

INT. ROOM

A CLOSED eye blinks OPEN.

A young WOMAN (early-to-mid twenties, messy hair, dressed in a hospital gown with a sweater over it) lies in a hospital-like bed in an ordinary looking room with no windows. On one side, across from the bed, is a mirror. On the other side, a door.

She sits up, throws off the blanket and drags herself out of the bed.

On the first step her knees buckle and she tumbles to the floor. She uses the bed as leverage to pull herself up.

After a moment of rest, she begins to limp toward the mirror.

She looks into it, revealing a face full of a beautiful sadness.

After pondering her reflection, she turns and goes to the door.

She turns the knob. Locked. She knocks.

WOMAN  
(loudly)  
Hello?

She is answered by complete silence. She knocks again, harder.

WOMAN  
Why am I here?

Again, silence. In growing fear, confusion and desperation she pounds the door, over and over, as hard as she can.

WOMAN  
(screaming)  
Who the hell am I?

She continues to pound the door.

INT. ROOM - LATER

The Woman sleeps on the bed. Her eyes open and she sits up.

She notices a snack tray next to her bed with a plate of warm food, along with knife, fork and a glass of water on it. On the other side of the bed is a tray with a few books.

INT. ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The Woman sleeps yet again. The food tray is gone while the tray of books remains.

We hear the SOUND of the DOOR OPENING.

Her eyes whip open.

Through the door creeps a person in a GAS MASK and bio-hazard suit carrying a new tray of food. He turns toward the bed to find that it is empty.

Suddenly, from behind him the Woman bursts from behind the door and leaps upon him like a rabid animal, knocking him (and the food) to the floor.

She turns and heads for the door just as two male ORDERLIES in scrubs and face masks run in, grab her by the arms and drag her back to the bed. They pull straps from beneath the mattress and strap her in place. She kicks and screams, struggling uselessly.

The Orderlies leave the room while Gas Mask lifts himself off the ground and begins to clean up the mess of spilled food.

WOMAN

What have I done? You can't just keep me here. Why am I here?

Just as the words are out of her mouth, the Orderlies return, pushing a wheeled cart with a television atop it, an extension cord trailing behind it into the hall. They set it right at the foot of the bed and turn it on.

A news program, already in progress, fades into view. An ANCHOR sits at a desk, reading from an unseen teleprompter.

ANCHOR

... the virus has spread throughout the Mid-West, claiming more than two million lives in the eight days following its release upon the public from the source, whom authorities are referring to as Patient Zero, who is also the only known survivor of this modern-day-plague. Although Patient Zero is in custody, doctors have yet to find a biological trigger which may have caused the creation of the organic virus. Aid has been rushed to Bellsing, Michigan, epicenter of the outbreak-

Orderly #1 turns the television off. He and Orderly #2 wheel the cart out.

Gas Mask is now holding a dry-erase-board and writing on it with a marker. It reads: WE HAVE TO TAKE BLOOD AND TISSUE SAMPLES.

He erases. Writes more: TO FIND A CURE

WOMAN

Why don't I remember anything?

3

Gas Mask erases the board, writes and it reads: SHOCK FROM THE INCEPTION OF THE VIRUS.

He erases it, writes again: IT NEARLY KILLED YOU.

WOMAN

What is my name?

Gas Mask erases and writes once more: WENDY.

The Woman slumps back, not fighting her restraints at all.

MONTAGE:

Blood flows through tubes. Needles puncture skin. Light flesh samples are taken. The Woman's screams echo.

INT. ROOM

Gas Mask writes on his dry-erase-board. It reads: YOU REALLY NEED TO EAT SOMETHING.

The Woman lies, practically comatose, in her bed, staring into space. A tray of untouched food sits beside the bed.

Gas Mask retrieves the tray and exits.

Slowly, she turns over, pulling the blanket up to her neck. She slips something from inside her sleeve. The knife from her plate.

INT. ROOM

Gas Mask lets himself inside and places the tray on the bedside before looking down at her. She is still. Her skin pale. No noticeable breathing. He sees blood on her hands.

GAS MASK

Oh... Jesus. No.

A bone chilling SCREAM fills our ears as she suddenly leaps from the bed, knife in hand and falls upon the man in the Gas Mask, stabbing him repeatedly.

Gas Mask YELLS something, indiscernible through the mask. As he bleeds, she leaps from him, out the door and into the hallway

INT. HALLWAY

She slams the door shut behind her. A paper sign taped to it reads: WENDY.

She dashes down the hall in search of an exit, but finds nothing but more windowless doors lining the halls.

4

She stops dead, catching her breath and looks up at one of the doors. It reads: COLE

She stares at it, as though unsure if she can trust her eyes. She slowly grabs the doorknob, turns it and enters.

INT. COLE'S ROOM

A room nearly identical to her own. A desk with a computer sits along the far wall. COLE (mid-twenties) types feverishly at the keyboard. He spins around and sees the Woman.

He looks up, utterly surprised at her arrival.

COLE

Why aren't you wearing a suit? Does this mean they've found a cure? Can I go home?

Baffled, she sprints back into the hallway.

MONTAGE:

The Woman runs down the hallway, discovering more doors labeled with names: ALICE, SAM, ANNIE, QUINT, and SHIRLEY. She bursts in on all of them. They all sit calmly in their rooms, busying themselves with various distractions.

INT. HALLWAY

She finds a different door with no name upon it and bursts in as she had been.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

She looks around a mostly empty room. A bulletin board covered with papers stands against the far wall.

She moves in for a closer look.

As she gets nearer, we see the bulletin is covered with lists, forms and photographs. The photographs we see are all familiar to us, including the Woman herself.

Along the top of the bulletin board is a banner reading THE PATIENT ZERO PROJECT, created by WENDY EMERSON.

For a brief moment, she looks as though the reality of the world has shattered. Then she remembers.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK

A PROFESSOR looking over papers at his desk, entranced by the Woman as she speaks to him.

WOMAN

5

Multiple subjects, all told that they are responsible for the loss of millions of lives. Imagine the difference in reactions we will receive based on age, sex, upbringing...

PROFESSOR

This is brilliant, Wendy. Albeit, a bit dangerous but I see you have considered that. There is one thing you have not seemed to consider.

WOMAN

What's that?

PROFESSOR

Have you considered what would become of a person left with practically nothing? Poor food, minimal stimulation, limited communication?

WOMAN

I have.

PROFESSOR

You have... and who do you think would be willing to volunteer for such mistreatment?

WOMAN

What better volunteer than the creator?

PROFESSOR

Do it to yourself?

He contemplates this for a moment.

PROFESSOR

(apprehensive)

Tell me a bit more about this drug.

She smiles, her face full of a victorious mischief.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Gas Mask, again unmasked and wearing normal clothing, sits on the couch, looking perplexed.

The Woman sits across from him in a chair.

GAS MASK

... it erases your memory?

WOMAN

Actually, it's a new form of anesthetic but, yes, temporarily it works. All of

us will be out of it for about five days.

GAS MASK  
(lifting gas mask)  
And why the suit and mask?

WOMAN  
(stands)  
It fits the scenario, plus it covers your face so I can't recognize you. It may jog my memory too quickly.

GAS MASK  
Yeah, we wouldn't want you making out with me and ruining the whole experiment.

She acts mockingly irritated.

WOMAN  
Bradley Stoakes!

She laughs as she leaps onto him.

They wrestle playfully before sharing a kiss.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PRESENT

The Woman sits on the floor in front of the bulletin board, rocking in the fetal-position as tears stream from her eyes.

From the doorway enter the two Orderlies. Without their scrubs and face masks, they are clearly young students.

They approach her as she rocks. One kneels down to her and notices the blood on her hands and sweater.

STUDENT #1  
Oh... no.

He bolts from the room while the other stares at her in disbelief as she continues to rock back and forth.