

INT. THE MAZE - CORRIDOR 1

CLOSE UP: Experiment 10856# sits on a chair, fast asleep. His hair is a tangled mess, he is wearing a suit that is patterned with blood and drenched in sweat.

He begins to look around in disbelief, bewildered by his surroundings.

His hand is clutching something, a piece of paper that he holds up. It reads: Experiment #10856, your aim is to get to the end of the maze.

He begins to pant furiously, bewildered by his surroundings. His head begins to rock violently back and forth, his eyes searching for meaning or a clue as to where he is.

The corridor stands before him, a bastial abyss with doors standing tall and intimidating on either side. Beside one of them is a flower pot standing on a single table, the colors dull and worn.

His eyes then come to meet a sombre sign, Planta 1.

Suddenly and without explanation, his shackles become unbound. He stands up, a deer in the headlights.

The experiment begins to wander feverishly around the maze, expecting something to pounce on him, his actions are that of a terrified prey.

Above the corridor, in the corner, was the jet black shell of a security camera. The lens methodically monitors his every move.

Frantically, he begins to pull the handles on the door, but to no avail.

In defeat, his head turns to the end of the corridor, where perhaps his escape lies.

In front of him, two dull amber like doors, tightly sealed together with only the single slit in between them, form the shape of an elevator.

His right hand shakily ascends, in an attempt to find a way to pry open the doors.

The doors slowly open, without warning, as if they had a mind of their own.

He enters, and with a hint of triumph presses the button for the second floor.

ELEVATOR MUSIC BEGINS PLAYING

The lift begins to ascend, with only the sound of eerie elevator music to accompany Exp.

The door lifts open to greet Exp to an identical looking corridor, much to his dismay.

To his utter bewilderment, his eyes meet a sign saying PLANTA 1.

In agonizing defeat at having been denied his freedom, exp throws his arms to the floor, taking a moment to recompose himself.

He begrudgingly heaves himself up from the floor, his eyes staring coldly forward.

EXP begins running to the end of this corridor, certain that this corridor has to have some difference to the first one.

He tries a different door, frantically tampering with the handle, but to no avail.

The door lock stares blankly at him, capturing EXPS dread and increasingly worsening anxiety.

He begins to sprint once more, the security camera closely eyeing his every move, like a hawk leers at its prey.

EXP scrambles into the elevator and decides to press the tenth floor, in an effort to outwit the maze.

EXP closes his eyes  
Has a flashback of a MAN punching him in the face  
This cuts to a WOMAN and the MAN dragging him into the boot  
of a car

WOMAN: let's take him in

EXP opens eyes again as the elevator door opens

He arrives at the same floor, the same sign, the same flower pot, the same doors, **the same feeling of being trapped**. In a desperate attempt to distinguish when and where he is, he screams

Experiment 10856: FUUUUUCKKK

What follows is EXPS descent into madness, every door he tries, every floor he presses, every different action he does, results in the same floor. Discord and utter confusion begins to swarm exps mind, wherever he goes and no matter how hard he tries, he is doomed to repeat the same mundane task of walking down the same corridor for what seems like eternity.

In his blind rage, he breaks the flower pot sitting on the table. It shatters to pieces. To his trepidation however, this provides no emotional refuge to his suffering.

In his mind, he begins to plead to the maze to let him free, to apologize for anything he did to deserve this. (his actions mirror this, as he begins to go slower and his actions become more feeble)

He arrives at the elevator for what feels like the upteenth time. His hand shakily goes to press a different button, it no longer mattered to him which one.

At that moment, visions that are not of the maze teem into his mind, much to his euphoric liberty.

In his wild, unkempt memories, he stands in a car park outside a bar. He seems to be arguing with someone.

A second, clearer vision comes, of exp being dragged into the back of a car.

Suddenly his eyes snap open, the corridor lies in front of him. With the flower pot and flower perfectly intact, as if it had never been touched at all.

Nearing his complete dismantling of the sliver of sanity exp has left, something changes. It seems as if his eternal nightmare is over, when EXP notices a door frame instead of an elevator at the end of the corridor. As if he were about to enter a funeral parlor, he enters into the doorway to find that the interior of the elevator is gone, replaced with a poorly lit room.

What stands before him is a squat table, on top of it a briefcase. It looked modern, yet worn; some of its paint being scratched off and a noticeable hand mark resting on the handle, **as if it had been opened before, many times.**

His hands come to the handle of the briefcase, and he slowly lifts it open.

With eyes like burning disks of brown fire, the nature of his existence in the maze becomes fleetingly clear to him. Unable to pry his eyes away from the content of the briefcase, the somber and horrific delusion of the "reality" in his confinement strips away the little of his sanity he has left.

TITLE CARD