

GUINEAPIGS

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FADE IN:

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM- DAY

CAPTAIN: JANE: SUBJECT#3

A framed photo of GERTRUDE (guineapig) wearing fancy dress gear, on the bedside table.

A sprawling connection of cages forms Gertrude's palace, next to a single bed.

A lot of tender care has gone into its construction.

Giggling, JANE (18) (Dull blue eyes, lank blond hair, bad, spotty, complexion) sprawled on the bed strokes Gertrude.

JANE

(To Gertrude)

Gertrude, you're so beautiful.

JANE MONTAGE:

- (#1) Sleepy, crunching through her Kellog's cornflake.
- (#2) In the library studying, sneaking peeks at the HOT guy.
- (#3) Playing with Gertrude.
- (#4) Feeding the ducks... nibbling the bread as a HUNK strolls by.
- (#5) Eating a salad.
- (#6) Playing with Gertrude.
- (#7) Shyly, peeping through her curtain as STUD parks his car.
- (#8) Reading a bedtime story to Gertrude.



INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE- NIGHT

Heaped in the centre, a grotty table.

A placard proclaims: GUINEAPIGS RESCUE COMMITTEE.

Seated around are:

CAPTION: "SAINT" BERNARD: subject#2

"SAINT" BERNARD (40s) his droopy jowls flapping as he masticates through his bucket of KFC chicken.

Splintered bones litter.

A thick dog collar around his neck studded with his name.

Food splashes stain his MEAT IS MURDER tee-shirt.

CAPTION: LADY DOVE: subject#5

LADY DOVE (60s) a fur wrapped prune of sunshine greediness.

Around her neck, a fox wrap, its teeth diamond studded.

Gold her cigarette holder, she blows smoke rings.

Sunglasses.

CAPTAIN: SWEETIE PIE: subject#6



SWEETIE PIE (17) inserts a straw between her rotten, blacken and braced teeth.

Annoying slurps her milkshake.

Razorblades hang from her hooped earrings.

Skinny.

A dog lead resting on her bony knees.

CAPTION: DECKER: subject#8

DECKER (Black, 50s) taps a BLIND PERSON white walking sick as he listens to music via his Walkman.

Heavy glasses hide his eyes.

Seated in a wheelchair.

Garbed in black trainers, tracksuit, large, black crucifix.

Jane enters... her anxious eyes scan the seated; they wave her over.

She turns to leave, Decker zips up- blocks her exit.

Gives her an encouraging smile.

DECKER

Salutations, sister.



He escorts her to the table.

She peers at the placard.

JANE

Guineapigs rescue committee?

Lady Dove checks her diamond crusted watch.

LADY DOVE

Tori, your late darling.

JANE

I'm sorry... I'm Jane.

SWEETIE PIE

If my kin had branded me
Jane- I'd slaughtered-

DECKER

Take no heed of Sweetie Pie,
take a pew, sister.

He gestures to a wooden chair; she sits.

Slobbering, Bernard sucks a drumstick dry.

Crunches it with his heavy teeth.

DECKER

Your new to this pastime.



Jane gives an excited grin.

JANE

First rescue mission.

LADY DOVE

Operation, Tori, we don't
go on missions; that's the
duty of God's missionaries.

DECKER

Praise the lord!

LADY DOVE

We're animal rights terrorists.
Save the guineapigs!

JANE

Are they hurting them?

LADY DOVE

They're frying the pure blighters'
brains with electrons.

SWEETIT PIE

Skinning, and cooking
the juicy hogs.

DECKER

Take no heed of Sweetie Pie.



SWEETIE PIE

Slashing them with razors.

DECKER

Take no heed of Sweetie Pie.

LADY DOVE

As God fearing missionaries,
our mission is to rescue the
blighters.

JANE

I must back before nine.

(Off their disapproving looks)

Bedtime story for Gertrude.

Bernard gives a snuffling BARK.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE- NIGHT

A blue disability badge in an old black cab.

Lady Dove pushes Decker to it.

Dog lead fixed to Bernard's collar; Sweetie pie walks him.

He jerks her to a standstill as he sniffs at a lamppost.

She drags him.



They arrive at Decker's black cab.

He springs out of his wheelchair- moonwalks.

DECKER

Praise the lord- I can dance!

The get into the cab.

INT. BLACK CAB:

Jane and Sweetie Pie on the backseat.

Bernards lies on their feet.

Lady Dove riding shotgun.

Decker tosses his white walking stick on the dashboard.

Keys the ignition.

Speeds away...

EXT. THE D COMPLEX- NIGHT

Pulls up.

Bernard snoring.



Decker leans over pokes him awake with his stick.

Bernard growls.

SWEETIE PIE

Poke the porky dog- go on Decks.

Decker stabs him with his stick.

Bernard bites it, chews on it like a rabid dog, foamy spittle dripping.

LADY DOVE

If you two don't desist I'll
spray you.

She aims a pepper spray at them.

Jane tries to scramble out, but the door is locked.

EXT. D COMPLEX- NIGHT

Dark, sinister; security cameras, razor fenced.

Jane ready to split; Lady Dove takes her wrist.

Sweetie Pie springs her flick knife.



SWEETIE PIE

I'm going to stab a fucking guard.

JANE

(Eying the blade)

Maybe I could come another-

LADY DOVE

Take notice of Sweetie Pie's
evangelization - it's God's
wisdom.

DECKER

The dice has been cast.

Lady Dove wraps her fur tight around her.

LADY DOVE

A lady doesn't loiter
like a street prostitute.

Decker fumbles in his pocket... produces the gate's key.

Opens it.

DECKER

(To Jane about an insider giving him the keys)

Salvation! A worm has turned.

Sweetie Pie drags Bearnard from a wall as he cocks his leg at
it.



Decker taps a number in a security door.

They enter.

INT.COMPOUND- CONT'D

Dark.

A torch shines into Jane's face.

LADY DOVE

(To Jane)

Tori, confession time.

DECKER (O/S)

Praise the lord.

INT. METAL CELL

Unconscious, Jane writhes on a thin mattress on a secured metal framed bed.

She wearing prison styled stripped "pyjamas" with a stencilled SUBJECT #3 on them.

She's dreaming and she mumbles...

An eerie alarm BUZZ wakes her.

For several seconds, her eyes roam the room... focus on a



perplexed protected security camera monitoring her.

She feels her head: blood crusted stitches mark the spot of her craniotomy.

She rises, barefoot totters to the cell's door: no door handle.

Gently knocks on it.

JANE

Hello, I'm trapped in here.

Knocks harder.

JANE

Can someone please let me out.

Faces the camera, frantically waving out it.

JANE

Hello! Hello!

Pounds on it- boots it: hurting her toes.

She sinks down, cries.

LATER:

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Jane bites her fingernails.

Gets up and explores the room:

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Several monitors are fixed in the wall: they are numbered subjects 1 to 8.

A large monitor next to them.

An area where a metal toilet and sink give privacy from the camera.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The D corporation wishes to
thank subject#3 for agreeing to
participate in our experiment.

She spins; trying to locate the source of the voice.

JANE

I haven't agreed anything-
let me out!

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 will fill out
the evaluation forms.

Jane darts a glance at several form and a felt tipped pen
residing on a fixed metal table, a secured metal chair next to
it.

JANE

Please let me out; I need
to feed Getrude.



CONTROLLER (V/O)
Nonconformists' will be
disciplined.
Subject #3 will fill out
the evaluation forms.

Jane folds her arms across her chest.

JANE
No!

She clamps her hands to her head- screaming: a PAIN implant has
been installed.

Sinks to her knees.

JANE
(Shouting)
Stop it-please.

CONTROLLER (V/O)
The rebel will reflect.

As Jane squirms in pain, boring LIFT MUSIC fills the room... the
music ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)
Subject#3 will fill out
the evaluation forms.

She crawls to the chair, her face contorting in pain.



Seats herself.

Views the assortment of psychological, IQ tests... a personnel questionnaire lies on top of them.

The tip of the felt tip pen hovers over the multiple answer tick box for the first question.

CONTROLLER (V/D)

Subject #3 will honestly
answer the question.

Any deception will be disciplined.

She moves the pen and ticks the bottom box.

FAST FORWARD: a felt tip biting, head scratching Jane bolts through the questionnaires.

She hesitates at a question... reads it again.

QUESTION: which body part would you like us to amputated?

- (a) Your legs.
- (b) Your arms.
- (c) Your head.
- (d) Your feet.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject#3 will answer the
questions or be punished.

She ticks D.



NOW under the table, unseen by her, a pair of women's feet, in high heels,
brutally severed at the ankle,
jagged bones glistening.

She ticks routine questions, her feet fidget... touch the women's feet,
spilling one over.

Not looking under the table, she explores the foot with the tip of her toe- its toes squirm.

She bolts up- eyes searching under the table: nothing there.
Seats herself... answers question.

Under the table, the woman's feet are back.

QUESTION: how you would like us to KILL you.

- (a) Be fed headfirst into a wood chipping machine.
- (b) Be eaten alive by hyenas.
- (c) Be starved to death
- (d) Be boiled to death.

Jane bits her fingernails... ticks C.

Her fidgeting foot touches a foot- she freezes.

Her eyes creep lower... lower... lower, till she sees the woman's wriggling toes.

Jane screams.



Clambers on the tabletop.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Has subject#3 seen a mouse?

JANE

Make them go away, please.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The mice have gone- for now-
ratty#3 back to the interrogation
forms.

LATER:

JANE

I've finished.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 will answer all
the questions or will be
disciplined.

Jane goes back to the personnel detail form; ticks the yes box
in answer to the question are you a VIRGIN?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 will place the
forms into the tray in the
cell's door hatch.

Jane puts the forms in the tray, pushes it out the room.

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CONTROLLER (V/O)

The D corporation thanks you
for your cooperation.

JANE

(Mumbles to herself)
Fuck you.

She seats herself on the edge of the bed... gets up and sits on
the bog in the privacy area.

Thinks.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 has been informed
of the cleaning zone time limit.
Any deviation and pain will wash
you.

Jane rockets out the cleaning zone.

About to sit on the edge of the bed... she sits in the chair.

Cradles her head in her hand, cries.

Looks up at the camera.

JANE

I'm so sorry for breaking in
please let me go. Please!



She stumbles to the door- slapping, punching it.

JANE

Let me out- let me out!

She slides down the door, a crumpled heap of misery.

LATER:

Jane snivelling at the bottom of the door.

A BEEPING grabs her attention; her eyes search the room.

It persists.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 is reminded that
when the beeper is activated,
subject #3 will exercise.

JANE

You never told me that... or
about-

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Failure to exercise and subject #3
will be chastised.

A large steel "hamster" wheel fixed to one wall.



JANE

How long should I exercise?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller will ruminate
your inquiry and get back to
you.

The beeping ends and boring LIFT MUSIC fills the room.

Next to weighing scales, a pair of trainers.

Jane slips them on.

Music ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller appreciates your
patience and will get back to
you as soon as possible.

Boring LIFT MUSIC fills the room... ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller has consorted
with fortune tellers, scanned
the horoscopes, not stepped
on any cracks,
Subject#3 must flip a coin, heads
it's an hour on the hamster wheel.



JANE

I haven't got-

She slips of one of the trainers, fishes a coin out of it.

Checks it out: double headed HEADS.

Jane climbs into the wheel, turns it on at its lowest speed.

It rotates at a pleasurable pace.

Loose tummy flesh wobbles as she jogs.

Her breath punting gasps.

Without her touching the speed button, the machine increases speed.

No guide handles to grip, Jane picks up speed.

Trainers slapping, mouth gaping.

Faster it spins.

She slips... is flung around... turfed off, she cradles her hurt knee.

The BEEPING continues.

She clutches her head as the pain implant is activated.



JANE

(Shouts)

I fell off!

She crawls back onto the NOW stopped wheel: the pain deactivated.

Trembling she stands, her hand hovers over the speed button... she chooses the second speed.

Runs.

Her eyes darting to the speed control, but it stays at the same speed.

The BEEPING ends.

Jane collapses.

CONTROLLER(V/O)

Subject#3 will weigh herself.

She tries to stand but her trembling legs won't hold her.

She plods onto the scales on her knees; closes her eyes as the scales rocket up to ten stone.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Rat #3 will maintain hygiene
levels after exercise.

She shuffles on her knees to the cleaning area.



CONTROLLER (V/O)

Rat #3 is to clean its FUR
or rat #3 will be disciplined.

She crawls to the cleaning zone... disappears behind the privacy curtain.

Seated on the floor, she reaches for the tap, dabs water on her face.

Dries it on a grey towel.

As she crawls out the tap drips.

She drags herself onto the bed.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Rat #3 is reminded that it
doesn't pay the utility bills.

JANE

I don't understand.

The magnified sound of a TRIPPING TAP fills the room.

So loud that Jane covers her ears in pain.

JANE

Stop it!

She rolls off- thuds the floor... crawls into the cleaning zone...



clammers up the sink... turns off the dripping tap.

Sinks down.

Her breath heaving, she notices the grey towel is gone NOW a blue towel is there; it has cuddly kitten pictured on it.

She touches it- jerks her hand back: it's damp from "someone" using it.

LATER:

Seated, Jane stares into space.

A SIREN jerks her back to earth.

She frantically looks around.

JANE

What do you want me to do?

CONTROLLER

Subject #3 has been informed
of its nutrition infusion timetable.

JANE

But I haven't... please tell me
it "again".

CONTROLLER

Subject #3 request will be
considered by the controller.



Boring LIFT MUSIC fills the room.

Jane paces.

The music stops.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller appreciates
subjects #3 request and apologizes
for the lengthy wait but the
controller has been inundated
with requests.

BORING MUSIC plays.

Jane paces.

The music stops.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller values your
custom and will be back to
you as soon as possible.

BORING MUSIC plays.

Jane paces.

The music stops.



CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller has deliberated
rat #3 request and come to
conclusion it shouldn't be
disciplined for missing its
cheese.

JANE

When can I eat?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Ratty #3 has been informed
of its ratty rations timetable.

JANE

I'm hungry.

She sinks into a heap, shakes.

A SIREN blares.

Her eyes dart to a metal panel which slides back revealing a
bowl, spoon, and a tap.

She darts to it.

Turns on the tap; a gruel pumps out of it... fills the bowl.

She spoons it down.



Turns on the tap for more but doesn't get any.

Nervously eyeing the camera, she licks the bowl clean.

JANE

Should I wash the bowl?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller will consider
your request while eating their
steak dinner.

Boring LIFT MUSIC fills the cell.

She sits with the bowl on her knees.

A maggot falls from her hair into it... another one drops into her bowl.

Her fingers fretfully run through her hair to the operation stitches.

Finds nothing... till a maggot burrow out.

NOW her hair squirming with hundreds of maggots.

She screams- rakes at the worms- her fingernails clotting with bust bodies.

Worms crawling over her fingers.

Suddenly they gone, except one, it burrows back through the stitches.



LATER:

Jane paces... checks out the monitors.

CONTROLLER

The controller has authorised
subject #3 visual access to the
other subjects.

She stares at the monitors.

The monitors crackle into life.

Each screen has a view of a cell and its occupant.

Monitor #1

Subject #1 ROMEO (18 fit dream boy)) examines his burnt feet; he
peels blackened skin from them.

He's wearing just Bermuda shorts.

Lacerations cover his lean body, weeping blood.

Monitor #2

Subject#2 (Bernard) eats dog biscuits; crumbs flying.

His cell a pooch's paradise.

Comfy dog basket.

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He waddles to the massive fridge, his fluffy slippers snagging a pair of his dirty pants.

Opens it: filled to brim with goodies.

He waddles to the microwave, tosses in a ready meal curry.

monitor #3

Jane views herself viewing the monitors.

Monitor #4

Subject #4 (SMITH 30s) is seated at a metal table, a pile of "rough" tobacco and cigarette papers on it.

He deposits tobacco into a cig paper... licks it gummed edge... deposits the cig in a regimentally line of rolled cigarettes.

He coughs.

Spits phlegm in a disgusting spittoon.

Monitor #5

Subject #5 Lady Dove applies an expensive face cream as she views her shrived face in a gold scrolled mirror.

Her vanity table is awash with designer perfumes and creams.

She slips of her silk wrap... applies soft cream to her creased body.



Sips champagne.

Monitor #6

Subject #6, Sweetie Pie sprays water on exotic houseplants' leaves... checks for greenfly.

Cleans them.

A butterfly land on her.

She crushes it

Monitor #7

Subject #7 (CORY 20s) glues together broken pieces of plates... a sharp piece of the ceramic cuts her fingers.

She flings the piece.

Screams as electric current passes through her body.

Monitor #8

Subject #8, Decker watches horse racing on a massive TV.

He studies the racing post, lifts his glasses for a clearer look: cobwebs funnel his empty eye sockets; an eye SPIDER scuttles down one.

The monitors go blank.



Jane turns sees a RUBIC CUBE is now on the metal table.

She warily approaches.

A note is stuck to it: solve it and win a prize.

She seats herself, twists the cube trying to match each sides colour.

Many configurations later she has one side matched up but that's the best she can do.

Monitor #2 screen comes on and she watches Bernard as he pulls the sticky squares colours of his Rubic Cube... sticks them back on so now the sides are colour coordinated.

He grins at his trickery... places the cube in the door's tray and pushes it out... the tray is pushed back now containing a meaty bone... resembling a chunk of a human's thigh.

Disgust floods Jane's face as Bernard tears meat of the bone.

BLEEPING

Jane drags herself to the wheel.

She gets on it sets the speed dial to 2, jogs.

As she jogs, monitor 5 switches on.

Soft chimes issue from it.



In her deluxe bed, Lady Dove yawns, slips out of her duvet and bikini clad, paddles through lush carpet to her sunbed.

She puts her sunglasses on, settles under the sunbed reading a magazine.

JANE

(Mumbles about Lady Dove)

Rasin.

Her eyes roam the monitors as they come on: stay glued to monitor#1.

Monitor#1

Romeo is skipping with a razor imbedded skipping rope.

His sweating body a mass of cuts.

His foot tangles the rope; flipping it up his body- slashing it.

He skips.

Knacked, he heaves over- spasms; his body jerking as sparks fly: electrified metal panel, that covers the floor, has been activated.

He strains to his feet.

Skips.



Monitor #2

Bernard scoffs a bacon sandwich as he soaks his feet in a foot massager.

His cell is pig style of glutton greed.

A stuffed fridge ajar.

Bernard gulps from a bottle of beer.

Monitor #4

Smith is smoking.

The cell filled with pictures and models of diseased LUNGS and smoking advertisements.

A line of cigarettes and a cigar wait for him to smoke.

The astray already brimming with cig nubs.

He draws on the cig- it explodes (a joke bomb has been inserted in it).

He slings the busted cig.

Flings the cigs and cigar of the metal table.

NOW his face a silent scream.

His hands clutch at the mechanical choking device (The

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strangler), around his neck, as it tightens.

Spittle flies as he gasps for breath.

He grabs a spilled cig puts it back on the table; the
"strangler" gives him breathing space.

He smokes.

Monitor #5

Lady Dove, still lying on her sunbed, smokes a cig cupped in her
gold cigarette holder.

Monitor #6

Sweetie Pie selects from cornucopia of flowers arranges them
into batches matching flower designs she is viewing.

Her annoying slurp as she sips a milkshake.

Monitor #7

Cory spins plates on the top of poles.

An electric cable is connected to a metal clamp on her right
ankle.

She darts from slowing plate to slowing plate, spinning them
faster.

She's too late to stop one plate crashing, shattering on the
floor.



The fear in her eyes palatable.

She thrashes the air as a current is pumped into her via the electric cable attached to her ankle.

Horse racing commentary blares from monitor #8

Jane is tumbled out as the wheel's speed is suddenly increased.

Exercise BLEEPING noise rings in her ears.

CONTROLLER

Ratty #3 failure to keep
pumping its ratty pegs will
end in a dose of rat poison.

Jane clambers back in, turns the speed control to level 3.

Legs pistoling, barely able to keep up with the tread.

Her eyes burn at monitor#5: Lady Dove turns in her sunbed.

LATER:

The beeping halts and the knacked Jane totters off the wheel.

As she wobbles to the cleaning zone, she watches monitor #5:
Lady Dove climbs into her jacuzzi.

She glares at the towel: now picturing a happy hedgehog.



She quickly brushes her teeth with a BLUE toothbrush.

Flannels her body.

Tightens the tap to make sure it's not dripping.

Steps out.

A DRIPPING WATER sound floods the cell- thunders her eardrums.

She bolts into the cleaning zone, tightens the dripping tap.

Stares hard at her toothbrush: it's now RED.

Views the towel: a squirrel pictured on it.

She whirls, looking for a secret entrance.

Her eyes crazy with "I'm losing my mind" fear.

She lies on the bed.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 has agreed
the slumber hours.

Jane goes stiff.

JANE

I'm not sleeping.



CONTROLLER (V/O)
Bedtime eccentricity will
be punished.

Jane scuttles off the bed... stands before the seat.

JANE
May I sit?

CONTROLLER (V/O)
Subject #3 request will be
meditated.

MEDITATION MUSIC fills the room.

Jane paces.

Music ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)
The controller wishes to thank
subject #3 for her patience.
we will deal with your request
as soon as possible.

MEDITATION MUSIC plays.

Jane paces.

Music stops.



CONTROLLER (V/O)
Has subject#3 meditated her
problem?

JANE
I don't understand.

CONTROLLER (V/O)
Tori, I've got a secret to tell
you... can you keep a secret?

JANE
Yes... but I'm Jane.

CONTROLLER
You're my favourite.
I want you to win.
(Beat)
I'm going to help you.

JANE
Win what?

CONTROLLER (V/O)
Subject #3 query will be pondered...
you may recline on the bed while
the controller mediates.

MEDITATION MUSIC plays.



Jane lies on the bed.

Closes her eyes.

Music ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tori, Big D appreciates your
patience and will get back to
you with love and kisses.

MEDITATION MUSIC plays.

Jane rolls onto her side.

Music ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tori, you look so sweet when
your faking sleep.

Jane opens her eyes.

JANE

When will you release me?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller will consider...

LATER:



Jane lying on the bed.

GAME SHOW MUSIC plays... ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Attention subject #3- perk
your adorable ears up: it's
the games' rules.

Jane sits up.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Each subject gets to vote.
They can't vote for themselves.
The votes will be tallied,
and the totalled vote will
independently verified by the
controller.

Jane stares at the camera.

JANE

Do I get to know what I'm voting
for?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller will investigate
the rules and if necessary
punish them.



Boring LIFT MUSIC fills the room.

Jane taps her fingers to it.

Music ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The rules have been given a
thoroughly good thrashing and
have confessed.

Jane is about to ask what they have confessed but stops herself.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller has reviewed
your request and decided it
would be more fun to keep you
guessing.

The monitors are switched on.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 will take her
position before the monitors.

Jane stands before the monitors.

Subject's #1 (Romeo) winks at her; she shyly smiles at him.

#4 and #7 scared faces fill the monitors.

#2 (Bernard) is eating fried chicken,

#5 (Lady Dove) doing her nails,



#6 (Sweetie Pie) sucking a milk shake,
#8 (Decker) watching horse racing.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 will now vote.

Jane studies the monitors.

JANE

What am I voting for?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 must vote or be
industriously punished with
excessive earnestly.

INT. SMITH'S CELL-SAME

#4 (Smith) picks #2(Bernard).

INT. JANE'S CELL- SAME

Jane looks at the monitors: 2 skull and crossbones markings have appeared on monitor #1 (Romeo), monitor#2 (Bernard) and monitor #4 (Smith)screens and 1 skull and bones marker on her monitor.

Her vote will decide.

Her fingers hovers over the button to vote for Bernard.

Monitor #4 screen now shows a "FLASHBACK": Smith picks Jane.



CONTROLLER (V/O)

Does subject #3 wish to taste
the delicious torture that awaits-
if she doesn't get a snap on!

Jane presses a button for Smith.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 has voted - a wise
choice my little butterfly- for
subject #4 to be burnt alive.

Jane's hand covers her mouth as she gags

JANE

(Not believing it)
You're not going to kill him?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller will consider
subject #3 inquiry and get back
to her.

Boring LIFT MUSIC fills the room.

The large monitor now features subject #4 (Smith) cell.

His silent pleads for mercy as he clasps his hands in prayer.

A flamethrower nozzle appears out the ceiling and Smith scurries
under the bed.



A flaming jet bursts out- licks under the bed.

An inferno, Smith bursts out screaming; runs in circles flapping at the flames.

HAIR on fire.

The music stops.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller has evaluated
subject #3 inquiry and wishes
to point to exhibit B: the large
monitor where subject #4 is being
roasted like thanksgiving oven
turkey.

JANE

You're sick!

She turns from the monitors.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Does the controller have to
remind subject #3 of the
gameshows' rules?

JANE

I must watch it.

CONTROLLER (V/O)



Hurry up you're missing
the good parts.

Jane turns to the large monitor: Smith collapses as another bolt of fire blasts him.

His charcoaled skin peeling from his smoking face.

SOUNDS from subject #4 cell fill Jane's room.

CRACKING skin is magnified.

Smith's body shrinks as it's desiccated to a shrunken "rat" mummy.

The burnt shank's joints popping like a well-cooked roast.

The monitors go blank.

Jane dashes into the cleaning zone: sound of her vomiting.

She reappears stares at the bowl of chocolate ice-cream and spoon NOW on the table.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller thanks subject #3
for her contribution to the Sunday
roast. Enjoy.

Jane sits down.

The SOUND of "smacking" lips fills the cell.



She slings the ice-cream.

Large screen flicks on and subject #4 cell is broadcasted:
Smith's smoking carcass on the floor.

His neck bones crack as his charbroiled head twists towards
Jane.

The melted holes of his eye sockets glisten.

A puff of smoke issues from grate of his melted nose.

Twisted mouth- sneers.

He crawls; a popping caterpillar leaching a trail of skin.

Jane, head in her hands, unaware of the creature coming for her.

It climbs the wall; it burnt lesions sucking for grip.

Nightmare head now filling the screen.

Its ghastly smoke breath filters into Jane's cell.

She smells its fowl stench.

Turns to the monitors: all of them NOW blank.

The BEEPING of exercise time.

Jane clambers into the wheel.



LATER:

Jane lies on the bed, tries to sleep in the blinding cell light.

JANE

Please turn the light off.

The lights go off.

JANE

Thankyou.

The lights come on - blazing brighter.

She rolls, covers her eyes under her forearm.

JANE

Why do you torture me?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #3 request will be
analysed, please enjoy the music
as this might take all night.

HEAVY METAL MUSIC thuds the room.

She plugs her ears with her fingers.

The music stops and the lights go off.

CONTROLLER (V/O)



Tori, honey, why didn't
you eat your ice-cream?

JANE

Why do you keep calling me Tori?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

I'm rooting for you, Tori
sleep tight.

The lights go off and SMOOTHING MUSIC trickles the room...

Jane falls asleep.

LATER:

Darkness.

Jane tosses in her sleep... wakes.

SQUEAKING.

Her eyes seeking to get accustomed to the darkness, a maggot
crawls behind one.

She rubs the eye.

Peers at the SCREECHING wheel.

Something is exercising in it... it lopes,

its crackling joints clawing,

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furred its burnt skin,

tail, long and glistening.

It scampers off the wheel... slinks to the bed

Jane covers her face with the sheet.

JANE

(To herself)

I'm dreaming.

She peeks; hunched, whiskered, the burnt RAT sees her,
beats a hungry beat with its wagging tail,
razor its teeth,
Smith's deformed features its face.

She covers her face with the sheet, sees a BIG lump of holed
cheese next to her feet.

She tucks her legs to her chest as Smith's head pokes under the
sheet at the end of her bed.

SMITH

Cheese.

His whiskers vibrate as his burnt nose smells the cheese.

Nibbling, he buries his face in it- the steel trap shatters his
back.

Jane trashes the sheets- tumbles out.

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Her bed is NOW a massive MOUSE TRAP.

Crippled, Smith's bleeding eyes watch her.

She darts to the camera.

JANE

Let me out!

Bangs on the cell door.

Turns: no rat, normal bed.

CONTROLLER

Subject#3 has had a happy
nightmare?

JANE

I wasn't dreaming.

CONTROLLER

Tori, babes, life is but
a dream.

Jane heads into the cleaning zone.

A flush of toilet... sound of her washing... she reappears.

A four-poster bed has replaced hers.



It's draped in fine silk curtains,

Soft feather pillows wait for her head.

She climbs onto the bed... lies on the cotton bedspread.

Closes her eyes.

SMITH (V/O)

Cheese.

Opens them.

Pinned to the canopy, a blown-up photo of Smith's the "rat" head.

Intestines writhe the bloodstained sheets.

Jane screams.

Bangs on the door.

Sinks down it, cries.

Mointor#1 comes on and Romeo's concerned face fills it.

ROMEO

Don't cry.

She seeks for the source of his voice... her eyes alight on him, blushes.



Down casts her eyes.

ROMEO

Hi, I'm Romeo.

JANE

Jane.

ROMEO

Come closer...

She creeps to his monitors, nervously tugging at her straggled hair.

He smiles.

ROMEO

It's nice to see a pretty face.

Her eyes creep down; she gives him a timid smile as she raises them.

JANE

I need to get out of here-
Gertrude will be worried.

He raises an eyebrow.

ROMEO

Gertrude?

JANE



(Embarrassed)

She's, my guineapig.

CONTROLLER (O/S)

Is subject#3 breaking conversation
rules?

ROMEO

We'll chat later.

He blows her a kiss; she bashfully returns it.

Mointor#1 goes off.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject#3, I don't speak for my
health.

JANE

I wasn't talking to anyone... I
was... praying.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Say a pray for me.

LATER:

Jane sleeping in her normal bed.

The SIREN for eating wakes her.



She rolls out... zips to the serving hatch for her gruel.

Raw sausages with a texture of a burnt human flesh await.

She backs off them.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Rat #3 will consume her
flesh, tuck in darling, I've
been up all-night scraping
subject #4 flesh.

JANE

I can't eat it- you know
I'm a vegetarian.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tori eats meat. Ratty#3 will
eat or be chastised.

Jane shakes- sinks to her knees in pain as her implant is
activated.

JANE

(Scream)

I'll eat it.

She crawls to her feet, stumbles to the serving hatch: tasty
looking omelette and orange juice await.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

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Bon e petit Tori.

LATER:

Jane seated.

CONTROLLER (V/O)
(Conspirator's whisper)
Tori... babes.

Jane approaches the camera.

JANE
(Whisper)
Yes?

CONTROLLER (V/O)
(Conspirator's whisper)
Darling, I want to help you...
do you want my help?

JANE
(Whisper)
Yes.

CONTROLLER (V/O)
(Shout)
So, subject #3 wants to CHEAT!

JANE
No!



CONTROLLER (V/O)

(Conspirator's whisper)

Why not sugarplum all the other
subjects are at it.

JANE

Do you want to help me?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller will review
Ratty's#3 cheating suggestion
and get back to it.

Boring LIFT MUSIC fills the room.

Jane nervously clicks her fingers to it.

Music stops.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller takes great
satisfaction that subject#3
is waiting on the controller's
reply.

Boring LIFT MUSIC.

Music stops.



CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject #4 likes to have his
belly tickled.

JANE

He's dead.

CONTROLLER

If subject#3 dreams of subject#4
the dream must include ratty#3
tickling ratty#4 tummy.

Jane bites her fingernails.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tori, honey, you know the
controller will help you cheat.

Monitor #5 comes on and the fur clad Lady Dove fills it.

She blows a "lovie" kiss to Jane.

LADY DOVE

Having fun?

Her fur ripples.

JANE

Where are we?



LADY DOVE

Questions, questions, questions.

We need to synchronize our votes.

(Beat)

Subject #7 needs a-

Monitor#5 goes off.

Monitor#6 comes on.

Sweetie holding a blow torch.

SWEETIE PIE

hot makeover with a blow torch.

She blazes a butterfly.

Monitor#6 goes off.

Monitor#5 comes on.

Lady Dove blows her a "lovie" kiss.

LADY DOVE

Having fun?

JANE

We've already done this.



LADY DOVE

Your correct, my dear.

JANE

Subject#7, the girl is being
terribly treated-

LADY DOVE

She's breaking my mother's
best China.

JANE

I'm not voting for her.

LADY DOVE

It's her or you.

JANE

Would you vote for me?

LADY DOVE

I voted for you in the
first selection.

Monitor #5 goes blank.

Monitor#8 flicks on.

Decker turns over a card, ace of hearts, he's playing patience.



DECKER

Don't count on Lady Dove she
in cohorts with the controller.

Monitor #8 switches off.

Monitor #7 switches on.

Cory is spinning her plates on poles.

Her eyes implore Jane as she darts from one pole to another.

CORY

(Breathless stutter)

Help me.

Monitor #7 goes blank.

Monitor#6 goes on.

Sweetie Pie springs her flick knife.

SWEETIE PIE

Vote for me and I'll rip your
fucking eyeballs out.

Monitor#8 comes on.

Decker gives her the thumbs up.



DECKER

Take heed of Sweetie-

Mointor#8 goes off.

Mointor#6

Decker hi-fives Sweetie

DECKER (CONT'D)

Pie- bitch ripped my eyeballs out!

He lifts his glasses- a fly struggles in the funnelled cobweb-
eye spider grabs it.

Mointor#6 goes off.

Mointor#1 comes on.

Romeo face pressed fills the screen.

ROMEO

Jane.

She gives a timid wave.

JANE

They want me to vote for subject#7.

ROMEO

Cory.



JANE

You know her?

ROMEO

Yes.

JANE

O'h.

ROMEO

She's a friend.

(Beat)

We need to pool our votes.

JANE

We can't win, there's four
of them.

ROMEO

Three, the dog doesn't vote.

(Beat)

We can draw if we vote for-

Mointor#1 goes off.

JANE

Romeo... Romeo?

BEEPING.



Jane heads into the wheel.

LATER:

Jane is seated.

Static fills Mointor#4 screen.

JANE#2 (O/S)
(Voice from monitor#4)
Tori.

Jane steps up to the monitor.

JANE
My name's Jane.

A giggle from the monitor.

JANE#2 (O/S)
(Voice from monitor#4)
The controller let it slip
your name playing game.

JANE
But I'm Jane.

JANE#2 (O/S)
(Voice from monitor#4)
Don't be a silly rascal- I'm
Jane.



JANE

We have the same name.

JANE#2 (O/S)

(Voice from monitor#4)

Your Tori... go check your mirror.

JANE

I don't have one.

JANE#2 (O/S)

(Voice from monitor#4)

You're such a cad.

Jane turns: NOW a full-length mirror in a stylish wooden frame.

She views her reflection: it's Jane but CHANGED: her complexion smooth, long dark- blue wavy hair, DARK eyes.

She's wearing a chic Italian suit.

Jane raises her hand; the reflection matches her move.

Several contorted moves are matched by the reflection.

JANE

(To the mirror)

I'm Jane.

TORI



(Reflection in the mirror)
Your Tori- the mirror doesn't lie.

JANE#2
(Voice from monitor#4)
I'm Jane.

Jane spins to the monitor#4.

The static has cleared, Jane#2, emaciated face stares at her,

Yellow skin taught over bones.

JANE#2
There starving me.

She stands back so Jane can see her gaunt body, raises bloody
arm stumps.

JANE#2
They chopped of my hands.

Mointor#4 goes off.

BLEEPING blares.

Jane darts onto the wheel.

LATER:

An exhausted Jane lies on the wheel.



CONTROLLER (V/O)
Subject#3 will siesta only
at the pre-arranged siesta.

Jane drags herself up.

Sits down.

CONTROLLER (V/O)
You're rebelling against your
conformist sitting session.

Jane rises.

CONTROLLER (V/O)
Tori, you know you're my
favourite.

JANE
Am I?

CONTROLLER (V/O)
The controller will debate with
the controller your scepticism.

Boring LIFT MUSIC fills the room.

Jane paces.

The music ends.



CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller has checked the
controller's favourite list and
your it.

JANE

That's nice.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Do you wish for the controller
to play the boring lift music
while the controller cogitates
"nice".

JANE

A straight answer would be nice.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Ratty#3 will wash her glorious-
fur.

Jane trudges to the cleaning area.

A luxury shower has NOW been fitted in it.

She pulls back the shower curtain: classy shampoos, real
sponges, exclusive soap.

A fluffy towel hangs from a chromed rail.

A golden hairbrush.



Jane smiles.

LATER:

As she dries her hair it morphs into the wavy black- blue hair of Tori's.

She exits.

Goes to the mirror.

JANE

What have you done to my hair?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tori, your hair is beautiful
why hide it.

JANE

Give me back my hair.

CONTROLLER(V/O)

You were born with that glorious
rat nest- take after your mamma.

JANE

You know nothing about mum!

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller will contact the
missing hair in action department.



Boring LIFT MUSIC fills the room.

Jane tugs at her hair.

Music ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Several wigs have been handed
in ratty#3 can choose hers.

Jane looks around her cell: NOW several manakin heads wearing wigs.

She inspects them... finds one that matches her missing hair.

She picks it up- it's her scalp, crusty blood underneath.

She drops it... it scuttles, emitting an eerie wail.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject#3 will wear her old hair
or feel terrible pain.

Jane corners the scalp.

It manifests blood twisted hair teeth.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Pet it.

Jane reluctantly offers her hand.

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JANE

I won't hurt you.

It bites her fingers.

Darts through her legs.

Scampers under the bed sheet.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Ratty#3 has a new bed pet.

BEEPING.

Jane warily climbs into the wheel, runs.

LATER:

Jane searches her bed for the scalp.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Has subject#3 decided who
she will vote for?

JANE

I don't want anyone to die.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Compassion will kill you.

(Whisper)



They're all conspiring... I've
heard subject#8 spit venomous
pledges that he'll moonwalk
on your grave.

JANE

Do you won't me to vote for him?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Must the controller remind you
that the controller is an independent
monitor of the subjects and has no
favourites, darlings, preferences, pets.

(Conspirer's whisper)

Your pet hiding in the cleaning zone.

Jane enters the cleaning zone.

The beautiful shower is gone.

The scalp is on the towel rack.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

It's a gift, Tori, anything
for my favourite girl.

LATER:

Jane seated.

GAMESHOW music blares.



The monitors come on.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subjects will approach the
monitors and chose a crab
to be boiled alive.

Jane steps to the monitors.

Sees that everyone has a skull and bones next to their names
except monitor #7 (Cory).

Her puzzled eyes search Romeo's.

She goes to press Cora's switch- Romeo violently shakes his
head; his mouth has been strapped up with binding tape.

JANE

(To Romeo)

It's okay; it will be a draw.

She presses Cory's switch.

Smiles.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

We have a draw... we never had that
before ... the controller will
consults the rule book- cheat!

Jane's smile fades, she nervously looks at Romeo.



A loud TICKING sound fills the room.

Ends.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller would like
to renounce the controller's
previous declaration of duplicitous,
double- dealing, dishonest practices.
The controller does not cheat and
any defamatory claims that the
controller does will be litigated.

TICK TOCKING sound fills the room... ends.

CONTROLLER(V/O)

After much truth seeking and
a quick flick through the
rules book; the controller has
decided that the last person picked
will suffer a thousand cuts.

Cory's cell fills the giant monitor.

Her frantic eyes search for dangers.

A sharpened bit of pottery bullets out a hole in the walls.

It grazes a slice of her skin - shatters on the floor.



The wall holes open a barrage of sharpen pottery.

Carving bloody streaks of Cory's skin.

She covers her eyes as the missiles peel her.

Shaving her calves to the bone as she scrambles for safety.

Trimming the bedsheet to ribbons as she covers herself with it.

Flaying her with a mad butcher's intensity.

Stripped of her SKIN, she totters towards the camera, her bloody footmarks trail.

CORY

(choked)

Kill me.

Some FORCE grips her.

She spins.

Goblets of flesh exploding from her...

Now just a skeleton.

The monitor goes blank.

Jane just stares at it.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

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The controller would like
to thank subject#3 for her
ruthless cunning.

JANE

Bastard!

CONTROLLER (V/O)

After all what I've done for
you- ratty#3- you utter profanities
at your number one fan.

JANE

I'm not playing the game no
more- you can torture me- I
dont care.

CONTROLLER(V/O)

Would subject#3 liked to be
tortured now?

JANE

Play your sick game.

The food SIREN goes off; Jane wearily approaches the food hatch.

Sizzling pieces of "steak" on a barbecue spike.

LATER:



Jane seated.

Mointor#6 comes on.

Sweetie Pie pins butterflies onto barbwire.

They flutter, as she twists the wire into a heart shape.

SWEETIE PIE

Bernard- good doggie.

Mointor#6 goes off.

Mointor#2 comes on.

Bernard wolfs a female's hand, the other hand in his dog bowl.

Mointor#2 goes off.

Mointor#6 comes on.

Sweetie Pie offers the necklace to Lady Dove.

SWEETIE PIE

Subject#1 (Romeo)is getting an easy-

LADY DOVE

Ride.

Lady Dove examines the necklace... fixes it around her neck; the barbs cutting in.



Decker holds up a mirror with the flayed face of a pretty girl stitched on it.

Lady Dove admires herself in the mirror.

Benard sits, his long tongue hanging out as he pants.

TOGETHER

If you want to be in our
gang- vote for subject#1.

Monitor #6 goes off.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tori, connections are important -
sign up to our gang...
I'd hate to have to vote for
you.

NOW on the table, a ceramic vase, cornucopia of flowers.

BLOOD footprints leading from it to the cleaning area.

Sound of TRIPPING TAP fills the room.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject#3 has been advised
about the water bill.

Jane sneaks to the cleaning area.

Peeps in.



Empty.

She turns the tap off- jumps as a bloody hand touches her shoulder.

Turns.

Empty except for Cory's flayed skin hanging on the towel rack.

LATER:

The door's hatch is shoved through,

Jane takes the jigsaw puzzle out it.

NOTE: A prize for the first to solve it on the lid.

She tosses the puzzle on the table.

Paces.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Honeybuns, you know you can
solve it before the cretins.

The large monitor comes on and seated around a table, Bernard,
Lady Dove, Sweetie Pie, and Decker doing the jigsaw puzzle.

JANE

I told you- I'm not playing
games.



CONTROLLER (V/O)

But you'll win my lovely.

(Conspirator's whisper)

I've not given the cretins all
the pieces.

Jane's eyes drift to the big monitor: the group squabble.

JANE

Why are you doing this?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

You know, the controller
told you.

JANE

No, you didn't... who are you?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Family.

Jane sits at the table... empties the jigsaw pieces onto the table.

Glances at the monitor: Decker hammering jigsaw pieces into slot they don't fit.

FAST FORWARD: Jane solving the jigsaw puzzle.



JANE

I've done.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

I knew you would, you little
jigsaw solver you.
Come fetch your prize.

Jane takes the glitzy, ribbon, wrapped present.

Sits at the table, unwraps it: a box of chocolates.

She opens it: a soft piece of paper clovers the "chocolates".

Gertrude is stencilled on it.

She lifts- reveals the chocolate slots are filled with bits of
guineapigs, eyes, and all.

She sinks to the floor, weeping.

JANE

Gertrude.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Does subject#3 have a chocolate
allergy? There is not mention
of it in your dossier.

Jane rockets to the door- thumbling and kicking it.



THE GANG (O/S)

(Singing)

Happy birthday Gertrude, happy
birthday to do.

She turns to the large monitor: HER BEDROOM, Lady Dove, Sweetie
Pie, Decker, and Bernard all stroking Gertrude.

The box of guineapigs' body bits NOW just chocolates.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tut, tut, subject#3 the controller
refrains from cruelty to animals.

JANE

Gertrude?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Snug as a bug in a rug.
I'll let you join her if
you participate in the last vote.

JANE

How can I believe you?

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Cross your fingers and hope
to die if I lie.

BLEEPING.



CONTROLLER (V/O)

Gentle exercise will concentrate
your mind.

Jane steps in the wheel.

Jogs.

LATER:

She steps of the wheel.

Heads into the cleaning area.

A jacuzzi and bathing suit is there.

The room is mirrored.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Surprise!

LATER:

Relaxed, Jane in the jacuzzi.

Vapour has clouded the mirrors.

She splashes water on a patch so she can see her reflection.

Her faces' reflection slides down the mirrors... slops into the
jacuzzi... floats to her.



Disintegrates into soapy bubbles.

Reflected in the mirrors, her complexion NOW spotless, olive skin glows with healthiness.

LATER:

Tori's Italian suit lies on the bed.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller's tailor worked
fingers to the bone for you.

JANE

It's beautiful.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Made for a princess.
Go on then, try it on.

Jane checks its size: ten.

Laughs.

JANE

I'll never fit it.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Has ratty#3 been eating too
many burgers.



JANE

You've been starving me.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tori, honey, I've got an eye
for figures, it will fit.

LATER:

Tori, suited and booted in Italian.

She marvels at herself in the mirror.

Mointor#1 comes on.

A FAKE Romeo comes to the screen.

ROMEO

Jane your...

JANE

Different- their changing me.
I don't want to lose myself!

INT. ROMEO'S CELL- SAME

Romeo skipping- NOT TALKING TO JANE.

INT. JANE'S CELL- SAME



ROMEO

I've got a plan- vote for me.

JANE

I'm not voting for you- never!

ROMEO

Trust me.

Mointor#1 goes off.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tori, you're beautiful.

JANE

I'm not Tori- change me back.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Your slaves need to talk tactics.

The moitors#2 (Bernard), #5(Lady Dove), #6(Sweetie Pie) and #8 (Decker) come on.

Decker removes his dark glasses, sparkling marble eyes gleam.

He gives a salacious wink.

DECKER

My, my, what's fresh and spicy.

Bernard BARKS.



LADY DOVE

Manners men.

SWEETIE PIE

Let's chat butchery.

LADY DOVE

Subject#1 has been living the
hi-life.

DECKER

Man, that man has had it easy.

Bernard BARKS.

SWEETIE PIE

His throat needs slitting.

JANE

I agree.

SWEETIE PIE

Wise choice.

LATER:

GAME SHOW MUSIC.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subjects approach the monitors
it's slaughter time.



Jane steps to the monitors.

Romeo gives her a nervous smile.

Bernard pretends to fire a bullet out his fingers.

Lady Doves thrusts her thumb upside down.

Sweetie Pie slashes her palm across her throat.

Decker slides a hanging rope around his neck.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

What's a good gameshow without
a twist.

Concern clouds the group.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The controller has decided- subjects
contesting it has the right to die-
to change the rules.

The group mummer their dissent.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

One and only one of you gets
to vote for death.



LADY DOVE

This is highly irregular.

Bernard whimpers.

SWEETIE PIE

Fucking wrong.

DECKER

Praise the devil!

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subject#3 our dear sweet Tori
gets the killing vote.

The group applaud the decision.

Romeo gives Jane a relieved smile.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

The subject chosen will be
eaten alive- picked to the bone!

Disgust and a glint of "hunger" in Jane's blue eyes.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Tori, my dark child- stop hiding.

JANE

I'm Jane... who is this, Tori?



The Controller's laugh echoes round the room.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Hiding as plain Jane but not
concealing your appetite.

Jane bites her fingernails.

JANE

I'm a vegetarian.

More Controller's laughter echoes.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

Subjects review Jane's carrot
crunching diet.

The large monitor NOW filled with the pictures of the STUD, HOT
GUY and HUNK (from the Jane montage).

Their dead face in grimaces of horror.

Rib cages snapped- ripped open- internal organs gone.

Huge- savage- toothmarks rupture their skin.

Jane covers her mouth in horror, but her blue eyes are smiling.

Her cold giggle creeps.



JANE

I'm a vegetarian.

CONTROLLER (V/O)

You're an unruly menace- neglects
her table manners, when dinning out.

Jane's blue eyes NOW dark as death.

Her squeaky voice switches to velvety flow as Tori speaks.

TORI

Eating in hell is dreary.
Dead souls ain't tasty.

She stares hard at Romeo her eyes NOW dark hunger.

Her cell door bursts open, and the group decked out in party
hats and silver tinsel burst in.

Lady Dove is cradling Gertrude.

LADY DOVE

Wonderful to have you back, Tori.

They blow streamers at her.

Tori takes Gertrude gently strokes, kisses her.

TORI

You're so beautiful.



The large screen fills with the devil (The Controller).

DEVIL

Back to hell my wayward child.

Tori eyes glint at the terrified Romeo.

TORI

Let me have my last earth
meal.

The Devil um and errs.

TORI

Please daddy.

The devil smiles.

INT. ROMEO'S CELL

Romeo backs up as the door opens and Tori stalks in.

TORI

Hi.

She smiles revealing her long carnivores TEETH.

FADE OUT:

END.

