

~~Pink (05/28/2016)~~~~27.~~

CALLBACK SIDES

~~WHATLEY~~~~When I say 'go'.~~~~The clock ticks. Frannie studies the blocks.~~~~WHATLEY (CONT'D)~~~~Go.~~~~17~~~~INT. CLINIC LAB NIGHT~~~~17~~

MONTAGE

One at a time, everyone speaks directly to the camera against the wood paneled wall. The light atop it throws harsh shadows, accentuating the dark circles that grow under their eyes.

They are all a bit more haggard, a bit more pale than the day before. The shots cycle through each one of them.

Start -->HOLLY

So far, I've only started seeing smoke, you know? It's common, I get that. Most people who have reached this point of sleeplessness start to see smoke. On the floor. In the corners. But if you look directly at it, it's gone. And thank the gods for that.

~~Switch to Frannie.~~~~FRANNIE~~

~~It's like I'm wading through wet cement. Everything is slower. Everything is underwater. Everything is~~

~~Switch to Joe.~~~~JOE~~

~~Everything is so loud. Like the volume is turned up. Doors closing sound like gunshots. Whenever Dr. Whatley shuffles papers, I can feel it in my teeth.~~

~~Switch to Dale.~~~~DALE~~

~~100 . . . 93 . . . 86 . . . 82 . . .
Dammit. That's not right, is it?
(MORE)~~

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~~Holly sits, admiring her work.~~

24

~~INT. CLINIC LAB NIGHT~~

24

~~MONTAGE~~

~~Joe, arms crossed, sits in the chair, looking away. Finally, he looks into the camera and speaks.~~

~~JOE~~

~~She doesn't see it. I've shown Ella all of the footage, Frannie's photos, everything. She just doesn't see it. I still don't even know that I have. I've heard it. I've heard~~

~~Switch to Holly.~~

~~HOLLY~~

~~-- I've heard him talking to me. I think I'm starting to understand what he says, because when he speaks, it's in my brain. He's there sometimes, moving things around inside my head. It makes it hard to think, but it's like he's looking for something. He wants me to sleep. I'd like that, too, really. To sleep. And not to see him anymore. But I know he's there. He's -- **/End**~~

~~Switch to Dale.~~

~~DALE~~

~~— It's just . . . infrasound, man. When the human ear picks up frequencies between 7 and 19 kilohertz, it's theorized that it can cause hallucinations. So maybe there's a stray sound in here, a rattling air conditioner vent or the imperceptible hum of some machinery. Makes us think we're being haunted or some shit. It's just bad vibes.~~

~~Switch to Frannie.~~

~~DALE (CONT'D)~~

~~Okay . . . Fuck it, give it to me.
Give me the shot.~~

~~Whatley injects Dale with the control serum, which she
clearly pulls from the second drawer.~~

~~DALE (CONT'D)~~

~~Wow! Okay, there's the party!~~

18

INT. CLINIC REC ROOM - NIGHT

18

SUPER: 96 Hours

Holly sits in the darkness on the threadbare couch, she stretches and rubs the back of her neck. Her mind is elsewhere. Her eyes are glassy. She absently runs her fingertips across her forearm, we see several old scars from when she used to cut herself.

Dale enters and Holly discretely covers her scars.

Start —> DALE
You okay?

HOLLY
What? Yeah, fine. Just sore, old
cheerleading injury.

Dale chuckles.

DALE
You were a cheerleader?

HOLLY
Yeah, don't laugh!

DALE
I'm not.

HOLLY
Yes, you are.

DALE
Well, it's just, you don't really
look like a cheerleader. . . in a
good way.

HOLLY
Thanks.

DALE

And not to brag, but while the jocks were out banging heads and jerking each other off, I learned to give one hell of a back rub.

HOLLY

On who?

Dale sits down next to her.

DALE

Whoever would let me touch them, it was mostly my mom. Would you like me to --

Holly smiles at Dale's charm.

HOLLY

Touch me?

Dale gulps.

She turns her back to him on the couch and lifts her hair.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay.

Dale grins like a little boy and begins to gently rub her neck and back.

DALE

(flirty)

It's not too late for Mexico, you know?

HOLLY

Slow down there, gringo. We still got a few more days to go.

DALE

Oh, I know. Just throwing it out there. . . underhanded. Nice and slow. . . hoping you take a swing.

She smiles, but all of a sudden, the volume begins to dwindle. A sound like the bottom of the ocean fills Holly's ears.

HOLLY

Do you hear that?

DALE

Hear what?

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.

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. . . /End

~~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 ghastly.~~

~~JOE~~

~~You're shaking. How much coffee have you had?~~

~~She looks up at him gravely.~~

~~FRANNIE~~

~~None.~~