

Bismarck

By

Tomasz Jelinski

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Early Days Productions
earlydaysproductions@gmail.com

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

GLOOMY ROOM, NARROW WINDOWS BY THE CEILING. KATE, pretty posh 30 wakes up tied to a chair. She's been beaten. SMALL CAMERA records her face. She scans her surrounding frantically. SUDDENLY, she looks straight ahead and WAILS.

KATE
NOO NOOO NOO NOO!!!

GAS, late 30's, neddy - junkie look, sits across. Small *Britian First* medal on his chest, ELECTRIC DRILL in hand, RECORDING CAMERA ON SMALL TRIPOD to his side, closed door behind him. Wee table stands between them by the windows, toolbox on top. He nods to her face.

GAS
How is your hand, cunt?

THICK, LONG SCREW sticks out from her left hand, blood drips along. One other screw is drilled deep in her hand. She almost faints as Gas stands up, drill in hand.

KATE
WHYYY ARRE YOU DOING THIS!?!

GAS
SHUT UP, WHORE!

And he drills the screw into her hand, inch by inch.

GAS
Fucking CONFESS!

KATE
ARRRGGGGHHHHH!!!

He drills another inch in. And another. Kate faints, screw goes through her hand and the chair arm, blood drips from the bottom.

FADE OUT

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

START OF THE SCENE IS KATE DRIFTING IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS FROM HER POINT OF VIEW (DOOM SHOT)

GAS WITH HIS BACK TO HER GOING THROUGH TOOLBOX CASUALLY. SHE TREMBLES, LOOKS DOWN AND SEES THE ELECTRIC TIE ON HER RIGHT HAND RIPPED SLIGHTLY. SHE GLANCES AT GAS, HE PAYS NO ATTENTION. SHE TRIES TO BREAK FREE WITH ALL HER STRENGTH. PASSES OUT AGAIN. DARKNESS, HEARTBEAT

(CONTINUED)

GAS IN HER FACE, PSYCHO SMILE. KATE GASPS AND PANICS, PASSING OUT. DARKNESS, HEARTBEAT.

KATE SLOWLY BLINKS HERSELF TO CONSCIOUSNESS, GAS HOVERS OVER HER FROM SMALL DISTANCE, SMOKING A FAG CASUALLY AND LOOKING DOWN WITH INTEREST, CROSS ARMED.

Cigarette burns, reflecting on his *Britain First* medal. Kate is terrified, not daring to look at this psycho.

GAS

I have to say, you have BAWWS OF STEEL, young lady! 3 hours an...

KATE

PLEASEE LEEET MEEEE GOOOO, WHOOO AREE YOU!?

GAS suddenly takes a swing with a hammer. Kate cries in terror, Gas stops half way through and laughs cruelly.

GAS

I LOVE TORTURE! But yeah, well done, hen! 3 hours and no confession! We are running out of memory space in here, Lil Miss Mommy!

KATE

Miisteeer, I dooon't knooow anyything, I'm a Mooothe...

GAS

LIKE A GIVE A FUUUCK! JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW...

KATE

I DOOON'T KNOW WHAT YOU TALKING ABOUT, I DON'T KNOW YOUUU MISTER...

With each throw, her tie breaks further and further. Gas suddenly rips her blouse open (bra underneath) and takes a wee second to have a gander.

GAS

You KEN you are fucking tidy, right? Ayyee, you ken. You ALL KEN!

He says so dismissively as he throws a fag in her cleavage and takes a step towards her. He lifts a hammer... and throws it at the table next to the drill. Just by her right hand. She glances at it as he takes out a small bottle of lighter fluid and a lighter from his back pocket.

GAS

You ken why they call me GAS, aye?
Oh yeah, why would you, YOU DON'T
KNOW ME! EEEY! EEY, WAKEY, WAKEY!
I'm talking to you! It's because I
LOVE LIGHTER GAS? Do you know WHY?

Kate doesn't want to know but feels blood dripping down the screws in her left hand. So she shakes her head.

GAS

(cruelly)

IT BURNS SLOWER THAN GASOLINE!

And he pours contents of the bottle on her cleavage. She begins to scream, Gas laughs with glee.

GAS

Lovely... CONFESS or I will burn
your tits to fuck!

Kate shoves herself desperately as Gas brings pours every last drop over her cleavage.

KATE

III DOON'TT NOOO NO NO NOOOO
PLEASSEE DON'T I WILL TELL I WILL
YES! JUST ASK ME ASKE ME WHAT YOU
WANT TO KNOW, I KNOW YES!!

Gas lights a flame, toys with her bringing it closer and suddenly goes face to face, hands on his knees like toying with a naughty school kid.

GAS

OK, Lil Miss Mommy! You answer ONE
question and I will let you GO, ok?
JUST ONE QUESTION!

Kate tenses and shifts, feeling an upcoming disaster. Her zip is almost broken. She smiles almost flirtatiously, nods her head innocently. Gas looks her straight in the eye.

GAS

WHO was a famous PRUSSIAN
CHANCELLOR in the 19th century?

Kat's face freezes with terror. THEN, she twitches like an animal.

KATE

ARRRGHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

(CONTINUED)

With one pull, she rips the tie and grabs the hammer. Big swing to Gas' head who blocks it and bitchslaps her. Very hard. Head flies sideways, blood bursts from broken lip. Gus shoves her hand to the table and grabs the hammer from her fingers.

GAS

Who was a fucking Prussian
Chancellor, CUNT!

BOOM! One finger smashed to pulp. She howls.

GAS

Speak Cunt, Confess!!!! I ken you
ken!

Smash! Another finger. She howls like a wraith. Another swing.

KATE

BIIIIIIISSSSMMMAAAAARRRCCCKK!!!

Gas jumps back and freezes in shock. He's done it. He broke her. Real work begins now. Camera Records.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, WE SEE THE WHOLE SCENE WITH WIDE LENS FROM THE SIDE. TITLE COMES ON THE SCREEN WITH A HEAVY DROP - **"BISMARCK"**.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

KATE BREATHES HEAVILY. VILLANIOUSLY. SHE STARES AT HER SMASHED HAND LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL. CAMERA PICKS HER FACE CHANGING INTO THE HORRID MASK OF CUNNINGNES AND HATE. SHE LICKS HER BLOODY LIP AND LOOKS AT GUS DISSMISIVELY.

KATE

BISMARCK. That's what you want to
know about, right? What IS
BISMARCK?

Gas gazes at her seriously. He leans down to her cleavage. Kate hisses but doesn't pull back. Gus reaches for her ripped blouse and delicately puts the buttons together.

GAS

(calmly)

No, hen. I know what "Bismarck" is.
But they don't! I like your
answers, we will do something about
these screws!

(CONTINUED)

And nods towards the recording camera, gently wiping blood of her face. Her eyes have daggers. She gurgles and spits the blood out, hissing from pain.

KATE

Just run, man. Just fuck off and run! We're gonna get you anyway but...

His face is made of stone - chiseled determination. She snorts mockingly.

KATE

Bismarck... is a website and a SERVICE for the privileged.

GAS

What privileged?

KATE

Rich. Rich and of certain needs.

GAS

What needs?

She smiles, quite gleefully.

KATE.

Children. Broken, damaged, easy to use children. They sell the best!

There's pride and joy in her voice as she says the last words directly to the camera. Gas trembles.

GAS

Children. You sell abused children to peadophiles. And you are proud of it, yaa fucking wretch!

KATE

Mr. Moral Values over there who ties women in basements and grabs their tits! FUCK YOU!

GAS

How does it work?

She smiles flirtatiously but you wouldn't want to go there.

KATE

I don't kiss and tell on first date, PRICK!

GAS sits stunned at her depravity and arrogance. She bursts in a mocking laughter, staring straight into his eyes. He gets up, grabs the drill and simply takes one screw out, meat - soaked bit lands in the corner as she howls with pain. She gasps for breath, staring at the gashing hole in her hand. Gas smiles. It goes both ways. She stares at him with pure hatred.

KATE

Do you really think that you are gonna get out of it alive? That nobody is looking for me? You...

GAS

Shut your fucking PUSS or I'm gonna put it up your CUNT this time! YOU... YOU FUCKING CHILD PIMP, YOU FUCKING MORAL VACUUM SCUM PIECE OF SHIT...

KATE

Aye man, let it flow, you will feel better. When they get you...

GAS

Naaah, yaa scum, when they get you! What, do you really think they ain't going to do you in? YOU GOT CAUGHT! YOUR only chance of survival now is tell me EVERYTHING and hope that we are going to get out of here alive!

She actually gets scared. Gas smiles with triumph.

GAS

Thought so! How do you get away with it?

KATE

TRUST. Who, Katie? She's so good, she helps them sooooo much! TRUSTING PEOPLE TRUST!

GAS

Nobody? Really, like nobody? Nobody noticed ANYTHING? Nobody is paying for it?

KATE

What is this really about? Have been diddled yourself or something?

He laughs earnestly.

(CONTINUED)

GAS

Naaah Katie. This isn't REDEMPTION for somebody else's sins but MINE OWN. I've been quite tested by life without that. But unlike YOU, I want to do something GOOD in my it for once!

Kate bursts out with a mocking laughter and points out her hammer - mangled hand.

KATE

THIS IS GOOD FOR YOU!?

GAS

You will understand one day, if you are lucky. Though I doubt it. Better tell me, Katie, how do you LOOK our CHILDREN in the EYES?

She snorts.

KATE

I DO IT FOR THEM!

GAS

FOR THEM!?

KATE

Aha. FOR THEM. Do you have kids?

Gas trembles. She notices.

GAS

No.

KATE

Well, you will understand one day if you are lucky. Though, I doubt it.

Gas' eyes open wide.

GAS

So what, you are telling that you are selling other kids to pedophiles to get candy to your own? ARE YOU COMPLETELY FUCKED IN THE HEAD, YOU STUPID CUNT!?! THAT'S YOUR REASON!?

KATE

(despisively)

I LOVE pencil dicks telling a woman HOW to be a mother. How to have a child. WITH WHOM to have a child. TO or NOT TO have a child. Everybody's got a fucking OPINION! But when it comes to putting a condom on...

GAS

I'm not gonna be schooled on ethics by a child pimp! FUCK YOU!

KATE

What the fuck do you know about being a woman, CUNT!? From the start of your life treated like an object to be sold away. Oooo look at you, how pretty, what a little princess you are, I bet you cannot wait for your PRINCE! FUCK THAT! And then, as soon as you get your tits, every fucking little perv is salivating at you on the street! You walk about, every cunt stops you and tell you what a nice ass you have, just because you were taught so! Conquerors! Are we meant to just fucking jump into your arms cause you harass us on the streets? LOVE YOU cause you shit yourself when we make more money than you!? FUCK YOU, MAN!

GAS

So you are selling abused kids to pedophiles cause some cunt stared at your tits on the street, aye? Is this it? You fucki...

KATE

Do you think you are really going to CHANGE ANYTHING? Those children were LOST from the start. Some people just shouldn't be parents, that's all.

Gas snorts at her arrogance.

KATE (CTD)

So WHY this shitshow? Do you really think that ANYONE is going to see

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATE (CTD) (cont'd)
that if they do, that they are
going to care? Media news used to
live a week max, no more! Nowadays,
it's a few hours. ALL your
dedication is truly for fuck all!
So WHY are you really doing it?

Camera Records. Gas stares at her but this time, with PITY.

GAS
I told you already. But you didn't
LISTEN.

KATE
What, REDEMPTION? FUCK OFF WITH
YOUR REDEMPTION TO THE CHURCH, YOU
IDIOT!

GAS
You can fucking rumble all you want
about feminism, veganism, recycling
and all that shite but you ken
what? YOU ARE NOTHING! NOTHING BUT
A RESOUNDING GONG WITHOUT LOVE! And
YOU have no LOVE in you for anyone.
You say you are doing it for your
children but you know deep down
it's only because you are BAD.
EVIL, some say. I'm not. But I'm
not GOOD either. That's why I'm
doing it. FOR REDEMPTION!

KATE
FUCKING CHRIST THE REDEEMER OVER
HERE, ladies and gents! You fucking
idiot, there is no such thing as
redemption or guilt because there
is no such thing as BAD or EVIL to
be sorry for. There is only
SURVIVAL! NOBODY in this world is
guilty of ANYTHING ELSE but just
trying to SURVIVE! It's exactly
what LIFE IS! EVERYONE who you have
on your so called 'CONSCIENCE" HAS
JUST BEEN WORSE AT IT THAN YOU,
THAT'S IT. I'M LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE
LEARNT that earlier rather than
later. Worry not though, it's never
too late for school!

As she talks, Gas' face gets covered with sadness. It's like
his last hope has broken down. And she sees that.

(CONTINUED)

KATE
YOU... YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING
TO RESCUE ME! SAVE THE DAMSEL IN
DISTRESS FROM THE CULT OF EVIL! OHH
THAT'S FUCKING RICH!

And she bursts in laughter again, loudest one so far. He drops his sight which delights her. She sits a bit more comfortably. Yet he looks up, willful and determined.

KATE
Bismarck is the BES...

GAS
I have thought that. But I Don't
anymore. You see, I have learnt
something today. It's never too
late! And maybe you are right about
the whole SURVIVAL thing. We are
nothing else but a link in a food
chain.

KATE
I'M GLAD YOU GET IT, WELL DONE. Can
I go now?

Gas smiles. Quite predatory.

GAS
I'm glad too. Because you see, in a
FOODCHAIN there is always someone
ABOVE US!

Kate's mocking smile disappears in a second when Gas takes a phone out of his pocket. Her phone. She watches him petrified as he gains access through some decoding program.

KATE
HOW!?

GAS
Doesn't matter how, what matters is
WHAT!

He stands up and he shows her him accessing *Bismarck* hidden within another app. Another decoding. He's in, picture of a scary mustache guy appears. Kate is shaking.

KATE
What the fuck are you do...

She freezes as he shows her a picture of HER WITH TWO SMILING GIRLS.

KATE
YOOOOUUU!!!

GAS
Shut up, cunt. You got 30 seconds
to tell me who's above YOU in a
food chain or your girls end up on
Bismarck!

KATE
YOU STUPID DIPSHIT, THEY WILL TRACK
US DOWN, YOU WILL KILL ME AND
MY...!

GAS
20 SECONDS

KATE
TURN THAT OFF NOW!

GAS
15!

KATE
I REALLY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, I'M
JUST RUNNING IT!

GAS
10 SECONDS!

KATE
PLEEEEAASSEEE I REEEEAALLLY DON'T
KNOW!!!

GAS
5

KATE
FUUUUUUCCCK!!!!

GAS
3... 2... 1...

KATE
LASCHERRIEEE!!!!

GAS puts the phone down, looks at her in shock. Kate breaths heavily.

GAS
LASCHERRIE. THE BARONESS
LASCHERRIE, is running your kiddies
brothel. FUCK you, MAN!

(CONTINUED)

Lifts the phone again, her kids are a click away from Bismarck. She breathes heavily, watching him with hate and resignation. What's to be to be.

KATE
NOOOO, PLEAASEE, I HAVE A PROOF!!!
I RECORDED HER!

He puts the phone down with surprise and triumph. Now we are talking!

GAS
WHERE...

He stops half way through as he sees her face change from fear to... Triumph. He understands. It's too late.

KATE
BOOOM!

Red laser spot that suddenly appears on his neck turns into a silenced gun shot that shatters the windows and blows his neck artery to pieces. GAS holds his neck with shock; blood gashes and he falls, knocking camera down; flapping on the ground. Dying. Mocking smile lights Kate's face as she watches his bleeding carcass.

KATE
Told you to RUN, asshole!

He looks at her hatefully, holding to his fleeing life. With an inhumane effort, he begins to drag himself towards the hammer by the fallen camera. She sees that and jumps up, last screw in her hand still remains and she collapses in agony. Gas crawls, gurgling and dying, heavy blood trail behind him. She gasps and spotting the drill, gathers herself and goes for it, pain shoots through again. Her broken fingers cannot hold it well but she does what we can, racing time against Gas who reaches for the hammer. He stops, wails and gasps, bringing himself for the last push. Kate bites her teeth and all at once takes the last screw out, her howl cuts the air. Exactly the same moment that Gas reaches out for the... CAMERA, shoving hammer aside. With last effort, he takes the SD card out. He knows he's dying but he's not giving up, he's still going to win. He puts the card in a small plastic bag stuck to camera and aims for his mouth. Kate stands up calmly, kicks him on his side and grabs the card out of mouth.

KATE
Thank - You!

She looks at him with pure, unfiltered hatred. With the trembling, bloody hands she grabs a hammer. Gas looks at her. Still holding his gashing neck, he brings himself for the last effort of trying to grab her throat but there's more will there than strength. SHE pushes his hand away easily. He relaxes. Takes his hand of his neck, gurgles. But actually smiles, ready for death. She smiles too.

KATE
SURVIVAL, CUNT!

She takes a mean swing and screaming wildly, smashes the hammer into his skull.

KATE
AAAARRRRGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

His brains and skulls splatter on the floor as she wildly turns his skull into the pulp. She let's go completely, smashing madly and screaming like an animal.

Eventually, she stops, exhausted. Gasping heavily, she leans by the table, hammer falls out of her hands. With mangled hands, she takes Gas' fags and sparks one, closing her eyes. She can rest now.

DOOR OPENS OFF - SCREEN. THE MAN COMES IN.

Kate opens her eyes. Gun goes to her head.

KATE
NOO, WAAIIT, I DIDDDNT TELL!

BOOOM! Her brains scatter on the screen, she falls next to Gas.

The Man hovers over their bodies. Slowly and methodically reaches Kate, swaps SD CARD in her hand for a gun. Takes a phone out. Dials.

OPERATOR (O.S)
FOR CLEANING, DIAL 1.

He does and hangs up. Reaches for Kate's phone, clicks two times and without hesitation adds her girls to "Bismarck". Places the phone in Gas's hand. And simply walks to the exit. He reaches the door. Opens it. But doesn't go through. Something is not right. He turns back and looks at the two bodies again. GAS and KATE lie next to each other, their brains slowly mixing together. CAMERA TRACKS ALONG THE SLOWLY FLOWING BLOOD TO GAS' CHEST AND THE BRITAIN FIRST MEDAL ON HIS CHEST. HE LEANS DOWN AND STRAIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT SEES... GLASS. A TINY LENS OF A CAMERA.

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

ON THE MONITOR MARKED "LIVE" WE SEE A POOR QUALITY FEED FROM GAS' CHEST, THE MAN STANDS OVER THE CORPS.

Dark, windowless room. Tables, written - over school boards, camera pictures on them. Suspects. At the end of the darkness sits a LONELY FIGURE - THE DAD, desk filled with monitors in front of him. One monitor shows KATE SMASHING GAS' HEAD. ANOTHER - SHE SCREAMS "BIIIIIISSSSMAAARCK'. ANOTHER - SCREWS. EVERYTHING IS THERE.

THE DAD ONLY PAYS ATTENTION TO THE LIVE FEED. ON IT, THE MAN TAKES THE CAMERA OFF GAS' CHEST AND LOOKS AT IT. DAD STARES BACK AT THE SCREEN. FOR A VERY LONG TIME. THE MAN LEANS DOWN.

BACK TO THE MAN IN THE BASEMENT

The Man leans down and rips the BNP medal off, drags the wire and a transmitter away. He rips the cable of the camera, puts the transmitter to his pocket and simply leaves the room.

BACK TO THE DAD IN THE DARK ROOM

Feed cuts off the moment cable is ripped. Dad stares at the empty screen. Slowly stands up, takes a USB STICK out of computer, hits SELF DESTRUCT on the SCREEN.

CAMERA ROLLS BACK. THERE IS A FEMALE STANDING CLSOER TO THE SCREEN, GETTING WEAPONS READY. LOADS OF WEAPONS.

THEY BOTH LEAVE AS THE MONITOR SYSTEM GOES IN SPARKS AND ON FIRE. A picture of GAS with a small boy. There is also another picture. Picture of a man a woman with the same boy. Picture is good few years old for sure, almost wiped clean with tears and time. It's the past.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

THE STORY CONTINUES IN *FATHER'S DAY*.