

FADE IN:

INT. THE PERICLEA AT GNOSIS - DAY

COLONEL JEREMIAH MADDER, a legless man, sits at a specially lowered podium in full-dress uniform with ribbons and medals. He is lecturing an audience of Gnosis students.

To the Colonel's right, at a table, sit DR. LEON KESSELBAUM, PROFESSOR RIRCHARD GREGG, and BISHOP JOHN AYERS.

(Note: Kesselbaum is the same character as apperas in Apsinthion Protocol. Gregg is the same character as apperas in Study Abroad.)

COLONEL

And so I conclude. I fought in my life long and hard for this country's freedom. I have given up my legs for this country's freedom.

SHOT - A PART OF THE AUDIENCE

JILL KEENEY (from Study Abroad) sitting in the audience among other students. She rolls her eyes and screws up her face in disgust.

COLONEL (O.S.)

And yet what is it that we mean by freedom? The freedom simply to follow our whims?

SHOT - ANOTHER PART OF THE AUDIENCE, SEEN FROM JILL'S P.O.V.

MINDY, sitting a few rows ahead of Jill, turns around, smiles and winks at Jill.

COLONEL (O.S.)

The freedom to read any disgusting trash that we might like?

SHOT - JILL AGAIN, THIS TIME, EXPRESSION CHANGED FROM DISGUST TO DELIGHT

COLONEL (O.S.)

To sleep with whomever suits our fancy?

INT. A GNOSIS COLLEGE DORMITORY ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit. Mindy is sitting on the edge of a desk, naked her her legs open. Jill is also naked, kneeling with her head between Mindy's legs, performing cunnilingus on Mindy, who is climaxing.

MINDY

Ah Ah ah!

COLONEL (V.O.)

No. Freedom is only meaningful freedom when it means the freedom to live a life in accordance with virtue, with the meaning of life as it has been handed down from generations of mighty thinkers. From the prophets of the Hebrew scriptures, from the classical thinkers, from Augustine and Aquinas.

INT. THE PERICLEA AT GNOSIS - DAY - LATER

Colonel Madder is still lecturing

COLONEL

This is not what I or hundreds of thousands of other brave Americans sacrificed for.

(pauses to take a drink of water from a glass on the podium)

We stand, as we have seen, on the brink of a great technological revolution, much of the research for which is taking place right here at Gnosis College.

SHOT - STILL ANOTHER PART OF THE AUDIENCE

IRIS BROCKMAN (the same character in Study Abroad) closes her eyes and adopts a dreamy expression on her face.

COLONEL (O.S.)

But what is to be the result of this technology?

SHOT - A FUTURISTIC LABORATORY SETTING

Iris, naked, steps into some sort of both, then nods. Her body dissolves in a transporter-like effect.

COLONEL (V.O.)

To convey a shallow  
immortality on us as human  
beings, during which we  
live an eternity of  
shallow pleasures?

SHOT - OUTER SPACE

Iris, still naked, is floating in space against a  
brilliant background of stars. She is wearing a  
serene expression. She reaches out with her hand and  
puts it around the earth, which fits into her hand.

COLONEL (V.O.)

This cannot be what it is  
for. The false prophets  
who offer to us a promise  
of a post-human condition,  
of a life without  
suffering or death or  
striving are offering us a  
life without faith, a life  
without grace.

BACK TO SCENE

COLONEL

It is enough to make my  
poor mother, God grant her  
rest, stir in the grave  
she lies in not far from  
here. Either the shallow  
promise of this  
forthcoming revolution is  
false, or our great  
religions, the great  
traditions that descent  
from Abraham, are false.  
And I submit to you in all  
humility that our religion  
is not false.

APPLAUSE from the audience, including the three men  
on stage.

COLONEL

As citizens of a  
democracy, it is our right  
and our responsibility to  
stand up to those who  
would abuse technology for  
selfish, hedonistic, and  
ultimately destructive  
ends, so that the true  
space for virtue will  
always remain open. Thank  
you.

More APPLAUSE.

INT. A PRIVATE ROOM IN THE FACULTY CLUB - NIGHT

Ayers, Gregg, Kesselbaum, and Madder are eating a formal dinner. LAURA and KAREEM stand by, attired as waitstaff.

(Note: Laura is the same character as appears in Apsinthion Protocol. Kareem is the same character as appears in Progress in Research.)

GREGG

It is most generous of you to have visited us here at Gnosis, Colonel.

COLONEL

I felt that it was the least I could do.

KESSELBAUM

It is courageous of you, especially in the face of certain...events in your family.

COLONEL

Please think nothing of it, Dr. Kesselbaum. We soldiers do our duty, even in the face of painful things.

AYERS

I am sure I speak for all of us in saying how agreeable it is of Professor Gregg to have invited all of us. Not just for the sake of participating in this brilliant symposium, but for me personally it has also been a chance to visit neighboring Magdalene. Such beautiful, talented young students. And such admirable discipline maintained over them by Mother Euphemia...

Bishop Ayers looks a little far away for a moment. Gregg changes the subject.

GREGG

It was certainly agreeable, Colonel Madder,

to hear someone willing to speak up to a student audience about the evils of sexual indulgence, and also to hear a call to action by citizens of a democracy. These are things young people don't hear enough of these days.

KESSELBAUM

Although sometimes I feel pessimism these days.

GREGG

How so, Dr. Kesselbaum?

KESSELBAUM

With all the temptations to indulgence now in the world, growing more powerful with ever advance of technology, what hope is there? Won't everyone just be seduced? How can we know people will vote the right way.

COLONEL

I understand your point of view, Dr. Kesselbaum, but I am with Professor Gregg on this one. We should have faith in democracy and in the inherent decency of the American people.

INT. AGENT ULRICH'S CAR - DAY

Agent Ulrich, a heavily muscled man wearing a dark suit and sunglasses, is driving along in his black, government-issue sedan. He is listening to car audio.

COLONEL (O.S.)

Some final words of advice and reminders before you go active, Agent Ulrich.

SHOT - GNOSIS COLLEGE

The gate of the college can be seen in the background of the sedan driving past.

BACK TO SCENE

COLONEL (O.S.)

Only you and I, Ulrich,

know the true and sacred character of the mission you are about to perform. The preliminary setup has been handled by Warden Ridgeway, who is our agent-in-place. She is loyal to us but for security reasons is not privy to all information. Dr. Strangeways will be running research. You are to offer him as much support as you can as well as the illusion that he is in charge. But remember, he has no intrinsic loyalty to us. He works for us because we can provide resources and access to human experimental subjects without the burden of consent forms or institutional review boards. He thinks he is working on a special national security development project. For that matter, even the Director thinks this. The Director as well as various V-I-Ps might want to visit the ops site. If they do, put on a good show for them. Strangeways and the Director, to say nothing of the politicians, are all men of weak character, but we need them on our side for any number of reasons. Act the part of the amoral bureaucrat, and you will play into their expectations and stifle any suspicions they have. I realize that this may require conduct of you that you find unseemly. I am sorry for this Ulrich, but you must remember you are a soldier and keep your eyes on victory.

SHOT - AGENT ULRICH'S SEDAN

The car is moving out of built-up town into country.

BACK TO SCENE

COLONEL (O.S.)  
One more thing, Agent Ulrich. As part of your initial briefing I know you listened thoroughly to the audio of our surveillance of Strangways's surveillance of his first round of experimental subjects. As a Christian gentleman, I know it must have been quite hard for you to listen to those wanton little trollops boasting about their tawdry adventures.

ULRICH  
Occasionally it was, yes.

COLONEL (O.S.)  
But there is one thing you should listen to one more time.

The audio switches from high-quality to somewhat tinny, with restaurant-like noises in the background.

JILL (O.S.)  
If you can restore from backup, don't you have a technology for immortality?

IRIS (O.S.)  
They say it isn't really ready for full commercial roll-out yet.

JILL (O.S.)  
Sounds like we could all be in for an interesting future, all the same.

IRIS (O.S.)  
To say nothing of a long one.

SHOT - ULRICH'S CAR ON A ROAD OUTSIDE GNOSIS

The car comes to a stop. A sign on the side of the road reads STATE HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS with a left arrow.

Ulrich signals left and turns left

BACK TO SCENE

COLONEL (O.S.)

So you see what we are up  
against, Agent Ulrich.  
Arrogant Promethean man  
through his technology  
rebels against and  
attempts to destroy the  
world God made for us. We  
must stop this. I have  
sworn on my mother's grave  
that we shall stop this.  
Good luck on your mission.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

This audio briefing will  
now self-destruct. Thank  
you.

ULRICH

Motor pool will not like  
this.

There is a POP and a FLASH on the dashboard. The area  
around the CD slot in the car is suddenly covered  
with soot, with smoke coming out of the slot.

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM AT GNOSIS - DAY

MAUREEN CREEL is attempting to assemble a complicated  
piece of apparatus on her desk. She connects two  
wires.

There is a bright FLASH and a loud POP and a puff of  
smoke.

Maureen's face is covered in soot, and her hair is  
blown back.

She shakes her head, then screws up her face in  
frustration.

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM AT GNOSIS - DAY - LATER

The room appears to be empty. There is a HISS and a  
BLUE GLARE from Maureen's closet.

Maureen's disembodied head appears to float out of  
the closet into the room.

Maureen's head looks in a mirror and scowls.

MAUREEN

Oh, for the love of...

Maureen's head goes back into the closet. The closet



door appears to close of its own accord.

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM AT GNOSIS - DAY - STILL LATER

Again the room appears to be empty.

A BLUE GLOW is seen briefly under the closet door.

What appears to be a bathrobe hollowed-out in a womanly form floats out of the closet.

The front of the bathrobe unties, and the robe falls empty to the floor.

MAUREEN

Oh, much better. And just  
in time, too.

The door to Maureen's room appears to open and close of its own accord.

EXT. THE STATE HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS - DAY

INT/EXT. - STATE HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS - ARRIVALS AT HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS

(Note: Henceforth in this script the State Home for Wayward Girls will be referred to simply as the "Home.")

-- Six girl prisoners, COLLEEN, MONICA, SANDY, JEWELL, PAULINE, and VANESSA, are being transported inside a prisoner van. They are wearing street clothes, handcuffs, and leg irons.

-- The van drives past the Home

(Note: the Home consists of two buildings, a more modern one consisting of concrete and glass laid out in two wings, and an older, Victorian-style "Kirkbride" building behind it.)

-- The van circles around the back of the Home, and pulls into a subterranean garage. The garage door closes.

-- ARMED WOMAN GUARD #1 and ARMED WOMAN GUARD #2 open the back of the van. Colleen is seen emerging, looking frightened.

INT/EXT. SIGMA EPSILON CHI SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS - A FORMAL PARTY AT SIGMA EPSILON CHI

-- BELLE #1 and BEAU #2 walk up the pathway to the front door of the Sigma Epsilon Chi sorority at

Gnosis College. Belle #1 is wearing an elegant formal gown, Beau #1 is in black tie. Beau #1 rings the bell. The door opens. They are greeted by Belle #2. They enter.

-- BELLE #3 and BEAU #2 are talking animatedly with KYRA MADISON (from Progress in Research). Kyra is wearing a strand of pearls. Other young people circulate in the background.

No dialog is heard, but there is a general BUZZ of conversation and some light piano MUSIC audible. All young men are in black tie, all women in gowns.

In the course of the conversation, a white-jacketed waiter comes by with a tray of snacks. Beau #2 takes one. Belle #3 makes a gesture as if complimenting Kyra on her pearls. Kyra touches her neck, somewhat self-consciously.

-- ARTHUR KAUFMAN sits at a piano, playing an instrumental version of George Gershwin's "Our Love is Here to Stay." He does not look at the keyboard, but stares out at the crowd of young people.

-- A refreshments table, with a large punchbowl. The punch ladle appears to lift itself and fill a glass, which then lifts itself off the table and tips over, pouring liquid out that appears to vanish into empty space.

INT. A WINDOWLESS ROOM IN A CELLAR OF THE HOME — DAY

Colleen, Monica, Sandy, Jewell, Vanessa, and Pauline are made to toe a line on the floor by the two woman guards.

WARDEN RIDGEWAY enters. She is wearing a uniform like that of the two woman guards, only cut in black leather.

Ridgeway walks slowly down the line of girls, looking at each closely as she speaks.

RIDGEWAY

Welcome, ladies, to the State Home for Wayward Girls. You all know why you have been sent here. You are now guests of a very special ward, "F-block," specially provided by the taxpayers of this great state to handle special behavioral problems like you. My name is Warden Ridgeway. You are to address me as

"Ma'am." That is, when you are allowed to speak. You will be thoroughly briefed on all our rules, and you will be expected to obey them at all times. Is that clear? Permission to speak.

ALL GIRLS EXCEPT PAULINE  
(mumbled,  
separately)  
Yes, ma'am.

PAULINE  
How about instead I say,  
fuck you...Ma'am.

Ridgeway wheels around sharply and looks at Pauline.  
Woman Guard #1 pulls out a nightstick.

RIDGEWAY  
(raising an open  
hand)  
No, put it away.  
(facing Pauline)  
There's always one with  
spirit who thinks they can  
get away with what they  
want. In order to assure  
you all that this is not  
the case, we have arranged  
a little demonstration.

Ridgeway nods to Woman Guard #2 who leaves.

RIDGEWAY  
After you see this, you  
might not feel quite so  
defiant.

PAULINE  
Yeah? Try me on, bitch.

Nervous GIGGLES from the the other girls.

Woman Guard #2 returns, rolling in DESIREE, who is  
naked, but gagged and thoroughly bound to a hand  
truck.

Desiree is tiled up to face the girls. She has a  
pleading expression in her eyes.

RIDGEWAY  
What was this one's  
offense?

WOMAN GUARD #2

Caught with this.

Woman Guard #2 hands an object to Ridgeway. Ridgeway holds it up for the girls to see. It is a toothbrush that has been sharpened to a point on one end.

RIDGEWAY

Caught with a weapon. A homemade shiv. Very serious. Merits severe punishment.

Ridgeway goes to a table, on which sits a toolbox. She pulls out a six-volt battery, two lengths of wire, and some medical tape.

Ridgeway tapes two ends of wire to Desiree's nipples. She speaks as she does this.

RIDGEWAY

Caught with a deadly weapon. Very bad. Could add years to your sentence. Unless you take your punishment in another form. Which you should thank us for.

When Ridgeway is done wiring up Desiree, she attaches the wires to the terminals of the battery.

Desiree writes in her bonds and tries to scream, but is gagged.

INT. AN ADJACENT ROOM – DAY

DR. EMIL STRANGWAYS and Agent Ulrich watch the girls through a one-way mirror. The sounds from the adjacent room come over a loudspeaker.

(Note: Strangeways speaks in a refined English accent.)

ULRICH

Even at some of the black sites I've worked, I'm not sure I've seen anything as sick as that.

STRANGWAYS

Nonsense, Agent Ulrich. We do not torture here.

Ulrich looks at Strangeways, puzzled.

STRANGWAYS

The battery is a dud, a

mere prop. The girl is a confederate with acting ability. Really, Agent Ulrich. One would expect a man in your position to have more familiarity with deception.

ULRICH

I see. And these girls here...behavioral problems.

STRANGEWAYS

The official story is that "F-block" is a special behavioral isolation unit for intractable prisoners. The reality is that these girls are no different from any other female juvenile delinquent, except that they lack families or other known social contacts.

ULRICH

Ah, I see.

STRANGEWAYS

If any of them should have to...disappear to serve the common good, it can happen with a minimum of fuss.

ULRICH

Which is good, given the priority that my bosses have put on progress in Operation Nowhere.

STRAGENWAYS

Which is in turn why I get to enjoy the pleasure of your company, Agent Ulrich.

RIDGEWAY

(on speaker)

Right. She has had enough.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM – DAY

Desiree's eyes are closed, and her cheeks are tear-streaked.

The girls look shaken, and Colleen is crying.

Woman Guard #2 untapes Desiree, and then rolls her out on the hand truck.

RIDGEWAY  
Any more smartmouth from anyone? Permission to speak.

ALL GIRLS TOGETHER  
(mumbled, not in unison)  
No, ma'am.

RIDGEWAY  
Okay, ladies. Strip completely. Place your clothes at your feet and then toes on the line.

The girls strip off their street clothes, then toe the line.

INT. THE ADJACENT ROOM - DAY

Agent Ulrich watches the girls through the glass and smirks.

ULRICH  
This posting might not be so bad after all.

INT. THE WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

RIDGEWAY  
Hit the showers.

The girls are marched out of the room in a line.

INT. SIGMA ALPHA CHI - DAY

Various young people in formal dress continue milling about, eating snacks, talking, drinking glasses of punch, etc.

Arthur finishes his rendition of "Our Love is Here to Stay."

The party-goers applaud politely.

ARTHUR  
Thanks, everyone. I'll be back in just a minute.

Arthur gets up, goes to the punchbowl, and ladles himself a glass.

CLOSE-UP - ARTHUR'S JACKET POCKET

Arthur pulls a little vial out of his coat pocket and stealthily pours the contents into the punchbowl.

BACK TO SCENE

Arthur looks around somewhat furtively, then goes back to the piano.

(Note: Maureen is present at this party, but is invisible.)

MAUREEN (V.O.)  
What prank is this?

Arthur sits down at the piano and starts playing again, this time a pulsating version of Duke Ellington's "Caravan."

Belle #4 steps up to the punch table, ladles herself out a glass, and takes a sip. She smiles broadly, catches the eye of someone else, and points to the cup. Although she cannot be heard, she indicates great pleasure with the contents.

Belle #5 steps up to the table and ladles herself out a cup.

INT. A SHOWER ROOM AT THE HOME - DAY

Colleen, Monica, Sandy, Jewell, Vanessa, and Pauline are showering. Steam rises from the showers. They are watched closely by Woman Guard #1 and Woman Guard #2.

INT. AN ADJACENT ROOM - DAY

Dr. Strangeways and Agent Ulrich watch the girls showering through a one-way mirror.

Dr. Strangeways watches intently and takes notes on a clipboard.

Agent Ulrich stares ahead and licks his lips.

ULRICH  
Yeah. A much better  
assignment than I thought.

INT. SIGMA EPISOLN CHI - DAY

Almost all the girls are now drinking punch.

SERIES OF SHOTS - INSIDE SIGMA EPSILON CHI - DAY

-- Belle #1 looks smoulderingly at Beau #1 and then pulls him into a deep kiss.

-- Beau #3 holds Belle #3 from behind. Belle #3

squirms against him. Beau #3 reaches inside Belle #3's gown and begins fondling one of her breasts. Belle #3 cranes her neck around and they kiss.

-- Belle #4 is running upstairs, leading Beau #4 by the hand.

-- Belle #5 and Beau #5 enter the sorority kitchen, where they begin frantically undressing one another.

-- Belle #6 approaches the piano, where Arthur is playing furiously. She tears off her gown, revealing that she is wearing no underwear. She pushes Arthur away from the piano, she hoists herself up, lying down on the strings. She spreads her legs while stroking one of the base strings with her right hand. Arthur looks into the camera and grins, then begins undoing his belt.

-- Belle #7, a voluptuous girl, stands in the shower, while Beau #7 massages her breasts with soap (Note: both are visible only from the neck down.) Belle #7 MOANS with pleasure as Beau #7 does this.

-- Exterior shot of Sigma Epsilon Chi. Sounds of different orgasmic CRIES can be heard emanating from the house.

BACK TO SCENE

The room is a shambles of discarded formal clothing and mostly naked partygoers engaged in various sex acts.

MAUREEN (V.O.)  
What on earth did the  
piano player put in that  
punch?

The ladle lifts into space, and some punch tips out of it, apparently vanishing.

MAUREEN (V.O.)  
Hmm. I don't...I...oh no.  
I shouldn't when I'm  
invisible...with someone I  
don't know...but I really,  
really have to...

SHOT — MAUREEN'S P.O.V.

The P.O.V. gyrates as if Maureen is looking for something. Then it moves, jerkily, out of the main room, through a door into a kitchen.

Beau #5 is sitting on a kitchen counter, Belle #5 is sitting on him, and they are copulating energetically



and noisily.

Maureen's P.O.V. moves around until finally it settles on a cucumber, which is sitting on the counter.

The cucumber rises off the counter into space.

MAUREEN (V.O.)  
Oh thank god.

INT. A GLASSED-IN SHOWER STALL – DAY

Beau #7 is copulating with Belle #7, penetrating her from behind. As he strokes, she lunges forward, so that her breasts squash up against the glass. Belle #7 GASPS with each stroke.

INT. THE SHOWER ROOM AT THE HOME – DAY

Sandy and Monica, both voluptuous girls, get into a dispute over a piece of soap.

SANDY  
Leave it alone!

MONICA  
Bite me.

Monica grabs one of Sandy's breasts.

Sandy SHRIEKS.

Armed Woman Guard #1 and Armed Woman Guard #2 grab Monica by the arms and throw her up against the wall.

INT. ADJACENT ROOM – DAY

Agent Ulrich looks at Monica's naked body, squashed up against the one-way mirror immediately opposite him. He reaches up and touches the glass across from her nipples.

Dr. Strangeways raises an eyebrow and makes a note on his clipboard.

INT. SIGMA EPSILON CHI – DAY

Various naked young people lie about, dozing.

Arthur lies atop Belle #6 who lies in the piano. His dinner jacket is discarded on the piano bench.

A cucumber appears to float through space into the room toward the piano bench, then drops to the floor.

A little vial floats out of the pocket of Arthur's dinner jacket, then disappears.

INT. A BATHROOM AT THE HOME – DAY

Colleen is throwing up in a toilet.

Ridgeway enters.

RIDGEWAY

Opiate withdrawal. If I've seen it once...

Ridgeway lifts Colleen up. Colleen is pale and shivering.

RIDGEWAY

Come on, young lady. You need to see the doctor.

Ridgeway leads Colleen out.

INT. AN ROOM SOMEWHERE UNDER THE HOME – DAY

Colleen sits on an examination table, shivering.

Strangeways enters wearing a white coat and carrying a clipboard, He consults it.

STRANGEWAYS

So, your name is Colleen?

Colleen nods.

STRANGEWAYS

It would appear that you might have had a little problem with...drugs?

Colleen shakes her head.

STRANGEWAYS

Please try to be honest, young lady. I am a doctor. I am not here to judge you, but to try to help you get better.

COLLEEN

Okay.

STRANGEWAYS

We have a little therapy here which will help you to feel better quite quickly, if you would like to try it.

COLLEEN

If it will make me feel  
better...

STRANGEWAYS

(very gently)

If you will step through  
that door over there,  
please.

Colleen looks at Strangeways, half skeptical, half  
hopefully.

STRANGEWAYS

It is alright. It will  
feel a little odd at  
first, but it will both  
help you feel better and  
cure your cravings.

Colleen comes down from the examination table.  
Strangeways leads her by the hand into the next  
room.

INT. THE GOLDEN TURNTABLE ROOM - DAY

Strangeways and Colleen enter the adjacent room.

A circular area on the floor in the middle of the  
room is shiny and gold. A trapeze-like bar hangs from  
the high ceiling in the middle of the circular area.  
On the edge of the area is a podium

COLLEEN

It is so warm in here,  
doctor.

STRANGEWAYS

It should help you feel  
less shivery and relax,  
yes. Now could you please  
disrobe completely and  
step into the middle of  
the gold circle on the  
floor?

COLLEEN

Uh...

STRANGEWAYS

It is alright. I am a  
doctor, after all.  
(gesturing toward  
a basket next to  
the wall)  
You can leave your clothes  
right there.

Strangeways returns to making notes on his clipboard.

Colleen hesitates, then undresses, placing her clothes in the basket, then steps into the middle of the gold circle.

Strangeways looks up, smiles, and puts his clipboard aside.

STRANGEWAYS

Excellent. Now, do you think that you could reach up and grasp the bar above your head.

Colleen does so.

STRANGEWAYS

Good. Now just take a deep breath and let it out slowly...

Strangeways flips a few switches on his podium.

There is a HUM. The gold circle begins to rotate slowly.

A gold latex-like substance begins to cover Colleen's hands and feet, then work its way up her legs and down her arms.

An alarmed expression appears on Colleen's face.

COLLEEN

My hands and feet...they're stuck!

STRANGEWAYS

It is a normal part of the therapy my dear. Please try to relax.

COLLEEN

It's like I'm growing another skin.

STRANGEWAYS

It is a special membrane that is pulling toxins right out of your body.

COLLEEN

Oh. I feel better...I feel good actually...I...oh...

The gold skin proceeds up Colleen's legs and down her arms. It begins to cover her shoulders and reaches up

to her groin.

The turntable begins to rotate faster and faster as Colleen is more and more covered.

COLLEEN  
Oh my god it feels so  
warm...and it's  
coming...in!

Strangeways smiles again, then pushes a button on his podium.

STRANGEWAYS  
(into podium)  
Agent Ulrich, would you  
come in, please?

Ulrich enters through the door.

ULRICH  
So this is your Phase I  
technology? What does it  
do.

Colleen is now nearly completely covered, only her mouth and nose uncovered. The second skin shimmers and pulsates. Colleen is now rotating very rapidly.

Colleen GASPS and MOANS.

STRANGEWAYS  
The core technology is  
really quite simple here,  
Agent Ulrich. Our subject  
here has been covered in a  
sort of living membrane,  
which is dynamically  
interacting with the  
pleasure neurons, with  
results which I am sure  
you can appreciate.

Colleen SHRIEKS and CRIES. She periodically punctuates the dialog that follows with such.

ULRICH  
You seem have spent five  
million dollars in budget  
to create a sex toy, Dr.  
Strangeways?

STRANGEWAYS  
You disappoint me in your  
lack of understanding,  
Agent Ulrich.

ULRICH

What is there to understand?

STRANGEWAYS

Are you familiar with the practice of torture, Agent Ulrich.

ULRICH

I have worked the black sites. The preferred term is "enhanced interrogation techniques."

STRANGEWAYS

(shakes his head)

You bureaucrats and the truth. In any event, what is the most salient thing about torture?

ULRICH

That the pain is great enough that the victim will do anything, or say anything, to make it stop.

STRANGEWAYS

Very good, Agent Ulrich. Torture is an unspeakably ugly thing meant to get compliance out of a subject. Has it not occurred to you that there might be better ways to get the uncooperative to be cooperative?

ULRICH

What has this to do with anything?

STRANGEWAYS

Have you not considered that it would be better to offer a subject so much pleasure that she will do anything to get it to start again?

ULRICH

(ponders for a moment)

Interesting idea. Not practical.

COLLEEN

Ahh! Ahh! AHH!

STRANGEWAYS  
(disdainfully)  
Not practical? Very well,  
Agent Ulrich. We shall see  
how impractical I am.

Strangeways stabs a button on his podium. The second skin rapidly retreats off Colleen. She collapses into the center of the golden circle, panting. The rotation of the circle slows to a stop.

CLOSE-UP AND ZOOM IN – ULRICH'S CROTCH

Ulrich is clearly erect.

RETURN TO SCENE

Strangeways walks over to Colleen, and offers her a hand up. She stands, somewhat shakily. Strangeways walks her over to the podium.

STRANGEWAYS  
How do you feel, my dear?

COLLEEN  
I...that was the  
most...oh...amazing.

STRANGEWAYS  
Would you like to do it  
again soon?

COLLEEN  
(looking straight  
at Strangeways)  
I would like to do it  
again, now!

STRANGEWAYS  
Soon my dear, very soon.  
But first I need for you  
to do something for me.

COLLEEN  
I'll do anything to take  
that ride again.

STRANGEWAYS  
(glancing at  
Ulrich)  
Do you see that man in  
front of you? Fellate him.

Ulrich grins.

COLLEEN

Wha?

STRANGEWAYS

Take his cock out of his  
pants and suck on it until  
he comes in your mouth.  
You can do that, can't  
you?

COLLEEN

But...

STRANGEWAYS

Or I'm afraid I'll have to  
find someone else to play  
with my little toy.

Without a moment's further hesitation, Colleen falls to her knees in front of Ulrich. She unzips his fly, and pulls out his erect penis. She engorges it with her mouth and begins fellating him.

ULRICH

I think I am really going  
to enjoy this assignment.

EXT. THE GNOSIS CAMPUS – DAY

It is a sunshiny Indian-summer day at Gnosis.

Maureen is walking across campus and meets Jill at an intersection of two sidewalks.

MAUREEN

(breaking into a  
big smile)  
Hey there, world traveler!

JILL

(also smiling)  
Hey there, diligent  
scholar!

The women embrace, then walk together along a slated path.

MAUREEN

We were all sort of  
worried about you there  
for a while when we saw on  
the news what was  
happening down in Monte  
Blanco.

JILL

(hesitating for a



moment)  
Well, it was a little hairy for just a few hours, but I got the chance to be rescued by some heroic, manly-man United States Marines.

MAUREEN  
You lucky girl. I wish I had time for a social life.

Jill smiles, this time looking a little forced.

MAUREEN  
So what are you up for now that you're back at Gnosis?

JILL  
Well, I guess I'm going to try finishing up Poli Sci. My parents want me to go to law school, but I'm not sure. I'm beginning to think maybe trying a graduate program in I-R. How about you?

MAUREEN  
Still beavering away in physics, although I'll try to round out a little bit this term.

JILL  
Really? How so?

MAUREEN  
You know that spooky-looking institution just out of town, the State Home for Wayward Girls?

JILL  
Back in high school the principal would threaten that I would end up in it someday if I wouldn't, as he put it, "learn to be more of a team player."

MAUREEN  
What an asshole.

JILL  
Oh, no doubt. But what's

you angle on the place?

MAUREEN

Teaching. They're always short of qualified teachers for teenage girls who've been in trouble, so I'm going in as a volunteer science teacher.

JILL

Sounds like a tough assignment to take on as a volunteer.

MAUREEN

Maybe I'll make a difference in some girl's life.

JILL

Sweet Maureen. Ever the hopeful, tender-hearted one.

MAUREEN

Oh, no doubt.

INT. A CORRIDOR AT THE HOME — DAY

Maureen is walking with MRS. SNEED, a matronly-looking woman. They talk as they walk down a corridor.

MRS. SNEED

...So you can see, Miss Creel, we have something like a self-contained community here. The neo-Kirkbride design serves us well. The staff building is in the middle, with the girls housed in the staggered wings. The staggered wing design allows for the maximum of light and air to the girls' rooms.

MAUREEN

I see we've been through all the segments except F. What about F?

MRS. SNEED

Oh, I'm afraid F is high security and limited access. We reserve it for girls who have special

behavioral problems and are in need of special interventions. You're not allowed in there and, take it from me, Miss Creel, you wouldn't want to go in there if you could.

MAUREEN

I see. And what about that old building in back?

MRS. SNEED

Uh. A bureaucratic snafu. We can't use it because it's rated as an asbestos hazard and the state won't pony up the money to remediate it, and we can't tear it down because it's a historical landmark of some kind. Something having to do with it being a site where electroshock therapy was developed. Anyway...

(opening a door)

Now, your classroom will be in here...

SHOT — A CLASSROOM

The room is filled with rather battered desks. Paint is peeling on the ceiling. The windows are barred.

BACK TO SCENE

MAUREEN

I guess I have my work cut out for me, Mrs. Sneed. Thanks.

MRS. SNEED

Do you have your pager?

Maureen unclips a pager from her belt. It has a single red button on it.

MAUREEN

Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. SNEED

Never don't carry that with you when you're in the building or on the grounds. Mostly the girls here are well behaved, but that doesn't mean there

aren't problems. If you ever run into a situation where you're in trouble or someone might get hurt without help, but sure to hit that button.

MAUREEN

Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. SNEED

We're very glad to have you here, Miss Creel. Science teachers are hard to come by.

EXT. OUTSIDE DOWSON HOUSE – NIGHT

(Note: Dowson House is a Gnosis student dormitory.)

Sound of a fire alarm RINGING. The lights of a fire truck are visible, and firemen can be seen going in and out of the dormitory. Also, OFFICER JACK CLEARY can be seen directing traffic, etc.

Male and female students, in various states of appealing nighttime undress, are milling around in the night. Among them are Jill and Iris.

JILL

Phew. What was that smell?

IRIS

I dunno. It had an "accident in orgo lab" sense about it, I thought.

A FIRE CHIEF steps up in front of the crowd of milling students, and makes an announcement over a bullhorn.

FIRE CHIEF

Your attention please! There is no cause for alarm here. There was a minor chemical spill in the basement. We are checking it out now, and believe you will all be able to return to your rooms in a few minutes. In the meantime, anyone who wants to will be offered a free screening by the Gnosis College Health service. Thank you and good night.

JILL  
Chemical spill but no  
cause for alarm, eh? I  
think I'll go for that  
screening.

IRIS  
Yeah. Me too.

EXT. HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS EXTERIOR - NIGHT

A side door appears to open and shut by itself.

MAUREEN (V.O.)  
It's a bad idea to tell  
Maureen Creel that there  
are things she is not  
supposed to see.

INT. THE HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The shot tracks Armed Woman Guard #1 down the hall.  
She stops before a barred electrical door. She  
presses a button, then looks into a camera.

There is a buzz, and the door slides aside. Armed  
Woman Guard #1 steps forward into a small space,  
facing another barred door.

Armed Woman Guard #1 looks over her shoulder, as if  
expecting to see something, but sees nothing.

The barred door slides shut behind her. When it  
closes, the door in front of her slides open.

Armed Woman Guard #1 steps forward, through what  
looks like a dismal prisoner's common area. She  
crosses the area, pulls a set of keys off her belt,  
and opens a door on the opposite wall.

She unlocks the door, then takes out a flashlight and  
surveys the room.

She puts the flashlight away, and pulls a walkie-  
talkie off her belt.

ARMED WOMAN GUARD #1  
(into walkie-  
talkie)  
Forty-seven to control,  
over.

CONTROL (O.S.)  
(on walkie-  
talkie)  
Read you, forty-seven,  
over.

ARMED WOMAN GUARD #1  
Control no inmates in  
F-block, over.

CONTROL (O.S.)  
(on walkie-  
talkie)  
F-block inmates on special  
service tonight, forty-  
seven, over.

ARMED WOMAN GUARD #1  
You need to tell me about  
this shit control, I  
nearly had a heart attack  
here, over.

CONTROL (O.S.)  
(on walkie-  
talkie)  
Sorry about that forty-  
seven. Bureaucratic snafu  
on the new arrangement,  
over.

ARMED WOMAN GUARD #1  
Over and out, control.

Armed Woman Guard #1 closes the door.

MAUREEN (V.O.)  
Special service? At  
midnight?

INT. A LARGE ROOM IN THE OLD BUILDING – NIGHT

The room has been done up as a kind of club. On one side there is a bar, with a bartender mixing drinks. There are a number of small circular tables in the middle. The far end of the room is set off with a curtain.

At the tables sit middle-aged men of various races. Some are in business suits, others in various military uniforms.

Colleen, Monica, Sandy, Jewell, Vanessa, and Pauline have been done up in skimpy French maid outfits and are serving drinks to the men at the tables.

There is a BUZZ of conversation in the room.

At one of the tables sit Strangeways, Ulrich, and THE DIRECTOR.

DIRECTOR  
Agent Ulrich speaks well

of your work here, Dr. Strangeways. Though I must say that it seems odd of you to propose an evening's entertainment for various Nat Sec types as a way of demonstrating your work.

STRANGEWAYS

Director, I promise you that you will not be disappointed by this evening's proceedings. Look around you to begin. Do you see the young ladies here serving? A few weeks ago they were the scum of society: petty thieves, prostitutes, and drug addicts. And now, as a result of the...therapy we have developed here as Phase I of the project, they are all...sweet and docile and ready to serve.

CLOSE-UP — ANOTHER TABLE

Monica is standing by the table at which a GENERAL in uniform is sitting and smoking a cigar, while talking to a SENATOR. The General is reaching under her skirt and fondles her bottom. Monica GIGGLES.

BACK TO SCENE

DIRECTOR

Reasonably impressive, but you must surely admit, Dr. Strangeways, that the degree of agent loyalty necessary for Project Nowhere is higher than just that for being a barmaid.

STRANGEWAYS

Naturally, Director, which is why I have arranged for what I shall hope is a more compelling demonstration of our control. Would you be so kind as to pick one of the girls, please?

The Director looks at Ulrich, who shrugs.

DIRECTOR  
(pointing at  
Sandy)  
All right, that one.

STRANGEWAYS  
(making a  
come-here  
gesture)  
Miss Sandy, would you come  
here please?

SANDY  
(hurrying over)  
Yes, doctor?

STRANGEWAYS  
You are enjoying your  
therapy here, yes?

SANDY  
Oh, yes doctor.

STRANGEWAYS  
So I take it you would  
like it to continue?

SANDY  
Yes, doctor.

STRANGEWAYS  
Well, if you would like it  
to continue, I would like  
you to do something for us  
now. We are going to put  
on a little play here.

SANDY  
A play? But I don't...

STRANGEWAYS  
Do not worry! You do not  
need to learn any lines.  
Just put on a costume and  
act out a part as it  
happens. And what is more,  
if you feel uncomfortable  
at any time, you may stop.

SANDY  
But there is a catch, I  
see.

STRANGEWAYS  
Nothing in this life is  
free, young lady. There is  
indeed a catch, and it is  
this. If you ask to stop,



if you do not cooperate,  
then I am afraid that we  
will have to stop your  
therapy and send you back  
out into the world...

SANDY

Oh, no, please doctor, not  
that!

STRANGEWAYS

Well, then. Here is your  
costume. Go and change.

Strangeways hands Sandy a parcel.

Sandy leaves with it.

Strangeways stands up, walks to the front of of the  
room, and stand before the curtain.

STRANGEWAYS

Gentlemen! Your attention  
please.

The BUZZ of conversation dies down.

STRANGEWAYS

I am aware that many of  
you have come here this  
evening with concerns  
about the efficacy of our  
current program. I have  
prepared for you a  
demonstration which I  
believe should help to put  
your concerns to rest.  
Miss Sandy, would you come  
out please?

Sandy comes to the front of the room. She is now  
dressed like an explorer. She is wearing boots, khaki  
shorts, a khaki tunic.

STRANGEWAYS

What follows is for the  
benefit of gentlemen only,  
so would the young ladies  
in attendance kindly leave  
now.

The other girls leave.

STRANGEWAYS

Miss Sandy here, who has  
been in no way prepared  
for what we are about to  
ask her to do, is about to

cooperate with us in a  
little entertainment for  
benefit of all present.  
Isn't that right, Sandy?

SANDY

Yes, doctor.

STRANGEWAYS

And Miss Sandy here is  
permitted to leave, at any  
time, of her own free  
will, naturally. So she  
shall now present for  
you...

The curtain is opened, revealing a large barred cage,  
in the back of which is a sort of painted jungle set.

STRAGNEWAYS

...a little sketch we  
shall call "The  
Exploratrix and the  
Lion."

Sound of APPLAUSE from the audience.

Strangeways opens the door to the cage and gestures  
for Sandy to enter.

STRANGEWAYS

(to Sandy)

Just try to act naturally,  
my dear.

Sandy hesitates for a moment, then steps into the  
cage.

Strangeways latches the door behind her.

STRANGEWAYS

(to Sandy)

Remember that of course  
you can stop at any  
time...but our deal still  
holds.

Sandy nods.

Strangeways returns to his seat. An ASSISTANT  
appears, and hands him a notebook computer.

Sandy, inside the cage, begins miming someone doing  
exploration.

Strangeways opens his notebook computer.

CLOSE-UP – STRANGEWAYS'S COMPUTER SCREEN.

The screen is an ordinary Windows desktop. The mouse-pointer moves to an image of a lion and opens the program underneath. It is a window labeled LION CONTROL. There is a menu for ACTIONS.

BACK TO SCENE

A lion emerges from behind the painted set.

Sandy freezes.

ULRICH

Uh, doctor, is that a real lion?

STRANGEWAYS

It is indeed, but not worry. We have placed multiple brain implants in him such that we can control him from this computer here. We have equipped him with a most remarkable behavioral repertoire which we have developed with the help of a number of female volunteers.

ULRICH

Volunteers?

STRANGEWAYS

You might be surprised to learn, Agent Ulrich, how many women have a thing for big cats.

CLOSE-UP – STRANGEWAYS'S COMPUTER SCREEN

Strangeways draws down the ACTION MENU, and selects TERRORIZE.

BACK TO SCENE

The lion stalks around Sandy, ROARING at her several times.

Sandy trembles.

DIRECTOR

But Strangeways, if she really can opt out, won't she?

STRANGEWAYS

I think not, my dear  
Director. For you see, the  
pull of my pleasure device  
is so powerful that she  
will continue to try to  
have future such  
experiences...

CLOSE-UP – STRANGEWAYS'S COMPUTER SCREEN

Strangeways draws down the ACTION menu again, this  
time selecting STRIP.

BACK TO SCENE

STRANGEWAYS

...begin to become quite  
extreme.

The lion ROARS again, then reaches up with one his  
paws and swipes the buttons off Sandy's shirt with  
his claws.

He then grabs one of her sleeves in his teeth and  
rips off her shirt.

He then circles behind her and takes her bra-strip in  
his teeth, snapping it. He bites the strap and pulls  
it away with his teeth.

Sandy GASPS.

The lion takes Sandy's bra a few feet a way and  
spends a few seconds thoroughly rending it with his  
paws, then turns his attention back to Sandy.

He places one paw on her back and pushes her down  
onto her hands and knees, then uses the same paw to  
shred the back of her shorts and underlying panties.

These he then pulls off with his teeth.

The audience begins to WHISTLE and CHEER as this goes  
on.

The lion rends what is left of Sandy's clothing.

Sandy stands up, covering her breasts with her hands.  
(Note: she is now naked, save for the pith helmet and  
boots.)

Strangeways rises and walks over to the bars, facing  
Sandy through them.

STRANGEWAYS

You may stop, my dear, if

you wish.

SANDY  
And the deal?

STRANGEWAYS  
As before, still.

Sandy shakes her head.

Strangeways walks back to his table and sits down.

CLOSE-UP – STRANGEWAYS'S COMPUTER

Strangeways draws down on the menu the option TEASE.

BACK TO SCENE

The lion swats Sandy's hands away from her breasts with his paw. The he opens his mouth, baring his teeth, and moves as if to bite down on one of Sandy's breasts.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP – SANDY'S RIGHT BREAST

The lion takes Sandy's nipple between two huge incisors, and nibbles on it.

BACK TO SCENE

The lion circles behind Sandy and places a paw on her back, slightly extending one claw.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP – SANDY'S LOWER BACK

The claw trails down Sandy's lower back (Note: not breaking skin or drawing blood) and down, just into her buttocks-cleavage.

BACK TO SCENE

The lion circles around to Sandy's front, nudging her away from the bars, then extends a paw which he places on her chest.

The lion pushes Sandy down. She lands sprawled backwards, with her legs apart.

The lion extends her head between Sandy's legs, and begins licking her genitals with his tongue. This goes on for a several seconds.

Sandy GASPS, and then begins to MOAN a little.

DIRECTOR  
This is meant as proof of  
control?

STRANGWAYS

Oh, it goes on from here.

CLOSE-UP – STRANGWAYS COMPUTER SCREEN

Strangeways pulls down the actions menu and selects FUCK.

BACK TO SCENE

The lion pulls back and lion ROARS in Sandy's face.

Sandy, startled, pulls back.

The lion circles around, putting himself behind Sandy, and swipes at her with a paw.

Sandy scrambles and lurches forward to the bars of the cage, putting her hands on the bars. She appears to be about to cry out.

The lion puts a paw on her shoulder and pushes her down to her knees.

The lion backs up behind her, opens his mouth, and teases Sandy's neck with his teeth.

CLOSE-UP – SANDY'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS

SANDY

Nice kitty...nice  
kitty...I know what you  
want...be a nice  
kitty...I'll give you what  
you want.

CLOSE-UP – SANDY'S FEET

Sandy spreads her legs apart.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP – SANDY'S CROTCH

The lion's penis penetrates Sandy.

CLOSE-UP – SANDY'S FACE

Sandy's face contorts as she is penetrated.

SANDY

Ahh!

(Note: Sandy continues to pant and moan throughout the scene until the lion is finished.)

SHOT – THE GENERAL SITTING AT A TABLE

The General is sitting with a SENATOR, who is wearing

a suit with a tiny American flag pin on one lapel.

GENERAL

Looks like these guys are good for more funding, eh Senator?

SENATOR

(mesmerized by the action in the cage)

Oh, indeed. National Security, patriotism, economic development, saving Medicare and all that.

BACK TO SCENE

DIRECTOR

A most impressive demonstration of your control of subjects, doctor. What do you have next? Is the lion going to eat her?

STRANGEWAYS

Well...

CLOSE-UP – STRANGEWAYS COMPUTER SCREEN

Strangeways draws down the command menu and hovers the mouse-arrow over the command EAT.

BACK TO SCENE

DIRECTOR

That suggestion was not meant seriously, doctor.

STRANGEWAY

(visibly moving something on his computer screen)

I am relieved to hear that...wouldn't want to waste valuable material, after all.

INT. INSIDE THE CAGE – NIGHT

The tempo of the lion's copulation with Sandy picks up and builds to a climax. The lion finally ROARS and withdraws. Sandy falls to the floor.

The lion paces to a corner of the cage, lies down,

and goes to sleep.

Sound of CHEERS and APPLAUSE from the audience.

Strangeways enters the cage and kneels down beside Sandy.

STRANGEWAYS  
You did splendidly, my  
dear.

SANDY  
Doctor, I think I could  
really use some more  
therapy.

STRANGEWAYS  
(smiling)  
Of course. I'll set it up  
right away.

INT. AN EXAMINATION ROOM AT THE GNOSIS INFIRMARY – DAY

Iris sits in a chair reading a magazine. DR. WEAVER,  
a grandmotherly woman, enters through a door.

WEAVER  
(looking at a  
clipboard)  
So, you're Iris, right?  
Here for a screening after  
that chemical spill?

IRIS  
That's right.

WEAVER  
Well, this shouldn't take  
very long. We have a quick  
and efficient new test  
which should help us to  
rule out any toxins or  
chromosomal damage.

IRIS  
Anything more than that?  
Any drawing of blood,  
perhaps?

WEAVER  
Oh no. Just a quick scan.  
You should be out of there  
in minutes. All you need  
to do is step behind that  
curtain there. Disrobe  
completely and lie down on  
the cot.



IRIS

Okay.

Iris steps behind the curtain.

INT. BEHIND THE CURTAIN

There is a simple cot with a white sheet. At the end, a large sort of ring mounted on two rails that runs the length of the cot.

Iris regards this curiously for a moment, then disrobes completely, placing her clothes on a convenient nearby chair. The she disrobes completely and lies down on the cot.

WEAVER (O.S.)

Are you ready, Iris?

IRIS

Yes doctor.

The lights go dim. The ring HUMS as it moves slowly up the rails on the cot. A bar of bright light passes over Iris's body as it does so.

A somewhat surprised look appears on Iris's face.

Then the bar travels back to its original position on the rails, and the lights come back to normal.

WEAVER (O.S.)

Okay, you're all done  
Iris. You can get up and  
get dressed now.

Iris gets up and starts getting dressed.

INT. THE EXAMINATION ROOM – DAY

Iris emerges from behind the curtain.

Dr. Weaver is looking at a screen full of numerical data on her desk and taking notes on a chart.

WEAVER

It will take a few days  
for the full analysis of  
the data to come back.  
We'll be sure to let you  
know if we find anything  
out of the ordinary, but  
from what I can see here  
you look like a very  
healthy young woman, Iris.

IRIS

Uh, thank you, doctor.

Iris hurries out.

INT. A WAITING ROOM AND BEYOND — CONTINUOUS — DAY

Iris emerges. Jill is sitting in a chair in the waiting room, and gets up when Iris enters. Together they walk out.

JILL  
How'd it go for you?

IRIS  
Uh just fine.

JILL  
That scanning thing felt  
all sort of...probey  
though.

IRIS  
Yeah.  
(whispering)  
Just like thing in Japan I  
told you about.

Jill's jaw drops.

INT. THE WORKS — DAY

The works is large room, with a large steel tank standing in the middle. Several thick glass portholes have been set in the outside of the tank along the catwalk.

Strangeways and Ulrich stand outside the tank

GUARD #1 and GUARD #2, wearing heavy riot gear, enter the room, leading a shackled and hooded ABDUL. Abdul is wearing an orange jumpsuit.

ULRICH  
Unshackle the prisoner and  
place him inside.

GUARD #1  
Yes, sir.

Guard #1 and Guard #2 unshackle and unhood Abdul, who appears to be a man of Central Asia ancestry. Then they give him a shove through the door of the tank and close it.

The guards then turn and leave.

INT. THE TANK VIEWED THROUGH A PORTHOLE — DAY

Abdul shuffles across the steel-mesh floor of the tank, his head bent down. He sits on the edge of the bed.

STRANGEWAYS (O.S.)

And who has your agency brought us, Agent Ulrich.

ULRICH (O.S.)

Abdul ul-Haq. A delivery from one of the black sites.

STRANGEWAYS (O.S.)

A terrorist?

ULRICH (O.S.)

A shepherd. But misclassified as a terrorist and shipped to the black sites. Since it is the official policy that the United States Government makes no such mistakes, we need him to go away, which is why we have provided him to you.

STRANGEWAYS (O.S.)

Well, he will certainly do.

INT. ON THE BALCONY – DAY

Strangeways pulls out a cellphone, opens it and presses a button.

STRANGEWAYS

(into phone)

Would you send Miss Vanessa in, please.

SOUND of a door being opened.

Vanessa, wearing a pair of shorts and a white t-shirt, enters.

STRANGEWAYS

Come up here please, Vanessa.

Vanessa approaches.

STRANGEWAYS

Vanessa, this man here is Agent Ulrich.

ULRICH

A pleasure.

VANESSA

(looking Ulrich  
up and down)

Pleasure's mine, secret  
agent man.

STRANGEWAYS

I hope you find your  
therapy has been going  
well.

VANESSA

(gesturing toward  
her crotch)

Mmm.

STRANGEWAYS

Vanessa, we have asked you  
here today because, just  
as we are trying to help  
you, we need you to help  
us. Do you see that man in  
there?

Strangeways points to one of the portholes. Vanessa  
looks through.

SHOT — THROUGH THE PORTHOLE

Abdul is still sitting on the bed, his head bowed.

BACK TO SCENE

STRANGEWAYS

We think that man is a  
terrorist, but he has  
hitherto resisted all  
attempts to get  
information from him.

VANESSA

And what is it that you  
think I can do that secret  
agent man here and his  
friends can't.

STRANGEWAYS

We want you to wear a  
little listening  
device...and go in there  
and fuck him.

VANESSA

Fuck him?

STRANGEWAYS

So that he might be  
encouraged to say things  
he wouldn't otherwise.

VANESSA

But is that like...legal?  
You know I got put inside  
for soliciting.

STRANGEWAYS

Don't worry. We've made  
sure he's clean. And  
you'll be doing your  
country a favor, which we  
will be happy to  
repay...with more therapy,  
for example.

VANESSA

Hmm. And this listening  
device?

STRANGEWAYS

Just this.

Strangeways reaches into a pocket of his lab coat and  
pulls out a small metal cylinder. He unscrews the  
top, then, with an integral pair of tweezers, pulls  
out a tiny object.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP – THE OBJECT IN THE TWEEZERS

(Note: it is about the size and shape of an apple  
seed.)

RETURN TO SCENE

VANESSA

And if all naked and  
banging away, where  
exactly am I supposed to  
hide that sort of thing?

STRANGEWAYS

It will fit neatly inside  
your left ear.

Vanessa leans forward slightly.

Strangeways uses the tweezers to put the device in  
Vanessa's left ear.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP – VANESSA'S LEFT EAR

The device appears to sprout legs like a little bug,  
and promptly scampers down Vanessa's earhole and

vanishes.

BACK TO SCENE

VANESSA

Ow! What is that thing? It hurt for a minute there.

STRANGEWAYS

But it does not hurt now, no?

VANESSA

Well, no.

STRANGEWAYS

So you can do this thing for us?

VANESSA

I can try.

STRANGEWAYS

Just act naturally. I'm sure you'll do just fine.

Strangeways opens the door and gestures for Vanessa to enter the tank. She does so, after which Strangeways closes the door and seals it.

INT. THE TANK AS SEEN THROUGH A PORTHOLE — DAY

Vanessa saunters across the steel-mesh floor toward Abdul, smiling.

ULRICH (O.S.)

So what is that thing, that "listening device" really, doctor?

Abdul looks up at Vanessa. Vanessa whips off her shirt, then cups her breasts under her hands and points them at Abdul.

STRANGEWAYS (O.S.)

As you no doubt correctly deduced, Agent Ulrich, the device has nothing to do with listening to sound. It listens to the brain. It is a micromachine quantum resonator, attuned to special quantum signatures in neural microtubules.

Abdul tries to look away. Vanessa reaches out and

pulls him toward her, such that his head nuzzles between her breasts.

ULRICH (O.S.)  
I'm afraid that you have  
lost me there, doctor.

Abdul begins to suck one of Vanessa's nipples.  
Vanessa reaches for Abdul's crotch and feels it.

STRANGEWAYS (O.S.)  
The device crawls into the  
subject's brain, and  
disassembles itself into  
many tiny filaments that  
reach for the pleasure  
center of the brain.

Vanessa reaches up with her hand to the zipper on Abdul's jumpsuit. She begins slowly unzipping him. Abdul releases her nipple and begins to kiss her on the mouth.

STRANGEWAYS (O.S.)  
Once there, they are  
attuned to and resonate  
with one of the most  
powerful signals produced  
by the human brain, to wit  
the female orgasm.

Abdul slips out of his jumpsuit. He is fully erect.

ULRICH (O.S.)  
And what exactly is the  
quantum amplification of a  
female orgasm going to  
achieve for national  
security?

Vanessa carresses Abdul's erection for a few moments, then turns her back and presents to him.

STRANGEWAYS (O.S.)  
Watch and learn, Agent  
Ulrich.

Abdul penetrates Vanessa from behind. They copulate, slowly at first, then faster and faster. As the pace of their copulation picks up the sound of Vanessa's CRIES and MOANS, though muffled by tank, become audible outside it.

SHOT - FACES OF STRANGEWAYS AND ULRICH WATCHING

SHOT - STRANGEWAYS AND ULRICH ON THE CATWALK

Both are still watching.

VANESSA

Oh...oh...oh...

ULRICH

What if our prisoner pops first?

STRANGEWAYS

Unlikely, Agent Ulrich. For one thing, we administered medication to your prisoner to inhibit ejaculation while enhancing erectile performance, but more importantly, the therapy we are pioneering here has the effect of dramatically increasing female sexual receptivity, something you might have guessed from Miss Sandy's performance with the lion the other night, and it also dramatically increases....

RETURN TO SCENE

VANESSA

Oh yeah, baby. Fuck me. Fuck me hard. Oh yeah. Oh, I'm loving it. Oh yeah. Oh, I'm going to come. I'm going to come hard. Ah! Ah! Yes, yes! I'm com...

There is a sudden loud POP.

Vanessa, Abdul, the bed, and a circular section of the steel mesh floor all abruptly vanish.

Parts of the walls of the tank dimple in.

There is a loud HISS, which slowly subsides.

INT. OUTSIDE THE TANK — DAY

STRANGEWAYS

...the propensity to swiftly achieve orgasm, even under stressful or otherwise unpromising conditions.

Agent Ulrich stares through the porthole in astonishment for a moment, then turns to face



Strangeways.

ULRICH

Dr. Strangeways, would you mind explaining what just happened there?

STRANGEWAYS

It is pretty elementary, really. The quantum resonator amplified the natural resonance set up in the girl's neural microtubules by her orgasm, leading to an induced quantum leap of all matter and energy within approximately a two-meter radius of her brain. The loud pop you heard was created by the sudden appearance of a vacuum where they were once surrounded by air.

ULRICH

Where are she and the prisoner now?

STRANGEWAYS

What you must understand, Agent Ulrich, is that quantum phenomena are fundamentally random. There is simply no way to predict or control where they have gone. But my calculations indicate that the induced quantum leap sends the matter an energy to a random point within a sphere of space with a radius of twenty-seven parsecs.

ULRICH

But that could be anywhere, including places we don't want them!

STRANGEWAYS

My dear bureaucrat, have you any idea how tiny the earth, or even the solar system, are relative to that? To a moral certainty they have gone deep into interstellar space.

ULRICH  
That's really sick.

STRANGEWAYS  
It is the perfect  
assassination tool, Agent  
Ulrich. The victim gives  
in to a temptation that he  
cannot resist, and then  
disappears decisively, in  
a way that leaves no  
clues, no forensics, and  
no explosive residue.

ULRICH  
(pondering what  
he has been told  
for a moment)  
That's really useful. I  
shall inform my superiors  
at once.

Strangeways smiles, then pulls out his cellphone  
again.

STRANGEWAYS  
(into his phone)  
Arrange with maintenance  
to install some new  
flooring in the test tank,  
please.

INT. MAUREEN'S CLASSROOM AT THE HOME — DAY

About a dozen girls, including KENDRA are sitting at  
battered desks while Maureen lectures from a table in  
front of them. Set before Maureen are a wineglass, a  
small paper packet, a small bottle of clear liquid,  
some cleaning cloths.

MAUREEN  
Now you may recall  
yesterday that we talked  
about how hemoglobin in  
blood is remarkable for  
carrying oxygen. But it  
also has some other  
remarkable properties, so  
I thought I set up this  
little demonstration for  
you of something that you  
might find interesting.

Maureen holds up the squirt bottle of clear liquid.

MAUREEN  
Does anyone know that this  
is?

The girls shake their heads.

MAUREEN

This is a solution of  
3-Aminophtalic hydrazine,  
kindly lent to me by the  
chemistry department at  
Gnosis, but it's more  
commonly known to your  
friendly local police  
department as luminol.

GROANS around the room.

MAUREEN

It's called luminol  
because it reacts with the  
hemoglobin in human blood  
to create something called  
chemoluminescne.

More GROANS.

MAUREEN

Since that's also pretty  
abstract, a demonstration.

Maureen tears open the paper packet and pulls out a  
small sterile lancet.

MAUREEN

Imagine a murder most  
foul...

Maureen jabs herself in her left index finger with  
the lancet, then squeezes her finger and holds it up  
so that the girls can see the resulting drop of  
blood.

Sounds of EWWS from the girls.

MAUREEN

...that leaves a bloody  
trace.

Maureen wipes her finger on the glass, leaving a  
smear of blood.

MAUREEN

The murderer cleans up of  
course.

Maureen takes one of the damp clothes and wipes the  
glass clean.

MAUREEN

So that to the naked eye

no clue remains.

Maureen holds the glass up so that all can see that the glass appears clean.

MAUREEN

But to the intrepid investigator there are always more means to get information. Kendra, would you draw the shades for us and then turn off the lights, please?

KENDRA

Yes, Miss Creel.

Kendra gets up and draws the shades and turns out the lights. The room is fairly dark.

MAUREEN

Now would you all gather around the front table so that you can all see?

The girls do so.

Maureen squirts a small amount of liquid onto the glass.

The place where there was blood for a moment glows eerily blue for a moment.

Appreciative MURMURS from the girls.

MAUREEN

Kendra, the lights and the shades please.

Kendra gets the lights, and is getting the shade as Maureen starts to speak again.

MAUREEN

So, does anyone...

Maureen is interrupted by the sounds of SHOUTING and SCUFFLING outside.

MAUREEN

Everyone sit down and stay here.

Maureen goes outside to investigate. In her haste to do so, she accidentally sweeps the wineglass of her desk. It falls to the floor and shatters.

INT. A HALLWAY AT THE HOME – DAY

Colleen is running up the hall, barefoot. She has badly cut one hand and is leaving a trail of blood on the floor.

COLLEEN  
(hysterical)  
Help us! Help us! They're  
disappearing us. They took  
Vanessa away! Help us!

Colleen is tackled from behind by Armed Woman Guard #1 and Armed Woman Guard #2. She is pulled up and dragged off.

Ridgeway is coming up behind the armed woman guards, while Mrs. Sneed approaches from the opposite direction.

RIDGEWAY  
Ten eighty-eight. Now  
under control.

Colleen continues to kick and struggle as she is dragged off.

COLLEEN  
For God's sake, don't let  
them do this to us!

The guards drag Colleen behind a door, which Ridgeway closes.

MAUREEN  
Ten eighty-eight? What's  
going on here, Mrs. Sneed?

MRS. SNEED  
Security lapse in F-block.  
Like I said, some of the  
girls there have serious  
emotional issues.  
(takes out a  
walkie talkie,  
speaks into it)  
Control, could you get one  
of the girls on cleaning  
duty to come down here  
with a mop.

CLOSE-UP – THE FLOOR IN THE HALL

A mop cleans up the trail of blood left on the floor by Colleen.

INT. F-WING AT THE HOME – NIGHT

Armed Woman Guard #2 is buzzed through a locked door.

She walks along the floor, sweeping her flashlight back and forth.

Armed Woman Guard #2 looks through a porthole through one door, then another. Then she goes back to the locked door.

ARMED WOMAN GUARD #2  
Twenty-two here. Situation  
normal.

The door BUZZES and Armed Woman Guard #2 leaves.

A small squirt bottle appears to travel through the air, then squirts onto the floor.

A faint set of blue glowing streaks appear on the floor.

The bottle travels along, squirting from time to time, illuminating more streaks.

Eventual the streaks lead to an elevator door.

There is a WHIRRING sound. The elevator doors open and then close.

INT. A CELLAR BENEATH THE HOME - NIGHT

There is a WHIRRING of a descending elevator.

ARMED MALE GUARD #1 approaches the elevator doors with a flashlight.

The doors open. Armed Male Guard #1 sweeps the elevator car with his flashlight. The elevator appears to be empty.

ARMED MALE GUARD #1  
(shakes his head)  
Gotta tell maintenance to  
get that damn sensor  
fixed.

Armed Male Guard #1 goes back to a battered desk and sits down. There is a laptop on the desk.

Armed Male Guard #1 mouse-clicks on the laptop. A SEDUCTIVE FEMALE VOICE is heard coming over the laptop's speakers.

SEDUCTIVE FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Welcome to superbobs-  
dot-com, where your  
pleasure is our  
business...

SHOT — FALLOUT SHELTER SIGN ON THE WALL

SHOT — MAUREEN'S P.O.V.

The P.O.V. moves down a tunnel, lit by amber lights down its length. Eventually we stop before a door.

INT. THE TUNNEL — NIGHT

Sound of BOOTED FEET coming down the tunnel.

ARMED MALE GUARD #2 and Ridgeway come down the tunnel, leading Colleen, who is handcuffed and shackled.

Ridgeway puts her hand on a scanner by the door. There is a BUZZ and the door opens.

The three enter the space beyond.

Colleen looks around, surprised, as if someone had just put a hand on her shoulder, but says nothing.

INT. THE TANK ROOM — NIGHT

There is a table laid out with various instruments, some quantum resonators on a tray, a hypodermic syringe, etc.

Ridgeway takes out a phone and places a call.

RIDGEWAY

Doctor? Ridgeway here. Yes doctor I know that you have some very sensitive adjustments to do and that you asked not to be disturbed but we have the problem subject. The quantum resonator? But doctor are you sure the subject will be properly orgasmic under present conditions? Yes doctor...I'm sorry doctor I shall see to it right away.

Ridgeway puts the phone away and signs. She picks the syringe up from the tray, squirts a little liquid out of the needle on the end, then jabs it into Colleen's arm.

COLLEEN

Ow!

RIDGEWAY

It is to help you relax,  
young lady.

Colleen slumps. She is held up by Armed Male Guard #2.

Ridgeway picks up a quantum resonator with a tweezers, and puts it into Colleen's ear.

RIDGEWAY

You and you. Carry her up  
the stairs.

ARMED MALE GUARD #3 and ARMED MALE GURAD #4 come over. Each takes one of Colleen's arms. They lead her into the tank. Ridgeway follows closely.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - THE TRAY

A single resonator appears to lift into space and disappears.

BACK TO SCENE

COLLEEN

(murmuring)

No...no...you can't do  
this. I am a human  
being...not a lab  
animal...no...please...

RIDGEWAY

If you resist, it will  
last longer. Just give in,  
and it will go quickly.

The guards lift Colleen over the threshold of the tank.

INT. THE TANK - NIGHT

The center of the tank has been rigged with a couchette and a sex machine - a vibrating dildo on the end of a thrusting arm.

The guards lay Colleen on the couchette, then strap her wrists and ankles down, so that her legs are apart.

Ridgeway cuts away Colleen's clothing with a pair of surgical shears, then lubricates the vibrating dildo on the machine, then carefully aims it so that it will penetrate Collen's vagina.

Colleen MOANS.

RIDGEWAY



As the good doctor always says, we should never underestimate the power of female orgasm. Clear the chamber.

INT. THE TANK CATWALK – NIGHT

The guards close and seal the tank door, then descend the catwalk.

Ridgeway takes up a position watching through one of the portholes.

Ridgeway pulls out a remote and starts the machine.

INT. THE TANK – NIGHT

The machine fucks Colleen, picking up speed.

Colleen writhes and MOANS.

COLLEEN

No..no..no...

There is a POP.

Colleen's body from the waist up vanishes, as does half the couchette.

Blood and entrails spill out of Colleen's severed lower half.

The machine continues to fuck what's left of her.

INT. THE CATWALK – NIGHT

Ridgeway grimaces and frowns, then stops the machine with her remote.

Ridgeway looks right when she hears a RETCHING sound from the vicinity of the porthole to her right, but sees nothing.

Strangeways enters and jogs up the stairway.

STRANGEWAYS

Everything go well,  
Ridgeway?

RIDGEWAY

I am afraid we might have something of a situation here, doctor.

STRANGEWAYS

What do you mean by that,

Ridgeway?

Ridgeway gestures at one of the portholes.  
Strangeways looks in.

STRANGEWAYS

Mmm. I see. Did you have  
to use the sedative on the  
subject?

RIDGEWAY

Yes, doctor.

STRANGEWAYS

Mmm. Unfortunate. Almost  
certainly the result of  
sedation combined with the  
involuntary character of  
the subject's orgasm. The  
radius of the matter-  
energy leap increases  
monotonically with the  
force of the orgasm. In  
sedation cases with  
forcing, like this one,  
the result is often  
unsatisfactory. Not to  
worry. We shall get a  
clean-up crew and take  
care of it. Ridgeway, come  
with me. We have more  
important matters to  
attend to tonight.

Ridgeway and Strangeways descend the staircase.

INT. THE RECONSTITUTION LAB — NIGHT

Strangeways and Ridgeway enter.

Ulrich and the Director are already there. They are  
standing on one side of a glass wall. On a crossing  
wall is a large bank of servers, hard drives, a  
keyboard and a monitor.

STRANGEWAYS

Gentlemen. Thank you for  
joining us this evening I  
apologize for being late,  
but an unavoidable matter  
that had to be dealt with.

DIRECTOR

We hope this is worth our  
time, Dr. Strangeways.

STRANGEWAYS

I do not think you will be

disappointed in the slightest, Director. As you aware, concerns have been raised at the highest level about whether Operation Nowhere can plausibly succeed with the human material that has currently been made available to it. Can mere delinquents, the minor criminals on which the control protocols have been developed, girls from nowhere without skills or sophistication really serve the ends of the program? Can they really serve as agents of any kind?

DIRECTOR

A most worthwhile question, doctor.

STRANGEWAYS

And one which admits of a most worthwhile answer. For a long time, I was myself uncertain whether a fully satisfactory solution could be found. But every recently, we received reports of a remarkable technology in us in Japan.

ULRICH

Japan. Figures.

STRANGEWAYS

A concern which I shall not name here managed to develop an extremely high-resolution three dimensional scanning technology. So high was the resolution that it became possible to scan a human brain and body at a level of detail that would allow a duplicate to be created that preserved essential aspects of the personal identity of the original.

DIRECTOR

You surely don't mean to say...

STRANGEWAYS

The scanned information could be reconstituted using a a nanotech fluid matrix, thus enabling the creation of a duplicate.

DIRECTOR

The Japanese actually put this into production?

STRANGEWAYS

They did indeed, and for a purpose at once so trivial and so disgusting as to be unworthy of description here.

DIRECTOR

So you are proposing to scan and print, I see, doctor. And how will you get the consent of would-be agents for this.

STRANGEWAYS

My dear Director, you must understand that consent is irrelevant for an operation such as the one which we are running now. We have already obtained all the scans that we need. Operatives in our employ managed to stage an incident.

Strangeways points to a monitor on the equipment rack. Video is playing, showing Gnosis students fleeing from Dowson House due to the "chemical spill."

STRANGEWAYS

As part of a proposed routine medical screening in the wake of the incident, we were able to conduct surreptitious scans of a number of coeds at nearby Gnosis college.

Strangeways shows footage of Jill's "medical

checkup."

STRANGEWAYS

These scans were  
transmitted to us,  
naturally, and we have all  
the data here.

Strangeways gestures as a great large rack of RAIDS.

STRANGEWAYS

We have over a hundred  
subjects on file, and can  
generate what we want on  
demand.

ULRICH

You are shitting us,  
Strangeways.

STRANGEWAYS

Not at all, Agent Ulrich.  
I invite you to watch.

Strangeways types a series of commands into a computer keyboard. An image appears on the computer screen – a computer graphical representation of Jill Keeney.

Strangeways hits a key.

The lights dim. There is a low HUM.

Beyond the glass, there is a transparent tube filled with liquid. A ring of light passes slowly up the length of the tube.

As it does so, a network of nerves and a brain appears.

It passes as second time, and a skeleton is added to the network of nerves.

It passes a third time, and a set of viscera appears.

It passes a fourth time, and musculature and subcutaneous fat appears.

It passes a fifth time, and the muscles are covered with skin, hair, and nail. It is a perfect image of Jill Keeney, JILL-PRIME.

Appreciative MURMURS from Ulrich, the Director, and Ridgeway.

Strangeways presses another button. The tube tilts up. One end opens, and Jill-Prime is decanted onto

the floor. She is naked.

Jill-Prime coughs. Her eyes flutter and open. She stands uneasily.

STRANGEWAYS

And thus, a new agent is born.

DIRECTOR

I have seen that girl. We have a file on her.

STRANGEWAYS

Oh, indeed. The selection of this one was hardly accidental. Jill Keeney, a girl who in the course of her study abroad in Monte Blanco last year got mixed up in a most unfortunate conspiracy against its lawful government. Meaning, of course, that not only is she half trained as an agent, but she already has a propensity for the sort of work that we will want from her.

ULRICH

Fucking a-mazing.

Jill-Prime walks up and puts her hands on the glass. She starts to speak. Strangeways turns on a speaker so that she can be heard.

JILL-PRIME

(on speaker)

Hello? Can anyone hear me?  
What's happening to me?  
Where am I?

Strangeways flips a switch and speaks into a microphone.

STRANGEWAYS

(into microphone)

What do you last remember?

JILL-PRIME

(on speaker)

I was in the health clinic. I was undergoing some kind of scan.

STRANGEWAYS

(turning  
microphone off)  
Excellent! The subject's  
memories have been  
preserved at high  
fidelity.

(turning  
microphone back  
on)  
Miss Keeney, please listen  
to me closely. We picked  
up something dangerous  
when we ran that scan, and  
you are in need of prompt  
decontamination. Do you  
understand this?

Jill-Prime nods her head.

Strangeways pushes a button on a console.

The wall behind Jill slides away, to reveal a golden  
turntable on the floor.

STRANGEWAYS  
(into microphone)  
The decontamination  
process is quick,  
thorough, and painless,  
but it needs to be done  
immediately if we are to  
prevent damage, which is  
why we brought you here so  
quickly. Look behind you.  
Do you see the golden  
circle? Step into the  
middle of it, reach up,  
and grab the bar.

Jill-Prime hesitates.

STRANGEWAYS  
(into microphone)  
Please, Miss Keeney. We  
need you to trust us on  
this. We need to move  
quickly.

Jill-Prime steps into the middle of the gold circle  
and grasps the bar.

Strangeways turns off his microphone.

STRANGEWAYS  
You belong to us now.

The circle on which Jill-Prine stands begins to  
revolve. Golden second skin begins covering her from

the feet up.

DIRECTOR

Amazing achievement, Dr. Strangeways! With this duplication and control technology not only will we have ideal assassin, but we will have agents in place, plus girls we can give away as slavegirls or living sex toys as bribes...

STRANGEWAYS

(mildly)

I am a humble creator of technologies, Director. How they are deployed is of course up to you. I send the rockets up, and where they come down is not my department.

DIRECTOR

I do have a question, however.

STRANGEWAYS

But of course you do.

DIRECTOR

If you have the capacity just to make copies of girls, why do you bother testing that quantum implosion dingus out on girls from the State Home.

STRANGEWAYS

Active nanotech matrix in sufficient quantities to make a duplicate – that's expensive. Girls cast off by society and wanted by no one turn out to be surprisingly cheap. I am sure you do not need me to explain to you the significance of keeping projects under budget, Director.

DIRECTOR

No, of course not.

Jill-Prime is by now covered in golden second skin, spinning rapidly, writhing and MOANING.



STRANGWAYS

It appears we are inducing quite the powerful sequence of orgasms this evening. Poor little beauty. Only minutes old and already on the path to complete enslavement.

RIDGEWAY

If you will excuse me, Dr. Strangeways, Director, there are urgent matters for me to attend to topside.

DIRECTOR

But of course, Warden Ridgeway.

Ridgeway leaves.

INT. THE ELEVATOR – NIGHT

Ridgeway enters the elevator and presses a button.

Just before the doors slide shut she glances over her shoulder, as if she expects to see someone there.

Then the doors slide shut.

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM – NIGHT

Maureen sits on the side of her bed, staring blankly off into space.

After several seconds of this, Maureen lurches forward, kneels over a wastebasket, and retches.

INT. A SECLUDED CORNER OF THE GNOSIS LIBRARY – DAY

(Note: Maureen and WILLIE speak in whispers, heads close together, throughout. Willie is the same character as in Progress in Research)

MAUREEN

Willie, you have to understand. This isn't just some tale of abuse behind prison walls. Someone out there at the Home for Wayward Girls -- someone I think connected with the government -- is running obscene experiments that are killing helpless girls.

There must be someone we  
can call.

WILLIE

...Maureen...

MAUREEN

Your father is some sort  
of big-shot public-  
interest lawyer, right?  
Can't we talk to him  
first.

WILLIE

Maureen, some things are  
best left untouched.

MAUREEN

Willie!

WILLIE

Do you remember last year,  
Maureen? Do you remember  
how there was some weird  
chain of incidents  
involving government  
agents running all over  
campus? And then what? A  
senator whose daughter  
went to Gnosis ends up  
buried in Arlington  
National Cemetery. And  
Professor Corwin? And my  
friend Anwei Li? And Moira  
Weir and Nanetta Rector?  
The all just drop out of  
sight. Not just  
disappeared. It's like  
they never were. Is that  
what you want to happen to  
you?

MAUREEN

I can't believe you would  
say such a thing.

WILLIE

I wish you would just quit  
that volunteer position  
and try to forget anything  
you saw out there.

MAUREEN

(setting her jaw  
defiantly)

I can't do that, Willie.  
You know I can't.

INT. A ROOM UPSTAIRS IN THE OLD BUILDING — DAY

The room is done up as a girl's room, rather comfortably, with a bed on which there is a comforter. There is a breakfast on a tray which is largely uneaten. There is a pair of tall windows which have been filmed over, but which are otherwise transparent.

Jill-Prime stands in a nightgown, staring out the window at the back of the Home for Wayward Girls.

A key turns in the locked door to the room. Strangeways enters. He is carrying a briefcase. Jill-Prime turns around to look at him.

STRANGEWAYS

There are no bars on the windows, as you can see. And the glass, aside from the one-way film, is quite ordinary glass. It is not long drop to the ground. It would be quite easy for you to hurl any piece of furniture through the window and make a break for it.

JILL-PRIME

Perhaps I will.

STRANGEWAYS

I think perhaps you won't. After the pleasures you experienced last night, you will not be able to make yourself leave.

Jill-Prime blushes and looks down.

JILL-PRIME

You've abducted me. You've brought me here and subjected me to...to some kind of experiment. People will come looking for me. I have family, friends. They won't notice I am gone.

STRANGEWAYS

On the contrary. I do not think anyone will miss anything.

Strangeways opens his briefcase and takes out an issue of the Gnosis Illuminator, which he hands to

Jill-Prime.

STRANGEWAYS

Have a look at the date on this.

JILL-PRIME

(reading the date)

I was unconscious for ten days before finding myself here?

STRANGEWAYS

Not exactly. Look at the back page. Specifically, look at the young woman in the photograph and read the caption.

JILL-PRIME

(reading)

"Senior Jill Keeney, celebrates with her teammates after scoring the winning goal over Euphoric State in Women's Lacrosse." But that's me! That game was supposed to be...

STRANGEWAYS

The point you are supposed to grasp here is that no one is going to come looking for Jill Keeney, because Jill Keeney is not missing. The beautiful and talented Miss Keeney is busily living out a fun-filled senior year at Gnosis College, whence she will doubtless go on to live a long and fulfilling life.

JILL-PRIME

But I am Jill! I remember a whole life as Jill!

STRANGEWAYS

No. The young woman in the photograph is Jill. You are just a copy of Jill, which we took the liberty of making.

Jill-Prime looks astonished for a moment, then hurls

the newspaper away.

JILL-PRIME

I don't believe you. It's a very simple thing to print up a fake newspaper.

STRANGEWAYS

Indeed it is. I would have expected no less an observation from a young woman of your obvious intelligence. But ask yourself this: on the night that you and many other students were forced to flee a chemical spill in a Gnosis dormitory, what shape was the moon?

JILL-PRIME

Two nights ago? Just a crescent.

STRANGEWAYS

Clear skies are forecast for tonight. I suggest you look out your window and see what kind of moon it is. In the meantime, I imagine you must be very hungry. Please do try to eat your breakfast. You'll need your strength for what is about to come.

INT. A GNOSIS COLLEGE DINING HALL — DAY

Jill is eating a hearty breakfast. Maureen sits down and joins her.

JILL

Maureen! You look awful. Almost as if you have seen a ghost. Is everything all right?

MAUREEN

Oh, us, just had to pull an all-nighter. I guess I'll be all right with enough coffee. How's it with you?

JILL

(smiles broadly)  
Feeling pretty good.

MAUREEN

So no ill effects after  
that chemical spill they  
had at your dorm?

JILL

Nah. Everyone's fine. We  
all had to go in for some  
kind of screening at the  
campus health clinic,  
which involved being in  
some big scary scanning  
device, but in the end, it  
was much ado about  
nothing.

MAUREEN

I'm...really relieved to  
hear that.

INT. A ROOM IN THE OLD HOUSE — DAY

Jill-Prime's head and hands project through holes in  
the wall, as if she had been place in the stocks. She  
is MOANING rhythmically.

Strangeways sits in a rocking chair close by,  
observing her.

(Note: In this scene, Strangeways has his cat Lilith  
from Study Abroad on his lap. He strokes her as he  
speaks.)

JILL-PRIME

Oh...oh...oh. You bastard!  
I just came for the third  
time. What have you done  
to me?

STRANGEWAYS

You should try to look on  
the positive, dear girl.  
Think about what has  
happened to you as a  
blessing. Think of how  
much more receptive you  
have become. Think about  
how much more pleasure you  
experience, even in spite  
of yourself. You have  
changed and for the  
better. It is an  
invariable consequence of  
all who undergo the  
therapy.

JILL-PRIME

Ahhh..ahhh...why all this?

## STRANGEWAYS

There were some concerns,  
of course, when there was  
an...incident...with one  
of our first lucky girls.  
I did improve the  
technique, but by then  
certain powerful people  
were asking for an  
additional demonstration  
of its efficacy.

## JILL-PRIME

I am ..uh...oh...  
subverted ...ah...ah...  
suborned ... eee...oh  
enslaved. I am not me  
anymore.

## STRANGEWAYS

Nonsense. You have your  
looks, your memories, your  
skills. All of which will  
come in great handy quite  
soon.

## JILL-PRIME

Uh...uh... what am I doing  
oh god here I come  
again...

## STRANGEWAYS

Well, at the moment you  
are actually helping us  
with an important bit of  
lobbying.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE OLD BUILDING – DAY

Jill-Prime is naked and on her knees. Her midsection  
is bent over a sort of bench. Her head and hands  
project through the wall.

CONGRESSMAN THROTTLEBOTTOM, a pot-bellied,  
middle-aged man, is also naked, and fucking  
Jill-Prime from behind.

A cellphone RINGS. An AIDE appears in the scene  
bringing the phone to Throttlebottom.

## AIDE

It's that call for you,  
Mr. Chairman.

Throttlebottom takes the call, but continues fucking  
Jill-Prime. The aid holds the phone up so that  
Throttlebottom can talk.

THROTTLEBOTTOM

(into phone)

Yes...yes. Tell that  
cocksucker that if thinks  
that I'm giving this thing  
away for fucking nothing  
he can kiss my pimply ass.

The aide hangs up the phone.

THROTTLEBOTTOM

It was fuckin' sweet of  
the Agency to set this up.  
Let's see.

Throttlebottom pulls out of Jill-Prime abruptly.

THROTTLEBOTTOM

Let's see what else we've  
got going on here.

EXTRME CLOSE-UP — JILL-PRIME'S ANUS

Thrttlebottom spreads Jill-Prime's buttocks with his  
hand, exposes her anus. He then penetrates her  
anally.

CLOSE-UP — JILL-PRIME'S FACE

Jill-Prime's face contorts, and she SHRIEKS.

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM — DAY

Maureen is sitting at her desk. In addition to usual  
desk-like things, there is a microscope and some sort  
of meter there.

She picks up a pair of tweezers and reaches into an  
envelope, pulling out a quantum resonator. She looks  
at it for a moment.

She places the resonator on a slide, pulls places the  
slide on a microscope, and peers through the  
eyepiece.

SHOT — THE RESONATOR UNDER MAGNIFICATION

Many tiny cilia appear to trail off the surface of  
the resonator.

BACK TO SCENE

Maureen looks into space for a moment.

STRANGWAYS (V.O.)

The radius of the matter-  
energy leap increases



monotonically with the  
force of the orgasm.

Maureen scrunches up her face, then puts the quantum resonator away.

Maureen looks across her desk. Her eyes fall on the vial that she took from Arthur's jacket at the party.

Maureen frowns.

INT. A COMPLETELY DARK ROOM - DAY

The scene is initially completely dark. Then a flickering hologram of the Colonel appears at one end of the scene. The light from the hologram illuminates Ulrich at the other side.

(Note: It is the holographic projection of the Colonel which speaks as the Colonel in this scene.)

COLONEL

Your last report indicated  
that you were troubled,  
Agent Ulrich.

ULRICH

You are aware, Colonel,  
that Strangeways  
experiments are resulting  
in the death of his  
subjects?

COLONEL

I have been reading the  
technical reports as well  
as yours, Agent Ulrich. I  
understand what it is that  
Strangeways thinks that he  
is doing.

ULRICH

I do not in any way  
question the importance of  
our objective, Colonel,  
but does the end really  
justify the means here?

COLONEL

Before I begin to answer  
that directly, Agent  
Ulrich, let me ask you  
this: are you aware that  
every one of the inmates  
of F-wing has access to a  
Bible?

ULRICH

I had not inquired,  
Colonel.

COLONEL

Well, they do. And access  
to religious counseling  
and instruction. I have  
pressed Warden Ridgeway on  
this point and she assures  
me at these matters have  
been taken care of?

ULRICH

Yes, I can see the  
importance of this, but...

COLONEL

At every waking moment  
these young women are  
alive, they have the  
chance to repent the sins  
that have brought them to  
where they are. Whatever  
cheap thrills Strangeways  
is providing them in that  
damnable machine he has  
created, we are not  
depriving them of their  
free will, no?

ULRICH

No, Colonel. That would be  
beyond the power of man to  
do.

COLONEL

And were they to repent,  
they would be forever  
saved. It would be in no  
one's power, not mine, not  
yours, not Strangeways's,  
to do harm to any part of  
them that really matters.  
You do believe this,  
right?

ULRICH

Of course, Colonel.

COLONEL

And yet we are taught that  
the wages of sin are  
death, yes? So if they  
were to happen to die  
without repenting, would  
they receive anything  
other than what they  
deserved?

ULRICH

No, Colonel, they would not. But surely, intentional killing...

COLONEL

Ah, yes. Dr. Strangeways and his quantum resonator. Let me ask you, what do you think is really happening to these girls who are resonated away?

ULRICH

According to Strangeways, they and the surrounding matter are transported randomly so very far away that they are almost certainly deep in interstellar space. That doesn't sound very survivable to me, Colonel.

COLONEL

Randomly. Randomly. Randomness, Agent Ulrich, is a concept for atheistical scientists like Strangeways. It is not for warriors of faith. Tell me, Agent Ulrich. If there really were fundamental randomness in the world, could God be said to rule it?

ULRICH

No, Colonel, he could not.

COLONEL

So these young women cannot be randomly going anywhere. They can only be going where God wills. That doesn't sound like killing to me. Does it to you?

ULRICH

Not when you put it that way, Colonel, no.

COLONEL

Try to be of good cheer, Agent Ulrich. I realize that your circumstances are trying. You are

surrounded by the weak and the depraved. Amoral scientists, conniving politicians, young girls turned into criminals through hedonism and self-indulgence. But your faith will always see you through in the end.

ULRICH

Thank you, Colonel. I shall try to remember that.

COLONEL

Besides which I have a plan which will take some of these young women out of Strangeways care and perhaps lengthen the time they have for repentance. And what is more, which will allow this operation to recoup some of its expenses.

INT. A PIANO PRACTICE ROOM AT GNOSIS – DAY

Arthur is playing through Aleksandr Scriabin's "Black Mass" sonata. He is concentrating intensely.

At the noisy climax (just before the recapitulation of the opening bars that ends the sonata) Maureen slips deftly in behind him.

After Arthur concludes, Maureen speaks.

MAUREEN

Nicely done, Arthur. I always have been fond of Scriabin.

Arthur startles, then turns abruptly around.

ARTHUR

Who are you? What are you doing here?

MAUREEN

My name is Maureen Creel. You might say that I've been an admirer of your performances ever since your recent gig at the Sigma formal...a social event that people here at Gnosis will doubtless be

talking about for some  
years to come.

ARTHUR

I don't remember seeing  
you there.

MAUREEN

Oh I'm quite sure that you  
didn't...see me there. But  
I was most assuredly  
there. And I certainly saw  
you.

ARTHUR

What makes you think you  
can just barge in?

MAUREEN

Well normally I would aim  
for a more graceful and  
proper introduction. But I  
would like to discuss  
something of interest with  
you, and this practice  
room seemed like such a  
nice...private place.

ARTHUR

(half-guardedly  
half-hopefully)

What is it?

Maureen pulls out the vial.

MAUREEN

Do you remember this,  
Arthur?

ARTHUR

Where did you get that?  
Give it back, it's mine.

Arthur tries to snatch the vial, but Maureen is too  
quick and closes it in her fist.

MAUREEN

Oh, now let's not be  
hasty. We have something  
important to discuss.

Arthur sits back down.

MAUREEN

It seems to me that  
there's rather a lot of  
sensitivity in the campus  
administration these days

having to do with drugs  
and things that smack of  
misbehavior in the Greek  
system, especially after  
certain events of last  
year. It would hardly be  
good for you if the record  
of what I saw here plus  
certain other trace  
evidence should find there  
way to them, now would it?

Arthur slumps on the piano bench.

ARTHUR

I wasn't looking for  
anyone to get hurt. I just  
wanted people to have a  
good time and have a good  
time myself.

MAUREEN

And they certainly did,  
and so did you, I believe.  
Which is why my terms here  
are going to be  
exceptionally easy.

ARTHUR

How easy?

MAUREEN

Get me a small supply of  
whatever your magic potion  
is, and as far as I'm  
concerned, you're free to  
have all the good time you  
want.

SEIRES OF SHOTS — GNOSIS MUSEUM

--An exterior shot of the Gnosis College Museum

--Interior shot of the museum, showing the  
reconstructed skeleton of a dinosaur.

--Interior shot of a professor standing in front of a  
specimen case, lecturing to a group of students.

--Shot of an office door, with a nameplate thereupon,  
reading "Sarah Kaufman, Ph.D., Biopharmacological  
Curator."

INT. DR. KAUFMAN'S OFFICE — DAY

Dr. Kaufman's office is long and narrow, with a high  
ceiling. Glass-fronted display cases filled with  
bottles line the walls. There are sliding ladders

along the cases to allow access to higher shelves.

Dr. Kaufman is an older lady, with bifocals and iron-gray hair drawn back in a bun. She is standing on the ladder, surveying the shelves.

There is a KNOCK at Dr. Kaufman's office door.

KAUFMAN

Come in.

Maureen enters.

MAUREEN

Dr. Kaufman? Good afternoon, ma'am. I'm Maureen Creel. I was told that you would be expecting me.

KAUFMANN

(dismounting the ladder)

Oh yes, of course. My nephew telephoned earlier and was quite insistent on my making the time.

(walks over and shakes Maureen's hand)

How do you do? And what is it that I can do for you, Miss Creel?

MAUREEN

It's about this.

Maureen holds up the vial.

A look of dismay promptly appears on Dr. Kaufman's face.

MAUREEN

Arthur said that you could explain about the contents of this vial.

KAUFMANN

Where did you get this, and what do you know about it?

MAUREEN

Let's say that I...acquired it from your nephew, and that I have reason to believe that its contents were some sort of

powerful aphrodisiac.

Maureen hands the vial to Dr. Kaufman.

KAUFMANN

My nephew is a clever boy.  
Too clever by half. An in  
the future I shall be a  
good deal more careful  
about locking things up  
when he is around. Yes. A  
real one and a rather  
dangerous one.

MAUREEN

Dangerous? How?

KAUFMAN

The origins of this  
particular pharmakon are  
in Sarawak. It is said to  
be an extract from the  
gland of a unique species  
of giant spider found  
there. There is a  
particular tribe of orang  
asli who live in the  
region where it is found.  
Let me show you something.

Dr. Kaufman goes to her desk and pulls out a DVD,  
which she inserts into a notebook computer. She  
motions for Maureen to sit. Maureen sits. Kaufman  
starts up the DVD and plays it, turning the notebook  
computer around for Maureen to see.

INT. MOVIE ON SCREEN – DAY

KAUFMAN (O.S.)

What you are seeing here  
is a digitization and  
enhancement of  
ethnographic footage taken  
by a Gnosis College  
expedition made to Sarawak  
in 1935. Unfortunately,  
Professor Jensen, who led  
the expedition and who was  
the only person with the  
linguistic expertise to  
interpret it properly,  
mysteriously disappeared  
shortly after his return.  
Consequently, it  
languished in the archives  
for rather a long time,  
but recently, a Gnosis  
student named Cleo Mount,



who had accidentally  
fallen in with the people,  
learned enough of their  
language to provide some  
translation of the dialog  
therein, such as it is.

(Note: the footage starts as grainy black and white  
with tinny sound, but changes to color with decent  
sound a few seconds in.)

A group of villagers stand in a circle. They chant.

A young woman, who is wearing only a loincloth, steps  
into the center of the circle.

A much older woman then steps in, holding a clay  
vessel of some kind.

The older woman speaks. The young woman answers.

KAUFMAN (O.S.)  
The old woman is asking  
the young woman whether  
she is prepared to make  
the sacrifice she is  
proposing. The young woman  
answers yes.

The old woman hands the clay vessel to the young  
woman, who drinks from it.

The young woman hands the vessel back to the old  
woman, then strips off her loincloth, which she  
tosses away, smiling broadly.

The old woman hands the young woman a sort of wooden  
dildo.

The young woman squats down, and penetrates herself  
with the dildo.

The people around her chant "Ya!" as the dildo goes  
in.

The young woman proceeds to masturbate with the  
dildo, watched by the crowd. With each penetrating  
stroke, the crowd yells "Ya!"

After some of this, the young woman builds to a  
sexual climax and achieves orgasm. She does not stop  
masturbating, but continues to thrust the dildo in at  
an ever-increasing pace.

The young woman's skin is visibly slick with sweat.  
The crowd continues to chant.

Tiny flashes of light begin appearing in the air around the young woman. She is now deep in a sexual frenzy. The crowd chants ferociously.

There is a bright flash of light, and the young woman vanishes.

The film resumes a few seconds later. The villagers are lying down now in a sort of post-coital langour.

The old woman looks directly into the camera and speaks.

KAUFMAN (O.S.)

The old woman is explaining that the young woman has become one with her own orgasm and has been taken to the gods to become part of the the sexual fabric of the universe, present whenever lovers pleasure one another.

(Note: in the final seconds of the film, it fades back to black and white.)

INT. DR. KAUFMAN'S OFFICE — DAY

MAUREEN

Beyond wild.

KAUFMAN

As best I can judge, that young native girl took a massive dose, but still beyond dangerous.

MAUREEN

Hell of a way to go, though.

KAUFMAN

What is it that you want here, Miss Creel?

MAUREEN

A dose of whatever elixir it is that was in the bottle, or that the young woman in the film drank.

KAUFMAN

Young lady, you must be mad if you think that I'd...

MAUREEN

(bearing down on  
Kaufman)

This is not some  
collegiate prank, Dr.  
Kaufman. My purpose here  
is dead serious. I want it  
only for myself, and only  
once. You can help me or  
not. But human life is at  
stake here and no I am not  
at liberty to divulge  
further details. If you  
deny me, I will find  
another way to achieve my  
purposes here.

KAUFMAN

(looking  
frightened)

You're dead serious.

Maureen backs away.

KAUFMAN

I saw a look like that in  
a young woman's eyes once  
before. Thirty seconds  
later, there was a dead  
man at her feet.

MAUREEN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean  
to be hostile. It's just  
that this really, really  
is important to me. Look,  
I don't want to twist  
anyone's arm here. I  
have...some unusual  
resources of my own. Maybe  
I can come up with  
something that's valuable  
to you.

KAUFMAN

(composing  
herself)

Oh, there might be  
something that I want, but  
I don't really think that  
you could arrange it.

MAUREEN

Try me, Dr. Kaufman.

Dr. Kaufman leans forward and whispers something into  
Maureen's ear.

Maureen pauses and thinks for a moment.

MAUREEN

I think I actually can  
make that happen for you.  
Although it might be a  
little bit weird.

KAUFMAN

Oh, I like weird. It's a  
benefit of working at  
Gnosis.

MAUREEN

Can you meet me at  
midnight outside of Newton  
Hall? In the meantime, I  
might have a few errands  
to run.

INT. A HIGH-CEILINGED ROOM IN THE OLD BUILDING — DAY

Four transparent tubes, tall enough and wide enough  
to hold an adult person, stand together on a pallet.

Inside each of the tubes one of Monica, Sandy,  
Jewell, and Pauline floats naked in a transparent  
fluid. They are illuminated with an amber light. In  
each tube a constant stream of small bubbles runs  
from bottom of the tube to the top.

Agent Ulrich and Dr. Strangeways regard this scene.  
Strangeways looks displeased.

STRANGEWAYS

I cannot approve of this  
expropriation of my human  
material, Agent Ulrich.

ULRICH

Doctor, you may be assured  
that the Agency will  
arrange for a new  
consignment of disposables  
soon. But since your  
excellent work has broken  
this lot to our standards  
with a fail of only one,  
we have other uses for  
them. And we do pay your  
bills.

STRANGEWAYS

(shakes his head)  
But this is so crass. An  
abuse of the technology.

ULRICH

You imagine that these girls are trainable as agents, doctor? Even rendered completely docile and submissive, they lack social and other skills and would stand out in any field context as hopeless. So we have found something better for them. Ah, here is our broker now.

FRAU KUPLER (same character as in Study Abroad) enters.

ULRICH  
Frau Kupler, may I introduce Dr. Emil Strangeways.

KUPLER  
(extending her hand)  
Herr Doctor.

STRANGEWAYS  
(shakes her hand, smiles icily)  
A pleasure, Frau Kupler.

ULRICH  
Frau Kupler is one of of the most capable and successful international brokers in and trainers of high-end sex slaves in the modern world. And we are about to conclude a deal...with the Agency's blessing. You are here to inspect the packaging prior to shipment, Frau Kupler?

KUPLER  
If I may, Agent Ulrich. These new transport tubes are quite the marvel -- a constant supply of nutrition and respiration while being quite compact and quite inescapable. Capable of providing preservation for weeks on end, also. But we must inspect carefully, as the effects of corruption are quite unfortunate.

Kupler begins her inspection.

STRANGWAYS

I am still not sure why  
such a transaction is  
necessary at all.

ULRICH

Everyagency involved in  
extra-legal operations for  
the good of the state  
seeks sources of revenue  
outside of the usual  
appropriations channels,  
for the sake of keeping  
meddling politicians out  
of business where they do  
not belong. Occasionally  
news of these breaks out  
in public.

SERIES OF SHOTS - IRAN-CONTRA SCANDAL

- American embassy hostages in Iran in 1980
- Guerillas fighting in a Central American somewhere
- Lt. Col. Oliver North testifying before Congress
- A battlefield in the Iran-Iraq war, slaughtered  
corpses of young men and boys everywhere

ULRICH (V.O.)

You might recall in the  
1980s, for example, an  
operation that shipped  
arms to Iran which were  
sold for a profit to  
finance certain Central  
American activities. That  
operation was exposed...it  
was run by bunglers. Ours  
is incomparably better.  
Valuable missiles might go  
missed...

BACK TO SCENE

ULRICH

...but these girls will be  
missed by no one.

KUPLER

And as complaisant  
playthings for our  
discreet high net-worth  
clientele, they will fetch  
a pretty price. The

packaging is satisfactory  
Agent Ulrich, and the  
contents more than  
satisfactory. We shall  
accept the consignment,  
Agent Ulrich.

ULRICH

Okay, pack'em up.

UTILITY GUY #1 drives up in a forklift and picks up  
the pallet. He drives forward, placing the four tubes  
inside a giant wooden crate with a hinged door.

(Note: there should be a camera shot, showing all  
four girls as they are packed into the crate.)

Utility Guy #1 puts the pallet down inside the crate,  
then backs his forklift away.

UTILITY GUY #2 swings the door of the crate shut.

KUPLER

Oh, Doctor?

STRANGWAYS

Yes, Frau Kupler?

Kupler takes a folder out of her briefcase and hands  
it to Strangeways. Strangeways opens it and looks  
inside.

KUPLER

If you should ever happen  
to have this girl, I do  
have a client who would be  
willing to offer an  
especially high price if  
it could be arranged that  
she could be made as  
especially agreeable as  
your treatment has a  
reputation for making  
girls.

SHOT — STRANGWAYS'S P.O.V. LOOKING INSIDE THE FOLDER

It is a dossier, complete with a picture on top, of  
Gnosis student Bridget O'Brian (from Study Abroad.)

BACK TO SCENE

STRANGWAYS

(raising an  
eyebrow)

A most unusual request. We  
might, however, just be

able to meet it. I warn  
you though, Frau Kupler,  
that she might not come  
cheap.

INT. GNOSIS COLLEGE CLINIC – DAY

Maureen sits on an examination table. Dr. Weaver  
enters.

WEAVER

So, Maureen Creel, is it?  
What brings you to see us  
today.

MAUREEN

Well, did you hear about  
that chemical spill they  
had at Dowson House a few  
weeks ago? Well, I kind of  
think that maybe I sort of  
got exposed to that.

Dr. Weaver frowns.

WEAVER

Maureen, you really should  
have come to see us  
earlier about this.

MAUREEN

I know, I know. But I  
don't, you know, like,  
actually live in Dowson  
House and, well, like I  
had this thing going  
there, you know, with a  
guy and, well, I didn't  
really want anyone to find  
out about it, like,  
especially my parents,  
'cuz they're, like, really  
conservative and uptight  
and all and wouldn't take  
it too well if they found  
out and, well, you're not  
going to tell anyone this,  
right?

Dr. Weaver assumes a kindly, understanding  
expression.

WEAVER

Oh, no, of course not.  
Everything that goes on  
here is strictly  
confidential. All you need  
to do for us is undergo



one quick scan. If you can step into that other room, disrobe completely, and like down on the cot, we can begin, okay?

MAUREEN

Okay.

INT. A GNOSIS COLLEGE DORMITORY CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Maureen and Dr. Kaufman stand in the hall by a doorway. Dr. Kaufman is wearing a large hoodie and long skirt, so that she is covered entirely. They are standing outside a door.

Maureen pulls a pick out of her shirt pocket, holds it up for Dr. Kaufman to see, and gestures at it proudly, with a smile. The Maureen looks forward and back as if to see if anyone is coming, before bending down and swiftly picking the lock.

MAUREEN

(whispering)

Now or never, Dr. Kaufman.

Dr. Kaufman pulls off her hoodie, revealing empty space beneath, then drops her skirt, revealing more empty space.

The handle on the door turns tentatively, while Dr. Kaufman's shoes move as if on their own.

MAUREEN

(whispering and pointing at the shoes)

Dr. Kaufman, your shoes.

KAUFMAN

(whispering)

Oops. Sorry. Not quite used to this.

The straps on the shoes are undone.

MAUREEN

(whispering)

Also, a deal's a deal.

KAUFMAN

(whispering)

In the left pocket. Good luck to you.

The door opens and then closes quietly, as if by itself.

Maureen reaches down and pulls a vial out of the left pocket of the hoodie. She unstoppers it, sniff it, then smiles.

MAUREEN  
(quietly)  
And good luck to you, dear lady.

There is a BANG down the hall as a door closes. BRAD, wearing only a towel, ambles up. Brad looks down at the pile of clothes outside the door.

BRAD  
Yo, Maureen! What up?

Maureen smiles, winks at Brad, puts her finger to her lips, then gestures at the door with her thumb.

BRAD  
(much more quietly)  
Oh, I get it.

Brad grins and puts his finger to his lips as well.

INT. JILL-PRIME'S ROOM IN THE OLD BUILDING – DAY

Jill-Prime appears agitated. Her hair is messy. She paces around the room.

Strangeways sits calmly in a chair.

STRANGEWAYS  
You appear somewhat distraught after your briefing with Agent Ulrich.

JILL-PRIME  
I can't believe what you've made me into. Turning me into some sort of human bomb.

STRANGEWAYS  
Given your unusual experiences and skill set, my employer deemed it appropriate that you be sent into the field.

JILL-PRIME  
I won't do it. I won't. I'll slip away from the handlers and vanish. I'll never work for you.

## STRANGEWAYS

Oh, but I think you will. Minor point first: what life are do you think you're going to slip away to? Someone else – the woman you were copied from, is already leading the life that you imagine is yours. Do you think that woman will suddenly welcome a twin sister who wants her life? That her parents want another daughter. There is no place for you in the world, except with us.

Strangeways leans closer.

## STRANGEWAYS

But there is a more major point here. Suppose you do slip away. Suppose in spite of being a nn one with no place in the world, you manage to carve out some sort of life for yourself What then? The fact is, you are a product of the golden circle. You know...you know that there is no pleasure that you will ever experience in your life that will be as great as that. It will dominate your thoughts always. You will never escape it. All life will be gray and dull even if you escape.

Jill-Prime stops, then slumps on the bed. She begins to sob.

## JILL-PRIME

You have made me a slave,  
a toy, a tool.

Strangeways lifts Jill-Prime's chin up and speaks to her gently.

## STRANGEWAYS

Wear the quantum resonator when we tell you, use it as you are ordered, and you will at least taste paradise one more time

before the end.

More tears spill down Jill-Prime's cheeks for a moment, then she looks at Strangeways.

JILL-PRIME  
Will it hurt when I  
explode?

STRANGEWAYS  
It will all be over very  
quickly. Come. I think I  
can arrange one more  
session before you have to  
be shipped out.

INT. RECONSTITUTION ROOM IN THE OLD BUILDING – NIGHT

Armed Male Guard #1 enters the room and turns on the lights. He looks around. Seeing nothing, he takes out his walkie-talkie.

ARMED MALE GUARD #1  
(into walkie-  
talkie)  
Twenty-seven to control,  
all seems quiet in sector  
three, over.

CONTROL (O.S.)  
(on walkie  
talkie)  
Roger that, twenty-seven.

Armed Male Guard #1's taser lifts off his belt.

ARMED MALE GUARD #1  
What the...

Armed Male Guard #1 is shocked by his own taser. He falls limply to the floor.

The door to the replication chamber is unlocked.

INT. THE CONTROL COMPUTER IN THE REPLICATION ROOM – NIGHT

The screen to the computer turns on.

The mouse-arrow moves to a folder icon labeled "Replicables"

The folder opens. The desktop fills with pictures, headshots of Gnosis coeds.

The mouse-arrow moves over a picture of Maureen Creel.

INT. A CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT

Utility Guy #1 and Utility Guy #2 sit side-by-side at a large control panel.

There is a BEEP from the panel and a red light flashes.

UTILITY GUY #1  
That's weird. I'm showing  
a power drain down in  
replication. I didn't know  
there was any activity on  
for tonight.

UTILITY GUY #2  
I didn't hear of any.  
Maybe we should call  
Strangeways.

UTILITY GUY #1  
Which means filling out  
reports. I hate filling  
out reports.

UTILITY GUY #2  
Maybe we can pretend it  
was just another  
malfunction.

UTILITY GUY #1  
Ain't no malfunction like  
the people running this  
operation. Have you ever  
talked to that Strangeways  
character in person.

UTILITY GUY #2  
Sort of makes the flesh  
crawl, don't he?

Sound of a KLAXON.

UTILITY GUY #1  
Aw shit. Maybe this ain't  
no ordinary malfunction.

UTILITY GUY #2  
Maybe it will at least  
mean overtime pay.

INT. THE REPLICATION CHAMBER – NIGHT

A taser is held to the control computer. Its monitor  
POPs in a shower of sparks.

Chains of sparks begin to appear in the replication

chamber itself.

A large tank ruptures, spilling a gooey substance on the floor.

A small fire breaks out.

Sound of a FIRE ALARM. Sprinklers come on.

GUARD #1. GUARD #2, GUARD #3, and GUARD #4 rush into the room.

Something appears to crush Guard #1's nose. He steps back, groaning and bleeding

An outline of a female figure fleetingly appears in the spray of a sprinkler, and then vanishes.

Something else appears to hit Guard #2 in the crotch. He BELLOWS and falls down.

Guard #3 pulls out his taser and begins lunging blindly.

A fleeting female figure appears in the spray of another sprinkler.

Guard #4 lunges toward this figure and appears to grab something in his right hand, which he pulls toward himself.

GUARD #4  
Got something – ow, fuck!

EXTREME CLOSE-UP – GUARD #4'S RIGHT HAND

A deep bite mark appears on Guard #4's index finger. He releases his grip.

BACK TO SCENE

The figure of a woman appears briefly in the spray of a sprinkler near the door of the room.

Guard #1 manages to stagger into the doorframe.

He falls backward as if knocked down.

He reaches up defensively, and grabs with both his hands, as if he is holding onto something.

There is the sound of a THUD behind him.

GUARD #1  
(screaming)  
I have something, I have something!

Sound of a feminine GROAN behind him

Outlined in the spray of a sprinkler appears to be a head and shoulders, lying on the floor.

Guard #3 steps over Guard #1 and discharges his taser, apparently into the air, near the head and shoulders.

Guard #1 scrambles to his feet.

Guard #3 feels with his hands near the floor, although he appears to be touching only air.

GUARD #3  
Sweet Mary Mother of God.  
We need to get Strangeways  
down here right now.

INT. P.O.V. INSIDE A DUCT IN THE OLD BUILDING — NIGHT

The P.O.V. crawls along a duct. It is very dark, with only occasional illuminated cracks to indicate forward progress.

INT. THE GOLDEN CIRCLE ROOM — NIGHT

Strangeways stands in the middle of the golden circle. He appears to be alone, but is reaching out into space, as if touching something that is there. Two tight wire loops appear on the bar above the middle of the circle.

Ulrich and Ridgeway stand off to one side, watching.

STRANGEWAYS  
Amazing...astonishing...full-body  
cloaking technology.

Strangeways reaches with his hands down to the floor, then runs them up to about five and a half feet off the floor.

Strangeways's cat Lilith brushes against something invisible near the floor.

STRANGEWAYS  
Why you're...completely  
naked.

MAUREEN (O.S.)  
A user bug in my otherwise  
amazing astonishing  
technology.

STRANGEWAYS  
Ah, she speaks! I do so

look forward to hearing  
from you where obtained  
this technology.

MAUREEN (O.S.)  
You'll get nothing from  
me.

STRANGEWAYS  
Oh, I'm afraid you're  
wrong about that, my dear.  
In fact, we shall get  
everything from you.

INT./EXT. - A DUCT/OUTSIDE CONTINUOUS P.O.V. - NIGHT

The P.O.V. Approaches a louvre. Pale, silvery light  
can be seen through the louver.

A blunt object of some kind - perhaps a fire  
extinguisher - strikes the louver with three  
successive BANGS. On the third strike, the louver  
breaks free and falls away.

The P.O.V reveals the exterior of the Old Building,  
looks down to the ground, and then drops to it.

INT. THE GOLDEN CIRCLE ROOM - NIGHT

Strangeways steps out of the circle.

STRANGEWAYS  
What a find! What a piece  
of luck! Imagine what kind  
of steel there must be in  
this young woman. To  
penetrate a secure  
facility on a sabotage  
mission, without tools,  
without a gun, without  
even clothes, just bare  
naked flesh and wits up  
against what we have.

ULRICH  
There is no training that  
makes agents like that, I  
am sure.

STRANGEWAYS  
No indeed, Agent Ulrich.  
And that she will reveal  
to us an extraordinary new  
stealth technology is only  
the shilling in the  
pudding, so to speak.

ULRICH



So to speak, Dr.  
Strangeways.

STRANGEWAYS  
And in a few short  
minutes, she will belong  
to us completely.

EXT. - P.O.V. A FIELD BEHIND THE OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

The P.O.V. Moves across the field, jerking as if being shot from a hand-held camera by someone running.

Sound of PANTING can be heard as the shot progresses. In a few seconds it reaches some woods.

INT. THE GOLDEN CIRCLE ROOM - NIGHT

Strangeways pushes a few buttons on his console.

A low HUM is heard. The circle begins to rotate.

Strangeways's cat Lilith HISSES, then runs away. Strangeways does not notice.

Shiny gold skin begins to cover Maureen's form, beginning with her hands and feet.

Maureen rotates faster and faster. She is soon completely covered. The skin limns her. She twists and writhes. Her face appears contorted, as if holding something back.

STRANGEWAYS  
Enjoying the ride, my  
dear? I imagine you're not  
feeling quite so resistant  
now.

MAUREEN  
Oh..oh...oh..indeed. Like  
nothing I have ever felt.

FLASHBACK - THE CLOSET OF MAUREEN'S ROOM - DAY

(Note: this scene must be very brief, before cutting back to Maureen in the golden circle.

Maureen stands next to a machine which is a smaller version of Professor Johnson's invisibility machine from Progress in Research. We see her from the shoulders up. Her shoulders are bare.

Maureen unstoppers the vial she received from Dr. Kaufmann and downs the contents in one swallow.

BACK TO SCENE

Maureen is rotating as before.

MAUREEN

Did you not once say, Dr.  
Strangeways, that one  
should never underestimate  
the power of the female  
orgasm?

FLASHBACK — THE CLOSET OF MAUREEN'S ROOM — DAY

Maureen as before. She is holding a quantum resonator  
in a pair of tweezers. She looks at it for a second,  
then inserts it in her own ear. Then she turns on the  
invisibility machine.

BACK TO SCENE

MAUREEN

Well I am right on the  
edge of the biggest  
fecking orgasm I will ever  
have...uh...uh...and I  
can't hold back much  
more...uh...so let's find  
out just how much power I  
have..uh.uuh..whether its  
true that  
radius...increases  
monotonically with the  
force of the orgasm.  
...ah...ah...ah...

CLOSE-UP — STRANGEWAYS'S FACE

Strangeways's face is grinning broadly, but suddenly  
shifts to a horrified expression.

STRANGEWAYS

No! Stop! Stop the ma...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OLD BUILDING (DISTANT) — NIGHT

The Old Building stands in the moonlight.

There is a sudden flash, and a loud CRUMP.

The middle section of Old Building abruptly vanishes,  
leaving a large crater in the ground where it used to  
be. The rest of the Old Building then collapses into  
the crater.

EXT. P.O.V. WOODS BEHIND THE OLD BUILDING — NIGHT

The motion comes to a stop. The moonlit trees are

visible.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND THE OLD BUILDING — NIGHT

Maureen (in full body shot) stops running and turns around to look behind her.

She is naked and fully visible in the moonlight.

INT. A DORMITORY HALL — NIGHT

Maureen is walking down a hall. She is still naked. She seems preoccupied.

Brad comes around a corner. Seeing that she is naked, he averts her eyes.

BRAD

Uh, Maureen, uh are you aware that you're, uh...

MAUREEN

(suddenly snapping out of her preoccupation)

Oh!

(covers her breasts and pubic area with her hands)

I guess I'm not used to being vis... I mean, not used to being seen... I mean...sorry I gotta go.

BRAD

(eyes still sort of averted)

Yeah. Okay, well, uh, you take care, okay?

SHOT — MAUREEN SHOWERING

INT. MAUREEN IN HER ROOM — NIGHT

Maureen is wearing only a towel. She takes it off. She reaches into a drawer and pulls out a pair of panties.

The sound of many SIRENS can be heard in the distance, but Maureen ignores them.

MAUREEN (V.O.)

It will be good to get back into my clothes.

Maureen holds the panties for a moment.

MAUREEN (V.O.)  
My clothes? Aren't they  
her clothes? Aren't I just  
a newborn baby who has  
never even worn clothes?

Maureen collapses on the bed and puts her face in her hands.

Then she gets up, picks up her phone, and dials a number.

MAUREEN  
(into phone)  
Willie? Hi, it's Maureen.  
Yes I know it's really  
late, but I really need  
someone to talk to as soon  
as possible...okay?

EXT. AN OPEN FIELD BY THE SIDE OF THE CRATER — DAY

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE MACNEIL and SPECIAL AGENT SMITH stand at the lip of the implosion crater.

(Note: MacNeil and Smith are the same characters as appeared in The Apsinthion Protocol.)

(Note; In certain shots, the Home can clearly be seen in the background.)

Various Federal agents, wearing "FBI" and "BATF" jackets circulate around the crater, taking photographs, taking measurements with Geiger counters and other instruments, and so forth.

MacNeil stares out over the crater.

MACNEIL  
What is it about this  
place, Gnosis College and  
its environs, Special  
Agent Smith?

SMITH  
What do you mean, Chief?

MACNEIL  
I mean, is there something  
strange in the drinking  
water? Are we at the  
center of some sort of  
Bermuda Triangle? Or di  
the Good Lord simply  
create this institution as

a means of punishing me  
for my sins?

SMITH  
Still peeved about the  
whole Madder incident,  
Chief?

MACNEIL  
This is a hundred times  
worse.

MacNeil kicks a rock into the crater.

MACNEIL  
I mean look at this,  
Special Agent Smith. A  
hemispherical crater a  
thirty meters across. And  
not created by an  
explosion, either, but  
some sort of implosion.  
Everything blown in,  
rather than out.

SMITH  
I admit it does look  
strange, Chief.

MACNEIL  
I'm half sorry it wasn't  
big enough to swallow up  
the whole works I'm not  
going to enjoy having to  
figure out how to explain  
this one away.

MacNeil turns and begins to leave.

SMTIH  
Where are you going,  
Chief?

MACNEIL  
To the most important of  
all investigative  
facilities for this sort  
of problem.

SMITH  
Where's that?

MACNEIL  
The nearest bar I can  
find.

INT. A TELEVISION NEWS PROGRAM - DAY

Anchorwoman TRICIA HARTREY reads the news. Anchorman TED sits next to her.

HARTREY

The mystery continues about last night's mysterious building collapse at the State Home for Wayward Girls in Pleasant Prairie. W-P-P-T reporter Zoe Zeitgeist is on the scene with a report. Zoe?

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE STATE HOME FOR WAYWARD GIRLS - DAY

Television reporter ZOE ZEITGEIST stands with a microphone. Emergency vehicles and personnel are in the background.

ZEITGEIST

Tricia authorities are still not certain why it was the the Old Building here at the State Home for Wayward girls collapsed unexpectedly The Old Building, a registered national landmark, collapsed suddenly and without any warning.

SHOT - KENDRA INTERVIEW ACTUALITY

KENDRA stands with her back to the modern building.

The shot is subtitled "Kendra: Home Resident".

KENDRA

There was just like this giant crump noise in the middle of the night. There was a wind, and some of our windows cracked. Then we heard something like a frieght train.

SHOT - GIRLS EVACUATING

Home girls being put on schoolbuses outside the Home.

ZEITGEIST (V.O.)

Fortunately the old building, which had been closed since 1970, was unoccupied at the time of

the collapse and there were no injuries or loss of life. But just because the authorities are taking no chances, they are evacuating the main building for the time being until state inspectors can certify that it is safe.

BACK TO SCENE

ZEITGEIST

And where are these girls going in the meantime? It appears that a local institution has opened its doors and its heart to them. Nearby St. Mary Magdalene College will be taking them in while the inspections and investigations proceed.

SHOT - MOTHER SUPERIOR EUPHEMIA, MAGADLENE CAMPUS - DAY

MOTHER SUPERIOR EUPHEMIA speaks into a microphone held by an unseen reporter.

(Note: The Mother Superior is the same character as appears in Progress in Research.)

The picture is captioned "Mother Superior Euphemia of the Blessed Wounds, St. Mary Magdalene College."

MOTHER SUPERIOR

How can we feel that it is anything other than our duty to take in these troubled young women in their time of need? We can find places at the table for them, and beds for them, and provide them with a loving and charitable environment.

BACK TO SCENE

ZEITGEIST

Zoe Zeitgeist, W-P-P-T news.

SHOT - A TELEVISION PLAYING IN THE GADGET

The television is showing the end of the news segment. It shows Hartrey and Ted at the anchor desk.

TRICIA  
(on television)  
A really heartwarming end  
to a scary story.

TED  
(on television)  
It sure is, Tricia

INT. THE GADGET – DAY

The Gadget is nearly empty. Through the windows, a new-fallen snow can be seen on the Gnosis Campus.

Maureen sits with Willie. Both have mugs of something hot.

MAUREEN  
And so there it is. Not  
only am I now a killer,  
but I get to be perhaps  
the first woman in history  
to tell the story of her  
own suicide.

WILLIE  
Maybe you should think  
about what they would have  
done had you not done what  
you did.

MAUREEN  
I try to. It helps  
sometimes, and sometimes  
not.

WILLIE  
Do you know at least what  
you are going to do now?

MAUREEN  
About that at least I have  
a pretty good idea.

INT. A CLASSROOM IN MAGDALENE COLLEGE – DAY

Maureen's group is the same as before, except that there are two new girls, CHRISSY and EVE. There is some chemical apparatus on the table in front of Maureen. A rather gruesome crucifix can be seen on the wall behind her.

MAUREEN  
Well, it is certainly good  
to see all of you again.  
But I see we have two new  
members. Young ladies can  
you tell me your names?



CHRISSEY  
Chrissy, miss.

                  EVE  
Eve.

                  MAUREEN  
Well I'm glad to have you  
both, Chrissy and Eve. And  
how did you come to join  
us?

                  EVE  
They used to have us  
somewhere called F-wing,  
but then they decided to  
shut it down. So now we're  
in gen-pop along with  
every other loser.

Disapproving MURMURS from the rest of the class.

                  MAUREEN  
Settle down, ladies. In  
here there aren't going to  
be any losers.  
                  (smiles broadly)  
The thing to think about  
here is, what new thing do  
we learn today?

FADE OUT.



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