

Rewired

By

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FADE IN ON:

**INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

A homey sort of office; in a bureaucratic way. A bouquet of flowers brightens a desk. And hides an out of date PC.

Above those - a diploma in a gilded frame:

"Dr. Ted Gorkin, Ph.D - Stanford '82 - Psycho-Neurology."

DR. GORKIN (60s) sits at a nearby table, as distinguished as his name. Bespectacled. A bit sour. Streaks of salt and pepper in his hair.

Across from him: LISA WASHINGTON (15). Mahogany skin, a touch plump. With the usual teen, vacant stare.

Gorkin steeple his fingers. Gravely regards Lisa's face.

DR. GORKIN

Lisa, do you know where you are?

LISA

In your office?

DR. GORKIN

Why are you here?

LISA

So we can do more tests?

DR. GORKIN

Exactly! You're a smart little girl, Lisa Dear. No matter what my nurses say.

Lisa looks around the office, zoning out. Gorkin puckers his lips, takes that in.

DR. GORKIN

You look worse than our last visit.

LISA

It's those needles they put in me. I didn't wanna let them. But Nurse Tyrell said that you said it was okay.

DR. GORKIN

You're finding it hard to focus? Even worse than before?

Lisa shrugs. Doesn't care. Gorkin frowns and pulls out a folder. Flips it open, revealing:

Two MRIs, dated just months apart. The labels display Lisa's name - tours of the inside of her brain.

One displays a six inch mass in her frontal lobe. In the newer one, it's shrunk. Significantly: a mere dot.

DR. GORKIN

You see? The treatments are working. A picture's worth a thousand words.

LISA

That's good. I don't wanna be sick. But Mom's said we don't have enough to make me well.

DR. GORKIN

Yes, Sweetheart. I know. That's why she signed that waiver for your treatments. And put you in my custody.

LISA

"Custody"?

DR. GORKIN

Under my wing.

Gorkin closes the folder, whisks the images away.

DR. GORKIN

Ready for some fun and games?

Lisa nods. Gorkin places a box on the table. In it: Colored cubes, pens and artist pads.

DR. GORKIN

Let's start with memory. You know how it works, Honey. I'll say five numbers, you repeat them. Lowest to Highest - no matter what order I initially say.

LISA

"Initially"?

DR. GORKIN

That means, "when I start". Okay, let's go: Ten, Eight, Three, Seven, Six.

LISA

Um: Three, Six, Seven, Eight and Ten?

DR. GORKIN

Terrific! Now eight numbers. Ready? Seven, Three, Six, Thirteen, Two, Eight and finally - One.

Lisa starts off slowly.

LISA

One, Two, Three... This is easy!

A VOICE rumbles in her head. Sounds like Gorkin, in an distorted way.

VOICE

Come on, kid. I don't have time for stupid ramblings. Keep going. Don't even breathe.

LISA

Do you say something?

DR. GORKIN

No. Please continue. Though if you're hallucinating, please don't hesitate to tell me.

Gorkin's disembodied VOICE comments again.

VOICE

Jesus Christ, how hard is this? The lab needs brain tissue samples - tonight!

The Voice throws Lisa off. She returns to her numbers...

LISA

Thirteen, Three, Two, One and Seven?

DR. GORKIN

No. I'm sorry. This time you failed.

LISA

But - I did all eight!

DR. GORKIN

In the wrong order, Sweetie. Don't you remember? You said "One". Two times.

Gorkin pushes the colored cubes Lisa's way.

DR. GORKIN

We're running late. So let's switch gears. And this is a new test, this time.

He whips out a laminated card, with an abstract pattern.

DR. GORKIN

I need you to recreate this. Match the picture to these blocks.

Lisa's face lights up. She grabs the cubes, shuffles them around. It looks like the pattern's coming together, but -  
The "Voice" makes another "appearance".

VOICE

Make yourself useful, Brat. We spent half 10 mill on research. But if we don't provide evidence, it'll never reach market. My chance at Commission'll turn to shit.

Lisa jumps. Cubes scatter across the table. Gorkin scowls. The poor girl looks at him, confused.

LISA

Dr. G - I don't think those needles worked. But if they did... I heard you'll still operate?

DR. GORKIN

(snaps)  
Who said that?

LISA

Um, a nurse?

DR. GORKIN

Which one? Tell me now! Was it Tyrell?

LISA

I'm not sure. They look the same.

Gorkin forces a smile, responds through gritted teeth.

DR. GORKIN

Honey-bunch, I'm afraid we'll have to operate. Take a *tiny* part of the front. But we won't harm you at all. It's just to see how the treatment worked.

LISA

You're taking my brain?!?

DR. GORKIN

Just a bit. But the treatment rewires how you think. You may be even smarter with that section gone.

Lisa concentrates. The voice rings again in her head.

VOICE

It's not like they're gonna miss this fat slob at all.

We could take out a full lobe - say the tumor caused a bleed. No-one'll miss this rug-rat. Who cares?

Lisa closes her eyes. Shuts out the pain...

A FLOOD OF IMAGES rush through her mind. Narrow hallways through GORKIN'S BRAIN. And memories of:

- Gorkin operating on YOUNG PATIENTS. Who all wake up as vegetables.

Lisa concentrates more. NUMBERS glow in her mind.

DR. GORKIN (O.S.)

Lisa? Are you there?

Lisa opens her eyes. Gorkin watches her face. Lisa reorganizes her features: tries to look vacant again.

LISA

Uh, I'm confused. Where am I?

VOICE

Shit. Don't tell me it failed!

Gorkin runs to his computer, and logs in. Blocks the view so Lisa doesn't see.

On his calendar: An Operating Schedule. Lisa's name is clearly next. Gorkin SIGHS. Hits "Delete."

LISA

Who are you again? Are you someone I know?

Gorkin locks the computer. Swivels 180 in his chair.

DR. GORKIN

Sweetie Pie, I guess we're done. I'll go get your nurse. I'm afraid your treatments... didn't work.

He storms out of the office, SLAMS the door.

VOICE

For Pete's Sake - failed again! I should just retire to Bermuda. What am I wasting my whole life here for?

Lisa waits a moment. Grabs the colored cubes.

She manipulates them quickly. Into a THREE DIMENSIONAL version of the pattern - real complex.

She looks it over: admires her work. Then she pokes it with her finger. Wipes away the evidence.

Then she heads for Gorkin's PC.

And types quickly. Numbers glow and reorder in her head, their sequence ever changing: revealing Gorkin's password. Lisa logs in...

...and accesses dozens of Patient Names. Locations. Addresses. Everything.

LISA

(mutters)

I'm gonna need company. Before Dr. G gets his nasty hands on you, you folks and I should have a real long chat.

High heels TAP in the hall.

Lisa logs off quickly and darts to the table. Messes up her hair. Slumps and drools.

NURSE CAROL TYRELL (50s) opens the door. A matron with a sour face. Kind of like Dr. Gorkin - but with lipstick and Double D's.

Lisa bats her eyes at Tyrell. Innocence personified.

NURSE TYRELL

Pumpkin, I heard the tests didn't go as planned. Dr. Gorkin says to come with me.

LISA

Does that mean I can go home?

NURSE TYRELL

Very probably. Let's fill out the paperwork.

Lisa smiles.

LISA

Yeah, fine with me.

FINAL FADE OUT: