

SICK.

Written by

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INT. 2425 CONSTANCE ST. - DAY

OPERATOR (40s), a federal containment liaison, dressed in army fatigues, wielding an automatic rifle, stands in the middle of a living room. Shattered glass and blood litter the floor. The TV plays a commercial in the background.

COMMERCIAL (V.O.)
...that's why at Farm Fresh Meats &
Co., we promise the best cuts with
the best prices. So come on down
and give us a visit, we'll be
excited to MEAT you!

A tune plays out the commercial.

In his outstretched palm is a bronze coin, Operator closes the coin in his fist.

There is an argument going back and forth...

FLASHBACK - INT. BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

MASKED ASSOCIATE 1 (17), MASKED ASSOCIATES 2 and 3 (20s), and one UNMASKED ASSOCIATE (20s) argue as IMANI (30s), BELLA (10), and MIA (5) huddle together in a corner, crying.

IMANI
Please...

UNMASKED ASSOCIATE
They seen my face!

MASKED ASSOCIATE 1
Yeah, because you're a fuckin' fat
ass-

Unmasked Associate punches Masked Associate and points his gun at him.

MASKED ASSOCIATE 2
Whoa, dude! This is way too far.

Unmasked Associate points the gun at Masked Associate 2.

UNMASKED ASSOCIATE
I'll show you too far.

MASKED ASSOCIATE 3
Put the gun down.

UNMASKED ASSOCIATE
Fuck you.

MASKED ASSOCIATE 1
Put it down!

MASKED ASSOCIATE 2
Screw this, I'm out.

MASKED ASSOCIATE 3
You're unhinged, dude.

As Masked Associates 2 and 3 begin to leave...

The temperature rises in Unmasked Associate. His breath becomes superficial.

POP, POP, POP: the crying from the women ceases.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: TWO YEARS
LATER

INT. PRISON OFFICE - DAY

Operator sits behind a desk, sorting through and opening mail.

He opens a letter: 'Sent,' signed with the letter 'B.'

Somewhere below: a scream. Long, and then not.

He doesn't look up.

Moments later, the WARDEN (50s) steps into the doorway. Operator puts the letter into a paper shredder.

WARDEN
We lost a few more guards.

OPERATOR
How many?

WARDEN
Two more just a minute ago.

OPERATOR
Seal the lower annex: nothing in or out.

WARDEN
We already did.

OPERATOR
Seal the next one.

WARDEN
That's half the prison.

OPERATOR
Then I'll get more containment
teams.

WARDEN
With all due respect, you've been
saying that for the past two weeks...
sir.

OPERATOR
What, your dad down there or
something?

WARDEN
No, sir, I just-

OPERATOR
Okay then.

WARDEN
Um... We're getting a new inmate
today...

OPERATOR
Spit it out.

WARDEN
Well, I noticed that there's a
conflict of interest in the two men
we're putting in the same cell and
I-

OPERATOR
And you're worried that two men the
state is probably going to kill are
gonna kill each other?

WARDEN
It's not up to us.

OPERATOR
So then why don't you worry about
something that is up to you?

Warden looks over his glasses and then leaves.

Operator sees COLE (19) being escorted in by OFFICERS from
the intake surveillance.

Operator's eyes drift to a PHOTO of a 12 year-old girl on his desk that reads "Jaida" in plastic block letters.

His jaw tightens.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

A CO named CONNOR (40s), announces his entry into KINGSTON'S (40s) cell, who is quietly reading a book. He drags a cart of books behind him.

KINGSTON
I'm not done.

CONNOR
Trust me.

Connor holds a book out to Kingston, refusing to move. Kingston puts his book down and trades with Connor.

As he is pushing the cart back out of the cell, he turns back to Kingston.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Oh! I hear Chapter 36 is pretty good. Kind of where everything begins if you think about it.

KINGSTON
I'll give it a read.

Connor leaves the cell and closes it behind him. Kingston rifles through the pages until he gets to Chapter 36, which is lightly glued to the page behind it. He rips them apart gently to reveal a small note with an address written on it: '2425 Constance St.'

INSERT: NOTE

Kingston's expression hardens.

INT. PRISON CELLBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Cole is carrying a thin mattress and bedding. A CO escorts him through the emptied common area. Shouts and jeers are hurled at him as he walks by other prisoners.

He hears a violent hacking cough from one of the cells.

CO
You'll be bunking with Kingston.

Cole's gaze snaps to CO.

COLE
Kingston?

CO
Yep.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Kingston is sitting on the lower bunk inside the cell, reading his novel.

CO
You just missed dinner, but I'll
have someone bring you a tray.

COLE
Thanks.

CO leaves and shuts the door behind them. Cole sets his things on the top bunk, keeping a watchful eye on Kingston.

Kingston continues reading his novel. Cole makes his bed and waits until a CO returns with a tray of food.

CO
Here.

COLE
I don't, like, go to a cafeteria or
something?

CO
Quarantine.

COLE
For what? That flu?

CO
Just following procedure.

CO leaves the cell. Kingston puts down his book.

KINGSTON
It's not just a flu.

COLE
What is it then?

Kingston takes a newspaper from his nightstand and throws it at Cole. Cole's brow furrows as he reads.