

Characters:

Faith - George's wife, not who she says she is.

George - Faith's husband, wants a divorce from Faith.  
They have a young daughter.

Lennie - George's brother.

Katie - Mid 20s. Fresh out of college. Impulsive and spontaneous. Quick learner who isn't afraid to speak her mind.

John - Late 50s. Long-time scientist at the Center, a few months from retirement. Kind heart and a systematic brain.

Ramsey on megaphone/cell/speakerphone - Female negotiator. Age doesn't matter.

Locations:

- 1) Lab at the Lobdow Center for Advance Research
- 2) Apartment building

Time of day:

Afternoon

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**INTRO BUMPER**

Efx: recorder button/tone

KATIE  
(whispering, out of  
breath)  
Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced  
Research. Project Cyclops, Day 3,  
about to begin. Entering the  
laboratory now.

Efx: keycard beep. A loud buzz, a metal lock unlatched.  
Door opens, quick footsteps.

JOHN  
I was wondering....

KATIE  
I know, I know. I'm sorry I'm  
late, Dr. Kinsler. I was visiting  
my uncle in the hospital.

JOHN  
Everything all right?

Efx: door closes. A purse is plopped down on the table.  
The audio fuzzes for a moment.

KATIE  
He's undergoing chemo.

JOHN  
(pregnant pause)  
I'm sorry. Are you and him close?

KATIE  
I lived with him and my aunt  
pretty much my whole life. They're  
my parents, basically. We don't  
happen to have a cancer research  
wing here at the Center, do we?

JOHN  
Not that I'm aware of, but I...

KATIE  
(interrupting)  
...don't ask a lot of questions,  
right?

JOHN  
Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

Ready for round three?

JOHN

Are you sure you don't want to  
gather yourself a little bit?

KATIE

Really, I'm okay. It's the new  
normal. Uncle Tim gets sick, he  
gets more treatment, and I help my  
aunt with the bills. I swear those  
hospital collection people raid my  
couch cushions when I'm not home.

JOHN

If you need some help, I could...

KATIE

I get by. I sold my car, so that  
helps. God, listen to me  
complaining about money problems.  
You don't want to hear this. I  
need a distraction.

JOHN

How about we get begin today's  
trials?

Efx: sheet being thrown off a box.

KATIE

Ugh, another nasty one. Aren't any  
of these going to have a happy  
ending?

JOHN

In our line of work, there are no  
happy endings.

KATIE

Forceps, please.

Efx: handing over forceps. Wet popping noise.

KATIE

Do you think the team upstairs  
fixed the formula after  
yesterday's trial?

JOHN

Only one way to find out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATIE

Okay, the cube is loaded. Ready to document.

JOHN

Project Cyclops. Trial 4-beta-9. Timestamp is registering correctly. Initiating playback in 3...

2...

1...

Initiate.

QUARANTINE

IN AN APARTMENT BUILDING.

In the middle of an argument

FAITH

Oh my God. Did you fall asleep?

GEORGE

What?

FAITH

You were asleep. I saw you nod off.

GEORGE

No. I wasn't sleeping. I was just...

FAITH

I swear to god, if you say resting your eyes...

GEORGE

No, I was just thinking.

FAITH

About what?

GEORGE

How are we gonna break it to her? Will she even understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH

She's eight, George. I'm sure she has like 10 classmates whose parents have split up.

GEORGE

Divorced.

FAITH

You know I don't like that word.

GEORGE

If we're getting a divorce, Faith, I don't think I really have to concern myself with the words you like and the words you don't.

FAITH

(scoffing)

And that's why we're breaking up, isn't it? Because you never really bothered to make an attempt. Even a small one.

GEORGE

(sighing)

You're right. You're always right. Every day you're right. Wake up in the morning, right. Go to-

(At the same time.

One voice in each ear?)

GEORGE

-sleep, right. Take a shit, right. Have a cup of coffee, right. Say all the screwy things in your head, right.

FAITH

Oh my god, this again. Do you even hear how childish you sound right now? Listen to yourself. God knows you never listen to me.

NARRATOR

George and Faith glared at each other across the living room. Faith was about to start in again when a loud siren went off outside the building.

Efx: howling siren of the air raid variety.

GEORGE

The hell is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH

An ambulance?

GEORGE

No ambulance sounds like that.

Efx: footsteps across living room.

Efx: Window opened. City ambiance.

FAITH

Well?

GEORGE

Well what?

FAITH

What's going on down there? Car wreck or something?

GEORGE

It's something alright.

FAITH

(sighing)  
Gotta walk over there myself apparently. You can't just tell me, huh?

Efx: footsteps to window

NARRATOR

Down in the street, cop cars swarmed. Their lights were all on and flashing, but they weren't running their sirens.

GEORGE

Why ain't they running their sirens?

FAITH

How should I know?

GEORGE

You were an expert on ambulance sirens earlier. I'm just saying...

FAITH

I wonder what that big-  
(Efx: Loud air raid siren)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FAITH (CONT'D)

God, it's so loud. Why do they  
keep doing that?

GEORGE

Don't know, but I wish they'd quit  
doing it. Just about gave me a  
heart attack.

FAITH

Look at that van with the dishes.  
What do you suppose it's doing?

GEORGE

The place is swarming with cops  
and you're worried about a van  
with satellite TV?

Typical.

FAITH

It is. I can't quite make out the  
letters on the side of it though.

Why do you suppose that van would  
be there with all those cop cars?

GEORGE

No clue. I'm more interested in  
why all the-

Efx: Cellphone ringing and vibrating on a hard surface

FAITH

That yours or mine?

GEORGE

Mine. It's on the coffee table.  
Can you snag it for me?

FAITH

Get it your own damn self.

GEORGE

(sighing (Efx:  
footsteps) then  
mumbling)

I swear to God getting a divorce  
is the best thing I ever decided  
to do.

FAITH

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GEORGE

Nothing.  
(looking down at  
cell)  
Uhhhhh.

FAITH

What? Oh, I bet I can just guess.  
(Efx: footsteps to  
George)  
You already have a pinch hitter  
lined up?

Efx: sudden gunshots and screams

NARRATOR

Gunshots erupted from outside the  
building followed by screams.

(At the same time)

FAITH

What the hell?

GEORGE

What was that?

Efx: running footsteps to window.

GEORGE

Oh my God. Did they kill someone?

FAITH

Looks that way. Damn.

Efx: Cell begins ringing again

NARRATOR

George held the phone out so Faith  
could read the caller I.D.

No phone number appeared even  
though all the other icons looked  
as they should when a call was  
incoming. The most interesting  
part of it all was the name on the  
Caller ID.

FAITH

It says "Answer the Phone"?

NARRATOR

George just shrugged in confusion  
as the phone quit buzzing in  
Faith's hand and the ringing died.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (5)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

From the window came a booming voice over a megaphone.

RAMSEY (MEGAPHONE)

Answer the phone.

NARRATOR

George and Faith stared at each other as the phone began to ring again.

Efx: cell ringing and vibrating in hand

FAITH

Same caller. No number.

GEORGE

Caller ID reads "Answer the phone"?

FAITH

Exactly.

GEORGE

So answer it.

FAITH

It's your phone.

GEORGE

And you're holding it.

FAITH

Will you please act like a man?

GEORGE

Act like a man. Classic. Gimme the phone.

NARRATOR

Faith handed George the phone. He tapped the "accept call" icon and brought the phone to his ear.

RAMSEY (CELL)

George. I need you answer a question for me right now without thinking: have you or your wife left the house today?

GEORGE

No, and how do you know my name? What's this about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

RAMSEY (CELL)

Put me on speakerphone. I want  
both of you to hear this.

Efx: George taps speakerphone icon

GEORGE

You're on speakerphone.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Hello, Faith. Hello, George.

FAITH

Who are you?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

I'm a negotiator. My name is  
Ramsey. How are you two doing?

FAITH

(suspicious)  
We're fine. What's going on out  
there?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Well, I was wondering if you could  
walk me through that actually.

GEORGE

Walk you through what? You just  
shot someone.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Walk me through your day thus far.

GEORGE

Why do we need to do this over the  
phone? We can just come outside  
and talk.

FAITH

Wouldn't it be easier that way?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Ah, we actually can't allow you to  
step foot outside your apartment  
at this moment.

GEORGE

Why not?

FAITH

Yeah. Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
We believe that your apartment has  
been contaminated so we've put you  
under quarantine.

GEORGE  
Okay. Hold on. What about our  
daughter?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
(clearing throat)  
She's not in the apartment?

FAITH  
No, Ramsey, she's not. He wouldn't  
be asking you about her if she  
was, would he?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
Of course not.

GEORGE  
Look. I'm just going to come down  
and we can talk. I think  
everything-

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
You can't do that, George.

GEORGE  
Sure I can. I just open the door,  
hop on the elevator, and go  
downstairs. Then we can talk face  
to face.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
I can't allow you to leave your  
apartment, George.

FAITH  
We're being held captive?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
No. You're being quarantined.

GEORGE  
Why though? Why are we being  
quarantined?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Once we finish contacting the rest of the residents, we will tell you. Until then though, I just need you to sit tight, okay?

FAITH

No. Screw that. I'm coming downstairs.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

If you do that, you will be shot as the previous person was.

Anyone attempting to flee the building or approach our cordon will be terminated.

NARRATOR

George put his arm around Faith.

GEORGE

What about our daughter?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Where did she go?

FAITH

She's at my mother's.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Your mother lives in Vintage Park, correct?

FAITH

Yeah.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Wonderful. We'll send some units over there to pick her up.

GEORGE

Thank you.

FAITH

Yeah, thanks. So can we leave our apartment?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

I wouldn't advise it.

GEORGE

But we can, correct?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Yes, so long as you remain in your building, but again, it's not advisable. We're not entirely sure how to tell the infected from the uninfected in the first stage.

FAITH

Infected with what?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Hard to say at this point.

FAITH

Well, what can you say?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Not much officially, just don't leave the building. Also it's advised that you not leave the confines of your apartment.

FAITH

So we're trapped. Great.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Also, and I really shouldn't be telling you this, do not open the door for anyone. Especially for anyone that says they're related to you.

GEORGE

Related to us?

FAITH

Why would someone say they're related to us?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Like I said, not really allowed to say why. I've got some other stuff I need to look into, but I'll get back with the two of you soon.

FAITH

(sighing)

This is so great.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

George? Faith? Hang in there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE) (CONT'D)

We're doing our best to contain  
the situation. Call me back if  
anything happens.

GEORGE

Alright. Thanks.

Efx: call ended beeps

FAITH

What are we supposed to do now?

GEORGE

Sit tight. What else is there to  
do?

FAITH

I can't just sit tight though. I'm  
stuck in here while our daughter  
is out there.

GEORGE

Everything is going to be okay.  
They're going to call off this  
quarantine soon enough. Don't even  
worry about it.

FAITH

I can't just "not worry" about it.  
We don't know how long this is  
going to last.

GEORGE

I don't think it will take long.

FAITH

What are you basing that on?

NARRATOR

George shrugged, not really sure  
himself, but refusing to give  
himself over to panic.

FAITH

Exactly. We can't really be sure  
of anything, can we?

Efx: 3 deliberate knocks on front door

NARRATOR

Both George and Faith's heads  
swivelled toward the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

FAITH  
(whispering)  
Who's that?

GEORGE  
How should I know? We're standing  
right beside each other. I can't  
see through the peephole any  
better than you can.

FAITH  
Go check.

GEORGE  
You go check.

FAITH  
You're the man, aren't you?

GEORGE  
You sure do like to harp on that  
when it suits you.

FAITH  
I'm just sayin'...

GEORGE  
(sighing)  
Fine. I'll go check. Okay?

FAITH  
It's what you should've done to  
begin with if you ask me.

GEORGE  
I didn't and yet there you go  
again telling me. Running your  
mouth like usual.

FAITH  
If you didn't want me to run my  
mouth, you'd check the door like  
you said you were going to.

Efx: 3 deliberate knocks on front door. Footsteps to  
door. Faith trailing behind George.

GEORGE  
(whispering)  
No one's out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

FAITH  
(whispering)  
Lemme see.

GEORGE  
(whispering)  
I thought you wanted me to be a  
man.

FAITH  
(whispering)  
A man would be polite and let a  
lady look through the peephole.

GEORGE  
(quiet laugh)  
Lady. Right...

FAITH  
(louder)  
Lemme see, George.

GEORGE  
Fine. Go ahead.

Efx: footsteps away from door

FAITH  
No one's out there.

GEORGE  
I know. That's what I said.

FAITH  
(sighing)  
Should we open the door to check?

GEORGE  
No. You heard what Ramsey said.

FAITH  
I'm just sayin'... Might be a good  
idea to see what's out there.

GEORGE  
What about the infection?

Efx: 3 loud pounds on the door and fast footsteps after  
as Faith runs behind George

FAITH  
(whispering)  
Go check again.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (13)

GEORGE  
(not whispering)  
Like a man, right?

FAITH  
Exactly.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
George? Are you home?

NARRATOR  
George hadn't heard that voice  
in... seven years at least.

GEORGE  
(to self)  
Lennie?

FAITH  
George, don't let him know that  
we're here. You heard what Ramsey  
said.

GEORGE  
It's Lennie though. He's here.  
Seven years though. Why's he here?

FAITH  
Let's call Ramsey, okay?

GEORGE  
Fine.

Efx: Unlocking phone. Calling back the previous caller.  
Rings once and then picked up.

RAMSEY (CELL)  
Hello.

GEORGE  
Hi, Ramsey. We're calling you  
because something happened.

RAMSEY (CELL)  
Can you put me on speakerphone?

GEORGE  
Yeah.  
(Efx: tapping  
speakerphone icon)  
You're on speakerphone now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
George. Faith. What's the problem?

GEORGE  
My brother just knocked on the door.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
(curious)  
Did he... Where does your brother live?

GEORGE  
Chicago.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
That's a ten hour drive from here.  
Any reason why he would be visiting?

GEORGE  
Not that I know of.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
Don't answer the door.

GEORGE  
He's my brother though. Why wouldn't I answer the door?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
You don't know that the person outside the door is your brother.

GEORGE  
I heard his voice; I know my brother's voice.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
Did you actually see him though?

GEORGE  
What are you talking about? Are you saying a ghost with my brother's voice is at my front door?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)  
No, that would be asinine. I'm merely questioning the info that I've been provided on your situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

FAITH

What exactly is our situation, Ramsey? You still haven't cleared up that little tidbit.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

I can't say what the entire situation is as we don't have all the details that would lead to an informed analysis of the situation.

FAITH

What you just said comes across as you not having any clue about what's going on.

Do you have a supervisor I can speak with?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

No. I'm top of the chain. You're free to open the door if you like, but I would strongly advise against it.

Efx: 3 knocks at door

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

C'mon, George. I can hear you and Faith talking in there. Just lemme in.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

That was him?

GEORGE

Yes. He sounds exactly like my brother.

I need to let him in.

FAITH

What if he's sick like Ramsey says?

GEORGE

Then we'll help him.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

You can't help him if he's sick, George. It's too late for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

GEORGE

What am I supposed to do then?  
Just sit here and let him rot out  
there by himself?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

He won't rot.

FAITH

See, George. He's going to be  
fine.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

That's not what I said. I said  
that his brother won't rot.

GEORGE

What's that supposed to mean?

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

Hey, George! Is that bitch Faith  
keeping you from opening the door?  
She always was the worst.

GEORGE

(laughing)  
He sounds fine to me, Ramsey.

FAITH

I knew it.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Look, I've got some stuff to take  
care of out here, but I'm just  
giving you the heads up on this:  
if you let him in, I won't be able  
to let you leave the building.

Period.

FAITH

Why not?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

I'll check in again soon. Call me  
if something changes.

FAITH

I'm not finished talking to you.

Efx: beeps of a disconnected phone call

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (17)

GEORGE  
(laughing)

FAITH  
You think this is funny?

GEORGE  
A little. Never seen anyone talk  
to you like that.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
Hey, Faith. I hear you talking too  
and I've got something to say.

FAITH  
Yeah?! Run your mouth all you  
want, Lennie. You ain't gettin'  
in.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
George always did deserve better  
than you. I think that's where  
that stick up your ass came from.  
Deep down, you always knew that he  
could've done better, except  
instead of rising to the occasion  
and being a better woman, you  
figured you'd bring him down a  
couple pegs so that he would be at  
your level.

NARRATOR  
Faith didn't respond. Instead she  
sat down on the couch and sighed.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
George, you gonna let me in? I'm  
getting tired of standing out  
here.

Efx: footsteps to door.

GEORGE  
(to Faith)  
For what it's worth, he's out  
there. He's not a ghost voice or  
whatever.

Efx: 3 knocks at door

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
George. I can hear you breathing.  
C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (18)

FAITH  
(quiet voice)  
Don't, George.

GEORGE  
Why not? Is it the infection, or  
how he was talking to you?

FAITH  
It's the infection.

GEORGE  
He doesn't look sick.

FAITH  
Why would he?

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
Did either of you hear from Becca?  
(pause)

FAITH  
Where'd he get that name from?

GEORGE  
How should I know?

FAITH  
Have you talked to him? You told  
me you hadn't.

GEORGE  
Because I haven't.

FAITH  
Just ask him.

GEORGE  
You ask him.

FAITH  
Fine.  
(to Lennie)  
Why are you here, Lennie? It's  
been forever since we've heard  
from you.

LENNIE  
I've been busy.

FAITH  
Doing what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (19)

LENNIE

This and that. Lemme talk to George.

FAITH

What do you know about Becca?

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

Things. What do you want to know?

FAITH

Where is she?

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

Why don't you ask Ramsey?

GEORGE

How do you know who Ramsey is?

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

I can hear through the door.

GEORGE

Right. That makes sense.

Efx: keys being pulled from pocket

FAITH

What are you doing?

GEORGE

What's it look like I'm doing?

FAITH

It looks like you're about to unlock the door.

GEORGE

That's because I am.

FAITH

Don't.

GEORGE

Why not? He knows where Becca is.

FAITH

We know where Becca is. He hasn't proven that he knows anything yet.

GEORGE

Christ. Lennie? You still there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (20)

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
Where else would I go?

GEORGE  
Good point.

So you said you knew where Becca  
is. Can you tell us?

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
Just open the door and I will.  
Getting tired of standing out  
here.

FAITH  
Tell us where Becca is and we'll  
let you in.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
She's with Ramsey.

FAITH  
Ramsey? Why would she be with  
Ramsey?

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
I keep telling you to ask him.  
He's not telling you everything.

A quarantine?

Really?

FAITH  
It's your word against his.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)  
Did he tell you where he worked?

Is he police?

Fire?

Swat?

What?

FAITH  
I'm gonna call my mother and then  
I'm gonna call Ramsey.

GEORGE  
Yeah, sure.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (21)

Efx: cell unlocked, numbers pushed in, rings once.

RAMSEY (CELL)

This is Ramsey.

FAITH

Uh, I didn't mean to call you. I was trying to call my mother.

RAMSEY (CELL)

Speakerphone.

FAITH

Right. Just a sec.

(Efx: speakerphone  
icon tapped)

You're on.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Why were you calling your mother's place?

FAITH

Why are you on the phone if I was calling my mother? The caller ID has all her information right now.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

All calls from your apartment building are being routed through our dispatchers. That's why I'm on the phone with you right now.

FAITH

So any number we dial will end up with you on the phone?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

All roads lead to me.

FAITH

(sighing)

Lennie says that you know where Becca is.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

She's at your mother's unless you lied to me.

FAITH

I didn't lie to you, but Lennie seems to believe that you have her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (22)

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

How curious.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

Ask him who he works for.

GEORGE

Who do you work for?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

The Roth Lobdow Center for  
Advanced Research.

GEORGE

You said you were a negotiator.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

I am. Among other things.

FAITH

What other things?

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Anything the official channels  
don't want to deal with.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

Don't trust him. Let me in.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

George. Don't let him in.

FAITH

I think we should let Lennie in,  
George. I don't trust this Ramsey  
lady, if Ramsey even is her name.

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

Do not let Lennie in, George.

FAITH

He knows where Becca is.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

Listen to your wife, George. She's  
knows the truth. Let me in.

GEORGE

Okay. Okay. I'm going to let you  
in.

LENNIE (OTHER SIDE OF DOOR)

Good. Hurry it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (23)

GEORGE

Okay.

Efx: keys jangling

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

George, I'm telling you. Don't unlock that door. You're going to regret it.

GEORGE

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

RAMSEY (SPEAKERPHONE)

George, please. Don't open it.

Efx: key turning in lock. Door opening.

GEORGE

Wait. You aren't Lennie...

RAMSEY

(voice changing from  
Lennie's to  
Ramsey's)

No, George, I'm not Lennie. I just have a voice distorter. That's not what this is about though.

GEORGE

Wait, what is this?

Efx: gunshot to head. Body falls to ground.

FAITH

Well, at least it wasn't a total waste...

RAMSEY

That's true. I did have a ton of hope for this subject though.

FAITH

Same. He really bought into the wife bit. Subject 63029 didn't even come close to having the amount of belief in the situation as this subject. Debrief time?

RAMSEY

Yeah, we've got one more subject before our shift ends. Ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (24)

FAITH

Yep.

NARRATOR

Ramsey pulled out a voice recorder while Faith scribbled notes.

Efx: handheld recorder click (or icon tap for voice memo on a cell.)

RAMSEY

Subject 6-alpha-2 showed strong attachment to the situation and those involved.

He believed that my assistant Mary was his wife Faith and that the voice of Lennie and the video image shown through the peephole was his brother without event. When I introduced doubt as Lennie, he still wanted to believe what the authority figure was saying.

The serum used on the subject worked very well until the end. Familial pressure outweighed authoritarian attempts at control. This batch could see extensive use against independent actors with no family ties, but is still considered a failure.

Authoritarian commands should always be followed when subjects are exposed to the serum, no matter the situation.

Mark this batch as a failure.

The time is now two thirty-three pm. Mary and I will proceed to the next room and begin testing Subject 6-alpha-3.

Efx: handheld recorder click (or icon tap for voice memo on a cell.) and door closing.

NARRATOR

The two walked down a long hallway filled with doors. Other teams nodded to them, going about their own workday at the Center.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (25)

FAITH  
(loud yawning)  
Did you already call custodial?

RAMSEY  
Done and done.

FAITH  
Great. You're so much easier to  
work with than Chet.

RAMSEY  
Chet. What a name.

FAITH  
Right?  
(loud yawning)

RAMSEY  
You gonna make it through the last  
subject?

FAITH  
Yeah. No problem. Are we next  
door?

RAMSEY  
No, three doors down.

FAITH  
Right.

RAMSEY  
You already primed 6-alpha-3 with  
implanted memories, correct?

FAITH  
Yeah, earlier this morning. My  
name for the final test of our  
shift is...  
(Efx: rustling  
papers)  
Oh, Amalia.

RAMSEY  
Amalia? Exotic.

FAITH  
Right?

RAMSEY  
Where's this guy from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (26)

FAITH

John from Connecticut. Has a dog  
named Stars.

Okay. Weapons check?

RAMSEY

Yep. Reloading now. Fresh clip in.

(Efx: fresh clip  
slapped into gun.)

Old clip into the tray.

(Efx: metal placed in  
plastic tray)

You have both of your blades?

FAITH

Boot. Yep.

And inner waist. Yep.

Ready.

RAMSEY

Same. Lemme hit the cameras and  
boot the windows and peephole vid  
feed and we're live.

FAITH

Okay, let's do it.

RAMSEY

Good luck, Amalia.

FAITH

Ha. Thanks.

(Efx: door opening  
and closing behind  
Faith, footsteps to  
couch. Faith settles  
her self on the  
cushion and takes  
several deep  
breaths.)

Okay. Here we go...

Oh my God. Did you fall asleep?

JOHN

Huh? What?

FAITH

You were asleep. I saw you nod  
off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (27)

JOHN

Huh. I don't think I was sleeping.  
I think I was just...

FAITH

I swear to god, if you say resting  
your eyes...

**OUTRO BUMPER**

Efx: distinctive noise.

JOHN

Another misfire.

KATIE

Excuse me?

JOHN

Make a note in the log that  
further recalibration is  
necessary. Project Cyclops is  
still drawing facial data and  
vocal samples from employee  
databases.

KATIE

For the third time in a row? I  
hope I'm not being out of line  
here, Dr. Kinsler, but that's  
quite the coincidence.

JOHN

What would you call it?

KATIE

I don't know. Conspiracy comes to  
mind.

JOHN

Katie, what did I say about...

KATIE

This doesn't worry you, Dr.  
Kinsler? The fact that we've seen  
three death images involving  
Center employees, the last of  
which exposes some insane human  
trials in which we saw a man get  
literally shot in the head?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (28)

JOHN

Katie, look at the log. The cube is supposed to project the last images a person saw before they died. What happened after George was shot?

KATIE

You mean the droll way those Center people recapped the events with zero remorse?

JOHN

We watched Ramsey and Mary walk down an entirely different wing. We saw more than we were supposed to see.

KATIE

Maybe we're seeing exactly what we're supposed to see. Maybe the Center wants us to see these things.

JOHN

Think rationally about this.

KATIE

I am being rational. The Center is doing something, Dr. Kinsler. Something horrible. These aren't misfires. This isn't data calibration. This is murder. This is horror. And for some crazy reason they're dropping the heads off in our lab.

JOHN

You've had an emotional day, I understand. With a new job, a relative in the hospital, it's...

KATIE

(choked up a bit)  
Dr. Kinsler, please don't.

JOHN

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. Here, let me get a tissue.

Efx: fumbling with purse.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (29)

KATIE

No, I got it. I got it.

Efx: recorder cuts out.