

A PIG IN A CAGE  
ON ANTIBIOTICS

Written by

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Based on Radiohead's *OK COMPUTER*

EXT. LARGE FIELD - DAY

Winter. The vast field is caked in layers of snow. In the distance, A MAN emerges from a dense forest. His clothes are tattered and stained. He paces around frantically, as if searching for someone.

MUSIC CUE: 'A piano lies down in the middle of the road' - Radiohead (OKNOTOK Cassette).

UNKNOWN (V.O.)  
*I am the club and carving knife. We  
are friends 'till we die. You  
should not walk alone at night. You  
must show me your care...*

The man spots something in the distance and runs toward the camera. His desperation is apparent with each passing step. Suddenly, he freezes in his place, as if he has been hit with a grave realisation.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)  
*A pig, in a cage, on antibiotics.*

A gunshot. The man slumps to the ground, lifeless.

END MUSIC CUE.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

A clock ticks. A cold, apathetic voice delivers a bleak monologue.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)  
*Dreaming. It's a fascinating thing.  
We close our eyes and, somehow, our  
minds take us off to some faraway  
place. In that complete darkness,  
an entire world is born, and for a  
short, fleeting moment, we're  
granted an imaginary escape from  
our present reality.*

A pause.

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVER'S STUDY - DAY

CLOSE-UP. SLOW ZOOM OUT.

MUSIC CUE: 'Paranoid Android' (1996 Mansfield Version) -  
Radiohead

THOM YORKE (V.O.)  
*Rain down, rain down, come on rain  
down on me. From a great height,  
from a great hallelujah,  
hallelujah.*

OLIVER SMITH sits at his desk, a black oilskin notebook lying open before him. The splintering tones playing over the radio leave him feeling anxious and apathetic. He stares off into the distance for a few seconds, deep in thought, before returning to his writing.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
It's something I find myself doing quite often - and truly, can one be faulted for doing so? In a world so void of personality and individuality, what is one to do but dream?

The ticking intensifies.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
And so, that's exactly what I do. I sit there, basking in all that silent cacophony and dreaming of a quiet life, free from all the noise and madness of the world. And I project a perfect version of myself to all around me; fitter, happier, calmer, more calculated, flawless moral credit score, never empty or frantic.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLIVER'S NEIGHBOURHOOD - CONTINUOUS

MEDIUM LONG. CENTRE FRAME. TRACKING.

MUSIC CUE: 'Subterranean Homesick Alien' - Radiohead

THOM YORKE (V.O.)  
(Lyrics. Singing.)  
*I showed them the stars, and the  
meaning of life, and they shut me  
away... but I'll be alright.*

Oliver is leaving his house. He slips on his coat and shuts the front door behind him.

OLIVER (V.O.)

But I despise every second of it,  
and for reasons I can't yet  
explain, I feel there's something  
in me that keeps me looking beyond  
the clouds; something that leaves  
me searching for something more.  
Because when I look around me, the  
people I see are like demons from  
another planet, like kicking,  
squealing, narcissistic pigs; like  
androids so pathetically indulged  
in their empty pursuits that they  
become blind to all else around  
them.

As Oliver walks through his neighbourhood, various strange things happen around him. A couple having a vicious argument. Passers-by shooting him judgemental looks. People taking selfies in ridiculous positions. Oliver seems unfazed by all the insanity occurring around him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

Oliver sits on the bus stop bench. Beside him is a man drinking himself into oblivion. Oliver is indifferent. The bus arrives.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP. CENTRE FRAME.

Oliver is seated in the centre of a five-seater bench. The people to his left and right are staring at their phones. Oliver stares forward, his eyes pointed to the ground.

OLIVER (V.O.)

It's easy to feel alienated when  
you're surrounded by hundreds of  
human beings, all tapping on little  
screens and projecting facades of  
false happiness as they trade  
social interaction for a more  
mediated, quantifiable digital  
experience, clinging to what they  
know because they're too scared to  
actually live.

(MORE)

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I feel suffocated in the presence  
of it, yet even then I feel so  
frighteningly part of it, and I  
think it's time I do something  
about it. Up until a few weeks ago,  
I would've stopped at nothing to  
tear everything and everyone down  
with me.

FADE TO:

INT. OLIVER'S STUDY - DAY

CLOSE-UP.

Oliver is writing in his journal. There is a sudden change of  
tone in his voice. Where once he seemed angry, yet self-  
assured, he now seems naively hopeful.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(ambivalent, but hopeful)  
That is, until, I met Sarah, and in  
her, I'm lost - in eyes a gleam, in  
a heart unseen. She gave me  
something to fight for.

Oliver turns to his right, where an open laptop sits on a  
small table. SARAH's Facenook page is visible on the screen.

PAN RIGHT. ZOOM ON THE SCREEN.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN (OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP) - CONTINUOUS

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP, REAR. TRACKING.

Oliver alights from the bus. He walks through a park, then  
stops at a crosswalk.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
Suddenly, I found myself  
reconsidering all these unutterable  
visions that I had believed with  
all my heart. I thought maybe it's  
better to run away and live a  
blissful life with her; better to  
leave all this paranoid nonsense  
behind. Whether it's love I feel,  
or perhaps just a fear of being  
alone, I don't know.  
(MORE)

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I've never been able to say such things to her; to anyone for that matter. You see, all she's ever seen of me is the Oliver I project to the masses. In truth, however, she knows nothing about me - and I fear she never will. If only I could just fit in...

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVER'S STUDY - DAY

Oliver is writing in his journal.

OLIVER (V.O.)

But for the time being, I shall write this journal today; to a time when thought is free, to a time when our abortive sorrows have grown too much to bear, and to a time when the spirit of man has shaken itself free of the stranglehold of conformity.

SPLIT SCREEN:

LEFT - INT. OLIVER'S STUDY - DAY, RIGHT - EXT. DOWNTOWN (OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP) - DAY

OLIVER (V.O.)

And perhaps to an Oliver of the future, who has learned to show himself for who he truly is, who has learned what it means to love, and who has grown beyond just another cog in the machine. To this ideal, I shall remain faithful to the very end. And if not? Then, perhaps I'm just a pig in a cage, doomed to be Signed, Oliver Smith.

MEDIUM. CENTRE FRAME.

Oliver (left) writes in his journal.

CLOSE-UP. CENTRE FRAME.

A smile emerges on Oliver's (right) face.

SWIPE RIGHT.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

180 DEGREE PAN.

Sarah arises from her seat on the coffee shop patio. Reticently, she waves at Oliver across the street. On the radio, the dying strains of a song about sentimentality accompany them.

MUSIC CUE: 'Let Down' - Radiohead

THOM YORKE (V.O.)  
(Lyrics. Singing.)  
*Don't get sentimental, it always  
ends up driveling. One day, I'm gonna  
grow wings. A chemical reaction...  
Hysterical and useless...  
hysterical and let down...*

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP, REAR. CENTRE FRAME. TRACKING.

Oliver begins to cross the street.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT. OLIVER ENTERS FROM THE RIGHT.

Sarah embraces Oliver in a fond, but reserved manner.

SARAH  
(with forced excitement)  
Ollie!

OLIVER  
It's so nice to see you!

SARAH  
It's wonderful to see you too.

Sarah picks up a cup of iced coffee from the table and hands it to Oliver.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Here. Your favourite.

Oliver smiles. They sit down. Immediately, Sarah pulls out her phone and begins typing frantically. There is an uncomfortable silence.

Awkwardly, Oliver mindlessly gazes up and down the street, sipping his coffee as if to prevent himself from speaking. Eventually, he breaks the silence.

OLIVER

You seem quite agitated. Is something wrong?

SARAH

(dismissively)

No it's fine-

The silence returns. Oliver fidgets anxiously.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Agh, it's just...

A pause.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Ellie and her boyfriend had this messy breakup and she keeps crying to me for 'help' and 'advice' - it's so selfish of her! I told her to stop being so childish... it's bringing our moral credits down!

Sarah hands Oliver her phone. A box at the top of the screen reveals it is open to the Moral Bank app. She seems embarrassed to reveal her new moral credit score to Oliver; a 3.9.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Look at this! I used to be at a 4.2! It's dropped by 0.3 because I'm too nice to tell her to shut up! Honestly, she just needs to be a little more productive at work or something... that'll get her mind right.

OLIVER

What's Ellie's score at?

SARAH

Oh, you're not gonna believe this. She's at a 2.5! She's *this* close to getting arrested by the Karma Police. I swear, if she drops below a 2, I don't even wanna be seen around her.



OLIVER  
(sigh)  
It's just a number, dear.

SARAH  
(frustrated)  
What do you mean it's just a number? Try telling that to the Karma Police. If I hit a 3, I'll be expelled from the university!

OLIVER  
I just-

SARAH  
(angry)  
Listen, I don't want to be ostracised from society. I've got too much to lose. Maybe you're okay with that but I'm certainly not!

Sarah's sudden change in tone frightens Oliver. He sits back in silence, keeping his head down. After a few deep breaths, Sarah collects herself and apologises.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Agh, I'm sorry.

OLIVER  
It's okay.

SARAH  
I mean, you know how important this is to me, right?

OLIVER  
Of course. I understand.

SARAH  
I mean, I think that's why I fell in love with you in the first place. You're at a 5.0 - that's the highest I've ever seen anyone...

Oliver is visibly taken aback by this comment.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(sigh)  
Anyway, I need to come up with a good caption. I'm gonna post this coffee on Facenook - maybe that'll boost my credit a little.

Sarah takes a picture of her coffee and posts it to Facenook. Then, she raises the cup to her mouth and takes a small sip, and for a few seconds, she grimaces at the decidedly awful taste. Suddenly, Sarah's anxiety-ridden demeanour disappears, as if that sip of coffee awoke in her a revelation long forgotten.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh! I almost forgot! I got a letter  
in the mail this morning...

OLIVER

(curiously)

Mhm...?

SARAH

(excitedly)

...our credits averaged out to a  
4.4! We finally qualified for that  
housing development!

OLIVER

Really?

SARAH

We can finally live together! Isn't  
that amazing?

The blood drains from Oliver's face. For a brief moment, he is overcome with fear, but he manages to hold himself together.

OLIVER

(feigned excitement)

That's... wonderful news, dear.

SARAH

It's so exciting! We'll finally get  
to have our own little place, and  
we won't have to worry about...  
It'll be so peaceful, just you and  
I... Such a pretty house, such a  
pretty garden... Oh, and we must  
get a dog...

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON OLIVER'S FACE. SLOW ZOOM IN. A CLOCK TICKS  
RAPIDLY.

Sarah begins talking excitedly, but her voice gradually fades  
into silence.

A sharp, piercing ringing echoes through Oliver's ears. It pounds against his skull and dampens all the surrounding noise.

SMASH CUT TO  
BLACK.

OVER BLACK

A clock ticks. A door slams.

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVER'S STUDY - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: 'Lucky' - Radiohead

THOM YORKE (V.O.)  
(Lyrics. Singing.)  
*Kill me Sarah. Kill me again with  
love. It's gonna be a glorious day.*

Oliver, journal in hand, paces around the room anxiously. He is seized by a kind of hysteria; shaking and hyperventilating.

OLIVER  
(panicked)  
She doesn't know the real me... she  
doesn't know the real me...

Frustrated, Oliver slams the journal onto his desk. He glances briefly at his laptop, still open to Sarah's Facenook page. He reaches for a bottle of water, guzzling it in seconds. Then, he sits at his desk, opens his notebook, and begins to write in a hurried, untidy scrawl.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
She doesn't know me... I can't live  
with her... she'll hate the real  
me... there's no way... maybe  
she'll understand... no there's no  
way... I don't know what to do-

Oliver pauses. He sits back in his chair. Slightly ashamed of himself, he scribbles out his panicked script. With a deep breath, he resumes.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
In this game I'm playing, I can't  
win. There's no success at the end  
of the tunnel.  
(MORE)

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Only failure - but perhaps some  
kinds of failure are better than  
others.

A pause. He glances at Sarah's profile.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
Maybe living with Sarah won't be so  
bad. Maybe I'll keep up this  
blissful facade forever. Maybe this  
is the quiet life I've always  
dreamed of. And hell, maybe we'll  
be happy together.

A pause.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
Or perhaps I should show her the  
real me.

Oliver jumps from his seat, as if the words he wrote  
physically energised him. Suddenly, his face lights up, as if  
struck with divine revelation.

OLIVER  
(with vitality, out loud)  
The journal. I can show her the  
journal - no - I can publish the  
journal. Then, everyone will see  
it; and they'll wake up.

Oliver smiles to himself. He slams his journal shut and runs  
across the room to his scanner.

OLIVER EXITS LEFT. SHOT OF SARAH'S PROFILE; CENTRE FRAME.  
SLOW ZOOM IN.

MUSIC CUE: 'Karma Police' - Radiohead.

THOM YORKE (V.O.)  
(Lyrics. Singing.)  
*This is what you get when you mess  
with us.*

FADE TO:

I/E. OLIVER'S STUDY/OLIVER'S NEIGHBOURHOOD - THE NEXT DAY

MONTAGE - VARIOUS:

-Excitedly, Oliver scans the pages of his journal.

-Oliver types vigorously on his laptop as he makes his finishing touches.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(writing)  
I may be paranoid, but at least I'm  
not an android. This is my story.

-A shot of Oliver's screen, open to his Facenook page. He hesitates for a moment. Then, he clicks the 'UPLOAD' button - the incarnation is complete.

-Oliver stands on his front porch, a freshly brewed cup of coffee in hand. There is a certain vitality to him; one previously unseen.

-The sound of alarms blare from Oliver's pocket. He draws his phone to see his moral credit dropping rapidly. For a brief moment, he is seized with fear, but he quickly gathers himself and throws his phone into a nearby trash heap.

-A close-up of Oliver's phone, lying abandoned on the ground. The screen is black. Suddenly, it illuminates; a call from Sarah.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Sarah anxiously paces up and down her living room, phone in hand.

SARAH  
(frantically)  
Come on, pick up! Pick up!

A sustained beep. Sarah's heart sinks into her stomach. She opens her moral credit app. To her horror, it has dropped to a 1.5. In a panic, she dials Oliver's number once again. She begins to cry.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Please... Ollie... please...

No answer. She presses her hands against her head and paces around the room helplessly. Shrieking alarm tones bellow from her phone.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(panicked)  
Oh, for God's sake-

She throws her phone across the room with great force, as if to create as much distance between herself and the wretched object as possible. Then, she hastily slips on her coat, swipes her keys from the kitchen counter, and storms out the door.

THOM YORKE (V.O.)  
(Lyrics. Singing.)  
*For a minute there, I lost myself.*

CUT TO:

SPLIT SCREEN:

LEFT - EXT. THE SUBURBS - EVENING, RIGHT - INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - EVENING

In a panic, Sarah sprints down her driveway and slips on ice. Agonisingly, she pulls herself onto her feet and viciously swings her driver-side door open.

Oliver, in a comfortable wool sweater, pours himself a warm cup of tea.

Sarah races down the highway, recklessly sailing through busy traffic. Tears are streaming down the sides of her face.

Oliver brushes off a tattered vinyl record and gently places it on a turntable in his living room.

Sarah pulls up to the curb outside Oliver's house. She rushes up to his door and gives a few knocks, calling out to him desperately.

SARAH  
(in tears)  
Ollie! Ollie it's me!

Oliver sits back in his leather lounge chair, book in hand, eager to partake in a spot of reading. Suddenly, he hears the commotion on his front porch and arises to answer the door.

SWIPE RIGHT.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Oliver answers the door. Sarah embraces him tightly, which initially takes him by surprise.

SARAH  
Ollie! Thank God.

OLIVER

Oh dear, come here! What's the matter?

Sarah is hysterical. She can hardly formulate an answer.

SARAH

Everything's come crashing down, Ollie. I don't know what to do... I didn't do anything wrong!

OLIVER

Woah, hey, it's okay, it's okay. You're safe with me now. Would you like a glass of water?

Sarah nods. Oliver walks her into the living room, gesturing her to the couch. With a smile, he helps her to a glass of water and joins her on the couch.

SARAH

Thank you.

OLIVER

Of course dear, what's wrong?

SARAH

(heartbroken)

Haven't you seen it, Ollie? Our moral credits are dropping! I don't even know what happened! I'd already cut ties with Ellie, and my record since has been flawless!

Oliver's comforting smile fades from his face. A look of guilt rises in its place.

SARAH (CONT'D)

But this afternoon, I was just working on some paperwork for our new house and my phone started blaring. My score dropped 2.7 points for no reason at all! I tried to call you a million times but you didn't answer - Ollie, I was panicking!

OLIVER

(ashamed)

Oh goodness... that's terrible... I-

SARAH

Why do you seem so okay with all this? We're losing everything!

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I've been expelled, we're probably gonna lose the housing deal... do you have any idea what happened? Maybe it was just an error?

OLIVER

I... Sarah, I haven't been entirely honest with... I've got lots to talk to you about-

Sarah's expression changes from one of confusion and frustration to one of absolute horror.

SARAH

(horrified)

It... It was you!

OLIVER

(anxiously)

Yes... yes it was me... but I did it for us!

Sarah shoots to her feet. Oliver follows suit.

SARAH

Oh my God... Oh my God... What did you do?

Oliver is silent.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Ollie... You talk to me!

OLIVER

Sarah, I'm so, so sick of living this lie. I finally published this journal I've been writing- I couldn't hold it back any longer!

SARAH

What the bloody hell are you on about?

OLIVER

(passionately)

Don't you see, Sarah? Look around you! All these people... these androids around us... their ambition makes them look so ugly. These fake friendships, these stupid moral credit scores, these narcissistic, consumerist, demoralising pigs...

(MORE)



OLIVER (CONT'D)

I'm so fed up with it all, and I'm tired of pretending like it's all normal.

SARAH

So what did you do about it? Throw away our livelihoods? All our hopes, our dreams, everything we've been working towards? For what? You're insane!

OLIVER

Please, dear, please, just try to understand-

SARAH

Don't call me 'dear'. You disgust me.

Oliver is at a loss for words.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(through clenched teeth)

We're done. You will never, ever see me again.

Sarah gathers her things and hurries to the front door.

OLIVER

(heartbroken)

Sarah, I'm-

Sarah flings the door open with all her strength. On the other side, she is greeted by two officers, clad in dark uniforms, and the feeling of a cold, steel barrel pressed firmly against her skull. She closes her eyes and the blood drains from her face. She knows exactly who stands before her; the Karma Police.

OFFICER MURRAY pushes Sarah back into the house. Oliver looks upon the scene in horror.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(horrified)

The Karma Police.

LIEUTENANT YORKE files into the house behind Murray, assault rifle in hand. With a subtle wave, he instructs her to tuck her pistol away. Oliver and Sarah are petrified with fear.

Yorke walks up to Sarah. He stares at her with piercing eyes.

SARAH  
(under her breath)  
Oh, god...

Yorke swings his rifle, connecting its stock with Sarah's chin. She slumps to the ground, unconscious.

OLIVER  
NO-

With impressive speed, Yorke twists around and aims his rifle square between Oliver's eyes. He speaks with a cold, monotone, indifferent voice.

YORKE  
Do not resist.

OLIVER  
I'll make you pay for this.

YORKE  
Oh, really?

Murray emerges behind Oliver. In the blink of an eye, she strikes him over the head with her pistol grip.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. OLIVER'S CELL - UNKNOWN

MUSIC CUE: 'Climbing Up the Walls' - Radiohead

THOM YORKE (V.O.)  
(Lyrics. Singing.)  
*Either way you turn, I'll be there.*  
*Open up your skull, I'll be there.*  
*Climbing up the walls.*

Oliver awakens in an unfamiliar place. The claustrophobic interior is illuminated with beating fluorescents. His clothes are tattered and stained. Seated before him is Lieutenant Yorke, inspecting him with shrewd eyes. At the sight of him, Oliver braces to attack, but the sharp metallic clang of handcuffs painfully remind him of his powerlessness.

YORKE  
Wonderful. You're awake.

Yorke is emotionless - never passionate, angry, or likewise - simply cold and indifferent. Oliver clenches his teeth.

YORKE (CONT'D)

(politely)

I'm Lieutenant Yorke. Lovely to meet you.

OLIVER

Screw you.

YORKE

Ahh, I was warned of your rather prickly demeanour.

OLIVER

Where's Sarah?

YORKE

She is safe.

OLIVER

Let me see for myself.

YORKE

Why don't you answer some of my questions first?

OLIVER

Bring her to me, and maybe I'll consider.

YORKE

Might I remind you, Mr Smith, you're not exactly in the ideal position to negotiate.

Oliver hesitates.

OLIVER

To hell with it, then. I'm guilty on all charges. I wrote a little book condemning all your stupidity. I'm a traitor, a liar, a thief, a criminal of the mind, a menace to society, and I'm bloody proud of it too. What more do you wanna know?

YORKE

We already know everything about you, Mr Smith.

OLIVER

Then what the hell do you want?

YORKE

See, my job, is to re-educate you.  
To make you an empowered member of  
society. To make you conform.

OLIVER

And then you'll let me go?

YORKE

Don't be ridiculous, Mr Smith, of  
course not. We just want to shoot  
you while your mind is still clean;  
pure and unadulterated.

OLIVER

Well, I'll tell you what,  
Lieutenant, I may be one paranoid  
son of a fish, but I'd rather have  
my brains blown out than become one  
of you. So get it over with, why  
don't you?

YORKE

And what exactly am I?

OLIVER

An android. A pig.

YORKE

Haven't you heard our slogan, Mr  
Smith? 'Fitter, happier, more  
productive. A pig, in a cage, on  
antibiotics'? The model citizen.

OLIVER

I'll be your bloody model citizen  
when pigs fly, Yorke.

YORKE

You don't have a choice, Mr Smith.  
Sooner or later, you will conform;  
likewise for your lady friend. It's  
only human nature.

OLIVER

Listen. You can torture me all you  
like. Shoot me in the back of the  
head for all I care. But let Sarah  
go. She had nothing to do with  
this. It was me.

YORKE

Your love for her is unparalleled.  
But, Mr Smith, I regret to inform  
you that love has no place in our  
glorious society.

OLIVER

You can never make me stop loving  
her.

YORKE

Let's put that to the test then,  
shall we?

Yorke rises to his feet. He reaches behind him and draws his  
portable radio.

YORKE (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Go.

The sound of a heavy metal door slamming open reverberates  
through the walls. Sarah lets out a blood-curdling scream.

OLIVER

(screaming)

Sarah! Sarah, can you hear me?

SARAH

(through the walls)

Ollie! Is that you... Get your  
hands off me you-

Suddenly, Sarah's voice becomes muffled, as if a cloth had  
been pressed against her mouth.

OLIVER

(desperately)

Sarah! Sarah!

Yorke leaves the cell and shuts the door behind him. Oliver  
falls to his knees, helpless.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. OLIVER'S CELL - UNKNOWN

MUSIC CUE: 'Exit Music (For a Film)' - Radiohead

THOM YORKE (V.O.)

(Lyrics. Singing.)

*Wake from your sleep.*

(MORE)

THOM YORKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*The drying of your tears. Today, we  
escape, we escape.*

Some time has passed. A weary, defeated Oliver slumps forward in his chair, his face marked with enormous gashes and blackish-purple bruises. If not for his metal restraints, he would have fallen face-first.

He spots a small pin lying on the ground. Agonisingly, he pulls it toward him with his legs. With some creative manoeuvres, he picks up the pin and discretely breaks himself free from the handcuffs.

Some time later, Officer Murray enters the cell, carrying a tray of food. Without missing a beat, Oliver attacks her and makes a successful break for the door. Having witnessed the altercation, two GUARDS begin pursuing Oliver down the corridor while Murray stumbles to her feet. Together, they chase him down endless flights of stairs, but he manages to slip out through a side door.

EXT. DENSE FOREST - DAY

MEDIUM REAR. TRACKING.

Officer Murray and the guards chase Oliver through the dense forest. Despite their best efforts, Oliver manages to lose them by hiding beneath a sheltered outcrop.

A few moments later, the injured, exhausted Oliver emerges from his hiding spot. The coast is clear. He trudges through the forest with a certain weariness, yet his unwavering resolve keeps him fixated upon a single goal; find Sarah.

OLIVER

(mumbling, to himself)

Sarah... Sarah... Sarah....

Suddenly, he spots a figure in the distant field. With a deep, tortuous breath, he musters the strength to call out to it.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Sarah!

No answer. He turns towards the figure and breaks into a stumbled run.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE FIELD - DAY

WIDE.

Winter. The vast field is caked in layers of snow. In the distance, Oliver emerges from the dense forest. He paces around frantically, as if searching for someone.

He stumbles towards the camera, his desperation made increasingly apparent with each passing step. Suddenly, he freezes in his place.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF OLIVER'S FACE.

A betrayed look emerges on Oliver's face. He closes his eyes, grimaces, and tilts his head to the ground. He is holding back tears.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SARAH'S CELL - UNKNOWN

Sarah sits uncomfortably behind a heavy wooden table. Her right arm is chained to its leg. She is trembling.

Suddenly, Officer Murray bursts through the door. She rushes behind Sarah. An altercation ensues. Terrified, Sarah lets out a blood-curdling scream. Oliver calls out to her through the walls.

OLIVER  
(through the wall)  
Sarah! Sarah, can you hear me?

SARAH  
Ollie? Is that you? Get your hands  
off me you-

Murray places her right hand against Sarah's mouth. With a look of compassion, she subtly gestures her to be silent. Then, she unlocks her restraints and escorts her into a slightly larger room a few cells down.

She pulls up a chair and instructs Sarah to sit down. Lieutenant Yorke is seated across from her.

YORKE  
(gesturing to his cheek)  
Sorry about that.

Sarah is silent. She is in shock.

YORKE (CONT'D)  
Your boyfriend over there is quite  
the nuisance, I must say.

SARAH  
He's not my boyfriend anymore.

YORKE  
Oh. Interesting.

A pause.

YORKE (CONT'D)  
He betrayed you, didn't he?

SARAH  
(anxiously)  
I...

A pause.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I didn't know he was capable of  
such things. He used to be so  
diligent... he had such a high  
moral credit...

YORKE  
But then he lost himself. And he  
used you. Took you down with him.

Sarah hesitates. She is trembling.

SARAH  
I know.

YORKE  
It's a shame. You must've been  
quite fond of him at one point, no?

SARAH  
I was.

YORKE  
Would you say you loved him?

Sarah contemplates her response. She looks down at her feet,  
then shakes her head.

YORKE (CONT'D)  
Good.

The silence is deafening.



SARAH

(trembling)

Please, Sir... I just want to go home. I assure you, I had no part in this.

YORKE

Well, perhaps I can cut you a deal, then. An opportunity, if you will. To prove your innocence. And I suppose, your loyalty; to our glorious ideal, to our perfect society.

Sarah's eyes dart upwards. Yorke reaches under his chair and produces a small iron-plated case. He flicks the hinges open and briefly inspects the object inside. Then, he spins the case around and slides it to Sarah. Inside is a 9mm pistol. Sarah looks at the object, stunned.

YORKE (CONT'D)

We've reviewed your moral record and, aside from some minor transgressions, you've been nothing short of a model citizen. As such, we're willing to restore your moral credit to its prior levels, effective immediately.

Sarah's eyes light up.

YORKE (CONT'D)

That is, of course, if you're willing to do what needs to be done.

She looks at Yorke in horror. Then, with a guilty look on her face, she turns away.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. LARGE FIELD - DAY

CLOSE-UP OF OLIVER'S FACE.

Oliver opens his eyes. Devastated, but powerless, he resigns himself to the inevitable.

CUT TO:

WIDE. CAMERA PANS RIGHT.

Sarah stands in the centre of the field, her arm outstretched, obediently awaiting Lieutenant Yorke's next instruction.

CAMERA PANS LEFT.

A thundering gunshot. Oliver slumps to the ground, lifeless.

YORKE  
(in the background)  
Good work.

Silence. The snow-covered field sparkles majestically amidst the quiet grandeur of the forest behind it. The scene is beautiful.

SLOW ZOOM-IN.

MUSIC CUE: 'No Surprises' - Radiohead

THOM YORKE (V.O.)  
(Lyrics. Singing.)  
*I'll take a quiet life. A handshake  
of carbon monoxide. For no alarms  
and no surprises.*

End credits.

THOM YORKE (V.O.)  
*Silent. Silent.*

FADE TO BLACK.