

AXON TERMINAL

Written by
Robin C Johnston

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RobinJohnston75@gmail.com

1st Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. FORT BELVEDERE MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

A high view of the beautiful grounds of the Fort Belvedere Medical Facility.

Following the long drive-way up over the green extensive lawns, maze-like hedges and trees that lead all the way up to the whitewashed Greek revival style of the main building, its large columns leading into the main lobby.

Three identical BLACK CHEVROLET SUV's pass by in a perfect row, climbing up the drive towards the main building. They come to a stop outside the main steps to the lobby.

C.U. as the middle SUV's back door opens, and a shiny BLACK DUTY SHOE steps out. On the ankle above this perfectly polished foot, are dark grey socks with a black eagle embroidered on them.

Above the socks are perfectly pressed dark blue trousers, which leads to a sharp knee. An grizzled hand presses down on it and MAJOR GENERAL VEERS, 62, climbs out the vehicle.

The General wears his dark blue US Air force uniform, a large block of medal ribbons the only visible colour. He scans the grounds around him, frowning, his graying hair just visible under his cap. Veers is old before his time.

GENERAL VEERS

Where the hell are they?

A number of BLACK SUITS also exit the SUV's and form a creepy perimeter of earpieces and aviator shades around the General. As Veers looks back down the drive he sees a black security van climbing up towards them.

GENERAL VEERS (cont'd)

Check on them.

One of the suits nods and strolls over to the van as it park behind the string of SUV's. Sitting in the front are two men wearing security gear, Kevlar body armor and helmets.

INT. VAN - DAY

The DRIVER sits staring directly ahead. His head doe not even when move when the black suit approaches and looks in through the window. The suits knocks on it and the window winds down. Still the driver does not turn.

SUIT

You're late.

DRIVER

We were held up.

GENERAL VEERS (O.S.)

Get moving!

The suit gestures and the driver pulls on a handle next to his dash. There is a click and daylight appears behind the driver. As the back doors open we can see the silhouette of a BALD HEAD. Someone sitting in a wheelchair in the back.

A bald-headed pale skinned man sits in a wheelchair which has been secured to the floor with elastic hooks. He wears a white tunic.

GENERAL VEERS

Lets get this done, people!

SUIT

Bring him out.

The other two suits reach in and grab a handle on the wheelchair. They arts to pull the bald headed man back and very carefully carry the wheelchair out of the van. The first suit closes the doors firmly. The two others carefully place the wheelchair on the drive and turn the chair.

The man sitting in it stares directly ahead, hardly blinking, not moving an inch even as they turn his chair. The two start to wheel him towards the general and the lobby. The general joins them.

They start to climb the wheelchair ramp up to the main doors of the facility. As the first suit passes by the driver again he turns.

SUIT (cont'd)

You can head back now.

The driver does not respond, he just starts up the engine. However as he back down the drive, the suit notices something. A small trickle of BLOOD dripping from the drivers nose.

SUIT (cont'd)

You OK, son?

DRIVER

Fine.

The driver backs the van away back down the drive and back into the entrance to the facility care park and then drives off out of sight. The suit stares after him, then turns and follows the General and his colleagues.

INT. FORT BELVEDERE LOBBY - DAY

Two of these black suits accompany the General as he enters the lobby. Another wheels the man in the wheelchair through the clinic corridor, following a sign to the reception.

Inside the facility is clearly an older building, renovated though still with an air of the 18th century about it.

As they reach the reception desk they are greeted by a tall gaunt woman in a doctor's white lab coat. She holds a black clipboard and frowns as the General approaches.

An ORDERLY in white overalls stands nearby, leaning a little too casually on the desk.

The General strides up with disciplined purpose and addresses the tall doctor.

GENERAL VEERS
Doctor Lockwood.

DOCTOR LOCKWOOD
General. Is this your new patient?

GENERAL VEERS
Your patient now, Doctor.

DOCTOR LOCKWOOD
OK, I'll need to clear-

Without hesitation the General whips out a PAPER from inside his uniform jacket, just behind the large block of medal ribbons. He hands it swiftly over to DOCTOR LOCKWOOD.

Lockwood takes out a small pair of reading glasses from her coat and eyes it, raising a single eyebrow.

LOCKWOOD
John Doe? Seriously?

GENERAL VEERS
That's right.

LOCKWOOD

Well, I'll need his history,
insurance, next of kin. What if
something happens to him?

GENERAL VEERS

Anything happens you contact me.
Anything at all. Is that understood?

LOCKWOOD

Its entirely improper, General. How
are we supposed to make a diagnosis?

GENERAL VEERS

Tests. Lots of them. Then you report
back to me, and me only, I repeat,
is that understood?

LOCKWOOD

What, we just throw protocol out the
window?

GENERAL VEERS

Tell me, how long do you have left,
Jane?

LOCKWOOD

Three weeks.

GENERAL VEERS

You'll want to keep a hold of that
pension?

Lockwood stares at him with contempt. She hands the
paperwork to the general who snatches it back.

GENERAL VEERS (cont'd)

Good. Keep me informed.

The General turns on his heels and marches back down the
lobby corridor towards the exit. Before he leaves he
replaces his cap and looks back notably at Lockwood, making
eye contact.

GENERAL VEERS (cont'd)

I almost forgot, it would be wise to
keep JD there isolated. Don't let him
mix with your other patients.

LOCKWOOD

Why-

The General does not wait for a response, and accompanied by his cloud of black suits the General exits the facility.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Shit.

Lockwood sighs with relief. She is approached by the orderly, a squat thickly built black man named JASON.

JASON

Damned brass, huh?

JD still sits in his wheelchair, he has not moved since the suit left him in the corridor.

LOCKWOOD

Jason, can you take our new guest out to Wing E? Let him get settled.

JASON

Sure. What's the name?

LOCKWOOD

John Doe.

JASON

Seriously?

LOCKWOOD

Seriously. Just put him in the rec room just now.

JASON

Didn't I just hear-

LOCKWOOD

Just do it. Please.

JASON

OK. Your the boss.

(to JD)

Let's go boy.

Jason wheels JD off down the corridor. Lockwood watches, then shakes her head. She hands the clipboard back to the receptionist.

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

Jason wheels JD into the large busy recreation room. There are many patients inside, mostly watching the TV, playing games, talking, mostly to themselves. All very animated.

Sunlight floods the room in a bright glow. Jason plants JD at the back of the room looking towards the TV. JD has not moved a muscle since were were introduced to him. He is absolutely still, staring forward. He hardly even blinks.

JASON

There you go, hope you like Jeopardy.

JD does not answer, does not even move at all. Just stares forwards.

JASON (cont'd)

Please yourself.

(to himself)

Definitely a strange one.

JD just stares in front of him, never moving. Unseen by everyone else, his wheelchair SHIFTS SLIGHTLY to the left. He does not even touch the wheels.

Jason disappears into the office, which has a large window up front, so he can keep an eye on everyone. Everyone seems happy so he puts his feet up and starts reading a magazine.

JD stares forward, towards the TV. The patients continue to watch, laugh, stare at the ceiling, and play their board games.

Just for a moment there is a pulse of STATIC that crawls across the TV screen, obscuring the view. None of the patients notice.

INT. REC ROOM OFFICE - DAY

The office phone buzzes. Jason ignores it, and it continues, Eventually he picks up.

JASON

Yeah.

An inaudible voice answers on the other side.

JASON (cont'd)

I can't, I gotta watch the rec room, there's only me here. Catherine phoned in sick again.

More inaudible. Jason sighs.

JASON (cont'd)

OK, it better be quick.

Jason gets up, exits the office and walks quickly back down the corridor. No one in the rec room notices him leaving.

JD sits completely still.

Another STATIC PULSE passes across the TV screen. JD does not even flinch.

All around him, the room starts to GO QUIET. Patients stop talking, to themselves or each other. They put down their cards, or games. The room goes deathly SILENT.

John is completely still and stares directly forward. The other patients stiffen, and slowly sit up straight, like JD in his wheelchair.

Then they all turn slowly, IN UNISON! All look DIRECTLY AT JOHN! Every single one of the patients stares back at the man in the wheelchair.

The room is completely silent. On the TV is just static. They all hold that position, every single one facing back at John.

Footsteps can be heard. Jason has returned. He looks around at the silent room in shock.

JASON (cont'd)

What the-

INT. LOCKWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason sits with a coffee, looking very troubled. His coffee trembles lightly.

JASON

I don't know it was freaky, like a real freaky atmosphere.

LOCKWOOD

You work here, you should be used to freaky by now.

JASON

I'm serious, that place was jumping when I left.

LOCKWOOD

Why'd you leave?

JASON

Atwood asked me for help with a patient.

LOCKWOOD

You shouldn't have done that.

JASON

I know. We even more short staffed than last week. It was less than two minutes. I come back the whole place is like a zombie movie.

LOCKWOOD

What were they doing?

JASON

Just staring.

LOCKWOOD

At what?

JASON

The new guy.

LOCKWOOD

John Doe?

INT. LOCKWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Lockwood sits at her desk, on the phone. Again her office is bathed in sunlight, and she reaches over to close the blind.

LOCKWOOD

Sir, I'm just concerned. The brass have not handed over any paperwork yet for this new patient.

BOSS (V.O.)

Yea, we're looking into that. In the meantime just keep an eye on him. Run whatever tests you need.

LOCKWOOD

He's been here less than an hour and he's already freaking out the staff.

BOSS (V.O.)

How so?

LOCKWOOD

Jason said when he walked back into the rec room, the whole place was silent.

BOSS (V.O.)

In there, really?

LOCKWOOD

Yeah, really.

BOSS (V.O.)

Where was Jason?

LOCKWOOD

He, um...he stepped out to go to the bathroom.

BOSS (V.O.)

Well, tell him to go to the bathroom before he starts his shift in future.

LOCKWOOD

Sir, that's not the point-

BOSS (V.O.)

Is this the right paperwork? John Doe? Are they serious?

LOCKWOOD

He seemed pretty serious.

BOSS (V.O.)

Who was it?

LOCKWOOD

General A-hole. Sir, you haven't heard the whole story.

BOSS (V.O.)

What story?

LOCKWOOD

Jason said when he walked back in, they were all staring at him.

BOSS

At Jason?

LOCKWOOD

At John Doe.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

JD is sitting on his own in a long, empty, rather dark corridor, which seems to reach for miles in each direction. He sits as he always does, stock still, staring, unblinking, silent, outside a room marked 'STAFF'.

Through the frosted glass of the door can be seen dark shapes. Someone is discussing something, forcefully.

JASON (O.S.)

He hardly moves, why would we need to do that?

LOCKWOOD (O.S.)

I want him in his own room, in restraints.

JASON (O.S.)

He hasn't moved a muscle since he arrived.

LOCKWOOD (O.S.)

You heard me.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

Lockwood and Jason stand on opposite sides of the room, Lockwood has her arms crossed.

JASON

I don't see what difference it's gonna make. I mean why is he even here? What can we do for him?

LOCKWOOD

We've been told to supervise and observe him, that's all.

JASON

To what end?

LOCKWOOD

I just do what I'm told.

JASON

What about what happened in the rec room?

LOCKWOOD

He shouldn't have been in the rec room in the first place. That's on me. OK?

JASON

That's not what I meant.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

Outside in the corridor as they talk, JD still sits completely still on the chair.

LOCKWOOD (O.S.)

All we know for sure is what they were willing to tell. He was an air force test pilot. There was accident. They lost contact. He crashed. When they dug him out the cockpit he was in his current state, paralyzed and catatonic. He hasn't changed since, and he does not respond to any external stimulation.

JASON (O.S.)

We'll see about that.

LOCKWOOD (O.S.)

I'll start on his tests tomorrow, meanwhile I'd like you to keep a close eye on the him tonight.

JASON (O.S.)

All night?

LOCKWOOD (O.S.)

You can do shifts with Atwood.

JASON (O.S.)

Oh great.

They continue to talk inside the Staff room, though their voices fade away as-

At the end of the corridor, another PERSON walks past. They stop suddenly and turn, bolt upright, staring back at JD. They stand there without moving, staring back at him.

Then they continue to walk on out of view. JD has not moved.

INT. RESTRAINT ROOM 433 - DAY

Jason is fussing over the wrist restraints wrapped around JD's arm. He pulls on them to confirm they are holding.

JASON
This is for your own good,
apparently. Hope you're comfortable,
JD. It's gonna be a long night.

JD just stares, unblinking, at the ceiling.

JASON (cont'd)
OK, that's him done.

Lockwood talks off-screen through a speaker.

LOCKWOOD (O.S.)
Good, now leave the room.

JASON
You really sure this is necessary, I
mean he's as stiff as a post, it's
like rigor mortis has already set in.

INT. MONITORING ROOM

Lockwood is looking down at the monitor for room 433. Jason is looking up at the camera.

LOCKWOOD
Just leave the room, Jason. We'll
start his tests tomorrow.

She watches Jason shake his head, giving her 'I wash my hands of this' gesture, then he exits the room.

Lockwood watches JD for a while. There is not even a single movement from him. He just stares at the ceiling.

LOCKWOOD
You're one creepy son of a bitch.

INT. CLINIC CONCOURSE - DAY

Lockwood is back in civilian clothes, walking briskly through the concourse. She waves good-bye to the security staff at the front desk.

LOCKWOOD
See you tomorrow.

At the main door she bumps into Jason, who does not look pleased to see her.

JASON
OK for some.

He walks off turning his back on her. Lockwood tries to shrug this off, turns and walks out.

At that moment a SECURITY STAFFER runs up to Lockwood.

SECURITY #1
Can you wait a moment, ma'am, were just testing our new security measures.

Jason stops and turns to look out the window.

JASON
They fit that already?

SECURITY #1
Just yesterday.

LOCKWOOD
Yesterday?

SECURITY #1
Overnight.

JASON
Well, that was damned quick! Try getting anything in here fixed overnight.

LOCKWOOD
Can't I leave first. I have a date.

JASON
Oh, she has a date!

SECURITY #1
We'd prefer it if you stepped inside just now, ma'am. It can trigger automatically.

Lockwood locks eyes with Jason for a moment, who shrugs.

JASON
Guess it's for our own good.

Lockwood does not appreciate the sarcasm.

SECURITY #1
Stand back, ma'am. You have any metal
on you?

Lockwood pulls out a set of keys.

LOCKWOOD
These, maybe?

SECURITY #1
OK, we're clear. Remember once this
thing goes live you need to hand in
anything metal to-

JASON
Like this?

Jason leans forward, sticking his head under the door. Out of nowhere an ALARM GOES OFF! RED WARNING LIGHTS erupt around the door frame. Both Jason and Lockwood watch this with alarm, as do other passers by.

Jason retreats back into the lobby as thick STEEL SHUTTERS descend instantly, cutting off the light inside the main concourse, almost SLAMMING against the floor.

JASON (cont'd)
Jeez. What, we maximum security now?

SECURITY #1
Something set it off!

Jason KNOCKS on the side of his head and grins.

JASON
Metal plate. Motorcycle accident in
my wild twenties.

SECURITY #1
That would explain it.

LOCKWOOD
Doesn't give you much time does it?

SECURITY #1
That's the idea, ma'am.

They are all bathed in amber light, as the shutters cut out all outside daylight.

JASON
I guess this is necessary too?

LOCKWOOD
I didn't know about all this. Who
green-lighted it?

SECURITY #1
Brass, ma'am.

JASON
That figures.

LOCKWOOD
When?

SECURITY #1
Last week.

JASON
Well, I for one feel all the more
secure.
(to Lockwood)
See you tomorrow, ma'am.

Jason turns and stomps off down the next corridor. Lockwood
frowns then turns her wrath on the Security Guard.

LOCKWOOD
Can I leave now! Please!

SECURITY #1
(into Radio)
Bring 'em back up!

INT. MONITORING ROOM - NIGHT

Jason sit on his own in the near dark, his head propped on
his hand, trying to stay awake.

He is surrounded by the many monitors of the rooms in the
facility, nursing a now cold plastic cup of coffee. He takes
a sip and winces.

JASON
God, I hate this place.

He is watching JD on the room Room 433 monitor. JD has not
moved, he still just lies there, staring at the ceiling.

JASON (cont'd)
Jesus, don't you ever sleep?

Jason still tries not to fall asleep himself. His head slips off his hand, which jolts him awake again. He looks down at Room 433 again.

No change. Jason's drooping eyelids close, just for a second.

When they do, a BAR OF STATIC passes across the monitor for room 433. For a split second, as the static bar passes across the monitor, it reveals JD STANDING UP BESIDE HIS RESTRAINT BED!

Then another static bar passes over the monitor, which reveals JD back in his restraints.

Jason's eyes pop open again. He takes another drink of coffee. There is no sign of anything wrong on his monitor.

Jason FLICKS a switch on the room intercom.

JASON (cont'd)

Hey.

A voice answers. Whoever it sounds just as tired as Jason.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah.

JASON

I'm gonna check on Room 433, I'm pretty damn sure JD'll need to go to the bathroom. Maybe that's what's keeping him up.

VOICE (O.S.)

You need a hand? Should be two of us.

JASON

I'll be fine.

CUT TO:

C.U. ROOM 433 MONITOR SCREEN

INT. RESTRAINT ROOM 433 - NIGHT

ON THE SCREEN Jason enters Room 433 where JD is still tied to his restraint bed.

JASON (V.O.)
You wanna hit the bathroom, JD? I
don't wanna have to change you later
tonight. How you feeling?

No answer.

JASON (V.O.) (cont'd)
You always this chatty?

He gestures outside the door.

JASON (V.O.) (cont'd)
Look, I brought your favorite chair.

No answer.

JASON (V.O.) (cont'd)
OK, lets go get this over with.

Jason starts to undo JD's restraints. First the wrists then
the legs. Half way through him doing this yet another thick
BAR OF STATIC passes across the monitor, obscuring the view.

JASON (V.O.) (cont'd)
Oh, man your joints are as stiff as
ever, this cant be doing you any-

For a split second within the static we can see-

JD SIT UP AND REACH OUT FOR JASON!

As he does, on the screen there is more STATIC, the image is
WARPED and DISTORTED, as if encountering electrical
interference.

JASON (V.O.) (cont'd)
-good. I gonna get you some cod-liver
oil, boy.

Then the screen BLINKS OUT, just leaving a single pinpoint
of light in the middle of the screen.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

JD slowly wheels round the far corner of the corridor. For a
moment it looks as if he alone, however Jason is still
pushing him along.

JD does not respond to anything external while Jason talks
to him.

JASON

That took way longer than it should have, JD. There gonna have to be some serious physiotherapy after this.

The corridor is deathly quiet. Everyone is asleep.

JASON (cont'd)

Kinda quiet tonight?

No response from JD , who just sits staring in the middle distance. Jason sighs, which echoes all along the corridor.

JASON (cont'd)

Like I said, gonna be a long night.

Jason stops just outside the Men's bathroom door.

JASON (cont'd)

Here we go again.

Jason bends down to start undoing the restraints around JD's wrists and ankles.

JASON (cont'd)

I don't know why we need these. You haven't moved an inch since we met.

JD just keeps staring off into the distance. At that moment Jason notices movement in the corner of his eye and stands up. There is SOMEONE STANDING at the end of the tunnel.

Jason stands up straight. It is not a staff member!

JASON (cont'd)

Hello?

No answer. They do not move.

JASON (cont'd)

Can I help you?

No answer, no movement.

As Jason watches this completely still figure, he does not notice JD's wheelchair SHIFT slightly towards the figure.

Jason's eyes never leave the person at the end. He picks up the telephone at the sub-station in the middle of the corridor.

JASON (cont'd)

Hey-

He stops. All he can hear is STATIC at the other end. As he watches the figure, and puts down the telephone he does not see JD's wheelchair slowly turn 180 DEGREES until it is facing the other way.

As JD stares back down the other end of the corridor, a shadow passes across him, and across Jason's view.

Jason TURNS to look behind him. His eyes widen.

INT. LOCKWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Lockwood is sitting at her desk, staring forward, not moving. For a moment she seems almost catatonic.

Suddenly the PHONE RINGS! Lockwood is WOKEN suddenly from her reverie. She picks up the handset.

LOCKWOOD

Yes?

A VOICE talks on the other side.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

He was on night shift.

More voice.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Yes, all night.

More inaudible voice.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Yes, it was my idea. I am his manager.

More voice, sound increasingly stressed.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

He didn't? When did you see him last?

INT. MONITORING ROOM

Lockwood walks into the room, looking worried. An ORDERLY sits at the desk in front of the monitors, with his feet up on the desk. When he sees Lockwood enter he immediately sits up, knocking a cup off coffee off the work desk.

ORDERLY

Shit.

LOCKWOOD

Is Atwood still here?

ORDERLY

I...no, his shift ended about four hours ago.

LOCKWOOD

Shit. Um...can you show me 433?

The Orderly wipes at the coffee on the floor.

ORDERLY

Uh, yeah, give me a moment.

He sits up, and reaches out for one of the monitors. The one for room 433 is off.

ORDERLY (cont'd)

That's weird.

LOCKWOOD

What?

ORDERLY

Its not getting power.

LOCKWOOD

This the first you've noticed?

ORDERLY

I only just got in, Doctor.

He switches it again and the monitor stays blank.

ORDERLY (cont'd)

I'll need to call maintenance I guess. It was working fine yesterday.

LOCKWOOD

You do that.

Lockwood leaves quickly, slamming the door behind her.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

Lockwood quickly jogs down the long tunnel of the corridor, which turns and outside is a sign saying:

"ROOM 433"

She opens the steel shutter in the door, and looks through. The reinforced glass of the tiny window is CRACKED. Through it she can see JD still shackled to the restraint bed, still staring at the roof.

Lockwood breathes a sigh of relief. She pulls out a mobile phone and hits a number. It rings, a male voice answers.

LOCKWOOD

Yeah, it's me.

The MALE VOICE answers.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Do you have Don Atwood's number?

We can just hear the male voice asking why.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Jason is not here. No-one saw him leave. Maybe they went home together.

The male voice answers again.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

I know that. I just received a call from his partner. He didn't make it home last night.

There is silence on the other end. We can just make it out that the man intends to call Atwood.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

OK, thank you. Can you ask him to call me as soon as.

The man agrees and hangs up.

Lockwood sighs again then looks over at the door. JD is still as death. Then she notices something else.

KEYS are still in the lock. She looks down at them and frowns. The one key in the lock is attached to a huge bunch of more keys hanging down off the door.

Lockwood bends down and carefully takes out the keys out the keyhole. There is a label on them which says:

"BROWN - 4 Ward"

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Jason?

INT. CLINIC CONCOURSE - DAY

Lockwood walks up to reception. She hands the keys to the security guard she met the day before.

LOCKWOOD

Can you double-check who these belong to for me?

SECURITY #1

Sure, Miss Lockwood.

The guard taps some keys on his computer.

SECURITY #1 (cont'd)

Um...Jason Brown? It has his name on the tab here too-

LOCKWOOD

I see that. I just wanted to be sure.

SECURITY #1

Sure. You want me to keep these for you until he comes in?

LOCKWOOD

If you want. Just let me know as soon as he's in. I'll want to see him.

SECURITY #1

No problem, Doc.

INT. EEG SHIELDED ROOM LAB

Lockwood knocks on the door outside the Physiology Lab. A MAN in scrubs answers, DOCTOR SANDS, one of the clinics anesthesiologists.

Sands beckons Lockwood in. Inside there is a viewing window through which she can see JD, sitting bolt upright in his wheelchair. Still staring ahead.

SANDS

Real thousand yard stare, huh? Kinda freaky.

LOCKWOOD

Yeah.

JD has an EEG cap on, with his bald skull covered in electrodes.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)
He's still the same?

SANDS
He never even moves. His limbs are incredibly stiff too. So we just kept him in the wheelchair. He breathes real shallow too.

LOCKWOOD
His lungs were damaged. We're still waiting on his bloods. Could be he has a variety of deficiencies.

SANDS
It'd be easier if we could access his records.

LOCKWOOD
Tell me about it.

SANDS
Why the hold up?

LOCKWOOD
He's a special case, apparently.

Sands just nods.

SANDS
Any sign of Jason?

LOCKWOOD
Not yet.

SANDS
You worried.

LOCKWOOD
He never went home, though I'm told that's not unusual on payday. I've asked security to check the cameras.

SANDS
Sure hope he's OK.

LOCKWOOD
He'll be in a bar somewhere in town. So what do you have for me?

Sands points to the monitor in the corner of the room.

SANDS

Take a look.

Lockwood places her hands on the desk and looks at the EEG monitor tracings on the screen. Beside her JD can be seen through the window, not moving at all.

LOCKWOOD

What is this?

SANDS

I know, it's real strange.

Sands points to the tracings at the top.

SANDS (cont'd)

There's only the barest activity above the baseline.

On the tracings there is hardly anything registering at all. Except-

LOCKWOOD

Here?

SANDS

Yeah, one spike, a discharge registered every thirteen seconds. Quite a severe peak too.

LOCKWOOD

So, he's practically brain dead apart from whatever this is?

SANDS

That's what the readings are saying. It's all that's registered since we started, more than an hour ago.

LOCKWOOD

What would they hope to learn from him being here then?

SANDS

Who?

LOCKWOOD

I can't discuss it. Sorry.

SANDS

I understand. Do you want us to continue?

LOCKWOOD

Would it help?

SANDS

I think you need a closer look.

Lockwood traces the discharge peak on the EEG trace.

LOCKWOOD

What do you think this is?

SANDS

I can't say. It's pretty deep. If anything it just reminds me of a regular beat. Like a heart.

LOCKWOOD

Or a pulse?

A female voice speaks from the loudspeaker out in the hall.

VOICE (O.S.)

Would Doctor Lockwood please report to security.

LOCKWOOD

Gotta go. Keep me informed?

SANDS

Sure. You want me to send him over to imaging? I think maybe we're done here.

LOCKWOOD

Yes please.

Lockwood walks out. Sands looks back at the monitor and shakes his head, then he looks up at the immobile JD.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

Lockwood walks towards the monitoring room. Outside she meets one of the security guards who were running the shutter test the day before.

LOCKWOOD

This had better be good.

He nods to her, though she is slightly alarmed they need a guard outside the door. She opens it and walks in.

INT. MONITORING ROOM

Lockwood directs her last statement to the guard inside, who sits in front of two monitors and is fast forwarding through CCTV footage.

SECURITY #1

Well. We have found something. I thought I should show you first before anyone else.

LOCKWOOD

What you got?.

The security guard goes back to his monitors.

SECURITY #1

He was definitely in Ward 4 last night. He left here around 2.30 am.

LOCKWOOD

He was on night-shift with Atwood.

SECURITY #1

Well, looks like he took a patient up to the bathroom at the top of the corridor.

LOCKWOOD

And?

SECURITY #1

And then the camera's in that corridor just cut off.

LOCKWOOD

They what?

SECURITY #1

For almost two minutes.

LOCKWOOD

Show me.

The guard rewinds the tape, showing Jason at the top of the corridor, wheeling JD.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Wind it forward.

The guard does so, and they watch Jason reach the bathroom door just at the edge of the frame.

Then suddenly a band of static passes over the screen.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

What's that?

SECURITY #1

I've no idea, it's static for a few minutes.

LOCKWOOD

What could have caused it?

SECURITY #1

Can't say. Interference. A problem with the electricians.

LOCKWOOD

The guys in here earlier said the monitor for 433 shorted out.

SECURITY #1

That's right, it's been sent to maintenance. Wind it back to the end. Just before the static?

The security guards winds the tape back a little, and pauses it just before the static appears. They can see Jason looking at something at the end of the corridor.

LOCKWOOD

Is there another angle on this.

SECURITY #1

Just the camera at the other end of the corridor.

LOCKWOOD

Can you switch to that?

The guard double clicks on the screen. Camera 4 comes up, with a diametrically opposite view of the corridor.

Jason is standing in the middle of the corridor looking down. With his back turned to JD they can see him looking at something off-screen.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

What the hell is he looking at?

The guard clicks on something and the camera zooms in slightly. They can just see what looks like a shadow over the shiny floor of the corridor.

SECURITY #1
Somebody else was up there.

LOCKWOOD
We need to find out who.

SECURITY #1
Keep watching.

The image moves in slow motion, and for a just a moment, they can see JD's wheelchair behind Jason, as he stares off down the corridor.

They see JD's wheelchair MOVE on its own, as it TURNS AWAY from Jason, towards the opposite end of the corridor.

LOCKWOOD
Oh, my God.

INT. MRI SUITE CONTROL ROOM

WIDE ANGLE - JD lies on his back looking straight up.

There is a humming noise and he starts to move forwards in to the circular port of the MRI scanner.

Nothing registers on his blank face. Both Sands and Lockwood watch through the control rooms view port.

SANDS
Still no sign of Jason?

LOCKWOOD
According to security he never left the building. At least not through the front door.

SANDS
So he might still be here?

LOCKWOOD
They're going through the whole place brick by brick.

SANDS
Scary.

They watch as the noise of the scanner rises. Images start to appear on the monitors of the scans of JD's head. JD has not moved a muscle. The MRI assistant is sitting watching.

MRI ASSISTANT
Tolerant fella ain't he?

LOCKWOOD
I guess.

Suddenly as the MRI machine starts to activate there is a huge SCREECH of PAIN, which seems to be coming from JD!

JD's body CONTORTS horribly and is pulled further into the machine. SPARKS start to fly from the machinery of the machine. Blood starts dripping from JD's nostrils.

SANDS
Jesus Christ, get him out of there!

The monitors in the control room flicker and distort. There is another hideous SCREAMS from JD, and then everything SHUTS DOWN, and the power goes off.

For a moment the control room goes dark, before emergency lighting illuminates the room again.

LOCKWOOD
What the hell?

Two ORDERLIES rush into the room and make for JD, still inside the now dangerously sparking MRI machine.

MRI ASSISTANT
Hey. Take a look at this.

He points to the monitor, where strange distorted impression of JD's head is becoming visible.

LOCKWOOD
Is it supposed to do that?

SANDS
No.

INT. LOCKWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Lockwood sits with her head in her hands, as Sands sits across from her with another man, DOCTOR BENNETT, essentially Lockwood and Sand's boss.

LOCKWOOD
So he basically fried the whole
suite? How is that possible?

SANDS
Well I'm not sure I'd put it quite
like that.

DOCTOR BENNETT
It was an electrical surge.

LOCKWOOD
How many times has that happened?

SANDS
This would be the first.

LOCKWOOD
There's something not right about
this patient. I mean I-

SANDS
I'm convinced of that already.

LOCKWOOD
I don't mean just his mental state.
Or his joints.

BENNETT
We were asked to look after him,
Jane, that's what we're going to do.

LOCKWOOD
But why-

BENNETT
We're here to do our job, that's it.

LOCKWOOD
Bullshit, I'm telling you-

BENNETT
You only have a few weeks left at
this facility, Doctor. I wouldn't put
that at risk. Is that understood?

LOCKWOOD
Yes.

Bennett does not look convinced. He gets up out of his chair
and turns to Sands.

BENNETT

We'll talk about this later. I'll oversee repairs to the suite. It's gonna cost some. I'll have to twist some arms.

SANDS

Thank you, sir.

Bennett leaves the room, only slightly slamming the door. They can hear his footsteps fade down the corridor. When he is gone Lockwood slowly looks up at Sands.

LOCKWOOD

What the fuck was that?

SANDS

Well, I guess the boss is pissed.

LOCKWOOD

I meant the scan!

SANDS

It wasn't an entirely wasted exercise.

LOCKWOOD

Oh?

Sands produces a file, and places it on Lockwood's desk.

SANDS

They were pretty distorted, but my assistant is one helluva technician.

Sands opens the files and points to some dark pictures, which look like cross sections of a skull and brain. Sands points to a part of it, which is mostly white, however it looks like a SPLINTER or spear point.

SANDS (cont'd)

We think this is what caused the scanner to go crazy.

LOCKWOOD

What is it?

SANDS

Well, we're not sure. Whatever it is its certainly not brain tissue. Its connected itself to the limbic system and the cerebellum.

(MORE)

SANDS (cont'd)
Considering what happened in there we think it may be metallic.

LOCKWOOD
Metal?

SANDS
It would explain why the magnet went haywire and fried the electrics.

LOCKWOOD
How could it have been inserted, there's no scars or lesions on his head? No sign of injury to the skull.

SANDS
Yeah, its a mystery. One of many. The problem is the only way to be sure would be-

LOCKWOOD
An operation.

Sands nods.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)
We would need next of kin for that.

SANDS
We don't know of any?

Lockwood pushes JD's file paperwork towards him.

SANDS (cont'd)
D, John? Are they serious?

LOCKWOOD
Where is he now? He needs to be isolated-

Lockwood's intercom lights up and beeps.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)
Yes?

VOICE (O.S.)
Could you come down to the rec room, Doctor?

LOCKWOOD
I'm in a meeting.

VOICE (O.S.)
I think you'll want to see this.

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

Lockwood and Sands both stride up the corridor towards the Rec Room atrium. On the way they see two SECURITY MEN in black uniforms walking up the opposite corridor.

LOCKWOOD
Who are they?

SANDS
Head office sent them to help search for Jason.

LOCKWOOD
His partner must be going crazy.

The emerge out into the large Rec Room under its glass roof. The light is flooding in. The place is full of patients and yet deathly silent. An ORDERLY dressed in white is standing with his arms crossed, worried.

SANDS
It's usually deafening in here. Whats up?

A number of other orderly's are on their hands and knees wiping red liquid off the floors. Blood! Lockwood notices their white overalls are specked with it.

LOCKWOOD
What happened here?

ORDERLY
We don't know, they all went quiet, just all of a sudden. They all sat bolt upright, staring at something in front of them. Then this-

He points to the blood on his tunic.

SANDS
What?

ORDERLY
Their noses started bleeding.

LOCKWOOD
All of them?

ORDERLY
All of them. At once.

SANDS
Jesus. They haven't moved since?

ORDERLY
Nope. What do we do now?

SANDS
There must be a reason. When did it start?

ORDERLY
About half an hour ago.

SANDS
(quietly to Lockwood)
When JD was in the scanner?

Lockwood scans the room.

LOCKWOOD
He was in here. Jason brought him in.

SANDS
What?

LOCKWOOD
JD was in here. With these people.
Where is he now?

SANDS
Back in 433.

LOCKWOOD
He needs to be guarded 24/7. No-one gets near him until I say.

SANDS
OK, boss.

LOCKWOOD
I want you to select one of these people and run an EEG.

SANDS
Why?

LOCKWOOD
Just humor me.

INT. EEG SHIELDED ROOM OFFICE

Lockwood watches through the the office view port as the Orderly leaves after wheeling a middle aged WOMAN into the EEG shielded room. She sits there upright, very like JD.

ORDERLY

We're gonna start running out of wheelchairs.

SANDS

Thank you, I'll take it from here.

Sands is waiting with a EEG electrode cap, which he has been soaking. He starts to prepare his patient, carefully wetting the sides of the temples of the woman.

ORDERLY

She's usually a lot more chatty.

Behind the screen in the office, Sand's assistant checks his equipment.

MRI ASSISTANT

This might take a little while, we can send the data up to you?

LOCKWOOD

I'll wait.

They watch as Sands places the EEG cap on the woman's head. They can hear him through the intercom.

SANDS

OK, start it up.

The tracings start on the monitor, accompanied by a rather ominous beeping noise coming from the monitor.

LOCKWOOD

What's that?

MRI ASSISTANT

Its just feedback.

SANDS

(through intercom)

How's it looking?

MRI ASSISTANT

Just waiting for a baseline.

The beeping continues. Very little seems to be registering.

LOCKWOOD
Is that it?

SANDS
What's happening?

MRI ASSISTANT
It doesn't seem to be registering at
all?

LOCKWOOD
Is there a fault?

MRI ASSISTANT
Nothing I can see.

A stronger beep resonates. A spike shows on the trace.

MRI ASSISTANT (cont'd)
There.

Lockwood stares at it. Another discharge. Then another.

SANDS
What's happening?

LOCKWOOD
Can you time the spike?

MRI ASSISTANT
Every thirteen seconds.

Lockwood and Sands lock eyes.

SANDS
Are you sure?

MRI ASSISTANT
Yeah.

LOCKWOOD
It's definitely coming from her?

MRI ASSISTANT
Where else?

LOCKWOOD
(to Sands)
Could it be a coincidence?

SANDS
I don't see how.

LOCKWOOD

Look!

Lockwood nods at the woman. Her nose is bleeding.

SANDS

What the-

CUT TO:

Sands pins up a paper covered in the EEG readings next to one that is labeled 'D, John'. They are the same.

MRI ASSISTANT

Identical?

SANDS

(to his assistant)

Would you mind go getting us a coffee, please?

Sands motions to his assistant, who reluctantly gets out his chair and leaves the office. Both Lockwood and Sands stare at the identical EEG readings.

LOCKWOOD

What does this mean?

SANDS

Your guess is as good as mine. She's effectively brain dead, if these readings are correct.

Sands turns to look at the woman. She still has her cap on, and the readings are showing on the monitor, still with the same spike every few seconds.

SANDS (cont'd)

We need to know how they're linked.

LOCKWOOD

Well, like you said, we've one more option.

Sands touches his forehead and winces.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

You OK?

SANDS

Yeah, just a slight headache.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR

Lockwood and Sands walk up towards room 433. They look inside through the slide on the door window. There is no sign of JD. The window has been repaired.

SANDS
They must have taken him to a new room already.

LOCKWOOD
Where's that?

SANDS
I thought you knew?

LOCKWOOD
No.

SANDS
Bennett?

LOCKWOOD
Must be.

SANDS
I'll talk to him.

LOCKWOOD
No, I will.

Lockwood closes the slide.

INT. BENNETT'S OFFICE RECEPTION- DAY

Lockwood stands outside the door marked 'DR. BENNETT'. She can hear him talking inside. His voice is muffled however. She leans a little close in, to listen in.

The RECEPTIONIST outside of the office watches her, and Lockwood stands back again, giving her a thin smile.

LOCKWOOD
(to receptionist)
Keeping you busy?

The receptionist does not reply, and goes back to her work. Then the voices inside stop.

RECEPTIONIST
You can go in now.

LOCKWOOD
Thank you. So much.

Lockwood walks in.

INT. BENNETT'S OFFICE - DAY

As Lockwood walks in Bennett sits there, quite still, looking down at a pile paperwork on his desk. He has a mug of coffee beside him, surrounded by in trays, family photographs and his substantial telephone stack.

BENNETT
Make yourself at home Doctor. I've just heard the MRI suite can be repaired in house. Should save some well needed cash.

Lockwood sits down. Bennett still has not looked up at her.

LOCKWOOD
Glad to hear it.

BENNETT
Now. How can I help?

Bennett still does not look up.

LOCKWOOD
Well, we'd like your permission-

BENNETT
To operate. On your new patient?

LOCKWOOD
Yes.

BENNETT
We need permission of next of kin. You know that.

LOCKWOOD
I know that.

Bennett still does not look up. He just sits, unnervingly.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)
So the answer is?

BENNETT
Have you been given details of next of kin?

LOCKWOOD

No.

BENNETT

Then that's your answer.

LOCKWOOD

Sir, we need to investigate this further, I think this patient is a real risk to our other patients.

BENNETT

In what way?

LOCKWOOD

He's affecting them strangely, not to mention we've lost a staff member.

BENNETT

Jason. I know. He'll turn up.

LOCKWOOD

I'm not sure of that. He was with JD the last time we saw him.

At last Bennett looks up.

BENNETT

You have proof of that?

LOCKWOOD

On camera. He was with him in the corridor. Then the camera cut out. They couldn't tell me why.

BENNETT

Could be kinds of reasons.

LOCKWOOD

Now the MRI goes. With JD inside it?

BENNETT

JD?

LOCKWOOD

That's what Jason called him.

BENNETT

Well, as far as next of kin, I'll see what I can do.

LOCKWOOD

Thank you sir.

BENNETT

I will be sticking my neck out a little. You're not the only one expected to follow orders.

LOCKWOOD

I understand, sir, I just think-

BENNETT

No more questions right now. In the meantime, do what you can with what you have. Keep 'JD' isolated. Like you were told.

This registers with Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD

Yes, sir.

Bennett nods and looks back at his paperwork. Lockwood sits up and makes for the door.

BENNETT

Jane?

Lockwood turns.

BENNETT (cont'd)

If I hear you've gone over my head, for whatever reason, it won't end well.

Lockwood nods and leaves. As the door closes, Bennet quickly turns to his phone stack and dials. It rings and answers.

BENNETT (cont'd)

Give me the monitoring room?

Another beep.

Two drops of BLOOD lands on Bennett's paperwork. When he looks down he realises to his surprise that his nose is BLEEDING! He reaches for a tissue.

VOICE (O.S.)

Monitoring room here.

BENNETT

Yes, It's Bennett, I'd like to review some of your tapes.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, sir. When?

Bennett wipes the blood from his nose, then throws the tissues in a bin next to his desk.

BENNETT

Right now.

INT. SECURITY RECEPTION - DAY

Lockwood walks up to the two security guards sitting at their desk, like automatons, answering phone calls and taking lanyards off staff.

LOCKWOOD

Any news?

SECURITY #1

About what, Ma'am?

LOCKWOOD

Jason Brown. The orderly who's been missing since yesterday.

SECURITY #1

Oh, the search is still continuing.

LOCKWOOD

It's been over a day. This place isn't that large. Have you reported him missing.

SECURITY #1

We haven't concluded our search, ma'am.

LOCKWOOD

Enough with the ma'am shit!

SECURITY #1

Yes...Doctor.

LOCKWOOD

You haven't found anything in the next hour you contact his partner and ask her to call the cops, if she hasn't already. Am I understood?

SECURITY #1

Yes, ma---after we've completed the search.

LOCKWOOD

Get it done! I hear anything different in the next hour, I'll be reporting it to your superior.

Lockwood strides off under a cloud. The Security Guard watches her walk away.

SECURITY #1

Yes, ma'am.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR

As Lockwood turns into the corridor she notices Bennett leaving a room. The main CCTV monitoring room. He does not notice her, as she ducks back behind the corner.

After Bennett leaves and disappears from view, Lockwood walks up.

INT. MONITORING ROOM

Lockwood enters, and immediately notices that the Orderly inside seems to be wiping tapes.

LOCKWOOD

What are you doing?

ORDERLY

I might ask you the same question, Doctor. You haven't heard of knocking?

LOCKWOOD

Why was Bennett here?

ORDERLY

I'm afraid I can't tell you that.

Lockwood backs out the room, slowly closing it to continue watching the orderly. He is definitely wiping footage.

INT. LOCKWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Lockwood walks into her office and immediately taps something on her intercom.

LOCKWOOD

Doctor Sands, can I see you in my office?

There is a pause.

VOICE (O.S.)
He's...he's not here at the moment,
Doctor.

LOCKWOOD
Why not, he was due to make further
tests on...on a patient.

VOICE (O.S.)
He was sent home.

LOCKWOOD
Why?

VOICE (O.S.)
He wasn't feeling well, he said he
had a headache.

LOCKWOOD
Great.

Lockwood hangs up and sits there, thinking.

INT. SECURITY RECEPTION

Lockwood walks back up to the reception desk. They do not
look especially pleased to see her.

SECURITY #1
Hi, uh, Doctor.

LOCKWOOD
Hi. Are you able to check something
for me?

SECURITY #1
Sure.

LOCKWOOD
Has Dr. Sands signed out?

SECURITY #1
Not sure. I don't remember seeing
him?

He calls over to another security guards.

SECURITY #1 (cont'd)
Do you remember Sands coming through
here?

The other shakes his head, no.

LOCKWOOD
Can you check if he's signed out?

The security guard checks the monitor.

SECURITY #1
His fobs not registered on the system. He checked in, I can't see that he's checked out.

LOCKWOOD
Could he have left the building without it?

SECURITY #1
He'd have to ask us for a pass. Unless he took a jump out a window. All the windows above the first floor are sealed.

LOCKWOOD
Yeah I know.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)
I phoned his department, his assistant told me he'd left sick.

SECURITY #1
I guess he must have then.

LOCKWOOD
Yeah. What about Jason Brown?

SECURITY #1
We never found the orderly either.

LOCKWOOD
Have the cops been involved?

SECURITY #1
Management said not to contact the cops, they said they'd handle it.

LOCKWOOD
Did they now?

Lockwood walks off again, shaking her head. The security guard looks genuinely worried this time. He taps a number on his phone.

SECURITY #1

Jack? Yeah, its reception. Can you run some tape for me? Yeah, just the one from here, from 3-5pm. Thanks.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

Lockwood walks along the corridor, then suddenly stops, stumbling slightly. She leans against the wall, and holds her head, wincing in sudden pain.

LOCKWOOD

What the-

She notices dark spots on the shiny floor surface next to her shoes. She touches her nose. It is bleeding.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Oh, shit.

She winces again and staggers slightly down the corridor, propping up herself along the wall. She manages to reach the ladies bathroom door, and enters. Her hand leaves a BLOODY SMEAR across the off-white paint.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM

Lockwood staggers in and grabs tissue paper from a large roll in the main store room. She wipes her face, and looks down at the blood on the paper.

LOCKWOOD

Jesus Christ.

She looks in the mirror. There is bruising on her forehead, above her nose. She grabs more tissue.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

What is that?

She presses at the bruising gingerly with her forefinger.

When she looks up at the mirror again, it suddenly CRACKS down the side. Lockwood almost JUMPS out her skin. Panels of the glass drop off the wall, SMASHING to the floor.

When Lockwood looks down she sees something reflected in the glass, TWO FEET in the cubicle behind her. She looks round at them, and kneels down to see.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Hello?

The feet inside the cubicle stand in a pool of blood! Lockwood stands up again, and very gingerly pushes in the cubicle door.

Inside there are bloody hand prints all over the walls on the inside of the cubicle. On the toilet sits a female member of staff. Her badge says 'SANCHEZ'. She is quite clearly very DEAD!

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Oh, God. No.

Sanchez seems to have lost a large chunk of her skull, including a missing left eye, showing exposed parts of brain and skull. Her hair and clothes are matted with blood.

Inside the remaining skull, the brain seems to be PULSING, as if it was lungs taking a breath. There is something else in there too, something shining, something METALLIC!

Lockwood stares at her in HORROR.

Then Sanchez remaining EYE OPENS and she looks up at Lockwood! She screams an HORRIFIC inhuman gurgling SHRIEK, and claws at Lockwood frantically!

Lockwood SLAMS the cubicle door on her and runs!

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Lockwood sits in the security room, staring into the distance, her hands shaking.

The security guards are watching her.

SECURITY #1

Is there anything else I can get you?

LOCKWOOD

We need to lock the clinic down!

SECURITY #1

What?

LOCKWOOD

Lock it down!

SECURITY #1

I can't do that, ma'am.

LOCKWOOD
Stop fucking calling me that! We need
to lock down this whole facility.
People are dying!

SECURITY #1
She had a brain hemorrhage, I'm sorry
you needed to see that-

LOCKWOOD
I'm a doctor, I can handle seeing
blood. That was no brain hemorrhage!
Something was dissolving her fucking
brain!

SECURITY #1
Doctor, I-

Lockwood catches a glimpse of a TROLLEY BED being wheeled
past the window in the security room door. She can see the
blood soaked scrubs, and some sort of helmet?

LOCKWOOD
What the hell!

She pushes past the security guard, and RUNS out the door.

SECURITY #1
Shit.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR

Lockwood runs out, skidding slightly on more spots of blood
on the smooth plastic floor of the ward. She is just in time
to see the trolley being wheeled away by three orderlies.

LOCKWOOD
Hey, where are you taking her?

The orderlies disappear round the corner, in something of a
rush. She runs after them, taking off her heels as she does
so and rushing as fast as she can.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)
Wait!

When she turns the corner she can see them speeding up,
looking behind them at her as they pass through double
doors.

Lockwood keeps running after them.

INT. SECURITY RECEPTION

Lockwood emerges from the double doors, rushing through into reception. For a moment everyone looks up at her in alarm. The orderlies are about to pull the trolley out the door.

LOCKWOOD

Don't you move!

They pause. There is no movement from the body on the trolley. Everyone is staring at Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Don't take her out the building, please! We need to find out what's happening here. We need to lock the whole building down.

ORDERLY

Are you crazy? She's had a brain hemorrhage. We need to get her to an actual hospital!

LOCKWOOD

No she hasn't. Something else is happening to her and we need to make sure its not spreading.

BENNETT (O.S.)

Spreading?

They all turns to see Doctor Bennett standing here, watching them. Bennett looks at the blood all over the trolley.

BENNETT

What the hell is going on here?!

ORDERLY

Sir, this patient-

LOCKWOOD

She's not a patient, she's a nurse.

BENNETT

What happened to her?

LOCKWOOD

Her brain was exposed, and there was something growing inside it.

BENNETT

Growing?

LOCKWOOD

Yes.

Bennett looks back at the trolley.

BENNETT

Bring her back in.

ORDERLIES

Sir, we-

BENNETT

We have the facilities right here to help her. If Doctor Lockwood is right we may need to quarantine the building.

LOCKWOOD

Thank you, sir!

The Orderlies reluctantly back away from the door, pulling the trolley back into the reception.

BENNETT

(to the orderly)

Take her upstairs to the my medical station, if she needs surgery I'll organise it.

ORDERLY

Yes sir.

Bennett turns to Lockwood.

BENNETT

I hope your right about this.

LOCKWOOD

I hope I'm not.

Bennett turns away to follow the orderlies and the trolley.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Sir, can we talk?

Bennett turns.

BENNETT

Just now?

LOCKWOOD

Yes, please.

BENNETT
Well?

LOCKWOOD
In private.

INT. STAFF ROOM - DAY

Lockwood and Bennett stands in the staff room, alone.
Bennett motions to another guard.

BENNETT
(quietly)
Lock us in.

SECURITY #1
Is that really necessary?

BENNETT
Just do it.

The security guard walks back out. Bennett turns to
Lockwood.

BENNETT (cont'd)
You can talk freely now, Doctor.

LOCKWOOD
Ever since this new patient, JD,
arrived things have been going wrong.

BENNETT
Like the MRI?

LOCKWOOD
No, not just the MRI. We've lost two
staff members already. Three
including Sanchez.

BENNETT
Three?

LOCKWOOD
Jason and Doctor Sands are still
missing.

BENNETT
That's not true. They're at home.

LOCKWOOD
Sir, they never left the building.

BENNETT
Can you prove that.

LOCKWOOD
What? Sir?

Bennett's expression hardens.

BENNETT
Prove it, Doctor. As far as myself
and members of the board are
concerned both Jason and Sands are at
home with their families.

LOCKWOOD
Are you sure about that, sir?

BENNETT
Absolutely.

LOCKWOOD
What about Nurse Sanchez?

BENNETT
Nurse Sanchez had an unfortunate
accident. Her next of kin will be
informed.

LOCKWOOD
Really?

BENNETT
Do you have anything else you would
like to discuss Doctor?

LOCKWOOD
What's your involvement in this?

BENNETT
Mine?

LOCKWOOD
With JD. With General Veers. You told
security to wipe those tapes, the
ones that showed Jason!

BENNETT
Don't be ridiculous!

LOCKWOOD
I saw the tape! JD was affecting
those cameras! I saw it all.

(MORE)

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)
He's still here in this building,
isn't he! So is Sands! So is Jason!
Where are you keeping them?

BENNETT
I would warn you to be very careful
about these wild accusations-

LOCKWOOD
Wild? Why are you lying to me? If
this is contagious we can't allow
anyone to leave.

BENNETT
That's correct.

LOCKWOOD
So, they didn't leave?

BENNETT
No, Jane.

LOCKWOOD
Why?

BENNETT
Miss Lockwood, do you understand the
price of loyalty?

LOCKWOOD
What?

BENNETT
We all put our trust in something, in
order to function. The state,
religion, personal relationships.

LOCKWOOD
So?

BENNETT
So, what is your price?

LOCKWOOD
Are you threatening me?

BENNETT
If that's your interpretation.

LOCKWOOD
Interpretation? Of what?

BENNETT

None of us are leaving this place,
Miss Lockwood. You should prepare
yourself for that.

Lockwood is aware of movement behind her. When she looks
around she sees Sands standing there, staring forward, in
much the same way as JD.

BENNETT (cont'd)

We all pay a price for loyalty.

LOCKWOOD

What's happening to them?

BENNETT

What's happening to all of us.

LOCKWOOD

Sands?

BENNETT

He won't respond directly.

LOCKWOOD

Why?

BENNETT

What's the most valuable asset to a
soldier, Doctor?

LOCKWOOD

What?

BENNETT

Discipline.

LOCKWOOD

I'm not a soldier.

BENNETT

You will be soon.

LOCKWOOD

What does that mean? I didn't sign
up-

BENNETT

You signed on that dotted line. I'd
say its too late to retract it now.

Sands has not moved. He simply stares forwards, spit
dribbling down over his chin.

LOCKWOOD

They did that to JD on purpose.

BENNETT

They needed to test their investment
in a controlled environment.

LOCKWOOD

People come and go from here every
day, they didn't sign up for this?

BENNETT

Yet they're happy for us to protect
them.

LOCKWOOD

What happens now? We all become like
JD.

BENNETT

Its an entirely painless process.

LOCKWOOD

I know that's not true.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR

At that moment the security guard from reception passes by
at the door and sees Lockwood through the window.

He walks down and KNOCKS on the glass, smiling at her
through the window.

SECURITY #1

Doctor Lockwood? I've been looking
for you, I've been looking back at
the tapes-

Lockwood turns to him, just as the security guard sees
Bennett, and Sands!

SECURITY #1 (cont'd)

Get out of there Doctor!

The security guard instantly starts pulling on the door
handle, then smashes into the door with his shoulder.
Bennett looks at Sands, who TURNS SLOWLY towards the
security guard.

The guard stops and seems to struggle with his body, trying
desperately to move. His head spasms suddenly.

Then, as Lockwood watches in horror, in one swift movement the guard takes out his pistol, holds it to his head and FIRES!

Lockwood SCREAMS as she sees him fall out of sight. Bennett nods to Sands again, who turns his attention to Lockwood.

Before anything can happen Lockwood THROWS herself through the already smashed door, and lands on it as it SLIDES out into the corridor.

She only lies there a moment, cut and bleeding on her face. She looks back at the dead body of the security guard, just as Sands walking into view in the doorway.

Lockwood quickly climbs back to her feet and starts RUSHING back down the corridor. Behind her, Sands walks into the corridor, followed by Bennett.

BENNETT

Won't be long now.

INT. LOCKWOOD'S OFFICE

Lockwood runs into her office and instantly picks up her phone. She swiftly taps on it and gets an engaged tone.

LOCKWOOD

Shit!

She frantically taps another number, which rings.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, General Veers office?

LOCKWOOD

I need to talk to the General now, please!

VOICE (O.S.)

Is he expecting your call?

LOCKWOOD

No, its about his patient.

VOICE (O.S.)

The General is in a-

LOCKWOOD

Put him on the phone now!

There is a pause. Lockwood winces and touches her forehead head. Another voice answers, the General.

GENERAL VEERS (O.S.)

Yes? Doctor?

LOCKWOOD

General, we need a MP detachment at the facility now! I've just tried the Police and I can't get through to them for some reason.

GENERAL VEERS (O.S.)

Why would that be calling them?

LOCKWOOD

JD is some kind of plant, an experiment. He's affecting everyone in the facility. I think Bennett is behind it.

GENERAL VEERS (O.S.)

Doctor Bennett?

LOCKWOOD

Yes! I need those MP's here now, he just had Sands kill a guard!

There is another long pause.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Please, I'm sure they'll try to do the same with me, General! I need help here now!

GENERAL VEERS (O.S.)

I'm afraid that won't happen, Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD

What!?

GENERAL VEERS (O.S.)

They won't be needed. Don't worry, no-one is going to harm you, Doctor. We need you.

LOCKWOOD

What?

GENERAL VEERS

You will be a very valuable asset.

LOCKWOOD
You don't understand! Its affecting
everyone!

Lockwood notices that blood s dripping from her nose and
wipes it off.

GENERAL VEERS
I'm sure you'll adapt.

Lockwood can hear footsteps coming up the corridor towards
her office. She puts down the telephone receiver. Blood is
streaming down her nose!

There is a KNOCKS on her door!

LOCKWOOD
Get away! I've called the Police!

Suddenly the DOOR is SMASHED in and Jason appears!

JASON
I think its time to leave.

INT. WARD CORRIDOR

Lockwood and Jason move stealthily through the corridor. The
facility is strangely quiet, and they try to make their
steps as soft as possible.

JASON
Keep it quiet.

LOCKWOOD
Where have you been?

JASON
Right here.

LOCKWOOD
Why didn't you leave when you had the
chance?

JASON
I wanted to find out what they were
up to?

LOCKWOOD
Who?

JASON
You know who.

LOCKWOOD

What happened?

JASON

They wanted me to be their next test subject, if I spent enough time with JD. I guess he didn't know about this.

He points at his scalp.

LOCKWOOD

That metal scalp of yours.

JASON

Yeah. I guess it doesn't affect me the way they'd hoped. I couldn't leave normally so I decided to stay put and spy a bit.

LOCKWOOD

They want to turn everyone into JD?

JASON

Seems so, whatever the hell he is.

LOCKWOOD

There's something growing inside his head, some sort of metallic object. I think its triggered something in our brains too.

JASON

That would explain the alarm system being triggered by metal, they don't want any of them leaving. Yet.

LOCKWOOD

What can we do?

JASON

Warn the outside world?

LOCKWOOD

I'm guessing they'll have the doors guarded.

JASON

We'll have to rush them.

INT. STAFF ROOM

Jason and Lockwood approach the staff room cautiously, and Lockwood peeks around the corner. The dead security guard is still lying there, blood spattered across the door above.

JASON

What a mess.

LOCKWOOD

They haven't moved him yet.

JASON

They will. We better be quick.

Lockwood reaches out and picks up the security guards gun.

Lockwood's nose starts to bleed. Jason looks at her in alarm. Lockwood turns very pale suddenly and bruising on her forehead and round her eyes is very noticeable.

JASON (cont'd)

We'd better move quick.

INT. SECURITY RECEPTION

Jason and Lockwood look into the reception room. There is just one security guard sitting there, staring directly forwards. He does not talk.

Jason leans forward. He can see a pool of blood underneath the shiny shoes of the guard.

JASON

Jesus, its everyone.

They watch for a short moment. The security guard does not move. They creep forward towards the desk. The guards nose has been bleeding, his shirt is covered. He does not move.

LOCKWOOD

Let's go.

JASON

Careful, just because they look catatonic doesn't mean they cant hear us. I've found that out at least.

Lockwood steps slowly towards the reception desk. She can see the guard is still armed.

LOCKWOOD
Maybe we should disarm him first.

JASON
Lets make a break for it.

LOCKWOOD
You try the door, I'll keep him covered, if he moves I'll-

JASON
Yeah, I get it.

Jason moves towards the door as Lockwood keeps her pistol aimed at the guard. He still does not move. Jason pauses at the door, looking back at Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD
What?

JASON
You'll need to hit the switch.

Lockwood looks behind the desk for the door release. As she bends down she sees a shape appear at the end of the corridor, framed in the light of the far double door.

A person sitting on a wheelchair. It is JD! he is being wheeled by a patient.

JD is being followed by a number of other patients, who move stiffly and in unison with each other. As soon as JD is in Lockwood's eye line, he stops.

Lockwood stares for a split second in alarm. Just as Jason breaks through the safety lock in the door and it starts to open. He turns and smiles at Lockwood, then sees her face.

LOCKWOOD
Jason, get out-

JD is staring directly at the security guard at the desk. The guard suddenly STANDS UP, takes out his sidearm and FIRES three times at Jason.

Jason is hit in the leg and falls through the partly open door, just as the ALARM STARTS and the STEEL SHUTTERS come crashing on the door.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)
Jason, look out!

Jason just has enough time to pull his legs away as the shutters slam down, leaving the reception in near darkness. The red warning lights start up, illuminating the security guard, who has not moved since he fired his gun.

With the security alarm WHINING in her ears, Lockwood can see JD moving towards the lobby through the window.

She turns and runs!

INT. WARD CORRIDOR

As she does so she looks out of the main first floor windows, which are covered with steel bars.

Through them she can see Jason staggering, holding his BLEEDING LEG and picking himself up off the ground. He starts staggering towards the main road across the grass, outside the main lobby.

As he does so THREE BLACK SUV's pull up across from him. A number of MEN in black suits and shades get out and train rifles on Jason. Lockwood can faintly hear them shouting.

Jason immediately stops and puts up his hands. The men in black OPEN FIRE, cutting down Jason in a HAIL of bullets!

Lockwood watches on in horror!

LOCKWOOD

Jason!

She GRABS the bars, screaming. The men in black look up and start jogging towards her past Jason's dead body.

Lockwood looks around frantically, still holding onto the pistol. She starts to run back into the corridor. When she looks around there is no sign of JD.

The security guard still stands there, completely still, like a mannequin.

Lockwood runs back down the corridor. All the main doors have been CLOSED OFF by the steel shutters.

Lockwood RUNS up the next flight of stairs she comes too.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

On the next floor she catches sight of the heavily armed men in suits surrounding the building.

At least now they cannot enter it. Lockwood keeps climbing till she sees a sign for the buildings ROOF.

The door to the roof is padlocked, and Lockwood fires the pistol at it twice.

It gives way, and she STAGGERS out into the blinding light of day!

EXT. CLINIC ROOF - DAY

Lockwood nears to the edge of the building, and sees all the men surrounding it. A small army! They instantly aim their weapons at her but do not fire. One of them raises a bullhorn MEGAPHONE.

BULLHORN MAN

Doctor Lockwood, you need to come down from there. It isn't safe.

Lockwood turns away from the edge.

LOCKWOOD

I'll say!

When she turns she stops suddenly. JD is sitting there on his wheelchair, staring right at her. He sits in complete silence, staring at her!

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

How...how did you get up here?

She raises her gun. JD is almost a silhouette against the sun. Lockwood keeps her weapon aimed directly at him.

As she watches, JD rises stiffly and painfully slowly out of his wheelchair. He stands upright in front of Lockwood.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Oh God. You can move.

Lockwood keeps the gun trained on him.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)

Don't move again or I'll fire.

JD is now bolt upright staring directly at her, emotionless, dead behind the eyes.

Lockwood clutches her head and SCREAMS! Her nose begins to bleed again profusely.

As she winces and holds her head, JD pushes on his feet and he stands on his tip toes. Then his toes are just touching the ground.

His arms move out from his side, and he starts to rise up into the air, up into the glaring light, just an inch the gravel of the roof floor.

Lockwood SCREAMS again, holding her forehead! She looks up at JD.

LOCKWOOD (cont'd)
(to herself)
Fuck you!

Lockwood straightens up, aim and FIRES THE GUN at JD. She hits JD three times in the chest.

NOTHING HAPPENS! He does not even flinch from the impact.

Lockwood tries to aim to fire again, then winces, holding her head and starts to SCREAM AGAIN. She drops the gun and stumbles, teetering at the edge.

Holding her head, she FALLS BACK and TUMBLES off the roof!

EXT. GRASS LAWN - DAY

Lockwood lies prostrate on the grass, staring up, bleeding from her nose, eyes and ears.

Her DEAD EYES stare up at a number of her own patients looking down over the edge of the roof at her.

The men in black SURROUND her body.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Two of the men in black suits are at the back of a van.

Lockwood's dead body is being loaded, placed next to Jason's. One of the men gets in and sits next to the bodies, then turns and nods to the driver in the front.

The van drives away from the clinic.

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

Inside, the man in black watches over the two bodies, as they hurtle down the freeway.

Suddenly, he starts to wince and hold onto his temple. He looks down at the bodies and then notices that his nose is BLEEDING, dripping onto the wood floor.

He gets up and calls to the driver.

MAN

Hey, you have any tissues?

DRIVER

Yeah, sure.

MAN

I don't usually get nosebleeds.

DRIVER

I hope your not expecting me to clean that up.

The driver hands him a handkerchief.

Then the driver notices his nose is BLEEDING TOO!

As the man in the back wipes at his face he does not even notice as Lockwood's EYES OPEN!

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END