

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Metal clangs against metal.

Inside a rusty cage is Anka, a phoenix, size of an eagle, her feathers once bright orange.

She is chained to her neck and legs. She can barely move, only paces in tight circles.

She strikes the chain against the metal bars again.

CLANG!

She looks exhausted, in pain. Her bright feathers are in dirt.

Her ribs show beneath them.

Across the laboratory, a professor, female, mid-30s, red hair, wire-frame glasses, works at a laboratory table covered with bottles of glowing green liquid.

She carefully fills a syringe with the liquid while ignoring the sounds behind her.

Anka stops, breathes hard, looks around searching for a way out.

CLANG!

She notices light on the ground

Follows the light with her eyes, the blue sky can be seen from a window in the ceiling.

She pushes her claw toward the sunlight, tries to touch it.

She bites the cage bars, hits harder.

CLANG!

CLANG!

She tries to jump over toward the window

Flaps her wings

Struggles to open her wings

One last hit to the bars with the chain on her leg

A very loud crack sound echoes in the laboratory.

The professor freezes and turns

The rusty cage is broken in the middle door part

Anka bursts from the cage

The professor grabs the syringe from the counter and rushes toward her.

Anka swings her wings; she barely opens them, she is weak.

She is still chained down; there is one singular chain that goes from her neck to her left leg.

The professor grabs her chain that goes from her neck, pulls it down

Anka fights back desperately against the chain,

She breaks the chain on her neck

Anka spreads her wing,

Flies toward the ceiling window.

She forces herself upward with the last of her strength,

Through the ceiling with the chain on her left leg.

She screams in pain

The professor grabs Anka's feather and pulls her down

Anka fights back, struggles to get rid of her

The professor grabs the chain on her leg

The last chain breaks

Anka launches upward, just before she reaches it

The professor grabs her leg pulls her down

Professor yells

PROFESSOR

NO!

Professor attacks, grabs her feather one last time

She pins Anka down

Anka crashes on the floor

Professor gets on top of Anka, chokes her throat

Anka struggles, flapping her wings

Her pain screams echo across the laboratory

Flaps her wings for freedom

Meanwhile, the professor raises the syringe above her head

The needle points directly at Anka's neck

Anka breathing heavily

CLOSE ON

Anka stops fighting.

Only breathing

Her eyes meet the professor's

Not anger.

Fear.

Professor froze with the needle in her hand, taking deep breaths, looking at Anka's eyes

Silence.

Only breathing

CLOSE ON

Back to Anka's eyes, she slowly closes.

Slowly lowers her head...

The professor lifts the syringe.

Then suddenly...

CUT TO BLACK