

Episode 1, *Stanton 2014*: “Vox Abductus”— by Joey Madia

[sound of footsteps on pavement followed by knock on a metal door; sound of door opening]

Voice of man in his 50s, Eastern European accent: Come in, come in.

THE MAN: Are you open? The sign says you’re open... I don’t even know how I got here...I was wandering the streets... Wandering ... saw your sign—All night psychiatry. One minute I was dreaming...if I was dreaming. God my head hurts ...next thing I know, I’m in the middle of the city, but no one is around—a few hookers, a coupla taxi cabs, but quiet. So damned quiet.

DOCTOR: You are upset. Confused, even. Have a seat over there. I will get you a glass of water. [sound of glass, water being poured from a pitcher] Now drink this down—all in one gulp. It will help to settle your nerves.

THE MAN: What is it? Just water? No pills or powders, right? You didn’t put anything in it, did you?

DOCTOR: Nothing at all. You can trust me. I am here for you. Drink it down. Trust me.

VOICES (very quiet, nondescript, layered): *Trust no one.*

[sound of man drinking water, putting down glass]

DOCTOR: That’s good. Better, yes?

THE MAN: A little. Sure. Look, I don’t know if I should be here... how I even *got* here... We’ve got doctor/patient privilege, right? I mean, you can’t tell anyone what I’m gonna tell you... Not a word... If I do decide to tell you... cause maybe I shouldn’t ... maybe it’s nothing...

DOCTOR: I will not share a word of what you say. I am bound by the law and the ethics of my profession. But outside of the laws of man, I have no reason to...Why would I?

THE MAN: I work for the government...

VOICES (very quiet, nondescript, layered): *But not the government that runs the government...*

THE MAN: ... a special branch. You wouldn’t know it. But they watch me. Even when I’m not at work. *Especially* then...

DOCTOR: You have a high level of clearance. Deal with secret things. Important matters. Military security. You seem surprised. You see, I know about these things—I've known about them for years, but please—continue, continue...

THE MAN: I was working in the office last night... going over reports of several sightings the past few weeks... sightings of UFOs—eyewitness testimony, interviews with law enforcement... hell, a couple of cops had even seen it, chased it ... a pilot flying in from the Midwest had it on his radar... I'd received new documents from London, Paris, and Wales about similar sightings... The FAA had nothing, the local airbase denied anything was in that airspace...

DOCTOR: Do you believe in these sightings you study? These indications of UFOs?

THE MAN: Why should that matter? I'm paid to do my job, to analyze reports, sort through various paperwork, make recommendations... It's better if I don't believe. And I don't... I shouldn't. I gotta remain impartial, objective... Anyhow, I can't concentrate, so I look at my watch... it's 11:30... That was three or four hours ago.

DOCTOR: Please go on...

THE MAN: Well, I locked up my desk and went to get some coffee, extra sugar, extra cream—I was so damned tired, with all these case facts rolling around my head. I get in my car, switch on the radio, and all I get is static—nothing but static—a-m, f-m—I can't get a goddamned thing. The sound of it's exacerbating this growing headache I've got. I pull out of the parking lot and the headache is just about blinding me... I'm so damned tired.

DOCTOR: Perhaps a migraine? Are you prone to those? It would explain a great deal...

THE MAN: I get the occasional headache, sure, but nothing at all like this. Cause I'm seeing this light, like it's spilling out from a doorway inside my head... not coming from the outside at all... nothing to do with my eyes. It's like—and I know I'm sounding crazy here—but it's like a chick of pure energy hatching from an egg... taking my thoughts with it as it breaks out of my skull... Jesus, I sound insane...

DOCTOR: You mustn't talk of being crazy. Just the fact that you are here with me tonight is proof that you are sane. You are perhaps confused and I certainly sense your fear, but you must not doubt your mind.

THE MAN: You haven't heard the half of it. Cause after this light truly, truly blinds me, I wake up in my bed, fully clothed, and my body feels like it's been pummeled. I go out to the garage, and there's my car—and the hood's ice cold. It ain't been running for hours... And somehow I got to bed. With no *memory* of it. So I'm trying to remember what the hell happened and I see the clock... It's 1:40 a.m. I lost two hours, *two hours*... And there's something about that time frame, and the radio static, and the blinding light within my head that sounds familiar. Completely, coldy familiar...

DOCTOR: Tell me what it was.

The MAN: I can't, Doc. You seem nice enough and all, but you gotta understand—I don't talk about these things with anyone. Like I said, they watch me—all the time, every moment, they're watching what I do, listening. I don't date because of it—too afraid of pillow talk or mumbling in my sleep. I know things very few people know...I was special ops, top secret clearance, the whole bit. Even the CIA knows nothing about us. And definitely not the Air Force...

DOCTOR: You can trust me.

VOICES (very quiet, nondescript, layered, overlapping):

—*Trust him*

—*Trust them*

—*You mustn't trust*

—*You have to trust*

—*Trust no one*

—*Trust.*

THE MAN: I don't trust anyone. I've got no friends. I don't even talk to my father about this stuff. He has no idea what I've done. It sounds paranoid, but this is crazy deep stuff... Way beyond that tabloid alien John Keel crap.

DOCTOR: Let me get you more water. And a cigarette. Would you like a cigarette?

THE MAN: Jesus, yeah, I would. I quit a few months ago. It's like you read my mind.

DOCTOR: [pouring the water] I'm trained to be intuitive—to read the signs and signals of those who sit before me, so I can do what must be done. What is best for them. For you.

[he hands him the water, and the cigarette]

THE MAN: You got a lighter? Like I said, I quit...

DOCTOR: Right here. [sound of lighter being ignited]

THE MAN: [taking a deep drag, letting it out while he speaks] Christ, that's good. Just what I needed.

DOCTOR: And the water. All at once. Drink it down.

[sound of the man draining the glass. Putting it down]

DOCTOR: Good. Now you can say what you need so badly to tell me.

THE MAN: Alright... While I was in the car, with the static and the light and all, I saw an alien ship, right there above me. And then the car shuts off. The lights, the engine. Nothing works. Nothing...

DOCTOR: Describe to me what you saw. Spare no detail, no matter how small it seems.

THE MAN: What the ship looked like, you mean... I don't know. It's hard to describe. It was...

[voices overlap with his—many voices, all overlapping the following:

- it was at least a football field across*
- no more than 30 feet in diameter*
- it blotted out the sky.*
- No stars...*
- but whole galaxies spiraled around inside it.*
- Hovering*
- Holding its position*
- moving at a very high rate of speed*
- too slow to be a meteor*
- in excess of 1,000 miles an hour straight up into the sky*
- It was a single craft*
- it was half a dozen ships*
- several little ships split off from the mother ship and tracked with it*
- Cigar-shaped*
- triangular*
- like a hub-cap*
- round*
- egg-shaped*
- like a saucer*
- like a Buck Roger's film*
- an arrowhead*
- it looked like an acorn*
- dumbbell shaped*
- double rows of windows*
- markings around the rim*
- like hieroglyphics*
- no numbers or symbols on its sides*
- so smooth*
- reflective*
- a dull metal]*

THE MAN: It's lights were...

[voices overlap with his—many voices, all overlapping the following:

—*Blinking*
—*Rotating*
—*Shifting*
—*Swirling*
—*stationary*
—*red*
—*colored lights*
—*turquoise*
—*blinding white lights.*
—*It was absolutely silent*
—*Swallowing sound*
—*Digesting it deep within its bowels*
—*a Low hum*
—*Guttural*
—*it had a high-pitched whine.*

THE MAN: And there were no doors. No windows. And yet I was taken inside.

DOCTOR: You are doing fine. Your level of recall is quite astonishing. Tell me what you saw inside.

THE MAN: I remember being on a table, like stainless steel, extremely cold—but the room was warm... from the lights—halogen lights, the kinds for hospitals and surgery—there were tubes in every hole in my body, my mouth, my ears, my ass... sucking out the fluids—snot, saliva, shit, piss from the walls of my bladder... semen.... They took my semen. My friggin' semen, Doc. *Shit...*

DOCTOR: Do not dwell on the memories as you speak them. Just keep speaking and they're harmless.

THE MAN: My teeth were barely holding in my gums... it felt like they were floating in a gel... I remember these screens all around—bright green data streaming across jet black screens—letters, symbols, numbers—things I'd never seen... And I was looking for the bastards, the ones doing this to me, and I couldn't see them—No aliens, no giant heads, no grey-green skin... Just a glimpse in a stirrup, hard to describe...

DOCTOR: No need to try. You've done well. Your recall is impressive. You truly believe you saw all you've told me. It's quite clear.

THE MAN: I'm not crazy.

DOCTOR: Of course not. Don't think it for a second. There are explanations—scientific, spiritual, theological, hallucinatory... You've been under pressure with this case you're working, yes?

THE MAN: My job is always stressful... it wasn't just stress...

DOCTOR: Something you've seen on TV, perhaps—movies, *X-Files*, cable television documentaries...

VOICES (a bit louder than before, still overlapping)

—*Lies*

—*lies*

—*truth*

—*mostly truth*

—*mostly lies*

DOCTOR: The subconscious is very powerful. Waking dreams are prevalent in these cases... Confabulation—abduction stories are like fairy tales in their prevalence.

THE MAN: But you still don't understand. It's happened to me before. I know that now. Since I was 5, maybe half a dozen times. That's why I joined the special branch—I need to know what's been happening to me. To puzzle out the clues, to pull out the suppressed memories...

DOCTOR: There aren't any. It's all in your mind.

THE MAN: It can't be! Cause it hurts. I've read the reports, interviewed other abductees—and they say it doesn't hurt. When they experiment on you. But it does. I've been too scared to look in a mirror, to see what they've done to my mouth. I'm afraid to take off my pants. I don't wanna see what they did to me... Listen, I gotta go. I'm sorry, Doc, you can't help me. No one can help me...

[sound of him going out into the night, door slamming behind him]

VOICE 1: *You have failed us, doctor.*

DOCTOR: In what way? I've done nothing wrong.

VOICE 1: *You've been nothing but wrong about this unit. His curiosity over-rides any system we have in place. You said you could control him. He remembers far too much.*

VOICE 2: *He remembers... No one ever remembers. Not in such detail.*

VOICE 1: *He's devoted his life...*

VOICE 2: *...devoted his life.*

VOICE 1: *To uncovering the truth.*

VOICE 3: *You have failed.*

VOICE 2: *Failed.*

VOICE 1: *You are no longer needed.*

DOCTOR: No please... I have done well. Hundred—perhaps thousands—who remember nothing. You need me...

[sound of laughter from the Voices]

DOCTOR: The light, please, it's so bright... from the inside of my mind. No, you cannot take me there—I was promised. I was *promised!*

VOICE 1: *Things ... change.* Doctor.

[sound of increasing energy source]

DOCTOR: It does hurt. It does! I was told it doesn't, but you lied. It's all been nothing but lies.... Jesus God I'm sorry... If only I had known... I never would have helped you...

[energy source increases in intensity/volume as the doctor starts to scream...]

End.