

INCIDENT
AT
SANS ASYLUM

by
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Titlecard: Ten Years Ago...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A recently applied coat of grey-green paint gives the kitchen walls an antiseptic luster. Four large stainless steel metal tables stand in the middle of the room. The north wall has three metal doors leading to two pantries and a walk-in freezer. The opposite (south) wall has two large industrial stoves.

GEORGE, a mid-twenties white male with a stout frame and amiable air, stands at a cutting board. He is wearing a chef's shirt, checkered pants, and a baseball cap that has a picture of a coyote's head. He is cleaning a large piece of meat.

MAX, a taller white male of the same age walks in from the pantry. He too wears the standard cooking attire and his long hair is tied back in a ponytail. With some effort, he lugs out a crate of cabbages.

George stops dicing for a moment and looks at him.

GEORGE

We'll get to that tomorrow,
put it back.

MAX

(annoyed)

Any other pointless yet
strenuous activities you'd
like me to perform, Sir George?

George doesn't respond. He looks back down to his work. Max lugs the crate back.

George inserts the knife underneath a large fatty deposit and work the blade back and forth. He hears the loud THUD of Max dropping the crate in the pantry.

GEORGE

Be careful with those!

MAX (O.S.)

They were askin' for it!

George pulls the rope of gristle from the beef, loosening its edges up with his knife as he goes.

Max re-enters the kitchen.

MAX

If we're gonna finish early,
I'd like to get a couple of
beers before our slot.

George nods. He quickens the pace, moving the knife more vigorously.

MAX
(continuing)
Come on, just leave it for the morning.

The knife slides back and forth.

GEORGE
(looking at Max,
still cutting)
I'd like to season it tonight.

George looks back down to his work.

MAX
Who cares, they're not gonna notice it anyways.

George looks up again, still slicing.

GEORGE
I want to- SHIT!

George SLAMS down his knife. He grabs his left hand with his right.

MAX
How bad?

George walks over to the sink. Max grabs a towel.

George lets go of his left hand. He stares at it for a moment, unable to discern the cut.

GEORGE
Not that bad.

He gently squeezes his index finger. Blood streams from it in an opaque swatch.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Shit.

George turns the faucet on. He puts his hand under the running water.

Max hands him the towel.

INT. GARAGE/STUDIO - NIGHT

The room is a garage that has been turned into a low-rent music studio.

George, sits on an amplifier blankly staring at an ashtray. His left index finger is heavily bandaged. Max paces about the room holding his bass guitar by the neck- he does not look happy. PHILLIP, a long-haired blond male mid twenties is asleep in a chair, his guitar leaning against his leg.

ROBERT, a bald white male in his forties adjusts a microphone in front of a bass drum. He walks over to a control board and pulls a set of headphones over his ears.

ROBERT
Max, can you kick a test for
me?

Max, obviously annoyed with this request, rests his bass against the wall.

He walks behind the drumkit and sits down. He looks at Robert.

Robert nods. Max kicks the bass pedal. BOOM.

ROBERT
(continuing)
A little louder please.

BOOM.

ROBERT
Not that loud.

MAX
I'm not the fucking drummer.
You may notice that I actually
bothered to show.

ROBERT
(paying no attention)
Again.

BOOM. George lifts his cigarette out of the ashtray.
BOOM. The cigarette is three quarters ash. BOOM.

ROBERT
(continuing)
That's enough, thanks.

Max stands and walks over to his bass.

GEORGE
(still looking at his
cigarette)
How much more time do we have
left?

ROBERT
Forty-five minutes.

GEORGE
If we cut out now can you give
us a small break?

ROBERT
When you book time here you
pay for time here, your
recorded product is only
incidental.

MAX
(sarcastically)
That didn't sound rehearsed.
Bet you never said that
before. I bet you're always-

GEORGE
Shut up Max. Robbie when can
we book again?

MAX
(sarcastically)
Are you giving up? We can
still do this. We'll just
play everything double time
and slow it down by half in
the mix.

ROBERT
Next Thursday after midnight
I can give you the same rate.

GEORGE
We're not gonna have the money
that soon but I'll call you.

George clicks the power switch on his amplifier off. The
button's luminance flickers away.

INT. GARAGE/STUDIO - LATER THAT NIGHT

Robert is eating a sandwich that has his undivided
attention. George, Max, and Phillip stand in front of
the garage door holding their guitar cases. Robert takes
another bite from his sandwich.

Max BANGS loudly on the garage door. Robert puts his sandwich down. He walks over to the door and takes out a key inserting it in a makeshift security device.

The mechanical noises of the garage door whir to life.

The door opens, slower than frozen molasses.

PHILLIP

I'm going to Europe soon. I
like Europe.

Max looks over at George. George stares straight ahead. Max turns back to face the rising garage door.

The door has just barely risen to ankle level.

EXT. GARAGE/STUDIO - SAME

The door slowly rises revealing their feet.

Then their shins.

Then their knees.

INT. GARAGE/STUDIO - SAME

The door continues to climb.

Max looks at George again. George looks over at Max. They both begin to laugh. Phillip yawns.

EXT. GARAGE/STUDIO - SAME

FADE TO BLACK

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

George, in standard cooking attire, stands at the stove sauteing meat and onions in a large pan.

Similarly dressed, Max and WILLIAM, a younger Latin male, stand chopping vegetables on cutting boards atop two of the large tables.

William dices celery and puts the pieces in a bowl. George walks over to William and stands behind him.

GEORGE

A little finer.

William repositions his knife slightly and severs a small piece of from a stalk of celery. He lifts it up to show George.

WILLIAM
Es mejor?

GEORGE
Si, es bueno.

George walks over to Max and looks over his shoulder.
Max is chopping carrots.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Good. I'll need about three
quart containers of that.

MAX
Rabbit convention?

George walks away from Max to return to the stove when a
series of ELECTRONIC BEEPS makes him pause.

George looks over to the west wall. Max stops cutting
and looks at George. William continues working.

MAX
(continuing)
That piece of shit.

The door on the east wall opens and RICKY, a heavy white
male mid-twenties, enters wearing street clothes and
carrying a canvas bag.

MAX
(continuing)
You unemptied colon, where the-

GEORGE
(raising his hands to
calm Max)
Max.
(beat)
Ricky, get dressed.

RICKY
(confused)
I'm only fifteen minutes late.

MAX
Then you must've thought today
was daylight savings-

GEORGE
Get dressed Ricky. Before
Gregory gets in.

RICKY
(to Max)
What's wrong with you man?

MAX
You, you irresponsible fuck.
I wouldn't even trust you to
be my sister's paperweight-

RICKY
You're so funny. So funny
man. So funny.

GEORGE
We've got a ton of stuff to
prep here...

RICKY
What did I do man?

MAX
Where were you last night?

RICKY
I was out with Amanda.

MAX
The It?

RICKY
Shut up. At least I'm getting
laid-

MAX
Ricky, if the only credential
I required of a chick was "has
vagina," I'd have regular
amounts of sex too. You date
grim looking women, this a
fact, but that's not why you
suck today.

RICKY
What's up your ass, man?

MAX
We had studio time last night.
Booked and paid for. Where
were you?

RICKY
(taken aback)
Oh man...
(beat)
I...I forgot.

Max returns to work as does George. Ricky stands still, the realization of his carelessness immobilizing him momentarily. William looks up at Ricky for a moment. Ricky couldn't look more guilty.

RICKY
(continuing)
I'm sorry guys.

Ricky reaches into his bag and pulls out his kitchen knife.

WILLIAM
Jus' had it sharpen?

RICKY
Yeah.

Ricky walks towards the bathroom. He grabs the door handle and holds it for a moment. He lets go and turns around to face the kitchen.

RICKY
(continuing)
I'll pay for the studio time
last night.

Ricky turns and enters the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE

George, Max, William, and Ricky are all silently working.

Max fills the third quart container with diced carrots. He walks over to the sink to wash his hands. He turns on the water and puts his hands under the stream.

MAX
Shit!

Max jerks his hands violently away from the sink.

MAX
(continuing)
I must do that five times a
day. When are they gonna
switch these handles the right
way?

GEORGE

I don't know. This place has tons of little glitches like that. It's probably not a real high priority.

MAX

How hard can it be to put the handle that says "C" on the cold side and the handle that says "H" on the hot side.

(beat)

Do they need a specialist?

GEORGE

Quit your moaning.

Ricky turns on the sink by the "H" handle. He tests the water first and then proceeds to wash his hands.

GEORGE

(continuing)

William, que tienes el pollo finito?

WILLIAM

En diez minutos.

GEORGE

Ricky?

RICKY

Almost done.

George turns back to the stove and shakes a large pan, mixing its contents about.

ELECTRONIC BEEPS sound from the entrance door.

MAX

He's always annoyingly early, isn't he?

WILLIAM

Callate.

The door opens and GREGORY, a stocky white male late thirties, enters. He carries himself and wears his suit exuding the confidence of a successful businessman.

GEORGE

Good morning Gregory.

RICKY
Good morning.

GREGORY
(looking to each as
he speaks their name)
George. Max. Ricky. William.

Gregory inhales over the metal bowl near him.

GREGORY
(continuing)
Smells Indian.

MAX
You smell a lot of Indians?

Gregory looks at Max, unamused.

GEORGE
It's a shredded chicken in a
creamed curry sauce.

GREGORY
Not too spicy though?

GEORGE
No. Pretty mild.

GREGORY
Good. The last thing we want
to do is give any of the
patients indigestion.

Gregory looks inside the bowl a moment longer.

GREGORY
(continuing)
It doesn't look like there's
too much chicken in there.

GEORGE
William's prepping the
chicken. That's just the
sauce.

GREGORY
Got it. What are you serving
for dinner?

GEORGE
A Chinese style barbecue beef
with broccoli.

GREGORY

The last cook was all meat and potatoes, but not you.

GEORGE

I like a little variety.

GREGORY

I can tell.

(beat)

The meat people are delivering tomorrow morning so you're going to need to be here early.

GEORGE

What time?

GREGORY

Five thirty.

George tries not to wince.

GEORGE

Okay.

Gregory walks around the kitchen, nonchalantly observing the cooks at work.

He returns to the door that he entered from and types in a code, each number pressed sounding a loud ELECTRONIC BEEP. He tries the door handle, but it does not open. He types the code again. The door opens and he leaves.

MAX

Five thirty. Jesus.

GEORGE

I can take care of it on my own, you don't need to be here that early.

RICKY

Good.

MAX

(to Ricky)

How do you know George doesn't need you? You're a piece of shit.

RICKY

Why am I always the piece of shit? I'm paying for my mistake, right? Right?

MAX

Doesn't change anything. You
are what you are and it floats
in a toilet.

WILLIAM

You twos argue like little
bitches.

Max and Ricky stare at William. George laughs hard.
William doesn't know what's so damn funny.

GEORGE

Fifteen minutes to lunch time,
let's get ready.

Everyone turns back to finish off their respective duties.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

George, Max, and William are at the stove, dishing food
into large metal bowls.

Ricky walks to a smaller steel table on the west wall,
placing a tray of piled plates upon it. The sound of a
LOCK OPENING comes from a door with the word "Cafeteria"
written upon it (on the west wall).

JB, a muscular man in a security uniform, enters the
room. He shuts the door behind him and locks it.

JB

You guys set to go?

GEORGE

Yeah.

JB

I'm gonna bring 'em in.

JB unlocks the door to the cafeteria. He opens it and
walks through.

George, Max, and William each grab a large, food-filled
metal bowl. They walk carefully over to Ricky who stands
at the small metal table with the tray of plates.

George, Max, and William rest their bowls upon the table.
Ricky places a large ladle in each one. A LOUD SCREAM
erupts from nowhere and is gone a moment later. None of
the cooks seem surprised by the scream nor do any of them
react to it.

A sliding vertical door with a metal handle rests on the wall, just above the table. The four men wait patiently while JB's voice booms in from the other room.

JB (O.S.)
Make a line against the right
wall.

Ricky looks over the food. He inhales a large noseful and nods approvingly to George.

MAX
Shut up.

RICKY
I didn't-

GEORGE
Guys...please...

JB (O.S.)
Get one tray from the stack,
and one plastic fork and spoon
bundle from the basket. Then
get in line in front of the
kitchen window.

MAN (O.S.)
What about knives? Metal
knives.

JB (O.S.)
Are you trying to be funny?
Get to the end of the line.

George lifts the vertical door revealing the cafeteria/kitchen window. The window is a one inch thick piece of plexi-glass with a three inch open area at the bottom.

Ricky picks up a dish from the pile and places it in front of Max. Max puts a ladleful of rice on the dish.

GEORGE
More.

Max scoops out more rice from the metal bowl and adds it to the plate.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Good.

George pours on the chicken curry. William adds a side of vegetables.

JB (O.S.)
Put your tray through the window and thank the cooks when they give you your meal. One at a time. Stay in line.

A brown plastic tray slides through the slot at the bottom of the window. Ricky places the dish on the tray and slides it back through.

MAN (O.S.)
Thank you.

GEORGE
You're welcome.

They load up another plate. Another tray slides through. Ricky places the plate upon the tray and slides it back through.

MAN (O.S.)
Thank you.

GEORGE
You're welcome.

They load up another plate. A tray slides through.

MAN (O.S.)
No vegetables. Give mine to fatso over there.

JB (O.S.)
End of the line!

MAN (O.S.)
I want my tray back first.

The Man's hands reach through the tray slot wildly grabbing for the tray. All of the cooks step back from the table, taking their bowls with them.

JB (O.S.)
Hey!

The arms recede from the slot.

JB (O.S.)
(continuing)
You know better than reaching through there, right?

MAN (O.S.)
I just, I just...

JB (O.S.)
If I ever see you reach
through there again I'll put
in a request for you to have
liquid lunches only. Got it?
End of the line.
(beat)
You guys alright?

GEORGE
We're fine.

The cooks place the bowls and dishes back on the metal table. They load up another dish. A tray slides through. Ricky places the plate on it and sends it back.

MAN (O.S.)
Thank you.

GEORGE
You're welcome.

A tray slides through. Ricky places the plate on it and sends it back.

MAN (O.S.)
Thank you George.

GEORGE
You're welcome Pete.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

George is scrubbing the stovetop with a steel brush. William is washing pans and bowls in the sink.

Ricky and Max are washing tabletops.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

The bedroom has a queen size bed, stereo, and piles of compact discs piled like skyscrapers all about. A small lamp and clock rest on a tiny bedside table, but other than that the room is bare. LYNN, a mid-twenties white female, lies on the bed reading a book. A neatly folded pile of clothes rests beside her. The sound of a SHOWER RUNNING is amply audible.

Lynn turns the page in her book. The water stops.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Lynn!

LYNN
Yeah.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Lynn!

LYNN
Yes.

GEORGE (O.S.)
I need a towel.

LYNN
Just a moment.

GEORGE (O.S.)
I'm wet.

LYNN
Don't catch cold.

Lynn finishes reading the page. She places a bookmark firmly to the spine and puts the book down. She leaves the room.

LYNN (O.S.)
Where do you keep your clean towels? I don't see any.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Uh...uh...

Lynn walks back into the bedroom holding a towel. She opens the bathroom door and hands it through. She returns to the bed, picking up the novel.

LYNN
That one seemed clean by comparison. Did the housekeeper quit?

GEORGE (O.S.)
I'm going to do laundry this weekend.

LYNN
You just like smelling my dirty panties.

GEORGE (O.S.)
You're crude Lynn.

LYNN
And I'm easy.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Thank God.

Lynn looks over at the clock by the lamp. It reads nine fifteen.

LYNN
You're running late.

GEORGE (O.S.)
What time is it?

LYNN
Nine thirty.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Shit. Shit.

LYNN
I already got your clothes together.

GEORGE (O.S.)
You're like a wife Lynn...but sexy. And you don't spend my money.

LYNN
I make twice as much.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

George is pulling his shirt over his head as he drives. He looks at the clock on the dashboard. It reads nine twenty-five.

GEORGE
(smiling)
Bitch.

George can't help but laugh.

EXT. ROCK 'N ROLL SALOON - NIGHT

George's car pulls into the parking lot.

INT. ROCK 'N ROLL SALOON - SAME

This is the sort of rock club that has a small stage and large bar. People are scattered about the place drinking and screaming. George walks to the back of the club.

RICKY is setting up his drumkit onstage.

INT. ROCK 'N ROLL SALOON BACKSTAGE - SAME

Max is talking to the MANAGER, a balding long-haired seventies leftover. Phillip is tuning his guitar. The Manager sees George and extends his hand. They shake.

MANAGER
How's it going George?

George nods.

MANAGER
(continuing)
I just told Max that your
closer wimped out. Can you
guys do a longer set?

GEORGE
Till when?

MANAGER
Till two.

GEORGE
We get paid for two gigs,
right?

MANAGER
Of course.

GEORGE
We're in.

The Manager pats George on the shoulder and leaves.

MAX
I didn't want to tell him yes,
I know how early you have to
get up tomorrow.

GEORGE
How uncharacteristically
considerate of you.

MAX
How's the bitch?

GEORGE
Home and waiting.

MAX

You think she's waiting for you, but she's actually taking over. Making your place her nest, collecting twigs and nuts. I hear she even knows how to work your VCR.

GEORGE

Timer and all.

MAX

Pretty scary. Never trust a smart woman.

GEORGE

Why's that?

MAX

It's harder to break their hearts.

GEORGE

Hey Phillip, why am I friends with a talking asshole?

Phillip looks up from his guitar. He didn't hear the question.

MAX

Because you like to be shit on?

PHILLIP

(confused)

What the hell are you guys talking about?

INT. ROCK 'N ROLL SALOON - LATER

George, Max, Phillip, and Ricky are covered in sweat. They have been playing for quite some time and look very fatigued. Max steps up to his microphone.

MAX

Here's another slow one that we'd like to play for you...

GEORGE

(quietly to the band)

Two...Three...

INT. ROCK 'N ROLL SALOON BACKSTAGE - LATER

The exhausted band members pack up their gear. Max walks over to George.

MAX
We'll finish up, you go get
some sleep.

George looks like he is going to protest for a moment, but decides against it.

GEORGE
Thanks.

MAX
You killed tonight. Fuckin'
shredded.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - LATER

George fights sleep as he drives home.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - LATER

The room is pitch black. The sound of a door closing is followed by the muted squeek of mattress springs made by George climbing into bed.

LYNN
How'd it go?

GEORGE
Long...
(beat)
...but well.

LYNN
Good.

The sound of one gentle kiss is followed by a second.

GEORGE
Goodnight Lynn.

LYNN
Goodni-

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - MORNING

The RINGING ALARM ends George's brief sleep and somehow it is already morning.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

George walks in and turns on the bathroom light. He winces at its brightness...

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

George showers with the bathroom light off. His eyes are nearly shut. He lethargically moves the bar of soap over his body.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

George is brushing his teeth in the dark bathroom.

LYNN (O.S.)
I was watching the news last
night...

George stops brushing for a moment. He waits for her to continue.

LYNN (O.S.)
(continuing)
It looks like some pretty
shitty weather is headed our
way.

George pulls the brush from his mouth. He spits out his mouthful of toothpaste.

GEORGE
Well that's wonderful.

George walks out of the bathroom and flips the light switch. The light turns on.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

A man hands George a coffee through the window. George hands him a bill and drives away.

He peels the plastic lip back on the styrafoam cup and takes a sip.

EXT. SANS ASYLUM - MOMENTS LATER

George pulls into the driveway of the asylum.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE TO SANS ASYLUM - SAME

George brings his car into a nearby parking space.

He exits the car, holding his coffee, and sits on a milk-crate standing upright near the backdoor.

He takes another sip of coffee.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE TO SANS - MOMENTS LATER

George sits on the milk crate smoking a cigarette.
THUNDER RUMBLES. George looks up at the dawn sky.

The sky is dark with the clouds of an oncoming storm.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

It starts to rain. George walks over to his car and gets in.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - SAME

George sits in his car as the pouring rain runs down the windshield in a steady deluge.

A truck with AMERICAN MEATPACKERS INC. painted on the side pulls into the lot. It is barely visible through the torrents of rain.

George looks at the clock on the dash. It reads five forty five.

GEORGE
(to the truck, under
his breath)
That's fifteen minutes of
sleep you owe me.

The truck stops. George points to the backdoor entrance. The DRIVER nods.

George gets out of his car and darts to the backdoor.

George reaches the door. In reverse, the truck moves towards him. George, half-soaked punches in his code. He tries the handle but the door doesn't open. The truck continues to back towards him.

GEORGE
(continuing; to the
Driver)
Wait.

The truck draws closer. He tries the handle. It doesn't turn. George looks up at the truck.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Wait a goddamn minute!

INT. TRUCK - SAME

The driver is looking at his driver's side rearview mirror as he continues back his vehicle up. BANG. He slams on the breaks. The truck jerks to a halt.

DRIVER
Shit.

The driver looks in his rearview mirror, but doesn't see anything through the pouring rain.

The driver looks in his passenger's side rearview and sees George who BANGS a second time upon the truck-

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - SAME

GEORGE
Watch it man!

George goes behind the vehicle. He had succeeded in opening the kitchen door and now proceeds inside.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

George enters the darkened kitchen, momentarily escaping the downpour.

A small amount of light trickles in through the tiny barred windows at the top of each wall and the open front door. George disappears into the darkness. Against the hissing of falling rain, several ELECTRONIC BEEPS can be heard.

Lights turn on, one by one, illuminating the kitchen. The DRIVER enters the kitchen. George walks up to him, gearing up to tell him off.

DRIVER
Did I almost hit the wall?

George realizes what a waste of energy his chastisement would be.

GEORGE
Forget about it. Let's unload
this stuff.

The two men head to the backdoor.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The driver is standing in the back of the truck. He is holding two large plastic bags filled with whole plucked chickens.

GEORGE
What's with this?

DRIVER
What?

GEORGE
They still have the heads.
These chickens.

DRIVER
So?

GEORGE
Why'd they leave the heads on?

DRIVER
That's how they make them now.

George doesn't know exactly what the Driver means by this.

GEORGE
How do you mean?

DRIVER
Our new distributor gives them
to us with the heads.

GEORGE
Oh.
(beat)
OK.

THUNDER RUMBLES. George takes a bag of chickens in each hand and walks to a walk-in freezer.

INT. WALK-IN FREEZER - SAME

George rearranges a few items in the densely packed freezer to make room for the chickens.

DRIVER (O.S.)
I didn't realize what time it
was.

GEORGE
 (pausing to listen)
 Yes...

DRIVER (O.S.)
 I'm just going to unload the
 rest and leave it right here,
 OK?

GEORGE
 (annoyed)
 Go ahead.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

George walks out of the freezer. He looks at the pile of meat on the floor by the exit.

GEORGE
 Jesus...
 (beat)
 shit...

One bag of beef has ripped open. A large puddle of blood has pooled around it. George picks the bag up and cradles it gently, careful not to spill any more blood.

He drops the bag into the sink.

A faraway SCREAM echoes in the kitchen. George does not react to it at all. George grabs another bag of beef and walks to the freezer. He enters.

Another SCREAM reaches the empty kitchen. Followed by another. And another.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - LATER

It is still raining, but with less intensity than the early morning's downpour.

A vehicle pulls into a space next to George's. Max and Ricky get out of the car and race for the backdoor.

Ricky punches his code into the panel.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

George is peeling potatoes over a garbage can. The door opens. Max pushes Ricky aside and enters the kitchen. Ricky makes it inside two water-logged seconds later.

RICKY
 Asshole.

MAX
Close the door RickyRicky.

RICKY
Don't call me-

GEORGE
(not looking up from
his peeling)
Close the door please.

Ricky shuts it. THUNDER RUMBLES.

MAX
Everything go alright?

GEORGE
Yeah, for the most part.
American Meat got new
suppliers. They leave the
heads on the chickens.
(beat)
I also came across some kind
of animal head in one of the
chop-meat bags.

RICKY
A cow's head?

GEORGE
Maybe a calf. Maybe a goat.

MAX
You toss it?

GEORGE
Yeah.

RICKY
Can we use it for soup stock?

MAX
(angry, to Ricky)
He doesn't even know what it
is you idiot...
(beat)
It might be a fucking dog's
head.

RICKY
(defensively)
Man...

MAX
RickyRicky.

Ricky reaches for Max, but Max escapes his clutches.

GEORGE
I'm glad I don't live with you
guys anymore.

George finishes peeling the potato and places it in a bucket half full with water and other peeled potatoes. Max is trying to think of a comeback. George grabs another potato and scrapes it with the peeler. A piece of potato skin falls into the garbage.

Max has the comeback.

MAX
I hear Lynn shits in a dog
dish and makes you eat it. I
can understand why you
wouldn't want us to see that.
(beat)
Better that you live with her-
I mean alone.

Ricky starts laughing. George has no reaction whatsoever. Ricky and Max both notice this.

MAX
(continuing)
Sorry.

RICKY
Is the head in there?

Ricky motions towards the garbage pail. George nods.

GEORGE
Yeah.

Ricky and Max walk over to the pail. They look inside for a moment.

RICKY
Gross man.

MAX
Looks like a calf. Or someone
Ricky might screw.

Ricky punches Max in the shoulder.

MAX
 (continuing)
 Cool it.

George continues peeling, his mechanical motions are those of a person on auto-pilot.

MAX
 (continuing)
 What do you want us to do?

George points to a pile of vegetables.

GEORGE
 Julienne the squash and
 zucchini. Fine dice the
 onions. Mince the garlic.
 Clean and parboil the corn.

Max gets two cutting boards from a rack on the wall.
 Ricky pulls out two knives from a drawer.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

George, Max, and Ricky are prepping vegetables. A LONG and LOUD MOAN of a male inmate resounds in the kitchen. None of the cooks react to it in any discernable way.

ELECTRONIC BEEPS. William enters wearing streetclothes.

WILLIAM
 Sorry, I'm late, the bus
 wasn't-

GEORGE
 Don't sweat it. Just dress
 out.

William nods and heads for the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

George, Max, and William stand at the cafeteria window with large metal bowls and ladles. Ricky walks over with a plate full of trays.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 It doesn't have a safety rail.
 If you pretend it does you're
 gonna fall; the lake dried up
 last summer.

MAN'S VOICE #2 (O.S.)
 What...what?

JB (O.S.)
Quiet please.

MAN'S VOICE #2 (O.S.)
What's he talking about? Tell
me!

JB (O.S.)
I want you stand there and be
quiet. I want you to go to the
end of the line. Don't sit
together either.
(beat)
Listen everyone,
(beat)
I want each of you to get one
tray from the stack, and one
plastic fork and spoon bundle
from the basket. Then get in
line in front of the kitchen
window.

Ricky takes a plate from the pile and puts it in front of
Max. Max lumps a mound of mashed potatoes onto the
plate. George places Salisbury style steak next to the
mash. William empties a ladle full of vegetables onto
the plate.

A tray slides through the window. Ricky places the plate
upon the tray and sends it back.

The tray CRASHES against the window. The glass is
covered with splattered food. A MAN starts laughing
hysterically.

Max, Ricky, and William are somewhat startled. George
has seen this all before.

GEORGE
Aw hell...

George looks through the window into the cafeteria.
Through gaps in the splattered food, some of the
cafeteria and its inhabitants are visible.

JB flickers through a pocket in the running Salisbury
gravy.

George shifts his position somewhat to get a better angle
on the event. JB swings out at something. CRACK. JB
falls out of George's field of vision.

A subdued REDHEADED INMATE in a chokehold is visible through streaming gravy. George looks at another INMATE. The inmate watches the fray silently.

JB (O.S.)
George!

GEORGE
Yeah.

JB (O.S.)
I'm taking the rude fellow who
doesn't like your cooking
someplace else for lunch.
That OK?

GEORGE
Much appreciated JB. I won't
serve until you get back.

George looks for JB through the rolling ichor of mash, meat and gravy, but is unable to locate him.

A MAN SUCKING HIS THUMB stares directly at George. George looks at him for a moment. The man's glare does not waver in the least. George, a little uneasy, looks away.

RICKY
Do you know why that guy threw
the tray?

MAX
He was trying to get into your
pants.

GEORGE
Do any of you know what Harry
Green looks like?

MAX
Who's that?

RICKY
He's that really big golfer.

WILLIAM
You guys no readin' the
newspaper?

MAX
No.

RICKY
Not today, but sometimes.

GEORGE
(to William)
You know what he looks like?

WILLIAM
Si, yo creo.

GEORGE
(pointing to the
window)
William, miras.

William walks over and tries to look through the oozing sludge of food.

The window is utterly opaque.

WILLIAM
No estoy-

A hand wipes the food away from the other side. THUMB, the man who was sucking his thumb, is only inches from the window. He looks from George to William to Ricky to Max. His face is devoid of any readable emotion.

George and William remain still and silent.

Max BANGS his ladle on the window. The noise startles George, William, and Ricky. THUMB does not respond, but continues his deadpan gaze at Max.

JB (O.S.)
After we clean this up, we'll
proceed with lunch. Hey, what
do you think makes you so
special, huh? Back in line.

With a lingering gaze THUMB departs from the cook's line of vision.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The cooks are dishing lunch. THUNDER RUMBLES.

Ricky places the plate upon a tray and slides it back through.

MAN (O.S.)
Thank you George.

GEORGE
You're welcome Pete.

George points to the window. Ricky slides the vertical cover down.

RICKY
That was annoying.

MAX
The fact that you continue to breathe is annoying.

RICKY
What are you attacking me for?

GEORGE
We gotta-
(starts to yawn, but
continues speaking)
aaa ga er o oo-

MAX
Tonight we're doing chicken scarparella with pasta and eggplant saute, right?

George nods as he yawns again.

MAX
(continuing)
I know how to do all that shit, you go take a nap.

GEORGE
I-

MAX
Shut the hell up, and take a goddamn nap.

George looks at Ricky and William.

GEORGE
You guys're cool with this?

RICKY
Get some sleep.

WILLIAM
Hablas con Max por pimiento-

MAX
I'm following this, it's about
me.

GEORGE
(to Max)
Go easy on the hot peppers, OK?

MAX
That was only once George...
Pleasant dreams.

GEORGE
I don't think I dream.

MAX
With Lynn in your bed, you
sure wake up with a lot of
nightmares.

George and William roll their eyes.

RICKY
That was terrible, Max. Even
for you.

George starts to leave the kitchen.

MAX
Don't think I won't hold this
over your head. I will.
Daily. Look behind the tomato
sauce. Ricky's little secret.

Ricky throws Max a look that could kill.

George walks through the pantry door.

INT. PANTRY - SAME

The pantry is long and narrow. Jars and containers fill the multi-tiered shelves. George walks over to the tomato sauce. He pulls a large can off of the shelf and rests it on the floor. He pulls another. And another. George reaches deeper but is taken by a pleasant surprise.

George laughs.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

William and Ricky are washing the large metal bowls and ladles in the sink. Max is opening a bag of chicken.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Ricky, you're in deep shit for
having a pillow hidden at work!

INT. PANTRY - SAME

George looks at Ricky's pillow a moment longer before dropping it to the ground. He then pulls the string attached to the light above. The light switches off.

George takes a seat on the ground. He fluffs up Ricky's pillow. He stretches his legs out. In the silence George hears rain patter on the roof.

George slowly lies back.

George quickly falls asleep. DISTANT THUNDER RUMBLES

INT. PHILLIP'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is wallpapered with assorted MAPS. Upon a large table rests several GLOBES. Phillip is sitting on his bed, playing his guitar. A GIRL sits on the floor with her legs drawn up to her chin. The HEAVILY DISTORTED sound of power chords blast out from an amplifier as Phillip plays.

Phillip's playing is angry and sharp. The chords follow each other in rapid succession, with increasing fervor.

Phillip's right hand becomes a blur. Phillip flies the crescendo. The amplifier BLASTS a distorted flurry of notes.

The lights cut out.

Unamplified, Phillip's high speed strumming sounds like acoustic Spanish guitar. The girl giggles.

Phillip stops playing and looks up at the lights.

PHILLIP
This wouldn't happen in
Singapore.

INT. PANTRY - SAME

George sleeps soundly on the pantry floor. Max hesitantly walks inside. Max looks worried.

MAX
George...George.

George stirs.

GEORGE
What time is it?

MAX
The power went out.

George sits upright. Ricky enters the room.

GEORGE
What?

RICKY
The lights cut out and then we
heard an explosion outside.

George stands up.

GEORGE
We have a backup power supply
though.

MAX
Well it's not working, like
every other-

GEORGE
Stop.

MAX
(to Ricky, jokingly)
This is your fault, you had to
set the toaster on the darkest
setting!

GEORGE
We've gotta wait for the power
to come back on. What time is
it?

MAX
Six.

GEORGE
Did JB bring the people in to
eat?

RICKY
They're all sitting out there.

GEORGE
(displeased)
Great. Great. Did you guys
call and let the power company
know the power's out?

MAX

The fucking doors won't open.

GEORGE

Fuck.

George walks out of the pantry, followed by Ricky and then Max. The sound of the rain outside grows louder.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

George, Ricky and Max enter the kitchen. The kitchen is dark. William is standing on top of a stainless steel table. He is unscrewing a light bulb. George sees JB standing on the floor near William.

William takes the bulb from the socket and hands it to JB. Bulb in hand, JB walks over to the stove and turns on one of the gas burners.

In front of the gas flame, JB examines the bulb. Someone in the cafeteria is CRYING LOUDLY. William gets off of the table and walks over to George.

GEORGE

What's he doing?

WILLIAM

He's looking to see-

JB

We're fucked.

George walks over to JB, followed by the others.

GEORGE

What?

JB holds the bulb in front of the fire.

JB

See? The filament is completely fried. The power surged before it blew. The wiring is toast. We're fucked.

RICKY

What about the backup power?

GEORGE

It can't run on burnt circuitry, right?

JB nods.

RICKY
We're trapped in here?

MAX
(to William)
Like rats. We're trapped in
here like rats is what you
should have said you pussy.

JB
(to Max)
I'm gonna beat the shit out of
you if you don't shut up
pronto.

Ricky smiles.

MAN (O.S.)
Stop it, stop it!

Man #2 laughs. Sounds of a SCUFFLE ensue.

GEORGE
Where are the other security
guys?

JB
(to George)
I don't know but I'm not gonna
wait around for them, I want
you and Max to help me take
the inmates back to their
rooms now.

MAX
Not a chance.

JB
It won't take very long for
things to get nasty out there-
the sooner they're separated
the better.

MAX
It's not my job to deal with
these people.

JB
This has nothing to do with
your job, it's about getting
control of a dangerous
situation.
(more)

JB (cont'd)

The sooner we lock them into their rooms, the sooner I can get to my office and call the police.

WILLIAM

I help.

JB

Fine. Come on.

JB, George, and William walk over to the cafeteria door.

JB turns to face them.

JB

(continuing)

When you chaperone them, keep them in a single file line. George, you walk at the front, William, you walk at the back.

(to George)

As you go, read out the names written on the open doors. They'll go into their rooms and

(to William)

you lock them in when you walk past.

William nods.

JB

If you still have someone with you at the end of the hall, tell him that you're gonna bring him back to me for disciplining. Don't worry though, it won't come to that, most of the troublemakers will be in my group. Here.

JB hands George a ring with two keys.

JB

(continuing)

The round one gets you out of the kitchen the square one opens the door to hall B.

GEORGE

Okay.

JB unlocks the door. They all walk through. Ricky looks at Max.

RICKY
Do you think it's dangerous,
them...out there?

Max doesn't hear Ricky's question, he is lost in his own self-doubt and apprehensions.

MAX
Do I smell like chickenshit or
just feel that way?

RICKY
I wouldn't have gone, man.

Max looks at Ricky. He sees that Ricky is equally worried.

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

The cafeteria has two rows with very long benches and tables. Ten people sit on or walk about the benches.

JB
Everyone listen.

Six inmates give JB their undivided attention.

It is not clear whether the others are listening.

NERVOUS MAN
Where did the lights go?

JB
They'll be back on soon, but
first we are going to take you
back to your rooms.

NERVOUS
But we didn't eat yet. Who're
they?

JB
These two gentlemen are from
the kitchen and they are going
to help me take you back to
your rooms. They are fully
authorized to discipline
anyone who acts out of line.

George and William try to stand strong, but look rather intimidated by the prospect of disciplining anyone.

George notices THUMB staring directly at him from the corner of the room. George awkwardly shifts his glance.

NERVOUS

Who authorized them, you?

BALD MAN

He can't do that sort of thing, on the spot like that. They need training. Those guys touch me and I'll scream.

JB

Be quiet. I'll take you myself.

One of the inmates starts LAUGHING LOUDLY.

JB

(continuing)

Everyone in hall B get in a line by the exit, quickly. George and William are going to take you back to your rooms.

One by one men walk over to the exit door. George looks to the corner of the room at THUMB.

THUMB does not move to get in line. George is a little relieved. A total of five men, one of which is the NERVOUS man, get in line at the exit.

George and William look at each other for a moment, a moment where they communicate their anxiety and then stuff it away.

George walks over to the front of the line. William holds up the rear. George takes a key and inserts it in the door.

GEORGE

Let's go.

George walks through the door, followed by the five inmates and William.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

The narrow corridor, like the cafeteria, is nearly pitch black. One by one the seven men file in. The door shuts behind William. William stealthily checks the knob behind him so that no one can hear. It is locked.

NERVOUS
It locks automatically.

The men walk across the linoleum floor towards a door at the far end. A giant letter "B" is painted in Orange upon the door.

NERVOUS
(continuing)
Cook, is this your first time
in the nuthouse, not including
the kitchen?

They continue to walk. George does not know whether he should answer the man or not.

NERVOUS
(continuing)
Is it?

GEORGE
Yes.

NERVOUS
Do you like it?

They reach the door. George inserts the key and tries to turn it. It doesn't turn.

NERVOUS
(continuing)
Do you like it?

The SHORT man standing behind Nervous pushes him forward. Nervous falls to the ground. George sees this, but continues jiggling the key in the lock. Short kicks Nervous in the face.

William steps up from the back of the line and grabs Short by his arms.

WILLIAM
Yo tengo.

William looks down at Nervous. His face is smeared with blood.

WILLIAM
(continuing; under
his breath)
Mierda...

George stops fidgeting with the key for a moment and looks at William.

GEORGE
El es mal?

Short surges forwards and kicks Nervous in the face again, his foot making contact with a grim CRUNCH.

William pulls him away from the line.

George yanks the key out and rushes to William.

Nervous passes out face down in a puddle of his own blood.

George and William hold Short to the wall.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Stop it. Now. What's your
name?

Short says nothing. His outward appearance is serene and he does not struggle. George takes off his belt.

MAN IN LINE
James Harper.

George wraps the belt around the wrists and waist of the small man, tightening it as much as possible.

Nervous regains consciousness in a fit of coughing. He spits out most of his front teeth onto the linoleum.

Nervous brings his hand over to his mouth. He reaches inside to feel what's left. George and William look away, but cannot help grimacing as they listen to the man SPIT and COUGH.

GEORGE
(not looking at
Nervous)
Can you stand?

NERVOUS
(weakly)
Yeah.

George returns to the front of the line, holding Short by the belt. William returns to the rear.

George places the key in the lock. He jiggles it around for another moment. The door does not open.

MAN IN LINE
Did JB give you the wrong key?

George's twisting pays off, the stubborn lock acquiesces.

George looks at Short, who remains as serene as before.

George looks at Nervous who is holding his bleeding face in both hands.

George looks at William. William nods for them to proceed.

The line exits the corridor.

INT - HALL B - SAME

Hall B is a longer corridor, twice the width of the previous one. There are twelve doors aligning the hallway, five of which are ajar.

The line of seven proceeds.

George reaches the first open door. He looks to a sheet attached to the door.

GEORGE
Frank Castina.

A man enters the room from the line. William locks the door as they walk by.

George reads another name, without stopping the line's forwards momentum.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Isaac Kistler.

The NERVOUS man files in his room. William locks the door behind him.

George looks at the next sheet. He looks at James.

GEORGE
(continuing)
This is you.

George pushes the man inside, leaving the belt around him. George shuts and locks the door himself.

George reads the next sheet.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Martin Howden.

A Man files in. William locks the door behind him.

George looks back at the one man they have left. George then looks to William. William motions for him to hurry up.

George reads the name from the next sheet.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Arthur West.

The Man enters his room. George shuts the door, while William locks it.

George sees William is staring past him.

WILLIAM
Mira...

A door at the end of the hallway slowly opens.

WILLIAM
(continuing)
Is someone get out?

A NAKED MAN walks out of the open room.

NAKED MAN
It's not my fault...

GEORGE
Uh...excuse me...

The NAKED MAN runs headlong into George, knocking him over.

The Naked Man stands again.

NAKED MAN
Where are the lights? The
lights, the lights, the
fucking lights!

The man runs past George and William towards the entrance. He tries the doorhandle. It is locked.

NAKED MAN
(continuing)
No no, no, no, no...OPEN! I
didn't!

George and William slowly approach the Naked Man. The man slams repeatedly into the door, while clutching the knob.

GEORGE

Get back to your room. Now.

The man faces George and William.

He charges at them.

Upon impact, they all collapse to the ground.

The Man struggles. George lays across his torso. The Man ineffectually strikes George's upper back with his open hands. William bear-hugs the man's legs, in an effort to stop his wild kicking.

NAKED MAN

Get off, off, off!

The man bites George's shoulder.

GEORGE

Fuck.

George knees the Naked Man hard in the stomach. The man coughs and unclenches his teeth from George's shoulder.

George punches the man in the jaw. The man's struggle grows more desperate.

William lets go of the man's legs and springs off of the winded man.

William kicks the man in the head again, this time harder. The man continues to struggle, arms and legs wildly flailing.

William kicks the man in the head again. He passes out.

George and William drag the Naked Man into his room.

George shuts the door.

William locks the door.

George unbuttons his double-breasted chef shirt. He tries to look at his shoulder, where he was bitten, but cannot quite see the wound.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Am I bleeding?

William looks closely at his shoulder.

WILLIAM
No, but you gots the big red
mark.

George pulls his shirt back on. THUNDER RUMBLES.

They walk to the hall exit/entrance.

WILLIAM
(continuing)
How did he get out?

GEORGE
I have no idea

They reach the door.

WILLIAM
You should havin' Max cook for
that bitch for now on.

George unlocks the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

George and William stand at the end of the corridor while
George unlocks the door.

INT. CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

George and William enter the cafeteria.

The door to the kitchen is wide open. One of the benches
lies overturned through the open doorway.

William taps George on the shoulder and points to the
open door.

WILLIAM
(whispered)
Miras.

GEORGE
(whispered)
Miro, miro. I see.

They stand still listening for something, for anything,
that might let them know what the situation is.

They hear pouring RAIN. They hear distant THUNDER
RUMBLING.

George shuts the cafeteria/corridor door through which he and William just passed. He locks the door.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Where the hell is JB?

WILLIAM
(shrugging)
Yo no se. No esta aqui.

GEORGE
No he's not. I hope he
already talked to the police.

WILLIAM
Yo no se. Que tu crees?

THUNDER RUMBLES

GEORGE
I want-

Something SLAMS into the cafeteria door that George just locked.

WILLIAM
Yo quiero el cuchillo mio.

GEORGE
I wouldn't mind having my
knife either...

The doorknob RATTLES in place as someone on the other side tries to wrest it open.

George and William stare at the rattling knob as it wobbles in place.

The person lets go; the knob hangs still. George and William hear the sound of FOOTSTEPS receding.

George and William cautiously approach the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

George and William step over the mangled bench and walk inside.

Someone is standing on top of the stove. He is urinating into a large stock pot.

The MAN, while still urinating, turns his head to face George and William, who remain still and silent.

George sees that the Man is holding a CLEAVER in his free hand. The Man finishes urinating and zips up.

GEORGE
Hello Carter.

Carter steps off of the stove. He ignites the flame under the pot he just urinated into.

Carter walks straight towards George and William.

George and William start to walk deeper into the kitchen and out of the Carter's trajectory. The THUMPING starts up again.

Carter lunges at George and William. They both freeze with shock. Carter stops two steps later.

CARTER
(said without humor)
Let me know what you think of
my cooking, chef.

He walks out of the door.

GEORGE
Let's barricade that door.

WILLIAM
No tienes los llaves?

GEORGE
No, no keys.

They walk towards the door.

Carter reappears in the doorway and flings his cleaver at the cooks.

Both George and William flinch and cover their faces with their hands.

The blade misses them and caroms with a loud CLANK off of one of the stainless steel tables and onto the floor.

Carter is gone from the door.

George and William race forward.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Tienes la puerta.

William pushes the bench outside and slams the door, while George rolls a large metal table up against it. They turn the table over on its side. William pulls another table against the first.

George walks over to the stove and turns off the burner that is below the urine filled pot.

THUMP. THUMP.

GEORGE
(continuing)
It might be Max, right?

WILLIAM
Maybe. En the pantry.

George opens up a drawer and pulls out his chef knife. William does the same. They walk over to the pantry.

George knocks loudly on the door.

GEORGE
Max?

MAX (O.S.)
(muffled)
Open the goddamn door George.

George pulls the door open. Max walks out.

MAX
Fucking door fucking locked on
me.
(beat)
What took you so goddamn long?

George doesn't respond. Max is about to gripe some more, but sees that George and William are upset.

MAX
(continuing)
Ricky hyperventilated when
they broke in.

WILLIAM
Dios...

GEORGE
How is he?

MAX
He's still breathing,
irregularly, but breathing...

GEORGE

Well that's at least something.

MAX

By the way, I fucking quit
this cocksucking job. And
you'd better mail me my
goddamn paychecks.

(noticing something)

Where's JB?

George looks at William. They both shrug.

MAX

(continuing)

Did he call the cops? You'd
better not shrug again.

GEORGE

We don't know where he is.
He's supposed to be here. But
he's not.

MAX

Keen observation you scientist!

GEORGE

I would really appreciate you
going easy on the sarcasm for
a moment.

Something SLAMS into the kitchen/cafeteria window.

The three cooks look to the window. Blood runs down the
glass in streaks from one circular splatter mark.

Max runs over to the window. Sporadic YELLING and
LAUGHTER can be heard.

MAX

Shit.

(beat)

There are a bunch of guys out
there...

George walks over to the window.

MAX

(continuing)

They're picking up another
bench.

GEORGE

Shit!

George and Max dive away from the window.

The glass shatters. A catapulted bench comes sailing clean through.

The bench slams against the opposite wall and ricochets down.

George runs over to the door.

GEORGE
 (continuing; to Max
 and William)
 Help me!

George grabs one of the metal tables that is blocking the door, and pushes it out of the way.

GEORGE
 (continuing)
 Away, away, clear it away.

An arm holding a plastic tray reaches through the window. The arm chips away the edges of glass left within the pane.

William and Max grab the other table and similarly discard it.

A FIGURE starts to climb through the window.

George opens the door.

They all run through.

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

George, Max, and William erupt from the kitchen into the cafeteria. George and William hold their knives close in as they run.

A group of PEOPLE standing by the shattered kitchen/cafeteria window, turn to look at the running group.

The cooks speedily exit the cafeteria through the open corridor door.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

George trips on a body sprawled across the linoleum floor.

George looks back. The body is JB's. It has no head.

Max and William help him to his feet.

Max turns to look. Max vomits.

WILLIAM
No lookin' Max.

GEORGE
C'mon.

INT. HALL A - SAME

Most of the doors are open in this hallway.

George, Max, and William head into the first open room.

INT. ROOM - SAME

The three race into the single bedroom, slamming the door behind them.

MAX
Lock it.

WILLIAM
Locks are on its outside.

GEORGE
Here.

George is already rolling the bed over to the doorway. Max helps him prop it up against the door.

MAX
What the fuck are we gonna do about Ricky?

GEORGE
What can we do? Go back and drag him over here?

MAX
Something...fuck, we can do something. He's lying unconscious in the pantry.

WILLIAM
He might bein' safer than us over there. That's why you was hidin' in it.

MAX
Bullshit man, you just don't give a fuck-

WILLIAM

Fuck you.

MAX

Fuckin' Mexican piece of shit-

GEORGE

Enough Max.

MAX

We should just sit here and play pinata?

WILLIAM

Don't talk to me likes that...you were the one too e'scared to go out before.

William mocks Max's recent vomiting episode.

MAX

(half joking)

Well then fuck you and your forty sisters in bunk beds.

William starts to laugh. The tension is broken. Max lightly punches William on the shoulder letting him know that their quibble is quashed. George is relieved.

GEORGE

Let's get to a phone, we should assume that they got to JB before he was able to call the cops.

MAX

Where's the phone?

GEORGE

There's definitely one in JB's office. There might be another one someplace else, but I'm not sure.

MAX

Might as well go for the one you're sure about.

GEORGE

I know he locks his office though. He might still have the keys on his keychain...

MAX

It looks like the nuts already
got a set of keys...

GEORGE

I think that's a different set
though. They might not have
noticed his keychain with his
home and office keys.

WILLIAM

Let's go.

GEORGE

I don't know that we should
all go.

MAX

Well I don't want to sit in
here.

WILLIAM

I don't either.

GEORGE

I guess we all will.

INT. HALL A - MOMENTS LATER

George, Max, and William enter the hallway.

An ELDERLY MAN walks out of the room opposite them.

They continue walking, purposefully not giving the man
their attention. He watches them intently.

ELDERLY MAN

When are we gonna get to eat?

George turns momentarily to answer the man.

GEORGE

Pretty soon, OK?

ELDERLY MAN

How much time?

MAX

Fifteen minutes.

ELDERLY MAN

Okay.

The Elderly man turns back to his room.

The cooks walk through the entrance.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

George, Max, and William enter the corridor.

GEORGE
(whisper)
Oh no...

The body is gone.

A foot-wide smear of blood runs from where the body was to the cafeteria entrance door.

MAX
Why the fuck would they want that?

George looks at the cafeteria entrance door.

MAX
(continuing)
I'm not going in there. No way.

GEORGE
I know. I'm just trying to think of what we should do.

WILLIAM
Can we breaks into the office?

MAX
That's what I was thinking, and I'm not even a Mexican.

GEORGE
Let's try it.

The three men walk towards the HALL B door.

It is open. They walk through.

INT. HALL B - SAME

George, Max, and William enter the hall.

All of the doors are open. A MAN walks across the hall from one room to another.

The three intrepidly proceed along the course.

The door at the end of the hall is ajar.

GEORGE
 JB's office is at the end of
 the hall behind this door.
 (beat)
 But this is usually locked.

MAX
 So they have the keychain.

George pushes the door open a few more inches. He peers
 around the edge.

GEORGE
 Someone's in the office. It
 looks like one of the nurses
 though.

MAX
 Go, c'mon.

GEORGE
 (to William)
 Hide that thing.

William takes off his cooking apron and wraps the blade.
 George places his knife in his apron and wraps it as well.

One by one they exit HALL B.

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - SAME

The tiny dark corridor has barely room enough to fit the
 three cooks. The door to JB's office is open. Inside,
 a MAN walks by the open door allowing the cooks only a
 brief glance.

NURSE (O.S.)
 -just wanted to clarify a
 couple of things. You
 misunderstood me...
 (beat)
 That's unfair...

GEORGE
 (whispered)
 I don't recognize him, but he
 is wearing a nurse's uniform.

MAX
 Well it sounds like the
 phone's working at least. I
 imagine we can overpower him
 if we have to. Let's go.

GEORGE

Let me find out what's up.
You stand right outside the
door.

George walks into the office.

INT. JB'S OFFICE - SAME

The NURSE sits at the desk talking on the telephone. The room has a tiny window through which the pouring rain and moonlight are somewhat visible. The room has no other doors.

NURSE

Listen baby...baby...whoa...

George walks in. The Nurse does not look up. George gently KNOCKS on the open door. The Nurse looks up.

NURSE

(continuing; into the
phone)

Hold on.

(to George)

You're one of the cooks right?

GEORGE

Have you called the police?

NURSE

(into the phone)

I'll call you back baby. Bye.

(hangs up the phone)

Now what were you saying?

GEORGE

They killed JB. It's complete
chaos out there, did you call
the cops?

NURSE

I didn't know about the murder
until just now, how could I
have called the cops?

GEORGE

About the power being out, you
didn't call them to come and
fix it?

NURSE

Why would I call the police
about that?

GEORGE
Cause we're locked in an
asylum with the criminally
insane!

The Nurse stands up out of his seat.

NURSE
Don't yell at me.

GEORGE
Let me call.

George notices that the Nurse is not wearing shoes. The Nurse's pants are too short as well.

The Nurse catches George looking at his feet.

The Nurse yanks the cord from the phone.

The nurse lifts the entire phone with his left hand.

NURSE
I should kill you.

GEORGE
Guys!

The Nurse hurls the phone at George. It SMACKS him square in the face. Max and William enter the room. The Nurse backs to the far wall.

MAX
(staring directly at
the Nurse)
You OK George?

George GRUNTS a not too believable affirmative. William looks at George. George is bleeding from both nostrils. An airborne stapler catches Max right in the chest.

Max runs at the Nurse.

MAX
(continuing)
Cocksucker!

The Nurse pushes a chair in Max's path.

William pulls out his knife.

Max stumbles over the chair, but is up in the same instant.

The Nurse reaches for something else to throw. Max wraps his hands around the Nurse's neck.

MAX
(continuing)
Fucker.

The Nurse coughs and swings at Max, catching him in the ribs. Unflinchingly, Max slams the Nurse's head into the wall. The Nurse kicks frantically stomps on Max's foot. Max SLAMS the Nurse's head into the wall again and again.

A weak moan escapes the Nurse's mouth before Max lets him drop unconscious to the ground.

Max spits on the fallen nurse and kicks him in the stomach.

Max's shoulders rise and fall with each adrenalized breath.

MAX
(continuing)
Fucking nutcase.

The Nurse lies completely still upon the floor.

MAX
(continuing)
These guys should've been
gassed and electrocuted. All
of them. Fucking psychos.
(beat)
Guy's a fucking psycho.

Max turns around. William is helping George over to the overturned chair. George reaches out with his arm and pushes the door shut. Max stands the chair on its legs. George takes a seat.

MAX
(continuing)
You OK?

GEORGE
(weakly)
Get the phone...

William picks up the phone. Max rubs his chest on the spot where the stapler hit him.

GEORGE
 (continuing)
 See if this guy has the keys
 on him...so we can lock the
 door.

Max grimaces as he massages the spot where the stapler
 hit him. He lifts up his shirt. A black bruise has
 already formed.

GEORGE
 (continuing)
 Max.

MAX
 What?

GEORGE
 See if the this guy has the
 keys on him.

MAX
 Oh.

Max leans over the body.

William places the phone in front of George, on the desk.
 George plugs it in. He picks up the receiver. It is
 cracked in two, but the wires appear to be intact.
 George dials 911.

Max continues to search the body.

William stands by the door, looking through its narrow
 vertical window.

Max reaches into the Nurse's pocket.

GEORGE
 (methodically in
 monotone)
 I'm calling from the Sans
 Asylum.
 (beat)
 My name is George Marshall. I
 work here-
 (beat)
 Listen the power blacked out
 and the inmates have turned
 everything on end. They
 killed at least one security
 man and I haven't seen the
 others at all, most likel- yes.
 (more)

GEORGE (cont'd)
 (beat)
 The locks are automated that's-
 (beat)
 We tried.

Max pulls a keychain from the Nurse's pocket.

GEORGE
 (continuing)
 Yes.
 (beat)
 My coworkers and me...yes.
 (beat)
 Fire rescue, police, just send
 someone quickly. Thank you.

Max walks over to the door.

GEORGE
 (continuing)
 Why don't you drag that guy
 out of here before he wakes up.

MAX
 Don't worry about that.

George looks over at Max, realizing the implication of what Max has just said. George then looks at the body that lay still upon the floor. The man is not breathing.

Max stares at the keys in his hand. William turns to Max and looks him deep in the eyes.

MAX
 (continuing)
 I'm fine.

WILLIAM
 The police should bein' here
 soon.
 (to George)
 Right?

GEORGE
 I hope so, they said that
 there've been tornado warnings
 all around the county...but
 they're sending someone out
 now.

Max locks the door, testing the handle afterwards. It's locked.

MAX
Oh my God.

Max sits down. Tears pour down his face. George gets out of his seat and kneels down next to Max. George puts his hand on Max's shoulder. Max covers his face with his hands and silently cries.

GEORGE
Max...

George sits down next to Max. William looks outside the window, trying to give Max some semblance of privacy.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Max...

George leans in close.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Max...we'll be out of here soon.

MAX
I...I fuckin'...I-

GEORGE
...don't feel-

MAX
And what about Ricky?

Blood drips from George's nose.

GEORGE
Shit.

George cups his hand underneath his nose. Max, wiping tears away, looks up.

MAX
Is it broken?

GEORGE
I think so.

MAX
Well that's not the first time.

George wipes the blood onto the sleeve of his chef shirt.

GEORGE
(remembering)
No it's not.
(to William)
Que miras?

WILLIAM
(shaking his head)
Nothin' out there.

GEORGE
Good. Good.

INT. JB'S OFFICE - LATE

The three cooks silently wait for the police.

George holds his apron to his bleeding nose.

Max sits, staring at the ground, lost in introspection.

William stares through the door's tiny window.

The body of the Nurse is covered with opened up pages of newspaper.

George looks over at Max. George is worried about his friend's mental state, but doesn't know what to say. He looks over at William. William remains focused on the hallway outside.

MAX
(detached, not
looking up)
Why don't you call Lynn?

George and William look at each other, surprised by Max's effort, albeit unenthused, to make conversation.

GEORGE
She worries about the amount
of time I spend with you, I
don't think she'd handle this
situation real well, no need
to worry her.

MAX
Awww...cute as pink kittens.

GEORGE
How you feeling?

MAX

(turning bitter)

You guys could have phone sex,
it might be good for a laugh
round here...lighten the mood.
She's probably a lot more
arousing when not visible.
You might even enjoy
pretending she's not ugly.

George is a little offended by this, but keeps his cool.

GEORGE

That's not very nice.

MAX

Well I'm a fucking murderer,
what do you expect?

A heavy silence fills the room.

MAX

(continuing)

The door to the pantry was
wide open when we left, wasn't
it?

GEORGE

I don't know.

MAX

Well, did you close it?

GEORGE

No.

MAX

William?

WILLIAM

(looks down at Max,
then away)

No.

MAX

Wide fucking open. I'd go get
him but I'm a chickenshit.

GEORGE

You don't want to die.
Neither do I. Neither does
William.

MAX

How many siblings do you have
William? Fifty? Sixty? Ease
the birthday gift burden on
your parents and go out-

GEORGE

You should really shut up.

MAX

I quit dickhead! Go fuck a
tree.

GEORGE

What does this have to do with
our jobs? Just chill out.

Max draws his legs up under his chin. His gaze returns
to the floor.

MAX

(remorseful)

Guys...

GEORGE

Don't sweat it.

WILLIAM

It's okay, s' okay.

INT. JB'S OFFICE - LATER

George stands at the door, looking through the window.
Max is seated in the same spot.

The Nurse's hands are exposed; a portion of his newspaper
shroud is missing. William is reading that section of the
newspaper.

George's eyelids grow heavy. The lack of sleep is
catching up with him.

MAX

Where the fuck are they? We
should call again.

GEORGE

We've already called twice.
They said-

George sees something.

MAX

What?

Max and William get up and walk over to the door.

WILLIAM
Que tal?

The three cooks squeeze together to get a view.

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - SAME

Four MEN file into the corridor. They drag a struggling NAKED MAN into the corridor from the Hall behind.

They hold the Naked Man to the floor.

The naked man is Ricky.

INT. JB'S OFFICE - SAME

Something SLAMS against the glass window. Everyone jumps. It SLAMS thre more times. It is a large ladle.

RICKY (O.S.)
Help me goddamit, fuckin' help
me!

Ricky SCREAMS.

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - SAME

One of the men has just withdrawn a large knife from Ricky's stomach. Red runs across his squirming body.

Thumb stands in the opposite doorway, his glance unwavering from the cooks at the tiny window.

The Man holding the knife brings it back down-

INT. JB'S OFFICE - SAME

The cooks avert their eyes.

RICKY (O.S.)
Stop, stop

GEORGE
(yelling)
What do you want, what do you
want?

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - SAME

Ricky's squirms and contorts, but cannot throw off the men who hold him. His chest shines a dark red.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Stop. What do you want? Do
you want to get out?
(beat)
Do you want to get out of here?

A Man walks up to the doorwindow.

INT. JB'S OFFICE - SAME

The ladle SMACKS into the glass, much harder than before.
The glass cracks. The ladle smacks again. The glass
looks like a spiderweb.

Max grabs the apron wrapped blade lying on the table. He
discards the apron.

The ladle shatters the glass. Max heads to the door.
George doesn't know what Max is doing.

Max takes out the keychain.

GEORGE
Max!

George runs over to Max and tackles him. The blade goes
flying. Max tries to get up, but George pulls him back
to the ground.

MAX
They're gonna kill him!

GEORGE
We can't do anything! Give me
the fucking keys.

Ricky SCREAMS.

MAX
George!

GEORGE
I'll knock you out before I
let you open that goddamn door.

Max sees that George is not bluffing.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Now.

Max hands over the keys.

George stands up. Max stands up. Ricky MOANS and COUGHS feebly.

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - SAME

The inmates have all left the corridor.

Ricky lay prostrate in is own blood. Everything is still. Ricky's labored breathing and the outside downpour are the only sounds audible.

MAX (O.S.)
Ricky. RICKY.

Ricky looks blankly at the floor. His breathing grows more erratic and forced.

A Man is crouched below the doorwindow through which Max yells. Max gets closer to the window and is visible through the hall.

The Man crouched underneath the window looks directly up at Max.

MAX
Ricky...Ricky...

GEORGE (O.S.)
Is he alive?

Ricky sees the man poised underneath the window, but is too weak to speak. His face trembles slightly as he exerts his final reserves to warn Max. A small rivulet of blood runs down Ricky's face.

INT. JB'S OFFICE - SAME

MAX
I think he's-

Two hands reach through the doorwindow. They wrap around Max's head. They pull him forward, face first.

George and William jump to Max's aid.

Max SCREAMS. George and William grab Max by his arms and pull him away from the door.

The hands hold firmly to his head, over his ears. George winces upon hearing a sickening CRUNCH. A torrent of blood streams down the door.

They pry Max free.

Max, George, and William fall backwards. They all hit the floor. George looks at Max.

Max has a red bite-mark/indentation where his nose used to be. Blood streams down his face and neck. George looks away quickly.

WILLIAM

Dios.

William shudders. Max stands up. He raises his hands to his face.

GEORGE

(eyes full of tears)

No, Max...

Max's hands lie flush against noseless face. The moment Max understands what has happened to him he loses his balance. William darts over to Max, supports him, and eases him down as he loses consciousness.

George, shocked senseless, gets to his feet.

GEORGE

(continuing)

We should uh...

George walks over to one side of the room.

WILLIAM

Que quieres?

George looks around the room, very upset and confused.

GEORGE

What?

WILLIAM

What you want?

George looks around, still very hazy on what to do.

GEORGE

We should...stop...stop the bleeding.

William picks his apron up off of the ground. George walks over Max. He kneels down in front of him.

George takes his knife out. He cuts the apron horizontally.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Here...put this under his head.

George hands William part of the apron.

William balls up the fabric and places it underneath Max's head.

George folds his portion into a thick three inch tall pad. William lifts Max's head. George wraps the padding around Max's face. He draws the apron strings around and ties it tight.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Let's turn him on his side.

They roll Max onto his side. Blood drains from his mouth.

GEORGE
(continuing)
We should leave him like
this...

WILLIAM
Mira...

William points to the cloth around Max's nose. A small red circle of blood has appeared at the center. It grows larger and larger as the unstaunchable bloodflow seeps through the many layers of cloth.

SLAM. The door flies off of its hinges.

The door flies into George, resoundingly smacking against his head. George passes out.

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - SAME

Ricky glassily stares at the open door through which the inmates just exploded. Ricky is no longer breathing.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

George is completely naked. He is tied to an overturned steel table. His arms are tied behind his back; his legs are fettered by string and tape, and his head is taped to the table leg. His face and body are glistening with sweat.

He spits blood and something more solid out of his mouth, onto the floor. He tries to see what it is, but cannot quite get an angle on it.

George looks straight ahead of him. He is facing the oven. George looks up. All of the burners on the stove are blazing on high.

George looks to the left of him, as far as his restraints will allow him. The floor is covered with strewn garbage.

George sees JB's headless body sitting propped up against another table. His body has been positioned Indian sitting style. The earlier mentioned animal skull (calf or goat) rests in the headless man's lap.

George looks to his right. Thumb stands two feet away, staring at him while sucking his thumb.

GEORGE
You're Harry Green.

Thumb does not react nor respond. The look on Thumb's face is more inquisitive than menacing. Thumb pulls his finger from his mouth.

GEORGE
(continuing)
The cops will be here any
minute.

Thumb kneels down and faces George, eye to eye. Thumb stares at George's mouth.

GEORGE
(continuing)
They can try you again if-

Thumb brushes the index finger of his left hand along George's lips. George winces.

Thumb places his other hand on George's forehead, pressing his skull even more firmly to the steel pole. George tries to shake him off, but Thumb holds him steadfast.

Thumb takes his index finger and pushes George's upper lip up, revealing his teeth and gums. George tries to bite him. Thumb calmly mashes the palm of his hand into George's already broken nose. Blood runs down his face. George grunts, holding back his scream while tears well up in his eyes.

Thumb lifts George's lip up again. George does not resist.

Thumb runs his finger along George's teeth. Thumb stands up. George watches him walk away

George hears a dragging sound.

MAX (O.S.)
(feebly)
Stop. Please.

MAX
Please stop. Stop.

Two Men drag Max into view. His entire face is encrusted with dried blood- his bandages have come off.

One man opens the oven.

MAX
(continuing)
Fucking no, no, you...no,
stop...

Max starts to kick furiously. One man GIGGLES.

GIGGLE
Put him in sideways.

Max sees George.

MAX
George! George! Help me, go
go.

GEORGE
Oh my God Max. Oh my God.

The two Men toss Max into the oven. Max lunges to break free, but one of the Men kicks him squarely in the face. George shuts his eyes. The sound of the oven slamming shut loudly reverberates in kitchen.

MAX
STOP!

Max kicks at the oven door. BANG. BANG. BANG. George looks up, the two Men are leaning against the oven door. They hold it shut tight. BANG. BANG.

One Man turns the oven on. Max WAILS with a piercing pitch.

MAX
(continuing)
George...my eyes...oh fuck, my
eyes!!!

George starts to shake as tears stream down his face.

Max's YELL is the only sound in the world.

GEORGE

You fuckers, you fuckers...

George kicks and thrashes spasmodically, but cannot break free. Max's yell abruptly stops.

GEORGE

(continuing; crying)

No, no, no, no...

One Man turns the oven off. They start to cough.

GIGGLE

Smells gross.

MAN

It's the hair. Burning hair smells like that.

GIGGLE

It's gross.

The men walk away from the stove.

Liquid pours down George's body. He coughs and thrashes about in the deluge. An empty can of vegetable oil falls to the floor in front of George.

MAN (O.S.)

Nice and smooth. Nice and smooth.

A MAN walks in front of George holding a large chef's knife.

GEORGE

Pete!

Pete kneels down to eye level with George. He does not make eye contact with George.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Pete what are you doing?

Pete, still avoiding eye contact, brings his knife over to George's leg.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Pete, what are you doing?

Pete rests the blade on George leg. George jerks away causing the knife to slice into him. Pete lifts the blade away.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Fuck...Pete c'mon man!

Pete brings the blade over to George's leg. He rests it on his leg at an angle.

PETE
Hold still.

Pete glides the blade gently along George's oiled leg. He pulls the blade away and wipe George's hair off of it. He rests the blade back on George's leg and continues to shave him.

GEORGE
Look at me you goddamn
nutcase. Look at me...Pete.

Pete pauses for a moment, but does not look up.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Don't do this.

Pete wipes the hair off of the blade. Pete looks to George's other leg. He brings the blade to rest on George's thigh skin. He continues shaving George with methodical care. The angled blade riding over George's skin-

GEORGE
(continuing)
Shit.

Pete jerks the knife away from George's leg. He has accidentally opened another wound on George's shin.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Why are you doing this?

Pete doesn't answer. He raises the blade to George's right arm and begins to shave his forearm.

GEORGE
(continuing)
What are they going to do to
me?

Pete pauses again. He starts to lift his head up to face George but stops before their eyes meet. George can see that Pete is terrified. Pete looks down.

He finishes shaving George's right arm and wipes the hair from his blade. George is trying to get inside of Pete's mind any way that he can.

GEORGE
(continuing)
They murdered Max and Ricky.
And JB. They were always nice
to you. And so was I.

Pete trembles briefly and brings the steel away from George. Pete looks at George directly. Pete's eyes are glassy with restrained tears.

PETE
I know.

GEORGE
Help me.

PETE
I'd kill you if I had the
courage.

GEORGE
Just stall for time. The cops
are coming. They'll be here
soon.

PETE
No they won't.

George's stomach sinks.

GEORGE
I called them. I called them
twice.

PETE
I know, but he called them
back. He told them he was you
and that every thing was okay;
that the power came back on...

George feels lightheaded.

GEORGE

What?

(beat)

You have to call them. You
have to let them know.

PETE

They smashed the phone. Into
a...a billion pieces.

MAN (O.S.)

You're not finished shaving
her?

Pete looks behind George, over his head.

PETE

Almost.

MAN (O.S.)

I need that knife for the
other one. You finish with
this.

An instrument lands on the floor next to George's feet.
George looks at it for a long moment before he realizes
what it is. It is a potato peeler.

Pete reaches over George, handing the knife to the unseen
Man. THUNDER RUMBLES. Pete picks up the peeler. He
brings it to George's left arm. He rest it against
George's skin. George shuts his eyes and grits his teeth
with terrible anticipation.

Pete slides the peeler down George's arm, gently and
slowly. Pete then feels George arm.

PETE

(to the Man)

It isn't working.

MAN (O.S.)

Stupid idiot. You have to do
it hard and fast. Didn't you
ever peel potatoes?

The Man walks into George's view. It is Martin, one of
the inmates that he and William locked up earlier.

GEORGE

Martin, right? Your name is
Martin.

MARTIN
 (to Pete)
 Go 'head. Try it Petey.

Pete presses the peeler hard to George's skin.

GEORGE
 Pete, DON'T!

Pete slashes downwards with the peeler. He peels a wide red swatch down the length of George's arm.

George screams hysterically. Pete averts his gaze from the horribly suffering man before him.

MARTIN
 Too hard. You want her skin
 to stay on, got it?

Pete nods. Martin leaves.

GEORGE
 Fucking kill me! Kill me now,
 do it! Do it- you crazy
 fucks...

PETE
 No, no, I can't. I'll be
 careful, I'll be careful.

GEORGE
 You fuck, you crazy rapist
 fuck.

Pete brings the peeler back to George's arm. He gently shaves George's skin with short abrupt movements. Hair is coming off.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Pete pulls the peeler from George's chest. Three red marks bleed on George's chest. At this point, George is too exhausted to yell.

Pete stands up and walks away. George looks around him. The fires burn high. He bleeds from a dozen lacerations. He shines with blood, oil and sweat.

Pete returns, holding a tin can in his hand and an opener in the other. He begins opening the can.

George looks at Pete's face. Pete looks numbed by the goings-on. He finishes opening the can and discards the top.

Pete looks at George's face. He places the can on the ground. Pete gets up and walks away.

George hears the sound of a FAUCET RUNNING.

Pete returns, holding a cooking apron, dripping water.

PETE

Here...

Pete leans over to George and wipes his face. He wipes away the blood from under his nose. He wipes the crusted oil and tears from his cheeks. He places the apron on George's forehead.

George shuts his eyes and momentarily savors the the simple pleasure of the cool cloth against his head.

Pete tosses the towel away. He picks up the can. He reaches in and withdraws a dark purplish/red beet. He rests the can on the floor.

Pete brings the beet to George's lips. He forcefully rubs the beet back and forth, staining George's lips with the beet's deep hue. Pete rubs the beet similarly on George's left cheek. Then his right. THUNDER RUMBLES. Pete puts the beet back in the can.

Pete looks at George. George looks back with the clownish face of smeared crimson makeup.

PETE

(continuing)

I'm sorry.

George has nothing to say. Pete leaves.

George looks to his left. JB is still seated Indian style. The animal's head seems to stare at George from the headless man's lap.

Two Men walk over to the oven containing Max. One reaches for the handle. George shuts his eyes, tight.

MAN (O.S.)

He's still alive.

OTHER MAN (O.S.)

No he's not.

MAN (O.S.)

Look, look at his jaw. It's moving.

George starts humming to himself to block out the words of the Men at the oven.

OTHER MAN (O.S.)
That's just nerves. He's dead.

MAN (O.S.)
Look at his hand.

OTHER MAN (O.S.)
Maybe...

GEORGE
(eyes still shut)
Finish him. Please.

George hears the sound of the oven shutting. He opens his eyes. The two men look at George.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Please.

They walk away.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Please...

George hears a light BANG from the inside of the oven.

George body shakes to cry, but his eyes have dried out. He opens his mouth to yell, but he can't fill his lungs with air.

The door to the oven slowly begins to open. George thrashes about like a cold fish on hot coals. THUNDER RUMBLES.

His wrists bleed, but the cord does not loosen.

The door to the oven thumps shuts. Another feeble rap comes from within. George jerks and convulses.

GEORGE
(continuing; faintest
whisper)
Max...

The tape around George's head rips loose. In his mad thrashings George pounds his head into the steel leg that he is tied to.

George passes out.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

George wakes up screaming. Pete is kneeling in front of him. Pete pulls his arms away from George's crotch.

George sees that Pete is holding a pair of poultry shears (scissors) in his hand.

George does not look down between his legs- he shuts his eyes and tries to scream, to cry...

Weak sounds come to George's mouth.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Make sure she doesn't bleed to death.

PETE (O.S.)
I found some more duct tape in JB's office.

George gasps for air to turn into a scream. He hears a RIPPING noise and looks up. Pete stands before him, pulling tape from a roll of duct tape. RRRIP.

Pete kneels down and reaches over to adhere the first piece between George's legs. George winces and passes out only a moment later.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

SLAM... George sluggishly regains consciousness. SLAM.

George looks to the source of the noise.

SLAM. Two MEN ram a bench into the thick steel door that leads outside.

SLAM. One of the bench carriers falls to the floor, flung from the bench by the impact. The door, in pristine shape, has not budged.

A Man sits before George, hunched over.

The Man sitting in front of George looks up. It is Thumb. He is drinking from a carton of milk.

Thumb looks at George, with a saddened gaze. He seems to pity George.

GEORGE
What? What do you want?

Thumb discards the container. He stands up and walks over to George.

George no longer has the capacity to struggle, though his face still expresses fear.

Thumb kneels down in front of George.

George's entire body begins to shake with terror.

Thumb puts his hand on George's face and caresses him softly. George holds his breath as pain and apprehension war with his nerves.

Thumb lies down next to George, resting the back of his head against George's leg.

George watches Thumb, but does nothing.

Thumb shuts his eyes. George breathes in deeply.

Thumb falls asleep.

Everything is silent in the kitchen, other than the slow, light breathing of Thumb and the louder, labored breathing of George.

George stares at the fires blazing on the stovetops.

George's eyelids grow heavy with exhaustion.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The kitchen is completely dark, the fires no longer burn.

A HISSING NOISE whispers through the dark air.

George is asleep, with Thumb cuddled up at his leg.

The HISSING continues.

George COUGHS himself awake.

The HISSING continues.

George coughs again.

George inhales.

GEORGE

Turn off the stoves!!!

George jerks about, knocking Thumb off of him. Thumb rolls over onto his back.

George COUGHS.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Wake up! Wake up!

Thumb looks drowsily at George. George coughs violently. George spits.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Turn off the stoves or we'll
die...please!

Thumb begins to cry.

GEORGE
(continuing)
You can save us...turn off the
stove...

George is overcome by a fit of coughing.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Please...

HISSESSSS... Thumb wipes his tears away.

George coughs again. His eyes sparkle with tears- the gas is stinging his eyes.

Thumb shuts his eyes. He holds onto George's leg. HISSESSSS...

George coughs again. He thrashes with every bit of energy he has left, but is unable to break his bonds.

George's eyes sting too much to keep them open. He shuts them tightly.

HISSESSSS...

GEORGE
(continuing; to
anybody)
This gas will kill all of
us...does anybody-

George, eyes shut, is cut off by more coughing. He then vomits all over himself. HISSESSSS...

George doesn't struggle, nor does he call out to anyone, he just waits to die.

Thumb, curled up at George's side, convulses several times. Thumb urinates on himself. His grip on George's leg becomes tighter.

George's breathing becomes more and more forced, often cut off by gagging and coughing.

WHAM. George slams his head against the steel pole of the table, while his awkwardly bucking body twists into obtuse angles.

Thumb, thrown clear of George, puts his fingers into his mouth and bites down. HISSSSSS...

WHAM. George slams his head into the pole. WHAM. George is SCREAMING.

Thumb's teeth grind through his finger's flesh, into the bone.

WHAM.

Thumbs rips his hand forward, with his teeth still clenched; his fingers cleaned to the bone...

George's SCREAM is inhuman and wet. WHAM.

Thumb pounds his face into the the ground. HISSSSSS...

George's tied hands are solid red with blood. A DARK FIGURE runs past George.

Thumb pounds his face into the ground again, leaving a giant dark inkblot on the ground.

A DARK FIGURE runs past George. WHAM.

The hissing stops.

A fireball of white light illuminates Thumb.

Thumb is motionless on the ground.

The circle of light crawls over to George.

George sits motionless.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
That's him, that's him!

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (O.S.)
Are you sure?

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Yes, yes!

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (O.S.)
Let's get him into some clean
air, now!

William and a POLICE OFFICER rush to George.

William starts to untie George's hands.

INT. CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

George is laid out on a bench. William stands by his side.

WILLIAM
Have you seein' Max? We
cannot find him.

GEORGE
The oven...

WILLIAM
What you say amigo?

GEORGE
Max is still in the oven.

Three POLICEMAN walk into George's line of vision.

CAPTAIN
What'd he say?

WILLIAM
He say our friend is in the
oven.

The Captain looks at George for a moment. He then addresses another officer.

CAPTAIN
Take these two to the
hospital. Don't let anyone
question them.

George brings his hands in front of him. He looks at his bloody wrists.

GEORGE
Look in the oven, see if he's
still alive.

The Captain nods to an OFFICER.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

The Officer enters the kitchen and approaches the stove. He cracks open the oven and peeks inside. He shines his flashlight inside. He shuts the oven.

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

The Officer enters the cafeteria.

He looks at the Captain and shakes his head, succinctly stating what was already obvious by the man's sickened face.

GEORGE

I have to check...Max, to see...

William tries to help George to his feet.

George stands. The room wobbles drunkenly around him. William and an OFFICER try to help George stay on his feet, but his legs give.

They lay George down to the ground.

The captain raises his walkie-talkie to his mouth. It HISSES static momentarily and then he speaks into it.

CAPTAIN

Have the PM's get a stretcher in here.

VOICE

(through walkie)
Got it.

George is passed out cold.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE - LATER

George is on a stretcher. Two men carry him over to an ambulance. The rain comes down hard.

George turns in the stretcher to look behind him.

PARAMEDIC

Hold still.

GEORGE

(shocked)
What?

George starts to get up out of the stretcher.

PARAMEDIC

Lie back down. For your own safety.

George calms down.

GEORGE

My friend, he's still in there in the oven.

PARAMEDIC

We're taking care of that, don't you worry.

GEORGE

Good. He'd be pissed otherwise. He tried to get out before, but they just wouldn't let him. They just kept shutting the door on...

George realizes that he's babbling. He looks up at the paramedics carrying him. He looks at the asylum. He watches it recede.

GREGORY, the manager, comes running up to George.

GREGORY

George, if there's anything that I can do to make things easier for you, it would be the least I could do.

The Paramedics carrying George and followed by Gregory, continue a few more steps in the rain before George replies.

GEORGE

You could die.

George starts laugh. The Paramedics and Gregory do not know why. George laughs long and hard.

The moment George stops laughing tears well up in his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

George lies in the luxurious private hospital suite, covered with bandages and attached to a plasma sack. A DOCTOR sits at the bedside with a clipboard.

GEORGE

I don't remember.

(beat)

I've been saying that quite a bit, haven't I?

DOCTOR

It's not uncommon in a case like this, wherein a severe trauma has been sustained. But the memories usually come back to the patients...in time. Often in dreams and schizophrenic episodes. It can be-

(beat)

-it can be very hard for one to endure. It is very important that you tell us...

The doctor sees that George is not listening.

DOCTOR

(continuing)

Well I think I'll let you watch some TV or get some rest. I've left my home number with the nurse, so if you need to see me, I will make myself available at any time.

GEORGE

You've been a great help doctor...really. Thanks.

George does not mean one word of what he is saying.

The Doctor stands up. He looks at George, trying to look in. George stares blankly forward.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Thanks again.

The Doctor leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

George, Max, Ricky and William are working in the kitchen. A thin fog hangs in the kitchen air.

Though William is quickly chopping celery, the action makes no sounds.

THUNDER RUMBLES.

The lights cut out.

Max, worried, says something to George, but no sound can be heard.

GEORGE

What?

Max speaks again, still inaudible.

Ricky walks over to the feeding window. He stares through it.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Can you see anything?

Ricky turns to face George to answer. He says something...

William continues to chop celery, silently.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Who's there?

Max walks over to the window to look through.

GEORGE

(continuing; to Max)

Did you remember to call your mother?

Max look at George, bewildered.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Did you call your mother, before the power went out?

Max shakes his head no.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Get away from the window, it's not safe...

Max looks back to the window.

CRUNCH. George is startled.

CRUNCH. George looks at William.

William cuts again. CRUNCH. George takes a step towards William. CRUNCH.

George sees that William is cutting bones on his cutting board.

GEORGE
(continuing)
William.

William continues to cut the bones, his knife forcibly splintering each whitened branch. CRUNCH. William does not look up from his work.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Stop that.

CRUNCH.

GEORGE
(continuing)
William!

CRUNCH.

George walks over to William and grabs him by the shoulders. He shakes William, violently.

GEORGE
(continuing; while
shaking him)
What are you doing?

It is not William that George shakes. An UNKNOWN MAN looks up at George. He looks like George, but without hair, eyelashes, and eyebrows.

George takes a step back. The Unknown Man reaches forward, holding a large key in his hand.

George takes the key.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Thank you.

The Unknown Man's hair begins to grow out, inches per second.

George turns to Max and Ricky.

They have no arms, but are neither bleeding nor aware of this.

George looks back at the Unknown Man. His hair runs down his back. Gray streaks also slice through the growing mass.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Max, Ricky let's get out of here.

Max and Ricky walk towards him.

GEORGE
(continuing)
What happened to your arms?

Max speaks, his words still inaudible.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Let's go.

George looks at the the Unknown Man, who has collapsed to the floor, in a bed of his own hair. George, Max, and Ricky exit.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

George, Max, and Ricky get in the car; George in the driver's seat, Max in the passenger seat, and Ricky in the rear. Max and Ricky have their arms again.

George starts the car.

Nobody says anything as they drive forward.

George reaches for the radio. He turns it on. No music is audible.

The muffled CRUNCH of bones being cut, with STATIC interspersed can be heard faintly on the station.

RICKY
Put in our tape.

Max opens the the glove compartment and pulls out a cassette.

Max puts in the tape player.

RICKY
(continuing)
Rewind it first.

Max pushes the rewind button.

MAX
 (to George)
 I was scared in there.

GEORGE
 That's why we left.

MAX
 You want to move back in with
 us?

GEORGE
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 I do.

The tape deck CLICKS; the tape is rewound. Max pushes
 play.

RICKY
 When?

George moves his mouth, but his words are no longer
 audible.

Max turns the volume down on the tape deck.

GEORGE
 I want to do it now.

The three drive for a moment in silence.

MAX
 I'm gonna sleep until we get
 there.

Max shuts his eyes.

RICKY
 Me too.

Ricky lies down across the back seat of the car.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE

George watches television.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

GEORGE
 Yes?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 It's me.

George picks up the remote control and turns the television off.

GEORGE
Come in.

The door opens. Lynn stands apprehensively at the doorway, holding a bundle of flowers. She looks at George.

George does not look at her, but stares disinterestedly at the window. She bites her lip in an effort not to gasp. George continues to stare at the window.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Let me know when you are
through being shocked.

LYNN
You look better than I thought
you would.

George looks at her. Her lip trembles. She bites down harder.

Lynn awkwardly walks towards the bed. She kisses George. She then looks around the room nervously.

LYNN
(continuing)
Where should I put these?

Lynn raises the flowers.

GEORGE
They're nice. Thank you.
Uh...there.
(indicating sink area)

Lynn walks over to the sink. The moment her back is to George she wipes tears from her eye.

Lynn takes an empty water glass, fills it partly and puts the flowers inside. Lynn turns back to George.

GEORGE
(continuing)
How were the funerals last
week?

LYNN
Terrible, but everyone wished
you well.

GEORGE
That's nice.

George looks at Lynn in a prying manner. She seems very defensive.

LYNN
What?

GEORGE
Say what's on your mind.

LYNN
You know what it is. I wanted
to be here for you. To help
you. To hold you. You
wouldn't let me.
(beat)
Why?

GEORGE
Every night I wake up...
sweating...crying...I-
I have this dream...this
nightmare again and again.

Lynn looks on with a pitying gaze, but with nothing to say.

GEORGE
(continuing)
I've never had nightmares
before- none that I could
remember anyways- but I have
the same nightmare over and
over again. I dream that I
was able to save them...
(finding it a little
hard to continue)
...and when I wake up I
realize that I didn't...that
I wasn't able to save them.
Over and over again.
(beat)
They die every time I wake up.
Two times a night, three times
night... Sometimes more.

LYNN
I want to help you through
this.

GEORGE

I piss out of a plastic straw,
I piss in my sleep- when I can
even get to sleep. My life is
ruined, Lynn. Completely
ruined.

(beat)

This is nothing anyone can
help me with.

LYNN

You're wrong George.

GEORGE

Shut up. Would you please
listen to me and just shut up.

Lynn is taken aback by George's edginess, but does her
best not to fuel the fire.

GEORGE

(continuing)

I think about it constantly.
Everytime a light turns off,
everytime a meal is put in
front of me, everytime I think
about my two closest friends.

LYNN

(through tears)

Oh my God George. You're not
thinking about...

(hesitates)

...about suicide, are you?

George thinks about the question put to him. He is not
sure how to answer.

GEORGE

No Lynn.

LYNN

You need help, it'll get
better.

GEORGE

You say that because you
weren't there and because you
don't understand.

(beat)

I feel like my thoughts have
cancer. My life was ruined,
Lynn.

(more)

GEORGE (cont'd)
When I hear someone say "it'll
get better" I want to laugh at
how stupid that sounds.

Lynn is speechless.

GEORGE
(continuing)
I know you care, but you can't
do anything.

Lynn walks up to George and puts her hand to his face.
She puts her trembling index finger on George's lip.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Stop it.

Lynn jerks her hand away, as if she had just touched a
hot iron.

GEORGE
(continuing)
Please leave.

Lynn walks away utterly shell-shocked. She opens the
door and exits, without looking back.

George thinks about Lynn's visit for a moment. He feels
that it amounted to nothing.

George pulls the plasma tube from his arm. He walks over
to the door. He shuts it. He locks it.

George picks up the remote control and points it at the
television. He turns the television on. He presses the
volume button. The TV grows louder and louder and
louder...

George grabs the end rail of his bed. He tightly grips
the metalwork frame.

He shakes back and forth. He lowers his head into his
pillow.

EXT. GARAGE STUDIO - NIGHT

Phillip stands with two GUYS his age in front of the door.

Phillip and one Guy have guitar cases. The other Guy
holds drumsticks. Phillip knocks loudly on the garage
door.

PHILLIP
Robert.

Phillip knocks again, a little louder.

PHILLIP
(continuing)
Robert.

ROBERT (O.S.)
Yeah, hold on.

BASSIST
So how was Europe?

PHILLIP
It was cool. They have lots
of culture out there.

DRUMMER
Did you meet any French women?

PHILLIP
In France.

The garage door begins its slow climb.

Phillip stares ahead at the door. He grows a bit morose.

INT. GARAGE/STUDIO - LATER

The three musicians are rocking hard. Distortion mounts
and reverberates in the studio. Robert works the knobs.

In mid jam the bassist and drummer look at Phillip.

Phillip mouths the word three...

Phillip mouths the word two...

Phillip mouths the word one...

Phillip and the bassist kick their distortion pedals.
The electronic fuzz disappears.

Unamplified, the guitarist's high speed strumming sounds
like acoustic Spanish guitar- like on the night of the
power failure.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Lynn and the Doctor are in the room.

They stare out of the open window, down towards the ground, simultaneously shocked and dismayed.

CUT TO:

The image of the garage door slowly closing, over which all of the credits are rolled.

CUT TO BLACK

The end.