

Young Blood

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INT. LABCORP AUDITORIUM - DAY

A crowd of professionals sit in front of a stage.
JONATHAN WRIGHT, 33, black rimmed glasses, looks sharp in clothing from a decades past, stands at the podium.

DARIAN DUVALL, 50s, exceptionally young-looking, wears red heels and a long dress covered by a lab coat, stands behind Jonathan. Five GUARDS surround her.

JONATHAN

The audience is now open to questions.

A REPORTER, 20s, stands.

REPORTER

Mr. Wright, how do you respond to rumors that implicate your project in the illegal obtainment of test subjects?

Jonathan scoffs.

JONATHAN

These rumors are preposterous.

REPORTER

So, you deny knowledge of your project benefactor's dealings with Giorgi Leon?

Jonathan turns. Darian walks off stage with her guards. Jonathan clears his throat. He faces the audience.

JONATHAN

Giorgi Leon?

REPORTER

The head of the biggest Human Trafficking ring in the country.

JONATHAN

I'm here to discuss the project. Next.

LARGE GUARD escorts the reporter to the door. Another hand from the audience rises.

INT. LABCORP, OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

ROLAN DOYLE, 30s, scrawny, wears a tattered lab coat and faded brown Khakis, sits in front of several computer monitors.

Machines print data reports. Jonathan examines a report.

JONATHAN

This is odd.

Rolan twirls his chair toward Jonathan.

ROLAN

What's that?

JONATHAN

The brain activity of this patient is more active than what her history states.

Jonathan grabs a clipboard from a desk.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

This patient is supposed to be brain dead. I need to examine the machine.

ROLAN

That's tech's job.

JONATHAN

Do you see anyone from tech here?

ROLAN

Darian won't like it.

Jonathan opens the door.

INT. LABCORP, LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jonathan stands near SARAH, 30s, bald, unconscious, black circles under her almond shaped eyes, who lays on a hospital bed. He checks the monitors and scribbles notes.

Sarah's eyes jolt open. She tugs on Jonathan's lab coat.

SARAH

(mumbling)

Help me!

She turns her head toward the multiple beds next to her and then at Jonathan.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Help us!

Jonathan, eyes wide, faces a sea of beds with unconscious patients. He rips the blanket off of Sarah. Her body lies motionless under several rows of restraints.

A tube streams blood from her jugular through a hole in the wall.

He walks to the next PATIENT and rips off the blanket. Restraints cover his lower body. A tube connects to his jugular.

He walks to PATIENT TWO and PATIENT THREE; all reveal the same state. The walls appear to close in on him.

INT. LABCORP, QUARANTINE UNIT - DAY

Darian walks to Sarah's bed. A DOCTOR injects a needle into her IV tube.

DARIAN

This time, give her enough to keep her under. She's our most requested donor.

INT. LABCORP, QUARANTINE ENTRANCE - DAY

Jonathan scans his access card. The door remains closed. He scans it again. BEARDED GUARD exits.

BEARDED GUARD

You do not have access to this section.

INT. LABCORP, OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Jonathan paces the room. Rolan looks at a monitor where a picture of ANNIE, 20s, sits.

ROLAN

You shouldn't make them mad. There'll be consequences.

Jonathan whips his head toward Rolan.

JONATHAN

Consequences for what?

ROLAN

You have two choices. Pretend it doesn't exist, or lose someone you love.

JONATHAN

Is that what they did to you?

Jonathan lifts the picture of Annie.

ROLAN

My sister.

JONATHAN

What happened?

ROLAN

I was working under George Atkins.

JONATHAN

Crazy George Atkins?

ROLAN

He discovered what was behind the wall.

Jonathan turns toward the observation window.

JONATHAN

Didn't he go nuts when his daughter died?

ROLAN

Take my advice and forget it. To ensure my silence, Darian put Annie into one of her experiments.

JONATHAN

She killed her.

ROLAN

She'll kill us both if you don't stop.

INT. LABCORP, LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jonathan stands by Sarah's old bed and follows the tube to the wall. He rips it out and peaks through the hole.

INT. LABCORP, VIP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dozen regal, older MEN and WOMEN sit in leather recliners. WOMAN 1, 70s, texts on her phone, WOMAN 2, 50s, reads a magazine.

A Tube of blood from the wall flow into their veins. Another tube flows into a bag hung on an IV Pole.

INT. LABCORP, LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan's eyes grow wide.

INT. LABCORP, QUARANTINE UNIT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jonathan walks toward SCRAWNY TECH who pulls his security card off of his neck.

JONATHAN
I've been looking for you.

SCRAWNY TECH
For me?

JONATHAN
Yes, yes. There's something wrong with
the machine in here.

Jonathan motions to the door. Scrawny Tech swipes his card.

INT. LABCORP, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Scrawny tech stops.

SCRAWNY TECH
Which machine?

Jonathan grabs him and injects him with a syringe. Scrawny Tech falls asleep. Jonathan helps his body to the ground.

He peeks into room windows. He stops at one of them. Sarah lays unconscious in bed. Jonathan opens the door.

INT. LABCORP, SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jonathan shakes Sarah. She doesn't budge.

JONATHAN
Wake up. Come on. Wake up.

He shakes her again. He turns, gets up, and opens a cabinet. He pilfers through the vials and grabs one along with a syringe.

He sets up the needle and jabs it into the center of Sarah's chest. She jolts upward, eyes wide, and gasps. Jonathan caresses her head.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
You're okay. I'm getting you out of here.

He helps Sarah to her feet. Sarah collapses.

SARAH
I can't. This isn't like before. They've
done something to my legs.

Jonathan turns toward a tray beside Sarah's bed and examines one of the vials. He shakes his head.

JONATHAN

Paralysis.

SARAH

How long will it last.

JONATHAN

A while.

He picks her up.

INT. LABCORP, QUARANTINE UNIT HALLWAY - NIGHT

An alarm sounds. Ten GUARDS head toward Jonathan and Sarah. He rushes down an adjacent hallway. Another ten GUARDS come at them. Guards surround them.

GUARD 1 fires a dart at Jonathan's leg. He collapses with Sarah in his arms.

SARAH

No! No!

INT. LABCORP, LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jonathan, now bald, opens his eyes. He blinks his eyes a few times. He stares toward a white ceiling. He lays in a hospital bed.

JONATHAN

Darian! Let me out of here you, bitch!

Jonathan struggles with his restraints. A blade rests on a tray near by. He wiggles back and forth to move the bed toward the tray.

He reaches his hand as far as it will go and pulls at the drape sheet that covers the tray. Everything falls. Jonathan pushes up on the restraints. He turns purple.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhh! Ahhhhh! Ahhhhh!

He lays back down and closes his eyes. His eyes pop back open. He slides his hand along side of the restraint strap and feels around.

He touches a bolt and pushes at the bolt. It loosens. The strap comes off and frees Jonathan's arm. He unlatches the other restraints.

INT. LABCORP, LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jonathan stands over a patient. He looks up into the observatory. No one is there.

He jabs the patient in the chest with a needle. The patient's eyes open.

INT. LABCORP, LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jonathan stands with fifty MEN and WOMEN at the door. Rolan, bald, and in a hospital gown, stands next to Jonathan. Two MEN walk toward the door carrying a bed.

JONATHAN

That bed must be over two hundred pounds!

NOLAN

Why do you think Darian keeps them unconscious? She wouldn't want her steroid injected bulls bucking on her.

The men slam the bed into the door. It dents. They slam it again and again until it opens enough for them to push the two sides of the door apart.

The group rages toward the GUARDS coming toward them.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Jonathan steps up into the witness stand. He glares at Darian who sits across the room next to her lawyers. He raises his right hand while the other rests on the bible.