

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 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.

STRANGWAYS

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.

STRANGWAYS

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
hairly 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 but 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 and the
Lion."

Sound of APPLAUSE from the audience.

Strangeways opens the door to the catch 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
fucking 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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