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Interesting. Is that a faint to
draw attention away from the
ultimate prize, I wonder?

Dobrinski smiles and strokes Socrates.

DOBRINSKI
That is only obvious to the mind
of the person calling the shots.

In the GLASS CASE, one of the COCKROACHES attacks a smaller
one and flips it on its back.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
A sudden faint as an outflanking
manoeuvre to counteract any
possible aggression is always a
high risk stratagem. Wouldn't you
agree?

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
But of course.....

Dobrinski smiles and carries on stroking Socrates.

INT. IN THE LEVEL ONE CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

JAZZ is still sitting at the computer.

The others are sitting around, lost in their own thoughts.

SCHAFER is in the WEAPONS ROOM sorting through the kit to
see what he can find.

EMMETT is assisting him. Emmett picks up a mask.

EMMETT
What the hell?

SCHAFER
For night vision.

Emmett lets out a low whistle between his teeth.

EMMETT
Jeez. Now we can see in the dark.
Whatever will Daddy think of next
to put in our Christmas stocking?

Schafer pauses for a moment, looking thoughtful.

TRAVIS enters the Weapons Room. He approaches Schafer until
they are nose to nose.

TRAVIS

A word.....

Emmett hears this and tenses, expecting trouble.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

In private....

Emmett shrugs. He moves out of the room.

EMMETT

Ain't no room in this town for
your kind, Emmett boy.

Travis waits until Emmett has moved away. Travis keeps his
voice low.

TRAVIS

What are our chances?

SCHAFER

You tell me. You're an
officer...and a gentleman. Or you
were.

TRAVIS

OK. OK. What were you?

SCHAFER

Does it matter?

TRAVIS

You ought to know.

SCHAFER

The only thing that matters right
now is how we stay alive.

Travis nods.

TRAVIS

And?

SCHAFER

You asking my opinion...sir?

Their eyes meet. Travis is first to flinch again.

SCHAFER (CONT'D)

First rule of combat.....

TRAVIS

.....knock out enemy
communications.

SCHAFER

I never believed the boys when they said all officers were stupid.

TRAVIS

Knock it off, Schafer. You've made your point.

Schafer smiles for the first time. As he speaks he is rigging up some kit with PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE.

SCHAFER

In case you hadn't noticed...that's what our Computer Queen is doing right now. To disable the enemy's lines of communication... first we gotta pinpoint their HQ.

TRAVIS

And then knock it out.

Schafer raises his eyebrows in a 'yes'

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

And how do you intend to do that?

SCHAFER

You're the officer...you tell me.

TRAVIS

For fucks sake!

SCHAFER

At the moment we're safe...

TRAVIS

Not for long.....

SCHAFER

This is a time for cool heads, Travis. We could make a run for it, all guns blazing. But those fuckwits out there would shoot us down before we get fifty yards. Dobrinski's pulling their strings. If those lines of communication can be disrupted.....

TRAVIS

If.....

SCHAFER

..... they'll have to act independently which will make them far less effective as a fighting force. Then we consider making a run for it....but only when we gotta clear objective in mind.

JAZZ [O.C.]

Schafer....I think I got something.

SCHAFER

Excuse me, colonel.

TRAVIS

How did you know?

SCHAFER

I didn't. But it's well known to the men that your rank is inversely proportional to the size of your brain.

Travis simmers. Schafer approaches and stands behind Jazz at the computer. The others have gathered around.

JAZZ

I gotta plan of the building.....floor by floor.

She brings the plan up on the monitor.

KILLIAN

So?

JAZZ

The main communications....that is, the master computer for the entire building is in a room directly above here on Floor Five.

EMMETT

Shit! That's four floors up.

QUEENIE

No kidding Einstein.

WANDA

Quiet! Listen!

They all shut up. Noises can be heard on the floor directly above. HAMMERING and RIPPING noises.

KILLIAN
Sounds like they're ripping the
floor up.

WANDA
We're gonna to be trapped in
here....

KILLIAN
...like rats in a barrel.....

They all look at each other with TERROR reflected in their
eyes.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)
I'm getting outta here....

WANDA
If I'm gonna die I ain't going
without a fight....

KILLIAN
I'm with you, baby.

WANDA
Don't call me baby. Less you
wanna wear your balls for
earrings....

SCHAFER
Shut the fuck up.

This is the first time Schafer has spoken out.

THEY ALL FREEZE.

SCHAFER (CONT'D)
That's exactly what Dobrinski
expects us to do....run. Where
the fuck are you running to?

KILLIAN
Out of here. This citadel or
whatever the fuck it's called.

QUEENIE
The hour isn't up yet. The virus
hasn't cleared.....

WANDA
Don't you get it? That's all
horse shit.....to keep us cooped
up in here.

KILLIAN
Right.

EMMETT

What if he's telling the truth?

TRAVIS

We'll take our chances.

QUEENIE levels her WEAPON at them. She looks as if she means it.

QUEENIE

What about the rest of us? If that virus is still out there and you open the airtight outer doors.....

KILLIAN

There are enough gas masks in there for all of us. We'll keep in touch with these.

He holds up a WALKIE-TALKIE RADIO HANDSET. Travis is looking over Jazz's shoulder at the computer. He points at the monitor.

TRAVIS

That a fire escape?

JAZZ

Looks likely.

Drilling noises now shake the room from above. They all look up.

TRAVIS

We'll blow that door.....

EMMETT

Yeah...and Dobrinski won't have thought of that, right?

WANDA

What choice is there?

QUEENIE

The choice is I could blow you three away right now.

Silence.

SCHAFER

Let them go. Maybe they're right. Anyone else wanna go...now's your chance.

The others look at each other but say nothing. TRAVIS, WANDA and KILLIAN finish getting TOOLED-UP. They move the BARRICADE from the door.

TRAVIS
Still clear out there?

Jazz checks all the CCTV cameras on Level One. She flicks from room to room. No enemy in sight.

JAZZ
Clear.

Travis and Killian shake hands. Wanda puts her hand on top of theirs.

QUEENIE
Good luck.

WANDA
Thanks, sister.

TRAVIS
Stick to me like glue.

Jazz looks at Schafer, who nods. Jazz opens the door.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Go. Go. Go.

Travis, Killian and Wanda run out. Jazz quickly shuts the door.

SILENCE.

The RIPPING and DRILLING noises from above re-start....now LOUDER than ever. QUEENIE looks into the WEAPONS ROOM. The MUTANTS are starting to break through the ceiling.

QUEENIE
I dunno what we gonna do....but whatever it is....it's gotta be quick.

Schafer points at the computer screen.

SCHAFER
Is that elevator working?

JAZZ
There's nothing here to say it isn't. What have you got in mind?

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE CORRIDOR. DAY.

TRAVIS leads the way. He dodges from one recessed doorway to the next. He waves WANDA on to do the same. KILLIAN brings up the rear watching the 'back door.'

They meet no resistance.

WANDA
Where the fuck are those
bastards?

Travis puts his fingers to his lips to tell her to keep quiet.

They reach the end of the corridor. There is a conventional looking ELEVATOR SHAFT. The lights on the control panel on the wall are on.

KILLIAN
Why don't we....?

TRAVIS
Too obvious.

Wanda opens a door and sees an 'Emergency Exit' SIGN.

WANDA
This way.

Again they are in a LONG, WHITE CORRIDOR. Again the place is windowless.

The ceiling is lit by strip lights. All three of them are on high alert. Their heart rates are off the scale.

Around a corner, under the SIGN the DOORS seem to be made of the same metal as the door to the computer room.

KILLIAN
This it?

Travis nods and takes his backpack off.

WANDA
I hope you got enough
plastic....because this baby
looks a bitch.

Travis starts to set the CHARGE. Killian opens the door to a BEDROOM a few metres further down the corridor. It is empty except for a single bed and a COMPUTER on a DESK. There is a small room off this room.....a similar layout to the Control Room / Weapons Room.

Wanda covers the corridor in both directions. She speaks into her RADIO....

WANDA (CONT'D)
You there?

JAZZ answers.

JAZZ [O.C.]
Here. How's it going?

WANDA
We've found the fire
door...setting the charge now.
Better use breathing apparatus.

JAZZ [O.C.]
Any opposition?

WANDA
Nothing.

JAZZ [O.C.]
Keep me informed.

WANDA
You'll be hearing from us.

Travis nods that the charge is ready. Jazz and the others
put on gas masks.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

DOBRINSKI sits with SOCRATES asleep on his lap.

He watches TRAVIS, KILLIAN and WANDA on the computer
monitor.

He begins to rock gently backwards and forwards. His smile
slowly turns into a chuckle which turns into full blown
laughter.....

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE CORRIDOR. DAY.

Travis, Killian and Wanda take cover in the ROOM. They put
their GAS MASKS on.

Travis gives them the 'thumbs up.' The other two do the
same. Travis triggers the charge.

BOOM!!

The noise is DEAFENING in the enclosed space.

Slowly the SMOKE starts to clear.

Travis comes out of the room.

The doors are undamaged.

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Travis can't believe it.

TRAVIS
What the fuck are those things
made of?

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski is still laughing with TEARS trickling down his cheeks.

Suddenly Dobrinski stops rocking and laughing. He speaks into the microphone.

DOBRINSKI
Give the order for our
unfortunates to move in.

OPERATOR
Where do you want them to move
to, sir? No location has been
stipulated.

DOBRINSKI
Jesus Christ! I thought that
would have been obvious even to a
moron like you...

OPERATOR
Negative, sir. No exact location
or objective for our forces has
been....

DOBRINSKI
Shut the fuck up. I'm not a
fucking robot even if you are.
Their objective is to neutralise
enemy forces situated by the fire
exit; west portal, Level One.

OPERATOR
Very good, sir.

He leans back in his chair.

DOBRINSKI
This will be fun.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

The MUTANTS are trying to get through the hole they have made in the ceiling to the weapons room.

QUEENIE and EMMETT are holding them off with machine guns.

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BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

DEBRIS flies in all directions under the HAIL of bullets.
The air is choked with gunsmoke.

In the room above several of the mutants are hit.

Other mutants drag them away from the hole in the floor and
dump them to one side.

Jazz still sits at the computer.

She ducks as BULLETS whine and ricochet around the room.

The WALKIE TALKIE RADIO crackles into life.

WANDA [O.C.]
Bad news. Doors are still intact.

There is a seconds silence.

Emmett takes off his gas mask.

EMMETT
Guess we don't need these then.

The others take off their masks.

Schafer is preparing a PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE charge.

QUEENIE
Can't hold 'em back for much
longer.

SCHAFER
Two minutes and we're gone.

EMMETT
Yes....sir!

Schafer frowns at this remark. Jazz sees the look on his
face and smiles.

INT. IN LEVEL ONE CORRIDOR. DAY.

The MUTANTS start to advance down the corridor.

WANDA
Here they come.

Killian lets off a burst of machine gun fire.

Three of the mutants go down.

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MUTANTS now appear in the other direction.

Wanda ignites a FLAME THROWER and torches the front row of mutants.

They burn and SCREAM.

But the mutants keep coming.

Travis, Killian and Wanda take refuge in the bedroom.

TRAVIS presses the button to close the door and locks it from the inside.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE BEDROOM. DAY.

They all gasp for breath. WANDA boots-up the computer.

The monitor bursts into life.

The three of them can see the view from the CCTV cameras in the corridor directly outside. The mutants are re-grouping.

They are removing the cover from the door control outside.

Wanda fiddles with the computer keyboard

WANDA
Anyone know how to jamb this door?

Killian and Travis shake their heads.

TRAVIS
Take up defensive positions.

WANDA
Now why didn't I think of that?

KILLIAN
...like rats in a barrel....

They take cover as best they can.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

DOBRINSKI is glued to his monitor. He glances at the chessboard....

DOBRINSKI
Looks like checkmate....

He suddenly sits up and leans forward. He polishes his GLASSES on a TISSUE.

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He puts them back on and rests his chin on his clasped fists. He stares at the monitor, smiling.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

SILENCE. The machine gun fire has stopped from the WEAPONS ROOM.

A couple of mutants climb through the hole in the ceiling. The door through to the Control Room is closed.

One of the mutants grabs the handle of the door and wrenches it towards him.

There is a LONG BURST of machine gun fire as the door opens.

Both mutants 'dance' grotesquely as they are riddled with bullets.

The BOOBY-TRAPPED machine gun fires until the magazine is empty.

There is a pause as the smoke clears.

Than other mutants climb down through the ceiling.

They find the Control Room empty. The door is closed.

One of the mutants looks at the computer monitor.

The SCREENSAVER has a picture of a scantily dressed woman with the caption....

'IF YOU WANT TO SEE MORE OF ME, CLICK HERE.'

The mutant clicks the COMPUTER MOUSE.

There is a deafening EXPLOSION as the computer goes up.

BOOOM!!!

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski sees this on his monitor and shakes his head sadly.

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DOBRINSKI
Too much testosterone always ends
in tears. I'll cut the amount
down for the next batch.

In the GLASS CASE, one COCKROACH climbs on the back of another one.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE CORRIDOR. DAY.

The mutants manage to get the door of the bedroom open where TRAVIS, KILLIAN and WANDA are holed up.

Withering automatic gunfire comes from the room.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

The first few mutants are riddled and go down.

A mutant lobs a GRENADE into the room.

WANDA picks it up and throws it back.

It explodes.

BOOM!

More mutants are scattered by the blast.

LEGS, HEADS and ARMS that have been blown off are scattered on the floor of the corridor.

BLOOD is sprayed up the walls and ceiling.

But the mutants keep coming.

Another GRENADE is lobbed by the mutants under heavy fire.

KILLIAN steps from behind cover to grab it and he is HIT in the chest.

He goes down.

Wanda and Travis take cover as best they can.

The grenade explodes.

BOOM!!

KILLIAN is DEAD.

TRAVIS looks down to see half of his own LEG is missing.

The mutants attack again.

WANDA holds them back temporarily with the FLAME THROWER.

Three of the mutants SCREAM and stagger back ON FIRE.

TRAVIS
Give me that.

Travis is propped against a wall.

He takes the flame thrower from Wanda.

He indicates the door off the bedroom.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Get the fuck outta here.

WANDA
What about you?

TRAVIS
Just go. That's an order.

WANDA
Yessir.

Wanda takes cover in the room off [similar layout to the WEAPONS ROOM] and forces the door closed and locks it.

TRAVIS FRIES several more mutants until TWO GRENADES come rolling in.

He throws one back, which explodes.

BOOM!!

It hurls mutants in all directions.

As Travis grabs the other it explodes in his hand.

BOOM!

TRAVIS is dead.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

As the smoke clears more mutants pour through the ceiling. They see that the room is empty.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE CORRIDOR. DAY.

SCHAFER leads JAZZ, EMMETT and QUEENIE along the corridor on high alert.

Jazz covers the 'front door.'

EMMETT covers their rear.

They approach the ELEVATOR SHAFT at the end of the corridor and press the button to call the ELEVATOR.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobranski sees what they are doing on his monitor. He speaks into his microphone.

DOBRINSKI

Looks like they're taking the elevator up. Make sure there is a reception committee waiting for them.

OPERATOR

Which floor do you want the unfortunates to amass, sir?

DOBRINSKI

Use your sense...if you've got any. Do I have to do everything myself? Cover each floor up to twelve.

OPERATOR

Yes sir.

Dobranski strokes Socrates which is again asleep on his lap. He studies the chessboard which is laid out in front of him. He speaks to himself.

DOBRINSKI

Check mate so soon? I expected more from you, Schafer.

Suddenly his monitor blacks out.

Dobranski fiddles around desperately to get the picture back.

He speaks into the mike again.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
Check out the CCTV on Level
One....now!

OPERATOR
Yes sir.

Dobrinski ponders his next move on the chess board.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
I can't get a picture on Level
One, sir. Something appears to be
jamming the signal.

Dobrinski sits back in his chair frowning. His face
gradually creases into a smile.

DOBRINSKI
Maybe I was too hasty in my
judgement. Maybe I underestimated
you after all, Schafer.

Socrates purrs on his lap as he strokes the cat.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE BEDROOM. DAY.

The mutants pour into the room over the debris and the dead
bodies of TRAVIS and KILLIAN.

They search for the third body.

One of the mutants shakes his head.

Another one points at the door into the room off.

They start to batter at the door.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. THE ROOM OFF / LEVEL ONE BEDROOM. DAY.

WANDA frantically searches for a way out of the room.

She clears rubbish off shelves which crashes onto the
floor.

As she does this she notices a small DOOR in the WALL.

She opens the DOOR.

This is a DUMB WAITER.

WANDA'S face lights up.

The mutants POUND on the door of the room.

Wanda pulls the rope to bring the DUMB WAITER down.

She folds herself into the confined space but can't get her weapon in with her...it is too long.

The mutants continue to pound on the door, which is about to come off its hinges.

WANDA frantically searches for another weapon.

There is nothing obvious to hand.

She lets off a LONG BURST of machine gun fire at the door.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

On the other side of the door mutants are killed and drop like flies.

Others return fire through the door.

One of the mutants sets an explosive charge at the door.

The other mutants take cover.

The charge is detonated.

BOOM!

The door is blown off its hinges.

More machine gun fire is directed into the room.

But as the SMOKE CLEARS we see the room is empty.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobranski watches the monitor intently.

The CCTV camera in the elevator shows the doors of the elevator opening at Level One.

The camera shows an empty corridor.

OPERATOR

The elevator camera at Level One shows that there is nobody waiting for the elevator on that level, sir.

DOBRINSKI

I can see that you silly bitch.
Watch the stairway. They must be
using that.

OPERATOR

Which stairway, sir?

DOBRINSKI

For Christ's sake! The stairway
from the West Portal of Level
One. What else? I'm not talking
about the fucking stairway to
heaven, am I? Although maybe it
will be for them.

Dobrinski smiles.

OPERATOR

I can't find a stairway to heaven
on my circuit board, sir.

Dobrinski groans in dismay. He talks to himself.

DOBRINSKI

I really must remember to re-
programme her personal circuit
board.

Dobrinski's monitor flickers back on.

Schafer, Jazz, Queenie and Killian can be seen climbing the
stairs from Level One.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)

There they are. Send the
reception committee..now.

OPERATOR

Yes sir.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. IN THE DUMB WAITER. DAY.

WANDA is pulling the rope as she winches herself slowly
upwards. SWEAT pours off her.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. THE ROOM OFF / LEVEL ONE BEDROOM. DAY.

The mutants burst into the room.

As the smoke clears they realise it is empty.

One of them peers down the shaft of the DUMB WAITER.

He then peers upwards and sees it moving away from him.

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He lets off a burst of machine gun fire upwards.

The bullets WHINE as they RICOCHET off the walls of the shaft.

The mutants machine gun jams.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. IN THE DUMB WAITER. DAY.

BULLETS burst through the thin wood of the floor of the tiny elevator, right between Wanda's legs. She flinches.

WANDA

Shit!

She pulls on the rope even harder to make the thing go faster.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

OPERATOR

Sir....we have reports that the old micro hand-winched elevator from Room Twenty three on Level One is ascending.

DOBRINSKI

Interesting. Make sure it is intercepted at the next level.

OPERATOR

Very good, sir.

INT. LEVEL ONE STAIRCASE. WEST PORTAL. DAY.

The mutants rush back up the stairs.

As they do so, a RED LIGHT on a BOX stuck to the WALL comes on and there is a terrific explosion.

BOOM!!!

The mutants bodies are scattered everywhere.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski hears the explosion.

DOBRINSKI

What the fuck

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OPERATOR

I don't know, sir. Reports coming in suggest a timing device had been left on the stairway from Level One.

DOBRINSKI

Yes, of course. If they're not on the stairs and not in the elevator they must be holed up in one of the rooms on Level One. Scan all the rooms now.

OPERATOR

Yes, sir.

Dobrinski thinks.

DOBRINSKI

And check the East Portal stairway. Yes, of course...a classic double blind manouver....

Dobrinski laughs to himself and rubs his hands together and smiles.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)

This is fun!

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL ONE CORRIDOR. DAY.

SCHAFER, JAZZ, and EMMETT run down the corridor. This time QUEENIE covers their rear.

INT. LEVEL ONE STAIRWAY. WEST PORTAL. DAY.

The mutants pour down the stairway to Level One. They look around but meet no resistance.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski sees this on his monitor.

DOBRINSKI

They must be there. Wait! Check the elevator. They must have doubled back.

INT. LEVEL ONE STAIRCASE. EAST PORTAL. DAY.

Schafer, Jazz, Emmett and Queenie meet no resistance. They rush up the stairs.

They get to LEVEL FIVE. A couple of mutants are on guard at the top of the stairs.

Schafer gestures for the others to wait and keep quiet.

The mutants have their backs to him.

Schafer puts a cigarette in his mouth. He calls out.

SCHAFER

Hey, guys....gotta light?

One of the mutants reaches into his pocket.

As the mutant turns and looks up, Schafer shoots him between the eyes with an automatic.

BAM!

The other mutant tries to bring his weapon up to fire at Schafer but Schafer shoots this one in the head as well.

BAM!

Both mutants are DEAD.

Schafer gestures for the other three to follow him, which they do.

They run down the corridor of Level Five.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. IN THE DUMB WAITER.

WANDA continues to haul on the rope. She has been counting the number of the floors off in her head.

WANDA

This has gotta be Level Five.

She climbs out of the dumb waiter into a small room....exactly the same as the one she just left. There is a larger room off...which leads into the corridor. The doors are open.

She looks both ways for any sign of the mutants.

The coast is clear. She runs down the corridor.

INT. IN LEVEL FIVE CORRIDOR. DAY.

Schafer sees movement ahead down the corridor.

He stops and gestures for the others to take cover.

Schafer looses off a couple of rounds.

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WANDA shouts.

WANDA
Hey guys....don't shoot...it's
me!

Wanda steps out of cover.

Schafer and the rest run up to her.

WANDA (CONT'D)
Am I glad to see you guys.

JAZZ
And you.

Wanda and Jazz embrace

EMMETT
The other two?

Wanda shakes her head.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

They all duck as shots ring out.

The mutants have spotted them.

They return fire.

WANDA
This way.

They get to outside the MASTER COMPUTER ROOM.

Jazz manages to get the door open and they all run in,
covered by Schafer and Emmett.

Schafer runs in last just as the door slides shut.

INT. IN THE MASTER COMPUTER ROOM. LEVEL FIVE. DAY.

Jazz is already on the computer making sure that the door
cannot be opened from outside.

They see the mutants arrive at the door and try to open it.

JAZZ
Got it.

They all slump into chairs or slide down the wall to sit on
the floor.

There is a MASSIVE sigh of relief all round.

They hear Dobrinski through the PA system.

DOBRINSKI [O.C.]

Well done. I never thought you would make it this far. And neither did you. Shame about the other two. I guess that will save me ten thousand dollars.

Dobrinski giggles.

Jazz continues to try to programme the computer.

DOBRINSKI [O.C.] (CONT'D)

Although nothing that Schafer does would really surprise me. Of course you realise that your unelected leader has ulterior motives to the rest of you. That's what makes this experiment so interesting and unique. The rest of you merely want to survive until the virus has dissipated and get out of herebut Schafer wants something entirely different. Being a professor of human psychology I know that you are now all wondering what that ulterior motive could possibly be, aren't you? I'll leave you to figure it out.

Dobrinski laughs.

The others all look at Schafer.

QUEENIE

Jesus Christ! How about that guy? Can't you shut him up? I mean, block the signal.... from here?

JAZZ

I can but it will mean all channels are temporarily unusable...by anyone.

Jazz looks at Schafer, who nods. Jazz programmes a code into the computer.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski's monitor, which was showing a view of the main computer room, suddenly goes 'SNOWY' and then goes BLANK. Dobrinski sits back and smiles.

DOBRINSKI
Excellent. I think I
underestimated the one who calls
herself Jazzlyn.

He re-programmes something on his computer keyboard.

He speaks into the microphone.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
Go to emergency communications
mode.

OPERATOR
Yes, sir.

Dobrinski strokes Socrates.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Sorry, sir. All channels have
interference. We are trying to
clear it....

DOBRINSKI
They cannot use the system when
it is jammed. It will be most
interesting to see what happens
next. I think I have implanted
enough uncertainty in their minds
to cause dissension in the ranks.

OPERATOR
Excuse me? I don't think I quite
understand? Please clarify?

Dobrinski frowns with impatience.

He flips the off switch on the microphone.

He strokes Socrates on his lap.

DOBRINSKI
You might not understand but I
know that Schafer does.

INT. IN THE MASTER COMPUTER ROOM. LEVEL FIVE. DAY.

They are all in the same positions except for JAZZ who now slumps back in her chair.

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They all look at each other.

The atmosphere is tense, full of the unspoken word.

EMMETT

So...what do we do now?

QUEENIE

I dunno about you guys but I think I'll go take a shower, have a nice juicy steak with a few cold beers and an early night.

WANDA

Sounds good to me, sister. You don't mind if I join you?

QUEENIE

The pleasure would be all mine.

EMMETT

This a women-only club or can anyone get involved?

QUEENIE

I reckon we could make an exception in your case....due to the circumstances.

EMMETT

Thanks. I could kill for a cold beer.

The word 'kill' hangs in the air.

The long, suffocating silence, drapes around them.

Jazz looks directly into Schafer's eyes.

She says what they are all thinking.

JAZZ

What does Dobrinski mean...that you have an ulterior motive?

SCHAFER

It means that he's running scared.

QUEENIE

Yeah, right. We got him where we want him...backed into a corner.

WANDA

And there was me thinking it was us who was in the shit.

SCHAFFER

First rule of psychological warfare...if you're losing...plant uncertainty in the minds of the enemy. Create division in their ranks and they defeat themselves.

JAZZ

Unity is strength?

Schafer nods.

WANDA

Sounds like communism.

SCHAFFER

Sort of.

QUEENIE

One for all and all for one? Like the four musketeers?

EMMETT

Except there are five of us.

WANDA

At the moment.

JAZZ

And Schafer is d'Artagnan. Always ready to save the damsel in distress.

WANDA

Or in this case...maybe just save himself.

Silence.

They all look at Schafer.

Schafer looks directly at Jazz.

SCHAFFER

Say the word and I'll walk out of here right now. Your choice.

Jazz looks away.

The silence stretches.

EMMETT

Like I said....what do we do now?

WANDA

We could sit here and wait....

QUEENIE

Until the doors open?

Wanda raises her eyebrows and shrugs.

EMMETT

That ain't gonna happen. Those things are gonna find a way in here well before the time runs out....like they did before. Ain't that right, Schafer?

Schafer nods slightly while he is cleaning his weapons.

We see a view of GAS CANISTERS behind Schafer.

Also there are INFRA RED NIGHT VISION HEADSETS in evidence.

QUEENIE

Well....if we can't stay here and can't get outwhat the fuck do we do?

JAZZ

Reckon we ought to ask d'Artagnan.

They all look at Schafer.

Beat.

SCHAFER

This is the master computer room for the Citadel, right?... where everything

JAZZ

Almost everything.....

SCHAFER

Can be controlled.

They now hear banging and ripping noises coming from above and from the room next door.

Also from outside the main door in the corridor.

EMMETT

Shit! This time they're coming through the wall.....

QUEENIE
And the ceiling.....

WANDA
They gonna hit us in two places
at once?

SCHAFER
Classic military pincer
movement.....is there any way
you can block video and sound to
Dobrinski when you restore the
rest of the system?

Jazz focuses on the computer monitor and fiddles with the
keyboard.

JAZZ
Probably...but it would take me a
while to work out how to do
it....

There is a resounding CRASH from above.

EMMETT
And we ain't got a while...

SCHAFER
Listen. This is all a game to
Dobrinski and we're the pawns in
that perverted game that he's
willing to sacrifice....if we
can't out-think him.

QUEENIE
Meaning?

JAZZ
Schafer means that he has a plan.
Am I right?

Schafer smiles.

SCHAFER
It's a long shot.

QUEENIE
I prefer backing outsiders...they
pay off better.

WANDA
I've always been an outsider
myself.....so.....

EMMETT
Any plan has gotta be better than
no plan.....

They all look at Jazz.

She glances away from the monitor and looks at Schafer.

JAZZ

OK, d'Artagnan. Let's hear it.

There is another loud CRASH.

EMMETT

I hope this plan don't take too long in the telling.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski is animated.

He leans forward in his chair. SOCRATES is almost squashed and mee-ows.

Dobrinski speaks into the microphone while he plays with the keyboard.

DOBRINSKI

Can't you clear this blockage?

OPERATOR

We're doing our best, sir.

DOBRINSKI

Then maybe your best isn't good enough.

OPERATOR

All circuits pass through the Master Computer Room on Level Five. Designed by yourself, sir.

Dobrinski looks like thunder.

DOBRINSKI

When this is over remind me to have you replaced.

OPERATOR

Very good, sir.

DOBRINSKI

I never could stand people who answer me back. Especially women.

Dobrinski's monitor comes back to life. He can see and hear what is going on in the MASTER COMPUTER ROOM on Level Five.

INT. IN THE MASTER COMPUTER ROOM. LEVEL FIVE. DAY.

The mutants are beginning to break through the wall.
Queenie and Wanda return automatic fire.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

Emmett directs his fire at the mutants trying to break through the ceiling.

Jazz is frantically trying to programme the computer.

Schafer is rigging up some sort of home-made device with the GAS CANISTERS.

He starts to attach this to the ventilation system.

The noise from the machine gun fire is deafening.

Jazz has to SHOUT to be heard.

JAZZ

This gonna work?

SCHAFER

We'll soon find out. If you're religious I suggest you pray to your God.

JAZZ

I'm way ahead of you on that one.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski watches the events unfold on his monitor. He smiles to himself. He rocks backwards and forwards in his chair.

DOBRINSKI

Ingenious. I knew I'd got it right with Schafer. They say the meek shall inherit the earth.
Poppycock.

In the glass case a LARGE COCKROACH kills a smaller one.

In the baby CROCODILE aquarium a larger specimen drowns a smaller one.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]

Feeling pleased with yourself, huh, Dobrinski?

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DOBRINSKI
I think this is a moment to
savour, don't you?

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Oh, yes. Queen to king's knight
seven.....checkmate. You lose,
Dobrinski.

Dobrinski briefly scans the chessboard

DOBRINSKI
Hah!

Dobrinski swipes at the CHESSBOARD.

Socrates leaps off his lap as the board and pieces go
flying in all directions.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
That's the trouble with you,
Dobrinski. You've always been a
bad loser.

DOBRINSKI
Go to hell.

INT. IN THE MASTER COMPUTER ROOM. LEVEL FIVE. DAY.

Schafer cups his hands around his mouth and yells.

SCHAFER
Fall back!!

On his command, Queenie, Wanda and Emmett cease firing and
retreat behind a makeshift barrier that they have erected
around the computer station.

Jazz presses a button on the keyboard. The monitor
reads.....

' SYSTEM OPERATIVE'

JAZZ
That's it.

Schafer helps Jazz put on a gas MASK. The others are
putting final adjustments to their MASKS.

The mutants are about to break through the ceiling and
wall.

Two mutants break through the wall. Queenie shoots them
dead.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

A GREENISH-COLOURED GAS now snakes its way out of the ventilation system.

A RIBBON attached to the ventilation fan shows that the in-flowing gas current is strong.

A mutant breaks through the ceiling.

Another breaks through the wall.

They both suddenly start to clutch at their throats and stagger about. Their faces turn purple.

Within seconds they collapse, dead.

Jazz reaches up and presses a key on the keyboard.

The monitor shows a view of the corridor directly outside the room.

The same thing is happening.

Most of the mutants have collapsed and the rest are in their death throes.

Jazz presses another button which opens the door to the corridor. She touches Schafer's arm.

Schafer looks into her eyes. Jazz smiles.

Schafer briefly squeezes her hand.

He runs out of the room just as the LIGHTS all over the Citadel go OUT.

The gas MASKS also double as NIGHT-VISION HEADSETS.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

The lights go out.

DOBRINSKI
Switch to emergency power.

OPERATOR
Yes, sir.

The lights come back up in Dobrinski's lab.

The monitor is still blank.

DOBRINSKI

What about the rest of the building?

OPERATOR

We're trying to find a way to override the order from the Master Computer Room on Level Five but it will take some time.....

PROFESSOR [O.C.]

Poison gas. No lights.....if I was a card player I would say that Schafer now holds all the aces.

DOBRINSKI

Fuck you.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]

He's coming to kill you, Dobrinski. And the odds on you surviving are getting shorter by the second.

Dobrinski speaks into the microphone.

DOBRINSKI

Release the rest of the mutants from the holding bay.

OPERATOR

They have all been deployed, sir. Apart from your personal bodyguard.

DOBRINSKI

Then deploy them you silly bitch.....now! And get the lighting back up.

OPERATOR

Right away, sir.

INT. OUTSIDE THE MUTANTS HOLDING BAY.

Dobrinski's personal mutant bodyguards pour out of the room.

These mutants are dressed in RED BOILER SUITS and are heavily armed.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

The PROFESSOR laughs.

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PROFESSOR [O.C.]
Running out of options and
running out of time. If you want
my opinion....it's mate on the
move. You're losing, Dobrinski.

DOBRINSKI
Did I ask for your fucking
opinion?

Socrates spits and snarls and claws at the glass of the
cage holding the cockroaches.

INT. ON THE STAIRWAY. WEST PORTAL. DAY.

Dobrinski's personal bodyguard pour down the stairs to
Level Five.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL FIVE CORRIDOR. DAY.

Schafer runs down the corridor towards the elevator.

The doors are OPEN. The power is still off.

Schafer reaches up with a SCREWDRIVER and starts to loosen
the screws around the HATCH in the roof of the elevator.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL FIVE CORRIDOR. DAY.

JAZZ, EMMETT and WANDA run down the corridor in the
opposite direction from Schafer. QUEENIE covers their rear.

They get to the end of the corridor without meeting any
resistance. They huddle together.

Wanda covers their front.

Jazz checks her watch.

The LIGHTS come back on.

JAZZ
Right on time. Just what I
figured.

EMMETT
Who's a clever girl?

They all take off their masks.

WANDA
Let's go.

Wanda leads and the others follow her up the stairs of the
East Portal. Queenie covers their rear again.

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INT. IN THE CORRIDOR. LEVEL TEN. DAY.

SIX MUTANTS....some of Dobrinski's Personal bodyguard, gather around the doors to the elevator.

They see that the elevator is on the way up.

They take cover.

The elevator stops and the doors slide open. The elevator is empty.

One of the mutants enters the elevator to inspect it. He notices that the hatch in the roof of the elevator is open.

He gestures to the others. The others walk in and they all fire at the same time into the ceiling.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

A devastating BURST of machine gun fire comes through the FLOOR of the elevator causing FIVE of the mutants to be riddled with bullets.

They go down.

One MUTANT manages to escape.

SCHAFER opens a TRAPDOOR in the FLOOR of the elevator and climbs through the hatch.

As he does so the mutant fires at him.

Schafer is hit.

He returns fire and the mutant goes down.

Schafer crawls out of the elevator, breathing heavily, collapses and lies still.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski sees Schafer go down and smiles.

INT. ON THE STAIRWAY. EAST PORTAL. DAY.

Wanda leads the way. Emmett and Jazz are close behind. Queenie brings up the rear.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL FIVE CORRIDOR. DAY.

DOBRINSKI'S SPECIAL BODYGUARD mutants reach the elevator doors.

They see the elevator is on its way down. They take cover.

The elevator stops and the doors open.

It is empty. Three of them enter the elevator.

One of the mutants notices a BOX stuck to the ceiling of the elevator.

As he reaches up towards it a LIGHT on the box turns RED.

There is a massive explosion.

BOOM!!

The ELEVATOR is blown off its cables and plummets five floors to the basement and EXPLODES.

BOOM!!

INT. ON THE STAIRWAY. EAST PORTAL. DAY.

At a turning of the stairway, mutants now appear in front of Wanda and open fire.

WANDA

Get down!

The others crouch down.

Wanda returns fire, hitting one of the mutants who goes down.

Mutants now appear coming up the stairs behind them.

Queenie opens fire.

QUEENIE

We got company.

Emmett also returns fire.

EMMETT

How the fuck did they get behind us?

QUEENIE

Keep firing, soldier.

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EMMETT

Yes, Mam!!!

The four are now pinned down. Jazz and Wanda fire up the stairs. Emmett fires down the stairs.

Queenie ignites a FLAME-THROWER.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL TEN CORRIDOR. DAY.

SCHAFER slowly makes his way up the empty corridor.

He has been shot in the shoulder.

He hides in a doorway as one of the mutants exits a room.

Schafer peers through the glass of a doorway.

He sees a laboratory.

This is Dobrinski's laboratory.

Dobrinski is sitting in his chair in front of his computer.

Schafer checks his weapon and takes some deep breaths, gathering himself..

INT. ON THE STAIRWAY. EAST PORTAL. DAY.

WANDA is hit in the leg. She cries out.

WANDA

Goddammit!

A mutant appears around the top of the stairs.

JAZZ shoots him. He goes down.

At the rear, Wanda FRIES two mutants with the flame-thrower.

They go up like torches.

They SCREAM.

Emmett grimaces.

EMMETT

I almost feel sorry for 'em.

QUEENIE

I don't think the feeling is mutual.

As QUEENIE smiles she is SHOT in the chest.

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She drops the flame-thrower and coughs blood.

Emmett holds her in his arms. She grips his hand. She closes her eyes.

Emmett stands and returns machine gun fire.

EMMETT

Come on then you motherfuckers.
This what you want, eh? Come on!

One of the mutants picks up the FLAME THROWER and torches Emmett.

EMMETT bursts into flames.

His SCREAMS are piercing.

WANDA turns and shoots EMMETT dead.

Jazz looks horrified.

As Wanda reloads, a BULLET hits her in the head.

BLOOD spurts and splashes on the wall behind her.

She DIES instantly.

The mutants close in from both sides.

Jazz raises her weapon.

DOBRINSKI [O.C.]

Don't be stupid! Drop your weapon
now...if you want to live.

Jazz realises the situation is hopeless and drops her weapon.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL TEN CORRIDOR. DAY.

SCHAFER slowly opens the door to Dobrinski's lab and scuttles through and takes cover behind a desk.

He peers over the top of the desk.

There are two of Dobrinski's personal bodyguard in the room.

One stands on either side of Dobrinski.

Dobrinski speaks into the microphone.

DOBRINSKI

Bring the girl to me.

Schafer leans with his back against the desk, lost in thought.

He spots a VENTILATION COVER in the wall.

He produces a screwdriver and starts to unscrew the cover.

Jazz is brought into the lab through another door flanked by two of Dobrinski's personal bodyguard mutants.

The mutants bring Jazz over to Dobrinski. She has her hands cuffed behind her back.

INT. IN THE VENTILATION SHAFT. DAY.

Schafer crawls up the shaft.

SCHAFER
I'm getting too old for this
shit.

At ceiling-level the shaft splits into two. Schafer makes an instant decision.

He crawls silently to a position above the corridor.

He pulls out the GRATING over the shaft and takes the STRAP off his machine gun and ties a noose in one end.

He KNOCKS quietly on the shaft.

SCHAFER (CONT'D)
Come to Poppa.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

Dobrinski and the other mutants hear the knocking.

DOBRINSKI
Check that out.

He turns to talk to Jazz.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
My hearty congratulations. You
did well to get so close.

Dobrinski checks his watch.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
Time's up. The doors are open.

INT. THE ENTRANCE TO THE CITADEL. DAY.

The CITADEL'S MAIN OUTER DOORS now slide open.

INT. ON THE STAIRWAY. EAST PORTAL. DAY.

QUEENIE opens her eyes. She spits blood. With an enormous effort she starts to drag herself painfully up the stairs.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

DOBRINSKI
So close and yet so far.

Dobrinski smiles. Jazz looks blank.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
In case you are
wondering....Schafer is dead. I
saw him do down. It's all
over....for you.

The mutant opens the door to the laboratory and steps into the corridor.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. LEVEL TEN CORRIDOR. DAY.

The mutant stands outside the laboratory door and looks up and down the corridor.

As he does, a NOOSE swings around his neck from above and he is hoisted off his feet.

Schafer secures the other end of the noose and leaves the mutant dangling.

The mutants legs kick spasmodically and then go still.

Schafer un-clips a BOX from his belt.

He sets the TIMER to SIXTY SECONDS and leaves it in the shaft.

He reverses quickly back down the ventilation shaft.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. DOBRINSKI'S LAB. DAY.

INTERCUT

Action in the laboratory is now intercut with a view of the BOMB TIMER ticking down to zero.

DOBRINSKI

The question is now....what to do with you. Any suggestions?

JAZZ

Fuck you.

Dobrinski smiles thinly.

DOBRINSKI

I would be glad to take you up on the offer...but as you can see...all carnal longings were unfortunately extinguished from my twisted body some years ago.

JAZZ

Your twisted body matches your twisted brain.

DOBRINSKI

Maybe so. You know....I like your spirit....even so close to death you remain belligerent. Is that the word....belligerent?

JAZZ

That's what my Momma always said I was. And I'm proud of it.

DOBRINSKI

Your Momma sounds like the kind of woman that I would like to meet. I'm sure, in another time...another world...we could have been friends....

JAZZ

In your dreams, pal. My Momma's scraped better things than you off her shoe.

Dobrinski laughs.

DOBRINSKI

Yes....belligerent is indeed the correct word.

Dobrinski's face suddenly changes.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)

But enough of this verbal sparring....as entertaining as it is.....to business.....

The timer on the bomb in the shaft ticks to zero. a red light comes on.

BOOM!!!!!!!!!!

There is now a huge blast and the CEILING in the corner of the lab caves in.

At the same time Schafer bursts through the ceiling behind Jazz and the mutants holding her.

He lands on his feet.

He shoots the two mutants holding Jazz.

BAM!

BAM!

The other mutant dives for cover.

Schafer dives behind a desk.

In the confusion, Dobrinski grabs Jazz. They grapple.

The remaining mutant stalks Schafer.

Schafer sees the mutants reflection in a glass on the top of the desk.

As the mutant puts his head around the corner, Schafer shoots him between the eyes.

BAM!

Meanwhile Dobrinski has overpowered Jazz and is holding a gun on her.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
If you want your girlfriend to
live, Schafer....I suggest you
give up....now!

JAZZ
Don't listen to him, Schafer.

DOBRINSKI
Shut the fuck up! You have three
seconds before I put a bullet in
her pretty little head.
One....two.....

Schafer stands up from behind the desk.

Dobrinski has one arm around Jazz's throat and holds the gun to her head.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
Come out where I can see you.

Schafer walks out from behind the desk and stands a few metres in front of Dobrinski.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
That's close enough. Now drop your weapon.

JAZZ
Don't listen to him, Schafer.
Shoot the mad bastard.

Dobrinski tightens his grip on Jazz and presses the gun to the side of her head.

Schafer drops his weapon.

DOBRINSKI
That's better.

Dobrinski smiles.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
She's right though. You should have shot me. I always said that the altruistic streak in you will get you killed. You're always just dying to help others less fortunate than yourself. Dying to help others.....that's funny.

Dobrinski laughs.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
Don't you think that's funny?

SCHAFER
Hysterical.

Dobrinski pushes Jazz into a CHAIR at the side of him and points his gun at Schafer.

DOBRINSKI
Don't move....either of you.

POV camera angle....we see Schafer still has the KNIFE tucked into the back of his belt.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
I suppose you're wondering what all this is about?

SCHAFER

Thought it was about you ruling the world? Some other guy tried it in Europe seventy years ago. He failed as well.

DOBRINSKI

Who says I've failed? You know that the main doors opened at least five minutes ago....you could have just walked out of here.

SCHAFER

Nah. Too easy.

DOBRINSKI

But you couldn't do that, could you? You had to play the hero and save the damsel in distress. Very noble of you, I'm sure.

SCHAFER

Thanks.

DOBRINSKI

Pity you didn't try to save that other girl?

Schafer frowns.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)

You know the one. You wear her pendant around your neck to this day. She was my daughter and you killed her. She was a missionary for the Red Cross in war-torn East Africa. Nursing the rebels. Victims of government genocide. And you were a mercenary....paid by that government to wipe out the rebel camps.

FLASHBACK

A REBEL CAMP OF MUD HUTS AND A FIELD HOSPITAL TENT. NIGHT.

DOBRINSKI [V.O.]

You attacked at night and over-ran the camp. Then the raping and the killing started.

TEN MERCENARIES dressed in ARMY FATIGUES burst into the camp and shoot armed GUERRILLAS in a FIRE FIGHT.

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SCHAFER [V.O.]
I tried to stop it.

A NURSE dressed in uniform comes out of a TENT with her hands up.

DOBRINSKI [V.O.]
She was a nurse in the field
hospital there....only trying to
help others. It was always her
way.

The NURSE looks at SCHAFER'S wounded arm and starts to treat it.

SCHAFER [V.O.]
She did help others...she dressed
my wounds.

DOBRINSKI [V.O.]
And to show how grateful you
were.... you killed her.

One of the MERCENARIES is walking around the CAMP shooting people who have surrendered who are lying on the ground.

Schafer gestures for the MERCENARY to stop.

The mercenary grins and carries on shooting.

Schafer raises a pistol and shoots the guy in the head.

BLOOD spurts.

The guy goes down.

SCHAFER [V.O.]
It wasn't like that. One of the
guys was shooting people at
random.... so I blew his brains
out.

A HELICOPTER suddenly appears STRAFING the camp with
WITHERING MACHINE GUN FIRE.

People drop like flies.

It is all over in seconds.

As the smoke clears the NURSE is lying on the ground, DEAD.

Her eyes are still open.

Schafer kneels next to her.

He gently removes her PENDANT from around her neck.

He closes her eyes with his fingers.

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SCHAFER [V.O.] (CONT'D)
Then a chopper came over and
strafed the camp. It was one of
ours....but in the fog of
war...it was blue on blue. I was
the only survivor. The rest of
the guys ...and your daughter
were killed in the attack. She
was good to me...so I took this
loket as a memento of her
kindness.....

END OF FLASHBACK

DOBRINSKI
You mean you looted her dead
body.

SCHAFER
I told you...it wasn't like that.

Schafer touches the PENDANT around his neck.

SCHAFER (CONT'D)
I've worn it ever since.

DOBRINSKI
You're lying. You killed her.
That's why I had your family
killed. Revenge was, oh, so
sweet.

Jazz screws her face up.

JAZZ
Is that what this is all about?
Revenge? Jesus!

SCHAFER
And Joey Watts?

DOBRINSKI
And Joey Watts.

Schafer riffles through his hair with his left hand and
reaches with his right hand behind him for the knife in his
belt.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)
Don't move! I know you don't care
if I kill you...

SCHAFER
You'll be doing me a favour,
pal...I've been dead for
years.....

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DOBRINSKI

But you do care about this
girl....don't bother to
lie...I've been watching you.

Dobranski now points the gun at Jazz.

DOBRINSKI (CONT'D)

Anyway...I don't want to kill
you, Schafer..it's your job..with
a few others like you...to re-
populate the earth. But not with
this bitch. I have one or two
blonde, blue-eyed females just
waiting for someone like you to
breed with.

SCHAFER

You sure make it sound like loves
young dream.....

DOBRINSKI levels the GUN at Jazz.

QUEENIE bursts through the door of the lab.

QUEENIE

Hey! Asshole!

Dobranski fires at Queenie who goes down.

BAM!

BAM!

Schafer throws the KNIFE which hits Dobranski in the
THROAT.

He is SKEWERED to his wheelchair.

Dobranski coughs blood, splutters and DIES.

Jazz looks away, horrified.

Schafer runs over to Queenie.

He turns her over and rests her head on his arm.

Her breathing is laboured.

She whispers.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Did you get him?

Schafer nods.

Queenie grips Schafer's hand hard.

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QUEENIE (CONT'D)
You know somethin'?

She screws her face up in pain.

Schafer lowers his head so he can hear her.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
.... I should have met you ten
years ago.....

SCHAFFER
[gently]
Nah. Ten years ago I was an
asshole.

QUEENIE
So what's new?

Schafer smiles.

Queenie smiles and DIES.

Her grip on Schafer's hand loosens. Her hand falls to one
side.

Schafer's smile evaporates.

He lays her body gently on the floor.

He walks over to Dobrinski's body and finds the key and un-
cuffs Jazz.

He pulls the KNIFE out of Dobrinski's body and puts it back
in the back of his belt.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
I always told Dobrinski that his
experiment would end in his
death.

Schafer and Jazz look at each other.

SCHAFFER
Who the fuck are you?

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
I am the professor.

SCHAFFER
Not another one.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
You and the girl are left to re-
populate the earth.
(MORE)

PROFESSOR [O.C.] (CONT'D)
Let's hope you'll make a better
job of it than the last time this
was tried. Good luck.

SCHAFER
Thanks...I think.

PROFESSOR [O.C.]
This building will destruct in
exactly three minutes...and
counting.

SCHAFER
You've seen too many comic-strip
movies, pal.

SILENCE.

An EAR-SPLITTING ALARM goes off.

Jazz looks at the MONITOR of the computer. She plays with
the keyboard.

JAZZ
It can't be over-ridden. Looks
like we gotta run.

SCHAFER
I'm right behind you.

JAZZ picks up SOCRATES and they run out of the DOOR to the
LAB and down the stairs.

INT. IN THE CITADEL. STAIRWAY / FOYER. DAY.

As they pass the door to LEVEL EIGHT a MUTANT fires at
them.

SCHAFER is hit in the LEG.

He returns fire and the mutant goes down.

JAZZ puts Schafer's arm around her shoulders and they limp
as fast as they can down the stairs.

Jazz takes the MACHINE-GUN off him.

As they pass the door to LEVEL FOUR another MUTANT fires at
them.

Jazz DROPS the mutant with a BURST of machine gun fire.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

The gun is out of AMMO so she drops it and runs on.

SCHAFER
Now I know how it feels to be
rescued by Annie Oakley.

The ALARM gets louder all the time.

In the FOYER of the CITADEL they head towards the main doors.

Another MUTANT rears up in front of them.

SCHAFER (CONT'D)
How long have we got?

JAZZ
Ten seconds.

The MUTANT levels his GUN at them.

Schafer throws the KNIFE.

It spikes the mutant in the chest.

The mutant goes down.

They HOBBLE FAST out of the doors.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CITADEL. DAY.

There is an EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION.

The CITADEL's windows blow out.

GLASS flies.

The building COLLAPSES in a cloud of dust and debris.

The EARTH SHAKES.

BOOM!!!!

Schafer and Jazz are thrown headlong by the BLAST.

So is the CAT but it lands on its feet.

Schafer spits out dirt.

He squints at SOCRATES through dust-filled eyes.

SCHAFER

How come cats always land on
their feet?

Schafer and Jazz sit up.

JAZZ

I reckon they know something we
don't know. Like how to survive
in an unfriendly world.

SCHAFER

In that case....we're gonna have
to learn fast. If we're gonna
perpetuate the species.

JAZZ

That must be the worst chat up
line I ever heard. Wouldn't you
have preferred one of Dobrinski's
blue-eyed blondes?

SCHAFER

Sure. But beggars can't be
choosers.

JAZZ

I know the feeling. Asshole.

They smile and hobble away.

Schafer has his arm around Jazz's shoulder, leaning on her.

SOCRATES follows them.

Behind them the ruins of the CITADEL burn.

FADE OUT.

