

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

SMASH! The flying patient crashes into one of the asylum's windows.

EDMOND stays behind, watching the patients doing a 'naked konga'. He closes his eyes, taking a deep breath.

DR. EDMOND
(psyching himself)
Just think of the promotion. Think
of the promotion.

INT. THE BOX ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A door opens onto a steaming boiler room with a small wooden crate in the middle.

RUPERT drags LUCIFER by the hair.

RUPERT
That will calm you down Lucifer,
not all that progressive German
rubbish.

Lucifer grabs hold of a pipe, clinging desperately onto it - his last lifeline.

RUPERT
Stop it. STOP IT. Let go. It's
good for you Lucifer.

RUPERT pushes the lid of the BOX open. He has to force tall LUCIFER to twist and bend until he almost fits in, only his bum sticks out.

RUPERT
In you go. IN! Get in there.

RUPERT slams the lid down, hopping on top of it until his weight forces it shut. He locks up, gluing his cheek to the old wood, caressing it with his hand.

Suddenly he hears the voice of DR. SCHMIDT outside in the corridor.

DR. SCHMIDT (O.S.)
(chats to Edmond)
... So I told Sigmund exactly what
I think about his ludicrous dream
analysis theory.

*

*

RUPERT grabs BOUGAINVILLEA and dashes to the door. He attempts to shut it, but the door squeaks loudly. RUPERT hides in the corner.