

Pink (05/28/2016)

30.

## CALLBACK SIDES

~~She shakes her head.~~~~Holly hears murmurs, but none of the words make any sense. It's a quiet cacophony of deep voices talking over each other. Holly looks to the hallway.~~~~The noises stop. She gets up, leaving Dale on the couch and moves into the hallway, as if sleepwalking.~~~~DALE (CONT'D)~~~~You okay?~~~~She says nothing and follows the sound.~~L  
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A~~19~~~~INT. CLINIC HALLWAY - NIGHT~~

19

~~Darkness. Silence. Then, the hint of a whisper. It's quick and ephemeral. Holly stops. The camera focuses on the dark, empty corridor. She stands there, waiting, listening for another whisper.~~~~Dale walks up behind her.~~~~DALE~~~~Hey, you're starting to freak me out.~~~~HOLLY~~~~Sorry. Just thought I heard something...~~F  
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G~~20~~~~INT. FRANNIE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT~~

20

~~Joe pokes his head in, smiling. He's about to speak when he sees the look on Frannie's face.~~~~Frannie sits amidst a mass of research. Open books and notepads litter the desk and floor. She's decorated her space with purple chenille and drawings of werewolves and robots. Static quietly hisses on the television. Joe enters the room.~~~~Frannie is more pale than usual, almost ghostly.~~~~**Start** —> JOE~~~~You're shaking. How much coffee have you had?~~~~She looks up at him gravely.~~~~FRANNIE~~~~None.~~

JOE

Then what's the matter?

Joe discretely closes the door behind him.

Frannie gives him a concerned look before moving to the VCR, rewinding the tape, and pressing PLAY. It's a scene from earlier, with Carter facing the empty chair in the clinic hallway.

JOE (CONT'D)

What are you looking at? Are you watching the footage again?

FRANNIE

Tell me what you see.

Joe squints, then shrugs.

JOE

It's Carter and that one kid. . .  
What's his name? . . . Aaron.

FRANNIE

Look closer.

Joe looks, but just shakes his head.

Frannie points at the space next to Carter's chair.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

There.

Joe cocks an eyebrow. The area is distorted, blurred like a flaw in the image. It seems to have a vague shape.

JOE

I don't know. What is that?

FRANNIE

Just describe it to me. I want to know if you see it, too.

JOE

It looks like . . . I don't know .  
. . like it could be a shape. A  
person? It looks like a visual  
artifact.

FRANNIE

But a person. Right there.

JOE

I guess. You can kind of see a face there. Maybe?

Frannie fast-forwards to a later moment. This one is of Carter in his room. He's staring into the corner, examining it. We can't hear the audio, but he seems to speak toward it. In the corner is another shape, very similar to the last.

FRANNIE

What about here?

JOE

The same. It's another blur. It's nothing. What are you getting at?

Sorting through the mess on her desk, she finds the photos she took.

FRANNIE

Here's a close-up.

Joe examines it.

JOE

Yeah, okay. So?

She hands him another. And then another. And another.

FRANNIE

It's everywhere. It's always around. Seventeen different instances.

JOE

Please don't tell me you think it's a ghost.

FRANNIE

But you see it, too.

JOE

After you told me to look for it. It's like hearing "Paul is dead." It's pareidolia. You're seeing patterns where there are none.

FRANNIE

But you described the same thing to me, without me planting the suggestion.

JOE

Maybe the lab screwed these up. The cameras are outdated and those tapes have been recorded over dozens of times. You're getting worked up over seeing Jesus in a tortilla.

Annoyed, Frannie leans over the VCR and skips ahead some more. Before Joe can see, she steps in front of the television.

FRANNIE

You don't want this in your head, but I have to show it to you.

JOE

I don't understand.

FRANNIE

It's bad. It's Carter.

Joe takes a half-step back.

JOE

Show me.

FRANNIE

Joe...

Joe doesn't flinch.

Frannie nods solemnly and steps aside. She presses PLAY. **/End**

~~On the screen, we see Carter in his room. He's frantically SEARCHING. He rushes forward and overturns the small bed. There is nothing underneath.~~

~~Carter backs away from it. He spins around. He presses his palms to his eyes.~~

~~CARTER~~~~Go away. Oh fuck, please go away.~~

~~His breathing slows. Hesitantly, he lowers his hands. An indistinct BLUR floats in the corner, almost imperceptible. There may be a hint of a FACE in the distortion.~~

~~Carter screams. He stumbles backwards, falling into the pile of broken ceramic. Shards slice into the meat of his hands. He scoops one up and brandishes it like a weapon.~~

~~Outside the door, we hear everyone trying to get into his room.~~

~~WHATLEY~~

~~We're trying to cure sleep.~~

~~BOARD MEMBER #1~~

~~And how did Mr. Carter's physiology  
reflect his reaction to your drug?~~

~~WHATLEY~~

~~It didn't.~~

~~BOARD MEMBER #1~~

~~Come again.~~

~~WHATLEY~~

~~Carter never reacted to the  
Cogniphan. He was the control.~~

~~The board doesn't seem to grasp it. Whatley hesitates for  
just a moment.~~

~~WHATLEY (CONT'D)~~

~~He never took the drug.~~

12

INT. WHATLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

Tangled in the sheets, Joe curls up into Whatley's naked body. A single lamp lights the room. The room is clean and stylish, looking like something from a Pottery Barn catalog.

Joe gazes at Whatley. Whatley stares up at the slowly rotating ceiling fan. The silence descends.

**Start** —> WHATLEY

How's your mom?

JOE

Post-coital questions about my  
mother? Really? Thanks, Freud.

Whatley laughs, if only a little. Joe smiles, but it fades quickly.

JOE (CONT'D)

Idiopathic hypersomnia. Of course,  
it's not like anything they've ever  
seen, but that's the diagnosis they  
pulled out of their ass today.

Whatley shakes her head and pours a glass of whiskey from the night stand. Joe watches her, trying to decide if he should ask his next question . . .

JOE (CONT'D)

So . . . I hear you told the board  
that Carter was the control.

WHATLEY

I did.

JOE

Okay.

A moment of silence follows.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm fine with that, you know. Just  
putting that out there. Lying to  
the board? Totally okay with me.

Whatley turns on him.

WHATLEY

You know damned well that they  
wouldn't have understood.

JOE

Hey, I'm agreeing with you.

WHATLEY

They were looking for any excuse to  
throw me to the wolves. If they  
could pin his death on the  
Cogniphan, then that's all they  
would need.

JOE

Sure, but . . . You don't think it  
was the Cogniphan?

WHATLEY

No. It was whatever else he was  
taking with the Cogniphan. I  
watched the tape and -

JOE

Serapine.

WHATLEY

What? An antidepressant? How did  
you - ?

JOE

I searched his room before EMS and  
the police arrived. He had a  
prescription for it. Lied about it  
on his application to the study.

WHATLEY

Jesus . . .

JOE

The police are probably running a toxicology report on his blood. They might find the Cogniphan.

Whatley sighs.

WHATLEY

They wouldn't know what to look for.

JOE

That's good. How long until the board gets back to you?

WHATLEY

I don't know. It could be tomorrow. It could be before the fall semester begins.

JOE

So it's just . . . indefinite?

WHATLEY

That's the exact phrase. Indefinite suspension. You didn't tell them about us, did you?

JOE

What? No.

WHATLEY

Thank you.

JOE

You don't have to thank me, I like you.

Joe smiles.

JOE (CONT'D)

So what now?

WHATLEY

Now . . . I have two weeks to clean out my office before summer classes start, and that's it.

Joe pauses, thinking.

JOE  
You have two weeks?

WHATLEY  
Right up until June 14th.

JOE  
And the building will be empty  
then, won't it?

WHATLEY  
Yeah.

Joe's eyes light up.

JOE  
Okay. . . we call the team.  
Everyone. Tell them to meet in the  
classroom tomorrow morning.

Joe quickly gets dressed. He's excited, almost vibrating.

WHATLEY  
What? Why?

Joe just winks at her as he slips out the door.

Whatley takes another sip and a knowing smile follows. **/End**

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~~INT. FRANNIE'S APARTMENT NIGHT~~

13

~~Close up of black and white footage on a small TV. We see  
Carter, freaking out, stumbling around and trying to escape  
what looks like nothing at all.~~

~~Frannie sits there, staring at Carter.~~

~~FRANNIE  
(to herself)  
What are you looking at? What'd  
you see?~~

~~Frannie pauses the video, pulls a 35mm camera out and snaps  
various photos of the screen.~~

~~The phone rings.~~

~~FRANNIE (CONT'D)  
Hello?~~

~~JOE (O.S.)  
Frannie, it's Joe. We need to  
talk.~~