

THE ISLAND

TV PILOT
"Insomnia"

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HIGH VIEW OF --

White sand. Crystal clear blue water. A sixteen-mile-long island the shape of a jellybean with a handful of resort-like buildings clustered near the northern tip.

Fucking paradise in the middle of the South Pacific somewhere.

MALE VOICE

No sex while here? Bullshit. I'd have noticed something ridiculous like that in the brochure.

EXT. WHITE SAND BEACH - DAY

We then see who's talking... A tan and fit forty-something, ORLANDO, is sitting on a lounge chair next to an attractive blonde divorcee-type, ADRIANA (early 40s).

In front of them, the tranquil aqua-marine ocean laps onto the sand as a few other GUESTS hang out on beach chairs enjoying drinks passed out by RESORT STAFF.

ADRIANA

It's only in big letters on page two. Something like...

(scrunches nose as she tries to remember)

Blah blah blah... sexual contact between patients taking part in the sleep study is strictly forbidden and could result in expulsion from the Fisher Island Treatment Facility.

And that's when you realize this isn't some sort of exclusive resort, but rather a luxury in-patient facility --

ORLANDO

Blah blah blah is right.

He jumps up and takes her hand --

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

I refuse to accept that kind of tyranny in my life. Now we *have* to do it. I know the perfect place.

Adriana just laughs.

ADRIANA

Come on...

ORLANDO

Come on what?

Realizing he's serious, Adriana turns to look at Orlando... he has a great smile and a surprisingly good physique for a 45-year-old --

ADRIANA
(shrugging)
As long as we're back for lunch. I'm
starving.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN BEACH - DAY

The next time we see Adriana and Orlando, they're scampering down the beach holding hands like two teenagers about to break curfew. They pass another patient, 17-year-old MIA (reserved, fragile looking), who's lost thought collecting shells.

ORLANDO
Hello, Ms. Mia!

MIA
Hey, O. Adriana.

Orlando puts a finger to his lips.

ORLANDO
Don't tell anyone you saw us. And if
anyone asks, we definitely didn't
run off somewhere to have sex.

ADRIANA
Orlando! She's still in high-school.

ORLANDO
You must not know a lot of high-
schoolers then.

He then winks at Mia, who just shakes her head and blushes. And then they're off again, running down the beach towards what looks like the ruins of some World War II era building in the distance.

EXT. PRISON RUINS - DAY

Adriana and Orlando are now walking/climbing through the ruins -- although nature has reclaimed a lot of the building, you can still make out broken columns, fallen-down walls, and bits of torn up foundation that vaguely resemble an old prison.

ADRIANA
Now I see why they told us not to
come here. This whole place is a
lawsuit waiting to happen.

ORLANDO
I know. Pretty cool right?

As they push deeper into the building, Adriana notices a handful of boxes with US Navy insignias on them --

ADRIANA

The U.S. military was here?

ORLANDO

I read somewhere this island was used by the Navy to house Japanese P.O.W's during World War II. I bet this is where they were kept.

ADRIANA

All that research and you still missed the part where they said no sex in big bold letters in the guidebook?
(then, realizing)
You use that line on all the female patients, don't you?

Orlando doesn't deny it --

ORLANDO

Only the ones I'm attracted to...

We then PULL BACK to THIRTY YARDS AWAY -- and realize that Mia is now watching the two of them from a high perch on top of one of the large crumbling walls.

BACK ON Adriana and Orlando again --

ADRIANA

(smiling sheepishly)
I'm such an idiot.

ORLANDO

(still grinning)
If it makes you feel better, I haven't brought anyone here since Tuesday.

ADRIANA

Can it, Lothario... before you ruin the mood even further.

Adriana then steps forward and kisses him. It's hot. Passionate. She's just pushing him against one of the partially-destroyed walls when something cracks beneath Adriana's feet.

Adriana untangles herself from Orlando. Bending down, she brushes away some dirt and leaves to reveal --

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

Look. Some sort of trap door.
(grabs handle)
Give me a hand. It's heavy.

ORLANDO

Now?

But Adriana is already trying to open it herself. Orlando reluctantly bends down to help and together they lift the heavy wooden door, uncovering a large room built below.

ADRIANA

Wanna take a quick peek?

ORLANDO

Not really.

He moves forward to kiss her again, but Adriana is already climbing down the wooden ladder that leads into the darkness below. Cursing under his breath, Orlando has no choice but to follow.

INT. BELOW GROUND PIT - DAY

It's dark down here. Creepy. The walls are made out of dirty sheet rock and covered in water and mildew stains. On the far side of the room, a large pile of rock and debris are piled up against one of the walls, almost as if there was a cave in at some point.

As Orlando climbs down the ladder, Adriana is already staring at something --

ADRIANA

Japanese?

She points to a pair of Japanese symbols -- "FUMIN" - written in red paint on the wall.

ORLANDO

So people really were kept down here...

Adriana reaches out and touches the closest Japanese character. Her finger comes away red. Blood red.

ADRIANA

(suddenly frightened)

Were or are?

She's interrupted by a LOUD SCRATCHING SOUND... as if some sort of LARGE ANIMAL is down there with them, maybe in the walls... or behind the rock pile.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

Orlando...

ORLANDO

Yeah. Let's bolt.

We PULL UP to the top of the hidden room and realize Mia has moved positions. She is now leaning over the edge of the trap door and, with a horrified expression on her face, is watching the rock pile, which has started to shake.

MIA

WATCH OUT!

Suddenly the pile of rocks gives way (which you realize were intentionally positioned to block the entrance to another room) and a human-esque CREATURE crawls out...

The creature looks vaguely Japanese, with stringy black hair, leathery skin and marble white eyes...

It also has long black claw-like fingernails which it curls and uncurls as the thing continues to move towards them.

Around the creature's waist is a tattered loin cloth, but otherwise it's completely naked.

ADRIANA

(pure terror, backing
away)

God... No... Please...

Orlando dives for the ladder, but the creature gets there first and rips it off the wall.

The creature then, still moving inhumanly fast, springs onto Orlando's neck and bites down --

Blood spurts as Orlando hits the ground. Hard.

Adriana, now panicking, tries to escape through the hole the thing came through -- but upon entering, all she sees are dozens more creatures with long stringy hair and blank white eyes staring at her.

Hissing and chattering loudly, the whole slew of these horrific-looking things then attack *en masse* but we don't see what happens next...

All we see is MIA, scared out of her fucking mind, running through the ruins and then down the deserted beach.

SMASH TO:

TITLE CARD: THE ISLAND

EXT. SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA - NIGHT

It's snowing out. Torturously cold. We COME BACK IN on a HILTON with a half-frozen American flag out front. We then move inside --

INT. HILTON BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

-- Where hundreds of people mingle excitedly, many wearing shirts that say "Vasquez for Congress". There are also campaign banners mounted around the room. And you realize this is election night and their candidate just won.

We then come in on the new congressman himself...

Meet PAUL VASQUEZ (late 30s). Paul is charming, gregarious, *and has notable burn marks on the left side of his neck which extends up from beneath his shirt.*

Paul is a young up-and-coming politician in the vein of a Hispanic Justin Trudeau, only slightly more wounded by life... and war.

Paul smiles as he's approached by an inebriated BUSINESSMAN and his WIFE. The businessman clasps Paul on the shoulder --

RED-FACED BUSINESSMAN

Can't say you were my first choice...

BUSINESSMAN'S WIFE

Bob --

RED-FACED BUSINESSMAN

But now that you're the only choice, I just want to make sure in between increasing entitlements and loosening the borders so your cousins can get in, you don't forget small businessmen like me.

BUSINESSMAN'S WIFE

(to Paul, apologetic)
He's a bit drunk.

PAUL

It's all good.
(still smiling)
For what it's worth, my family helped found San Francisco.

RED-FACED BUSINESSMAN

That explains a lot actually.
(then, slurring words)
I only care about one thing really, don't let those damn electric car companies sell direct... blood sucking green energy leeches think they can change the way America buys cars.

A man intercepts. This is MARTY SHAPIRO (40s, slick hair, looks like he was born in a suit). Marty is Paul's campaign manager and handler.

MARTY

Congressman-elect Vasquez will keep all of Saint Paul's businesses in mind when he votes on legislation. Now if you'll excuse us, the new congressman has a speech to give.

Paul keeps a smile on his face as he says --

PAUL

Hold on a second, Marty.

(to Businessman)

Let me guess. You sell mostly American cars, right?

RED-FACED BUSINESSMAN

Only American cars.

PAUL

Great. Then maybe you can help me with a problem I'm having. I recently bought a 1967 Mustang that I'm trying to restore and I can't find an engine mount that works for the original 289ci V-8 engine. If you were me, would you go with a reproduction mount or keep looking in the hopes that you'll eventually find that needle in the haystack?

The Businessman suddenly looks at Paul in a whole new light --

RED-FACED BUSINESSMAN

Keep looking. They're out there. And it'll be worth the effort in the long term.

PAUL

That was my thinking too. Fantastic.

Marty then pulls Paul away. When they're out of earshot --

MARTY

He'll never vote for you. But I like the effort.

PAUL

Not everything's about winning votes...

Paul cracks his neck and bounces on the balls of his feet, the way people do when they're really tired and running only on adrenaline.

MARTY

Did you sleep at all last night?

PAUL

I haven't slept since we announced
last year...

(then, smiling)

But don't worry, I got this.

MARTY

I hope so. We have film crews from
four majors here.

PAUL

The national media is here? For me?

MARTY

Not for you. For the *other* decorated
war hero that both supports the second
amendment and wants medicare for
all...

(then, smiling)

Whether you like it or not, you're
the new great "not white" hope.

Paul's fiancée CYNTHIA MATHERS (30s, poised, intelligent,
driven) hooks her arm into Paul's. Cynthia is the type of
woman who sat in the front row in kindergarten and has never
taken her foot off the pedal since.

CYNTHIA

Jesus, Marty. Did you really just
tell him that? I'm going to have enough
trouble getting his head into the car
as it is.

But she's smiling, clearly in love with the man standing
next to her. Suddenly, there's a commotion at the entrance.

FEMALE VOICE

PAUL! PAUL! GOD DAMMIT, PAUL! THESE
ASSHOLES WON'T LET ME IN!

Marty and Cynthia exchange worried looks but Paul is already
striding over to the door --

CYNTHIA

She came...

MARTY

(nodding, annoyed)

Of course she did. There's nothing
that Annie won't go out of her way
to destroy.

INT. DOOR TO BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Paul rushes over to the door where we see his twin sister
ANNIE VASQUEZ (darting eyes as if perpetually in fight or

flight mode) pushing against a SECURITY GUARD who is stopping her from entering the venue.

PAUL
What's going on here?

ANNIE
They said I'm not on the list.

She steps away from the guard and we get a better look at her. Although they're twins, Annie's wild hair, black hoodie and dirty Doc Martins stands in stark contrast to Paul's well-coifed everything.

PAUL
(without a hint of
annoyance)
You're absolutely on the list.
(to Guard)
Let her pass. That's my sister.

The Security Guard steps aside and Annie enters the banquet hall, and the first thing she does is give her brother a big hug. While they're embracing, she whispers into his ear --

ANNIE
We need to talk. Now. Somewhere safe.

Cynthia and Marty approach --

CYNTHIA
Annie. I didn't realize you left
Minnetonka. Great to see you.

It's not. But Cynthia hides it well.

ANNIE
(warily)
Cynthia...

Marty reaches out his hand --

MARTY
Why don't I find somebody to get you
a drink? Paul has a speech to give --

ANNIE
Fuck off, Marty. I need to talk to
my brother alone.
(to Paul)
Please.

Paul glances towards the stage and then over to the numerous news crews ready to broadcast. His eyes then land on Marty who is subtly shaking his head "no."

PAUL
We'll just be a couple minutes.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Annie and Paul are now in Paul's private dressing room --

ANNIE
Come back home with me. It's not safe for you here. It's not safe for either of us.

PAUL
(gentle)
Annie... You're taking your meds, right?

ANNIE
THIS ISN'T ABOUT MY MEDS!
(then, quieter)
This isn't about my meds. I can't look after you here. There are too many people. Too many ways they can attack.
(then)
Return home with me. Please. I'm begging you.

PAUL
Annie, you knew this day was coming...

Annie talks over him, her words tumbling out in a manic jumble.

ANNIE
You can go back to being mayor of Minnetonka. Where it's safe. I've set up traps. Safeguards. That they wouldn't dare cross.

Reaching into her pocket, she takes out a large silver charm in the shape of a Buddhist mandala.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
See this thing? They don't like mandalas. And I have hundreds of them strewn around my apartment. Only Whitey dares cross, but he's different than the others... I think he's trying to tell me something.

She tries to hand him her charm --

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Here. Take it. For protection.

Instead of taking the mandala, Paul reaches out to his sister and pulls her close --

PAUL

I know change is scary for you. But I'll still leave a message with your answering service every day, so you'll always know where to find me. Just like we did when I was on the campaign trail. Or, better yet, you'll finally let me get you a phone so we can talk in person.

ANNIE

No. No phones.

Annie, settling down a bit, buries her head into Paul's neck.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Please don't leave me.

They're interrupted by a knock on the door. It's Marty.

MARTY (O.S.)

Paul, buddy. I can't hold off the sharks any longer.

PAUL

Be right there!

(then, to Annie)

Everything's going to be okay. I promise.

INT. BANQUET HALL STAGE - NIGHT

Marty is on-stage as Paul waits in the wings for his turn to take the microphone --

MARTY

(to audience, mid-intro)

... And this is coming from a decorated war hero who has already given up so much. And that's when I knew Paul was special, that Paul was the type of man who'd make the world better for everyone. Or die trying. But I think most of you know that already or you wouldn't be here...

(beat)

So with no further ado, I'd like to call to the stage my dear friend and your newly elected Congressman to the great state of Minnesota, Paul Vasquez!

There's a roar from the crowd as Paul takes the stage --

INT. BANQUET HALL STAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Paul is now on the microphone.

PAUL

Thank you all so much. First off, I wouldn't be up here without my fiancée Cynthia, my long-time campaign manager Marty, my sister Annie... and, most importantly, without you.

A loud cheer ripples through the crowd.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The world has problems... serious problems... that serious people now need to handle. More so, Minnesota has problems... our schools need money, our infrastructure needs repair and our beloved Minnesota Twins need a good kick in the ass if we're going to win the World Series next year.

He pauses as the crowd laughs. Paul then leans in, his smile replaced by a sort of dogged earnestness that not every politician can pull off --

PAUL (CONT'D)

Look. Here's the deal. I might not succeed in solving all of America's problems, but I promise to work hard every single day to get Minnesotans everything they deserve.

(another cheer)

I also can't guarantee that you'll like or agree with all my decisions, but I will promise you that I'll always be accountable and accessible for the decisions I do make...

As Paul's voice rises and falls, you can see why these people love him -- he's charming yet down to earth while being equally easy on the eyes...

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'll also make sure I make no decision idly or in a compromised fashion, be it by lobbyists, special interests, or ranking members of... of...

Paul falters as he notices something weird in the crowd. A VAGUELY ASIAN-LOOKING MAN with long black hair, leathery skin and tattered clothing is stalking through the audience (he is very similar looking to the creatures we saw in the teaser, only slightly more human looking as if he hasn't quite decayed as far) --

PAUL (CONT'D)
... Congress.

Paul then realizes that half his audience is filled with these same STRANGE CREATURES --

The nearest creature turns to the businessman we saw Paul speaking with earlier and rips out his jugular with his teeth.

There are screams of terror as another creature does the same thing to an ELDERLY WOMAN in the audience --

Paul then sees a third creature springing towards Annie --

PAUL (CONT'D)
NO! Don't kill her. DON'T KILL HER!

Paul jumps off the stage and wades into the crowd when he realizes...

Everyone is just staring at him. Including Cynthia and Marty.

And Annie...

And nobody is hurting anyone else...

And nobody is dead...

In fact, those creatures he thought he just saw? They're not really there.

You can hear a pin drop and nobody moves (save for the camera men who are all jockeying for a better position) as Annie turns to her brother --

ANNIE
(quiet)
See? I can't protect you here.

But Paul doesn't reply. He's too busy trying to process everything that just happened.

So he just stands there, silent, swaying slightly, as Marty gently rests his hands on his shoulder. The first thing he says, he says for the cameras --

MARTY
Hey, Paul, buddy. This isn't Iraq.
Everything's okay.

Then, quieter, just so Paul can hear --

MARTY (CONT'D)
Why don't we go get some rest?

Neither Paul nor anyone else says a word; in fact the room is completely silent save for the quiet buzz of the television cameras now broadcasting Paul's breakdown to the world.

EXT. HILTON HOTEL - DAY

It's the next morning and the sun is out and the icicles are starting to melt.

INT. HILTON HOTEL - PAUL'S SUITE - DAY

Paul sits with Marty and Cynthia in the ante room of his large hotel suite. Stacked on the sides of the room are campaign signs and miscellaneous campaign paraphernalia.

PAUL
How bad is it?

MARTY
At least you didn't get naked on stage.

Paul doesn't even crack a smile so Marty switches gears --

MARTY (CONT'D)
Your breakdown is leading every news channel and trending on social media.

PAUL
(grim)
Yep. Saw that part already.

MARTY
I've also been fielding calls from the DNC since eleven o'clock last night... they want to know if you're fit to hold office.

That part is new.

PAUL
Dammit.

MARTY
Paul, how long have you been having these hallucinations for? Please tell me this was your first one.

PAUL
I've had... a few more.

Cynthia turns to Paul, surprised --

CYNTHIA
Really?

PAUL

But never as strong as last night's
and I've always been able to separate
what was fake from what is real.

CYNTHIA

(crushed)

Why didn't you tell me?

PAUL

I'm sorry.

He turns towards Cynthia and reaches for her hand. Clearly upset, she takes it for a second before letting go again.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Cyn. Please don't be mad. You're
right. I should have told you...

MARTY

This was something I needed to know
as well.

PAUL

I just thought... I didn't want you
to think I was like Annie. I'm NOT
like Annie.

Marty and Cynthia exchange nervous glances as, deep down, that's exactly what they're worried about. Marty goes into fixer mode.

MARTY

Look. This is what we're going to
do...

He opens his wallet and removes a well-worn business card.

MARTY (CONT'D)

There's a shrink... name's Dr. Albert
Mankoff. And he's a fucking magician
when it comes to getting politicians
back on the straight and narrow.

PAUL

No. Absolutely not. No shrinks.

CYNTHIA

Paul... these kind of things don't
go away on their own.

MARTY

(to Paul)

What do you know about Adam Scholl
from Delaware?

PAUL

He's the Speaker of the House. Hated by the left. Loved by the right. But that's par for the course these days.

MARTY

Also mad as a hatter. But that was before Mankoff got to him. Now he's second in line for the presidency.

(beat)

You have two months before you're needed in Washington. Go talk to this psychiatrist. He operates out of Baltimore. Meanwhile, I'll keep spinning this as PTSD from your time in Iraq... try to make them remember they elected a war hero.

PAUL

I've had therapy before. It didn't help.

CYNTHIA

But it can't hurt either.

Then, when Paul continues to seem uncertain --

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Please, Paul. If you won't do it for yourself, then do it for me.

EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL - SEATTLE - DAY

The normal stream of doctors, patients and worried-looking loved ones entering and exiting the busy metropolitan hospital.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICES - DAY/MONTAGE

-- A NURSE takes blood from Paul's arm.

-- Paul is busy filling out what looks like a multi-page psychological assessment. The question he's on states: *How old were you when the hallucinations began?* Paul writes: *Six years old.*

-- A DOCTOR gives Paul a physical.

-- A LAB TECH pushes a button and Paul slides into an MRI machine.

INT. DR. MANKOFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul, looking worried and embarrassed, sits in front of DOCTOR MANKOFF (60s, with his grey beard, glasses and deep-set kind eyes, he looks like the central casting version of what a therapist *should* look like.

The only thing that sets him apart is a happy face pin on his right lapel, the kind often associated with psychedelics).

DR. MANKOFF

In your medical history, you mention sleeping only four hours a night. Is that a solid four hours or does sleep come sporadically?

PAUL

Sporadically.

DR. MANKOFF

I know you're worried about schizophrenia because of your family history, but after reviewing your case, I don't think that's what you have.

PAUL

Thank God.

DR. MANKOFF

Have you ever heard of P.I.D.?

Paul shakes his head.

DR. MANKOFF (CONT'D)

It stands for Pervasive Insomnia Disorder... simply put, a chronic lack of REM sleep will lead to something called mircrosleeping... where a person, often without realizing it, will fall asleep and immediately starts dreaming while in the middle of other daytime activities.

PAUL

So those things I saw... they were some sort of nightmare?

DR. MANKOFF

It's known as a "waking dream", but yes... these waking dreams are often indiscernible from a hallucination, as in both cases, you're seeing things that aren't really there.

Paul rubs his eyes. He looks exhausted.

PAUL

You think I haven't tried every friggin' sleeping solution known to man? Drugs? Herbs? Even meditation? None of it helps.

DR. MANKOFF

I'm not surprised. People who suffer from P.I.D. often have an adverse reaction to sleeping pills and sedatives. We're still trying to figure out why.

Paul seems impressed by that answer.

PAUL

You're the first doctor to tell me that. Most of them just throw more pills at me.

DR. MANKOFF

Well, to be fair, P.I.D. is an emerging field of study. It hasn't even made it into the DSM yet... And we're only now figuring out what triggers it.

PAUL

And that is?

Mankoff leans back in his chair.

DR. MANKOFF

Electromagnetism... Since the invention of the smart phone, average exposure has gone up by a whopping 11,000 percent.

PAUL

Then why doesn't everybody have P.I.D? We all use cell phones.

DR. MANKOFF

That's still a mystery. Most people handle the increased exposure just fine... But for a rare subset of the population, it can cause sleep issues... and an even rarer subset will be inflicted with P.I.D.

Paul takes that in.

PAUL

So what's the treatment? Do I stop using my cell phone and move to a landline? Because that would be hard, but probably not impossible.

DR. MANKOFF

I wish it were that simple... In order to heal properly, you need to stay away from any and all technology
(MORE)

DR. MANKOFF (CONT'D)
 that emits electromagnetic waves.
 That includes all phones, televisions,
 microwaves, cars, airplanes, your
 computer, even electrical lines emit
 some radiation.

PAUL
 For how long?

DR. MANKOFF
 The latest recommendation is at least
 two years. Once your sleeping
 improves, *if your sleeping improves*,
 you can slowly start re-introducing
 some devices.

Paul's mouth drops open.

PAUL
 Jesus Christ, doc. I'm a politician,
 not a member of the Amish community.

DR. MANKOFF
 The alternative is worse... your
 bouts of microsleping will become
 daily, if not hourly. You'll also
 risk permanently damaging your brain.
 Humans need sleep. Just like they
 need food. And water.

PAUL
 But this is my career you're talking
 about. My life...

DR. MANKOFF
 I know.

He then pauses for a moment as if making some sort of decision --

DR. MANKOFF (CONT'D)
 There might be one other way...

Mankoff removes a brochure from the top drawer of his desk
 and slides it over to Paul. On the cover is the same beautiful
 island we saw in the teaser embossed with the words:

"The Fisher Island Treatment Center"

DR. MANKOFF (CONT'D)
 But I should warn you, I don't know
 a lot about these people... just
 that what they're doing here is very
 experimental, very expensive, and so
 far they only have around a 30%
 success rate... The facility is also
 located in the South Pacific...

CYNTHIA (PRE-LAP)
The South Pacific?

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - SAINT PAUL - DAY

Cynthia sits with Paul in the living room of her apartment. On the coffee table in front of them is the Fisher Island brochure --

PAUL
The island was picked for its remoteness. So patients could completely disconnect from any and all electromagnetic waves while undergoing treatment.

CYNTHIA
What kind of treatment?

Her voice is chipped as if she's still angry about the fact that Paul didn't tell her about his hallucinations.

PAUL
On top of the technology detox, patients undergo some sort of cutting edge therapy which involves a submersion tank. And at night, patients sleep in a specially designed pod that tracks their Rapid Eye Movement -- all carefully shielded of course.

CYNTHIA
How long is treatment?

PAUL
Around six weeks. So if all goes well, I'd be back before the House convenes.

CYNTHIA
And the cost?

PAUL
Twenty-five thousand dollars.

CYNTHIA
For the entire --

PAUL
Per week.

Cynthia's face tightens.

CYNTHIA
I see.

PAUL

I know. It's a lot.

CYNTHIA

You think I care about the money?

She's even angrier now.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You lied to me.

PAUL

I didn't lie... I just didn't --

CYNTHIA

A lie by omission is still a lie. We made a plan. Together. First law school, then I join a firm and you go into politics.

Paul, now getting upset as well --

PAUL

Are you mad because my diagnosis messed up your perfect plan for our lives? Because life rarely follows a plan...

CYNTHIA

My perfect plan? Really?

(then)

For somebody who is so smart, such a "people person", you can be extraordinarily dense sometimes... not to mention patronizing.

Cynthia stands up, gripping her mug of tea close to her chest --

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

This isn't about my plan. You didn't tell me you were having hallucinations. We've been together for six years and you didn't tell me.

PAUL

What was I supposed to say? "Hey, Cynthia, there's a good chance I'm nuts"?

CYNTHIA

That's better than not saying anything at all. We were going to get married.

PAUL

Were?

CYNTHIA

Are.

PAUL

That doesn't sound terribly reassuring. Are you calling off our wedding?

Cynthia surprises Paul by leaning into him and placing her head against his chest --

CYNTHIA

(voice now quiet)

No. No I'm not. But just get the treatment. When you come back, we'll figure out what our next steps are... okay?

Realizing his relationship is hanging on by a thread, Paul pulls his fiancée into a hug.

PAUL

Okay.

PAUL'S POV - VARIOUS

What happens next, we see in a series of stylistic flashes all from Paul's point of view.

FLASH. Paul finishes packing a single suitcase. He then carefully removes his cell phone from his pocket and places it on his bedside table.

FLASH. Paul exits a taxi at the airport. It's still snowing out.

FLASH. Now in the tropics somewhere, Paul gets on an old Ferry Boat.

FLASH. The seas are rough and one of the POLYNESIAN SAILORS gives a nauseous-looking Paul a small pink pill. Paul quickly swallows the medication before grabbing onto the railing of the boat to try and steady himself.

Paul then closes his eyes and there's DARKNESS.

Over --

PRE-LAP: The SOUND OF BIRDS CHIRPING and WAVES SLIDING ON SHORE.

Still in Paul's POV --

Paul opens his eyes and realizes he's now inside some sort of luxury bungalow. REVERSING --

INT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW - DAY

We see that Paul is lying in a bed in an expansive bungalow, noticeably devoid of any and all electronic devices like a TV, phone or even electric lights.

The moment Paul's eyes open, he also notices a male nurse named VA'A (goes by VEE) who is sitting in a chair watching him rest.

NURSE VEE
(Fijian accent)
Mr. Vasquez. Good. You're up.

PAUL
(groggy)
How --

NURSE VEE
Did you get here? You arrived last night extremely doped up on dramamine. The doctors asked that I stay with you until it wore off.

PAUL
I don't remember any of that. Was I asleep?

NURSE VEE
No, but you were pretty out of it.
(then)
If dramamine was enough to cause you to go to sleep, you wouldn't need to be here, yes?

The nurse then jumps up, grinning --

NURSE VEE (CONT'D)
My name is Va'a. You can call me Nurse Vee. I'm not only your medical liaison while here, but also your personal attendant. You want a massage or acupuncture or a spa treatment, just come visit me in the medical center and I'll set it up. But don't ask for movies or cell phones, those are strictly forbidden.

Paul sits up and rubs his head --

PAUL
No cell phones or movies. Got it.
(then)
Did somebody let my fiancée and sister know I arrived?

NURSE VEE
They were called the moment you
stepped off the boat.

PAUL
Good. That's good.

NURSE VEE
If you're hungry, there is pre-prepared
food in the cafeteria at all hours of
the day... but hot food comes only at
official meal times.

Vee then points to a large binder on one of the nearby tables --

NURSE VEE (CONT'D)
This booklet will fill you in on
everything else you need to know.
Welcome to Fisher Island, Mr. Vasquez.
We're very glad to have you.

And with that, Nurse Vee exits Paul's bungalow. Still looking
somewhat dazed, Paul watches him go.

EXT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Now dressed for the tropics in a loose-fitting bathing suit,
t-shirt and Minnesota Twins baseball hat, Paul exits his
bungalow and wanders his way towards the beach.

Near the cluster of patient bungalows that Paul just exited
is a larger MEDICAL AND RESEARCH FACILITY, but Paul doesn't
head that way; instead he continues towards the beach.

The grounds are well-manicured and covered in tropical flowers
and a handful of CURIOUS-LOOKING PEACOCKS roam the area
between the vegetation line and the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Paul has laid down his towel and is just removing his shirt
(revealing a toned body marred by massive burn scars on his
back, legs and up his neck).

FEMALE VOICE
Welcome to Wonderland.

Paul turns and sees SUMMER EAKINS (30s, news anchor hair and
smile).

SUMMER
Name's Summer.

Paul reaches out his hand.

PAUL
Paul Vasquez.

Summer holds it in hers for one second longer than necessary before letting go --

SUMMER

I know. The footage of what happened at your victory party went pretty viral.

Paul winces at the memory.

PAUL

It wasn't my best moment.

SUMMER

No worse than mine.

(explaining)

I was one of the nighttime anchors on FNN... Until I had a breakdown of my own on air. News stations like their anchors to report the news, not *be* the news.

(then)

When did you get here?

PAUL

This morning.

SUMMER

I've been here a couple days longer than you, as have most of the new batch of patients.

PAUL

New batch?

SUMMER

Besides a few of the tougher cases who stayed on, the majority of us just arrived on Thursday. You're the last to arrive.

PAUL

How do you feel? Do the treatments work?

Summer laughs --

SUMMER

That's hard to explain. You'll see tonight when we're all herded together to go to bed.

PAUL

We sleep together?

SUMMER

No, that would be against the rules.

She's smiling as if she wouldn't half mind breaking the rules with Paul.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

We sleep next to each other, but it's unlike any sleep I've ever had before.

(then)

Come find me at lunch. I'll introduce you to some of the other patients.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Paul swims in the ocean using a powerful crawl motion as if he spent time swimming competitively.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Paul is just exiting the ocean when he spies Mia (the same seventeen-year-old girl who witnessed the brutal murders in the teaser), once again searching for shells in the sand. He waves to her --

PAUL

Hi.

MIA

Hey.

PAUL

Are you one of the patients too?

Mia dusts off her hands and stands up.

MIA

Guilty as charged. Mia.

PAUL

Paul. Any tips on surviving this dump?

He's clearly kidding. Behind him, the crystal clear water laps onto the bleached white sand.

MIA

Yeah...

She pauses and her eyes go distant, but all she says is --

MIA (CONT'D)

Learn to embrace boredom.

That's weird. She recently saw two people get their throats ripped out. Why isn't she dwelling on it more? Or was that a hallucination as well?

Before Paul can answer, there's a melodic DING DING DING SOUND, like somebody hitting the sides of a large Tibetan bowl. Paul cocks his head, clearly confused about what the sound means --

MIA (CONT'D)

Lunch. Want me to show you where it is?

PAUL

I'd love that.

Paul picks up his towel as he and Mia make their way across the beach.

In the near distance is a PEACOCK. It seems to be watching them intently.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Paul and Mia, now both carrying trays laden with delicious-looking fresh food, cross the cafeteria (with its wood paneling and expensive teak floors and furniture, the place looks more like a 5-star restaurant than the type of cafeteria you see in hospitals).

Summer waves to them from a long table filled with three other patients. As they approach --

SUMMER

Good, you met Mia. She's the OG here.

PAUL

OG?

MIA

She means I've been here the longest.

PAUL

Ahhh.

SUMMER

As for these other people...

She points to a middle-aged WOMAN sitting next to her as Paul and Mia take a seat --

SUMMER (CONT'D)

This is Julia Simms. Some type of high flying professor from Harvard.

JULIA

M.I.T.

SUMMER

Same zipcode. And this dude across from me is Keizo Manguchi...

She nods to a twenty-something Japanese man with a wide grin and rippling physique --

SUMMER (CONT'D)

I've already decided we're arch enemies. But you can make your own decision about him.

KEIZO

Hey, man. She's just mad because I'm in new media and she runs with the dinosaurs.

SUMMER

Hardly. We're the real media, you upstarts are just picking up the scraps.

But she's smiling to show that she's kidding... sort of.

PAUL

(to Keizo)

What kind of new media exactly?

KEIZO

Youtube. I post videos of me doing crazy stuff. People watch. I cash the checks. Until the day I wingsuited out of a plane at 35,000 feet and became convinced the devil was following me. Pulled my chute late. Crashed into a wall. Ended up here.

A BURLY MAN (60s, perpetually tanned skin, callused palms) sitting across the table nods at Paul.

HANK

I'm Hank. I don't have a fancy job. I used to trim trees for a living, but now I'm mostly retired.

SUMMER

If having the biggest logging company in the Pacific Northwest can be called "trimming trees."

Smiling, Paul introduces himself to the group.

PAUL

Hey, Hank. Everyone else. I'm Paul.

SUMMER

Paul's a congressman. If you didn't know that already.

PAUL
 Congressman-elect. I haven't actually
 served yet. Might not serve if I
 can't fix what's going on up here --

Paul taps his head --

KEIZO
 Being nutso just puts you on par
 with the other politicians in
 Washington... no offense.

PAUL
 I'm trying to be different.
 (dark chuckle)
 Emphasis on *trying*.

Mia seems interested in Paul's career --

MIA
 Do you... like it?

PAUL
 Politics?

MIA
 Yeah.

PAUL
 I like helping people. Being a
 politician allows me to try and help
 as many people as possible.

Summer rolls her eyes --

SUMMER
 You know we can't vote for you, right?

PAUL
 (laughs)
 Doesn't make it any less true.

SUMMER
 Freshman congressmen are always so
 cute. Give it a year or two and let's
 talk again.

PAUL
 Deal.

Then, turning to Mia --

PAUL (CONT'D)
 You interested in politics?

MIA

I've watched Hamilton like seventeen times.

Then, more seriously --

MIA (CONT'D)

I don't know. It just seems like the people making the rules haven't been doing the best job lately. Maybe it's time for a change.

KEIZO

How old are you anyway? Fifteen? Sixteen?

MIA

I'll be eighteen in May. But age shouldn't matter...

KEIZO

Says who?

MIA

The Supreme Court. In 1966, they ruled in *Kent v. the United States* that teens can be tried as adults during certain extreme cases. In my opinion, the government can't make an exception in one area and ignore all the rest. Besides, Alexander the Great was not much older than me when he conquered the entire known world. I just want a seat at the table...

(suddenly embarrassed)

You know, if I ever get out of here.

SUMMER

(clearly impressed)

I might not vote for him...

(nods at Paul, smiling)

But I'd vote for you.

Paul seems impressed as well.

PAUL

Thank God she doesn't live in my district in Minnesota.

(then, to Mia)

Come find me later if you want to continue this chat... I might not be Alexander, or even a full-fledged congressman yet, but I can at least tell you what it's like to be mayor.

Mia smiles. She'd like that.

EXT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Now alone, Paul walks up to the front door of his bungalow and goes inside --

INT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW - DAY

The moment Paul enters his room, he notices a gruesome sight --

A DEAD OCTOPUS splayed out on his bed...

More disturbing, the creature's head is cut off and its tentacles are shredded into pieces.

Seeing that the blood is still fresh; in fact, the octopus's tentacles are still twitching...

Paul runs back outside to see if he can see who did it --

EXT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

But there's nobody outside save for the same (or similar) curious-looking peacock he saw earlier.

The peacock is staring at him. Head cocked to the side.

Paul stares at the bird for a moment before turning around and going back inside.

INT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

When Paul gets back in his room, the octopus is gone.

So is the blood...

And the writhing tentacles...

Paul stands there in shock. *Did he hallucinate the whole thing?*

PRE-LAP: THE SOUND OF AN AMBULANCE BLASTING ITS SIREN.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT PAUL PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

It's sleeting out. Cold. Miserable.

An ambulance races past as Annie, wearing her black hoodie pulled over her head, tries to use a rusty pay phone.

She sticks her two quarters into the slot. But it doesn't work.

Frustrated, Annie hangs up the phone and heads into the library.

INT. SAINT PAUL PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Annie now stands in front of the LIBRARIAN --

ANNIE

Is there, uh, a phone I could use?
The pay phones outside don't work.

LIBRARIAN

They haven't worked for over a decade.
I don't know why the city won't pull
the damn things.

(then)

You don't have a cell phone, hon?

ANNIE

No. But I have money...

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the two quarters.
The LIBRARIAN looks at Annie and sighs --

LIBRARIAN

Make it quick.

The Librarian puts the phone on the counter and then turns
the other way to help somebody else. Annie picks up the phone
and dials a number --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CYNTHIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Cynthia is reading through a legal brief when her cell phone
rings. She answers.

CYNTHIA

Hello.

ANNIE

Cynthia. It's Annie.

CYNTHIA

Hey, Annie. Glad to see you finally
got yourself a phone. This your new
number?

ANNIE

No. I'm calling from the library.
(then, worried)
Have you heard from the treatment
center yet?

CYNTHIA

Yeah, I got a message this morning.
Why? Did they not call you as well?

ANNIE

They called me. Did you *really* listen to it?

CYNTHIA

Of course I listened --

ANNIE

No, like listen listen.

CYNTHIA

Annie, where is this all going?

ANNIE

There was a strange noise in the background of my answering service. I was wondering if you heard the same.

From the look on Cynthia's face, you can tell she doesn't have time for Annie's brand of crazy right now, but she gamely plays along --

CYNTHIA

What kind of strange sound?

ANNIE

A train whistle.
(then, worried)
I thought Paul said he was going to a small island with no roads much less a train line.

CYNTHIA

A train whistle?

ANNIE

(upset, defensive)
I know what I heard, Cynthia...

CYNTHIA

It's not that. I'm sure you heard what you think you heard. But maybe the facility uses a call center or there was an issue with your answering service as the technology behind that is pretty dated...

Annie squeezes her eyes shut as if trying to silence some noise in her head --

ANNIE

Fisher Island...

CYNTHIA

What?

ANNIE

That's where he went, right? That's
the name of the island?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

Cynthia waits for Annie to say something but she's already
hung up.

INT. SAINT PAUL PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Annie crosses over to an open computer. She then does
something odd when she gets there... She pulls up her hood
(and you can see it's lined with tinfoil, yes tinfoil) and
also puts tinfoil lined gloves onto both hands.

ANNIE

(mumbles under breath)

No freak outs. Not now.

Once that's done, she does a web search for "Fisher Island."

Immediately, a glossy website for the Fisher Island Treatment
Center pops up. She then scrolls through a long list of
websites... most refer back to the one she just opened.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

... nonono ...

Annie turns to her neighbor --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Is there a way to search for something
on the internet but make sure certain
websites don't appear?

NEIGHBOR

Sure. Just type in the minus symbol
before anything you want to exclude.

ANNIE

Thanks.

Typing slow, as if she hasn't spent a ton of time on a
computer, Annie pecks -- "Fisher Island -Treatment Center" --
into the search bar.

A more diverse list of websites appear. Strangely enough,
there doesn't seem to be a Fisher Island in the South Pacific.
The only Fisher Island is in Florida.

She then types in "Fysher Island", "Fisherman's Island" and
"Fisher Isle"...

All come up blank.

Annie can't hide the concerned look on her face. *Where did Paul go?*

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHER ISLAND TREATMENT FACILITY - DAY

An establishing shot of the low-slung building where the medical staff works.

DR. THERESA TSAO (PRE-LAP)

It says here that you were six when
you had your first visual
hallucination...

INT. TREATMENT SUITE - DAY

A female therapist sits in a comfortable-looking chair with some sort of iPad-like device on her lap.

Meet DR. THERESA TSAO (late 30s, extremely bright, and with her long black hair, gentle demeanor and kind smile, she seems like the kind of person you might run into at a *kundalini* yoga class).

DR. THERESA TSAO

Can you tell me more about that?

REVERSING, we see that the therapist is talking to Paul, who is currently floating in a futuristic-looking submersion tank, which is surrounded on all sides by translucent shielding to protect Paul from being exposed to electromagnetism.

PAUL

My first hallucination?

DR. THERESA TSAO

If you don't mind.

She glances down at her tablet device. Paul's brain activity and all vitals are somehow being tracked on her iPad as if the water is being used as the conduit. Paul's medical history is on there as well.

PAUL

I was at the park.

As Paul talks, we FLASH TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Where the six-year-old version of Paul is squatting in the sand playing with a battered toy truck. When he looks up, an OLD MAN is standing there, face obscured by long stringy black hair.

Paul, clearly frightened, glances over towards what looks like his GRANDMOTHER, but she's deep in conversation with somebody else. So he gets up and heads over to the swings.

Yet somehow the Man is already standing there, face again obscured.

Now even more scared, Paul runs over to the play structure and climbs to the top.

He looks around. Thankfully, the Man seems to be gone.

Young Paul waits for a few minutes and then, when he thinks he's in the clear, he heads over to the enclosed slide and slides down --

When he reaches the bottom, he sees that the CREEPY MAN is now inside the slide with him.

And this time Paul gets a look at his face... he has Japanese features, besides the color of his eyes, which are completely white.

The Man reaches for Paul's foot...

One hand, with black claw-like fingernails, wraps around Paul's ankle.

Not surprisingly, Paul absolutely loses his shit.

Kicking, screaming, he finally manages to free himself and scamper up the slide and away from the creepy man.

INT. TREATMENT SUITE - DAY

Paul continues talking to the therapist while floating in his tank.

PAUL

The cops chalked it up to an over-active imagination.

(quiet)

But I was sure it was real. Of course, I was just a kid.

Dr. Tsao checks Paul's biofeedback. Both his heart rate and EEG are slightly elevated.

DR. THERESA TSAO

What made you so sure?

PAUL

My sister Annie... she was seeing the same type of men.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

As she got older, she started calling these men that we'd both see *kanashibari*... based on a myth about Japanese demons that can enter people's dreams and hallucinations.

DR. THERESA TSAO

Did you ever talk to a therapist about this?

(off Paul's nod)

What did they say?

PAUL

That it wasn't unusual for twins to share the same type of delusions... He suggested we both take thorazine.

DR. THERESA TSAO

Did you?

Paul's heart rate is slowing back down as he distances himself from that awful memory.

PAUL

No. My grandmother was dead set against it, as we were just kids. Over time, I stopped having hallucinations as often. But Annie didn't. By seventeen, Annie was diagnosed as a Paranoid Schizophrenic. Although now that I know more, my guess is she has the same thing I do...

DR. THERESA TSAO

That seems likely considering your genetic makeup...

Dr. Tsao glances back at her tablet.

DR. THERESA TSAO (CONT'D)

It says here you were raised by your grandparents?

PAUL

Since we were three.

DR. THERESA TSAO

What happened to your parents?

PAUL

I never knew my dad... and my mom... my mom died in a mental institute when we were kids.

Paul's EEG begins to spike as does his heart rate; in fact, it's now nearly twice as high as when he recalled seeing the Japanese demon.

Dr. Tsao taps a note to herself: "*Make Paul talk about mom in next session.*" But all she says is --

DR. THERESA TSAO

I'm sorry. Losing both parents like that is never easy for a child to process.

(then)

Can we talk about how you got that burn?

Now Paul's EEG really begins to spike. But he just shakes his head.

PAUL

It happened when I was really young. I barely remember.

Dr. Tsao makes another note. "Lying to me or himself?"

Before she can ask another question, there's a GENTLE BUZZING SOUND from Dr. Tsao's iPad, signaling their time together is coming to an end --

DR. THERESA TSAO

That wraps things up for the day... unless you have any final questions for me, Congressman Vasquez?

PAUL

Please. Call me Paul.

DR. THERESA TSAO

Only if you agree to call me Theresa.
(then, smiling)
You can sit up if you wish. I'll no longer be tracking your bio-feedback for this part.

Water pours off Paul's body as he sits up in the tank.

PAUL

Deal... I do have one question to start. How is this place run? So far, besides you, I've only seen support staff...

DR. THERESA TSAO

That's deliberate. Our main goal is to let you heal you... but that doesn't mean we don't have people monitoring your activities in the background.

PAUL
Monitoring?

DR. THERESA TSAO
Discreetly. And through mostly non-
technological means --

PAUL
So no cameras in the bathroom?

He's joking. Kind of.

DR. THERESA TSAO
Or anywhere.
(then, smiling)
We're good at our jobs, Paul. Most
of the time you won't even know we're
watching.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Paul and Mia walk down the beach together, deep in
conversation.

MIA
The island's original name was Vanatu.
But in World War II, the name was
briefly changed to Vanity Island
based on how the U.S. forces
misunderstood the local's
pronunciation. When the Mayo Clinic
bought this island a few years ago,
they changed it to Fisher Island.

PAUL
You seem to know a lot about this
place. How long have you been here
for?

MIA
Almost three months at this point.

Paul seems surprised by this.

PAUL
I thought treatment was six weeks.

MIA
Not for me apparently... although
that probably has as much to do with
my family as the severity of my
disorder.

PAUL
Your family?

MIA
My last name is Harkness.

PAUL
(surprised)
As in Harkness Pharmaceuticals?

MIA
Unfortunately.

Mia and Paul walk around an old fishing net that has washed up on shore.

MIA (CONT'D)
It's kind of hard to promote your line of mental health meds when you have a crazy granddaughter. Out of sight, out of the tabloids as they like to say in my house...
(feigned indifference)
And that's why I didn't go to school, wasn't allowed friends they didn't pay for... and the first chance they got, they sent me halfway across the world.

PAUL
Sounds... difficult.

MIA
Living in Syria or Afghanistan right now is difficult. My life was just... lonely. But that's why I'm hoping to use my experience living with a mental illness to maybe help others... like you do.

PAUL
I haven't done all that much yet.

MIA
But you want to.

PAUL
I want to.

Mia suddenly stops walking as the ruins of the old jail come into view.

MIA
We should turn back.

PAUL
What is that place?

MIA

Some sort of old jail that U.S. forces
used in World War II.

PAUL

Is it off-limits?

MIA

Not technically. But that place is
why no local will stay on this island
after dark.

PAUL

They think it's haunted?

MIA

I don't know. Maybe... It's got a
really weird vibe. I went there
recently and had the worst
hallucination I've ever had... Even
getting this close gives me the
creeps.

*That explains why she wasn't overtly disturbed by the deaths
of Adriana and Orlando.*

PAUL

If they don't stay here overnight,
where do the locals go?

Mia points out to sea.

MIA

Slightly over the horizon is another
island called Namatu. The Polynesian
support staff get ferried here and
back every day.

PAUL

So we're alone on the island at night?

MIA

Basically. But it doesn't matter
because we're asleep.

Above them, a flock of seagulls squawk and circle the sun --

EXT. HIGH VIEW - DAY

We then CUT TO a high-view as if we're seeing Paul and Mia
from the perspective of the gulls...

Still talking, although we can't hear them now, Paul and Mia
turn and stroll back to where they left their stuff...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Paul and Mia return to their towels and shoes only to discover --

Dug into the sand is the same pair of Japanese symbols that Adriana and Orlando saw painted on the wall of the ruins.

"FUMIN"

But this time, chum (chunks of dead fish and birds) fill the carefully dug out crevices in the sand...

MIA

You see this too?

PAUL

Yes.

Mia's face has gone white as she FLASHES TO Adriana and Orlando's brutal murder.

MIA

That means they're real...

Now she really is freaked out, beyond freaked out.

PAUL

Who's real?

But Mia is already running up the beach away from him. And that awful blood-filled symbol.

PRE-LAP: BAM! BAM! BAM!

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Annie is pounding on the door to Cynthia's apartment. Cynthia opens.

CYNTHIA

Annie. What's the matter?

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Annie paces around the apartment distraught --

ANNIE

It doesn't exist. Fisher Island doesn't exist. Which means they have him.

CYNTHIA

Who have him?

ANNIE

The *kanashibari*. They've been after him. After both of us. For as long as I can remember.

CYNTHIA

The *kanashi*.. what?

ANNIE

Demons. Japanese demons. They're able to cross from dreams into reality. The U.S. government created them in retaliation for Pearl Harbor and now use them to hunt dissidents.

CYNTHIA

Annie... please... sit down.

Near hysterics, Annie whirls around --

ANNIE

You don't believe me.

CYNTHIA

That Japanese demons have Paul?

ANNIE

That they're lying to us... But I can prove it.

Reaching into her pocket, Annie removes a small digital recorder (also wrapped in tin-foil) which she shoves in Cynthia's hand --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Hit play. I recorded this off my service.

Trying to hide her skepticism, Cynthia presses play. At first you just hear ANNIE'S VOICE on the recorder --

ANNIE'S RECORDED VOICE

Please leave your message after the beep.

We then hear a BEEP followed by a MAN'S VOICE --

MAN'S RECORDED VOICE

Hi, I'm calling from the Fisher Island Treatment Facility to let.... Annie Vasquez know that her brother Paul Vasquez has arrived safely...

Over the words "arrived safely" is what vaguely sounds like a train whistle --

ANNIE

See? See? There is it...

Cynthia rewinds the tape and plays it again.

CYNTHIA

That could be anything.

ANNIE

It's not anything. It's a train.
Just like I told you.

Near hysterics, she snatches the recorder from Cynthia's hand.

CYNTHIA

Annie, calm down. Please.

ANNIE

CALM DOWN? THIS IS MY BROTHER YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT!

CYNTHIA

I'm sorry. You're right. How can I
help?

Annie wipes away an angry tear using the sleeve of her black hoodie.

ANNIE

Look up Fisher Island on the internet.
You'll see it doesn't exist.

CYNTHIA

I already have. When Paul was
preparing to go, I tried to learn
everything I could about the facility --

ANNIE

Not the facility. I don't care about
the facility. *The island.*

CYNTHIA

(now following)

But the facility is on the island.

ANNIE

Just search for Fisher Island. Please.
But skip over the first few websites
that they obviously created to get
people off their trail.

To appease Annie, Cynthia takes out her smart phone and types in "Fisher Island" and after scrolling through some initial results, she's surprised to discover --

CYNTHIA

Wait... The only Fisher Island is in Florida?

ANNIE

See? I told you. They have him.

CYNTHIA

There has to be an explanation. Maybe the name of the island recently changed.

ANNIE

Or the same people who got our mother, also got Paul. *She was special, you know. And so is he.*

Annie is so angry and scared, she's shaking. Cynthia takes her hands and with real kindness in her voice, says --

CYNTHIA

Annie. I'll call Dr. Mankoff and we'll get to the bottom of everything. But you need to settle down, okay? You can't help Paul if you're so upset.

Cynthia's words seem to work as Annie visibly settles down.

ANNIE

Don't forget to ask about the trains.

CYNTHIA

I'll ask about the trains.

Still holding her phone, Cynthia crosses over to the attached kitchen where the brochure for Fisher Island is tacked to her refrigerator, as well as Dr. Mankoff's business card.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Dialing now.

Annie just stares at Cynthia with wide scared eyes as Cynthia dials the number on the card. After a moment --

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I got his voice mail.

(pause, into phone)

Hi, Dr. Mankoff. My name is Cynthia Mathers. I'm Paul Vasquez's fiancée. Can you call me back when you get a second at 651-328-4499?

While talking, Cynthia crosses back to the refrigerator and stares at the picture of the jellybean-shaped island on the brochure, as we --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FISHER ISLAND - DAY

The real Fisher Island.

EXT. MIA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Paul knocks on Mia's door.

PAUL
Mia, please. Let me in.

When she doesn't answer --

PAUL (CONT'D)
When you said those things were real,
what were you talking about?

INT. MIA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Mia hears Paul outside, but she deliberately ignores him. Still very freaked out looking, she sits on the floor of her darkened bungalow (as the curtains are drawn) arranging the shells she's collected into an elaborate circular mandala around her.

MIA
Please work. Please work.

EXT. MIA'S BUNGALOW - SAME

Paul knocks one more time. When Mia still doesn't answer, he eventually shrugs and walks away.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - DAY

Coated in sweat, both Summer and Professor Julia are peddling their asses off on two old school stationary bikes.

SUMMER
This shit would be a lot easier if
they'd let us use headphones or at
least listen to music through
speakers.

JULIA
I kind of like it. Being disconnected.

SUMMER
You got to be kidding. No Facebook?
Instagram? Pinterest? I'm practically
in full-blown withdrawals right now.

JULIA

Says the person who claims to hate
new media?

SUMMER

That's social media. New media is
kids taking out their iPhones and
pretending they're TV stars without
having to put in any of the work.

JULIA

You miss being on TV?

SUMMER

Being a network anchor is like
repeatedly having the best sex you've
ever had, except without any of the
cleanup or relationship drama. That's
why all this needs to work.

JULIA

It will.

They both keep pedaling.

SUMMER

How are you so sure?

JULIA

Because I haven't had a hallucination
since the second night of treatment.
And I used to get them every day.

SUMMER

I've had a couple.
(then)
What do you see anyway?

JULIA

When I hallucinate?

SUMMER

Yeah. I've been meaning to ask the
others but it feels taboo for some
reason... like we're airing our dirty
laundry or something.

JULIA

It does feel weird to ask, right? I
get the same vibe.
(then)
Mostly men...

SUMMER

(smiling)
Go on.

(MORE)

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Are they shirtless with flowing hair? Or do they have a shaved head, six pack abs and are holding a firehose?

Julia smile back.

JULIA

I wish those kind of men.

(suddenly deadly serious)

Old Japanese men. With white eyes, stringy black hair and jagged claws for fingernails...

Julia turns to Summer who has slowly stopped pedaling...

JULIA (CONT'D)

What?

INT. MIA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Mia sits in the middle of her elaborate Buddhist mandala made out of rocks and shells. Her arms are now wrapped around her knees, and she's rocking back and forth, about as scared as a human can get.

Suddenly, she hears a scratching sound...

SCRATCH. SCRATCH. SCRATCH.

Like the sound a cat makes when trying to get into a bedroom.

But the sound isn't coming from the front door.

It's coming from the wall.

Next to her.

SCRATCH. SCRAAAAAAATCH. SCRAAAAAAATAATCH.

MIA

No. Please. Go away.

SCRAAAAAAATAATCH.

Mia covers her ears and starts to rock faster...

Suddenly, a finger nail breaks through the wall. A dirty black, clawlike fingernail...

MIA (CONT'D)

... no....

And a section of the wall crumbles as a *kanashibari* crawls out of the plaster.

When the creature reaches Mia's mandala it abruptly stops and HISSES. Mia closes her eyes tightly--

MIA (CONT'D)
 (frantic whisper)
 Please, God. Buddha. Mohammed.
 Whatever. Don't let them get me.

The Japanese demon circles the mandala but it can't get in --
 The protective circle seems to be working.

MIA (CONT'D)
 (eyes still closed)
 I'll be good. I'll go to temple.
 Church. Anywhere...

Suddenly, the rocks and shells in the mandala begin to tremor slightly... then, inexplicably, a few of them begin to float, but Mia doesn't notice, she's too busy frantically praying --

MIA (CONT'D)
 Please, God. I don't want to die...
 Idontwanttodie.

The demon backs away from the vibrating, levitating mandala before abruptly springing to the ceiling and gripping onto the plaster with its bat-like feet...

The *kanashibari* then hangs upside-down directly above Mia for a moment before dropping onto her head and clamping down with razor sharp teeth on her exposed neck and throat.

MIA (CONT'D)
 NOOOOOOO!

Blood sprays as --

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cynthia, looking worried, cuts a tomato and adds it to a small salad when her phone rings --

CYNTHIA
 (into phone)
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DR. MANKOFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Mankoff sits at his desk and is using the speaker phone function on his office line --

DR. MANKOFF
 This is Dr. Mankoff.
 (MORE)

DR. MANKOFF (CONT'D)
I received a message that I needed
to return a call to this number?

CYNTHIA
Hi. Yes. Dr. Mankoff, my name is
Cynthia. I'm Paul Vasquez's fiancée.

DR. MANKOFF
How can I help you, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA
Do you have a number for the facility
on Fisher Island? I need to speak to
Paul about something.

DR. MANKOFF
Is it an emergency?

CYNTHIA
No nothing like that.

DR. MANKOFF
The reason I ask is the treatment
center goes to enormous lengths to
shield the patients from exposure to
any and all electromagnetic waves...
and although they do have a phone,
it's supposed to be used only in
emergencies.

Cynthia grips the phone to her ear, seemingly embarrassed.

CYNTHIA
Okay. Here's the thing... and this
is going to sound stupid... but when
Paul's sister Annie tried to do an
internet search for a Fisher Island
located in the South Pacific, she
couldn't find much outside of what
the Mayo Clinic posted themselves.
And then I tried and also couldn't
find anything --

Mankoff seems surprised by this --

DR. MANKOFF
Did you search for the Fisher Island
Treatment Center?

CYNTHIA
Yes. I get a website for that...
many websites in fact... but there's
nothing when I just search for the
island itself.

As they talk, Dr. Mankoff opens his web browser and types in "Fisher Island." He frowns as he sees the lack of results --

DR. MANKOFF

I'm sorry, like I told your husband, I'm not affiliated with the facility directly -- But let me call my contact on the island tomorrow. And we'll get to the bottom of this.

CYNTHIA

Thank you, doctor. That would be very helpful.

DR. MANKOFF

Is there anything else I can assist you with?

CYNTHIA

Actually, there is one more thing -- I'm almost embarrassed to ask... But when you talk to them tomorrow, can you also ask if there's a train on the island?

DR. MANKOFF

A train?

CYNTHIA

I know it sounds weird, the island being so small and all, but Annie thought she heard a train whistle in the background when they called and left her a message.

DR. MANKOFF

Paul's twin sister suffers from delusions too, right?

CYNTHIA

Yes. Yes she does...

(long beat)

But here's the thing -- I could have sworn I heard it too.

There's a long pause as Mankoff makes a note to himself.

DR. MANKOFF

All right. I'll ask about trains.

CYNTHIA

Thank you. I'd appreciate that.

DR. MANKOFF

You're welcome, Cynthia. Have a nice evening.

Cynthia hangs up the phone and returns to her kitchen. Lifting up her knife, she seems to persevere on the call for a moment before slicing another tomato.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHER ISLAND - SUNSET

Where the shimmering red sun sinks into the aqua marine ocean.

INT. CAFETERIA - SUNSET

Paul eats dinner with Summer, Julia, Keizo and Hank.

PAUL

It was weird. There were these Japanese symbols in the sand and then Mia freaked out and ran away. I haven't seen her since.

SUMMER

Japanese you say?

She exchanges a glance with Julia --

JULIA

Is it rude if we ask about the types of visions everyone has?

Paul immediately catches on.

PAUL

You see them too, don't you?

SUMMER

That depends. What do you see?

PAUL

Kanashibari.

SUMMER

Kanashi-what?

PAUL

It's what my twin sister called the people, things, we sometimes see. It comes from Japanese mythology and, loosely translated, *kanashibari* means a demon that can follow you from sleeping to waking.

He looks at Keizo for confirmation, but Keizo just seems surprised --

KEIZO

No shit. We share the same crazy?

PAUL

Judging from the shocked looks on everyone's faces, I'm guessing we *all* do.

We ABRUPTLY PAN OVER to one of the windows of the cafeteria where a SMALL WHITE LIZARD clings to the glass --

In a cool camera move, we then PUSH THROUGH the eyes of the lizard (as if somebody is using the animals as surveillance devices) and we're now inside --

INT. DR. TSAO'S OFFICE - SAME

Still using her small tablet device, Dr. Theresa Tsao watches and listens to Paul and the rest of the group as they discuss their findings about the *kanashibari*. She picks up the phone and dials a quick set of numbers --

DR. THERESA TSAO

They've discovered the truth about their joint hallucinations. Which moves us to Protocol Three.

She then hangs up and we JUMP BACK TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - SUNSET

Where Julia is gripping the table as if doing her best not to freak out.

JULIA

How is this even possible? I teach statistics at M.I.T... the odds of all of us having the exact same type of hallucination defy all laws of probability.

PAUL

I'm sure there's an explanation..

JULIA

No. You don't get it. You don't get how statistics work.

Julia crosses herself and starts to mumble a prayer. Out of everyone, she seems the most frightened.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Our father who art in heaven...

Summer reaches for Julia's hand...

SUMMER

It's okay, sweetie. I'm sure there's a medical reason for all this...

JULIA
 NONE OF THIS IS OKAY! NOT ONE GOD
 DAMN THING THAT'S HAPPENING HERE!
 People don't share the same delusions.
 They don't!

Paul walks over to Julia and kneels down so his eyes are level with hers --

PAUL
 Julia. Focus on me for a second.

JULIA
 (starts to rise)
 No. I need to get up. Get some water.
 Some air.

PAUL
 Julia.

Paul's voice is gentle, soothing --

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Stay with me. You just recited the
 Lord's Prayer, which makes you
 religious, right?

JULIA
 So?

PAUL
 That's proof that people do share
 the same delusions. Every Sunday.

JULIA
 My faith is NOT a delusion.

PAUL
 That's not what I meant. I'm religious
 too. All I'm trying to say is that
 sometimes people do see and believe
 the same thing... even when most
 others can't see it.

(then)
 How many stories have you read about
 people who have claimed to see Jesus
 or the Virgin Mary? Or even the devil?

JULIA
 A lot.

PAUL
 A lot. And you're never scared of
 those stories, right?

JULIA
 Not normally.

PAUL

Even when they defy all laws of probability?

This seems to make sense to Julia, so she starts to calm down. Paul's about to say something more when Hank joins the conversation --

HANK

Paul's right. This is nothing anybody needs to be scared of. Except in this case, science plays a bigger role than religion.

PAUL

You know something about all of this?

HANK

(nodding)

For a long time I thought I was going crazy as I kept on seeing the same things that you all are... After I retired, I had time to do some research... Sounds like your sister did as well. As she's correct, the Japanese call these types of hallucinations *kanashibari*... but in America, we have a different name for what we're all seeing... slenderman. Other countries call them shadowmen.

PAUL

But slenderman is just some sort of urban legend, right?

HANK

An urban legend rooted in biochemistry.

(explaining)

People with sleep issues will often report seeing a tall shadowy figure either right before they go to sleep or right after they wake up. But that doesn't make these figures real nor does it discount the fact they're really seeing them.

He now has everyone's attention.

PAUL

I'm not following. How can something be both real and not real at the same time?

HANK

When people experience an incomplete transition from being asleep to being awake, they get temporarily trapped in what is called a desynchronized state. This isn't the natural state for the body to be in... and the brain gets confused... sends panic signals to the body... but the body is biologically tuned to need an actual threat to fully respond... so the mind, for reasons I'll get into in a second, manifests the image of a shadow person... or slenderman... or *kanashibari*...

KEIZO

Wait. Back up a bit. So our minds are intentionally trying to trick us?

HANK

This might make it easier for you to understand.

Hank picks up an apple off his tray...

HANK (CONT'D)

Imagine this is your brain.

He then taps the back right side of the apple.

HANK (CONT'D)

And this is the part of your brain called the right parietal cortex which contains a bundle of nerves called the temporoparietal junction.

Summer, surprised by Hank's level of knowledge --

SUMMER

You did a *little* research... just like how you *trim trees* for a living?

HANK

If I do something, I try to do it well. But if I'm talking too much, I'm happy to just go ahead and eat this apple.

JULIA

Please. Keep going. I don't know about the others, but I need this.

Paul, Summer and Keizo all nod as well --

HANK

I'll keep it short. The *temporoparietal junction* is the part of the brain that helps people distinguish between "self" and "other". At night, during REM sleep, that part of the brain normally shuts off. But it doesn't matter because you're asleep... but once you start entering REM sleep while awake, problems start occurring.

PAUL

(starting to understand)
We confuse our own brain for somebody else?

HANK

An expert once described it this way: just like the body, the mind literally casts a shadow. As the barrier between self and other dissolves, the person mistakes his own shadow for a separate entity. A shadowman if you will.

(to finish)

Point is -- what you're seeing, what we're all seeing is real because your mind makes it seem real, but that doesn't mean these creatures are actually here. They're an illusion caused by chronic lack of sleep.

Julia's starting to get some color back.

JULIA

So they can't hurt us?

HANK

No more than your shadow can.

JULIA

You sure?

HANK

The docs here confirmed my theory already. And they'll confirm it for you too if you ask.

SUMMER

Holy shit. I never thought hearing that I was seeing things would be such a relief.

The others laugh as they were all thinking the same thing.

PAUL

But that doesn't explain the symbols
in the sand.

HANK

Shadowmen aren't the only byproduct
of "waking dreams", they're just the
most common.

PAUL

But Mia saw them too...

HANK

Did she? Have you talked to her again
since it happened? Or was it all in
your head?

Before Paul can reply, there's a GENTLE DINGING sound (again
like somebody hitting a Tibetan bowl). Paul turns to the
others quizzically --

PAUL

Dessert?

SUMMER

That bell means we have thirty minutes
to get to the sleep center for the
night.

PAUL

Where is it?

SUMMER

In the back part of the facility.
But you don't need to worry, your
attendant will come get you and bring
you there. This is the one thing
that nobody is allowed to miss.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

It's late at night. And Annie is drinking coffee in a
completely empty 24 hour restaurant. Even the staff seems to
be hiding in the kitchen somewhere.

But Annie doesn't notice.

She's surrounded by Google Earth printouts and she's matched
the island in the brochure to a real island in the South
Pacific... Annie reads the name of the island --

ANNIE

Vanatu.

She then looks closer at the satellite images. By the looks of things, besides a few bombed out buildings on the north side of the island, Vanatu is completely deserted.

Annie scribbles a note in the margins of the page: NO PEOPLE!
NO TRAINS!

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(getting scared again)
Where did they take you, Paul?

Annie is still staring at the printouts when she hears --

TAP. TAP. TAP.

She turns.

And realizes there's a *kanashibari* (with a shock of white hair) sitting at the table right next to her, tapping its awful fingernails on the fake wood tabletop. Annie seems to recognize this demon in particular --

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Whitey...
(petrified)
What do you want from me? What do
you want?

The creature rips off the formica table top and then, with one jagged fingernail, draws in the same pair of symbols we've seen before. "Fumin."

Annie frantically flips through her notebook and you can see it's partially filled with japanese characters and their translations, as if this isn't the first time this particular demon has tried to communicate with her. Annie quickly finds the right pair --

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Fumin.
(reads translation)
Insomnia.
(then)
That's what you want to tell me?
That I don't sleep? Because I already
know --

Frustrated, the Japanese demon shakes his head and tries to speak, but instead of words, all that comes out of his mouth is an AWFUL EAR-PIERCING SCREECHING SOUND.

Suddenly, as if alerted by the sound, DOZENS MORE DEMONS rush through the kitchen into the dining area... and these ones aren't nearly as friendly --

Teeth bared, they charge at Annie as she jumps up and flees the restaurant --

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Annie races through the front door and slams right into --

ANNIE

Marty?

Marty grabs onto her --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Let me go. They're here. They found me again.

MARTY

It's okay. You're safe. Nobody's here.

Annie looks around and Marty is right, the demons are nowhere to be seen.

ANNIE

We need to help Paul. The island is fake. Dr. Mankoff is in on it too. I did some research, there is no Dr. Mankoff registered with the Maryland Psychiatric Board or *any* psychiatric board for that...

She then trails off, realizing --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You gave Paul Dr. Mankoff's card...

MARTY

Annie, you look tired. You should get some rest.

ANNIE

(backing away)

I don't need rest. I need to find my brother. I already called the FBI, and have an appointment to talk with them tomorrow... in fact, I'm sure they're tracking me now.

Annie turns to run and slams into two LARGE MEN wearing SUITS. Each takes an arm.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Paul trusted you. *He trusted you.*

(tries to pull free)

LET ME GO!

MARTY

Calm down... These two gentlemen are just going to help you get some sleep.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

I promise you'll see more clearly in
the morning.

Annie tries to pull away from the men, but they're holding
on tight as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PAUL'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Paul, now dressed in pajamas, hears a knock on the door to
his bungalow. He opens it and Nurse Vee enters, smiling
broadly as always.

NURSE VEE

Good. You're all ready.

EXT. FISHER ISLAND TREATMENT FACILITY - NIGHT

Paul now walks with Nurse Vee towards the medical facility --

PAUL

Hey. Have you heard from Mia? She
wasn't at dinner.

NURSE VEE

Mia had a bit of a setback and is
now in an isolation unit for a bit.

PAUL

Isolation unit?

NURSE VEE

Did you know the earth emits natural
electromagnetism? The isolation unit
is the only place on the island that's
100% free of electromagnetic waves.
It's reserved for extreme cases.
Like Mia's. But she'll be fine. You'll
see.

Nurse Vee then opens the door to the facility and they go
inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. MANKOFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mankoff continues working on his notes when an AIDE pops his
head into the room --

MANKOFF'S AIDE

Dr. Mankoff? They're ready for you.

Nodding, Mankoff stands up and follows his aide out of his
office --

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- And into a long hallway with treatment rooms on either side.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SLEEP FACILITY - NIGHT

Paul and Nurse Vee enter a room filled with twenty egg-shaped sleeping pods arranged in a circle.

Paul spies Summer just entering her pod. She smiles at him.

SUMMER

Don't let the bed bugs bite.

Mankoff approaches a heavy steel door at the far end of the hallway. There are two armed SOLDIERS standing in front of the door, seemingly guarding whatever is inside.

Paul continues to watch as Summer's ATTENDANT closes the door of the pod over her head. He then spies Hank, Julia and Keizo all getting into their pods, as well as 14 other PATIENTS he hasn't met yet.

The only person missing is Mia.

In fact, by the look of things, her (empty) pod is right next to his. Nurse Vee sees his concerned look --

NURSE VEE

Don't worry. The isolation unit Mia is in has its own sleeping pod. Your friend will rest just fine. And so will you.

The soldiers salute Mankoff and then step aside as he places his hand on a biometric scanner. A green light blinks as the door swings open and Dr. Mankoff goes inside.

PAUL

Do you dream?

NURSE VEE

Intensely. That's the point.

(then, smiling)

Okie dokie, Mr. Vasquez. Time to get inside. I'll be back in the morning to wake you up again.

Paul gets into the egg and sits down. The last thing he sees is Nurse Vee closing the door to the sleep cylinder over his head.

After the door closes, there's the gentle sound of gas escaping inside the pod --

And then Paul closes his eyes and immediately falls asleep.

MATCH CUT TO:

THE SAME TWENTY PODS...

Except with some small but notable differences --

-- Everyone inside the pods, including Paul and all the people we've met on the island, are now hooked up to life support systems, as well as IVs, oxygen and throat tubes... and they're all noticeably wearing hospital gowns instead of pajamas.

-- In addition, all of their heads are shaved and each patient wears a very futuristic looking device attached to the base of their skull that seems to be reading their brain waves.

-- There are also compression devices on all of their legs to maintain positive circulation as if these people are supposed to stay in these pods for days, weeks or possibly months.

-- Stranger yet, all their eyes are open, but they all stare sightlessly forward, as if in a deep trance.

-- Mia is now there as well and seems to be in a trance of her own.

-- Finally, flat-screen TVs are mounted on all of the walls and by the looks of all the images, the entirety of Fisher Island is under secret observation.

We catch one camera monitoring the ruins on the island where dozens if not hundreds of *kanashibari* scamper around.

Another monitor just broadcasts what looks like random scrolling letters --

lll wit xhapcs ik hwdl sdi rdb

We then REVERSE and realize that this is the same room that Dr. Mankoff just entered.

Huh? Is Dr. Mankoff on the island? Or is this not the island at all and the patients are now all somewhere else?

Either way, as we won't get that answer now, Mankoff is clearly far more than just Paul's referring doctor.

As Mankoff crosses through the room, he's met by two ORDERLIES pushing a pair of gurneys (one empty, the other contains a body).

NEAREST ORDERLIE

We lost another one, sir.

The orderlies open the pod. And that's when you realize all of the monitors tracking Mia's vitals have flat-lined.

She really is dead.

DR. MANKOFF

Please bring Ms. Harkness to Exam Room 6 for a full autopsy.

DR. THERESA TSAO (O.S.)

I don't like this... I don't like this at all.

Mankoff turns and sees Theresa entering the room.

DR. MANKOFF

Duly noted, Dr. Tsao.

When Theresa doesn't say anything more, Mankoff turns back to Mia's bed where the orderlies are just removing her trachea tube and IV's and lifting her limp and lifeless body onto the empty gurney...

Before replacing her in the sleeping pod with the other unconscious WOMAN they just rolled in.

It takes a second, but then we realize who it is...

Annie.

In the distance, you can just make out the sound of a train.

END EPISODE