

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

GEISTESFLUCHT - Opening cutscene

Written by

GRUP 101 (101)

An Alarcón  
Isaac Caparrós  
Sergio Torres  
Martí Zamora

**(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)**

(BACKGROUND HARPSICHORD MUSIC STARTS)

**INT. HM PRISON HOLLOWAY, NIEMANN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

SULLIVAN is all alone in the office, sitting on the patients' chair and facing the doctor's desk. He is looking down, barely blinking, with his arms crossed. There is absolute silence until HELEN opens the door and enters the room. As she carefully closes the door, she looks at her patient.

HELEN

You know why you are here, *ja*?

SULLIVAN does not reply or move at all. HELEN walks to her chair and places her notebook on her desk before sitting down.

HELEN (cont'd)

*(as she sits down)*

Not a chatty one, I see.

SULLIVAN still does not reply. HELEN takes off her round glasses and places them on the desk, next to her notebook.

HELEN (cont'd)

*(taking a deep breath)*

Is there anything I can do that will make you want to talk to me?

SULLIVAN

*(without lifting his head)*

You could start by turning off that *haymes* of a music. If there ever was a sane person in here it must've gone mad by now.

HELEN

I do not think that is a good idea, *lieb*. We use it to calm the prisoners down.

SULLIVAN

*(lifting his head and glaring at HELEN)*

Yeah, right, more like you doctors use it to keep us in line, am I right?

HELEN looks at SULLIVAN worriedly. She sighs deeply and flips the switch under her desk.

(BACKGROUND HARPSICHORD MUSIC STOPS. SCREAMS OF JOY CAN BE HEARD COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR)

SULLIVAN (cont'd)  
*(surprised, uncrossing his arms)*  
Well, that was a real *chancer*. You won't get in trouble for this?

HELEN  
I am the one who says who is in trouble here. *(half smiles and sighs)* Besides, I have always hated that music too.

HELEN puts on her glasses again as picks up her notebook and starts searching for a specific page.

HELEN (cont'd)  
You are a strange one, Sullivan. You probably are the best behaved of all prisoners and you have not caused a single *Schwierigkeit*...

SULLIVAN  
*(interrupting her)*  
Uh, I'm sorry, a *schbi*-what?

HELEN  
*(looking through her notebook)*  
Oh, um, *eine Schwierigkeit*, a scene, a difficulty... *(lifts her head and looks at SULLIVAN for a second)* A problem?

SULLIVAN  
Yeah, yeah. I understand...

HELEN  
*(interrupting him, still going through her notes)*  
...and yet, you are known to be guilty of murdering 12 people in a single night.

SULLIVAN looks down again and sighs deeply, then looks to one side, trying to dodge HELEN's eyes. They both stay silent for about 5 seconds. HELEN takes off her glasses again and keeps them in one hand.

HELEN (cont'd)  
What I am trying to find out is why *(stops mid-sentence and sighs deeply before finishing it)* would you do such a thing.

SULLIVAN

*(without looking at her)*  
Would you believe me if I told you I  
have no idea?

HELEN

*(half smiling)*  
No. Not really.

SULLIVAN

*(crosses his arms again and looks at  
HELEN)*  
Well, there's not much more I can say,  
then.

HELEN

*(sarcastically smiles and exhales  
through her nose)*  
I have worked here for three years and I  
have seen better liars, *lieb*.

SULLIVAN

*(trying to keep calm, looking away  
again)*  
I'm not going to talk about what  
happened. I've the right to keep silent.

HELEN

*(half smiles)*  
So you were lying when you said you had  
no idea what happened?

SULLIVAN

*(looking away, speaking through his  
teeth)*  
Not entirely.

HELEN's expression goes serious again. She closes her notebook and crosses her arms, resting them on the table. She leans her back toward SULLIVAN and meets his eyes.

HELEN

I am going to ask you one more time: do  
you know why you are here?

SULLIVAN

*(almost whispering)*  
Word here is you read minds.

HELEN

*(half smiles)*  
Ja, sort of.

CUT TO:

(BACKGROUND MUSIC STARTS)

**INT. HM PRISON HOLLOWAY, NIEMANN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT**

SULLIVAN is sitting on a different chair. In front of him is a strange machine. He is holding what appears to be a wired helmet connected to the machine. He is looking at HELEN, who sits on another chair, at the opposite side of the machine, making sure it is ready for her therapy. Her legs are crossed and there is another wired helmet on her lap, also connected to the machine.

HELEN

*(tinkering the strange machine)*  
I am not like the rest of the doctors at Holloway. *(stops and looks at SULLIVAN for a second)* Do you know why? *(goes back to the machine)*

SULLIVAN

Yeah, you're a woman.

HELEN

*(with a bothered voice tone, speaking through her teeth)*  
Aside from that, obviously.

HELEN stops setting up the machine. She leans back to her chair and meets eyes with SULLIVAN.

HELEN (cont'd)

You have probably noticed that the doctors in this institution behave more like prison guards. It is almost as if they had completely given up on you all.

SULLIVAN

*(sarcastically)*  
Oh, like you haven't?

HELEN

No, I have not. You would not be here if I had. *(puts a hand on the machine)* Do you know what this is?

SULLIVAN stays silent for around 3 seconds as he locks eyes with the strange device. His expression slowly changes and shows repressed fear. He slowly lifts one arm and points at the machine. His other hand is still holding the wire helmet resting on his lap.

SULLIVAN

Is... Is that what killed Thompson?

HELEN

Oh, that is a good one. *(half smiles)*  
Thompson did not die. *(starts tinkering the machine once more)* We let him go.

SULLIVAN

*(almost drops the helmet, but picks it up before it reaches the floor)*  
W-wait, what? Why?

HELEN

Because we only keep dangerous people here.

SULLIVAN

*(laughs nervously and starts looking around at different angles of the room as he speaks)*  
Look, I'm sorry to ask, but are you sure you're not the crazy one here? *(locks eyes with the doctor)* 'Cause I don't know how somebody who would commit violent robberies on a daily basis is not considered dangerous.

HELEN

*(still tinkering the machine, looks at SULLIVAN for a second, very calm)*  
My therapy helped him. We identified the real problem and worked towards its resolution.

SULLIVAN

*(leaning his back towards the doctor, putting a hand on his waist and holding onto the helmet with the other)*  
Oh, yeah? And what was the real problem?

HELEN

*(keeping her cool)*  
Being denied attention throughout his entire childhood, coming from an incredibly unstructured family and growing up having just enough food to survive, among many others.

SULLIVAN

*(leaning back to his chair, sarcastically)*  
Huh. And how'd you know that?

HELEN

Remember when you mentioned everybody said I could read minds?

SULLIVAN

*(raises and eyebrow)*  
Yeah, and you're expecting me to believe that?

HELEN

Oh, you will believe that. *(stops tinkering the machine and places a hand on it as she looks at SULLIVAN)* Say hello to the *Geistesflucht* machine.

SULLIVAN

*(looks at the machine unamused, his arms crossed)*  
Hello.

HELEN

*(still looking at SULLIVAN, she stays silent for around 2 seconds and blinks a couple times at his response before speaking again)*  
The *Geistesflucht* machine, as its name may suggest, allows me to enter your mind...

SULLIVAN

*(interrupting her, speaking through his teeth, sarcastically)*  
Yeah, of course, I'd figured out that much when you first said its name.

HELEN

*(crossing her arms, unamused)*  
I see you are not taking this very seriously.

SULLIVAN

*(interrupting her, getting worked up)*  
Because you're completely wasting your time, doctor. This entire deal about whatever this *geyser-flute* machine does to you *(points at the machine with his hand wide open)*, that nice story about Thompson being released...! *(leans back to his chair, breathes deeply and looks at HELEN)* No one ever gets out of here. *(looks away)* No one ever should.

HELEN  
*(raising an eyebrow)*  
Not even you?

SULLIVAN  
SPECIALLY not me.

HELEN stares at SULLIVAN for about 2 seconds without saying anything after that one last declaration. She starts tinkering the machine again.

HELEN  
I understand your frustration, *lieb*. But you are going to have to trust me.

SULLIVAN  
*(sarcastically)*  
As if I had a choice.

HELEN  
*(locks eyes with him)*  
I know this sounds hard to believe, but Thompson is not the only patient of mine that was reintroduced to society.

SULLIVAN  
You're right, doctor. It sounds incredibly hard to believe. *(sighs deeply and looks at the machine)* Anyway, h-how does this work? What exactly is this so-called "therapy" you keep talking about?

HELEN  
What if I told you that everybody has a world of their own inside their minds, which is merely a representation of the reality they perceive, *(gets carried away with her explanation)* and that the true reason about their behavior is hidden in the depths of that little dimension?

SULLIVAN  
*(sarcastically)*  
I'd say you're completely neurotic.

HELEN  
*(speaking through her teeth)*  
Funny to hear that from someone who has been diagnosed with neurosis.

SULLIVAN

*(mumbling)*  
A doctor's favorite excuse.

HELEN

You were saying?

SULLIVAN

No, nothing. *(looks at the helmet he is holding)* And what are these for?

HELEN

These allow us to connect to the machine. When we both wear it, I can enter this world in your mind I was talking about and find out exactly what I want to know. *(grabs the helmet on her lap and puts it on, still looking at SULLIVAN)* Wear it so we can start.

SULLIVAN

*(holding the helmet with both hands, looking down at it)*  
Is there anyway I can convince you not to go through with this, doctor?

HELEN

*(tinkering the machine again)*  
Nein. I get payed for this.

SULLIVAN

*(sighs deeply)*  
Fair enough... But you might regret this.

HELEN

Are you threatening me?

SULLIVAN

*(putting the helmet on)*  
No, don't worry about me. I am not the dangerous one.

HELEN looks at SULLIVAN suspiciously and flips the switch that activates the machine, ignoring those last words. She leans back to her seat and looks at SULLIVAN once more.

HELEN

Do not worry if you feel like you are about to fall asleep. It is perfectly normal.

SULLIVAN

*(stretched on his chair, yawning)*

Well, that's a relief...

SULLIVAN falls asleep seconds after. Just when HELEN is setting up the machine and getting everything ready to start with the therapy, the device malfunctions and starts releasing electric discharges. HELEN tries to stop the machine by flipping the switch several times, but to no avail.

HELEN

*(worriedly)*

Now, THIS is not normal.

By the time she tries to take her helmet off, a discharge is sent through the wire connecting it to the machine. She is electrocuted and falls off her chair into a coma. The lights of the chandelier blink a few times before completely going out and the machine stops releasing discharges shortly after. The office is completely silent except for the voices that can be heard coming from outside the office, complaining because of the blackout.

(BACKGROUND MUSIC STOPS)

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

**INT. INSIDE SULLIVAN'S MIND, HM PRISON HOLLOWAY SOLITARY -- NIGHT**

HELEN sits unconscious on one corner of a padded cell. She has a straitjacket on and nods her head back and forward in her sleep. One of these nods is strong enough to make her fall on her side, causing her to wake up in the act.

HELEN

*(looking around the room as she tries to get up)*

Okay, this is not good...!

HELEN manages to sit straight. She leans back to the wall and uses it to help her get back up. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath before inspecting the room again. She notices the pillows changing shape and size slowly, then looks up at the blinking white light bulb at the ceiling.

HELEN (cont'd)

*(sighs in relief and closes her eyes)*

*Gut, alles in Ordnung...* This is Sullivan's mind.

HELEN stays still for around 3 seconds, then opens her eyes wide open as she remembers how she ended up in solitary.

HELEN (cont'd)  
(trying to keep her voice down)  
Scheiße, that bloody machine...! (Starts  
looking around the room again) I need to  
get out of here...!

HELEN starts walking very slowly towards the door of the padded cell. She stops halfway and notices the half-torn padded plate on the wall.

FADE TO BLACK