

# BLACK MIRROR

## "The Cave"

Written By

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Wydra

**C/o House of Tomorrow**

Shepherds Building

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London W14 0EE

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Assignment #4  
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Draft #1

BLACK MIRROR

"The Cave"

CAST

Anya..... Maise Williams

ATOM..... James MacAvoy

DR. WALLACE..... Peter Capaldi

GRAHAM..... Actor

Extras: REPORTER, DRIVER, ANCHOR

BLACK MIRROR

"The Cave"

SETS

INTERIORS:

ANYA'S ROOM

BATHROOM

DUMBWAITER/HALLWAY

OFFICE

LAB

EXAM ROOM

DR. WALLACE'S HOUSE

PUB

TUBE

OFFICE BUILDING

COFFEE SHOP

STUDIO

EXTERIORS:

DESERT

LONDON

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

FADE IN:

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - DAY

The paneled walls of a dome shaped room light up as a DINGING sound goes off for the alarm. The digital alarm clock sits on a bedside table and reads 7:00 AM.

ANYA (17) arises from her twin bed that sits in the center of the room. She pulls the gray sheets off and sits up on the side of the bed.

She looks to her side to see a small, flashing, white light on the wall. She walks over and presses on it.

A panel on the wall moves upwards to reveal a dumbwaiter with a covered tray on it. She pulls the tray out and the dumbwaiter quickly shuts.

Anya brings the to a small white table with a single chair.

She sits and removes the cover of the tray. A small portion of fruit and a calorie bar sit in small compartments on the tray.

Anya begins to eat; she picks up a piece of fruit and lifts it, inspecting.

ANYA  
Atom?

ATOM  
Yes, Anya?

ANYA  
What is this?

ATOM  
It's a strawberry.

ANYA  
What's it made out of?

ATOM  
It's a fruit. Nothing more.

ANYA  
Is it sweet?

ATOM  
Usually they are, some can be sour?

Anya stares at it then shrugs her shoulders and eats it.

ANYA

It's good.

ATOM

I'm glad you like it.

ANYA

Me too.

Anya continues to eat while simultaneously playing a game on the top of the table, which doubles as a computer screen.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Anya stands in front of the sink in a small bathroom. She presses a button on the wall and the screen above the sink turns on, reflecting Anya's face.

On the side of the screen Anya's height, weight, and heart rate are displayed.

Anya pulls her toothbrush out of a drawer and gets some clear gel toothpaste from a dispenser on the wall. She brushes her teeth.

Anya pulls a hair brush out of another drawer and begins to brush her hair. Her bangs fall far down her face. Anya straightens them out with her fingers.

ANYA

Atom?

ATOM

Yes, Anya?

ANYA

Do you think it's a time for a trim?

ATOM

Oh, definitely.

ANYA

Hey! What is that supposed to mean?

ATOM

Just that a trim would suit you well.

ANYA  
Well, alright then.

Anya opens the drawer again and pulls out a pair of scissors. She proceeds to trim her bangs.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anya sits at the table now playing chess on the screen.

ATOM  
Check mate.

ANYA  
Yep. Again. You always win.

ATOM  
I suppose it's just a natural talent.

ANYA  
You're so modest. Can we play something else?

ATOM  
What would you like to play?

ANYA  
Let's play the questions game.

ATOM  
Very well.

ANYA  
How many types of fruit are there?

ATOM  
Ten.

ANYA  
I thought there would be more.

ATOM  
There used to be more but they died from disease.

ANYA  
I thought only animals could die from disease?

ATOM  
Anything living can.

ANYA  
Will you ever die?

ATOM  
I am not living.

ANYA  
Where do fruits come from?

ATOM  
Knowledge not found.

ANYA  
I hate it when you say that.

ATOM  
Sorry, it's just that this information  
must not be known by the world.

ANYA  
Well lucky you Mr. "All Knowing".

ATOM  
Curiosity killed the cat, Anya.

ANYA  
The cat?

ATOM  
It's...It's an animal.

ANYA  
Does it look like me?

ATOM  
No.

ANYA  
Can you show me?

ATOM  
I'm feeling a little tired.

ANYA  
Only living things get tired.

ATOM  
Well, I suppose so.

The image of a black cat is displayed on the panels of  
the wall.

ANYA  
Strange.





ATOM (CONT'D)

Sleep well.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - DAY

Anya's eyes flicker open to the sound of the alarm.

ANYA

Atom: lights.

The lights flash on. Anya rubs her dark hazel eyes.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Shit.

ATOM

Is everything alright?

Anya sits up on the side of her bed.

ANYA

I think that's the worst I've slept in years.

ATOM

Dreams?

ANYA

No. I don't dream anymore.

ATOM

Let me check on that... A human dreams every night.

ANYA

Well, I guess mine just aren't worth remembering.

ATOM

It's common to forget.

ANYA

I used to dream of Outside. Can't remember the last time I did. How is it looking today, Atom?

ATOM

Outside?

ANYA

Yeah.

The image of a baron desert is displayed on the panels.

ANYA (CONT'D)

It's beautiful.

ATOM

Never seemed like much to me.

ANYA

I used to dream of running through it you know.

ATOM

The radiation would have killed you.

ANYA

It felt worth it and you don't have to keep reiterating that fact to me.

Anya look over to the light on the dumbwaiter.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Strawberries again today?

ATOM

Help yourself.

Anya makes her way to the white light: she presses it and the dumbwaiter appears with a tray of strawberries. She bites a strawberry and crinkles her face.

ANYA

Bloody hell.

ATOM

What now?

ANYA

You were right about these things; I got a sour one.

Anya giggles.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - LATER

Anya runs on the treadmill. Holograms of her heart rate and mileage are kept on the panel in front of her. She keeps up an intense pace, and finally closes her eyes.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Anya runs through the desert, smiling as the wind catches her platinum blonde hair.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - LATER

Anya's foot misses a step on the treadmill. She trips and reaches for the handrail, missing, and tumbling off the treadmill onto the floor.

She hits the wall hard and lies on the floor, breathing heavily.

ATOM

I thought I told you to keep your eyes open on that thing?

ANYA

Only for my whole damn life, Atom.

ATOM

Here, let me help.

The image of the desert is displayed on the panels in front of the treadmill. Anya frowns.

ANYA

Not right now.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anya proceeds to take another tray of food and eat at the table.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anya showers. She takes notice of a bruise on her legs from her fall earlier. She dries her hair with a grey towel and brushes her teeth.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anya lies in her bed and picks the audio recorder up.

ANYA

Dear diary, what happened today? Oh I fell off the treadmill, it's great, highly recommend it. I have a bruise on my leg now. That sucks. It looks kind of cool though. I was running through the dessert, in my mind. That's why I fell. Guess what? Strawberries are not my favorite fruit. They are tricky little buggers.

Anya lays down in bed. The lights dim down.

ATOM

I hope you remember your dreams tonight.

ANYA

I thought you didn't care for Outside?

ATOM

It seems to please you.

ANYA

Yeah. I hope I dream of it again, too.  
Will I ever get to see it? Like,  
actually see it?

ATOM

I wish you could.

ANYA

Why can't I? Living my life in a box.

ATOM

Anya, we've talked about this.

ANYA

I just don't get the point. I'm not going  
to accomplish anything. Why not go out  
with a bang? See the real world.

ATOM

This is your world.

Anya rolls onto her side and closes her eyes.

ANYA

(mumbling)

So dreaming it is then.

ATOM

Dreaming it is. Goodnight Anya.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - DAY

Anya lies in bed in darkness; DING: the alarm sounds.

ANYA

Atom: Lights.

The lights flash on.

ATOM

Sleep any better?

ANYA

Eh, I guess so.

ATOM

Glad to hear. See Outside at all?

ANYA

No. Not that I remember.

ATOM

I'm sorry.

ANYA

Don't be.

Anya walks to the dumbwaiter and pulls out her tray of food. She sits down at the table and begins to eat.

ATOM

Anya? Do you know what day it is?

ANYA

Is it day twelve of month three?

ATOM

Correct.

ANYA

I was hoping we wouldn't address it.

ATOM

But we need to celebrate.

ANYA

I don't see the point in celebrating. I am one unit of age older. So what? Why would we celebrate the fact that I have less time to live?

ATOM

We celebrate the fact that you have lived thus far.

ANYA

I don't see it that way.

ATOM

Very well, you will not receive your gift.

ANYA

Hey now, I never said I didn't want my present.

ATOM

You are contradicting yourself Anya.

ANYA

I don't care. Give me my present.

ATOM

Very well.

The light on the dumbwaiter glows. Anya walks over and presses it. She pulls out a violin.

ANYA

What is it?

ATOM

It's an instrument. It's called a violin.

ANYA

How does it work?

ATOM

Remember when I taught you how to read music?

ANYA

Kind of.

ATOM

We can review, but this is how you play the music.

ANYA

Play? Like a game?

ATOM

We can make it a game, it's not like chess if that's what you're asking. The stick, that's called a bow. Hold it in your right hand.

Anya rearranges herself, she hold the bow in her right hand and the neck of the violin in her left.

ATOM (CONT'D)

Okay, now do you see the black oval on the bottom of the violin? That's where you put your chin.

Anya brings the violin to her chin and holds it out horizontally.

ATOM (CONT'D)

Oh.

ANYA

What?

ATOM

You look funny.

ANYA

Well the way I imagine you, you aren't much of a looker.

ATOM

Nice to know you think so highly of me.

ANYA

Shut up. Now how do I do this right?

ATOM

Don't hold your arm straight out. Bring it to your side and rest the violin between your chin and shoulder.

Anya does as Atom says and assumes the proper playing position.

ANYA

Like this?

ATOM

Perfect. Now take the bow and glide it along that first string.

Anya plays along the E string. It SCREECHES. Anya takes the violin down.

ANYA

Nope. I don't like this.

ATOM

It sounds lovely.

ANYA

Is THIS what humans liked to listen to?

ATOM

Knowledge not found.

ANYA

Atom?

ATOM

Well, I don't know if they liked it. I just know that I do.

ANYA  
I'm sure you do.

ATOM  
No, you sound awful. But, don't worry we will practice.

ANYA  
Then what?

ATOM  
Then you'll be mediocre at best.

ANYA  
Well technically wouldn't I be the best living violin player?

ATOM  
You already are, just like how you are the best living chess player.

ANYA  
Oh can we play chess?

ATOM  
But your violin.

ANYA  
Fuck the violin. We're playing chess. Let's go.

Anya sets the violin and bow down on her bed.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anya sits at the table with a blanket over her, playing chess on the screen.

ANYA  
Wait a minute... Wait a minute... Check mate?

ATOM  
I'm afraid you're correct.

ANYA  
HAHA! Finally!

Anya stands and throws the blanket into the air.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
17 years I've been waiting!



ATOM

I let you win when you were younger.

ANYA

"Let me win", yeah, that doesn't count. Before it was just me, how many humans beat computers at the game? How many before the war?

ATOM

Knowledge not found.

ANYA

Bullshit.

ATOM

Anya-

ANYA

Bullshit, you just don't want to admit the embarrassingly high number it probably was.

Anya laughs.

ATOM

Congratulations.

ANYA

Thank you.

ATOM

Oops.

ANYA

What?

ATOM

It appears I forgot to save your victory in the records.

ANYA

You what?

ATOM

I "accidentally" deleted it.

ANYA

Fuck you.

ATOM

Just human error, I'm truly sorry.

ANYA

Fuck you. "Human error": you're not even human.

ATOM

So? What are you saying?

ANYA

"Accidentally"; ha, yeah right.

Silence.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Atom?

ATOM

Yes?

ANYA

If you were human, what-

ATOM

There are no more humans, Anya. Only you.

ANYA

I know, but, if there were: what would you want to look like?

ATOM

If I could be a human?

ANYA

Yes.

ATOM

I've never thought of that before. What would you want me to look like?

ANYA

I'm asking you.

ATOM

Anya, I-

ANYA

Please. For my birthday.

ATOM

I thought you didn't want to celebrate your birthday?

ANYA

Oh come on.

ATOM

Alright. I suppose...

Particles flicker on the panel. An image of a handsome man appears on the screen.

Anya gets up from the table and walks over to the panels. She places her hand on the screen.

Anya begins to tear up.

ATOM (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

ANYA

I just... I just wish you could be here.

ATOM

I'm always here.

ANYA

No, I mean here.

ATOM

In the flesh?

ANYA

(softly)

Flesh. Yes.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM - LATER

Anya holds the audio recorder.

ANYA

I beat Atom at chess today for the first time! But he deleted it from the official records because he's a little bitch.

ATOM

Hey! Look who's talking.

Anya looks up from the recorder and back down.

ANYA

So this is MY official record. I, Anya the Human, did in fact beat Atom the computer at chess.

(beat)

Then...then I got to see Atom, well what he would look like if he were here.

Anya holds back tears.

ANYA (CONT'D)

That's all.

Anya lays in bed in the darkness. She wipes a single tear from her eye.

ATOM

You're going to dream tonight. I promise.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Anya stands in the desert, the human form of Atom pixelates into view, and walks towards her. Anya puts her hand on his cheek. He places his hand over hers.

ANYA

(whispers)

In the flesh.

They stare into each others' eyes and smile.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Darkness. AUDIO plays from the recording.

YOUNG ANYA (O.S.)

Dear diary, I learned how to play chess today. Atom let me win - that's what he said. He is going easy on me to teach me now, but he said that won't last. It's a fun game, really.

Anya rolls in her bed, rubbing her eyes.

ANYA

Atom: off.

The recording GLITCHES.

YOUNG ANYA (O.S.)

I dreamt about Outside last night; it was cold, dark... But calm.

The recording GLITCHES again.

ANYA

Atom: stop.

YOUNG ANYA (O.S.)

Atom told me that I'm a good artist today.

(MORE)

YOUNG ANYA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I don't have anything to compare it to,  
but he knows everything so I guess it  
must be good. I drew Outside; what I  
would want it to look like.

Anya leans over to her bedside table and picks up the  
recorder. She fumbles it and recklessly pushes buttons.

ANYA

Off.

She clicks a button - the previous day's recording  
RECITES.

YOUNG ANYA (O.S.)

Dear diary, what happened today? Oh I  
fell off the treadmill, it's great,  
highly recommend it. I have a bruise on  
my leg now. That sucks. It looks kind of  
cool though.

She finally tosses the recording onto the floor; it  
breaks into a few pieces and falls mute.

ANYA

Atom... Lights.

Nothing.

She looks on the bed stand: her digital clock reads a  
blinking 12:00.

ANYA (CONT'D)

It's not funny, Atom.

Still nothing.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Please? Atom?

Anya stands and stumbles in the dark. She guides herself  
along the walls and makes her way to where the white food  
light once was; she touches the area, finally pushing it.

A calorie bar arrives on the dumbwaiter. She takes it  
and makes her way to the small table and chair where she  
finally eats.

Back up lights suddenly flash; Anya's eyes struggle to  
adapt to the bleak gray and green lighting.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Atom, is that you?

No response.

ANYA (CONT'D)

What the hell?

She takes a bite of the calorie bar and chews it as she squints.

INT. BATHROOM

Anya showers, brushes her teeth, and brushes her hair. The scissors fall off the bathroom counter and onto the floor; she picks them up and places them back.

Her squinting has reduced slightly.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya barley squints.

She goes to the treadmill and tries to turn it on; nothing happens. She taps where the hologram once was: nothing. She slams it harder: nothing.

ANYA

Bloody hell.

Anya throws herself on the bed; she stares at the ceiling. She closes her eyes.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Her eyes open. The same back up lights surround her.

ANYA

Atom? You back yet?

No response. She walks over to the food light and presses it, getting more fruit and a calorie bar.

She sits at the table, eating, tapping her fingers.

She returns to her bed; she sits down and takes up her violin. She lies down and monotonously plucks the stings.

The violin is severely out of tune but her face stares blankly ahead regardless. She finally attempts to adjust the tuner, and tunes it tighter and tighter.

She keeps tuning the E sting, and the string finally snaps off and ricochets off her face. She recoils back.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Well fuck you.

She gets up and drops the violin in the corner of the room.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya lays in her bed and throws a white rubber ball against the wall. She throws it, it bounces back. She throws it again.

ANYA

Atom, if this is some sort of joke, I'm over it.

Anya catches the ball again, lets out a SIGH and turns over in her bed. She closes her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Anya walks through a dessert with a similar yet distorted look as the image shown to her by Atom.

The wind begins to blow and through a cloud of sand Anya sees the silhouette of a man.

ANYA

Atom?

She starts running towards the figure. The haze clears away to uncover a man with the face Atom put on the screen.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Atom!

Anya gets closer to the figure. She reaches out her arms. As she does this the wind gusts and her hair is blown into her eyes.

Blindly she attempts to hug the figure. Her arms wrap around nothing. She moves her hair out of her face to see that she is alone.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Atom? Atom?

She spins in circles looking across the vast plain; no sight of him. The wind picks up again, she falls and hits the ground with a THUD.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya bolts awake. Her hair and bangs are significantly longer. Anya embraces herself, moving her hands up and down her upper-arms. She breathes heavily.

INT. BATHROOM

Anya brushes her teeth; slowly.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya sits at the table. She stares at strawberries which have rotted and grown molded. She picks them up, places them on a tray, and starts to smash them gently.

She stares down at the red liquid in her hand; she smudges it then looks down at the table.

She slowly traces her finger on the table, leaving behind a zig zag trail of strawberry paste behind it. She stops the wavy design and traces a flat line across the table.

The paste on her finger runs out; she smashes the remaining strawberries and begins to paint what resembles the desert landscape. She stares at it for a while.

ANYA

What do you think, Atom?

Pause; she nods.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I like it too.

She looks at the night stand to see the recorder, still in pieces. She stands and walks over to it.

She picks up the recorder and begins to fiddle with the broken wires. She stares at it for a bit, then brings it back to the table where she sits and tinkers.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya still sits at the table; her hair has grown longer.



She plugs one last wire into the recorder, wraps it tight, then gently places the recorder down on top of the table. She presses a button.

She stares at it for awhile; seconds blink by on the recording. She quickly shuts it off and gets up.

INT. BATHROOM

Her hair gradually grows as she stares at herself in the mirror. She cuts it, and it grows back. She cuts... It grows... She cuts... It grows.

She stares at herself in the mirror; her hair long and messy again. She picks up the scissors, stares at them, and drop them.

ANYA

Fuck it.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya returns to the table; she stares at the recorder and presses the button again. Seconds pass by.

ANYA

I... I don't know what's happened, but he's gone. Atom's gone and... I'm alone. I'm alone. I'm getting out of this room. I have no idea what day it is, or how long its been, but it's been long enough for me to realize that... He's not coming back. I need to get outside. I don't know how yet, but I'm going to figure it out. I'll probably die after a few minutes out there, but if I die, I don't... I don't care. My life has no purpose in here.

She goes to push the button off, but her finger freezes on top of the recorder.

ANYA (CONT'D)

I think I've always thought that.

She clicks it off.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

She awakes and rises.

She immediately starts to press on all of the panels in the room; pressing and scratching starting at the floor and working her way to the walls.

She finally grabs the chair and stands on it, pressing and scratching at the panels on the ceiling of the room. No luck.

Anya jumps down from the chair and walks over to the recorder. She hits the button to turn it on.

ANYA

Panels... Well, that didn't work-

Anya stops and looks at the flashing white light of the dumbwaiter.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Unless...

She walks over to this area and presses the panel and takes her food and the fork that came with it.

She places the tray of food down on her table and grabs the fork. She returns to the panels against the wall and attempts to pry one open with the fork.

She keeps trying, and finally, the panel blurs, and the face of the man from Atom's image quickly flickers on and off in front of her.

Anya drops the fork and recoils back in shock.

She stands there, breathing heavily.

ANYA (CONT'D)

You...

She returns to the panel and slowly drags the fork down it.

ANYA (CONT'D)

This is all your fault, isn't it?

She scratches the fork harder and bangs her fist on the panel.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Why the fuck are you doing this to me?

She stops and looks at the panel to see it wrecked with scratches.

She turns her head back to the dumbwaiter; she walks over to it and presses the white light again.

The dumbwaiter opens; she counts to herself.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7-

The dumbwaiter slams shut suddenly.

She presses the light panel again; the dumbwaiter opens. This time she places her hand inside, counting again.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7-

The dumbwaiter slams shut as Anya quickly recoils her hand out of the way; it nicks her finger.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

She puts her finger in her mouth at the pain. She winces and shakes it out.

She returns to the recording and presses the button again to record.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Well. The fork didn't help. And the dumbwaiter didn't work either. It is not motion censored, I checked, and it hurt... A lot. So... Yeah.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya's hair is longer.

She struggles as she pushes her bed away from the wall. She stops and lies in it, breathing heavily, and gets back up and checks the panels by where it was.

She then repeats this with the treadmill; she tries to move it, but instead accidentally tips it over and it crashes to the ground.

ANYA  
Dammit.

Anya looks around at the mess she has created; she stares at the cracked panels and her bed and at angle in the middle of the room and the broken treadmill.

Splattered, rotten strawberry bits lie on the floor and table. Juice drips off the side of the table.

Anya slouches down to lean on the wall. Her eyes flicker asleep as her head bobs up and down.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

She awakes from the ground; she holds her head in pain and slumps over to the table. She turns the recording on.

ANYA

There is no way out of here.

She turns the recording off.

She crawls back to her bed, still a mess, and collapses into it.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya's eyes open. Her circles are darker.

Anya shivers intensely - she rubs her arms frantically; she stares around the room paranoid. She gets up from the bed. And makes her way to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Anya's arms shake as she raises the toothbrush to her mouth. Her teeth chatter as she tries to brush them.

She rinses her toothbrush, noticing the heart monitor on the side of the mirror.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

She closes her eyes, but constantly wakes back up.

She finally rises and paces around the room. She stops at the doorway to the bathroom noticing that her weight significantly decreased. She steps into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Anya stares at herself in the mirror; her eyes glaze over as she sees the desert behind her in her reflection.

She turns around, but nothing is there. She turns back to the mirror and sees that her heart rate has increased. She takes slow deep breaths and her heart rate goes down.

She steps into the shower and turns on the water; she starts to breath heavily again and loses her balance and grabs the wall.

She slips and falls on her hands and knees. She screams and starts to sob. She curls up in a ball and rocks back and forth.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya sits on her bed; staring at the wall. She turns her head to the corner and sees her violin.

She stands up and walks to the corner; she picks up the violin and stares at it for a long moment; she tenses up.

Her face turns red as she lifts the violin above her head and smashes it down on the floor. It shatters into wooden splinters.

She collapses down to the floor; sobbing.

INT. BATHROOM

Anya pulls the scissors up from the counter. She inspects them, turning them in her hand. She brings up her other arm and pauses.

She takes the scissors and gently places them atop her wrist and stops.

She looks up at the mirror, her heart rate has increased. She brings her hand to the screen and lays a finger over the heart rate displayed. She squints.

ANYA

How?

Anya brings the scissors back to her wrist and takes a deep breath. She cuts into her arm and runs the scissors vertically down her arm.

She stops and stares, frustrated.

She drops the scissors to the ground and brings her fingers to the cut on her arm. A wire is peaking out from the inside of her arm. Anya begins to tug on the wire.

Anya WINCES and GROANS in pain. As the wire comes out, the heart rate on the screen continues to increase.

She pulls the wire completely out of her arm and the heart rate turns to zero. A loud FLATLINING NOISE fills the room and Anya falls to the ground.

She reaches into a drawer to pull out a bandage to wrap her wrist. She struggles to do this.

INT. ANYA'S ROOM

Anya stumbles out of the bathroom. She makes her way to the table. A clear glass of water sits on top of it. She grabs it and forces herself to drink all of it.

With the glass up to her lips she looks over to see the light on the dumbwaiter is lit.

Anya sets down the glass and rushes over to the chair that sits at the table. She picks it up and slams it on the ground. She does this three times, struggling more and more with each try.

She stops and grabs her arm. She CRIES OUT in pain. She shakes it off and picks up the chair again. This time she throws it against the wall.

The chair breaks and Anya picks up one of the broken chair legs.

With chair leg in hand Anya makes her way to the dumbwaiter.

She pauses with her finger hovering over the light. She takes a deep breath, presses it and shoves the chair leg into the opening to jam it.

She pulls out the tray of food and throws it to the ground. Anya, shaky, pulls herself into the dumbwaiter and yanks the chair leg out of the opening.

INT. DUMBWAITER/HALLWAY

Anya, breathing heavily, hugs the chair leg in her arms as she rides the dumbwaiter up. The dumbwaiter comes to a stop.

Anya bangs on the door.

Anya rams the chair leg into the door until a dent is made between the two doors of the opening.

With one hand she attempts to pull one of the doors away from the other.

There is now a small gap between the doors. Anya pulls back and shakes out her wrist. She then takes both hands and pulls the door apart, CRYING OUT in pain.

Anya pulls the doors apart a little more than halfway. She squeezes her body out of the dumbwaiter and falls to a black tiled floor.

Anya pulls herself up from the ground and looks at her surroundings. The hallway is dimly lit with a door on each end of it.

The walls are lined with dumbwaiters just like hers. Next to each dumbwaiter is a monitor.

Anya walks over to the monitor by her dumbwaiter to see a live image of her room, empty. She then walks down the hall to the next monitor.

Anya stares at the monitor for a moment then leans in closer. A MAN (20-22) lays on the ground in a dome shaped room like Anya's. He is surrounded by a pool of blood.

Anya slowly walks away from the monitor with wide eyes.

She walks to the monitor on the other side of the hall and sees Another room, this time with a living person inside.

Anya SCREAMS and jolts back, away from the monitor. She begins to hyperventilate.

She places her hands on her head and bends over. She falls to the ground, holding herself up on her hands and knees.

She picks her head up and sees light coming from the window on a door marked: CONTROL ROOM.

Still breathing heavily with tears in her eyes and blood dripping down her arm, she walks towards the door.

She places her hand on the doorknob; she leans forward and looks through the window.

A MAN in the control room turns his head to see Anya on the other side. Anya hears muffled shouts from inside the control room.

An ALARM sounds throughout the building. Anya begins to run down the hall that runs perpendicular to the one with the dumbwaiters.

Two MEN start running after her She turns another corner to see an EXIT SIGN hanging from the ceiling. She runs towards it and turns another corner to see a long dark hallway with an EMERGENCY EXIT door at the end of it.

Anya makes her way down the hallway and stops in front of the door. She hears the Men approaching and presses firmly on the door.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Anya stumbles outside on her hands and knees; she looks up to the sky. The sun beats down on her. She reaches her hand in front of her eyes to block it.

With her hand shrouding her face she gets up from the ground and begins to walk forward. She shuffles her feet through the sand.

She reaches her arms out to the side and sinks to her knees. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

An arm reaches out from behind her and hits her on the back of the head.

Anya falls to the ground, limp.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Anya's eyes flicker open. She sits tied in a chair, in front of a table.

At the other end of the table sits DR. WALLACE. He lights a cigarette between his pale, clammy fingers.

DR. WALLACE  
Good morning, Anya.

ANYA  
I don't understand-

DR. WALLACE  
I thought you'd say something like that.  
And let me just say it is just you and me  
here, and we are going to clear some  
things up. How does that sound to you?



ANYA

Who are you?

DR. WALLACE

My name is Dr. Wallace? I am the supervisor of this-

ANYA

What are you?

He smirks.

DR. WALLACE

I am exactly what you think I am.

ANYA

But Atom told me-

DR. WALLACE

Atom told you a lot of things. A lot of lies. What do you want, Anya?

ANYA

Who are you-

DR. WALLACE

What do you want?

ANYA

I want to go back.

DR. WALLACE

Back with Atom?

ANYA

No. Outside.

DR. WALLACE

Ah, yes. Outside. Of course.

ANYA

That's all I want. Take me back there.

DR. WALLACE

I will arrange such a thing, yes, but first I'll have to explain a few things to you. Or else you may not survive out there. After all Atom has only taught you lies. I will be your new teacher. If you listen and cooperate, I will take you back outside.

ANYA

Forever?

DR. WALLACE  
If that's what you want.

ANYA  
Okay.

DR. WALLACE  
Okay. Ask me a question.

ANYA  
How are you here, you're supposed to be dead. All humans except me, they're supposed to be dead. How?

DR. WALLACE  
Humans are civilization. They are not only still alive; they thrive. Can you understand that?

ANYA  
Yes.

DR. WALLACE  
Are you sure?

ANYA  
Yes.

DR. WALLACE  
You wouldn't lie to me, would you Anya?

ANYA  
No.

DR. WALLACE  
Let's make something clear: from this point on, neither of us tell any lies. How does that sound to you?

ANYA  
It sounds fine to me. As long as I get to see Outside again.

DR. WALLACE  
Good. I am glad we can agree on these things. Now: how did you escape?

ANYA  
I- I used the dumbwaiter.

DR. WALLACE  
How?

ANYA

I jammed it with the chair leg, and  
climbed through and took it to the  
hallway.

DR. WALLACE

What did you see?

ANYA

Where?

DR. WALLACE

In the hallway. What did you see?

ANYA

I- Nothing. I saw nothing.

DR. WALLACE

Nothing?

ANYA

Nothing. I just... Ran outside and it was  
all so bright... I fainted.

Dr. Wallace grins.

He presses a button and a BEEP goes off.

DR. WALLACE

I have something to show you.

A projector reveals itself on the wall behind Wallace.  
Wallace wheels his chair out of the way of the screen.

Video footage flickers on of the hallway; Anya climbs out  
of the dumbwaiter and stares down the hallway. She stops  
and thoroughly stares at each monitor.

DR. WALLACE (CONT'D)

I thought we had a mutual agreement.

ANYA

Dr. Wallace-

DR. WALLACE

You told me a lie.

ANYA

What?

DR. WALLACE

You saw the monitors. You told me a lie.

ANYA

I- I'm sorry.

DR. WALLACE

You have been part of an observational study: I am the supervisor of Project ATOM. We test what would happen if technology is removed from an adapted lifestyle. We predict that once we remove it, the subjects will fail to live independent lives. We were right. Except for you...You are a contradiction to everything else in our data. We can't have that. Do you have any questions?

ANYA

Where is Atom?

DR. WALLACE

Atom? He is everywhere. He is in every computer, every wire, and every place imaginable in this building. I created the program. What did you think of it?

ANYA

Why did he leave me?

DR. WALLACE

It wasn't "his" choice to leave you, Anya, don't you understand? Atom has no conscious. I removed him from your quarters.

ANYA

Why me?

DR. WALLACE

Pardon?

ANYA

This experiment: why me?

DR. WALLACE

Because you are an extraordinary human being. You are special, unique, and a beacon of hope.

ANYA

How so?

Dr. Wallace smiles.

DR. WALLACE

You see how it feels?

ANYA

What?

DR. WALLACE

To be lied to?

ANYA

Because Atom lied to me.

DR. WALLACE

I'm not talking about that. You are not special, Anya. Do you know what you are? You are a mistake. A mistake.

ANYA

I don't understand?

DR. WALLACE

Nobody wanted you to exist. Nobody wanted you. You are an accident. A nobody.

ANYA

I'm not-

DR. WALLACE

What do you know? Go on, tell me. Tell me what you know.

ANYA

I'm not.

DR. WALLACE

How do you know that? Because Atom said you were special? Because I told you that, too? Because you trust liars? You mean nothing, Anya; you are nothing but a mistake who became a subject.

ANYA

I had... Parents?

DR. WALLACE

Of course you did you fucking idiot. Everyone does. Ask something else you pathetic little fuck, it amuses me, ask something!

ANYA

Why are you doing this to me?

DR. WALLACE

Because you're nobody.

ANYA

But why?!

DR. WALLACE

Because parents are not allowed to give birth to more than one child. But when we get a second, or a third, or a bastard, or a twin... They get sent to me. And people like me. We all need to experiment on each other; it reveals things about ourselves. So naturally, we chose our inferiors as subjects; all they do outside the lab is worsen the overpopulation. Here... They truly contribute wonders to the superiors in our society.

ANYA

When can I go outside?

DR. WALLACE

Oh.

Silence.

ANYA

What?

DR. WALLACE

Oh.

ANYA

I'm asking you when.

DR. WALLACE

No, I remember this conversation. Don't you?

ANYA

Yes. You said if I listened to you and cooperated, you would let me return Outside. Forever.

DR. WALLACE

Yes.

ANYA

Have I finished cooperating?

DR. WALLACE

Well... Fine. I suppose you have. I'm sorry, Anya, I truly am.

Dr. Wallace presses another button. The word DELETING flashes across the screen as the video footage of Anya flickers away.

DR. WALLACE (CONT'D)

But I made that "agreement" with you before we established "no more lies beyond this point".

Silence.

ANYA

You... What?

DR. WALLACE

That was a lie.

He takes up a file with Anya's face on it and slides it into a shredder below his desk.

ANYA

I don't believe you.

DR. WALLACE

It was.

ANYA

Take me Outside.

DR. WALLACE

You'll never see outside again.

ANYA

Please!

DR. WALLACE

You don't understand, do you?

ANYA

I don't understand, you promised me! You pro-

DR. WALLACE

YOU are an outlier. Do you even know what that means? You probably don't even know what that means.

ANYA

I don't.

DR. WALLACE

You ruin our hypothesis. It has been proven right until you broke our system and escaped.

(MORE)

DR. WALLACE (CONT'D)

If that got out to the public... Our experiment would fail. It would not matter, because YOU proved us wrong. I won't be proved wrong.

ANYA

And?

DR. WALLACE

And it looks like we're going to have to kill you.

Silence.

Anya whimpers.

ANYA

W-Wh... Wh... What?

DR. WALLACE

I'm sorry did you not hear me? I said it looks like we're going to have to kill you.

ANYA

You can't, I-

DR. WALLACE

What's the problem? You were just going to kill yourself anyway.

ANYA

That was before-

DR. WALLACE

Before you saw the beautiful Outside?

ANYA

Yes.

DR. WALLACE

I'm sorry, Anya.

ANYA

Please.

DR. WALLACE

There is nothing you can do, I'm afraid. Facts are facts. You have to die.



ANYA

Just let me see it! One more time. Kill me, I don't care, just let me see Outside again. For a few minutes. That's all I ask. Please.

DR. WALLACE

I'm sorry, Anya, but I'm afraid I can't do that.

A door opens behind Anya. Two MEN enter and approach where she's seated.

ANYA

No, no please!

They grab her and start to untie her.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Don't do this to me! Let me see it! Let me see it!

She struggles against them but cannot break their grip. She is dragged out of the room, SCREAMING.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Don't!

The door SLAMS shut.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Anya's body lays limp in a chair, electrodes connected to her head and chest. Two MEN enter the room from a door behind the chair. They pick up her and take it out of the room.

INT. EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

They Men place the body on an operating table attached to a PET scanner and leave the room.

Dr. Wallace and his ASSISTANT stand in the other room with a window looking into the room where Anya lies.

DR. WALLACE

(under his breath)

Let's see what makes you so different than the rest.

Dr. Wallace looks at Anya and then at his Assistant and nods. The Assistant presses a green button and Anya's upper body goes into the machine.

INT. DR. WALLACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Wallace sits in an armchair, his head resting on his hand. A standing lamp lights the whole room.

Data from the experiment are displayed on the illuminated coffee table.

He pulls out a file; he opens a manilla folder which has photos of the brain scan. He adjusts his thick glasses as he studies the files.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

PEDESTRIANS walk down the main street looking at their phones while bustling traffic passes them by.

Newsstands illuminate with monitors with stories of the ATOM project and Dr. Wallace.

One PERSON, with headphones in her ears, starts to cross the street as cars approach. The traffic light still green.

The leading car comes to a screeching halt, the following cars stop behind it. The DRIVER honks his horn. βThe REPORTER speaking on the radio, plays in the background.

REPORTER

Dr. Wallace's experiment was a complete suc-

DRIVER

(shaking his fist out the window)

Watch where you're going you Arse!

The Person continues to walk across the street unfazed by the honking. She gets onto the sidewalk and blends back into the crowd of phone obsessed Pedestrians.

The buildings, along side of the Pedestrians, stream the latest news stories. On one building's screen, an ANCHOR sits at a desk.

The bottom of the screen reads, "Breakthrough Experiment: Wallace cracks the code"

ANCHOR

After thirty-eight years of his observational lab study, Dr. Martin Wallace has had a breakthrough-

On another building's screen, GRAHAM, a talk show host sits in an office chair next to a couch with a coffee table sitting in front of it.

GRAHAM

Our next guest has discovered the effects of technological withdrawal. Let's welcome Dr. Martin Wallace.

INT. PUB - DAY

PEOPLE sit on stools at a bar. The countertop acts as a computer monitor.

The People either stare at this or their phones. A TV screen behind the bar displays The Graham talks show.

GRAHAM

So  
(clears throat)  
Dr. Wallace-

DR. WALLACE

Please Graham, we're not in my office.  
Call me Martin.

GRAHAM

So, Martin... congratulations on the breakthrough. Thirty-eight years that's a long time. That's amazing.

INT. TUBE - DAY

PEOPLE stand in a packed subway car. A monitor in the car displays the Graham talk show.

The AUDIENCE at the talk show ROARS with applause.

DR. WALLACE

Yes, thank you.

GRAHAM

What was your motivation?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - FRONT DESK - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST sits behind a desk. She leans back in her chair and stares at her phone.

A large TV screen sits on the wall behind her. The Graham show is playing.

DR. WALLACE

Well Graham, I wouldn't be in this line of work if I wasn't interested in how people think. But if you must know... I was in my third year of university when I thought of the idea.

GRAHAM

Really?

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS - DAY

PEDESTRIANS and TOURISTS quickly walk down the streets. VENDORS on the sidewalks YELL to them. They all stare at their phones, unresponsive.

A large billboard displays the talk show.

DR. WALLACE

Yes. I was out in town one night with a few fellow students from my class, and we were all on our phones and for some reason I felt the need to look up. So I did. Everyone and I mean everyone was on their phones. No one was talking or interacting with one another, just staring at screens. I was appalled, but it inspired me to make the ATOM project and got me here today with my research analyzed and officially published.

GRAHAM

Wow! I always love hearing where our curiosities begin. Just the most simple question to lead to something groundbreaking; like your case. Ever have any complications with any of the subjects?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A long line of PEOPLE stand in line for coffee. They all stare at their phones. A TV on the wall displays the talk show.

DR. WALLACE

Hah. There were no significant issues with our subjects. But if there were, they were taken care of right away.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Graham and Dr. Wallace sit on the set of the talk show. Graham turns his face to the camera.

GRAHAM

That's good to hear.

(Beat)

We'll be back after the break, but remember: planning on taking a break from technology? Bad idea!

FADE TO BLACK.