

PULSE

WRITTEN BY
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FADE IN:

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

The paper crinkles on the examining table as FABIAN REYES (48), gentle features and dressed conservative, shifts in his seat. His breath heavy.

He lifts his hands from his knees. Stares at the sweat stains on his khaki pants, confused.

He scratches at the red rash under the pinstriped collar peeking out from his red sweater.

A quick knock on the door. DOCTOR BELLOW (41), cheery with white, curly hair and loose-fitting clothes, walks through the door staring down at a chart. He delivers a quick, cordial smile, but pays little mind to Fabian.

He plops down in the rolling stool. Flips up the first page on the chart.

DR. BELLOW

So, Mister...

(checks the chart)

Fabian Reyes. I'm Doctor Bellow. This says you experiencing some chest problems. We don't get many of those anymore. What seems to be the--

Dr. Bellow looks up. He pauses at Fabian's distress. He stands up, then rushes to him.

FABIAN

There's this pounding in my chest--

DR. BELLOW

Pounding?

Dr. Bellow grabs his wrist. Fumbles around with it.

FABIAN

Yeah, and there's this moisture all over my--

DR. BELLOW

Do you know how to do this?

FABIAN

Do what?

He drops Fabian's wrist.

DR. BELLOW

I need one those... shit, what's it called? In the ears with the little circular pad. You put it on the chest--

FABIAN

I don't--

DR. BELLOW

Nurse!
(to Fabian)
One second.
(beat)
Nurse!

The door cracks open. NURSE DEMORE (28), peppy with white hair and grey scrubs, pokes her head in through the door.

DR. BELLOW

Do we have one of those headphone things? You put it on the chest and listen.

He mimes this on Fabian.

Nurse Demore gives him a confused look.

NURSE DEMORE

Stethoscope? Maybe buried in storage.

DR. BELLOW

Stethoscope!
(to Fabian)
Can't believe they still teach that stuff to these kids.
(to Nurse Demore)
Grab me one, would ya?

Nurse Demore nods, then rushes away.

Dr. Bellow pulls inspects Fabian's hands. He wipes up some sweat, feels it between his thumb and finger. Sniffs it, then winces.

DR. BELLOW

When did these symptoms start? The pounding, the condensating...

FABIAN

Something... happened to me a few days ago. You remember that storm, the thunderstorm?

Dr. Bellow nods.

FABIAN

It started to rain, so I was covering my pool in the back yard. I slipped in, and... I just remember a loud noise and a bright flash. I woke up floating in the pool. Coughed up a bunch of water. Then started to feel weird over the next few days. This pounding. Air moving in and out of my mouth. And then there's this...

Fabian pulls down his collar to reveal the source of the rash. A large red burn mark appears partially healed on his chest near his heart.

FABIAN

It's fading away... You don't think I could be ali--

Nurse Demore burst through the door. Hands off a stethoscope to Dr. Fabian.

He throws the earpiece on, puts the chest-piece over Fabian's heart.

A low THUD THUD, THUD THUD.

Nurse Demore leans toward the doctor in anticipation.

Dr. Bellow moves the chest-piece to Fabian's back. The slow in, then out of breath.

Dr. Bellow pulls away slowly. He stares at Fabian with utter shock.

DR. BELLOW

Nurse Demore... this man is alive.

NURSE DEMORE

That's impossible.

Fabian grows frantic, he looks all around, breathes heavy.

DR. BELLOW

Mr. Reyes, you have to calm down. We have to get you in for immediate testing. We are not equipped for testing living patients, so we will prepare immediate transport to an advanced facility. You're going to be fine--

FABIAN
How long do I have?

DR. BELLOW
We won't know anything until--

FABIAN
How long?!

Dr. Bellow shares a grim look with Nurse Demore, then looks to Fabian who stares down at the floor.

DR. BELLOW
Given your age, anywhere from
twenty to forty years. Life is a
terminal illness, but like I said,
we don't know anything for sure
yet.
(to Nurse Demore)
Please take Mr. Reyes to prepare
for transport. I'll be there in a
moment.

Nurse Demore puts on a fake, but friendly smile. She helps Fabian off the table, then leads him by the arm out of the room. Fabian wanders out, looking back at Dr. Bellow.

Dr. Bellow closes the door behind them. He plops down in the rolling stool. He stares off, deep in thought.

He grabs the stethoscope earpiece. As he pulls it off, he left ear comes off with it. In the hole, grey, decrepit flesh. A metal rim around the opening and a small clip.

Dr. Bellow doesn't flinch. He grabs ear. The ear also has a metal clip.

He clips it back onto his head. Straightens it. Sets the stethoscope on the examining table.

Dr. Bellow stares down at his finger with Fabian's sweat on it. He smears it around some more. Suddenly, his spine stiffens.

He gasps.

SMASH TO BLACK.

A low THUD THUD sounds.

THE END