

CONTINUUM

"Drone"

by  
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"DRONE"

TEASER

BLACK

Under which WE HEAR nothing. Several seconds of total silence. Then the VOICE of the NARRATOR is HEARD.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Existence is a path with a  
beginning...

A point of light appears left of frame in the lower third of the screen. It pulses ever so slightly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...and an end.

A second point of light appears right of frame, directly across from the first. It also pulses slightly.

A line of light emanates from within the first point of light, slowly moving across the screen toward the second point.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Life is the journey along this  
path.

The line of light continues its slow pace across the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Life is a continuum.

The TITLE "CONTINUUM" FADES IN above the line of light, center screen. Its appearance is identical to that of the points and line. After two beats the TITLE GLOWS BRIGHTER, THEN DIMS AND SLOWLY FADES AWAY.

The line of light extends ALL OF THE WAY TO THE SECOND POINT OF LIGHT and stops RIGHT ON THE POINT. ANOTHER TITLE FADES IN just above the second point of light. The title reads "January 1, 2000, New Jersey, USA."

Lingering for a moment, the title, points and line of light all FADE AWAY SIMULTANEOUSLY and we are plunged into black again.

FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL RESEARCH LABORATORY - DAY

We are in a large, sterile, hi-tech medical research laboratory.

Think 1960's B-movie updated to current day.

Colors of chrome, white, black and grey. Gleaming linoleum, spotless counters, computer monitors and racks of pulsing lights that have their own rhythm reflecting off of the interior.

A NUMBER OF LAB TECHNICIANS, worker bee types, male and female in crisp white lab coats, move around the lab monitoring various pieces of equipment.

In the middle of this activity, sitting stoically in a sort of dental-type chair at room center, is a woman. Say 45 to 50 years old, short hair, matronly, wearing a hospital gown.

Her name is MILLY.

She seems oddly detached from the activity going around her and is essentially ignored by the technicians.

A door opens behind Milly and two men enter. Their presence is immediately noted by everyone in the laboratory EXCEPT Milly, who is seemingly oblivious to their presence.

MAN #1 is tall, slender, around 60. Silver hair, sharp features, electric eyes framed by rim-less glasses.

MAN #2 is smaller, younger (mid-40's), prematurely bald, a stark contrast to his colleague save his equally sharp features and focused eyes.

Both men wear lab coats.

They are immediately met by one of the lab technicians, FEMALE LAB TECH #1, who carries a PDA.

FEMALE LAB TECH #1  
Good morning, doctors.

MAN #1  
Good morning.

Man #2 nods "good morning" and smiles slightly.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
Are we ready?

FEMALE LAB TECH #1  
Yes, sir. Everything is in place.

Man #2 looks toward Milly seated in the chair.

MAN #2  
Has anyone spoken to her yet?

FEMALE LAB TECH #1  
Not since she was prepped. We were waiting for you.

The two men share a look that might suggest some concern, although not overtly.

MAN #1  
Thank you. Have your team stand by.

FEMALE LAB TECH #1  
Yes, doctor.

The female lab tech moves off and rejoins the other lab technicians.

The two men approach Milly, who doesn't seem to be aware of their presence until they enter her field of view. Seeing them, she smiles. The two men return her smile.

Then Man #1 begins speaking to her in sign language.

Milly is deaf.

(\*\*NOTE: ALL DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE TWO MEN AND MILLY WILL BE IN SIGN LANGUAGE ONLY WITH SUBTITLES.\*\*)

MAN #1  
(signing)  
How are you feeling?

MILLY  
(signing)  
I'm fine.

MAN #1  
(signing)  
Are you certain you want to attempt this?

Milly smiles, closes her eyes and nods. She clearly wants to undergo whatever procedure is forthcoming.

MAN #2  
(signing)  
You are very brave.

MILLY  
(signing)  
Thank you.

Man #2 touches her hand with his very tenderly for a brief moment. Then the tone shifts dramatically to the business at hand. Man #1 nods in the direction of Female Lab Tech #1 and she springs into action.

FEMALE LAB TECH #1  
Okay, everyone, on your best. Here  
we go.

The following events happen quickly, procedurally, with minimal wasted time.

The technicians move to various monitoring positions. A male lab tech, MALE LAB TECH #1, moves close to Milly. He pulls her hair back, revealing her left ear.

XCU MILLY'S LEFT EAR

Behind her ear is a sort of plastic slot, very small, less than 1/4" in length. Very visible, an implant of some kind.

BACK TO SCENE

Man #1 & Man #2 stand close to Milly. Female Lab Tech #1 approaches with a thin metal case which she holds out to the men. Man #1 opens the case which contains four items: a microchip in a plastic case, a pair of surgical tweezers, a syringe, and a small glass bottle containing a clear liquid.

Man #1 opens the case, takes the tweezers and removes the microchip. He holds it up for a beat for examination, then moves toward her left ear.

XCU MILLY'S LEFT EAR

The microchip is inserted into the plastic slot.

BACK TO SCENE

Man #1 places the tweezers back in the case. Man #2 takes the syringe and glass bottle in hand, inserts the needle into the bottle and withdraws the full amount of the liquid.

He looks at Man #1 apprehensively. The room is still. Apparently the moment of truth is contained in the contents of the syringe.

Man #1 nods his approval. Man #2 injects the entire contents of the syringe into Milly's neck. She winces at the intrusion but holds fast.

The two men and Female Lab Tech #1 step back, slightly behind Milly, out of her field of view. And they wait.

Beat.

Beat.

No visible change. No reaction.

FEMALE LAB TECH #1 (CONT'D)  
Do you think that it worked?

Before either of the men can respond...

MILLY  
(SPEAKING, NOT SIGNING)  
I don't know, what do you think?

She speaks, which means that she can hear! Her speech is rough, sounds off but the words are clear enough to be understood.

The two men move around Milly and face her.

MAN #1  
You can hear us?

MILLY  
Yes, I can.

Man #2 speaks but covers his mouth with his hand.

MAN #2  
No lip reading?

MILLY  
No lip reading.

Hesitance begins to turn to cautious celebration. A broad smile starts to cross Milly's face when suddenly her eyes flash alarm.

Her smile disappears. Her expression begins to contort in pain.

MAN #1  
Milly. Are you okay?

Milly attempts to reassure the two men but the pain she is feeling is increasing. She reaches for her left ear, opens her mouth wide, lets out a sort of low howling sound.

MILLY

Owwwwwww.

MAN #1

Milly. What is it?

MILLY

Drone. Drone.

The room is frozen with concern as Milly grasps her pain-contorted face in her hands.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Drone!

CLOSE ON MAN #1

His face is a mask of anger and frustration.

MAN #1

Goddammit. Not again.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER