

SUBJECT SIX: JENNY

Story and Screenplay
Written by

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Based on my stories from 'Amnesia'

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FADE IN:

EXT. MONTEGO BAY, ROAD - NIGHT

In the ambient lit landscape of palm tree's and a gaping moon, a rare model of a 1950's silver car- is parked.

Everything is natural apart from the small sophisticated surveillance camera- like a hawk peering down to the car.

INT. OLD CAR - CONTINUOUS

A breeze flutters the red hair- of a woman. This is JENNY (30's). She embodies an unreal vibrance, sitting- gazing at her boyfriend JOSH (30's). He sits as the driver dressed smartly, masculine.

They are the perfect couple.

JENNY

I don't want to go back to
Chicago's cold weather...

Josh in awe of her beauty searches for words.

JENNY (CONT'D)

It's amazing out here and so
peaceful...

She glances the landscape, resting her gaze back onto Josh.

JOSH

(confused)
We've just eaten but I am still
starved.

JENNY

(teasing)
What are you hungry for?

JOSH

For you babe...

JENNY

(kissing)
Okay, baby ...I get it now.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You told me last year Josh, that
we'd try for a child again...

Josh moves closer to Jenny- combs his fingers into her hair-

JOSH

Let's do it today. We're on holiday and it'll be a double celebration.

JENNY

We should, it's perfect here.

They hold a loving gaze. He reaches to Jenny's shirt button

JENNY (CONT'D)

(playfully)

Not here. In the hotel baby...

Jenny unconsciously turns- to a figure approaching their car outside.

- A STRANGE MAN (40's), tall, dark hair and intelligent bulging eyes- remain fixed as he walks past looking in.

Those knowing eyes lock onto Jenny for the longest second.

JOSH

Do you wanna open some bubbly when we get in?

Josh clicks in his seatbelt. Jenny's attention returns-

JENNY

What?...

JOSH

Champagne babe?...

JENNY

Oh, sure... and some after...

Jenny's face warms to Josh's smile of passion.

Josh starts the car, pulls away.

The car passes the Strange Man now.

JOSH

What was that guy staring at? Looking at you no doubt...

JENNY

He makes me feel uncomfortable...

Josh turns to Jenny slowly. Thinks for a moment.

The yellow BEAM of the car LIGHTS UP the dark road visible THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN.

The old vehicle glides across the dark road.

JOSH

Anyway... I am looking forward to
a couple drinks, then being with
you all night.

Jenny's eyes gaze at Josh now. She recalls something. Her hand moves to the dial of the old radio- she tries to tune it, none of the channels work. Not even a *fuzzy* noise.

Several yards down the road - AHEAD THROUGH WINDSCREEN, An old STREET LIGHT under the star covered sky DIES OUT.

Josh continues driving, THEN -- they ALL GO OUT, one after another, like GLOWING BULBS being jabbed out.

IT'S MUCH DARKER NOW.

JENNY

Nothing's working... Is it a power
outage?

Josh looks up to the moonlit poles, via the windscreen.

JOSH

Seems like it...

Suddenly, the car SPLUTTERS and STOPS STATIC.

Josh applies the handbrake. He turns the key- nothing happens. He pulls the choke- tries again- still nothing.

Jenny's eyes now concerned, move onto Josh.

JENNY

What is it?

JOSH

(surprised)
It's lost power...

His eyes roam over to the dash.

JENNY

But it's a new car...?

Jenny's eyes unconsciously drift out onto the pitch black road. Nobody is visible around them.

INT. MONITORING ROOM - DARK

An array of super AMOLED RECESSED SCREENS INTO CONSOLES are visible. AN LCD MONITOR from a surveillance camera view shows the static old car on Montego Bay Road.

SOMEONE is watching them, on the thinnest of panel screens.

INT. OLD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Josh glances around onto the desolate road- then far ahead-

JOSH

Can't be the battery, it's only
been stood a few hours out here...

JENNY

It's late, should we get a cab?

Josh a little frustrated, opens the car door, exits.

EXT. MONTEGO BAY, ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The road devoured by black is empty for miles, in an eerie silence.

A DOME CAMERA positioned on a street light pole glows infrared like a mechanical owl watching the car.

Josh feels, lifts the hood and peers down into the engine.

JOSH

Hey Jen, can you get me the torch?

JENNY (O.S.)

(loud)

Just a moment...

The sound of Jenny's DOOR OPENING is heard- she brings the old BEAMING light of the torch, hands it to Josh.

He takes the torch, waves it over, tentatively ambling the connections.

Battery clips emerging under yellow torch light, look intact.

JENNY (CONT'D)

What'd you think it is?

JOSH

Don't know, the connections are
all tight... There's nothing loose

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)
on the battery.
(beat)
Just try it again...?

Jenny enters the car, door open... then tries- CLICKING-
nothing happens. The engine doesn't even cough.

JENNY (O.S.)
Definitely seems dead...

Josh tracks the torchlight over radiator pipes, checks for a
leak -- everything looks in order.

Jenny emerges now placing her hands around his waist. She
stands behind him.

JENNY (CONT'D)
You wanna walk? It's not too far.

Josh slowly rises from under the hood, still looking in.

Jenny leans up against his back. She sighs now.

JENNY (CONT'D)
We'll sort it in the morning...

Josh turns to her, holding the torch in the centre. Their
faces light up above the reaching glow.

JOSH
Sure. We're only a mile away from
the hotel, we'll walk.

Josh looks like he's lost something.

JENNY
Ain't any cabs out here anyway.

Jenny leans to him, kisses him- gently holding her nose to
his. She slowly glances up to the stars.

JENNY (CONT'D)
And the best birthday present is
yet to come... You're not getting
away from giving me a baby tonight.

He smiles. Her eyes look down and fix into Josh's.

Josh drops the hood and locks the car. Jenny takes his hand
as they continue to walk a few yards on the desolate road.

She glances up to the stars again wearing a frown of
confusion now, they APPEAR TO BE MOVING, slowly.

Josh's eyes, unconsciously follow hers up to them.

SUDDENLY.

THE STARS TURN OFF like a projected image. All of the street lights for miles in the distance now BLINK OFF.

Their surroundings are consumed by complete darkness.

JENNY (CONT'D)
(frightened)
Josh... What's going on?

Josh's eyes search, he has no words. He clicks on the torch light -- it's feeble now in the black expanse, like a small spurt of white under the suffocated beam of MOONLIGHT.

NOW, THE MOON TURNS OFF.

A HIGH FREQUENCY sound OSCILLATES. The TORCH falls.

They both, fold to the ground like robots losing power. IMMERSED in WAVES OF SOUND they are laid out beside one another looking like they're sedated with tranquilizer.

The TORCH LIGHT ROLLS on a smooth surface stopping to their FACES -- PALE with FEAR -- eyes glaring OPEN.

NOT EVEN THE SOUND OF A PALM TREE WAVING IS AUDIBLE.

BODIES- BEING DRAGGED ON THE GROUND can be heard. Now LEGS SLIDE AWAY under the dim glow of torchlight.

AN ELECTRIC VAULT DOOR IS HEARD CLOSING AFTER THEM.

BRIGHT LIGHTS GLARE TO ULTRA WHITE. MONTEGO BAY HAS GONE.

The CAR now looks miniature in the WHITE STADIUM-SIZED ROOM.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A digital ALARM CLOCK BLARES...

An athletic man with mousy hair is PETER (20's). He grips at the noisy clock, climbs out of bed- looks at the time for a moment, turns it off and THROWS IT DOWN.

He stands- gazing outside of his window now. The SUN SHINES down onto the estate.

Peter glances to a PICTURE on a drawer: in it, he stands with STEVIE (20's)- his girlfriend. She's curly blonde and pretty.

They look happy, hands clasped together somewhere on an Australian beach resort. A surfboard stands beside them.

Peter listens to her HUMMING earnestly IN THE BATHROOM.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of a power shower- jet and a humming continues.

Hot mist obscures a slender silhouette of a woman. Stevie continues with her tune.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter, wearing only shorts smiles wiping the sleep from his eyes with a stretch.

PETER

You climbing in that shower without me, babe?

He approaches the BATHROOM DOOR, opens it, enters

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter turns to the rear of his girlfriend. She's like a beach girl, her golden hair waves at her shoulders.

PETER

Hey, Stevie...?

Peter's face is struck. Stevie makes NO REACTION.

He reaches to her shoulder, pulls at it- her BODY is SOLID... STEVIE IS A MANNEQUIN.

The MANNEQUIN -head, TURNS- with facial features caved in, hollow eyes, a wax look alike of great accuracy. ARTIFICIAL HORROR- still HUMMING.

Peter's HEART STOPS, he looks like he's been hit by a sledge hammer. He turns startled and slips back on the wet floor -- GRIPPING at the shower curtain.

A cushioned THUD on THE SINK from a HARD descent is his HEAD. He's on the floor with eyes GLARING UP. A drip of blood spoils the white tiles as he lays there unconscious.

BROKEN off the rail, the shower curtain uncovers the eerie mannequin. It continues to hum the same tune.

INT. BAR, LOUNGE - DAY

WHITE FOG and ale surrounds the air. Only a few people smoke and drink in the noisy cheer of the place.

A man- round at the belly, with his black leather jacket is DUG (40's)- a dark stubble beard emerging. He's British.

He stands at the bar holding a half empty pint of beer. Beside him is a POOL TABLE, balls broken, a game in play.

Dug places his pint down and clutches at his cue.

A brief FLICKER of the LIGHTS grabs his attention. He focuses back to his game now, bends, lining up his shot.

The RED BALL misses, WOBBLER around the pocket. Looking disappointed, he reaches for his pint, takes down a gulp.

DUG

It's your shot...

A MAN (30's), frail, with a pony tail, wearing a vacant look, gazes ahead at Dug from across the pool table. He stands-clutching at his cue wearing a frog skin military jacket.

Dug flinches towards him now.

THE MAN

It's your shot, I've had mine.

Dug folds his arms, forms a vacant look for a beat.

DUG

I've taken mine and I missed! It's yours, pay attention mate. Don't tell me you're drunk already?

THE MAN

(robotically)

It's your shot, I've had mine!

Dug sobers with the response, his eyes peer to him now.

The MAN DOESN'T MOVE -- he FLICKERS like an image. Dug astounded, walks closer, his tired eyes searching.

The MAN is a 2D HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION.

Dug becomes still, recalling something now. His mouth gapes. He tries to speak. No words come out.

The AUTOMATED LAUGHTER surrounding him of the people turns to SILENCE. CIGARETTE SMOKE CLEARS.

All people in the bar SUDDENLY BLINK OFF -- THEY were merely PROJECTIONS.

Dug, places the cue down onto the lamp lit pool table.

With his mouth gaping, he turns SUDDENLY to PRONOUNCED FOOTSTEPS approaching behind him.

Dug's eyes scan onto an up close FLASH -- SUPER BRIGHT from nowhere. His vision is BLINDED to a BLUR. SEEING NOTHING but BLACK now- he STUMBLES to the ground. His eyes glare open.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

Two young women, almost resembling sisters, both, compete against one another- A SWIMMING RACE inside a long blue pool. One of them is LINDA (20's), a brunette. The other woman looks like the Mannequin designed from her. This is STEVIE.

They both PADDLE HARD. Their athletic MOVEMENT is almost synchronised through increasing STRIDES of SPLASHING BLUE.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

Linda ahead now, DIVES under -- turns and KICKS PUSHING away from the wall. CUTTING the water apart, she emerges RIPPLING the surface of WHITE ERUPTIONS.

LINDA
(spitting through)
I've got you Stevie. Come on, you
can do better than that!

STEVIE
(panting)
Don't speak... too soon.

Stevie kicks harder, now PLOUGHING through, she fights swimming almost level. THEY'RE HEAD TO HEAD NOW.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
I told you... never say never!

They both draw TOUCHING-DOWN onto the end of the pool.

LINDA
(laboured breathing)
Wow. That... was intense.

They PULL OFF their goggles wiping the water from their faces and paddle closer to the centre.

Then, a HUGE VACUUM SOUND TARES under their paddling bodies FRANTIC- they watch the water almost SIZZLE with vibration, inside the trembling pool.

Linda RACES to the pool end, her traumatised face falls onto no one. Stevie exhausted, PULLS UNDER -- BOBBING. WATER STARTS TO RAPIDLY EMPTY FROM THE POOL. WHIRLING, GALLONS VACUUM DOWN, descending with gravity.

STEVIE
(coughing-water)
Help!... Linda!?!...

Her words barely come out, she separates far from Linda immersed through the BUBBLES with beating FORCE.

THEIR CHILLING SCREAMS gargle as they DESCEND DEEPER.

A DOME CAMERA WATCHES in the corner of the pool.

Now, SMASHED to the SURFACE, the empty pool leaves both girls looking like they're washed ashore. And then...

THE BASE OF THE POOL FLIPS OPEN, LIKE A TRAP DOOR.

Both young women- CLINGING FOR LIFE- TWIST to a SLIDING PLUMMET rapidly down INTO THE BLACK OPENING. Their blood curdling SCREAMS spike the air.

FADE TO BLACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FACILITY, HOSPITAL ROOM - DAYLIGHT

SIX HOSPITAL BEDS, three on each side divided by a central empty space, are placed IN A ROW. They bulge with people inside.

-SIX PATIENTS, sleeping.

The tiles, furniture and beds are ALL WHITE. The room, is vacant of any I.V. -drips or hospital equipment.

Several small DOME CAMERAS watch- positioned on the ceiling covering every angle.

A GREEN inapt TALL PLANT sits beside the double doors made visible by a large wall of windows allowing daylight in.

The SIX PATIENTS are Peter, Dug and Josh on one side, and Stevie, Linda and Jenny opposite the dividing space.

AN ALARM NOISE like AN AIR RAID SHOCKS THE SILENCE. IT
BLARES THREE TIMES, THEN STOPS.

They ALL slowly awaken. Animated expressed MOANS bring the
clinical white space to life.

Peter focuses from a BLUR to the white ceiling of the room,
wipes the sleep from his eyes. Linda sits up, looks around.

LINDA
My head aches.

Dug's eyes flinch at the ceiling lights -- a blur of white
focuses in. He turns his gaze to Linda's glance.

DUG
Nurse?...
(beat)
What happened...?

Stevie slowly sits up, rubs her neck for a moment.

STEVIE
I feel like I've been in a car
crash.

Josh awaking, raises his head up. He looks around and
settles back down into his bed with a sigh.

Dug stands turning left towards Josh and Peter, he notices
everyone dressed in white patients gowns.

His eyes search as he walks to the end of his bed. He peers
down to a CLIPBOARD, lifts it CLOSE.

The words are stamped in large centred text.

"...PATIENT: SUBJECT3"
"...DIAGNOSIS: AMNESIA"