

Characters:

Katie - Mid 20s. Fresh out of college. Impulsive and spontaneous. Quick learner who isn't afraid to speak her mind.

John - Late 50s. Long-time scientist at the Center, a few months from retirement. Kind heart and a systematic brain.

Claire Lobdow - 20's. Blood daughter of Clinton Lobdow. Thinks she's better than the other children. Especially Vivian. Vapid.

Vivian Lobdow - 20's. Daughter by adoption. She was adopted by Clinton to keep his daughter Claire entertained. Well-adjusted despite upbringing in Lobdow household.

Oscar Lobdow - 30's. Oldest blood child of Clinton Lobdow. Successful in his own sphere of business.

Reginald Darden, III (Reggie) - 50's. Family lawyer to the Lobdow's. Close friend to Clinton. Super-friendly and always wanting to please.

Clinton Lobdow - Patriarch of the Lobdow clan. Titan of industry. Ruthless business man. Died a month earlier, alone on his estate save Reggie who sat by his bedside.

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INTRO BUMPER

Efx: recorder button/tone

KATIE
(whispering)
Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced
Research. Project Cyclops, Day 1,
about to begin. Entering the
laboratory now.

Efx: keycard beep. A loud buzz, a metal lock unlatched.
Door opens, footsteps.

JOHN
You know we have lockers for that.

Efx: A purse is plopped down on the table. The audio
fuzzes for a moment.

KATIE
Hmm?

JOHN
Your purse.

KATIE
Oh, I just like it near me. Puts
me at ease. Kind of a Zen thing, I
guess. Sorry, I'm rambling.

JOHN
First day jitters?

KATIE
Is it that obvious?

JOHN
When you've been here as long as
me you pick up on these things.
(pauses)
I'm Dr. Kinsler.

KATIE
I'm Katie Reed, your new
assistant. And last one, right?

JOHN
(chuckling)
I guess I hadn't thought of it
that way, yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

Oh, are you not retiring in a few months? They told me...

JOHN

Forty-seven days. But who's counting?

KATIE

Right. And you've been at the Center for...

JOHN

Thirty-five years.

KATIE

Have you been a research scientist this whole time?

JOHN

I started out as a lab assistant at the Center, and when I got my Ph.D. I just slid right into the position. And you're working on your Ph.D., right?

KATIE

Just a few years away. This is my first lab assistant job.

JOHN

The Center is a great place to list on your resume.

KATIE

That's what everyone says.

JOHN

How about we dive right in, shall we?

Efx: sheet being thrown off a box.

JOHN

Say hello to your first subject.

KATIE

Severed head, crushed skull. Will all of our subjects be just the heads?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

As far as I know. What do you know about Project Cyclops?

KATIE

Not much.

JOHN

Get used to that. Just do what the people upstairs want, and you'll do fine.

KATIE

Where do we begin?

JOHN

Let's start by removing the eyeball. Here, take these.

Efx: handing over forceps.

JOHN

(continued)

Now, just squeeze the forceps on the eyeball and pull. Make sure not to pull too hard. We need to keep the optic nerve intact.

KATIE

Piece of cake.

(deep breath)

Annnnnndddddd...

(Efx: wet popping noise)

Got it.

JOHN

Very good.

KATIE

What now?

JOHN

Grab the syringe and withdraw blood from the optic nerve.

KATIE

Allriiight. Done. Now?

JOHN

See the hole on the right side of that little black cube?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

Slip the needle in there and deposit the sample.

KATIE

Deposited. So what is the cube supposed to do?

JOHN

It will translate the blood from the optic nerve. If it works, it will show us the last images the person saw before they died.

KATIE

Wow. I knew the Center was doing super advanced things, but I never expected this.

JOHN

Just what did they tell you when you got this job?

KATIE

Just that I'd be a lab assistant to a retiring scientist. Though, they did make sure I signed the Non Disclosure Agreement. That NDA was about a mile long.

JOHN

Information on something like Project Cyclops would be extremely valuable to a direct competitor. But this experiment has never actually worked. Not completely. Our researchers have made tremendous advancements on the cube, but all we've gotten so far in our trials is sounds or hazy images.

KATIE

Maybe I'm your good luck charm.

JOHN

We'll see... Let's give this a shot. Notepad ready?

KATIE

Ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Project Cyclops. Trial 4-beta-7.
Timestamp is registering
correctly. Initiating playback in
3...

2...

1...

Initiate.

IN THE STUDY OF THE RECENTLY DECEASED CLINTON LOBDOW.

Reggie as just told Clinton's children that there will be
a competition for the full will amount and assets.

OSCAR

You can't be serious.

CLAIRE

Really, this is lower than I ever
imagined you would stoop, Reggie.
Why would you think that now is
the time to be making jokes?

VIVIAN

You said to hear you out... but
this is ridiculous.

REGGIE

Yes. This isn't from me. I find
the whole thing distasteful, but
as the family attorney, I have to
ensure that I relay the terms of
his will.

OSCAR

There have to be laws against
this.

REGGIE

I assure you that there are plenty
of laws against what he's asking
you to do, but as you know, your
father was not one for the laws of
man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

(sighing)
Unfortunately for us.

VIVIAN

Do you have any proof besides a signature? How are we supposed to know that this is coming from him, not you?

CLAIRE

If you were actually blood, Vivian, you would know. This reeks of father.

OSCAR

She's right. I've worked on some of his projects with the Center and this does seem like father's kind of thing.

VIVIAN

I'm only here because he invited me. I'm not trying to weasel my way into-

CLAIRE

Aren't you?

VIVIAN

(said slower,
defeated almost.
She's used to Claire
interrupting and
trying to pick
fights with her.)

I'm not trying to weasel my way into his will. It's already been written. I'm here because I received the same invitation you did.

REGGIE

Clinton did invite all three of you to this will reading.

OSCAR

Yes, but can Vivian really lay claim to any of father's wealth?

VIVIAN

I'm not laying claim to anything, Oscar.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Again, I am here because I was invited, not because I wanted to be.

CLAIRE

And yet, here you are.

You could have stayed in your ratty apartment, but instead chose to come down and rub elbows with us. Maybe go back home with a little pocket change?

OSCAR

It doesn't change the fact that father's will can't be real, Reggie.

REGGIE

He thought you might have reservations about the authenticity of the will so he had me record a video for you all.

CLAIRE

Well, load it up.

NARRATOR

Reggie opened the laptop and spun it to face the three children of the recently deceased Clinton Lobdow. Oscar, the oldest child, scowled as Clinton's face appeared on the screen of the laptop. Claire was the one that spoke up.

CLAIRE

Jesus. I thought we were finished having to hear him pontificate from his Holy Mount.

OSCAR

For these past few years that Holy Mount has been his bed.

REGGIE

Are all of you prepared?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NARRATOR

Vivian frowned at this. It was a strange question to ask about a video, especially right after having been read the contents of the will, which was already bizarre enough.

OSCAR

Just hit play.

CLAIRE

Let's get this over with already. I have a mani-pedi at nine.

VIVIAN

At night?

CLAIRE

My girl is coming by to do a private appointment at my loft.

REGGIE

Vivian?

CLAIRE

(snorting)

Yes, by all means, get permission to proceed from the adopted one.

(to Vivian)

Are you excited that you might get a bit of father's money?

VIVIAN

I'm here because I was invited.

OSCAR

She's right, you know.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

OSCAR

Not you. Vivian.

She's only here because father invited her.

CLAIRE

God. It's not like she had to show up though. She should know her place.

(frustrated)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Yes, Reggie, hit play. Quit looking at me like that and do it already.

Jesus.

NARRATOR

Reggie hit play on the video and Clinton Lobdow's voice filled the study. Vivian looked out the window at the brightly lit grounds, choosing to listen and not watch his face.

Claire and Oscar stared right back at his image, the hate evident on both of their faces.

CLINTON (LAPTOP)

So, I assume all three of you are here, yes?

(long pause)

CLAIRE

Why is he-

CLINTON (LAPTOP)

(interrupting)

I'm sure that by now dear, little Claire has grown impatient. She always was so easy to manipulate, like a yappy, little dog, really. Pull her leash a bit and watch her fall right in line.

CLAIRE

(muttering)

I'm still alive though, aren't I?

CLINTON (LAPTOP)

If you're seeing this, then I must be dead.

Is that cliché to say?

Does it really matter?

At this point, you have to listen to anything I say if you want to see any sort of inheritance.

(pause)

Well, I see no need in prolonging this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLINTON (LAPTOP) (CONT'D)

Each of you will find a wrapped
box in an assigned location that
Reggie will be handing out
following our scheduled broadcast.

(pause)

(to Reggie)

No laughs, Reggie?

REGGIE

No, sir.

OSCAR

He can't hear you.

CLINTON (LAPTOP)

Moving along then...

When I founded the Roth Lobdow
Center for Advanced Research, I
wanted to ensure that I never felt
a sense of boredom again. Building
weapons scratched that itch for a
while, but soon I needed a bigger
hit. I needed a way to provide
myself a lifetime of
entertainments.

The winner of the following
competition will not only win all
of my vast wealth, but also the
Center, and believe me when I tell
you that the Center is the crown
jewel of this will. The
experiments and innovation taking
place within those hallowed halls
are enough to blow the most
advanced scientist's mind. I
cannot begin to fathom how it will
impact the person who wins the
game I have planned.

Each of you have been assigned a
box. Inside you'll find a modified
version of your favorite childhood
toy along with a brief set of
instructions and rules.

(to Reggie)

Pause the video, Reggie. They'll
have insipid questions to ask.

Efx: laptop clicked

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CLAIRE

What kind of game? Why a game?

OSCAR

I'm sure he'll tell us when the video continues.

REGGIE

He will.

Also, I've been instructed to tell you that the estate's perimeter has been secured. As you know, Clinton was very close with the police commissioner.

CLAIRE

This is absurd.

OSCAR

Hold on, what's really supposed to happen here?

VIVIAN

We're all playing a game. Can't you tell?

He's always enjoyed pulling strings from behind the curtain. What do you think this whole thing is?

OSCAR

He's running this like he would one of his experiments at the Center.

CLAIRE

What are you both talking about?

VIVIAN

You never wondered why he didn't talk about any of the experiments that went on at the Center?

CLAIRE

No. I always assumed they were classified or confidential.

OSCAR

They probably were. I asked about one of his experiments once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CLAIRE

And?

OSCAR

And nothing. He was really vague
about it all.

REGGIE

(clears throat)
Any other questions?

CLAIRE

I'm good.

OSCAR

Not from me.

REGGIE

Vivian?

VIVIAN

No.

REGGIE

As I was saying, Mr. Lobdow has
arranged for the estate to be
secured for this afternoon's game.
All staff have been dismissed,
with pay, for the entire day. The
borders of the grounds are being
patrolled by a handpicked team of
swat and retired force recon.

VIVIAN

Why are you telling us that?

REGGIE

So that when you read the full
rules in your assigned box, you
know that they are real and not
empty threats.

OSCAR

Threats?

REGGIE

(clears throat)
It might be a good time to let Mr.
Lobdow continue the reading of his
will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

CLAIRE

Yes, by all means, let father
continue to flap his gums.

Efx: click of laptop

CLINTON (LAPTOP)

Wonderful. With your questions
answered to the best of Reggie's
abilities, we can continue. Please
understand one thing though:
failure to follow the few rules
will result in forfeiture of the
will's proceeds.

Additionally, Reggie will be
following along on the video
feeds, so keep your wits and
sportmanship about you as you play
the game. He will also
occasionally be piping in my voice
over the loudspeakers to encourage
your progress or alert the others
of... successes in the field.

Ask Reggie any remaining questions
you have, and he'll present you
with the location of your assigned
box.

Good luck, children.

Efx: laptop being turned back and shut.

REGGIE

(deep breath)
So. Any final questions?

OSCAR

How much?

REGGIE

Hmm?

OSCAR

How much is he worth?

REGGIE

Oh. Ah, just a second...
(shuffling papers)
Here it is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

REGGIE (CONT'D)

After the taxes, fees, and other subtractions, the winner today will receive the Center and Mr. Lobdow's assets and estate which are valued in excess of three-hundred million dollars. The Center, of course, is valued at around four times that amount due to the government contracts currently being exercised.

OSCAR

(low whistle)

CLAIRE

Wow.

VIVIAN

Oh my.

REGGIE

Yes, so if there are no further questions, I'll pass out the envelopes.

(silence)

Wonderful.

(Efx: passing out of envelopes)

CLAIRE

Can we open these now or are we supposed to wait?

REGGIE

You can open them now. Go ahead.

Efx: tearing open of envelopes, paper being unfolded.

NARRATOR

The three siblings opened their envelopes at the same time, pulling out the thick manuscript paper their father always used. Scrawled in his willowy handwriting were two phrases: one a location within the estate, the other an amount of time they had to leave after the previous person.

CLAIRE

Blah, blah, blah. I'm supposed to leave the room after Oscar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

REGGIE

Yes. Forty seconds after Oscar leaves. As soon as he walks out the door, the game will begin.

(Efx: Oscar standing up.)

OSCAR

Well, I'll see you all on the other side I suppose.

Efx: footsteps

REGGIE

Wonderful. Forty seconds starts now. I believe Mr. Lobdow timed these out by distance.

Oscar's beginning location is the farthest so he leaves first and has the most time to get there.

CLAIRE

O-kay. This whole thing seems... strange. Like something you would enjoy, Vivian, not the rest of us.

VIVIAN

Okay.

REGGIE

Time. On your way, Claire. Vivian, I believe you have twenty seconds, correct?

VIVIAN

Yes.

CLAIRE

Later, Viv.

Efx: footsteps away. Door opening and closing.

REGGIE

Did Mr. Lobdow tell you anything about this game?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

NARRATOR

Vivian didn't answer. The only thing that even let Reggie know she'd understood his question was the almost imperceptible smirk that appeared on Vivian's lips for a fraction of a second.

REGGIE

Right. Well, it's your turn.

VIVIAN

(contented sigh)

Yes. It is.

Efx: footsteps away. Door opening and closing. Footsteps continue as Vivian walks toward her location

NARRATOR

After Vivian stepped out of the room, she headed toward the location indicated on her card. She couldn't wait to see what her father had waiting for her.

As she walked, Mr. Lobdow's voice filled the estate over the loudspeakers.

Efx: overhead speaker click on

CLINTON (LOUDSPEAKERS)

All contestants have entered the playing field. Let the games commence.

Efx: overhead speaker click off

VIVIAN

(to self)

You always were one for theatrics.

Efx: footsteps stop. Door opens and closes. More footsteps.

NARRATOR

When Vivian entered her assigned room, she smiled at the large, wrapped box sitting on the bed. Bright pink with a black, velvet ribbon and bow. Her favorite colors.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Vivian didn't waste time, tearing into her package.

(Efx: box unwrapped)

Inside, she found an envelope and something else wrapped in the same pink wrapping paper as the box. She opened the envelope and read the two words aloud.

VIVIAN

Good luck?

I thought there were supposed to be instructions...

Efx: overhead speaker click on

CLINTON (LOUDSPEAKER)

Hello, children. I previously said that you would find rules and instructions inside your box.

That was a lie.

This is your first lesson today: situations change.

A leader must be prepared for that and be able to course-correct when it happens. Also, as a side note, the door of the room each of you is in will now close and lock.

(Efx: door slam + automatic lock)

I want everyone on an even playing field when the game begins so no headstarts.

Efx: overhead speaker click off

VIVIAN

Great...

NARRATOR

Vivian tore the wrapping paper from the object in the box, letting out a small chuckle and shaking her head at what she held in her hand.

VIVIAN

Yeah... this seems like something he would do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

NARRATOR

Vivian thought back to the first day she'd arrived at the Lobdow estate. The size of the place had overwhelmed her, and Clinton, ever the cold man had slapped her across the face when she began to cry.

CLINTON (FLASHBACK)

You mustn't cry, Vivian. This world will see you as weak if you do so. Don't ever let any one see you cry.

Here.

This is for you.

NARRATOR

Vivian remembered what Clinton had handed her back then. It was the same thing she now held in her hand, but altered slightly. She remembered asking him what it was.

CLINTON (FLASHBACK)

It's a croquet mallet. It was given to me when I was a child by my father and I give it to you.

NARRATOR

The absurdity of being handed a croquet mallet had calmed her down immediately.

CLINTON (FLASHBACK)

This mallet is yours now. Take care of it and it will take care of you some day in the future.

NARRATOR

Vivian shook her head. She was surprised to be holding the mallet as it had been stolen from her loft many years ago. The mallet she now held was physically different.

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS)

Surprised to see this again. It was stolen, what, five years ago?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS) (CONT'D)

But why are there spikes mounted
to the head?

Efx: taps wooden mallet on floor

Efx: overhead speaker click on

CLINTON (LOUDSPEAKER)

Now that everyone has unwrapped
their object, here are the rules:

1. Do not stray from the grounds
of the estate. Doing so will earn
you a bullet through the head.
2. Do not kill Reggie. Doing so
will nullify my will. He is only
here to observe the execution of
my will.
3. You may use any object in the
house to attack your siblings, but
the killing blow must be made by
the object that is wrapped in your
box.
4. There are no other rules.

Whoever survives will receive the
wealth of my estate and assets as
well as the majority stake in the
Center. This will shall only be
executed if one sibling remains.
If two remain, the will shall not
be split.

The stakes here are all or
nothing. To the winner go the
spoils.

Good luck to each of you.
(pause)

REGGIE (LOUDSPEAKER)

This is Reggie. I just want each
of you to know that this is not a
joke. Thinking of it as such could
lead to your own death at the
hands of one of your siblings.

I will be unlocking the doors in
five minutes, so prepare
yourselves.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

REGGIE (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Efx: overhead speaker click off

VIVIAN

Well...

(sighing)

Okay. Five minutes.

What can I do in five minutes?

(pause)

Think. There has to be something I
can do instead of just sitting
around waiting for Reggie to
unlock the door.

(pause)

Oh!

CLINTON (FLASHBACK)

Never relax, Vivian, in anything.
Even if you're waiting, check your
tools, check your emotions, check
your motivations.

Always be prepared.

NARRATOR

Vivian remembered her father
telling her that on a girl scout
camping trip.

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS)

Check my tools:

(Efx: tossing mallet
back and forth
between hands)

Seems sturdy enough. Let's test it
out though. Don't want to be
surprised by it breaking on me
when I need it.

NARRATOR

Vivian sized up one of the wooden
columns of the four poster bed,
hefting the mallet like a baseball
bat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

VIVIAN
(Deep breath then
small cry as she
swings the mallet at
the post of the
bed.)

Efx: baseball bat connecting with wood. Mallet splinters
post and post falls to ground with a clack.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Went right through the damned
thing.

NARRATOR
Vivian dumped everything out of
her purse except for the mace.

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS)
Okay. Check my emotions: I don't
want to kill anyone, but if it's
them or me, I need to be ready. I
know that they think I'm weak. I
can use that to my advantage.
Maybe fake an injury? I don't
know... we'll see.

Okay, last, check my motivations:
I want to live. I don't want to
die. I'm not ready for death. I
can do this.

I.

Will.

Live.

(Deep breath in
preparation)

Efx: overhead speaker click on

CLINTON (LOUDSPEAKER)
Lobdows. Prepare yourselves. The
game will begin in three...

Two...

Oh. And keep in mind that there
are traps scattered throughout the
house.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (17)

CLINTON (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)

None that will kill, but plenty
that will maim and disfigure. Just
another thing to keep you focused.

Anyways, where was I?

Right.

One.

Efx: airhorn? Gong? Something to indicate the beginning
of the game.

Efx: overhead speaker click off

Efx: automatic lock unlocking and door swinging open

VIVIAN

Here we go...

Efx: footsteps to door

NARRATOR

Vivian approached the doorway,
checking the doorjamb for traps.

VIVIAN

Huh... I wonder what that is...

NARRATOR

Vivian was looking up at a thin,
shiny piece of metal that extended
across the entire top of the
doorjamb.

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS)

Is it motion triggered?
(Efx: swing handle of
mallet next to right
ear)
Nope. What about pressure...

NARRATOR

Vivian sat down and untied her
shoe, once it was off, she tossed
it right outside the doorway.

Efx: shoe thumping against wood, half a second later
something heavy and metal falls down to the wood as well.

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS)

(laugh through nose)
A guillotine...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (18)

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS) (CONT'D)
and timed just slow enough to take
off the back foot of anyone that
walked through.

Nice.

NARRATOR
Vivian stepped over the fallen
blade, scanning the long hallway
for the movement of either
sibling. When she was sure that
none were around, she sat down and
laced her shoe back up.

VIVIAN
(to self)
Okay. Let's find someone to play
with.

Efx: Vivian swinging the mallet in circles with footsteps
as she walks down the hallway

Efx: huge crash and sudden scream from up ahead

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Bingo...

Efx: slow footsteps as Vivian approaches an open door
ahead

OSCAR
(breathing hard.
Panicked.)
Help me, Vivian.

VIVIAN
What happened?

NARRATOR
Vivian glanced around the room
that Oscar lay within. Above him,
there was a perfect square hole in
the ceiling and a square panel off
to the side. Although he was on
his back, his right foot was
folded next to his crotch.

OSCAR
Trapdoor. When I hit the floor, my
knee snapped in the opposite
direction.

Help me, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (19)

VIVIAN

Just a second.

OSCAR

What are you doing?

VIVIAN

Checking the door for a guillotine.

OSCAR

Why would there be a guillotine?

VIVIAN

Why would there be a trapdoor? All of our rooms were booby-trapped.

OSCAR

Well, there isn't a guillotine so can you help me?

VIVIAN

(distrustful)

Where's your present?

OSCAR

My what?

VIVIAN

Your present. Where is it?

Efx: footsteps

OSCAR

I don't know what you're talking-
(Efx: Vivian thumps
the handle of her
mallet against his
knee.)
(screams)

VIVIAN

Let's try that again, okay? Where is your present?

OSCAR

I-I-

VIVIAN

Think about your answer, Oscar.
Think very carefully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (20)

OSCAR
(deep, pained
breaths)
Okay. Okay. It's under the bed. I
tried to hide it.

VIVIAN
(clucking tongue)
Silly, Oscar. Did you think it
would stay hidden there? That's
where you always hid your porn.

Efx: footsteps to bed. Crouching down, maybe knees
tapping wood?

OSCAR
You never were very smart.

Efx: whistling noise and impact of spiked ball into flesh
of right shoulder

VIVIAN
(cries out in pain)

OSCAR
Here comes another.

NARRATOR
Vivian watched as Oscar pulled
back the elastic of the slingshot,
the spiked ball nestled within the
leather strap at the middle of the
elastic glinted in the light.
Without thinking about it, she
threw herself to the right.

Efx: whistling noise past left ear and wooden impact
behind

OSCAR
Shit.

Efx: metal balls falling on wood by Oscar

NARRATOR
Oscar dropped four of the spiked
balls he held as he tried to load
the slingshot a third time.
Vivian, already on the floor,
tried to swing her mallet at him,
but her reach was just short.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (21)

Efx: mallet swung across the face of mic followed by whistling noise and impact of spiked ball into flesh of left arm. Wet break?

VIVIAN
(cries out in pain)

NARRATOR
The spiked ball connected just above Vivian's left wrist, but hit hard enough to break the inner bone of her left forearm. Vivian ground her teeth and stood, using the mallet as a make-shift cane.

It was time to introduce Oscar to its business end.

Efx: Oscar scrambling to pick up spiked balls from ground and load another into the slingshot as Vivian uses the mallet to stand. Footsteps to Oscar.

VIVIAN
(in pain)
I'll just kick these away.

Efx: Vivian kicks metal balls across the wood, away from Oscar.

OSCAR
Why are you doing this?

VIVIAN
What? Pulling this stupid spiked ball out of my arm?

Efx: wet unsticking from left followed by metal impacting wood as Vivian drops it.

OSCAR
No. This game. Why did you even come here today?

VIVIAN
Because I want what's-owwwwwwww-

Efx: wet unsticking from left followed by metal impacting wood as Vivian drops it.

OSCAR
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (22)

VIVIAN

God, that hurt.

I was saying because I want what's mine.

OSCAR

Yours?

You were adopted. I don't know why you would assume any of this would ever be yours.

VIVIAN

You never really bonded with father, did you?

OSCAR

Sure I did. He never bonded with you though. That much I know. All you were was a toy for Claire to play with. A living doll.

Nothing more. He never loved you.

VIVIAN

(laughs)

He never loved anyone, idiot. He was like me in that way.

Efx: Mallet into a watermelon???

NARRATOR

Vivian swung the mallet before Oscar realized what was happening. It connected perfectly with his temple. When Vivian tried to swing the mallet back so she could land another blow, the mallet stayed firmly attached to his head, jerking it violently to the side.

Efx: snapping of neck bones

VIVIAN

Dammit.

NARRATOR

Vivian took a step forward, placed the sole of her shoe on the side of Oscar's face, and kicked him off the spikes of the mallet. He immediately began seizing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (23)

Efx: wet noise as she kicks Oscar away from the end.
Oscar seizing on ground. Footsteps to doorway

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Vivian glanced outside the doorway
for any sight of Claire, seeing
none she stepped out.

Efx: footsteps

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS)

Okay... so if I were Claire, where
would I hide?

Efx: overhead speaker click on

CLINTON (LOUDSPEAKER)

Wonderful. If you are hearing this
message, it means that someone has
killed someone else. I suppose we
could be gauche and shoot off a
cannon, but as we're Lobdows, we
shall refrain. Vivian has killed
Oscar. Congratulations, Vivian.
You are one step closer to
inheriting my wealth and control
of the Center.

REGGIE (LOUDSPEAKER)

(clears throat)

As you both know, Mr. Lobdow was
always one for time efficiency. As
such, he wanted me to let one of
the remaining players know the
location of the other. Vivian made
the first kill so, per Mr.
Lobdow's rules to me, I shall
reveal her location after I play
this.

CLINTON (LOUDSPEAKER)

Leaders are always placed on a
pedestal. Claire will try to
remove you from yours, Vivian.
Prepare and plan for this so that
you can stay on top. Go ahead,
Reggie.

REGGIE (LOUDSPEAKER)

Mr. Lobdow recorded messages for
every possibility.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (24)

REGGIE (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)
Moving on, Vivian is in the west
hallway, around the corner from
the billiard room.

Good luck to you both.

Efx: overhead speaker click off

VIVIAN
Dammit. What do I do now?

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS) (CONT'D)
I can try to find Claire, but
she'll know the direction I'm
coming from and she might ambush
me. I could try to ambush her from
here, but she'll be expecting
that.

(pause)
I think I'll fall back to the
billiard room and set up there.

Efx: footsteps to billiard room

NARRATOR
Vivian searched the room for the
best place to ambush Claire from,
deciding on the bureau on the far
side of the room.

VIVIAN (THOUGHTS)
If I put the spiked balls at the
edge of the billiards table,
Claire should walk over to them
and look at them. Then I can club
her with-

Efx: loud mechanical snap

NARRATOR
Vivian paused, mid-thought, when
the wooden panel she stepped on
depressed six inches. She
attempted to pull her foot out,
but the panels to either side
crunched into her ankle.

VIVIAN
(scared)
Shit.

Wait... No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (25)

NARRATOR

Vivian braced herself for what was about to happen, unable to stop it. The bureau to her left was leaning towards her, being pushed by a mechanical lever.

(Efx: mechanical arm
pushing over bureau
over, loud crash,
wet snap of Vivian's
leg breaking)

The bureau fell upon her, its weight forcing her to her side as her foot, still wedged between the slats, stayed right where it was. The pain was enormous as it bloomed from her mouth in a scream.

VIVIAN

(screams)

Efx: footsteps from far away approaching

CLAIRE

(laughs)

Oh, Vivian... you always were so clumsy.

VIVIAN

(in pain)

Help me.

CLAIRE

I plan on doing just that.

NARRATOR

Vivian couldn't move her arms or hands because the weight of the bureau pressed down upon both. Her fingers could move, but they were still in her purse, not on her mallet.

CLAIRE

Let's get this old bureau off you, alright?

Efx: Claire grunting as she pushes the bureau off Vivian. Vivian cries out a few times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (26)

VIVIAN

(in pain)
I can't move.

CLAIRE

Good. I wouldn't want you to.

NARRATOR

Vivian's mallet was close, but she knew she wouldn't be fast enough to get it before Claire attacked. She really only had one option.

VIVIAN

I'm sorry.

Efx: footstep closer

CLAIRE

What?

VIVIAN

I'm sorry he loved me more than you.

Efx: footstep closer

CLAIRE

(laughs)
He never loved you. He loved me. Besides, that's the only reason he got you.

For. Me.

VIVIAN

You're wrong. He told me how disappointed he was in you and that the reason he got me was because he'd tried twice and ended up with two children that were... less than what he'd hoped they would be.

Efx: footstep closer

CLAIRE

Time to quit talking.

VIVIAN

Look at your present. A hairbrush with nails instead of bristles.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (27)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

How embarrassing... he always
thought you were such a vain pig.

Efx: Claire screams and rushes Vivian

NARRATOR

As Claire swung the brush in a
savage downward arc, Vivian pulled
out the mace from her purse,
aiming and firing. Her aim was
off, but Claire's attack threw her
off balance and directly into the
stream of mace, altering the
trajectory of the brush.

Efx: brush into meat

VIVIAN

(screams)
My leg!

NARRATOR

Fury filled Vivian as she reached
for the mallet and swung blindly.
The head of the mallet connected
with Claire's throat and Vivian
jerked the mallet away. Claire
fell to her knees, clutching at
her throat, but it did no good.

Efx: mallet spikes into throat. Wet gushes. Body falling.

VIVIAN

(breathing hard)
Bye, bitch.
(breathing)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

HOSPITAL ROOM

Heart rate monitor beeping.

REGGIE

(sounds far away)
Vivian?

VIVIAN

(groggy)
Mmmm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REGGIE
(sounds closer)
She's coming back up now, right?

RANDOM VOICE
Yes, sir.

REGGIE
(full clarity)
Vivian? Ah, there you are. Hi.

VIVIAN
(groggy)
What's a-

REGGIE
Shhhhh. Save your energy for
recuperation. I'm just here to
inform you that you won. You've
inherited the entire Lobdow estate
as well as the majority stake in
the Center.

Do you think you're up to watching
a short video from Mr. Lobdow?

VIVIAN
(groggy)
Yes. Go ahead.

REGGIE
Great. Let me just fix it up.

Efx: Reggie opening briefcase, pulling out laptop,
opening laptop

NARRATOR
Reggie placed the computer on
bedside table of Vivian's hospital
bed.

REGGIE
Ready?

VIVIAN
(groggy)
Yes.

REGGIE
Here you go.

Efx: click of laptop spacebar

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINTON (LAPTOP)

Congratulations, Vivian. I knew you could do it. Really great stuff out there. I truly wish I could have watched you dispatch your brother and sister.

I have one final lesson for you: a leader's work is never done. There's always one more thing for them to do, as such, this will be your first test as a leader in the real world.

You may have control of the majority stake in the Center, but you won't have absolute control until you have both a board and an upper management structure that fears you.

Your final test will be to take what is yours.

(Fade the sentence
below out.)

Do so however you see fit.

OUTRO BUMPER

(Silence)

KATIE

That was amazing. I mean, the images were so clear, and...wow. It's never worked like that before?

JOHN

No...it hasn't. But something wasn't right, the images kept coming after the patient passed on. It might have been something in the new algorithm or some sort of a glitch, or test images gone haywire...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KATIE

(nervous)

I'm sorry, Dr. Kinsler, but it feels like we are witnesses to a pair of murders. Wasn't that Vivan Lobdow...the current head of this...

JOHN

(Interrupting)

We probably shouldn't talk about it. Let's file the report to Robert and move on.

KATIE

So, you're saying I shouldn't mention that the daughter of the center's founder just embedded a spiked mallet into this guy's skull?

JOHN

(annoyed)

Katie...

KATIE

I know, I know. My lips are sealed. It's just, why would Vivian Lobdow appear in this guy's death image?

JOHN

They've been perfecting these experiments for years. There's plenty that could go wrong.

KATIE

Then let's see what else can go wrong.

JOHN

Another trial? That's the only test subject we have for today.

KATIE

Better call Ms. Lobdow.

JOHN

(sighing)

Look, I'm not your official mentor. But here's some free advice: don't push it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Do you want to cash those paychecks every two weeks? Keep your head down and your mouth shut. Now it's just you and me in here, and I'm not going to repeat anything you say. But don't trust anyone else. I wouldn't. If you've got something clever or funny to say about Clinton Lodbow's adoptive daughter, try to hold it in.

KATIE

I'm sorry, Dr. Kinsler. It won't happen again.

JOHN

Good. Now finish up the report, and I'll take a look at it before we file it to Robert.

KATIE

Thank you. I really appreciate your help.

JOHN

Of course. I need to grab something from the office. I'll be right back.

Efx: footsteps walking away. A door opens and shuts. The recorder is removed from the purse.

KATIE

(into recorder)
Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced Research. Project Cyclops, Day 1, completed.

Efx: recorder button press/tone.