

Subject 6-Alpha-Two

By

Mark Borison
Alex Cogan

Local Favorite Productions

Mark Borison

LocalFavoriteProductions@gmail.com
513.405.4777.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A man, GEORGE, is sleeping on his couch. Actually, we'd prefer to call it 'time traveling' as it appears that he simply blinked out of his own miserable existence for just a few minutes. His wife, FAITH, steps in, leaning over GEORGE somewhat aggressively to wake him up.

FAITH

Oh my god George, wake up!

GEORGE

--What?

FAITH

You were asleep. I saw you nod off.

GEORGE

No, I wasn't sleeping - just--

FAITH

I swear to god, if you say 'resting your eyes...'

GEORGE

No, I was just thinking. How are we gonna break it to her?

FAITH

She's eight, George. Half of her friends parents have ended their marriages by now.

GEORGE

You mean divorced?

FAITH

You know I'm not comfortable with that word.

GEORGE

I'm not comfortable with "ending our marriage" - but you are. I would've thought you got very comfortable when you hired a lawyer to serve me with..."magical marriage ending paperwork."

FAITH

(scoffing)

Typical. Zero effort - unless it's to be dramatic and play the victim.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Yeah you're right. I haven't put effort into building a home and life for us, helping to raise our daughter, while being told I haven't done a damn thing to help. I get it though, you're never wrong, always right. Wake up in the morning, right. Go to sleep, right. You take shits on the moral high ground.

FAITH

Oh my god, this again. Do you even hear how you sound right now? Listen to yourself ---

As though a knife was thrown at their scripts, an air raid siren cuts through their words.

GEORGE

The hell was that?

FAITH

An ambulance?

GEORGE

Are you being serious? Did ambulances drop nuclear bombs where you grew up?

FAITH

Well?

GEORGE

Well what?

FAITH

(sighing)

You're going to make ME go see what's out there? Is it a car wreck or something?

George moves to the window, carefully as though not to expose that he's peering out.

GEORGE

It's something alright. Why aren't there any other sirens?

FAITH

Whoops, forgot to ask google 'holy shit what was that sound i just heard'

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Oh no I'm sorry I just thought I was talking to the expert on ambulance sirens.

Another air raid siren rips through their sarcastically aggressive banter.

FAITH

It's so loud - why do they keep doing that?

GEORGE

Lemme check the 'stupid fucking question I couldn't possibly have an answer to' app.

FAITH

You are a fat asshole.

George obsessively peeks out the window, back and forth to ensure he isn't seen.

GEORGE

We've got a live showing of Independence Day outside our house and you wanna give me shit about my weight? Unbelievable! Actually no, this is TOTALLY believable.

SCENE TWO:

A cell phone violently vibrates and rings from a nearby table, drawing their attention.

FAITH

Yours?

GEORGE

Yeah, can you toss it to me?

FAITH tosses the phone to GEORGE. GEORGE stares somewhat puzzled and intrigued at the phone.

GEORGE

Real nice. (pauses) Uhh...

FAITH

What? Is it that cyclops from your office? The one who can't take her one good eye off your junk at our daughter's soccer game? I can't believe you had --

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, screams follow the echoes of gun shots ringing through the air. GEORGE rushes towards the window again, FAITH close behind.

FAITH
Oh my god, did they just kill
someone!?

The cell rings again. GEORGE holds the phone out so FAITH can read the caller ID too. No number appears though - just the words 'ANSWER THE PHONE.'

FAITH
Answer the phone?

Suddenly, a booming voice echoes from outside the window.

RAMSEY
(megaphone)
Answer the phone.

GEORGE and FAITH stare at each other as the phone rings again.

FAITH
What the hell is going on here?

GEORGE
Why? *clenches fist* Why would you
ask? How would I know?!?!?

FAITH
It's your phone!

GEORGE
And you're holding it!

FAITH shoves the phone into GEORGE's hand and he answers, turning the phone on speakerphone.

RAMSEY
George. I need you to answer a
question for me right now without
thinking: have you or your wife
left the house today?

GEORGE
No, and i'm sorry but - how do you
know my name?

RAMSEY
Faith is with you, yes? I am Ramsey
- I'm the negotiator. Are you all
safe?

FAITH

(suspicious)

We're fine. Negotiator? What are you negotiating?

RAMSEY

Go ahead and walk me through everything that's happened.

GEORGE

Walk YOU through what happened? We heard a shooting outside....where you are? Why are you calling us to explain events that occurred in your general area?

RAMSEY

Walk me through your day thus far.

GEORGE

My what? Why don't you start telling me what's going on out there before I come outside and ask you in person?

RAMSEY

You can't leave the house George. Don't try.

GEORGE

And why not?

RAMSEY

(suspicious pause, maybe clicking of keys in the background, police radio chatter)

You're under quarantine. We believe your house may be contaminated.

GEORGE

Our house is contaminated? With what? Wait - if our house is contaminated, shouldn't we be leaving? Can't you give us those suits...you know, the ones with the helmets...and boots...they're all yellow

FAITH

(aggressively)

Hazmat suits.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Yeah! A Hazmat suit! And what about our daughter?!

RAMSEY

(bg noises stop short - an awkwardly long beat)
She's not in the house?

GEORGE

Why would I ask if she was in here with me? Look, i'm just coming out there and we can talk.

RAMSEY

Don't leave the apartment, George. You can't leave - and I won't allow it.

FAITH

So we're captives then?

RAMSEY

No. Once we finish contacting your neighbors, we will explain everything. Until then, I need you to stay inside your home and await further instruction.

FAITH

This is ridiculous - we're coming out...

RAMSEY

If you do that, you will be shot as the previous person was. Anyone attempting to leave the building will be executed on sight.

GEORGE grabs FAITH's hand so she doesn't leave.

GEORGE

And what about our daughter? She's at her grandmo--

RAMSEY

Yes, Rosaline Matthews, age 59, 1141 Buttermilk Pike, Villa Hills. I have units en route. For now - stay inside. We're haven't determined with accuracy how to differentiate the infected from the uninfected in the early stages. One

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAMSEY (cont'd)
more thing - don't open the
door...for ANYONE.

FAITH
Why would someone say they're
related to us?

RAMSEY
I'm not at liberty to discuss this
further. We're working to contain
the situation. Notify me
IMMEDIATELY of any unusual
activity.

The call ends.

SCENE THREE:

FAITH
What are we supposed to do now?

GEORGE
We sit tight? Execution doesn't
sound fun. Literally. It didn't
sound fun when we heard that person
get executed earlier.

FAITH
I can't just sit tight though, not
while Becca is stuck out there! I
can't just not-worry while we
don't--

Suddenly - three violently deliberate knocks ring out from
the front door. Stunned, GEORGE and FAITH's heads swing
toward the front door. The world feels to vibrate and shake
almost supernaturally as they feel the reverberations as
much as we hear them.

FAITH
(whispering)
Who's that?

GEORGE
How should I know?

FAITH
Go check!

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
You go check!

FAITH
You're the man, aren't you?

GEORGE
Oh so now you're suddenly fond of
the heteronormative marriage roles?
Of COURSE you'd want a divorce
since you also want me to be John
McClain...but you never even
watched Die Hard!

Three more nearly-deafening knocks on the front door
interrupting the living shit out of GEORGE's attempt to deal
with the awkward situation at hand. FAITH trails GEORGE as
he leans into the peep hole to see.

GEORGE
(whispering)
There's no one out there.

FAITH pushes her way into the peep hole.

FAITH
Yeah, looks like there's no one out
there

GEORGE
That's what I just said.

FAITH
Should we open the door?

GEORGE
What? No! You have two options once
you open the door and that's either
airborne infection or a hail of
bullets and I signed up for
neither!

FAITH
I thought you said we didn't need
to worry!

GEORGE
I WAS BEING REASSURING OF COURSE WE
SHOULD WORRY

Their conveniently timed argument is once again shattered by
three more loud pounds on the front door as FAITH quickly
darts behind GEORGE.

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FAITH
(whispering)
Go check again!

GEORGE
Like a man, right? Don Draper over
here, I'll pick up some scotch and
a mistress on my way--

TONY
(From outside)
Hey George! You home??

GEORGE is blown away. Taken aback. If there was a visual form of stammering, GEORGE knew how to perform it. He's shocked to hear this voice - a voice he hasn't heard in at least seven or so years. The voice of his brother, TONY.

GEORGE
Tony?

FAITH
Don't let him know we're here. You
heard what Ramsey said!

GEORGE
It's my brother - I have to --

FAITH
Lets just call Ramsey first, ok?

TONY
George, cmon man. It's looks crazy
out here. How long have you been
living in Fallujach?

GEORGE
(pausing)
H-hey Tony - just give me a minute,
I uhh gotta check --

GEORGE fumbles as he whispers a 'FINE' to FAITH. GEORGE pulls his phone to call RAMSEY. TONY occasionally knocks on the door and complains about strewn bodies, soldiers, and air quality.

GEORGE
Hey uhh - there's something going
on.

RAMSEY
What family member do you believe
is

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

It's actually my brother...he just knocked.

RAMSEY

Did he? Hmm. Where does your brother live?

GEORGE

Chicago.

RAMSEY

Odd, that's a five hour drive from here at least. Any reason why he'd be visiting today?

GEORGE

Not that I can think of, it's been years since we've even talked.

RAMSEY

(suddenly stern)

Do not open the door. That is not your brother. Do you own any firearms?

GEORGE

What? No...I know my brother's voice.

RAMSEY

Did you actually see him?

GEORGE

Well no, but I mean we heard him...I know his voice...

RAMSEY

I need you to trust me - and you cannot trust audible identification alone.

FAITH

This is ridiculous - you're being paranoid. I want to meet with your superiors Ramsey, what are their names? How quickly can you get them down here?

RAMSEY

I have only one superior - you don't want to meet them. Opening that door will ensure that you do.

SCENE FOUR:

The tension is escalated with three more ominous knocks

TONY

Cmon guys, you dont' think I can hear you in there?

RAMSEY

That was him?

GEORGE

Yeah, that's my brother - i'm letting him, I can't do this to him...

RAMSEY

If he's sick George, he can't be helped - and neither can you.

GEORGE

What do you expect me to do? Just sit here and let him rot out there?

RAMSEY

(too calmly)

I can assure you he won't rot.

GEORGE

What's that supposed to mean?

TONY

Hey George! Is that bitch Faith keeping you from opening the god damned door? HOLY SHIT she was always the worst! Cmon man, the kids are in the car and they gotta piss like racehorses - we didn't stop once on the way down here man!

GEORGE

(snickering)

Sounds just like Tony to me.

FAITH

(to herself then Tony)

Ahh yeah, THAT'S why we quit talking to Tony. (sighing to GEORGE) - that's definitely him!

RAMSEY

Listen to me both of you. Do nothing. If you let him in, you will force my hand.

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The phone goes quiet.

FAITH
Ramsey!

TONY
Hey Faith. I hear you in there and
I've gotta tell you something

FAITH
What is it Tony?

TONY
George always did deserve better
than you. I think that's where that
stick up your ass came from. I'm
glad I banged your sisters instead
after the wedding - they were both
FILTHY.

FAITH droops slightly from this savagery.

TONY
George are you gonna let me in or
what bro? I gotta take a wicked
dump man and you know how I feel
about doing that standing up.

GEORGE leans into the peep hole again to peer outside.

GEORGE
For what it's worth, he's actually
there this time.

SCENE FIVE

Three more intense knocks right in GEORGE's face.

TONY
George, what the fuck man, are you
gonna let us die out here?!

FAITH
(quietly)
Don't you dare!

TONY
Did either of you hear from Becca?

FAITH
(a pause)

(MORE)

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FAITH (cont'd)
How'd he get her name? Have you
talked to him? You told me you
hadn't!

GEORGE
I haven't talked to my family in
almost a decade now - you ask him.

FAITH
Fine! Tony - why the hell are you
here? It's been years.

TONY
I've been busy.

FAITH
Is that what we're calling 'doing
blow in the Buffalo Bar bathroom'
these days? Do people still buy
counterfeit Van Halen merch on
ebay?

TONY
(aggressively)
Hey George, I've had about enough
of her mouth, man. Can't you put
her back in her cage?

FAITH
What do you know about Becca??

TONY
Things. What do you want to know?

FAITH
Where is she?

TONY
Why don't you ask Ramsey?

GEORGE
How do you know who Ramsey is?

TONY
You guys are on speakerphone, I can
hear almost everything you're
saying.

GEORGE goes for the dead bolt and other locks on the door.

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FAITH

What are you doing? George, no -
wait - lets just--

GEORGE

What's it look like i'm doing?

FAITH

Don't, please - she said we'd...

GEORGE

He knows where Becca is.

They stare, somewhat shocked by the day's events into each others' eyes, trying to parse this impossible information they've been presented.

FAITH

No, we know where she is - at my
moms. He hasn't proven anything
yet.

GEORGE

Christ. Tony! You said you knew
where Becca is - where is she?

TONY

Sure man, just open the door and we
can all kick back in whatever
designer furniture Faith doesn't
want me to sit on and i'll answer
whatever you want.

FAITH

Tell us where she is and you can
come in.

TONY

Fine. She's with Ramsey in a little
command truck down the street.

FAITH

Ramsey? Why would she be with
Ramsey? AND how do you know where
she is - she never told us!

TONY

You're really buying this
quarantine story? Why don't you ask
her why. Did she bother to tell you
where she worked? Is she police?
Fire? Swat? Government? What? How'd
she know where your mother lived??

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GEORGE

Wait, you weren't here when we talked ab--

FAITH

Lets just call my mom and settle this.

SCENE SIX

FAITH dials out.

RAMSEY

This is Ramsey.

FAITH

I...didn't mean to call you. I was calling my mother. Why are you on the phone? The phone is showing all her info right now.

RAMSEY

All calls from your apartment building are being routed through my team.

FAITH

Tony says you know where Becca is.

RAMSEY

Yes, she's at your mothers unless you lied to me.

TONY

Ask her who she works for!

GEORGE

Who do you work for?

RAMSEY

The Roth-Lobdow (Lawb-dough) Center for Advanced Research.

GEORGE

You said you were a negotiator.

RAMSEY

I am. Amongst other things. I handle anything the official channels don't want to deal with.

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TONY

Will you let me the fuck in!? They pointed a spotlight and rifles at me!

RAMSEY

George, don't let him in.

FAITH

Maybe we should - if Ramsey has Becca then...

RAMSEY

Do not let that thing into your house.

FAITH

George - he knows where Becca is!

TONY

I can't believe i'm saying this - listen to Faith, George!
exasperated LET ME IN!

GEORGE

Okay okay!

Communications between the four escalate in volume and tension, as GEORGE fumbles with the door to unlock and open it.

RAMSEY

George. Your last chance - do NOT open that door.

SCENE SEVEN

GEORGE finally decides to unlock the door and swings it open fast - but things aren't quite what they seem. He finds himself awash in bright white light, as he wonders for a split second if he's about to be abducted by aliens - just as a silhouetted figure steps into his vision.

GEORGE

You're not--

GEORGE is interrupted by a bullet shattering his skull and ripping through his brain. His body slumps to the floor like someone pulled the plug on him. FAITH steps in towards the body, looking surprisingly unaffected.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Well. I guess it wasn't a total waste. Had a lot of hope for this subject though.

FAITH exits the 'front door' into what appears to be a mobile workstation for scientists and government officials. It's a small crew, but obviously professional. Two workers in hazmat suits pass FAITH as they enter the house. One of them pauses to hand FAITH an alcohol wipe nonchalantly. They wave comically as they enter the building with an empty body bag and bottles of cleaners. FAITH uses the wipes on her hands and tries to wipe blood off her lapel.

RAMSEY

I can't believe he bought the wife bit so fast. Six-Alpha-One's test didn't even come CLOSE to suspending disbelief in this scenario. Lets debrief though, we've got one more subject before we begin external trials in downtown Cincinnati this evening.

FAITH

Yep.

RAMSEY pulls out a voice recorder and FAITH begins documenting on her phone. We see the people in hazmat suits in the background moving GEORGE's body into the hallway. RAMSEY delivers her dialogue in the office as the official clean up crews enter and exit the house to prepare for their next simulation.

RAMSEY

Subject Six-Alpha-Two showed strong attachment to the situation and those involved. He believed my assistant Mary was his wife, Faith, and that the voice of Tony and the video image shown through the peephole was his brother without any issue. When I introduced doubt as Tony, he still wanted to believe what the authority figure was saying. The serum used on the subject worked well until the end. Familial pressure outweighed authoritarian attempts at control. This batch could see extensive use against independent actors with no family ties, but it is still considered a failure. *BRIEF PAUSE*

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RAMSEY (cont'd)

The time is now two thirty-three PM. Mary and I have proceeded to reset the room and will begin testing Subject Six-Alpha-Three.

RAMSEY clicks the recorder off. They've arrived outside their next room. The hallway is filled with doors, and each door has a tray stand outside of the room. FAITH, in response to the aforementioned hazmat guys, yawns and speaks.

FAITH

(yawning)

Thanks for calling custodial already. You're so much easier to work with than Chet.

RAMSEY

My pleasure. Chet. What a name.

Faith continues to yawn.

RAMSEY

You gonna make it through this one too?

FAITH

Yeah yeah.

RAMSEY

Great, we're almost ready. You've already primed Six-Alpha-Three with implanted memories, correct?

FAITH

Yeah, early this morning. Get this - my name for this test is Amalia.

RAMSEY

Amalia. Exotic. Where's this guy from?

FAITH

John, from Connecticut. Has a dog named Stars. Weapons check?

RAMSEY dumps her old magazine into the tray stand outside the door.

RAMSEY

Yep. Reloading now. Fresh mag in. Old mag in the tray. A little

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RAMSEY (cont'd)
unnecessary for one bullet but hey,
it's the Center's dime. Resetting
the simulation in 5. Good
luck...Amalia.

RAMSEY finally breaks a small laugh.

FAITH
Ha, thanks!

We follow FAITH/AMALIA as she slinks into the room where we see JOHN unconscious on the couch from whatever new serum the Center is testing. FAITH settles down on the couch as she did with her first husband GEORGE and takes several deep breaths to steel herself.

FAITH
Oh my god, John - wake up!

JOHN wakes up suddenly, ending on the same shot we opened with.