

SEVERANCE

EPISODE 105.5

"FOOTLOOSE"

Written by:

Ashley Cates

Based on *Severance* by Dan Erickson

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A tired MARK (mid-30s) sits propped in front of his television, his eyes slowly closing. As he finally drifts off, the loud introduction to an evening news report wakes him.

NEWS REPORTER

Coming up, we have one local mother's shocking story of how she attempted an experimental de-severance procedure on her son known by some as "reintegration."

Mark sits up in his chair, suddenly wide awake.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

After failing to complete the procedure, Candy Fitzgerald awaits her court date on the charge of accessory to murder. Her son, Lenny Fitzgerald, passed away last week after succumbing to the unsuccessful operation. Here's what she had to say about the situation.

The television cuts to CANDY (60s), a short, raggedy, and eccentric woman wearing colorful clothing, surrounded by the microphones of several news station interviewers. Mark turns up the volume on his television, now leaning towards the screen with bewilderment.

CANDY

I know what I saw in Lenny's brain. Removing the chip is physically impossible.

Candy visibly tears up.

CANDY (CONT'D)

We don't know what those chips can do. There's not enough research. They're certainly capable of killing someone from the inside out. They killed my son. Lumon killed my son.

Mark grabs his LAPTOP from the living room table. The glow illuminates his face as he types "reintegration" into the search bar and clicks on the first result: an article posted on an anti-severance site titled "10 FAILED ATTEMPTS AT REINTEGRATION."

Puzzled, Mark scrolls past vague descriptions of severed individuals who died attempting to reintegrate. "CASE #1: MAN CUTS INTO HIS OWN SKULL. CASE #2: WOMAN INHALES CHEMICALS WITH HOPES OF NEUROLOGICAL REACTION." As Mark scrolls, his expression shifts from curiosity to horror.

Mark ultimately scrolls all the way to Case #10: "MAN'S MOTHER ATTEMPTS BOTCHED NEUROSURGERY." As he reads the details of the case, he scrolls past a picture of Candy with her phone number listed under the photo.

Without hesitation, he unlocks his phone and immediately punches in her number.

Three rings...

A pause.

CANDY'S VOICEMAIL
This is Candy. Please call for
serious inquiries only. Thanks.

A loud beep. Mark sighs and leaves his living room.

INT. MARK'S CAR, LUMON PARKING LOT - MORNING

Mark pulls up and parks in his usual spot. Just as he's about to leave his car, he remembers last night.

He gets back into his car and dials her phone number again. After ringing a couple times, Candy's raspy voice comes through the other end.

CANDY
Hello? Who is this? Why do you keep
calling me?

MARK
Oh, uh, hi. Are you Candy
Fitzgerald?

CANDY
Yes, that's me. Who are you?

MARK
I'm Mark. I saw your story online
and wanted to hear more about your
son.

CANDY
Oh.

MARK

Sorry about your loss, by the way.

An awkward pause.

MARK (CONT'D)

Well, I'm from the area and I just wanted to know if you'd be willing to tell me more about your... understanding of the severance chip.

CANDY

Are you with Lumon?

Mark shifts with uncertainty.

MARK

No no, I'm, uh, doing a report and wanted to hear more about your experience.

CANDY

(skeptical)

A report? On what?

MARK

Well, it's actually about how the technology involved in the severance procedure is unethical and can permanently harm severed patients.

CANDY

Right... We'll need to be very cautious about who you tell or where you decide to publish this "report," Mark. But I guess if you come by this evening I can give you more information.

MARK

(surprised)

Cool, thanks. I'll see you then.

Mark hangs up the phone and stares at his call history for a moment before wiping his call with Candy from the list. He gets out of the car and walks briskly toward the Lumon office.

INT. LUMON ELEVATOR - MORNING

Mark descends into the Lumon office, his expression altering as he shifts into his Innie.

INT. MDR OFFICE - MORNING

HELLY, IRVING, and DYLAN are already hard at work sorting data when Mark walks into the office.

DYLAN
(not looking up from his
computer)
Look who decided to show up.

MARK
Am I late?

HELLY
It's not like you missed anything
interesting, anyways.

Mark sits down at his desk and gets to work. After sorting a few numbers, Helly breaks the silence.

HELLY (CONT'D)
The data I just sorted felt weirder
than usual.

IRVING
I suppose that happens every once
in a while.

HELLY
Does anyone here know why exactly
the numbers feel so... scary
sometimes?

Mark, Dylan, and Irving stare at each other blankly. Nobody knows what to say.

HELLY (CONT'D)
You guys have worked here for how
long and you've never stopped to
think about that?

DYLAN
I mean, it's not like they'd ever
tell us. I just keep my mind
focused on that Waffle Party.

Helly rolls her eyes.

HELLY

What happens if you sort the good numbers into the bad bin?

MARK

Nothing crazy, just gives you some mild discomfort. Once you get the hang of sorting data, it doesn't happen much.

HELLY

Huh.

MARK

I wouldn't recommend it, if that's what you're asking.

Helly turns to Mark with a sarcastic smile.

HELLY

I would never. Thanks for the advice.

As the conversation wraps up, the MDR employees resume their work. Helly hovers her mouse over a data set before dragging it into the bin. The second she drops it, she winces in pain.

The process continues as Helly drags several more data sets into the bin, wincing more intensely with each drop. Shaking, she goes to drop another set of numbers into the bin...

THUNK. Helly falls unconscious onto her desk as the last set of data is sealed into the bin.

Mark springs up from his desk to check on her while the others watch in shock.

MARK

(panickedly shaking Helly)
Helly? Can you hear me? Helly?

INT. COBEL'S OFFICE - DAY

A tense MILCHICK sits across from COBEL at her desk. Cobel is clearly irritated with him.

MILCHICK

I guess I just don't understand what you mean.

COBEL

You don't have to understand. You just need to follow orders.

MILCHICK

Why do they want to test this here,
of all places?

Cobel stares down Milchick as if he just asked what color the sky is.

COBEL

Can you just think for one second
in your life? Are our employees
not, say, unique?

Milchick eyes widen. Clearly he understands now. He lowers his head with an embarrassed nod.

COBEL (CONT'D)

The board's orders are to test the
chip's capabilities within the next
few days. They spent all weekend
installing the new facility.

COBEL (CONT'D)

There's also someone from the Board
here to monitor your work and Helly
R's experience. Do not embarrass
me.

Cobel lowers her gaze to her computer screen which depicts a security camera view of the MDR office. Upon closer inspection, she notices Mark trying to shake Helly awake.

COBEL (CONT'D)

Now's a better time than ever. Go.

Milchick nods before briskly leaving Cobel's office.

INT. MDR OFFICE - DAY

Milchick rushes in and heads straight to Helly, who is still being shaken repetitively by Mark in an attempt to wake her.

MILCHICK

I'm going to need you to step
aside, Mark S.

MARK

Are you going to help her? Is she
going to be okay?

A plastic smile forms on Milchick's face.

MILCHICK

She'll be okay. Although I do wonder if you could have prevented this by being a more attentive manager.

Insulted but helpless, Mark stares back at Milchick as he scoops Helly up.

MILCHICK (CONT'D)

Go ahead and return to work. Gotta meet that quota!

Milchick hurriedly exits the office, carrying a limp Helly in his arms. As soon as Milchick rounds the corner, Mark gets up from his desk to go follow him. Dylan immediately grabs him in opposition.

DYLAN

What are you doing?

MARK

I gotta make sure she's okay.

DYLAN

Milchick just said she's fine.

MARK

And do you really trust that?

Dylan looks down at the floor.

MARK (CONT'D)

Exactly.

Mark takes off toward the door as Dylan follows closely behind him.

INT. LUMON HALLWAY/ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors close on Milchick carrying unconscious Helly. Mark and Dylan turn the corner just as the doors shut completely and the "DOWN" arrow on the elevator's exterior lights up.

DYLAN

Isn't this the bottom floor?

MARK

That's what I thought.

Mark presses the shiny new "down" button on the exterior wall of the elevator.

DYLAN

Mark, I really don't know about this.

MARK

I have to at least know she's okay.

The elevator doors open and Mark steps inside. Just before the doors close, Dylan puts his arm in between them and gets into the elevator as well.

DYLAN

This is only because I don't want to be stuck with Irving by myself all day.

Mark shrugs and presses the button to the lower floor.

INT. MDR OFFICE - DAY

Irving continues dragging data into bins until his eyes land on the copy of Kier's handbook laying on his desk. He briefly picks it up and leaves the MDR office.

INT. LUMON HALLWAY/OPTICS AND DESIGN OFFICE - DAY

Clutching his handbook, Irving rounds the corner and peeks through the open door.

IRVING

Burt?

BURT quickly perks his head up from the painting he was inspecting, his expression immediately softening at the sight of Irving.

BURT

Irving! To what do I owe the pleasure?

IRVING

It's been somewhat of a... stressful day in MDR. I'm on my way to the Perpetuity Wing to take a bit of a breather and appreciate Kier's vision.

BURT

Sounds right up my alley.

The two exchange warm smiles as they set off on their midday excursion.

INT. PERPETUITY WING - DAY

Walking closely beside one another, Burt and Irving stroll in. Their gazes immediately fall onto the statue of Kier.

BURT

It never gets old in here, does it?

IRVING

(reading the quote printed
behind Kier)

"The remembered man does not
decay."

BURT

Truly a revolutionary leader.

They silently stare at Kier's statue, smiling with mutual admiration.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Milchick looks down at Helly's unconscious body in a room never seen before, consisting of nothing but white walls and floors. Helly has been clothed head-to-toe in clothing just as plain as the room around her.

After staring at Helly for a brief moment, Milchick scans the door open from the inside and exits.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Milchick briskly walks toward another locked door and scans his badge, leading him into a dark room illuminated by the glow of a massive screen.

INT. WHITE ROOM MONITORING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Milchick enters, he's greeted with a laser-focused Cobel sitting in front of the large monitor. A complex control panel accompanies the device. We see that the screen depicts a low-resolution live feed of Helly within the White Room.

COBEL

You took too long to get here. As
usual.

Milchick bites his lip as he stares up at the monitor.

Cobel turns around in the swivel chair to face Milchick. She holds a dense packet of paper in her hands, which she immediately passes over to Milchick.

COBEL (CONT'D)
Natalie dropped this off earlier today. Your job is to read it and follow the instructions.

MILCHICK
Of course. I'll take care of it.

Milchick smiles. Irritated by Milchick's mere presence, Cobel rolls her eyes.

COBEL
I'd hope so. I have more important things to do. This needs to be done by the end of the day. Please don't fuck it up.

Without waiting for Milchick's response, Cobel gets up from her chair and heads toward the door.

COBEL (CONT'D)
And don't bother me until tomorrow.

Cobel slams the door behind her as she exits.

With a sigh, Milchick sits down in front of the monitor and looks down at the packet: "OPERATION C: MANUAL AND GUIDE." He flips open the first page and spends a moment reading.

Up on the monitor, Helly lays completely still. We watch as Milchick flips a small switch on the board in front of him.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

A loud alarm blasts for a split second, startling Helly so intensely that she finally regains consciousness. Confused, she looks around and takes in where she is.

HELLY
(quietly)
What the fuck...

Helly rises to her feet and slowly walks around the room, investigating the walls and floors. She stares into a small mirror built into the top of the door and realizes something's off.

Glancing down at her new outfit, she scowls with disgust. Her hand eagerly reaches toward the door handle, but the second she makes contact with it, a HIGH PITCHED RINGING causes her to scream and fall to her knees in agony.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator doors open to reveal a hallway consisting of an endless line of identical white doors. Each one is numbered and has a small clear window at the top.

Mark and Dylan cautiously approach the door labeled "1." As Mark peers in through the tiny window, he immediately spots Helly laying on the ground. Shocked, he motions for Dylan to come look.

Dylan gives the window a quick glance before immediately stepping away.

DYLAN

I got a real bad feeling about this.

MARK

So should you think we should are you fine just leave Helly here?

DYLAN

Well, I mean, no, but we're probably going to end up in whatever fucked-up situation she's in if we stay down here. I'm gonna head back up.

Dylan starts walking toward the elevator.

MARK

(in a hushed voice)
Dylan!

Sighing, Dylan turns himself around.

DYLAN

Unless you figured something out, I'm getting back to work, man.

MARK

Listen, I'm just going to try the handle, and if it's locked, we can go.

Dylan exhales heavily.

DYLAN

Okay, but be fast. I really think
we should leave wherever the hell
we are right now.

Mark slowly reaches a shaky hand toward the door handle.
Immediately upon making contact with it, the same HIGH
PITCHED RINGING Helly heard causes Mark to scream out in pain
and collapse to the ground.

INT. PERPETUITY WING - DAY

Burt and Irving turn the corner to the next sector of the
wing featuring statues of all the different Eagans. Their
eyes immediately land on Cobel, who is kneeling down at the
foot of one of the figures and quietly mumbling to herself as
if reciting a prayer.

BURT

(whispering)
I never knew she was that serious
about any of this.

IRVING

Me neither...

Cobel raises her voice as she continues her strange chanting
and becomes more passionate.

COBEL

"And I shall whisper to ye dutiful
through the ages. In your noblest
thoughts and epiphanies shall be my
voice. You are my mouth, and
through ye, I will whisper on when
I am 10 centuries demised!"

Cobel reaches her hand to the leg of the statue and caresses
it sensually. Irving GASPS with disgust. Cobel then rises
from the statue and walks to the next room within the Wing.

BURT

I don't know about all this,
Irving. Maybe we should come back
another time when it's not...
occupied.

IRVING

Don't you find that incredibly
disrespectful? I can't stand to see
her touch such a powerful leader in
such an... inappropriate way.

Irving heads toward the next room while Burt follows closely behind him.

Cobel walks briskly toward the entrance of KIER'S HOUSE. Burt and Irving follow a good distance behind her, seemingly unnoticed, until Irving accidentally lets out a loud SNEEZE. Cobel whips around and the two of them hide behind a wall just in time.

COBEL

Milchick! I swear to god if you're in here...

Panicked, Cobel scans the area before turning back around and heading into KIER'S HOUSE.

BURT

Irving, I really couldn't stand to see you get in trouble-

IRVING

Nonsense! We can't just sit by and do nothing while she defaces the Eagans like this!

Burt appears shocked and slightly offended by Irving's outburst.

IRVING (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm not upset with you. I'm upset with Cobel's... behavior.

BURT

I understand. You're doing what Kier would do in this situation. "Allow not the devaluing of greatness, for then that greatness shall be dampened altogether."

IRVING

(smiling)

Thank you, Burt.

In a moment of unexpected fondness, Burt smiles back at Irving. The two of them head toward the door of KIER'S HOUSE.

INT. WHITE ROOM MONITORING OFFICE - DAY

Still sitting in front of the monitor, Milchick rubs his forehead as he squints down at the packet. He pulls his eyes back to the monitor before pressing down on a button on the control panel and exiting the room.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Milchick, manual in hand, walks back toward the numbered doors until he stumbles upon Dylan sitting next to a dazed and confused Mark.

MILCHICK
(looking down at them)
Am I interrupting something?

At a loss for words, the two scurry to their feet and Dylan turns to Mark. They exchange a look of panic before Mark quickly speaks up.

MARK
No sir. I know we shouldn't be down here, but-

MILCHICK
Correct, you're not supposed to be down here. I don't really care to hear any "buts" about it, Mark.

MARK
Truthfully, we just wanted to know about Helly. We're really worried.

MILCHICK
I already told you she's completely fine.

DYLAN
Then why is she laying unconscious on the floor in that weird chamber? And why is the doorknob some sort of tazer?

MILCHICK
I'm sorry, but I can't provide you with answers right now. You two shouldn't even be here right now. I recommend that you stop asking questions before I send you off to the Break Room for the remainder of the day.

MARK
Yes, sir. We're deeply sorry about this.

DYLAN
(to Mark)
Aren't you a little curious about
what just happened to you?

Milchick shoots Dylan a piercing glare.

MILCHICK
Dylan.

Dylan glances down at the floor.

MILCHICK (CONT'D)
Well, since I can't trust the two
of you won't run off somewhere
else, I'll be escorting you back to
the MDR wing myself. Let's go.

Milchick heads toward the elevator as Mark and Dylan follow
behind him.

As they approach the elevator and Milchick presses the button
to ascend, Mark takes his final glances of the surrounding
floor while he waits.

His eyes land on a strange metal disk attached to the wall.
The same ringing that made him collapse starts up again
quietly and becomes more intense the longer he stares at the
disk.

MILCHICK (CONT'D)
Mark?

Once Mark peels his eyes from the disk, the ringing
immediately ceases. He realizes that he failed to notice
Dylan and Milchick already entered the elevator.

MARK
Sorry, sir.

Mark hurriedly enters the elevator as the doors close.

INT. MDR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Milchick escorts Dylan and Mark back to their desks and
briskly heads back toward the hallway.

MILCHICK
If I catch you two doing anything
but work today, know that you'll be
sent straight to the Break Room.

MARK

Yes sir, I understand. Sorry again
about all of this.

With a quick nod, Milchick leaves the two of them by
themselves.

Dylan and Mark quietly reposition themselves at their desks
and get back to work.

DYLAN

God, Milchick is such a pain in the
ass.

No response from Mark. He stares blankly at the screen in
front of him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

MARK

Oh, uh, yeah. But that's not new.

DYLAN

Are you okay?

MARK

Yeah... I just feel kind of off
since the whole door incident.

DYLAN

What even happened?

MARK

When I tried to open the door, it
was like something really loud
started ringing in my ears... and
that was about it.

DYLAN

Weird. You were totally out for a
second there.

MARK

Really? I mean, it's all kind of
foggy.

DYLAN

Yeah, and then you still seemed
kinda off when we were outside the
elevator.

MARK

Were you guys not hearing the ringing? From that bell thing?

DYLAN

Dude, you might need to go home early or something and recover because I have no clue what you're talking about.

Mark lowers his head and rubs his forehead with contemplation.

MARK

Before we got in the elevator, there was this silver disk that kept getting louder and louder as I stared at it.

Dylan leans in closer to Mark.

DYLAN

Do you think it has something to do with Helly's situation?

Mark purses his lips and nods.

MARK

If I'm feeling this off after touching that door handle, I can only imagine what kind of nightmare she might be dealing with down there. We gotta go back.

Dylan sighs.

DYLAN

Well, what's the plan?

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

The ringing in Helly's ears finally concludes. When she opens her eyes again, she is faced with JAME EAGAN (70s), an old man with icy white hair and an unforgiving expression.

HELLY

(dazed)

How did you get in here...

JAME

How did *I* get in here? Maybe you should be asking yourself that question.

HELLY
(rolling her eyes)
I'm really not in the mood for
riddles right now.

JAME
And I'm not in the mood to be
disrespected further by a useless
Innie like yourself.

HELLY
(getting closer to Jame)
What did you just say to me?

JAME
I said that you're a useless Innies.

HELLY
I guess that makes you a useless,
disgusting old man with nothing
better to do than degrade
prisoners.

Suddenly, Jame pins Helly against the wall and begins strangling her with seemingly superhuman strength. Helly tries to pry his hands off her neck to no avail.

JAME
You are nothing. Know that.

Helly continues choking, her eyes turning red from the loss of oxygen.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Through the small window on the door, Helly sits stationary and alone, choking as bruises form on her face.

REVEAL: Milchick was the one peering through the glass. After seeing what's happening to Helly, he strolls off toward the--

INT. WHITE ROOM MONITORING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Milchick slams the door open and plops down in front of the giant monitor, showing Helly suffocating. He fervently flips through the MANUAL pages until his eyes land on what seems to be the information he's looking for.

He carefully moves his hand toward a button on the control panel and gently uses one finger to press it.

Through the monitor view, Helly immediately falls unconscious.

INT. PERPETUITY WING - DAY

Burt and Irving stand in front of the menacingly large KIER MANOR. Irving turns to face Burt.

IRVING

Let's go. Kier would be proud of
our efforts.

Burt nods in agreement as they set off toward the front door.

INT. KIER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cobel walks slowly toward Kier's bed, gently humming a strange and unidentifiable melody to herself as she drags her fingertips across the sheets.

She stops to stare at a detailed marble statue of Kier's head, continuing to hum as she unzips the back of her dress.

INT. KIER MANOR - DAY

Burt and Irving slip through the front door and cautiously close it behind them as to not make any noise. When Burt's footstep causes the floor to creak, Irving whips around and sternly hushes him. They speak in hushed whispers.

IRVING

We should take our shoes off.

Irving motions to the stairs.

IRVING (CONT'D)

I don't want to risk being too
loud.

Burt leans down and starts untying his shoes. Irving does the same.

BURT

I feel like we're a pair of spies
on a secret mission.

Irving smiles at the playful statement.

BURT (CONT'D)

You know, this may be one of the most fun days I've ever had here at Lumon. Thank you.

IRVING

I must say the same. Thank you as well.

A beat as the two share another comforting smile.

At this point, their shoes have successfully been removed. Irving neatly places the two pairs next to each other at the bottom of the staircase before they begin tip-toeing up the rickety steps.

INT. KIER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cobel, still staring at the statue of Kier's head and humming to herself, now wears nothing but her bra and underwear. She slowly approaches Kier's bed and peels the top layer of blankets up.

With a deep breath, Cobel closes her eyes and slips under the covers. Continuing to breathe deeply and slowly, she sprawls her arms out to caress the entirety of the bed.

COBEL

(quietly)

Oh, Kier. There truly is no greater honor than being here in *your* space.

INT. KIER MANOR - DAY

At long last, Burt and Irving reach the top of the staircase outside of Kier's room. The door is slightly ajar.

Irving leans in to peer through the crack and sees Cobel mumbling as she lays on her back and clutches the sheets.

Horrificed, he lets out an audible GASP. Burt grabs Irving's hand and squeezes it tightly as to warn him to quiet down.

IRVING

(whispering)

I won't stand by and let this monstrous act proceed.

Before Burt can stop him, Irving bursts through the door into-

INT. KIER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Irving storms in, Cobel immediately springs up in the bed and covers herself with a blanket.

COBEL
(sternly)
Irving!

IRVING
(holding back rage)
Ms. Cobel.

Burt awkwardly stands in the doorway behind Irving. He stares down at the floor to avoid laying eyes on half-naked Cobel.

COBEL
And Burt?! Neither of you should be here. You know better than to leave your divisions without permission.

IRVING
And I thought you knew better than to desecrate Kier's bed.

COBEL
Don't you dare talk to me that way. You have no idea what kind of trouble the two of you are in right now. You have no right to question my deeds.

IRVING
Go ahead and throw me in the break room. I don't mind. As long as it brings an end to whatever's going on here.

COBEL
Get. Out. I'll deal with you in a moment.

Irving and Burt stare blankly at Cobel.

COBEL (CONT'D)
(raising her voice)
I said get out!

Irving and Burt turn around and exit the room, slamming the door behind them.

INT. KIER MANOR - CONTINUOUS

Silent, unnerved, and still in their socks, Burt and Irving stare at the ground as they wait for Cobel to emerge.

After what feels like an eternity, the door slams open. Cobel storms out in front of them, now fully dressed.

COBEL

Come. Now.

The two of them scurry after her and follow her down the staircase, still not speaking.

Before they make it to the bottom, Cobel has already exited through the front door. They hurriedly grab their shoes and run through the door in an attempt to catch up.

INT. PERPETUITY WING - CONTINUOUS

Cobel stands on the grass lawn, facing away from the house. Like shameful animals, Burt and Irving make their way toward her, carrying their shoes in their hands.

After waiting for a moment with her arms crossed, Cobel turns around to face them.

COBEL

Do you two understand the concept
of work?

Silence.

COBEL (CONT'D)

You are employed here at Lumon.
Paid and provided for through the
legacy of the Eagans and Kier
himself. Paid to do work.

Irving scoffs.

COBEL (CONT'D)

Do you have something to say,
Irving?

IRVING

Well, that just seems a bit
hypocritical, considering the way
you were just rolling around in
Kier's very bed.

COBEL

(sternly)

I am your superior. I have that right. You are not to question me. Kier himself stated that "leaders faces a sense of responsibility and duty that shall not be questioned by those who follow their leadership."

Irving purses his lips. Burt continues staring at the ground before bending down to put his shoe back on.

COBEL (CONT'D)

No.

Confused, Burt looks up.

COBEL (CONT'D)

Keep them off. Both of you. Follow me.

Puzzled by Cobel's statement, Burt and Irving exchange a look before following her toward the exit of the wing.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

As the doors to the elevator open, Mark and Dylan both scan their surroundings: they're completely alone. The second Mark leaves the elevator, his ears start ringing again. He covers them, but it doesn't help.

DYLAN

Are you hearing it again?

MARK

Yeah, it's definitely that disk thing.

Mark gestures to the disk on the wall.

MARK (CONT'D)

But I'm fine, it's nowhere near as bad as when I touched the handle.

DYLAN

I don't know, something's telling me we should break it.

MARK

Maybe once we figure out what it is. We need to find Helly first.

Mark and Dylan leave the lobby and continue toward the--

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Back at the line of doors, the two of them carefully make their way back to DOOR 1. Mark leans forward to peek through the small window.

DYLAN

Let's not make the same mistake twice, alright? Maybe put your hands behind your back or something this time.

MARK

Smart. You keep watch in case anyone is lingering around here.

Mark holds both his hands behind his back as he peeks through the glass.

DYLAN

Is she in there? Is Milchick doing something sick to her? I always had a feeling that guy was a perv.

MARK

(focused)

No, she just seems like she's sleeping or something. Pretty bruised though.

DYLAN

That sick fuck.

MARK

Wait, wait! She's moving a little.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Helly coughs before sitting up and rubbing the bruises on her neck. Confused, she scans the room for Jame.

HELLY

Coward!

OUTIE HELLY

Hey.

Helly whips around to the sight of... herself. She's wearing the same outfit she came to work in today, but her expression seems off. More sinister.

HELLY

You.

OUTIE HELLY grins and bends down to Helly, grabbing her cheeks like a baby.

OUTIE HELLY

Aren't you just the sweetest,
dumbest little thing.

Helly swats Outie Helly's hand away.

HELLY

Why don't you just shut the fuck
and tell me what you want?

OUTIE HELLY

Woah woah, no need for violence,
here. Unless that's what you want.

Outie Helly kicks Helly in the face with her heel, knocking her to the floor. She looks up at her with a bloody nose.

OUTIE HELLY (CONT'D)

To answer your question, I don't
want anything from you. But you
really should accept that you're
never leaving this place. You're
only making this experience harder.

HELLY

You're making this experience
harder for me! Can't you see that
this place is worse than prison?
Why would you want to trap yourself
here?

OUTIE HELLY

I am not you. I've told you before
and I'll tell you again. I make the
decisions. You do not.

Helly wipes the blood from her nose onto her pure white sleeve and weakly stands up to face her Outie.

HELLY

Yeah? Was hanging myself not enough
of a "decision" in your eyes?

Outie Helly crosses her arms and stares coldly at Helly.

HELLY (CONT'D)
Because trust me, I can make way
more "decisions" than that. Without
your permission.

OUTIE HELLY
(dismissively)
Right.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

From Mark's perspective, Helly sits stationary on the floor,
eyes blank while blood trickles down from her nostril.

MARK
Her nose is bleeding now...

Suddenly, the clacking of heels echoes down the hallway.

DYLAN
Mark! We gotta go!

Soaking up his final glance of Helly, Mark follows Dylan as
the two of them run away from the door.

Cobel, accompanied by still-shoeless Burt and Irving, sternly
opens an unmarked door at the end of the numbered ones.

INT. WHITE ROOM PREP QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The three of them step into a strange white room lined with
mattresses and silver disks along the walls, similar to the
one from the lobby. Burt and Irving look around in confusion
as Cobel makes her way to ANGELO ARTETA (50), a stern man
with jet black hair dressed in all white.

COBEL
Hello, Mr. Arteta. I have two more
here.

ANGELO
(puzzled)
Ms. Cobel, the experiment is not
designed to accompany more than one
individual at a time. The Board has
already made you aware of this.

BURT
I'm sorry, did you say
"experiment?"

Angelo and Cobel don't acknowledge Burt's interjection.

COBEL

Yes, of course. The Board has informed me that there has been a slight change of plans as of this morning.

ANGELO

Okay... I guess I'll get them prepped.

Burt and Irving look at one another with fear. As Cobel briskly exits, Burt reaches for Irving's hand.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

Can you both lay down on a bed, please?

Confused and cautious, Burt and Irving split to take their respective white mattresses.

Angelo opens a strange cabinet and removes two small, metal bulbs, each on their own cushion. He stands between the two beds and holds the cushions out next to them.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

Now, when I count to three, please rest a finger on the silver bulb.

IRVING

What is the reason for this?

ANGELO

That information is confidential. Especially to severed individuals.

BURT

What if we don't feel inclined to touch the ball?

ANGELO

It's in your best interest to do so. There will be strict consequences if you don't follow orders.

Burt and Irving glance at one another again.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

Enough questions. On the count of three, touch the bulb. One...

A beat. Burt and Irving find comfort in staring at one another.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

Two...

They both close their eyes.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

Three.

In perfect sync, Burt and Irving both touch the bulbs. They are met with violent ringing in their ears before immediately passing out.

INT. WHITE ROOM MONITORING OFFICE - DAY

Cobel storms into the dark room, nearly causing Milchick to fall off his chair with shock.

COBEL

Would you like to tell me why Burt and Irving were out wandering around the Perpetuity Wing after I specifically instructed that you block it off for the day?

MILCHICK

I'm so sorry, Ms. Cobel. You assigned me to manage Operation C, so I haven't been able to keep a close eye-

COBEL

Nonsense. I don't want excuses. Burt and Irving are joining the operation in rooms two and three.

MILCHICK

But the manual says one at a time for now, I don't know if-

COBEL

I don't care what the manual says. Figure it out. I'm busy for the rest of the day, so I better be impressed with whatever you end up having for me tomorrow.

MILCHICK

It's nearly three o'clock, I'm not sure if there's enough time to get them acquainted-

COBEL

Work them overtime. I don't give a
shit.

Milchick sighs heavily.

COBEL (CONT'D)

I'll see you tomorrow.

With a loud door slam, Cobel leaves.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Mark and Dylan stand just around the corner from the line of doors, their backs pressed against the wall as they listen for any more sounds.

A door slams, followed by the aggressive clacking of heels. They slowly fade to silence.

MARK

I think we're good.

Just as the two of them turn back toward the hallway, the sound of squeaky wheels echoes across the walls. Dylan, closest to the hall, quickly peeps his head around to investigate.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey! What are you doing!

Mark pulls him back.

MARK (CONT'D)

Did you see anything?

DYLAN

Yeah. A couple of stretchers being
pushed by some dude in a lab coat
I've never seen before. I couldn't
tell who was on them.

MARK

Did you see Helly?

DYLAN

Nope.

MARK

Well, we have no idea when this
guy's going to be gone, so we'd
better wait here.

DYLAN

Feels unproductive to me. But...

Dylan looks up toward the metal disk on the wall.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We could see what happens if we
mess with that thing.

MARK

I don't know... I'm worried it's
going to make the ringing worse.
It's already pretty bad.

DYLAN

Alright, I get it.

Mark and Dylan sit silently for a few seconds.

MARK

(sighing)

Okay, maybe it's worth a shot.

Dylan raises his eyebrows.

MARK (CONT'D)

Not sure how we're going to do it,
though.

DYLAN

Okay. I'll go get a closer look.
You stay here. Don't want you
passing out again.

MARK

We need to find some way to damage
it without using our hands. We've
already seen what happens when you
touch it.

Dylan's eyes scan the area before landing on Mark's foot.

DYLAN

Take off your shoe.

MARK

What?

DYLAN

I'm going to chuck it.

MARK

Why mine? Can't you use your own?

DYLAN

No, dude. You're way taller than me. Yours will do more damage.

MARK

Why do you even-- ugh, okay. So much for not making a scene.

DYLAN

Worst case scenario, we book it to the elevator. It's literally right there.

MARK

Okay.

Mark unlaces his shoe and begrudgingly hands it over to Dylan. He strategically aims his throw and mimics the toss a few times.

MARK (CONT'D)

Okay, enough. Can we just get this over with?

DYLAN

Alright, alright! I just don't wanna miss.

Dylan winds up one last time before launching the shoe toward the disk. Immediately upon hitting it, sparks erupt everywhere. The lighting immediately shifts from white to red as an alarm blares.

MARK

Fuck. I knew this was a bad idea.

DYLAN

Elevator! I told you!

MARK

What about my shoe?!

Dylan darts over and snatches Mark's shoe while Mark runs toward the elevator and smashes the up arrow. Nothing happens.

DYLAN

Alright, what's our backup plan?

MARK

Backup plan? I didn't want to do any of this to begin with!

INT. WHITE ROOM MONITORING OFFICE - DAY

Milchick faces the monitor, now covered by a massive error symbol as the sound of the alarm blares in the background.

Panicked, he frantically flips through the pages of the manual for a solution to the problem.

When he fails to find any answers, he frustratedly crumples the manual into a ball on the floor and storms out of the room.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Milchick slams open the door, Mark and Dylan duck behind a few chairs by the elevator. They watch intently as Milchick scans his badge without paying any notice to them.

DYLAN

At least we don't have to worry
about him now...

MARK

The ringing... it stopped for me. I
wonder if any of this affected
Helly.

Mark carefully peeks around the corner to the line of doors and is met with nothing but the empty hallway, blaring alarm, and flashing red lights.

MARK (CONT'D)

We're good.

The two of them carefully slip out of the lobby area and make their way to Helly's door.

Through the small window of Door 1, Mark watches Helly as she wanders around and seemingly screams out for help-- he can't hear her.

MARK (CONT'D)

Okay, she's not paralyzed on the
floor anymore, so that's good.

DYLAN

Sure, but how do we get her out?

As Dylan waits for Mark to look away from the door, he notices movement from the small window attached to the door next to hers.

MARK

No idea. Maybe wherever Milchick
just left from could have the
answer.

Dylan peers closer into the window of Door 2 and notices
Irving also wandering aimlessly.

DYLAN

Irving! They got Irving!

Mark quickly pulls away from Helly's door.

MARK

What? Let me see.

Mark leans in and sees for himself... Dylan wasn't lying.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh, god...

INT. COBEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Milchick, now out of breath, takes a second to collect
himself before gently knocking on the door.

To his surprise, it's not Cobel who opens it-- it's NATALIE.
As plastic and put-together as ever with her signature
earpiece in place, she looks Milchick up and down.

NATALIE

I'm sorry, is there a problem, Mr.
Milchick? Ms. Cobel and I are in
the middle of a very important
meeting with the Board.

Behind Natalie, Cobel gives Milchick a cutting glare.

MILCHICK

Well, yes, a significant issue has
arisen surrounding Operation C.

Natalie looks intrigued. Cobel is horrified.

NATALIE

Have you read the manual the Board
provided?

Milchick smiles, clearly trying to hide a layer of annoyance.
It's not working.

MILCHICK

Yes, of course. I'm new to the operating system, though, and wasn't able to find the particular section of interest within the manual.

A pause as Natalie listens in to her earpiece.

NATALIE

(to her earpiece)

Yes, of course.

(to Milchick)

The board would like to help investigate the problem. Shall we?

COBEL

I'm sure it's fine. Mr. Milchick, would you mind going down and reading the manual through one more time?

NATALIE

(sharply)

No need for that. The Board and I should be able to find a solution.

Natalie smiles at Milchick as he exchanges a panicked expression with Cobel.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Alarm still blasting, Mark continues peering into Irving's room.

DYLAN

So what now?

MARK

There's a chance they've got a lot more people trapped down here than we think.

Mark investigates the next door over and spots Burt.

MARK (CONT'D)

Shit. It's Burt.

DYLAN

Oh god... we must be next. We gotta get out of here.

The elevator doors at the end of the hallway open abruptly. Mark and Dylan turn around and are met with the shocked faces of Milchick, Cobel, and Natalie as they step out.

COBEL

Mark S and Dylan G. I'm afraid this isn't your wing.

NATALIE

The Board said that Helly R. and executive staff are the only individuals permitted to access this floor. Is there a reason these two are here?

Mark and Dylan stare at each other helplessly, then back at the three of them.

MILCHICK

No, they have no reason to be here. I'll take care of it. I'm deeply sorry for the inconvenience.

Milchick sternly grabs Mark and Dylan by the arm and escorts them back into the elevator.

INT. MDR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Milchick furiously guides Mark and Dylan back to their cubicles.

MILCHICK

I don't have words for the two of you. This is unacceptable behavior.

MARK

We were just-

MILCHICK.

No. Excuses. If I find out that you two caused that alarm to go off, you have no idea how much trouble-

DYLAN

Excuse me, sir, but it's past 5:00.

Milchick glances at the analog clock on the wall. 5:15. He exhales heavily.

MILCHICK

You have no clue what you're in for tomorrow. If you thought the Break Room was bad...

Dylan and Mark silently stare back at Milchick.

MILCHICK (CONT'D)

Dylan G, you're scheduled to depart first today. Go.

DYLAN

But I thought Helly usually goes ahead of me.

MILCHICK

Not today. You're excused.

After shooting Mark a look of desperation, Dylan exits.

INT WHITE ROOM MONITORING OFFICE - DAY

Cobel and Natalie step in and are met with the same error symbol on the screen from before.

COBEL

I hope you understand that these circumstances were very unprecedented. Mr. Milchick has been lacking in his position lately, I should have taken on this task myself-

NATALIE

The Board has a solution for the system error.

Natalie calmly reaches over to the far right end of the control panel and flips several switches.

The alarm instantly ceases as the error message vanishes from the large monitor, revealing Helly, Irving, and Burt confusedly standing around their rooms.

COBEL

Oh, how lovely! Please thank them for me. I have a feeling that if Mr. Milchick had just read the manual a bit longer, none of this would have happened. I am so sorry for the trouble.

NATALIE

The Board would like to know why there are three individuals in rooms when Helly R. was the only one approved for this operation.

COBEL

As I said, I entrusted Mr. Milchick with a task I should have known he'd be incapable of carrying out properly.

NATALIE

The Board says they are disappointed in your leadership abilities and will be scheduling a follow-up meeting to discuss.

COBEL

This situation was out of my hands, though. I try to lead with all of Kier's standards in mind. Always.

NATALIE

The Board has concluded the call. I'll see you again within the week.

Without looking back, Natalie calmly opens the door and leaves. Cobel stands alone and defeated, illuminated by the glow of the monitor.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Helly paces anxiously around the room, pounding on the walls with the little strength she has left.

HELLY

Hello? Bitch-Helly? Fucking coward.

She feels under her nose and notices it's bleeding. When she looks down, she sees its clean stream of blood running down her white clothing.

HELLY (CONT'D)

(whispering under her
breath)

What...

INT WHITE ROOM MONITORING OFFICE - DAY

Cobel carefully flips through the crumpled manual. She peers back up at the monitor and observes Helly's confusion before pressing the same button Milchick pressed much earlier.

Helly instantly reacts to this by covering her ears, but fails to fall under the button's control.

Confused, she gets up from her desk and leaves to investigate the--

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clacking her heels on the shiny floors, Cobel makes her way to the lobby area by the elevator.

She notices the broken metal disk on the wall, whirring quietly, and instantly boards the elevator to a higher floor.

INT. MDR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cobel storms into the office and approaches Milchick observing Mark.

COBEL
(threateningly)
Where's Dylan G?

MILCHICK
It's past time. I sent him home.

COBEL
You idiot! Do you not remember me giving you permission to work them overtime?

MILCHICK
I thought that statement was about Burt and Irving.

COBEL
Don't sass me. The Board is extremely disappointed in you as is. Just wait until they hear about this.

MILCHICK
Ms. Cobel, I can explain-

COBEL
Enough. Send Dylan straight to my office tomorrow. And Mark too.

MARK
We were just worried about Helly-

COBEL
I said enough. Nobody here knows when to shut up and mind their own business. Just. Obey. Orders. It's that simple.

MILCHICK

Yes, of course. Would you like Mark to be sent home?

COBEL

Because you stupidly sent Dylan home already, yes. Send him up with the proper stagger. I need to get away from all of you.

Cobel storms out of the office.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Infuriated from the day's events, Cobel makes her way down the hallway. She barges into the--

INT. WHITE ROOM PREP QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Angelo nearly jumps with surprise when Cobel enters.

COBEL

I need Burt and Irving changed and sent back to their offices in the next twenty minutes.

ANGELO

That's the right call. Helly has already faced significant physical damage, which the Board isn't going to like.

COBEL

Just figure out a way to get her presentable. Do what you need to do.

ANGELO

Right... I was calling the Board a few minutes ago and they stated they want to move the operation elsewhere.

COBEL

What? Why? What about Helly? Isn't that the whole point of this?

ANGELO

They're disappointed in the way this has been dealt with, and frankly, so am I.

COBEL
(tearing up)
Well. I have some business to
attend to. Goodbye.

Cobel briskly slips out of the room.

INT. BURT'S WHITE ROOM - DAY

As Burt continues inspecting his surroundings, the door handle jiggles. He backs away as Angelo peeks in.

ANGELO
Burt, correct?

BURT
(startled)
Uhm, yes. That's me.

ANGELO
Come with me.

Puzzled, Burt nods and steps out of the door. As he enters into the--

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

-- the same ringing he heard earlier causes him to wince in pain. Angelo takes notice.

ANGELO (CONT'D)
That should fade with time.

Burt smiles awkwardly as the ringing subsides. Angelo gently knocks on the door next to Burt's before opening the door.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE
Irving, please join me out here.

Irving steps out of his room and reacts similarly to Burt, wincing in pain.

BURT
He said the ringing should subside,
thankfully.

IRVING
(to Angelo)
What was the meaning of this? I
simply don't understand.

ANGELO

I already told you that information
can't be disclosed.

Angelo hands Burt and Irving their attire from earlier that
day. He guides them toward the elevator.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

Please return to your offices and
Ms. Cobel will assist you further.

IRVING

I'm a bit confused. Ms. Cobel
informed us this punishment would
be worse than the Break Room, but
I'm not sure anything even happened
just now.

ANGELO

Enough questions. Get in the
elevator.

Irritated, Angelo presses the elevator button and guides them
inside.

Burt and Irving step inside, taking notice of the still-
buzzing, broken metal disk in the lobby. Just as they start
to get a better look at the scene, the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Still in white clothing and socks, Burt and Irving stand
quietly in the elevator.

BURT

I must say, I'm relieved that
nothing crazy really went down in
there.

IRVING

Still the most fun day you've had?

Burt looks up and smiles warmly at Irving.

BURT

Most definitely. Although I must
say I am a bit concerned about the
ringing.

IRVING

At least we're in it together.

They exchange smiles. Somehow, the strangeness of their day fades away and they're able to relax for just a moment...

DING! The elevator doors open, snapping them out of their calm state.

INT. SEVERED FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The two step out of the elevator and begin their walk back to their respective departments.

They walk in silence until reaching the doors to MDR.

IRVING

I suppose this is my stop.

BURT

I suppose so.

IRVING

I do apologize for all of today's events. I had no idea things would take such a... turn.

BURT

No need to apologize. I stand by what I said-- this was a lot of fun, even if my ears are still buzzing.

IRVING

Well, I'm very relieved to hear that.

A pause.

IRVING (CONT'D)

That you had fun, not that your ears are buzzing, of course. I'm sorry.

Burt chuckles at Irving's awkwardness.

BURT

Understood. No harm done.

Milchick suddenly walks out from the office, straight into Burt and Irving's conversation.

MILCHICK

Irving, can I ask what you're doing out of the office?

(MORE)

MILCHICK (CONT'D)

If I'm not mistaken, you were told
to report back immediately.

IRVING

Of course, Mr. Milchick. I was just
heading in.

Milchick eyes Burt, annoyed.

MILCHICK

And you? You're from Optics and
Design, no?

BURT

Yes, yes.

MILCHICK

Then you seem to be in the wrong
place. I wouldn't want to have to
tell Ms. Cobel about this, so I'm
going to have to ask you to return
to your office as well.

BURT

Yes, sir. So sorry.

Irving watches sadly as Burt takes off in the other
direction.

MILCHICK

Please change up and head out
through the elevator. You're
already fifteen minutes overtime.

IRVING

Yes, sir.

INT. HELLY'S WHITE ROOM - DAY

Helly sits on the floor of the White Room, clearly beaten up.
The blood running from her nose has dried up and the bruises
on her arms, neck, and face have become more purple.

She looks around the room, still confused about the sudden
absence of her outie-self.

HELLY

So that's it? That's all you guys
got?

Silence.

HELLY (CONT'D)

Cowards.

Suddenly, the doorknob to her room jiggles. Expecting the worst, her face immediately drops with fear. The door opens...

It's the angelo. Helly's expression switches from fearful to confused. She peeps her head in.

ANGELO

Helly R.?

Angelo's demeanor is notably kinder than when he was talking to Burt and Irving

HELLY

Uh, yeah?

ANGELO

Please follow me.

HELLY

Why should I trust you?

ANGELO

It's time to clock out.

Helly cautiously steps through the door.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Similar to Burt and Irving, Helly winces as she steps into the hallway. The ringing has returned.

ANGELO

Don't worry, it will go away with time. Follow me.

Too exhausted to fight back or question him, Helly follows behind. The vibrant bloodstains on her white clothing stand out against her surroundings.

INT. WHITE ROOM PREP QUARTERS - DAY

Angelo gestures Helly toward one of the several white beds.

ANGELO

Please take a seat.

Confused, Helly sits down. Instinctively, she lays her head on the pillow and stares at the ceiling.

HELLY
(defeated)
Can you tell me what this place is?

ANGELO
Ah, unfortunately, I cannot.

HELLY
(annoyed)
Why?

ANGELO
See, it's under strict
confidentiality.

HELLY
Psh. Like I give a fuck.

Angelo silently takes out a pack of wipes from a drawer.
Helly watches, irritated by her neutrality.

HELLY (CONT'D)
Do you see the state I'm in right
now? And you have the nerve to tell
me what happened in there is too
"confidential" for me to
understand?

ANGELO
(sincerely)
Listen, I really am sorry that your
experience was unpleasant, but I
just can't provide you with answers
right now.

Helly sighs, annoyed. She stares back up at the ceiling.
Angelo comes up to her bedside with the pack of wipes.

ANGELO (CONT'D)
To wipe off the blood.

Helly looks over at the employee, confused.

HELLY
Why should I? I think the outie
version of myself deserves to see
what this place is doing to me.

ANGELO
Please, just wipe it off.

Helly ignores him.

HELLY

I thought Lumon wasn't allowed to hurt their severed employees. How the hell are they supposed to explain this to the outie?

ANGELO

Well, your outie signed an agreement of sorts.

HELLY

(intrigued)

What kind of agreement?

ANGELO

(still wiping Helly's face)

I'm afraid I've already said too much. Just... wipe your face down. I doubt you want me to do it for you.

Helly sighs and caves to Angelo's request, finally wiping the red stains from her face. Angelo opens another drawer and removes Helly's clothes from earlier, setting them on the bedside.

ANGELO (CONT'D)

I'll give you a minute to change.
Meet me outside when you're ready.

Angelo calmly exits, leaving Helly by herself.

Helly sits up and grabs her clothes. She glances at herself in a nearby mirror and gets a real look at her wounds.

A ring of bruises covers her neck. From Jame's strangling, surely. She runs her fingers over her bruised cheeks. As she's looking at herself, her eyes fall on something shiny in the background.

As she gets closer to the mysteriously shiny metal orb, her ears begin to ring more intensely. Just before it gets too intense, Helly backs off. She's had enough for today.

INT. WHITE ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Angelo checks his watch. He's been waiting a while now. Just as he reaches up to knock, Helly opens the door, fully changed back into her clothes from earlier with a clean face (aside from the bruises).

HELLY
So now what?

ANGELO
It's time for you to go home.

HELLY
Seriously? Looking like this?

ANGELO
As I said, an agreement was made.

HELLY
Right. That definitely answers my question.

Angelo takes off toward the elevator. Helly reluctantly follows.

ANGELO
Ms. Cobel has excused you for the day.

Helly glances at the analog clock above the elevator.

HELLY
Only thirty minutes late. How generous.

Silence. The elevator doors open. Helly doesn't step inside.

ANGELO
Helly R.?

Helly inspects the strangely disheveled lobby area next to her, the disk still buzzing.

HELLY
What happened here?

ANGELO
Honestly? I don't know. Please make your way to the elevator.

Curious and confused, Helly gets in her final glance of the lobby scene as she steps in the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Helly continues inspecting the wounds on her body as the elevator ascends. Her eyes abruptly flicker as she shifts body language and transitions into her "outie."

INT. ELEVATOR BOARDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Cobel stands right outside the elevator doors, clearly stiff and nervous. Helly quickly looks her up and down with a hint of disgust.

COBEL

Welcome back, Helly R.

HELLY

I'm sorry, do I know you?

COBEL

Oh! Um, no. I'm a... representative from Lumon. I wanted to bestow a personal apology for any injuries caused by your innie today.

HELLY

This was because of the operation, correct?

COBEL

Yes. The injuries were... unprecedented.

HELLY

I mean, nothing I'm not used to at this point. That innie has been refusing to get her act together for a while now.

Cobel laughs nervously.

COBEL

Yes, of course.

HELLY

Thanks.

Helly smiles before immediately walking away. Her grin falls flat the second she's turned away from Cobel.

INT. MARK'S CAR, LUMON PARKING LOT - EVENING

Mark opens his car door and sits down, removing his phone from his pocket.

He opens a text message from an unspecified contact: "3750 Unity Ave." He calls the number, but is met only with a voicemail.

CANDY'S VOICEMAIL

This is Candy. Please call for serious inquiries only. Thanks.

A loud BEEP.

MARK

Hey Candy, it's Mark from earlier. Just wanted to let you know I'm coming by now for the... research I told you about earlier. See you soon.

INT. MARK'S CAR - EVENING

Mark's surroundings are eerily dark and quiet. He turns on the radio to help fill the silence. Nothing but static comes out. Resigned, he turns it off.

As he turns onto Unity Avenue, blue and red lights illuminate his face. He squints with confusion.

Finally, Mark reaches the source of the police lights. A house has been wrapped in bright yellow caution tape and a crowd of cop cars and firetrucks swarm the scene.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark slams the car door to get a closer look at the address. 3750. Definitely Candy's house. A middle-aged, male COP approaches him.

COP

I'm sorry sir, this is a closed scene. I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

MARK

Can I ask what happened?

COP

That's classified information at this time. Please return to your vehicle.

MARK

Sorry, it's just... I was supposed to meet the woman who lives here, we talked earlier today--

Mark's eye lands on a crowd of paramedics by the front door. His eyes narrow as he tries to distinguish what's going on.

COP

Sir, please. I've already asked you twice.

The cop pushes Mark toward his car, but his neck is still craned to look back at the porch.

As a paramedic steps away from the crowd, Mark gets a look at a person laying down. He finally makes out Candy's unmistakably eccentric, colorful clothing... Now drenched with blood.

At this point, the cop has fully grabbed Mark and drags him toward his car.

MARK

Wait, I know her! Please, just give me a second--

Pure horror paints Mark's face as the cop opens the door to Mark's car. He watches as they cover Candy's body and lift her onto a stretcher.

INT. COBEL'S CAR - NIGHT

A few homes down from the crime scene, Cobel watches everything from her car's window.

She leans forward into the steering wheel as she observes Mark getting back into his car and starting his engine.

Cobel puts her key into the ignition and takes off in Mark's direction. Smiling wide, she begins humming the same tune that she was singing to herself hours earlier in Kier's bedroom.

