

Subject 39

By

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FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE PROFESSORS OFFICE - DAY

A boy BRIAN with messy hair, holding a backpack over one shoulder taps on an open door and enters a small office.

A professor OLIVER JORDAN an older looking man with a pen in his hand looks up from his desk.

PROFESSOR JORDAN

Oh, Brian. So nice to see you...

PROFESSOR JORDAN raises his arm to look at a watch.

PROFESSOR JORDAN (CONT'D)

4 hours late?

BRIAN grabs the straps of his backpack and shifts around, nervous. No words come out of his mouth. BRIAN spots a picture on the corner of the desk and points to it,

BRIAN

Is that your wife?

PROFESSOR JORDAN picks up the picture.

PROFESSOR JORDAN

Yes.

BRIAN

Never heard you talk about her.

PROFESSOR JORDAN

She had an accident many years ago.
She has been on life support ever
since but that's not why you're here.

Brian grits his teeth.

PROFESSOR JORDAN (CONT'D)

Spit it out Brian life's too short to
not say what we're thinking.

BRIAN

I was arguing with the business
office. My financial aide fell
through. I can't afford to stay in
your class.

PROFESSOR JORDAN

Oh Brian, I'm sure I can figure out a way to make sure you stay in the class. I couldn't stand to lose one of my brightest pupils. I could actually use a research assistant. I would see you got paid enough to cover tuition at the very least.

BRIAN

Are you sure professor?

PROFESSOR JORDAN

Very sure... In fact you could start tonight. I've been running a small research project and desperately need the help. If you would be willing to help with that I think I could see about some extra credit.

BRIAN

Awesome! What do I need to do?

PROFESSOR JORDAN

I have a small lab in a bay on the other side of campus meet me there tonight.

BRIAN

Thank you so much Professor.

Brian runs out of the room.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

BRIAN runs past a security guard BROOKS, a nervous looking man of about 30, bumping into him.

BROOKS

Hey, watch it.

BRIAN yells back without turning around.

BRIAN

Sorry guy.

BROOKS walks up the stairs.

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

BROOKS walks by the classroom of PROFESSOR JORDAN and pokes his head in slowly.

BROOKS
Hey there doc.

PROFESSOR JORDAN does not acknowledge BROOKS.

BROOKS
Are you going to be running any more experiments tonight? Because my boss was telling me we can't...

PROFESSOR JORDAN gets up from his desk and walks to the door and grabs the door tightly, his knuckles whitening.

PROFESSOR JORDAN
Yes I will be and I am not to be disturbed.

BROOKS
but...

PROFESSOR JORDAN
I AM NOT TO BE DISTURBED. Do you understand?

BROOKS
Yes Professor.

BROOKS walks away in a hurry. PROFESSOR JORDAN slams the door shut.

INT. BAY - NIGHT

A small bay, dark, lit sparsely by crude medical equipment.

From outside BRIAN knocks on the door. PROFESSOR JORDAN opens it.

PROFESSOR JORDAN
Come in. We will begin in just a moment.

BRIAN
Quite a setup you have here Professor.

PROFESSOR JORDAN

It is crude but effective.

PROFESSOR JORDAN walks around the room flipping switches and dials on the equipment he turns and looks at BRIAN.

PROFESSOR JORDAN (CONT'D)

As you shall soon learn.

INT. STUDENT LOUNGE - NIGHT

BROOKS sits at a table in the student lounge. His feet are up on the table and he is eating out of a bag and watching TV on a laptop. The lights cut out, darkness surrounds BROOKS save the small light emanating from the laptop screen. A phone in his pocket begins to ring. He drops the bag on the table and pulls out his phone.

He looks at the screen the caller ID reads BOSS. BROOKS swipes to answer.

BROOKS

He...He...Hello boss.

BOSS(V.O)

I need you to pay a visit to Professor Jordan in his lab. Stupid experiments knocked down electricity for the whole damn school.

BROOKS

But boss professor Jordan don't like me very much.

BOSS(V.O)

I don't want to hear it. Go get him to stop or you're fired.

BROOKS

Not again.

Brooks lumbers off.

INT. BAY - NIGHT

BRIAN is now strapped to a medical bed in the lab.

BRIAN

Not sure I'm comfortable with this.

PROFESSOR JORDAN

For someone in a situation as dire as yours I figured you'd be complaining less.

PROFESSOR JORDAN tightens one of the straps.

BRIAN

Right. What are we working on any way?

PROFESSOR JORDAN

I have a theory. Certain

The Professor tightens another strap.

PROFESSOR JORDAN

Electrical signals sent to the brain with the right voltage should increase brain function even in the

PROFESSOR JORDAN looks down at Brian

PROFESSOR JORDAN

Cognitively deficient.

PROFESSOR JORDAN (CONT'D)

And hopefully even restore function in those thought to have lost it. You are subject 39.

BRIAN

What happened to the other 38 subjects?

PROFESSOR JORDAN returns to prepping his equipment.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I think I'd like to leave professor. I don't want to drop out but I can just always reapply later.

PROFESSOR JORDAN picks up a large strange looking remote.
PROFESSOR JORDAN lowers his thumb onto the remote.

BANG,BANG,BANG a knock on the door interrupts him.

BROOKS (O.S)
Professor the lights are out again.

Another knock.

BROOKS
Professor.

Brian's eyes widen.

BRIAN
HELP! HELP!

BROOKS
I'm coming in.

The sound of BROOKS fumbling with keys is heard.

PROFESSOR JORDAN
We are conducting a highly sensitive
experiment you can't.

The lock turns. The door slowly opens.

BRIAN
You got to help me.

BROOKS pulls out pepper spray.

BROOKS
I don't want to use this.

PROFESSOR JORDAN looks unfazed.

BRIAN
Do something please!

BROOKS hits the can on the pepper spray. It sprays into his eyes. BROOKS begins to flail around the room smashing the equipment.

PROFESSOR JORDAN
Stop!

BROOKS continues. PROFESSOR JORDAN tries to get in his way but BROOKS runs into him knocking him to the floor. He falls unconscious.

BRIAN
You did it! Now come untie me.

BROOKS unties BRIAN. BRIAN gets up and takes BROOKS by the shoulder.

BRIAN

Come on. Let's get you somewhere to wash those eyes out.

He turns to see the professor on the floor.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

and call the cops.

The two walk out.

FADE OUT