

A CURE FOR WELLNESS

Written by

JUSTIN HAYTHE

Story by

JUSTIN HAYTHE AND GORE VERBINSKI

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1            EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN SKYLINE - 4:19 AM.            1

The glistening empty towers of midtown loom over lifeless streets. We're in the desolate part of night as if the city had slipped into a coma.

ANGLE on a single sky scraper. A handful of illuminated windows dot the structure.

FOCUS in on one of the rectangles of light. A corner office.

2            INT. MIDTOWN OFFICE, BULL PEN - NIGHT.            2

MOVING in SILENCE across a wide room filled with cubicles, darkened computer screens... Pictures of children, baseball hats, stuffed animals mark the absent employee's attempt to differentiate their work stations.

3            INT. MIDTOWN OFFICE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS.            3

MOVING now past various empty offices until we find a shaft of light falling from an open door. From inside we can hear the CLICK and CLACK of fingers on a keyboard.

4            INT. CORNER OFFICE - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS.            4

MORRIS sits at his desk - thinning hair, thick neck - tapping on his computer, cross-checking files as he types. He reaches for his coffee cup, sips and puts it down. His eye goes to -

AN ENVELOPE buried under various papers.

Morris picks it up, looks at it curiously.

INSERT: the envelope, the return address in Switzerland. The letterhead is embossed with a circle of black eels.

A TONE on the computer brings his attention back to the screen. He places the envelope aside and begins to tap again at the keyboard until - he flinches from a stab of pain in his chest. He rubs at it, but keeps working.

Across the room, a fishbowl between framed pictures. One shows two YOUNG GIRLS with missing teeth. The other Morris with a golden retriever. The fish slowly turns.

Bill Morris flinches from another stab of pain.



CASTORP (V.O.)

We need to clean up the Reynolds account. I want you to liquidate all the off-shore assets and move them to First National.

CASTORP, 32, handsome, ambitious, underslept, dressed in a suit, sits at a window working intently. Gum wrappers litter the table around him as he takes one piece of Nicorette out of his mouth and replaces it with another.

JOSH (O.S.)

Are you sure about this?

CASTORP

Relax we'll move it back on Monday. Josh, are you paying attention?

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

Tickets.

Castorp cradles the phone with his jaw and takes his ticket from inside his U.S. Passport and hands it over.

CASTORP

I'm sending the numbers through now.

On the laptop Castorp changes figures: 5's to 9's.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

I'll be back Tuesday. Stall them. I don't give a shit. Call in sick if you have to.

CONDUCTOR

Business or pleasure?

Castorp looks up from his work to the conductor.

CASTORP

Seriously?

Castorp turns back to the call.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Josh, don't be such a pussy.

The Conductor punches the ticket and turns away.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Just do what I tell you. Call me when it's done.

He hangs up. Castorp looks across the aisle to -

A SMALL BOY who breathes onto the glass. Draws a face, then adds devil horns. The boy turns and looks at Castorp, his face oddly blank. He smiles.

Castorp's eyes drift down to a dossier on the table in front of him.

INSERT: Biographical detail on ROLAND PEMBROKE. An outstanding business career; official photograph of an impressive man; Castorp removes a letter, handwritten.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

...To My Fellow Members of the Board... A man cannot un-see the truth. He cannot willingly return to darkness or go blind once he has the gift of sight... Anymore than he can be unborn.

9 EXT. HIGH SPEED TRAIN - NIGHT.

9

A THUD of compressed air as the train passes back into the tunnel: blackness.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

...We are the only species capable of self-reflection...

10 INT. MORRIS'S OFFICE - DAY, PAST.

10

A dead fish floats in the fishbowl we saw earlier.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

The only species with the toxin of self-doubt written into our genetic code.

OUT OF FOCUS through the glass, we see Castorp with a cardboard box enter Morris's former office. He places it on the desk and walks towards us. His hand wipes across the screen as he reaches in.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

Unequal to our gifts we build, we buy, we consume...

Castorp looks into his hand.

INSERT: the dead, glassy-eyed fish.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

We wrap ourselves in the illusion  
of material success.

Castorp drops it in the trash and goes to the window.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

We cheat and deceive as we claw our  
way to the pinnacle of what we  
define as achievement - superiority  
to other men.

He looks down at the tiny figures of PEDESTRIANS rushing  
beneath umbrellas fifty floors below.

CARL (O.S.)

Corner office. Who'd you have to  
blow?

Castorp turns to see CARL, big and bloated, 30's, holding a  
bottle of Dom Perignon and JOSH, already balding, with paper  
cups. Josh hands out cups as Carl pours.

JOSH

I heard he closed the Reynolds  
account.

Josh hands Castorp a paper cup.

CARL

Prick. And how exactly did you do  
that?

CASTORP

Just that good I guess.

CARL

Well don't forget us little people.

Raises a paper cup of Perignon.

CASTORP

How could I? You know how I take my  
coffee.

KNOCK on the door.

Castorp looks up at -

AN ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, but they want to see you upstairs in the partner's board room.

Carl and Josh exchange a look. Carl makes a blow-job gesture, fist to mouth.

CASTORP

Tell them I'll be right there. And can you clear out the rest of this stuff?

SECRETARY

Sure thing. Oh, and tomorrow's your mother's birthday.

CASTORP

(he'd forgotten)  
Get her something would you?

SECRETARY

Of course.

11 EXT. ELEVATOR - DAY, PAST.

11

Castorp watches the digital display over the doors count the floors as the elevator climbs higher and higher. He adjusts his tie in the reflection of the doors.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

But there is a sickness inside us.  
Rising like the bile that leaves  
that bitter taste at the back of  
our throats.

DING the elevator chimes as the door slides open.

12 INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY, PAST.

12

The muffled silence of air conditioning and sealed windows, the city shut out.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

It is there in every one of you  
seated around the table.

Around the table, the BOARD MEMBERS, well-dressed men and women in their 40's and 50's.

A BOARD MEMBER yawns indulgently.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

We deny its existence until one day  
the body rebels against the mind  
and screams out... I am not a well  
man.

Seated at the end of the conference table, Castorp scans the  
last pages of the letter he holds in his hands.

PEMBROKE (V.O.)

No doubt you will think only of the  
merger. That unclean melding of two  
equally diseased institutions. But  
the truth cannot be ignored. Only  
when we know what ails us can we  
hope to find the cure... I will not  
return. Do not attempt to contact  
me again. Sincerely, Roland E.  
Pembroke.

Castorp looks up from the letter.

HANK GREEN, 56, a well-coiffed bull of a man.

GREEN

Well, Mr. Castorp... What do you  
make of that?

Castorp looks around at the six impenetrable faces at the  
other end of the table.

CASTORP

Clearly he's lost his mind.

WILSON, African-American, poisonous, sips from a glass of  
water.

WILSON

Our thoughts exactly.

HOLLIS, female, expensive die-job, power suit.

HOLLIS

Man goes for a 2 week spa vacation  
and has a complete mental  
breakdown.

HUMPHREY, red-faced, asthmatic.

HUMPHREY

Who the hell takes the waters in  
the 21st century anyway?

GREEN

I trust you understand the sensitivity of some of the information in that letter?

CASTORP

So it's true.

GREEN

A merger of this kind will make us one of the biggest financial service firms on the Eastern Seaboard. Something that stands to enrich everyone in this room.

WILSON

Including you.

Beat on Castorp.

HUMPHREYS

We hear good things.

HOLLIS

Your work on the Reynolds account was inspired.

WILSON

Of course, the SEC will want unfettered access to our books. Any irregularities are sure to come out.

Beat as the air leaves the room. On Castorp - a vein twitches at his temple.

GREEN

You didn't really think we wouldn't find out?

CASTORP

I don't know what you're talking about.

Green picks up a file marked: Reynolds.

GREEN

You think there is a trick you can pull we haven't tried?

He throws the file across the table at Castorp.

GREEN (CONT'D)

This is amateur.

HOLLIS

Can I ask you something, Mr.  
Castorp? Ever had a 12 inch black  
dick in your ass?

Castorp glances down the table at Wilson. He shows no  
reaction.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Prison, Mr. Castorp.

GREEN

You're in a lot of trouble.

Beat on Castorp, swallowing back panic.

CASTORP

If that were the case, you would  
have already turned me in.

Beat. Green pours himself a glass of water.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

So, my guess is the SEC might be  
after someone more senior.

Castorp looks around the room. He's getting warm.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Someone on the board, perhaps.

Blank faces, but he's warmer still.

He looks at the letter.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Or someone clearly unstable.

And now he grasps it.

GREEN

We'd like you to go to Switzerland  
and bring Mr. Pembroke back to us.  
You see the merger cannot go  
through without Mr. Pembroke  
signing off on certain... legal  
matters.

WILSON

Someone has to take responsibility.

GREEN

After that he can do what he likes.

HOLLIS

He can blow his head off as far as I'm concerned.

CASTORP

I don't have the relationship with Mr. Pembroke that Morris had.

HOLLIS

Fuck Morris.

GREEN

Morris was a good salesman. Dependable family man. God rest his soul. But he didn't have vision. Nine years in that office. For a man like you, its just a lay over.

HUMPHREY

You're not a married man are you? Nothing keeping you here.

GREEN

This is a tremendous opportunity.

Pre-lap sounds of a loudspeaker announcement in German...

13

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY.

13

BONG-BONG-BONG, the GERMAN ANNOUNCER repeats her message. The high-speed train sits at rest in the station.

CUT TO:

Castorp making his way down the platform with the rest of THE PASSENGERS.

CUT TO:

At the end of the platform, various RELATIVES await the passengers. They hug and embrace.

Castorp looks around for his driver.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Volmer Institute?

Castorp turns to see -

ENRICO, a driver - Latin, a dark suit. He takes Castorp's bag, looking him up and down.

CASTORP  
How'd you know?

ENRICO  
You have the look.

CASTORP  
I'm just visiting.

Enrico puts the bag down again.

ENRICO  
Then you can carry your own bag.

Enrico walks away. Castorp follows.

14      EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY.      14

AERIAL SHOT of a black Mercedes moving along a vertiginous road through the green Alps.

15      INT. MERCEDES - DAY.      15

Castorp sits in the back dialing his phone. Enrico takes out a pack of cigarettes. He watches Castorp in the rearview mirror.

ENRICO  
You mind?

Castorp glances up.

CASTORP  
Go ahead.

He lights up. He looks in the mirror as Castorp chews his last piece of Nicorette. The call goes to voice mail.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Josh, it's Castorp.  
(checks his watch)  
In an hour and a half, the Nikkei closes. Once it does I want you to execute the future orders I'm sending you. We can use the money in First National by the end of business day Monday. And fucking call me back. I don't like leaving messages like this.

Castorp hangs up.

DRIVER

You're younger than most of my passengers.

Castorp is distracted, typing emails on his laptop.

CASTORP

You do a lot of driving for the Sanitarium?

ENRICO

All the driving. Every week, I pick up rich people from the train and take them up the mountain.

CASTORP

Only rich people? Must be expensive.

ENRICO

Wealthy people have wealthy problems. Me I'm happy with a simple life. A cerveza and a cold bath.

Castorp continues to type.

CASTORP

So that's it. No other ambitions. Just drive people up and down the mountain.

ENRICO

Most people tend to stay.

CASTORP

Why is that?

ENRICO

I guess they like it there.

CASTORP

Sounds like you don't approve.

ENRICO

What do I know about it? I'm just a poor Mexican boy who met a beautiful round Swiss girl on her vacation. I don't go in for spas and that kind of thing. I work for a living, like my father before me.

INSERT: Castorp's screen goes dark as the battery dies.

Castorp checks his phone.

INSERT: No Service.

CASTORP

Shit.

Castorp looks up. He turns to the window as they cross a bridge past a towering rock face.

ENRICO

A son learns what it is to be a man  
from his father am I right?

CASTORP

I wouldn't know. I didn't grow up  
with my father.

On Castorp, looking out. The bridge girders strobe past the window as we hear the murmurings of a radio broadcast.

RADIO

(pre-lap)

The day beginning to be referred to  
as Black Tuesday saw the Dow Jones  
fall 1200 points in just 90  
minutes...

16

INT. CAR - MORNING, FLASHBACK.

16

The girders of the Verrazano bridge strobe past the face of Castorp as a NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY playing with an action figure.

The car slows to a stop. Castorp looks up, catches his father's eyes in the rearview mirror. His father smiles.

Castorp looks back as cars begin to honk.

CASTORP

Dad?

The sound of the driver's side door closing. He looks out to see his father cross towards the side of the bridge. The foggy Manhattan skyline in the distance. The honking continues. Castorp looks around as people begin to get out of their cars and move towards him.

Then Castorp turns back to the window at -

His father standing on the railing of the bridge.

Close on the boy, fear in his eyes. The honking grows louder. He watches -

His father step over the edge, falling into the abyss.

The radio broadcast continues.

17      INT. GYM - EARLY MORNING, PAST.      17

Feet pound a treadmill, running fast.

On the adult Castorp, the only person in the gym. It is still dark out. He runs hard, going nowhere, sweat trickling down his face.

On the monitor in front of him he watches stock reports from the Asian markets. The monitor switches to a commercial for a new pharmaceutical product with various side-effects.

18      INT. LOCKER ROOM - EARLY MORNING, PAST.      18

The EARLY EXERCISERS trickle into the locker room, but Castorp is showered and dressed.

Castorp takes a cake box from his locker.

19      INT. OLD AGE HOME - DAY, PAST.      19

A birthday cake, barely touched.

An institutional retirement home filled with abandoned OLD PEOPLE, sitting alone or in pairs.

CASTORP'S MOTHER, white, papery skin, eyes dilated with medication paints a small figurine of a ballerina.

Castorp sits beside her in his coat. His phone vibrates but he doesn't answer. It's the first time we've seen him still.

CASTORP

You should eat your cake.

She doesn't touch it.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Don't you like it?

MOTHER

How long will you be gone?

CASTORP

Just a few days. It's business.

MOTHER  
You don't look well.

CASTORP  
I'm fine. Just haven't been  
sleeping much.

MOTHER  
You should meet a nice girl and  
settle down.

CASTORP  
Come on, Mom.

MOTHER  
You need to rest. Before you know  
it you'll be in a place like this.  
What's the hurry? You know, I  
always told your father to rest,  
but he wouldn't listen.

CASTORP  
He was weak.

MOTHER  
You think you're so much better?

CASTORP  
Forgive me for not admiring the  
guy.

MOTHER  
You didn't know him.

CASTORP  
And who's fault is that?

She turns back to painting her figurine.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
I don't want do this. It's your  
birthday.

Castorp glances at his phone.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
So, are you happy here? They taking  
good care of you?

MOTHER  
People come here to die. Why would  
I be happy?

CASTORP

When I come back I'll take you out.  
We'll go to the beach or something.

MOTHER

You won't come back.

Castorp is taken aback.

CASTORP

Of course I will.  
(nods at the figurine)  
Another ballerina?

MOTHER

She's not like the others.

CASTORP

Oh yeah, why's that?

Mother puts down the brush and winds the box.

MOTHER

Because she lives in a dream.

Castorp looks at the little figure turning as a waltz plays.

CASTORP

But she's dancing.

MOTHER

That's because she doesn't know  
she's dreaming.

CLOSE of the tiny figure rotating in the box as the music plays. Her eyes painted closed.

20

INT. MERCEDES - DAY.

20

Castorp rotates the same tiny figurine, which has been broken off its base, between his fingers, as the same music plays across, until:

HONK! Enrico blasts the horn at a DENIM-CLAD youth of 20, stepping on the road before SWERVING AND SLAMMING THE BRAKES.

Castorp looks up to see the young man glaring at him, through the glass, before he joins his FRIENDS, denim-clad, smoking cigarettes, on the other side of the road.

Enrico rolls down the window and swears at the kid in German. The kid grabs his crotch in return.

They drive on.

CASTORP  
Friendly bunch.

ENRICO  
The Villagers never liked the  
people on the hill.

CASTORP  
Why is that?

The car passes through narrow streets. An old inn, a few  
stores, a veterinary clinic. People turn to look at the car.

ENRICO  
History.

21     EXT. GATES - DAY.

21

A pair of ancient iron gates, we see the same entwined eels  
that appeared on the stationery, this time in wrought iron.

A CARETAKER, 40's, a narrow, pock-marked face, opens the  
gates, watching as the Mercedes drives through.

22     INT. MERCEDES - DAY.

22

Castorp looks back as the Caretaker closes the gates.

CASTORP  
How old is this place?

ENRICO  
Foundations date back to the time  
of the Barons. They owned all this  
land. And everyone in it. Until the  
villagers burned it down.

CASTORP  
Why would they do that?

ENRICO  
What makes anyone do anything?  
(shrugs)  
That was 200 years ago. A lot's  
changed since then.



WATKINS

No, that's only seven.

26

INT. RECEPTION - DAY.

26

AN EFFICIENT NURSE, 30s, sits behind the reception desk, engrossed by paperwork. Her uniform is plain white, like the decor, both modern and timeless.

EFFICIENT NURSE

May I help you?

Her accent gives her English an antiquated precision.

CASTORP

I'm here to see a guest. Mr. Ronald Pembroke.

She nods at a sign on the wall.

INSERT: VISITING HOURS 11:00 AM - 3:00 PM.

EFFICIENT NURSE

I'm sorry, but visiting hours are over for the day.

CASTORP

I've come a long way. Maybe you could make an exception.

EFFICIENT NURSE

There are no exceptions.

CASTORP

Is there a manager I could speak to?

Beat. She turns a clip board towards him.

EFFICIENT NURSE

Sign here, please.

Castorp signs. She reads the form

EFFICIENT NURSE (CONT'D)

Mr. Castorp... I'll see what I can do.

She walks away. Castorp takes out his phone.

INSERT: No Service.

27

EXT. SANITARIUM ENTRANCE - DAY.

27

Castorp emerges from the sanitarium with his phone in hand. Patients play a game of croquet on a nearby lawn.

AZIZ (O.S.)

You won't get any service here.

Castorp looks over at the three patients.

AZIZ (CONT'D)

Part of the treatment.

HILL

You get used to it.

WATKINS

(still on her crossword)

Exemption. No, that's nine.

Castorp holds up his phone. Still no reception.

CASTORP

Absolution.

WATKINS

Yes.... You like puzzles?

CASTORP

Not really.

Castorp wanders off trying to find reception.

28

EXT. GROUNDS - DAY.

28

Castorp walks across the grounds looking for a signal, to no effect. Finally, he gives up. He takes in the beauty of his surroundings.

On a nearby court A MALE PATIENT SMASHES a croquet ball.

The ball rolls past Castorp.

MALE PATIENT

Do you mind?

Castorp looks up. He sees that the ball has rolled under some bushes surrounding an outbuilding.

29

EXT. OUTBUILDING - DAY.

29

Castorp steps into the bushes. Sees the ball against the brick foundation of the building. He leans down for the ball and notices the bushes moving in a strange breeze coming from -

A barred half-circular opening in the foundation.

He leans towards it, squinting into the pitch black interior. From within we hear a sound, a trick of acoustics that amplifies the sucking furnace sound of flowing water...

PATIENT (O.S.)

Thank you!

Castorp picks up the ball and throws it back.

As he walks away from the bushes we see him from above.

A MYSTERIOUS POV from a 2nd floor window.

Castorp wanders on. He takes in his surroundings. The gentle breeze in the pines. The warmth of the sun on his face. Then he hears...

SINGING in a girlish voice. A waltz.

He follows the sound a few steps until he looks into a formal garden where -

HANNAH, 19, sings the same waltz that came from his mother's music box to herself as she performs pirouettes around a rectangular pool. Her skin is pale and ethereal. She has a look of profound innocence, almost a dream-like vision, as if his mother's ballerina had come to life.

Hannah stops spinning. She stands over a large rectangular pool, gazing down at the surface until she notices -

Castorp's reflection next to hers.

She looks up.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Mr. Castorp?

Castorp turns to find -

The DEPUTY DIRECTOR, a small, precise man in a white suit.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

My name is Hans Pieteron. I am Deputy Director here at the Volmer Institute. How can I be of assistance?

30

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY.

30

CLOSE of a stuffed STAG HEAD on the wall. In the convex reflection of its glassy black eye we see the Deputy Director enter, followed by Castorp.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

I believe the Reception Nurse explained visiting hours end at 3 p.m. precisely.

They sit on either side of a large desk.

CASTORP

She did. But as I'm sure you're aware Mr. Pembroke remains the CEO of a major financial institution. Under the circumstances, I was hoping you could make an exception.

Castorp watches as the Deputy Director reaches for a small blue glass vial on his desk. With what resembles an eye dropper he deposits drops on his tongue.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

(off Castorp's look)

Vitamins. If we are to help the people who come here, we must keep up our strength... May I ask what it is concerning?

CASTORP

It's a business matter. I'm not at liberty to say any more than that.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Of course. And I hope you understand we also have our rules: our treatments are most effective when exposure to the stresses of the modern world are strictly limited. The Director is quite firm on that.

CASTORP

I'm sure he is.

Castorp looks around the room... Sees a quotation on the wall: "Purity before Wellness.... Dr. Henrich Volmer"

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Hydrotherapy?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
That's correct.

CASTORP  
A long way to come just for water.

As he speaks, the Deputy Director rises from his chair and walks to a sink that looks like a fountain built into the wall. A row of glasses stacked. He fills one with water.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
The sanitarium is built over an ancient aquifer that offers unique mineral qualities.

CASTORP  
Rebuilt.

The Deputy Director turns.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
After the fire.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
Yes. History's full of darkness.

The Deputy Director walks back to his desk with the glass, hands it to Castorp

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
If you would like to leave a note, I'd happily pass it along to Mr. Pembroke.

Beat on Castorp. He smiles at the suggestion.

CASTORP  
Mr. Pieteron, I realize the work you do here is important and you're obviously a very busy man, but if you wouldn't mind finding the time between administering acqua aerobics and "jacuzzis" to inform Mr. Pembroke he has a visitor with urgent information of the utmost importance to him personally, I'd be grateful...

(MORE)

CASTORP (CONT'D)

On the other hand if you want me to leave a note so you can slip it under his door with his breakfast tray on the off chance he'll notice it before his morning rub down, I'm afraid that won't suffice. You see, I just travelled 4000 miles to get here; there's a red eye going back to New York tonight and I intend Mr. Pembroke and I to be on it.

Off the Deputy Director's reaction.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

You plan to take Mr. Pembroke back to New York with you?

CASTORP

Is that a problem?

Beat. The room is quiet. Except for the drip of water. The Deputy Director turns back to the sink, squeezes the faucet tight until the dripping stops.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Of course, that's entirely up to Mr. Pembroke. He's a patient not a prisoner.

The Deputy Director returns to his desk. He checks a chart.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

He will be in treatment until after 7. If you'd like to come back then, I will make sure he's available.

Beat.

CASTORP

Thank you for your understanding.

Castorp reaches for the glass of water.

The Deputy Director watches as he drinks it down.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

You must be tired.

CASTORP

I could do with a shower. Is there somewhere I can clean up?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Our rooms are for patients only.  
There's a hotel in town where you  
should be comfortable. Now if  
you'll excuse me, I have my  
"jacuzzis" to attend to.

31 EXT. SANITARIUM - DAY.

31

Enrico leans against the Mercedes, smoking.

Castorp emerges from the entrance.

Castorp passes the three elderly patients smiling at him with  
their slightly enlarged smiles.

MRS. WATKINS

Leaving already?

Castorp nods politely and proceeds to the car.

Mrs. Watkins turns to Aziz and Hill.

MRS. WATKINS (CONT'D)

Such a nice looking young man.

Castorp checks his phone: No service.

Enrico flicks away his cigarette.

ENRICO

Where's your friend?

CASTORP

What time's the last train to  
Zurich?

ENRICO

Not til 10.

CASTORP

Take me to a hotel. I need to make  
a call.

CUT TO:

The Deputy Director emerges from the entrance. He watches as  
the car pulls away. Then he turns and looks up -

ANGLE UP to a dark window on the 2nd floor of the sanitarium.



THE STAG BOLTS, STRAIGHT IN FRONT OF THE PASSING MERCEDES.

34

CUT TO: 34

CASTORP SEES THE ANIMAL CHARGING.

Enrico yanks the wheel.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Putain!

CUT TO:

THE MERCEDES VEERS LEFT, CLIPPING THE STAG.

CUT TO:

THE MERCEDES COMES STRAIGHT AT THE CAMERA, SMASHING VIOLENTLY INTO A DITCH.

CUT TO:

CASTORP is thrown across the car as it flips on its side.

CUT TO:

CASTORP'S POV as he is thrown towards the window.

THE CAR WINDOW rushes closer - THE SHATTER OF IMPACT.

CUT TO:

35

A FLASH OF IMAGES:

35

CASTORP'S MOTHER WAKES WITH A START, GASPING.

CASTORP'S FATHER FALLS INTO THE ABYSS

BLACK EELS SWIRL IN BLACK LIQUID.

38

ELK EYE REFLECTING A BUILDING IN FLAMES.

38

SHELVES CROWDED WITH MUSIC BOXES WITH BALLERINAS TWIRLING - ALL PLAYING THAT EERIE WALTZ.

CASTORP'S MOTHER'S DEAD HAND DROPS THE MUSIC BOX ONTO THE GROUND BESIDE HER BED AND THE FIGURINE OF THE BALLERINA BREAKS OFF.

THE WALTZ CONTINUES OVER CASTORP'S MOTHER'S COFFIN MOVING INTO THE FLAMES OF AN INCINERATOR.

CASTORP STANDS ALONE IN A FUNERAL PARLOR.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
Are we waiting for someone else?

CASTORP  
There's no one else.

THE COFFIN MOVES TOWARDS A WALL OF FLAMES.

34      EXT. SANITARIUM GROUNDS - DAY.      34

40      A tire spinning on Enrico's Mercedes upside down in the ditch as the music box waltz winds down to a stop.      40

FADE TO:

35      INT. SANITARIUM ROOM - DAY.      35

Washed out white, revealed to be curtains at a window. A section of blue sky, warm sun on the tops of pine trees.

Castorp's face, asleep, resting peacefully on a white pillow. His face is cut and bruised. Slowly, he opens his eyes. He lies in a bed in a room at the sanitarium. He turns to see -

A young, happy NURSE, humming as she folds towels. She notices him looking at her.

HAPPY NURSE  
Sleep well?

CASTORP  
(dazed)  
...Yes. I never slept better.

VOLMER (O.S.)  
It's the mountain air.

Castorp turns to see -

Seated in a chair in the corner of the room, as if he has been there some time, a thin ARISTOCRATIC MAN glowing with almost unnatural health, his hair combed away from his face, his skin just slightly too taut over his handsome features. It is impossible to tell his age. This is VOLMER, the director.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
My name is Henrich Volmer. I am the Director here at the Sanitarium.

CASTORP  
How long have I been here?

VOLMER

Three days.

CASTORP

Jesus.

Castorp tries to get out of bed, but his leg is oddly immobile. He pulls back the sheet.

His right leg is in a fiberglass cast.

VOLMER

You were lucky. A clean break. Some how I feel responsible. The locals tell me I should hunt the deer on the property but I can't bring myself to harm the innocent creatures. After all they were here long before us.

CASTORP

I need to call New York.

VOLMER

I already informed your office of the accident, if that is your concern. They agreed that business can wait, but your health cannot.

CASTORP

Hank Green said that?

VOLMER

Even the acting head of a Wall Street finance firm can't argue with a serious car accident.

He stands and crosses to the window.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

We don't get many visitors here. Do your best to relax. You are at the foot of the Swiss Alps, one of the most beautiful places in the world. Think of it as an enforced vacation.

He turns back to Castorp.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

You Americans aren't very good at vacations, are you...? It may take you a few days to acclimate to the altitude.

He nods at the Happy Nurse.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
Make sure you drink plenty of  
water.

She comes over, carrying a pitcher and glass of water.

Castorp drinks, parched.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
Believe me, you are in good hands.

Volmer guides the Happy Nurse from the room.

Castorp lies back in his bed and seems to feel the peace of his surroundings, just as Volmer encouraged. He is so relaxed he begins to drift off to sleep, until:

TAP... TAP... the sound of a small hammer floats in from an open window...

Castorp pulls himself from the bed.

Castorp hobbles over to the window and looks out. Through the window, he sees -

The caretaker with a wheel barrow full of stones, bricking up the small half-circular opening.

Castorp hears laughter. He watches -

Patients move across the perfect green grass. He recognizes Hill, Aziz and a handful of other patients playing croquet. When the others' backs are turned, Aziz kicks his ball into a more advantageous spot.

Castorp reaches for a glass of water.

He drinks it down, then he sees something at the bottom of the glass...

INSERT: a small black smudge.

From within the glass, we see Castorp reach for it with his finger.

Castorp brings his finger close and -

The small black smudge MOVES AS IF IT WERE ALIVE. A worm of some kind.

Castorp crushes it between his fingers. He re-examines it - just a smudge, as if it had been a trick of the eye.

A TICK of the clock on the wall makes Castorp turn.

INSERT: 3:07 p.m.

36

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY.

36

Dressed in a robe like the rest of the patients, Castorp moves on crutches down a tiled corridor, past various windows. He looks in at -

CUT TO:

A green-tiled room where PATIENTS standing in a swimming pool perform a dumb show of synchronized calisthenics, raising red exercise balls over their heads, mimicking a muscular INSTRUCTOR standing at the edge.

CUT TO:

Castorp continues on. He looks through another window into -

CUT TO:

Another room filled with soak tubs, each one contains a PATIENT, their heads wrapped in towels.

CUT TO:

Castorp continues on. Through another window he sees -

CUT TO:

Beneath the surface of a pool, BODIES in swimsuits, goggles and swim caps submerged like a human aquarium. Mrs. Watkins moves past the window, her bathing suit strained by her ample frame. She waves. Castorp averts his gaze.

CUT TO:

Castorp stops at the end of the corridor, unsure of which way to go.

A NURSE, busy, helpful, eager, approaches from the other direction.

EAGER NURSE (O.S.)

Are you lost?

Castorp turns to him.

CASTORP

I guess so.

EAGER NURSE  
Where is it you are supposed to be?

CASTORP  
I'm not sure.

The Eager Nurse lifts a clip board.

EAGER NURSE  
Name.

Castorp begins to say his name and then he thinks better of it.

The Eager Nurse looks up.

EAGER NURSE (CONT'D)  
Your name?

CASTORP  
...Pembroke. Roland Pembroke.

She scans his clip board.

EAGER NURSE  
Here it is. Pembroke, room 609.  
Steam baths.

CASTORP  
Of course.

He begins to move away on his crutches.

EAGER NURSE  
Mr. Pembroke?

Castorp turns back.

EAGER NURSE (CONT'D)  
The steam baths are in that  
direction.

She points in the other direction.

37     INT. ENTRANCE TO STEAM FACILITY - DAY.

37

Castorp approaches the entrance to a steam room.

THREATENING ATTENDANT (O.S.)  
You can't go in there.

AN ATTENDANT sits in a chair.

THREATENING ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
Not like that.

He lifts a towel and a pair of rubber sandals.

38

INT. STEAM ROOM - DAY.

38

Castorp limps through the steam on his crutches, his vision increasingly obscured as he goes deeper.

Figures loom from the steam. NAKED MALE PATIENTS, decaying flesh on full display.

TWO MEN play chess.

OTHERS lie on their stomachs as they are vigorously scrubbed by fully-dressed ATTENDANTS.

Castorp passes ONE MAN as he is being massaged. He moans with pleasure at the expert manipulation of the many folds of his ample flesh.

Castorp moves further inside. He turns corner after corner as the steam thickens until he finds himself against a wall. He turns to retrace his steps, but the steam is thicker now and before long, he finds himself against another tiled wall. He feels his way along, lost as in a maze of white tile and steam, through interconnected rooms, all of which are now abandoned and empty: he is alone. His breath becomes labored as the heat increases and then he hears a SOUND - something impossible, HOOFS ON A TILE FLOOR. He strains into the steam to see and then in the distance, passing from one room to another what appears to be the silhouette of a BLACK ELK.

Castorp moves towards it, not believing his eyes. He enters another room, but it seems to be empty like the others. He sits down on a bench to collect himself and he notices -

A FIGURE seated near by, his head back.

CASTORP  
...Pembroke?

REVEAL the man beside him. ROLAND PEMBROKE, 62, slowly opens his eyes.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
It is Mr. Pembroke...?

Pembroke looks at him blankly.

PEMBROKE  
Do I know you?

CASTORP  
My name's Castorp. Mr. Green sent  
me.

Pembroke looks him over, gets the measure of him.

PEMBROKE  
I would have thought they'd send  
Morris.

CASTORP  
Morris is dead. Heart attack.

Pembroke turns away, absorbing the news.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Mr. Pembroke, I've come to bring  
you back to New York.

Pembroke looks around alarmed.

PEMBROKE  
You want me to leave here?

CASTORP  
Just for a few days.

PEMBROKE  
I'm afraid I can't do that.

CASTORP  
Why not?

PEMBROKE  
I'm not well.

CASTORP  
You look all right to me.

PEMBROKE  
Because you are blind, as I was.  
But soon you will see... Rest  
assured: they'll take good care of  
you here.

CASTORP  
I'm not a patient.

PEMBROKE  
What happened to your leg?

CASTORP  
Mr. Pembroke, the situation in New  
York is really quite serious.

PEMBROKE

...That is no longer my concern.  
The Director says I must not  
involve myself in business matters.

He walks out. Castorp follows.

39

INT. PLUNGE ROOM - DAY.

39

Castorp follows Pembroke into a plunge room.

PEMBROKE

Have you met Doctor Volmer?

CASTORP

This morning.

PEMBROKE

A great man. A kind man. Not like  
other doctors.

Pembroke steps down into a plunge pool as Castorp moves  
around the edge of the pool on crutches.

PEMBROKE (CONT'D)

This obsession with blood. You see  
they have it all wrong. Did you  
know the body is 65% water? It's  
our fluids that must be purified.

--- CASTORP

Word that the merger is in trouble  
has leaked. The share price is in  
free fall.

PEMBROKE

Castorp... You're not any relation  
to Henry Castorp, are you?

On Castorp surprised.

CASTORP

My father. You knew him?

PEMBROKE

We started out together. Good man.  
Terrible what happened to him.

Pembroke is lost in a painful memory.

PEMBROKE (CONT'D)

They said there was a boy left in  
the car.

CASTORP

I don't remember much to be honest.

PEMBROKE

He didn't deserve what we did to him.

On Castorp listening.

CASTORP

What do you mean?

PEMBROKE

He was an honest man. And we destroyed him for it.

Beat on Castorp.

CASTORP

Well, people get fucked over everyday. Either you have what it takes to survive or you don't.

He turns to look at Castorp.

PEMBROKE

And I suppose you do. Is that why you came all this way? Ambition.

Castorp's silence says it all.

PEMBROKE (CONT'D)

Then you have it worse than any of us.

Castorp doesn't get it.

CASTORP

What's that?

PEMBROKE

The sickness... Your father saw the truth, long before the rest of us... The pointlessness of the entire endeavor.

(turns away)

We've all done terrible things. So many terrible things.

Pembroke submerges. Castorp stands there on the water's edge. Silence. He looks at a clock on the wall. The second hand moves slowly and still Pembroke remains submerged. Finally, he re-emerges, water streaming down his face. His eyes closed.

PEMBROKE (CONT'D)  
What's it trading at?

Castorp looks up.

CASTORP  
What?

PEMBROKE  
The stock. What's it trading at?

CASTORP  
8 and half at close on Friday.

PEMBROKE  
(under his breath)  
...Parasites.

CASTORP  
It'll be lower by now. We're all concerned for your well being, Mr. Pembroke... Just a few days. There are certain irregularities in some of the accounts that need to be clarified before the merger can be completed.

Pembroke turns to look at Castorp.

PEMBROKE  
...And I suppose someone has to take responsibility.

Beat on Castorp.

CASTORP  
Something like that.

Pembroke holds his look.

PEMBROKE  
...Then I better get my things.

40

INT. RECEPTION - DAY.

40

Castorp, on crutches, dressed in his street clothes, stands at the reception desk.

CASTORP  
I need a car to take me to the station.

The Efficient Nurse looks up at him.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Can you call me one please?

EFFICIENT NURSE  
I'll see what I can I do.

Castorp walks through the open door outside.

41 EXT. SANITARIUM ENTRANCE - DAY, CONTINUOUS.

41

Castorp walks outside. He looks out over the grounds. An OLD MAN with boyish smile carries a kite. A WOMAN helps him launch into the air. They watch it with enormous pleasure.

Castorp feels the warm sun on his face. He closes his eyes. The SOUND of the wind in the trees.

WATKINS (O.S.)  
Glad to see you're on your feet.

He turns to see Watkins, Aziz and Hill playing cards.

WATKINS (CONT'D)  
We heard about the accident. You're American aren't you, Mr...?

CASTORP  
Castorp.

She holds out her hand.

WATKINS  
Sheryl Watkins. Houston, Texas. 40 years at Xerox. This is Mr. Aziz from London.

AZIZ  
Bombay originally.

HILL  
Ron Hill, Oslo.

AZIZ  
Why don't you pull up a chair? We need a fourth.

HILL  
Careful, like most Brahmins, he cheats.

AZIZ  
Coming from a Venture Capitalist I take that as a compliment.

CASTORP

Actually, I'm on my way back to New York with Mr. Pembroke.

They look up almost alarmed.

HILL

Then he's... feeling better?

CASTORP

Well enough.

WATKINS

I suppose that's... wonderful news. Isn't that right, Mr. Aziz?

AZIZ

Wonderful news.

A SLICK ORDERLY appears, wielding his clipboard.

SLICK ORDERLY

Mrs. Watkins? Time for your treatment.

WATKINS

Are you sure?

The man lifts his clipboard.

WATKINS (CONT'D)

I just had one this morning. I'm sure of it.

SLICK ORDERLY

I have you on the schedule.

WATKINS

Well, I guess I'm not feeling myself today.

She gets to her feet. Starts to follow the Orderly and then turns back urgently to Castorp, seizing his arm. Her face full of fear.

WATKINS (CONT'D)

Can you help me?

He looks at her for further explanation.

WATKINS (CONT'D)

...It's happening again.

The Slick Orderly steps closer.

SLICK ORDERLY  
Everything all right?

She presses a letter into Castorp's hand.

WATKINS  
...I wonder if you wouldn't mind  
mailing this letter for me on your  
way out. It's for my daughter.

The Slick Orderly stares hard at Castorp before leading Mrs.  
Watkins away.

Castorp looks at the letter in his hand. There is no address.  
He turns back.

CASTORP  
Mrs. Watkins...

But she's gone.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Shit.

He hears a girl's SINGING... his mother's waltz. He stuffs  
the letter in his pocket as he follows the sound around the  
side of the building towards a brick archway

42

EXT. POND - DAY.

42

Hannah walks barefoot along the edge of pond. She is eating a  
ham sandwich, dropping pieces of ham into the water.

CASTORP  
Is there something in the water?

HANNAH  
(nods)  
At the bottom.

CASTORP  
I don't see anything.

HANNAH  
They're down there.

She looks up.

CASTORP  
Did it hurt?

He thinks about it.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

I can't remember.

HANNAH

Better that way.

CASTORP

Are you a patient here? You're so much younger than everyone else.

HANNAH

The Director says I'm a special case. What about you? Are you here for the cure?

CASTORP

Actually, I was just leaving.

HANNAH

No one ever leaves.

CASTORP

What are you talking about?

HANNAH

Why would anyone want to?

He looks around at the idyllic setting. Then back at her.

CASTORP

I see your point.

HANNAH

Did you get what you came for?

CASTORP

I came to bring someone back to New York. So, yeah I did.

HANNAH

Does he want to go?

CASTORP

Not really. I guess I'm not a very good person.

Hanna smiles.

HANNAH

People are funny.

CASTORP

What do you mean?

HANNAH

They spend their whole lives doing what they think's important. And they all end up in the same place... What's the hurry?

On Castorp, remembering.

CASTORP

That song you were singing. Where did you hear that?

HANNAH

I don't know. I've just always known it.

Her gaze shifts to that second floor window. She suddenly stands.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I have to go now.

She walks away.

CASTORP

What's your name?

HANNAH

Hannah.

Castorp watches as she walks away.

43 EXT. SANITARIUM ENTRANCE - LATER.

43

The sun sets behind the pine trees. Time has passed. The Old Man is wrapping up his kite.

Castorp walks across the empty lawn. He picks up an abandoned croquet mallet. He checks his watch. Then looks back -

To the entrance. No car. No sign of Pembroke.

Castorp's frustration builds. He chucks the mallet away.

44 INT. SANITARIUM RECEPTION - NIGHT.

44

Castorp approaches the reception desk, now empty.

INSERT SIGN: VISITING HOURS ARE OVER FOR THE DAY.



VOLMER (CONT'D)

The application of leeches... Based on the diagnosis, I always pitied the leech.

Everyone bursts into self-contented laughter. Volmer looks up at Castorp, approaching across the crowded dining room filled with patients around white table-clothed tables.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Mr. Castorp... Won't you join us?

He indicates the empty chair.

AZIZ

Aren't we expecting Mrs. Watkins?

VOLMER

I'm sure we can find another chair.

The Director raises his hand for a waiter.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

The sturgeon is excellent, by the way. Unless of course you'd prefer the venison. Couldn't let it go to waste.

CASTORP

Where's Pembroke?

VOLMER

I'm afraid he took a turn for the worse. Apparently your discussion of business matters set him back. We had to move him to the next stage of treatment.

CASTORP

He looked all right to me.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

But you are not a Doctor.

CASTORP

Then maybe it's time for a second opinion.

VOLMER

That of course is up to Mr. Pembroke.

CASTORP

Ever since I got here, you people have been giving me the run around.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

I must ask you to keep your voice down.

CASTORP

Wouldn't want to upset the clientele, would we?

VOLMER

Mr. Castorp, I assure you giving you the run around is the farthest thing from my mind. My only concern is the well-being of my patients.

CASTORP

Bad for business if people start getting better. Am I right?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

What are you implying, Mr. Castorp?

CASTORP

Old people paying through the teeth for what? Water? What's your overhead anyway?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

That's not your concern.

CASTORP

Look, I don't want to have to get lawyers involved, but I came here to take Pembroke back to New York with me. And that's what I'm going to do if I have to hit him over the head and drag him out by his hair

The Director looks up at Castorp. His look turns to concern.

VOLMER

Mr. Castorp, are you all right...? You look pale.

CASTORP

I'm fine.

VOLMER

You're bleeding.

CASTORP

What?

Castorp reaches his hand to his nose. He looks at his hand.

INSERT: Castorp's hand covered in blood.

VOLMER

Perhaps you should sit down.

Blood oozes from Castorp's nose. And suddenly he is dizzy.

He steadies himself against a chair.

He looks around the room -

CASTORP'S POV: faces around the room are suddenly ghoulis, chewing their food, watching him with strange impassivity...

And in the middle of it all, perfectly still - Hannah.

On Castorp's face and then -

Castorp grabs at the tablecloth, dragging everything to the ground as he collapses.

48

INT. MEDICAL EXAM BAY - NIGHT.

48

CLOSE of a small white light shined directly at us.

Reverse to see Castorp's dilated eyes.

He sits on a medical table as Volmer examines him.

VOLMER

I see no sign of concussion. Any headaches? Hallucinations?

CASTORP

No.

VOLMER

That's good.

Volmer listens at his chest with a stethoscope.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

You may dress.

Volmer turns away and goes to a file cabinet against the wall. Castorp buttons his shirt.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
Have you been drinking the water?

CASTORP  
Yes.

VOLMER  
Make sure you do.

He takes out a file.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
I took the liberty of doing a few tests after the accident.

He sits at his desk and opens the file. He looks up. He gestures at the chair across from his desk.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
Please.

Castorp sits. He sees a framed picture of Hannah on his desk. Volmer sees Castorp studying Hannah's picture.

CASTORP  
Hannah, isn't it?

VOLMER  
You've met. She's like a daughter to me. A very special case.

CASTORP  
So I heard.

Volmer smiles. He reaches for a small glass blue vial on his desk and deposits a drop on his tongue before turning back to Castorp's file.

VOLMER  
After examining your fluids, it appears you're suffering from the same condition that effects most of my patients.

CASTORP  
And what is that?

VOLMER  
An un-examined life... Manifested in the usual stress-related illnesses. Mild nervous disorder. Strain to the major organs. In fact I've never seen such an advanced case in someone so young.

CASTORP

Is that right?

VOLMER

Tell me Mr. Castorp, when was the last time you actually felt well? When was the last time you slept through the night? I can help you...

On Castorp, seemingly effected.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

If you're willing, I'd like to recommend a treatment. The first stage of the cure. I know you're pressed for time, but since Mr. Pembroke won't be ready to travel for a day or two, I could speak to the duty nurse to see if we can't get you in this evening.

Castorp's eyes shift almost imperceptibly to the file cabinet.

CASTORP

If you think it's necessary.

VOLMER

I do.

He stands and walks out of the room.

Castorp waits a beat. He glances at the door. He can hear Volmer talking to a Nurse. He stands, goes to the file cabinet and opens the drawer. He flips through patient files until he finds Mr. Pembroke's. He removes it and slips it into the back of his trousers. He turns to go back to his chair and BUMPS the side of Volmer's desk, knocking the blue vial on its side. The vial rolls across the desk surface and falls, about to shatter on the floor, when Castorp catches it. He hastily places it back on the desk and slides into his chair with his back to the door just as Volmer returns.

VOLMER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're in luck, Mr. Castorp.

Castorp turns.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

We can get you in right away.

CASTORP

That's great.

VOLMER  
The Duty Nurse will escort you to  
our isolation wing.

Castorp gets to his feet.

CASTORP  
Thank you.

He moves past Volmer to the door. Volmer holds out a small  
cup for a urine sample.

VOLMER  
If you wouldn't mind?

Castorp takes it.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
So we can keep an eye on your  
progress.

Castorp nods and follows. Volmer returns to his chair behind  
his desk. He looks up at the small blue vial and... adjusts  
it a few centimeters back to where he left it.

49      INT. TILED HALLWAY - NIGHT.

49

Castorp is escorted down a long corridor by The Happy Nurse.  
She stops at a doorway and hands Castorp a folded robe.

HAPPY NURSE  
You can change in there.

50      INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT.

50

The FLUSH of a toilet. Castorp now dressed in the robe closes  
the sample cup and places it on a shelf. There are several  
other samples there. One of them labeled with a W... He turns  
it to see the full name... Watkins. There is barely any fluid  
in the cup. What's there is off-colored and sickly-looking.

CUT TO:

Castorp opens Pembroke's file. He turns the pages, all in  
German, he can't make any sense. A KNOCK at the door.

HAPPY NURSE (O.S.)  
Are you ready Mr. Castorp?

CASTORP  
Just a minute.



PRIM TECHNICIAN

Yes sir.

Volmer exits.

55      INT. ISOLATION TANK - NIGHT.      55

Castorp floats in the darkness. Wires extend from his prone body. The only sound the drone of the breathing apparatus, womb-like.

56      INT. MONITORING ROOM - NIGHT.      56

The Prim Technician clicks a button and speaks into a microphone.

PRIM TECHNICIAN

Mr. Castorp, the treatment lasts 30 minutes. I will be monitoring you from here.

57      INT. ISOLATION TANK - NIGHT.      57

Castorp can hear the voice from a speaker inside the tank.

PRIM TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

If you have any issues, just tap on the side of the tank.

Castorp twists his head to the portal. He can see into the monitoring room, the Prim Technician looking at him as he speaks into the microphone.

Castorp nods.

58      INT. MONITORING ROOM - NIGHT.      58

The Prim Technician clicks off the microphone and picks up a book.

59      INT. ISOLATION TANK - NIGHT.      59

Castorp floats in silence, his breathing slowly calms. His eyes close as he remembers:







PRIM TECHNICIAN

I'm terribly sorry, something must have gone wrong with the machine.

CASTORP

There's something in the water!

The Prim Technician takes a pocket flashlight from his lab coat and shines it into the tank. No sign of any eels.

PRIM TECHNICIAN

There's nothing in the water Mr. Castorp.

Castorp grabs the flashlight and looks for himself.

CASTORP

But... I saw them.

PRIM TECHNICIAN

I think the Director explained, some patients experience visions with this particular treatment. It's just the toxins leaving the body... All part of the cure.

Castorp looks at him, slowly accepting what he saw might not be real.

HAPPY NURSE

I'll help you to your room. You need to rest now.

Castorp nods, allows himself to be helped to his feet.

As he goes, we stay on the Happy Nurse a beat. She buttons the last button of her blouse before following.

80

INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT.

80

Castorp blots at the damp contents of Pembroke's file spread across his bed. He reassembles the file and begins to pace the room as he turns the pages, most of it is in German.

INSERT: Numbers of Hydrotherapy treatments... Toxicity reports etc.

Castorp stops at the window. He looks up, noticing something in the darkness outside -

The caretaker pushes a gurney towards a door in an outbuilding. The same outbuilding where he was repairing the half-circular window.

He unlocks the door and pulls the gurney into the darkness. Though Castorp cannot be sure, the gurney appears to contain A BODY beneath a sheet. The door closes behind them.

On Castorp watching, when a wax-paper envelope slips from the file to the floor, spilling its contents. Castorp bends down and picks them up. X-rays... He holds it up to the light... They are dental x-rays.

81 EXT. SANITARIUM ENTRANCE - MORNING.

81

Aziz and Hill sit in the chairs where we first saw them eating breakfast.

AZIZ

Morning, Castorp. Feeling better?

Castorp, dressed in street clothes, turns - notices the other chair is empty.

CASTORP

Where's your friend...? She gave me a letter for her daughter. There was no address.

AZIZ

Mrs. Watkins? Scheduled for Transfusion.

HILL

Joining us for breakfast? The kedgiree is excellent.

Castorp looks past them to the outbuilding he saw the caretaker enter the night before.

CASTORP

Maybe another time.

82 EXT. OUTBUILDING - DAY.

82

Castorp tries the door to the outbuilding. It's sealed with a padlock. He turns to find -

THE CARETAKER'S POCK MARKED FACE STARING AT HIM, a brick-laden wheel barrow at his side.

CASTORP

...What is this place?

CARETAKER

Man kann nicht reingehen.

CASTORP  
I'm sorry I don't understand. I  
thought I saw you with a patient.

CARETAKER  
Wasser.

CASTORP  
No patient?

CARETAKER  
(shakes his head)  
Wasser.

From the corner of his eye, he notices movement. He looks  
around -

Between buildings he sees Hannah on a bicycle, her blond hair  
floating behind her.

As soon as he sees her she is gone from view, blocked by one  
of the structures.

A few moments later she reappears, but just for a moment  
before she slips from view again.

CASTORP  
Okay. Thank you.

He walks away. The Caretaker watches him go.

83

EXT. OUTDOOR POOL - DAY.

83

Hannah sits on her bicycle looking into the reflection of the  
outdoor pool.

CASTORP (O.S.)  
Going for a swim?

She looks around to see Castorp on his crutches.

HANNAH  
I'm not supposed to.

CASTORP  
Why's that?

HANNAH  
On account of my condition.

CASTORP  
I thought the water was what made  
you better.

HANNAH  
I told you, I'm a special case.

CASTORP  
Right.

He looks off in the direction of town.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
How far it is to town?

HANNAH  
A few miles, I think.

He nods considering.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Are you going to walk all the way?

CASTORP  
Unless you want to lend me your  
bike.

She considers.

HANNAH  
What will you give me?

She is not the least bit flirtatious except in her pure and frank innocence.

Castorp thinks about it. He reaches into his pocket and holds out the small ballerina he took from his mother.

CASTORP  
It was my mother's. She died.

She takes it, weighs it in her hand.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Most people say I'm sorry.

HANNAH  
(simple)  
What for?

CASTORP  
I guess you're right. She wasn't  
very happy.

HANNAH  
Her eyes are closed.

CASTORP  
She's dreaming. Just doesn't know  
it.

HANNAH  
What happens if she wakes up?

CASTORP  
I don't know. My mother never  
finished the story.

He looks at her bike.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
So do we have a deal?

She looks at his leg.

HANNAH  
How will you ride it?

CASTORP  
Maybe you could come along.

HANNAH  
I'm not supposed to.

CASTORP  
You always do what you're supposed  
to?

Hannah looks at him flatly. A child's interest in a dare.

84

EXT. DRIVE - DAY.

84

Hannah rides her bike down the driveway, standing up.

Castorp sits behind her, his broken leg outstretched, his  
crutches in his hand.

They slow to the gates.

Castorp climbs off. He hops over to a metal crank that  
unlocks the gates. Pulls them open.

Hannah hesitates as she looks up at the watching wrought-iron  
eels. A boundary she's never crossed.

CASTORP  
It's okay.

Beat and then Hannah walks the bike through.

Castorp pulls the gate closed after them and climbs back on the bike.

Through the entwined eels on the metal gates we watch them ride away.

85

EXT. VILLAGE INN - DAY.

85

Hannah stops her bike in front of the inn Castorp passed earlier.

Castorp steps off, walks on crutches towards the inn.

Hannah looks around, taking in the details of the village with a child's curiosity.

CASTORP

Coming?

She follows him inside.

86

INT. INN - DAY.

86

Sunlight streams through the windows.

The other PATRONS are farmers or laborers with worn hands and faces. A few drink at the bar. Others sit in a booth.

A couple of YOUNG MEN play a video game. One of them is the denim-clad youth who made the obscene gesture at Enrico when they first came through town. A CONSTABLE is speaking to them.

They look up with curiosity as -

Castorp and Hannah enter, people of a very different order.

Castorp guides Hannah to a table but does not sit.

CASTORP

Want a beer or something?

HANNAH

I don't know. Do I?

CASTORP

I don't know what you want.

HANNAH

All right. If you're having one.

Castorp hobbles over to the bar.

Behind the bar, an ELDERLY BARMAN smokes a cigarette.

CASTORP  
Two beers please.

He begins to draw two steins.

Castorp notices a painting behind the bar. The Castle in flames.

ENRICO (O.S.)  
Still here?

Castorp turns to see -

Enrico slumped at the end of the bar, Mexican drunk.

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
Thought you were just visiting.

CASTORP  
You've looked better.

ENRICO  
Same to you.

CASTORP  
How's the car?

ENRICO  
Totalled. But I don't mind. That car was a piece of shit. The Sanitarium offered me enough to buy a new one. So...  
(crosses himself)  
Everything happens for a reason, right?

CONSTABLE (O.S.)  
You drink too much.

Enrico looks around as THE TOWN CONSTABLE, an elegant man in his 40's, sits at the bar.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)  
Hope you're not driving.

The Bartender places lunch on the bar for the Constable.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)  
You two from up on the hill?

CASTORP  
That's right.

CONSTABLE

We don't get many patients down here.

The Youths in the corner let out a burst of laughter as one tries to pry a mounted sword from the wall.

BARTENDER

Hey!

CONSTABLE

Good boys at heart. Just weren't raised properly. No respect for authority. Not like the old days.

He finishes his drink and turns to go.

CASTORP

You know if there's a doctor in town?

CONSTABLE

All the doctors are up on the hill.

CASTORP

A pharmacy. Something like that?

The Barman places the two steins in front of Castorp.

BARMAN

There's Pieter. Over the road.

CASTORP

He a Doctor?

BARMAN

Close enough.

He exits. Castorp pays and carries the beers back to the table where Hannah waits.

Hannah raises the glass to her lips and drinks. She reacts.

CASTORP

Don't you like it?

Hannah shrugs.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

You never had a beer before?

She doesn't deny it. She looks around the room. Notices a TRIO OF WOMEN, made-up, dressed for attention.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
How long have you been a patient?

HANNAH  
Since I can remember.

CASTORP  
What about your family?

HANNAH  
The Director says they'll come for  
me when I'm well.

CASTORP  
Do they visit?

HANNAH  
They'll come when I'm well.

Hannah looks at him and takes one of the distinctive vials  
from around her neck. Deposits a drop on her tongue.

CASTORP  
Vitamins?

She nods.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Can I try?

Hannah lets him. He reacts as if it was foul. She laughs.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Tastes like sweat. And seafood.

Hannah smiles as she fastens the vial back around her neck.

HANNAH  
You get used to it.

Castorp looks around. Sees the Youths watching them.

CASTORP  
Will you be okay here for a few  
minutes?

She nods.

He leaves.

She looks across the room at -

The farmers who are watching her attentively. One of them  
raises his glass.

She twirls her toy ballerina and hums her tune.

87

INT. VET'S SURGERY - DAY.

87

CLOSE of the face of a cow, emaciated. Lips curled back, life fading from its eyes.

Castorp enters to find the place filthy and primitive except for a WOMAN in her 20s, over-weight and mentally challenged, lost to her X-box with headphones.

At the back of the room, the cow is suspended by some sort of gurney.

Standing with his back to us is THE VET.

CASTORP

Hello?

Beat before the Vet turns to Castorp.

He has a drinker's face. Wipes blood from his hands onto his apron.

VET

What can I do for you?

He walks past Castorp and takes a bottle from a crowded work bench. Pours himself a drink.

Castorp takes out the medical file.

CASTORP

I wonder if you'd look at this for me. Tell me what it says.

The Vet turns, looks at it, but does not take it.

VET

Human.

CASTORP

Yes.

VET

Not my line.

CASTORP

I'll pay you.

Castorp takes out a handful of Swiss francs.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
How much is this?

The Vet comes closer.

He looks at the wad of outstretched bills then -

At Castorp's face.

VET  
Not much.

He reaches for it with bloody hands.

VET (CONT'D)  
But enough.

He stuffs the cash in his apron and drinks. Then he takes the file, smearing it with a bloody finger print.

88 INT. INN BATHROOM - DAY.

88

One young woman does her make-up at the sink. The other woman takes paper towels and hands it to the outstretched hand of the third girl, behind a stall door. They speak in German.

BARWOMAN  
(behind stall)  
Frank won't be happy.

BARWOMAN2  
At least you're not pregnant.

BARWOMAN3  
(at mirror)  
Squeamish is he?

Laughter. They pause their conversation when they see in the mirror -

Hannah enter. She looks at the women. Though they are of similar ages, but a breed apart.

BARWOMAN2  
Got a tampon?

Hannah stares blankly.

BARWOMAN2 (CONT'D)  
My friend's time of the month.

Hannah enters a stall without a word. The girls exchange a look.

BARWOMAN3

Freak.

They continue chatting, applying lipstick.

89

INT. VET'S OFFICE - DAY.

89

The Vet sits at his work bench, reading the file.

CASTORP

So?

Vet shrugs.

VET

He's not a well man.

CASTORP

What's wrong with him?

VET

Difficult to say.

Castorp considers.

CASTORP

They're dental records, aren't they?

The Vet nods, drinks.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

What do they mean?

VET

His teeth are falling out.

Castorp reacts.

90

INT. INN BATHROOM - DAY.

90

FLUSH. Hannah emerges from the stall and goes to the sink. The other women are gone.

Hannah looks down into the trashcan, sees -

A few blood-spotted paper towels.

Hannah looks at her naked face. Then she sees -

One of the girls has left her lipstick on the back of the sink.

Hannah picks it up.

91     INT. INN - DAY.

91

Hannah re-enters the bar.

Again all eyes are on her.

The three women from the bathroom have joined a table of farmers.

Instead of returning to her seat, Hannah goes over to a juke box. She looks through the glass.

The teen-age kid dressed in denim we saw earlier when he stared down Castorp on the street appears beside her. He holds out his hand.

It contains a coin.

She takes it.

HANNAH

Thank you.

92     INT. VET'S OFFICE - DAY.

92

Castorp stares at the file, smudged with bloody finger prints.

CASTORP

What would cause something like that to happen?

VET

Difficult to say. Judging by the other charts, barring a pre-existing condition. Chronic dehydration.

CASTORP

All they do up there is drink water.

VET

I am not a doctor. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to put this animal out of its misery.

The Vet crosses the room back to the cow.

CASTORP  
What's wrong with it?

VET  
Broke its leg. Like you. Found it  
trapped in a drainage ditch  
drinking sewage water.

The Vet slices a knife down the cow's torso. Its intestines  
fall to the ground. The Vet turns and walks away.

Castorp stares.

CLOSE of the organs spewed across the floor... WRIGGLING WITH  
BLACK EELS.

93

INT. INN - DAY.

93

Music plays. Something slow and swinging. Hannah dances by  
herself lost in her own world.

The kid who gave her the money leans against the juke box  
watching, as does everyone else in the place. The three girls  
from the bathroom, mockingly.

Castorp enters. He sees Hannah dancing. He goes to the bar.  
The Constable is finishing his espresso.

BARMAN  
Another beer?

CASTORP  
I need to make a phone call. Long  
distance.

He takes a credit card and places it on the bar.

The barman hands him a phone. Castorp dials many numbers.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Hank Green's office please... It's  
Castorp.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
He's in a meeting.

CASTORP  
Tell him it's urgent. I'll hold.

Castorp looks up again at the painting of the burning castle.

CASTORP (CONT'D)  
Is that the old place?

CONSTABLE  
That's right.

CASTORP  
Why'd they burn it?

CONSTABLE  
On account of the experiments.

CASTORP  
What kind of experiments?

CONSTABLE  
...The last Baron loved his wife very much. She was sickly. He became obsessed with finding a cure so he tested his theories on some of his peasants... They found the bodies dried up like mummies in a field. Villagers didn't like that much. They chased the Baron and his wife into the catacombs. Made him watch as they burned her and his unborn child alive.

CASTORP  
That's a hell of a story. You seem to know a lot about it.

CONSTABLE  
History is my hobby.

He pays his tab and exits.

GREEN (O.S.)  
Castorp?

INTERCUT WITH CASTORP IN THE BAR:

94

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY.

94

Green is on his feet pacing on the phone. The rest of the board members sit around the table managing a crisis. Josh is amongst them. Phones ringing. ASSISTANTS come and go with papers. The rats are leaving the sinking ship.

GREEN  
Where the hell have you been?

CASTORP  
Mr. Green. I have to ask you something. Did Pembroke have any pre-existing conditions?

GREEN

What are you talking about?

CASTORP

Before he came here. Any medical conditions. Was he sick?

GREEN

No. He was a fucking health nut. Drank kale, for chrisstake. What is this about?

CASTORP

...I don't know.

GREEN

Where's Pembroke? It's been five days, where the hell are you?

On Castorp. The question does not make sense.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Castorp, do I have to reiterate to you the importance of what you've been sent there to do?

CASTORP

There was an accident.

GREEN

What accident?

CASTORP

I don't understand. They didn't call you?

GREEN

No. Nobody called.

. Beat on Castorp as he absorbs it.

GREEN (CONT'D)

You listen to me very carefully. Get Pembroke on a plane within 24 hours or this whole place goes ass over tits and you with it. Understand me?

CASTORP

I think there's something really wrong with him.

GREEN

Since when do you give a shit about  
Pembroke? Or anyone else for that  
matter?

Castorp turns to see -

Hannah dancing. Denim is now dancing with her, too close. His  
hands on Hannah's body. Another kid joins them. It is  
dangerous, but strangely she does not seem to know it.

Castorp slowly puts down the phone as we hear:

GREEN (CONT'D)

Castorp? CASTORP?

Castorp approaches Hannah and the others dancing. He reaches  
out and catches Hannah's arm.

CASTORP

I need to speak to you.

She stops dancing abruptly and looks at him.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

You said no one ever leaves. What  
does that mean?

HANNAH

Let go.

CASTORP

What's the cure?

HANNAH

You're hurting me.

DENIM

Leave her alone.

He grabs for the vial around her neck.

CASTORP

What makes you special?

Denim gets between them.

DENIM

Sie stören sie sind.

CASTORP

Fuck off Adolf.

Denim shoves him. He loses his footing, falling to the ground. Denim takes Hannah roughly by the arm and pulls her close. Hannah tries to resist but he is too strong.

HANNAH

Please. I want to go.

DENIM

I paid for this dance.

Castorp regains his footing. He looks at Hannah struggling in the farmer's grasp. She begins to cry.

Castorp hops up behind Denim

CASTORP

Let her go.

Denim doesn't turn around.

DENIM

Go back to the sanitarium, cripple.

Denim, suddenly hit from behind, lets out a loud grunt and falls to his knees.

Revealing Castorp wielding his crutch and hopping on one leg.

CASTORP

I'm not a patient.

Denim scrambles to his feet. Castorp swings his crutch, Denim catches it, lunging at Castorp, knocking him to the ground, punching him repeatedly in the face. Denim produces a straight razor, ready to slice him open.

DENIM

Ich werde dir die Eier  
abgeschnitten und stopfen sie in  
den Hals.

VOLMER (O.S.)

(loud, booming voice)  
That's enough.

Everything stops. Volmer stands in the bar. The effect of his appearance is instantaneous. Denim backs away.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Hannah...

Volmer gestures. She walks obediently outside with a FEMALE ORDERLY.

95

EXT. INN - NIGHT.

95

Two well-maintained but slightly out-of-date Mercedes wait at the curb. Volmer gently helps Hannah into one.

CASTORP

Hannah?

She doesn't turn. Volmer walks to the other side of the car.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Hannah?

Volmer stops, looks over the car at Castorp. There is controlled anger in his eyes.

VOLMER

She may look like a woman, but she's just a girl... Ignorance, Mr. Castorp, is the great enemy of science.

CASTORP

I want to see Pembroke.

VOLMER

And you will.

Volmer turns and joins Hannah in the car.

Castorp sees -

Hannah turn from the backseat to look at him as they drive away.

ORDERLY (O.S.)

Coming Mr. Castorp?

Castorp turns to see an Orderly holding open the door to the other car. He looks around.

Denim and the others have appeared, in front of the bar, ready for blood. Castorp weighs his options. And moves for the car.

96

INT. HANNAH'S CHAMBER - NIGHT.

96

Hannah enters, followed by Volmer. The room is a girl's, decorated simply. Hannah sits on the bed. Like a scolded child, she won't look at him.

VOLMER

I told you: You are not well enough  
to go into the village.

HANNAH

Nothing happened.

VOLMER

Only because I arrived when I did.

HANNAH

Castorp was there.

VOLMER

With a knife to his throat. Mr.  
Castorp isn't well enough to look  
after himself, let alone you. He  
can't protect you the way I can.

HANNAH

I don't need protecting.

VOLMER

Of course you do.

HANNAH

We were just having fun. He's not  
like the others. He's young.

Volmer is wounded by the comment. She winces with pain,  
touching her stomach.

VOLMER

What's wrong?

HANNAH

Nothing.

VOLMER

Let me look at you.

HANNAH

No.

VOLMER

I'm your Doctor.

HANNAH

Don't touch me!

She turns her back. She winces again with pain.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Why don't you want me to be happy?

VOLMER

Of course I want you to be happy.  
You're just not like other people,  
Hannah. You're special.

HANNAH

I don't want to be different.

VOLMER

You're not ready.

HANNAH

I'm nineteen years old. When will I  
be ready?

VOLMER

Soon.

HANNAH

When?

VOLMER

Patience... Come here.

She looks at him, but does not move. The Director detects a  
new defiance in her.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

I said, come here.

She gets to her feet and comes towards him. He holds her by  
the shoulders.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Haven't I always looked after you?

She nods.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Haven't I always cared for you?

HANNAH

Yes.

VOLMER

Soon, I will make you better. And  
then you will thank me.

She looks down.

HANNAH

And my parents will come?

Beat on Volmer.

VOLMER

Of course.

He smiles and kisses her on the forehead.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Now, go to sleep my little lamb.

He walks out. She stands there. She takes out the lipstick she stole from the inn and looks at it in her hand.

97      INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT.      97

Castorp stands at his window drinking from a glass of water. He looks out and sees -

The Caretaker emerge from the outbuilding pushing an empty gurney. The Caretaker stops and locks the door behind him.

On Castorp, watching. He hears a sound from the bathroom. The click of metal and running water.

Castorp walks towards the bathroom.

98      INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT.      98

On the toilet, the flush handle clicks up and down as the bowl continually refills itself.

Castorp walks over to the toilet. He flicks the handle up and down until the sound of water stops.

Castorp moves to the sink. He looks at his reflection. His face drawn and bloodied from the fight. He turns on the tap and rinses his face. He fills his mouth and spits into the sink. He looks again at his reflection. Something troubling. He runs his tongue over his teeth.

Castorp reaches up, slowly raising his lip... He reacts in horror as he SLOWLY PULLS OUT AN INCISOR TOOTH...

99      INT. NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT.      99

A KIND NURSE does paper work at a Nurse's Station. She looks up. Smiles.

KIND NURSE

Bitter?

Castorp stands at the Nurse's Station.

CASTORP

I have a problem with my tooth.

She smiles as if this happens all the time.

KIND NURSE

Luckily we have an excellent  
dentist on staff. May I?

She holds out her hand. Beat and then Castorp places his  
tooth in the smooth center of her palm.

KIND NURSE (CONT'D)

I'll just pop it in some milk,  
shall I?

She turns away. Castorp watches as she carries his tooth  
through a door.

Castorp reaches across the desk, flipping through a clip-  
board of patient records until he finds what he's looking  
for.

INSERT: *Pembroke, Roland. R. Transfusions Flugal.*

100      INT. NURSE'S GALLEY - NIGHT.      100

CLOSE of a glass of milk. A bloody tooth drops into the  
liquid.

The Kind Nurse picks up the glass and swirls the liquid and  
walks back towards the Nurse's Station.

101      INT. NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT.      101

The Kind Nurse returns with the glass of milk in her hand.

KIND NURSE

There we are.

She looks up. Castorp is nowhere to be seen.

102      INT. WARD HALLWAY - NIGHT.      102

Castorp moves along the hallway on his crutches. He stops at  
a doorway at the far end. He tries it, but it's locked.  
Suddenly, the door opens. Castorp steps to the side as TWO  
ORDERLIES step out, moving right past Castorp who is  
concealed behind the door. As the doors fall shut, Castorp  
reaches out his crutch, keeping the doors from closing.

103

INT. CUSTODIAL HALLWAY, BASEMENT LEVEL - NIGHT.

103

The bottom of a staircase at the far end of a corridor. The CLIP of Castorp's one-footed gate before he appears, descending the stairs.

Castorp stops at the bottom of the stairs. He peers down the long-tiled corridor.

Light falls from an open doorway. There is something grimy and damp to the air, subterranean and a strange mechanical sound WHIR-THUMP, WHIR-THUMP, WHIR-THUMP.

He moves slowly down the hallway.

CASTORP'S POV: as he moves down the narrow corridor towards the open doorway, the sound increasing: WHIR-THUMP, WHIR-THUMP, WHIR-THUMP.

Castorp moves towards the lit-doorway and turns to see -

104

INT. LAUNDRY - NIGHT.

104

A wall of 9 industrial dryers. In each circular window towels spin dry. The source of that mechanical whir-thump.

AN OVER-WEIGHT WOMAN, a member of the custodial staff, sits on a stool, in front of the driers, smoking a cigarette.

Castorp looks at her and then looks up at -

A packet of discount cigarettes and a plastic lighter on top of one of the driers.

105

INT. MEDICAL HALLWAY, BASEMENT LEVEL - NIGHT.

105

A door opens. Castorp steps through into a medical hallway. There is still something subterranean to the air, but the hallway is cleaner with a sense of the medicinal.

Castorp stops at a sign on the wall.

INSERT SIGN: Transfusion Station with an arrow pointing to the right, Detox Flügel pointing left.

Castorp turns right. He looks down the long hallway. At the far end, there is an intersecting hallway. An Orderly walks past, pushing a gurney with a patient on it.

Castorp moves towards the intersecting hallway.

106

INT. HALLWAY INTERSECTION - NIGHT.

106

Castorp turns the corner to find - a series of PATIENTS on gurneys against the wall near an elevator. Castorp presses the call button, but noting happens. A key is required.

Castorp turns back to the gurneys. On one lies Diaz, eyes open, staring at Castorp.

Beat then - DING - the sound of the elevator approaching. Castorp looks around at the elevator.

DIAZ SCREAMS A MOUTH OF TOOTHLESS GUMS.

Castorp looks back at him.

107

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT.

107

Two Orderlies rise in the elevator talking. The Blond orderly makes a gesture weighing two very different sized breasts.

BLOND ORDERLY

Einer ist buchstäblich die doppelte  
Größe des anderen . Es ist verdammt  
verformt.

SLICK ORDERLY

Ich habe es dir gesagt.

BLOND ORDERLY

Gibt mir Albträume.

The elevator doors slide open, filling the elevator with the sound of Diaz's screaming.

The Orderlies move towards Diaz, trying to calm him.

BLOND ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Was ist los mit ihm?

SLICK ORDERLY

Wie soll ich das wissen

BLOND ORDERLY

Halt den Mund alter Mann!

But Diaz doesn't quiet. The Blond Orderly raises his fist, threatening, but still Diaz screams as behind them -

The elevator slides closed, Castorp standing inside.

Castorp enters an empty room. Against the wall, several empty canisters large enough for a human being, reminiscent of an iron lung on wheels. He touches one, rears back: it is scalding hot.

He looks around to a pair of swinging doors marked: Transfusion Station. He moves towards them. They're locked. He peers through a small square window, but the glass is fogged from within. He rubs at the glass, but can't make anything out, until A HUMAN SHAPE moves past the glass.

He darts out of view, his back to the wall where he notices -

A single gurney in the corner of the room. It contains Mrs. Watkins, pale and emaciated, her eyes closed.

CASTORP

Mrs. Watkins?

She opens her eyes. Stares blankly.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Where's Pembroke?

WATKINS

...Gone.

CASTORP

Gone where?

Beat. She focuses on him.

WATKINS

You took him.

CASTORP

No... You said it was happening again. What did you mean by that?

WATKINS

(fading)

It's in the letter.

CASTORP

The letter to your daughter?

WATKINS

...I don't have a daughter.

CASTORP

What? Mrs. Watkins?

She starts to fade. Castorp touches her shoulder and sees -  
 A WORM-LIKE SHAPE MOVE BENEATH HER SKIN.

Castorp rears back, knocking into a cart filled with hundreds of those blue vials... Sending them smashing, rolling across the floor.

VOICES from behind the door, react to the sound.

Castorp turns back the way he came, walking on his crutches as fast as he can.

At the end of the far hallway, he sees the elevator he came down. DING. The doors open and the two Orderlies emerge pushing Diaz on his gurney.

Castorp darts into a doorway.

109

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT.

109

Castorp hides in a darkened room, his breathing heavy and fast. He hears the VOICES grow louder as the Orderlies approach and then pass.

His breathing slows. We hear the sound of a cigarette pack and the CLICK of a lighter. The flame illuminates Castorp's face as he takes a deep drag on a cigarette and exhales...

Then he looks up. Notices something. He clicks the lighter again and with the small flame sees -

A faint shape behind glass. It takes a moment to realize it is human flesh floating in milky liquid. A foot.

Castorp stares to be sure of what he has seen. He reaches up for a light switch...

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP fluorescent lights go on across the room, behind glass panels. Lining the room, behind those glass panels, float human shapes. This is the Embryonic Chamber.

Castorp stares in horror. He drops his cigarette on the floor.

CLOSE of the cigarette on the tiled floor. The ember extinguishes as the paper absorbs liquid.

Castorp moves across the room towards one of the panels. He looks in to see -

Pembroke, naked, floating fully submerged in the liquid. He seems not to be breathing, but his eyes are open.

Castorp moves closer to the glass when -

PEMBROKE TWITCHES.

Castorp bangs on the glass, trying to smash the glass with his crutch, but the glass is too thick. And anyway, he's too late. There is no further movement from Pembroke. He floats away from the glass, his face lifeless.

Castorp stops and watches him recede into the milky liquid.

110 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT.

110

Castorp stops at the top of a staircase, trying to catch his breath. He moves down a hallway, turning a corner to find -

A BALD ORDERLY making his rounds.

BALD ORDERLY  
Du kannst nicht hier sein, seine  
eingeschränkt.

Castorp backs away.

CASTORP  
I'm sorry, I don't understand.

The Bald Orderly steps forward threateningly.

BALD ORDERLY  
Eingeschränkt!

CASTORP  
Take it easy.

Volmer steps out from a doorway with another Orderly.

VOLMER  
It's all right, Marcus...

He smiles at Castorp.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
Mr. Castorp. Every time I look  
around you're not where you're  
supposed to be.

CASTORP  
I guess I'm lost. If you could just  
point me in the direction of my  
room.

VOLMER

I'll do you one better. We'll take you there... Right after we have someone look at that tooth.

Castorp backs away.

CASTORP

I'm fine.

VOLMER

Nonsense. Let's help Mr. Castorp find the dentist, shall we?

The Orderlies move towards Castorp.

CASTORP

Stay away from me.

Castorp struggles, but the Orderlies quickly subdue Castorp.

VOLMER

You must allow us to look after you. That's why you're here after all.

111 INT. DENTAL ROOM - DAY.

111

Close on Castorp leaning back in a dental chair, restrained. He looks up, around the room. Shelves are lined with tooth molds.

VOLMER

We are very fortunate to have Dr. Brennan on staff. An excellent dentist, he sees to all our patients' needs.

Volmer looks on as DR. BRENNAN, a jolly man, lays out various dental tools on a table.

CASTORP

I'm sorry.

Volmer looks at him.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

About Hannah... It won't happen again

VOLMER

I know that.

Brennan forces a wooden bit into Castorp's mouth.

DR. BRENNAN  
(to Volmer)  
Sollte ich sie alle zu nehmen?

VOLMER  
Nur eine.

Volmer nods at Brennan. He lifts an electric drill.

On Castorp as he sees the drill, his eyes widen with fear, but he cannot speak with the wooden bit between his teeth.

Volmer holds up Pembroke's file, the one Castorp stole, covered with the Vet's bloody finger prints.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
Trust, Mr. Castorp. If I can't trust you, how can you expect me to help you?

Brennan ACTIVATES THE DENTAL DRILL and steps towards Castorp.

PUSH IN ON CASTORP SCREAMING AS THE DRILL APPROACHES.

CLOSE of the drill bit as it burrows into Castorp's front tooth. Dust rises from the enamel and then blood splatters across Castorp's face.

112 EXT. SANITARIUM ENTRANCE - DAY.

112

Enrico pulls heavy suitcases from the trunk of his battered Mercedes.

A RUSSIAN WOMAN nails done, heavily made-up looks up at the Sanitarium as -

The Deputy Director emerges.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
Mrs. Abramov, so glad you're here.  
How long do we have you with us?

She takes a deep breath of the fresh air.

MRS. ABRAMOV  
Just two weeks.

The Deputy Director snaps for an Orderly to carry her bags.

MRS. ABRAMOV (CONT'D)  
I probably overpacked.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Nonsense.

(as they enter)

You'll be surprised at how time  
slips away here at the Institute.

113     INT. MERCEDES - DAY.

113

Enrico slides behind the wheel of his car. He takes out a pack of cigarettes and lights up.

The back door opens and Castorp slides into the backseat, a bloody towel to his mouth.

CASTORP

Drive.

ENRICO

What happened to your face?

He removes the towel.

CASTORP

JUST DRIVE!

Enrico starts the engine.

Castorp looks back anxiously as the car pulls away from the Sanitarium.

ENRICO

Where are we going?

CASTORP

Police.

Enrico looks at Castorp in the rearview mirror.

114     INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT.

114

The Constable we met in the bar sits behind his desk, taking notes. Castorp sits across.

CONSTABLE

And you came for the cure?

CASTORP

No. I told you. I was sent here to get a patient. Mr. Pembroke. Six days ago, he was fine. He agreed to come back to New York with me. Now he's dead.

CONSTABLE  
And you feel this Mr. Pembroke,  
died under suspicious  
circumstances?

Off Castorp's look.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)  
Many of the people who come for the  
cure are elderly or of ill-health.

He raises his lip to show the missing tooth.

CASTORP  
Look at me! Look what they did to  
me!

CONSTABLE  
I understand you were in an  
altercation in town.

CASTORP  
They held me down and pulled my  
tooth out. They threatened me.

CONSTABLE  
Why would they do that?

CASTORP  
Because I know what they've done.  
There is a room of bodies. Floating  
in tanks like specimens.

Beat.

CONSTABLE  
These are very serious allegations.

CASTORP  
No shit.

CONSTABLE  
Director Volmer is a well respected  
man. The Sanitarium is of great  
importance to the local economy.

CASTORP  
Take me up there. And I'll show you  
what I saw.

Beat as the Constable considers.

CONSTABLE

Do you have any identification on you? Passport?

CASTORP

No. They have everything.

CONSTABLE

Well then, is there someone I could speak to who might confirm you are who you say you are. Family? I hope you understand the need to verify your identity...

CASTORP

You can call my office.

He takes a piece of paper, scribbles down a number.

CONSTABLE

All right. Can I get you coffee or tea?

CASTORP

You have anything stronger?

CONSTABLE

Of course.

The Constable gets up and pours him a liquor glass.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

Rest assured... We'll get to the bottom of this.

CASTORP

Thank you.

The Constable exits.

We hold on Castorp. He raises the glass to his lips and drinks half the glass in one. He leans his head back, closes his eyes for a long beat and then opens them again. He looks over at the Constable's desk and notices...

Lead soldiers in a case... On a shelf, a spiked Kaiser helmet... A coat of arms... Souvenirs of a history buff.

And then, tucked in the corner amongst some old cigar boxes...

A small blue glass vial and eye-dropper.

Just like the ones we've seen at the sanitarium.

On Castorp as he realizes what it means. The sound of a car moving across gravel. Headlights rake the room as a car comes to a stop.

He looks out, sees headlights raking and then - the Director's black Mercedes pulling to a stop.

He turns, snatches a letter opener on the Constable's desk, concealing it behind his leg. He turns as -

The door opens. The Constable enters with... Volmer and the Deputy Director.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Mr. Castorp, we've been worried about you.

He brandishes the letter opener.

CASTORP

Stay away from me.

CONSTABLE

Is this man a patient of yours?

VOLMER

That's correct.

CASTORP

I'm not a patient. I was in an accident.

The Deputy Director produces a file folder.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Mr. Castorp signed the admission forms, I have them here.

He holds it up. The papers he signed when he first arrived.

VOLMER

Delusions are a common phase of the cure. A side effect of the toxins leaving the body.

CASTORP

And my leg, is that a delusion?

Castorp looks at him.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR

Mr. Castorp has been a disruptive element since he arrived.

(MORE)

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
He stole confidential medical files, threatened our staff as well as Mr. Pembroke.

CASTORP  
I didn't threaten anybody.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
I think the exact words were...  
(reading from a file)  
"If I have to, I'll hit him over the head and drag him out by his hair."

CASTORP  
I was sent here to bring Pembroke back to New York.

CONSTABLE  
According to Mr. Green, your employer, you're being investigated by the Security Exchange Commission.

CASTORP  
You're one of them.

VOLMER  
Listen to yourself, Mr. Castorp. You're not a well man.

CASTORP  
Stop saying that!

VOLMER  
Let us help you.

CASTORP  
I know what you're trying to do. All of you. You're trying to make me think I'm going insane. But I saw him. Pembroke's dead.

The Director looks at him with a benevolent smile

VOLMER  
Is that what this is all about? Murder? The evil doctor killing off his patients?

CASTORP  
That's right.

VOLMER

Then perhaps we should consult Mr.  
Pembroke?

Castorp stares, incredulous. Impossible. The Deputy Director  
opens the door and...

Pembroke enters using a cane.

On Castorp, reality bending.

CONSTABLE

(to Pembroke)

Do you know this man?

PEMBROKE

He tried to take me against my  
will.

Castorp comes forward.

CASTORP

Pembroke?

PEMBROKE

Please keep him away from me.

CASTORP

...You were dead.

CONSTABLE

Kidnapping is a very serious crime.  
Do you wish to press charges?

Pembroke looks to Volmer.

VOLMER

I don't think that will be  
necessary.

Volmer walks slowly over to Castorp.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Mr. Castorp is not a criminal.

He holds out his hand.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

...He's a patient... Isn't that  
right, Mr. Castorp?

Castorp finally surrenders.

115 INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - DAY.

115

Washed out white of curtains floating in the window. Beyond, we see the pure blue sky and the tops of pine trees floating in a breeze.

Pull back to find Castorp sitting on the edge of his bed. He holds Mrs. Watkins's letter in his hand, like a man clutching at his sanity. He rips it open.

Cut up pieces of a cross word puzzle fall to the floor.

He sifts through the letters, partial words, WATER... BODIES... desperate for some clue to what has happened to him, but they make no sense: a mad woman's incomprehensible attempts to decipher a mystery apparent only to herself.

Castorp looks up at the METALLIC CLICKING SOUND and the sound of running water coming from the bathroom.

116 INT. BATHROOM - DAY.

116

Castorp moves towards the toilet. The flush handle CLICK-CLICK-CLICK's up and down.

He puts out his finger, stops it. Beat and it begins again.

Castorp lifts the ceramic lid from the tank at the rear of toilet and sees -

THE TANK WRITHING WITH BLACK EELS.

Castorp drops the top and rears back. When he steps forward again for another look, there is nothing there.

He lifts the toilet seat. A twitch of movement. Perhaps just the tail of an eel as it disappears.

Using all his strength, Castorp YANKS at the tank until it comes off the wall. Water gushes from the wall onto the floor, but there is no sign of any eels.

Castorp sinks to the ground as water pools around him, his sanity abandoning him.

117 EXT. POND - DAY.

117

Castorp moves on crutches around the pond's edge, peering into the surface, trying to locate some proof of his sanity.. But there's nothing there.

Camera rises to a window in the sanitarium to reveal Hannah watching him with a look of profound concern.

118

EXT. VERANDA - DAY.

118

Close of a card table, a stack of cards. A hand lays one down face down.

AZIZ (O.S.)

Gin.

Hill reshuffles the cards. He now wears dark glasses, the kind worn for cataracts. Aziz sits in a wheel chair. Both men look older. A pitcher of water and two glasses beside them. There's one empty chair where Mrs. Watkins sat. A newspaper folded open to the crossword. Castorp appears beside them.

HILL

Feeling better?

CASTORP

...I don't know.

AZIZ

It's no accident you're here.

On Castorp.

AZIZ (CONT'D)

The first thing is to accept the diagnosis.

CASTORP

Where's Mrs. Watkins?

HILL

Enrico collected her this morning. Her treatment is complete.

AZIZ

A full recovery.

On Castorp.

HILL

Why don't you join us?

Castorp sits. Hill deals him in.

AZIZ

You're a very fortunate man. In fact, I envy you.

CASTORP

Why is that?

Aziz picks up his hand and rearranges the cards.

AZIZ

To take the cure so young, where as I wasted my entire life on that terrible lie: ambition. After all, what's more important than a man's health?

Castorp reaches for his hand of cards.

The Slick Orderly appears beside them.

SLICK ORDERLY

Mr. Castorp, time for your treatment.

CASTORP

Are you sure?

SLICK ORDERLY

I have you on the schedule.

Castorp lays down his cards and stands.

119

INT. EMBRYONIC CHAMBER, TANK ROOM - DAY.

119

Castorp's pale body is suspended over a glass canister like the one where he saw Pembroke's body as a REASSURING TECHNICIAN mans the control booth.

REASSURING TECHNICIAN

This treatment represents a more advanced stage of the cure. Water from the aquifer that has been highly oxygenated, not dissimilar to embryonic fluid.

The Reassuring Technician presses a button and Castorp slowly submerges in the liquid.

REASSURING TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

You may panic when the liquid fills your lungs. Your body will think it's drowning. Best to surrender to the process. After all, you've done it before.

Off Castorp's look.

REASSURING TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)  
We all have. In our mother's womb.

Castorp submerges. He holds his breath until he can no longer and then he inhales liquid. He struggles, but there's no way out. He convulses, his eyes widen as we FLASH TO:

120      EXT. WOODS - DAY      120

In a foggy wood, the Black Stag turns its head towards us.

121      INT. ENRICO'S CAR - DAY.      121

The window shatters.

122      UNDERWATER      122

Hannah floats underwater.

123      EXT. VERRAZANNO BRIDGE - DAY, PAST.      123

A car parked at the side of the bridge. This time the bridge is empty.

We move around the car to see there is no child inside.

A man with a brief case stands on the railing of the bridge with his back to the camera.

The Camera moves to reveal his face... Castorp.

From far below, we see him lean forward, falling into the abyss. As he plummets, his briefcase opens, papers flutter through the air.

124      BLACK SCREEN      124

125      INT. EMBRYONIC CHAMBER - DAY.      125

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP as the fluorescent lights flicker overhead, illumination the glass canisters.

POV shot moving into the room towards the chamber where Castorp floats, apparently lifeless.

REVEAL in the glass, the reflection of Hannah watching Castorp.

Castorp twitches, one final convulsion before he floats back from the glass.

Hannah turns and walks away. The room falls dark.

126      INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT.      126

CLOSE of a pen against writing paper. Castorp writes on the same stationery we saw at the beginning of the film.

CASTORP (V.O.)  
*To the Members of the Board.  
 I realize now I have come here for  
 a reason. There are no accidents.*

127      INT. POOL ROOM - DAY.      127

MOVING amongst patients performing synchronized callisthenics in imitation of the instructor on the pool's edge.

CASTORP (V.O.)  
*I cannot do what you sent me here  
 to do.*

We find Castorp amongst them.

CASTORP (V.O.)  
*I have spent my life running from  
 the fate of my father. But there  
 are things that cannot be outrun.*

128      INT. POOL - DAY.      128

UNDERWATER: old people in suits, cap and goggles float beneath the surface.

CASTORP (V.O.)  
*There is a sickness inside us,  
 rising like the bile that leaves  
 that bitter taste in the back of  
 our throats. We deny its existence.  
 Until one day the body rebels  
 against the mind and screams out...*

129      INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT.      129

CLOSE of the pen against the paper.

CASTORP (V.O.)  
*I am not a well man.*

Castorp sits a table writing a letter. He looks worse than we have seen him. Pale and weak. He reaches for a glass of water and drinks before returning to writing.

CASTORP (V.O.)  
*Only when we know what ails us can  
 we hope to find the cure.*

130 INT. STEAM ROOM - DAY.

130

CASTORP (V.O.)  
*A man cannot un-see the truth.*

Pushing through the steam room until we find: Castorp seated on the bench where we first found Pembroke, staring vacantly into the distance.

CASTORP (V.O.)  
*He cannot willingly return to  
 darkness or go blind what he has  
 the gift of sight.*

131 INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT.

131

Castorp seated at his desk.

CASTORP (V.O.)  
*...Anymore than he can be unborn.*

The pen stops. Castorp looks at the glass of water. Then he looks down at his leg in the cast.

He picks up the glass, the water he's been drinking since the day he arrived.

On Castorp as something occurs to him.

He pours what's left of the water onto and - SHATTERS the glass against the table edge.

With a shard of the broken glass he starts to cut at the cast on his leg, slicing it away, cutting his hand in the process, streaking himself with blood as plaster falls away until he has freed his leg.

He puts his weight down gently, balancing himself on the table and the bed.

He cramps, and buckles before he steadies himself and then he puts both hands on his thigh, feeling along the length...

It is not broken...

And he realizes what it means...

Everything is a lie.

Castorp turns to the window.

132      EXT. OUTBUILDING - NIGHT.      132

SMASH - Castorp smashes the lock to the outbuilding with a shovel.

133      INT. CATACOMB - NIGHT.      133

Castorp enters a long underground tunnel. He moves forward into the dank air, following that engine SOUND of water.

134      INT. GROTTA - NIGHT.      134

Castorp enters a grotto where stone stairs lead down into a pool of turquoise aquifer water.

Ancient copper pipes protrude from the floor around the pool. That furnace sound of water pumped from the aquifer into the sanitarium.

He continues on under the arched ceiling, climbing a small stone staircase and entering -

135      INT. BARON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT.      135

Castorp emerges into a medieval chamber, built into the rock.

The room is different from any other room in the sanitarium. Baroque furniture; tapestries hang from the walls; an oil portrait; antique science books; on various surfaces dissected eels pinned to medical boards; arcane lab equipment, microscopes, petri dishes, a stone exam table.

Castorp moves to the desk. He reaches for a photo album, slowly opens it...

The book contains page after page of photographs, an obsessive record of Hannah growing up. A young girl surrounded by patients, playing croquet, with a birthday cake, learning to ride a bike, but there are no other children in the pictures, only patients.

And tucked into the back... a faded newspaper clipping...

INSERT CLIPPING: German headlines: Volmer Institute. Car accident kills 3. Girl of 4 is only survivor. A photograph shows the smiling family of four, the youngest child is Hannah. And then the turned over car beside a dead Elk.

136      INT. HANNAH'S CHAMBER - NIGHT.      136

CLOSE OF Hannah's face as she looks at herself in the mirror. Slowly she raises the lipstick to her mouth and paints her lips.

137      INT. BARON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT.      137

On Castorp as he looks up from the photo album to a nearby make-up table.

He moves towards it.

A mannequin head that serves as a wig stand. The table covered with ointments, powders and gauze.

In three trays what appear to be masks float in formaldehyde.

He looks up into the mirror above the make-up table and sees, reflected from across the room -

A large oil portrait lit with a candle. A small crucifix and a shrine beneath.

INSERT: The painting is portrait of a young bride wearing a distinctive wedding dress.

PUSH IN on the Baron's young bride. A striking resemblance to Hannah, the shadow of the candle flame flickering on her face as if she were burning once again.

138      INT. BATHING CHAMBER - NIGHT.      138

FROM UNDERWATER we see the shimmering image of Hannah approaching the water's edge.

WIDE SHOT of Hannah standing over the empty exercise pool, tentative at the idea of entering the forbidden water.

139      INT. BARON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT.      139

Castorp looks up from the oil painting, following the dancing shadow from the candle to the arched ceilings of the chamber, scarred with smokes stains, the scars of an ancient fire.

He is standing in the place where the Baron and his wife were burned alive 200 years ago.

A SOUND makes him turn.

Castorp turns back the way he came.

140      INT. GROTTTO - NIGHT.      140

Castorp stands at the top of the stone staircase. He looks down to see a hospital gurney beside the illuminate pool. A body lies on the gurney beneath a white sheet.

Castorp steps down.

141      INT. BATHING CHAMBER - NIGHT.      141

CLOSE of Hannah's foot as it lowers into the forbidden water.

Hannah moves deeper into the pool, her dress rising around her.

142      INT. GROTTTO - NIGHT.      142

Castorp approaches the gurney. He pulls back the sheet to reveal...

THE DEAD FACE OF MRS. WATKINS, SHRIVELED AND EMACIATED LIKE A MUMMY, HER EYES WIDE IN TERROR

Castorp reacts, then slowly reaches up to close her eyes. He looks down to see -

In the turquoise clear water of the aquifer, MOVES ONE LARGE BLACK EEL.

143      INT. BATHING CHAMBER - NIGHT.      143

Hannah moves through the water, no longer afraid. And then she stops. Her expression changes, a look of confusion, as if she were feeling something she has never felt before. She looks down to see -

Menstrual blood rising around her.

144      INT. GROTTTO - NIGHT.      144

CASTORP WHEELS at a sound.

From the far end of the tunnel the caretaker enters, pushing another body on a gurney.

Castorp hides behind a brick arch, his back to a brick stairwell. He peers around the corner to see -

The caretaker moves the gurney to the edge of the pool. Then he levers it up, and dumps Mr. Diaz's body into the eel-infested pool.

The creatures swarm.

The caretaker turns to the next body. Mrs. Watkins. He sees the tarp has been disturbed. He replaces it, seemingly unconcerned.

Castorp presses himself against the brick wall, catching his breath when -

THE CARETAKER WHIRLS AROUND THE CORNER, SWINGING A SHOVEL.

Castorp ducks, falling to the ground.

The shovel smashes into an electric box, sparks fly, causing the lights to flicker overhead.

145

INT. BATHING CHAMBER - NIGHT.

145

On Hannah, confusion across her face at what is happening to her body.

She looks up as the lights above the pool flicker on and off.

UNDERWATER: through a vent, eels slither into the pool.

146

INT. GROTTA - NIGHT.

146

As the lights flicker, the Caretaker comes towards Castorp, SMASHING down the shovel again.

On his back, Castorp struggles backwards towards the stairs.

The Caretaker SWINGS AGAIN, just missing. He stumbles, goes down on one knee.

Castorp feels behind him, grabbing blindly for a dislodged brick, he swings -

SMASHING IN THE SIDE OF THE CARETAKER'S SKULL.

He drops. Inky blood pooling around his face.

Castorp scrambles to his feet. He stares at what he's done.  
The Caretaker's dying face under the flickering lights.

147      INT. BATHING CHAMBER - NIGHT.      147

Hannah looks into the water, sensing movement. She begins to panic as -

THE EELS move towards her as if drawn to the blood then... something strange happens. They come no closer.

CAMERA RISES as the black shapes move around her, circling, as if they too know she is special.

148      INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT.      148

Close of a tray containing a small sandwich on a white plate and a pitcher of water.

The Grey-haired Nurse approaches Castorp's room.

149      INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT.      149

The Grey-Haired Nurse enters with the tray to find the room empty.

Her eyes go from the remains of his cast, to the open window.

150      INT. BARON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT.      150

Castorp rushes up a spiral staircase.

At the top of the staircase, he unlatches a metal door and bursts into -

151      INT. TILED HALLWAY, MAIN LEVEL - NIGHT.      151

Castorp looks around to get his bearings. Lights flicker overhead as Patients move back and forth in confusion.

ORDERLY (O.S.)  
Jemanden zu finden, der  
Schutzschalter

At the far end of the hallway, he sees -

Hannah, her hair wet, her face pale, in shock. Water puddled at her feet.

CASTORP

Hannah?

He moves towards her.

HANNAH

What have you done to me?

He looks down, notices her wet dress, stained with blood.

CASTORP

He's never going to let you leave here.

HANNAH

...Stay away from me.

He comes towards her. She backs away.

CASTORP

...Hannah, we need to go..

HANNAH

I said STAY AWAY!

He reaches for her, she punches him across the face. He reels. She turns and runs.

152

INT. DINNING HALL - NIGHT.

152

The formal dining room crowded with patients sitting around circular tables.

Volmer standing at his place with a table of patients. He looks up as the lights finally stop flickering.

VOLMER

There we are. All better.

He begins to sit as the patients return to their meal, when he notices -

Hannah standing in the center of the room, wet and bloody.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Hannah...? What have you done?

Patients look around at Hannah, muttering amongst themselves.

HANNAH

What's happening to me?

Volmer looks down at the blood on her dress, realizing what it means. He moves towards her, removing his suit jacket and putting it gently over her shoulders.

VOLMER

It's all right. You're safe now.

The door bursts open. Castorp enters, sees -  
Volmer with Hannah.

CASTORP

Leave her alone.

VOLMER

Haven't you upset her enough Mr.  
Castorp?

Behind him, the Orderlies enter. They look to Volmer for instruction.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Help the patient back to his room.

CASTORP

I'm not your fucking patient!

The Orderlies move towards him.

Castorp grabs a chair, ready to defend himself.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Come on! Come on! Had enough of  
cripples and old people! Try it  
with me!

Volmer looks down at Castorp's leg. Sees the cast is missing.  
Volmer holds up his hand to the Orderlies.

VOLMER

It's all right... You seem upset...  
Why don't we go to my office and  
discuss whatever's on your mind.

Castorp looks from the guards to Volmer, then takes in the  
patients around the room, all looking at him.

CASTORP

No... We're going to talk about it  
right here. In front of everybody.

Volmer looks around at the patients, realizing Castorp has  
their undivided attention.

VOLMER

I don't think that's a good idea.

Castorp points accusingly at Volmer.

CASTORP

(to the crowd)

He's making you sick. This place is making you sick. Whatever experiments the Baron was doing 200 years ago. He's doing them again.

He picks up a glass of water, pours it on the floor.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

It's in the water.

VOLMER

Mr. Castorp.

Castorp turns to Volmer.

CASTORP

I saw the bodies. Dried up like mummies.

Castorp turns to Hill and Aziz.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Mrs. Watkins never left.

He turns, sees Hannah looking at him.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

No one ever leaves.

Volmer looks around, concerned: the Patients are listening, murmuring amongst themselves.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Look at you people... Your teeth are falling out. You're dying and you can't even see it.

RUSSIAN WOMAN

But it's all part of the cure.

CASTORP

There is no cure.

The Patients are growing upset. No cure?

VOLMER

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Castorp turns to the audience.

CASTORP

Don't you see...? He's the one  
making you sick. There's nothing  
wrong with you people!

Some of the patients get to their feet.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

Yes... That's it... Come on.  
There's nothing wrong with you!

Castorp looks on, sensing triumph as the patients move across  
the room. At first, it seems they will move to attack Volmer,  
but they move right past him towards Castorp.

HILL

But, I'm not well.

Slowly, patients move towards Castorp.

CASTORP

What are you doing?

Castorp looks around and sees -

Patients moving towards him from all sides amongst them Aziz,  
Hill, the Russian.

PATIENT

...I'm not well.

CASTORP

Get away from me!

The patients crowd around him, grabbing at him.

PATIENT 2

...I'm not well.

Castorp backs away.

PATIENT 3

...I'm not well.

Volmer watches the patients descend on Castorp, pulling at  
him, dragging him down, as he fights like a man drowning in a  
human tide...

Fluorescent lights pass overhead.

Reveal Castorp strapped to a gurney as he is wheeled down a corridor. He's been here before.

Castorp twists his head to the side. He sees a sign as they pass.

INSERT: Transfusion Station.

On Castorp as he's wheeled through the double doors.

154

INT. TRANSFUSION WARD - NIGHT.

154

Orderlies seal Castorp inside one of cylindrical aqualungs of the kind he saw before. Only his head protrudes. He twists around to see -

An enormous, cavernous room lined row after row with the cylindrical transfusion chambers. Each one contains A PATIENT in a state of semi-consciousness, just their emaciated heads protruding.

It takes a moment for Castorp to recognize the patient beside him. The shrivelled remains of Roland R. Pembroke.

CASTORP

Pembroke?

The man opens his eyes. He turns and looks without recognition at Castorp.

CASTORP (CONT'D)

What have they done to you?

PEMBROKE

Done to me...? I've never felt better.

On Castorp as he reacts, horrified. Then a mechanical sound. The room rotates as Castorp's pod is raised to a vertical position, revealing Volmer tying on a rubber apron.

VOLMER

Try to relax, Mr. Castorp. It will be over soon.

Volmer pulls on rubber gloves. He turns to a glass cylinder of eels on a metal stand, taps the glass to make them squirm

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Remarkable creatures. Any where else on the planet this species lives a dozen years at most. In the aquifer they can live 300.

Volmer turns a dial on the pod, increasing the temperature.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

For the human physiology, the  
effect of the water is toxic.  
Unless properly filtered.

Volmer takes a blue glass vial, attaches it to a receiving tray beneath the pod.

Castorp looks around the room. For the first time he notices that beneath each pod a liquid DRIP-DRIP-DRIPS INTO ONE OF THE BLUE GLASS VIALS... Human filters.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

The Baron stumbled on the process quite by accident. With the help of some of the peasants who belonged to his land.

Volmer inserts a dental device into Castorp's mouth.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

I admire him greatly. Way ahead of his time. Of course, he paid a terrible price. The world is so often hostile to innovation. Even today.

He turns a crank on the device, forcing Castorp's jaw open.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Two centuries have passed since the time of the Baron. The most productive period in human history. Lurching into modernity, man rid himself of God and all that gave him comfort until he found himself in a black hole of meaninglessness, worshipping at the empty altar of his own ambition.

Volmer brings the end of a black hose towards Castorp, inserting it into his mouth, sliding it down his throat.

Castorp gags.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

You're quite right, Mr. Castorp. No one ever leaves.

Volmer turns back to the glass jar of eels. The end of the black hose is attached to a spigot.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

What you failed to understand is no one wants to.

Volmer reaches for the spigot, but does not yet turn it.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Do you know what the cure for the human condition is...? Disease.

Castorp struggles to scream.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Because only then is there a chance for a cure.

Volmer turns the spigot.

The eels swim from the cylinder, passing through the black hose.

CLOSE of Castorp's horrified face as he watches the creatures distending the black hose, moving into his mouth.

Castorp's eyes roll back as he loses consciousness.

Lower down beneath Castorp's pod to the blue glass vial. Beat and then... a liquid begins to DRIP-DRIP-DRIP into the vial.

155 HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY.

155

Hannah lies the bed gazing out the window. Volmer sits down beside her with a box.

VOLMER

How many times have I told you not to go into the water...?

She turns to face him.

VOLMER (CONT'D)

Now do you see why you need me to take care of you?

HANNAH

I won't disobey you again.

He lifts the box.

VOLMER

I have something for you. It belonged to someone I loved very much.

She opens it and removes a wedding dress, the same dress in the painting of the Baron and his bride.

HANNAH  
I don't understand.

VOLMER  
I've waited so long for this moment, trying to protect you from the impurities of the outside world. But I suppose we should thank your friend Mr. Castorp. You're a woman now.

HANNAH  
But... I'm not well.

VOLMER  
And I will always be there to take care of you.

He removes the vial and eye-dropper from his pocket.

VOLMER (CONT'D)  
It's what your parents would have wanted.

He takes a drop and brings it to her lips. She swallows. A tear runs down her cheek.

156 EXT. SANITARIUM - DAY.

156

The pines shift in the breeze.

Castorp sits out alone, staring up at the trees. His face is a blank, much as the other patients.

Hannah sits down in the chair beside him. She looks at the ballerina in her hand.

HANNAH  
She's awake now. I know how the story ends.

Castorp only then turns from the trees to look at her. He shows no sign of recognition.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
No one's coming for me are they...?

She looks at him imploringly.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You made me believe I could leave  
here one day.

He smiles. A brand new set of teeth.

CASTORP

Why would anyone want to leave?

On Hannah as she realizes Castorp is now like the rest of  
them... gone.

She looks up and sees two Orderlies watching her. She gathers  
herself, stands, pressing something into Castorp's hand, as  
she turns and walks away.

157 EXT. GROUNDS - DUSK.

157

A STRING QUARTET plays. Just a PULSE of music.

Patients are seated in rows on white chairs.

Beneath a flowered pergola, Swiss Alps vaulting into the sky  
in the background ... Volmer stands with a PRIEST.

The patients turn, Colonel Hill, Aziz and the Russian amongst  
them, all with the same glazed expression as -

The bride appears. Hannah in her white dress.

Volmer smiles.

As Hannah moves down the aisle. She passes the Constable,  
proud in a dress uniform, the Deputy Director, the members of  
staff. She looks up at Volmer waiting for his bride.

158 INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT.

158

Castorp sits at a table in his room. He holds his mother's  
ballerina in his hand. He begins to turn it in front of him  
as that pulse of music grows into a waltz, eerily reminiscent  
of the one from his mother's music box.

159 INT. BALLROOM/DINING HALL - NIGHT.

159

Patients dance the waltz, their white robes floating around  
them. At the center, Volmer dances with Hannah.

160 INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT. 160

SMALL BALLERINA spinning. Castorp's eyes show a glimmer of life. A micro shift towards consciousness.

161 INT. BALLROOM/DINING HALL - NIGHT. 161

Volmer stops dancing, though the waltz continues.

HANNAH

What is it?

He takes her hand.

From high we see them walk through the dancing patients.

162 INT. CASTORP'S ROOM - NIGHT. 162

Castorp looks from the ballerina to the surface of his desk. He sees the scattered puzzle pieces from Mrs. Watkins' letter. Castorp has arranged the letters to form a name.

INSERT: H-E-I-N-R-I-C-H V-O-L-M-E-R

163 INT. BARON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT. 163

Volmer leads Hannah into the underground chamber. She looks around the room. Sees the painting of the Baroness wearing the same dress.

HANNAH

What is this place?

Volmer pulls back a curtain revealing a marital bed. He guides her to it. Lays her back.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I don't want to.

VOLMER

Haven't I always taken care of you.

He pulls her wrists to the bedpost, tying her in place with a scarf.

HANNAH

Please don't.

VOLMER

Don't be frightened.





175      INT. THE BARON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT.      175

The Baron and Castorp struggle, the tapestry spreading fire through the room.

Castorp falls to the floor, the Baron on top of him.

146      Flames curl around the painting. The oil bubbling and      146  
blistering on the Baron and his bride.

The Baron presses his hands into Castorp's throat as -

The room goes up in flames around them.

Hannah pulls at the scarves binding her.

176      INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT.      176

The dancers spin.

AN ELDERLY FEMALE PATIENT notices smoke and flames licking from a floor vent.

She smiles madly.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Fire!

She turns to the rest of the room.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

FIRE!

Flames catch the curtains at the grand windows and still the music plays.

177      INT. BARON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT.      177

The Baron squeezes the life from Castorp.

Castorp reaches blindly, pulling at the shelf of scientific equipment. It leans, then topples, bringing it down on top of them, the brunt of it collapsing on Volmer.

Hannah pulls one hand free. Uses it to free the other.

178      INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT.      178

The patients rush for the exits, crowding the doorways as the shadows of the fire dance on their faces.

179      INT. BARON'S CHAMBER - NIGHT.      179

Castorp rolls free.

He runs to Hannah, taking her by the hand as they make for the stairwell, descending as the room succumbs to the flames.

180      INT. SANITARIUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT.      180

The patients run in panic as the Orderlies try to control them, knocking the VISITING HOURS ARE OVER FOR THE DAY sign to the ground.

181      INT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT.      181

Hannah and Castorp run for the exit. Hannah stumbles. Castorp goes to help her when the Baron attacks, knocking Castorp down the stone steps to the edge of the grotto. Hannah tries to pull the Baron away.

HANNAH

Please.

The Baron hits her, sending her sprawling to the ground.

The Baron descends the stairs, setting upon Castorp, lifting him by the throat, dragging him to the edge of the grotto. The eels swarm in the water.

BARON

You have served your purpose.

THUD - Hannah hits him from behind with the caretaker's shovel.

The Baron stumbles, dropping Castorp to the ground.

The Baron turns and looks at Hannah.

A line of blood curls down his disfigured face.

He steps back, toppling into the eel pool as a part of the roof gives way with the fire.

182      INT. GROTTA - NIGHT.      182

FROM BENEATH THE SURFACE, we see Volmer plunge into the water. The eels swarm his inert body as the fire rages above.

183      EXT. OUTBUILDING - NIGHT.      183

The door smashes open. Castorp and Hannah spill from the outbuilding choking with smoke.

184      EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT.      184

Castorp and Hannah move through patients, dancing across the grounds in the light of the fire as history repeats itself and the entire place goes up in flames. Castorp loses Hannah in the melee. He moves through the crowd until he comes face to face with Aziz, a deranged look on his face.

AZIZ

Magnificent, isn't it?

Castorp gazes at the flames, transfixed. Until -

A hand on his arm.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Castorp?

Castorp looks over, sees -

Hannah on her bicycle.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Time to go.

He climbs on the back. They ride away together as the sanitarium burns behind them. Patients dance in the flames.

185      EXT. DRIVE - NIGHT.      185

Hannah and Castorp ride around a bend straight into -

A pair of headlights. A screech of brakes.

Castorp and Hannah collide into the front of the car. They spill to the ground.

Enrico, Green, Wilson, Hollis and Humphrey step out of the car.

ENRICO

Are you all right?

He helps Hannah to her feet.

GREEN

Castorp?

Castorp stares at these figures from a different world as if they weren't real.

Wilson looks up at the glow of the burning sanitarium.

WILSON

My God, what have you done?

GREEN

Where's Pembroke?

CASTORP

...He's gone.

HOLLIS

What do you mean, gone?

Hannah raises the bike. She looks at him expectantly.

GREEN

Get in the car.

Beat on Castorp.

GREEN (CONT'D)

You came here to perform a task - the future of the firm depends on it. Now, get in the car.

Castorp climbs on the bicycle.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Have you lost your mind?

CASTORP

Actually... I'm feeling much better.

They push off on the bike.

GREEN

Where do you think your going?

The other men turn as -

Castorp and Hannah ride away into the darkness.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Castorp!?

186

EXT. GATES - NIGHT.

186

Hannah and Castorp pass through the gates. Unsure, Hannah turns back for a look at the entwined eels at the top, the glow of the fire behind. She squeezes him tight.

On Castorp's face as they ride. No idea where they're going. And slowly Castorp realizes, he's okay with that. A smile spreads across his face. Gleaming, unnaturally white teeth.

FADE TO BLACK.