

EPISODE 1 - ORIENTATION

Written by

Hannah Schooner & Giancarlo Herrera

The sound of a RUMBLING VAN fades in as five D-Class Personnel are jostled in the back. D-12601, D-12602, D-12603, RODNEY, and D-12605 all GRUNT or GROAN in reaction to a pothole, before the van's breaks SQUEAK. JACK, the Mobile Task Force Commander, throws open the rear doors.

JACK
Alright, folks. We ready? This is your chance to get your life together. Or not. Your choice.

The D-Class are heard shuffling out of the van, GRUNTS of effort as they leap down onto the cold asphalt below.

JACK (CONT'D)
Watch your steps. It's icy.

RODNEY hops out, slipping on the ice and onto Jack's arm.

RODNEY
Oof!

JACK
What did I just say?

RODNEY
(A bit too cheery)
Right, sorry. Thanks!

JACK
...sure. Alright, this way gang.

Armed guards step aside as Jack inputs a security code and the reinforced double doors release with a HISS. The audio grows thinner and more staticky as we

FADE TO:

Two figures, SUPERVISOR 1 and SUPERVISOR 2, sit before a suite of screens playing an unfathomable number of security camera feeds.

SUPERVISOR 1
And this is?

SUPERVISOR 2
D-12604. AKA Rodney L.

SUPERVISOR 1
And the other D-Class with him?

SUPERVISOR 2
 D-12601, D-12602, D-12603, and D-12605. Largely inconsequential.
 (Beat)
 In the grand scheme of things.

SUPERVISOR 1
 I understand D-12604's recruitment into the Foundation is worthy of some consideration?

SUPERVISOR 2
 Yeah. It was uh... atypical. To say the least.

Supervisor 2 TYPES on a nearby computer, pulling up Rodney's file.

SUPERVISOR 2 (CONT'D)
 Rodney, here was-

SUPERVISOR 1
 D-12604, you mean.

SUPERVISOR 2
 Apologies. *D-12604* here is one of the only D-Class personnel on record that actively sought out their status.

SUPERVISOR 1
 Hmm. Background?

SUPERVISOR 2
 After a failed attempt at a tech startup run out of his mother's garage - "RodTech Incorporated LLC" - *D-12604* fell down a rabbit hole.

SUPERVISOR 1
 What was the premise of his work?

SUPERVISOR 2
 He wanted to build "the world's first decentralized blockchain-based meme sharing platform"

FLASH TO:

3 INT. RODNEY'S MOTHER'S GARAGE - ABOUT A YEAR AGO

3

RODNEY
 I'm telling you. This is gonna change the way we communicate.
 (MORE)

RODNEY (CONT'D)

We are going to look back on what we did here today and compare it to Nikola Tesla and Thomas Edison in THEIR mom's garages.

RODNEY'S MOM

I'm listening.

RODNEY

So you know when you think of a really great meme? And then you post it, but one of those karma-farming bots finds it and reposts it on like 100 other subreddits and then they get all the credit? Imagine IF, using the power of the blockchain, your memes could be irrevocably traced back to YOU. And whenever someone builds on your meme you can trace that lineage all the way back to your first post. It'd be like having a meme family record.

RODNEY'S MOM

That sounds... wonderful, sweetheart.

RODNEY

Thanks, mom.

BACK TO:

4 INT. SUPERVISOR'S SUITE

4

SUPERVISOR 1

Inconsequential?

SUPERVISOR 2

Correct.

SUPERVISOR 1

Proceed.

SUPERVISOR 2

After exhausting his seed funding provided by his mother and a now estranged uncle, he took up working at a comic book store. But his real work was conducted on reddit, by night.

SUPERVISOR 1
Is this copious amount of detail
absolutely necessary?

SUPERVISOR 2
Long story short, he caught onto
Foundation rumors. But the real
ones. He kept trying to reach out
to us by leaving all caps comments
in online forums.

We hear Supervisor 2 FLIP through some papers.

SUPERVISOR 2 (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Such as... "THE FOUNDATION IS REAL
AND I CAN PROVE IT! DM FOR PICS"
Or, "10 LIKES AND I'LL DROP A
FOUNDATION SITE'S ADDY" and even
"PLEASE OH PLEASE LET ME JOIN THE
FOUNDATION I'LL DO ANYTHING
HONESTLY YOU CAN HAVE MY KIDNEY-
BOTH OF THEM IN FACT I WILL QUITE
LITERALLY DO ANYTHING I KNOW YOU'RE
THERE AND CAN SEE THIS."

SUPERVISOR 1
Subtle.

SUPERVISOR 2
When all else failed, he managed to
um... kidnap... a junior
researcher...

SUPERVISOR 1
Impressive.

SUPERVISOR 2
Indeed! Well, he simply wanted a
job in the Foundation to quote
"explore the unknown and be
badass". Unorthodox. But we were in
need of more D-Class and we figured
the tenacity would make for a good
expendable research subject.

SUPERVISOR 1
And how does this lead us to today?

SUPERVISOR 2
Well, let me show you Rod- D-
12604's first day on the job.

FADE TO

5 INT. FOUNDATION SITE

5

JACK

Alright, D-class, gather 'round.

Jack PRESSES a button, and an old projector begins to play. Cheery retro-future muzak fades in as a Foundation Orientation video plays.

ORIENTATION VIDEO

Hello! And welcome initiate, to the Foundation! Never heard of us?

RODNEY

(Interjecting under his breath)

I have!

ORIENTATION VIDEO

That's by design! The Foundation's place in society is to keep the public safe. Think of us as a friendly neighborhood watch that keeps an eye out for all the creepy crawlies lurking in the dark so that you don't have to. The world out there is *far* scarier than you could possibly know. But thanks to the Foundation, the veneer of comfort and safety remains intact.

D-12601

What the fuck?

ORIENTATION VIDEO

Look around you. What do you see?

RODNEY

Hi!

D-12602

(Growls threateningly)

RODNEY

(cheery)

... Okay!

ORIENTATION VIDEO

I'll give you a hint. It's criminals! All of you in this room have broken the law!

RODNEY

Not really, but I get it.

ORIENTATION VIDEO

Through this breach of the social contract, society has deemed your lives forfeit.

D-12605

Oh fuck off...

ORIENTATION VIDEO

But thanks to the generosity of the 05 Council and the Foundation you are being given an opportunity to give back. The Foundation runs largely in part thanks to the contributions of criminals, just like you! D-Class personnel are tasked with assisting Foundation researchers with tasks critical to preserving our safe, mundane lives on earth. Should you choose to accept, you will be born anew under the Foundation's light. Your prior trespasses washed away by your dedication to our mission. Secure. Contain. Protect. Should you choose to embark on this new life you will face a series of exciting challenges ahead. Your time on this earth - however long that might be - will be dedicated to the betterment of the world. We sure hope you'll join us.

RODNEY

I'm down!

D-12603

(under their breath)

Do we even have a choice at this point?

The projector CLICKS off and a heavy door swings open as JANICE enters and begins to hand out clipboards and pens with Foundation agreements.

JANICE

Hello, hello! Nice to meet you all, I'm Janice S. I'm Dr. Holmwood's research assistant and I'll be walking you all through the work today. These clipboards just have some documentation that basically says what you just saw in the video.

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

Please sign where the X's are to indicate that you understand and accept that your former identities will be essentially discarded and you will be considered to be under the Foundation's supervision at all times. Any contact with individuals outside of the Foundation is strictly prohibited without prior approval and you may be required to engage in tasks including but not limited to: heavy lifting, sanitizing tasks, cognitive tests, medical experiments, artistic endeavors, and more at the Foundation's behest. The tasks may pose grave and mortal danger but the Foundation will exercise a reasonable level of care and caution as dictated by our internal review board. Any questions?

D-12601

So. If we sign this. We're free?

JANICE

From Prison? Yes.

D-12601

Sick.

RODNEY

In the "name" portion it just has this number. Should I write on top of it?

JANICE

No, no need. While within the Foundation we can just refer to you as...

We hear fabric RUSTLE as Janice notes Rodney's patch.

JANICE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

D-12604!

RODNEY

But... my name is Rodney.

JANICE

Was Rodney. Now, if we can get these all signed Dr.

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)
Holmwood is waiting for you guys in
the testing chamber!

RODNEY
(Whispered to D-12602)
She'll come around. You'll see.

D-12602
(Growls noncomittally)

FADE TO:

6 INT. TESTING CHAMBER

6

Hydraulics HISS as a vaulted door SLAMS shut behind the D-Class Personnel. DR. HOLMWOOD'S voice crackles to life over an intercom as a loud, cold mist SPRAYS them down.

DR. HOLMWOOD
Good afternoon, D-Class. My name is
Dr. Holmwood and I'll be conducting
today's experiment. Mind the mist,
it's simply a sanitizing spray.

RODNEY
(Giggly, startled,
excited)
Ooh, that's cold.

DR. HOLMWOOD
Today's test is a simple one. And
I- hm?

Dr. Holmwood's voice cuts off as they converse with Janice on the other side of the observation chamber.

RODNEY
This is exciting! Right guys?

D-12601
Sure.

The intercom crackles to life again as Janice takes over.

JANICE
(audibly nervous, but
exceedingly competent)
Hi, there. Janice again. From
earlier. So, um. Today's experiment
is simple. If you look to your
right...

A panel SLIDES down with an audible SCRAPE, revealing a pantry stocked with ingredients.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You'll see an assortment of nice, fresh ingredients. I'd be surprised if you wanted something that wasn't somewhere on that shelf! Hahahaha... Ahem. Um, anyways do you see those "x" marks on the floor? If I could just have you all stand on those in order of your number, we can get started.

The D-class personnel move to stand on the X's.

D-12602
(Annoyed Growl)

JANICE

Okay... D-12603 if you could step back just a smidge please.

D-12603
You got it.

D-12603 steps back. More CLUNKS and HISSES are heard as cooking stations rise out of the paneled metal flooring.

JANICE

In front of each of you is a standard kitchen set. Oven, stove, microwave, air fryer, blender, toaster, one of those little egg cookers that never quite does its job the way you'd hope. The whole kit and caboodle.

RODNEY

Woah, nice!

JANICE

Your task is simple. Make a meal you'd like to eat.

D-12603
... That's it?

JANICE

That is, indeed, it, D-12603. Just make a meal you'd like to eat. Take your time. When you're all ready we'll move on to step two.

FADE TO:

7 INT. SUPERVISOR'S SUITE

7

SUPERVISOR 1

I presume this research serves some part in explaining the events to come, yes?

SUPERVISOR 2

Absolutely! Had D-12604 not joined the Foundation on this particular day and undergone this particular experiment, it's likely none of the events that follow would have come to pass.

SUPERVISOR 1

Anything we should know regarding this...

SUPERVISOR 2

David?

SUPERVISOR 1

Excuse me?

SUPERVISOR 2

Apologies. This particular entity's classification is as of yet incomplete. Though it does bear some resemblance to data from some of our partners abroad.

SUPERVISOR 1

Noted. So, is there anything we should know?

SUPERVISOR 2

The entity has... particular tastes. The purpose of this particular experiment was to try to narrow the scope of its... predilections.

SUPERVISOR 1

Understood. Continue.

FADE TO:

SIZZLING and CHOPPING, and other cooking noises ring out in the background. Janice's voice CRACKLES over the intercom, overly energetic.

JANICE

Alright, D-Class! How are we looking?

D-12601

Almost done.

D-12602

(Growls in confirmation)

D-12603

Yeah, good.

D-12605

I think I did it.

RODNEY

Uh... Yeah, I don't cook much. But I made one of my favorite weekend treats!

JANICE

That's perfectly fine. Whatever calls to you is a totally valid choice. If you guys could just start wrapping it up, I'd love for you all to speak nice and clear for the microphones and describe what you've prepped.

D-12605

I'm not going first.

JANICE

O-kay, D-12601, why don't we start with you?

D-12601

Yeah. Just finishing putting the glaze on but this is my extra crispy pork belly served over polenta.

JANICE

Ooh, very nice! I can smell it from over here!

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

(Beat)

I can't actually smell from over here but you take my meaning... D-12602, what've you got?

D-12602

(Quiet threatening growl)

JANICE

Um. If you could just- speak up. A, uh- A little louder?

D-12602

(Growls louder, angry)

JANICE

Could one of you have a look at the plate and describe it for me?

D-12601

Uh, looks like he made a bowl of cereal ma'am.

JANICE

What kind?

D-12601

I'm not sure, I don't really do-

RODNEY

Fruity pebbles! But the generic kind.

(To D-12602)

Good choice!

D-12602

(Growls in thanks)

JANICE

D-12603?

D-12603

Uh, Yeah, I made my mom's green rice.

JANICE

Ooh, what's in that?

D-12603

Uh, well, rice to start. Lotta spinach. Cheese. I made one with chicken and another with mushrooms just in case.

JANICE
Very nice, thank you. D-12604?

RODNEY
Rodney!

JANICE
I said what I said.

RODNEY
I'll get you, you'll see.

JANICE
Ahem. Your dish?

RODNEY
Oh! I made my weekend bowl.

JANICE
... What's a weekend bowl?

RODNEY
Well, I tried making eggs and bacon
but those got burnt pretty fast so
I made my go-to. A weekend bowl is
a *BIG* bowl filled with a layer of
crunchy Cheetos, a layer of
microwaved American cheese, bacon
jerky sprinkles, crushed up
Pringles and just a *liiiiight*
drizzle of melted jolly ranchers.
It's called a weekend bowl because
if you make it in a big enough bowl
you can just eat that all weekend
long!!

(A long beat.)

JANICE
Very... *creative*. And, D-12605?

D-12605
BLT.

JANICE
Pardon?

D-12605
(Aggravated)
It's a BLT! Jesus, fuck.

JANICE

Oh ok. Sorry. Didn't hear you...
Umm ok. Yep. One second please,
everyone.

Janice's voice continues to come out over the intercom, though slightly more distant as she steps away but leaves the mic activated.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Gosh, What a *jerk*. So how do we
wanna-

D-12605

I CAN STILL HEAR YOU, CUPCAKE!

JANICE

Oh, Fuc-

We hear some JOSTLING as Janice tries to quickly find the right button. The intercom shuts off.

The D-Class personnel shuffle awkwardly inside the testing chamber.

RODNEY

Well, this is nice!

Beat.

RODNEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Hey 12601, what's your real name?

D-12601

Nope.

RODNEY

Oh, okay... Hey, where'd you learn
how to cook? That looks great!

Beat.

D-12601

(hesitant at first)

... Yeah, it does. Doesn't it? My
wife- or, ex-wife's family ran a
small restaurant... When their dad
got sick, he taught the whole
family his recipes. Guess I picked
'em up ok.

RODNEY
Awww, that's sweet!

D-12601
... Yeah.

Gears GRIND, motors STRAIN, and metal panels BUCKLE as DAVID'S cage is opened remotely.

RODNEY
Do you two still talk?

D-12601
Yeah, I'm not getting into that with you.

RODNEY
Oh, come onnnnn!!

D-12605
Uh, what's happening? What is that?!

The intercom CRACKLES back to life.

JANICE
Hello D-Class, it's Janice. Still. Um please, remain calm! We're moving on to stage two of the experiment. For this next bit it is imperative that you all remain at your stations. Do not turn around. Don't stress. Just um... Stand. There. And we will... observe. Thank you!

D-12603
Why can't we turn around?

Heavy footsteps THUD in the background

JANICE
It is imperative to the integrity of the study that we keep as many factors constant as we can, so it's just easier if you stay in your place.

A hydraulic CLANG rings out as the D-class are restrained by their legs. The D-class pull against their restraints.

D-12605
What the FUCK!

D-12602
(frustrated growl)

D-12603
Um...

RODNEY
Woah.

Janice calls out over the intercom.

JANICE
Do not panic! The restraints are
there for your protection.

THUD, THUD, THUD as David draws nearer.

D-12605
(panicking)
Yeah, uh, Janice? I don't like
that. What is that? I didn't sign
up to play fuckin' games!

Dr. Holmwood takes over the intercom with firm,
authoritative energy.

DR. HOLMWOOD
I will remind you that you all
quite literally signed up to play
whichever games the Foundation
deems necessary. Shut up and face
forward.

One final THUD as David steps up behind D-12601. We hear
sickening CHITTERING and SQUELCHING as David's sensory
organs open up. A deep, animalistic INHALE as they suck in
the aroma of D-12601's ex-wife's father's pork belly.

D-12601
(Panicky)
Uh, Guys?! Is it- What is it? What
is this thing? What's it doing? Is
it behind me??

D-12605
Holy fuck.

DAVID
YUMMY.

A sickening CRUNCH and SPLASH as David's sensory cavity
snaps shut over D-12601's head like a bear trap popping a
water ballon.

The D-Class SCREAM in horror as D-12601's body flops over onto the plate, gaping neck landing in the polenta. The D-class panic and pull against their restraints.

D-12602
(Frightened growl)

D-12603
OH MY GOD!

D-12605
HIS FUCKING HEAD! ITS... GONE!

RODNEY
(Almost dream-like)
Woah...

David begins to SLURP up D-12601's body like a spaghetti noodle, letting out pleased sounds of blissful, monstrous delight. The jumbled screams continue.

D-12605
No. No! NO! What the fucking **fuck**, bro? Nah nah nah nah. A **man** is NOT a **spaghetti noodle**! OH MY GOD!

D-12603
Somebody do something!!

RODNEY
(In stunned awe)
Where did they find you?

FADE TO:

9 INT. SUPERVISOR'S SUITE

9

The sounds of the continued carnage play over the tinny surveillance system speakers as the Supervisors speak. Supervisor 1 flips through a notebook, referencing their notes on future events.

SUPERVISOR 1
And so *this* was D-12604's first encounter with the entity?

SUPERVISOR 2
Correct. As you're surely aware, it was not the last. But we have come to believe that some exchange took place - some interaction or realization or delusion - in these brief moments that brought us to today.

SUPERVISOR 1

These events took place months ago. Your team has been given more than ample time to review our data and prepare a comprehensive report. Is this... *conjecture* truly all we have to work with?

SUPERVISOR 2

As far as D-12604's induction to the Foundation and initial encounter with the entity, I am afraid so.

SUPERVISOR 1

This is beyond unacceptable, as I am sure you know. What of the biometrics? Enhanced surveillance footage? This is a matter that has potential security implications for Foundation sites worldwide. Why are we not thoroughly exhausting our options for analysis.

SUPERVISOR 2

Well.

SUPERVISOR 1

Yes?!

SUPERVISOR 2

If you would turn your attention back to the view screen you would understand that - D-12602's um... *generic fruity pebbles*... obscured our equipment's view of the study for about 127 seconds. During which time the rest of the participants were dispatched.

SUPERVISOR 1

... I see.

FADE TO:

D-12602
(Gargled, pained Growl)

David RIPS D-12602 to shreds with his claws and begins to EAT. The sounds of sinew releasing bone with wet squelches rings out in harmony with David's delighted, crackling guttural hisses.

Amidst the chaos, electronic CRACKLING is heard as surveillance equipment struggles to lock back on to the action through a shroud of cereal milk and soggy generic fruity pebbles.

Cooking stations break, and D-12603 and RODNEY are released. Their chains give way. D-12603 LAUGHS in terrified relief.

D-12603
Oh... Oh my god... Thank you. THANK YOU! We're loose. Ron- whoever you are. Let's get out of here!

RODNEY
Hmm...

D-12605
Hey what about me? Break these off me!

D-12603
I- I can't... Sorry!

Servos go wild softly in the background as D-12603 RUNS up to the glass and begins to POUND on it desperately, tears running down their face as their voice goes raw from horrified screaming.

D-12603 (CONT'D)
LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT! PLEASE,
GOD, PLEASE!!!

D-12602's head PLOPS onto the ground wetly, the final remnants of a GROWL escaping their eviscerated, dangling vocal folds.

D-12602
(weak, last breath growl)

D-12603 audibly SHUDDERS and backs away from the severed head. A thudding STEP resounds.

D-12603 (CONT'D)
(whimpering)
Oh god... Oh god... Agh...

STEP. D-12603 looks over their shoulder and the breath is stolen from their lungs in a shocked, shuddering gasp.

D-12603 (CONT'D)
(shuddering gasp)

STEP. STEP. D-12603 takes a GULP of air and begins to pound on the glass again. Weaker this time. Running on the fumes of instinct as they have subconsciously resigned to their fate.

D-12603 (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Please, I'LL DO ANYTHING. ANYTHING!
JUST TAKE ME BACK!! Take me back...
TAKE ME BACK...

David's sensory organs once again spread wide. The GURGLING, HISSING, and SQUELCHING drowning out D-12603's ever softening pleas.

The scene shifts over to Rodney and D-12605. All the while, David savors D-12603's soft sobs.

D-12605
Okay, we gotta get the *fuck* outta here, dude. Help me out of these chains... Can you fight?

RODNEY
Ooh! Do you think that's part of it?

D-12605
Part of *what*?

RODNEY
The initiation. I mean, obviously most of us weren't going to make it through this but I wasn't able to find any information on what happens to D-Class who survive an encounter!

D-12605
What the *fuck* are you talking about? Did you know what this was going to be?!

RODNEY

I mean not fully, but a little bit.
Now, I like your *fight* idea but I
don't know, it really feels like
the Foundation would want people
who can follow orders, you know?

D-12605

Wha- People. Are. **DYING**. HELP ME
OUT OF THESE FUCKING CHAINS!

The scene shifts back over to D-12603. The unnerving sounds
of David's savoring have grown to a crescendo. D-12603 takes
one, final shuddering breath. The rooms grows unnaturally
still for just a beat.

D-12603

(sobbing)
I'm sorry, mom.

SNAP as David cleaves D-12603 in two. Gross, wet chewing
fills the chamber as the scene shifts back to Rodney and D-
12605.

D-12605

FUCK. Look man, we need to do
something... I don't have time for
your weird bullshit. **Help me get
out**.

RODNEY

I don't know... I really think
they'll let us out when we complete
the objective.

In the background, David whips D-12603's remains about like
a dog tearing into a toy. A portion of D-12603's leg tears
off. It soars across the chamber until it SPLATS against a
wall behind Rodney and D-12605.

D-12605

Gah!

Beat.

... Fuck it.

D-12605 GRUNTS as he KICKS Rodney out into the open. D-12605
begins to desperately try to pry his restraints open. Rodney
lands with a THUD, the wind knocked out of him. He speaks as
he picks himself up off the ground.

RODNEY

Hey! There's no good reason to kick
me, it's not like-
(MORE)

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 (A beat, as an utterly
 wrong realization dawns
 on Rodney)
 Ohhhhhhh! Good thinking!

Rodney RUNS over to his station to pick up his dish as David's heavy STEPS draw near. We hear labored BREATHS as Rodney puts everything together, adrenaline pumping. Rodney begins to present his dish - Hell's Kitchen style - as David's sensory organs open wide.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 Hello! My name is Rodney and today
 I've got my famous Weekend Bowl for
 your tasting pleasure.

David's sense organs SQUEAL as a gushing BREATH blasts Rodney's face, causing him to speak louder.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 Look at those teeth! No, they're
 like... hairs? Wow, I've never seen
 anything like it-

David ROARS in displeasure, shutting Rodney up.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 Right, the dish. My bad, Chef!
 Today's weekend bowl is a yummy bed
 of crunchy Cheetos with Cheese
 Americana *a la* microwave.

David continues to ROAR and GROAN in displeasure until Rodney is nearly yelling.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 I know! Nothing revolutionary. Yet!
 The real innovation is in the
 minced Bacon Jerky topping, Pringle
 dust garnish, and-

David's roar BOOMS out, shattering nearby glass and knocking D-12605 off their feet. Rodney SHOUTS the last of his presentation.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 HEAR ME OUT! THE JOLLY RANCHER
 DRIZZLE REALLY BRINGS IT ALL
 TOGETHER! YOU'LL NEVER HAVE LOW
 BLOOD SUGAR AGAIN!

David's VOCALIZING reaches its apex and we hear the familiar sound of the sensory organs SNAPPING shut as the scene abruptly fades to the still, unusually serene observation chamber with Janice and Dr. Holmwood.

FADE TO:

11

INT. OBSERVATION CHAMBER

11

We have clearly cut into the middle of a conversation. Some muffled SCREAMS are barely heard through the glass, but they're there. Janice is all smiles and giggles. Stephanie has an aloof, easy energy to her. There is an unusual tension in the air. Almost romantic.

JANICE

You'll have to tell me more
sometime, Dr. Holmwood.

DR. HOLMWOOD

I most certainly will, Janice my
dear. We'll be spending many long
hours together in the days to come.

JANICE

Well, um... Here's to that.

Their coffee mugs CLINK together as Janice and Stephanie DRINK up some of the dark liquid. Janice lets out a dreamy SIGH as Dr. Holmwood GRUNTS at the bitter drink. David's thudding steps are muted, and a sickening CRUNCH is heard as D-12605 is stepped on by David, their screams ringing out as a particularly gross blood splatter lands on the glass.

DR. HOLMWOOD

It really is terrible coffee, isn't
it?

Janice LAUGHS before turning back to the blood covered glass of the observation chamber.

JANICE

I can't see anything through all
this blood. But... it sounds quiet.
Do you think we're done?

DR. HOLMWOOD

Give it another moment. I lost
connection to the monitoring
equipment inside the chamber but
hopefully its got a clear view.

(beat)

Janice, would you-

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK! Janice JUMPS as the sound of tapping on the glass startles her.

JANICE
 Good God!
 (A beat as she catches
 her breath)
 Is that...

The scene shifts back to a blood soaked Rodney in the testing chamber. All is quiet save for the wet DRIPS of viscera.

FADE TO:

12 INT. TESTING CHAMBER 12

RODNEY
 Hello?
 (beat)
 Hello?! Um... Can I get a hint? Do
 you do that? Cuz I *think* I did what
 you wanted!

FADE TO:

13 INT. SUPERVISOR'S SUITE 13

SUPERVISOR 1
 And that is all we have?

SUPERVISOR 2
 Biometrics indicate Rod- erhm, D-
 12604 experienced elevated
 breathing and heart rate over the
 course of those two minutes,
 quickly calming down about 15
 seconds before the surveillance
 equipment was able to shake off the
 fruity pebbles.

SUPERVISOR 1
Generic fruity pebbles.

SUPERVISOR 2
 Of course.

SUPERVISOR 1
 D-12604's restraints were broken at
 the same time as D-12603's... But
 he didn't run.

SUPERVISOR 2

No, he didn't. He seemed to have a morbid fascination with the creature, and a desire to impress the foundation.

SUPERVISOR 1

I see... And what of D-12603 and D-12605?

SUPERVISOR 2

Our researchers confirmed having witnessed D-12603's death at the hands of the entity. As for D-12605. That is a bit more unclear.

SUPERVISOR 1

Unclear how?

SUPERVISOR 2

Well, they were found dead after the session, but their expiration occurred in the period of total obstruction. Neither the researchers nor our equipment can confirm our theories.

SUPERVISOR 1

Is it possible D-12604 is responsible?

SUPERVISOR 2

Possible? Absolutely. Likely? Not quite.

SUPERVISOR 1

Explain.

SUPERVISOR 2

Well, when our sanitation specialist, Fren M., entered the room they helped catalog the scene. Their reports indicate finding D-12605 sprawled on the ground between the entity's last observable location and their containment chamber.

SUPERVISOR 1

I do not understand how this makes D-12604's involvement any less likely.

SUPERVISOR 2

Well, they were found with a gaping wound to the torso. Said wound's size and shape was found to be consistent with Dav- ahem, the entity's foot.

SUPERVISOR 1

Interesting.

SUPERVISOR 2

Our leading theory - odd as it may sound - is that the entity actually rushed to get away from D-12604.

SUPERVISOR 1

More interesting still.

SUPERVISOR 2

I thought so too. Ultimately though, this is how D-12604 comes to their position in the Foundation.

SUPERVISOR 1

Hm. My understanding is that D-12604 never receives a proper assignment after this. How can that be?

SUPERVISOR 2

Ah, yes. Honestly? It boils down to wrong place, wrong time.

SUPERVISOR 1

How so?

SUPERVISOR 2

Well, after the session and D-12604's survival, our Research Assistant Janice S. was set to the task of orienting D-12604.

FADE TO:

14

INT. TESTING CHAMBER

14

A hydraulic steel door slides shut behind Rodney as Janice approaches.

JANICE

D-12604-

RODNEY

Rodney.

JANICE

D-12604, congratulations! And
welcome to the Foundation.

RODNEY

Thanks! I knew we weren't supposed
to run.

JANICE

(Slightly uneasy)
Are you alright?

RODNEY

Oh, yeah. I'm good.

JANICE

What did you- Nevermind.

RODNEY

No, what is it?

JANICE

Your past is none of my - or anyone
else's - concern. As D-12604 -

RODNEY

Rodney.

JANICE

- your slate has been wiped clean.
Speaking of clean. We should get
you to the showers.

The sound of a ROLLING cleaning cart approaches as FREN
makes their way toward the chamber.

FREN

Janice.

JANICE

Fren! Good to see you.

FREN

Yeah... Heard you need me?

JANICE

(somewhat remorseful)
Oh, um. Yeah...

Janice presses a button and the door to the testing chamber SLIDES open, revealing the glooping, dripping wet mess of food and viscera.

FREN

Je-sus.

Janice takes Rodney by the hand, hurriedly making their way toward the restrooms.

JANICE

Good luck, Fren!

RODNEY

Thanks, Fren! Whoever you are!

FREN

Who are- What- I- **Ugh.**

15

INT. SITE HALLWAYS

15

The restroom door SWINGS open as RODNEY steps out, clean and pristine.

JANICE

Better?

RODNEY

Much. I've never seen whole body dryers before!

JANICE

Consider it a perk of the job.

RODNEY

Sweet.

JANICE

Now, D-12604.

RODNEY

Rodney.

JANICE

We're going to need to conduct a brief interview with you before we can conclude this assignment. The matter of your *next* assignment is usually something that would get kicked up the chain of command, but Dr. Holmwood and I could really-

Two sets of footsteps can be heard POUNDING down the hallways as BURT and KURT storm in. Burt bumps into Janice and Kurt bumps into Rodney. They each let out a GRUNT.

BURT

Janice!

KURT

Janice!

JANICE

Burt? Kurt?

KURT

Who's this guy?

JANICE

D-126-

RODNEY

Rodney!

KURT

Hey, Rodney!

Janice SIGHS.

RODNEY

Hi!

BURT AND KURT

JANICE!

JANICE

Yes! What?!

BURT

You gotta come with us!

JANICE

What? Where? Now?

BURT

There's no time!

KURT

Just come!

BURT AND KURT

We found something **BIG**.

Burt and Kurt begin to RUN back the way they came.

JANICE
But we're in the middle of-

BURT
No time, Janice! It's important!

JANICE
Urghhh... We'll continue this
later. Come on!

Janice and Rodney RUN after the twins.