

THE SENSITIVE ONE

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FADE IN:

INT. NURSING FACILITY - STUDY - DAY

WALT, late-60s, pale, eyes ringed, head bandaged, peers from a window, studying a large shed at the end of the yard.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're getting distracted again.

WALT
I heard it. Don't you hear it? It's
like a, like a...

AVA, mid-40s, matronly, sits at a table, a set of flash cards in hand. She watches him struggle to find the words.

AVA
It's the meds. Come sit. Complete the
task. Sooner we get you back to
health, sooner we get you some
visitors again. Family. Now show me
that wonderful memory of yours.

Walt takes a seat. She lays out the cards one by one. He glances to the window, agitated.

INT. WALT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Walt lies in bed. His eyes spring open in alarm.

EXT. NURSING FACILITY - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Walt, wearing a dressing gown and slippers, creeps nervously towards the shed.

He edges to a window. It's shaded from the inside. He palms the wall. Listens. Hears the low hum of a compressor.

Light flickers through a cracked wall panel at his foot.

Crouching, he pries back the panel and squints inside:

WALT'S POV:

Light casts on a wall of tools and a workbench. Boxes and machine parts block the view to the rearmost corner.

A TALL MAN pads into view. Selects a tool from the wall and moves back out of sight. Flashes of light. A pitched WHINE, like dentist's drill. Grating. Incessant.

BANG! Tall Man tumbles back, crashes into the bench.

THE BOUND MAN careens into view, stumbling barefoot for the window, blocking Walt's view. A scuffle O.S. Muted cries.

The Bound Man SLAMS to the ground. For a brief moment, he stares back at us - a face we recognize: Walt's. Gagged. Probes and wires trail from his shaved and bloodied head.

He claws the concrete, bloodshot eyes pleading as the Tall Man drags him back into the gloom.

END POV

INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT

Walt, eye pressed to the slit, watching in horror.

INT. NURSING FACILITY - STUDY - NIGHT

Ava hurries in to find Walt pacing the room, clutching his bandaged head in shocked disbelief.

He stumbles over his words, panicked and incoherent. He looks to the window. Finally -

WALT

It's me! ...I hear me!

Ava crosses to the window, sees the Tall Man in the shed doorway, silhouetted by flickering lights from within. He raises a hand - all is well.

Ava sighs.

AVA

You're a sensitive one.

She draws the curtain.

Ava guides him to a seat. Touches his face, calm, soothing.

She reaches behind his ear - CLICK. The briefest WHIR of a motor. Walt freezes as if paused in time.

She gently unwinds his bandage. Fishes a compact toolset set from her pocket and selects a precision screwdriver.

AVA

Nothing that can't be fixed.

FADE OUT