

'T H E I N - H U M A N T R I A L S"

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

A dented POSTAL VAN glides under a weather-beaten sign:

WELCOME TO MILLHAVEN - UPSTATE NY

Inside:

CONOR COULSON (22). Pale, awkward, stiffly precise.
He adjusts the dashboard vents until they align perfectly
with the radio dials.

Beside him: a yellow scrub MASK fitted with a vapor
CARTRIDGE.

It HISSES faintly, like a snake coiled in his lap. Conor
steadies his breath, calm only in symmetry.

SUPER: OCTOBER 28 - 11:17 P.M.

His turn signal clicks three times - perfectly timed - before
he eases into a sleepy residential street.

INT. MERCER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ELLIE MERCER (17), trembling under the kitchen table,
cordless phone clutched.
On the line: MARA GLEASON (30s), 911 DISPATCHER, calm but
firm.

MARA (V.O.)
911, what's your emergency?

Upstairs: A THUD. Then - the faint HISS of vapor.

ELLIE (WHISPERING)
Someone's in the hall. I thought it
was my mom.
She's not here.

MARA (V.O.)
Stay with me, Ellie. Can you reach
a door?

A pale hand slides a KITCHEN TIMER across the floor.
Click... click... click. Stops at :45. Aligned perfectly with the
grout.

The tablecloth lifts. A MASK peers in. Vapor fogs, then
clears.

Conor tilts his head – childlike, unblinking. Lowers the cloth.
Ellie stifles a cry.

MARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ellie?

The FRONT DOOR creaks open. Headlights sweep across the foyer.
Two TEENS stumble in mid-laugh, freeze when they see Conor.

TEEN #1
Uh... trick-or-treat's tomorrow, man.

Conor glides forward. A twist – POP. TEEN #2 screams, arm broken.
Conor calmly sets TEEN #1's phone on the table, neat as a display. He drifts down the hall.

The timer ticks: :03... :02... :01.
DING.

Ellie bolts.

INT. MERCER HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Ellie fumbles with the deadbolt. The chain rattles.

Conor is already there. Silent. Watching.

She hurls a detergent cap. CRACK – plastic splinters against his mask.
He flinches at the sound, not the blow.

Sirens wail outside.

Conor calmly unhooks the chain, aligns it neatly, and slips out.

His yellow scrubs: NUFORM THERAPEUTICS stamped down one leg.
A barcode stretched across his back.

EXT. MERCER HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrol cars screech to a stop. Blue and red strobes wash the siding.
Ellie collapses on the lawn, sobbing.

INT. 911 DISPATCH - NIGHT

Banks of monitors glow.

MARA replays Ellie's call, isolates the faint hiss on a waveform.

Her phone buzzes: PRIVATE CALLER. She answers.

MARA
911.

CONOR (V.O.)
You interrupted my interval.

MARA
Who is this?

CONOR (V.O.)
This is the part... they don't help
with.

CLICK. Dead line. Mara stares at the hiss, unsettled.

TITLE CARD:
THE IN-HUMAN TRIALS

EXT. MILLHAVEN TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Festival banners flap: HARVEST FESTIVAL — SPONSORED BY
NUFORM.
Families bustle. Booths half-built. Children chase balloons.

At the NuForm stand: glossy pamphlets glisten.
SLOGAN — *SAFETY THROUGH SCIENCE*.

A smiling corporate REP hands out free PATCHES to teens.
Their wrists glow faintly under the fall sun.

INT. SUPERMARKET - BACK ROOM - DAY

Fluorescent HUM. A light flickers.

Conor, in a green apron, freezes. Flicks the wall switch
three times.
Click. Click. Click. The flicker dies.

He exhales, shoulders dropping. Stacks soup cans with
surgical neatness.

MATT (20s)
You gonna marry those cans, Coulson?

Conor doesn't answer. He just aligns the labels perfectly.

INT. SUPERMARKET - AISLE 3 - LATER

CARLY VEGA (22), hoodie, earbuds, basket of snacks. Bright, sharp, funny.
She notices Conor stacking.

CARLY
Hey, Soup Whisperer. Pyramid looks tight.

CONOR
Labels... out.

CARLY
The people thank you.
(beat)
Okay if I snag the last tomato basil?

He nods. She takes one. The pyramid tilts slightly.
Conor's fingers twitch. He carefully realigns.

CARLY (CONT'D)
Looks even better. Promise.

She walks on. He watches her reflection in the freezer glass.

INT. SOCIAL SERVICES - KRISTY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

KRISTY JENSON (late 30s, Black), calm but firm, sits across from Conor.
Her diploma hangs crooked. His fingers twitch.

KRISTY
You can fix it.

He rises, straightens it. Breath steadies.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
Good. Now — five things you can see.

CONOR
Lamp. Plant. Diploma. Pen... clock.

KRISTY
Four you can feel.

CONOR
Chair. Floor. Rag on my sleeve.
Air... on my hands.

Kristy smiles, warm.

KRISTY
You're good at this. Money's money.
But you're more than data.

For the first time, pride flickers in his eyes.

INT. DR. TANNER'S CLINIC - EVENING

Sterile. DR. LYLE TANNER (50s) checks a tray: JC-78 cartridges, adhesive patches, folded yellow scrubs.

Conor taps the chair arm one-two-three.

TANNER
Stable vitals. Good compliance.
You're our star, Conor.

KRISTY (O.S.)
He's not a star. He's a person.

Kristy enters with folders. Tanner's tie knot crooked.
Conor stares until Tanner adjusts it. Conor exhales, calmer.

Tanner sets down the scrubs and mask.

TANNER
Protocol requires the uniform.

KRISTY
He doesn't have to wear it outside
this room.

TANNER
Conditioning cues reduce crash
risk.

Kristy glares. Conor hesitates — then takes the fabric.

CLOSE ON: THE MASK.

He lifts it. Fits it over his face.

HISS. Fog. His posture shifts. Tapping stops.
Eyes track the ceiling vent, aligning with tiles.

KRISTY
Conor?

No response. He flicks the switch three times.
Click. Click. Click.

TANNER
Patient H is stable.

KRISTY
He's Conor.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laptop glows. Three SitterLink feeds open:

- House A: two kids dressing their cat.
- House B: toddler refusing sleep.
- House C: JAMIE (9) coloring quietly.

CARLY
Okay, fort engineers - leave a
crawl space,
we're not animals.
(beat)
Jamie, show me your masterpiece.

Jamie tilts his drawing to the camera. Carly grins.

CARLY (CONT'D)
Picasso's got nothing on you.
Just don't eat the crayons.

Her phone BUZZES: SITTERLINK WARNING - off-platform contact
is against policy.
She swipes it away.

CARLY (to herself)
Yeah, yeah. Pay me first.

She returns to the feeds, easy and warm.

INT. SUPERMARKET - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Microwave BEEPS. Conor jolts.

A CUSTOMER barges in, fuming.

CUSTOMER
Kid, I asked where the sauce was!
You deaf?

Conor sets his fork down in a perfect line.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
You hear me?

The man grabs Conor's arm.

SNAP - Conor locks and breaks the wrist with eerie calm.
He gently sets the broken limb along the table seam. Aligned.

MANAGER (O.S.)
Coulson! Office. Now!

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The MANAGER fumes. DR. TANNER sits across, summoned in haste.

MANAGER
He broke a customer's wrist!

TANNER
Medication adjustment. Temporary
side effect.

MANAGER
He's dangerous.

TANNER
He's compliant. I'll handle it.

KRISTY bursts in, heat in her voice.

KRISTY
You'll bury it, you mean.

Conor stares at a crooked certificate on the wall.
His fingers twitch – but instead he grips the chair,
resisting.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
He's not data, Tanner. He's a kid
trying to live.

EXT. CLINIC BENCH - DUSK

Kristy and Conor sit outside in silence. The town bustles
faintly in the distance.

KRISTY
You don't have to keep doing this
study.

CONOR
They... pay. I like... rent money.

Kristy nods, steady.

KRISTY

Okay. Our deal:
If you're in street clothes, you
text me when it buzzes bad.
If anyone tries to put you in
yellow, you call me first.

Conor mirrors her open palm. Pact made.

INT. DR. TANNER'S CLINIC - NIGHT

Tanner on the phone, pale.

NUFORM VP (V.O.)

Contain the narrative. Optimize
dosage.
Do not lose the protocol.

Tanner hangs up. Past-due notices stack his desk.
He opens a new JC-78 cartridge. HISS escapes. His hands
tremble.

MONTAGE - DAYS INTO NIGHTS

- Conor bags groceries neatly. A child claps at his straight lines.
- Kristy guides him through "5-4-3-2-1 grounding." He smiles faintly.
- Carly wrangles kids on video feeds, voice calm and warm.
- Conor flicks stockroom switch 3x, fixing a flicker. Coworkers thank him.
- Tanner ups Conor's dose. His jaw ticks harder.
- Conor buys a desk fan; smiles as it hums evenly.
- Kristy crosses out "Subject" in Tanner's notes. Writes: "Conor."
- A NuForm TV ad plays in the supermarket: smiling teens applying patches. *Safety Through Science. A Future Without Fear.* Conor watches, uneasy.

INT. SUPERMARKET - AFTER HOURS

Night shift hum. Wheels squeak. Muzak whispers.

Conor, masked and in scrubs now - Patient H - drifts through aisles.
He flicks freezer handles three times each.

MATT

Coulson? ... Jesus-

Matt touches his arm. Wrong move.

SNAP — wrist into freezer seal. Bones crack. Matt screams.

A STOCKER grabs a box cutter.

STOCKER

Back off!

Conor twists, disarms him, then places the cutter neatly on the counter.

He climbs a shelf, pops a flickering bulb loose. Calm again.

INT. SUPERMARKET - PHARMACY AREA - CONTINUOUS

SGT. HALE (40s) and OFFICER IAN BURKE (late 20s) enter cautiously, guns low.

HALE

Conor. Easy now.

Patient H sits calmly, aligning chair arms.

IAN

Maybe he'll come—

A METAL DOOR SCREECHES. Patient H spasms.
He lunges — knife flashing. Chaos erupts.

Shots ring out. Muzak drones absurdly over the screams.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Windows EXPLODE outward. A stocker crashes through glass.

Inside: sirens, strobing lights, blood.

Through the chaos, Patient H walks steadily down an aisle.
Breath synced to Muzak.

EXT. MILLHAVEN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

The postal van prowls. Patient H emerges, scrubs soaked.
Knife dripping.
He aligns a crooked porch light before drifting to the next house.

INT. OLDER COUPLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

An OLDER COUPLE sip tea.

WIFE

Oh — hello? Are you lost?

Patient H aligns their salt and pepper shakers.
The microwave BEEPS. The kettle WHISTLES. His twitch builds.

He descends, fast, clinical. Blood splashes.
He pauses only to straighten a dish towel.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A NEIGHBOR (50s) rushes out with a pistol.

NEIGHBOR

Stop! Drop the knife!

Patient H tilts his head at the man's crooked stance.
SIDESTEPS — SNAP. Arm broken. Knife flashing.

He aligns the broken limb along the sidewalk seam.

Two SKATEBOARD TEENS roll up, filming.

TEEN #1

Holy shit, film this!

FLASH. Patient H recoils.
FLASH. He blinks in threes.

He lunges — stabs TEEN #2. The other skates off screaming.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

A SEDAN swerves. HORN blares. Patient H staggers.
He smashes the window. Stabs the driver.
Toggles headlights until they burn "even."

The horn drones endlessly.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A POLICE CRUISER screeches up. Siren wailing.

OFFICER #1

Knife! Drop it!

Shots fire. Patient H staggers but advances.

He drags OFFICER #1 into the light bar, stabbing.

OFFICER #2 screams into the radio. Feedback SQUEALS.

Patient H freezes, then dials the siren selector until the tones oscillate evenly.
Breath syncing. Then he stabs OFFICER #2.

The cruiser lights strobe. Sirens wail.
Patient H walks on, trance unbroken.

INT. 911 DISPATCH - SAME

Mara listens to overlapping calls.
Her line blinks: PRIVATE CALLER.

MARA
911.

CONOR (V.O.)
This is the part... they don't help
with.

Line drops. Mara exhales, rattled.

INT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Tanner watches shaky BODYCAM footage. His face pale, rattled.
KRISTY steps into the doorway.

KRISTY
He volunteered to get better.
You turned him into a product.

TANNER
He signed consent. He's Patient H.

KRISTY
He's Conor Coulson.

Tanner flinches. Silent.

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carly at her laptop. Jamie asleep on feed. Other kids quiet.

Her phone buzzes: a text from MARA - "Your voice worked. We need you."

Carly looks at the livestream news of the rampage.
She grabs her headset, timer, laptop. Steels herself.

EXT. MILLHAVEN FESTIVAL - EVENING

The Harvest Festival in full swing. Lights twinkle, rides spin, music blares.

NUFORM's booth gleams like a cathedral: white banners, corporate reps handing out free PATCHES. A big screen plays their promo reel:

"Safety Through Science. Tomorrow Begins Today."

Across the square: a modest COMMUNITY CARE TABLE. KRISTY passes pamphlets. CARLY speaks to parents. Survivors stand nearby.

CARLY

Consent isn't silence. You always
have a choice.

Ellie Mercer (18 now, tougher) joins them, wearing a survivor ribbon. She watches NuForm's booth darkly.

INT. CLINIC - FESTIVAL NIGHT

TANNER watches live coverage of the festival on TV. NuForm execs shake hands, smiling. His own reflection looks hollow, ruined.

He takes out another JC-78 cartridge. It HISSES. He presses it against his skin. Eyes glaze. His hand trembles — but steadies in perfect rhythm.

EXT. FESTIVAL - NIGHT

Conor drifts through the crowd, yellow scrubs under a hoodie. He flicks each game booth light three times. Carnival barkers laugh him off.

He stops at the Ferris wheel. A bulb FLICKERS. His breath catches. He climbs. Spectators gasp.

At the top, he rips the bulb loose. The wheel GRINDS to a halt. Children scream.

Conor drops to the platform with uncanny calm, vanishing into the crowd.

INT. 911 DISPATCH - SAME

MARA fields frantic calls. Her voice, calm, even.

MARA
Breathe with me. In three. Out
three.
You're not alone.

Another line BLINKS: PRIVATE CALLER.

CONOR (V.O.)
This place... it flickers everywhere.

Mara's eyes flick to the festival feed. Panic tightens her chest. She forces calm.

MARA
Conor. Listen to me. Focus on my
voice.
Three in. Three out.

CLICK. Dead line.

EXT. FESTIVAL - FOOD ROW - CONTINUOUS

Patient H appears. Mask down. Scrubs showing.
Parents clutch kids. Teens scream.

He slices through a popcorn stand, aligns the salt shaker
before spilling blood.

A TEENAGER films, live-streaming: *#PatientH*.

Kristy spots him. Her breath shortens. Carly grips her arm.

CARLY
We can't reach him here. Too much
noise.

Kristy's phone BUZZES: Mara — *"Rink. Calm room. Now."*

EXT. FESTIVAL CHAOS - CONTINUOUS

Police flood the square. Gunshots CRACK. Lights STROBE.
Patient H moves in and out of crowds like a ghost, every
twitch matched by screams.

He passes NuForm's glossy booth. The logo gleams across his
mask.

He slashes through the banner. The screen flickers — promo
reel splattered in blood.

INT. NUFORM HQ - REMOTE OFFICE - SAME

Executives watch the chaos on muted screens.
One exhales, cold.

NUFORM EXEC
Control the narrative. Frame him as
an outlier.
Science remains intact.

They nod, already drafting talking points.

EXT. FESTIVAL BACK LOT - NIGHT

Kristy, Carly, and SGT. HALE duck behind a barricade.
IAN radios nervously. Mara's voice comes through his
earpiece.

MARA (V.O.)
Get him to Oakridge Rink. We've
prepped.
No flickers, no squeals. Even
everything.

Kristy steels herself. Carly sets her timer.
The sound of chaos still bleeds from the square.

EXT. MILLHAVEN SIDE STREETS - LATER

The postal van prowls again. Patient H in the driver's seat,
mask fogging.
He breathes in threes. The van turns toward the dark
silhouette of the old ROLLER RINK.

INT. ROLLER RINK - PRE-DAWN

Amber work lights hum. Painter's tape marks a path to a
single chair.
Beside it: IV pole, Tanner's go-bag.

Hale instructs deputies:

HALE
No radios. No watches. No hats.
Even everything. Silent.

Kristy walks the tape path, fixing every crooked line. Carly
sets her timer neatly at zero.

Mara's voice comes over the comm: steady, grounding.

MARA (V.O.)
We are a library. Still. Quiet.

EXT. ROLLER RINK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The far door unlatches.

Patient H enters. Yellow scrubs. Mask hissing.
He taps each tape line three times. Reaches the chair. Sits.

His chest heaves - erratic, then steadying as Carly speaks
softly into the mic.

CARLY
Hey, champ. Quiet game. Same rules.

Kristy kneels by him, wipes his arm in three strokes.
He registers the ritual. Breath slows.

KRISTY
Conor. Sit and breathe.

INT. ROLLER RINK - CONTINUOUS

Tanner steps in, pale, trembling. He threads the catheter,
hangs saline.

TANNER
Just hold still-

Patient H twitches. Carly leans in, timer ticking silently.

CARLY
Three in. Three out. With me.

His breath syncs with her voice.
The deputies hold their guns steady but don't fire.

Outside, a generator COUGHS. Tone warbles. Ian KILLS the
main.
The tone steadies again. Conor's eyes flicker toward Carly's
timer.

His twitch builds.

KRISTY
Stay with us. You're stronger than
the timer.

He freezes. The hiss rattles. Carly loosens a strap. Counts:
one, two, three.
Unhooks the coupler. The HISS dies.

Conor sobs under the mask. Human again.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
You're okay. Three in. Three out.

She snips the tie, peels off the yellow. Barcode disappears.
Carly holds the mask in her hand, shaking.

EXT. ROLLER RINK - DAWN

An ambulance waits, no siren.

Conor lies strapped quietly, Kristy and Carly beside him.
Mara holds the door. They load him inside. Dawn breaks
faintly pink.

KRISTY
You were the voice.

CARLY
You were the heart.

They share a survivor's look.

INT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Flashes pop. The room is packed with reporters, survivors,
and townsfolk.
TANNER sits at the witness table, gaunt, broken.

TANNER
NuForm supplied JC-78.
Incentivized "young worker"
cohorts.
Pressured continuation despite
adverse effects.

The court murmurs. Reporters scribble.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Conor Coulson volunteered to get
better.
We made him Patient H.

The words hang heavy.
Kristy, in the gallery, closes her eyes - vindicated but
burdened.

NuForm's lawyers whisper frantically, trying to control the
narrative.
A PRESS CAMERA lingers on Kristy's face.

EXT. MILLHAVEN FESTIVAL - ONE YEAR LATER - DAY

The town bustles again. Parade floats roll down Main Street. NUFORM's booth gleams shinier than ever — free glossy patches slapped onto teens' wrists.

Their new slogan: *"Resilience Is Science."*

Across the street: COMMUNITY CARE TABLE.

Banner: *CONSENT ISN'T SILENCE. KNOW YOUR RIGHTS.*

Kristy hands out pamphlets. Carly demonstrates grounding techniques to parents.

Ellie Mercer (older, tougher) wears a survivor's ribbon.

ELLIE

They asked me to speak. Wanted
"forgiveness."
I said no.

KRISTY

You don't owe them that.

ELLIE

I'll say, "Listen to the quiet."

Carly smiles, proud. Survivors gather around Ellie.

INT. HOSPITAL - MED/PSY HOLDING - DAY

A sterile but calm ward.

Conor sits in gray scrubs, no barcode. Oxygen cannula in his nose.

A METRONOME ticks evenly on the sill. Kristy and Carly watch from behind glass.

Carly enters, sets a timer at 00:00.

CARLY

We don't need it. But I brought it
anyway.

Conor nudges the metronome into line — then stops himself. He looks at Carly, then Kristy through the glass.

CONOR (WHISPER)

It's... quieter.

Kristy nods, tears in her eyes. Carly sits with him. They breathe together. Three in. Three out.

INT. 911 DISPATCH - NIGHT

Mara at her console. Rows of blinking lights.
Her headset steady on her head, her eyes calm.

TEEN (V.O.)
I think I took too many patches. My
heart—

MARA
Tell me your name. Tell me where
you are.
Keep your voice low.

Her voice: calm, steady, unshakable.
The lights blink on. Another voice. Another life to anchor.

EXT. FESTIVAL - NIGHT

Crowds cheer. Music blares. Fireworks crack overhead.
Amid the noise, a sound truck hums a steady tone beneath the
chaos.

A TEEN falters, clutching his chest. A VOLUNTEER kneels,
grounding him.

VOLUNTEER
Name five things you can see.

The boy steadies. His breathing slows.
Kristy notices across the street, nods. Carly pats her pocket
— timer still there, but unused.

Noise narrows to one sound:
A gentle breath, matched by another.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:
THE IN-HUMAN TRIALS

THE END