

Pink (05/28/2016)

14.

**CALLBACK SIDES**~~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 . . .

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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.~~

35 ~~INT. HOLLY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT~~ 35

~~Joe and Whatley lead Holly into the room. She's barely supporting herself, dragging her feet, looking delirious with fear.~~

~~They gingerly lay her down on the bed.~~

~~Holly lays rigid on the bed. Unblinking, she stares at the ceiling with bloodshot eyes.~~

36 OMITTED 36

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT HOLLY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 38

Joe and Whatley stand at the foot of Holly's bed. She's still staring straight up at the ceiling, but is babbling softly now. She'll pause to giggle, then go quiet for a stretch before whispering more gibberish.

Dale sits with her, stroking her hand, but saying nothing.

**Start** —> WHATLEY  
Are you sure?

JOE  
Yeah. I'm sure and I'd appreciate it if you didn't ask me that again.

WHATLEY  
I'm sorry. This is just quite a lot for me to process. What was it doing?

JOE  
I think it was looking for us.

WHATLEY  
And Dale saw the same thing?

JOE  
Yeah. I mean . . . We were reacting to it. We didn't cue each other, either, if that's what you're getting at.

WHATLEY

Joe, this sort of group hysteria is not uncommon, especially in situations of extreme stress.

JOE

Hysteria didn't attack Holly. Hysteria didn't put that mark on her arm. That tissue looks dead, Ella. It's probably necrotic, like it just sucked the life out of her.

Whatley gently takes his arm and looks him in the eye.

WHATLEY

In extraordinary conditions - like what you're experiencing now - you know that the mind can conjure changes in the body that are otherwise inexplicable. Rashes, bruises, welts-

JOE

No. No, Ella. And don't do that to me. I won't say I know what I saw, but I know I saw something.

He looks down at Holly.

JOE (CONT'D)

She's not asleep yet.

~~DALE~~

~~Of course not. You two keep yammering.~~

~~Joe looks to Whatley.~~

JOE

How much did you give her?

WHATLEY

Enough. She should be sleeping like the dead right now. **/End**

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~~INT. FRANNIE'S APARTMENT NIGHT~~

~~39~~

~~Frannie gets ready for bed. Her room is dark, draped in gothic purples and blacks. Exotic Japanese art decorates the walls, giving the whole thing the look of an opium den or 19th century brothel.~~